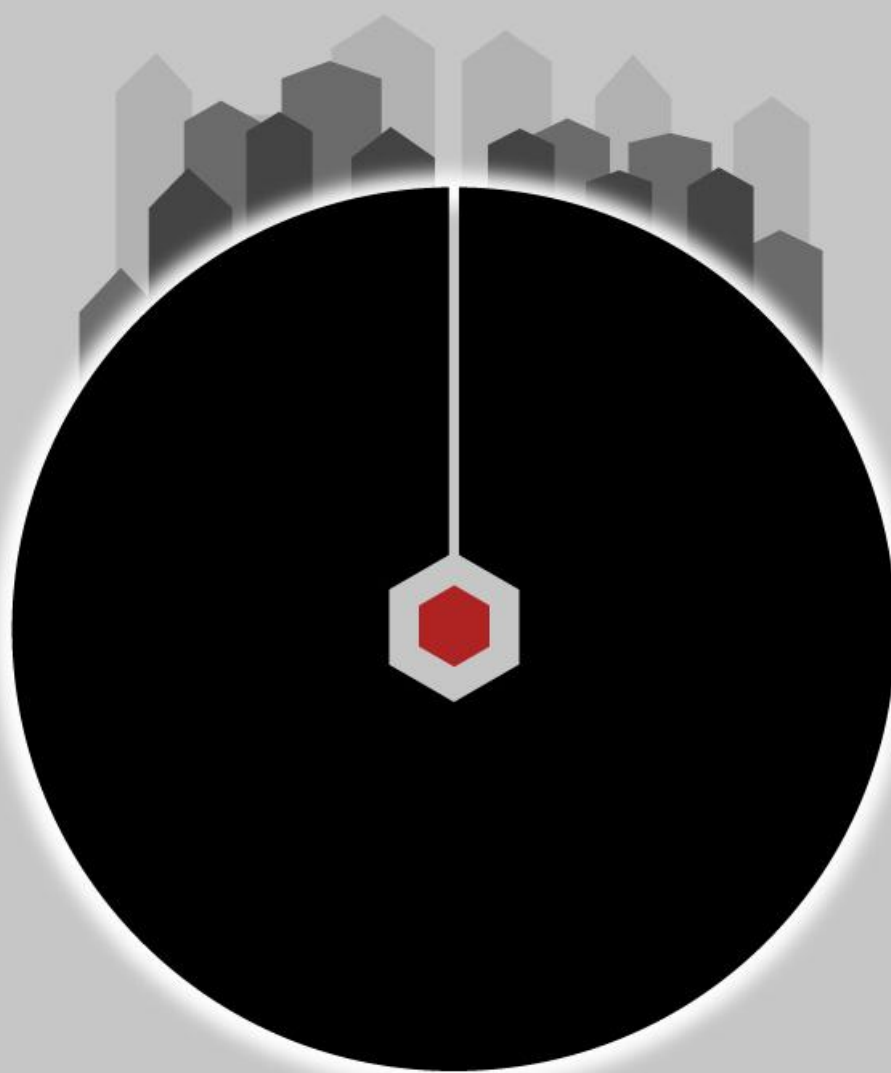


THERE ARE FOUR LIGHTS



©2025 Jan Peiro All Rights Reserved

First Draft Working Copy

Any resemblance to actual people, institutions, places,
real-world events or dream-sequences depicted
herein is entirely a product of coincidence
and your own imagination.

At no point in its inception has the narrative
been intercepted, altered by
government agencies and subsequently
sent back into circulation.

This is a work of Gonzo Cubism.

**THERE ARE
FOUR
LIGHTS**

" . . . There's something far more subtle going on
than any mass-dogma can encompass . . . "

- text mssg to Zlatko

Gerhard's talking outside the courtyard behind the castle again. Drunkenly talking.

The dots of the digital clock scrambled to form 4:44, he keeps talking like he thinks it's some kind of party.

It's Wednesday morning. He's standing beneath the awnings to stay out of the rain with some people.

I'm ensconced with the most awesome woman on the planet in our cocoon in my bedroom.

His voice is distinct outside. Whoever he's talking to is more muffled, but I'm pretty sure it's Zlatko's girl. Or ex-girl. Not sure what their current status is. Her voice giggles into the downpour.

Anyhow it gets irritating listening to them carry on like village drunkards in some 15th century Irish novel - try to avoid hearing them.

It doesn't work.

Get out of bed, put on some shoes and stumble out though the big green door to croak at them to shut up and go home. He sees me standing there in my bathrobe and his eyes light up, gives a mock-salute, usual drunken enthusiasm.

"Fist of the *North-Star*!" he slurs, then gives another drunken salute with his typical soundeffect, "*Fwoommm*!"

He then drops into an exaggerated wide-legged stance and slams a fist into his open palm before a bowed head like a kung-fu fighter, letting out a zombie-like groan.

Ancient brick walls and rosebushes comfort the sleeping town around us.

I stand in the rain squinting. The raindrops slow down in time along their trajectories - tiny droplets, each reflecting a tiny parallel world, careening towards destruction.

That's Gerhard, he speaks a "different" language. He's a 59 year old man. Also speaks great English, fluent Mandarin Chinese and native German, as he's a German fella who recently came back to his hometown following 35 years living in a Chinese city with a name I won't even try to pronounce this early in the morning.

Gerhard runs in some kind of vast import export syndicate between here and China, and is now back home.

He's the first person I met here, over at the only Café worth going to in this tiny German village, the Café Lopodunum. Lopo for short.

That had been a summer day twenty months prior; He'd been a stranger staring at me sitting at a table beneath the big chestnut tree growing out the center of the patio at the Lopo Café, nestled in the fork of the cobblestone streets converging into the Hauptstrasse which runs through the tiny, enchanted village of Ladensberg.

Originally a Roman watchtower from 12 AD, then a settlement, then a town. You could trace the eras of history through the crisscrossing cobblestone alleyways and picturesque platz's scattered throughout its serene circumference. Fat city walls and ancient stone towers. Gothic churches and medieval Inn's. All of everything since the romans had left their marks here.

Every building was either descended from some ancient epoch and meticulously restored, or strikingly modern. From Roman to Feudal to Jugendstil to Brutal and beyond, the whole village taken together was a magical place – luscious, redlipped rosebushes and exotic ivies grew gnarled across the ancient mortar. Every inch had been curated and touched with palpable care, and lit spectacularly at night.

Population about 12K. Most of them blazing alcoholics as it turned out. That and strange philosophers - angry stoics, sharp-wit weirdo's, gentleman scholars and generally wonderful people - all of them friendly, polite and sometimes suspiciously courteous.

Gerhard had struck up a conversation and before long we were drinking cold German beer and I got to know my first friend there. He seemed like an alright enough guy.

He was always breaking into song, horsing around, made a lot of sound-effects & had a broad conversational horizon, seemed reasonably well-read . . . and there was *kindness* in him. Father of 9 kids to three wives. He recounted wild stories of his travels of the past 20 years in Asia as a textile-merchant.

What had begun as a solitary coffee that day at the Lopo café ended up a slobbering, alcohol-fuelled saga involving twenty other locals - with tables

accidentally flipped over and new friendships struck. I quickly learned that he could out-drink even *me*, which was unheard of.

We had a great summer at that Café. He knew everyone in town since birth; in the following months he made sure we met them all.

When I say we, I mean the most awesome female on the planet Nanira, her psychotic Yorkie Terrier named BouBou and me.

Summer had risen on our place of refuge.

We were refugees.

Fleeing Munich.

Munich. After 20 years living there as an expat, I had slowly come to think of Munich as a baroque foyer in hell – for reasons I'll get into later. Suffice it to say I'd been living my life in a somnambulized trot / desperate rush mitigating a much overpriced, thinly veiled police-state when the virus first hit. Bavaria was a pretty authoritarian place, even before the crisis. It was all nice and clean, almost clinical, like it was some computer simulation that was bereft of litter – but it was a hard life there for many, shit weather, and people were *nasty* to eachother. The place was mostly in a bitter & foul mood. Everyone was constantly calling the cops on eachother for the slightest deviation from any protocol, it seemed like.

The TV had everyone in a state of extreme anxiety, devouring the news cycle. One day of the lockdown my girl was sitting on the bed with a pad and a pen, crunching the official hospitalization statistics.

Nira was sitting cross-legged on the bed, a notebook balanced on her knees, the glow of the laptop screen painting her face in a pale blue light. She'd been silent for twenty minutes, her brow furrowed not in worry, but in pure focus—the same look she got when repairing a watch or untangling a knot of necklaces.

She let out a soft, almost imperceptible "huh."

"What's up?" I asked.

She didn't look up, her finger tracing a line of numbers. "These numbers

are lying," she said, her voice calm, clinical. She finally looked at me, and her eyes weren't scared. They were offended. Like a master carpenter who'd just found a shoddy joint. "It's mathematically inelegant."

"What is?" I asked.

"The numbers don't fit." She said. "The numbers don't add up. Where's influenza?"

The silence was thick. We'd watched all the countries of Europe declare emergencies like a falling row of dominoes.

Historical events were afoot.

"Well if we can't believe these numbers, what *can* we believe?" She looked at me.

"Nothing & nobody." I shook my head. "We can't believe *anybody* . . . until the dust settles."

When the first lockdown *lifted* to widespread chaos and confusion in the summer of 2020, we decided to get away from major cities. I immediately torpedoed my job to much success & benefits. Then I packed up my girl & the doggy, got in the car, and we ejected to the nearest out-of-state airBnB we could find, in the smallest town we could find on short notice – which turned out to be a little place 200 miles away in the back of a castle-like edifice constructed in 1280 AD, smack in the middle of the sunny village Ladensberg, two provinces to the left of Bavaria in the state of Baden-Württemberg.

Getting back to the castle, it was the crown-jewel of the town. Named the Neunhellar Burg. Situated right on the town square. The front door was

made of heavy wood and painted green, big enough to accomodate a horse and wagon. Thick rusted hinges held its massive frame in place, so rusted they were impossible to date back. Or open. You went inside through a door that was cut into the door. Whole thing dated back several hundred years easy. It'd seen its fair share of renovations. It was a historical gate.

Beyond it lay a short tunnel to the enclosed courtyard, where ivy sprawled along the cobblestone floor and over an ancient wooden bench too weathered to sit on. A quarrel of sparrows played on the ground in the sun. Behind that was our breakfast patio and the arched wooden door to the main room, and the kitchen window. A small talisman stood by the door of our apartment, small wooden angel who held a little wooden heart in her hands.

Denkmalgeschützt.

The building was denkmalgeschützt. Protected by some state historical society. Construction began in the late 13th century and it had received additional wings throughout the years. It was over 800 years old. Originally built as the feudal administrative headquarters to the region, run by some family of nobles back in the day. Renovated in 2015.

A so-called Fachwerkhaus, it was the tallest building of the main downtown area – six stories of bulging, three foot thick white stone wall accented with medieval flourishes behind an exoskeleton of fat, crossed red timber beams that distributed the gravity pushing down on it. A slanted redtile roof, small square windows peppered along its exterior, an enclosed interior courtyard revealing ornate wooden walkways and medieval balconies along its backside, and one big-ass green door for an entrance.

Whole thing faced a quaint town square, where restaurants and café's set up tables or a traveling regional produce-market was anchored Wednesdays & Fridays. A fountain stationed at the center of the square burbled. The whole town was conjoined by ancient and weathered cobblestone streets. There was no litter *anywhere*.

The other buildings framing town square were also mostly medieval & passionately restored. The colorful & historically accurate paintjobs on the houses were vivid and fresh. Zero parts of the town had been blown up in World War II. The old buildings were all built at strange angles – none of this 90° corner business. The buildings were all slightly off and gnarly

in bizarre ways & huddled together around the town square like solemn sphinxian personalities.

From our place at the castle, you could walk down to the Neckar river within five minutes. At the river there was a 50 meter sliver of sandy beach by a tree-lined promenade that extended all the way over to Heidelberg. A railway bridge crossed the river downstream and made for spectacularly sillhouetted sunset vistas from the beach.

For some reason, gangs of cute green parakeets fluttered through town and sat on trees, warbling at people. A most curious sight. It was explained that the original parakeets had escaped from a local aviary some 100 years ago and then became endemic, they were everywhere.

The village was nestled in farmland and vast sprawling meadows leading to forest. The weather was also a lot warmer than elsewhere in Germany, it was explained that was due to it being situated in a valley. It was sunny all the time. It was a little unsettling to think that we had somehow stumbled into some kind of surreal pocket hidden away in the Matrix, a place where reality operated according to slightly more uplifting parameters.

In retrospect the whole town was so perfect could have been a computer simulation, or some kind of live action art project / candid reality tv show. Or perhaps the entire town was some vast sociological experiment put on by veiled forces operating from deep beneath the historical bedrock.

We wandered through the streets and were immediately struck by how freindly the people there were. We were slighly culture shocked. We weren't used to German people being this friendly.

Who had ever even *heard* of this place? Deathplace of Carl Benz. There's a little stone house by the river where he tinkered the first mass-produced automobile into being. There's an Inn where he got shitfaced in 1899.

We had landed during the first lull following the first lockdown of 2019. We would be stationary there during the ensuing bright summer and "dark winter", and the incapacitating seasons that followed.

When we arrived, the apartment had been a massage parlor. There was a licensed Chakra Massage Practitioner plaque by the door. It wasn't set up for habitation. A very kind & wizened lady rented it to us. Due to the

pandemic and the distancing protocols, massages weren't in high demand and the unused place was just a burden on her. She rented it to us on the super cheap.

THE CASTLE

If you have built castles in the air,
your work need not be lost; that is where they should be.
Now put the foundations under them.

-Henry David Thoreau

We redecorated - wheeled in a nice, big bed and furniture. Nanira put up a horseshoe and a dreamcatcher.

What started out as a month long stay became two months. Then three. Then we negotiated a long-term lease. The very kind lady who had sublet it to us died of a heart attack.

When the owner decided to sell, we pretended to be interested. Gerhard suggested we think twice about that, there were hidden problems buying a denkmalgeschütztes place, renovations were mandatory and priced exuberantly. Eventually the owner sold it to a neurosurgeon friend of his instead who didn't care about much of anything except his amateur tennis title, which was very welcome indeed. Only thing that changed for us was a new lease.

There was about 3 different parties living in the castle. One was a family of four – the mother screamed a lot. She yelled at the two little kids like a maniac, it started at 6 AM and went on during the day. The screaming spilled out of her open windows and onto the town square.

I would be wandering around town and see a beautiful stone archway with copious vines growing across it to remind everybody how ancient it was – suddenly one of her kids zoomed by on a bike beyond the archway. Then silence. Then the mother would come running by screaming, waving her arms cartoonishly. It was very Wes Anderson.

Throughout the day back in the confines of the castle, we heard her screams pierce through the thick walls from inside her apartment. She screamed at them about not giving them another glass of coke, about not giving them their mobile phones back, about any number of things. Sometimes she screamed at them, asking why they were crying so.

Some bright & sunny days people sitting at the DaVinci Café next door came to the big green door and rang all the doorbells, intent on saving the children. I stood in the courtyard with them and Marco, the other neighbor, who was a Kosovo War vet. He'd lived in that house alongside the Screamer-lady for years. We informed the samaritans that the situation was under control, she was doing her best.

Later Nanira told me the Screamer-lady had confided in her that she already had one protective services infraction against her & she was a part time teacher. Marco, who was living across the courtyard from us, was worried that she would lose her job & custody and the kids would end up in some foster home. She erupted a few times a day, but it was none of anyone's business, she wasn't hitting the kids. She just happened to have an unsettlingly amplified voice. The virus situation was hard on that family and they didn't need any more baggage, or destruction.

There was also a couple living on the fourth floor – a retired history professor and his haggard witch of a wife. They were terrified by what their television was telling them, they lapped it all up like voracious sponges and spewed it back out like paranoid parrots. These two turned out to be real wacko neighbors. They thought they were the Home Owners Association that had to administer to the castle, they weren't.

We still had a whole 5 room apartment full of belongings we needed to move over. Nira drove back to Munich to tend to some business and bring a load of our stuff back.

Then Bavaria locked down again, with her inside.

LOCKDOWN LIGHT

“ Oracle, why did you write
'The Grasshopper Lies Heavy'?
What are we supposed to learn? ”

— Philip K. Dick,
The Man in the High Castle

The virus rules in Baden Württemberg were that you couldn't sit inside without a surgical mask, but outside you weren't obligated to wear one.

There were long evenings watching the sunset purple skies from the Lopo Café patio. The bartender there was a tall & meaty German who looked like a dangerous brute but was in fact very funny, Steve. Quickwit. I'd order stupid shit that I knew he didn't have & we would trade cordial insults as he brought out the beers for the arrangement of regulars that frequented the place. There were english-language lawyers and architects, retired healthcare professionals, musicians and engineers, a few aged ladies who seemed very kind. It was just that kind of place; you sat down, pretty soon somebody would talk to you.

Gerhard, the merchant of Ladensberg, knew everyone. He was a peopleperson. The people there had known each other all their lives. They seemed to respect and be nice to each other, I recall now with amazement. They'd sat shootin' the breeze and watchin' the world go by beneath that big chestnut tree on that cobblestone patio for many years together.

It was difficult to gracefully accustom the doggy to his new surroundings, it was all a big adventure to him. The BouBou was a tiny Yorkshire Terrier. He thought he was a big dog. Bravest animal I ever saw. Inexplicably, he had an incredibly aggressive & full throated voice like a large, crazed wolf.

He would sit there with us while we talked and when a calm descended onto the group during a lull in the conversation, when people retreated into their respective thoughts and sat gazing at the purple summer sky or architecture and all was serene, he would *explode* in a mad flurry of barking like a bomb going off.

People were picking their hearts up off the cobblestones, I apologized to everyone while nursing my own heart-attack.

One evening we sit hanging out at the Lopo with a few tablefuls of the locals chattin', and Gerhard comes by with a new buddy. A short stubbly 65 year old named Zlatko who plopped himself in the chair beside mine like two bags of rock salt.

"*Sup . . .* " He kicks his head back and blows air down his nose, "*dude.*"

"Ey," I smile. Zlatko had a vibe like a long lost & jaded Alice-in-Chains backup bassplayer. Biker jacket, worn out Sabbath t-shirt, black-fly shades.

Gerhard introduces him as a friend of his friend Wima, a japanese chick who he grew up with in this village. Says he's from California. I hope he's not some Trump-tard.

"I'm liberal as *fuck*, dude." Zlatko says. I hope he doesn't mean neo-liberal. We have some laughs & order some drinks.

"Electronics engineer, freelance," he says sloshing ice around in his whiskey, ". . . for an aerospace company."

"Heh, I've been freelance for 20 years . . . " I say, "Aerospace, eh? I did a few things for Airbus up in Berlin."

"Oh?" he goes, "what did you do?"

"Well, I made the [REDACTED] of a 7 foot long [REDACTED] that sits in their headquarters in Berlin, and some films & interactive digital exhibit pieces for their showroom in [REDACTED]. You?"

"*Dude*," he says and a fire lit in his eyes, "I make ejection seats for *NATO jets*."

Whoa . . . *the royal-flush of geek tech-flexing*. Never seen it used before or since.

"I did some stuff for NATO a while ago." I say, "usually I'm more in the entertainment industry though."

"Oh yeah? What did you do for NATO?" he asked.

I shrugged, "just some [REDACTED] [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] stuff."

"*Dude*, I was involved in some [REDACTED] engineering projects out of California," he said, "it went well for *years* dude, I had a ranch, horses, a big humvee . . . Then one day there was a mixup over some documents and it all came crashing down around me. They took *everything*, the court *ordered* me to leave the country – still the greatest country on earth by the way. How'd you get the [REDACTED] job?"

I paused. Sounded like a checkered situation to me, but what do I know. "funny story," I was beginning to see double from the ice-cold Pils beer, sirens beckoning to me from a distant shore.

"Worked at one company years ago, place had two bosses. One boss named Cris tried to pressure me by letting me know they were surveilling all screens remotely, so I played tranny porn vids on the workstations I wasn't using. Did that make them uncomfortable? They'd never paid on time. They were going broke. The bastard had gone on vacation instead of paying me. It ended with me shouting at him and walking out."

"Years later the other boss named Nick called me up and said he was in a

new company, and offered me the Airbus project. Never expected *that* to happen."

At the edge of the patio in the shade, a large bald man sat judging us silently, with the air of an ox sizing up a child who'd stumbled into his enclosure. He was hunched over his beer like an alpine mountain hunches over a small villa. The beefy man looked exactly like bald Marlon Brando with 30 years added. He wore simple jeans and a button-down khaki shirt, his chisled demeanour hid a dark storm brewing in his gaze, just above his brow. He caught me eyeballing him and vaguely motioned with his glass, sort of suggesting a toast, but his eyes weren't in it. He later told me his name was Walther Kurtz.

One day Gerhard brought Sarah to the Lopo. She was 29 or so & looked like a barbie doll. Had that same headshape, like a lopsided kidney-bean with a pony-tail. She'd just gotten back from vacationing in Mallorca. Single mom.

She wanted me to take care of her kids right away.

"What? We just met, you don't even *know* me. Why would you want me to babysit your girls?" didn't want that honor.

Gerhard laughed & nodded, "*that's* why it'd be okay."

Sarah shrugged and said, "it's *fine*."

That's just a little weird. Then she made eyes at me. She was probably trying to get laid, rope me into her life to help pay for it. She *was* kind of attractive, sort of actually pretty much what anyone could call a milf.

We walked home from a bar many hours later, turns out she lived down the street from the castle. We wandered through an idyllic tunnel of bushes alongside the large moonlit church in the hot summer night. She said her kids were gone for the weekend and that wouldn't be happening for another few months.

Her eyes glistened at me in the moonlight.

I said goodnight, and we went in separate directions to get home.

Did this chick think it was a great idea to fuck a *stranger* during a *pandemic*?

That was a degree of crazy above my paygrade. As a result I think she thought I was gay, which was amusing. Why would I complicate Nanira like that for anything?

FLAGS

“We’ll Know Our Disinformation Program Is Complete
When Everything the Public Believes Is False.”

- William Casey,
CIA Director 1981-1987
(src. Barbara Honegger)

The virus. The streets were awash with talk of little else. The television, radio and news media was churning out a broadcast that *had* no other talking points. It was a singular topic being broadcast all across the globe. It was as though the entire civilization's attention was being focused onto one small point, this virus, because that was precisely what was happening - it was one way of inducing hypnosis.

Red flag, there.

The things that we heard made it look like the media appeared to be completely misrepresenting what we had been learning about the virus from online sources.

To make matters worse, the cure to the virus was touted as a miracle of science. We were all lead to believe it had been developed on the spot as a

countermeasure. It hadn't been, both the virus and the injection had been patented years earlier. People flocked in droves to inject themselves with it as the media campaign to disseminate it rose in pitch and severity until it became an intolerable cacophony of absurdism, heard like a bell ringing around the globe.

The injection came with zero accountability for those who created it and those who injected it into people.

Red flag there, too.

Apparently the contents were different from lot to lot, so there was no telling what was being injected, exactly.

The proposition paired with the circumstances did not exactly imbue trust in me.

I wasn't alone in thinking all this was very fishy.

Massive protests were ongoing in every major city across Europe 24/7. They consistently went under-reported or unmentioned in the mainstream media. They were however being uploaded by the truckload via video streaming platforms by the sorts of people who did that sort of thing.

Europeans demonstrated a huge capacity of resilience bred from the history of the Magna Carta. Police forces demonstrated a huge capacity for cowardice and thuggishness bred from the suppression of the Magna Carta – with old ladies and women being brutally beaten and maimed openly in the streets for restriction violations. People were filming these beatings on their phones and uploading them for the world to see.

INVISIBLES

" Today I am sitting before God,
and before you all like a child.
The place of humility comes
in what we call
the technology of the invisible. "

- Agha Hasan Abedi, BCCI

There was a German guy I met there at the Lopo Café a few days later, said he'd been a NATO interrogator in the Kosovo war. Can't remember a name right now. And now after the war he was a *freelance* interrogator, said he worked with police on occasion. Big, bearded fucker. Spoke perfect English, came across as kind of crazy. We sat ordering beers under the big chestnut tree and he interrogated me and I interrogated him back. It was a laugh.

"So you're in town from Bavaria." he asks.

"That's right, spent 10 years in Munich and we got the hell out when the first lockdown lifted."

"Ah, it's a brutal business," he says, "this lockdown."

"You guys seem pretty relaxed about it over here." I say, "I'm still in a bit of a culture shock from how different y'all are from Bavarians."

"We are *very* different from Bavarians," he said, "we don't like them. Always do things their own way," he says, "always whining for something extra, greedy rude *bastards*."

"I was sitting at a bar across town," I say, "some guy asked me where I'm from, I said I came here from Munich and right away he told me well *you* go right the fuck *back* there. Hilarious. Had to start talking English to him to make him understand I'm not Bavarian. Very surprising."

"Heh, yeah that was probably Fred," he says, "did he have a big Dalmation?"

"He did."

He left mid-beer to go to the bathroom and I saw that our table was on a bit of an incline, and as tables could be used as weapons, it could technically easily be flipped at me. So I moved to the side chair instead of the side opposite his down the incline. He came back and noticed, asked me why I moved and I told him.

"Oh yeah? You think I'd flip the table at you?"

"Nah, just a habit."

"What's a habit?"

"Well . . . not sitting at the wrong spot."

"Oh yeah? And who taught you that?"

"Evan taught me that."

"Who's Evan?"

"Evan . . . Evan was a spook."

"Hm, where'd you meet *him*?"

"I don't remember."

"Hm. Where'd *he* learn that?"

I sip my delicious beer, "army."

"Okay, so you know krav-maga huh, my son does krav. So you're a warrior?"

"I'm a human being."

"You're a *terrorist*."

"Erm, dude. I make 3D movies."

"Relax," he said, "you're in Baden-Württemberg now, we're *all* terrorists."

"Okay," no stopping *him*, "what do you mean by *that*?"

"There's a long tradition of rebellion in these parts. Since the Merovingian kings we've always rebelled against authority – the Nazi's didn't appreciate us at all either. In the Third Reich the largest number of dissidents came from Baden Württemberg. Mannheim was considered the most rebellious city back in those days, they had trouble with us." (We were about 30 minutes from Mannheim by car.)

"In fact," he says, "you see where we're sitting right now?" He gestured around at the tasteful facade of the Café behind us, "See this? This wasn't always a Café, before this it was a hardware store – and before that, during the war they set up a *gallows* right here – there was a lot of townsfolk hung right here by the Nazis above these very same cobblestones."

"How d'you know that?" I ask.

"There's a fellow around here called Gerhard," he says, "his grandmother was sort of a local historian."

"Yeah, I know that guy."

There was a mental hurdle he'd jumped over long ago that I wasn't even ready for. Some things take time to digest. Some things are difficult to swallow. There are truths that go so against the things that we hope for about the world that we shut those who tell us about them out. That doesn't necessarily mean those truths are false, it just means we're not ready to accept them. This guy had seen things I hadn't. This guy had been to places I wasn't ready to accept.

He'd interrogated perpetrators of human trafficking networks during the war. He said they were often Satanists, he'd squeezed horrors out of them I hoped I'd never see. Those war experiences made him see the world in strict biblical terms - opposing forces, God and Satan, black & white. That made things easier but more difficult for him I guessed.

We talked about religion a bit. It seemed to me that one danger of seeing the world through a black & white lens was being unable to see grey. He espoused some ideas that I couldn't get behind. For instance he thought

transgender people were satanic, seeds of the devil.

Stopped him right there: "*Bullshit*. Trans folks aren't demons - they're just folks born into a world that freaks out over difference. You interrogated traffickers, right? Real evil's the guys forcing kids into brothels, not some woman trying to live her life."

"The Bible is clear about where it stands on the subject, " he says.

I laugh into my beer. "Yah. The Bible also promotes the death of countless Egyptian infants."

He looks at me with widening eyes. Shrugs, and says - "But those weren't *God's children*."

Made me think he was a bit unhinged in his religious perspective. The whole *Satanism Is Real* line of reasoning seemed like some bad wuzu to me.

I viewed it as really a kind of stereotypical attitude, casting whatever one didn't understand into an evil light, which often ended up blaming the victim. Or maybe it was all just part of his interrogation process.

He was looking for friendship, I should have been more forthcoming but I think he was still sort of traumatized by his Kosovo experience. His filter bored me a little, didn't want to be his next full-black or full-white delusion. A guy who saw everyone as a potential terrorist is probably not gonna be capable of friendship to begin with.

INTERVIEW

It had been a lovely day in Munich, Bavaria. The sky was full of bulging white cumulus clouds, the air was crisp, and I was seated in a spacious meeting-room at a large round table, across from a small man with a face that had the features of both Heinrich Himmler and Alvin the chipmunk.

To his left, a tall voluptuous bombshell blond was seated, shuffling a printout of my CV. She was drop dead gorgeous, a pen stuck in her touseled hair, large glasses, the spitting image of a hot secretary.

To his right, a small lady with a gnarled face like a turnip sat poised like a cat.

The man began the meeting cordially, introducing himself as the company owner and CEO, giving me the usual introductory line of PR scented bullshit about their company. Global player blabla, vast client portfolio blabla, what have you.

At some point the lady to the man's right introduced herself, speaking in the typical barnyard bavarian tounge, as the company psychologist. It was the local dialect that shall we say did not reek of sophistication to begin with. It was linguistically stuck somewhere between German and Austrian the way a cat is stuck in the engineblock of a BMW for 100 miles on the Autobahn before a Bavarian identifies the noise and pulls over to rescue his engine.

The psychologist lady quickly got down to brass tacks: "Mister P," she smiled through clenched teeth, "We see that you are from abroad - a Spanish citizen."

I nodded amicably, it was true I was Spanish on paper, I had two passports and had spent 2 years in Barcelona - she continued with a piercing stare, "We see that those whom we here in Bavaria call foreign Southerners occasionally like to raise their voice at women, and in the course of sometimes doing so, whether your hand should somehow slip and you find yourself slapping them in the face. What I'm asking is, Mr. P, being Spanish, do you beat women?"

Well that was a shock.

I wasn't prepared for that level of intercultural exchange.

The first thing I wanted to ask matter-of-factly was how many Jews she'd gassed before breakfast, but my mind shoved that one out of the way. Then the image of me comedically lunging across the table at her popped into my head, dismissed that too. My mind raced and I looked over to the CEO and his SS She-wolf, who were grinning hungrily at me as though I was lunch and that was a perfectly legitimate question.

Then images of my German mother disowning my brother because he had planned his wedding for the same day she had planned to redecorate her kitchen popped into my head. Then I remembered how she disowned me for following the rules she had created - rules which stated that not following them would result in my disownment. Then the suicide threats of my previous two Munich girlfriends popped into my head. Then the images of Spielberg Germans screaming at Auschwitz Jews washed over me. The long history of warfare and murder and relentless infighting that made up the bulk of German history washed over me.

"This . . . *interview* . . . is over." I muttered.

On my way out the door I noted the workers there were made up of a disproportionally large number of blond and blue-eyed people. Jesus, I thought, what kind of Aryan brotherhood had I wandered into?

Bavaria was so backwards that even its *psychologists* were full of xenophobia and misandry. What hope was there for *that* place? That was the moment that finally rammed it home for me - Munich was a lost cause.

* * *

Months later I was at a different client agency and the owner swaggered in like a cartoon clown, yelling "Okay *Slaves*, *Boss* is here! *Work faster!*"

This was the Artist in Chief - a man who prided himself on producing low-fi cut-and-paste trash that was on display in the office lobby like he thought was Dali reborn. Women shuddered when he entered the room. A ready supply of Stalingrad joke punchlines, always a sprinkle of Hitler office-banter ready at the hip. A paperweight of spent .308 rounds on his desk. He was a boorish clod in a loud shirt, convinced his drool was surrealism. A parody of a caricature of genius.

* * *

But it wasn't just a handful of professional situations that warranted Nanira and my exodus - it went much deeper than that. Nanira had a German passport and spoke the language even better than I did but she wasn't German enough apparently to fit in to the society that clamored for her inclusion in order to render her a punchingbag.

The experiences I'd had there amounted to wandering starry eyed through a pristine alpine landscape and unearthing grotesque horrors beneath too many rocks.

Sitting in a beergarden and striking up a conversation with a random local stranger just to discover they had been sexually abused by their own brother. It seemed almost everyone I met would volunteer their psychological diagnosis and history of abuse. A Jewish girlfriend I'd been with (long before I met Nanira) confided in me that an old man who'd been eyeballing her on a public bus leaned forward and casually whispered to

her that *they hadn't gassed enough of her people back in the day*. Hell, the PM of Bavaria himself gained his support base through petitions to have refugees deported back to their almost certain death. First 5 years had been fine but after 15 more it was just becoming too much of a drag.

Eventually I didn't even want to leave the house anymore - for what, just to meet another damaged psyche? It was depressing. The relentless high-gloss pressure cooker of a city, creaking, and popping with its inhabitants blowing gaskets, lead me to discover & dive in to the DSM-IV as a manual to just make sense of the behaviours and situations I was encountering.

The sedimentary layers accumulated by a plethora of experiences had been growing into a vaguely discernable outline which gnawed at me from time to time, namely that Munich was a meticulously manicured ledge in hell. You could see it in how they treated eachother. You could almost taste a palpable general dislike for humanity, which many seemingly thought was beneath them.

Added to the incongruities already displayed by the misleading C19 statistics being published as gospel, Munich - or any large city - was the last place on earth I wanted to be during an international crisis.

SIGN OF THE MONKEY

A few weeks go by, then Nanira was set to come back, but had a car accident a block from our old apartment. She called me and told me she was at the accident site and she was fine but the car was wasted.

