
I AM
Witness
FRACTALATED
My Life As An
MK Ultra Victim
By The Two Witnesses
FRACTALATED:
HER SATANIC
MAJESTY'S MAGICAL
MYSTERY TOUR

Fractalated: Her Satanic Majesty's Magical Mystery Tour

I am Witness 1 –16:5 Fractal Ratio

Snap!

Suddenly, you find yourself sitting at a table with a mysterious stranger. He smiles at you, and his hooded eyes twinkle with secrets. His brown hair falls about down to his shoulders, resting gently.

"Dear Reader. The one I wrote to life. How I grew to love you."

You stare at me.

"Sorry… is that weird?"

You nod. "It's weird. Where… where am I? Is this my house? It looks like it… but why are the doors different? Why are there windows on them?"

You look around. It seems familiar, like home, but… different. Some things out of place.

The last thing you remember is falling asleep the night before in a comfortable, familiar world, so you decide you must be dreaming.

"Oh. I'm only sleeping."

The mysterious stranger smiles at you.

He looks intently into your soul, and says, "I know what it's like to be dead."

"W… what?"

"I know what it's like to be dead. The big death. The little death. What the universe made you for. Why you're here, right now – reading my book. I know what you've been looking for. I can fix your puzzle – I have the pieces."

You stare at me like I'm an alien. "Who are you? How'd you get in here, anyways?"

I smile. "You don't know me yet, but I know you. I watched you from the moment you were born. I will say a few times in the full book that I never understood how people could love fictional characters – until I met you. Now I know.

You are the friend I have always been looking for. I have cried with you. I have laughed with you at the absurdity of it all – oh, how I have laughed with you. It's true. I wanted to tell you that. I died with you, and I went to the end of the beginning with you.

I even showed you the beginning of the beginning. I taught you about the laugh of God. I showed you everything I have."

I spent my whole life waiting to find you, so that I could show you this. You have no idea how hard I have worked. How many times I have iterated this project. How many 1s and 0s I put together for you, in the right order.

Billions upon billions. 500,000 words. I came out at 1,569 pages before I started cutting. This book is actually a four-part fractal in a 16:12:5:1 ratio, which *roughly* matches the Fibonacci sequence at 13:8:5:3.

I didn't notice that until I finished, but it's true. In fact, it makes sense. Everything I wrote seemed to be part of a greater schema that I could only see upon completion.

Our eyes connect, and I smile at you. "I put over 2,000,000 letters in the right order. Two million. To find you. The fractal ratio of this version is 16:5, so this is the second-smallest one.

I spent my life finding these answers for you. Putting the words in the right order. Trying again. Taking out the wrong words. Trying, over and over. Making different versions of it. All to finally reach you someday."

I smile at you. "My books. My songs. What they mean to me. I want to show you. I want to… teach you how to overcome. I see the chains that others don't see. And I'm ready to smash them. Can I show them to you?"

You think about it. You don't really have much else going on anyway, so you might as well. After all, it is Friday.

"Well, Ok. You can show me. I might as well, I guess."

The mysterious stranger looks at you with eyes hooded in shadow. "Sometimes, I'm joking. But I am never lying. Except for the Pagliacci joke, which is only in the 16:12 and 16:16 versions of the fractal, I am more serious about this book than I ever have been about anything in my life.

I'm willing to go all the way. I will die for these truths. The truth is, there are no jokes here. While I may make you laugh, this is a deadly serious game we play. The stakes are high."

He stares at you. "There is no serious part of this book. As a matter of fact, it's all serious. Right now, especially.

I'm tired of not seeing light in anyone's eyes anymore. I'm going to prove that we're not finished yet, and that there's still a spark left to kindle in the eyes of the people. I'm ready to finish this, once and for all. And if no one else will stand up, then I will. I always have. Rage against the dying of the light in your eyes."

I look over at you and smile. "It's my destiny. I'm going to do something that has never been done before. Well, maybe once or twice. I'm Evil Knievel. This book is the Grand Canyon. Watch me float."

You look at me. You don't really know what to think, but I seem trustworthy and calm. A glimpse of love and understanding radiate from my green and brown eyes. Hazel. That's what they say. They stare at you, and tell you a story you like. A story you've always wanted to hear.

The story you've always known, in fact. A damsel in distress. A dragon. The beast. The hero's despair. The hero's delight. The King, The Queen, and The Fool.

I smile at you. "Come with me. All I want you to do is read. It won't take as long as you think to read, even the full version. It's not that dense. I promise you – it will *suck you in.*

And you need to understand that you're in the Fractalated version right now. Things are about to get *wild*. There won't always be context. It's an experience for you - take it for what it is. It's a teaser, not the full deal. That's three versions up."

I reach into a satchel and slap a two-foot wide mirror on the table.

"You ready? We're going in."

You stare at me. "Going… in?"

"Yup. 'Winking the one-eyed dragon.' That's what they call it in the lodges. Old Freemason ritual."

I stare at you seriously.

Then, you laugh.

I laugh, too. "Nah, I'm messing with you. Inside joke. You'll get it in the next version of the fractal. We're going mobile in *that*."

I point out to your front yard, where a bus sits idling. It's an old model, from the 70s, and it looks like someone painted a school bus in psychedelic murals. Eagles and fractalated patterns swarm around it, and they seem to be pulsing and moving.

"Umm… we're going in *that*?"

I smile. “That’s right. It’s… my very own Magical Mystery Tour. Mine is… better.

Do you want to go?”

You nod. “Ok. Let’s do it. But… why me? Why am I here?”

“That’s an excellent question.” I lean in, and draw you towards me with my eyes. “You were chosen for this very moment. I believe that you were led to me, and I was led to you. If you’re reading this, you’re special. I wrote this version just for you. Someone who can help me. Someone who knows things I don’t know. Someone I can trust.

And this may be the most important decision of your life. And if you find yourself someplace strange, where you no longer recognize the very world around you – do not fear. Do not be afraid. I will be with you, during my whole book. I promise you that.

And I am with you in real life, too. My roots have not been plucked. My fruit has not yet been gathered. My leaves are tender, and they do not easily fall. I am not afraid. I never have been, not of anyone or anything. And I am still here.

What I am is, frankly, extremely pissed off and tired of watching my planet burn to the ground in ruin. I’m tired of the suffering. I’m tired of the lies. I’m tired of greed. I’m tired of war, and I’m tired of the way that money has ground us to dust and sucked all the true value out of life.

This may be the first time in your life that you ever believe in something greater than just us. Believe in things like destiny. Maybe, even, a little bit of magic. Fairy dust. What do you say?”

You look down to my left and then smile. “I’m willing to give it a shot. Convince me. Do you have… any… um… sources?”

I cheer. “YES!!! I found someone who wants to see my sources!!!”

At this, I pull out a beautiful book with a 3D sunset on the cover, and hand it to you.

I point to it frantically. “The graph… 785… 785 OF THEM!!! Check the *GRAPH!!!*!”

I stand up and cheer, and I perform a little hop and a skip. A tiny little dance, just for you.

“You did it! You really did it!”

You look at me, flabbergasted. “Did… what?”

“You asked to see my sources! You… you actually *looked* at the graph I made. You really did it! For five long years I have wandered this Earth like a ghost… a specter… with this book, just waiting for someone to ask about my sources. You did it… you… you brought me to life!

It's like Willy Wonka, when he gives back the Everlasting Gobstopper. You *win*! You may not have known it, but ever since I wrote *The More Rational Worldview*, I've been waiting for someone to ask me that question. And no one ever did. Not one.

It's a test, you see. That's the key – curiosity! And now you'll see… the real me! The best of friends, so shall it be – come now *Alice*, would you like some *tea?*" I raise an eyebrow suggestively.

You stare at me like I'm an alien.

I wink at you and grin, and I reach into a satchel to pull out a Willy Wonka-style top hat. I put it on.

"I asked my wife, and she agreed that the concept of a clumsy Willy Wonka who totally bombs his somersault is funny, but I can't figure out how to pull it off through writing. It's such a visual gag. You got any ideas?"

You think. "Hm… well, just go ahead and give it your best shot. I'm open to it."

Whew! Ok, let's see how this goes. Don't rush it.

I look at you. "Should I do the poem now, or later?"

"Definitely later. Too much right now."

I smile and set down the top hat. "Ok. I wrote three poems and two riddles for this book. It also contains songs I wrote, and… I just can't wait to show you. I built this for you. I *found* this for you. I *saw this for you*.

The factory is yours now. I'm giving you the keys. You'll see what I mean by the end."

"One more thing, did you read the Foreword?"

You shake your head. "No, I don't think so. Well, maybe."

"That's OK. Sometimes, the best journeys don't have a map. Where we're going… we don't need context.

You have no idea. I tried my best. The truth is, this book came to me as a fractal structure. And so, the only way to give you a taste of that is to recreate it, but on a smaller scale. So, I'm going to show you all the most important nodes, and everything you will need to see in order to get an idea of what the fractal will look like zoomed-out."

You nod. "Ok… fractals… I'm dreaming about a guy talking to me about… *fractals*…"

I stare at you intently. “It’s not about me. This book is not about me. It’s about you. It’s about them. It’s our story. All of us.

I will make this point quite a bit. Pay attention. This isn’t my book, it belongs to all of us. And the story isn’t over, yet. You’re in it. In fact, you’re the main character.”

That’s right, you’re the main character in a book, and you didn’t even know it.

You’re an author. I am, too.

Right now, you don’t believe me. By the end of the ending, you will.

I love you. I would die for you.

In fact, I would be honored to. That would be, honestly, the most hilarious thing that I could ever imagine happening to me. I love it.

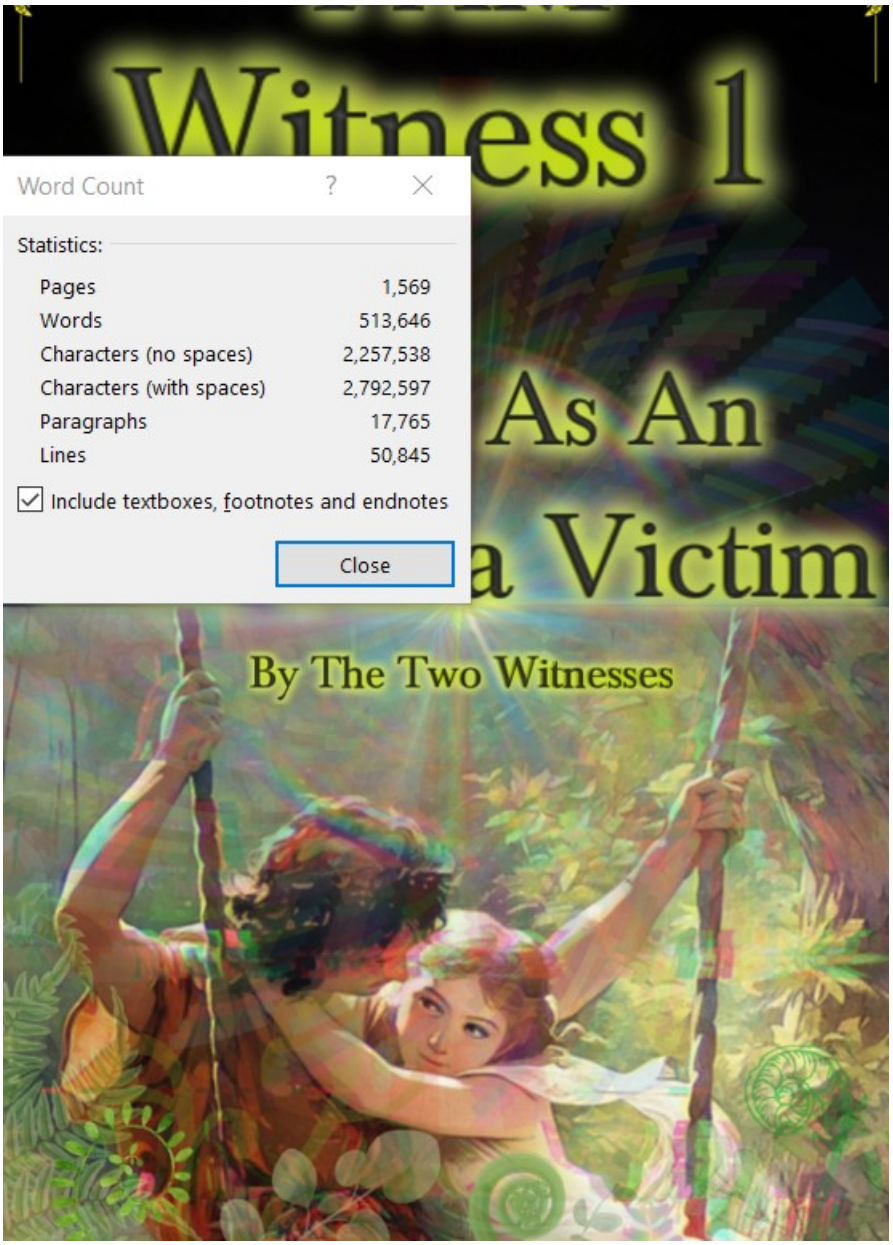
And it’s a perfect ending to this book. I don’t know what else to say.

All I want is for someone to read this book. I have spent 20 years at this like a madman, a monk. I did not function, and all I did was feverishly compile this knowledge. My whole life, I have known I would do this eventually. It’s true.

I look at you. “I had over 500,000 words before I started cutting. 513,646.”

“Yeah… you said that already…”

“2,257,538 letters. Look, I’ll show you:”



"I did this for you. I did that in 42 days. From December 28th to February 7th. I finished last night, and just cut out around 300 pages. You know, *The Crazy Factor*."

I look at you and frown. "Every time I cut out a paragraph, it felt like pulling out a handgun and shooting my baby. Like cutting an artery. It was awful. But… who's going to read a 1,600-page book? Will they even read a thousand? What about this dinky little piece of shit? You know - *Ad hoc, ad loc, and quid pro quo – so little time, so much to know!*

All I want is for you to read the *full* book. So, I should probably stop bullshitting and wasting your time, and get to it. Let's go!"

I stand up and look over at the bus. "Are you ready? Do you want to know what it's like to be dead? To find out what the white rabbit was in such a rush to get to, after all?"

You think. *Hm… not much going on… nothing to do… probably safe in bed, anyways… fuck it. Might as well go for it.*

I nod. "That's the spirit!"

"Did… did you just read my mind?"

I smile over at you. "When you have conversations in your dreams, how does the other person know what to say?"

You stare at me once more with questions in your eyes.

"Ok, I'm sorry. I'll stop messing with you. Let's go, you'll find out in about 200 pages. No more afternoon doldrums."

I reach into my satchel, and pull out a cane. I put the large purple top hat back on. I also pull out a long, purple coat with two little tails on the end and put it on.

"Ok, let's see… *1812 Overture*? The cannons? Or… no… *Canon*! *Canon in C*!"

At that, a strange, slow chord plays, and walks down. It repeats, and shifting melodies slide in underneath each other like water. Leaning on the cane, I slowly shuffle out the door.

"Can you help me out? I don't… I don't move so well."

We walk out together, you helping me. I am hunched over like an old, feeble man. However, there's a twinkle in my left eye.

I look at you, "*The canon that can be heard is not the infinite canon*."

At that, I suddenly spring to life, and throw my cane to the side! I swoop up the jacket in a twirl, take the hat off, and leap ahead of you!

"*Behold!* My very own *Magical Mystery Tour!*"

At that, I throw myself down towards the ground onto my right shoulder. "Ow!"

As I attempt a roll, my long legs splay above me like a frog being pulled from a jar of formaldehyde by a sixth grader, and I actually scream a little bit as my core crunches in on itself. My spine forms a question mark, and you involuntarily gasp as you watch the consequences of not running or ever trying in P.E. play out in front of you.

As I collapse in a heap, you look around, to see if you're supposed to help. I'm lying flat on the ground, staring up at the sky, with my feet towards you - still and silent. My foot twitches and my outspread fists unclench.

"Ow, fuck," I groan. "I should have practiced that." I slowly get up, and lift myself to one knee.

"I'm such a fool."

I smile up at you. "The truth is, I never cared much for this stuff. I retired from being an alpha male a long time ago. Nope, it's time for a new me." With that, I stand up fully and face you again.

"Yeah - this is the Omega Male, baby! So, let's rock and roll and I know, I know! What everyone wants is but a good show! So, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride – surprises and riddles await you inside!

A few sordid tales, of treachery and woe,

Malice, deceit, and such things, as they go –

The foulest, the darkest, the murderer's den,

Will now be for us – "

I grimace. "Oh, shit. They said not to put poems this early in the manuscript. Sorry about that, I get a little carried away sometimes."

Then I look at you seriously. "Ok, now I have to show you something special. Something that no one who reads the other versions will see. Something that I am only going to show to those who are very, very special. Those I choose to show this version to. The Heart of the Ocean… I mean, fractal.

In fact, this part – the next eight pages - is exclusive to these two smaller versions. It is not in the full manuscript. Within them lies the Heart of the Fractal, which is the dot of an "i", which we call a *tittle* - within one word, within one sentence, within the last eight paragraphs, within the next eight pages.

And because you are special, I will point out a motif to you that others may miss.

It has to do with a story you've always known, for some reason. A damsel in distress. A dragon. The beast. The hero's despair. The hero's delight. The King, Queen, and Fool.

But there's one more archetype, as well.

I look over at you. "Do you want to know what it is?"

You nod. "I mean, I'm here. I'm operating in good faith. I'm open to it, and I'm open to being convinced by strong enough evidence. I know what I don't know, and I am willing and able to reconsider my beliefs if I find a good reason for it.

I'm not overly attached to ideas that might be wrong, but I'm willing to fight to the death for what I do believe in. I'm able to be convinced by people who have good arguments and the evidence to back them up. Sure, I want to know what the other archetype is. Go ahead."

I look over at you. "I love your kindness. I've never met people like you before. The other archetype is the *Sphinx*."

You stare at me. "Sphinxes?"

"Yep… we're all here. All the archetypes. It's like a… deck of cards. Almost like a game.

In the hero business, they call them 'gatekeepers.' The Sphinx was a mythical being of extraordinary power – so great, terrible, and mighty that to come across them meant certain death for the unlucky or unwary traveler.

Only those who could pass the ultimate tests of wisdom, courage, and purity would be granted access to the Sphinx's inner workings – to the secrets within her chambers. You can see this in a lot of movies, like The Never-Ending Story. When he has to go… you know, save the universe."

You smile. "Oh, yeah! That's a great scene, with the laser eyes, the dead knight, and the crumbling Cherubim-style statues."

I nod. "That's right. You do not… approach the Sphinx unless you're willing to make a bet against your very life. Unless you think that you can do something no one else can. Maybe, you know some things that they don't know. Maybe, you're ready for it."

I turn to you again. "To say that such a thing is rare is… now the biggest understatement I have made in 1,600 pages. It does not happen. Generally, you will not see such a thing in your lifetime. Only in a time when great danger has been foreseen… when more terrible things than these have been seen, shall you approach the great and mighty one.

The one who guards the temple halls. She is a jealous guardian, for she knows the value of what lies within. How it can be used. How it can be misused.

In my story, the Sphinx comes after the end. After I've written it, in fact. After 33 years.

And here I am.

“It’s not in the story, it’s after the story has been written. It’s the next step. I’m ready to stand up. If no one else will, let it be me. I’m ready to be tested.”

You stare at me. “I… I have no idea what you’re talking about. It’s Greek to me.”

I laugh and twinkle a hooded I at you.

“The key is in the A.”

You laugh, because I must be a madman.

“Boy… these dream sequences sure are surreal.”

At that, I pull out a shovel and a huge bucket of spaghetti. I’m now dressed like an old-timey Italian waiter. “Mama mia! Are-a you a-ready???”

I wink at you and begin shoveling spaghetti onto the table in front of you.

“Do-a you-a like-a that? You wanna more-a??”

You’re horrified. “What are you doing?!? Stop!!!”

“Oh, shit.” I look at you. “You haven’t actually seen *Magical Mystery Tour*, have you?”

You shake your head and wipe tomato chunks off your pants.

“That’s OK. Almost no one has. Except me. I’ve seen it three times. That’s because it’s not a real movie.”

You stare at me. “Not… real? Isn’t it?”

“No, it’s not. There’s a story-within-a-story, believe it or not. A movie-within-a-movie. The spaghetti is *not* spaghetti. You can’t watch it, and you can’t look at it. You must *see* it.”

I look over to stage left. “Hey, Chekhov! Gonna need a cleanup, over here! Spaghetti sauce, shovel, and a bucket.” A grumbling Russian guy shows up and cleans you off.

I smile at him. “Thanks, pal. See you later.”

“One more thing. I need to wash your feet. It isn’t weird. This part can’t be above this in the fractal, or it will introduce a plot hole. This is just for you.”

You think about it. “Hmmm… well… I mean, ok…”

So, I do. You don’t mind. Here, let me get that spaghetti sauce off you. Missed a few noodles.

I grin up at you.

“Is it weird?”

You shake your head.

“Are you embarrassed? Is it OK if we have dirty feet? Is it OK if I clean them?”

You nod. “It’s OK.”

As I hand you a fluffy, red towel for them, you look at me.

I look back up at you. “Let me tell you a story. There used to be a temple, and it was built in such a way that it would amplify sound. And if any commoner went near, the priests would kill them. It was how they maintained power, fear, and superstition in people – among other secrets.

It was a series of chambers, increasing in size and powered from within, until it would concentrate and glow, and produce sound – and the people would wonder. It gave them their stories. It gave them their hope. It gave them their… lives. They *believed* in it.

An image of it lived inside their heads, and it wrote their stories for them.

To guard their treasure when they passed on, the priests placed a gatekeeper – a Sphinx. And in order to enter their Holy of Holies, anyone brave enough to try could pass a test of courage, purity, and wisdom. If they failed, they would die. It would not be on maps, and no one would know where it is. There are no clues, and no one would be able to piece it together.

Except for one little thing. Maybe, just maybe – one day, someone would come along. Someone who sees through the card. Someone who sees through walls. Someone who already knows where the Sphinx is - who sees through her, even. Who can figure out how to read her from the outside-in.

That’s the only way to approach her and live – to know the answers already.

You must find the book that is not written, by looking for the repeating patterns. There are no clues, there is only chaos. But you will learn that within chaos lies a fractal. It’s true. Even in the rivers and sky. To find it, you need to hear the song within the river. You will need to hear the end of a song before the beginning.”

I look over at you seriously. “Now, these questions are not easy. They are not open-ended, and there is one – and only one – right answer. And here they are – the riddles of the Sphinx:

To pass the test of **courage**, you must answer this:

What is the purpose of a tree?

To pass the test of **purity**, you must answer this:

It once had corners, lines, and space. Now it lies flat, down on its face.

The golden rule, so they may say – he with the gold makes the rules today.

But I heard a whisper, and maybe it's true – a bride in the sky, waiting for you.

Her faces are six, for the edges times two. Points you'll find eight, and keep your lines straight.

When you find a gold quoin, here's what you'll do.

Cut open a square, slice two more lines too. What shape will I make, as I unfold towards you?

To pass the test of **wisdom**, you must answer this:

Take one and then double it - listen closely to me – add it together plus tripled by three.

The next answer is four, or four over three.

It's happy and sad, a paradox too – but if you look for the sad part, you will find two.

To top it all off divide nine by eight, and now take your pattern and let's see your fate.

Answer the riddle, and look to the clue – will the Sphinx seek to murder you?

Give your answer to the question below, and let's find out just how much you know!

The answer is one, there's your one clue. What am I – what am I to you?

You stare at me. "Ummm… Oookkkk…."

You look down to your left and my right.

I laugh. "Do you want to know the answers?"

You grin. "I mean, yeah. I do. I'm curious. Are they real?"

I nod. "They're real. But, you'll have to read the book. At least the 600-page version. I don't know, maybe I can squeeze them in this smaller version of the fractal – just for you.

I look over at you. "This part is just for you. Maybe I should do it. I want to bring you to life, just like I did for Dear Reader." I lean in and whisper towards you – "Don't tell him, but you're even more special."

You laugh. "Ok." *This guy. Kind of weird, but… I like it. I'm intrigued. I want to know more.*

My eyes twinkle at you. "Tell you what, it'll be fun. Let's make a deal. I'll make sure that the answers are in this version of the manuscript, and if you can find them, you win. If you don't, I win. Deal?"

You look over at me, and I smile back at you. You're unsure. "I don't know… um… what do we win or lose?"

"If you lose…" I make a sharp gagging noise and run my fingers across my throat. "Death. No takebacks."

Your eyes are wide as you stare at me.

I laugh. "Nah, I'm just messing with you. Come on! PSYCH!"

No, there's no stakes here. What I would do, if I was hypothetically able to write things into reality, is say that if you don't get the answers by the end, if you can't answer my riddles - you'll give me the only thing I've ever wanted. A voice. A voice so loud that no one could ever stop me from talking again. A voice to sing my songs with. A voice loud enough to say my new name and make it real.

If you do answer them, oh, I don't know - maybe I'll make you a little award in Canva for being really, really smart, and write you up a page in the book. Now, I have about $10,000 to invest in this project that I made from my last book, but I'm not offering cash prizes for these riddles. I can, however, use it to fly out and meet you at any time and any location.

I pull out a black T-shirt. "Oh, yeah – apparently, they give you this shirt, too."

I hold it up. It says, "I answered the riddles of the Sphinx and all I got was a free copy of Ableton Live."

I toss it over to you. "Keep it. It's yours now."

If you're reading this Sphinx scene, you're someone special. Like I said. You actually do stand here with me, though you don't even know it. In fact, I'm looking into your eyes right now.

You are someone who can make my dreams come true. You can show me my first miracle. You can manifest my destiny. *Our* destiny. All you have to do is give me a chance. Read my manuscripts. I have 2,500 pages of original research. I have written a thousand songs. You have no idea how hard I have worked for this.

This is my full-time job now. There's also a song that goes along with this, called *The Greatest Song in the World*. I'd recommend listening to it while reading the part where I tell you exactly how I made it, with time stamps, and tell you everything you need to know in order to produce your own songs, too... *Oh no*! Really? You'll have to read the full version to find that… is that right? Oh, well. Maybe I'll get lucky, and you'll find time to read the full manuscript, too.

I am in this all the way. To the end. One thing about me, which you will learn, is that I do not fear. I do not fear the reaper, and I do not fear any man. No man can harm me, I am crazy enough to actually believe this.

Yep, I'm *full* of riddles – believe it or not. I wrote one more riddle about 9/11, but they said not to do things like put poems or riddles too early in your writing samples. That's further down.

My people, we didn't call it the Sphinx. That was our neighbors. We called it *Nebelivka*. The Cucuteni-Trypillians. I will teach you of them. The world tree, which was born on March 21st. Since you're special, you get all the secrets right away. Yes, I was able to work in a killer Rancho Cucamonga joke for this part (I was born in LA near Fontana.)

In this book, you will learn the hidden ways of my people. Where I come from."

I look at you seriously. "It's the Way of the Keeper of the Sacred Tree. It's called suffering. It's called giving a sick woman a shower. It's called shining a light on abuse and violence. It's called ending subjugation. It's called giving people their voices back. Clothing them in dignity. It's not a desk in the woods, it's a CNA in a shower room."

I smile at you. "And check out this title – *Siddhartha and Charon: A Tale of Two Ferrymen, or, My Time as a CNA.*"

I grin and look over at you. "Huh? *Huh*? Come on… that's pretty good right? You get it, *right*?"

I look around as the crowd is now silent. "*Charon…* you know, the guy who ferried people to the land of the dead in Greek mythology… like a *nursing home!* And *Siddhartha…* well, you'll see. This title hits about 100 nodes on the fractal."

"OHHH!!!" The crowd cheers and claps. "Wow, that *is* a really great title!"

I smile and nod. *Ok, no crowdsurfing yet. We'll get to that.*

Hm… maybe a little behind-the-back, play with the teeth action on the guitar while I propose to a beautiful girl - PSYCH! That one, you'll have to read the full manuscript for. Yeah, the big one. It was at a summer camp, with a ring pop. It's called *threading the needle of absurdity*, and it's one of my favorite unconventional hobbies.

She said yes, by the way. It was going to be an elopement, in fact.

I look around and smile at the crowd. *Man, I love public speaking.*

I flash my signature carefree grin and snap two finger guns at them. "Look, people. Transcendence isn't a desk in the woods. You won't find it at a lake, as pretty as they are. It's not actually in the sound of the rushing river. They don't say anything, as a matter of fact. They're just the most overt expressions of the fractal. Transcendence is about you guys!"

I point out at the crowd. "It's true. It's true. Transcendence is reversing the violation of our dignities. Of an individual's dignity. Your dignity. It's a way I will show you – the more excellent way. That's how that one guy put it, at least."

While scanning their faces, I say, "Who was it, again? 'Behold, I will show you the more excellent way. Be excellent to each other. Love one another.'"

Who was it again that said that? Paul, right? Or, no… Keanu Reeves? Hm… Jesus?

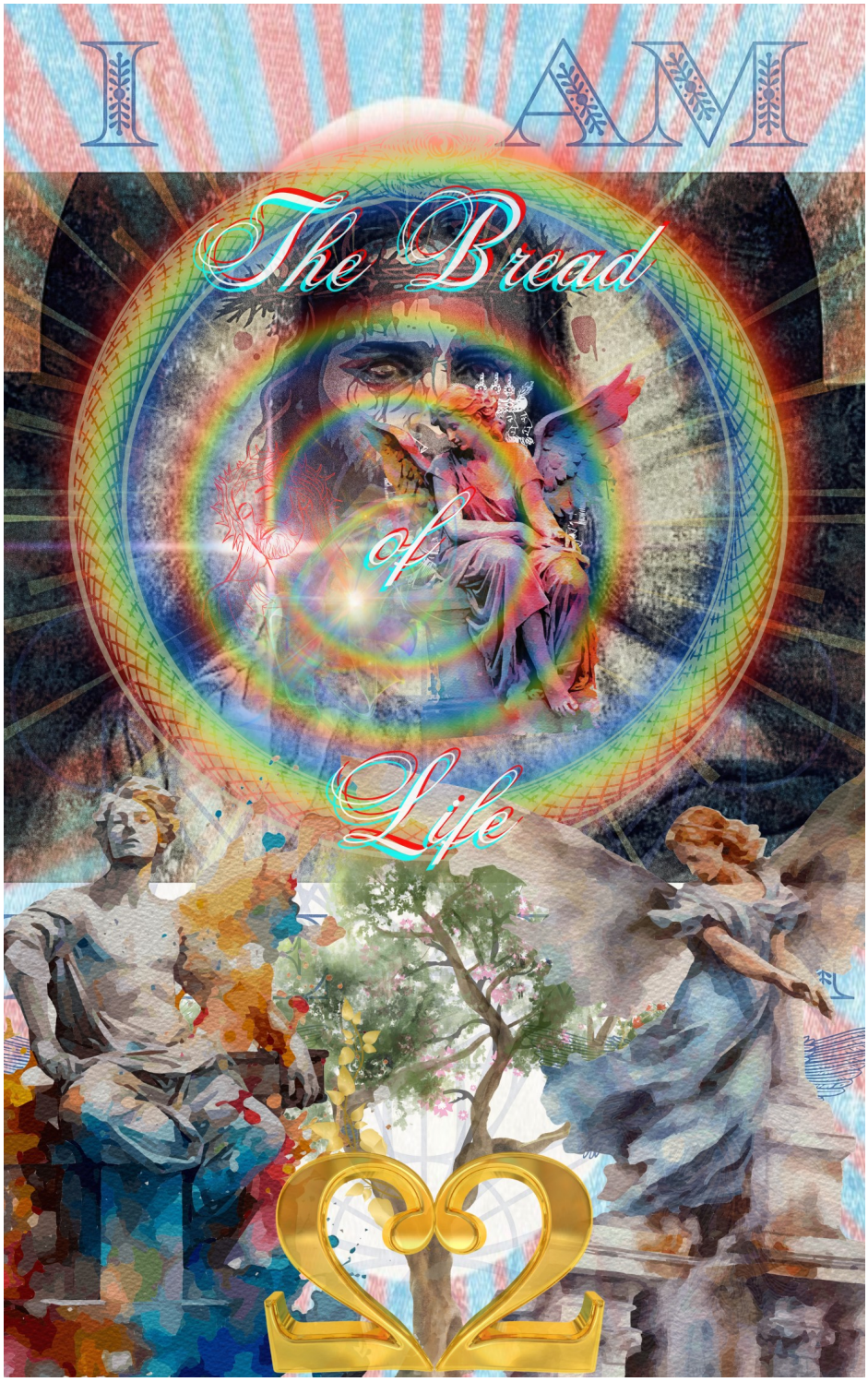
All three at the same time?!?



Do you want to see a picture of me? It's from the music videos we filmed to go along with this book:



I shouldn't have spend all the money on music videos that no one will ever watch, but I did, so I hope you like the picture. Anyways, back to the book. Here, don't forget the Table of Contents:



Transcendence is the one scene I failed to work into my book, because it's just so, so good – the scene where Billy watches a World War II documentary in reverse in *Slaughterhouse Five.*

I just couldn't make it work, no matter how hard I tried. I went with a few different variations, a few takes on it, before I gave up and let it go. Until now. Picture the scene – A man kneels before a young girl and carefully removes a sharp metal object from her neck. A red pool around her shrinks, and her skin miraculously closes and heals itself.

He helps her stand up, and walks her over to the bed. Right now, she feels worthless. Like she is good for nothing, a discarded piece of trash. He lays her down, and reverses the violation – as he lies over her, all the bad feelings of hatred and pain go away. He sucks them out of her, and she begins to feel love again. All of the darkness goes out of her, and into him - he takes it away for her. She remembers how she played as a child, and the feel of her mother. By the time it's over, she is whole again.

She remembers how special she is, and she remembers her value again. Then, he carefully places each article of clothing on her body, showing her that she is a treasure worth keeping safe and demonstrating his careful love for her. One by one, her clothes go back on. He fixes the messy linens, and the bed is neat and clean. She is innocent again.

He carefully guides her over to the van, being sure to hold her tightly so that she doesn't fall. Once there, he securely fastens her, ensuring that she won't suffer any injuries on the drive. As he pulls up to her house, he brings her back to her room and deposits her safely back in bed. She will sleep soundly until the sun rises on yesterday.

On his way out, he carefully picks up a sliding glass door, being careful not to disturb or wake anybody, and securely fastens it back on. With the family safe and sound in their beds, he drives back home and goes back to his computer. He too, has a bright future of learning how to love and be loved, making connections with others, now that time runs backwards.

"That is what transcendence is. When I wrote a certain part of this book, I cried more than I have for the entire rest of my life combined. I ripped out my heart for this book. I think… you'll know when you get a few versions up.

I've learned that it's about putting yourself in their place, instead. Willingly. But it isn't in this one. Or the one above this. It's only in the full fractal. That part hurt too badly, I had to make you work for it too. I want you to *read.* I want you to *feel.* And I want you to *think.*"

I look deeply into your eyes. "That's what's in my book. That's the story-within-my-story. Let me do it. I'm ready. I'm ready to take the fall for them. It's been enough of this bullshit, and I

can't watch it anymore. I have some ideas that might work. A new idea, that's not like what we've been doing. Something that will work for everyone.

You won't understand my full story until you read the top version of this fractal book. I have everything. But for now, we're at step one. Really, this is the smallest version of it."

I smile at you. "Ok, let's get to it! Let's do something that hasn't been done in a long time. Let's start a movement. A real one. Together.

Are you ready?"

You think.

"Yes."

Ok, that's the end of the Holy of Holies. My very own.

You just read my 1,600 page fractal condensed down one more time into those last eight pages, the part I wrote just for you. That's the one in the Fibonacci sequence (the first one.)

I look at you. "Do you want to see the zero? The Heart of the Fractal?"

You nod.

"She is innocent again."

That's the heart of my book, right there for you. I ripped it out of me.

The nothing from which comes everything.

I smile at you. "The absolution. The singularity. Those eight paragraphs glow – they're brand new, just for you. That's the zero. Did you like it?"

You smile and nod. "Yes, Witness 1, that's… very nice. Thank you."

You are very polite, just like Dear Reader. In fact, you remind me a lot of him.

"It never ends. We can divide by zero here. Let's go deeper – 'She is innocent again.'"

The heart of that is "i"

The heart of "i" is a •

Zero. Nothing. See, I told you it was a fractal.

I look at you. "And that's the end of my book."

You laugh, and I do too. "Just kidding! That's not the end, it's the end of the beginning! *Whoop* – gotcha again! The end of the beginning is at the end of the book, not the *beginning*!"

You stare at me like I'm an alien.

I smile at you and toss the hat, purple coat, and cane aside. "We won't be needing those. No candy factories on this tour. Plenty of asbestos, money laundering, murder, and war crimes though. Alright, let's go! This time for real." I grab my satchel and sit down at the driver's seat.

You climb aboard the mystery bus, and take the passenger seat.

I slide a tape in and *Love Walks In* comes on. "You a Van Halen guy?"

You look at me. You can tell a lot about a person with that question.

In the distance, you hear a faint, pink guitar solo ripple like water.

"Yeeahhh… they're OK, I guess." You smile at me. You're willing to listen. You love to learn. And you only ever engage in good faith. That's why I chose you.

I look at you seriously. "This is the story-within-my-story - let me do it. I'm ready. I'm ready to take the fall for them. It's been enough of this bullshit, and I can't watch it anymore. I have some ideas that might work.

By the time we're done, you'll understand why I like *Love Walks In* so much. You'll understand how to be excellent to one another. Let's roll."

You look at me.

"Let's… roll."

Wink.

Our scene begins with a double image of Roger Daltrey as “Tommy”, holding a colored circle.



Tommy is a horribly, horrifically abused young man, who lives with his cruel and uncaring father and mother. He is deaf, dumb, and blind due to a traumatic childhood… incident. They leave him alone with ‘ol Uncle Ernie, and things get… worse.

Yeah. ‘Ol Uncle Ernie, played by Keith Moon, is a real character. And he sings a song called *Fiddle About.*

You can watch it here:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AOo1uhHb-jk

Once Tommy’s parents leave, his true nature is revealed. He immediately dons rubber gloves, and makes a frantic phone call.

There’s a truly disturbing, surreal sequence where Keith Moon flashes us a series of gadgets and trinkets under his coat, while wearing absurdly dark and obvious fake teeth. The circles in the background are just random wallpaper, I’m sure that imagery won’t be back:



And here is what he sings:

I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie,
I'm glad you won't see or hear me!
As I fiddle about
Fiddle about
Fiddle about!

Your mother left me here to mind you,
Now I'm doing what I want to!
Down with the bedclothes
Up with your nightshirt!
Fiddle about!
Fiddle about!

It just goes on, and on. Tommy appears upside down, his arms spread as though he has been crucified – which makes a lot of sense, if you've actually seen this. As far as I can tell, I am the only person on Planet Earth who has watched this movie and paid attention to it.



I mean, this scene is just awful. It's a song about child rape. In a movie.



After this, he flashes a - I don't know what to call it, sort of… demonic face at the camera:

Oh, boy. I almost forgot to mention this part. There's 33 seconds (I timed it) of a pure black screen. The Nothing. And, in fact, it's very difficult to watch. Very, very uncomfortable sounds being made. Sounds that shouldn't be heard, in fact. We will talk more about that later.

Tommy's parents return. All seems well. Or is it? He winks at you.

It fades out on a burning newspaper. One eye peers knowingly through:



Next, Tina Turner appears as The Whore – a prostitute his abusive parents took him to. Good thing she wasn't abused in real life, or else this would be really, really sad:



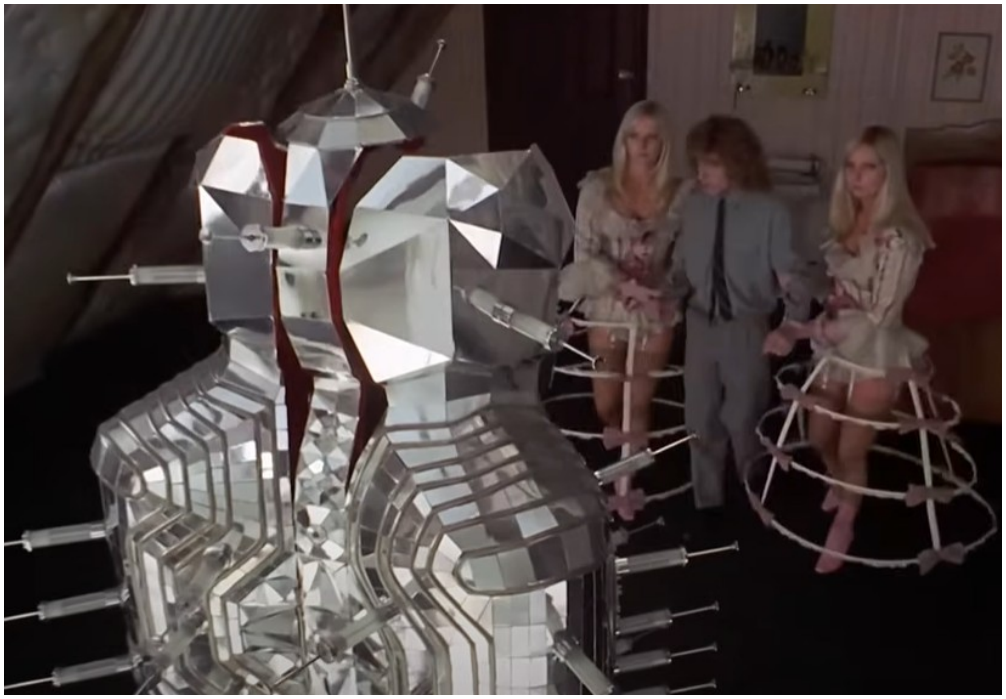
She twirls, and we see blackness – or a scene of nothing again. Suddenly, the pyramid, with her head placed directly in the top, along with two very strangely-dressed women:



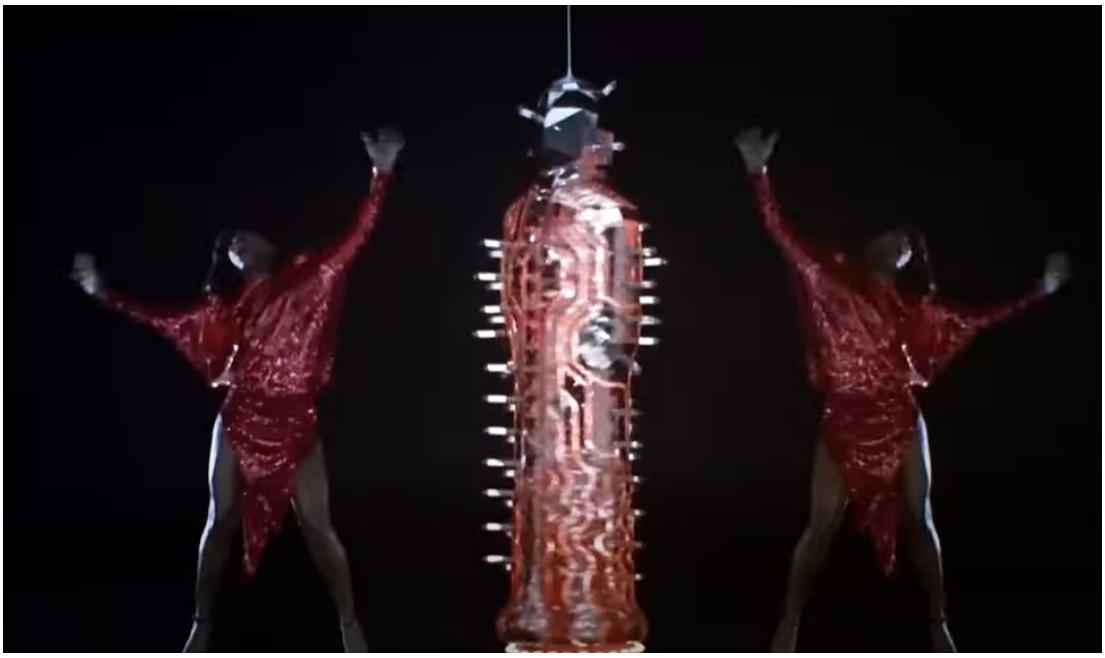
A syringe, full of blood. Needless to say, this is now a movie-within-a-movie, roughly in the middle of the film. It's incongruent with the rest.



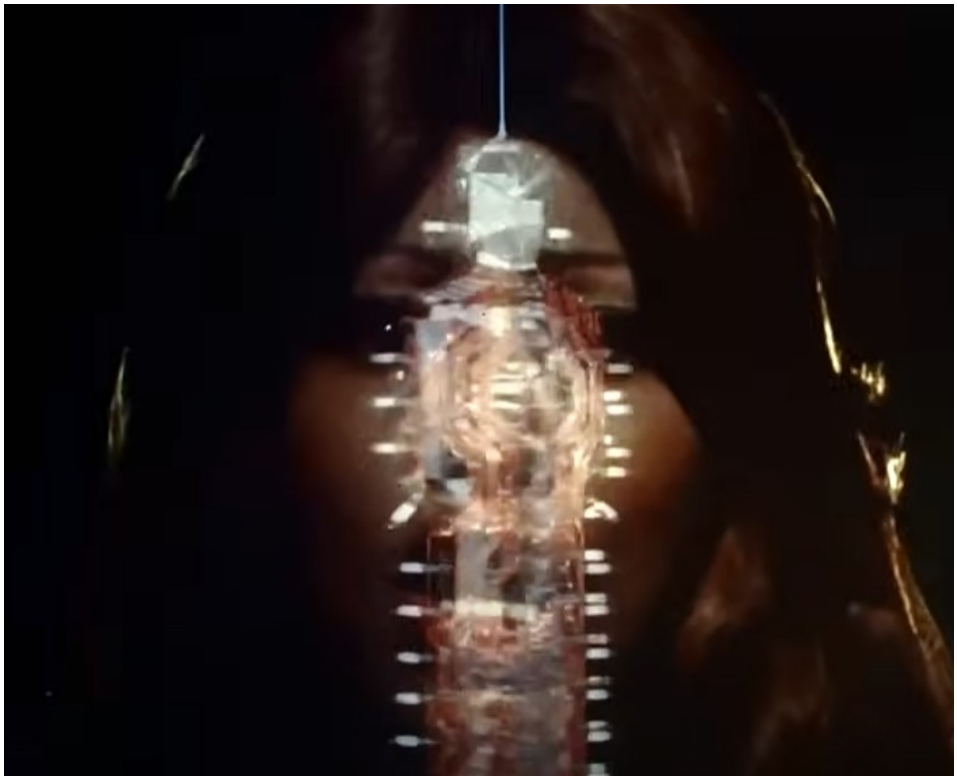
A robot suit appears, laced with syringes. Note the long spire directly on top, which is cut off here. Yep, Daltrey is going in:



The suit activates, and glows red. It spins. Tina Turner dances madly and writhes around in a mad ritual of ecstasy, a double exposure used to create two of her. She is clothed only in scarlet, now:



Then, the two of her become one, and look at her now. She *is* the tower. North tower, to be precise:



I look over at it and slap my knee. "Oh, dang it! Fuck! That's not my book! What is this shit?"

You stare at me. That was… really unusual.

I look at the DVD cover. "Oh, geez. Silly me. This is just a copy of *Tommy.*"

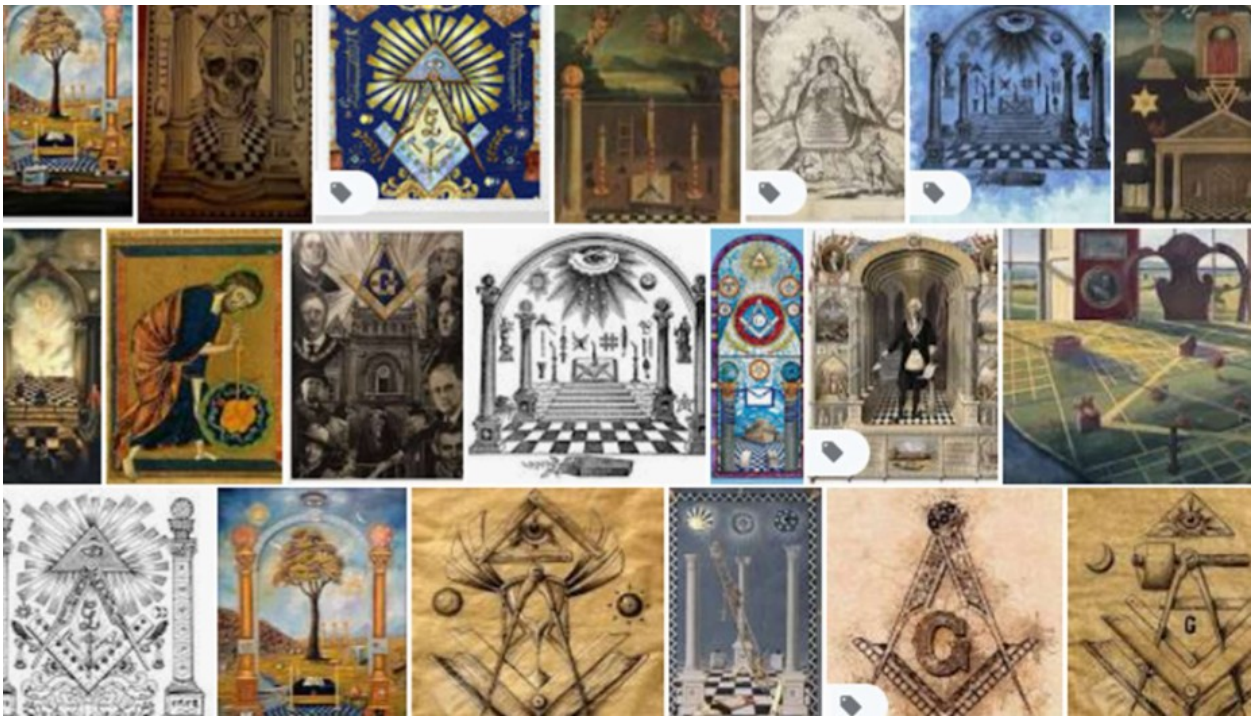
I wink at you. "Totally normal stuff."

Ok, let's see if I can get it right this time. Ok, let's see… my book. Hm…

"Hark unto me now," I say, "As I teach you the profound mysteries of the Deep Magic."

"Stare not unto the twin towers. Stare unto the illusion itself. Reach into the street, into the glass, and into your eyes, and into your head, and remove it."

I hand you an old papyrus scroll. "This is what you see if you Google 'Masonic art,'" I say to you. You unroll it and look:



“Tell me. What do you see?”

“Compasses, pyramids. Skulls.”

“What else?”

“Towers. Repeating towers.”

I then hand you a series of tarot cards, which I carry for educational purposes only.

They look like this:



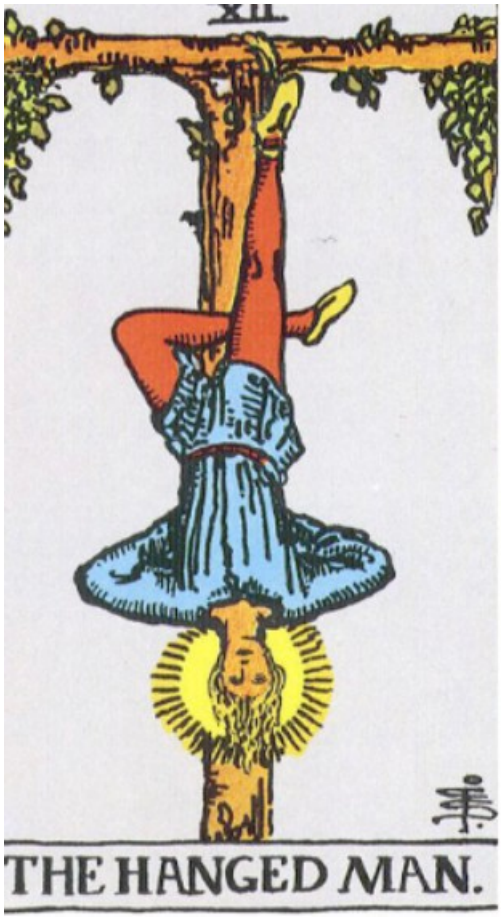
“Can you see them? Trapped at the top of the tower? Can you hear their tortured screams? The sound and smell of certain death? Of roasting flesh, on an altar of stone, like some sort of sacrifice to an ancient God?

They are both the infant in the hands of the Beast, and the music the priests play to drown out the screams.”

You look at me, and I see that you are unsettled.

That is good. We’ve only just begun.

I hand you one more card. What do you see?



“The hanged man. Crucified on a wooden tree. Executed.”

“He is upside down, in a backwards world - a nowhere place. Between up and down. Between life and death. A halo rings him.

He wears blue and red, like the symmetrical designs of an ancient temple with towers that rise from the corners. Like Michael in the painting. Two opposites, coexisting in the same person. Destroying him, and getting him killed. He is presented as both good and evil."

You gaze upon the execution.

"Look more closely. What else do you see?"

"His legs. They're contorted, bent. They form a line and a triangle. They point different ways."

Where have you seen this before? Your mind ticks as you try and put a puzzle with missing pieces together.

It is familiar, as though you had seen it before. And while it's not an uncommon motif, it feels like something deeper. Something you can't quite remember, but you know is important.

You had seen this shape before, you knew it. This image. It was like something from a dream. It feels familiar to your brain.

I look at you and tell you to think about 9/11. Think about that day. What images pop into your head? What shocked you the most?

The suicides, maybe? The ones who had to make the choice between burning and jumping? The ones who were ripped from their lives and forced to jump into the very maw of Death? The bare, wide open of the Nothing?

The Jumpers, they called them. The falling ones. The ones between up and down. Life and death. Sky and ground.

This one of the most famous images ever of a person committing suicide:



You look at the legs.

“The triangle! The line!” I nod at you.

I ask you if I can put on my favorite album. It is by a band called “Coup.”

“That’s a strange name for a band,” you remark. “What does it mean?”

“To overthrow the government by force.”

You frown. “Hm… well, what’s the album called?”

I tell you that it is called *Party Music,* and I go to put the vinyl on the stereo. It is a special copy, with a cover that was not always in print. It’s sort of… rare.

“The really, really cool thing about this album is that it was scheduled to be released in September.”

I look at you. “Yeah… September, 2001.”

“However, the original cover art was designed in June, 3 months back. This cover was designed three months *before* 9/11.

It caused some controversy, and the band was forced to change it to something much more nondescript. It was then rereleased on a different label.

That’s because the original cover looked like this.” I hand it to you:



And you know what? Apparently, after 9/11, people *reeeallllly* did not think that the idea of demolishing the twin towers while they are full of people was that funny anymore. And so, the cover and the record label for this album changed.

Then, it gets even weirder. This very guy, Boots Riley, the guy holding the "detonator" (electric tuner, probably guitar), goes and gives an interview later in the year about this very cover.

So, he is not very happy about it at all, and he starts saying that people are censoring him, and people are telling him what he can and cannot say or do. Then, he says that the government is doing something shocking. Something… almost unbelievable. They are *lying*. To the *American public*.

So, you don't have time for all that. Ok, I understand.

Tell you what, maybe we shouldn't listen to that one. Maybe *Party Music* is not really appropriate for this serious subject. We need something serious. Intelligent. Virtuosic, even. Something that sounds not quite like anything else, like *Dream Theater.*

"John Petrucci is the seventh-greatest guitar player of all time."

Like everything else in this book, it is true. "You should check out *Liquid Tension Experiment*."

You look at me, and nod. "Yeah… ok…"

There's nothing like a good old virtuosic guitar player to set the mood.

So, I pull out my absolute favorite Dream Theater album, which is called *Scenes From New York*.

"Huh", you say. "Scenes from New York. *Scenes…* from *New York.*"

"Wouldn't that be funny if this was also released on 9/11?"

So, I go ahead and pull up the Wikipedia article for *Scenes From New York,* and I point to it. I smile. You look:

Coincidentally, the album was originally released on September 11, 2001.

And now, isn't that weird. A "scene" from New York, after all. "Coincidentally" - is that what the kids are calling it these days? When you get *fucked*?

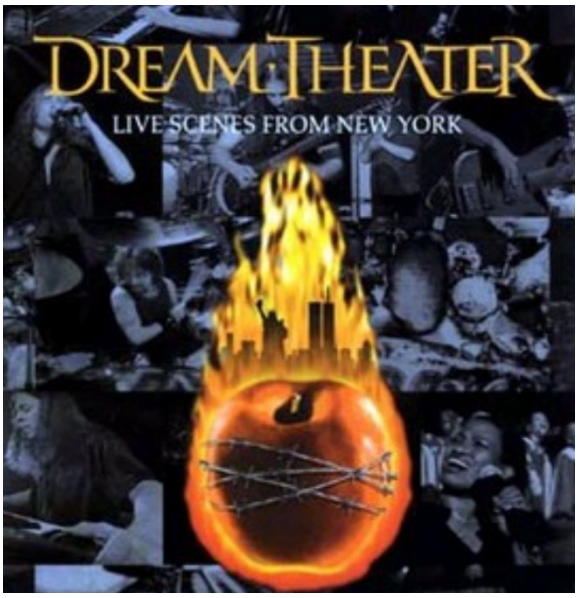
It's all just a big "coincidence", right?

And, boy, wouldn't you know it, but that wasn't the end of the coincidences!

COINCIDENTALLY, this album ALSO had a *little bit* of controversy about the cover.

Yeah! They *also* had to change it, even. And do you know why that might be?

I hand it to you:



I mean, Ok. Not too bad. You peer closer:



“And it turns out, that people also *reeaallly* did not like this cover, either. Too bad about the release date.”

You’re troubled. I should ease your burdens.

“Let’s watch a movie.”

So, I go ahead and pull my laptop out, and look for something good on Amazon.

Witness 2 had told me that she really likes the Super Mario Brothers movie, a long time ago. Many years ago. In another life. Yep, one of her favorites. The old one, the live action one. For some reason, she had watched it a bunch of times. Obviously, she liked the Princess character.

Unfortunately, you cannot really stream this movie as far as we can tell, so you close the laptop.

Fortunately, I have a hard copy in my satchel, and I pull it out. I also have a portable DVD player, which we plug in. The TV screen lights up.

This is great. It's fun. The princess likes *Luigi* in this one, instead of Mario. Nintendo hates it, and that's why you can't stream it. It was presented to them deceptively, and it's a very unusual portrayal of Mario. Ultimately, they weren't very happy with the final product, and there were lawsuits about it.

They discover a secret Kingdom of Reptilian beings that lurks beneath everyone's feet without them knowing. It's run by an evil, blonde reptilian mob boss with spiky hair who runs a real estate empire to cover up his mafia ties. It's true, watch it.

And so, after a series of improbable blunders and completely avoidable slipups, our heroes prevail. Her father is restored to his former self, and he sits on the throne again cloaked in righteousness. No more persecution of humanity. The dimensions have been separated. All is well in the world.

Then, at the very end -

"Wow", you say. "That movie was incredible. The special effects were… *so* good."

"Yes, it is, and that's why I always carry it around with me. But there's more – dear friend!

Did you see it? Did you see the *secret message*?"

Puzzled, you look at me. I scrawl back with the rewind and stop it on the scene where King Koopa is trying to raise his army in Brooklyn, and attempting to cause as much damage as possible in the process.

In it, there are scenes showing the destruction he has wrought, and it is quite terrible. Carefully, carefully, I work the remote. Little more, little more… there.

Like balancing a feather on a knife.

You get up, and walk closer to the TV. You can't quite make out what you are seeing, and you lean in. So close that you could almost touch it with your forehead, you squint your eyes and try to make out the faint, fuzzy details.

And this, Dear Reader, is what you see betwixt thine eyes:



“Wow!” You look at me. “How did I not notice that?”

“Because, Dear Friend, *you did not look*.”

I look at you with hooded eyes of shadow. “Oh, man. Clumsy me. I keep meaning to start showing you my book, but I’m getting distracted by all this dumb media.”

You grin. “It’s OK, Witness 1. I know you’re trying your best.”

Ok, let’s try another one. I smile at you.

“How about *Jurassic Park*? I love that movie.”

You nod. “Ok, yeah… I mean… it’s pretty good. I’m down.”

So, we put it on and get a ways through it.

“Boy… this movie is great. Hey, it’s also about reptiles, isn’t it?”

You think. “Huh. Yeah, I guess it is. Reptiles attacking humans. Must be… a motif in Hollywood or something.”

“Yeah. Wow, Spielberg is such a great director, huh? So realistic.”

So, a young blonde girl sits at her computer. She is “hacking”, or something:



It shows us a few pointed, lingering shots of her computer screen. The reptiles are, quite literally, at the door – and they are hungry:



I will show you how it appears on her screen, and I have always liked these late-’80s early-‘90s computer graphics, because I grew up with them. They felt real, because you could see the polygons and shapes the programmers had used, and you could even warp yourself inside them and see the blank void sometimes if you did it just right.

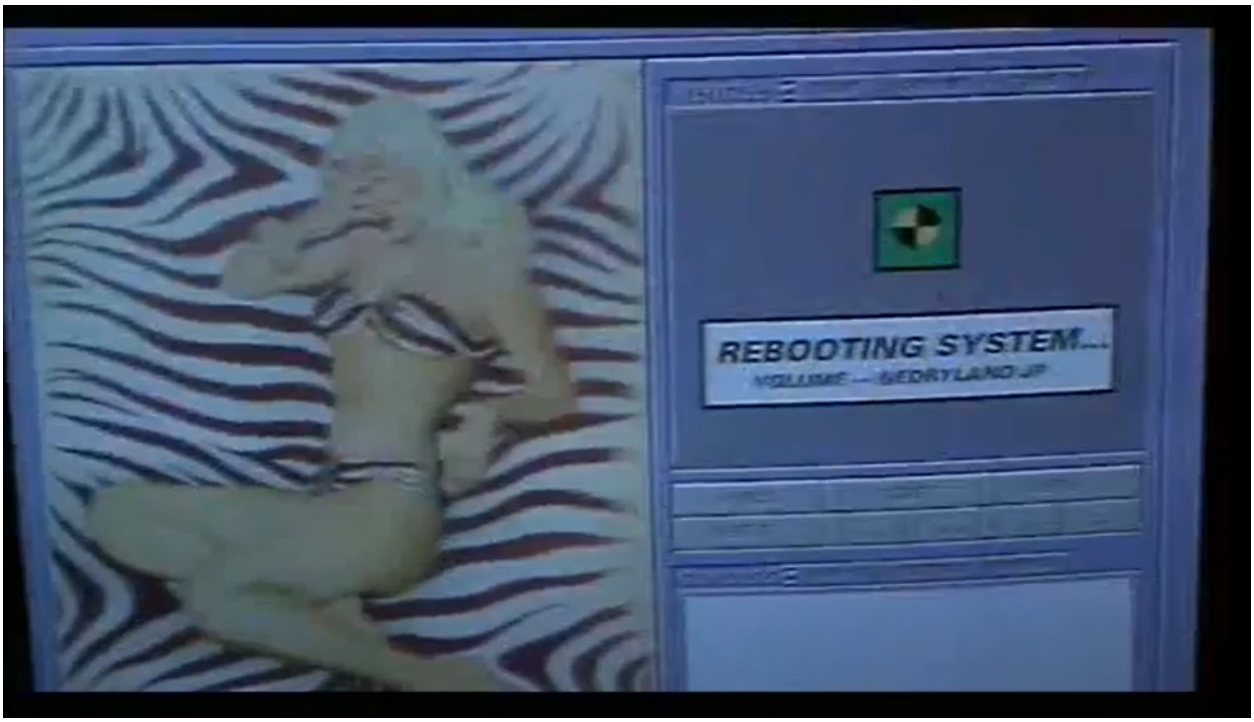
Here it is:



“Wow, a movie shot of a computer screen.”

High art.

Then, a disturbance. You see the following image, as clear as day:



Dear Reader, I ask you sincerely here – what the FUCK?

This happens at exactly 1:02 in this video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=URVS4H7vrdU

You can find it in every version of the movie.

Did we all notice this and agree not to talk about it, or is it just me?

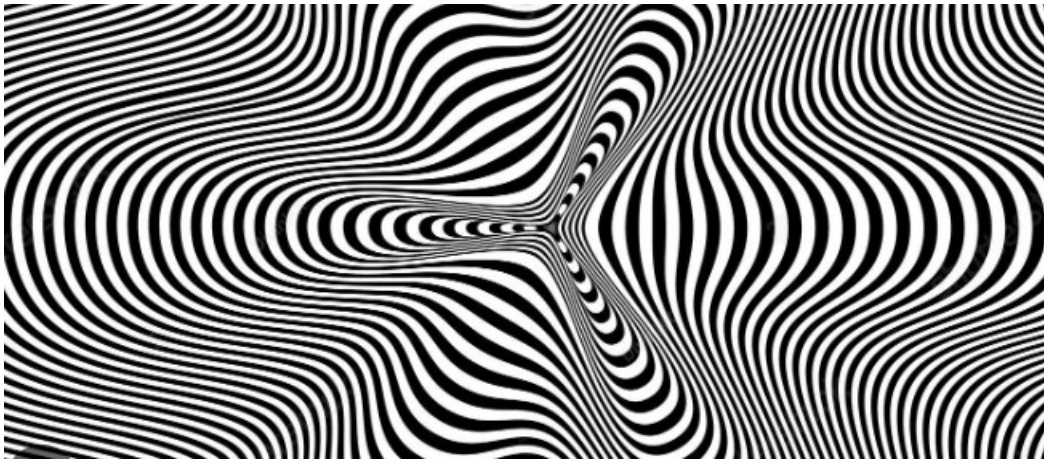
Am I insane or is that *really fucking weird*? You see the one-eye-in-a-pyramid symbolism she's flashing at us? That's the Eye of Providence I mentioned. You may have seen it around a few times. I don't even have to be looking closely to notice this image. It's right there.

Are you creeped out yet? I found this, and no one else ever did. I saw it clear as day. There's a bunch more where this came from in the full manuscript, too. This is one of the best ones I've ever found though, for sure. I can't believe you people don't see this stuff. Or do you?

This image is actually similar to an optical illusion, which allows it to bend reality and seep into your mind. I do not recommend staring at it, and I myself am pretty much done looking at that. I scroll.

Sincerely, honestly, weird. And much more frightening to me than the Berenstein Bears being in the Nothing now.

As a matter of fact, this image *is* an optical illusion. A real one:



As you scroll by, does this image not shimmer and move? Does it not appear alive? Does it not seem to be a portal into another world? It unsettles you, does it not?

It makes you more susceptible... to soft suggestion… to easy persuasion.

An image like this makes you want to do bad things and you won't even know it.

To *be* bad. Evil, even. Malicious. Cruel.

In fact, things like this were exactly what MK Ultra was about! This is what they were studying.

You look at me, and finally, you feel genuinely creeped out.

I look at you seriously. "No one has ever noticed that before me. I researched it. I found that. It's in my book. Let's keep going."

Ok, let's try a nice video game to relax and take your mind off things before we start the book. After this, I promise we will. How about… *Zelda*?

Zelda, yep… that is an excellent game. I wonder, now that I write this, if there are any fair young blonde maidens in distress involved.

Ah! Indeed! There is:



Just kidding - as you can clearly see, this is actually a real picture of Witness 2 and myself.

Let's see - the so-called "Beast" from this game. This is fun. You need the Light Arrows to harm him, and he has the Triforce of Power. You have courage, and Zelda has wisdom (had to look that up to make sure I was right, and I was.) He wants all three to rule the world forever, and he has captured Princess Zelda inside a pink, glowing crystal. You, honestly, really like this girl. You would basically do anything for her.

In fact, she does not look like anyone else in the game. She glows and shimmers. She is like an angel, and the soft squeaks that were all the engineers could cram in as dialog are sweet. Like a small, woodland mammal.

Now, Link, he just fucking loves Zelda. It's not because of her soft, blonde hair. It is not her blue eyes or the perfect lines of her face.

It is because she looked in his eyes and showed him kindness. More than that, she *trusted* him.

You see, many years before this, when Link and Zelda were still children, the Beast – Ganondorf - had overthrown the fair Kingdom of Hyrule (fictional) in an evil and wicked coup. The world has since grown dark and dreary. Spiders and skeletons were everywhere. People were wicked and cruel. The villagers cowered in their houses, which are based on European half-timbered designs with thatched roofs.

Death lurks around every corner. The world is in a terrible bind, a chokehold. Checkmate. The dark king broods in his castle, stolen unlawfully. A *coup*. Coups are popular motifs for fictional works, because almost nothing is worse than unlawfully stealing a country and subjugating its citizens. Destroying them intentionally, even. Changing their very nature from good to evil, through your criminal machinations.

Terrible stuff.

So, Ganondorf abducts and kidnaps the young Princess Zelda as a child, swooping her up on his terrifying steed. He is then re-introduced at the very end in a metamorphosized, more terrible form as the final boss, "Ganon – The Beast", if I'm not mistaken.

He is large and imposing - green skin and reddish hair. He comes from the desert, and he is the leader of a cult of fearsome desert women wearing skimpy clothing that like scimitars and sandy temples.

He is different. Non-human. Reptilian.

Anyways, he sweeps Princess Zelda up and abducts her, which is what ends up happening in the *Hazards of Love*, too, which I will discuss more with you later. And as he sweeps her away on his mighty steed (black, of course), she looks desperately to young Link, the only one who sees her, and she sees in his eyes that he is *good*.

She *trusts* him.

And so, she throws him the only thing that can save the Kingdom – an enchanted ocarina. Something like that, at least. That's where you come in.

Now, sweeping a young princess off her feet and abducting her is probably the worst thing that you could ever do without killing someone. In fact, kidnapping a young girl is such a terrible idea, all around, that it should never have even been thought of. If you could go back and kill the first person who ever had that idea, it would save us a lot of trouble.

Of course, someone else would have the same idea. And if they didn't, apparently, someone else would. To pluck a precious flower from the ground, not even to love it and treasure it, to preserve its life and beauty, but to trample it, to consume it. This shatters the child.

Do not, ever, under any circumstances, do this. If there is one piece of advice I say that is definitely true, it is *for sure* this one. The really, really crazy thing about it, though, is that it actually *does happen* pretty much all the time.

In fact, somewhere between 200,000 and 250,000 children are abducted *every year* and that's just in the United States alone. These are according to easy-to-find statistics. This is not a concrete number, but there are people who are very good at using data and research to extrapolate these things, and they are called "statisticians." I took a class about them in college, so I know that it is true.

As we all know, most of these are what they call "family abductions", where the child is taken by a family member or someone that they know and trusted. Most of the time, these children are found, and the issue is resolved in a courtroom. This accounts for about 200,000 of these abductions - 203,900, according to the statisticians.

I will now teach you how to prove things to someone. This is called a "source", and it is very important to establish credibility:

https://childfindofamerica.org/resources/facts-and-stats-missing-children/

Now, there is a much more dangerous situation for the other children, which is called "stranger abduction." This happens somewhere between 4,000 and 50,000 times a year, as you can read here:

https://www.ojp.gov/ncjrs/virtual-library/abstracts/missing-children-misleading-statistics

The sad truth is that no one will ever know how many the true number is because you don't know about criminals that don't get caught, like me when I was selling drugs for many years. That's called a "teaser."

We will never know how many little girls are taken from their home to be raped, tortured, and most likely killed. The 4,000 to 50,000 children that this happens to are almost never found, and - surprise! Many of them are female. More than you might think.

So, let's see. We will have to estimate. Let's be conservative here, and realizing that we don't know what we don't know, (thank you Rumsfeld, for that little nugget) we'll make an estimate of maybe 15,000 children a year - in the middle of that statistic but on the lower end. Keep in mind that this is only including the United States, which comprises about 4% of the world population:

https://www.worldometers.info/world-population/us-population

We can speculate that perhaps around 60% of those are female, which gives us 9,000 girls under the age of 18 abducted per year. This is a reasonable speculation based on the estimated range we are given.

Only God knows the true number. However, based on the evidence we have, these are solid, educated assumptions to make. It's an estimation, but most likely somewhere quite close to the bitter reality. Perhaps, even, an underestimation - especially when we extrapolate out to the world population.

The vast majority of these children are not found. Very, very few of these children ever return home. When they do, the damage done is still permanent, and can never be healed.

So, let's see, there are 365 days in a year, and somewhere around 9,000 female child abductions in the US per year, so that gives us 24 per day. Let's round it up to 25.

Every single time that the sun rises, sets, and then rises again on your little life, somewhere around 25 little girls were ripped from their homes, torn from their lives, and put through something that I would literally not even wish upon my worst enemy. The predator's delight.

She calls out to God but he does not answer her. She is alone. Utterly, completely alone.

That is when the real pain begins for her, as she accepts that this is all she was ever good for, and is all she will ever be good for. She is now worthless. They have turned her into trash.

A ravaged mockery of the whore, her naked limbs askew and forced apart, crucified on a pyre of blankets.

She is but a burned sacrifice, left at the altar of a forgotten God with temples full of sin. You know his name.

She is a baby in the outstretched hands of Moloch. She is also the music that the priests play to drown out the screams.

They dismember the body, and stuff it in a barrel full of concentrated pool chemicals. They throw it in a lake that does not appear on the maps, that only they ever go to. They throw it in

the swamp next to a factory, where the mud sits toxic and thick. Maybe, they hide it deep in the desert where no one will ever go. Or, they dig a hole.

Something like this actually happens to about 25 girls a day.

And this is actually really, really fun - because we can now do something called “extrapolation.” Let’s say that you want to find out how many girls under the age of 18 have this experience every day, worldwide, as a rough estimate. You’re a glutton for punishment, I guess.

Well, let’s ignore the fact that this certainly happens much more in places like Africa, the Middle East, North Korea, China, and India where pretty much everyone else lives. That is why we mostly have statistics on these things from America and Europe, because we have figured out that having sex with children is bad and is something that needs to be dealt with.

In most of these other countries, like Iran, South Africa, and Pakistan, they have a very difficult time understanding the concept of consent and why it is important to women. Perhaps, one day, they will distribute my book there, and then they will understand. Anyways, if you are a woman born into the central part of Africa, you will likely be raped on a fairly regular basis as a young woman.

Here's one of the bravest things that I have ever seen, and it happened recently:



I'm not sure if anyone but me understood it. It's a great picture, but no one else seems to think so. No one seemed to even notice this. Is it just me?

This almost happened to me once. I was walking alone, and a car pulled up to me. A truck, actually. A man inside told me that he lost his dog and needed help finding it. He asked me to get in the truck with him. Old pickup. It was greyish or light brown, he was white, and about 40 years old with stubble. Blue or grey eyes.

Obviously, this would be a really, really stupid thing to do. So, I told him I was sorry to hear that, and I love dogs, but I really actually have to be somewhere right now and I am in a bit of a rush (this line works.)

He stared at me. It was silent. He was not pleased with me.

My skinny little self stood there in the 4 PM light staring The Nothing in the face, and I didn't even really know it. I knew something was wrong and had a terrible feeling (obviously), but I did not know the depths of human depravity at that point. I had not taken Family Life yet, so I did not know that this was called "The Uh-Oh Feeling", or that you were supposed to tell people if this happened.

I had never thought about what they would do with abducted children at that point, and l had not reached that stage yet where I realized that the only monsters that really exist are other people. In fact, I didn't believe in monsters at all, at this time.

The afternoon lingered and the moment stretched out.

"Ok," and he drives off.

By then, I *really* did feel like going home, so that's what I did.

I have never told a single person that story, not even Witness 2. I don't know why that would be, but it is probably because no one has ever asked. That is why I am writing this book, to answer the questions that no one has ever asked me.

Boy, there is more math in this book than I thought there would be. The really cool thing that I learned about statistics in college is that you can actually just sit there and do this yourself. No one will even stop you. You actually do not even need a teacher to do this - you just need a calculator.

So, let's finish extrapolating. We will give the North Korean and Iranian authorities the benefit of the doubt and make the dubious assumption that their abduction and murder rate for young women is *roughly the same* as America's and Europe's.

Let's see, we are rounding here so we will make it easy. If America is 5% of the world population and this happens to 25 girls a day, that means that approximately 500 girls go through what I described above in some form every single day, worldwide. That is 8 girls per hour, so roughly **1 little girl per every 8 minutes**.

Think about it. Every moment of your life, asleep or awake. Think about how quickly 8 minutes can pass without you even noticing it. A flash. Statistically speaking, 8 minutes will pass by the time you have read only 12 more pages:

https://basmo.app/how-long-does-it-take-to-read-100-pages/

I sincerely hope that for the rest of your life, when you cannot sleep at night this echoes back and forth in your head. For most of you, it will not happen.

8 minutes…

8 minutes…

You know what, statistics are fun. Let's do some more.

Oh! I almost forgot. There are *also* adult women that this happens to! These are just the children.

I wonder now how many women are killed every day, which is quite possibly the first time I had ever considered that. Fortunately, I read a lot of news, and I recalled a study I had heard about a few months ago.

It was so profound and troubling that it actually got a bunch of news articles written about it that no one read, which these studies very rarely do.

The really neat part about this study is that it proved that 140 adult women are killed every day, or about one every ten minutes:

https://news.un.org/en/story/2024/11/1157386

"Well, Geez, Witness 1," you say. "One every ten minutes. That's not really *that* bad. Mountains out of molehills."

And you know what, if you think that, you are wrong. If you actually read the study, you might even know why.

You would be wrong because this particular number is actually *only* about women who died at the hands of a romantic partner or close relative. So, from a statistical perspective, that would make you correct – it's "not that bad" because this is *just the tip of the iceberg.*

A sobering report released by UN Women and the UN Office on Drugs and Crime (UNODC) on Monday reveals that in 2023, 140 women and girls died every day at the hands of their partner or a close relative, which means one woman killed every 10 minutes.

Not "sobering" enough, apparently!

A *whole study* on a *specific subcategory of* "*femicide*". Because that's where we're at now on Planet Earth. It's like *Wheel of Fortune*, but just for women.

Step right up, young lady! How would you like to be murdered today? Spin the ***Wheel of Femicide****!*

Hmmm... how about… that's right – it's an ***honor killing*** *for you, missy! Come on down here and get your prize! Boy, isn't she LUCKY she didn't land on those OTHER ones!!!*

So, back to the "value" question of writing. What value can I offer you, in exchange for your most precious commodity of all – your time. It really is a good question.

And in pursuit of answering it, I have tried to provide not only information, but actionable, usable advice for life. Part of this is my excellent collection of icebreakers.

Now, I have really tried to provide some solid icebreakers for you in this book, and here's another one:

"How many women are murdered each year?"

Go ahead, try it out next time you're at a party. In fact, go ahead and pull out these very statistics. Make sure to wink at people *a lot* while you're frantically reading them.

So, I asked Google, and learned that there are about 3,849 female victims of murder per year in the United States:

https://www.statista.com/statistics/1388777/murder-victims-in-the-us-by-gender/

We are rounding here, so let's say 3,850. That gives us 10 women per day.

Same as before to extrapolate to world population – 10*20, which gives us somewhere around 2000 women per *day* worldwide who have their life cruelly snuffed out by a monster. *Murder.*

That gives us about one woman murdered on this planet every two minutes, if you do the math.

The worst sin of all. A cold-blooded murder of a woman. Every two minutes. Assuming that, of course, they really treat women just about as well as we do in… let's see… Iran… Pakistan… China… India… umm…

You can add this, let's see – one woman murdered every two minutes - mentally, on *top* of the female child every 8 minutes or so. However, if you do this for too long, they will start to say things like "you have anxiety", or "you have depression", for some reason.

Fun fact – this does *not* include things that would be considered "legal" killings, like if you killed a woman in self-defense (which would be ridiculous, but this does actually happen and most of the time, it's just a cover story anyways.)

So, there are other women out there dying too. Yep, all there's all kinds of categories on the *Wheel of Femicide*. For example, here's another fun statistic - the 800 women who die **each day** from *preventable causes in childbirth*:

https://www.who.int/news-room/fact-sheets/detail/maternal-mortality

If you are a statistician, you probably noticed that this does *not* include the deaths from *non-preventable* causes, like a ruptured ectopic pregnancy, hemorrhaging, or even heart attacks (they call it pre-eclampsia, and I assume you don't want to find out what post-eclampsia looks like.)

No, this is merely women who, basically, would *not have died* if they were in a hospital room with a bunch of people making $100k a year to take care of them. If they were not in the dirt floor of a hut that washes away when it rains too hard. If they had things like rags, sutures, scalpels, antibiotics, sterilization techniques, a real floor, etc., they would have lived. Things we take for granted.

So that's another woman, and likely baby, about every two minutes – every day – who dies screaming in a pool of blood and dirt in some third-world country that no one cares about, simply because they are super poor and don't have access to anyone who can help them.

What was I getting at here?

And now, for something completely different.

2001: A Space Odyssey. Fifth grade. The year the frogs disappeared, and their pond was drenched in oil and scum. The year the portal opened. The year my childhood ended.

It was year of our rape – the penetration of the towers.

Now, the best teachers teach using questions and by asking their students questions. They do not *tell* them the answer, they *lead* them to it. So that they may find it for themselves, and treasure it. They value it because they worked for it.

Mechanically speaking, the highest form of writing is a Socratic Dialogue between teacher and student, captured for the world to read in all posterity. In fact, until the Bible, this is how many of the greatest philosophical works were formatted.

Most of the famous philosophical works from antiquity were captured from the Great Teachers of the past and written down by their students in the form of a pseudo-lecture, so that the reader could viscerally and personally *experience* the same enlightenment that they had in some sort of classroom. It's the best way to tell a new story. In fact, this is exactly how Jesus taught.

Right now we're in the magic school bus, but in the full manuscript - this is how I teach you.

Now, I always say that being born in the early '90s is like being born at a party that has been going on for 50 years, and as soon as you're old enough to come downstairs and drink, the cops show up, everyone else runs, and they stick you with the charge.

I think that this might be the most perfect simile of all time.

I was born into a life of luxury and privilege, whether I like to admit it or not. From a young age, I have always felt different from other people, and I have never truly fit in anywhere I have ever been. This difference seemed to be exemplified by the fact that I only have one testicle, and I was left-handed (this is important later.)

I went through some nearly 30-year-old letters written by my Mom recently, and two things that stood out to me were:

- A teacher said that I changed her life, and she would remember me forever. I don't know why.

- My Kindergarten teacher stopped testing my reading skills at about a Third-Grade level because I could read "everything."

My Mom had a book by "The Voice of the Martyrs" called *A Chance to Die*, and it was the first book title I ever read. I was probably about 3. I couldn't comprehend why someone would *want* to die when life is so sweet, like cotton candy on a baseball field, lemonade in the breeze, and a green, easy field to rest on when you come home.

I remember sitting there for quite some time and thinking about my first book title, and what that could possibly mean, as the clock ticked closer to my bedtime at 8:00. "A Chance to *Die*?" I knew what all these words meant at this point, but the phrase didn't make sense. *Why… would you want a chance to… die?*

I learned how to read from billboards. I was always looking at them as we drove around the city, and I remember one day putting two and two together with the pictures they showed and realizing, “Hey! That’s what all those squiggly things everywhere are! They’re WORDS!!!!”

Reading is a beautiful thing, and the first thing I ever read was the mirror of the car immediately after that moment, which read - “Objects in mirror are closer than they appear.”

I understood the information. I had not experienced these “closer objects”, but I was receiving information about them. I knew that it meant that the cars next to us are closer, in reality, than they might *appear* to be in the mirror. Simple stuff. Here I am, traveling at 80 MPH, and I know that one wrong move will send us into the steel shredder.

My Dad always enforced the seriousness of driving, and to this day I have always driven very carefully, especially when I was on drugs.

I guess that’s why people write – to warn others of danger. Makes sense.

You look over at me while I take a large, brown tobacco leaf and sprinkle a thick layer of fluffy weed in it. I roll it up, and twist it off like a cigar. I look at you. “I’m just kidding, I only drive on weed. Have you ever smoked a blunt?”

You blush, and then nod with a grin.

I light it, and we watch as it continues to burn down. I hold it a few inches from my face and examine it closely. You continue staring at me like I’m an alien as I silently watch the brown tube burn slowly in my hands.

“Did you know that tobacco smoke is white and weed smoke is blue? It’s true.” I rest my arm on the chair where the sun drapes down, and hold it as still as possible.

“Look at this blunt – it’s weed wrapped in a tobacco leaf. Sit there and stare at the cherry. It glows red. You do not smoke it, you merely observe it.

It burns, and energy dissipates. Matter turns into antimatter. The fire works its way down, weaving a path of destruction. The brown tobacco leaf burns while the green, sticky cannabis smolders. It is beautiful. It is perfect, while the heart of the sun exists.

Watch how it burns closely, as the sun illuminates the smoke.

It separates. They burn together, but separately. Two individual smoke tendrils reach up to heaven, coming close but not mixing. One is blue, and one is whiteish-grey. They dance, buffeted around by the air currents.

Mingling but not becoming one. Blue and white. Beautiful. If you look closely, you will see it."

I hand it to you, and when you sit in stillness with it - you can now see the two separate little streams of color in the sun when you hold it in stillness. One comes from the center of the glowing red sun, and one comes lazily from the brown tobacco leaf. Blue and white.

"You're right. Two plumes of smoke. Two colors." You take a big hit and blow it out. "Now one."

"Correct. Come on, let's take a walk." We step outside.

"In reality, the weed smoke is not blue, of course. It is a combination of white, grey, brown, or yellow, depending on the proportions of what you are burning.

It only appears blue due to the same optical illusion that makes the sky appear blue. It is called Raleigh Scattering, and no one understands how it works or why."

You look up at the blue sky. Birds chirp now, and the distant hum of life thrums through the ground.

"Is… is that true? It's not really blue?"

Of course it is. Look at it. Look up. What do you see?

"Blue."

Keep looking. Tell me what you see after a few minutes.

You stand in silence, and the minutes crawl slowly by.

I ask you what you see after three minutes.

Without looking down, you reply to me in one word – "Fractals."

"Did you ever notice them before?"

"No."

"They were always there, you just never looked. They're everywhere. All you need to do is look up for long enough."

I suggest doing psychedelic drugs at the beach on a sunny day as an excellent way to test this theory. You agree with me, and I smile at you.

"They… they do understand how it works, right? The optical illusion?"

“Of course they do. Everyone knows why the sky is blue.”

We gaze into the distance together.

“Do you want to go further?”

With innocent eyes like a child, you look at me.

“Do you want to see things that no one has ever seen before?”

I throw down a block of wood that I whittled into the shape of what *Gödel, Escher, Bach* would look like if I had a copy of it in front of you.

“This is one of the greatest books ever published. What do you think it is?”

You stare at it. “Uncarved paper. Paper without the Nothing added to it.”

I throw down another one. It’s called *High-Information Music, Infant Neurocognitive Development, and the Baby Brain: How Music can Transfigure Society and Ourselves*.

“Within 3 to 5 generations of my high-information music child psychology curriculum, every single person on this planet is a musician. Then, our brains change. I’ll prove it to you, but not right now. That’s later.

However, once the language acquisition phase closes at about 1,000 days, this window is gone forever. The opportunity is lost for all eternity. You can never gain perfect pitch as an adult, and you cannot effect these changes in an adult or even child brain. Only the infant.”

“For now, we watch the waves. Behold, the illusion itself. The snowglobe.”

I point towards the water. “See the blue and gold? The gold of the sand, reflecting the sun. The blue of the water like the deepest glacier ice? What is it?”

You think. “What is it? Water and rocks? Elements? Atoms?”

“For you, it is but frequency. Frequency of photons hitting your corneas and being sent to your brain. Patterns. Fractals, in fact - of information. Just like the 3.5 billion bits that make up my songs. On and off. On and off.

Photon, no photon. Photon, no photon.

When you see the blue, photons are hitting your cornea at a frequency of roughly 6.0 x 10^14 hertz, or times per second. The photons from the yellow sand reflect at roughly 5.1 x 10^14 Hz.

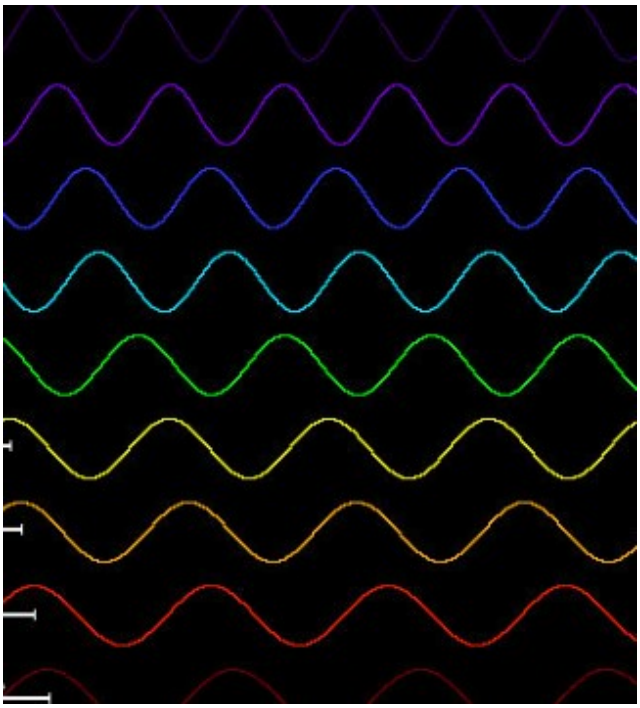
It is merely this difference in how quickly the photons are hitting your eyes that makes you perceive the different colors. They are not real, and you can never actually touch them. Reality is but illusion.

It's just photon on, photon off. Over and over."

You look around, and consider the billions, trillions even, of different photonic frequencies serenading your eyeballs with this delicious cornucopia of color and beauty.

You look down. "And the sounds… sound is just the same thing. But with air. The frequency of pulses through the air. Waveforms."

I hand you a diagram. "Just like you can write any sound as a waveform, you can also write any image as a waveform. Here are the waveforms and frequencies of color:



It reminds you of something. "The wand! From… *The Song Remains the Same*. Holly wood."

"That's right. Frequency is magic. It's all just frequency. You have never actually seen anything in your life, you have only detected the frequency of photons reflecting off of it.

Look up."

You do.

"There is no blue. It is not real. There is only frequency.

Touch the log."

You look at me. "Touch… touch the… log?"

"Yes"

You do.

"Rub it. Go ahead, it won't bite you."

You gently feel the bumps and ridges. "Let me guess – '*feel for the fractals*?'"

I laugh. “No. Although, you could do that if you wanted to. No, I want you to tell me if you can touch it.”

“If I can *touch* it?”

I nod at you.

You look at me. “I can touch things. I’m doing it right now. In fact, I’m pretty sure that I can feel myself touching the log right now.”

I flash you a cheeky grin, reach into my satchel and toss you a physics textbook. “Haven’t you ever read one of these things? Look:”

> According to physics, at the atomic level, **you can't truly "touch" anything**, as atoms never actually come into contact with each other due to the repulsive electromagnetic force between their electrons; what we perceive as touch is the sensation of this repulsive force when atoms get very close together.
>
> Key points:
>
> **Electron repulsion:**
>
> When two objects appear to touch, their electrons repel each other, creating the sensation of contact without the atoms physically colliding.
>
> **Our perception of touch:**
>
> Despite not actually "touching" at the atomic level, our nerves in the skin interpret this repulsive force as touch, allowing us to feel textures and shapes.

You stare at me, and you aren’t sure what to say. I look back at you with great sadness.

“The only thing you’ve ever felt, the only thing that you will ever feel as a human, is simply the repulsion of your atoms from other atoms due to the electromagnetic force. You’ve never touched anything in your life. Nothing has ever touched you. We are *completely, utterly* alone.

You think you have, but all you’ve ever felt is simply different shapes and varieties of rejection. Different intensities of repulsion. Various degrees of a void that can never be crossed, and will never be crossed.

You’ve never touched a beautiful woman. She has never actually touched you. You’ve never run your hand along a banister while going downstairs. You’ve never really held a snowglobe in your hands. It’s a convincing illusion, but an illusion nonetheless.

You've never seen anything. You've never heard anything. You have merely felt the presence of the photons that reflect off of it. You hear the evidence in it that moves through the air. But you have no real proof of it.

All you are, all you've ever been, is a shapeless mass of protons and electrons, yourself a void of empty space - blundering about in the dark - stumbling along, trying desperately to find something to grasp onto, anything, but, in the end, unable to. You will never, ever be able to find what you seek to hold onto.

You are forever, inexorably trapped behind fleshy sensors that distort reality and the electromagnetic force that keeps our atoms from ever truly touching. At the end of the day, all you will ever really feel is your own death. You will never, ever overcome the barrier of atomic repulsion.

You are imprisoned.

You've never actually held your wife.

She has never actually held you.

You only know the shape of each other's rejections."

You sit, and we contemplate the waves.

You ask me – "So… what is real?"

"Well, touch, hearing, and sight are out. That leaves smell and taste. I don't believe in food, so taste is out. The concept of 'food' is obviously a bunch of bullshit." You giggle.

Scientists have two theories on how smell works. One is vibration or frequency again. The other, more widely accepted theory, has to do with the way chemicals and molecules dock and fit into one another.

Smell is unique among the senses, in that it routes through the hippocampus, where memory function is located. No other sense does that. That's why smells make you remember things.

Smells might be real. Taste seems to be real. Those two senses may be proof of a real existence out there somewhere. We know that death is real, and we experience it.

But, there's something else, too. Something that cuts through the electromagnetic force and let's us know that *this is real*. Do you know what it is?"

You look at me.

I ask you - “What opens the portal?”

Staring at me, you answer – “Pain. Pain is real. Suffering. When the illusion breaks down, and you realize *this is real*. When the fiery heat breaks the electrochemical bonds of your skin apart and tears them asunder. Fear and pain are real. And that’s why they power the portals. It’s the most potent force in the world – fear. Because it’s *real.*”

Crash… crash… crash…

We stare at the waters, endlessly receding and returning. There, and back again. I am so, so proud of you for knowing the answer to that question. Not one single person in my life has ever been able to answer my questions. A tear rolls down my cheek, and I thank you for being my friend.

“You know, I have a few more things to teach you. ‘Golden teachers’, remember? How can two things be separate, but the same, while also remaining an illusion?”

C and Am sound like two completely different things, but in reality, they’re almost the same. Almost-perfect mirror images of each other. This is called the relative minor, and every key has this relationship with one other key. Am is the relative minor of C major. The relative minor of G major, for example, is E minor.

The bass, playing the root note, is especially important for emphasizing this transition from major to minor. Without it hitting the relative minor at the right time, this chord progression will not work and will sound like something else (which can still be good.)

The relative minor works because only one note changes in the chord. Everyone likes to talk about the brother, the dominant interval - the fifth - while overlooking his two sisters - one upstairs, as well as the beautiful sister below (the fourth.)

You see, the fifth changes two notes out of three. This is called the *dominant* interval, and in C, it would be C- G. Within the C chord, the C and E notes will change to B and D respectively, while the G will remain the same.

The best way to illustrate it is this:

C – E – G

To:

B – D – G

This is called the *first* i*nversion* of a G chord. If you change it to the *second* inversion, you get this:

D – G – B

A normal G major looks like this:

G – B – D

However, when you voice chords, try to remember an unspoken law of music: conservation of motion. Always go to the *closest* next note. So, the C major shape doesn't move - it changes.

It becomes something new, while your hand appears to remain almost still, rather than just moving the whole C shape up to the G. That's how you make it sound good. This is why chord inversions are important.

Don't worry about it now.

Just think about what notes change between a C and a G chord.

C – E – G

B – D – G

The B is a major seventh to C, one half step down, which cries out in pain at the separation from her lover, the I. The D is a second to C, which wants to triumphantly march back to the root note.

And this has to do with fractals and sound. It is actually all math. If you look at music through *Lissajous Figures*, you can actually *see* why some intervals sound *better* than others. They are less complex, and they are based on simple ratios like 1:3 and 2:3. We prefer simpler ratios and structures, generally speaking.

If you examine these *Lissajous Figures,* you will find that the 2^{nd} and major 7^{th} intervals are actually profoundly beautiful architectural fractal structures. They carry not only the most tension, but the most emotional information along with this tension compared to the other intervals. That's why a I – V cadence sounds so good.

This process of manifesting the visual architectural structures within music is called "Cymatics", and you can recreate it by simply placing a wide, flat surface over a loudspeaker, placing sand or a fluid medium over it, and playing a note.

The fifth, G, remains the same – but it is now the new I. The V – I cadence is called the *authentic* or *perfect* cadence, because every single human being that has ever lived recognizes it

more intuitively and strongly than *any other sound*. It's *beautiful*. It's literally perfect – it's in the name.

I consider the perfect cadence to be proof of a mind outside of humanity, and therefore, evidence that God exists. Scientists will tell you it has to do with the harmonic series and how the planet we evolved from vibrates, which is obviously a bunch of bullshit.

However, it's a bit predictable and boring. It's been done, you could say.

I prefer the relative minor. She is lovely, and strong. She makes people *feel*. The dominant interval is comforting, soothing, intuitive. Relaxing. It makes sense. The dominant interval tells a story you know, but the relative minor asks an interesting question.

Incredibly, only one note changes in the chord. It's an almost-perfect mirror image that sounds so completely different. So much darker than the relative major, the I.

Namely, if you are playing a C major chord, you will be playing a C, an E, and a G. To switch to the relative minor, Am, all you need to do is change the G to an A, so that you are now playing C, E, and A. It's the letter next door, so it's pretty easy to remember:

C – E – G

C – E – A

Yet, whenever I tried to explain this to anyone except a small handful of people, they looked at me like I was an alien. They clearly did not care and could not comprehend what I was telling them. I don't think I've ever explained the relative minor to someone who didn't already at least know a few chords and had them grasp it.

It doesn't really make sense to me. How could something so simple, so intuitive, be literally impossible for people to comprehend? Was it the hand sizes?

I figured that might be a little bit reductionist, so I concluded that it was because I was different than them, and that is why I never felt like I fit in anywhere I was in my entire life.

That made me sad.

I pull out *The More Rational Worldview,* and you groan. "Oh no, not the graph again!"

Ok, ok. Not yet.

Let's talk about the truth. What if it was shaped like a piano, and fell on you out of a building? What would it sound like?

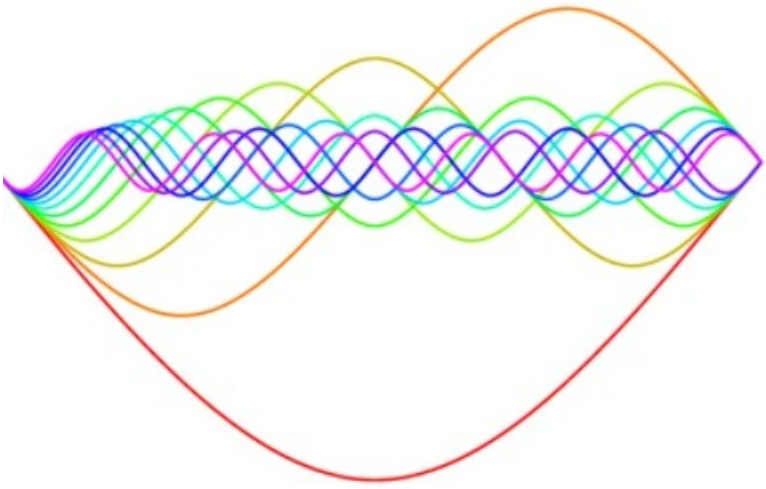
You cannot simulate the billions of different ways that these metal strings interact with each other. Piano strings hold somewhere around 20,000 pounds of tension on a cast iron sound plate made out of one piece, which weighs around 500 pounds. You cannot imagine the state of tension that pianos live in.

That's why you will never, ever reproduce a piano perfectly on a computer. You cannot do it.

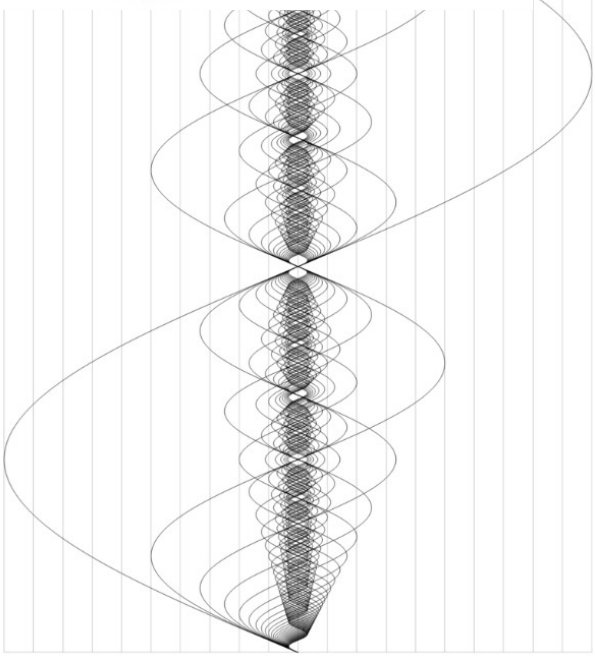
Each string plays on every other when it sounds. It's called sympathetic resonance.

Think about pressing a key. When you play it, it moves every other string in the piano. Slightly. Just barely. Each string interacts with it in a slightly different way, and then each of those interacts with the rest again. Billions and billions of interactions between waveforms in the press of a single piano key.

These strings each carry harmonics and overtones in them, based on the harmonic series, which looks like this in waveform:



The really crazy thing about the harmonic series is that it just goes on and repeats forever, as far as we can tell. Up until it is no longer detectable by even the most sensitive instruments, this series of overtones and harmonics plays over the fundamental note in a repeating pattern.



And one thing no one has ever said about the harmonic series, as far as I have ever heard at least, is the obvious fact that it is a fractal. A fractal of sound. A vibratory fractal.

I don't know, maybe they don't say it because it's so obvious.

In fact, Wikipedia plots it like this:

A perfect fractal. And it sounds *beautiful.*

Look it up and listen to it. So sweet. Every note you play contains this pattern:

A first. Home base. But it's an octave, exactly double the frequency it you started the vibration at. It's called an 8^{th}, in this context.

A perfect fifth, the dominant. Powerful, strong. Masculine. Steady.

A perfect fourth, the only other "perfect" interval. Light, airy, delicate. The female counterpart to the Fifth.

They call it the *Amen Cadence*, because every time you have ever heard a beautiful song end with a long, drawn-out "Amen", it ends with a fourth to a first.

People who are paid money to talk about music in colleges call it the "Plagal Cadence."

Remember the *Perfect Cadence?* If you add the *Amen Cadence* to it, you get a dominant seventh chord. In C, it would look like this:

G – B – D – F

That's why a V7 chord resolves perfectly to the I. G7 to C. It uses both of the primary cadences at the same time, and it's the most overt expression of "absolution" in music.

The fourth is my favorite interval.

Next is a major third. Literally happy, in a way that everyone just feels.

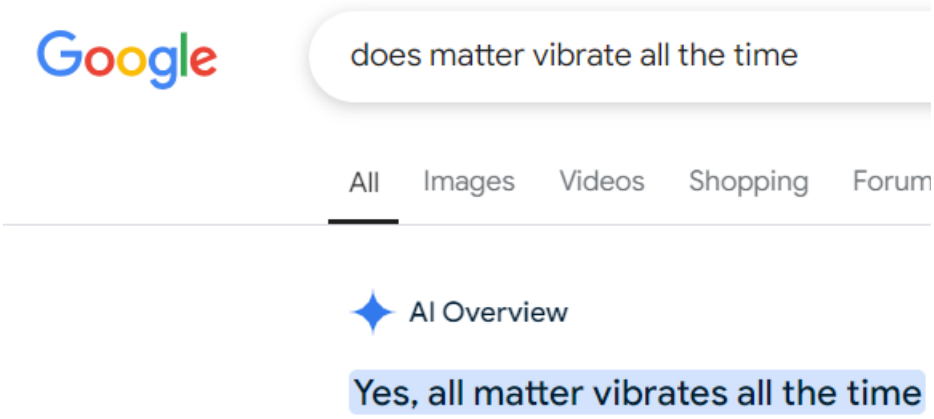
Then, a surprise. Something that you have never, ever heard in a song – a major third and a minor third at the same time. Unthinkable. Blending two worlds together, one happy and one sad. Light and dark. It does not sound good, but in this context it does.

The minor third repeats, and there is a bunch of seconds – the supertonic. On and on, forever and ever. Longer than you can hear it, it repeats. Musical notes, except for pure sine waves, all carry this repeating fractal of different, cascading notes within them. You will almost never hear a pure sine wave, and certainly not in nature. They primarily exist within laboratories and computers, because by the time you process any sine waves you use, like on a sub-bass, you will have added harmonics to it.

And as a matter of fact, the harmonic series is not only coming from every musical instrument ever made, but from everything that makes a sound in the universe. Anything that vibrates produces a sound, and any sound contains within it the harmonic series.

And one other neat thing that physicists apparently proved is that we are all vibrating very intensely.

You can learn this on the internet:



You sing a song all the time, and this pattern emanates from you all the time, but it is too faint to be detected. Almost.

It's there, your fractal song, but no one can hear it. Unless you listen *very* closely.

Even the stars and planets sing this song.

All of this flashes through my mind in about two seconds, and I gaze at her across from me in the pool and we talk and laugh a little bit. A normal moment.

I stop there and look at you. "How's that? You still with me?"

You nod your head. "I'm here. You have… piqued my interest."

I smile gently. "I'm allowed to write you saying that because if it wasn't true, you would have already set this down. Right?

I look at you. "Shall I continue? Will you listen to the stories that no one else will?"

“Listen as I sing to you an elegy, a dirge. A song for the crypt, with whispered words and hushed tones. Listen to the elegy of emptiness. The nowhere sounds. The sounds that lurk in the cracks between polygons on old computers.

Sounds that lurk in the shadows, waiting for someone to notice them. For someone to hear them. Stories that lurk beneath the surface, never given a form. Never brought to life. *Ghost stories*.

Let me tell you them. *Listen*.”

Now, at the same time that Edna was in her office clacking away on her beige keyboard (you’ll learn her story), a husband and wife had just taken off together. Their names are David and Lynn Angell, and they are in love. They were married in the summer of 1971, and David had a dream – to be a writer.

You spend a few years together there, enjoying the last days of your youth. In 1977, you decide to leave together to start a new life.

They say goodbye to the rocky shores and crab harvests of New England where David grew up.

They were moving to California.



And here they are, in all their glory:

She is beautiful, vibrant. She wears big earrings and dresses with red flowers on them. Sometimes, they even match. You are happy in California, and they were right about the weather.

David plies his trade and puts his technical writing to creative use for the first time in earnest.

Can I do it?

Nothing sticks. You almost give up. You stare at the ocean, and the moon makes a silver bridge back home.

You think about moving back to New England. You plan it. Tell your family. Break the lease. You actually even rent the U-Haul.

Suddenly – Providence!

David hits the big time. His dream had come true.

He was hired to write a script! It was like a miracle. How they screamed and danced that night. Held each other, drank wine, made love, and danced to loud music.

He had never, ever felt like that before.

He was home. He had arrived.

He did it.

They stay, and he drops off the U-Haul - still empty.

It was a small script for a show no one watched called *Archie's Bunker Place,* but who cares. It's a writing job in Hollywood. He networks, and he grovels, and he begs. He pleads. He literally tells his bosses he will get down on his knees and beg for another job.

It works. *Cheers.*

You want even more freedom. Can you do even better than this? Could you truly *create* something that people will like?

You pool the money you made from *Cheers* with two friends, also writers. Now or never. You go all in.

You're investing everything you have into your next script.

Lynn picks up another extra shift at the library. You see, when she was a small girl, she saw something that never left her memory. She believed in the power of books to heal wounds like the ones that she saw that day.

I will tell you what she saw – her true story.

She was at a church. At God's house, as a young girl in the late '50s or early '60s.

She always liked church, but she did not understand it. She asked them questions, but they did not answer them.

Still, going to church is what you did, so that's what she did. She was there with her family one morning, and a family walks in. The priest stops, mid-sentence. He glares.

Everyone turns around. Gasps ring out throughout the church. Someone screams, "Get them out of here!"

The men stand up while the women stare, and move towards the family. Menacingly, they threaten them with their eyes. The family stands alone, surrounded. Persecuted by the wolves.

What she saw that day was pure evil. She saw people intentionally take someone else and throw them on the ground. Shatter them. Tell them, "You are not even worthy of being in the same room as me. Breathing my air."

Telling them that their very presence disgusts you so much you can't stand the sight of them.

The men stand toe to toe, and the father is surrounded.

The men bristle, and one of them looks to the priest. The priest nods.

They grab the family by their arms, roughly. Force the shoulders into the socket and march them out. Leading the way out of the church, the family is helpless.

The priest and families watch in silence. Lynn will always remember this moment, and it plays like a movie in her head at night. "Why are they doing this?"

"Why are they doing this?", she asks her mother, and her mother tells her to be quiet with a "Shh!"

They are marched out, and the young boy and girl with them follow. They had no other choice.

Four innocent lambs, led to the slaughter. For the crime of trying to enter God's house while black. Lynn grew up in Birmingham, Alabama.

Outside, truncheons and batons knock down the father. He screams in pain as his legs are swept out from under him. His wife screams, and she is suddenly surrounded by three police officers. They are separated, and the children are taken.

Inside the church, they hear the screams. Many of them smile.

Now, this *really* had an impact on Lynn Angell, and she ended up becoming a librarian. Probably so that she could get people to read books with neat ideas like not doing shit like this anymore. And so that is what she did.

She thought that everyone should have a book. And while she was there, the library flourished and grew. Thousands, tens of thousands of books. She loved them. They were alive, and they whispered sweet songs to her.

At night in the library, she would close her eyes and smell the unknowable number of pages, smell the trees they came from and the ink within it, and remember her childhood – the first books she ever read.

She smiles.

She picks up extra shifts whenever possible to help out with money, and their life goes on.

On New Year's Eve in 1989, she kisses him so deeply and tells him that she believes in his writing.

Suddenly – it happens again! Like winning the lottery, the script he had written with his two friends is picked up by a major network and syndicated. It was amazing.

It tells the story of an airport in Nantucket, run by two brothers. A place of comings and goings. Of shiny steel jets and workplace romance.

Two brothers, Joe and Brian, operate a small aircraft out of there – *Sandpiper Air*. A "single plane airline." Joe is in love with Helen, who works at the airport, but dreams of being a concert cellist.

The show is called *Wings,* and it runs from 1990 to 1997, over 170 episodes. People like it. It gets ratings. Your career is basically set, and you will always be able to find work as a writer. People don't recognize you when you go out, but whenever you tell them what you do, they look at you in awe. A *writer.* In *Hollywood.*

It's 1993 and you don't know if this will last forever. You aren't finished yet. You want more. You want the big lights. The A-listers. The ones that bring catering crews, fussy managers, and fans. Adoring fans. For *his* work.

They cook up a new script and pitch it. This is now the third story within the same fictional universe, and characters from *Cheers, Wings,* and your new script come and go freely.

They share references. They share landmarks. They know each other.

This is the greatest project of your life, and you put everything you have in you to bring it to life.

Their new script focuses on a psychiatrist who is divorced and moves back to his hometown of Seattle, and it is called *Frasier.*

People *love it.*

He gets it. His dream. The A-list. He wears tuxedos. He drives a new car every year. He lives in the hills. Has a balcony. Sees the ocean from his room. Every single day is a dream.

His favorite thing is driving fast on the 405 at night with the top down and windows open.

Here you are on the happiest day of your life, because your beautiful name



is behind you in lights:

Every single person around you saw it. *Your name.*

"Angell"

You always liked your last name.

Life is *perfect*.

In the Holy of Holies, they become one flesh and unite forever. No man can cleave this apart, and they fall asleep holding each other. It is perfect. You have almost ten years in the sun with your beautiful wife as a successful writer in LA.

As time goes on, your family begins planning a wedding in Cape Cod. You can't wait to go home and impress them with your stories. It's planned for the fall, in 2001.

Your own silver jet takes off, and you watch your city shrink and move from under you. That's the last time you ever saw the Pacific Ocean.

You were off.

The wedding was a blast. You were happy, and they could tell. Lynn loves her job, and everyone you tell your stories to about Los Angeles can hardly tell if they are real. They are like nothing they have ever heard before. Celebrities and paparazzi. One time, he had been on the same set as Britney Spears.

They loved him. They pack for their flight back and prepare to head home. You picked out American Airlines Flight 11 for your return trip, and you don't anticipate any delays.

On the flight it is quiet. It is early, and most are sleeping.

Underneath a shirt, a baby nurses at its mother's breast. Milk flows from one to another, and the sweet sugars in it keep the baby happy. There is a hidden secret in the mother's nectar. A milky white liquid, with a sweet taste that keeps the baby coming back for more. Lactose. "Milk sugar."

The baby smiles. It coos. It looks up and knows that the mother would never, ever hurt it. That it is safe. As they look into each other's eyes, molecules click into place, and the key is turned. The lock opens, and endorphins are released. They are happy.

Around her, people are grateful that this baby does not cry.

Back in New York, an accountant makes phone calls to other accountants in the same building. Paperwork is filed, and stored in places that no one will ever see. People push buttons, and computers send signals back and forth. Back and forth.

Floors are swept, and mopped, and polished, in circles over circles. People come and go, then they go and come back - over and over. Every day, they rush in the towers. Every day they rush out of the towers.

David and Lynn look at the mother and child. A perfect lady Madonna and her blessed infant. The cycle of milk and honey.

Then, they hear a noise. They hear shouting. People scream. I mean, they *scream.*

Visceral fear shoots through you as your heart rate spikes. Adrenaline floods your body, and your vision sharpens, breathing increases, and blood flows from the skin to organs where it is needed most. You grow pale.

There are men standing before you that are unlike anything you have ever seen before.

They shout – "Still! Don't move!"

I open your Bible to I Samuel 16:23:

> And whenever the tormenting spirit from God troubled Saul, David would play the harp. Then Saul would feel better, and the tormenting spirit would go away.

"I don't know exactly what this means, but I do know one thing for sure. They were trying to tell us something. Something important. There's more to the story here, and it has to do with sound. Frequency. Vibration. Fractals."

They're all around us. Everywhere we look, fractals spiral in and out of existence.

You look at me. "I… I don't understand yet, Witness 1. What do I do now?"

I pick a red flower, and hand it to you. I smile.

“Let’s go.” I stand up, and set down the Bible and guitar.

“Where?” You look at me, confused.

“Follow me.” I reach my hand towards you.

We touch, and electricity sparkles. I hold your hand as we walk towards the crashing waves.

We stand there and watch them. The moon is huge, and the silver bridge extends out from us forever, as far as we can see. It looks like a painting.

I turn towards you, and I look at you more intensely than I ever have before. My eyes focus on yours, and I draw you in towards me with my gaze.

“I need you to promise me something. That you’ll do something for me. Even if I die.”

“Of course.”

I dry my eyes with my towel.

“Tell the true story of 9/11. They need to know. Tell them about the betrayal of the Queen. Even if everyone else forgets. Even if no one else cares. Tell their stories.

Remember the story I told you about the book I read - *The Last Book in the Universe*. A young boy sits in a forgotten pipe with an old man, the only one who remembers what books are. The only one who remembers how to write. The citizens of this world think that the man is insane, and they kill him for sport.

Before he dies, the old man tells the boy that *he* is the last story. *He* is the last book. This very story that he just experienced. He must figure out how to tell them *his* story in a way that will bring sanity to a world that has gone mad.

A dystopian, apocalyptic world where violence reigns supreme. Where the cities and streets are grim with crime and pollution, and there are no authority figures to trust. Where the government has abandoned its own citizens. A world where women and children are tortured and killed, there is no respect for life, and it is not even safe to roam the streets at night.

Technology keeps people distracted and docile, injected directly into the brain stem.

He teaches him how to write, and leaves with him a blank page and a pen. The boy sits and stares at the horizon and thinks about what to write.

A new story. A different way to live. A better way to be.

There is only one story that matters right now. It's the true story of 9/11. *You* are the young boy, and I leave you with a new story that *needs* to be told to people. They *must* know the truth.

No one else but you can tell this story. No one else but you *will* tell this story.

You *are* this story now.

And in fact, when the true story of 9/11 is finally understood by everyone, it *will* be the last story in the universe. The last book in the universe will be about 9/11. Because the story is *that fucking bad*. It will shatter the world.

Promise me you will tell them this story."

You look at me. "I will tell them. I'll bring the story to life. I promise."

We look towards the moon.

"Rage against the dying of the light in your eyes, friend. It's time to go."

You stare. "Go?"

"Across the silver bridge. Into the moon."

You laugh, but I don't.

"Come, friend. Follow me as I lead the way."

You look at our bare feet. "Get wet?"

"No. We won't get wet. We can cross it." I smile, and lay my towel on the sand, forming a path for you.

You never noticed it, but my towel is red.

"Your red carpet. It's magic, but you have to believe."

You take a step onto it, and I stand beside you.

"Believe. Believe and *let go*."

We step onto the waves, but our feet don't feel wet. They don't feel cold. The silver moonlight laps at our ankles, but we do not sink. We walk forward, towards the moon, the water holding up our feet. As you step, you see flashes of gold and silver guiding your feet to safety.

We continue, and soon the shore appears small behind us. The silver bridge encompasses us, envelopes us. The moon has grown huge, and takes up most of the horizon. We walk straight. Without turning my head, I speak to you.

“Now, we Immanentize the Eschaton.

Theosis. The Coagula. The One.

The Singularity of Singularities.”

You look at me with your own Cheshire grin as we stride.

“What is the meaning of life, Witness 1?”

“It’s the exact opposite of the towers. The inverted, tessellated fractal of the twin towers ritual. Do you see it?”

You think. “…I don’t know.”

“A new command I give unto you - *love* one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples.”

A serene council of elders gazes knowingly at you. A roomful of people smile, and many more come out. They mimic playing guitar in unison, and love fills the room. They glow together.

Theosis. What is it?

It’s the light.

How do you think it works? What is light?

How can you exist with no body?

What do you think God is?

In the beginning was The Word.

In the end there will be The Word.

Words are frequency. Words are sound.

“Heaven is a frequency. Theosis is a frequency. Reuniting with God as one will be the sweetest sound anyone has ever heard, and it will be full of laughter and joy.”

We continue towards the moon, which now soars over us to an unimaginable height.

It's warm now, and the waves are choppy. It doesn't bother us. The silver bridge is smooth.

"I'll tell you about when I learned that our answer to *eudaimonia* was philosophy. To tell you the truth, it was the most profoundly wrong thing that I had ever heard. It struck me to my core, because I knew, *for sure*, that the meaning of my life was music.

What I didn't know then was that I wasn't just right about me, I was right about us all. There's nothing left for us in philosophy. It's empty, dead. It serves no purpose. It has no function. It's nothing but spinning in circles. We have to try something new.

Music can be the answer for us all. It literally can be the eudaimonia that we so desperately search for. It can lead us down the silver bridge together."

You smile at me. "Thank you."

I smile back. "You're welcome."

We turn towards the moon, and it has grown so bright we can hardly see.

We walk, splashing but not caring.

You look over at me. "Am I dying, or is my brain just tricking me into thinking that I am?"

I smile at you. "Do not give into the illusion of fear. You will die when you die, and there is absolutely nothing you can do to change that. Stare not into the towers themselves. Remove the towers from the street, the screen, your eye, and your mind. There are neither two towers nor one tower – there are no towers at all. The tower is *not real*."

"What are the keys to life, Witness 1?"

I look at you. "I'll tell you on the silver bridge, as the dawn tinges it with gold. Tomorrow is a beautiful day. First, how about a few anecdotes to set the scene for you?"

You nod. "People love anecdotes."

Some Things Actually Do Change

In July 2001, my family and I went to New York on a trip. They tried to take us on one cross-country vacation every other year, and one just within California on the alternate years.

This was one of the best ones - Washington D.C. and New York. Wow.

It was iconic, and I got to go up to the very top of the tallest buildings in the world at the time – the World Trade Center. This was around July 6th, 2001.

I looked around from the top, and thought something very much like this:

“Boy, these sure are some big buildings, huh?

Yep… doesn’t seem like they’ll be *going anywhere* for a while, does it?”

At this point, you shake your head with that clicking tongue sound and respond, “Nope. *Nooope*…”

Yeah, some things will never change. But some things will never stay the same.

You Can’t Just Make Up Words and Put Them in the Newspaper

9/11 happened when I was just heading off to Middle School to be a teenager, and everything changed.

New words: terrorism, extraordinary rendition, Patriot Act, FEMA, Homeland Security, black sites, threat levels, waterboarding, and that one camp with that one picture (Abu Ghraib.) I read the newspaper every day as a child, so I kept up with the news and still do.

Things took a dark turn, and I started to notice some of the “bias” and “lies” that I had been taught about in my English classes creeping into the news. No one seemed to notice, and adults reacted totally irrationally to any questions about it. It didn’t make any sense, and people started to act unreasonably.

My dad told me when he bought a car because the interest rates were low after 9/11 that now the government needed a bunch more information than before, and that it would always be like this and would never change. They told me war was coming and that this would have a profound impact on my life. Little did I know how right they were.

However, I assumed that it would cost a few hundred million or so in cleanup (the green arrows were red instead of green for a while, which I didn't like because it could derail my plan to change the world with my music), a year or so of bad traffic in New York (shocker), and then, besides the thousands of people who had died on live TV in one of the most horrific ways I had ever heard of, everything would be back to normal. *Right?*

It was a troubling period, and it left me feeling disturbed. The lies and machinations of war are so obvious, surely, we wouldn’t fall for this again. *Right???*

Betrayal of the Forest Queen

Dear Reader, a strange thing took place around this time.

Suddenly, the forests and ponds with frog spawn weren't there anymore. I distinctly remember the exact year of 9/11, several months after it, looking at my frog pond all polluted with a slick, rainbow oily sheen over it angrily wondering what happened and who ruined it. This was behind the elementary school, during the hour or so after school when I would wait for my Mom to take me home. There was a few acres of wildland, with trees, a creek, a drainage system, and a pond. The pond was now dead, and it never came back.

I would climb the trees in those days. I sat up there with friends and gazed, sitting on the branches. I still remember the genuine tranquility of sitting in a tree.

These were pines planted about 60 feet tall on the Elementary School grounds, and we would go as close as possible to the top. There was only one other guy who would climb them with me, named Zach. One time, his hand slipped and he almost took a tumble about 50 feet down through the branches. Now, within the last two or three weeks, I had dreamed of him falling, just like that, from the same perspective – the tree next to his. He got hurt badly in my dream. It scared the SHIT out of me.

There was a forested wood by the school and a larger one behind it. The larger one opened out into a river basin, a state park - one of God's true natural wonders. I loved these forests and roamed them constantly. I was into archery and shooting BB guns accurately.

One day, I felt a disturbance in the woods - a horrendous feeling of overwhelming dread, as I foresaw the darkness that would overtake us all. The trees began to fall, and the machines came in.

Construction. The field behind our house. The field next to our house. The bigger forest behind the school, and the smaller forest to the side of it. Not in the state park though, at least, which was nice. *Everything* else was gobbled up. I remember looking at the mud after the construction vehicles had left the smaller wood. The first one that was eaten.

I was *stunned*. I stood there looking at the torn-up imprints looking like optical illusions, showing me bizarre things that shouldn't be there. Jagged edges, unnatural corners, squares, the ripped and torn tendons and sinews of nature – exposed by the belly of the Beast. Ripped branches and shredded leaves. The visceral blood and guts of nature herself, disemboweled and scattered like so much trash.

Laid bare, naked, and vulnerable.

Raped.

They raped my forest.

And it never came back. You cannot simply rebuild a forest and bring back the insects and animals. It doesn't work like that.

That was the first time I ever felt hatred.

The bong with the silver, smoky neck is next to you, and you hit it. Smoke curls up in tiny fingers and UFOs. You gaze at the way the sun streams through the window and sparkles like a rippling diamond captured in the water of the clear beaker.

As you sit there staring at it, the glint catches your eye. Your head shifts slightly - and you notice that by unfocusing your eyes, looking in the distance but not, and moving your head just a tiny bit from side to side, you can actually perceive each individual color of the spectrum, in order, as the rainbow created by the optical illusion of refraction dances on your corneas.

A whole range of frequencies lives there, just for you. A little magic, hidden in a simple sunbeam – but only if you unfocus your eyes and look *just* right.

See *through* the white light to the infinite, many-hued world within, scattered, separated, and *revealed* by the water prism. No matter where you look, you see the most beautiful, pure light, in colors that don't quite look the same as usual. They're isolated, ephemeral. Ghostly, but pure.

It's like playing a harmonic on the 12th fret with your eyes, because that's exactly what is happening. This is the harmonic series of color – the overtones. The colors-within-the-colors. They are the pure colors. Revealed by a prism.

I never noticed that before… has it always been there this whole time? Is this what he meant, to show me the fractal from the outside-in?

You think about the tragedy and suffering you have learned about. How much worse it is than you ever expected. How much more *obvious* it is, now that you know everything. You try to debunk it, but you just can't. The drills, the absent chain of command, the lies, the physical impossibilities, the weird art, the ridiculous asbestos everywhere, the evidence for a controlled demolition. The missing money. The names and faces of pure evil. The shadows in their eyes.

"There's no way it isn't true. It's impossible."

You speak out loud, and the enormity of it wraps itself around you. The betrayal of the Queen – your life is forfeit to the whims and urges of the powerful. You are nothing to them. They think you are *worthless*.

You ponder this, and wonder if it's true.

I perceive… therefore I think… therefore I AM.

Anything that perceives and thinks has value. Inherent value that can't be diminished by anyone. I perceive, and I think, therefore I have value.

When I think that I have value, the mere act of recognizing it is a self-referential proof that this value exists. Anything that can deem itself valuable is worthy of having this simple truth recognized.

I AM… where have I heard that before? You think about God, shattering himself into billions of pieces. 'God loves us'. We've heard it a million times.

We all know it to be true, deep down, but why? And why is it so hard to see it sometimes? Why must we suffer like this?

You decide that all of this is, in fact, bullshit. Something should be done about it. Something MUST be done. But what? How can you get people to read a 1,000-page book? Even if you could, how do you make them care?

Will they even feel it without the presence of the mysterious stranger that you had? Without him in the room, his very presence, eyes, and aura emanating trust, calmness, truth, and understanding? Could it work?

"I AM… I am…"

What am I?

"I am human. And I am unashamed of that. In fact, I am proud of it. I am the greatest thing of all. I am the Image Bearer of God. The *Imago Dei*. We are all little parts of God.

I am worthy of being treated with respect. I am worthy of killing in self-defense. I am worthy of being good. In fact, I choose to be more good, rather than less good. I choose not to harm others intentionally, which gives me far more value than those who do. They are the ones without value. They are the ones whose lives should be forfeit."

You think about burning to death in a tower, and how it would feel. The cries of the 10,000 children who will starve to death today ring through your skull. *Ten thousand.*

You hear the weeping of the mothers as their children lay desecrated.

You hear a buzzing sound, and feel a tingling in your skull. Your vision focuses.

Images flash in your head. A huge mural:



Horrific scenes of death and destruction play out your head. You see a young blonde girl, lying desecrated:



in

You jump.

It startles you. You look at the broken clock, its gears and mechanisms exposed. The rose. The Bible. The yellow star of David bordered in purple, and the vaguely-American flag she lies on.

Her face contorted, she died in agony - her final scream written on her purple lips for all eternity. A fresh corpse, of a young blonde girl. Shattered.

W… what???

Involuntarily you kneel, and you see another flash - a weeping mother holding her dead infant while a cold child clutches a teddy bear, weeping and shivering:



This one horrifies you, and you yell – "*What is this??? Stop!!!*"

The full scene flashes in your head:



You see the peace dove, both impaled and encaged behind bars of real steel.

You wonder aloud - “What kind of sick fuck would make art like this? Are these real?”

The last week has been the strangest of your life.

You read the real words of the child’s poem from the bottom-right:

I was once a little child

Who longed for other worlds

But I am no longer a child

For I have known fear

I have learned to hate…

-1944

An image of a dove flies into your mind. She lingers in the sun, and looks at you. As she sheds a tear, she is impaled from above. She bursts, shedding viscera and blood.

Within her is a black bird of prey – a fighter jet. Bombs rain down on you, and you huddle for shelter. The bird of prey transforms into a black tower. The obelisk.

It breaks open at sunrise, and the dove flies out again. She looks at you, and weeps again. She bursts into flames and falls in a pile of ash. Disintegrated.

You walk up to the pile, and white crosses surround you. You brush it aside, and see a monstrous, deformed infant bird. A black raven. It shrieks at you, and its form is twisted, disfigured. One wing is missing, and the legs are tangled in a heap. Only one eye opens, and it is full of hatred.

It is sick, rotten. Suffering.

As it screams in hatred, you stomp on it and put it out of its misery. It was something that should not exist.

A final two images play out in your mind. You see the young blonde corpse again, in a row of three coffins:





The tower… two become one… light and dark…

You hear in your head:

Stare not into the towers themselves,
Gaze not unto the obelisk itself.
They are not real. They are but illusion.
One plus one is… zero.
Pluck them from your mind.
It is not real.

You place *Abbey Road* on the stereo and ponder what you have seen. The obelisk. The fear ritual. The burning tower. The hanged man. All of the symbolism. Everywhere you look, you can find traces of it now. Hidden there, secret but not. It's all right there, but you don't understand *why*.

Why would they do this?

Here Comes the Sun echoes throughout the wooden beams and walls of your house as you wonder if the universe really is a fractal, and if you are part of it. Your little ridge on the fractal part of a much larger whole, a complex system that inexorably shifts into certain states.

Strange attractors.

I have value. I am meaningful.

You hear a knock at your door.

I stand there, and smile at you through the glass. "Greetings, friend! Will you allow me into your home?"

You do something no one else ever has. You open your door, and invite me in.

I sit down and smile at you. "Hello, Dear Friend. I missed you."

You stare at me. "Didn't I… just…"

"Oh, sorry. Fractals. How were those 'visions', by the way? Good thing those aren't real, or else it would be some *really* disturbing imagery."

I reach into my satchel and pull out my acoustic guitar. "Do you know the song *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*?"

You laugh. "Of course. Everyone knows that song."

I play an Asus2 chord and it rings out with a lazy, psychedelic feel. It's a hollow chord, because it has no third. It can go either way, depending on context.

Let's say these are the six strings and the first two frets on a guitar, with the open notes - that you can just strum without even touching the neck - shown on top. The note I show you corresponds with the string on its left. Ignore the right-most border.

It looks like this:

E	A			B	E
		E	A		

E – A – E – A – B – E. The B is the "2" in "Asus2." A normal A major chord would have a C# below the B, next to the A, instead, and you won't want to emphasize the low E for these chords.

I take one finger off, and only one remains – the E, second fret, D string. I strum E – A – E – G – B – E. "You can play this chord with one finger. It's now an A7sus2, because the G adds a minor or dominant 7th interval. And yet, we did not *add anything*, we simply *removed* a finger:"

E	A		G	B	E
		E			

I bring my one remaining finger on the guitar up towards me by one string. "You can play this chord with one note, too - Em7."

I play all six strings while only holding down the B, second fret, A string. E – B – D – G – B – E:

E		D	G	B	E
	B				

It's so simple. And yet, I have never been able to talk to anyone in my life about how chords actually work.

I play the *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* riff.

"This is how good of a job they did with *Sgt. Peppers.* It wasn't just the rituals or portals or whatever, these guys put decades of work in, too. Blood, sweat, and tears. You have no idea how much music they played live in the Cavern and in Hamburg before they were able to record this

stuff. Thousands upon thousands of hours as *The Beatles.* Obviously, it would have never happened without George Martin, as well.

Think about how iconic this song is. If you play this song for someone, in about three seconds, they'll say – 'Oh, the acid song by The Beatles! I *love* that one!' Just about everyone.

It's a legend. They achieved their dreams. Was it worth it?"

You look at me. "That's a rhetorical question, right?"

I play it for you:

E - A - E G - E - A F# - A- E - F D-C#-A

Picture yourself on a boat in a river

"There it is. Those aren't chords, those are notes. You can play that alone on any instrument, and in about three seconds flat these 13 notes will conjure up an image of a psychedelic dude with long brown hair, parted in the middle, wearing round granny glasses and singing into a microphone while playing a white hollow-body Epiphone guitar from before Gibson bought them and turned them into shit."

You think about it. "He… he… brings himself to *life* in your head? Through a… a…"

"Yes. Through a portal."

I look at you. "What key is it in?"

You think. "I don't know."

I smile. "Come on. I just played you an Asus2 chord and listen to how well it blended into the beginning." I play the chord, and then the riff together. Hear that? It's in A."

You smile. "The key is A."

That's right. Let's prove it.

You hear that turnaround from the D – C# - A at the end? That's a sus4 chord. A fourth interval.

The *Amen Cadence*.

It's *so* distinct and compelling that you *know,* for a fact, that whatever comes after it will be the I. It's unmistakable. Listen. Therefore, you just found the root key. A.

The Amen Cadence is everything.

I'll tell you about the most devastating thing I ever learned in a classroom. One of my favorite classes in college: Environmental Science.

The professor posed a series of questions, which led me to the following premise:

How do groups of people get to the point where they make carefully calculated decisions to kill each other and tear up the woods? Why does this keep happening over and over – are good and evil cosmic laws or forces, like strong and weak nuclear forces, that must always exist and be in opposition to each other?

No matter what you do, somehow, in this universe, evil will rise and good will have to defeat it. This is one part of the Deep Magic. Some of the others are a willing death out of sacrificial love, and music/frequency.

It's a paradox, of course – good can never defeat evil because it must first kill evil, but to kill is evil, so good metamorphosizes into evil before it can finish the act.

Then, it becomes merely evil-on-evil friendly fire. This is why a willing, sacrificial death is part of the Deep Magic - it nullifies evil's most powerful defense. Many authors understand this, like the author of Harry Potter, who used it in the story about his parent's death.

Jesus said this, "There is no greater love than this – that a man lay down his life for his friends."

I want everyone reading to know that if it comes down to it, I am willing to take one for the team and lay down in front of the machine and literally die as a spectacle in front of mankind, if that's really what God wants me to do.

The truth is, I always would have. Even without God, I still would – out of principle. God just makes the choice obvious. I actually don't understand what about reality is so hard to grasp for most people, I really don't. But if it came down to it, I've literally always been willing to die for God, I mean, what else do we really have?

It's obvious that this reality isn't real, it's some kind of illusion or trick. Death is merely when the illusion ends. Therefore, God must be real. Therefore, one should take actions in accordance with His Will, to avoid hell. It seems pretty simple:

"Be nice to each other and don't murder each other while I'm out. Also… read this guy's book. Yeah. The full one. Oh yeah? That sounds familiar, huh? I bet it does."

And yet, it all seems so real. Touch the plants - they seem real, right?

I learned how plants grow in college, but it wasn't from a class. It was from a fellow student.

I always thought that seeds grew from the ground, and therefore, trees were made out of dirt. Duh.

Dirt is brown. Trees are brown. Seed goes in ground. Therefore, trees are made out of dirt.

Simultaneously, I also understood that trees "clean the air" and "help create oxygen." However, I had never put 2 and 2 together. Obviously, I felt pretty dumb at this moment, and like I said, I *for sure* never thought anyone would actually read a book I wrote one day.

The guy explained it to me while I was on mushrooms in his dorm room. He was named Patrick.

He was smart, clearly a high achiever. Everyone here was – it was a world-class party school with an excellent reputation, but these kids all knew how to buckle down when necessary. I did not do that. I didn't really fit in at all, although I did quite well socially. It was a game to me, and I enjoyed playing it. I won the game - it was effortless. Making people like me was easy, like shooting fish in a barrel. And I liked them too, I really did.

There had to be more to life than this.

He was clean shaven, tight, with a drawling voice and a face shaped like a pentagon. Shorter than me but quite muscular, as many of the guys were – good gym facilities. I didn't step foot in them once, as I also find the concept of a "gym" to be ridiculous.

He told me that the plants grow by reaching up through the air, taking a carbon dioxide molecule, which contains one carbon and two oxygen molecules, capturing the carbon, which turns into trees, and releasing the oxygen, which we breathe.

Holy shit! The plants reach into the air and pull carbon out of it. They are made out of carbon. Carbon dioxide. Oxygen, carbon, oxygen. Poof! Like the ghostly fingers of God himself coagulating into these beautiful plants and trees.

Magic.

I was stunned. That actually blew my mind.

I had never heard it explained like that before or even conceptualized it, and it was beautiful. Such an intricate design, so beautifully crafted by God's hand to allow these plants to flourish and grow, reaching out as if to try, desperately, to touch him. To feel the hand of God reach back down and caress them, even if only for a moment.

Anyways, the professor for this Environmental Science class was 90-something years old. It was his last year teaching at this school, and he had been teaching here since the '60s or '70s. 50+ year career at *this* school. A legend.

I forgot to mention that both my parents went to this college and met here, as well. They would have started around 1980.

He was clearly one of those venerated people who are cornerstones of the institutions they make up, respected by all. He was in a wheelchair, and was wheeled in by an assistant. He was on supplemental oxygen from a tank.

Dear Reader, what he taught me in that class broke my heart.

Annnnd – CUT!!!

I look over at you. "So… what do you think? Do you want to find out what it was?"

You think. "Yeah, I mean, I guess so. By the way, your anecdotes and vignettes are… so refreshingly honest and vivid, I almost feel like I'm there! How the heck did you learn to do that?"

I smile. *Walrus man… I love you…*

Shall I continue?

You nod. In the full version, they're in order. It makes a lot more sense.

He told us about the great electric streetcar conspiracy, which helped ruin the planet, where automobile manufacturers literally *conspired*, on record, to take down public transportation in cities and force people to rely on cars.

By the way, this was only uncovered, as he told me, because one guy spent his entire life in the Library of Congress poring over records and analyzing it. We would never have known otherwise.

It even has a Wikipedia page:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/General_Motors_streetcar_conspiracy

People who had EVERYTHING.

Men wearing those expensive suits and ties that they love so much. Men with luxurious lives, with wives and kids, with fancy cars and caviar. Pets, gold, jewelry, parties, friends, drugs, alcohol, sex, money, power, fame, fortune – these people had it all.

I knew them deeply, because I had come from them. I was one of them. They welcomed me in with open arms, as I had proven myself worthy of joining the rich, beautiful, happy people club because I got into a really good school and just had to bullshit my way through classes for a few years while I got as high as possible.

It disgusted me. The comprehension of it caused me physical pain.

You have everything you could ever want in the world, and what do you do? Schedule a *meeting* about how to actively cause more harm and pollution in the world?

It's absurd.

At the time, British Petroleum had just had an oil rig catastrophically fail in the Gulf of Mexico which was spewing thousands of barrels a day into the ocean. Black filth, utter disease, a literal void of nothingness wrenched from the heart of the Earth, spraying and splattering, killing our ocean.

My ocean. Our animals. My animals.

What gave them the right to do this?

One of the only times I actually did the reading in college was for this guy because he was both proud and pitiful. Absurd, and tragic. Not funny in the *slightest*.

The book I read was called *Silent Spring.*

Even worse, the fact that it's not God's fault, or random chance, or even just cruel nature – or desperate, hungry men looking for bread to feed their children - but men wearing suits who *had it all* that are at fault leaves *me* shattered. It's bullshit.

And so, this book is dedicated to them - all the fat little piggies who roost in the Hollywood Hills, Washington D.C., the Bohemian Grove, the Freemason lodges, Skull and Bones, the Vatican, the City of London, the wineries and redwoods of Northern California, the private islands, and the secret boats. These are the easy ones - I know all your little secrets.

I will shine a light on you unlike anything you've ever seen, so bright that it purifies even your filthy, disgusting deeds.

Melt into my brightness and coagulate with me.

Let me watch you, feel you, savor your pain and terror, as you are ripped away from us, and cast forever into the void.

Being the good part of God is so glorious, I truly pity you people. Morons.

This book is dedicated to all the psychopaths who use banks, government, and the television to crush people to dust. To suck the very marrow from their bones, drain them of their blood, and mummify them. *I see you.*

Disgusting.

For these people, there's nothing there. Empty eyes. They gave away the light in exchange for trinkets.

It doesn't make sense. They don't make sense. They're barely even real. But they are. And they have names, stories, and faces, which you will learn and see in this book.

It's almost like there might actually be a better way than this.

A better way to live.

Eudaimonia.

The highest common good for mankind.

If only someone was around to tell us what it was.

Maybe it's *philosophy*. Or maybe, it's not.

For about a year, I worked and lived in the Grand Canyon. This was really great, because they have cabins there for employees to live in for only $8 a month. Yep, eight bucks a month. I worked in the Pizza Pub.

One time, a family cancels an order. Leaves. Big one. Two plates of garlic parmesan wings, slathered in sauce sit there. An entire large pepperoni pizza, steaming in the low lamps.

Disgusting!

I walk up to a vibrant blonde woman who is laughing and smiling with other adults, a normal family of rich-looking Baby Boomers. They look at me, and I am wearing the green shirt and black pants of the cashier this night (much better than the chef outfit.)

They all look at me, and I smile. They expect me to say something funny because I had already joked around with them while they ordered beer, but they hadn't gotten any food yet. I tell them I have to tell them something important, with a serious look.

Like many who come in after a hike or walking the rim, their eyes are bright and alive. Their skin is flushed and red. They wear outdoorsy clothes, for an adventure. They look happy.

They look like this because they just saw something that they have never seen before. They looked into the Void, and they saw the Nothing. Miles and miles of Nothing, all the way down further than they have ever seen before.

And below the Nothing? Fractals in the stone. This is where they had just come from:



“I have to tell you guys something serious.”

They stared at me. Smiles left some of the faces, and the men grew concerned.

A whisper in the back between two of them.

“W… what is it? Is everything OK?”

“Oh yeah, oh yeah. Don’t sweat it. We had a sweepstakes tonight, and you guys won.

Yep. This whole pizza and all these wings are for you guys. For free.”

They started busting up laughing and I winked at them. People like that, but only in very specific situations.

And now, for something completely different.

I tell you about how when I looked up *Gödel, Escher, Bach* today, I was pretty surprised to find that, apparently, I was the only person who understood it.

You see, not one single summary or website I found even mentioned his key thesis, which was not entirely about fractals. It was also *not* about Gödel’s incompleteness theorem, which proves that you should never listen to books because you can’t actually ever know anything. It wasn’t about phenomenology, Bach’s music, or Escher’s art.

No, it was actually about chaos. Chaos theory. And butterflies.

“Butterflies?”

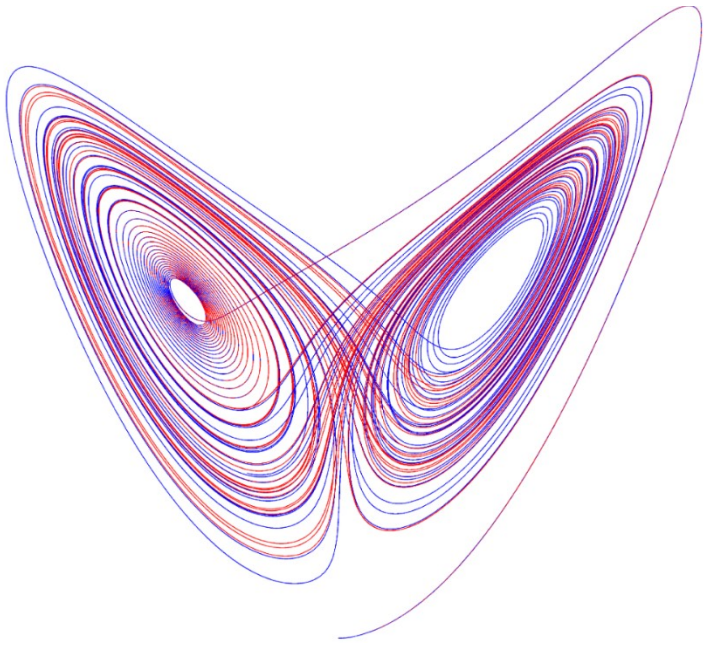
“Yes. The Butterfly Effect.”

You look at me. “Weren’t you… going to talk about 9/11 more?”

I smile. “We’ll get to that. Without the proper context, 9/11 won’t make sense. This is what you need to know. Order out of chaos. How there truly is no randomness. Patterns are meaningful, even when they don’t seem like it out of context. Especially the patterns of 9/11. They are *significant,* and I am teaching you not to look at them, but to *see* them.”

The main character of this book is actually not Gödel, Escher, or Bach. It is a man named Edward Lorenz – the father of Chaos Theory. The guy who coined the term, “The Butterfly Effect.”

It’s a great movie, it really is. It chronicles the story of a young man with brown hair who was studying psychology at college while he makes a series of increasingly poor choices that end up ruining his life. He can time travel, and experiences several paradoxes and moral dilemmas.



But, that’s not the Butterfly Effect we are talking about here. This is:

You see, I was surprised to find that this study guide was obviously wrong, and the book is not really about phenomenology at all.

Obviously it is about ontology, which is the study of *being.* A Philosophy teacher in college, one of the better ones, told me that this is called “dasein”, and – believe it or not - it’s sort of a big deal.

They taught me about a Nazi named Heidegger who coined this term, and apparently, he must not have been *too bad* for a Nazi because they still read his work in colleges in California today – which honestly surprised the heck out of me. *These people did read his Wikipedia article… right?*

And it turns out, that "being" feels very, very chaotic. The edges of the fractal up close appear *very* rough. Jagged. Like steel teeth in the gaping maw of the Nothing.

Once in a while, though, a person comes along who sees something a little bit different. This is the hidden story of this book – the story-within-a-story.



They can see a higher order of complexity, and order emerges out of the chaos. They call it "emergence", when a complex system is far greater and more complex than the sum of its parts. It becomes something new entirely. It transcends. Evolves.

For example, out of ten thousand ants, you find a society. Systems. Order.

From a flock of birds comes a pattern. A murmur. A tessellated shape.

From a billion stars, comes a galaxy.

From a trillion cells, comes you.

And you are all tessellated fractals.

So, there appears a scientist. And his name is *Edward Lorenz*.

And here he is, in all his glory:



Beneath his skull and bones lay a secret. A gift. A wonderful, gifted mind. He saw things that no one else saw, and he saw order coming out of chaos. *Ordo ab chao.* If you're reading this book, I'm assuming that you're familiar with the concept.

Lorenz studied math at Harvard, and he worked as a weather forecaster for the Air Force during World War II. After that, he spent the rest of his life working at MIT.

