

The Gentle Way of War

Magner Redick

December 11, 2021

Contents

Prologue	2
Part I The Iran Nuclear Deal	5
Part II The Jumbotron	47

Prologue

My father retired a full bird, which means the generals of the Pentagon agreed he should never be promoted to general. A bird retirement ceremony is kind of an embarrassing affair; all your friends show up and celebrate the failure of your 20-year career aspiration, pretending it's a victory.

Why didn't he make general? Let me tell you a characteristic story. It takes place late in his career, inside the Pentagon, during a meeting with Donald Rumsfeld, who, at the time, was the United States Secretary of Defense. For the previous six months, my father had been leading the plans for the 2001 UN Peace Summit, and this meeting was supposed to be just the rubber stamp on the whole plan.

A few minutes into the meeting, Rumsfeld interrupted my father, requesting a minor change of plans. But, having already planned everything in excruciating detail, my father knew Rumsfeld's proposal wouldn't work. My father began to explain, but Rumsfeld, without looking up from his notebook, just said, "It's fine. Just do it, OK?"

The meeting went on, and Rumsfeld kept proposing stupid changes. Eventually, Rumsfeld said VP Dick Cheney wouldn't need to wear a badge at the summit. My father's blood boiled, but he attempted to compose himself, explaining, "Sir, if we allow Dick Cheney to skip a badge then all the other presidents and vice presidents from all the other countries will want to skip a badge too. And, when we deny them, they'll be insulted."

Rumsfeld must have detected something in my father's voice, for this time Rumsfeld didn't say a word. He just looked at my father for a few seconds, then went back to his notebook, at which point my father slammed his right elbow on the table, smack dab in front of Rumsfeld, and shouted: "OK, let's arm wrestle! If you win, we'll do it your way, but

if I win we'll do it my way!"

Supposedly, Rumsfeld jumped back, took a few seconds, then said, "OK, we'll do it your way." At least, that's how the story goes.

A few weeks later at the summit, my father nabbed a photo with Cheney, fake smiles and all. However, it's unclear from the photograph whether or not Cheney was wearing a badge.

For 20 years, my father's Air Force colleagues tried to persuade him to be kinder, gentler, and more reasonable, but my father kept on getting promoted, all the way to full bird, and the whole way there he kept repeating his life slogan, "Don't take no, when yes is the right answer."

Part I

The Iran Nuclear Deal

Enlightenment

December 14, 2014

My mind popped, and I named my new self Rafe Sureshot. After six months of sitting in a cave in Colorado, I am now a meditation master who has transcended the need for sitting practice, because my mind is now constantly fresh with indestructible presence.

My parents think it's impossible that I could become enlightened after such a short period of study and practice, but they don't understand the Gentle Way of War and they don't understand *me*. My enlightenment is totally reasonable when you consider that I have a particular genius for connecting dots, and, furthermore, I put even more exertion towards my enlightenment than I did towards my work as a hacker for the US Air Force or for Silicon Valley.

Obama and Iran

Obama has announced the US Government has just begun negotiating a deal with Iran. Obama has further announced, via a "leak" to the New York Times, that unofficial, off-the-record diplomats will conduct the negotiations. Of course, this means me.

The general idea is to lift sanctions from Iran, essentially moving towards an alliance, in exchange for Iran to provably guarantee they will not work towards nuclear power. This could be the key to peace in the Middle East, which would pave the way for peace on Earth. However, Iran seems reluctant to negotiate, and has basically said: "Make me an offer that I actually like."

Cliff dancing

My father has a habit of entertaining friends and family with Cold War stories that take place in the Pentagon, in embassies across the world, in the field, and so on. When he's about to tell a particularly tall tale, he'll say, "95% of what I am about to say is verifiable fact. The other 5% is pure bullshit. It's up to you to figure out which is which." So goes the preface to the following legend.

It begins in 1966, before my father was even in the Air Force. That year, Dr. Thomas Schelling, famed military strategist, finally persuaded the Joint Chiefs of Staff to adopt his nuclear strategy as official DoD doctrine. Dr. Schelling's strategy was a methodology for overcoming the stalemate of mutually assured destruction. His extensive report on the topic contained lots of math, formal game theory, graphs, logarithms, you name it.

Now, by the time my father joined the Air Force, in 1976, the doctrine had been firmly set in stone for slightly over a decade. However, during Officer Training School, one of my father's peers, Morton, said he didn't believe in Schelling's doctrine. My father's not very mathy, so I don't know why he was such an ardent believer in the theory, but, anyway, he and Morton argued about it quite a bit.

The conflict reached its head one evening during a hike along some cliff bluffs, just outside the base. The sun was setting, and they both admired the beauty of the setting sun, standing along the edge of a cliff. Out of nowhere, my father whisked out a pair of hand cuffs and locked together Morton's ankle and my father's own ankle.

Morton's eyes grew wide. "What are you doing?" he asked, attempting to mimic composure.

My dad replied, "We're chained together. If one of us falls off this cliff, we both fall off this cliff. That's mutually assured destruction."

Morton tried to walk away, but my father leaned towards the ledge.

“Stop it!” Morton cried.

And then... according to legend... my father started dancing and laughing.

“You’re crazy!” cried Morton.

My father continued, dancing, laughing, and singing Schelling’s doctrine into a song: “I am crazy, so you better tap out to survivvvvve!”

Rather quickly Morton shouted, “I give up, I give up! You’re right. Fine, Schelling’s doctrine works. Please stop!”

And then my father stopped, and their friendship immediately terminated. When they arrived back on base, Morton reported the incident to their commanding officer, who thought it was hilarious, and reported it to his commander, who thought it was hilarious, and so on up the chain, and now, according to legend, the US Air Force widely refers to Schelling’s doctrine as “cliff dancing.” And yes, our official nuclear strategy during the Cold War was to to intimidate the Soviets into submission, by persuading them we’re crazier than they are. Supposedly there’s a lot of math to back it up.

To conclude the story, about a year later, word of my father’s stunt inspired his commander to assign my father to a live-fire war game—to lead a *red team* and hijack an Air Force C-5 cargo jet. My father almost scored a win for the red team, but once they made it into the cockpit, the co-pilot pulled a pistol, while the C-5 was taxiing. One of my father’s teammates screamed out the code word to surrender, which ended the war game, right then and there, scoring a victory for blue. The cowardly surrender pissed off my dad, but regardless, shortly thereafter, my father received his first promotion.

Universal diplomacy

During my travels, I discovered the key to ending cliff dancing—the key for achieving world peace. It's called *universal diplomacy* and is based upon the theory of “holons.”

A *holon* is a thing that is both a *whole* and a *part*, at the same time. There exists a binding force that brings holons together to form greater holons. For example, birds come together to form flocks, counties come together to form states, and so on. There also exists a counter force, one that causes holons to collide and destroy each other. For example, when a bird and a worm collide, sometimes the bird will eat the worm.

There is a tension between the binding force and the destructive force. It remains to be seen if the various nations of Earth will destroy each other, or if we will bind together to form a cohesive, peaceful union.

Moving along, a *gluon* is a holon that glues together peer holons, to form greater holons. For example, a gluon team of diplomats from Germany once led the negotiation for the formation of the European Union, bringing together all the nations of Europe into union.

We need the right diplomat to stand up, and become the gluon that binds together all the nations of Earth. For such a stunt to succeed, this universal diplomat would need to represent all people equally, and all nations equally. Imagine a lawyer who is defending everyone against everyone else, to create a balance among the holonic forces, ushering in the World Peace.

Transposition

To become a *universal diplomat*, you must, for each person on Earth, learn how they think, why they think that way, what's hurting them, and how to heal them. You must become everyone, every perspective, step by step, perspective by perspective.

Fortunately, there's an advanced meditation technique for becoming a universal diplomat. It's called *transposition*, and only works if you've already achieved a certain degree of enlightenment.

When you perform transposition correctly, you literally become some other person on Earth, and you get to experience their reality. And, for transposition to transform you into a universal diplomat, you must perform transposition for each person on Earth.

Through this meditation practice, I literally became everyone on Earth. It took six months in a cave, and I am now a universal diplomat.

Flipping situations inside out

According to the Gentle Way of War, it's usually unwise to confront antagonistic energy, head on. Rather, you're supposed to flip situations inside out. All you need to do is redirect antagonistic energy, allowing its own momentum to take care of itself. With diplomacy and gentle war in mind, I entered my parents' condo in Northwest Washington D.C..

My mom smiled and jumped up to greet me, giving me a big hug. I turned to my dad who was watching the evening news.

"Dad."

He looked up at me, but didn't say anything.

I continued, “Remember that time you negotiated the nukes with the Soviets?”

He frowned and said, “Stuart, you’re delusional.”

“Well if I’m delusional, then ...”

But he interrupted me, saying, “I’m not going to help you with ‘Iran.’ You need to see a doctor.”

I pondered my next move, for a moment, then realized I can flip his perception of me inside out. He thinks I’m crazy, so I should run with his assumption, and use his own logic against him. Flip it.

I began cliff dancing—his logic. He was not prepared for my full display of enlightenment, one thing led to another, the police showed up, and now I’m in a psych ward.

Psych ward

The psych ward here is crazy. It’s small, crowded, the staff isn’t kind, and the psychiatrist doesn’t even believe the simplest, non-controversial facts about my life. He doesn’t believe that I once hacked the United States ballistic-missile-defense system, and how I became a millionaire a year ago, and how I’m enlightened.

Prisoners are crying, prisoners are fighting, and a few of the staff are prone to screaming. There’s even prisoners in wheelchairs, who are stuck in random corners of the room because they lack the capacity to wheel themselves.

As an enlightened meditation master, it is my responsibility to run this psych ward. This effort might seem daunting because I lack the official designation as “staff,” and because of the sheer volume of work that needs to be done. Fortunately, I know how to handle myself.

Running the psych ward

I wheel prisoners around. I transcribe a prisoner's complaint and turn it in. I persuade a fairy not to kill her mother. A staff member screams at a prisoner, so I get in his face and calmly let him know he needs to be more friendly.

A prisoner cries, so I dance for him, and he smiles. Someone interrupts, asking for help. I give them a riddle: *why are you really here?* and send them on their way. I entertain the depressed man with more slapstick, until two prisoners break into a fight, and I break it up while laughing, ho, ho, ho! The staff straps me to a table, in a room all alone, with my arm bent backwards at the elbow. This is their attempt to crush my spirit, but I am indomitable.

Strapped to the table, they ask me if I'm going to fight again, I say I wasn't fighting, and they say: "Keep this up, and we're going to transfer you to the public facility, and they're not nice over there." They exit the room.

I watch the clock in the room. Thirty minutes go by, still strapped to the table. They enter the room, and stand over me. I crane my neck to look the leader in the eyes. He asks me the same question, I give the same response, and they exit the room.

An hour goes by. Still strapped to the table, they ask me a third time: "Are you going to fight again?" I say "No," they unstrap me, and let me walk out, while I rub my elbow.

Transfer

I re-enter the ward. Immediately, a prisoner's hand goes up, this time from a guy who has been standing on the periphery all along. I jog up to him.

He smiles and says, "Hi, I'm Jimmy," and extends his hand for a handshake.

"I'm Rafe Sureshot," and we shake hands.

There's a pause.

I ask: "So, what's up?"

With a smile, he says, "You're DJ'ing the whole place. Manually."

Then another fight breaks out, I get in the middle of it, and the police take me away to Washington D.C.'s public mental institution.

Public mental institution

I arrive at the facility, and wait in line for intake. A staff member asks if I am hungry. I say yes, and she brings me a steaming-hot, generously sized slice of lasagna, which tastes great.

Eventually, it's my turn for intake. A patient, kind psychiatrist interviews me, asking many relevant and interesting questions about my enlightenment, universal diplomacy, cliff dancing, the Gentle Way of War, etc..

A staff member escorts me to my unit, which is named F-Unit. As I enter F-Unit, I am greeted by a choir of prisoners singing from a bandstand.

Amazing Grace,
How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.

I once was lost,
But now am found.
T'was blind but now I see...

Tears fall down my cheeks.

Essays

In F-Unit, I check in with all my fellow prisoners, asking “Are you OK?” and “Do you need anything?” Everyone is pretty much fine, thus this situation does not warrant my active protection.

