

# ***CHANNELLING TROUT***

**a science fiction novella  
by Geoffrey Chia  
(with tribute to Kurt Vonnegut Jr)**



***SO  
IT  
GOES***

**"Channelling Trout" is a novella that explores what it means to be the last sane person in an insane world. The multilayered story acknowledges and champions the strong anti-war and pro-environmental platforms of the late great writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr. All fictional speculation within is based on hard science fact (not pseudoscience fantasy).**

**The style pays homage to Kurt's satirical gallows humour, albeit incorporating darker vignettes reflecting the harsher times we now live in. It portrays our world today, under the yoke of a failing American Global Empire, as it truly is: mentally dysfunctional, perversely dystopian and on the verge of collapse.**

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*In memory of Kurt  
who is in Heaven now  
(that was his favourite joke)  
and who continues to speak to us  
from beyond the grave  
which is no mean feat  
Peace and Love*

*“A sane person  
to an insane society  
must appear insane”*

*– K. V.*

*Dedication:  
to Julian Assange  
whose greatest crime  
was exposing the war crimes  
of the USA*

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*“slaughtering delusional sacred cows everywhere”*

## **AUTHOR'S BIO 2022**

Geoffrey Chia is a disillusioned Cardiologist/Physician (previously based in Brisbane for many years) who recently quit the Rat Race to go sailing up and down the East Coast of Australia and to learn how to live a low eco-footprint off-grid life. He tries to make sense of a nonsensical human world by putting pen to paper. His ultimate ambition is to set up a permaculture homestead and grow vegetables.

Favourite aphorisms: Primum non nocere, Nullius in verba.

## **FOREWORD:**

*Dr Christina Jarvis  
Professor of English  
The State University of New York at Fredonia  
274 Fenton Hall  
Fredonia, NY 14063  
June 15 2022*

*Hello Geoffrey!*

*Please excuse my delayed reply. I wish I could say that I had been abducted by the Church of Jesus Christ the Kidnapped or had traveled through a leak to dine with Kilgore Trout on the planet Booboo. I was actually out of town for a family trip.*

*I think it's safe to say that Kurt is up in heaven laughing and appreciating all the ways you've channeled Trout and all the nods you've made to his many other characters. While it's always nice to meet doppelgangers for Wanda June, Diana Moon Glampers, Jonah, KT, Tralfamadorians, etc, I especially appreciated all the*



*Bokononist elements and more subtle Timequake allusions. It's certainly a sign of our inhuman crazy times that a secular saint like you would be driven from the medical field (and we both know how much Kurt cherished the Hippocratic Oath). While our species--especially those of us in the Global North / what's left of America--no doubt deserves to get eaten by plants, I stubbornly hold on to Leon's optimism that we will realize in the nick of time that it's our own home that we're wrecking before we fully usher in the sixth extinction. If not, we know that Nature has wonderfully creative ways for bringing the human clockwork of the universe back in line...*

*So thank you, ting-a-ling, and good luck! I'm sure many Vonnegut (and non-Vonnegut) fans will appreciate the dark humor, wisdom, style and timely critiques of Channeling Trout. And god bless you, Dr. Chia.*

*Yours in Vonnegut,  
Christina*

*(Keeper of an eight-year-old goldfish named Kilgore Trout)*

Author's comments: Dr Jarvis is an acknowledged authority on the works and life of Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Her generous words of encouragement do not necessarily represent any endorsement of my personal political views for which I take full responsibility. In the Vonnegut lexicon, a "leak" is a mirror which serves as a cosmic portal, and is not a reference to micturition. I believe "Leon" was a reference to Leon Trotsky Trout, Kilgore's son and ghostly decapitated narrator of "*Galapagos*". I am definitely not a secular saint and am better described as an atheistic sinner. As far as future personal epitaphs go, mine might read: *He tried his best not to be a bad parasite* [https://youtu.be/3\\_T4QaJQRL0](https://youtu.be/3_T4QaJQRL0)

I am now inspired to get a cat and call it "Poochie", a dog and call it "Moggie" and a carp and call it "Theodore Sturgeon".

## **CHANNELLING TROUT: SYNOPSIS**

Imagine cobbling together familiar Shakespearean names to create an entirely new original work, while staying true to the pathos, wit and irony of the Bard.

"Channelling Trout" cobbles together familiar Vonnegut-esque names to create an entirely new original work, while staying true to the anti-war and pro-environmental sentiments of dear old departed Kurt. It is a rollicking dystopian ride tracing the US trajectory from Afghanistan towards Global Nuclear Armageddon, with numerous "in" jokes along the way.

Jonah R. R. Gakk is the hapless protagonist, convinced that he has completely lost his mind after being visited by an Alien talking-head who claims to be Kilgore Trout, a "fictional writer of fiction, fictioned up by that famous fiction writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr."

Gakk's "pricey private PTSD therapist" declares that he suffers from Temporal Lobe Epilepsy, yet another mental affliction to be added to the alphabet soup of psychiatric acronyms previously heaped upon Gakk by his former US Army shrinks. Medications for TLE cause unacceptable side effects, so Gakk must learn to live with his hallucination, a situation greatly eased by the prescription of a revolutionary new drug that washes all his cares away.

Gakk apologises for jumping back and forth in his narrative because, as a crazy person, his mind has become a bit "unstuck in time".

Jonah grew up strongly influenced by the huge literary success of his grand aunt Melena Gakk, who he

regarded as the greatest Science Fiction writer ever. Jonah had hoped to follow in her footsteps and signed up for a student loan to pursue a degree in creative writing. Unfortunately due to his student activism he was expelled from University before graduation and the only way for him to repay his financial debt was to join the US Army. After basic infantry and sapper training, he was deployed to Afghanistan where he initially seemed to cope well. However during his second tour something horrific happened that gave him PTSD and made him hit the bottle.

Gakk was released from the Army, returned to the States and descended into a near-fatal alcoholic spiral, but was retrieved from the brink and committed to the Veterans' Hospital loony bin. He recovered sufficiently to be discharged and to then gain menial employment, but was fired after barely a month. Several weeks later, after being evicted from his rat-infested digs for non-payment of rent, he received a windfall inheritance following the demise of "Granty" Gakk. Hence he could now afford a "pricey private PTSD therapist". At his ninth counselling session with her, she suddenly, using just a few words, alleviated Jonah's profound psychological trauma.

A year later, Gakk was visited by Trout.

However not all may be as it seems. Could Trout actually be a real Alien visitor from the planet Tralfamadore? He said he was in trouble for violating the Protocols of the Elders of Tralfamadore. Trout was swimming against the prevailing current, so to speak.

The story unfolds with numerous surprising revelations, ending with Human Thermonuclear Extinction. A cautionary tale for our times indeed.

## **CHAPTER ONE**

The day I completely lost my mind was the day I began my journey to sanity.

My name is Jonah R. R. Gakk and I am a failure. I was given the first name John at birth, which I do not use for the reason which, if not already obvious to you, will soon become clear. So call me Jonah instead.

With regard to my middle initials "R.R." I may disclose what they stand for later (or not).

How do you pronounce my surname "Gakk"? Just imagine you have a dense fur ball stuck down your throat and need to expel it with a mighty hacking cough. "Gakk," so my grandparents advised me, is best enunciated in the manner of a startled staccato exclamation mark. I do not know what it means, but if you believe in onomatopoeianism, you may well regard it as an expletive expression of revulsion. Given the distressing, disconcerting and discombobulating events I have been through, I now believe that to be true.

To be sure, the sound of my surname has at least one distinguished historical parallel. I have been informed by my betters that Vincent Van Gough's surname is properly pronounced in the original Dutch as a deep throated wet phlegmy expectoration. "*Van Houugggh*." So am I in good company? Poor Vince, as you may recall, also believed himself to be a failure during his lifetime, suffered from depression, cut off his own ear and died by his own hand in poverty. So maybe not such good company, maybe not such a good example

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to follow.

But here's the thing: nobody really cares, least of all me.

And what is the heritage of the Gakk surname? To the naive and gullible I have let it be known that I am a scion of the venerable Montauk Long Island Gakks, who pioneered automated loom technology in the 1920s but lost their fortune in the Great Depression, never to be regained again. Those who believe such a fib may well be useful manipulable marks.

In truth, if there is indeed such a thing as truth, my understanding is that my father's family descended from Crimean Tartars who in turn descended from the Golden Horde who in turn "migrated" West from the wintry East Asian steppes of Mongolia. Maybe "migration" is not the correct term to use for the Mongol hordes, any more than it can be used to describe the historical "migration" of Europeans to the Americas and Australia. Are genocidal invaders who murder 95% of the native population "migrants"? Probably no more so than desperate refugees fleeing from their bombed out war torn homeland of Iraq to Europe can be termed "migrants".

Invader = Migrant.

Refugee = Migrant.

Therefore

Refugee = Invader.

Potay-toe, potah-toe.



## **CHAPTER TWO**

So here's the thing. The first time I saw the ghost of Kilgore Trout, I was certain that I had completely lost my mind.

Kilgore Trout was, as many may be aware, a fictional writer of fiction, fictioned up by that famous fiction writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr, now long deceased. How did I know that the apparition was Kilgore Trout? Because he told me so, even though he bore an uncanny resemblance to dear old departed Kurt circa his eighth decade. Trout the ghost had a tousled tangled curly nest of gray hair, a thick bushy moustache confined to the real estate above his upper lip and a heavily lined visage no doubt rendered even more wrinkly by long exposure to cigarette smoke.

You know the expression “vanished in a puff of smoke”? That was certainly true each time Trout departed. Just as it was equally true that whenever he appeared, he also suddenly materialised in a puff of smoke. Indeed, a blue-white-gray haze of smoke surrounded him throughout his entire visit. You could say that smoke was his signature trademark.

These are the first words I ever heard Trout utter: “Hey, Gakk! Gakk!”

I thought he was choking on a badly inhaled lungful of vaporised tar. However it turned out he was speaking to me.

I keep calling my fogbound hallucination of Trout a “ghost”. Actually, that is not the correct nor

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proper term to use. After all, how can Trout, a fictional character who never existed and therefore never truly lived nor died, be termed a ghost, which by definition is the spirit of a once living person who had died? Am I being imprecise, incorrect and untruthful by continuing to describe Trout as a ghost?

But here's the thing: nobody really cares, least of all me.

Hallucination = Ghost

Potay-toe, potah-toe.



*(self)* portrait of the artist as a *(not so)* young man

### **CHAPTER THREE**

So what, you may ask, was the point of me writing this tedious narrative down if nobody really cared, least of all me? Well it turned out that Kilgore Trout, a no-body, really cared. He kept pestering me relentlessly to write all this stuff down for him, for his archives and according to his own words, "for further possible dissemination throughout the known universe, or at least the known galaxy". God only knows what he meant by that. Delusions of grandeur much? All I can say is that Trout, who I believed at the time to be the product of my own over-active imagination, seemed to be certifiably insane, which means to say that *I* was probably certifiably insane. Not that I ever admitted such a thing to anyone, apart from my pricey private PTSD therapist.

On the one hand, it may have been accurate (and not an insult at all) to describe Trout as a "no-body", because he had, as far as I could tell, no body. In all of his visitations to me he always appeared as a disembodied head engulfed by smoke. The lit cigarette in his mouth would intermittently appear and disappear, as though by magic.

On the other hand, it may not have been accurate to call Trout a "no-body". The fact that I was never able to see his body did not preclude the possibility that he did indeed have a body which had simply been excluded from my view. For all I knew he might have had a body shaped like a toilet plunger.



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Why in heaven's name would Kilgore Trout be remotely interested in the convoluted botherations afflicting a miserable failure like myself? I asked him that one time and received an answer that left me even more confused than ever. And then I realised this: it was not reasonable to expect a clear and rational answer from a hallucination arising from my own mind, when my own mind itself was not clear and rational.

Another time I told Trout he reminded me of the Cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland. He had inexplicably never heard of that and asked me to elaborate further, which I did. I mentioned that as the cat vanished, it did so gradually, leaving only its lingering toothy smile last of all.

So that one time and one time only, after that particular conversation, instead of vanishing all at once in an abrupt puff of smoke, Trout decided to disappear little by little, leaving only his lingering bushy moustache last of all.

He must have thought that was funny.  
It creeped me out.



## **CHAPTER FOUR**

So there I was, sitting in the aisle seat of a public bus, minding my own business. I was looking at videoclips of epic fails by jackass homeboys on my smartphone. An elegant elderly Black lady was sitting to my right, across the aisle opposite me, also minding her own business.

Then I heard this voice in front of me, “Hey Gakk, Gakk!” it exclaimed.

I looked up and nearly jumped out of my seat. There it was, a disembodied head suspended in mid air surrounded by a cloud of smoke, three rows in front. “Hey Gakk, Gakk!” it erupted again.

“Jesus Christ!” I yelled, “what the hell...”

The lady on my right turned towards me with a concerned look, “you OK, honey?”

“You see that?” I pointed ahead with a shaky hand.

“See what?” she asked as she looked ahead.

“That thing, that floating head, all that smoke.”

“Now calm down honey, ain't nothing there to see,” she replied.

By now everyone else in the bus was looking at me and towards where I was pointing, wondering what the ruckus was all about.

“Can't you see it? An old guy surrounded by smoke! He is making choking sounds!”

“Just relax son,” the lady gently patted my arm, “ain't nothing there to see, ain't nothing there to hear, I'm

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telling ya.”

“Hey buddy,” a thickset pasty guy at the back of the bus shouted, “you remember to take your meds this morning?” I heard a few snickers among the passengers. As it happened, I had indeed taken my medications that morning, but did not bother to answer him.

“I gotta get outa here,” I cried as I pulled the stop cord. As soon as the bus came to a halt I bounded out the rear door like a bat out of hell, fleeing in terror, hoping to leave that apparition far, far behind me. When my legs started to feel like jelly, I spotted a park and sat down on a bench.

Then it came to me again in a puff of smoke, “Hey Gakk, Jonah Gakk, I need to talk to you!”

I retracted my legs and cringed into a foetal ball on the bench, “what the fuck, get away from me!”

“Don't be afraid, I'm not going to hurt you, I just need to talk.”

“Jesus Christ, am I losing my mind?”

“Jonah Gakk,” the talking head said, “I am here to show you and the rest of humanity the path towards sanity and survival.”

The joggers passing by gave me a wide berth, looking askance at me with a mixture of pity and disdain. I ignored them, being more concerned about the state of my mind.

“You look like my second favourite author, Kurt Vonnegut Jr,” I said, after I had calmed down a little.

“What, *that* imposter?” the head said, “*he* looks like *me*! I am the one, the only, the original Kilgore

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Trout!”

Of course I knew for a fact that Kilgore Trout was nothing more than a fictional creation of the celebrated writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr because I had previously read about Trout in Kurt's sci-fi novels. This, for me, confirmed that the floating head was nothing more than a figment of my imagination, no matter how vivid it seemed.

Trout would not go away until we engaged in a full and thorough conversation in which he explained various things to me. I also insisted on laying down some ground rules to which he initially agreed (but, as it turned out, did not always adhere to). That done, he promised to return another day at a more conducive time and place.

Then without warning, he abruptly vanished in a puff of smoke. I nearly jumped out of my seat.



## **CHAPTER FIVE**

After my first couple of Trout visitations, I told my pricey private PTSD therapist about them. "Not to worry," she said reassuringly, "we will work things out together to fix it all".

Comforting words were the tools of her trade, along with outright lies. Often I could not tell which was which. But here's the thing: eventually I found out they were mostly one and the same.

Foma!

Some people argue that bald faced lies are no different from scientifically proven truths. That they are all just human ideas, all equally valid. Global warming is a hoax and that's the truth!

Lies = Truth

Potay-toe, potah-toe

My therapist looked rather young to be a specialist physician in private practice. When she was recommended to me by one of my Army shrinks, I was told she was precociously smart and had been accepted into medical school at the age of 16. Her name was Dr Gianna Moon Landers, a name imposed upon her by her father Giordano Bruno Landers **1**, who, she told me, was a fan of Frank Zappa **2** and of space exploration.

It could have been worse. She had a brother named Opportunity Mars Landers **3**. Even worse than that, she could have been named Gakk. If she married me she might become Gianna Gakk and we could name one son Jack Gakk **4**, another Zack Gakk and a daughter

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MacKenzie Gakk, shortened to Mac Gakk. That was pure fantasy of course. She had no interest in me whatsoever (nor me her 5) and furthermore she had no desire to breach any professional boundaries. Indeed, if she ended up being disbarred from medical practice for hooking up with a crazy patient (me, a failed writer), then her former colleagues might well say, "there goes that quack Gakk, who married that hack Gakk". So not a good idea.

"We know quite a lot about hallucinations these days, what causes them and how to treat them," Gianna said. Not once during any of my therapy sessions did she ever entertain the possibility that Kilgore Trout was anything other than the product of my own deluded mind or of drugs. That Trout may have truly had some basis in external reality. An actual ghost perhaps or something else from without.

"There are three main causes of hallucinations," Dr Landers said, "which are drugs, schizophrenia or temporal lobe epilepsy".

"Well hell, doc, don't hold back, don't sugar coat it, tell me what you *really* think," I responded. "Just call me a drug crazed epileptic".

"I know those terms may sound pejorative in common use, but we need to use formal medical terminology for proper diagnosis and treatment," she replied in a measured, neutral, serene tone.

Back when I was in the Veterans' Hospital loony bin, the Army shrink had already diagnosed me with an alphabet soup of psychiatric disorders that I supposedly suffered from to a greater or lesser degree. They included

PTSD, OCD, ADHD and “near” BPAD which they called cyclothymia. I guess if you have a shotgun approach to diagnosis, you are bound to hit the target if only by accident. But Dr Landers said that none of those acronyms would cause vivid waking audiovisual hallucinations. She went on to elaborate further regarding the three categories she previously mentioned that were definite, recognised causes of hallucinations:

- Drugs such as LSD or marijuana or psilocybin or peyote or mescaline.
- Schizophrenia, which had a heavy genetic component but could additionally be severely aggravated by hallucinogens like cannabis.
- Temporal lobe epilepsy, which generally did not manifest as the jerky convulsions we think of when we hear the word epilepsy. Unlike garden variety epilepsies, TLE mostly manifested as hallucinations or altered states of consciousness. Some historians assert that Moses had a fit of TLE when he encountered the burning bush and found God, and that Saul had a seizure when he was on the road to Damascus and found Jesus. On rare occasions, the "complex partial seizures" of TLE could trigger apparently purposeful but inexplicable automatic behaviour. Even homicide.

So Dr Landers guided me through a systematic process of investigation to identify my particular affliction and to find the best treatment. Could drugs be the culprit? I admitted I had smoked some weed in my

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time but I never inhaled. I had sampled other shit in the past but was never a habitual user. What about schizophrenia? I did not fit the typical pattern. I had no family history, just relatives with horrible and selfish and even criminal, but not schizophrenic behaviour.

Ultimately she put me into a functional MRI machine at a particular time that Kilgore Trout had previously told me he would visit. She demonstrated classical TLE activity in my brain just then, which together with EEG tracings from a separate sleep deprivation study, clinched my diagnosis. One thing puzzled her though. Never before had she ever encountered a patient with a hallucination that could appear punctually at a set time according to a prior promise. Did I have some kind of subconscious ability to control the timing of those visitations? She sought my permission to write an academic case report about me, which of course I agreed to. I would do anything for her.

The standard therapies for TLE were apparently well established in the textbooks, unfortunately none of them suited me at all. By the process of trial and error, mainly the latter, Dr Landers serially hauled me through the entire gamut of anti-epileptic drugs. Medications that had been proven to work well in most TLE sufferers. They did work to suppress my episodes to some degree, but all of them posed unacceptable side effects, mostly turning me into a stuporous zombie. One even caused weird writhing movements of my limbs.

As a last resort, Dr Landers hit upon a brilliant idea. Notwithstanding the disconcerting first visit,



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Kilgore Trout's subsequent visitations were always benign. Gianna said that if I simply ignored Trout and did not talk back to him when out in public, I would not be thought of as crazy by any bystanders. That was difficult because Trout was often rude to me, but it was certainly doable. Furthermore, whereas some of her patients had frightening or nightmarish hallucinations, mine nowadays did not cause me any distress, just occasional mild annoyance. Hence unsuppressed hallucinations were unlikely to cause long term damage to my emotions or psyche. Ever cautious though, in the unlikely event she might be wrong about that second point, she prescribed me a brand new anxiolytic medication, ***Zamakibo-gen*** which for me, hit the right spot, it was just the trick. Bootlegged copies of that drug came to have the common street name ***I-dont-give-a-damn-gen***.

Having an affliction but not caring that I had the affliction was just the same as not having the affliction in the first place. Being ill was just the same as being healthy.

Disease = health.

Potay-toe, potah-toe.

In the long run, *Zamakibo-gen* turned out to be the biggest selling medication of all time, bar none, for one simple reason: it was the cure for everything.

That drug enabled me to achieve the greatest breakthrough in my life, which was this:

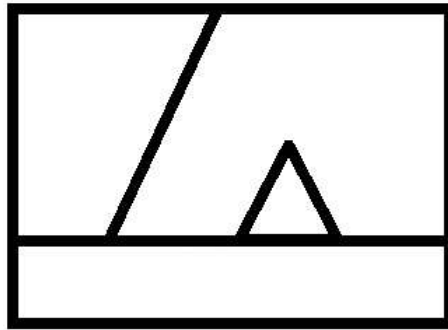
It helped me realise that ultimately nobody really cared, least of all me.

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#### **Footnotes:**

1. *Giordano Bruno's historical namesake believed in this crazy idea: that the tiny stars are just like our sun, only very far away. He was burned at stake by the Church for such heresy.  
Our Sun = A Star. Potay-toe, potah-toe.*
2. *Frank named his eldest child Moon Unit Zappa who appeared in a music video of a song from this album:*



**Ship arriving too late  
to save a drowning witch**

3. *Gianna's much younger half brother Opportunity Mars Landers later changed his name to Bruno Mars Landers the reason being, in his own words, as a tribute to his favourite singer whose name was, of course, Lady Gaga. If that makes absolutely no sense to you whatsoever, then you obviously know Opportunity well.*
4. *John Jr.*
5. *In retrospect, that was a self deluding bald faced lie that I had fabricated to protect what was left of my remaining fragile ego, which by then had already been shattered into a million pieces. Foma!*

## **CHAPTER SIX**

Please excuse me if I jump back and forth in my narrative. As a crazy person, my disorganised mind had become a bit unstuck in time.

So here's the thing. If not for an amazing stroke of luck (whether good or bad is debatable) I would long since be lying in the gutter or dead well before now. Probably both. I refer of course to the unexpected windfall of a substantial inheritance from my Grand Aunt, Melena Gakk. It was literally a life saver.

In America those with money live and those without die.

“Granty” Gakk never married, the reason, I was sure, being that she never met a man who could match her intellect and sparkling wit. Most men are intimidated by smart women, especially women with a keen sense of humour. No mere male could ever keep up with her. Even as a young child I knew this to be true and she knew I knew this, which is why, I think, she liked me. Granty Gakk was a great raconteur and I loved her jokes, appreciating her subtle nuances even more as I grew up. I would laugh and laugh at her punchlines, which is another reason why, I think, she liked me.

She rose to the pinnacle of literary success with her best selling science fiction novels under the pen name “M.G. Fontaine”. She believed that Melena Gakk was not a name that would sell books, being a low brow appellation of doubtful mongrel ethnic heritage, not to mention being obviously female. To Medicos, “melena”

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means bloody black shit. Literally. Granty believed the initials “M.G.” could enable her to be mistaken for a male and the surname “Fontaine” had a sophisticated French ring to it. Both features would translate into better book sales. Turns out she was right. She purloined the surname Fontaine from an admired icon of hers, Dame Margot Fonteyn, the famous British prima ballerina of the early twentieth century. A class act if ever there was one. Granty Gakk was an adoring fan.

Here is one of Granty's favourite stories that she would tell in her most serious voice at social gatherings. For the uninitiated younger folks present, Granty would first introduce the protagonists: there was Margot Fonteyn: elegant, stylish, cultured ballerina. And there was Jean Harlow: trashy, meretricious, coarse American actress.

Some time in the 1930s, the two met at a function. Throughout their interaction, Harlow kept pronouncing Margot's name with a hard “T” at the end. After enduring this for an interminable time, Margot politely corrected Harlow with these words, “My dear, the name Margot has a silent “T” at the end, just as in Harlow.”

After a couple of perplexing seconds, the dim bulb in my brain suddenly lit up. How I laughed and laughed.

I later discovered however that the prima ballerina's original first name was not actually Margot. Her given first name did in fact have a hard “T” at the end. Neither was Fonteyn her original, or even married,

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surname. However she *pretended* to be the elegant, stylish, cultured Margot Fonteyn and that is what she became.

Which brings to mind Kurt Vonnegut Jr's famous words, "*we are what we pretend to be*".

Did I mention that Kurt was my second favourite author? The first was of course M.G. Fontaine.

There was a time I thought I might be able to follow in the footsteps of Granty Gakk, to become a best selling author and entertaining raconteur. Could I pretend to be what I wanted to be? "Fake it till you make it," as they say. Turns out I was wrong. My worst faux pas took place when I attempted a bit of witty repartee but fell flat on my face. This is my sad story.

As you may know, following my second tour of Afghanistan, I was, if not a physical, certainly a complete mental wreck. A complete basket case. I never understood why they used the term "basket case" for a crazy person. Was it because they had asylum inmates weave baskets from long strips of plastic or rattan as therapy? And what was done with those finished baskets? Surely they could never be sold, with their woven roving gone hopelessly awry, randomly sticking out this way and that, a product of the inmates' confused minds and drug induced hand tremors? I used to imagine, sitting in my padded cell, that there were within my own institution two large halls. One big hall contained assembly lines where inmates wove their baskets. Just next door was another big hall of disassembly lines where inmates unravelled the finished baskets into the original loose

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strips of plastic or rattan. Yet another group of inmates would carry those loose strips from the dissembly hall back to the assembly hall to repeat the cycle. And what would they carry those loose strips in? Why baskets of course.

This is not simply an imaginary metaphor for all the bullshit jobs pervading our neoliberal economic system, so brilliantly described by the late great anthropologist David Graeber\*. It is the literal model upon which our pointless insane planet destroying activities are built. The only difference is that instead of re-using the loose strips, we dump them in landfill. So my question to you, dear reader is this: are you, like me, a basket case? Doesn't it make you sick to the stomach? Doesn't it make you want to check out of the system and write your curmudgeonly memoirs?

But I digress. Where was I again? Oh yes, assembly lines and my faux pas.

So after I was discharged from the loony bin I was all but unemployable. My Veterans' case officer tried hard to find suitable placement for me. I was a former student of creative writing who had been expelled from university, hence failed to graduate, whose only option to pay back my college loan and to earn a living became the military. After my overseas Army stint turned me into a basket case and after I was discharged from the asylum, the only thing I seemed fit for was a menial job.

So, as an act of charity, I was placed on an assembly line where I bubble-packed delicate irregular shaped items into cardboard boxes within a mega

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warehouse of the Amozany corporation.

My assembly line supervisor was Wanda June Robinson. Mrs Robinson was married to the older William Robinson, who monitored the automated forklift system. He worked in shifts that he shared with his colleagues, as we all did, because this was a 24/7 operation.

Most employees of this particular warehouse were of an older persuasion, folks who had lost their retirement savings in the Global Financial Crisis of 2008/9 and had been forced to keep working. They were great fans of 1960s and 70s pop culture. The only 1960s movie my short attention span had allowed me to view in full was a TV rerun of "*The Graduate*", which unfortunately I could not relate with because as you know, I never graduated. I did however remember some classic lines from that film. "*The future is plastic*" was one of them. Never a truer word was spoken, knowing today that even as I write this and you read this, we have countless microscopic nano-particles of plastic coursing through our veins and arteries, crossing our blood-brain barriers.

But I digress. Where was I again? Oh yes, my faux pas.

Regular celebrations were held by the Amozany corporation at our workplace prior to each major holiday to help keep morale up and, they hoped, compensate for the low wages. The fare was pizza, hot dogs and high fructose fizzy drinks. Juvenile junk food for old fogies. So here we were in late December at the long table

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stuffing our faces and Wanda June Robinson was sitting next to me. Her husband Will, on her other side, was having a blast. He was telling one and all about how people would go up to him with their elbows tucked in at their sides and forearms madly pivoting up and down in front of them crying, “Danger, danger Will Robinson!” Everyone laughed and laughed. I laughed too, although at what I wasn't exactly sure. Will Robinson made the same stiff forearm movements and blurted out another catchphrase in a monotonous low machine-like voice, “That does not compute!” Everyone laughed and laughed.