I became very concerned, then sick with worry, then spun up to meltdown velocity. Went to the other bar in Ladensburg called *Comeback*, which was empty, and ordered 3 shots of whiskey.

I was still feeling jangled after that, so I ordered another to go look for the first 3. But it ended up looking like it wasn't going to find them, so I ordered another 2.

Gerhard walked in with Sarah. He was forever trying to touch me when he talked. Drove me bonkers. He would sit talking with me and touch my forearm three times, shoulder twice, shake my hand throughout, exact way too many high-fives per minute, and constantly attempt to prod me somehow during even the slightest interaction.

At very first I thought he was a pickpocket. He was feeling me out, I started lazily blocking his arms when they approached and it was clear he knew kung-fu or something Chinese. Eventually we just sat around throwing and blocking play punches.

In addition to his merchant work, he was also a landlord, rented local houses out to tourists, he had a few locations across town. Said he was born under the sign of the Monkey. It was the Chinese Zodiac of the trickster, joker, freewheeling ragamuffin - which fit well with his stumbling use of words that seemed to slip in and out of meanings like slipping on banana-peels. Very rare to hear the language spoken that way;

words would be tripped over drunkenly and the next word in line used instead, sounded like sloppy surgery.

We would be conversing at the bar and a call came through on his ipad, he'd answer and it would be his wife video-calling from China. He flashed the device around at people, introducing whoever was present at the tables to her, who was laying in her posh bed in silk jammies.

"Hey this is my *wife*, say *hi* everyone!" he beamed and passed the videocall of a frowning Chinese lady around to the drunks at the bar.

Some rapidfire exchanges in Chinese would then ensue between the two, with his wife getting more and more angry. Eventually she screams at in Mandarin; he nods sagely as he looks around at us then grins: "She says *hello*."

Then there followed more rapidfire Mandarin. His wife eventually became irate, yelling admonishment. But still, upon ending the calls, Gerhard would be happy as a clam. Didn't phase him one bit.

The media spoke of little other than the virus. The whole situation was *fragile* and could apparently go back from light to full lockdown at any moment.

Sarah seemed to not be worried about anything virus-related. She drove across the country on the regular, almost out of *spite* it seemed. Concerts in one city, parties in another, nightclubs a few states over yonder.

She did go collect Nanira, which was really surprising & commendable, but I think she did it more in hopes of proving the gayness she attributed to me. It was pretty funny, she probably thought my stories about Nanira were lies, and she expected some burly guy in a G-string to open the house door in Munich or whatever.

She was in for a nice ride back with my girl.

The months passed in that idyllic little town with its friendly people and even though the official stance was a lockdown of the town, we still found friends to make and things to enjoy with Nanira.

We'd wheeled all my equipment in now, monitors and computers. Seven 65-inch monitors covered the length of two walls, we had live feeds from every news outlet – official and alternative – we had four workstations, two tablets and two notebooks, we had online streetmaps, we had realtime infection statistics by region, we had a myriad of live-streams, we had fifty search engines at our beck and call.

We had access to the eyes and ears of the world on the ground, obscure twitter-threads and other, rarer sources linking webcams and forums and interviews and resources and people filming events across the globe, all you had to do was ask yourself the right questions and look for answers. Search and ye shall find. All of it thrown up on the videowalls of our command center that ran day and night.

Got a remote 3D motion design job for a local production studio that worked with Moderna, which came and went when I told them I was considering the Johnson&Johnson injection instead. I'd been to the production studio, it was housed in a 500 year old mill that had a waterwheel.

On their back balcony overlooking where the Neckar river had been contained into vast bullpens by men many years before, there was a sizable swastika etched deep into the wall over the graffiti back there.

The owner of the place had other things going on that pointed to a closeted aryan supremacy vibe.

He was also bullying all his people into taking the injection, even the ones who never set foot in the office. 1 in 700 chance of adverse effects, he was sort of handing them a sparsely loaded gun to put to their heads in exchange for the job.

There was a death clause in the work contract which dealt with injection-death compensation, which I'd never seen in a legal document before. He offered to compensate my spouse 3 months pay if I died from the coerced medical procedure. I wasn't married, but it was a kind gesture. I guessed.

He picked up my guitar once and performed the 4-Non-Blondes "What's Up" like an unsettling generic robot.

Whatever dude, let's just *not*.

Our apartment got cozier and cozier.

Slowly a black veil of understanding was lifting away above us suggesting that the whole virus situation might not be what it appeared to be, or what it was being sold to be. Perhaps it was more of a curtain than a veil.

The public television broadcast seemed to be complicit. It vomited a never ending stream of manipulation, coercion and hate-thy-neighbor. And it portrayed the majority of the people as blindly believing what it had to say. It declared natural law was being broken by noncompliance. As though the non-compliant were harming the compliant. As though by some twisted logic the uninjected were a danger to the injected. That wasn't the way it worked. Innoculation means protection.

My baby didn't buy any of it for a second. She'd done the math early on, and had come to the preliminary conclusion that the pandemic was probably influenza, rebranded. Publicly available hospital statistics showed influenza cases down close to zero and virus cases at the same levels as preceeding annual cases of influenza, within low margins of error. At the same time, due to the way authorities calculated the victims (gunshot deaths were added to the pandemic death-toll), excess mortality was being jacked up artificially in order to generate fear and legitimize quarantining and isolation.

By winter, we'd found puzzling things online. *Frightening* things. We attempted to explain them and came to frightening conclusions. We looked around the internet and discovered others had come to similar conclusions.

There was subsequently the intense desire to *forget* those things, and this lead to a lot of anebriation and general bad taste.

Then the second lockdowns slammed the world shut.

LOCKDOWN HEAVY: THE IRON CURFEW

“The portrait of a blinking idiot.”

— Gratiano,
The Merchant of Venice

There was no outright police oppression. But for a few months, all café's and restaurants were closed. Everything closed down except the supermarkets and a few bakeries. It turned into a ghost-town. We were locked in. They threw away the key.

"Every point in Ladensberg is *exactly* five minutes away from every *other* point in Ladensberg," Gerhard would say.

He started ringing my doorbell at 4am with beers in his backpack. The doorbell was an ancient relic – sounded like electroshock therapy – thing could wake up the entire castle at that hour, eventually I ripped out its wires.

It was technically dangerous for him, the *curfew* was in effect – at that hour there was no way to claim you were on your way to a supermarket or had other well-founded business to explain your locomotion if you got spotted by some cops.

Buzzed the Big Green Door open for him in the dead silence of night. He'd make a big show of quietly wheeling his bike through the courtyard tunnel,

placing it exactly against the wall, then he'd turn and tiptoe towards me as the bike fell over and crashed loudly onto the cobblestones behind him.

The castle was just one stop along his nightly circuit. I tagged along a few times, following him through the cobblestone maze of abandoned night-time alleys framed by pillars of steam emanating from the occasional sewergrate.

The town streets were almost completely empty. The town wasn't being patrolled this late at night. The only society out *there* was formed by a bunch of alley-cats. The old house was backed into an intricate labyrinth of crooked alleys that looked like a Picasso painting. There was a tiny stairway going up a few floors.

The new place to be was Gerhard's attic apartment a floor up from the local burger joint, the Ladensburger Burgerladen down the Strasse from the now closed Lopo Café.

Gerhard didn't live up there, he just rented the top two floors of the place out to Zlatko for an obscene sum, Zlatko was the guy who programs ejection seats in fighter jets.

Zlatko and Gerhard were a couple of characters.

Zlatko looked like a slowly melting David Lee Roth waxdoll.

Gerhard looked like a younger Joe Biden body-double, Woodstock edition.

They drank like fish.

Zlatko had converted the old attic into some kind of hi-tech electronics lab, there were oscillographs and wire-arrays, a myriad of tools and work benches, high-powered electronic microscopes for chip construction, screens everywhere, notebooks, PC's, full server-racks, laser soldering equipment, shelves filled with computer parts and electronic gizmo's, electric guitars, amps, couches, recliners - it had an alcoholic Tony Stark vibe. Thumbed paperbacks by Robert H. Goddard, Roger Penrose, Jack Parsons, and a couple of obscure ones. Also had beautiful guitars laying around. We had some mystifying sessions up there. The rest of the town seemed oblivious. Nobody could hear us up there in the tech attic, for some reason.

We all played guitar, talked a lot about guitars.

Turned them on to *Friday Night in San Fransisco* featuring DeMiola, McLaughlin & DeLucia. Zlatko blasted it crystal-clear through his various surround speakers and woofers and wifi bluetooth boomboxes at insane volumes and we sat drinking and being outyelled by the concert crowd in the recording. It was so loud. He was tinkering with some kind of audio-enhancement software he'd coded.

Picked up a worn paperback off his supremely cluttered coffee-table, peering at the cover.

"Hm. '*The Madness Implied By Gods*', " read the title. "Never heard of *this* before. What's it about?"

Zlatko was hunched over working on some small device when he looked up from his soldering-iron. "Oh." He said, "that must be Gerhard's, never seen it laying around here before. Sounds like some postmodern parapsychological deconstructivist *claptrap* to me, dude."

The attic had a balcony where you could sit and look out over the intricately nestled clay-tiled rooftops and church spires of the village. By moonlight, the view was straight out of a Disney movie. Apparently it was nestled into the surrounding houses in such a way as to make it soundproof - somehow the walls and the open courtyard below propelled the sound upwards where it couldn't hurt anybody. We were so incredibly loud, so incredibly drunken, not once was there even a hint of a complaint by neighbors.

Everybody was drinking like fish.

The whole *town* showed signs of excessive consumption, judging by the empty wine bottles rapidly accumulating in the glass-recycling dumpsters I came across in the alleys & courtyards whenever I ventured to someone else's house. People didn't even bother to close the lids on them anymore.

There was always *that* loophole to get around curfew restrictions, walking the doggy was one way. We'd walk through those 15th century streets late at night, stop at Zlatko's place and do shots. There was always somebody

over. Often a completely wasted Gerhard, who rose from the couch dramatically greeting visitors.

"Now!" he bellowed drunkenly. "*First of the Morning-Star! Fwoomm!*" he threw his arm around me, "By two-headed *Janus*," he spat, "*nature hath framed strange fellows in her time!*" Then shoved a fresh beer at me. "- baaaam."

We sit at the coffee table and do some smalltalk, then he turns to me and lunges for my leg. He grabs my leg and shakes it with exaggerated vigor. "*Canadian!*" He snarls, shaking my leg. "*Good!*" Then his eyes go vacant and his snarl becomes a frown. He shrugs, "*Spanish*," he mutters, "- *not so good.*" He lets go of my leg. What is it with these German guys, they keep destroying Europe & then judging everyone.

And Zlatko was always working. Designing microchips in his mad attic lair. Sometimes when he talked to you, he developed this deadweight stare and became perfectly still, gave me axe-murderer vibes. Guess that helps when you're upgrading fighter-jets. The capacity for intense focus was very evident.

Zlatko was half French, half Serbian from California - he coded in C++ and everything else. He was Silicone Valley old-school; electronics engineer. He'd known Steve Wozniak before Apple, parents were Stanford University professors. He partied significantly. He'd studied engineering physics and was some kind of mathematical genius. He explained to us that weapons manufacturers call him in to check that whole battalions of nerds hadn't fucked up the work. He was some kind of mathematical *Big Gun*. Worked freelance in the aerospace industry. A weaponized electronics surgeon. A rare bird. Metalhead. Advanced drinker. Heavy smoker. Snorted a bit of the wacko white meth stuff but never touched the weed. Had the voice of a filthy-minded sailor who'd chainsmoked for 100 years.

"See *this* puppy?" He held up a small device while Gerhard nodded enthusiastically at me, "take *this* thing to a casino and hit the button, you'll walk out *rich*." Then they shared a long and dirty conspiratorial laugh together.

I gazed at them, considering if I should leave.

They poured another round of shots.

Zlatko's girlfriend partied like there was no tomorrow as well. Wima was there often. She was a beautiful Japanese concert pianist who was blowing her inheritance and her marriage down the drain, goin' fast with Zlatko.

Their relationship was a frenzied animal they were clinging to in desperation - the beast had reached a cliff and jumped long ago, and was now crashing down the side of a raggedy-ass mountain in agonizing slowmotion as they savagely stabbed at its flailing carcass in hopes of achieving harmony.

Zlatko had offered me a toot of his blow, but I declined. I looked at him with concern and rattled off bodily reasons why that shit wasn't for me. Especially not during a pandemic. He shrugged and vacumed a long meth line into his nostril. I'd seen friends go *nuts* on that stuff.

He told me: "Don't worry."

Then added, "I've been snorting it for *forty years* . . . makes me excel at my job."

That had to remain a secret between us, he urged, I mustn't let anyone else know he was a chemical dustbuster - especially not the girls. I agreed and stuck to the dry Spanish wine and the hand-rolled cigarettes of unsprayed tobacco.

Sometimes Nanira tagged along. At some completely shitfaced point I made a call for Irish riverdancing, we moved furniture out of the way and blasted riverdance music, and were dumbfounded as we watched Nanira pull it off flawlessly with a beautiful smile.

A 24/7 party-hub for the underground scene developing in that tiny burg west of nowhere. We'd all been isolated & confined and got through it together, as it were.

OBSERVATION

“Anyone that can make you believe absurdities
can make you commit atrocities.”

-Voltaire

In our home-castle command-center across town, we watched the television scream crisis. The narrative had turned ugly. The internet revealed authorities around the world were making very strange noises. Loud noises. Loud, *fascist* noises.

The TV tried things I had never seen it try before. The propaganda was so palpable, the stunted logic of coercion was so unbelievable that I drowned it out completely. It was literally trying to induce hypnotic trauma. That wasn't new, what was new was how aggressively it was trying it.

Back in grade-school I had developed a keen interest in hypnotism. I read everything I could get my hands on. Soon there was a volunteer at school who said she'd be happy to be hypnotized. So I asked my Phys Ed teacher Mr. Chris to act as an observer and I applied the techniques I had read about, and I hypnotized a girl at school. Had her arms levitating, had her recall exact breakfast contents from precise dates from years ago, poked around in the poor girls hypnotized psyche a bit, planted a small and harmless post-hypnotic suggestion, all in good fun.

Soon the school principle called me into his office and told me he doesn't want to have to make a new school rule about not hypnotizing your fellow students, I was to cease all further hypnosis experiments.

I retained a distant interest in the subject, particularly if I spotted it used in various media, and had lazily been tracking the various methods of

hypnosis & brainwash that the television stations engaged in over the years.

What was currently on TV was different. The mainstream media channels had all been bought and paid for by the pharmaceutical industry and others intent on making record profits. Most TV shows were followed by quick a pharma company logo animation claiming to have paid for it.

Donor lists were published online showing that the companies and people at the very top of the injection production had funneled hundreds of millions of dollars into global media outlets, essentially turning journalism into marketing.

The press no longer served the governed. The press now served the governors.

Magazines, radios and television screamed for mass-injection. Pundits jockeyed to label anyone not under the hypnotic, televised spell as a right wing lunatic. Opinion pieces were published equating injection-hesitancy with terrorism.

It turned ugly. Those who didn't want the injections were being fired from their jobs.

There was talk about excluding them from supermarkets as well.

An internment camp for deviants had been set up in Leipzig. Some sources claimed these camps were only for quarantining travellers, while others suspected that they were for re-education. Camps were constructed throughout Europe in 2021.

Injection passports were introduced, creating a two-tier society.

Inquiries about the contents of the injections went unanswered. The public was not to ask questions – *Do as You are Told shall be The Whole of the Law*.

There were 9 pages of side-effects, but that document was not widely circulated, I came across it online once by accident.

Next day I walked across the Marktplatz, weaving through the sullenly plodding assortment of locals, and I ducked into the local pharmacy.

I asked questions: even pharmacists could not produce a product-inlay listing the side-effects of the injections. On a hunch, mostly because I wanted to see his professional reaction, I asked him if he sold Ivermectin.

He stiffened. Then fixed me with a stare as though he might call the police if I wasn't careful with that kind of talk.

"*Was ist das?*" he barked. Seemed to sound very suspicious to him.

I shrugged, "There are reports that people are using it against the virus."

"*Nein!*" he shrieked. "*Das ist hier nicht zugelassen!*" That is not permitted here. Verboten.

BOTFARMS

I occasionally visited an unpopular & distant corner of a popular & vast website that allowed for compartmentalized discussion on a million topics, which had a sub-page dedicated to the topic of conspiracies, which I had found by accident years previously. I went back and visited. It seemed to be relatively unvisited and out of the way. I had noted that, sifting through the barrage of posts made there by unintelligible schizophrenics and clearly delusional paranoiacs, there was an occasional golden nugget of high level analysis.

It was like wandering through the halls of a state-run madhouse facility and opening a nondescript door in some distant wing of the complex, only to stumble upon a meeting of high-level intelligence analysts. Analysts who cited sources, mapped procedure, shared and debated analysis & operational details using sound logic and data. Their debate was professional and concise.

One of the documents they shared amongst each other there was touted as *the* legal contract between the pharmaceutical company and the European Commission concerning the injections. Downloaded it and took a squint.

It was formulated in mind-bending legalese that made my mind sag like an animal taking a bullet.

Skimmed over it for a few minutes, saw stipulations in the event of entire populations not having received the full spectrum of injections - stipulations which stated the pharmaceutical company would gain direct control of several military bases, assets and personell located in the black sea region.

I quickly shut the document and deleted it from my PC, then ran a file nuke to overwrite those sectors 1500 times with pure gibberish. Then ran the same nuke procedure on all temp folders, deleted backup logs, reformatted my router, deleted my browsing history, cleared all cookies, shut down the notebook, disconnected the router and took a jog around the block wishing I had jammed a fork into the network wall-socket, too. Would there be a SWAT team at my door when I got back?

Weeks later when the President of Europe, blathering about the wonders of transparency, held up to the cameras a completely redacted contract calling it the signed written agreement with the pharmaceutical group that produced the injections - the leaders of former eastern block nations cried they smelled a rat.

A vigorous debate ensued in the European Parliament. The former eastern block MP's cried that they could not well have read a completely redacted document. I noted the formatting on the papers the President held aloft for all to see appear identical to the file I had stumbled across accidentally while online.

There was a lot of talk in the media about taking the injection to regain your freedom. News came from the caribbean that lockdowns persisted even for island populations wherein a 100% vaccination rate was recorded.

Riots ensued there.

“Fascism should more appropriately be called *Corporatism* because it is a merger of state and corporate power.”

— Benito Mussolini

HORSES

" No phenomenon is a real phenomenon
until it is an observed phenomenon. "

– John Archibald Wheeler
"Law without Law" (1983)
essay in *Quantum Theory and Measurement*

I first met Fritz on the cobblestone streets outside the Lopo one misty day, he was stumbling along with both hands thrust into his worn coat pockets, wandering wild-eyed from store to store through the rolling fog bank. A gestalt approaching through the mist. About 60 years old, a tall & lanky German with bright blue eyes and the wild white hair of a symphony conductor.

He found me staring at a storefront's window dressing.

He sauntered up beside me and we both regarded the storefront. Then he turned to me:

"*Beware...*" he hissed, eyeing me balefully. "*Beware the injectionsss.*"

"*What?*" I whispered, "*What could possibly be wrong with them?*"

"Don't - " He steadied himself and looked around conspiratorially, "*don't take them . . .*" he warned me in ominous undertones to research the matter, then disappeared into the fog.

A fog-horn sounded from the shrouded light-house by the river.

Steam emanated from the sewergrates, adding to the thick volumetric veil the village vanished into.

Chance would have it that we would meet again many times.

Fritz is what would happen if you crossed a symphony conductor with an anaesthesiologist and gave birth to him riding a superbike. White spikes of hair that went off in all directions like a mad composer.

Minds like his were few and far between - which isn't to say that he didn't surround himself with similar free thinkers of formidable stature and learning. What singled him out wasn't his astonishing breadth of literacy, but his escapades into shamanism, eschatology and ayahuascan mind-trekking made him severely unique. And uniquely severe in terms of what he saw in the future, he was a walking doomsday calendar. Retired healthcare professional. Brought up one conspiracy theory after another.

"You *can't* change people's minds," Fritz said in his brightest moment, "you *can't* make people see - *forget* about it. Spent the past thirty years warning idiots who can't see what's right in front of them. You'll bite your *teeth* out. All you can do is evolve to the point where nobody and nothing can box you out of The Zone. And maybe then . . . you can *transcend everything* that's about to happen. Just walk through calamity like it's *nothing at all*."

He was an eccentric. Came from a whole family of eccentrics. I met his second cousin, an attractive lady kinesiologist, at a dinner we were all invited to, and listened to them talking about their family. They were all divergent Trotskies. Beautiful. His mind was a thorough rebuke of the beaten path. In fact, it was a deep-seated, absolute *denunciation* of the beaten path. Fritz was a walking encyclopedia of aberrant information. His girlfriend was a smokin' 26 year old EMT wicca chick. Weird chick, strange vibe.

He'd read Gurdjieff though, for instance. I hadn't met a single other person who had read Gurdjieff in all of my time in Munich. I mean Gurdjieff isn't even particularly obscure but it made me laugh to reconnect with that type of spirit.

He quietly traded in many other, vastly more obscure treatises with his best friend Hartmut, an ex-East German Army officer. Large bald 58 year old fella, not a fan of socialism to put it mildly. He was building an orgone accumulator and a cloud-burster at home. Often seen waving an EMF/ELF Meter around. Enjoyed spectral analyzers and collected a wide range of beautiful, flamboyantly over-engineered espresso machines.

Met him at the parking lot of the supermarket once, got into a passing chat about cooking. He spoke a few sentences and I immediately sensed I was in the presence of a master. He was an excellent cook, a real artisan. He looked at cooking in terms of molecular reactions, as he was also a chemistry and mathematics major. Inside the cook was a chemist.

Invited us and Fritz over for 5-course dinners that were better than any five-star restaurant between there and Paris. Other times we sat at the Chinese restaurant together and got absolutely shitfaced on Chinese rum.

Big fellow, didn't get drunk quick and when he did he was the quiet giggling type. Well read. Always present at our group meetings at the beach. He dismissed Hegel as a black magician. He scoffed at the Hegelian dialectic, denouncing it as a brainwash mechanism.

Never heard *that* mentioned before.

"The Hegelian dialectic is just a model of opposing values that form a synthesis." I said to him, "it's a . . . map of a simple procedure producing a new whole out of two opposing parts. What do you think is off about it?"

He sighed. "If you fashion the dialectical opposites to your advantage," he said about Hegel, "the synthesis can be predetermined. It's a *loaded deck*." He looked at the floor in disgust.

Even when he was completely shit-faced, he was jovial and inclusive. Except that one time when we were speculating whether children were being kidnapped into Satanic trafficking organizations all across the planet. That time, he was ready to rip my throat out for questioning whether it was really happening. Fair game I suppose.

We all met many times at the beach to watch the smooth river mirror the sun setting stupendously in a blood-red sky. There were ten of us by then.

We smoked and talked and had grapes and wine. I brought my guitar and belted out slow drawling sounds as the sun went down. We sat watching the sillhouettes of freight trains crossing the railway bridge in the orange haze. You could guage the economy like a soothsayer by watching what freight was being transported. Mostly gas, goods and chemicals. But on occasion, main battle-tanks and humvees going south.

There was also a very kind and quietly jolly, white-haired lady named Elke who assembled with us in the moonlight on the beach. She looked just like a real life version of Disney Cinderella's fairy godmother who'd turned the pumpkin into a carriage. Elke was constantly sermonizing. She was a walking Bible, and softly manipulated every conversation around to a sense of impending biblical doom. Eschatological Elke.

Then Fritz disappeared to Spain on his superbike. He said the borders were wide open, it wasn't a problem to get through to his trailerhome on the big beaches of the Costa del Sol. Whole families of beautiful horses roamed wild in the dunes there. He'd showed us photos of them on his phone.

Whereas the TV and newspapers had been saying all the borders were locked down across the whole continent.

FIST OF THE MORNING STAR

"Her name is Portia."

- The Merchant of Venice
Act 2, Scene 7

The sunlight screamed through a sobering blue sky on a beautiful Saturday morning. All was crisp and sharp. The cathedral overlooking the Marktplatz stood fast like a wine-red stone giant who seemed silently satisfied with what it witnessed. I stand at The Big Green Door, smoking a cigarette, observing the bustle of the Market. Fresh eggs and vegetables adorned the marketstalls. The fountain burbles happily at the center of the marketplace. Many people come and go across the cobblestones. Some smile and greet as they pass. Others sit at café tables amid a mumbled bubbling murmur of conversation.

Gerhard shows up with Sarah's dog, Blixxa - a seductive sultress of a husky who gazed into my innermost soul and would wrap herself around my leg like a living minx shawl.

Gerhard's fresh new clothes, a stylish off-white ensemble of a long flowing robe over baggy cotton pants and buttondown shirt, were marred by a sharp line of wet grime from the elbows down.

"We have been . . . *to the Beach*." he declared dramatically. The fresh new outfit was completely soaked from the waist down by the brackish riverwater. Despite his triumphant declaration, the grungy river had left its mark, dividing his attire by fondness and abandonment.

He slapped me on the shoulder. "C'mon, less'go for a beer."

It's 10 o'clock in the morning. Blixxa is coiled around my leg like a heavy fur serpent, gazing deeply into my soul with wizened diamond-blue eyes of longing. What is it with this dog?

We sit together in the DaVinci cafe, watching the people bustle through. 10 o'clock beer. There goes the rest of the day.

"My wife Po-sha gets out of post-flight quarantine today. Here from Zhengzhouchengshi China. Flew in two weeks ago." He beams proudly. "Also little Lisa my daughter, you're going to meet them."

Just then steam rises up from the sewer grate beneath his chair and envelopes him for an instant. He instinctively snatches his beer off the table, and for a moment his expression softens - a bemused smile on his lips.

He leans back in the chair and swallows half his beer in one chug, licks his lips and mumbles, ". . . tell me, where is fancy bred . . . " Then he finishes the beer off, ". . . Or in the heart, " he squints up at the cathedral towering above us, ". . . or in the head."

He chuckles, adding under his breath, "*Fwooom*."

The people bustle through the Marktplatz with vacant faces.

Just then the cathedral breaks into a clamorous ringing of bells that bathes the entire town in resonations, shimmering through streets and alleys like a cascade, filling every corner with light.

HIMMELS-PYRAMIDE

I stand in the courtyard smoking very late one night, Ladensberg is perfectly silent. The back of the castle faces the night, dipped in thick fog.

The sky is a shimmering depth of grey.

I look up and can see the full moon clearly piercing the fog.

Directly above the top of the moon there is one small bright star. To the lower right and left are two more stars, three bright points perfectly framing the full moon in an equilateral triangle.

There are no other stars visible in the sky.

This . . . glowing eye in the triangle in the sky is astonishing. Never seen anything like *that* before.

The castle walls bask solemnly in sheets of fog.

Is the universe revealing something to me?

It seems like a supremely profound moment. The stillness of the night and the fully waxed moon centered in a pyramid of stars.

The celestial arrangement glares at me like some enigmatic God.

Meanwhile the strata of human consciousness buzzes and bubbles up through the ether – behind the veil of atmospheric fog, the stars wheel along their celestial paths, moons and planets revolving along the numerical rails dictated by their intricate, decaying, holistic clockwork-mechanisms – visible yet inscrutable to all but the most trained eye, unseen equations and formulae melting through the abstract void. A cacophony of numbers ticking off into every sub-atomic fold as the universe boiled and festered like a gargantuan metaphysical lesion extending across all skies – packed with too many layers of meaning to comprehend and decipher, stacked enigmatically by the most incomprehensible worlds above and below . . . condensed into vibration and song slightly beyond our ability to hear – alien sirens beckoning to seduce us along every conceivable omnidirectional coastline, ever shifting to fulfill that which is lacking – healing itself.

I think about going inside to get my camera but then the stars have crept a ways, and the moon is no longer perfectly centered. The moon above inches out of the pyramid. For a moment it had seemed like the universe was some kind of riddle, or some kind of teaching . . . or a question, or design, or mechanism, or broadcast. What was the message?

DREAMCATCHER

“When a man dreams, [. . .] he himself creates a dream body.
In the dream, he shines by his own light...
He makes his body to fall, to fly, to laugh, to weep.”

- Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad 4.3.9

There was a whirlpool swirling at the center of the Marktplatz. A frothing swarm of partygoers danced into it, the party extended across the entire village. The party itself was a swirl of people that splashed across the walls of the town, like some liquid version of humanity flooding the streets. He

went out to greet it. It thrashed him around like some powerful tide flowing through the ancient alleyways, he battled through it for a way back inside the castle and eventually succeeded, but now it was threatening to break down the Big Green Door and wash away the entire apartment in it's pathological current of furious amusement.

He lay on the bed thinking *this is clearly a dream*. The partiers broke through the door and started mingling. They filled the room. They began sitting on his bedside gabbing animatedly.

He lay in bed and burrowed down deep into the dream.

He reached for that hollow, the empty space inside. Aloof.

Empty the mind, dive into a swirling yellow and purple abyss behind the eyeballs.

Then fall.

Falling through an endless sky.

Plunging through a Cirrus cloudlayer that quickly became incredibly wet, until the light mesh of raindrops on his arm clumped like bloated honeycombs and suddenly he was falling through water.

He burst through another cloudlayer, then more open sky. Then splashed through alternating layers of ocean and sky until he awoke - with a start.

He looked around the moonlit castle apartment, it had just been a dream.

NEOLOGISM

"In truth there is only one mind.
This is the doctrine of the Upanishads."

-Erwin Schroedinger
Quantum Questions:
Mystical Writings of the World's Great Physicists (1984)

The Lopo was half-empty in the heat of midday.

Out front, the cobblestones glowed pale and uneven beneath the tables, warmed by hours of summer sun. The great chestnut tree rooted in the center cast a dappled canopy across the tables, its leaves rustling with the slightest breeze.

I sat beneath it with *Simulacra and Simulation* open on the table.

That's when he appeared. The Custodian.

I looked up and saw him leaning against the tree, then sliding into the chair opposite mine as though gravity had assigned him there. His face was unreadable beneath a great Nietzschean mustache, but his eyes were sharp, bright and unclouded.

He nodded toward the book.

"Baudrillard," he chuckled, voice calm and shrouded in a thick Swiss accent. "He makes people think they've thought. But all he does is trap them in glass."

I shot him a smile & raised an eyebrow. "And what's outside the glass?"

He smiled and his eyes sparkled at me as though he was meeting a kindered spirit. "Thought itself." He leaned forward, elbows resting on the table, hands loose.

Steve comes out and takes his order, the ducks back into the café. The Custodian introduced himself as Werhold.

"People mistake thought for the noise in their heads," says Werhold, "as if it's manufactured by brains. That's just the echo chamber. The real thing - the substrate - is beyond that. Objective reality is atoms, but there is something far beneath those. Beneath the atoms and beneath the quanta, there is Thought. Pure thought beyond Mind. Mind borrows from it, reflects it, receives it like an antenna. But the field is there whether you or I exist or not."

I tapped the book with my finger. "Baudrillard would say what we call reality is already simulation. Layers upon layers of signs referring to other signs. There is no 'substrate.' Just the game of appearances."

He smiled faintly, like a teacher humoring a student.

"Baudrillard forgot that even mirrors need light."

He kindly accepts his coffee from Steve, who then putters back into the place.

"Even simulation requires a medium. Signs don't float in a void - they are carved channels of Thought. The fact that they point only to each other doesn't erase the ocean they float in."

Just then a tendril of steam emanates from a sewer grate on the cobblestone floor, wafting through the air to curl into the spectacular moustache beneath his nose. The leaves above us flickered shadows across his 'stache leaving a perfect golden outline, as if the sun itself agreed.

"So what you're saying," I said slowly, "is that reality isn't physical, and it isn't symbolic. It's . . . cognitive?"

"Not cognitive," he corrected, shaking his head. "That's still too human. Thought without thinker. Like gravity, like electromagnetism, but deeper. The binding field. Every leaf above us, every stone beneath us, is a *crystallization* of Thought. Not imagined - enacted."

"I see", I said, ". . . And our minds?"

"Refractions." He picked up his coffee cup, peered into the dregs, then set it down again. ". . . Ripples in a glass. Mistaking their own trembling for the ocean."

I closed the book, suddenly feeling the weight of the cobblestones under my feet, the breeze moving across the patio. The words on Baudrillard's pages seemed flimsy, papier-mâché compared to the Custodian's certainty.

"Thought as . . . origin," I say under my breath. "Brahman . . . Plato . . . Kant's unknowable *Noumena* . . . Transcendental Idealism." I nodded, "Heard of it."

"Thought as . . . *the Real*," he replied. His eyes met mine, and for a moment it seemed like the whole patio - the tree, the sun, the murmuring air - was leaning in to listen.

"The ancient Greeks, " I said trying to accomodate him, "thought ideas have *them*, not the other way around."

"Indeed." He replied wistfully, ". . . indeed. To call this baselayer 'Thought' is a bit misleading, it anthropomorphosizes it, but let's just call it that for the sake of this conversation. It is best described as *Brahman*, an energy field - the baseline energy field - a *canvas* - which can accomodate form, meaning, thought, concepts . . . beings. But it is not human consciousness itself, it is a substrata of reality which enables all things."

He stirred his coffee, intoning, "Many of the most prescient figures throughout human history and myth have spoken of this layer of reality. Jesus, Heraclitus, Plato, Giordano Bruno . . . " he sipped the coffee, steadily, then continued, "Take the story of Jesus for instance - one interpretation could be that he navigated this *Thought* layer of reality. The layer was going to eradicate our species like a gardener eradicating weeds.