With nothing else to do, I sit down with a stack of blank copier paper, and a pen, and write a series of essays, in crystal-clear handwriting, with the following titles:

- Hacking Ballistic Missile Defense (BMD)
- A Brief History of War Games
- Zen Lemonade Garden (ZLG)
- Quarks, Gluons, and Electrons
- Obama and Iran
- Universal Diplomacy
- Cliff Dancing
- Open Borders and Global Basic Income
- Zen Banking Algorithm
- Enlightened Capitalism
- Department of Justice, The Military, and Hackers
- Psychiatrists Are Susceptible to False Alarm Fatigue
- High-Density Cyberbombs

- Unrequested Red Team
- The Confirmation Bias
- Overcoming the Confirmation Bias
- A Brief History of Paradigm Shifts
- Don't Shoot The Enemy

Hacking Ballistic Missile Defense (BMD)

One of my essays goes like this:

Several years ago, while hiding in a utility closet in the Pentagon, I tapped into NORAD's network, and hit their primary set of CPU's with a series of synchronized high-density cyberbombs. All the radar systems for ballistic missile defense fell offline, leaving the United States vulnerable to nuclear attack.

It was part of a war game, which was a waste of my time, I thought—I should have been out in the field, conducting real operations. But now, I'm grateful there's no blood on my hands.

A Brief History of War Games

Another one of my essays goes like this:

War games are almost as old as warfare itself. The first war game evolved from a shouting match between two opposing generals. One of them shouted "I can beat you!" The other one shouted "No, I can beat you!" They both could beat each other, but neither one of them knew it. A crowd gathered around as each general explained why he could beat the

other. Essentially, one general had a slight advantage in sea power, while the other had a slight advantage in land power. They bickered back and forth, and by the end of the day, they still hadn't agreed, so they both stormed away and slept it off.

That night, one general dreamt of playing a board game with the other general, just for fun. In the morning, they met again. One general wanted to go to war. The other one wanted to play a game. After debating it, and after consulting with their advisors, they both decided to play a game instead. They both agreed that (1) the loser of the game would concede the war without any fighting, and (2) this would be better, because then no one would die.

So, they played chess. It lasted several hours, and it ended in checkmate after one general slid a bishop past enemy lines and took a rook. The losing general immediately flipped over the board, stabbed the other one in the throat, then ran away.

Thus began The Byzantine War for The Sea. Lots of people died. Both generals survived.

After the war, the generals got together for a mountain hike. They found some hot springs and had a hotwash. While they soaked, they discussed everything that happened and learned how they could do better next time. Among many lessons learned, they learned that chess is a stupid game because it results in checkmate, which is stupid.

Open Borders and Global Basic Income

Another essay goes like this:

World peace will be marked by open borders. Countries will freely enforce their own laws, so long as they follow the bare minimal Constitution of Earth. If you don't like your country's laws, you can freely go to another country with laws you prefer.

Of course, there would be a challenge, because everyone's going to want to fly to the countries with the best economic opportunities. To prevent economic flight, we need to give everyone on Earth a basic income, say US \$1k a month, perhaps adjusted for local cost-of-living rates. Such a basic income will provide many benefits, both obvious and less obvious, at a reasonable cost, as discussed in published literature that is beyond the scope of this essay.

Jimmy

The next day, while writing a fresh essay, Jimmy, from the previous psych ward, enters F-Unit. He smiles, walks over to me, and sits down.

"Can I read what you're writing?" he asks.

"Yes, please," I respond, then hand him my stack of essays.

He reads every word over the course of an hour, then turns to me and says, "You're a genius."

"Takes one to know one," I reply, while still carefully crafting words upon my current essay.

"I'm from Iran," he says.

I look up, and say: "I'm from D.C."

"I'm an intelligence operative," he says.

I gauge his body language. He seems for real. I reply: "Me too."

He asks, "Who do you work for?"

I say, "I'm independent."

There is a pause. Then, I ask him: "Why are you here, in the psych ward?"

He says: "I'm your Iranian counterpart. They put us here so we could meet."

I ask: "Are you a hacker?"

He replies: "No, I'm a DJ."

Beginning of negotiations

Jimmy doesn't want to negotiate. He says he couldn't care less about an Iran nuclear deal. He just wants a bigger microphone, so he can DJ bigger venues. I ask him how much a microphone would cost, and he says \$800 to start. I offer to buy him a microphone once we're released, and he says that's a start.

I try to further negotiate with Jimmy, but he keeps saying: "I need my microphone first."

Challenge coins

A *challenge coin* is a wartime, anything goes, shit's fucked up, who the fuck are you, here's proof, unofficial US Government identification card.

The challenge coin tradition originated during World War 2, and the original idea was that everyone in a military unit received a specially designed coin, tailored to their unit, and you're supposed to carry it on you, at all times. Then, in an emergency situation, you can prove your group membership by presenting your coin. Sometimes, individuals make personal coins, which they give out as big thank-you gestures.

Challenge coins are also a drinking game. At a bar, you can compare coins with a stranger. Whoever has the most elite coin wins, and the loser has to buy the winner a beer.

Jimmy wants me to prove to him I that I actually hacked NORAD. I told him, once released, I will show him my NORAD coin—an Air Force coin that commemorates the BMD war game I hacked from a utility closet in the Pentagon.

Exit

A few days into my stay at F-Unit, the psychiatrist and I have one final conversation. I vow that, once released, I will continue to take my “medication,” in perpetuity. Then, they release me.

In a bathroom, I don my streetwear, check that I have my laptop, my phone, my American Spirit cigarettes, and my NORAD challenge coin, then spend a few minutes arranging the collection of all my possessions in my back-packing pack, then walk out the front door, dropping the drugs they gave me into the trash, on the way out.

My father stands next to his parked Hummer, with the front passenger-door open.

“Good to see you, son,” he says.

But, I walk right past him, and step into Jimmy’s ancient Corolla. Jimmy tells me: “You’re my hostage now,” and we drive off.

“Turn off your phone, and hand it to me,” he says, and I comply. Now that my phone is in his pocket, he says “Let me see your coin.” I hand it to him. He inspects it, hands it back, then drives us to his favorite music shop.

Microphone

In Jimmy's tiny, basement-level apartment, in Arlington, Virginia, I hand Jimmy his brand new mic. He has a large vinyl collection, turn tables, huge speakers, and an impressive collection of cannabis flower.

He says, "I didn't think you would actually pull through with the coin or the mic. A lot of people talk shit, and can't back it up. Fucking CIA."

"What do you mean, 'fucking CIA?'"

"Play dumb with me again, and I'll put a knife in your throat."

Pause.

Then I ask, "Can we negotiate now?"

"First let's drive to CIA headquarters."

"I don't think that's wise."

"Do you want a deal!?"

CIA HQ

He tells me to drive him to CIA HQ, with him in the passenger seat. I ask him if he could navigate and he just tells me to shut the fuck up and drive us there. I have no idea how to get to CIA HQ—only a vague notion of where it is geographically. It's not the part of Northern Virginia that I'm familiar with. And, the streets lack signs that say: "Turn here for CIA."

So, I drive and do the best I can. I get to the first uncertain turn, and look at him; he is gazing off to the right. "Do I turn, here?" I ask and he says: "Shut up and drive," so I turn right. "I knew you knew how to get to CIA." Then, following his unconscious directions, I drive us all the way there, right up to the point where we see the entrance to CIA HQ.

He says: “Just keep going straight. Thank you. Let’s go home,” and we drive back to his place.

Cigarettes

On the car ride back from CIA, I exhale a plume of cigarette smoke, while Jimmy opens up his glove compartment, then pulls something out. He shows me a short-and-thin pack of cigarettes with the silhouette of a man on the front, and some wording in a calligraphic alphabet I can’t identify.

“What’s that?” I ask.

“Iranian cigarettes. We call them Souls. I’ll trade you a pack of Souls for a carton of American Spirits.”

“Sure,” I say, then we stop at a 7-eleven, and make our trade.

Then he says: “Don’t smoke it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don’t play dumb. If you smoke a Soul, I’ll kill you.”

Urhip

We are back at Jimmy’s house, sharing a blunt, but it doesn’t affect me much, because I’m already enlightened. But Jimmy had insisted, so I obliged.

I lay back on Jimmy’s couch, listening to music blast through his speakers. The basis for the song is a classic house beat, but the song takes enjoyable, unpredictable turns, with throwbacks to Baltimore Club and D.C. Go Go, complete with electro drops. I would have expected such an eclectic mix to sound bizarre, but it somehow all comes together in such a way that I almost always feel I know where it will go next, but, instead, the music is full of pleasant surprises. It’s Jimmy’s music.

“How would you feel about negotiating?” I ask.

“I want to DJ the Middle East.”

The Middle East is the most urhipster, underground music venue of Washington D.C.. Jimmy’s music is genuinely good, but is it sufficiently urhipster urhip? I’m not familiar enough with music to know, but I have an idea.

“Could you DJ this Sunday?” I ask.

“It’s closed on Sundays,” he says.

“I know. Let’s go tonight to book you for Sunday.”

XYZ Promotions

During my travels, I discovered a formula for kickstarting decentralized Groupon promotions—which I named XYZ Promotions. Assuming you have a great DJ friend, it works as follows.

You walk up to the owner or manager of a club, and say: “If I were to deliver to you X customers on a Sunday night, by DJing for you, how much would you be willing to pay me for that?” Let the response equal $\$Y$. I.e., the owner is willing to pay $\$Y$ to receive X customers. Take $\$Y$ and divide it by two: i.e., $\$Z = \$\frac{Y}{2}$. Keep $\$Z$ for the DJ, as profit. Then give each of the first X customers a coupon worth $\$\frac{Z}{X}$. The coupons are only redeemable if at least X customers show up. Also, it might be better to take a smaller profit in order to offer bigger coupons, but that’s just a matter of optimization.

The owner loves this deal because it is very low risk; the owner only pays out if the owner gets what they want. Now my friends are incentivized to recruit their friends to come to the club with them. And that’s the most fun way to go to a club anyway.

The DJ loves this deal, I love this deal, the owner loves this deal, my friends love this deal, and their friends love this deal. Win, win, all the way around.

The Middle East

Having told me my streetwear is out of fashion, Jimmy insisted I buy a denim-on-denim suit at Mach, so I did. With me donning my fresh, new suit, we enter the Middle East, and right away, I see my old hacker friend, Eric, from the Air Force, spinning the music. It's a house remix of *Zombie*, by the Cranberries.

I dance up to him, leaving Jimmy behind.

"Stuart!" Eric shouts, and we dap over the table.

"I didn't know you DJ!" I shout.

"I do now," and he winks at me.

Jimmy catches up with us.

"Eric, this is my friend Jimmy. Jimmy, this is an old buddy of mine." I am delighted to make the introduction.

Jimmy and Eric dap, then Jimmy glares at me.

"Hey, I'll be back Eric," I say, then walk away with Jimmy to an unoccupied corner of the Middle East. He says he wants to talk outside. I tell him, we'll have to pay cover again if we go outside, and then he walks out.

Outside in the snow, I say, "Eric's going to hook us up with the Middle East for sure."

Jimmy slowly puts a Spirit to his lips, but doesn't light it. Then he pulls it out of his mouth, holds it, and says, "Are you really that fucking stupid?"

"What are you talking about? He's going to hook us up!"

"I told you not to play dumb with me."

"I have no clue what's going on."

"You really are that fucking stupid. We need to have a talk."

And then Jimmy explains *The Powers* to me, as we walk around the neighborhood.

The Powers

The official position of the US Government claims Edward Snowden is a *double* agent. That is, he was working for NSA, and then betrayed NSA, thereby becoming a double agent by informing the public about the details of NSA's surveillance apparatus.

But, the truth is, according to Jimmy, Snowden's a *triple agent*—he's been working for NSA all along, and now he's just pretending to be a double agent. The truth is, NSA's surveillance apparatus is stupefyingly more sophisticated and powerful than Snowden's "leaks" reveal. According to the "leaks," NSA doesn't have a grip on surveillance, and therefore NSA dragnets everyone. However, in reality, NSA is so good, they've narrowed down their search and are power surveilling every single person-of-interest with legion NSA intelligence operatives.

When they surveil you, they don't rent out an apartment across the street and watch you with a telescope. They buy out the whole neighborhood and inject operatives everywhere into your life. They're your coworkers, your friends, they serve you beer at clubs, they're everyone. It's massive deception and infiltration. Nothing is what it seems.

The whole point of the "leaks" was to fool US adversaries into feeling safe—fool them into thinking the US is incompetent. But, the US didn't count on everyone else's counter-intel being so good. Iran stole NSA's technology, and now they're power surveilling all the Western intelligence operatives who are now stuck in the Middle East. The United States figured out what Iran knew, and what they were up to, and Iran figured out that the United States had figured it out, and eventually they both had total awareness of the situation.