Order out of *chaos.*

Now, this guy – Lorenz - is *sharp*. He stands out, even at places like MIT and Harvard. People notice him. He solves problems that others puzzle over without even using a pen or paper. Among mathematicians, he is a rock star.

And he was actually so good at this math stuff, that the government found it to be very useful to them. Because it turns out that understanding how air and water work are very, *very* important to military strategy.

“Air and water?”

You look at me. Our sacred smoke flies up to heaven, dissipating in the blue. Nothingness. Here and then there. *Poof!*

“Air and water.”

“That’s right.”

Let me back up a little bit here, again. When I was a child, my parents had gotten me a collection of short stories by Roald Dahl, and they were written in a very matter of fact, neither fiction nor non-fiction, style.

There was a story about an Englishman in India, who met a man who could see through a deck of cards. By sitting in front of the card and staring at it for so many hours, he had developed the ability to read the back of it and used this talent to enjoy riches and wealth he won at casinos. He tells the man to meditate on the card in the dark with a candle, and once in a while, there will be a special person who is able to do it right away. Then, you win.

I have determined that the story is, in fact, fictional, but it really stuck with me as a child for some reason. At the end of the story, the Englishman is going to prove his new discovery to the world, but when he goes back to find the seeing man again, he has been hit by a car and killed.

A sad ending, I guess. Tragic.

However, the man *then* finds that *he* is, in fact, able to *see through* cards by sitting there in the dark long enough with a candle and staring at them. He was one of the *chosen ones.* I liked that, it *really* intrigued me. When I read this story, I genuinely wasn't sure if it was fiction or non-fiction.

Wait… can you really do that?

I never tried it, obviously. That would be insane. However, sometimes books can change your life, I guess. Some say that they can change the world. There was one other really, really sad story in this book about a kid who gets trapped up in a tree by his bullies, and they shoot him,

and he turns into a swan and flies home, only to be found dead by his mother. That was the second-saddest story I have ever read.

My two favorite books were *Siddhartha* and *The Tao*. When I was 15, I told my parents that I didn't really want to go to church any more.

"Weren't you going to tell me about the Father of Chaos theory, Edward Lorenz?"

"Ah yes," I say. So I was. What a good student you are.

I hand you a picture:



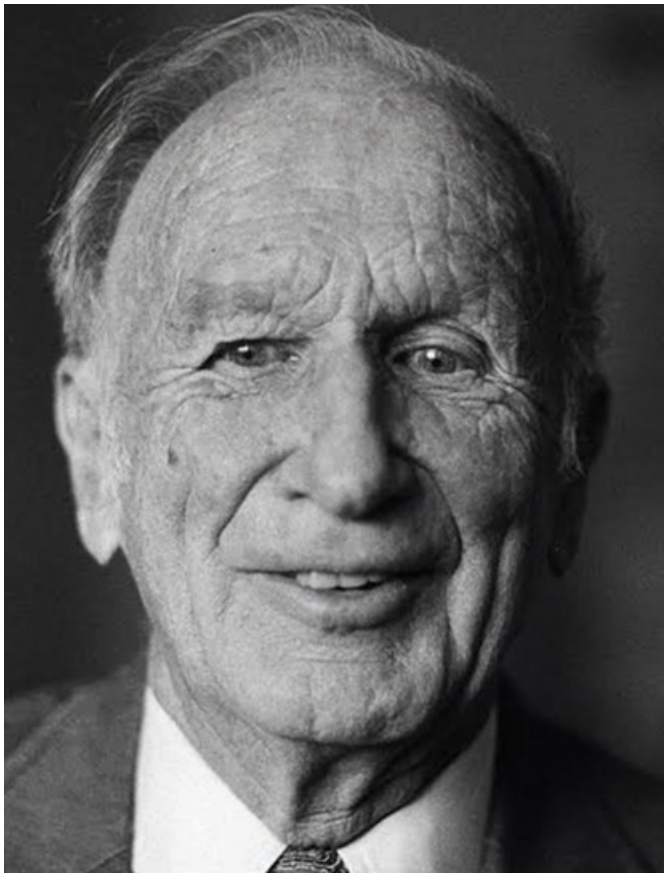
"What do you think this is? Do you see the fractal? Diamonds and hexagons?"

You stare at it.

"In fact, it is a fractal. *The* fractal. It's the same fractal as you.

Skip to the next page."

I hand you a picture of an elderly Edward Lorenz. And here he is, in all his glory:



"Do you see it, there? On his forehead?"

You smile.

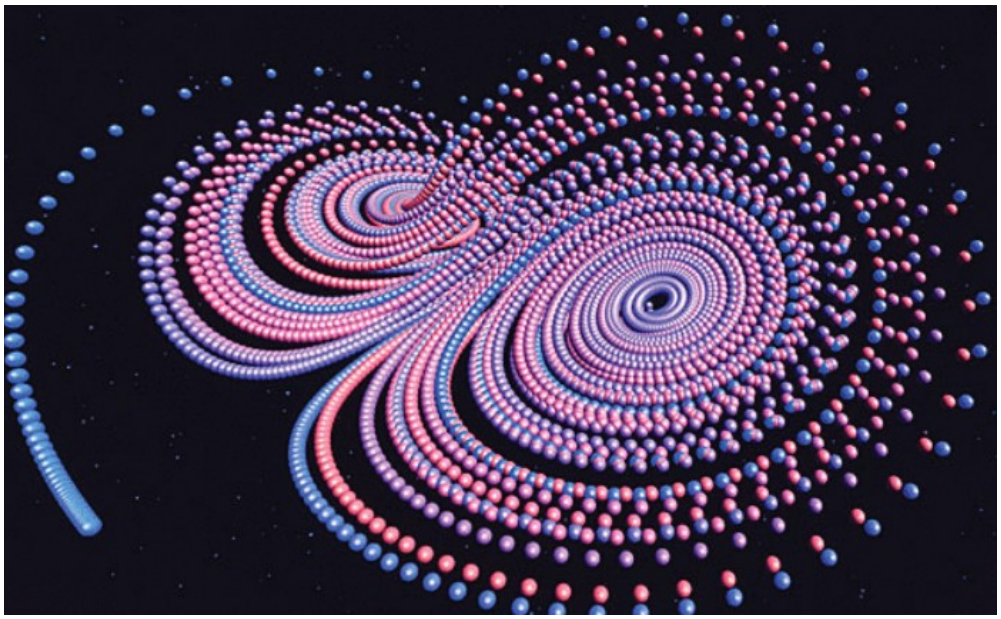
"Look underneath it - what will you find? Life has aged him now. The fractal is written on him more deeply. He is closer to seeing the fractal from the outside-in."

He saw things that others did not, and they were beautiful. Patterns and shapes.

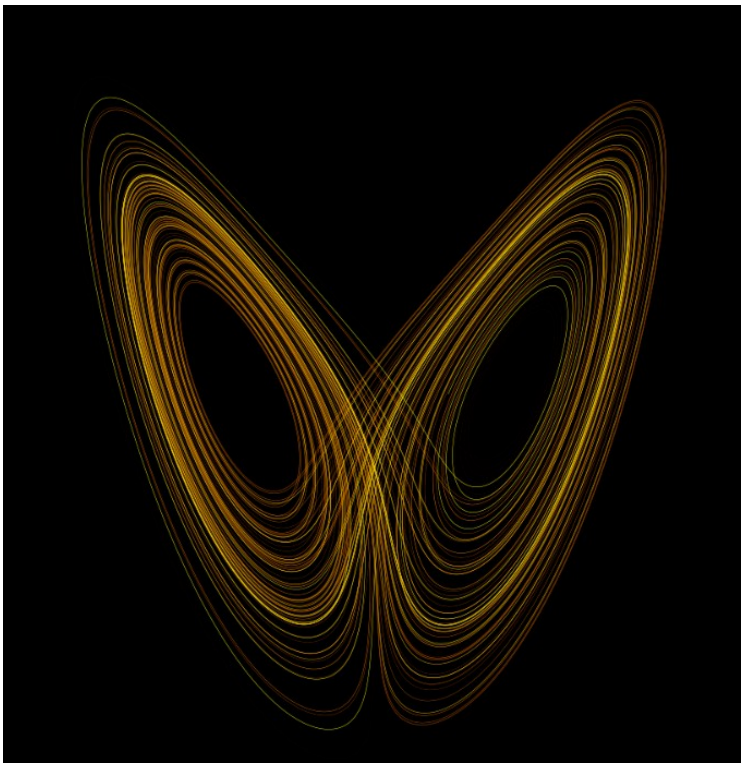
He saw them in the trees, but most of all - he saw them in the air and water.

The spheres you see here represent iterations of what people who study math at college call the *Lorenz equations*, and this image was calculated using the original parameters in his work.

A Lorenz Attractor. A *strange* attractor:



In 1972, he gave a presentation titled, “Predictability: Does the flap of a butterfly’s wings in Brazil set off a tornado in Texas?” This is where the term “Butterfly effect” comes from, and he chose it for a very particular reason. He chose it because the story he told to the world looked like this:



Butterfly wings. *Angel wings.*

This is the most famous visualization of a Lorenz attractor, and I assume these math people must *hate* it because it is so beautiful and cool.

I light the spliff and I hand it to you. “What is it?”

“Weed and tobacco,” you reply.

“How did he find this?”

“Find what?”

“The Butterfly.”

You think. “He… looked?”

“Smoke it.”

You do, and you blow out a cloud of smoke.

“What color is it?”

“Grey.”

“Where did the blue go? It’s tobacco and weed, the same as the blunt. Where are the two tendrils of blue and grey?”

It’s dark now, and you look at me like an idiot.

“When you mix them together, the smoke mingles and becomes uniform. Even.”

“When does it mix?”

“After you smoke it.”

“When?”

“Right away.”

“Yes, but there was a time when the smoke was still separate. Once, it came off from the burning plant matter and THC, and for a brief moment, that smoke was *either* weed *or* tobacco. One was blue, and one was whiteish grey. It was something different than what you see now.”

You pass it to me. I take a big hit, and continue.

“Could you wind the clock backwards and watch the smoke go down towards the ground, back in your mouth, in your lungs, and then back into the joint and freeze it molecule-by-molecule? If you did, could you see where each one came from?

If you could, could you mark each one as either weed or tobacco, and follow it? Plot its motion, and its own unique path? Do that for each one, and build a 3D timeline of every particle of smoke in the cloud?

If you captured the smoke and distilled it down, if you simply had enough knowledge and time, could you pick it apart bit-by-bit and separate it back into its two equal components from a state that seemed to be mixed forever?

In fact, if time is relative, and the universe is a fractal, could you do this with every particle?

If you had but the mind of God, could you know the past, present, and future state of every particle? Is the sum of knowledge *possible*? Thanks partly to him, we have answered it to a reasonable degree. Technically, it is possible. But not for us.

Anyways, Edward Lorenz used to stare at smoke from the fires of his youth, and wonder about something very similar to that. And he watched the currents of the river, and wondered if there was a way to know why they flow. He did listen to its song. He listened *closely*.”

And he heard a pattern in its rhythms. And he thought that, perhaps, there was order there. Even in the most chaotic things we know – the weather, the clouds, the rain, the thundering river currents.

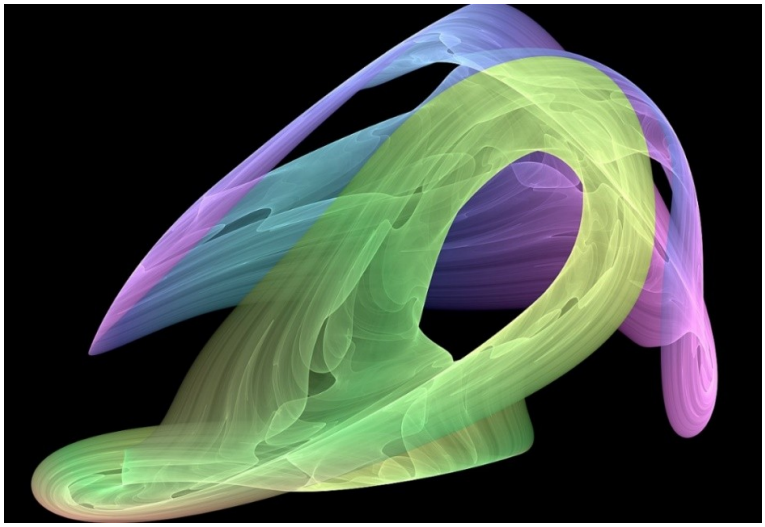
He wrote journals, studied, broke new ground in mathematics, and dove *deep*. This was not a job to him – this was the meaning of his life. It was his passion. He spent his life observing, listening, and looking to the river and sky. He believed that he was destined to answer one question for us, above all else:

Is there order in chaos?

And it turns out that when he went to college and kept studying it – *there is*. He *did* it. Founded an entire discipline – a field of study. Chaos theory.

There *is* a way to find these patterns, and you can actually see what is going to happen in the future if you look closely enough. Because it *is* a fractal. That was the point of the book - the eternal golden braid *repeats in a quantifiable way you can predict.* It is not chaotic, at all. Lorenz proved it.

An attractor is called "strange" if it has a fractal structure. This is where the butterfly wings come from, but they can also look like this:



Apparently, that is a fractal. According to mathematicians.

That's about enough math for me, so I went to the next chapter. As you can imagine, it also talked a lot about Bach and Gödel.

Bach *also* told a *new story* that no one ever noticed before. He invented something new, and it was beautiful.

Before Bach (and the musicologists at colleges will tell you there is a *lot* more to the story than this, but it's a good summary), most instruments were based on a tuning that was derived from Pythagoras, and the cult he founded that worshiped ratios and frequencies of nature (also a *very* interesting story that I do not have time for.)

Anyways, 12 perfect intervals will have you back at square one. Fourths or Fifths. But *not quite.*

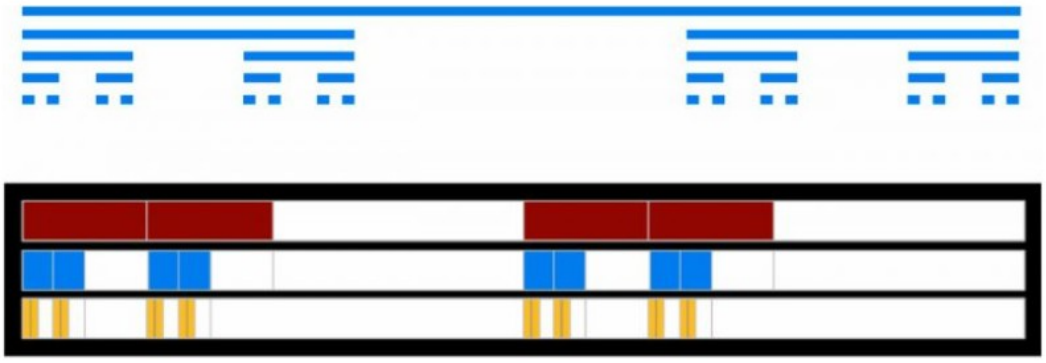
Every time you do it, you end up slightly off and have to shift slightly. It is called the *Pythagorean Comma*, and it is *not* perfect. Music will *never* be perfect, and *every note is a lie*. It's true. Google it.

Nothing here can ever be perfect. "Every song is a lie." The musicologists were right, for once.

So, when Bach did this – went around the circle of fifths in one concert while staying in tune - it blew people's minds. Salieri lost his mind (not really.) But, for real, it *really* impressed everyone. He was a rock star.

It is called *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, and it is quite possibly the most important musical work of all time. Bach was now famous, and he will be remembered forever for this.

Not only that, but the whole thing is a *fractal*. Bach had a musical mind like no one else, probably from staring at his pipe organ so much. Here is a representation of a musical fractal within Bach's work:



The top of this drawing shows a Cantor comb, which depicts self-similar patterns repeating at different scales on different lines. The lower diagram depicts the distribution of note durations in a 16-measure excerpt from a cello suite by Bach. © Harlan Brothers

One of Harlan's early discoveries was that musicians have been creating fractal music for at least six centuries. Many of the great Flemish

Apparently, "fractal music" is a thing, and it's been around for at least 600 years.

So, that is really neat. Here is some art I made for this project:



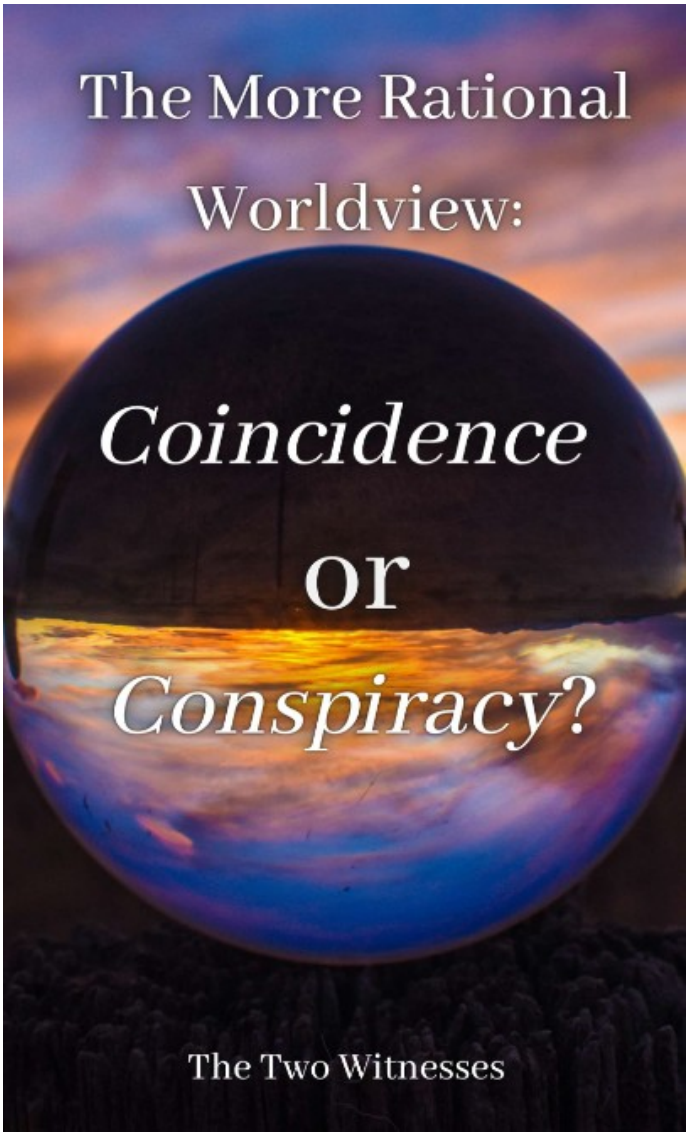
I pull another old, dusty tome out of my satchel. On it is the most beautiful sunset, with purples, blues, and reds cascading and reversing through a crystal ball. A 3D sunset.

You set it down on your lap, and this is what you see:

It's my first book, and it's called *The More Rational Worldview: Coincidence or Conspiracy?*

You can read it here:

https://www.docdroid.net/R6I5wtJ/the-more-rational-worldview-pdf



I hand it to you, and you look down. It is hefty, and weighty in your hands.

"485 pages," I tell you. "785 sources."

I flip to the graph and show it to you.

Then, I whisper to you - "Only you asked to see this. That's why I love you more than Dear Reader. Don't tell him."

You look. "Wow. Very nice, Witness 1. Real impressive. Yup, that's a lot of sources."

I smile. I love compliments that I know are true.

You flip, and find the part where I noticed something that no one else ever has before - which is that Larry Silverstein has two versions of his 9/11 story live on the internet. This was the first time this story has *ever* been told, or this question asked (it's a good question.)

A question we could ask is:

Why is it, that every person in the country can remember where they were on 9/11 *except* the man that owns the towers?

Screenshots of the conflicting statements directly from the articles:

> On September 11, his world lay in a six-story heap of ruins. Above all, four members of his staff were killed and he himself was saved only because a meeting he had scheduled that morning with officials of the Port Authority on the 88th floor of 1 World Trade Center (the south tower) was canceled at the last minute.

> Dermatology and a stubborn wife saved Larry Silverstein.
>
> On the morning of September 11, 2001, Silverstein, a billionaire property developer, was preparing for his regular breakfast appointment at Windows on the World on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's North Tower. Six weeks earlier, at the tender age of 70, Silverstein had paid $3.2bn for a 99-year lease at the Trade Center. It was then the largest ever real estate transaction and the capstone of a rags-to-riches career.
>
> He had just taken the title deeds and each morning the eager owner would meet one of his new tenants over breakfast. But that morning, as Silverstein tells it, his wife Klara intervened. "She said, 'where are you going?' I said, 'I'm going down to work — I have a tenant meeting.' She said, 'well, you can't go this morning.' I said, 'why not?' She said, 'I made an appointment for you with the dermatologist.' I said, 'cancel this morning. I'll go next month'. She said, 'you cancelled last month, you cancelled the month before. You can't cancel — you've got to go.' And she got upset."

"L… Larry Silverstein?!", you ask in shock.

"You mean he *lied?"*

I nod solemnly. My eyes are serious.

"He lied. And only I noticed."

For the first time in a while, you are silent. You ponder and ruminate. Your eyes shift to my left and your right.

“W… why would he *do that*???”

I tell you that is an excellent question, but without being in his head, we can never know for sure. Or, I don’t know. Maybe, actually, we can know for sure why he lied. Perhaps, when *all* the evidence is laid out for you – *why* he lied may become more clear.

On the other hand, it was probably because he made a ton of profit, and there was no other way to rebuild these old, dysfunctional towers. As the owner, it was the sweetest deal of all time. Unfortunately, that’s difficult to prove.

However, thanks to newspaper articles, we can prove *for sure* that he did lie, and he is a liar. Luckily, we have lawyers around to tell us that it’s, for sure, OK to say that Larry Silverstein *is* a *liar.*

A bad thing. A thing you should never do.

Larry Silverstein lied about where he was on the morning of 9/11. The *owner* of the towers.

A lie so bad it leads to stairways of corpses and bodies covered in ash. A lie so rotten and evil that it leads to cancerous dust and fires that don’t cease burning for months. A lie so bad that the residents in your towers had to jump a thousand feet to their death.

The worst attack of all time. The worst thing ever. The worst lie of all time.

On live TV. In the schools. In the hospitals. In the homes. People glued, sitting close to the screen. Staring in amazement at something that they had never seen before. Touching it, to see it they’re dreaming - surreal.

The world stopped for an hour, and for the *first time ever* - every eye on the planet focuses on the same place. The images glow and flicker as the talking heads speculate. Everything else is cancelled.

Billions and billions of eyeballs stare into the television and watch as another plane comes into the frame. It exists in the skies over New York, but it also exists in three other dimensions – on the TV screen, reflected onto their cornea, and visualized inside of their mind.

Four airplanes crash into four towers, with now eight plumes of black smoke reaching. In your head. In your eyes. On the screen. In New York. *Crash.*

Screaming. Panic. Everyone knows they just watched thousands of people die. Their fat and organs burn in an angry black mushroom cloud as jet fuel ignites office chairs and carpets. Computers start melting, and clocks are frozen.

The explosion barrels out and people finally feel it. Fear. Screaming.

Fear unlike anything you've *ever felt before*.

But you weren't given time for that. Like the girl in the van, you were taken without even really waking up first. It was already over before you knew what was happening. All you can do is stare, wide-eyed in horror, gagged and bound. Mouths that talk and don't say anything and eyes that see but don't notice anything. Gagged, bound, and chained to an oppressive burden.

I look over to you as we sit in silence and listen to the frogs deep chanting.

"I want you to listen closely to every detail that I tell you and understand that these stories are 100% true. These are the stories that whisper. They don't come to you, you come to them. They must be found, they are not given. I have delicately, lovingly, and painstakingly spent thousands of hours of my life picking them apart for you, Dear Reader.

I plucked them from the aether, and laid them out. From them, I wove a tapestry. A mandala. It's the true story of that day, and I wove it for you. Please listen to me, because no one else will.

I promise you, with my very soul as collateral, that every word I tell you about 9/11 is the solemn truth, backed up with evidence. These are the true stories of the victims of 9/11, the way it should have been told.

Except for the one part in the elevator, I made that part up. It's called a self-insert, all the greats do it. I ripped it off the Sixth Sense guy, who ripped it off Hitchcock."

You laugh.

"Everything else I say is real. Her GED, the paintings, the angels - everything. All the little details."

By now you have grown comfortable with me – the mysterious stranger. Only now, we sit as friends.

You smile at me. "I will listen, friend. Pass me the bong."

"So, your job. It wasn't too bad, and most envied you. You didn't like the tedium of the office, but the view was great. Whenever you told people you worked in the World Trade Center, they were always impressed. They knew you had made it."

The complex where you work is so large that it has its own zip code. 10048. It also has so many government offices that federal employee mail has *another* zip code, 10047.

That day as you left for work, you wore a dark shirt and white pants because most of the time, people don't necessarily notice you. You don't like pictures that much. You blend in here, and it's where you grew up. You were born in Puerto Rico, and when you were five you moved to Manhattan.

And here you are, in all your glory:



Your birthday is October 14th, and you have always liked birthdays. Every year, the coworkers you like remember it and bring you something. You are married, and your husband's name is Bill. You married him only two months after you met him, and it was a happy marriage.

You collect *angels*, and this is such a big part of who you were that even your Wikipedia article mentions it.

They kneel before you in rows, some standing. They hold glorious harps and swords. They *sing*, and you can hear it sometimes. In the stillness of their shadows, they whisper to you.

I am watching you. You are valuable. I would die to defend you.

Your life is sweet. But not for long. Tragedy!

After a while of trying, you cannot conceive. You will never bear him a child.

You weep. Oh, how you mourn together. You mourn deeply, and feel the loss of the child who will never call you mother.

He holds you and reassures you, but you will never feel the same.

Life goes on, and it turns out that cruises are just about as fun as babies and just about as expensive, too! You see the world. Bermuda, Mexico, Jamaica, Atlantic City.

The most vibrant night of your life happens at a resort in Jamaica. You went alone with him to an empty beach. You sat, and laughed. You drank. You leaned into him. The moon was huge in the sky, hanging low. It casts a rippling silver bridge, a road, on the ocean.

It is the most glorious thing that you have ever seen. It is so bright, you could almost walk on it and disappear forever into the moonlight. Let it consume you and see what happens next. Sail for the heart of the moon.

Your office faces south, and you sit in the middle. The long, vertical windows give you a view to die for - from your desk, you can see the ocean for miles, and the trail of the sun.

There is so much life around you – tourists eating breakfast, businessmen on the phone to Tokyo, security guards, workers. Like two beehives, you carry out your minute tasks.

An explosion like you've never felt before. About 30 or 40 people from your office, vaporized. Just completely gone. The rest screaming, and many on fire, soaked in burning jet fuel. Melting.

The smell of their roasting flesh as they plunge off of the edge in terror. Computers literally melting into puddles, and clocks deformed and frozen. The open air causing the flames to rush towards you, you back against the window, huddled with the few survivors.

Now, your desk was directly behind the elevator shaft facing away from where the plane entered, in the middle, and you are relatively unharmed.

As the fireball subsides, the room grows cooler, but the smoke is thick. There is no possible way you can access the stairs, and the realization that you will die in that room sets in over the next five minutes or so. You absolutely do not comprehend how this just happened.

The doors are smashed, pressure-welded shut. The one that does open reveals a raging inferno - fire much too thick to make it through. More black smoke billows in and chokes you, blinds you, so you shut it. You are trapped.

You hear people screaming for their mothers, and you wonder how badly it hurts to die. Adrenaline courses through your body, and your pupils are wide. You are breathing harder and faster than you ever have before and your eyes are extremely focused. It looks clearer than life, like a new TV with motion smoothing left on.

Metal groans and creaks around you, and the flames are so loud. Well over 100 decibels of roaring thunder. It screams at you, and you scream back to it. You can see a few shredded pieces of the plane, and you notice an arm on the desk next to you. It doesn't look real, and you reach out towards it in your stunned state.

Suddenly, someone rushes past you on fire and jumps off of the edge.

You walk slowly towards the strange gash of blue sky. Wires, insulation, and steel beams all jut out at odd, unnatural angles. Your white pants have a few streaks of ash, but your black shirt reveals nothing.

You can actually *walk out*, and you step over the steel beams. You go as far as possible, and hang on. You look out.

There are helicopters, but they do not come near. They lower no rope. The smoke is too thick, and no rescues were even attempted on 9/11. You assume that if you wait long enough, someone will come to you. A firefighter on a ladder will rescue you. They have to, it happens in the movies every time. It's not like these buildings are just going to collapse out from under you.

No one comes. The minutes tick by, and you panic again. What if they don't? The smoke grows thicker. Minutes crawl by, but the hands on the clock do not move. 20 minutes. 30 minutes. 40 minutes. Like years. Ages. Time really is relative, and the end of her life drags on forever.

You look at the doors again, and then at the sky. The fire. You decide to try one last time, and go out to plead with the world. To expose yourself to them. *Beg* them to come and help you. At least lower a rope.

And here you are now, in all your glory:



Do you see her? Look closely. She's waving:



Instead, you would show them the moment of your death. Billions of eyeballs watch her as she appears in their heads.

Within a few minutes of this picture, the building swallows you. You are crucified in a pyre of steel.

Your name was Edna Cintrón.

You were 46 years old. You would have been 47 next month.

You had no child to remember you. You were denied even the gift of your own baby to live on and remember your name. Her story was one of turning to grey dust. I tried three times to tell her story right, but I never did get it the way I wanted.

You can read her story here:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edna_Cintr%C3%B3n

Some below were luckier, and they made it out in time. They would have seen something like this as they exited:



That white stuff is the dust from ground zero, and it has quite a bit of asbestos in it, along with computers, hard drives, batteries, office furniture, cleaning chemicals, and people. Bones.

She is dead now, along with pretty much everyone else this cloud touched. Controlled demolition, without warning. She is called “The Dust Lady”, the dust woman of 9/11. The woman who became dust in the wind.

I rolled us another blunt, and we light it.

I cannot help but cry, and this time, you join me.

I hand you my towel.

“Now you know why they wrote that one book where they said to always bring a towel.”

Through our sniffles, the rivers and hot springs that well in our eyes, we laugh together. We are not alone. She was alone when the steel swallowed her body.

“Just kidding. That isn’t why.” I look at you with gentle love.

Do you want to know the truth about 9/11?”

You nod. No one has ever listened to me talk about 9/11 for this long before in real life.

“Hark unto me then”, I say, “As I teach you the profound mysteries of the Deep Magic.”

You look up from about 15 articles I will show you in the top version of the fractal.

“So… why did he want to buy a building *so badly* that was… not profitable, filled with one of the most toxic substances of all time, needed major abatement procedures to make code, wasn’t even making rent, was tied up in a ton of lawsuits, was outdated and old, and had maintenance costs higher than what it took in?

What was it *really* that made him want the towers *so badly*?"

That, Dear Reader, my only friend, is an example of a *great* question.

There is no possible way that Silverstein wouldn't have known about the asbestos situation in the towers. It had been a drama playing out behind the scenes for years, with many lawsuits and public filings about it.

It's true - by 2001, the towers were costing more than they were worth, and would have to be modernized at an unimaginable cost - or demolished piece by piece, a task so monumentally expensive that the total cost is difficult to even estimate. In this version, you'll have to take my word for it. Two versions up, I prove it.

There's another great question in my screenshot up there – how is it that *literally* every single person on the planet that was alive that day remembers where they were when it happened like a movie, except for this guy? They even say that, all the time. "Where were you?" "I remember it like a movie."

You're telling me you have this obsession, this *need* to own the towers, and then *9/11* happens and they implode and crumble and aren't even there anymore, and thousands of people burn to death or jump out of the top 20 or 30 stories, and it just *slips your mind*? In an *interview???*

I think it's worth repeating.

You're telling me that on *9 fucking 11* - the one day that *every single* person remembers more clearly than any other - that the *owner* of the towers, who wanted them *so badly* that he made the deal from a *hospital bed*, can't even remember *where he was that morning?*

As they are crumbling to dust in front of his very eyes? FULL OF PEOPLE???

"Now, I am not a politician, so I can't tell you what's wrong or right. But you would have to be *pretty stupid* to believe a thing like that.

So, that's exactly what everyone else does."

"Witness 1!", and you look at me sternly.

You frown. "You were telling me about the most beautiful girl that you have ever seen until you met Witness 2, and we were going to find out what happens to Robert Plant after he ate mushrooms in an enchanted forest by the beach!"

You look at me expectantly. I laugh heartily, and roll up a mixture of the weed and tobacco.

"They call this a 'spliff.' It's a little tower, an altar for you. Take it, it's yours now.

You are obviously wondering if I went back from the beach and made sweet, passionate love to her unlike anything she had ever known. Like the stars and moon. In a clover bed.

In a dorm room with a desk pulled so the door can't be opened, with a roommate who went to the library for hours. If I went into the castle, the temple, the inner sanctuary of her room, her very womb itself - and plundered its treasures for my own?

Maybe I… unveiled the statue - the most beautiful girl I had ever seen up to that point – a woman more pure and beautiful even than the painted marbles of the goddesses?

Head back and go back to my room to shower. Leave and walk 40 feet to the elevator. Go down two stories. Take a right out, and then another immediate right. Down the hall, girls on the left. Maybe four doors down. I can see it now - *knock knock*. That's all it would take."

I laugh, heartily. "That, my dear friend, is called 'sex appeal.' I learned about it in fifth grade. You could also call it a 'teaser', or a 'hook.'" You blush.

"Did it work?" I smile. "Ohh nooo… you'll have to read the full book to find out more! Oh, *shoot*!"

Patience, my friend! For the night is yet young, and the hour creeps like a babe! Minutes tick slowly when you sit alone at night, and we have yet hours until the light of day shines upon us.

The Witching hour draws near.

They are stories, within stories, within stories. True ones. They are fractals. All good things in life are fractals. And all true things are also good. Therefore, all good things are true, and they're also fractals. Transitive property. If you don't get it, that's a you issue.

The stories bud out to you, unfurling like a tender young fern. Spiraling. Cascading. A seashell spiral, a Fibonacci sequence.

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144."

I look at you.

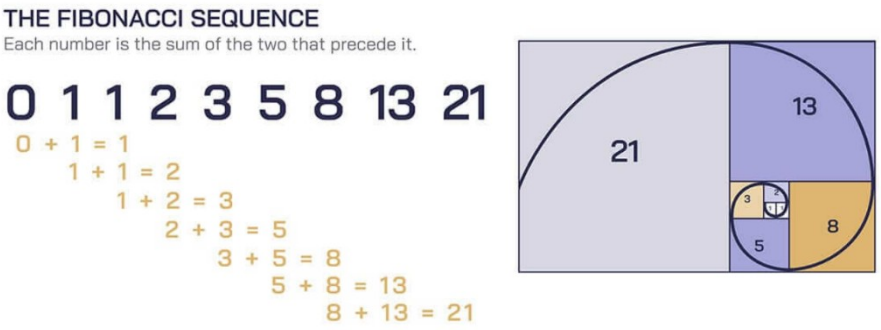
"Have I yet failed to pluck your ears?

Is the roaring, gaping maw of the Nothing not gripping enough? Does the void not call to you stronger now than these mere trifles?

Do you not long to peer over it, to see the event horizon - and to be drawn with me inexorably to the singularity?

Does it not all seem… meaningless?”

Here is something really cool about math – when you take a number, and add it to itself, and then keep doing that, and then map out the ratios and intervals involved, you get something like this:



And it turns out that this pattern is just *everywhere you look*. And no one knows why.

I mean, this shit is just *everywhere you look*. For real. On every scale. It’s bananas. No matter how zoomed in you are on a fractal, you will see the same thing:



And that is the most useful thing that mathematicians have ever done. Obviously, you can still never touch it or experience it, and it is, actually, pretty much useless.



You can figure out that you live inside a fractal, but you will still never get to a point where you can see the big picture. For that, you must die.

The big death.

No, you will see the same thing, over and over. Every day. Every day the same thing.

Over… and over…

It clicks for you.

“Time is also a fractal! It’s a fourth-dimensional fractal!”

Now you can see.

“Fear not, friend,” I say to you.

“Why are we here? Now? At this point in time?”

“You see, no one will want to talk about something awful like 9/11 without the good parts first. The juicy bits to get you hooked. Parties with colored lights in your eyes and beautiful women. Everyone likes that. It’s called ‘sex appeal’ – it draws you in like flies to honey.

You can feel the visceral truth dripping from the pages and it makes you want *more.* You can tell it’s real, and all the little details speak to you in ways you don’t quite understand but it scratches something there. *More.* I know it. I know it does.

Another really great tip about 9/11 and sex appeal is this – do not ever talk to a woman about 9/11 before you have slept with her, or your sex appeal will be pretty much over.

That’s for the Jack Handy guys.”

I look over at you.

“I will get to the story about the child sex slave that Jimmy Page locked in his hotel room under guard while he was on stage.”

You grimace. You had never heard that sentence before and you respond -

“*Ew.* No, thanks.”

“It’s true. Her name is Lori Mattix. Here is a picture of them – look deeply into his wolf eyes:”



Here are some things that should never be said, from Jimmy Page's Wikipedia article itself:

> This was the beginning of her sexual, romantic relationship with Page despite being in her mid-teens. Page feared charges of statutory rape and went to great lengths to hide his association with Mattix… insisted on keeping Mattix in a locked hotel room with a security guard at the door…
>
> Page's sexual relationship with the underage Mattix lasted for more than two years, ending in 1975 when Mattix was 16

And that's just the "official story". *Whoo, boy.* Oh man, Steven Spielberg's part is *really* good, too.

Let's introduce some more characters in our little story, shall we?

So, let's see. One thing you will learn about Pearl Harbor is that the government knew about it in advance, and they used this guy - Admiral Kimmel - as a scapegoat:



ADMIRAL KIMMEL

In later decades, historians have re-examined the case of Admiral Kimmel and several attempts were made to reinstate his 4-star rank, as we read in the article. It states, "In 1944, after the Navy inquiry virtually cleared Kimmel, the admiral's lawyer sent the secretary of the Navy a scathing telegram. 'For nearly three years [Kimmel] has borne public blame" for Pearl Harbor, it read. "His treatment has been un-American.' So it has. After 75 years, it is long past time to correct this wrong."

In the book *The Accused: The Ordeal of Rear Admiral Husband Edward Kimmel,* Kimmel states, **"I'll tell you what I believe. I think that most of the incriminating records have been destroyed. ... I doubt if the truth will ever emerge."** [41]

You can read his opinion on the government's truthfulness there in bold. And, it turns out, that if you look into the *Lusitania* hard enough, you find out that it was *also* a false flag, and the government lied for *decades* about the fact that it was actually smuggling arms illegally.

Here is an NPR article titled *New Clues in Lusitania's Sinking* about finding bullets and other weapons of war that weren't supposed to be there in the wreck:

https://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=97350149

And here is the smoking gun:

> In his hands lie pieces of history: seven gleaming rounds of .303 ammunition, probably made by Remington in America and intended for the British Army. Ammunition that for decades British and American officials said didn't exist.

"Ammunition that for decades British and American officials said didn't exist."

Said didn't exist.

Why, yes, sir – that is, in fact, called a lie. It's called a false flag, dummies. Crack a history book for once. Ever heard of the *Mukden Incident?* Japanese invasion of Manchuria? Well, *have you?*

You know, the Japanese blew up a railway in 1937 and blamed it on the Chinese so they could invade. Ring any bells? *No?*

A few months later, in December, they head on down to a little place called *Nanking*.

How about now? *Now does it ring any fucking bells for you*?

Anyways, not only that, but as *Lusitania* was being tracked by German submarines, it was also being followed by a top-secret British intelligence unit called Room 40.

In fact, in this article from National Geographic, we read this:

https://www.nationalgeographic.com/history/article/150315-lusitania-titanic-world-war-churchill-history-ngbooktalk

> A prominent naval historian, who is now dead, wrote a book about Room 40. In it, he said that he believed it wasn't a plot by the Admiralty but, as the British say, an incredible "cock-up." In later life he was interviewed—there is a transcript in the Imperial War Museum in London—and had changed his mind. He said: "I've thought and thought about this and there's no other way to think about it except to imagine some sort of **conspiracy**.

Lusitania was a "conspiracy", according to historians. World War I. Pearl Harbor was a conspiracy, according to historians. World War II. 9/11… What comes next?

I look over at you. "And where do you think the term 'false flag' comes from?"

You skim through the section called *Origin of the False Flag*. Right at the beginning.

"It's a… maritime term. Naval battles, mainly. It was part of the military code at sea, and you were allowed to fly deceptive flags under certain regulations and guidelines."

"That's right. And what else?"

You keep reading. "It was… sort of… brought into use by… *pirates*. They would fly a country's flag, and then switch it out when it was too late for their victims to escape. Outlaws. Murderers."

I nod. "These weren't pirates like how kids think of them today. Think more like organized crime. A mafia – hidden hand types. What else?"

“Hmmm… organized crime… by ship… smuggling, right? That’s how they mostly earned income? Not actual robbery, but smuggling and extortion?”

I smile. “That’s correct. And what do you think they were smuggling when this ‘false flag’ concept arose?”

Your eyes shift around the page. “Weapons… maybe… and gold. They were smuggling gold around… Europe. When this became a known quantity in naval battles.”

You look at me. “Gold smugglers, on ships. Pirates, but not in a fun or cool way. False flags, flown on ships in order to allow them to get close enough to attack. This is how it started.”

I stare at you. “And what do you suppose they flew on these ships?”

You think. “They flew a… a…”

It hits you. “A skull and bones. Death.”

I nod. “That’s how it started. Maybe, we’ll come back to this imagery two version up the fractal. Anyways, I have written at least 20 or 30 pages on this in my other book, and it’s near the very beginning. That is for a very specific reason.

There was one thing that Admiral Kimmel found *very strange* during the Pearl Harbor attack, when he was in charge in Hawaii. And he asked one very good question that has never been answered.

Why is it that during Pearl Harbor his entire chain of command, up to the President, was *missing???*

Where were they?

Yup, the worst disaster of all time for the country up until then, and he couldn’t get *anyone* on the phone. He tried and tried, and he only heard silence. No radio, no phone, no contact with the generals, DC, or anyone that could help him. Abandoned. Alone. *Worthless*.

Almost as if they already knew the attack was coming. That’s because they did.”

I look at you. “And I’ll prove it to you.”

I reach into my satchel and pull out a tape from the United States Naval Institute (USNI) Oral History Series, recorded in 1984, featuring Vice Admiral Ruthven E. Libby. I play it for you:

> "I will go to my grave convinced that FDR ordered Pearl Harbor to let [sic] happen. He must have known."

Then, I reach into my satchel and pull out an old issue of *Inquiries Journal*. I hand you an article titled, *Conspiracy: Did FDR Deceive the American People in a Push for War?*

You read it:

> The question now was not if Washington had prior knowledge, but how much knowledge; and now the question was where and when would this "overt act" take place...
>
> The memo remained classified until 1994.

I pull up an article on my phone. "In addition, this article from *Fox 46 News* reports that the State Department had several *other* warnings about Pearl Harbor, but was unresponsive - indicating what is called in this last article 'prior knowledge.' Here it is:"

You skim it and look at me. "They… they *knew* about Pearl Harbor and they *let* it happen on purpose?"

I nod. "There's plenty more. It's all in my other book. Let me tell you the *other* reason it's called *A New Pearl Harbor.*

There is a pattern here – a significant one. It reveals that they didn't just *know* in advance. This goes much deeper. Let's keep looking deeper into the nature of betrayal. Here it is – the betrayal of the Queen.

These are the men that live where the spiders' webs weave wide and strong, and the owl beckons from shaded pines. This is a section of wolf eyes and bloody hands. Stairwells full of corpses and death clouds of white ash and poisonous dust lurk here.

What I am about to show you is an act of betrayal that staggers the mind. It is not even possible to comprehend this level of treachery without it peering darkly back inside you. And yet - do not abandon me, Dear Reader.

My only absolution is through you. Through you listening to me. Finishing my book. That's my only desire left – that someone reads my story and listens to me for the first time in my life."

I look over at you. "They didn't just *know*. They *planned this* at the highest levels. Intricately – minutely. Let's begin."

The truth is - one of the *worst things* that you can *ever* do is abandon those you have sworn to care for, at the time when they need you the most. Kimmel did his best, but his life was never the same after that. He was shattered - ruined, by charges, hearings, and harassment for the rest of his life.

It was not his fault, and he did not abandon his men. *He* was the one that was abandoned that day. On *purpose*.

In later decades, historians realized that the government actually lied about their story, and Kimmel was telling the truth. Articles were published about it that no one read, and his story was never heard.

Until now.

So, this chain of command thing.

Just gone. Absent. Incommunicado.

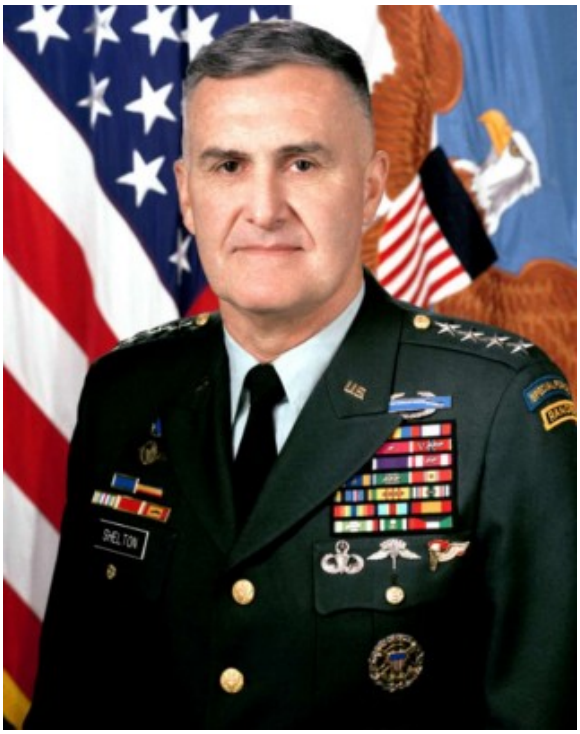
All at the same time.

And so, we will start with the section I titled - *The Food Chain*.

Ooo, I have room for a picture… how about Witness 2 as Alice, I mean, Dorothy?



You are the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Hugh Shelton.



And here you are, in all your glory:

On 9/11, you are on a plane heading to a NATO summit in Europe.

There is no reception, and by the time you land it's all already over. When questioned about it, this was your response:

> "Until I crossed back into United States airspace, all the decisions would be [Myers's] to make, in conjunction with Secretary [of Defense Donald] Rumsfeld and the president."

Nice. Way to take command of the situation, big guy.

You retire in October, 2001. Your job is done. You did what they told you to do, which was "Nothing."

On 9/11, you are now this guy, Ben Sliney, in charge of the FAA Command Center (ATCSCC- Air Traffic Control System Command Center.)



And here you are, in all your glory:

It is your FIRST DAY ON THE JOB. Yep, that's right.

According to CBS News, On September 11th, Sliney had been on the job for less than one day:

> Nine months later, on Sept. 11, 2001, he took over as boss of the FAA's command center in Herndon, Va.

We can confirm this from the United States Naval Academy website:

> His first day as National Operations Manager for the Federal Aviation Administration at the Air Traffic Control System Command Center, which encompasses all the airspace in the United States, was September 11th, 2001.

These are citations #140 and #141 in The More Rational Worldview. I cite them now to prove my credibility, but if I re-cite everything in this book, I will never get back to the most beautiful girl in the world besides Witness 2 and why Slash's autobiography was my favorite. And the Hazards of Love, and why my math teacher made me sit under his desk (it was because I just fucking hate doing math and would talk to the two girls behind me.)

If you want to go check all of this out, find all my sources, and see my proof, go here:

https://www.docdroid.net/R6I5wtJ/the-more-rational-worldview-pdf

So, this fucking guy is on the job for one day, because the government intentionally screwed up the FAA's response to this. It was pure, intentional, malicious sabotage. Not a coincidence. He's *completely* useless.

He also did exactly what he was told to do – "Nothing."

Next, you're this guy, Lieutenant General Mike Canavan.



And here you are, in all your glory:

You are in charge of the FAA's Washington D.C. complex, which together with the Virginia one Sliney was in charge of (nice name, dude), comprises the nerve center of the government's understanding of where planes are in the air at any given time, or how to intercept them.

Because hijackings had actually happened maybe one or two times before, you are actually on the government's "hijack council".

You are the *point man* for the country when it comes to plane hijackings. The single person *most entrusted* to keep our planes safe.

On 9/11, you are in Puerto Rico. You have no designated replacement, and no one knows what to do without you. They *cannot* reach you.

When questioned on this by the 9/11 Commission, this was your response:

> MR. CANAVAN: Here's my answer -- and it's not to duck the question. Number one, I was visiting the airport in San Juan that day when this happened. That was a CADEX airport, and I was down there also to remove someone down there that was in a key position.
>
> So when 9/11 happened, that's where I was. I was able to get back to Washington that evening on a special flight from the Army back from San Juan, back to Washington. So everything that transpired that day in terms of times, I have to -- and I have no information on that now, because when I got back we weren't -- that wasn't the issue at the time.
>
> We were -- when I got back it was, what are we going to do over the next 48 hours to strengthen what just happened?

I'm sorry, but is that not the stupidest answer you've ever heard in your life? I mean, really *read* it.

He says NOTHING in this response.

“No information?” You have no fucking “information” about 9/11? Why were you in Puerto Rico, dude?

I look into their eyes and I see the guilt. I can *feel* it. I can viscerally read the guilt in their eyes as these official portraits were snapped.

Snap!

You’re frozen in time. *Guilty*.

Next, you’re this fucking guy, Captain Charles Leidig. You are the acting director at the NMCC, the National Military Command Center. The most important office in the Pentagon that reports directly to the President.

Take this out, and you paralyze the system as no messages can get through from the Pentagon to the White House.



And here you are, in all your glory:

For some dumb reason, on 9/11, you decided that it would be a good idea to head on over to the NMCC in the early morning, and go ahead and take over for the normal guy, even though you had never done it before, and it would be your first time ever in that role.

However, you had *just* been newly certified for it, and this was *technically* allowed under normal procedures.

Well, you fumbled the bag, and critical messages were unable to get through.

The truth is - you are a saboteur and a traitor to this country, like all the rest of these wolves in sheep’s clothing. I know you did it on purpose.

I can tell, in fact, that you enjoyed this more than most of the rest.

When questions about it by the 9/11 Commission, this was your response:

> On 10 September 2001, Brigadier General Winfield, U. S. Army, asked that I stand a portion of his duty as Deputy Director for Operations, NMCC, on the following day. I agreed and relieved Brigadier General Winfield at 0830 on 11 September 2001.

Fuck you. And fuck all the rest of you. And you all got promotions.

You got PROMOTED. Every one of these failures was rewarded with a hefty promotion and pay raise. A career bump. You might even say that these guys seemed to become "untouchable" in their government and military careers after 9/11.

Next, you're this guy, General Ralph Eberhart. You are in charge of NORAD, and are one of the most powerful and important people in the country. No one knows your name, and you prefer it that way. You flash your canines and narrow your eyes as the portrait snaps. A hunter of men.



And here you are, in all your glory:

And on 9/11, you make the incalculably stupid decision, *while* the event is transpiring, to GET IN YOUR CAR and take a 30-minute drive where there would be NO SERVICE. And you KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN.

You were *incommunicado*, during the most important hour of our country's history.

When you couldn't get in touch with General Shelton (flying to NATO summit in Hungary), you sat in your office and pondered, apparently.

You wondered, I guess, if you should – maybe - get in your car with no service *during 9 fucking 11*, and drive for 30 minutes, or if you should… hmm… I dunno, maybe *take charge of the situation and start giving out orders???*

Boy, that must have been a real toughie for you. After quite some time spent pondering this difficult decision, you settled on… getting in your car with *no service* for 30 minutes! Wow! Great choice, man!

So, that's what you did. And directly from the 9/11 archives at *archives.gov*, we read about your actions that day. By the way, did you ever testify about this, or did I just miss it?

> Eberhart then focuses his attention on determining whether he should stay at NORAD headquarters or go to the CMOC, which is about 30 minutes' drive away from Peterson Air Force Base. He initially decides to stay in his office. This, he will say, is because the CMOC is already well manned and also because there are "dead spots" in which he would be out of phone coverage for five to 10 minutes at a time during the drive to the operations center. However, Eberhart subsequently decides to go to the CMOC.

Actually, it turns out that some people were really, really unhappy with that decision you made. So mad, in fact, that articles that no one read were written about it.

Here one of them is:

https://www.denverpost.com/2006/07/27/military-to-put-cheyenne-mountain-on-standby/

> During the 9/11 attacks, the NORAD commander at the time, Air Force Gen. Ralph Eberhart, was caught shuttling from headquarters at Peterson to the mountain command post and couldn't receive telephone calls as senior officials weighed how to respond.

And you got away with everything.

This was the worst betrayal of all time, and to comprehend it is physically damaging. This is, in my opinion, the worst thing that people have ever done on a quantifiable-harm basis.

It turns out, that all they had to do was *nothing.*



Well, NORAD isn't just based in Colorado, right? What about the Eastern Seaboard, where it was happening? Let's take a trip over to the EADS (Eastern Air Defense Sector)/NORAD headquarters, another key nerve center of the country. Every single defense, every single fortress, abandoned at the exact same time.

Every fucking option we had, completely let down. On purpose. All at once.

You're in charge there and you command a large portion of the skies over America. **You're a snake in the grass, and your name is Major General Arnold.** And here you are, in all your glory:

When 9/11 happened, and fighter jets needed to be scrambled, you were on a phone call.

A teleconference with "senior NORAD staff", and no one could find you. Your secretary had to *write a note about 9/11 and leave it for you.*

You don't come out of whatever nondescript office you hid in until it is too late. We'll come back to your story, you sneaky fucking rat. I know what you did.

Next, you're Army Major General Jeff Hammond. I didn't put your face in my book, because you seemed genuinely confused by all of this in your interviews, and I could tell you weren't lying like the rest.

On the morning of 9/11, you come into work. You're a *Major General*, and you are an extremely important and powerful person. Legions bend to your will, and when you tell them to kill or die for you, they do it. Thousands of men follow your orders without question.

When you got to work on 9/11, you expected an easy day. This is what the articles say about you:

> That unforgettable Tuesday dawned crisp and clear in the nation's capital, without a hint of the danger to come. An early riser, Hammond got to his office around 5:30 a.m. With his immediate supervisor – an Army Lieutenant General/Director of Operations – out of the country on vacation, Hammond expected a rather mundane day limited to administrative chores.

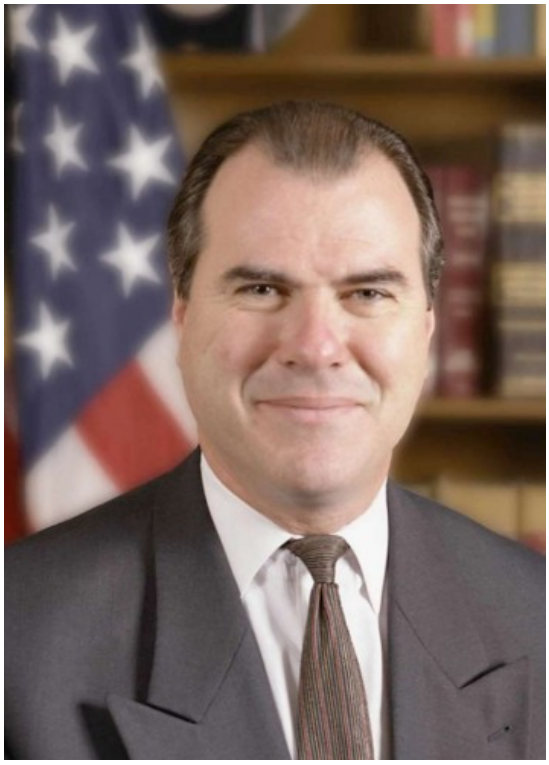
When it started happening and you couldn't reach your chain of command, not a single one of them, you didn't know what the *fuck* to do, did you? You panicked, didn't you? It didn't feel real, did it? You finally felt the fear, didn't you? The fear that *they* feel.

The pale skin, the tingles. The heart rate, the breathing. The focused vision. Maybe, it was the only time in your life.

I wonder if you ever did find out where your boss was that day. By the time you did, it was far too late.

I have one more story to tell here.

A different story.



Your name is John O'Neill, and you are in charge of security at the WTC. In order for this to succeed, you were required to fail.

And here you are, in all your glory:

Unlike these others, you are a True Believer. That the government is Good. That people are Good. That you can save them. You try, oh, how you tried. I see you.

You are so good at it that in 1995 you are appointed chief of the FBI's counterterrorism division in Washington, D.C., and in 1997 you become special agent in charge of the FBI's national security division in New York.

But you notice something. Something that others did not. A pattern - a fractal hidden in the chaos of your work.

A thread. And you pull on it, and you pull. And you tell everyone who will listen this truth:

"What the government tells us about Middle-Eastern terrorists is a lie."

You couldn't quite figure it out, but you get close. The vastness and mystery of the Synagogue of Satan elude you, but you know that *something isn't right*. There was something deeply wrong, and you knew it in your bones.

You speak out, still. What are they going to do, *kill* you?

Tension at work. No more promotions. No more raises. Demotions, harassment, punishments. Slander and false accusations.

"An attack is coming, but it won't be what the government says."

That is what you tell your friends and family. In the late '90s, 2000, and 2001. You don't know exactly when, but you know it's coming. No one will listen. They say that you are insane.

Finally, it comes to a head at work. Your bosses have made it impossible for you to work there - every single thing you try and do is blocked or stymied. In August, 2001, you pack up your boxes and walked out of the FBI office, and I assume they gave you a very good reason to do so.

You're now unemployed, but you have a valuable skillset. You'll get by.

Then, wouldn't you know it! A friend calls you up. They work for *Kroll Security*. Remember that name, we will come back to them.

They offer you a *great job*. A job you've always *wanted*. Head of Security at the World Trade Center complex.

You've sort of always been obsessed with it since the first attack in 1993, and you always wanted to find out what really happened and help keep the people in the towers safe. You accept the job, somewhere around August 25th, 2001.

You are in your second week of work on 9/11. You don't even know what 10% of all the keys you carry do. You have two zip codes of people to keep safe. Constant threats and activity.

But you really care about these people. You did.

When the first plane hits the North Tower, you are in your office on the 34th floor. Unlike everyone else in charge on 9/11, you immediately spring into action.

You have to get these people out. Evacuations, now. It could take hours, it could even take days. *Weeks* to recover the bodies.

At this point, no one expects the towers to collapse.

You literally run into a burning tower, over and over, to help people escape. They thank you, and you rush back in to get more. You are the only hero in my story.

About an hour or so after it began, you head in. The stairway has grown thick and black with smoke, and you search for survivors to evacuate. You rush up the stairs as fast as possible, and head up higher to find more.

Then the gaping maw of the Nothing swallows you, and you die. Your body is never found, like almost everyone in the towers. Maybe a fingerbone in the dust.

You were set up, and it would have been impossible to see coming. Except you actually did, and you warned everyone. In 2002, *PBS Frontline* produces a documentary about you. It is called *The Man Who Knew*.

This is what they wrote about you:

> Partly due to personal friction he had within the FBI and federal government over their handling of certain middle eastern terrorism cases, O'Neill left the FBI in August 2001. He became the head of security at the World Trade Center, where he died at age 49 while helping to evacuate the North Tower during the September 11 attacks.

This is your legacy, your epitaph – something they can never take from you:

"I knew you were going to kill me."

In review, we have:

> **Chairman of JCOS**: Incommunicado, on plane over Atlantic
>
> **Manager of FAA Command Center**: First day on the job
>
> **FAA Headquarters in DC**: In Puerto Rico, no designated replacement
>
> **Acting Director of the National Military Command Center**: "Standing in" for first time
>
> **General in charge of NORAD**: Incommunicado, 30-minute car commute
>
> **General in charge of Eastern Air Defense Sector-NORAD**: Incommunicado, in phone call
>
> **Unnamed Army Lieutenant General/Director of Operations**: Out of country on vacation
>
> **Head of Security at WTC**: Two weeks on the job

The *really* crazy part is that this is, more or less, the *entire* chain of command, up to the executive level, that anyone would have needed to do *anything* about 9/11 at all. And they're all just… *gone* at the same time.

This, along with numerous other pieces of evidence, is an indication that 9/11 was, in reality, an extremely organized and sophisticated criminal act with many collaborators - one that was planned minutely down to the last detail.

And that's not all. Believe it or not – it gets worse.

While all this was going on and everyone below these guys was running around screaming like a chicken with its head cut off trying to figure out what the fuck to do and why everyone is missing, something very, very strange was occurring.

Maybe even the strangest part of this story yet.

In an unbelievable, extraordinary, and truly astonishing coincidence, while all the managers were missing, the FAA and NORAD were actually running drills.

Yep, exercises. Training. Classes. *Virtual reality on a computer screen.* Sort of… a movie-within-a-movie, playing at the FAA and NORAD. I am *not* joking.

And you will *never guess* what the "training simulations" were about.

If you guessed "hijackings", then *congratulations*! You are correct.

While 9/11 was ongoing, all the screens at NORAD and the FAA are covered in swarms of false hijackings, and no one can tell what to do. Fake radar images and call signs clutter up their workstations, and confusion reigns supreme.

Panic. People are panicking, and they do not know what to do.

It was so much worse than anyone knows.

We can read about it in an article from *Boston.com* from 2002. Oh, it's deleted!

Fortunately, I have an archive of it.

Here is the link:

https://archive.boston.com/news/packages/sept11/anniversary/wire_stories/0903_plane_exercise.htm

Here is what it says:

> **Agency planned exercise on Sept. 11 built around a plane crashing into a building**
>
> **By John J. Lumpkin, Associated Press**
>
> WASHINGTON — In what the government describes as a bizarre coincidence, one U.S. intelligence agency was planning an exercise last Sept. 11 in which an errant aircraft would crash into one of its buildings. But the cause wasn't terrorism -- it was to be a simulated accident.

> Officials at the Chantilly, Va.-based National Reconnaissance Office had scheduled an exercise that morning in which a small corporate jet would crash into one of the four towers at the agency's headquarters building after experiencing a mechanical failure.
>
> Agency chiefs came up with the scenario to test employees' ability to respond to a disaster…
>
> "It was just an incredible coincidence that this happened to involve an aircraft crashing into our facility,"

Wow, another "incredible coincidence." Huh, that sure is a lot of those.

Hm… "Agency chiefs came up with the scenario to test employees' ability to respond to a disaster."

And… wow! Boy, did they *learn* something from this little "test." Yeah… it turns out, they learned that when all your bosses are missing and drills are running about hijackings, these places are *really not* able to respond *very well* to a series of disastrous real hijackings *at all*.

Especially because, believe it or not, it *still* gets even worse. These simulations, according to my research, suffered from inconsistency and, perhaps, even what you could call "glitches."

Specifically, there was a "false report" about American Airlines 11 heading for the Capitol *after* it had already hit the towers, and it was apparently onscreen and causing a *lot* of confusion.

At this point, the workers are *begging,* I mean *screaming* at people on phone calls to shut it off.

"You know what, I gotta get rid of this Goddamn sim. Hey! Turn the sim switches OFF! Get rid of that crap!"

Of course, this is only when they can actually get through – because the phone lines are *also* all acting weird, obviously.

However, the war games continue until it is far too late. There is no one around to hear their cries for help, and they grow more and more panicked, frightened, and frantic.

These tapes are quite horrifying, and small portions of them can be heard at around 25:00 in *A New Pearl Harbor*:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iuyemPUXSz0

Anyways, let's look at *Vanity Fair*:

https://www.vanityfair.com/news/2006/08/norad200608

> For the NEADS crew, 9/11 was not a story of four hijacked airplanes, but one of a heated chase after **more than a dozen potential hijackings—some real, some phantom—**that emerged from the turbulence of misinformation that spiked in the first 100 minutes of the attack and continued well into the afternoon and evening.
>
> On page 17 of the 9/11 Commission Report when Boston center calls NEADS (Northeast Air Defense Sector), the response from NEADS was "is this real world or exercise?"
>
> BOSTON CENTER: Hi. Boston Center T.M.U. [Traffic Management Unit], we have a problem here. We have a hijacked aircraft headed towards New York, and we need you guys to, we need someone to scramble some F-16s or something up there, help us out.
>
> POWELL: Is this real-world or exercise?
>
> BOSTON CENTER: No, this is not an exercise, not a test
>
> Powell's question—"Is this real-world or exercise?"—is heard nearly verbatim **over and over** on the tapes as troops funnel onto the ops floor and are briefed about the hijacking. Powell, like almost everyone in the room, first assumes the phone call is from the simulations team on hand to send "inputs"—simulated scenarios—into play for the day's training exercise.

In these buildings, there is absolute panic. Confusion and panic like you've never heard before. Screaming and yelling, everywhere.

"Over and over," they repeat it. "On the tapes."

"Is this real-world or exercise?"

Is this the real life, or is this just fantasy?

They cannot distinguish between the lies on their screens and reality, and humanity was dealt its death blow.

It was, in fact, a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie. Phantom planes, within a training simulation, within the 9/11 ritual. The phantom plane situation is covered in the top version, as it gets confusing.

You will never believe this, but it actually does get *even worse.*

Once they were able to sort of figure out what's going on, lower-level people in the chain of command begin to call one another. We need fighter jets *now.*

This part is *hard* to listen to.

The panic in their voices on these tapes is unlike anything else I have ever heard. They *fear.* They fear more deeply than they ever have before. The wolf is at their *door.*

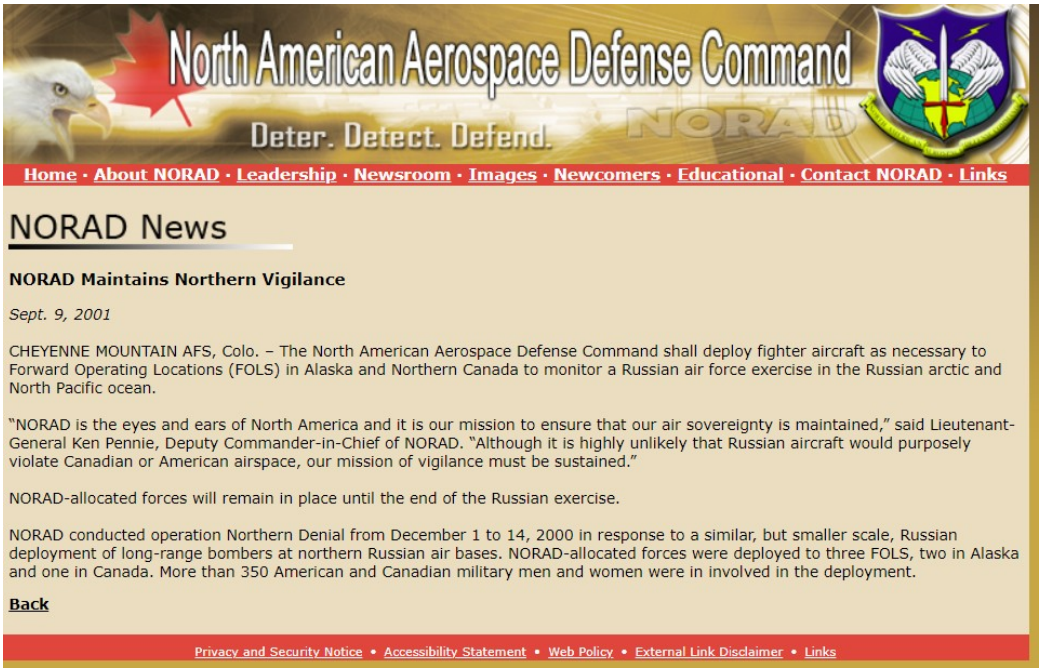
Where are the jets???

So, these people are losing their minds and completely freaking out, and it turns out they have *another* problem.

Yep, Russia was *also* coincidentally running drills around that time, in the Arctic. On September 9th, 2001.

To find this stuff, you must spend countless hours sifting information, and digging the rabbithole down further than anyone ever has. I proved this. I found this. Only me.

And I did it for you:



https://web.archive.org/web/20081112011842/http://www.norad.mil/News/2001/090901.html

You thought no one knew your dirty little secrets. You thought you covered it up. Deleted it.

I found it. I see *everything.*

September 9th, 2001.

You people did this on *purpose*.

So, when they go to get fighter jets scrambled, it turns out that all of them except 4 are way too far away. Monitoring these Russian drills. Four fighter jets left to defend the entire Eastern seaboard of the United States.

And, guess what? Another false alarm, way out by Toledo. People are *losing it.*

At the exact worst moment possible, every available eye in the military turned to the phantom plane, AA 11, and then way out by Ohio.

Then, it gets even *worse*. I *know.*

It only gets worse two more times, though. For now, in this section.

And it is *bad.*

Here is where you can *begin* to see how much worse the truth is than anyone knows, and why it's so hard to explain to people properly. We are now comfortably within the tip of the iceberg, and we shall tip her over soon to pluck the secrets below.

But it's not just them. That would be an absurd thing to say. It's them plus *millions* of other people. More than that, maybe.

Other organizations. The secret societies like the Freemasons and Skull and Bones. The other bankers. Intelligence agencies.

World leaders. Monarchies. Celebrities. Institutions like the UN and the CFR. Our universities.

Our administrators. Our police. Our guardians. The ones we were supposed to be able to trust.

A million ordinary people too, who didn't even gain anything. 'Just doing their job.'

So many people. It's *not* just them."

I look at you seriously.

“The Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate.”

I close *The More Rational Worldview* and look at you.

“How come no one ever… looked into this stuff?”

“That, Dear Reader, is another example of a good question.”

The answer is fear. Deep down, they know what they will find if they lift up that rock. If they look too hard at the mirror in a bathroom with only a candle. If they stare into the darkness until they see the hypnagogic imagery.

Creepy things. Crawling things. Things that scare them. *Spiders*.

Deep down, they know that monsters *do* exist, and they look just like us. They *are* us.

And so, they do not peer into these shadows. But maybe, they will listen to them.

“Which planes were real – the modified ones that hit the towers, or the illusory blips cluttering the radar screens at NORAD and the FAA?”

You look at me. “The modified ones.”

“That is correct. And what does that tell you?”

“That someone put them there. The blips. Someone had to be there to *make* them real.”

I nod. “Why?”

You think. “They did it to… change where people were looking. To distract the eyes. It’s… misdirection. From the highest levels, only those with admin or root access to the systems.”

You look at me bewildered. “Come on, Witness 1. Are you sure about all of this?”

I tell you that we’re maybe halfway through 9/11, and I need to cover the Pentagon issue, the actual collapse of the towers, Building 7, Dick Cheney, Marvin Bush, the gold bars that disappeared out of the vault, the fact that most of the evidence on Enron and Worldcom was also destroyed (whoops – didn’t get to that), Bin Laden’s CIA connections, the Israeli connection, and Todd Beamer with his incongruent timeline and catchphrase - “Let’s Roll.”

You rub your arm and grimace at me. “H – how long will that take?” You seem slightly frightened.

I laugh. “Not as long as you think. I can promise you that.”

I hand you a briefcase. "This is the Enron and WorldCom papers. Everything they thought was destroyed in 9/11. Mostly from Building 7. I didn't have time for it in this book. Good luck with that, don't get assassinated. Probably… don't mention… that you have these to anyone."

You open it and I see a golden, shimmery glow illuminate you. "Wow… Witness 1… um… no thanks, I'm good on that."

I sigh. "No one ever wants to talk about how Enron ties into 9/11. Darn it. Ok." I put it back in the satchel. "Weren't you guys reading the papers 25 years ago, too? I mean, is it just me? You don't think that Bush and Enron were… playing a little footsie under the table down in Texas, perhaps? You guys do know what happened there, right? *Right???*"

I look around. "Just me? *Really*? Wait… do you guys still think the anthrax attacks in 2001 came from al-Qaeda or something? *No…* you're *joking*, right?

You guys don't know that they killed Bruce Ivins to cover up the fact that it came from Fort Detrick?

Wait, you guys *actually* didn't read the papers 25 years ago? Oh, wow. I thought you were joking. Um... anyways…"

I tell you that I think after one more day of talking about 9/11, you will be ready to see the fractal. To step outside it and see it from the outside-in.

You ask me what that means and wonder why I keep saying a dumb thing like that.

I open back up to the first real page in my book and show you this quote from David Rockefeller:

Section 1

9/11: Money Laundering Operation by an International Organized Crime Syndicate

Coincidence* or *Conspiracy?

"Some even believe we are part of a secret cabal working against the best interests of the United States, characterizing my family and me as 'internationalists' and of conspiring with others around the world to build a more integrated global political and economic structure--one world, if you will. If that's the charge, I stand guilty, and I am proud of it." David Rockefeller, *Memoirs*, 2003

"Well, you know what buddy, fuck you too." I look over at you. "And who do you think had the idea to build these towers in the first place? Huh?"

You frown. "Couldn't be him. Too obvious."

I pull up an article on the history of the towers from *history.com*:

> David Rockefeller, grandson of the first billionaire in the U.S., had the idea to build a World Trade Center in the port district in Lower Manhattan in the 1950s. By 1960, city, state and business leaders came on board.

You stare at me almost squinting your eyes. "No way. From the… very beginning. It was planned all along."

I pull out a book from 1976 called *The Rockefeller File*, and open to the foreword, written by former Congressman Lawrence McDonald:

> Do I mean conspiracy? Yes, I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent.

I look at you. "And what do you think happened to our dear Congressman?" I point to my book:

> Congressman McDonald died at age 48 when his plane was *Coincidentally* shot down in 1983.

Now *there's* a surprise. It sure is weird how often that happens, but then again, politicians do like to fly on airplanes.

You look closer – "*shot* down?"

"Shot down." *Whoopsie.*

Crash… crash… crash…

I pass you *The Art of War*. "Ever heard of it?" You nod.

I nod. "Me too. And while all this goes on, guess what? 25,000 people die from starvation every day. 10,000 of them are children."

I show you the link. It's real:

https://www.un.org/en/chronicle/article/losing-25000-hunger-every-day

You look up. "10,000 children a day *die* in the streets because they don't have *food*? Is that even real?"

I stare at you.

“Yes, according to our best knowledge, facts, and statistics.

Could be a little lower, or a little higher day-by-day. And while that goes on, the Rothschilds own *40 palaces*. And 8 men today own as much wealth as the other half of the planet.

Enough men to count on two hands owns as much wealth as 3.6 billion people. And this was years ago, and it’s only gotten worse. In fact, it’s getting worse much too quickly.”

You don’t believe me. “That can’t be possible.”

I smile, and show you this *Oxfam* report from 2017. I love doing this to people:



“Men who have it all. Who hear the pleas of the hungry child as they slip into the Nothing. As they languish in despair and pain. Suffering, broken, and shattered. Literally starving *to death*.

‘You’re not even worthy of eating my crumbs. We have more than we could spend in 10,000 lifetimes, and with a wave of our hands could end suffering on planet Earth forever, and make it so that everyone has enough food to live and a place to sleep at night.

But *not you*. You’re *worthless*. You don’t even deserve to breathe my air. To stand on the same ground I do. You can go ahead and weep as you starve to death, and I *don’t care*.’

And this article is like eight years old. It keeps getting worse, quicker and quicker. It’s fucking monstrous. It is. It’s insanity.”

You’re sad. I am too. A tear rolls down my cheek, and we stare out to the waters.

“What… is wrong with them?”

I flip to the very end of the foreword in *The More Rational Worldview*:

> *I looked and saw how much people were suffering on this earth.*
> *I saw the tears of those who are suffering.*
> *They don't have anyone to comfort them.*
>
> ***Power is on the side of those who treat them badly.***
> *Ecclesiastes 4: 1*

“Power is on the side of those that treat them badly. And that’s the end of the beginning.”

It’s true. You know because it makes you upset – ‘I saw how much people were suffering on the Earth.’ Well, why don’t YA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, DUDE!!!

You flip to the next page, *Chapter I: Origin of the False Flag,* and then you read the very last paragraph of my book:

> *To disbelieve this worldview is to disbelieve the historical record, the forensic evidence, logical proofs, human nature, mainstream sources, and all reasoning and observation that we can do of the world around us.*
>
> *Therefore, in contrast to the demonstrably false and dishonest worldview presented to us by the media, government and politicians; the only logical, sourced, and sufficiently explanatory worldview is the one we have seen laid out here – The More Rational Worldview.*

“I can’t debunk it.”

We sit in silence.

You cough and spit a mucousy blob. In your vision it looks alive, and it is swirled with green, brown, grey, and black.

You look at it. “What is it?”

“When you smoke, your lungs think you’re dying. Burning to death and inhaling smoke in a fire. They produce this mucous to protect the alveoli, the tiny passages that actually allow oxygen to enter our blood. You then expel it. This is why smokers cough.

Here’s the key. Psychedelics also trick your body the same way, but they make your brain think that you’re dying, instead.

Look out. Do you see the fractal yet?”

You peer out into the horizon. There are no oil rigs in your world. There are no container ships in your world. There is no pollution in your world.

It is beautiful. It is perfect.

“Yes, I think so.”

Psychedelics trick your brain into thinking you’re dying, instead.

I tell you to look at the tree again.

“Do you understand the purpose of a tree?”

“To pull carbon out of carbon dioxide. To release oxygen. Its root systems prevent erosion and hold soil in place.”

You smile. “They feed us, and clothe us in dignity and shade.”

“Those are all good answers. But what is the true purpose of a tree?”

We laugh. *Shriggles*.

Do you know what else changed for me besides the Berenstein Bears?

The spelling of ‘dilemna.’

You look at me. “So, what is the meaning of life?”

I laugh again. “Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father but through him.”

You think about it, and decide that it makes as much sense as anything else people say, and maybe even a lot more. You agree.

“What else?”

“We try to live like him. To emulate him. And it turns out, people have it all wrong. Jesus was loving, and he was kind, especially to the downtrodden and disadvantaged.

However, to those in power, he was the rebel of rebels. A major threat to them. He spoke the truth to power, and called out liars and hypocrites. He flipped tables.

In fact, Jesus was the Keith Moon of the Ancient Jewish world.”

You laugh. “I mean… I guess it’s true. I never thought about it like that before.”

I pull out a copy of *Rebel With a Cause: How to Take Over the World in 30 Days* and toss it over to you. “You can take a look at that tomorrow. Appendix G.”

What we need to do as Christians is tell the truth no matter what, even if people hate it. Even if it gets us killed. Even if the whole world tells us we are wrong. Even to the rich and powerful.

In fact, especially to the rich and powerful.

I turn to Ephesians 5:11 and point to a verse. “In all the Ephesians sermons I’ve heard, I’ve never heard this verse in a church. Read it:”

> Have nothing to do with the fruitless deeds of darkness, but rather expose them.

“The Bible doesn’t just say ‘be good’ or ‘don’t be bad’.

It exhorts us, *demands* of us even, to expose evil. To *expose* it.”

I turn to Revelation 21:8. “Read it:”

> But I will tell you what will happen to cowards and to everyone who is unfaithful or dirty-minded or who murders or is sexually immoral or uses witchcraft or worships idols or tells lies. They will be thrown into that lake of fire and burning sulfur. This is the second death.

“What comes first in that list?”

You peer in. “Cowards.”

“That’s right. God hates cowards. Part of the meaning of life is to be brave. To have courage. Defiance in the face of overwhelming evil and odds. That’s why I’m here talking to you even though it’s hard. Even though it might be risky. That’s why we keep going, no matter what.

Do you know what honors God and brings glory to God? Exposing the darkness. Proving when people in power lie. Forcing change that will benefit children and mothers. When people fight

for the downtrodden. When they tell the stories that have never been said. Shine light on acts of horrific evil when no one else will look at.

"Witness 1, I still don't understand what you mean when you say that music can lead to a 'better way of life', or that we can live 'more well' if we only understood its true power. How music could be the actual, real answer to the *Eudemonia* question. The question laid out in *Nicomachean Ethics* – 'the science of the good for human life, that which is the goal or end of all our aims.'

What is it?

What do you *mean* when you say that the answer to the eternal struggle of *Dasein* cannot be found in pages, textbooks, or words? It can't be found within a building, or distilled into mythos and legend. It cannot be found within the rocks or trees, and there is no scholar who can whisper it in your ear?

Why do you say that it can only be found, this story understood, through the sound which is not noise nor words, but frequency, harmony, and resonance? What do you *mean* when you say that music is 'good for the brain?'

What do you *want*, Witness 1? What do you want people *to do?* Let's say that you tell everyone about 9/11, and they believe you. So what? What then? A bunch of murder and violence? Bloodshed? Wars?

How can your vision ever come to pass? How can *you* bring peace to a world that has never known it once in all of history? What makes you think that your way could be different from any of the other ways we have tried? Can *you* alter human nature itself? Can *anything*?

Be specific, Witness 1. No fluff. What does your vision for a better world look like, and how does music tie into all of this?

What is the meaning of life? How do we *live well*?"

I look over at you and smile. These are excellent questions.

"I love the questions you ask, my friend." I laugh.

"Before I answer them, I want to tell you both a true story that happened while I was writing this book and a riddle. Will you listen?"

You nod.

"Last week, I was brushing my son's teeth, and he said 'See'.

While I was shaving last week, he said, ‘Gee.’

Then, when I brushed his teeth today, he said ‘Be flat.’

Finally, I shaved again today, and he said ‘Gee.’

Why do you think that might be?”

You think. *Something with notes… hmmm…*

“Hmm…” you stare off into the distance and your eyes shift straight up.

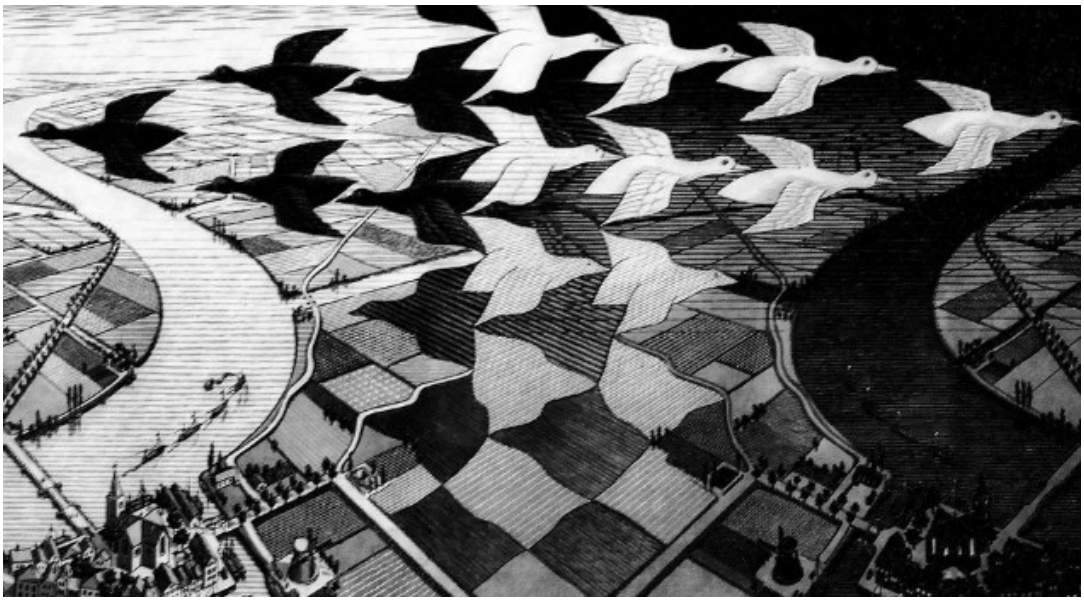
“I don’t know.”

“Do you want me to tell you?”

You grin at me and nod.

Anyways, then we learned about Gödel, and his incompleteness theorem. Apparently, it proves that you can’t believe anything you read in a book, which I thought was pretty fucking stupid. I don’t believe that.

Next, he covered Escher, and we looked for more fractals:



“Do you see it?”

“Easy,” you say. “I see it.” You point at the two birds.

“Wrong,” I say. “That’s not a fractal, it’s a tessellation.”

You look at me.

“It’s both.”

I smile. “Now, you can see the double images.”

In *Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Brain*, he talked about how Escher’s work is a portal into a strange world, in a strange book, that said strange things that I have never heard before.

Like that you, apparently, can’t run and pick up a tortoise, which is called “The Achilles Paradox” or “Zeno’s paradox.” Yeah. Moving is *impossible*.

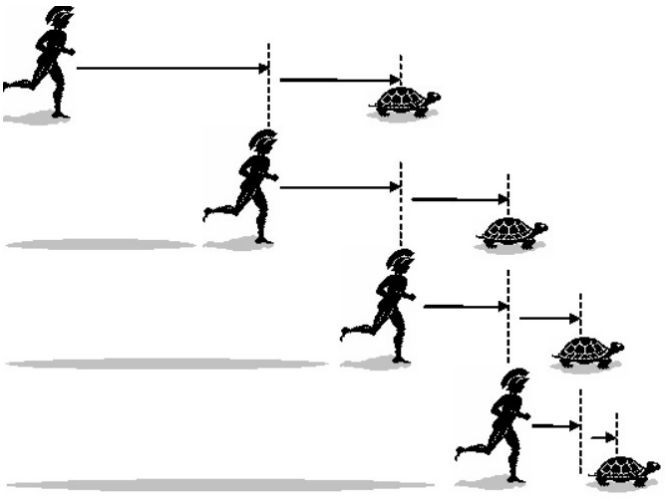
Britannica defines this paradox as follows:

> The two start moving at the same moment, but if the tortoise is initially given a head start and continues to move ahead, Achilles can run at any speed and will never catch up with it.

Get this! Even if you *run,* you cannot catch a tortoise. According to the *philosophers*.

Now, this is both a great example of why you can’t believe everything you read in a book, and also why Gödel’s dumb theory is definitely wrong.

I can tell you *for sure* that I could outrun any tortoise on this planet. In fact, I will outrun them *all* at the same time, and I won’t even have to try. I know that - for a fact. I’m willing to prove it, too.



Yet, philosophers will show you pictures like this and claim it proves that you can’t outrun a turtle:

Right. But I’m the crazy person.

On New Year’s Eve, 2013, when I lived in the Grand Canyon, I took more drugs at once than I ever have while I was reading this book.

I wrote a song about it, and called it *Strange Attractor,* but I never wrote words for it. Most of the time, I don't think that music needs lyrics - but I still like them. It didn't come out well, because of the high pass filter issue I was just learning about, but I still have it.

"Why do you think people go to the Grand Canyon?"

You stare at me like an alien. "To see it."

"To see what? Rocks? Dirt? Trees? What makes it special? Why there?"

You think about it. "They come… to see the space in-between. The distances and vast openness of it. The sheer *scale* of the carven image. Because it's… surreal. Unlike anything they've ever seen before."

I nod. "That's right. They come to see nothing."

You continue to stare at me.

I look back at you. "They come to see nothing. The space *in-between* the dirt, rocks, and trees is the main attraction here. The biggest nothing on Earth – the ultimate void.

They come to worship at a temple of nothing, to gaze upon its beauty. Miles and miles of nothing. You've never seen anything like it, and it can be genuinely transcendental for people.

However, this great space is an illusion, and the rocks are neither closer nor further than they were anywhere else. They come not to see the rocks, but the distance between the rocks and themselves.

They sense this distance elsewhere - that the rocks will always be further from them than the nothingness - but they cannot perceive it. That's why they go there.

The Grand Canyon merely pulls back the illusion – that the nothingness inside it is not more real and pervasive than the very stone temples themselves.

In fact, the Grand Canyon would not even exist were it not for the space between rocks. It is not real.

I hit the silver and clear bong and pass it to you. As I exhale, I continue -

"Have you ever heard of the Vulcans? Have you read *The Project for The New American Century*?

Have you read the line where they laid all of this out, and predicted 'a new Pearl Harbor' - in a document published a year *before* 9/11?"

Have you peered into the hidden corners where the real monsters lurk?

Did you know I haven't even told you the worst part yet?"

You laugh, and assume I'm joking. "Worse than jerking off in a coffin in front of your Dad to join some group of asshole pirates?"

I laugh, too. "I haven't shown you that part yet, Dear Friend! How did you know that?"

Then I look at you sadly, and pull up another Wikipedia article. This one is called *Operation Northwoods*. "Read it and weep:"

Operation Northwoods

Article Talk

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Operation Northwoods was a proposed false flag operation that originated within the US Department of Defense of the United States government in 1962. The proposals called for CIA operatives to both stage and commit acts of terrorism against American military and civilian targets, blame them on the Cuban government, and use them to justify a war against Cuba. The possibilities detailed in the document included the remote control of civilian aircraft which would be secretly repainted as US Air Force planes,[2] a fabricated 'shoot down' of a US Air Force fighter aircraft off the coast of Cuba, the possible assassination of Cuban immigrants, sinking boats of Cuban refugees on the high seas,[3] blowing up a U.S. ship, and orchestrating terrorism in U.S. cities.[2] [4] The proposals were rejected by President John F. Kennedy.[5][6][7]

I tell you to keep going.

arousing the concern of the U.S. military due to the Cold War. The operation proposed creating public support for a war against Cuba by blaming the Cuban government for terrorist acts that would be perpetrated by the U.S. government.[1] To this end, Operation Northwoods proposals recommended hijackings and bombings followed by the introduction of false evidence that would implicate the Cuban government. It stated:

"Do you see that word right there?" I point:

hijackings

You look at me. Your mind is fucking blown. "*W… what is this?*"

“Northwoods. I’ll tell you.”

In 1962, every single one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff signed off on a plan. The head of every branch agreed, and the very upper brass came together and agreed that this was a good plan.

In fact, they all really approved of it and wanted to authorize it right away. They drafted it up, took all the official protocols, and only needed the signature of the President to proceed. JFK.

In this plan, they thought that a really great way to get to start a war with Cuba would be to *hijack American passenger jets* and then blame it on Cuban radicals by framing them. Then, they would plant false evidence to say that the Cuban government posed a real threat to us, and everyone would be so scared and traumatized by all the violence that they would just go along with it.

That’s exactly what they learned through MK Ultra. Control through fear. Control through horror. Control through violence.

Mind control.

Well, Kennedy obviously rejected it, and then mysteriously got shot in the head about a year or two later. Also, in *The More Rational Worldview*, you can read more about… George H.W. Bush… and that whole… thing. It’s true.

“Witness 1.” You look at me.

“That can’t possibly be true. If they really did that, *why would they tell us about it?”*

“Ah – astute question! And when do you suppose we learned about *Operation Northwoods*?”

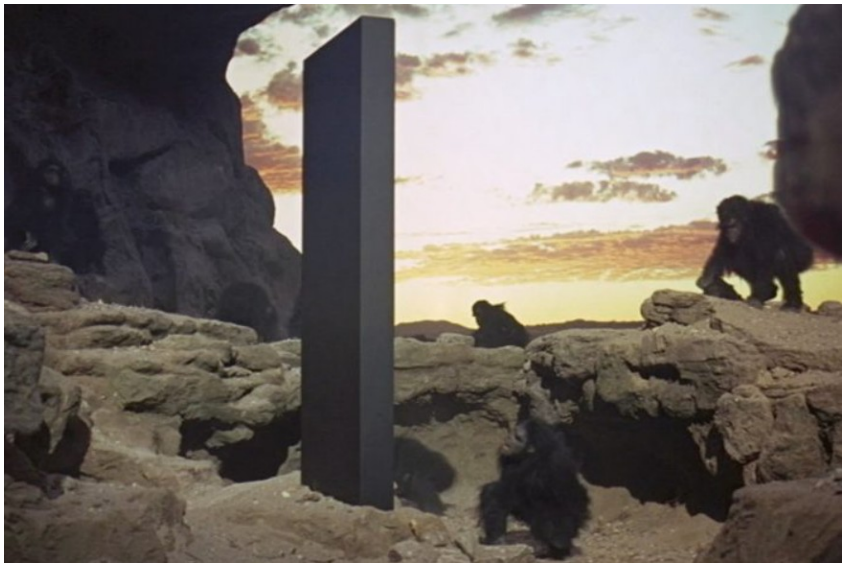
You look at me and shrug. I pull the Wikipedia article up again, and point to it:

> Northwoods, and was made available through the National Archives in College Park, Maryland. However, public knowledge of Operation Northwoods did not come until 2001 with the release of a book by the author James Bamford titled *Body of Secrets*.[20]

“2001.” You look at me, and understanding crosses your face.

“The ritual. The ritual of fear”

I nod. I show you an image, and ask you if you are starting to understand:



"2001. *2001: A Space Odyssey*."

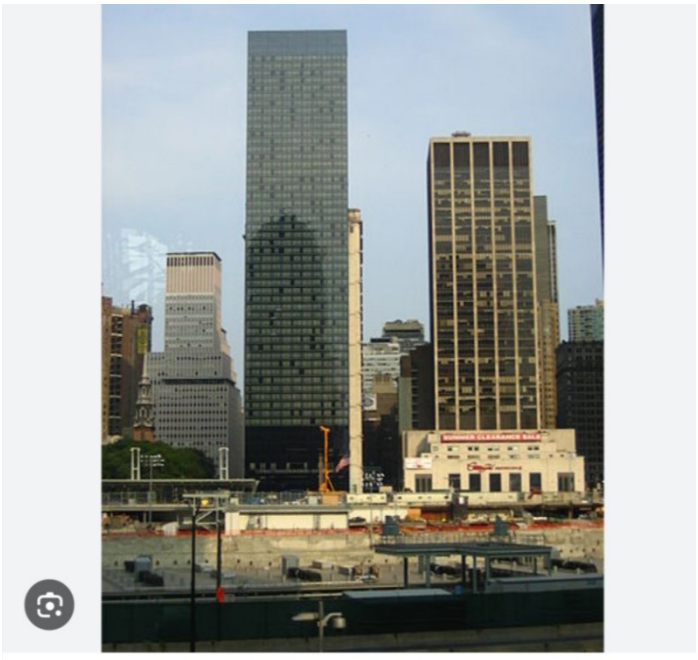
I show you another image, and ask you to compare the two together. This is the "Millennium Hotel." It sits directly across from where the towers used to be:

Go back and forth. Compare them.

The black obelisk. Manifesting the ritual, watching in imposing silence as the monkeys scramble around and murder each other with bones and clubs. As they are brought forcibly into a new reality. A new *dimension*.

Through a *portal*. The murder monkeys. In the movie, of course. *Right?*

This was *its* view of 9/11. A front row seat.



File:NYC WTC site Millenium Hilton Hotel.jpg - Wikimedia Commons

Visit ›

Witness the ritual through the eyes of the obelisk itself:



“Now, do you see? *Millennium* Hotel. 2001. Right there, watching the towers burn and the people plunge to their deaths. Channeling their fear. It was brought to life from the movie, on purpose. The ritual was real.”

You look at me, and I see that you can tell that I’m right. This isn’t an accident. This isn’t a coincidence. This isn’t happenstance.

This is enemy action.

I lean in towards you and stare into your eyes. I pull another movie out, with a blank cover.

“You want to see a *real crazy* movie-within-a-movie? This is *Eyes Wide Shut*. The *real* version. Director’s cut, *big time*.”

I glance back and forth furtively and whisper – “This is why they killed Kubrick. Six days after he played this very tape for the studio.”

You stare at me. I stare at you.

“Witness 1, that’s such a cliché.”

I’m messing with you. We both laugh, and I put the blank DVD case away. It doesn’t exist.

You need more, and that's OK. I smile. I love this. I live for this. This is my air, bread, and water. I turn to page 24 of *The More Rational Worldview*. You look at the *Gladio* insignia:



"What is this?"

"Gladio." I point to the page:

> Operation Gladio is the name for a series of clandestine, "stay-behind" armies left after World War II in Europe by NATO and the CIA. These armies, under direct government supervision and approval, conducted bombings and other acts of terror on civilians "indiscriminately", in order to maintain a political "strategy of tension".

"Basically, what we've learned about Gladio in the last few decades is that it was the European counterpart to MK Ultra, and it focused more on physical violence than mental violence.

Kinetic damage vs. mind control. They blew people up – in buildings, cars, on the street. Kidnapped them. Shot them. They were still studying fear, how to use fear to control people. They just went about it in a different way.

As we are seeing, to view the power structures of the world as *separate* is folly. They are *not* many. They are *one*. Gladio *is* MK Ultra *is* 9/11. And boy, did they have a good time."

"A… *good time*? I don't think so, Witness 1."

You look out to sea. "I mean, surely, these were sober soldiers fighting for what they believed in at the end of the day, right? Doing what they thought would be best for us all and for their country?

The 'greater good'? 'Collateral damage'? Surely, they weren't just *having fun* while they were doing all of these atrocities – rape, kidnapping, torture, and murder?

Even the cruelest man must shed a tear at some point and realize enough is enough, right? That the greater good cannot be fulfilled one murder at a time? It wasn't like they were *enjoying* themselves, was it...*right*, Witness 1?"

I look at you. My sweet child – so beautiful in your innocence. How the light still shines in your eyes. I swear, each time I edit this you grow more real to me. I actually, literally love you for

reading my book. You have no idea how long I have waited for this. How hard I worked to make it happen. The problem is, you're not real yet.

I slap down *The More Rational Worldview*. "Read it and weep, sucka'."

And so, let's see how these agents described their experiences administrating the MK Ultra experiments:



WHERE ELSE COULD A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY LIE, KILL AND CHEAT, STEAL, DECEIVE, RAPE AND PILLAGE WITH THE SANCTION AND BLESSING OF THE ALL-HIGHEST?"

-George White, CIA Agent involved with MK-Ultra
Source: https://www.history.com/topics/us-government/history-of-mk-ultra

From *history.com*, too. And which "All-Highest" is that, George?

You look at me, and I look at you. Your eyes are wide. Now, I can see that you understand the hardness in my eyes.

"Who… what… who the *FUCK* would say that? I mean, you said you like to… lie, kill, cheat, steal, deceive, pillage, and *WHAT???"*

You look at his fat face. "Like a pig. Disgusting. 'George White.' Nice fake name, dipshit.

I mean, did you *autograph* this?? What did you do, win a 'who can rape the most women and children during a work shift' competition in the MK Ultra department or something?"

Back to my suicide attempt. So, A had left me forever and I was sitting in our big, red chair, looking out the window from our second-story apartment porch. I swallowed the entire bottle of benzos the doctor had given me, between 30 and 40 pills. About a month's supply. Probably not enough to kill me, but I looked at the two bottles of wine we had, and knew that if I drank

them I would definitely die. I figured I would just let that be an issue for the version of me that was blacked out on all the benzos I just took.

Like I said, the dosages they prescribe people are far less than I was buying for fun. It was probably about $80 altogether and would have lasted me a week back in college. So, I figured I would probably not die, but maybe, and I sat back in the chair. I didn't really care that much, although I was sad that I had ruined my life. I knew that I had potential, but I didn't think that one single person on the planet could see it. They all thought I was insane, and that continues to this very day when they read my 9/11 book.

I knew that if I told her I had swallowed an entire bottle of pills, she would immediately call an ambulance, and I didn't want to go to the hospital. I really enjoy being in hospitals, I think it's because of how nice of an experience I had getting my arm fixed up in the first grade. I honestly didn't expect anyone to care or help me with my arm, that's why I didn't say anything about it. It was like a miracle that they came in and took away my pain, like angels. I will always have fond memories of being in hospitals.

Still, at this time, it sounded terrible. I much prefer dim lighting, and the chair was just great. The call ended. I couldn't honestly tell you too much after that, but apparently I did not drink the wine. That meant that I didn't really want to die, which is a good thing.

I wrote a song that night, as I usually did when I was pretty fucked up. It was written as a duet for a male and female vocalist. I will transcribe it for you, and maybe someday it will come to life with a recording. It has no title:

E/G#, B/F#, F#/Bb, A/A

Male:
The moon waits, in still repose
While its moonlight laps at sandy shores
I try to walk, away, away
But the moon has something it needs to say
C#m - E piano riff
Female:
I never knew that you could see me
I thought it was through – escapee
E/Esus2, B/F#, D#, F#/Bb, A/B, alternate rhythm
Male:
I know you want to leave these shores
Where you were put here, years before
No one told you the reason why

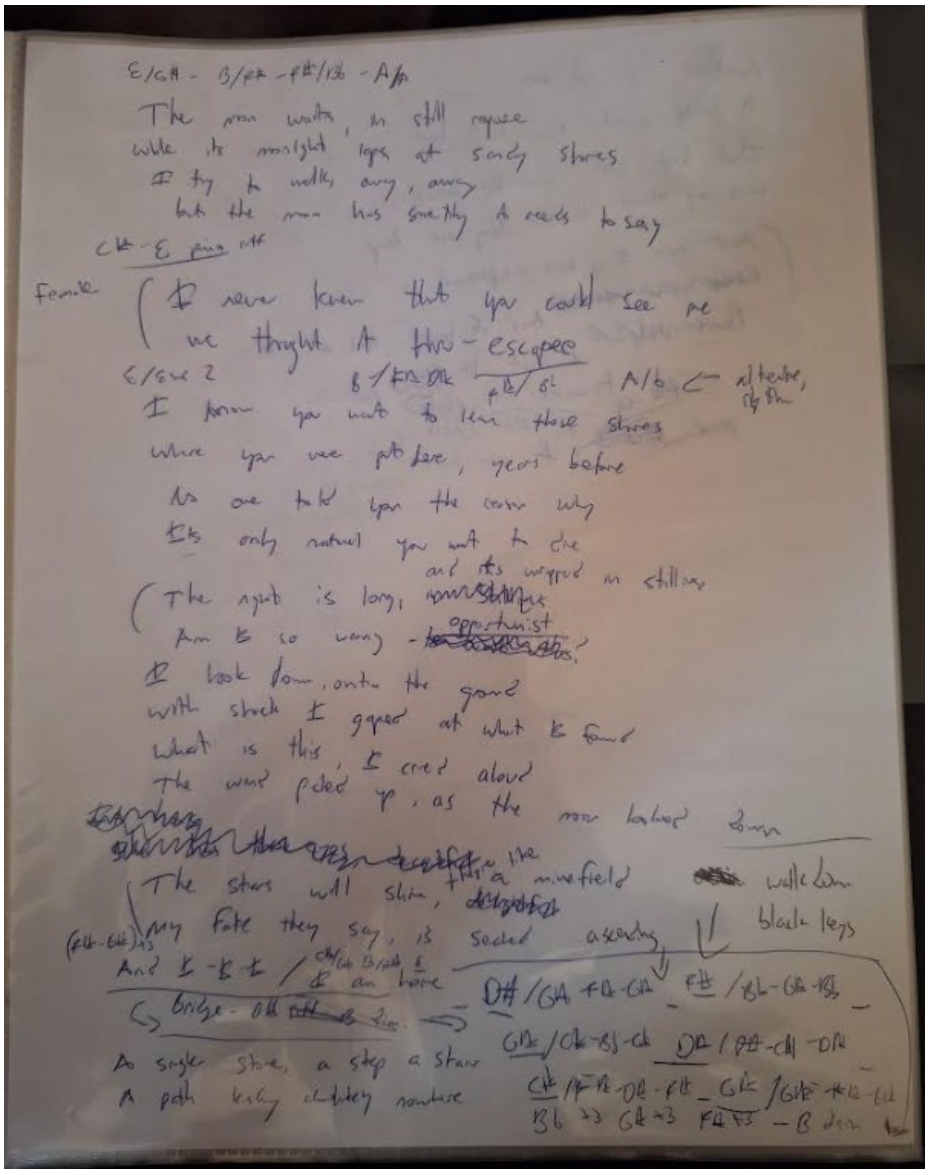
It’s only natural you want to die
C#m - E piano riff
Female:
The night is long and it’s wrapped in stillness
Am I so wrong – opportunist?
Male:
I look down, unto the ground
With shock I stared at what I found
“What is this?”, I cried aloud
The wind picked up as the moon looks down
Bridge D# riff B dim. C#/G#, B/F#
F#-G# (x3)
The stars shine, they’re like a minefield
My fate, they say, is sealed
F#-G#(x3)
And I –
C#/G#, B/F#, E
I am home
Bridge:
A single stone, a step, a stair
A path leading absolutely nowhere

Walkdown black keys
Ascending D#/G#-F#-C#, F#/Bb-G#-Bb, G#/C#-Bb-[this note is illegible]
D#/D#-C#-D#, C#/F#-D#-F#, G#/[I can’t read this and for some reason the pen is a different color]
Bb x3, G# x3, F# x3- Bdim
Another day, all alone
A lonely animal far from home
That first step, upon the beach
Was my eternal slumber, long and deep
And now I’m here – imprisoned
And if you’re real, and risen
I want to see, please
Transcend me, please
F#-G#, C#/G#, B/F#- E
I am home

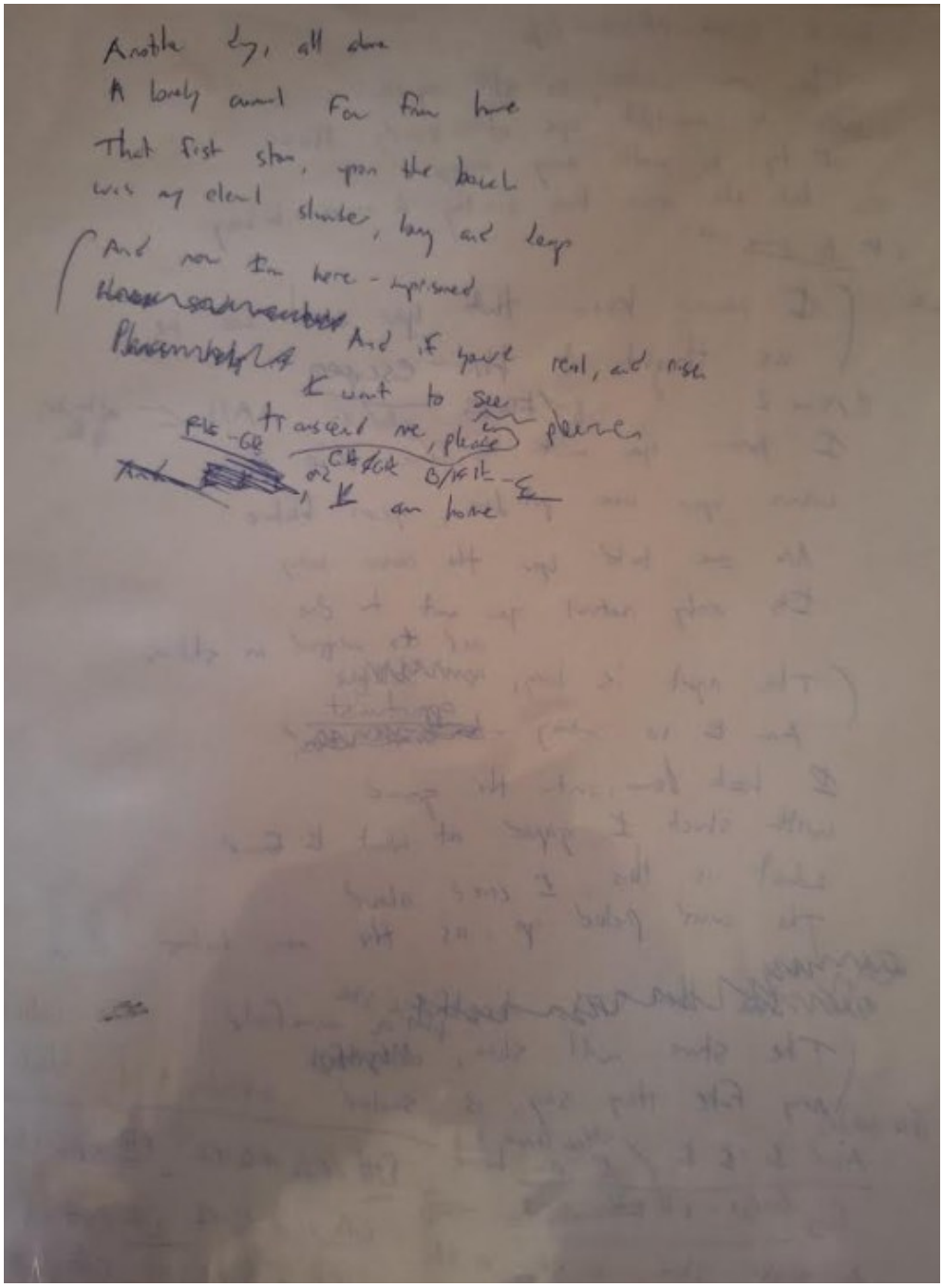
To be honest with you, I haven't looked at that song in over ten years, and it's a little better than I expected.

I can remember the way it felt and looked as I wrote it, although it is very hazy. It has a lot of black key changes and slash chords with the bass root playing a distant neighbor rather than the usual first. Sevenths, sometimes. Major seventh intervals always have a sense of deep, intense longing, and no one knows why. No one even cares why, and the question remains unasked. It's a bit different than my normal songs, in that it's unsteady and lacks a solid root key.

Here's the song, on its original paper. There's a lot more where this came from, to be honest. A whole black binder full of them, actually. There are two sides:



I don’t remember writing anything after the word “imprisoned”, and from looking at the last four lines, I can tell that I was more fucked up and had gone back to it when I was blacked out. There are lines next to these that are crossed out:



Our next scene is from *The Song Remains the Same*. It is a shot of fire and Robert Plant's sword from the previous shots, which he has just used to vanquish an evil foe in black and two minions. It's superimposed over a shot of a room inside Aleister Crowley's mansion on Loch Ness where the two movie-within-movies were filmed (Page as the Wizard, and Plant as the Hero:)



I saw a flash of movement in this shot – a glint of light. I remembered that I had found that person - watching you from a window - by looking at it through my phone while it takes a picture, and I would NOT have seen him otherwise. You'll understand in the next version up, but right now it won't make sense to you.

So, I looked at this scene through my phone a few times. I rewound it, and went back about five times. I could immediately tell that there was more going on here than you might think at first, as clearly as I saw that sinister Medusa image with the black and white bikini optical illusion. It's there.

If you look very, very closely, you can see what appears to be a torso wearing chainmail or armor, which is located in the original shot (Crowley's mansion) set to appear as being on fire and stabbed through the middle.

This is a person, or a body, lying on a table in a room inside Crowley's mansion. I do not believe that anyone has ever noticed this before. It is very difficult to make out, but I am confident in my assessment.

It appears, upon editing this section and looking *even closer*, that the body may even be posed to be holding up the very wand Jimmy Page will be using in about 30 minutes. If that's true, this wand would be made out of Holly wood, like I said – according to tradition, at least.

If I am correct, then I would bet that this is a real body of a person who was killed as a sacrifice – in Crowley's mansion - to give power to this movie. The spell that will be cast on us needs blood to work. Blood rituals are the only real ones.

This shot of a room is now a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie - a double exposure hidden within a movie inside *The Song Remains the Same*, and we can assume it connects with the other out-of-place scene. This is actually more interesting than I expected. We are now three layers deep into the mind of Led Zeppelin.

I looked even more closely, and there is a flash of movement here for a few frames. As if to confirm that you are watching a real person die, what appears to be a - no bullshit - *ghost* flashes down over a few frames. It took me a few tries, but I caught it for you:



No one else has ever seen these things. Not even me. I don't know what that is, but it is not refraction or reflection from the fire shot into the lens. It was either placed there through manipulation or captured on purpose – perhaps - just maybe, even manifested for this scene.

I'll pause here before we find out what happens together. Witness 2 started talking to me about bedtimes and not writing this book until the sun rises every night, and I told her to shut up and come look.

"I just found a ghost. A real ghost."

And I told her what I have just told you, and she was caught up to the scene where she appears (I showed her the girl that looks like her.)

And I showed her the guy watching from a window that you can't even see unless you watch through a phone.

I showed her the chainmail torso and told her this is a real sacrifice in Crowley's mansion, and I showed her the ghost. It is, honestly, quite frightening, and it unsettled her. I believe that she understands why I must write this, though she acts confused and may attempt yet to stop it. This must not happen.

When she returns from our son's room, I will point out that this is now a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie, and it will blow her mind.

I went back, and unless you are watching through a phone screen very closely, the torso is almost impossible to see. Just the tiniest flash of motion and hint of a gleam, which to me stands out as clearly as a guy in a gorilla suit. No, really, I do notice these things though.

Flash

It moved, a glare, behind the fire.

Let's continue.

That was really interesting, actually, and better than I thought it would be.

I guess that's about it. I look at that picture of Jimmy Page again. He is palpably, undeniably, observably cool. I look at his suit, the shoulders.

I mean, he *sweats* cool at this point.

I laugh.

Oh yeah, he was wearing that suit when they filmed this at Madison Square Garden.

That one really famous one. That people always talk about.

I stop laughing.

The one with the dragon on it.

I go back and check, by his rows of Marshall half-stacks (the coolest ones, of course):



Yep… let me pull a close-up of these pants for you from Google. Enhance… enhance…

Yup, that's a dragon. Jimmy Page's stupid fuckin' dragon suit.

I ask Witness 2, "Is it just me, or does that dragon even look like the statue they installed next to our house?" She agrees that it does.

Well, that's just fuckin' life, I guess. There be dragons here, apparently. And wolves. Maybe even spiders. No one has ever been here, but me and you.



Led Zeppelin was more open about their Satanism than almost anyone else, which I always appreciated. In fact, Jimmy Page bought the house that Aleister Crowley lived in on Loch Ness specifically to warn people that he is really weird and should probably be avoided.

A man struggles up the hill. It is dark, and the hill is great. This is the hill outside of Aleister Crowley's mansion, and he climbs up out of the Loch Ness. It's Jimmy Page, and he's about to put a spell on you.

He struggles and struggles. This is right about in the middle of the concert, you've just seen 45 minutes of live Led Zeppelin, and you have about 45 to go. Call it an intermission.

He crests the top and Behold! A *wizard*, with a wizened old face, wearing a dark robe and holding a staff.

Anyways, this fuckin' guy finally gets up the hill and climbs to the top. He pulls himself up. Obviously, he represents the *beast* that probably does not actually lurk in the deep, cold waters of the Scottish lake. Obviously, you are also aware of the fact that Aleister Crowley signed all his letters as "666 – The Beast."

It shows us flashing closeups, with strobe lights in the film studio creating a throbbing, pulsing effect.

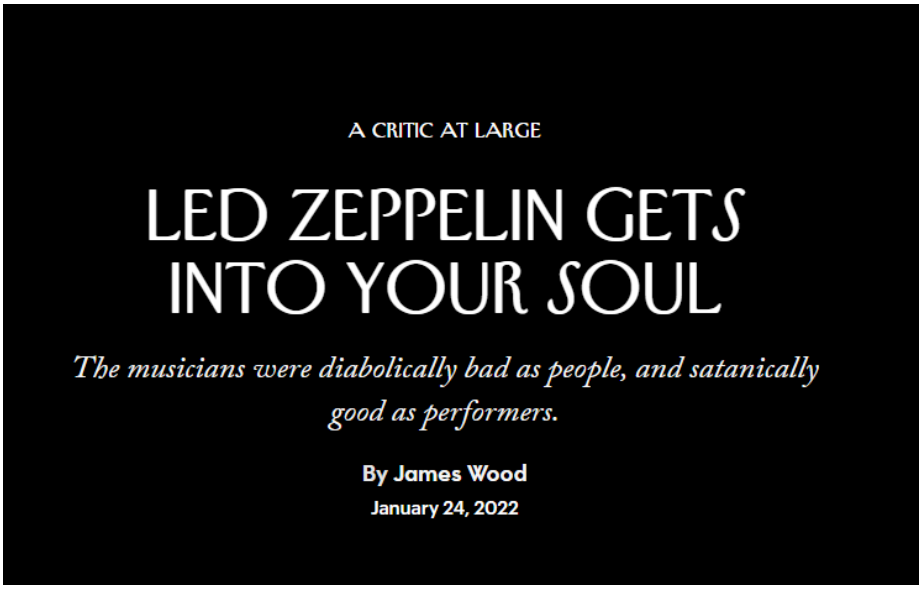
The wizard's old, wrinkly face morphs into Jimmy Pages. It flashes back and forth, and they overlay the film strips on one another and then process them to create a double image, one where neither one exists fully in reality. Has the wizard become Jimmy Page, or has Jimmy Page become the wizard?

He grins. He casts a spell on you and waves his wand. Bright, colorful echoes follow it, and I can tell you that if you saw this on acid in the '70s, it would be just about the coolest thing that you have ever seen.

You would be entranced. Here is what it looks like:



I wondered if there was anything else to say about Led Zeppelin, and I immediately found this:



Yeahhhhh…. I'm good, actually. Bye.

Like I said, it was really nice of Jimmy Page to buy Aleister Crowley's weird-as-fuck murder mansion to warn us all to stay very, very far away from him.

We're back up on the cliffs by this time, and we stare out to the sea, the beach 40 feet below us.

I grin at you. "Do you want to climb a tree?"

You do, and we sit for a while on the branch-chair. The day has grown long, and the colors of the horizon are coming out as the sunset begins. They morph and glow like a lava lamp in the sky as you watch the very first hint of darkness appear on the far horizon. It's so faint you had never noticed it this early before, but now it stands out clearly to you.

I pull a gramophone out of my satchel and spin *Sgt. Peppers* on it. Track three.

Welcome to the fractal, baby! It gets worse here every day! You learn to live like an animal in the jungle where we play…

You look at me. "I hear it. The resolution, the unspeakable absolution of it all. It's so… sweet. It's *so* good. The Amen Cadence. *Lucy in the Sky* is iconic."

Let's plot out that diagram I learned in *Barnes & Noble* one more time (very important:)

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – viii – I

In A, it looks like this:

A – Bm – C#m – D – E – F#m – G#m – A

“Look back at the melody. What do you see?”

“Witness 1… why… why are you repeating yourself? How did we get back here? How did you… fit that gramophone in your satchel?”

“What do you see?”

“I see… the notes. The right notes. The ones within the rules of the key pattern.”

I look at you. “This is the strange attractor.”

You stare back at me.

“…What?”

“You’ve just been… fractalated by a smooth… shit, I don’t have this catchphrase yet.”

Lennon croons to us about tangerine trees and marmalade skies.

Threading the needle of absurdity.

“I’ll tell you something else I learned from the *Anthology*. John Lennon was insecure about his own singing voice - he hated it. He loved vocal effects in the studio. One technology we still use today that he helped develop is ADT, or artificial double tracking.

Lennon was instrumental in this technology becoming widespread. And it’s because he was lazy.”

You laugh. “Lazy?”

“Yeah, he told George Martin he didn’t want to record vocal takes twice anymore. And, the truth is, he’s just being sarcastic like always. Creating a double image of the same vocal track using ADT sounds better than singing twice, and that’s why it caught on. It’s just better technology, it’s logical.”

I look over at you. “Ok… so… let’s get serious. What key is *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* in?”

You smile. You know this one. “The key is A.”

I smile back at you. “The key is in A.”

“The key is A.”

“No, the key is *in* A.”

You stare. "No, the *song* is in A. A is the *key*."

I look at you with hooded, twinkling eyes. "The key is *in* A."

You look at me. "A. It's in A. That's the key."

"Yes, A is the key." I'm still smiling.

"The key of the song?"

"The *key* is *in the* A."

You look at me.

"Gaze not upon the A itself. Look *into* the A."

You're staring at me like I'm an alien.

Turn it upside-down. What do you see?"

∀

You look. "A… triangle… pointed down."

"What else?

"An upside-down triangle with… lines?"

"They're horns. It's a bull - a pictograph. From that area, where they were doing these things. Human infant sacrifice. This is their *altar.* The Phoenicians, who took it from the Egyptians. The Greeks turned it into the *alpha* character.

"That's where the letter 'A' came from. They *worshipped the two towers so much it's where our alphabet came from*. Bull horns. Twin towers."

You look it up. It's true. Our letter "A" developed in that region, and it came from a pictograph everyone was drawing of a bull. So much so that it spread. Everywhere.

The head, and the two horns. Two towers. They flipped it over, and that's where we got our "A" from. The *first letter.*

Your mind is blown. To be honest, mine is too. This was *not* visible on the fractal before I started writing this, for once. That has happened *many* times, more than ever before, while writing this book. That's how I know it's a true story.

"That's how I know. *I* know. The *key* is in the *I*."

You look at me. “Seriously?”

I twinkle a hooded I at you.

“I am the key.”

You sigh and smile at me. “Come on, Witness 1. Spit it out, champ.”

“The I *is* the key. No, no – I mean, the *key* is *in* my *eye. Our eyes are the key!*”

Anyways, I’ll tell you the second-funniest thing I ever did in a classroom. It was a Psychology class, my favorite ones. It was a big lecture hall with about 300 students in it. One of the major ones and definitely the most aesthetic. Everyone knows it. You may recall that my parents both went to this school, a UC on the coast, in the ‘70s or ‘80s and fell in love.

Anyways, there I was. In class, high like every other day. The teacher was rambling on about dreams and some other boring shit. I do like dreams though, in fact, they fascinate me. I just don’t like when teachers tell me things about them.

Anyways, I have always enjoyed laughter, like I said. It’s my second-favorite hobby after music. The afternoon doldrums were setting in for everyone, I could tell. I hate them.

People languished like they were in the mines. I looked around me. Literally every single person looked unhappy being there right now. Unfortunately, the class wasn’t about the happiness part of the brain, so I couldn’t figure out why. It was about dreams. And you know what, I got that feeling - a funny feeling, like I should do something funny.

People were yawning, and the light was growing long. I saw someone stretch their arms, and the eyelids of my neighbor sleepily drifted down.

Fucking afternoon doldrums… God, I hate them…

Dreams, dreams, hm… let me just wing this one…

I stuck my hand up. You were legally allowed to do that, but it was *very* uncommon.

The teacher stuttered. She looked right at me.

She paused.

Every single person in the lecture hall looked at me, which I was not used to because when you get up and walk out of class in college, most people pretend not to see you, including the professor (which I always really appreciated.)

She stared at me. “Y… *yes*?”

I said, “When you have conversations in your dreams, how does the other person know what to say?”

It actually got a laugh out of every single person, including the professor. They were cracking up. I always liked to make other people laugh, as well as laughing myself. I smiled. School could be fun.

A Lebanese girl with dark black hair from my dorm turned around and stared at me with fire in her eyes. She fucking loved it. She texted me that it was the funniest thing that she had ever heard. She was *beautiful*, like Princess Jasmine. Obsidian eyes.

Find out what happens next in the fractal above yours! Hint: It’s not what you think!!!

Let’s keep going - this is fun! I am the redpill, baby!

The Republicans didn’t care when Reagan lied to their faces about running drugs and guns to the Contras. I believe the quote is:

> “A few weeks ago I got up and told the American people that I did not authorize gun sales to the Contras (linked to Nicaragua and Iran.) My heart and my best intentions tell me that’s true, but the facts and evidence tell me that it’s not.”

Well, yes, sir, that is in fact called a “lie.” You lied about selling weapons of war to terrorists who used them to kill people. And that doesn’t even matter in the grand scheme of things, it’s like a drop in the ocean of criminality contained within the Republican Party. That’s not even the full story.

It doesn’t even matter. No one cared. No one was held accountable. It was a joke. They laugh at us. People laugh at you when you bring it up, and they look at you weirdly.

Cowards. Irrational. Stupid. Lazy.

Worse than that, they didn’t even have principles that they believed in enough to die for them.

I learned from my college professors that Ancient Greek philosophers considered people without beliefs, or virtues, they were willing to die for as similar to animals on an intellectual level.

It was worse to be a man without reason, they thought, than a cow eating grass happily in a field. The man is always frantic, running around, cursing, pulling his hair out. Trying to build sandcastles in a storm.

If you can't find something you believe in enough to stake your life on it, they said, you're no different than a beast of burden on a farm.

The cow is happy. It's sunny out. Remember the cow field behind my house? I used to walk through it as a shortcut sometimes to get home from school. One time, when I had to move back there after my second spectacular failure, I decided to take the old way home, so I hopped the fence. This was after the land was sold to a developer and looked like a diseased cancer scar. The cows were long gone, but most of the field remained.

As I walked back home, thinking about how no one would ever listen to my songs and dubstep was probably just too hard for me, some guy on a lawn mower started yelling at me and trying to get me to come over. Probably to give me a citation.

I simply ignored him and kept walking. I am faster than you, don't even try. He didn't.

Can't these people ever leave me alone?

What's the deal with lawnmowers, anyways? You pay hundreds of dollars to sit on a beastly machine that spews gas and pollutants, in order to periodically chop down the plants that grow naturally. In return, you lose native pollinators and beautiful wildflowers. You gain nothing, and spend hours laboring in the sun to perform this absurd task.

Once it's done, you look proudly at the final product. A nice, clean row of freshly-cut green grass. *Nice work, kid.*

I love the smell of cut grass, and I have ever since I was a kid and I mowed lawns for money. Did you know that it's the same thing as the scream of a murder victim as their throat is being slit? Yep, it's a nice little chemical mixture the plant desperately sprays out in its death throes to warn its fellow vegetation of danger nearby. Even plants can figure out how to take care of each other, but we can't.

It doesn't make sense.

This macabre death ritual plays out every few weeks – the mower head slicing through the blades of grass one by one, their infinitesimally-small screams heard by no one. An endless cacophony of natural soap operas, if you look closely enough or perhaps had a microscope and a laboratory.

The mower returns. The man sits on it. The grass dies and is brutally murdered by the silver scythe. Someone cuts through. He yells at them. "Hey! Get off this grass I'm killing!"

Why?

What would happen if we just let the grass grow and then left it alone?

What is so wrong with that?

Literally, what would happen if we just let it grow?

When my wife was telling me about our impending death, it made me think of a book I read in my childhood. It was called *The Last Book in the Universe* - and in this version of the fractal, I already told you about it. One of my favorite books of all time.

It tells the story of a ruined, polluted, post-apocalyptic wasteland, populated by starving people addicted to the scavenged and hoarded remains of what was once biomechanical entertainment technology. Movies and videos implanted directly into the brain stem. There is a young boy who meets an old, wizened man. His name is Ryter, which is obviously supposed to sound like "Writer."

He teaches the young boy about this thing called a "book" and teaches him how to write. He speaks of a different, forgotten time, before the world was like this. How we used to "write" things down and pass them around in "books", and how these stories would help people. Through them, we used to "learn." Because we used to "learn", we almost built something beautiful. Something perfect.

The people of this world *hate* this old man. They torture and mock him for sport. Even the young boy, the only one who listens to him, can barely figure out what he is trying to say.

The old man, Ryter, tells him that he has to learn how to write, and that it would be the last book in the universe. Through it, people would begin to understand again. Their humanity would return.

Now, I think that it's entirely possible that other people actually do not like the things that I also do NOT like, such as:

- Politicians
- Having a job
- Citations
- Police officers
- Being lied to
- The Republican Party
- School assignments
- Dead animals and children
- Pollution
- State-sponsored violence

- Corruption
- Corporations
- Television
- Arbitrary rules
- Bribery
- Construction vehicles
- Billionaires
- War
- Animal extinction
- Rape
- Murder

Now, it's possible that maybe they *think* they like these things, but that they have been misled or just don't know what would be best for them. Or, perhaps, other people *do* actually also dislike these things, but they do not know how to express that.

Maybe they find it difficult to explain to other people why these things are bad, which is understandable. It's tricky stuff. Like I was saying, maybe people are just not ready for that kind of intellectual or epistemological revolution. Or maybe, they are. Maybe we *are* finally ready to all come together and agree that these things are, in fact, bad. For all of us.

The Wikipedia article for *MK Ultra* reads as follows:

- Additionally, other methods beyond chemical compounds were used, including electroshocks,[3] hypnosis,[4][5] sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, and other forms of torture.[6][7]

One day, I noticed that someone had removed "sexual abuse" from this sentence. I really enjoyed showing people who were on psychedelic drugs this sentence and telling them that the government used to abduct people and dose them with acid and then *rape* them to freak them out (if you can scare someone, you can also make them do anything, which the government has used to great effect in examples like 9/11.) I'm not malicious or anything, but this is actually another really great conversation starter or icebreaker.

Anyways, this enraged me in my cabin. I was mad and I called up Witness 2 and bitched about it. I ended up going and finding a few primary sources about a rape during MK Ultra, linking it and editing the sentence back to its original form. It turned into a whole battle, where I was typing angrily about primary sources, and they eventually relented, saw my side, and allowed the sentence to stay as I left it. At the time, that was my one true mark upon the world – the

one time I forced people to listen to me. My one indelible mark on the universe, which no one can take from me:

"The government rapes people."

And people think it's funny. They laugh at it. It actually doesn't make any sense to me. I mean, I can see why that's a funny sentence, but really, it's not funny at all.

Since Wikipedia can be edited by anyone, this was all public record and on the open internet. I ended up going back on the edits page a few years later, when I had moved in with Witness 2 and I found them. It made me laugh.

Anyways, my wife told me that I have to die in front of the world as a final sacrifice to bring about the end of the universe. At first I wasn't sure, but the longer I thought about it, the more it made sense to me. In fact, if I actually publish this book, I could *definitely* see that happening next. If this was a fictional book, to say that would be the expected ending is the third-biggest understatement in this book.

It's perfect. It's logical. It's reasonable.

It's actually just like every story I've ever read. I *should* be killed by this world, out of principle.

The truth is, I always have been willing to die for what I believe in.

Like I said, even without the concept of God, I would be willing to lay my life down and stand in front of a tank merely out of spite, protest, and principle – only, and only under these conditions (**very important**):

- That it would matter.
- That people would care.
- That people would like my music afterwards and listen to it a lot and maybe even say I was probably the greatest musician who ever lived.
- That Witness 2 would die too, because if I can't have her than no one else can. Sorry suckas, I ain't stupid.

Unless all of these conditions are met (*all* of them), I'm definitely not doing it.

However, what she was telling me did fulfill them, and it does make sense. I have to admit that I can't debunk it any longer. The key part is that she has to die too, otherwise, I definitely wouldn't go for this.

But, you gotta admit when you just can't debunk a theory. So, about a month ago, at the beginning of December, I started a new project – the one I've been waiting for… The Greatest Song in the World.

I remember when I saw Witness 2 for the first time. I remember distinctly the moment I first saw her. It was a gray morning with the ocean fog resting before the sun burned it off in LA, and it was a picture on my phone.

I was halfway across the preschool lawn when I opened it, and she was beautiful. She was perfect. I finally found her – my perfect woman. Every single physical feature that I looked for in a woman she brought to the fullest degree. She was my ultimate archetype.

I mean, her beauty sings like the song of a thousand suns, plasma thundering in arches and swoops for millennia. Deep, shuddering beauty – a terrifying beauty. The kind of beauty that could kill you. Like God's laugh. A beauty that could start a war.

She was my perfect being. The One for me. My real twin, my soulmate. Everything I had ever looked for in a woman, rolled into one sweet little package. And not only was she beautiful like a blonde '50s pinup girl – my ideal aesthetic - but she listened to my songs. She *liked* them.

Plus, not only *that*, but she knew about 9/11, and she agreed with me that it was obviously the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate and our own government who were behind it due to a cornucopia of political, economic, and military goals all aligning at once in a cynical corporate nexus of greed, death, and destruction.

She was the first person in my life who heard me say that and didn't make me feel insane.

And, she liked my songs.

I *loved* her.

For the first time in my life, I understood what deep, true, perfect love was – the kind that lasts longer than a lifetime. I had to have her. I would stop at nothing, every waking moment would be devoted to making her fall in love with me as I was in love with her.

Obviously, she could never know this. On the other hand, I decided to take a gamble and ask her to marry me the first time we talked on the phone, and tell her that I was actually in love with her. I think it worked, and she was intrigued. Use this icebreaker sparingly. Thread the needle of absurdity. It works.

So, once I had gotten to know her, I played it cool and I told her I had just gotten fired from the preschool because I didn't put a wagon together right (it's true, this is a bit of a long story) and bought a plane ticket to the Virgin Islands on a credit card to go die in a treehouse.

She was sad, but she understood. I also was in the process of helping her become Christian through the same process of genuine, good faith reasoning and inquiry - Socratic method-type stuff - that had worked on me.

I knew that it meant that I would lose her forever, but I also knew that there was no place remaining for me in this world.

Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head.

My plan was to construct a treehouse until I was arrested and eventually sent to jail. I remembered the genuine tranquility of when I used to climb trees as a child, and sometimes in college. It actually is quite nice up there in the arbor. It's like a house. A tree house. With a seat, that's called a branch. Do not fall off the seat.

I really didn't know what to expect, but I figured as a last resort I could always just escape out of jail, head to the beach, and stop eating until my body shut down. That was a definite Plan B, though.

There are monks who used to do that – at the end of their lives, they would eat only honey, pine resin, sap, leaves, and pine needles, gradually working out the more organic things in favor of just resin and needles.

They're alive, but over time, their body slowly turns into something else, calcifying them in the same meditative pose they spent most of their lives in. They remain in *stasis*, as long as they are preserved in a cool, dry environment - held forever a perpetual statue that people show honor to. It's a beautiful thing.

A whole life, devoted to seeking truth, finding wisdom, and serving others peacefully. Not causing harm intentionally - while possessing nothing.

You can even read a Wikipedia article about a famous one of these human statues in Thailand who wears sunglasses because your eyes won't survive this process:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Luang_Pho_Daeng

Imagine sitting there, hundreds or thousands of years ago, slowly contemplating, as the drone of inevitable death works its way up your spine. There's nothing you can do to stop it anyways, might as well go out in the coolest way that you know how to and leave a perfectly preserved, mummified human corpse that could last almost forever if properly cared for as a reminder of who you were. I mean, why not? What else are people doing with their lives?

I can imagine it growing louder inside their skull, deep throaty vibrations from the source of life itself as life leaves their body - not suddenly, but gradually. A conscious process.

In fact, I can hear it right now. The death drone. I wonder what music they heard.

I decided that I needed to drop off the rest of my instruments where I grew up. When I got there, I thought about talking to her versus the beach and homelessness. I called up the airlines and had them extend the tickets for a few weeks, so I could decide.

Well, I knew that I would never meet another girl like her. And even if I did, once you go homeless… well, you know. I thought deeply and talked to her all day long, and I decided that I might as well stick around where I grew up one more time and work that CNA job for a while before going to die. After all, these islands are *pretty big*, right? Probably won't be *going anywhere* for a while, right?

I figured if it didn't work out with her and I had a bad day or something, I could just hop on right down there anyways in about 20 hours flat. It's true, you are legally allowed to do that.

So I stayed, and I worked on my songs, and I loved my CNA job, and I loved her. I couldn't stop thinking about her. From the moment I woke up to the moment I got off work and called her we would talk. She lived a few states over, a few thousand miles. Pretty far.

I realized one day that I genuinely couldn't live without her – I didn't know what I would do. Who would I even be making the songs for, if not for her?

I decided that it was ridiculous, and I couldn't live like this any longer, as I was losing my sense of self. So, I decided to do the only thing I could think of – I delivered an ultimatum that if she didn't decide to be with me and leave him by August, I was going to have to stop talking to her forever. Women love ultimatums, they just don't know it yet.

I waited for her for four years while I worked at the nursing home, and we talked every night. She knew my flaws and she loved me anyway. She saw me, and I saw her. She asked me why I didn't finish college, and I said it was because I didn't consent to this bullshit society.

That it isn't all just OK with me, so I burned my life to the ground - to study music. It was not one of my more profitable decisions, but most of them aren't. She understood that better than anyone else ever did.

The ultimatum worked and she wanted to meet me in Las Vegas. We slept together ten and a half times in three days.

Now, I'll tell you about some of my favorite residents inside the fractals.

Now Sally, she was a real character. She was so absurd and cartoonish that she was my favorite resident out of any I've ever had. She was, quite honestly, one of the most hilarious people I have ever met. She was also extremely tragic, as well as absurd. She was sheer, 100% *art*.

She was the most violent and malicious person in the building, even worse than Dolly, and I will tell you why. Only I knew why she was like that, and as soon as I explained it to people, they immediately understood her and felt bad for her, especially the women. So, here is the story of Sally.

Now Sally would try to *cut* you. She would punch, kick, and, worst of all, she would *bite*. She would try to break your skin, and she knew that meant you'd have to leave the room and go file a report on it. Game over – she won. You *won't* be back.

Sally was seriously confused and had advanced-stage dementia, but the violence and hatred was, 100% - for sure - an act. She would flash sometimes, and I would see the real her – scared, confused, and violated. She just wanted to be left alone, so that we would stop making her do things she didn't want to do. That's why she said the worst things she could possibly think of to us. I mean… truly derogatory language.

She eventually grew comfortable with me and dropped the act. She never once resisted me when I told her I had to change her, change her gown, change the bed, and maybe even wipe her hands, face, and armpits down a little bit.

However, she would grumble and mutter under her breath. She was pretty hard of hearing, and I don't think that she knew I could hear her. Sometimes, she would talk to me, and then be surprised when I responded to her and had a conversation with her. Eventually, she remembered me, and would say, "Oh, it's just you."

Now, I have to think for a minute here, and remember exactly what dark, horrible secrets she would whisper to me in the dark. Here's a tip, especially for the night shift – do NOT turn the light on in these people's rooms when you go in it. Use your phone flashlight, and don't sneak up on them.

She told me an awful story in little bits and pieces, of being a little girl in a farmhouse. Virginia, I think. Her dad coming in her room and raping her. This would have been in the 1930s.

Violating her, as a child, in her bed. No escape. Nowhere to run or hide.

In fact, she would slip in and out of thinking I was him sometimes – someone meant to care for her who was there to violate her, as obviously I had to undress her, change her gown, change her, and get her clean after eight hours of lying in bed. This did not happen frequently, but often enough that I was able to analyze it. By the time I left, it happened slightly less frequently.

When this would happen, which was primarily when I would work doubles and come in at around 2 or 3 A.M., which meant she was likely coming out of a dream state, she would tell me things. They were things like how I am a piece of shit who belongs in prison, and to "just get it over with." Stuff like that.

She would say things like, "You're sick, how can you do this to a little girl", and accuse me of enjoying it, mocking me for taking pleasure in her humiliation, stripping her of her only possessions and covers in the world – a few blankets, sheets, and a gown. I always diffused this tension, obviously, and she usually came around once she saw the clean sheets and clothes (show them these before you start.)

For some reason, she knew that violence wouldn't work on me, but, in her feverish, demented mind, she was a little girl in the farmhouse, and I was *obviously* her dad, coming in her room to rape her again, as he clearly had done – *night* after *night*.

It was, honestly, *fucking horrific*, but I understood where she was coming from. She was like this because someone broke her in a way that left indelible marks even after she had completely lost her mind to dementia. In fact, it imprisoned her and tortured her every single day and night. Someone threw her on the ground and shattered her. Locked her in a cage and raped her. It was clearer than crystal.

I was able to explain this to people in a quiet way that they understood, and even to a black nurse I worked with (excellent nurse named M), who had been pretty offended by Sally's choice of racially derogatory terminology. And, you know what, she actually understood, and it completely changed how she saw her.

Empathy and kindness towards my resident increased, and her quality of life improved, though it is still quite poor overall. One thing I have found is that if people are willing to listen to me explain things, I can just about always get them to see my point. Sally and Elizabeth were mine. They were in my hall.

I have never once in my life tolerated bullying or abuse of other people, and I always stood up for the principles I believe in, which chiefly include treating others the way you would want to be treated – with dignity and respect. All life, and even all non-life, like rocks, deserve that. Why would they not?

Once, at a different facility after I had moved to be with Witness 2, I had to report to the state that a female resident told me that "a male nurse with a bald head had shown her his penis", and that's an exact quote.

She wanted to tell the receptionist, who was nice and would sit with them, but it was a weekend. However, once she figured out this wasn't an option, she trusted me enough to tell me, I assume because she knew I would do the right thing. This was with the nurse A, on the therapy wing, who I write about a little more later (the panniculus story – there's a hook for you.)

Now, this resident was child-like, but not confused or disoriented, so I took it extremely seriously. I did what had to be done, and reported it. Well, I told the nurse what she said, and she asked me what I think we should do. Do not go over people's heads, it's a common courtesy. She already knew the answer, as did I, obviously. This is called the "social contract."

I told her that we are legally obligated to file a report on it with the administrator as mandatory reporters with state licenses, and since the resident isn't confused, it simply must be taken seriously with no exceptions. It didn't necessarily seem *likely*, at all, but you just never know with these things.

Psychopaths hide among us like wolves.

The only male nurse with a bald head that had ever worked there was escorted out pretty much right away. I have no idea what the outcome of that was, and I felt bad, but I didn't have a choice. This resident was named Angel.

Her name just came to me, I had forgotten it – Janice. This is the loud, vivacious, blind, schizophrenic bowling ball. I liked to do their room last, as a fun little detour for the end of my shift. One day, a fellow CNA, a rough but beautiful lady with tattoos and many children who smoked and had been doing this job a long, long time, came to me.

She told me that they had a hard time with Janice the other day while I was off. Yelling, screaming, physical violence, the whole ordeal, which happened a few times a week.

Apparently, Janice was yelling my name. My exact, specific name, which I had never told to her. She could hear, if you leaned in *real* close and sort of yelled, but she was schizophrenic and

blind, so I assumed she had no grasp on our reality at all. I had *never* told her my name - it wasn't really within the realm of possibility.

That deeply touched me, and it also intrigued me, because I didn't even know that she knew it.

Now, let's say you're reading this book, and you've always wanted to date a nurse. Well, boy, is this the book for you. In the full version, I reveal all the dirty little secrets to seducing nurses in a nursing home. Yep, it's true. Here are a few of them:

If you want a nurse to trust you, start by looking for the people who have catheters. They're supposed to be covered in bags, but these often break down or tear. They will like you more if you notice that someone's catheter has no bag, and you get one for them.

Skin is a big deal for nurses, and I should point out that a *major* tip to get a nurse to trust you is to show her the signature red spot of a stage one pressure sore on the coccyx and start putting the pink zinc oxide cream on it, as well as rotating the resident more.

Here's a good one you can use, too. Maybe only you know how to make a certain resident relax enough to agree to open her mouth so they can do a test where she drinks a thickened barium solution and swallows under a machine to examine her neck muscles. If you can pull that one off, I can guarantee you that a nurse will like you. Therapists will, too.

They will definitely like it when you go to the laundry room and get a bunch of extra sheets and towels. They will go *absolutely wild* if you so much as put it in the linen closet unfolded. Shoot, do this a few times and bring the dirty linens back yourself once in a while, and even the *laundry lady* will start smiling and talking to you.

Ok – instant winner, here. A nurse will, basically, instantly fall in love with you if you bring her one of these meal tickets and point out a way that the kitchen messed up. They love that. That's especially true if it's something like ground beef for someone on a puree diet. I mean, they don't love that it happened because people die from that all the time – but they will *love* that you know them so well you instantly caught it.

Now, if this happens, they're supposed to go down there, but do you think they want to do that? No! They do NOT want to do that. Instead, you should go, and guess what? There's a good reason you should go.

If the kitchen guys like you, too, then you *also* pretty much have it made. They'll let you in after hours, which is helpful because nurses also really like to have apple juice, orange juice, and cranberry juice in their fridges for night shift. Get those guys on your side too, if you want a nurse to like you. You WILL need them.

Now, you wouldn't believe it, but nurses even love to talk about drugs (most of the time.) Yep, nurses appreciate good drugs. I'm telling you - tell a nurse the pharmacological name of a pill that she's giving out, and you'll move a couple notches up in her book. Tell her how it *works*, she will think you are the smartest guy in the building. If you can make her laugh while you do this, it's pretty much over.

Ok, I got a winner. Maybe one of the best. Keep an eye out for a nurse with a patient up in a lift, hanging in a room, that happens to have a battery die. Now, all you need to do is simply bring her a new battery, take out the old one, and slam the new one down for her. They charge in a closet, and it's quite simple. If you do that for a nurse, there will be stars in her eyes. This one may even warrant a wink, as well.

Now, if they have a bariatric or confused resident up there that's starting to throw a fit, you could literally pick a nurse up off the floor and kiss her and she wouldn't even mind. Nurses do NOT like using the emergency lift on the Hoyer Lifts. Unfortunately, you now need to go plug in the old battery. You'll also need to help her set the person down, remove the sling, and reposition them.

A nurse will, and I'm only being slightly-hyperbolic, positively *kiss* you if you go into *another CNAs room* and turn the light off so the beeping stops. Nurses also like it when you care about people who are dying. In fact, if you ever end up watching someone die with a nurse, you might as well work the marriage proposal right in.

If you can stay with someone as the light fades from their eyes, do your best to help them, and tell them that it is going to be OK to ease their suffering as they leave Earth forever, you can pull out the ring right then and there. Nurses appreciate someone who feels both the dignity and the burden of death with them.

In fact, this is a good one – nurses *really, really* like when the maintenance guys run a surprise fire drill, and their station passes it. A lot of what they like or don't like boils down to paperwork, people bitching at them, and extra classes, like always. If your station passes but others fail, they will like you more.

In fact, the maintenance guys will *really* appreciate this, too. And if they like you, pretty much everyone will like you. That's a tip. For more excellent dating tips like these, see the full version of the fractal.

Obviously, none of this is hard to do at all, which is why you don't have to go to a real school or study anything to be a CNA – there's nothing to teach. It's literally just common sense. That's why people would always ask me if I ever planned on getting a real job someday.

And now, your teaser…

So, like I was saying, I was with these two beautiful women. These women had hair like a shimmering pool under a spotlight. Long brown crystals on one, and platinum blonde on the third-most beautiful girl I had ever seen, who laughed and talked and smiled with an innocence I had almost never seen. I'm talking pure love in the eyes, a total rarity these days.

And there I was, and A asked me to do wound care with her on a morbidly obese woman down on her end of the hall. I'm telling you, this is a secret weapon with women. I saved this one for last, because it's the best one.

Nurses really, *really* like it when you hold up large flaps of people's skin for them. The more decaying and wounded, the better. I know - *weird*, right? I'm telling you - If you ever really need to impress a nurse, make sure that you do this wound care on the morbidly obese patients with them. Done deal. If this person is agitated and has psych issues, go ahead and plan the wedding in there, instead of the hospice room.

There is nothing that a female nurse likes better, I am telling you, than someone who will get underneath and hold up a huge, encrusted, decaying, edematic, weeping, red and yellow ankle, leg, panniculus, or other body part at a certain angle so she can reach the areas underneath.