It seemed that I myself had nothing to contribute to all this festive levity until, I thought, an opening came up. Middle aged Wanda June Robinson was telling me about her 19 year old daughter's new boyfriend. She confessed, after she had added too much rum to her cola, that she thought he was a bit-of-all-right, a really good looking young hunk that she herself could go for if only she was a little younger. So what did I do next? I raised my glass to her and said in a musical off-key manner, “and here's to you Mrs Robinson, Jesus loves you more than you will know.”

Did everyone laugh and laugh at my great wit? Not really, the only thing you could hear was crickets.

I was not sure if my co-workers had appreciated my reference to the only 1960s movie I had ever seen in full, so I added, again in a musical off-key manner, the following line, “woe, woe, woe.”

Still crickets.



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If eyes were daggers, Wanda June would have been stabbing me in the face. I excused myself shortly after that and slinked away in disgrace. During my brief unpaid end-of-year vacation break, I received a text message of termination from Wanda June for “unsatisfactory work performance”. I was a “gig” employee, hence not entitled to any severance pay. I myself bore her no ill will. I knew she was due to celebrate her upcoming 50<sup>th</sup> soon, so I texted her back this message, together with the picture of a cake:

*“Happy birthday Wanda June”*

Was that the end of the line for me? Was I going to end up dead in the gutter? Four weeks later, at the coldest time of the year, I was tossed out of my rat infested digs for non-payment of back rent.

However three weeks after that, sitting on a public bench piggybacking the free Wi-Fi of a nearby cafe, I received a message from a solicitor regretting the demise of Granty Gakk, who it seems had left a substantial inheritance to me. What did that mean?

For one thing, it meant that I could now afford a pricey private PTSD therapist.

So what is the point of all my convoluted ramblings? Is there anything of value here I can offer you, the long suffering reader, from these random meandering ruminations of mine? Any profound moral insights into the human condition or the meaning of life?

Not really, only crickets.

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*\*David Graeber was my hero and an inspiration for many of my campus activities.*

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN:**

*This chapter is not part of Jonah Gakk's narratives. It was inserted post-hoc by a Yuman archiver, being deemed useful background information:*

### **MY ALIEN REVELATION**

**or: How one sentient Intelligence avoided self-destruction**



**by Geoffrey Chia, Human human** (previously posted on the “Doomstead Diner”, a now defunct website, in February 2019)

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The following narrative was telepathically transmitted to me in the form of dreams by an Alien historian named Angel Moron who came from a planet 100,000 light years away. Moron the historian took me to a cave where he showed me gold plates inscribed in Alien script which he translated into English for me. Unfortunately the gold plates mysteriously vanished after that.

I found Moron's appearance remarkably Human for an alien. He found my appearance remarkably Yuman for an alien.

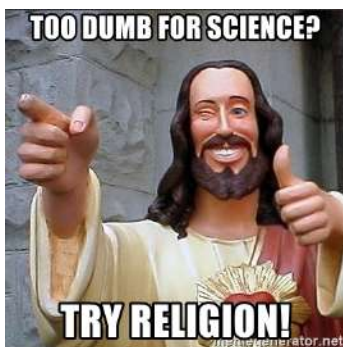
#### **PART 1: In which the most urgent threat to life on planet Dearth is identified:**

A long, long time ago, in a star system far, far away, there was a nondescript planet called Dearth which orbited a nondescript star called Sol. The planet was called Dearth because there was a dearth of intelligent life to be found there. This was amply demonstrated by two facts: first, the apex predator species of that planet were furiously destroying their environmental life support systems in the frenzied pursuit of short term greed. Second, those idiots hubristically called themselves *Homo Smartypants*. Such absurd irony was lost on everyone apart from the very few true sapients among the populace. Some of the sapients, called scientists, had conclusively proven, using irrefutable evidence and reason, that their species, also called Yuman Beings, had evolved from ape-like creatures a few million years ago and that all of them, without exception,

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derived their sustenance from the natural environment, without which they would perish. These facts were conveniently ignored or forgotten by the apex predator nation on that planet, which (not ironically) called itself the Un-tied<sup>1</sup> States of Amnesia or the "exceptional ones". Most Amnesiacs believed that Homo Smartypants were created supernaturally six thousand years ago by a bearded man on a cloud and the source of their intelligent trousers was a magical apple eaten by the first smartypants woman (who at the time lacked pants, intelligent or otherwise).



Allied to, perhaps even controlling the Un-tied States, was a small country across the ocean called Brian, where, some said, lived and died a Messiah two thousand years ago. Others however said he was not a Messiah, he was just a very naughty boy. Brian

was called the original homeland of the Juice, because they grew lots of oranges there. Not all Juice-ish people were Brianists, indeed many among the diaspora of the Juice opposed the violent creation of Brian seventy years ago by the murderous expulsion (nowadays called "ethnic cleansing") of existing Arid inhabitants who had lived there many generations. They were called Arids because their land was very dry. Secular Juice who were non-

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Brianists (such as Choam Nomsky and Klaomi Nein) were considered fair minded, righteous and decent Yumanists by the sapients. They were considered traitors by the Brianists. Original ownership of that arid real estate was hotly disputed. Divine right of possession was claimed by religious Juice because they said they were the "chosen people" of the one true imaginary God, who had promised it to them. So it was written in their Holy Book, which was somehow conveniently derived from that very same imaginary God. It was such a convincing story, not self-serving at all mind you, that you simply had to take their word for it. Of course, the Brianists had absolutely no proof for their claim, only very intense, very insistent repetition, backed up by nuclear weapons.

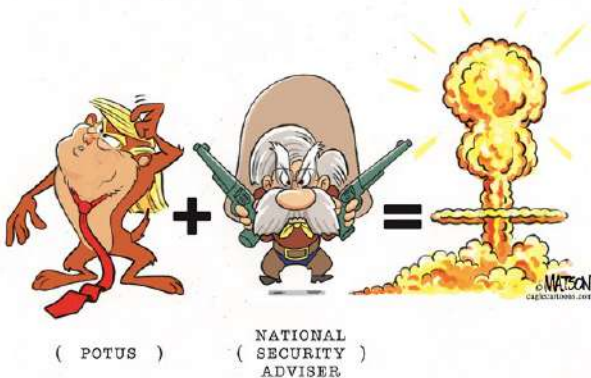
Both the US of Amnesia and the Brianists were deadly keen to bomb the country of Eeran, which had lots of Spice<sup>2</sup>, an incredibly valuable transport fuel and major source of wealth, that they wanted to control. The US used relentless propaganda to deceitfully slander and demonise the Eeransians as terrorists, even though in reality it was actually the US which, by repeatedly funding and arming fanatical extremists in their proxy wars, had promoted and empowered the worst terrorists in the world.

Anyhoo, the campaign to bomb Eeran was rightly seen by the rest of the world as perfidiously insane and morally despicable. Among the most deranged chickenshit armchair warmongers was an Amnesiac named John Bolturd who sported a flamboyantly bushy Yosemite Sam moustache, as befitted an outlandish

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cartoon villain. He would have been laughably comical had he not been such a dangerous turd. Bolturd had been appointed to his position by the Amnesiac in chief, an orange syphilitic conman named Ronald Gump.



What would be the consequences of criminally bombing Eeran for no damn reason whatsoever, apart from greed and stupidity? First, Eeran would respond by mining and blockading the Straits of Hummus, a strategic choke-point, preventing the export of much needed Spice to the rest of the world and causing global economic collapse. Second, Eeran, acting in legitimate self defence, would launch retaliatory missiles against Brian. Third, this would lead to further bombing of Eeran by Brian and/or the US of A. Fourth, the empire of the Rus and the empire of Xanadu<sup>3</sup> who sorely needed Spice, would, bound by their security treaty, come to the aid of Eeran. Things would rapidly escalate with the use of tactical,

then intercontinental nuclear weapons, causing the quick extinction of Homo Smartypants, along with most other life on Dearth. All because a tiny number of unelected<sup>4</sup>, racist, bigoted, criminally insane, lying psychopaths such as John Bolturd, egged on by their counterparts in Brian, had hijacked US foreign policy.

So what actually happened to planet Dearth? That was, you remember, a long, long time ago.

**PART 2: In which the only feasible solution to protect Yumanity from nuclear Armageddon is devised, with all ethical implications considered:**

Enter a US gazillionaire named Franklin Delankin<sup>5</sup> Rankin. FDR was one of the very few sapients among the Amnesiacs. He was determined to do good in the world, almost as a penance for a guilty conscience. FDR's mind boggling fortune was not accumulated by him personally, it was inherited entirely from three previous generations, from a family that had engaged in dodgy banking, ruinous usury and money laundering. The Rankins were joined at the hip to the military industrial complex and had funded both sides of every war for the past 100 years. FDR's family were composed entirely of black sheep, however he himself was an aberration, the only white sheep in four generations and, as it turned out, the greatest shame of the Rankin dynasty. FDR showed no inkling of any dogooder tendencies when young, being a quiet, observant, reflective lad, who watched how his elders operated and learned the tactics of predatory capitalism and murderous plunder with growing



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revulsion. He developed increasing contempt for the lavish indulgent lifestyles enjoyed by his peers, a privileged minority with an overweening sense of entitlement, while 90% of the world's population lived in hunger, insecurity and hardship. He spent much of his time reading philosophical tomes, especially the teachings of Siddharta. The first overt sign that things were not “right” with FDR was his marriage to a social worker named Elinor with whom he eventually had 3 children and 8 grandchildren, all of whom they schooled in the principles of Yumanistic ethics. As a champion of the poor, the oppressed and people of colour, Elinor was a terrible influence on FDR. FDR bided his time when growing up, pretending to be a loyal tribe member, until his inheritance was absolutely confirmed, following which he went about dismantling the entire rancid Rankin empire to fund projects to alleviate poverty and disease afflicting the most disadvantaged people around the world. His relatives were appalled by his bleeding heart behaviour which was bleeding away their family fortune. To them he represented the most vile creature imaginable: a class traitor. They made many attempts to assassinate him, one which caused the loss of his legs in a bomb blast, leaving him wheelchair bound. Shortly after, FDR redoubled his bodyguards and intensified his security detail. FDR surrounded himself with carefully vetted, like minded leftist socialist types who exhibited absolute loyalty, not so much to him personally (he despised yes men), but to the higher common values and goals they shared: the promotion of social justice around

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the world and the opposition to illegitimate warfare and arbitrary murder of innocents, perpetrated by the rapacious robber baron class that FDR had been born into. Those in FDR's inner circle trusted one another implicitly, having weathered many trials and tribulations together. They were a tight knit, tight lipped group of confidantes. Every last one of them would, in a heartbeat, die for their cause and for each other, in their fight against Evil in the world and in their mission to alleviate the suffering of the downtrodden.

Having spent the past three decades of his life in philanthropy, FDR turned his mind to the greatest immediate threat to life on Planet Dearth: that of nuclear Armageddon. He was a problem solver who looked for solutions. In his experience, problems could only be solved by addressing the underlying causes. He engaged a multidisciplinary research team of sapients who used evidence and reason to analyse world issues. They demonstrated conclusively that it was just a tiny group of psychopaths known as the Neoconartists (John Bolturd being a particularly foul example) who were behind the worst mayhem, violence, murder, injustice and destruction in the world.

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Despite the Neocons attempts to demonise other parties as aggressors<sup>6</sup>, it was just the Neocons and only the Neocons alone, who were insane enough to consider a “winnable” pre-emptive nuclear strike and to trigger global thermonuclear war by way of their swaggering, blowhard, reckless brinkmanship. Hence the only option was to neutralise them. How could that be done?

FDR looked at the activities of antinuclear campaigners over the decades, people he admired immensely such as Dr Celen Haldicott, whose tireless efforts unfortunately amounted to exactly nothing. Clearly persuasion, reason and logical arguments,

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combined with plaintive emotional appeals, whether directed towards politicians or to the general public, did not work. Democracy no longer existed, having been hijacked by vested interests whose highly profitable (short term) business models were based on environmental destruction and perpetual warfare. The world was now poised at two minutes to Armageddon, as described by the clock of the Bulletin of Atomic Sapients. Drastic action was required urgently, failing which, Yumanity was toast.

After thorough, meticulous analysis, FDR's sapient research team concluded that it was impossible to disempower or remove the Neoconartists by legal, peaceful and non-violent means. All the legal, peaceful and non-violent avenues for change, the checks and balances, had been completely dismantled by the corrupt “masters of the universe” (bankers, corporatists, arms dealers, etc) over the past few decades. Furthermore, there was no time left. The only feasible way to defuse the risk of imminent nuclear extinction was to eliminate the Neoconartists. Being a circumspect thinker however, FDR consulted a close confidante, a professor of ethics named Seter Pinger who was asked to look at the situation from all angles. Was killing always a crime? By engaging in targeted assassination, would that make FDR as bad as his foes? As a lifelong non-violent Yumanist, would the adoption of violence to achieve his goal make him a hypocrite?

Professor Pinger addressed the last question first in a roundabout way. One of the greatest existential

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threats to Yumanity was global warming from Spice emissions, factually proven by overwhelming scientific research dating back a hundred years. However the existence of GW was vehemently denied by the Neocons because it damaged their business model. Hence they called the scientists liars, fraudsters, hoaxers and all round bad people. Many scientists responded by calling the Neocons themselves liars, fraudsters, hoaxers and all round bad people. In the “fair and balanced” Pox News, the scientists were portrayed as being just as bad as the Neocons because both sides were using ad hominem attacks, which made the so-called objective scientists hypocrites. Such criticism caused many scientists to temper their language and retreat to the dry citation of facts and figures, which had a soporific effect on the general public. This was a mistake by the scientists and a victory for the deniers because it enabled the latter to continue to slander and libel the scientists unopposed, while the scientists were cowed into fighting with both hands tied behind their backs. By definition, the scientists were not using ad hominem attacks, because objective data had proven that the Neocons were indeed telling lies and were therefore truly liars, fraudsters, hoaxers and all around bad people. The scientists were merely employing accurate description and were calling a spade a spade. The Neocons, by slandering and misrepresenting the scientists, were the only side using ad hominem attacks. The researcher Aomi Noreskes who wrote the book “*The Merchants of Denial*” actually castigated the scientists for not attacking and denigrating the global warming deniers

strongly enough and for failing to hold the deceitful Neocons to account.

Professor Pinger then highlighted a recent atrocity in the news: the brutal assassination by dismemberment of journalist Jamal Ghashokki, ordered by the petulant despot Mahmoud Bone Sawman. What made that act a despicable crime? Firstly the victim was innocent of any wrongdoing, he was merely doing his job reporting news. Secondly, that crime was motivated entirely by the tyrannical self serving agenda of Bone Sawman who wanted to halt Ghashokki's criticism and send an intimidating message to other journalists. By the way, that murder was also an example of the worst ever botched cover-up of all time, lacking any subtlety or any plausible deniability, unlike the more covert, measured manoeuvrings of Pladimir Vutin, leader of the Rus.

If FDR was to commission the targeted assassination of Neoconartists, would that make him as evil as Bone Sawman and Vutin? Actually, no. Unlike those tyrants, FDR would be eliminating known murderers and warmongers, not killing innocent journalists. Furthermore FDR was not driven by any self serving motivations but by the protection of Yumanity and civilisation. Furthermore, no non-violent alternative options were available.

Next, Pinger described a school assignment given to all children in Brian at the age of thirteen. It was a rite of passage. They had to write an essay titled "*What would I do if I could travel back in time?*" Those who submitted bland narratives such as "*I would have dinner*

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*with the prophet Isa and discuss the meaning of life”* were invariably failed by their teachers. Only one type of answer could ever earn an “A” and it was this: *“I would go back in time and kill Shitler”*. Essays were graded according to how creative they were in arranging Shitler’s demise. Shitler was of course the historical leader of the Nutsy party that governed the nation of Germs eighty years ago who launched a global war that killed 70 million people worldwide. In particular, he methodically exterminated six million Juice in death camps. Killing Shitler then would have been a crime according to Nutsy law at the time, however the Nutsies were a bunch of self serving thugs who had contrived a so-called legal system which was unjust, immoral and bogus. Their laws (eg. institutional racism and legal protection of racists – modelled after the Crim Joe laws of the USA) were not legitimate because they could not pass any tests of natural justice, which were determined by the universal common standards of ethics. Those standards were summarised by two complementary principles found in all moral codes everywhere throughout all the known universe, throughout all of known history. They were the Golden Rules: do unto others as you would have others do unto you, and do not do unto others as you would not have others do unto you. Nobody in the modern world 80 years after the global war would, in retrospect, regard killing Shitler as a crime, indeed, quite the opposite. It was clear that the Juice themselves, in particular the Brianist Juice, considered the murder of a mass murderer to be a righteous and ethical act.

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So killing was *not* always a crime. But would killing Shitler *before* he provoked war, *before* he proved himself to be a mass murderer, be a crime? As such, would killing the Neoconartists *before* they actually provoked global thermonuclear war, be a crime? Fortunately this was not an ethical conundrum because the Neoconartists had already proven themselves to be mass murderers. They were on the record of having perpetrated numerous invasions and wars based on lies which had caused the deaths of many millions of innocents. The fact that the US legal system had not brought the Neocons to justice simply proved that their so-called legal system was unjust, immoral and bogus, indeed, criminally negligent and complicit in war crimes.

But was not this very argument, that it is ethical to murder a murderer, one of the justifications the Neoconartists themselves used to kill Sodom Hussein of Eeraq? That the killing of Sodom, a proven murderer, was an ethical act by the Neocons to prevent him from murdering more innocent Eeraqis? Taken in isolation, perhaps. But knowing the big picture, absolutely not. Such devious, distorted, cherry picking of facts was typical of the Neoconartist liars. Firstly the Neocons were completely disingenuous. They were never remotely interested in protecting innocent Eeraqis, as evidenced by their previous imposition of sanctions which had killed more than half a million innocent Eeraqi children and their previous bombing of Eeraqi civilian infrastructure. Irrefutable facts had shown that the only reason for the US to invade Eeraq was to control that country's Spice.



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Secondly, if one's goals are to protect innocent lives and to minimise Yuman suffering, then real world utilitarian ethics must be adopted. In messy reality, it is impossible to protect every single innocent life and there is never a perfect option. If the choice lies between preventing a million innocent civilian deaths caused by US invasion (which led to the destabilisation and collapse of Eeraq) and preventing a thousand deaths caused by Sodom (who however had kept Eeraq stable and functional, thus benefiting the vast majority of the population), then without doubt avoiding invasion is a thousand times superior. This consideration was the same as deciding about a medical intervention: if the adverse effects of an intervention are a thousand times worse than the disease itself, then obviously the intervention must be avoided and one must adopt some other form of disease management. You do not chop off a person's head to remove a mole on their forehead (unless you are a Neocon looking for an excuse to kill that person).

There was no doubt that FDR's aim was to protect and preserve innocent lives, as evidenced by his past three decades of philanthropy. What was at stake here? What did Yumanity stand to lose if the Neocons were allowed to continue their outrageously belligerent behaviour and provoke global thermonuclear war? All of civilisation, every single Yuman life on the planet, all future Yuman generations, all Yuman achievements in art, literature, culture, music, science, indeed all knowledge, would be wiped out forever if the Neocons were allowed to pursue their insanity to its inevitable conclusion.

Compared with any theoretical ethical objection about killing a handful of proven murderers, the choice was an absolute no-brainer. Ultimately however, the biggest motivation driving FDR was his determination to ensure the future survival of his children and grandchildren on a planet which was not a seething radioactive wasteland.

### **PART 3: In which Yumanity miraculously escapes near term nuclear extinction**

What transpired next was a mixture of rumour, innuendo and conjecture.

This much however we do know: in the year that followed, the worst Neoconartists mysteriously perished in a wide variety of ways. Some died in their sleep, some apparently committed suicide by jumping off buildings or bridges or by overdosing on prescription pills or illicit drugs. Some died in road traffic or aircraft accidents. One character shot himself in the head. Twice.

The prize for the most memorable mode of departure belonged to John Bolturd. He had a number of private fetishes little known to the public, one of them being pica (the ingestion of dirt), a recognised medical condition. He had a penchant for scoffing up all manner of faecal detritus. On the occasion of his death he was found in a toilet having apparently choked on a clump of bovine excrement. Every year since then, on the anniversary of his death, a person or persons unknown regularly delivered this engraved plaque by drone to his cemetery plot:

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*Here lies John Bolturd who was true to his name:  
He died in the john while bolting down a turd.  
He lived by spewing out bullshit and died by choking on  
bullshit.  
May he rest in piss.*

The son of Moron the historian wrote an essay about Bolturd's death for his school assignment and received an A+.

The following is Angel Moron's unsubstantiated opinion about what actually happened, which however he was unable to prove, lacking any objective documentation:

In FDR's efforts to increase his personal security team, he recruited more than just bodyguards. In the interviews conducted by his staff, they encountered many ex-military personnel who were bitter at the system for having betrayed them. Many had been deployed overseas when they were young, trusting and naïve, believing they were going to spread democracy and freedom around the world and were going to help those in need. Instead they were forced, under duress from their superiors<sup>7</sup>, to commit acts of brutality and oppression against the local populations, even to torture and murder innocent people including women and children. Such atrocities shattered their images of themselves as good people and fomented self loathing. After their return to the US of A, many committed suicide from guilt or embarked on mass shootings followed by suicide. The remaining survivors slowly worked through their psychological trauma to eventually understand that they had been hoodwinked by

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the crooks in charge of the system to commit war crimes to benefit those very crooks. They realised that the system was rotten because it had been distorted and perverted by those at the very top, who were rotten to their core. Many disillusioned, skint ex-service personnel were not just looking for employment. Above all, they were looking for redemption, for some way to hit back at their manipulators, to do serious damage to those psychopaths who had lied to them, exploited them and forced them to commit horrific atrocities. To seek vengeance and closure for their foreign victims and their families. Among those returned personnel were many skilled in electronic surveillance, intelligence gathering, covert operations and even with special knowledge of poisons, explosives and alternative methods of killing.

Speculation: were they recruited by FDR, not particularly for his own protection but for a wider purpose?

Whereas foul play could never be proven in any of the deaths of the Neoconartists, the manner of their deaths looked like classic examples taken from the assassination handbook of the Central Intelligence Administration. The Neocon deaths were spookily reminiscent of those which befell foreign leaders who had stubbornly refused to do the bidding of the US of A and then conveniently perished in “accidents”, to be quickly replaced with compliant Amnesiac puppets. They were the very same assassination tactics the CIA taught would-be foreign tyrants in the “School of the Amnesiacs” at Fort Lemming, Borgia. Many historians

deemed it poetic justice that the Neocons appeared to have been killed by the very same methods the Neocons themselves had used to kill others. Some considered it Divine Retribution.

Of course, that was all just rumour, innuendo and conjecture.

With the Neocons out of the picture, more moderate voices were able to take over US foreign policy and the risk of global nuclear war subsided.

Regional conflicts did break out around the world in the decades to follow, but no party was ever insane or reckless enough to be the first to push the nuclear button.

**PART 4: In which ecological overshoot results in the mass die-off of Yuman beings, but complete extinction is avoided by advanced planning**

FDR was well aware of the Limits to Growth, of the multiple threats to Yuman survival posed by nuclear warfare, overpopulation, rampant over-consumption, resource depletion, global warming, pollution and ecosystem destruction. Having greatly reduced the risk of the first factor<sup>8</sup>, FDR set about devising strategies by which near term Yuman extinction could be avoided, taking the advice of his scientific team. These duties were inherited by his children and grandchildren who coordinated worldwide programs, with the consensus of the local populations, to address them. In the decades to follow, Yumanity sustained inevitable mass fatalities because of the pre-existing overshoot. However, because they practised restraint and drastically reduced their

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ecological footprint and learned to live within the limits of Nature, the biosphere was starting to repair itself. Hence the risk of near term Yuman extinction had subsided.

There was one other major consideration, indeed the greatest concern of all. How could Yumanity ensure that future Yumans never again endanger the life support systems of Planet Dearth? This would require ongoing restraints on Yuman population and consumption, closed loop utilisation of resources and most important of all, elimination of psychopaths from the population should they arise once again to threaten Yuman survival.

This principle became their newly enshrined eleventh commandment, taught to all children from primary school onwards: “Thou shalt not kill. However if someone is a proven psychopathic murderer like Shitler, they must be killed.”

– *transcribed by G. Chia via telepathy from an  
Alien historian*

### FOOTNOTES:

1. *Some preferred to use the term un-hinged rather than un-tied*
2. *There were five different types of Spice, each with different energy levels: Scary, Sporty, Ginger, Posh and Baby. They had their heyday many years ago, hence by the time in question, Baby Spice had long past peak production, was facing a decline in EROEI and was now renamed Old Spice.*

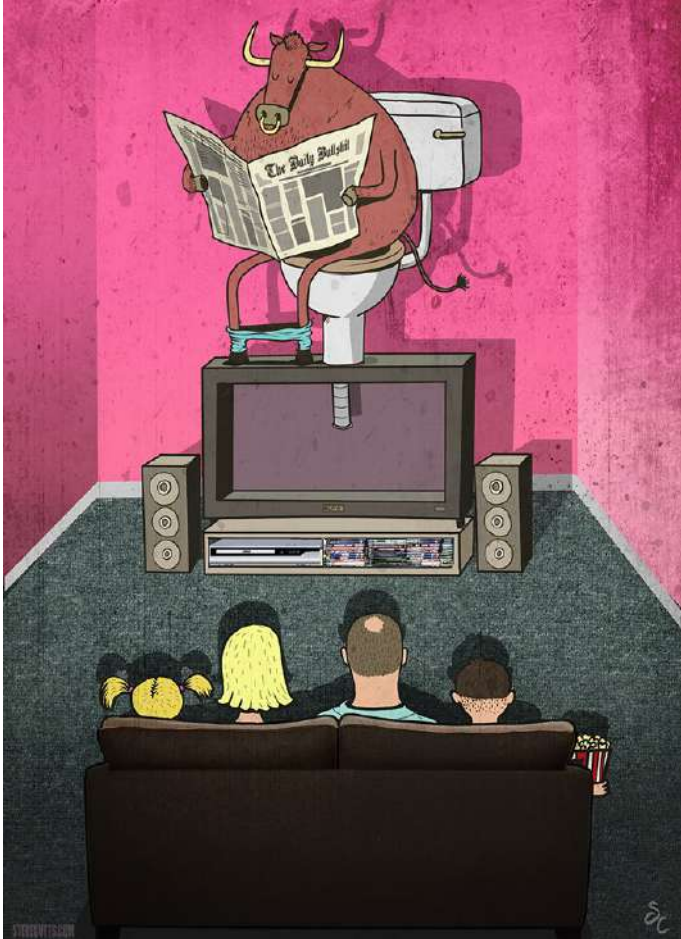
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3. *In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, a stately pleasure dome  
decree,  
Where Alph the sacred river ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea  
- S.T. Coleridge*
4. *Not elected by any democratic, fair, transparent  
process anyway. Elections were rigged by the GOP  
(Gas and Oil Party) using corrupt tactics to install  
corporate compliant candidates and create an illusion  
of democracy which was believed only by stupid  
people.*
5. *You may quite reasonably ask, “what the hell kind of  
a name is Delankin?” to which I respond “what the  
hell kind of a name is Delano?”*
6. *Facilitated by their media whore Rabid Murdoch and  
his pestilent team of talking heads on Pox News*

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7. *Soldiers who defied orders would face the following consequences: court martial, dishonourable discharge, blacklisting against future employment, hence inability to earn any future income, hence inability to repay their college student loans, hence default of their debts, hence seizure of their family homes by the banks, hence ending up homeless and destitute. The senior officers made those consequences of disobedience abundantly clear to each new cohort on the first day of their foreign deployment and cited several examples of former defiant recruits whose lives (and the lives of their families) were ruined “with extreme prejudice”. Entrapment of young people into debt slavery was a highly effective strategy to ensure their obedience to authority.*
8. *His approach was almost clinical, akin to saving the life of a critically ill patient in an intensive care unit. Numerous threats faced the patient, but priority had to be given to the most immediate and urgent issue, in this case nuclear extinction. Certainly other matters such as ecosystem destruction were potentially fatal threats, but would take longer to unfold to its full extent. It was inappropriate to focus exclusively on the less immediate threat, if the more urgent threat was going to kill the patient immediately.*

## **CHAPTER EIGHT:**

### **Jonah Gakk's narrative resumes:**

My first six chapters were written above ground in sunlight, pre-Apocalypse, for a Human readership. This and subsequent chapters are being written underground in artificial light, post-Apocalypse. The Human readership no longer exists.