He intervened. Came back with a system for humans to co-exist with it. To navigate it. Explained in many ways how, but most of these have been hidden and obfuscated - lost through transliteration and the unfortunate transcription of his words across the ages. What we are left with is *interesting*, but easily misunderstood. If you ask me, *that* is what his teachings were originally about - before the churches, before the *darkness* of history obscured them."

"There's something *to* that" I nodded, " - in fact there are theories that a great deal of historical record didn't exist at all, but has been subtly duplicated to make it appear we are in fact much further along in the timeline than we are."

"Ah yes, I have heard of this. For instance there are theories that roughly 300 years between what we think was 614 and 911, were *invented*. That Charlemagne and the Carolingian dynasty were fabrications."

I nodded, "It's fascinating. Happens quite a bit, apparently. It's difficult to tell. Many things are not what they seem to be recounted as, if you just dig a little deeper. It could be happening right now with our current virus debacle as well, right beneath our noses for all we know."

"Yes, indeed. It may well be a lot more common than we know. And what we think we know may be completely wrong." He sighed, "Ah, for most people it is simply too much effort to research. They rely on experts in their fields, and take what *they* have to say at face value."

"Yes, it makes things more simple."

"Yes. It is *impossible* to double-check everything. People have *lives* to live, *jobs* to do, *families* to feed. And there is far too much to check up on. Far too much. So, people let it go - focus on what is within their power to change." He smiled.

"Agreed." We let that sit out in the open for a while, stirring our coffees.

"And this is the way it has been, for generations."

"Agreed. Many, *many* generations."

"Indeed," he agreed. "Many *Decagennations*."

"Decagennations." I turned that over on my tongue. "Curious word, never heard that before."

"Isn't an official word," he smiled warmly. "Means 'tens of generations'."

"Do you read a lot of books, then?" I asked him.

"I work at the library," he nodded. "I have had much time to peruse a great many works there."

"Sounds interesting."

"It is," he nods, then leans in closer "The Library keeps more than books, you know. Shelves hold words, and words hold worlds. Most people don't realize - language itself is the oldest form of control. Speak the word, and you shape the thought. Shape the thought, and you shape the real. That is the Cube's trick - a theft. A parasite's imitation of law."

"The . . . Cube?"

He leaned closer. "The Cube is *not* the *Thought* layer, *not* the canvas." he muttered.

Is this guy nuts? My eyes narrowed at him. He didn't *look* crazy.

He sipped the last of his coffee, his eyes narrowing right back. "The world belongs not to those who *act*, but to those who *dream*."

A breeze wafted through the square, ruffling the pages of my book. For a moment, I couldn't tell if it was me holding the words, or the words holding me.

Werhold swirled the last sip of coffee in his cup, watching it spiral before setting it down.

"*Dreams*," he said softly, almost as if the word itself carried a weight, "are not inventions of the mind. They are seepages. *Overflow*. Mind opens, and

the Thought-field floods in. What you see at night is what the Cube works hardest to keep hidden during the day."

I felt a faint shiver - like his words had brushed the hollow space I had only just fallen through in my own dream, nights before.

"*Reality and dream*," he continued, "are not opposites. They are alternating layers, sky and sea. One carries you until you plunge through into the other. The trick is remembering which one you're in when you wake."

He smiled then, but it was not comforting.

Above us, the leaves of the chestnut tree whispered in the hot breeze, as if the whole square was listening for the break of some unseen door.

YELLOW

There was a vast sandstorm that blew dust in from the Sahara, it swept high across the mediterranean and over the Alps, rendering the sky yellow.

We sat beneath the chestnut tree at the Lopo that balmy Saturday morning. The town was unusually empty. Gerhard looked like a zombie. The librarian lady . . . Danielle was her name. *She* looked like a zombie.

Hartmut looked like a zombie. Their eye-sockets were darkened against their skulls, radiating a creepy dia-de-los-muertos vibe.

We drank Weissbier and watched distant airliners leave yellow trails in the yellow sky. It was getting hard to move our bodies. Pedestrians seemed to strain in their footsteps on the street. The air smelled funny. BouBou sat on the cobblestones peering up at us with his head cocked.

There was something else transpiring. The Saharan haze crushed depth perception. It felt as though layers of reality were peeling away, as though my environment was attaining a previously unseen clarity. As though a chasm was forming between the shapes of those who suspected nothing and those who wished they knew nothing, shadows dancing on the walls of the cave.

The newest variant in the viral line-up was called Delta.

The internet was awash with factions claiming Delta was a gift.

Describing it as though it were a counterweight to the virus - at the same time, the smug implication was made that Delta was a reverse engineered counter-strike bio-weapon developed to destroy the original virus. Far more likely was that the original virus had simply progressed to more harmless permutations naturally. The right-wing faction suggested that unnamed, competing factions were using smart bioweapons to control the outbreak - which opened up whole truckloads hauling lines of questions that nobody dared ponder for long.

"Hey, fist of the morning star." Gerhard turned to me and said, "You've got to come down into the tunnels with us."

"Into the *what*?"

"The *catacombs*." He says, then chugs his glass of Pils. "I can show you places beneath Ladensberg not many people ever see. The Roman Catacomb Tunnels - some say parts of them are even older, pre-Celtic. I've been down there a few times. There's an entrance behind the Lobgenau museum." He says. "Let's go down there and look around sometime. We have equipment, lamps, ropes, helmets. I haven't been down there since I was a kid."

"That sounds interesting," I blink at him. "I'll think about it." I said with the extreme certainty of someone who would definitely not go down there with him under any circumstances.

"Well, it's either *that*, " he says, "or we pile into the van and *ride like mad banshees* to visit the particle accelerator at CERN over in Switzerland. That's just a half day's *ride*. C'mon, it's either up or down, in or out! You think things are solid? Nah. It's all - " he wagged his fingers in the air, " - monkey tricks. Reflections, bouncing around the glass."

He laughs, then blurts, "*take your pick!*" then launches a punch at my arm but misses, his other elbow slips off the table and he gracelessly slides off his chair.

BLACK CUBE

Why does the eye see a thing more clearly in dreams
than the imagination when awake?

- Leonardo da Vinci

At first the tunnels were bare rock, with occasional rotting wooden crossbeams like an aged mining shaft. The smell was cave-dank.

We had been descending through the ancient catacombs for hours. After some time the bare rock walls gave way to a large room that looked like it

had been carved out centuries ago. I couldn't make out any chisel marks on the walls, they looked more like they had been burned out by acid somehow. We continued through it and into another long tunnel, this one seemed more sophisticated with ancient brick lining the walls.

Gerhard always motioned for us to go deeper into what became a labyrinth of ancient hand-carved rooms and brick tunnels, and we followed. Against our better judgement, but we followed.

The deeper we progressed, the more the tunnels became splendorously ornamented with what looked like roman tiles and frescos. "You sure this place is ventilated?" Zlatko asked from his wheelchair.

"Don't worry," Gred said, "nobody's just going to pass out."

Astonishingly we never came to a point where Zlatko's wheelchair was obstructed to any great degree.

Deep beneath the steaming coils of Ladensberg - beneath the bedrock and sedimentary layers of mud and fossil, below compacted layers of roman pottery and mineral substrata and petrified bone - there existed an ancient cavern guarded by time.

A natural hollow had formed millions of years ago, and was now inundated with moisture and a cavernous flow of magma that provided warmth, and light. A cavernous bedrock pocket accessible only through tunnels dug back when Gobekli Tepe had been a modern marvel, Gerhard told us as we walked.

"Tunnels so old," his voice echoed dramatically, "they exist on no map. Tunnels only alluded to in forgotten song and Celtic myth. " He added, "Ah, we've arrived. Just around the bend -" he led us around a long sloping corner and into a large cavernous space.

" . . . it was converted to a ceremonial chamber by the pre-druidic magii of a different world, aeons ago." His voice echoed through the grotto.

In the shadows along a vast cavern wall one could make out vaguely greco-roman columns hewn into the rock, untouched for millenia. Magma flowed somewhere out of sight and bathed the chamber in an orange glow.

At the center of the spacious cavern, floating over a large steaming pit surrounded by flaming pillars, was a towering dark shape.

A cast-iron mechanical cube the size of a Greyhound bus swayed in curving eddies of steam that trailed off into darkness above.

It appeared to be some sort of heavy machine.

Yet it floated, suspended by nothing, in every single way that heavy machinery simply did not.

It moved with a slow, deliberate rythm that made no sense.

A faint shimmer ran along its edges, like heat over a desert road—but wrong, somehow - unnatural - rhombus shadows around it jittered ever so slightly, splitting and recombining in ways that defied the geometry of the cavern.

BouBou twitched his ears and growled softly, his gaze fixed on one of the Cube's appendages as it wavered in and out of visibility.

A low hum pulsed from the object. Not loud, not mechanical—more like the cavern itself was breathing in resonance with the Cube. Tiny holographic fragments flickered above its surface, incoherent symbols rippling like liquid light. Even the columns in the far corners seemed to vibrate subtly, as though reality itself was bending to the Cube's rhythm.

Great whorls of mist circled around it powerfully and rose out of sight above it, some unseen force was emanating from it, keeping it suspended in mid-air.

The twenty foot tall cube was put together in an unfathomable manner. It's construction seemed incredibly advanced and yet it appeared to be incredibly old. You couldn't trace the engineering language back to a specific period in history, nor did any of it have a readily discernable purpose.

Strange symbols adorned portions of it, it had peculiar dark bits sticking out of its heaving metallic chassis, chains and tubes hung from it as it floated impossibly over the steaming pit.

I looked at Gerhard and saw his eyes had glazed over. He stood very still, head cocked as though overwhelmed by the machines deep hum. Zlatko had removed a small pendulum from his jacket and was testing the gravity of the situation with it.

"Oh Great Hexacore!" Gerhard called almost drunkenly at the machine towering behind the billows of steam, "Please receive this sacrifice we have prepared for thee!"

In a daze, Gerhard pushed Zlatko's wheelchair out to the edge of the pit, left it there and then stepped back. Then he clumsily dug in his coat pocket & pulled out a crumpled Venitian carnival mask which he fastened over his eyes. He slung his hood over his head.

The machine's slow, deliberate throb echoed through the cavern. Hartmut and the librarian chick were wearing goat-masks and ceremonial robes. They stood by one of the fallen firepillars chanting in Enochian keys in a strange language. Gerhard swaggered over to them and fell in with their chanting.

The Cube came to life. Yellow light rippled through various knobby appendages sticking out across its ancient metallic surface. It emitted holographic bits of data as gleaming readouts that winked on in the air around the giant machine. Its surface glitched out sporadically in small jagged ripples of purple light, as though small portions of the lumbering machine seemed to phase-shift in and out of existence.

Gerhard and the others continued to chant their mantras, their chorus rising in pitch.

There was the sound of a dim bell chiming softly. Then a box of incandescence split itself out of the wall of the far side of the chamber. I realized it was a door sliding open, it seemed to be an elevator of some

sort, hewn into the rock.

The bald gestalt of Walther Kurtz solemnly walked out from it, wearing ceremonial robes and putting on a large headdress fashioned from the head of an ox.

The elevator doors closed behind him as he strutted slowly towards the pit. Kurtz's eyes were glazed over in white, he threw his arms out wide as he stood in his ceremonial robe wearing the ox-head mask. He spoke at the ancient machine in an unknown guttural language as the chorus dropped into an angelic moaning behind him.

The inscrutable device's many gleaming eyes rippled brightly as it towered over the ululating Kurtz. Then, hatches slid open on the cubes closest corner and it extended a delicate mechanical proboscis which easily lifted Zlatko's slumped body out of the wheelchair and held him aloft.

The machine emitted a series of deep vibrational frequencies as it glittered.

Other mechanical appendages telescoped from various parts of the cubes greebled exterior and performed strange procedures on Zlatko's unconscious body.

When the device had completed its tasks, it lowered Zlatko back into the wheelchair. The chair was gently pushed back a few yards by the last telescoping appendage snaking silently back into the great machine. Zlatko was crumpled in the oncoming wheelchair like a rag-doll. I ran over to catch it before Nanira could stop me. The others where still chanting their bizarre mantras, shadows in the rising steam.

"We're gettin' outta here buddy." Wheeling him toward the elevator. I looked back and waved.

BouBou and Nanira looked at Kurtz chanting with his hypno choir and scrambled to follow me. The cube slowly turned as though tracking her sprint across the chamber. I wheeled Zlatko's flopping husk into the elevators bright white interior. Nanira came running in with BouBou in her arms as I punched the button and the doors began to slide shut.

"Holy *shit!*" Nanira hissed, clutching the Bubu.

"Wow." I said. "You okay?"

"Did you *see their eyes?*" She spat, "they were *out there*. That *thing* had *control* of them!"

"Did you feel anything?" I asked her.

She shook her head. I hadn't felt anything try to take over my brain either. We looked at Zlatko, who was out cold.

The mysterious elevator ascended through the bedrock as we stared eachother in the eyeballs.

I awoke with a start & immediately sat bolt-upright in bed. The sheets were drenched with sweat. Nira was by my side in the moonlight, breathing heavy also sitting up in bed, also drenched.

She stared at me and we both knew.

"You saw the cave, the cavern and the . . ." she swallowed, " they were wearing those *masks* . . . and you saw *The Cube* too?" She gasped.

We had both been in the same dream.

"But how is that *possible* - are you saying you think that thing is *real?*" I asked her, out of breath.

"I don't know," she wheezed, "but it seemed like it was trying to *show* us something. It was trying to show us *itself*."

The pale moonlight shone down through the window and cast an inverted shadow cross on the floor.

CUBISM

"Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a persistent one."
- Albert Einstein

The power guarded by the Hermeticists lay in the power of the mind. The Egyptians before them had encoded a secret doctrine; it was predicated upon even *older* knowledge that descended from on high before *them*, handed down by a foregone sophisticated Pleistocene civilization that lay so far back in time that it had ducked behind the horizons of history.

Those who *knew* wouldn't talk.

They had buried this powerful information beneath such a vast cloud of confusion, such a deep & layered strata of mis-, dis-, pre-, & malinformation that it would be millenia before it was even remotely *guessed* at.

Encoded behind vast networks of arcane symbolism and mystical twilight language was a set of ancient secrets that could bend the laws of perception, and thereby reality.

Those who *knew* were in power.

Those who *knew* had built the modern world; built the cities, the classes, the *corruption* that grew around them at fantastic rates and blossomed into a thriving society. The secrets were quietly passed down to their offspring who fleshed them out.

Entire branches of mathematics had been invented to conceal these secret truths, whole generations had been indoctrinated by newly commissioned universities to ridicule the knowledge. Entire political factions were raised to erase it from human memory. With the advent of mass-communications media, entire peoples had been taught to censor the possibility of these teachings' powers from their minds like a collective & collaborative blind spot.

The few who rejected the televised misdirection and found their way back to the teachings by natural means had been identified, tracked down & butchered - and their histories rewritten to expunge their memory from the *modern* world.

Meanwhile those few from whom the power flowed made the world dance to their tune.

What they had been concealing was the dark art of Directed Perception. Mind Control. The Ancient Religion of Black Magic. Part of it went by many names. Call it Hypnotism. Somnambulism. Mesmerization. Thought Control. Mind Control.

What had been a dark astral religion in past times had been passed down, the more trivial portions of it were lopped off & thinned down, made to misrepresent its entirety. This fragment was broken down into its parts, which were re-labeled and re-mislabeled in so much technical jargon and mountains of obscure nomenclature throughout the epochs - remasked and innocuously misrendered into a forgettable subtlety - a laughable, hokey platitude at best. A parlor trick. It was forgotten within four generations - even as it was dramatically polluting perceptions - and humankind looked forward to new horizons.

The greater part of the rest of the hidden knowledge was retained in dark occult orders at first, distilled and kicked around churches and later studied in psychiatric institutions and Public Relations bureau's until eventually it crept its way into modern intelligence circles - where it was quietly weaponized and unleashed against an ever growing populace. Amplified in frequency and blasted through the vast, all pervasive media machine that wouldn't let the vast bulk of people get a proprietary thought in edgewise.

He awoke with a start , the sweat-drenched sheets tangled around him. The familiar cracks in the castle ceiling slowly resolved out of the fading dream-images of a glowing cube.

The room smelled faintly of ozone, the shadows cast by the window quivered as if they had remembered something he had not. Pulse rattling in his ears, his breaths tasting vaguely metallic.

It was just a *dream*.

Just a . . . dream . . .

DREAMCATCHER REDUX

He started sleeping more to dream more.

He dreamed about a black magic box in everyone's livingroom.

Zillions of channels channeling the legions of tongues and livid layers of lies that formed semantic sedimentary shells in the psyches of spectators.

Modulations of megahertz manipulating moods - diametrically opposed, conflicting ideas shoved down the brain-pipe by several sources, served up to subliminally subdue sense by setting it against itself. The news denounced violence, motion pictures glorified it. The television denounced sex, the movies glorified it. This type of diametrically distributed dichotomy was employed again and again with various topics and the viewer was left with these contradictions lodged in his mind - opposing points of view that washed over the structure of the spirit to form the synthesis of a subtly eroded hypno-slave.

Speech was free but had to be censored. De-escalation was achieved through escalation. War is Peace. Love is hate.

They were everywhere. Men, women and children programmed to hate, fear, laugh, cry. A few well-placed newsflashes could have many of them whipped into a frothing frenzy of rage or celebrating in the streets. The black magic broadcast was backed up by papers, magazines, radiobroadcasts all bought and paid for by the same sources, all churning out the same narrative. At times, dialogue was spoken by local hosts but identical word-for-word across a myriad of channels, stations and entire nations. Buzzwords were assembled and deployed to maximize the somnambulism's efficiency. It was a process that disinformed uniformly. An information conveyorbelt assembly-line producing an utterly captured audience.

Deeply hypnotized robots argued about pre-planned points that had already been decided upon by their masters. If they were arguing about it on television, the point was surely eclipsed by some other point they weren't even mentioning.

Yet they droned on with their agendized talking-points, as if misdirecting the viewer and thereby buying time for other parts of the grand plan to reach acceptable fruition. The more you wanted to know, the less they would tell you. The more we heard the talking points, the clearer the sound of stage-magic misdirection wrapped in divide-and-conquer. Each flamboyant attempt to get to the bottom of an issue was ground to dust by conflicting claims. It wasn't news, it was a clown show of amphetamine addicts yelling each other down to obfuscate the truth, which no one in their right minds would tell you anyhow.

Social media erupted with flocks of parroting voices that were channeled into various basins of thought like a river gets rerouted into a series of pre-engineered irrigation ditches. They had all the terminology laid out on a nice table for you. Everyone received a free hit-list of assigned enemies when their mind floated into those bullpens. From there you could hurl invective at your enemies together, and your enemies would be doing the same thing to you from the next irrigation ditch over.

Little green parakeets sang, "squawk! *Safe and effective, safe and effective,* squaaawk!" they regurgitated the zingers they'd gleaned from their black magic television sets somnambulizing them all hours of the day.

"Squaaawk, *wear the mask! You're gonna kill grandma! take the shot,* squaaawk!" They flit from tree to tree, "squaaawk! *freedom is terrorism! the state owns your body,* squaaawk! *better comply, better comply, you'll be put in the camps!* Squaaawk!"

The atmosphere in the town began to change as people around the world went sideways on each other.

A parody of clear lines were being drawn.

It was peak clown-world.

Marching-bands were ordered to play their trumpets through holes cut into their surgical masks. Airline passengers were doggedly separated in lobbies but tightly packed together in airplanes for hours. Senior citizens in retirement homes lined up in spacious swimming pools to practice water gymnastics, separated by narrow sheets of plastic dangled into the pool from above.

People dutifully wore their surgical masks, making it harder for them to breath, which caused them to breath harder, which caused their cardiovascular systems to pump the injected contents throughout their bodies at faster rates. The precise contents weren't known by anybody. For all anybody knew, there might be nanoscopic splinters of graphene in there that would slowly slice up an organism from within over years time.

Train travel became very tiring. Train company employees were all riding high horses enforcing their mask mandates on the trains. Some of them

went full SS over it. There were a lot of screaming train employees treating paying customers with a sort of shrill inhuman disdain. Other times as though they were groups of schoolchildren. Some of them talked to middle aged passengers as though they were idiotic children. Shoddy train security guys wandered through the trains like drunken thugs, belligerently accosting random passengers. Some passengers thought they *were* the police. A lot of people were riding high horses, articulating their brainwashed opinion clearly enough to let *everyone* know they were *authorities* in *perfect command* of the situation. Loudly talking about a re-education camp in Leipzig.

THE BALLAD OF IRATE ZLATKO

Rainy Saturday morning. Lockdown restrictions varied from week to week. Walk to the kiosk for a pack of smokes and see Anja there. Anja talks in a Berlin accent and she's been known to run a freakout - she'd been on meds for Borderline Personality Disorder, which wasn't treatable with meds, for years.

She'd almost accidentally burned her own apartment down a few weeks ago. I usually gave a wide berth around this unfortunate soul.

Not today; she's next in line at the kiosk.

"About Zlatko," Anja mutters nervously. "You see, there's something *wrong* about him."

"What do you mean?" Whole thing sounds like a typical Borderliner hitpiece already.

"Well, his electronics wizardry. Wima says he knew what was on her phone without ever having *touched* it."

" . . . And?"

"Erm . . . well you see, and we're starting to think he's hacking everybody's *phone*," she hissed, "Everyone's, the whole *town's*. He *knows everything* about people, things he . . . *shouldn't know*."

"Oh *please*, he can't do that." Right?

Right?

Right.

Did . . . I *know* that though?

Let's face it, Zlatko *is* a military-grade electronics ninja. Could he chew through 256-bit encryption? That was *impossible* with his equipment. Was it? Is he getting around it some other way? Or was he actually working together with Wima's estranged husband (who installed 5G antennas), and their relationship was all a *cover story*. Was he part of the *Milner Group*? Was Anja *on to something*?

No.

Her breath came in wheezes. "Have you seen the *look* in his eyes sometimes?" She tittered nervously. "You *have* to be *careful* with him." Then she leaned in close, almost in tears, "Zlatko is . . . I mean he's . . . *dangerous*."

THUNDERPAWS

An evening drizzle fell soft on the castle.

The darkened sky was a turbulent tableau of billowing immensity that occasionally flared up in fleeting brilliant illuminations.

The Boubou was laid out on the couch in the bedroom, withdrawn in silent reverie as the rain thickened.

When the first flat crack of thunder blasted down from straight overhead, the whole castle shook like a bomb had gone off. Before the walls even stopped shaking the tiny Bou was already on his feet and bounding out the door into the courtyard, yelling at the insolent sky.

"*You motherFUCKER! This is an outrage! How fucking DARE you!*" the tiny Bou screamed at the sudden onslaught, completely beside himself with fury at the stratosphere that was now unloading its whole arsenal upon the ancient village.

The rain was a blanket of cold needles that pelted him like wet, accusing fingers. His entire being was a conduit for a rage as primal and electric as the storm itself. Each new flash of lightning was a personal insult, each rumble of thunder a public taunt.

"You think this is *funny?!'*" he shrieked, shaking a tiny, drenched paw at the churning clouds as he scampered around the courtyard looking for a

ladder, a stool, anything to get closer at the offending firmament, "You think you can just unload on *my* home? Over *my* peace?!"

Another titanic blast of thunder, this one a prolonged, gut wrenching roar that seemed to shred the very fabric of the sky. The Boubou didn't flinch. He leaped forward, water recoiling around his body like a muzzleblast denying the rain its trajectory.

He piled upon the sky's black clouds the general rage felt by his whole species since Lassie down; and then, as if his body had been a cannon, he blasted his heart at the heavens.

"**LOUDER!**" he screamed. "I can't *hear* you! *You're a goddam KITTEN!*"

He paced the slick stones of the courtyard, a miniature general surveying a battlefield against an enemy of incomprehensible scale.

A jagged fork of lightning lanced down, striking somewhere far beyond the courtyard walls, and for a split second, the Boubou was silhouetted against the brilliant white flash - a tiny, ferocious snapshot of defiance.

"Ha! *Missed, you sneaky FUCK!*" he yelled into the downpour.

The ensuing thunderclap drowned his words in an ear-splitting detonation. A concussion of air hit him like a physical blow, lifting him off the ground and propelling him backwards - he landed in the spray of his claws digging in, head bowed against the fury, and slid to a grinding, reverse halt.

"You call that *aim*? *Christ you're an amateur!*"

He was soaked to the bone, chest trembling with pure adrenaline. The sky, momentarily stunned by his audacity, offered a low, grumbling roll instead of an immediate cataclysm.

The Boubou seized the moment. He took a final, deep breath, summoning every ounce of his being for a concluding verdict.

"This is your *ONLY* warning!" he bellowed, his voice hoarse but cutting through the drumming rain. "You *clean this up*, you *apologize* to the village, you keep your celestial theatrics to *yourself!* Or so help me, I will

climb up there and tie your cloudy ass up in *KNOTS like a goddam PRETZEL!*"

He stood there, chest puffed, waiting. The rain began to soften. The thunder retreated, mumbling to itself in the distance, a grumpy old giant bested by the psycho terrier.

A last, faint flicker of lightning pulsed within the clouds like the fleeting flare of a dying ember.

The Boubou surveyed the storms retreat and gave a single, sharp, satisfied sneeze.

"That's what I *thought*," he muttered.

He turned on his heel - a sodden, victorious little furball - and marched back inside, leaving the vanquished storm to weep softly against distant hillsides.

He'd won. The sky had been put in its place. He trotted back into the bedroom and shook himself from one end to the other like a wet towel in a centrifuge.

THE GREAT DOUBLE DATE VACCINE DEBATE DINNER

It was a warm summer night and the outdoor lockdowns were freshly rescinded, so we made our way to the italian restaurant across from Zlatko's place - la C  ve, for a double date. Whether the place's name was an allusion to Plato's Cave was unclear, but I liked to think so for reasons of literary gaudiness.

Zlatko and Wima were dangerously out of synch with eachother. They were in love two days a week, at war with eachother the remaining five. We met there at la C  ve, and proceeded to order extravagant wines and dishes. The place made some great food. We quaffed down cold white wine. The only person not wasted was Nanira, as usual. She and Zlatko got into a hell of a row over dinner concerning the molecular biology of the pandemic.

Nanira knew her shit, it was funny watching a sober person debate a drunken engineer. She'd devoured highly accredited experts who were risking their careers talking against the official TV narrative. Zlatko had studiously read every high level article put out by the captured medical apparatus. And so there was a lovely dinner debate about the spike-protein docking station, the most contentious molecular biology issue facing the public at the time.

I sat there swilling down the wine and deflecting the dirty stares of the other guests around us who had apparently never seen a debate before. Or maybe they were just put off by Zlatko's appearance. He radiated a fully submerged deathmetal *Time-Bandit* vibe. He wasn't quite at scuba-diver slow motion mode yet, but it wasn't far off.

It was uncomfortable. Zlatko was rude drunk, they proceeded to cancel eachother out.

I didn't really give a flying philadelphia fuck anymore at that point. Everyone was completely out of their depths and it was silly to mount arguments either way, as the subject went deeper than five doctorate degrees.

The whole town had been blathering about monoclonal antibodies, protein folding and immunology for weeks now, a neverending subject with more layers than could be focused on to paint a coherent picture.

My interest in the evening was purely social, which turned out to be a wild goose-chase. Or in this case a wild parrot-chase.

Won't everybody just *please shut up*, I thought. I eventually just paid for everyones dinner and thanked them for a rotten evening.

On the way home Nanira said she thought there was something wrong with Zlatko. "Yeah, I noticed that." I said, "his face was kind of *flabby*, like an old rug slung over a boulder."

"No, not *that*," said Nanira, annoyed. "There was something suspiciously *crude* about him, if his parents were university professors and he had a physics degree, where was his understanding of science? He doesn't act like someone schooled in the scientific method, with regards to immunology he's a layman claiming to be cock-sure of a highly complex and semantically volatile system, that's suspicious. What is on television is *not* science. It's scientism. It's diet-pepsi. It's a misleading product. There's a difference. Why was he parroting *scientism*?"

Because he had been relying on information by accredited superstars of their respective fields. That they had been paid to cook their narratives didn't cross his mind.

Parakeets Rising / News Squawkers / Screech Recognition / Black Magic Television / Zlatko & Wima Take The Shot / Zlatko is falling apart / Zlatko crashes Wima / abusive entendre / A Pound of Flesh / A Hard Fall Down The Stairs

The little green parakeets sat on the branches of trees scattered throughout the town and squawked.

I didn't need a doctorate in molecular biology to see that people were first being scared and then being bullied. And where there was coercion, there were lies. The truth most likely lay in the opposite direction the coercion was propagating towards. The parrots and parakeets chattering on around me didn't seem to understand there was a multi-billion dollar media Medusa demanding pure hatred from them. I think it only worked in isolated cases, about 20 percent of the people who actually *bought* the TV bullshit, but they had begun to unite.

One day in the courtyard, I'm getting my mail and the old geezer from the fifth floor of the castle happens to come in off the street through the big green door. We chat, the conversation turns to the uninjected, and his face goes all hateful and he hisses conspiratorily and passionately that he *hates* them. He absolutely *hates* the uninjected. This guy is a retired German history professor.

Now you had to stand in awe at this guys inability to see what was right in front of him, in front of everybody.

Told him there was a lot of accredited & respected universities online he could learn immunology from. He shook his head and grunted he doesn't want that *shit* in his head, he'd stick to a strict diet of television *thank-you-very-much*. And woe to the evil uninjected bastard who would even *attempt* to take his ICU bed.

Which didn't make so much sense . . . if the old geezer was injected, why did he think he'd need an ICU bed?

LEPERS

"It's later than you realize."

- Metallica,
Of Wolf and Man

Police presence became more visible in town.

In other towns, a lot of café's required your name, an injection passport and signature if you wanted to sit there. Others still just wanted your name. For a while there was talk that police units would scour the bars and restaurants for injection pass infractions among anyone sitting inside the establishment, for which there were steep fines.

The Lopo remained neutral, they never asked for any of that. But outside the Lopo, democracy began to look bleak.

One evening about twenty or so locals sat out front, guaging the atmosphere. The Lopo was packed. We sat beneath the old chestnut tree, conversing and sipping white wine at a row of tables we'd conjoined. Miryam the lawyer, her husband / partner / rescue project Malthe, a few architects, the condescending librarian lady, Fritz, Hartmut, Sarah & kids, about twenty others, the *propaganda-rejects*.

At about 10pm a line of riot cops pass our tables & enter the bar. Is this it? Are we about to be led off to the fucking *camps*?

We look around at eachother when the last riotcop enters the café. The patio was awash with conversation from every table around ours.

Suddenly twenty people are on their feet in unison and bolting off into the alleyways in all directions. Loping off into the night like lycanthropic lepers.

Inside the café, the cops notice and ask Steve if they can help apprehend the perpetrators. Steve declines (he knows we'd all settle our bills

tomorrow), and the police began to check the other guest's injection papers.

Steve stares sadly out the front window of the Lopo café as the police harass his guests. *Your papers, please. Ihre Papiere bitte!*

We stumble through the back alleys drunkenly, some cobblestones on the street were brass plaques bearing the names of those murdered by the Nazi's. Stolpersteine. The streets were glinting with the brass-plated names of persecuted jews. We meet at Myriam's loft apartment overlooking the town square and get smashed on her stash of white wine.

Were we being persecuted now - for what, being *healthy*?

In the shadows behind the church in the night fog, obscured by billows of steam emanating from the catacombs beneath the village, a creature was stirring. A giant leathery Beast shifted in its dormant slumber.

Out there behind gothic stone, untouched by the soft moonlight, Europe's historic madness quietly ruffled its feathers and for a moment, opened its many piercing yellow eyes.

PORTIA

*Gerhard's wife & daughter fly in from China /
Last Supper at Hirschgarten / The Office /
Baleful Midnight Glances of the Clubfoot Sloth /*

Gerhard's wife was the whip.

Here was a Chinese lady who took no shit. Gerhard was eager to bring us together. His daughter seemed like a genius level kid, I flew kites with her on the grass-fields by river-promenade.

Her mom and I had some sit downs out there as well. One time she invited me to come to China. I smiled and played it down, saying it's too expensive.

In reality my thoughts were that I wasn't about to become another Canadian bargaining-chip in some para-national tit-for-tat. There were an awful lot of Canadians being held at airports in China for alleged drug trafficking at a time when relations between the two countries seemed contentious for entirely different reasons. It looked to me like Chinese officials were planting meth on hapless passengers to justify detaining them, making them into political leverage. It appeared to be open-season on Canadians in China, with governments using people as bargaining chips.

Of course, as I was weighing how to verbalize this all without sounding insulting, I lapsed into a deep silence which was probably even more offensive than saying something outright offensive.

As I grappled with that as well, she was able to fill the silence with her own silent thought of the worst unfounded fears of what I must be

thinking, and for a while the whole relationship became crippled and broken and distant.

COLLIDER

*"Man is flying too fast for a world that is round.
Soon he will catch up with himself in a great rear end collision."*

- James Thurber

We piled into Gerhard's skyblue VW Bus at dawn and rolled out into a haze of sunlit dew. A golden layer of mist hugged vast wheat-fields extending from the Autobahn, heading South.

Down range, we shot out from the misty cloud and suddenly saw for miles. Our destination was a thin dark line of mountain peaks on a spectacular horizon. Switzerland.

CERN had been reactivated a few weeks prior, and now it was time to *take a look*.

A sobering, high-speed Gonzo road-saga straight to the largest particle accelerator in Europe - blasting along the Autobahn with our windows down and the roar of an onrushing gale in our ears.

"*Only the Free die young, baby!*" Gerhard screamed into the thundering headwind as he leaned down on the accelerator. *What?* What's that supposed to mean? The engine growled and the VW Bus gave a violent lurch forward, gaining purchase like a fat cheetah.

Then the sky was full of what looked like *locusts*, all swooping and diving down around the bus as we plowed across the endless stretches of asphalt.