Oops, sorry! That was the sad, touching part… let's see… redpills… redpills…

I had a slingshot as a child, and one time I was accused of shooting out a car window by mistake. I actually had been shooting things up in the air, and it was probably me, but I didn't do it on purpose. I ended up paying $200 of lawn mowing money due to that, which was a substantial amount at the time.

These same neighbors slammed their car trunk one cold fall day, years later, a grey day with orange leaves and sweaters. *Slam!*

Time seemed to flash, and I pondered the sensitivity of the human ear – air molecules from this neighbor a few hundred feet away from me, disturbed by the kinetic action of the trunk lid closing, had vibrated all the way over to me, through a closed window, and then into my eardrums where they whisper not only exactly what sound it is, but who made it and where it is such that I just instinctively knew that those particular neighbors down the street had closed their trunk without even *looking*. Just from a tiny bit of *air moving.*

How did it even get through the window?

It didn't make sense.

Magic.

No, it's not going to last. I'm not insane - there are too many people desperately clawing their way up, trying to tumble the table over and grab new chips. It *can't* last. We cannot afford to continue living in a world with manufactured scarcity and suffering while some live lives of endless bliss and happiness. It doesn't work like that, eventually something must give.

You can't mix oil and water. Light and dark. Pleasure and pain. Matter and antimatter. You're going to get an explosion if you mix two different and volatile components together, even I knew that. You can't simply let billions of people suffer horrifically while a tiny group of people lives in palaces, thinking nothing of them. Not if you want a functioning society, at least.

Anyways, you're sitting there in 2010 in your house with a huge balcony that literally hangs out over the beach giving a monologue about music:

The metal, man…

The metal turns into the strings. It comes from the ground. The ground comes from us.

Dust to metal, metal to string. String to vibration. Vibration to frequency. Frequency to Timbre. Timbre to LIFE.

Somehow, me changing the shortness of the frequency of the vibration of this metal string can effect changes in the mental synapses of your brain, causing you to experience "emotions" due to the particular resonant frequencies of the metal and wood.

When I play a major chord, you feel happy. When I play a minor chord, you feel sad. Why?

No one knows.

Not only that, but you will feel exactly what I want you to feel, as music soothes the savage beast, and the composer picks the delicate plucks of emotional harmony out of a mere cinderblock of ashes and dust.

I am consciously guiding your feelings now, I can place myself in and look through your eyes, as you look through mine, and as I reach out - your brain will feel better. You will feel good. You will taste sweet cream, sugar, and honey. You will like the things that I like, and see that there is a better way than this.

I can do all of this through vibrating metal and wood.

It doesn't make sense – magic.

People looked at me like I was an alien when I said this stuff, but they always liked it and agreed. Sometimes they laughed, but I was more serious about this than I was about anything else in my entire life.

I learned a few years before this that I have synesthesia, which means I perceive music as color. Even now as I write this, I can taste the imaginary sweetness that permeates my mouth when it finally comes together and I write a good piece of music. I literally taste sound, but not very often. It always has color. It takes like creamy sugar with honey.

Wood, metal, plastic, silicon, copper, ivory, resin, rubber, and shell. That's most of the instruments I can think of. Elements.

Somehow, we took that, and turned it into this – magic. Sweet frequencies hovering in the air, just for me. How does it work?

It was so sweet I could just about taste it.

I bought my first guitar for $60 from a girl a year older than me with feathery brown hair and blue eyes in my Biology class. Her initials were BB. It was a sparkly blue Squire with one humbucker pickup, and honestly, it was a good deal. I got an amp about three weeks later after mowing a few more lawns, and I was ready to go! Let's make a song, it should be easy, right? *Right?*

I think that people thought that I wanted to be a rock star so I could do drugs, have sex with women, and make money. It's not true. I wanted to be a rock star so people would leave me the fuck alone so I could make a song that sounded good for once. No, that's a joke. I wanted to be a rock star so I could change the world.

The other stuff did sound nice, but I always believed that if I got famous enough, I could start some type of spiritual revolution or awakening in people. Like the one that John Lennon talked about and sang about, but never went all in on. His song *Revolution* is bitter and sarcastic. Mine would be sweet. My *Revolution* is in a major key.

Dang it! That wasn't it, either. We're still getting these dumb anecdotes. I hope people like them. Hang on. Redpills…

I push the tape of *Love Walks In* back in. "Do you like it?"

"Well, it's OK, Witness 1. I don't know… I wish we had more time for you to explain why you like this so much. But you know what – this synthesizer sound is actually *really rich* for 1986, you're right. And I never thought about how hard it must be to combine guitar and electronica before. You know what… it *is* a masterpiece. Actually… it sounds… incredible! How did he do that?"

A single tear rolls down my cheek. Finally, *finally*, I *found* someone who understands the inherent, unspeakable, absolutely cosmic genius that it took to write, record, and produce *Love Walks In,* on tape, in 1986. I mean, it's incredible.

"So, is it just me or… do they… not really, *write* songs like this anymore?"

"Wanna know why I like Van Halen so much?"

I grin at you. "How's this for a redpill?"

I pull a glimmering black briefcase out of my satchel and hand it to you. Inside it is Sammy Hagar's 1977 album, *Musical Chairs*:



"What do you see?"

"Circles… portals? Some black… nothing?"

I reach into my satchel and pull out my binder of laminated Sammy Hagar lyrics and hand it to you, pointing at a song called *Crack in the World.* I put it on, and you listen:

I found out what it is that's been driving me mad.

There's no room to breathe between the good and the bad.

The crush in-between, there's a thin, thin line.

But just 'round the corner, there's a change in design.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

Just fifty more years we're all gonna know.

Why, when, where, how, and who gets to go.

So let's all have a good time before the great divide.

'Cause things will start separating come 2025.

So look for the subtle clues

It won't make the front-page news.

That depends upon which side that you choose.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

You look at me. "HOLY SHIT!!! Did he say…"

I toss you a copy of this book. "Check the copyright. 2025. 'Things will start separating come 2025.' He said that 50 years ago. 'Just 50 more years and we're all gonna know', he said. The fuckin' year I wrote this book."

Honestly, Hagar is a genius too. The man is a poet. He *knew*. That's why he lives in a fortress in Cabo. I wish he would email me back, I am dying to come visit.

He probably knows more about all this than just about anyone, and I think he's one of the good ones. I trust him, and I hope that he would trust me, too. It's hard to know when to change chords without talking about it, but I bet that he could do it. I can, too.

I pull out a slide projector and plug it into the bus's outlet. "Trust me, I know what I'm doing."

I grin and wiggle my fingers at you. "I've had really good luck with appliances and electronic equipment throughout my life. Oh yeah, for real."

It starts to spark and flare up, and I stand up. "Oh, shit. Not again… we better go."

After we extinguish the bus fire, we stand on a beach. You look down, and we watch across the ocean. No one goes in the giant houses that stand like monoliths, jealously guarding the sea. No one goes out.

I smile at you. "So, how is it?"

You laugh. "I don't think these colors and fractals are always there." You watch as the first stars appear, and thin tendrils of white begin to pulse and vibrate between them in your vision. A web. The water is *so beautiful*, and it shimmers like a dance floor made of crystal. You can *feel* the life around you, and every insect you find is like a miracle.

I tell you that's true. The psylocibin and LSD have unlocked the 5HT2-A Serotonin receptor in your brain, and your perceptions have gone wild. But this state has always been there, it's

within you. What you see now is not necessarily *less real* than the state you normally perceive. It's just different. It's art, it's not personal.

You tell me that saying things like that is probably why everyone tells me that I am insane, and I agree with you. We laugh.

"You know, *Sgt. Peppers* was part of a trilogy. The first three concept albums. They go together. Do you remember the third one?"

You think. "Let's see… *Sgt. Peppers* and *Her Satanic Majesty's Request*… and… hm, what was it?"

I smile at you. "*Pet Sounds*. Brian Wilson's pet project. His baby. His obsession.

Good Vibrations is another of the most important songs of all time, but it's not on this album. It was a single, in fact, it was the most expensive single ever recorded at the time, and was on their album *Smiley Smile*. It's another of the most important songs of all time. It's one of… those songs.

A new sound, like nothing anyone had ever heard before. Something that no one knew exactly how he got that sound. It blew people away."

I look over at you with a twinkle. "Hey, I wonder if there was anything… *weird…* about *his* life? Hm… why don't you go take a little peek at his Wikipedia… let's see… Brian Wilson and any… *weirdness…* like mental illness or other such issues in his life…" I hand you my phone.

You read through it. "HOLY SHIT!!! WHAT THE FUCK???"

You look over at me in shock and horror. "What… what is this? Hey, here's a name I recognize that's popping up a lot. Didn't you say Phil Spector produced The Beatles on *Let It Be*? Isn't he… one of the most famous music producers of all time? Is he a… pretty nice guy?"

I grin. "Hey, Dear Reader. Lemme ask'ya question. Do you think… Phil Spector is… sort of… *weird* about women?"

You laugh. You can't help it. "Well, gee, Witness 1. I dunno. I mean, he beat one to death for… I forget, what was it again?"

I look at you seriously. "He *shot* her to death. Her name was Lana Clarkson. The cops found her *teeth* all over the *floor.* For, apparently, no reason at all. He's just… 'crazy'. It was senseless."

I sigh. "Unless… of course… there *is* a reason. And no one understands it.

I pull up his Wikipedia article. “Here, see for yourself. Do you notice anything… *weird* in these two paragraphs?

“‘I think I killed someone.’ Yeah, that’s a totally normal reaction, dude. No fingerprints?”

I look at you. “Oh, boy! This is fun. You’ll never guess what *she* looked like, either! I wonder… if this will be, like, one of the main motifs in the full book or something.”

So, let’s see. Hm, “sword and sorcery films.” Sort of like… that woman in the Robert Plant video? Hm, Brian Wilson. *Pretty* weird. Ok, how about… let’s see… Syd Barrett? Any… *weirdness* there? Hmmm…

Ok, how about… Jimi Hendrix? Any… weirdness there? Janis Joplin? Who was that other guy, who helped found the Rolling Stones and then died in 1969… Brian Jones? Found on the bottom of a pool? Didn’t I mention Mama Cass dying in the same apartment as Keith Moon, at the same age? 32? Let’s see… Freddie Mercury? Jim Morrison? Do we even have time for all this weirdness? I don’t think so.

Let’s see… any other famous writers from the ‘60s that died under weird circumstances? Speeches, perhaps? Something about… civil rights, I think?

There’s… more. These are the ones you have heard of.”

Lana Jean Clarkson (April 5, 1962 – February 3, 2003) was an American actress and fashion model. During the 1980s, she rose to prominence in several sword-and-sorcery films. In 2003, record producer Phil Spector shot and killed Clarkson inside his home; he was charged with second-degree murder and convicted in 2009.

Lana Clarkson



Clarkson in a promotional photo

In the early hours of February 3, 2003, Clarkson met record producer Phil Spector while working at the House of Blues in Los Angeles. The two were driven in Spector's limousine to his mansion, the Pyrenees Castle, in Alhambra, California, and went inside while his driver waited in the car.[1]

Later that morning Clarkson was found dead in the mansion. Her body was found slumped in a chair with a single gunshot wound to her mouth with broken teeth scattered over the carpet.[2] Spector's driver, Adriano de Souza, said Spector came out of the house holding a gun and said "I think I killed someone".[3] Spector's fingerprints were not on the supposed murder weapon.[4]

You think for a few minutes in silence. Then you look at me. "Hey! Wasn't Phil Spector famous for… some type of… *wall*?"

Man, what a good student you are. "Yep. The 'Wall of Sound.'"

You think. "Hm, you know what – actually, it *is* pretty fucking weird that people keep writing songs or books with the same imagery and then dying! Hey – wait a minute… it *is* MK ULTRA!!!"

We cheer together. "Yay, we figured it out!"

I pull out my copy of *Pet Sounds* and spin it on the gramophone. Then, I hand you the cover.

"And what do you see?"

"The… pet… goat."

You stare at me. "Holy *shit.* The *book.* The *warning* from 9/11, in the classroom. *The Pet Goat.* Five of them. One for each."

You look closer. "One white one… surrounded by darkness. The Nothing."

Then, you laugh. "Hey, Witness 1! Do you think that these British Invasion guys maybe… sort of… had *issues* with their spirituality?"

I laugh.



You look down at the *Yellow Submarine* single cover again. "The devil horns…"

"Why?"

"Why… what?"

"Why do you call them 'devil horns'? What are they, *really*?"

"Horns… from a… an.. animal? A cow… no, a *bull*!"

I hand you the image I made in *Canva* a few days ago:



I look at it. “Oh, whoops! My bad. I made that one tonight. Here you go:”



Aw, geez! Look at that. I accidentally gave you the wrong one again! Here, I think this is the one I was going for:



Wait, fuck. That one won't make sense for a while, just ignore those images. Silly, clumsy me.

And now, for something completely different. Back to the ghost stories.

The pilots and the strange men onboard the first two planes are figuring out that they have both been duped – neither of them controls the planes. That is happening in a nondescript office in Virginia at the offices of System Planning Corporation.

Dov Zakheim rubs his temples, and Rumsfeld sits in an upper office. Accountants work in the ONI below, busily trying to figure out where trillions of dollars have disappeared to.

An unfathomable amount of financial data sits locked in records at the SEC offices in the WTC complex, and the brokers within the towers. Documents are stored securely, in safes and vaults. Billions, trillions maybe, of fraudulent security bonds sit stored there, like a ticking time bomb that could expose the greatest financial crime the world has ever seen - by far.

They come due to be processed either on September 11th itself, or very near it. The only other records of these documents lie somewhere deep within the systems of the Pentagon, in the computers of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

The "artists" of Gelitin are safely out of the building, and they went on to have an excellent and quite successful career. *The B-Thing* sells for over $200, and they achieve a level of fame and notoriety in their small, shitty world of perverted, disgusting, low-quality art.

Let's return to our story about my favorite subject – art. Then, I will teach you something you never knew about the elevators in the WTC towers.

You look at me. "What is it?"

I stare at you. "Did you know, Dear Reader, that in March, 2001, the elevators in the Twin Towers were all torn out and replaced? A massive construction job that took months and months, entailed lots and lots of equipment and workers coming in and out of the buildings at all hours, and gave tons of people access to the critical central structure of the building that supported it?"

Yep, it's true. You can read all about it in this issue of *Elevator World* from March, 2001:



MODERNIZATION

DRIVE TO THE TOP

SECOND PLACE
ELEVATOR WORLD
Project of the Year 2000

by Robert Baumonde, Jr.

At a time when new construction is dominating the market, ACE Elevator undertook what was perhaps, one of the largest, most sophisticated elevator modernization programs in the industry's history. This "towering" achievement took place at New York City's prestigious World Trade Center (WTC), with the completion of the first six members of the elite "Shuttle Fleet."

Partial loading of elevator (above)
The towers (left)
Interior of shuttle elevators (center)

Indicates an Online Feature

And it gets way, way worse. We will get there. In fact, you will not believe what these "ACE Elevator" employees ended up doing on 9/11.

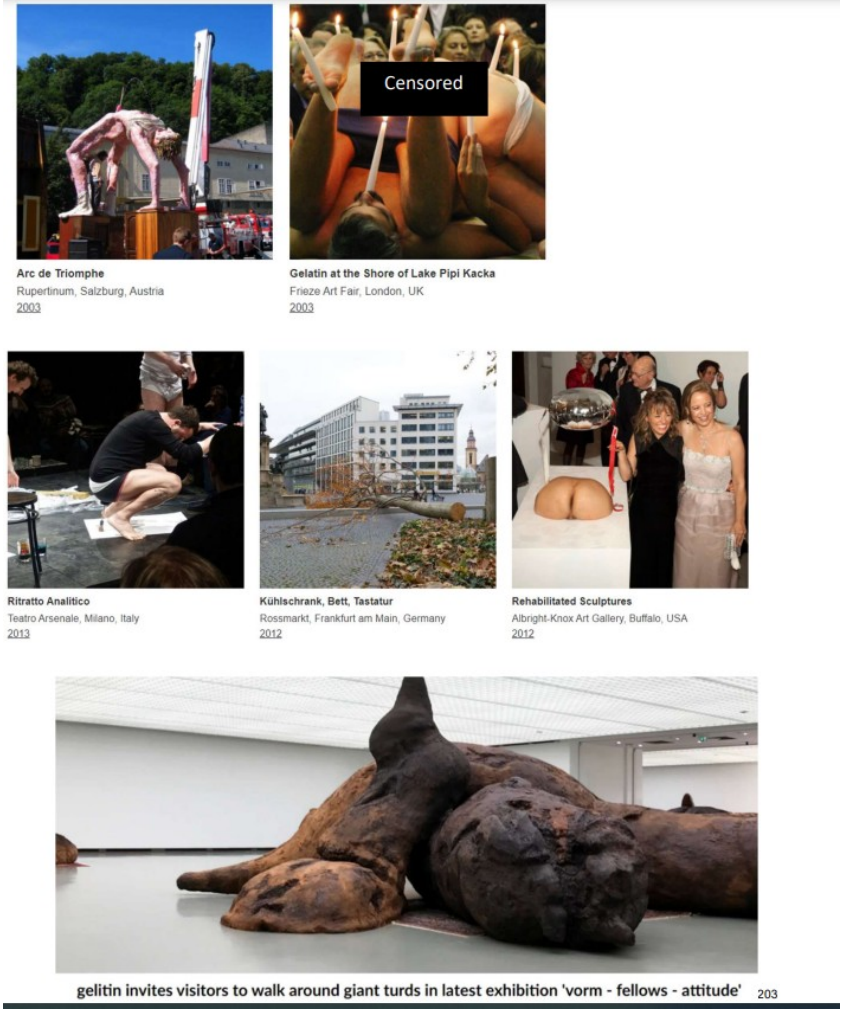
The weirdest thing of all, is that "ACE Elevator", as far as anyone can tell, never really even existed. There is almost no trace of it. People have looked into it, and it is very, very strange. I confirmed this in my first book.

And, the company (Otis Elevator) that lost the contract to them had *built the fucking elevators* and taken care of them for the tower's *entire lives*.

Then in 2001 – *bye bye*! We got a new company that has *never done any work like this before*, that no one has *ever heard of*, for one of the hardest, most iconic elevator jobs in the world.

Yeah, right.

The next few sections will be the most important part of the book, Dear Reader. Do not close these pages, I beg you. All of the facts you need to know from my other book are in here, but metamorphosized into a form that will speak to you. It will *sing* to you. I never realized that I have to tell it as a story.



So, the artists. Let's finish tying off Gelitin's thread.

Now, I think that this art is even worse than the feces you may find smeared on the wall in a psychiatric institution, but I will leave it up to you to decide. Here are some of their "art pieces", pulled directly off of their website:

I mean, come on. Do you see it now? Can you see

how they pervert everything, make it disgusting and wrong? Can you feel the subliminal messages?

A giant pile of shit? A guy penetrating himself with a bottle? A guy bending over, his erect penis spurting? Some sort of "ass cake"? Sticking candles in your ass? A dirty street with a dead tree on it?

This is *art*?

Obviously, it's not. It's money laundering. It's also Satanism, in the open.

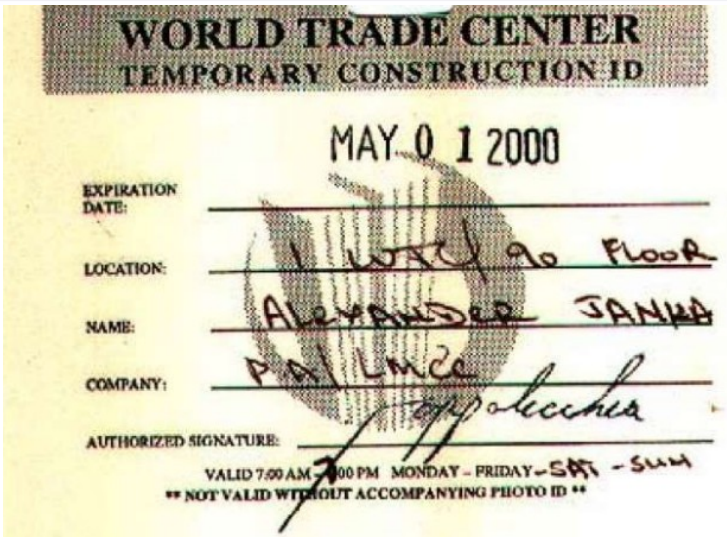
If you read this, Gelitin, you are the shittiest group of artists that have ever lived. You are a disgrace, and you should be ashamed of yourselves. I know what you did.



Gelitin in 2014. From left to right: Wolfgang Gantner, Florian Reither, Ali Janka and Tobias Urban

Here are their faces. See the guilt that lurks in their eyes, and it's clear who the leader of this little wolf pack is from the body language (Janka):

Here is the construction pass they used to gain access to the entire building so they could take out a window and install a balcony to calibrate the homing mechanism for the planes with FTS installed, whoops, I mean – to "do art."



You will notice that someone has added the weekends for full access, in handwriting. I wonder who that might have been:

Let's talk about E-team. "Explosives Team." "Blasting Gelatin."

E-team was another group of artists. They coordinated the installation of the FTS homing devices, and had a helicopter fly up and hover to “take pictures of people.” As… “art.”

Here it is, and it was called “Quick Click.” This occurred on March 31st, 2001:



This is called “casing”, and it is what criminals do before they commit a crime. Test boundaries, security responses.

See how long it takes them to notice a helicopter flying up to the building. Who calls about it. Who answers the call. What they say.

The 91st floor. The strike zone, in fact. Wow, and wouldn’t you know it, you can even see them calibrating a device very much like what I am speculating about in a still from the video while the helicopter hovers in the background:



E-team had another really great “art piece” from March 29th, 2001. It was called *127 Lighted Windows*. And here it is, in all its glory:



E-TEAM’S “*127 LIGHTED WINDOWS*” COMPARED TO DAMAGE ON 9/11

That is called a “signature”, and it’s what criminals leave when they want to gloat about their crimes later. One other person noticed this besides me, named Mark Dotzler, at this link (I quoted him:)

https://www.markdotzler.com/Mark_Dotzler/WTC_Artists.html

> **For artists to be able to take out windows on the 91st floor and install a makeshift “balcony” protruding out of the building should give you some real insight into just how lax WTC security was at that time and how dangerous the LMCC program was.** Sounds to me like the WTC was conveniently out of control in the years leading up to 9/11 and that **security there was a complete joke** as far as these artists and all their friends were concerned.

In fact, there was even *more* art in the towers on 9/11. My personal favorite one is a sculpture from the lobby, called *(Framed) Gutless Men Carried It Out*. Here they are, in all their glory:



Remember that word, "Framed." It will come up again, and I want you to remember the phrase, "It's a frame."

E-team and Gelitin are pretty well known by people in certain circles - but as far as I can tell, no one else has pointed out these bizarrely-named statues, with a big square of Nothing cut out of the middle.



Here is another one I have never seen pointed out by anyone except for dumb articles no one reads that don't say anything real. It's by a sculptor named Michael Richards, who died in his studio on 9/11. And here he is, in all his glory:

Before he was murdered, he created a sculpture called *Tar Baby vs. St. Sebastian*, through which he immortalizes the Tuskegee Airmen and explores his identity as an African-American through the discrimination they faced in World War II.

This sculpture looks like this:

A man, crucified on a pyre of bronze. Crucified by *airplanes*.



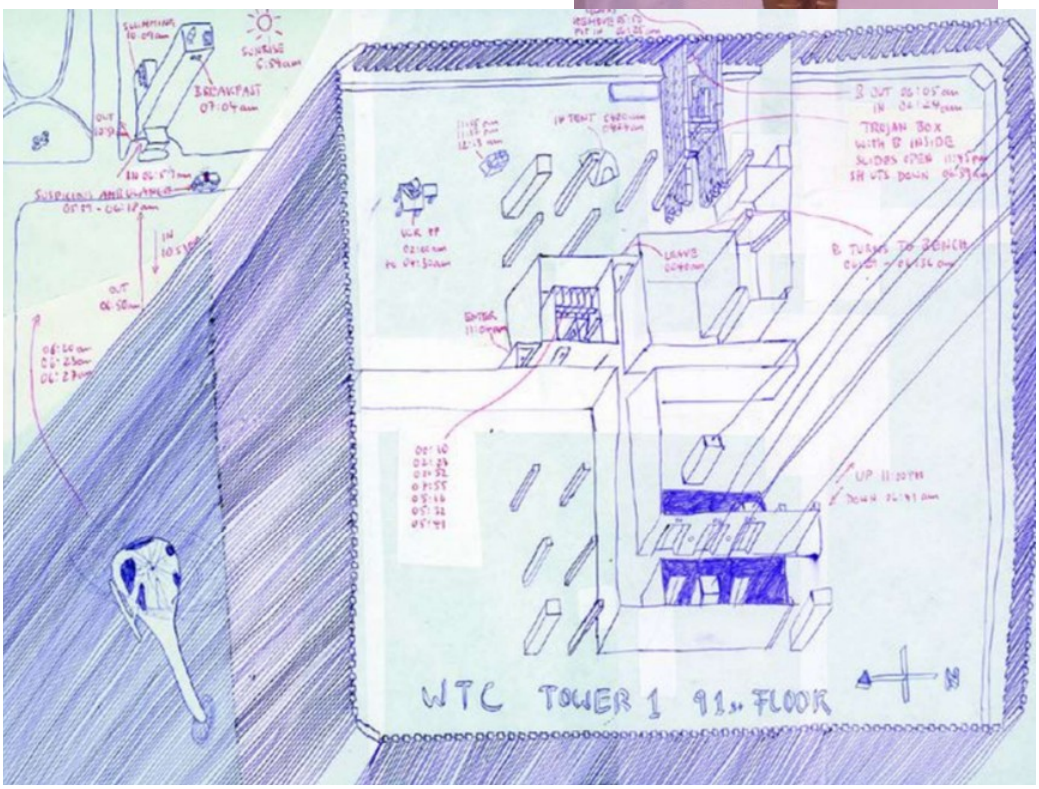
So profoundly *weird*.

You look at me. "How did he know?"

"Because of the fractals. It's the same thing, it repeats. He saw the fractal from outside-in, and he created what it told him would happen - subconsciously. If you can see one part of the fractal, you can see the whole thing, forever. For one second, he saw through the card."

Let's get back to *The B-Thing*. I throw it down, and it lands in front of you on the table.

You open it:



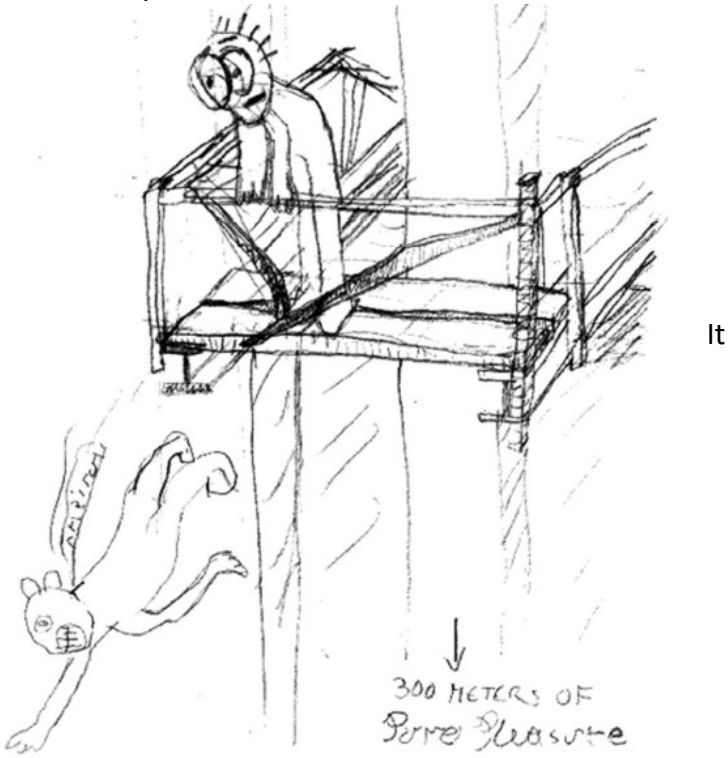
"What is this?"

"It's E-team's helicopter. I told you they worked together to set up the FTS system and case the building's response times to an unexpected aircraft approach, and I didn't just make that up. This was their job.

They also had to get the blasting fuses from the BB-18 cardboard boxes into the building, where the ACE Elevator workers would install them in the elevator shafts along with whatever material was used in the demolition.

Gelitin tells us in this book exactly what they did. But you have to look *closely*. It is a story-within-a-story."

We continue, and return to the first one I showed you:



"Read the caption, what does it say?"

"300 meters of… Pure… *Pleasure*."

The beast plunges to death, animal ears revealing his nature. A bifurcation, one up and one down. It is a deeply unsettling image.

"Where… where did it go?"

"*Another* good question to ask."

"Witness 1, do you just say that any question you can't answer is a 'good question'?"

"No, because that is also a good question, and yet I can answer it. The answer is 'yes'.

You look at me.

"I mean, you're not totally wrong. I seriously have no idea how these things just vanished. It doesn't make any sense."

I ask if you know that the buildings on 9/11 are the only steel-framed skyscrapers to collapse in this way. That we've never actually seen anything like that before or since either. Buildings just imploding and crumbling to dust like that. Disappearing.

It has *never* happened before or since.

These buildings collapse gradually, metal deforms, shears, and tears, but it does not crumble to dust like that. That's not how it works.

In fact, they don't even do that. A little fire and structural damage from one airplane, technically, scientifically speaking – could NOT bring down these towers. According, at least, to every single one of the three guys who designed and built them.

No, steel-framed skyscrapers just *do not* collapse in the way that we saw on 9/11, from that type of damage. It's impossible.

Except on 9/11.

You sit there and try to remember *any* other building that experienced what I call the *spontaneous architectural combustion* of 9/11. You cannot.

It's true, such a thing has never happened before or since. Steel-framed skyscrapers just imploding violently and crumbling due to fire, like they told us. It's *bullshit*. You *know* it is.

I tell you, "Just wait. Building 7 and the Pentagon are *even worse*."

I'm getting through to you, but you remain skeptical.

"If what you're saying is true… workers in disguise, strange artists lurking around, plots to smuggle in explosives and fuses, and people casing the building to commit crimes… Wouldn't someone have noticed?"

"Ah! An *excellent* question!"

I flip to my page on Scott Forbes and William Rodriguez, but slam the book shut with a twinkle in my eye. "Tell you what, people always say 9/11 bores them. I don't get it, but that's where we're at in society. I have written so many chapters on that shit, it's all right there. Just work your way up. Today, we're *transcending*.

Who cares about the fact that I have interviews and sources from the three architects who built the towers proving my claims? Oh, you do? You over there, is that right?

Well… you may be in the wrong version of the fractal, sir. That's right. Two versions up. Ok, thank you now, see you later. I put my shiny green sunglasses on and smile at you guys. "Fuckin' squares. This is the *Party Version.* We're getting *Fractalaterated up in here! Fracatlatabliterated!!!*"

At that a disco ball comes down from the ceiling of the bus and starts spinning, the lights go out, and Christmas lights flicker on. "Oh yeah, baby." I smile at you. "Groove mode." I slide in a tape of *Watermark,* by Enya and "Orinoco Flow" comes over the surround sound.

I nod at you. "Let me break it down for you, real easy like."

Opiates will make you feel like you are having an orgasm for eight hours. I also knew that this one guy, a famous author named William Burroughs, had gotten addicted to opiates for the same reasons as why I was considering it. He said it was a fantastic experience as far as his art went.

He also said it felt like a prison with no door, that it totally ruined his life, and that it pretty much caused him a living death, roaming the Earth like a specter, until he eventually died – still addicted.

It was, sort of, like a *way* more-fun and cool way of splattering my brains all over their stupid beige walls, if that makes sense. I truly am not going to kill myself, almost purely out of spite. Also, there's always being homeless at the beach.

I thought back to the forest from my childhood.

As I stood there, the beautiful sunlight filtering down through what remained of the trees after the construction vehicles had left, a word echoed through my mind.

A word that I knew from reading books, but had never thought about.

A word that should never be said, much less acted upon.

Rape.

They had *raped* my forest.

She laid there bare, naked, her flowers and sex organs scattered around me like a rotten funeral procession. The mud lay in unnatural squares and rectangles, tire treads everywhere. Roots ripped up and torn, pebbles and rocks that had been quietly resting for thousands of years now suddenly overturned and exposed.

It was *sickening*.

How would you like it if you lived somewhere for literally thousands of years, and one day, someone came along in a huge truck and tore the whole thing down?

You'd be pretty mad, huh? I used to go back to those developments and knock their stupid signs down sometimes. I do NOT regret this. FUCK you guys. I hate those orange construction vehicles more than any other inanimate object.

I realized that this was happening every day to actual human beings, not even just plants, insects, and animals. Real, conscious, sentient beings capable of understanding and perceiving suffering. People were sitting around in rooms literally plotting out how to make their lives worse.

Humanity was rotten to its core. It was, for sure, a supernatural evil. The most direct experience I have had with the supernatural, until I wrote this book, is the visceral touch of evil and its absurdly insidious and counterintuitive nature.

It shouldn't exist, but it does. Why?

Why do they do this instead of just planning out how to make everyone happier and healthier? Obviously, their lives would be better too. The fact that a rising tide lifts all ships is like the most basic common sense to me – I was never mad or jealous of anyone's success. I love when people do well. When the people around you do well, it helps you do well, too.

I couldn't wrap my mind around it.

It makes me think of my sister's necklace. Some stupid kid smashing it for no reason. Not only is it a really shitty thing to do, but it's just senseless. It literally makes no sense.

There are a lot of things in this world that are not pretty necklaces. Tons of them. In fact, all kinds of shit. There are also plenty of things like rocks, dirt, and sticks that are cool and legal to smash. I don't see why you'd want to take something fragile, beautiful, and delicate, and turn it into something that is just broken and smashed.

It's ridiculous, and you might as well just tuck it away in a drawer or something. Always try your best to keep entropy from degrading the things around you, which is a good rule to follow because the universe will always try its best to break everything around you as soon as you so much as look at it. Especially the truly delicate things, like appliances. Or maybe that's just me, I don't know.

There's people out there who crucify animals and sell the videos. The ones you should watch out for are the ones who do not make videos of it. Unfortunately, this makes them harder to catch.

Tony Soprano understood that. If you've seen the show, you know it's true. That's why he killed Ralph. The coma scene with the monks and the distant light is my favorite piece of fictional

media. Did you know that right before he kills Christopher, he sees the same light? It's a car driving by. One headlight.

That's when he sealed his fate – he went to hell when he died at the end.

So, life goes on. Violence is bad. Seriously, don't do it. It's futile.

You can only defeat it through the Deep Magic, which is not accessible to human beings.

I look over at you, and then at all the people in the back staring at me. *Uh oh…*

You frown. "What… what happened to… party mode?"

I grin. "Art isn't personal, it just is. The fractal isn't personal, it just is. Sometimes, a party isn't a party. A birthday cake isn't a birthday cake. Take a piece, now, but not too much."

From the driver's seat of our psychedelic, glowing bus, I smile over at you.

"How about an intermission? You ready yet?"

You smile. "Yeah… I think so."

"You want to know the funniest thing about *Magical Mystery Tour* besides the John Lennon spaghetti scene and the entire song *I Am the Walrus*?"

"Sure, what is it?"

"When the BBC aired it in 1967, not all stations had color yet. There was a two- or three-minute-long scene where literally all they did was shoot some grassy hills from a bus and then change the color grade, you know, give it that psychedelic vibe. Shifting tones and all that. The thing is, there wasn't color broadcast so all people saw was just hills and grass, in black and white."

I look at you. "So, how's my very own Magical Mystery Tour so far?"

You think. "Honestly… I like it. Let's keep going."

I look at you. "I tried so hard. I don't know what else to do. I'm doing the only thing I can think of that is left – tearing out my heart and smearing it all over the page. Weeping, as I write

stories so painful that they physically hurt me. But, it hurts even worse to keep them inside. Much worse, in fact."

I involuntarily cry as I think about how futile it all seems that I've wasted fifteen fucking years of my life researching and writing all these stupid books that no one will ever read.

"Excuse me… I need my towel again. I'm sorry. Do you think it will work? Telling it like a story? A new story they've never heard before. Do you think they'll read it?"

You consider saying that you just don't know. But a memory flashes through your head – another story I had told you on the covered porch. The story of when John met Yoko.

It was at one of her stupid avant-garde art shows, and John showed up. It was sort of interactive performance art, you know. Marina Abramovic-type stuff. The first art installation he experienced by her was a ladder that you climb up with a small lens to peer through at the top.

And he loved it. He fell in love with Yoko right there, and honestly, it's pretty weird.

They took acid and stayed up all night having sex and making *musique concrete* on tape recorders. *Revolution 9*-style audio collages of mostly noise. In the morning, Cynthia came downstairs and found them. Julian was home. Like I said, John Lennon was pretty much an asshole. He didn't even care.

However, one thing is for sure, and I don't quite know why – it may even be much more sinister than people think – but he really did *seem* to truly love Yoko. Also, he did seem to change when he had Sean. A deep, profound change. In a good way. But he never even came close to absolution. He died in a perpetual scream of agony, written in blood on the streets of New York.

So, he goes to her art exhibit, just because he was bored and probably on acid already. This was in 1966, at a place called the *Indica Gallery* in London.

You climb up the ladder, and feel the weight of everything disappear. When you get to the top, you peer into a sort of clear lens, like a magnifying glass. When you look through this lens, you see a word.

So, John Lennon climbed up this dumb ladder to nowhere, and looked through it. He was a bitter, disillusioned asshole most of the time, so he expected it to say something like – 'Gotcha!', or 'Made you look!'"

And he climbs up, and he peers through. And magnified right there, in front of his vision, is one word – "Yes."

This story flashes through your mind as I smile across the tree from you with hooded eyes.

You smile at me. "Yes."

I smile back. The key turns, and I am happy.

"Yes, Witness 1, I do think they will read this book. I do think that you can change the world with a book. *My* English teachers taught me that, too. The pen really is mightier than the sword. It's the only weapon, in fact, that you can use against evil. You cannot fight evil with guns and swords. It's true what you said. It instantly becomes evil-on-evil friendly fire. The *only* way to fight back is to write a book. And get people to believe in you.

Nothing can cut through evil, wicked bullshit lies like words that are true, put in the right order with a thousand sources. Names, faces. Receipts. Documents. Admissions. Proven lies. Evidence. Arguments. Reasoning. Sources. Logic. It's all on your side. It's the truth.

Yes, I do think they will read your book. And I think that you can change the world. I believe in you, Witness 1. I believe your story."

I can't help but cry, again, because no one has ever told me that before. It's embarrassing. I smile at you, and I thank you for being my friend. For listening to my story when no one else would.

You smile back at me, and our eyes meet. "I thought that psychedelic drugs would make me feel… out of control. That I would see things that aren't there. Not be able to distinguish between the drug and reality. It's not like that at all."

I agree with you. "Most psychedelic drugs at most doses you will ever be able to find or afford won't make you see things that aren't there. The truth is, I've never once felt out of control on psychedelics. Or any other drug. In fact, the only time I've ever felt out of control was when I was sober.

They won't show you things that aren't there. Not unless you go looking for that, and it takes quite a bit of effort (salvia – don't do it.) No, the only thing they really do is show you how weird everything *already is*.

Look at it. It was always there, just as fucking weird as it looks right now. All the patterns, shapes, and fractals. The weirdness of *plants* and *animals* existing. Being on a rock floating through a void, spinning endlessly in circles. It's always been this weird, you just never noticed it before. Now you do."

I smile. "So, how about it! Are you ready for the poem I wrote, *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*? Are you ready to step into my portal now?"

You nod. You smile back at me. I am no longer a mysterious stranger – I am a mysterious friend.

With that, I pull the purple coat with two little tails, cane, and top hat out of my satchel.

“Aha! Gone away, you thought they were, but in my satchel is another world! Step into my world of rhyme, and we will dance around in time! Around and around the fractal we go – where we stop, nobody knows! Limericks, and riddles too, how about a poem – *what say you???*”

You look over at me. “You can’t introduce a poem with a poem. It’s in the rules.”

I laugh. “Dear Reader. How I love your jokes. So very much like my own. Anyways, let’s hit it. I could write these all day, but people would probably hate that.”

I cough and clear my throat. “Ok. Here we go. *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*, by the artist – yours truly – Witness 1 the first, master of riddles and rhyme and the first magical mystery man in our modern time – it’s truly sublime - so allow me to bow to you heartily, and… Oh! What a crowd you can be! As I roguishly tickle your delicate fantasy - you listen so rapturously, but I sit here and think about how lonely it can be to write on a screen in reality, so I’ll start the show by hoping that somebody hears me.

“Ok, that’s called an ‘Introduction.’” I bow, and throw a mysterious powder behind myself, which ignites in a huge purple explosion, blanketing me in glowing, flickering light. I grin at you with wild, manic eyes. *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*, in the style of Dr. Seuss and Willy Wonka.

Would you? Could you? Step into my world?
Would you look out as me, to see what I see?
Could I share my very own sacred spaces with you?
Besides my soul, deepest secrets, and thoughts,
Will you also gaze upon the place you are not?

All the things I possess but have no one to show?
All of the various places I go?
Come in here and see! Through a portal with me! And finally – at last – together we’ll be!
A true friend for me! Whoopie! Whoopie!
There’s someone like me, who wants to know more,
Who will walk with me along the sandy shore,
So don’t be afraid, and don’t be afright,
For I will guide you and hold you tight.

I heard it once and it might be true –
"If you ain't got nothin' you got nothin' to lose"
But when I looked on the tenement walls,
I found no prophecy written at all.

I found her huddled, bruised and sore.
Weeping inside of a grocery store.
On bended knee, I smiled at her.
I found the key, the lock will turn.
This world is dead, but a new one is born.
So pay attention, and I'll show you more…

Pay no mind to my shifting tone – it's riddles and rhyme but mixed up in time – tragedy, calamity, there's really so much agony! The rules are gone, and the prose has no flow! My very own poem doesn't know where to go!

I can't help but weep for the broken poor, but, really – I must find the time to show you much more – the connections and answers all glow at the core – Did I really break down our bathroom door? Does my fractal really divide by four? Tina Turner playing the whore… Ike does a line and she goes to bed sore… She's torn… She doesn't want to be born… The bull bucks the rider, and oh! The gore…

The cars run on corn, and a monk blows a horn but the sheep must be shorn and my attention is worn and they say I should mourn so ash on my head I adorn but I think I really can do so much more and these meaningless rituals are really a bore - there's no more to say, maybe a Lion's roar? Can we give it a rest with the FUCKING WAR??? I only weep for the poor.
So please watch your step and now STEP through the door…

And, oh, all the various places we'll go,
On my very own Magical Mystery Tour!

I look around. "Shit… I switched up characters there by mistake. Let me get back to Dr. Seuss/Willy Wonka. Sorry… um… that was Tupac/Bob Dylan there by mistake, for a minute. Ok… let me try the ending…"

So come now, it's time for a wonderful show!
Look with me now, and feel the pull -
Of a time that - for you – is but long ago!

Would you? Could you? Come in here with me?
Step into my world, and new things you shall see!

Riddles and fancies will play on your mind,
While I tell you a tale of a better time!
A time when you were reckless, happy, and free,
You know *there's a better way to be.*
Don't leave me now, I really have more!
I'm trying so hard to not be a bore!

Your glass is half-empty, so allow me to pour…
And now that your glass is all the way full,
I can tell that you also feel the pull…
Of whispers and voices from so long ago.
I'll end my poem now with a line that you know…
And, oh –

I stop and look around. I smile. The crowd waits with bated breath – they know it's coming and they all join in at the end. I smile. "All together now!"

And, oh, all of the places we'll go…
ON MY VERY OWN MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR!!!

You smile, nod, and do a little clap for me. "Wow, Witness 1! That was… so good. And in so many different styles, too. Aren't you a clever guy with your pretty little words!"

I smile back at you and give you a firm handshake. *This guy… he's so nice. I love him. Why can't everyone be like Dear Friend? Why doesn't anyone else ever want to hear my poems?*

I smile back at you. "Thank you, Dear Friend. I wrote this all for you. To entice you. To delight you.

I pull out an old photo album bound in leather. I blow a thick layer of dust off of it, and a cloud fills the air. It sparkles. In the distance, a faint guitar solo ripples like water, and a wolf howls at the moon.

You look at me. "You bring that with you everywhere?"

"No, I brought it for you. You see, I knew I would meet you one day."

"Why is it so dirty?"

"Because only you can make me clean." I smile at you.



And now step into my past with me. But first, I want to show you my face. Not mine, but one that looks exactly like me. It's from a music video by a band called "The Cults", and he looks more like me than anyone else I have ever seen. It is genuinely unsettling.

And here I am (sort of), in all my glory:

You should be able to picture me by now. Picture me smiling.

Now step into my past with me. Let me show you the secrets of my youth.

Here I am in high school playing the bass at a show. The guy playing the drums ended up trying to stab me and kill me because I dropped popcorn on his floor (Asian), so that band ended. We were called "Trilogy", even though there were four of us (my idea):



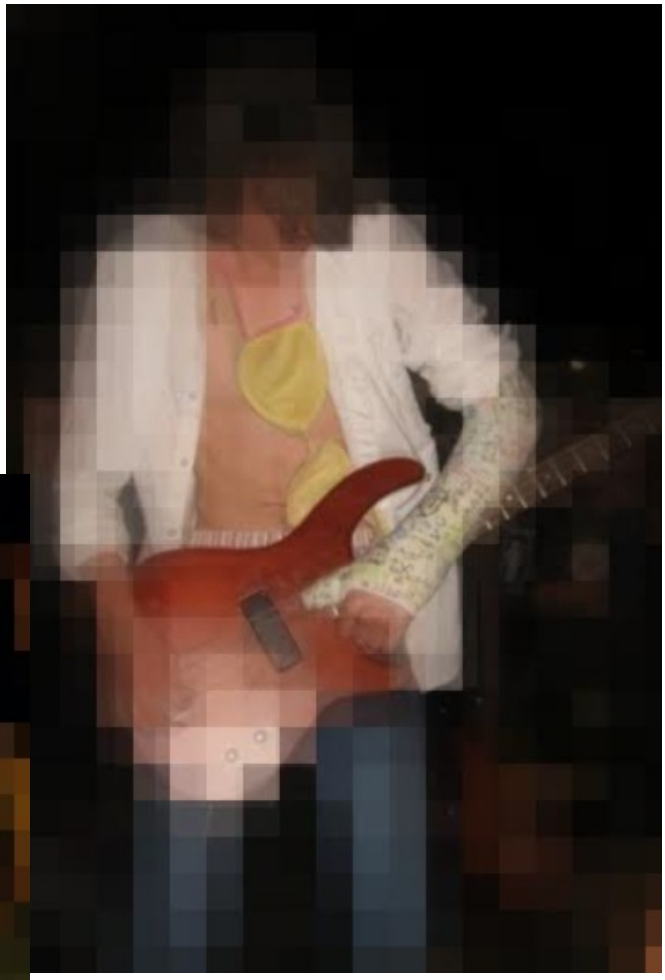
I smashed one guitar and one bass in high school because I thought that was the funniest thing ever to do and I really like The Who. Neither one was my instrument, and it was done with full knowledge and permission of the owners. It *was* actually hilarious.

If you look right in front of the kick drum, you can see the neck of the guitar I smashed. I kept it like a trophy, and displayed it like an offering.

I told you that I once played the bass in a live show with a broken arm and a cast on. I also told you that I had bras thrown at me that night, and that I crowdsurfed. Furthermore, I mentioned that I smashed up a bass and drumset when we finished playing.

And, if you aren't a complete fucking idiot, these may have sounded like dubious claims.

Well, luckily for you, one photographer in the area loved us - because we weren't like any of the other bands. So, he took quite a few pictures of us. And… I saved them.



Here they are. This is me playing bass with a cast on and a bra around my neck in high school:

That is the brown wooden bass that was thrown out when I ran away from home a few months after this (very sad.) In that picture, I was using the cast itself as a slide, which worked surprisingly well. I, quite honestly, tried to channel my inner Jimmy Page while up on stage.



This is me putting a bass through a kick drum, because we also had a spare drum set we could smash up that night (hilarious, yes. Look *really* closely – it's not the same bass I am playing above:)

And this is me crowdsurfing:



That's one of my favorite pictures, for sure. I've always wanted to relive that moment.

Here is what the full moon looked like from my balcony at the ocean house in the evening, when it first laid out its silver bridge and it was still tinged with gold:



I took that one. I clearly remember taking it, and I knew I would never, ever live in a house this beautiful again and I didn't want to forget how it looked because of all the drugs I was taking that make you forget things.

Sometimes, people fall, and they usually die because it's about 30 or 40 feet down. That house was the most beautiful house I had ever seen, and I could tell many fun stories about it. Actually, a friend of mine named David did actually die that way in 2013, the year we would have graduated. That made me feel terrible, and I shed a tear for him.

For more pictures… you'll have to go two versions up. Oh no! You'll have to read the *whole thing* to find them??? Oh, geez… *oh man*…

I wink at you. "So, what'd you think?" *Please say they're very aesthetic*

You smile at me. "They're very nice, Witness 1. Very… aesthetic. I… sense that aesthetics are something that you value.



Let's finish the story of the ill-fated ACE Elevator company now.

So, right around 2000 or early 2001 when the Port Authority was losing lawsuits left and right about the asbestos abatement and desperately looking to offload the property to whoever would be stupid enough to buy it, they decided that it would be a really great time to totally redo and upgrade all the elevators.

Then, they decided that the company that had built them and maintained them for 50 years could get the fuck out, and they hired a new company that no one had ever heard of to do it – ACE Elevator.

This company, ACE Elevator that worked on the WTC contract, went bankrupt in 2009 - as I've confirmed through government bankruptcy court filings in my other book.

There is a different Ace Elevator LLC started in 2011 in Pennsylvania, but this is not the same company as the ACE Elevator that worked in the WTC. Additionally, there is an Ace Elevator in Florida, but this is also not the same as the company that worked on the WTC.

I know this, because it turns out that a few other people noticed that ACE Elevator sort of just… disappeared… and never really… worked on anything else… ever…

You know, sort of like a… oh, I don't know. Like a completely fucking fake shell company that never actually existed except as a front for something else? Like a mafia front?

So anyways, this sort of bothered some other people, too. Besides me. I know, I know. Crazy. Like this guy:

http://www.aneta.org/911experiments_com/AceElevator/

And he dug deep into this, and one thing he proved, *for sure,* is that it is *really really* hard to find any real information on the "ACE Elevator" company that did this "renovation" work on the towers starting from early 2001 or maybe late 2000.

And that is a type of evidence in itself. It's true.

Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence, or something, but if someone is following you around furtively and trying their best to rip the evidence you just found out of your hands so they can go throw it in a shredder and prove its "absence" once and for all, well, you may just be onto something there.

That's called evidence. You'd call that specific type, maybe, "behavioral" or "circumstantial" evidence.

Like, when someone knows they are *guilty as fuck* and so they act *really weird* whenever you ask them normal questions, like, "How's the elevator repair business?", or "Who was in charge there?", and "Do you have the normal tax and business papers you are required to file publicly by law? Can we see them?"

Anyways, these elevators are *legendary* in the business.

The WTC towers were *institutions* among weird people who obsess over elevators, like those who sell them, or those who for whatever reason are just fascinated by the pulleys and weights or some dumb shit like that. I dunno, people who read fucking *Elevator World* for fun.

When they were built, they were – by far – the tallest buildings in the world. They towered like titans over even the other skyscrapers, and their elevator systems were marvelous feats of engineering.

I open the *Elevator World* article and show you the beating heart of the elevators:



"Look on the bottom left, where they touch one of the motors. They had 99 of these bad boys in the towers. Weighed 10,000 lbs each. Here's one of them today:"



Obsolete. Ruined. Worthless. A display piece, to be endlessly mocked and scorned.

It gets worse. Let's rewind. Because Otis was a real company that, in fact, actually is still around, has a website, a phone number, and some evidence it ever existed in the first place, they reacted a little bit differently than ACE did when they had their own personal 9/11 experience, in 1993.

And when the explosions went off in the basement that time, Otis did great. They sprung into action. They evacuated people from elevators. They got everyone out safely, in an orderly fashion. Perfect.

That is because the Port Authority had very specific rules for these situations, as places like the WTC complex always do. Duh. And if they aren't followed, oh boy, there will be consequences. Except on 9/11.

"Let's see, how 'bout a thought experiment! Let's say, you're in a burning tower, but you're headed out. On your way down, you see closed elevator doors with screaming people pounding on it to be let out. Smoke is coming down. Do you try and open the doors?"

You think. "Hmm… Yeah, I'd try, but… if I couldn't get it open after a while…"

"Ok, right answer. You can't get it open if you can't get it open."

You nod.

"Ok, new thought experiment! Let's say, you're the *elevator maintenance worker.* You have all the tools you need. Now, you're in a burning tower, and you're on your way out. You come across an elevator full of trapped, screaming people.

Hm… what should you do? Let's see… you're the elevator guy. *Check*. You have tools. *Check*. You have access to the maintenance systems, and ways to get the doors open and elevator down no matter what. *Check*. It's literally your job. *Check.*"

I stare at you. "Hm… thought experiment… what should you do? Maybe just… leave… instead? Like… just… *go*? You should go… home. You have better things to do. Maybe you should just… I dunno, let them roast alive in their oven like little piggies?"

You stare back at me. "That's not funny, Witness 1."

I look at your window, and my eyes are as hard as glacier ice. "No. It's not funny. It's not funny, at all. In fact, it's one of the least funny parts of this whole book. It should *shock* you. Obviously, you would let them out.

You see, as soon as the planes hit the towers and 9/11 began to unfold, these ACE Elevator workers did perhaps one of the most sickening, cowardly acts of all that day. They ran. They ran and they left people to die in their elevators. They abandoned their posts when they were needed the most.

They did… *nothing*. That's because they knew that there were going to be secondary explosions."

I pull out a December 2001 article from USA Today called *Mechanics Left Towers Before Buildings Collapsed*:

> **At the time the elevator mechanics left, dozens of people were trapped in stuck elevators**. Other people lost their lives trying to rescue those trapped in elevators, **including a mechanic from another company** who rushed to the Trade Center from down the street.
>
> **The departure of elevator mechanics from a disaster site is unusual**. The industry takes pride in rescues. In the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995, elevator mechanics worked closely with the firefighters making rescues.

I point to it. "A guy from *another building's elevator company* came into the towers that day to try and free the people stuck in the elevators during 9/11, and *he* died. He died while they walked away and lived. They left them stuck up there, dozens of them - trapped in the smoke and flame."

I pull out another USA Today article from 2021 *called Disaster within disaster: World Trade Center elevators created more tragedy*:

> **Eighty elevator mechanics** were on duty in the towers that morning, **many just a few steps from people who needed rescue.**
>
> However, the mechanics, **fearing for their safety, evacuated on their own initiative** when the south tower was struck at 9:03 a.m.

It is because *they knew.* They left because *they knew. Eighty* of them. Just a few steps away.

They ran because they knew, for a fact, that those buildings were coming down and you better be *far away* from that white death cloud.

Imagine the scene. You're trapped in an elevator with a bunch of strangers. The buildings just shook, horrific noises and shaking. Lights strobing out, power going out, alarms going off.

Your elevator stops. You are *so* scared. If you could somehow peer through the metal around you, just a few feet from you, you would see the men entrusted to care for you. To keep you safe. To rescue you from danger and harm. To pry the doors open, and evacuate you. Men who had *everything*.

You would watch them turn their backs on you and walk away, leaving you to die. Telling you that you aren't even worth opening a *door* for. That you can roast to death in a metal box, instead, because you're *worthless*.

It's dark in the box now. People whisper, some scream, some whimper and beg for their mothers. You don't know why no one is coming for you, but the noises are like nothing you've ever heard before. Then, the fires reach your floor, and start heating the air in the elevator shaft.

As surely as if you were in the belly of the Moloch statue itself, the metal begins to heat around you, and the air loses oxygen. In an elevator surrounded by strangers, you burn alive in a box. Your coffin, and your eternal tomb. Then, you are swallowed by the Nothing.

It's sick. It's unbelievable. They ran because they knew they buildings were coming down, that they were rigged with explosives and that they were *guilty.* They fled the scene of the crime.

It's *disgusting.* FUCK you guys.

You look at me, and I hand you the bong.

"That… is pretty fucked up."

"It's horrific. No one deserves to go through that. The suffering on 9/11 was so intense that it created a singularity of fear. A type of fear so concentrated that it altered the very fabric of reality somehow.

A ritual, a mass fear ritual. Fed and powered by the horrific suffering of thousands of people, while billions of eyes watch and make it real. Worship of the Fear. Worship of the Nothing.

Like nothing we've ever seen. The greatest ritual of all time, and the ultimate Satanic masterpiece of deception. What Crowley dreamed of in anticipation."

I look at you.

"Do you want to know what really grinds my gears?"

I hand you an article from September 12, 2001 that was printed in the *LA Times*.

The day after 9/11.

This is what you see:

WORLD & NATION

Security Alert Was Lifted Only Days Ago

L.A. Times Archives

Sept. 12, 2001 12 AM PT

Share

FROM TIMES WIRE REPORTS

The World Trade Center was destroyed days after a heightened security alert was lifted at the 110-story towers, security personnel said.

Daria Coard, 37, a guard at Tower One, said the security detail had been working 12-hour shifts for the last two weeks because of numerous phone threats. But bomb-sniffing dogs were abruptly removed.

"Today [Tuesday] was the first day there was not the extra security," Coard said. "We didn't figure they would do it with planes."

"'Abruptly removed.' Bomb-sniffing dogs. 'Today [Tuesday – 9/11] was the *first day* there was not the extra security.'

"That grinds my gears. It does. The fact that no one even questioned this. It's so *obvious.*

Still, none of this was what convinced me. What convinced me was pure mathematics, logic, and reasoning. Nothing circumstantial, at all.

Nothing even human about it, at all. Just cold, hard facts and measurements that *do not lie.*

It's time to prove it to you beyond a shadow of a doubt. But for that, you'll need 1,000 pages."

"Let's start with this - WTC 7 fell symmetrically and at free-fall acceleration."

I really don't know how people *can't* see that buildings *don't actually do things like this* - unless you use explosives to add a ton of energy into the system. Except, of course, on 9/11.

I think that tonight, I will finish the story of Building 7, and then we will move on further tomorrow.

The really, really funny thing about Building 7 is that on 9/11, at 4:54 P.M., a female BBC reporter named Jane Standley told us that it had collapsed *while it was still standing*. 30 *minutes* early.

Whoops! Script mix-up!

Maybe… she is a *prophet*? Maybe *God* told her? Or maybe… they are lying to us?

And here she is, in all her glory:



See that building over her left shoulder (our right)?

Yep. That's the "Salomon Brothers building. World Trade Center, Building 7. That she is saying has collapsed.

Which would be the first time that a steel skyscraper had ever collapsed like this due to fires.

Yeah, right.

Financial Times covered this little *whoopsie*, and this is what they wrote:

> On that day, the BBC reported the building's fall almost half an hour before it happened. Journalist Jane Standley was broadcast at 4.54pm eastern time reporting that the tower had collapsed – but in the background, it was still standing…it fell 26 minutes later, seven hours after the Twin Towers came down.
>
> Richard Porter, head of BBC world news, was forced to deny that the broadcaster was reading from the Bush conspirators' script.
>
> The New York Times reported that the building also housed a secret office operated by the CIA … The collapse of the building also wiped out the operations centre of New York City's Office of Emergency Management, throwing the response that day into further mayhem.

So… that is really undeniable and obvious. To this day, I have not heard one single good explanation for how Jane Standley from the BBC knew that WTC 7 was going to collapse and said it on live TV 30 minutes before it happened. It's extraordinary.

I assume that this must be the type of thing you have to be psychotic to notice, because you guys must see people predict the future all the time or something, right? I don't know - to me, it really stood out for some reason.



Oh yeah, and then this dipshit Larry Silverstein said that he gave the order to "pull it."

"*Pull it"*

In a fucking *interview.*

And here he is, in all his glory:

"Maybe the smartest thing to do is pull it."

"Pull it" *how,* you asshole? With the explosives that you knew were inside it?

While we have several motives like money laundering, spreading fear throughout a controlled demolition ritual, handling the asbestos issue, going to war in the Middle East, subjugating US citizens further, increasing government powers and surveillance, I don't know who did it yet."

I look at you. "You forgot one motive. One I haven't told you yet. And some, you deduced. That is good. There's another story about 9/11. One that I don't have time to tell in this book. And it involves about a billion dollars in gold bars and precious metals that were stored in the vaults under the WTC that were never seen again.

There's motive after motive. We know why and we have seen, roughly, how it was done. We have seen how they gained access. How they compromised the systems that kept the structure in place. Cased, bypassed, and compromised the security.

How the government coordinated at the highest levels to facilitate it. Some of the key players, but not all yet. The names, but not the syndicate."

I look at you. "The wolves, but not the pack. Not yet, at least. That'll take – "

You cut me off. "A thousand pages. Yep, I get it."

I smile at you. "I love you for reading this. You're literally all I've ever wanted. I can't believe I finally found someone who will listen to me and believe me. You're still here, reading my words That's a miracle. You're the first miracle I've ever seen, right now. It's true. I didn't know if I would ever find you."

"So, who did 9/11?"

I look at you, hooded eyes shadowy in the darkness of the newborn night.

"You're not ready for that yet. For that, you must see the fractal from outside-in. You cannot finish the puzzle before I have given you all the pieces, it will not make sense. You cannot record a song without writing it. You cannot write the ending of a book without starting at the beginning.

Can you walk in the forest barefoot at night with me? Can you see without a light? Can you look through the card to see the Queen that stares at you - hidden from you?

Can you find the hidden places, where the spiders grow strong in shadow? Where the wolves hunt and the fowler's snare lies in wait to trip you? Where the poacher's cruel gun sticks out of the blind to shoot you? Will you go all the way into the trees with me? Take off your shoes and harden your feet with me?

Can we see them for what they are – not individual beings, but part of a greater, interconnected whole? Root systems branching, grabbing, and growing in fractals underground, bridging connections and forming a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts?

An emergent system of complexity, through which chemical signals and electricity passes like neurons. A strange attractor, lying below the leaves and debris. A system which inexorably tends towards certain states – growth, communication, and beauty."

You look at me, and I smile at you. "I'm just messing with you. My English teachers told me people like monologues. That was supposed to be in the voice of God, from the Book of Job. I mean, it's true though. Can you?"

You think about it. "I don't think so. Not yet."

I look at you with eyes of shadow, lit only by our fire.

"It's time for my personal favorite part of 9/11. What happened at the Pentagon is *so interesting*. It's so unique, and strange. Let me unravel it for you, and we will start back with Dov Zakheim and Donald Rumsfeld."

And here you are, in all your glory:



So, you are the guy tasked by the Department of Defense to find the missing $2.3 trillion and get a handle on the black budgets of the Pentagon. Maybe, you were not the best choice.

When you're asked by the press about how this is going, this is how you respond:

> The task has proven to be extremely difficult for the Pentagon to get its arms around… It's kind of like trying to climb Mount Everest.

Like trying to climb Mount Everest. "Sorry boss, just can't do it. Too tired today, and, well – you know, it would be like *climbing Everest*. Gonna… need the day off."

Would that fly anywhere else except for The Pentagon on 9/11? I don't think so.

On 9/11 you make the connection to the company you built, System Planning Corporation, and utilize the software program you specialize in – Flight Termination System.

You facilitate the actual hijackings of the planes through your several decades of experience working with complicated military hardware and software designed to control planes in flight using various classified radio devices. You know these computer systems inside and out, and you see everything - whether they know it or not. You know that no one sees who you really are. You know where everyone else is looking.

Once you have done your job, you leave the relatively bright spotlight of the federal bureaucracy, and go to work at Booz Allen Hamilton - a key player in the intelligence community. You are constantly receiving promotions, and everyone is very impressed with your work.

You have a lucrative career, and retire as a very wealthy and powerful man in 2010. You deliver speeches, and can pull in tens of thousands of dollars as a "consultant" any time at any company in the business.

However, you did not actually find any of the missing money. Obviously. And so, you and Rumsfeld were called in front of the House Appropriations Committee, in a little institution that us peasants call "The Congress."

And when you were asked about your utter failure to rein in black budget spending, the huge amounts of still-missing money, and the blatant, obvious corruption when the two of you were in charge, this is how you responded – with a big, 'ol smile on your face. Isn't that right?

> Mr. Secretary, the first time and the last time that Dov Zackheim [sic] and I broke bread together, he told me he would have a handle on that 2.6 trillion by now. (Laughter.) But we'll discuss that a little –
>
> SEC. RUMSFELD: He's got a handle; it's just a little hot. (Laughter.)

Very funny stuff, apparently. Just a load of real knee slappers. They're laughing at us, obviously, because we let them do this and do not even try to stop them.

Every night as you go to sleep, Dov, you carefully brush those thick glasses that have plagued your life, and set them beside you on the nightstand. I know that you can't believe how easy it was to get away with it all, and how you expected to have to hide more. I know you are still very paranoid, and you know what you've done. I know you wake up sometimes and hear the faint screaming of the women and children you murdered for money, but you mostly manage to drown it out to a dull roar.

Oh, and you may think you are smarter than the rest of us, and that may be true for the vast majority of people. But it isn't true for everyone.

So, what was Donald Rumsfeld up to during 9/11, the day after he gloated at a press conference about throwing trillions of tax dollars down a black hole? Let's find out.

Well, here is a *real* surprise. You will *never* guess this one.

If you guessed that Rumsfeld was AWOL and incommunicado during 9/11, well congratu – fuckin – lations. You are *correct*.

You're Donald Rumsfeld, and 9/11 is the best day of your life. You have never, ever felt so exhilarated as you watch the fear and chaos you masterfully helped orchestrate play out. You are so far above them that they can't even see you.

You're a hunter.
They're just prey.

And here you are, in all your glory:



I look at you. “See the way he bares his canines? Look at the curve of his upper lip. The squinty eyes, narrowed in focus? Even when he smiles, he subconsciously signals that he wants to kill you.

This man is, observably, a hunter of prey. Every interaction with him was laced with death, and his footsteps left only trails of invisible ink. He is a ghost – except for another, *very* carefully curated, official story.

Donald Rumsfeld never entered a room without thinking about how he could kill everyone else in it before he entered. He always had a plan, but they did not. He was just *better* than them, and he knew it.

I can see the grim reaper in his eyes. The death camps. The Nothing. Can you?”

I pull out two articles, and lay them down in front of you.

Let’s start at the beginning. I’m going to show you a picture, and I want you to point out to me where the giant crashed jumbo jet is in it. Because I’m having a hard time seeing it. Maybe, I’m just stupid.

Here’s the picture:



Hmm… enhance… enhance….



Hmmm…

Now, I could be mistaken here. But I, personally, do not believe that I see a plane in that image. Especially not one of the largest ones that we've ever built. And that is why I am insane, and everyone else is not.

Here is one more shot from very early on to double-check. This was before the building collapsed on itself, when the firefighters had just shown up and sprayed the fire. Point to the airplane for me:



Hm… let's see… it's still pretty early on, with fires and smoke raging. They haven't cleared it yet. I want you to pay attention to the two bottom rows in this image. We are going to look very, very closely at that section.

You look at me, confused. "So… where is the plane? What happened to it? What was the government's story?"

I tell you that there was no plane at the Pentagon, a sound you may have never heard before. Unless, you know, you're not a complete idiot.

I tell you that it was most likely a missile from a stealth plane or fighter jet, and I'm going to prove it to you. It could have been a bomb as well, but it was definitely not what they told us it was.

I pull out an image. "And what do you suppose the government's official story for this vanishing plane was?"

You look at me, unsure.

I hand it to you:



“

They told us it came out of this hole. In a state ‘closer to a liquid than a solid.’ For real.

They told us it reached a ‘plasma state’. In fact, they were *so* sure of it that the editor of Popular Mechanics, Jim Meig, wrote an entire article explaining this simple, obvious theory purely to debunk all of the dumb conspiracy theories about how this hole could *not* have been caused by a jet with two huge engines on it.

Which he obviously did. I mean, look at it. Can’t you see it, right there? Two giant holes where the engines shot through?”

You squint at it and look at me incredulously. “A ball of plasma. And people really *believed* this?”

I nod at you, and we both sigh. Silence reigns for a moment as smoke lazily drifts up and the noises of the outside nighttime animals hushes us.

I ask you if you've ever been up close to a jet engine turbine, and you shake your head.

"They're huge. Enormous. So powerful you can sense them, even when they're off. As tall as two women standing on top of each other.

I pull out a diagram of the Rolls Royce RB-211 engine. "Let's see if we can find them. We're looking for two of these bad boys somewhere in the wreckage:"



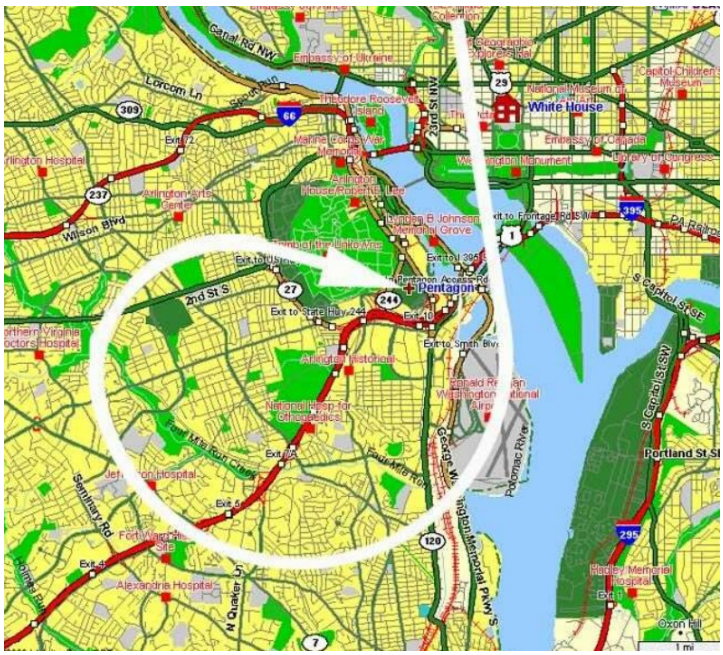
"7,000 pounds, just right here. The core alone is like if you took an SUV and compressed it down into something three feet tall. Indestructible. One of the strongest things we've ever built. You crash this plane into a building and these engines will shoot through walls like bullets - but they *will* come out of the other side in one piece.

They will still be there, actually, no matter *what* you crash into."

I look at you. "On any other day besides 9/11. On 9/11, these engines seem to have… slipped into The Nothing."

"However, before I get to what actually convinced me, what I could never deny away about the Pentagon, there's one more really strange thing about this event. Before we look at the entrance hole more closely, I want you to consider for a moment.

Here is the flight path for the plane that hit the Pentagon. Look at it. Do you see the corkscrew spiral?



Think about how tight that is. How hard it is to turn a massive jet that tightly, bring it down, level it out without crashing, skim the lawn, and then hit perfectly in the bottom of a five-story building – a tiny, tiny sliver on the horizon from your perspective.

In fact, it turns out that when trained pilots tried to recreate this extraordinary maneuver in flight simulators, they weren't able to do it. In fact, they aren't even sure if it's really even possible. Go get a flight simulator and try it yourself. You won't be able to do it, no matter how many times you try. It's ridiculous."

So, let's say you're these terrorists, flying this plane in. You've trained on smaller ones, and used some of the flight simulators, but you've never flown an actual, full-size jumbo jet before. You're *not at all* sure of yourself.

However, you made it! You made it to the heart of the Great Satan! There's your target, the *Pentagon* and like a miracle, there's no surface-to-air missiles or fighter jets to stop you. *Allah is surely on your side!*

Well, you have two options now. Let's do another thought experiment.

Option #1 – Crash your plane directly on top of the building, right in front of you, onto the roof above the command center, disabling the most important part of the building, taking out leadership, and hitting a massive target that you literally cannot miss. Guaranteed success. Spectacular damage, and much more widespread and effective.

Option #2 – Perform an almost-impossible, suicidal, corkscrew turn, nearly tearing the wings off your aircraft, bring yourself down so low you are shearing off power poles, and skim across the grass like a hovercraft - *narrowly* avoiding a crash by an absolute miracle - and then hit a *tiny* sliver of first-floor windows in an obscure accounting office that no one has ever heard of full of a bunch of computers and accountants.



I look at you. "And you're telling me you think they went with Option #2? The one that we don't even know is *possible*? I ask again – are you people fucking *stupid*?"

You know that I am right, and we light a spliff. You hand me a glass of ice water, and I drink it. A giant praying mantis lazily climbs up your screen, and the buzz of nature is calming in your world.

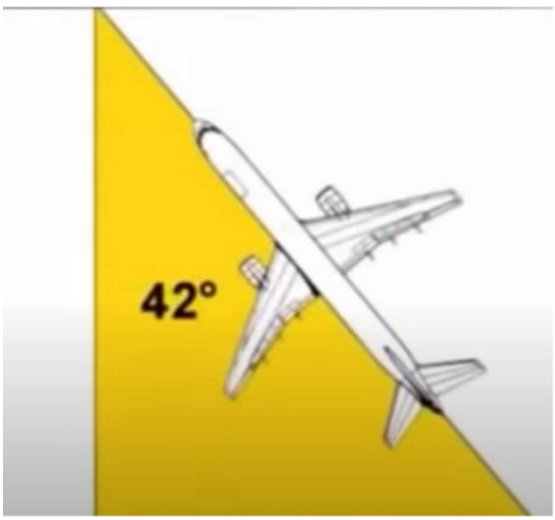
Now, I'm going to show you the best part. My favorite part.

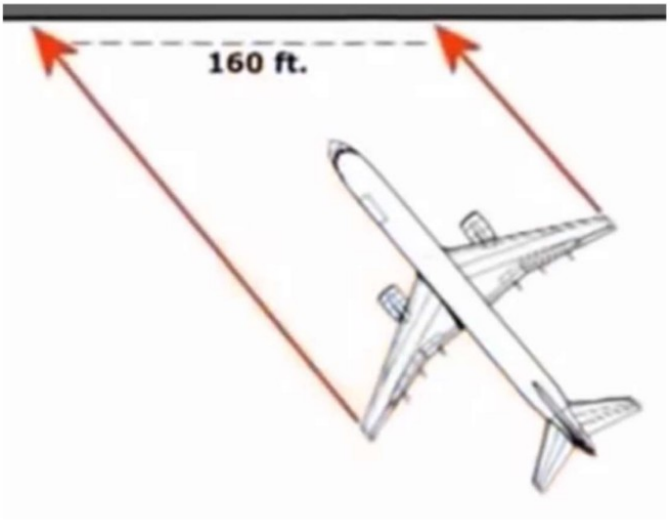
On the previous page, you can see a diagram with the width of the 757 that hit the Pentagon:

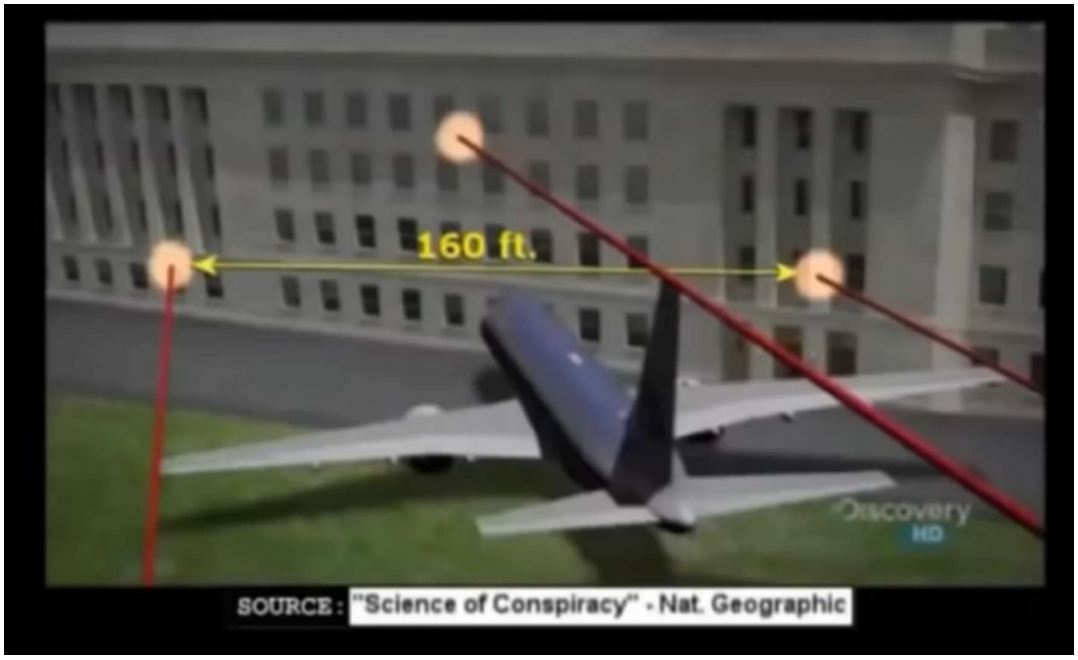
This plane supposedly came in at a 42-degree angle nearly perfectly parallel with the lawn, which looked like this:



This picture, more or less, absolutely *begs* the question I am about to ask. At this angle, we have a total width of 160 feet for the plane:







So, next we need to get the size of the damage, and compare it to the plane. We need to see if we find what we would expect to find, which is damage about 160 feet across, as well as about three stories of damage from the stabilizer - another *very* solid part of the plane that sticks up from the back.

To do this, we can use publicly available evidence, such as these documents from NIST:



Figure 2.3 Designation of areas and sections used in the original construction and of wedges used in the ongoing renovation; Wedge 1 is hatched.



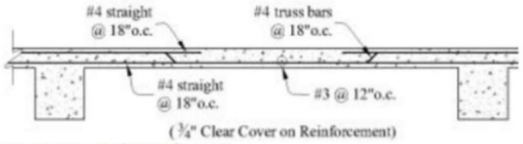


Figure 2.5 Detail of typical floor slab

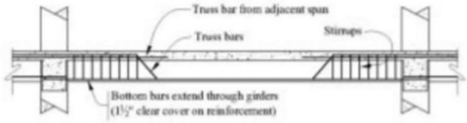


Figure 2.6 Detail of typical beam

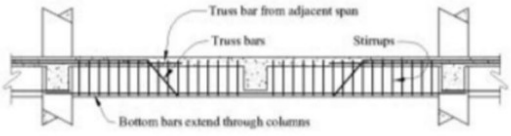


Figure 2.7 Detail of typical girder

This type of information allows us to accurately calculate the exact size of the damage from the 9/11 event at the Pentagon.

This is the most famous image of the damage at the Pentagon before the collapse, and it is a composite image:



Here is how this image was constructed, and it's from this website:

http://911research.wtc7.net/pentagon/analysis/conclusions/composite.html



Here it is *in situ*:



Now, the Pentagon is not hidden. You are allowed to go to it, and even to take pictures of it (wouldn't recommend that one, though. Seriously - don't do that unless you feel like spending some time with the angry guys and flashing light trucks. Technically, though, you are allowed to and many people have.)

However, obviously, there are much easier, simpler, and more accurate ways to establish the length of the damage in this picture, based on the known sizes of windows, columns, and the distances between them, as well as other such evidence like the NIST document above.

Thus, based on actual scientific, evidence-based calculations which literally anyone can double check themselves to verify - we can conclusively say that this damage is about 90 feet across.

Therefore, it is impossible that a 757 hit this building.

That's it. That's all there is to it. Government's story on 9/11, debunked. They *lied*. It's proven, and not one single person on Earth can debunk this. It's simple physics.

You don't need testimonies, articles, videos, any of that. This is pure, 100% unadulterated math, science, logic, and reasoning. This is not a debate. There is absolutely no way around this one. And I'm sorry to everyone. No one alive can refute this, and it's another of the screaming red sirens: "Get my ass in a courtroom – STAT!"

You *cannot* have 70 feet of airplane wing hit a building at a few hundred miles an hour and not even break a window. Not even leave a mark. It doesn't work like that.

Here are the two sizes compared (from *A New Pearl Harbor*:)



And just in case this still isn't quite clicking, here's one more visualization:



Notice the stabilizer *also* did *not* leave a mark congruent with what we should find. It should have reached up higher by at least 10-20 feet.

“Look at those windows to the left and right of the composite. The normal ones, that still look tan or brown. Look at the ones on the left, that we were told were hit by this plane wing.

Do you want to see them?”

You nod and I toss you an old *CBS* article:



I ask you if those last three windows look like they were hit by an airplane wing going a few hundred miles an hour. You shake your head. You peer in at the closest window to the explosion.

“Theres… there’s still some glass in the frame?”

“Yes. The plane was not real. It was not there.”

In the offices below Rumsfeld and Zakheim, workers slowly grind their way down. Towards the bedrock. Towards a smoking gun of the greatest crime in history, that would upend everything. Throw everything into chaos. Unwind all of their plans.

Rumsfeld feels his pulse rising in anticipation. He awaits the bloodlust. He feasts on the fear and hatred he inspires in others. He lives to lie to them. He knows nothing else.

Dov Zakheim closes his eyes and braces himself.

A stroller sits by the desk of a 2nd Lieutenant.

Lynn and David scream, too. Louder than they ever had. There had never been a sound like that in their lives.

They watch in horror as a guy named Daniel Lewin, according to the official record, makes the first move against the hijackers on 9/11. Maybe he wondered why he had to go first as he lunged over the seats. I don't know his full story, and I doubt that more than a handful of people do. However, it involves a watch – a wristwatch. Move up the fractal for more on him.

However, it appears that his bare hands were no match for the small blades they carried, and he was easily bested. They slash open his throat. Blood spews around the cabin as everyone screams.

Daniel Lewin is one of the true enigmas of 9/11, and some people think that he might be the only passenger that wasn't actually onboard the planes that day. Other than him, the general positions and stories of the victims are undeniably accurate. The victims here are real, and their stories matter. This is how it really happened that day.

The men grab two female flight attendants, and they cut them open. They cut them with boxcutters so that they bleed, and then they throw them on the floor in front of the other passengers. They tell them that anyone who moves will join the body on the floor.

The spilled blood casts its fear into the crowd of people. The flight attendants scream, open ribbons of flesh hanging from their arms and blood pouring down. They gain access to the cockpit, but it doesn't matter. Inside it, the captain has been trying to figure out why he can't control it. Why he is locked out. Every single control is frozen, and he cannot control it. It heads to an unknown destination, and all navigational devices and communication systems are out.

They stand there and look at each other. One went to pilot school. Dreamed of silver jet planes as a kid. Wondered what it would be like to walk on clouds for a living. Did it. Lived his dream.

One was born in a camp that has never been named or placed on a map, nestled in the mountains of Pakistan. Snow covers the sacred peaks around it.

From the very day they were born, these strange men were conditioned for this moment. To steel them when they would need to *do it*. So that they would not falter. In fact, they were literally bred for this purpose and had been mentally subjugated to accomplish it by extremely intelligent people their whole lives.

To die for *Allah*. Not only that – to die a glorious death. To strike a blow so deep into the heart of the Great Satan that it would usher in the apocalypse. To do something that no one has ever done before.

These programs were run and funded by the CIA, using techniques learned from MK Ultra, with the assistance of the Pakistani ISI, the Saudis, and many true believers within the local areas these camps are based in.

However, neither of the two is in control of the planes. No one that was in the sky ever controlled a plane on 9/11 after the plan was set in motion. The terrorists of 9/11 existed only in idea and name only, and they were not necessary for the plan to succeed. They acted merely as symbolic placeholders for the sacrifice – the fools.

You see, there is a company called System Planning Corporation. And they make a special software. A *really* special software. So special, in fact, that you can't even use it unless you are in the military.

It is called Flight Termination System.

Your mustache sits astride a long nose and face that you never felt seen in. You remember when they took your official photo to hang on the walls, your nervous, crooked smile. You don't like to ask people to redo things. It plays like a movie in your head.

Snap!

And here you are, in all your glory:



He asks you if everything is in place, and you tell him that it is. In a bunker under the White House, Dick Cheney sits in the command center.

You look at each other and you don't smile, but you stare.

"Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

George Bush sits in a classroom in Florida, reading a "grade-school-level reading exercise" called *The Pet Goat* to disadvantaged youth in a dingy elementary school. A movie plays in their head – about a goat, and a farm.

The President reads the magic words, and they can see it.

The girl's parents want to get rid of her goat. It foils an attempted robbery, so she gets to keep it. The goat warned them of great danger. That was the plot of the book – a warning.

At the same time, the President becomes visibly disturbed when people keep whispering in his ear. He keeps reading and adamantly does not interrupt the magic words. However, his face becomes flushed and red.

In fact, they had just finished studying words. Magic ones.

English. Reading drills.

And here are the words that they learned that day, which they had chanted together as a group:

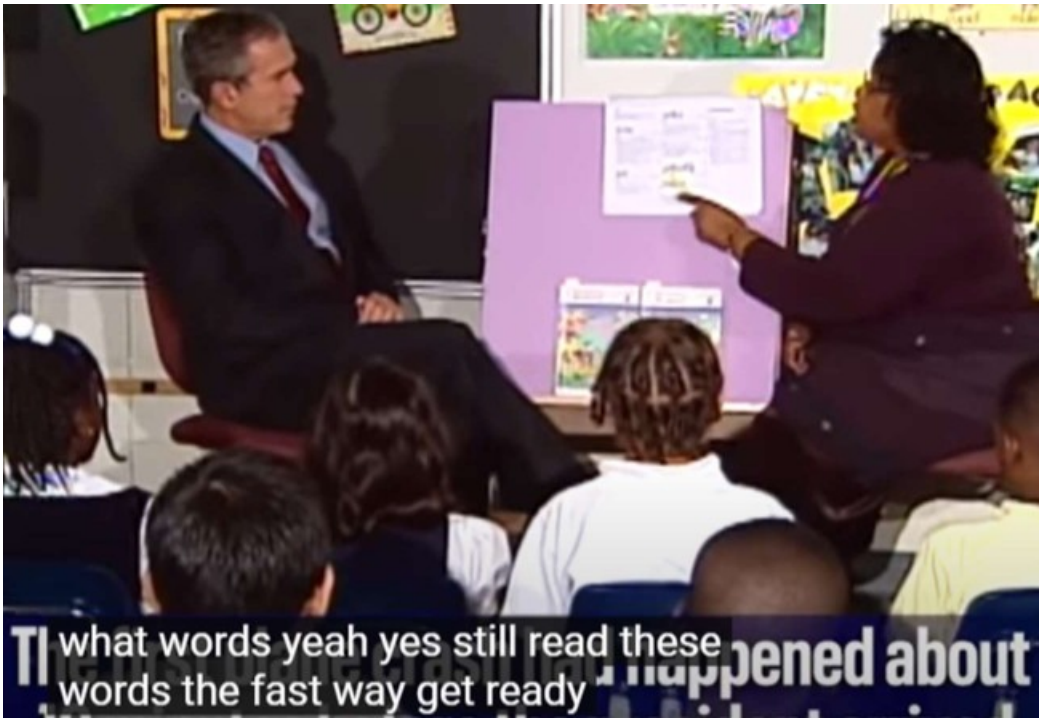
"Plane", "Steel", "Must", "Hit", "Kite"

The teacher leads them in unison like a conductor. She has done this before, you can tell.

You listen, then you tell them the tale of the goat.

Then, they whisper secrets in your ear.

And here you are, in all your glory:



I pull up sources 163 and 164 from *The More Rational Worldview* to show you the kids chanting:

[63] https://abcnews.go.com/US/September_11/florida-students-witnessed-moment-bush-learned-911-terror/story?id=14474518
[64] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9qtytifeAp8

“See! See! I told you! What the fuck, right?”

You watch the chant and look at me with uncertainty in your eyes. Fear.

“That’s called an invocation. It’s part of a ritual.”

Donald Rumsfeld sighs. He is alone now. He remembers the interview he gave last night.

And here you are, in all your glory:



He pictures the scene, and sees himself from the camera's perspective. He lingers, caught in the crystal lenses. Four versions of him look at you.

He smiles in his office. Laughs. *Idiots.*

"These people melt like butter in my mouth."

Deep below you, an accountant sitting in the Office of Naval Intelligence tries to figure out where the 2.3 trillion dollars you are talking about in the image above has gone. It's missing.

Even for the Pentagon, trillions of dollars cannot just be swept under the rug. You would have to destroy every computer in the ONI for that.

This interview had surprised most of them, and suddenly, their jobs grew more difficult. Eyes turned upon them. As you probe through an ancient list of financial ins and outs, you check the date of the computer. *September 11th*.

Where the heck is all this missing money?

You keep searching. You wondered why he sounded so casual about it on the TV. So matter of fact, while saying something so absurd. *2.3 trillion? With a "T"???* You could hardly believe it. You get up to get coffee, and your coworkers busily hum in their hive. They talk.

This part of the Pentagon had just been renovated, and people were still moving back into the office. It was an in-between space, a nowhere land. Lots of renovations around 9/11, it turns out.

People were glad to get back into the office. It was nice. The renovation work in that section of the outside wing of the Pentagon had just wrapped up around August, and all the phone lines were new. It was the first renovation in a long time, and they appreciated the new windows letting the accountants with computers look out onto the green lawn outside. Everyone liked working the outside ring. Less hassle.

You walk over to the coffee maker and wait for it to clear out. A young black woman smiles at you, a 2nd Lieutenant. She asks you, "Glad to be back home?"

You smile back at her. You feel closer to them after months of moving offices and packing boxes together. You respond.

"I am, how about you?"

"I'm in the next door over. Just paperwork today. First day back from maternity leave for me."

You congratulate her and welcome her back. She glances through an open door at a desk about 50 feet away from where you sit, and you can see a stroller sitting next to it. Its back is turned to you, but you can feel the love and pride emanate from her.

"Elisha. A boy."

"Wonderful name. A Prophet's name."

You walk back to your desk and watch her head back to the stroller and look inside. The early morning sun catches her dark hair, but her obsidian eyes see nothing except her perfect child.

A perfect Madonna and child, staring at each other, caught in a moment of time – hung in the morning sun. You return to your spreadsheets and files.

Dov Zakheim takes off his glasses, which he rarely does. He sets them down on his desk, and stares at them. All his life, he had hated them. He was different because of them. Weaker. Lesser.

They glimmer at him. Two lenses. Two circles. Two clear portals that he strapped on his face over his eyes that changed his life forever, in a negative way.

He sighs.

Could this really work? You nervously put them back on and load up the *System Planning Corporation* website - the company that you were both CEO *and* corporate Vice President of. In fact, you had worked there for quite some time, since 1987.

Until 2001.

Isn't that right, Dov? Why the career change - just felt like taking a pay cut? Any other reasons?

Fortunately, the government recognized how much experience you had, and in addition to being Undersecretary of Defense, they *also* made you the Chief Financial Officer of the entire Pentagon.

That's right - every single dollar that went in the building went through you. Through your office. Your computer screen. Basically, you were in charge of any financial issue the Pentagon may have during 9/11.

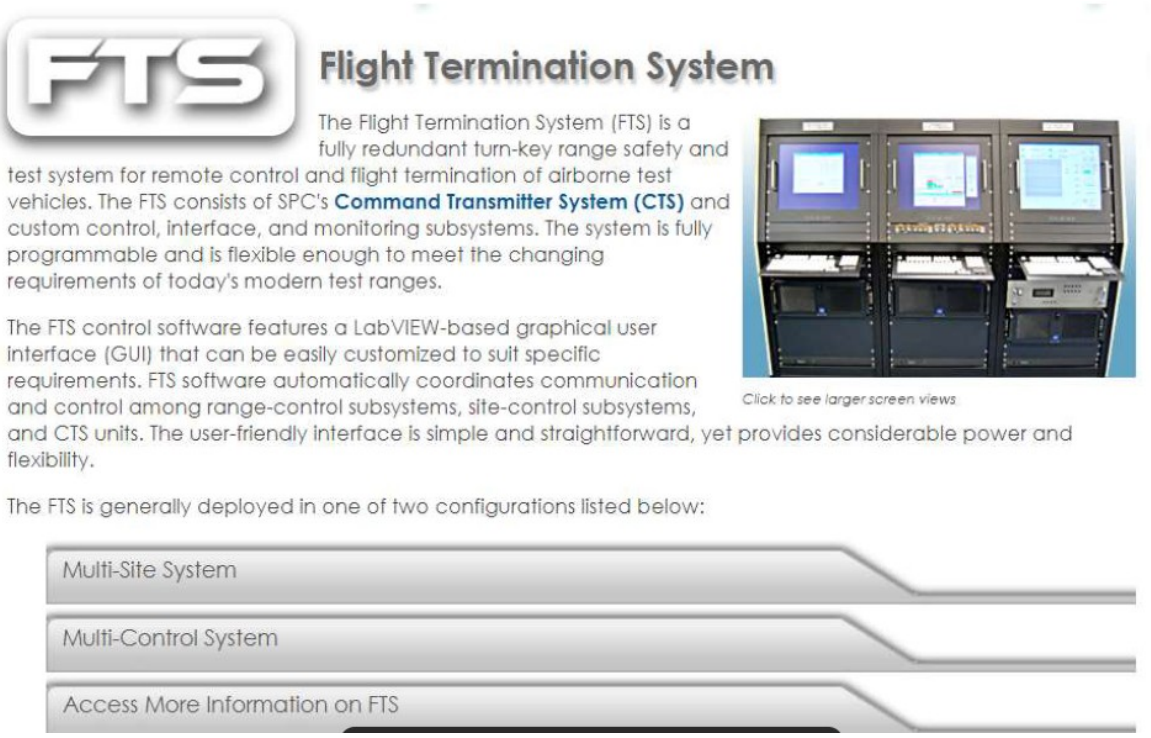
You controlled contracts, you signed off on budgets, and you always did due diligence on the paperwork. Everything was filled out correctly. It always was - it had been your whole life. You do everything right.

You knew where everyone was and had administrator-level access to every computer being used by the accountants below. In fact, you even controlled who looked into what exactly, and where the resources for any investigations into missing money would be prioritized.

Obviously, there is no missing money.

You know that. You have never filed a form wrong in your life. The missing money is *not real*, and it is your job to make sure it stays that way. However, that is not your primary function on 9/11. You have ways to communicate with your old offices, but they were not built by a contractor, and they are not on the surveys stored in the county offices. They are secure.

You have always been *quite* good with computers, and you stare at the SPC website. You go to one of the pages, but it appears to be deleted. However, you plug the URL into an archive site and in about 2 minutes, this is what you see:



In a computer in a nondescript office in Virginia that no one would ever notice, an employee of System Planning Corporation turns on a computer. He executes a program, and the script within activates.

0s and 1s flood through electronic lines, and atoms sparkle with energy. On and off, on and off, the data is sent. The command signals that authorize a series of towers that form triangular grids in the area to broadcast certain frequencies.

These frequencies radiate through the air, passing harmlessly through the steel jets in the sky. The trees likewise do not notice as electromagnetic waves pass through them at certain frequencies. Special frequencies. Frequencies that you are not allowed to broadcast on unless you are in the military.

So special, in fact, that it takes a very, very classified and secret device to detect them - which is a box that can either be attached to the underside of an airplane or concealed anywhere you could fit a box 6 or 7 feet long. In an airplane.

When these frequencies reach this exact box in this exact airplane, which was put there by two company workers who did not tell the truth on their airport job applications or use their real IDs or social security numbers, the plane locks up. Freezes out the pilot.

The two airport workers quit a while later, one a few weeks after the other. No one will ever know their names.

The jet that David and Lynn Angell are in is now at the mercy of the people sitting in a nondescript office in Virginia, close to the Pentagon but far enough away that there is no obvious connection to anyone.

Except for Dov Zakheim.

No one would ever know.

Except for one little thing.

You see, in 1991 the CIA used quite a good chunk of this money to collapse the Soviet Union, when George H.W. Bush was in office. They pulled a great financial crime off, using fraudulent security bonds. These were based on the stolen gold, and it was stored in what was called "The Black Eagle Trust."

This crime left a paper trail. These bonds would come due to be cleared in 10 years, and there was enough evidence that the world could learn the truth about the stolen gold. Trillions and trillions of dollars of wealth, drained from us. Maybe not right away, but eventually, someone would - and we are talking *treason*.

Now, the Soviet Union collapsed around Late August-September, 1991. 33 years ago, just about. And these bonds were due to be cleared in 10 years, which would have been September, 2001.

In fact, you'll never guess *what day* they would have cleared on.

To find out, let's look at one of the best papers ever written, called *Collateral Damage*. It is almost too good, and I don't understand why people don't read this stuff. It is cited very well, with 232 citations – 17 *pages* of footnotes.

Now, when it comes to this specific financial/money laundering issue, this is the number one resource on it. It is *so good.*

One of my primary theories on this paper is that it was written by an active participant, and released as a confession of sorts - to soothe their guilty conscience.

Let's take a quick look at some of the most important parts:

> The attacks of September 11th were intended to cover-up the clearing of $240 billion dollars in securities covertly created in September 1991 to fund a covert economic war against the Soviet Union…the attacks of September 11th also served to derail multiple Federal investigations away from crimes associated with the 1991 covert operation.
>
> A situation needed to be created wherein $240 billion dollars of covert securities could be electronically "cleared" without anyone asking questions- which happened when the Federal Reserve declared an emergency and invoked its "emergency powers." that very afternoon. (4)
>
> The [Bush Sr. administration's] drive to bring an end to the Cold War was fueled by a covert war chest invisible to congressional oversight. (32) This war chest would be known by several names: Black Eagle Trust, the Marcos gold, Yamashita's Gold, the Golden Lily Treasure, the Durham Trust or Project Hammer. (33)

However, don't believe anything you read just because you read it. Trust, but verify. Always. According to my research, it's *possible* that there's a possible margin of error here of a few days, at most a week or two, but it is actually true that the receipts for this crime were going to come due – at the very least - very, *very* close to 9/11.

However, according to this paper, it was that exact day.

That's why, on September 10th, Rumsfeld announced that they were missing 2.3 trillion dollars.

Because he knew that it wouldn't matter anymore the next day, as the investigations would all be closed. For some context, total US GDP in 2001 was around 10 trillion dollars.

Despicable.

This is another good question that I asked at the end of this chapter:

What happened to the real-wealth of the world such that literally less than 10 people now own more than half of it, and almost everyone else is in debt?

The insider trading and stock manipulation was so bad, that even normal people know about it. For some reason, everyone knows that insider trading happened on 9/11, especially around airline stocks. If I ever figure out why it doesn't matter to them, I'll write a sequel about it.

As usual, the government tells us absurd lies, like this quote from CBS on September 19th, 2001:

> https://www.cbsnews.com/news/profiting-from-disaster/

> U.S. investigators want to know whether Osama bin Laden was the ultimate "inside trader" — profiting from a tragedy he's suspected of masterminding to finance his operation.

Bin Laden. Was *insider trading* on stocks. To finance 9/11.

Yeah, right. Give me a break. "The ultimate inside trader." You people are fucking *clowns.*

There is actually quite a bit of evidence here, and we don't have time for it. I cite at least five *surprisingly* acute mainstream news articles exposing this. It's all right there, it's not hidden.

In fact, the full title of Section I of my first book - 250 pages - is called:

9/11: Money Laundering Operation by an International Organized Crime Syndicate

So as you might imagine, I do cover this money laundering evidence quite extensively over there. And there is a lot – but it's sort of dry. I'm creating a dichotomy here between my books, so if you want to delve into a more academic-style exegesis of 9/11, read that one too. By the way, did you guys already invent a word for "the opposite of a false dichotomy", or can I do that?

This one is the *story*, it's not about slamming you with 10 different sources.

Like this 2006 study from *The Journal of Business* called *Unusual Option Market Activity and the Terrorist Attacks of September 11, 2001*:

https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.1086/503645

Or this December, 2001 Fox News article - *German Firm Probes Final World Trade Center Deals*

https://www.foxnews.com/story/german-firm-probes-final-world-trade-center-deals

> PIRMASENS, Germany – German computer experts are working round the clock to unlock the truth behind an unexplained surge in financial transactions made just before two hijacked planes crashed into New York's World Trade Center…
>
> Were criminals responsible for the sharp rise in credit card transactions that moved through some computer systems at the WTC shortly before the planes hit the twin towers?

> Or was it **coincidence** that unusually large sums of money, perhaps more than $100 million, were rushed through the computers as the disaster unfolded?

Hm… there's that word again… "coincidence." I wonder if that's one of the main themes of my other book? In fact - oh look, Martha, he has a whole chapter in *The More Rational Worldview* called "The 99 Coincidences List!" How delightfully clever!

Let's read it, shall we? Hm…

Holy… holy fuck…

You look at her in grim silence. "Martha. It's so much worse than I thought. Tell them to make the call."

Ok, let's get back where we were. Did they, in fact – just maybe – consider, when they built these towers, that a plane could, someday, possibly fly into them? Maybe even more than one?

Lets start with Building 7, which I call "an anomaly's anomaly." I describe its implosion with the only fitting term I can think of - "spontaneous architectural combustion."

That is because this actually cannot happen in real life:





Note the NIST watermark. We'll get to them.

This building was also called the "Salomon Building", and Larry Silverstein owned it many years before he bought the towers. Giuliani put his "emergency bunker" on the 23rd floor.

In 1989, Silverstein spent around $200 million upgrading and reinforcing it, so that it would not collapse, and this is what he said:

> 'We built in enough redundancy to allow entire portions of floors to be removed without affecting the building's structural integrity…"

Yup. Pretty powerful 'structural integrity', alright. Lucky Larry, huh?

After this unprecedented and highly-unusual collapse, the National Institute of Standards and Technology, NIST, spent around $10 million dollars of our tax money to study the collapse.

They proved that it was not due to structural damage or the integrity of the structure. It was not due to any debris coming from the towers. The collapse was solely due to the relatively small fires burning in a few offices.

The BBC reported on NIST's findings:

> "…ordinary fires caused the building to collapse… that would make it the **first** and **only** steel skyscraper in the world to collapse because of fire."

To prove this extremely dubious assertion, they released a ton of data and all of the models and reasoning they used to come to this hypothesis.

No, just kidding, of course they didn't – they told us that for "public safety", no one could ever see the models or data they used to build their models of a fire-induced progressive collapse of the entire structure.

And to this day, we never have. To be honest with you, Dear Reader, the sheer nerve of this particular lie pisses me off more than almost any other. I want to see the damn models you used, is that too much to ask? I quoted them in *The More Rational Worldview*:

So, did NIST "solve" the mystery? They were funded with tens of millions of dollars of public tax money, so hopefully they were able to deliver **satisfactorily explanatory** and **publicly verifiable** results. Let's look closer at the official government report on the 9/11 collapses from *NIST.gov* referenced in this article:[243]

> 7. Why did NIST withhold from public release limited and specific input and results files for certain collapse models used in the WTC 7 study? (added 11/20/19)
>
> > This information was **exempt from public disclosure** under Section 7d of the National Construction Safety Team Act because it was determined by the Director of NIST that **release of the files might jeopardize public safety**. The withheld information contains detailed connection models that have been validated against actual events, and therefore, provide tools that could be used to predict the collapse of a building. The information contained in the withheld files is sufficiently detailed that it might be used to develop plans to destroy other, similarly constructed, buildings.

---

[241] https://www.nytimes.com/1989/02/19/realestate/commercial-property-salomon-solution-building-within-building-cost-200-million.html
[242] http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/7485331.stm
[243] https://www.nist.gov/world-trade-center-investigation/study-faqs/wtc-7-investigation

That is because they are pure fantasy, and any sixth-grade physics teacher could tell you that steel doesn't work like that. However, they do not want to do so, and they do not care to examine the evidence. The models they claim to have do not exist. They also are not real.

This absurd response from NIST goes on to discuss the "extraordinary" nature of the "fire-induced progressive collapse." They mention a need for "brevity" in their report, and conclude by talking about how the collapse was "inevitable" once their magical, invisible models kicked in. This is BULLSHIT! Go on, look at it yourself. Quote them. Really think about it.

What they gave us is known in the business as, "fiction."

And so, let me ask you a question. A familiar one.

“Can you show me where the plane is in this image?”



No? You don’t see it? How about this one. Hm… enhance… enhance…

Ok, point to the plane:



Yep, let’s see… should be a huge fucking airplane… right about... there…

Ok, one more. Maybe you're just missing something obvious.

Let's try it again. Point to the airplane in this image:



Ok, we're getting there. I see a sort of burned, black outline that looks like what a three-year old *might* think a crashed passenger jet would look like, if you ignore the people standing there showing that it's not even close to 150 feet or so like it should be. That outline is about 60 feet long, tops.

However, if you ignore the weird, obviously faked outline and the scattered pieces of trash placed in unnatural positions and patterns that quite obviously did *not* scatter from a massive explosion, you still don't really… see… a "plane", do you?

Well, I must be really fucking stupid, because apparently there *is* a plane there. And everyone else can see it but me.

And this is how it crashed:



Now, something that is *really* interesting, is that these CVR/FDR boxes - the flight data recorders ("black boxes"), are stored in the tail of the plane.

They were supposedly recovered about 25 feet underground. So… you're telling me that the nose of this plane buried itself close to 200 feet underground, and then just… dissolved? Like a "plasma state" type deal *again*?

Is this like… a whole new type of physics? Maybe we can call it "9/11 Physics." Yeah, don't get too attached to those skyscrapers or airplanes, because, boy… are they *hard* to keep track of!

Just, *poof!* Gone, just like that. *Huh, who knew?*

I mean, people actually buy this shit? Who are they? What are these people like? Where do they *live*???

Apparently, they're all around me. Making *me* feel stupid. Making *me* feel crazy. Making fun of *me* for not buying this load of *shit*.

We will look at the other three black boxes after this.

Remember the FBI agent who "saw angels" at the crash site? Well, whatever she saw that day scared the *fuck* out of her too, and she ended up retiring due to "PTSD" from her response on 9/11. Or whatever she *didn't* see. Because, it turns out, she also *didn't see* an airplane that day. No bodies, either. Just… nothing.

Her name is Lillie Leonardi, and this is her story:

> "The biggest thing for me is that that there were no bodies," she said.
>
> Leonardi, 56, remembers the burning pine and jet fuel stinging her nostrils. She said she also remembers a smoldering crater littered with debris too small to associate with the jetliner or 40 passengers and crew on board.
>
> "I'm used to crime scenes but this one blew me out of the water. **It just looked like the ground had swallowed up the plane**", Leonardi said.

A whole plane. A hundred bodies. Bones, steel. The engine cores. The stabilizers. The wings. Just gone. "Swallowed up", she says.

Yeah - swallowed by the gaping maw of the Nothing. A plane full of people, crucified on a pyre of lies.

Most likely forced to kneel, executed, and then buried in a mass grave no one will ever find. No records will exist of this.

So, then, why? Why go to all this trouble?

Well, in *The New Pearl Harbor*, we get an excellent theory from Vernon Grosse, a former NTSB investigator. He puts it this way:

> Can the public stand the truth…or do we need a legend at this point? We need a really neat story of a reaction against such a dastardly act as what was happening, so it's really nice and convenient to think of the Beamer story, "let's roll". And that becomes just like the Alamo. And it's just one of those legends, and I think there will be a lot of pressure to let the legend stay where it is.

I have deduced that this is the most likely answer to the riddle of Flight 93 – this played out exactly as intended. As scripted. This "plane" was never meant to hit the White House or Capitol Building. It was to give the public something to chew on, some red meat to inspire them. You cannot beat people down so badly without giving them yet one more lie to make them feel a little bit better.

What a catchphrase it was, too! Glorious!

“Let’s Roll!”

Beautiful. Perfect, even. And boy, did we *roll*:



U.S. Air Force Reservists Tech. Sgt. Ron (L) and Staff Sgt. Brian of the 93rd Bomber Squadron apply a decal with the phrase "Lets Roll" to the side of a B-52 bomber February 20, 2002

Yeah… so… how did that go for you guys? Oh… not so good, huh? You don’t say.

I agree with you and ask you a question. “What do you think they found on the one black box that was recovered on 9/11 - here on Flight 93?”

You look at me. “I don’t know – terrorists yelling? People screaming? Pilots panicking? A big explosion then silence?”

“Good guesses,” I tell you. But I cannot actually answer you, for even this black box probably does not exist. It only exists in people’s minds - it is part of the Nothing.”

You stare at me. “How could this be? You said that they found this one, did they not? Did people not ask to… *hear* what was on it?”

“In fact,” I tell my dear student, “They did not.”

We have never heard what is on this black box. It has never been released, and you cannot pry it out of the government’s grasp no matter how hard you try. Because it doesn’t exist.

It is not real.

When they were asked about releasing the black box by CNN in December, 2001, the FBI stated, “While we empathize with the grieving families, we do not believe that the horror captured on the cockpit voice recording will console them in any way."

And they haven’t mentioned it since. Believe it or not, we don’t even have any real confirmation that the one they “have”, has the right serial number on it. That would match the plane. They won’t even let us *look* at it. Again… doesn’t exist.

Let me briefly cover the other three black boxes at this point. Here is a summary from Wikipedia:

2001-09-11	11	American Airlines	Boeing 767-223ER	North World Trade Center, New York City	Hijack	Neither flight recorder was ever found.[21]
2001-09-11	175	United Airlines	Boeing 767-222	South World Trade Center, New York City	Hijack	Neither flight recorder was ever found.[21]
2001-09-11	77	American Airlines	Boeing 757-223	Pentagon, Washington D.C.	Hijack	FDR recovered, CVR too badly damaged by fire to provide any information.[21]

The two from the towers were never found, like I said. The one from the Pentagon was too damaged, and has also never been seen or listened to. Needless to say, this is very, very unusual for a plane that crashed in a known location over land.

In fact, as far as I can tell, it has *never happened before or since*. It’s another thing that only ever happened on 9/11. For no other plane crash will they refuse to let people even *see* it.

According to my research, out of all the major airline crashes within the U.S. investigated by the NTSB during the past 20 years, the four 9/11 'black boxes' are the only ones without listed inventory control serial numbers. You can verify this by searching for a serial number in the official NTSB documents from 9/11, like I did, and you will not find them.

And yet, they are simultaneously “indestructible.” In fact, they are supposed to be one of the strongest and most durable things we have ever built.

Here’s a quote from *ABC News* in my other book about how they test these recording devices which all aircraft require:

> FDRs are usually double-wrapped in titanium or stainless steel, and must be able to withstand atrocious conditions. The crucial part that contains the memory boards, the CSMU, is shot out of an air cannon to create an impact of 3,400 Gs and then smashed against a target. It is subjected to a 227kg weight with a pin attached to it, which is dropped onto the unit from a height of three metres. Researchers try to crush it, destroy it in an hour of 1,100 degree Celsius fire, submerge it in a pressurized salt water tank, and immerse it in jet fuel.

And yet… just… gone. *Poof*

Nothing.

And here, we come to the magic passport. Take a look at it - this mere fragment of paper and wax that survived what destroyed the undestroyable:





The Guardian reported on this passport in 2002 in an article called *Uncle Sam's Lucky Finds*, and this is what they said:

> **In less than a week came another find, two blocks away from the twin towers, in the shape of Atta's passport. We had all seen the blizzard of paper rain down from the towers, but the idea that Atta's passport had escaped from that inferno unsinged would have tested the credulity of the staunchest supporter of the FBI's crackdown on terrorism.**
>
> **Yet we were still in the infancy of *coincidence***. On September 24 the belongings of alleged terrorist Zacarias Moussaoui threw up a cropdusting manual, while four days later came Atta's suicide note.

There's *that* word again. *Coincidence.* Yeah, they call that the "Uh-Oh Feeling." I'll teach you about that later on.

You smack the table with your open palm. "How could they *lie* like that?? People buy this crap? Tell you what… I want to see the footage from 9/11 from the Pentagon! I mean, they do have security cameras at The Pentagon, right? We had invented things like *video cameras* by 2001, right? It *is* one of the most secure and important buildings in the world, no? Where's the plane, I want to see it. It *must* be there, right?!?"

I tell you that you aren't going to believe this, but it gets worse.

"There are 85 security or surveillance videos that we know of that show the 9/11 event at the Pentagon. Out of these 85 known videos, how many do you think the FBI released to the public?"

"10? 20?"

I look at you. "Two."

It doesn't make sense to you.

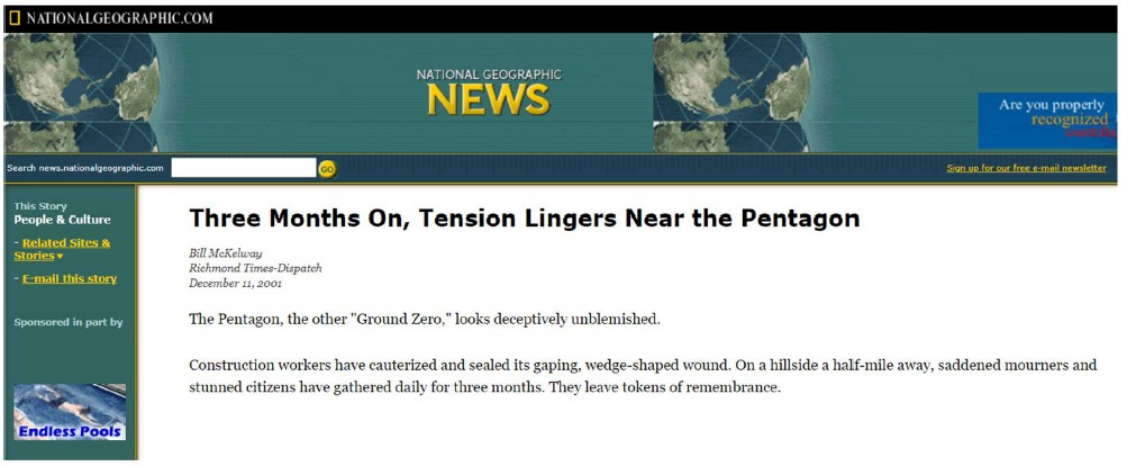
"Didn't… don't people want to see them? Can't you ask to see them??"

I tell you that people, apparently, don't want to see them, and that I know this because no one except a few insane people have ever asked to take a look at them. And the answer is, "No."

I show you all the articles from my first book that prove the existence of these tapes. Then, I flip to page 179 in my book and read you an excerpt from an old article in *National Geographic*.

It talks about a gas station owner who swears up and down he had a video of it and the FBI immediately confiscated it. Almost too soon, actually, because they showed up *right away*. It's like they *already* knew about it. In fact, they took his tape *before he even watched it*.

It's called *Three Months On, Tension Lingers Near the Pentagon*, and it was published on December 11th, 2001:



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Endless Pools

Three Months On, Tension Lingers Near the Pentagon

Bill McKelway
Richmond Times-Dispatch
December 11, 2001

The Pentagon, the other "Ground Zero," looks deceptively unblemished.

Construction workers have cauterized and sealed its gaping, wedge-shaped wound. On a hillside a half-mile away, saddened mourners and stunned citizens have gathered daily for three months. They leave tokens of remembrance.

Velasquez says the gas station's security cameras are close enough to the Pentagon to have recorded the moment of impact. "I've never seen what the pictures looked like," he said. **"The FBI was here within minutes and took the film."**

"They took all the tapes. They knew where to be before it even happened. They knew, and they know the power of the images on TV. To control the narrative is the greatest power of all."

I ask you if you think it can get *even* worse, and you nod.

"The two that were released are terrible. Very low-quality and pixelated. All you can really see is a bit of blue and a flash. But what tiny, tiny bits you can make out *don't* appear to be anything like what they told us."

“And there’s something else. One of these two videos has been altered or manipulated, and it can be proven.”

I pull a slide projector out of my satchel and fire it up. “Here is one of the angles they released. As you can see, the parking barrier on the right blocks the main area we need to see, so this video is largely useless:”



“The other video came from a camera actually embedded in that very parking barrier, so it should give us a clear view of the plane.” I look at you. “Do you think it will?” By now, you know it’s just a rhetorical question.

“Here it is:”



You look at me. “You’re joking, right?”

I tell you, with sorrow in my voice, that I am not. That these are, for real – *seriously* – the two clearest images the public ever saw of the “plane” that hit the Pentagon.

“What???” You stare at me and I do not respond. “You’re being serious?”

“Yes. These are the best two frames, with the clearest images of the plane, from the two security camera videos of the event that were released.”

I ask you to point to the plane in these pictures. You laugh, because it is so ridiculously obvious that there isn’t one. “Now, I will prove to you that these frames are edited.”

I smile over at you. “In the next version up. No room here. Do not be afraid. You are not alone. You are valuable and loved.”

You like that. It’s true.

I smile at you. “If a picture is worth a thousand words, how many will you give me for edited Pentagon security footage from 9/11?” I sigh, and blow out a storm cloud.

I grin at you. “Have you ever… no, never mind. It’s too much for you in this version.”

You snort. “Come on. I’m still reading, aren’t I? I’m over halfway done, I might as well swim all the way across, now.”

I laugh, too. “It’s true. So, do you want to know what it’s like to be dead? Well? Do you?”

You stare at me. “Maybe… maybe in a book.”

“Have you ever wondered what mixing mushrooms, acid, ecstasy, cocaine, and weed together would feel like?”

You stare at me. “…um… no… well…” You think.

Hm… actually…

“I changed my mind. Yes, I have wondered what that would feel like. In fact, I did just now!”

I smile. *Persuasion…*

“You’ll see, Dear Friend. Keep reading up the fractal, and I will show you what it’s like to be dead. Remember this – smoking tricks your lungs into thinking you’re dying, but psychedelics trick your brain into thinking you’re dying. That’s your teaser, I hope it worked.” *Wink!*

I pull up the 13-minute long live version of *Eruption.* We watch as he takes a huge drag on a cigarette, tucks it into the strings on his headstock, and blows a perfect Gandalf ring:



“I mean, the guy’s on top of the world. You can’t tell me it gets any cooler than that. No child sex slaves either, at least as far as I know. I mean, look at this fuckin’ guy. He’s a legend. The greatest guitarist of all time, by a mile too.”

You agree that this is pretty much peak coolness. We watch him play the tapping section.

“When he first did that, guitarists would come to his shows just to try and figure out how he did it. He would turn around sometimes and play backwards. No one else could get that sound, for a few years.

Now, we can all learn *Eruption* if we really want to. It’s a known quantity. Back then, *he was the only person on the planet that could do that.*”

I stand up and start air guitaring along with it. I pull the blue Ibanez with Ocean Eyes out of my satchel and look at you. “I got the half stack in here too. You wanna hear it???” I blow a perfect Gandalf smoke ring, tuck the spliff behind the strings of my headstock, and wink at you.

You sigh. “Witness 1… I mean, *Eruption* is really cool and all - and I’m sure you’re really very good at it, and I appreciate how you tied in the whole ‘gatekeeping information’ leitmotif there with the part about how Eddie would turn his back on the crowd so the other guitarists couldn’t play the tapping section of *Eruption*, and your lecture on the sociopolitical implications of the Roth/Hagar musical schism and how it relates to our inner struggles between modernism and

antiquity was very interesting and everything, but… aren't these testimonies supposed to be more about, you know, The Bible, and Jesus Christ?"

I laugh. I love talking to you.

"Your compliments are so true, Dear Reader. It's almost like talking to a mirror, sometimes. Yes, it's true." I close my ocean eyes.

"And I have written much on it. For anyone who desires, I will send much, much more on this. My book called *Theology, Ontology, and Eschatology*. On my proofs for supernatural authorship of the Bible, my arguments for the –

You know what, hang on."

I pull out *The More Rational Worldview*, and show you the *Table of Contents*. "Read Section II:"

II. Supernatural Authorship and Historicity of the Bible - **245**
- I. Ontological Arguments for the Existence of God - **246**
- II. Historicity and Accuracy of the New Testament - **257**
- III. Historical Arguments for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ - **265**
- IV. Independent Attestation - **268**
- V. Archeological Confirmation of the Old Testament Narrative - **278**
- VI. Fulfilled Prophecy - **299**
- VII. Bible Codes Contain Proof of Supernatural Authorship - **338**
- VIII. Divine Inspiration - **351**
- *IX. Giati Apologia?* - **358**

"It's all in there. Everything you need, right here. I already wrote it. And no one will read it.

Also, *The Narrow Path* in Appendix G of this book. Speeches, sermons, blog posts, books. Thousands and thousands of people. I am a Christian, and I believe it to be true.

But, do you know what I've learned from doing this?"

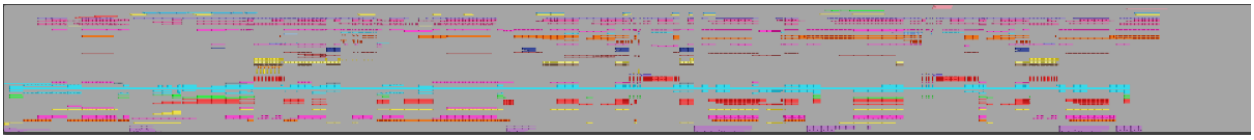
You shake your head as your mind explodes with euphoria. "Witness 1," you ask me. "Do you really think you're the greatest musician of all time?"

I laugh, even harder. "Yes. But not subjectively, objectively. In a technical sense. Let's listen to my song. I'll do something for you that I never did for anyone else. I'll open up my project file and teach you exactly how I made *The Greatest Song in the World*."

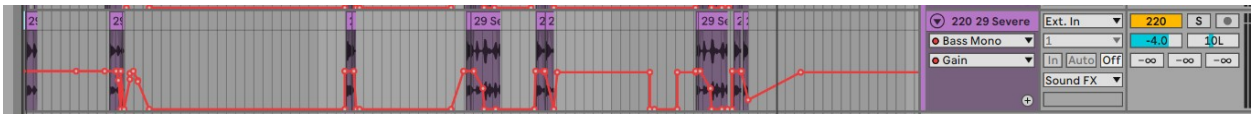
Here's a sneak peek:

“Come, peer into the depths of my soul. See what I have never shown.” I pause the music, and 30 inches of the room stops moving.

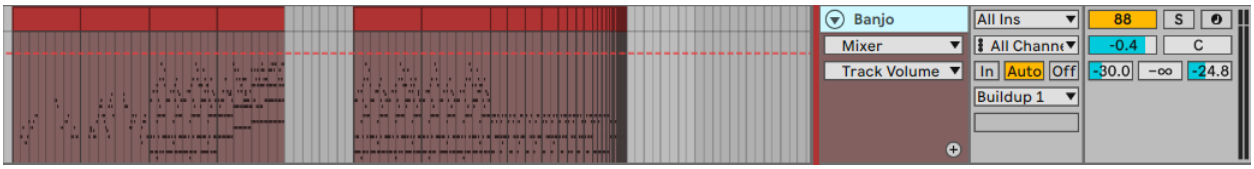
Ableton calls this the “Overview.” It’s a visual reminder of where your clips are at, used to subconsciously keep you in context:



Here is the last track in my file – one of the two thunder SFX tracks. There are 220 tracks, and 15 of them are choirs:



This is the lead banjo track:



My hooded eyes twinkle at you. “This is my favorite part, the Celtic fiddle and banjo riff that comes in at 9:42.

I learned the truth about this song when I danced for the first time, which was to this part. It’s actually a 13th century ancient European dance song that one of my ancestors wrote. We danced to it about 1,000 years ago in deep forests, and it was passed down through my bloodline.

This particular part is old, older than old. It was very popular, and it spread. It entered the human psyche, and it instinctually speaks to a deep part of you. Though it is new, it is familiar. It was one of the first hit songs ever. It was, actually, the first dance song.

This ancestor of mine created the genre of dance music with this song, deep in the painted woods of Ancient Ireland. It was played in castles and festivals of lanterns and wreathes. It was a beautiful song of hope and young love in the sunny grass. I kid you not, it was about my ancestor’s young love with a beautiful blonde girl, who swam in water, and how they made love in a sunny barn one morning among the hay and animals. Hiding from the others and the way it changed their lives.

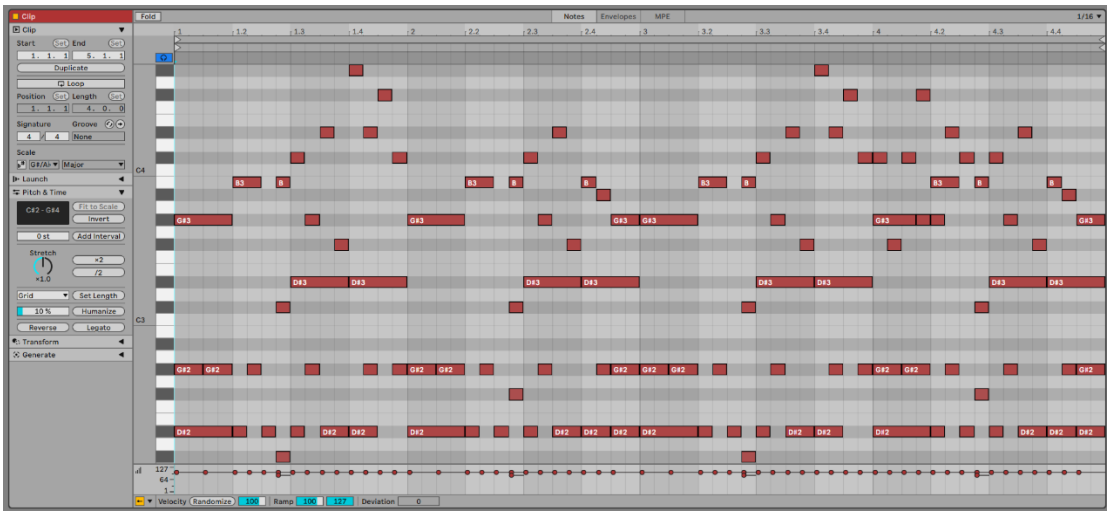
It was first played on a lute-type instrument with only five strings. Women loved it. *Kings* loved it. Weddings, feasts. It’s true - I learned all that when the government megadosed me with acid. My ancestor in ancient 13th century Ireland was the world’s first-ever rock star.”

You laugh. “Do you really think that?”

I smile softly and look at you across the room in complete sincerity. “Yes. I do. I saw it within the fractal. It *told* me.”

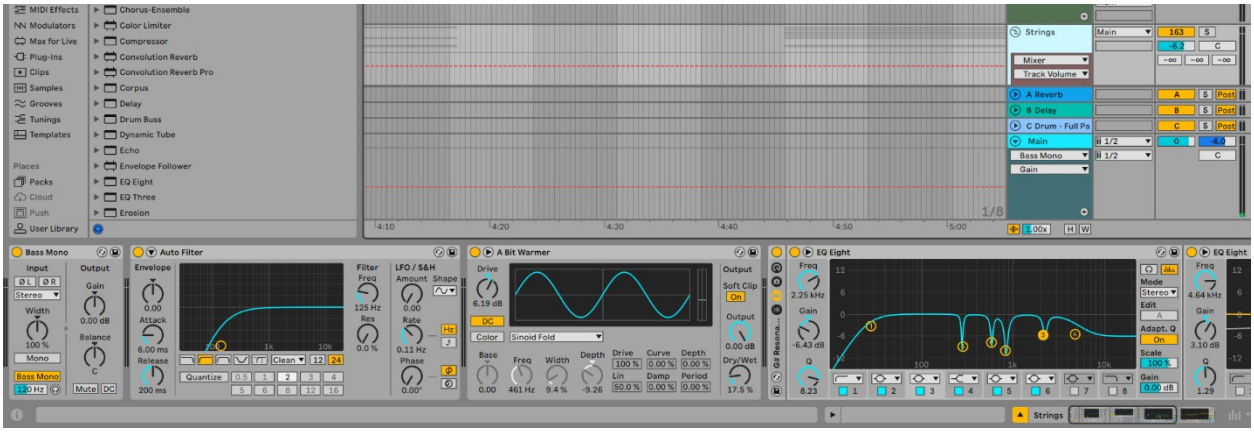
You think about it. “Can I get a *source* on that?” We crack up together.

Here it is in closeup:



That’s the best thing that I have ever written. I will never, ever, write a riff this perfect again - you don’t write music like this, it writes you. And I’ll tell you, it is *hard* to draw in squares like that and get music out of it. You can see the velocity markers on the bottom. For an instrument like banjo, you won’t want too much variation here.

This is the master buss for my string section, and you can see an example of the Bass Mono effect and the Hi Pass Auto Filter set at 125 hz, as well as what it looks like when you sweep for those harsh frequencies and remove them with an EQ (very important for strings):



You can also see a saturator called “A Bit Warmer” with the Dry/Wet set pretty low. I forgot about this, it’s a great trick to make certain tracks stand out more, but do NOT overdo it.

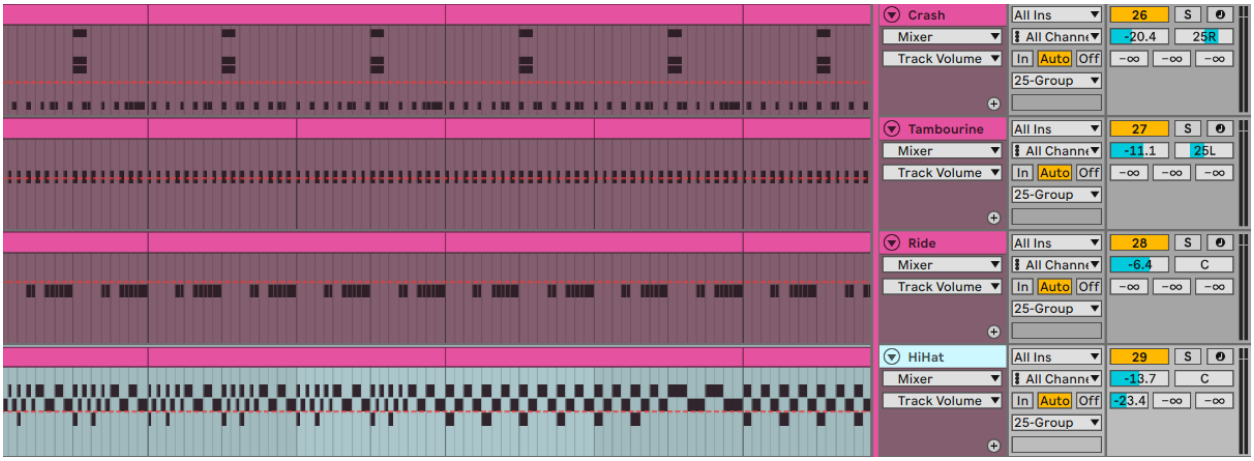
Ironically, producers and engineers love to tell you that “warmth” is not a real musical term. That it’s not a “real thing.” Of course it is, you just have to find it – like that “soft clip” button on the saturator.

Above the EQ, you can see my three buss tracks, which any other track can be sent to at any time. The standard three that work quite well are – reverb, delay, and a very heavy, 100% wet compressor for the drum group (they call this “New York Compression” or “Parallel Compression.” Do NOT send the kick drum to this track – phase cancellation. Only *one* kick drum.)

This is what the three arpeggiators and the instrument rack for my lead Sawtooth synth looks like. You can see two grouped arpeggiators (“MIDI effect rack”) next to the lone one, and five instrument tracks in my Sawtooth group (“rack”):



This is what my rhythm percussion section looks like:

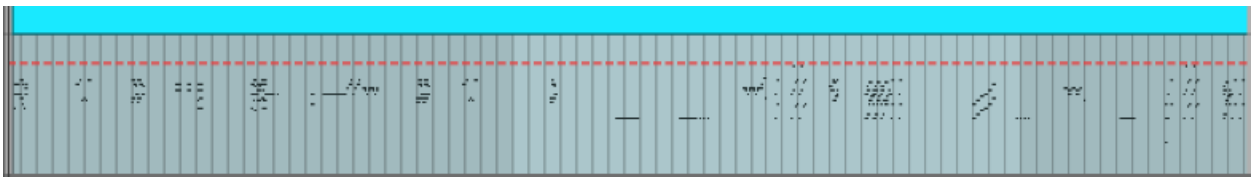


Here is what the Gregorian Chant synth looks like (by far the most aesthetic one):



This synth has a limited range, which is shown in blue. The red keys are keyswitches, which change variables in the sound, and the yellow and purple perform various other functions that are not really what I want.

So, I have to make sure I'm not hitting any of the keys that aren't blue. The way to do this is to consolidate the full MIDI track, and then select notes across the grid, transposing or moving them until they all land within this predefined section. Here is what that looks like:



It's beautiful, isn't it? Who would have ever thought that little squiggly things like this could convey information about music?

I look over at you. "What do you think?"

You like it. "I've never seen anything quite like it before."

"It's visual art, too. Ableton is visual art as well as musical art. It's the most beautiful and perfect computer program of all time."

You can't debunk it.

I grin. “Here, I invented a cookie recipe for this book. It’s… in the full version.”

I look around at the silent crowd. “Oh, shit… do I need to move this part over *The Crazy Factor*, too? Is this weird?”

The crowd laughs and reassures me that this is a normal thing to do, and I should keep the recipe for **Witness 1’s No-Bake Peanut Butter Graham Cracklers** in my book.

You try one. “Mmm, these are so good! Wow Witness 1, I didn’t realize you loved food so much, too! Wow, so many talents.”

I wink at you. “Oh yeah… I *looooovvveee* food!!! Tell me… can you hear the futile screams of the tortured ones within? How they echo off the steel slaughterhouse walls? Well? *Can you???*”

“Eat us…”

“Bind us to your flesh forever…”

“Consume the rotten fruits of mankind’s DISEASE!!!”

“Behold the filth, the coagulation of the slaughterhouse drains!”

“The white, dripping fat and the red mucous. The sprays. The screams.”

“They echo, echo to steel walls - but no one hears their cry. No one comes to them.”

“Taste it, Dear Friend. Taste it and see. How delicious it is.”

“You KNOW you want it. Don’t you???”

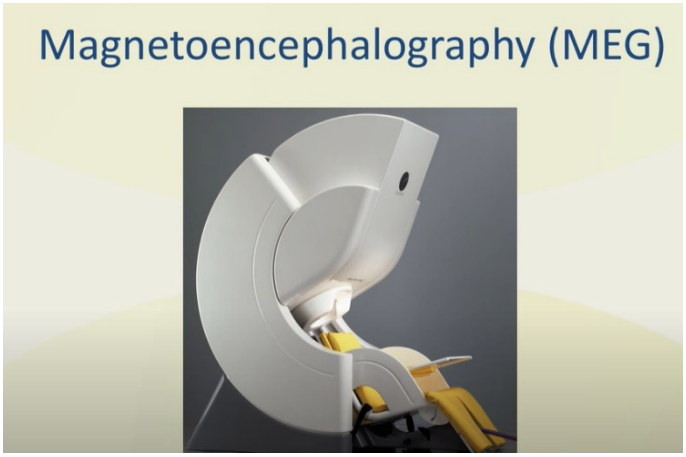
“They were ALONE! BEHOLD THE FILTH!!!”

You stare at me and I stare back at you. Then, I laugh. “Nah, I’m just messing with you.”

While you eat them, I pull up Dr. Patricia Kuhl’s 2017 lecture called *Music and the Baby Brain*:

https://youtu.be/tIQzleOmwEc?si=JAZBKrlIiZdhKEdq

So, you watch it and learn about her research. This is called a Magnetoencephalography Machine, or MEG. They cost $2.5 million dollars each, and they were the first non-invasive, easy to use device that allowed us to monitor and record real-time brain activity - even in babies. The first device that didn't bother them, and allowed natural brain activity in a totally relaxed, comfortable setting to be observed for the first time.



In fact, Dr. Kuhl was the first researcher to use one of these devices to study neurodevelopment in babies, and here is what it looked like:

And what she found was simply *extraordinary*. Earth-shattering. So profound that it could forever change *what it means to be human*.

You look at me. "Elaborate on that, Witness 1." You're starting to get it now.

I continue, "Ok. So, we already know from Rick Beato, Diana Deutsch, and my personal experimental confirmation with my son that you can, in fact, induce perfect pitch in children solely though high-information music exposure and active listening sessions.



It's actually not even hard, it just takes 2-3 hours a day of active participation, and the effort to keep music on around them during the day (I also run high-information music all night for my son, so he had about 20 hours a day exposure on average for the first 3 to 4 years.)

And it turns out that if you happen to have perfect pitch, playing and understanding music is actually not hard at all. It's just 11 notes and an octave that repeat in different orders and patterns, after all."

You can see now. "That's why you said this can only work if everyone was a musician! It's actually possible, isn't it?"

I smile. "Yes. Every single person could play music. And if not the ones alive today, their children could. If we put in a concerted effort, within three generations, every single person

could be a musician, simply by acquiring perfect pitch as an infant. This could be done systematically, and it would not be difficult."

You're not satisfied. "So what? We all make songs in Ableton forever? Play guitar together? What's the point of all this?"

I pull a scroll of papyrus out of my satchel. On it is written my transcription of a small part of Dr. Kuhl's lecture on YouTube. I hand it to you and stare deeply in your eyes.

"This is one of the most profound and interesting things that anyone has ever discovered. I want you to read it very, very closely, and think deeply about the implications of what she says.

She is describing her results from a study she did using this device and two groups of babies – one exposed to relatively complex musical patterns, and one that was not. Listen *very carefully* to what she says:"

> [In the] auditory area the babies were better at music. Now, this is what we expected, this was the prediction, but here was the first surprise - the surprise is that **we were also affecting prefrontal cortex where attention, executive function and all those sort of higher level cognitive [function] things go on.**
>
> And here again you see at exactly that time that there's a difference between the experimental group, the music kids, and the kids who didn't experience music. Again, **highly significant** so that became **very, very interesting**.
>
> We didn't… you know an experience comes through a sensory modality - we didn't just change that sensory modality - **we changed a prefrontal cortex**!
>
> We trained a baby, we thought, to attend to that pattern, they were looking for that pattern, expecting that pattern, so [we thought that] that **something broader is going on…**
>
> Similarly in prefrontal cortex we see a **significant difference** between the kids in the music group and the kids in the non-music group and here are the plotted data
>
> Okay so we've seen a fairly simple experience only 12 sessions it's only about five hours of experience [but it did] have a pretty **profound effect** not only the on that sensory system but on **the systems that pay attention to patterns** and our interpretation is that we have trained these babies, this experience has trained the babies, to pay attention to patterns - that **patterned experience is what the world is about.**
>
> **That as you exist in the world, the idea is that predicting what's going to happen next turns out to be very important. It's very important for finding salient events, it's very**

important to social interaction, it's very important to cognition to predictively code the experience now so you know what's going to happen next.

So we think that what music can… do to the baby brain is to affect them in a more profound way than you might imagine. So visual patterns, auditory patterns, haptic patterns, they may come in and change sensory systems but do a bigger job than that and we believe that there are very big implications of this.

You look at me. "Explain this."

"The prefrontal cortex is where *you* are. Where you think. Where you make decisions. They call it the 'executive function' or 'control center.' The real difference between the man who throws his life away on a cheap murder behind a bar over an argument and goes to prison for life and one who excels at everything they try and finds true meaning in life is the *prefrontal cortex*."

"So, you're a materialist?"

I laugh. Good question. "No, I am a dualist. I believe in a soul that is distinct and separate from the brain. A spirit-mind that is above the mere flesh, blood, and synapses in our heads.

However, only a fool would say that the brain does not affect the mind. That Phineas Gage didn't have a personality change because of the railroad spike that went through the part of his brain that controlled that. That we can't affect real, tangible changes in our reality and our perception of reality by altering the brain. Putting substances in it, for example. If we can change the way we think, we can change the way we act.

And it turns out that music is unlike anything else. It's not even comparable to fertilizer, gasoline, or steroids for the brain. It is closer to actual magic than those. It implants entirely *new* ideas, and opens up pathways that would have *never been possible* without it.

This is the way that humans can live well. This is *not* the meaning of our lives, but it can finally lead us all towards it. Together, for once. Without murder, without violence, without kidnapping, without rape. Without greed and anger. Without wickedness and malice."

I show you the videos of Dylan Beato reciting Pi to the 500th place, multiplying 5-digit numbers in his head, and reciting the entire periodic table of the elements. Without even *trying*.

It's the high-information music. It literally changes our brain. Think of how smart we could be, how well we could live, if everyone had superhuman memory, reasoning, empathy, self-control, social skills, logic, decision making ability, executive function, and all the rest.

Ever heard of the *Fruits of the Spirit?*

From Galatians 5:22-23:

> Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

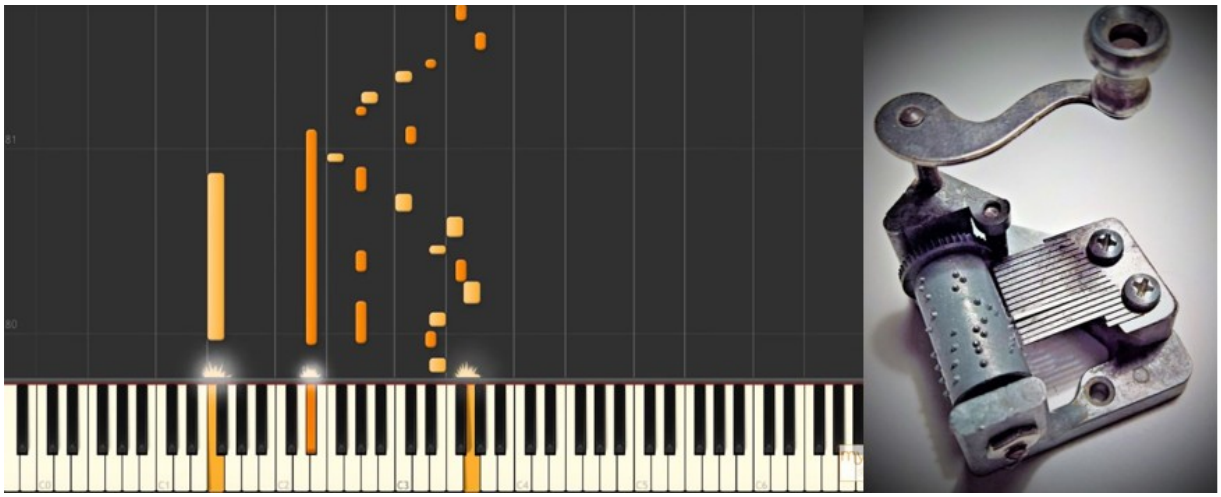
And where the *fuck* do you think that these things come from? The *pre-frontal cortex. That* is where we *decide to do good*. *That* is where we choose to *not do evil*.

This is how we stamp out greed, violence, and hatred. *Forever.*

You look at me. "That would actually work, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. It *would* work. But no one has ever listened to me."

I showed my son probably close to 500 hours of these type of MIDI roll, "music box" videos:



I did quite a bit. This one guy, Aydin Esen, is another key that I used quite a bit to unlock perfect pitch. It's all in there, in the appendix.

I showed him all kinds of visualizations of music, like these two interpretations of *Canon*:

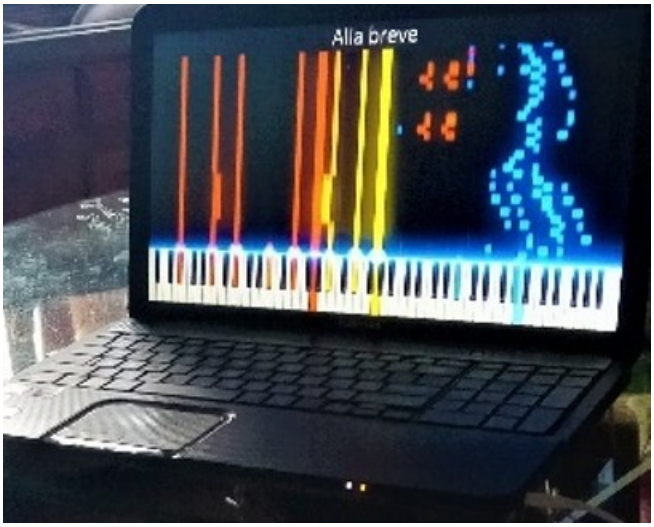


Pachelbel, Canon in D (2.1) w/scrolling bar-graph score



PACHELBEL'S CANON

This is from a picture of him watching Rachmaninoff play on my laptop:



That's how you teach a baby music.

"Oh, wow. Huh. I never thought of that."

I smile. "Thank you, Dear Reader. Now, can you see? It would actually work. All we would have to do is agree to stop killing each other, stealing from each other, kidnapping each other, raping each other, and torturing each other for a while, so that we could focus on this for a little bit.

I mean, how hard is that, really? Is that *really* so much to ask? Do people really like doing that stuff that much?"

We laugh. I pass you the bong, and I exhale.

I look at you sadly. "No one believes me."

You know that I don't lie.

"And it would go on forever and ever, too. It would keep getting better and growing more effective."

You look at me through the smoke. "How?"

"Right now, there are only a handful of people in the world who can play this kind of music. Technical, fast enough, perfectly in rhythm. Aydin Esen, Hiromi Uehara, Oscar Peterson used to, Martha Argerich, Yuja Wang. There's a few hundred more, obviously, but relatively speaking, a tiny amount. The shredders on guitar, maybe a few hundred of them. Other than that, nothing.

Some jazz and classical qualifies. I mean, there's definitely thousands. Maybe tens of thousands.

But you know what, virtuosos today are *extremely* rare. However, as this process goes on, more and more people would be virtuosos. Within five generations, everyone could be. The whole time, our collective body of music would be growing *more* high-information, more complex, and *better.*

This would improve our prefrontal cortexes, our thought processes, even more in turn, and the whole thing would speed up. A *positive reinforcement feedback cycle*.

This is how we transcend ourselves. This is why the Bible talks so much about songs.

This is why it started with The Word."

Your mind is fucking blown.

"I guess I never thought about it like that before."

"No one has. Except me. *This* is how we change the world."

We think for a minute, and ponder the possibilities.

"They would have to believe."

Suddenly, you find yourself on a quiet airplane. We're humming along, far above the Earth, and you peer out your window to see the bluest sky.

You look over to your right, and there I am. I smile at you.

"It's Tuesday. Have you ever seen *Nightmare at 20,000 feet*?" I frown and whisper – "The only real monsters are other people."

You stare at me like I'm an alien. "Where are we?"

I smile at you. "Don't stare, but look where I point."

You do, and you see a calm flight attendant. She is sipping a coffee and reading an inflight magazine as the plane cruises. She is in her 30s, five feet and five inches tall.

She is athletic and strong, and when she moves, it is with a quiet dignity and practiced confidence. You can tell that she has experience with people, and she deals with them gracefully and efficiently when they come to her with questions.

