

Chapter Four: Brave New Normal

Scene 1: Red Square in Moscow, October 13, 2037. The Square is gradually emptying after people from all over the world have come to attend a Mass celebrated jointly by the Pope of the Roman Catholic Church and the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. The iconic St. Basil's Cathedral looms in the background, with one of its domes under repair as a result of a massive drone attack ordered by the King of Jerusalem. The attack has destroyed much of the Kremlin and killed many of the leaders of the Russian Federation, including its President. Global warfare has raged for the past twelve years, in the wake of the arrival of self-described "hyper-dimensional beings", who call themselves Atlanteans and claim to be the rightful rulers of the Earth, returning after a ten-thousand-year exile. Sporadic thermonuclear exchanges and biological weapons have reduced the world's human population to under three billion, the great majority of whom have been rendered sterile either by radiation or DNA-altering vaccines. Except for Russia and the Orthodox Church, all of the world's nations and religions have submitted to the Atlantean ruler, the King of Jerusalem, and his anointed High Priest Ormus. The Catholic Pope has fled from Rome, which was destroyed by an anti-matter explosion. As the crowd thins out, Kronos and Jean de Nostredame have lingered in the Square to discuss the day's events.

KRON. *(somewhat overwhelmed)* So, here today, the Pope and the Patriarch have both endorsed the reunification of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox rites that split apart in 1054 AD. Wasn't that part of your grandfather's prophecies?

NOST. *(transported)* Yes indeed! In his Epistle to King Henry II, he identified it as the turning point at which the true Faith begins to be restored after its long degradation and persecution. *(reading from his book)*

And universal peace will be established among humans, and the Church of Jesus Christ will be delivered from all tribulations... And after such times have long endured, there will be almost renewed another reign of Saturn, and golden age.

KRON. *(beaming)* Well, I'm glad your grandad gives me honorable mention under my Roman name, Saturn. *(pondering)* But, isn't today's date, October 13th, of some significance in connection with all this?

At this point, a Russian woman passing by overhears Kronos' question and makes eye contact with him. As she does, time itself seems to come to a standstill. She is dressed all in white, with a diaphanous veil surrounding a magnificent corona of golden hair. Her goddess-like face is ageless, and her eyes speak for her as her rose-petal lips form her Russian words.

KRON. *(totally captivated)* She... She says October 13th was the date of her last visit to Fatima, when she bid the Sun play hide-and-seek and dance in the sky...

NOST. *(perplexed)* Errr... I didn't know you could speak Russian.

KRON. *(falling to his knees)* I don't know what language she's speaking, but somehow I understand every word, as if I'm speaking them myself.

NOST. *(taking off his hat and bowing toward the woman, then whispering to Kronos)* What else does she say?

KRON. *(his eyes never leaving hers)* She says she also spoke to your grandfather about this same date in October 1917, and that he also wrote about it in the Epistle from which you were just now reading.

NOST. *(paging through his book, then still whispering)* I think I know what she's referring to... Yes, here it is, Paragraph 24 of the Epistle:

... and it will be in the month of October that the Great Translation will be made, and that one will think the mass of the Earth to have lost its natural movement, about to be plunged into perpetual darkness.

KRON. (*his eyes adoring hers*) I hear her telling me that we must seek the Third Mystery, the Mystery of the Great Number Three, from which all of what now appears has emerged. And now... that we must walk away from her and not look back.

Reluctantly, Kronos slowly rises from his knees, turns, and begins to walk away. After a few steps, he turns again to gaze into the woman's eyes. She nods her head, and then he nods his and turns to walk on, followed by Jean. After a long silence, Jean speaks.

NOST. (*still whispering*) I really don't understand what went on back there. (*catching himself*) And I don't even know why I've been whispering!

KRON. (*stopping and sighing deeply*) It's instinctive to whisper in the presence of pure Sacredness. When God sees fit to appear to us, He can only do so in the divine form of Woman, whose womb is His only true earthly Temple, the Temple though which even His own Son had to pass in order to live among us.