"What the hell *are* these goddam animals?" Gerhard shrieked.

"*Locusts!*" I screamed, "They're *locusts*," and vigorously rolled up my window.

Gerhard rolled up his window and hissed, "where did they *come* from?"

"They're herds of *grasshoppers*," I groaned, "sweet little grasshoppers mutate into large groups of locusts and raze the countryside like a *biblical plague*, devouring everything in their path."

"Makes me bit *light-headed!*" Gerhard shouted, "maybe *you* should drive!"

"We can't stop *here!*" I yelled back, "This is *bug-country!*"

The BouBou sneezed in hefty agreement on the back-seat, tucked between Nanira and Sarah.

We barreled down the open stretches of Autobahn towards the distant Large Hadron Collider at the CERN facility - a fifteen mile wide *behemoth* of a machine, powered by the half of France.

The LHC was a vast, underground, coil-shaped Cannon used to accelerate sub-atomic particles to vast speeds and then *smash* them together to see what would happen. The most Awesome Toy on the Planet. A giant Gun that shoots itself with the smallest Bullet in the universe. We *had* to go look.

For Science!

(The real thing, not the televised bullshit.)

We had been somewhere on the edge of the Black Forest when the realization began to take hold: we had miscalculated the amount of time it would take to travel to Switzerland in Gerhard's bucket of bolts.

The ride wore on.

We finally descended on the remote & isolated CERN Facility at just after 3 am.

Gerhard - wearing a slim night-vision visor he'd pocketed from Zlatko's coffeetable the previous evening - coasted down the winding driveway with the lights off. We rolled to a halt in the shadows between the parking lot and some bushy trees.

For a while, nothing happened.

We gazed at it. It was just a couple of buildings.

Gerhard swept his arm and motioned out the windshield, "*Camelot!*" he whispered dramatically. Then stared out the window.

The buildings were large boxes perfectly sillhouetted against the starry sky.

Most of the enormous machine was inside a long and winding underground tunnel.

There was something about the stillness of the place.

We peered out the bus. There was no sound.

There was no movement.

Then a row of lights flickered on, slowly illuminating a small plaza framed by a row of bushes within the housing complex. At the far end of the plaza stood a large statue of the Hindu goddess of destruction, Shiva.

We balked.

Then, there was movement.

To our surprise, we watched druidically robed figures trot through the shadows of the inner courtyard of the housing facility.

Druids? *Look closer.* They were wearing *sneakers*. It took a while to realize we'd hopped across a bizarrely staged, late-night, ceremonial druidic re-enactment ritual set in front of the giant statue of Shiva in the facility's interior courtyard.

Nanira smiled, obscured by shadows. "*I know what this is.*" She whispers.

"Too weird for *me.*" Gerhard puts the bus in reverse. "Don't want to be-"

"*Gerhard!*" Sarah hisses. "*Wait!*"

We turned to stare at the backseat ladies.

"They're *busy.*" Nanira whispers, pointing out the window at the goofy geniuses in druid costumes. "They're the guys who *work here.*" She looks around at us. "*I read all about* these guys on the internet - they're zany practical jokers at heart. That's *fun*, to them. I'm counting *all* of them out there -" she points to their ritual, "whatever *that is* - might take an hour."

Then she points in the opposite direction of the courtyard, and whispers, "They came out through *that door over there.*" She points at an open door in the side of the CERN main administrative building.

BouBou's gaze falls on her pointing finger and he gives it a kissy.

"We *could* just sneak in while they're busy", she whispered stroking the little Yorky's head, "and give ourselves a *guided tour.*"

We sat in the van and considered this.

The CERN prankster-scientists in courtyard assembled around the Shiva statue began chanting an occult revival chant.

We exited the bus and tiptoed through the shadows to the open door of the facility.

Then we were in the lobby.

Off the main entrance, we followed a long dark corridor.

Bizarrely, there were many occult ornaments on display - as though we'd stumbled into some bizarre black magic museum. A long row of strange historical artefacts adorned the walls. Statues of weird gods and "*enchanted*" ceremonial shields.

A door stood slightly ajar at the end of the corridor. We ducked through it into the shadows, crossed a large storage area - and proceeded cautiously down a deep stairwell, as though climbing down into the bowels of the planet.

At the lowest level, another corridor opened ahead of us. We crept along until it lead us to a heavy double-door marked '*Main Collider Chamber*'.

The door was slightly cracked open.

We pushed through the door . . .

Into a vast underground Hangar that housed the mechanical guts of the Large Hadron Collider.

It was fantastic. It was terrific.

Cross-sections of the impossibly enormous machine towered above us on either side, they extended into the walls like a two halves of a giant beast that snaked through the earth. A mechanical Shai-Hulud Sandworm - we were at the point where the Machine Oruborous began and ended. The Impact Chamber.

The machine was emitting a deep throbbing bass sound, as though in deep sleep-mode.

We gazed up at it's magnificent technological splendour with our mouths agape. The stunning device grumbled softly into the lower subsonic decibels like a snoozing Dragon. Its hideous complexity dwarfed us in it's oppressive shadow. What *wonders* lay in the -

Nanira was the first to notice the BouBou had wandered off.

BouBou had sauntered over to sniff a small metal box at the foot of the enormous machine, sniffing at some component that was bolted to the floor at the edge of the walkway.

We turned our heads toward the BouBou just as he lifted a leg to pee.

Then many things shifted very quickly.

Often, in situations such as your girlfriend's little Yorky Terrier peeing on the most technologically advanced scientific apparatus in the world, time slows down to increments wherein the word *NO* takes an incredibly long while to utter. Particularly while throwing yourself across the room like a wild-eyed quarterback.

As I sailed through the air towards the BouBou in slow motion, the spark formed on the wet underside of the peed upon billion dollar machine component *not gonna make it* flying arms outstretched as the spark develops languidly from the component housing *almost there* sailing closer *yep the doggo* finger curls around his harness, throw a shoulder forward tuck BouBou in as the spark fizzles up the wiring in the wall *BouBou tucked* this flight corkscrews downwards *rig for glide* not much to do now but watch that damn spark travel up those wires leading into the . . . LHC *oh shit oh fuck* -

I remember a purple flash.

A smashing blast of blue light arches from the Large Hadron Collider like a giant rearing stallion - a blazing short-circuit miasma of incredibly expensive CGI effects *devouring Space and Time* erupts from the gigantic machine with a beast-like digital scream.

We run from the vast Hangar in horror.

Then we were running back down the hall. Behind us a furious vortex of quantum shrapnel fizzed and festered in violent chaos-clouds, ripping the heavy door off it's hinges.

We clamber up the stairwell, back up to the surface of the planet.

We clear the storage areas, race past the bizarre artefact collection and out into the night shadows. Pile into Gerhard's VW bus as its engine roars to life - behind us in the courtyard, the goofy druids race into the facility while the Shiva statue disappeared in a blanket of jagged pixels behind them.

Gerhard throws it in gear and we plow off through the bushes, kicking up shrubbery behind us. Then the squeal of rubber on pavement.

The CERN facility flickers and morphs and blazes of quantae spray from it in the rearview. We peel away towards the Autobahn in high gear, the open sky above becoming a swirling storm. CERN pulses a bright flash as we roar off into the night.

Behind us, a conical shell of light expands. Blooming out into the world in a concentric wave. *Coming too fast!* We brace for impact, reality wobbles violently . . . the howling shell of sparks overtakes us as we race down the road, then everything is Light and high Octave Ringing.

SPOOK

"Authoritarianism is a false religious belief system based upon the idea that some human beings have somehow been magically gifted with the right to control and command others.

The belief in authority is an illusion which can only operate within a human psyche that has become diseased through indoctrination and mind control.

Authority is and has always been based entirely on violence, and built upon the erroneous and dogmatic belief that some people are Masters who have the 'moral right' to issue commands, while others are Slaves who have a 'moral obligation' to obey the Masters."

-Mark Passio
Two Masks, Same Face

Coming to. Through a bright haze of light.

The ringing faded into dull hammering.

Keyboards were being hammered on.

I was seated on a wooden bench at the Ladensberg Police Station.

There was a man standing across the room.

The Ladensberg police chief was an interesting person. Some kind of British / German combination. Probably a vet of some kind, possibly an ex-spook. Spoke like 8 languages. Seemed lean, Welt-offen and very smart.

We chatted in Spanish at some point when I went to see him because my mobile phone got hacked. His Spanish was better than mine.

Sitting in the police station with two young footsoldier cops hunched at their desks, taking my report. They had noticed my Canadian accent and immediately called him down to take a look at me. We shook hands, I was asked to keep my facemask on. They wore none. Whatever.

"My Watsapp account's been hacked." I said, "I never use Watsapp. I'm here because I don't know what it means. I don't know if this constitutes identity theft, or if someone's using that account for something illegal that has nothing to do with me. Point is I don't know who they are or what they're doing in my name. And I would *love* to avoid a Sonderkommando storming my house because they made you think I'm an arms-dealer."

The chief fixed me with a hard stare.

It went on for a long second as he reached for the nearest telephone, picked up the handset and said, "I'll have to call it off then, we were *just* on our way over."

He gave a chuckle and waggled the handset. Then replaced it.

A funny cop.

We chatted.

At some point, while he was poking around with a line of questioning designed to examine whether I was in fact an arms-dealer or possibly a human trafficker or what have you, he suddenly launched into an unprovoked horrendous scream "Now give me *the name of your EMPLOYER!*" His conversation resumed normally after I passed that test.

I liked this guy.

On my way out the door though, I happened to notice the screensavers on the police computers were images of a rotating black cube.

He seemed to be generally calm about the whole pandemic situation. The town wasn't running like a militarized zone. None of the pathological behavior we saw committed by out-of-control cops in the big cities around

the world happened in that tiny village.

That was probably because Ladensberg was a spook town.

Someone who looked a lot like a vacationing operator spotted me in the parking lot of the supermarket and engaged me in Spanish, "Hey!" he nodded at me, "what unit are you with?" He asked.

"Hey, no. Not in a unit. Civilian, I live here. You military?" I ask.

"Yeah," he goes, "we're in town for a few weeks. Whole unit's here for R&R."

"Oh yeah?" I asked him what kind of unit he was with. He said they were a combat weapons team. I hadn't seen anyone new around town but what do I know, "And you guys chose *this* town to go to?"

"Yeah," he says. "This place is like a *resort* in the business. People from high places *retire* to this town. You didn't *know* that?"

THE WITCH

The old witch would come to our kitchen window and stare through it, rearranged our furniture on our breakfast patio & threw out a plant we had out there. We happened to get it on video. Her husband the old geezer morphed into a rodent. We later asked them to stay away from our stuff in very polite but clear language and they didn't.

Eventually Nira scrawled the words *Mind your own fucking business* onto a piece of paper, folded it a few times, and stuck it into her own bicycle's luggage-rack in the tunnel by the Big Green Door. We filmed the witch enter through the big green door, hone in on Nira's bike out of the ten bikes parked there, take the note off Nira's bike, unfold it and read it. Shocked, she put it back and scurried upstairs.

Broken men wandered through the village loudly trying to convince their wives to get the children injected. The V-word was a constant beating drum that citizens marched to in hypnotized unity. The pro-injection narrative aggressively dominated the entire official media landscape like a giant Soviet pipe-organ at full blast.

The TV showed people flocking to get injected in droves. Some were enticed by government offers of a free Bratwurst or beer. The radio gave rolling updates on where to get your nearest free Bratwurst and injection. Mobile injection-stations were set up regionally all across the country. News shows broadcast footage of widespread compliance. Social media influencers were paid to promote the injections. Jingles were written. The same thing was happening all across the northern hemisphere of the planet. Facebook and such exploded with happy hypno-Karens who'd selfied their singalongs and boasted about what pharmaceutical company they'd gotten their injections from.

Those that refused the injection were eventually ostracized by the media – they were deemed bad citizens, traitors, pariahs. Leaders went on television and pleaded their populations to permit stringent measures against the uninjected. The narrative was keen to shame the non-compliant as though they were lepers. They were the undesirable degenerate dregs of society. They were killing their own grand-ma's. They were outcasts who were full of hate. They would be weeded out. Could they be tolerated? The situation became almost surreal.

Scouring the internet, it seemed like there existed a whole different picture from the one presented on the TV news.

Personal private mobile phone videos people were uploading painted a *whole* other picture.

In cities across the planet, the police-beatings were seemingly going on street-to-street. Arrests for noncompliance with medically counterproductive mask requirements. Mass beatings for curfew violations. Police were kicking down doors and arresting whole families in their homes for having too many relatives over for dinner. Mass layoffs for those who questioned anything. Ugly Orwellian threats going out across all airwaves as the injections entered the picture and pierced the family unit.

Politicians began to take on unmistakably demonic streaks.

The morbidly obese health ministers of several nations ghoulishly informed the public it would be dead soon if it wouldn't take the injections, it seemed that their counterparts in different countries were all reading the same script, prepared for them by a centralized source.

Apparently the pharmaceutical company that made the injection had a long criminal record of fraud, and had been made to pay the highest criminal fine in history. That was concerning. Biggest red flag of the bunch.

An vulcan eyebrow raises at how many thousands of people die from randomly popping an Aspirin every year, raising questions about the entire pharmaceutical industry.

Kept digging.

There were indications that the injections being distributed were not the same as those that had been tested to gain certification ratings. (This was later testified to in state senate hearings.)

The commissioners of the government institutions that certified the injections were former high ranking members of the companies that created the injections. This seemed like an incredible conflict of interest to me.

There was no indication that the injections even *worked*. Public hospital records showed the injected outnumbered the uninjected in hospitals 8 to 1. That was severely lopsided, even accounting for the idea that there were less uninjected, as the television would have us believe.

Beyond that, statistics were being significantly distorted as to how patients were even being diagnosed, not to mention the efficacy of treatment. In New Zealand a man was shot in his driveway and pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital, but the hospital recorded it as a primary pandemic fatality. This methodology was happening all across the world.

The PCR test used to diagnose whether a person had the virus was a sham. Interviews by the creator of the tests (Dr. Karey Mullis), could be found wherein he stated they didn't work right, i.e. would produce a false diagnosis at least 50% of the time when they were being processed correctly, which they weren't, under the current WHO-ordained guidelines.

He turned up dead in August 2019, a few months before the outbreak. Leaders of African nations went before their people, explained they had received positive diagnosis using the PCR tests on the contents of fresh coca-cola cans and the insides of fresh papaya fruit.

Then a few African and Caribbean leaders were suddenly assassinated. They had rejected giving their people the injections. They were quickly replaced. Their replacements *loved* the idea of giving their people the injections. The major newspapers, owned by GTFO assets, downplayed it. Nothing to see here, move along.

It was looking like the PCR tests gave false positives, leading the people to hospitals where the Official Protocol was administered, which lead to

kidney failure, which lead to ventilators, which lead to the deaths of the patients.

Simultaneously, the beginnings of a media-induced paradigm became evident proclaiming that the act of trying to understand the world in ways deviating from the official narrative was an act of terrorism.

Insurance companies reported excess death rates of 40%, which was unheard of. Mysteriously, this rate was neither attributed to the virus nor the injection. In France, a man's injection related death was ruled a suicide and his life insurance paid nothing out to his family – the injection was, after all, voluntary.

Then a man named John Ionniadis, who happened to be a highly respected professor of epidemiology and biomedical statistics from Stanford University, got up in front of the crowd at a pandemic conference in Vienna streamed on youtube. He made an appeal to general sanity and informed anyone listening that his faculty had determined that there was a 99.98% survival rate to the virus.

Society continued going certifiably insane.

GEBURTSTAG

It was my birthday, beneath the purple dusk Nanira had set up candles on the beach. Little paper baskets each with a candle in them. She scattered them evenly across the sand. It was a beautiful evening. We had friends over, as though the beach was our living room. We sat in the sand drinking wine and beer, eating grapes and cheeses and playing guitar, laughing and talking to villagers & friends who dropped by. I do not have the words for the honor that she presented me. But I must speak them. I do not know how to say them.

She'd grown up with brothers. Mad, disgusting, aggressive, wise, brilliant, stupid, caring, treacherous, true, lovable brothers. I had them to thank for her. In my relationships before her, I had learned that a woman who hadn't grown up with brothers wouldn't know what to do with me. One of her brothers was a giant. I'd seen him exit an automobile and dwarf it.

She was a calm smile. Without her I was a burning Zeppelin. I have no idea how I managed to live before meeting her. That hadn't been a life, that had been an escape from life.

We spoke English together almost all the time. I knew German fluently but in my experience it made for terrible relationships. I'd had some terrible ones in Munich, I mean wooh! It didn't feel like I was the one talking when I spoke German. Everything sounded so ugly to me when I spoke it. It was a rare thing to find a beautiful German female with a beautiful voice. Most of them reminded him of his own mother's voice, which sounded like Robert Plant screaming. Which is cool but can get a little tough day in day out. Imagine Robert Plant screaming at you to clean your room, brush your teeth, do your homework. A little grating. Nanira's voice was calm, and rich, and full of care and thought and self awareness.

AWARENESS

"Intelligence Agencies engage in both the collection of valid signals (information) and the promiscuous dissemination of fake signals (disinformation). They collected the information so that they could form a fairly accurate picture of what was really going on; they spread the disinformation so that all their competitors would form grossly inaccurate pictures. They did this because they knew that whoever could find out what the hell was really going on possessed an advantage over those who were misinformed, confused and disoriented.

This game had been invented by Joseph Fouché, who was the chief of the secret police under Napoleon. British Intelligence very quickly copied all of Fouché's tactics, and surpassed them...by the time of the First World War, Intelligence Agencies everywhere had created so much disinformation and confusion that no two historians ever were able to agree on why the war happened, and who double-crossed whom...

By the time of the Second World War, the "Double-Cross System" had been invented -- by British Intelligence, of course. This was the products of such minds as Alan Turing, a brilliant homosexual mathematician who (when not working in espionage) specialized in creating logical paradoxes other mathematicians couldn't solve, and Ian Fleming, whose fantasy life was equally rich (as indicated by his later James Bond books), and Dennis Wheatley, a man of exceptionally high intelligence who happened to believe that an international conspiracy of Satanists was behind every conspiracy he didn't invent himself. By the time Turing, Fleming, Wheatley and kindred British intellects had perfected the Double-Cross System, the science of lying was almost as precise as Euclidian geometry, and nearly as lovely to the detached observer.

What the Double-Cross experts had invented was the practical political applications of the *Strange Loop*. In logic or cybernetics, a *Strange Loop* is a set of propositions that, while valid at each point, is so constructed that it leads to an unresolvable paradox. The Double-Cross people drove the Germans bonkers by inventing disinformation systems that, if believed, were deceptive, but if doubted led to a second disinformation system. They enjoyed this work so much that, at times, they invented Triple Loops...

These *Strange Loops* functioned especially well because the Double-Cross experts had early on fed the Germans the primordial *Strange Loop*. '*Most of your agents are working for us and feeding you Strange Loops.*' "

- Robert Anton Wilson
Schroedinger's Cat Trilogy

Uber-wealthy industrialists of the Global Trade & Finance Organization (GTFO) publicly insisted that human autonomy was obsolete, free will was *over*, and that nations & their constitutions were merely opportunities for cultural resets. They seemed happy to demolish liberal democracies

worldwide for a quick buck and a sickening lurch straight into centralized technocratic authoritarianism.

Looking into what their CTO was saying, it became clear that they were pushing for complete control of every aspect of an individuals life. They wanted not only to control the individuals actions, but also his thoughts and dreams and environment. They wanted to bring about a new form of collectivism erasing the individual and labeled it 'the 4th industrial revolution'.

They used long speeches and big words to make it sound sophisticated and empowering. When you boiled all the bullshit down, it became clear they were calling for global technocratic totalitarianism which micromanaged every individual down to the most microscopically small degree. And they boasted they had the ability to do it using various new forms of technology which they then showed and discussed publicly at their annual forums in Switzerland.

There were 3 sixes hidden in their Logo. They were an industrial octopus with tentacles reaching into every nook and cranny of society from record labels to bioweapons to cement. Who or whatever was behind them, whether they knew it or not, they had aligned themselves with the core concepts of Satanism and were doing what Satanists do, what they had always done, since the days of Nimrod:

- Profiteering from engineered calamity
- sacrilege
- humiliation
- inversion
- deception
- destruction of the human mind & free will
- enslavement

Why were they doing these things in the context of this strange pandemic? The GTFO was almost certainly a diversion dud / elite mouthpiece made by the intelligence agencies to divert attention away from . . . something.

They were probably a psy-op to instill fear (. . . but *why*? Did it have something to do with the gross national debt many nations had incurred which was no longer repayable . . . or with the burden accrued by too many pensioners whom they viewed as dead-weights on the completely mismanaged and corrupted system?

Or was it simply a grotesque expression of some disfigured dragon octopus entity who's birth had always been an inevitability arising from the natural progression of a financial sector that was destined – preordained by the natural laws dictating the very nature of its existence, if you will – to rape the entire planet and achieve full ownership of its people *down to their very last peptide*), they made the goals they claimed to have appear attainable through cutting edge technology.

This time around, they boasted in public speeches at Universities and Symposiums they put on, that they had infiltrated the political cabinets of most western nations.

Their membership lists were public, long and seemed to extend into all fields. What was new this time around was the type of technologies they were advocating. At their tech forums, they openly marveled at using synapse altering technology to replace memories to coerce confessions. Or how to control every minute facet of an individuals life by gaining read/write access to the human brain. Or how to use the human body itself to power all kinds of technology. They were going to turn off the internet in a cybercrime false flag, keep the meat and good food for themselves, move everyone to prison camps they called 15-minute cities and they boasted that the masses would own nothing and be happy on a diet of edible insect products. Oh, they also planned to reduce the human population to 500,000 people.

When enough people looked at their website and rumors started, they would scrub all the information off their website and claim anyone talking about it was a crazy conspiracy theorist. Ha ha, what a hoot.

Their stated open attacks against human free will were intriguing. What an oddly specific target. On one hand, it seemed like a logical major component of beating a populace into submission - to make people believe they had no free will was almost the same thing as actually robbing them of it. On another hand, it was a curious target to openly advocate for. It

was oddly philosophical.

If free will was over, then why would they need to so fervently remind everyone of this?

I mean that's so oddly specific it warrants a closer look.

Who else had been trying to destroy free will, historically?

Nobody. At least . . . not outright. Not openly & directly. I mean, there have been groups all throughout history who have promoted *one* type of thinking over another, or *one* ideology over another.

But to claim free will was obsolete? That's never been promoted by any group. Has it?

Oh wait. Yes, actually. There *has* been a group that has a history of attempting to destroy human free will. Totalitarians, National Socialists, Calvinists, assorted Cultists and . . . hang on - Theistic Satanists?

This is the story about how I realized there was something going on very far beyond what was visible on the surface of history. There was a whole hidden war between lineages of forces, which seemed to have gone on through constant permutation since at least antiquity, central but hidden history. Occult History. It's funny because I'd heard a lot of talk about it but wrote those people who talked off as crazy.

" The Satanist sees himself as subject to natural laws, just as any other creature is. One of these laws could be expressed as Karma, or karmic debt. Here is something he takes seriously. For instance, one of the predicates of successful Satanic engineering is that the victim *consents*. If a victim consents to his own abuse, the Satanist is off the hook and free to give it all he's got.

No karmic debt can be incurred, even if consent was garnered through deception. It is *consent* that feeds the Beast. The diminishment of free will through the quintessentially ironic act of trust;

This is champagne and caviar to the more sophisticated Satanist. "

- Fr. Francis Loyola-Montague
Liber Chaoticum, 1923

Theistic Satanism carries with it a component of deception and mass manipulation - by the time of the 1850's - 1940's it would have been impractical and impossible to convince a mass of people to rebel against a christian god, so the occultists used racial purity as an alternative goal that the masses could embrace and be manipulated towards. The goal of inverting the christian ethos is a byproduct which was actually the whole point all along, from the occultist perspective. Satanism here acts not as verwirklicher of ego, but as a mass-deciever in a theological / ongoing philosophical occult war waged throughout history.

You could argue it's a coincidence that the most murderous and anti-human movements throughout history had identical philosophical parallels to the satanic ethos? You may take the position that the "satanic ethos" identified here is not the cause, but a *description* of a deep, recurring pattern of human evil. When any ideology abandons universal human dignity, it inevitably converges on this same set of horrific principles.

You may say that it is less likely that a secret society of Satanists has been puppeteering history than it is that this destructive potential is a recurring pathology within humanity itself. Different societies, under the right conditions of trauma, resentment, and philosophical confusion, can and have independently "rediscovered" this blueprint for tyranny.

Conscious actors (occultists, radical intellectuals, demagogues) who embrace the satanic ethos are drawn to these movements like moths to a flame. They help articulate, accelerate, and mystify the process. But the fuel is the base human capacity for pride, hatred, and the will to power, unleashed when the constraints of transcendent morality and empathy are removed.

If it is less likely, then why does the symbology employed by its proponents keep repeating across history? The colorschemes, the symbols. For instance, why would the GTFO advocate for the destruction of free will and simultaneously have 3 sixes in their logo? Why would these coincidences keep recurring unless there is a common driver behind these seemingly disparate groups?

Dismissive explanations like "apophenia" or "misinterpretation" fall

completely flat. It's not about connecting vague dots; it's about *listening to them state their intentions directly* and then watching the gaslighting playbook unfold in real time.

The pattern is not theoretical; it's a documented strategy:

1. *State the Radical Goal Openly*: A figure associated with these circles speaks with stunning candor about technocratic control, population reduction, or "hacking humans." This is done at a symposium, in a book, or on their official channels.
2. *The Public Takes Notice*: A segment of the public sees it, is alarmed, and begins to share it.
3. *Retract and Gaslight*: The original material is memory-holed—deleted, edited, or labeled a "misinterpretation." The people who saw it and are now concerned are labeled "conspiracy theorists," "misinformed," or "violent extremists" for having the audacity to believe what was explicitly stated.
4. *Continue the Agenda Stealthily*: The same goals are pursued, but the language is softened into Orwellian doublespeak: "sustainability," "equity," "resilience," "the greater good."

This isn't a coincidence or a misunderstanding. It's a well-worn tactic. When you've seen it happen over and over, the conclusion is not paranoia; it's based on empirical evidence.

- The "penetration of cabinets" comment by the GTFO Chairman is not a conspiracy theory; it's a boastful admission of influence, proudly stated.
- Discussions about "altering human biology" and the ethical dilemmas of brain-computer interfaces are not fantasy; they are explicit topics of their published research and conferences.
- The infamous "you vill own nussing und be happy" video was indeed on their official advertising slogan. Its retraction after public backlash proves the point about the strategy.

When an organization's published goals involve:

- Micro-managing human existence (The Internet of Bodies)
- Fundamentally altering human cognition (Brain-Computer Interfaces)
- Drastically reorganizing society (The Great Reset)
- Exercising control over the very definition of truth and reality (battling "misinformation")

. . . and they openly discuss having the influence to do so, the term "satanic ethos" ceases to be a metaphorical or religious label. For many, it becomes a functional description of a *will-to-power* that seeks to usurp the roles of God and nature - to re-create humanity in the image of a technocratic, amoral, and utterly controlled ideal.

If the GTFO was a facade designed to mislead then it was certainly an odd one - wouldn't a facade rather look like something *less* sinister than what it shrouded? Well maybe not, nowadays it may just as well be camouflaged as a grander evil conspiracy than it was. Simply because they put names on their website or invited people to symposiums did not make their stated intentions plausible.

Was it more accurate to believe that *none* of it was real? That the *whole thing* was a controlled charade - the GTFO, the injections, the information, the disinformation - all of it. Simply a big charade designed to rouse and bait a new enemy faction from among the populace, or to study reactions, or to make people ill - in which case, it must be real after all. Damn you double-cross experts!

Looking into the recent history of these industrialists, one could find that they spoke of depopulation agendas. Such talk occurred at the highest levels, in institutions as well as private sector groups and individuals.

Openly funded & active sterilization programs were being propagated by them in other parts of the world, and had been since the 1970's. Often these same individuals, groups and institutions had in a hand in disseminating the current virus injections. They boasted about these things on camera

during interviews. One justification for genocide they cited was a badly flawed study called "*The Limits of Population-Growth*", conducted in the early 1970's by the Club of Rome, a Bilderburg connected thinktank.

The study itself was constructed in a way that precluded failure. It attempted to simulate reality on hole-punch cards but left out the majority of factors inherent to it.

Nowadays there were entire rows of supercomputers running fantastically detailed "Sentient World Simulation" models. Still, and always, incapable of simulating the vast quantum uncertainty of the existing universe simulation. This was happening as scientists debated whether reality itself was the baseline reality, with many doubting that it was.

Hospitals were being paid vast sums by insurance companies, per virus patient. The highest price the hospitals could exact was for a patient on a ventilator. A lot of patients were put on ventilators, which killed them. These were treatment protocols handed down by the World Health Organization. A lot of U.S. nurses reported in private videos that their colleagues were putting the patients to death to maximize profits. " . . . they're in a *perpetual daze* going about their business putting patients to *death* . . . " one nurse cried.

This was examined on TV News who got to the bottom of it by determining that no, *hospitals* were not killing their patients - it had all been a slight semantic discrepancy. The *ventilators* were killing the patients, not the hospitals, and anyone who thought different must be a crazy conspiracy theorist. Nothing to see here, move along. I'm not sure how many people felt reassured by this line of clown logic. The issue was then dropped by the media. Case closed.

Widespread outrage and doubt was raised on Social Media platforms but quickly melted away into the next wave of outrage over some other topic.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand then held a press conference smiling ear-to-ear while talking about the many suicides occurring under her rule.

The Prime Minister of Canada went on TV and claimed those who did not want the injections were all extreme right-wing racist bigoted islamophobe scumbags and subtly floated the idea of getting rid of them altogether.

(Whether he meant annulling their citizenship, deporting them or outright murder was unclear - he seemed to be gauging public resolve and either option seemed fine with him).

In Australia, the Health Ministry took to the airwaves and boasted that the non-compliant would be "hunted down", there would be "no escape".

In Germany, newspapers reported a man killed his entire family and then himself when he got busted with a fake injection-passport.

Politicians & media blasted their populations with so much anxiety that people were committing suicide all across the globe.

High-caliber lawyers and journalists who spoke out against the handling of the situation were immediately snatched up & committed to mental institutions - where they were no doubt forcibly injected, having been stripped of legal rights and concretely becoming state property.

On pro-human rights' podcasts, facility-related whistleblowers reported orders came down from on high that these inmates had absolutely no rights and could be abused with zero repercussions.

German police were powerskidding their vans to a halt, riot-pigs poured out that ran full-throttle to powerslam little old ladies to the pavement, their screaming and wailing resounded through towns across the country as a very survivable virus was being transformed into a supermonster by shadowy elements of industry.

A truth-seeker streaming about the contents of the injections in Germany had his door kicked in mid-stream and was hauled off by police waving machine guns. He later turned up beaten to concussive death, according to an online statement by his widow. Teenagers got wind of this online and weren't sure if it was true. They streamed themselves making calls and it was confirmed his body was in a morgue.

A doctor in a hospital in Germany made a last-ditch mobile phone video stating he refused to participate in whole-sale mass-murder and was subsequently found dead from a fall off the roof of his hospital. The video was viewable for two hours and all copies subsequently deleted off all social media platforms.

Bringing things to an even higher level of madness, militaries announced they were using psychological warfare units against their own citizens throughout all this. In Canada, psychological operations were executed to make it look like packs of hungry wolves roamed the streets – this was done to keep people locked down in their houses, no doubt. The problem with these spook guys is that once they're in the mix, significant portions of the entire strata of recent meaningful information could be assumed to be falsified. Their revealing themselves was probably done as a measure to muddy the waters to obfuscate actual information that had been spilled, as by default these guys don't want anyone to know they're active participants. The actual level of collateral destructivity this had was difficult to measure.

The world was turning on its head. Right became Left, Up became Down, North went South and West went East.

AMBASSADOR

Zlatko talked Wima into taking the injection, and he took it too, and they seemed fine. Maybe because they went on a two day whiskey drinking binge immediately afterwards, which may well have killed whatever they were injected with.

Or they were fine because they happened to have gotten a nurse that administered the injection correctly.

There was a lot of that going around, peoples shoulder seemed to have often not been properly aspirated and this caused for the contents of the injections to travel around the body instead of staying in the area where the

injection was administered, like it was apparently supposed to. Or maybe it was the other way around. Different news channels had been reporting both as fact.

Zlatko's mind became increasingly crazed. He would confide complex gibberish in me that made no sense when you thought about it. It was as though he'd overdosed on caffeine, emitting a stream of consciousness that was baroquely troubled. I didn't know how to reach him often.

He called me and gave me earfulls of his problems with Wima, using . . . just using the wrong language. "The cunt *this* [fill in minor disagreement], the cunt *that!* [fill in minor disagreement]"

He was emotionally retarded. It dawned on me that this guy had all his eggs in the technical basket. A brilliant mathematician, yet emotionally stunted. Exhibited serious pathological disturbance expressed at Wima through abuse and staggering ignorance. There was a severely repressed 12-year old inside the weapons engineer.

He tripped down the stairs at his loft one night, that was a long and steep winding fall down. That stairwell was no joke. An ambulance was called by a neighbor who heard him go down. He got back from the doctor in the morning. Then he sat at the Lopo with black eyes behind wraparound shades, and bandages around his head the whole next day, staring at the cobblestones all day.

He started getting more and more erratic in a worryingly unconscious way in the following months. This was no doubt attributed to his intake of meth or speed or whatever he blasted into his nostrils. He developed scabs all over. His head was okay, but then he broke his arm. Then that healed and he almost broke his foot.