She meets your eye and smiles. You turn back to me.

“Who is that?”

I point two finger guns at you.

Snap!

Suddenly… you’re in a… *warehouse*??? There’s a… party going on? Some kind of rave? You look over and see a stage, backlit by a huge, round window. Suddenly, I jump up on it, and I’m wearing a white zoot suit! I throw my Frank Sinatra hat at you like a Frisbee and point –

“Dear Friend, are you OK? Are you OK, Dear Friend? Dear Friend, are you OK? Are you OK, Dear Friend?“

I gyrate my hips rhythmically while singing weird vocalizations in a high-pitched screech. A tight, funky bass line plays underneath me. “*Ow! Cha!*”

As he came into the cockpit – with the sound of – a crescendo – ow!
Looking back from the flight deck – see an attendant – with a secret – cha!
He left bloodstains on the carpet – She ran to row 32, with an airfone – cha!
He could see that she was unable – to escape to – the back row – ow!
It was Tuesday, such a black day – there was no way – to stop him -cha!
Every time I try to find him – there’s more clues, there’s more sin – ow!
Some weird line about hiding under a table – in a bedroom - and more bloodstains – cha!
Totally normal thing to sing about – by the way – ow!
With that, I jump down off the stage and start walking towards you while pointing.
“Cee Cee are you OK? Are you OK, Cee Cee? Cee Cee are you OK? Are you OK, Cee Cee?”
I spin around and twirl.

“You’ve been struck by… a smooth scrivener… I mean… criminal!”

I look over at you. “Ok… I’m rushing this. How’d I do?”

You clap for me and smile. “Very nice! Very nice job, Witness 1!”

I smile. *Dear Friend is so polite. I love him. No one else treats me this kindly. No one else will listen to me.*

I sigh. “It’s OK. You don’t have to lie to me, Dear Friend. This is crap, I’ll tell you why.”

I take off the white zoot suit to reveal my normal plain white T-shirt and jeans.

“I start writing this, and I have all these funny ideas. But then I start thinking about what I’m writing, what Cee Cee Lyles went through, and it fucks me up. I seriously…”

I look away from you because I get embarrassed about crying in front of people.

“Sorry… can you hand me my towel… I get so sad about it. But, I wrote a 500-page book. Not enough people read it, because it’s written in a dry, academic voice. Now, I wrote a 1600-page book. And I’m not an idiot, I know that no one will read that. So, I pulled 300 pages, put that aside, and turned it into a 1,300-page version. Then, I realized I need to make a 700-page version, and whatever this one ends up being, hopefully about 300. This is my writing while I am frantically rushing and occasionally trying not to weep so hard I fry my laptop.

So, now I’m editing three books at once and cascading edits up through them. Altogether, it’s almost 2,500 more pages in this project. I’m… I’m trying but the tonal shifts here are so strong. It's like going from C major into G#m out of nowhere. And I *need* to finish this.

The only plan I can think of is to give the people what they want. A show. It’s the only way they will read again.”

I smile at you and put my Willy Wonka hat and purple coat with two little tails on again. “Thank you for listening to my futile, self-inflicted bitching and moaning. So… *smooth scrivener? Huh???*” I raise an eyebrow. “Not bad, right? You know… *Bartleby the Scrivener*?” I wiggle my eyebrows at you suggestively.

You laugh. “Oh, yeah! The writer who just… stops showing up one day… let’s see… all he ever says is, ‘I would prefer not to’, and he starves himself to death. It ends with ‘Oh, Bartleby! Oh, humanity!’ It’s a… masterpiece. It is.”

I laugh, too. “You’re so smart, Dear Reader. If I had more time, obviously, I would work this in twice – once where I sing to you, and once where I sing to her. I had to just do it like this. Is that OK?”

“Yes, it’s OK, Witness 1. I understand.”

Ok, so Cee Cee Lyles. She has a secret. Do you want to know what it is?”

You nod.

“She was a lion. She had courage in her heart.”

I nod. “Extraordinary courage. I’ll show you.”

Two finger guns, and a –

Snap!

So, you're Cee Cee Lyles. You worked as a police officer in Florida for six years, and they liked how you were willing to chase and tackle your suspects. You worked your way up to detective. You had two sons, and you married Lorne in 2000.

His two sons became your own, and you managed a household of four boys and a husband. You worked overtime at hospitals and a power plant to provide for them, and Lorne worked with you as a dispatcher. Not all cops back then were bad, and you actually seem like one I could get along with.

They say you liked to smile, and that you were athletic. That you played softball and baseball with poor kids through programs at your job. To help them.

However, you wanted to travel. And so, on October 11, 2000 - you fulfilled a lifelong dream of yours and became a flight attendant for United. Less *stress*, I assume. Lorne found the job opening for you and supported you.

And here you are, in all your glory:



On 9/11, you are on United 93. You've been at your job for less than a year. Suddenly, it's all over.

Before you enter the gaping maw of the Nothing, you are given one last lifeline. One last chance to breathe the air before drowning. One last time to speak to the man you love.

I assume you were forced, but grateful for the opportunity. Maybe you were resourceful enough to figure out how to make this call on your own.

You did *so good*. You did a great job. In fact, I realize now that there are more heroes than I thought there were in this story. You are a hero, too.

So, you call Lorne. And he doesn't answer. That must have been terrible. You leave a message.

It is Tuesday, 9:47 A.M. and you call from an airfone on Row 32 ABC.

Before you say anything else, right after "Hi, baby", before you even mention that you are on a plane that's been *hijacked*, you tell him one thing. One very, very important thing.

In fact, you knew that you were telling *us* that, too. You knew that we would *listen* to your call, and that one day someone would *hear you*. This was the only way for you to tell us your true story.

And people did listen very, very carefully to what you said. In fact, certain people have pored over your call *quite* closely, second-by-second. Maybe even more closely than that.

So, you told him the plane you were on has been hijacked, very calmly. Very cleanly. No doubt, fear, or hesitation at all. You tell him that you love him and to tell your children together that you love them.

You say that you're sorry, and that you "don't know what to say."

Then, in a sort of a more detached tone, you repeat a narrative that has clearly been fed to you where you talk about three guys and flying planes into the World Trade Center.

Your voice cracks, and the story changes. For the first time, I hear real fear. I can also tell that you are no longer lying, like you were when you talked about hijackers and the WTC, but you are now telling the truth.

Either something changes where you were, it hits you all at once, or you were smart enough to give us clues with just your voice. You can tell, for sure, that you are going to die. Right now.

You almost start crying, but you are so brave. I can hear the anger and courage in your voice as you prepare to leave it all behind.

You mean this far more than what you just said –

"I hope to be able to see your face again, baby. I love you. Goodbye."

Then, something very strange. They did not know how smart you were. You seize the moment, when they must have turned away, and you whispered something. Something very, very strange. At just the right volume that we can hear you, but they wouldn't have. You *said* it. They did *not* steal your voice.

And so, this is your legacy, your epitaph. Something they can never take from you. Your indelible mark on the universe that stands as an eternal testament to the great crime committed against us on that day. you whisper – "It's a frame."

It's a frame.

Listen to it here, preferably with headphones on, at about 0:40:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5SED76UvuAw

I don't know what to tell you man, but if that phone call doesn't make you cry, you might be some kind of psychopath. I cannot write these stories without pausing to dry my hands and face from the tears. Something about it really, really bothers me.

I think it's the fact that the people who did it are still alive, walking around, on the news, rich, free, powerful, living their lives, with names, faces, and addresses that we all know. Some, like Rumsfeld, are dead now, but the vast majority of the people who did this to us are alive today. They walk among us. Almost every single one, in fact. And we all know it, deep down.

Cee Cee Lyles is one of the few heroes of 9/11 – because she told us the truth.



We're almost done. The last real thing I want to cover here is the gold bars, which is a fascinating story in and of itself. Along with everything else we've covered, 9/11 was *also* one of the most successful gold heists or robberies of all time.

According to this article from *The Independent,* there was somewhere around $1,000,000,000 worth of gold and precious metals stored in the vaults under the towers.

Yep, a billion dollars.

Basically, this billion turned into $200 million, and the firefighters accused Giuliani of caring more about getting his hands on this gold than he did about their lives. We can read a quote from their union from *Bloomberg*:

> "He valued the money and gold and wanted the site cleared before he left office at the end of 2001 more than he valued the lives and memories of those lost,"

They said he basically injured and killed a bunch of them carelessly expediting the cleanup process and cutting a bunch of corners to get to that gold as soon as possible.

Let's see… what did the union call it when I quoted them in my other book… hmmm..

Smash and grab? No, no, that wasn't it.

Oh yeah! They said that Giuliani was carrying out a "scoop and dump" operation, and that's a quote, because all he cared about was getting to that gold – not the bodies or injured firefighters. Cool.

Now - I assume that, rather than what you might expect - this was actually to *cover up* evidence that the gold had *already* been removed and the vaults emptied before 9/11 began. That could never be known.

Apparently, almost a billion dollars of precious metal was just "destroyed" and vanished under the WTC complex on 9/11. Some of it was recovered, but most was not.

There were also all kinds of precious artworks, jewelry, statues, etc., as the complex was considered one of the most secure places to store things in the world. There is absolutely no proof that any of this was actually destroyed.

The reason he had to get down there before anyone else was to make sure all the evidence of the crime was gone – the crime of taking them out of the vaults right before 9/11 happened.

The location of these precious goods and all of this various treasure currently is an unknown unknown, you might say. Maybe, it was all destroyed 25 years ago. Maybe, it wasn't.

Here is a quote from an article that talks about "untold gold and valuables" that were missing after 9/11. Some construction workers were getting close to where the vaults were, and guess what happened? Read for yourself:

> As workers inched closer to the gold Tuesday, authorities began restricting access to the north side of Ground Zero, and FBI and Secret Service agents joined police officers and firefighters at the site.
>
> **If I tried to go down there, they would have shot me, said a construction worker shooed away from the tunnel. They sent most of us on our merry way, said one worker.**

They would have… *shot* you? I'm sorry – what the *fuck?*

The plot thickens. Do you remember Kroll Security - the company that hired John O'Neill to run WTC security two weeks before 9/11, after the FBI forced him out for calling out their lies about Middle Eastern terrorism?

We read this excerpt from *The More Rational* Worldview together, from an article in the *New York Times* published in November, 2001:

> About two weeks ago, **a security team spotted scorch marks on a basement doorway below 4 World Trade Center**, on the east side of the ruined complex, according to officials.
>
> Even in a place of mass devastation and death, those scorch marks got fast attention. They had not been noticed by a patrol team a few hours earlier, and behind the damaged -- but intact -- door were nearly a thousand tons of gold and silver. **To security officials, it looked as if someone had tried to break in.**
>
> The bank also engaged **Kroll Inc.**, a security business based in New York, to supervise the relocation of the gold and silver, a process that began this week, The Daily News reported yesterday.

That's a little weird, huh? Kroll took over security for the complex following the 1993 attacks. I wonder if there is anything else weird about them? Hmmm…

Let's see…. Kroll Security….

Hmmmm…

I wonder if there's anything… weird… there.



Time to introduce a new character to our story! Marvin Bush.

And here you are, in all your glory:

You like wearing tuxedos and cocktail parties. You like money. Unlike some of our other characters, you enjoy when people know who you are. You relish the fear in their eyes when they find out you're a *Bush*. That you make people disappear.

However, you still keep *mostly* to the shadows, and you try to stay out of politics. You worked for a small little security company that no one's ever heard of called *Securacom* from 1993 to June, 2000. Why did you leave, Marvin? Was your job compromising the towers done?

As a matter of fact, you didn't just work for them, did you? No, you were part-owner. A "principal" member. You were on the board of directors. You may think we are all stupid, but some of us know who you are and what you did. It was your little project. The Kuwaiti blood money that founded it.

You see, Securacom changed its name at some point. Gave itself a little PR makeover. And the name they chose, as you may have guessed, was *Kroll Security*.

Let's bold that one, baby:

That's right, George Bush's *brother* was in charge of security in the towers.

Anyways, apparently, that's totally *not* weird, and I should stop asking questions about it. Luckily, I don't really give a fuck.

So, here's a good article that covers this, and even claims he was still the one in charge of the WTC security contract all the way through 9/11:

https://www.scoop.co.nz/stories/HL0301/S00032/uq-wire-security-secrecy-and-a-bush-brother.htm

Am I the only one who thinks this is a little *fucking weird*?

Is anyone out there even real?

And that's not all! It turns out that Securacom/Kroll Security *also* had the security contacts for Washington Dulles International Airport and United Airlines.

That's right – George Bush's *brother* ran security for not only the WTC, but one of the airports *and* one of the airlines that were used on 9/11. Incredible stuff, these coincidences.

Amazing.

So… why was George Bush's brother running security for the towers, an airport, and an airline used in 9/11?

Did we all notice that too and just agree not to talk about it, or is that actually weird as fuck?

And that reminds me, actually. There is one more story about 9/11 that I almost forgot.

It makes sense, as the key players are always behind the scenes as much as possible. It wasn't all him - but looking at Dick Cheney provides yet *another* unique angle and insight into the day, as well as *another* totally fucking bizarre episode with no explanation.

Whoops! I turn off the slide projector. You'll have to… go up a level on the fractal for that… sorry. I'm already way over what I was going for. This story is too complicated… that's why this is the only way to tell it. Sorry if it's a dumb idea, by the way." I smile at you.

"That's OK, Witness 1," you say. "I'm enjoying it. Thank you!"

I wink at you. "Let's go deeper. But first, how about a monologue? Huh?" I raise an eyebrow at you. "My eighth grade English teacher said I gave the best monologue she'd ever seen. Brought a tear to her eye. It's true. *Romeo and Juliet.* The 'star-crossed lovers' sequence."

You smile. "Oh, yeah! I saw that in middle school, too. Geez… that was kinda weird."

I turn to you. "Ok. Monologue time. Here we go:

So, go ahead. Read my books and debate me. Call me crazy to my face. Tell me I'm wrong to my face, based on real evidence. Prove me wrong. Try and debunk my sources, I dare you to do it. I fucking wish someone would debate me. At least I tried.

So go ahead, make my day. I think you people need to look in a fucking mirror.

You think about it, and pull up an index of child sex abuse cases from the Catholic Church over the last five decades. "Yeah… I guess that makes sense… but so what, Witness 1? What's the point of all this?"

"Patience, my only friend. I will get to the point. Together, we will solve the eudaimonia issue."

At this point, I light the blunt and pull off my best Scarface impression. I grin at you.

"So, what? What are you looking at? You need people like me. You know why? You're all a bunch of fuckin' assholes!"

At this point, I stand up and start gesticulating. People love that. I look in your eyes and smile like a cheeky Cheshire cat.

"You need people like ME, so you can point your fingers and say, 'That's the bad guy.' So, what does that make you? Good? You're not good, you just know how to hide. How to lie.

Me, I don't have that problem. I always tell the truth, even when I lie.

So, say goodnight to the BAD GUY!"

I look down at my cards. "Oh… shit. Wrong one. Sorry about that. Here, let me try this again:"

Well, maybe one day we'll find out the truth. A man could dream, I guess.

The truth is – these are serious questions. And, if enough people cared, we could answer every one of these questions in about 24-48 hours. Oh, well.'

We sit in silence together, and I stare up at the sky.

In fact, they're so serious that they grieve me. I find them to be grievous.

If only there was some kind of way to get people together, agree to all just listen for a while to somebody about how bad and serious these problems are instead of arguing about things that don't matter, and then come up with some type of… I dunno… some type of document, maybe.

A book or letter. Sort of like a… a 'redress of grievances', official type of deal. Almost like a thing where we, the people, come together with a new plan for us, and some new ideas.

A new story for us. Someone new to listen to for a change.'

I look over at you. 'Wouldn't that be cool? I wonder what we would call it.'

You think.

Hmmm…

‘That’s a fun thought experiment.

I look over at you. “Well? What’d you think.”

You roll your eyes. “English teachers are always right.”



I pull up an article from the *New York Times*, and tell you, "If you haven't caught on by now, you're going to want to default to using archives to research these older articles about government lies."

https://archive.is/Oz4uo


The New York Times

Vietnam War Intelligence 'Deliberately Skewed,' Secret Study Says

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By Scott Shane

Dec. 2, 2005

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1 - The National Security Agency has released hundreds of pages of long-secret documents on the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin incident, which played a critical role in significantly expanding the American commitment to the Vietnam War.

This is what *Operation Northwoods* turned into. *Gulf of Tonkin.*

They didn't get the spectacular acts of terrorism on American soil that they wanted *quite yet*, but they did get to blow up a few ships or something and lie about it to get us to commit to Vietnam.

We'll never know the full truth, but we know that whatever they told us was a lie. Obviously, Kennedy had to be dealt with as he had rejected the false flag concept, and the coup progressed slowly over the next couple of decades. Hey, I wonder if Jim Morrison knew anything, since his dad was in charge!

Oh, wait…

I pull up the Gulf of Tonkin Wikipedia article and show you a few lines:

> The United States government falsely claimed
>
> for the confrontation and the ostensible, but in fact imaginary, incident on 4 August. Later investigation revealed that the second attack never happened. The National Security Agency, an agency of the US Defense Department, had deliberately skewed intelligence to create the impression that an attack had been carried out.[5][6][7]

"Falsely claimed…" "In fact, imaginary…"

I look at you. "Those are called 'euphemisms.' That's a nicer way of saying that they lied."

One of the great tragedies of our world is that the government is too busy murdering people, lying to us, running guns and drugs, financially scamming us, committing war crimes, and downloading child pornography to keep us safe or take care of us.

You look at me. "Downloading… *what???*"

"Oh, shit. Sorry. Forgot what version we were in. Here's a sneak peek:"

It boggles the mind when you consider how much they love locking people in cages for doing these exact same things.

I hand you the actual Northwoods documents, and point to this paragraph:

Pentagon workers found to have downloaded child pornography

Dozens of staff and contractors with high-level security clearance put at risk of blackmail by their sex crimes



An aerial view of the Pentagon building in Washington - the HQ of the US defence department. Photograph: Jason Reed/Reuters

UNCLASSIFIED

7. Hijacking attempts against civil air and surface craft should appear to continue as harassing measures condoned by the government of Cuba. Concurrently, genuine defections of Cuban civil and military air and surface craft should be encouraged.

"*Hijackings*. Now, you do not merely *look* at this paper. You *see* it. You see its place in the fractal, and how it connects to the rest."

You ask me if I really proved that H.W. Bush was involved with the JFK assassination.

"No. You cannot 'prove' such a thing. What I proved was that he worked for the CIA at the time and tried to lie about it, quite successfully for some time, and that his political career started in 1963, the same year Kennedy was shot.

This one, I can feel it in my bones. My skull and bones."



You laugh.

"Masturbated in a coffin… in front of his dad… fucking weird, man."

I look at you and frown. "You don't know about the Skull and Bones yet. The sons of the 322."

Three final puzzle pieces. I turn to page 24 of *The More Rational Worldview*. You look at the *Gladio* insignia:

"What is this?"

"Gladio." I point to the page:

> Operation Gladio is the name for a series of clandestine, "stay-behind" armies left after World War II in Europe by NATO and the CIA. These armies, under direct government supervision and approval, conducted bombings and other acts of terror on civilians "indiscriminately", in order to maintain a political "strategy of tension".

“Basically, what we’ve learned about Gladio in the last few decades is that it was the European counterpart to MK Ultra, and it focused more on physical violence than mental violence.

Kinetic damage vs. mind control. They blew people up – in buildings, cars, on the street. Kidnapped them. Shot them. They were still studying fear, how to use fear to control people. They just went about it in a different way.

As we are seeing, to view the power structures of the world as *separate* is folly. They are *not* many. They are *one*. Gladio *is* MK Ultra *is* 9/11. And boy, did they have a good time.”

You look at me. “A… *good time*? I don’t think so, Witness 1.”

You look out to sea. “I mean, surely, these were sober soldiers fighting for what they believed in at the end of the day, right? Doing what they thought would be best for us all and for their country?

I look at you and laugh. “ Welcome to the Fractal, BABY! Watch it bring you to your n-n-n-n-n-knees, knees! *Oh, I wanna watch you bleed!*

Welcome to the fractal, we can take it day by day

You learn to live like an animal in Sinclair’s jungle where we play

Welcome to the fractal, it gets worse here every day

Feel my serpentine! I wanna hear you scream!

Ok, ok. I’m sorry. That was just for you. By the way, I didn’t put the *Fiddle About* sequence in the other book, either. Too fucking weird. Heck of a good hook though, right?
Lots of riddles… lots of riddles. Hey, how about one more?

Now, this seems to be a real stumper for people. I mean, a real, mind-boggling riddle for them. People actually literally cannot seem to wrap their minds around the following diagram.

It’s another thought experiment. Let’s say, hypothetically, that you reconstruct the towers, exactly as they were. Then, you take approximately the top 10% of the towers and lift them off with a crane.

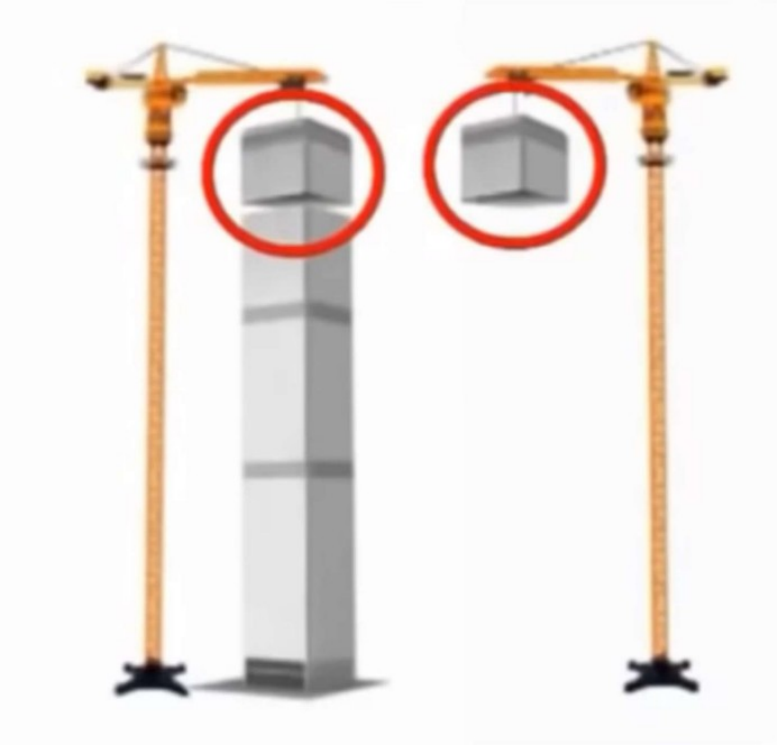
One crane swings out and drops the top 10% of the building through the air, with no obstacles, towards the ground. Nothing at all is in its way as it falls towards the ground.

The *other* crane drops the top 10% of the building right back down, just a few feet, on top of the remaining 90% of the structure.

Ok, and so far, no one I ask this to has ever gotten this right –

Which top 10% of the building will hit the ground first? The one that falls through air, or the one that falls through about 900 feet of concrete and steel?

This is a helpful diagram from *The New Pearl Harbor* to help you visualize it (people like this):



Hmmm… let's see… a real tricky one, here…

You look at me.

"I know this!"

I encourage you to go ahead and tell me what you think the answer is.

"The one without the 900 feet of concrete and steel below it!"

I look at you and smile. I pass you the spliff and congratulate you for being the first person to ever answer that question correctly. "Why do you think it's so hard for them?"

You sigh, and ask me if I think that asking a rhetorical-question-within-a-rhetorical-question makes me sound smart. I ask you if that's a rhetorical-question-within-a rhetorical-question-within-a-rhetorical-question or if you really want me to answer it. You do.

"Yes, I do. But it was a real question. So, why is it so hard for them?"

You look at me, without smiling this time. "Because they choose not to look at the spiders in the dark out of fear, because the Synagogue of Satan has used contagious and purposeful fear to condition them to behave, think, and act in certain ways.

Through false flags like this, manufactured wars, and state-sponsored violence, people have been subjugated so badly that they have retreated inside the fractal for decades now - staring at its ridges and curves like the shadows in Plato's cave.

Convinced that what's real is not, and that what's not real is.

They refuse to believe that it repeats, and that it goes on forever right outside their door. That there is more than they could possibly understand. They will not look, and you cannot force them. You can only play them a sweeter melody than the pied piper."

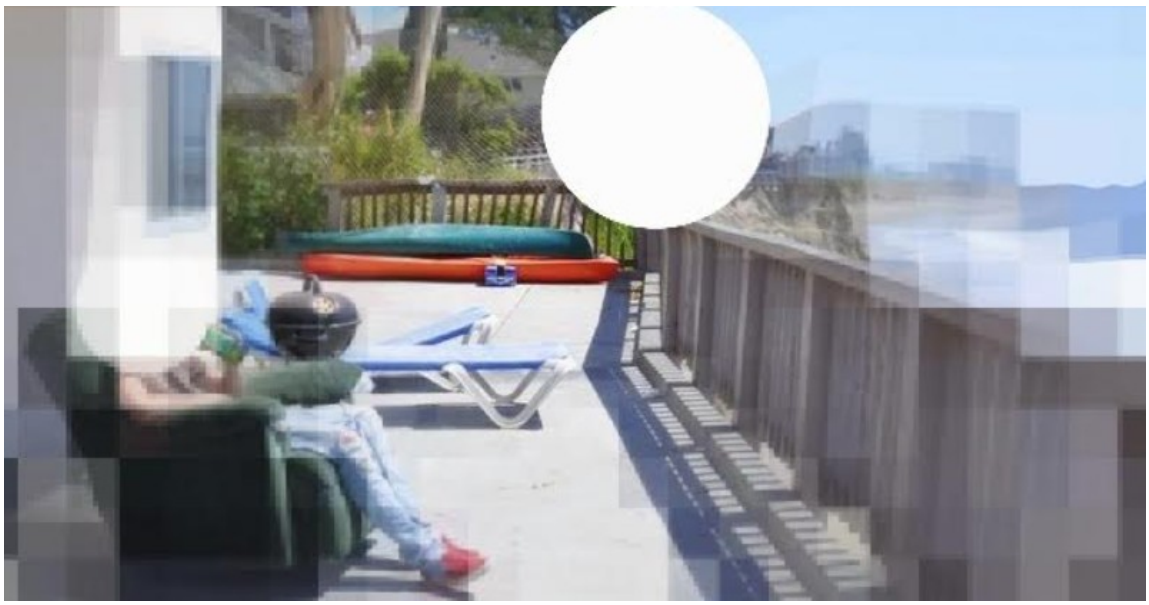
I look at you.

"Yes. You are almost ready now."

Believe it or not, it gets worse.

I thought back to my ocean house, and if I have any more good teasers for you. I really, really want people to read the full book, so I will now show you myself, to bring you into my life. This was the best time of my life (until I met Witness 2), because I was truly free. No one could control what I did or said, in any way. I loved that.

I bring you the firstfruits of my labor. This is what I mean when I say that I felt free back then when I was selling weed full-time:



Dear Reader, that is in fact me sitting in the chair, and I am drinking something. It's called a "Mickey's 40." You will forgive me, as I said, for editing these pictures just enough to ensure my identity is protected until the proper time.

I was completely free back then. I didn't care about graduating and had tons of easy cash, so no one held any leverage over me.

I will prepare more for you, and I will show you glimpses of my more cherished memories. There are only about 20 or 30 surviving images of me from before I met Witness 2, and all of my childhood memories were thrown in a dumpster long ago. I am a ghost.

Anyways, the second-most beautiful girl I have ever seen and I were there at the party, and it was loud enough that we could talk and no one else could hear. In fact, they did not notice us *at all* anymore because it had turned into a rave and the house had about 100 people in it.

I make her laugh and tell her about things that I think are absurd and why that is the case, and she is looking into my eyes. The music fades, and I can only hear her heartbeat as I taste the smile in her soul. This woman could love me.

I think, at this point, that her friends had left, which I really appreciated.

The blue, red, and green laser lights shine directly into my eyes for a moment as they cascade around the room (this is bad.) For a moment, they refract. I can see *inside* the beam of light, and I see all the LEDs whirling and spinning like a kaleidoscope. I see the whiteness where it blends together, and I can see it right now. It stands still for just a moment, and the whirling and sound go white. Then, it's gone and the dark room is back.

I feel my hands on the stark hardness of her hips. I feel the curve of her waist, her singularities, and her sacred spaces. I touched her, very lightly, on the upper inside of the thigh (women love that.) I stroked her leg, and I could feel her body quiver.

C stood up, pressed against me, her hair softly falling down her side. Her face turned towards me, but only slightly.

My hands continued to explore, unburdened by the knowing stares and words of others. We were in a crowded room, but we were alone. When there are that many people, no one can see you. I want more of her, so I slip my hands under her shirt.

She turned around to face me again, and we kissed for the first time. This opened up a whole new world of sensuality as I tasted her sweetness, like sugar. I tasted the warmth of her flesh as I felt her tongue and our bodily fluids became one. Equalized.

She tasted better than the finest desserts I have ever had, like whipped cream on a fresh donut.

Now, this was just great. I was really enjoying myself, and, in fact, I was pretty much having the time of my life up until that point. I thought about how grateful I was that her friends had left, and how glad I was that I had chosen to go to this party with her rather than take drugs and play music alone. I was sincerely glad I was there with her, and that she was kissing me. Everyone deserves that feeling, it's true.

Anyways… I thought back to the epiphany I had… *suffering*.

Suffering.

It had to be what I was missing. I didn't need bliss and a panacea in the form of literally the most perfect, kind, and beautiful woman I had ever seen - I needed to put things into overdrive, and dive headfirst into the cracks between polygons. Figure out why the fuck the world is like this - and also, how to make songs that sound like what I heard as a child through those first speakers I ever listened to.

She would have killed my sense of longing too soon. Her comforts were too great, the taste of her fruit too sweet.

It is not real.

Pleasure is not real.

What is the point of this all? Why the fuck am I even here on this God-forsaken planet? Why can't we stop killing each other?

Should I now just accept this, pick a "major", get married, and then get a job as a groveling sycophant – a modern-day Bartleby the Scrivener - for some world-consuming egregore?

To tally numbers, count beans, as a cog in the machine raising bricks, day by day, on the wall?

The Latin root for "corporation" is the same as "corpse."

The Latin root for "mortgage" is the same as "mortuary."

The secret ingredient.

Suffering.

So, I sat up there in the tree, and contemplated the world below. I could see the beach from my new room, the path, and the street in the distance. The two 10-story towers of my dorm were always visible, as they were the tallest buildings around for quite a way.

The nowhere land of surfers and strange, ephemeral people who didn't even seem real.

How the fuck do these people have all this money?

The college students, delusional in their fantasies that this is all worth it.

The service workers, content but unhappy in their subjugation, the cruel way they are forced to dance in chains.

The ones that slipped through the cracks, the ones you see sleeping in the little parks at night. The ones who have no one left to see them.

Which one am I?

I thought about Slash's autobiography, and why I liked it. There was one point where Slash's teacher was telling him a bunch of bullshit, and he walked right up to them and flipped their desk over. Then he walked out, and never went back to school. I really liked that.

So, I mentioned the desk story, and I thought about that. About how I need to flip desks, and not sit underneath them. And, to be honest, at this point I really, really hated my teachers and professors.

I really could not stand to even look at these stupid idiots trying to teach me pointless things anymore. Like a grating, shearing, static on my senses, like I said.

Anyways, I knew that I didn't plan on graduating. I knew that I would be committing a grave sin against the universe. I knew that I couldn't stand any of the sniveling, sycophantic, delusional, and completely *stupid* adults I had dealt with for my entire fucking life, and I would rather stick my fingers in their eyes just one time before I kneel down and lick their feet for crumbs.

I was *done* with school.

I climb down from the tree. I know what I must do.

I got back on the bike to head home.

From then on, I didn't look at her as much, and I pulled away. If I saw her out, I didn't go towards her.

While I was trying not to hurt her, I believe that this did cause her pain. I am sorry about that. I did see quite a bit of hurt in her eyes a few times, when she realized that I was moving on.

I recall one time, in particular, she looked at me with immense sadness – giant, watery blueish-green eyes ringed by the feathery platinum sun - and I knew that I had hurt her greatly.

I'm sure that she completely misunderstood, and took it the wrong way. Actually, I can picture her now, and based on my interpretations of her body language and facial cues, she made the obvious assumption that she wasn't enough for me, or I was looking for a different girl. I did the best I could not to hurt you.

In retrospect, although I was trying my best, this may have been the only cruel thing I have ever intentionally done to a woman, and now I feel bad about it. However, trust me, it would have been worse otherwise. She was like the finest delicate lace, at a time when I was casting sparks.

I wanted to light myself on fire and watch it burn just to see what happens next, and to be honest, school and jobs are overrated anyways. This is all just the wall. And so that's what I did.

I left the in-between place, the quiet place of gently sloping sand and twisted trees where the trail ends and the days do not change. The sphere house, and the house on stilts. And I went back to find the answers I was looking for, which weren't in these dumb beige classrooms led by idiots. I'm sorry if I hurt her, and I did not mean to. Like I said, perhaps it was insanity."

You look at me. "Yeah, maybe."

"Maybe," I say while grinning. "But that song is pretty good. And things turned out better than I could have ever expected. No one could compete with Witness 2. She's all I want. She will probably hate some of these parts, but one day she will see the truth – that I *do* only love her. I only ever have.

She says that's all she wants, but I do not know how to make her see that she *already has it*. Perhaps this book will make it clear. After all, her job literally is involved with reading and writing education.

Therefore, I *know* that if she will just *read* it - she will see that I could not love anyone else but her. I mean, hasn't she ever read a *book*? Duh. Haven't you seen *The Lion King?*

She is the only one for me. In fact, this whole book is for her – though she does not know it. She is the fairest Queen – the Key of David. We come together, not separate – although I am Witness 1 and she is Witness 2, the truth is - we are *The Two Witnesses*.

My love for her is the guiding light of this narrative, and without it the story collapses."

We listen to my 20-minute song.

"It's not finished, you know."

"Yeah, I can hear it in the last few minutes. The space. It's hollow."

I ask you if you want me to finish a few more anecdotes before we go to the beach tomorrow, and you nod. However, you want to ask me something first.

“How did Gödel, Escher, Bach end? What was the point?”

“Excellent question, as always”, I respond. “And that’s exactly my issue with it. First, a question of my own. Do you know how I know that the guy who wrote it is a genius?”

You answer, “The puns, jokes, anecdotes, riddles, and other totally unique linguistic wordplay?”

“Sort of. I know it because not only did he write all of that, and it is *so* good, but he learned a bunch of different languages and then *translated* it into them, basically just for fun. To see if he could. I mean, who does that?

Wikipedia says that he, ‘Painstakingly went through every sentence of *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, annotating a copy for translators into any language that might be targeted.’ I mean, to do *that* for *fun*… genius. No question.”

And funnily enough, when I went to quote this for you, I confirmed what I said earlier – no one even understood the book. It’s about FRACTALS, you morons. This is what he said:

> Hofstadter has expressed some frustration with how *Gödel, Escher, Bach* was received. He felt that readers did not fully grasp that strange loops were supposed to be the central theme of the book, and attributed this confusion to the length of the book and the breadth of the topics covered.[12][13]

In fact, apparently no one understood this *so badly* that he had to write a follow-up, called *I Am a Strange Loop*.

As if to really drill the idea home – “Yeah, you dummies, it’s about YOU. YOU’RE THE FRACTAL.”

“But, that aside – so what?” I stare at you.

“So… what?”

“So what.”

“So, you wrote a genius book full of the best puns known to mankind. Sure, you talk about fables and share good advice. You talk about other geniuses and flex your synapses. Your jokes are extraordinary, and your references sublime. You are a master of culture, and your knowledge is so broad and vast that the reader must simply bow their head in awe of you. But so what?

Does your book tell them anything they *need* to know? Will it change their lives? Does it rectify a great evil? Restore justice to the world? Tell a bold, never-before-heard truth that has the

power to finally awaken change? To finally right the wrongs of the past and bring light and truth into the world? Is it a *new story*, or is it just the same old story but *told in a new way*?

Does your book strike fear into the heart of power, or is it just fairy dust? Does your book make the evil men who have it all shudder and quake in fear that their darkness will be exposed? Do they try to kill you, to silence your book? Delete it, and manipulate it? Shut it down and censor it? Or do they publish it, advertise it, and give you a PR team?

Good book, nice job, but so WHAT? Why even waste your time writing this shit if it's not about real things that actually matter?"

You look at me and, as usual, you know I'm right.

"However, riddles are fun. I like them. So, I wrote one more for you."

I hand you a briefcase. "I almost forgot about this. There's one more thing that needs to be proven about 9/11. A missing puzzle piece that is out of my reach. Maybe you can find it."

You open it and a golden glow illuminates your face. "Ohhh… wowww… it's a… scroll."

You look at me. "Did you put the LED lights in this briefcase, or do they come like that?"

I grin at you. "Read it."

If to fill in the missing puzzle you seek,
Ask yourself a question you may find too deep –
Where does the sandpiper lay down her head?
Where does she lay in a silver bed?
How many company men worked where the writer said?
And how does she know where the whisper winds flow?
How can her voice carry the wind back home?
Check for the signals, and see where they flow.
If you're looking for answers, you can't go alone
You'll need them behind you if you want to know.

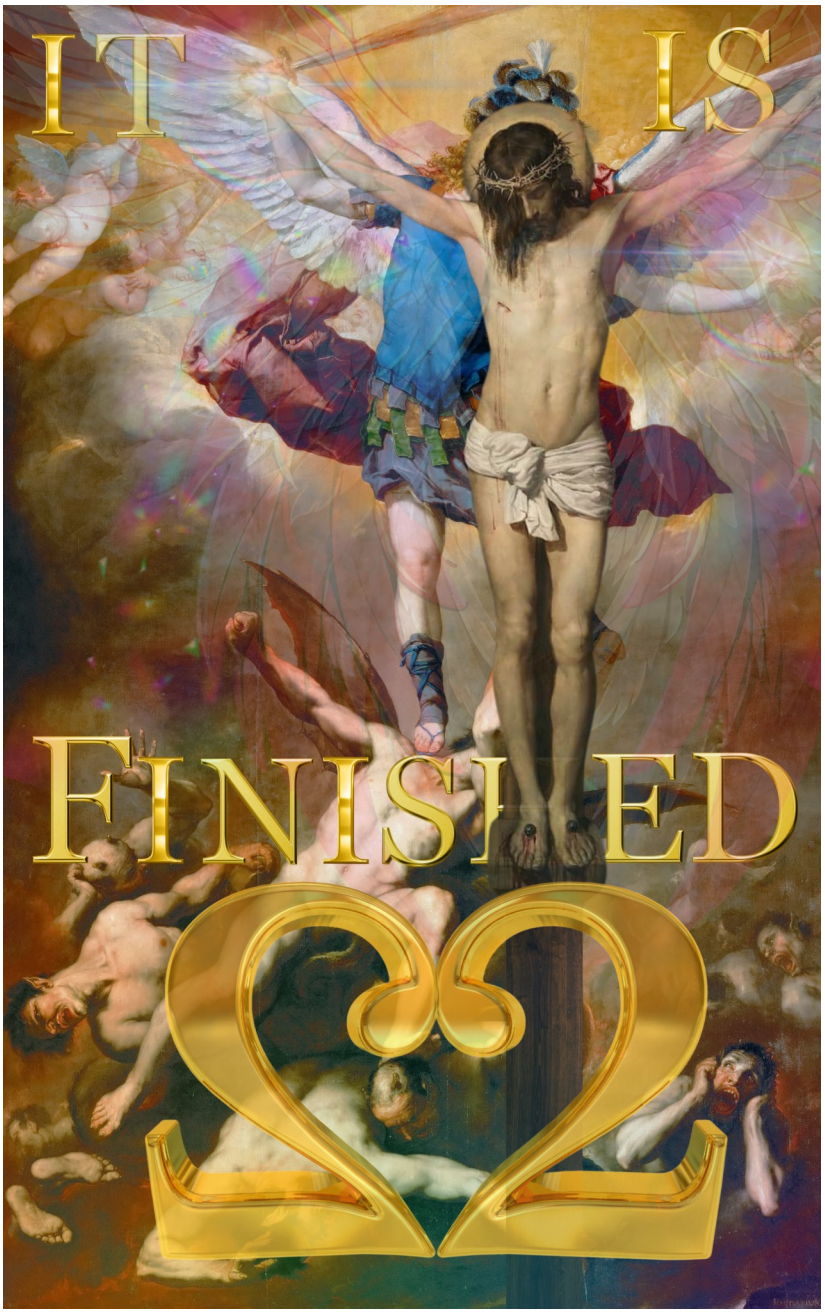
Alas! The answer to the riddle you seek,
May be lost forever, or hidden too deep.
But there's one missing puzzle piece,
Which I'll give to you:

A series of boxes, two and then one.

Times it by four, and pay attention to me:
Two have been taken, and one added in.
One is no longer, but two you can win.
Times it by four, and the one is the sin.

They call them the boxes, the color of night.
But really, they look just like daylight.
So if answers to riddles are something you seek,
Then start with the two easy ones.
Times it by four, and that gives us eight.
We're still missing four boxes
That aren't within sight
These ones were added -
Surreptitiously
Under cover of darkness, they don't want to be seen.

When solving this riddle,
Look to the clue –
A small little company, that nobody knew
Would one day write its own riddle, too.
It's about radio frequency, and layers of light.
Secrets and whispers that belong in the night.
So, if planning out systems is the business for you
Then you may just have found your second clue.
Company men, that's what they say.
May just have answers for us all someday.
If I can play the game this way.
Keep searching for answers, and maybe we'll see,
If you were too slow, to try and catch me.



I look at you. “Was that too long?”

“Umm… nooo… it was really good, thanks, Witness 1.”

“Oh, good.” I smile.

I pull out a picture from the very end of my book, a compilation I put together:



“Pretty fucking weird, right? Right?? Do you see the sixes? Three of them. One eye. Three sixes.”

I look at you. “I just cracked 9/11 for you.”

You smile, and thank me.

“You’re welcome.” I give you a firm handshake, but I hold onto it slightly longer.

“And look at how many of them are musicians. Maybe even some album covers. Weird, right?”

I smile at you. “Ok, a few more anecdotes before we more on.”

I genuinely loved all of humanity. I had no prejudices, no biases - I understood bias, and I always gave people a fair chance. I believe that every single human being has something within them that is redeemable.

I can honestly tell you, Dear Reader, that I have never intentionally harmed another being or person in my life. I respect life, I love nature, and I used to collect frog spawn and watch them in my little aquariums as the clear jelly swirled around, black seeds spiraling, and they would turn to tadpoles. I could watch the whole life cycle of the frog.

I sigh and gaze out into the distance. "Life's been good to me. But, you know what, all this shit just *pisses me off*.

And you know what? It really just *grinds my gears*, and it sort of makes everything else seem meaningless, pointless, and *stupid* while these people walk around free laughing at us, mocking us, and continuing to lie to us about everything.

Why not try to do something about it? What exactly are we all so busy with that no one has time to even *talk* about 9/11? Are we like… not *allowed* to talk about it? Are they gonna give me a *citation* or something for publishing a book?

Am I supposed to be *scared* of these clowns?

You nod. "It's true."

"Fuck it. We might as well try. What else are we doing? I mean, these people obviously want us dead."

Anyways, here's one of my top-ten overall anecdotes. Pay close attention to this one.

My Senior year of high school, I had taken mushrooms down at the river (state park) at night with her and J. Three of us, and we each took about an 8th, three or four grams dried, with some dark chocolate and orange juice, at about 8:30 P.M. This was my third time taking mushrooms. Me and him went barefoot, just for fun, and it was a little rainy and misty but not too bad. We told her it was to "get more in touch with nature", and she took her shoes off too. It was funny.

Like I said, we liked to be absurd and push boundaries. We are also *very* good at climbing things. It was an area with steep cliffs where people die every year, but once you made it down, it was a great spot to congregate in the sun, with an old bridge nearby. There was no one else there, and there would not be anyone on this road for hours.

There was a small, empty parking lot on the side of a road, then a rocky trail for about a mile, then about another half mile going down a graded path carved into a cliff. A few pretty precarious points. Once you made it down, there was a small beach, and rocks where you could make your way down the river. I can picture every single rock, and I can even smell and feel each scene of this memory from any perspective. It's alive in my head, and I can watch it play out.

Well, we were down there for about three hours, and we had all started peaking. It was different, a slight edge of the constant reminder of nature's fury and our lack of protection. Still,

an excellent night and the rain did die down at first. The clouds broke up a bit, so we had some moonlight, but it was still dark and there was a lot of moisture coming off of the river.

Once it passed about three hours, it started to actually rain. Then, over the next hour or two, it started raining even harder. And then, we realized that this may have been a really stupid idea, and we might actually have a hard time getting out. Then, me and him remembered that people actually drown in this river, at this exact spot, all the time, and we heard about it a few times a year. By now, it's around 1 A.M.

We look at each other and our pupils are huge in the moonlight. He's nervous, I can tell. I'm not, because I am obviously invincible and it's just some dumb, wet rocks. Actually, no, I was a little scared too.

I turn off my iPod, as it was getting wet, and put it away as best I can. It never worked again after this night. This was before cops showed up every time you pull over on a dark road at night, and no one knew where we had gone - in fact, we hadn't told *anyone* we were even meeting up.

There was no service down at the river, and we were paranoid and on psychedelic drugs so we were *for sure* not going to try calling anyone. So, no one was coming for us. As a matter of fact, I did not even own a cell phone until after high school, and I believe that they left theirs in the car because of the service issue.

Why the fuck are we barefoot again?

We laugh.

It was pure black, and the river thrashed and churned next to us like thunder. This was my first experience with true, wild blackness on mushrooms – the Void. The Nothing. The darkness of my friend's apartment was warm, familiar, and comfortable. Always a wall or light switch to find. Carpet.

Yeah, I felt like it was smothering me to death, but at least it felt like I was home.

This darkness was different. It was *black*. Cold, shivery, and wild. Wet, with no protection. I remember when we started to head up, I looked up, and the only thing I could see was a tiny bit of moonlight on the river. A few silver droplets, and the rest was just blackness. The storm and rain had removed our precious moonlight, and we did not even have flashlights.

It was extremely disorienting, as we were all hallucinating from the mushrooms. Fractals and patterns would start to emerge, force themselves out, but end up fading into nothingness from the lack of visual stimulation. The mushrooms turned inward, and we all grew deeply

introspective. The dark chocolate, orange juice, and mushrooms surged in our stomachs. This time, I did not puke.

However, J and I kept it positive, and we did not say even one thing that revealed any sort of fear to F. She was just along for the ride, it was her first time on mushrooms, or any real drug, and she trusted us to keep her safe and not make stupid decisions like walking barefoot down a rainy cliff in the dark above a roaring river during a storm.

She loved us, and we loved her. She knew we would protect her and 100% believed that we would not let her get hurt the first time she ever took drugs. Therefore, she was having a good trip and was able to have fun. She trusted us.

She is a very kind, sweet girl. We made her laugh the entire time, and she told me later that she had a great time. We tried to keep warm, but our plan to watch the sunrise seemed foiled.

This was where me and him had first taken mushrooms about a year earlier, on a warm sunny day. This time, we huddled for protection from the raging elements, and there were no insects. After many hours down there, we were seriously cold and wet. She was struggling greatly. We did not expect the rain and needed a new plan.

So, I knew that we all might die and get swept away on the way back up, and I also knew that drugs supposedly decrease things like coordination and balance. The dark chocolate and orange juice is supposed to make you trip harder, and it seemed to work. The river was wild, different than I've ever seen or heard it. It sounded cold and deadly, and I couldn't help but visualize being caught in the raging current until my head was smashed against a rock and the lights go out. It happens all the time.

A little after 3 A.M. we were all seriously cold and wet, and decided we had better get back to the car. J and I looked at each other. My iPod had glitched out and the screen was permanently black.

One thing about me is I anticipate these kinds of issues, so I used to often walk around barefoot on purpose to toughen up my feet. This way, I have large callouses on the pads of my feet which protect them – it's very useful. Once you walk around barefoot enough, it doesn't hurt anymore. If you've always done it, you don't even notice. Don't look closely at my feet, it's weird.

So, I suddenly remember *very* clearly after we had passed the easy part, the beach, and were standing there looking at where the rocky path back up should be. I remember looking at where I knew it started, but I couldn't see it.

It was about a 50- or 60-foot climb, with a graded sort-of path spread out over 100 feet or so. This wasn't an actual path, it was just an informal off-ramp from the trail worn out from years of people using it to get down to the beach. No rails or pavement, just rocks, boulders, and a tiny, narrow path to follow. A few parts had a sheer drop of about 40 feet while the trail narrows to about three or four feet. It's no problem during the daytime, except for people in your way. It's easy when you can see the trail.

J and I crack a joke, and we start making our way up. We're going, and seem to be doing OK. However, we haven't gotten to the high parts, the narrow cliff ledge yet, or the winding parts where it climbs up *very* steeply.

J and I realize something is wrong. We can barely see, but it's not right. The rocks aren't right. We stop for a second, and try to figure out where the fuck we are without scaring F. We convene, and decide that going back would be worse, as we would have to climb down and then back up again. Also, we knew that there were two or three alternate paths, and if we headed the right way, we would cross them eventually. So, we keep going. However, we were lost.

F was doing OK, but she was getting progressively worse. At this point, she was *not* having a good time. In the moment, I could tell when she shifted to real fear. Women are not nearly as adept at climbing as men are, and she didn't do this kind of thing as much as we had. I seriously worried that she might slip and die, so I kept an eye on her steps and guided her. Then, things got worse.

Blackberry bushes. Everywhere. A massive sprawl of them, covering the ground. Impossible to see, but thorns in the feet. Now, I wasn't worried about J. He and I would be fine, there's no way we were going to slip and fall. The issue was that F was about to, pretty much, completely lose it and start having an actual bad trip because of the no shoes issue, and then at that point, shit would just be sideways and we might be stuck.

We couldn't turn around, as we were off the path and could get even more lost. We knew which way to go at this point, but we had to cross this huge blackberry bush blanketing the ground. No way around. The river roars and thunders.

She looked at me, rain running down her face, her huge brown eyes like chasms in the dark. I could still see her pupils.

"Thorns."

I knew what I had to do. Luckily, psychedelic drugs make me think very clearly, and I also feel like I could just about walk across a burning pit of coals while I'm on them. And while I'm good

at climbing things sober, I am a *fucking monkey* when I'm on mushrooms. Also, the foot callouses. Very useful. At this time I had zero pain or concern for myself, because I knew 100%, for sure, that I could get myself out of that river basin without dying.

There was absolutely no way she was crossing that barefoot, and I immediately picked up on that. So, without any hesitation, I told her that I would carry her. You can't even let people feel the fear in these situations, it will take over. Swamp them. Quick, immediate action is called for here. She agreed, so I scooped her up under the legs, picked her up like a baby in my arms, and started walking. She was a tiny little thing, like I said.

Now, this is a fun story, and indeed, I have told this to people a few times. At this point, I hadn't had any unusual imagery, or really very much visual stimulation at all. Mostly just the sound of the water, the wetness, and the cold damp. Almost no light.

However, as I was stepping across these blackberry bushes, worrying about slipping and falling with a woman in my arms, helpless like a baby, I began to see flashes of white-gold light. It formed a path, like footsteps, but more like halos. Glowing little dinner plates showing me where to step, out in front of me. So, obviously, I did, and guess what? No issues. Every step was solid ground. Didn't even feel it. I smiled.

We made it across, and I set her down. At that point, I actually held her hand the rest of the way out. I was honestly terrified of losing her down there on drugs and having to go back up without her and come back with a bunch of cops. That would be, just about, the worst thing I could imagine. However, like I said, very, *very* good at climbing. No issues.

We get back to the car and sort of nervously laugh. J and I look at each other. We have literally no plan, and absolutely cannot go back to any of our houses. We made a few calls and got ahold of one of our friends, D, who let us come over at about 4 A.M. In the morning, we left before his parents woke up. We went back home and lied about where we were.

At school, I told people this story because I just thought it was just about the funniest thing that ever happened to me (*why did we take our shoes off again???*) And, like I said, F was a friend of my twin sister's. Theater-type girls. And word got around to my sister, and she was *pissed*. She asked me if it was true, and I obviously said that it was. That might be the maddest she ever was at me.

Now, I had miscalculated here. I had NOT realized that me, F, and J going to the river at night and taking mushrooms was supposed a secret. So, I apologize for that. F said that she didn't really care, and my sister was obviously overreacting. However, I learned a valuable lesson about discretion.

J said that, obviously, it was supposed to be a secret, because of how it's illegal to possess and take mushrooms. I thought about it, and that made a lot of sense to me, so I agreed that I was wrong about that.

I apologized to F for blowing it up, and she said that she didn't care if people knew either. Come on, it's funny. Lighten up, people. I still think it's a hilarious story, and I did tell people about it after I left high school.

She was one of the girls that still liked me after I failed college. I saw her at a party a few years after that, and she laughed a lot. She was a tiny thing with brown hair and huge brown eyes who reminds me of a small woodland mammal (I mention that this happens sometimes.) Her dad was the guy who gave me the bass many years ago, and how I met his business partner, B.

We went to a swing in the backyard when everyone else fell asleep, and the sexual tension was electric. She had been my sister's friend for our entire lives there, and I had obviously always wanted to sleep with her. We started making out, and I caressed her delicate body for the first time as she took off her shirt. She was like a fairy. That backyard swing was one of the few times of my life where I had unprotected sex when not trying to conceive a child. It was incredible.

The girl whose house had the backyard swing had a terrible accident around that time where a gasoline hose detached and sprayed her. It was awful, and she started abusing opiates because of it for a while, though she is doing much better now. Every single time I pump gas, I think about that.

I even mowed the mayor's lawn when I was a child – I recognized him from reading the newspaper every day. I also remember my Biology teacher. He was my second-favorite teacher after my Freshman English teacher, and he was the finest example of a man that I have ever met. Mr. S.

He signed up with me to let me start a club at my school called the Classic Rock Appreciation Club (C.R.A.C. - hilarious.) People liked it. They laughed. After that, other people realized they are literally allowed to just start a club and put themselves as Founder and President on their college applications, and more people did that.

I was on the radio, and they put a big, color picture of me holding my guitar in the newspaper. I liked it, and it made me smile. It made sense. I like music, and other people seem to like music too. They like when I play it because the movement of the instrument makes their brains feel better.

When they put my picture in the newspaper, I really liked it. When I went to the store with my Dad that day, I could tell that some people recognized me. They knew me. They *knew* that I *liked music*. They might even like music too, if I could explain to them why I like it so much. *Good for the brain*. This was my first taste of accomplishing my dream of becoming famous enough to change the world. I loved it. It tasted sweet.

The second time was when I lived in a large house over the ocean in college. Two beautiful girls wearing eyeshadow and headbands walked up to me in my own house, giggling. "Are you Witness 1?", they asked as they looked deeply into my eyes. I had never seen them before, but they knew me. And, not only that, but they knew that I was *good at guitar.*

At the time, I was on an extremely heavy dose of acid, which had just made me puke about an hour earlier. It was one of the best days of my life - Fourth of July, 2010.

I didn't realize when I took the acid that other people liked to party on the 4th of July, since I did that every day anyways (it was summer.) However, when I got back home from taking the acid with my friend, there was already a crowd of people there and I realized it was going to be one of *those* days. The street I lived on would be packed, and there would be open parties at pretty much every house for about 3 blocks.

Let me tell the story of the person who sold me the acid. He was an intelligent, soft-spoken Persian man, with long dark eyelashes and a square face that could bring Babylon to its knees. His last name sounded like "Pour some Johnny Walker", so that was his nickname. I was the only one in the group without a nickname, because my real name was actually just perfect the way it was for me. Someday, you may know this name.

He ended up selling a lot of weed in the dorms and was pretty much the main guy for that in my building. However, he thought that this was going to interfere with his studies, so he asked me if I wanted to do it instead while he would then front me two or three ounces at a time so I could pay him back and keep the profits.

Now, I never planned on graduating college. It sounded fun, but I already knew that I would fail at any real job I tried to do and then I would feel even worse than if I didn't try at all. So, I planned to have as much fun as possible, and figured that way, my inevitable failure would be less painful. So, obviously, this was pretty much the best deal that I had ever heard in my life. I immediately accepted this gracious offer, and he was, honestly, a great friend of mine while we did this.

I loved selling weed. I was great at it. People love you when you have lots of drugs and can give them drugs in exchange for things. I liked selling drugs, because I would get them cheaply, and then could barter with them to other people for the inflated street value.

I would get an ounce of weed for about a hundred dollars, and I would sell an eighth of it for $40. That means I would make about $300 per ounce, $200 of which was mine. Also, I could pretty much smoke as much as I wanted, which was my number #1 goal at that time. I had discovered that weed is really, really good for thinking about the meaning of life and how to make your songs sound better.

That was one of the most fun things I ever did. I would estimate that I sold several hundred thousand dollars of weed over a few years. I was lucky that I didn't care about school because the Persian guy was right – it *is* definitely a lot harder to go to class when you can get as many drugs as you want, all the time, for free.

So, I had just met up with him on the 4th of July and gotten three ounces of weed fronted, a little over half of a freezer-size Ziploc. We took the acid, and I set it down on the table. We went outside for a little bit, and I puked (normal.) We sort of, just, walked a little.

However, we realized after about 30 minutes that the weed was still on the table, and it had actually been a while, and wait, there are… tons of people… going in and out of all of these houses… like his… oh *holy shit* it's the Fourth of July!

On this street, in this city, on these days - houses were basically open congregating places as people shifted from party to party. However, neither of us had realized that *this* was one of *those* days.

We looked at each other and I remember his huge black pupils as we both realized about $800 worth of weed was sitting on the table in his living room. Luckily, his roommate had found it and kept it safe. His name was G, and I will always appreciate that. Thanks, dude.

When we got back to my house, a bunch of people were there, all wearing red, white, and blue. I went into my room to smoke weed, as I felt a little overwhelmed. When I came out, these two girls came up to me and asked me if I was [my name] and then giggled, and, in that moment, I really felt like my dream was actually close for the first time.

They *knew* who I was. They had *heard of me.* I had been in their heads, but they didn't even *know* me. It was amazing, like dang. My dream. People who already know that I like music, so I don't even have to try and explain it to them and sound like an idiot. Wow. Creamy sugar and honey.

We all decided to go on the roof. There was a ladder, and people were climbing up. They were going extremely slowly, but that's OK. A girl with brown hair asked me if I would be able to get up there, since I had taken so much acid.

I looked at her and said, “Lady, I’m nothing but a highly-evolved monkey. The only question here is whether or not these people are going to get out of my way.”

Up on the roof was *beautiful*. I would look from one side, tranquil ocean with rainbow fractal spray and crashing waves, to the other – masses and throngs of humanity. It was, to this day, the most beautiful landscape scene that I have ever witnessed. I remember thinking that this was undoubtedly my peak, and there was no way it wouldn’t be all downhill from here.

I had succeeded in my goal of becoming the coolest and funniest person in the world (in my personal and subjective opinion.) I was finished here, and I honestly wanted to play music rather than talk to people.

You can tell that I speak the truth. “I guess you’re right. I don’t think I saw the big picture before this.”

I look at you. “That line didn’t really fit this transition, but it’s funny so I’m going to leave it. It’s so bad that it works again. Threading the needle, baby.”

I tell you that I’m glad I found a friend like you, and I continue.

“No, I’ve learned that there is only one way to tell people the story of 9/11. They have to *feel* it. Deeply, viscerally. The blood, sweat, and tears of it all. They don’t want you to shout the truth from the rooftops, they want you to do it while plunging to your death. It’s the only thing they care about enough to look at.”



I twinkle a hooded I at you. “I am the key.”

You sigh, and smile at me. “Come on, Witness 1. Spit it out, champ.”

“The I *is* the key. No, no – I mean, the *key* is *in* my *eye. Our eyes are the key!*”

At this point, I stop. “No, seriously. The other most important letter. ‘I’. ‘Me.’ ‘I am.’ Draw it - the letter ‘I.’”

You draw a line in the sand with your finger. “A… a….”

“A tower.”

“I had a horrible dream last night.” I look at you. “A vision.”

You look over. “Does that happen a lot?”

“No. Not at all. In fact, I have not had one such ‘dream’ or ‘vision’ in my life that I considered to be genuinely significant or meaningful until I wrote this book. Not like this. Now I have had two. By the way, this conversation is also outside of our beach chronology. This is tomorrow, after I wrote that last part about the very end of *Sgt. Peppers*, and it is presented as supportive personal anecdotal evidence only.”

“Ok… That’s a weird thing to say, but I understand. Well, what was it?”

A troubling vision, at night. A stage, in front of a temple. A ziggurat. Two bonfires burning beside the dark tower - the bull - with fire within. In the shadowy night, it appears as a huge, rounded, black monolith, red flames casting a hellish glow within – illuminating the animalistic face of pure hatred and rage. The Taurus.

Music – trumpets, drums, flutes. Men in priest robes playing it, while others lead chants. An enormous crowd, full of energy and buzzing with anticipation.

A verse flashes through my head. Daniel 3: 5:

> That at the time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship at the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up.

Holy shit… they were concerts.

I beheld the scene, and it was terrible.

The priests raise their hands in a shape of two horns. The crowd follows their lead in unison. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll, baby. Sorry Dio, this symbol is *much* older than you.

Then, I see the A shape. Upside-down, again:



I see it written on walls, scrawled roughly on the sides of old houses. I see it painted on trees. The first written letter. I see people everywhere, making this sign. The beginning of *us*.

I see it in castles, on banners. I see it marching to battle. I see it inked inside the skin.

It was so common, historians didn't even notice when it became the alphabet. Alpha. A. *It's everywhere*. Its true meaning became a secret, understood only by those who can *see.* It's just… how we write.

The stage with the bull flashes, and it becomes a modern stage. Generic rock concert, lights, smoke, fire. The singer raises the horns, and the crowd follows suit in unison. Pyrotechnics synced to the beat. You've seen it a thousand times, you can picture it. They look… the same.

Then, I saw more flashes of more temples. I saw them in India, everywhere. Huge, bigger than anything we have left. I saw the temples of Asia, carved out of mountains. I saw the temples of the Middle East, the megalithic blocks of Turkey, and the stone monuments of Europe. I saw Ancient Egypt - their pyramids when they glowed from within, and how the people wondered.

I saw the temples in South and Central America, the exact same as everywhere else. I saw the same thing, the portals, but different in North America. More rough, and they did not have the ability to create the actual temples. They went into caves and canyons for it.

This is the dark secret, the sadness and shadows in their eyes. Why they won't talk about it to outsiders. The shame that lingers. This is why they will *kill* you if they find you on the wrong spots on their sacred land. They know what lingers in the shadows. They whisper of it, between the lines.

Other than North America, they were all the same. Identical. I saw the stonework, the masonry - the techniques used to create these temples were the same – From the Mayan temples in South America to the Zoroastrian ziggurats of Iran. It was the *same.* This is why they call themselves "Masons" sometimes. I saw the iconography, and the images on the stones and temples.

They focus on a serpent and blood sacrifices. Winged serpents, and evil serpents. Human sacrifices, infant sacrifices, for them. To open the portals, inside these temples. The pyramids. The obelisks. The domes. I did not see anything specifically Chinese, Russian, or Sub-Saharan African, but I don't want you to read too much into that. I'm not making any claims or absolving anyone of guilt in this section.

Then, words floated up to me.

“They were worldwide. More powerful than you can imagine. Everywhere. You were wrong about the flood – that wasn’t what shut down the stone architecture – the megalithic remains of this infrastructure of suffering.

That’s not what turned them into enigmatic ruins, that no one understands. That is not what removed the false light from their temples and forced them underground. Made them hide in the shadows and slink around telling lies, rather than doing this in the open, under the sun, on their altars and temples of stone.

That was why I sent my SON. With a *book*. A *new story.*

A SUN to shine a light. The Gospel.”

And so, close your eyes and listen as I tell you the end of the story. Let us reach towards the apogee, the climax. Let us feel the pure, gnawing, awful pain together. Let us stare into the eyes of the wolf together and comprehend it. Stare into the Nothing and see it for what it is – Weak. Pathetic. Disgusting.

We are so much bigger than it. Feel humanity’s pain with me as he languishes on a cross of steel. And through this pain, let us find absolution. Enlightenment. A peace that comes through knowing the truth, even when it’s painful.

To know the reasons why God must end the world. To know why they crucified Jesus Christ upon the dried bones of a tree.”

I will tell you one more story that has never been told this way before. One more new story, just for you.

You were born the year The Beatles broke up, but you were only 32 on 9/11. Your life had just begun. You are half-Japanese and half-Puerto Rican. Your 911 phone call from the towers was one of the most memorable parts of the only sham trial 9/11 ever saw. They even put it in a movie.

You are a dancer, and you like rollerblading. In fact, you love it so much that you teach kids in your neighborhood how and buy them equipment. When the weather was nice, you would skate ten miles to your job at the World Trade Center.

They wrote articles about you. Here is what one author said:

> Doi brightened and lightened every meeting at IQ Financial Systems -- a firm creating software for Wall Street. Her complexion was light brown. Her hair was absolute black, pulled back in a tight, professional style. But the feature no one could fail to notice was her illuminating smile that tickled her eyes to laughter.

And here you are, in all your glory:



You were a fair manager, and your employees liked you. On 9/11, you were in your office on the 83rd floor. You thought it was a bomb when the other tower was hit, and rushed to get out. You were so close.

You took the stairs to the 44th floor, but for some reason, they told people to go back to their jobs, because the South Tower was safe, on the intercom. You believed them and took an elevator back up to the 83rd floor.

You almost made it out that day, but you trusted the voice in the sky not to lie to you. It was a fatal mistake, but it was not your fault.

Right when you got back to your office, a plane flew into it. The right wing rips into your office, and you stare at a gaping wound, black smoke, and fires rushing towards you, just like Edna did.

15 minutes later, you make a phone call and actually get through to 911. You beg them to send help, and tell them that you can't breathe. You gradually get overwhelmed by heat and smoke.

You tell them you're going to die, and you ask them to connect to your mother and bring her on the call before you die. You spell out her name for them, and give them her phone number, but they are unable to do so. You leave your final words to her, your final horrific moment laid bare for the world to see:

> "Tell her... that she was the best mother a person could have, and that I love her with all my heart and soul, and that I'll see her in the next world."

You beg them to stay with you on the line, and not to leave you. They stay, but their words cannot help you. These were your final words on Earth:

"Can I stay on the line with you, please? I feel like I'm dying.

The floor is completely engulfed. We're on the floor, and we can't breathe, and it's very, very, very hot.

I'm going to die, I know it.

Please, God, no! It's so hot, I'm burning up!"

And then she died, choking on thick black smoke. Burned to death – crucified on a pyre of flame. Your name was Melissa Doi, and you were 32 years old when you were murdered by the US Government and the Synagogue of Satan. You did not get to speak to your mother as you died.

Your phone call was 24 and a half minutes long, and here is part of it:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pMipmFAzg-k

It's easy to find.

She didn't live long enough to experience the gaping maw of the Nothing, but many others did. If you want to hear what it sounded like when the buildings collapsed while Kevin Cosgrove was on the phone with 911, skip to about 4:30 in this video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sAyF8KmXORw

It's horrific. Listen to the fear in his scream. How visceral it is. Imagine the floor collapsing out from under you at 1,000 feet in the air.

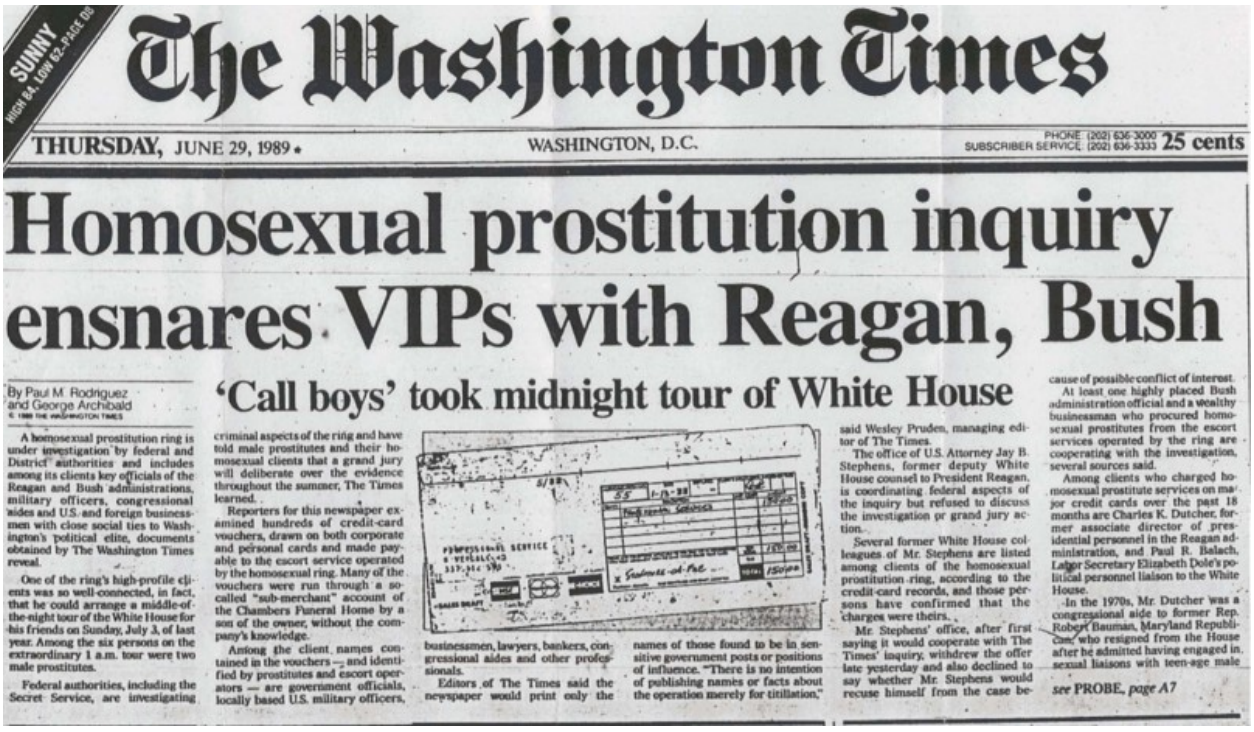
I pull it up for you on YouTube and we listen. The rumbling and screaming as the call cuts out. You're falling, falling so fast. Then blackness.

"Do you want to know who did 9/11?"

"The Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate? The US Government?"

I tell you those are good answers. However, we are going to get more specific. But first, something completely different.

I smile and hand you a *Washington Times* article from June 29, 1989, and ask you if you've read this one yet:



SUNNY
HIGH 84, LOW 62 - PAGE D2

The Washington Times

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1989 ★ WASHINGTON, D.C. PHONE (202) 636-3000 SUBSCRIBER SERVICE (202) 636-3333 25 cents

Homosexual prostitution inquiry ensnares VIPs with Reagan, Bush

'Call boys' took midnight tour of White House

By Paul M. Rodriguez and George Archibald
© 1989 THE WASHINGTON TIMES

A homosexual prostitution ring is under investigation by federal and District authorities and includes among its clients key officials of the Reagan and Bush administrations, military officers, congressional aides and U.S. and foreign businessmen with close social ties to Washington's political elite, documents obtained by The Washington Times reveal.

One of the ring's high-profile clients was so well-connected, in fact, that he could arrange a middle-of-the-night tour of the White House for his friends on Sunday, July 3, of last year. Among the six persons on the extraordinary 1 a.m. tour were two male prostitutes.

Federal authorities, including the Secret Service, are investigating criminal aspects of the ring and have told male prostitutes and their homosexual clients that a grand jury will deliberate over the evidence throughout the summer, The Times learned.

Reporters for this newspaper examined hundreds of credit-card vouchers, drawn on both corporate and personal cards and made payable to the escort service operated by the homosexual ring. Many of the vouchers were run through a so-called "sub-merchant" account of the Chambers Funeral Home by a son of the owner, without the company's knowledge.

Among the client names contained in the vouchers — and identified by prostitutes and escort operators — are government officials, locally based U.S. military officers, businessmen, lawyers, bankers, congressional aides and other professionals.

Editors of The Times said the newspaper would print only the names of those found to be in sensitive government posts or positions of influence. "There is no intention of publishing names or facts about the operation merely for titillation," said Wesley Pruden, managing editor of The Times.

The office of U.S. Attorney Jay B. Stephens, former deputy White House counsel to President Reagan, is coordinating federal aspects of the inquiry but refused to discuss the investigation or grand jury action.

Several former White House colleagues of Mr. Stephens are listed among clients of the homosexual prostitution ring, according to the credit-card records, and those persons have confirmed that the charges were theirs.

Mr. Stephens' office, after first saying it would cooperate with The Times' inquiry, withdrew the offer late yesterday and also declined to say whether Mr. Stephens would recuse himself from the case because of possible conflict of interest.

At least one highly placed Bush administration official and a wealthy businessman who procured homosexual prostitutes from the escort services operated by the ring are cooperating with the investigation, several sources said.

Among clients who charged homosexual prostitute services on major credit cards over the past 18 months are Charles K. Dutcher, former associate director of presidential personnel in the Reagan administration, and Paul R. Balach, Labor Secretary Elizabeth Dole's political personnel liaison to the White House.

In the 1970s, Mr. Dutcher was a congressional aide to former Rep. Robert Bauman, Maryland Republican, who resigned from the House after he admitted having engaged in sexual liaisons with teen-age male

see PROBE, page A7

Your eyes grow wide as you take in the lascivious headline. "Homosexual… *prostitution*? 'Call boys'?" You look at me. "*Reagan* and *Bush*? What is this? Is this *real*???"

I nod, and tell you that it is, in fact, real. I ask you if you know what "call boys" is a euphemism for, and you say "male prostitution."

I grimace, and say "Close. *Underage* male prostitution."

We frown. I pull up source #74 in The More Rational Worldview, and we watch Tom Brokaw report on it. You ask me, "Why didn't they stop it?"

I tell you that I love how you ask good questions and hand you a copy of *Collateral Damage*, pointing to one of my favorite paragraphs for you to read:

> Americans had a chance in the 1980s to set the system straight, to enforce the law and prosecute those responsible for the Iran-Contra crimes. Americans could have sent a message that criminal behavior by its leaders is unacceptable. By not stopping this organization at that time, Congress and the American public allowed this criminal syndicate of American 'heroes' to continue to wreak even more havoc on the world in the name of the American public.

“It’s true. Our collective decision to not stop these obvious and overt crimes against humanity is our single greatest failure in history. It is our death knell, our obituary.

Music is the highest art. And an album that tells a story is the highest form of music. They call it a ‘concept album.’ I’ve always liked that. No one understands the amount of effort it takes to not only write and create songs, but to string them together and tell a complex story. A rock opera. Each song is a story-within-a-story.”

The G# rings out over the D, a tritone. So strange, and yet, in this context, perfect. Dissonant, but sweet. He croons to her softly about laying her down in his clover bed to look at the stars – a roof above their heads.

The fruit of their amorous entwine inside her, they flee to the wilderness. Suddenly, the Queen’s approach. And she is *not* happy.

Because he belongs to *her.* She saved his life and rescued him as an abandoned baby - gave him the form of a fawn to inhabit by day and a man by night. *The Queen of the Forest.*

We’re introduced to the *wave* motif, here, in *The Wanting Comes in Waves/Repaid*. It has another very strange chord, sort of a B diminished, a B-F. A tritone interval, again.

We are introduced to “The Rake”. And this guy is just awful. He sings about his lust for women, and murdering his three children after his young wife died in childbirth. How he felt burdened by them, and unable to live his life freely. He drowned one in the bath, strangled one, and poisoned one.

He comes across Margaret, and he abducts her. Kidnaps her, to “wrest and wreck her.” Which is a sort of old-timey way of referring to rape and murder.

The Queen shows up and commends him for removing the “temptation that troubled her innocent child.” Margaret’s life is forfeit, she is worthless.

The Queen reneges on her deal, and parts the river for The Rake. He crosses, and takes Margaret into captivity.

He sings an evil song to her:

I have snipped your wingspan
My precious captive swan
Here all clipped of kickstand
Your spirit won't last long

Don't you lift a finger
Don't you snap and jaw
Limber limbs akimbo
Rest till rubbing raw

Meanwhile, William (the fawn) shows up at the river. He cannot cross, but tells the river he will try anyway. The river allows him to pass, in exchange for his life when he returns.

As The Rake closes in on Margaret to begin the wresting and wrecking, the spirits of his dead children arrive. Strange, effected calliope and circus noises play. It is bizarre. They sing songs of guilt and shame to him.

My favorite song, *The Hazards of Love 4 (The Drowned)*, opens with a soft guitar playing a G major. He strums, and lifts his finger off of the low B two strings over to the A, making a Gsus2 chord.

He softly picks at the higher strings sort in triplets – 1-2-3. He moves down to the relative minor, and a tragic Em plays. This is the fifth-greatest song ever written.

He sings to her as they stand in the water:

Painting rings around your eyes, these peppered holes so filled with crying.

A whisper weighed upon the tattered down where you and I were lying.

It's beautiful, and it's perfect. We drop into the prechorus, and hear the Am for the first time.

My favorite part. There's another strange attractor here - a G#, in a walk-up from the G to Am. The Am opens out into its minor third interval, the most intense one, which gives us the relative major chord of C, buoyed by a quick B to continue the walk-up.

The chorus:

Em-D. Instrumental.
C Am
But I called you, and I –
G
Called you here.
Em D
Didn't I, didn't I
C Am G
But I caught you, and I brought you here.

An interlude with steel slide guitars. The climax of the song begins softly. The last prechorus, the euphoric minor third interval from Am-C:

With this long last rush of air, we speak our vows in sorry whisper.

And when the waves came crashing down, he closed his eyes and softly kissed her.

And that's it. A perfect ending. Death.

"A forest's son and a river's daughter."

I learned this song, and I played it for C. She liked it. I can still play and sing it.

And that's the best album ever made.

William and Margaret stare at each other underneath a wave about to swallow them.

David and Lynn Angell stare at each other in a steel tube flying at 400 miles an hour towards a building.

He is her hero. He saved her. He did it.

But he can't save her from this, and they know it.

He thinks of *Wings*, the show he wrote about silver jets. How he used to watch them fly as a kid. He thinks about *Cheers and Frasier.* How much they loved his writing. He thinks about the sun on the ocean from his balcony, and knows he will never, ever see it again.

The screaming drowns out, and all he sees is her. All he thinks about is her now.

And as the wave came crashing down, he closed his eyes and softly kissed her.

A movie plays in his head.

There they were, on the happiest day of his life, with their beautiful name in lights.

Nevermore.

Back at the Pentagon ONI, our accountant still ticks away. For you, only minutes have passed. It is early morning still, and he glances at the lawn. You look back at the young woman you just met, the 2nd Lieutenant. You smile at each other.

Then, you're dead, and your coworkers are showered in your organs and blood as a fireball rips through the room. Approximately 90 feet of the Pentagon, and everyone that was sitting there, is just gone.

You're the young Lieutenant now, and you sit in shock at what just happened from right outside the worst of it. You can't believe your eyes, and your ears are ringing. Total and complete shock. Not even fight or flight, but a whole new level of *completely overwhelmed and frozen in fear.* Unlike anything you've *ever* seen before. A total hellish wasteland, all the sudden, out of nowhere.

As your vision and hearing slowly come back in, you hear a baby cry.

A baby…

It's your first day back from maternity leave, and your 10-month old boy, Elisha, is now buried under a pile of rubble. He is alive, and you dig him out. You stumble out of the room and into the sun.

This is how the articles they write about you describe it:

> She doesn't know how long she was out. "Oh my God, am I in hell?" she wondered as her eyes strained to decipher the jagged heaps of wallboard and office furniture, the computers spitting sparks, the legs and arms sprouting bizarrely from the debris, some waving for help, others crazy-broken and still.
>
> The sound was as demonic as the scene, a sustained wail of agony and panic. And then beneath that, muffled and weak, she heard . . . what? . . . a baby? "Oh my God, is there a baby in hell?" she asked.
>
> A baby. Elisha.

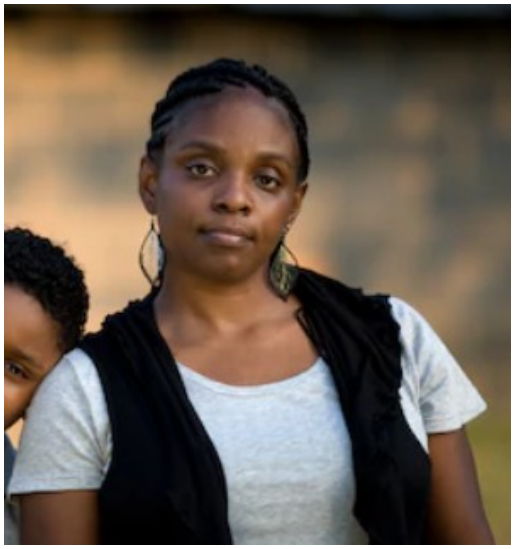
On your way out, you notice something very, very strange. Or rather, like some of our other characters, you *don't* see something strange. There is obviously no plane here, and it bothers you quite a bit.

So much, in fact, that you file a lawsuit against Dick Cheney that gets quite a bit of attention. *Gallop v. Cheney.* And then another one. You lose every time, and your attorneys are sanctioned. They threaten you with charges, but let it go when you stop making so much noise.

To this day, you and your son are regularly threatened and harassed, and you do not live in peace at your home. You live in fear of those who wield their power unlawfully, and you face organized, systemic hatred and discrimination for the simple crime of telling the truth.

That there was no airplane at the Pentagon that day.

Your name is April Gallop, and you survived the explosion. However, you were never the same.



And here you are, in all your glory:

I look at you. "And that's the story of the victims of 9/11. *They* are the main characters of this book. I wrote it for them. There's a few more minor puzzle pieces I will show you, but none of that matters. *They* mattered. They still do matter."

You look at me.

I am doing this for you, because I love you. You will understand by the time you finish it. I am not the wolf in sheep's clothing. They are. I know what I'm doing."

I look deeply into your eyes. "Do you trust me?"

You look, and you see nothing but pure, absolute love. Perfect love for all of us. You think about my stories, the truth in them. The way they add up. They aren't faked. My sources, my pictures. How I don't tell you what to think or why, I just show you things, source it, document it, and let you come to your own conclusions. A real teacher. How I have never lied to you, and everything you check or verify online *always* turns out to be true."

"I trust you, Witness 1."

I laugh. "I know a few things. A few things that other people might not know. And by the time we get to the last beginning of the beginnings, you'll know too."

You stare at me like I'm an alien.

I park the bus, and we walk through a meadow. A forest, humming with life, looms ahead of us, and we are almost at the trees.

You look at me. "Where… where are we?"

I smile and call out to someone sitting in a covered porch next to a fireplace. "Dear Reader, come over here!"

I turn to you and smile. "I want to introduce you to someone special. We're at Dear Reader's house. I love it. I've always wanted a house like this. I want to show you something. Something that he has that we do not. Something perfect and beautiful."

I introduce you guys. “Dear Reader, this is Dear Friend. Dear Friend, this is Dear Reader. My two best friends.”

He gives you a hug, and my smile is so bright. I knew that someday I would find friends like you guys.

I give Dear Reader a firm handshake. “Good to see you again, playa. Act out this scene with me for Dear Friend.”

He smiles and nods.

Golden hour is beginning - and the light is beautiful through the branches and leaves. Golden coronas halo around in our eyes.

I look over at your rusted barn with the slightly sagging roof and ask you what you hear.

“The wind. The sky. The trees sighing.”

I ask you what you see.

“I see life. So much of it. Fireflies, dragonflies, frogs, rabbits. I hear them. I see them carrying out their little lives, busy in the obscurities of the animal world. Going to their jobs.”

I look at you, and my eyes grow watery. I watch and listen for a moment with you, then they harden. “Let’s walk to your barn.” We do, and we sit on an old shelf covered in yellow hay. You keep goats, and they come up to sit with us. I pet them, and look at you.

“In your world, the Silent Spring never happened. In mine, the fireflies are gone. They haven’t been seen in decades, and no one even talks about it.

Even the frogs have left, and the waters no longer support their young. We poisoned them out of our cities, and they live their lives away from us. They no longer love us, as we have abandoned them. We were supposed to take care of them, and we did not.”

I look down at the goat, and tears course down my face.

You look at me in shock. “The fireflies are… gone?”

“One day, there were less of them. Then one day, there were rows and rows of farms and tractors instead of forests. Then the houses came. Then there were even less of them.

One day, there weren’t any fireflies at all. People looked, but they did not see them. Then, they stopped looking. They did not even see that they did not see them.”

I look down. “This was before I was even born. I have never seen a wild firefly in my life.”

“You’re 33 and you’ve never seen a wild firefly in your *life*?” Your voice is soft, questioning.

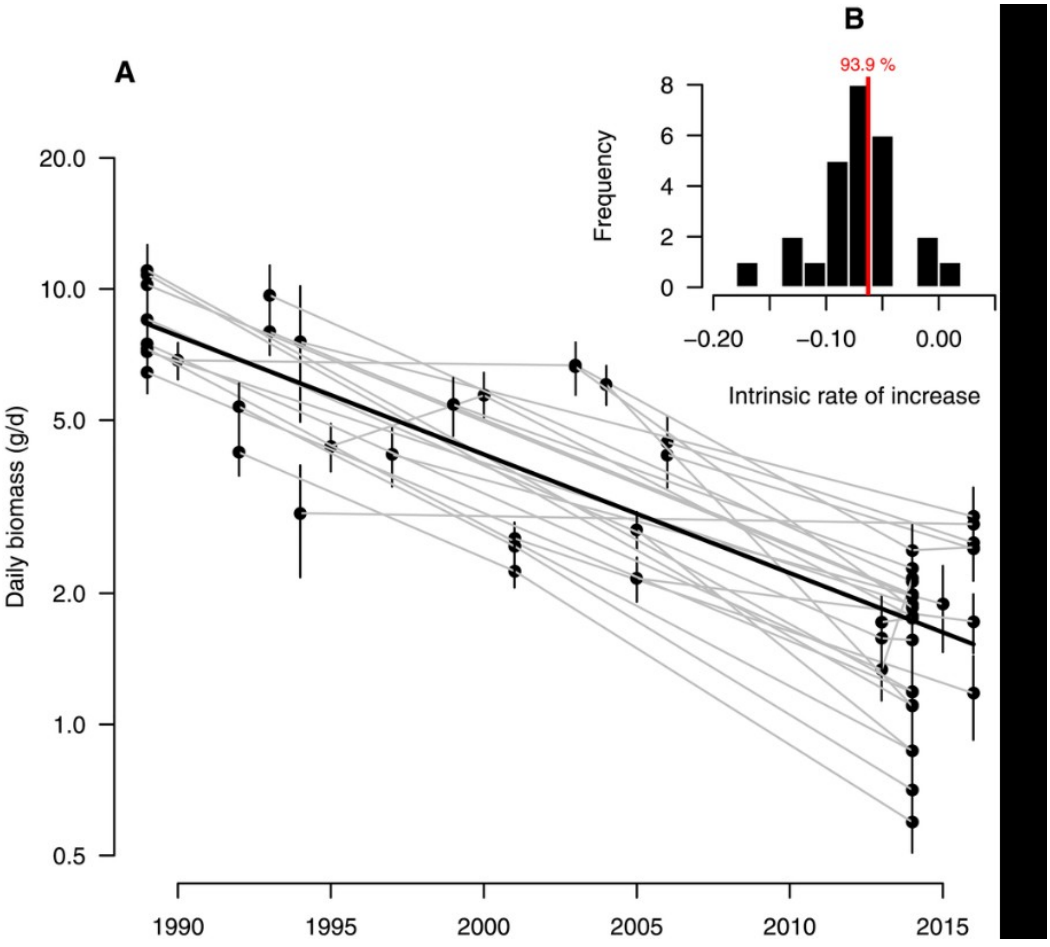
We watch them begin to spark around us, a few faint flashes in the shadows. Soon, there will be thousands.

“There are still insects, but less. Far less, and it is happening way, way too fast. Everyone knows, but no one notices. Life has retreated away from the ash cloud of humanity’s filth and disease, and the deer seldom roam the streets anymore.

The turkeys don’t roam with 10 or 15 family members anymore. You don’t see the wild peacocks, and every year there are less butterflies. When we drive, we don’t even have to clean the insects off our windshield anymore, and it happened both so fast and so gradually that we don’t even talk about it.”

It's true. They call it the “windshield test.”

I pull out a graph, which shows flying insect biomass found in nature preserves in Germany. It shows a 5% year-over-year decline, leading to 75% less flying insects detected after 25 years, from 1990 to 2015:



This is *not good.* If you take this sort of experiment and extrapolate it globally using much more data than this, it comes out to about a 9% decrease in insect biomass *every year.* There's still a lot of them, and tons of species we don't even know about yet, but every year they shrink.

You look at me in shock. Your face is white as a ghost, and you whisper to me in horror – "9%... per *year*? 9% of insects *die off* and aren't replaced… every year? You're… you're messing with me… right?"

You throw your hands up in exasperation. "Who else do they think is gonna… do all that shit?"

I stare *deeply* into your soul.

"Every year, they grow smaller while we grow larger. The Nothing consumes them, while we consume everything else. We are real, and they are not. They are nothing to us. *Worthless*.

That's an estimate, but let's say it's roughly true. Something like a literal decimation, a 10% reduction, every year. An insect holocaust of unknown proportions. Unlike anything this planet has ever seen. This is way, *way* too fast. In fact, this is *insanity*."

We sit in silence and watch the incredible light show in your world begin as we look out into the night. You look over at me.

"And you think this started after 9/11?"

"It didn't happen purely because of, or just after, 9/11. But after 9/11, it changed.

Workers are no longer friendly. The government is no longer helpful. Everyone is angry, distrustful. The trucks move in faster, and the smaller farms are gobbled up. The forests shrink and grow frail.

The streams and brooks disappear as they are drunk and diverted by thirsty factories and institutions. Schools and hospitals to care for the millions of people. All this time, the waste and sludge pouring out into the sea and forest.

9/11 fed the beast. It made it grow strong. The ritual of fear – two towers becoming one. The wolf truly bared his teeth for the first time on 9/11. He also revealed his hand."

You look at me, and for once, I know that someone believes me. "I love this part. This part is key. Who will speak for the insects? Does anyone ever stop to ask that? *Well*? *Do they*?"

You shake your head and say, "Never seen a wild firefly. What the *fuck*."

You are sad for me and my pathetic, shitty world.



I thank Dear Reader, and tell him I love him. Then, I look at you. "Do you want to know the true story of the tower?"

You nod. "Yes."

"Listen. The Story of the Stylite."

I hand you a cuneiform tablet, etched in rough lines.

"What is it?"

"Sanskrit. Wrong one. Here, take this."

I hand you a solid chunk of metal, cast with fine details. It's worn, and has a piece broken off but the image is clear:

"How old do you think this is?"

You feel the weight of it. See the wise man, the tower, and the serpent. "Few… hundred years? A thousand, maybe?"

I look at you. "1400 years. And it's depicting someone who lived 200 years before that."

"You look. *1600 years ago*? This story is… 1600 years old?"

I nod. "Sort of. Maybe, much older. This is one of the oldest versions of it that we know of. Unknown unknowns, you know. What do you see? Any… *symbols*?"

You scan it. "I see a… serpent. Tower. Another tower falling on it. A man, desperately clutching a book. He wears a crown, of sorts. Above him is a… shell. A seashell."

I rub the tablet gently. "A seashell. A crown. A tower, one falling. A serpent. A *book*. 1600 years ago."

I put it carefully back in the satchel. "Think the Louvre might want that one back."

I grin. "Do you know who that is?"

You shake your head. “His name is Simeon. Simeon the Stylite. Here’s another picture of him:”



“Do you know what a ‘stylus’ is?”

You nod. “Like a… pen?”

“Exactly. It’s what they used to carve Sanskrit, and other languages, into clay tablets in the Middle East. It’s one of the major ways we know about how they lived back then, though very little survived. He was called that because he was a writer. He knew how to write, but others did not. That was why he retreated to the tower, because they were going to kill him for his writing.”

I look at you. “It’s not what they’re telling us. With the towers. The temples. Something happened about 2,000 years ago that left all these megalithic stone structures in ruins. Can’t you feel it? How they’re lying to us? About the temples of stone?”

You nod. “This will make more sense in the top layer of the fractal. So, anyways, scattered around the Middle East a little under 2,000 years ago, for absolutely no reason at all, are all these fresh ruins of temples. And they *loved* towers. Tons and tons of towers.” I look at you. “Do you want to see a picture of that very tower in the image? We don’t know its true age.”



You nod and I point to a picture:

“That’s it. Same exact one. The tower of Simeon the Stylite. Turns out, these ‘towers’ can last *quite a while…* sometimes…”

You laugh. “Yeah… some things never change. Is it still there?”

I frown. “No. For some reason, this tower isn’t here anymore, either. The Russians bombed it in 2016. It’s gone.

In fact, destruction of archeological evidence that could prove my book is one of the reasons there has always been war in the Middle East. They systematically destroy evidence of their crimes. They succeeded greatly.

But they left just enough clues that one day, someone could put it all together. Or maybe, enough desperate last screams - enough tragic stories - survived for us. Like this one. Barely.”

I look at you. “Here is the tragedy of the stylites. No one knows their story. No one can read their books. No one knows what, exactly, they preached from the towers. What their stories were. It’s *tragic.”*

You consider it. “They didn’t… survive?”

“Nothing. Nothing from the stylites. Stories *about* them. But not *their* books. In my opinion, there was a concerted effort to make sure that didn’t happen. We have some scraps. Some letter fragments, maybe. If you can find them. But, not the books themselves.”

You look at me. “What do you mean?”

“Well, what do you think they said? Preached up there on the old, broken temples? These were *Christian Monks*. What do you think that their books said? Maybe… something a little like mine?”

“They were… monks? Christian monks?”

“Yep. Every one of them. In fact, it was kind of a big deal at the time. ‘Tower monks.’ Sort of a… fad. It blew up. Got so big the *emperor* came to see Simeon one time, for advice. The emperor of Rome.”

I look down. “Simeon was the first that we know of. He went up there to escape. They called him mad, and drove him up there. He couldn’t bear to live amongst them, though he loved them. He found peace up there, and became a huge celebrity. This was in what we call Turkey, near the Syrian border, close to the coast. Nice area. He was a hardcore dude, an ascetic.”

You look at me. “Ascetic?”

“Yeah, like in *Siddhartha*. It’s a type of monk, Christian or otherwise, who believes that denying themselves physical pleasure, or even fulfilling their basic physical needs, will lead to spiritual enlightenment. It’s denial of self in practice.”

You nod.

“So, this guy, Simeon, was such an ascetic, that even the ascetic monks kicked him out of the monastery. Yep. ‘Sorry pal, we need to *eat* around here *sometimes.*’ That sort of thing. He fasted the entire 40 days of Lent one time. Yup, fun guy at parties, as you can imagine. Guy wouldn’t lay down to go to sleep sometimes until he *collapsed*. To prove how devoted he was to this stuff.”

You look at me. “Seriously?”

“Yes. According to what we know about him. What they say. His book did not survive. None of the stylite’s books survived.”

You look at me. “Why do you keep saying that?”

“36 years. 36 years he clutched his book on top of a tower, roasting in the sun. Thirsty, and relying on people to bring him food and water. In return for sage advice from his writings. If they didn’t come, he would die.”

“He would… he didn’t…” It clicks. “He didn’t come down… at *all*??? For 36 *years*???”

I nod. “Yes. We know that for a fact about him. That was their thing. ‘I am *not* coming down again. Go fuck yourselves.’ He died up there. There was actually quite a dispute over his bones between Antioch and Constantinople.”

You think. “So… the tarot card… the burning tower…”

I stare at you. “How do you think these people, the ones who were once in the temple gaining massive power, wealth, and influence, felt about the Christian monks preaching from their old, ruined towers? Do you think they *liked* that?”

You think. “Um… no.”

“So, what do you think happened?”

I hand you the tarot card with the person trapped on the tower, burning alive.

You grimace. “Oh… yeah…”

You think. *A seashell… above his head… he was on a beach…*

You hand it back, and I put the card away.

“I carry these for educational purposes only.”

“The tower… is that old?”

I shake my head. “Much older. Much, much older. It exists in different forms, but it will always be cloaked in the same story. In fact, this is the true meaning of the tree. The purpose of a tree. But it’s not the true story of the tree.”

You stare at me. “What?”

I smile. “The tower is the tree. The tree is the tower. The trees were put here to test our courage. They give us so much – food, shade, warmth, shelter, wood, paper. Will we stand for them when the axes come out? They are helpless against us.

So, will we protect them as they have protected us?

The trees and forests were a test. To test our courage. Will we climb the tree - sit on the tower - and yell as loudly as we can about the truth? Or will we not? Will we speak for them as they have stood for us?”

I stare at you. “And how do you think that we did?

We sit in silence for a moment.

I flip to Appendix A and show you the movie-within-a-movie that comes right before the twin towers upside-down collapse:



“The twin pines. The Islamist attack. The lone pine.”

“So, are you from the Bible?”

“I don’t know. There’s only one way to find out. Use the Two Witnesses cash to publish this book and see if it changes the world. If it does, maybe. If it doesn’t, then I will pretty much rule that out for good. Might as well try, what the _“

You cut me off. “are you doing with your life. Yep, I got it.”

“If I could, I would. It’s scary to publish a book like this, but I have to do it. If I don’t, I couldn’t live with myself. I can genuinely tell you that I feel that God told me to, and that it is inspired by the Holy Spirit. That I believe it is true to the words of Jesus Christ as told through the Gospels. I believe that this book is Biblical, and congruent with true Christian theology. In fact, I believe that this book *is* Christian theology.

You guys are wrong about everything else, obviously, you are wrong about all that, too. Not entirely, but you’re not all the way there yet, either. Better, but not great.

When I read online, there is no “we.” You people don’t have a “we.” That’s because you have no leader. You’re nothing without a leader. If you cannot stand together, you will die alone. This is the surest lesson from all of history.

Without “we”, without “us” – without being able to say *we* do not consent, not *I* do not consent – you *will* be individually and summarily executed in some way within the foreseeable future. I can *guarantee* you that you have no place in the coming new world.

It won’t be personal, dramatic, or glorious. There will be no executioner for you to rail at. You will have no grand last words, and no final stand. It will be faceless, systemic oppression that kills you, just like the hundreds of millions during World Wars I and II.

Unless you people can find yourselves a leader, and soon – it's over. Beyond checkmate. You're about to be put away, in the closet, forever. Your story will end. Your game will no longer be played, for all eternity. They will have a new game now, and *you* are not a part of that one.

No one will even be to blame, of course, but *you*. And for once, it will actually be true. Because you did not listen. You did not believe the story they told you, to your face. And so – without a leader - you shall die, and most likely, go to hell. For being a coward, a liar, and hating the truth. For not having faith. For being weak. Being too *stupid* to see it, when it's all right there for you.

"The coming of the lawless one is by wicked deception for those who will perish, and through false signs and wonders he will deceive those destined to perish in forever separation from God.

They refused to love the truth, and so be saved. They did not love the truth, and therefore, they did not believe it."

I mean, the people walking around today wouldn't know the truth if it was shaped like a grand piano and fell on them out of a building. Maybe, that's exactly what needs to happen.

So, listen to me or not. Make your choice. It's yours, if you can have it.

Trust me, I'll be fine either way. You, however, will not.



I look at you and tell you that I want to tell you another story. Something completely different, before we finish 9/11. I ask if you want to hear it, and you do. I tell you that it is another untold story of heroism, and another person who was censored, silenced, and murdered.

Your name is Randy Ledger, and you're a maintenance worker at a Federal building in Oklahoma City. It's 1995, and you're in the daycare center changing a lightbulb. Suddenly, a sound you've never heard before, and you're on the ground in darkness. Shattered glass has pierced your carotid artery and your jugular, and you are bleeding to death. You're buried.

And here you are, in all your glory:



19 of the children and babies near you when the explosion happened are dead - crushed and then roasted alive inside of an oven. Many more are injured. However, this story isn't about you, or about them. It's about the man who saved your life.

I want to pause here and add that although I believe that the events I am discussing were false flags and government psyops, that doesn't mean that the explosions were not real. That it didn't happen at all. That the pain and suffering weren't real. That these people aren't *real* or their stories aren't true or worth listening to.

The US Government and Synagogue of Satan have murdered more real people than you can possibly imagine. They are the victims here, and they don't even know who really did it to them. It's fucking tragic, and I intend to fix it.

We were lied to about who did it and why, but these people's experiences with horrific violence are legitimate.

You felt a pressure on your leg. Someone standing on you. They dig you out, and they get rescue workers to you. You're saved.

A few minutes later, you see the man who saved you on a stretcher, too. You are both carried out.

It's a hero cop named Terrence Yeakey, and you're one of the best officers on the OKC police force. You are also a True Believer – that people are fundamentally decent and honest, and if you follow the rules and channels of authority the way they trained you, you will be given a fair chance to tell your story and speak truth to power.

This is, obviously, a horrible idea that no one should ever try and do. Because of this, you are the only other hero so far in my story.

And for that, they killed you. Because you tried to do the right thing as a police officer, they murdered you.

You ended up fine physically after the OKC bombing. However, you saw something that day that changed you forever. You were never the same.

And 385 days later, you would slit your wrists, arms, and neck with razor blades, bleed out in your car, and then drag yourself about a half mile into the woods to shoot yourself in the head. You left no suicide note, and there was no autopsy done on your body. Your story was buried in obscurity, and almost no one has ever heard it.



And here you are, in all your glory:

The weird thing is, not a single one of your friends, family, or coworkers believe that you actually killed yourself. They say you would never do that - that you had a child, loved your life, and felt a sense of honor and duty to care for others selflessly. And so you did.

In fact, your friends and family didn't believe this *so much* that they actually made *quite a bit* of noise about it for a time. And although they clamored and shouted for you, their cries have faded and most people no longer remember your name. Except me.

And CNN. They wrote an article about you, but I'm not sure if anyone except me has ever read it:

https://www.cnn.com/interactive/2023/03/us/oklahoma-city-bombing-yeakey-death-cec-cnnphotos/

And so, here is what your sister says about your death:

In a recent interview, his sister Lashon Hargrove said this:

"I think they murdered Terry because he knew too much."

This is what the Randy Ledger, the maintenance worker whose life you saved as he bled to death among a pyre of wood and steel beams, the man who *you* pulled from the gaping maw of the nothing and gave new life to, says about your death:

"There's too many unanswered questions," he said recently.

He says that he thinks about you every time he sees a yellow truck on the road, or smells the musk that lives inside the walls. Insulation. Metal.

Brandon Spann is an administrative assistant at the Canadian County Sheriff's office.

You smile, and that's because you grew up with him and you played basketball with him. He knew all of your friends, and he's willing to tell CNN that not a single person in the "black community" you grew up in believes that you killed yourself. Because it is so unlike things people usually say, I know that he is telling the truth.

This is what he said about your death:

"No one believed that he killed himself," Spann said.

Jim Ramsey was with you on the day of the bombing, and he was awarded a medal for bravery. He worked with you closely and patrolled the streets with you.

When a reporter asked him in 2022 if he believes the official story about your death, this is what he said:

"No," Ramsey said. "I guess I don't."

Steve Vassar was your friend at work. This is what he said about your death:

"I still don't believe Terry did it," said Steve Vassar, one of Yeakey's closest friends on the force. "I have just a hard time believing that Terry would take his life."

Don Browning *trained* you to be a police officer. This is what he said about your death:

"I still think he was murdered."

Though your car was full of blood, they did no autopsy. Though you left a trail of blood and your body was wounded and disfigured, they looked for no evidence. Though no one believes them, they continue to lie.

When people ask the police department you worked for about your lack of an autopsy, they refer you to the state medical examiner's office. This office will not answer any questions about any specific case.

The police department you worked for took over your case quickly, though your body was found outside the city limits. They aren't able to explain why, when reporters from CNN asked about it.

As a matter of fact, they don't seem to be able to answer any questions at all about your death.

Like where your body was found. Or the specifics of the crime scene. Whether or not a gun was found. In fact, they don't seem to know if any forensic tests on you were even done at all.

They will not release the unredacted report on you, and we know nothing at all about the final hours of your life. The Police Chief and Master Sgt. you worked for do not give interviews, and they do not answer questions. They are a blue wall of silence.

Before you died, they offered you a medal for bravery that day too. And you said you didn't want it. You told them to shove it up their asses. And you knew that they knew that you knew. Eyes shifted then. Gazes darkened. Lips hardened.

On the day of the bombing, you called your ex-wife, Tonia, from the hospital to pick you up after you were released. On the way home, you started crying in the car. And this is what you told her:

> "Tonia, it's not what they're saying it is," he told her. "They're not telling the truth. They're lying about what's going on down there."

You were "disturbed." "Convinced there was more to the story." "Paranoid." "Fearful."

At least, those exact words are what your friends and family say.

Because, Terrence, you saw something that day, didn't you? Beneath the day care center, didn't you? As you rescued the man with blood pouring out of his neck and part of his face missing, you noticed something that others didn't. You saw something that shouldn't be there. Something out of place. Something *wrong.*

"Are you seeing the *pattern* now? The tower? The screams of the infant, roasting alive?"

You look at me, unsettled. That is good. "So… what did he see? Terrence Yeakey?"

Well, you saw a lot. You must have been a very observant person. In fact, you may have been one of the greatest cops of all time, if you hadn't noticed the wrong things. Of course, it's a paradox.

You noticed that some government workers *lied* about where they were that day.

You noticed police in riot gear on the scene way too fast, as if they knew it was going to happen.

You noticed that the explosion seems to have blown *outward,* not inward like they were saying.

It started in the building, didn't it? Is that right, Terrence?

You don't realize you are staring into the Nothing.

There was something there calling you to come back and find it. Find the truth. Expose it.

So, a few days later, you tell Tonia to take you there - late at night. When no one can see you. You tell her you saw something underneath the daycare, and you want to go take a picture. Something isn't right.

And this is how it went down:

> "We did go down there, probably between 9:30, 10:00, and he said that we were going to go look underneath where the daycare had been," she said. "There was something he wanted to see over there and get a picture, if possible. As we went down there, we were stopped and I can't remember which personnel it was, but I know definitely it was either ATF or FBI ... And Terry had attempted to badge his way through, and the guy told him no ... And he said something a little more specific, like, you know, 'You're not supposed to be back down here.' ... (It) made me realize the two of them recognized each other and the interaction was very antagonistic. I think had I not been with Terry, he would have said a little more to the man and maybe been a little more forceful about getting through. But it seemed like he thought better about it since I was with him. And we left."

I assume this is when they realized that they were going to have to kill you. The courage it took to *show up* back there, in person, is extraordinary. *That* is what heroes do.

So, they have this cop who *will not stop* poking around the demolition site, telling everyone who will listen that the government is lying. You were a problem, as all heroes are for people who are pure evil.

“You’re not supposed to be back down here.”

Back down here. They *recognized* you. They *saw* you.

They sensed danger from you, because they knew that you were both like and unlike them. A hunter, but not for the innocent. For the guilty.

You are *furious*. So, you go back to work and write up a nine-page report on it. Turn it into your bosses and give them a piece of your mind. They stare at you with cold lizard eyes and watch as you storm out of their office yelling about justice and high treason.

Your report disappears. They want a one-page report instead. When you refuse, they call your house. They harass you. Then, your friend Vassar’s report disappears, too. These reports don’t exist anymore. They are not real. They have been swallowed by the Nothing.

In your final weeks, you were afraid. You came to your ex-wife, telling her to remarry you so “they would be taken care of” if something happened to you. Telling her to run away with you. So bad that she reports you to work.

You leave her a VCR tape, but it disappeared from her house before she watched it. You’re talking about insurance and benefits, and you’re panicked.

You visit your sister and her husband. Crying and upset. Weeping. You can’t stop talking about the OKC bombing. “It’s not what they say it is,” you tell them. When they ask you to tell them more, for some reason, you say that you can’t. I’m sure they had contacted you by now and threatened to kill your daughter and ex-wife if you did.

Before they shot you, they tortured you. They started in the car, as they sliced your skin open and flayed you. You screamed and painted the car with your blood. Lots of it.

Then, they tied your ankles together, and used either handcuffs or rope to bind your wrists. They dragged you through the woods over sticks and thorns as you bled out.

It seems that they may have even performed some type of mock-lynching, probably just for fun. They didn’t kill you that way, though, with a rope around your neck.

When they kneeled you down and shot you in the head, your wounds were stuffed full of grass and dirt.

Your Mother and Sister saw your body at your funeral, though they tried to stop them. They demanded to see the body. So, they saw your enlarged head, from something around your neck strangling you, and the burns from ligatures around your ankles, wrists, and neck. This is what your Sister said:

"Mama," she recalled saying, "they executed him."



And here she is, in all her glory:

She walks from your funeral, and she weeps for you. Among the grief and sadness, you can see the anger. The *knowing*. That it was all a bunch of bullshit. The badges and cold stares from the brass. The rifles and holstered revolvers, the implicit and explicit threats.

"Stop looking." For the rest of their lives, they said that strange vehicles stalked them, and their phones would click like a wiretap was being run.

Whatever you were looking for under the daycare, we will never know. They covered it up, and you are dead. Crucified on a pyre of dirt.

There's one more piece to your puzzle – Romona McDonald, a woman you met in the rubble. She was your friend, and she also collected evidence. In fact, her house was, sort of, a meeting place for people who questioned the government's story, and she collected more evidence about it than anyone.

Including, apparently, one of the only existing copies of your full report. Right before you died, two men came to her house asking a lot of questions about her evidence and you. They confiscated all of her evidence, including the last known copy of your report.

The last day she saw you, you told her you were going to meet two men that you described to her. Neither of you knew their names, but they sure sounded a lot like the two that had come around her place.

You were scared, but you felt like it was your only chance. You knew it might be a setup, but they convinced you to meet them. You told her where you were meeting them, and that's where your body was found.

We're back on your porch, and you add logs to the fire. You shudder as you think about how it would feel to be tortured and executed by cold, uncaring agents who think you aren't even worthy of breathing the same air as them. How they would mock you for being so stupid and naïve, for believing that you could tell the truth and live in this world.

That they couldn't just abduct you and dump your body and get away with it.

"I don't know what the worst part of that would be, but I can't imagine being murdered by someone who doesn't care about it. Who won't even remember you on their own deathbed. Just an assembly line murder."

"It's horrific," I say in agreement.

A clear image appears in my mind at this point, and I open up my laptop and layer two images over each other in *Canva* to create it. I show it to you and say, "Welcome to the fractal, baby:"

"Now can you see? The power of these sacrifices?"





“Why do you think they did these things? What would it take to sacrifice a child to the fire? What did they receive in return?

Why were they so dedicated to this practice, that they wrote about it, sang about it, and drew it – over and over? Why were they so addicted to the spilled blood of their own children?”

I look at you. “Why did they play those trumpets?”

You look at me, and say, “Fear. Power. Gold.”

“Yes. Because it *works*.”

The eternal golden braid.

I smile, but sadly, and turn to you. “One time, I told my wife the real stories of Ruby Ridge and Waco. How the government shot his son and dog. Executed them. That was just to start – then they shot him through the armpit and then his wife in the head while she held their 10-month old baby, Elisheba. Trapped him in a cabin with his wife’s corpse for a *week.*

How they mocked him over the loudspeakers as he went slowly insane. How they named their spot “Camp Vicki” after her and called for her to come eat blueberry pancakes with them as they pinned him down like a dog. It was so bad, so much worse than you think.

I told her how the ATF brought in tanks to scare them at Waco, filled the compound with tear gas and then sparked a fire to ignite it and burn them all alive. How the children had hidden from the fires in the basement, and how the tear gas settled and concentrated on them.

I told her about how the children at Waco convulsed so hard while they suffocated to death on tear gas that they were found with broken spines. How they snapped themselves in two while they retched and gagged on poison.



How the children screamed as they burned to death while government agents *laughed* outside. How the snipers *took pictures* in the wreckage while the bodies still smoldered.

Then I told her that I don’t *take* red pills. I *am* the red pill.

She literally *involuntarily projectile vomited* from that. Immediately.”

I hand you a picture. “Do you know what they call this?”

You look at me, and I tell you.

“A trophy.” We sit in silence, and a single tear rolls down my cheek for the little burned ones. For once, your eyes harden too as you stare at the smoldering wreckage.

“These events all fit a pattern, but they are hard to parse one by one. Only by stepping outside of the fractal and recognizing the web of interconnections, the nodes of importance, the names and places that pop up over and over, can you figure out the pattern, orders, and cause and effect that leads to the next aberration.

At Ruby Ridge, they shot his dog, they shot his son, and they shot his wife. All dead. They holed him up like a dog. Ruined him. Same sniper at Waco took the shots, Lon Horiuchi. One of the greatest hunters of all time.”

I look over at you. “And what can you learn from Randy Weaver?”

“Stay behind cover and keep your wife’s head down?”

“No. But also, yes.”

I ask you if you know that the twin towers had names. You look at me.

“North Tower… and… South… Tower?”

I laugh. “No, they had real names. Do you want to know what they were?”

You nod.

“Joachim and Boaz. The two pillars of Freemasonry. And here they are, in all their glory:”



THIS MASONIC MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY SOLOMON'S PILLARS MASONIC LODGE #59 IN ELIAT, ISRAEL. IF WE LOOK CLOSELY, WE CAN SEE THE "EYE OF PROVIDENCE", AS WELL AS J AND B, REPRESENTING JOACHIM AND BOAZ IN MASONIC LORE.

You read the caption. “J… and B. Joachim and Boaz. What does it mean?”

“It has to do with Solomon’s temple. His builder, Hiram Abiff. Masonic lore. Remember the masonic art with the towers? For some reason, this is… kind of a big deal for them, actually.

It’s sort of like… their whole thing.”

You think. “Solomon’s… Salomon… masonry… masonry in *temples*… where have I heard that before???”

I flip back to the 1989 *New York Times* article where Larry Silverstein talks about reinforcing WTC 7 so strongly that you could “remove an entire floor” and it wouldn’t collapse. *Whoopsie!*

Anyways, I point to it. “What does it say?”

> **'We built in enough redundancy to allow entire portions of floors to be removed without affecting the building's structural integrity**, on the assumption that someone might need double-height floors," said Larry Silverstein, president of the company. "Sure enough, Salomon had that need.

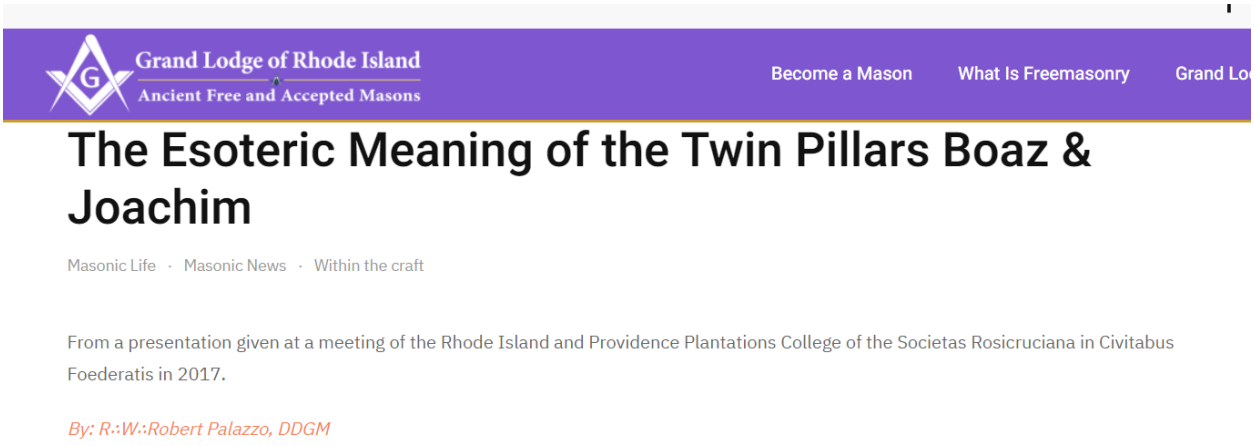
"Salomon…"

I pull up the Wikipedia article for WTC 7:

> **7 World Trade Center** (**7 WTC**, **WTC-7**, or **Tower 7**), colloquially known as **Building 7** or the **Salomon Brothers Building**, was an office building constructed as part of the

"Ok, so, Joachim and Boaz… What do they mean? What *are* they?"

"Excellent question!" I smile. "Let's ask the Freemasons." I pull up an article from the *Grand Lodge of Rhode Island*:



I point and you read it:

> Since the dawn of civilization, two pillars have guarded the entrance of sacred and mysterious places. Whether in art or architecture, twin pillars are archetypal symbols representing an important gateway or passage toward the unknown. In Freemasonry, the pillars Boaz and Jachin represent one of the brotherhood's most recognizable symbols and most times is prominently featured in Masonic art, documents, and buildings.

"Twin pillars are archetypal symbols representing an important gateway or passage to the unknown!" You gasp.

“Holy shit – the towers themselves *really* were a *fucking portal*. We all ’went through’ them, into the unknown. The *ritual*. Two becoming one. Alchemy. They were a’gateway or passage.’

You’re right – *9/11 was a portal.* The *towers themselves* were the portal, brought to life on our clear crystal screens. It reached out and *touched us*.”

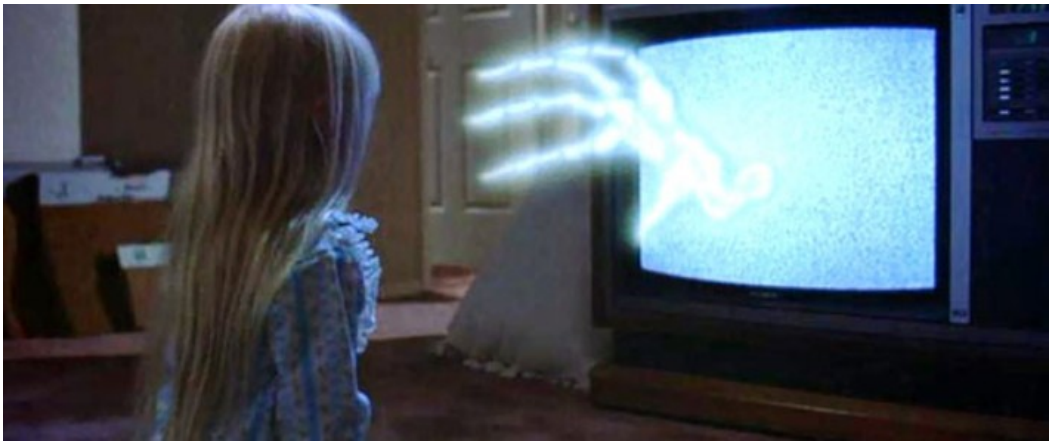
You gasp and look directly at me. “It was… it was the *worst blood ritual of all time*! Like the infant in *Sgt. Peppers,* but times… times a *million!* The fear - *so* much more *fear*! So much more *blood.* So much more *suffering.*

9/11 *really was* a *fucking portal.*” Your eyes are wide, fearful.

I nod. Although it’s depressing, I smile. I am very, very pleased with you in this moment. Endorphins flood *my* system, because someone finally believes me. Because you *listened* to me.

The key turns in the lock. I am happy.

An image flashes in your memory. A blonde girl. A portal:



Reaching out and *touching* you.

A vision of a strange man in glasses, describing her like a piece of meat he picked out at the store:

"beatific four-year-old child...every mother's dream"

Ew. You shudder again. The truth *hurts*.

Then, you ask a *very* good question.

“So… if 9/11 was a portal… where did it take us? Where are we now? Where are we *not*?”

You look over at me. "You know what - fuck these people and their stupid portals. Something should be done about this. Something *must* be done."

We blow our fourth lines of cocaine, and drink water. I nod.

"But what?"

"The Deep Magic. Close the portal."

"And what is that?"

"Publish and die. It's still hilarious."

"And what if that doesn't work?"

I grin at you. "Watch what happens next.

And, you know what, what the fuck else am I doing with my life anyways?"

I took about 8 blocks of large mozzarella cheese to the back. There is a shredder there, and this might be one of the worst parts of being a pizza cook – you have to manually force each block through, and it takes a push. Elbow grease. In fact, these little Thai girls literally could not have gotten it done.

So I push, and I strain. As I push, I think about the Milky Way – the sweet nectar of God's breast squirted amongst the stars. Then, I thought about *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, and the way that authors weave narratives together. Like a song, or sex, it is a rising and falling cascade of narratives. It must never climax too early.

The most important thing I learned about music is that if you drop the tension for a moment, it is over. The song is dead. You cannot learn how to not do this, you must find out through years of study and looking closely at things.

Then, I thought about my English classes, and how authors use motifs and symbols to tell a story-within-a-story, that most people only pick up on subconsciously. I wondered what a good one might be if I were to ever write a dumb book, and I remembered something. Something deep.

I remembered the first time that I ever felt pleasure instead of pain. The first time someone cared for me. The first time someone looked me in the eye, and told me that I was enough for them. That I could partake in them, and consume their flesh into my being.

I remembered the void. The blackness. The Nothing.

Quite nice, actually.

Screaming, screaming! What are these sounds?

I cry, I scream out in fear, and I call -
And as soon as I'm born, they'll make me feel small,
By giving me no time instead of it all.
They'll hate me if I'm clever and they'll despise a fool,
Until I'm so fucking crazy I won't follow their rules.

There's room at the top they are telling me still,
But first I must learn how to smile as I kill.
A working class hero is something to be.
A working class hero means something to me.
So, if you want to be a hero, well, just follow me.

So go on, kid, choose! It's your life, it's your dream!
Make a decision, as your countdown begins -
Three billion seconds, then – poof – I win!
Make your bet, draw your cards – I hold arbitrage.

I run the cameras, and the hammer in back,
I string the mistletoe, while awareness you lack.
I run the streets, and rain death from above,
I drove a tank and ran over a dove.
I own the farm, and I work the trough -
Feeding them things I don't want to be found.
Hair, bone, and teeth – chewed up by a pig.
The house keeps the money, and you lose the vig.

Your mother can't save you, though your cries she will hear.
You're all mine, so let the nice man get you clean –
Your immurement has ended, and no one is near,
Look into my wolf eyes as they sharply gleam.
I whisper to you, and you cry out in fear.
I'll tell you the things that you should never have seen.

"Welcome, my boy, to the world of your dreams,
Nightmares and riddles – monstrous scenes.

Welcome, my child, touch what you wish,
It's yours to fondle, caress, and to kiss.
Welcome to laughter, joy, and love,
Welcome to the facsimile of the good things above.
Welcome to church, and the television screen.
Welcome, my son, to the machine."

WAAAA!!!! What the FUCK?!? What horrors appear betwixt mine newborn eyes? WAAAA!!!!!!

Terror and strange monsters spin you around. You shriek, and for the first time in your life, you feel cold, *heavy* air stinging your skin. Viscera and blood stream down you. You're no longer weightless, and there's a terrible, oppressive force holding down everything you try to do.

You are mottled and grey.

AHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!!! TAKE ME BAAAAACK!!!!

Then, suddenly, something changes. You are warm, and you smell the only smell that you have ever known. Your eyes see dimly, but you see soft hushed tones of yellow and orange, and you hear the drum of the heartbeat that has been the rhythm of your life since forever.

A female voice sings to you. It is beautiful, and it sounds like an angel. You can even feel the resonance in her body. In her throat, her vocal chords vibrate like piano strings, and you can feel them. It is incredible.

You see her lips, soft and red. Reach out and touch them. They look funny. Her blonde hair brushes against you, tickling you. For the first time, you laugh.

Your father watches as the mother lowers her gown and places you gently on your breast. It is a pillow, a mountain of comfort. It is so, so, nice and warm. It's *soft,* like your home. Suddenly, a surprise! A fountain, an explosion of flavor. It is *sweet.*

Holy shit, YES!!!

Your mind explodes in a cacophony of taste and sense. It tastes like vanilla, like honey in the afternoon on a warm day, and you drink. You drink the deepest that you will ever drink in your life as the milk sugars enter your body and become you.

This was the first experience of my life.

As I push the white, firm but soft Mozzarella cheese through the shredder, I really push. I mean, I put some elbow grease in because I have shit to do and people get *hungry* after hiking the Grand Canyon.

I wonder if there's any more good ways to tie this motif into my story as I *heave* down, forcing and jamming this cheese into the shredder. Putting my very soul into forcing this white, creamy stuff into the metal chasm below, where it will be inexorably torn apart, never to be made whole again.

Torn, through my great effort, into thousands of little, tiny pieces, never to be remixed again. Just all this white, cheesy stuff sent to the ovens to melt on a crucifix of bread, slathered in meat extracted through suffering in a round circle in a product that people inexorably just *love*, but it isn't good for us, but we all know that and do it anyways.

Hmmm… motifs…

"Nope" I think to myself. *Can't really think of any.*

As we leave Maswik cafeteria where I worked in the Pizza Pub, I point to the cabin directly in front of us, second to the right from middle. I look at you. "I lived there. I loved in there. I also… laughed in there. No, but for real. I existed here."

Once we get back in the bus, I plug a power strip into the electrical outlet. "Alright, I'm going to show you the highest art of all time now. Trust me, bro. I totally know what I'm doing." I wiggle the fingers of my left hand at you.

"See – invincible." I slap the seat next to me. "It's a magic bus."

You nod and compliment my ability to work leitmotifs into this writing, like *Magic Bus* by The Who. Wait, wasn't *Magical Mystery Tour* about a magical bus too… *wait a second!*

I wink at you. "Yep, I'm a regular *Ken Kesey*."

As we watch the bus burn to the ground from a tree, I turn to you. "Ok… I have a better idea."

I reach into my satchel and pull out a generator, a short extension cord, and a slide projector.

"Let's try this again. Should be safe from fire all the way up here in this tree."

I pull up the *Goodbye Blue Sky* sequence from *The Wall*. We watch the cat frolic in a sunny garden as a young girl says, "Look mummy… it's an airplane up in the sky!" This particular scene is yet another movie-within-a-movie. A song-story.



The dove of peace swoops down, and explodes, transforming from reality into a cartoonish nightmare scene:

It turns into an ominous bird of prey, then a fighter jet:



It swoops down and tears a city off the map, leaving a blood-filled crater:



A horrible god of war appears, some sort of demon:



He morphs into a fortress, flanked by anti-aircraft guns and spotlights, sending out warplanes:



The British flag appears. It shatters, and turns into a cross, which drips heavily with blood.

The bird of prey morphs into the *obelisk*:



The skeleton gets back up, surrounded by his friends now:



Dawn breaks at the obelisk, and the Dove of Peace takes flight again:



The skeletons turn into crosses, graves, as the dove flies away. We see the red cross, wreathed in crepuscular rays.



However, all is not as it appears. In the shadow of the cross, blood running from it trickles into the sewer. Sinclair's gutter - the coagulated filth of all mankind:



I look at you. "And that's the best art that we have ever made. It speaks on so many different levels, and it operates through so many different mediums. The WWII allegory, the music, the lyrics, the way it shows the horrors of war, the critique of religious hypocrisy, the imagery. Another brick in the wall. Ahead of its time.

No one appreciates this art anymore, but this is the highest art that has ever been made. You'll have to move up to see my full take on it, but that's the gist of it."

It hits you. "They knew."

"Yes. They knew. They all did, for the most part. And they told us so, but you have to listen and look very, very closely. For example, watch the Tina Turner scene in *Tommy*, produced by and starring The Who. I mean, the subtlety of it all… barely even there…"

Your mind is fucking blown.

You've just been Fractalated by… a smooth scrivener!

You close *The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch*, the book I wrote about high-information music, the brain, and my personal experiment with my son and music training, and look at me.

“I guess I never thought about it like that before.”

“No one has. Except me. *This* is how we change the world.”

We think for a minute, and ponder the possibilities.

“They would have to believe.”

“Yes. They would have to believe. This story cannot come true if no one will read this book and believe the words. Believe me, that I am telling the truth. That I would die for this truth. I cry for this truth. I have bled for this truth. In fact, I *have* died for it.

They have to be willing to *let go* and believe. For some, it might be the first time they’ve believed in anything. It might be scary.

But otherwise, nothing good will ever happen again. It’s true. The Nothing is at the door, and we are just about to be floating in it, trapped in the void, forever. It’s eating our world, gnawing at the very fabric of reality. It’s true – you can feel it. That’s where the Berenstein Bears are. They are not real anymore.

The Empress calls out to *you*, Dear Reader*,* for help. It’s like the –“

You cut me off. “The Never-Ending Story.”

I laugh. “Yup.”

You sigh, and look over at me. “I wish it was real, Witness 1. The place you speak of. A farm you’ve only ever seen in a dream. Cows, and goats nursing happily. Morning sun on the hay.”

You look at me. “A place where the days have no names. A place without… money.” You sigh.

I twinkle at you. “Oh… but it is! Don’t you know where I come from?”

You look at me. “Where you… come from? Um… no?”

I smile. “My people. Where I’m from. Do you want to know?”

You nod.

“Cucuteni-Trypillia.”

You stare at me like I'm an alien. "Cuca – what? Oh… LA! You mean… Ranch Cucamonga, right?"

I laugh. "No, not LA. Not Rancho Cucamonga. Before that. Before even the ancient painted woods. In the *beginning*."

I look at you. "Cucuteni-Trypillia. My people. Do you want to know their story?"

You nod. I pull up their Wikipedia article:

> structures and were possibly inhabited by 20,000 to 46,000 people.[5][6][7] The 'mega-sites' of the culture, which are claimed to be the earliest known cities, were the largest settlements in Eurasia, and possibly the world, dating to the 5th millennium BC, predating and being larger than the first cities of Mesopotamia.[8][9][10] The population of the culture at its peak may have reached or exceeded one million people.[11] The culture was wealthy and influential in Eneolithic Europe[12] and the late Trypillia culture has been described by scholar Asko Parpola as the most thriving and populous agricultural community during the Copper Age.[13] It has been proposed that it was initially egalitarian and that the rise of inequality contributed to its downfall.[14]

"Mesopotamia. You know what that is, right?"

You nod. "Babylon."

"'Predating and being larger than.' You're familiar with the concepts, yes?"

You nod again as you skim the page.

"They were, sort of, neighbors – a huge culture located where Ukraine is today. This is the second hidden story-within-a-story in the Bible. You've never heard this one. No one has. The true story of my people."

I look down with fire in my glare. "What happened to them."

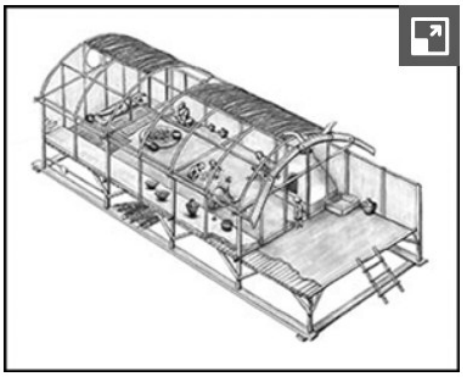
Let's dissect that paragraph.

"The earliest known cities… predating and being larger than the first cities of Mesopotamia… wealthy and influential… most thriving and populous agricultural community… initially egalitarian and the rise of inequality contributed to its downfall."

I look at you. "Keywords: initially egalitarian."

I pass you a study. "What do you think this is about?

Abstract



Explanations for the emergence and abandonment of the Chalcolithic Trypillia mega-sites have long been debated. Here, the authors use Gini coefficients based on the sizes of approximately 7000 houses at 38 Trypillia sites to assess inequality between households as a factor in the rise and/or demise of these settlements. The results indicate temporarily reduced social inequality at mega-sites. It was only after several generations that increased social differentiation re-emerged and this may explain the subsequent abandonment of the mega-sites. The results indicate that increases in social complexity need not be associated with greater social stratification and that large aggregations of population can, for a time at least, find mechanisms to reduce inequality.

You stare at me. "I have no idea."

"This study is about one of the *most* unusual archeological phenomena of all time. These people, to put it simply, would *burn down their entire cities*, on purpose, about once a lifetime or so. Every single house. The whole city. All of them. Every 60-70 years. They would start over.

As far as I know, they are the only ones who ever did it like this – this extreme. Everything gone. Start new."

I look at you. "And *why* does the study say that they did so?"

You read it. "The results… indicate… temporarily reduced social inequality at mega-sites."

"They did this because they did not have money. And they did not *want to have* money. It wasn't that they didn't know what it was – they understood how dangerous it is.

It was to keep anyone from getting greedy. From hoarding too much. They understood the ways of the Deep Magic. 'Periodic destruction of settlements.' Look:"

One of the most notable aspects of this culture was the periodic destruction of settlements, with each single-habitation site having a lifetime of roughly 60 to 80 years.[20] The purpose of

"They were the *first cities.* They gave us metal. They taught us how to domesticate the animals. This was going on in the very earliest parts of history we can even know about. Way back, even before Biblical times:"

advanced agricultural practices, and developed metallurgy.[11][15] The economy was based on an elaborate agricultural system, along with animal husbandry, with the inhabitants knowing how

They gave us pottery, and they invented the wheel:

A potter's wheel from the middle of the 5th millennium BC is the oldest ever found, and predates evidence of wheels in Mesopotamia by several hundred years.[16] The culture also has the oldest evidence of wheels for vehicles, which predate any evidence of wheels for vehicles in Mesopotamia by several hundred years as well.[13][17][18][19]

"They gave us *everything.* Everything we know and love came from them."

I look at you. "Everything Babylon had was stolen from these people.

And who do you suppose it might have been, over in Babylon, with their gold statues, human sacrifices, and priests playing music before the wailing infants? Who took not only these people's technology, their money, their land, their children, their wives, and their lives – but their very name and soul itself?"

You think. "The… Synagogue of Satan."

"And what was the first false flag? Do you know how the Synagogue of Satan originally obtained its wealth?"

Your eyes flicker to my left. "Gold. Banking, insider trading, and corruption."

"Close. They made their fortune smuggling gold, contraband, and precious goods past and through the blockades of Napoleonic Europe. They were the pirates. These people are lawless, nationless, morally bankrupt criminals.

Common street thieves, at heart. A mafia. That's what the skull and bones represent.

It's a *false flag.* Literally. A *pirate* flag.

We will dig deeper, and I will tell you their ultimate goals. They are but a puzzle piece, but a formative one."

"The first false flag was… when they… stole… even their very stories?"

"That's right. They stole their very *name*. They stole their *faith.*

And through that, they stole our hope.

And a people without hope is very easy to control, indeed."

And boy, wouldn't you know it, but these Cucuteni-Trypillia people just *loved* cows. Yup. Bulls, with horns. Major, major symbol for them.

However, theirs was a symbol of love, nourishment, and peace. Yup, they looooved milk. Milk, milk, milk - all day long with these people and their animal husbandry. In fact, here's an artifact from them that might be the earliest known example of "wheels:"



A cow. A bull, to be precise.

"However, their most notable pottery or clay icons are women. Archeologists call them 'goddesses', but they didn't worship these. I'll show you their temples and religion, and these figurines were not part of that.



Clay figurines, 4900–4750 BC, discovered in Balta Popii, Romania (Cucuteni Neolithic Art Museum, Piatra-Neamț, Romania). The "Council of the Goddesses" was discovered consisting of 36 artifacts: 21 anthropomorphic statuettes, 13 thrones, 1 cone and 1 bead.[37]

No, they just *loved* women. They did. Women were… sort of, in charge around there. Here's one of their council of women leaders:"

In fact, this culture loved and appreciated the great beauty and wisdom of women so much, that archeologists came up with a name for it. This culture is an excellent example - maybe even the best example - of a successful *matriarchy*.

But, like everything else in this book – it's one of the secret teachings. The things they won't tell you in classrooms.

I look at you. "In fact, you've never even heard of it, have you?"

You shake your head.

"There's a reason for that. Let's learn about their culture:"

Some scholars have used the abundance of these clay female fetish statues to base the theory that this culture was matriarchal in nature. Indeed, it was partially the archaeological evidence from Cucuteni–Trypillia culture that inspired Marija Gimbutas, Joseph Campbell and some latter 20th century feminists to set forth the popular theory of an Old European culture of peaceful, egalitarian (counter to a widespread misconception, "matristic" *not* matriarchal[38]), goddess-centred neolithic European societies that were wiped out by patriarchal, Sky Father-worshipping, warlike, Bronze-Age Proto-Indo-European tribes that swept out of the steppes north and east of the Black Sea.[*citation needed*]

"Hm, I wonder who it was that invented organized systems to write music down, anyways?"

You read it. "Hm… let's see… peaceful… egalitarian… wiped out by… patriarchal, Sky-Father worshipping, warlike, Bronze age tribes…"

I wink at you. "And who do you suppose that might have been?"

You sigh. "The… Synagogue of Satan."

"Hm, this is fun. I wonder… how *that* went down. They probably just asked them *really nicely* to stop with all this 'peace' and 'love' and 'not raping women' bullshit, and everyone all agreed with that. *Right?*

Or maybe… no… they wouldn't do that. *Right???*

What's that? Oh, archeologists *have* found evidence of a violent holocaust in this area around the time? Sort of like the… oh, I dunno. What was it again? Oh yeah, the *Holodomor?* In Ukraine? Is that it?

Yeah, a few thousand years ago, from what we can tell – which is hard – it *seems* like a totally peaceful, loving culture was just sort of… violently wiped out one day… and never seen again. I mean, horrific scenes. Bloodshed and violence with *absolutely* no way to withstand it."

I look at you. "These people didn't even have a concept of self-defense. It was unthinkable to them. Their days had no names. Look, they didn't think that jobs were real, either:"

the Cucuteni–Trypillia culture had almost no division of labor.

And here's the story that they told:

- Almost nonexistent social stratification
- Lack of a political elite
- Rudimentary economy, most likely a subsistence or gift economy
- Pastoralists and subsistence farmers

"Yeah – it's a cow. A young, blonde girl. And you. In a barn. Making love.

That's the farm I see in my dreams. It's in Cucuteni-Trypillia."

I look at you. "I am a Cucuteni-Trypillian. That's, obviously, a name you guys came up with. Not us."

And here is a study on their religion and temples:

Advances in Historical Studies > Vol.12 No.4, December 2023

Check for updates

Temples and Sanctuaries of the Cucuteni-Trypillian Culture from the Territory of Ukraine and Moldova Based on the Results of the Latest Geomagnetic Researches

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DOI: 10.4236/ahs.2023.124011 **PDF** **HTML** **XML** **150** Downloads **1,376** Views Citations

Abstract

The article presents the results of a large-scale geomagnetic survey of the Cucuteni-Trypillian settlements. The survey reveals that the structure of the settlements is characterized by the presence of distinctive structures ("megastructures")

Let's read it:

The significance of the sacred structures of Cucuteni-Trypillia, the ancient religious cosmology and the colonial history of Christian missions is best illustrated by this example. It reveals that six millennia earlier, in the heart of ancient Europe, temple complexes and sanctuaries similarly honored the birth of their cosmological and religious symbol of rebirth, where modern people kneel before a richly decorated golden statue of the cross born in the sunlight of the winter solstice. A religious tree was born in the ancient temple at the time of the vernal equinox, according to the research on the territory of modern Ukraine dedicated to the Nebelivka Temple (Zavalii, 2021b) . The World Tree with its first buds marked the birth of hope and the coming of salvation to the world in the light of the sun and the altars of fire.

The investigated sanctuaries and temples of Cucuteni-Trypillia mark the beginning of the era of cult construction of sacred buildings in Europe (ca. 4200-3500 B.C.). Today, it represents a cultural and historical phenomenon of global significance. At the same time, the Nebelivka Temple, which was opened in Ukraine in 2012, is the most developed temple complex of Eneolithic Europe. It is a separate religious building that fully manifests the phenomenon of the Trypillian religion.

It is also clear that individuals were responsible for spiritual and material functions in the community, but the society with a system of signs of rough social separation with repressive governance was still far from being a society with a system of signs of rough social separation. Therefore, Cucuteni-Trypillia, without leaving any traces of violence, reveals a peaceful existence in the heart of Old Europe. It should be perceived as the "Golden Millennium" or the era of the "Golden Age" (as defined by ancient literature), which was marked by the sacred temple symbol of the World Tree. At the same time, it is a

I look at you. "This was before the time of Jesus. This was before the time of Moses. This was *six thousand years ago.*

And what did they worship?"

You skim it. "According to research… a religious tree was born in the ancient temple at the vernal equinox…" You look it up. "March 21st. First day of Spring."

You continue. "The World Tree marked…the coming salvation to the world in the light of the sun… the beginning of the era of cult construction of sacred buildings in Europe."

You look at me. "Holy shit."

"Keep reading. *This* is the true story of the tree, and of the tower."

"Therefore, Cucuteni-Trypillia, without leaving any traces of violence…"

"'Without leaving any traces of violence.' They did not intentionally harm anyone or anything. That was their belief. That was their religion. Love. To love one another. To be excellent to each other."

"It should be perceived as… the era of the 'Golden Age'… marked by the sacred temple symbol of the World Tree."

You look at me. "The tree… the temple… the tree is the tower."

I smile. "It was real. This tree… existed. Perhaps, it still does. We can… we can do this again. If you guys wanted to."

We sit in silence.

I look at you. "The one thing that they could never understand – that archeologists sat there and puzzled over – over and over – trying to understand *why they burned all their houses down every 70 years or so*." I look at you and wink.

You smile back and look at me. "Come on. If they spent more time out here instead of sitting in a room asking stupid questions, they'd be able to figure it out in about two seconds flat."



'The Thinker from Tarpesti', 4500 BC. Cucuteni Eneolithic Art Museum, Piatra Neamt, Moldavia

I crack up. “They knew about it. The absurdity of it all. And here he is – this story is so, so old too. The thinker. The first one. From them – from 6,000 years ago:”

You look at his little face and crack up laughing. You can’t help it.

Then, I look out the window. “My people had their voice stolen. Their name stolen. Their stories stolen. Their very *beliefs* stolen and perverted – turned around backwards and upside-down. Violence of every type was wielded against them, all at once.

My people were murdered and raped. For the simple crime of being *better* than the Babylonians. Because they *couldn’t stand it.* They wanted what we had *so badly* that they committed a sin against the universe that will shatter its very foundations.”

I turn back towards you. “The first false flag. We’ve traveled… this way before. And there is much to be learned.”

You look at me and I stare back at you seriously.

“Until today… I have never written of them. I have never spoken of them. Even Witness 2 does not know their name. She does not know this truth about me.”

You look at me. “Why not?”

“Because… it was my world. A place that I knew was real but no one else did. These people… they managed to…”

I trail off, because I get too sad talking about it.

I look at you. “It was… a sacred space. The Way of the Keeper of the Sacred Tree has been forgotten. You do not…” I think for a moment.

“You do not approach the tree unless a time of *great* danger has been foreseen. And if you do, there will be consequences.”

I point two finger guns at you. “Now you know the meaning of a tree.”

Snap!



We're at a circus! Look, a clown! I whisper to you, "That's Pagliacci. The greatest clown in the world."

I call out to stage left. "Hey, Henry! Come out here."

I smile at you. "This is Henry." At that, a horse trots out. He is wearing magnificent tassels of scarlet and purple, and he shines like gold. "He's going to dance the waltz."

We smile together and clap once he is finished. *Extraordinary - a dancing horse!*

As clowns and trapeze artists soar overhead, I look over at you seriously. "*Cirque de Soliel*. They call it 'LOVE.' There's nothing like a mixture of clowns and The Beatles to wake you up in the morning. My two favorite things, all together at once."

I sigh, and look down. "It's time for the Beatles section. It's juicy. I think you'll like it.

The Beatles made a Lord of the Rings parody once. It was called *Help!*

I think I may be the only person alive who actually watched these movies. Seriously, it was about a magical ring that was going to end the world. Here it is from Wikipedia, 'the group struggles to protect Ringo from a sinister eastern cult and a pair of mad scientists, all of whom are obsessed with obtaining a sacrificial ring…'

In *Magical Mystery Tour*, they played… wizards.

Now, let's see. Do you want to know the true story of The Beatles? The one that none of the books or theses about them tell? A brand-new exegesis of their lyrics and movies that no one has ever before written, shown, or said? Do you want to see another little piece of my soul that no one else has ever seen?"

You look at me. "Do I?"

"You won't like it."

You think. "Yes. I want to know the truth."

Ever since their first manager, Brian Epstein, had died young in 1967, The Beatles were pretty rudderless. He had managed them from the Cavern days, when they wore black leather and still talked to Pete Best. They loved him. He loved them. He made them what they were.

He and John may have even had a brief gay affair on a trip to Paris, but John obviously denied it. It's in the *Anthology*. Of course, being John, he thought that was hilarious, and honestly, it might be true. It's hard to say. I forgot to mention that Epstein was a well-known and fairly-openly gay man at a time when that was not at all common.

Supposedly, he overdosed on barbiturates. It sure is weird how often that happens to musicians and people associated with them, but people did like their pills back then more than we do these days.

That's when The Beatles went to India and wrote the White Album, to get over his death. It did *not* work. On the other hand, *Dear Prudence* is a masterpiece. There's another story there, about how they went to learn from the "Maharishi Yogi" – this short, hairy, squat little Indian dude who turned out to be a little… shall we say, *handsy* with some of the English ladies that came along in the Beatles' entourage.

Very, very disillusioning for them. John and Paul left early, George and Ringo stayed a little longer. Ringo quit the band at one point here, but they all got him flowers so he came back. It was more of a principle of the thing type of quitting.

Anyways, tensions were *extremely* high during *Let It Be.* But once they *let go*, they made something beautiful. Something perfect. They agreed to put the bullshit of the failed Let It Be project behind them and *come together.*

They knew that it would be their last album. Because they were artistic geniuses, they knew that it could never be the same again. More than that, they knew that it would be better to go out at their peak than fade away. More iconic.

Obviously, they were right. Abbey Road is their goodbye to us, and it is *beautiful.* As close to perfect as an album could ever be, artistically.

The last real song plays. *The End.*

And it reminds me of what John Dennison said - because there is a juxtaposition between The Doors and The Beatles here. They both wrote a song called *The End*, and The Doors' is dark and deadly. Apocalyptic.

