

The Morally Bankrupt World of Andrew Bartzis

The Beginning

In the middle of 2019, bereft of consistent work in my trade as a technical writer, and newly acclimatizing myself to earthbag living deep in the rainforest of Costa Rica, I commenced a cycle of creative writing. I had written several novels when I lived in Canada and published one to excellent reviews. It got optioned for film and I worked through eleven iterations of a screenplay until the project eventually got scrapped when the director and producer got into an irreconcilable conflict. In this inspiration that came upon me in the rainforest I decided to move away from literary fiction. The market for it is all but collapsed. The only thing that still sells is nonfiction.

I decided that I wanted to choose interesting and fascinating people and tell *their* stories. The first in this trilogy was a gentleman by the name of John Edmonds, who remains one of the most fascinating human beings I have encountered. He was the steward of a very bizarre place, the Stardust Ranch in Buckeye Arizona. Over twenty-five years he had had more paranormal activity and extraterrestrial activity than most people would have in a hundred lifetimes. Oftentimes he was ridiculed, but those who knew better — government officials and aerospace billionaires for the most part — took what he was saying very seriously, and, unfortunately for John, this produced as much harassment and distress as the ridicule. The collaboration with John culminated in *Stardust Ranch: The Incredible True Story*. It's become something of a cult classic and spreading by word of mouth three and a half years later, with royalties being paid to myself and his wife every month. John himself passed February 28th of 2022. I experienced many paranormal things while connected to the consciousness of John Edmonds. They're extensively detailed in the various podcast interviews John and I did for the book if you have any curiosity.

The next in the cycle was a book called *The Light Of Darkness: A Warrior's Tale for Our Time*. It chronicled the life and insights of a gentleman who at this point prefers to be disassociated from the book. In brief, he was a Navy SEAL and he'd also had the curious affectation of a half dozen near-death experiences in his life. They completely opened him up to the other side and he is what call a *free traveler*. A free traveler is the name I give to someone who is beyond the psychic. They are people who are freely able to move in many of the dimensions surrounding our physical world. This too was a fascinating experience, rife with paranormal activity in my home. In the years since it has published I have been found by people doing doctorates in artificial intelligence and ordained Buddhist monks, and they want — need — to discuss what I wrote in the book. It's a very satisfying feeling for a writer.

The last in this cycle of books was a compilation of the life and work of one Andrew Bartzis, also known as the galactic historian, though that's a self-given title. It's this final book in the trilogy that prompts this blog.

Broken Covenant

The number one question people ask me is if his abilities are real. For those of you unfamiliar with Andrew, his ability is the reading of the akashic records. The simple question has a simple answer, yes. His abilities are real.

I never asked him for a reading, mainly because I long ago arrived at the realization that that which is not directly given to you is not for you to know, but he gave me one nonetheless, a kind of proof of concept, if you will, to convince me that I was not working on a book with a charlatan.

I am part of a single soul that has another incarnation on the planet, and that incarnation happened to be my favorite writer. Many times we can read our own records in the affinities and unexplained attractions we have to things. This is true of our human relationships, business dealings, and this is true of the emotional affiliations we have with music and art. What I never told Andrew was that I had figured out that I was connected to this writer myself some years earlier. I had found out that the author's birthday was thirty-three years to the day before mine, including the leap year calculations — thirty-three years to the day. I'll spare you a long numerological explanation here. Those who know know. The point is that Andrew proved himself to me. Not that he had to. The cursory look I had taken at his public work confirmed to me that he was valid at least to a high percentile, eighty-five percent or beyond. In the field of a akashic record reading this is remarkable.

When I write a book with a person I give that person a sanctity and a privacy that is commensurate with the confessional booth of the Catholic Church, lawyer-client privilege, or the privilege between a therapist and a patient. It's an extremely intimate thing to write a book with somebody. My methodology is to speak to the person on a daily basis, record the conversations, transcribe them, and then mine them for meaningful rhetoric in a chronological story. For those of you who are writers, you know that the substance of writing is rewriting. This process can go through anywhere from two to seven iterations before a final draft is realized. These middling drafts have magic that doesn't happen in the first draft.