NOST. (*starting to catch on*) And the feminine Temple stands opposite to that which the Knights Templar sought to restore, the same which now has been rebuilt by the King of Jerusalem on the Temple Mount.

KRON. (*riveted*) Yes, the Temple which Solomon originally built with his army of demons, the Temple of my dark Punic avatar *Baal Hammon*, known as *Moloch* in Tyre of old.

NOST. (*intent*) The satanic homoeroticism of the Templars and their occult progeny reflects their hatred of the heavenly Mother and her Son, upon whose Cross they spat in their initiation rituals.

KRON. (*dismayed*) Sadly, the occult hatred of motherhood has triumphed – temporarily, let us hope – in the vile creed of Ormus, Jerusalem’s High Priest, under which natural, viviparous birth is considered a sin and a crime, one for which a woman can be executed.

NOST. (*interjecting*) Not only executed, but *crucified*, right up there on old Skull Hill, Golgotha, where Jesus died.

KRON. (*defiant*) But, believe me, each of those martyred mothers will rise again, as Jesus did, incorruptible!

NOST. (*recollecting*) I seem to remember reading a futuristic novel by a 20th Century Englishman, in which he envisioned a world in which all births were *in vitro* – “test tube babies”, genetically engineered for their preordained roles in society.

KRON. (*waggishly*) Right! *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley. Motherhood was an embarrassment. Constancy was anti-social, chastity a joke. Harlotry was cool. Same as what we now call the “New Normal”. In fact, when Huxley rises from his grave, he’ll probably write a sequel entitled *Brave New Normal*.

NOST. (*steadfast*) Do you remember the last time we two met, back in December 2020? The so-called “miracle” vaccine for the COVID-19 pseudo-pandemic had just been introduced. After only a few months of clinical trials, it was proclaimed by Big Pharma and their government lackeys to be “safe and effective”.

KRON. (*scoffing*) It proved to be neither. Even the word “vaccine” was a misnomer, since it didn’t confer immunity from infection, but only promised to mitigate the symptoms. And the vaccinated were still able to transmit the infection. The bar had been set so ridiculously low in the clinical trials that they only had to show some improvement in symptoms over the control group. They were “95% effective” in doing that, when the same could have been said of

aspirin. Then it was ordained that everyone had to accept that “jab in the arm” or else forfeit all their rights to work, education, travel, business – anything where they would come in contact with other people.

NOST. (*in sync*) And that coercion was particularly enforced on women of child-bearing age, even though they had almost no risk from the virus. The so-called vaccine re-programmed human DNA to trigger an immune system attack against anything made of the corona virus spike protein. But that same protein is vital for the formation of the placenta in pregnant women. Hence, female sterility on a mass scale. An earlier experimental tetanus vaccine given to African women, had – “coincidentally” – the same effect.

KRON. (*jesting*) Be careful, Jean, it’s forbidden in the Brave New Normal to speak ill of our vaccine guru “Lord Gates”. But, seriously, his “vaccines” proved to be vehicles for achieving two goals of the Brave New Normal: manipulation of the human genome and elimination of the biological family as a core social unit. Just like in Huxley’s dystopia.

NOST. (*incisively*) The biological family is more than just a social unit. It’s also the foundation of mankind’s spiritual life. Take any of the world’s sacred scriptures and try to excise the family – you are left without any transcendent meaning. The Holy Family of Christendom, the twelve sons of Jacob in Judaism, Muhammed’s children in Islam. Biological parenthood is the earthly pattern imprinted by God’s divine parenthood of the human race.

KRON. (*bitterly*) As decreed by High Priest Ormus, all of that is nonsense and superstition which must be discarded in favor of their New Revelation. According to their dogma, the Atlanteans seeded the human race on this planet ten millennia ago, and then withdrew into their hidden dimension to observe our development, only rarely intervening through their selected agents – the “Illumined Ones”.