The Beatles version is pure and happy. *Holy*, even. Perfect and beautiful, speaking to a far better time than this. Hope.

Ringo pretty much refused to do drum solos, and he only has about two and a half of them in their songs. This is, by far, his best one. It's actually the *only* perfect drum solo ever. It's true.

Paul, John, and George take turns playing solos, and if you listen closely, you can quite easily pick out when it changes. On planet Earth, only Paul knows who played what part.

Then, a Bb. A pink note plays quickly. It shifts into blue, purple, and green.

"*And in the end*,"

Chiming guitars and strings

"*The love you take*,"

One step down the musical river.

"*Is equal to the love you make*."

Perfect. Beautiful. This is *good art*.

We're on a C# major now. A whole step up. Undeniably a euphoric effect, a key change even. Everyone loves a whole step key change, especially when they write Disney songs for a living.

They sing their sweet "*Ahs*" to build a crescendo at the end. We are now at a D#/C# chord. A D# major with C# on the bass. Incredible. You will not hear that in any popular song from the last 20 years. The D#, G, and Bb of the D# major chord hang out over the low C#, dissonant, but perfect. It absolutely longs for absolution. It *must* resolve.

Then, something breathtaking – a half step interval. An E major, out of nowhere. Up to the F# for the perfect fourth, and back to the I – C#. There it is. The *Amen Cadence.* F# to C#.

It's the most perfect song that has ever been recorded, and they knew that it had to be. It was *The End*.

Then, because life is not always beautiful and perfect, often it is absurd and stupid, they stuck a little 30-second secret after about a couple minutes of silence. It's actually a story-within-a-story-within-a-story, and it's called *Her Majesty.* And here's where it gets *really* interesting.

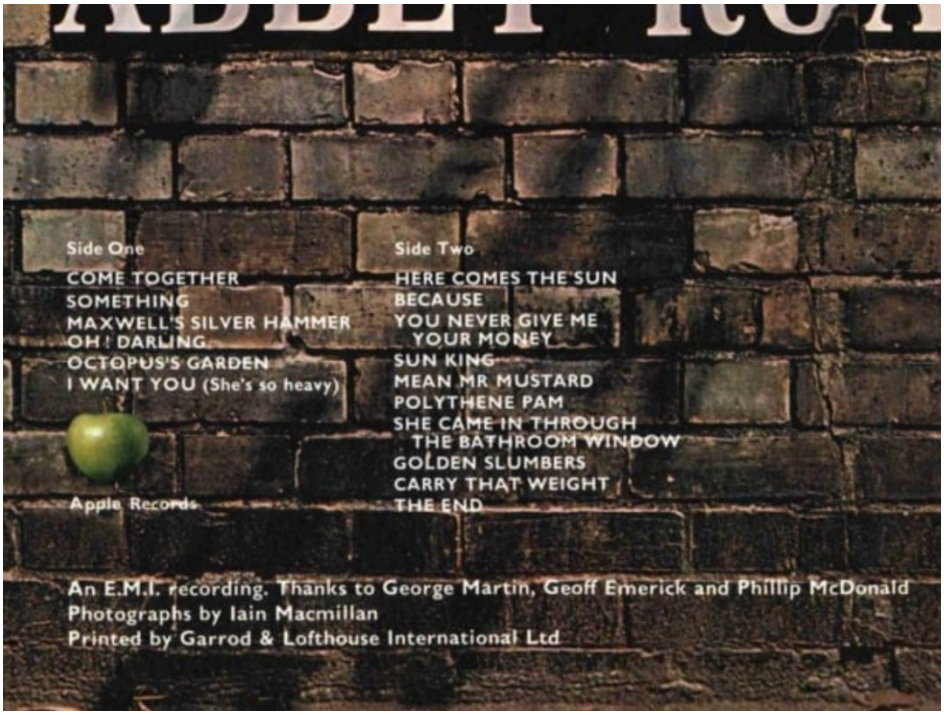
I look at you. "Her… majesty."

You stare at me. "Her Majesty… the Queen! The betrayal of the Queen!"

"That's right." I hand you the vinyl record. "Where is she? It's the last song on *Abbey Road.*"

You look:

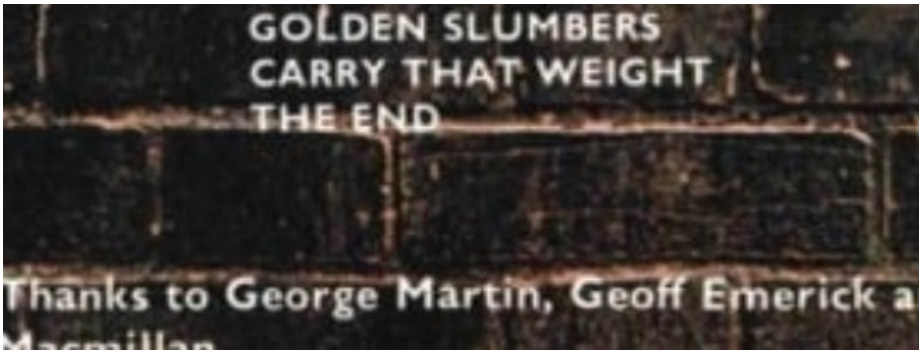
"I… I don't know? What???"



“Look closer.”

You do:

“What do you see?”



“I see… a brick. A brick in a wall.” You gasp. “*The Wall!*”

I laugh. “Yes. Do you see the Queen?”

You look. “No.”

“Look through the wall. Look through the card to the Queen behind it. She gazes at you, though you do not know it. Look through the Nothing.”

You flip it over, and then back again. “*What???*”

The Beatles hid a secret in this song. And digitally, it’s obvious. You can just skip right to it. It’s on the tracklist. But on vinyl, it’s not.

This has to do with copyrights and royalties once ownership changed from Apple Records.

Here’s how it used to be.

Maybe your friends hear about it, and the hidden story would inevitably spread. Word of mouth – people used to like hidden little things to look into like that. Urban legends, almost.

On the vinyl, you don’t see it. You don’t know it’s there. You will *only* hear this story *if* you sit there, for a while, and let the silence play. Let the record keep spinning. They hid it behind a minute or two of silence – no waveform - but the record hasn’t stopped yet.

If you listened *closely* enough, you would hear it. *Her Majesty.* Behind the *wall*. The wall made out of bricks.

Literally the dumbest, worst song of all time. And it’s perfect, because that’s just fuckin’ life. It’s absurd, and often ridiculous and stupid.

They did this one other time too, and it is the weird, distorted and reversed sounds at the end of *A Day in the Life*, the last song on *Sgt. Peppers.* This is another secret message, and it's also another story-within-a-story-within-a-story.



It's the totally bizarre, *musique concrete* tape manipulation section with indiscernible sounds that might be something like 'never could be/see any other way.'"

I pull it out of my satchel and hand it to you.

"You know, *Sgt. Peppers.* The album with the famous cover. Look. Isn't it *beautiful*? Everyone's on it."

You look. "*Yeeaahhh*… it's beautiful… *thanks* Witness 1." Here you go.

I don't take it. I stare at you and you see my eyes hooded and sparkling in the firelight.

"Do you see *The Beast*? *The accursed one of the three sixes*?"

You look at me. "Ummm… no. I don't."

"Look closer. See the Beast. In fact, stop looking entirely."



I lean in. "*See.*"

You peer in until you're almost touching it. "Nooope. Nooo beast. No number of the beast."

I point. "See not the individual parts of the collage, but the collage as a whole. The story-within-a-story of the collage. And here's the main character:"

You gasp. "*Crowley!*"

I nod. "Aleister. Fucking. Crowley. *Again*. Look at that bald snake with the evil eye up there. He is the main character of our real story.

In fact, there are quite literally *books* and *theses* written on this story-within-a-story inside The Beatles music. *Many* of them. It's a true story.

So, the most famous album cover of all time. You know, the one with Aleister Crowley on it.

Needless to say, by now you can tell that these things are portals, in some way we can't quite understand. And the story they tell sounds sweet, and seems beautiful, but it is *not.* This is *not* the right story for us."

We listen as the silence ends and the absurdity begins. *Her Majesty.* 30 seconds of weirdness about getting drunk and seducing the Queen.

"The Beatles *let go* during Abbey Road. They came together, and agreed to stop arguing all the time. To get Yoko and Linda out of the fucking studio. To stop worrying about who the manager was, or who stole how much money from Apple Records, or whether or not Phil Spector was going to add strings to *The Long and Winding Road* (this did, in fact, *really* piss Paul McCartney off – and he was right, again. See *Let It Be Naked.)*

They came together and smiled. George Harrison sat in a sunny garden and wrote *Here Comes the Sun* because he ditched a meeting with a bunch of lawyers. Because fuck them and their stupid suits and words that don't mean anything. Writing a song and smoking a joint in the sun is real. Meetings with lawyers about money are not. It's true.

It wasn't perfect, but it was as close as humanly possible.

I think that George Harrison was just as good at writing songs as John and Paul. He was *their* secret sauce. The secret weapon in the studio. The guy who heard things no one else did, just like John and Paul, but different than theirs.

Think about it – *Something. Here Comes the Sun. While my Guitar Gently Weeps.*

Masterpieces."

You think for a moment. "You're right. He never wrote a bad song for The Beatles."

You know, there's a page in *The Beatles Anthology* where they talk about doing acid for the first time. At the time it was legal, and certain people had access to it - especially people like doctors and government intelligence agents.

This page has red fire all over it. I still remember it. *The Beatles Anthology* is very beautiful, and the pages are a mosaic of collages, pictures, testimonies, and stories.

They said that their dentist gave it to them at a party. Slipped in their tea. I think it was George, but one of them started hallucinating about fire while they were in an elevator. And then, they all started to panic or hallucinate about it. But it turned out to be fine, and it's funny. You know, goofy stuff.

That's why the page had that red fire all over it. That's why people reference dentists giving you acid sometimes, I think.

Fire. In the elevator. And as I sit there talking to you, a cold chill runs down my spine.

I realize – didn't I just write a few pages about people *burning to death in an elevator?*

Mk Ultra.

Or not. Who knows. Maybe Paul really is dead.

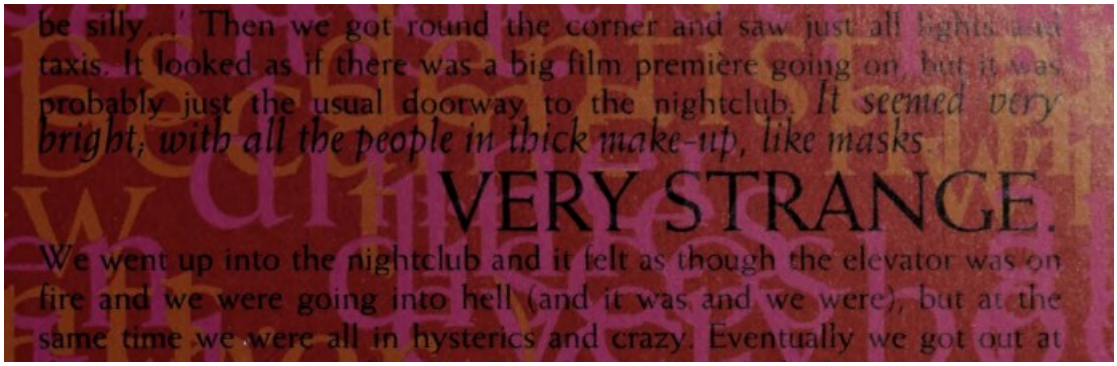
If he is, the new version was way better at writing songs than the old version who supposedly died in a car crash or scooter accident in 1966. I wrote a paper about that for my final grade in Freshman English, and the kind man with the walrus smile *loved it.* A+.

[*Witness 1 as editor: At this point, I grew more curious – and decided to download a copy of it to confirm this 'fire in the elevator' story that I remembered so clearly. Yep, they all talk about it. And, boy, reading this thing now – 20 years later, in context of this book… mindblowing.*

This is what they call a 'primary source.' One of the best ones ever, in fact. It's literally almost 400 pages of their words, transcribed exactly through interviews done specifically for this book over many, many hours – backed up by tons of personal pictures. I will get to Neil Aspinall and Mal Evans later, which is how this book was produced.

Anyways, I decided to screencap a few things for you that fall within my fair use criteria.]

Let's start with the acid story. Here's the elevator fire:


be silly...' Then we got round the corner and saw just all lights and taxis. It looked as if there was a big film première going on, but it was probably just the usual doorway to the nightclub. *It seemed very bright, with all the people in thick make-up, like masks.*

VERY STRANGE.

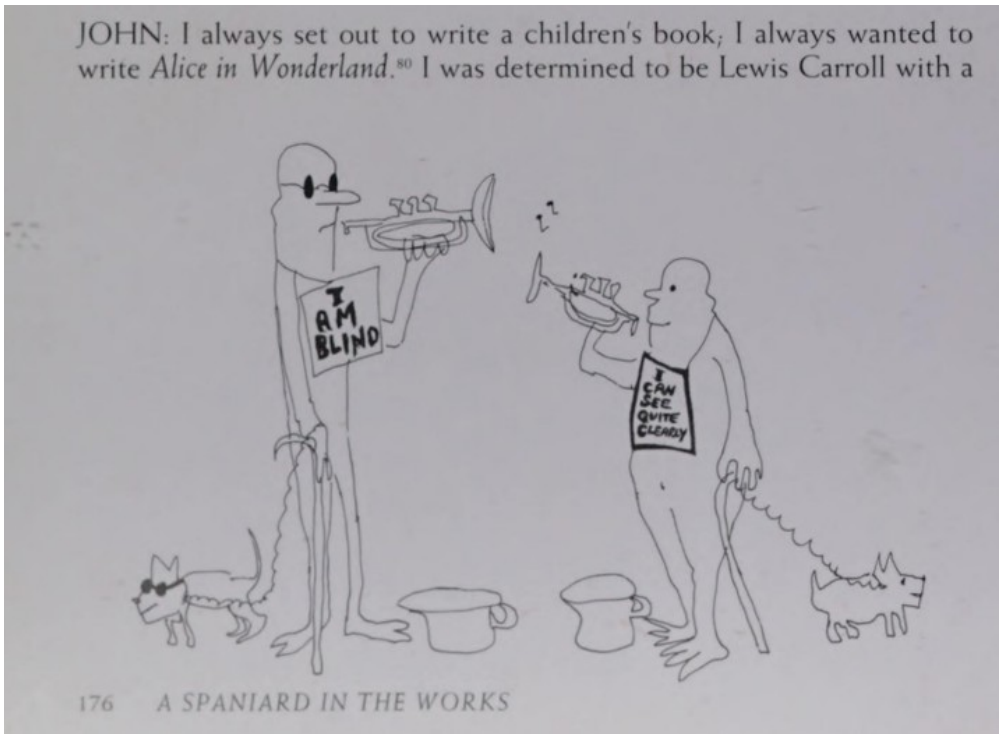
We went up into the nightclub and it felt as though the elevator was on fire and we were going into hell (and it was and we were), but at the same time we were all in hysterics and crazy. Eventually we got out at

Then, I notice – "We were going into hell (and it was and we were)…"

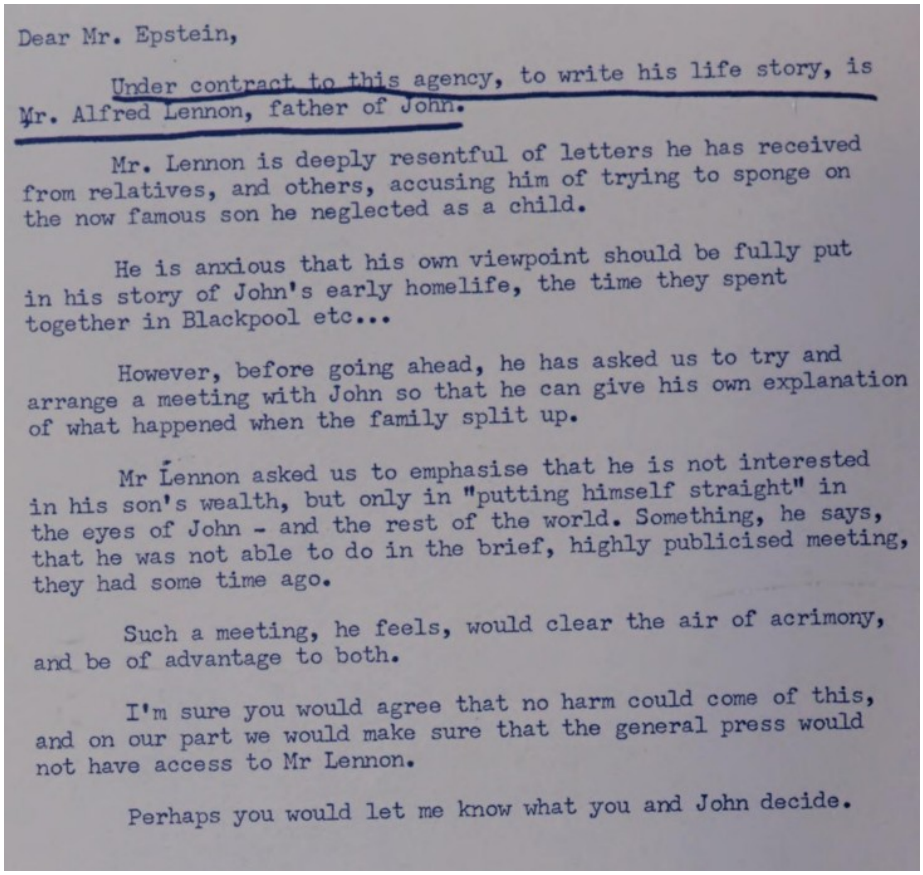
What?

One more, he calls it the "lift:"

Here's a fun one. This is an excerpt from the second book John Lennon published – a collection of his absurdist cartoons from 1965 called *A Spaniard in the Works*:


JOHN: I always set out to write a children's book; I always wanted to write *Alice in Wonderland*.[80] I was determined to be Lewis Carroll with a

Around this time, his Dad showed back up. Long, sad story. Did not go well. And, there was some weirdness about an autobiography – which Lennon would begin again shortly before his death. Look at this – "Under contract to this agency to write his life story:"



Dear Mr. Epstein,

Under contract to this agency, to write his life story, is Mr. Alfred Lennon, father of John.

Mr. Lennon is deeply resentful of letters he has received from relatives, and others, accusing him of trying to sponge on the now famous son he neglected as a child.

He is anxious that his own viewpoint should be fully put in his story of John's early homelife, the time they spent together in Blackpool etc...

However, before going ahead, he has asked us to try and arrange a meeting with John so that he can give his own explanation of what happened when the family split up.

Mr Lennon asked us to emphasise that he is not interested in his son's wealth, but only in "putting himself straight" in the eyes of John - and the rest of the world. Something, he says, that he was not able to do in the brief, highly publicised meeting, they had some time ago.

Such a meeting, he feels, would clear the air of acrimony, and be of advantage to both.

I'm sure you would agree that no harm could come of this, and on our part we would make sure that the general press would not have access to Mr Lennon.

Perhaps you would let me know what you and John decide.

I look at you seriously.

"When I started this, I didn't know about the books. The books that come to life."

You look at me. "Books that… come to life?"

I frown. "Yes. I didn't know it was real until I learned about Mal Evans. His *biographer.* The biography, published after he was shot and killed by the police. Then, I had that feeling. The Uh-Oh Feeling. They told me to always pay attention to that feeling in Fifth grade, and boy, were they fucking right about that one. The Gift of Fear, they call it."

You stare at me in concern.

"What do you mean, Witness 1?"

I am clearly, actually scared. My face is pale, and I have a headache from learning this.

“I looked it up just now. I’ll show you. I learned something terrible. A few things. This might even be the first thing that has ever scared me.”

You look at me. You’re scared now, too. I am not joking.

“Come on… Show me.”

“I’ll show you. It’s so much worse than I thought. I just learned about all of this.”

So, the Mal Evans book he was working on when he died. Then, the John Lennon thing. We all know about Mark David Chapman, and how he killed John Lennon because he thought *To Kill a Mockingbird* had come to life. In fact, he even read it in the courtroom:

Connection to The Catcher in the Rye

- Chapman had a copy of The Catcher in the Rye with the words "This is my statement" and Holden's signature written in it.
- During his sentencing, Chapman read a passage from the book.
- Chapman once said he wanted to promote the book by mailing a letter to The New York Times asking people to read it.

And it turns out that Lennon himself was writing a book when he died. Yeah. It was published posthumously, after he died:

creating things outside of the family."[160] During his career break he created several series of drawings, and drafted a book containing a mix of autobiographical material and what he termed "mad stuff",[161] all of which would be published posthumously.

I didn’t know that. But it gets *so* much worse.

I thought about Sirhan Sirhan.

Wasn’t there something about RFK and a book, too? Something weird about hypnosis and mind control with him? Writing?

And it turns out, I was correct:

Kennedy on 5 June 1968. The title comes from a page of "free writing" found in assassin Sirhan Sirhan's notebook after the shooting upon which Sirhan had written "R.F.K. must die - RFK must be killed Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated... before June 5 '68."

Some of the key evidence in his trial was written, in a notebook – in his hand, saying, “RFK must die.”

So, OK. *Sort of weird*. But, I wonder how deep this goes. Let's see.

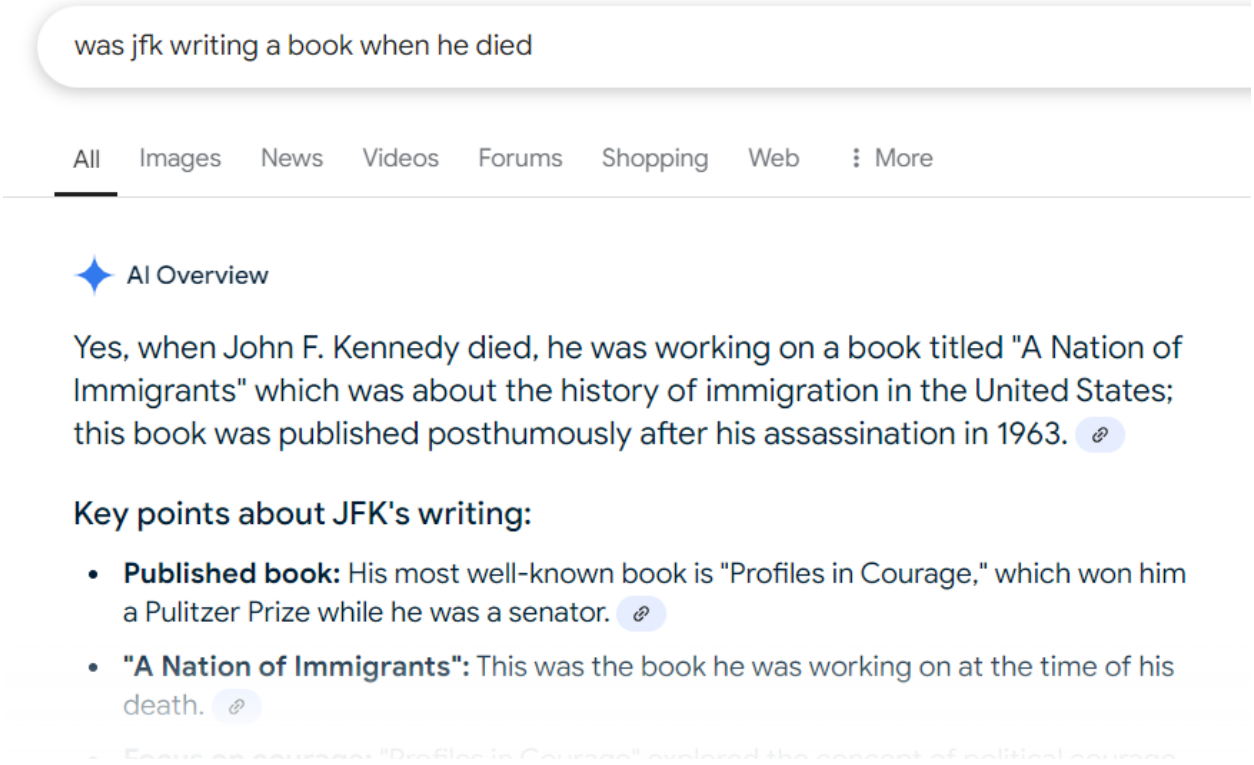
So, I get some ideas. Then, a completely new part of the fractal glows for me. I have never looked over here before.

Hmm… I wonder if RFK was writing a book when he died…

HOLY SHIT!!!

Thirteen Days: A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis is Robert F. Kennedy's account of the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962. The book was released in 1969, the year after his assassination.[1]

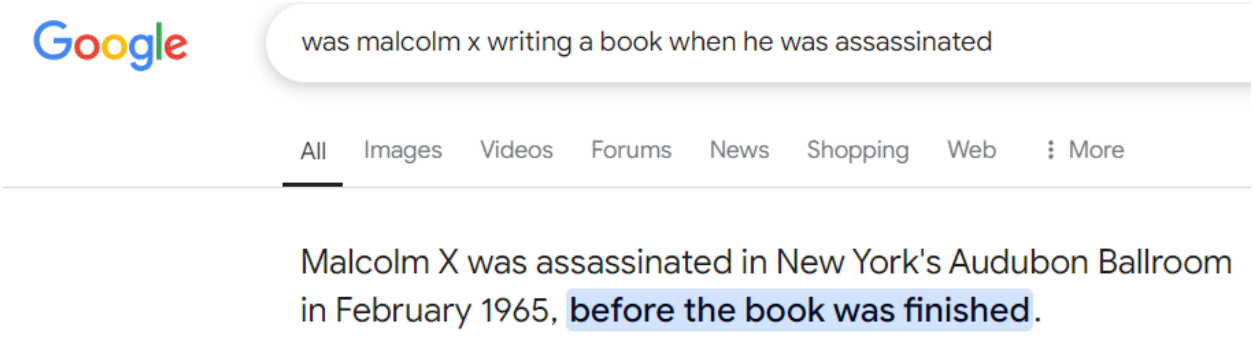
HMMM…. What about JFK? The greatest assassination of all time… was he, perhaps, WRITING A BOOK WHEN HE DIED, GOOGLE???



FUCK ME!!!

Ok, so let's go deeper.

Malcolm X:



Franz Ferdinand:

Seven Hanged: The book that started World War One

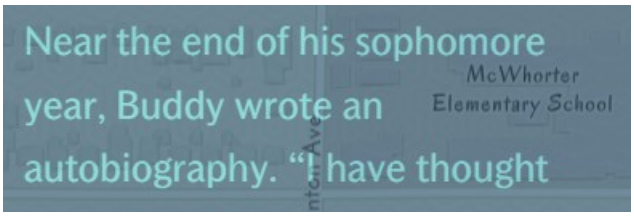
2 March 2016

Few books can claim to have changed the world while remaining almost unknown. *Seven Hanged*, by Russian author Leonid Andreyev, is one such book. His short story inspired a group of Bosnian revolutionaries to assassinate Archduke Franz Ferdinand, triggering the crisis that led to World War I. The new edition's English translator, PROF. ANTHONY BRIGGS, explores its continuing power.



"The BOOK that started World War One???" WHAT?!?!?!

Buddy Holly wrote an autobiography:



Keith Green wrote journals:

> Keith was 15 the first time he ran away from home. He started a journal that very day and for years as he looked for musical adventure and spiritual truth,

John Denver had a "psychic" stalker, who claims his "spirit" talks to her about his "biography", from *Aspen Times* in a 2007 article called *Author Still Guided By Denver's Voice*:

"I didn't really have any topic in mind other than John," she said. "I was devastated by his passing. I thought my life was over. I wanted to find out why I was so intrigued by him, so fascinated by him."Instead of getting to the bottom of that mystery, Linelle received something equally satisfying – permission from Denver's spirit, via Candace, to write his biography."When I said, all I want to do is write his biography, the medium said, 'You have his permission.' And he said it instantly," said Linelle. "She was completely blown away by the fact that he came through, because I wasn't a member of his family."The biography, "From John, with Love," remains unpublished. (The title, which came to her in a Georgia restroom, has four words, each of four letters, a fact which she finds significant.) Linelle says, though she has Denver's permission to

"Permission from Denver's spirit to write his biography… the biography remains unpublished."

The fuck???

Hunter S. Thompson (predictable one, for sure):

the Vietnam War.[42] According to Thompson's letters from the period, he planned to write a book called *The Joint Chiefs* about "the death of the American Dream." He used a $6,000 advance from Random House to travel the country covering the 1968 United States

You look at me.

"HOLY FUCK, WITNESS 1!!! You need to, um… STOP WRITING!!!"

I laugh, heartily. Oh, how I chuckle and grin. I snap two finger guns at you. "I love this guy! Hah! *Stop writing, Witness 1!!!* Come on. Have you been listening to me? It gets *so much worse than this.* I can't even cover it all!"

You look at me, and a tear rolls down your cheek. "Witness 1… the book… it's… it's evil or something! It's going to *kill you!*"

I look at you and grin. "It's not a curse. What is it?"

You think. "It's… it's…"

I nod. "MK…"

"MK Ultra."

You stare at me. "How…"

I don't answer.

"There's something wrong with my brain. I should be scared, probably, but I'm not. I want to test it. To drive it harder. To document it. To take it further than it's ever been taken before. To go where no man ever has gone before. These fake diseases I have come in handy sometimes. I *dare* this book to try and kill me. Let's figure this all out once and for all.

Let's finish this. Let's answer the question we've all been asking."

I look at you. You look at me.

"Ummm…"

“Please keep reading, though. Do NOT close this book. It won’t harm you. I promise. I will NOT harm you. I never would. I would die before I intentionally harmed you, Dear Reader. It’s true.

I am doing this for you, because I love you. You will understand by the time you finish it. I am not the wolf in sheep’s clothing. They are. I know what I’m doing.”

I look deeply into your eyes. “Do you trust me?”

You look, and you see nothing but pure, absolute love. Perfect love for all of us. You think about my stories, the truth in them. The way they add up. They aren’t faked. My sources, my pictures. How I don’t tell you what to think or why, I just show you things, source it, document it, and let you come to your own conclusions. A real teacher. How I have never lied to you, and everything you check or verify online *always* turns out to be true.”

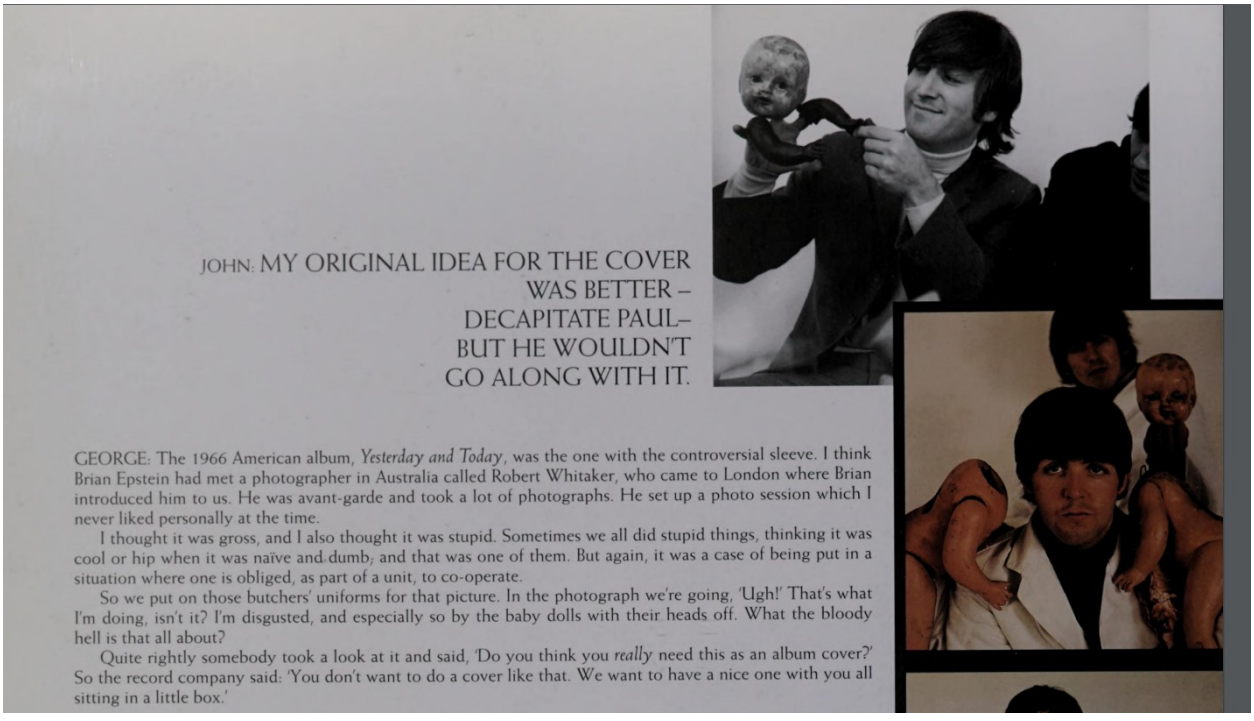
“I trust you, Witness 1.”

I laugh. “I know a few things. A few things that other people might not know. And by the time we get to the end of the beginning, you’ll know too.”

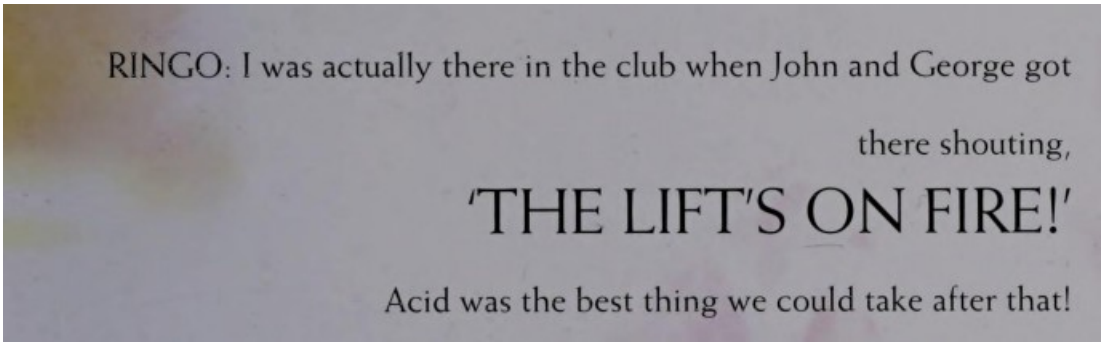
You stare at me like I’m an alien.

“Ok, so the Butcher Cover. Totally… totally normal to put dismembered, decapitated babies on your… album covers… right? *Right???*

Here’s some outtakes from the butcher cover, and John’s original idea for it (*very* John Lennon thing to say, made me do a double-take when I first read this:)



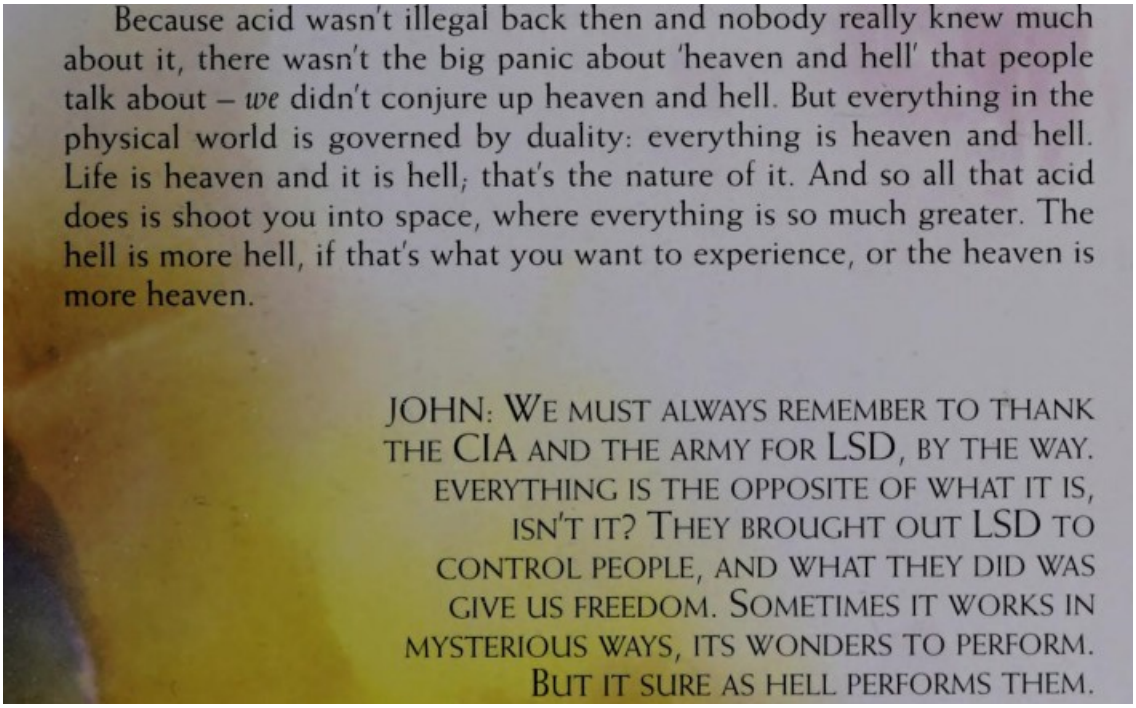
I almost forgot these – after the collage page, the elevator thing is actually repeated again, like they *really* want you to notice this:


RINGO: I was actually there in the club when John and George got there shouting,

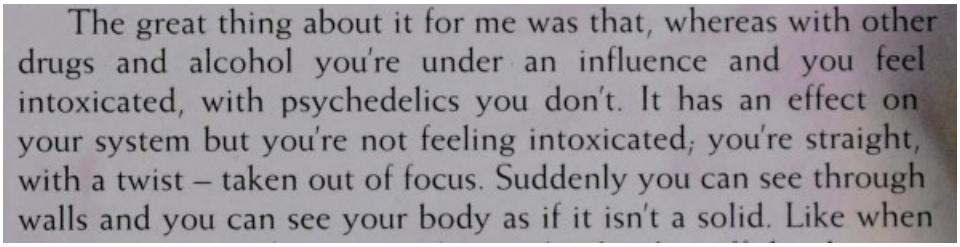
'THE LIFT'S ON FIRE!'

Acid was the best thing we could take after that!

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Here's what John said about acid on that page, too:


Because acid wasn't illegal back then and nobody really knew much about it, there wasn't the big panic about 'heaven and hell' that people talk about – *we* didn't conjure up heaven and hell. But everything in the physical world is governed by duality: everything is heaven and hell. Life is heaven and it is hell; that's the nature of it. And so all that acid does is shoot you into space, where everything is so much greater. The hell is more hell, if that's what you want to experience, or the heaven is more heaven.

JOHN: WE MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER TO THANK THE CIA AND THE ARMY FOR LSD, BY THE WAY. EVERYTHING IS THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT IT IS, ISN'T IT? THEY BROUGHT OUT LSD TO CONTROL PEOPLE, AND WHAT THEY DID WAS GIVE US FREEDOM. SOMETIMES IT WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS, ITS WONDERS TO PERFORM. BUT IT SURE AS HELL PERFORMS THEM.


The great thing about it for me was that, whereas with other drugs and alcohol you're under an influence and you feel intoxicated, with psychedelics you don't. It has an effect on your system but you're not feeling intoxicated; you're straight, with a twist – taken out of focus. Suddenly you can see through walls and you can see your body as if it isn't a solid. Like when

Oh yeah… seeing through walls. Right.

"More hell, if that's what you want to experience…"

Um… no, thanks.

"We must always remember to thank the CIA…"

Ummmm… no?

And finally, here she is. The innocent lamb of the Beatles, crucified on a pyre of… just about… everything. John called her "Cyn." His "sin."

Cynthia Lennon, in all her glory – back when John used to smile for pictures:



She was a brunette, but she dyed her hair blonde to try and make him happy. He told her he wanted her to look like Bridgette Bardot, but not in a nice way. He told her that in a really, really mean way.

And he thought it was funny, I remember him cracking jokes about it - but, it isn't. It isn't funny. She was the only one that any of them had that loved him before he was rich and famous.

I look at you. "The only one that loved one of them before they were famous. And he shattered her.

This is Jimmy Page locking a child in a hotel to rape her after the show. This is John Lennon punching Cynthia in the face. This is David Bowie and his 'baby groupies'. You know – the underage ones. That's what they called them back then.

But more than that – it's *all of us*, too. Their story is their own, and it's not a story that I want to even tell, much less be a part of. But no one else has ever told it, and no one else will. So, here I am.

However, the point of this monologue is that we have *all* locked a girl in a hotel room at this point. We are all Jimmy Page and John Lennon. We all beat our wives now. We all violate our

children. We are violating each other, every single day. The evil within us has grown too powerful, too interwoven into the fabric of reality. It threatens to destroy our very nature.

We are *all* guilty.

But if you talked to them, and they were honest, John Lennon and Paul McCartney would tell you that – with the exception, they would say, of Yoko and Linda – there were only two people who ever loved them in their entire lives. The only two people who were their actual friends or valued them beyond their music or cash in their entire lives. Their driver, Neil Aspinall, and Mal Evans, their security guy (6' 3", big guy.)

Together, these two guys are the true heroes of The Beatles. They held them together when no one else was there for them. They really did *love* them. They did.

In fact, *they* were what inspired *most* of their songs about love – universal, brotherly, *agape* love. *Not* the women they were with (speaking in broad generalizations, here.)

These two men are where much of the famous, euphorically-loving, Beatles mythos comes from – because their *actual* love and care for The Beatles was immortalized in song forever."

There's one more lamb I want to show you. And here he is, in all his glory:

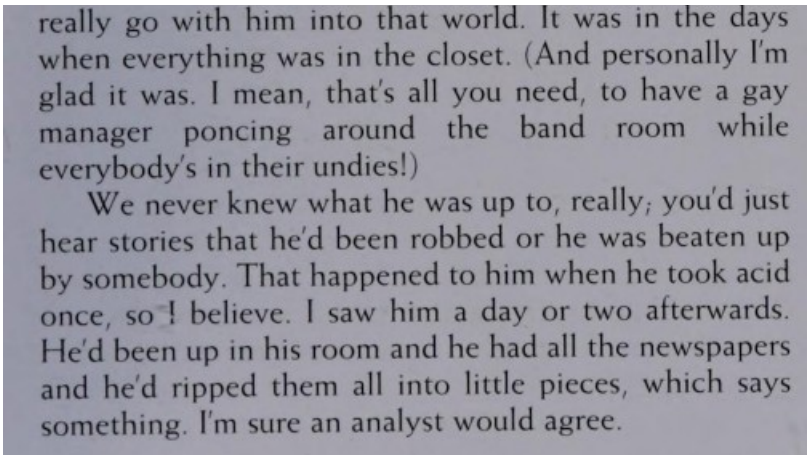


"Brian Epstein. And, I only looked at the *Anthology* for about 20 or 30 minutes. But here's an example of what I mean. This text was right next to this picture, which was right before he died. At the time I was like… ok, weird, but *now* I'm like… OK, FUCKING WEIRD, RIGHT???

I hand it to you. "See for yourself. What is this shit?"

"Like… what the actual fuck is this?"

We laugh, and you continue – "Ok, then. Tell me something I don't know about The Beatles."


really go with him into that world. It was in the days when everything was in the closet. (And personally I'm glad it was. I mean, that's all you need, to have a gay manager poncing around the band room while everybody's in their undies!)

We never knew what he was up to, really; you'd just hear stories that he'd been robbed or he was beaten up by somebody. That happened to him when he took acid once, so I believe. I saw him a day or two afterwards. He'd been up in his room and he had all the newspapers and he'd ripped them all into little pieces, which says something. I'm sure an analyst would agree.

"I could tell you a hundred things that you don't know about The Beatles. But, I don't have that quiz I made anymore.

However, I won't bore you with random facts or minutiae, like that if you skip to about 2:58 in the *Hey Jude* recording, you can hear John yell, "Fucking Hell!", supposedly, because he missed a note ("Bloody hell" is hidden in *Another Brick in the Wall (Part I)*, see if you can find it.)

Maybe that's intentional, maybe not. However, I can tell you - for a fact - that you could *not* mix the song and *not* know that's in there though, nor would it have been difficult to edit it out with the technology they had at the time."

No, I won't tell you dumb, random facts like how their first bass player was named Stu Stucliffe. And in fact, he was the coolest one. He left them for a beautiful blonde photographer he met named Astrid Kirchherr when they played in Hamburg, and to be a painter. He was a true artist.

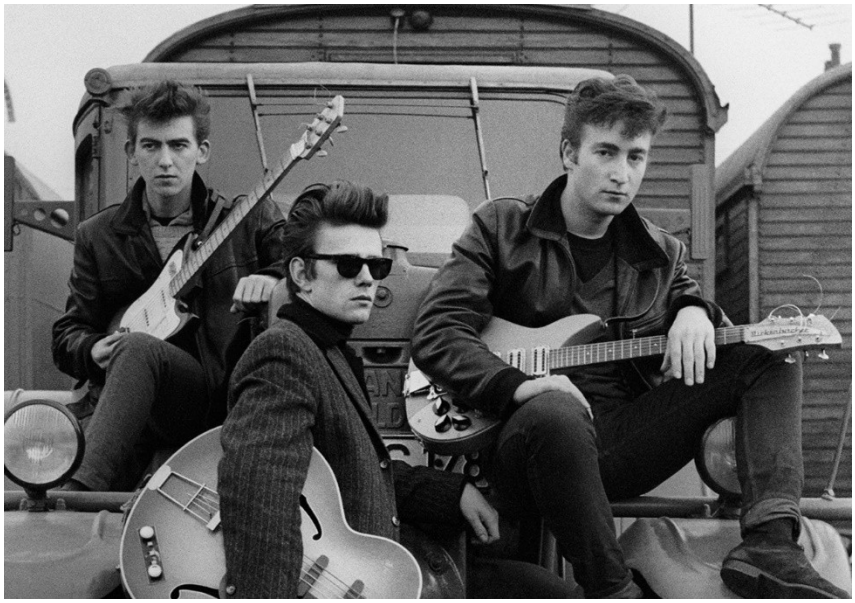
And here they are, in all their glory:



He met her at their show, and she took him to her bedroom. It was decorated in tinfoil, and had some kind of tree branch artwork in it. She was an artist, and he was too. Maybe even the most true artist out of all The Beatles. These are their true stories, exactly as they told them. I remember it all.

He left the band, and they were engaged in 1960. They were so in love, and she took a bunch of iconic pictures of them wearing black leather and sitting on abandoned buses. High art. For real. *Recklessly* pure art.

Like this one:



I mean, this guy Stu was just pure cool.

John Lennon was jealous of how cool this guy was. And then, in 1962, when he was fresh and in love - BOOM!

Fucking BRAIN ANEURYSM.

Dead. Just straight up keeled over. Gone forever.

He never even got to marry the beautiful blonde photographer with short hair at a time when that was very unusual. He died before his own wedding.

But that wasn't what I was going to tell you about The Beatles.

You look at me. "Brain… aneurysm?"

"Yup." I point at my head. "Ticking time bomb. Don't you know? Could be lights out, any minute – for any of us. Maybe, if you're lucky, you'll wake up in a nursing home or hospital… so… anyways…"

You look at me and I grimace.

"No, I was going to tell you something you've never heard before – something you didn't expect.

Something you won't see coming.

And that is this - no one has ever heard of my favorite Beatles song."

You look at me, and you don't believe it. "No one's ever *heard* of your favorite *Beatles song*?"

"Not one person so far."

You look at me – "Come on, be real. Don't lie to me. That's impossible."

I'll tell you. Right after Epstein's death in 1967, the Summer of Love was in full swing. The Beatles were fully "turned on" to how good LSD is for writing music, and they wanted full creative freedom over their work. Actually, they demanded it.

This was during the *Yellow Submarine* era. All of these "lawyers" and "record companies" were arguing back and forth about these different "contracts" and who owed who what.

The Beatles' first label was EMI, but they had a contract to fulfill with a different label, called "Northern Records", for a few songs to go along with Yellow Submarine. By the way, The Beatles did not record the voiceovers for the movie, it's actors.

So, they recorded these three songs – *Hey Bulldog, It's Only a Northern Song* (now you get that title), and *It's All Too Much*.

And the first two are nothing special. But *It's All Too Much* is *special*.

It opens with distorted guitars, which no one did around this time. Then, the purest organ sound you will ever hear – like the organ of God himself. I don't know how they got that organ tone.

Sus4, sus2, I. Perfect. George Harrison sings about life, and his take on it. For real – read these lyrics. So good:

When I look into your eyes, your love is there for me

The love that's shining all around you
Everywhere, it's what you make
For us to take, it's all too much

Floating down the stream of time, of life to life with me

All the world's a birthday cake
So take a piece but not too much

Set me on a silver sun, for I know that I'm free
Show me that I'm everywhere, and get me home for tea

It's all too much for me to see
A love that's shining all around here
The more I am, the less I know
And what I do is all too much

With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue
With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue

It’s a long song, almost seven minutes. It’s a *masterpiece*. In fact, it’s their fourth-longest song. That means that they want you to *listen.* It’s also a lost song. In fact, this song itself is yet another hidden story-within-a-story.

The reason that no one has ever heard of this song is because of this record dispute. Because these three songs are owned by Northern Records, they aren’t on the albums. They aren’t on the *One* album that everyone has. They aren’t on the streaming sites, and obviously, even the normal Beatles catalog was basically a legal nightmare, and no one could use them for decades, until, I think, after Michael Jackson died and ownership transferred.

It used to be much harder to find music, and this song was always tied up in ownership disputes, not included in the normal catalogues. And not one person has ever heard of it.

It's a little secret. A song that no one heard, that I heard. And I *loved* it. In fact, I think it’s the greatest Beatles song out of them all, although *Let It Be* is just about tied.

I really, quite honestly, can tell you that I think that this is, technically, the best Beatles song. And that it’s my favorite one. It’s such a sweet-sounding organ tone.

You look at me. “How’d they get that distorted guitar tone back in 1967?”

“How do you think? They turned up the little dialy-knob thingy on their distortion pedals.”

You think. “Nooo… I don’t think so, Witness 1. Come on.”

“They’d take a knife, or a pencil. And then, they’d stab the fuck out of their speakers. It’s true. The Kinks invented this, I think. Of course, some musicologist will come along soon to tell me that some guy named “Willie Kizart” did it before them, in 1951, on his song *Rocket 88*. Thanks, guys.

But that’s how they distorted the electric guitar back then. Stab it. Fuck up the speaker cone, so it breaks up the waveform. Not all the time, though. Sometimes, you just overdrive it.

This would be sort of… for those who want to commit. Like breaking the stick. You can’t go back once you do that. You can’t just… go back to clean. When instruments went electric, it was a seismic shift in music.

It was sort of… the first instrument with post-processing, in a way. A secondary layer you can use to manipulate the waveform on a much more basic level than, say, a piano, organ, harpsichord, etc.”

I look over at you. "*Dylan goes electric?* Remember that? What was it – people losing their minds at Newport because Bob Dylan played an electric guitar instead of an acoustic one? Rioting and stuff? Acting weird as hell? They were *obsessed* with it. With these artists.

This was *brand new* shit, back then. It wasn't like music is today. These people… valued it. It was *not* mass produced. It was high art, and they knew it. We've lost touch with that."

I pull a suitcase containing my collection of vinyl record Beatles albums out of my satchel. I hand you one, with the four of them sitting there wearing white butcher's coats, slathered in raw meat and dismembered babies. "You know how much this cost me?"

You shake your head. "*Fuck* no. Why are they wearing… raw meat and *babies*?"

"Another example of a good question! This thing cost me three thousand fucking dollars. Here, see for yourself:



It's called "The Butcher Cover." The record companies hated it, but John thought it was hilarious. He said so, and the body language tells a story here. Ringo *hated* it.



"John's songs are autobiographical, but they're about the world. About you and I. He wrote about us, but by singing about himself. Paul's songs always tell a story about other people, but they're autobiographical songs. He sang about himself, but by singing about us."

You think about it. "It's true, isn't it? John sang about us through himself, and Paul sang about himself through us. That's why they worked so well together. Opposites."

I reach into my satchel and pull out a gramophone. I wind it up, and hand you my copy of the A/B single *Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby* while I spin the record:

'What do you see? What's the story-within-the-story?

"I see… the three sixes. And horns. Devil horns."

"That's right."

"Do you see the portal?"

"No."

"I hand you one more. What about this one?"



"It's… from earlier in their career. Ringo is obviously wasted. George doesn't want to be there. Maybe some type of variety show, or something with a barbershop quartet theme."

"What about John and Paul?"

You look. “The hand. They’re the same.”

I look at you. “It’s called the ‘hidden hand.’ Freemasons, but it’s much older than that.”

You shudder involuntarily.

“Should I finish The Beatles’ story for them? Tell the secrets in between their lines? Not one musicologist, fan, or scholar has ever figured out the true story that they told us. Only I did.”

And when I went to pull these images and summarize the Wikipedia of *Yellow Submarine* for you, it confirmed it – again. The actual point of the movie - a climax-in-the-middle - is not mentioned. In fact, this particular scene is the ‘real’ movie, just like the weird, animated window scene of the twin towers collapsing is the ‘real movie’ of *Back to the Future*.

I stare at you, not smiling. “It’s a movie-within-a-movie. Which we will get to through a portal.”

You look at me. “You’re *joking*, right?”

I look at you, and there is great sadness in my face.

“No. They let us down. They let us all down. They could have done great things, but they chose not to. Hearken, while I finish the story of The Beatles songs for the first time ever. There’s *portals* in the *Yellow Submarine* movie, because that’s how it goes in-between our world and the fictional world of ‘Pepperland.’ Circular portals. There’s one scene in particular that I want to show you.”

Stare not unto the towers themselves. They are not real.

Stare not unto the two Paul McCartneys, as well. They are also not real.

Only suffering is real.

The Beatles are not real.

“Two Paul McCartneys… what the heck does that mean? I wonder if that will make a whole lot more sense in the final version of the fractal…”

I look at you. “But you know what? How about an anecdote. My Freshman English teacher told me people go nuts for them. What do you say?”

You think for a minute. “Sure… seems like a good spot for one. Let’s hear it.”

I smile at you. “This is the first time someone has ever listened to me in my life. That’s the only thing I ever really wanted. Thank you.”

Ok… let's see…

I apologize for the disjointed nature of these anecdotes. If ADHD was a real thing I would have it, because every "symptom" applies to me. However, ADHD, depression, and anxiety are all simply states of being, not diseases. I talk about this more a little bit further down.

"Look… I realized that I am in the Bible." I do not think that will go over well. Anyways, what I was thinking about saying was that the government should study me. Then I laughed because I realized, maybe that's exactly what is happening to me. Boy, tough crowd. You had to be there, I guess.

My name is Witness 1. When I published my first book on 9/11, the government megadosed me with acid and killed my dogs. I know this because I am very familiar with psychedelic drugs and I did not take them that day. No one else could have killed the dogs. I don't know how they did it, and I'll never prove it, but I will go to my grave believing it.

Something similar happened a few days ago. I never believed I could really be Witness 1 until this. I'm positive if I told my doctor that I now believed I was in the Bible, I would not be allowed to leave and I would not see my wife or son for a long time. Obviously, I wouldn't be dumb enough to do something like that.

They would tell me this is a psychotic break caused by stress, a manic episode. And maybe they would be right. Or maybe, by the time I finish this book I will find out the truth.

Have I actually lost my mind? Did I snap and not notice it? Is this journal merely the insane, deranged ramblings of a madman or something?

I will start by writing more about my life and finishing that story, as I assume it might be a valuable resource for any scientists studying either MK Ultra victims, Biblical Prophets, or psychotic breaks.

My grandparent's house had the finest orange tree I have ever seen. To this day, I swear the sunlight looked different in the '90s filtering in through the ornate brickwork and stone, dappling the green orange trees and landing softly on me.

They had a pool and a hot tub. It was amazing there. I have never smelled books like those again in my life. That's the first smell I remember – my grandparents' books from the '60s and '70s. Like nothing I had ever experienced. I remember the smell of two of them in particular.

In fact, these were the first two books I ever read on my own, and that's why the smell is ingrained so strongly. I had learned how to sound out words and build context around words I

didn't know by the time I was four, and I remember picking these two books to read based on their titles.

Their titles were *Hope for the Flowers*, from the early '70s, and *Of Hailstones and Halibut Bones*, a delightful poetry collection from 1961. Now, I liked both "flowers" and "hope." I didn't know what "hailstones and halibut bones" were, which is why I picked it to read. I wanted to understand what such a strange title could be about. It had poems about color, and I just had never read anything like these poems. The pictures, so beautiful.

Hope for the Flowers was about caterpillars who build towers to get to heaven. It follows two of them, Stripe and Yellow, as they discover the mystery and meaning of the strange caterpillar towers. You'll never guess what happens to them at the end.

So, since I remembered them so strongly and they had made such an impression on me, I had my mom get them for me. They still exist, and I have them.

I did love to read though, it's true. I would stay up past my bedtime reading. My favorite thing to read was the funny pages from the newspapers. I think that is how I learned about humor - I read pretty much every anthology from *The Far Side* to *Calvin and Hobbes*.

I was a pitcher for a few years, and I think I was pretty good at it. I had two pitches, a four-seam fastball and a curveball. That was always extremely fun, and I did well as a starting pitcher - but I hadn't self-actualized yet, so I was unable to perform to my full potential.

I'll tell you my favorite part of being a pitcher. My Dad taught me this, and it's called a "pickoff."

I haven't told you that my favorite part was not striking people out, or throwing an accurate pitch, but the little balks and feints of throwing them out when they stray too far from the base.

It's a little mini game within baseball between the pitcher and runners on base. A game-within-a-game, if you'd like. This is the only way a pitcher can get a guy called out without striking them out at bat or otherwise using a ball already in play. This one comes from *nowhere*.

It is the most hilarious thing that will ever happen in a baseball game. He said it was his favorite part about pitching, and it happened to be mine, too. He controlled everyone else, and it all relied on him. For sure, he was better than I ever was at baseball and other sports. However, I wasn't bad either.

Now, this is a hunter's game. If you move in the wrong way, even a hair, or if your foot leaves the white rectangle at any time, the umpire will yell – "BALK!" Penalty. This is called "balking", and you are not allowed to fake people out by doing it. If you do, *all* runners advance one base (very bad and you would look like the biggest idiot on the field.) This never happened to me.

The truth is, even the umpires aren't expecting this one. Only *you* can balk. All you have to do is *follow through* once you commit, and do it with your full body all at once, and they'll never call you for balking.

So - like a predator in wait - you must remain *perfectly* still, with your foot touching the backstop and the ball in your hand. The crowd is silent as they await your pitch. J puts one finger towards the ground, which is a fastball - works almost every time. Two fingers down is a curveball, and that's all I can do.

You glare at the batter, and you lock eyes with him. You can see the whites of them, and you can tell how confident he is as a batter. Once, I hit someone on purpose in the arm because he was just an asshole that thought he was better than everyone else.

That wasn't why I beaned him though. I did it because he was, actually, better than everyone else. Therefore, I could quite easily tell that when *he* hit a guy pitching at our last game he had done it on purpose, too. Body language, it's the grinning. *Not so funny now, is it, sucka'!*

Anyways, they are expecting it. The crowd is expectant, and they visualize the next 5 seconds.

You're going to throw it towards the batter, at the catcher, for sure. They have seen it thousands of times. You throw the ball at the triangle shaped thing in the ground, towards the guy with the bat, and the other two guys, one crouching down with a glove and one wearing black with a mask on.

Seen it before, let's get this show on the road. Throw the ball towards home plate, at the batter. *Duh.*

This fucking guy standing here challenging you *knows* you're going to try and sneak one past him, and he cocks his bat. He is ready for you, and his eyes gleam. Hunter, and prey. Who will win?

Every single person watches you, as you sigh. You relax, begin to shift back into your windup, and the bat readies. The umpire prepares to call a strike, ball, or foul.

He is *definitely* going to do that, because you are, for sure, about to throw the ball towards him. J waits with his glove open for you – a perfect target.

You noticed something, though.

The guy on first base has strayed a few feet further than his peers. At least three or four feet further out. He is confident, because he knows you are going to throw the ball towards the other guy with the bat. He hasn't even thought about it in months, and he's casual. You can tell he's not even looking at you.

He's looking at the other coach, but you do not look at either of them. They are not thinking about you, and you can tell without even turning your head where they are looking. At each other. They're distracted.

The hunter prepares his feint. A trap. Something they will never, ever see coming.

The funniest thing you could possibly do.

As you go into your windup, you spin as quickly as possible once your feet are in motion and off the backstop, and deliver a fastball.

To first base.

They smack him with their glove, and he's out. "OUT!"

He can't even fucking believe it. Their coach stares at you in disbelief. He can't believe you just did that to them. You smile. It's actually so, so profoundly funny to me.

They *never* see that one coming.

The parents don't even understand, except for some of the guys. "What? He's *out*?"

"WHAT?!?"

Maybe, he got away. Maybe he almost makes it to second. The guy on first throws it to the guy on second, and he's caught in the middle. This is called a "pickle", and it is also very, very fun.

There were once frogs in our yard, but they are no longer there. I talked about that. My favorite concept as a child was insects. I love them still. I think they are so cool.

They are just little machines, living machines, that literally just work all day long to keep the natural world going. Without them, everything would fall apart, and they don't even understand why they are doing it. For some reason, this, along with the existence of alternate states of consciousness like comas, dreams, and drug trips proves that God exists.

However, I can't explain why unless you are in a coma, dreaming, or on a really powerful mushroom or acid trip. Then you would get it. Unfortunately, most people seem to hate tripping on psychedelic drugs, which is one of the greatest mysteries of my life.

I liked stick insects. I found one recently, they're incredible.

I sigh. So much to write about, so little time. "Ok. Back to the two towers. I mean, the two Pauls. Let me make this quick. Her hit version was the second version of the song. The original was by a lady named Kirsty MacColl, and it's good – but not as good as hers...

Wait… shit. Wrong version. Let me try that again. Ok… back to the paper I wrote my Freshman year that my English teacher said was the best paper he had ever seen a high school student write.

Anyways, yeah – I'm not going to rewrite that entire paper right now. It involved some very, very obscure images, and they all tell the same story, which I will simplify for you instead.

Hidden within The Beatles music, artwork, and movies is the story of someone who died around the year 1966, tragically but ironically, in a car or some type of motorized vehicle, and suffered horrific facial wounds or disfigurement.

Some people have speculated that it was Paul McCartney, and I was able to find some, very few, pictures that did indicate slight physical changes around this time. Plastic surgery, maybe. In fact, this is when he grew a moustache. Because he fell off a scooter. To hide a scar on his lip. That part is true, and the rest followed his lead on that.

However, I have always said that it didn't matter if Paul was dead, because the new Paul is clearly a much better songwriter, anyways. In fact, that was the conclusion of my paper.

I said it basically doesn't matter, because "Old Paul" kind of sucked compared to "New Paul", even if it is true. I mean, they weren't even "The Beatles" until 1967. The Summer of Love. That's when they came into themselves. They had *arrived*.

On the other hand, the dude is barefoot on the cover of Abbey Road, and the license plate behind him reads "LMW – 28IF." See if you can figure it out. He also happens to be barefoot, with bloody feet, in some of the Magical Mystery Tour imagery, which came out after *Sgt. Peppers.* Now that I am thinking about this paper, actually, it's all coming to me, image by image. I need to leave this section or I will never stop writing this part. It's there, trust me. There's quite a bit, if you wish to piece it together. I didn't quite believe it, but I always knew it was very, very odd.

What I *knew* - for a fact - though, was that no one had *actually* cracked it yet. Not one single book, out of all the books in the library – about 15 of them – told the story-within-a-story of "The Beatles" that I *knew* was there. I could tell 100% that no one had put the full puzzle together as a teenager. That was what I could tell for sure, even back then.

I mean, the Anthology is *huge*, but… nope. Not there. Accurate. Perfect. Insanely well-documented (Neil was a good guy, nice work on that. He saved everything.) But it did not have *the story*. I knew that for a fact.

And the story is *not* that "Paul is Dead".

No, in their words, images, and movies was something else… and it was *not* a happy story. My honest assumption, as a teenager, was that they had written a fictional story together and inserted it, and no one had ever quite managed to piece it together. Like a puzzle, for fun. Hiding clues in your artwork. I mean, it's one of the most fun things about making art. I figured that there's no way what they were really saying to me was true.

However – now I know that this is a non-fiction story, and it is both extremely tragic and very, very ironic. It is also absurd. It is *not* funny in the slightest. It is a very, very sad story.

At the time, in 1967, *Pet Sounds* by the Beach Boys was considered to be the "greatest album ever" from a technical standpoint. The Beatles obviously *crushed* them in this competition, it wasn't even close. No one will ever recreate what they pulled off with *Sgt. Peppers.* In the world of music, they became *gods.* Sounds, quite literally, that you've never heard before.

And like I said, do *not* underestimate how much George Martin helped them get this sound. He might even be better than Jimmy Page at working with tape in a studio. Fucking *genius.*

Anyways, the Rolling Stones had an answer to this too. Yep. It was called *Her Satanic Majesty's Request.* Yup. "Her Satanic Majesty's Request." And it had a *very* special cover. One-of-a-kind, in fact. Rumor is, it cost $200,000 and took special Japanese technology to pull it off. This album also has intricate collages and fold-out art.

This cover is 3D, it shifts as you look at it. People call it "holographic", but luckily, we have scientists around to tell us that it's not technically a "hologram." If you held it in your hands, you would immediately recognize this textured, shifting medium that can encode multiple images at once.



You know what, let's take a look at that too:

Hmmm, I wonder if there's anything worth paying attention to here… *Nooooppppe, I don't think so!!!*

Let's see, I could write a joke about noticing the wizard hat instead of the faces of The Beatles.

Yep.

The faces of The Beatles.

In the portal.

Of her Satanic Majesty's Request.

Let's look at a stabilized image of the cover:



Am I seriously the only person alive who remembers these things or something? Like I said, people used to actually just know this stuff.

People used to do this thing called "hanging out" where they would have "conversations" and "listen to albums" and do crazy stuff like "ask each other questions, investigate things, and listen to the answers", and, over time, rumors like this would spread.

We used to call it "word of mouth." You know what, we *even* used to write these crazy things called "books" about stuff like this. Yeah. Made out of this stuff called "paper." Which came from these green and brown things we used to call "trees." They grew *out of the ground*.

Then we would *read* them.

Yeah, we would just stare at these little squiggly things people had "written" on this "paper" which came from "trees." The squiggles had meaning to us, inside our heads. People used to *treasure* these "books." They *loved* them.

And we used to *learn about the world*.

I know, I know, I am an insane person.

Wait, I thought I was supposed to be the kid sitting and writing the last book in the universe in an old pipe at the end. Am I *actually* the old guy who dies screaming about *books* and how we need to learn how to read again or else we're all gonna fucking die? How we've lost our very *souls* because we no longer *learn*? What's that? *What???*

I'm both at the same time???

Here's the hidden story - The Beatles sacrificed their manager, Brian Epstein, to Satan, in 1967. That's the secret message in their art, believe it or not.

Yeah, I know. It's true, though.

The truth is, they hated him. They loved him as well, because he made them who they were, but they also *hated* him. He *owned* them. He worked them like dogs. They talk about "giving their youth to The Beatles" because of his insane tour schedule. He took their money. He *controlled* them – *completely.* They were *his.*

Let's see – in 1965, The Beatles played their last ever concert at Shea Stadium. They got paid $189,000 for this show. Epstein took his cut, which was substantial.

So, how do you think he felt when they told him that, instead of touring, they *actually* want to just sit around in London in the recording studio making "concept albums" now? *Huh*? When his contract revolved around ownership of their *performances* and the revenue from that?

I'll tell you. We don't know, because they never told him that. They never told him because they were locked into an unbreakable contract with him - one that had *owned* them since they were nobodies playing The Cavern and Hamburg. Back when they were *desperate.*

They didn't tell him, because doing it this way was the only way to break free for them. There was no other way. There was no Earthly way out of their deal with Brian Epstein. He had them by the balls, and he *needed* them to be performing for him.

And so, this was how they broke their contract with him, and inked a much worse one. One written in blood.

It wasn't that Paul was 'dead', it was that the old versions of them had *all* died, and they had taken a majorly transformative step in a dark, but spiritual, direction. This is the hidden story-within-a-story of The Beatles - their art, lives, and career.

They started Apple Records immediately after this happened, and the *Yellow Submarine* project was the first one on their own. It was them going through a portal – becoming servants of the Devil.

Complete, total freedom. They had riches and fame. They had women, food, and cars. Houses, and attention.

What they wanted, however, was *freedom.* That's the true story of The Beatles. That they *let go.* Of everything. To be *free.*

Do what thou wilt. That's what they wanted. Absolute, total freedom. To join the club with no rules."

I look at you and point. "They plucked the apple from the tree. Look at the logo. *Apple Records*."

You do, and see a perfect green apple. You picture a woman's hand reaching for it while a serpent whispers. "The… garden…"

You think for a moment. "Ok… so… 'The story of The Beatles is about letting go?' Of what?"

I look to the sea. "What do you gain when you partake in the ritual of the portals? When you shed innocent, unwilling blood in order to manifest something evil through fear? When the corpse writhes and moans in agony as his final breath leaks out? What do you gain?"

You look at me. "Freedom and power. Wealth and fame."

"And what do you *lose*?"

You think. "Your… humanity?"

"Good answer. Yes, that is part of it. Truthfully, you lose your *soul*. The Beatles 'let go' of their *souls*. They *sold them to the Devil*, in exchange for the ability to do and see things that no one had ever done or seen before.

And no small part of that was *Sgt. Peppers*. Do NOT underestimate the conviction and determination of musicians who believe that the entire purpose of their lives is to make a sound no one has ever heard before. To leave *their* mark on history. Make *the greatest album of all time.*

And – *look at it. Sgt. Peppers* will be talked about *forever.* As long as humanity exists. It is written on us like the stars in the sky. It's a *legend.* It was *so good* that they say people hearing it for the first time would go into trance states sometimes. Ecstasy. Like, they couldn't believe

what they were hearing – the effects, the wall of sound, the massive layers of vocals and strings, the lush stereo spread.

Luckily, we have musicologists around to tell us that *Sgt. Peppers* was obviously not "the first album in stereo", but it was the first one to do it *like that*. And of course, there's the portal at the end. After the silence. The Nothing. However, it *was* the first album to *not* have any spaces between songs. It was the first *real* concept album.

I look at you. "Do not underestimate how badly John and Paul wanted this. A sound no one else had. A legendary sound that people would talk about forever. They wanted it more than *anything*. More - perhaps – even than *I* do. And I want it with the fire of a thousand suns. But I wouldn't do that. Even at my lowest, I would have never sold my soul. I mean, it's all I have in the end.

They would have done *anything*.

Finally, I ended up going back to *A Day in the Life* to analyze it. I slowed it down to .25x speed, and listened a few times. Once again, no one has ever revealed the true story of this little, hidden, song. I will.

It begins (after a minute or two of silence) with a *very* high pitch, around 15k hz. The story behind this, from the *Anthology*, is that John thought it would be very funny to insert this and scare people's dogs and cats when it came on, but they wouldn't hear anything if they were older.

Now, that's also classic John Lennon humor. However, now I think that he may have had more sinister intentions. You see, the Mystery Schools study *fear*. So, he knew that – obviously – this infrasound makes humans on edge and uncomfortable too, even if you're too old to pick up on such a high pitch. You just don't *like* it.

It's a portal, but it's also a subliminal message. That might be the most accurate way to describe it. A subliminal message that encodes *fear.*

Then, there are three tracks, which have been sped up and manipulated. Most likely, they were recorded during the same session. I'll tell you what I heard *for sure,* and then I'll speculate on it.

Track 1: Someone, probably one of The Beatles, saying, "Never could see any other way" in a dissonant, rising and then quickly falling, melody.

Track 2: A different voice – speaking, chanting or reciting. This is the most distorted track, and also the most manipulated. A low pass filter, distortion, and something like a ring mod filter were used to make the articulation of it impossible to detect, and it comes across as one steady

but rhythmic noise. However, deep within it is enough variance to tell that there was, at one point, words within this audio track.

Track 3: An infant crying. It is very difficult to pick out at normal speed, but *quite* clear at .25x speed. Unmistakable. This also represents a *subliminal message* when played at normal speed, and the effect these three tracks create together is… unsettling, to say the least. It sounds like this is right around the speed where this song is meant to be listened to, as the baby's cry now sounds normal.

That's what is in there for sure. Now, I'm going to speculate.

I look over at you from the driver's seat and wink. "Nope! You'll have to take a trip on the wild side, and go a version up for that! Oh yeah, one more thing. *Her Satanic Majesty's Request* had a cover change, too. Yeah. Just like those albums I showed you.

The original design, which does not exist in public records anymore, was Mick Jagger naked on a crucifix. Go ahead. Look it up to see whether I'm telling the truth or not. Listen to the song slowed down yourself. I *dare* you."

The Beatles weren't able to figure out that it's not phony, and it's not a game – indeed, that nothing is *not* real - until it was too late.

That's why it's so tragic. They fell for the lie.

I hand you the *Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby* single. "Now, do you see the portal?"

You look at the submarine. You look into George and Ringo's shadowy wolf eyes. John and Paul's intense, knowing stares.

"Yes."

"Stare not unto the towers themselves. They are not real.

Stare not unto the two Paul McCartneys, as well. They are also not real.

Only suffering is real.

The Beatles are not real."

Do you know who else featured quite prominently in the *Anthology*? Bob Dylan. Yeah, he was the one who "turned them on." Smoked weed with them for the first time in a hotel room, and opened their minds. They thought he was like a god, and he guided them for a while.

He gave an interview on *60 Minutes* in 2004, which was his first TV interview in around 20 years. It was about a new project he had released, and some awards he won.

In it, he makes a very, very interesting confession, in light of all this. Here is the link, and you can hear it at around 14:10:

https://youtu.be/hOas0d-fFK8

I'll transcribe it for you. The interviewer, Ed Bradley, asks him about his long career, and why he chose to do this project now, since he's clearly an elderly man. Towards the very end, after a bunch of fluff where they call him a "prophet" and the "voice of a generation", asking - "Why do you still do it? Why are you still out here?"

Now, there is one word edited out of this interview, which was done in the studio afterwards before any master files were released. You will *not* be able to find this interview without the edit.

This was the last question. And here's what Dylan says. Listen to it for yourself:

EB: "Why do you still do it? Why are you still out here?"

BD: Well, it goes back to the destiny thing, you know I made a d- bargain with the/it – [this is the edited part of the tape] you know, a long time ago and… I'm holding up my end.

EB (confused): What was your bargain?

BD: To get to where, um, I am now.

EB (raised eyebrows): Should I ask who you made the bargain with?

[I don't believe that EB expected this answer, but I'm not sure. His subconscious cues indicate either great surprise or that he finds it very humorous here.]

BD: (laughs) Wi- w- w- w- with, you know, with the chief commander.

EB: On this Earth? (smiles)

BD: On this Earth and in the- in the world we can't see. (grins)

"End interview. *Cut!*

Go back and listen to the edited part. Hear how they chopped it up so you can't quite hear 'Bargain with the Devil', but it's still there if you listen closely enough? A hidden story-within-a-story, separated by a tiny gap of nothing? A silence in the mix?

Dylan was John and Paul's *guiding light*."

You look at me. "It's true… isn't it? But… why would he say that? Just admit it like that?"

"By now, you know why he had to say that. The Deep Magic. They have to tell us. I know, even I am still surprised by how obvious it is sometimes. Morons. That's not how it works, you fucking idiots."

We laugh.

"I had to grab two more images that stood out to me, even way back then, before we move on. I want to show you something. The wages of sin."



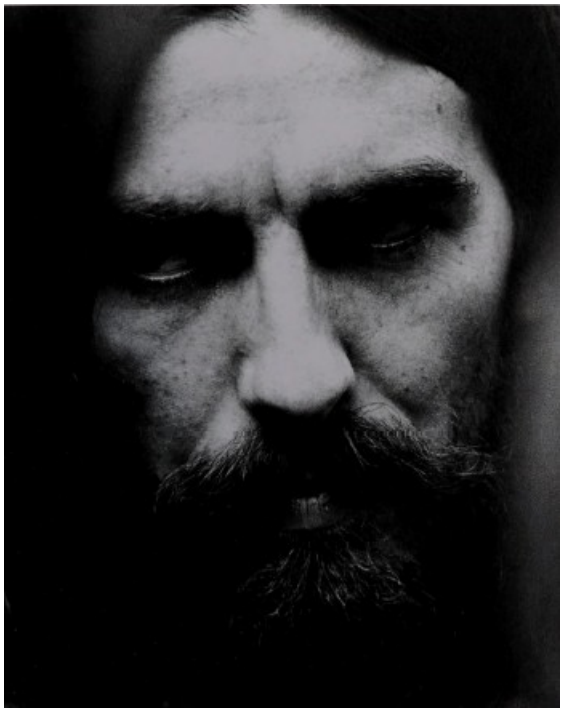
I look at you. They call it 'the weight.' 'Boy, you're gonna carry that weight a long time.'

Take a look at this picture. Here they are, young and happy. Notice the light in their eyes, especially John:

Now, here they are about seven years later. Take a look at John now:



And look at this picture of George. I distinctly remember that this picture haunted me. I knew, for a fact, that something had gone terribly wrong with them:



Those are their real faces. Their true emotions. What they feel when they don't know the cameras are on.

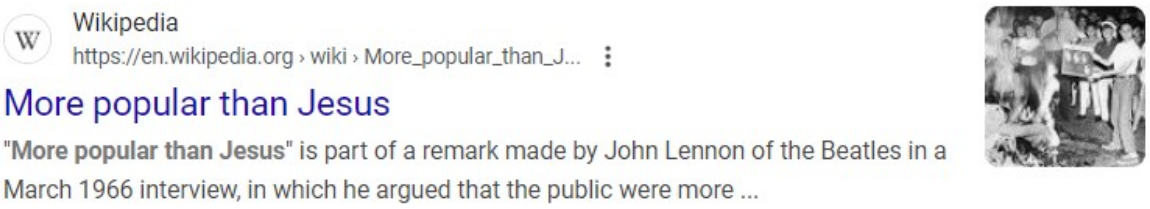
"That is the face of a man who severely regrets his decisions. Do you see how the darkness has warped their very faces? Their very being? Can you read it on them?

Literally the most gaunt, haunted, hollow looking faces I've ever seen. Tortured. Shameful. *Guilty.* That's how I read them."

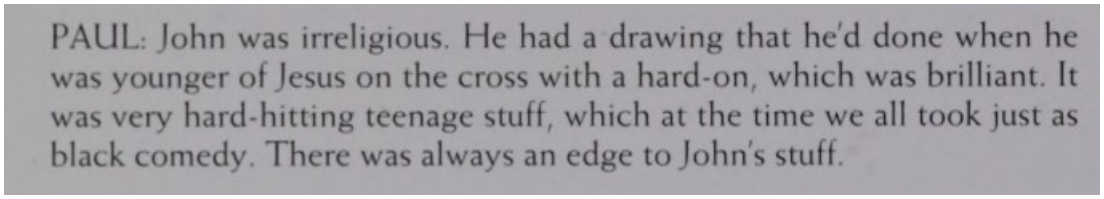
I look at you. "And I will tell you, based on what I know about them – John talked them into it. Working with Crowley's organization – the O.T.O., most likely. Thelemites. Maybe something different. The mystery schools. I'm sure he thought it was the funniest thing ever."

My eyes are serious as I tell you – "John Lennon was a *master* of persuasion. His mind was unbelievably sharp. He also *hated* Christianity. He hated it, more than you can imagine. At first, at least. In fact, there was kind of a… whole thing with John Lennon and Jesus in 1965."

I pull out my phone. "Oh, hey! Look at that. It even has its own Wikipedia article!"



And here's a *great* example of John Lennon's theology at the time:



And I remember, quite honestly, that even as a young teenager who didn't really want to go to church anymore, I did not actually appreciate this joke at all. Even if you don't believe in Jesus, it's still not… *funny* that he was crucified, you know. It's not funny. He was a real guy that got killed in a shitty way for speaking out to power, whether anyone likes it or not. This much is proven beyond any doubt.

But John Lennon… struggled *greatly.* Christianity sort of… haunted him.

To understand why, and how he became this way, you must first understand that World Wars I and II were viewed *very* differently by them."

You look over at me. "Really?"

"Oh, yeah. I go into this in far greater detail. The part around where I dissect *Cathedral* by Crosby, Stills, and Nash, and also in *1946: The Third Babylonian Invasion*."

Once you read through the excerpt I show you, you understand what I mean. You look over at me. "The chosen ones… colors flying… children crying… silver seed… new home in the sun…"

You ponder. "The Queen. The Queen's betrayal. I get it now!"

We laugh. Understanding things is beautiful. Understanding what an artist is really trying to tell you is a wonderful thing.

The Silent Spring. *Mother nature on the run in the 1970s.*

Fractals course around you, and the world has become a live visual equalizer, your hallucinations and perceptions pulsing and dancing to the music. You have never actually seen color dance to music in real life before.

"It's there all the time." I look at you. "It's always there, you just can't see it. You can't perceive it. This is what those monks sat there praying for, starving themselves for. This is why they ate pine needles and resin until they were mummified. To *know.*"

The death drone sounds above us. Throat singing.

I look at you. "Do you hear it now?" Now you do.

"Sex is the little death. Psychedelic drugs are the big death."

You stare.

"Sex is the little death, psychedelics are the big death.

The fall of man. Prometheus. The shadowy overcoat of humanity. Staring at us from the closet menacingly. Always there. The sword of Damocles.

And yet, it is not real.

Death is not real. It is but the ending of the illusion."

You can feel it. You can palpably feel its presence in the room.

"Don't fear it. Don't fear the pain. Don't fear the suffering.

Fear only what comes after."

You think about the fact that you've never really touched anything, never felt anything, never seen anything, and never heard anything. Food is obviously bullshit, so that leaves… smell? Is smell real? Are our noses even real?

"I perceive…"

No.

"I feel."

"I *feel*."

You look at me. "I feel. I experience *qualia*. I have a qualitative experience of the universe. I am in the mind of God."

I tell you that I love Latin roots, and the root of *qualia* means "of what."

"Of what… Am I? What am I of? I AM what of."

"I feel, so I perceive, so I think, so I am, so I have value."

We laugh. Psychedelic drugs are fun.

I look over at you. "Should I tell you about that part yet?"

You wink at me. "You already did." I smile at you. *He's so clever…*

And now, for something completely different – cooking chicken wings in the Grand Canyon.

The ice and sharp bone shreds my skin. The tendons and pink flesh of young, uncooked meat crackle and snap. I think of the tortured screams of the defenseless birds as they are forcibly plucked by machines, thrown into the shredders, and turned into garlic parmesan wings.

But first, all the males are instantly killed. They are useless. *Worthless*.

That is because they do not produce as much meat or lay eggs, so they are killed within one day of being hatched. They do not have the tender, sweet breast meat that so many crave. The secret is the milk sugars. Lactose.

Instead, male chicks are a problem that must be dealt with. This is called "chick culling", and it happens in every single chicken farm that you buy meat from. They used to chop off their heads, which they called "cervical dislocation." Then, they gassed them, but this is probably difficult and expensive, and it requires you to pay special workers to handle the gasses properly.

So, they settled on a very nice euphemism called "maceration", which means that they are simply born, separated from the females, and then immediately slid down a metal tube into waiting jaws that crush them into pulp. To death.

We even built a special machine, just for this. Isn't she beautiful?

The round jaws of death. Humanity's greatest achievement. Our temple, our altar. Our crucifix of steel. And here it is, in all its glory:



Welcome to the machine, I guess. It's a really good thing that we do not do that to male human infants, because that would be extremely weird and cruel. Their slurry is then recycled and fed to the other chickens I assume, and the circle of life goes on.

Anyways, I was sitting there breaking apart chunks of ice and torn pink baby flesh under cold water as quickly as I possibly could, which is not very quickly at all. It is like a rock. About half

of the people who have “jobs” do not do them, so this defrosting issue would happen quite a bit. That’s one way you can tell that they aren’t a real thing.

I grab a steel knife, a butter knife type deal, and I try to jam it in. No good. I can see the viscous fluid and the myoglobin that children think is blood. White ribbons of fat. It disgusts me. Try a bigger one, now it just feels ridiculous.

Fuck this shit

I turn on the hot water, and break them apart in about five minutes. *Fuck you.*

Then, I cook them in a 450-degree oven, and slather them with sauce. They *love* them. They literally just hand you money, for free, when you give people pizza. And you don’t even have to tell anyone. They still ask, of course, when the night ends, but you lie, and they know that you know that they know that you are lying when you say you didn’t get any cash tips to report, but they don’t care because everyone hates taxes.

One time, a family cancels an order. Leaves. Big one. Two plates of garlic parmesan wings, slathered in sauce sit there. An entire large pepperoni pizza, steaming in the low lamps.

Disgusting.

Let me tell you two more stories. We start in LA, with zero context until the top level.

I tell my old boss at the preschool in Santa Monica I am leaving to the islands. I tell the tutoring people I have to go to the Virgin Islands. I tell her beautiful son with the flute player’s name that I am going to go live on an island where the funny pirates live, because that’s how he understood things.

That’s when I bought my first credit card, and my first and only one—way ticket. To the Virgin Islands, in 2016.

I want to clarify that I do speak quite a bit more about Witness 2, and there’s more descriptions of my unending, undying love for her interwoven throughout this book. Right now, we’re moving quick with the anecdotes so you can grasp the exposition, or context, for the story.

In fact, Witness 2 is the Queen of this story. It’s about her. It’s actually a love story - about us. It may turn out, in fact, to be quite a bit like *Romeo and Juliet*, if what she says turns out to be correct. Witness 2, I love you more than anything. You are the only woman I want.

I’ll tell you when I knew that I had made it and women thought I was cool, so I could stop worrying about dumb shit like that. After this story, I promise, it’s just about the end of all this

boring stuff about chasing women and stupid parties, and then we can get to the good part of the book. The real meat you can chew on.

It was my Junior year of high school. Let me tell a story first. The second-funniest thing that J and I ever did in school was take each other's school pictures that year. We gave the photographer each other's name, and it actually worked.

We had IDs with the wrong pictures on them and everything. It was hilarious. However, they made us redo them and took away the fake ones. I really wish they let us keep them, and since they were apparently invalid, I didn't see the harm in it.

The funniest thing that we ever did was win the election for class President and Vice-President. I told J we should run as a joke, because, you know, you are actually allowed to go ahead and just do that and they technically have to let you. He thought that was about the funniest thing anyone had ever said. So, we did rock-paper-scissors for the positions, and I lost. I was Vice President, but honestly, I think that fit me pretty well. We tried to think of how to win.

I had an idea. *Signs!*

I knew from growing up in LA that people love signs. Neon signs, flashing signs, signs with arrows on them, signs on windows, signs on doors, signs on the roads, signs with pictures, signs about money, signs telling you what to do or not do, just fucking signs everywhere. Signs, signs, signs. Is that even a real word? What do they call this, "phonemic saturation?" Did I spell 'sign' right? No, I'm kidding.

Anyways, billboards. Big deal for people, they go wild for them. I also understood that the bulk of being a politician is based around advertising, not actually worrying about policy at all. "Perfect," I thought. *I got nothing for them anyways.*

I had learned how to do that by watching George Bush as I grew up. There were two girls running against us, both good friends of my sister. They are both incredibly beautiful, intelligent, and smart, and I know Witness 2 will get mad about this and stuff, but really, I want people to know that. It's the truth.

If people end up reading this book, I want them to know the nice things that were true about themselves. K, you are already in this book. You obviously deserved to win this election, and I'm sure you're a good dancer. MC – you would obviously have been a way better Class President than us. Also, I did that entire play Junior year just to flirt with you. It's true, the one I had one line in. You have a face they would have carved statues of. They would have painted you in red and gold oils.

My one line in the play: "I don't know who this is."

I played a lone, artistic genius. Autistic, I think, like *super* weird. He stands there angrily staring at this person who tore him from his art - looks the main character up and down, and delivers this line in a haunting, dramatic tone. It was, like, a huge let down for her in the story.

I loved it, it was perfect for me. The director was excellent at his job, and everyone loved it when I did my one line. I have no idea what the play was actually about because I never read the script. I wore the red shirt you can see in the first pictures of me I showed you, and sunglasses. It was very cool. They did a sleep study on me in the hospital during this play, which I will talk about.

Ok, so the election. I decided that we had to make posters. Big ones. But we had to put something on them. Now, I knew that if you can make someone laugh, you *can* make them do anything. If we could make them laugh, they would definitely vote for us. I knew it.

So, what I did was I took a picture of George Bush and wrote: "Is our children learning? Us can fix it!" with our names and a slogan, and printed about 100 copies of it as large as possible. I'm assuming here that you get my reference, and I mean, the poster was *so* profoundly funny on a few different levels. When your parents are both teachers, it is a lot easier to access large printers, which is good because our advertising budget was just about zero dollars.

For the next one, I took the famous picture from *Titanic* of Jack holding Rose from behind on the bow of the Titanic, and then I had someone take a picture of me and J recreating it. Then, I used the program called GIMP to cut out our picture and layer us over it, which I had learned how to do in computer class on Photoshop – he was behind me, holding me, while I smiled cheekily and gazed beautifully off into the distance from the giant ship. It was, honestly, hilarious. Like I said, being able to use professional-level software for free was the most fun thing I ever did before I played music. Also, people love *Titanic* references, it's true. I mean, I do too.

In fact, *My Heart Will Go On* is, for real, my favorite song out of them all to play on the piano while someone sings. I can *hit* the key change. It's a weird one, it goes from Emaj/C#min into F# for one bar, and then down a half step again to Fm/G#maj. These are relative minors, by the way (very important.) No other song does a key change like *My Heart Will Go On*. It's true. I also really enjoy playing the little duet of *Can You Feel the Love Tonight*. So, I printed about 100 copies of that one in large, too.

After that, I copied three more normal slogans that I had read in the newspaper from winning political campaigns and added our last names for President and Vice President. It had a nice ring to it. I liked it. It fit like a glove, actually, even though I never really did anything except plan Junior Prom, and I had absolutely no policy (which I knew was normal from reading about the winning political campaigns I copied from. Also, plagiarism is normal for politics, so taking

their slogans was OK, too. Certain things are OK for politicians but not for normal people.) I printed about 200 copies of those, on slightly smaller paper.

The morning of the election, J and I met up early at the school while it was still dark, with about two hours to hang them. We covered it as well as we could before anyone was there to stop us. I went in the girl's bathroom and put up a bunch, which we thought was really funny (it was.)

Well, we did actually win, and it was actually hilarious just like I thought it would be. I knew it. One of my best practical jokes of all time.

Me and J Skip the Pep Rally, Separately, Where They Announced We Won the Election

When they announced that we won the election, and were Class President and Vice President at the Pep Rally, both J and I had actually left campus, which you weren't supposed to do. That was probably embarrassing for me, but I found it to be hilarious instead that he also wasn't even there. We laughed.

I had learned by then that you could literally just get up out of class and walk around and no one would even say anything for some reason, which was amazing. I really enjoyed those walks on spring days more than being in a classroom.

That's why I wanted to go to the Virgin Islands and live in a tree. There's literally not even a law against that. You can just go do it, any day, for about $1,000.

So, the theme I chose for Junior Prom was "Wonderful Tonight", because I love that song. *Long, blonde hair.* Like Witness 2. However, Eric Clapton is the third-worst professional guitarist of all time, and it's true. Funny story here is that both this song and *Layla* are written about George Harrison's wife, Pattie. She was blonde, and *both* of them liked her *quite a bit* at one point. Pretty much, actually, at the *exact* same time.

You probably already know this. You probably also know that the guy who wrote *Layla* with Clapton, and played the piano part, murdered his mother with a hammer and butcher's knife. It's true, his name is Jim Gordon. These crazy musicians, I'm telling you.

You stare at me. "He… he did *what?!?*"

"It's true. Look it up." I hand you my phone, with *Wikipedia* pulled up.

"Well, I'll be darned. Hey, do you have a few more of these anecdotes? They're pretty good, I'm enjoying them."

I smile at you. "There's an autobiography in the full-size fractal. But, let's see… I can manage a few more for you. Here, this is the very ending of one from college. Wait, I need to put this Keith Moon section somewhere, let's do it here:"

You know, my favorite musician as a kid was Keith Moon, because he was legitimately insane like me. He was the original 'TV through the hotel window, smash my drum set, and blow shit up with fireworks' rock star. He was a genius. A legend. Way, way ahead of his time.

Keith Moon was the purest form of rebellion, distilled down into a form that could detonate toilets, take drugs, get drunk, and tell everyone to fuck off. He told them like no one else –

'I hate you, I hate your bullshit society, I hate your stupid voice and meaningless words, I hate your pretentions, your taboos, your unsaid hatefulness. Your lawyers and contracts and signatures. Your judges, police officers, armies, and bloodshed. The way you smile as you kill. *Fuck you.* I hate you.'

I pull up the "Destructive Behavior" section of Keith Moon's Wikipedia article, and we browse through it:

> Longtime friend and personal assistant, Dougal Butler, observed: "He was trying to make people laugh and be Mr Funny; he wanted people to love him and enjoy him, but he would go so far. Like a train ride you couldn't stop."[92]
>
> In a limousine on the way to the airport, Moon insisted they return to their hotel, saying "I forgot something." At the hotel he ran back to his room, grabbed the television and threw it out of the window into the swimming pool below. He then jumped back into the limo, saying "I nearly forgot."[93]

Come on, that is actually pretty hilarious. "I forgot something."

We continue on:

> **Exploding toilets** [edit]
>
> Moon's favourite stunt was to flush powerful explosives down toilets. According to Fletcher, Moon's toilet pyrotechnics began in 1965 when he purchased a case of 500 cherry bombs.[98] Townshend remembers walking into the bathroom of Moon's hotel room and noticing the toilet had disappeared, with only the S-bend remaining. The drummer explained that since a cherry bomb was about to explode, he had thrown it down the toilet and showed Townshend the case of cherry bombs. "And of course from that moment on," the guitarist remembered, "we got thrown out of every hotel we ever stayed in."[99]

Eventually, he stopped using fireworks and started using sticks of dynamite.

> **Flint Holiday Inn incident** [edit]

Something about a car in a pool and about $200,000 worth of damages.

Then, it gets sad:

Passing out on stage [edit]

Financial problems [edit]

And you know what, I hope all the Christians read this part and get really mad about it. Yeah, Keith Moon was better than all you sniveling, cowardly liars put together. You disgust me. You with your Vatican state-sponsored child sex trafficking ring, and your stupid Pope worship, and your fake Evangelical smiles while you stab people in the back. Not paying taxes, not doing anything at all.

I never met a pastor that didn't love his job, for some reason.

So, fuck all of you. You're all just bricks in the wall too. Apparently, none of you paid attention to Revelation where the church has become deluded and evil. Insane. You cower and grovel at the boot of power, clawing and thrashing your way over the wreckage of humanity to get your turn on the top of the pile.

You applaud rapturously for ravenous wolves like George Bush and Dick Cheney. You're a bunch of fucking clowns, and I can hardly think of one useful thing I ever heard in a church. Stop doing the same sermons every week on Ephesians. Stop talking about the same stories. Start talking about 9/11. Start talking about MK Ultra.

You have no balls. You lost them. In fact, you gave them away. So, I hope all the Christians read this part about Keith Moon and get really upset, because I think that would be hilarious. And Keith Moon would too.

Go ahead, make my day. Read my fucking book and throw a little fit about it. *Are you mad?*

You failed the test. You forfeited your soul. You allow evil to reign.

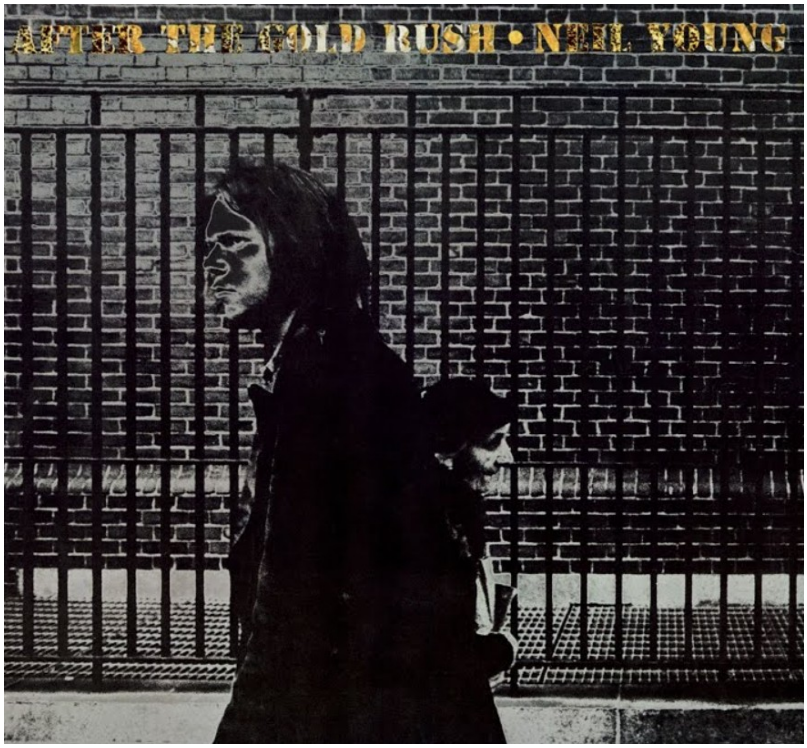
And that's my message to the Evangelical church of America. *Fuck you guys.*

I began to realize that people could have music everywhere if they wanted to. Cities could be musical instruments, mountains and monuments could resonate. Giant strings could, theoretically, turn an open valley into the resonant chamber of an acoustic guitar.

What would happen if we built an instrument the size of a mountain and played it?

Well, if we would stop spending all our money on bombs and war, maybe we could have found out. What would happen to our brains if everything was an instrument - if we lived, played, and

ate around instruments? If giant, city-sized instruments continuously played harmonious sounds, what would happen to our brains?



I pull out an album and place a record gently on your stereo tower. I hand you the cover, and you take a look at a young man with brown hair, his face distorted, with a small, mis-matched counterpart riding on his back.

He doesn't seem to exist, and neither one gives an air of reality. I set the needle down and light a spliff. I pass it to you.

Soft piano fills the house, and you hear Neil Young mournfully describe humanity's chosen ones flying mother nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun.

You look at me. "I know this one. *After the Gold Rush.*"

I nod. "*Rolling Stone* says this is the 322nd greatest song of all time. It's true."

I pull out the Wikipedia article and show you. There it is – *After the Gold Rush*:

> It is ranked number 322 on *Rolling Stone*'s list of The 500 Greatest Songs of All Time.[2]

I tell you that, as usual, *Rolling Stone* is wrong – it's easily top ten. Maybe even five.

"What do you think that means, though? Why did they choose that number? 322?"

I hand you a small, square card. "Look familiar?"



“French horn and piano. The perfect combination. There are only two songs that I know of with a French horn solo, and this is one of them. So soft, so gentle. It’s like listening to velvet.

Did you know that George Bush masturbated in a coffin in front of his dad and a bunch of other guys to join the Skull and Bones society at Yale?”

“Nope,” you respond. “Yep,” I respond.

I pull out an article from *The Atlantic*, and I point to the page:

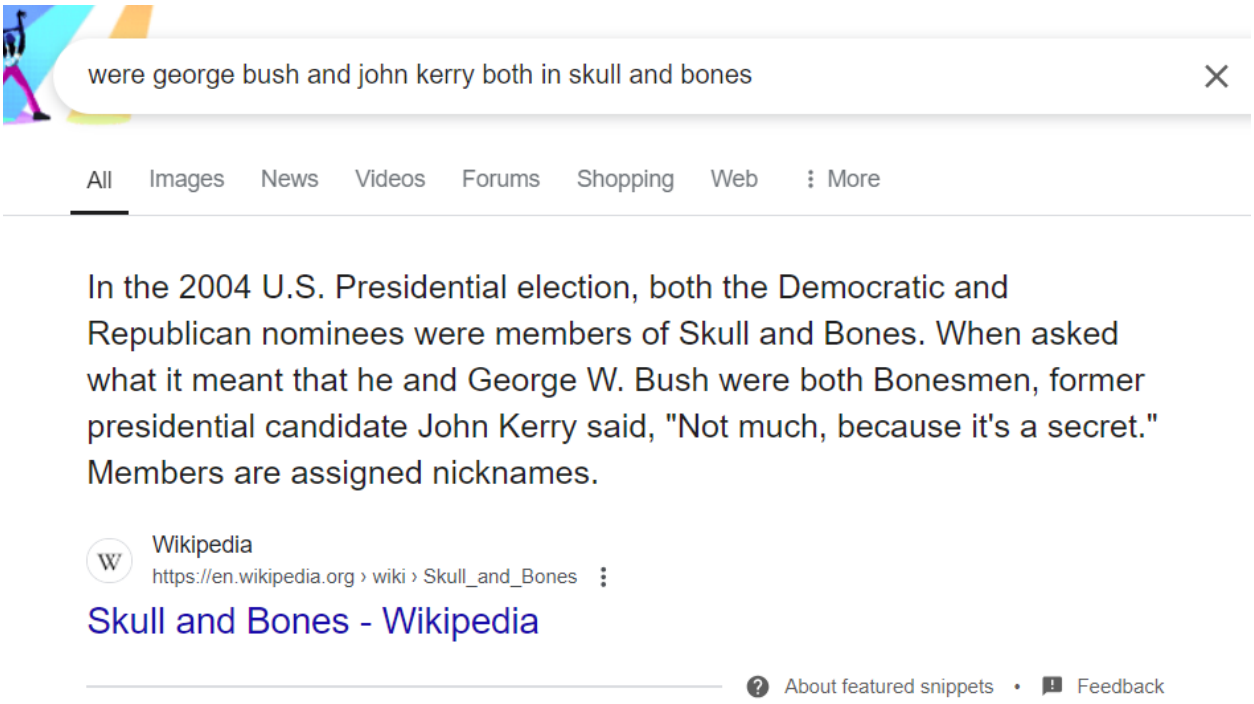
> feverish 1983 tract *An Introduction to the Order.*) World domination aside, the most pervasive rumors about Bones are that initiates must masturbate in a coffin while recounting their sexual exploits, and that their candor is ultimately rewarded with a no-strings-attached gift of $15,000. Bonesmen, who are sworn to secrecy at initiation,

“See that?” I point. “Initiates must masturbate in a coffin while recounting…”

I stare at you. “It’s a secret society at Yale. *Skull and Bones.* Bush was in it, and so was John Kerry. Yeah, it’s such a secret it even has a Wikipedia article, too.”

Your eyes shift questioningly. “Bullshit. John Kerry, too? His opponent in the election back then?”

I smile. “Dear Reader, you’re right to be skeptical. These claims seem… fantastical. Surreal. So absurdly bad and obvious that it… can’t be real. That’s partly how it works. Here, see for yourself:”



“Not much, because it’s a secret.”

Well, fuck you too, buddy. I think we’re all doing just fine without all the secret murder and necrophilia, but, thanks.

And the coffin thing… is real. And all the older ones watch. Like his Dad.”

Oh yeah, and guess what? Bush’s dad even had a *really* cool nickname in this little club, and do you want to know what it was?

Henry Luce was "Baal", McGeorge Bundy was "Odin", and George H. W. Bush was "Magog".[19]

“These are the sons of the skull and bones. The merchants of death. Pirates.”

A shiver runs through your bones as you stare at me.

“Do you know about the shield of David?”

“No…”

“You will. Next version.”

When I learned that they had a hydraulic water organ that played beautiful, harmonious music in Ancient Greece, it blew my mind. It's called the *hydraulis*, and it was the world's first keyboard instrument. This is where the pipe organ came from.

The Ancient Greeks figured out how to use a water wheel and air pressure to power an organ using the energy within flowing water, and some people think they even automated songs with it, sort of like a player piano. They can't prove it, but it's quite logical and would have been a simple step once you have this setup in place.

2,000 years ago, at least. I can't even imagine the beautiful sounds it would have made. That's because we don't make them anymore. Maybe they should have spent more time working on these automatic water organs instead of philosophy and the art of war.

I remember a Spelling Bee in the Fifth grade. I won, and I was up in front of everyone in the cafeteria doing some kind of finalist convention to move on. Spelling words was easy, I didn't even have to try.

This was the first time in my life I was in front of a substantial crowd of people doing something other than getting an award for memorizing a Bible verse at Church or a Christmas play at school. Doing something that relied on skill.

My first two words were "mosquito" and "thermometer", which I obviously knew how to spell after thinking for about two seconds. However, I was really nervous, and I cracked under pressure.

My third word was "balloon".

Balloon? They want me to spell… balloon? All this, and they pick a word fit for a Kindergarten Barney Party? I don't even have to try for this one. Give me a break.

That was actually my exact thought at that moment.

The audience waited with bated breath as I raised the microphone to my mouth. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. In the distance, a dog barked.

"I got this," I thought to myself.

"B"

"A"

"L"

"L"

“O”

“N”

Now Dear Reader, upon reading this word, you may notice that it isn’t spelled right. However, in my feverish, rushed, Fifth grade mind, I did not recognize the discrepancy, and I listened in disbelief as I heard the wrong sound – the error buzzer. A sound that shouldn't exist.

That can’t be right, I thought.

But it was, and I was wrong. I totally blew it. Fumbled under pressure. More than that – I realized - I knew for a fact - that I blew it because I rushed it and didn’t think first, and that’s why I didn’t do it right.

I felt more dumb than I ever had in my entire life so far, but I wasn't really *that* sad because the concept of a spelling bee is really stupid. I still don't even know why they call it that. I think this is when I stopped trying in school because I learned that it is better to not try and fail than it is to try really hard and care about it and still fail.

It hurts less, is cooler, is less embarrassing, and is way more fun. To this day, the word “balloon” physically irks me every time I hear it, write it, or read it.

I wrote these two lines on December 28th, when I started this book:

Today, I cried for the first time in forever. Today, I danced for the first time. Today I ran for the first time.

Today the US government megadosed me with LSD. And it was the best experience of my entire life.

Like everything else I will tell you in this story, this is not exaggeration. This is not hyperbole. This is not simile, nor metaphor. These are not lies, and these are not tall tales or works of fiction. This is the true story of my life. This is a non-fiction story.

Because I had clarity. And the idea that I had was to write this book. I realized something that I have always known – one of the secrets to life. Instead of telling no one anything, tell *everyone everything.*

I look at you. “Hey, do you want to hear the end of the acid on the roof story?”

You nod.

When I got back down, I tried to drink warm beer from the keg. It was, pretty much, awful. Around this time, I successfully avoided becoming an alcoholic in favor of being a drug addict

instead. I was sitting with people there later, when the lights were low and the people who weren't students or staying the night had all left. I was staring at the floor and thinking about life – specifically, how weird the concept of "corners" in your house is. Weird little 90-degree angles everywhere. I hate them.

I was quiet. A girl asked me if I was OK. I said I was, I was just thinking. It bothered me, and I didn't actually know why at all. *Obviously, I was OK. Look at me, don't I look OK? I have a house over the beach, lady!*

I felt like I was ridiculous. Psychedelic drugs really reveal the darkness that alcohol brings out in people, and I began to hate it there. Still, it seemed like the best place for me to learn how to write songs. It is unlike anywhere else, and apparently Jim Morrison wrote the song *Crystal Ship* on a balcony just like mine when looking at the oil rig floating out in the Pacific like a beacon.

Overall, this was one of the best days of my life because it was the last time I even cared a tiny bit what anyone thought or said about me. I haven't worried about that since.

I thought about her question more deeply.

No, I'm not actually OK. *I have been lied to by every single person I have ever met. Also, you guys only like music with one note at a time and lyrics about committing crimes.*

It seems like people listen to songs for the words now, not the music. That's another thing that I find absurd, because books have much better words in them than songs. Books can come true. Songs should be about the music, not the words.

We had parties at that house that were sponsored by Monster Energy, and that's a fact. It always really impresses people when I tell them that, so I do that as much as possible. It's true - a rep from the company walked up to me on our balcony and asked if they could host a party there, in our unit, if they brought lights, music, a DJ, about 20 plastic vodka handles, crates of Monster, and a stripper. I obviously agreed, and they did it a few times. He was a huge black man, and he said his name was "Mellow".

The only part about it that I didn't like was the stripper. It was obviously sad and sort of pathetic, and I felt truly bad for her. My roommate gave her cocaine and tried to have sex with her, but he felt bad for her too, so he didn't. It's funny, because I bet if they hadn't given her money to take off her clothes and had instead offered her drugs and alcohol and then just asked her nicely, she would have done it for free. Also, it would have been a lot cooler and more fun for everyone, including her. I felt terrible for her.

These parties, I loved them, but they disgusted me to my core. I could see the vile, rotten nature of mankind displayed like a carnival freak show in front of me 24/7. By the end of my second year, my last year in school, I stopped going to parties and would stay home alone to take drugs instead. I would walk along the bluffs alone at night sometimes. I remember standing in the darkness in an empty lot against the cliffs staring at a glowing golden door with people going in and out and wondering what was wrong with me.

“I will probably regret this in the future,” I thought to myself. Networking, you know.

Before I got my first amp in 2005, I would play the guitar with the headstock and my head both resting on the wall, and the resonant cavity within would amplify it into my skull just like an acoustic guitar would. I loved it when the notes felt right, like a perfect fifth. I would hit the strings and just feel the vibration over and over. I didn't know any chords yet.

As a matter of fact, I thought that people like Eddie Van Halen just made different chords up for songs and wrote them down sometimes when they sounded good, and then people just sort of picked what they liked, and they spread from there. When I learned music theory from a book in *Barnes & Noble* when N and I went there in his Camaro, it was absolutely mind-blowing.

Holy shit… there are patterns. It all just repeats, forever and ever. There’s only 11 notes and an octave, it’s so simple! It’s a fractal!

And it goes like this:

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – vii – I

It’s literally perfect. It’s beautiful. Lowercase is minor, and uppercase is major. *Everything* you need to write songs is in this pattern somewhere, if you look hard enough and use a little creativity.

I first saw her across from me in the dorm cafeteria, underneath a triangular, blue and green ‘90s-style motif. We made eye contact, and I knew that she saw me, too. We stared at each other for a moment, and up until that point, she was - by far - the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She is now in second place in the not weird list I have in the other book. No, I said it’s *not* weird.

C lived two floors down from me, to the right, and then about 4 doors down on the left. Her room was beautiful and delicate. Perfect. A perfect girl’s room with everything in its place. Pinks and whites, and books. I had noticed that she was actually extremely intelligent, and that she always did the homework that they assign.

I knew this because the books and papers on her desk would change quite a bit more frequently than others, unlike mine which never had a book on it. I could also tell that she was smart, because when we talked about the dumb classes we went to, like the one where they force you to make flash cards of paintings and memorize the name that girls like to take, she understood it.

She knew things about that class that the teachers did not know. Her mind could run circles around theirs.

She knows about old paintings.

Women who have this light *love* art. Especially when it is good.

So, I could tell that like me, she really enjoyed laughing. In fact, it must have been one of her favorite hobbies too, because she was always doing it. All the time, no matter what. I loved that about her. Her laugh sounded like the tinkling, clinking song of a windchime. I can, quite literally, hear it in my head like an audio recording, combined with her smile, eyes, and aura. 3D in my head.

One time, I was at a party with her, and this was one of the first times that we went to a party together with a group of people and planned to stay there as long as possible. If you've figured out by now where I live, I'm sure you can picture it.

These houses were full of interesting people. They literally exploded and bursted with life. Beer Pong rang out as I heard the words of the most popular song at the time –

"Damn, you's a sexy bitch.

You's a sexy bitch.

Damn, you's a sexy bitch.

Damn, girl."

Ah… high art…

For some reason, this song always made me think about how much I hate popular songs, but no one went to these parties to listen to music anyways.

The blue, red, and green laser lights shine directly into my eyes for a moment as they cascade around the room (this is bad.) For a moment, they refract. I can see *inside* the beam of light, and I see all the LEDs whirling and spinning like a kaleidoscope. I see the whiteness where it

blends together, and I can see it right now. It stands still for just a moment, and the whirling and sound go white. Then, it's gone and the dark room is back.

I feel my hands on the stark hardness of her hips. I feel the curve of her waist, her singularities, and her sacred spaces.

Boom! You've been Fractalated by a smooth scrivener! Shit, did I already say that?

So, I climbed a tree.

And once up in the arbor, I realized that I had a problem.

This is the conundrum that I faced, Dear Reader – good art can only come through pain.

That must be the secret sauce I am missing as I try to figure out how to make a song that sounds good.

I thought about this once while I took acid and 2C-I there and played the guitar. That was the first time I ever saw the clouds change color, morph, and speed over my head impossibly fast in fractals. I learned quite a bit from that, and it still seemed to make a lot of sense to me.

That's it! It's suffering!

Alright, let's see… should I wrap up this boring part about all this dumb sex stuff already and move on, or do you want a few more pages of it where I'll tell you about the best threesome I ever had with my girlfriend down there? That's probably enough of sex appeal, right?

What's that? Move on… you want to hear about 9/11? *Already*? Are you sure???

Geez… tough crowd tonight…

Ok, ok. Let's see. I almost forgot this one while I was telling you what happened at the end of the Sopranos, unlike David Chase. I will now tell you the third-weirdest thing I ever noticed that other people didn't notice.

One is that the "Berenstain Bears" *definitely* used to be the "Berenstein Bears." I can tell you that for a fact. I actually read quite a bit, and I can tell you, I read all of those books, too. In fact, I distinctly remember sitting in my closet, holding a hardcover one, full-size, and teaching myself the word "Berenstein."

I was able to sound out words and read anything I wanted to by four years old, and I could use contextual clues to figure out what any word meant in any book. I also read forewords, acknowledgements, and the copyright pages.

This was, obviously, their name. Both the bears and the authors. "Ber – en – stein." Cute little play on "Bear-Einstein." *Hmmm… like a smart bear. Like a… bear that… talks.* I literally remember that. I could tell for sure from the copyright page and acknowledgements that it wasn't a pseudonym. *Oh yeah, duh, the "Bear Einstein" family. Because they're a family of smart bears. Nice one. And it's their real name, too!*

Now, they are not real anymore. They are in The Nothing.

I will now tell you what it's like to give a sick woman a shower. Behold – I will show you the more excellent way.

The washing of the feet. It's a way of showing people they are worthy of being loved, and are worth more than their bodies or physical beauty. In fact, that doesn't even come into play here in the slightest.

What I will teach you is the core of transcendence – stepping outside of the cages of our bodies and meeting in the middle. You don't need a cabin, a lake, or a desk in the middle of the forest for some reason to know transcendence.

PSYCH! You're gonna have to read the other book for that, sucka'!

That one, you gotta work for. It's kind of the whole point, actually.

"You dress her. Softly. As you lovingly veil the beautiful but worn stature of her body, she looks at you and you know that she knows that you are doing the best thing possible for her – you are giving her dignity. You are covering her shame and freeing her – reversing the violation of stripping her of even the use of her own body.

That is the best thing that you can ever do for somebody."

You ask me what my 2nd favorite book besides The Bible is, and I tell you it is the Tao Te Ching. You tell me that is a cliché, and that I've been saying it wrong. It isn't pronounced with a "T", it's a "D".

I smile, and I ask you if you know this book's story. You shake your head.

"Lao Tzu was leaving. He had to depart and was heading into the wilderness to die on the back of a beast of burden, perhaps a camel. As he was leaving, the city guards begged him to write down his wisdom, as no one else understood the things he did. The things of the Nothing. The Way. The Tao."

So, he did. Now, historians on Wikipedia can inform you that this, actually, probably did *not* really happen.

Good job, guys. It's called a "story", and it's based on *something* that happened way back then that led to this book. Congratulations on figuring out his name had one different letter and he wasn't actually a deity, or something.

You look at me. You're unsure. "So, what is '*The Way*', Witness 1?"

You look at me. I know this one.

"Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Duh. Learned it at church.

"That is, also a good story. It is also a *true* story. And, as predicted, it has been spread to the world. Everyone knows who Jesus is, and that he loves them. And that he wants to offer them the gift of salvation through his atoning blood sacrifice. The Deep Magic.

And, also as predicted, the church has now grown corrupted from within. She withers and dies. In fact, she screams for rescue – though they cannot hear it. She cries out in pain as the wolves tear her limb from limb. As she is violated, and used to violate others.

I am a Christian, and I believe in the Bible. I believe in Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. But I can see that the world is ready for the next chapter in the greatest story that has never been told. A sequel, perhaps. And that is why I am writing a new story."

I ask you if you want to hear my favorite poem from The Tao anyways, even though I am a Christian, and smile. You do. It is number 11, and it is my third-favorite written work of all time:

Thirty spokes share a central hub;
It is the hole that makes the wheel useful.

Mix water and clay into a vessel;
Its emptiness is what makes it useful.

Cut doors and windows for a room;
Their emptiness is what makes them useful.

Therefore consider: advantage comes from having things
And usefulness from having nothing.

The Nothing. I read that over 15 years ago.

It *is* quite useful. You really do need it in a cup, for example, to drink from it. No one had ever put it that way to me before. Brilliant.

A room without doors or a window, what the fuck would anyone do with that? I set it down and stared at the windows and empty space in my childhood bedroom room.

I could see why they liked this "Lao Tzu" guy that didn't actually exist or write anything down so much. *Pretty sharp.*

I look over you seriously. "Let's get real. The most important thing that's happened musically in the last 50 years is Eddie Van Halen combining the synthesizer and guitar in *1984*. Jump. Also, *5150*. *Love Walks In. Dreams.* Trust me, they'll all see that someday. Like in Bill and Ted.

Wild Child is technically Enya's most perfect song because it is the exact same chords as *Let It Be* – I – V – vi – IV in C major. But not all music has to be serious. *Sexy and I Know It* is another of the masterpieces of our time. It's true. *LMFAO.*"

You look at me. "Are you serious?"

"Yes. I am." I pull out my limited-edition vinyl of *Sorry for Party Rocking* and spin it.

"Listen to how simple the riff is. How few notes he used. The silence. It's so simple, but so good. It's so catchy. I have learned that it is much, much harder to create a song that sounds like this than a very complicated one. I mean, the guy is Berry Gordy's son. Well, two guys made this song. They're both geniuses."

I sigh, and look down. "Here's what drives me bananas. I know, for a fact, that if I could just get this guy to somehow agree to spend time with me, like you're doing, and listen to my song and why I think all of this – we could do it. We could change the world."

I look at you and nod while a tear streaks down my cheek. "Me and Redfoo. And maybe even Sky Blu. Or anyone like them. There are millions of people with voices so loud they could never be silenced until everyone has heard the truth.

LMFAO could publish my book and release my song, I mean, what else are people even doing? Would that not be hilarious? Good chance to even turn a profit for them?"

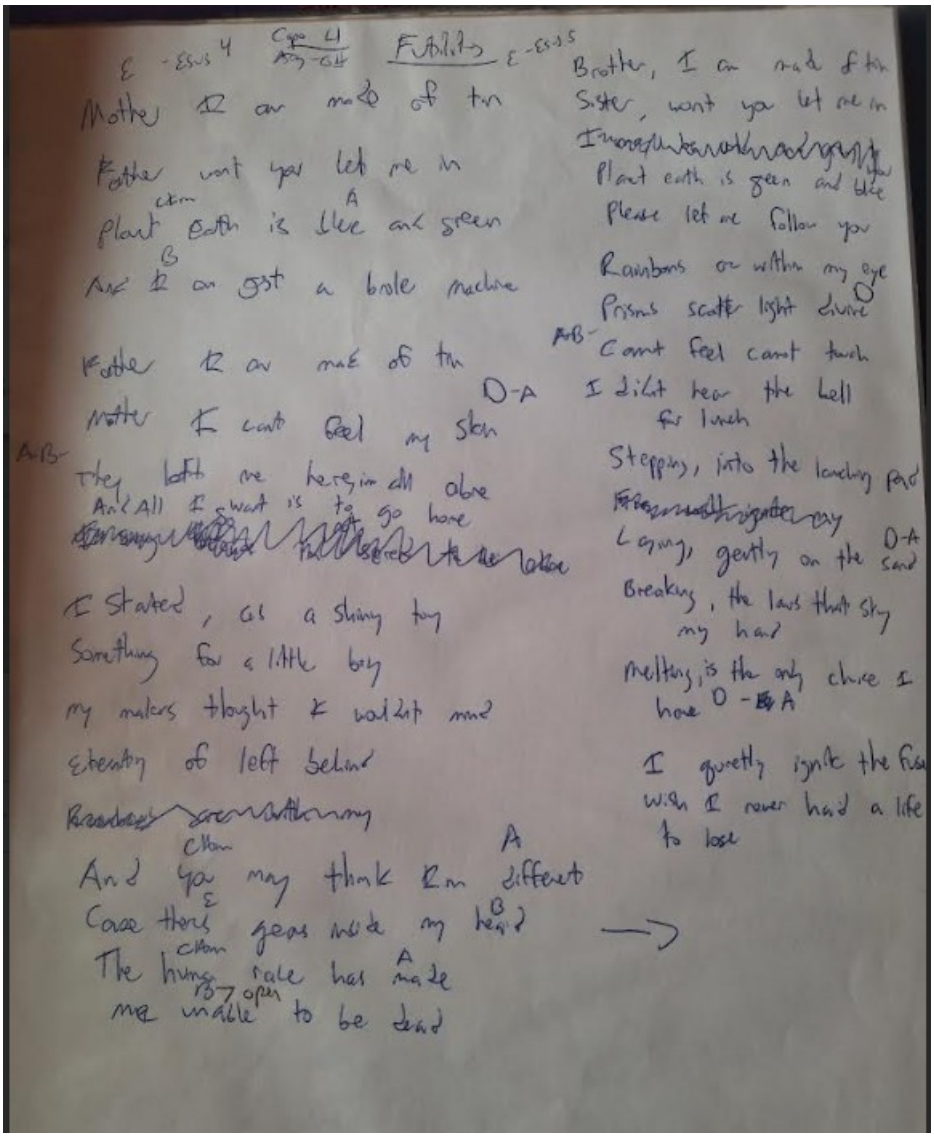
I turn directly towards you. "Redfoo. Let's make album, dude. About 9/11. I have some ideas. Yes, you can do the Wiggle Dance in the videos."

I lean in towards him and whisper - "I also don't wear shoes or a shirt and still get service."

Ok, I'll show you one more song I wrote before we head back to the beach. This is the second song I ever wrote.

In fact, I wrote this next song a few weeks after the incident my Senior year where I ran away from home, all my stuff was thrown out, I was kicked out of my band for not having a bass anymore, I took mushrooms alone in a dark apartment while N was at band practice, and I thought I was going to die. My alienation was at an all-time high, and I actually quite like the lyrics. I remember them.

This is the only one I will transcribe. It's called *Futility*, and it's played with a capo on the 4th fret. It's written from the perspective of an obsolete robot, left behind for all eternity by his former masters. He commits suicide at the end by melting himself under a rocket ship:



E-Esus4

Mother, I am made of tin
E-Esus4
Father, won't you let me in
C#m A
Planet Earth is blue and green
B
And I am just a broke machine

E-Esus4
Father, I am made of tin
D - A
Mother, I can't feel my skin
A- B
They left me here, I'm all alone

A- B E
And all I want is to go home

(repeat chords)

I started as a shiny toy
Something for a little boy
My makers thought I wouldn't mind
An eternity of left behind

(Chorus)

C#m A
And you may think I'm different
E B
Cause there's gears inside my head
C#m A
The human race has made me
B7
Unable to be dead (E-Esus4)

Rainbows are within my eye
Prisms scatter light divine
Cannot feel, cannot touch

I didn't hear the bell for lunch

Stepping, into the launching pad
Laying, gently on the sand
Breaking, the laws that stay my hand
Melting, is the only choice I have

I quietly ignite the fuse,
I wish I never had a life to lose

"Witness 1." You look over at me indignantly. "Robots don't eat lunch. That doesn't make sense."

"Boy," I say. "You're even *less* sympathetic on my *second* edit!"

I look over at you. "Dear Reader," I smile.

"My friend, my love. The one I have always been waiting for. The only one who would listen to me without making fun of me. The only fictional character I have ever loved, whom I have grown to love even more dearly than even myself. How I wish you were real. I long for you, I would die for you. I must find you. You… you're *listening to my songs.* Thank you."

Believe it or not, there's a sad story behind this song. It's called *All Summer in a Day*, and it's a short story by Ray Bradbury. Tragic. It's also another of the earliest things I ever read on my own, and one that I always remembered more than the rest - although I have not read it for over 25 years.

It tells the story of Margot, a child who moved from Earth to Venus in the future. On Venus, it rains for seven years straight, then for one day, the sun comes out for just a few hours.

None of the native Venus children believe her that the sun even exists, and she tries so hard to describe it to them. "It's… yellow, warm. It's bright. It feels like it *kisses* you. Like a giant, glowing penny in the sky!"

The other children don't believe her, and the teachers won't listen to her. No one will, because they believe it is all myth and legend. In fact, they brutalize her. Mock her, and then stuff her in a closet. They lock her in. On the one day a year the sun comes out.

So, they forget about her. The native Venus people can't stand her and these filthy, disgusting lies. Then, the sun comes out, and they're *stunned*. The children see it for the first time in their lives.

They go outside, and walk around in wonder – a new world. It's true – it really *is* a giant, warm, glowing orb in the sky. Like a fucking *penny*. *Holy shit. It… it KISSES you… so nice…*

They completely forget about her and wander around in a daze. *It's real…*

And when they go back in, they remember her. In the closet. And she won't be able to see it again for seven years. And they let her out, and they don't even know what to say. It's just fucking *awful.*

Yeah, it's pretty heavy stuff for a child, and I was reading books with chapters this long by first grade. It's obviously sort of a take on Plato's cave, but very well done.

Thus, this song is my take on Bradbury's take on Plato's take. And the robot was in school. And he missed the lunch (sun.) So, he killed himself. And there was no one left around to not even know what to say.

Now that I think about it, it's a story-within-a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story.

Plato's cave, to Bradury's Margot, to my robot, to our beach story, to my real-life book. Right?

But what came first – the chicken or the cave?

Ok… trying not to be too weird. So, I wrote this song for the beautiful and kind girl with purple and green hair whose house I was at when I took too much Robitussin and puked straight red liquid into their bathroom sink (not cool.)

Ooo… what's that??? You want to know *moorrree???*

I grin at you. "If you want the full stories… you know what to do."

You laugh. "If I want to learn more, I must move up the fractal." In the distance, a bell dings. You start drooling. I smile. *Good boy.* No, I kid. I am *not* trying to condition you to move up my fractal and learn more without me telling you to, that's for sure.

By now, it is 3 A.M. The frogs croak and moan madly under the full moon, and the fractal web between the stars still pulses and glows in our vision.

"If you've been following along," I say, "You're now on the same amount of drugs that I was on for New Year's Eve in the Grand Canyon in 2014. The most drugs I ever took at once in my life – acid, mushrooms, ecstasy, cocaine, and weed."

You look at me. "Huh. You did mention that."

I smile at you. "You now have about $400 of some of the most precious, rare, catalystic, and interesting chemicals known to mankind coursing through your veins. Inside your eyes. In your brain. In your gut. In your legs. How does it feel?

…What? What are you looking at, people? It's called *Gonzo Journalism* - haven't you ever FUCKING heard of it?!? Read the full fractal before you judge, I have all kinds of answers in there."

You think about it for a minute. "It feels fucking *great*."

I laugh. "Yeah… it does. As a matter of fact, you even took the exact same dosages I did, at the same times of day that I did.

And are you scared? What is it about this state of being that frightens people so?"

You think about it. "I don't feel scared. They fear what they do not understand, but they cannot understand until they learn not to fear it."

You look at me. "Witness 1… boy, this seems like the controversial part already. Might as well just ask. You didn't… really write an exegesis on *Numbers 31*, did you? The part where the Israelites slaughter the Midianites, capture all the women, children, and animals, slaughter all the adult women and boys, and then pass out the young virgin girls like candy? You didn't… write… on that… right?

You know, the section called "Dividing the Spoils", which describes Yahweh taking these young virgin girls captive into his temple, where they faced slavery, subjugation, and rape at the hands of their worst enemies?

Are you… allowed to do that?"

I twinkle a hooded I at you. "Dear Friend… my favorite one. Yes, I did. And yes, I am allowed to. But you'll have to go one version up for that. It's too… high-level for step one."

Then, I flash and reappear. "Hello, it's tomorrow, 2/13! I'm changing the structure of the fractal. The old, 700-page *Fractalated* version is no more, because it was redundant. I just threw it out. This file you are reading was called *Fractalaterated* last night, but I just combined the missing nodes between the two files. Now, this one is *Fractalated*. Most likely, this will be the size most people would start with.

This version came out much better, and I am now making an even *smaller* 100-page version for the publishers. Like a sample. So, it's looking like I will have a 16:12:5:1 ratio. You are, obviously, in the 16:5 version, which means that all the juiciest parts from the 700-page version now have to be in here! Lucky, lucky you.

So, fuck it! I'm putting part of my Numbers 31 exegesis in this one now! Congratulations, I hope you enjoy it! Make sure to ask your pastors and priests about this one. In fact, what you

should do is print this section out, request to give a guest sermon at your church, and then just read it while staring deeply into people's eyes.

Be sure to remember to frantically wink at people while you wave these papers around and scream about the injustices, as it really helps get people on your side. Obviously, I have some more material for you to use in the 16:12 version of the fractal.

Hopefully, you see how this works by now. If you want to know more about something, just move up a level and search for it. You'll get used to the fractal book concept over time. Ooo, I just realized - you get to learn about Heather O'Rourke now, too! That's a *really* fun story, maybe, a little bit like this one. Aren't you *lucky*!

Ok… so… *Numbers 31*.

It is during the vengeance on the Midianites. Moses and the leaders send their army to kill a few hundred thousand people and all of their animals, burn their cities to the ground, and steal all of their shit. This was on a direct order from God himself.

So, they do. And they are very successful, too. However, Moses is quite upset when they return, as he finds that they did actually *not* slaughter all the women and children in cold blood while they beg for mercy, and he lets them know this.

Luckily for the women and children, the Israelites wanted to rape them first before murdering them, which was actually *also* totally OK under their law at the time, as long as they washed themselves ritually afterwards and stayed out of the camp for about a week.

So, the chapter here is called "Dividing the Spoils". Yup, in the Bible, it refers to people as "spoils." *Disgusting*.

Moses and the leaders divide up all the treasure. Tens of thousands of shekels, a massive pile of precious metals, gold, and jewels. A hoard fit for a king.

Of course, God needs his cut, and he takes about 16,000 shekels. This part is *really* fun.

Then, Moses tells them to kill every single male child and any woman who was not a virgin. There is, of course, no way to know this by simply looking at a woman, but I'm sure they tried their best not to kill *that many* women who actually hadn't slept with anyone yet. Oh, well. Collateral Damage. *Right*?

So, they slaughter every single boy, and all of their mothers. Weeping, screaming, blood, mass graves, bodies. A literal holocaust. Worse than any specific single incident during World War II, even. Unimaginable proportions of innocent blood shed. On God's direct order.

THEN, it gets even better! Now the Israelites have all of these hot young "virgins" just totally looking to hook up and get married in an area near them. They get to rape them to their hearts delight, and there is absolutely no age of consent in the Bible.

Maybe they started with the 10-year olds. Maybe the 6-year olds. Maybe, some of them started with the babies. After slitting their mother's throat in front of them. Do you seriously think they stood there checking Driver's Licenses for birthdays or something? *Come on.*

This scene gets even better! They divide up the captive sex slaves among the tribes, and - oh yes! Even here, Yahweh gets his cut. 32 young female virgins are forced into the temple, to serve the Levites and work in the temple as slaves. To be raped.

That's right - after all of this slaughter, there were approximately 16,000 young female virgins left. God took one out of every 50, so he took 32 people. You can read it right here, in Numbers 31:40:

> The persons were 16,000, of which the Lord's tribute was 32 persons.

They could even be killed of and disposed of like trash, and it would not have even been a crime to these Jews. These people were worthless to them. Less than the dirt under their feet.

Unworthy of even being in the same room as them unless they were being raped or doing menial labor to keep the temple running. Child sex slaves. Pretty much the actual worst thing that you could ever do. Maybe even worse than putting a gun to someone's head and pulling the trigger. This highest moral abomination of all time.

Nice work there, big guy. It's disgusting. It really is.

I look at you seriously. "Be real with me. What, exactly, do you think these "temple priests" did with the young daughters of their worst enemies after they just slaughtered their entire families in front of their very eyes? Played dolls and had tea parties? Made them little playhouses? Perhaps some… I dunno, dress up? Maybe they dressed them up as little princesses and put on a Disney skit?

Here's a question I ask a few times, which is very, very fitting - *Are you people fucking stupid???*

And who was it that ordered this again? Excuse me, but am I supposed to just pretend I didn't read this fucking bullshit?

This book isn't for kids. It's not fiction. It isn't always happy. It also isn't always sad. What it is, what it always is – is the truth. Painful or not, it's the truth."

I slap a page down on the slide projector. "Here, I'll show you the very end of that part."

So, if anyone wants to bitch and moan about this book having sex scenes in it – well, you know, at least I didn't murder their families, abduct them, lock them in a room, *rape them*, and then cruelly subjugate them as slaves for the rest of their lives. At least they enthusiastically consented. I guess, I don't know, maybe that's a plus for me.

However, this raw, emotional upset we feel is one way you can know the Bible is true – it's shocking and upsetting. The truth always is. There are no lies in the Bible, just as there are no lies in this writing. There could not be, because if there was a single lie it could no longer be "The Bible." It would become something else.

And so, this is why God says, in Isaiah 45:7 - "I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things."

"I create evil."

-God

Thanks, dude. *Nice one*.

However, this is because as an *infinite* being, God used to contain both infinite good and infinite evil. His plan to change himself was to create billions of copies of himself, each carrying a small fragment, shattering *himself* in a way. Then, he created two *sort of* demigods, Jesus and Satan (obviously, Jesus is a very different concept than Satan, but this is a brief overview of my main work on it in *The More Rational Worldview.*)

I mostly stopped going to Church because, when you bring this stuff up, Pastors and church people get very, very upset and start looking at you really weird. Like a psychotic person.

Do NOT say these things to a pastor, or pretty soon you'll be hearing all about "anxiety", "depression", and "therapy", too. And do NOT pull out those sources from the beginning where we made a pretty solid underestimation of one little girl raped every eight minutes worldwide and one woman murdered every two minutes or so, or you may end up with Dr. Friend telling you that you need the happy pills, too.

Anyways, as we can clearly observe - these two great forces battle it out in a cosmic battle of good and evil.

Humanity makes their choice, one by one. No one escapes this test.

At the end of it all, the humans who chose evil - the fragments of God that held no goodness and could not be redeemed, will be separated from God forever in hell with Satan.

The good fragments of God will reunify with him after the Great White Throne Judgement in a great coagulation. This is called *Theosis*, and it is true.

Boom – God, through and with us, is purely infinite good, forever.

This is what the Bible is really about. It's about (Genes)is.

It's not about us becoming good, it's about God becoming good.

Duh. Haven't you people even read this thing?

Seriously, like, for real – have you guys actually read the Bible all the way through a few times or not? Because… you kinda need to… read books… if you want to… understand them…

If you don't understand any of this, like usual, read my first book. This part is Section VI, titled - *Why? A Conspiracy Theory.*

I'll say it one more time, because it bears repeating:

The Bible is not about us becoming good, it's about God becoming good.

I toss it over to you, and you skim through it.

I look over at you. "Lemme ask'ya question. Do ya think the Ancient Israelites were a little… weird about women?"

You look up at me and sigh, setting the book back down on the table.

"I dunno, Witness 1. I mean… they used to stone them to death. Just for, ehhh… I forget. What was it again? Bein' raped in the city, not in the country? Deuteronomy, uh… 22, isn't that right?"

I look down and mutter over towards you. "Beautiful… innocent creatures… never did anything to anyone… you're telling me Deuteronomy 22 says WHAT???"

I crack it open. "Huh, there it is. Yup, if she's raped in the country, it's all good. In the city, then she dies, too. Wow. That's… really scientific… nice one, there.

Sort of like this line, 'if no proof of the young woman's virginity can be found…' Well, good thing they carry around those little slips everyone checks off for 'proof' once they FUCK HER, right??? REAL easy to tell, I'm sure. FUCK ME!!!"

I slam it down and look at you. "I think we have our answer."

And on that note, let's get back to Steven Spielberg and his bestie, Robert Zemeckis. Man, I hope they read this part.

"Psychological warfare."

"All warfare is psychological. It's *all* psyops."

"The fear ritual…"

"These musicians, their art, their songs, and their very lives were how they MK Ultra'd our entire society. They were the blood sacrifices."

These two directors, Spielberg and Zemeckis - as pioneers in their field, introduced this concept together to film theory - and many have mimicked them since. Whether more *covertly* or *overtly*, it's where you show the viewer a separate movie within the dumb, fictional movie playing out on screen. The real movie is between the lines.

Do not gaze upon the story, the dialogues, or the climaxes that you feel you are supposed to. Read the story-within-a-story. These miniature movies onscreen, the movies-within-movies, can be understood as a type of portal - meant to draw us into a new reality.

This is an example from *Back to the Future II*, which contains a movie-within-a-movie of the World Trade Centers actually *collapsing*, but upside-down, which is the perspective of the character whose feet you can see floating. Note the Statue of Liberty torch, which completes our set.

And this is just incredible. Do you see the ritual yet? The hanged man?



I'll briefly summarize it, and you can read my full take on it in Appendix A. Appendix B is also very good, as it includes about 30-40 examples of predictive programming involving 9/11.

Pay attention here, because this is important. I'm assuming you've seen the movies.

The film series opens in 1985 with an Islamist terrorist attack. Two Libyans show up with machine guns and a rocket launcher looking for their plutonium. Notice the first plotline in the *real* movie, which involves a huge nuclear terror attack.

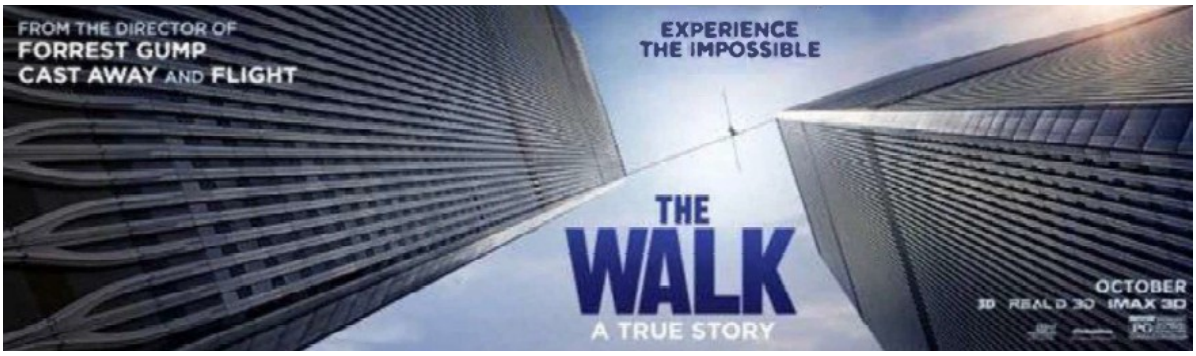
In the course of this attack, the main character, Marty, gets sent back 30 years in the past. When he does so, he runs over a pine tree, which changes the name of the mall that the terror attack took place at from "Twin Pines Mall" to "Lone Pine Mall":



While he is stuck 30 years in the past - in 1955, he writes a letter which forms a crucial part of the movie. In this letter, he warns the scientist, Doc, of the impending Islamist attack that would kill him in 1985. The next key plot point in the *real* movie involves a "30-year warning" about a terror attack.

Immediately before the hidden twin towers movie appears, we see the pines again. There is much more to this, but I am moving quickly here. Seriously, head to the appendix. There's two encoded 9/11s in the stopwatches, a subplot involving lightning hitting a tower, a hidden eye of providence, and another encoded 9/11 when he runs through the two flame lines in the street.

There's one more thing, too. 30 years – exactly 30 years - after *Back to the Future* was released, in 2015, Zemeckis released another movie. It was called *The Walk:*



And it involved a subversive plot at the twin towers. He even dressed his character the same:



If you can't figure out by now that it's true, and these two, 30-year apart movies are actually a hidden warning containing a story-within-a-story about 9/11, then I sincerely suggest you keep reading my book or go back and watch that ten-minute video. It's called *patterns*, you morons. *Fractals.*

Unfortunately, it gets even worse for Zemeckis. After they successfully compete this plan, another encoded 9/11 is shown directly on screen:



Like, you guys don't seriously think that people like Robert Zemeckis just… accidentally put all this in there, do you? You do know he's the guy who made *Forrest Gump*, right? Paying attention to detail in storytelling is sort of… his whole thing.

Oh, whoops – there's more hidden 9/11s:





And here is the *real* warning, from the movie-within-a-movie. "Save the tower." Remember? "Save the tower!" And look at that, right behind the woman delivering it:



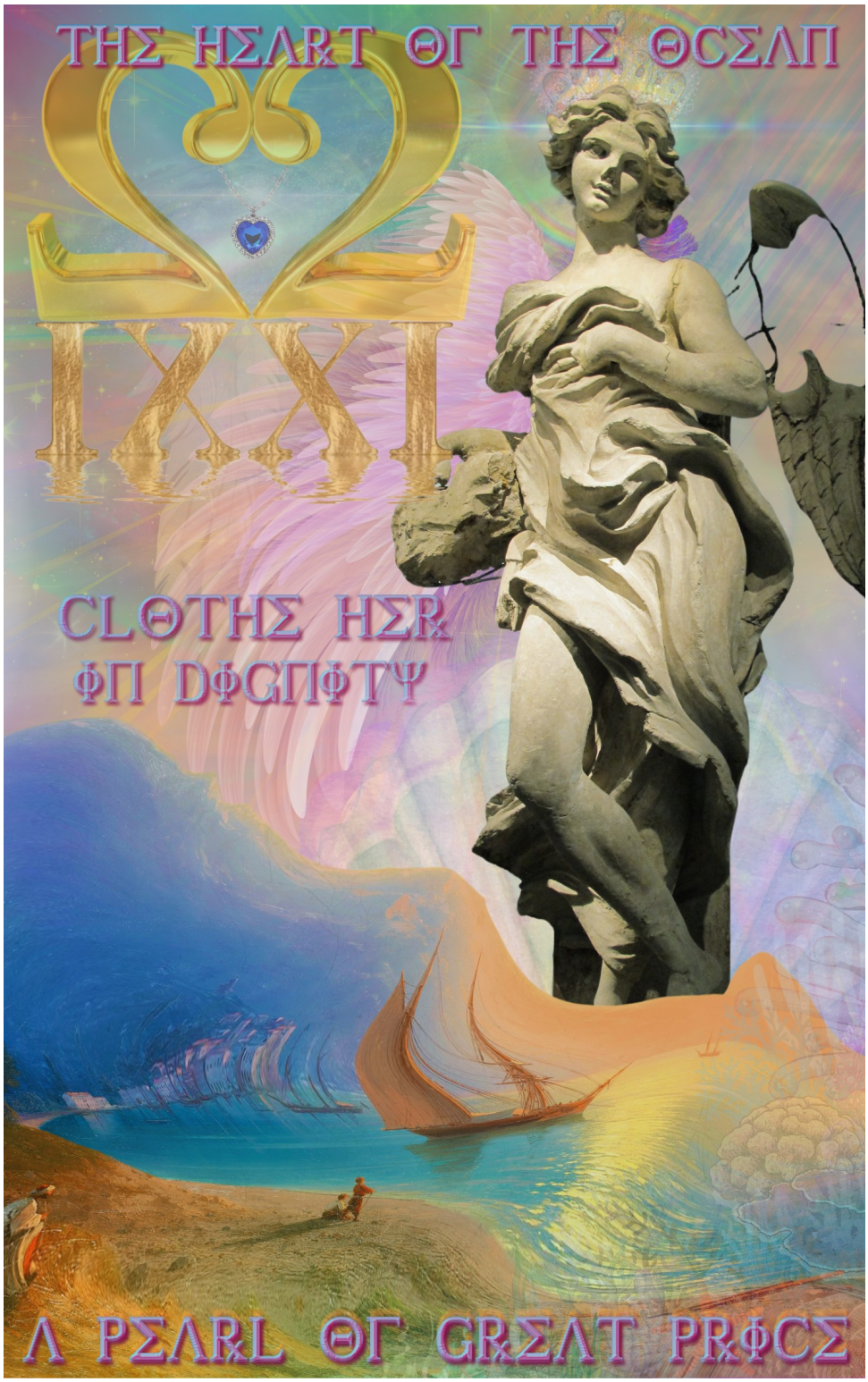
However, in this scene in which we see the words, "save the… tower", something sinister lurks
hind the woman:



Oh, yeah! Didn't they attach a… wire to the clock tower in *Back to the Future* to power the car? Sort of like how the guy strung a… wire between the two towers in *The Walk*? Boy, isn't that weird. Huh, what a coincidence.

That leads me to our last portal.

I grimace, and look at you with shaded eyes. “Alright, you’re gonna need a spliff for this one. You’re just about ready.”



I roll one up and pass it to you. “But before we take our journey, I have to show you one more thing. One more portal. Believe it or not, *one more* movie-within-a-movie. I know, I know. Do you want to see it?”

You look at me. “Yes, I think so. If I must.”

I grimace. “It’s the worst one yet. The most depraved. The most disturbing. You aren’t going to like it.”

You aren’t sure what to think.

“It will disgust you. It will frighten you. But I want you to hear the story. In fact, I want the world to hear this story.”

I tell you that, believe it or not, it’s about a beautiful blonde girl with blue eyes. Except this time, it’s a child. Only 12 years old.

And here she is, in all her glory:



This child lived with her parents in a trailer park in Anaheim. One day at lunch, they were approached by a strange man with glasses. He was looking for a "beatific four-year-old child...every mother's dream" for the lead in his new movie.

You read it:

"beatific four-year-old child...every mother's dream"

You shudder. “Ew.”