In this environment, where no one trusts anyone, and everyone can see what everyone else sees, the only way to carry forward is by running cells, where operatives only know the

identities and roles of their cell mates.

Furthermore, the *war* has turned into a kind of live-fire *war game*. Symbolic bartering and negotiations in D.C., and elsewhere, are backed up by live-fire kinetic actions in the field. In this war game, everything's a symbol. When a bishop slides behind enemy lines and captures a rook in the game, there's dark, real-life consequences.

Microphones, for example, symbolize giving someone a voice. Now that Jimmy has that \$800 symbolic microphone gift, it means the New York Times is now amplifying Jimmy's voice. This morning, they published an Iranian apologist as an op-ed—which pissed off a lot of Americans, but hey it's the New York Times.

Jimmy concludes by telling me he had been watching Eric, and he was certain Eric was Russian intel. In his words: “Your homie Eric here, mister CIA numero dos, means the CIA truly runs the Middle East and I didn't have a fucking clue, but now I know, thanks to you.”

Time slows. Holy shit. Everything makes perfect sense. Why hadn't I seen this before? But, then I become concerned.

“Jimmy, what do cigarettes represent?”

“They're hostages. When you light up a Soul, an Iranian dies. When I light up a Spirit, an American dies. Now that I know you've captured the Middle East,” Jimmy says, “I'm doubling down. I want to be on the American jumbotron: American TV, American radio, and millions of high-quality American hits on YouTube. That's my final offer.”

I say: “I don't know how to get that for you.”

“Figure it out, or there's no Iran deal. And also, I kill you.”

An idea that won't work

Back at Jimmy's apartment, I have an idea that makes me wince, but it just might work. I say: "I have an idea for getting you on the jumbotron, but you might not like it."

Jimmy says: "You're a fucking idiot. I know what you're thinking and we'd both be dead before we even got arrested."

Then Jimmy explains, in the tradition of the LulzSec and AntiSec hacking campaigns, the obvious way for any sufficiently talented hacker to get airtime on the American jumbotron, is to vandalize the web pages for CIA, NSA, DoD, etc. If your vandalism conveys an enticing message, the media will pick it up, and your message will be broadcast. And, if you're capable of nuking NORAD, you're probably capable of defacing a few poorly secured public-facing WordPress installations.

The way I see it though, there is a problem. To avoid getting caught, I would have had to setup proxies before being surveilled, and I'd also be wise to setup blue-pill honey pots to throw my scent into turtles-all-the-down rabbit holes. But, since I was already being power surveilled by The Powers, there's no way I could setup proxies and honey pots, to evade attribution. In other words, if we were to pull this off, we'd certainly be caught.

But, according to Jimmy, rather than going to prison, we would be killed before we even committed the crime. Jimmy says: "You need to understand the rules of World War 0."

World War 0

Jimmy explains the following. Ever since globalization, whenever a new technology creates a new domain of warfare, there's a fresh power vacuum, and a new world war erupts. World War 1 was the fight for the sea, and the advent of shooting bombs from underwater. World War 2, was the fight for the air, and the advent of dropping atomic bombs from the air. World War 3, the cold war, was the fight for space, and the advent of dropping atomic bombs from space. World War 4 was the fight for cyberspace, and the advent of cyber-kinetic nuclear warfare. Finally, World War 5 is the fight for *mindspace*. WW5 is our current war. It is the final war, the real war to end all wars. And, since we've been fighting WW5 the entire time, we may as well call it World War 0.

And then Jimmy says: "To end WW0, we must balance The Powers. Your game with NORAD proved to everyone that cyberpower owns land, sea, air, and space. Everyone but you knows that you are America's MVP from WW4. You're a legend, and, honestly, I'm surprised we've actually met in the flesh. Don't smile you fuck, there's blood on your hands and I'm MVP Mindspace Iran. The war in cyberspace is a war of mutually assured destruction. If we start defacing pages, then everyone else is going to do that too, it's going to be unpredictable chaos in mindspace, and everyone's probably going to die because shit's going to escalate and when God-knows-who starts to feel like their ideology is about to die, they're going to start shooting off everyone else's nukes. Cyber operations are against the rules of engagement for WW0, so think of a cyberless bottom-up plan, you fucking idiot genius."

Concepts and ideas

“While we wait for your idiot-genius brain to figure out how to get me on the jumbotron, I’m going to train you like a Persian soldier,” he says, and blows out cannabis smoke towards the sky.

“Hashish is sacred. The English word ‘assassin’ comes from Persia, hundreds of years ago, and literally means hashish smoker. The original assassins lived in the mountains and communed with God by smoking hashish. Only occasionally did they come down to the cities, to balance The Powers.”

“I’m not going to kill anyone,” I say.

“This is WW0. We’re going to assassinate concepts and ideas.”

The news

Jimmy and I are watching the evening news. He teaches me how to read between the lines of whatever’s on TV, to consciously unwrap the subliminal messages from The Powers.

“These days, movies, TV shows—everything on the Jumbotron—is produced *on demand* to present programming in *rapid response* to clandestine events. That 3D Marvel movie that just came out today. It didn’t take years to produce; it took days. I guarantee you the movie’s about us—preparing the public for a potential Iran nuclear deal.”

Then he continues. “Almost everyone’s a Manchurian drone. They receive their instructions from the jumbotron. Most people have very little free will.”

“But if you switch to a different channel, you can choose different programming, right?”

“First of all, people rarely switch channels. But yes, there is a limited opportunity for drones to choose their program-

ming. However when the programs argue with each other, it only serves to convince the drones there are only so many allowable perspectives. It requires plenty of free will to think outside official narratives.”

“What official narrative do you want on the jumbotron?”

“To end all war, we must balance The Powers.”

Fight night

We’re drinking beer and smoking hashish, when Jimmy switches the channel to a UFC fight. “Oh look, it’s an Iranian vs. an Irishman tonight. You must be Irish,” he says. I nod.

He says: “Legend has it, you know jiu jitsu. Do you really know jiu jitsu?”

I say: “I know a lot *about* jiu jitsu.”

“I bet you a hundo, the Iranian wins,” he says. I decline the wager.

We watch the fight. It goes almost a full fifteen minutes, and then the Iranian submits the Irishman with a funky chokehold.

“Ha! I told you! You better watch your back Rafe Sureshot, I know jiu jitsu!” and he punches me in the arm.

“Wait!” I shout. I point to a little Red Bull logo, rotating in the lower-right-hand corner of the screen. “I have an idea.”

An idea

He says: “Fucking tell me your idea.”

“I need a minute,” I say.

He says: “Talk now.”

“My ex-wife is a marketing executive at Red Bull, and right now she can’t sell Red Bull in Iran because of the sanctions. But once the sanctions go away, Red Bull will debut a new art collective that exemplifies the new, unified image of

Red Bull that they want to market in Iran, the United States, and worldwide. Red Bull will throw huge parties all over the world, and you'll DJ the city of your choice. My buddy Eric DJ's in Tehran. I'm responsible for bringing Americans to the party, you're responsible for bringing Iranians to the party, and everyone splits the costs, profits, and discounts via XYZ Promotions."

He points his finger at me, and says: "If you lie to me, I am going to kill you right now."

"What are you talking about?"

"Are you CIA?"

"Why are you asking me?"

"Are you CIA!? Don't lie to me."

"Yes," I respond.

"Are you lying to me?"

"No," I respond.

"Why do you want Eric to DJ Tehran?"

"For world peace, to balance The Powers, for reverse game theory, First Loser Wins, to promote the American way of life..."

"Shut up."

He pauses, then asks, "Should I kill you right now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, if you kill me, there's no deal."

"Are you really on Iran's side?"

"Yes, and..."

"Shut up... Tell me, what's reverse game theory and what's First Loser Wins?"

Reverse game theory and First Loser Wins

In game theory, players attempt to achieve their objective by behaving “rationally.” But, in *reverse game theory*, players design games, such that when rational players play those games, it leads to overall favorable outcomes for all rational players.

For example, consider the game First Loser Wins. The game proceeds in a series of four rounds. Each round, one or more players comes in first place, one or more players comes in second place, and so on for third place, and so on. Within a round, each player who comes in second place earns a *near-victory token*. At the end of the fourth round, everyone who has the second-most number of near-victory tokens, wins the game. Rational strategies for this game produce large, multi-way ties.

On one hand, you might think you would need to get all players at the table to agree to play First Loser Wins. But actually, the game is backwards compatible with existing games of global domination. For instance, say you’re playing Risk. If other players believe you’re winning, they will team up against you, and you will lose. But if you aim for second place, you will hopefully be a part of the winning coalition that knocks out the first-place player. Therefore, it’s rational to aim for second place, and consequently, if everyone is rational, no-one will achieve dominance, and the game will eventually end in an all-way tie.

With regards to the Iran nuclear deal, if Iran simply gets to program the American jumbotron, then the United States Government loses, which (a) the United States simply won’t tolerate, and (b) everyone will gun after Iran thereafter, because Iran is now the #1 power. But if Iran lets the United States DJ Tehran, then both Iran and the United States lose,

in a tie for second place, and, therefore, both win. It's a mathematically sound strategy for balancing The Powers.

Jimmy ponders my words, for a few minutes, looks at me, and tells me, "Now you're Iranian."

Lena

Jimmy turns on my phone. Dozens of text messages flow in. Everyone in my family was texting me, and a few friends too, all wondering where I was, and was I OK, and oh, by the way, we've filed a missing person's report, and the police are after you now.

Jimmy dials my ex-wife, Lena, on speakerphone.

"Lena, how are you?"

"Stuart. Are you OK? Your sister told me you're missing."

"I'm OK. Lena, I need a favor."

"Are you manic?"

"I'm enlightened. Please, just listen."

There's silence, then she asks: "Am I on speaker?"

"No. I'm negotiating the Iran nuclear deal, and I need Red Bull's help. I think we can both agree that there's at least a very small chance that I really am negotiating the Iran nuclear deal. Even if the probability is only 0.00001%, then it's worth it to pursue the deal because the world peace is on the line. And if it turns out I'm delusional, there will be no harm."

"There would be harm. If I indulge you in your delusions, you'll just become more delusional."

"Will you just listen to my idea? You'll find it harmless."

Silence. Then I continue.

"Red Bull sponsors a new art collective that exemplifies the image Red Bull wants to sell. We throw a party and we split the profit. That's it."

"Stuart, I don't know how to handle this situation."

I say, "If you say deal, I'll turn myself in, and that's part of the deal... just say deal."

Silence. Then, she says, "Deal..." Then, "Please don't hang up."

Jimmy hang ups.

Jimmy's signature

Jimmy won't let me use my laptop, so I write down the deal on a piece of paper, and Jimmy signs it. I ask to trade Souls for Spirits, but he says, "Not yet. We need your boss's signature, and then it's a done deal."

"Who's my boss?" I ask.

"Your father, you idiot."

Parent's condo

I use my key to enter my parent's condo. The lights are on, and the news is on the TV. Obama just said to Iran via a recorded broadcast, "Now is the time to make a deal. It's now or never."

"Hey Mom, hey Dad," I say, as I walk into the living room.

"Stuart!" my mother shouts, and runs over to me, and gives me a hug. "Where have you been?" she asks.

"I'll explain soon, right now I need to talk to Dad."

"He's on the phone."

And I turn to see my father walk into his bedroom, with his phone to his ear, and he closes the door behind him.

"Dad! I need to talk to you."

"Hold on a minute, I'm on the phone."

"Dad! I need to talk to you right now."

Silence. I turn to my mother, and she asks again: "Where have you been?"

"I'll tell you, but let's wait for Dad."

Father

My father comes out of his bedroom; I ask them to sit down. I explain everything to them, then pull out the signed deal, and ask for my father's signature.

He says, "I need a minute to think about this..."

And then, there's a knock on the door. My mother stands up, walks over to the door, opens it, and there's two police officers.

Oh shit. Why didn't I anticipate this? I look around, looking for ideas, there's a fire escape right next to me; I could just hop out the living-room window. But, a better idea comes to mind, and I run into my parent's bedroom and lock the door.

The police must have rushed in, because they're knocking on the bedroom door, and saying: "We need you to come out."

Searching for the right coin

In my parent's bedroom, I turn to look at the stand presenting my father's collection of the dozens of challenge coins he's earned over the years. At the top left is the personal coin of a one-star Air Force general. It's General Sam Bellow's coin. Although the coin only has one star on it, it's more valuable than it looks. Yes, it's an old personal coin, but Sam Bellow is now a retired four-star general—and, formerly, the Vice Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Should I capture Bellow?