NOST. (*adeptly*) Also known as the “Illuminati”, a secret society that had its roots in the remnants of the Knights Templar. They reappeared as the Rosicrucians early in the 17th Century, at the beginning of the Twelfth Great Month, which ended with the Great Conjunction of Winter Solstice 2020. In the 32nd Paragraph of his Epistle, my grandfather described this occult conspiracy as giving birth to the “great *Dog and Doham*”, who are the Antichrist and his False Prophet. He was fond of anagrams, and *Doham* is the False Prophet’s teachings – the “Dogma” of the “Dog-Man”, so to speak. He frequently described the Antichrist as some kind of a dog, a mastiff, a mongrel, because he is no longer human, but a bestial cross-breed of sorts.

KRON. (*sagely*) Maybe the result of grafting stuff onto the human genome, which they were only just beginning to do the last time we met? Or even a semi-android “mutt” with implanted computer chips? Is that what the King of Jerusalem is?

NOST. (*keenly*) The answer to that question is in Jerusalem. When do we leave?

KRON. (*cautiously*) Not so fast, my friend. Before we go, we need to look deeper into this Mystery of the Great Number Three, as we were instructed by my beautiful interlocutor.

NOST. (*obliging*) Okay. We know the Great Number Three is 333, which is 3 cubed, or 27. (*opening his book*) This is just a hunch, but let’s take a look at the Epistle, Paragraph 27:

And the countries, towns, cities, realms and provinces which will have abandoned their old customs to deliver themselves, captivating themselves even more, will secretly have wearied of their liberty, and perfect religion lost, they will begin to strike in the left party, in order to return to the right hand, and restoring the long overthrown holiness in accordance with the pristine scripture,...

KRON. (*connecting*) So there were three threads that came together – or were brought together – in October 1917. In one of these threads, group of countries abandoned their old

customs and lost their religion, surrendering their liberty to a left-wing party, only to later restore the long overthrown holiness. That sounds like a nutshell summary of the formation and dissolution of the Soviet Union.

NOST. (*eagerly*) That makes sense. (*reading his book*) In fact, if we back up to the passage of the Epistle that talks about the Great Translation beginning in October 1917, in the next Paragraph 25 we find this:

there will be omens in springtime, and thereafter extreme changes, upending of reigns,, by great earthquakes, with the spread of the new Babylon, miserable daughter enlarged by the abomination of the first holocaust, and it will last for only 73 years and 7 months.

KRON. (*concentrating*) Let's see if we can parse that one out. The "first holocaust" would be the First World War, with 40 million casualties and 20 million deaths – bloody beyond any precedent in history. An entire generation of young men swallowed up in the trenches, and the spirit of Western civilization utterly broken.

NOST. (*pulling a marker from the book*) Let's see... I made some notes on this passage a while back. It seems there were two revolutions in Russia in 1917. The first one, known as the February Revolution, overthrew the Tsar and set up a weak Provisional Government. But the unpopular war dragged on, and the Bolsheviks promised peace. Their uprising, called the October Revolution, ousted the Provisional Government. At that time, Russia was still using the old Julian calendar, so the February Revolution actually occurred in March and the October Revolution in November of the modern Gregorian calendar.

KRON. (*discerning*) So the February/March Revolution gave "omens in springtime" of "extreme changes" and "upending of reigns" to follow with the Bolshevik Revolution of October/November 1917. How about earthquakes?

NOST. (*consulting notes*) Three killer quakes in Guatemala, China and Indonesia took over six thousand lives that year.

KRON. (*agile*) In Hebrew prophecy, Babylon was a code word for a cruel, godless empire, which the Soviet Union became, as it swallowed up neighboring lands.

NOST. (*focusing*) After seizing power, the Bolsheviks did not immediately establish the Soviet Union. Instead, they allowed elections to proceed for the All Russian Constituent Assembly. But, because they had won less than a quarter of the seats, they forcibly dissolved the Constituent Assembly and declared the All Russian Congress of Soviets to be the new governing body of Russia on January 19, 1918 – the date when the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was born.

KRON. (*recollecting*) Then fast forward to the collapse of the Soviet Union with the failed August Coup of 1991. What was the date of that?

