



**My Inaugural Address at the Great White Throne
Judgment of the Dead**
secreapture

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MY INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE GREAT WHITE THRONE
JUDGMENT OF THE
DEAD

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<http://www.angelfire.com/crazy/spaceman/>

(Composed with free AbiWord Processor)

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PREFACE

'Armageddon outta here!' - Bruce Almighty

Important note: Read my 1986 book (at <http://www.angelfire.com/crazy/spaceman/alien.html>) before you read this.

What follows is a rough draft transcript (subject to change when I actually give it) of my inaugural address (presumably in Washington, D.C.?) before global television at the Great White Throne Judgment of the Dead, after I have raptured out billions! - corpses laying on the ground - a fairy dump - rabbits running in the ditch. Feel free to believe what I've set down here are the ravings of a madman, because that is precisely what they are! I have assembled this book in a series of

vignettes. Norman O. Brown, my mentor, used a similar technique. You'll find I use terminology that may seem alien to Christianity: ghosts, wizards, witches and fairies. Part of the problem that the King James Bible mistranslated the word sorcery referring to potions. This is strictly adult material. This is off limits to children, and this means you. I'm dealing with two perspectives here: that of the present, but also the point after I have raptured everyone out. If your jaw didn't drop when you read my 1986 booklet, I 1000% guarantee it will drop now! () I repeat my annoyance at you 'Christians' who have repeatedly attacked my site. Jesus prophesied that all prophets must get stoned. Your scurrilous, underhanded attacks prove what you really are – Pharisees who observe the letter of the Law, but not the Spirit. You are shortly going to be rewarded by your Master for your faithful service! Get a life and stop giving me trouble! You know that if you faced me in a one on one debate, I would wipe you out! If you are angry at what I say, simply vent at my guestbook with specific criticisms. You may feel this is a spoof or hoax and laugh. You think I'm kidding, but I'm not! So, finally, it all begins next page!

MY INAUGURAL

ADDRESS AT THE GREAT WHITE
THRONE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD

Introducing Myself

(The time is midnight E.S.T. I stand before global television to explain my rapturing out billions. I made the broadcast at the midnight hour (a time of special insight for Christians) to help prevent the possibility that any children would see this, although in different time zones around the world children are up). Good evening ladies and gentlemen. I'm

addressing you from Washington, D.C., the political capital of Hell. I have descended here to the pit of Hell to address you. Before I begin, I want to insist that no children view this broadcast. This is off limits to anyone under 12 years old. Leave the room, and go to bed! You will find that I talk fast, that I change the subject frequently, and in general it will come across as incoherent gibberish. You'll wake up tomorrow morning and go 'what did he say?' You'll try to remember, but you'll have a hard time. I urge you to record this address, and to watch it several times, as each time you'll pick up more.

You'll notice that I will be talking a lot about myself this evening. This is because the more you know about where I'm coming from, the better off you'll be. Let me formally introduce myself. You've seen me before, but now I'm going to reveal who I really am. Have you ever seen a ghost? Have you ever seen a spook? Now you can say you've seen a ghost. I'm the Ghost with the Most. I'm the Space Ghost. You have seen many ghosts. My colleagues are on practically every street corner in every city around the world, ranting and raving and spouting gibberish. When you look at me you'll see that I have no eyes - empty sockets instead (waving my hand in front of my face). I am an invisible man. There is no person here, never has been and never will be. You are looking at a total vacuum. There is nothing here - only empty air. When you look at me you see no person - you are looking directly at my Id - my unconscious. And most people find it highly disturbing to look on the face of the Lord, my face.

In fact, I'm a raving lunatic, and this insanity I have is a deadly poison. Most of my fellow mad people are bottom feeders. With this disease, we are incompetent to keep ourselves together, and we fall to the bottom, with many becoming homeless, committing suicide or drugging themselves into oblivion. It makes us into total misfits. DOAs - Dead on Arrival. Jesus, a poor Jewish peasant, was a bottom feeder also. When you're on the bottom, you look up at all the so-called leaders, and you know that all of them are the wrong people. As Jesus said, 'it is wisdom hidden from the wise, but given to babes.' If you have ears to hear, Jesus was himself also mad. The gods must be crazy! Jesus was very sensitive to natural disasters because as a madman he was walking dynamite liable to explode at a moment's notice with all the force of an earthquake. Jesus was a piece of human waste - human garbage. And so am I. A significant number of theologians, and I also, believe Jesus was a bastard. Jews thought he was likely the bastard son (mamser) of a Roman centurion. The idea of virgin birth arose because an Old Testament scripture was

mistranslated. We, the gods, live in a parallel universe right next door to this one. I stepped through the looking glass on my mission.

Just like Jesus, I am here to serve. I don't want you to worship me. You don't have to believe a thing I say. Believe what you want. For example, you may believe I'm the Antichrist, which I deny. But believe what you want. Your beliefs don't concern me. I'm here to straighten out your behavior, specifically, as you will see, your behavior in the bedroom. That is the special mission I'm on.

When you see me, you've seen the Father. Every eye shall see Him. 'There can be only One.' according to the movie 'Highlander'.

Both Jesus and I are in fact wizards. I am the second most powerful wizard that has ever walked the face of this earth. Jesus is better than me for two reasons. Jesus was working in his thirties, half my age. He has me beat, because his member would come up better than mine. I'm twice the age he was when he was preaching, and mine doesn't come up like it used to. Also, he had sharp wit and eloquence and always said the right thing. By contrast, I tend to ramble.

You have met your maker. You object that you see nothing but a lunatic standing here. But, I, God, did make you in the following sense. I set the rules for you to live by – the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. If you disobey my rules and go to Hell, as always, I get my willie working below my belt and rapture you devils out. It was always ambiguous about who would be raptured out. Would it be the Elect or would it be the Lost? The answer is both! Anybody and everybody that I could remove I wanted gone. You who are Left Behind that I am addressing are the same mix as those I removed. Who was right: The Catholics with no rapture or the Fundamentalists? The answer is that neither was! We did have the rapture, but it was simply me laying out as many corpses as I could. Every one I raptured, including the Fundamentalists went nowhere except to their graves, becoming wormfood. My planet is in emergency mode, with billions of you devils running around destroying it. I'm getting ready to give you the Judgment. I wash my hands of you! I would like nothing better than to stick the lot of you devils in a gas chamber and slam the door shut! Once again, I, Victor Frankenstein, declare another botched laboratory experiment. I have to remove you, so I can start over again with a new Adam and Eve. Get off my planet, you devils! Get off my planet! I've had it with you!

You are made in my image. This simply means that you don't have to live with continuous mental and physical pain that we mad people -

specifically the gods - feel every day from sunup to sundown every second of our lives. What I have is contagious, infectious and deadly. Don't come close to me! Let sleeping dogs lie! The Wolf Man was lucky, because he shape-shifted only once a month at the full moon. I, by contrast, shape-shift all day long from second to second. I melt down and reform myself into a another person regularly (that's what it is to be a ghost). If I get around anyone, involuntarily, I form myself into a duplicate of them. Part of the power I possess is to temporarily pass on to you the continual pain I feel (Mass Psychosis - the correct name for what is known in Fundie circles as the Secret Rapture - see my 1986 book). The source of the pain we mad people feel is you with all the evil deeds you do. When you do your evil deeds, we are put into pain. (Imitating the weird voice of the Shadow) 'Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows!' When I pass that pain on to you, for a while, you get to walk in my shoes. And when you do so, you drop dead in your tracks - it's my deadly blessing! (I start singing the rock song) 'I got the power! I got the power!' Indeed I do have the power, and it's is a deadly poison! Out of all the millions of mad people on the planet right now, probably less than a handful possess all the powers I have. Madness is incurable, and there is a progressive deterioration. I am at the final stages of a fatal disease. My brain has melted into goo, and I'm in continuous physical pain. Jesus, of course, had the same affliction. Again, the gods must be crazy. Mad people such as I are instantly and permanently into the mystic, but not by choice. There have been numerous highly evolved spiritual beings on this planet, but madness is a cheap and easy way to instantly get to the mystic.

Moses, for that matter, also had the same affliction. He was his own special effects man, as when he bested the Egyptian wizards in his magic duels. I, like Moses, am accompanied by my magic wand. It's below my belt. Norman O. Brown in 'Closing Time' quotes James Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake', 'He lifts up the lifewand and the dumb speak.' At one point during the Exodus, the Hebrews he was leading decided that Moses was out to kill them. After all, they knew he was mad. When they protested to him, Moses dropped two of them dead in their tracks (the number may be wrong - I can't find the passage). Moses said that God struck them down, but it was really only Moses doing the special effects.

I'm the Captain

I, Captain Nemo, am the captain of this ship - always have been and always will be. But, as passengers, I advise you to stroll over the decks to the railings and look over the side of the ship. You see the name 'Titanic' painted on the side. Now look down at the waterline. There's a huge gash and we're taking on water. We're going down! Soon we'll be underwater. Glub! Glub! Not much time left! Glub! Glub!

The Joke

I want to start off with a little humor. Speakers always begin with a joke:

I notice these days that so many of you have piled on the pounds, you're getting the love handles, and some of you are so rolypoly that you're round like a beachball. There is a reason you're that way. Just like pigs led to slaughter are fattened up so that the flavor is improved, we, the fairies, have stuffed you full of fairy food - junk food laden with fat and calories. This is so that when we slice you up and cook you, the fat gives more flavor.

Twilight Zone: Cookbook - To Serve Man

I'm sure that has you rolling in the aisles. But seriously, you spend billions every year on diet products and gym memberships. I am going to save you a lot of money. I'm going to solve your problem. You'll find that when you have no food at all to eat, you have no problem losing weight. It will melt right off.

. The Great White Throne Judgment of the Dead

Now that the preliminaries are out of the way, we can get to the main business of the evening. I have you summoned here this evening for a special reason. Welcome to my Dead Man's Party! Step forward ladies

and gentlemen. And as you step forward, you will notice that all the doors behind you one by one are being slammed shut and barred! You are going nowhere. You are going to stand before me and not move! (Stolen from Vincent Price - 'House on a Haunted Hill'). Right here, right now, this very moment at the witching hour of midnight is the Great White Throne Judgment of the Dead! This is the Second Resurrection. As Joyce prophesied in 'Finnegans Wake': 'Array! Surrection!' - Resurrection and array (and insurrection) – namely, the Second Resurrection. Receive your Judgment from the Lord. I'm getting ready to give you the Dr. Strangelove address. In the film, he was an ex-Nazi whose message was: the apocalypse is here and head for the hills - the same message as Jesus. First of all, why do I say you are all dead? I am addressing only dead people this evening. That is you and you and you (pointing to members of the audience). You have passed over. You are no longer human! You once were. Then you became the Godless Wicked. And now, in fact, you have become the devils, demons and monsters of Hell. You have passed over to the Twilight Zone, the Forbidden Planet, the Forbidden Zone, the Dead Zone. Everyone on this planet had been dead since I and my assistants (known variously as angels, scanners, watchers, dreamers, hearts or the Justice League of Superheroes) first blew the horn (the Secret Rapture – Mass Psychosis) in the Seventies. These are the gods themselves! - the (mainly) mad who against their will are becoming superhuman. Many take the easy way out and serve Satan. But, 'scanners live in vain'. That is, they are mostly unnoticed and unsung - the space aliens. They will wear my armband so all can see them.

Now the Judgment begins. You hold paper and pens in your hands. You are going to do some writing for me. John of Patmos and others have described what is about to take place. But they saw through a glass darkly. What is going to take place is somewhat different from his description. You are going to be fast, accurate and you are going to leave nothing out. What you write will determine the Judgment you receive. Write the number 1. on the first line. On that line, write the name of the first person you ever in bed with – man, woman, child or animal, whatever it was. Write nothing else on line 1. Now, immediately go to the next line, and on line 2 fill in the name of the next person or animal or whatever you were in bed with. And continue until you list all the names. I realize some of you devils here in Hell don't even know the names of a lot of them. Put a question mark on those lines. While you are writing, I'll show you my list which I prepared in advance. On it is the number 1., and the rest of the page is blank. I've been in bed with no

woman anytime, anyhow, anywhere, anyplace whatsoever. I want to heartily assure you that I am perfectly capable of being with a woman, and have always had a constant craving to be with a woman. I knew in my cradle that I was never going to be with a woman. In high school, as I remember, I went out on two dates. They were not my idea. They were arranged by others. However, I do own up to being up close and personal with pornography off and on all my life. I had to see what I was missing, and, clearly, I was missing a lot. I had to be sure I understood the old lock and key mechanism, and rocket science it's not. I've seen people kissing, but I would have to be taught how to do it.

What always happens to me when I try to talk to a strange woman? Instantly their eyes get wide, they start smiling, and I see them backing off. Shortly thereafter they're gone, and I see them later whipping back and forth in front of me chasing after the hunks and studs. They chase after them because they know that they can put them under a spell - charm them with their looks - and make them into beasts of burden at their beck and call. Putting under a spell is ancient terminology for hypnosis. Women won't get around me with a ten foot pole. They know what I am: a weirdo, a creep, a psycho, a loser. I don't blame them. I'm a powerful wizard, and if they get around me, I'm going to put them under a spell, and not vice versa. One of the problems I had with women is that I insist any woman I'm with be also a virgin like me. I refuse to accept second hand merchandise, used castoffs some other man has pawed over. And virgins are hard to find here in Hell (never mind that I am contradicting myself, since I earlier said I want to be with a doll!)