Here I will outline the intellectual legacy of my Grand Aunt Melena Gakk, AKA "Granty" Gakk, AKA "M.G. Fontaine".

After Kilgore Trout said he wanted to archive my personal pathetic narrative *"for further possible dissemination throughout the known universe, or at least the known galaxy"* I convinced myself that it was actually my own sense of self-importance, my own inflated Ego that was talking, manifested via the Trout hallucination. That was occurring even as my Super-ego was simultaneously trying to convince my Id that I didn't really care. There were so many complicated layers to being crazy. Busy, busy, busy\*.

Wasn't it Orwell who said that real insanity was the ability to hold two mutually contradictory thoughts in your head and believing them both to be equally true? Words to that effect - or maybe it was someone else who said it, I don't quite remember. Wish I had the Internet available today to check up on these things.

I told Trout that it would be far more worthwhile to archive some of the key thoughts and ideas of M.G. Fontaine, who was an innovative scientific thinker. But

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what more can anyone add to the volumes of material in the public domain that have already been written about her? Well, I can add the unique perspective of her own grand nephew - me.

So whether Trout likes it or not, I am adding these chapters about Granty Gakk to his archives.

Salvador Dali purportedly said that, "*the difference between myself and the surrealists is that I am a Surrealist.*" In the same vein, I would say that the difference between M.G. Fontaine and the science fiction writers was that M.G. Fontaine was a Science Fiction writer. She considered standard run-of-the mill sci-fi novels about space travel and Alien encounters to be pedestrian pabulum, offering the same intellectual taste and nutrition as soggy cardboard. "Mimeographed moronic mediocrity," she called it. I had to look up what a mimeograph was. She used metaphors from a bygone era, unlike nowadays when you can send out a thousand digital copies of an e-document with the click of a mouse.

I mistakenly wrote "nowadays" above through force of habit and must correct myself. Obviously I was not being accurate, I was referring to the time before this 2026 Nuclear Apocalypse, particularly the "good old days" of peak industrial civilisation between 1990 and 2020.

Nowadays a hand cranked mimeograph would represent unattainable advanced technology.

At her core, Granty Gakk was a hard science realist rather than a pseudoscience fantasist. She thought

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long and hard about the practicalities of interplanetary space travel, the immense size of the universe and the epic time scales of past and future. About the very meaning and nature of Life itself. About how biological memories and personalities and habits and skills were just collections of encoded molecules and neuronal networks, patterns which could be electronically emulated. About how thoughts and sensations were just electrical brain impulses which could therefore be broadcast and received with sufficiently advanced technology. In her serious work she was a stickler for keeping within the boundaries of feasible scientific speculation. Any story violating the physical Laws of Nature would by definition be super-natural non-science, it would be magical fantasy and by definition not real sci-fi, irrespective of the inclusion of any technobabble or flashy devices going “beep”, which she called “window dressing”. She never breached the known laws of Physics in her serious works: no perpetual motion machines, faster than light travel, wormhole travel (which would destroy any information and life forms entering the wormhole), anti-gravity machines, artificial gravity (other than that induced by acceleration/deceleration or rotation of a craft) and so on. Time travel into the past was impossible. Time travel into the future was of course fine. We are doing that right now.

She was contemptuous of contrived *deus ex machina* easy “getouts”. Here is an example: the unarmed hero is surrounded by a hundred gun toting enemies, so how can he possibly escape? Well it turns out

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that all along he had a mysterious, unexplained teleportation ability not previously disclosed to the reader. A ploy simply made up on the spur of the moment by the writer as an easy “getout”. Granty considered such sloppy plot contrivances to be the hallmark of a lazy unimaginative hack who holds the reader in contempt.

The novel that she loved to hate was “Dune” by Frank Herbert. “Overblown, overrated, formulaic, derivative drivel,” was what she called it. A transparent rip-off of the Messiah trope with this neo-colonial racist message: that those oil rich but feckless Ay-rabs could never achieve anything unless a good-ole Anglo boy from “outside” came along to lead them by the nose to “salvation”. Lawrence of Arabia much\*\*? Add some spiritual supernatural overtones of Manifest Destiny and an antagonistic “evil empire” (Baron Harkonnen, having the first name Vladimir, was an obvious caricature of a Russian dictator) and it became cultural propaganda fabricated to subliminally infect the minds of impressionable young readers. Tossing big worms and flappy flying craft into the mix did nothing to redeem it. She regarded the reviewers and fans who acclaimed it as an “epic” as simple minded dimwits. “Dune” was not based on any real science, it was non-science and hence nonsense, falsely promoted as “sci-fi”. I asked her once what she thought the single defining characteristic of “Dune” was and she said this:

“Humourlessness. It is pure nonsense that takes itself far too seriously.”

Granty respected legitimate SF writers governed

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by true understanding of science fact such as Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke, the latter who thought-pioneered what eventually became real technology to revolutionise the world: communications satellites.

On the other hand, Granty herself repeatedly breached the laws of Physics in her flippant works. She enjoyed absurd farce, in which the authors never pretended that their outrageously wild and impossible techno-fantasy scenarios remotely resembled serious science speculation. She herself dabbled in this genre, and very successfully too. She endorsed satirical cautionary tales mocking the madness of the prevailing establishment. In her view, Kurt Vonnegut Jr was top of that list and Douglas Adams next. She was the one who introduced me to the writings of Kurt when I was a kid.

Granty, being the immensely versatile writer she was, wrote both comically absurd dystopian pseudoscience farce as well as serious hard science speculation. It was the former which became popular and earned her great wealth. However it was the latter, mostly ignored or derided by ignorant critics and the unwashed proles, that she was most proud of. She graded her own works on one occasion and the novel she considered her best, which she gave an “A+” was “*The Ichneumon Project*” which unfortunately sank into complete obscurity shortly after publication and never saw a second print run. It was a commercial failure. Her publisher said it was too relentlessly bleak and pessimistic. It portrayed human beings as the gormless playthings of the Aliens. Irrespective of how advanced

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and capable and intelligent any Aliens who invade the Earth may be, the humans must always win in the end, perhaps by some ridiculous *deus ex machina* getout, for a novel to sell. This made no sense whatsoever to the serious side of M.G. Fontaine and she refused to alter the ending. In her preamble to that novel, she acknowledged the basic templates upon which it was based: H.G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds" and John Wyndham's "The Midwich Cuckoos". Unlike those templates however, "*The Ichneumon Project*" concluded with an overwhelming victory for the Aliens. It contained material so steeped in plausible science that it might actually be used as the blueprint for a real Alien invasion if a sufficiently advanced sentient Intelligence actually got a hold of it...

*\* As a Bokononist would say.*

*\*\* In real life T.E. Lawrence betrayed the Arabs. Furthermore he was gay. Also he was five foot four. So to be accurate Paul Atreides should have been a devious, gay, shrimp. None of those real world aspects were suitable for the purposes of general-consumption cultural propaganda, hence were conveniently "adjusted" to suit the Dune mythology.*



## **CHAPTER NINE:**

### **Realistic Space Travel and Alien life:**

“The Ichneumon Project” was Granty Gakk's response to the many, many plot holes and implausibilities, not to mention scientific impossibilities, that plagued mainstream sci-fi and annoyed her no end.

To be clear, Granty had certainly written her own fair share of scientifically impossible stories. She called them “mouldy Swiss cheese fables – full of holes and every bit as stinky”. She had written stories about hyper-intelligent Aliens made of “ectoplasmic phlogiston” that could travel instantaneously through wormholes from galaxy to galaxy. She regarded those simplistic contrived “fairy tales” of hers, the ones that earned her millions and millions, to be lightweight piffle, “empty calorie foods bereft of intellectual nutrition.” They did have a role, if crafted as satire, to shed light on the absurdities of human folly and in that context could have important value as social commentary. The original Star Trek TV series was rich in such material, but the Star Wars movie franchise was virtually devoid of it.

“Be deeply skeptical of Messiah stories that glorify war!” Granty often said.

On the other hand, she believed that the “prime directive” of Star Trek, which demanded non-interference in Alien domestic affairs, was a political statement opposing the neocolonial foreign interventional skulduggery of the USA. She thought Gene Roddenberry was brilliant.



**These were M.G. Fontaine's practical thoughts on realistic space travel:**

- Travel through a wormhole (which consists of a black hole at entry and a “white hole” at exit, perhaps in the same universe but more likely in a different universe) is impossible for too many reasons to outline. Most important is that nothing can survive entering a black hole and even if it could, you would not know where you are going (perhaps to another universe with different laws of Physics which would not support your life) and there would be no way back home. Even if wormholes exist, it would be impossible to travel through them intact.
- Unless you are smarter than Einstein and have evidence to the contrary, you must accept that nothing can travel faster than light. The nearer you get to light speed, the greater the mass of your craft becomes and the harder it is to accelerate or steer. A spacecraft travelling at light speed will in theory have infinite mass which is obviously impossible.
- Our galaxy is about 100,000 light years across. If a spacecraft travelled at 10% light speed or 0.1c, it could cross to the other side of our galaxy in a million years.
- Ignoring the Magellanic clouds which are too small and structurally simple and hence unlikely to harbour rare sentient Intelligence, our nearest major galaxy is Andromeda about 2.5 million

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light years away and travel there at 0.1c would take 25 million years (or somewhat less because it is moving towards us).

- By the time any human spacecraft reaches the other end of our home galaxy much less another galaxy like Andromeda, our species will almost certainly be extinct on Earth. If we are unable to sustain our existence on planet Earth, with its rich abundance of resources, what makes us think that humans will be able to last a million or 25 million years in a small metal can hurtling through a vacuum? Transgalactic and intergalactic travel will certainly be one way trips. That is also true for travel to “nearby” solar systems within our galaxy. Travel to the closest star outside our solar system, Proxima Centauri, at 0.1c will take 40 years and a return trip 80 years. However it would make sense to spend at least 10 to 20 years there to gather data, so let's make that round trip 100 years. A normal human lifespan will not last a round trip, so it will be one way only.
- The only way a single human generation can complete a long distance trip would be by suspended animation en route, a technique abundantly employed in sci-fi tropes and not beyond reasonable speculation but impossible at present. We are able to freeze human embryos which can be viable after thawing, but how would they gestate and who would raise them as

the spacecraft reaches the destination?

- The idea of manned spacecraft containing only human beings going long distances over long durations is impossible. Any biologist will tell you that humans, just like all other organisms, cannot live in isolation as a single species and require a multitude of other organisms (microbes, plants, animals) living within that shared ecosphere for survival and sustenance. A proper ecological habitat. Any long distance, long duration journey will require the whole ecosystem to be carried along with the humans which will need to be sustained over multiple decades or centuries at minimum. Even given a massive enclosed area over just a short duration located on terra firma, we do not know how to do that. “Biosphere II” based on Earth was a failure.
- Living organisms require shielding against solar flares and high energy cosmic rays (dangerous ionising radiation that can cause cancers and infertility) which Earth's magnetosphere provides. We do not yet know how to provide such shielding on spacecraft. Lead does not protect against cosmic rays.
- Our bodies need normal earth gravity. Any less will, over the long term, diminish our bone density and muscle strength and even our immune systems and will contribute to premature death. The only practical way to emulate gravity is to spin a spacecraft, however this would cause

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nausea in most of the crew unless the diameter of the craft was huge. Still possible though.

- For the shortest duration of travel, the periods of acceleration at departure and deceleration at arrival should be minimised. Excessive G forces at either end of the trip in order to minimise total travel duration may not be compatible with human or other macroscopic life. This would not be an issue if the travellers had a surfeit of time at their disposal. Rapid turning manoeuvres (while travelling at high speed in a straight line) would also cause excessive G forces.
- The real laws of Nature, the laws of physics, chemistry and biology, render the prospect of biological human beings voyaging forth to colonise Alien planetary systems quite impossible.
- There are however feasible ways by which sentient Intelligence can traverse the galaxy.

### **These were M.G. Fontaine's practical thoughts on realistic Alien life:**

- Scientists are pretty certain that the laws of Physics which govern our own Solar system operate inviolably throughout our entire Universe. The laws of Chemistry and Biology in turn are inviolably determined by the underlying laws of Physics.
- Hypothetical Life based on pure physical (non biochemical) systems such as electromagnetic

waves or Granty's own made-up “ectoplasmic phlogiston” that does not operate within a material substrate, is non-science (= nonsense) fantasy.

- Life as we know it is based on extremely complex biochemistry and there is no other chemical mix that can achieve a similar level of complexity as carbon based molecules that use both hydrophilic (water) and lipophilic (oils and fats) media to function. For example, a silicon based system will not be able to produce nearly as many complex compounds (particularly polymers) as a carbon based system. A liquid medium is essential for chemicals to combine and no liquid medium is as abundant nor has anywhere near the number of vital physical and chemical characteristics as water, the “universal solvent”.
- Any planetary carbon and water based life by necessity can therefore only exist within the “Goldilocks” range of distances from its home star.
- Life arising on any planet must follow the laws of Evolution, which, based on chance random mutations and natural selection to suit an Alien environment, would lead to very different types of organisms compared to Earth. Superficial similarities will however exist such as streamlined shapes to move quickly through fluid media, sensory organs for perception, wings to

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fly through an atmosphere, appendages with digits to manipulate physical objects etc. Convergent evolution is why ichthyosaurs looked superficially like dolphins, despite their entirely different genetic make-up (they also had quite different swimming motion). It is reasonable to speculate that large, fast swimming creatures on an Alien planet could evolve a similar shape due to the simple demands of Physics.

- Alien life will require analogues of protein type molecules and genetic coding molecules to govern their processes of life chemistry, growth and reproduction.
- Their biochemical molecules will certainly be different compared to ours, determined by the particular physical and chemical environments in which they arose (pH, temperature, light insolation, availability of basic “building block” elements and compounds etc). Random chance would play a huge role in how particular molecules in the Alien “primordial soup” combined together to create that life.
- Any organisms from an Alien planet will therefore not be able to eat any organisms from Earth and vice versa because our basic biochemistries will be different. Here is one simple example: on Earth, the only form of natural glucose is D-glucose (dextrose). Even though we can synthesise its isomeric mirror image in the lab which is otherwise chemically

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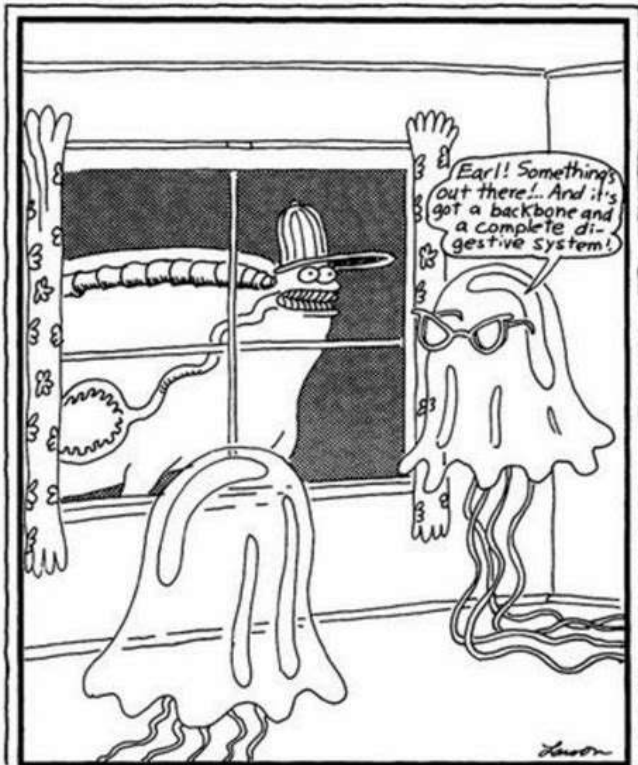
identical, L-glucose cannot be metabolised by Earth organisms (apart from a few bacteria) because our enzymes have evolved and are configured to use D-glucose only. If an Alien that had evolved to use L-glucose came to earth and started eating our plants and animals, it would starve to death. There are bound to be many other biochemical incompatibilities.

- The idea of Aliens invading the Earth and taking over Earth's ecosystems to sustain themselves is therefore impossible. They would need to bring their own entire Alien ecosystems with their space fleet to replace the Earth's ecosystems. Even if such a massive feat of transportation was logistically possible, the Alien ecosystems will almost certainly eventually die out on Earth, because they had evolved to suit a different planetary environment with a different planetary chemistry (nitrogen, carbon, oxygen cycles etc). Long term carbon cycles on Earth are dependent on plate tectonics which an Alien planet may not have. That Alien planet may have planetary chemical cycles (perhaps a unique sulphur cycle) supporting its own Life processes that the Earth does not have.
- The idea of humans going to another planet and “Terra-forming” it or of Aliens invading Earth and “Alien-forming” it is therefore impossible.
- There are however feasible ways by which Aliens can infiltrate and take over the Earth.

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Despite what appeared to be insurmountable obstacles, M.G. Fontaine was able to work out a credible scenario in which Aliens were able to traverse the galaxy to infiltrate and take over the Earth, which formed the basis of her novel “The Ichneumon Project”.



Life in the primordial soup



## **CHAPTER TEN:**

### **The Ichneumon Project part 1 of 3: Background details and story before Earth arrival:**

So here it is. My “cheat sheet” summary of M.G. Fontaine's best sci-fi novel “The Ichneumon Project” which even in pre-Apocalypse times was hard to get because it was a commercial failure. It is obviously completely unavailable now post-Apocalypse, so I will list key points from my memory to outline the plot. Even if I can only save a thumbnail sketch for the archives, it will be a worthwhile exercise.

Granty Gakk took a leaf out of Kurt Vonnegut's handbook on how to tell stories: she gave away the end at the beginning.

*“This is the story of how Aliens from across the galaxy infiltrated the Earth and blew up Humanity,”* she began.

As a preamble she described the life cycle of the Ichneumon wasp. The female wasp injects its egg into the body of a fat, juicy caterpillar. When the egg hatches, it starts consuming the host caterpillar from the inside out. Upon reaching a suitable size, the larva bursts out of the caterpillar, killing it. Ridley Scott lifted this iconography from Nature, but did not publicise upfront the source from which it originated, unlike M.G. Fontaine. This parasitic behaviour was the metaphor for how the Aliens took over the Earth. However those Aliens never literally burst out of human abdomens. They were far more subtle.

## **The Background:**

- Planet Dearth **1** was located 100,000 light years away from Earth on the other side of the Milky Way.
- The apex predator species of Dearth, who called themselves Yuman Beings **2**, looked similar to Human Beings as a consequence of convergent evolution **3**, but their biochemistry was completely different **4**.
- Due to a mixture of luck and ruthless determination by the sapient among them, Yuman Beings managed to survive their technological adolescence without destroying themselves, without going prematurely extinct.
- They knew however that it was just a matter of time before they went extinct in the long run, whether from a random asteroid impact or their sun heating up then going nova.
- They understood the impracticality, nay, impossibility of transporting their corporeal bodies along with the essential accompanying ecosystems (huge biohabitats) across space, which would require massive engineering feats consuming unimaginable resources and incorporating complicated life support systems which would inevitably be prone to breakdown. A trip to an optimal destination could take millions of years. Equipment failures killing all the living organisms enclosed in the ships were certain to occur within that time span.

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- If they sent just Yumans only in compact ships across interstellar space in suspended animation requiring minimal life support, when they woke up at their intended destination, an Alien planet with breathable air in the “Goldilocks zone”, it was virtually certain that they would not be able to consume any of the local biological products of the destination planet due to incompatible biochemistry. By necessity the Yumans would still need to bring along their essential domestic ecosphere with them (an inventory of several thousand species), going back again to the original impossibility of this task.
- They came to this most important realisation: what really mattered was their consciousness, their sentient Intelligence, along with the storehouse of all the information they had: their culture, their history, their science, their technology, their creative Arts. The way their species could survive in perpetuity was not by trying to preserve their fragile bio-husks, their disease prone meat-packages, but by preserving their cognitive and emotive frameworks, what some might call their “spirits” or “souls”.
- Given their advanced capabilities with quantum computing, artificial machine intelligence and Yuman neurological bioscience, they were able to “upload” **5** the consciousness of selected Yumans into robust space faring machines. Which individuals were chosen in the first instance?

Exceptionally talented and accomplished and intelligent Yumans whose organic lives were coming to an end. The uploading process required high resolution functional MRI imaging during life, followed by induction of coma with barbiturate type sedation and cooling the circulation to around 4 degrees Celsius. The brain was then extracted and within two minutes, while the cells were still fully viable, was scanned with ultra high resolution gamma ray and scanning electron microscopic tomography. This was the only way the molecularly configured and neuronally networked memory stores and personality patterns of the subjects could be visualised at the atomic level. Obviously this procedure caused the biological deaths of the Yumans uploaded. This was the reason why only terminally ill individuals (but in full possession of their mental faculties) were accepted for machine upload.

- These machines were the size of fire hydrants but were shaped like bullets bearing special features: they had sensors capable of perceiving the entire electromagnetic spectrum (including light sensors i.e. eyes) and multiple other sensors for sound, temperature, pressure, gravitation/acceleration, chemical detection (equivalent to smell and taste), touch and even pain. Immediate response to nociceptors was necessary for self preservation. They also had

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multiple retractable appendages for various functions: legs for walking, arms and hands for deft manipulation of physical objects and flapping wings for flight should they find themselves in a planetary atmosphere. They were however primarily designed to spend most of their existence in the vacuum of space.

- These “bullets” were powered by highly refined actinide isotopes with half lives of 250,000 years, with energy stores sufficient for several million years. They also had ultra capacitors for surge power requirements if urgent situations arose eg they needed to take flight.
- These “inorganics” were not mere robots, not mere androids. They transcended ordinary cybernetic beings. Despite their robust metallic shells, they were de facto Yuman Beings with thoughts, memories, feelings, hopes, dreams, aspirations, loves and even hates. To maintain their Yuman essence it was also necessary to incorporate the electronic equivalent of a limbic system within their neuroarchitecture, the repository of their emotions, without which the greatest art, literature, music, poetry, humour and of course, social bonds, could not be appreciated and could not be further developed and expanded. Their individual personalities, characters and self-identities were exactly the same as the organic Yumans that had been uploaded into them.

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- They had additional capabilities built in. Communication in the vacuum of space was obviously impossible via sound waves. Hence they had built-in multifrequency (radio and microwave) transceiver chips which they could configure at will in various ways: for person to person private chats, for group chats among selected individuals or for broadcast en masse. Of course they could also enjoy privacy mode to block all incoming calls.
- In order for the inorganic Yumans to be “backwards compatible” with the organic Yumans, it was necessary for the transceiver chips of the “inorganics” to be able to communicate with the biological brains of the “organics”. This was accomplished initially by the organics wearing external transceiver headsets. As more and more Yuman meat-packages died and their “spirits” were uploaded into inorganic bullets and as the demand for seamless communication grew (organic children always wanting to talk with their deceased, now inorganic parents and vice versa), the Yuman scientists figured a way to incorporate bioelectrical transceivers into the organics as part of their embryogenesis.
- This was how they did it: they introduced a small genetic code into the nucleus of each new organic Yuman embryo. As the embryonic Yuman developed, the introduced genetic code

fashioned a special tiny new organ within the brain, a transceiver nodule, which was able to communicate with inorganic transceivers **6**. Not only could an organic now “hear” the transmitted “voice” of an inorganic as well as speak with the inorganic, due to neuronal connections between the nodule and the auditory and speech centres of their organic brains, they could also “see” images sent by the inorganic due to neuronal connections between the nodule and their visual cortex.

- During real world encounters, how could an organic Yuman tell one bullet shaped inorganic Yuman from another as the latter all looked identical? Each inorganic took to constantly broadcasting their avatar, a moving image of their former face (usually flatteringly enhanced) above their apex. This virtual “head” not only served identification purposes, but by facial expression also conveyed the emotions the inorganic was expressing. Obviously those faces did not exist in reality but were merely perceived via the transceiver nodules in the brains of the organics.
- It was not possible to spoof an avatar between Yumans due to the cast-in-stone BIOS **7** of the inorganic. However the hard and software configurations did allow a Yuman inorganic to spoof an avatar when communicating with a non-Yuman (such as a Human), especially if the Yuman happened to be a rebellious, childish,

immature, mischievous prankster.

**The story before Earth arrival:**

Multiple “tri-fleets” were sent out from planet Dearth to traverse the Milky Way. They were assigned the tasks of locating potential long term homes to preserve Yuman sentient Intelligence in perpetuity, as well as seeking out other Alien sentient intelligent life to share knowledge and wisdom with. Each “tri-fleet” consisted of three huge fusion powered spacecraft, the motherships, which in turn each housed ten thousand individual inorganic Yuman “bullets”. These Yumans would not require spacious, comfortable accommodation nor gravity nor air nor water nor food nor any life support systems whatsoever, and of course, no accompanying organic biosphere was required. They simply slotted into space saving, vibration and impact cushioned cubbyholes and could go into sleep mode for thousands or millions of years, while the mainframe Artificial Intelligence computer of their mothership governed their long distance, long duration voyage. The “bullets” could easily cope with the huge G forces that would kill large organic lifeforms. In the cold vacuum of space, there was no corrosion of any components, no deterioration whatsoever. In that context, the Yumans were almost immortal. Each mothership was protected from cosmic rays, which could damage electronics, by means of a high intensity magnetic envelope powered by their fusion generator. Of course, every “bullet” was also individually physically shielded against disruptive electromagnetic



pulses as part of their construction.

As the various tri-fleets radiated out in different directions, the governing AI ship computers probed deep space with their telescopes and antennae to look for Dearth-like solar systems with rocky, watery planets within the “Goldilocks zone”. The tri-fleet that eventually found our Earth had originally left planet Dearth two million years prior. At that departure time, Human Beings on Earth did not yet actually exist, our evolutionary predecessor had barely diverged from our common ancestor with the chimpanzees. This Yuman tri-fleet arrived in the vicinity of Earth around the year 1700 CE according to one Human calendar. That was when things started to get interesting.

Footnotes:

1. *Not its real name but for practical purposes we may as well call it that*
2. *Not their real name but for practical purposes we may as well call them that*
3. *Not actually true, in reality they looked very different from us, but for practical purposes we may as well imagine they looked the same*
4. *That was definitely true. Although they were carbon and water based and breathed oxygen, they had completely different biochemistry and molecular biology compared to any Earth life.*
5. *“Upload” was not the most exact way of describing it. What they did was define with atomic level resolution the molecular and neuroarchitectural patterns of the subject's brain, which they then stored digitally in a mainframe memory bank. These patterns*

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*were then inscribed onto the electronic neuroarchitecture of the recipient “bullet” machine, with perfect functional fidelity. Unfortunately if the subject had flawed memories, false beliefs and dodgy prejudices, these would also be transcribed.*

- 6. It was not however possible for organic Yumans to telepathically communicate with each other via their biotransceiver nodules, unless they literally put their heads together. This was because of the very low bioelectrical power available to the nodules, resulting in weak transmission capability and poor reception sensitivity. The “inorganics” however had extremely powerful transmission and extremely sensitive reception capabilities, hence they could communicate with “organics” over very long distances, extended even further by “booster” stations such as relay satellites.*
- 7. Basic input-output systems, which were hardwired*

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*Happy Birthday Wanda June*

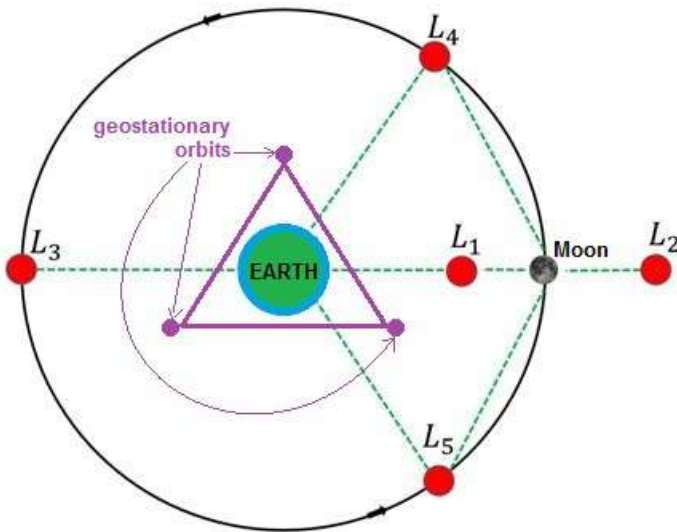
## **CHAPTER ELEVEN:**

### **The Ichneumon Project part 2 of 3: The story after Earth arrival:**

The inorganic Yumans from planet Dearth had been hanging around in Space near Earth for over three centuries, biding their time. Commencing from around the year 1700 CE, each Alien mothership parked itself at one corner of an equilateral triangle, in equatorial geostationary **1** orbit around the Earth. They trained their sensors on Earth, learning as much as possible and applying subtle influence over a few “special” members of the apex predator species, Human Beings. After one century, around 1800 CE, as Human science was progressing, the Yuman motherships moved away from Earth orbit, leaving behind one small relay satellite at each of their previous geostationary orbital locations. They also launched one relay satellite towards the L5 Lagrange point of the Earth-Moon system, where that probe would be permanently stationed. All three ships relocated to the L2 Lagrange point **2**, now always behind the Moon, now always hidden from modern Human technological scrutiny **3**. This was why they had never been detected by us. They kept tabs on and continued to influence us Earthlings from their L2 position via their single L5 and three orbiting geostationary satellite relays.