NOST. (*waving his notes*) It began on August 19, 1991, exactly to the day 73 years and 7 months after the founding of the Soviet Union in 1918. Good call, Grandpa Michel!

KRON. (*aroused*) Amazing as that dating is, Jean, it still doesn't match his prophecy that post-Soviet Russia would revert to its Orthodox religious traditions. That's incredible, because the Soviets weren't just irreligious, they were militant materialists, who drummed atheism into two generations of Russians. They even demolished historic cathedrals. Stalin used the marble to decorate Moscow's subway stations!

NOST. (*engaging*) And that seems to be our segue way into the second of the three threads that entwined in October 1917 – the Miracle of the Sun on October 13th and the Third Secret of Fatima.

KRON. (*hesitant*) Remind me, please. What were the first two Secrets of Fatima?

NOST. (*positive*) The apparition of Our Lady foretold that the First World War would soon end, but would be followed by an even more terrible war. Her Second Secret focused on Russia, which she said would pass through the errors of scientific materialism, but would emerge a consecrated nation – only to find that the rest of the world had been infected by the nihilism that Russian had cast off.

KRON. (*insistent*) And the Third Secret?

NOST. (*deliberate*) Technically, still a secret. But enough has leaked to make out its general outlines: It deals with the lead up to the reign of Antichrist – a series of warnings about what humanity must do to survive.

KRON. (*curiously*) What kind of survival are we talking about?

NOST. (*precise*) Physical survival, in terms of avoiding an all-out thermonuclear exchange that would end all life on the Earth. And spiritual survival, in the wake of a great wave of schisms in the three Abrahamic religions, especially Roman Catholicism, and the emergence of a nihilistic universal creed.

KRON. (*fascinated*) Do we know the source of the schisms?

NOST. (*anticipating*) If we circle back to Epistle Paragraph 32, Nostradamus points to the “Dogma of the Dog-Man”:

... who will make such a great abominable schism in the Churches that neither the reds nor the whites without eyes or hands will know what to make of it, and their power will be taken from them.

KRON. (*speculating*) Reds and whites – Catholic cardinals and bishops, I suppose.

NOST. (*affirming*) We’ve already seen the Roman Pontiff driven into exile by the schismatic adherents of Ormus. That’s part of the Third Secret. Now the inflection point is what

we witnessed today – the ongoing schisms within the Churches can only be healed by undoing the schisms that divided them in the first place – beginning with the Catholic-Orthodox schism.

KRON. *(taking stock)* Fine. So now we have two of your grandfather's three threads in his October 1917 mosaic. Any ideas for the third?

NOST. *(opening his book again)* Again, the Great Number Three led us to Epistle Paragraph 27. But we didn't finish it, because its last sentence runs on into the next Paragraph 28:

thereafter the great dog will go forth, the biggest mongrel, who will destroy all, the same that previously been perpetrated, the temples will be rebuilt as in ancient times, and the cleric will be restored to his original status and he will begin whoring and luxuriating, doing and committing a thousand crimes.

KRON. *(insightful)* The “temple rebuilt as in ancient times” sounds like the Third Temple in Jerusalem? What set the stage for that back in October 1917?

NOST. *(confident)* Well, knowing that my grandfather was using the Julian calendar, the Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, would have been an October event for him. That event led directly to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. The 1967 Six-Day War would give control of the Temple Mount to Israel and revive the long-cherished Zionist dream of rebuilding Solomon's Temple.

KRON. *(ironically)* Little did the Zionists anticipate who would rebuild that Temple.

NOST. *(mysteriously)* Maybe they should have. Going back to the times of ancient Rome, the Tiburtine Sibyl envisioned the Antichrist building the Third Temple in Jerusalem and laying claim to being the Messiah there.

KRON. (*apprehensive*) Somehow I sense that my dark side Sabbatai, who escaped me back in 2020, may be mixed up in all this.