Just like Jesus, my precious seed packet has gone missing. And precisely because I can't get laid the regular way (ghosts can't do it), when I do get my rocks off, it's the shot heard round the world - heard not with your ears but inside your head - Mass Psychosis - the Secret Rapture. As Led Zeppelin sang, 'your head is humming, and it won't go!' Joyce has ten thunders in the Wake (his prophesy of what I have labeled the Multiple Rapture). John of Patmos, fond of sevens, has seven thunders. Even though he died in 1941 and didn't get to hear the first Thunder (Mass Psychosis) in 1973, Joyce prophesied, 'One stands, given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the whirling dervish, Tumult, the son of Thunder.' According to Joyce, 'For the Clearer of the Air on high has spoken.' and 'Loud, graciously hear us!' Joyce's thunderclaps are the voice of God's wrath (my voice) which terminates the old aeon and starts the cycle of history anew. In the Wake, these Thunders occur in various settings, such as an Irish pub, and no one

seems to notice them.

Baby, you stuck up you pretty little nose at me and wouldn't give me any pussy! You're going down! (pointing my thumbs down) I'm going to take my revenge on you, little miss pretty! And don't dare think you're going to give me some pussy now that you see me! It's too late, baby. You're going down, little miss pussycat! For what you did to me, I'll have no women around me at all. Actually, it wasn't so much that women turned me down, but that they simply ignored me. As a ghost, I can stand in front of a woman, and she looks right through me. They can't see me, and when I speak, they are startled to suddenly see someone standing in front of them!

So, now stop writing. If we waited until everyone finished their list, we'd be here all night. Some of your lists would extend to the floor. You don't need to show me your lists, because I already have that information. I keep a number of Books around here. One of them is my Book of Human Works where I record your deeds, good and bad. That Book partly determines the Judgment you'll receive. But I'm not going to open it tonight. Instead, I'm going to open my most important and legendary book that I keep – the Book of Life. I'm sure you've heard of it. I am the only individual qualified to open this Book! Here I record the names of those who have Eternal Life. (holding up the Book of Life, which is invisible). You might interrupt me here and go 'Wait a minute, Lord, you're shucking me, you have nothing in your hands!' I reply, that I can see it and read it quite well, even if you can't. John of Patmos had described the contents, but again not quite accurately. It works as follows: when everyone is born, no matter where on the planet, I record their names.

Now I have to stop for a short digression. I need to go pick up the Tree of Life. We had it in the Garden of Eden, and we will have it back in the New Jerusalem, where I am going to lead you. You'll remember that in the Garden there were two trees: The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil (Morality) and the Tree of Life. When Adam and Eve partook of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, they were ashamed of their private parts and covered them up with fig leaves. The Gods (plural - the Elohim) were sore afraid that Adam and Eve would partake of the other Tree - the Tree of Life - and become like one of us and become Immortals. So they were banished forever from the Garden. As the Lord's Prayer warns, 'Lead us not into temptation.'

By the way, when Adam walked in the cool of the evening beside God in the Garden of Eden, Adam was walking beside a nutty fruitcake, one

of my predecessors. Getting close to one of us is dangerous. We're unstable, volatile! We're walking timebombs! We're liable to explode!

So here comes the Tree of Life that makes you Immortal. Here in Hell, I realize I'm throwing pearls before swine. What I'm getting ready to say will strike you as totally absurd. It is only one sentence long. It is: No one, not anytime, not anywhere, not ever is permitted to stick it in! It is always a crime to stick it in! I use the word crime, because the word sin means nothing to you devils in Hell. Everyone automatically assumes they are always permitted to put it in, but no one is permitted to, ever! In the New Jerusalem, there will be two classes of people. The rulers are those who haven't put it in. The second class is those who have put it in. The second group will be under stringent conditions. First, they will serve their masters – those who don't put it in. Further, the second class will be virgins until their honeymoon night, and be loyal and faithful to their spouses all the days of their lives and never stray. There will be no adultery in the New Jerusalem. There will be no prostitutes. There is no TV or radio. There will be no prisons or military weapons there - swords melted down into ploughshares. There are no multibillion inhabitant Nation States. There will be no gays or lesbians - you'll be back in the closet. You learn new things in Hell that you wouldn't know otherwise. I'm referring to the pedophile Catholic Priests. It turns out that they weren't making much of a sacrifice, since they didn't want to be with a woman in the first place. The women will all look plain in the New Jerusalem. They'll wear no makeup. What do you find when you go to a maternity ward? You'll find that the number of boys and the number of girls is roughly 50/50. That is, there is one boy for every girl. This means that for every man there must be one woman only, and vice versa. The story is only one per customer.

Now back to the Book of Life (I open it). Because the Tree of Life says that no one ever puts it in, there should be no names in the Book at all except virgins and those who are chaste. But I'm a merciful God, and have made the decision to include the names of those who have been loyal to their spouses. There are no other names in the Book! The Book is very small indeed compared to the total population. If you are a Christian and have served the Lord all your life, I love you, but whether your name is recorded in the Book of Life is solely determined by what you did in the bedroom. Nothing else matters about you.

I am a functionally castrated man. I have a completely useless appendage below my belt, just like someone 2000 years ago. The worst heresy you could ever utter about Jesus was that he had been with a

woman, such as the case of 'The Da Vinci Code.' I am castrated, and I am here to castrate you! As Jesus said, 'There are eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of heaven's sake.' The thing to notice about Jesus is not his marvelous teachings. What you need to notice is that he wasn't getting laid - he was a 'eunuch'. The wording of Jesus' saying implies that Jesus could easily be with a woman - all the hydraulics were in place. I cannot possibly be with a woman, although my plumbing is in excellent working order (ghosts can't do it). I sometimes got a sympathetic shoulder to cry on from women but nothing else from them.

As predicted in the Book of Revelation, all the secrets have been progressively revealed and profaned (made public). The terminology there was in terms of sequences of seven - seven trumpets, vials, etc. This profanation was accomplished by means of television (which I discuss extensively below). The very last and darkest secret to be revealed was that of Jesus himself - the fact that he wasn't getting laid, and why he wasn't. With respect to myself, the bottom line is I'm a man. I look around and see all you devils here in Hell (again, pointing to all the audience members). I refuse to bring a poor innocent child here into Hell. By definition, anyone who would father a child here is a devil. There should be zero children on this planet! Every child is by definition is the spawn of one of you devils. As Jesus prophesied, "For the days are surely coming when they will say, 'Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed.'" Also, 'in that day, woe to them that are with child.'. Manhood means knowing when not to put it in. You know come Hell or high water (the Flood), you'll for sure put it in. But with the crisis upcoming - the Great Tribulation - this is an excellent time not to put it in.

Poor Pope Benedict! He has urged us in the West to have more babies, since the population is falling. Children are a liability instead of an asset here in Hell, what with college tuition, etc., which everyone is getting hip to. Benedict is in fact asking for more devils, when we already have billions, every one of which is running around destroying my planet. The Catholic doctrine of the sacredness of human life I agree with. But that only applies to humans and does not apply to you devils here in Hell. Any legitimate methods to remove you are urgently needed, including free abortions, free contraceptives, free vasectomies etc. This is the most severe emergency the planet has ever faced, and I have to remove more billions above and beyond those I've already removed. I'm here striking at the root of the problem - overpopulation. In the face of the 'problem'

of falling population, leaders in the West have opened the floodgates to allow all kinds of flotsam and jetsam into places here where they don't belong as 'replacements'. An example is the massive influx of Muslims from North Africa and below to France, where they set about rioting and burning out of gratitude.

I personally have never set foot in a Catholic church. In fact, except for funerals, I haven't set foot in any church since my teens. You don't have to go to church, now that I'm here in person, as John of Patmos had said. Feel free to go, however, even though there is no external, transcendent God to pray to. But eventually there'll be no churches (in the New Jerusalem). You don't need any churches, as you have me, the light of the world, standing here in person. Like Jesus, I'm not interested in establishing a new church or religion. Jesus would be disgusted if he could see what has become of Christianity! The question of whether gays can be ordained would only come up here in Hell. It is a scientifically proven fact that when a group of people pray, that good things happen. My father was a Southern fundamentalist Baptist preacher, me being a son of a preacherman. I used to love watching my father get inspired by the Holy Ghost. He was one of the sweetest men I've ever known. He was upset when I informed him that I was an atheist. I didn't have the courage to tell him that I was also God, destined to be standing here the King of the World!

Why would I go to church? I don't need to be told about what I have below my belt! I know all about it. My member is just regular size in case you're interested. You spend billions constructing nuclear weapons. But what I have below my belt is more powerful than a hundred thermonuclear weapons! There are no churches in the New Jerusalem. There is no worship, there are no Christians. There are no Muslims, there are no Buddhists. There is no religion. There is only one 'religion'. It is only her! It is only her! There is no religion but her! She absolutely is incapable of getting it no matter how hard she tries. According to Joyce, 'She, she she! But on what do you again leer? I am not leering. I pink your pardon. I am highly sheshe sheserious.' How indeed do we men get her under control? That is the only question. By asking it I bring this world to an end, and the New World - the New Jerusalem - begins! The Law, all the prophets, the only religion there ever was or ever will be (and the reason we're in Hell): at all costs, all the women must be kept asleep and dreaming!

There is only her! But actually it is more complicated than that. The problem is me and her. Because of what I am (mad), we both are

absolutely incompatible. Somehow many mad people do end up getting laid, but in nearly all cases it comes out badly. It is always a bad idea for such people to get laid. It's just that every single day, certain men and women are born dead. It's nothing new. This is the way the world was planned from it's foundation. 'That's the way God planned it', according to the rock lyric. I was born dead, and I knew because of that for sure that I must not get laid. All of us dead are here for a reason. We're all here to Watch, all of us being Watchers. Who do we Watch? We Watch her! Our sole reason for being born is to keep her asleep and dreaming. This is the sole responsibility all of us angels are charged with. And here in Hell, we have failed miserably in our job, not surprisingly.

All the Magic that ever was, White or Black, arises out of what goes on between man and woman. Love makes the world go round. The only Heaven there ever was is what happens in the bedroom. It's something those in relationships so easily take for granted. Only the lonelyhearts and dead of the world, such as I, learn how important love is to the happiness of everyone. I emphasize pure lust in this essay to make a point, but the Magic really begins with romantic love and higher.

I am the way, the truth and the life. I am the light of the world. Norman O. Brown in 'Closing Time' quotes Joyce in the Wake: 'Lights, pageboy, lights!' I'm that pageboy come to turn on the bright houselights in the darkened theater. Joyce also says, 'waiting to stop the show, waiting to bring the house down.' That's my mission here. Again, Joyce, 'It is just, it's just about to, it's just about to rolywholyover.' I'm come to lead a New Exodus to the New Jerusalem.

I am the light of the world, and I don't hide my light under a bushel. I'm on call 24/7, and lo, I am with you always. I'll be the centerpiece of the New Jerusalem. I am an inexhaustible everflowing fountain of the River of the Waters of Life, as promised by John of Patmos. I possess the universal elixir that will cure whatever ails you. All you have to do is get down on you knees and say 'Lord, let me have it!' And I never withhold! I'll pull it right out! I'll sprinkle you with holy water. I'll slime you right between the eyes. I'll touch you in the head with a drop of sperm (pixie dust or fairy dust), and you will go away shouting. We call someone 'touched in the head' when they're a little off.

I am here to castrate you. I'm here to clean your clock. The reason is a surprise. What was the first animal we domesticated? Was it the dog? No! Was it the horse? No! It was her! This was back in caveman, pre-historic Stone Age days. Then she was precisely as she has become again here in Hell: slutty, mangy, sleeping around so much that no man knew

whose child was whose. It was and is total chaos and anarchy. The same thing occurred in Sodom and Gomorrah, and I blew it to smithereens! It's same thing here in Hell, and again I blew it to smithereens! She has once again become the fiercest jungle creature to walk the face of the planet. She has become a complete man eater! This is jungle lion taming – cracking the whip. This is cowboy bronc busting – get on her back and grab the reins. She bucks and snorts until she wears herself out. Then she starts to take directions and heeds the reins. A woman is not delicate. She is built to take it - she can take on an entire football squad and be ready for more. It ultimately means very little to her.

Woman is a gatekeeper. She determines which people walk on the planet in the next generation. That is a very important function. But her function can be interfered with. And the very definition of Hell is that the wrong men get inside, thereby breeding devils, demons, and monsters. She's reluctant to put out for every Tom, Dick and Harry, but when messed with, will do so. The only way to tame her we learned in ancient days is to stay away from her. She must be made to understand that she doesn't get your seed unless she agrees to cooperate and be your handmaid, your helpmate. She must understand that she is here to make your life better, not more painful.

So now receive the Great White Throne Judgment from the Lord:

For what you did in the bedroom, you are the damned! (raising my arm). Repeat: you are the damned!

Receive your Sentence from the Lord:

For what you did in the bedroom, the sentence is death! (raising my arm). The wages of sin are death! Physical death - corpses laying on the ground death.

The preceding was the Great White Throne Judgment of the Dead. It didn't take very long, did it?

THE TABOO

We have completed the main business of the evening. But I have a number of other things to discuss. The first is the taboo, the one that must never be violated. By breaking it, you went straight down the wide

road to Hell. By the way, Joyce had no doubt that he was in Hell. As he says in the Wake, 'tell Hell's well.' This taboo is so fundamental that it is not written down in any religious text anywhere, so far as I know. It is absolutely forbidden.