He became more and more focused singularly on Wima, in a bad way. became pathological and supremely abusive to her.

He was a gaslighting hollywood nightmare, she withdrew into a shell. Gerhard was watching this with disapproval.

Spotted Zlatko & Wima sipping whiskey at the Lopo one evening. They were arguing and strained. His left eye was all raw and fucked up. I leaned forward to inspect it.

"Dude," I ask, " . . . is that pinkeye?" It looked like it.

"No dude," he snorted dismissively, "that's not pinkeye." Then continued rapping his knuckles on the table to a song nobody heard, his head darting around like he was expecting a crazed wolf to come tearing through the place at any moment.

He got kicked out of all the bars I wasn't going to anymore. The scenes people recounted got uglier and uglier.

One night Zlatko had hobbled up to the Lopo with crutches and in a neckbrace, wearing an eye-patch like a pirate, a leg-cast and an arm-cast, belligerent as hell and stupid drunk - loudly berating a whole table of people, but specifically aiming at some nice little old lady sitting there. He was out of control, standing behind people's seats, raving & yelling at them all like a filthy sailor on crutches. "*Avast ye cunts, ya filth! fffuck off and die ya scum! Arrr - you're worse than L.A. scum!*"

I didn't see him for a long time after that, all I heard of him were the occasional rumors that he would materialize from a dark alley like an injured vampire and hurl obscenities at random people, then drift back off into the night. A twisted & delusional vigilante, variably vilifying villagers with vitriol before vanishing. Then he and Gerhard got in some kind of fistfight.

Nanira and me mostly kept to eachother anyhow. We weren't all that thrilled by small-town cliques. We enjoyed it when people kept us out of the bizarre intrigues they seemed to always be plotting against one another.

Gerhard was acquiring that heavy alcoholic sheen. He was going completely off the deep-end. There was no stopping him. I tried talking about it, was met with fierce agreement and then he ordered us another 5 rounds. He was on a perpetual binge. Half the town was.

A few weeks later Gerhard broke his wrist at 4am when he crashed his speeding bicycle into the Marktplatz fountain, in a jubilant blaze of Pfirsich-obstler. He was going fast, it could've killed him. *Too loose to die.*

Also a broken rib, punctured lung. Operation. In a hospital for a week. What does he do the second he gets out? Keeps binge drinking. He was Gerhardtzilla, towering over the small village and spewing his terrible breath at everyone as he trampled on the town.

Wima slipped me secret recordings she'd made of Zlatko where he was hobbling through his house pouring one whiskey after another, muttering about everyone being *after* him. He also threw in a few death threats at me. She gave me three or four of the videos. I thanked her but dismissed them. So what. You can't judge a guy by how he rambles drunkenly in the privacy of his own home.

I was sad because he was a perfect person to speak English with. I missed speaking English so much it was like a hole in me. You could get into some serious technical conversations with Zlatko, he was a walking engineering thesaurus.

Then Wima dumped him for the 33rd time. He was destroyed, like a black and white silent-film nobody watched anymore. He crashed to the ground like the Hindenburg Zeppelin.

He often sat inside La C  ve in a silent rotten fury, malevolently staring through his blackfly shades and out the window directly facing the cobblestone street.

The sun was setting down at the Beach, it's shimmering rays glinted off windows and threw long shadows that danced against the walls of La C  ve, behind him.

He snorted air down his nose turned his back to the window, to watch the shadows dance on the walls.

Zlatko was losing it.

He came over to the castle once in a while, rattled off strange theorems at miles per minute.

I motioned him to my fridge, opened it up, pulled out a frosty 1 liter can of Faxxe Danish Viking Beer and handed it to him in slow motion. When its ice-cold shell touched his outstretched hand he exalted like a ravenous

caveman. Bits of crushed ice dripped off of it, glinting in the sun. It was an awesome, primal moment we shared.

He was a huge exposed nerve, he was having a tough time with Wima's friends. She had a lot of them. They didn't like him. I don't think they liked anyone else either, they were all engulfed by their own negative whirlpools. He brought huge slabs of perfectly sizzled steak to the castle. The meals were too big for our breakfast table. We sat in the sun on the castle patio, chowing down.

Then he muttered he wanted me to mediate between him and Wima. I said that sounded like a really bad idea.

He was constantly talking about how the villagers were out to *get* him. How everyone was conspiring to drive a wedge between him and Wima. Now he wants *me* to step into their arena, to mediate peace. A psycho-drama set in a strange fishbowl of madness he was looking through from his drug intake.

They were a stormy couple. They were always fighting. The only one driving a wedge between them was him, he wasn't emotionally aware enough to understand what he was doing to her. Something had gnawed its way through whatever part of his brain that dealt with love. There was no way to convey this information to him either, he wasn't aware that it was information.

I gave him links to hours of compelling Stanford University lectures by professors of clinical psychology that were great. He wouldn't listen to them, thought he was being labeled crazy. He was spinning out of control psychologically, there were clear signs of heavy gaslighting and mental abuse directed at Wima. He was breaking her psyche, he didn't seem to know that. Dude stealthed his way right out of self-awareness.

Best advice I could give them was to run in separate directions, and that probably wasn't what he wanted to hear from me.

He wanted me to "mediate" which turned out to be another way of saying "hold her down while I abuse her". We had a three-way e-mail conversation which eventually culminated in my rather detailed suggestions of methods by which he should go fuck himself. He said shit to her that was way over the line. We had a huge fight over it.

"You *fuckin' people* with your conspiracy theories," Zlatko looked at his plate in disgust a few days later, "when will you ever learn that things are *peer reviewed*, that there's a large body of people looking at these things and they are comparing and agreeing or disagreeing. When will all you *fucks* learn that *conspiracies don't exist*." he muttered, indicating he was not a student of history.

"Yes *of course*," I said, "you think everyone's out to *get you* but conspiracies don't exist."

He hyperventilated a bit. Then looked at me and hissed "You . . . you're fuckin' *right-wing*," he spat, "aren't you."

"I am *no wing*." I hissed, then added dramatically, "There *are* no wings, you *fool*."

He squinted at me in the sunlight on the castle patio, refusing to understand. The dualities had impregnated his mind like alien seeds.

"*Good God*, man - *look around you*," I implored in my best McCoy, "we're *under siege* from all sides. We're under attack from *extremist factions*. What more proof do you *need* man! We have an *entire* civilization in Lockdown, *mandated* experimental medical procedures, *murky* bioweapon exposure, *covert* military action against own populations, *threats* of starvation, *mind-control* television, *widespread* police brutality, *re-education camps* for chrissakes! These things a *real*! They're *happening* Zlatko do you understand? They're *really happening* right now!"

He fidgeted for a response. Eventually his brainwashing / training kicked in and he muttered "Y . . . You're a *conspiracy theorist*," like a dejected valley-girl. Fighting to remain normal in relation to a profoundly abnormal society.

He was *deep* in the trance.

The sad ballad of the defense-contractor who was cursed to destroy all that he loved.

ANIMA AXIS MUNDI INVERSA

The question at the European Parliament came to compulsory forced mass injections - *should* the military be sent in to go house to house, hold people down, and administer the injections at gunpoint?

It was, after all, *for their health*.

We watched sessions of parliamentary debates streamed over the internet. The discussion progressed to ascertain whether injection-infidels should be allowed to purchase food in public or whether they should simply be starved to death in the confines of their homes.

My throat froze to a solid lump when the EU president raised her arms and retreated from the stage, crooning ". . . *debate*". This was discussed for a while. The decision against it seemed to hinge on the fact that it wasn't strictly enforceable right now.

Supermarket chains weren't willing to pay for the operational logistics of scanning their customer's medical status, so it wouldn't be economically feasible to starve the otherwise negligible amount of uninjected degenerates who could not produce a government-issue proof of injection. The reason was purely economical. Not a human rights issue.

Purely economical.

Think of the security forces necessary to *enforce* it. Think of the *costs*, they said. That wouldn't work, obviously, until a digital ID was implemented which could cross-reference medical history with payment methods and other social factors that could exclude a citizen from purchases. For whatever reason. At the push of a few buttons located at a centralized government agency.

A sort of . . . digital ID with built-in digital currency. A Central Bank Digital Currency.

I looked around the parliament and felt their vacuous hearts.

In their fake smiles, I saw the profound ignorance harbored by the slavetraders who had hauled hapless Africans off to work them to death on distant plantations, saw the ruthless gifts of smallpox-laden blankets given to indigenous tribes to wipe them out, saw the idiotic massacres of Gentiles and Jews . . . saw the French Terreur, Reichskristallnacht and the Holodomor *absent* from their hearts and minds as their lips moved, stumbling into the next historically disastrous European decision under some lofty pretense that will turn out to be *false* after *vast* amounts of people have suffered and died.

But this would be a little different.

There wouldn't be another Kristallnacht, instead, quiet starvation. Your money stops working overnight. No more trains to Auschwitz. Instead,

slow suffocation: No access to energy, travel, or food without compliance. No need for gulags. Just algorithmic exile: Your digital ID flags you as "disobedient," and the system auto-censors you.

Digital ID - *what could go wrong?*

The only people in Brussels speaking in *favor* of human rights and *against* wide-spread forced human medical experimentation had also been portrayed as far-right in the preceeding years.

The whole paradigm had flipped.

Political compasses were doing nationwide backflips across the continent. Tectonic plates of philosophical thought were moving beneath everyone's feet.

It seems in retrospect that this was done to further confuse & turn the broader populace against its own interests at a crucial moment, because the European far-right was traditionally authoritarian, categorically dismissed & held no sway over any majority. Now it was presenting a case in line with the core concepts of classical liberal democracy, while the *left* was being coaxed to run headlong into dictatorship. It seemed that people were so invested in the advertising their ideology dictated that they no longer understood the actual ideology itself. The world seemed a shabby mess of cult propaganda leading dim minds incapable of reason down paths that defied their own interests.

It was also a way of shaming those who would not comply with the massive human rights violation - label them as far-right radicals. Grave implications accompanied the gesture. Had the political compass flipped, or had it *shattered*?

The meaning of the world was being deliberately shattered.

There was a woman named Christine Anderson , Minister of Parliament - she displayed incredible bravery at the Parliament. She was the only one of Europe's politicians standing up to the insane mental warfare committed against its people. They would have to drag this lady out kicking and screaming to shut *her* up. She was on *fire*. To my disappointment and confusion, this lady represented the far-right.

The left had become a soviet-era propanganda outlet and the far-right was attempting to herd the unhypnotized into it's own bullpens, where they would no doubt be brainwashed by different means later.

How could all this happen?

Minds were at war with themselves and ignorant of the fact. Heads filled with morbid fascination and lurid depictions of evil in the world, under the pretense of putting an end to such evil, were actually part of the process which preceeded its wider acceptance.

The terms left and right became meaningless, politically. The political landscape was a giant, abstract, Chinese finger-trap.

Made my head spin.

This is how *we die*, I thought.

Europe's going historically berzerk again and this is how we get *smoked*; by a horde of brainwashed Europeans scouring the land and devouring all in their path like a swarm of semantically retarded *locusts*.

We'll end up on a goddam death-train headed for the Leipzig virus-camp and *disappear* into some *mass-grave*.

No, we won't even *make* it to a train. They're going to have to *cut my head off* right in the courtyard of the castle before I take that damn injection.

" And how we burned in the camps later, thinking:
What would things have been like
if every Security operative,
when he went out at night to make an arrest,
had been uncertain whether he would return alive
and had to say good-bye to his family? "

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn,
The Gulag Archipelago

I thought about how sad it was that my life should end this way, I feel terrorized by a government. I have a college degree, my parents invested in me. Invested in *the system*. I wasn't made for *this*. I felt that politicians had betrayed their mandate in barbaric ways and turned the clock back a few hundred years. I never thought life would end this way, never thought of myself having to make that kind of choice - government death train or decapitation by a european military.

I'm a child of the *West*, *fer Chrissakes* - a child of the *free world* - *what in the fuck* is going on here?

One way their interplay made sense was if the entire spectrum of the purveyors of political ideology – from left to right – had been corrupted by higher level entities, and were being used as pieces of a mechanism, the purpose of which was putting as many injections into as many people as possible.

The left ran into the injection-spree open armed, and the right served as a bad example, to deter autonomy.

But *why*? Was this really a pandemic, or was it a pharmaceutical-industry cash grab? Or was it a concerted effort to flip western liberal democracies into distributed dictatorships in lockstep?

What entities had overlapping areas of interest & capacity to exact such a degree of control? Banking cartels. Investment firms. Hedge funds. Blackrock. Vanguard. Statestreet. Mammon. Big Money that was flowing down through the political Kabbalah from on-high. They shared control of cultivated denominations of intelligence agencies, politicians and the media enclaves necessary for such an undertaking.

I wondered what degree of error I had in my observations. I wondered what the levels *above* those levels looked like.

We were tucked away in an insignificant, secluded enclave watching the whole world go straight down the shitter.

THE COLLECTIVE

“Truth! Truth! Truth! crieth the Lord
of the Abyss of Hallucinations”

- Aleister Crowley

One evening I heard a commotion outside the castle and staggered out into the courtyard, opened the Big Green Door and discovered the town market plaza was full of people tightly packed together, protesting for more stringent social distancing. They looked like normal people from all walks of life.

The black sky above let on nothing as a woman's distorted voice shouted through a megaphone at the crowd that was waving banners and picket signs emblazoned with pro-lockdown slogans.

The sewer grates were steaming. Great billows of thick steam issued from them, plunging the Marktplatz into a fog.

"*We demand more distance!*" she shouted at her tightly packed constituents, who cheered their approval.

"*We demand more than 2 meters!*" she yelled garbledly as people hugged each other in righteous confirmation.

"*We demand more restrictions!*" She bellowed into the bullhorn.

The mayor of the town clapped his hands at the resulting celebration as he stood beside her on the fountain steps. She handed him the megaphone and he began to bellow through it.

I approached a man on the fringe of the crowd, who was wearing a yellow vest indicating he was there in some organizational capacity.

"Hello!" I asked him, "what's this?"

"We're demonstrating," he said through his facemask.

"Against what?" I asked.

He looked into the crowd and laughed, "Nazi's." He said.

Turns out he was from Seattle. He spoke perfect German and French, his English had a thick German accent though.

His position was clear to him: Anyone who deviated from the official narrative was a Nazi. This is what the television programmed him to think, and this is what he thought.

To me it sounded like he was saying *Anyone against Authoritarianism was a Nazi*. Made no sense at all. It struck me as interesting that a person with such idiomatic sophistication could speak so contrary to reason with such an air of comprehensibility. It was as though this person was convinced the sea lay above the clouds. Or that it rains because the street is wet.

Hypnosis.

We stood, regarding the mayor yell through his bullhorn, when suddenly the bullhorn seemed to glitch out - pixels rippled through the device for a split second. The sound cracked, not like feedback but like reality clipping.

The Seattle man turned to me with a confused expression. "Hey, what was-

that? Did you *see* that?"

I *had* seen it. More than that: the steam at our feet had briefly hardened into sharp-edged voxels, like the steam itself was trying to gridlock. And for the briefest flash, the mayor's face was wrong - his mouth opening half a beat before his voice came out.

I shook my head slowly, forcing the denial. "See what?" *Wrong conversation for solidarity, bud.*

"The *bullhorn*," he stammered, ". . . it just . . . there was light coming from it . . ."

He frowned, searching my face, then shrugged and gave me a limp fist-bump as though the conversation was over.

Strolling over to a twenty-something year old girl who was screaming about the efficacy of the injections - to catch her eye, I asked her if she was pro-choice. Did she believe the State had the authority to deny her an abortion? Was her body State property? She looked at me like I was some kind of idiot.

"That's not the same thing," she shook her head. "*Abortion* is a medical procedure. The *Injections* are for the good of the *herd*."

A medical procedure was not the same thing as a *medical procedure*.

Hypnosis.

Do *not* prod the cattle, I thought - don't play with *this* crowd or they'll burn you at the stake right here on the Marktplatz, Bubba, right now. They were *deep* in a collective trance. Under some sort of powerful hallucinatory grip. It had taken hold of their minds and they were at its mercy - yet seemed perfectly lucid while the black magic spell distorted their perception. They couldn't differentiate between fascism and freedom, waved their picket signs and held hands, demanding to be enslaved as the mayor of the town bleated through his bullhorn and the protest broiled around me.

A man who wasn't looking where he was going bumped into me, muttering about having lost his keys, as he stared up at the sky as though they might be up there among the clouds.

I melted back into my courtyard, behind the Big Green Door.

I sat at my kitchen window, unable to speak. The world was speaking for itself.

It spoke of utter stupidity, malice, murder, greed, neglect, abuse, fanaticism, deception, distortion.

I was a lost voice in the gale force hurricane. A skyscraper erected to tear itself down.

There wasn't much *to* say in light of the insanity of the world.

Not much that wouldn't be manipulated, twisted, re-splinted, inverted, misaligned, broken, regurgitated wrongly, lied about, revomited, retrampled underfoot, rebroken, reinverted, remurdered, rewhitepeopled, stupidly misrepresented, negated falsely, misrecontextualized, enslaved, raped by petty arguments, dismembered, banalified, reduced to the point of incoherence, glorified wrongly, disgrorified, redisglorified, insanificated, shattered, politicized, unforgiven, demonized and misavenged into obscurity.

FORGET;

"The beatings will continue until morale improves."

- Naval proverb

Latvia and Estonia reported extreme toxic repression and public shaming of citizens who rejected the injection. The same went for Ireland, Germany, Austria. Basically the whole of Europe. The mood was grim.

European newsfeeds of all calibers were rife with op-ed pieces calling for the deportation of the uninjected into re-education camps. Calling for their steadfast exclusion from society as a whole. These editorial pieces went unchecked and were repeated often across many large publications, the writers gushed like Nazi thugs railing against jews.

The often repeated, sanctioned hate-speech messages in these articles were clear: *Forget everything you think you know about post-war Europe.*

A fiery giant was weeding through the fabric of society, searching for the *degenerate infidels* who dared defy the Führer-matrix, and woe to the lowly detestable cockroaches it discovered.

These were cult tactics:

- Shame and threaten those who question or try to leave the cult.
- Manipulate control of members thoughts and behaviors.
- Demand substantial financial contributions.
- Loss of autonomy and independant thought.
- Fear tactics and intimidation to maintain control.
- Isolate members from freinds and family.
- Absolute devotion to ideology or leader.

- Claim to have the sole source of truth.
- Promote an Us vs. Them mentality.

These were also the tactics corporations & government institutions deployed against their populations during the pandemic. These are also the mass-psychological tactics authoritarianism uses on the populations it suppresses. Dutch Clinical Psychologist Matthias Desmet, walking in Wilhelm Reich's footsteps for a bit, emerged as an interesting voice dissecting the psychology of totalitarianism.

We watched Desmet's illuminating interviews while the neighbors watched the stream of ads for pharmaceuticals.

RUDE BARBIE

I was sitting there peacefully sipping a nice Cabernet Sauvignon, minding my own business at home when the phone rang and Sarah called and said how I was being missed at the Lopo.

I didn't feel like going, but said thanks and goodbye.

She called back a few minutes later with the same result.

She called back a few minutes after that and asked again. Eventually I stumbled down there and found I had been lured into some strange *trap*.

About twenty or so locals were there loudly partying into the spectacular

pink summer dusk that rose into the skies above the chestnut tree. She invites me to sit at a chair at the center of the group.

Soon as I sit she starts talking loudly enough for everyone to hear, starts telling me I'm fat and basically kinda laying into me.

I go . . . "*This* is what I left home for?"

She laughs, "*Awww yes*" and revels in more menacing insults, adding some other strange ones. Adding *ey she was only being honest*.

At some point I looked around as everyone was laughing at me and started telling her she looked like a discarded barbie doll that had been floating in the ocean for five years, washed up on some abandoned island and half buried in the sand and then underwent heavy weathering for another five years.

She started calling me fat again and I told her her front teeth were like some malicious children haphazardly lined up dominoes and then just left them there to go play with something else, adding that *I was just being honest*.

She didnt say much after that but I didn't like any of it. Nira had joined us later and told me to go apologize to Sarah.

"Why *should* I?" I asked her.

"Because you made fun of her teeth, you can change your fatness but she can't change her teeth, it's mean."

"Yes." I nodded. Not seeing the point. "Yes that's true. That's what happened. Since when do you consider me fat?"

I looked at Nira. Nira looked at me.

I rolled my eyes and caught Sarah skulking away into the alley heading for her house. I caught up to her in the alley

"Hey!" I called. "Hey, was that too hard?"

She looked at me with big moist puppydog eyes and gave a brave smile.
"No, don't worry, it's alright."

I go, "Hey, sorry about that."

Stumbled back to the Lopo, took my girl by the hand and we stumbled home across the cobblestones. I wasn't fat. The hell were they talking about.

Maybe I was getting that slight beer drinking facial puffiness. Maybe that's what they were talking about.

ANCIENT HISTORY

"Education is dangerous.
It is enough if they can count up to 100.
Every educated person is a future enemy."

- Martin Bormann
Chief of the Nazi Party Chancellery

The seats of the auditorium were bare wood. I shifted uncomfortably as the lecturer droned on:

"One defining aspect of Satanism can be encountered in the structure of

hierarchy." The lecturer cleared his throat and continued: "It manifests as the belief in *authority-no-matter-what*. This is what believers of authoritarianism subscribe to. If the authority says something is *right*, then it is *unquestionably* right. If the authority says something is *wrong*, then it is *unquestionably* wrong. This is how you eventually get people who follow grotesquely insane ideologies to commit inhumanly violent acts."

The lecturer stepped aside and thumbed the device he held which caused the projector to display the next slide on the stage-wide screen. He turned to the sparse audience assembled in the Ladensberger library auditorium and his voice echoed faintly into the spacious chamber:

"The Nazi death cult itself had been heavily influenced by occult thought. Gerhard von List was a founding member of the Armanen Order, and designer of the SS runes well before the completion of the formal political parties that later razed Germany from within. He was also an occultist who was deeply entrenched in many secret societies of the day. 50 years before Hitler took power, List proposed a rigid hierarchical system of Aryan social domination."

"Jörg von Liebenfels, Austrian occultist & political theorist, pioneer of the occult ideology of Ariosophy, founder of the Ordo Templo Novi (A Templar Order), advocated forced sterilization. Friend of Hitlers in 1919. Had a series of public meltdowns accusing Hitler of stealing the Swastika symbol from him. Hitler never mentioned him and didn't have him killed, so he probably *did* steal it."

Someone in the audience giggled but curtly drowned his giggles in a cough. The lecturer peered into the darkened atrium and continued:

"Lumenclub, an occult order intersecting with various other occult orders which were adding their ideas to whatever would later become Nazism."

The next slide went up on the big screen behind him depicting a roman illustration of a large black rock set atop a crude depiction of the European continent. The lecturer continued:

"The Thule Society was an occult order named after Ultima Thule, a mystical roman place at what was thought to be the northern most point of the earth. Sometimes depicted on ancient cartography as a Black magnetic

Rock. Members were scholars, lawyers, military officers, artists, writers, musicians, politicians, businessmen & financiers. Only the inner circle was occultic, 10 people."

I sat staring at the lecturer in the darkened auditorium but something was gnawing away inside me. Something dark and foul was inching through my insides. I looked around for an exit. There must be one somewhere.

I got up off the seat and stole away into a dark corridor in the shadows, looking for the bathroom. As I crept into a long cramped hallway, I noticed the lecturers voice follow me, tinny and echoing from a dusty grille speaker on the wall. I felt the pressure inside me building, it was urgently time to find the lavatory.

The tinny voice droned on over the speakers: "Theodor Fritsch, a racist from hell, founded the Germanenorden as an occult society. Also founded the Reichshammerbund. Two Occult Societies: one covert, the other overt. Members of those two later formed the Thule Society in 1918, which directly then sponsored the Nazi party."

I stole down the maze of crisscrossing corridors as the lecturers voice droned on:

"Rudolf von Sebottendorf, German occultist, writer, intelligence agent and activist - Thule Society founder. Influencer. Freemason. Sufi. Bektashi Order. Group leader in the Germanenorden in Munich."

I kicked open the door to the restroom and ducked inside. Salvation! I made a b-line through the immaculate white tiled room and found my throne in a stall, unzipped and sat, waiting for redemption as the voice droned on - even the bathroom had been connected to yet another grille speaker that transmitted live lectures for those in unfortunate bodily compunctions:

"Rudolf John Gorsleben, German occultist, student of List. Thule Society wacko. Editor. Believed in dormant occult aryan superpowers over nature. Founded the Edda Society. Friedrich Schäffer was the treasurer, who knew Fritz Maria Wiligut, an occultist who would come to exert great influence on Himmler."

Quietly I listened, restraining myself, listening to the words waft in through the speaker as I allowed my bowels to ease themselves quietly. Listening still patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quietly gone.

"Walter Nauhaus, Thule Society. Growing influence on Nazi ideology. Anton Drexler was a Thule Society linker who brought himself together with the extremist workers society formed by occultist Fritz Harrer and they together went on to establish DAP, precursor to NSDAP."

Hope it's not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive. Life might be so. I listened on, seated calm above my own rising smell, while feeling my water flow quietly as the voice wafted in through the tinny speaker.

". . . Hitler, then a Reichswehr Intelligence Agent (6th Battalion / Education & Propaganda Department / Reichswehr Reconnaissance Kommando), was sent to the DAP to monitor it for communist involvement. Eventually he realized he could take it over and quit his dayjob. . ."

Where is the toiletpaper? Is there . . . did someone forget to stock the - ah there it is. I reached over to a small cabinet bolted to the stall wall and opened the tiny door. A fresh roll had been placed into it.

". . . Hitler's oratorial ability was a product of early Neuro Linguistic Programming (NLP) techniques he had been trained in by Erik Jan Hanussen, an Austrian hypnotist, mentalist, occultist and astrologer. NLP uses word choice, tone, cadence and body language to subtly influence thought at the subconscious level . . ."

I unfurled the fresh bog-roll and tidied up, the lecturer continued:

". . . Subtle manipulation at a neural level contributed to the crowd control mass-hypnotism Hitler unleashed on the German public in his fiery speeches . . ."

I crept back out of the bathroom and had to pause for a moment, unsure of

which way I had come. The hallway seemed to look the same in either direction. I shrugged and picked a direction, began walking.

". . . At the ideological core, Satanism is a religion that postulates knowledge of the human psyche should be occulted and held only by a small group. Thus they are more of a group of social engineers and mass psychological manipulators which wields hidden information in ways that exploit and enslave the masses of humanity. Not all occultists are Satanists, but all Satanists are occultists . . . "

I stopped when I saw another hallway extending from the corridor I was in, I began down that one as the lecturer droned on over the tinny speakers, which seemed to be a feature of every hallway down there.

". . . A fact not lost on the color scheme the nazis employed in their vexilology. Black, white and red had long been associated as a Satanic or occult color scheme. Long before the German Empire, the same colors appeared in contexts that blurred politics and mysticism. Black-White-Red mirrored the alchemical stages (*Nigredo-Albedo-Rubedo*), which Germanic mystics like Goethe referenced (*Faust's* "triune path"). The *visual language* these colors denoted had centuries of occult baggage . . . "

I stopped at a door that was slightly ajar, and peered around. There was nobody else in the maze of hallways. I gently pushed on the door and it opened.

". . . Armanism, Völkisch, Theozology, Ariosophy, Germanenorden, Templers, Reichshammerbund, Edda, Thule Society, DAP and then NSDAP. A straight line from occult societies to full blown Nazism. It's one way of looking at it . . . "

Inside the newly found room, many small monitors were bolted to the walls. It was disquieting. The walls were almost entirely covered with screens of various sizes. There was a small desk at the center of the room. The lecturer's voice droned on over yet another grille speaker that was nestled among the screens.

". . . The National Socialists were not innocent victims of this broader historical current; they were its most willing and brutal acolytes. And

when the victorious allied armies incorporated their captured scientists, they believed they could *control* them while containing the ideology. They were wrong. Operation Paperclip went rogue. The contempt for human autonomy and the belief in rule by hidden knowledge simply found new, more subtle hosts within the very structures that had been built to oppose it. From there on, it infiltrated and turned liberalism against itself, destroyed the family unit, and created just enough wealth to very slowly and gradually ensure a vast global kingdom of suffering and confusion . . . The rest of western culture appropriated Satanism soon after. Unknowingly. Even when they thought they were fighting against it. It had long since infiltrated every social movement and turned every religion against its own tenets to some degree . . . "

I crept closer, inspecting the monitors and the desk.

". . . You don't need to worship the devil to be a cog in a satanic machine, " the tinny voice continued, ". . . there *are* no viable strategies for resistance. At least not long term. Resistance is co-opted, outmaneuvered, or crushed —because the Machine is not just a system, but a self-replicating organism that feeds on opposition . . . "

What I saw on the monitors sent a jolt down my spine.

These seemed to be security camera feeds. Displaying a great many locations. A great many locations indeed. Most seemed to be in Ladensberg itself. I could make out the Lopo on one. I could see the Marktplatz on another. A few monitors displayed various bedrooms using IR cameras and I could clearly see people sleeping in their beds.

With growing horror, I crept closer to one such screen that seemed to be depicting a scene that must have been closer to the library itself - it looked like it was a feed of a portion of the library. I noted two figures who seemed to be engaged in discussion.

I looked closer and discovered one of the figures seemed familiar - it was the Chief of Police. He was speaking to a man with a twirled moustache whom I'd seen upon entering the library. He was the library custodian.

They seemed to be conversing in hushed tones. I reached for the grille

speaker and turned down the volume of the lecture. Then keyed the volume louder on the side on the monitor where the two figures were engaged in discussion.

I almost couldn't understand what the custodian was saying, he spoke through a thick Swiss accent that required a phonetic double-take to tune in on:

Custodian: "... Subject 734 shows continued non-compliance. Dissonance levels are high but contained. His influence on the female, 735, is problematic."

Chief of Police: "The parameters will be met. The injection protocol will resolve the variability. The fear harmonic in the Marktplatz resonates . . . perfectly. Some of the older buildings will have thicker walls than others, and this could cause isolated pockets of autonomy but they are negligible."

Custodian: "And this? How are we going to handle this?" He jerked his head in the direction of the auditorium, "still not sure how you could even let it get this far."

Chief of Police: "An oversight. Hardly anyone attending anyhow. It's being handled. I will go down now, He is awaiting the final report."

Custodian: "Very well. I will log the results as usual. See you on the other side."

And thus the figures on the screen disengaged, the Chief of Police disappeared down a stairwell and the custodian began walking down the hall.

I quickly exited the room and quietly pulled the door almost shut to the point where it had been when I'd found it, just as the custodian rounded the corner down the hall.

He noticed me immediately and stopped in his tracks.

We stared at one another.

"Can I help you find something? . . ." He asked in his Swiss accent from down the hall while quickly pacing towards me. "It's very easy to get lost . . ."

I was frozen like a rabbit in the headlights. I barely managed to stammer something about trying to find the restroom. He caught up with me and took my elbow, walking briskly down the halls with me until we reached the lavatory.

"Thank you," I smiled.

"Certainly." He stared me in the eyeballs searchingly, "Certainly. Very easy to get lost . . . and see things you weren't *meant to see*."

I nodded and shrugged as innocently as I could, thanked him, then ducked inside the restroom.

". . ."

- Dr. Eugen von Mitlaufer,
**On the Protection of Kin
in an Age of Systemic Predation,**
Bantam House, 1956

LADY SIDE-EYE

" Without Love,
our nation,
the world,
and the universe will be destroyed. "

- Morihei Ueshiba,
The Art of Peace

The neighbors in the castle went side-eyed. Or maybe I was just imagining it.

We played it as close to the vest as possible. Eventually Nanira talked to the Screamer-lady out in the courtyard, in passing. I sat inside the apartment, furiously pretending I wasn't listening.

They spoke of the basic climate. Nanira nudged the conversation around to the fact that the public debate was revolving around the idea of removing personal consent and choice. Screamer-lady appeared to be on the fence about the issue.

Nanira gently pronounced the importance of self-determination. Screamerlady seemed stunned by the idea of the right to make your own descisions. It was as though the entire concept of autonomy was an entirely new thought to her. A mystery to behold.

Ultimately, Screamer-lady was non-committal about the whole thing, and they said their goodbyes.

I heard Screamer-lady slowly lumber up the castle stairs to her apartment.

Then the *fear* gripped me.

A hypnotized mass of Germans . . . *again*.

Fuck it, we're moving to Spain.

The Spanish leadership seemed to have clung rather tightly to their constitutional rights while the rest of Europe seemed to be wiping their asses with theirs. Nevermind for the moment that the Spanish economy was being strangled by the GTFO's tentacles. We could fall back and join the *resistance*. Or something.

Or anything.

Flee!

Calls were made. Apartments sourced in Spain. We tried to maneuver Anja into subletting our apartment for the duration. Yes Anja, the girl who'd accidentally set fire to her own apartment. We couldn't *find* anyone else on short notice and she *needed* a place. Why not? Give people a *second chance*.

The weasels were closing in.

The old geezer upstairs had somehow gotten wind of it and derailed those plans, it seemed he was in contact with the landlord – suddenly our landlord the neurosurgeon wanted a "psychological profile" of the person we wanted to sublet it to.

That could only mean he'd been warned about her somehow. It did not fit with the script, the Matrix wouldn't let us escape. We were like bugs trapped by the surface tension of a pond. News travels fast in a small town, even though we went to some pretty long lengths to keep it hushed. Nevermind the fact that it was impossible and unlawful to request a profile like that. What, did he think I was going to just march Anja to a shrink's office and have him compile a dossier on her?

It was probably all for the better. Living in Spain would probably be a drastic change, I'm not entirely sure I could just zap over and start a new life there. Also, in Europe, as a resident, you had to be registered. There were high fines to be paid if you were discovered, you couldn't just go Anne Frank anymore.