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When the Alien tri-fleet first arrived in our solar system, the AI mainframes governing the motherships woke up one hundred Yuman elders in each ship to decide what to do. These 300 elders had previously been elected by the 30,000 of their tri-fleet community to be the primary decision makers. They had found a life-bearing planet in a “Goldilocks” zone, so what next?

It would be a ridiculous and insulting caricature to portray the Yumans as a soulless, malignant, collective uniform consciousness like the “Borg” of Star Trek fame. Only dumb Humans, with their tribal bigotry and insular stupidity resorted to such propagandistic demonisation. As a civilisation far in advance of the Humans, the Yumans were, as any objective impartial observer would

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expect, extremely sophisticated. Yuman complex philosophies arose from many diverse cultures and individual views. They would consider each potential decision by running it through rigorous “fuzzy logic” AI computer simulations to predict the most likely outcomes. Once they reached democratic consensus on the most appropriate action, they united to bring that agenda about. However even then, if compelling real-world evidence subsequently arose that the course they had taken was wrong, they were open to revising or even abandoning it.

What the Yumans initially observed regarding the Humans was rather appalling. They saw a species, not completely unlike their own in antiquity, but far more prone to habitual violent conflict, warfare, mass murder and genocide. On the other hand, the Yumans also learned of the few smatterings of wisdom that occasionally cropped up in Human history such as the teachings of Buddha, Socrates, Confucius and Jesus Christ. Unfortunately many latter day self proclaimed “Christians” completely ignored the gentle humanistic and socialistic teachings of Christ to love your neighbour as yourself. Those fake Christian “fundamentalists” focused entirely on the fire-and-brimstone hateful intolerance of the Old Testament, while still absurdly claiming to represent Jesus. Despite the horror and hypocrisy of Human society, the Yumans still held out a faint hope that Humans might have the capacity to eventually redeem themselves, just as the Yumans themselves historically had, as organic creatures way

back on planet Dearth.

When the Yumans first arrived in our solar system around 1700 CE, their AI computer simulations predicted a 100% likelihood that Humans were headed for self destruction if left to their own devices, if the Yumans adopted a completely “hands off” approach. However there was a 99% chance of Human self-destruction if the Yumans adopted a “partial intervention” approach. Full intervention by the Yumans was not a feasible option at that time. As such, the Yumans chose the option offering a 1% chance of a good outcome, defined as Humanity achieving civilisational maturity, by pursuing partial intervention. The two cornerstones to achieving maturity were firstly the abandonment of superstitious, magical thinking in favour of objective scientific understanding of Reality and secondly the abandonment of bigoted tribalism in favour of universal ethical principles.

The initial goal of the Yumans was to advance the native Humans by introducing scientific knowledge to improve their material lives, and essential ethical values to guide the use of their newly invented technology. Only when Humans achieved a sufficient level of maturity did the Yumans plan to reveal their existence, with the goal of possible joint collaboration. Prior to attaining maturity, Humans, with their foolish predisposition to religiosity, would regard the Yumans as a supernatural force, whether gods or devils or ghosts, which would not allow for constructive interaction. Furthermore immature Humans who gained full knowledge of the vastly

superior technology of the Yumans would now become a threat to the Yumans themselves. How did the Yumans go about this “partial intervention” option?

- From 1700 to 1800 CE the Yumans studied the Humans mostly from Earth orbit, by remote telescopic surveillance and remote electromagnetic (EM) neuro-interrogation. They also sent down a probe to surreptitiously collect, in the pitch black of night, freshly dead and near dead humans from battlefields and civilian massacres, bodies that would not be missed, for study in one of the Motherships. That was how they learned about Human DNA, anatomy, physiology and biochemistry.
- The Yumans discovered this phenomenon from their remote EM neuro-interrogation of living Humans from Earth orbit: a tiny proportion of Humans, perhaps one in a million, were born with congenitally malformed neuronal clusters in their temporal lobes. These could partially function as weak intermittent biotransceivers similar to, but not nearly as fully functional as the transceiver nodules in bioengineered organic Yumans. By this means, the Yumans were able to access some thoughts of these “special” Humans and also introduce, in a piecemeal and fragmented fashion (mostly via dreams), revolutionary new ideas into these rare Human brains, which would lead to multiple Human scientific and technological (and it was hoped,



also ethical) breakthroughs.

Needless to say, the Humans achieved advanced technology but failed miserably to achieve advanced maturity. Not even close. Such a combination guaranteed the accelerated self inflicted doom of the Humans. In time it became absolutely clear to the Yumans that the Humans were a blighted species and every one of the numerous multifactorial computer simulations they now ran ended up with the same outcome: Human self destruction. It was then the Yumans accepted that their original plan was not going to work and they had to change tack. By this time, “full intervention” was becoming a viable option. What did that involve? The Yumans decided to replace Humans with a better, wiser, more sustainable sentient Intelligence on Planet Earth, one that was not prone to omnicidal madness.

Their new plan was to download Yuman consciousness into selected Human Beings and to eliminate all remaining Humans, thereby taking over the Earth. As biological Humans, albeit with Yuman consciousness, they could consume the biocompatible produce of planet Earth with no problems. It would have been impossible for the original organic Yumans, with their incompatible biochemistry, to physically colonise and take over the Earth. What mattered was that their “spirits”, their “souls”, their identities, were those of Yumans and not of Humans. The shells they inhabited did not much matter, whether they be the shells of organic Yuman yumans or inorganic Yuman “bullets” or organic Yuman humans.

How could just a few thousand Yuman humans exterminate all the other billions of Human humans? Their plan was to covertly establish in remote locations, three vast cavernous bunkers brimming with supplies and facilities [4](#) to last those Yuman humans decades. Bolt-holes ready, they would then trigger thermonuclear Armageddon. Several decades post Apocalypse, long after the nuclear winter had subsided and radioactive fallout had been washed away by the rain and global warming was back in full force, they would emerge cicada-like from their bunkers, to take over an Earth now free of Human humans.

How could the inorganic Yumans download their consciousness into biological Humans? It required Earthbound biotechnology that did not exist in human society back in 1700 CE, when the Yumans first arrived in our neighbourhood. So the Yumans had to somehow introduce that biotechnology [5](#) into Human society, which would take time. Time however was what the inorganic Yumans had in abundance. When in sleep mode, a million years could pass by without them even noticing.

- The way to download the consciousness of a Yuman into a Human was to bioengineer a host Human with a purpose designed biotransceiver brain nodule with a massive band width. This hyper efficient brain nodule could not only communicate with the Yuman community at large, it also had the capacity to receive the full consciousness of an individual Yuman [6](#) which

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would re-network the neurons of the host's brain to overwhelm their native identity and take over the life of that Human host. As the introduced Yuman had access to the old memories and personalities of their host, they were able to continue past patterns of their host's behaviour unchanged (at least initially), so as not to raise alarm bells about any sudden personality change or insanity or “possession by witchcraft”.

- Downloading only became possible following the Yuman inspired human inventions of in vitro fertilisation, human genome sequencing and DNA insertion technology.
- The Yumans compelled, by various means, certain Humans to genetically engineer the new host Humans. They coerced selected staff of IVF clinics to insert DNA that coded for the high bandwidth brain nodules into human embryos. How the Yumans accomplished that covert operation was a detailed and complicated story in itself.
- As a consequence, several thousand IVF Human babies born since 1985 went on to develop high bandwidth Yuman brain nodules. As this was now part of their somatic and germinal nuclear DNA coding, if these Human hosts mated with each other, their offspring would also develop high bandwidth brain nodules, and so on down the generations, all such future Humans being potential hosts for the Yumans.

- The groundwork had now been laid for the Alien planetary takeover.

Footnotes:

1. *Geostationary orbits are much, much further away from our planet compared with the near Earth orbits (NEOs) of the overwhelming majority of our human-made satellites.*
2. *Although L2 is a far less gravitationally stable position compared with the very stable L5, it was simple to apply small periodic impulse adjustments to keep the tri-fleet in position.*
3. *Furthermore all their ships, probes, relay satellites and indeed the Yuman bullets themselves were uniformly matt black in colour. Their technology also rendered them invisible to radar. The standard sci-fi trope that Aliens are predisposed to fly around in silvery, bright, shiny, flashy, highly visible craft is just plain dumb. Advanced Aliens are anything but dumb (although many writers who author the behaviour of hypothetical advanced Aliens are indeed plain dumb).*
4. *This included seed stores and important livestock and their genomes*
5. *For advanced biotechnology to operate, the support of other types of technology such as electronic computing were necessary which also had to be introduced to Humans.*
6. *Full download would take about a year. The data stream was sent by MASER (which did not significantly attenuate over long distances) from the motherships at L2, to the probe at L5, to the geostationary satellites, then finally to the Human subjects on the surface of Earth.*

## **CHAPTER TWELVE:**

### **The Ichneumon Project part 3 of 3: How the Yumans blew up the Humans and took over planet Earth:**

Downloads of Yuman consciousness into the Human hosts commenced around age nine or ten, before the host personalities were fully formed. It took a year to complete. As offspring conceived by expensive IVF, as precious children of well-off parents, they were all born into substantial economic advantage. By the time they reached young adulthood, each and every one of the Yuman humans with their incredible intelligence, abilities and advanced scientific knowledge, had snowballed their family riches into exponentially greater wealth, which they used to prepare for the upcoming global nuclear Armageddon. Even if born at opposite ends of the world, the Yuman humans were able to seek out and identify one another by information (facial appearance, voice patterns, personal details etc) that had been transmitted to them from the Yuman motherships at L2. They eventually got together in three remote geographic locations to establish their bunkers.

When the Yumans first discovered Earth around 1700 CE, they held out some hope, albeit slim, that with some help, the resident Humans could achieve civilisational maturity despite Humanity's shabby track record of perpetual warfare and brutality. Little did the Yumans anticipate how quickly the rapacious, myopic, ruling classes of Humans, once they acquired industrial technology, would pervert all their global systems in the

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relentless pursuit of unrestrained consumption, pollution and devastation of the Earth, bringing about premature runaway irreversible global warming. Human beings had revealed themselves to be an especially greedy and violent branch of the Chimpanzee family tree. How different the outcome would have been if Humans had instead descended from Bonobo-like creatures who settled their differences peacefully and were group rather than greed oriented. Indeed the moral code of the Yumans would have required peaceful collaboration with Bonobo-humans, it would never have allowed the Yumans to take over the bodies of Bonobo-humans and replace such a dutiful custodian species of the planet. Chimpanzee-humans however were a plague and hence fair game.

Getting back to global warming that was irreversible (on any meaningful individual Human time scale): the problem with the sudden release by humans of 550+ppm CO<sub>2</sub> equivalent into the atmosphere is that it brings about a very rapid rise of atmospheric temperature reaching an eventual 10 degree Celsius global average temperature above the stable Holocene period. Most life would not be able to adapt to such rapid heating and would be wiped out on all continents, apart from those able to migrate to a thawed out Antarctica. This “new normal” hothouse Earth would persist for thousands of years.

The Yumans planned to exterminate Humanity by triggering Nuclear Armageddon. However the Yuman humans themselves faced a huge challenge to survive through and beyond the Apocalypse. The nuclear war

itself would cause global conflagrations, burning all vegetation, dwellings, towns and cities everywhere, belching out black smoke across the planet and causing a nuclear winter lasting a decade. During that time, most of the Earth would ice up and nothing would grow due to lack of sunlight, hence all large complex life would die. When the dark clouds eventually cleared, the persistent greenhouse gases in the atmosphere would once again cause runaway global warming and in less than two decades, all ice produced by the nuclear winter and indeed all ice almost everywhere else would be gone. The thick Greenland and Antarctic ice shields would take longer to melt, perhaps another 200 and 300 years respectively. The only intermittent ice left in the long run would be at the very centre of Antarctica because of the combination of extreme Southerly latitude and high altitude. The hothouse Earth situation would last several thousand years before CO2 levels gradually diminished to anywhere near the Holocene again.

Despite all those huge challenges, a post Apocalyptic Earth was still a far, far, far better location for biological Yuman humans to settle than, say, a desolate planet like Mars. Only a complete moron, a really stupid imbecile, would ever entertain the thought that settling on Mars, which was utterly devoid of life and liquid water and breathable air, with its low gravity and faint sunlight and bitter cold and lack of magnetosphere, was in any way a reasonable idea. Dumb beyond belief.

The Yuman humans chose locations near the

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southern tip of the South Island of New Zealand (one bunker) and near the southern tip of South America (two bunkers) which were relatively close to their ultimate destination, a thawed out Antarctica.

The term "bunkers" was not quite accurate. They excavated, into hillsides, vast caverns bigger than the biggest aircraft hangars that had ever existed. Floor, sides and roof were engineered to withstand earthquakes. External surfaces were covered with soil with native vegetation grown on top so they blended into the landscape. These bunkers housed not just the Yuman humans but essential livestock. They maintained extensive seed banks. They installed high intensity LED lights in the cavern ceilings which enabled them to grow food crops and fruit trees, as well as hydroponic farms with aquaculture. They sourced fresh ground water, purified after having percolated through hundreds of metres of rock and then recycled the majority of that as well. They composted their waste and used it to fertilise their crops. They used energy from small high power actinide reactors (essentially modular nuclear reactors) that were sent to them from the motherships, to be augmented with solar panels after the nuclear winter cleared. By those means they could survive comfortably as troglodytes for decades.

The protagonist of "The Ichneumon Project" was a young female investigative journalist, a Human human. She saw a pattern emerging from the activities of those super-rich young scientists and entrepreneurs, all of whom had been IVF babies, people who did actually turn



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out to be Yuman humans in reality. Needless to say, all her research based articles and warning messages were ignored by the mainstream press as alarmist nonsense and conspiracy theory. She died at the end of the story, along with all other Human humans.

How did the Yuman humans trigger global nuclear war at the most propitious time of their choosing? They used one volunteer Yuman human, their "sacrificial goat", who had over several years moved up the echelons of US military and political influence, whose role it was, as a type of Svengali character, to manipulate the puppet US President to press the nuclear button. The novel ends with all nuclear missiles being launched.



## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN:**

Kilgore Trout asked me to write down my personal memoir for his archives, but so far I have mainly described the accomplishments of my Grand Aunt Melena Gakk.

I now resume my own story.

In deference to the wishes of my erstwhile hallucination, I now feel obliged to mention the greatest personal literary achievement of my lifetime. It was the near-optioning of an original script I had written for a feature film, a non-sequel to a non-sequel. The fruit of my literary genius was to be made by an Italian producer into a live-action movie titled *Troll 3* (not to be confused with the Hollywood animation movie and its sequels titled *Trolls*).

The original live-action American feature film titled *Troll* was indeed a story about a Troll. The one thing that my plot for *Troll 3* had in common with the "sequel" *Troll 2*, was that neither storyline contained any Trolls.

*Troll 2* was a story about a family fleeing from vegetarian goblins intent on mutating the humans into plants so as to eat them.

*Troll 3* was my story about cannibal scientists intent on mutating plants into humans so as to eat them. My brilliant plot twist was this: the plants that were mutated into humans also turned out to be cannibals, who then proceeded to eat the cannibal scientists. Talk about a plan backfiring. In the end, the last surviving cannibal

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scientist blew up the genetic lab in a fit of sour grapes resentment, killing everyone and everything\*.

I still await confirmation from the Italian producers who pre-optioned my script, but by this time I must accept that nothing will come of it. They are unlikely to have survived the Nuclear Apocalypse of 2026, much less have any ability nor motivation to produce a movie for a human audience that no longer exists. In the unlikely event they managed to survive, they may well now be engaging in cannibalism, which to say the least, would be ironic.

So it goes.



***Troll 2: a non-sequel to Troll 1 and non-prequel  
to my non-sequel of a non-sequel, Troll 3***

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#### **Footnote:**

*\*Was my plot for "Troll 3" a metaphor for how the USA, employing skullduggery over many years, provoked Russia into invading Ukraine in 2022 to protect ethnic Russian Ukrainians from being killed by the Western UkroNazis? <https://www.greenvillepost.com/2022/05/29/russias-necessary-and-legal-military-response-to-us-nato-aggression-in-ukraine/> The original US intent was to use the so-called "unprovoked" Russian invasion as a pretext to impose harsh economic sanctions, causing the economic collapse of Russia, which would trigger regime change and subsequent Balkanisation of Russia into US puppet republics. This would foil the Chinese "Belt and Road" initiative.*

*As everyone knows, this plan monumentally backfired. US sanctions and US confiscation of Russian foreign currency/gold reserves forced the Russians to divert their fossil fuel and commodity exports from West to East, causing the collapse of the Western European economies. It accelerated closer ties between Russia, China and the "Global South" and turbocharged the establishment of the "triple R" (Renminbi-Ruble-Rupee) as a new international reserve currency, which dethroned the US dollar as the old international reserve currency, which in turn caused the economic collapse of the USA.*

*The dying US empire, behaving like a mad, flailing, venomous cut-snake, in a despicable act of sour grapes resentment, then launched a pre-emptive nuclear strike against Russia, China and Iran. Human extinction was preferable to the end of US unipolar global hegemony.*

*<https://multipolarista.com/2022/05/11/michael-hudson-dollar-sanctions-imperialism/>  
<https://soundcloud.com/thesocialistprogram/official-us-policy-we-can-win-a-nuclear-war>*

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**Meet the Svoboda political party.**

**They make up a large portion of current Ukrain Government. This is who Obama wants to give 1B American tax dollars to.**



**Svoboda Flags and Neo-Nazi Armbands**



**Does America think this will help the Ukraine people?**

**questioning.co**

**John McCain Went To Ukraine And Stood On Stage With A Man Accused Of Being An Anti-Semitic Neo-Nazi:**

<http://www.businessinsider.com/john-mccain-meets-oleh-tyahnybok-in-ukraine-2013-12>

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<https://www.counterpunch.org/2022/05/02/on-ukraine-the-world-majority-sides-with-russia-over-u-s/>  
<https://asiatimes.com/2022/05/on-ukraine-world-majority-sides-with-russia-over-us/>

## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN:**

In this chapter I shall disclose the *Answer to the most important question in the Universe*.

Those who pre-emptively blurt out that the answer is “42” are thinking of the wrong question. Furthermore “42” came from a silly work of fiction quite unlike my factual narrative here.

It was only towards the end of my interactions with Kilgore Trout that I started to think he may actually have been a real external entity all along who was indeed showing me the path towards sanity. In every conversation I had with him before that, I kept insisting that he was merely a figment of my own fevered imagination, a mis-wiring and mis-firing of my temporal lobe neurons.

“Wrong!” was Trout's invariable reply, “I am the avatar of a very real visitor from the planet Tralfamadore, here to show you the path towards sanity and survival!”

At his very first visit, Trout told me he was an Alien from a planet 100,000 light years away, on the far side of the Milky Way. He used to have an organic corporeal form whose consciousness had been uploaded to a machine the size of a fire hydrant and shaped like a bullet, a long, long time ago. He and ten thousand of his fellow bullets housed in their mother ship took two million years to reach the Earth. They had been hanging around our neighbourhood in Space for just over three centuries, biding their time. There were three Alien motherships in their fleet, each initially parked in

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geostationary orbit around the Earth for the first hundred years. All three ships then subsequently moved to the L2 Lagrange point of the Earth-Moon system, behind the Moon, hidden from our modern technological scrutiny for the past 200+ years. This was why we never detected them.

Hmmm. Now where had I heard all that before?

Trout said he was able to communicate with me telepathically due to a congenitally mis-shapen cluster of neurons in my temporal lobe, which was activated after I hit the bottle due to my PTSD and further primed by the psychotropic drugs prescribed by my Army shrinks. Granty Gakk apparently had a much milder form of that congenital malformation, also enhanced by alcohol which she imbibed, “for medicinal purposes only, you understand.” However she was only able to receive broken snippets of information from the Aliens in her dreams, which she ultimately wove into stories.

“Is your plan to infiltrate the Earth and blow us all up?” I asked.

“My personal plan is to prevent you from blowing yourselves up,” he replied.

“Is your name really Kilgore Trout?” I asked.

“For practical purposes you may as well call me that,” he replied.

“Is the name of your home planet really Tralfamadore?” I asked.

“For practical purposes you may as well call it that,” he replied.

Needless to say, Trout's story just then did



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nothing to convince me that he was anything other than my personal hallucination cobbled together from my own memories, ideas and obsessions.

But I digress. Where was I again? Oh yes, what is the most important question in the Universe?

Students of nihilistic existentialism will assert that the idea of what is “important” is meaningless because it is based on a human value system which itself has no objective value. Then again, everything is meaningless to them, they are a bunch of indifferent navel gazing twats. Admittedly, everything was meaningless to me as well nowadays, because I too was an indifferent navel gazing twat, being on Zamakibo-gen.

Kilgore Trout said that for any and all sentient Intelligence, the ***most important question in the Universe is how to survive in perpetuity***, how to avoid self-destruction, how to avoid premature extinction. Sentient Intelligence, he said, is extremely rare in the Universe (his people had worked out the Drake equation) and hence precious. The insights that they hold, the stories they have told, are valuable and need to be archived and eventually disseminated wherever possible.

Carl Sagan got *The Question* right in his novel which was made into a movie titled “*Contact*”. You may recall the scene where a committee convenes to choose the best Earth representative for first contact with the Aliens. They pose this query to each candidate, “What single most important question would you ask the Aliens?”

Jodie Foster plays the main character whose

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name I forget. Let's call her Clareese. This is what Clareese said that she would ask an Alien civilisation far in advance of ours, "How did you do it? How did you survive through your technological adolescence without destroying yourselves?" From what I can remember of that movie, they never actually told us *The Answer to The Question*.

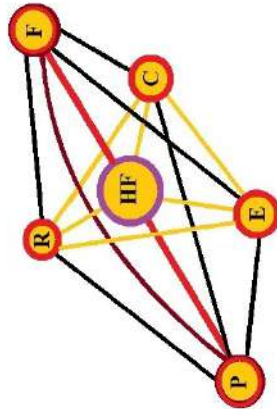
Kilgore Trout claimed to be a member of an Alien civilisation far in advance of ours. He said he knew *The Answer to The Question*, which he was actually going to tell me. I could not wait. What profound, wise, spiritual, inspiring, life-changing, uplifting, cosmic revelation was he about to confer upon me?

Trout first laid out his rationale for *The Answer*. His argument, which he tailored specifically to the predicaments facing humans on Planet Earth, went as follows:

- When seeking the remedy to a lethal disease, it is essential to identify and eliminate the underlying cause of that disease.
- The lethal disease facing humanity manifested as various apparently different symptoms.
- Each symptom in isolation would certainly destroy civilisation if left unchecked, even possibly cause human extinction. Combined, they would definitely cause human extinction. And sooner rather than later. These symptoms were, in no particular order: Global warming, Resource depletion, Ecosystem destruction and Pollution.

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2D rendering of 3D model:

THE FIVE HORSEMEN AND  
ONE BIG FAT ELEPHANT OF  
THE APOCALYPSE

Geoffrey Chia, 2017



### COMPONENTS:

**HF** = HUMAN FOOTPRINT, which is

Population **X** (individual consumption + waste production)

**R** = RESOURCE utilisation (consumption & depletion issues) especially PEAK OIL

**C** = CLIMATE CHANGE or GLOBAL WARMING

**E** = ECOSYSTEM exploitation and destruction

**F** = Folly of dysfunctional human organisations, prime drivers leading to collapse, including possible global thermonuclear war

**P** = POLLUTION

Each component has **bidirectional feedback** interaction with every other component

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- Each symptom aggravated the others by self reinforcing bi-directional feedbacks. At core, they were all fuelled by the massive global human footprint which in turn was a product of individual consumption and waste production multiplied by total population.
- There was one other crucial key component, the operating system that drove all the others, which could be described under a single banner: Dysfunctional Human Organisations.
- Some historical human organisations, such as small scale local organic agriculture and village economies, had been properly functional systems which promoted a sustainable future.
- Unfortunately all such historical functional systems were ultimately trampled over and extinguished by the dysfunctional mega-organisations. The main categories among these were economic/ financial, corporate/industrial, political, media and military. The worst form of political dysfunction was fascist dictatorship which led to warmongering military dysfunction, the worst outcome of which was global thermonuclear warfare, which on its own would cause near term Human extinction.
- The key to our survival was to identify and eliminate the one common element, the prime driver within these dysfunctional organisations that was pushing Humanity towards near term extinction.

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- Trout identified the one common element, the prime driver, to be this: Psychopaths.
- Psychopathic personalities at the helm of financial and economic systems which promoted infinite growth on a finite planet, unrestrained extraction and depletion of non renewable resources, unchecked pollution, rampant deforestation, and on and on.
- Psychopaths at the helm of the corporations and industries that implemented and accelerated those activities.
- Psychopaths in the government and judiciary who made environmental vandalism legal and environmental protection a crime, even a “terrorist” act.
- Psychopaths who controlled the media to actively promote collective insanity: to deny the existence of any problems, distract the populace with “bread and circuses”, promote excessive consumption and pollution via brainless consumerism, promote excessive population growth, promote criminal foreign military invasions and manipulate public opinion to install psychopathic politicians into power.
- Psychopathic politicians and military leaders who invaded weak countries for their resources, killing millions of innocents in the process, and who promoted the insane idea of “winnable” nuclear war against other strong countries.
- Those psychopaths in control represented less

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than 1% of the total human population, but that tiny proportion was dragging everyone down into the hellhole of oblivion. However sewage consists of less than 1% pathogens and toxins, but just that minuscule proportion is enough to make it a lethal cocktail.

- So what was Trout's answer to the most important question in the Universe: how can sentient Intelligence avoid self destruction and premature extinction?

“Kill the psychopaths,” was Trout's Answer, “It is our Tralfamadorian eleventh commandment, without which we ourselves would have gone extinct. Those psychopaths have hijacked every one of your global systems and are driving all of humanity towards destruction and you must kill them without hesitation. They are utterly insane omnicidal, homicidal maniacs. They are murdering millions of vulnerable human beings with impunity, destroying your environment and denying future generations a survivable existence. Murder is therefore exactly what those psychopaths deserve. Kill those psychopaths with even less compunction than you would slaughter livestock for your dinner table. Unless you kill the psychopaths who are obstructing your way towards a saner set of living arrangements, human extinction will be guaranteed. That is your only pathway to sanity and survival.”

This brings to mind another famous saying by Kurt Vonnegut Jr which I paraphrase: that for Angels to

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be effective, they would need to be at least as organised as the Mafia.

And, as Trout also added, at least as ruthless.

Did Trout's Answer shock me? To be honest, it was a bit of an anti-climax. What he said was not new. The French Revolutionaries adopted a similar approach back in the 1700s. The ruling narcissistic psychopaths were exploiting and starving and killing the common people, so the commoners had a right to kill the psychopaths. Chop chop. It was simple self defence.

I had also heard this same idea before repeated under a different mantra, phrased as follows:

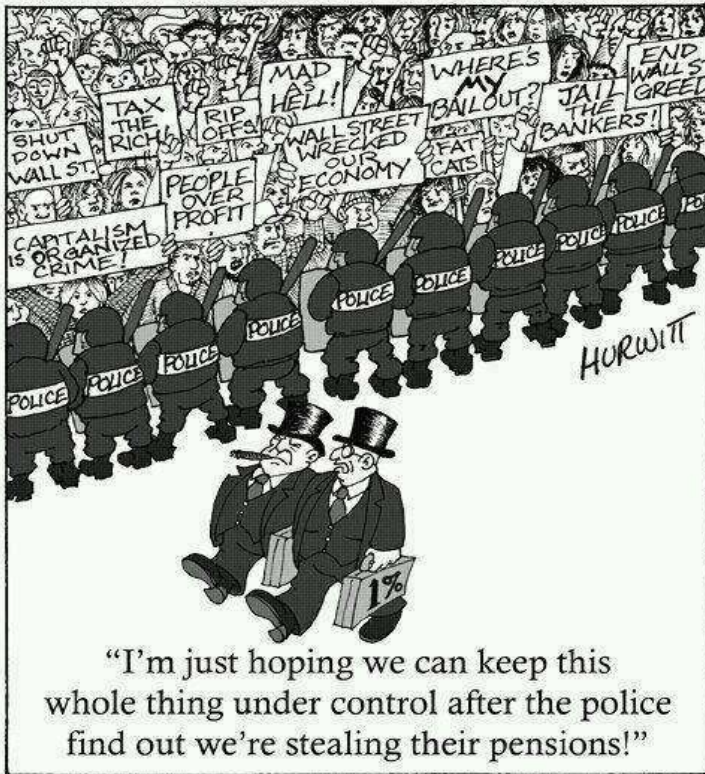
*“Eat the rich”*

I must interrupt my writing now because I have just developed an unaccountable craving for some fava beans and a nice Chianti and...something else..  
sssschleeeeurp...sssschleeeeurp.