I now find myself in the position of having to break this unspoken covenant with Andrew Bartzis, to forfeit the oath of confidentiality I implicitly extend to anybody with whom I work on a book. I don't want to do this. Andrew has brought this on himself, Andrew and the many people who have come forward to speak with me in frightened whisper, — convinced Bartzis can eavesdrop psychically on any conversation — to augment my understanding of Andrew and extended it into regions of darkness I myself had not fathomed. Even after I became aware of his naked cupidity, his almost kleptomaniac like personality, and his complete lack of self-discipline in all areas of human life — food, tobacco, marijuana, cocaine, and things I'll leave unsaid — even with all that understood and digested, I was not prepared for what other people had to say about Andrew Bartzis. I now perceive this disclosure as a moral imperative. Failure to do so

would be what the Catholics call a sin of omission, a karmic blunder facilitated not by an action but by inaction. And so here we are.

My Story First

Andrew had been on the periphery of my attention for a couple of years. When I looked at the series of two books I had completed I felt that Andrew would be a suitable third book to close the trilogy. He was one of the few people who had gone into some of the darker areas of consciousness in the twentieth century, namely the super soldier movement, the secret space program, and a host of other things that no other person in the space of spirituality was talking about. This fit in perfectly with the trilogy of books. I petitioned Monty Dean as a go between. Monty responded quickly. Andrew was interested in writing a book but not for six months. To his credit, in that time Andrew assembled some of his inner circle and had them ask him a number of questions which prompted startling responses. Andrew's ability is best triggered by questions. It's almost like the win chun kung fu practice of sticky hands. He's best when reacting.

When I met Andrew there were clear signs he was an impactful consciousness. I'll give one example. When I received the text message from Monty Dean asking if I was available to join a Skype call with he and Andrew, I was some way into an episode of *The Mandalorian*. For those of you unfamiliar with the television show it takes place in the Star Wars universe. I paused the TV show and I joined the call. Andrew briefly introduced himself and we got a conversation going. He described the kind of book that he wanted. He gave the example of *The Holographic Universe* by Michael Talbot. It's a fascinating read and I recommend it. In the course of the conversation with Andrew and Monty I found the PDF and downloaded it. I glanced at the first chapter. It gave the primary definition of the book, *hologram*, and it used the example of Princess Leia appearing in the handheld hologram device Luke Skywalker held in the *Star Wars* movie. We concluded our conversation and I gave my opinion on what kind of a book we should write. I did my best to steer Andrew away from the intellectual tome and write something more spiritual that broke the boundaries of rationality and disregarded the rational community and its need for evidentiary prose, which was how Talbot had written his book. I told him that based on what I'd seen on the few videos I had watched of him there was no way he'd be able to fit into this model and it might diminish his work. He agreed.

When I finished the Skype call I resumed watching *The Mandalorian* episode, and almost immediately Luke Skywalker appeared in the episode. This is of course the character and the actor is Mark Hamill, and it really was him. He had made an appearance on *The Mandalorian* as his seminal character in the Star Wars franchise. Nothing in the episode had foreshadowed his appearance. I found the concatenated events of downloading *The Holographic Universe*, reading the first paragraph of the first chapter with its reference to Luke Skywalker, finishing the conversation with Monty and Andrew, and resuming the episode of the Mandalorian only to find Luke Skywalker there within seconds to be

a bonafide synchronicity. And the synchronicities abounded throughout the writing of *The Galactic Historian: The World According to Andrew Bartzis*.

I'm not writing a piece denying heightened psychic attributes to Andrew Bartzis. What I'm saying in this piece, and what I'll get into in depth, is it doesn't matter. When you're in the middle kingdom, the region between matter and spirit, the psychic worlds, you can be both good and bad, and Andrew has definitely gone down the bad road.

It's also important to note that not all evidence of synchronicity or multi-dimensional influence on a moment or an engagement with an individual is necessarily indicative of positive spirituality. There are many things that can account for it. The demonic realm can account for it. Extraterrestrials working with the individual can account for it. It's not necessarily a heightened consciousness compacting the multidimensional experience of time and space into a symphony of minor synchronicities and coincidences. In fact, as I have learned over the last few years, more often than not when you get these flashy magic-based psychic healers, teachers, and readers in the new age community, there is an association or a covenant if you will with something other than themselves. These are not spiritual relationships. They are more symbiotic. The thing they're interacting with wants something from them. For those of you well read in the spiritual cannon globally you may think of some of the left hand yoga paths in India, like the initiates who will meditate extensively in cremation grounds and communicate with the dead. All of this is part of consciousness growth, karma resolution, and a learning process that is open to a human being in a free will environment, and this *is* a free will environment. But if the purpose of learning and karma resolution is abandoned and these left hand relationships is the case here with David Dean Ellis and Andrew Barton, onships are used for material benefit like money, sexual exploitation, or domination and control of other people, or, as is the case here with David Dean Ellis and Andrew Bartzis, killing people for recreation, then we have a serious problem. This is the Bartzis story.