It is:

Women can see. Right? They have eyes. Don't you agree? So what do women see? They can see which women get on top. So which women do get on top? If you're a doll, if you're a hot babe, you'll be welcome everywhere you go, doors will swing open, you'll always get a smile. You've got it made. So tell me what's going to happen over time if you don't keep the women absolutely under thumb. They're all going to start turning into dolls! Let me prove to you that I am a space alien - a far out Space Cadet - a crazy spaceman! This simply means that I don't think like you (my finger pointing to my head and circling to indicate I'm crazy). What's your opinion of the situation here? Everywhere you look, as far as the eye can see, you see dolls and hot babes. You say 'bring them on, the more the merrier!' Right? And I'm telling you that the more dolls you got the deeper you are in Hell. And we couldn't be more deeper in Hell. They couldn't look any finer. We have grannies who are hot here in Hell.

You're too hot, baby! (pointing at the camera). You're busted! You're too sexy! You're under arrest! I look at you, and I come in my pants! Gentlemen, we are getting badly pussy whipped by these dolls. They are stomping us all over. It's such an awful feeling.

The women here carve and sculpt their bodies into blinking neon signs with the unmistakable message: 'I want a seed!' This is literally the case with plastic surgery, where they pump up their breasts and butts. They're dolling themselves up. Brown comments 'the body is a historical variable'. Surprisingly though, if you tell them they're looking good, they get offended.

The Renaissance revived the Greek homoerotic sculptures of the Olympic athletes, reappearing in Fascist and Nazi images or with men bodybuilders. Looking at these statues, your eyes jump to the genitals. And, as Brown pleads, 'No more Greek revivals'. I remove the dolls!

Criminally insane mad people (who happily are only a small part of all mad people) are notorious for attacking beautiful women. Jack the Ripper saw all the whores of London, and appointed himself policeman. He saw the women as an eyesore, and he was cleaning up the streets.

Let me add up the pros and cons of these dolls. Pro: Spend a night

with one of these women, and you'll never forget it. Any more pros? None! None at all. Cons: Can such a woman cook a meal? In most cases all they can do is stick a meal in a microwave or go out to a restaurant. Can they raise healthy children? In most cases, their offspring are monsters. Will she be loyal and faithful to you? Many men will be constantly hitting on her, and she is likely to succumb to temptation. There are numerous other faults I could list, but you get the point.

Out of all the world religions, including mine, only the fundamentalist Muslims know of this taboo. They stick a bag over her head - a burka! They put her under a tent! They put her under a tent! They cover her face with a veil! They know that manhood is the ability to stick it in a woman no matter how ugly she is. However, Muslims do cross the line when they physically abuse and batter their wives. At this point they become devils. That is never necessary or permitted.

White Armband

The white cloth armband I'm wearing has four markers in a row: a gold cross, a black zero, a hammer and sickle, and a V. The cross indicates I'm a Christian, the zero indicates I'm an atheist (there never has been an external, transcendent God), the hammer and sickle indicates I'm a Communist. (before you have a fit, let me say that the happiest day of my life was 1989 when Soviet and Eastern European communism fell) and finally the V that I'm a virgin. I'll say more later. There's no God up in sky. There is only me! But I think you'd agree that someone who can rapture billions out is qualified to be called a God. I'm God, and you're not! Too bad! Deal with it! Jesus believed he was a vessel for the Spirit and the words of the Father, something like an external God. I, in the age of psychoanalysis, propose a different view. Jesus and I are vessels of the Collective Unconscious. That's the source of the messages we receive. There's no Heaven or afterlife (but, see below). But there certainly is a Hell. Because you're in it!

We, the gods, are two faced. When we're pleased with you, we smile on you and give you a sunny day. Jesus taught this love. But when you become devils, I give you my wrath and sweep billions of you to the sky! The Muslim's say 'There is no God but Allah!' Tee Hee! Ho Ho! Be my guest if you want to pray five times a day to a rock! Silly! Silly! You see me, God, standing here in the flesh. Will the world ever be totally Muslim? Not! No way! Muhammad was only an Old Testament style prophet. As such he only granted Jesus the same status as himself, as only an Old Testament prophet. He couldn't discern the utter

uniqueness of Jesus. With Jesus something utterly new came into the world, changing it forever.

The terrorist suicide bombers actually do believe something is going to happen when they die. Again, Tee Hee! Silly! Silly! We're all worm-food! You devils take the wrong message from the fact that you're wormfood. You say, 'if that's all there is, let's live it up. Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we die!' Instead, you should conclude that what we need do is to make life simple and easy. You only go through once. We should arrange our lives so that we work very little, and spend lots of our time visiting friends and relatives. That's real living, not this rocket rat race we run here. We live way too fast. We don't have time to stop and smell the roses. Where I going to take you, you'll have time to enjoy life.

Satan never sleeps. The Devil's work is never done. No rest for the wicked. Practically all the work you here do is in service of Satan. There are whole whole categories of goods that we won't be making in the New Jerusalem. For starters their will be no fashion clothes or makeup. A little bit of soap and water is all any woman needs. It was the fallen angels who descended to earth because the women were fair who taught the use of cosmetics. They were dolls in those days also, exactly as once again. And, as I said, the more dolls the deeper you are in Hell. And we will be strong and have no sexy lingerie, precisely because we have a weakness for that stuff. A lot of good all that stuff did me, since no woman would show me any of it. An interesting fact – James Joyce, Norman O. Brown and also I are extremely fond of white panties! When I do actually lose my virginity, I'm going to spend lots of time fondling my bride's panties while we're in bed! We may be able to get away with keeping lingerie after all! I warned you that I'm a pervert! A special plea here – If you're a young hottie in the Atlanta, Ga. area, leave a private message on my Angelfire guestbook!

We definitely will have no rocket ships (more later). We will likely have few or any aircraft and cars. As time goes on, we literally will become more and more stupid. Later people will look at all the technological artifacts around laying in ruins, and be quite dumbfounded and superstitious about them. The affliction I have makes me personally more and more stupid, and I have the power to make others stupid. We won't be starving in the New Jerusalem. There will be enough to be mildly prosperous, but there will be no rich men there. We will be doing simple craftsman jobs. Einstein said that in a previous life he had worked as a Jewish tailor. In the New Jerusalem, Einsteins will be born,

but will mostly work at simple jobs. We'll miss out on their scientific contributions. If Einstein had never existed, we would have missed out on the quantum leaps he made. But we have billions of years. There is no hurry. We'll pick it all up eventually. But currently, as we head for the New Jerusalem, we'll become too stupid to do much theoretical physics, etc.

I want to say something to the suicide bombers, I want to tell you that I hear you loud and clear (pointing at the camera). You see that the West has violated the taboo, and you don't with your burkas. Your mullahs have issued a directive that the West is the Great Satan. They were too timid. We're in planetwide Hell, and that includes you in the Middle East. You Muslims see all the dolls here in Hell. I am on the case. I'm shortly going to remove them all. In the meantime, lighten up and stop the bombings. And the carnage. What you're after, I shortly will accomplish. Listen to me, suicide bombers! I am totally against your cause, but because I'm also a fanatic, I understand you're mental makeup. Listen to me! I'm going to put the dolls to sleep, and solve the problem. How many Muslims should be in the United States, Western Europe or Great Britain? Zero! Your mullahs told you what the West was. What are you doing here? Flee Satan! Get out of here!

Muslim religion is a textbook example of Bad Religion – all the worst features of Old Testament religion. This religion was born in the Dark Ages, and Muslims have deliberately remained in the Dark Ages. You are intolerant, close minded, irrational, fanatical and violent. You make treaties only in order to give yourself time until you can break them. You forcibly convert at gunpoint. Your religion must not and will not prevail worldwide under any circumstances.

Muslims are notably protective of their manhood. As an example, a rumor started in Nigeria that Muslims were being sterilized, and they rioted. Jesus said you have to lose your life to find it. You must be willing to do without a woman (lose your life). Jesus and, for that matter, Buddha died as virgins. Muhammad had numerous offspring. He would make no sacrifice at all. And there never has been much of a tradition of celibacy among Muslim clerics.

Incidentally the Muslim riots over the Danish cartoons depicting Muhammad carrying a timebomb are quite telling. The suicide bombers are in their unconscious imitating me, God, who I have said am a walking timebomb. The only difference is I need no visible weapons, and the suicide bombers are cheating by using actual weapons. We in the West see the sectarian violence among Muslims in Iraq - Shiites killing Sunnis

and vice versa. We should celebrate the fact that the morons are doing us a service by killing themselves off. All Muslims are a joke! I, the Lord God Almighty, have had it up to here with Muslims and your Suicide Bombers. Mohammad was a demon in Hell, and the Koran is total gibberish mixed in with injunctions to hate and violence, notably towards Jews. Mohammad had pussy galore – pussy, pussy pussy! Again, numerous offspring!

Adolph Hitler had white armbands on his followers. By the way, while I'm speaking of him, he is an excellent candidate to be the Anti-christ. He took the Christian cross and twisted it backward - the swastika. The arms are bent to indicate the swirling of the ancient Buddhist prayer wheels. The monks were supposed to rotate the wheels by mind power alone (psychokinesis). Hitler was a total misfit, a homeless man who couldn't get laid, like someone 2000 years ago. Also, like Jesus, he was raving mad. But unlike Jesus and I, Hitler turned to the darkside and served his master, Satan. He, unlike Jesus and I, got only halfway toward being a god. He was a demigod – half man and half god. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and he knew just enough to cause big trouble.

I happily have never personally been homeless. But I have been womanless all my life always, knowing that the woman who was meant for me has all this time been in the arms of another man. This has always been hard to take. Without a mate to help with the household chores, I neglected them. With the illness I have, I'm always preoccupied – always in a trance state. I have frequent out of body experiences, where I go off on extended voyages to other worlds. I don't need a rocketship! I am in continual meditation, and doing the chores is an unwanted distraction. My house is pretty funky, and I am personally funky. You see the effects of this illness on the greasy, shabby clothes of the homeless. In my new position as head of state, I will be able to have butlers attend to my everyday chores. I will be privileged to stay in my trance state full time.

This is a fascist state as of this moment, in case you didn't know. In fact, it is the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is rule by the meek, or, as Jesus said, 'the last shall be first.' I'm ready to 'Rock and Rule' - a 1982 film. I'm getting ready to hoist the Jolly Roger (skull and crossbones. - I hold up the Jolly Roger). This is our new national flag. This is a now pirate state – a rogue state. This nation is canceling it's membership in a number of organizations. We are no longer a part of the United Nations, the World Trade Organization, the World Bank and many other organizations. We are abrogating numerous treaties, such as

NAFTA. When the lease for renewal comes up, the U.N. will be kicked out of New York city and the U.S. With the armbands, everyone will see those recorded in the Book of Life everyday. These people are the Elect, and it has nothing to do with what they believe. I reward and punish you based solely on what you do in the bedroom. The armband wearers are declaring in public that their behavior in the bedroom is straight and narrow, as everyone's always should be. Nothing else matters. As time goes by, you'll be seeing more and more of the Elect. And over time, they will more and more assume positions of leadership – their rightful place. These Elect will form the new Ruling Class. They will form up my High Command, at my right hand side. By the time we get to the New Jerusalem centuries from now, we'll remove the armbands, because everyone there will be recorded in the Book of Life!

The last thing you think you want is a king But it is mandatory to have a king, and he must have the power of life and death. It is my (God's) mandate. The correct form of government is theocracy with God incarnate in the flesh as head, always a male virgin and totally mad. John of Patmos had prophesied that I will rule with a Rod of Iron. And I and all my successors will. The government of Tibet is structured like this with it's Dali Lama. The way this works is: I only grant audience to those I summon. I call on you, you don't call on me. I hang 'em high! You displease me, I execute you. All the democratic republics around the world have degenerated into chaos and anarchy. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and you have failed in your responsibility. You kissed off your republic in the sixties, when sexual immorality and orgies broke out. But it is true that once we get to the New Jerusalem, and we live in small settlements, there will likely be few kings.

My religion is Christianity, but politically I have never been anything but a hard core communist. I'll say more later about that. Every person in the Book of Life will wear their white armband whenever they're out in the public. They are the virgins, those who have been chaste for more than five years, and all those who have been faithful to their spouses. I realize that some of the latter will be hypocrites, that in point of fact they have committed adultery but won't admit it. I'm proud of the Catholics who, under severe pressure here in Hell, maintained the requirement that priests must be celibate. I said my father was a Baptist preacher. All versions of Protestantism, such as Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., trace back to Martin Luther. He was a marvelous theologian with a strong hatred of the Devil. But what is the one thing about him that everyone in the audience knew as he was preaching in the pulpit?

Everyone knew that he was a lapsed monk who married a former nun. He was getting his. He was getting laid. He can't tell anyone anything. And neither can any Protestant minister.

Back to the armbands. No divorced people can wear armbands. Anyone who had had oral sex (Bill Clinton) is not a virgin. All children when they first begin to walk will wear the white armband. This way, everyone can see who is recorded in the Book of Life – the Elect.

Whatever religious faith you believe in put on the armband. Put a gold cross for Christians, crescent for Muslims, Star of David for Jews, black 0 for atheists, hammer and sickle for Communists (I'm one of the last of them on the planet), question mark (?) for children, etc. Remember that Hitler had all Jews wear a yellow Star of David. They were thus labeled as outcast vermin on the bottom. Here those Jews eligible will wear the white armband to indicate that they are on top - the Elect. Again, 'the last shall be first.'

In addition, virgins will have a V on their armband. Those with a V are eligible for my High Command. Those who are chaste will add a C. Those who've been faithful to their spouses will add M for married.