"We need to talk to you Stuart," my father says.

I'm concerned though that if I were to present that coin to someone, they might not recognize its significance, or they

could pretend not to recognize its significance. I need to capture an undeniably powerful coin.

“Let us in!” my father shouts, and I hear the door banging.

The next coin has “CIA Directorate of Operations” engraved upon it, with all the color and minute flourishings of a genuine CIA challenge coin. My father once told me, the coin is very rare. Hardly anyone in the CIA even has this coin.

I hear a slam against the door, so I panic, grab the coin, and hop out the bedroom window, onto a fire escape—suddenly realizing this coin is way too powerful. I just captured the CIA, this is fucking dangerous, but, it’s too late; I must escape.

Escape

I run across the street and hop into Jimmy’s car, parked right behind the cop cars. Then, as calmly as I can muster, I say, “We need to leave now.”

Jimmy doesn’t say a word, and slowly unparks his car, then drives away at the speed limit. I direct him towards Old Town Alexandria, Virginia.

If you’re tuned in to the military drinking subculture of Washington D.C., then you know that Old Town Alexandria is the most friendly place to be a drunk sailor, airman, soldier, or marine.

“You didn’t get his signature,” Jimmy says.

“No, but I can go above the chain of command. Just so you don’t freak out at our destination, I need to tell you about *superrationality*.”

Superrationality

During my travels I came across Douglas Hofstadter's formalization of "superrationality," and then discovered its relationship to the Gentle Way of War and trusting trust. But first, I need explain the traditional notion of "rationality."

In game theory, a player is "rational" if, and only if, the player's actions are optimal towards achieving an objective. In traditional game theory, rational players never trust other players. This lack of trust unfortunately leads to problems, such as cliff dancing.

One of the ways to overcome the problems of traditional rationality is by employing *superrationality*. A superrational player is (a) trustworthy, (b) rational, (c) can identify other superrational players, and (d) trusts other superrational players. According to my interpretation of the Gentle Way of War, master warriors are superrational.

It is therefore important for master warriors to be able to reliably identify each other, so they can take advantage of superrational strategies. Master warriors use the "Introduction Protocol" to identify each other.

To wit, master warriors loudly announce that they are master warriors. But, so do liars and people with delusions of grandeur. Master warriors prove to each other that they are master warriors by behaving in ways that are very difficult for non-masters to behave. It is essentially an *interactive proof system*.

Jimmy says: "You do know jiu jitsu."

I say: "No, it's just a metaphor. We need to go bar hopping tonight, and I'm going to use superrationality to find someone to receive and accept our deal. I may appear chaotic, but it's going to be necessary to prove myself, because although our recipient is probably expecting us, they won't know who we are."

Booty Basement

Jimmy parks off the main drag, and I take him to Booty Basement—a tiny, underground bar where I’ve never seen military. The doorman is wearing a bullet-proof vest that says “Security.” After showing IDs, we walk into the empty basement.

“What are we doing here?” Jimmy asks.

“Getting drunk. It’s necessary for superrationality,” I say.

“Why here?”

“Because there’s no military.”

“You idiot, this bar is Iranian military.”

I laugh, and then he slaps me.

“Did you notice how the bouncer let me slap you? Next time, it’s going to be a knife to the throat, if you don’t tell me why this bar is empty. What did you do at your parents’ house?”

My mind is blank, and then I realize it’s my CIA coin. Iran knows I’ve captured the CIA, and so Iran has emptied out this basement for Jimmy and me. I start thinking about what to do next... then I feel someone brush against me, I check my pocket, my coins are gone, and someone places my coins on the table, between Jimmy and me.

“Holy fucking shit, you captured the CIA! What an idiot,” Jimmy shouts, and laughs. He reaches over to pick up my coins, but I grab his hand. He looks up at me calmly.

“You’re in Iran. Let go,” he says.

“Stop. You’ve got the United States in war-game checkmate, and if you hold those coins for much longer, the United States is going to abandon this war game, and it’s going to be total war—World War 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 all at once, and everyone’s going to die, and needless to say, we’re both going to die on the spot. I don’t know how much time we have, but you should give back those coins now.”

Then, the bouncer walks up to us, and says: “What’s going on?”

“He’s trying to steal my coins,” I say.
The bouncer asks Jimmy: “Is this true?”
Jimmy lets go of the coins, I put them back in my pocket,
and we start chugging beer.

Rook

Once we get sufficiently drunk, we walk about a half mile down the street, towards the waterfront. We approach Rook, an Irish pub, where all the US military go to drink.

Jimmy says: “This is bad for me.”

I say, “Be cool.”

The doorman lets us in, and I activate superrationality. The bar is empty, except for a few people here and there, and a group of 9 gentlemen, and one lady, all sitting along a long table, clearly drunk, singing drinking songs, and having merriment. They look like marines, except their hair is slightly too long.

Now it’s my move. I walk up to the look-alike marine table, and say: “Hey, are you guys marines?”

One of them looks at me and shouts: “Fuck yeah!”

I say, “Can I buy you guys a round?”

They look at each other, consensus arises, and they say “Yes!”

So, I buy them beer, they thank me, and they continue their drinking songs, I join in for just one song, then leave. They continue their merriment. Jimmy and I sit in the back, drinking beer.

A guy from outside the marine-look-alike group runs up to me, and says “Hi!” so I buy him a drink and we have small chit chat. One thing leads to another, and our challenge coins are on the table, but I didn’t pull the CIA coin. I pulled my NORAD coin.

He says, “I win, you owe me a beer!” and laughs and slaps the table with his hand.

I feign contempt. He has a one-star general coin—a coin some one-star had given him for a good briefing at the Pentagon or something like that, whereas my coin represents my role in ending WW4.

I say: “No, I win. Look at my coin,” and then I explain the intricate symbolism pervading the coin, and how it was a part of a hacking operation with far bigger consequences, and I do this without revealing any classified information, but with sufficient detail that he should be able to read between the lines and understand what my coin represents.

He says, “You owe me a beer.”

I say, “Try your plastic coin on those guys,” and point to the look-alike marines at the table.

He says, “Fuck you.”

According to superrationality, and the honor-defense protocol, it’s time to bounce this guy. Or, maybe he’s bouncing me. Either way, I must proceed the same way. I say, “Do you want to take this outside?”

He accepts my invitation.

Outside

As soon as we're clear of the doorman, he throws a right hook, but I duck under, and tackle him. We tussle, I end up on top, raise my fist to strike, then invite him to surrender. He accepts my invitation, so I let him go. He stands up, straightens out his jacket, and walks away, without turning back.

Now the doorman won't let Jimmy and me back inside, and I wonder if it might be game over. I suggest to Jimmy we just hang outside the bar. He's concerned the police will come. I say, "Those marines inside, they're not really marines. And if they're not marines, then Rook probably isn't going to call the police. We have to take the risk."

We're just standing outside, freezing our asses off, so I ask Jimmy, "If I smoke a Spirit, does it kill an American?" He says no. Then I ask, "If you smoke a Soul, does it kill an Iranian?" He says no. So, we trade cigarettes and smoke.

A few minutes into our cigarettes, Jimmy says: "You told me you didn't know jiu jitsu," and I nod. He refrains from threatening my life.

The lady from the group at the table steps outside. "Can I borrow a smoke?" Jimmy offers her a Spirit.

"What was that fight all about?" she asks.

I laugh, and say: "Well, he thought his coin outranked mine."

"Can I see your coin?" she asks.

"Do you have a coin?" I ask.

"No," she says.

"I don't have a coin either," I say.

"Fine," she says.

There is a pause.

"Hi, I'm Jimmy," Jimmy says.

They shake hands.

"What do you do for a living, Jimmy?"

"I'm Iranian intelligence," he says.

We all laugh.

Then, I look at her, and say, "He's not joking, he really is Iranian intel. And, I'm CIA. We come in peace." Then, I hand her my NORAD coin.

She studies it, looks up at me, and asks: "This was OXK?" And I nod. Then she asks: "What was the outcome of the war game?" And I tell her.

She laughs, and pulls out her coin. It's a Secret Service coin.

"I have the Iran nuclear deal," I say.

I pull out the signed document, and hand it to her. She studies it for a few minutes.

"How do I know this is real?" she asks.

I pull out my Souls and show them to her. "I've got Iranian cigarettes." Then she reaches fast and swipes the cigarettes from me. I look at Jimmy. He looks OK. She looks at the cigarettes, then pulls one out.

"Don't smoke it," I say.

She lights her lighter and pulls it toward her Iranian Soul. I pull out my CIA coin.

"Stop. I've got a CIA Directorate of Operations coin." I say, and she lets her lighter go out.

I continue: "I'll trade you the CIA for the Iranians."

She says: "Deal," and we make the swap. Then, Jimmy and I run away.

Waterfront

We run all the way to the waterfront. It's a grassy park, with a volley-ball court, paved trails, and trees. We pause to catch our breath.

We look at each other, I smile and extend my hand for a handshake.

Jimmy stands up straight, and we shake hands.

"Job well done, soldier," he says.

"Thank you," I say, "Now, can we please trade cigarettes, so we can go home."

His smile drops, and he says: "I can't do that. We'll have to wait until I receive confirmation the deal's gone through."

"What are you talking about, we just submitted the deal directly to Obama."

"I said we'd trade cigarettes, once the deal is signed by your boss, which didn't happen. Let's just go home."

"Give me the Spirits," I say.

"Rafe, you're my friend, they're safe with me. Why would I smoke a Spirit, while I'm waiting to DJ America?"

I start walking towards him.

"Don't cliff dance with me," he says, "I'm crazier than you can imagine," as he reaches for his pocket, and I tackle him. We roll around on the ground, back and forth, he ends up on top of me, but I roll him, reversing it, and gain mount position, he manages to punch me, we roll around, I take his back, reach into his pocket, grab his car keys, let him go, and I sprint away towards his car.

He chases me, but I'm faster. He shouts out, "The deal's cancelled Rafe Sureshot! You just fucked up!"

But I run. I know he's full of shit; I already have his signature. I'm approaching his car, pop his trunk, reach in, grab the Spirits, toss the Souls into his trunk, drop the keys on the ground, and sprint away.

Metro parking garage

Under a stairwell, in the basement of a Metro parking garage, I wake up early in the morning. It seems right around sunrise. The birds are chirping and it's killing my brain. I've got a killer headache, and all the adrenaline is gone. I begin crying. Is it because I've pulled off the Iran nuclear deal? Is it because I jeopardized it? I don't know.

I check and make sure I have the carton of Spirits. I do. But, then I notice there's a pack missing from the carton. I realize, I never took the pack of Spirits from Jimmy's pocket. He still has a pack!

Groaning, I fumble around in my pocket for my phone. I pull it out, and think about calling Jimmy, wondering what he's going to say. Maybe I just destroyed the whole deal last night. Maybe I should call Jimmy, maybe I should try to mend what I've done. But what weapons does he have? What other Iranian operatives are roaming right now?

My phone rings. It's Jimmy. I want to answer, I want to get those Spirits, but I can't bring myself to answer his call. I want to fix the deal, but I'm terrified of Jimmy. I'm more afraid of losing my own life than I am afraid of losing the last pack of Spirits, afraid of losing the deal. And although I recognize my fear, I'm turning away, because I do not want to die. And, that's when I realize, I'm not enlightened anymore. Enlightened people don't cower in fear—they run towards it, for the benefit of others.

I decline the phone call.

Depression

The depression following a schizoaffective manic attack is pretty bad. It lasts between three to six months, and you're sporadically wondering if it's better just to die or to continue living another few months in this state of being.

My own enlightenment was the foundation of all my other beliefs. Reflecting, I don't think I was ever enlightened, except for perhaps a few brief moments after my mind popped, and before ego took over. So, with enlightenment gone, the other beliefs started to crumble. Over a 12-month, back-and-forth journey, I tried to figure out what really happened, and what was imaginary. But there are at least a few things I know for sure, including: (1) Jimmy and I really did negotiate, (2) I really did submit a few pieces of paper to someone outside of a bar who claimed to be Secret Service, and (3) I'm too afraid to answer Jimmy's phone calls.

Part II

The Jumbotron

Enlightenment, yet again

December 18, 2015

About a year has passed since I submitted a few pieces of paper to someone who claimed to be Secret Service. According to the news, Iran and the US have both signed a nuclear deal, lifting sanctions from Iran so long as Iran renounces nuclear power. But, it's unclear when it will go into effect.

I find myself sitting on a meditation cushion, in a large tent with about sixty other people, two weeks into a four-week intensive meditation retreat in southeastern Colorado. My mind pops, and I'm enlightened, yet again.