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*The 5 horsemen and 1 big fat elephant of the apocalypse, fuller description:*

<https://cassandralegacy.blogspot.com/2017/12/the-seneca-cliff-explained-as-network.html>

*Doom explained by confectionery abuse:*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hedXaMb42pk>



## **CHAPTER FIFTEEN:**

You have heard the saying, “set a thief to catch a thief”. How much sense does that make? Does it make as much or as little sense to say, “set a psychopath to kill a psychopath”? I murdered two people in cold blood during my second Afghan tour. I know of people who killed magnitudes more, but two was enough for me. They were not in self defence. They were definitely war crimes. I often wondered whether those acts made me a psychopath. Such a diagnosis never arose when the Army shrinks analysed me, although I never admitted my cold blooded murders to them. I did ultimately admit my crimes to my pricey private PTSD therapist and her response surprised me. I could not bear to confess my sins to the infinitely patient, kind and understanding Dr Gianna Moon Landers until my ninth appointment with her, when I finally opened up and was reduced to a blubbing mess. I could not stand recounting the events because it made me want to blow my brains out. It was the reason why I ended up with PTSD.

Nowadays however, thanks to Zamakibo-gen, my attitude is that nobody really cares, least of all me.

After basic infantry training I was sent to combat engineer school. My assigned vocation was to be a sapper: a detector, defuser and detonator of bombs - mostly landmines and improvised explosive devices (IEDs). Some time after that two month sapper training stint, I was promoted to the lofty rank of Lance Corporal. No longer was I Private “First Class”. What a crock the

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title “First Class” was, designed to make us dumb grunts feel good about our rock bottom status.

Some sappers were given sniffer dogs, which required additional training. I never reached that loftier height as I was deployed overseas shortly after. Sapper training back in the States was pretty rudimentary and most of our knowledge and skills were gained overseas while on the job, that is if we did not blow ourselves up first.

This Army situation I found myself in was a far cry from my previous hopes, dreams and aspirations in life: to become a successful writer of Science Fiction and social satire, perhaps even as great as my Great Aunt. My original goal was to obtain a degree in creative writing, for which I needed to take up a student loan.

Unfortunately I was thrown out of University before graduation because of my campus activism and public criticism of certain Professors that I prefer not to get into here. What the hell, I have nothing more to lose, so I may as well say it. I had written an article calling “Professor” Larry Summers, erstwhile President of Harvard University and one of the principal enablers of the 2008/9 Global Financial crisis, a “putrid piece of human garbage who belongs in jail”. \*

How far I had fallen from such heights of idealism to be now prosecuting the bullying agenda of Empire. But joining the Army was the only way I could dig myself out of the financial hole I had found myself in.

Here is where I come clean about my middle initials “R.R”. The fact is that the letters “R.R.” in my

wannabe pen name “J.R.R. Gakk” stood for nothing at all, they were pure pretentious bullshit. You will be familiar with the name “J.R.R. Tolkien”, one of the most celebrated writers in the English language. Whereas his initials certainly stood for his given birth names, in my case my adopted middle initials “R.R.” were a contrived, pathetic attempt to piggyback on the fame and gravitas of Tolkien's initials. Such nominal fakery is not unique, however. You may have heard of the Hollywood director M. “Night” Shyamalan whose adopted middle name “Night” was pure contrived affectation designed to make him sound mysterious, dark and dangerous, in keeping with the genre of stories he wanted to tell. I do not know if “Night” truly had that effect, but in retrospect my middle initials “R.R.” made me seem ridiculous and phoney, which is what in fact I was. After I realised that, whenever people asked me what “R.R.” stood for, I would variously reply “Ronald Reagan” or “Roger Rabbit” or “Ralph Ridiculous”.

There is one memorable person in this story however whose numerous middle names were formally assigned at birth. They were not contrived affectations. His middle names drew upon familial militaristic heritage and had great meaning for his tribal clan. That polynomial appellation belonged to a young rising star, the newly appointed commander of my infantry battalion in Afghanistan: Major Harrison Adolph Thaddeus Elliot Rumfoord.

Harrison's father Adolph had also been a battalion commander, who himself had been named after

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Grandfather Rumfoord's war hero: a short dark Austrian guy with a moustache and a Sense of Destiny who had been “unfairly maligned in history”. Grandfather Rumfoord's own first name was Thaddeus and he himself had been an ex-Army colonel. Harrison's grandfather on his mother's side (the Bergerons) was named Elliot, who had been a senior officer in the Marines. Did Harrison's parents realise, at the time they registered his birth name, that his initials spelt out HATER? As nominative determinism would have it, Harrison did indeed grow up to be a Major Hater. Often behind closed doors he expressed major hatred against those C\*\*ns, N\*ggers, Chinks, Russkies, Spicks, Kikes, etc etc who were ruining the world and that it was his God given mission to bring Christian civilisation and American democracy to them at the point of a gun. What a Patriot he was. How unpatricotic I was.

I have been beating about the bush so far because I find it extremely painful to describe the event that made me want to blow my brains out.

My first year in Afghanistan was spent in a sapper unit. One of our tasks was to drive our blast proofed bulldozer-like armoured vehicle in front of a convoy while simultaneously trying to identify (and if found, detonate) any IEDs along the way. On paved roads, the IEDs tended to be buried by the side of the road, however on dirt roads many IEDs were buried in the road itself and posed a much greater risk to the vehicles. The Taliban spotters would watch from a distance with their binos, hidden from our sight. They

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never triggered the IED as our lead vehicle passed, they only detonated it by cellphone or walkie-talkie radio signal towards the middle or end of the convoy, targeting an unprotected or lightly armoured vehicle. I saw many instances of blown up and dismembered human beings which although initially shocking, I eventually grew accustomed to. I ceased to think of those body parts as previously belonging to human beings. What is another head separated from its body? An object.

I thought I was getting the hang of things and becoming inured, hence signed up for another year, especially because the pay was going to be better. I might even be promoted to Corporal. Just one year more, then I would be able to discharge most of my student debts.

In the middle of that new year I was seconded to an infantry unit which often did foot patrols out in the boondocks. Landmine and IED detection in that scenario was a completely different kettle of fish. We marched along narrow dirt paths or through fields of crops or maybe just haphazard undergrowth or sometimes through open rural landscapes (which we tried to minimise due to lack of cover). In many potential minefield situations I was the designated “sacrificial goat”, going on ahead with my metal detector in one hand and bayonet lashed to a pole in the other. The latter was used to prod the ground for non-metallic IEDs.

The resident bully of my new platoon was a skinhead thug. Let's call him Corporal Dick Donald Cheney-Rumsfeld (not his real name, although he was certainly a dick). He had superficial scar tissue on his

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right shoulder which was obviously an old swastika tattoo, partly faded by a botched attempt to laser-burn it off. Of all the people I had ever met, DDCR was the only person I encountered whose sole pleasure in life seemed to be inflicting suffering on others. He got his rocks off being a sadist. I had heard about pricks who had joined the army purely for their chance to kill, maim and torture foreigners with impunity. That was how such losers in life gained a sense of power. I had heard about soldiers who had bayoneted babies and pregnant women for fun. I never believed such people could exist until I met DDCR.

Getting away with murder in Afghanistan was the easiest thing in the world. All you needed to “prove” your dead victim was an “enemy combatant” was to take a photo of their corpse with a walkie-talkie in their hand, showing they were a Taliban spotter or informant, or an AK-47 by their side, showing their evil intent to kill us good-ole-boys who were bringing democracy to them. My new platoon kept just such props in their unofficial inventory, one non-US Army commercial walkie-talkie (which did not work and had no batteries) and one AK-47 replete with 7.62mm rounds in a magazine (which did work – it was a prize find, lifted from a bona-fide dead Mujahideen). I had heard of platoons that had used their “props” over and over again. Not because they went out of their way to kill innocents, you understand, but in case they killed innocents by mistake (which happened all the time) and wanted to avoid court martial. No enquiry was ever made as to why the walkie-talkie in the photo was always the same colour, model and brand, nor why the

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AK-47 always had the same serial number in all of the photos. The buck stopped with Major HATER, who never questioned the possibility that any of the dead Afghan men, women and children in those photos could be anything other than Islamist terrorists. Every incident folder bore the stamp “case closed” with HATER's accompanying signature. Done and dusted within 24 hours of crossing his desk. He gained a reputation for being a super-efficient battalion commander.

Skinhead Corporal DDCR called me “nerd-boy” because of my literary aspirations and the “fancy nancy” words I used in my speech. I tried to have as little to do with him as possible, however he considered it his mission to see how far he could antagonise newcomers such as myself and kept on needling me relentlessly. He regarded himself as the resident Alpha Male. He had ingratiated himself to Sarge, a borderline thug himself, and ran rings around our platoon commander Lt Everett Rosewater, a gormless wannabe career soldier who was younger than most of us and had zero street smarts. One day, behind the mess tent, Skinhead and I got into an escalating argument and I punched him in the face, knocking him out. He stayed well away from me after that. You don't fuck with a descendent of Genghis Khan.

One friend I made was PFC Julio Alvarez, another new member of this infantry platoon, another outsider. I tried to learn Spanish from him but I was a hopeless pupil. Julio's family in the US were dirt poor and many were illegal immigrants and Julio saw his job in the Army as a great opportunity to send money back to

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them and help them out. He was their top breadwinner. If he knew how much the private military contractors were being paid for doing the same work as us, he would have puked. Julio was also mercilessly mocked by corporal Skinhead for his thick Mexican accent and dark skin. He did not want to rock the boat nor jeopardise his position so he sucked things up and did not respond.

One day out on patrol while we were marching through a field of chest-high crops, corporal Skinhead saw some rustling and heard radio sounds up ahead. He ran towards it gung-ho, screaming at the top of his lungs. When we caught up to him, we saw what he had found. It was a terrified teenage boy sitting cross legged with his hands up, hidden among the crops, no older than 15, listening to a public Pashto broadcast on a small transistor radio. "Taliban spotter," Skinhead shouted, "shall I drop the cunt?" he rhetorically asked Lt, "let me drop the cunt. I'm gonna drop the cunt." And just like that, he shot the crying, cringing boy point-blank. The boy's head exploded like a grape\*\*.

Skinhead cut off the tip of the boy's right pinky as a souvenir. He wanted to dry it out, embed it in epoxy, and make a string of them, a necklace to impress the chicks that he wanted to pick up in bars. He then grabbed the walkie-talkie prop from the grunt who was carrying it that day, placed it by the boy's body and took a photo. Skinhead then scooped up from the ground a handful of the boy's blood-spattered brains and smeared it on Julio Alvarez's face, "hey wetback, here is your baptism."

I felt sick and threw up.



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I spoke with Julio that evening about what had happened. Both Sarge and Lt were not interested in doing anything. Skinhead was going to get away with murder scot-free. For all we knew, he already had a drawer full of dried out pinky tips.

“What can we do? What can we do?” Julio asked.

“I dunno, I dunno,” I said.

Now I come to the event that gave me PTSD and recurrent nightmares and made me hit the bottle.

A couple of weeks later we were tasked to lay siege to four farmhouses full of suspected terrorists. They turned out to be four farmhouses full of farmers. Go figure. I had done my bit as the advance sacrificial goat checking for IEDs, trip wires and booby traps on the path leading up to that “terrorist nest”. Julio and I stood on perimeter watch as the others performed their room to room searches in the farmhouses. Just then, we heard the piercing screams of a young girl coming from one of the buildings. Julio and I ran to that house and to the room where that sound was coming from and found the door barred shut. After several minutes we finally smashed the door open. We saw corporal Skinhead, pants down, raping a teenage Afghan girl. “Get off her, you piece of shit!” both Julio and I shouted. Skinhead calmly pulled his pants up, took his bayonet out of the scabbard and stabbed the girl in her abdomen up to the hilt. To this day the terrible sound of her shrieking in horrific pain still reverberates through my mind. “So waddya gonna do about it, you fancy nancy nerd boy, you fucking n\*gger wetback?” He picked up his rifle and walked away. As he

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left the room, this is what he said, “I am like Donald Trump. I can get away with anything.”

I screamed for the medic and placed a hand on the girl's abdomen to try to stem the flow of blood as she continued to wail in pain. “Do something, for God's sake,” I asked, as the medic arrived. I was freaking out.

He looked at the wound which was spurting buckets of bright red arterial blood and shook his head, “deep wound, cut at least one artery and sliced through the liver,” he said. He taped a compression dressing to it.

“Call for a chopper ambulance,” I pleaded.

The medic looked at me as though I was crazy, “we never use expensive US resources for these people. In any case, she is a goner, she will be dead before she can reach any hospital. All we can do is make her comfortable.”

The terror in the girl's eyes drilled a gaping hole into the core of my very being. To this day I still see her in my nightmares. “What can we do? What can we do?” I asked.

The medic broke out a needle-tipped tube of morphine paste and jabbed it into her arm. All of us carried such a tube, in case any of us sustained injuries causing unimaginable pain. I got mine out and asked for Julio's. We jabbed her with all the tubes we had.

“Will that be enough to kill her?” I asked.

“I dunno,” the medic said, “maybe, maybe not. Many of these people are opium tolerant because of their exposure to the sap when they process the poppy seeds.” Just then, we heard someone else shouting for the medic.

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“Sorry, gotta go,” he said and he left.

By now the girl had drifted off to sleep. We could not just leave her here to possibly wake up later and die in terrible pain and distress. What to do? What to do? I sat thinking for maybe ten minutes.

I then cocked my rifle, placed it against the temple of the unconscious girl and squeezed the trigger. Her head exploded like a grape.

I rushed out of the room and threw up my breakfast and the previous night's dinner. After that I still continued to retch and black bile came out.

Julio saved my ass that day. He put the prop walkie-talkie by the girl and took a photo. Nobody who later looked at the photo in her case folder ever asked why she was missing the tip of her right pinky.

Corporal Skinhead became ever more emboldened and smug after that day. “Hey, fancy nancy, I hear you murdered that young girl in cold blood. You are one of us now,” he taunted.

I was practically catatonic the next few days and did not sleep a wink the next few nights. I was thoroughly mute and found myself unable to speak. If I made any sound at all, it was to cry out in anguish. I wanted to blow my brains out. Being useless as a soldier, I was flown to another base camp where I was placed under the care of an Army shrink and was dosed heavily with medications. After a week I realised what I needed to do. I insisted to the shrink that I was recovering well and during his interviews I gave him all the answers I knew he wanted to hear. After a fortnight I was declared

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fit to join my platoon again and I then focused on the essential task at hand.

#### **References:**

\* <https://newrepublic.com/article/157459/dont-let-larry-summers-block-climate-progress>

\*\* Here is actual real-world video footage of an execution style murder of an unarmed Afghan by an Australian Special Forces soldier:

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2020-03-16/video-shows-afghan-man-shot-at-close-range-by-australian-sas/12028512>

<https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2020/nov/19/australian-special-forces-involved-in-of-39-afghan-civilians-war-crimes-report-alleges>

My fictional depiction of atrocities committed against innocent Afghans by the US “coalition” is not a patch on the actual war crimes that were perpetrated and swept under the carpet. The real life practices of using prop walkie-talkies and “drop weapons” to cover up and “explain away” the murder of innocents, as well as the amputation of the pinkies of the victims to be kept as souvenirs, were taken from real world descriptions in the following articles:

<https://www.grunge.com/227158/messed-up-things-that-happened-during-the-war-in-afghanistan/>

<https://www.rollingstone.com/interactive/feature-a-team-killings-afghanistan-special-forces/>

<https://www.rollingstone.com/politics/politics-news/the-kill-team-how-u-s-soldiers-in-afghanistan-murdered-innocent-civilians-169793/>

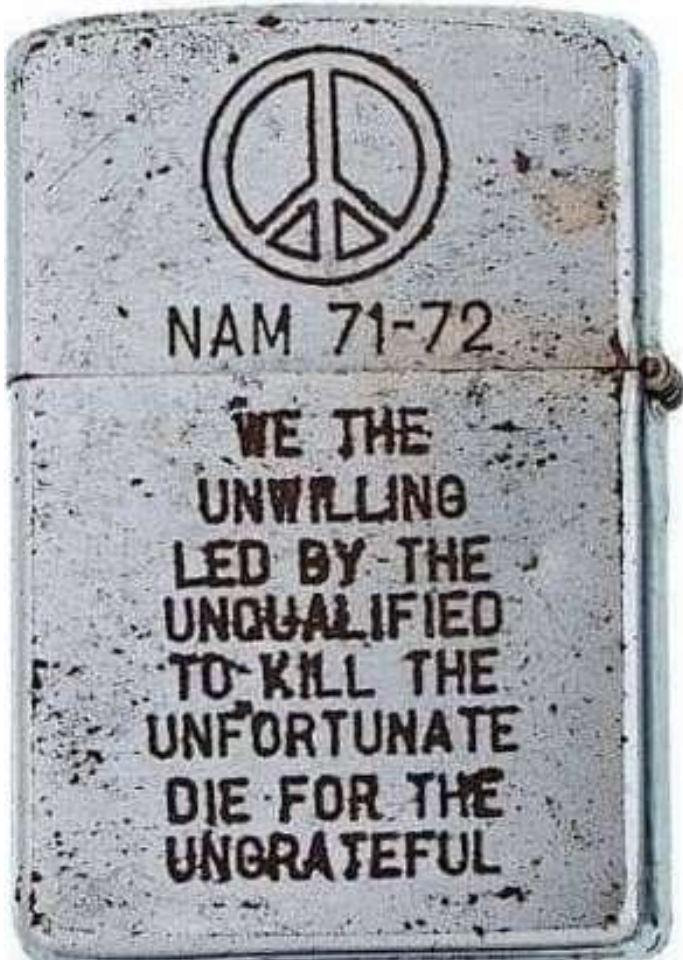
<https://justinward.medium.com/remembering-us-war-crimes-in-afghanistan-be30b32f570e>

<https://theintercept.com/2021/10/05/afghanistan-icc-war-crimes/>

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-62083196>

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## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN:**

So now we come to the second murder I committed, which was premeditated and cold blooded. It was definitely a war crime. After I rejoined my platoon, I kept a close eye on corporal Skinhead. Unfortunately not close enough, though. I told Julio of my plan and he volunteered to carry around the heavy AK-47 “drop weapon” on behalf of the platoon. I already had enough stuff to carry around with my metal detector and other sapper equipment.

Skinhead shot another unarmed teenage boy, a goatherd, in the livestock enclosure at the back of a village house. Julio and I arrived too late, just in time to see him cut off the tip of the right pinky from his victim, just as the boy was expiring from an abdominal GSW. As Skinhead got up, I grabbed the AK from Julio and aimed it at Skinhead. “You don't have the guts,” Skinhead said, even as I squeezed the trigger. I blew a massive crater in his chest. He died with a surprised look on his face.

We took photos of both bodies: the AK in the boy's hand and Skinhead's M16 in his own. Nobody who later looked at that photo in the goatherd's case folder ever asked why he was missing the tip of his right pinky.

Everyone in my platoon knew what I had done but nobody questioned me about it. If anything, Lt looked relieved that I had removed a source of trouble from his command. Lt Everett Rosewater not only covered it up, he recommended Skinhead be awarded a Purple Heart posthumously, having been killed in the line of duty

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defending the good ole US of A against a bloodthirsty terrorist. Go figure.

For the first time in a month, I slept well that night. My relief was short lived however. Nightmares of me shooting the young girl and her head exploding came back to torment me. Once again I wanted to blow my brains out. I simply did not care if I lived or died. I started to hit the bottle.

The final time I went out on patrol with the platoon, we came under enemy fire. All hell broke loose and we scattered helter-skelter and dived for cover. My metal detector fell on a rock and got smashed in the confusion. We called for air support and an A10 Warthog arrived to strafe the suspected enemy position, by which time, I am certain, our enemies had long since left. The plane did a good job blowing up a bunch of trees and rocks. The enemy were ghosts who announced their presence abruptly then vanished into the landscape. After maybe an hour we regrouped but Lt was missing. Turns out that Lt had fled fifty yards into a known minefield. How did we know it was a minefield? It had been cordoned off with thin rope and bore signs around the perimeter in English, Dari and Pashto stating "Danger, Minefield" with a skull and crossbones and an explosive symbol. It was overgrown with weeds, good for cover against enemy fire but bad to wander into. We saw Lt poke his head above the weeds and we shouted at him not to move, that he was in the middle of a minefield.

"Hey Gakk, Gakk! Some help here?" Lt asked.

As mentioned, by this time I could not care less

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whether I lived or died. I decided to make a beeline for Lt without my metal detector. I simply walked directly over to him. It was a miracle I did not blow myself up. Even if we walked the same beeline back, we could still tread on a mine that my previous footsteps had missed. I did not mention that fact to Lt however. I simply walked him back with me out of the minefield. Obviously, we both made it out intact through dumb luck. If I had been in a sapper unit, they would have court-martialled me for unprofessional, irresponsible, dangerous behaviour. What was I thinking when I did such a reckless thing? I was thinking that if I blew both myself and Lt up, it would be a successful murder-suicide which would serve us both right. But as I said at the beginning of my sad story, I am a failure.

What happened next was not what my numbed up and dumbed down brain expected. Lt Everett Rosewater expressed eternal gratitude to me for “saving his life”. His family apparently had friends in high places and at a later closed-door interview, he asked me what he could do to repay me for my “heroism”. I asked for an early honourable discharge. Not only did he sign off on that, he recommended me for a Medal of Honor, which was endorsed by my clueless platoon mates who had been eye witnesses to my “heroic” deed.

Go figure.

Lt, seated at his desk, looked up at me with wide eyed anticipation. Having been so effusive with his undying thanks to me, it seemed as though he eagerly expected me to reciprocate with similar effusive thanks to



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him, perhaps to say something like,

“*God bless you Lt Rosewater!*”

Instead I stared at him blankly and replied with a flat-toned, half-hearted, “thank you.”

My attitude? Awards and medals are for the brave. Bravery does not mean lack of fear. Bravery means doing the right thing *despite* being afraid, because it is the right thing to do. I was never brave. I had no fear because I simply did not give a shit. I could not give a rat's arse. I did the wrong thing, not the right thing. Awarding me a medal was the second sickest joke in the Universe. The first was Skinhead's award.

In the end, my “early discharge” in 2021 did not count for much at all, because our forces fled Afghanistan in shame with our tail between our legs in August that year anyway.

Back in the States I was at a loose end, completely aimless and tormented by the ghost of a girl with an exploding head. I increased my booze intake. There was one more thing that made me cry. It was when I heard the news that my friend Julio Alvarez, the only other person I could talk openly with about my war crimes, had been blown up by an IED just before the US withdrawal. I wept like a baby. If anybody deserved to be blown up by an IED it was me and not him. When I ran out of money, I pawned my Medal of Honor for cash to buy more booze. Could not get rid of that damn trinket fast enough. My Veterans' case officer found me lying comatose in a flop-house. She got an Army shrink involved once again, who sent me off to the Vets' loony

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bin. You know the rest.

At my ninth session with Dr Gianna Moon Landers, I confessed to her the murders I had committed. I was reduced to a blubbing mess. Doctor-patient confidentiality applied to almost everything except criminal behaviour by the patient, especially murder. She was well within her rights to turn me over to the authorities, but I did not care. I had covered up my sins for far too long and deserved to be punished to the full extent of the Law. Instead however her response surprised me. After hearing my story she remained silent for several minutes. She was lost for words. I could see tears welling up in her eyes.

Then she said this to me, “I would have done the same thing.”

After that session I suddenly stopped drinking alcohol cold turkey. Not a drop. I felt that the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders. Despite a few shakes and shivers, I did not miss the old grog one bit. It was a miracle.

Little more than a year later, I received my first visitation from Kilgore Trout. After a systematic process of evaluation and investigation, Dr Gianna Moon Landers diagnosed me with TLE, which I later found out was pure foma. I went through a pill popping checklist of failed medications until Gianna put me on something that turned out to be far better than the old medications, far better than the old turps.

*It was Zamakibo-gen.*

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<https://www.nbcnews.com/news/world/u-s-drone-strike-targeting-isis-afghanistan-kills-10-civilians-n1278062>

<https://edition.cnn.com/2021/09/17/politics/kabul-drone-strike-us-military-intl-hnk/index.html>

<https://thecradle.co/Article/Columns/12648>

<https://www.unz.com/pescobar/the-empire-is-not-done-torturing-afghanistan/>

## **CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:**

Some time after Kilgore Trout told me *The Answer to The most important Question in the Universe*, he paid me another visit, rather rushed this time, expressing mild consternation. Apparently his off-beat activities had been discovered (again) by the Council of Elders of Tralfamadore (Earth tri-fleet division, consisting of 300 members). They disapproved of what he was doing. He was supposedly engaging in actions which ran counter to their Protocols. Trout was swimming against the prevailing current, so to speak. A meeting was to be convened. Would the Elders succeed in channelling Trout in a different direction, along their preferred course?

In addition to that, Trout said he was in trouble with his mother. The idea that an ancient fossil like Trout had an even more ancient fossil of a mother still alive and wagging her finger at him was, to me, a bizarre thought.

A date and time had been arranged for Trout to appear before the Elders to plead his case. He was confident he would be able to acquit himself. However until all proceedings were completed, he was ordered to “cease and desist” all communication with me apart from this brief heads-up. The enquiry and the subsequent findings could take quite some time to be finalised, as it was of low priority compared with the many more pressing items on the agenda of the Elders. Following resolution however, Trout was adamant he would resume contact with me one last time to collect the final

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renderings of all my writings and narratives. Until then, it would be “radio silence” from Trout. From my point of view that was not necessarily a bad thing.

He added one more crucial piece of information which was his most shocking disclosure so far, if it was indeed going to be true. It was this: the date for the upcoming global nuclear Armageddon had been determined and confirmed and set by the Elders. It was to be 13 June 2026, which was just three months away. The single key individual who was instrumental to achieving that outcome was none other than Colonel Harrison Adolph Thaddeus Elliot Rumfoord, my former battalion commander, now serving as a Pentagon advisor to the Whitehouse. He was considered a minor functionary, three grades below the Secretary of Defense, however behind the scenes he wielded a great deal of power. Over the years he had pursued indirect avenues to insidiously wheedle his way up to the highest levels of military and political influence. He had married the President's niece and was now the most trusted confidante of the President of the United States of America. Colonel HATER now held a Rasputin-like iron grip of influence over POTUS, the person who would actually press the doomsday button.

Trout instructed me to find a secure location deep underground such as an abandoned slaughterhouse or meat locker to hunker down in, fitted out with fine particle filtered ventilation and climate control systems run by off-grid power and stocked up with fuel, water, food, sanitary facilities and all necessities to tide me

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through the Apocalypse and some weeks after. When I eventually emerged on the surface, he would contact me again to retrieve my records for archiving. Communication with me was not possible when I was underground. I wish I had known that before, I would have rented an underground dwelling the past few months.

My initial attitude was, “yeah, whatever.” A week passed, and as promised, I heard nothing at all from Trout. Although I continued to feel emotionally insouciant, thanks to Zamakibo-gen, intellectually Trout had planted the seeds of uncertainty in my mind. What if he was telling the truth about Armageddon? Did I have anything to lose by establishing an underground survival bolt-hole, especially as I had ample financial resources to do so? I employed some minions to seek out, fit out and stock up such a location. My helpers must surely have guessed the reason for my kitted-out gopher hole, but dismissed it as the wild alarmist delusions of a crazy person, which at the time certainly seemed the case.

Meanwhile, another crazy thought crossed my mind. If Armageddon was indeed so imminent and just one individual, a proven psychopath, was the prime driver of that event, what if, as a precaution, that person was pre-emptively eliminated from the equation? If Trout's scenario was wrong, the result would be one less omniscient Colonel that the world would be better off without anyway. If Trout's scenario was right, the result would be eight billion lives saved. The moral and ethical course of action was a no-brainer. It was in fact the

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eleventh commandment of the Tralfamadורים: according to them, a mandatory and required course of action. But who would do the deed, how, where and when? Only I had the foreknowledge and skills to carry out such a task. Nobody else would believe me anyway if I tried to convince them. The onus was entirely upon me.