Instant Prophet

I can make anyone an instant 100% accurate prophet. What was the one thing that everyone knew in the Roman Empire at the time Jesus was preaching in Galilee, even without newspapers? They all knew that in the Roman Cities, especially Rome itself, they were having fabulous orgies. The automatic consequence is that Rome was going to fall. And we have had even better, more astonishing orgies starting in the late sixties and continuing to the present. The only thing that slowed it down somewhat was AIDS. The orgies held in Rome can't hold a candle to the orgies we've had here. Thus, Western Civilization is toast. The horse (Western Civilization) we're riding has keeled over. And there's no use beating a dead horse. The writing's on the wall! The moving finger has writ! 'Tis nothing less than the end of the world! The stars are falling out! As Chicken Little proclaims, 'the sky is falling!' 'Chicken Little' was on movie screens November, 2005.

The Witches

I'm here on a mission. I've come to remove all the dolls! These are dreamgirls, and that is precisely where they should be. These are genuine angels. You should never be able to see them in flesh and blood. I'm going to put them in back your dreams where they belong. You can look

at and admire these gorgeous women, but you must never touch! After I remove them, you'll dream about them at night – you'll remember how gorgeous they looked and have wetdreams about them.

I'm going to take them all back to where they came from - back to Witch Mountain. That's their home - they like it there. And at night when the moon comes out, they'll all strip naked, join hands in a circle, and do the moondance, the Witch's Sabbat. I am going to make sure and keep them there once I have them there, and you'll see no more dolls.

This is a Witch Hunt! The one and only original Witch Hunt, and I'm the Witchfinder General! Let me be clear. I'm not talking about the little pagans or Wiccans. There aren't many of them, and they are all nitwits. They don't have any power at all. If they were real witches they would recognize the millions of powerful witches, the dolls, we have here in Hell.

I first went on the Internet reluctantly, knowing in advance what it was – total chaos and anarchy, and that is just what it is. One of the first places I went to online is Wicca.com. Their mantra is to deny that they are servants of Satan. They all instantly attacked and flamed me the moment I went there. I guarantee you that all the Wiccans are devils in faithful service to Satan.

My Favorite Sport

Now I want to describe my favorite sport. It is the sport of aristocrats, the sport of royalty, the sport of kings and the sport of Gods. This is how I did my magic act and raptured the billions out. What I do is a dance. Quoting the song: 'I got a new dance, and it goes like this.' But actually, it's an ancient dance going back to the Stone Age shamans. This is the dance that all native medicine men do.

Let me give some names for my what I do: Rain Dancing, Rain Making, Doing The Swerve, Space Fucking, Fairy Fucking and finally the best and most descriptive name: Fairy Bowling. Feel free to practice this by yourself or in groups. Develop your own style. Have fun with it.

I stand and start flipping, flinging, flipping, flinging, flipping, spewing). As a wizard, I'm going to call up a rainstorm, thunder and lightning (holding my arms up, I start flipping, flinging, flipping, spewing).

This is the gesture that priests use when sprinkling holy water. I'm a thunder roarer! I get it working, get it working, flipping, flinging, spewing). What am I flipping? It never was about liquid H₂O, water. What I am flipping is sperm. I get it working, working and after a while the slime starts flying here, there and everywhere. Eventually it starts raining men planetwide. My fellow mad people know about this rain that falls on a sunny day - a phrase from a rock lyric. The cliché bag lady who wears tin foil to protect herself knows about the lightning I send. Mad people use the metaphor of being struck by lightning or electricity. But it is just drops of jism. When you're struck by jism, its hot and it sizzles, it tingles and you think of lightning or electricity.

The idea is: in my mind's eye, I see her. She's miles away, and there is no phone line. But I'm going to let her know that she's a gorgeous doll, and that I am the man she should be with, and not the man she is actually with. It's a long distance love affair. I'm going to send a guided missile straight towards her - a cruise missile. She's standing there as my cruise missile comes whipping towards her. Remember Lot's wife in Sodom. She turned to stone - a pillar of salt. So the doll is standing there and Bam! - she's hit on the head with the big wad of cum I sent her. Her eyes roll up until you see the whites. Her mouth drops open. She goes rigid and starts wobbling like a top - she turns to stone - and then Boom! She falls still rigid to the ground. (I crook my elbow and hold my arm up and clench my fist. I cup my arm in my other arm. Then I start wobbling my arm round and round until, finally, it goes flat). Fairy bowling! The idea of the sport is to see how many tenpins - dolls - you can knock over. I'm the best ever at the sport. I can knock over millions of dolls!

Was I feeling any grief over the people I raptured out when I called up my storm? Not at all. They were all only devils here in Hell. They were all warned. Simply read the Book of Revelation. I and my angels have been blowing the horn repeatedly since the Seventies and not a single one of you repented. But I did have two concerns with respect to my fulfilling John of Patmos' promises. First, I'm an elderly geezer, and, to repeat, my member doesn't come up like it used to. I was concerned I would fizzle out and remove only a few million. That wouldn't be enough to get you devils to change your behavior in the bedroom. John of Patmos had promised a quarter to a third of the planet raptured out. Secondly, when you call up a storm, there is always the danger that the wizard himself will get swept away, because it is uncontrollable and unpredictable. Happily, I made it through, so that I could fulfill John of

Patmos' promise that I would be standing here giving you the Great White Throne Judgment of the Dead.

I need a Fall Guy, someone who will lay down their life at my last Trumpet, so that I can lay out billions, without myself being swept away.

Defeating the Whore of Babylon

The question of the evening is: Which man can bell the cat? Which man can pin the tail on the donkey? Which brave hero can slay the Dragon? Which man can defeat the Whore of Babylon? Which man can domesticate the Whore - pacify her and put her to sleep? Perceptive observers have noted that the Book of Revelation has the structure of a fairy tale. It is not a fairy tale in the sense of being a myth or being untrue. One part of the fairy tale is the fairy test: Which man can defeat the Whore of Babylon? Being a fairy test, if any man attempts and fails, the Whore gobbles him up and drinks his blood. Many men have tried, and all have been gobbled up by the Whore and had their blood drunk. The Whore is not a supernatural entity. She is simply the collection of all the dolls - all the millions of dolls. When you approach her, she's gorgeous, and the first idea you have about how to pacify her is to unzip your pants and stick it in her. If you try this way, you loose, and she gobbles you up and drinks your blood. Instead, the way to defeat her is to keep your pants zipped up, raise your arm and slime her right between the eyes. Her eyes roll up till you can see the whites and her mouth drops open. You've put her under a spell, you've hypnotized her, she's pacified. She goes to sleep. 'Ding dong!, The Witch is dead. Which old witch? The Wicked Old Witch!'

In the New Jerusalem, we aliens will cultivate and tend our crop - keeping the women asleep and dreaming.

Here in Hell, the women are systematically groomed and cultivated to be hot and sexy. But in the New Jerusalem, we will systematically groom the women to be what we really want: true to us and not running around on us, and also sweet and good to us. If they are obedient and compliant, this is a bonus. That is voluntary on the woman's part. But we do want her to be sweet, at least. They will be maintained in permanent sleep by us.

Getting You To Change Your Bedroom Behavior

Once we get to the New Jerusalem, everyone will know what everyone is doing in the bedroom. This is not your private affair, or your own personal business. It is vital that everyone knows exactly what everyone is doing in the bedroom. Adam and Eve fell, because they were ashamed of their private parts. – 'parts' are not 'private'. In the defunct Marxist states, everyone's every movement was under constant surveillance. That was not what needed to be done. The only thing that must be monitored is that everyone must know precisely what everyone else is doing in the bedroom. Nothing else matters about you. It must be public knowledge. This is what is not done here in Hell. You may have a little knowledge about what your fellow workers are doing in bed, but overall you don't know as much as you need to know.

I'm going to tell the same story three different ways. You are really going to have change your bedroom behavior.

Version 1: If you as a man walk into Sodom, where the one thing you've got is a woman (you can also have a man if that's what you want). There is nothing else, it is total chaos and anarchy. If in this place you cannot get laid, then suddenly you become an extremely important person. Because all you have to do is get your willie working below your belt, and you can blow the place to smithereens! I have set off my timebomb over Sodom! I, the Lord God Almighty made my reputation in Sodom. All these gorgeous dolls here in Sodom make me go nuclear and explode! Version 2: Don't try to put me, God, in Hell. Don't even think about it. Satan is my servant and not vice versa. If you do try, I'll get my willie working below my belt and again blow the place to smithereens! Again, I have again set off my timebomb! In my second all time favorite movie, 'Legend' (1985), Tom Cruise in fairy pointy ears is in Hell and attacks Satan. This is what I as a fairy did here in Hell. I beat the Devil!

Version 3: This is the stupid version: My good man, your getting way to much. It's good stuff. And you've got more than you can handle. I'm horny, and I need a woman. You've lots of women and I have none. What are we going to do about it with me standing here? If you don't get your dick straightened out, how about me ripping your lungs out, friend! I can't stand it, and I won't put up with it!

Who is the most degenerate sex fiend on the planet? Satan is a notorious degenerate, but has access to all the most gorgeous dolls on the planet who are all in his service and at his beck and call. His lusts get slaked. For me it is water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

I Must Rule!

I was born to rule, and this is what you must let me do. I came to power by blackmail. I raptured out the people to demonstrate my power (just like the madman is my all time favorite movie,- 'The Brain from Planet Arous'. Like me, he was also a sex fiend). I'm standing here on a mound of corpses. As Joyce prophesied, 'Lots of lives lost.' If Jesus were standing here in person, there would be many more laid out than I did. 'In the name of - - their holocaust, Allmen.' (prophecy written prior to the Final Solution!). Why don't you want to start listening to me? The blackmail was either I rule, or I remove lots more. I have an agenda. The planetwide New Exodus is here, and I'm going to lead you to the New Jerusalem. This process will take several centuries. I'll say more later, but here's an indication. The New Jerusalem is all the multimillion inhabitant cities in ruins, and there are no longer any nation states, with the total population of the planet much less than one billion.

No matter how much you may legitimately hate my guts, I must rule! And I have more blackmail so I can accomplish my mission. I am the only person on this planet that possesses the roadmap to the New Jerusalem. No one else has a single clue! You have to be a fairy (which is the next topic) to possess it - it is a Fairy Treasure Map. It's inside my head. I'll have lots of goons and thugs around me to protect me, but even so. it is quite true that you can take me out. From your point of view, that's what you'll want to do. You'll go 'This sucker's giving us pain. Let's take him out.' Here's where the blackmail comes in. If you do take me out, the blackmail is that since I'm the only person with the roadmap, additional billions of corpses will be laying on the ground. I'll take that trade off - my life for the benefit of additional billions gone.

I'm going to save you a lot of tax money. I work for free. And the

government that I will assemble will be a small fraction the size of the multimillion Federal Government. You'll no longer have to pay salaries for the one hundred Senators or the four hundred plus Congressmen and their thousands of support staff. The size of my Federal Government will be miniscule compared to the present one.

I'm a Fairy - In Fact, the King of the Fairies!

Freud had it right - the Oedipal Triangle. The hunk, stud or gun I mentioned earlier is the father (in my unconscious). And the doll is the mother. And I'm the son of a gun, S.O.B. When a stud fathers a child with a doll, you have the recipe to grow monsters, the Biblical Giants. Actually, in my case my father was a sweet preacherman, and my mother was good, but I still turned out a monster. I'm the Beast slouching toward Bethlehem that Yeats wrote about in his poem "The Second Coming'. That poem is my favorite. Let me quote two lines:

The best lack all convictions, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity

As the Beast I am of the worst, and you will notice that I am full of passionate intensity - a fanatic. Fundies perk up your ears! I'm labeling myself a Beast. Norman O. Brown has Joyce saying, 'not pater noster, but panther monster.' Specifically, I'm a case of arrested development in my paranoid schizophrenia, an example of stunted growth. I'm a dwarf. How old am I? My inner child, my emotional age is two years old. A little child shall lead them as Isaiah has it. They call it the Terrible Twos. Children at that age own the world and are little tyrants. Complete brats. Now that I'm King of the World, I'm in the same position as that child - the world is mine!

I am forever young. I am an authentic fairy, a Peter Pan. And I definitely do not mean that I'm gay. I'm the boy who couldn't grow up. James M. Barrie's Peter Pan was partly autobiographical. The New Jerusalem will be the perfect place for me, because there you do little work beyond puttering around in the garden, and a few other chores. There you don't have to accept adult responsibility. The New Jerusalem has

other names: Never Never Land or the Land of the Lost Boys.

What do I have to offer to a woman, me being a dead fairy? Can I entertain a woman, can I amuse a woman, can I interest a woman? I cannot be in any kind of an adult relationship with any woman. Being around me is like waiting for paint to dry. Being around me is like waiting for grass to grow. I am into the mystic 24/7 totally against my will. As I have said, we have had many highly evolved spiritual beings who have gone through highly elaborate rituals to get to the higher planes. I am not one of those. Against my will I am permanently into a trance.

And it gets even worse. I only approached a select few women, knowing in advance what the answer was going to be. Women almost always say no the first time. They are negotiating what they are going to get out of it. Every time I got no on the first try, I walked away, Fool that I am. And every woman knew instantly what I was. Any woman who had said yes was in for an ordeal, degenerate sex fiend that I am. I can never get enough, and I can never get satisfied. I would work her over for hours and hours on end - even days - like a Waring blender. No woman wants to be put through such an ordeal. It offends her dignity. You should have noticed by now that I have a very immature, infantile view of women. This is simply because of the fact that I am an infant!