Expulsion

At the retreat, I informed my meditation instructor that I'm enlightened. She told me, no you're not enlightened, it's just a temporary spiritual experience, a brief glimpse that will go away soon. I said, OK, fine, sure, I'm "temporarily" enlightened, so you better rush me to the pulpit and let me expound upon the Gentle Way of War, before it goes away. She said no, I insisted, then I demanded, one thing led to another, and now I'm in a psych ward, yet again.

Psych ward

December 20, 2015

My father is here; he flew all the way to Colorado, just to see me in the psych ward. They called him, because I foolishly listed my parents as my emergency contacts on my insurance.

He says: “Don’t you remember being depressed? Do you remember that you accepted the fact that you have schizoaffective disorder?”

I say: “First of all, it’s an opinion and not a fact. And, maybe I do have schizoaffective ‘disorder.’ Maybe, only people with schizoaffective ‘disorder’ are capable of enlightenment. I’m not saying that’s necessarily true, but perhaps it’s a possibility.”

He says: “You’re only thinking these thoughts right now because you’re manic. Remember...”

I slam my fist on the table, and shout: “I am not manic! I am enlightened!”

My father watches the “nurses” take me away. Inside a windowless room, they strap me to a table. I resolve never again to be strapped to a table.

Coloring

Over the previous year, I discovered that the quickest way to escape a psych ward is through the fire escape. But, if you go that route, then the police go after you, and life becomes more annoying than it needs to be.

It took me a while to figure out that the best way to escape a psych ward is to spend a few days pretending the sedatives are working, and behaving in a manner consistent

with psychiatry's insane notion of sanity. Said behavior limits the opportunity to socialize with other prisoners.

Thus, when Marco approached me, just now, and said, "Hi, I'm Marco," while I was coloring a unicorn in a coloring book, I ignored him. Coloring is long, tedious work, but psychiatrists like to see coloring, so I colored.

Yes, I'm looking to rendezvous with secret agents. I don't know who, yet, but I'm hoping The Powers will send me at least one, so I can reengage my mission for the World Peace. But, if The Powers want me to meet a secret agent, it's going to need to be outside the psych ward. Those are my terms.

Release

December 23, 2015

After a few days of my "sanity" charade, they release me. I organize my belongings in my backpacking pack, don my denim-on-denim suit, and step outside the perimeter of the prison, through the gate, to freedom.

My father is waiting for me, and his eyes grow wide when he sees me, because I'm making silly faces at him. He runs up to the front desk, and says to the receptionist: "My son's not ready to be released. Look, he's still delusional!" The receptionist is unsympathetic. My father insists to see the psychiatrist, but the receptionist says that's not possible, then my father demands, one thing leads to another, my father is screaming at the receptionist, and she threatens to call the police.

My father screams: "This is horse shit!" and the police show up. He's yelling at everyone, including the police, and the police explain there's nothing they can do. Finally, he exits the building with me. He's frowning, but I'm smiling, because I love that I'm free and my father is powerless to have me locked up.

We go to a diner for a silent, early breakfast. I'm listening for messages from The Powers on the TV, but I all hear is

static idle chatter. I text Jimmy, asking about the Spirits and the Iran nuclear deal. I offer to pay for breakfast, but my father treats.

Ami

Let me tell you the story of Ami and me. One day, early into my travels after Silicon Valley, I ended up making eye contact with a woman in Telluride, Colorado, sitting alone on the patio of a Japanese noodle shop, sipping tea from the smallest mug I had ever seen. The patio was covered in construction materials, and a sign on the door said: “Closed.”

We smiled. I said, “Hello.” She said, “Hello.”

She told me I looked familiar, and asked if we knew each other. I said I don’t think so. Then, she told me her name is Ami, and she invited me into her restaurant, for coffee and tea.

We told each other stories of our travels. Ami told me how the nail salon next door to her restaurant had recently closed its doors, so she had leased their old shop, tore down the wall, and was now expanding her restaurant. She expressed her wish that she could feed me, but she didn’t have any food at the moment. I knew what she was thinking; I looked like a hungry vagabond, and I was a hungry vagabond—a rich one though.

I told her about my most recent meditation retreat. Also, I had just launched a website, TravelingYogi.org, to help join together traveling spirituality teachers with students who would like to host them: teachings in exchange for a few days of food and shelter.

She loved the idea of Traveling Yogi, and told me another story or two about her adventures with spirituality and traveling.

Then, a man walked into her restaurant, heaving in what turned out to be an industrial strength juicer—a gift for Ami. She stood up smiling, and said “Thank you! Thank you!”

Thank you!" The benefactor expressed his gratitude to Ami and said he was happy to have come across the juicer, in some random fashion, and knew Ami would love it, and would use it to heal people with her food. Then, he said he had to run, so he left.

Ami laughed, and said, "Now, if only we had fruits and vegetables, then I could feed you."

Ten minutes later, someone showed up, this time with another gift for Ami—a large bowl of fruits and vegetables.

Ami laughed, and said, "Now, I can feed you!" She made fresh juice for me, pointing out the various healing properties of the various ingredients. Finally, before offering the juice she made, she held the cup in her hands, closed her eyes, and said a prayer.

After I had juice with Ami, I said "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" and I was on my way. But Ami, said "Wait. Before you go, here, take this," and offered me a twenty dollar bill. I tried to turn down her gift; she didn't know I had plenty of money, but she insisted, so eventually I laughed and said, "I know I look scruffy, but actually I'm just filthy rich."

She laughed too, and said, "Well in that case, I could really use \$20k to finish my renovations. Ha!"

I grinned, and said, "What's your last name? I'll cut you a check."

She smiled and said, "Budo."

"The way of war?"

"You know Japanese?"

"Just a little, just from jiu jitsu."

There was a pause, then she said, "You know jiu jitsu?"

"I've been studying and practicing jiu jitsu for eight years."

"Ha!"

Then I asked her, "Do you know jiu jitsu?"

With a smile, she said "I know jiu budo, the gentle way of war."

I shouted with a smile "Let's spar!" which made her smile and laugh.

“No. I’m an old lady now. I only practice mental jiu budo these days.”

With a grin, I asked “Will you teach me when I get back from the bank?”

She nodded, so I walked to the Bank of America in town, about a mile away, minted a cashier’s check for \$20k, and walked back.

When I handed her the check, I saw her looking down at her trembling hands as she accepted it. She looked back up at me with wide eyes. A few seconds passed, then she said, “You really are rich?”

Smiling all along, I said, “Yup.”

And, then we spent the next six months together. The Gentle Way of War made perfect sense and represented the synthesis of pretty much every piece of wisdom I had ever discovered in life up until that point, along with fresh new, stunning, surprising, undeniable perspectives on life, truth, and the nature of conflict. She taught me to flip situations inside out.

It all ended the day she told me I should find a cave for sitting. With bittersweet tears goodbye for both of us, I left in search of my cave.

Towards Telluride

I’m with my dad, heading out of the diner, and wondering if Ami can help my father understand my enlightenment. Ami understands me, she understands the Gentle Way of War, she understands flipping situations, she understands enlightenment, she loves me, and everyone loves her. She’s a saint.

With Ami in mind, I have an idea to flip my father’s energy inside out. I say to my father, “There’s only one person in the world who could possibly talk me out of my ‘delusions,’ and it’s Ami.”

We begin driving to Telluride. There’s snow everywhere.

Lena

Now that I am enlightened again, and unencumbered by the negotiations for the Iran nuclear deal, it's time to win back Lena. I text Lena, saying: "I'm enlightened again, and would make a very good husband this time around. Will you marry me again?"

Then, I attach a short story I'd already written, titled: *Pan and Tinkerbelle*.

Pan and Tinkerbelle

After the events that were portrayed in the book Peter and Wendy, Tinkerbelle and Peter Pan both grew up and got married. To each other. Because they grew up, they both forgot how to fly and their marriage was miserable.

So, Pan the Man ran away to live in the mountains of Colorado. All he did there was just play games and go on adventures. Only very nearly did he escape death on several occasions. Whenever he wanted a place to stay, he discovered he could win his keep by doing the dishes cheerfully.

Pan the Man loved Colorado so much, he spent most of his time outside Colorado, begging his friends to grown down, come in, and play. The chief problem Pan was up against in telling his friends about Colorado, was that everyone thought he was crazy. Well not everyone thought he was crazy; the prisoners in the insane asylums loved him.

Pan had such trouble because he didn't realize that people actually, truly, did believe him. The problem wasn't disbelief. Rather, people were just too afraid to visit Colorado with Pan.

So, it took a long time for everyone to muster up the courage to visit Colorado. But eventually everyone did. Except of course, Tinkerbelle. She was still mad at Pan for run-

ning away in the first place. And also, for stealing flowers from witches.

To Tinkerbell, Pan would say things like: “But look what I’ve found; come on, let’s go; you’re being an idiot.”

Tinkerbell couldn’t help but be extremely stubborn. “Come on Tink! Will you marry me again? I’ll make you my princess! No, I’ll make you my queen! Let me do the dishes. Here, let’s play with some fairy dust. Do you like the flowers I got you? I stole them from a witch! Let me teach you how to fly. I’ll be your happy thought. It’s so simple, children can even fly!”

And just then, Tinkerbell suddenly remembered her childhood fun in Neverland. She immediately started floating, giggling, blushing, and looking at Pan very mischievously.

She remembered her happy thought. Pan wasn’t her happy thought. Her happy thought was the childish fun of Neverland. So Pan and Tinkerbell grabbed hands, they each vowed never to grow up again, they blasted off, and flew into the sunrise towards Colorado, where they, and everyone else, lived happily ever after.

Telluride

We arrive in Telluride, and there's no response from Lena. Ami welcomes my father and me into her home. Tapestries Ami had stitched together hang from her walls. Statues of Amaterasu, Buddha, Jesus, Shiva, Krishna, merkabahs, angels, tortoises, elephants, and lions rest here and there, throughout her home. Her bookshelves host an eclectic mix of books from all the world's religions. The lighting is a few shades brighter than dim. Her fireplace hosts a half-way-through fire.

"Would you like coffee or tea?" she asks. My father says no thanks, and I say yes please to coffee. While my father and I sit in silence, she roasts coffee beans upon an iron skillet over her gas stove, then grinds the beans, and finishes making the coffee with a French press. She serves me and herself coffee in tiny, hot mugs with no handles.

"Rafe, tell me about the World Peace," she says and giggles.

"I'm enlightened."

"Again?" she responds with a laugh, which makes me laugh too. She looks to my father, and continues: "What do you think, Padre?"

"He has schizoaffective disorder. He's delusional. He's not enlightened," my father says, with his arms crossed.

"Padre, has Rafe told you about the Gentle Way of War?"

"Yes."

"But he doesn't get it," I chime in.

"Rafe, why don't you enlighten us about the Gentle Way of War?"

My father leans back and scoffs.

The Gentle Way of War

I explain that the Gentle Way of War is an ancient Japanese art of redirecting energy. I pull out my phone. According to Wikipedia:

“Jiu budo is a martial art and a method of close combat for defeating an armed and armored opponent in which one uses no weapon or only a short weapon.

“‘Jiu’ can be translated to mean ‘gentle, soft, supple, flexible, pliable, or yielding.’ ‘Budo’ can be translated to mean ‘the way of war.’

“Jiu budo aims to manipulate the opponent’s force against themselves rather than confronting it with one’s own force.”

I go on to explain how jiu budo is *alchemy*—the process of turning lead into gold. According to my Ph.D. dissertation, jiu budo is also the basis for the *Zen Lemonade Garden*. Jiu budo is how I negotiated the Iran nuclear deal; I let Jimmy kidnap me, then let him indoctrinate me, then I used his own logic to create a favorable deal that benefits everyone.

Delusional gibberish

Ami says: “Padre, does that make sense?”

My father says: “It’s delusional gibberish.”

Then, I say: “It’s not delusional gibberish. What Ami is trying to say, is if you want to stand a chance towards influencing my decision making, you need to let me indoctrinate you, then you can attempt to use my own logic against me.”

“You are delusional. You don’t have a Ph.D. and you know it.”

My Ph.D. disseration

It’s true that I have yet to be awarded a Ph.D. Nevertheless, I have authored my dissertation, and one day a doctoral thesis committee will accept it, and award me a Ph.D. Here is a copy of my Ph.D. dissertation, in its totality:

According to the Zen Lemonade Garden, if someone hands you a lemon, and you’re busy, hand it back, and ask for lemonade. If you’re not busy, make lemonade, and hand it back.