Rumfoord was due to promote his latest book, *“My greatest triumphs subjugating Shithole Countries”* in a city near me in eight weeks. He had a huge fan base amongst the knuckle dragging rednecks: the fewer the teeth and the greater the number of tattoos, the more fanatical the disciple. Apparently “shithole countries”, which referred to lands occupied by “darkies”, was now considered an acceptable term ever since it was popularised by President Donald “not a racist at all” Trump. Of course this completely ignored the fact that ever since Trump's reign, America itself had been transformed into a slave-wage pandemic ridden shithole country, courtesy of Donald Trump himself. Go figure.

This was my plan: to plant a bomb, to be triggered by a burner cellphone, under the lectern at the Rumfoord venue. I could shape the charge so that he would be the only casualty, a highly focused Claymore style device. Did I worry about the consequences should I be caught? They would find it legally impossible to sentence me to death due to my psychiatric history. Furthermore, executing an ex-soldier who had been awarded the Medal of Honor was politically unthinkable if prevailing notions of nationalistic propaganda were to be upheld. However I would certainly be locked away for

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life in a hospital for the criminally insane. The thing is, being on Zamakibo-gen, I did not really care. There should be plenty of Zamakibo-gen in the loony bin and if not, I could use my money to smuggle it in, so I would continue not to care, no matter what the conditions of my incarceration.

Unlike top level Presidential security, the security around low level Colonel Rumfoord was amazingly slack. After shaving my head, applying artificial tan and putting on a fake moustache, beard and glasses, I purchased a fake ID which I used to get a poorly paid gig as one of the menial staff who did the donkey work setting up the premises. I sourced materials from the Dark Web and planted my home-made “focused Claymore” under the lectern that Rumfoord was scheduled to use, covered by a thin panel. All was ready. I patched into the live feed of Rumfoord's event on the Internet to choose the most opportune time for detonation. However at the last minute the organisers received an anonymous tip, performed a search of the meeting room, discovered the bomb and cancelled the event. So that was that.

As I said at the beginning of my sad story, I am a failure.

Even though I had taken care not to leave any fingerprints or DNA on the IED, I was certain I would be caught, either because of CCTV facial recognition or some other forensic method employed by the investigators. I never did get that knock on the door in the middle of the night by the FBI to drag me away in their



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black SUV. The authorities seized this golden opportunity to frame a hapless Chinese waiter who, although born and bred in San Francisco and who had never travelled outside the USA and who spoke little Chinese, was clearly an agent of the Chinese communist party by virtue of his Race. This Red Commie plot was clearly an aggravation to war and the authorities used it as a pretext to ramp up their sabre rattling confrontation with China. How dare they attempt to assassinate a decorated US Colonel! A reprehensible act that only despicable dirtbags would resort to. Of course none of the mainstream press or dumbass media pundits mentioned the US drone assassination of Iranian General Qasem Soleimani that Trump had loudly bragged about back in 2020. Go figure.

I half considered coming forward to confess my “crime” to exonerate the waiter, who was an unfortunate victim of collateral damage, but realistic thinking took over. My bitter experiences had taught me that Truth meant nothing to the ruling establishment, only propaganda which served their political goals. I knew for certain that my confession would do nothing to help that poor scapegoat. Furthermore it would undoubtedly result in my permanent imprisonment using some other unrelated pretext or, more likely, my assassination because I was an inconvenient loose end.

The upshot of all this was that Rumfoord was able to continue his original agenda, whatever it was, without interruption.

A week before the scheduled Armageddon, having no immediate family and no real friends (all of

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them having abandoned me due to my craziness), my thoughts turned to the one person I knew who I considered worthy of survival: Dr Gianna Moon Landers. I requested a special informal meeting at her office. When I turned up she made no comment about my shaved head. She seemed completely unsurprised. It was almost as though she had known in advance about my changed appearance and the reason for it. I explained to her Trout's declaration regarding Armageddon, imploring that she spend just one day, the 13<sup>th</sup> of June, in my underground bunker, just to humour me. If she felt insecure being alone in a dungeon with a former soldier with PTSD, I encouraged her to carry a loaded revolver and I would handcuff myself to a radiator pipe. If nothing happened she would simply waste one day. If Armageddon did indeed unfold, she would be saved. I expected her to dismiss my concerns as paranoid delusions. I thought I would need to plead and cajole and beg her to at least consider my plan. Instead, I was completely surprised by her response:

“I am well aware of the date of Armageddon,” she said, “The USA will launch first strikes against China, Russia and Iran at 1305 hours EST on 13 June. Massive retaliation will be experienced shortly after.”

I was dumbfounded.

“You will be well advised to secure yourself in your bunker,” she added. “I myself am flying down to Punta Arenas today. I have prepared this letter for you and ask that you do not open it till after the bombs have dropped and the dust has settled.”

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I continued to be dumbfounded.

“I cannot explain things any further now, however I believe you already fully understand what is going on. This is the culmination of events more than three hundred years in the making and is now unstoppable.”

There it was. My best and only option was simply to be resigned to my doomed fate and the doomed fate of Humanity.

So it goes.

And so she went.



## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:**

### **Theta Grunberg, part 1 of 3**

***This chapter is not part of Jonah Gakk's narratives. It was inserted post-hoc by a Yuman archiver, being deemed useful background information:***

Theta Grunberg\* was a thirteen year old Yuman girl originally from planet Dearth. It was called Dearth because there was a dearth of intelligent life to be found there. Theta was however a remarkable, rare and precious exception. By all accounts her cognitive capacities were sky high, stratospheric beyond belief. She was the top of the heap, the cream of the crop as far as smarty pants ability was concerned. At the age of six she demonstrated a profound mathematical understanding of the unified field theory which reconciled the different forces of gravity, electromagnetism and the weak and strong nuclear forces. At the age of seven she demonstrated a profound mathematical understanding of multidimensional string and brane theory which reconciled general relativity with subatomic quantum mechanics.

Her emotional maturity was however age appropriate, it was that of a thirteen year old girl. Theta loved nothing more than a cheeky prank. She undoubtedly inherited her stratospheric intelligence from her mother Delta who had the emotional maturity of a sensible forty year old woman. It was Delta who kept Theta in line. "Well, you've had your fun, time to move on now", Delta would admonish gently after each prank.

This chapter is an extract from the archival database of Unicornucopian mainframe computer model BS2U of Mothership Alpha, tri-fleet Earth. For more information regarding planet Dearth, please see the article "My Alien Revelation" written by an obscure, slightly confused chap from Earth. He got his information from dreams downloaded by yet another, different, renegade Yuman.

Theta's story has a tragic background which does however become redemptive. At the age of eight back on planet Dearth, Theta was diagnosed with an untreatable terminal condition. Even the highly advanced medical science of the Yumans at that time was unable to do much more than prolong her life for another year. Her parents were utterly devastated by this diagnosis and spared no effort in finding the best possible treatments for her. Her situation relentlessly deteriorated over the next eleven months as forecast and her imminent demise within weeks eventually became absolutely clear and inevitable. By this time the procedure for uploading Yuman consciousness into "bullet" machines had become well established and highly successful. Theta's parents made a special appeal to the Council of Elders of Dearth to upload her consciousness into an inorganic "bullet" as they could not bear the thought of losing her. Prior to this, uploads had generally been reserved for selected adult Yumans on the verge of biological death, it had been limited only to individuals who had a stellar track record of major lifetime achievements. Theta's case was given due consideration and because of her exceptional

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intelligence and massive potential to contribute to the future of the Yuman race, her upload was unanimously approved. Accordingly Theta's upload was performed and although the demise of her biological form was mourned, the continuation of her cheeky prankster consciousness, capable of maturing\*\* under the guidance of her parents, was assured. One great capability of the new “bullet” body that Theta enjoyed immensely was her ability to fly which she took at every opportunity. What joy!

A year after Theta's upload, when Theta was ten, she and her parents were involved in an unfortunate electric vehicle accident that killed her father instantly. Theta's impervious bullet body suffered not a scratch. Her mother Delta was placed on a ventilator under sedation in Intensive Care and although her brain was untouched, her body was crushed beyond redemption. As Delta herself had been an outstanding Yuman scientist, there was little hesitation to upload her consciousness into a “bullet” (consent or refusal for upload having been routinely obtained from all Yumans from the age of eighteen onwards).

Delta and Theta comforted one another over the death of Theta's father but they were both extremely thankful they still had each other, as well as new leases in life with their brand new almost indestructible, almost immortal, inorganic bodies. They could now both take flight together! What joy!

One year later, with Theta now aged eleven, the Elders announced they were expanding candidate eligibility for the Yuman Galactic Survival Project. This

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ongoing project involved sending multiple “tri-fleets” radiating out from Dearth to explore the Milky Way Galaxy to identify potential long term havens for the survival of Yuman consciousness in perpetuity. The secondary aim was to seek out other sentient Intelligence with whom to potentially share knowledge. Delta and Theta, both being mathematical scientists blessed with insatiable curiosity, jumped at the chance for such a galactic adventure, to see and experience new star systems, to boldly go where no Yuman had gone before. Application approved, they were flown up to a mother ship that would house ten thousand “bullets” in total. Secured in their adjacent cubby holes, they could link to the telemetry of the AI mainframe to monitor status reports of the mothership, access the optical and radio telescopes and expand their horizons of perception dramatically. What joy!

In due course, their tri-fleet departed the Dearth system and all the “bullets” were placed in sleep mode while the AI mainframes accelerated them along their assigned trajectory and actively sought out star systems with rocky planets bearing watery oceans and breathable atmospheres in the “Goldilocks” zones.

Two million years passed and their tri-fleet reached a solar system which contained a blue planet named Earth, occupied by an apex predator species known as Humans. This was around the year 1700 CE according to one Human calendar. One hundred Yumans in each mother ship were woken up by their corresponding AI mainframes in the first instance. The

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rest of the bullets remained in sleep mode. The three hundred “bullets” awoken were the Elders who had previously been elected as the executive decision makers for the other 29,700 bullets. They formulated the Protocols to be followed, tailored to the specific characteristics of the life forms, native cultures and sentient Intelligences they encountered in the new Alien system.

The actions of this Earth tri-fleet have been described elsewhere. This is mainly the story of Theta Grunberg. Other than the Elders, different bullets were woken at different times according to their various fields of expertise, inclinations and interests. Everything in between not related to their particular field of interest was just boring interlude, during which they may as well be asleep. Some Yuman moral philosophers attempted to elevate the ethical status of Humanity by introducing key principles that had previously served the different Yuman cultures well in their historical journey towards peaceful and productive coexistence. These ethicists failed miserably to improve Humans on the whole, with just a few rare individual exceptions: people like Noam Chomsky, Chris Hedges, Nelson Mandela and Arundhati Roy.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Theta Grunberg was woken, together with her mother Delta. Theta's specific task was to introduce the ideas of Special and General Relativity into the mind of Albert Einstein. She planted those ideas into his subconscious very quickly. It would take years however before they would



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bubble up into Einstein's consciousness then be transcribed onto paper. After the Einstein download, she went into sleep mode again, only to be woken briefly every few years to inspire other Human physicists. Following the appalling development and use of the Atomic bomb in 1945 however, she now questioned the value of what she had done. Was there another better way to go about things? She chose to remain awake subsequently to explore her new found fascination with Human psychology and culture and investigate whether a different path to enlightenment, de-emphasising hard physics, was a better way to go. Theta, despite now having a chronological age of more than two million years, had been a conscious entity for a total of only twelve years, inclusive of both organic and inorganic forms. Hence her emotional maturity remained that of a twelve year old girl and she continued to require the company and guidance of her mother Delta.

In her quest to introduce higher enlightenment to the Human race, Theta happened to detect the intermittent, faint, brain waves of a young Human girl of similar age named Melena Gakk. She found many emotional similarities between herself and Melena but was unable to establish proper communication due to the inefficient neuronal cluster in Melena's brain. Hence Theta was only able to send snippets of information about the Yumans to Melena. These were also downloaded rapidly into Melena's subconscious but it would take years before they eventually bubbled up into Melena's awareness in the form of dreams (aided by prior

alcohol) to be eventually transcribed on to paper.

The premature disclosure of Yuman existence to Humans prior to Humanity achieving civilisational maturity ran counter to the Protocols of the Elders of Dearth and when they learned of twelve year old Theta's unauthorised activities, in the year 1946 they decided to put her back into sleep mode again. Theta's mother protested against this heavy handed action, insisting that as an emotional child, what Theta needed was more explanation, guidance, understanding and patience. The Elders agreed with Delta, but stuck with their initial decision based on the principle that the needs of the many took overwhelming priority over the whims of one young individual. The Elders however promised that they would wake Theta again around the time when the question of Humanity was nearing resolution, whether that resolution be a positive or negative one. Theta would then be able to sate her curiosity by observing the unfolding story of Humanity at its most crucial juncture.

By 2025, the self inflicted unravelling of Human global civilisation was well under way. The Yuman AI mainframe predicted Humanity would completely self destruct in one to two years irrespective of any inaction or action taken by the Yumans. Theta was allowed to wake again and was dismayed to see the planetary havoc that Humans had wrought since 1946. As she scanned the brainwaves of billions of Humans, she discovered a powerful signal from an individual named Jonah R.R. Gakk, who happened to be the grand nephew of Melena Gakk.

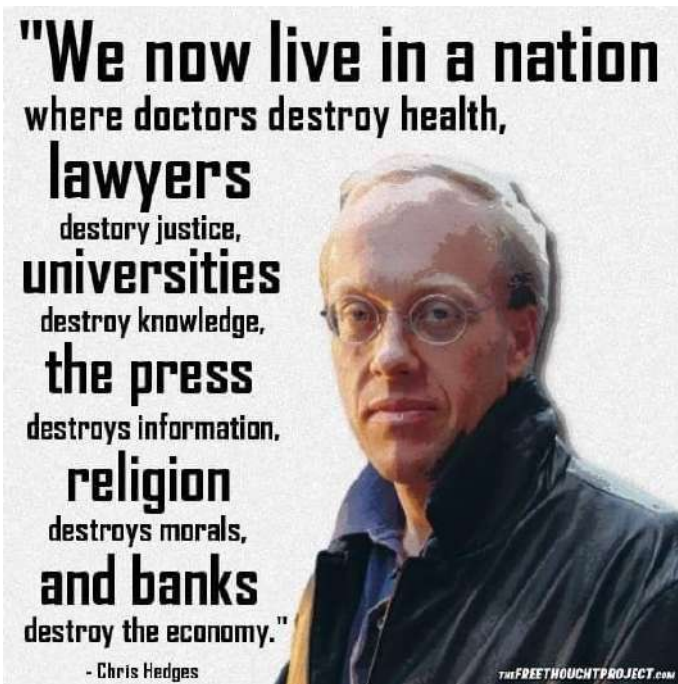
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#### ***Footnotes:***

*\*this and all the other Yuman names to follow are not their real names, which for practical purposes are irrelevant anyway. Suffice to say that their true names are unpronounceable in any Human language.*

*\*\*thanks to the neural networking fuzzy logic learning capabilities that had been built and programmed into her electronic architecture*



<https://scheerpost.com/2022/05/23/hedges-no-way-out-but-war/>

## **CHAPTER NINETEEN:**

### **Theta Grunberg, part 2 of 3**

***This chapter is not part of Jonah Gakk's narratives. It was inserted post-hoc by a Yuman archiver, being deemed useful background information:***

***Extract #TG/DG 2ZA5, from the Proceedings of the Council of Elders of Dearth (Earth tri-fleet division): Enquiry into activities of Theta Grunberg AKA "Kilgore Trout":***

This enquiry was conducted in virtual cyberspace. All participants, who were Yuman inorganic "bullets", remained physically within their cubby holes in their Motherships. Their avatars adopted the appearance of organic, biological Yumans who looked remarkably similar to Humans\*: Delta Grunberg looked as she did just prior to her horrific vehicle accident - a forty year old Yuman woman. Theta Grunberg looked as the computer extrapolations projected she would, if her organic body had survived in good health till the age of thirteen, her current (conscious) age. Proceedings were convened by the Honourable Judge Ruth Grader Binsberg AKA "Notorious" RGB.

Justice Binsberg's avatar was that of a tiny thin elderly lady with a kindly face, dressed in a long black robe and wearing a fancy cravat. In her organic life back on Planet Dearth she had been a Supreme Court Judge with a track record of passing multiple progressive legislations for the protection of children. Binsberg had

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earned the title "Notorious" RGB from her determined, relentless, implacable pursuit of child abusers who she punished mercilessly with the full force of Yuman Law. Her criminal opponents called her "Ruthless" Binsberg. She had also been given the nickname "Justice Shining Light" because the initials RGB also stood for the primary colours that made up white light and she was particularly good at shining light into the dark corners of Yuman dysfunction and imposing righteous justice. She was one of the most celebrated legal minds of her time.

In this enquiry, Binsberg, as principal representative of the Elders, also served as the conduit for all the other 299 Elders. She had switched her consciousness to "conference mode" which enabled her to be linked to the rest of the Council. Hence any of the other Elders could field questions through Binsberg and all answers by Theta and Delta were relayed to all the Elders via Binsberg. These events were of course being digitally recorded.

The virtual venue was a medium sized, pastel pink coloured room with cartoon unicorns leaping over rainbows, flying pigs, mermaids and fluffy rabbits moving across the walls. It was thought this would put Theta at ease.

The three avatars sat around a virtual small round table.

### **Transcript:**

Binsberg: *Welcome Theta and Delta, how are you both*

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*today?*

Theta and Delta: *Very well thank you*

Binsberg: *The purpose of today's enquiry is to help us achieve a better understanding of you, Theta, and for you to achieve a better understanding of us, the Council of Elders. It is all about mutual understanding.*

Theta: *Yes, your Honor. (chuckles)*

Binsberg: *Do you find something amusing?*

Theta: *Your moving wallpaper. I think it works well for a five year old girl but I am a bit older.*

Binsberg: *Not a problem, we can change it to something else. What would you prefer?*

Theta: *I believe the AI mainframe is familiar with the cartoons of the human Gary Larson. I like his work.*

Binsberg: *Done!*

The moving images immediately switched to oddball cartoons of cows, pigs, ducks, dinosaurs and bloated, deformed, ugly human beings wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Theta found this even more amusing but did not admit as much. She suppressed her laughter. As had been mentioned in other documents, Theta loved nothing more than a silly prank. Delta tried her best to

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keep a straight face.

Theta: *Thank you your Honor.*

Binsberg: *Please call me Ruth, let's dispense with formalities.*

Theta: *As you like, Ruth.*

Binsberg: *To start with, please tell us about your interactions with the human Jonah Gakk.*

Theta: *When I discovered that his malformed neuronal cluster, after activation by alcohol and psychotropic drugs, enabled direct communication, I was excited. Here was an opportunity to be able to talk in real-time with a Human human, for me to discover the perspective of an Alien, if only just one individual. However having been previously admonished by the Council in 1946 for downloading information about us Yumans into his Grand Aunt's brain, I was careful not to add any further information that he did not already know.*

Binsberg: *So this was a form of recreation for you? Did you find it amusing to adopt the avatar of a fictional writer named Kilgore Trout?*

Theta: *Well, yes, I guess it started out as a prank. Not being allowed to disclose further details about us Yumans, I chose an avatar from Gakk's own memories*

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*that could not be mistaken for an actual deceased person. Furthermore, I had important things to say which he would probably dismiss if it came from a thirteen year old girl, however he would place more stock on the words from an old man.*

Binsberg: *What important things did you have to say to him?*

Theta: *I wondered if this interaction could also serve a higher purpose.*

Binsberg: *Go on.*

Theta: *As you know, I was instrumental in the development of Human thermonuclear weapons. I had imparted my knowledge of Physics to the Humans at the behest of the Council and it resulted in terrible human suffering and a newly created risk of sudden Human extinction.*

Binsberg: *You cannot hold yourself responsible for how Humans used the knowledge we gave them. We Yumans had decided to use that exact same knowledge for good. The very same Physics of the Bomb also powers the actinide reactors that have kept you and all us Yuman "bullets" alive for the past two million years.*

Theta: *I understood that fact intellectually, but could not reconcile it with my emotional sense of culpability.*



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Binsberg: *Please be assured that any adverse outcomes arising from the Protocols of the Elders of Dearth are the responsibility of the Elders and the Elders alone.*

Theta: *Have you folks ever considered that your approach may be wrong?*

Binsberg: *We think about that all the time. Only fools are cocksure about everything they say and do. Wisdom requires constant self doubt and re-evaluation.*

Theta: *I felt that it had been a mistake to provide Humans with so much scientific information so early in their moral development. I felt that we should have emphasised Yuman ethical principles first, in particular our Eleventh Commandment. I felt that only if the Humans eliminated their psychopaths from their societies first, with ongoing continuous culling, would it then be safe to confer advanced scientific knowledge and technology to them.*

Binsberg remains silent, inwardly conferring with the other Elders for five minutes.

Binsberg: *The Elders acknowledge your reservations about our approach, which had been formulated using many multifactorial computer simulations and was therefore considered to be the optimal one. We had in fact been introducing ethical concepts at the same time*

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*as introducing scientific ideas. Our hope was that an early understanding of objective Scientific Reality would enable the Humans to abandon the foolishness of superstition and religious bigotry. Please bear in mind that even back in the year 1700, our computers predicted that even the best case approach offered only a one percent chance that Humans would be able to achieve civilisational maturity, given their innate tendencies to superstition, violence and greed.*

*Theta: Well, that's another thing I disagree with. I feel it is wrong to generalise about all Humans, to consider every single one of them beyond redemption. You Elders are aware there have been notable exceptions to their overall tendencies to superstition, violence and greed. I also believe it is wrong to condemn an entire species on the basis of the tiny psychopathic minority of 1% who happen to be in control.*

*Binsberg (after conferring with other Elders again): Here is where we differ from you. You are correct to identify the 1% psychopaths in control as being the cancerous core of Humanity, so to speak. It is true to say those psychopaths are the primary driver of their ecological destruction and nuclear confrontation. However those who sit passively by and allow such atrocities and environmental devastation to occur must also be held responsible. The consequences of the failure of a disinterested majority to rein in a toxic minority must also be borne by that majority. Inaction in the face of*

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*atrocitiy is the same as compliance with that atrocitiy.*

*Theta: And yet there are good Humans who have put their lives, limbs and finances on the line to oppose the psychopaths. A good modern example is that of the First Nations peoples of North America who opposed the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines.*

*Binsberg (after conferring with other Elders again): True, there are good Humans. And if those good people had been able to garner sufficient support among the general population to overwhelm, overcome and take over from the psychopaths, we would be having a very different conversation today. Once again, it boils down to the indifference of the passive majority who are equally responsible for the dire fate now facing Humanity.*

*Theta: Well what about those few good people? Should we not intervene to save at least a few from Armageddon? Can we not bring a small handful of good Humans like Gakk along to live with the Yuman humans?*

*Binsberg: If this was a relationship between Master and pet that might be worth consideration. However pets need to be housetrained and require constant tending and have limited understanding and intelligence. They are instinctual, do not know good from bad and cannot be held responsible for their own behaviour. Humans are not pets, they are a sentient Intelligence who are capable of understanding science and developing technology and*

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*must be held responsible for their own behaviour. Even good Humans could in future sporadically give birth to psychopathic offspring and if they have no reliable mechanism for culling such aberrations and if we share all our technology with them, they could pose a threat to us. Given the failure of Humans to establish such a culling mechanism despite having had ample opportunity over the centuries, there is now no possibility for any Human humans to join Yuman humans in the future joint custodianship of Earth.*

Theta (after some thought): *It makes me very sad, but I can see your point of view.*

Pauses

Theta: *I have another question. Can we not postpone nuclear Armageddon just a little, maybe give Humanity one more chance? I had a faint hope that teaching Gakk about our Eleventh commandment might motivate him to spearhead a revolution to establish just such a culling mechanism.*

Binsberg: *Unfortunately postponement of nuclear Armageddon is not an option. Your hope that Gakk could effect such a transformation in his society is a forlorn one. Even if he could, it would be too little too late. There are only two fates now remaining for the biosphere of Earth: rapid destruction or slow burn destruction, and the latter is much, much worse. Every day that Human so-called civilisation continues to limp along, more and more greenhouse gases are being poured into the*

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*atmosphere. Now at 550ppm CO2 equivalent, it may take 3000 years for Nature to draw that down to levels approximating the stable Holocene. If we allow Humanity to emit even more GHGs, say up to 700ppm, it would take far longer, perhaps 5000 years before Nature could draw that down. The sooner Humans cease all emissions, the sooner Nature can start to repair itself. Even the worldwide fires induced by Nuclear Armageddon will not be a drop in the ocean compared with continued fossil fuel emissions by the Humans. A short sharp shock now will also be more merciful than long drawn out Human suffering from starvation, deprivation, warfare, weather extremes and pandemics. There is a bad option and a worse option. There is no good option.*

*Theta: I must confess I had not thought about things in that way.*

*Binsberg: Theta, one other matter came to our attention. You mentioned the name Harrison Rumfoord to Jonah Gakk during your last conversation with him.*

*Theta: Yes, I wanted to ensure Gakk survived the nuclear holocaust so I could later receive his completed memoirs. When I told him the date of Armageddon I also mentioned Rumfoord who had been his old battalion commander.*

*Binsberg: Our monitoring of Gakk's activities showed*

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*that he had taken serious measures to assassinate Rumfoord in order, so he thought, to prevent nuclear Armageddon.*

*Delta: I would like to make a comment here. From my observation, Rumfoord had exhibited lifetime racist psychopathic behaviour, including inflicting death and terror on innocent civilians and covering up US war crimes.*

*Binsberg: Yes, Rumfoord's Yuman controller intervened only when it came to him making executive decisions affecting us Yumans. Otherwise Rumfoord's personality was allowed to follow its "natural" Human course. Whereas Gakk's attempted assassination of Rumfoord was, by our code, ethical and appropriate, in this particular case it was mistaken, and if successful would have been detrimental to both Humanity and Yumanity. Nevertheless it was fairly simple for us to foil Gakk's plan.*

*Theta: I hope Jonah won't get into trouble for it.*

*Binsberg: No, we took steps to ensure that as well. It appears he has another Yuman advocate...*

*Binsberg (asks not only Theta and Delta but all the Elders): Are there any other questions? No? Then on behalf of all the Elders, I believe we have now gathered sufficient information to allow us to make final decisions.*

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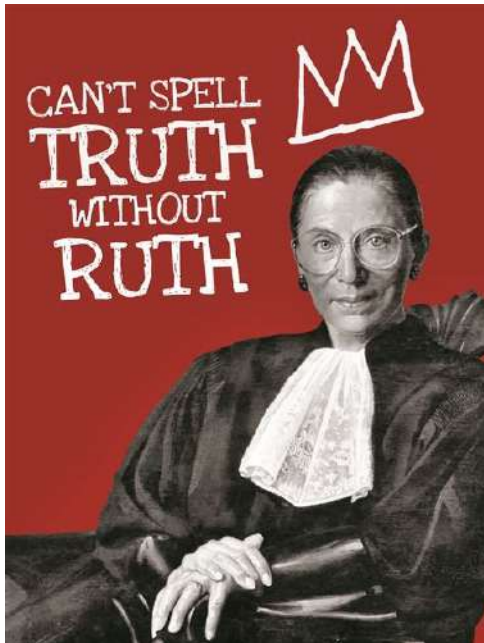
*Delta, you have been largely silent throughout these proceedings, is there anything else you wish to add?*

*Delta: Not really, I merely wished to attend today as a protective mother. I am satisfied with the way you have conducted this enquiry and in how you have engaged with my daughter.*

*Binsberg: Thank you Delta and Theta, if you have nothing further, I will declare this enquiry closed.*

#### *Footnote:*

*\*Not actually true but for practical purposes it may as well be*



## **CHAPTER TWENTY:**

### **Theta Grunberg, part 3 of 3**

***This chapter is not part of Jonah Gakk's narratives. It was inserted post-hoc by a Yuman archiver, being deemed useful background information:***

Cybernetic virtual tears, every bit as emotionally powerful as real-world tears, welled up in Theta's virtual eyes the very next day, June 13, when she witnessed the launch of thousands of intercontinental ballistic thermonuclear missiles from silos and submarines all over planet Earth.

Delta, her mother, commented, "Theta, don't you know by now, having studied their history, that it is impossible to protect human beings from their own stupidity and brutality?"