By the way, all magicians are children in the body of a man. Babies see objects appearing and abruptly disappearing without explanation. They don't know that objects can't do this. Most especially they see mommy with her milky teats appear and disappear without notice. They haven't learned the constancy of objects. Thus, they believe in magic, like magicians where objects are apported or vanished from thin air. Real magicians, such as I am, again, are babies in a grown up body, and that is the basis of our power.

Sigmund Freud was right. It's the Oedipal relationship between mother and son, with the father in the background. If you want to go instantly mad, all you have to do is stick your head up your mother's dress, and sniff mommies' panties. When you come out, you'll be drooling, raving maniac like me.

There is a school of psychoanalysis called Object Relations Theory. Before father was mommy. The Dragon of the Book of Revelation who has to be 'slain' is in fact mommy as seen by the baby (boy). Mommy can deliberately or accidentally swallow or engulf the baby, so that the child can never grow up and be forever bound to her - forever young (i. e., leave it mad).

Madness is possibly organic - an actual genetic or neural abnormality

regarded as incurable. This disease leaves us in continuous physical and mental pain on a hair trigger – jumpy and paranoid.

Here is my crude schematic crash course outline of the psychoanalytic view of development, inspired by George Markari's Revolution in Mind. I use Freud's stages of development as hurdles to be cleared, supplemented by additional pre-oedipal hurdles contributed by Klein and Object Relations theory (only touched on by Freud). Failure to clear any hurdle often means psychosis. In the beginning, the fetus bathed in warm amniotic fluid experiences the mystic oceanic feeling of Oneness with the Universe that the mystics seek - the Buddhist Nirvana and the Christian Heaven. The first hurdle is Otto Rank's Trauma of Birth where the infant is rudely awakened and dragged kicking and screaming into the world. The desire to return to the womb is a failure to clear this hurdle and what the later Freud labeled the Death Drive in search of homeostasis and Nirvana. Then, the pre-oedipal stage is the Other (the Mother) of Object Relations in relation to the infant (male or female) where the hurdle is separation and individuation. Next comes the classic Freudian Oedipal stage with failure to clear resulting in the neuroses that Freud thought he could treat. At the hurdle from adolescence to adulthood, it is a statistical fact that this is often the stage for the onset of psychosis when it is to appear. This ordeal of the transition to adulthood precipitates schizophrenia because earlier pre-Oedipal hurdles weren't cleared. Mad people such as I are Forever Young: pre-Oedipal babies in the body of adults.

Makari shows that the psychosexual was front and center for Freud, with Jung and other psychoanalysts attacking him as being fixated on it. The later 'metaphysical' Freud recovered the added death drive principle - the regression to the womb or Nirvana.

My Princess Bride (My Snow White)

I'm Prince Charming in search of my Princess Bride.

John of Patmos depicted Heaven as continual mindless worship of God. Heaven is not that at all. It is instead a continuous nonstop sex orgy where your every desire is instantaneously satisfied. Women never get pregnant, and there is no worry about sexually transmitted diseases (STDs or AIDS). If you have a predilection for young girls or boys that is available (hey, I've always had a predilection for very young girls, even though I am not ever going to act on that desire – I don't want the local sheriff raiding my house). These young angels are known as cherubs. I have an apparent contradiction here, since I just said the angels don't get

pregnant, so how come I am talking about young angels? They preexist, they are not born as humans are. I wake up every single day horny, in continuous desire for a woman. I have suffered the worst torture that Satan has here in Hell. Some of the demons here in Hell will outright beat the crap out of you or simply kill you. But the very worst torture that Satan has subjected me to is the continuous torment of being surrounded with excruciatingly gorgeous dolls who will spread their lips and always say 'Yes!, Yes! Yes!', but with me so far scheduled to die a virgin. Now that I am head of state, I'm going to go out to pasture and finally get some of my desires satisfied. The only reason I blew out billions of corpses was because I couldn't get laid here in Hell. As King, I want to interview candidate Queens. You must understand what it means to be a sex fiend. I, as a sex fiend, have nothing on my mind but being in bed with a woman, any woman who is anatomically a female – as long as she isn't fat – I can't get it up if she is fat. But since gorgeous dolls are a dime a dozen here in Hell (and of course every single woman on the planet is a devil) I want a teen aged beauty. She doesn't have to be a virgin, but she has to understand that I'm going to be in bed more or less nonstop – she really has to enjoy being in bed. And the wedding must be very low key – a civil ceremony before a justice of the peace – no elaborate expensive wedding. But once I select a bride, I will be faithful to her, and expect her to be the same toward me. What I'm looking for is a very young beauty pageant winner. And she must understand that I am very dirty old man.

As is well known, John of Patmos two thousand years ago had a vision of the New Jerusalem, when Heaven descends to earth. 'The real apocalypse comes not with the vision of a city or kingdom, which would be still external, but with the identification of the city and kingdom with one's on body', according to Brown. All of our sexual needs and wants and desires will be permanently satisfied, with me as the Tree of Life – an inexhaustible fountain of the River of the the Waters of Life – me spewing sperm and slime continuously – real fulfillment for the first time. I am going to open the floodgates of heaven (the Secret Rapture) and cause it to rain men (sperm and slime) planetwide. And of course it is not really a nonstop orgy, but the fact that once we go native, we will have all sorts of friends and relatives that we'll know and visit regularly. I, as a madman, have never known an adult woman, and it has been many decades since I had any friends. I'm taking the dolls away, to be replaced by people we know and rely on for help.

Satan is an ape or mimic. He attempts to recreate Heaven on earth,

and instead plunges the entire world into Hell!

As Jesus prophesied, 'in the resurrection of the dead they will neither marry or be given in marriage, but will be as the angels of God in heaven.' What Jesus prophesied has now come now come to pass here in Hell, which reproduces what happened in Sodom (totally strictly forbidden, of course). There is no point in getting married with all the sex flowing freely (this is only one way of interpreting the obscure passage. Alternatively, it may mean no sex at all). Here the flowing sex is so good and so irresistible, that a single angel, namely me, can use this sex to sweep billions to the sky! - what a way to go out (the Secret Rapture)! We are going to fall again, but into innocence this time - brothers and sisters. It will be public knowledge what we're all doing in the bedroom. Heaven has always been only what goes on in bed. There's a reason Muslims think about 72 virgins. The fallacy that put you in Hell – you have a 'natural' desire to be with a woman and she is agreeable. But no one is ever permitted to put it in! The very moment you put it in, you become a devil!

The only rule here is, the only rule there ever was is that no one anytime ever, anywhere is ever permitted to put it in. And I will maintain a list of the names of every single man and woman who is a virgin – the ultimate honor roll. But these gorgeous dolls here in Hell are my kryptonite – they make me go radioactive or nuclear. I am going to have to defuse my timebomb by getting laid. The best TV I've ever seen is the last episode of season one of 'Heroes' where Peter (notice the name) against his will is about to go nuclear and blow New York city to smithereens. How stupid do you have to be not to get laid here in Hell? Dumb as a Box of Rocks! I succeeded in getting a grand total of three woman hot and bothered about me – a skanky whore, another whore and a landlady. Since I'm now in my rightful place as head of state surrounded by gorgeous women, I can pick and choose. So let me draw up a tentative list (drawn from TV): Rachel Ray (who is probably a robot), Teri Hatcher, any woman on 'Deal or No Deal', the legendary Jessica Simpson (who also is so incredible that she is likely a robot). I can't omit Anne Hathaway – a very special lady.

The Jesus You Never Knew

The rock lyric asks:

What if God was one of us?

Just a slob like one of us

Just a stranger on the bus
Trying to make his way home?

Let me quote again Constantin

Brunner on Jesus, 'There he

hung, the blasphemer of God and slanderer

of the most notable men, the poor malicious fool, the incorrigible wretch, the whoreson and whoremonger, the swindler, the liar, the seducer.' Slightly over the top, but useful for getting Jesus outside the box.

Let me throw out some of the ways I have characterized Jesus here. Each of the terms are relevant, although some miss the mark more than others. And, of course, when I use these terms I am also talking about myself from my own experience:

MADMAN GHOST CRAZY SPACEMAN DEAD FAIRY SEX
FIEND BASTARD HUMAN GARBAGE WIZARD
MAGICIAN THE JOKER THE FOOL WALKING TIMEBOMB
SHAPE SHIFTER DOA ZOMBIE THE GOOD SHEPHERD
GOD ALMIGHTY

Inhabitants of loony bins are notorious for proclaiming that they are important persons, such as Napoleon, the Pope, Jesus or God (the latter being me). By the way, happily, I was never committed, although I am well qualified to be. But in fact, every one of us are empty ciphers. The answer to the paradox, which psychologists couldn't decipher: All mad people, against their will, are on the rough and rocky road to becoming gods. And only a small part of these actually make it through. Some get lost, such as the criminally insane, and turn to service of Satan.

So, Jesus and I are complete ciphers - you can project on us whatever you think we are. We are empty ghosts. And the last thing either of us want is worship - we are here to serve - to rescue you. I can and will lay Satan down for the last time.

Jesus was a wizard. Practically the whole time humans have been on the planet, we have had little knowledge of how to treat diseases. So we waved our hands over you and uttered mumbo jumbo. This can really help people get better - it's a matter of psychology, which Jesus was expert at. The main thing we all want to know is that someone cares and is

concerned about us personally, especially if we are about to die. Of course, if you weren't cured, we gave you the last rites and waved you off.

Leaving the Fleshpots

Let's play the children's game: Hot and Cold (holding up my arms). You're cold. You're warmer. Your getting hot. You're the hottest! Bingo! You found it. It's my dick! The bird is the word – the spermatic word as Norman O. Brown has it. Sperm is the word of the Lord. In the beginning was the Word. God said let there be light. Translation: My predecessor and his angels were sounding their trumpets to close out the last cycle and begin a new one – sperm and slime flying everywhere rapturing out the people of the previous cycle.

Understand that this is not about your kissing my dick. I'm not here to lord it over you. I'm no sadist. I'm no bully. Again, I'm come to serve. I'm the Good Shepherd come to rescue my lost black sheep (you devils here in Hell). Just like Moses led the Hebrews out of the fleshpots of Egypt on the Exodus to the Promised Land, I'm come to lead you out of the fleshpots of Hell on a New Exodus to the New Jerusalem. I'm here to lay Satan down for the last time. I am here to harrow Hell, in Christian terminology. And the nightmare that we're about to embark on will be with all of you and with me until we reach our physical graves. After we go through what's coming up, I guarantee you Satan will never be loosed again. You're getting ready to be punished for your faithful service to Satan – we're going to go through the Great Tribulation. But let no one, including the idiot suicide bombers, denigrate the amazing scientific achievements, etc. you've accomplished in your faithful service to Satan. The last place I'd go for an update on the latest scientific advances is the suicide bombers. What a bunch of morons!

As the Tribulation begins and the new cycle opens, we'll enter a new Golden Age, an age in which we're no longer strictly human – an age of gods and monsters. The best will become superheroes or gods, equipped to fight the monsters which will arise at the same time.

Here in Hell all the men are under a literal witch's spell - that of the Whore of Babylon. Men are literally sex slaves - beasts of burden - blinded and charmed by the dolls. As a powerful wizard, I'm going to break that spell and wake all the men up. In turn, I'm going to put all the

women on the planet under a spell. They won't be Stepford Wives or robots, but they will be walking around in broad daylight hypnotized and dreaming. And when I get that accomplished we will be in the New Jerusalem.

Your Household

What I'm getting ready to say is the harshest thing I'll say all evening. Look at your household. Which divorce are you on? Are you even married to the woman you're with? How many of you are single fathers and mothers? It so evil for a man to father a child and leave her holding the bag. We have babies having babies here. And look at your children, the fruit of your loins. How many stepkids do you have? I see there in your household that your kids are mongrels, mutts, half breeds, literal bastards (look it up in the dictionary) and worse. Barack Hussein Obama (a telling name) rightly labels himself a mongrel. Look how you've squandered your precious seed packet, the only thing that's matters. My own little seed packet has gone missing, so like you I am a dead man. But I'm dead in a different sense than you. I have no child, no issue. Like Jesus, no one will carry my genetic information in the next generation.

Instant Proof You're in Hell

You're roaring down the expressway. Now, look at the people in the cars on both sides of you. Do you know who these people are? Have you ever seen any of them before? You can be certain you'll never see them again. Do you know what they think and believe? You're in a dangerous situation. It is a situation ripe for paranoia. For all you know they could be axe murderers, serial killers, child molesters, etc. You

don't know. And here in Hell, considerable numbers of them actually are such heinous types. In the New Jerusalem, we be living in small settlements where everyone knows everyone, and especially everyone's behavior in the bedroom will be known to all. You'll leave your doors unlocked, without a bit of worry. Life in these large cities is life in Hell, which is the next topic.

Cities

Freud said that civilization is a neurosis (in 'Civilization and its Discontents'). He was too timid. It is absolute madness! Tis a stupid thing to build cities, especially these multimillion inhabitant cities. It's a lot of toil and trouble for nothing. Remember that Cain, the fallen son of the fallen Adam first started building cities. The cycle now coming to a close used to be thought by theologians to be 6000 years long. This cycle began when agriculture was invented and the first cities were built, actually more like eight or ten thousand years ago. That's when God said let there be light. In the beginning was the spermatic Word . The Bible begins in Genesis only with the latest cycle, and there were many prior. Genesis 1:1 opens about ten thousand years ago, with numerous cycles prior.