This interactive proof system is a form of alchemy and jiu budo. You can also use ZLG to defend against cyber-kinetic nuclear warfare.

If you would like me to defend my Ph.D. dissertation, please hand me a lemon.

The reason the dissertation is so short, is because the dissertation is written in the style of ZLG. In other words, I use ZLG to interactively prove the dissertation about ZLG; as people throw lemons at ZLG, I use ZLG to enlighten them

about ZLG, turning their lemons into lemonade. It's the most elegant way to defend a dissertation about ZLG. There's no need to author 92 pages of documentation.

I respond to my father: "I do have a dissertation. You just refuse to understand Mofongo!"

My father shouts: "Mofongo is a delusion!"

Mofongo

Mofongo is the name of my *idiolect*. According to Wikipedia:

"In linguistics, an idiolect is an individual's distinctive and unique use of language, including speech. The unique usage encompasses vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation. Idiolect is the variety of language unique to an individual."

In other words, I don't actually speak English. Rather, I speak my own language. When I use a word, its meaning may be different than what you think I'm trying to express.

Every human uses a language unique to the individual, as part of an ongoing effort to communicate the speaker's thought bubbles to other humans. A human's idiolect is their language that is unique to them.

While these words appear to be English, these words are actually Mofongo. Sentences in Mofongo point to thought bubbles in my brain, and if you misinterpret Mofongo then you will not see the thought bubbles in my brain.

In Mofongo, the word "dissertation" refers to "an essay (long, short, or anything in between) written to be submitted, or already submitted, towards receiving a Ph.D. degree." I haven't yet been awarded a Ph.D., but at least I've already written my dissertation.

Throw

One thing leads to another, and I grab my father by the collar of his winter coat. I'm trying to demonstrate to him that he is responsible for his own emotions; it's up to him; and he can't blame me for his own anger. Suddenly... I'm flying across space... realizing Ami has thrown me... and I land hard on my back on Ami's floor; she is standing above me, dispassionate.

As I sit up, my father already has his phone out, and he's calling the police, claiming I assaulted him, and he requests a mental-health worker authorized to take people away to psych wards. The police arrive, but there's no mental-health worker. By then I'm meditating, with my backpack next to me, and I'm ready for anything.

The police interview my father. He is hysterical and demands a mental-health worker. I calmly explain to the police officers that my father suffers from an anger problem, and please don't take him away, he'll be fine soon. The police give me a citation for harassment, then Ami kicks me out of her home, telling me: "You can't disrespect your father like that in my home. If you come back, I'll call the police for trespassing." So, now I'm outside in the snow, and I reach into my pocket, so I can call an Uber to my favorite hotel in downtown.

Outside

As it turns out, I don't have my phone on me anymore. I don't know where it is. On the curb, outside of Ami's house, I check everywhere in my pack, but my phone is gone. So, I walk two miles to my favorite hotel.

Hotel

At the hotel, it turns out I don't have my wallet anymore. Concerned I've lost everything, I look for my passport, and find it. I also have my NORAD coin and my laptop. I walk to Bank of America so I can make a large cash withdrawal.

Bank of America

At the bank, it turns out, Telluride's one and only Bank of America has permanently closed its doors. Are The Powers intentionally making life difficult for me? And if so, why?

The Alley

There's an alley downtown, behind a hipster coffee shop, where vagabonds tend to hang out. I enter the alley. There's a few people sitting on the curb, and it looks like they're sharing a joint.

"May I join?" I ask.

"Please," one of them says, and hands me the joint. I inhale a puff, but it doesn't affect me. I'm merely smoking to be social. I just listen to their conversation. It seems to be just more idle chatter.

When it's next my turn to puff, I inhale, hold it, exhale upwards, into the alley sky, and say: "Do any of you have a car? I'll pay anyone \$100 to drive me to a Bank of America outside Telluride." Someone asks if I have the money on me. I say no, and they each say they don't have a car. I stick around anyway.

Perhaps 10 minutes later, a guy storms in, and loudly announces: “What’s up my dudes? Super Hacker Deluxe in the house.” They laugh, and someone passes him the joint.

“What kinds of things do you hack?” I ask.

“Everything. Python, fibonacci sequences, recursion. I dual boot Linux and Windows. The Low Orbit Ion Cannon. Tor, the Dark Web. I’m plugged into Anonymous...” and he goes on for a few more minutes, talking fast.

It seems he’s an earnest neophyte, who is either: (a) playing with fire, and on his way to prison, or (b) suffering from delusions of grandeur. Or, maybe he’s a secret agent sent by The Powers. No, he’s definitely not a secret agent. If actors were this good, they’d have to hand out antipsychotics at movie theaters.

“He’s our #1 hacker,” someone from the group says, and they smile.

The hacker looks at me, and asks: “Do you hack?”

“Yes.”

“What do you hack?”

“Everything. I’m Earth’s #1 hacker.”

Of course, they present a show that they don’t believe me. Eventually, I get around to explaining how high-density cyberbombs put the Low Orbit Ion Cannon to shame. I explain how I conquered ballistic missile defense, then show them my NORAD coin. Deluxe’s eyes grow wide, but everyone else still says I’m full of shit.

I shrug, and say: “Super Hacker Deluxe, if you ever want to level up, I can teach you. I gotta run right now though; I need to find some food and a Bank of America. Thank you so much for the smoke.” I stand up, and walk away.

Food

Super Hacker Deluxe chases after me. “Are you really that elite?” he asks.

“Yes,” I say.

“Can you teach me?”

“Yes, but I’m going to wrap my teachings in jiu budo. Also I need food and a Bank of America.”

Deluxe tells me the closest BofA is in Montrose, an hour north. He says he’ll buy me a bus ticket, if he can come with me. The only catch is, the bus service won’t start until morning. I say, deal.

We go to a 7-eleven and he buys the ingredients for a vagabond spread with his food stamps. He teaches me how to prepare the spread, we prepare it, and we enjoy it.

For desert, we head to downtown’s grocery store. Deluxe takes me to the back alley, behind the store, and shows me the dumpster. I’m skeptical of eating trash, but Deluxe pops the lid to the dumpster and inside is a wide array of recently expired food, all wrapped up in original packaging, and neatly arranged for easy pickings. The donuts are especially delicious. Thank you kind grocers.

Lesson

I tell Deluxe all about the Gentle Way of War, open borders, global basic income, the World Peace, ultimate reality, red pills, blue pills, and matrices within matrices, within matrices. Although he’s a novice amateur, he is an amazing student. He especially loves open borders, global basic income, and the mechanics of a QEMU red-pill hack I’ve been hoarding.

In a brief, articulate and fast-paced monologue, he asks me to help him wake up to ultimate reality. I tell him: I

would love to give you that red pill, but you're not ready yet. First, you need to escape from your top-level matrix, where you're currently residing. You don't even know about WW0, yet, my dude.

Camping

Deluxe has a two-person tent hidden underneath a large tree, somewhere in the woods just outside of Telluride's limits. We camp there for the night. I tether Deluxe's phone for Internet access, and ping Lena over email.

Message to NSA

December 24, 2015

I wake up to birds chirping, and I am so happy to be in a warm sleeping bag. I step outside the tent, and Deluxe is there, waiting with a fresh thermos of coffee. I thank him, and he requests a teaching.

I say, "I'll teach you how to send messages to NSA."

He looks around. "Are you crazy?" he whispers.

"Grab your laptop," I say, and he hurries into the tent, fumbles around the interior chaos, then eventually comes up with his laptop. We walk over to a clearing and sit on the Earth.

"Open up your favorite text editor, just not Emacs, and type in: 'We want open borders, global basic income, and red pills.' Then save it. That's all!"

Confused, he says: "But how do we send it to them?"

I reply: "NSA knows you're with me, NSA is power surveilling me, and now NSA is power surveilling you." Then, I explain Snowden, The Powers, WW0, and the Iran nuclear deal.

I finish by saying: "We can only achieve security through insecurity; we must let The Powers observe us and interfere

with us, because it makes them feel safe, and if they feel safe, nukes are less likely to go off. Our only hope is to play by their rules, and achieve the World Peace on their terms. Now that you're with me, you can no longer operate the Low Orbit Ion Cannon; it's against the rules of engagement. Sorry, but at least you've escaped a matrix."

Bus ride

We're on the bus to Montrose. "Oh my God," Deluxe says, looking at his phone.

"What?"

"It looks like we're finally going to have *disclosure*."

"What's disclosure?"

He hands me his phone. It's a short, 10-minute film on YouTube, titled *Grey Secret Disclosure*. It's produced by Red Bull.

Grey Secret Disclosure

The film opens up with an ominous title screen, then the following caption fades in: "This is not science fiction. This is real."

Fade in from black. A man is riding alone on a New York City subway car. Seated in the corner, he makes a statement into a microphone connected to his laptop. He says, "The Greys are the E.T.'s from Roswell and Area 51. Ever since I escaped my abduction, I've dedicated my life to cracking Grey signals. I've almost succeeded a few times, but every time, The Powers out hack me before I can crack the code. But this time, it's different."

The film cuts to a swat team racing down the stairs of a subway entrance, towards a platform. The train stops,

and the swat team bursts into the car, but the subway car is empty.

The film shows a panoramic shot of a military base in the desert, and a caption says “Area 51.” An Air Force full bird slams his fist on a table and shouts: “Find him! If he shares, it will be pandemonium.”

The film cuts to the protagonist knocking on the door of a row house in Brooklyn. A woman answers. The man says: “Becky...” but she cuts him off, saying: “After all these years, you’re just going to show up at my doorstep?” He says, “You’re the only one who can help. I’ve cracked a Grey message that’s going to change everything.”

It turns out Becky’s a hacker too. He asks her to broadcast the Grey message to Earth’s jumbotron, and she reluctantly agrees.

Cut to a shot of Earth, from space. An alien spaceship materializes into view, appearing from nothing. Cut to people watching TV from a barbershop. A barber drops his comb, and his eyes grow wide, as he looks into the TV mounted on the wall.

A Grey voice broadcasts across all the world’s TVs, saying, in an even humanoid cadence, “We are the Greys. We would like to share our technology with you, but we’re afraid you’ll use it against us. Prove to us you are ready for world peace, by this upcoming full moon, or you will lose the opportunity for peace, forever. We are not the evil beings you think we are. Discover and disclose the Grey Secret.”

The film cuts to the protagonist and Becky. The protagonist asks: “Do you think this will work?” Becky silently nods, with a slight smile.

There’s a slow fade in of people standing in the streets, from an overhead angle. As the shot zooms out, the camera angle reveals it’s an enormous crowd. An electro beat drops, the DJ behind the turn table smiles, winks at the camera, and everyone cheers and dances. The film cuts to similar scenes all across earth—peaceful world-peace demonstrations under a bright full moon. The scenes last for several minutes. The

film fades to black. Three hashtags pop up on the screen: #GreySecret #Disclosure #RedBull.

Fruition

This is Jimmy's video! He's DJ'ing the American jumbotron, right now; it's the fruition of the Iran nuclear deal. Grey technology represents nuclear power and the Greys represent a hybrid mix of both the US and Iranian governments. This film is an advertisement for the world-peace party, and it's my job to bring Americans to the party, to manufacture the political will amongst Americans to join the world-peace party—to ally with every other nation on Earth.

Somehow, The Powers programmed Deluxe and me to meet each other, so he could show me the film; perhaps Deluxe can help in other ways too. I've underestimated The Powers.

My mind is racing. I need to promote this film—solicit millions of high-quality hits on YouTube, and bring it major air time on TV and radio. And, I need to convince everyone this film isn't just a publicity stunt—it's real.

It is also clear I'm going to need Lena's help, and my father is going to be working against me. Is he part of The Powers? Has he been sandbagging the entire time? And other questions arise. I ask Deluxe, "Why are you so excited about this film? What's *disclosure*? And, what's the *Grey Secret*?"

Disclosure

According to Deluxe, "We all want disclosure." *Disclosure* is a giant wake up—an awakening where everyone learns the truth of E.T. life on Earth, and the conflict of our galaxy. The believers of Earth have been demanding disclosure ever since The Powers began concealing our E.T. connection, who knows how long ago.

According to Deluxe, E.T.'s are all over Earth, our solar system, and our galaxy. They've been monitoring and interfering with our affairs for a long time. There are many species of E.T.'s including Greys, Pleadians, Arcturians, Reptilians, Insectoids, and Sirians, to name a few. For one reason or another, Earth has become the nexus for the final conflict between the various intelligent lifeforms of our galaxy. Creating peace on Earth would bring peace to the whole galaxy.