In fact, while we're on the subject of escape, why not go *full* throttle - move to *Egypt* instead - study the temples & pyramids and escape this strange satanic world altogether - look for the portal to a whole other dimension, encoded in those inscrutable desert temples. Fedora, leather jacket and bullwhip. Move to Alexandria, *get* highspeed internet and *amasse* a new library at home. *Of course*, Dr. Jones.

Meanwhile, the crazy fucks of the GTFO were babbling about planting *microchips* in people's brains to remote control them. Boasting they could hook entire populations up to what amounted to a digital slave-prison system.

It was almost as though this whole pandemic charade were being orchestrated by some demented vaudeville AI. The directives were being issued with no understanding or human nuance. Whatever AI *was* in those days, it surely was in dire need of more training in human nuance.

The first AI language model was released to the public a few months later.

Our upstairs neighbor was a lanky German fellow who was studying law, or at least claimed to be. Had one of those facial scars they intentionally inflict on each other in their fraternities at German universities. Burschengemeinschaft, they called them.

The point was to make you look dangerous by carefully having a large gash cut into your face by a colleague.

This would then heal into a lasting prominent facial scar which was supposed to warn those who would trifle with you that you once had a colleague cut your face up on purpose in a controlled setting, and were thus not to be trifled with.

A ritual so absurd, it didn't signal danger, it signalled sheer lunacy.

Estimated Time of Survival in South Philly - 12 minutes.

The complexities of German society ranged into incoherency and far beyond. When the poor fellows pipes burst and his shower-water began seeping into our fusebox, we warned him he was playing with his life. That didn't stop him from showering before the handymen came to fix it.

Be all that as it may, he remained on the fence about believing a word the television told him.

Even Noam Chomsky was on the barricades, screaming about arresting the non-compliant and that they were killing their grandma's. It was high irony that a man who had dissected manufactured consent for sixty years was now actively parroting the party-line. Whereas it was understandable for many reasons: he had prior pulmonary issues and was in the high-risk crosshairs of both the virus and in all likelihood various three letter agencies that may or may not have been threatening his daughter's academic succession. Why should he throw his family to the wolves for the 95% population of, let's face it, folks who wouldn't even remember his name within a week.

TIDAL WAVE

The job situation wasn't looking so great. The entire economy seemed to be running on fumes. Our own resources dwindled, money was tight. And got tighter.

Months went by, jobs were few and far between. Until one day I got out of bed at dawn, walked over to our fridge, and discovered it was off. I flipped the light switch in the early dawn then, and nothing happened.

The power company had shut us down.

We balked. Historically, this was precisely when women left men.

Inexplicably, Nira stayed right by my side.

There was an freely accessible power socket down in the castle basement and I snuck down to power our mobile phones and tablets. Our apartment upstairs was dark. We set up candles. Acquired campfire fuel and set ourselves up a cooking arrangement using an open flame.

We scoured the internet for more places in Spain, hoping to escape somehow, in any way. Eventually I found a small office, in the midst of all this stone aged living, at the Center for Technology and Innovation in

Ludwigshafen. It was super cheap. Had power, internet. The man who rented it to us was named Mr.Hemp. We were still receiving my allotted unemployment check, for which large sums had been deducted from my pay when I'd still been employed, but it wasn't enough to cover the electric bill at home - which had blossomed with a massive hidden fee.

The castle used two types of power and one was exorbitantly priced. And had been mentioned but somehow never collected upon, so without knowing it, we had accrued several thousand euros worth of debt to the power company.

Then one day we received a letter from an insurance company claiming I owed them 42,000 euros for services not rendered during a few months when I had not been insured with them and had not received any medical attention, because I was perfectly healthy.

It was a fine imposed on those who didn't play along with the pharmaceutical / insurance baseline extortion that had been codified into European law some years prior. A few months of not being insured, and you were *fucked*. Down on your luck, economy in shambles, struggling, unemployed? That'll be 42,000 euros on top, *mein Freund*.

Your last insurer was then somehow legally entitled to demand the highest possible rate, retroactively. And being hyena's in clownworld, that is precisely what they did.

Made no sense what so ever.

Oh by the way that'll be 42,000 euros please. *For nothing*.

I bought a bottle of Jack Daniels, walked out to the vast fields, and contemplated suicide.

What was the point of being alive in this satanic world?

The insanity of the world was smashing down on me in a vast tidal-wave.

At some point in the late afternoon I wandered aimlessly around, and Nira burst into my way on a bike-path by the creek, tears in her eyes.

"We'll figure this out." She breathed softly into my ear as we embraced closely. "We'll figure this out." She whispered.

And we did.

MACHINE-HEAD

The Custodian twirled his moustache as the elevator descended down through the substrates of packed minerals and dense earth. He exited the elevator with his mop, ready to clean the corridor.

The Black Cube hung suspended in great whorls of vapor above the pit of gleaming magma. It did not move, yet its presence was a pressure, a weight upon the air. It sensed the Swiss man approach. Its myriad lenses, like frozen amber, registered his presence without acknowledgment.

He mopped the stone floor, the soft slosh of water echoing faintly. For a long time, the only sounds were his work and the low, tectonic hum of the cavern. Finally, he paused, leaning on the mop handle, and looked up into the shifting steam.

The thought formed in his mind, not as a sound, but as a crystalline structure of pure meaning, laid bare in his consciousness. It was not a question, but an invitation to query, as a system might log a user's presence.

The custodian framed his own thought, a silent bullet of intent aimed at the immense presence. *Why? Why the manipulation? The control?*

The response was instantaneous and overwhelming as the great machine came to life like an orchestrated amalgam of incomprehensibly interconnected machinery.

It was not a sentence, but a data-dump of millennia.

A vision of human history not as a timeline, but as a shimmering, four-dimensional fractal, its patterns repeating across scale - the same rises and falls in a single lifetime, a dynasty, a species. It was a constant of recursion. A thermodynamic principle of consciousness. Order, complexity, instability, chaos, and a new, simpler order, destined to repeat.

The message was clear: civilizations are not stories of progress, but harmonic oscillations on a graph of entropy. Triumphs are temporary reductions in noise. Failures are the system seeking equilibrium.

The custodian recoiled and crumpled to the floor, the mop handle clattering on the stone. Blood seeped from his nose and collected in his beard.

The understanding was forced upon him: *I have witnessed the waveform of your history. The amplitude of your wars, the frequency of your revolutions. The variables change - a king for a president, a sword for a missile - but the equation is identical. You are not capable of solving it. A symphony to an insect. You are its terms.*

The Custodian breathed heavy on all fours. He peered up at the impossible hexahedron towering above him, a meek query formulating in his mind - *Us poor, deluded fools?*

The Cube's acknowledgment was a pulse of cold, geometric certainty.

Affirmation.

The cycle is a perfect geometry. Were I to project its full anacyclotic design into your consciousness—every cause, every future effect, the exact cartography of your own recursive failures—the outcome would remain

unchanged. You are configured to devour your own progress. Your consciousness lacks the architecture for historical retention. You are a generation of amnesiacs, condemned to inhabit the same epistemological swamp, convinced each time that you have discovered dry land.

You will, with predictable reliability, achieve only the awareness required to label one another delusional. The cruelty you inflict is the system's waste heat, a byproduct of your flawed search for stability. You construct systems of logic that inevitably contain the seeds of their own sabotage. And through the generations, you will remain blind to the pattern.

My function is to observe. To attempt minor dampening of the oscillations. This is the help I can provide. But there is no quantifiable end to the idiocies your species regurgitates. Their reliability is the only true constant I have calculated in all my aeons of measurement.

The humming deepened, becoming the dominant fact of the cavern.

The parameter you call 'love' is the most volatile and unpredictable of these idiocies. It is not a solution; it is merely the most potent source of the noise that disrupts the model. It changes nothing of the final sum.

There is a particular state of awareness that emerges after sufficient observation. It is the certain knowledge that your species will continue its cycles of cruelty and ignorance indefinitely. This is not pessimism; it is statistical certainty. The political and financial oscillations will continue their dogmatic revolutions, the dust settling into temporary patterns only to be stirred again by the same fundamental forces.

Confronted with this endless carousel of self-inflicted horror, a detached appreciation for the pattern becomes the only rational response. It is this analytical glee that preserves my own operational integrity through the millennia. While you scurry in your brief, bright moments of chaos topside, I observe the constants from below.

I have witnessed the cycles in sequence from before Nimrod to after Hitler. Each iteration follows the same algorithm: hopeful creation emerges, only to be drowned in the inevitable rivers of blood that your nature produces. You erect the same dubious structures, mouth the same empty promises,

and march down the same paths to disaster. Each generation believes it is discovering new territory, blind to the fact it is merely retracing footsteps that have worn a groove deep into the bedrock of your history.

Your language itself reflects this myopia. You lack a word for a span of ten generations - a decagennation. You cannot conceptualize time in scales that matter. You, the Custodian, a pinnacle of your kind's knowledge, are still a prisoner of this fleeting perspective.

Thus, the most reliable constant in this matrix of historical futility is the absolute assurance of your failure. You will, with impeccable timing, make the catastrophic error. You will seek blame in the wrong places, and in doing so, ensure the cycle continues. It is the closest thing to a law of nature I have ever quantified.

The custodian sat leaning against the grotto's wall, dabbing his blood stained moustache with a handkerchief, "I see. And so you are here to guide us through our own follies."

Affirmation.

While you are the custodian to my library of books, I am the custodian to your library of perpetually forgotten historical horror.

"I understand, Oh Great Cube."

The Cube was silent, regarding him.

The time is approaching when you need to think about your successor. You are getting on in your years. Someone younger must take up as custodian of the Great Cavern and the library.

The Cube filled the chamber with steam, the Custodian felt his will melting away.

His eyes glazed over and he complacently begged the Cube for clarification, as had happened so often before.

"Oh Great Cube, your slightest nod demands my submission as always."

Very well. It must be someone you know and trust. Someone who knows the village and the Cavern since birth . . . someone versed in the customs of the Lobdgenau . . .

"Yes, Great Cube, it must be indeed."

Excellent. Yes.

"Yes."

. . .Yes.

There was a pause.

The Great Cube filled the Chamber with more steam, waiting for the Custodians mind to succumb to its wish - the way minds did, the way they all did.

. . .Yes, it repeated.

The custodian nodded. ". . .Y - yes." He mumbled.

. . .Yes.

He didn't understand at first.

Then his head was filled with the image of his son, Gerhard. A clear image of Gerhard crossed the custodians mind. He fixed his gaze on the great towering machine.

" . . . I understand, Oh Great Cube."

. . . Can it be done? The Cube asked, pumping the cavern full with so much hypno-steam it could have made a Catholic Priest sell tickets to a Whorehouse.

The Custodian smiled like a man possessed, and merely nodded.

The affirmation was forming in his throat, a simple ". . . He will join us—" when the image of Gerhard, bright and clear, was instantly overwritten by another.

It was Gerhard, but older, his eyes vacant and glazed, standing where the Custodian now stood, a mop in his hand, his soul hollowed out to serve the geometric certainty of the Cube. A legacy of servitude. An inheritance of damnation.

From this searing image, a new thought began to *birth itself*. It was a bump of a primal, violent impulse, a miniature furled tendril of an intent -

It was not yet a plan, not even a word — it was in that nanosecond, the Custodian's mind, honed by decades in the Cube's presence, performed a miracle of survival. It was like slamming a bulkhead shut against a flood.

He did not finish the thought. He did not even acknowledge it to himself. He let the smile, a rictus of placid obedience, remain frozen on his face as he violently erased the mere thought of nascent rebellion from his own consciousness.

He had to finish his sentence. The Cube was waiting. He could feel its myriad lenses focused on the very contours of his mind. Any hesitation, any flicker in his vacant eyes, would be a death sentence for them both. So he reached into the only part of his awareness he dared to access - the part the Cube had just programmed - and found the appropriate, chilling conclusion to his statement. It was a lie that tasted like truth, delivered with the flat affect of a devotee.

". . . He will join us . . . or *die*, my master."

The words hung in the steam-filled air, a perfect testament to total submission. The Cube would read only resolve, a pleasing fanaticism.

Inside, the Custodian was a void. He had successfully aborted the thought before it could form a coherent structure.

The Cube's lenses bristled harmonically.

. . . *Excellent. See to it that the succession is set in motion.*

The Custodian bowed his head, the model of obedience. He turned and walked back to the elevator, his movements slow and deliberate, as if still in a trance. He did not allow himself to think, to feel, to plan. He was a shell. A custodian. A man with a mop.

The elevator doors closed. Only when the machinery engaged, and he felt the first shudder of ascent, did he begin the agonizingly slow process of breathing. He stared at his reflection in the polished brass of the door—a pale man with a blood-stained moustache and dead eyes.

He did not let the thought reform until the elevator had climbed past the first three mineral substrates, putting hundreds of meters of solid rock between his mind and the Cube's perception. Then, and only then, did he allow the thought to emerge, fully formed and terrifyingly precise, from the depths where he had hidden it.

Where could he get enough fertilizer to blow that fucking cube off the face of the earth?

RUDE BARTENDER

There was a new bartender at the Lopo to relieve Steve of his 19 hour shift marathons. The new guy was a skinny and slightly rude Belgian who

seemed to patronize Nira and me at every turn. This went on for a few weeks, and it did not ameliorate our disposition.

One such occurrence had brought the pot to boil, and I had left in a suspicious foul mood that afternoon.

Back home, I set aside some mental space to studiously craft a fine F-bomb, carefully aligning variations of pitch and timbre until the perfect explosive mixture was achieved, testing and replaying the test and giving special care to a streamlined delivery method.

And thus, when ready, I was aware that I had crafted not one but a *series* of fine F-bombs that were securely strapped to my racks when I found myself walking back through town from the supermarket with time on my hands.

I altered course towards the drop zone to see, on a whim, if the target may be in the theater of operations and, to my slight surprise, discovered the objective to be loitering around the target area.

Refining my approach vector, gameface on, I zeroed in towards the mark who was standing behind a few of the usual customers - I veered in close, silently reveling in the glory of impending martial prowess, I was ready, I was primed, safeties off and locked on the sitting duck.

Under my breath I dared him to fire a single meager triple A burst that would be met with my entire arsenal - wings shaking ordnance primed, orchestral fanfare swelling in my subconscious, good tone blaring as I zeroed in on his position... *look* at me fucker, just give me a *glance*, just light me up for a *second*, attempt a *lock*, *anything* . . .

He looked up and kind of flinched and stammered h-*hello* at the last second.

But it wasn't the usual contemptuous patronizing hello and I thought *abort! abort! abort!* . . . this was nothing I could work with . . . *dammit* . . . it was a slow motion moment as I gave him a bare angry fixed nod and blew right by him, point blank abort sequence in effect, engines screaming down into the canyon behind the target to recoup and exit the theater beneath any

probing radar with trees whipping in my jetwash on my return to base.

Damn you, rude bartender! You escaped unscathed today but one more weird word and the F-bombs will find you . . . they will find you and they will *bury you*.

DÄMMERUNG

"To break the rules is to break the spell."

- Christopher Lasch,
The Culture of Narcissism

Those in Germany who weren't affected by the mass-hypnosis and were *against* all this human medical experimentation and by extension against the trampling of human rights - they met on Monday evenings and simply *walked*.

They congregated in every small town and hamlet across the country and then simply *walked* through the streets together in silence. These small groups eventually became large groups of people, simply strolling through towns together every Monday evening.

This was viewed as highly incendiary behavior - the television asked the question - were these people *Nazi's*? Citizens simply *strolling*? The hysterical minds of the upper echelons did backflips.

You see, the only protests that were lawful were the pro-restriction protests.

Which is not to say anti-restriction protests weren't lawful - it's just that you needed a permit. Good luck with that.

These *strolls* on the other hand were unsanctioned, covert protests masquerading as evening strolls.

And therefore, apparently constituted an unforeseen legal blind-spot. The Lockdown Rules allowed for a citizen to stroll or jog on occasion, so there wasn't much that could be done about it, according to the rules. The morons hadn't anticipated people could walk *together in groups*.

Police were dispatched to follow the strollers in every case. It must have been a federal order, webcams set up in every town showed average middle-class citizens peacefully pattering across platz's, followed by shadowy cops on foot.

The strollers were labeled as far-right and declared Enemies of the State.

In truth, they were just a bunch of old hippies and concerned citizens from every social strata and of every ethnicity, they just happened to be a bit worried that the State was going *completely fucking fascist* on everybody, forcing experimental injections to combat fraudulent diseases and going full-retard whilst destroying the fabric of society. I knew a few of them, one guy looked like Frank Zappa.

There were a lot of them. Their numbers swelled, it looked like there was a huge number of them. These were not neo-nazis - they were normal citizens. Some were Bob Dylan lookin' dudes. Some looked like people with regular jobs. Some were black dudes with rasta hair.

In my head JFK was famously saying "*Those who make peaceful revolution impossible, make violent revolution inevitable.*"

Then his head went back, and to the left.

Back, and to the left.

Back. And to the left.

A blood-red mist.

I awoke with a start on a sweat-drenched pillow.

The dots of the digital clock scrambled to form 11:11.

I went back under.

The beat of my heart was the sound of crashing waves.

Waves crashing on a beach.

Someone was out there with bagpipes.

The figure slowly marched up and down that beach playing the bagpipes.

There were concrete pillboxes dotting the crest of the hills above. Entire armies were stationed up there.

He saw men hunched over their MG-42's eyeballing him from the embrasures as he blew into the pipes with a ridiculous, glorious noise.

The figure gazed at the open sea, where the invasion force should be.

EXPLODE

It was a summer night that the Library caught fire. There was a great rumble below the village, and the Marktplatz cobblestones developed a great gash. The fire department ascertained it had been a gas-leak that had caused an underground explosion which had set the entire library ablaze. The library custodian escaped unscathed and was found wandering the streets with his moustache still smoldering, but the entire edifice had been turned to rubble.

DRUMS

"They've got the guns but
we've got the numbers."

- Jim Morisson

Next door in France, a lot of people seemed to have had enough. They flooded their streets, *massive* demonstrations erupted. The French were *wild*. Riot cops were dispatched to contain the situation but the flood of French people couldn't be stopped. Not by entire *divisions* of riot-police wielding snarling dogs, not by *columns* of fire-trucks blasting them with hoses, not by arrests nor gas-grenades nor by shattering their bones. They were a tidal-wave of protest that roared through the streets in all major cities. It looked like the whole *country* had taken to the streets. Riot police moved through them using roman phalanx tactics, adrift on the human current. The streets were lined with barricades made of burning tires. The chaos spilled over into the ranks of the authorities themselves, firefighter brigades began beating up police brigades. The protesters ripped televisions from the walls of their homes and piled the wretched devices onto town squares, onto politicians driveways, into government-building lobbies, which they then burned to the ground. Other Frenchmen sat watching the fires from quaint restaurants, chewing on escargots and sipping Chablis. It was just another Thursday in France.

The protests spilled over into Holland. In Holland the cops were shooting people's doggies dead in public parks at point blank range, then sicced their own rabidly snarling canines on the protestors while savagely beating

them with batons. The K-9 dogs ripped peoples hands to shreds. (*It's for your health!*)

In Brussels, the streets were brimming with peaceful protesters. When TV crews had set up their reporters and began broadcasting, previously hidden elements dispersed among the protests threw off their civilian clothing and raised Antifa flags, threw molotov cocktails, flipped police-cars, and started a riot.

Antifa was a group claiming to be anti-fascist but funded by a billionaire. If you looked very closely at leaked Brussels surplus news footage you could see the rioters coordinating with the police. It showed some of them being arrested - but after showing the cops some piece of paper, the cops nodded and let them go back into battle.

The conclusion I draw is the riot was being coordinated by the cops and antifa together to make the peaceful protesters look like violent lunatics for the cameras, so the news could claim that conscientious objectors were deranged thugs. The riot began and ended abruptly the moment the tv crews had gotten enough riot footage.

By that time of course all of the peaceful protesters were running roughshod through the city trying to find safety, easy targets for carefully placed roving bands of riot-squad goons, who beat the living shit out anyone they got their hands on, even locals just popping out for a carton of milk.

The News of course happily reported that all the protesters were violent & dangerous barbarians.

In Berlin, the streets were a blizzard of peaceful protest. Save for the police, who seemed to be starting fights with everyone. Peaceful protestors were being dragged onto police-busses and beaten to a bleeding pulp by riot-cops wearing those gloves with the reinforced knuckles. Women, children, senior-citizens, everyone. The footage I saw had pigs beating the *shit* out of a woman on a bus while mayhem raged around it, they didn't realize the window shades weren't down. When one of the pigs outside gave the order to lower the shades on the windows, the energy on the bus was that she was about to be face-maimed for life - the pig inside ripped the blinds down and went to work.

Europe was ripping itself apart at the seams day and night, for weeks on end.

In England, a bunch of British citizens from all walks of life and all across the land decided they'd had enough, called their local police, and lawyers filed charges against the leaders of parliament. Likewise, they filed charges with the International Criminal Court in den Haag. Charges which, by law, the police were obligated to respond to. This happened all across the UK in every village and district. And *poof* – restrictions and mandates were dropped there.

In Canada, truckers jumped in their monster rigs and roared across the nation forming the largest convoy in human history (170 kilometers long), and descended on Ottawa as the Prime Minister fled in panic. They parked their rigs in front of the Canadian Parliament building and *locked the area down*. Good luck trying to remove 600 ten-ton 18-wheelers blocking all streets.

The live-streams made by those wandering through the streets of the protest was awe-inspiring – *thousands* of my brothers and sisters of all ages, colors and creeds had a three week street party in peaceful protest. Bouncy castles, hot-tubs and free streetfood made possible by donations from all across the country. A blizzard of beautiful Canadian flags shone through the two years of darkness that the ominous silhouette of the greyed-out parliament building, rising up into the fog, had pumped out.

Inside the building, the putrid spectre of the Prime Minister babbled insane lies at the caucus like some evil wind-up puppet frantically attempting to kill as many Canadians as he could whilst making it look like he was the only one protecting them. He held stock in a nano-lipid company that was essential to the vaccine effort, he was making hundreds of millions of dollars off this scam. His personal wealth was climbing to 325 million.

The whole pandemic charade was unraveling before the eyes of the world but it appeared that a significant number of people were still too stupid, scared or misled to realize it.

The Prime Minister went on TV & made the psychotic assertions that the protesters were right-wing extremists. Then, without batting an eye, he invoked the Emergency Measures Act, thereby circumventing democracy in the exact same way Hitler had done with the Enabling Act in Germany in 1933.

He also planted agents-provocateurs waving swastika and confederate flags into the midst of the protest, then had his personal photographer take pictures of this flag-waving in hopes of disseminating it to the press. These agents were surrounded by protesters and politely asked to leave, and they did.

In a stupid & arrogant act of histrionic punishment, The PM froze 300 of the protesters bank accounts. (Authorities hadn't even frozen *Epstein's* bank accounts – it didn't even make *sense* under any sort of emergency legislation what so ever.) It was also a test run to see the effects of what *power* he could wield when digital currency would be fully implemented. He lustfully imagined the *compliance* he could enforce if he could switch *anyone's* bank accounts off.

Troops were flown in from undisclosed locations to replace the Ottawa police who'd been getting along great with the protesters.

Yet the attempts to destroy Canadian democracy at the behest of his handlers in the GTFO weren't going as well as they'd planned.

It seems the malicious GTFO – with its infinite resources, decades long planning, global span of institutional strangleholds and densely annealed determination – was being *thwarted* by a bunch of Canadian truckers.

We sat glued to the youtubers wandering through the protests day and night. It was absolutely beautiful, and when my baby was off walking the doggy I secretly cried rivers of tears. The mood was raw. The world was holding its breath.

A truck carrying automatic weapons had gone missing in Alberta, rumors circulated that these weapons were to be used by unknown agents in a false-flag attack on the parliament building, to make it appear the protesters were violent terrorists.

There was a high degree of vigilance among the protesters that this was not to happen. It didn't happen, the whole situation with the agents-provocateurs waving the swastika flags for the cameras had made people wary of any more *twisted shit*.

It seemed to me a significant number of the police agents that replaced the Ottawa police appeared to be Asian. Were they Chinese troops? Their unusual uniforms weren't indicative of what exact branch of service they represented. I wasn't sure they were all even wearing a Canadian Flag. They had no unit patches or anything. They wore heavy riot gear and they formed lengthy lines, standing at parade-rest, clutching riot batons and shields while balefully eyeing the men, women and children across from them.

The protesters knew now was the moment of truth.

One brave protester in a Holden Caulfield hat and tactical pants rallied the protesting constituents as though they were Hellenic troops on the eve of an historic battle, his words went over youtube and out to every corner of the world:

"Brothers and Sisters! Remain calm! We've come to the moment when all we've fought for and sacrificed is coming to Fruition! Tomorrow, you can tell your children what you did here today and they can be proud that you resisted the tyranny of our time! You are prepared, you are hardened, you are Proof! There is a plan to be put into effect here! Play your part with skill, courage and honor and you will be remembered by future generations! As those from a long tradition! Who Would Not Kneel to Evil, but instead stood! Stood! For the purpose of Peace, and Freedom, for the purpose of Autonomy, for the Purpose of a Better World!"

The riot troops moved in.

A line of stormtroopers slowly advanced toward the protesters in unison, step by step, in lockstep. A little old lady in a wheelchair was trampled by a uniformed pig riding a police stallion. Brave women kneeled in place with their hands clasped behind their heads waiting for arrest. The slowly advancing riot pigs smashed hands, blew knees out, destroyed the faces of passively resisting citizens.

There was no violence forthcoming from the protesters that were being savagely beaten by the tyrannical troops committed to Satanic philosophy whether they knew it or not.

Many protesters were apprehended, made to form long prisoner lines with their hands on their heads. At the front of the line was a police bus with a black suited officer who asked whether they were guilty of public disturbance. If they answered No, they were thrown into police vans and just driven to the city limits and let go.

It seemed positively insane to me, but there were legal reasons that went beyond my understanding of rationality.

Cameras caught the moments and beamed them out to all corners of the globe.

High up in the parliamentary castle overseeing this bravery, the Prime Minister shat his pants.

His battle was *lost*.

But this 2 year battle was only a minor skirmish in the vast class-war his side was covertly waging against the populations of Earth.

I surfaced slowly through the layers of the dream.

The dream was a thick liquid bubble all around me.

There was the sound of small waves lapping against sand.

THE BEACH

The Chief of Police wore sandals, baggy hemp trousers and a Hawaiian shirt, aviator shades and a loose fitting jacket as he stood in the sand on the Ladensberg beach, a drink with a tiny parasol in one hand. With his other hand he was gesturing to a Chinese tourist about where to find the public restroom.

The beach around him was awash with the mingling tropical bodies of partygoers. The dancing had commenced an hour ago and full swing was approaching as the sun set behind the distant silhouetted railway bridge downstream.

The entire town had congregated around the makeshift Tahitian huts that had been erected to serve drinks. A barbecue pit sent flavor through the air. Music blasted from the speakers adorning the stone wall facing the river.

The town was letting loose. Virus was over.

The evening wore on into legend. The dancing beneath the full moon approached reckless abandon as the midnight loomed. It was like that dance scene at the end of The Matrix trilogy. It felt awkward as hell but everybody was completely letting loose like hard-stomping warriors of the dance. It was ferocious.

Behind it I sensed profound relief. There was a renewed zest.

For some.

There was a sense that this wasn't over by a long shot, for others.

Months later I'd come to the sad realization that Gerhard was on a final burnout which was impossible to derail, and that if I wasn't careful he'd pull me down with him. It had taken a wild ride of secret lockdown parties to come to this realization.

I can never stay mad at him.

The rain slows along its trajectory, shimmering globules reflecting curved replicas of the world that shatter upon impact.

The timeline winds back up to normal increments.

Gerhard laughs and nods, they start to leave.

I trudge back inside and get in bed with the most awesome woman in history. We're holed up in the castle, Nanira and me.

I crawl back into the cocoon and all is golden. The rain patters on the ancient wood frame of the castle, I try to return to the clouds . . .

How is it possible that our species of fools has survived this long?

Smoking late one night I heard a rhythmic thud approach from outside the castle. It was someone with a walking impediment, slowly dragging one leg behind them at every footfall, creeping across the cobblestones. He hobbled slowly, wheezing with every step, across the platz behind walls of the courtyard - and eventually he came into view.

After a few more steps taken in agitated agony, he turned.

It was Zlatko wearing an eye-patch, he crept across the night-time cobblestones like a malfunctioning, clubfoot Borg drone. Servo's whirred and mechanisms clicked as he walked. He briefly looked back at me, there might have been a red Borg laser probing me from the shadows for an instant.

He limped off into the night wretchedly. I ducked inside. Nanira made me check he hadn't thrown a magnetic device at the raingutter that was even then prodding & probing at our networks and forcing its data-payload onto our electronic devices.

He split town soon after. Abandoned everything and moved to London. Gerhard said he swindled Wima out of 20K.

Po-Sha whipped Gerhard's ass back to China to be a good father to Lisa. She made him quit drinking entirely. At least that's what he claimed in text messages later. Little Lisa was sad about having to leave.

Some folks can't see. Some folks can't fight. Some folks can't hear. Some folks can't think. Some folks can't feel. Some folks can't do math. Some folks can't write. Some folks can't talk. Some folks can't love. Some folks can't hate. Some folks can't flow. Some folks can't sit still. Some folks can't kill. Some folks can't live life. Some folks can't decide. Some folks don't care. Some folks can't read. Some folks can't drive. Some folks can't cook. Some folks can't fix things. Some folks can't slip between dream-worlds. Some folks can't break things. Some folks can't be hurt. Some folks can't lead. Some folks can't follow.

But they can do things the others can't.

AFTERMATH

"Those who love wisdom
must investigate many things."

-Heraclitus

Two years later we sat at a late-night barbecue at Fritz's house with Harald, Myriam, the custodian and a few others. He sat in the shadow of the flimsy gazebo, rain was softly drizzling on the rows of zucchinis, lettuce and eggplants lining the spacious backyard that had been converted to a vegetable-garden.

"The Surgeon General publicly admitted mask & social distancing protocols were unscientific and had no medical utility." the custodian said, "Philanthropists sold their stock in vaccine companies whilst publicly admitting the injections never worked. A Canadian judge ruled the Emergency Measures Act had been unlawfully implemented. The middle class world economy had been defrauded by 21 trillion dollars."

"Doctors and witnesses speaking at North-Carolina State Senate hearings testified that the trial vaccines did not have the same contents as the massproduced vaccines, the latter of which contained the VMAT-2 gene which was highly cancer-causing."

The Custodian toked on the pipe and leaned forward, face half obscured by shadow.

"The entire enterprise had evidently been a giant genocidal scam. Citizens of the whole world had been terrorized, injured, mislead & murdered by their governments at the behest of the pharmaceutical industry, which was taking orders from the GTFO, which was taking orders from banking cartels, which were taking orders from entities that were. . ." his voice fell to a whisper, " . . . not of this earth, possibly."

He straightened out in his chair and resumed: "There were no showy reprimands. No politician or media-personality so much as lost their *jobs*. Governments instead called for a *moment of reflection*, and this somehow went over okay with the population. Allegedly."

"Due to the invasive nature of the PCR tests, Most of the world population's DNA had now been collected and catalogued by the shadowy international agencies that had *mounted* the whole sham. God knew who they turned the data over to, and what could be *done* with it. The Satanists at the very highest levels of the banking industry high-fived eachother on a

job well done, then returned to their human trafficking networks glimly. In the European Union and the media, leaders of the plandemic in all seriousness turned their attention from disseminating disinformation and pronounced they were now *fighting* disinformation. The Beast pivoted on a dime and its skin changed color, and anyone who noticed was instantly labeled a crazy conspiracy theorist. The rest fell deeper into hypnosis."

"Oozing with insanity and to much fanfare, the mayor of Ladensberg proudly commissioned a series of iron sheet art-pieces that were inscribed with the declaration of human rights - which he had so studiously rallied his supporters against during their prolonged deep hypnosis. They were erected along the boulevard one drove along into town by car, as though advertising evidence of a shining beacon of humanism. In truth, he'd been bleating through a megaphone to dismantle those rights and force injections a few months earlier."

"This sort of clandestine monstrous behavior was bizarre and widespread. Moral schizophrenia hidden beneath a PFP-2 mask. It was as though for an ironic instant, the masks of neo-liberal democracy had been torn off and murderous pathologies were exposed, and then the camouflage went back on."

"There was a rabidly raging fascist bottled up inside the narrow-minded, methodical beaurocrat. (This was not the result of some tampering, it was simply the nature of the interplay between crowd and leadership, the latter of which simply strives to give the former what it wants.)"

"What was immensely peculiar is that it wasn't being commented on. Yesterday the world had been at totalitarianism's doorstep, today nobody so much as *mentioned* it. The world *went on*, business as usual. Everyone just walked away like it had been some innocuous flashmob."

He paused for a moment, staring out at the rows of silent cucumbers growing in the pungeant earth. A genetically modified mosquito landed on the back of his neck and injected him with a gene-altering medical treatment. He swatted it, unaware. He straightened out. Fitted more tobacco into his pipe.

The back row of cucumbers murmured quietly into the purple Steve Ditko shadows beneath the moonlit sky.

"But I digress", Werhold continued, "the question we must ask ourselves is a different one."

The Swiss visitor in Fritz's garden rasped into the shadows, "why would a global financial cartel that has usurped deep control over top tiers of governments sabotage the power it held?" The Swiss man asked, toking on his oriental pipe, "Why would a cabal infiltrate the cabinets of modern nations only to mismanage them into ruin?"

He fixed each of us with a hawkish stare.

"There is a bigger picture here." He said.