The Book The book went off without a hitch. I found it enjoyable work. I enjoyed the mentorship students that were brought in for the editing of drafts, and I enjoyed going through Andrew's material, which was largely formed around 2012 and 2013. This was the golden age of Andrew Bartzis, when the shy young man from Ohio was coming out into the world with a very unorthodox and powerful message. It's not as big a deal now. There are other akashic record readers on the field who shine as brightly as Bartzis and maybe even brighter, but at the time Bartzis came out there really wasn't much like him. He became a kind of new age rock star overnight. He demonstrated profound power. And somewhere between then and now, 2013 and 2023, Andrew Bartzis just went to hell, literally.

The intensity of writing the book obfuscated any of the character flaws in Bartzis while I was immersed in the work. For those of you who write, you know what

I'm talking about. A book is an immersive thing, beyond obsessive compulsive disorder, beyond even a trance state. I would describe it as a productive trance state, a kind of productive samadhi in which there is a dividend for the world to share, but while you're in this state you don't see too much else. I started to see the chinks in the armor when we started podcasting for the book, and especially when I joined his bi-weekly show broadcast on YouTube.

It was billed as a comedy show but Bartzis has no real sense of humor. Some of the people around Bartzis started speaking a little bit more openly to me. There were whispers about a fellow named Andre Hodge who had done a tremendous amount of work with Andrew and then they suddenly and dramatically split ways with him.

The Bartzis Entourage and Ambience I could see a stiffness and an unease in the people around Bartzis.

It reminded me of a lot of my Catholic upbringing and the way people would behave around the priest after a mass. Some of them even had a bit of terror about them. One of the people who confided in me was Robert Brown, Andrew's production director for his Zoom conferences and YouTube channel. This was one of a handful of paid positions that Bartzis had around him. The man running the whole show financially was David Dean Ellis, a giant of a man, weighing in at around three hundred pounds and closer in height to seven than six feet tall. All Bartzis's money went through a shell corporation in Barbados, and there was a lot of money. Bartzis claimed he made \$1,500 US dollars for a one hour reading and spiritual *session* with a client. He claimed he had five clients a day, five days a week. Do the math. It's just shy of \$40,000 US dollars per week. Multiply it by fifty-four weeks and you've got Bartzis clocking in at over two million dollars per year. All of this for sitting in a room near Cleveland, Ohio, where he shares a house with his elderly parents, and giving people *readings*, no overhead but Robert Brown and Andrew's booking assistant, Michelle.

Robert had reached out to inquire about an impasse that Bartzis and I had reached but resolved. He was curious if it was a repetition of what he called the *Andre Hodge* circumstance. It was Robert who first told me the story of this falling out. Hodge maintains his own YouTube channel now and has been quite vocal about his new perspective on Bartzis.

In a nutshell, Hodge paint Bartzis as a very dark figure, claiming energy harvesting, psychic rape, commiseration with extremely negative entities and alliances, basically a black magician of the darkest order, and he's not the only one saying this, but I'm getting ahead of my story. Let me first explain what happened to me.

Bartzis the TV Writer Shortly after finishing *The Galactic Historian: The World According To Andrew Bartzis*, the first book I had written in this trilogy — *Stardust Ranch: The Incredible True Story*. — began to crest. I was contacted by a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard Medical School. He wanted to know if I would approach John Edmonds about an experiment that he and his supervising

colleague, a gentleman with a PhD in medical physics, wanted to conduct at Stardust Ranch. I brokered a meeting between the three of us and John Edmonds. A fourth person appeared for the Zoom meeting, a woman involved in television production who had worked on Skinwalker Ranch and Blind Frog Ranch, both successful television shows.

We had a cordial first meeting with John and we were all set to go forward with the experiment. The television producer asked for a sidebar and negotiations began for a possible TV series about Stardust Ranch. Given that I had just recently completed *The Galactic Historian*, *The World According To Andrew Bartzis*, and Bartzis and I were communicating on a near daily basis, I informed him of the news. He asked if he could meet the television producer.

I agreed and set up the meeting. I sat in on a three-hour Skype call in which Bartzis gave a healing type of reading to the woman who had been damaged by some childhood trauma. This was not the first time I had seen Bartzis do his work. He had some weeks earlier asked to meet John Edmonds. On his first request I said No. He persisted. I relented. He did the same thing with John, a long three hour Skype call that was a healing of sorts.