NOST. (*calmly*) Not unlikely. After all, his namesake Sabbatai Tzevi attempted to lay a cornerstone for the Third Temple back in 1665, only to be stopped by the Jerusalem rabbis, who feared retribution from the Ottoman Sultan. The Ottomans still ruled Palestine in October 1917, when the British pledged it as a Jewish homeland.

KRON. (*conclusively*) The rest of that story remains to be told in Jerusalem, my friend. I think we can hitch a ride there on one of the King's drones.

NOST. (*excited*) I'm up for that. Let's go!

The scene ends with Kronos tinkering with the wreckage of a drone shot down during the recent raid on Moscow.

Scene 2: In the great audience hall of the King of Jerusalem, April 20, 2038. The King is hearing petitions for clemency on behalf of prisoners who have been accused of capital crimes. It is late afternoon, and darkness is descending over the city. The King is wearing a long purple robe decorated with embroidered white lilies and golden bees, and his lower face is covered by a white silk neck gaiter inscribed with the superimposed scarlet Greek letters chi rho. He is a middle-aged man, beardless with long, flowing red hair and a somewhat androgynous appearance. It's been a long day, and the King has grown impatient with his tedious official duties.

KING. *(irritated)* I'm reaching my limit. I know that the quality of mercy is not strained, but mine is at the breaking point. Bailiff, do we have any more petitioners?

BAIL. *(bowing deeply)* Just two more, your Majesty...

KING. *(peremptory)* Very well then, bring them in, and let's be quick about this.

Enter Kronos and Jean, both manacled, with an armed guard. As they approach the throne, the guard forces them to their knees.

BAIL. *(officially, indicating each prisoner in turn)* Prisoner Kronos Saturn... or is it Saturn Kronos?

KRON. *(offhand)* It's all one, pal, either way.

The guard raises his truncheon and delivers a blow to the back of Kronos' head, so that he falls forward on his face.

BAIL. *(nastily)* The prisoners will speak when they're spoken to.

KRON. *(slowly getting back up on his knees)* I thought you *had* spoken to me, buddy.

The guard lifts his truncheon again, but this time Kronos jumps up, grabs it from his hand and brings it down hard on his head. The guard falls to the floor unconscious, and Kronos stands before the King, brandishing the weapon.

KING. *(amused)* Go ahead, hit me! *(lowering his gaiter to expose his face)* You'd just be hitting yourself!

KRON. *(stunned, stepping back)* Sabbatai! Is that you?

KING. *(teasing)* It's you *and* me, my brother. *(to the Bailiff)* It's alright, Bailiff, I'm safe with these two. You can leave us now. *(Bailiff exits)*

KRON. *(unnerved)* Last I saw you, you were drowning in the Potomac River... being dragged down by a big dog.

KING. *(rising from his throne and coming down to face Kronos)* Before I could rise to my role as Messiah, I had to harrow Hell first. Did you notice that dog had three heads?

KRON. *(pondering)* Come to think of it, I did see three dog heads. And one of them had a face like yours. At the time, I thought my binoculars were just out of focus.

NOST. *(pointing to Sabbatai)* So YOU are the Dog-Man about whom my grandfather wrote.

KING. *(nonplussed)* Nice to see you again, too, Mssr. de Nostredame. Like my original incarnation and namesake, Sabbatai Tzevi, I descended into the realm of the Vanities – the Underworld ruled by Anubis, the dog-headed man.

NOST. *(sharply)* Where the gate is guarded by Cerberus, the three-headed dog.

KRON. *(quickly)* Dog-Man or Man-Dog. Set the Jackal or Anubis the Wolf. Either way, they feed on carrion flesh. *(accusingly to Sabbatai)* You went down there to confront the Vanities, but instead you became one of them.

KING. (*cynically*) Better to live like a dog than die like one – which I’m afraid is what’s in store for you and your friend.

NOST. (*confused*) But you’re gods... Neither one of you can really die.

KRON. (*forthright*) True, Jean, but one of us can be in the Underworld and the other in the World Above. Like Demeter and her daughter Persephone, or Jupiter and his brother Pluto. One in the background and one in the foreground, so to speak. (*to Sabbatai*) But aren’t you forgetting something?