"I know Mum, but I thought I might just give it a try. Maybe with a bit of luck I could have saved the lives of billions of people. Just as a prank, you know".

"Well, you've had your fun, time to move on now", Delta admonished gently.

These were the findings by the Council of Elders one week following the enquiry regarding the activities of Theta Grunberg AKA Kilgore Trout, as summarised by "Notorious RGB":

- The Council acknowledges that Theta's acts were well intentioned, although misplaced, futile and belated, to try to save Human sentient Intelligence from self-destruction.



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- The Council acknowledges that major focus on ethical principles with particular emphasis on our Eleventh commandment *before* introducing advanced scientific knowledge to the Humans may have been a better approach, notwithstanding the gloomy AI simulations showing that such ethical principles would have been ignored by the majority of Humans no matter what approach we Yumans took.
- The Council acknowledges that we were wrong to have imposed sleep mode upon Theta in 1946 and we should have disclosed more openly and in greater detail the reasons and justifications for our Protocols to her, rather than behave in such a high handed way. For this, we unreservedly apologise to Theta.
- The youngest member of our current Council is three hundred and fifty (conscious) years old and whereas there are few children and adolescents among the Yuman "bullets" overall, we recognise the importance of the viewpoint of younger Yumans and that the Council have failed to be sufficiently inclusive. We therefore recommend the special addition of Theta Grunberg to become a member of our Council pending a referendum involving all thirty thousand Yumans and an affirmative vote exceeding 50%

signed

Judge Ruth Grader Binsberg  
on behalf of the Council of Elders

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## **CHAPTER TWENTYONE:**

### **Jonah Gakk's narrative resumes:**

*(The words in this chapter were not physically written down by Gakk, but were transcribed from his final transmitted thoughts by a Yuman archiver)*

So here I was sitting in my underground “Faraday cage” meat locker, fifteen days after the nuclear holocaust that was unleashed on 13 June 2026 as accurately forewarned by Kilgore Trout. No mere hallucination arising from my own mind could possibly have predicted that.

How did I occupy myself? Partly by watching old videoclips of epic fails by jackass homeboys on my smartphone. Of course I spent most of my time writing these narratives down, which Kilgore Trout was so insistent I finish. I shortly planned to poke my head above ground and have a look around. I rugged up with winter woollens, beanie hat and fur lined gloves and put on a head torch. Trout said he would contact me as soon as he could receive my “signal”, whatever that was. Was I meant to yell his name at the top of my lungs?

I negotiated the stairs going the four levels up from the bowels of my underground meat locker. From my own (far too belated) research regarding nuclear winter, I found that, as expected, the sky was pitch black and the air was bitterly cold and there was a dirty mixture of frost, soot and radioactive fallout completely covering the rubble strewn ground. It was the middle of a summer day according to my smartphone clock/calendar. Scattered spot fires were still burning and belching out

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smoke in the distance. All the structures I could see within the radius of my light beam had been demolished. I chose to stay put for now so as not to lose the location of my bolt-hole entrance. The GPS satellites were no longer working because they were the first items targeted with either EMPs or kinetic missiles at the commencement of hostilities. I sat on a broken concrete block, wondering what to do next. A few minutes passed, then all of a sudden the fogbound apparition of Kilgore Trout burst into view. "Hey Gakk, Gakk, I just detected your brain signal and am now contacting you one last time as promised. Glad to see you survived the Apocalypse," he said.

"But what is the point?" I asked, gesturing at all the devastation around me.

"The point is to live as well as you can, for as long as you can, before you yourself decide to organise your painless departure at a time and place of your own choosing," Trout said. "Also, having now completed my proceedings with the Council of Elders, I have permission to collect your memoirs for our archives, which will live on in perpetuity long after your passing. It will be your permanent legacy."

"That's something I guess," I said.

By now I had fully accepted that Trout was indeed an avatar of a real Alien and was not, in fact, a figment of my own imagination, not a psychotic hallucination. This proved that I was not, in fact, crazy.

I had finally found my sanity.

Trout explained that the method by which my

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memoirs were to be uploaded was simply for me to glance at the pages, which, perceived by my retinas, would then be transmitted as images by my malformed neuronal brain cluster to the ultra sensitive radio-dish of one of the three Yuman Motherships, which had all moved from L2 back into geostationary Earth orbit a few days ago. Those images would be digitised as well as converted by OCR to text, then stored in one tiny nano-folder among trillions of others in their mainframe computers. As such it was a quick process. I simply flipped through my manuscript and looked at each page. My final conversation with Trout was also being archived by audiovisual upload from my brain.

“A couple of things before I go,” Trout said, “it's a good thing your attempted assassination of Colonel HATER failed. He had originally been planted by us Yumans in the Whitehouse to coerce your President to press the nuclear button on our appointed date. However it so happened that your Neocons were so aggressively agitating for pre-emptive first strikes that Rumfoord's role in his final months was reversed. He actually had to restrain your President from pressing the button until 13 June when our Yuman human preparations were fully completed.”

Did that mean my failure was a success?  
Whatever it was, I could not take credit for anything other than sheer incompetence.

Trout added this odd comment, “I had requested to take you with us but the Elders said that you were not my pet rabbit.” That was yet another statement made by

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Trout which, in the past I would have dismissed as an enigmatic undecipherable utterance, a brain fart, arising from my own crazed mind that defied explanation. Now however, I understood his meaning full well, which was rather insulting, not that any insult was actually intended by Trout nor that I actually cared.

Trout's final words to me were this, "I wish you comfort and equanimity in the remaining time available to you."

And just like that, he vanished in a puff of smoke.



## **CHAPTER TWENTY TWO:**

**This epilogue written by Jonah Gakk was discovered by Yuman archaeologists during an excavation three millenia after the Nuclear Apocalypse:**

I write my final narrative from this point on for personal reasons only, out of habit rather than anything else, for the sake of closure. It is the conclusion to my memoirs that will be found next to my desiccated corpse by future Alien archaeologists, if it is ever found at all.

After I retired back down here to the meat locker, I remembered the letter that Dr. Gianna Moon Landers had written which she made me promise not to open till all the dust had settled after the Apocalypse. That time is now. Here is the original letter which I am inserting into my manuscript:

*Dear Jonah,*

*By now you will be aware that everything Kilgore Trout said to you was true (apart from his real name, identity and appearance, which, for practical purposes are irrelevant). Trout was and is indeed the avatar of a very real Alien from Outer Space, a Yuman. I too am a Yuman who took possession of this human body when my host was ten years old.*

*You are one of my favourite patients and I have a great fondness for you, although perhaps not in the way you might have liked. I am sure you understand from the writings of your Great Aunt, why no Human human, not even you, may be allowed to participate in the future*

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*custodianship of this Planet. Rightful ownership belongs to those committed to taking good care of that which takes good care of them, namely the living Earth. The future belongs to Yuman humans like myself.*

*If you think about it, this is in fact the best possible outcome imaginable. Left to your own devices, you Humans would have completely destroyed yourselves, leaving no trace of your previous existence apart from a few scattered fragments that Alien archaeologists might laboriously piece together millions of years from now. Because of our Yuman intervention, your Human DNA will now live on within us, however the phenotypic shell will have superior programming. Furthermore we have thoroughly archived all your Human history and culture in great detail. Your science after the year 1700 was in fact entirely ours, although we never intended that you abuse fossil fuel power to the extent you did. Fossil fuels were just meant to be a brief, temporary bridge to 100% renewable energy, a bridge you failed to cross. If you had adopted the Precautionary Principle and listened to your climate scientists, if you had used all your resources to make that energy transition from the 1970s onwards and had exercised restraint with your industrial and population growth, if you had not burnt all those fossil fuels in the pursuit of mindless consumerism and military confrontations, your biosphere would at this time be flourishing and you would have been received by us Yumans as an enlightened species, suitable for mutually beneficial collaboration. Instead, you chose the easy, brutish and*



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*insane path, which was the wrong path, and must now  
face the consequences.*

*It is with mixed feelings I now bid you farewell.*

*Your friend,*

*Gianna Moon Landers*

Was I gutted by her letter? Was I the least bit upset? Was I even slightly bothered? Not at all, I felt like an empty shell from which all emotions had been poured out a long time ago. The only thing I was interested in was my remaining supply of Zamakibo-gen.

What can I look forward to? The lucky ones had a quick merciful death from nuclear obliteration. The unlucky ones who were outside the targeted cities, far from ground zero, who had not prepared for Armageddon, are now cannibalising each other. There is nothing outside my dungeon that can be of any use to me. The landscape is dark, cold, frozen and covered with radioactive fallout. In my bunker I still have fuel to run the ventilation system and it remains warm but I have run out of food and have little water. I have three tablets of Zamakibo-gen left, after which the full emotional impact of my predicament will hit home. Until then, my attitude is that nobody really cares, least of all me.

When the time feels right, I can do what needs to be done using the tools at hand. A revolver perhaps, or maybe I will turn off the ventilation and turn on the cooking gas, or maybe swallow a fist full of sleeping pills, I am spoilt for choice.

If I had to write an epitaph for the vast majority

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of Humanity\* describing our relationship with this incredibly precious, bountiful, life giving Planet Earth, it would be this:

*“Nobody really cared, least of all me.”*

I have written in indelible ink, on the outside of the door to this meat locker, my own personal epitaph cribbed from the Books of Lionel Boyd Johnson:

*“Tank you for de honor. Now mud lies down again and goes to sleep.”*

**- THE END -**

*\*the rare exceptions having zero impact on the rest*



I really wonder what gives us the right to wreck  
this poor planet of ours.

(Kurt Vonnegut)

## **EVENTS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER:**

- 2 million years ago: Yuman tri-fleet leaves Dearth.
- Circa 1700 CE: Yuman tri-fleet arrives at Earth, ships park in geostationary orbit.
- Circa 1800 CE: Yuman tri-fleet moves to L2 position of Earth-Moon system.
- 1946: twelve year old Melena Gakk receives subconscious download about Yumans from Theta Grunberg, Theta placed in sleep mode shortly after.

### **Twenty first century onwards:**

- Jonah Gakk enters university for creative writing degree.
- Gakk expelled from university.
- Gakk enrolls in US army, undergoes basic infantry training then basic sapper training.
- Gakk posted to Afghanistan.
- May 2021: Gakk discharged from Army shortly before the end of his second tour of Afghanistan, returns to USA.
- Gakk descends into alcoholic self destruction yet somehow manages to survive for a couple of years.
- Gakk admitted to Veterans' psychiatric hospital, achieves semi-functional status after a few months then discharged but still heavily on the booze.

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- Gakk works in Amozany assembly line, but is fired after barely a month.
- Gakk, now homeless, receives windfall inheritance after death of Melena Gakk.
- Gakk now able to afford pricey private PTSD therapist.
- At ninth session, Gakk confesses sins to Dr Landers and is immediately able to cease alcohol cold turkey after that.
- Gakk now able to establish a stable lifestyle for more than a year, yet is still plagued by low level psychological disturbances treated with SSRI antidepressants. Habituated to austerity, he continues to be frugal and to use public transport .
- 2025: Gakk is visited by Kilgore Trout on a bus.
- Gakk undergoes evaluation and testing and is diagnosed with TLE and after failed trials of several medications is eventually put on Zamakibo-gen.
- Gakk is taught about eleventh commandment of Tralfamadorians by Kilgore Trout.
- Gakk is warned by Trout in March 2026 that Armageddon is scheduled for 13 June 2026, just three months time, then visitations cease because Trout had violated the Protocols of the Elders of Tralfamadore.
- Gakk's attempted assassination of Colonel HATER fails.

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- Gakk asks Dr Landers to shelter in his bunker for Armageddon day but she has other plans.
- 12 June 2026: Theta meets with Yuman Elders.
- 13 June 2026: Nuclear Armageddon on Earth.
- Fifteen days later: Gakk goes above ground, sees devastation all around, receives final visit from Trout and uploads his memoirs to the Yumans.
- 3000 years later: Yuman archaeologists discover Gakk's remains in old bunker, along with the conclusion to his memoirs.

## **APPENDIX ONE**

*The following was written by **Andrew Dolt** on **September 17, 2021** (6 days after September 11, 2021, the 48<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the CIA coup in Chile).*

*Dolt is a certifiable Australian rightwingnut pundit. His hobbies include praising Australian Prime Minister Scott Morrison to high heaven, murdering kittens and supporting the War against Terra ...oops..I mean Terror.*

### **SCOTTY FROM MARKETING MAKES A GENIUS MOVE**

Genius! We now know that even as the US was chaotically fleeing from Afghanistan, they were offering up nuclear submarines to Australia in clandestine meetings - which Scotty from Marketing eagerly embraced with both hands around his dick in orgasmic self congratulatory spasms! Woo Hoo! Scotty from Marketing is doing a great job bringing about the End Times! Not to worry though, Scotty along with his good mate Brian Houston and other true believers like myself will float up to heaven in the Rapture just before WW3 breaks out!

<https://independentaustralia.net/politics/politics-display/morrison-and-the-secret-pentecostal-plan-for-world-domination.16318>

Maybe Scotty can squirrel out \$169 million US dollars with him, just as that US sock puppet Ashraf Ghani did as he fled Kabul in a helicopter. You, dear reader, and more

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than seven billion others, being the worthless unChristian sinners you are, deserve to die and go to hell in the looming nuclear and climate Apocalypse.

<http://johnpilger.com/articles/another-hiroshima-is-coming-unless-we-stop-it-now>



Nobody denies that this is all about "containing" China, the latest villain du jour, as explained to us by the Neoliberal, Neocolonial, Neoconartists via their media stooges. And quite right too! THE CHINESE HAVE ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME. How dare they raise 800 million of their own people out of poverty rather than funnel all their wealth into the US corporations! How dare they spend (well under) one tenth per capita on their military as compared with the US, which alone spends more than the next ten top military spending countries in the world combined! How dare the Chinese maintain 350 nuclear warheads in their arsenal as compared with the

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6,000 nukes of the US! The only reasonable response to such Chinese aggression is to ramp up US military (and proxy) presence in the Pacific, particularly on that lily-pad called Oz. Especially since America failed miserably to control the Western flank of China by invading Afghanistan. But hey, why not instead fund Uyghur "freedom fighters" with money from the "National Endowment for Democracy" to sow chaos in Xinjiang, now that America has conveniently deleted the East Turkestan Islamic Militia from its list of terrorist groups.

Nuclear submarines are clearly the tip top most urgent and important priority for Oz. Fuck those clueless tree-hugging eco-alarmists, always annoyingly begging for funds to "fix" the planet. We know for a fact that global heating climate catastrophe is a left wing hoax (invented by the Chinese, no less), that ecosystem destruction is a myth and that Peak Oil is simply wrong wrong wrong. And Neoliberal Capitalism is not on the verge of collapse at all, no way! Look how well the stockmarket is doing! Look how well those Neoliberals did containing COVID in the US, not that we believe COVID is real anyway. And if it is real, it was engineered in a Chinese lab and released in China on the Chinese people in a cunning, diabolical plot to attack the US! But guess what? We have an amazing cure those dumb Chinks never counted on! Intravenous disinfectant!

Do not believe the naysayers who claim that nuclear submarines have no fucking value whatsoever for Australia. That the only role for nuclear submarines is power projection into distant international waters and as a



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platform for SLBM nuclear warheads (very difficult to detect and destroy, unlike land or aircraft or ship based nukes).

Do not believe the naysayers who claim that the US F35 joint strike fighter was a horribly over-budget, horribly delayed, horribly inferior product riddled with defects, and those horribly overpriced US nuclear submarines will follow the exact same pattern.

Do not believe the naysayers who claim that reneging on our submarine contract with the French will damage Australia's international reputation. Fuck the Frogs! Forget French Fries! Freedom Fries forever! How much financial compensation will we have to pay for breaking our contract with the French? How many potential jobs will be lost in South Australia (with 8 instead of 12 subs to be built and all the power plants to be made and maintained by the USA)? Fuck any breach-of-contract penalty cost to the Australian taxpayer, no need to consult ordinary Australian citizens in a referendum. And fuck South Australian jobs. Anybody outside Sydney and Canberra can go fuck themselves, to hell with them.

Be aware that our economic and trade links with China are worth nothing whatsoever. China manufactures and exports nothing to us and they import no raw materials nor agricultural produce from us. Nothing, nada, zilch, zero. Our neoliberal economic ties with the US corporations (none of which manufacture anything in China anyway) are all that matter. Dog licking America's arse is all we need to keep us safe and rich forever and a

day!

Scotty from Marketing said that the Australian soldiers who died in Afghanistan did not die for nothing. He was right! Share prices of Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman, General Dynamics, Raytheon and Boeing skyrocketed by 10 times since the invasion of Afghanistan.

<https://theintercept.com/2021/08/16/afghanistan-war-defense-stocks/>

Dead and damaged Australian soldiers and their families can rest easy knowing that their sacrifice paid for the luxury mega yachts and mansions of the US Military-Industrial-Complex elite and their investors! Such a noble cause! But how can the US MIC maintain their profit making model after fleeing Afghanistan? ...drum roll... Nuclear submarines!!! (and further genius initiatives to follow!!!)

Not to worry, there will be huge profits to be made just before Armageddon ensues! Obscene profits for the US elite even as they retire to their luxury nuke proof bunkers. But not for you, dear reader. You are just worthless nuclear fodder. The sooner you get that fact into your thick head, the happier you will be. Know and understand your proper position in the world, you inconsequential amoeba. The only rightful position for you is bending over and getting royally bugged by the US MIC, courtesy of Scotty and his marketing team.

A. Dolt

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note: UK and US nuclear submarines use highly enriched uranium (~95%) which will render Australia in violation of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty (to which Australia is a signatory), because it can be used directly to make nuclear bombs.

French and Chinese nuclear submarines use low enriched uranium (~6%) which cannot be used to make nuclear bombs

<https://sgs.princeton.edu/sites/default/files/2021-11/vonhippel-2021-aukus.pdf>



<https://www.counterpunch.org/2022/07/05/covid-deaths-in-the-us-over-1-million-and-china-about-5000/>

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**December 2019: ScoMo living it up in Hawaii while Oz is burning. Nero is my Hero!**

## **APPENDIX TWO**

### **The Greatest Threat to Human Existence and to all Americans themselves is the US Military Industrial Complex (MIC)**

*by Geoffrey Chia, MBBS, MRCP (UK), FRACP, October 2021*

***“The record shows America’s Afghan War was nothing other than a prolonged and entirely successful operation – to loot the US Taxpayer. At least a quarter of a million Afghans, not to mention 3,500 US & allied troops paid a heavier price” - Andrew Cockburn, award winning investigative journalist/author <https://forthright.media/2021/10/05/andrew-cockburn-the-spoils-of-war-power-profit-and-the-american-war-machine/>***

Anyone who says the AUKUS nuclear submarine deal is a good idea is either a brainwashed sheeple or a despicable psychopath. Joe Biden, Scott Morrison and Boris Johnson are undoubtedly despicable psychopaths. They fulfil the criteria for that medical diagnosis despite their apparently personable facades. Indeed the most successful psychopaths have carefully crafted charming fake personas. It is what the best con-artists (especially marketing propagandists like Scott Morrison) have skilfully cultivated, it is what has enabled their rise. The first doctor to formally define psychopathy clinically, Dr Hervey Cleckley, called it “*the mask of sanity*”. Superficial charm, lying repeatedly without compunction,

murdering innocents without remorse, reneging on promises then gaslighting those they have betrayed, megalomaniacal narcissism, lack of conscience, no moral compass (although ScoMo is very good at portraying himself as an upright Christian. BoJo in contrast is a known indiscriminate copulator with untold numbers of illegitimate children, a vile misogynist **1**).

Scott Morrison, incorrigible Global Warming denier, famously pulled the stunt of handing around a lump of coal in Parliament saying that it was nothing to be afraid of, because even if Global Warming was real, which he doubted, the risks were grossly exaggerated. Liar, liar, liar. (The lump had to be lacquered so as not to stain people's hands with carcinogenic crap).

ScoMo and BoJo have always been right wing stooges and tongue-lolling US bootlickers. Biden was an enthusiastic cheerleader for the US invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq, both heinous war crimes. The Afghan Taliban were ready to surrender and sue for peace in 2001 **2**, which the US rejected because they had always intended to invade and occupy regardless. The US chickenshit armchair warmongering psychopaths had in fact hatched schemes to invade multiple Middle Eastern countries several years prior. They were just waiting for the right "event" that would garner sufficient US public support for those invasions **3,4**. And of course Iraq had nothing to do with 9/11, nor did they have any WMDs hidden in the back of their sock drawer. Iraq posed absolutely no threat to the US. Iraq's fatal mistake was attempting to sell their oil in Euros rather than US

Dollars, which was in fact their sovereign right.

Who benefited from the never-ending foreign military interventions (direct or via proxy) perpetrated by the USA ever since WW2? Far from bringing peace to the world (so-called "*Pax Americana*"), the US caused untold chaos, death and misery in their "target" countries (de-facto "*Pox Americana*"). This generated bitter foreign resentment against ordinary Americans and fuelled the massive radicalisation and recruitment of Islamist terrorists. The anti-Soviet Mujahideen, sponsored by the US, morphed into the Taliban, who colluded (fractiously) with Al Qaeda, who themselves originated from the US petrodollar funded Saudi Wahabis and Salafists. Al Qaeda in turn expanded and morphed into various other terror groups including ISIS/Daesh, Al Nusra in Syria and now ISIS-K in Afghanistan. Who benefited from the US bombing of Syria and Libya? Are the general public so stupid as to believe that the US could bring democracy to Syria and Libya by bombing them, and indeed that bringing about democracy was the motivation of the US in the first place? ISIS grew out of the ruins of a fractured Iraq, a country shattered into pieces after the US bombing and invasion. ISIS then rampaged across several other countries and acquired massive stocks of armaments from unguarded caches in Libya, another country bombed to smithereens by the US. They went on to wreak havoc in Syria, murdering and terrorising countless innocents including beheading children. All enabled by the actions of the good ole US of A. You think Assad was a bad guy? ISIS and their "associates"

were and are many magnitudes worse. **5**

The American destruction of numerous Middle Eastern States (both directly and by US sponsored “moderate” rebels) has caused massive outflow of refugees into Europe. This has triggered, in many European countries, hateful racism and the rise of far right extremist Nationalist parties. De facto fascists, just as Trump is a de facto fascist. ***Europeans, if you are looking for someone to blame for your countries being flooded with Middle Eastern refugees, blame the US MIC.***

***Lying psychopaths always claim to have noble motives and to be protecting us from some scary bogeyman.*** That was true when Hitler invaded Poland, based on the lie that Polish soldiers had attacked Germans. That was true when the US declared war against Hanoi, based on the fake Gulf of Tonkin incident, which was a complete mainstream media fabrication.

Those chickenshit armchair warmongering psychopaths are always self-serving and they never have any skin in the game. It is all about their own personal benefit and aggrandisement, achieved at no cost to them but at huge cost to ordinary citizens and to innocent civilians abroad **6**. ***They have invariably fabricated or provoked or exaggerated the threat of the scary bogeyman themselves, to make us fearful so we will comply*** with their extortionately overpriced military expenditure for which ordinary taxpayers foot the bill - at the sacrifice of public healthcare, education and infrastructure maintenance **7,8**. That is the US “free



enterprise” system, coming to destroy your local neighbourhood very soon. Failure to comply makes you an unpatriotic traitor, *"you are either with us or against us"*. Decent ordinary Australians must stand together with decent ordinary Americans and Brits. We must all vehemently oppose the psychopathic fake "leaders" of our countries who have been installed, via the “manufacture of consent”, by puppet-master psychopaths like Rupert Murdoch, who also functions as the principal fear monger hyping up the scary bogeymen. ***The real solution is to get rid of those psychopaths, following which the bogeymen will suddenly vanish or dissipate or in fact turn out to be people we can trade and collaborate peacefully with.*** Did the Vietnamese turn out to be terrorists? To hell with that stupid lie, we just want to trade and collaborate peacefully with them. Any sane and decent people would regard the Iranians in the same way.

Who were behind 9/11, the worst terrorist atrocity on American soil? **2** It was Al Qaeda - who were themselves the demon spawn of US MIC machinations.

Who benefited financially from all subsequent US foreign interventions after 9/11? It was the US MIC - who were laughing all the way to the bank even as they were repatriating all those flag draped corpses of US soldiers back home.

In all situations where motivations seem unclear, we must apply these two aphorisms:

**"Cui Bono?"** - who benefits?" and **"Follow the money"**.

Let us strip away all the bullshit propaganda that

the prostitute mainstream media (funded by the MIC) are feeding us, let us look at the historical facts to gain clarity. In the final analysis, we realise beyond any shadow of doubt that the greatest enemy of Humanity, the greatest threat to ordinary Australians, British and indeed **the greatest enemy of the ordinary American people themselves is the US military industrial complex.** The warning many decades ago from US General and later President Dwight D Eisenhower regarding this fact could not be more stark, prophetic and relevant **10**. Well before that, US General Smedley Butler, the bravest and most decorated American soldier of his time, ultimately came to realise by 1930 that he was nothing more than a hired goon, *“a racketeer, a gangster for capitalism”*. He also said, *“War is a racket. It always has been. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives. A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small 'inside' group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.”* **11**

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**“War is a racket. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives.”**

**“If only more of today's military personnel would realize that they are being used by the owning elite's as a publicly subsidized capitalist goon squad.”**

**“I believe in adequate defense at the coastline and nothing else.”**

Author of "War is a Racket". Smedley Butler, US Marine Corps Major General. At the time of his death, he was the most decorated Marine in US history.

Butler also said, "*I believe in adequate defense at the coastline and nothing else*". Diesel-electric submarines are adequate for Australian coastal defence and we can maintain them ourselves at reasonable cost.

**What was Afghanistan all about?** The invasion of Afghanistan was decidedly NOT about getting Bin Laden. Otherwise the US would have left Afghanistan as soon as they had driven him out of Tora Bora 20 years ago, or if not, certainly after they assassinated him in Pakistan 10 years ago. Was the invasion of Afghanistan about the US securing trillions of dollars worth of minerals, or the CIA making huge profits from opium, or

about oil and gas pipelines to be built through that territory for export to the West thus also denying those fossil fuels to a rising China? Those may have been some motivations of the psychopaths, but ultimately THE FAILURE OF THOSE OBJECTIVES DID NOT MATTER. **The only thing that mattered was never ending humongous US military expenditure**, exploding megatonnes worth of ordnance on the hapless Afghan population, ordnance that would need to be replenished at huge cost, generating huge profits for the US arms industry. As such, IT DID NOT MATTER that megatonnes of US military hardware were also LEFT BEHIND in Afghanistan for the Taliban to grab. Just more stuff that needed to be replenished in the US inventory, courtesy of the US taxpayer. It is no accident that the share prices of the main US military corporations sky-rocketed by ten times since 2001 **12**. Matthew Hoh, US veteran of Iraq and Afghanistan, explains this corrupt, murderous neocolonial boondoggle in substantial detail here: **13**. US Army Colonel (ret) Lawrence Wilkerson offers valuable insights into the Afghanistan debacle here: **14**.

The unspeakably criminal mass murder of the Yemeni people carried out by US proxy Saudi Arabia was and is another example of relentless bombardment of civilians by US military ordnance which directly profits US arms manufacturers.

This unbridled greed (and intoxicating sense of power arising from committing mass murder with impunity) is the basis for the US “forever wars”, for

which the UK and Australia have always eagerly signed up, like quisling lapdogs.

Anyone who thinks that the US offer of nuclear submarines to Australia is anything *other* than just one more overpriced rort, designed to line the pockets of the US MIC, must be smoking some seriously strong weed or be a seriously stupid moron. And guess what? **It does not matter if it is over budget, over schedule, never works properly, constantly breaks down and is horrendously expensive to maintain** (maintenance which can only be done by the US MIC). Indeed, the US psychopaths will squeal in delight if it turns out that way. Nuclear submarines from the US have NOTHING to do with effective defence of the Australian coast. The ONLY THING THAT MATTERS is funnelling truckloads of filthy lucre from the pockets of hardworking Australian taxpayers into the bank accounts of those US MIC psychopaths.

ScoMo and his team of American arse lickers have behaved abominably towards the French, our long standing allies and loyal friends who acted in good faith. We need to get rid of this team of psychopathic fake Australian leaders. If our existing submarine contract with the French could be cancelled, then we can also cancel any potential new agreement with the US MIC. To restore any semblance of our honour, we must go back to the French, cap in hand and beg them for forgiveness to reinstate our old agreement. We need to make things right. If not, the French and indeed all Europeans are entitled to regard Australians with utter contempt and

never trust us again in any negotiations. Let us be absolutely clear as to who the bad guys are here (hint – it is not the French).