The Greys are the most technologically advanced species, and have been using their power to abduct Earth and E.T. species, for unknown reasons. In contrast, the Pleadians and Arcturians seem to be the most spiritually advanced species. They both claim they are enlightened, and they regularly broadcast messages to Earth with instructions on how to become enlightened. However, the instructions for achieving enlightenment differ between the Pleadian and Arcturian broadcasts.

Also, The Powers of Earth have been both fighting and cooperating with the E.T.'s for several decades, perhaps even centuries, perhaps even millennia. They've also been keeping it a secret from the public. Tens of thousands of people worldwide are familiar with this intragalactic conflict.

Deluxe tells me he's an Insectoid, and the Greys have been fucking with him his whole life. He finishes by saying, "But, I don't know what the Grey Secret is."

But, I know what the Grey Secret is; I've figured it out. *The Grey Secret is nuclear power.* To achieve world peace, we need to give nuclear power to every nation on Earth—we need to revise the Iran nuclear deal, to say the least. But how am I going to bring nuclear power to everyone? According to Jimmy's film, we have until the upcoming full moon.

Lunar Calendar

Deluxe pulls open the lunar calendar on his phone, so we can figure out our deadline for achieving the World Peace. The upcoming full moon starts *tonight*, at midnight, Christmas Eve. Shit. We only have hours to bring Americans to the World Peace Party and disclose the Grey Secret—or we’ll lose the possibility of peace forever.

Psyop campaign

We’re still on the bus. I tell Deluxe: “There’s one part of the puzzle I haven’t told you yet. My friend Jimmy is an Iranian intelligence operative, and I’ve transposed Iran, so I’m Iranian, too. It’s true. But, I’m a diplomat for Iran. I’m also a diplomat for everyone in the galaxy, including the Greys, Pleiadians, Arcturians, and Insectoids. This is the key to peace in the galaxy: universal diplomacy, taking everyone’s side, and we need to launch a psyop campaign, right now, and hack the planet to create peace with Iran, the Greys, and everyone else.”

I ask: “Will you help me bring disclosure and peace to Earth and the Galaxy? I need you to hack with me.”

His hands start to shake, he looks at me, and says: “I’m in.” We begin planning our operation.

Bank of America

Around 3 PM, December 24, 2015

An hour and a half later, I'm walking out of a Bank of America in Montrose with about \$30,000 in cash. I give \$3,000 to Deluxe, saying: "This is for you." He accepts the money with both hands, then bends over, covers his face, and he begins to cry, softly. I continue: "I would give you more, but we need the rest for the *Zen Banking Algorithm*." He nods, still crying.

Zen Banking Algorithm

When you apply Zen to investment banking, you get ZBA—the Zen Banking Algorithm. Basically, if you're enlightened and you have a bunch of wealth, and you would like to invest in World Peace projects, you should begin by retreating to a grand palace. The grand palace should be very enjoyable and have a nice, comfortable throne, upon which you sit and hold court. The purpose of enjoying luxury, is to entice practitioners into pursuing enlightenment for themselves.

From the grand palace, announce to Earth you are investing in World Peace projects. Throngs of applicants will bombard you. To handle the deluge, applicants must submit their proposals to doormen, and bouncers will kick out frivolous applicants. When overloads occur, the doormen should give Zen riddles to applicants to stall them with fruitful work.

Grand Palace

We acquire a room in the Montrose Gold Palace Hotel in downtown, and rush to setup our laptops on the two adjacent desks in the room. I tell Deluxe to start rallying his Anonymous and E.T. friends, then I step out to acquire supplies.

7-Eleven

I purchase: beer, champagne, Gatorade, envelopes, paper, sharpies, pens, today's New York Times, a deck of cards, a large sudoku puzzle book, and four cartons of Red Bull.

Cash money everywhere

We layout our cash and Red Bulls on the bed, along with the New York Times, and we take a selfie with it. Deluxe uploads the picture to his Facebook wall, which is where his Anonymous and E.T. friends hangout. Then he posts a link to my explanation of ZBA and explains Grey Secret Disclosure (GSD). Finally, he says on his wall: "Make a proposal for cash money, telling me how much you want, and how you will blast our message on America's Jumbotron. We'll mail you cash today."

His Facebook feeds goes nuts, and I say: "Great. I'm going after some high-profile targets, solo. Shout out the proposals to me, as you receive them."

High-Profile Targets

I need to enlighten Hacker News—the favorite news website for Earth’s most elite hackers. I create a new blog on Medium.com, create the following blog post, and submit it to Hacker News:

We need to achieve the World Peace tonight, or we will lose the opportunity forever. After every world war, there is peace where everyone becomes friends, once again. In this case, we need to become friends with Iran. Tonight. And, we need to offer nuclear power to all our friends, which is everyone.

If it helps, you should know that I am an Iranian intel operative. Don’t you love me? The Red Bull Grey Secret Disclosure film pretty much says it all. I will prove my case shortly, on this blog.

Deluxe shouts, “A buddy says he can target E.T.’s on Facebook advertizing for \$1,000!”

I reply: “Ask him to write a one-page essay explaining how.”

Deluxe replies: “Roger.”

Lena

Lena has more Facebook friends than anyone else I know, as well as a very high interaction rate for her posts. If we can get her friends to repost my activity, it could be an avalanche tipping point.

I Facebook message a bunch of mutual friends between Lena and me, saying: “SOS. Emergency, please ask Lena to call me at ■■■-■■■-■■■,” using Deluxe’s phone number, then get back to work. I tweet an Obama quote:

“The aliens won’t let it happen. You’d reveal all their secrets, and they exercise strict control over us. I can’t reveal anything.” – Obama

I follow it up with:

Being loyal to USA and Iran at the same time reminds me of Christmas with my family.

Deluxe’s phone rings, and he shouts: “It’s for you!”

Lena

“Lena, hi.”

“Are you OK?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

“Where are you?”

“Montrose, Colorado.”

“What’s going on?”

“This is going to be hard to explain. Basically I have a social-media emergency. I need you to share my blog on Facebook, and ask your followers to share.”

“So you ask me to marry you again, but now you just want me to post something for you?”

“I hope you’ll say yes to my proposal, but I don’t hope to convince you tonight. But, right now, I really need you to help me on Facebook. It’s for the World Peace.”

She hangs up.

Deluxe shouts: “I’ve got the essay!” I review the essay, give Deluxe a thumbs up, then Deluxe films himself taking \$1,000, putting it in an envelope, sealing it, and labelling it. He takes the stairs to the post office box and drops it in, filming the whole way. He posts the video on Facebook.

Spam Attack

I Facebook message a bunch of other mutual friends between Lena and me, saying: “SOS. Emergency, please ask Lena to watch me on Twitter,” then I get back to work.

Deluxe shouts: “Rafe, I’m getting slammed. I need your help.”

“Listen, you’re my doorman, and you remember how ZBA works, right?”

“Right.”

“We’re probably under a spam attack, right now. Hopefully it’s just some rogue hacker who is using a ton of fake accounts to slam your inbox. But if it’s The Powers, we’re powerless. For every request you receive, respond with an unsolved sudoku puzzle. You should only review proposals that have an attached, hand-written sudoku solution.”

“Roger.”

The Confirmation Bias

I author an essay, which reads as follows:

Humans, generally speaking, prefer the beliefs they currently hold, regardless if those beliefs are accurate or mistaken. The preference for your current beliefs results in the confirmation bias. The confirmation bias is the bad habit of only seeking and considering evidence that conforms to your beliefs. The bad news is the confirmation bias is endemic amongst humans. The good news is that you shouldn't be embarrassed; it's endemic.

If you want to be scientific about your beliefs, you must subject your beliefs to skepticism. Seek out and consider evidence that contradicts your beliefs. It is another basic hallmark of science. For example, if you believe you are not mistaken, you should seek out and consider evidence that suggests you are mistaken.

A paradigm is an intensely held belief. Paradigms are things we "know" as opposed to "believe." For example, "I know I exist; it's obvious and self evident."

When we look at the history of humanity we find that paradigms are often mistaken. Humans used to believe the Earth is flat. Humans used to believe the Sun rotates around the Earth. Humans used to believe atoms are indivisible particles. And so on.

So, it is quite ridiculous to assume that a belief is correct just because it is a current paradigm.

Theorem: there are some truths that can only be discovered by "believing before seeing."

Proof: first, keep in mind that the theorem is expressed in my personal idiolect, not English. Therefore, there is a significant danger that you will misinterpret the theorem. Sec-

ond, your instincts may suggest, shout, or scream to you that the theorem is false, and that this proof is invalid. If that is the case, and if you are scientifically minded, then you must seek evidence that the theorem is true and the proof is sound. Third, if it happens to be the case that the theorem is true, then it is entirely possible that the theorem represents a truth that you must believe before you can see how it is true. Fourth, I claim that the theorem represents one such truth. I.e., I claim that the only way for you to see the truth of the theorem, is to adopt the belief that the theorem is true.

Proof

It's time to prove to the world that the Greys are real, and they, along with Iran, want peace, and I am everyone's universal diplomat, and we must become friends, tonight, and everyone should have nuclear power. I post an essay, then conclude by saying:

If you follow my blog while consciously choosing to believe my blog, then you will see the truth within my blog. It may be your only hope for seeing the truth, saving Earth, and saving the Galaxy.

Deluxe shouts: "Sudoku is working! We're back online. Someone's offering to send a message to the Pleiadian High Council for \$5,000."

I say: "Ask them to prove they can get a message to the Pleiadian High Council."

Pleiadian High Council

After we request proof, a Twitter account for the Pleiadian High Council posts a tweet saying: “Awaiting a message from Anonymous.”

I say to Deluxe: “Pay the doorman to the Council \$5k. Give them a link to my blog, and deliver the following message to the Council: ‘We are the Greys, the Insectoids, Iran, and everyone else. We come in peace. We must become friends tonight, or we will lose the opportunity forever. We need you to mobilize a pro-peace, pro-Grey, pro-Iran, pro-nuclear-power social media campaign across Earth, promoting Grey Secret Disclosure.’”

Response

The Pleiadian High Council tweets: “If you want peace tonight, everyone must lay down their arms and cease violence.”

The Pleiadians clearly don’t understand the situation. How am I going to convince everyone to drop their arms, tonight?

Deluxe shouts: “I’m getting slammed with sudoku solutions, help!”

I say back: “Make the Zen Banking Algorithm recursive. Deputize doormen in a tree data structure.”

Deluxe shouts: “I actually understand that!”

I say: “Great. Make it happen!”

Iterating Grace

Deluxe shouts: “Anonymous is #1 on Hacker News!” I click through to a Washington Post story, published on December 2nd, the same day Grey Secret Disclosure was posted. The Washington Post story is about a book authored by Anonymous, called *Iterating Grace*. According to the WP article, the book tells the story of a great hacker who becomes disillusioned with Silicon Valley, quits work to fix his soul, and is ultimately trampled to death by triangles. In the Gentle Way of War, death is often a metaphor for enlightenment, and here triangles are clearly a metaphor for the Gentle Way of War.

I quickly find a PDF of the book, and read it. It’s clearly about me. Plus, the Grey Secret is embedded within obvious metaphors inside the story. Plus, the conversation on Hacker News is primarily a debate about world peace treaties and nuclear freedom. Plus, the Washington Post article ends with: “When it comes to any sort of stunt that gets a lot of attention on social media, all roads lead back to Red Bull.”

I’m already the #1 story on Hacker News. This campaign is working! And holy shit, the Washington Post is in on it.

Tango down CIA

Deluxe shouts: “Tango down, CIA!”

“WHAT!?” I shout, jolting up from my chair.

Deluxe is wiping away tears. “I’m a real hacker,” he says to himself.

“What did you do!?”

“Anonymous just defaced the CIA.gov website, with a message from the Pleiadian High Council!”

“You idiot! I told you criminal activities were off the table.”

“I thought you said ‘under the table!’”

I go to CIA.gov, and see a web page from the Council. It has all the markings off a genuine Council broadcast. Pleiadian broadcasts tend to be verbose, but the heart of the message says: “To understand Iran you need to understand the Grey Secret. We must have nuclear freedom tonight, or we’ll lose the opportunity for peace forever,” and then it links to the Grey Secret Disclosure video on YouTube.

Rumsfeld for president

The #2 story on Hacker News is also about me. The New York Times has a story about how Rumsfeld, now a presidential contender, is urging Silicon Valley to “disrupt” Iran, the most dangerous military power in the world.