KING. (*caustically*) Some dog biscuits for your journey, perhaps?

KRON. (*dismissing*) How about our clemency petitions? You don’t want to shirk your official duties, do you?

KING. (*ironically*) Oh, no! I could never do that! Let me see... Ah, yes! I can be merciful, just as the Turkish Sultan was to Sabbatai Tzevi. I will spare your lives if you will both convert to my religion – the worship of the divine Light-Bearer. You can serve under my High Priest Ormus. All you need do to earn your reprieves is to remove those ridiculous red *pileus* caps from your heads and instead don one of my gaiters (*handing them each one*).

NOST. (*reading the scarlet letters on the gaiters*) Chi-Rho... My grandfather’s anagram *Chyren* for the Antichrist!

KRON. (*insightful*) Or, in the reverse, Rho-Chi – the “Rosy Cross” of the Dualists, the Rosicrucians and their occult progeny, the Illuminati. In physics, it’s the law of Parity – strong interactions, that is, events that endure and are Real, have real mirror-images – while ephemeral fluctuations have none.

NOST. (*aptly*) That may explain why vampires are reputed to cast no reflection in a looking glass. Contrary to what the Dualists believe, good and evil are not co-equal – instead,

evil is the absence of Being. And so, a purely malevolent entity lacks the properties of Reality, including that of Parity. *(to Sabbatai)* I notice there are no mirrors in this room, Your Majesty.

KING. *(displaying the Greek letters on his gaiter)* When Constantine was approaching the decisive battle that made him Emperor of Rome, he saw this symbol above him in the sky, along with the Latin phrase, *In Hoc Signo Vincas* – “In this Sign You Will Conquer”. As Caesar, he went on to co-opt the fledgling Christian religion and initiate the heresy of Arianism, which denied the divinity of Christ and ultimately reversed the roles of gods and demons.

KRON. *(somberly)* The symbol came to be known as the *Labarum*, and was adopted by both the Church of Rome and Luciferian occultists, including the Templars and some strains of Freemasonry.

NOST. *(acutely)* And, as such, it provided the perfect cover for occultists who wanted to appear to be Roman Catholics. Forced Jewish converts, such as my grandfather, shared much in common with these occultists – both being compelled to wear a mask of orthodoxy to conceal their actual beliefs. And so, my grandfather and many others of his kind had to resist being drawn into the occult orbit – not always successfully.

KING. *(informed)* Hence Nostradamus’ references to the “religion of the seas” – the *Marranos*, or crypto-Jews – as being among the precursors of my Universal Creed. It’s actually a dual creed – one for the inner circle and one for the uninitiated. We at the top of the pyramid know that there is no truth. But our followers, who are not ready for the pure doctrine, must subsist on pleasant lies that conceal our darker purposes – just as this gaiter conceals one’s face.

KRON. *(casting down the gaiter)* There’s my answer to your “merciful” offer of clemency, Sabbatai. I disdain to conceal my Soul behind a mask.

NOST. *(inspired)* Ditto here. I’ll wear my *pileus* to the gallows.

KING. *(dryly)* The gallows are for ordinary criminals. We have the stake for blasphemers. *(summoning the Bailiff)* Bailiff, bring these prisoners before the Sanhedrin for sentencing.

KRON. *(objecting)* Aren't we entitled to a trial first?

KING. *(waggishly)* In the words of Lewis Carroll's Queen of Hearts, "Sentence first – verdict afterwards."

The scene dissolves and shifts from the King's Palace to the Third Temple where the Sanhedrin has convened. The 70 Elders sit in a semi-circle with High Priest Ormus in the middle seat. Kronos and Jean, still manacled, stand before them.

ORM. *(formally)* Do the prisoners have anything to say before we pass sentence?

NOST. *(defiantly)* Yes, we'd like to know what crime we are charged with committing.

ORM. *(coldly)* You have been convicted of the capital crimes of blasphemy and sedition.