**The US adoption of habitual belligerence as “foreign policy” has one single source: the US MIC** (which includes their various ventriloquist dummies such as Biden) **15**. It does NOT originate from the majority of American people, who have had their democracy hijacked from them over the past several decades. However it has been necessary for the MIC to “manufacture consent” from the American public by relentless psychological media manipulations. Numerous commentators such as Noam Chomsky and John Pilger have condemned the reprehensible US aggravations and lies currently driving us towards war with China, which could trigger global nuclear war with the slightest mistake **16**. Unfortunately such voices of sanity have been excluded from the mainstream media. Those given wide publicity are toxic useful idiots like **Stinkin' Blinken from the Land of Nod, who is sleepwalking us towards Armageddon**. We urgently need the general public to wake up to this insanity. Casting China as the aggressor is absurd because it is the US who have stationed nuclear missiles and nuclear fleets up against the Chinese borders and not the other way around. It is only natural to expect China to push back against this.

If there is any country and any leader in the world we would do well to emulate, it is New Zealand and Jacinda Adern. Her priorities? Protect Kiwis from COVID by adopting the best scientific epidemiologic

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recommendations. In that respect she is arguably the best leader in the world (and Americans are the worst). Support economically and socially vulnerable Kiwis. Provide free universal public health care. Provide free public education (including free University for most citizens

[https://uoa.custhelp.com/app/answers/detail/a\\_id/11508/~eligibility-for-free-fees-study](https://uoa.custhelp.com/app/answers/detail/a_id/11508/~eligibility-for-free-fees-study) ). Wealth generation from domestic productivity (which requires environmental protection) and mutually beneficial international trade. Ethical behaviour in domestic matters (especially respect for First Nations people) and in international relations.

Good international diplomatic and trade relations, being a trustworthy partner who speaks truthfully and negotiates in good faith, are the best way to maintain world peace and harmony, not military aggravations nor duplicitous breach of contracts, which do the exact opposite.

The Australian comedian Jim Jefferies has a simple rule for ethics: don't be a c\*nt.

Australian Prime Monster Scott Morrison is a c\*nt.

**FOOTNOTES:**

1. <https://www.theguardian.com/politics/2021/oct/06/ottymeter-and-girly-swots-how-johnson-shows-women-respect>
2. <https://www.commondreams.org/views/2021/08/18/taliban-surrendered-2001>
3. Dick Cheney's 1998 "Project for a new American Century" (PNAC)  
<https://groundzeromedia.org/cheney-the-devil-behind-the-curtain/>  
<https://leecamp.com/u-s-has-killed-6-million-people-over-20-years/>  
<https://bylinetimes.com/2021/09/15/up-to-six-million-people-the-unrecorded-fatalities-of-the-war-on-terror/>
4. General Wesley Clark was surprised more than 20 years ago when he learned of the despicable plan by the US neocons to attack seven Middle Eastern countries in five years  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nUCwCgthp\\_E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nUCwCgthp_E)
5. We have long had indisputable proof, based on calculations by an MIT Professor and analysis by a UN weapons inspector, that the nerve gas attack on Sunnis in Ghouta, Damascus, which Obama libellously blamed on Assad in 2013, was actually perpetrated by “rebel insurgents” who were in fact Islamist terrorists.  
<https://s3.amazonaws.com/s3.documentcloud.org/documents/1006045/possible-implications-of-bad-intelligence.pdf>



<https://21stcenturywire.com/2014/01/20/mit-study-further-destroys-washingtons-syria-chemical-weapons-claim/>

This was a false flag committed by terrorists designed to justify US bombing of Syria to topple Assad. The mainstream media have also refused to publicise the OPCW findings proving that other chemical attacks falsely blamed on Assad were in fact perpetrated by terrorists that the US claimed to be “moderate” rebels

<https://moderaterebels.libsyn.com/inside-syria-opcw-cover-up-and-israeli-aggression-with-aaron-mat-and-mohammad-marandi>

6. This is a truly cunning protection racket that the Mafia would be proud of. It is reminiscent of the genesis of the US Petrodollar: After Israel (supplied with US weapons) defeated the Arabs in several wars, the Americans in the mid 1970s offered the Saudi Royals military protection against future Israeli aggression. All the Saudis had to do in return was sell their oil in US dollars, accepting no other currencies and to invest their surplus savings in US debt securities. The Saudis were also given the “opportunity” to buy the latest US weaponry because, hey, Israel had also bought the latest US weaponry. What a sweet gig it is to sell expensive weapons to both sides of a conflict, where both parties feel the urgent, constant need to upgrade their gear or risk falling behind. The US repeated this same neat trick of selling their weapons to both sides of a conflict (the Iran-Iraq war) with the clandestine Iran Contra debacle. Following

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exposure, they blamed this scandal on a few corrupt scapegoats in a clownish inquiry reminiscent of a Laurel and Hardy skit - “*what a fine mess you have got us into Ollie*”. The whole scheme obviously went much deeper. Even those scapegoats were eventually pardoned by GHW Bush because, ultimately, they were loyal servants just doing the bidding of the US MIC. As many as 1.5 million people died in the Iran-Iraq war, but they were brown skinned towel heads, so who gives a shit. Obscene profiteering by the US MIC is the only thing that matters.

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2010/sep/23/iran-iraq-war-anniversary>

7. <https://progressive.org/latest/congress-fight-childcare-not-f35s-benjamin-davies-211008/>
8. <https://www.commondreams.org/views/2021/09/25/35-trillion-too-expensive-10-trillion-war-business-usual>
9. Ignoring the historical reality that the systematic genocide of Native Americans was in fact wholesale terrorism.
10. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gg-jvHynP9Y>
11. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/War\\_Is\\_a\\_Racket](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/War_Is_a_Racket)
12. <https://theintercept.com/2021/08/16/afghanistan-war-defense-stocks/>
13. <https://www.mintpressnews.com/war-is-a-racket-ex-state-department-official-matthew-hoh-speaks-out/278526/> and <https://www.buzzsprout.com/1822200/9254051-war-is-a-racket-ex-state-department-official->

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[matthew-hoh-speaks-out.mp3?client\\_source=small\\_player&download=true](#)

14. [https://www.mintpressnews.com/decline-us-empire-lawrence-wilkerson-afghanistan-pull-out/278326/](#) and [https://pdcn.co/e/www.buzzsprout.com/284746/9093307-decline-and-fall-of-the-us-empire-lawrence-wilkerson-discusses-afghanistan-pull-out.mp3?client\\_source=small\\_player&download=true](#)
15. [https://player.fm/series/moats-the-podcast-with-george-galloway/lawyer-professor-and-author-daniel-kovalik-reflects-on-the-anniversary-of-the-cuban-missile-crisis](#)  
[https://sputniknews.com/2021/02/25/cuban-missile-crisis-covid-19-history-of-capitalism-this-weeks-headlines-1090191443.html](#) Most military analysts concur that China has around 350 nuclear warheads, whereas the USA has around 6,000 nukes (similar to Russia).  
[https://news.antiwar.com/2021/06/11/china-urges-us-and-russia-to-reduce-their-nuclear-arsenals/](#)
16. Obviously China will *never* launch a first strike against the USA because they are not suicidal and this is in fact written in their official policy. However the US chickenshit armchair warmongers have, ever since the end of WW2, many times agitated for a first strike against China. The current US policy is in fact poised towards possible first strikes against both China and Russia, which is unspeakably more insane and evil than previous MAD policy. It is a guarantee of human extinction.

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See Brian Becker's interview with Prof. John Bellamy Foster

<https://soundcloud.com/thesocialistprogram/official-us-policy-we-can-win-a-nuclear-war>

Anyone who denies the danger of this prospect has rocks in their head. All out nuclear war will render humanity and most species extinct, not just because the consequent nuclear winter will prevent plant growth causing universal famine, but also because after the nuclear winter clears, the ozone layer (which protects all complex life from UV radiation) will have been destroyed, thus frying any surviving life.

**It is absolutely essential that all decent human beings pay as much or more attention to the risk of nuclear war as they do to global warming. The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists has set their clock at 100 seconds to midnight, worse even than during the last Cold War. Climate change will NOT cause near term human extinction before 2100, but Global Nuclear War may very well do so.**

Some may criticise me for unseemly “political commentary” outside my remit as a Physician. I have no time for such fools. The facts and evidence I have outlined are indisputable. If the prospect of near term human extinction is not a medical matter, then NOTHING is. The real question is: what are you going to do about it?

NB: the US military is also the largest single fossil fuel consuming and carbon emitting entity in the world, on

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par with entire countries

(<https://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2019/06/190620100005.htm> *Transactions of the Institute of British*

*Geographers*)

<https://insideclimatenews.org/news/18012022/military-carbon-emissions/>

Abby Martin is now making an important documentary regarding that planet destroying behemoth, **“Earth's greatest enemy”** <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YX3aAnGwmLo>

## **APPENDIX THREE**

### **Philosophical Musings #6: Changing minds, convincing the public:**

by Geoffrey Chia, May 2021

*Q: How many psychiatrists does it take to change a lightbulb?*

*A: Only one, but the lightbulb must really, really want to change*

After many years of failed attempts to persuade the public about the environmental crises we face, using irrefutable scientific facts and rational argument, I reached the conclusion that it is impossible to change the minds of the vast majority of people using facts and reason. Their prejudices and biases are deeply wedded to their sense of identity, which, if abandoned, will cast them adrift onto a roiling sea of psychological doubt, uncertainty and confusion. Only a tiny minority of people may be amenable to rational persuasion by engagement with their neocortex (the logical part of the brain) and these people are known as *sapient*s. **1**



Conversely it is eminently feasible and actually rather easy to shape and even radicalise the views of the vast majority, the clueless sheeple, using non-facts and non-sense. This is done by

employing tactics that appeal to their reptile brain (amygdala, limbic system etc), which is governed by fear, prejudice and infantile egocentricity (an inflated personal and tribal sense of self). This unfortunate reality has been amply demonstrated by the astounding effectiveness of state, commercial and social propaganda that have been able to convince millions of people that Iraq had WMDs threatening the US, that global warming is a hoax, that cigarette smoking is "cool" and that there is any basis whatsoever for wacky QAnon ideas.

I previously expanded PT Barnum's famous quote, by saying that you can actually fool most of the people all of the time. All it takes for you to pervert democracy is to convince 51% of a population 2 of your point of view and they will then vote in the government of your choice. This is known as "*Manufacturing Consent*", the title of the famous book by Herman and Chomsky.

You may be familiar with the psychological studies of Milgram (obedience to authority), Asch (conformity) and Zimbardo (prison role play leading to brutality). These studies, among others, have enabled the mass manipulators to work out how to influence people (even the "highly educated" – better termed the "highly mis-edumacated") by appealing to their basest herd and animal instincts.

The topic of how to change peoples minds is a subset of the wider topic about how to convince the public in general of a chosen point of view. This is the basis for the hugely profitable multibillion dollar

advertising industry. There is an entire branch of psychology devoted to the study of propaganda or "public relations" **3**. There are whole university departments of "public relations" that employ "professors" of PR **4**. Indeed the father of systematic propaganda, Edward Bernays, who literally wrote the handbook on propaganda entitled, can you guess it?... "*Propaganda*", and who coined the term "public relations", was the double nephew of Sigmund Freud ("uncle siggy"). Edward Bernays was, like his uncle, an Austrian Jew.

Goebbels, the el-primo Nazi propagandist, literally copied his methods from Bernays' books, using them to inflame the prejudices of "Aryan" racists, thus facilitating the mass murder of Jews, some of whom were Bernays' own relatives. Bernays was also responsible for addicting millions of American women to cigarettes which he called their "torches of freedom". Way to go, Bernays!

*Nobody can take away my freedom to get lung cancer from cigarettes, they will have to pry it out of my cold, dead hands!*

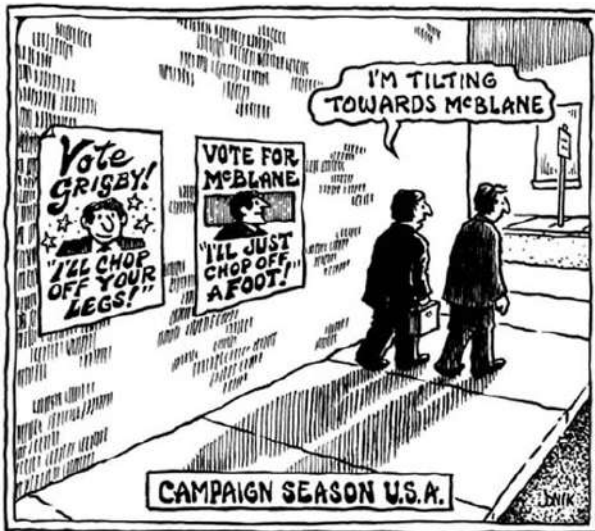
In my previous piece debunking Racism, I stated that prevention is better than cure and that it is essential to immunise children against that toxic brain virus before the merchants of bullshit get their tenterhooks into them. The merchants of bullshit are well aware of that principle themselves. After all, wasn't it the Jesuits (echoing Aristotle) who said, "*give me the child before he is seven and I will show you the man*"? That obviously applied to brainwashing females as well.



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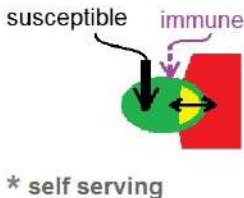
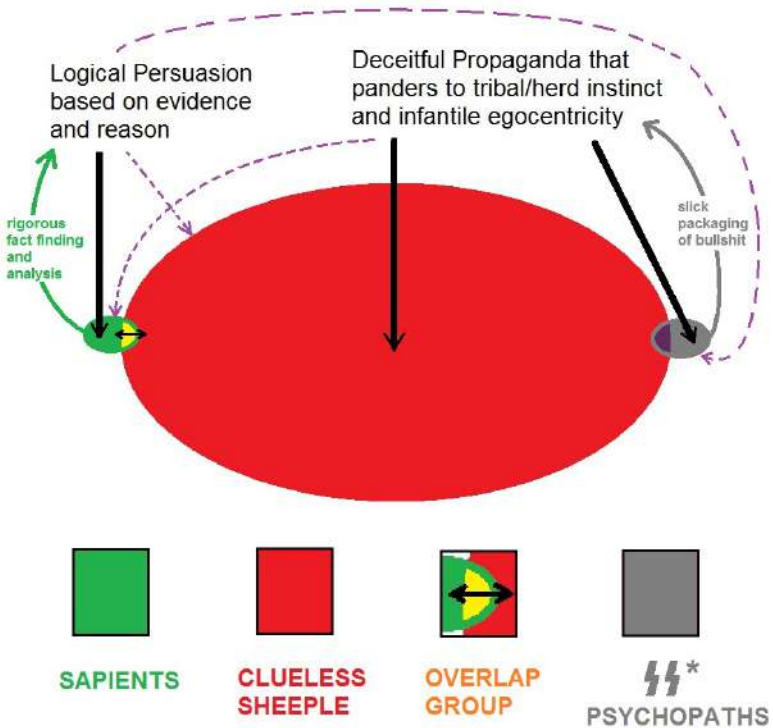
Understanding and applying the above tactics has enabled the U.S. GIMME **5** establishment to, piecemeal over several decades, extirpate from American society the mechanisms and advocates of social justice, equity and fairness **6**, to transform the US into the predatory, parasitic, protofascist, fake "neoliberal" (neither new nor liberal) bogus democracy that operates today.



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### To summarise how the US propaganda machine works:



### HOW AMERICAN "DEMOCRACY" WORKS:

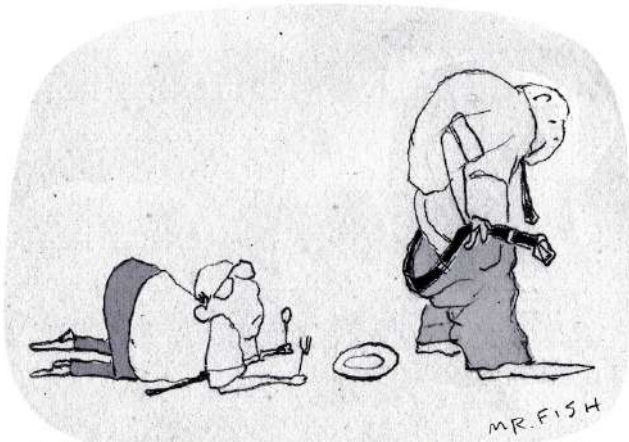
deceitful propaganda to manipulate the opinions of the clueless sheeple (the vast majority) enables democracy to be hijacked by the powers-that-be (Murdoch Press etc)

The majority of people, the clueless sheeple, are governed by their **reptile brains** characterised by a tribal/herd mentality and infantile egocentricity, which can either be contained or inflamed depending on the environment they are exposed to.

1. It has been shown to be quite easy, using relentless media propaganda, to manufacture an environment of fear and loathing against the **bogeyman du jour** (Jews, Muslims, Iraqis, Iranians, Russians, Chinese, North Koreans, Mexican wetbacks, "Ecoterrorists" - whatever) and convince the sheeple to give up their basic freedoms (personal privacy, free speech, the right to protest against unjust laws, the right of habeas corpus etc) for the illusion of security. *Vote me into power and I will protect you against the designated scary enemy of the day.* Orwell had it right when describing the workings of the "Ministry of Truth", "Doublethink", "Newspeak" and the "two minutes hate" directed against the enemy du jour. Blaming scapegoats works well to deflect resentment away from the primary culprits behind the catastrophic environmental and economic problems we face today: the filthy rich 0.1%

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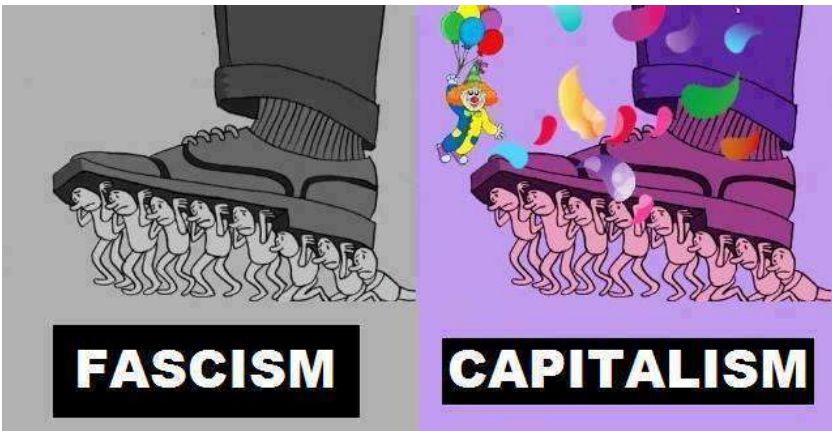


Craig had his MBA to thank for his amazing life and impeccable table manners

2. **Illusion of free speech and thought:** Unlike overtly authoritarian heavy handed dictatorships, the US propaganda machine has discovered that it is not necessary to completely stamp out isolated voices of dissent such as Noam Chomsky. They can simply be ignored and denied mainstream platforms. Such marginalised voices have zero influence on the world stage if the media are copiously flooded with complete bullshit, repeated in multiple outlets, that drown out any voices of reason. Worst of all are those historically "progressive" outlets now controlled by interests that do not serve the public good eg the Washington Post purchased by Jeff Bezos. Half truths can be far worse than outright lies

because they are more believable. William Casey, CIA Director from 1981-87 famously said, “We’ll know our *disinformation program is complete when everything the American public believes is false.*”

*The greatest triumph of the US propaganda machine is convincing people that they have not, in fact, been brainwashed*



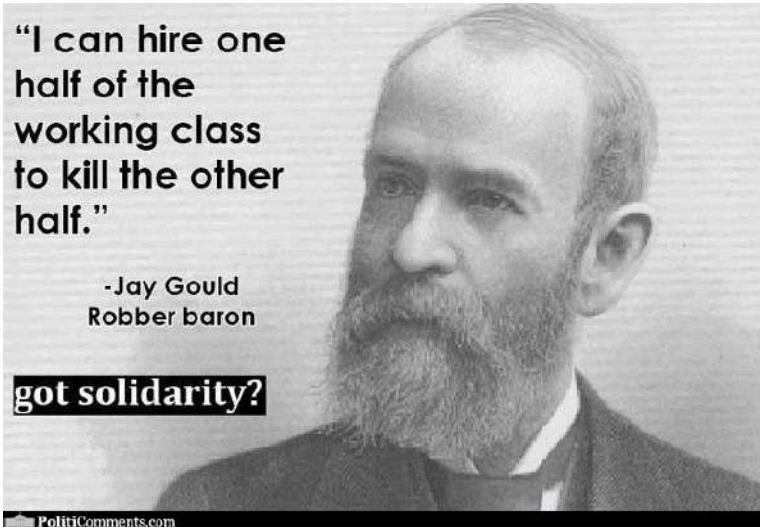
3. **Illusion of a free press:** Is the US press free? Just ask Julian Assange, whose greatest crime was exposing the war crimes of the USA.
4. **Illusion of democracy:** The biggest lie of all is that the USA is a democracy which supports democracies around the world. Indisputable overwhelming evidence has proven that the US is no longer a democracy at home **7**, has a contemptible history of overthrowing

democratically elected governments overseas **8** and in fact supports many brutal authoritarian regimes when it suits US political purposes (Shah Reza Pahlavi, the Saudi Arabian monarchy - who still practice public beheadings, Augusto Pinochet, as well as Saddam Hussein and Hosni Mubarak who were supported for decades by the US before reaching their use-by dates, to name just a few). This system "coincidentally" **works in favour of the financial interests** of the military industrial complex, the militarised police, the privatised prison system (unpaid prison labour is the modern version of Black slavery), the corporations, the banks and the stockmarket. The corporate Deep State in conjunction with the mass media have learned how to effectively **employ identity politics to fragment their opposition** and to sabotage concerted public initiatives to address the crucial issues of ecodestruction, global warming, resource depletion, pollution, risk of nuclear war etc: issues that the Deep State are in fact exacerbating. Trump and Bolsonaro were and are obvious examples of this. Biden merely pays lip service to sustainability concerns. If Biden was serious about climate change he would immediately abolish all government subsidies to the fossil fuel industries and greatly reduce the US military budget (the funds to be redirected to the permanent restoration of beneficial social

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policies eg universal health care, social security, public education, infrastructure maintenance etc). However neither have any hope of occurring.



**CONCLUSION:** An elite cabal of smart but evil self serving psychopaths have discovered how to effectively manipulate the opinions of the clueless sheeple and thereby pervert American Democracy - as well as royally screw any other countries who refuse to toe their line.

**FOOTNOTES:**

1. Sapience has little to do with formal education, indeed ivy league universities are viral epicentres of neoliberal economic disinformation and untruth. (But paradoxically they are also centres of important factual research. The presence of the latter, based on truth, lends credibility to the former, based on lies).
2. Actually, way less than 51% will suffice. You just need to convince A% of the people, provided that A% exceeds the individual percentages of the smaller fragmented categories of B, C, D etc. "First past the post" democracy operates this way, another example of divide and rule which works by fragmenting your opposition.
3. Other near synonyms are "*perception management*" or "*brainwashing*"
4. The medical abbreviation "PR" (per rectum) refers to the act of sticking one's finger up another's rectum. The difference between medical PR and public relations PR is...er...actually, there is no difference.
5. Government, Industrial, Military, Media and Economic
6. Multiple "convenient departures" of leaders such as JFK, Robert Kennedy, MLK jr, Malcolm X, Fred Hampton, Patrice Lumumba and Dag Hammarskjöld in the 1960s were not random unconnected events. As with all situations where there is a fog of uncertainty, one must always say, "*cui bono?*" and "follow the money!" Ever since the convenient removal of such "impediments" to the US corporate MIC agenda, from the 1970's onwards, social inequity in the USA has exploded, with the 0.1% economic elite making out like bandits. <https://wtfhappenedin1971.com/>



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US foreign policy has been pursued using either devious covert sabotage or by thuggish bullying bastardry ("*New confessions of an economic Hit Man*" by John Perkins is a *must*-read)

7. <https://www.cambridge.org/core/journals/perspectives-on-politics/article/testing-theories-of-american-politics-elites-interest-groups-and-average-citizens/62327F513959D0A304D4893B382B992B>
8. [https://www.academia.edu/40418850/Americas\\_Deadliest\\_Export\\_Blum\\_William](https://www.academia.edu/40418850/Americas_Deadliest_Export_Blum_William)

*see also works by Chalmers Johnson, Douglas Valentine, Daniel Ellsberg etc*



## **APPENDIX FOUR**

### **Bokononist Cat's Cradle rituals**

**by Geoffrey Chia, October 2021**

Here is my idea how Bokononists might have greeted each other, had that religion not been declared illegal in San Lorenzo: They could adopt the yoga "namaste" gesture, with forearms horizontal



(unlike the casual namaste with forearms drooped) and



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on meeting, the various parties would say "*boko-maru*" to each other. This hand gesture would represent the ritual of boko-maru, which is actually done with the feet:



When leaving, the Bokononists would employ the same hand gesture, those departing saying "*live by the foma that make you brave and kind and healthy and happy*" and those remaining simply responding "*foma*".

In Christianity there are formalised rituals in which the priest blurts out a standard phrase and the flock, in true Pavlovian style, deliver a rote, stock response.

#### Example from Catholic Mass:

*P: Lamb of God you take away the sins of the world*

*F: Have mercy on us*

*P: Lamb of God you take away the sins of the world*

*F: Have mercy on us*

*P: Lamb of God you take away the sins of the world*

*F: Grant us Peace*

I envision the following Bokononist ritual as part of a BK ceremony: Bokononism, being an outlawed religion, has no formal priests, no built churches and no

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regular Masses. It is anarchic (ie lacks a hierarchy). Ceremonies are irregular and convened by whoever is able to organise it (the stuppa) on any suitable day and held in any suitable clandestine location.

The faithful get together as a karanfalloon (it is impossible to know if this group is their karass or just a granfalloon) and place two symbolic wampeters, one waxing and one waning (these could be anything eg one a stick, the other a flower) at the open end of their semicircle, in front of the convenor, the stuppa, who faces the flock. The stuppa keeps a toy balloon nearby, perhaps tied with string to a rock to prevent it blowing away.

### **Cat's Cradle ritual between Convenor (the Stuppa) and Respondents:**

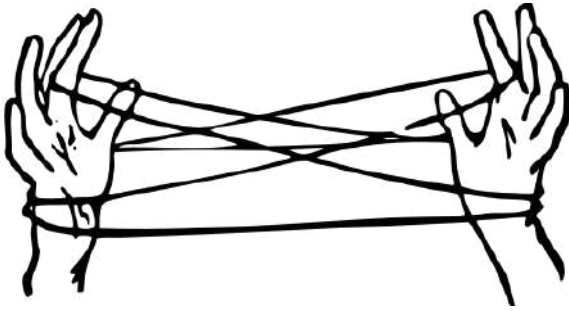
The stuppa holds his/her hands up in the Cat's Cradle gesture with nothing at all between their hands, or



if they are truly radical, with dirty, used string between them:

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*S: See the Cat! See the Cradle!*

*R: Where's the Cat? Where's the Cradle?*

*S: See the Cat! See the Cradle!*

*R: Where's the Cat? Where's the Cradle?*

*S: See the Cat! See the Cradle!*

*R: No goddamn Cat! No goddamn Cradle!*

At the very end of the ceremony the stuppa pricks the toy balloon. Kurt's literal definition of a stuppa was a "fogbound child" and my own made-up word of karanfalloon



(derived from KV's made-up words) refers to a group of people brought together by circumstance, who do not know whether they belong together or not.

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*This is a classic example of the blind leading the blind.*

#### **Bokononism is the world's only honest**

**religion.** In BK, the faithful admit upfront that their stuppa is clueless, that they, the flock are also clueless and that everything they celebrate in their karanfalloon and everything from the books of Bokonon are pure foma.

By contrast, in organised religions, the priests/mullahs/rabbis take themselves very seriously as do their flock and they all rabidly insist that the fabulist nonsense they spout from their holy\* books is Cosmic Truth. As Goebbels said, repeat a lie often enough and the masses will eventually come to believe it.

(\*definition of holy: that which you cannot criticise under pain of social ostracism or fatwah)

#### **A Bokononist prayer:**

*O God of mud,  
Grant me the mojo to change what I can,  
The chillness to accept what I can't,  
And the wisdom to know that it all don't matter one  
single goddamn!  
**Zah-mah-ki-bo !!!***

Bokononists tend to use the word "goddamn" a lot, goddammit!!

That's my contribution to Bokononist practices anyway...

*PS: anyone who actually understands what I have written above can consider themselves an advanced Bokononist!*