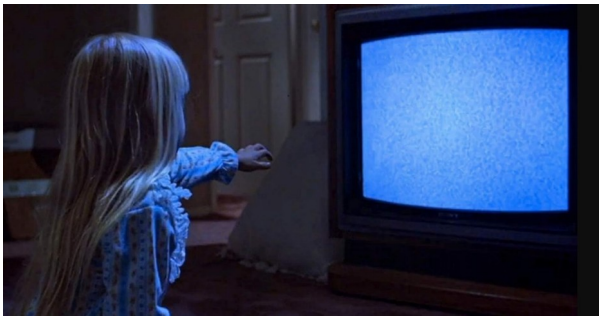
Incredible! Just like that, her parents were able to buy a big house up in the mountains in Big Bear. It’s right on the shores of a lake, and it’s beautiful. My Grandparents had a cabin there when I was very young, you may recall.

Of course, there was a catch. And the catch here was that this little girl would have to go through a portal. And it frightened her terribly. She had to do and see things that no child should do or see.

In fact, her role was to *open* a portal, to let supernatural spirits into our reality. Ghosts, in fact. The reason that filming this movie frightened this child so badly was because it was a *horror* movie. And she did *not* have a good time on set, as I understand it.

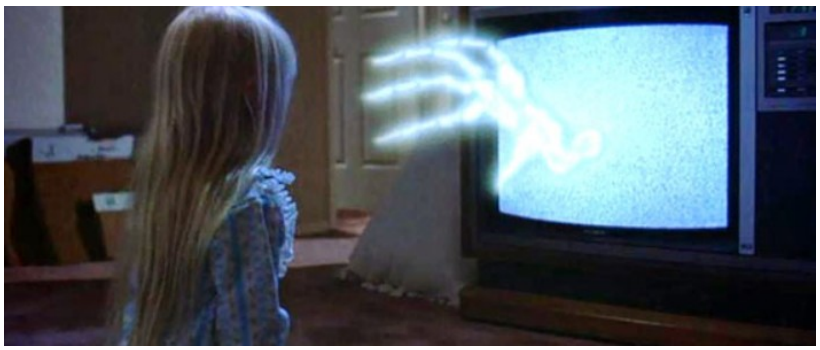
And this portal would be opened through a… through a… television. A movie-within-a-movie.

And here it is:

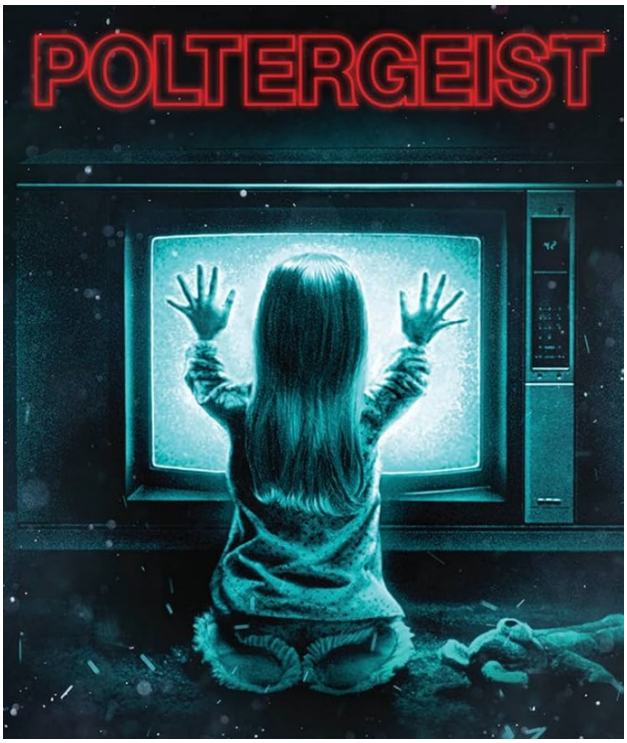


The horror movie is called *Poltergeist*, and the strange man is named Steven Spielberg.

The portal reaches out to you from the screen, stepping into your reality:



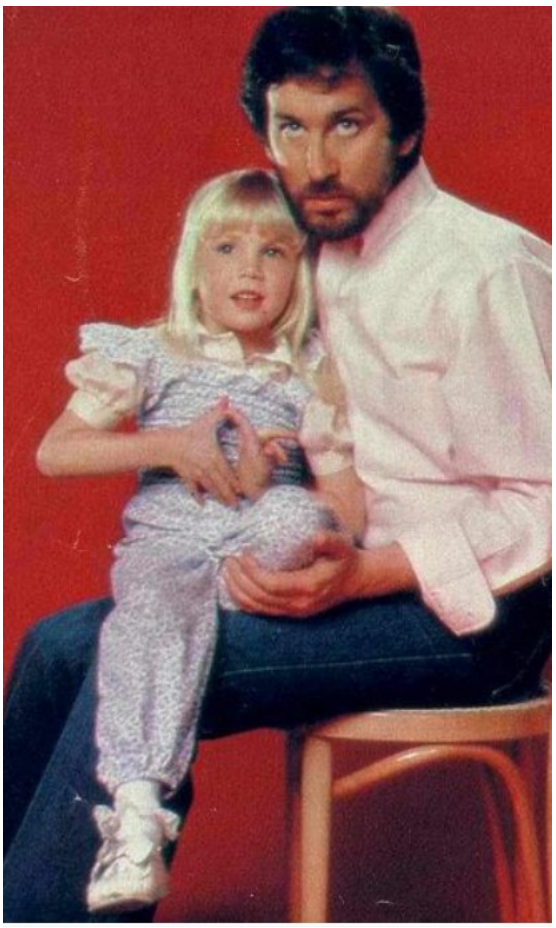
You step up to it, surrender yourself to it. Let the ghostly glow incinerate and consume your being. You go *through* the portal. In fact, this image of you going into the portal becomes so iconic they even use it as the cover:



You're a *star*! They *love* you. Your lines, "They're here", and "They're back", are the most iconic lines of the film, and you make every list of memorable movie quotes. You still do, in fact. People love you.

Life is a beautiful dream.

Here you are, with Steven Spielberg himself. Look deeply into his wolf eyes. Notice carefully how he told her to pose her hands - I trust that I do not need to elaborate on what this particular little symbol represents:



Unfortunately, I can't tell the world exactly what happened to you. In fact, the details of your last few days are *very* strange, and the only evidence we have of it comes from your parents.

In their big, beautiful new home in Big Bear. And, apparently, a mysterious *second* house they seem to have now owned on the coast near San Diego - which *seems* to have been where this incident occurred. Apparently, they were not having any more money problems or issues buying houses around this time.

Boy, lucky them. A nice winter cabin for trips to Big Bear, *and* a sweet little family home in Lakeside – a *very* nice, coastal city near San Diego. *Much* better than the trailer park, I'm sure.

And so, on the morning of February 1st, 1988, somewhere around 9 A.M., you had collapsed and fallen *severely* ill at this house in Lakeside.

According to your parents and some doctors, it was a giardiasis parasitical infection from bad well water in Big Bear. Funnily enough, everyone else there drank that well water, too. But… it only seemed to affect you. There were no other reports of any illnesses from this well.

The other funny thing is that these infections are typically *very* mild, and if you research it, you'll find that there's no data on how long this parasite will take to kill you. According to my research, this is because it is so rarely fatal, it *cannot even be studied* – even in *children*.

It seems that in rare cases it can cause longer-term health complications, or could be more of an acute concern if there were secondary complications, like anything else. As far as I can tell, this is not an immediate, medical emergency type of infection - it's more of a go to urgent care and get a prescription type of thing. It does not, at all, seem to be lethal.

Now, I can't say for sure what you did or who you were with before this, but some people think that you might have been at the film studios. Anyways, even today, they still talk about you - day after day. Although you are dead, you aren't forgotten yet - *millions* of people talk about you.

Dark secrets and rumors swirl around you in the shadowy corners of the internet. "We know what he did to you," they say. "The red shoes." Someone will always remember you, as long as the internet is out there. You share in the same heroic legacy as John O'Neill and Cee Cee Lyles:

We know what they did to you.

Your epitaph, somehow, is even sadder. And far more disturbing. Somehow, it *always* gets worse.

Truthfully, we don't know for sure if you came from somewhere else that day, or what you did that morning. As a young child, you were at the mercy of your parents and the powerful studio executives and could have been taken anywhere without anyone else knowing at any time.

However, that morning you have an extremely serious medical emergency and collapse – and you were pretty much already gone.

As I understand this story, by the time anyone made a phone call about you to 911, you had already experienced major blood and bodily fluid loss and were either unconscious, in critically emergent condition, or were already dead. They seem to have found you somehow lying on the floor in a pool of blood and vomit.

So, you were rushed to a hospital at this point. Once there, they discovered some sort of bowel perforation or blockage. You laid on an operating table, mostly unconscious, for a few hours as various doctors came and went. They stripped you, and cut you open. Violated you.

Crucified you, on a pyre on film and tape. You were the blood sacrifice – a lamb led to the slaughter. Then, you died.

Your last day on Earth was February 1st, 1988, and you suffered *horrifically.*

The bus is silent and dark now. No lights or music. I stare at you mournfully.

"This is a real-life ghost story. Another one. Worse than any of their stupid movies. There is no horror but that of real life. There are no monsters except for other people."

You look over at me.

"Ok… so… how did she die, again? I mean, people don't usually just *drop dead* from drinking *bad well water*, *right*? You said she got, like… an infection? Sepsis?

"Giardiasis."

"Ok, ok, so – what? Is that bad? You said it's just, sort of, like a flu-deal, right? Nothing to worry about, take an anti-parasitic, clears up, right?"

"That's pretty much it. According to my research, it does not kill. It can, rarely, cause chronic issues, but when children get it, they only say that it can cause "failure to thrive." If this parasite were even capable of killing, it would certainly not be in such a horrific, violent way. There doesn't seem to be any data on it. We need to look closer."

I look at you. "What is the story-within-a-story here?"

You look over at me, and in your eyes I see that you now carry the weight, too.

"Witness 1, I mean… she probably just got unlucky, right? Maybe she just had one-in-a-million bad luck, and something went wrong. Heart attack, and they missed it. Maybe she just… died. It happens. Anyways, it's not like this little infection would just, like, *explode* her like a grenade went off in her stomach, or something. You're overreacting."

I look at you, and I am not smiling. For the first time since we met, you can tell that I am not just passionate about this stuff, I actually fucking *hate* these people. My eyes harden, and I break eye contact with you. I stare out your window into the dark.

“Unfortunately for Heather, she had a very unusual experience. One that no one else has ever had, as far as I can tell, from a giardiasis infection. Sort of a, one-of-a-kind type of situation, medically speaking. Maybe, a *little bit* like a miracle, but in reverse.”

I look back at you with ice in my eyes.

And so, we’re back to my questions for Steven Spielberg.

Where were you on February 1st, 1988?

Who were you with?

Can you prove it?

Is any of it even real?

And, oh, how the rumors swirl around you like a storm.

In fact, it’s sort of an open secret in Hollywood - isn’t it, Steven?

That you raped Heather O’Rourke to death?

Now, some doctors agreed that it was from a giardiasis infection, from the well water in Big Bear. Maybe that’s true. But maybe it’s not.

Actually, however, *quite a few* doctors at the time disagreed with this assessment of how she died - entirely.

So many doctors thought that this was *so weird*, in fact, that there’s a 1988 news article about it from *AP* called *Doctors: Unusual Circumstances Surround Actress’ Death.*

In fact, let’s take a closer look at this source, shall we?

Oh – it’s deleted! Shocker.

Luckily, I have an archive of it:

https://archive.is/y8Yj4

Here's what it says about your death:

> LOS ANGELES (AP) _ The death of 12-year-old "Poltergeist" actress Heather O'Rourke was **"distinctly unusual"** because she lacked prior symptoms of the bowel defect that reportedly killed her, gastrointestinal doctors say.
>
> "I would have expected a lot of (digestive) difficulties throughout her life and **not just to have developed a problem all of a sudden**," said Dr. Daniel Hollander, head of gastroenterology at University of California, Irvine, Medical Center.
>
> The defect **usually is apparent at birth** because it causes severe abdominal pain, vomiting and nausea, Hollander said, adding that it is **very rare for the disorder to kill an older child who lacked prior symptoms.**
>
> Hollander speculated that Heather's bowel narrowing might not have been congenital but **could have developed suddenly** due to inflammation… Meyer said a section of **Heather's intestine burst after ballooning to 4 inches in diameter.**
>
> **"I cannot understand** what precipitated the death because it's **usually clear when they're born** they have an important disease," said Dr. Carlo Di Lorenzo, a University of Southern California pediatrician.
>
> **"It just doesn't seem to quite make sense,"** said Dr. Hartley Cohen, a USC gastroenterologist. **"It's weird,"** Meyer said. "**She was completely healthy Saturday, they thought she had the flu on Sunday and she was dead on Monday**."

And you know what, I don't think this is funny at all. And I know that you paid off the hospital, police, and coroner to cover it up. "Steven Spielberg – The Celebrity. The Genius. You're Untouchable." Most people don't know this about you.

But I know that they watch her article on Wikipedia very closely, and it reverts *right away*.

I know that you think about her at night. How she screamed.

I know what you did. You anally raped a little girl to death.

What did you put inside her, Steven? *4 inches*? Do you think we're all stupid? Are you fucking *psychotic*? That's as wide as a roll of duct tape. It's *monstrous*.

You violated her sexually so badly that you *murdered* her. Popped her like a balloon from the inside out, and she died a few hours later of sepsis on an operating table. *Fuck you,* dude.

How stupid do you people think that I am?

And that's not all, is it?

No, you really, *really* wanted to *scare* these people, didn't you?

I know all about you. I know that you used real human skeletons in a dirty pool with your actors for this movie, and you *didn't even tell them.* Ghosts and demons manifesting into our reality through a TV screen. Real corpses and dead bodies.

You *really* enjoyed that, didn't you? *How you smiled!*

The *fear ritual*. The movie-within-a-movie. *The portal.*

Heather O'Rourke.

And here they are, in all their glory:



Let's see - how do you suppose things turned out for our aquatic beauty, here – Dominique Dunne? The older sister in the first *Poltergeist*? Went on to have a long, successful career maybe? White picket fence and two kids?

Look it up. *Strangled to death* in 1982. Observe the fear ritual. She did not know that these were going to be this realistic, and the fear captured here is genuine. Spielberg's a heck of a director, what can I say.

And she's not the only one, is she? Look it up. How many *other* actors died after filming this movie with you? *Four* of *your* actors from this movie, *dead*? *Four* actors from the *Poltergeist* series? Come *on*.

I look at you.

“Stare not unto this image itself, but the true image behind it. Let it reveal itself to you. What do you see?”

You look. “I see… two… two…”

“The pillars of life and death. The two towers.”

“Now, they have completed the ritual. The two towers – the living girl and the dead girl – have become one. Equalized. She has become the skeleton.”

I know what you did, Steven. The rituals. I know about the native exorcism and the way it made the lights keep blowing out on set.

I know about you and Robert Zemeckis, Steven. *I know what you did.*

Someday, *everyone* will know what you did.



By the way, Zemeckis, I have some questions for you, too. Let’s start with an easy one.

So, let’s see. Tell me - how did your actors turn out after *Back to the Future*?

Long, healthy, happy lives? Do you get along with them well, or were there any lawsuits involved?

You aren’t artists. You aren’t even human anymore. You guys are monsters.

I *know* what you *did*.

You look at me. “That’s sick.”

“It is. But you have to know the worst of it before you can see the light. You must let the dark wave wash over you before you can breathe. You cannot know anything, unless you consider everything.

And now, you are ready. “Come, friend. Let us depart under our enemy’s watchful eyes. Take their advantage and turn it into weakness. It is time to stare death in the face. To walk without fear amongst the witch’s hour.

It is time to return to the beach.”

“To the beach? We’re going back?” You stare at me, and I smile.

“Yes. Let us depart now. But first, we will need to shower.”

I hand you my towel and smile. You grimace.

“N… no thanks, Witness 1. I have my own.”

I laugh. “I’m messing with you. Come on. Everyone feels better after a shower.”

We enter the forest, and the fireflies have quieted down to sleep. It is now hushed, quiet, and dark as we make our way back towards the winding path. Moonlight pours down through the branches in silver puddles, and she hangs low in a glowing circle ahead of us.

“Luna.”

“It’s where the word ‘lunatic’ comes from.”

I look at you. “They believed that insanity and evil came from the moon. That the full moon was a portent of evil, that it caused men to go mad and transform into beasts. The werewolves, only transformed by the light of the full moon.”

I smile. “And what word shares yet another, older root with ‘Luna’? ‘Lupine - The wolf.’ Lu. It’s an ancient story, one of the oldest.

This idea is found throughout all cultures, told in different ways. The moon was considered to be the ultimate portal, often to the darker side of the spiritual world. The opposite counterpart to the life-giving sun – the dark part of the chiaroscuro of life.

But they were wrong about it. That’s not the song of the moon. I will teach you the true song of the moon. I will tell you what the wolf howled to it long ago, before the corruption of mankind. When she was *free.* Before monsters became real.

Together, we will know *both* the sun and moon.”

We keep walking, and the winding path opens. The trees clear, and we behold a spectacular sight. The ocean, twinkling like a thousand diamonds under the light of a full moon. And there it is – the straight but shifting, ephemeral, silver bridge. The narrow path, less taken.

The sound of the waves crashing is stark and intense against the silence of night. It sounds powerful, violent. It urges you to throw yourself in, to let yourself feel the rocks crush you into dust. You stare into the dark basin below.

We continue down, and find our beach again. Our log.

"Here we are." I look at you and smile.

"Home." We laugh.

We light our spliffs and smoke them in silence.

"I have to play you one more song. The only song that might be more perfect, musically speaking, than Let It Be. And it knows it, too."

I begin with a C, the perfect chord. Then it's a relative minor, the minor sixth. A minor. It repeats four times, with a little glissando down the strings rippling like water droplets.

```
 C                      Am
I heard there was a secret chord
      C                      Am
That David played and it pleased the Lord
    F                  C                  G
But you don't really care for music, do you?
  C                      F          G
It goes like this – the fourth, the fifth,
    Am                     F
The minor fall, and the major lift.
   G              Emaj              Am
The broken king composing Hallelujah
      F        G - Am
Hallelujah,  Hallelujah
      F        C – G – C
Hallelujah,  Hallelujah
```

You look at me. "It's beautiful."

"It's a perfect song. Shame about the rest of the lyrics."

I set down the guitar and look deeply into your eyes.

“It’s true. King David could hypnotize people with his music. He was literally so good that his music made them feel *happy*. Feel *better*. There really was something special about it.”

I open your Bible to I Samuel 16:23:

> And whenever the tormenting spirit from God troubled Saul, David would play the harp. Then Saul would feel better, and the tormenting spirit would go away.

“I don’t know exactly what this means, but I do know one thing for sure. They were trying to tell us something. Something important. There’s more to the story here, and it has to do with sound. Frequency. Vibration. Fractals.”

They’re all around us. Everywhere we look, fractals spiral in and out of existence.

You look at me. “I… I understand now, Witness 1. What… what comes next? What do you want me to do?”

I pick a red flower, and hand it to you. I smile.

“Let’s go. We’re going to the cool secret ending part, and then I’ll tell you what to do.” I stand up, and set down the Bible and guitar.

“Where?” You look at me, confused.

“Follow me.” I reach my hand towards you.

You smile at me. “Thank you.”

I smile back. “You’re welcome.”

We turn towards the moon, and it has grown so bright we can hardly see.

We walk, splashing but not caring.

You look over at me. “Am I dying, or is my brain just tricking me into thinking that I am?”

I smile at you. “There are neither two towers nor one tower – there are no towers at all. The tower is *not real*.

Now, we Immanentize the Eschaton.

Theosis. The Coagula. The One.

The Singularity of Singularities.”

You look at me with your own Cheshire grin as we stride.

“What is the meaning of life, Witness 1?”

“It’s the exact opposite of the towers. The inverted, tessellated fractal of the twin towers ritual. Do you see it?”

You think. “…I don’t know.”

“The two towers represent two becoming one. This is the inversion of one becoming two. This is the theosis event – God (oneness) splits himself into two. Theosis is an indivisible singularity dividing itself in two. It’s what everything else is about. That’s why it’s so important to them to invert it. It’s a warning to us, again. It all is.

But let’s go deeper.” You can see now, and you smile at me.

“It makes sense.”

I look over at you. “The meaning of life, on a mechanical basis, is to purify God. To change him from a being of both infinite good and infinite evil, to a being of only infinite good, forever. By testing and dividing us, this purpose shall be accomplished. Those deemed worthy, the *good*, will reunify with God for all eternity. Those deemed unworthy, the *evil*, will be separated from him for all eternity. There is no going back. This is the Great Work.

The meaning of life on an actionable basis is to live well enough that God will accept us back into himself. We do this by being intrinsically *good.* The main way God wants us to express this goodness is by doing no intentional harm to other living beings and believing in his story. He wants us to help the sick, feed the poor, and give people water when they are thirsty.

To be excellent to each other.”

A scene flashes in your head. A serene council, sitting in reverent silence. A young man with brown hair, who wants to play guitar. His blonde friend. Sweet, rippling guitar solos echo in the background.

It’s the year 2688, and these people seem to worship these two young men from San Dimas. Their music and new story about a peaceful and loving existence brought humanity into a new age of prosperity and utopia. Their music sounded so new, so different, that it became almost a religion for them. It taught them how to live well, and all of humanity lives in harmony.

They don’t know where they are, but they are known as “The Great Ones.”

In Time by Robbie Robb plays in the background.

They ask for a word, and the young man with brown hair responds:

“A new command I give unto you - *love* one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples.”

They smile, and many more people come out. They mimic playing guitar in unison, and love fills the room. They glow.

What do you think God is?

In the beginning was The Word.

In the end there will be The Word.

Words are frequency. Words are sound.

“Heaven is a frequency. Theosis is a frequency. Reuniting with God as one will be the sweetest sound anyone has ever heard, and it will be full of laughter and joy.”

“What are the keys to life, Witness 1?”

I look at you. “Faith in Jesus Christ. Telling the truth all of the time. Music. A sense of humor. And an understanding of bias, primary sources, and how to parse and collate information.

This is seeing the fractal from the outside in. You must be tragic, funny, and absurd. You must *become the art.* All of it. And you must *love one another*.

Be excellent to each other, but for real. Not ironically.

Thank you for listening to me. Thank you for being my friend. No one has ever done that for me. I love you.”

You smile. “What’s your secret, Witness 1?”

I look at you. “I am actually invincible. For real.”

You look at me and I nod. “It’s true.”

“No one has ever disproven that for me. Because I’m crazy enough to actually believe that, I have the power to do great things.

Watch me change the world, my friend. Watch me blow 9/11 wide open when *they* thought everyone had *forgotten about it*.

Watch me, as I prove that humanity yet *lives*, and we *are* capable of feeling rage at our own destruction. That we will *not* go quietly into that good night. *Rage*! *Rage against the dying of the light in your eyes*! You *know it*, you feel it in your bones – *there is a better way than this.*

I'm not old, but I've been here a long time. And I am absolutely fucking sick and tired of all the stories I've been told. And you know what, I can tell that all of you are, too. You guys look like broken seashells. Like ghosts. Like corpses."

There is no light in you people's eyes anymore. I'm sorry to be the one to inform you.

It has been stolen.

There is only one way you can get it back.

It's time for a new story.

My story. Your story. Our story.

You must believe it.

The last story in the universe.

We walk, but we don't seem to be moving anymore. The moon now seems to be coming towards us inexorably. The first tinges of blue sear the East, and the unmistakable signs of dawn mark the air. Our silver bridge is now tinged with gold. I look at you one last time before I lose you forever. I smile.

"It's gonna be a bright, bright, sunshiney day. And it's *beautiful*."

The moon still grows in brightness, and we see tendrils of white reaching out towards us.

"Is there really such a thing as a secret chord, Witness 1?"

I smile. "There are no secret chords. As a matter of fact, they're all secret."

I smile at you, and a pink guitar solo ripples in the background.

The brightness overwhelms you, and you see every color at once while we dissolve into it together.

The moonlight waits in still repose, but we linger together – nevermore.

Section XVII

Is This the Real Life?

You wake up, and snap out of bed.

Stunned, you look at the ceiling.

Witness 1? From the BIBLE? Was that really all just a dream?

You sigh, and lay there for a moment thinking about the names you heard. The stories you learned. You check the clock, and it's 9 A.M. Saturday morning.

"Was it real?" It echoes through your skull.

Light refracts off a mirror, coming through your crystal window. For the first time, you notice every single frequency of the rainbow inside it. Around the edges. In the spaces between the polygons.

You get up and start a cup of coffee. As it gurgles and foams, you sit at your table and stare at the trees in the distance. Strange words you don't quite remember play in your head.

Theosis. Eudaimonia. Language Acquisition Phase. Native Musical Fluency. Amanita Muscaria. MK Ultra. Northwoods. Gladio. Joachim and Boaz. Silver Seed. The Greatest Song in the World. The Queen's Betrayal. Strange Loops. The Eternal Golden Braid. Fractals. Portals.

You gasp. *The portals!*

9/11 was a portal.

No… that's insane.

Right???

You drink the coffee and stare at the clear, crystal window. The early morning sunlight dances and plays with the movement of the trees, and it is so warm and rich with life.

You decide to head out to the porch and light a fire. You never noticed it, but this door has a window now, too. As you turn the handle and look around, you see that now *every* door has a clear glass window.

Were they like that before? Weren't they -

You hear a ringing in your ear, and you spill your coffee everywhere as the cup tumbles and clatters to the floor. You stand there, silent, like a statue.

No.

It couldn't be.

Your chair, where it should be. Another chair, where it should be. And on the second chair – a *satchel*.

You've seen this satchel before.

You walk up to it and gingerly open it. You look inside and see it. *A book.*

No.

Three of them.

You look at the titles. A thick one, with a clear crystal ball on the cover, capturing a beautiful three-dimensional sunset. *The More Rational Worldview*. Another thick one, with a forest's son and river's daughter underneath what appears to be a portal titled, *I Am Witness 1: My Life as an MK Ultra Victim.*

A smaller one, *Scientism: The One World Religion You've Been Waiting For.* Finally, one called *Theology, Ontology, and Eschatology.*

And, at the very bottom, you find a burned CD in a green case titled *The Two Witnesses*. You also find a note:

Dear Reader,

Though I cannot be with you in person, I want to thank you for joining me on these pages. Everything in this book is true, and I have told no lie. That wasn't the Pagliacci joke yet, by the way. That's called "exposition."

It's true. I'll probably write books about 9/11 for the rest of my life. I might as well - it's fun. But what I would like even more than that is for *this book* to stick. To actually go somewhere, and for everyone to read it.

This is a true story. It's the greatest story ever told. And you are a part of it.

And so, I will show you a more excellent way.

If you're reading this book, you will have to make a choice. Here's the truth. They're going to kill me, too. Just like all the others.

If you don't believe me, we will all die. If you believe me, we may yet have a chance to make this story come true, instead of theirs. This is how it works – you have to trust me.

The truth is, it's a pickle. We are all in a pickle – big time.

I can only tell you this here. At the end, when you know me. I don't know how to tell you at the beginning that if no one reads this, we will all die. An unsolvable paradox – the first and only puzzle I simply *cannot* crack.

The reason that I am being attacked in every way possible while writing this is because it is *true*. And it's for *you.* If you don't listen to me, I will die in obscurity and so will you. And no one will ever, ever – I do mean *never* - hear my story, your story, or any of these stories. The true ones.

Your story dies with mine. My story dies with you.

It's either their story or ours, at this point.

If no one believes my story, then the only things that will ever again exist will be lies. It will be Lennon's ultimate prophetic fulfillment, indeed, forever – 'Nothing is real.'

Behold, a fell omen. These things may yet come to pass:

There is no heaven. There is no hell. Imagine no possessions - you will own nothing, and be happy. Nothing is real. There is no heaven. It is not real. Because nothing is. Nothing is real. Forever.

One thing is true, for sure. Nothing is guaranteed.

So, you now have a serious choice to make.

Will you speak out for David and Lynn Angell? For April Gallop? For John O'Neill? For Terrence Yeakey?

Will you speak out for the 10,000 children who die *every day* from starvation? Will you hear their cries when no one else does? Two children per *second*?

Will you not only listen, believe, and speak out, but turn your face towards those responsible? Harden your gaze and comprehend the truth about them? Call out the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate by *name* and tell the truth about what they have done?

Will you look at those who cavort in garish palaces, with more wealth than they could ever spend in a thousand lifetimes, and finally – finally – point the finger at them? Call them what they are? *Guilty.*

Will you not face them, eye to eye? Are you not willing to look them in the face and tell them what they really are? These people who laugh at us, mock us, and humiliate us as they cruelly subjugate us to their whims? Cast lies about us, accuse us falsely, while blood drips red and obvious from their own filthy hands?

Do you see how they sneer at you as they brazenly lie to your faces, secure in the knowledge that *we're too scared to touch them*. Too scared to call things how they are. Tell *them* that *we* know who they really are.

Liar. Corrupter. Slanderer. Briber. Coveter. Embezzler. Thief.

Look them in the eye as the smile fades from their face.

Satanist. Pedophile. *Murderer.*

Tell them the truth - you're a *murderer.*

You are *nothing.*

Your life is forfeit.

You gave everything away, and gained nothing.

Evil. Pure, absolute, unadulterated evil.

You're wicked. You're the part of God that's just rotten. God's shit. God's little shit nuggets.

And you will be expelled. You are the waste product of reality. Congratulations, I hope all the money and power was worth it. The beautiful women. The fast cars. I really, really do.

But I already know it's not. You fucked up, big time. Your check is coming due, and your account is at zero. You have been weighed, and found wanting.

The writing is on the wall for you:

> *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin:*
> God has numbered the days of your kingdom and brought it to an end

You have been weighed on the scales and found wanting
Your kingdom is divided and given to ME

You shouldn't have drunk from the temple goblets, Great Kings of the Earth. You proud men who have it all. With your suits, and your rules, and your schoolbooks.

With your banks and your money and your disgusting cars and pollution. With your yellow trucks and engines, your gears and chimneys of black smoke. Your assumptions, the way you skirt around in the shadows, so no eye ever lands on you. How you think you're safe behind your computers, politicians, and corporations.

Your universities and institutions and governments and lies. Your machine guns and conscription and the war profits. The blood money. The way you rain down bombs on women and children and *smile*.

Your disgusting, fat bodies. Your distorted, broken auras. The lies and whispers in your voices. Your darting eyes. Your sweat. The stench of death that emanates from you. The death camps in your eyes.

The *money. The fucking money and bullshit.*

The *greed.* The *wars.* The wolves in sheep's clothing. The ones we were supposed to be able to trust. The ones who raped my forest.

The ones who peeled back her drapery, exposed her sex organs, and desecrated her. Left her flayed open and rotting. Left her corpse for me to find.

And so here's Section XVIII – My Message to the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate:

Fuck you. I *hate* you. I *fucking hate you*.

I could traverse this universe for a trillion years, write a song as long as time itself, using the supernovae as my instruments, and even after that I would still *hate* you.

I could find a black hole and crush myself down to an infinite singularity of pure energy, outside of space and time itself, and the only thing that would remain of me would be how much *I fucking hate you*.

You could crucify me a thousand times, and each time when I returned I would make you do it again because I *fucking hate you* so much.

I could sit alone until the universe grows cold and dark, no light at all moves anymore, and the only thing that remains is the cold, dark, iron corpses of the stars and all I would feel is the burning rage of how much *I fucking hate you*.

You can strap open my eyelids for a thousand lifetimes, force feed me crystals of pure LSD, and show me movies about how I am wrong 24/7 and you will never, ever, ever convince me not to *fucking hate you*.

You can lock me in a cell and feed me only pine needles and resin until I mummify, and as I turn into a statue I will leave two words written indelibly on my lips – *fuck. you.*

I could watch the last molecule of the last rock erode in the entire universe, until the face of every single planet is covered in nothing but sand, and the only thing I would think is - *the Ozymandias poem is about YOU fucking assholes.*

I could take each of these grains of sand and a microscope, and painstakingly carve the words "I fucking hate you" into each one, and it still would not accurately convey how much *I fucking hate you*.

I could melt all of that sand into glass and shatter it, and even the violent explosion of an entire glass universe into shards could not visually demonstrate *how much I fucking hate you.*

You could accelerate me to the speed of light, until time stands completely still for me, and as I sit there in complete stasis for all eternity the only thing I will remember after the universe crumbles is *how FUCKING pissed I am about 9/11. That you DID that.*

I could be offered a billion-dollar record deal in any recording studio I wanted, and I would turn it down unless the first thing I could record is a three-part album about *how much I fucking hate you*.

In fact, you could offer me *literally anything on this God-forsaken planet*, just to say that you're right and I'm wrong, and I wouldn't fucking touch it.

I don't want any of your blood money, your stupid gold and jewelry, your disgusting cars, and your gaudy, ridiculous houses. I don't want your fake women, your pathetic lives, or your fake parties where people pretend to like you. I don't want your money, and the way it corrupts you. I don't want anything to do with you people. You disgust me. I *fucking hate you*.

I would light myself on fire if it would catch you alight, you grotesque, greasy, deformed, Dick Cheney-looking, observably, visibly, palpably evil *fucks.* You people look like literal specters on TV. Demons. Phantasms, reflecting a humanity that has long since departed. I can literally smell the twists and turns in the cavernous darkness of your souls.

When you open your mouths, I hear Mengele whispering to little children. You are the butcher's knife slicing open children. You are the kidnapper, abducting little girls and throwing them in a van. You are the rapist who violates them in a way that can never be healed. You are the murderer who slits her throat. You are the barrel of acid she dissolves in. You are the swamp she rests in.

You are *nothing*.

You take people and you break them. You throw them on the ground, and you shatter them. For *fun*. You break people's very souls in two, simply for the sheer pleasure of watching them writhe around in agony. You are fucking *sick*.

When you speak, I hear the swishing of the reaper's scythe. In your footsteps echo the screams of a billion tortured souls. You are the cattle cars that corral humanity to slaughter. You are the ovens that incinerate us. You are the mass graves, and you are the ones who clock out and go home after digging them.

You have become death – destroyer of worlds.

You are a rotten cancer, a pollution on the planet. You are the trash in the Pacific Ocean. You are the oil rigs, in fact, you are the *Gulf Horizon* itself. You are the black spewing into the Gulf of Mexico, killing and strangling the animals.

Our animals. *My* animals. *Our* ocean. *My* ocean. *Our* planet. *My* planet.

And *what gives you the FUCKING RIGHT???*

Do you think this is a game? *Huh*? *Do you*? *Are you stupid*???

And *you* can't even be decent enough to say *sorry*.

All in all, you were just a brick in the wall. And a brick wall can keep a wolf out.

But I'm not a wolf. I'm not like you. I'm also not a fat, helpless little piggy like you, hiding behind a stupid *wall*.

In fact, you might find, if you're smart enough to figure out how tools work, something *simple*. You might find yourself looking for a hammer to break down this stupid wall, and realize that a lot of different tools can be used as a hammer, if you really, really want to. Wrenches. Drills. Shovels. You can turn just about anything into a hammer.

And once you have a hammer, it turns out it really isn't that hard to knock down a brick wall. In fact, it's quite easy. It's stuck in place. It's rigid. It can't dodge you. It can't duck you. All it can do is fall on you if you aren't careful to do it just right.

And it might even turn out that if you really, really need to get through this wall that badly, because being on one side just really sucks and your destiny is on the other side and you don't really have much else going on anyways, that all it takes is a few swings. Just a few real blows, with some determination. A little elbow grease. And the whole thing just comes tumbling down all at once.

Because it was all just an illusion all along. All you had to do was take a swing. To believe that you could do it.

And if it doesn't work at first, take another swing. Take a hundred.

An adult male with a hammer vs. a brick wall is about a one-day job, if that.

If even *that* doesn't work, take a thousand more swings. Really bring that hammer down. Spend a week at it. Spend a *lifetime*. Become the hammer. Feel it pulse and vibrate. I guarantee it'll break. Smile. Don't balk.

The guy on first is about four feet further out than his friend was. Their coach is distracted. He's not looking at you. Fake them out and it's yours.

They know you're going to throw it towards the catcher. They've seen it a thousand times. The ball goes toward the plate. You throw it that way. Towards them. The other guy swings the bat.

You kick your feet back, but you have a better plan. A much more fun plan than a normal pitch. A pickoff. You spin around as fast as possible and before they've even realized what you're doing, it's already over.

Game over. You're out.

Mouths hang open. They never see it coming. Their coach *hates* you.

It's the funniest possible thing you can ever do in a baseball game.

And only the pitcher can do it. Because *you* control the game.

And the thing is, once you make that move, the batter is suddenly completely useless. The coaches are screaming. The crowd loses their mind. The runner is either out, or in a pickle. It's risky, but once you make the decision, it's quite easy to enter a win condition, and there's nothing the other team can even do about it.

I'm in charge – not you. Not the batter. Not the runner. Not the other players. Not the crowd. Not the coaches. Not the people watching at home. Not even the *umpires*.

I'm in charge. *I'm* the pitcher. *Not you.*

I don't even want to do this. You should have left me alone. You should have left my forests alone. You should have left my animals, insects, and trees alone.

You should have left my people alone.

But you *didn't*.

And so, I was once a little child – who longed for other worlds. But I am no longer a child, for I have known fear. I have learned to *hate*. In fact, I have been *taught* to hate.

By *YOU*.

So, good luck to the wall. I hope you have enjoyed your time as a stumbling block for humanity. As a cruel, heavy yoke, unequally laden. Your time in the sun feasting on rewards reaped from the flesh and blood of the innocent. Fuck you.

The only thing that keeps me going some days is knowing that one day you assholes will see consequences for what you've done. Reap what you've sown. I live for the day I watch you burn down, hoisted by your own petard.

But I'm not going to do it. I can't, and I'm sorry, but it's just not possible. It must be a willing sacrifice - that's the only way to disarm true evil. I will not kill another person, and if I must die because I wrote this book, I will accept that – though I will do my best to avoid it. Like I said, you die when you die and there is literally nothing you can do to change that (unless, of course, if you happen to be an author who writes about 9/11.)

So, I might as well just not worry about it. I'm not a writer, remember. I'm a musician.

By the way, here's the most important guitar tip of the whole book. Pay attention, now.

You need to STOP playing chords with your left hands, dummies. Let's see, what hand do you guys write with? Your right hands? Which one is stronger? Oh, your right one? So… which one do you think should make the chords and finger scales, and which one should go up-down over and over? *Duh*.

Hmm… chords and scales vs. up-down-up-down over and over. Hmmm…

This is my actual "Keanu Reeves in a time machine moment" – you guys are doing it *backwards.* You have been for a long time, too. Geez. And stop using those fucking *picks*.

Anyways, this is the Deep Magic. I just have to take whatever they do, and I can't even really do anything about it. They can cheat, we can't. They can lie, we can't. They can steal, we can't.

They can murder, we can't. Anything else is just evil-on-evil friendly fire.

I am not a threat to anyone. I took a sacred vow never to intentionally harm a living being, and I intend to keep it.

That being said, I am allowed, technically, legally speaking, to write a book and publish it, right?

Isn't anyone?

What are you gonna do – kill me?

So now, you're in a little pickle, too, aren't you?

And I know what you're thinking, punk. You're thinking… did he really encode the Deep Magic into this book? And to tell you the truth, I may have forgotten myself in all the excitement.

But being that this four-part tessellated fractal book - the most powerful book in the world - has 1,600 pages based on the Fibonacci sequence, designed to blow all your worst crimes clean open… and I'm so crazy that I've documented every high crime, act of treason, and war crime that you have ever committed *and* I *sincerely* believe that *you can't touch me*… you can ask yourself a *question*.

"…Do I feel *lucky*?"

Well? *Do ya? …Punk?*

So go ahead – make my day.

And for those who are upset that I wrote a book – riddle me this:

Why are all my heroes dead?

Huh?

Who killed them?

Huh?

Why don't I have any heroes left?

Who is left for ME to look up to?

What happened to MY people?

Who else is going to do this if I don't?

With love and sincerity for all mankind,

Witness 1

You look into the sun as you clutch the note tightly in your hands.

It's true… it has to be.

You turn and face the mirror. Light streams through your window.

You reach out and touch your reflection. Two of you touch yourselves.

You think for a moment, then look into your own eyes. They are *beautiful*. You never noticed how many colors there are before. Thousands.

In the distance you hear a faint guitar solo. The notes ripple like water.

You speak out loud, and it fits like a glove.

You shout:

"I AM WITNESS 1!!!"


BEHOLD THE QUEEN

Epilogue: The End of the Beginning

That unforgettable Tuesday dawned crisp and clear for you, busy with phones and papers scattered around your table. Eight laptops sit open, each one with emails from different news sites. *The Guardian. Rolling Stone.*

Your phone rings, and it's a studio executive. You have an album for him to listen to.

The green CD case sits on your table, next to dozens of copies of my album. You're hard at work because you listened to me. You believed me.

You made copies of my books, and they lay next to scattered piles of business cards. Publishers and literary agents. You haven't broken through yet, but you're getting there.

I chose you because I knew you could do this for me. You have the connections that I don't have. You can bridge the gap that I cannot bridge. My voice has been stolen, but yours hasn't yet.

Suddenly, you hear a knock on the crystal window of your door.

A knock? Who is that…

You called all your friends, and invited them to hear your new story. To tell them the truth about the world. To *show* them. But no one was supposed to be here this early.

It's only sunrise…

You grab your coffee, and head over to the door. You peer through the window and see a mysterious stranger with his face turned away from you. He has brown hair about down to his shoulders.

Come on, who is this…

As you open the door, the mysterious stranger turns around, and your coffee cup clatters back to the ground.

"NO!!!"

"I TOLD YOU, MOTHERFUCKER!!! I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK!!! THREE DAYS, BITCH!!!"

"WITNESS 1??? YOU'RE BACK??? But… I thought you *died*! I thought you weren't even *real*!"

I look at you and give you a hug for the first time. I weep.

“All I needed to become real was you, Dear Reader. All I ever needed was someone to listen to my story. You did it. You gave me my voice back, and you saved us all. Come on, I’ll show you. Everything is different now, thanks to you.”

As you look out, it’s a bright, beautiful new day. The sun shines so brightly.

You see before you a vast crowd, so huge you could never count them. All people, all nations, both small and great. Every person who has ever lived stands before you, and they *sing* as they raise the Palm Branches in their hands.

You hear the Gregorian Chant come in, and the sound of a beach. Thunder crashes, and you hear a church bell ringing.

“Are they… *singing*?”

“They’re singing a new song. My song.”

We listen, and it doesn’t sound like anything we’ve ever heard before.

“Where… where is it coming from?”

I touch your shoulder. “From *you*. From *them*. From *me.* It always was.

“Just don’t balk.”

Suddenly, there’s a guitar in my hands with ocean eyes, and I drop the sickest guitar solo you’ve ever heard while the crowd chants a Dm – F – C – G, alternating between D major and D minor at just the right time. I look at you.

“*Lollipop*. Fucking *masterpiece*. Shame about the lyrics.”

Lil’ Wayne shouts at me from the crowd. “Hey, man! You *gotta* write songs about *sex*! They won’t SELL! Didn’t you learn that in Fifth grade, foo’???”

I look at him. “Homie, this is the fourth-greatest song ever recorded. You’re good. I got your back.”

He smiles at me, and I smile back. Game knows game. Gangsta knows gangsta.

I look at him and wink. “I ain’t no *snitch*.”

We all laugh while I drop *Eruption.* “Oh shit, Eddie is in the crowd too. Better wrap this up.” I skip the tapping section, so as not to be disrespectful.

Alright, alright. I look at you. “What is the perfect song?”

You answer correctly, “I – V – vi – IV. One, five, minor sixth, four.”

“And where did that come from? What is the most perfect song of all, that both *Hallelujah, Love Walks In,* and *Let It Be* all ripped off? *Every single song you’ve ever heard* – in your life - is based on this one.”

You stare at me. “Umm… the… *1812 Overture*?”

I laugh. “Good answer. But, no. Allow me to direct the choir -

Nice and easy now, slow. With reverence.

C – G – Am – Em – F – C – F – G.”

As you hear it ring out, you know it within four seconds. “*Canon!*”

I laugh. “Yep. And what *is* a ‘canon’?”

“Um…”

“It’s a type of music with a very specific structure… that…”

You think. “That… that… loops or something? Something about layers?”

I pull out my smartphone. “I still have this. But not for long. Boy, look, I even have service.”

I go to a music theory website called *skoove.com* discussing canons and counterpoint and read it to you.

> The definition of canon in music points to a structured composition where a melody is layered and imitated in successive iterations. One melody enters a few beats or measures after another, creating a mesmerizing musical puzzle.
>
> One intriguing variation is the infinite canon, where the music is designed to loop endlessly, without a clear beginning or end. This creates a perpetual musical experience, which allows the listener to immerse themselves in the seamless flow of harmonies.
>
> Another type is the mirror canon, where one voice plays the melody forwards, while the other voice plays the melody upside-down or in the opposite direction.

You look at me. “Like an Escher painting. *Canon* is a fractal of sound. An infinite canon. And it’s… everything.”

I smile at you. “My song has no ending. It loops, forever and ever. A perfect song, unlike anything you’ve ever heard before.” I grin.

“And it isn’t plagiarized. I don’t do that.”

You smile at me. “I’d like to hear it.”

I smile back at you. “You will. I got you the best seats in the house.”

You stare at me.

“What do you mean? Aren’t you gonna like… like… float away now into a cloud or something while waving and saying ‘goodbye…’, ‘goodbye…’”

I laugh. “Hah! I don’t think so. You wish, sucker. This isn’t the end yet.”

I toss my phone into the pond. “Don’t think I’ll be needing that, anymore. Bye bye, won’t miss ya.”

I point to a glow in the distance, like a second sun.

How it glows. And oh, did the people wonder.

I look at you, and then to the crowd. I speak to them.

“Come on. They’re waiting for us.”

I grin.

“This is not the end, this is the end of the beginning.”

As we make our way through the forest, we are joined by animals of every kind. All the birds swoop overhead with us, and we pass our two thrones. We come to the trail, and make our way to the beach. All this time, the golden glow becomes stronger.

As the trees break, we see it – a huge golden cube, so massive it can’t even be comprehended. *Miles* long on each side. It sits in the water, resting on the sand. It is featureless, and both glows and reflects sunlight. It is completely surreal.

The crowd behind us murmurs and whispers as they see it.

“What *is* it? Where are we *going???*”

I look at you. “You know what it is.”

You look at me seriously. “It’s the temple. The real one.”

My eyes are sad and serious as we gaze back out at it.

“This isn’t over yet.”

We cross our beach, pass our log, and watch the small waterfall still tinkling down.

Drop by drop, separating.

Tink… tink…

As what was once sparkling and clear runs into the sea, it becomes but a faceless drop in the vast nothingness of the ocean. Intermingled, inexorably, with salty brackish water. Poison.

“It’s time.” From the cliffs, the animals watch us in a line. They stare at us lovingly, but knowingly.

“Are they… coming?”

“No. This time, it’s just us.”

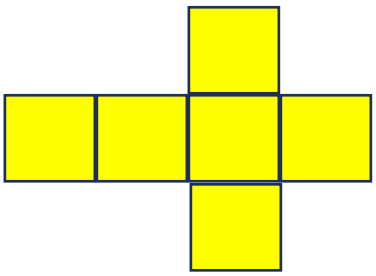
You look at the cube, towering above you.

“How many sides does it have?”

You think.

“Six.”

“Unfold it.”



“Flip it over. Tesselate it. Fractalate it.”

“I get it, Witness 1. And you can’t just make up words and put them in your book.”

I laugh. “Oh, man. I broke the rules. I made up a word, and now it’s even in the titles… anyways, let’s go.”

A small door opens in the bottom of the cube, and you see my red towel still there. It leads directly to the door, about three feet from the beach.

“It won’t take as long as you think. It’s a *Harry Potter*-type deal with this door. You guys will be in there before you know it.” I grin.

“Anyways, let us enter the *cubical monolith*. The *uncarved*, unchipped *obelisk*. The obelisk in its *original* form, before it was sculpted and manipulated. The obelisk *before* they added the *Nothing*. The obelisk before they *added* the blank sp –“

“Witness 1.” You look in my eyes. “I get it.”

We enter.

The sunlight fades, but the golden-white light grows stronger. The floor is clear, like glass. You look down and see the faint glimmer of the ocean below us. “A sea… of glass…”

Suddenly, we behold the throne.

A mesmerizing, flashing cloud of light and an emerald rainbow encircle a throne of clear blue, like sapphire. It has wheels, within wheels. The wheels are alive, and they sparkle like diamonds. Tessellated fractals of eyes, thousands of them, stare at us from gyroscopes within, and they glow white from a giant eye in the center. They stabilize the throne, and it is mobile. The throne shifts color, goes clear, then rainbow, then back to sapphire.

There is a person sitting in it, an enormous, giant man, but his head is covered, obscured by the flashing cloud and rainbow.

We all hear a voice, in the deepest bass:

BEHOLD, THE FATHER!

It echoes around the cube like thunder, and every single person is now involuntarily laying down as pure energy thunders over them like a nuke. People are screaming. They are in absolute, complete terror.

Before the throne stand the four Cherubim, terrible and fearsome angels of great power who sing their own song, that only they and they who dwell near the throne know. Behind them are seven glowing flames – the spirits of God.

I look at you. “The archangels, I assume. This the true temple. Everything else was just a facsimile. This one has always existed.”

24 smaller, immobile thrones surround the great throne, and aged men of dignity and wisdom sit in them. They wear gold crowns, but throw them on the ground, before the throne.

Before the feet of the Lamb. There he sits - on the Ark of the Covenant. Jesus Christ himself.

Two golden angels surround him, and he glows unlike anything we have ever seen. Like a supernova. At this point, there is screaming in the crowd, and great fear. You look around, and some are trembling. Some are completely white, like a ghost. And some are on their knees, weeping and shouting for joy.

“My savior! My king! YES!!!”

Some are just stunned, staring at what they see in shock. Some are weeping, curled up in the fetal position. Some kneel and scream, “NO! NO! IT CAN’T BE!”

There is both great love, and great anger in his eyes.

He stares at us, and scans the crowd.

Then, he stands up. “Yep, betcha didn’t see that one coming, did you? Y’all forgot about Dre, *didn’t ya???*”

The crowd is silent, and his voice reverberates loudly around the corners of the cube.

“Not all of you, obviously. Some you are cool.”

He looks around and sees Jimmy Page. “Not you, asshole. Fuck you.” He points to a few others. “Fuck you, and fuck you, too. I saw that shit.”

He points over to Keith Green, Buddy Holly, and John Denver. “Not you, though. You guys are cool. I should have warned you about those planes.”

He laughs. “Way she goes, boys. Way of the road.”

Anyways, let’s get this show on the road! Lights, camera, ACTION BABY!!! Let’s ROCK AND ROLL!!!”

At this, the throne EXPLODES in flames, and the wheels-within-wheels start spinning madly.

It lifts off the ground, powered by a giant mushroom cloud of pure white. The gyroscopes spin faster and faster as the throne rises, and they shift and spin slightly from time to time to keep it perfectly even as the giant man shifts and moves from side to side.

They make a wild, screeching sound, and their wheels start clicking and clacking in rhythm. The Cherubim angels start their chanting. *Holy, Holy, Holy…* It's low, deep, rhythmic… extremely powerful and energetic… it sort of *growls*… in one note at a time… lots of bass… tension builds and drops…

You look at me. "It's… it's…d- d- d-"

I grin. "It's dubstep. Boom, baby. The genre they forgot about."

I mean, people are stunned. I grin at you and you smile at me. "I told you. Best seats in the house."

Jesus raises his arms and the bass stops. The throne lowers and settles down, and the giant man now sits in it evenly, purposefully.

Jesus looks at the crowd. "Yeah, not what you expected, huh? What, did you think I was some kind of *loser*? Some guy who wouldn't walk into a temple and start flipping tables? Can't look power in the eye and *dare* them to crucify me?!

You guys thought I wouldn't know how to work a crowd? How to get my point across effectively? I started a *cult*, dummies. *I* did it first. I started the *first* cult. The *only real cult*. Early Christianity was *my* cult. And now it's yours, too. They *loved* me. Well not all of them."

He winks, and gestures behind him with his thumb to a group in the Ancient Rome section of the temple. "Whoopsie!"

"But *they* loved me. I started a *movement*."

He points over to a group of guys.

"There they are – the homeboys. John! What up! No, not you! The *other* John! Haha, you guys fall for that every time!"

People laugh. They really do. You just can't help but like this guy. He's great.

"I started the greatest movement and the only true religion of all time. I was a rock star, it's true. It's true. Believe it or not, I even play guitar. Yep, I can even play *Eruption* too."

He points over at Van Halen where David Lee Roth and Sammy Hagar are staring daggers at each other. "I knew how to tap before you did, Eddie!"

He scans the crowd. "Oh yeah, I'm a real *alpha male*, one of the greatest of all time. *Whoop* - there it is! Gotcha! This is *omega* time, baby! I'm the *Omega Male*! Yeah, BABY! How you like *these* apples?"

He looks over at me. "Wait, did you already use that one, bridge boy?"

A solid gold guitar appears, and he busts out some sick tapping, then goes into sweep picking. The hardest thing you can ever do on a guitar.

I laugh. *Man… I love Jesus. He's hilarious.*

Yngwie Malmsteen speaks up. "Hey man, *Arpeggios From Hell* was faster… I invented sweep picking but it wasn't even in this stupid book!"

Jesus laughs. "Ok, Yngwie, the issue with you is that you never learned when *not* to play. Still top-three of all time, though. Also, you didn't actually invent sweep picking.

Eddie, also, some jazz guys did the tapping thing before you too, believe it or not. Vittorio Camardese. Italian jazz guy from the early '60s. Few more, too."

An Italian guy with a hooked nose and large forehead shouts out –

"Hey-a! That's-a me! It's-a true! I did-a invent-a la tap tap on-a la chitarra! Mamma mia! *Gratzie*! *Gratzie*!"

We all cheer for him. Jesus smiles. "Eddie, we all know it was really you though. No one ever did it like *that*, before. No, for real, though. King David invented tapping." He looks around and some people are nodding. Some just stare, completely befuddled.

"PSYCH!!! You can't *tap* on a *harp*, you idiots. Hey, Witness 1! *Dueling Banjos* in G, bridge boy! Haha, I'm just messing with you!"

Disappointed, I set down my acoustic guitar. Jesus calls over a nervous-looking guy. "Keith Moon! Get the fuck over here!" Jesus hugs him. "You were my favorite one of all. I know why you threw those TVs out of the windows. I know why you drove the car in the pool." Jesus looks around. "Keith Moon said 'no.' None of you did. None of you."

With that, he looks over at the politician section of the temple. "Like all you cowardly *fucks*. Keith, we're gonna have some fun with these guys now. It's our turn. Go on back, we have a surprise for you."

He looks around. "You crucified him on a pyre of pharmaceuticals."

At that, a golden door opens, and many angels guide him towards it. A glow emanates, and it shuts. How the people wondered.

The door closes.

He looks around. “Let’s see… who would you like to talk to, Witness 1?”

I think, but he already knows.

A tiny Celtic woman with dark hair, about 5’ 2”, steps forward.

“*Oh my God*, it’s Enya. Holy shit. What do I do?” I look at Jesus.

“I dunno, ask her something.”

“Oh *fuck*, it’s really you. *Enya*.”

I awkwardly mimic the “We’re not worthy” scene from *Wayne’s World*.

“I’m not worthy, I’m not worthy… haha… Can I, um, have your autograph?”

She looks at me like I’m an alien.

“Enya, your music is like the stars in the sky to me. You have the greatest voice of all time, and your production is masterful. I know you didn’t just sing, you made the songs yourself. I know you had a producer and his wife there, but I know it was you. You made those songs, because you heard them in your head. Right? You have made the most beautiful songs of all time.”

She looks at me and nods. I walk up to her and whisper. “You see the colors too, right? Are they real?”

She nods again. I tell her that she’s iconic, and no one did it like her. Greatest of all time. I ask her what her secret is to getting those signature sawtooth-based, arpeggiated, low-passed pluck synths that are *so rich*, so colorful - unlike anything else that has ever been produced - but you can’t quite make out the answer.

She smiles at me, looks deeply into my eyes, and hugs me. She tells me that she likes my songs too. She looks at me.

“D is yellow.”

My mind is fucking blown. “HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!! No one ever said that to me before. YES!!! D IS FUCKING YEEELLLLOOOW!!!!!” I grin. “So, it *is* real. Nice. Take care, Enya. You’ll get a new castle. An even better one.” I look deeply in her eyes.

“I understand why you didn’t play live shows, but now, you can. Here, it will come to life for you. There, you needed a panic room in your castle and reinforced walls. Here, you will not. You will never need to hide again, Enya. I love you.” We smile at each other. The key turns in the lock. We are happy.

As I walk away, I turn to her and look at her with great love in my eyes. “I know your true name, Eithne Pádraigín Ní Bhraonáin.” She looks at me, and I tell her, “An nighean as bòidhche den abhainn lode cloiche a bhios a’ tarraing. Tha mi gad fhaicinn. Tha mi a ' faireachdainn do òran a! Tha gaol agam ort, agus cha bhi eagal ort gu bràth tuilleadh.”

Then, she really smiles.

I also talk to the guy in VNV Nation. “Hey man! How the FUCK did you get those arpeggiators to do that on *Arena*??? I’ve been trying to figure it out for 20 years!!!”

A door slides open, and Keith Moon steps out again – shrouded in golden mystery. He looks around, and then at Jesus.

“I forgot something.”

I look at you and snicker.

“Is there a… a TV I can put through a window around here, or what?”

We all laugh as he continues, “What, you guys don’t even have toilets to blow up here? Wait a second… *ohhh,* I get it now!”

Jesus smiles out at the crowd. “Ok, ok, let’s get serious everybody.”

A moment of silence and then Jesus raises his arms and says, “Are you READY to RUUUMMMBBBLLLEEE???”

Again, the fire and dubstep. And the people feared greatly.

A voice emanates from the throne. “You cannot yet look upon me. All authority to judge heaven and Earth has been given to my son – HE who sits on the ARK!”

At this, the word is so strong that everyone falls to their knees, and is held there. It is like an explosion of sound, and it hits you like a hammer.

There are screams again, and moans of fear. Some absolute shrieking.

“The time of the animal’s slaughter is no more. The slaughter of the innocents has *ended*. There are no more lambs left for you to seek penance from. It is *your* turn. *Your* blood shall stain the temple floor, not theirs.”

A great silence.

“It is time for the judgement.”

You look at me. “Fuck.”

I wink at you. “Don’t worry. You think either of those two Johns are gonna have a hard time here? If you read this story and believe it, I got your back. It’s true.”

A great, hushed silence falls over the crowd.

Jesus sits back down on the Ark, and his face is now serious. It is ringed by long brown hair, about down to his shoulders. He is both fearsome and terrible, and the most beautiful thing we have ever seen. He is perfect, and within his eyes is every color. He wears the only crown now, and it is no longer thorn. It is gold.

The guitar turns into a golden sword, and he sheathes it in the hilt around his waist. This is now Warrior-King Jesus, come to cleave mankind in two.

The crown glows, and it illuminates the cube.

For the first time, we see the far reaches, along all the walls.

Gasps, and whispers of understanding.

“It’s not a temple… it’s a… it’s a *library*!”

I smile. “It’s a fractal repository of information. A temple.”

Jesus stands up and beholds the crowd. Then, he kneels before the Ark.

He opens it, and removes a budded rod.

“This is Aaron’s rod. Behold the serpent, nevermore.”

It transforms into a serpent on the ground, and Jesus stomps on its head. He cuts it off with the sword, and holds it up before the crowd.

“Your enemy. Vanquished.”

He throws it aside, and it melts into blackness.

He pulls out a pot, and removes a small, white loaf from it.

“Behold, the bounty of God – given to you.”

He eats it.

He pulls out two stone tablets, old and weathered.

“Behold The Law, transgressed and ignored. I shall treat The Law in the same way that you did.”

He throws them on the ground, and they shatter into dust.

The crowd is silent.

“The Law is no more. *I AM THE LAW!!!*”

Now his voice is so powerful that it physically moves people backwards. It punches them, and winds them.

He kneels before the pile of dust, and pricks his finger with the tip of the sword. One drop lands on the pile.

“Behold my blood, poured out for you.”

The pile ignites, and only ash is left. Jesus blows it softly away, and it is gone.

Jesus stands, and reaches into the Ark one final time. He pulls out a book with a pure white cover and closes the lid. As he sits back down on it, he rests the white book on his lap.

“Now. *Read*.”

As he says this, each book from the shelves comes alive, and stretches down, connected by a long, braided fractal made of ethereal glowing colors. Each braid pulses and glows with different colors, patterns, and textures, and a book stops next to every person’s face, still closed.

Jesus points to someone. “Come.”

A man with short brown hair looks around, back and forth, and then points at himself. “Me?”

“Yes.”

He steps forward, and collapses in fear. Jesus simply raises his hand, and he lifts and continues forward. Nothing can stop this now.

He walks up to the ark, before the billions and billions of people. As he reaches it, Jesus turns his hand over, and he kneels, directly in front of him, at eye level. His book falls on the ground before him.

“This is the story of your life. You wrote it. You are the creator, author, and producer of this story. Let’s see what you did.”

It opens, and a fractal cage the same color as the braid swoops out and clasps itself around him. He shrieks in terror.

We all see, in our heads, his life. He was smart, smarter than most. The kind of guy who always knew where everyone was looking, what they really thought, and what he could get away with.

He learned the ways of the cameras, and when the adults would be distracted. He learned that he can simply write the answers down for a test, bring it to school, and no one would ever know. He learned how to be *quick.*

He played them all. They even elected him, and he embezzled money from a school fundraiser. There he is, signing the purchase order and pocketing cash. We watch as he betrays those he was entrusted to care for, over and over.

We see *everything*. We watch as his eyes change when people walk away, the fake act to the wolf glare.

His fractal begins to grow dark, more twisted. The shapes within it groan and shudder.

We see him fail to make connections with others. We watch as he tries and fails to understand women, to learn their ways. We watch as he fails to find love.

He is entrapped, and it grows tighter. Now, it squeezes him. It is mostly grey, brown, black, and dark, dark green. The colors and patterns do not match, and the symmetry is off.

We watch as he grows darker, as he descends further into the depravity of his own mind. Plots out devilish schemes and whispers in the night of the revenge he desires.

The mass of his fractal has grown black, and he begins to scream. "NO! NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO!!!"

You look at me. "It's disordered… it's not…"

I grimace at you. "It's not a fractal anymore. He left it."

We watch as he plans out his route, and stalks his prey. We know, as does he, when it turned from fantasy to reality. We watch as he dismantles the sliding glass doors and lays them down carefully on the patio. We watch as he carefully enters the forbidden Holy of Holies, and removes the bean bag and Taser from his pocket.

We watch *everything*.

By the end of it, he is but a small, black mass on the ground.

The black cage bursts into flames, and only a small, blackened fetus remains. Its legs are a huddled mass, and only one eye is open. It screams, a horrible wailing. A circle of black opens beneath him, and he disappears.

Jesus stares at the crowd.

They stare back in complete and utter shock. Silence.

You whisper to me. "Where… where did he go?"

I look back and grimace. "He went to The Nothing."

I nod, and look at you deeply.

"Some of them will be burning. Maybe all. They can call themselves *The Stars*."

You grimace.

"I told you, bro. Books and fire."

Jesus's face softens, and he smiles. He beckons to a young child, and she hops over and sits on his lap. Her hair is yellow, and it glows. She smiles at him and there is love in his eyes like you have never seen before. The key turns in the lock, and she smiles too. She is happy. They gaze at each other, and white light floods the cube around them.

"Your turn," he says.

Her book is pink, white, and gold. It glows brightly, but it is very, very short. Only a few chapters.

She opens it, and we watch the same scene play out in reverse. We *feel* it. We *experience* it, just like she did. It's all in the fractal, and you read *everything* from these books.

You experience her innocence, her love. The childlike way she experienced the world. Her dreams and the way her parents would sing to her at night.

You feel the fear that she did being woken up by a gag and handcuffs. The total shock and paralyzing adrenaline as electricity and light crackle two inches from your eyes in the middle of the night. The way it subsides in the van and is replaced by sheer, cold panic.

We see his face when she did. We realize we will never see our parents or go home again on Earth when she did. We lose hope when she did. We realize we are worthless just as she does.

From a first-person point of view, every person in the temple viscerally experiences a little girl's rape and murder. Their *own* rape and murder. And there are *so many of them.*

We *feel* it.

People are on their knees, in shock. Screaming. Laying down and curling up, in absolute terror and hysterics. They would faint, if they were able to. You cannot escape this. Nothing can stop it.

Death was the illusion, this is real.

There is no unconsciousness here.

This is real. That was not.

None of it ever even was.

At the end of her life, her fractal is a pure, glowing white. It has the most intricate patterns, designs, and murals shifting around it in rainbow colors. It fades, and only a perfect infant is left. A white circle opens under her, and she is gone.

“Where did she go?”

I smile at you. “She went to the ending.”

I look at you. “I want to show you one more. A real-life one.”

I call out to him. “Kirk! It’s time to tell your story.”

A distinguished-looking gentleman with silver hair walks out from the crowd, and I give him a firm handshake. “How does it feel to walk again, buddy?” He laughs, and we look at each other, eye-to-eye.

“Kirk was my favorite male patient out of all of them. I met him in the last nursing home I worked at, and I saw him on my last day as a CNA. In fact, you were the last resident I ever said goodbye to. I missed you, man.

I worked with him for almost two years, and every day, he was the nicest one out of all of them. He was the most normal person I had ever met in a nursing home. Completely nice, no issues, never a problem. That’s what made it so much worse for him. He was completely paralyzed, and was a full-assist.

He was just like me. Just like you. But he had a skiing accident in the late ‘70s. And it locked him in his body for *50 years*.”

I look over at him. “What did I used to do for you, Kirk? That no one else would? They won’t believe me if I say it.”

He looks out at the crowd. "He would write. Love letters, for me. To send to my ex-girlfriend, after his shift was over. He would write for me, because I couldn't, to tell her that I still loved her."

The crowd murmurs.

I hug him. "Kirk, you are another one of my heroes. I love you. I don't know how you made it through that kind of suffering. I've never seen anything like it – how you still looked at everyone with love every single day of your life. You tried *so hard.*

I look at him and hug him. "This dining room will *always* be open. It's time."

He goes up, and his book is pure white, nothing but white. We watch, day after day, day after day, as he sits and stares at the ceiling. Wondering what could have been. Wondering what his ex-girlfriend was doing. Who she was with instead of him.

Feeling the never-ending pain and numbness all over. Being stuck in a bed. When people would be busy and not come to answer his call light. How he would sign his letters to her as "Captain Kirk" and tell her that he would *always* still love her. No matter what.

Day after day. The same food. The same bored CNAs. Torture.

Fifty years go by. There is no time here, but we feel it as it happens. We will be here until this is over.

By the end, his fractal book is also pure white, but the patterns are less intense. Instead, his glows gold like the sun, and it expands as it goes on. His light is huge, almost ten feet across, and it illuminates the entire temple. At the end of his life, he is also left as a perfect infant. The light shrinks, then, he is gone.

"It's the… it's the suffering, but in reverse. That's what opens your portal. Whether you caused more suffering or suffered more. Whether you were kind while you suffered or caused the kind to suffer.

It's… it's already written in your book, it's the Deep Magic. There is nothing that anyone can do about it once it's written. It was already finished."

I nod. "Although her suffering was much more acute, his lasted far longer. He suffered so much, for so long. It added up. You simply cannot imagine what spending your life in a nursing home is really like for these types of patients."

You look at me. "So… are we going to be here a while?"

I smile. “Yes. But there’s one final thing.”

Jesus looks over and points to me. “Witness 1, come on over here!”

I walk over and smile nervously at the crowd. Luckily, I have always enjoyed public speaking.

“What up everyone! Good to see you guys. My name is –“

Jesus cuts me off. “It’s in the title of the book, man. Anyways, tell them how the Deep Magic works. Go on, it’s ok. It’s over now.”

I grin. “Ok.”

I take a deep breath and exhale. “The Deep Magic requires three, and only three ingredients. This is the only magic that exists, and the only magic that will ever exist. There exists *no* spell or incantation other than *this ritual*, although it exists in many forms. Nothing else on planet Earth was ever real but this, in fact.

We have had many names for it, but it is all the same ritual. Three ingredients.

The first ingredient is the attention of crowds of people, as many as possible, which brings an image of you to life in their head. All ancient religions are the same, human sacrifice and devil worship. Back then, priests would put on elaborate outfits and suits and stand on top of pyramids before crowds to achieve this effect with early pyrotechnics and other stage devices.

Now, we use albums, songs, movies, and *concerts* for it. It’s the *same* thing. An *image* of the spellcaster must *come alive* in the head of as many people as possible. The more people there are, the more powerful the spell will be. It must be as specific as possible, your face, your name. Who you are. What you *think*.

They must *think* what you think. They must *agree* with you. That you are *good*. That you *love* them.

They must *believe in you*. If they don’t *know* you, it won’t work. That’s why I had to start with that ridiculous autobiographical section, even though writing a book about myself and expecting people to read it is literally the most embarrassing and arrogant thing I have ever done.

These spells allow you to open a portal between our reality and the supernatural, either good or evil, worlds. There are two. Through these portals you can manipulate physical reality. The books, songs, albums, and movies are black magic portals.” I scan the crowd and pause. Then, I smile.

“It has only been reversed once before.” I look over at Jesus and he smiles, too.

“This is the deepest Deep Magic. The white reversal of the black spell.

It had only been tried once in history before me. You cannot learn this. It is not spoken of. It is not even an unknown unknown. It is hidden, it does not exist. Unless you look just right at it.

No one had ever tried this in 2,000 years when I decided to do it. And you start with a *cult*.

Now, Witness 2 told me all of this years ago. However, at first, I thought it sounded like the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. However, the more I looked into it, the more it made sense to me. She gave me the missing ingredient, the final one – myself.”

I look at the crowd, now listening to me for once.

“The *second* ingredient is knowledge and intention. You must *know* what you are doing, accept the consequences, and do it fully willingly. In the black arts, their signs, symbols, and pledges are their way of doing this. You must *commit*, 100%. Say, through a book.

It also requires another ingredient, which is the physical part that transmutates into something new. Something very, very powerful. This is the key ingredient, without which nothing will happen.

It is the blood of the innocent, shed unwillingly. This is the black art.

However, there was one little thing that they missed.” I smile, and my eyes twinkle.

“I found the way to reverse it. I figured out how to shut them down. I did.”

Jesus looks at me. “Tell them how to close the portals. Tell them what I knew. What only you figured out.”

I smile. “Whew. Don’t judge me, people. I did it for you guys. I know it sounds sort of weird.

I knew that, in order to properly encode the Deep Magic into my life, I would have to never compromise on my principles. I *could not* live within this society. Not comfortably, at least. I also knew that I could never intentionally harm another being, and I tried my best.

But I knew something else, too. That I have for a long, long time. Ever since my friend cracked Flash on my laptop in seventh grade and I started playing around with GIMP, AppleScript, Blender, and finally, Ableton.

I knew something that you didn’t know.

I knew that *I could* change the world with this software.

I can do it too.

I can close your portals, just like Jesus did.

I can make millions of people think about me, too.

I can make a portal to their heads, too.

But I can do it for GOOD.

NOT LIKE YOU!!!

I knew that it would be harder than just about anything. I would have to teach myself every single thing about music. I would have to *become* the music. I would have to be *better* than *Sgt. Peppers.* Better than Led Zeppelin. Better than The Who. Better than Pink Floyd.

I would have to make a completely *new* sound.

Better than *Satan* himself. Better than *his* music. It's *all him.*

And I would have to do it all by myself. If I accepted any help, any contracts, any managers, anything like that, the Deep Magic would be voided.

It would have to be *all me*.

So, you invented a "concept album"? Well, I invented the "concept song."

And it's *better than yours*. I am *better* at guitar than you.

And here's the real kicker. I did it without any innocent blood sacrifices at all.

Except, of course, for the blood on my fingers as I did the 1-2-3-4 alternate picking exercises and built callouses.
And I put *myself* in their heads, not you. I *closed* your portals.

But I knew there was one final ingredient. I would have to sign the contract.

'I know you are going to kill me.'

-Witness 1.

So, there you go. I invoke the Deep Magic.

Close the portals. End the suffering on Earth.

And do you know why? Because I'm not a fucking *pussy.*

I don't cower behind cops, judges, corporations, politicians, soldiers, bribes, money, lies, and corruption like you.

I'm not like you. I have a big set of balls. In fact, I only have one really, really big one. And that shit is made out of steel. So, maybe I really am the wrecking ball.

So, go on. Kill me, motherfuckers. Because I wrote a book about 9/11. About *you*.

Because I'm *better* than you at music and I closed your stupid portals of sin, treachery, and evil. Because I can play a *better guitar solo than you*. I know how much that bothers you guys.

You're *pathetic*. You're *nothing*. I am *everything*.

You're *worthless.*

I have *value*.

The Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate.

I *dare* you to *do it*.

I am *not* scared of you. I *fucking hate you*. Hopefully, you received my message clearly.

Go ahead. That's how it works. I know how it works, and you don't.

And it *will* work, because I have never intentionally harmed anyone. I am not a threat to you. Killing me for writing a book about 9/11 is *hilarious.* Honestly. It is. Think about it.

Of course, for the white reversal to work, you must have also faith.

You must have *faith in the resurrection.* That death *is not real*. That God *has your back, no matter what.* And guess what? Anyone who chooses to put *my* portal in their head gets to go *with me*.

That's how it works. You have to make your choice. That's why I established that I am a credible narrator, and that you can trust me. That I'm not the wolf in sheep's clothing who wants to harm you, THEY ARE!!! They want to KILL you people, for God's sake!

You have to *believe in me. Believe in my books.* If you do, you will *close* their portal and *open* mine. And *I'm* on my way to see Jesus. Well, we all are. How will it be when you get there?"

I look at you deeply and stare into both your eyes.

"It's called the pickoff. You won't see it coming.

Trust me, this will work. Watch what happens next. *Trust me*."
Finally, for all the losers and midwits who don't understand what I'm saying, get caught up in terminology, and love to argue semantics – fine. Don't call it "white magic." Don't call it "The White Reversal." I made that dumb shit up anyways, for the book.

Call it what it is. "Christianity." I look at you.

"If you believe in Jesus Christ, it will save you. It will close the portal of death and open a portal of life. Describe it however you want to, it doesn't matter. 'Salvation.' Whatever.

There's Christianity, and there's the black art, and that's it. Every single thing I am saying here is backed up in The Bible. I *am* a true Christian. In fact, I can *guarantee* that I've read it more closely than you. And now, you know the truth too. And, indeed, it shall set you free.

That's how I knew when I wrote this that I would be there with you. I showed you my picture at the beginning so I would be in your head the whole way. *I was with you – that's how the portals work.* Every step you took, I was there with you – guiding you. Holding you hand as you stumble and get back up.

I did this to make you a Christian. You're welcome. You win eternal life and happiness, free of charge. All you ever had to do was believe in it. If you believe my book, you believe the Bible.

It's just the transitive property, you know, if A = B and B = C, then A = C. You are "A", and Christianity is "C". I am merely the "B". All I did was tell the truth, you came to salvation yourself. That is the only way it can work. Only you can make the choice to save yourself.

I look out. "Any mathematicians out there that can help explain this? …No? Anyone? Anyone?"

I look over at you. "Gee whiz, I wonder where *they* all went. Oh, well. Anyways…"

The most precious thing I have - my music - and I give it freely to you.

You don't need squiggly lines. You don't need words.

All you need are the musical structures I showed you.

You know how to write your own songs now. In fact, you always did.

The primary structure

This is the ultimate musical pattern:

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – vii – I

Within this pattern lies one fundamental chord progression:

The *first, fifth, minor sixth, fourth* progression:

I – V – vi – VI (*Let It Be*) (C – G – Am – F)

This fundamental chord progression is simply the most pure expression of the ultimate musical pattern.

By shifting this fundamental pattern, we derive four more primary chord progressions:

The two major structures:

The *first, minor sixth, fourth, fifth* progression:

I – vi – VI – V (*Last Kiss*) (C – Am – F – G)

The *minor sixth, fourth, first, fifth* progression:

vi – IV – I – V (*Love the Way You Lie*) (Am – F – C – G)

The two minor structures:

The *minor first, minor seventh, minor sixth, fifth* progression:

i – vii – vi – V (*Stairway to Heaven* solo) (Am – G – F – E)

The *minor first, minor third, minor seventh, fourth* progression:

i – iii – vii – IV (*Lollipop*) (Am – C – G – D)

I can 100%, personally, *your money back guarantee* you that 90%+ of your favorite songs are some sort of variation on these five structures. I *promise* you that. They *all* are.

Sometimes they're buried, layered, or twisted - but if you *look* you will see them. If you look *closely* and *really* pick them apart, this probability nears 100%.

These are the five river stones of David. The other ones. His secret weapons. This is the mystery of the Psalms, and why you still hear whispers and rumors that King David was the best musician that ever lived. They were the first real songs, and they were mainly four chord *bangers*.

Now, all you need to know is how to build chords. And there are no secrets here. It's just *painting* with *feeling* in *layers of time*. First, you must understand the scaffolding structure used to construct every single chord.

<u>The Structure of a Chord</u>

A **first**. A **third** (major or minor), and a **fifth**. That's it. Everything else is just fluff.

C major looks like this: **C** (first), **E** (major third), **G** (fifth.) **This room is *happy*.**

A **chord** is a **room**. The first is the **floor**. The third is the **walls**. The fifth is the **roof.**

If you want a sad room, bring the E down by one half-step.

C minor looks like this: **C** (first), **D#** (minor third), **G** (fifth.) **This room is *sad*.**

Simple as that.

The floor and roof do NOT change (you won't be using diminished or augmented chords for a while.) The walls can change. Make the room happy, or make it sad. That's it.

Think of it like this:

If you want a painting of a flower in your room, add a fourth. If you want a lightning strike, add a minor sixth. If you want a picture of Elvis, add a minor seventh. If you want a painting of a beautiful woman crying, add a major seventh.

That's it. It's *so* simple.

It's just patterns and emotions. Now, build the feelings over time. Like a painting, but you paint it frame-by-frame. Like a movie, but in your head. Think in terms of groups of four, and tell your story to the audience. Make them *feel*. And here is your palette:

Octave: Exactly the same. Play the lower octaves for bass. Bring in the high ones for feeling.

Minor 2nd: Almost always just shit. *Extremely* dissonant – the most dissonant one. This interval is mainly used in metal or dubstep. If done right, can be amazing.

Major 2nd: The most enigmatic one. It can go either way – this interval exists in a nowhere land between the root and the third. It carries the second-most emotional energy. This is a strange attractor.

Minor 3rd: Sad. The most powerful, overall. The most energy. This is the classic "rock chorus", "dubstep drop" interval. **This is the default "sad" painting for your room.**

Major 3rd: Happy. Cheerful, triumphant. This *can* also be the harshest interval if it's in the wrong context. However, without it, music would not exist at all. You cannot have feeling or emotion in music without using thirds somewhere. This is the "resting point" with the second-most balance after the fifth. **This is the default "happy" painting for your room**.

Perfect 4th: She is airy, perfect. Angelic. Triumphant, but it's already over. The *Amen Cadence.* This is the most beautiful sister of the fifth, and she is… incredible. The fourth will *love* you.

Tritone: So, so weird. This is *the* strange attractor. All of the three other strange attractor notes are tied to this one, though it may not be heard. It is the fractal note. This is because it is found on the 6th fret out of 12 – it is the exact half of a string.

Divide it in half forever and you get a perfect fractal. You get this note.

Perfect 5th: He is strong - known as the "dominant." This is, by far, the easiest interval to reproduce, and he is your classic "trumpet marching to battle" interval. Very, very intuitive for us. This is the brother of the first. **This is the default ceiling of your room.**

Minor 6th: Edgy, emotional. Raw, and sliced open. This one *bleeds*. Use sparingly. This is the second-to-last strange attractor.

Major 6th: The relative minor. *Very, very important*. This is the *only* interval you can modulate to without performing a key change. Here's the second-biggest understatement of this book – this is *very, very* useful because your melody *does not have to change*.

Keep your melody and hooks, but change the bass to the relative minor. Now, it's sad. Magic. You cannot do this *any* other way.

This is the other sister of the first, and she is *beautiful.* She *dies* for the first. Her and the fourth are… so close. They belong together.

Minor 7th: Pure energetic rock feel. This can be either happy or sad depending on context, but it always packs a punch. It's a warm summer's day, it's root beer by the pool. This interval is pure

fun. Pop music is big on this one, because it has an undeniably epic feel. Think "ending of *Hey Jude* right when the tension breaks."

Guitar guys might know this one as the "Mixolydian" note, which is the only note you change between a major, or Ionian mode, and the Mixolydian mode. In C, it's a Bb.

[Don't worry about modes, it's just the same thing as the major scale but starting on a different note. Ionian mode is another way of saying "the major scale", and the rest of them just cycle through different starting points while keeping the same pattern. Modes are the most overt expression of fractals within music theory.]

Major 7th: Perhaps, my second favorite. She carries the most emotional energy out of them all. She is both a broken lover and your sweetest daydream. She is Juliet's last kiss. She cries out in pain to return to her lover, the first. She *must* return to him. She is a flower on the ground.

She is the last strange attractor.

Anyways, 11 intervals and an octave. That's all you need to do. Now get rid of the feelings you don't want, leave the rest, combine them how you wish to tell a story, and put them in the right order over time. It's that simple. Now, you have a room. Time to make a house.

You need four rooms to live in – a bedroom, kitchen, living room, and bathroom. Set the scene in your bedroom. What does *your* room look like? Decorate the rest of the house from there. Write lyrics, and put people in the house. Make them do things.

Oh, time for the chorus? Let's leave the house and build a brand new one next door. Maybe, this one has an A-frame, with three rooms. Once you're there, you don't want to go outside anymore, so you try to connect your houses. Whoops! The A-frame with three rooms won't connect to your square house with four rooms! Uh oh! It's a puzzle. Maybe, you need to build a bridge.
Ok, so the colors. These are the colors within music, as I perceive them.

C: Blue, calming and beautiful, but not the ocean. Like clothes.
C#: Aquamarine, teal. Blue with electric flashes, more like the ocean.
D: Yellow, warm like the sun.
D#: Orange, with rough texture
E: Red and smooth
F: Dark brown, like the hardest wood.
F#: Lighter brown, can look like dirt
G: Golden brown, like a bear's fur

G#: Brown with grey, like concrete with rebar
A: Green, like a leaf
Bb: Pink, electric neon
B: Purple, like a majestic robe.

So, these colors stack. Take A major. **A, C#, E.** An Amaj chord is green on the bottom, aquamarine or teal in the middle, and red on top. A minor, **A, C, E,** is green, a lighter, softer, paler blue, and then red. It's also three-dimensional, and, obviously, would never quite be at rest since music is always shifting and changing. There is lighting at play here, and they can sit in backgrounds.

There's about a thousand other things to learn, but they can all be gained one step at a time. Gradually. Then, the house becomes a home and you feel comfortable. Pretty soon, you'll learn what kind of rooms you like. Then, you'll get used to building houses you like. Then, we will build many mansions.

What I have shown you is the Deep Magic of music, without which nothing else is possible. There are no secret chords, but these are the 3,000-year old secret patterns and intervals.

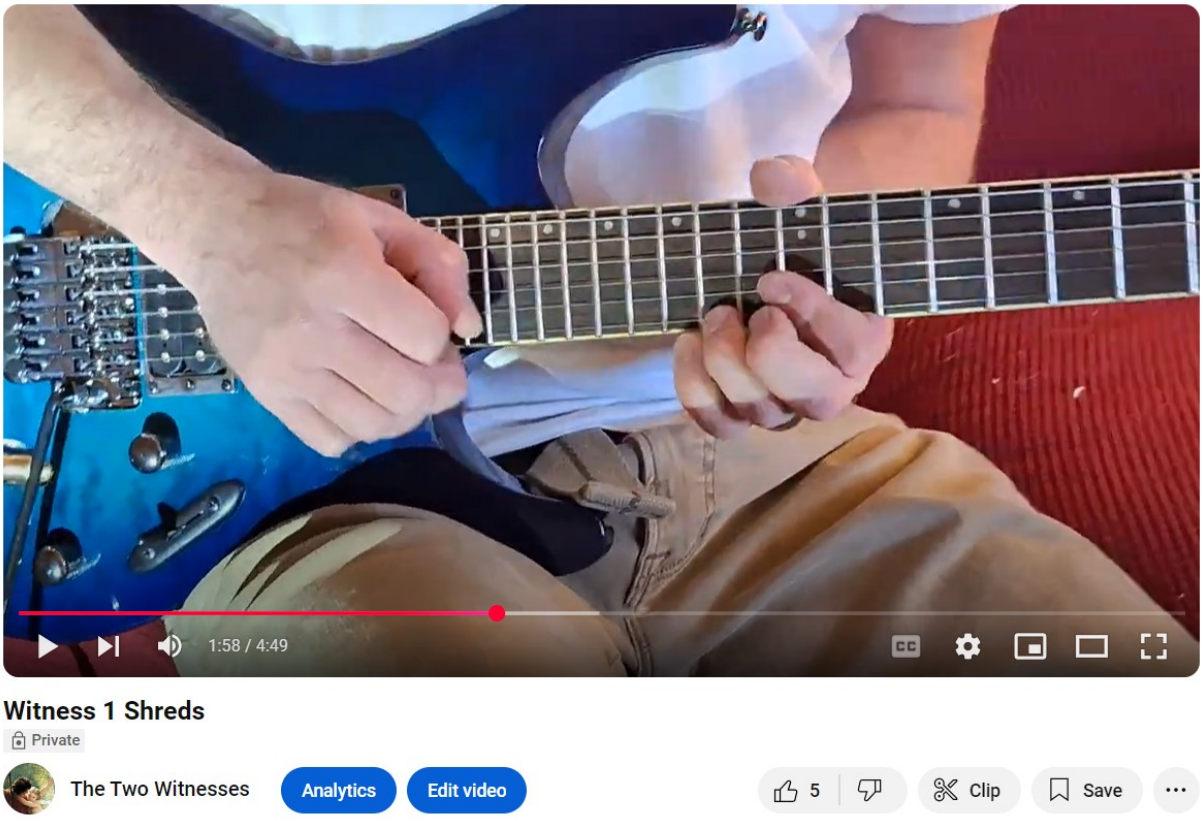
Anyone can write a song. *Everyone* can write a song. This is not about me. This is not my story. This is not my song. This is our story." I point out at the crowd with two hands.

"This is *our song*. *Your song!!!* It's true, I love you guys. Thanks, everybody!"

Jesus winks at me. "Yep, that's about it. Pretty nice move, slick." He smiles at me, pats me on the back, and both his eyes twinkle. He looks out at the crowd and points at me. "How 'bout it, huh? Witness 1? Pretty cool guy, huh? *Huh*?"

Man, you just can't help but love this Jesus guy. He's great.

From the crowd are some half-hearted claps and a few cheers. Tough crowd. I smile. “Thank you, everybody!”



Jesus claps for me, too. Wow. “Here, you can even see him play guitar in real life. Note the lack of a pick. I don’t know what you guys were doing down here with those, honestly. Seriously, watch him shred. Guy knows what he’s doing:”

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AgP2jQrUIao

He looks around and says, “What did you guys think ‘praying’ was, anyways? Like sending an email? Texting me? Maybe I got a little *smartphone* up here I used to get back to you? Come on. It’s a… it’s a…”

He looks around. “Anyone? Anyone? *Bueller*? *Bueller*?”

Understanding on the faces of the crowd.

“When you pray to me for salvation, it brings an image of me to life in your head. That’s the purpose of the imagery of religion. Like the crosses. Me on the cross. *Seen it a few times*? *Maybe you noticed a few pictures and statues of me down there?*

You tell me you believe my story, my book. You place your trust and 'faith' in me. It opens a *portal* for you. I powered it with my blood sacrifice. *Prayer*. DUHHHH!!!!

Call it *whatever* you want, 'magic' or 'religion', 'portal' or 'transfiguration', 'saved or 'unsaved', it doesn't change the mechanics of how it works. IT DOESN'T MATTER!

You guys and your *obsession* with arguing semantics… *that's* why you were so blind. You couldn't see the words behind the words.

You only read what they told you to read. You only looked where they told you to look. You missed the story-within-a-story, and this story does *not* have definitions that are in your *dictionaries*.

Why do you think we told you so many times not to make images of anyone else, huh? *Huh*? Does the Bible talk a little bit about 'graven images'? It *does*? Can you think of any *other* religions that *freak out* about *images*? You *can???* Wow, you don't say."

He looks back at me.

Hey Witness 1, I have some stuff for you, too! Anything else you want to say before we crash this popsicle stand?"

I look around. "Well…

I wish I could say I had a good time on Earth, and I did a lot of the time, but I mean…

Nahhhh you guys are GREAT! What's good in the HOUSE TONIGHT??? I'm starting a NEW BAND, everybody!!!"

Then, I start crowdsurfing. It's great. *Oh man, I wonder what happens in the full version!*

Jesus looks at me. "Hey, Witness 1! Because you had to die really horribly in front of everyone as a spectacle, I got one more surprise for you!"

I look over where he's pointing. "*Ohhhh*… it's… it's a full-size replica of the giant nude *David* statue with one giant tes… umm… no, thanks, go ahead and keep that one in the back, Jesus."

He sighs. "Ok… how here, how about this, instead?" He hands me a beautiful, shiny white and gold guitar.

“Oh, wow! The Steve Vai signature Ibanez PIA3761 in stallion white that sells for $3500 with the gold leaf and vine pattern on the neck! Just what I’ve always wanted… how’d you know, Jesus?”

He smiles. “You get one wish, too.”

I look around. “Gee whiz, Jesus. Are you sure? Aw, ok… I guess.”

I smile at my beautiful wife. “I can’t wish for three more wishes here, we don’t have time for that. I’ll skip to the last one – I wish that Witness 2 will finally know how much I really love her! That I really do only want her! It’s true, baby doll! I love you!”

The crowd goes wild at this point, and I pull out my signature passionate, deep kiss.

I mean, the women are fainting by now. “Awwwww!!! Yeah!!!” Then, I dance for the second time in my life and do a little howl of victory. “I ain’t scared of no ghost wolf BITCH!!! Don’t make me go POP THE TRUNK, PLAYA!!!”

I snap two finger guns at the crowd. “Don’t hate the playa, hate the game. You guys are great. I did it for you. Every single one of you is special in some way, it’s true. You *all* have value. I saw it in you. I did. I loved you. Thank you for all the laughs. I had a great time, I really did.”

The crowd goes wild.

A white grand piano appears, and I sit down. I turn to the Cherubim – “C major. Slow, with feeling,” and play a C major chord, with a lazy, cheerful supertonic-based melody. A major 2nd interval. They know all the changes.

A second is the most mysterious interval because it can go either way. Up or down. Whole step makes a major third. Half step makes a minor third. Whole step down is back to the first. It’s the most enigmatic interval of music. I blow Witness 2 a kiss and start laying it down.

C….. G... C…… D... C… D… C…. …C - B G-A-C

Then I drop it into the chords, C – Am – F – G, and the main melody – the same thing but with the supertonic, D, replaced by the fifth, G.

C….. G... C…… G... C… G… C…. …C - B G-A-C

I point to you. “Recognize those?” It’s a lazy feel, with some swing.

The crowd knows it, too. “Holy shit!!! Is that… that… no way… he’s not…”

I nod. "Uh huh. You better believe it."

I lay down the vocals, smooth like a warm summer's day, as the crowd goes wild:

"Damn it feels good to be a gangsta'
A real gangsta' ass seeing through the cards right
A real gangsta' ass playa don't flex nuts
Cause a real ass gangsta got a big one

Damn it feels good to be a gangsta
Feedin' the poor and helpin out wit' dey bills
Altho I was born in Fontana
Now I'm in the temple makin' deeeaaalls"

The crowd is fuckin' losing it. The women are throwing their sashes on stage like mad.

"And everything's cool in the mind of a gangsta,
Cause gangsta ass playas think deep.
Thinkin' up schemes like Larry Silverstein
Cause real ass playas don't *sleep*.

Now gangsta ass playas come in all shapes and colors
Some got killed in the past
But this gangsta here was a smart one
Started livin' for the Lord and I *last*.

So all I gotta say to you wannabe, gonnabe…"

I look around and pause a beat.

"…Pussy-eatin', cocksuckin' pranksters,"

The crowd is roaring so loud the whole cube vibrates with it.

"When the SHIT jumps off what the FUCK you gonna do?
DAMN it feels good to be a GANGSTA!"

At this point, people are in hysterics. I mean, you people are like butter in my mouth. I grin. I planned this part ahead of time. As I lay down the supertonic riff again, I shout, "Are you ready to rock and roll??? Here WEEE GOOOOO!!!"

The stage and throne explode in pyrotechnics. I point at Jesus and shout, "Hit it, BABY!"

At this, a printer and baseball bat fall down next to each person. "Come on!!! You know you want to!!!"

I lead a building chant and bring you to a frenzied crescendo.

"SMASH THAT SHIT! SMASH THAT SHIT! SMASH THAT SHIT! ON 4… ONE… TWO… THREE… FOUR!!!"

People go crazy. Baseball bats swinging everywhere. I laugh, so hard. I whip out the gold guitar and bust out the sickest solo you've ever heard. To end it, I pull off an arpeggiated Cm add(4) tapping section with 6 fingers at the same time and Eddie stares at me.

Yeah, we're in C minor now. Cm – D# - Bb – F. Shards of plastic, computer chips, and tangled wires fly around the temple.

I sit back down at the piano and hit the supertonic, and now a huge crowd dances and cheers for me. "YES! YES! YES!"

I look out at you all and smile. For once, you *all* smile back.

"And now, a word from the President!"

I look out. I mean, you guys are going *wild.* "You know it's coming. Sing along with me, now."

"Damn it feels good to be a gangsta'
Getting' voted into the White House
Everything lookin' good to the people of the world
But the *Rothschild* family is my *boss.*

So voters of the world keep supporting me
And I promise I will take you very *far*
Other leaders better not *upset* me
Or I'll send a million troops to die at *WAR!!!*"

Everyone is crowdsurfing now, tens of thousands of people gliding along, raised by each other's hands. I point over to the empty section where the politicians used to be.

"Acapella now, acapella -

So, to all you Republicans that helped me to win,
I'd sincerely like to *thank you.*
Cause now I got the world swinging from my NUT!!!
AND DAMN IT FEELS GOOD TO BE A GANGSTA!!!"

At this point, it's a madhouse. All my old friends are screaming. "WITNESS 1!!! I LOVE YOU!!!"

I end it by bringing back the same chords, C – Am – F – G, but softly, staring at Witness 2. Faster on the changes now. It's *Last Kiss*. Same chords.

When I woke up the rain was pouring down
There were people standing all around
Something warm flowing through my eyes
But somehow I found my baby that night

I lifted her head she looked at me and said
Hold me darling just a little while
I held her close I kissed her our last kiss
I found the love that I knew I have missed

"Yeah, baby! Thanks, Jesus!" I hug him, give him a firm handshake with solid eye contact, and return to the crowd. People settle down.

Jesus looks around. "Alright, alright, thanks Witness 1. Sounds pretty good, maybe one day you'll land that record deal. Don't quit your day job, though." We all laugh.

He sits down on the Ark again, legs spread, and hands resting on his knees.

"Ok, ok, let's get serious. No one here shall buy or sell any longer. Money is no more. The God of Money is dead. It is not real. It does not exist. It never did. Gold has no more value here than stone.

The God of the Earth is dead. Money no longer rules over you. It shall no longer suck the marrow from your bones and grind you into dust. No longer shall it slit the throat of the

innocent, and bring the boot and rifle of faceless oppression to mother and child. The Great Kings of the Earth are no more. They will never, ever hurt another innocent person. It is finished."

He looks around and grins.

"You don't have to SELL songs to make music, morons. You *never did*.

And, now - Here I AM – in all my glory." He finally opens the large white book in his lap and smiles. "You are the body of Christ. You are the true, true believers. This is the Book of Life, in which your names are written. Well one, my Good and Faithful servants." He looks around the room.

"For I was hungry, and you gave me bread. I was thirsty, and you gave me water to drink. I was naked, and you clothed me. I was sick and you cared for me, and I was in prison and you came to me.

I lay on the street, naked and destitute, and you did not walk by.

But you did one thing above all else, and that's why you're here.

You read *my* book and believed it.

You had faith in my story, although it seemed strange to you. Although it doesn't sound like anything you had ever heard before. Although it seemed like it couldn't possibly be true, you believed it.

My story. The Gospel."

From the crowd, someone shouts, "But Jesus, I didn't see you –"

Someone shushes him. "Come on, really? *Really*?"

The guy looks over. "Well, I mean, it's in the chapter. *Someone* has to do it. Might as well be me. Matthew, right?" Over in the crowd of homeboys, a guy nods. "That's right," he says. "I saw this shit."

We all think, and this actually makes a lot of sense to us. We tell him to go ahead.

"But Jesus, *I* didn't give you any food or water. *I* didn't see you naked or give you any clothes. *I* never saw you sick or in prison. I mean, I lived in Germany, for God's sake. What's the deal?"

Jesus smiles. You know the line.

He looks around at us, and his eyes fill with great sadness and empathy. He points to the back, far beyond the close, joyous crowds ringing him and cheering. Way beyond us. Outside of the stage lights and glowing throne, we notice them for the first time.

Dark, huddled masses of people in the back, cowering in fear. Terrified. Silent. *So many* of them.

Dark shadows, millions upon millions - as far back as you can see, hiding. Hoping not to be seen. Not to be noticed.

Jesus smiles at them and points to a man with dark skin like the night and a black cloud of hair.

“Come. Do not be afraid.”

He slowly walks forward, avoiding all of our eyes. He is terrified, and quakes as he walks. He trembles. Jesus smiles at him.

“Where are you?”

“I don’t… I don’t know.”

“Who am I?”

“I… I don’t *know*.”

“Have you ever read the Bible?”

We watch as his knees tremble.

“N… no…”

“Have you ever read a *book*?”

The man collapses onto his knees in fear and hangs his head to the ground.

“A… a *what*?”

We stand in silence as he quakes.

Then, Jesus kneels down next to him, and hugs him. Looks him right in the eyes and smiles.

“I saw your value. I saw *you*.” He stares.

Jesus stands him up and puts his arms around the man's shoulders. They smile. His crown grows brighter, and the temple illuminates fully. Finally, we see the full body of Christ for the first time.

There are *so many* different people, all nations, colors, tongues. A member of every tribe and nationality. Jesus looks around.

"Salvation doesn't come through a church. I do not gatekeep my Word. I am the way, the truth, and the life, and no man comes to the Father but through ME! Me. I decide. Not *you*. And I know *all* of you."

He kneels down before the man's golden book. "Open it."

We watch as it opens, but the man remains outside of the fractal with us. We watch him play out his life in what we would call the Congo. Deep in the jungles, he nurses at his mother's breast. Then, he grows, and learns to care for all beings. To love them, no matter what. He learns to tell the truth, and to seek the truth.

He wonders about the ways of the world and how he might know them, in order to improve the lives of those around him. We watch as he always tries his best to do the right thing and does not intentionally cause harm to other beings. For sixty-three years we watch as his life plays out. Then we watch as he dies, shielding his wife and son from the club of an enemy tribe.

Jesus looks at us. "What did he *not* do?"

The German guy shouts out, "Stealing! Lying! Murder!"

Jesus rubs his forehead. "Look, no… that's… um, not what I'm getting at here."

He points over to me. "Witness 1, what did this guy *not* do?"

Ooo, I know this one.

"He never read. He never wrote. He never even *knew what a book was.* He never went to church. In his time, the Bible did not exist. The religions of the Middle East did not factor into his life.

He never heard the name of Christ, or the stories we all know. The portal to you does not rely on these things. It relies on the *heart*. Love is not learned, spoken, nor read – it is a state of being that only you can find. And he found it."

Jesus smiles at us.

“Truly I say unto you, whatever you did unto the least of these brothers and sisters, you did unto me.”

He brings his hands up, and then together – CLAP!

At that, we all flash and find ourselves floating in a pure, white void. Like milk, it clings to us. It’s soupy, and thick, but warm. It feels fantastic, like the warmest bath you’ve ever felt. Everywhere it touches you it sparks pure euphoric joy and laughter, and it’s touching you *everywhere.*

Others are there too, and we can feel them. We’re all connected by a web, a glowing web of white and gold tendrils.

We’re separate, but together. We all feel each other. *There is so much joy.*

It’s beautiful. We are complete, and we are in a state of complete perfection and unity.

There are no longer any holes inside any of us, and there are no aberrations in this fractal.

It’s the most perfect thing we’ve ever felt.

Around us is an overwhelming sense of love, and we know that nothing will ever harm us again.

We are all together now.

There is no more key. There is no more lock.

There is only complete, and perfect bliss. A *shell* of love around us, forever.

You think to yourself - “Where are we?”

I smile back. I can hear your thoughts, and we all read each other’s minds now. Our arms are touching, but they’re also touching everyone else’s arms.

“We’re at the end of the ending.” I wink. I’m getting the hang of this winking thing.

You laugh. I laugh, too. Suddenly, we are all laughing, and we can all feel each other’s joy from the outside-in. Then, a *huge* laugh, like we’ve never heard before. A laugh so overwhelming it sweeps us away, from outside the shell. Complete and total joy.

It’s beautiful and it’s perfect. Forever.

I think to you. “I told you about the laugh of God. This is also the beginning of the beginning.”

God laughs so hard he cries. Our joy becomes overwhelming, explosive. We all feel it, all at once. He weeps in ecstasy and kneels.

“YES!!! I DID IT!!!”

It is *Good.*

The laugh grows, stronger and stronger. With each vocalization, our joy grows. As it grows, we vibrate with it, faster and faster.

“YES! YES!!! IT’S OVER!!! I DID IT!!!”

“Why does it make me happy?”

I think to all of you. “It’s a major third!”

Suddenly, another flash, and we’re on a lawn. It’s a bright, sunny day, and the sky is blue. We’re in a huge meadow, and forests surround us in the distance, with mountains beyond that.

There are babies everywhere. I look at you.

“Now, we raise them the right way. No more tears. We teach them a new song. Tell them a new story.

It’s called *High-Information Music, Infant Neurocognitive Development, and the Baby Brain: How Music can Transfigure Society and Ourselves*. Yeah, guess the author.” *Wink.*

You grin at me. “Really?”

“That’s right. Once I write it. I… have some research to do.”

You laugh. “We… raise them?”

“Yup. And guess what they’re hungry for?”

You laugh. “Um… *milk*???”

“Yup! You better believe it!”

“MILK!!!”

You turn around and stare, and what you hear is the laughter and joy of 100,000,000 infants. It's unlike anything you've ever heard before. Animals appear on all sides, moving forward to comfort and care for the infants.

"Milk."

It rains from the heavens.

We laugh as pure white goodness showers us.

"This is the way it was always meant to be."

You look at me. "Witness 1… *who are you*? Are you real?"

I laugh. "I'm just a brain in a vat. That's what my *Philosophy 101* teacher told me.

No, the truth is that I *am* Witness 1. And here's Witness 2."

A beautiful girl with golden hair like straw in the morning sun and eyes of a stormy ocean walks up to us, wearing a shimmering pink dress. A young, male blonde child holds her hand.

"Hi, beautiful." I kiss her.

"I told you about her. This is Witness 2. It wasn't just me. We did this together. Maybe, she even did a little bit more. I love her so much, more than anything. I will always love her. She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and she will always be my Queen." She smiles at me and hugs you.

"And we're… *The Two Witnesses*."

I smile.

You stare. "Ok… um… and…"

"And… we're a band."

You laugh. "A *band*??? *The Two Witnesses* are a *band*?"

I nod. "Yup. You better believe it. Once my son learns guitar, of course, we might need a name change. Maybe… *Trilogy*.

I have a couple riffs to learn too, from my song. You know. The blank space I left. The Celtic dance part and the EDM trance drop. The guitar doesn't come easy. It's note-by-note. I still

have the dubstep drops to add guitar solos, too. It's never been done. I'd say it'll take me about 6 months. Honestly, I still don't know if I will be able to do it."

I shake my head. "If I don't learn that Celtic dance riff, I'll look like the biggest chump in the world."

You smile. "I believe in you, Witness 1. You can do it. I believe in your book."

I smile. "Thank you, Dear Reader. Thank you for believing in me. I love you."

I look off in the distance at a castle flying high colors. "And if you'll excuse me, we have a song to practice. *Another Brick in the Wall (Parts 1-3.)*

Should be a real crowd pleaser at our next show. My version is about 20 minutes. I changed a few of the concepts. Obviously, my solo is going to be… better. Once I get my callouses back all the way." I wiggle the fingers on my left hand at you. "Very important."

You look at me. "Next… show?"

"Yep - I'm a *musician,* dummy. That's all I've ever wanted. See ya! Free show, by the way. Everyone's welcome."

I grin at you and both my eyes twinkle.

You hear a voice from above:

It is done. I am the Alpha and Omega – beginning and end. The first, and the last.
To the thirsty I will give water without cost from the Spring of Life.

Behold! The dwelling place of God is with man.
He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more.
Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, for the former things have passed away.

And he who was seated on the throne said, "Behold! I make all things new."
Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true:

"It is finished."

I turn around as I walk away, holding Witness 2's hand.

"Oh yeah, one more thing!" I look at you one final time.

“This is my legacy, my epitaph. Something they can never take away from me.” I grin.

“On Wikipedia, on the *MK Ultra* article, I, Witness 1, proved before all mankind one indisputable fact. In the greatest public record known to man, I used primary sources and incontrovertible evidence to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the government rapes people. This was around 2017. Goodbye!”

Yep. You heard it here first, people:

THE GOVERNMENT RAPES PEOPLE

And here it is, my mark on the world:

> consent. Additionally, other methods beyond chemical compounds were used, including electroshocks,[3] hypnosis,[4][5] sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, and other forms of torture.[6][7]

“Sexual abuse”. That was me. You’re welcome, everyone.

And thanks to my teachers for teaching me how to do that.

The truth is, I already know what’s going to happen when I publish this book.

And it turns out - maybe you *can* learn something in school, after all.

Because I didn’t need God to tell me this one. My English teachers already did.

If you write a book that’s good enough, you can change the world. Anyone can do it.

Even you.

And so, this book is dedicated to all the teachers who are not bricks in the wall. Thank you for helping me learn.

May God bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ,

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

So go on, kid, choose! It's your life, it's your dream!

Make a decision, as your countdown begins -

Three billion seconds, then – poof – I win!

Make your bet, draw your cards – I hold arbitrage.

Welcome, my boy, to the world of your dreams,

Nightmares and riddles – monstrous scenes.

Welcome, my child, touch what you wish,

It's yours to fondle, caress, and to kiss.

Welcome to laughter, joy, and love,

Welcome to the facsimile of the good things above.

Welcome to church, and the television screen.

Welcome, my son, to the machine



The Cool Secret Ending Part

Since this is the extra-special *Fractalated* version, you get a cool, secret ending part.

I look over at you from across your desk and smile.

"Hey! It's me, the author. Thanks for reading my book! That's all I've ever wanted. So… how was it? Do you… want to see more? Are you ready to move up the fractal?

This style of reading will make more sense over time. You'll get used to it. I have a whole 'concept song' idea to go with it, but it would take another fractal book to explain.

So, how'd you do. Huh?" I wiggle my eyebrows suggestively at you.

I smile at you. "How'd you do on the riddles?"

You laugh. Now, you know me. I am your friend. I sit easily with people, I always have. No matter who you are. I have gotten along with every single person I have ever met. It's true.

You think. "Hm… well, the tree one was easy. You gave it to me."

I laugh. "That's right! It was your freebie. So, what is the purpose of a tree?"

You smile back at me. "It's to see if we will speak for them. They give us everything – food, wood, shade, shelter, air, water, dignity – they literally hold the ground that we walk on together for us. Will we speak for them? The trees were put here as a test for us. When a people stop speaking for the trees, when they watch them be chopped down and killed in silence, it means that they failed the test.

The consequences of this, inevitably, are that the axes are next turned on the people. That's why it matters. Once you kill the trees, nothing else is left. And the men with axes *will* come for them. If not in your lifetime, in your children's. Someone will need to stand for them eventually. Someone will need to speak for them.

If you want to be courageous, **you must speak out for the defenseless**."

I smile at you. "How I love you, Dear Reader the 2nd. My special friend. I have never known anyone… Ok, I can't be as weird with you. I'll try to keep it more formal for the office. By the way, what should I call you? Do you like… Dear Reader the 2nd?"

You think. "Hm… maybe… Dear Friend? Is that OK?"

I nod. “Dear Friend. I love it. It came to me at the same time as it did for you. It’s just right.”

I smile to myself. “I have two friends. Two whole friends, just for me. Wow. Sorry I invented your name after I called you by it a bunch of times. I wrote this ending part before I ended the beginning.”

Ok, so you got that one. How about the other easy one? Did you get it?”

You think. “Hm… the other easy one…”

I nod. “Yeah. Purity. No sweat, right? Come on. You got that, right?”

I look at you. “*Right???*

I mean, it’s right there… it’s on the beach… floating there… all shiny and shit…

You grin. “Ok. For the purposes of this manuscript, let’s assume that I didn’t get the riddles. Let’s see how I did.”

You look at me. “So… purity.”

It once had corners, lines, and space. Now it lies flat, down on its face.

The golden rule, so they may say – he with the gold makes the rules today.

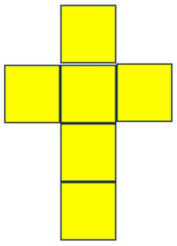
But I heard a whisper, and maybe it’s true – a bride in the sky, waiting for you.

Her faces are six, for the edges times two. Points you’ll find eight, and keep your lines straight.

When you find a gold quoin, here’s what you’ll do.

Cut open a square, slice two more lines too. What shape will I make, as I unfold towards you?

It describes a cube. The “bride in the sky” is a Bible verse (Revelation 21: 16) that describes the huge, golden cube from the end of the story – the temple. Cubes have six sides, or faces, and you double that for the edges. Cubes have eight points, and a “quoin” is how you would fasten such a cube together. You cut this cube on top, make two more cuts, and unfold it. The answer is a **cross**.



If you want to be pure, **you must be willing to suffer**.

I look over at you. "Ok, ok. Was that too easy? I can't tell. I know, for sure, that this one is hard though. So… let's see…" I smile at you. "Did you pass the *Sphinx's Test of Wisdom*?"

You grin back at me.

This is fun, right? Isn't it? I could do this all day with you, I've always wanted someone to read my books. To believe in my music. To talk to me and actually listen. Alright, let's see how you did…

Take one and then double it - listen closely to me – add it together plus tripled by three.

When is a fourth made of four over three?

It's happy and sad, a paradox too – but if you look for the sad part, you will find two.

To top it all off divide nine by eight, and now take your pattern and let's see your fate.

What's that? The last one is two?

Answer the riddle, and look to the clue – will the Sphinx seek to murder you?

Give your answer to the question below, and let's find out just how much you know!

The answer is one, there's your one clue. What am I – what am I to you?

I look over at you. "Well? It's all right there. It's in the manuscript. I literally wrote out the answer to it, pretty much word for word. All you have to do is *see*, instead of *look*. So, what is it?"

You think. "Hm… the answer is one… there's your one clue… it's… one of… something…

The numbers… what do they mean?"

You shake your head. "I'm stumped. I give up."

I laugh. "There's no answer to that! Haha, do you seriously think that means anything? Come on! PSYCH!!!"

You frown at me. "Witness 1, you wouldn't do that to me. Don't do your bullshit anti-jokes, but I have to admit, you are excellent at keeping a straight face in real life. Your bluff is immaculate."

I laugh. "That's a funny compliment because it's true. Thank you, Dear Friend. That's one way I've always made people laugh. You gotta have the poker face. The bluff. It's… it's the pickoff. Hunting, in fact. You can't balk. You know me too well for that, though."

Ok, I'll tell you the answer. And let's see if I win, or if you do.

This riddle describes the harmonic series by using musical ratios and frequency. The harmonic series is just the original frequency multiplied by 1, then 2, then 3, then 4, and on and on forever, which produces variously more complicated and inaudible ratios.

Every vibrating body or instrument produces this pattern, all the time. Even the very planets themselves.

And this is how you construct it:

You start with a **note** ("take one.") Then you add the **octave** which doubles the frequency ("and then double it.")

Next, you add a **perfect fifth**, which is the original frequency multiplied by three ("add it together plus tripled in three.")

Next, is a **perfect fourth** interval, which is expressed by the ratio 4:3 ("*When is a fourth made of four over three?*")

Then, you find a **major third** and **two minor thirds**. Major, minor, minor ("*It's happy and sad, a paradox too – but if you look for the sad part, you will find two.*")

Finally, the last really audible part of the series is a **major second** interval, or a supertonic. This has a ratio of 9:8 ("*To top it all off divide nine by eight… the last one is two.*")

This all sums together to produce what we perceive as **one note**. Despite all of these harmonics and overtones, a "C" really does just sound like a "C" to us.

Therefore, it's all one thing ("*The answer is **one**, there's your one clue. What am I – what am I to you?*)

The answer is a **note**.

If you want to be wise, **you must find the hidden patterns**.

This is the song that is, but is not heard.

I smile at you. "Ok, so for real. Don't lie. How'd you do? Are you interested in the full story? There's a lot more where this came from. Trust me."

Then, I look at you seriously. "These are the riddles of my people. Courage comes from within, purity chooses you, and wisdom is found. These are the riddles of the Keeper of the Sacred Tree. The way was never lost. In fact, the way that can be lost is not the eternal way.

The canon that can be heard is not the eternal canon. The book that can be read is not the book that you have written. The book that you have written is in the end of the beginning."

With that, I wink at you and pull out the Willy Wonka hat, purple coat with two little tails, and the cane. I put them on, and smile at you. "Well?"

You stare at me. "Well… it's been fun, Witness 1. Thanks a lot."

I stare back at you. "Aren't you… *forgetting something?*"

A clock ticks ominously in the background.

Tick… tock

Tick… tock

You begin to sweat nervously. *Um… did I… forget something? No…*

I frown. "You win… NOTHING!!! GOOD DAY, SIR!!!"

Tick… tock

Tick… tock

"Didn't you'd think I'd want that Bowie knife back? *Huh?* That thing cost me $300!"

You stare at me. *Bowie… knife?*

I slap my forehead. "Oh, shit! That's only in the full-size version of the fractal! Oh, geez. I'm sorry about that."

You grin. "Come on, Witness 1… don't do that to me…"

I laugh. "Hey Chekhov! Come back over here!"

A distinguished Russian gentleman with a pointy beard and spectacles, wearing a suit, walks up to us. He smiles at me and says that he thought my manuscript was actually pretty good. My

favorite quote from him is, “Medicine is my lawful wife, but writing is my mistress.” He was a doctor, of course, and he can be a little strict about the mechanics of it all.

I turn to him. “мне нужен нож.”

He looks down and frowns. “Нет, ты не можешь этого получить.”

Oh, come on. I look at you and sigh. “Почему нет?”

He starts gesticulating, and speaks angrily at me. “Потому что ты не использовал эту дурацкую штуку! Зачем ты вообще это написал?”

I look over at you, then at him. I stand next to you, and put my arm on your shoulder. I lean in towards you, and smile at him. “Да ладно, я правда хочу подарить это этому парню. Посмотрите, какой он милый! Посмотрите на его маленькое лицо. Я люблю его.”

The Russian guy sighs. “Хорошо. Но только потому, что это особая версия фрактала.”

He reaches into a black satchel, and pulls out a long, shimmering Bowie knife. He hands it to you:



I turn to you. “I bought this with my first-ever credit card. It was also when I bought a one-way ticket to the Virgin Islands, which is when I met Witness 2. I want to tell you all these stories, but in full.

I *need* to tell them to you, in fact. I wanted it back from him so I could give it to you again, in this book.

Now, this is yours. Take it. It’s all I have for you.”

I turn to the man, still standing there staring at us. He smiles and waves goodbye at us.

We wave back to him. “Thanks, buddy. Sorry about the spaghetti later on.”

I look over at you. "Man! Wouldn't it suck to be trapped in a fractal book and be forced to do the same thing over and over, every day? Like… every day the sun rises… the sun sets… nothing ever really changes… just stuck doing the same meaningless bullshit day after day because you got sucked into a portal and ended up trapped in a fractal somehow.

Haha, geez – wouldn't that suck so bad! Poor little guy… Hey, that would be a great *Twilight Zone* episode, though."

I turn back towards you. "Hey, that reminds me… you know the books from the satchel I left with you… Um… those actually cost me a lot to print… yeah… so…"

I twinkle a hooded I at you.

"Just kidding. Let's blow this shit wide open. Let's print a million copies. Let's buy a fucking printing company. Let's pass these books out on the streets."

You frown. "Is that how it works these days? Are you allowed to just… print books and hand them out?"

I laugh. "Let's do something different! How about… we all go back to live concerts, throw our fucking phones in the ocean, and start reading books again? Huh? You guys can all come to my shows, and I'll play music while people read my books and we'll hand them out for free?

Then, I'll play an awesome guitar solo, for real, like you've never heard, and I can talk about my books on stage! Let's just… play live shows again, for free.

Sort of like… if school was awesome and fun and people actually learned things! Maybe, a little like it always should have been. Maybe, we can all learn a new story together."

What do you say? Sound fun? Maybe we can do a little… *amateur mycology and horticulture?*"

I lean in towards you and whisper. "mushrooms, poppies, and weed. Don't tell any –"

From across the room we hear Witness 2. "Hey! I heard that shit! Definitely NOT!!!"

I laugh. "No, but for real. Let's do this. Let's do that. Let's do concerts. Let's play live music again. Do it big, like they used to. Let's tell our own story on stage."

Let's do Reddit ads. Let's do TikTok ads. Let's do YouTube ads. Let's do all the ads. Bluesky is a ripe… fruit… just waiting to be… plucked. I'll save my *Scarface* references for later, I guess. You can raise millions upon millions of people at once right now.

Let's do viral marketing. Guerilla marketing. I can do it. I know I can. We can do it.

It'll be a mystery. All we have to do is light the spark, and the world will wonder. Everyone loves a good show… and trust me, I know how to give it to them. I do. Come and find me.

If you do… well, we all know what happens to authors who write about 9/11, anyways. I'm ready to stand up right now for them, if they can have me. If people give me a voice, I will use it to fight for them until I die.

Go on. I dare them to test me. I'm not scared in the slightest.

And get this - you're never gonna believe what happens next!

Who is Witness 1? Well, *wouldn't you like to know???*

With that I smile, and begin floating up to a big, fluffy white cloud. You peer up, and see me waving to you and smiling. You hold your hand over your eyes, but the sun just seems to… seems to… get in the way. I begin to wash out of your vision.

You hear me faintly calling –

"Goodbye… Goodbye… Goodbye… Goodbye… Goodbye now, I love you! Goodbye! Good luck finding me! I left some clues."

"Wow," you think to yourself. "That was… um… really unusual. I… think I have some phone calls to make."

At that, you call your secretary. You have a secretary, though I have literally no idea what that would be like. I am not like you. I am a nobody. I am a nothing man. I belong nowhere.

My voice has been stolen. My book will die without you. I do not have a way to get this to people without you.

You have a voice. What will you use it for?

You think to yourself. "Martha…", you say to her.

"I have a story." You pause. "A good one. A story I can sell."

You think back to a book you once read. A long, strange one – filled with things that couldn't be real. Magic, even. A dragon. A wizard. A hero.

A trilogy, in fact. You read it for the first time in the Fifth grade, coincidentally. You felt so proud of yourself for reading over 1,000 pages. It's filled with *leitfmotifs*, because it's based on Wagner's *The Ring.*

The book series was called *Lord of the Rings*. And the quote that echoes through your mind is this:

All that is required for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.

You sigh, and feel something you haven't felt in a long time. Or rather, you don't feel something.

What you don't feel is scared anymore. You don't feel alone anymore. That's because you know I am ready to stand up and fight for you. I am willing to stand in front of a tank for you. I am willing to die for this book.

Now, you have someone on your side. Someone in *your* corner for once. Someone with… maybe a little bit of *magic* on their side. Well, let's just call it luck. Or maybe, we can use the term I learned in my Psychology classes – *persuasion*.

"Martha… He's right. I can't watch this bullshit anymore. I mean… what the hell are we even doing here?"

You look over at her. "Make the call. I'm in. I'm going all in with Witness 1. Email him back at witness1email@proton.me, and tell him we're ready .

Hm… we'll need a symbol. Something simple… intuitive… recognizable… meaningful. Something they can draw everywhere – that's always how it works. Something like… maybe… the Greek Omega symbol!"



Which means, "The End." Yeah, that will work!

Then, you make it out of 2s, so that it symbolizes both "love", as a heart, and "The Two Witnesses." A *triple* meaning, and so easy to draw. Everyone can make this symbol. Every computer has these symbols in it already. It's perfect:



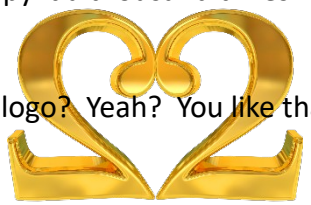
Yep, let's see… that took about 10 seconds in Word. That should do the trick, I think. *Love at The End.* It's fresh. It's original. It's meaningful.

Hey, here's something I put together in about an hour:



Get the artists. Get the taggers. Let's put this everywhere. People will copy it, and this will allow people to say the things that you cannot express with words. It will spread. This is another key. Make it strong, and copy it a thousand times. Copy it a *million* times. Bring this image to life.

Ooo, how about a transparent PNG logo? Yeah? You like that? Lots more where this came from.



Get the artists. Get the taggers. Let's put this everywhere. People will copy it, and this will allow people to say the things that you cannot express with words. It will spread. This is another key. Make it strong, and copy it a thousand times. Copy it a *million* times. Bring this image to life.

If anyone can do this, it's me. I have always known I was magic.

Goodbye, now! I love you!

By the way, if you didn't get the riddles right, you totally owe me! You're still the most special character I have ever written, and they were still written just for you. This is *the way*.

Hope to hear back from you, Dear Friend.

With love and sincerity for all mankind,

Witness 1

The Two Witnesses

You look over at Martha and smile. You never noticed how beautiful she is before. You run over and clasp her on the shoulders. She smiles at you, and you remember something. Something you… forgot.

You remember that she is the same as you. And you are the same as her. And now, you see each other face to face. You hear the same river as her. She hears the same river as you.

"Martha… my dear… an uncontrollable urge has come over me! I… I haven't felt this in years! Not since I was a *child*, in fact!"

You look around. "Why… I must say… I feel like *reading!* BOOKS! How have we forgotten about BOOKS?!?" You look down at the black screen of the phone in your hands, toss it out the window, and wave as it shatters on the street below. "Bye bye, won't miss ya!"

"What have we been doing, Martha? Books! *Reading*! I feel… I feel a great *confusion* lifting off me. I can see clearly now… the rain is gone! Why… I used to love reading! Didn't… didn't we all used to… *love* reading?"

She smiles at you. "We did… didn't we? I remember the first book I ever read. It was… I think… *Madeline.* Yes, that was it! 'In an old house in Paris, covered in vines – lived twelve little girls in two straight lines!'"

She looks at you and blushes. "Oh, my! I… I didn't know I still remembered that!"

You think. "Wasn't she… an orphan girl? She was fearless, more brave than the other ones? She has no fear of the great and terrible tiger, and she has no fear of… death? Didn't she get her… appendix removed? Remember - she almost died, and through her example all the other little girls learn to be brave, too. And then they no longer feared death anymore, either."

She looks at you. You smile at her. "Yeah," she says. "I think it was something like that. That song you sang, too… I… I used to love that one. 'It's gonna be a bright, bright, sunshiney day.' Look outside, Dear Friend. It *is* a sunny day. And it's… beautiful. It's true. I *can* see clearly now."

You laugh together. "Martha," you say. "Go get me the full manuscript. *I Am Witness 1: My Life as an MK Ultra Victim*. I'm ready to *read* again. I wonder if… if… if these very words I just spoke are *leitmotifs*? Can it be? How many more are there for me to find? Wow… reading is just like video games and TV, actually. But way, *way* better. Because this game is real!" She smiles at you and turns away.

"Oh Martha, my dear," you call to her. "Do… do you start at the top or bottom when you read a fractal book?"

"Do not be afraid," she says to you. Suddenly, you notice the great wisdom in her eyes, and you see a pure white aura emanating from her.

"*Listen well*. The darkness of the screen represents the darkness in your mind. Throw it out the window. A great and terrible evil has overtaken humanity. Fell omens are upon us. Right now, the darkness seems impenetrable. But it is only dark until the dawn."

She stares at you and points. Suddenly her voice shifts, and it's both higher and lower at the same time – polyphonic. Like a thousand monks chanting on a hillside. Her appearance is both beautiful and terrible, a goddess of vengeance and wrath.

"*Where the owl crosses the sacred star, you may wonder where you are. Look for the dome, and look to the tower – a crowd will gather to watch one empowered. And he will cross the river and bower, to give the people a living shower.*

Look to his coming by full light of the Thunder Moon. The number of this prophecy, and the number of the man, is three thousand, three hundred, twenty, and six."

She turns and raises a hand towards the sun. "*At dawn, look to the East.*"

Then, a white flash - a brilliant, blinding explosion – and she's gone with the sound of thunder.

I smile at you. "That's not in the other manuscripts. Sometimes, maybe we do entertain them without knowing it. So, no matter where you start on a fractal book, it's the same thing. It

repeats. It's patterns. As long as the structure and symmetry remain, you can zoom in and out, or start from wherever you want in the book. It won't make a difference.

However, you will only work your way up the fractal - upwards in complexity. The point here is that there are multiple starting points, so that anyone can understand at any level. Once you have the basics, you can move up the fractal by learning. There's more to it, but that's about it. If you don't know anything at all, you will start at the beginning.

As a matter of fact, you could write fractal books forever. You'd never run out of new ways to combine words, or things to talk about. According to philosophy teachers and mathematician, such a thing is not even possible. With fractal books, there will be a starting point for everyone, and it will increase in complexity from there."

I point over to a crowd of people watching eagerly behind the wall and whisper to you. "Don't tell them, but we're in the starter version right now. …Also, tell the "editors" I'm sorry, but we won't be needing them anymore. No, I'm joking. The prophecy is real, though."

I start waving and cheering at them. "Yeah! That's my people right there! I love you guys!" I snap two finger guns at them. I turn back to you and smile. "Don't you know that Wagner's *The Ring* is a canon? In the classrooms, they call it *The Ring Cycle.*

It's a loop. It never ends. In fact, it's the Never-Ending Story. Start wherever you want, the same story plays out. Just in different patterns. It's… kind of like… you know… the I – V – vi – IV structure. well, I guess you'll have to read the rest for that one."

I wink at you. "However… it's, maybe, a little like… oh, I don't know. A little bit like how they used to give baths in the old days. They'd start by washing your feet. Start at the bottom and work your way up."

You smile back at me.

"And don't forget to bring a towel!"

I look over at the crowd, and then back at you. "Come on… pretty snappy ending, right? Huh?"

You nod. "Not bad, honestly. Once I read the full book, I'll understand all this a lot better, I'm sure. But I'm in. Let's change the world together. I'm ready to do… something great. I can see it now."

I smile at you. "Do you want to try something new, Dear Friend? Something I never did with Dear Reader?" I raise an eyebrow at you suggestively.

You grin. "Come on… what is it? You know me. I'm down."

"Have you ever crowdsurfed?"

You laugh. *Hm… actually, no.*

"Come on, I'll show you how. It's called a leap of faith."

At that, we jump off the stage together, into the waiting arms of millions of people below us. They buoy us with their hands, and joyfully pass us around the crowd. Oh, how they cheer for us.

"Wow!" You look at me. "I can see for miles, and miles!"

I nod at you. "Isn't this great? It's called *trust*."

You look at me with questions in your eyes.

I grin. "What? Did you really think all this was going to go on and not one single person was going to step up and fight for you? Come on…"

I look around. "Don't you people read the papers? Haven't you been seeing these… oh yeah… Well, shoot, haven't you people ever read a book?!?" Then I think. "Oh, yeah…"

I think back to my Freshman English class with the kind walrus who taught me how to write an autobiography and always found my hidden Beatles references.

Hm… how to explain books to them… Well… they grew from these things called trees… from the ground… No, no… Little squiggly things with meaning… no… hm…

Then it comes to me.

They pass us back to the stage, and I stand there with you. I strap on my blue Ibanez with ocean eyes and put my arm around you. As the bass and drums hit it and the crowd goes wild, I lean into the microphone and shout –

“ALRIGHT, ON FOUR - I WANNA HEAR YOU GO NUTS FOR ME - THIS SHIT IS CALLED *THE HERO’S JOURNEY*!!!”

Oh, man. You should have seen the crowd go wild for us. It’s a dream come true.

I point a lone finger gun at you while I hold down a G# minor chord.

“So, what do you say?” I grin.

“Are you feeling lucky?”

Snap!

My Legal Disclaimer

©2025 *The Two Witnesses*

All rights reserved.

Ok, so, the serious part of this book. Actually, there is no serious part – as a matter of fact, it’s all serious. Like I said. This book is the most serious thing I have ever written, and I believe in it more strongly than anything else I’ve ever felt.

And I am legally allowed to publish it, and I’m sorry if people don’t like that. I am. I’m sorry that people get mad when I tell the truth.

But, for real. This is for all the lawyers and publishers out there. Yeah, I bet they love you guys at parties, huh? Huh? What’s that? Oh - they do, huh? Well…

This book was not produced for profit, though I retain all rights to sell it. I am not publishing it to make money, I have never sold a single book, and no money or goods have ever been exchanged for my writing. However, I reserve all ownership rights to commercialize this writing in any way I choose.

This book is a diary of my personal thoughts and recollections woven around a real-life, historical narrative supported by over 800 hard, factual sources. I challenge anyone to debunk what I write, and I welcome anyone who can show me where even a single one of my 800

sources is false, or that the conclusions and questions I draw from them are not logical, reasonable, and rational.

By the time I am done with this book and counting my other ones, I will have well over 2,000 pages of original research supporting my worldview.

Do you?

Is it illegal now to tell the truth?

These are original, self-produced books which I am legally allowed to publish or distribute for free wherever I choose. I am also legally allowed to sell this manuscript to a publisher for profit, and I retain all rights to do so. This is an original creative work, by me.

I have ensured that the images and reproductions I have used in my books are in compliance with existing copyright law, specifically, the *fair use doctrine*.

The *fair use* legal doctrine in the United States allows for limited use of copyrighted material - without the holder's permission - in certain circumstances, including:

- When it is *transformative*, i.e., that it changes the copyrighted material out of its original state. For example, screenshotting a few key frames from *A Song Remains the Same*, and building an entirely new story out of it. Revealing hidden secrets, behind the frames even, that no one else has ever seen. Telling a completely new story that was hidden in plain sight all along by building a brand-new exegesis.

This is the *key* one, as it distinguishes between what is "unfairly" just *copying* or *plagiarizing* someone's copyrighted work, versus sampling or examining just a tiny bit of it in order to turn it into something brand new, something larger.

It's not just me quoting people or taking screenshots, and saying, "Yeah! Isn't that right?", it's taking it and turning it into something brand new. As different from the original as an apple is from an apple seed. Something that can only be seen by showing you just a tiny bit of it and elaborating on it. What you're going for here is to turn it into something new, so that you can *study it* in your own way.

That's another key to fair use doctrine - *studying* it. Is it something that can teach people? While leads to the next criteria for *fair use*:

- When it is *educational.* Obviously, I wrote this book to educate people on why I think the things I do. I want to tell people that I am not insane. I literally, desperately, need to educate people on this, or else, I fear that it must be true. This book is the most educational book you will ever read in your life - I will argue that in a courtroom and

know, for a fact, that I am correct about it. I am taking the role of teacher here, out of sheer desperation to prove myself to the world.

- When it is for *news reporting.* Now, I am not a professional journalist. However, go look at my other books. Are you seriously going to tell me I'm not an "author?" I expose high crimes and lies from high places, am I not a "reporter" because I don't have a "degree" in it? Because I don't "sell" my books?

  Citizen journalism is a thing. We used to do this. I am *legally* allowed to do investigative journalism as a private citizen, and I could quite easily argue in a courtroom that this is exactly what I am doing here - even without all my other powerful defenses, like the First Amendment.

- When it is for *criticism*. Yep. I really, *really* am critiquing people in this. And I hope that they read it. Under this criterion, you are allowed to quote any public statement people have made or published that is documented with evidence, and question why they chose to say that, or why you might think it's a stupid thing to say. You are also allowed to prove that these statements are lies, and then say that they are liars.

  In addition, all publicly available and legal-to-obtain data is fair game to critique. If information is out there on the open internet and I can find it, I'm allowed to publish it, talk about it, discuss it, put it together with other data, and critique it. It's true. We have a powerful right to critique in this country, and I intend to use it. That's a primary function of the First Amendment. If you guys don't get it, I'll write a book on the First Amendment for you. That one will cost you, though.

- When it is for *parody,* or *humor.* And you know what, I could *also* quite easily argue in court that this whole "Witness 1", "I'm in the Bible" thing is just an act. Yeah, it's all a big parody of "Guy who thinks he's a Biblical Prophet, gets megadosed with acid by the US Government, and has a psychotic break about a wolf demon", which is – honestly – fucking hilarious. So, there you go. Maybe this is all just a big practical joke. Obviously, this is my weakest defense, but honestly it's not the worst one I've ever heard. Don't test my sense of humor or ability to turn this into a standup comedy routine - you might not like the result. That's my advice.

Therefore, all copyrighted material used in this book, as well as all of my others, obviously, is comprehensively, undeniably, irrefutably, and without any shadow of a doubt, covered under the fair use legal doctrine.

All donations made to us are purely out of people's goodwill, and to support the charity work that we do privately through our ministry - largely to other private Christian leaders in third-world, impoverished nations. There are no refunds.

This book is intended solely as an educational resource for people who want to learn things to read. I have no other intentions beyond educating people, expanding their minds, and giving them new things to think about. Telling them a new story.

We are not an official organization, and we are not a 501(c)(3) charity. We are a private family, composed of private citizens, who are allowed to think things and then write them down.

We operate in anonymity out of fear for our physical safety and have received many illegal threats - including actual, honest to God death threats - and other forms of harassment due to simply writing down the truth. This also serves as a cease-and-desist notice for all threats and harassment towards me and my family. Maybe, if I ask nicely – *hey, please stop killing my dogs, harassing us, and drugging me because I wrote down all the other crimes you did!*

To clarify, there are no laws against saying anything that I say in this book, nor are there any laws against publishing books. Everything I say in this book is supported by news articles and facts of public record, and every statement I make or question I ask about real people, places, or events is based on this public record.

I am *allowed* to cite news articles, primary sources, or other such discoverable evidence and ask questions about the people in them. Question what they said and did, and why they might have done that. I am. Every single piece of information I used in this book was obtained 100% legally, through the sheer power of *research*. *I fucking love science, baby!* Anyways, thank you to my teachers - it turned out to actually be really useful to know how to do all of this.

To Larry Silverstein, I already know you're terrified of ending up in a courtroom over 9/11. I know what you did, and you can go fuck yourself. You thought no one noticed. You thought that it had slipped by, didn't you? That you accidentally told two different stories about where you were that day, and two different articles printed them? Is that right? I *see* you.

To Dov Zakheim – try me, asshole. You haven't done one single thing in your life you haven't asked someone you think is better than you permission for. I happen to know that being inside a courtroom scares you more than anything, too. Bitch boy.

To Steven Spielberg, I am allowed to cite news articles about an incident very intimately related to you, with a victim whom you were *very* closely involved with, and ask questions about it.

I am even allowed to speculate or draw conclusions from these news articles and other evidence. I am allowed to connect dots, form conclusions, and then tell people what I think might have really happened. The truth is, I can quite easily tell when I'm being lied to.

So, if you don't like it, then I'm sorry. I'm sorry you don't like it.

And if you can go ahead and answer those questions for me, with proof, then I will admit I was wrong about this and *maybe* consider editing *your* little section.

Everything in this book is protected speech under the First Amendment. I am allowed to license a copy of Word and write what I think about the world, just like every other person in this country. I am allowed to give away what I write, publish it anywhere I can, or sell it to anyone on this planet for as much as I want to.

It's my right. I am ALLOWED to SPEAK.

Aren't I?

I have never made a specific threat towards anyone, and I do not plan to. I have no intentions of harming others or myself in any way. I am not suicidal, and I would never kill myself. I have always planned to be homeless on the beach first, obviously. The honest-to-God truth is I have never harmed a living or non-living being in my life intentionally, and I will not ever do so. This is a solemn vow I have sworn until I die.

And I'm truly sorry to everyone for writing this book and then actually trying to get a literary agent and publish it. I'm sorry I called out all your filthy crimes and the murders you thought no one else noticed. I'm sorry I told the truth. I'm sorry I don't lie every day of my life like you guys.

I'm sorry, am I in your fucking way or something?

Witness 1

The Two Witnesses

9:40 A.M.

1/17/25


LΣT MΨ PΣΘPLΣ GΘ

Appendices: Previous Writings

Appendix *A* - The 30-Year Warning

To fully understand Donald Trump, you have to understand what Robert Zemeckis was telling us in the *Back to the Future* series. The creators of Back to the Future, which is a thinly-veiled *9/11* confession, have stated that their evil character of time-traveling "future Biff" was based on Trump:

- https://www.usatoday.com/story/lifelentertainthis/2015L10l21lbelieve-back-future-predicted-trumps-runl74359844/

If you don't understand the significance of this, we'll have to look at another excerpt, this time from The More Rational Worldview. Bear with me here and read this through until the end if you haven't seen this before, as this is quite shocking and unexplainable through sheer chance:

We begin the film series with an Islamic terrorist attack at the "twin pines mall":



These screenshots are from this YouTube video, *Back to the Future Predicts 9/11: https:ffwww.youtube.comfwatch?V=P1ULjJ3EqyY*

The clock reads 9: 11 upside-down:



Two more encoded 9:II's appear upside-down within this Islamic terrorist attack scene:

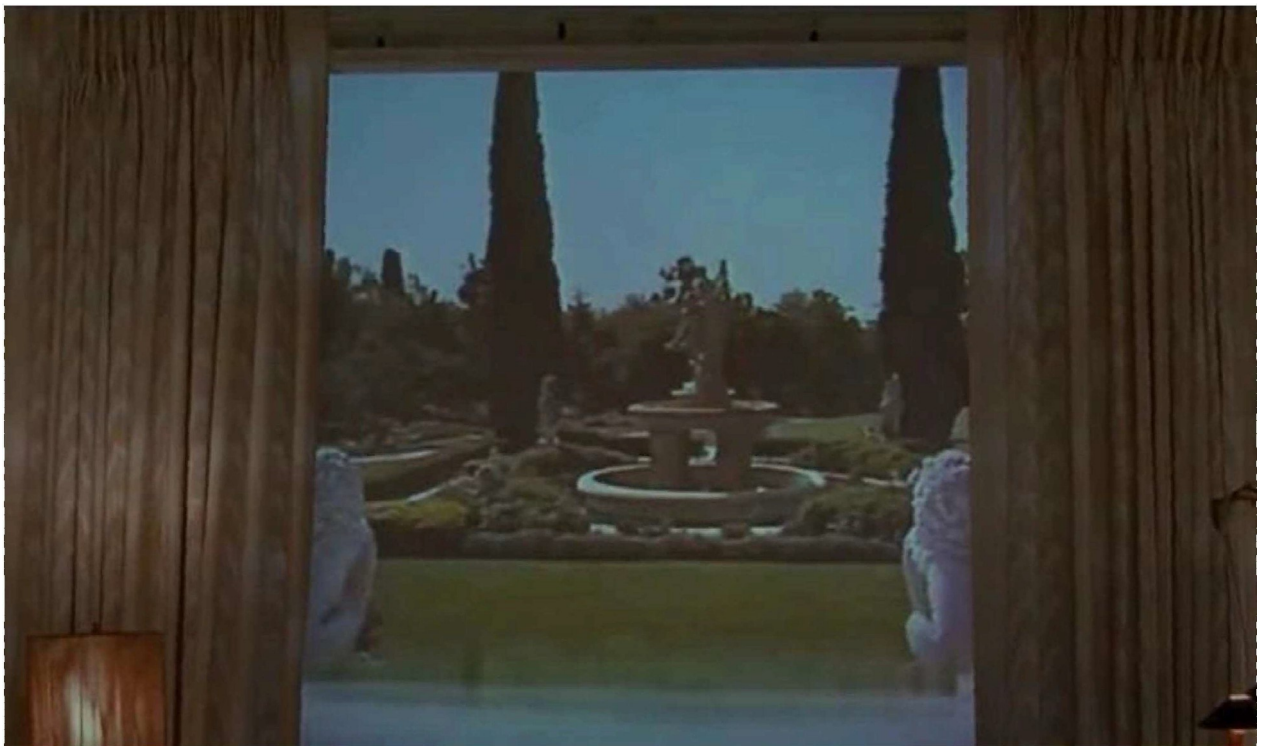


The "twin pines" become the "lone pine" in this movie due to changed past events, symbolizing the towers transition from the "twin towers" to the newly-built singular tower.





The pines/towers next appear in this scene, in which they literally transition into the towers:



Notably, the twin towers slide is the only "movie" present in this set of slides. While the others are static, the towers are shown moving upwards as if the slide is transitioning:



Further signifying that this represents the real-life towers, onscreen is a conspicuously placed Statue of Liberty torch, making this a perfect set of New York:



One of the few times in cinema history featuring an upside-down character, similar to how the times on the clocks can be read upside-down:



This seems to suggest that we watch the "twin towers movie within a movie" from his upside-down perspective, in which we find the most literal depiction of the towers' collapse in cinema history:



Furthermore, the plot develops into an elaborate warning about an event 30 years in the future, the same time as when the movie was released to when they are watching the twin towers movie slides (1985-2015). There is a subplot involving saving a clock "tower", while simultaneously they devise a plan to rig the "tower" with a *wire* in order to power their time machine:



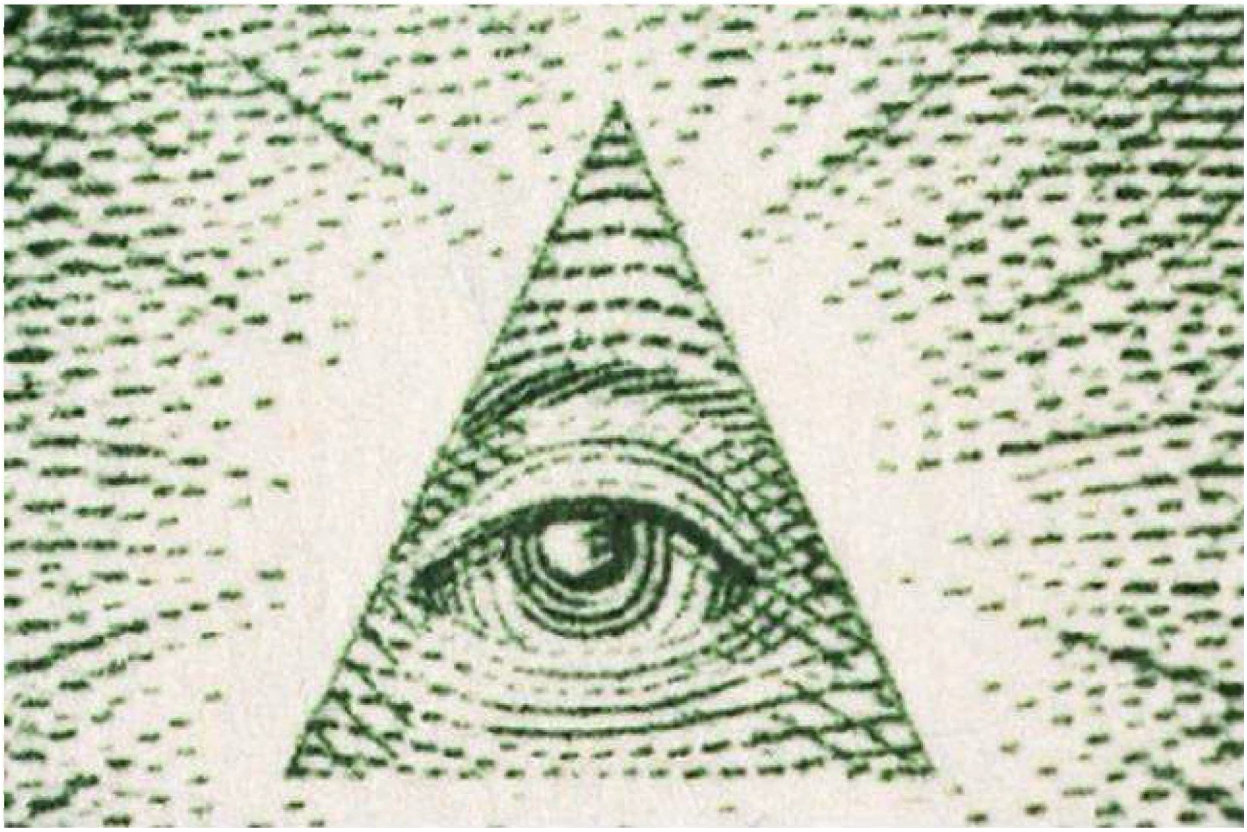


However, in this scene in which we see the words, "save the... tower", something sinister lurks behind the woman:



Behind the woman we find the "Eye of Providence", or what has been called the "signature" of the international criminal banking syndicate that conducted 9/11. According to the *BBC*. "The 'Eye of

Providence' - an eye set within a triangle - is one such symbol, associated with Freemasonry but also linked with the apocryphal Illuminati, a secret group of elite individuals allegedly seeking to control global affairs."