KRON. *(bitterly)* Based on what evidence, pray tell?

ORM. *(holding up documents)* Based on your confessions, which I have here.

NOST. *(frantically)* Nonsense! We never made any confessions!

ORM. *(calmly)* In your thoughts, you did. While you slept, we inserted electro-chemical monitors in your caps. We're listening in on your minds even now. You can't hide anything from us.

KRON. *(vehement)* So, based on these "confessions", what have you found wrong?

ORM. *(reading from documents)* You have both promoted false superstitions, which are injurious to the serenity of our people and to the security of our Kingdom. You, Mr. Kronos, by claiming to be one of the gods of the ancient world and promising to restore a prehistoric Golden Age.

KRON. (*removing his pileus*) So I am, and so I will. Can you still hear what I'm thinking? What you'll hear is NOTHING, which is what I think of you.

ORM. (*sardonically*) To quote King Lear, "Nothing will come of nothing." The gods are all dead now, since we have purged them from human thoughts – the only place they ever existed to begin with. Miracles, the Supernatural, the Soul – all the garbage of age-old ignorance – has given way to the Light of Reason, to the Truth of Science. Mankind no longer needs shamans and mountebanks to march us backward into the Garden of Eden. With our technology, we are building a real Paradise – one in which everyone is happy.

NOST. (*earnestly*) Happiness without meaning is an empty thing. You have made your people as obedient as sheep. Starting with the phony pandemics of the 20s, your oligarchy assumed complete control over people's lives, programmed them with algorithms that made them little better than robots. They're happy because happiness is compulsory, like the vaccines that progressively replace their natural DNA, rendering them less and less human.

ORM. (*solemnly*) Gentlemen, I deal in reality, not rhetoric, not fantasies, not illusions. We have achieved something that mankind has aspired to since the collapse of the Atlantean Empire ten millennia ago. And that is the worldwide unification of humanity under one government, one religion, one culture...

KRON. (*interrupting, giving the Fascist salute*) Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer!

ORM. (*dryly*) Quite right, Mr. Kronos. The two previous attempts to unify the nations by force – those of Messrs. Napoleon and Hitler – were failures. But, as the old adage goes, the third time's a charm. After 27 years of continuous warfare, the world has been at peace for almost nine years now...

KRON. *(interrupting again)* More lies! We've just come from Russia, where your drones assassinated most of their leaders ...

ORM. *(interrupting in turn)* Russia disinformation. You and your friend have been spreading it, which is one reason you're both standing here in manacles. What you may have seen in Russia is a civil war – none of our doing, mind you. The criminal regime there is nearly finished, and then that nation will join the rest of the world at last in Union and Progress.

NOST. *(tongue-in-cheek)* I think I understand what you mean now, Ormus. It goes like this *(opening a book and reading)*

The world's stable now; people are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can't get. They're safe; they're never ill; they're plagued with no mothers or fathers; they've got no wives, or children, or lovers to feel strongly about; they're so conditioned that they practically can't help behaving as they ought to behave.

ORM. *(pleased)* That's very good, Jean! Perhaps there's still some hope for you yet. Is that one of our Universal Light scriptures you're reading from?

NOST. *(cooly)* In a manner of speaking, yes. Aldous Huxley's 20th Century vision of a future dystopia, much like your own *(reading on)*

Oh, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!

KRON. *(alert)* I know that one. It's Shakespeare's *The Tempest* *(reciting from memory)*

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

*The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

ORM. (*taking the book from Jean*) I'll have to confiscate this one. We keep such obscene writing locked away. They only remind people of the sicknesses of the old world that caused so much suffering. Dreams, for example. Lord Freud scientifically proved that all dreams derive from mental illnesses – neuroses induced by repressed sexual drives. Our people are conditioned to treat sex like any other appetite, and to satisfy it in the same casual, non-possessive way. Hence, they all enjoy uninterrupted, dreamless sleep.