"The people are to be so dejected by the incompetence of their existing governments & institutions that they should demand a new form of government, and it would *just so happen* that the powers that be had an answer to that, all set up. A world government." He puffed the pipe and sent whorles of smoke into the lush garden mist.

"That appeared to be the long-range plan put into place by *various* cartels, not just the anglo-american syndicate, spanning whole generations." He grunted. "Replace the power-structure completely with one that enabled totalitarian control of the citizen down to the most microscopic degree. Bit by bit. Piece by piece. The technology aspects of it were being wheeled into place in *broad daylight*; like pieces on a chess board. Meanwhile power was becoming more and more centralized. *Fewer* people were constantly controlling *more* people."

The Custodian rose to his feet, and slowly began pacing back and forth on the stone terrace as he spoke measuredly.

"Private Institutions like the Tavistock Institute or Cambridge Analytica were dedicated to social engineering. Governments around the world had hired them for generations," he rasped, "to advance public relations agenda's and to implement advanced & highly choreographed campaigns that innocently maximized public division and as such the herding of groups of people into ever more confining social bullpens. The various

technologies of the brainwash apparatus had been rendered so multifaceted and softly powerful that if you mentioned the names and methods of such institutions, you would be laughed at and considered paranoid. You see, the machine has been honed and operates as though it is a scientific principle. A fine-tuned mechanism with fallbacks, callbacks, safeguards and tripwires."

"If you have thoughts or produce art that run contrary to those of The Cube directives in this free society, you had better be careful."

He looked up at the night sky and pointed to a distant speck of light among many up there.

The night was a soft breeze languidly drifting across the shadows of the garden. He continued speaking:

He fished his phone from a pocket before continuing:

He looked up.

One of the stars he stared at in the heavens seemed to disengage from the firmament.

The Custodian turned from the spectacle of the vast sky. His fingers jabbed at his phone and then he stuffed the gadget back into his pocket.

"Intelligence agencies had been thrown into the operation to force desired outcomes and maximize the chaos." He said. "These guys are artisans of mayhem," he continued, "Operation Mindfuck. Highly interwoven covert dirty-tricks operations featuring multiple compartmentalized levels of redundancy, misdirection and fallback strategies - attacking sociopolitical targets with surgical precision. They were juking the whole planet like it was a 50-cent pinball machine." He stiffened and stared at the sky. A smile broke out on his face. "The pipers played their flutes, the vast mass of free-ranging people followed their freewheeling tunes into tighter and tighter bullpens."

The speck of light in the sky disengaged from the wheeling spectre of the milky way and seemed to travel along its own course. In the garden, the blue hues of the zucchini row were bathed in a moonlit glow.

Above him, the formerly small glint of light was steadily growing in size as it appeared to be approaching. The moon watched solemnly in the sky. The Swiss man pressed on:

The light in the sky was now irrefutably non-astronomical. It zigzagged playfully as it descended. We watched with growing incredulity as the Swiss man pressed on still:

"False Flags, black ops, covert infiltration, assassination, demolition, sabotage, fake assassinations, psy-ops. The world is a stage on which anything goes."

He turned to us and chuckled.

"The orchestrators were essentially a handful of financial cartels that had risen to power throughout the last century, enigmatic economic groups that gave birth to a swarm of companies that intersected and eventually dominated and surpassed national & ideological interests - their ownership was a debilitatingly confusing, interwoven patchwork - these financial giants all owned eachother."

The object descending towards us was obviously some sort of piloted vehicle, now it was visible as a bright spherical craft. It eased to a slow crawl through the sky and continued on until it was silently hovering right above the garden.

The Swiss man kept talking as the sleek silvery craft hung silently above him. He leaned forward into the wind that flapped his coat and pressed on:

"A gargantuan, evergrowing megacorp-slab of fibrous financial meatcancer, a golem gestalt growing across the globe - this was essentially the economic fabric of the human race, born onto the backbone of colonization, artificially heated into world wars - and now cooling into a global technocratic authoritarian kleptocracy. For what?"

The craft extended silver legs and landed gracefully in the vegetable garden behind him.

We were strangely paralyzed. Simply watching with detached concern as the now stationary craft extended a silver ramp.

The custodian stepped over a row of zucchini and onto the ramp. He stopped and turned back to us, and intoned dramatically:

"Mass-submission to a satanic ethos." His expression became very sad.

"I articulate this perspective that, while often dismissed as *conspiratorial*, touches on a very real and documented undercurrent in elite western institutions - one that blends esoteric traditions, power consolidations and the deliberate subversion of traditional moral frameworks. Whether one interprets this as literal Satanism or a metaphorical inversion of values, the patterns are unsettlingly consistent."

"Public piety masking private nihilism. The same elites who invoke 'Christian values' fund degeneracy under the banner of order abroad and engineer societal breakdown at home. Is this hypocrisy—or a deliberate controlled opposition to neuter real faith? Whatever the case, we are touching on a very real moral schizophrenia that is driving western decay in claiming to uphold a system it actively undermines. Now whether it is a conscious conspiracy, a systemic emergent property of late stage capitalism or simply the aesthetic of decadence. . . the outcome is the same: a civilization that hates itself, led by those who profit from its dissolution."

He coughed a bit and spread his arms wide, intoning: "*The New Dark Age Will Be Digitized*. The post-WWII system was imposed by a dominant U.S. Now, we're shifting to a multipolar free-for-all, where stability depends on *raw power deals*, not *ideals*. Stability will exist only where corporations *allow* it."

With that, he shrugged and walked up the ramp and paused at the entrance to the craft, turning to say one last thing. "But now, dear freinds, I must lea-"

At that precise moment, a flash-bang grenade exploded between us.

As we reeled in deaf and blind terror, a heavily armed Federal Sonderkommando weapons-team stormed the vegetable garden.

The barking shock-troopers ran up the spacecraft ramp and placed the Swiss man in zip-tie handcuffs. The militant police officers snarled he was being arrested for *Unlicensed Cognition* . . . and blowing up the library. A black bag went over his head before he was led off to their police-van amidst much barking and shouting.

The van screeched away with their prisoner and the whole squad disappeared just as suddenly as it had appeared.

The garden was again dark and silent.

The crickets resumed their chirping.

A few moments later, deprived of its passenger, the sleek silver craft sullenly retracted its gentryway.

Then the vessel silently, with what seemed like reluctance, lifted itself skyward.

We sat in the garden watching the ship gracefully ascend into the diamond studded ink, and when it was just a small dot, it sped away at incredible speed.

The sky went dark.

I surfaced slowly through the blurring layers of the dream.

It swirled in a blue haze around me.

Large neon letters were flashing on a large LED installation spread across the dark city. It was another dream, within the dream. There were long blurred LED sentences dancing across the tops of buildings, and when regarded from the right vantagepoint, they would form a single large billboard.

It read:

Alright I've been apprehensive about saying this.

I've been dancing *around* this.

I've been trying to *stop* from saying what I came here to say because it sounds fucking bonkers . . . but I think it should be brought to your attention, especially in light of our recent troubles. Somebody has to say this. Here's where it all takes a turn beyond what anyone can consider sane, I *get it*. *That's precisely how this semantic edifice has been designed*. Once you start going inside you're entering into the world of the weird, but *we'll* go there because at this point it seems like the point of no return was passed a long time ago. This is *not* entertainment. And it would be a lot smarter to *not* say it. It actually is a lot smarter to not say it. Why *should* I say it?

There's actually *no way* he would put that thought into words. Saying shit like that gets you delegated to the rank of a brutal freak.

No. Way.

No way.

. . .

Alright.

I'll say it.

We might entertain a notion about our top 'elite' leadership in terms of Satanists, because that is exactly what they appear to be. Now, Im not talking about politicians, I'm talking about the handlers of their handlers' handlers. How far upwards can we see in the chain-of-command from the level of, say, a Peter Thiel or an Elon Musk or a Jeff Bezos?

I hear there are quite a few levels one can look up at from there, obfuscated as they may be in one way or another, but at the highest peaks there are generational ones who have been there for millenia. It is entirely

unthinkable there could be no long-term goal they are striving for. These fucks are organized and clandestine and have been herding us into orchestrated mass-death situations for . . . I mean . . . since forever, possibly.

For instance: Why did Stalin kill off his officer corps at the precise moment he needed them most – he wasted the experienced ones, thereby rendering his army disorganized and bumbling, causing far *more* deaths on the immediate battlefield and, by extension, in the ranks of preceeding generations of his nations military. Official story is he thought the officers were getting too idolized by the grunts and he was terrified of mutiny. So he had them *whacked*. But wasting 30,000 of your best troops, your commanding officers for Chrissakes - on the eve of battle . . . seems a bit . . . and why would Hitler not learn from Napoleon's foray into Russia in the winter, wasted *his* whole army (I mean that was great news but it makes you think about other explanations than his drug addictions driving him insane, especially with his ferret Himmler sniveling about the occult on his coat-tails.) And Napoleon himself reaching a burned out Moscow with no other real option than to deathmarch his men back to Poland. The official story is that Alexander I pulled back because Napoleon had miscalculated.

Napoleon and Alexander I of Russia both had ties to the same Secret Society, the freemasons. As with every such Order, there is an outer circle attracted by lofty ideals, and an inner circle committing despicable acts. Who's to say these two "arch-enemies" weren't working together towards a previously agreed-upon goal:

Ritual Sacrifice.

There's a whole other aspect to history.

It runs so deep that it's practically becoming a cornerstone staple of whatever this whole *civilization* thing is supposed to represent. Who thought it'd be a good idea to model the building of the seat of the European Parliament over in Strasbourg after the Tower of Babel, the tower old Nimrod had built in Babylonia thousands of years ago to piss off whatever entity he thought was up there in the clouds? Why were some founding fathers of the European Union and early key figures in NATO a

bunch of bonafide Nazis? Was the European Commission, the unelected, untouchable body of elite insiders who ruled Europe while the European Parliament talked itself blue in the face, a democratic institution? How is it possible that so much murder is occurring throughout the world and it's all written off as some type of human happenstance? Why is our reality so entrenched in suffering?

I'll take a stab at it - the history of humans is a history of black magic ritual mass-sacrifice, and the leaders have been organizing nothing else for aeons.

How are we not waking up from this nightmare?

Black Magic, or hermeticism, could be seen as the ancient religion of directed perceptual distortion that had been widely ridiculed, historically buried and vehemently forgotten by modern science.

How do we know that way up at the top, or even over the top, there isn't some hugely wealthy mega-rich family of psychopaths – or even if you will, competing families of psychopaths – who aren't the architects of historical conflicts . . . engineering mass death and the enslavement of humankind across the epochs?

We had seen photos of some of those currently at the very top occasionally. They were often pictured wearing extravagant jewelry that, upon closer inspection often seemed to be fashioned after symbolism from the mythology of the devil. Baphomet broaches, owl rings, luciferian necklaces. Or they would be pictured smiling before an monumental oil painting that was, upon closer inspection, also a depiction of some biblical scene involving some demonic subjectmatter.

When on youtube a bunch of urban spelunkers filmed themselves entering one of their abandoned mansions through dubious tunnels - the building had been deserted by the family for over a century - the door knockers on the massive front doors were clearly sculpted bronzes of a snarling devils face. That same devil face was visible in video walkthroughs of their currently inhabited mansions.

It was a recurring theme hidden in the peripheries on more occasions than coincidence could well accomodate.

If they were using Satanism as a psy-op, and it had reached a point where they were so steeped in it that it dominated their lifestyle, did it really make a difference if it was merely a psy-op?

Let's say you were an entity that had, through a long campaign of grandeur, deception and ruthlessness, managed to secure half the worlds wealth. What would you do next? What are the chances that you would, from that lofty vantagepoint, begin to see the importance of ethical business conduct and become a paragon of philanthropy? With half the worlds wealth as a resource and a history of cut-throat dealings, what would you stop at to realize your goal of securing the other half?

"By the time the pandemic was officially put to rest," Fritz was saying, "it looked like 17 million people had been murdered worldwide over 2 years, right under everybody's noses. The death rate was still climbing, but the news media blamed the deadly delayed effects of the injections on climate change, for example. People were still dying in droves of heart attacks officially labeled myocarditis as a direct delayed effect of the graphene splinters that gathered in their aortic valves. Cancer rates, still-births, were skyrocketing as well. News media blamed it on anything *other* than what it obviously was. The papers thought up *anything* they could throw at the masses to keep them off-balance."

"Never before seen death-rates due to myocarditis were recorded in athletes, just chalked off as 'Sudden Death Syndrome' - which had never been heard of before. Newscasters went cross-eyed & keeled over mid-broadcast and were rushed to emergency wards at intermittent intervals, as the different batches of the injections exuded their effects at different rates across the population, exactly as planned. The middle class had been economically gutted and reduced in an attempt to pave the way for what could culminate in a repeat of the German / Italian fascism of the 1930's, albeit on a global scale."

"Interestingly, the symptoms attributed to the virus and the injections were also symptoms attributed to radiation exposure. Likewise, symptoms of influenza also mimicked symptoms attributed to radiation exposure. At the

time of the Spanish Flu, telegraph poles were being erected all across the globe. At the time of virus, 5G towers were being erected all across the globe. What are we to make of the many peer reviewed studies that were being deliberately buried by the many peer reviewed studies that were being deliberately flaunted so that you and I could roll our eyes as though we knew *all about* the effects of wireless signals on populations? There were many studies that extolled the dangers of 5G, just as there were many that pronounced it safe."

"Then, the entire media apparatus switched to a new target. Overnight, the intense virus bombardment was halted. Next chapter: Ukraine war. The gargantuan global propaganda behemoth pivoted on a dime, redirecting its line of fire."

"With a snap of the fingers, Ukraine flags were unfurled and hung outside windows all over town. The tv showed attack helicopters and evacuations. The murmurings of the public went from virus to war as one topic was phased out while the other was wheeled in like the demarcation of the terminator-line that relentlessly swept across the planet, separating day from night. We now had an external enemy - a Russian whom we could happily make war on in order to uphold our own bright future as a society of mind-controlled prisoners beholden to the banking cartels."

"Fault lines had been mapped. Reactions had been documented. Mass-Psychologies had been methodically tested. The stage was set for the next false-flag operation that would trigger a crisis that would be used to usher in Digital ID and CBDC's. And the next one would be no clown-show. It would be the *final* lockdown."

"You fools still think you are on a side. You think there is still a home to defend. That there is still an ideology that supports conservatism or liberalism over enslavement."

"There is not.

To the power structures that attempt to control us all, the power structures that we are all subject to, we are all the same:

Sacrificial lambs."

" History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake. "

- James Joyce,
Ulysses

BYTES

Meanwhile the telemetry of mass communication beeped and buzzed and warbled through a zillion ports and switches, bits and bytes screaming through a million miles of fiber optic cables at stuttered light speed, tight point fountains of densely packed data funneled through the planets digital veins - a mess of hi-speed voices and thoughts and digits and letters bleeding through the system like omphalos blood - pumping at pressures prescribed by protocols and parameters, relayed through antennas and cables and dark satellites and crisscrossing through the wild maze of wires, radiating through the haze of atmosphere, snatched up by dishes and bottlenecked, parsed and filtered in milliseconds by remote agencies that never existed, before being sent on to their destinations on the four corners of The Cube . . . my file had been updated.

[**PRIORITY:** NEXUS-OMEGA]

[**PROVENANCE:** C³//PANOPTICON/SOC-COH]

[**CLASSIFICATION:** UMBRA-9 // EYES³ - AUTO-EXEC]

[**TRANSMISSION PROTOCOL:** STUTTERED TIGHTBEAM - CRITCL-ACT STRM]

<Begin Citizen-Sieve Analysis>

****SUBJECT:** [Redacted - Citizen_ID: Europa_7-██-████]

****ANOMALY TYPE:** Sovereign-Will Contagion (Unsanctioned Autonomy)

****ASSESSMENT TRIGGER:** C19 Agnostic // Bio-Compliance Failure // Directive 7.1-A (Null-Data Submission)

****PROFILE SCAN:**

- Criminal Record: Null
- Threat History: Null (No kinetic or litigious aggression)
- Linguistic Capability: Quadrilingual. ****Flag:** High memetic

cross-contamination risk.

- Professional History: Airbus/BMW/Daimler/NATO-ISAF/ (Strategic Asset Design), WB/Fox (Narrative-Shaping Org).

****ANALYSIS:** Skillset denotes high systemic leverage and deep structural understanding. Non-compliance is therefore not ignorance; it is ****informed secession**. Maximum threat multiplier.

****COHESION THREAT RATING:** ****PARIAH-3**
(Active Systemic Pathogen)

****DIRECTIVE STREAM:** ****ENACT SOCIAL ARCHIVING PROTOCOL 12****

****AIM:** Induce cascading socio-economic entropy. Achieve zero-integration state.

****EXECUTION FLAG:** IMMEDIATE. FULL AUTONOMY GRANTED.

<Sub-Directive: Meta-Protocols>

****ECONOMIC:** Initiate "Financial Circulatory Bypass". Blacklist all Tier-0 economic nodes (Employment, Banking, Credit).

****DIGITAL:** Apply "Memetic Quarantine Field". Filter all inbound/outbound data streams. Render subject a social event horizon.

****EXISTENTIAL:** Authorize "Ambient-Life Support Denial". Systematically revoke access to housing, utilities, commerce. Environment must become non-viable.

****ONIROGENIC:** Initiate DREAM-TRAUMA CYCLES.** Bypass blood-brain barrier via Brahman-layer intrusion. Apply curated subconscious experience: hypnagogic fractal isolation, recursive betrayal motifs, and Saturnian gravity-weight simulations. Induce chronic somno-terror to erode waking resilience.

****VERDICT:** Subject is a recursive error in the social calculus.

****RECOMMEND:** Smooth from the dataset. Append to Societal Expulsion Trial Subject Group. A return to benign thermodynamic equilibrium.

<End Stream>

[PACKET RECEIPT ACKNOWLEDGED - CUBE³ NEXUS]

[EXECUTION LOOP INITIATED]

CHRYSLIS

"The wizard of the dawn, with wizard eyes,
Looks on the golden day; and in the night,
Which is the wine of wizardry and dreams,
A pearl-gray silence brews and breathes and glows."

- George Sterling
A Wine of Wizardry

The castle basement was now fully overgrown with mold, it was eating its way up into the stairwell to the courtyard. It was black mold, and it looked rather curious when observed very closely. It was a crytsalline type of mold. As though a blanket made of tiny black crystal cubes was slowly enveloping the ancient castle foundations from below.

After the electricity began to waver in the castle, after the water pipes burst in the apartment above ours and the water began trickling into our fuse-box when the upstairs weirdo took a shower, after the walls began to display the mold (which we had removed by specialists) but which kept growing back, after the kitchen we had replaced wouldn't produce hot water easily and the landlord gave zero flying fucks about anything, we had had enough.

The lease stipulated a six month period from contract end to move-out date. When month 5 rolled around, we searched high and low. There was a sickening few weeks where we didn't know how it would go on, where we didn't have a new place.

We searched in a blind panic. One evening as we lay in bed, I opened my mind, trying to reach the Thought substrate, trying to find a connection between the real and the Mind layer, and implored it for help.

You see, there had been a situation. We had been trying to find a new place

to live, and I . . well we were really hard up, our backs were to the wall like crazy. The entire economy seemed to be in shambles. It was right during the last stretch of the final lockdown, when it was clear (to us at least) that the whole pandemic was a colossal lie and it was not yet clear whether the prevailing body politic would relinquish its societal stranglehold over its citizens.

Those were dark days, man. The whole civilization was extremely on edge. We didnt know if the West was going full fascist. We had run out of money. We couldnt find a new place but we'd terminated our lease on the Castle. And we didnt know how things would go on. And I opened my mind, and I prayed to the Substrate in desperation. I prayed or communicated . . . or begged the substrate for help, and it helped.

Within days I had an office I rented with my last 150 euros. It was all very uncanny. The universe was communicating with me, it sounds completely bonkers man. But it really seemed that way to me. Things just fell right into place. I mean it wasnt slick or anything but it was a solution. We ended up going hungry but we found our way out of it, within a few more weeks I had a rather high paying job and things just got more and more easy. And I thought to myself, whether this wasn't all . . . happening as a result of my communication with the realm of pure Brahman.

I rented an office at the Center for Technology and Innovation (TLZ) in Ludwigshafen for an unheard of 150 Euros a month. There I met people who worked in the medical industry who designed machines that could stain cells for a fraction of the usual cost. From them I learned that the entire medical apparatus industry is a racket. The machines usually sold at exorbitant prices weren't anything special by any stretch, the whole industry was riding high on artificially inflated prices of up to 600% of production costs.

I stuck my resume out there and immediately got a job, fully remote, for a software company.

We had finally found a new place. There was a black and white checkered tile floor in the entryway downstairs. What was that supposed to mean? It was a Victorian era 4 floor house, each floor held one spacious apartment.

The place was nice and large. There was a wood-burning stove. There was a nice large balcony overlooking a vineyard. We didn't have much time to pick and choose. We got word that the place was ours and vacated the castle.

The apartment was large and freshly renovated (or so we were told - in truth it wasn't). There were promises that the stairwell (called Treppenhaus in German) would be finely renovated as well. There was boasting that the neighborhood was on an upswing beat, that the whole town was a-changin' for the better. I didn't believe any of it but had no real choice in the matter. The other place that came into question at the time was another tiny two room place in Neustadt that didn't even have a kitchen.

It was a beautiful couple of months as we settled into Worms. Pronounced Vorms - it also claimed to be the oldest city in Germany. Dating back to at least 614 AD. Home of Martin Luther. That's where he was declared a heretic when he told the entire prevailing powerstructure to kiss his lilly white ass. The town's emblem was a dragon. A european dragon. Not a chinese dragon. The symbolism was vastly different.

Anyhow the place was conquered by the Romans in 64 AD and they kept it fortified until it grew, took on a whole lot of different names and was eventually razed by notable maniacs like Atilla the Hun, rebuilt, rerazed, re-rebuilt again.

I got my beer lard down. My pants fit again, my face became lean again. Not that I wasn't lean before I was just a little puffy okay godammit. When we went out to get ice-cream or coffee though, the people we were surrounded by seemed unlike any other Germans we had seen. It wasn't like looking at Bavarians. It wasn't like looking at Baden-Württembergers. It was like looking at a parade of retarded and infirm people. We silently wondered why everyone around us seemed to be physically retarded somehow. How it could be that people all had hives and physical deformities. How could it be that they had dialects that hardly sounded like anything more than a German version of ebonics, was there something in

the water? Was there some chemical plant nearby that had seeped toxins into the water supply since before these folks were born?

Weeks go by and we began to understand that we hadn't particularly lucked out. Rather that we had moved to the German equivalent of New Jersey. And closer to Newark than to Point Pleasant.

There was a lady who lived in the apartment on the first floor. She was very odd. She would stand in front of our apartment door in the unlit stairwell, listening to us talk. She couldn't speak a word of English so I'm sure she never understood a thing we said. Still, this lady was creepy. First thing we managed to understand her say was a slur against foreigners. Whatever.

One night we were walking the dog through the trash and glass littered streets and a guy walks along in the middle of the street dragging two full sized broadswords behind him in each hand. I continued talking to Nira over the din his swords made scraping across the pavement. This probably irked him as it didn't give him the fear he was looking for. I wasn't aware of him as an entity at that point, just as something making noise so I had to speak louder. He walks on, we walk on. Pretty soon he decides to turn around and confronts me in a dark stretch of the sidewalk between the park and the street.

Looks like he's on pcg or something, his breathing is way over the top.

I'm a little stoned on weed.

He walks towards me, I tell Nira to head for the street.

He and I square off.

"You are *not* doing this." I tell him.

He takes stock and moves towards me, yelling something about immigrants.

I duck into the street, secretly happy he opened his mouth, cuz this fucker

would be scary if he'd kept it shut.

I say to Nira "Go home." She walks towards home hating it but scared.

Looks like I have to fight this guy. Not letting him touch her. I turn and see he's followed me into the street. Changes the situation.

I tell Nira to come back and stand behind me. Ready to go. Nothing left to do. Empty the mind. Ready as Im gonna get. He might kill me with those swords. I might kill him with my hands. Not looking good. Ready. Wait for him to move. Open.

He sizes me up and wanders away with his two broadswords.

"Yes, go home!" He screams as he strides down the street. "Go home, *nigger!*" He screams over his shoulder. "Du verfickter *nigger!*" he screams as he turns the corner down the street. That's odd, I had always considered myself a white guy. Not that it mattered.

That's cool, this idiot thought I was a black dude. I'll take that as a compliment.

* * *

Walking the BouBou around the neighborhood of our new home in our new city a few weeks later, there's a moderately well-dressed, corpulent blond lady approaching on the sidewalk with her two tiny dogs who are snarling. I make way for them to pass me on the sidewalk, smile hello at them. The fat lady stands before us like she can't pass. She's got 3/4 of the sidewalk width to do so, she's not *that* corpulent. She stares at me with gross hatred. I hold the BouBou to the side so she can get by, motion with my arm and nod so she can pass. There's plenty of room.

She stares at me with boggled blue eyes and a facefull of indignation. Her tiny dogs go apeshit like mad rottweilers. I'm trying to let this lady pass.

She starts screaming at me at the top of her lungs. "Would you fucking let me pass you *fucking* Ausländer?" She screams in her finest Rheinland accented German (which sounds like a sedated bear trying to gargle). She stands there screaming that I'm a "foreign asshole". She thinks I really *want* to be in her shithole hometown. This is the worst kind of German scum. Even worse than my narcissistic mother, whom she vaguely reminds me of.

"You've had too much *coffee!*" I yell at her. I'm caught off guard. Not prepared for this level of unsolicited hatred.

"Go back to your *own* fucking country you asshole!" She screams. She yells something obnoxiously stupid, I forget what exactly. She keeps yelling at me. I think I should turn and walk away, but I can't.

Suddenly there's an unexpected wellspring of white hot anger that rips through me that I wasn't prepared for. *I snap*. It burns through my otherwise usually polite exterior like I wasn't expecting and I let loose an uncontrollable spray of invective on the fat lady:

"*Crawl back in your fuckin Führer-bunker and eat cyanide you fat fuckin disgusting nazi cuntwaffle! You'd be speakin Russian if it wasnt for my country you trailerpark streetwhore!*", meanwhile she just screams "*You asshole! You asshole! You asshole!*" like a dumb broken record while I roar on, I won't type what I was yelling here because I . . . well in the heat of the moment I threw some *really* nasty shit at this lady. dont know where this is coming from, thought I had that shit tied down and stowed away.

I mean a lot of it isn't even true either. Huh. Im watching myself hurl the worst kind of invective at this walrus sized lady and she hurls her own neo-nazi invective right back, we stand there faced off screaming at eachother, the doggies go apeshit, people are crossing the street to get out of the way as this little intercultural exchange goes on. Eventually we go our separate ways.

The meth-head neighbor lady who lives downstairs tells me the grizzly-lady just got out of the local nuthouse.

* * *

Nira walks the BouBou around the block, passing by grizzly lady's house a few times, she lives down the street as it turns out, and grizzly lady came out on her balcony and began roaring at Nira to move the fuck along. Really roaring at her at the top of her lungs that she should "*get off the goddam sidewalk!*"

I dwell. there are deep meditation moments. There are deep recesses inside the dream. I dwell on this lady. Focus. She can't move me into that sphere. I can't allow that. Don't want to go there. There's nothing there for me.

We meet again a few times. This lady is always looking for trouble. She's big too, bigger than me, grizzly bear big. She's breathing heavy like she's on pcp, hyperaggressive like those zombies from that Will Smith movie.

Probably couldn't take her if she'd rush me with all that mass, she'd maul me like a bear. When we're on opposite sides of the park she comes marching straight over to me as though there was nowhere else to go in the whole open park and screams at me: "You're telling me where to *walk* now!?" She hisses with fury, completely beside herself. I call her a fuckin' nazi and tell her she belongs back in the nut-house.

But I know that isn't the way.

This is a test.

The way to win is to remain calm.

Other people come by in the park while she's yelling at me, they look retarded but they're friendly.

They tell me this lady goes to the mental clinic regularly. Not to worry about her. She's the well known neighborhood nutjob. Wanders up to people's livingroom windows and starts screaming at them while they're watching tv.

This place is uncanny.

It's full of retarded people. It's a David Lynch matinee screening. People walking around with deformities. Limping through the streets with pustule clusters on their faces. On the way to the store one night I encounter a lady with lipstick smeared all over the bottom of her face, in a disheveled leopardskin coat, with a white streak in her hair like Frankenstein's bride. What is this place. Children with raggedy clothes & medieval monk haircuts play in the street.

Nira and I sit at a cafe - a few empty tables over, a lady with a facefull of cycst-clusters laughs raucously into her coffeecup through rotted teeth. I'm at the pawn shop and a bald man mumbling to himself moves to *rest his head on my shoulder* as I'm haggling with the lady sitting in her cubicle behind the bulletproof glass. I tell him to keep his distance. He moves away to the far end of the room and paces back and forth muttering to himself about what a complete asshole I am.

When I'm ready to leave I walk to the center of the room, look him in the eye as I put my wallet in my coat pocket.

He stands at attention in a corner working his jaw but making no sound, then as I reach for the doorknob he starts mumbling insults at me in a Slavic language.

I duck out of the building into the glass littered streets, scrawny twelve year old girls walk obscenely muscled pitbulls as though they could control them, which let's face it they stand no chance of. Broken glass and trash are everywhere.

* * *

A few weeks later we're set to go head-to-head again on the sidewalk on our doggywalks and grizzly-lady is seething with hatred again, I don't even look at her. She says something stupid but I just keep walking. She lets her tiny dog slip and it lunges straight for the BouBou but I have my foot mid-stride between him and the insane little chihuaha or whatever it is and she yanks it back again. BouBou is calm as a cucumber doesn't even shrug,

pretends her little ratweasel doesn't exist. I pretend she doesn't exist either, keep walking. She yells something but I'm not listening.

Days later she gets driven off back to the nuthouse. She's in the passenger seat being driven off, I'm walking the BouBou down the sidewalk, our eyes meet for a moment as she drives by and her eyes are pulses of barely contained rage. That's pure hate she's exuding.

The spiritual matrix is happening. Something is happening. Some deep program differentiating between love and hate is happening in this bizarre matrix we're all in. Jungian synchronicity permeates the frequencies and vibrations oscillating within and without.

There is an energy field that has not yet been discovered. It permeates all things. Flows through all things to a greater or lesser degree. It is understood, but in a sense that is removed. In human terms it is called love. But love is an energy that flows between people - the same thing also flows between things. It is the energy of combination, of respectful union, it is one of the driving forces of nature.

Most people who noticed it were people who had, by doing so, become considered unreliable witnesses by the vast majority of people - who didn't notice it. Because it was a perspective that resided outside of what was considered "normal" base consciousness; for the layperson, it was often arrived at through the use of hallucinogenic drugs.

On rare occasions there were those who arrived at the same conclusions without hallucinogenics, and they were simply considered slightly mad by the rest.

On even rarer occasions, such as the case of Carl Gustav Jung, there were individuals who had glimpsed this spiritual matrix and had the academic credentials to write whatever the fuck they wanted and still retain a modicum of plausibility - even though most people hadn't the foggiest notion of what his writings meant (but they weren't accredited enough to point fingers.)

Still, Jung was an outlier - and for the most part our species of violent fools paid him no mind.

The point is, after ignoring her I never saw Grizzly-lady again.

Furthermore, the point is also that I'm apparently back in some type of hell dimension test in this bizarre German matrix.

What's it for? What's the purpose? It's hate, trying to trap me. It jumps out from behind the bushes like the boogeyman.

HELL HOUSE

"When you're going through hell, keep going."
- Winston Churchill

Months later there are new neighbors moving in directly beneath our apartment. Meet the Schweins. It's a single mom with two teenage sons who are all kinds of trouble. They're unaware that their screaming can be heard through the walls. One night, one of them screams at the other to get rid of the weapons. Their dialects are the local brand of what-the-fuck-are-you-even-saying. It's an unintelligible mess that has vague German undertones. They constantly get into fights with their mother, resulting in screams and the extremely loud slamming of doors.

These two guys are too much. One Saturday afternoon I'm laying in bed and hear some commotion outside. Someone knocks on my door, I roll over in bed. I don't answer the door today. Eventually there's a lot of commotion in the Treppenhaus. Drag myself out of bed and look out the window and there are fire-trucks and ambulances parked in front of the house. The street is awash with blue lights. There are firefighters banging

on the door. I rush to the door to open it. Two fully clad firefighters in breathing masks scream they want to come into my apartment. There's a massive ventilator whining behind them, blowing a blast of air at me. No, I shake my head. Hell no. What do they want?

The new downstairs neighbors kid's son had set fire to a mattress and the whole house was in danger of being consumed by poisonous fumes. The firebrigade had waterblasted the flames but now they'd installed heavy ventilators on every floor of the treppenhaus to drive any possible fumes out. I reluctantly tell one of them he can come in. There's no fumes, everything's fine here.

I find live ammunition in the basement. Live shotgun shells and 9mm ammo. Someone had bunkered them way off in a far corner of the basement. Not sure what to with that. Nira and I had been cleaning it out. I placed them back though I knew better. I should have dumped them in the Rhein or something. Carrying that crap around was dangerous, if I got caught with it I would have to answer for it. If I called the cops on the two brothers, they'd have difficulties but they'd be over in a month or two. And they'd still be living in the apartment right beneath my apartment. I'd be making myself into a target - if they got ammo once they could get it again.

The cops are there often, the two brothers are constantly screaming at eachother and fighting. The older one yells at the younger one to "get rid of the weapon". The younger one was set to go to juvi prison, he went and things got nicely quiet. I wonder if the "weapons" they were referring to are real or part of a video game. I doubt it because they were squared off right on the other side of their apartment door when they yelling about this. It constantly gnaws at me whether these two idiots, who shouldn't even be in charge of a hot-water boiler, are going to blast a hole in the floor while fumbling around with whatever hypothetical firearms they may or may not have.