John was very grateful.

It was shortly after these two meetings and two long conversations that Bartzis started to talk to me openly about how we should write the TV series.

The pronoun *we* startled me. Bartzis had invited himself onto a TV writing team without a TV contract being signed and without anything that I would consider to be professional writing experience. John Edmonds was firm with the TV producers — if a show went forward he and I would write it. Bartzis knew this. I saw him in a new way. The introduction to John Edmonds and the TV producer was calculated. Bartzis can see timelines and potentialities. He had seen my future and knew this pocket of opportunity with Harvard and Television was coming. He set the whole thing up to advance his own position and cement himself into my earned opportunity, and suddenly we were not even marketing *The Galactic Historian: The World According To Andrew Bartzis*, now it was all about how Stardust Ranch could carry Andrew to a greater audience. That's why he had insisted on meeting Edmonds and the TV producer and dazzled them with his gift of healing.

Remember, at no point in this story am I going to deny the capabilities of Bartzis.

He really can read the akashic records, and he really can heal people, but keep in mind, so could *John of God*, the Brazilian spiritual healer now incarcerated for multiple counts of rape and human trafficking, and the subject of a four-part Netflix documentary series titled, *John of God: The Crimes of a Spiritual Healer*. Usually when somebody writes a story of this sort it's to expose the individual as a fraud. This is not the case with Andrew Bartzis, and it was not the case with John of God. What we are seeing in the new age spiritual community are wolves pretending to be sheep, evil people pretending to be saintly, hiding behind a psychic ability or some commiseration with negative or demonic

forces. It's becoming a staple of our time, The new age version of the pathetic falsity of Jim and Tammy Faye Baker, or Jimmy Swaggart, the evangelical preacher who was caught in cheap Texas motels with twenty dollar crack whores on more than one occasion, but where the Christian religious fraud artists seem to be only a liars, the new age fraud artist is something much darker.

The next time Bartzis brought up the topic of TV writing I halted the conversation. It was time to be firm. I did not want to write professionally with him. He threw a temper tantrum like a spoiled eight-year-old child. He insisted I was hurting him emotionally, and, further, he suggested intimate things about my own psychology that were behind it. I was the problem. Bartzis was not the selfish one. To grow I needed to let him on the writing team. I'm not sure how many times this desperate play had worked for him in the past, but I wasn't buying it at all. His reaction cemented my position. I told him I could not carry him on a writing project and that I had been waiting for an opportunity like this for twenty-five years, writing every day of my life. He did not relent his position. Nor did I. Our relationship was fractured from that moment onward, and it never recovered.

Andrew's relationship with the TV producer deepened and mine diminished. He used his healing of her as the basis to cut me out of the opportunity I had written into my timeline. John Edmonds had told me that attention brought to the ranch had to be done in measure and we had to be careful. Sudden explosive attention could jeopardize his health and well-being. He had a delicate truce with the entities that used the ranch.

Andrew steamed forward.

John Edmonds was viciously attacked. His was torn open in seven spots in his main heart artery, the one doctors call the widow maker. He went into the hospital and never came out. On February 28th, 2022 he died in a hospice in Arizona.

Bartzis the Black Magician Andrew and I slowly stopped speaking to each other after John Edmonds died. I could not shake the nagging feeling that Bartzis was somehow connected to the death. After several months of no communication with Bartzis, on October 29th of 2022, I was attacked by black magic. It was a Saturday night, and I had a sudden nausea that came over me accompanied by extremely negative thoughts. I lay down on my bed and focused on my forehead to see any images that might come forward. Waiting for me was Andrew Bartzis. I immediately commenced spiritual exercises to dispel the negative energy. The next day, a Sunday, I called my son. Before I could tell him what happened to me, he had his own story to tell. It was very similar to mine. He was overcome by a sudden nausea Saturday night. He canceled the night out with his friends. He felt that he was going to become ill. Upon going within as I had done, he also concluded that it was Andrew Bartzis who had brought the spell upon him. He sought his own remedy and expelled Bartzis

from his consciousness. Andrew Bartzis had attacked my son and I for no reason. This was the moment I realized that all of my suspicions about him were correct. But what do you do with information like this? Most of the rational world would dismiss you as crazy. I told only a few close friends who were of advanced consciousness and spiritual practice who could understand. And I simply waited until this opportunity presented itself, until the timeline brought forward more people who had been assaulted, maligned, and attacked by Andrew Bartzis. I have to admit, even after my own experiences with him, I was not prepared for how deep and dark the Bartzis hole went.