Tis a stupid thing to build cities. Over time all the inhabitants turn into devils. The fate of Babylon is the fate of all large cities. Revelation 18:2, 'And he cried mightily with a strong voice saying, Babylon is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.' Again, Jeremiah 51:37, 'And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment, and a hissing, without an inhabitant.' These gigantic cities are full of devils, demons, monsters, vampires, creatures of the night, zombies, robbers, thieves, gangsters, organized crime, juvenile gangs, junkies, winos, prostitutes, pimps, gays, lesbians, homeless panhandlers – the list goes on. The generic Biblical name for all these denizens is 'Giants'. The term never referred to physical size, but to the fact that they mindlessly, selfishly devour the earth. Just like Sodom and as in the days of Noah, as predicted by Jesus and John of Patmos, there are practically no decent people left on the planet. You take your life in your

hands when you walk into one of these cities.

It's a case of the children's game Simple Simon Says (me). Before you do anything at all always come to me and say 'May I, Lord?' Did you say to me, 'Lord, may I build New York City?' No you didn't. What we have here is a failure to communicate. If you had of asked me, I would have said don't bother, you're wasting your time. I nearly always say no to anything you want to do. As the Bible tells you, 'Thy will be done, Lord.' Is that so hard to understand? But after you've built it, you then come to me and say 'Lord, look at my handiwork. Isn't New York magnificent?' I say you've went to a lot of trouble for nothing. That city has now become filled with demons, devils and monsters. All the cities around the world I have marked for destruction. How does Attila the Hun get laid? He and his henchmen cordon off New York city. They take great care to have them extract all the nubile young females. Then they torch the city making a bonfire of its ten million inhabitants, and Attila has a bonus. Gorgeous sex slaves! Attila is on the way.

The Tarot Cards

The Fool/Tower of Babel/King of the World

If you go to a fortuneteller, you'll see them stack the Tarot cards in piles of suites. This shows they don't understand the cards. The cards are a simple narrative, start to finish. The cards must be laid out in order. The 0 card is the happy Fool starting out his journey in life in tattered clothes with knapsack and white rose of innocence while the dog nips at his heels. With each new card he picks up new life experiences and strengths. Near the end is the Tower of Babel card. The Tower is being struck by lightning and has caught fire. People are jumping out of the upper windows. The Fool is the one causing these special effects. And this precisely is what I did during the Tower of Babel World Trade Center attack, where in addition to the planes, separately I called up my Invisible Rain and Lighting planetwide (Mass Psychosis). In the last card, the Joker/Fool, who has jest (not misspelled) come to crown, the wild man from Borneo, stands as the the hermetic androgyne King of the World, to which I equate the World card. That's who you see. Me.

Standing in front of you as King of the World! However, I don't plan to wear an actual crown like the Fool.

Let me elaborate a moment on Mass Psychosis (the Secret Rapture). Repeating some of my list from the 1986 book:

PURPLE RAIN COLORED RAIN GREEN RAIN FAIRY RAIN
INVISIBLE RAIN BLOWING THE WIND REAPING THE
WHIRLWIND IDIOT WIND WEATHER WAR FIRE AND
BRIMSTONE THE FLOOD

I said then, 'At first sight, looking over this by no means exhaustive list, it appears we need to get out our umbrellas (or perhaps a degree in meteorology).' Both Freud and Jung taught that the unconscious is collective. It is the possession of all of us. Everyone on the planet is wired together by means of the Collective Unconscious. This is the transmission medium I use on my Weird Radio. The message I send on it when I get inside your head is frequently garbled, and it fades in and out. The transmission medium is not always clear. The Tower of Babel is the Biblical confusion of tongues (the meaning of Babel) = Mass Psychosis = the gibbering of the mad on the Weird Radio. Now that you see me in person, I can tell you straight out what the content of the message I was transmitting was. It was: 'She's getting too hot! Danger! Danger! The women are getting out of us men's control! I also said, 'After all, no one can predict the weather.'

The Real Story of the World Trade Center Attack (the Literal Tower of Babel for this Cycle now Ending)

On 9/11, there were three things going on at once, and one was not visible to the eye. First, there were the two planeloads full of zombies whipping through the air and going into the Twin Towers. Zombies? Zombies! Yes, as in my Judgment I gave you a few minutes ago, you're dead - the living dead! Zombies. In his unconscious, Osama Bin Laden unzipped his pants and sent two silver fairy seeds whistling through the air to the Towers (he was attacking the Whore of Babylon, New York, the financial capital of planetwide Hell). As so often, Hollywood closely prophesied this scenario in advance. In 'Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe' (the title itself is a prophecy of me - the Sky Marshal of the Universe), at the very end a spaceship is sent hurtling into Emperor Ming the Merciless' stronghold, which is a tall phallic tower where he's holed up, blowing it to smithereens, reminiscent of the Towers. (As an Oedipal aside, Flash is the hunk, Dale Arden is the doll and their offspring is the evil dead fairy dwarf - Ming the Merciless.)

Second, there was the anthrax letterbomb attack by obviously a madman.

As I said when I discussed the Fool at the Tower of Babel Tarot card, the third thing was me calling up my invisible thunder and lighting rainstorm striking at the Twin Towers (Mass Psychosis). In other words, I fired up my Weird Radio - the Secret Rapture (holding my invisible radio up) a day or so before the attack (we the gods know when something big is coming down) and continuing for a day or so thereafter. And at 9/11, I was the only one broadcasting. Like Osama, I was attacking the Whore of Babylon, symbolized by the Towers in New York, the financial capital of Hell. The first beforetime I broadcast in 1973, I was only one of hundreds of angels blowing the horn. And in subsequent broadcasts, fewer and fewer were broadcasting, until I was the only one left at 9/11. I'm the last man on earth! By contrast, you aren't men. You are only devils - zombies - the living dead. I have known from my cradle that I was born to rule, and I had my confirmation then, when I as the last man on earth was the only one broadcasting. So you shouldn't be surprised that I now stand before you as King of the World!

To Greet the New Golden Age of the Returning Gods - New Jerusalem Descending to Earth!

Now, let me pull together the schematic sequence of events now occurring. Traditional Christian prophecy uses strict linear time culminating in the Second Coming and the end of the world. True enough, but quoting Verene on Joyce's Vico, 'Joyce transforms the three ages of gods, heroes and humans of Vico's "ideal eternal history" into a structure of four — the fourth is the stage of dissolution, heralding the renewal at the end of the cycle.' So Joyce added the upcoming fourth age - the golden age (Second Coming) to Vico's three ages. Linear time ends then, and the next cycle begins (making a spiral).

At one time, Norman O. Brown announced the title TO GREET THE RETURNING GODS, but left it unpublished. Then he wrote CLOSING TIME where he refers to Joyce's fourth age as a 'interval of timeless formlessness, an interregnum' (translated as a time between kings), inaugurating the golden age. Brown says, 'The golden years return.', and 'Waiting for a new dawn.' Also, 'waiting for the return of the theocratic age - to recognize the gods, to greet them.'

So, the Christian timetable is amplified. The World Trade Center Attack was the literal fulfillment of the Tower of Babel Tarot card. As Brown says, 'the gods return in thunder'. As I said, 'this was me calling up my invisible thunder and lighting rainstorm striking at the Twin Towers (Mass Psychosis). In other words, I fired up my Weird Radio.' This is one of the multiple Secret Rapture events of which I have been the main instigator, along with several of my assistant angels. The upcoming final Secret Rapture, by my hand, will be the final conflagration where the world is consumed as prophesied by fire, the net result being billions of corpses (to again inaugurate the fourth golden age), after I spew slime planetwide!

The sentiment among most Catholics and many Christians generally is that there would be no Secret Rapture, and that it's not Biblical. Only a few 'incoherent' verses in (mainly) Paul lend support. Paul was out of his depth and language resources.

It is real as the corpses I laid out! And I give it its proper name:
MASS PSYCHOSIS!

So, just as Jesus correctly prophesied the Kingdom within a generation, you will soon behold the descent of the New Jerusalem down to

Earth from Heaven!

Business

I said I'm a Communist. The last century was littered with many heinous dictators and tyrants. There are in the present day still many around outside the West. I admire none of them. Like me, they're thugs, goons, morons and idiots. But I do respect a few. I'll name Lenin, certainly not Stalin, but yes on Mao and Castro. Lenin called Leftism an infantile disorder – he was more profoundly right than he knew. I also like the Frankfurt School Jews: Horkheimer and especially Adorno. They made mistakes in their works such as 'The Dialectic of Enlightenment' and have been rightly criticized as elitist mandarins. But here at the End of the World their brand of Marxism has been ultimately vindicated.

Castro would never use this terminology, but he's a fair wizard. Specifically, he's a clockstopper. As a better wizard, I'm going to go him one better (below). He came to power in 1959, looked around and said 'hey, we've got enough to get by, let's stop the clock!' He made time stand still, and in subsequent years on Havana's streets all you saw were ancient fifties dinosaur cars that were the old gas guzzlers with huge tail fins. And with no repair parts, they were clunkers held together by such as string and chewing gum.

I look at the politicians such as John Howard, Gordon Brown and Barack Obama. They are hard-working, honest and honorable. They are all criminals! They've stuck it in! They are automatically disqualified from rule! I want to address the real rulers which are certainly not the politicians. They're all in the bag of the billionaires that are CEOs of the multinationals. These are the real rulers. They prefer to remain anonymous. But, some have stepped into the spotlight and have become celebrities. I'll name Donald Trump, Bill Gates, Richard Branson, Rupert Murdoch, Sumner Redstone, Warren Buffet, and Oprah Winfrey. Bill Gates is such a nerd that he didn't even get married until late. A significant number in Hollywood are billionaires. I mean none of you billionaires any harm. And I am not going to confiscate your billions. But I have a question. When are you go to get enough? Between now and the time you die are you going to starve? I don't think so. So why do you continue to pile it up? There is something wrong with you! As Jesus said, 'It's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' In one translation, instead of

camel the word is rope. Jesus made a Freudian slip here. Eye of the needle = cunt.

The world is precisely 180 degrees upside down - topsy turvey. Hell is an inverted world. As Joyce said, 'It's about to rolywholyover.' 'The last shall be first', as Jesus said. All the most vicious, selfish, greedy backstabbing devils (the billionaires) are on top and the few remaining decent people here in Hell are on the bottom. Adam Smith, the grand theorist of capitalism, said that everyone pursues their own selfish interest (in other words, be devils), and it all works out (the Invisible Hand). The only rule here is: Grab! Grab! Grab! Houses, boats, cars, whatever you can get your hands on, whether you need it or not. And never stop, just keep grabbing! Quoting Mt 6:19 – 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.' You aren't the slightest bit grateful for anything you have. All you say is: 'More! More! More!' And you don't have the slightest clue where it's all coming from. You don't care a fig that everything you buy that you don't need is helping to destroy my planet. The single most important and revealing verse from John of Patmos is Rev. 11:18 where the wrath will: destroy them which destroy the earth.

And with all this stuff, you're still miserable. It doesn't make you happy. It's an old, old story. Adam Smith said it all works by the Invisible Hand. Smith was blind as a bat! The Invisible Hand is the Whore of Babylon, nothing less! And all the billionaires are in service to the Whore of Babylon. They are her slaves, beholden to Mammon and the marketplace. In turn, the Whore serves Satan himself.

I am not going to close the stock market, but what I am going to do will cause it to crash. The collapse of the Soviet states demonstrates that only capitalism delivers the goods, and it will still exist, but in modified form. Previously, I listed some examples of things we won't be making in the New Jerusalem. I will keep stock market open, but I will maintain a lengthy list of things we don't make anymore. We will make only about 10% of the things we presently make. Capitalism will still exist, but only in a limited arena. And the stock market will have fallen to nearly zero, so it won't be much of a market.

There will be no advertisements in the New Jerusalem. The very definition of an advertisement is to get you to buy something you don't need or want. It's selling refrigerators to Eskimos. In the New Jerusalem, we will take only what we need, and leave the rest. The way advertisers sell their goods is to use Sigmund Freud. Proof that Freud is correct, is that, by the twenties, the industry listened to Freud. And from that point on, the industry

has always used him with complete success. It is Marx's fetishism of commodities. And most advertising has always been oriented towards women. She has usually been the primary shopper in the household.

Let women buy what they want, and they will try to buy a 'Stairway to Heaven' – the Led Zeppelin song. That is, the only thing really on a woman's mind is to get a man and get a seed. She buys all the fashionable clothes and cosmetics, etc. solely for that purpose (this is Marx's fetishism of commodities). She's a black hole – she sucks all these things in like a vacuum cleaner. In a woman's unconscious, the things she piles up from the store are seeds. That's all that's on her mind. She's building her nest. She doesn't really need or want any of this stuff. All she has to do is wiggle her finger to get what she really wants. She didn't need to buy any of it. As Led Zeppelin sang, 'with a word she can get what she came for.' We're in the utopia of the dolls. Their every whim is instantly gratified, and most of what they ask for they don't need. They enjoy grinding men down into the dust running them ragged getting them this and that. The New Jerusalem is the male utopia, where women are handmaids. Do I support feminism? Not! I've never been pc - politically correct.

The West used to be patriarchal, but has long since ceased to be so. The Whore of Babylon reigns by default since we men have lost our patriarchy – the dolls call the shots here. You may have noticed that I have been addressing only the men here, as it should be. The Bible of course is patriarchal, starting in Genesis with who begat whom. I am 1000% patriarchal, and am going to reinstate patriarchy. All the freightliners on the highways, all the cargo ships at sea, and all the freight trains on their tracks all dance to the Whore of Babylon's (the doll's) tune.