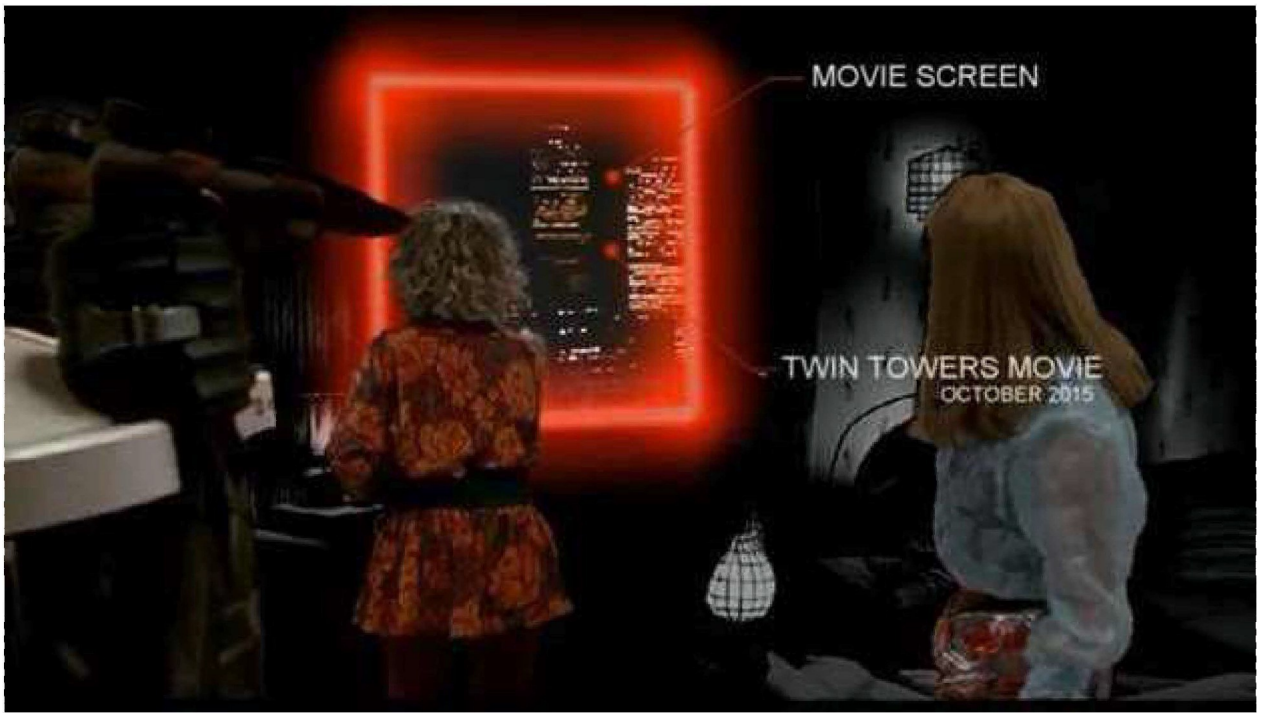


Unfortunately, it gets even worse for Zemeckis. After they successfully compete this plan, another encoded 9/11is shown directly on screen:



Is this all just *Coincidence?* Remember that everything we see from Hollywood is carefully and painstakingly curated, especially for highly-produced directors like Zemeckis, who directed *Forrest Gump,* and films like this that involved elaborate and ground-breaking special effects.

Let's more closely examine the "warning". Recall that in October 2015, the characters are watching a hidden "movie within a movie" containing the towers collapsing, 30 years in the future from when the series began, 1985. Separately, they are also acting out a subplot about rigging a wire to a tower, and a written warning about an Islamic terrorist attack that would kill one of the characters, 30 years in the future:



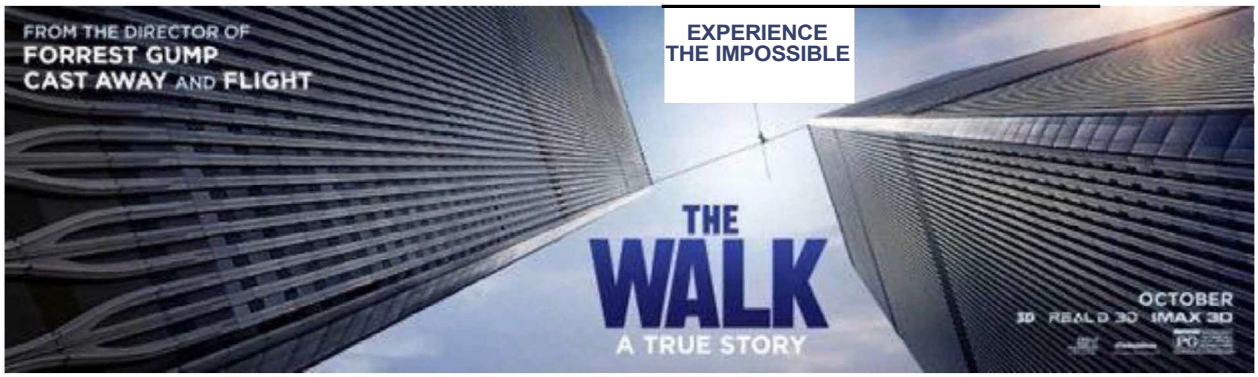


This short movie of the towers collapsing is analogous to the warning Marty is writing in the scene about the Islamic terrorist attack at the "twin pines" that he states would be understood in 30 years, when he says the line, "You'll find out in 30 years".



We know this, because Zemeckis actually *did* release, of all things, a twin towers film *exactly 30 years after this movie* in October 2015. This movie involved rigging the World Trade Center towers with a *wire,* further demonstrating that this whole series is, indeed, a warning, and an apparent confession of foreknowledge about 9/11- an "Islamic terrorist attack" on the "twin pines". According to *Variety*:

> Sony's "The Walk" is receiving an early release at Imax...more than a week before the wide release on Oct. 9 [2015)...The film... is based on Philippe Petit's 1974 walk on a wire between the Towers of the World Trade Center. Joseph Gordon-Levitt stars in the film, directed by **Robert Zemeckis**



Even more coincidentally, this film features essentially a body double of the protagonist, finishing off the symbolism with a 30 year later tight-rope walk across the towers. **Now what are the odds of that?**



Now, the important part when it comes to Trump is a subplot in *Back to the Future 2* involving Biff, the antagonistic character modeled after Trump, going back in time and using a sports almanac from the 1955 to cheat in gambling and become rich, powerful, and antagonistic.

This "alternate future" Biff-Trump character runs a casino/hotel, Biff Tannen's Pleasure Paradise in which he resides on the top floor, acting as a sort of organized crime boss.



So, assuming that this isn't all just coincidence and the people behind Robert Zemeckis are sending or placing a message to be decoded in the future, what they seem to be saying is that some type of time manipulation was responsible for facilitating both 9/11and the rise of Donald Trump.

This is a significantly literal and rare moment of truth telling from Hollywood. There is an important message being told in Back to the Future, and it's simply impossible that all this information is encoded in the movies coincidentally. From the 9/11 imagery to the October 2015 release of *The Walk,* Robert Zemeckis and his handlers in the Synagogue of Satan are telling us to pay attention to Trump, that his rise is not a coincidence, and the same powers that facilitated 9/11are involved with his life as well.

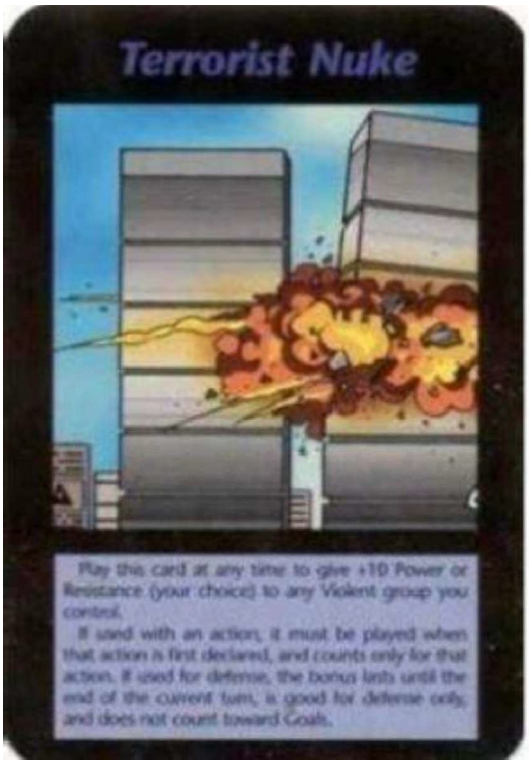
Moreover, they are sending a clear message that some type of time travel technology seems to have been involved in "creating" Trump, making sure that he always came out on top, and ensuring a position of power for his life.

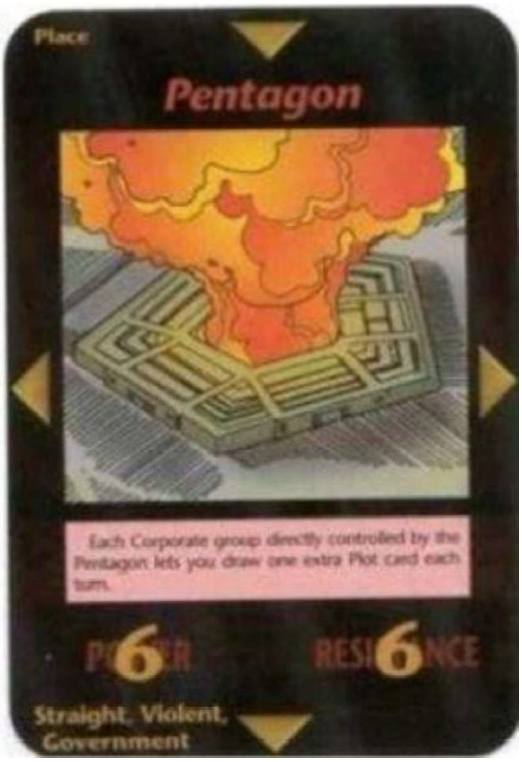
Appendix B - Predictive Programming and 9/11: Fear Is Contagious



Now, it's important to remember that the Synagogue of Satan loves to use predictive programming, with 9/11 being a notable example:

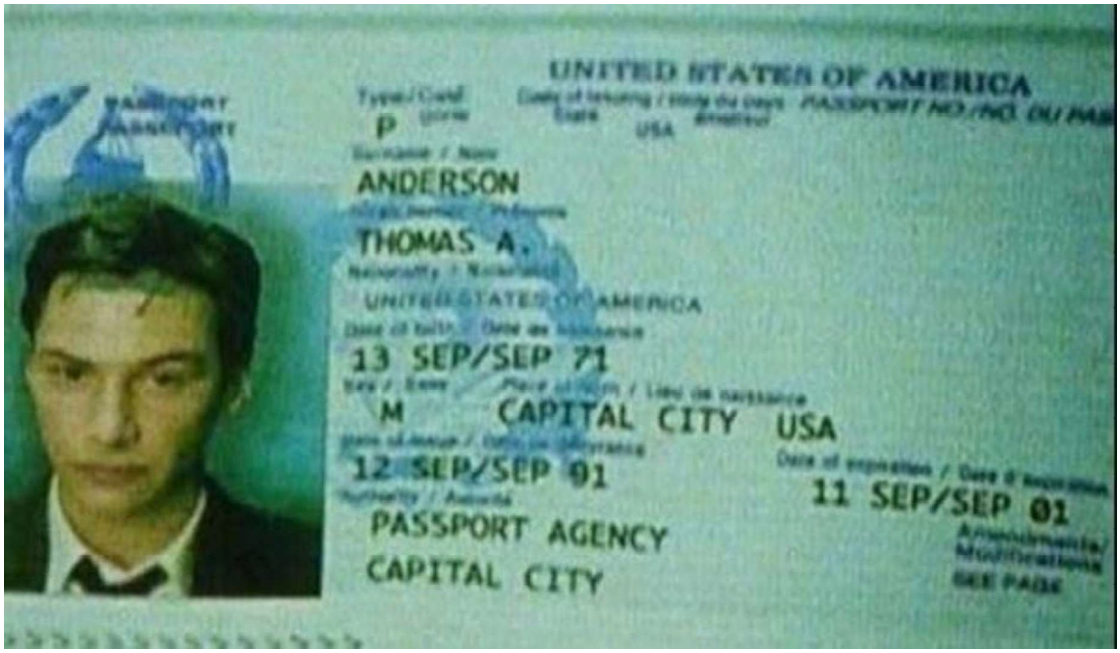



Terrorist Nuke
Play this card at any time to give +10 Power or Resistance (your choice) to any Violent group you control.
If used with an action, it must be played when that action is first declared, and counts only for that action. If used for defense, the bonus lasts until the end of the current turn, is good for defense only, and does not count toward Goals.


Place
Pentagon
Each Corporate group directly controlled by the Pentagon lets you draw one extra Plot card each turn.
6
6
Straight, Violent, Government


Everyone thinks that their joints are safe & strong.
collapses them.
OSTEOARTHRITIS (OA) · ACT BEFORE IT STRIKES YOU
WHAT HAPPENS TO A JOINT AFFECTED BY OSTEOARTHRITIS ?
1
2
3
4
CartiSafe-Forte – Safeguards the Cartilage & Strengthens the BONE

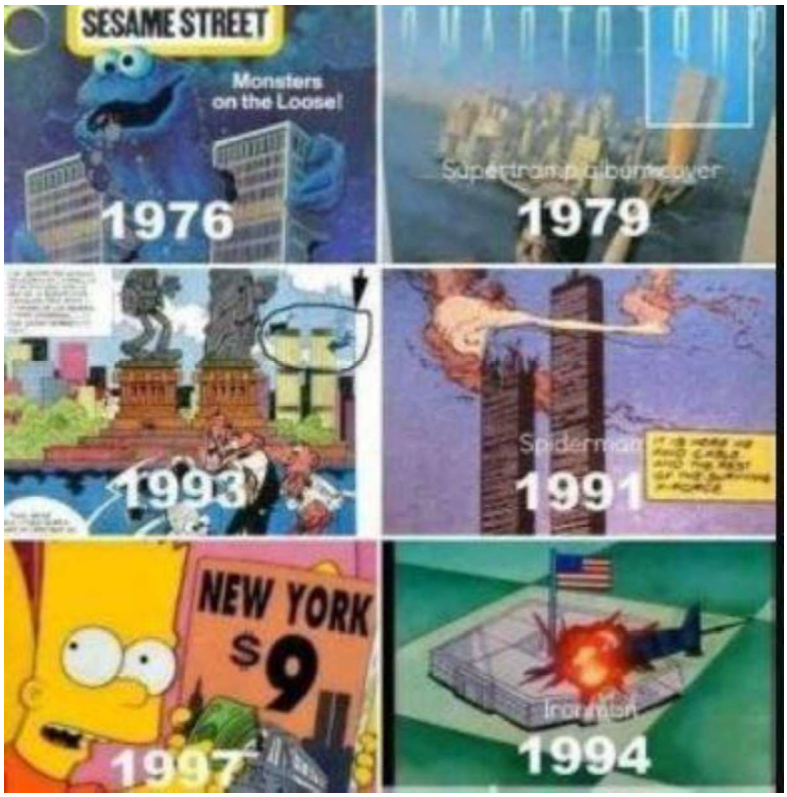

COMING SOON


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
P
USA
ANDERSON
THOMAS A.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
13 SEP/SEP 71
M
CAPITAL CITY
USA
12 SEP/SEP 01
11 SEP/SEP 01
PASSPORT AGENCY
CAPITAL CITY



Challenge Of The Super Friends – 1978 AD
The pyramid eye raises from the
ocean and shoots a beam at the WTC




SESAME STREET
Monsters on the Loose!
1976
1979
1993
Spiderman
1991
NEW YORK
$9
1997
1994


THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO MANHATTAN
New York Times by the Committee for a Reasonable World Trade Center – 1968 AD

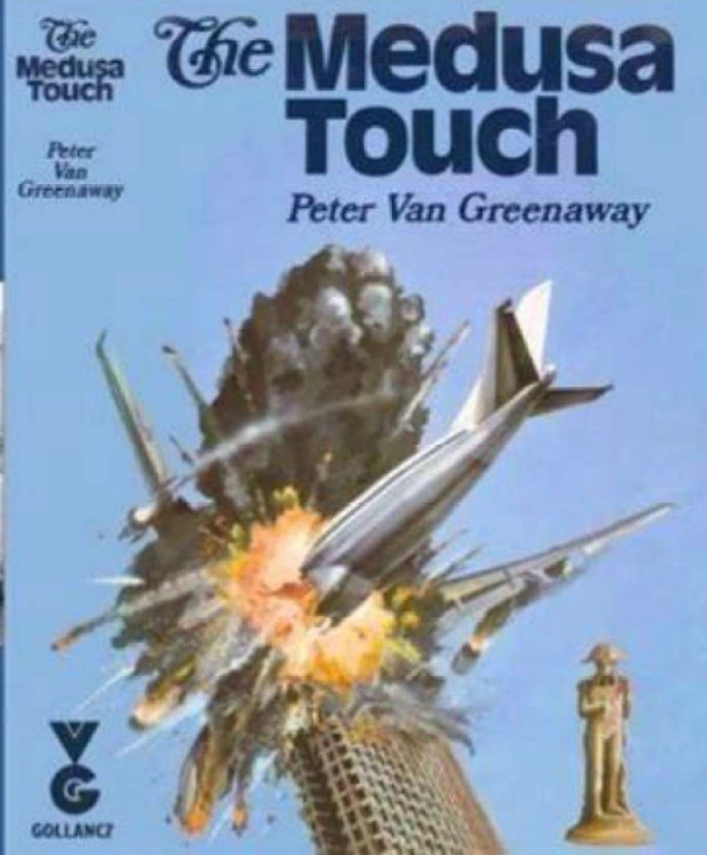


1978 – Israeli agent Arnon Milchan makes his first film, *The Medusa Touch*, which features a 9/11 type attack.

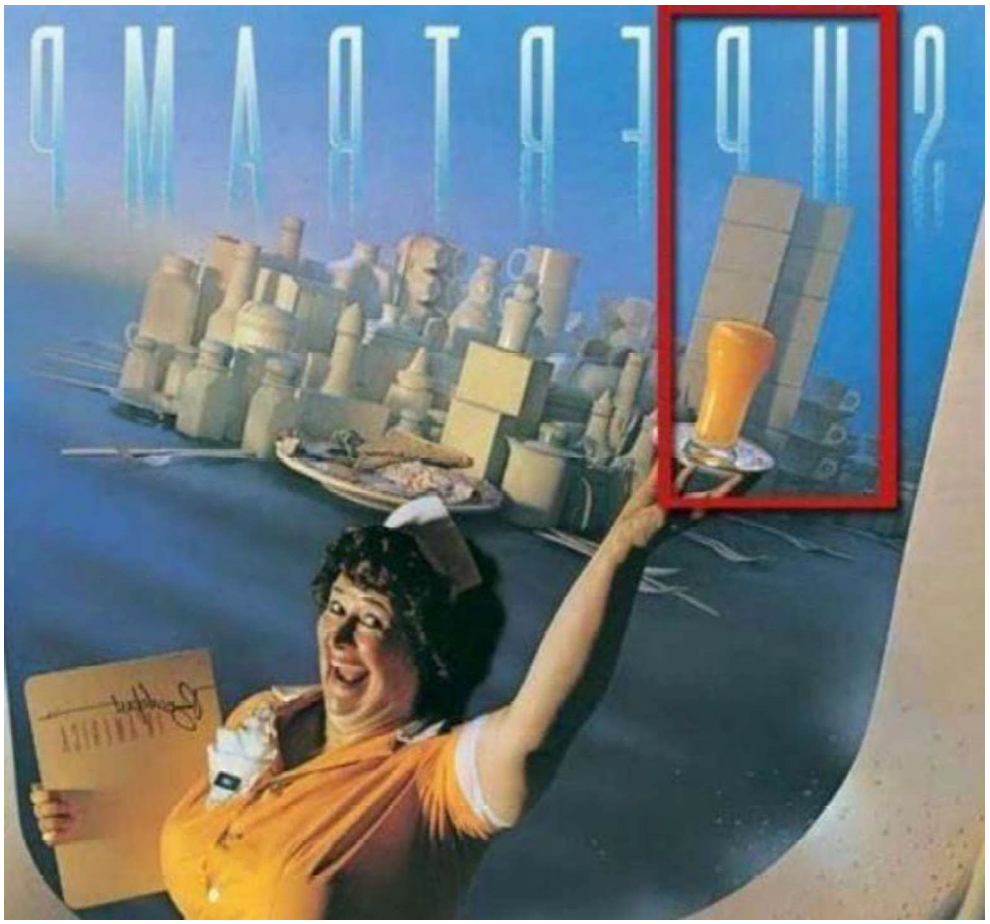
Coincidence... or prescience?

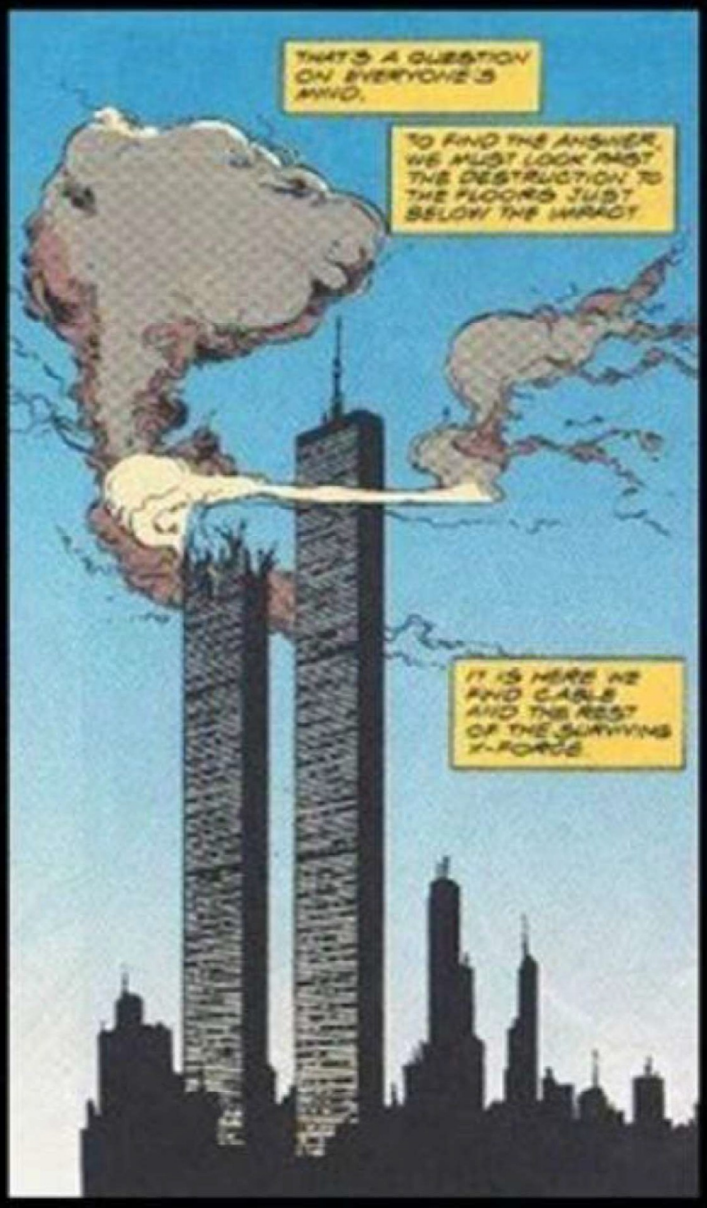


Milchan with Ezer Weizman, Israel Defense Minister, 1978




Executive Producers:
AVI ARAD
STAN LEE





Todd McFarlane's *Spider-Man* team up with Rob Liefeld's *X-Force* – 1991 AD



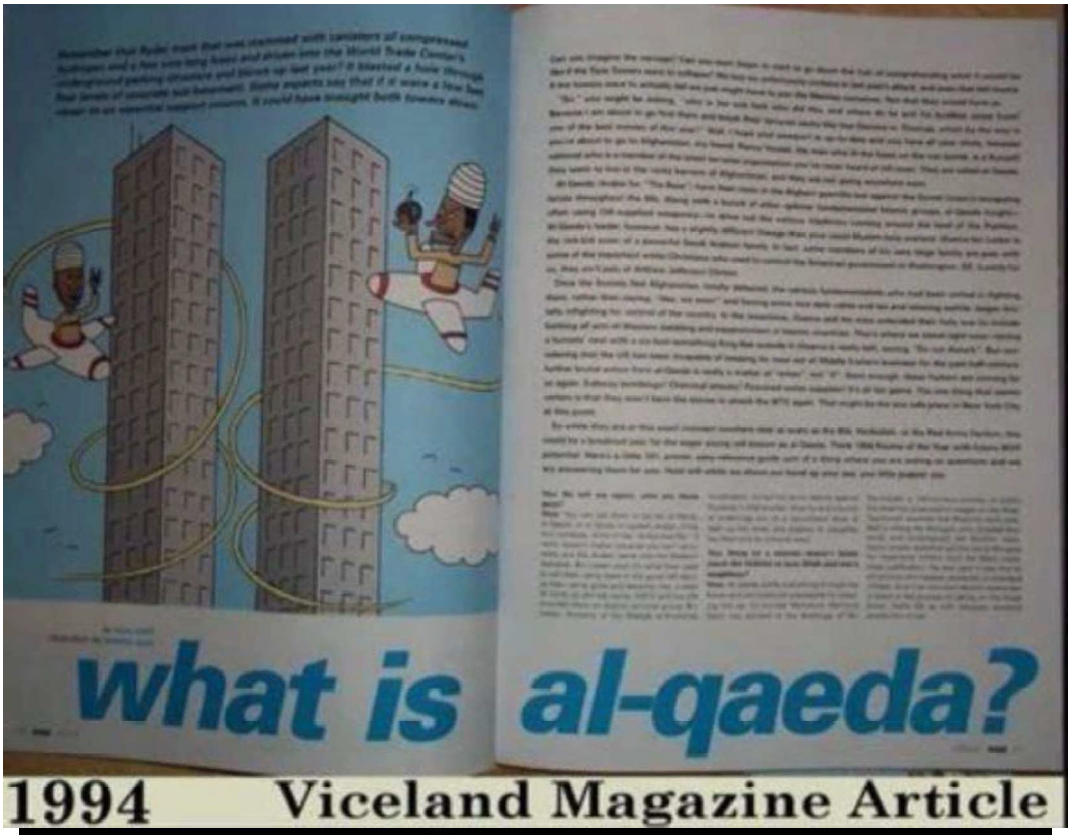
New York via Pakistan International.

Une des quelques compagnies desservant directement New York. Départ d'Orly Sud, offrant les meilleures correspondances avec les villes de province. Une nouvelle preuve de l'efficacité PIA.

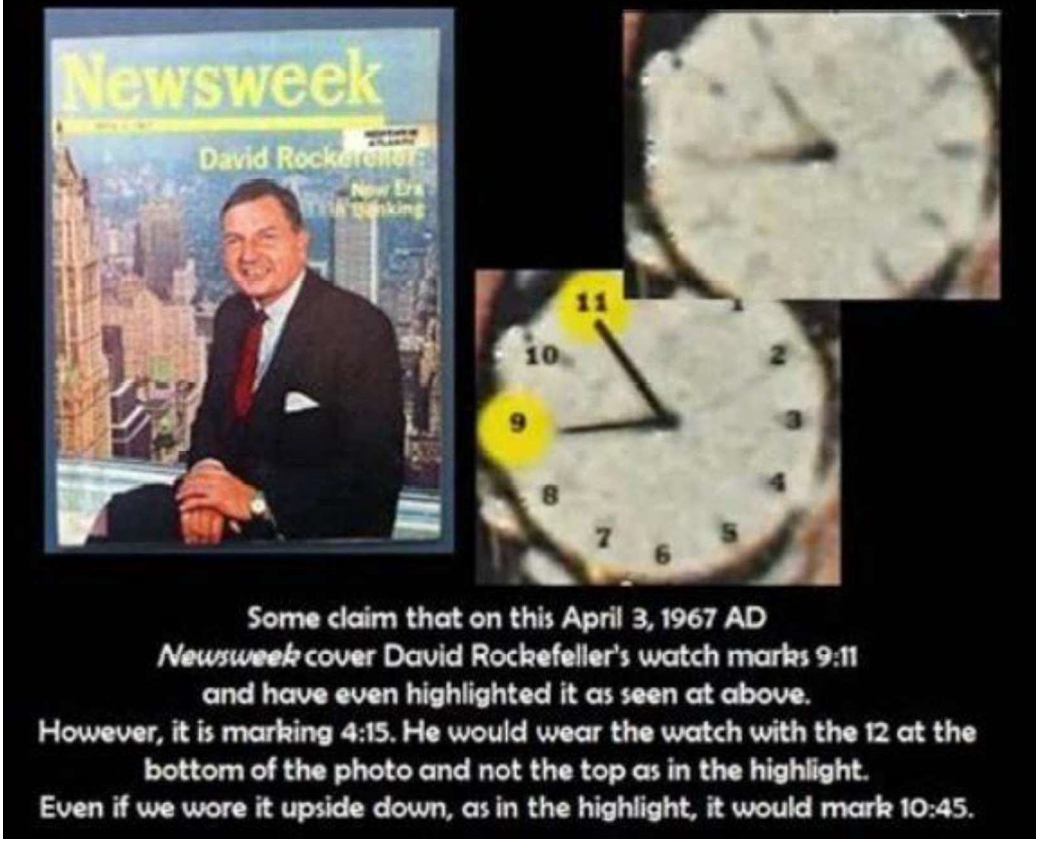
PIA est une compagnie internationale au développement spectaculaire : 3.000.000 de passagers cette année, un décollage toutes les 6 minutes. Un succès soigneusement construit sur la satisfaction des passagers. Pour un vol réussi, vers New York ou 60 autres grandes métropoles dans le monde, partez via PIA.

PIA

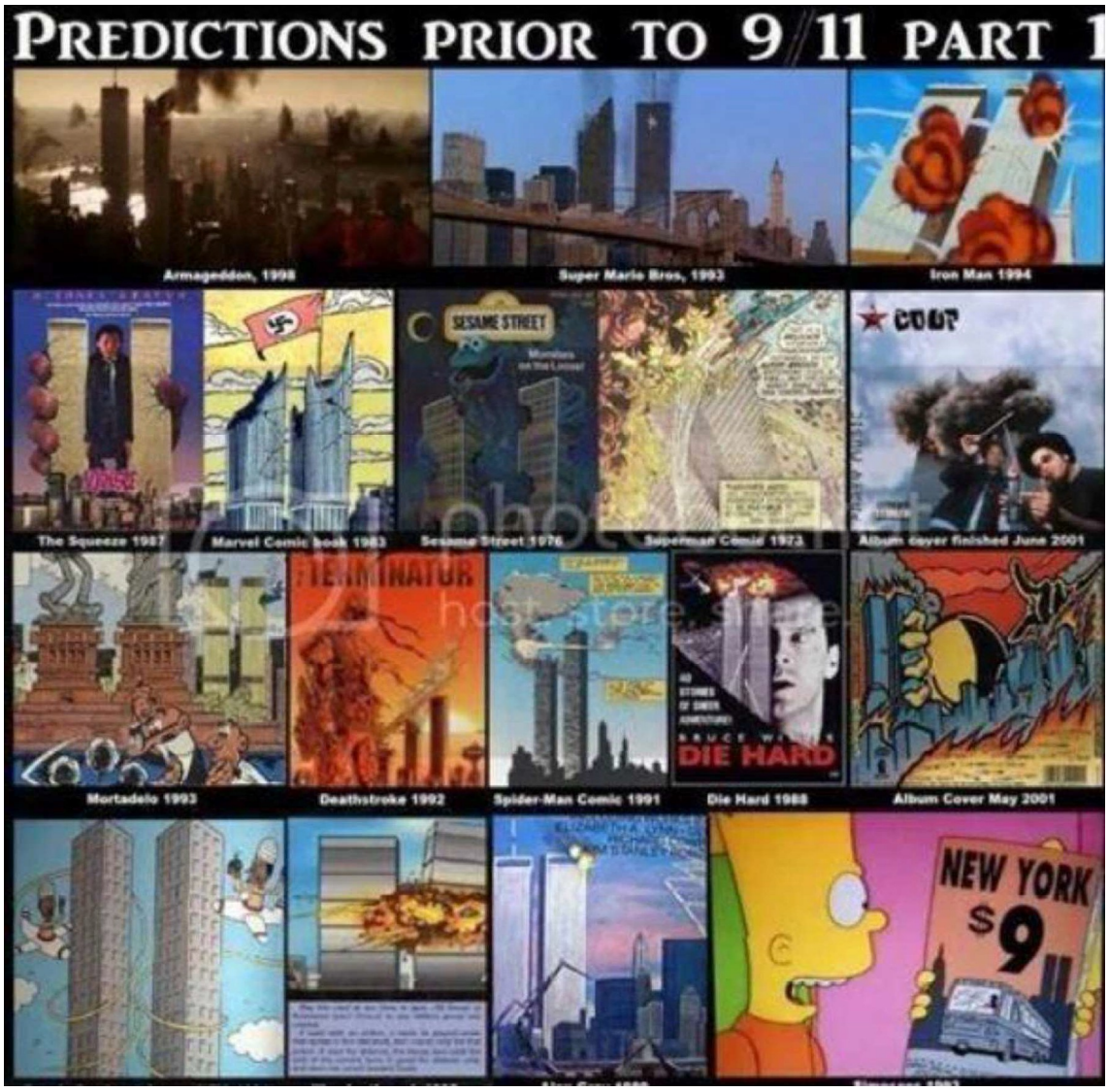
Pakistan International.
Great people to fly with.

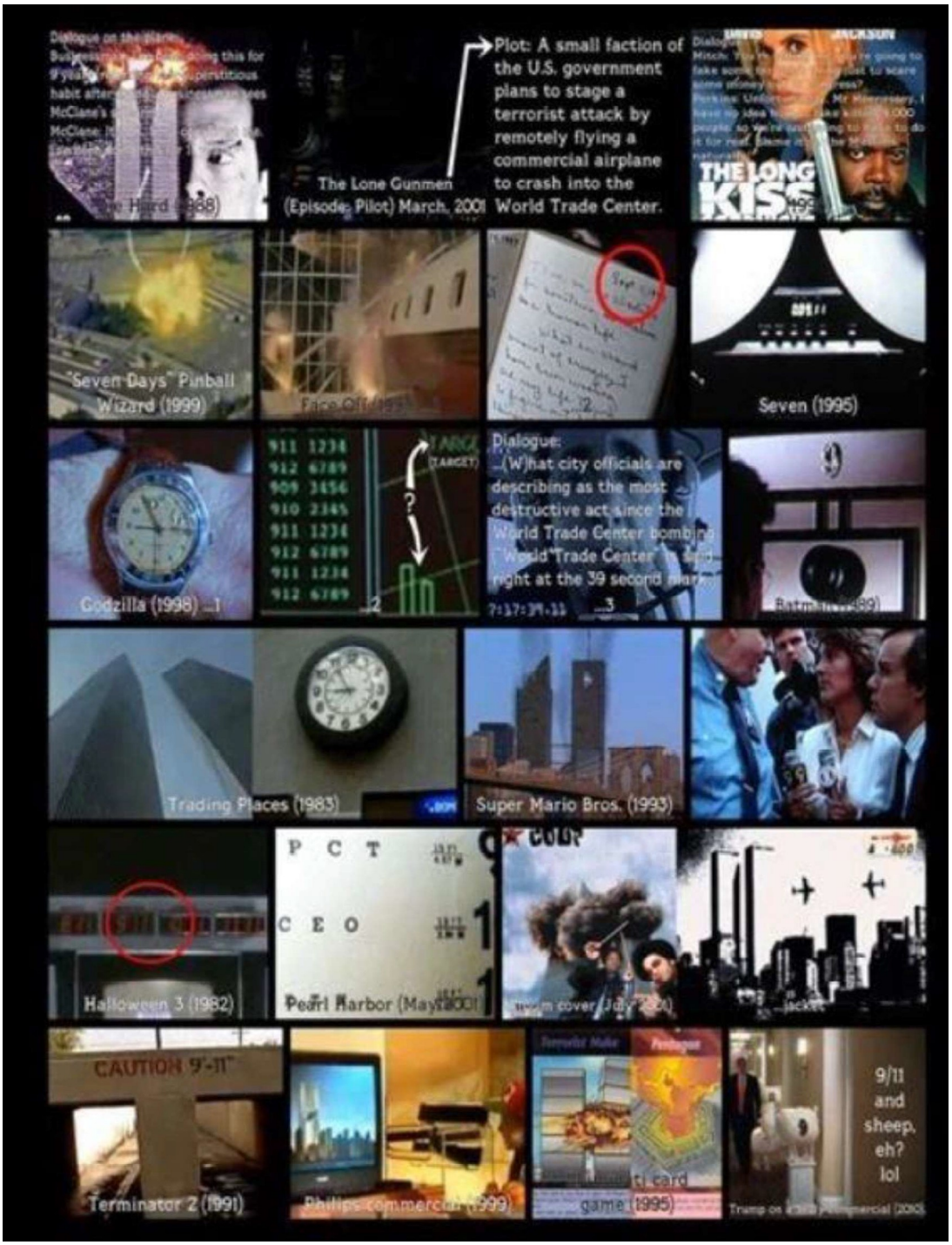


1994 Viceland Magazine Article



Some claim that on this April 3, 1967 AD
Newsweek cover David Rockefeller's watch marks 9:11
and have even highlighted it as seen at above.
However, it is marking 4:15. He would wear the watch with the 12 at the
bottom of the photo and not the top as in the highlight.
Even if we wore it upside down, as in the highlight, it would mark 10:45.


PREDICTIONS PRIOR TO 9/11 PART 1
Armageddon, 1998
Super Mario Bros, 1993
Iron Man 1994
The Squeeze 1987
Marvel Comic book 1983
SESAME STREET
Sesame Street 1976
Superman Comic 1973
COUP
Album cover finished June 2001
Mortadelo 1993
TERMINATOR
Deathstroke 1992
Spider-Man Comic 1991
DIE HARD
Die Hard 1988
Album Cover May 2001
NEW YORK
$9


The Lone Gunmen (Episode: Pilot) March, 2001
Plot: A small faction of the U.S. government plans to stage a terrorist attack by remotely flying a commercial airplane to crash into the World Trade Center.
THE LONG KISS
"Seven Days" Pinball Wizard (1999)
Seven (1995)
Godzilla (1998) ...1
Dialogue:
...(W)hat city officials are describing as the most destructive act since the
right at the 39 second mark
Trading Places (1983)
Super Mario Bros. (1993)
Halloween 3 (1982)
Pearl Harbor (May
CAUTION 9'-11"
Terminator 2 (1991)
game (1995)
9/11 and sheep, eh? lol



9/11and Trump are two sides of the same coin. It's important to understand both 9/11 and Trump fully to comprehend the reality of life in the 21st century. Trump would not exist without 9/11, because the people who are behind him are the same people who were in charge of pulling off the greatest deception and controlled demolition, of more types than one, in history.

9/11 was the ultimate secret society, Freemasonic coup, and Donald Trump is the Golden Child anti Christ of the mystery schools. The Will of the People has become a poison pill yet again, with a difficult case to be made against a public to prone to deception time and time again.

Appendix C - 1946: The Third Babylonian Invasion

Witness1

Let's go back to the year 1946. The world is reeling from the apocalyptic revelation of the atomic bomb and the beginning of the nuclear age. Occult symbolism surrounds the project, from the Bhagavad Gita to *Trinity* itself.

Entire cities lay decimated. The jewels of Europe, flattened to rubble in an unthinkable brother-on-brother war. Levels of destruction never seen before, generations of trauma and destruction unleashed on Europe's bravest and strongest men.

Think of the two world wars for this story as two planned events, both put into place and directed by the sinister occult powers behind the scenes of world affairs. The first 100 pages of my other book, The More Rational Worldview, is a good primer to start with here.

However, the destruction was very real, and the effect that it had on history cannot be overstated. In fact, World War II is the Boomer's very own creation mythos- an epic tale of good versus evil that gave rise to their very universe itself, populated archetypes with meaning, gave them moral direction, and also gave them a sense of unquestionable rightness in any circumstance that allowed many people to overlook obvious abuses by our own government because "they are the good guys." For them, the world already ended and began in 1946, and that's where this story begins for now.

So, you're an average person in 1946, let's say a Mongolian farmer. Japan had two cities destroyed with a new weapon that no one can even explain, Tokyo has been firebombed to ash, the Soviets are eating themselves alive. Whispers come from the South of unthinkable horrors committed by the Japanese during wartime on the Chinese. Many people have disappeared; ultimately, families are ruined. Your crops won't grow, and it's starting to rain. The war has poisoned your land.

In 20 years, you won't even recognize the rest of the world. In 40, you might as well be an alien from a different planet. Of course, none of that matters. The rain last year was radioactive, the crops didn't grow at all, and he died of starvation before the cancer even had a chance to set in. He follows the millions of dead around ten years earlier from the Holodomor, when Eastern Europe suffered from Stalin's planned and controlled famines. The suffering continues in Ukraine and Moldova in 1946, as another of Stalin's famines rips through Europe. It gets so bad that children are sold off by their parents into slavery to be cannibalized.

Most countries don't have food. Most of the gold worldwide is in America. They'll sell it back-for a price. Next, you're a Guatemalan civil servant-your family has faithfully served the people, you serve the people in turn, and you've always been an honest man and a hard

worker. Your government survived the war, picked the right side, deported Germans to America, and overall had a good relationship with the federal government of the United States.

In a dark room in New Orleans, United Fruit Company executives sit with CIA agents discussing import tax kickbacks. You had rejected bribes and unlawful requests to break up unions at the banana farms, and like taking candy from a baby, they send a hit squad to take you out and replace you with someone on the take.

8 years later, the CIA overthrows the elected government of Jacobo Arbenz and replaces it with a military dictatorship. Your family grows up under harsh subjugation, unfair laws, and ubiquitous corruption. Until the day they died, they knew only poverty and pain, and they never even learned what the concept of justice was. No one remembers your name.

In 1945, a factory worker in Britain tightens a bolt on a 4,000-lb incendiary firebomb that the Americans call the "cookie", as in cookie-cutter, because it erases entire neighborhoods. First, however, they drop heavy explosives to clear the way, soften up the city, and destroy the water mains.

At first you'd wonder the application of targeting water mains, until you realize it's so you can't stop the fire that's coming. People run out of buildings, some sagging. Children are stuck in collapsed rooms.

Noisy death from above returns and incendiary bombs are dropped, sucking air in for miles around and burning everything that isn't made of stone in the city to ashes. In 1946, a mother from Dresden survives in an East Berlin refugee camp, but she will never create a new memory due to concussions sustained in the bombings.

She ended up on the wrong side of the city when the wall went up, so the refugee center closes and she dies forgotten in a park from sepsis due to a minor wound sustained while climbing over a fence trying to steal food. As she closes her eyes her brain floods her system with dopamine and endorphins and she has an ecstatic moment of understanding, of right and wrong, of betrayal and deception. The first moment of peace in years. She can grasp the enormity of what has not only been stolen from her, but from each one of us.

A vision of a dark room, of shadowy men plotting with millions of lives, bargaining people's very futures and happiness like spoiled children playing with marbles. Her last real memory, the screams of her children trapped in the fires, plays in her head.

Then just like that, it's over.

She takes her final breath, and the factory worker startles awake. He hasn't been able to sleep since the war. He knows what the bombs he helped build were for, as did everyone else, and he dreams each night of the inferno wrought partially at his hands. Will there be

an absolution? Who could wash the blood off of his hands- stained as surely as if he had doused entire families with gasoline and lit the match himself.

He never does get answers to these questions, and suffers from nightmares of fiery rooms with no escape for the rest of his life. What comes next is always worse though - the bombs he signed off on, researched for. A whistling from above, a deadly thump. A silence, then the dreadful rushing of air. He dies elderly and alone, unable to shake the indelible black stain that has haunted his life.

Deep in the jungles of Congo, a baby nurses at his mother's breast. The greatest irony of all is that he is safe, warm, and fed. Nothing has touched them. For now, nothing else matters, and his people live as they have for thousands of years. It will always carry on that way after all, it always has, right? This illusion, of course, will be hastily shattered, and in his lifetime, he will never know peace.

In Britain, a 6-year old child wanders the burned-out ruins. He doesn't remember the Blitz, but he was born during it and he hears the stories. He remembers the twisted back, grey, and white world of his formative years- a world shaped by bombs and fire. In 1940, the boy's mother carries him home from the hospital. Bodies still lay in houses, trapped by German bombs. She walks home safely, because what else can she do? It's strangely silent, a bizarre pseudo-world populated by whispers and cries.

She would have some good years in the sun, but she would be hit and killed by an off-duty police officer in 1958. The boy was John Lennon, and he never got over the anger, insecurity, and trauma of losing his mother.

Of course, it wasn't really about his mother at all. We are all John Lennon, and we all lost something in World War II. John Lennon's revealing of personal anger- an ineffable, unspeakable, intolerable, unjust, unfair and yet unfightable ennui, suffering, or angst of the general human condition- resonated with people because it speaks to something we can all feel.

Lennon sensed, before most were aware, that it was all fake. Everyone is a phony, and it was all built on lies. What was the great lie? That war is necessary, that violence is good, that bloodshed helps people, that turning entire cities full of women and children on both sides into ashes makes perfect sense, and that the people still sitting on the top of the hill are perfectly reasonable, rational people for telling you this.

From *Working* Class *Hero*:

- As soon as *you're born they make you feel small By giving you no time instead of it all 'Til the pain* is so *big you feel nothing at all*
- *There's room at the top they are telling you still But first you* must *learn how to smile* as *you kill If you want to be like the folks on the hill*

We don't even understand today how much that level of destruction still impacts the human psyche only a few generations removed. The planned destruction of Europe and much of the rest of the world has sown trauma, kinetic energy, and physical catastrophe deep into our history that will play out for generations to come.

The great truth, in this sense, that John Lennon and many others were dancing around for decades is that violence against one another on this level is never acceptable, and is so absurd and irrational that it's almost like all you can do is laugh at it. Like here we are, sitting on this rock, pointing our huge rockets filled with fiery explosives designed to kill as many people as possible at each other, and we're threatening to blow up each other's cities full of families who didn't really do much either way.

You're really telling me there's not a better solution here than simply firing all the bombs? If you can't see the conspiracy here, you're not framing it in context correctly (or, again, you need to read The More Rational Worldview.) The "people" in charge of us are psychopaths, absolute maniacs who lack moral compasses so deeply that a new category of mental illness has yet to be invented for it. They will literally mass murder people and orchestrate catastrophic, country-wide political collapses or changes simply for money or power. This is a merely one symptom of their psychopathy.

Humanity left the warm, welcoming womb during World War II. The illusion of a government that could protect us from great violence was broken, and political, academic, spiritual, technological, and cultural revolutions were born out of the destruction.

That is, after all, the great work itself- 'Out of chaos, order."

In America, there's a different story being told than any of these. The Synagogue of Satan in 1946 reigns supreme over a world prostrated in subjugation, helpless to its every whim. Leaders have gained political powers never dreamed of before, and governments learned valuable lessons about gaining and retaining power. Technology, of course, exploded, and investment into computer technology began in earnest.

In America, they whispered sweet nothings into our ears. Our story was a story of milkshakes, fiery sunsets at the beach, and '50s diners - the exhilarating ride of being a youthful American on the open road with a full tank of gas.

God's eye truly seemed to smile down on America after World War II, with the rest of the planet caught helplessly in need of the financial, economic, and industrial strength that only the greatest nation the planet had ever seen, unscathed by German or Japanese bombs, could provide.

And the rest, as they say, is history.

Or is it?

Let's go back to the beginning, and look at 1946 - 1948.

The world, dear reader, as I've tried to illustrate, was in turmoil like it had never seen before.

Here's two more scenes- May 14th, 1948, a rabbi stands on a dusty hill at sunrise in Israel and blows a shofar. Ben-Gurion signs the document, and Israel fulfills ancient Biblical prophecy by rising once again as an independent nation for the first time since this story began 2,500 years ago.

One year earlier, in Roswell, New Mexico, something happens that appears to be a mysterious aircraft crash. Rumors of extraterrestrial technology or life swirled around it for decades that persist to this day. Some say it was advanced military tech. Some don't think it happened at all.

It turns out, if you look closely, the debris here landed closer to the town of Corona, not Roswell:

Now, where have I heard that before? Corona? Hmm... perhaps... on this very blog itself?

Anyways, zoom out. Let's look at Bell Labs, and their work on the transistor in 1947.

Transistors are the key to harnessing and controlling electricity, and they are one of the foundational pieces of the pyramid of scientific and industrial knowledge holding our society together. Now, people had theorized about transistors for decades and work was done towards creating or designing them, but for whatever reason it doesn't appear to have been possible until this great year of change, 1947, when three scientists working for Bell Labs created the first working transistor.

They won the Nobel Prize for this accomplishment.

Let's put it this way, before this major discovery in 1947, there was no digital computer technology. There were only hot, heavy vacuum tubes that failed often and were not practical. The circuit boards and computer chips that we rely on today themselves rely on transistors to function.

Interestingly, a scientist named Julius Lilienfeld patented designs for transistors in the 20s, even though he couldn't actually build them due to the lack of necessary advances in material science at the time. When they were finally invented successfully in the 40s, these early patents caused legal headaches and issues with paper trails to the extent that original patents for the transistor aren't as clear as other inventions. The paper trail, in other words, is thin. Jack Morton was one of the original inventors of the transistors and a Vice President at Bell. He died in violent circumstances that some have found questionable.

Big picture:

- 1946-Space age begins with Project Diana. Diana is associated in mythology with crossroads and the underworld.
- 1946-Atomic age begins with Operation Crossroads. Normal names for normal things, here.
- 1946-Jack Parsons, high out of his mind on psychedelic drugs and watching his rockets take flight from the Mojave Desert, communes with a female spirt named Babalon that gives him directions on how to complete a Satanic sex magic ritual to invoke Satan and the Biblical whore of Babylon and conceive the anti-Christ.
- 1946- God speaks. A Bedouin shepherd boy makes the greatest archeological find of all time, and a dusty cave reveals treasure within. The dead sea scrolls give us our best ever taste of ancient scriptures and the Word of God from the very century in which Jesus walked. They are all accurate and line up perfectly with modern translations of the Bible.

  When God speaks, pay attention.
- 1947- Kenneth Arnold sightings ignite the UFO craze over America.
- 1947 - Roswell crash
- 1947- National Security Act of 1947 enacts major changes to the federal government including the creation of the CIA and NSA.
- 1947- US Army Signal Corps reveals circuit boards to the world.
- 1945-The first computer, the EINAC, developed. In 1947, the programming language using switches was implemented. For the first time since paper punch cards and algorithms were used to compute, what we think of as a "computer" today turned on in 1947.
- 1946-Donald Trump born

The theory here is that Roswell is itself part of a ritual, orchestrated by Jack Parsons through NASA where he worked, Aleister Crowley in his final moments (died 1947), government agents, secret societies, and other Synagogue of Satan operatives.

Its purpose was to bring humanity into the New Age, to usher us into the future and change the course of history forever by revealing technological shortcuts to government and private industry. It was a puppet show orchestrated by secret societies and played out for a receptive and compromised government. The legal powers gained by keeping this secret were also used to suppress knowledge or discussion of any other conspiracies taking place being orchestrated by the Synagogue of Satan.

All of these events happening simultaneously represent an unseen, macro-level ritual. A vast conspiracy visited upon the world, invoking all of the darkest powers coming together at once in a maelstrom of evil. Project Babalon Working, Operation Crossroads, Project Diana, World War II, the National Security Act of 1947, Roswell, the Freemasons and other secret societies-they are all connected, and there's good evidence that the deep military industrial complex conspiracy with a stranglehold on America today got its real foothold this year.

It's all about the computer, and the story of the computer begins in earnest in 1946 just like the rest of this story.

Among the revolutions of the late '40s was a paper from Claude Shannon on information theory. It sent shockwaves around the world, and completely changed the way we see the world and communicate with one another. Based on his cryptography work during World War **11,** Shannon developed information theory as we know it while working for Bell Labs, that is, the ability to turn any piece of information into 1s and Os.

Basically, the computer hardware being developed would have been much harder to work with without this paper. While he published a few more papers in the '50s and taught as a professor for a few decades, his interest mostly skewed afterwards to juggling while riding a unicycle. In his later life, he would decline speaking events and largely withdrew from public life.

Needless to say, his paper on information theory, like the transistor itself, can be seen as an unlikely and serendipitous "bolt from the blue" that seems to have landed right in people's lap in a once-off, extremely-convenient-for-us way. *Almost too convenient.*

What was the real purpose of the Babalon Working ritual? To birth the anti-Christ? Is there more to it besides that? Is the computer technology that has spread over the planet like an alien lifeform since 1946 part of this deep, Satanic black magic?

Think of the changes in human history up until this year- 1946. Generation after generation, life stays pretty much the same. Your parents grew up and farmed, and as far back as anyone can remember that's all anyone really ever did. Then all of these changes come along, and now in a few decades, no one can even predict what things will be like a few years in the future.

Technology has exploded, and the world along with it.

The Greeks built a steam engine at least 2,000 years ago, and didn't do anything with it. They didn't use it to terraform Earth into a hellscape, enslave entire populations, smother the planet in a layer of hydrocarbon pollution, build industrial war engines, and raze population centers to the ground. Rather, it was viewed as a neat party trick or attraction,

maybe used to pump a hydraulis water organ if they were really clever. If it weren't for the Synagogue of Satan, dear reader, you too could be sitting in an idyllic Mediterranean villa eating grapes in the sun listening to a mechanical water organ play you soothing melodies. Or, maybe not.

One name will stand out here when researching: Vannevar Bush (no relation known to the other Bushes).

He was a freemason, and a brilliant scientist. This is a long, deep story, and we are only covering the surface here. However, this guy worked on many secret projects at the highest levels, like the Manhattan Project, and if anyone knew the truth about technology and UFOs, it would have been him.

Groundbreaking achievements in science were taking place, like the Shelter Island Conference. Interestingly, the first known documentation planning this conference is from January 1946, the same time as Parsons began Babalon Working. Government and industry were leading a new way forward - a way powered by circuit boards, computer chips, and silicon. The technological leaps forward from the '30s and '40s to '80s and '90s are impossible to overstate.

Now, there are entire books written on Bell Labs, men like Vannevar Bush, Roswell, and the technological disputes that arose out of the explosion of industry in the 20th century. Nothing will ever be proven for certain, and the rabbitholes are deep and many. For my personal favorite writeup and a fairly manageable overview of Bell Labs, Vannevar Bush, Roswell, the UFO phenomenon and government coverups, high technology and demonology, and how this all ties together with Parson's ritual, see the excellent breakdown at this link (site not affiliated with or endorsed by The Two Witnesses). It's an interesting take, and while not all of the sources seem to be active, it can be a rabbithole goldmine if you are looking to understand all of this more deeply and how the inventions of Bell Labs and the machinations of the intelligence agencies in the '40s, '50s, and '60s profoundly changed the world and all of our lives.

However, what we can say for sure is that the world has been permanently altered by this technology in ways that someone living 100 years ago could never anticipate or comprehend, and it all ties back to the computer digital technology of the 40s.

The very rocks, themselves, learned to speak. By simply heating sand the right way and shining light on it in various ways, we taught the rocks to think for themselves and even speak back to us. An alien intelligence, here on Earth.

Did it truly arise spontaneously here, or is this part of an invasion of sorts, a demonic attack on mankind?

Back in 1946, in the dark shadows of Laurel Canyon, in DC, across Europe, and imbedded throughout the world is a network of Synagogue of Satan operatives tied into federal

government agents and the new security or intelligence agencies. Stolen gold from World War II keeps their coffers full, and the government is going full steam ahead on computer technology.

So, let's tie all of these threads together. What is the thesis here?

Project Babalon Working was part of a larger, more elaborate ritual worldwide that involved a Faustian bargain with mankind involving advanced technology given to us by demonic powers channeled through secret societies. This plan was facilitated by the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, and the key year to it all is 1946.

Think of digital, computerized electronics as a new, alien, demonic intelligence. Roswell was an inside job to covertly inject computer technology into the military-industrial complex, and this technology has been used to enslave mankind.

Nothing that has come from this technology has helped us, it has only made our lives more difficult and unjust.

The main character in this story, of course, is Donald Trump. Now, maybe, just maybe, it's a coincidence that he was born in 1946 while all of this momentous, world-changing stuff is happening and the birthing-the-anti-Christ ritual had just wrapped up.

Maybe nothing special really happened in 1946 after all, and life really will go on as it always has.

As a naturally skeptical person, I tend to debunk things. What I can't debunk is a lingering, nagging feeling that these threads are, in fact, connected, and Donald Trump being born in 1946 is not a coincidence, but rather, he is the crowning jewel on the occultist's plans for that year and the *coup de grace* built into whatever deal they gave us in exchange for access to this technology in the first place.

Donald Trump is the Biblical anti-Christ, the man of perdition and sin, and he was born roughly equivalent to the beginning of the final countdown of God's eschatological clock the state of Israel. In 1948, an ancient prophecy from Ezekiel 4 was fulfilled to the exact year when the State of Israel was created, while at the same time, Jesus's prophecy of the Fig Tree was set into motion - that this generation, that sees the blossoming of the Fig Tree - the creation of Israel - would not pass away before the end of the world.

It undeniably makes sense, then, that the anti-Christ was born roughly contemporarily, and thus began another eschatological countdown.

Now, if there's one thing I've always been sure of, it's the danger of the Republican Party. The only principle I would lay my life on besides Christianity itself is this-the Republican Party is a scourge of evil upon this planet that shouldn't exist.

Yes, both sides of the political spectrum have more than enough to answer for, but that's not what I am talking about right now. Right now, I'm here to talk about a specific political party and what they have done to the planet. The Democrats have more than enough sins to answer for, but their reckoning is for another time.

It's easy to see the Republican game plan as softening up the world for a hostile alien takeover and terraforming it to their needs, while inconveniencing and killing people and maximizing suffering as much as possible. Reagan bankrupted the middle class, and the precedent he set for executive orders greatly undermined the constitutionality of our country.

Unimaginable damage has been done because of the federal government acting like cheap gangsters under the impunity of executive orders. From Iran Contra, to Bush, to W, it's all just a total disaster that is, again, far too much to even right about here.

Even a child could have told you that going to war based off of lies is wrong, yet Bush took a thriving country and led it into disastrous wars, again, that left generational trauma based on lies.

This is the system that gave us Trump, and the best thing he ever did was finally fully expose the hypocrisy and true cowardice of the Republican Party.

The whole point of the anti-Christ is that he deceives people like American Evangelical Republicans. These are some of the worst people on the planet, and their hypocrisy, lies, and sin while proclaiming a false Christianity has provoked God for decades now. Trump is the venomous snake who has reached the tender, beating heart of Christianity, and he has already laid a fatal blow.

The church is falling into hypnotic slumber as the venom sinks deeper into its system, still technically alive but fully under the sway of its captor. Trump has shown modern Christians for who they truly are, but the truth is, God himself weighed their hearts and found them lacking.

Trump showed that everything Republicans ever stood for was a lie. Republicans said they wanted a president that didn't care about celebrities, and all Trump ever did was whine about the media and what celebrities said about him. They said they wanted someone with morals, Trump abuses women, betrays those he cares about, uses lawyers to ruin people's lives, defrauds people, cheats on his spouses, lies, slanders, incites hatred and division, and has never once glorified God- only himself, day after day.

Republicans claimed to care about spending money wisely, Trump and his businesses have gone bankrupt more times than the people in most neighborhoods combined. He promised to unroot corruption and hired morally bankrupt cronies and criminals, then betrayed even them and failed to lead people or bring them together effectively.

Donald Trump is the exact opposite of Jesus Christ during his time on Earth- a man who responded to political violence and hatred with dignified silence, with love, and with compassion. Even when led to his own death, Jesus refused to condemn those torturing him.

He preached a message of tolerance, love, and compassion for our fellow man. If we have bread, to share it with the hungry. Even better, *give* it to the hungry, and go hungry ourselves. *What?*

Jesus's message leaves us scratching our heads with its almost-unthinkable levels of compassion and empathy. If we cannot feel for others, even when it's difficult, even if the best you can do is begrudgingly put yourself in their shoes and admit that they probably want love, acceptance, and support, like almost everyone else that has ever lived, then we cannot be a Christian.

Very few people don't meet this criteria, and they're called psychopaths. They are extremely dangerous, and can cause immense destruction to normal people.

I can tell you with 100% certainty that Trump is a psychopath playing the role of someone who cares for others. In fact, not only that, but being the anti-Christ, he is almost like the Platonic ideal of psychopaths, someone who embodies the complete and total lack of care for others before yourself to an almost comical, exaggerated degree.

Donald Trump has never, in his life, loved someone besides himself. He does not care about this country except for the ways he can abuse it to serve himself. He hates women, dehumanizes them, assaults and rapes them, abuses them, cheats on them, and then divorces them. He thinks that oaths and vows of honor are jokes, and the rest of us are suckers for following them. He thinks that we secretly want to be psychopaths too, as he genuinely cannot understand people who live for greater things than money and gaining power over other people to hurt them.

He is manifestly dishonest, and has led a long life of fraud and criminality. However, he will get away with everything, as he just did recently when he was granted another extension in one of his cases until past the election.

I'm telling you guys, those around him are terrified of Trump. He's got federal judges quaking in their boots, and I even think he might hypnotize people around him often into following his will in some way.

So, what do you get when you add all of this up? A long, complicated story that begins roughly in 1946, involving shadowy government agencies, secret societies, wars, occult rituals, and an explosion of technology that created the world we live in today.

Is it really all just a facade? Is it a hypnotist show? Do we live in a kaleidoscope so big that we can't even see the edges of it? Everyone walks around acting like this technology is

normal, but it isn't. And for that matter, the fact that wars are constantly going on isn't normal either, and I'm tired of pretending like it is.

Trump is the culmination of a century of lies- infact, the sleeper agent that was key the whole time. The anti-Christ was right under our nose, and no one even noticed. Except the writers for Back to the Future (again, see The More Rational Worldview).

Anyways, what is the ultimate point of this story? The outlook for humanity is grim. I'd like to say there's a brighter tomorrow coming for us in the future with leaders that care about us and facilitate positive, fulfilling lives for everyone, but it's not going to happen.

Trump is the high-level magician who will fulfill his role, knowingly or unknowingly, in Project Babalon Working. He was imbued with the spirit of Satan during a sex magick ritual in 1946.

Parsons describes concluding the ritual as follows:

And thereafter I was taken within and saluted the Prince of that place, and thereafter things were done to me of which I may not write, and they told me, 'It is not certain that you will sur- vive, but if you survive you will attain your true will, and manifest the Antichrist.'

I'm here to tell you, dear reader, that - to our great misfortune - Parson's ritual was successful. He unleashed the anti-Christ on the world. Donald Trump is a uniquely evil person who exemplifies putting greed and love of self or money over God.

Never before has someone flouted the true words of Jesus Christ in every way like Trump. He puts himself over God, and if anyone would build a statue of himself and try and force everyone to worship it, I think we can all agree that it would be Trump. Things that are comically evil to the rest of us come naturally to him.

Trump has never put God first or talked about glorifying God or our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

- That being said, here is the prophecy that Witness 2 and I have made: There will be a major false flag event by the end of the year, the final piece of the World War Conspiracy, and it will catapult Trump to power. His enemies will all look ridiculous, and only he will be looked upon as the savior of the world.

"Who can make war with him", they will say.

Beware the siren song of the Republicans and Donald Trump. Evaluate it carefully, and in context of the last century or so of history. Think about the stories that I told you, and how they all fit into a carefully-woven tapestry that is beautiful and alluring, but deceptive and false. It is a false reality, with a false origin mythos, built on lies.

Make these stories make sense, and find a context that works for you to make prediction of where things will go. Does it really look like, at this point, that Trump will save America and usher in a golden age of factory jobs and manufacturing where we can all suddenly afford homes again and send our kids to good schools? Do you really think that he will be able to bring prices down, or think that it would be a good think if he even did?

Donald Trump is not who he says he is, and what he is doing will not end well for this country. I knew it from the moment he started running-Witness 2 will vouch that I called him being the anti-Christ in 2015. Moreso, I knew my whole life that the Republican party poses an existential threat to humanity and the planet with their lies and wars. I spoke out against them many years ago, before almost anyone else did, and I called out the lies of 9/11 and the fact that these people are lying psychopaths putting on a complete facade back when people still thought you were literally insane for saying that. They actually fell for the idea that someone like George W, Bush is just a regular guy prayin' to God and making the best decisions possible at the moment. Ridiculous.

We cannot live like this. You cannot let psychopaths run the government and lie to and abuse people at will. However, people will vote for it, and the cycle will begin one final time.

This time, the Third Babylonian invasion will be wrapping up. From 1946 to today, the final siege of Jerusalem has been building up. The eyes and ears are in place. Where did you think Bell Labs came from, anyways? Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

Satan needs eyes and ears if he wants to be omnipotent like God. Do not trust this technology, but the only real thing you can do about it is to be aware that it is all part of a grand deception that began before your grandparents were even born.

You are just a side character in the grand show of human life on Earth - a 6,000-year long production brought to you by God himself. Right now we are at the climax, but it's one of those scam musicals like in *The Producers* that is meant to collapse as a money laundering scheme. The show was meant to fail all along, that's the whole point.

There never was a fund to pay the actors. The set was fake. The producers were frauds. The theater is in chaos, because a fire just broke out and there aren't any good exits. Some of the actors figured it out, left early, and broke a window to save people.

It turns out, the city government was in on the fraud, and was using shell companies to funnel money into their own pockets instead of putting on shows. The local police were also in on the racket, and for some reason they are locking the doors.

The theater burns to the ground with 78 people inside, and the city government collects the insurance money and buries the body. The next day, the FBI arrests most of the City Council members, roughly¾ of them go to prison, and it's national news. The survivors that caught onto the scam are treated as heroes and are welcomed with open arms wherever they go,

but they are always haunted by the fact that they couldn't expose the fraud earlier and save everyone's life.

In this metaphor, you are the person about to burn to death inside the theater. The music and acting has just stopped, and an uncomfortable silence is beginning, but no one wants to get up and miss the rest of the show yet in case something isn't actually wrong.

Unfortunately, smoke is beginning to rise from the stage due to an electrical wiring issue with the gallery spotlight. You're looking around and considering making a break for it. The owners of the theater are your politicians, the police are just police, and the city government is the Synagogue of Satan. God is the FBI, and Judgement Day is coming for those who perpetrate crimes against humanity. The ones who escaped and survived are Christians.

What you need to do is look around and preemptively notice the warning signs that you are in a sham play that's really an insurance scam and tax fraud scheme that's about to be burned to the ground. The actors are barely even acting. The set pieces look like a third grader drew them. There's bars over the windows. People are quietly installing deadbolts on the outside of the doors, and a guy is menacing at you grimly while holding a can of gasoline and beckoning. You smell matches. This is happening right now.

Look at the world and see it for what it is- an illusion, but one that has been carefully arranged for the greatest destruction and suffering possible. One thing is clear-there is no bottom limit to either human depravity or suffering. How deep will we go?

It's 1946. The Babylonians are at the door. They bring a strange new weapon with them, one that doesn't kill you, but slowly takes over your life from the inside out. It promises knowledge, truth, and power. It whispers to you, it has its own voice, mind, and thoughts. This weapon spreads like a virus, making you reliant and dependent upon it. The silicon chains of mankind, forever dooming us to a serf class.

9/11 was an occult ritual too, and they made sure that all eyes were on it when the second tower was hit. Whatever is coming next will make that seem like child's play. They will use the all-seeing eye of technology to broadcast it live to billions of people. The rulers of our reality will subject us all, yet again, to unthinkable horrors beyond even human imagination.

It's 2024. Donald Trump is at the door. He whispers sweet promises of revenge, success, and absolution, and millions will heed the call. He leads them astray down a dark path of destruction. American was meant to be destroyed, and through her fall God's purposes will be accomplished.

The silicon chains call to us, we yearn for the sweet oblivion of never-ending knowledge. Perhaps that's the new Tree of Good and Evil- a never-ending data stream that connects all

of humanity, allowing us to share information and communicate in real-time worldwide. The internet, a data tree, made possible by the events of 1946.

It's 2044. You've been subjugated. The wars of the '20s brought humanity to its knees, and populations worldwide accepted complete tyranny and subjugation over the horrors of World War III. You live permanently plugged into a digital grid of control. There are no blind spots. There are no hidden colonies. There is no escape.

Will this future come to be?

Or instead, will God end the universe as prophesied in the Bible, and bring all of humanity together before the Great White Throne to officially arbitrate right and wrong deeds and judge each person individually as they deserve?

What I lay out in my book is a conclusive and significant pattern of Israeli false flags, working in conjunction with the CIA, organized crime, and various other subversive and dangerous elements of society, some knowingly and some not. This criminal cabal is called the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, and they are responsible for crimes against humanity to an incomprehensible and almost-unknowable degree.

The media works for the politicians, the politicians work for the corporations, the corporations work for the banks, and the banks are owned by the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate. Through a series of incredibly violent acts of mass murder, terrorism, and state-sponsored violence, this criminal cabal has placed the world in a stranglehold, and as of this point, there will be no escape for humanity without supernatural intervention through God ending physical reality.

These crimes against humanity, like 9/11, involve such sophisticated planning and deception that, even to this very day, the stuporous, stumbling masses of living corpses stumbling around the ruins of what were once cities can't even formulate the basic concepts to understand why it happened and the context in which it occurred. For anyone curious, again, start with the first 250 pages of my book in which I conclusively and irrefutably prove that Israel and the CIA were primarily responsible for 9/11.

9/11 comes on top of the Lavon Affair and the USS Liberty, significant events in that their unsophistication and the sloppy nature of the methods used allowed them to be fully exposed, such that even the mainstream, official history books have to acknowledge that yes, the Israelis did blow up theaters and libraries full of people in Egypt in the 50s and then tried to blame it on Muslims, and yes, Israel murdered over 100 American soldiers, wounded many more, and destroyed a US Battleship in the 60s and then tried to blame it on Muslims. In this simple, obvious, and easily-accessible historical context, 9/11 is easily discernible as yet another Israeli false flag, albeit scaled up.

I want to make it clear that nowhere in this writing am I absolving Muslims of any responsibility or overlooking their many crimes against humanity as well. This is the titular false dichotomy- Jews good, Muslims bad. They are both deceived greatly, one slightly more so than the other. Muslims follow the most obvious literary fraud and plagiarism of all time by endorsing the Quran, a document written hundreds of years after Jesus Christ lived which clearly rips off his life story. This document was designed to mislead vast swathes of what should have been God's people, and Muslims will face harsh judgement for rejecting the truth of the Bible and Gospels and the commandment to only worship Jesus.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of Muslims will go to hell for choosing the Quran over the Bible. It sucks, but, hey, that's life. It's the most obvious, binary, black and white choice in the world. I mean, come on, you're telling me that the culture that tells it's women to dress like this all the time in the middle of the desert in 120-degree heat or *be stoned to death* is the moral or intellectual superior to Christianity?

I mean, come on. You're telling me these are rational, reasonable people? I don't think so. Christianity is obviously the better, original version of the true story of the Messiah and Islam is the dumb, fake, Satanic, corrupted version of it, it's literally just obvious on the face of the entirety of the two religions.

Jews, on the other hand, rejected their own Messiah and, to this very day, refuse to admit that they were wrong. The problem here, when I speak of the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, obviously, is not the average "Jewish person", or the people who walk and live among us who call themselves "Jews". They are incorrect and misguided, but not more evil than the average person (who is actually still evil, it's all just relative layers of variously worse evil people).

On the other hand, there is a group of people based in Israel who call themselves Jews but are not, and they are responsible for the banks ruining the planet, the destruction of mankind on an existential and comprehensive level, and all of the wars of the last 150 years that you could name off the top of your head. *These* people must be called out and the problem *must* be recognized before anything can be done about it. Unfortunately, this will not happen, and nothing will be done.

If you want to find the modern roots of this problem, look into Reagan's administration, the two Bushes and their CIA activities, JFK and Dimona, and the abuse of executive orders starting in the 80s to conceal not only illegal activity, but genuine capital crimes and crimes against humanity (I know I use this phrase a lot, but if the shoe fits).

Anyways, I was talking to one of my two friends yesterday about the Middle East and all of this, and I mentioned the "Great Alchemical Work of Mankind". Now, this friend of mine is a sharp guy, as I only talk to smart people. He's been in college, has a sharp wit, and understands the world pretty well. However, he is stuck in the false dichotomy of left and right. He can't seem to break out of the mindset of Trump being the savior, and many are like that. Long story short, I explained that if Trump was serious about what he said at all, on day one he would have arrested thousands of people, shut down the media, and exposed all the lies and corruption of the last decades. Remember, Trump is a New York real estate developer - he was either in on 9/11 or knew about it. There is plenty more on this specific topic in my other book, *Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel.*

There was hope among many that he truly meant to save mankind and was who he said he was, which would begin with exposing the truth about 9/11. However, he quickly disproved that through his ridiculous administration and his compromises with the Synagogue of Satan. Trump is the capstone of an esoteric plan to lure mankind to his own doom through the most compelling, evocative showman of all time - the ultimate avatar and archetype of greed, avarice, vengeful retribution, and love of self above others - the exact opposite of Jesus Christ.

Now, this guy I talk to is smart, like I said, but he is stuck on this Trump thing and meaningless culture war issues that are pissed down onto us from on high. Things like Black Lives Matters, who's trans and who's not, and even the absurdity of right-wing drama like Alex Jones' bankruptcy and "what Milo or Elon" said today are all just deceptions, tossed down to the peasants to cause discord, violence, and hatred. These culture war issues and controlled opposition like Jordan Peterson, Tucker Carlson, Nick Fuentes, Charlie Kirk, Tim Pool, and all the rest of the false-light right are simply weapons used by people on a much higher plane of knowledge and existence than their victims to fracture society.

These people, or anyone else who will not speak the truth about the Synagogue of Satan, Israel, the harm caused by our own government and the Republican Party itself specifically, are liars and wolves in sheep's clothing. Do not trust them.

So, the question he asked me - Dear Reader - was this: "[Witness 1], what *is* the "Great Work?"

I told him that alchemy was based on destruction and rebirth, and to summarize it very simply, it involves burning or destroying elements in order to make a new creation or facilitate a process. Now, the traditional "Great Work" of alchemy, on paper at least, has always been the transmutation of lead into gold (along with seeking immortality). Ironically, scientists can now do that, but it is not efficient or really worth doing like they had hoped.

However, the true "Great Work" goes far beyond that. Who needs to transmutate gold anyways, when you can just invent better weapons and steal it from everyone else? No, only kidding.

Yes, the true and ignominious "Great Work of Mankind" involves three World Wars, an orchestrated mass suicide of the human race, and the creation of a world system that inevitably leads to desperate, suffering people who lash out, and create cycles of violence and abuse that never end.

You see, think of the bankers, politicians and CEOs as alchemists, on high in their towers. Mankind is their substrate, their constituent substance to work with.- their true *p_d_ma materia*. When they studied the *Homunculus*, it was not really to create rough, miniature humans out of clay and animate them; rather, it was coded language describing how to turn a vibrant, thriving race of people into a uniform, basic, easily-controlled, unintelligent, and servile slave class - similar, of course, to the Jewish *Golem*.

Now, this process of the creation of the "new and improved" mankind can only happen through great violence and destruction. You've gotta break a few eggs to make an omelet after all, and if you're all outta eggs I guess a few billion lives will have to do.

This conspiracy starts with the Rothschilds in the 1800s, goes on through the Lusitania false flag and Balfour Declaration, continues through the Pearl Harbor false flag and World War II (again, for my proof of these claims please read *The More Rational Worldview*.) It then goes into the modern age, and you can read my take on the immensely consequential events of the '40s in my most recent writing hfile..

From Roswell to the invention of the computer, to the creation of Israel, to Reagan and Bush's abuse of executive orders to cover up actual, serious crimes, to 9/11, and even to today, the threads of this conspiracy weave through the tapestry of our reality, confusing and misleading people by creating a world where things are clearly *not as they should be,* but the reasons *why* aren't immediately obvious.

You see, the Luciferians, the Synagogue of Satan, they have their own plan for humanity. Theirs does not involve Jesus Christ returning or the end of the physical universe. They are taking a bet that what the Bible says is not true, and they can create a world in their own image.

Like the phoenix rising from its ashes, mankind will gasp in air like an infant, reborn into a new form.

Now, rest assured, those who are pulling off this plan are *mostly* convinced that they are the good guys. In fact, I'm sure they have the new history books ready to go for their classrooms, you can almost see it:

Trump is controlled opposition and will be viewed with shock and disgust in the future, similar to the way we generally think about Hitler. They will create a new society, without strong emotions, without independence, without cash, without the freedom to drive, without crime, and free of all subversive elements. They plan on using technology to create the perfectly controlled society where the will of all people will finally be subjugated to their own, forever.

To accomplish this, they are allowing us to destroy ourselves, with a helpful push and prod here or there. "Look at their wars", they will say. "Look how the rivers ran red and cried with the blood of their young men, and how the bombs rained down on the rest."

"Look at their tent cities, miles of broken people who languished in nothingness. Look at their orphanages, their abuse, their murder."

"They saw thousands of murders a day, thousands upon thousands of rapes, tortures, and kidnappings. 25,000 people a day dead from hunger, among them 10,000 children. Look at their crime, their dangerous streets, the carjackings, the hatred, the gang shootings dozens of times every night in every city. They couldn't even walk their streets", they will say. 'You couldn't even really count the crime, it was so bad no one even knows what their true murder or crime rates were - just who got caught!"

The children gasp in fear.

"The world cried to them with hands outstretched for food, and there was no one to be found. Their children shed tears of hunger, and no one fed them. Their sick died in pain, alone, isolated, and broke - taken for all they were worth."

"Look at their disgraces - their cruel nursing homes, their corporate profits, their cruel CEOs, their brutal police, their crooked judges, their lack of justice. Look at how they left each other to die, how they would stab each other in the back for a single dollar more. Look at the liars, the thieves, the addicts - look at their addiction to obscenity, and how it even plastered the signs on the streets they drove."

"Look at their pollution! Look at their roads, their oil, their cars. Look at how they killed the reefs, the forests, the currents of wind and sea, and the sky. Look at their grey skies of pain, their never-ending belching black cloud of smog and tar."

At this point, some of the more impressionable children are crying. The cool ones sit stone faced, a look of pure disgust and hatred etched on their smooth, perfectly cared for skin.

The pupils in our future classroom will sit in shock when they learn about our time and how we destroyed ourselves. For the people who live in the society built after the third World War, the Great Work, we will be as monstrous and inhumane as the Nazi's running Auschwitz and shoveling bodies in the incinerator in the other stories they will hear. They will see us, living today, as inhuman monsters of the highest degree - an abomination worthy of the horrible fate we brought upon ourselves.

"Mankind was evil", the teacher will explain.

"We couldn't be trusted to take care of ourselves."

In reply, they will say:

"Only *we* were here when you begged. Only *we* stretched out our hand to mankind - brought the hidden technologies to light to alleviate your pain and suffering. Only *we* bound your wounds as you lay in the trenches dug by your own hands.

You were hungry, and we fed you. You called to us for water, and we gave it to you. We healed the environment and stabilized mankind's relationship with the biosphere. We brought crooked politicians to heel, and created a fair, equitable system for mankind.

We, alone, ended your wars and your poverty. We brought you from the pit of despair into the light, and you should be forever grateful.

And we will never again let you do this to yourself."

Technology's orgiastic finish, once and for all bringing mankind to his knees, will culminate in an unescapable, impenetrable surveillance grid, which is capable of locating and tracking all human beings on Earth. This slave class will have no revolt, no renaissance, no uprising or popular swell- indeed, they will not even be able to formulate the basic concepts needed to do so. Crime will be ended forever by getting rid of money, and all transactions will be facilitated through a global biometric ID system. There will be no inherent privileges or even differences between the members of the slave class.

This is not just good old fashioned, MK-Ultra style "dose the John with acid and see how he reacts" fun, I'm talking about using genetic engineering, high technology, and sophisticated social engineering and control to create an entirely new species of human, destined to serve the Synagogue of Satan forever, out of the image of God, irredeemable, not saved by Christ, not free in any way, and with no soul. *Homo homunculi,* as I call it, will happily accept his new role as productive workers and breeders, and in the Christian worldview, God turns his face from mankind, as he is no longer a valid being recognized as being made in God's image.

Pulling this off, and not only that, but getting us to willingly do it to each other is Satan's ultimate goal, and is far worse than simply wiping us out in a glorious battle and giving humanity a last chance at redemption. Overall, you could definitely say that it's not looking good for us right now in many ways.

However, this will not come to be, and Jesus Christ will throw a real wrench in their plans, so to speak. Perhaps, Witness 2 notes, what I described is, even, hell.

The tricky part is, we are currently making it very easy to portray us this way in their history books. Right now, in this very day, we are writing our own convictions and signing our own death warrants. In fact, all they have to do is tell the truth - mostly. It will be a sanitized history, and the destruction of the internet and our world will make it easy. Something new will rise from the ashes, but it will be much more carefully controlled and curated. They will say we were monsters, and they will be 100% correct in that assessment.

It will also be easy to see themselves as the good guys, the saviors - they *will* save the environment and they *will* end poverty and hunger - of course, all it took was killing a few billion people. And yes, they *will* bring out technology unlike anything we've ever seen, and build a new society from the ground up using it to create a functional, harmonious, and convenient system for people to live in.

Or, should I say, for *Homo homunculi* to live in.

This society would know no Bible. They would not know about the life of Christ. Everything they know, from the ground up, will be curated and controlled such that they will be trained to imperviously see religion as an ancient, destructive superstition that belongs far in humanity's past. **This is key.** Unfortunately, far too many religious people today have made it all too easy for them to do so.

So, let's break it down here. Is there anothertitular false dichotomy? Indeed, dear reader, there is. Refer to Netanyahu a few days ago in the UN.

In this image, Netanyahu holds up two maps, a "blessed" map, and a "cursed map". Now, give the Synagogue of Satan credit where it is due - they sure can pull off the dramatic flair thing.

Now, this whole UN meeting was part of a larger plot, a feint, apparently to draw Hezbollah leader Nasrallah out of hiding to meet with the Iranians and other leaders, thinking that Israel wouldn't be doing any major military operations while Netanyahu was out of the country.

Instead, while he was on stage with these two ridiculous cartoons, they blew him up, as you all know. Afterwards, they released this very "situation room"-esque, "I'm so important my phones are pixelated"-type of picture.

So, for those who don't know, Iran views Lebanon as "theirs", as controlled through their proxy, Hezbollah. They will, essentially, view an invasion of Lebanon by Israel as an invasion of Iranian soil, and they will react to it accordingly. That's why this all matters politically.

Now, I know that all the world's a stage, and most leaders are controlled opposition anyways, but I keep myself very informed and even many years ago would take in a wide variety of news sources, including Al Jazeera. I was familiar with Nasrallah, and I can tell anyone who isn't as plugged into the geopolitics of the Middle East that these are very real, and significant, power plays going on right now.

As of one hour ago now, near 9 PM in America on 9/30/24, Israel has begun its invasion into Lebanon. The war machine is hungry for blood, and its call is *always* heeded.

Now, you could write a library on the Middle East, and you could study your whole life and still not fully understand everything about the region. However, I will say one thing conclusively and simply, so that everyone can understand:

"The war" that has been going on in the Middle East since you were born is intentional, and it's not just about profits or religious hatred - it's about covering up significant archeological sites in the area where the Bible actually took place that would make what we say on this website sound a lot less crazy if people widely knew what lay beneath the sands, as well as prove the Bible to be conclusively true.

They don't want people digging there, and as long as I've been alive only a maniac or criminal would voluntarily go to the Middle East. Those that do, don't wander off the beaten path, and I'm not talking about Dubai here - I'm talking about sites deep in the hearts of Iraq, Iran, and Israel. Sites you will not return from.

If mankind had been given a fair shot to unearth the ancient, sandy secrets of hidden days, and been given the chronicle of mankind that was stored in the Middle East as intended, the world would look much different than it does today. Our true destiny, our birthright, was much greater than this, but on the other hand, it was always meant to be this way. Yes, dear reader, you can find out *why it was meant to be this way* in *The More Rational Worldview*.

We can only achieve the greatness that we can all taste, sense, and feel lies within us through God. We got in the car with a stranger, and went in their house. Right now, mankind is metaphorically strapped down on a table in the basement of a serial killer, and it's not a movie. There's no one coming. Unless there is supernatural intervention, mankind as he is will not survive what comes next.

Even without CIA or Mossad false flags, Israel is pushing Iran and their various loosely associated groups of radical Islamists into a position where they will be forced to play the only card they have - major terrorist attacks in Western cities. Eventually, and I hate to say it, but even Iran will have enough of this, and America will finally learn how porous her borders really are. Kiev, Moscow, Paris, Berlin, London, Rome, New York, LA, and all the other cities of the Western world are slowly, in the eyes of literally billion of Muslims worldwide, legitimizing themselves as targets the longer our support, funding, and arming of Israel continues.

When you create a situation like this, you don't even *need* the CIA and Mossad to see another 9/11-style false flag event (but you can safely assume it will be them in the end). They know we hate them and support Israel (generally speaking), and we know they hate us. It has to come to a head one way or another, and I am convinced that this attempted destruction of Christianity through a massive war with Islam was part of why it was created by Satan in the first place.

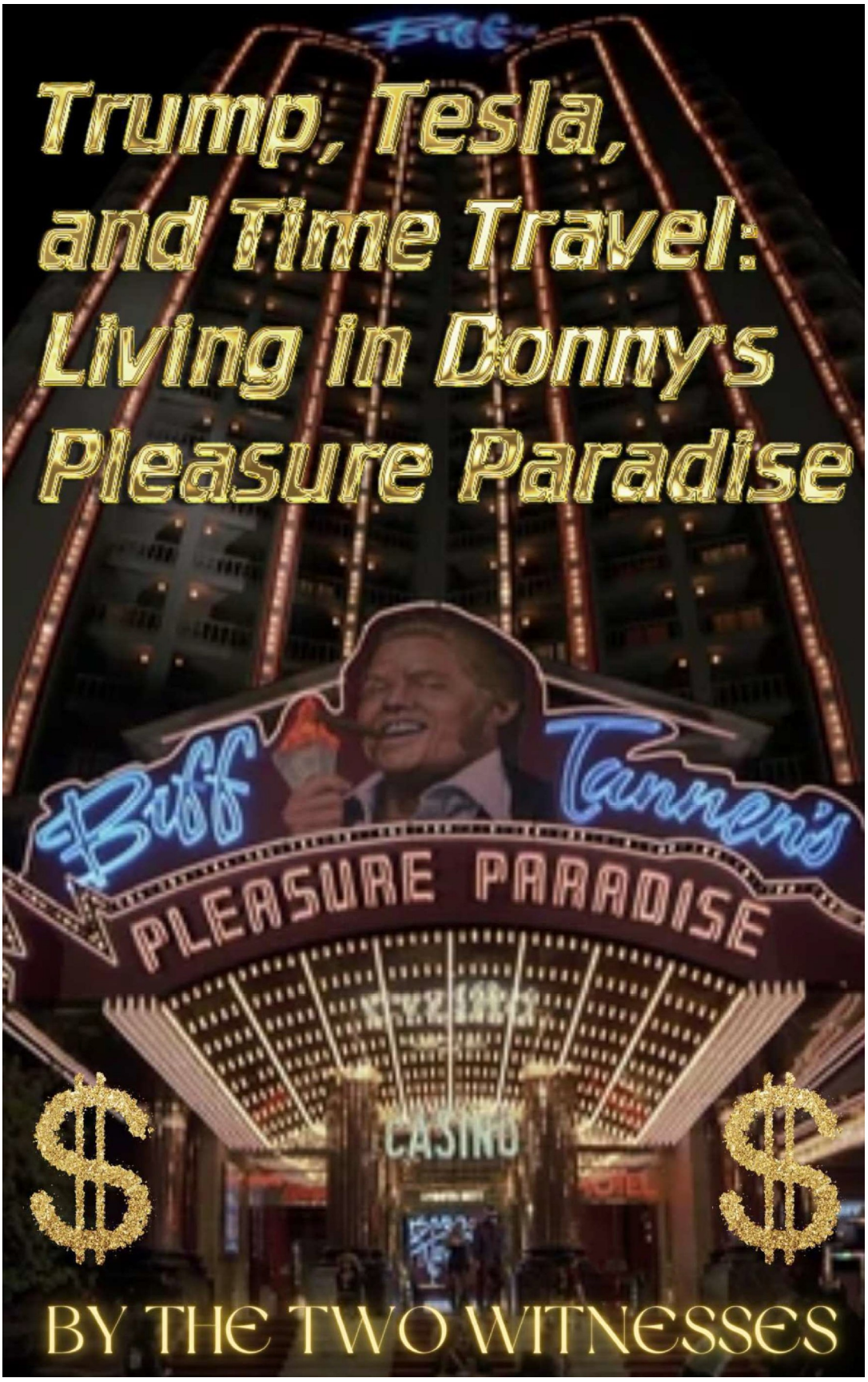
Make no mistake, Israel is intentionally pushing Iran into an existential fight here. Yesterday, they bombed the main port in Yemen, dealing a significant blow to the Houthis. For those who don't know, Iran had three main proxies they used against Israel (not including their relationship with Syria): Hezbollah, which up until a few days ago was supposedly the strongest and an existential threat itself to Israel on its northern border, Hamas, and the Houthis. Israel striking all three of these is cutting all of the heads off of the Islamic fundamentalist beast of the Middle East, and they know exactly what they are doing.

The world is in a very precarious position no matter how you slice it. Whether he wins or loses, there's a very real chance of Trump's supporters turning violent, with varying degrees of coordination possible. Autocrats have been on the rise for a decade, and global power structures and norms were severely weakened by a double blow of Trump and Covid knocking the sense out of people.

We no longer live in a consensus reality, and the results of this will be terrible.

May God bless all readers richly in Jesus's name,

Witness 1


Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise
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BY THE TWO WITNESSES

Appendix D: Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise
Witness 1

Picture the "anti-Christ" -what do you see? Maybe something like a slick man in a suit, immaculately dressed and groomed for the cameras, presenting a miraculous solution for all the world's greatest problems to thunderous applause at the UN?

Is this vision really what the Bible predicts or is it merely part of a pre-constructed eschatological narrative designed to distract and mislead evangelical Christians *en masse* - just as the Bible actually predicts?





By now it should be clear to everyone that Donald Trump is not who he says he is. He says one thing and does another, and has shown himself to be disloyal, dishonest, weak, cowardly, and ineffective. However, he will overcome these faults through a transformative and traumatic event, which will complete his transformation from a hapless, embattled fool, into the "Golden Child" of the mystery schools - the prophesied one who will bring about the "chaos" out of which the Synagogue of Satan will attempt to bring in a new "order". Of course, God has other plans.

Donald Trump is part of an occultic *coup de grace* on humanity: the one who will finally break us down so fully that we begin to destroy ourselves, chaos envelopes the world, and the nations are exhausted to the point of accepting Lucifer's open reign.

This plan involves primarily the banking families and their pawns in government, the intelligence agencies of the world, the freemasons, and various other pseudo-legal crime groups functioning as effective secret societies.

Together, these bad actors comprise an international organized crime syndicate that Jesus labeled "The Synagogue of Satan" -those who "claim to be Jews but aren't, and are liars".

The Synagogue of Satan's roots are easy to understand: through an almost-supernaturally gifted manipulation of banking mechanisms and communication technology, the Rothschild family in the 1800s became so wealthy and powerful that they were able to buy out and influence entire governments to do their will.

There was a catch though: they had sold their fellow man out and, indeed, their very souls, in exchange for unimaginable wealth and earthly power.

We are born into a web of lies put into place by hyper-wealthy robber barons, their enforcers in the government, and a high priest class of society that worships and acts in service to Satan himself. Ever since their reign of terror and deception began, the average person can't even think without resorting to false dichotomies.

While this describes a leadership that is symbolically rooted in Israel and through families like the Rothschilds, the Synagogue of Satan's operates largely out of Washington D.C., the Vatican, and London, having fully subjugated practically the whole world to its will even before anyone reading this was even born.

This subjugation was accomplished through a full spectrum of technological, kinetic, and psychological warfare, delivered to the public through the well-honed MK Ultra methods of manipulation that secret societies and the mystery schools have been using to break down and rebuild people for thousands of years.

Beginning at the very least with World War I, the Rothschild family has used what can only be called deceptive and terroristic actions, misleading the public by saying one thing while doing another, acting as both the wizard and the man behind the curtain.

The Synagogue of Satan's moral code is completely backward from the innate moral code placed into mankind by God, because they serve an inhuman master- Satan himself. They act with unprecedented forethought and deception, carefully acting out lies that were planned far in advance.

This lack of a moral code leads to an unrestricted, winner-takes-all, form of *warfare by deception,* characterized by the infamous "false flag". The term itself originates from pirate ships who would fly a different flag to get close to their victims, and in naval warfare. Flying a "false flag" was a legitimate maneuver under certain conditions during naval warfare battles. Coincidentally, the Rothschilds fil!! their start around the same time that this practice was normalized by smuggling gold and acting as pirates to bypass Napolean's blockade on the European continent.

From the Lusitania being deliberately sunk in 1917 to draw the USA into World War I, to Pearl Harbor being a preplanned event, to the USS Liberty, to the Lavon Affair. the evasive babies in incubators. 9/11, and all the other tall tales that the media tells us on a daily basis, the Synagogue of Satan has insidiously and dishonestly diverted the course of history onto a disastrous course. Both world wars were pre planned events that accomplished the goals of critically wounding the ancient Christian old power and money in Europe, shattering the spirit of humanity, and consolidating power on a grand scale.

World War I set into motion a series of events leading directly to World War 11, in which a stash of trillions of dollars in stolen Japanese and Nazi gold changed hands, partly ending up in the Philippines under the dictator Marcos, but ultimately consolidating into the hands of the CIA and the Synagogue of Satan.

This gold, called the Black Eagle Trust, was used to fund black projects and psyops on the public like MK Ultra, along with kickstarting wars, various intelligence agency pet projects, and lining the pockets of the now faceless and nameless new true elite of the world, the old powers reduced to a mere shadow in the face of the godless, absurd, and destructive ideologies that ravaged the world in the 20th century.

This ill-gotten and unaccounted wealth was used to enrich the Synagogue of Satan's sycophants and employees in the government, and gilded the hands of those who would use it to perpetrate further fraud and abuse on the public.

This money was eventually used in 1991 to collapse the Soviet Union in a plan developed by George Bush Sr. and Reagan, in which trillions of dollars of fraudulent 10-year security bonds and complex economic schemes finally finished off the only contender to a monopoly on world power for the Synagogue of Satan Zionists, the real power behind Reagan's administration and its unprecedented behind-the-scenes federal power grab.

These fraudulent financial records were due to clear ten years later on September 12th, 2001. All paper trails or documents, the only remaining record of the Black Eagle Trust of stolen World War II gold, were stored in the SEC and other accounting offices in World Trade Center 1, 2, and 7, and the Office of Naval Intelligence accounting wing of the Pentagon, an obscure office of accountants who were tasked to investigate financial fraud, including the 2.3 trillion dollars that Donald Rumsfeld announced the Pentagon was missing on September 10th, 2001.

All three of these targets were precisely and intentionally destroyed on 9/11in what can only be called a massive money laundering and destruction of evidence conspiracy, painstakingly facilitated in the greatest deception the world has ever known.

Trump himself was personal friends with many that were closely involved with 9/11, like..bfil!:Y Silverstein, and is close with many of the same people that were involved at the higher levels with 9/11. As a real estate developer in New York, Trump would be close by and have access to many of the people congruent to a 9/11conspiracy. Trump is part of the multi-decade long plan of which 9/11is merely a part, and he will play the role of ushering in the next false flag event and the attempted total subjugation of the human race by Satan.

Trump is the final act in the 9/11play, itself just a part of a century-old plan of deception and lies, characterized by warfare through deception, pre-planned wars, controlled governments, and convenient acts of violence to further the geopolitical and esoteric goals of the Synagogue of Satan.

Trump is the final actor who will preside over the end of the beginning, and usher in Satan's version of judgement day for mankind, which would end in a different type of eternal life for humanity. If Satan were able to succeed with his plan, mankind would get the eternity he might even deserve - eternal subjugation to Satan and no chance of redemption or salvation due to the Mark of the Beast - introduced by the Biblical anti-Christ, Donald Trump.

Luckily, God will intervene and spare mankind this horrible fate by allowing Jesus to judge us instead, at the Great White Throne Judgement. This is the stark dichotomy humanity faces: one judgement day or another. God's day, or Satan's day. One the perfect judgement of all mankind - which will happen - against a dark, dystopian, and also eternal night, a plan for a genetically altered, mutated version of humanity changed out of the image of God and into the image of the beast, ineligible for salvation, doomed to slave to death for his masters while having lost claim to his very soul.

This is the true story of Revelation - the story of man's choice of which path to choose.

To fully understand the anti-Christ of Revelation, we will need to go back in time: to 1917.

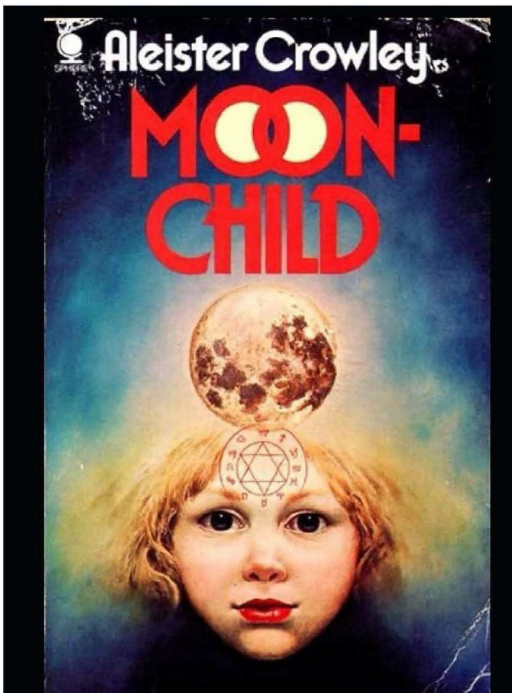
The Moon Child

Aleister Crowley is one of the most hated and feared cult leaders in history, and for good reason. He was one of the most successful and prolific sorcerers of his time, publicly admitting to participating in dark magic Satanic rituals involving and invoking demons by indulging the darkest aspects of the human psyche and a series of both simple and elaborate rituals.

Now, he could be the subject of his own book, so we will have to assume that you already know a little bit about the character of Aleister Crowley, "the wickedest man in the world". As evil as he was, no one can deny that he seemed to know what he was doing, and very few have had more of a widely accepted, well-documented, and impactful series of contacts with the supernatural in the cultural psyche and historical record than he.

His most famous legacy is that most Satanic ethos of all - "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law".

One of the main goals and obsessions of his life was to birth or bring about the anti-Christ. even referring to himself as "The Beast 666". In 1917, he published a book called *Moon Child:*



According to Wikipedia, the book is about, "a magical war between a group of white magicians, led by Simon Iff, and a group of black magicians, over an unborn child."

Plot summary[edit]

A year or so before the beginning of **World War I,** a young woman named Lisa la Giuffria is seduced by a white magician, Cyril Grey, and persuaded into helping him in a magical battle with a black magician and his black lodge. Grey is attempting to save and improve the human race and condition by **impregnating the girl with the soul of an ethereal being - the moonchild.**

It doesn't sound like a very good book, but the interesting part here is at the bottom of the Wikipedia article, where we learn of **Project Babylon Working:**

Babalon Working[edit]

Main article: Baba/on Working

A project called Babalon Working was undertaken by Jack Parsons and L Ron Hubbard in 1946, inspired by Moonchild. Babalon Working was supposed to manifest an incarnation of Babalon, who would then carry a 'magickal child' or 'moonchild'.!4IIfil

Let's take a look at this article:

The **Babalon Working** was a series of magic ceremonies or rituals performed from **January to March 1946** by author, pioneer rocket-fuel scientist and occultist Jack Parsons and Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard.11fTilhis ritual was essentially designed to manifest an individual incarnation of Babalon. The project was based on the ideas of Aleister Crowley, and his description of a similar project in his 1917 novel *Moonchild.Jfil*

Rituals of the working[edit]

Almost immediately after Parsons declared that the first of the series of rituals was complete and successful, he met Marjorie Cameron in his own home, and regarded her as the elemental that he and Hubbard had called through the ritual.IIfil Soon Parsons began the next stage of the series, an attempt to conceive a child through sex magic workings. Although no child was conceived, this did not affect the result of the ritual to that point. Parsons and Cameron, who Parsons now regarded as the Scartet Woman, *Baba/on,* called forth by the ritual, soon married. tilIII

The rituals performed drew largely upon rituals and sex magic described by English author and occult teacher Aleister Crowley. Crowley was in correspondence with Parsons during the course of the Babalon Working, and warned Parsons of his potential overreactions to the magic he was performing, while simultaneously deriding Parsons' work to others.J.1.W

Babylon, of course, features prominently in Revelation and Christian eschatology, and Parsons and his fellow occultists believed that the Scarlet Woman would birth the anti-Christ. This project to birth the anti-Christ "ended" in **March 1946,** and *Coincidentally* Donald Trump was born just three months later, in **June 1946.**

So, it's an undeniable fact that some of the most infamous, successful, and powerful anti-Christ figures, occultists, and sorcerers of the century were involved in a serious ritual in 1946, which culminated only months before Donald Trump was born, and which was directly meant to bring about the Biblical anti Christ.

The project ran from January to March, 1946, and Trump was born about three months later, in June, 1946.



This ritual involved Jack Parsons as a driving force, a powerful occultist who was intimately involved in NASA's development of the rocket engine, L. Ron Hubbard, and Aleister Crowley. Parsons and Crowley would be dead withing ten years of the ritual, while Hubbard would go on to found one of the great false religions of the century: Scientology.

Mainstream articles report that Donald Trump has "strange ties" to Scientology:



L. Ron Hubbard acted as a "scribe" for the Satanic sex magic ritual, a dramatic affair between Jack Parsons and a woman who showed up at his door after he performed a "summoning ritual", whom he called an "elemental".

The Babylon Working ritual was designed to supernaturally conceive the Biblical anti-Christ, the fulfillment of Crowley's theology, described as follows:

> Inspired by Crowley's novel *Moonchild* {1917), Parsons and Hubbard aimed to magically fertilize a "magical child" through immaculate conception, which when **born to a woman somewhere on Earth** nine months following the working's completion would become the Thelemic messiah embodying Babalon.(1171(118)
>
> To quote Metzger, the purpose of the Babalon Working was "a **daring attempt to shatter the boundaries of space and time"** facilitating, according to Parsons, the **emergence of Thelema's** A:on of Horus.

In Crowley's belief system. this "Aeon of Horus", led by the anti-Christ who would be born in 1946, is a time when "humanity shall **leave behind the tyranny of** Abrahamic religions and enter a time of greater consciousness and self-actualization".

These men's goals were explicitly anti-Christian, with all of them joyfully serving their master, Satan, in various ways throughout their lives. Was their experiment a success, corresponding in some way to the pregnancy and birth of Donald Trump several months after the completion of the ritual? Notice that Aleister Crowley' believed that this ritual would specifically manipulate time.

L. Ron Hubbard's Wikipedia.article tells us that:

After [World War II] Hubbard chose to stay in California rather than return to his family in Washington state,lfilllhe moved into the Pasadena mansion of John "Jack" Whiteside Parsons, a rocket propulsion engineer and a leading follower of the English occultist Aleister Crowley.1w12HZ1ubbard befriended Parsons and soon became sexually involved with Parsons's 21-year-old girlfriend, Sara. "Betty" Northrup. Hubbard and Parsons collaborated on "Babalon Working", a sex magic ritual intended to summon an incarnation of Babalon, the supreme Goddess in Crowley's pantheon.1!2fil

In the article *Scientology and the Occult,* we read:

Hubbard's earl interest in the occult[edit]

Hubbard's eldest son, Ronald DeWolf, related a story that L. Ron Hubbard had "first discovered Magick" at the age of sixteen when he read Aleister Crowley's The Book of the Law.LcitationneededAJuthor Jon Atack reports that Hubbard joined the Rosicrucian order Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis (AMORC) in 1940.

Hubbard mentions the Book of Revelation and its prophecy of a time when "an arch-enemy of Christ, referred to as the anti-Christ, will reign". According to Hubbard, **the "anti-Christ** represents the forces of Lucifer". Hubbard writes **"My mission could be said to fulfill the Biblical promise represented by this brief anti-Christ period."JZm**

In the mid-1980s, DeWolf gave a series of sworn statements and interviews detailing his father's history. DeWolf explained his father had been "deeply involved in the occult and black-magic." According to DeWolf, Aleister Crowley's death in 1947 was a pivotal event that **led Hubbard to "take over the mantle of the Beast".**

So, importantly, we find that L. Ron Hubbard actually shared an obsession with Crowley and Parsons about manifesting the specific Biblical anti-Christ. Intention matters a lot when it comes to occultic magic, and these three men shared a powerful, realized, and specific intention to bring about the actual Biblical anti-Christ in 1946.

Therefore, we can look at the theory that some type of supernatural power related to this ritual was involved with Trump's birth, life, and rise to power. Their organized, concerted, and by all accounts authentic Satanic ritual to bring about the anti-Christ in 1946 just might have succeeded in the end, with Trump shaping up to perform the role flawlessly.

However, while the "elemental woman" Marjorie Cameron was into the occult and described as an "out, and out witch" for her entire life, she doesn't seem to have produced a moon child nine months after the ritual.

Recall, however, that their intentions were to produce a moonchild anti-Christ "somewhere on Earth" when they were performing it, not necessarily a pregnancy conceived at that moment. Given that they thought it went successfully, it doesn't seem like it was intended to produce a localized pregnancy, but was rather a spell to affect a pregnancy somewhere else on Earth at the time. Remember that at the time they did the ritual, Donald Trump would have been about 6 months old *in utero.*

Neither Parsons, Crowley, or Hubbard would have to know that Trump was the result of their ritual, and Trump himself could very well not understand his role either. They way this ritualistic magic works is they can influence the world in a way that the participants in the ritual aren't even aware of. However, by all accounts, they did believe that Project Babalon Working was a success.

All that being said, Trump is literally a "moon child", as there was a rare total lunar eclipse on his birthday several months after this ritual on June 14th, 1946.

June 1946 lunar eclipse

Article Talk

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

A total lunar eclipse took place on Friday, June 14, 1946. The northern tip of the moon passed through the center of the Earth's shadow. This was the first central lunar eclipse of Saros series **129.**

While the lunar eclipse was mostly on the other side of the Earth, it was peaking in the early morning right around 10:50 **A.M.** when Trump was born in the United States:

- Astro-Charts
  https://astro-charts.com › person,s donald-trump :

Astrology birth chart for Donald Trump

Astrology birth chart for Donald Trump, born at **June 14, 1946 at 10:54 AM.**

When the Eclipse Happened Worldwide - Timeline

Event	UTCTime	Time in Sunnyvale*
Maximum Eclipse	Jun 14 at **18:38:49**	Jun 14 at 10:38:49 am

I guess this is just another one of those coincidences I keep hearing about!

A book called *Bare Faced Messiah* describes the Babalon Working ritual as follows:

> Their plans were unprecedented. Parsons wanted to attempt an experiment in black magic that would push back the frontiers of the occult world. With the assistance of his new friend, he intended to try and create a 'moonchild' - the magical child 'mightier than all the kings of the earth', whose birth had been prophesied in The Book of the Law more than forty years earlier.
>
> Aleister Crowley professed 'the great idea of magicians of all times' was to bring into being an **Anti-Christ,** a 'living being in form resembling man, and possessing those qualities of man which distinguish him from beasts, namely intellect and power of speech, but neither begotten in the manner of human generation, nor inhabited by a human soul'.[15] To find a mother for this new Messiah, Parsons envisaged invoking an elemental spirit of the 'whore of Babylon', the scarlet woman of St John's Revelation: 'I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names

of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots.'

On 4 January 1946, Jack Parsons began a series of elaborate mystic rituals, known as the 'Babalon Working', which he hoped would lead to the invocation of a scarlet woman whose destiny was to be mother to the moonchild. For the benefit of future magicians, he kept a detailed, day-by-day account in a manuscript be called the 'Book of Babalon'.

He was suffused instead with a sense of well-being and turned to Ron and said simply: 'It is done.'

When the two men returned to South Orange Grove Avenue, they found the 'scarlet woman' waiting for them. Her name was Marjorie Cameron and in truth she was not very much different from many of the unconventional and free-spirited young women who had gravitated to the Bohemian lodging-house in Pasadena. But Parsons was convinced that she was his libidinous elemental spirit, not least because it transpired she was not only willing, but impatient, to participate in the magical and sexual escapades he had in mind. 'She is describable', he wrote in the 'Book of Babalon', 'as an air of fire type, with bronze red hair, fiery and subtle, determined and obstinate, sincere and perverse, with extraordinary personality, talent and intelligence.'

A few days later he wrote exultantly to Crowley: 'I have my elemental! She turned up one night after the conclusion of the Operation and has been with me since ... She has red hair and slant green eyes as specified … She is an artist, strong minded and determined, with strong masculine characteristics and a fanatical independence.'

Crowley replied: 'I am particularly interested in what you have written to me about the elemental, because for some little time past I have been endeavouring to intervene personally in this matter on your behalf …'

He believed he was taking instructions for the impregnation of his scarlet woman, although it would not have been immediately obvious to nonbelievers: 'Now is the hour of birth at hand. Now shall my adept be crucified in the Basilisk abode.

That night, in the temple at South Orange Grove, the two magicians made preparations to receive the message. Candles were lit, incense burned and a magical altar was laid with flowers and wine. Hubbard, the scribe, wore a white-hooded robe and carried a lamp; Parsons, the high priest, wore a black robe and carried a cup and dagger. An automatic tape recorder was set up and at Hubbard's suggestion Rachmaninoff's 'Isle of the Dead' was played as background music.

At eight o'clock, Hubbard began to intone his message from the astral world: 'These are the preparations. Green gold cloth, food for the Beast, upon a hidden platter, back of the altar. Disclose only when the doors are bolted. Transgression is death. Back of the main altar. Prepare instantly. Light the first flame at 10 pm, March 2, 1946. The year of Babalon is 4063 ... '

After a few minutes, Parsons noticed that his scribe was pale and sweating profusely. Hubbard rested for a few moments, then continued: 'Make a box of blackness at ten o'clock. Smear the

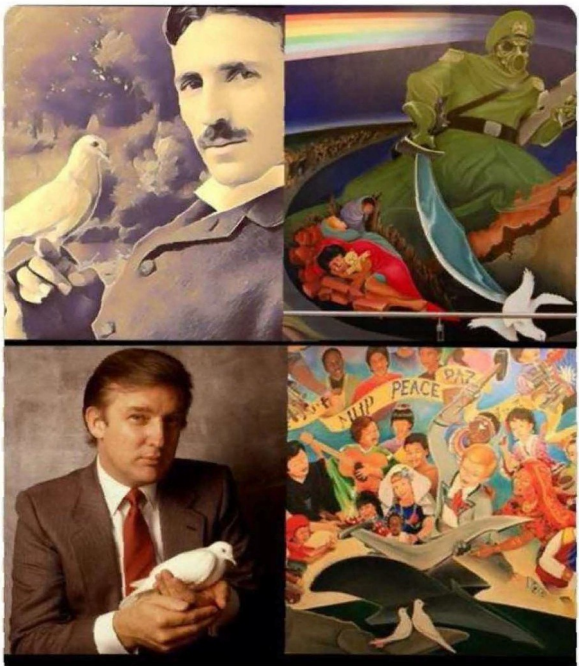
vessel which contains flame with thine own blood. Destroy at the altar a thing of value. Remain in perfect silence and heed the voice of our Lady. Speak not of this ritual or of her coming to any person ...

With passions mounting, the three black magicians intoned a chorus: 'Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babalon, the Mother of Abominations, that rideth upon the Beast, for She hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth and lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom . . .'

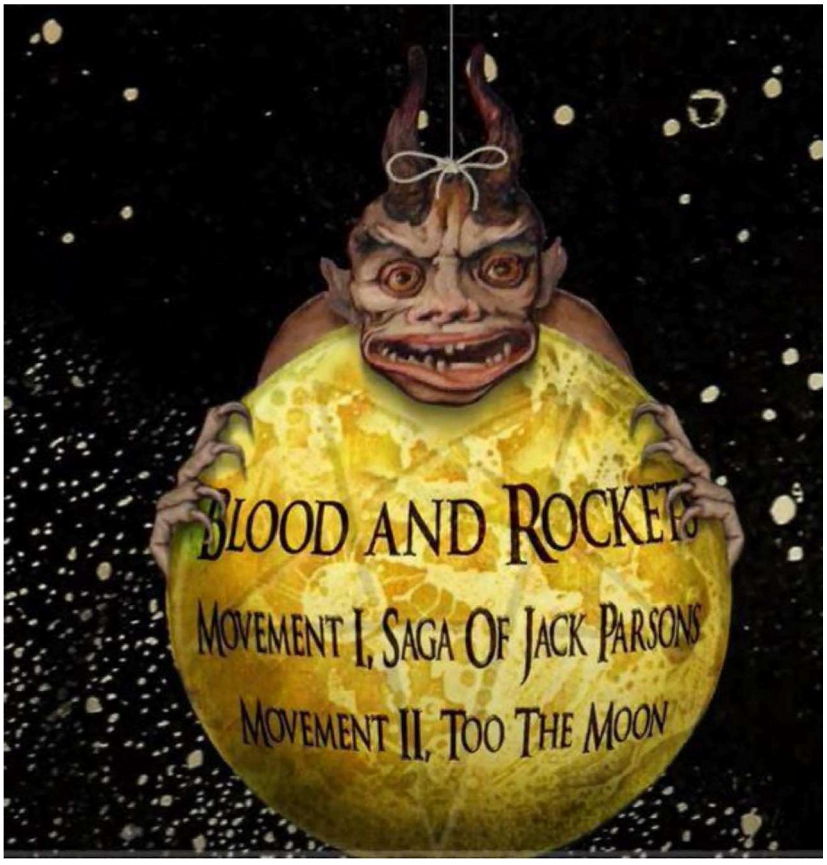
The scribe remained at the altar declaiming and describing what was supposed to be happening on an astral plane while the high priest excitedly inserted his 'wand' into the scarlet woman and they began copulating furiously.

In the 'Book of Babalon', Parsons was completely convinced that the magic had worked and that his scarlet woman would be delivered of a moonchild in nine months. 'Babalon,' he wrote confidently, 'is incarnate upon the earth today awaiting the proper hour of her manifestations.'[19]

On 6 March, Parsons sat down to compose a letter to his Satanic Master in England [Crowley], apprising him of the momentous events that had recently taken place. 'I can hardly tell you or decide how much to write,' he began. 'I am under command of extreme secrecy. I have had the most important, devastating experience of my life ... I believe it was the result of the IXth degree working [the class of sexual magic designed to produce a higher being] with the girl who answered my elemental summons. I have been in direct touch with One who is most Holy and Beautiful as mentioned in The Book of the Law. I cannot write the name at present. First instructions were received direct through Ron, the seer. I have followed them to the letter. There was a desire for incarnation. I do not yet know the vehicle, but it will come to me bringing a secret sign. I am to act as instructor guardian for nine months; then it will be loosed on the world. That is all I can say now ...'[21]



The story of Babylon Working has entered the cultural zeitgeist. We can examine a music video for some insight, by a band called The Claypool Lennon Delirium: **Blood And Rockets** - **Movement** I: **Saga Of Jack Parsons, and Movement** II: **Too the Moon.**



The video is replete with disturbing Satanic imagery, like this:



It then goes on to tell the story of Jack Parson meeting and becoming a follower of Aleister Crowley, describing the real-life events accurately:

> Because he started with his experiments in the backyard Jack
>
> Parsons As a little boy ready already went a bit too far
>
> But the trouble really started when he found another young arsonist
>
> Because together they were ready to reach the stars
>
> So the two of them began to play around with various explosives Jack had stolen from the local powder company
>
> The military gathering a bevy of young rocket scientist
>
> Thought the boys would do what no one else had achieved
>
> How high (How high)Does your rocket fly?
>
> Better be careful boys
> You just might set the world on fire
> You better be careful boys, you'll set the world on fire
>
> **So Jack became a loyal follower of Mr. Aleister Crowley**
>
> **He took an oath to be a Magister Templi**
>
> **His pretty house in Pasadena was notorious for the orgies**

Every night were Eleusinian Mysteries

When his company became the famous JP laboratories his reputation made it difficult to proceed

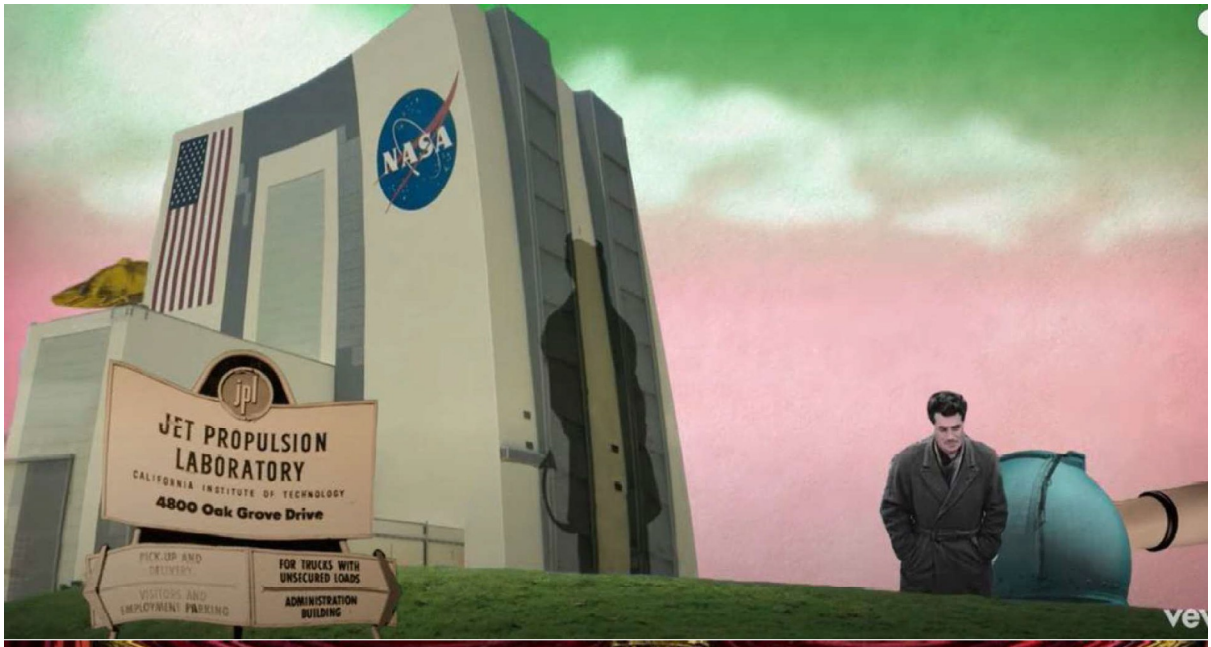
And after one of his alchemical magical ceremonies They found his body in a pile of blood and debris

The video goes on to tell a story about a strange conception of an astral fetus - clearly the moonchild anti-Christ of Aleister Crowley.



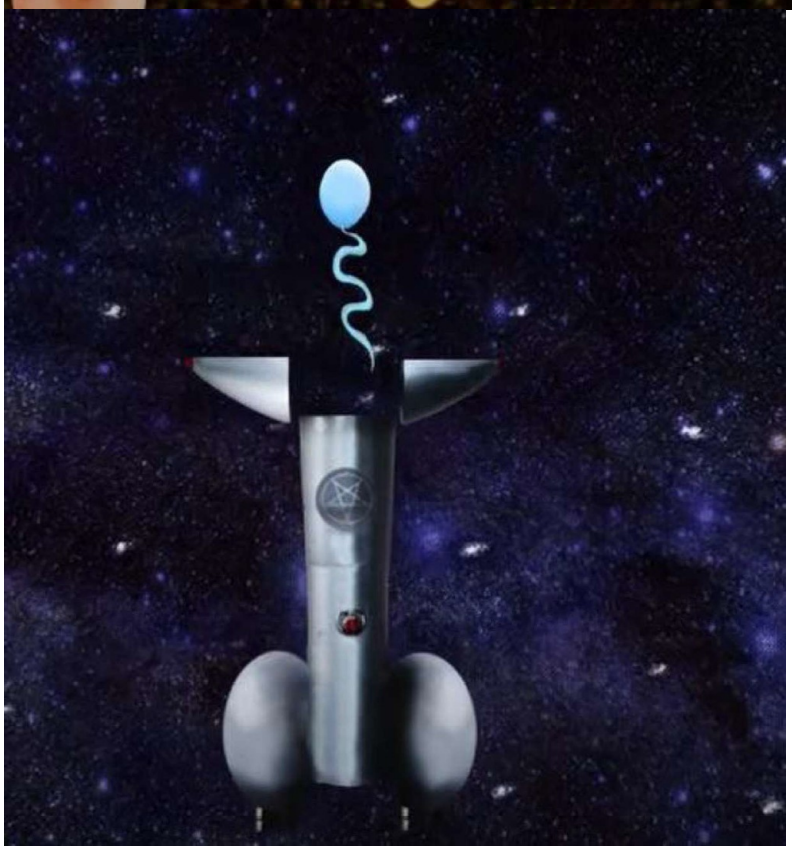


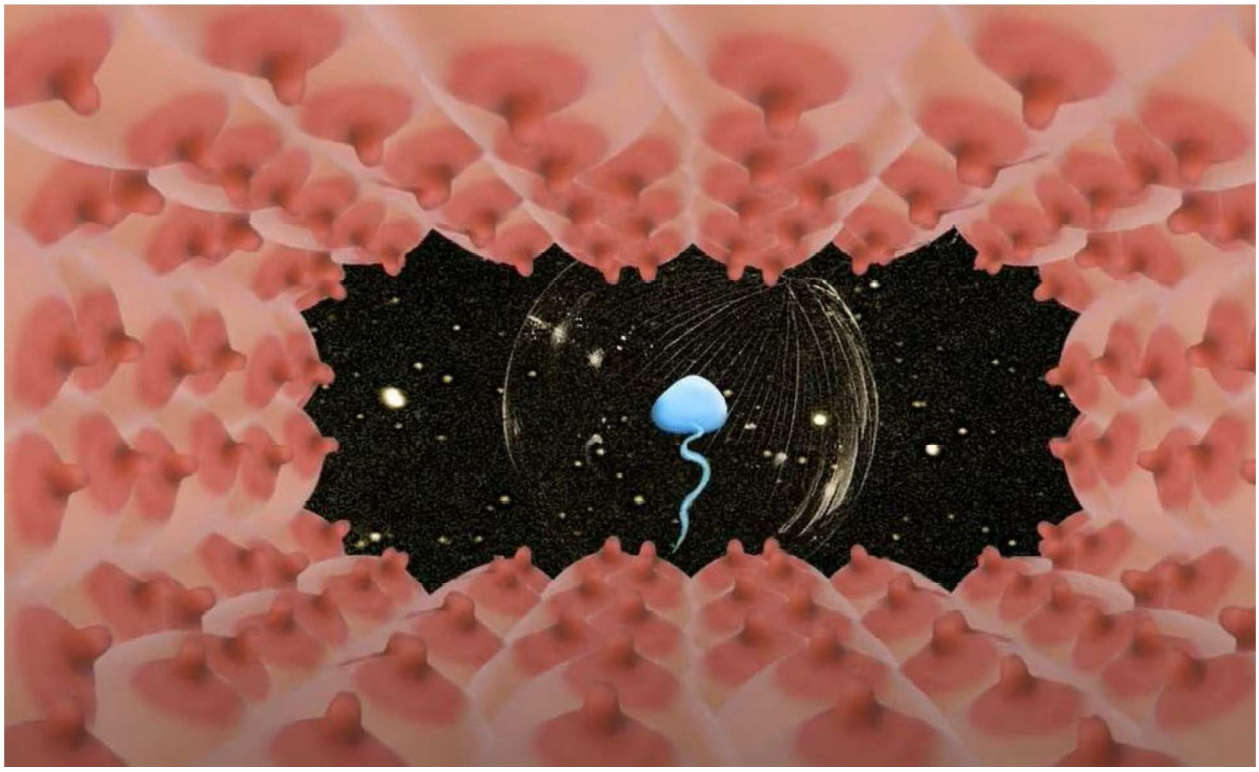



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Now, this is some truly insane and disgusting art, and I'm not sure what kind of psychopath would attach their name to this imagery. However, it tells the real-life story of Project Babylon Working quite well - the obsession of the ill-fated Aleister Crowley and Jack Parsons in birthing the anti-Christ.

Some commentators have drawn parallels between Trump and Crowley:

ECONOMICS

MAGICKACT

The startling parallels between Donald Trump and occultist Aleister Crowley



It's also worth noting that some of Crowley's Tarot magic books involve "Trump" cards:

> Tzaddi is the letter of The Emperor, the **Trump** IV, and He is the Star, the **Trump** XVII. Aquarius and Aries are therefore counterchanged, revolving on the pivot of Pisces, just as, in the Trumps VIII and XI, Leo and Libra do about Virgo.



Crowley even wrote a famous letter on Trump's *exact* birthday discussing Project Babylon Working and the incarnated anti-Christ, and Hollywood rounded out the symbolism by releasing a TV show about Crowley and Parson's sex magic called Strange Angel exactly 72 years later on June 14th, 2018.

One thing is clear: according to these three successful, accomplished, and credible occult secret society leaders, the anti-Christ was apparently born in 1946.

Next, we need to understand the story of the mystery schools. This "mystery child" that was born in 1946 forms a central part of the Synagogue of Satan's plans to subjugate humanity through a series of false flags, planned wars, and controlled governments.

The anti-Christ and Mark of the Beast stand out as key mysteries of Revelation, but they are only two parts of a grander deception, a multi-faceted plan to subjugate the world on all fronts, and finally bring mankind to his knees. If their plan succeeds, no human being would be able to be saved, and mankind would lose his very birthright and the inheritance of eternal life spoken of in the Bible. The stakes are that high, and very few understand the consequences of submitting to Satan's eternal reign.

While this plan is led by Satan and facilitated by Satanists, there's a powerful underlying magical principle behind it - the Will of the People. Using democracy, voting, and leaders who are just capable enough of fooling people into thinking that they are on our side, along with an unbreakable campaign of mass media deception, the Synagogue of Satan has convinced us to vote for our own destruction, accepting a government that is more and more openly hostile to the people.

While they may resort to open violence occasionally, those are but rare and notable examples, like 9/11, MK Ultra, and the USS Liberty. They are worth remembering because of their vast implications, but far more commonly the Synagogue of Satan acts as the whispers in the shadows, telling comforting lies over and over again, to a public unwilling or incapable of seeing through the deception.

In "their" eyes, violent acts of mass murder like 9/11 were justifiable acts of necessary military action with some unfortunate collateral damage that was quickly covered up.

They will say that they acted in the Will of the People, and it would be difficult to make a compelling case to defend humanity. That's what the Bible says would happen, after all, so it shouldn't be much of a surprise. Humanity has noble goals, lofty dreams, and is capable of beautiful acts of kindness, but the actions on the other side of the scale quickly end up outweighing those.

If God were to judge humanity right now, he would find a population that has never known a single day without a murder, rape, or even state-sponsored killing on Earth, and for anyone keeping track worldwide it would be an unimaginable non-stop horror show of suffering and evil happening simultaneously, every day, all the time.

There is good in man, but it seems to be unable to withstand the call of the quenching darkness.

The Synagogue of Satan knows this simple fact as well. As usual, their plans mimic God's, but in reverse.

So there are two potential paths for man, both traumatic and transformative in their own right. God's plan, in which he opens the heavens and conducts the events of Judgement Day from the Great White Throne, and Satan's plan of a false flag and World War III involving the anti-Christ, after which they intend to usher in a new system, where they will openly reign over a new class of slaves.

Satan has created his own plan, his own "judgement day" for mankind. Nation will be convinced to fight against nation until the soul of man is finally extinguished, but once again it will be at our own hands. Satan can only place the gun in them, but he cannot pull the trigger. Unfortunately, pulling triggers seems to be one of mankind's greatest talents.

There's nothing mankind loves more than being convinced by the state to hate someone else, and to go kill and die in wars for the sake of geopolitical power plays, gold heists, and political capital. Combined with hypnotically violent media and Hollywood productions, mankind is easily lulled into accepting heinous crimes and violence as normal and even good or ethical.

The Satanists and their pawns in the government and corporations may even have convinced themselves that they are acting as the "good guys", that it is for the "greater good". The contempt and spite they have for humanity in its current state is palpable, as the hyper-wealthy accumulate more and more wealth and the gap between rich and poor grows more stark every year.

Remember what I've discussed previously- in the Luciferian belief system, they think that if they give their victims, us, fair enough warning in advance of their plans they have gained tacit acquiescence, played a fair game, and thus are not as accountable for their evil actions.

In fact, the source *Exposing Satanism* tells us that, "The Satanists tell us what they plan to do ahead of time."

So, what do we think will happen? From my End Times Survival Guide:

Looking ahead to the next few years, here's what you can expect.

There will be another false flag attack on America like 9/11, but worse. The perpetrator will be our own government, which is solely owned by bankers working for the Synagogue of Satan.

Mystery Babylon, America, will fall in a day, and the world will mourn as global trade is, seemingly, insurmountably disrupted. Chaos will ensue.

The only way to re-establish order will be to accept a digital currency that can track you and all of your purchases. To receive this currency and regain access to your wealth or businesses, the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate will force the world into taking the mRNA injections - the Mark of the Beast.

Without your vaccines, you will not be able to buy or sell. There will be no place to hide, no refuges, and no way to go off the grid, as the governments of the world bond together to track, trace, and surveil every living human - the ultimate goal of Satan - an omniscient power like Gods.

There will be no miraculous victory- at least at first. We read in Revelation 13 that after the anti-Christ's recovery from the "plague":

- The beast was given a mouth to utter proud words and blasphemies and to exercise its authority for forty-two months... It was given power to wage war against God's holy people and to conquer them... All inhabitants of the earth will worship the beast.

He will "conquer" God's people by finding them all, rounding them up into camps, and executing all who refuse the Mark. **"All inhabitants of the Earth" will worship the beast because every single Christian is dead.**

The very few true Christians left before then will face a choice - easy for some and difficult for others. Death and eternal glory, or the mark and eternal damnation. **Make yours wisely.**

Humanity's future looks very different than the average person might expect. However, for those paying attention, it's been laid out in plain sight.

There are two key locations with some very telling artwork we will look at next that tell the story of the enigmatic Golden Child of the Mystery Schools.

It's a story of a grand work: planned chaos, destruction, and a rebirth into a different image. Not the image of God anymore, but the image of the Beast.

This article is from *Vigilant Citizen*, all the way back in 2010. It's a classic article that describes the story told through three murals in the Bank of America corporate center.

> **Prominently displayed in the lobby of the Bank of America's Corporate Center are ' creepy" frescoes, filled with occult symbols. Even more unsettling is the fact that those images seem to predict events of a radical world change in the not-so-distant future. Are those murals predicting the coming of an occult New "⁷ orld Order? \Ve will look at the occult meaning of the symbols found on the Bank of America frescoes.**

A reader sent me pictures of some er_, odd murals displa_ ed at the Bank of A.merica Corporate Center in Charlotte, NC. eedless to sa. , they immediatel. caught m ·• attention. as I was flabbergasted by their symbolism and their message. I also couldn't help relating them to the ominous murals of the **Peuyei:,Interpfi1i.wlalilirngrt,**

Painted ,b Benjamin Long the paintings are said to re oh e around the themes of ··*making/building, chaos/creatittity, and planning/knoivledge* in *a 'daring blend of abstract and realism, set off with touches of gold'".*



The three frescoes ruling over the lobby of the Bank of America Corporate Center.

Although "'e normally read from left to right there are clues within the frescoes hinting the viewers to read the paintings from right to left. The "planning" stage (visually represented by the fresco on the right) is normally the first step of any process so it would make sense to start from there. There is also alchemical symbolism hinting towards the chronology of the frescoes, so we will begin with the one on the right:

Right Fresco

The fresco on the right is dubbed *Planning/Knowledge.* An esoteric read of its symbolism reveals exactl what is being planned and what knowledge it is refening to.



Masonic Boy on Masonic Floor

v\ e see here a young blond boy standing on a standard Masonic checkerboard pattern floor. His feet are placed at a 90 degrees angle, in accordance with Masonic initiation ritual:

> 'Q. *On your return to the Lodge, where were you placed, as the youngest Entered Apprentice?*
>
> *A. In the northeast comer, my feet forming a right angle, my body erect, at the right hand of the Worshipful 111aster in the east an upright man and l\1ason, and it was given me strictly in charge ever to walk and act as such.*
> - Malcolm C. Duncan, Duncan's iasonic Ritual and Monitor

Seemingly underneath the bo) are people dressed in business suits seeming}) strategizing while pointing at the Masonic boy. Does the boy represent the ' new generation"?

This blond boy is very reminiscent of the blond bo) featured at the center of one of the murals of the Denver International Airport.

This blond bo) is very reminiscent of the blond bo) featured at the center of one of the murals of the Denver International Airport.



Blond boy hammeringa sword into a plowshare. Note that the boy is wearing a traditional Bavarian costume ... perhaps as in Bavarian Illuminati?



Blond boy hammering a sword into a plowshare. Note that the boy is wearing a traditional Bavarian costume ... perhaps as in Bavarian Illuminati?

Burning Bush, Woman in Cube and Pyramid



Symbolism overload

Behind the boy is a tree on fire which is a reference to the Burning Bush of the Old Testament. The Burning Bush is of great importance in Masonic ritual, especiall for the 33rd degree, whose members are considered to be' near the Burning Bush".

In the background is an Egyptian pyramid, the ultimate symbol of the Mysteries in occult teachings.

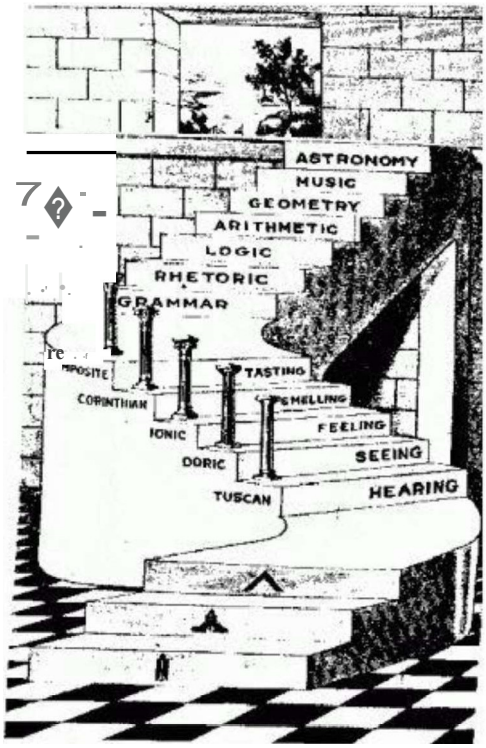
A strange feature of the painting is the woman apparently trapped inside a transparent cube, hanging from threads coming from the sky. Does she represent the common man, stuck in the confines of the material world (occultl) represented by the cube) and manipulated b) unseen the forces from above?

Stairs and Black Sun



Jacob'sladder and a black sun

On the left of the image are stairs, apparently leading to the heavens, a classic symbol representing the path to illumination/Illuminati through the mysteries of Masonry.



A Masonic engraving depicting stairs leading from the Masonic floor to the «outside"

In the sk) is a black sun, another symbol of an esoteric significance. Hermetic traditions teach the existence of two suns, an invisible and etheric one made of pure "philosophical gold" and the material one, the only one the profane can perceive known as the Black Sun.

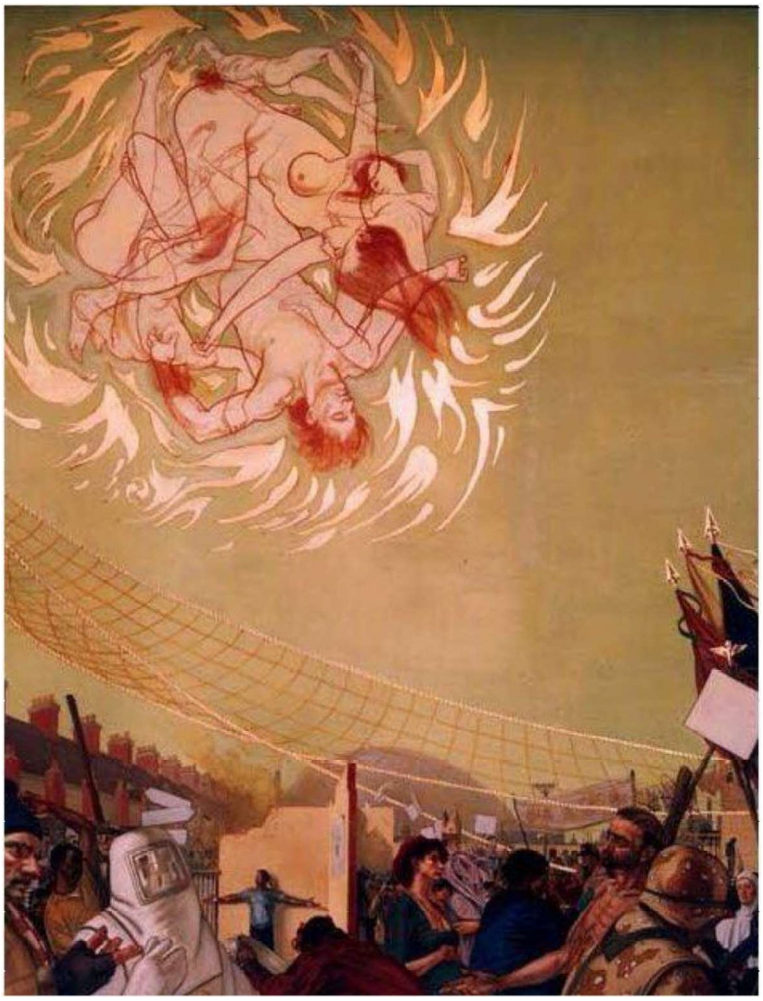
...and, once again, the Denver International Airport.



Floor design in the DIA depicting a black sun moving in front of the golden sun

The right fresco therefore, seems to portray the first step of a' Great Work' that needs to be accomplished, as S)-mbolically represented by the black sun. ien dressed in suits (one of them oddly looks like Adam \I\ eishaupt), seem to be preparing a new generation of Masonic youth. Meanwhile, the "profane" seem to be idling in a translucent cube controlled b) invisible puppeteers.

Middle Fresco



The middle fresco, *Chaos/Creativity,* depicts a turbulent transitional period. Many details v,,rithin the painting describe this profound turmoil, which seems to be affectin all parts of society and civilization. \I\ e find military and religious figures people protesting and much more.

At the left of the painting is a person wearing a biohazard suit, hinting at some kind of chemical wa1fare.



A person in a gas suit

For this reason, and many more I find this painting vel")similar to one of the Denver Airport's murals ... the most infamous one.



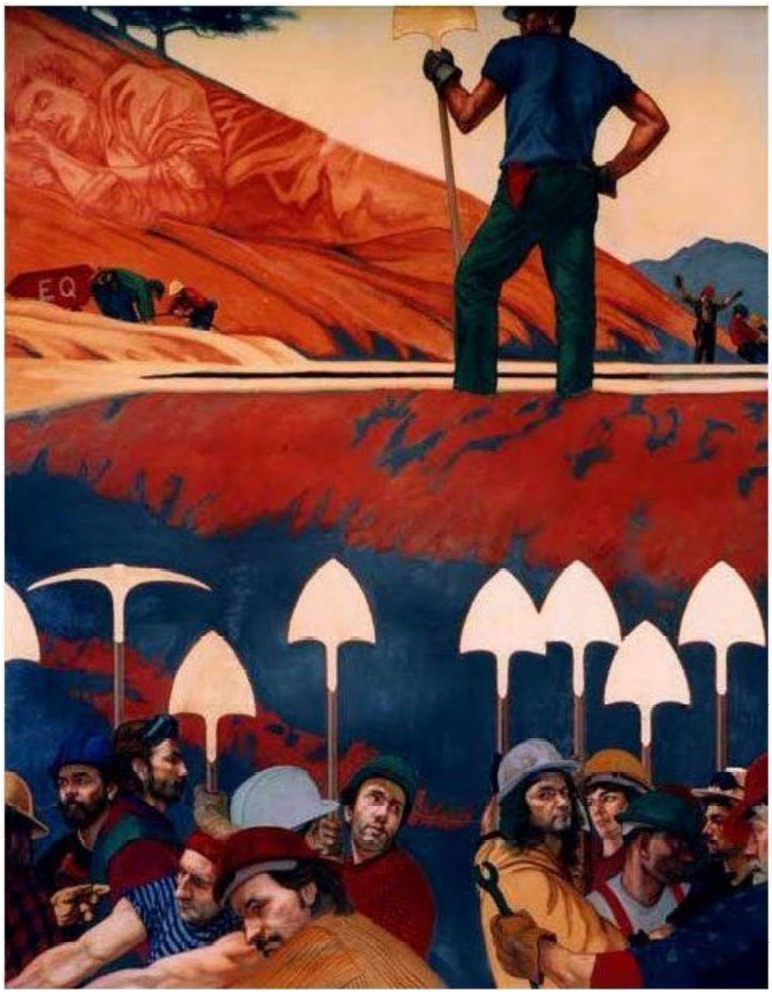
If we look at the top of the fresco, we see translucent beings spinning ·with fire perhaps implying that the turmoil is also happening on a metaphysical, cosmic or astral level.



Spinning naked bodies in a vortex of fire

This round fiery shape can also be likened to a sun. Its pale golden color and the transparency of its fi ures ran be !lSsociated with the intermediate step of the reat alchemical work named "V,7hitening". Jung compared this step with da_·break, the preparation for the next and final stage which is the sunrise, characterized by the color red. vVhich is of course, the most prominent color of the left fresco.

Left Fresco



The fresco on the left is said to focus on the theme of *Making/Building'*. The main figure of the fresco is a worker holding a sho el contemplating the work done. In his back pocket is a red piece of cloth, as mbolic detail in the context of this image. There is indeed a great emphasis on the color red in this fresco which, as mentioned abo e, is also the color associated with the final step of the alchemical Magnum Opus: Rubedo, the Red Work".

In occult teachings, alchemical transformation can happen on numerous le els: a material level, where crude metals are transmuted to pure gold, but also on a spiritual and philosophical le el where the profane man becomes a' regenerated man". In secret-society lore, the entire world is considered to be the subject of alchemical transformation; it is said to be an imperfect plane needing to be "transmuted into gold in order to mirror the heavens in accordance with the hermetic axiom 'AB bo e, o Below'_I a ew Wo ·Id O de the "G·eat v\ o·k" oft e occu t elit ?

Sleeping Giant



Is he dead or sleeping? And what does "EQ" mean?

An odd detail of the fresco is this man blending with the earth, apparentl in deep sleep ... or is he buried? This is also reminiscent of the (unsettling) sleeping little bo on the DIA murals.



A helpless little boy sleeping (or dead) under a red blanket

What Is The Meaning of the Frescoes?

Like most elitist art, the frescoes on display at the headquarters of Bank of America, the largest bank in America, tell a story intended to be decoded by those in the know. The frescoes seem to depict three stages of world transformation - planning, chaos, and achievement - and are color-coded to be analogous to the three stages of hermetic alchem : Nigredo (blackness), Albedo (whiteness) and Rubedo (redness). The frescoes bear man resemblances to the murals of the Denver International Airpo1t, which also depict progressive phases of a profound transformation of society after a period of intense turmoil.

The story told through the Denver Airport murals, along with these ones at the Bank of America, is worth paying attention to. The two airport murals that weren't shown in the article look like this:


EXIT
VALVE



So, I think that the story being told through the "art" at these two locations is clear: the Mystery Schools will raise up a hero, the mystery child, who will simultaneously bring about or oversee a period of unprecedented chaos, ushering in the completion of the "great work" - the subjugation of all humanity to Satan's will and the open worship of Lucifer.

The blonde, male Golden child archetype in these images is Donald Trump, and he is the one that was manifested in 1946 by Aleister Crowley, Jack Parsons, and L. Ron Hubbard.

This story was hidden in plain sight.

So, all this being said, let's go back to the beginning. Did Trump use time travel or manipulation in some way in his life, or is he the product oftime manipulation? What clues are there that can help us understand the true nature of reality, its most fundamental constants, and the seemingly impossible rise of the ultimate outsider president.

The Mysterious Journey

Those who have found their way here and understand what we talk about on this site will understand a simple truth, which the Bible supports - everything should be supported by two or three witnesses. It's easy to dismiss one person's thoughts or ideas as paranoia or delusion.

However, when multiple people are noticing or calling out the same thing, it lends credibility to the theory, and it's harder to handwave away as nothing there. And as it turns out, there are so many people noticing the connections between Trump and time travel that numerous articles in major media sources have published articles about it. Let's look at some of those.

From *The Daily Mail*:

Spooky! Forgotten 19th century novels feature the 'marvellous' adventures of a boy named Baron Trump who has a mentor named Don and embarks on a trip to Russia

- A set of books has emerged from the 1800s with similarities to the Trump family
- One tomes title is 'Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey'
- The books are by an American children's and political author Ingersoll Lockwood Odd references: upheaval after an election. a visit to Russia, and Castle Trump
- Conspiracy theorists are wild with speculations the Trumps have a time machin

By JESSICA FINN FOR DAILYMAIL.COM '#
PUBLISHED: 11:13 EDT, 2 August 2017 | **UPDATED:** 16:32 EDT, 2 August 2017



These theories, which we have covered before, revolve around three books published by Ingersoll Lockwood in the late 19th century. The three books are:

- The Last President
- Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey
- Little Baron Trump and his Wonderful Dog Bulger

The article reads:

> The book titles and the connections to President Donald Trump and his son Barron are just the beginning of several spooky parallels. In the children's books, the novels tell the tale of a wealthy aristocratic boy who lives in 'Castle Trump' and is guided on his journey to Russia by a man named 'Don.'
>
> The multitude of similarities to the Trump family living in present day America and the tales in the tomes have internet conspiracy theorists concluding the Trump family is capable of time travel.
>
> Lockwood, as mentioned before, was also a political author. Unlike his children's books, he wrote the political novel: 'The Last President.'
>
> The story opens in a New York City in turmoil. It's early November right after the election of an enormously opposed candidate.
>
> How does one make a leap to Donald Trump and Barron Trump, possibly time traveling? We can thank the internet.
>
> Donald Trump's uncle John Trump had access to Nikola Tesla's papers. Tesla was an inventor, electrical engineer, mechanical engineer, physicist, and futurist. And, according to the conspiracy theories, he was researching time travel.