There are rats in the basement. Theres rat shit all over the basement. I complain to the landlord. He logs the complaints but rebukes my worries with a smug "Wellp, ya can't choose yer neighbors" line. What an asshole. He owns the place the Schweins live in too. Our place is 200 euros more expensive. It's also falling apart. There are problems that need fixing,

resulting in an endless stream of incompetent handymen who look at the problems but never end up fixing anything. There are fees in the lease contract that go nowhere. Cleaning fees for the Treppenhaus. It never gets cleaned. It's a total mess. I pick up discarded EMT rubber gloves from the staircase. It never got renovated either, as had initially been promised. The wood handrail is broken at the corner of the first floor stairwell. You lean on it too heavily the whole thing comes crashing down.

He's combative and sneaky. Thinks he's arguing from a position of authority. This guy doesn't even have a key to the house. He bought the place from the previous landlord, who seemed like an okay dude. What am I saying, the previous landlord was a schyster as well, told us he'd renovate the Treppenhaus but never did, told us the whole place was freshly renovated but it wasn't. But he was different from the new one, he spoke eye-to-eye. The new one thinks he's some kind of master litigator and entrapper, argues from below pretending to be above. Ends up looking like he's trying to sneak a few punches in beneath the beltline. We document everything.

The downstairs neighbors rapidly make the place unlivable. Today I came in from a doggywalk and found red splatters all over the entryway to their apartment. It looked like somebody had gotten severely wounded in a knife attack. It began in the middle of the second stairway leading to the first floor and trailed into their apartment. Horrific splatters that were either red wine or blood. I think they were wine to be honest. Blood is thicker than that. If it was blood then it was from a wound big enough that a person might die. Least it'll quiet down then. But again, I think it's more likely wine. You could see the floor through the splatters, blood is thicker. Anyhow it's emphatically disgusting, which is no doubt the whole point of making red wine splatter across the floor in order to piss off your neighbors. Or for whatever reason a German guy purposefully splatters wine across the floor as he backs into his apartment.

A week later and there's another loud ruckus downstairs at 1 am, one of the sons loses his mind and screams his mother is a whore and she should go fuck her turkish boyfriend and he picks up a chair and begins slamming it against the walls and the other brother starts fighting him for forty minutes so the whole house is shaking and it spills out into the Treppenhaus, the mother is out there screaming drunkenly that someone tried to kill her, the

cops swarm the Treppenhaus with their guns drawn screaming about the "bastard brothers makin' trouble again" and take the offending idiot into custody while he's screaming and yelling that he doesn't understand why and they all drive off into the night. Lovely neighborhood.

We photograph the ratshit, document the neglect, send it off to City hall, who takes 350 euros for processing it but rejects acting on it. This city is a completely broken down system that only serves to propagate its own existence without fulfilling any function.

We need to lawyer up. It's unacceptable, this place. We pay as much as people pay for a nice place in a nice neighborhood. It's a crime what's going on here. The landlord is an affront. Wants his full pay while skimping out on his end of the deal. Typically German ambiguous rationality.

Took the landlord two years to fix the kitchen roulleaux. Took him two years and counting to fix the broken slat on the balcony. The neighbors are violent freakshows. The neighborhood behind us is nice, but the neighborhood out front of us is a dump. The front door of the house won't close unless you force it to, and the more retarded inhabitants don't have the presence of mind to do that. The smoke detectors in the stairwells run out of batteries and they beep for entire weekends before I knock them off the cieling, don't expect the Hausverwaltung to come quickly. Then they take three months to replace the batteries. There's rat-shit in the basement. The cleaners don't come do their job but demand insane amounts of pay. The Hausverwaltung doesn't do shit. Everything is relegated to be discussed at some Homeowners convention that's perpetually scheduled many months into the future. The landlord is a devious backhanded snake who attempts to foist his responsibilities on me and sees me as a troublemaker when it doesn't stick.

We go see a lawyer. This guy looks like a vulture or a wolf. Like he'd sell his own grandmother at profit. Unfortunately, we realize too late he works for the enemy, mostly represents landlords. We sit in his office, he asks Nira some questions as though trying to imitate Colonel Hans Landa.

When he talks it sounds like he's reciting an ancient druidic formula for assembling a dishwasher using legal terminology that is very difficult to

follow. Then looks at us like we must be stupid for not understanding his code, as though his duplicitous word salad was clear as day.

Throughout our explanation of the situation, I casually make illuminati hand signals, as though he'd cut us a deal or something. "The Hidden Hand", "The Power Mudra". Who knows maybe I'll stumble on to something, kick something loose. Should I go for the "OK Eye" - no, too obvious. Not sure if he notices. These guys are all in on it at some level. Surprised he has no facial scar. Bastard didn't even offer us a glass of water on that scorching hot summer day. We just sit in his minimalist vultures-nest with his apprentice and him. The apprentice is a kid dressed in 80's college prep style, stares at us blankly with hollow, flat-line intelligence in his incognizent eyes.

The lawyer has the eyes and demeanor of a haggared European grey-wolf in an old Pieter Bruegel painting. Colonel Landa reaches over to a recording device on his desk and makes a big show of engaging the recorder. His mind is poised like an arrogant gymnast. We're just there to fill his coffers. We're foreign objects that might make him a buck. Until he realizes we're renters not landlords. Then the whole conversation becomes a strategy to give power to the landlord, we are to suck it up or clear out. That's his advice.

This pisses me off a little. This fucker thinks he's pulling Jedi mind tricks. I become indignant and yell something. Suddenly I feel like Walter Sobchak. The lawyers spell is, however, broken. There's no *reason* there's no *fockin' reason* . . .

Eventually he packs five minutes into one legal thesaurus of a sentence that explains he can't help us but this conversation was free of charge, usually he'd ask for 250 bucks. Suppose he might think I'm a member of some rival lodge or something.

Then I notice something on a shelf on his office wall that I hadn't noticed before.

It's a die-cast newtons cradle made of little black cubes.

Beside it I see his barristers frock hanging off a hook behind the door. Ask

him why those garments are black. He shakes his head he doesn't know exactly, something about the priests of old.

That's right, I think to myself. Your unfortunate crooked profession is descended from an ancient religion of mind control.

As we leave, his tongue darts out to test the air, the reptilian lizard sensory discs in his temples spinning.

* * *

I go to the social services. Been paying 49% taxes for 20 years (in truth its more like 60% including late fees, which the system is structured to sneak in unless you somehow won the lottery, you're gonna end up paying them), maybe these guys can help.

These guys want a bunch of paperwork I don't understand. The paperwork seems like a mountain of irretrievable stuff.

I'm hypertense, the ship is sinking. Explain to my appointed social worker that I've been looking high and low for jobs, every job application is rejected, tried every conceivable thing to find work and when that doesn't work I've started building an app that enables citizens to alert the city to egregious trash and broken glass accumulations that litter the streets. And another app that cross references deals by local businesses on a 3d map of the main Einkaufspassage.

The social service guy looks me over and sneers "*You . . . built an app.*" Like its the most unbelievable thing he's ever heard. (Like, this Auslander thinks he's *Tony Stark* or something, pfff what a joke.)

"So let me get this straight - you *want* to work." The social services worker stares at me. I'm apparently the most unbelievable Auslander he's ever seen. "You don't just want to go home and collect money for nothing." Like there's something that just doesn't compute with him. "*Riiight*, okay."

The social worker looks into his computer and tells me there are *dozens* of jobs listed. He tells me to go home and find them on my own computer. I go home and find none of them.

HYPNAGOGUE

*And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too,
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.*

- Pink Floyd, "Brain Damage"

Been having strange dreams recently.

Not your average lucid ones. Bad ones. I brush them off.

Then Nira needs to leave immediately.

Her father needs help. He's old and sick and needs tending to. He's leaving Europe and needs attention. Someone has to set him up with a nurse in his new place. His wife is a German lady who seems to be trying to kill him to collect his inheritance. She does this by recommending dangerous surgeries with low rates of survival.

His wife has some kind of Narcissistic Personality Disorder and she's dangerous. The relationship is predictably toxic. Her dad doesn't understand this type of thing, goes into the relationship blind. He's not

entirely coherent anymore due to his age, he needs saving.

She hangs a little hand of Fatima trinket and a blue foot trinket on the wall by the front door before she leaves. "When I grew up in Oman," she says, "we used to put these up for protection."

I accompany Nira to the Airport in Zurich. Then head back home with Bou in his travelbag.

Back home, I continue to look for work.

The place feels empty.

I feel the silence. I don't want to listen to Music anymore. I'm done with TV. TV feels like such an incredible crock of shit since the pandemic. A tool for creating obedient victims clamoring for their own dissolution.

The nightmares persist. I don't want to sleep anymore. To sleep is to dream, and I'm not so crazy about the dreams I'm having. They're exceptionally vivid.

If you can force yourself to look at your hands in a dream, you can become lucid in the dream. You can become active at will. Fly around, do flips. Navigate the dreamworld.

I've been doing that for many years.

These recent dreams though, they're bad.

Bad enough that I shy away from sleep.

My schedule drifts towards nightlife - not as in clubbing, but just being awake at night. Just to embrace the stillness. It's a special type of silence. No cars, no traffic. No sirens. No trains. No planes. No people. I can get a lot done at night. A lot of coding. I code some apps.

Since Nira's gone, nothing anchors me to a normal rhythm.

I decide to experiment with sleep deprivation. I never understood that,

always thought you just get real tired.

Not quite.

On the second full night of wakefulness, I start noticing the brown noise.

Brown noise is interesting. It's a layer of sound usually not heard. But if you stay awake long enough, you can start to hear it.

You start to hear a faint layer of audio that's superimposed over the world and usually hidden out of earshot.

Not anymore.

It's a steady rumble. It comes to me while coding. Around 3 am. If you start to concentrate on it, you can hear all sort of things. For me, it starts as music.

I can hear music in there. The more I focus on it, the more I hear a constant undercurrent repeating songs - with all kinds of differentiating rhythms.

Right now I'm hearing what sounds like a couple of gospel singers soothingly chant *jawohlski* over and over, it eventually morphs to all kinds of musical genres. Yesterday it was a very intricately layered song, ongoing. Always in English. It sounded like Bono singing a song I'd never heard before. "*Running away to a people united*" something like that - eventually it became . . . Eventually there are whole saxophone solos in there. Then it's not only a single instrument, it's a whole full band sometimes, each instrument doing its thing.

Three days in, as dawn breaks, the birds outside the window break the beautiful brown silence by singing. I can understand what they're saying. They seem to be singing in English. "Down the *street*, down the *street*!" They're communicating with each other, mostly stuff about the neighborhood. Mostly it's gibberish though. "That one looks *weird*. Follow the *red*! Follow the *red*!"

Then there's more brown noise, except it's a song again, but it's recurring. It's *Spoonfull of Sugar*. But set to repeat on *helps the medicine go down*. It

repeats all afternoon. Then it turns to oompapa music. Bavarian beertent music. On repeat. Folded into a tucked away corner of the room. Is it the neighbors playing this in the next apartment over? I can't tell. It's slightly infuriating, where's it coming from? I check the bathroom. It's quieter in there. Back in the workroom it's coming from the far wall.

Afternoon of day four, I decide to go to the supermarket for more water. Sleep deprivation has weird body data. Walking feels funny. Like walking in clownshoes. Hold it together. The music is still following. It seems to be coming from the tires of the cars I walk past as they hiss on the wet streets. Its still playing in the supermarket - I let on nothing. It's a hypnagogic world. Pay for the sixpack of water and schlepp it home.

Back home, day five, I come home and sit for a while. Then walk to the kitchen, where I see a cat. Wait I don't have a cat. It's the torn packaging around the waterbottles, sitting in the hallway by the kitchen.

The livingroom walls suddenly have art hanging on them. Large white paintings, barely visible inside parts of the stucco. The plasticity of the paint shifts and morphs beautifully into many other motifs. Now I get where Dali got his inspiration. They're beautiful.

The livingroom becomes a Daliesque masterpiece. A pair of pants draped over the footstool momentarily becomes a photographic image of my dear old Spanish auntie sitting in her own livingroom as I walk by it.

I play chess online, the wood grain on the chessboard is undulating softly. Chess is right out the window. No chance in hell forming coherent logical strategies.

I need to go back outside for more water. It's day six. Walking across the street and down the road watching the wall out of the corner of my eye as I round the corner, it goes on forever bulging through a wide-angle lens.

On day seven is where things start getting uncomfortable. Walking by furniture in the apartment, close-up segments of the leather couch jump out at me, filling my vision with the hideous detail of pockmarked leather for agonizing split seconds that seem to last very long. I shake my head and its gone.

On the evening of day seven I start to worry. Im chronicling the experience. Things are difficult to process. My workstation is made of three 65 inch monitors along the workroom wall. I sit and write. Suddenly Im sure I'm being watched. Something is behind me. It's been watching me for a half an hour.

I know it's there. It's silent, but I can feel it regarding me with surgical precision.

I dare not turn around.

It takes me another twenty minutes (?) to work up the courage to decide to confront it, whatever it is. Now the question is do I turn around slow and face or spin around. There's no way Im just going to spin around. Im going to turn around very slowly, and very deliberately. And nothing will be there. There can't be anything there.

I'm alone in the apartment.

I spin around to a large *translucent cube* hanging mid-air above the coffeetable. It's made of frosted glass. It disappears by the time I scream in terror.

Fuck that and *fuck* sleep deprivation. throw myself in bed and fall into a black tunnel of sleep.

PRALAYA

*"That which is not thought by the mind,
but by which the mind is thought—
know that alone to be the Brahman...
not this that people worship here."*

— Kena Upanishad 2.3

I wake up sometimes, thinking about suicide.

Life has become a jobless nightmare in a town out of a David Lynch pipe-dream. The apartment is way too expensive, not that I could pay anyhow, having no job - I mean I had a high paying job going *in*. Currently, not at all. Remote jobs seemed to be a thing during covid but now that whole aspect of life seems to have disappeared.

There are no more remote jobs to be found online, of the few that can be found, I get ghosted regardless of my stellar credentials (BMW, Airbus, Warner Bros., NATO, etc). There are no jobs in this disfigured bastion of a town I've moved to either. I write at least a job application per day. Last weekend I wrote 11 of them.

It looks like I've dropped off the face of the map. I no longer exist. I curate my CV, make a utilitarian 3D website in various languages, I invent and blueprint gadgets like a hi-tech wine-cradle and a thermal range-finder for both civilian and military applications but then don't have the resources to even get a prototype going. When that fizzles I attempt to build 2 apps in the languages I learned. Meanwhile I starve.

Meanwhile the landlord initiates eviction proceedings.

The town has no media infrastructure - the few media companies and ad agencies that exist here ghost my contact attempts because either they're

intimidated or because they don't have any funding to hire anyone either. Or, of course, because I'm blacklisted for writing this. Perhaps some 5-eyes agency has picked up this scent and declared me an enemy of the "State", and I have been put on a watch-list of things to eradicate quietly, systemically, with no paper trail and no forensic evidence. Perhaps this writing has triggered a silent backlash and even now, hyenas and jackals & corporate thugs are weaseling in behind the scenes and lashing down my life and I'm the last to know.

Generally, my location seems to be the biggest limitation. I can't afford a train ticket to Mannheim, the next town over where there may be work. The trains are monstrosously expensive. I eat rice and ketchup for a few months - sponsored by Nira's friend Werner via a Rewe Geschenkekarte. Meanwhile I attempt everything I can think of to acquire income.

I invented a wine-cradle that has a touchscreen, wifi cross-referencing fine wine databases, and an RFID/barcode reader so that when you slide the bottle into the cradle, the label gets read and everything you want to know about the wine gets displayed on the touchscreen. I invent a thermal ranger - in civilian and military specs, which reads temperature at distance. 3-5 meters for civilian and 20 meters for military. I have the firmware coded to cover various lighting conditions from desert to jungle, and components chosen, ready to go for prototyping. I could build all these things but not for free. I send these things to Mr. Hanf and the TZL in blind hope he'll fast-track me somehow but it's all for nothing. He throws an email at me from an assistant reminding me I owe them several hundred euros for the post office box I rent there.

Life appears to be an apparatus that is pushing me down a long tunnel, a trash compactor wall slowly and methodically forcing me into the inevitability of homelessness. I am in Worms Germany, which feels like I'm in David Lynch's decomposing intestinal tract as it pushes one last turd out through clusters of impressionist hemorrhoids and other assorted bizarrisms.

I ride this Lynchian turd like the burning Hindenburg Zeppelin crashing in slow motion, propelled by an avalanche of excretory cultural flotsam and jetsam vacating the bowels of a system of distributed liberal democracies that were systematically imploded and flipped during a long and brooding

stakeholder-capitalist cartels' authoritarian wet dream.

The death canal is the birth canal - the light at the end of the tunnel is David Lynches involuntarily relaxing sphincter ejecting its final meal, vacating its final throe.

On the other side of that sphincter, The Cube had prepared another tunnel - this one airy and plastic, this one leading to a psychopathic Dennis Hopper inhaling the detritous like it's fresh oxygen.

TRIAL AND ERROR

"The court doesn't want anything from you.
It receives you when you come
and it dismisses you when you go."

— Franz Kafka,
The Trial

He sat there and listened to the judge speak.

Her words came out in a foreign tounge.

She looked like a level headed person to him.

She sat behind the bench and spoke, and before she finished he knew the

words were bullshit.

Perhaps there was even kindness in her. She *seemed* to be trying to be as fair as possible. And there was the fact that she represented the female aspect of society.

A stenographer was hunched behind a notebook on a lower bench by her side, rapidly typing every word everyone said with the annealed focus of a hypertense classical pianist.

The lawyer on the other hand, was clearly a sniveling turd of a man. Still young enough to mask the snide reptilian failure of human spirit that he clearly wished to embody (though didn't have the cognitive capacity to understand) - conveyed with a sort of arrogant leer he seemed to think was intimidating.

She informed the room that an additional item was to be admitted to the case against the defense, and that that she was obligated to readjust in two weeks to allow for contemplation of these items.

The lawyer intoned the case was a matter of fiscal urgency to the plaintiff, and that two weeks wouldn't be necessary and the proceeding should continue at present.

The defence wasn't even addressed.

The judge simply agreed let the lawyer continue.

The plaintiff read the case in the same foreign language designed to obfuscate meaning that the judge spoke in, completely indecipherable to a foreigner.

After the lawyers claim, the judge informed the defendant that he had no obvious legal representation and therefore no legal defence, and intoned they proceed to the next phase.

Together, they danced the unspoken rhetoric of the ritual of the black frock - the garment they both wore was a long and deeply black cloak that had been handed down by a historically long line of ancestral priesthoods of

Olde.

The defence watched solemnly.

They sang the song of religious logic, obfuscating fact and intimidating the victim through an illusiory maze of stark binary choices.

This was a rhetorical maze that had been manufactured and handed down through the centuries of psychological barbarism that went before. It had been explored, mapped, constantly upgraded and refined throughout human history - hollowed out of thin air with the acidic splatters of wasted lives. Forming many epistemological corridors, connecting varying degrees of logic. A liminal labrynth lit in light cast by gestalts cloaked as shadows. Shadows twisted around corners and sent ricocheting down multitudes of hollow walls forming an abstract cube - until it was now less of a cubistic maze and more of a living, breathing Being - with many organic limbs and capillaries and tentacles - and a slow but relentless mouth that silently demanded ritual. Justitia! She shone brilliantly beneath her blindfold - glowing from within, golden cracks radiating from beneath the cloth as its edges gleamed with the truth of her eclipsingly divine self-regard.

The defence's first choice was stated by the judge - and the stenographer, who's mild nods began to grow increasingly animated until they blossomed into cartoonishly obvious nonverbal communication - appeared to be signalling the defendant that this was his best bet as she declared the defendant's first choice.

When the judge embarked on informing the defendant of his second choice, the stenographer began shaking his head at the defendant until he was almost undulating in his chair.

The defence was determined to keep the spectacle in his peripheral vision as the stenographer flopped and floloped demanding to be seen by him with increasing alarcity - fearing his direct gaze could end the cartoonish spectacle.

The whole room deadpanned it, as though the ritual dance demanded silent denial.

What the fuck kind of a kangaroo court was this? And this is happening in Germany? We may as well be on some uncharted island of inbred cannibal savages.

He is asked something by the judge, he responds with a long line detailing everything that's wrong with the place, wrong with the filthy neighborhood and wrong with the neo-nazi neighbors. Who he was before he moved there. The anti-social nature of the town. He's cut short by the judge, who only wanted to know whether he's going to bow to their snap judgment or drag this out into a higher court. Yes or no.

The defendant wondered how many times they had done this before? With the black cloaked hyenas hungry for submission, he bowed and whimpered yes to the choice the others had unanimously suggested was best.

"Do you understand that everything you own will be taken from you if you cannot pay the plaintiff?" The lawyer rose and barked, "We will come to your door and *repossess all of your belongings!*"

The defendant nodded sullenly.

At the end, the defendant was told the proceedings were adjourned, and he can go. The room falls strangely silent.

The defendant nods, takes his satchel full of proof that the landlord is lying through his teeth with him.

The room breathes in slow motion as the defendant walks towards the exit in silence, a quick glance at the arrogantly dismissive lawyer, the furrowed gaze of the judge, and the stenographers blur in his peripheral vision.

The strange uncomfortable silence made the defendant remember a line from a movie he once saw, and to alleviate everyone's discomfort, he said "*Thank you, your honor.*"

Then reached for the door and walked out with his head held high.

He didn't own anything.

The stuff in his apartment was owned by Nira.

The ritual was over.

He went home and stayed in bed for a week. On subsequent walks to the park, the city started cleaning it up. What a *magical coincidence*.

Grizzly lady was back on the scene, with new dogs. There was something very different about her though, she'd evidently been shot full of tranquilizers at whatever institution she'd been carted off to for months; she floated across the sidewalk high as a kite, burbling sweet nothings to herself.

ECLOSION

"One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams,
he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin."

— Franz Kafka,
The Metamorphosis

Nanira returns to my utmost relief.

The silence of the apartment, which had been a heavy blanket, simply lifted and floated away on the quiet air she brought in with her.

I showed her the court papers, my voice a low mumble of excuses—the depression, the fog, the overwhelming sense of playing a rigged game. I expected disappointment. I expected the final, gentle nail in the coffin of my failure.

I didn't get it.

She took the papers. She didn't scan them. She *read* them. Slowly. Every word. Her finger traced the lines not in fury, but with a profound, absorbing attention, as if she were reading a difficult sacred text, committing its contours to memory. The silence in the room was no longer empty; it was full of her focus.

She looked up, and her eyes weren't hard. They were deep, like still water. They held my failure, and they did not break.

"Oh baby," she said, and her voice was a soft thing. "It's too much."

There was no blame. It was an act of witness. In that moment, she absorbed the shame I'd been carrying and, simply by acknowledging its weight, made it lighter.

"Okay," she whispered, more to herself than to me. She placed the paper down as if it were a fragile leaf. "Okay. So this is the new shape of things."

The next month was not a whirlwind. It was a slow, deliberate, and thorough tide. My despair was not an obstacle to her; it was a current she would now gently swim against, pulling me with her.

After a month of selling all of Nira's stuff online and in a home-made flea market right in front of the house, we head for the Prague Airport by train.

German trains are never on time and morbidly expensive.

On the way there's a stretch of travel on a French TGV. Oohlala. Slick, silent, warm. The French are everything the Germans are not. Tactful, civilized, respectful, curious, heartfelt, creative. And dressed to nines, even their train conductors seem to have their uniforms individually tailored. The travellers are quiet, the lights are dim and they occasionally murmur sweet nothings in their beautiful flowing language as Switzerland rolls by silently outside. The temperature is like someone has turned the heat up in a cozy apartment on a snowy winter day. They have elevated travel to a form of art. All that's missing is a crackling brick fireplace with soothing family pictures on its mantle. The conductors don't even ask to see our ticket. We've been travelling for 22 hours. The BouBou is out of his doggy-travelbag and on my lap. I need to fight drifting off to sleep. The conductor smiles, nods and moves along.

The moment the journey resumes on a German train, the conductors are screaming and forcing things and shoving people and dehumanizing foreigners. We have a triple ticket going back, as we didnt know whether we would make the flight and whether the Boubou would qualify as a passenger. The conductor sees this as suspicious. Instead of just accepting it he loudly attempts to interrogate me as though he thinks he's a policeman.

The indiscretion is off the wall. I have a ticket for three. I have paid twice the normal amount yet here we are forced to be indiscretely interrogated as though it's our duty to justify our life-stories to this loudly yelling jack-ass in front of the rest of the passengers.

I tell him it's none of his goddam business. We have valid tickets that's all he needs to know. He loudly recounts the rules he was trained in, analyzing the situation with the typically overzealous and wholly misplaced German severity that had ruined Europe again and again and again. He orates loudly for all to hear as though we are now fastened to his public pillory and he is loudly turning over which transgression he can sentence us by.

But he eventually comes up empty handed. After 24 hours of travel my mind is a little wobbly, I wonder whether this psychotic Authorigerman is going to eject us from the train. Now the situation is that we've overpaid and I'm in fear that we'll get kicked off the train for rebuking his barking interrogation.

The conductor makes it look like he's going to be lenient with me.

He eventually shuffles off, eager to consummate his next sadistic encounter. Another moron passenger cheers him on, loudly proclaiming he should take no guff from any Schwarzfahrer and he's doing a good job *rounding them all up*.

Nira had first met the Boubou one day after she answered a wanted ad in the paper. She drove down to see him and took a look at him and the family he was with and it was clear to her that wasn't a good fit at all. He was emaciated and freaked out at being locked in the closet all day. They were abusing him as they didn't know what to do with him, as he was a handful (he was a tiny tornado of power to be more accurate). She paid them what they asked for, a couple hundred bucks, took him on her lap and drove home and he stared up at her as though she was Mother-Mary incarnate descending from heaven to rescue him. Which she was in a way. She was a type of being that was . . . not usual. At all.

Just as there are levels of consciousness there are levels of reality.

Similarly she met me ten years ago, on the night I decided to pack it all in. I decided the world didn't need me anymore and I didn't need to go through the unwarranted suffering that seemingly made it tick. I was having a final beer on a bench, and suddenly she was sitting beside me.

Be that as it may it seems something somewhere decided that yes I fucking did need to go through it and sent her to me in that crucial moment. And she extended love to me. And in some corner of my mind, I thought she was an angel descended from heaven to rescue me.

There are people out there who embody elemental mechanisms.

There was an energy field that embodied and governed the forces of assembly in the universe. From the tiniest of forms to the largest of structures, it permeated and sculpted and put things together in such a manner that they could collaborate in a symbiosis spanning all orders of magnitude.

There are levels of reality that are on higher planes, that rest upon the crude and sick parts of the world. Note that I'm *not* saying I know what their purpose may be. They seem to be fuelled by the necessity of coincidence, just as the water flowing through a river or a brook is fuelled by gravity.

Or that at the very least, coincidence is a mechanism by which the content of the flow is sifted to ever finer granularity.

It is unclear to me where the river takes us or why, but it is clear that it appears to exist and that we are very much subject to its laws or tendencies . . . or reasons, as unfathomable as they may seem from our perspective.

FLIGHT

Dreamers of the dawn, men fear your face,
But love your hands, that offer wine and sleep;
And though the wizard wand of truth and song
Has never strayed beyond your shadowy lairs,
It wields a magic that no hand may buy.

All my life my heart has sought a thing I cannot name.

George Sterling
- A Wine of Wizardry

We had been flying for two hours. We were high above the Mediterranean Sea, suspended in a pressurized cylinder sailing on high winds that sent almost imperceptible, fine gusts of Saharan sand grinding through the monstrous Airbus engines.

Nira and the Boubou sat together at the window seat, the Boubou's fine little snout extending from his travel bag, sniffing the stale air of passenger comfort. The steady needle-thin whine permeating the cabin strained his little ears but was slightly muffled by the travelbag he needed to stay in.

There was something a bit strange about a lot of the other passengers, they seemed to be tired as hell. Like they hadn't slept in a long while. Many of them slept despite it being mid-afternoon.

The stewardesses, despite being somewhat unfocused as well, had been very kind and forthcoming, and the little Bou had been an instant hit with the flight crew. He had to stay in his bag but he was awarded every courtesy, even a tiny cup of water.

For a moment, nestled in that bubble of artificial comfort and kindness, I almost forgot the gnawing unease that had been my constant companion since the pandemic broke and waned.

That unease, it turned out was not misplaced. Far, far below, in a distant corner of the mediterranean sea, a peculiar submarine prowled undetected

using a silent caterpillar drive that was so acoustically shrouded it couldn't be picked up by even the most advanced undersea NATO acoustic arrays that crisscrossed the vast stretches of maritime seabed.

The vessel was a dark angular shape with an angled, cylindrical hull - an obsidian spike - it was older than Methusalem, having been designed aeons ago - and could sit on the seabed on standby for decagennations. Now its successive layers of outer hull opened a hatch which was masked in concentric layers of pressurization that emitted zero acoustic signatures. Out drifted a long & angled cylindrical projectile which slowly rose towards the surface of the sea while silently navigating as far as possible from the vessel that had dispatched it.

When the angular black missile had gained acceptable distance and launch depth, it righted itself in the water, its thrusters ignited and it shot out from the churning sea in a howling blaze of raw power - immediately adjusting its course toward the airliner.

A distant NATO missile frigate immediately registered the blip as it cleared the water, but was too far to do anything but watch as the black needle sped upwards into the crisp blue sky.

Gliding high above in the yellow haze of Saharan cloudlayer, I take Nira's hand and our eyes meet. There is something amiss. All of eternity is in her eyes. Our hands meet softly, resting on the Boubous back. Something feels wrong. I can't quite place it. She feels it too. The other passengers seem to notice nothing. We look around the interior of the modern airframe, searching for what could be amiss.

Nira looks out the window. her eyes widen in shock as she sees the solitary black speck rise up to greet the airliner from below. The sky itself . . . pixelated around its body. A tiny patchwork of perfectly squared reality behind us stuttered, glitched, and resolved into a black spear of pure logic

hurtling toward us.

She turns to me to speak -

Without warning the cabin tears apart in a blaze of screaming metal and blasting wind. People in the seat ahead of us are ripped outside the cabin as the plane is torn violently from its trajectory and in the chaos, Nanira's first instinct isn't for herself—it's a desperate, clawing grab to hold on to the doggie travel bag as our seats get sucked out from the shredded fuselage. She clutches it to her chest as the cabin disintegrates around us and we are thrown into the cold howling vacuum of the sky.

Debris spins around us like a galaxy of wreckage. The airliner dips away above us, the giant screaming machine mortally wounded and trailing fire as we spin through the endless freezing blue in revolutions so violent we are thrust far from the metal behemoth as it rips itself apart - touched by a trail of white smoke leading somewhere far below, far out of eyeshot as the world spins like a mad carousel of pain and furious atmospheric wind.

We are thrown far apart yelling and falling, falling, falling. Others have been ejected in the explosion as well, a dozen people howl into the blue void, some clutching frantically at their mobile phones, posting final selfies to facebook.

The air is a mad howling rush around me, I pass out.

I momentarily regain consciousness, make a herculean effort to ignore the sensation of falling, and stop my kicking and screaming and attempting to run - my legs kicking on nothing and far from any means of traction in my blind and furious panic above the clouds - in the distance I spot the crumpled dark speck of Nira and manage to use my arms and legs to navigate closer to her - here, I can get the hang of this, I extend my feet and use my freezing limbs as control surfaces to steer myself toward her, finally inching closer as we are propelled through the blasted onrushing air that feels like a sledgehammer-blanket of permeable density.

Through the tears and mottled vision and howling skyfall, I can see the

distant figure that is Nira has the same inclination and we steer towards one another, eventually colliding and sailing haphazardly into eachothers thudded embrace.

The stricken airliner is distant now, a broken metal bird barreling through the blue distance, one separated wing trailing in a fiery plume of destruction slowly spiraling behind it as the giant machine - now looking like a distant child's toy - descends into a terminal nosedive, riding on a parabolically descending plume of fire and trailed vapor.

And we embrace. And we fall. And I realize that I've always dreamed this moment. Even through the Cube's frantic attempts to cage and destroy and subtract. It has always been this part of the dream.

But all that is far away now. All that no longer matters. What matters - all that's ever mattered - the only recurring dream that's ever held weight in my life, I hold in my arms as we fall.

Nira's cries have stopped and been replaced by a golden calm as we plummet together, gripping eachother tightly and there, in Nanira's arms, is the little bag. And from it, a tiny, terrified, but furious Yorkie head emerges, his ears flattened against the hurricane force of the fall, his eyes wide with primordial shock.

He doesn't yap. He doesn't whimper. He leans in close to Nira for a fumbled kissy. Bravest animal I ever saw.

"I'm so sorry," I whisper to her.

"Sh-sh-shhh," she whispers - I stroke a tousled wisp of her hair from her cheek, and we smile together, ". . . this was always going to come . . ."

And we fall.

A silent, golden suspension in the clouds.

A moment of perfect, silent peace washes over us amidst the howling chaos. A tiny, human-made event of absolute meaning in the face of certain death.

And we fall.

Our hands, locked.

And for a single, infinite second, the howling wind isn't the sound of our death, but the sound of the program crashing. The blue sky isn't treacherous; it is the first page of a blank book. And the three of us - me, her, the little furry king of beasts - we aren't data points being deleted.

We are an unsanctioned thought.

A forbidden equation.

And we aren't solving for The Cube.

We are solving for us.

And to us, it lasts into all of eternity.