So often these days, my good man, you have a woman boss. A woman tells you what to do. Question: Seed, seed, who's got the seed? Last time I checked you do. How far is she going to get without a seed? Nowhere! How come a woman is telling a man what to do? We have women combat jet pilots here! Totally absurd! Who is really sane, and who is really mad here?

I can be rightly accused of being a misogynist here, but I don't hate women. And I'm against both physical and psychological abuse. But my mission is to hypnotize and put all the women to sleep.

Another question: Why must any virgin have to work? If no one at all had stuck it in, not even once, there would be nobody here, and nothing you see would be here. As Joyce points out in the Wake, 'to remind us of how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times and Mother Species boil

their kettle with their crutch. Which every lad and lass in the lane knows.' Again Joyce, 'It's as semper as oxhousehumper!' It's a phantom empire! We have become another Atlantis - a Lost Continent! It was all built on a bed of sand. Gene Autry played the Space Cowboy in 'The Phantom Empire' serial from 1935. I'm the real Space Cowboy! Remember it was at the height of the Depression. It seemed in those desperate days that Hollywood's prophecy of all the superscience would never come to pass. It did come to pass with all the amazing scientific marvels we have now. But it all came at a fatal price. There's the devil to pay. We have to pay the piper - a fairy collect. It was all a fairy show that Hollywood put on for us - a fairy trap. For at the end of the serial, the advanced technological civilization literally melts before Gene's eyes. Hollywood made a spot on prophecy of the price we are going to pay for our service to Satan!

Legal Reform

Precisely as in Sodom, the legal system is upside down. Obvious murderers (can you say O.J.?) and heinous criminals go scot free, and minor offenders get stiff sentences. Miscarriages of justice are rampant. Day and night on TV lawyers advertise to take you're case, Everyone sues everyone, just as in Sodom. I'm going to completely overhaul the legal system.

Tax Reform

No one on the planet understands the tax code. I'm going to switch to the Fair Tax with no more tax forms at all.

The Illegal Aliens

I'm going to interrupt the discussion to get a piece of business started this evening. Uncle Sam has gone senile, and can't even maintain the integrity of the borders, the most elementary function of a state. As of this moment, the INS is strictly an enforcement agency. I nominate Pat Buchanan to be it's head, if he will accept. There will be zero immigration until further notice. The Constitutional provision (the 14th

Amendment) that children born to noncitizens in the U.S are citizens is suspended. At places where illegals sneak in, we are going to set up a several mile demilitarized zone, and lay down land mines. We'll also have agents patrolling by land and air. Any human beings in the DMZ, night or day, will be shot. And you will not receive a burial. Your bones will be left to bleach in the desert.

The INS is tasked with coming up with all the information on who is legal. This will take no doubt several months, since as a Federal agency, they typically don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.

I should know, since I worked until my retirement as a Washington, D.C. Fed, after I earned my Master's in Physics. I deliberately chose that work, because it's excellent work for slackers. Earlier, I had a literal offer to be a rocket scientist - to work at Kennedy Space Center for NASA. But I chose an easier job as a Fed. That was a front for my real separate full time job – becoming God, which is unbelievably hard and all consuming. I deliberately chose slacker work while I was developing my powers. Just like Clark Kent and all the superheroes, I had a secret, dual identity. Like them, I have superpowers, and my superpowers are real! I'm a real superhero! I need to have my costume designed. On second thought I'll just wear Superman's. Actually, you'll always see me in casual clothes. In my secret identity, I was a mad scientist in addition to my real life role as an actual scientist, on the rocky road to becoming God.

Back to the illegals: Every illegal alien tomorrow morning will put a for sale sign on their house, car, etc. You can also transport your goods with you to your home country. When you get your cash, head for the border. If you don't have transportation, we'll organize transports. Since all the illegals will be putting their assets up for sale at the same time, many will be taken advantage of. I realize you'll only get pennies on the dollar. We'll commission ships for those from overseas. I will not negotiate with your home countries nor pay a bribe for them to accept you back. I am not being racist. You have to go for two reasons. 1. We don't have time to assimilate you, we've got too many other problems on the plate right now. 2. We need those jobs. Jobs are shortly going to be nearly impossible to find. Plenty of people will be happy for any job they can get. After all you are criminals as illegals. If you're illegal, and you don't leave, once the INS has the information, it will make repeated sweeps of all neighborhoods. If you wait till you're picked up, you won't be able to cash out your assets, and Uncle Sam takes your house, etc. Illegals picked up in the sweeps will get one hearing before a judge to

prove they are legal. If the judge rules against you, you will be shot. As of this moment, no illegals will attend any school in this country. You will receive no hospital services unless you pay for them. If your home country won't admit you, we'll park you on the border of your country in tent cities until someone does take you.

My Time Machine

I, God, am an inventor. I am all the time constructing new devices. Here in my hands is an example - my very latest, improved model Weird Radio. See the dials where I tune it in (holding up my invisible Weird Radio, tuning the dial). Again you may go, 'Lord, you're shucking me! You are holding nothing in your hand!' I reply that I can see and tune my radio just fine. I said I was going to go Castro one better. I have constructed a time machine - my latest and best device. Everyone on the planet is going to get aboard my train I have constructed, no exceptions, starting with the next session. I'm the conductor, and you will be sealed cargo. It's going to be a rough and rocky passage, but I'm charged with keeping it as painless as possible. The main thing is to keep your wits about you, do what I say, and many, if not all, will get out of this alive.

My time machine does not travel in geographic space. It travels only in time. It only goes one direction in time - backwards. As the titles of the movies say, we're going 'Back to the Future', 'Somewhere in Time'. I'm going to roll the clock planetwide back to approximately 1900 - very slowly and carefully. If we go too fast, we'll loose more people than otherwise on the way. We're facing the most extreme emergency my poor battered planet has ever faced. I've got billions of you devils in service to Satan, and under his orders you've almost succeeded in destroying the planet. Every word from the lips of Satan you hop right to. The Bible said you must obey every word, every spermatic word, from the mouth of the Lord. My mouth. You don't. I don't get no respect.

I'm going to do what Jesus Christ and Karl Marx was going to do. Jesus, Marx and all the Old Testament prophets were all renegade Jews. I like renegade Jews. They always come up with interesting messianic ideas. Barack Obama style socialism and genuine communism are poles apart. Both take over the private sector including health care, etc. But the objective of communism is the 'withering away of the state.' - to end

global multinationalism and to dissolve all state organizations.

I'm going to do what Jesus and Marx were going to do. We are going to go off and be mostly native, mostly barbarian, stupid idiots like we always are. You say that this was not in your plans, no thank you. You've got your three piece suit and your townhouse. You're not eager to put on a loincloth. We must head in that direction for the sake of the survival of my planet. We're going to have to have a low footprint on the ground.

Twinkle Town

Nothing good ever has come from Hollywood. Everything has been a deadly poison putting us ever deeper in Hell. The movies had unsavory origins. Their origin was traveling carnivals and vaudeville shows. Movies were severely frowned on in the early days of the industry. The people behind them have always been sleazy, low lifes. They amount to dead fairies as a group, although, you can't say that about any particular individual. It takes one to know one. I'm a dead fairy also. And I see what Twinkle Town (or, Tinsel Town) really amounts to. Don't ever sit down at a poker table where opposite you are fairies. You need to know that if you lose, they'll not only take the shirt off your back, but they are going to kill you. You are betting your life. And you also need to know that they always hold the high cards before you sit down at the table. When you lay your hand on the table, they always slap down a better hand. The moral is that children shouldn't play with dead things. The wares Twinkle Town sells are all deadly fairy poison. Joyce says, 'swishingsight teilweisioned'.

What you see on the TV is what I, God, have always been able to see without the need for a TV screen – I am all-seeing in my omniscience. And once TV lets you see what I see, it will turn you into a Fool like me also – it's a boob tube. It will warp and rot your brain and turn you to stone, the condition I've been in from birth. There's an obscure film from the early days of TV – 'Meet Mr. Lucifer' (1953). The message of the title and the storyline is that everything on the TV is straight from Hell, and if you participate in any of it, you'll become a devil. Everything you see on

TV - all the people -everything - is a broadcast straight from Hell. TV is the devil's picturebook. It is mind destroying garbage and filth.

If you study Hollywood carefully over the years, as I have, you can't avoid the conclusion that the engine that has run Hollywood from the start is porn - all these beautiful women that as a group make up the Whore of Babylon. Most of you are offended by porn and avoid it, but that has always been the secret motive power of Hollywood, and this is what has kept our eyes glued to the screen all this time.

But it is true that, at the same time, television is the tool that amplified the strength of my Invisible Fairy Rain. I do my Fairy Bowling with the dolls I see on TV. I see them and launch my cum cruise missiles, my slime bullets, at them. Rock star Pat Benatar stands on stage in a sexy costume and sings, 'Hit me with your best shot! Why don't you hit me with your best shot? Fire away!' She's asking for it, and I happily oblige! When I set off my thermonuclear bombs, I'm blasting the planet back to the Stone Age to usher in the next aeon. 'Murder by Television', a movie from the Thirties before production of TV's actually began, prophesied what I was going to do. Haven't you noticed that practically the only women you see on TV are dolls? We've got millions of dolls now arriving, coming in increasing numbers! They're here with the aid of TV! TV is their magic Witches' Mirror!

I have said you've met your maker, but it actually goes back and forth. Did I make you, or did you make me - out of your unconscious? I am the Id monster that you made with the aid of Hollywood out of your unconscious, again, the Beast slouching towards Bethlehem. Hollywood had a big part in making me, as indicated in the film 'Making Mr. Right'. And I'm a quick study. All through this session, I've referred to various movies and songs. I'm the only person who knows what each movie actually means - far different from what each one supposedly means. Hollywood in fact had two mandates. The first was the easy part - to put us in Hell, The second part was to create me, someone who can lay Satan down.

I came here to deliberately shoot ourselves in the foot. I'm going to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Specifically, Hollywood is out of business shortly. James Joyce in the Wake instructed us to 'Roll away the reel world!' (spelling r-e-e-l). As Joyce says, 'Shadows by the film folk, masses for the good people.' The Hollywood fairies have put us in a fairy world, one that will not withstand the scrutiny of the light of day. In particular, at a date that I'll set all worldwide all entertainment production will cease. Movie screens will go dark planetwide. Radio and TV

broadcasts will cease. Keep your existing dvds, etc., including porn. It's just that there won't be any new ones coming out. You have tens of thousands of titles to look at and trade with others. Hollywood was out of ideas by the Seventies, and since then it has all just been recycled anyway. Once all screens go dark, the dolls will all vanish! They'll literally melt down and disappear exactly like that other witch - the Wicked Witch of Oz! Once their magic Witch's Mirror (TV) goes dark, they'll turn back into plain women.

The Economic Collapse (the Great Tribulation)

Think about the implications of no Hollywood. The more you think about the dimensions of it, the more you will realize that it will lead to a worldwide economic collapse. For starters, the millions in entertainment production and in broadcasting are out on the streets. I say to the millionaire movie stars: You've made your ill gotten gains. Take the money and run! Movie stars get paid those millions for simply reading what someone else has wrote. It's the biggest scam going.

We have to go through this collapse to lay Satan down (the Great Tribulation). The collapse will be more severe than the Thirties Depression. In that earlier Depression, our granddaddies hopped a boxcar and rode to the end of the line. They should have stayed right there. This time we are not going to recover from it. As I say, instead we are going backward in time, and eventually going mostly native. There will be practically no jobs to be had. No job means no mortgage payments and evictions. We may not even have any currency, depending on how bad it gets. The central banks may not be able to prop up the dollar. Just like the Thirties we'll have millions upon millions on the streets. It's back to breadlines and soup kitchens. After we go through what's coming up, we will make certain that Satan is never loosed again, as I've said.

I'm making a lot of changes. The U.S. will cease foreign aid to any country. The U.S. will no longer be the policeman of the world. We will in the future rarely intervene, if at all, in any foreign conflicts. With Uncle Sam belly up, we'll likely go hat in hand to other nations for handouts, although they will likely be broke also.

To the Heads of State in the Far East

We in the West are shortly going to sign off. Don't conclude that it is now your turn to advance. You must close up shop now also. Specifically, you must all shut down the entertainment industry when we in the West do. The spectre of billions of Chinese driving cars is terrible to contemplate. In China, you need to set the clock back to 1900 with its Imperial Court and the warlords. I will be starting no wars, but rest assured, if we're attacked by anyone, such as China, we will defend ourselves fiercely. If we must have Armageddon, so be it. At least, if it does happen, it will have the benefit of reducing the population.

SCIENCE

Satan was deliberately released for his season around a thousand years ago, mainly so we could get all this amazing, knock your socks off science, technology, medicine and engineering. Because you are such faithful servants of Satan, that fact was used to trick you into producing the moonshot and the rest of it. The main objective was to get Armstrong's moon walk. This cycle coming to an end could have just as well been closed right then. If we had closed down in 1969, what we have to go through ahead (the Great Tribulation) would have been much easier. That is because all through the decades since we have been progressively descending deeper into Hell under the influence of Twinkle Town.

There are inexhaustible ways to characterize Jesus, but the first way I would characterize him is as a stone age man – a cave man. The simple craftsman life in Galilee was too complex for him. More specifically he was a Stone Age Siberian style shaman. But secondly, he was a rocket man. The only objective of the gods has always been to get to the stars. We created you solely for this purpose. You are here only as tools to accomplish this. All we needed for this cycle now ending was proof of principle that we can one day get off the planet when the time comes (the moonshot). When we do get there, we will not be dominating,

exploiting or colonizing other worlds. Instead, we will exploring and discovering. We will join forces with the others who are waiting for us and combine technologies for our mutual benefit. Billions of years ahead, we will be in many different forms, unrecognizable. Ultimately, we will be Masters of the Universe - our ultimate destiny.