First, thank you Donald Rumsfeld. Second, my connection to Rumsfeld through my father is finally paying off. Third, holy shit, Rumsfeld is in on it. Deluxe shouts out another proposal, and I approve it.

Realizing how powerful I am, I double down on my Rumsfeld connection, by tweeting:

If shit doesn't start happening faster, I will launch a social movement to protest Rumsfeld for President.

A few minutes later, the #1 spot on Google News points to an article about how the billionaire top-donor to Rumsfeld, moments ago, switched allegiance to the democrats, and is now funding Hillary Clinton. Apparently, The Powers would rather double down on Hillary Clinton, than have an anti-Iranian assume the presidency. This is amazing. How powerful am I?

Venezuela

Aliana, one of my Facebook friends sees my activity, and hits me up. She says: "Hey there! How are you? Looks like you're real busy hacking the planet. Could you hack the Venezuelan election for me?" She explains why, and who she wants in power. So, I tweet:

In Venezuela elections, happening now, the corrupt PSUV needs to go down!!! The MUD Unidad party needs to win!!!

I check the news a few minutes later, and the Unidad MUD party just won Venezuela's elections. How powerful am I?

Stock Market

I start tweeting about the stock market, just to see what will happen. Sure enough, I can make stocks go up and down. How powerful am I?

Lamport the reluctant warrior

During the ancient Byzantine War for the Sea, there were many traitors, on both sides. The Byzantine Army didn't know what to do, so, they asked a logician named Lamport if he had any bright ideas. At first, Lamport was very reluctant to get involved. He didn't like warfare at all, he didn't want anyone to die, and he just wanted everything to be peaceful, once again. But, Lamport was a master logician, which made him a power player. Ultimately, his sense of duty outweighed his repulsion to warfare. So, he set out to find a way to make warfare more peaceful. It turns out, he succeeded.

Lamport discovered that if one third, or more, of a government becomes traitors, then they have sufficient power to overthrow the government. His proof consisted solely of sketchy, inconsistent lemmas made up almost entirely of generalized, abstract, proof-of-work steganography.

Lamport realized the predictability of coups could be used to promote peace. Whenever it's the case that traitors reach critical mass, they could peacefully announce their critical mass to the government, and then everyone could collaborate towards achieving a peaceful transition of power.

So, he spent a year convincing all the governments involved in the war to believe him. Shortly after he finished his last presentation, the traitors to the Byzantine government announced their critical mass, and there was a peaceful transition of power, the first in the history of Earth—an evolution, not a revolution.

Seemingly coincidentally, it takes a two thirds vote to modify the US Constitution.

Agent Sureshot

Have we reached critical mass? Does one third of Earth support me, consciously or subliminally? Can we force a vote to update the US constitution? I decide to formally organize my army; I announce the formation of Agent Sureshot on my blog:

I am starting a new for-profit intelligence corporation. It's a 50-50 deal: I get half the profit, employees get half the profit.

We offer Agents-For-Rent #AFR. Our agents are elite-jiu-jitsu-hacker operatives who are here to help you. Call ■■■-■■■-■■■, any time and someone will immediately answer: "Operator."

If you sign up, we will become your new interface to Earth, so you can achieve a significant force multiplier.

We offer agents specializing in field work such as espionage, body protection, body sybils, doormen, bouncers, etc.

I'm just about to post my final essay, the capstone, titled Nuclear Freedom, but suddenly my computer freezes, and a large message pops up, saying: "Cool off."

Cool off

Around 8:30 PM, December 24, 2015

I take Deluxe's phone, grab \$3,000 from the expense account, and say: "We're doing great, but I need to cool off."

He's startled and looks concerned: "Where are you going?"

"I don't know yet, but hit me up on Twitter if you need me."

Xeno

One of my favorite things about strip clubs, is the strippers will often indulge you in conversation, when you pay for lap dances. I am in the mood to talk, so I take a taxi to Montrose's strip club, Xeno.

The club is quite posh, and there are many strippers, doormen, bouncers, bar tenders, and patrons. I start off the night by tipping each employee in the club a fresh hundred dollar bill, then I order a tulip of Louis XIII cognac.

I sign up for several lap dances, and tell everyone who's interested all about what I'm up to today. Receiving many intelligent questions feels great. It's a relief to talk in the open, about my secret-agent life that's been so secret for such a long time.

After my fourth lap dance, I take a break and check my phone. I scroll down my Twitter feed, laughing at how The Powers are manifesting my wishes into reality. In particular, there's a commercial for Agent Sureshot.

Agent Sureshot commercial

In the commercial, a bald man gives a tour of his new Silicon Valley startup office space, saying:

“Do you ever choke up when you’re trying to hit on a beautiful woman? Hey, it happens. That’s why you need a guy like me around. I’m Phil Brock, and I want to be your bald wingman. Bald Wingman is a new service, whose only mission is to make you look good. And it’s easy too. Tweet us your location and we’ll be there in a flash to make you look more attractive than ever.”

It’s a Rogaine commercial. I laugh hard; The Powers are amazing. It’s stunning how quickly they operate. I attach the commercial to a tweet requesting an Agent Sureshot operative:

I’m at #Xeno in Montrose. Need a #BaldWingman #NOW!

Rolling on the floor laughing

My father walks through the door, into Xeno, and I’m rolling on the floor laughing.

“Dad, you’re Agent Sureshot. Finally, I am the *Lion King*!”

“Listen, son, I’m sorry how I haven’t been listening to you. That’s changing now.”

“Ha! Whatever. I need you to tell me everything about Area 51.”

“I don’t know anything about Area 51.”

“Liar! Tell me about the Greys!” I shout.

And just then, Deluxe rolls in, which a freshly shaved-to-the-skin head. While I’m rolling on the floor laughing, Deluxe tells me: “I’m your bald wingman.” The bouncers kick us out, and on the way out, I tip each of them \$100, and thank them for their discretion.

Outside Xeno

I’m screaming at my father, shouting “I’m Iran! I’m Iran! I’m Sureshot and you’re just Agent Sureshot!” and Deluxe is standing by, waiting for orders. I shout out to Deluxe: “Use the rest of the cash to promote nuclear freedom on the Jumbotron! Hack the planet!” He turns, and runs away.

Police

Two police officers approach me. I look at them, then warn them: “If you touch me it’s going to be a revolution, not an evolution.” They try to detain me, but I wiggle away. They chase after me, but I’m faster, shouting “Long live Iran!”

Psych ward

Around 11 PM, December 24, 2015

My father’s in the psych ward with me. I break the silence by saying: “Let me tell you about the World Peace.” And I spend the next 10 minutes, summing up everything for him. He listens, and asks relevant, clarifying questions.

Then, I say: “I need you to post this on my blog and email it to all your military friends,” and I slide him my essay

titled Nuclear Freedom, neatly written in crayon. Then I continue, saying “It’s the keystone for friendship between Iran and USA and the Galaxy. And I’m afraid if we don’t air Nuclear Freedom right now, we’re going to lose the World Peace forever.”

He reads the essay.

“Rafe, I can’t post this to your blog, and I can’t email it to my friends.”

“Why not?”

“The essay advocates a US revolution and arming Iran with nukes. I’d lose my security clearance, I would lose my job, I would lose my career.”

“Dad, it’s an evolution, not a revolution. Plus, it’s just nuclear power, not nuclear weapons. Plus, the World Peace is more important than your job or your career.”

“I’m not sure posting your essay would deliver the World Peace.”

“Look at it this way. If you don’t post it, and there’s no world peace tomorrow, then I won’t know whether or not I’m delusional. But if you do post it, and there’s no world peace tomorrow, I’ll know I was being delusional.”

He thinks for a few minutes. I’m studying his face, looking for clues. He closes his eyes, squints hard for a few seconds, then he says, “I’ll post it.”

“Hurry, go now! It needs to be in before midnight!”

My father runs out of the psych ward, with my essay in hand.

Christmas Eve

I'm laying in bed, in my cell, contemplating the day, realizing my ultimate power. I am the nexus of all energy on Earth—even the Galaxy. Energy flows into me, I breathe it in, transmute it, and breathe out the the energy, transformed, manifesting whatever I desire, in accordance with my ultimate wisdom. I will become the first President of Earth. I will institute a new recursive electoral college, to govern us. No. I am the Singularity Point—the union of all cyber-kinetic human AI intelligence. I am the Galaxy's new Benevolent Dictator for Life. I will retreat to a grand palace, and manifest the affairs of the Galaxy, sitting on a throne, no, playing ping pong, using the Zen Banking Algorithm to achieve laziness and success at the same time. Perhaps it's best if I conceal my power, continuing the tradition of orchestrating destiny from the shadows. Why aren't we in touch with other galaxies? I will fix that. I am the Universe. I am the Power. I control everything.

Christmas

December 25, 2015

My father and I watch Fox News all day, looking for the World Peace, from inside the psych ward. Eventually, Fox announces a new cease fire with ISIS has just gone into effect. There's footage of ISIS soldiers cheering from pickup trucks, as they exit a city in a caravan, with their weapons in their laps.

We have the World Peace! I am jubilant, but my father remains silent. I'm dancing and shaking hands with everyone, saying, "Hi, hello, I'm everyone, we have the World Peace."

After a while, he asks about the footage of ISIS we just witnessed, and I tell him all about it. He says, “You know, I really don’t think ISIS just committed to a ceasefire.”

“Fuck you! We both saw it. I’m not crazy!”

He says: “Can I try to prove to you that ISIS didn’t cease fire?”

Smiling, I say, “No, because you’ll just fail in that effort.”

He says: “Shouldn’t you try to overcome the confirmation bias?”

I say: “Ha, no! Overcoming the confirmation bias is for people who don’t know the truth. Look at the TV, look it’s the World Peace!”

Next day

The next day my father enters the psych ward, with a 1-inch-thick stack of printouts. He puts them down in front me.

“Son, will you just humor me, and read this.”

“What is it?”

“A bunch of articles about the ceasefire yesterday.”

“Nope, not going to read it.”

“I wagered my career for you on Christmas Eve. I think this is the least you could do for me.”

“Fine, I’ll read it.”

The truth

I read the print outs. Article after article says the same thing: ISIS did not cease fire. The United States merely paid them ransom to have 25 hostages released. ISIS is still fighting.

Crumbling

I feel disoriented. The delusions begin to crumble.

Iterating Grace

I run to the bathroom and vomit. Iterating Grace isn't really about me.

Agent Sureshot

I ask Dad: "If you're not Agent Sureshot, then how did you find me at Xeno?"

He says: "Lena was watching you on Twitter, and was concerned. She called me and told me you were in Montrose, then called again and said you were at Xeno."

Grey Secret Disclosure

The Grey-Secret-Disclosure film is just an advertisement for Red Bull. Jimmy had nothing to do with it.

The Gentle Way of War

I ask: “But if you’re not Agent Sureshot, then why did you accommodate me on Christmas Eve?”

He says: “Ami taught me the Gentle Way of War.”

Groundlessness

What other lies have I fallen for? Nothing is certain. Everything is groundless.

The question pops into my mind: “*What’s true?*”

I realize, I can’t ask my father; I need to figure this one out on my own.

The End

My medication is working. It turns out none of the medication I had been on before was effective for me. Throughout all my adventures, my parents had followed me to every psych ward I had ever been in, carrying my complete medical records, every time. The doctors methodically tried out every single medication on me.

In the end, what saved me was my parents, my medication, auspicious coincidence, and me. I’m lucky that I had the opportunity to live my delusions out to their climax, because there’s only one direction you can go from there. At the exact same time, the right medication was shoved down my throat. And, at the exact same time, my father engaged me with jiu budo, to help me debug my own brain. Lastly, I can thank myself for being willing to look at myself, for making

a decision to turn towards the truth, for hearing the truth, realizing it's true, accepting it, and following through.

Several years have passed, and I've regained sanity. Well, hardly anyone is really sane, but I'm almost as sane as most people. Delusions still nag at me, though. Often, when I meet someone new, I start wondering if they're a secret agent. But, I can remind myself: "I once thought I was God, an evil version of God," which proves to me that I'm prone to delusions of grandeur, which suggests I'm probably not a secret agent and my friends probably aren't secret agents, either.

Finally, thank you everyone for helping me. Thank you Dad; thank you Mom. Thank you brother and sister. Thank you friends. Thank you strangers. Thank you family. Thank you Uncle Steve. Thank you Ami, Rosabella, Dave, Eric, Lena, Jimmy, J., and Deluxe. And, thank you to the new people in my life who are helping me now. Thank you, thank you, thank you! Thank you, everyone!