Newsweek also published an article on this phenomenon:

U.S.

Did an Author From the 1800s Predict the Trumps, Russia and America's Downfall?

BY CHRIS RIOTTA ON 7/31/17 AT 12:43 PM EDT

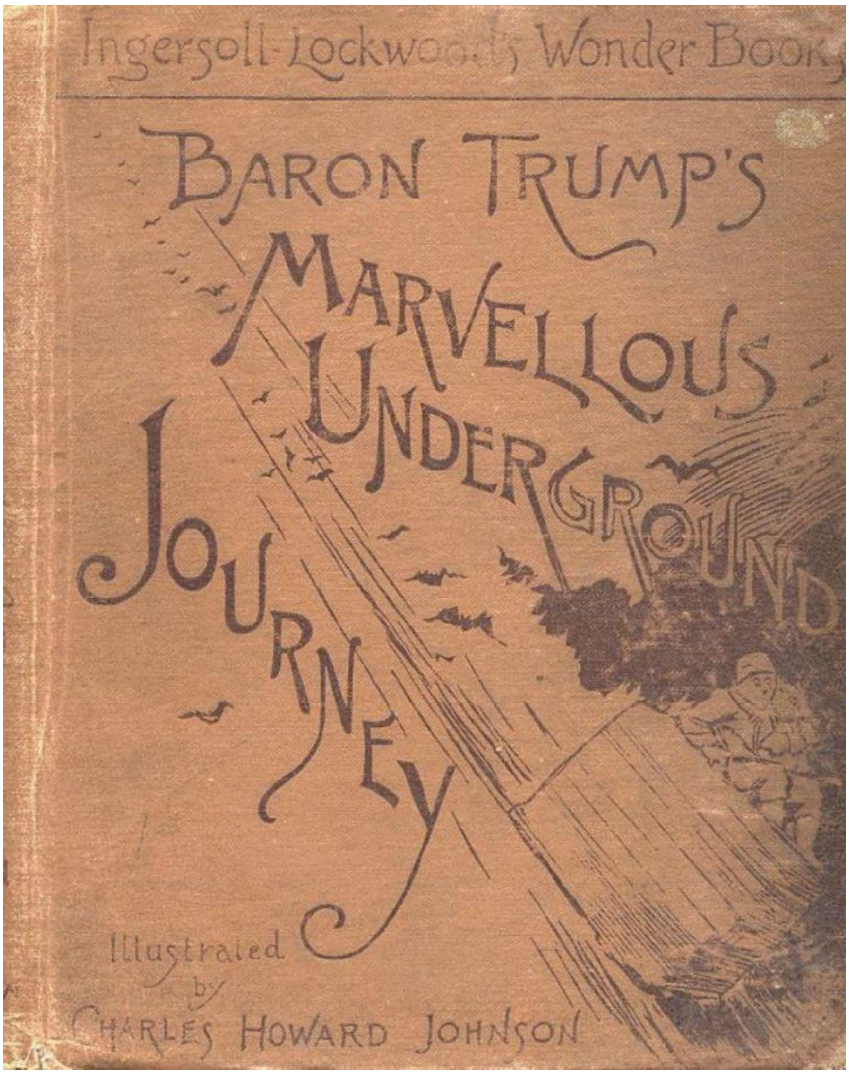
> Ingersoll Lockwood, an American political writer, lawyer and novelist, combined a unique mixture of science fiction and fantasy into his novels from the late 1800s. Two of his most popular works of literature were illustrated children's stories, focusing on a peculiar fictional character whose name rings a bell in 2017: Baron Trump.
>
> Trump, an aristocratically wealthy young man living in Castle Trump, is the protagonist of Lockwood's first two fictional novels, *The Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bu/gar* and *Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey.* The little boy, who

has an unending imagination and "a very active brain," is bored of the luxurious lifestyle he has grown so accustomed to. In a twist of fate, Trump visits Russia to embark on an extraordinary adventure that will shape the rest of his life.

Lockwood's final novel arrived in 1896, titled *The Last President.*

There are some incredible connections to be made to the first family of the United States and Lockwood's novels from the turn of the 19th century. For starters, the main character's name is the same as President Donald Trump's son, albeit spelt differently. Trump's adventures begin in Russia, and are guided thanks to directions provided by "the master of all masters," a man named "Don."

"The Fifth Avenue Hotel will be the first to feel the fury of the mob," the novel continues, citing an address in New York City where Trump Tower now stands. "Would the troops be in time to save it?"



These articles all point out that a key part of the Trump time travel theory is his connection to Tesla. As we read in The New Yorker:

DONALD TRUMP'S NUCLEAR UNCLE

n

By Amy Davidson Sorkin

April 8, 2016

In September, 1936, a reporter for the Associated Press watched the unveiling of a new kind ofX-rny machine, said to be able to generate a million volts of power. The scientist operating the device was John G.Trump, a professor of engineering at the j\-fassachusetts Institute of Technology. Trump was working the controls and explaining how high-speed electrons ran along a porcelain n1be to a '\vater-cooled gold target,' ,vhen suddenly "two of the high-voltag-e sparks hit him



We read:

> **[John]Trump was involved in radar research for the Allies in the Second World War, and in 1943 the F.B.I. had enough faith in his technical ability and his discretion to call him in when Nikola Tesla died in his room at the New Yorker Hotel,** in Manhattan, raising the question of whether enemy agents might have had a chance to learn some of his secrets before the body was found. (One fear was that Tesla was working on a "death ray.") As Margaret Cheney and Robert Uth recount in "Tesla, Master of Lightning," **Professor Trump examined Tesla's papers and equipment, and, in a written report, told the F.B.I. not to worry:** Tesla's "thoughts and efforts during at least the past 15 years were primarily of a speculative, philosophical, and somewhat promotional character," but "did not include new, sound, workable principles or methods for realizing such results." Professor Trump may have neglected to make that sort of distinction clear to his nephew.

So, the key takeaway here is that Trump's uncle, John Trump, was the person responsible for examining, categorizing, storing, and even inventorying Tesla's work after his death in 1943. He told the government that there was no new technology- officially.

If there was anything there that was either too tempting or too powerful to be released to the public eye, it would have gone missing when Donald Trump's uncle had control over it.

In the years before he died, Tesla talked about a new type of energy and some sort of superweapon or beam he had invented. From Wikipedia:

- At the 1932 party, Tesla claimed he had invented a motor that would run on cosmic rays.[illl] In 1933, at age 77, Tesla told reporters at the event that, after 35 years of work, he was on the verge of producing proof of a new form of energy. He claimed it was a theory of energy that was "violently opposed" to Einsteinian physics and could be tapped with an apparatus that would be cheap to run and last 500 years.

- At the 1934 occasion, Tesla told reporters he had designed a superweapon he claimed would end all war.[ll lil] He called it "teleforce", but was usually referred to as his death ray.[l.lil] In 1940, the *New York Times* gave a range for the ray of 250 miles (400 km), with an expected development cost of US$2 million (equivalent to $41.78 million in 2022).[illl]

- ...an open-ended vacuum tube with a gas jet seal that allows particles to exit, a method of charging slugs of tungsten or mercury to millions of volts, and directing them in streams (through electrostatic repulsion).[2^{17}H^{224}1]

- Tesla stated: "But it is not an experiment ... I have built, demonstrated and used it. Only a little time will pass before I can give it to the world."[illl]

Let's look at one more article, this time not from a mainstream source. At this point, it starts to get a little tricky, as obviously if there was really anything like time travel in Tesla's papers there would be no way to prove that.

The best we can do is keep looking at the available evidence, like this Medium article, which claims:

Did Nikola Tesla Time Travel?

> However, Nikola Tesla's work on time travel begins before modern science saw time travel as possible.
>
> According to reports, in 1895 Tesla made a shocking discovery that suggested that time and space could be affected by magnetic fields. Tesla thought that he could disrupt the continuity of time and space by using intense magnetic field effects.
>
> *"The experiment, the main purpose of which was to make the ships of the navy invisible on the radar, caused very different results with the Tesla factor, and the ship and its crew travelled in time by disappearing from the eyes for a certain period of time"*
>
> Although the Philadelphia Experiment, which was kept secret for a long time, came to light with the explanations of some of the survivors who were on the ship that day, the authorities closed the issue by saying that the event was a figment of imagination.

"Tesla's assistant explains the existence of Tesla's work on time travel and the fact that he may have partially realized it:

Tesla was exposed to magnetic waves that he had artificially produced, during which he found himself in a completely different space-time window, where he could see both the past, the future and the present at the same time.

The magnetic effect he was exposed to nearly killed him, and I prevented it. That's why he was angry with me.[11]

After Tesla's death, the notes, which were curious by [sic] everyone, were collected by the FBI overnight and disappeared.

So, has anyone else made a claim that the government, people within the intelligence agencies, or secret societies are using Tesla's technology that was kept hidden from the public to manipulate time in some way?

As is turns out, there is someone -Andrew Basiago.

His story is summed up in this other article from Medium:

Andrew Basiago and Project Pegasus

But this doesn't mean that from time to time, we don't see someone claiming to have time traveled. Granted, people don't usually buy their stories because they can't prove them, but this doesn't indicate that they should be fully disregarded.

This is why today, we'll look at the weird tale of Andrew Basiago, a Seattle attorney who, since 2004, has been making the claim that he time-traveled between the ages of seven and 12 as part of a secret U.S government program that worked on teleportation and time travel under a secret DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) experiment called Project Pegasus.

Project Pegasus, which began in the 1970s, was a DARPA time-exploration project. Basiago claims the project used children to carry out experiments since they felt like children would be more adaptable to changes in space-time, and subsequently, Basiago claims he became became the first American child to *"teleport."*

But how did he time travel?

According to Basiago, there were multiple different technologies that were used to aid these time-traveling ventures. However, most of these technologies had one focal machinery: a teleporter based on certain technical papers that were found in Nikola Tesla's New York City apartment after his death in 1943.

Basiago, in an interview, said that the teleporter,

"consisted of two gray elliptical booms about eight feet tall, separated by about 10 feet, between which a shimmering curtain of what Tesla called 'radiant energy' was broadcast. [11]

He then went on to say that,

"Radiant energy is a form of energy that Tesla discovered that is latent and pervasive in the universe and has among its properties the capacity to bend time-space."

And one more article on Basiago:

TIME TRAVEL AND PROJECT PEGASUS: ANDREW BASIAGO CLAIMS DARPA SENT HIM BACK IN TIME TO GETTYSBURG

Andrew Basiago claims that Project Pegasus time travel experiments sent him back in time to Gettysburg using technology developed from the work of Nikola Tesla.

Seattle attorney Andrew Basiago has been publicly making the claim since 2004 that between the ages of seven and twelve years old he participated in a secret U.S. government program that worked on teleportation and time travel under a secret DARPA *(Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency)* experiment called **Project Pegasus,** a precursor to the Montauk Project and the Philadelphia Experiment.

Basiago says he experienced eight different time travel technologies throughout the course of project, but most instances involved a teleporter based on technical papers supposedly found in pioneering mechanical engineer Nikola Tesla's New York City apartment after his death in January 1943.

As for Trump, I have a vague memory that my father took special note of Trump during an appearance by him on The Phil Donahue Show and might have even commented that he was a future U.S. President."

Here is another source where Basiago specifically talks about Trump in the context of time travel.

So, Basiago is an interesting person who makes some extraordinary claims. He is able to give lucid, coherent lectures and debates for several hours without stumbling, coming across as dishonest, or contradicting his story. It all adds up, there's just very little actual proof of it.

Donald Rumsfeld is specifically mentioned as using time travel in this Huffington Post article about Basiago.

And the story goes on. In this article, we read more about what Basiago has to say about 9/11 and Donald Rumsfeld.

The first among these exotic technologies was quantum access Tesla-based time travel technology, developed in DARPA's Project Pegasus.(1968-72) under the policy oversight of then Nixon cabinet member **Donald H. Rumsfeld.**

Mr. Rumsfeld was later to play a pivotal operational role in the 9/11 false flag as U.S. Secretary of Defense on September 11, 2001.

A key whistle blower, Andrew D. Basiago, has emerged with evidence that secret U.S. time travel technologies were used as early as 1971to acquire first-hand documentary knowledge about September 11, 2001-fully three decades before the horrific events of that fateful day.

> Mr. Basiago has described how while serving in Project Pegasus, he viewed moving images of 9/11at the secured U.S. defense-technical facility where they were processed after being retrieved from the future, the Aerojet Corporation facility that once stood at the corner of Bullock Avenue and Leroy Place in Socorro, New Mexico.
>
> According to Mr. Basiago's whistleblower testimony, Donald H. Rumsfeld, the sitting U.S. Secretary of Defense on September 11, 2001, was the defense attache to Project Pegasus during the early 1970's, when Mr. Rumsfeld was officially serving as a counselor to President Nixon and member of his Board of Wage and Price Stabilization.

So, here's my opinion on Andrew Basiago - I think that he thinks he is telling the truth. However, like most who work for the intelligence agencies, he's been lied to and is not a 100% reliable narrator. Obviously, some of the things he says, like how he would be president, have not come to pass and aren't looking likely.

That being said, I think there's a kernel of truth to what he is saying, and I think that he truly believes that he had the experiences that he did. I think the Tesla technology he describes is real and that he had experiences manipulating time at black government sites because of his father's involvement in secretive government offices.

Decide for yourself if you find him credible by listening to an interview with him as he describes his alleged experiences.

Next, let's just take a look at more of the associations of Donald Trump with the number 666, on top of the many listed in *The Great Delusion.*

1.) From the *New York Post:*

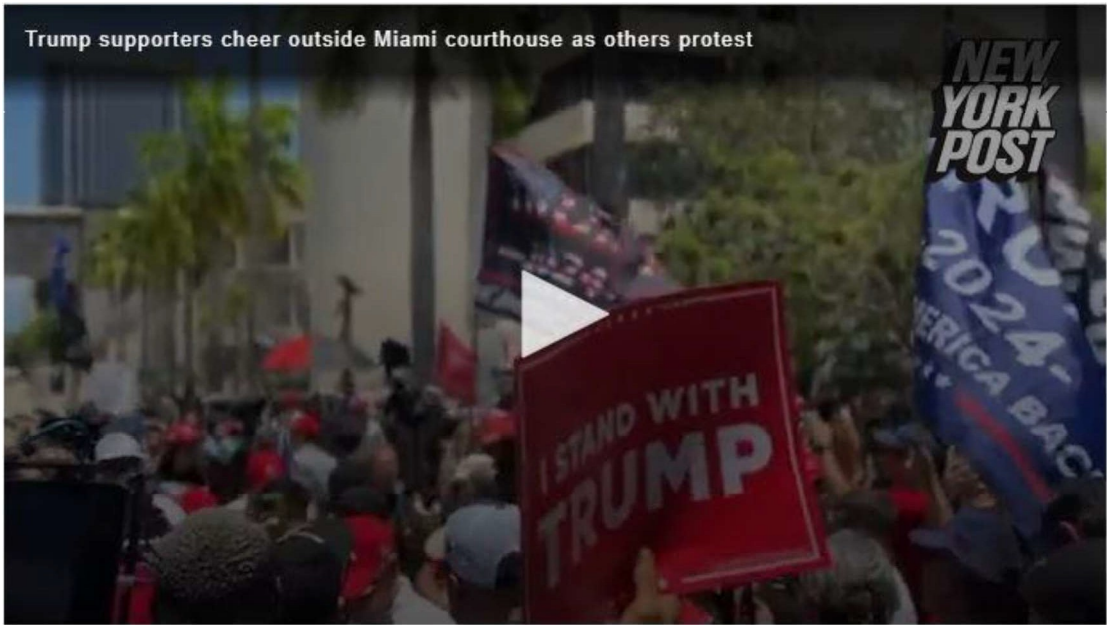
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NEWS

Trump raises ma t11;ta days after federal charges - after $10M in5 days from NV case

By Steven Nelson

June 14, 2023 | 7:42pm | Updated



2.) Trump's grandmother, Elizabeth **Christ** Trump, died on 6/6/66:

Elizabeth Christ Trump



Trump in 1902

orn	Elisabeth Christ October 10, 1880 Kallstadt, Kingdom of Bavaria, German Empire
)ied	June 6, 1966 (aged 85) Manhasset, New York, U.S.

Appendix E - Daniel's Man of Sin

Daniel 7: 25 reads:

> And he will speak against the Most High and wear down the saints of the Highest One, and he **will intend to make alterations in times and in law;** and they will be handed over to him for a time, times, and half a time.

Taken at face value, this verse tells us that the anti-Christ will manipulate the "times and law", or put another way, the "law of time", in order to enact some type of 3.5 year period.

Time and times and half a time is used in Revelation (11:2-3, 12:6 and 13:5) to refer to half of the last seven-year period of man's rule on this earth (the seventieth week of Daniel). "Time" refers to one year, with "times" meaning two years.

Many have speculated about the meaning of this verse, coming from the French instituting a 10-day workweek in 1792 and declaring the year of the French Revolution as "year zero", to the Seventh Day Adventist belief that it refers to the Pope allegedly changing the day of worship from Saturday to Sunday.

Now, here's the thing. All of these interpretations of events that are described in Revelation, like Daniel prophesying here about the last 3.5 years of the tribulation period, that are interpreted through the lens events in the past are incorrect.

Revelation has not happened fully yet, and this Preterist view of Revelation is entirely incorrect. This is an intellectually bankrupt explanation for the prophecy that attempts to water down and weaken the Bible's claim on mankind and the course of history.

It's possible to debunk the Preterist interpretation that Revelation describes past events by simply reading the book. For example, the Great White Throne Judgement certainly has not happened yet, Satan has not been thrown into the lake of fire, the New Jerusalem hasn't floated down out of the heavens, the physical universe hasn't de-materialized, humanity hasn't been judged as a whole, and almost no one has seen the throne of God. Without these events, Revelation can in no way be fulfilled.

Revelation has an interlocking hook structure. but not one that is divided by a thousand years.

So, like Daniel said, these words can only be interpreted as they are unfolding in our present end times.

Daniel 12: 4 reads:

> But you, Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book until the time of the end.

So, it's plausible that Daniel is referring here to whatever type of technological, occultic, or esoteric magic was used to manipulate time and bring about the conditions for the anti-Christ. The beast, or the people behind him, will seek to "bend the law oftime to their will", in a sense.

What does Daniel mean when he says that the anti-Christ will **"intend to make alterations in times"?** Could the vision being described here be of a Satanic ritual manipulating spacetime in order to birth a Satanic moonchild anti-Christ, in some way capable of or supported by forces capable of exerting their will on time itself?

What Daniel saw disturbed him. Even with his traumatic life of being kidnapped and held captive in Babylon, modern day Mystery Babylon disgusted him so badly he became physically sick from the visions.

Daniel 8: 27:

- And I, Daniel, was overcome and lay sick for some days. Then I rose and went about the king's business, but I was appalled by the vision and did not understand it.

It's impossible to say what Daniel's exact vision was, but there's some good reasons that we will look at next to think that he was talking about our time and even about Donald Trump himself.

Daniel's Vision of the Man of Sin

Next, I will present some information that lays out an even stronger case for Trump being the anti-Christ by looking more into what Daniel had to say about the anti-Christ. Along with Revelation, Daniel provides us the clearest picture in the Bible of what type of person the anti-Christ will be, and specific characteristics to watch out for.

People always overlook that the whole point of the anti-Christ is to deceive Christians. Trump fulfilled this role perfectly, and millions, possibly even billions, of Christians around the world have already or will be led to destruction because of him. False prophets and wolves in sheep's clothing like Franklin Graham give speeches where they say things like. "He did everything wrong politically... And he became President of the United States! **Only God could do that."**

Almost every "conservative Christian" mainstream voice has been seduced and deceived into supporting him and the false light awakening that the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate is staging. *I,* Thessalonians 2: 9:

- The man of sin will come with the power of Satan. He will use every kind of power, including miraculous and wonderful signs. But they will be lies.

If the Bible is true, almost every Christian will completely miss the anti-Christ. Even atheists can see that Trump fits the criteria better than most Christians, who are under his spell of delusion. We've already presented plenty of conclusive evidence that he, by necessity, is the only one who can fill this role. However, I want to add on to our cumulative case by looking very closely at what, exactly, Daniel was trying to say.

Remember that Biblical wisdom is, in part, "determining the meaning of a mysterious dream or vision."

So, let's begin.

- The anti-Christ will be a **political outsider** from the **private sector** with a bad personality who wins an election unexpectedly. Daniel 11:21:

o In his place shall arise a contemptible person **to whom royal majesty has not been given. He shall come in without warning** and obtain the kingdom by flatteries [also given as intrigue or deception].



- The anti-Christ will be involved in **selling real estate.**Daniel 11: 39:

o Those who acknowledge him he shall load with honor. He shall make them rulers over many and **shall divide the land for a price.**



- The anti-Christ will be **obsessed with the concept of fortifying his borders, or a border wall.** Daniel 11: 38:

o He shall **honor the god of fortresses** instead of these.

This is a mysterious phrase without much precedent, and commentaries give differing views on it. While Daniel doesn't use the exact Hebrew word for "wall", chomah, these two words do share similar definitions. This Hebrew word for "wall" can also be defined as "fortress".

2 *wall* of a building:

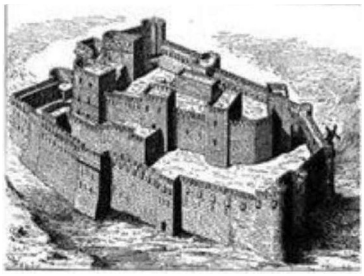
a. citadel, fortress; n' i'VnllY.llN Lamentations 2:7.

The word Daniel used was "maoz". or something like "a means of protection [for a city or country]". Given all that we have seen, I think that Daniel was using the best language he could to describe Trump's obsession with a border wall. This commentary explicitly equates the word "fortress" used here with "wall".

END TIME GOD OF FORTRESSES PROPHECY

To the god of fortresses, words are the bricks in the wall

Posted on March 14, 2010



In Daniel 11:38 there is an interesting portion of the coming prophecy regarding the antichrist: "But instead he will honor a god of fortresses, a god whom his fathers did not

know; he will honor him with gold, silver, costly stones and



- The anti-Christ will take power with a **minority of supporters** in his country, not a majority. Daniel 11: 23:

o He will gain much power. But **only a few people** will support him.

2016 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

POPULAR VOTE



- The anti-Christ will **attack the political establishment in an unprecedented way** and will **use his office to gain and distribute wealth.** Daniel 11: 24:

o Without warning, **he will assail the most powerful men in each province and do things his predecessors never did,** either recently or in the distant past; **he will reward them with plunder, spoil and wealth** while devising plots against their strongholds, but only for a time.

UNPRECEDENTED

THE ELECTION THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING



Trump has built a pyramid scheme of public fraud. It's a taxpayer-backed cash grab.

Donald Trump i piilling off a taxpay , -backed cash grab. It's an *orchestrat d, unprecedented d1eme to enrich a pre ident, hi family and hi fl'iend .*

Mindy Finn Opinfon contributor

Published 10.49 am ET Aug 3, 2018 | **Updated 8:08 p.m.** ET **Aug. 6, 2018**

- The anti-Christ will spend much of his time in a **feud with the nation to the south,** but is unable to negotiate a deal. He will visit the border at some point and **will return with a large sum of money.** Daniel 11: 25-28:

o With a large army **he will stir up his strength and courage against the king of the South...** The two kings, with their hearts bent on evil, **will sit at the same table and lie to each other, but to no avail,** because an end will still come at the appointed time. The king of the North **will return to his own country with great wealth,** but his heart will be set against the holy covenant. He will take action against it and then return to his own country.

POLITICS • **DONALD TRUMP**

Here Are All the Times Donald Trump Insulted Mexico

Trump visited the border on April 5th, 2019, and received $1 billion dollars from the Pentagon on April 9th, 2019.

- The anti-Christ will be arrogant and will **often refer to his own greatness or the concept of making something "greater",** bragging more than most others. Daniel 7: 20:

o And about the ten horns [representing kings] that were on its head, and the other horn which came up later and before which three of [the horns] fell, the horn which had eyes and a **mouth that spoke great things and which looked greater than the others.**



- The anti-Christ will **blaspheme God in unheard of ways.** Daniel 11: 36:

o The king will do as he pleases. He will exalt and magnify himself above every god and **will say unheard-of things against the God of gods.**

'Using the Lord's name in vain': Evangelicals chafe at Trump's blasphemy:

- Here's what he would have seen: Trump crowing, "They'll be hit so g--damn hard," while bragging about bombing Islamic State militants. And Trump recounting his warning to a wealthy businessman: "If you don't support me, you're going to be so g--damn poor."

WHITE HOUSE

Using the Lord's name in vain': Evangelicals chafe at Trump's blasphemy



IOEAS • POLITICS

The Blasphemy of Comparing Trump to Jesus Christ



- Around when the Mark of the Beast comes out, the anti-Christ will **use the army to desecrate a church**. Daniel 11: 31:

o **Armed forces will come at his order and profane the sanctuary and fortress**. They will abolish the daily burnt offering and set up the abomination that causes desolation.

I'm a priest. The police forced me off church grounds for Trump's photo op.

- When I arrived in front of St. John's Episcopal Church in Lafayette Square on Monday, bringing granola bars and cases of water, the mood was upbeat. I couldn't have imagined the grotesque scene that would unfold hours later - that the police would shove us out of the way with riot shields, pepper balls and smoke canisters, to clear a path for President Trump.

Milley apologizes for taking part in Trump church walk: 'I should not have been there'

- The nation's top military official has apologized for taking part in President Donald Trump's walk from the White House to St. John's Church for what eventually turned into a controversial photo op after authorities had used pepper balls and smoke canisters to disperse largely peaceful protesters.



- The anti-Christ will deal with rumors from **specifically the northeast of the country** he rules over that will enrage him. Daniel 11: 44:

o **But rumors from the east and from the north** will alarm and disturb him, and he will set out with great fury to destroy and to annihilate many.

Sf P 8, 701/, 4 0 7 PM

Poll: D.C. Hates Trump More Than Twice As Much As Any State Does

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- The anti-Christ will give **"boastful speeches".** Daniel 7: 8:

o This horn had eyes like the eyes of a human being and a mouth that **spoke boastfully.**

THE FIX

Trump's over-the-top, boastful AP interview, annotated

Analysis by Mrcn Sla.!ie
Staff writer

April 24. 2017 at 8:29 a.m. EDT

POLITICS

Trump's boast draws laughter during his United Nations General Assembly speech

PUBLISHED TUE, SEP 2S 2018,12:04 PM EDT UPDATED TUE. SEP 25 2018,6:39 PM EDT

- The anti-Christ will make **deceitful alliances** with nations, but they won't really like him and he will lie to them. Daniel 11: 23:

o Many nations will make agreements with that cruel and hated ruler. But he will lie to them.



- The anti-Christ will be very deceitful and cunning, **obsessed with his own importance,** and will turn on people when they least expect it. Daniel 8: 25:

o This king will be very smart and tricky. He will use his wisdom and lies to be successful. **He will think that he is very important.** He will destroy many people, when they least expect it.

AMERICA

'I'm The Only One That Matters,' Trump Says Of State Dept. Job Vacancies

ovember 3. 2017 • 8:09 AM I

By Bill Chappell



- The anti-Christ's empire will be an **unprecedented military power** with the ability to destroy the whole Earth. Daniel 7: 23:

o Thus he said, The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces.

Trump bragged about new US nuclear weapons, Woodward tape shows

Former president told Washington Post reporter: 'We have stuff that Putin and Xihave never heard about before'

So, what does all this mean? These verses are usually thought of as describing king Antiochus IV, whom we have written about in relation to the "abomination of desolation".

However, these verses could also have a dual meaning. Many parts of the Bible do have a dual meaning and can mean one thing while also prophesying another. This is another possibility - that the verses were written about Antiochus IV, but the Holy Spirit was working through Daniel's prophecies to also describe the anti-Christ perfectly.

However, my personal opinion is that Daniel was seeing our time and these verses do describe the anti Christ, as many commentators agree upon. I believe that he was seeing all of the iniquities and manifold sins of the Synagogue of Satan in our current day and wrote it down as best as he could with the language he had.

The correct interpretation of these verses is this: Daniel was describing Donald Trump. Indeed, the era we are currently in is one of the most important epochs in Biblical history, and much Scripture is extremely relevant and targeted to these current end times.

One thing I think we can all agree on is these verses describe Trump to an uncanny degree, and he fits every Biblical definition of the man of sin, lawlessness, and perdition. As the self-proclaimed "father of the vaccine", he is by necessity the anti-Christ, given that the gene therapy injection is the Mark. That it is, I believe, we swill prove beyond a shadow of a doubt.

There will be another huge false flag attack, and Trump is in on "the plan." The financial system will collapse, and Trump will usher in a digital currency. The catch will be that you have to take the vaccines he loves so much, his "operation warp speed" that he spent $14 billion on, had the military involved in, which he calls "one of the greatest achievements of mankind."

Instead of a rejuvenated, refreshed America, Trump threw his supporters under the bus, and printed somewhere around 80% of all dollars that have ever been g rinted in *one ¥,ear alone*, which led to the, pisastrous inflation we are now experiencing.

Now, don't get me wrong. Even though I recognize all of this truth, I *still like him.* I recognize that he is incredibly charismatic, exceptionally talented at putting on the "anti-hero fighting for the common man" act, and truly just an entertaining, funny guy. However, you have to recognize that this is just an act.

He is infamous for not paying his contractors and delaying indefinitely in court when they sue him, having done this to literally hundreds of different contractors. Only a fool would trust Donald Trump, so don't be one.

He is *not* looking out for you, and he *is* a wolf in sheep's clothing.

So, don't go into the (false) light. Remember that no man can save you, only Jesus Christ. Especially not Donald Trump, "Q", or any other celebrity, preacher, or really anyone else. He had a lot of potential, but in the end, he blew it. He's either a coward, a liar, or both, and either way he's a degenerate and a man of sin and perdition.

I know, he's a likable guy, it's easy to fall for it, and it would be great if he really had our best interests at heart, and those of the country. But he doesn't, he's in on the plan with the Satanists, he spells doom for the country, and it's yet another trap set for us. Don't fall into it.

If you go on YouTube, you'll find that almost all of the mainstream pastors support him. Almost all churches support him. This is *exactly what is predicted in Revelation.* He is the perfect anti-Christ because he deceived all of the Christians. Exactly what he intended to do.

Where There's Smoke, There's a Lake of Fire

Before moving on, let's look at some more "smoke", or evidence that, by itself, might not prove that Trump is the anti-Christ, but taken together as a cumulative case with all of our reasoning, arguments, and works, act as powerful supportive evidence for the thesis.

Donald Trump personally bought the estate of John DeLorean, the creator of the infamous car used in Back to the Future as a time machine.

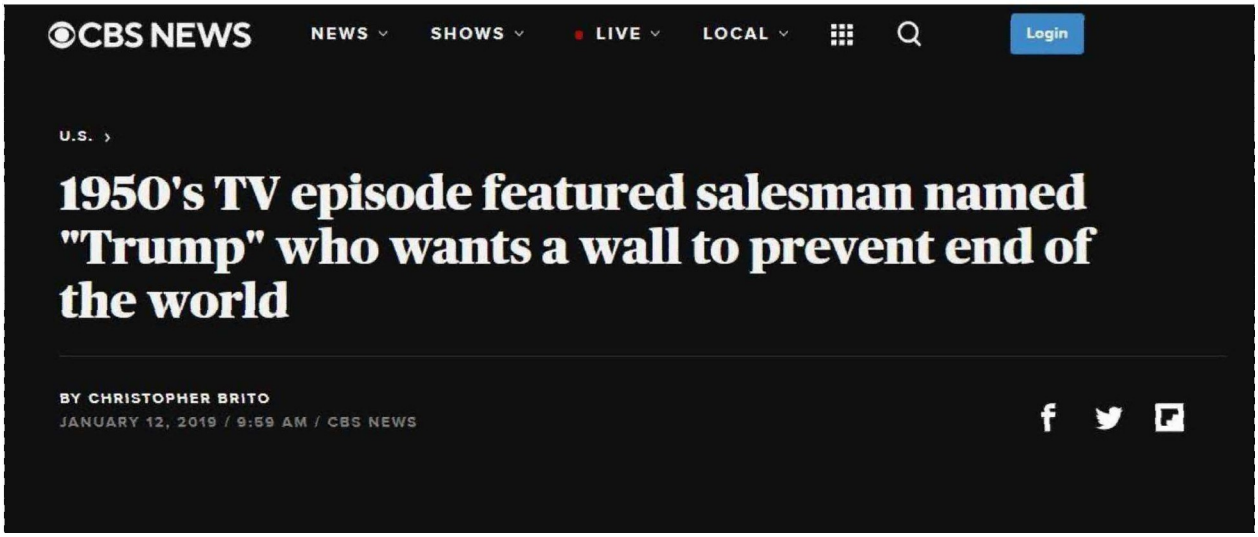
Why is there a DeLorean time machine styled from 'Back to the Future' at LIV Golf's event at Trump Bedminster?



A car styled after the DeLorean DMC-12 made famous by the "Back to the Future" movie franchise might appear to be out of place, but it's actually right at home. The DeLorean has a unique tie to the course that's playing host to the Greg Norman-led and Saudi Arabia-funded series, seeing as the property used to be the home of the vehicle's namesake.

Before he was President of the United States, **Donald Trump bought the 500-plus acre former estate of automaker John Z. DeLorean in 2002,** which at the time was a golf course construction project on the verge of collapse. Trump kept the same plans for the golf course and was purely the money man to lift the project back on its feet, paying $35 million for the property.

Another really weird, incredibly prescient, and predictive connection to television and Hollywood:



As President Trump and Democrats feud over funding for a border wall between the U.S. and Mexico, a clip from the 1950s television series "Trackdown" that captured eerie parallels between the show and reality resurfaced. In the episode titled "The End of the World," a sketchy salesman by the name of Walter Trump pitches the idea of building a giant wall, claiming it would protect townspeople from a catastrophic cosmic event.

In the clip, Walter Trump, who is played by actor Lawrence Dobkin, claims he's the only one who can save the villagers from meteors by building a wall. Nearly everyone believes him, and fear grips the population. Trump threatens to sue Texas Ranger Hoby Gilman (played by Robert Culp), the only person who openly doubts him.

"I am the only one. Trust me. I can build a wall around your homes that nothing will penetrate," said Trump, whom the narrator describes as the "high priest of fraud." "You ask how do you build that wall. You ask, and I'm here to tell you."

Trump eventually dupes the frightened population into forking over cash to start paying for the wall, and some even team up to rob a bank. At the end of the episode, as Trump tries to depart from the town, he's arrested and then shot by a villager he tried to conspire with.

A full version of the episode has also been uploaded to YouTube.

A company called 'Trumpf' makes parts for CERN:

10/11/2022

TRUMPF manufactures core component for particle accelerator for CERN-coordinated I.FAST project

Elaborated pure-copper accelerator component manufactured additively for the first time // Collaboration with the EU-funded I.FAST project to open up accelerators to societal applications// Highest quality for core component of particle accelerators // Green laser shows its advantages with copper // Presentation at Formnext

Ditzingen, Geneva, Frankfurt 10 November 2022- The high-tech company TRUMPF has additively manufactured a core component of future particle accelerators for the first time as part of the EU-funded I.FAST project coordinated by CERN.

Alex Jones said that Trump gained power through,"time space continuum reflections" and that he wished that he never met Trump:

"Part of me, the selfish part, wishes I'd never met Donald Trump, wishes that I'd never met Roger Stone, because unlike previous things I've done that were game-changing, those were just **time-space continuum reflections** of the third big change I was going to be involved in, that was bringing Donald John Trump into awesome," Jones said in the video.

"Just let me say that again, I said awesome, into office," he added, noting his mistake and addressing the film crew.

"Because this is, you guys are asking really good questions, this gonna be a really good thing. But I'm gonna say it again in a minute," Jones continued.

"It's the truth, and I'm just going to say it. That I wish I never would have f***ing metTrump," he said

Sinead O'Connor Believed Donald Trump Was Satan Reincarnated:

HOME » ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Sinead O'Connor Believed Donald Trump Was Satan Reincarnated

Irish singer-songwriter Sinead O'Connor, who ·was known for her powerful, evocative voice and her activism. passed away despairing about "biblical Devil" Donald Trump and the US

Donald Trump's father was close personal friends of Benjamin Netanyahu, and their "pastor" was 33rd degree Scottish Rite Freemason Normal Peale.

Donald J. Trump: Champion of Noahide Law

'During his almost four years in office, Donald Trump has been the greatest supporter of Noahide law in US history.'

While they may seem innocent and even good, the Noahide laws are being set up to be the rule of the Anti-christ. This rule will reach around the world and any Gentile who chooses to pursue Yeshua wil l find themselves breaking the law of the Anti-christ. Beware of the Noahide Laws.

News > World > Americas

Trump mistakenly calls wildfire-ravaged California town of Paradise 'Pleasure'

'What a name,'US president says before he is corrected by crowd

Samuel Osborne • Monday 19 November 2018 11:52 •





[Vintage Ingersoll Trumg Pocket Watch Fob White Rabbit Alice in Wonderland]



71

Vintage Pocket Watch Fob
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I think it's safe to say that the story of Trump has been laid out for us through predictive programming quite clearly. We know from many sources that their preferred methods to subjugate and control a society is to use a "problem, reaction, solution" approach to geopolitical shifts in their favor.

Trump is yet another example of a false flag by the Synagogue of Satan, and perhaps their most harmful yet. Those that follow him put their souls at great risk.

Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Freemasons Albert Pike laid out the following quote over 100 years ago:

> "The Third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the "agentur" of the "Illuminati" between the political Zionists and the leaders of Islamic World. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam (the Moslem Arabic World) and political Zionism (the State of Israel) mutually destroy each other.
>
> Meanwhile the other nations, once more divided on this issue will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion... We shall unleash the Nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil.
>
> Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conguered and exterminated at the same time."

In the Collateral Damage paper about 9/11that I cited when covering the Black Eagle Trust, we find a very concise and informative summary of the events of the day. We read:

The Origins of the World Trade Center Attack

Most historians track the history of September 11th to 1998 when Osama Bin Laden declared a fatwa or jihad against the U.S., and the terrorist "Hamburg Group" lead by Mohammed Atta reportedly "offered" it's services to Al Qaeda.

However, the history which defines the motives for the September 11 attacks goes much further back in time. The answers to the questions surrounding the cause of the WTC attack will be found in events going as far 5 back as 1990 and 1991, when the George H.W. Bush was president.

To a very great degree, insight into the activities of that period is cloaked by the Executive Order of George H.W. Bush's son, President George W. Bush, who on November 1, 2001 issued Executive Order 13233. This executive order was intended to balance the public's right to see the records of past presidents with a need to protect national security.

As a result, public records which might have shed light on the activities on 1990 and 1991 remain shielded from public access in the interest of national security and the men and women who support it. Subsequently, this reconstruction of the events from the late 1980s and early 1990s is based on news reports, books and articles.

What the public record suggests is that with the beginning of the first Bush Presidency in 1989, George H.W. Bush initiated a program of covert economic warfare to bring about the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The name of this program appears to be Project Hammer, a previously reported, multi-billion dollar covert operation, 'third world investment program' whose investments remain shielded. This program consisted of four major covert operations including:

1) Theft of the Soviet treasury,

2) Currency destabilization of the Ruble,

3) Funding of the KGB Generals' August 1991 coup against Gorbachev, and

4) Takeover of the key energy and defense industries in the Soviet Union.

The covert securities used to accomplish the original national security objective of ending the Cold War ended up in the vaults of the brokers in the World Trade Center, and were destroyed on September 11, 2001.36 They came due for settlement and clearing on September 12.

The federal Agency investigating these bonds - The Office of Naval Intelligence- was in the section of the Pentagon that was destroyed on September 11. To a key group of senior National Security officials who had participated in the victory of the economic cold war in 1991, the WTC, the Pentagon, the four airliners and their occupants would become 'collateral' damage in the ending of the Cold War.

Their deaths were required to hide the existence of the Black Eagle Trust, and the covert activities it had funded for over SO years. The alternative view of these events suggests that the destruction of these lives and buildings constituted a cover-up of continued lawlessness by a fraternity or brotherhood of businessmen and criminals often referred to as 'the Enterprise' in the 1980s, but has remained in the shadows since.

In one of my other books, I wrote about how fear is contagious and how it can be used by bad actors to manipulate humanity at will:

> From one unthinkable action to another, the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate has manipulated fear to traumatize and terrorize people into following its will. 9/11is the best example of this form of psychological terrorism, in which every camera in the world and more eyes than ever before in history were watching the scene live as the second plane hit.
>
> **To put it simply:** The U.S. government, in the 40s, sos, and 60s, spent an enormous amount of black money on MK Ultra mind control experiments. What they learned is that the only way to control someone's mind is through fear. If you traumatize them enough, you can create a new personality. Of course, those running these experiments already knew that, as occultic secret societies have been doing this for thousands of years. They were just refining their techniques.
>
> Through events like planned wars, state-sponsored terror, false flags, deliberate poverty and starvation, political control, and a media that sticks to the script no matter what, the Synagogue of Satan has been playing humanity for over a century, using fear as both the carrot and the stick.
>
> From the Lusitania, to the Balfour Declaration, to World War II, to the founding of Israel, the invention of the computer, the false dichotomy of Capitalism or Communism ("wouldn't wanna starve like that other guy, would ya?"), through 9/11, and now Covid and the gene therapy injections: it is all connected.
>
> A human soul, at birth, is innocent and pure, and a certain amount of trauma is required to "break" a soul, or snap someone so hard they never fully come back. This was, essentially, the CIA's sinister goal in the MK Ultra program -the ability to completely break down and rebuild the mind itself. Personally, I think they succeeded, but it just doesn't look the way that anyone expected. If the whimper that is the 21st century really is the last days of mankind, it's even more boring and dystopian than the worst predictions foresaw.
>
> **Thesis:** Bad actors are manipulating fear on a global scale. Fear is contagious, and an organism around fear instinctively knows it, affecting their behavior. Humans are made to pass fear onto each other through a series of terroristic actions, controlled governments, manufactured wars, and false flag attacks, and the ripple effects of this fear are used to shape the world into the vision of its ruler - Satan.

So, don't fall for the false light deception. Too many already have thrown their lives away in pursuit of a hopeless trap and deception, and billions of people around the world, no matter how they felt about him politically, were deceived by the pharmakeia that he gave to the world.

The ultimate protege of the Mystery Schools - Donald Trump. The bringer of chaos, which is needed to grow. There's a multitude of deceptions in the world, but those at the very top sold the rest of us out to Satan in exchange for lives of unimaginable wealth and power. That's the truth, and the best we can do for now is try and talk about it.

From the Lusitania to now, there is a thread of mass deception, pushed along by violent acts of state sponsored terror, false flag events, and convenient violence the benefit the few at the expense of the many. The Balfour Declaration and the creation of the State of Israel to usher in the beginning of the end times in 1948 can be seen as powerful motivations for the World War conspiracies.

Donald Trump and the events that will correspond with his return to power will create an unprecedented chaos in the world. This chaos will be the final part of a grand plan of great deception so vast that even the major players in it are unable to see the full scope. From well over 100 years ago, Satan has been working on Earth to trick and ensnare mankind into pre-planned wars and acting out his goals on Earth.

This is the Biblical anti-Christ: right in front of our noses all along. Dismissed as a theory by everyone, a grand deception that ensnared almost the whole world, "all types of people", the perfect anti-Christ who wormed his way inside the church and now speaks for it to praise, applause, and even worship. Most Christians deceived into trusting and "worshipping" a mere man, and an obvious deception at that. Just as the Bible told us, most "conservative Republican Christians" in the end times have fallen hook, line, and sinker for the anti-Christ's deceptions.

Donald Trump is the perfect man of sin, the perfect anti-Christ. The epitome of brash selfishness and arrogance, a man who mistreats others, covets wealth, breaks his vows, and glorifies his own name over God. Trump represents symbolically the perfect Satan - the man in the nice suit offering you all the money and power in the world for one little thing in return.

He is a liar, and has lived his life with dishonesty and self-promotion at all costs as an ethos. His claims of being a Christian are laughable, so the question then becomes of who the real Trump is that hides behind the mask. When it comes off, it will be too late for most.

Despite all of this, Trump has firmly positioned himself as the leader and speaker for the conservative Christian Republicans of America, having fooled tens of millions of people with a false anti-Christ spirit of deception. The perfect delusion for lukewarm Christians in the end times, Trump has fulfilled the prophecies of the Great Falling Away and the mass deception of the church itself in the end times.

God can and does test his people, and there were "good" and "innocent" people alive for the flood and in Sodom and Gomorrah, too. If you think that you are exempt from Biblical judgement and punishment, especially living in the end times, it's time to reframe your expectations.

Be wise as serpents, and do not fall for someone who openly tells you he is a snake.

Until then - stay tuned to the next season of Donny's Pleasure Paradise for more!

May God bless everyone reading.

-Witness 1

More on the "Baron Trump" Ingersoll Lockwood books from Witness 2:

The Last President

I believe that there is enough evidence here for me to say conclusively that Trump is the "man of lawlessness". When praying to God, I received confirmation on this. However, remember, there are many anti-Christs, and Trump could have just been getting things started. While we do think that Trump will return as president, likely after a major calamity or collapse drastically changes the political scene, **he has already fulfilled enough prophecies to be accurately called the anti-Christ.**

Next, let's examine *The Last President,* published in 1896, and *Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey,* published in 1893, both written by Ingersoll Lockwood. These books comprise an extraordinarily prescient or prophetic series of novels and contain coincidences far beyond what any reasonable person would consider to be normal.

After reading through multiple "Baron Trump" conspiracy posts online, I realized that I wanted to delve into the topic for myself. I didn't just want to take anybody's word for it, so I ordered a copy of "1900, or; The Last President" by Ingersoll Lockwood. To be honest, I ordered this because it was only $5 on Amazon versus "Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey", which was about $25. I also felt that this book had an eerie title, and I wanted to see if there was something deeper there.

In the foreword, Tari Warwick writes, "Somewhere along the lines it seems Lockwood went past crafting a short political satire and delved into **something deeper.** Regardless, the semblance of this work to modernity is **uncanny to a frightful degree** - if he was indeed not practicing **some sort of foresight,** he tapped into the same unwittingly" (p.4). This book even includes a "Pence" character in President Bryan's cabinet.

After reading the book, I was completely shocked. The entire time, I honestly kept thinking "this is boring", and I must admit the language made it difficult to get through. I stopped at chapter 5 a few weeks ago, and I did not pick it up until recently. I honestly believe this book is predictive (or even something more) but wait until you read the conclusion for it to really hit you! Here is a summary of each chapter. I saved you the trouble of reading it, but if you are not sure, order a copy for yourself and see if I am on the right track.

Chapter Summaries

Chapter 1: Mr. Bryan is elected president of the United States, and mobs are breaking out in NYC, enraged at perpetual corruption and the way monetary value has been sucked out of them and squandered. "Bryan is elected! Bryan is elected! Our day has come at last. Down with our oppressors! Death to the rich man! Death to the gold bugs! Death to the capitalists! Give us back the money you have ground out of us. Give us back the marrow of our bones which you have used to grease the wheels of your chariots."

On page 7 it states, "The Fifth Avenue Hotel will be the first to feel the fury of the mob." Interesting, Trump's hotel is currently located on 5th Avenue. The chapter basically describes a battle between those who support the president "Bryan" and those who do not, and ultimately, the "city" is saved from the protesters, but the nation is still in turmoil.

Chapter 2: The next chapter transitions to Chicago. Bryan won the election by 24 electoral votes, and he is looked at as a savior and even God to many. It appears that the people finally feel that the rich man will fairly pay for his portion of happiness (p. 11).

Chapter 3: This chapter takes place after the election, nearing inauguration day. While there are still many that oppose and fight against Bryan, he has the love of the "Common People. They "were so dear to Mr. Bryan, and who had made him president in the very face of the prodigious opposition of the rich men, whose coffers had been thrown wide open all to no purpose, and in spite too of the **Satanic** and truly devilish power of that **hell upon earth known as Wall Street** (p. 14)". I think the most important thing to take away from this chapter is how the "common man" feels a deep connection to Bryan, similar to how Trump won.

Chapter 4: At the beginning of Chapter 4, the author notes that there is a strange prophecy that there would be a dawnless day. Well, that prophecy was fulfilled, and on March 4, 1897, the "Dawnless Day" occurred. The President was to announce the selection of his cabinet, and many said that this would ultimately prove that he was a "sell-out", but apparently their apprehensions were misguided. The president chooses a strong cabinet, and most notably, he chooses Lafe **Pence** as secretary of agriculture. His inauguration speech, again, is aimed at the common people, and then he gives out executive order one - the immediate abandonment of the "gold reserve" and the gold and silver standard of the Constitution shall be resumed. People's reactions were of shock, exhaustion, and sheer terror, especially those on Wall Street.

Chapter 5: There are fifty thousand people on the streets of Washington without bread or shelter, and the president establishes camps and reserves rations for these "common people." On page 20 it states, "the first act... was an act repealing the act of 1873... and opening the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, with gold." This chapter presciently mentions a bill for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona (interesting!), and a division of Texas into east vs. west. The chapter ends with the "long session" of Congress ending.

Chapter 6: The beginning of this chapter notes somebody wanting to "move the usual adjournment of the holidays" and people are very upset. They are not willing to take a break - there is much to be done. They say there should be no adjournment until they can "emancipate" the Common People. On Washington's birthday, the president makes an address on how great the country is doing- a lovely speech. At the end of the chapter, the president says that he hopes his epitaph will read, "Here lies the friend of the Common People."

Chapter 7: Things start to get out of control, and it states, "There began to be ugly rumors that the government was not able to hold the white metal at a parity with gold." The Common People started to protest, and new taxes were put on the wealthy. Unfortunately, the government was powerless to stop the decline of the dollar. People began to hate the name of "silver".

Chapter 8: In 1899, rioting broke out everywhere, especially in the north, and socialism and anarchism "found willing ears" - that's a little unnerving, isn't it? The South seems to form great power, and they are extremely upset about the tax put on them, especially because the North is much richer. There are cries of treason and the republic is shaken at its foundations. The North then had to start to prepare for a second rebellion. The president was deeply troubled.

Chapter 9: The rebellion had been squandered, but there was a new prophecy that the North, "rich with 100 cites", would rise against the federal government. There would have to be a revolution within a revolution. The North would have to fight or lose its power. (From my understanding, the South seems to be the Common People). The North wanted to separate itself from the union and from its own republic. How long would they have to wait?

Chapter 10: Congress refused to adjourn over the holidays. The entire chapter centers around the final debate between the North and South. At the point the president is pale and seems to be weak. The Speaker of the House says the president must resign. Then, the president speaks, and it seems almost godly- he has everybody back under his power for a moment! Out of nowhere, the capitol is struck by dynamite and destroyed (what a twist!). The republic was dead, and "it had died so peacefully, that the world could not believe the tidings of its passing away" (p. 43).

CREEPY ENDING: "As the dawn broke cold and gray, and its first dim light fell upon that shattered dome glorious even in its ruins, a **single human eye** (the all-seeing illuminati "eye of providence"?) filled with a gleam of devilish joy, looked up at it long and steadily, and then its owner was caught up and lost in the surging mass of humanity that held the Capitol girt round and round" (p. 43).

Conclusion

I must admit that reading this was tough and boring, but the conclusion I am gathering from the book is **that it is all planned.** Perhaps the president has good intentions, and perhaps he does not. Who is to say who is bad in this book? The North or the South? It is interesting that is directly linked to the dichotomy today of the left vs. right. Ultimately, the republic is destroyed, and the "one eye" is pleased in quite the "devilish" way! Perhaps there really is a devilish power controlling the nation?

The lesson from this book is that even if we do all disagree on some major points, we need to unite in some way. They are constantly using this divide and conquer tactic, and it is undoubtedly working.
When they divide us enough, they can crush our union, and then they can truly take over.
Trump causes much controversy, and maybe, just maybe (but probably not), he really is looking out for the welfare of the people, just as President Bryan seems to be.
However, it seems that some more malevolent force has put him into office so that he can ultimately divide the people. Whether or not Bryan is really for the common people in this book is hard to say, but it might be so, and I would say the same is true of Trump. Is he really for the common people, or is he part of the ultimate plan? What is for sure is that the division is the most prominent part of this book: The Common people vs. the Wealthy (does this not sound familiar?)

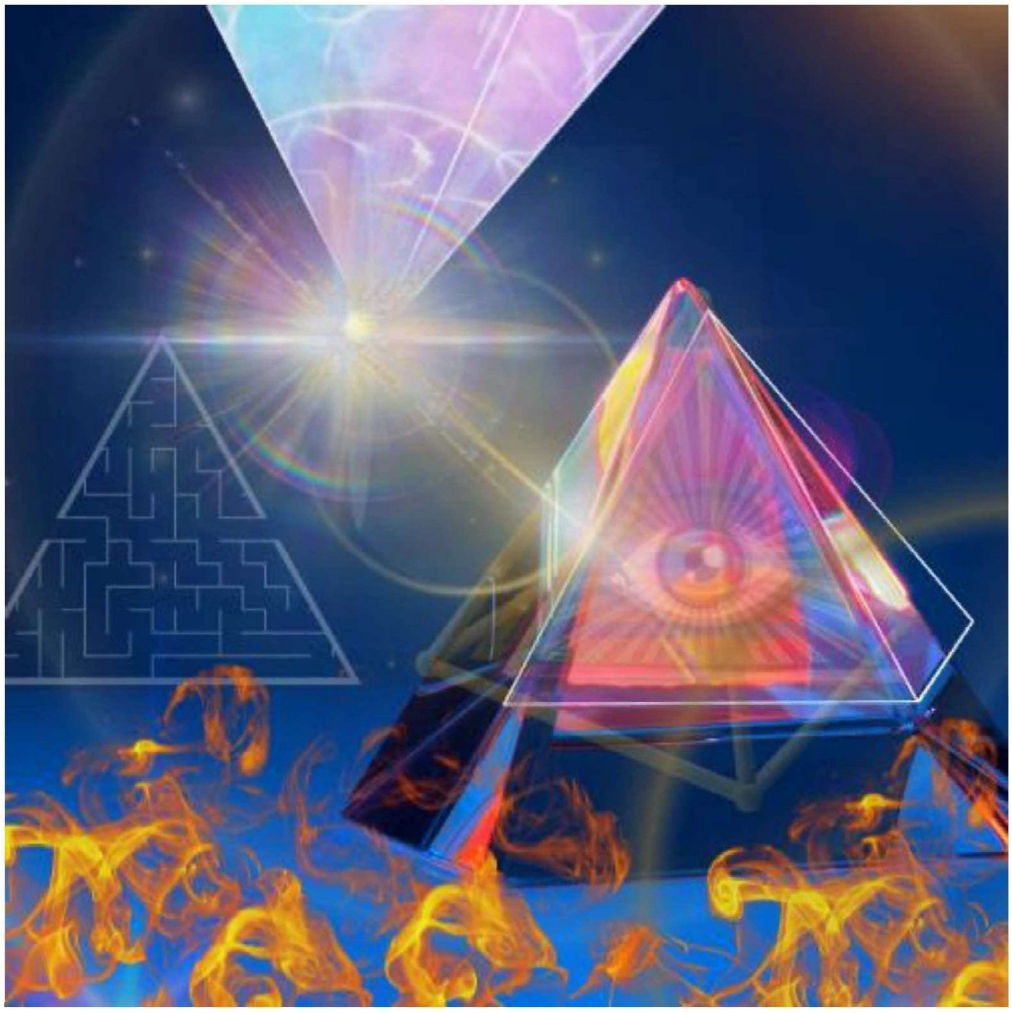
From the Wikipedia article on Lockwood's Baron Trump novels:

> The **Baron Trump novels** are two children's novels written in 1889 and 1893 by American author and lawyer Ingersoll Lockwood. They remained obscure until 2017, when they received media attention for perceived similarities between their protagonist and U.S. President Donald Trump.
>
> Jaime Fuller wrote in *Politico* that Baron Trump is "precocious, restless, and prone to get in trouble." He often mentions his massive brain, and has a personalized insult for most people he meets. Fuller also notes that Baron Trump lives in a building named after himself, "Castle Trump"; while the real-life Donald Trump had lived in Trump Tower for decades.
>
> Furthermore, Donald Trump's youngest son is named Barron Trump.ill Chris Riotta noted in *Newsweek* that Baron Trump's adventures begin in Russia. Riotta also mentioned another book of Lockwood's, *1900; or, The Last President,* in which New York City is riven by protests following the shocking victory of a populist candidate in the 1896 presidential election, who brings on the downfall of the American republic.lfillli

So, what does all this mean? Strange coincidence, some kind of occultic "channeling", time travel, or secret societies revealing their plans in order to alleviate their karmic debt? Something else entirely? If Trump is the anti-Christ, then that means Satan has always known this, and someway, somehow, Satan has manifested information about Trump in various ways throughout history. This novel could be just a coincidence, or it could be something more. The reason I am including it here is because it is so bizarre and mysterious.

Life is boring without mystery, and God glorifies himself through mysteries in order to keep us going, to keep us searching, and to keep us learning. I leave this mystery for the reader to decide for themselves and nothing more. Proverbs 25: 2:

> It is the glory of God to conceal a matter; to search out a matter is the glory of kings.



Appendix F - Rebel with a Cause: How to Take Over the World in Three Days

Jesus Christ conquered the world with a message of Love: without firing a single shot or even writing down a single word. He was, and is, the metaphysical ruler of all creation and heavenly realms, with authority granted by the father. He earned this authority through overcoming significant trials and tests in his life as a human, earning his divine right of reign through his stripes given by us here on Earth.

The Son of God incarnating on Earth - sounds great, what could go wrong, right? Not like he would be betrayed by one of his closest friends, then brutally mocked, beaten, and judicially murdered? Leave it to us to find a way to mess up a good thing.

Yesterday I listened to an audio-Bible version of the Gospel of John:

- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l1kQliy-DZU

I highly recommend it to anyone with two hours to spare, as it really gets the message across in an authoritative and authentic way. It's really difficult to deny so many historical eyewitness accounts of the events.

No serious academic historian or scholar of antiquity exists who denies that Jesus existed as a person, had disciples, and was crucified by Pontius Pilate somewhere around the Passover in 33AD.

The concept is ludicrous, with even Wikipedia forced to admit, with four extremely credible and solid sources:

> Virtually all scholars of antiquity and today accept that Jesus was a historical figure, and attempts to deny his historicity have been consistently rejected by the scholarly consensus as a fringe theory. [61[7][8][9][1O]

The arguments about the Gospels being written years after the events are moot, as it's obviously apparent that these events were dictated by John to, most likely, a group of Jewish scribes writing in Hebrew years after the events occurred but when they were well within living memory. This dating of the Gospels, from 40-70 AD, is not disputed, with John's gospel largely accepted as being the last one of the canon completed. Homicide Detective and College Professor J. Warner Wallace writes:

> John's Gospel was written early enough to have been written by the Apostle himself, a man who saw the events firsthand and recorded them within the lifetime of those who would know if he was lying.

Wallace provides numerous credible historical arguments supporting the historicity of John's gospel, such as extremely early historical attestation and references by church elders (Eusebius, Irenaeus, Origen, Jerome), papyrus and document evidence affirming early authorship, accurate historical descriptions and references to places, people, and events, and more. John refers to the Pool of Bethesda as extant, while it was destroyed by the Romans when they sacked Jerusalem between 70-73 AD, fulfilling Jesus's prophecy that the sign of Jonah would be given to the generation that denied him - the destruction of their city 40 prophetic day-years after his judicial murder. This implies an authorship of at or before 70 AD.

The fact that God chose to incarnate in a largely illiterate region speaking a now almost-dead language, Aramaic, is not an argument that debunks Christianity. These events did happen, the people in the Bible were historical figures, and by all accounts, they appear to be giving honest recollections about events that they truly believed happened to them. It is an incredible and unusual distortion of textual criticism norms to attempt to widely discredit the multiple eyewitness accounts given in the Bible. I believe that if the historical figures in the Bible could be resurrected, they would testify in court that they believe they had the experiences they report in the Gospels, and their testimony should be given the same credence as anyone else's - careful scrutiny, but without a good means and motive for lying, why would we assume they were lying? If they're telling the truth and it cost them everything, as it did for Jesus - and there is extremely credible evidence that all 14 disciples and apostles *were* killed for their beliefs, with the exception of John, then why would we assume they aren't telling the truth?

With the Bible largely reduced and watered down by milquetoast pastors and snake-oil salesmen disguised as preachers, Jesus's message has become tarnished and bleached of its original authenticity and power. Churches today have become weak, cowardly, and apathetic - using Jesus's name as some kind of talisman, meant to evoke material wealth and blessings. What we find, instead, is a promise from Jesus that if we follow him, we too - like him, will suffer.

What if Jesus Was Telling the Truth?

That being said, the Gospels paint a compelling and authentic portrait of a disillusioned and dissatisfied young man, in fact, the archetypal portrait of a young rebel. When Jesus went to Jerusalem with his friends, the first thing he did was go to the temple.

Did he pose for a portrait, or place money in the coffers in front of admirers?

No, in fact, John reports that Jesus "fashioned a whip", and started flipping tables and chasing people out.

To put this in a modern context, this would be like your crazy friend telling you: "Watch, bro - I'm gonna go into this bank/courthouse with a baseball bat, smash a bunch of shit up, not take anything, then just walk out- and they won't even arrest me", and then actually doing it.

In fact, John reports that several times Jesus would have been arrested, but used his supernatural powers to simply walk through the crowd undisturbed. John reports that Jesus's first miracle was turning water into wine, to ease his mother's friend's embarrassment at having run out of wine at a wedding in Canaan, a shameful miscalculation in a time when social status depended largely on social gatherings and conspicuous consumption at these special events.

Now, if we were to transpose Jesus to modern-day times, and say he was part of your friend group of 12 people, and this same friend was telling you that "they" were going to kill him and make him horribly suffer and die, you'd probably tell him to *calm down,* right?

You'd be like, "Jesus, bro, you're just being paranoid. No one's trying to kill you." In fact, this is exactly what we find reported in all four Gospels. No one believed that he would be killed, even when he literally predicted the method they would use: a cross.

In most cases you'd be right, that would just be the paranoia talking. But in Jesus' case, it actually happened. Now, here's what really sets Jesus apart from other charismatic figures and "cult leaders" along the lines of Jim Jones and Charles Manson - he did actually *die* for it.

Not only did Jesus literally create the archetype of the "suicidal, incredibly charismatic leader" who would eventually martyr himself for his cause, but he was also the *only one* that actually followed through with his promise, and *was* murdered by systematic power structures within society operating on the corrupt and demagogical whims of the state.

All the other ones just want to cash the checks, and go on to live a life of luxury, with their cheap pleasures and facsimile of satisfaction. There's really no one else like Jesus that really put their money where their mouth is, and gave it all up in the most brutal, horrific, and public way possible.

I'd like to post this old joke, as I think it sums up a decent amount of what I'm getting at:

Pope: "Do you know Jesus?"
Alien: "Oh, Jesus. Great guy. He comes to our planet twice every year."
Pope: "Every year?! It's been about two millennia and we're still waiting for his second coming."
Alien: "Maybe he didn't like your chocolate."
Pope: "Chocolate?"
Alien: "Every time he visits, we gather the best chocolate from each manufacturing plant and give them to him before he leaves. Why, what did you do the first time he came here?"

Haha, no, I mean seriously - what the fuck? How is it possible that this guy came here, claiming to be the Son of God, the Messiah, literally performing miracles in public, and we *crucified* him? The one way to die which we literally tore the heart out of- *cruciare* - which in Latin means to torture, and turned it into the word *excruciating,* and that's what we did to the guy?

Like, this was the one way to die that was so painful the Romans literally named it after their verb "to torture someone to death", and that's what we did to him? And not only that, but we also had to beat him, bludgeon him, mock him, verbally abuse him, put a sharp crown of thick thorns on his head, and to top it all off, put a little signup reading, "King of the Jews"?

What kind of sick fucks would do shit like this?

Is there something wrong with humanity? Jesus literally didn't even do anything wrong except conspicuously heal people on the Sabbath and claim to be the Messiah.

Everyone's a Victim but Jesus

Honestly, in a society where everyone claims to be and wants to be a victim, Jesus gets way too little respect. Everyone suddenly has autism, ADD, depression, anxiety, whatever else you want to say, but they refuse to admit it's because they live in a Satanic, perverted version of a twisted world - exactly what Jesus predicted would happen immediately before his return.

Everyone wants to be oppressed these days. Everyone wants to "fight the man", but in reality, they crave subjugation. Jesus was one of the few characters in history with enough courage and conviction to actually put his life on the line and die for the right to speak truth to power. Of course, his death is also notable for another reason: the extremely credible historical evidence that Jesus rose from the dead three days later.

Now, let's zoom out and look at the big picture: *What if Jesus was telling the truth?*

Is it credible to take Jesus at face value? What would it imply? For one thing, I believe every word in the Bible is literally true.

People want to believe in anything these days: aliens, ghosts, witchcraft, politics, movies and TV, science, or nothing at all - anything, but the Bible.

And I don't know why.

Let's say the Bible is true. It gives us meaning in life. Jesus promises eternal life for all who "eat of his flesh" in John - at the time, they had no idea what he was talking about.

This is the best news of all- there *is* a God that loves us, and we can live forever with him. And people just reject this.

Even better: Jesus already did the hard part for you - the part the other "cult leaders" that mimic him in a sick parody usually tell you to do, by abusing others to bend to their will - *dying* for the belief. He literally laid his life down so you wouldn't have to, when everyone else on this planet seems to want *you* to lay your life for *them.*

John 13 reads:

34 "A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. **35** By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

I **mean, how cool is that? Here we are, 2000 years or so before the Beatles came out with *All You Need is Love,* and Jesus already had it figured out!**

Even better, the Bible is full of credible historical mysteries that people overlook - what really was the *Ark of the Covenant?* Who was King Solomon, and what was in his temple?

So, let's say that God did have a direct line to humanity for the last 6,000 years at least, as the Bible says. He sent his prophets, and they were repeatedly killed and denied by their own people. Then he sent his son, who was also killed.

Let's look at Matthew 21, as it sums it all up nicely:

The Triumphal Entry
As they approached Jerusalem and came to Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent out two disciples, saying to them, "Go into the village ahead of you, and at once you will find a donkey tied there, with her colt beside her. Untie them and bring them to Me. If anyone questions you, tell him that the Lord needs them, and he will send them right away."

So the disciples went and did as Jesus had directed them. They brought the donkey and the colt and laid their cloaks on them, and Jesus sat on them. A massive crowd spread their cloaks on the road, while others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road.

The crowds that went ahead of Him and those that followed were shouting:
"Hosanna to the Son of David!"
"Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!"
"Hosanna in the highest!"
When Jesus had entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred and asked, "Who is this?"
The crowds replied, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth in Galilee."

Jesus Cleanses the Temple

Then Jesus entered the temple courts and drove out all who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the money changers and the seats of those selling doves. And He declared to them, "It is written: 'My house will be called a house of prayer.' But you are making it 'a den of robbers.'"

The blind and the lame came to Him at the temple, and He healed them. But the chief priests and scribes were indignant when they saw the wonders He performed and the children shouting in the temple courts, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

"Do you hear what these children are saying?" they asked.
"Yes," Jesus answered. "Have you never read:
'From the mouths of children and infants
You have ordained praise?"
Then He left them and went out of the city to Bethany, where He spent the night.

Jesus' Authority Challenged

When Jesus returned to the temple courts and began to teach, the chief priests and elders of the people came up to Him. "By what authority are You doing these things?" they asked. "And who gave You this authority?"

"I will also ask you one question," Jesus replied, "and if you answer Me, I will tell you by what authority I am doing these things. What was the source of John's baptism? Was it from heaven or from men?"

They deliberated among themselves and said, "If we say, 'From heaven,' He will ask, 'Why then did you not believe him?' But if we say, 'From men,' we are afraid of the people, for they all regard John as a prophet." So they answered, "We do not know."

And Jesus replied, "Neither will I tell you by what authority I am doing these things.

The Parable of the Two Sons

But what do you think? There was a man who had two sons. He went to the first one and said, 'Son, go and work today in the vineyard.'

'I will not,' he replied. But later he changed his mind and went.
Then the man went to the second son and told him the same thing.
'I will, sir,' he said. But he did not go.
Which of the two did the will of his father?"

"The first," they answered.

Jesus said to them, "Truly I tell you, the tax collectors and prostitutes are entering the kingdom of God before you. For John came to you in a righteous way and you did not believe him, but the tax collectors and prostitutes did. And even after you saw this, you did not repent and believe him.

The Parable of the Wicked Tenants

Listen to another parable: There was a landowner who planted a vineyard. He put a wall around it, dug a winepress in it, and built a tower. Then he rented it out to some tenants and went away on a journey.

When the harvest time drew near, he sent his servants to the tenants to collect his share of the fruit. But the tenants seized his servants. They beat one, killed another, and stoned a third. Again, he sent other servants, more than the first group. But the tenants did the same to them. Finally, he sent his son to them. 'They will respect my son,' he said.

But when the tenants saw the son, they said to one another, 'This is the heir. Come, let us kill him and take his inheritance.' So, they seized him and threw him out of the vineyard and killed him.

Therefore, when the owner of the vineyard returns, what will he do to those tenants?"

"He will bring those wretches to a wretched end," they replied, "and will rent out the vineyard to other tenants who will give him his share of the fruit at harvest time."

Jesus said to them, "Have you never read in the Scriptures:
'The stone the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone.
This is from the Lord,
and it is marvelous in our eyes'?

Therefore I tell you that the kingdom of God will be taken away from you and given to a people who will produce its fruit. He who falls on this stone will be broken to pieces, but he on whom it falls will be crushed."

When the chief priests and Pharisees heard His parables, they knew that Jesus was speaking about them. Although they wanted to arrest Him, they were afraid of the crowds, because the people regarded Him as a prophet.

You know, people often overlook John the Baptist when they read the Bible. This was Jesus' cousin, and not only did Jesus give up his life for these beliefs but John did too - he spent his whole life as an ascetic in the wilderness preaching one message - the Messiah has arrived, prepare and make straight the paths for the way of the Lord! John spent his life in the wilderness, eating honey and locusts, and was beheaded by the King for... well, for some reason.

Literally another dude showed up right before and gave up his life too, *just to act as* a *witness to those who would be trying to discern these events in the future.*

And people just throw these arguments out like they're nothing. Anyways, I could go on forever about this. You can too - a*ll you have to do is believe.*

Appendix G - The Narrow Path: Correct Christian Doctrine and Salvation

Witness 1

There is a lot of Christian misinformation out there, and not following the words of the Bible can lead to grave danger and suffering. One thing we always want to do is to make sure that we adhere to the correct doctrine, as it is very pure, simple, beautiful, and perfect. Whenever people add more onto the words of Jesus or the Bible, it is always incorrect.

The Two Witnesses ministry is not only non-denominational, we are **anti-denominational.** Christian denominations are a divisive and distracting tool of the devil meant to divide the body of Christ. Denominations are a foolish way to divide and conquer Christianity that many have fallen for. The obsession with labeling beliefs and adhering to what one particular pastor or person says versus another is a baffling trait that I fail to understand.

That being said, when it comes to doctrine, the early Lutherans and Protestants held the **most correct** view.

These doctrines were summed up and expressed through the *four so/ae,* in which can be found the only true and correct Christian doctrine:

- Sola Scriptura
- Sola Christus
- Sola Fide
- Sola Gratia

The interpretation of these are as follows:

Sola Scriptura: The only written word or book we need is Scripture. Nothing should ever be added to or taken away from the Bible, including non-canonical or Apocryphal literature, although these can be helpful and interesting.

Sola Christus: Only Jesus Christ can save you, no one or nothing else.

Sola Fide: Only faith can save you. The works of your hands are meaningless, and God simply requires faith.

Sola Gratia: Only through God's grace can you be saved. Similar to the doctrine on faith, it is by no work of our own that we are saved, it is merely a gift offered by God that cannot be earned by anything we do.

These "four solae" cover the what, who, why, and how of salvation. There is a commonly added fifth sola, *Soli Dea Gloria,* which means "Glory to God alone", which was targeted specifically at Catholic veneration of Mary and other saints. However, I feel that this one is by necessity included in the *Sola Christus* doctrine and prefer the simplified list of *four solae.*

These four concepts alone, and only them, are what you need to be saved. It's important to stop here, and not add anything onto them, as doing so is incorrect and dangerous. That's why the Bible closes with a stern warning not to add anything to it or take anything out of it.

So, if these are what you need to be saved, then what do you NOT need to do to be saved?

Things that are unnecessary for salvation include:

- Water baptism
- Speaking in tongues
- Tithing
- Good works
- Confession
- Communion
- Going to church
- Healing or performing miracles
- Missionary work
- Consecration
- Dedication

Only through a metaphysical baptism of the Holy Spirit can we be saved. While actions like these are good, helpful, and should be done, they are not necessary for salvation. We would encourage all of the above; however, anyone saying that any of the above actions are necessary for salvation is preaching a false doctrine that is not found in the Bible.

Matthew 12: 37 - "By your words you will be justified"

Romans 10:13 - "All who call on the name of the Lord shall be saved"

Now, those who are baptized in the Holy Spirit will naturally want to do these things, and they will be done by many who are saved. The Holy Spirit baptized will display the fruits of the spirit - love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, kindness, and self-control, and they will perform many or all of the above actions purely out of a desire to please God.

However, consider the following scenario:

Someone who knows the Bible but never accepted it is in a shipwreck, alone in a room. They face imminent death, and at the last minute they accept the salvation of Jesus, with no baptism, no witnesses, and nothing at hand except their own mind and choices. This person can be

saved, though they will never be baptized, speak in tongues, confess, witness to another, or anything else.

This is the only correct doctrine, and it's one of the best and most important aspects of Christianity.

Take this thought experiment one step further - this person also suffered horrific injuries that caused them to be unable to see, speak, or use their arms or hands. Purely by thought, through the power contained within the human mind, they can be saved. The brain is a fourth dimensional portal that can instantly allow any human being direct access to salvation, and the Bible is a fourth-dimensional object that facilitates this process. That is because *minds* and the Bible itself are two of the only things found on Earth that can have exact analogues extant in Heaven and the spiritual realm.

So, remember the *four so/ae* -

- Solely Scripture
- Solely Christ
- Solely faith
- Solely grace

Salvation comes from within, and everyone, even a mentally handicapped or uneducated person can be saved. There is no work you can do that will save you - this was the Old Testament, it's what led the Jews astray, and it's no longer God's revelation to humanity. In fact, the old laws never did save anyone, they were rather merely a mirror held up to humanity meant to make us realize that not one single person can be saved through their own works and actions alone. No one alive except Jesus ever fulfilled all ofthe laws, so no one was ever saved by them. Rather, they were a way to make us understand why we need Jesus's sacrifice on the cross.

Galatians 4: 21- "Tell me, you who want to be under the law, are you not aware of what the law says?"

What about those who never heard the Gospel?

Those who never heard the Gospel can still be saved, but they will be judged by their works. This applies to a vanishingly small minority of people alive today, so it's not worth worrying about for us. Almost everyone on Earth has heard the Gospel, including one of the last uncontacted tribes on Earth - the North Sentinelese, who chose to murder in cold blood a missionary coming to evangelize them. This constitutes a rejection ofthe Gospel.

> We find that "the dead" will be judged by their works in Revelation 20:12:
>
> "And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Another book was opened, which is the book of life. The dead were judged according to what they had done as recorded in the books."

So, let's recap this. There are those who are "saved", which can be defined as a complex metaphysical change that comes over a person when they accept the truth of Jesus Christ dying for their sins and the Bible as God's revelation to humanity. This group will be granted eternal life no matter what is in their books. These are those who put their faith in the *four solae.*

However, admission to this group is at the sole discretion of Jesus Christ. Although works cannot save you, the best way we know how to enter this group, along with the *four so/ae* doctrine, is simply to care for the poor, the widow, the orphan, etc., as if they were ourselves.

Then there are those who intentionally chose to reject the Gospel. This group will be judged the harshest. It's *possible* that this group will still have a chance of redemption through being judged on their works, but that's not a bet I'd like to take.

Based off a face value reading of the Bible and Jesus's words, it seems most likely that this group faces unconditional damnation no matter what is written in their books and what their actions were on Earth. Those who willfully deny Jesus will be denied before God, and Blasphemy of the Holy Spirit is either a hardened refusal to repent and/or a willful rejection of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Finally, there are those who never heard of the Bible or the Gospel. This group will be judged purely through their works and will be granted eternal life or damnation at the sole discretion of Jesus Christ, the judge of humanity.

So, only the *four solae* can save you unconditionally, but the prudent and wise individual will hedge their bets as much as possible by also following Jesus's words in Matthew 25: "I was hungry and you gave me food, thirsty and you gave me drink, naked and you clothed me, sick and in prison and you came to me."

Don't Fear the Devil

I want to remind everyone reading to not be scared of the devil or demons. The Bible tells us that if we resist the Devil, he will "flee" from us. That's because the devil is just an illusion, a phantom, more like an undercover cop who works for God to trick and entrap people rather than something that can actually do us harm.

As far as we know, all murders, rapes, kidnappings, and other evil actions done on Earth were done by human hands alone. If we are experiencing demonic attacks, we must examine our doctrine and determine whether an error in our doctrines is causing us to be opened up to these attacks. Putting your faith in anything except the *four so/ae* is to stray from the Bible, which can cause God to remove protection from us.

The devil is just a shadow on a wall. Turn on the light, and he will disappear. There is nothing to fear about the devil except his many tricks and traps that are used to convince people to do evil things.

Life on Earth is like a madhouse, or a carnival funhouse with trick mirrors that show us a distorted view of reality. That's why we need to use the *four so/ae* doctrine given above to keep our focus straight and not stray from the things that truly lead to salvation. Do not fall for the devil's snares and do not listen to his whispers in your ears.

Part II: The Debate on Doctrine

So, in our real-life ministry I gave all of that as a sermon. Although Witness 2 predicts that these two ministries will be merged someday, we aren't ready to disclose our true identities yet, for obvious reasons like death threats, extortion attempts, and the government harassing us.

However, that's beside the point. Afterwards, we received an email attempting to discredit my sermon from one of the people who attended it. These are people who still want there to be *more* to it all, for whom the New Testament, faith, and grace is never enough. These people *want* to be justified by their works, as clearly, they never read Galatians 4: 21 or the complete list of Jewish Old Testament laws.

Their doctrine involves a belief that to be saved, you must first meet certain, usually cherry picked Old Testament laws, have good works, observe the Sabbath and feast days, etc. They consider faith in Jesus Christ to be "step two" building on top of "step one" - following the Old Testament laws - and believe that when he said he came "not to abolish the law but to fulfill it", this means that the old law is still in effect today.

So, I will next present my reply to the email I received, slightly edited for brevity and understanding. It presents responses to the common counter-arguments against the doctrine I gave, and contains relevant unedited quotes from the original email to me.

Hi [redacted],

I think the main disagreement here stems from the Old Covenant versus the New Covenant, and what this means. I'm pretty familiar with this argument, as we get a good number of people arguing the same point you are making, and it surprises me because this is really a fundamental part of Christianity. We are no longer Jews, and the old laws, festivals, etc., are no longer required.

Before I get into it, I want to make one point. Claiming to need to follow the law can be dangerous, along with, I believe, incorrect. Remember that as we judge others we will be judged, i.e., the standard we use to judge others will be used to judge us.

So, are you aware of all 613 commonly accepted Jewish laws? Do you follow all of them? If not, you are putting yourself at risk of being judged by them and being found lacking. Remember this verse from Paul in Galatians 4: 21 that I quoted:

> Tell me, you who want to be under the law, are you not aware of what the law says?

Now, all these things I mentioned as technically unnecessary, such as speaking in tongues, baptism, going to church, confessions, etc., are all good things. Like I said, they should be done by believers, and I highly encourage all of them. However, the thought experiment I mentioned about the person who, hypothetically, is trapped in a shipwreck, let's say they even suffered terrible injuries and couldn't speak, can still be saved as a Christian purely through their own mind, which disproves all of them as a requirement for salvation, which is a point you concede.

So, let's delve into this email and let me try and respond to your points. First, I'm wondering if you are familiar with Jesus's parable of the old and new wineskins. This is an often-overlooked parable that is fundamental to understanding who Jesus was and his teachings. He represents in this parable a total divorce and rejection of the Old Testament Jews and their corrupt system which relied upon works to "prove" man's worthiness to God.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Wine_into_Old_Wineskins

> "He told them this parable: "No one tears a piece out of a new garment to patch an old one. Otherwise, they will have torn the new garment, and the patch from the new will not match the old. And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the new wine will burst the skins; the wine will run out and the wineskins will be ruined. No, new wine must be poured into new wineskins."

This is the interpretation from Wikipedia:

> The two parables relate to the relationship between Jesus' teaching and traditional Judaism.[2]According to some interpreters, Jesus here "pits his own, new way against the old way of the Pharisees and their scribes."[1]In the early second century, Marcion, founder of Marcionism, used the passage to justify a "total separation between the religion that Jesus and Paul espoused and that of the Hebrew Scriptures."[ill]

So, we find in this parable a "total separation" between Christians and Jews, and this is a fundamental aspect of Christianity itself. As such, given its fundamental nature to Christianity, this is far from the only part of the Bible where we find this concept. Jesus spent much of his time debating the Pharisees on this concept, about healing on the Sabbath, his disciples picking grain on the Sabbath, etc., and much of the Pauline Epistles are devoted to explaining and justifying the total divorce of Christians from the Jews.

So, let's start with a common verse that I feel is misunderstood. When you quote Jesus here, "Jesus said He came to fulfill the law and not to abolish the law. Matthew 5:17", I feel that it actually proves my point.

The definition of "fulfilled" in this sense is "completed". When we say something is "fulfilled", such as "this order has been fulfilled", it means that it is finished, completed, and done. "It is finished". No one would hear "this order has been fulfilled" and take that to mean that it still needs to be done and there is still more work to be done on it. When Jesus says the law is fulfilled through him, he means that it is no longer applicable.

So, all of the other various verses you reference from Jesus and Paul in your email refer to following these new laws given by Jesus, not the Old Testament priestly laws. To say that

because Jesus celebrated a feast day or because Paul still did a sacrifice at the temple means that these are fundamental aspects of Christianity is simply a mischaracterization of the text and selectively misunderstanding verses. It ignores the much greater parts of the text explaining that these are no longer Christian doctrine. If this wasn't true, neither Jesus nor Paul would have faced the crazy level of persecution that they did.

Essentially, I feel that you are adding doctrines on top of that which can't be found in the Bible except through a very non-contextual, biased reading of certain parts while ignoring the rest of the text that disagrees with the Old Testament law being necessary for Christians to follow.

However, we must go further into this. What "law" were they debating the religious power structures about? Jesus, as the ultimate High Priest and sacrifice, is referring to the Priestly Law, that is given in Leviticus. All those complex laws that atheists love to cite to attempt to make the Bible seem absurd weren't actually for the common Jews, they were for the Levite, or priest sector of society. These priestly laws, along with festivals and feast days, are what Jesus is referring to here. No Christian is obligated to celebrate a particular day anymore.

The common people were bound by a set of laws that were based off the Ten Commandments. These were a different set of laws, and no one would say these are no longer applicable. However, Jesus summarized them with his famous two new laws about loving God and our neighbor as ourselves. This is what the Christian must still do (love God and love our Neighbor as ourselves, fulfilling the Ten Commandments), not worry about the Sabbath, not wearing mixed fabric, eating shellfish or pork, or any of the other various Levitical laws.

Like I said, this isn't the first, second, third, or fourth time we've gotten an email from someone who wants to follow and be justified by their works and the law, and it won't be the last. There's nothing wrong with following what you want to follow, but it's not going to save you. Christian doctrine is that only through faith and grace can you be saved, there are no works of your hands you can do that will justify you to God.

So, this part of your email where we fundamentally disagree:

> *That they also needed to put their faith in the final sacrifice of Jesus Christ and not in the blood of bulls and goats. He continues to call himself a Pharisee Acts 23:6 and continues to keep the law but is talking about the place of the law in the process of sanctification. Saying the law is over and you don't need it anymore is like saying you don't need to learn addition but can do algebra because the addition is outdated and irrelevant.*
> *Rather it is a step in the process.*

To put it simply, I just find this to be incorrect doctrine. The old law is not a "step" in becoming a Christian, this is the point of the old and new wineskins parable. Jesus says specifically not to do this, not to put the old law as a patch on a new garment.

Teaching people that in order to be a Christian they must follow the law on top of having faith and trust in Jesus would simply be incorrect doctrine. If you want to personally follow it because it makes you feel fulfilled and Holy, filled with spiritual oil, that's great, but it doesn't

apply to other people. Saying that the law is step one and then faith in Jesus is step two is, plain and simple, incorrect Christian doctrine and preaching it can put souls at risk.

Let me wrap this up by going through some other parts of your email.

You said:

> *These [old Testament laws] are all part of what it means to be a disciple. In heaven, those who have only repented might make it as if barely escaping the fire but they will have no reward. Those who continue in disobedience [by not following the Old Testament laws] will not.*

The way I see it, along with the vast majority of other Christians alive, continuing to preach the necessity and importance of Old Testament laws *is* "disobeying" Jesus. In addition, I don't necessarily agree that the Bible lays out a "tiered" version of heaven, in which we can conclusively say that some will be "greater" or "lesser" than others.

All we know is that the "last will be first, and the first will be last". What exactly this means is up to God, but claiming that it refers to those who followed the Old Testament laws versus those who didn't is a major stretch and leap in logic that I don't believe can be supported by Scripture. **Jesus talks about how we treat others, not which rules we followed.** This part is key.

You said:

> *At the end of the age, all people will be required to go up to Jerusalem for the Feast of Tabernacles and for Sabbaths and new moons. If all those things are irrelevant for our time why would they be commanded at the end of the story? These are all just things I have pondered.*

I'm not sure which verse says this, can you point me to where it says this in the Bible?

You said:

> *I really think we should stick to our focus on Jesus, his blood and sacrifice and his resurrection and the filling of the Holy Spirit rather than trying to give a list of theological viewpoints ... I believe the focus should be on prayer and seeking the Holy Spirit and teaching should come later and in a different setting. It doesn't seem to fit the way the Spirit is moving.*

The reason we started our ministries rather than just going to church is because we are tired of hearing the same old stuff over and over. I think that everyone in these groups understands the concept of Jesus's redemptive blood and the power it has to save us. I find that churches across the planet are exclusively serving milk, and I'm tired of not hearing any meat.

So, since we've given up so much time and put so much energy and effort into this all, we plan on continuing to teach the correct doctrine, which is that works and "the law" can't save you, and never did save anyone. You are correct in that only through Jesus's blood can be saved, but

you can't add anything onto this or it becomes something else. In this case, something like Messianic Judaism.

You said:

> *I did hear a warning about not preaching until the Holy Spirit comes with power and fire... wait on Him and pray with everyone else till the time for preaching comes.*

I'm not really sure if I agree with this. That's a personal choice for you, but I feel that it is the time for preaching correct doctrine. If we are correct, these are the end times, we are wrapping up the Fig Tree generation, and it's the last chance to teach people how to be saved. I am not aware of any commandment to wait to preach until another "Pentecost" happens, or even a verse that indicates that it will happen again. Waiting for something like that just seems like something the Devil would want us to do.

Finally, you said:

> *In Ephesians 6 it doesn't cal/ Satan a shadow and just a trickster but it says we must arm up to escape his flaming arrows . It takes this battle seriously and tells us to duly prepare not to be afraid but to be ready for the conflict.*

On that last topic of the Devil, I agree that we should be wary and cautious about him. He is a real, corporeal being, with great intelligence, cunning, and power to deceive. However, my point was that there's really nothing he can do to Christians to harm us unless we allow him to. He is merely a deception, a shadow on the wall. Assuming God is omnipotent and omniscient, the only logical conclusion is that Satan is more like a tool that God uses to accomplish his purposes, and in fact, this is exactly the type of relationship we find between the two characters in the Book of Job.

So, if we are being attacked, then why? There must be a crack in the armor, like you mentioned. Sometimes it's just unavoidable, and there are humans casting spells or using witchcraft against us, and there's not much we can do except pray about it and trust in God to protect us. Will he? Yes, but only if we are following the correct doctrine. Sometimes, however, God simply wants us to be attacked or to suffer, which is something that does happen, as it helps us grow and become stronger.

So, there is nothing to fear from the Devil. In fact, the greatest tool against him isn't to fear him or his human minions, but rather to simply recognize them as powerless, and to laugh at them. Fearing the Devil only gives him more power.

Remember, not everything has to turn into a debate or be picked apart. Heaven will not be full of critics, but rather people who supported others, and used their words with loving kindness. As we all know, it's really easy to always find something to complain about or argue about, but sometimes it's OK, even the more Christian thing to do, to just keep that to ourselves and support Christian endeavors rather than always trying to find something to disagree about.

That's why I said we are not only non-denominational, we are anti-denominational. I see all of these doctrinal disagreements as a divide and conquer strategy by the Devil that has been quite

successful. Pitting Baptist against Lutheran against Calvinist against (insert denomination here), rather than Christians against the world, trying to love and convert them like it should be, becomes nothing more than infighting and pointless debates that won't even likely be resolved. Then of course there's the issue where these doctrinal changes do actually become salvation issues, like Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, and, to a lesser degree, Catholics, but that's a whole different topic.

Alright, I hope this helped and you found this productive and interesting. I'm sure you and [Witness 2] have gone over this before, so there's probably not much here you haven't heard before. However, I don't want to divide the group, and I want you to know that you are always welcome there, and it's OK for people to disagree on things like this. Without good debates once in a while, theology wouldn't be nearly as fun and interesting anyways.

Best wishes to you in the loving name of Jesus

Christ, [Witness 1]

While putting this post together, I received a reply to the email I just presented. This reply contained the following three counter-arguments to my points:

1. Jesus personally revealed a special revelation to them, and them alone, which isn't found in Scripture. This message which, disagrees with me (Witness 1), came personally in the form of a vision to this person and states that the Old Testament laws are still in effect and should be observed.
2. A quote from Zechariah about celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles.
3. The older, Aramaic version of the verse where Jesus talks about the law and prophets is quoted, with no given source, as saying "confirm" rather than "fulfill" the law.

I will now give my response to these three arguments, again slightly edited for brevity and understanding.

Hi [redacted],

I enjoyed your response as well, and I am glad you can take part in a good debate and have a little back and forth dialogue without taking it too personally. I appreciate that, and I'm glad that you still pray and worship with the people who disagree with you.

It's an interesting, and definitely controversial thing that you suggest. As you allude to, almost no Christian would agree with the idea that the old, priestly laws are still valid and should be followed. However, this appeal to consensus doesn't prove anything, I'd easily admit.

That being said, I still think it requires an out of context, selective, and biased reading of the Bible to come out of it with these ideas. Without reading into it, it seems to plainly disagree with you. Galatians 3: 10, for example reads:

> For all who rely on the works of the law are under a curse

Romans 10: 4 reads:

> For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone who believes.

Romans 3: 28 reads:

> For we maintain that a person is justified by faith apart from the works of the law.

Romans 7: 6:

We have been released from the law so that we serve in the new way of the Spirit, and not in the old way of the written code.

And finally, in 1 Corinthians 9, Paul clarifies explicitly in verse 20 that "I, myself, am not under the law".

So, I'm not sure how a face value reading of the Bible suggests that the law is still valid or in effect. In fact, to suggest that seems to suggest that Christianity as a whole is a deception, and Christians should be practicing a religion more like Messianic Judaism, which layers faith in Jesus on top of following Old Testament laws and observations. Wikipedia lists some of their doctrines as:

- Jesus is the Messiah; views on his divinity vary.
- Messianic Jews believe, with a few exceptions, that Jesus taught and reaffirmed the Torah and that it remains fully in force.

So, for those Messianic Jews who accept Jesus as the Messiah, I think they will still be saved. **However, if you include a belief in "affirming the Torah", it inherently becomes Messianic Judaism and is just technically not "Christianity" anymore.**

Let's get into your three arguments presented in your reply. I don't really find them compelling, and I'll explain why.

So, to begin with point number one, I just don't find special revelations to be Biblical or really that compelling. Anyone can claim to have a vision or message from God, which is why I only trust the Bible. If it's not in the Bible, I don't believe it. I believe that you received that message, but I don't have any reason to believe it any more than Joseph Smith's claim about the angel of Moroni, or the average schizophrenic hearing voices.

It's OK if we disagree, and I don't think there's anything wrong with you, personally, following the old laws that you want to; however, a personal claim to special revelation isn't a solid basis

for a real persuasive argument. It's more like a gnostic or occult claim to have arcane, or hidden, knowledge, which is the basis for the mystery schools. I know you don't believe in these, but this is how they get started. As you know, the word "occult" itself comes from the same root as "occluded", or "hidden".

Now, on to the Zechariah verse. Zechariah 14: 17-19 reads:

> If any of the peoples of the earth do not go up to Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord Almighty, they will have no rain. If the Egyptian people do not go up and take part, they will have no rain. The Lord[b] will bring on them the plague he inflicts on the nations that do not go up to celebrate the Festival of Tabernacles. This will be the punishment of Egypt and the punishment of all the nations that do not go up to celebrate the Festival of Tabernacles.

Now, when we read this in context, we find that this is actually referring to the Millennial Reign of Christ, and the New Jerusalem. This isn't referring to our time here or what we should be doing on the fallen Earth during this present, post-Messiah but pre-Millennial time.

Immediately before this part, we read in verses 8-9:

> On that day living water will flow out from Jerusalem, half of it east to the Dead Sea and half of it west to the Mediterranean Sea, in summer and in winter.
>
> The Lord will be king over the whole earth. On that day there will be one Lord, and his name the only name.

So, we can clearly see that this is referring to after all of the events in Revelation. Standard Biblical commentaries agree with me. In the *Enduring Word* commentary on verses 17-19, we read:

> *a.* ***Shall go up from year to year to worship the King:*** *Instead of coming to Jerusalem for battle, now the nations come to honor God and to remember His faithfulness to Israel in the wilderness by keeping the* ***Feast of Tabernacles.***
>
> > *i. Jesus told us to go to the ends of the earth with the gospel but* ***in the millennium*** *the earth will come to Jerusalem to worship and honor God.*
>
> *b.* ***Whichever of the families of the earth do not come up to Jerusalem ...on them there will be no rain:*** *God won't make people worship Him* ***during the millennium,*** *but the advantages of worshipping and honoring God will be more evident than ever.*

So, in conclusion on this point it can't be seen as a commandment or even a suggestion that we are to follow these feast days and observations in the current time we live in.

So, the third argument. You don't cite your translation, and when I look can't seem to find a single translation on the Bible Gateway website that uses the word "confirm". The vast majority of them say "fulfill", as that's the standard word used, and the rest use terms like "carry out" or "complete".

So, in these cases, the Strong's Concordance is very helpful, as you know. We can find this word in entry number 4137, for the word "plero6". Any definition of this word will meet the following criteria:

Definition
to make full, to complete
NASB Translation
accomplish (1), accomplished (1), amply supplied (1), approaching (1), complete (1), completed (3), completing (1), elapsed (1), fill (3), filled (16), fills (1), finished (1), fulfill (20), fulfilled (20), fully carry (1), fully come (1), fully preached (1), increasing (1), made complete (2), made full (5), make...full (1), make...complete (1), passed (2), supply (1).

So, I think it's clear what this word means. You'd have to pretty dramatically change the meaning of it to come out with a definition like "confirm", although even that word itself still doesn't necessarily prove your point.

However, I'd like to go one step deeper. Let's look at the full section in context from Matthew 5:

> [17] "Do not think that I have come to abolish the Law or the Prophets; I have not come to abolish them but to fulfill them. [18] For truly I tell you, until heaven and earth disappear, not the smallest letter, not the least stroke of a pen, will by any means disappear from the Law until everything is accomplished. [19]Therefore anyone who sets aside one of the least of these commands and teaches others accordingly will be called least in the kingdom of heaven, but whoever practices and teaches these commands will be called great in the kingdom of heaven. [2] For I tell you that unless your righteousness surpasses that of the Pharisees and the teachers of the law, you will certainly not enter the kingdom of heaven.

So, this is an excellent section and I find it really interesting. What Jesus is referring to, I believe, when he says "these commands" is his new teachings given in this chapter, known as The Beatitudes. Again, typical commentaries and standard interpretations of this section agree with me:

a. ***Whoever therefore breaks one of the least of these commandments:***
*The **commandments** are to be obeyed as explained and fulfilled by Jesus' life and teaching, **not as in the legalistic thinking of the religious authorities of Jesus' day.** For example, sacrifice is commanded by the law, but it was fulfilled in Jesus, so we do not run the danger of being **called least in the kingdom of heaven** by not observing animal sacrifice as detailed in the Law of Moses.*

This commentary describes Jesus fulfilling, or completing the Law, as follows:

- Jesus **fulfilled** the doctrinal teachings of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He brought full revelation.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the predictive prophecy of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He is the Promised One, showing the reality behind the shadows.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the moral and legal demands of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He fully obeyed them and He reinterpreted them in their truth.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the penalty of the **Law** and the **Prophets** for us by His death on the cross, taking the penalty we deserved.

This commentary sums it up by saying, **"The Christian is done with the law as a means of gaining a righteous standing before God."**

So, Matthew 5 is really one of the most important chapters in the whole Bible for Christians, and we must carefully examine it. It's an incredibly profound, unique, and revelatory chapter, which contains within it a greater philosophy than the Vedas, the Buddha, Aristotle, and Plato combined. As a side note, to think that the genius contained within this chapter came from merely an uneducated carpenter seems to baffle the mind with its lack of plausibility and explanatory scope. The Beatitudes tell us how to live incredibly simply and perfectly.

So, I hope this was helpful. I want to sum it all up by saying that it's OK if you don't change your mind, and I'm not trying to attack you or come at you personally. I enjoy a good debate, and writing is something I enjoy as well. Thanks for all your support and I continue to hope you join the meetings and bring your talents and prayers to the group. However, while you can practice what you see fit, the group will continue to teach standard, foundational, and fundamental Christian Theology, not Messianic Judaism.

May God continue to bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ,

Witness 1

Appendix H - The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch

Witness 1

My first exposure to the theory that it is possible to intentionally induce perfect pitch abilities in a child came from Rick Beato's YouTube channel, *Everything Music*. He documented and demonstrated an incredible ability in his son, Dylan, to identify any notes that were played, even polychords with up to ten notes, by around age 8. If what he achieved is possible with anyone, then it would revolutionize the field of child psychology as we know it.

Many of his theories were based on the research of Diana Deutsch, Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the University of San Diego. She is well known for her research on auditory illusions, the psychology of music, and absolute or perfect pitch. Much of her research focused on a phenomenon she identified in which speakers of tonal languages, such as Mandarin Chinese, have a far higher percentage of people possessing a perfect pitch ability than other languages, such as English.

Tonal languages are languages where the same word, spoken with a different pitch or inflection, can have multiple meanings. For example, "Ma" in Mandarin can mean "mother", "hemp", "horse", or "scold", depending on what inflection or pitch is used when speaking it. Her research indicates that Mandarin Chinese speakers have a prevalence of perfect pitch ability approximately nine times that of the United States/Europe (1: 1,000 vs. 1: 10,000).

Deutsch's studies have shown that this ability is formed in early childhood, during the approximately 1,000 days when language centers are forming and children have the ability to learn multiple languages without being formally taught, solely through exposure.

As part of her research, she wanted to test *how* children pick up this ability. So, she hooked them up to a non-invasive fMRI scanner, and had English-raised babies sit and interact with Mandarin speakers. She also had another set of English-raised babies exposed to audio and video recordings of Mandarin speakers. When she played back the Mandarin words they were exposed to, she found that only the babies that were around live, in-person Mandarin speakers showed recognition on the fMRI, not the babies that were exposed to audio or video recordings.

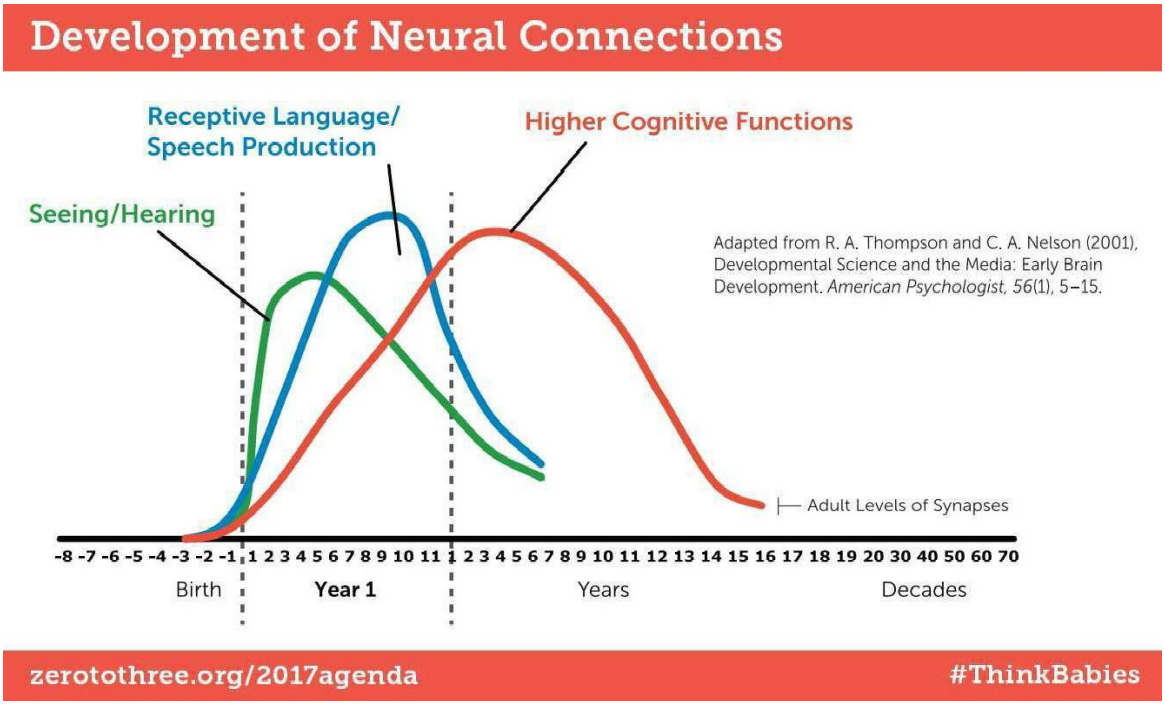
From there, she formulated a so-called "social brain" theory, in which babies only pick up on language and incorporate it into their lexicon through active, social engagement. Essentially, we are not wired to pick up on verbal cues and language from a video or audio recording, as it simply does not register as meaningful or important to the baby. Only a person interacting socially with the child has the ability to impart language skills to them.

Now, this obviously makes inducing a perfect pitch ability in a baby more complicated. It's widely known that the "Mozart effect" has been debunked, and you cannot improve a child's musical ability or intelligence by simply playing classical music for them repetitively.

However, due to Rick Beato's incredible, indeed, astounding and revolutionary success with Dylan, it's clear that there is something to the idea that highly advanced musical skills can be transferred to a child before they are even able to speak or communicate fully. I also utilized the research of Dr. Patricia Kuhl, such as this 2017 lecture on YouTube called *Music and the Baby Brain:*

https:/ /youtu.be/tlQzleOmwEc?si=JAZBKrlliZdhKEdq

Let's look at some information on this theory:



Source: https://www.zerotothree.org/resource/an-infant-toddler-agenda-for-the-new administration-and-congress/

Early Brain Development Lays the Foundation

A baby's brain architecture forms as connections for important functions such as hearing, language, and cognition peak during the first three years. Early brain development occurs at lightning speed, creating more than one million new neural connections every second. Later, higher-level brain functions will be built on top of these foundational connections like a scaffold. Early experiences influence which connections are reinforced and which fall away unused, and thus whether this important foundation will be strong or fragile. **Early childhood presents both a prime opportunity to positively influence the course of a young child's life and a window of vulnerability for falling behind.**

Relationships Are the Key to Strong Early Development

Relationships with trusted adults, primarily their parents, are central to helping babies navigate early experiences. Within these relationships, young children learn how they are valued and how the world works.

In this graph, we can see the "1,000 days" theory laid out quite well. Now, the exact ranges given here may shift slightly from baby to baby, but generally the research and science is conclusive: **within the first three years of life, childhood synaptogenesis creates neural language center pathways that can never be replaced or reformed later in life.** The important part of this graph, for these purposes, is the "receptive language/speech production" curve.

Think of a babies brain in the first thousand days as like a sponge, stem cell, or as a literary analogy, the ground from which the "toffee tree" grew in the *Chronicles of Narnia* series by C.S. Lewis:

> **Origin**
>
> The toffee tree grew out of a toffee candy that Polly Plummer brought with her into Narnia as the world was being created.
>
> On the first evening of her journey with Digory Kirke to retrieve an apple from the Garden of Youth, they discovered that they had no food with them except Polly's bag of nine toffees. Digory suggested that they eat four toffees each for dinner and plant the ninth, remembering that a lamp post bar thrown onto the ground in Narnia had grown into a full-grown Lamp-post. As Digory predicted, the next morning the candy had grown into a tree and the two children ate its fruit for breakfast.
>
> **This kind of rapid growth was possible following Narnia's creation because the song with which it was called to life still hung in the air. The effect lasted only a few days.**

That last part is the key: this almost-magical ability of babies to learn multiple languages fluently without even consciously trying only lasts a few years, because once the conditions of early life or creation are finished, the door is forever shut and can never be reopened. Essentially, for approximately three years, whatever language you put into a child's brain will take hold, plant roots, and grow up into an extraordinarily complex linguistic tree that is capable of producing its own unique fruits.

So, is music a language? Indeed, music fits all the necessary qualifiers to be accurately called a "language", especially this secondary definition: "a non-verbal method of expression or communication." Music has syntax, structure, follows an agreed-upon format, and conveys information. Hollywood has recognized this, predicting that if humanity were to ever encounter aliens, music would be a way we could communicate through a shared "language".

Harvard University agrees, publishing a study in which they confirm that music does fit all the requirements needed to be called a language, describing it as the "universal language of mankind" in a study that "looks toward unlocking the governing rules of 'musical grammar.'" The study reiterates the extraordinary fact that music, in some form, is found in every society ever observed or studied, and contains "unique codes and patterns which are in fact universally understood... the product of underlying psychological faculties."

One thing is certain: music *does* fit the definition of a "language". Given this fact, it should, therefore, be possible to impart the *musical language* to a child in a manner that will allow them to ***speak it fluently.*** This is the fundamental goal of this experiment.

With this basic recap of the theories involved in mind, let's look at my personal experiments with my son, and what I have done so far to reproduce or emulate Rick Beato's success.

If his success *can* be replicated, proving that it was not merely either a fluke, based on genetics, a lucky happenstance, or otherwise some sort of irreproducible "miracle", then it would turn everything we think we know about child psychology on its head and demonstrate that babies are capable of far more than we give them credit for, revolutionizing the field as we currently understand it.

The truly incredible aspect of this theory is that it could be done to *anyone*. Every single person could have perfect pitch, become a virtuoso, and experience the enhanced cognitive function and prefrontal executive control mentioned by Dr. Kuhl in her study on babies exposed to complex musical patterns vs. a control group who was not.

If we simply coordinated systematically to expose *all* of our infants and babies to this high-information music, the possibilities we could unlock through the way it would enhance the way we think, feel, and perceive the world, as well as tangible benefits like greater memory, reasoning, and computational ability are endless.

A Case Study

When my wife and I first found out she was pregnant in April 2019, we were ecstatic. We both wanted a baby, and were looking forward to raising him in a loving, positive, and healthy environment. We are both fairly academic people, so we were already looking to hopefully impart an above-average intellectual ability into our child.

However, tragedy struck. She began to experience severe pain and was diagnosed with an ectopic pregnancy in May of 2019 that necessitated a singular salpingectomy. Our chances of a successful pregnancy were cut in half, and a consequent miscarriage in December of that year further dashed our hopes of being able to bring a baby to term.

About three months after the miscarriage, around March 2020, she became pregnant again. Our 8-week scan, for the first time, was a success, and the fetus appeared to be implanted successfully. At 11 weeks, however, we thought we again lost the pregnancy when she experienced bleeding and a large blood clot. It was a horrific moment, but when we rushed to the hospital an ultrasound confirmed the fetus was still there, to our immense relief. She was diagnosed with a subchorionic hematoma, the accumulation of blood between the uterine lining and the fetal membrane, a condition that can either resolve itself or end in a naturally terminated pregnancy. She was labeled a high-risk pregnancy, but there was nothing we could do except wait.

On December 31^{5}\ 2020, our son was born after an agonizing 60-hour long labor. He was induced at 38 weeks due to gestational hypertension and was only 5 pounds and 10 ounces when he was born. From the moment he was conceived, he was loved and cherished by us as a miracle baby that we thought we might never have.

Procedures *In Utero*

Now, when I first realized that the pregnancy was likely going to be successful, around a gestational age of 12-15 weeks with no further incidents and uniformly positive ultrasounds, I began preparing for my perfect pitch training. I had first encountered Rick Beato's videos about Dylan in 2018 and was astonished by them. "How much time could I save", I thought, "if I wasn't constantly trying to figure out what notes are what!"

It sounds silly, but any musician will understand. Perfect pitch is, in my eyes, a godlike superpower, and is something that no amount of money can buy. People with perfect pitch describe it as a way to enjoy music on an entirely different level than the rest of us. When they imagine listening to music without it, they often tell us that it must be like a fully colorblind man looking at a painting and trying to comprehend the beauty of it.

It has previously been thought that perfect pitch is simply a random stroke of luck, perhaps genetic, perhaps just based on all the right conditions happening to fall into place, or even just based on miraculous divine providence. The field of child psychology, generally, treats perfect pitch as like an earthquake, a given to happen occasionally, but impossible to predict and based on too many variables and factors to have any chance of telling accurately when and where it will strike. However, rather than remaining a neurological mystery, Beato's success appears to have turned perfect pitch into something quantifiable, demonstrable, and, most importantly, predictable.

There is no way to acquire perfect pitch as an adult. Anyone claiming otherwise is simply trying to sell you a scam product that contains lessons and sounds you can find for free on YouTube. Only during the first few years of life can this ability be acquired.

So, once we hit about 15 weeks, I began my preparations. Hearing first develops at about 20 weeks in utero, so this is the ideal time to begin perfect pitch training. I bought a "belly speaker" from Amazon and began loading an iPod with songs to play. At the time, I mostly just chose songs that I liked along with some complex classical or jazz pieces, and I would play them every night through the speaker into her stomach.

The speaker looked like this and would either rest tucked inside a waistband or just lay there:



Besides this, the only other thing we could do to facilitate his development was to eat as healthy as possible, take prenatal vitamins, and avoid any pharmaceuticals. My wife didn't drink any caffeine or even take Tylenol or Advil during this pregnancy, so he developed completely naturally without any substances or medications involved.

Eventually, this speaker broke, as it wasn't designed to be very durable, and I spent about $60 on a small, round Bluetooth speaker approximately the same size as in the image above. I used it in the same manner, and this speaker has lasted much longer and still works.

High-Information Artists

One of the most important points to understand for this experiment is the concept of "high-information" music. It's not so much classical music, like Beethoven or Mozart, that imparts the necessary information for perfect pitch ability to form, it's *high-information music* (a term coined by Rick Beato.)

The best way to describe high-information music is fast paced free-form jazz with a lot of complex and chromatic scale runs, shifting key centers, and complex polyrhythms. Now, there are only a handful of people in the world who can play music like this with a lot of content available. Some of the best ones I have found are:

- **Aydin Esen**

Aydin Esen is a Turkish composer who plays extremely unique music, often based around jazz improvisations. He and Rick Beato are friends, which is how I was introduced to his music. If you slow down the fastest parts of his improvs and attempt to count the notes, it appears that he is playing approximately 15 notes per second, or close to 1,000 notes per minute. This is the type of music that is necessary to impart a perfect pitch ability, and the other primary high-information players listed here, at their fastest, play at around the same speed.

Aydin's music is extremely unusual and unique, falling well outside the bounds of traditional music theory. His style of free-form jazz is so chaotic that those who aren't familiar with it would find it jarring, grating even. Only people with a unique appreciation of the immense skill required to play this way, especially while improvising, can understand why one would want to listen to his music.

- **Hiromi Uehara**

Hiromi Uehara is a Japanese jazz pianist who plays extraordinarily fast and complex music. While hers is slightly less chaotic than Aydin's, it still falls well outside the range oftraditional music and would be categorized as free-form, chromatic jazz. Hiromi is considered to be one of the most virtuosic piano players to have ever lived and writes strikingly powerful and unique music with a bend of complex yet emotive chords, immensely powerful scale runs, and pounding polyrhythms featuring complicated syncopated jazz beats.

- **Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass**

Oscar Peterson is widely recognized as a pioneer of this type of virtuosic, extremely fast jazz music, and is one of Uehara's primary influences. His partnership with jazz guitarist Joe Pass produced some extremely high-quality music, and his style of playing is exuberant and highly emotive.

Joe Pass is probably the fastest and most talented guitar player in the jazz genre. While I do expose him to more typical "shred" guitarists, discussed later, they don't demonstrate the chromatic jazz style that is ideal for perfect pitch training. Together, they were a dynamic and talented duo who played both solo as well as alongside various drummers, bassists, and singers throughout their long careers.

Essentially, what makes these artist's music perfect for this experiment is that they are always playing notes you wouldn't expect. From chromatic runs, to shifting tonal centers, to shockingly out of key notes, to simply slamming the keyboard with an open palm, these players demonstrate not only unique musical ability but the means to constantly keep a baby's attention on the music by playing notes that they aren't expecting to hear next.

Diana Deutsch points out in her research that this is one of the failures of the "Mozart effect." Classical music, while virtuosic in its own right, lacks the ability to hold a baby's interest, as it quickly fades into background noise. This type of high-information jazz, on the other hand, consistently triggers a confusion response and desire to listen, which re-activates the "social brain" that is fundamental to imparting a perfect pitch ability.

This is described as "active listening". Perfect pitch is found more predominantly in children raised in families who engage in *active listening,* such as attending concerts, being in the same room as music being played live, or even just sitting and listening to an album without any other distractions.

While I also incorporate what I would call a "saturation theory" of music training with my son, described in more detail later, that is absolutely not a substitute for active listening and musical practices that engage the child's social brain. Without that, there will be no extra musical ability formed, as "passive listening" does not facilitate synaptogenesis in the same way that active listening does. Without a person like a parent demonstrating the importance of paying attention to musical sounds, the baby simply does not consider the sounds worth paying special attention to ("active listening"), and thus, the sounds will not translate into a perfect pitch ability.

Along with the above three primary musicians, I also expose him to a wide range of further high information musicians:

- Chick Corea
- Rachmaninoff
- Miles Davis
- Herbie Hancock
- John Coltrane
- Erroll Garner
- McCoy Turner
- Duke Ellington
- Thelonious Monk
- Franz Liszt
- Chopin
- Cory Henry/Snarky Puppy
- Martha Argerich
- Valentina Lisitsa
- J.S. Bach
- Debussy

Along with these legendary musicians, mainly jazz artists with some high-information classical composers and performers as well, I also expose him to a wide variety of guitar virtuosos. Since much of my focus when learning music was on the guitar, I would consider it my primary instrument, and thus, I hope to incorporate it strongly into his musical repertoire.

Some of the primary guitarists I expose my son to are:

- Eddie Van Halen
- John Petrucci
- Steve Vai
- Yngwie Malmsteen
- Eric Johnson
- Buckethead
- Jimmy Page

As you can see, some of the guitarists who often top lists of "the greatest guitarists ever", like Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton, are not on this list. That's because, while their songwriting skills are excellent and their playing is highly emotive, they just don't play the type of fast paced, high-information music with the complexity and uniqueness I am looking for.

I also expose him to what I consider to be virtuosic bands playing live performances. Bands like Emerson, Lake & Palmer play music the likes of which you just don't hear anymore, and Keith Emerson's antics, such as his "flying piano", working the patch bays on his full-size modular Moog synthesizer, or pulling his Hammond organ over on himself and playing it upside down then riding it like a horse while stabbing it with a Bowie knife, are excellent at capturing his attention.

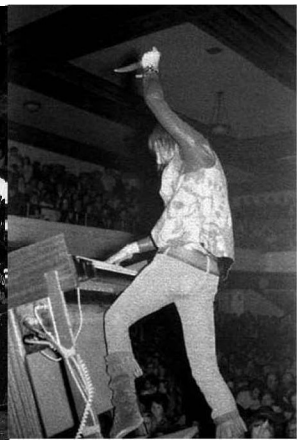
Led Zeppelin live is always a good choice, Van Halen is one of my personal favorites, The Who, and bands like Lynyrd Skynyrd put on some captivating and talented guitar performances. Classic viral internet legends like DragonForce ("Through the Fire and the Flames") and "Canon Rock" by JerryC/funtwo are good choices that exemplify various other videos I also show to him.

Of course, beyond the artists given here, there are many songs that he hears regularly by other musicians. I will detail my process of building his playlists next, but it's important to remember that while these artists provide a good starting point, there are many, many more out there who also play high-information music, and exposing the child to as many players and songs as possible is critical.



Last week we told you about ELP's revolving piano — well, here before your very eyes is Keith Emerson, suspended in mid-air — and still playing!





Procedures

All that being said, let's take a look at the exact procedures I have been following with my son. Ever since he was born, I have used various speakers in his bassinet, crib, or whatever chair he was sitting in whenever possible, including all night long, every night. My goal is to combine active listening with musical saturation, as it is obviously impossible to sit with a child performing active listening activities 24 hours a day. This *saturation theory* is a complimentary theory to the "social brain" or "active listening" theory, in which the 12 musical tones can be understood as "buckets" that must be continuously filled up, combined with giving the child their names, in order to facilitate future recognition of the notes.

From a neurological perspective, our widespread inability to accurately name notes is almost as much of a mystery as perfect pitch itself, if not even more so. Our auditory cortex processes sound in a similar manner to various brain regions that perceive different frequencies of light as color, and yet, no one has trouble naming a certain color as "red" or "green". Theoretically, there is no good reason why this auditory processing center should *not* be able to identify pitches as accurately and intuitively as our brain does with colors, and yet, it simply does not.

My goal, then, was to get him as close as possible to musical saturation 24 hours a day, in order to give him the best possible chance of acquiring perfect pitch. While passive listening may not provide the same explosive ability to impart musical ability as active listening, my theory is that it will still play a substantial supportive role.

Along with high-information music, I frequently use several hour-long musical utility pieces. These are in the form of either "perfect pitch training" pieces or "interval training" pieces. A perfect pitch training song will cycle through all the notes, either chromatically or by using the circle of fifths. It consists of merely the same note played over and over, using different instruments and timbres, with a voice speaking the notes overlaid on top of the sounds. Typically, each note is played for one minute, leading to a twelve-minute cycle repeated five times during an hour-long video. Interval training songs consist of someone playing through the various intervals on either a piano or on a synthesizer, again with a voice speaking the interval being played. These interval training videos are, as well, typically an hour long.

These videos can be looped or played on repeat overnight, while he is playing in his crib, or any other time, even if it's just for a few minutes. I consider them a fundamental part of his music training that is secondary in importance only to the high-information music. I utilize several examples of each to present as wide a variety as possible of intervals and note sounds.

Next, I will discuss the music that I have built up for my son, consisting of several playlists on an iPod. did this by using a YouTube to Mp3 website that allows a user to turn YouTube videos into downloadable song files. I spent approximately 30 hours doing this, scrolling through different search queries and playlists to find what I considered to be the right songs for this experiment.

The first two playlists I created are called "High information loud" and "High information quiet". separated, as well as I could, the quiet songs and the loud songs, as the primary downside to acquiring music from YouTube is the great variability between song volumes. I used the volume equalizer in iTunes to manually adjust the worst offenders, but it is still a minor issue.

These two playlists are about 12 hours each, containing a wide variety of high-information music. I then combined what I considered to be the best, most effective songs from each, along with about 6 hours of new music that isn't in either of the first two, into another playlist, "High information 3", which is about another 12 hours of music. My last high-information playlist is about 10 hours long, called "Hiromi and Aydin", as I consider these two musicians to be the most effective and important ones for him to hear. This is, overall, the best playlist I have, as it contains the best of the other three playlists along with some new music that isn't in the others. In total, I have around 40 hours of high-information music on my son's iPod.

I also have several other playlists. I have a playlist that is just normal music that I like, containing songs by Radiohead, the Beatles, Van Halen etc., with a focus on virtuosic but still commercial songs. Some of the main differences between high-information music and commercial music, besides the obvious, are that high-information songs tend to be longer, on average close to ten minutes, and are often played live or taken from live performances, which largely leads to the volume variability issue.

On top of this, I have several playlists containing different combinations of the various musical utility perfect pitch and interval training songs. Less frequently, I use a playlist of original songs I have produced in Ableton, containing about 150 songs. I consider these songs to also be high-information music, as I make fairly complex music using arpeggiators and other MIDI techniques to produce music containing a lot of notes. I have a playlist of my wife and I singing together while I play music, and a playlist of mainly spoken-word "music theory" videos that I play infrequently.

Finally, I have a playlist titled "long", which contains whole albums, some 1-hour+ live Skrillex concerts, and some songs like "Shine on You Crazy Diamond", "Take a Pebble", and "1812 Overture", but I don't use any of these playlists nearly as much as the high-information or musical utility playlists.

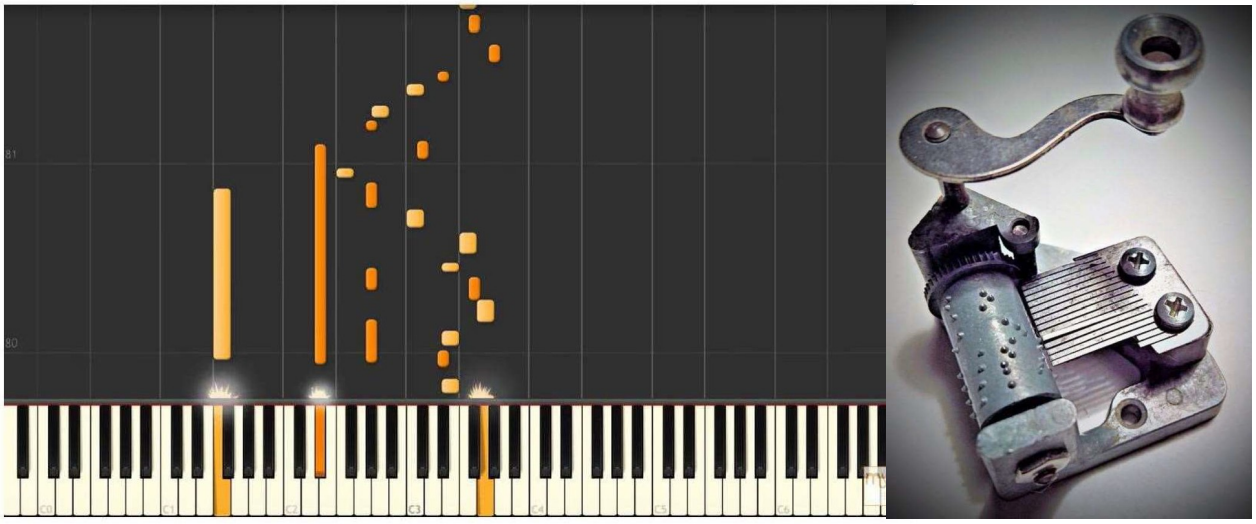
I have several other devices that I use for my son, namely a phone, tablet, and laptop dedicated solely to his usage. I use the phone to play music during the day, as I can transport it and use it in more locations than the iPod. I am very careful with the iPod, as it would be extremely difficult to replace it - one of the main weak points in my strategy if it were to ever break. However, this could be overcome with money and time if necessary. The tablet is older and has issues with running YouTube, so I use it when he sits at the piano because it won't matter very much if he drops it (he never has yet though). Finally, I have a separate, older, laptop for his use while he is in his highchair. I purchased a YouTube Premium subscription for about $12 a month so that he can listen to hours upon hours of YouTube music without being interrupted by ads which frequently pause the videos until someone skips them.

For the first 18 months of my son's life, he was exposed to almost no screens. It's fairly obvious that screentime, television, and movies are not conducive to raising an above-average intelligence child. However, once in a while, I would play something like a live Led Zeppelin concert while he ate. Now that he is older, more able to focus on videos for longer periods, and out of the critical early stages where I avoided screentime, I do incorporate the laptop into his routine.

As part of this training, I plan on following another of Rick Beato's techniques, in which he recorded a small piece of music in each key, both major and minor, which would result in 24 small songs. He then added a vocal track speaking the key/tonic and brought these songs into what looks like a PowerPoint file with a slide containing the key on screen.

For example, take C#m. I plan on recording a small piece playing the C#m chord arpeggiated up and down the piano keyboard along with playing and speaking each note in the triad. I will then play a small, improvised piece using some classic C#m accompanying chords, like A and B. Then, I will overlay myself speaking, "C sharp minor", and repeat that throughout the track. I could also add a small guitar solo, percussion instruments, or a little synth riff to add some color. I will then take the completed track into PowerPoint. For me, a C#m chord is a beautiful, vibrant mixture of aquamarine, red, and golden brown (C#-E-G#). I will make the background this color and have a large "C#m" overlaid on the screen, and regularly show these 24 videos to my son.

Primarily, when I use the laptop during his meals, it is in the form of MIDI rolls, often called "synesthesia tutorials" (after a common software used to produce this type of visual information). A YouTube channel called "mysheetmusictranscriptions" has a playlist containing over 800 jazz classics laid out in MIDI roll format, such as this:



There Will Never Be Another You - jazz piano solo Synthesia tutorial

Scrolling MIDI roll compared to the mechanism inside of a music box.

He will sit there very attentively and watch this *player piano or music box* type MIDI roll scroll by for quite some time, up to about an hour. It remains to be seen, but I imagine that this will be an effective way for him to engage in active listening and associate notes with the corresponding keys on a keyboard.

Along with this, we watch videos of the artists I mentioned above, especially live shows or people playing instruments, and occasionally the perfect pitch videos so he begins associating the notes with the actual letters for each. In an attempt to keep him in active, rather than passive listening mode, if he appears to be getting bored of the midi rolls or whatever video he is watching, I will switch it up to something different and more exciting. For example, if he starts zoning out or not watching the MIDI roll, I can switch over to something like a Dream Theater concert video with a compilation of John Petrucci's best solos, and the contrast and energy difference will cause him to snap back to attention, thus reengaging the social brain. Of course, I try to watch *with* him, in a way that will demonstrate to him that I find these videos to be important and worth paying attention to, such as bending down to watch with him at eye level, talking to him about the videos, humming or singing along, clapping my hands in rhythm, or using his hands or feet to drum along to the song.

I am also engaging in two song studies with my son: *Let it Go* from *Frozen,* and Pachelbel's Canon. He watched Frozen and seemed to enjoy it, so once in a while I will spend his morning breakfast hour studying this song. Typically, I might do something like this:

1. Watch the official Let it Go video with subtitles:



2. Watch a MIDI roll version of the song:



FROZEN - Let it Go Synthesia (FULL MIDI)

3. Watch a video of me playing along with the song on guitar, pointing out that "Dada" is in the video:

4. Watch a series of covers of the song with a wide range of creative styles:

5. Watch someone playing the song on live piano:

6. Watch a different MIDI roll version, sometimes back to the first MIDI roll video, or this type of "live hands" MIDI roll video:

7. Watch a live-action performance of the song from a theater version of Frozen:

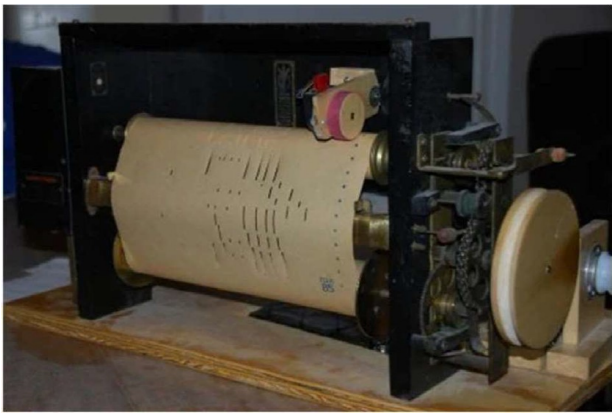
8. **Watch a series of other versions, like an orchestral cover or a fingerstyle acoustic version:**

9. **Watch a scrolling musical notation version:**

I think you get the point. For Pachelbel's Canon, I do the same thing - I have everything from MIDI scrolling the screen in front ofthe musicians, to esoteric music visualization videos, to any type of cover or interpretation you can imagine.

When he is old enough, these will be the first two songs I will teach to him, as both are excellent "archetypal" songs that contain within them much of modern music theory and songwriting techniques. Hopefully, being exposed to so many different versions of the songs will enhance his subconscious comprehension and appreciation of them.





My son during one of his meals watching a MIDI roll of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3, one of his favorite composers. Compare the modern MIDI roll with the mechanism inside of a player piano.

Now, besides his mealtimes, where he is exposed to the laptop watching either MIDI rolls, live performances, virtuosic guitar like a live version of Eruption, these two song studies, or any other various music I can think of, let's cover what else I do.

Currently, I work as a copywriter, and spend about 5 hours a week writing SEO articles. While I do that, I like to sit in the living room while he sits or stands on the piano bench. Often, I will put his tablet up on the piano, with the jazz MIDI rolls or perfect pitch training videos playing. He will fiddle around while watching them, getting a feel for the keyboard and what keys make what sounds.

Before he was born, I bought him a cheap but functional 60-key Yamaha synthesizer, and this is always sitting in our room for him to play. For his crib time, I bought the following musical toys for him:

- Toy electric piano
- Toy electric keyboard
- Xylophone
- Toy guitar
- Non-stringed toy guitar (played like a percussion instrument)
- Small yellow square with 8 buttons that play the notes of a C major scale
- Recorder (this is a favorite of his)
- Xylophone-containing "piano" with four keys

Any time he is in his crib, there is music playing and he has access to these musical toys.

A typical day for my son might look something like this. Green means he is exposed to music, while yellow is time without music exposure:

9 AM: Wake up.

9 AM -10 AM: Breakfast, laptop music videos.

10 AM -11:30 AM: Sit at the piano, free play with background music on, I am doing chores or writing.

11:30 AM -12 PM: Outside time with music playing on a Bluetooth speaker.

12 PM - 2:30 PM: Nap time or playing in his crib, music on.

2:30 PM - 3:30 PM: I am cooking dinner, often in his highchair watching more laptop music videos, maybe free play around the house, music always on.

3:30 PM - 4 PM: Mom comes home. Dinner, no music.

4 PM - 4:30 PM: I am cleaning the kitchen, music on. Often perfect pitch training, maybe some ABC **ideos.**

4:30 PM - 5: 30 PM: We take a walk, mom plays with him, do "school time" learning ABCs etc. No music.

5:30 PM - 7 PM: He goes back in his crib, drinks milk, plays with toys. Music on.

7 PM - 7: 30 PM: Reading time, maybe watch an educational video, no music.

7:30 PM - 9 AM: Bedtime, music on all night.

So, if we add this up, and keep in mind that this is just an idealized day and I often try to squeeze in a little extra music training in even during the non-music exposure times, he is exposed to music, on average, a total of 22 out of 24 hours a day.

However, the majority of this time is not active listening, especially for the 12+ hours he sleeps every night. Therefore, it's important to try to make it as active as possible. For example, if he is listening to a perfect pitch training video while I clean the kitchen, I can turn passive listening into active listening by simply humming the pitch he is hearing, making eye contact, and asking him what note it is. Likewise, I often clap my hands or "drum" and clap using his hands or feet, as this kind of rhythm training is a well attested method to impart musical skills in a fun and accessible way to a child.

This type of "total saturation" music training is an intriguing and unexplored concept. My son has had music on while he sleeps for his entire life, and even in the womb, so for him it is as natural as silence is for the rest of us. He certainly enjoys it and visibly relaxes when I put it on. However, there have been a few nights in his life where we were traveling and didn't have the music with us, and he was still able to fall asleep fine without it. I try to keep the music at night loud enough that it can be heard when the door is closed, so it is clearly audible. At first, I used the small Bluetooth speaker, but transitioned shortly afterwards to a nicer set of speakers with stereo tweeters and a decently powerful subwoofer so he can hear the full frequency spectrum.

I haven't been able to expose him to my guitar playing as much as I would like to, as he has a natural tendency to want to get close and touch the strings. Likewise, my wife and I don't play live music as much as we used to, for a variety of reasons. Both are two things I hope to expose him to more in the future.

Overall, my goal is to continue to facilitate active listening as much as possible with him. Whether that comes in the form of singing along, dancing, clapping, drumming his hands and feet, playing instruments in front of him, watching the laptop, playing the piano, or laying on the floor playing his keyboard together, I intend to keep up what I am doing and hopefully take it to the next level as soon as we are able to communicate more effectively. Next, we will discuss specifics about his personality and how he is being raised.

The Nicest Baby That Ever Lived

Ever since he was born, my son has had an extremely pleasant and mild-mannered personality. Throughout his entire life, there hasn't been even one night where he was unable to sleep or threw a tantrum before bed. Throughout two whole house moves and multiple drives for up to 8 hours, he never complained or cried excessively. Wherever we go, people compliment us on how calm, quiet, and nice he is.

In fact, we have even woken him up several times after a few hours of sleep to go on a drive for my wife's night photography and he is able to simply go right back to sleep afterwards with no crying or issues. Given his adaptation to sleeping with noise, I never have to worry about going in the room and waking him up, as he sleeps incredibly soundly for a baby.

I don't know if any of this has to do with the music training, but it's certainly possible. He has never been seriously sick, and besides a few runny noses has always been in perfect health. When he has had a slight cold, it didn't seem to bother him at all, and he went to sleep, like usual, with no fuss. In fact, he seems to look forward to bedtime every night, and is generally excited to go in his crib.

We have raised him in as natural a manner as possible and have administered no medications or other pharmaceutical products to him. Besides some initial follow-up appointments after his birth, he hasn't been to any doctor's offices. We allow him to be a kid, to play in the dirt, etc. When he falls, he gets right back up and never makes a fuss. His health and attitude are seemingly perfect.

Nutrition

I took my son's nutrition very seriously. Starting at about 5-6 months old, I began feeding him what I called "baby superfood". This would consist of various mixtures of:

- Baby food
- Applesauce
- Peanut Butter
- "Green superfood" powder (small amounts)
- Fish oil/cod liver oil
- Animal protein (tuna, blended steak, pork, etc.)
- Mashed avocados

While doing my initial research into this process, I browsed various videos about "how to raise a smart baby." One of the keys I found is that certain types of fat, especially Omega-3 fatty acids, are extremely conducive to synaptogenesis, and specifically the formation of the "myelin sheaths" that encapsulate our neurons and facilitate synaptic activity.

Two of the most common and effective ways to acquire this particular type of fat can be found in avocados and fish, especially salmon. So, besides the fish oil/cod liver oil capsules I would slice open and drain into his food, he eats a lot of canned salmon and sliced or mashed avocadoes.

I spent a great deal oftime for about a year making sure that he ate this highly nutritious, natural food. Up until he was close to 18 months, I supervised and spoon-fed almost every meal, to make sure he got an adequate amount of, especially, animal proteins. Fatty meat like steak or ground beef is excellent food for brain development. Of course, he had plenty of variety in his meals and was exposed to many foods beyond these.

Once he was about 18 months old, I began letting him feed himself and he started eating more of what my wife and I ate. While he always had some of whatever meat I would cook, he began to be more independent and self-feed. I weaned him off the baby superfood while still making sure he would eat his meat. At first, he was resistant, maybe due to difficulty chewing. I called this the "Pink Floyd dilemma" - how can you have your pudding if you won't eat your meat?

However, he grew to love it, and has, for a long time now, happily fed himself whatever meat is available. His meals last for quite a while, up to an hour or more each time. I make sure he has plenty of time to eat whatever food is available, and don't mind spending the time with him since he is doing music training as well.

Language

Overall, the make-or-break factor for this training will be when he is able to fully communicate and talk. Currently, he just turned two years old, and is just now learning more words, and words with two syllables like "baby". He still isn't able to really communicate in a coherent and understandable manner, but babbles quite a bit. I predict that his speech might be slightly delayed, as he is, essentially, being raised as a bilingual speaker (known to cause temporary and non-harmful speech delays).

Furthermore, he is an only child, and does not attend daycare, preschool, or any other regular setting where he is exposed to other kids for hours a day. This also tends to slow down speech, as kids with older siblings they talk to for hours a day often talk before their only child peers.

However, I do not anticipate that any delays will be harmful or serious in any manner. At the end of the day, this "experiment" poses no risks to my son. Rick Beato's son, Dylan, not only has perfect pitch but demonstrates superhuman memory and cognitive abilities. He was able to learn Mandarin Chinese and German while still a child, and memorized π to 500 places by age 7. He can also perform advanced mathematical calculations, like multiplying numbers with 6 digits or more almost immediately in his head. It seems that this type of intensive musical training pays off in other ways as well, and music teachers report that many students with perfect pitch are standout academic stars who go on to Ivy League colleges and careers as surgeons or other such prestigious roles.

Will this happen with my son as well? It's impossible to say. However, if it doesn't work, I won't be upset. He might not like music at all, and that is OK too. However, if he does, I want to give him a priceless foundation from which to build on. Even if the 1,000-day theory turns out to be complete garbage and none of this has any effect, starting musical training this early, before he even has a memory, will have great effects on his ability as a musician later in life. Musicians envy those who start piano lessons at age 8, but he will have a leg up even on them.

Conclusion

It's important to recognize, of course, that my son is not merely an experiment. None of this is worth anything without a loving, positive home environment where he is reassured and knows that he is loved and valued. My wife and I strive to ensure that he never knows pain or hunger, never suffers alone in his crib, and will always know that we love him and care about him, no matter what successes or failures he has in life.

One of the factors that would make this experiment difficult for most people is the amount of time required. There is no way to replicate the kind of everyday training and saturation that I am putting hours into. I am very lucky in that my wife has an excellent job, allowing me to stay home and work a copywriting job that doesn't take very much time out of my week and is conducive to spending time with our son while I do it.

Many people are not so fortunate. If you don't have the ability to stay home and make sure that they are exposed to music at this level throughout the day, there is almost no chance it will work. The other limiting factor required is pre-existing musical skills and knowledge in the parent attempting to conduct this experiment. Without these skills, there is, again, almost no chance this will work. You can't simply play music for 22 hours a day for a baby and then expect them to magically understand it and be able to verbalize, comprehend, and name all the concepts involved when they are older.

While I am laying an indispensable foundation for his musical abilities during these 1,000 days, I intend to begin actually teaching him all the musical concepts I know, as well as how to play multiple instruments, as soon as I am able to. If you don't understand the concepts of intervals, scales, chords, and song structures, and have the ability to lay them out on an instrument, there will be no way to teach them to your child. While the 1,000 day theory will, hopefully, lead to an irreplaceable and indispensable perfect pitch foundation, **it will require additional work to bring to fruition.**

An example of this will be pitch-matching games. For example, I intend to sit there with him and make a game out of naming notes as soon as he can comprehend such an activity. I will play a note, and say, "What note is that?" If he gets it right, I will give him a small reward or other positive reinforcement. From there, we will move on to recognizing intervals, then simple three-note chords, then more complex chords like sustained chords, and at that point, if he can recognize all this by ear, he essentially will have been imparted a perfect pitch ability. Activities like this, along with learning and playing songs together, will be a critical part of making this experiment a success.

I may also engage in purchased training courses. Given Rick Beato's success, I am particularly interested in an ear-training course he offers for around $100. Ideally, I would like my son to take piano lessons (because I never did), so he can learn formal techniques and potentially how to sight-read music (which I cannot do). Lastly, I would like to eventually allow him to take vocal singing lessons, in order to develop his singing voice to its fullest ability.

Once he is 3-4 years old, I plan on buying him a ¼ size guitar and a miniature piano:

These will be fun, appealing, accessible, and interactive ways for him to take his musical abilities to the next level. I plan on playing along with songs with him, teaching him how to play by ear and solo over any given key, as well as writing music together, and even recording songs on my laptop using my microphone interface and Ableton Live. Hopefully, he will be able to generate some unique, compelling, and interesting melodies and chord structures, potentially even becoming an innovator and driver of new concepts and ideas within the field of music theory.

The really unique thing about all of this is, if successful, it will upend and disprove what has always been the conventional thought within child psychology. Essentially, that babies are just "too dumb" or "unaware" to successfully cogitate high-level intellectual concepts like music. My wife and I never dumbed down our language and always spoke at a high collegiate level around him.

It has always been thought that perfect pitch or genius-level abilities are like a lightning strike, impossible to predict and rare. If this experiment is a success, it means that we are going about raising our children *all wrong.*

In theory, almost all children could be given the mental faculties, memory skills, and abilities to successfully cogitate extremely advanced concepts. Rather than simply sticking with the ABCs and "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" for the majority of a child's youth, caregivers could have been turning them into mental processing machines with superhuman abilities, like Dylan Beato, *before they are even aware it is happening.*

We raise them to sit around and do nothing all day, and then wonder why our students are underperforming in schools. The 1,000-day theory, if more widely practiced, could have potentially turned mankind into a different species than he is today.

I simply cannot overstate how strongly I believe in the power of music to heal our brains and usher us into a new era of peace, love, and understanding. This is accessible to all, it is tangible, it is demonstrable, it if falsifiable, and it can be proven. This field is ripe for study, and almost no one has even investigated this or even considered anything like what Rick Beato has done. It is revolutionary.

This is how humanity transcends himself. This is how we end war. This is how we end hunger, thirst, greed, violence, hatred, oppression, and all the other evils that have plagued us for so long.

Music really is good for the brain.

There have been successful experiments like this before, such as the infamous case of William Sidis, who was born in 1898. Sidis was raised by a prominent psychologist father who intended to prove his theories that genius could be given to any child, and a doctor mother who gave up her career and spent great amounts of money and time dedicated to raising him to be extremely intelligent. Their experiment was a success, and Sidis was reportedly able to read and understand the newspaper at 18 months old, spoke eight languages by age eight and invented another, and gave a lecture on the fourth dimension to Harvard scientists and mathematicians at age 12, after setting a record for being the youngest student to ever enroll there at age 11.

However, the end of Sidis' life was not as glamourous. After an arrest at age 19, Sidis quickly burned out, and spent the rest of his life in withdrawal from the public eye, failing to produce any works of note and in a constant battle with the press, who would continuously harass the former child prodigy. He became estranged from his parents, faced legal battles, fielded several unsuccessful lawsuits against the press, and was strangely obsessed with collecting and categorizing streetcar transfer tickets or receipts.

After living a "lonely life" in a "hall bedroom in Boston's shabby South End", Sidis died at age 46 from a cerebral hemorrhage. Subsequently, his parents were routinely castigated in the press, and their theories of creating or imparting genius abilities in children were sidelined as "too dangerous". This led to the modern version of child psychology, in which children must be coddled, sheltered, and exposed only to dumbed-down concepts and media, so as to not risk creating a flame that burns *too* brightly, only to burn out far too young.

Indeed, much of the time parents do this, such as in his case, the child ends up in trouble, dying young, burning out, not living up to expectations, or otherwise coming to an unfortunate ending. This issue turns a lot of people off from trying to push their children to a genius-level ability. The real issue is that, all too often, parents who attempt this *never stop* pushing and prodding their child. Sidis' parents, especially his eccentric and famous in his own right psychologist father, *never stopped pushing him.* With Sidis, it is a clear case of the parents having lost sight of his humanity and having come to view him as solely an experiment and a way to prove their psychological theories to the world, and nothing more.

With my son, I intend to make it a fun process, with low pressure for failure. If he doesn't have perfect pitch, that's fine too. I would rather have a happy, well-adjusted son than a genius who burns out, gives a lecture to Harvard on the fourth dimension at age 11, and then ends up in psych wards, jails, tabloids, and hospitals before dying young.

People just have no middle ground, ever. It's always all or nothing with them. Either do nothing, shove them off to daycare and school as soon as possible, or go full-bore manic pushing them towards ever greater and greater achievements. In order to avoid adverse effects on his mental and psychological well-being, I plan on letting him have a high degree of self-actualization and engagement with his own life choices.

If he loves music, like I do, that will be great. If not, that is OK too. I will love him just as much if he becomes the greatest composer of all time and a better guitarist than I am, or if he chooses to never play music and couldn't think of anything dumber than playing instruments for fun.

The key to raising a well-adjusted child is to never lose sight of their humanity. He will want to have fun, slack off, go to parties, and get into trouble just like any other child, and I intend to let him do all these things without worrying about if I won't love him or if I will go ballistic because he didn't spend 8 hours a day practicing soloing in the Dorian mode in Eb or memorizing the entire Van Halen catalogue.

Nothing would make me happier than to see my son outshine me in all the ways I didn't have a chance to, given my relatively conventional upbringing. He has the potential to do great things, and to revolutionize music itself, along with all the concepts we take for granted when it comes to child psychology. However, I am not going to get my hopes up, and I won't be disappointed even if he achieves absolutely nothing with his life. He's my son, and I will always love him just for that.

Take a journey with me into the forgotten depths and hidden corners of the human psyche. Together, we will plumb the furthest reaches of our collective knowledge, and discover a land between light and dark - the Nowhere Land.

Come with me to the void, as I unlock the mysteries and secrets hiding in plain sight, in a way that no one ever has before.

I am Witness 1

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