The paradox is that, in order to get to the stars, we have to temporarily forget about it and go off to the New Jerusalem instead. I have the planet under quarantine. You've almost destroyed this planet, and I will certainly not let you do the same thing elsewhere. In the meantime, we have to keep this planet in good enough shape so that we can get by until we ready to leave the planet. In the New Jerusalem, I'll be working on your heart – getting some of that selfishness and greed out of you. I, God, have never succeeded with your heart in spite of many tries. But someday you come to me and say 'Lord. Is it time?' And I'll say 'yes it is time – I've got your heart in pretty good shape finally.' Then we'll get busy and build fleets, not just one, of starships. Right now it seems nearly impossible to build just one. But when the time comes, it'll be fairly easy. Then, we're off!

With the economic collapse, Uncle Sam will likely be nearly bankrupt. That means no grant or contract money for science. Which means no research. If you have your own funding, research away! In particular, theoretical physicists, you don't need much funding. All you need is blackboard, chalk, pen and paper and some computers. You can continue your work even through all the problems we'll be going through. I have a special assignment for you. I need quantum gravity. You are tantalizingly close to getting it. If you don't get it before this cycle closes, it is going to be a long time before we have this much brainpower assembled on the planet again. Once we have it, we will know how to build the starship drives. Get busy!

On a closely related subject, my own two cents. Physicists have found the Dark Energy. You should consider the possibility of an ether. Einstein disproved an electromagnetic ether, but Einstein said all has life that there still may be an ether. Einstein's cosmological constant is nonzero, implying the ether. Plus, add the latest, the dark flow, the mind boggling idea that the entire universe is being pulled into another one!

Conclusion

This concludes this session. I have two homework assignments. MTV,

voluntarily discontinue your current programming and instead run in a loop the list of music videos from the first years of MTV, which is found only in the print version of my 1986 booklet. Those were before the days of closed captioning, so scroll in large letters on the bottom of the screen the lyrics, which is what's important. There's a lot to learn there. While I'm thinking about it, add two videos from Kate Bush that I didn't list. The first is 'Cloudbusting' showing Wilhelm Reich's rainmaking machine, me being a rainmaker. His machine was nothing but twisted tubes with no power supply of any kind. By the way, Reich's writings are an incoherent jumble. This is not surprising, since he was mad. But his life was interesting. Freud kicked him out of the International Psychoanalytical Association when he became a member of the Communist Party. He was then kicked out of the Communist party because of his views on sexual freedom. By the Thirties he was paranoid schizophrenic (probably infected by one of his mad patients). By the Fifties, Reich had deteriorated with his madness. He was seeing saucers and cloudbusting. Finally, the Men in Black (the federal FDA) threw him in jail, where died of a heart attack. Add also Bush's video 'Experiment IV', where the madman blew the inhabitants of the asylum to smithereens with no visible weapons. Again, that's me - mad, drooling, infectious and deadly! I'm the crazy spaceman (the BEM or bug-eyed monster) abducting the doll seen often on lurid, cliché sci-fi and horror movie posters – the tale of Beauty and the Beast. 'If the Earth dies, you die. But if you die, the Earth survives.' Thus sprach Klaatu (Kenau Reeves) in deadpan monotone in the dull 2008 remake of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. My clear task as space alien Klaatu is to rapture out billions of you devils (all of you who were once human beings)!

Secondly, in my correspondence with Brown prior to his 20002 death, it was clear his published works were the tip of an iceberg. I would like a curator to produce a collected works of Norman O. Brown from the University of California at Santa Cruz, where they're housed in 71 boxes. This includes all his articles and letters, in addition to his books. Many of the articles were printed in obscure, hard to obtain literary journals. He 'admitted' to me straight out he was putting the sexual foremost.

If you decide it's time to riot and loot, you're only going to make matters for yourself and everyone else. Don't do it! You're in the hands of the Lord now, and I'm here to serve. I here to help as many as possible you to make it through this. It would alleviate the Tribulation we'll be going through if the TV networks would suspend regular programming

and concentrate on the contents of this address. This can come in the form of news commentators, debates, economists' discussions, etc. Parenthetically, on the economy: the economy is a confidence game – Adam Smith's Invisible Hand. It's a literal con game – a house of cards. That is, if you have confidence in it, it holds together and if you lose confidence in it, it falls apart. If tomorrow everyone panics, then my prophesied collapse will begin then rather than after my second address. If so, so be it.

The next address will be at an earlier hour since what I will say children can hear. In the future I will say nothing more about the topics I have discussed tonight. Although, if you let me know, I can ramble on about these topics for hours on end, and every bit of it will be new. I enjoy it. But I strongly suspect that after what you've heard this evening, you won't be eager to hear more. As a favor, I'll not subject you to more, unless you want me to. At my next address, I will set the date when the entertainment industry shuts down, with detailed directives with respect to that industry.

This concludes tonight's address. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, until next time.

Appendix: From Norman O. Brown's Closing Time

There two senses (at least) for Brown's title.

First, the approaching end of history and time. 'History is a nightmare from which I'm trying to awake.' 'On the verge of closing time. —' 'It is later than you think.' 'Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at? It saon is late.

What era's o'erring? Lang gong late.

Faurore! Fearhouse! At last it past!

'The thing that we dread has already happened.

The thunder of the crash: —

The sense of an ending:

Western Civilization is over.'

And secondly, 'Shut up shop, dappy. - And they all drank free.' It's up to us to insure that it's over.

Below are the citations that Brown in 1973 culled from Joyce's *Wake* (in quotes), and also some from Brown's earlier *LOVE'S BODY* (1966) and from Vico's *NEW SCIENCE* (labeled NS). Brown's comments are labeled NOB. Combining Joyce with Vico (an acknowledged influence

on Joyce) would be, according to Joyce, a feat of: 'the book of doubled ends joined'. Joyce uses the word salad of the mad and the slurred speech of the drunken. Finnegans is after all an Irish pub owner well acquainted with whiskey.

'He lifts up the lifeward and the dumb speak.'

'Array! Surrection!'

'One stands, given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder.'

'For the Clearer of the Air on high has spoken.'

'Loud, graciously hear us!'

'She, she she! But on what do you again leer? I am not leering. I pink your pardon. I am highly sheshe sheserious.'

the body is a historical variable. (NOB)

No more Greek revivals (NOB)

The real apocalypse comes not with the vision of a city or kingdom, which would be still external, but with the identification of the city and kingdom with one's on body (NOB)

'Lights, pageboy, lights!'

'waiting to stop the show, waiting to bring the house down.'

waiting for the new dawn (NOB)

waiting for the return of the theocratic age
- to recognize the gods, to greet them. (NOB)

'It is just, it's just about to, it's just about to rolywholyover.'

'tell Hell's well.'

'In the name of -- their holocaust, Allmen.'

'not pater noster, but panther monster.'

'to remind us of how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times and Mother Spacies boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every lad and lass in the lane knows.'

'It's as semper as oxhousehumper!'

'Roll away the reel world!'

'Shadows by the film folk, masses for the good people.'

'Finn, again!'

there were giants in the earth in those days - Genesis
-history begins with bestial giants (as in Finnegans Wake
) (NOB)

'The great fall of the oftwall entailed at such notice the pftjschute of Fin-
negan.'

'Lotsoftfun at Finnegan's Wake.'

The polis is polished
civilization is polite
is policed. (NOB)

The delineaments of giants (NOB)

god-fearing giants, as opposed to the impious giants who continued the
infamous communism of things and of women. (NS)

The entire original human race was divided into two species: the one

of giants, the other men of normal stature; the former gentiles, the latter Hebrews. (NS)

Men first feel necessity, then look for utility, next attend to comfort, still later amuse themselves with pleasure, thence grow dissolute in luxury, and finally go mad and waste their substance. (NS)

That's where it's at: decline.

The Decline of the West O. Spengler (NOB)

First the age of the gods, then the age of heroes, then the age of men. The origin is sacred; the decline is secularization, - process is profanation. (NOB)

In all nations of the world the priests kept such doctrine secret even from their own plebs, whence indeed it was everywhere called secret doctrine, for sacred is as much as to say secret. (NS)

god-fearing giants, as opposed to the impious giants who continued the infamous communism of things and of women. (NS)

Mothers, like beasts, must merely have nursed their babies, let them wallow naked in their own filth. And these children, who had to wallow in their own filth, whose nitrous salts richly fertilized the fields, and who had to exert themselves to penetrate the forest, would flex and contract their muscles in these exertions, and thus absorb nitrous salts into greater abundance. They would be quite without that fear of gods, fathers and teachers which chills and benumbs even the most exuberant in childhood. They must have therefore have grown up robust, vigorous, excessively big in brawn and bone, to the point of becoming giants. (NS)

These were at first impious men, who recognized no divinity; there were nefarious, since relations among them were not distinguished by marriages; and finally, not understanding society in the midst of this infamous promiscuity of things, they were alone like wild beasts, and hence weak and lastly miserable and unhappy because they were in want of all the goods that are needed to keep life safe. (NS)

But if the peoples are rotting in that ultimate civil disease and cannot

agree on a monarch from within, and are not conquered and preserved by better nations from without, then providence for their extreme ill has its extreme remedy at hand. For such peoples, like so many beasts, have fallen into the custom of each man thinking only of his own private interests and reached the extreme delicacy, of better of pride, in which like wild animals they bristle and last out at the slightest displeasure. Thus no matter how great the throng and press of their bodies, they live like wild beasts in a deep solitude of spirit and will, scarcely any two being able to agree since each follows his own pleasure or caprice. By reason of all this, providence decrees that, through obstinate factions and desperate civil wars, they shall turn their cities into forests and the forests into dens and lairs of men. In this way, through long centuries of barbarism, rust will consume the misbegotten subtleties of malicious wits that have turned them into beasts made more inhuman by the barbarism of reflection than the first men had been made by the barbarism of sense. For the latter displayed a generous savagery, against which one could defend oneself or take flight or be on one's guard; but the former, with a base savagery, under soft words and embraces, plots against the life and fortunes of friends and intimates. Hence, peoples who have reached this point of premeditated malice, when they receive this last remedy and are stunned and brutalized, are sensible no longer of comforts, delicacies, pleasures and pomp, but only of the sheer necessities of life. (NS)

- only barbarians are capable of rejuvenating a world laboring under the death throes of an unnerved civilization (NOB)

The world's great age begins anew
The golden years return —
A return to the first beginning
the return of the gods
the Second Coming. (NOB)

In the jungle of the cities, the new barbarism.
It is later than you think. (NOB)

The thing that we dread has already happened.
The thunder of the crash: —
The sense of an ending:
Western Civilization is over. (NOB)

'That'll be all for today. Call it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess!'

'On the verge of closing time. —

'Shut up shop, dappy. - And they all drank free.'

'during this swishingsight teilweisioned' (Joyce's prophesy prior to regular TV broadcasts)

'- the worst, it is hoped, even in our western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth.'

'Kish is for anticheirst,
and the free of my hand to him!'

the swan song of dying civilizations (NOB)

'The poingt of fun where I am crying to arrive you at.'

'History is a nightmare from which I'm trying to awake.'

Finnegan Beginnagain
we are back again
before the Birth of Tragedy
before the Gods of Greece
something more elemental. (NOB)

'pawses'

'It darkles (tinct, tint) all this our funanimal world.'

'Not Pater Noster but Panther monster.'

When the leopards break into the temple and drink the wine from the sacred chalice.

The hour of the beast, or the barbarian
- and they all drank free (NOB)

'The wild man from Borneholm has jest come to crown.'

Waiting for the return of the gods
witnessing the return of babarism
the new barbarians

returning to primitive simplicity of the first world of peoples (NS)

For a long period of time the impious races of the children of Noah, having lapsed into a state of bestiality, went wandering like wild beasts until they were scattered and dispersed through the great forest of the earth; and with their bestial education giants had sprung up and existed among them at the time when the heaves thundered for the first time after the flood. (NS)

restraining also their bestial lust from finding its satisfaction in the sight of heaven, of which they had mortal terror. So it came about that each of them would drag one woman into his cave and keep her there in perpetual company for the duration of their lives. (NS)

The while we, we are waiting. we are waiting for. Hymn.

The origin of civilization, thunder; the origin of civilization, madness (NOB)- (MASS PSYCHOSIS is the gibbering of the mad - thunder at the Tower of Babel)

They were out of their minds
— Man is maniac (NOB)

The solution to the problem of identity: Get lost. (NOB)

A man doesn't have to work (NOB)

The gods return in thunder.
FINNEGAN'S WAKE is thunder (NOB)

What the thunder said
'dumbfounding
wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.

Well, all be dumbled!

There is an era in which the god himself assists the universe on its way and helps it in its rotation. There is also an era in which he releases his control. Thereupon it begins to revolve in a contrary direction under its own impulse. At last, this cosmic era draws to its close, disorder comes to a head. The few good things the universe produces are polluted with so great a taint of evil that it hovers on the very brink of destruction, both it and the creatures in it. Therefore at that very moment the god who first set it in order looks down upon on it again. Beholding it in trouble, and anxious lest racked by storms and confusion it suffer in dissolution, he takes control of the helm once more. - Plato

(NOB)

'The poingt of fun where I am crying to arrive you at.'

'Lovesoftfun at Finnegans Wake'

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(Note: Below list copied from my earlier book)

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The Rapture

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