KRON. (*reciting from memory again*)
*For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause ...*

ORM. (*graciously*) Hamlet's soliloquy, I believe. And an apt reminder of what our Universal Light religion is all about. No more fear of death. No "afterlife" to frighten us. No vindictive gods judging us. Our Light-Bearer allows the forbidden, allows us to pursue what we want without shame or retribution.

NOST. (*appalled*) And if what you want is to rape children and skewer babies?

ORM. (*wearily*) In your old world, such horrors were the result of the religion-imposed delusion of “free will”. People were taught that God gifted them with a completely free will, and then punished them for using it. Wasn’t that the lesson of Genesis?

KRON. (*derisively*) Another book you’ve “locked away”, no doubt.

ORM. (*patiently*) Yes, and with good cause. Such teachings only invite rebellion.

NOST. (*cuttingly*) Like the rebellion of the so-called Light-Bearer, aka Lucifer, whom you now worship? Wasn’t Eve’s rebellion a result of his?

ORM. (*adamant*) Granted, but their rebellions against Yahweh, an arbitrary and oppressive deity, were justified. Yahweh sought to imprison man in one world – the only world he could control. Lucifer simply opened Eve’s eyes to the existence of Many Worlds, into which Yahweh could not reach and in which she could reign supreme.

KRON. (*dismayed*) I’m quite familiar with those alternate worlds. They are infinite in number, but exist only in a purely material, transient form – devoid of Spirit, and so also of Being. They exist only as a parody of Reality, a parody which we entertain when we withdraw from our nexus with the Divine and leave an inner vacuum which can be filled with falsehoods.

NOST. (*enlightened*) In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Ivan is tormented by a demon that has crept into the void left by Ivan’s rejection of God. But the demon has no independent reality apart from its human host. It’s a parasite, like the corona virus that has provided the pretext for your Universal Empire and your neo-Gnostic religion.

ORM. (*wearied*) Speaking of our religion, this is April 20th, the second night of our Festival of Fire, at which I’m officiating. It’s a 13-day festival, which began last night, April 19th, and ends on the night of April 30th. Each night we offer sacrifices to *Baal Hammon*, who has been incarnated as our King Sabbatai.

KRON. (*informed*) *Baal Hammon* being the Carthaginian idol who was worshipped as *Moloch* in Tyre. I believe the sacrifices to which you're referring are human ones, preferably newborn infants.

ORM. (*condescending*) You seem to forget that we have optimized human reproduction using *in vitro* fertilization. It's important to separate reproduction from sexual intercourse so that the latter can be practiced freely. But our quality control rejects a certain percentage of the test tube babies, which provide us with ample sacrificial victims without harm to society.

NOST. (*defily*) My grandfather wrote this about your bloodthirsty Punic god (*reciting from memory*)

One who the infernal gods of Hannibal

Will cause to be reborn, terror of mankind

Never more horror nor worse of days

In the past than will come to the Romans through Babel.

ORM. (*deflecting*) I like the last line, Jean, because it sums up the goal of our religion – neo-Gnostic, as you say. And that goal is to rebuild the Tower of Babel, as we have rebuilt this Temple, and through it to rout and dispense with the Roman gods of ignorance and superstition, and replace them with the gods of Science and Reason.

NOST. (*persisting*) Then I have another one, appropriate for today's date: Century I, Quatrain 42, which I recall as

The twentieth of April, the Gnostic rites,

Revived again by wicked folks:

Lights extinguished, diabolic assembly,

Writhing in demonic carrion.

ORM. (*addressing Jean and Kronos, cruelly*) Well, your two bodies have a bit more fat than our rejected test tube kids, so you should both burn brightly to enlighten the birthday of our King.

KRON. (*caustically*) How fitting indeed! April 20th was also the birthdate of Adolf Hitler.

ORM. (*malignantly*) And I'm sure you enjoy attending his birthday party tonight in Hell. (*to the 70 Elders*) Do we all agree on the sentence? (*all Elders nod silently*) Good! Then I think these two will make the perfect "stake sandwich".

Scene ends with Elders dispersing and Kronos and Jean being led away by the Temple Guards.

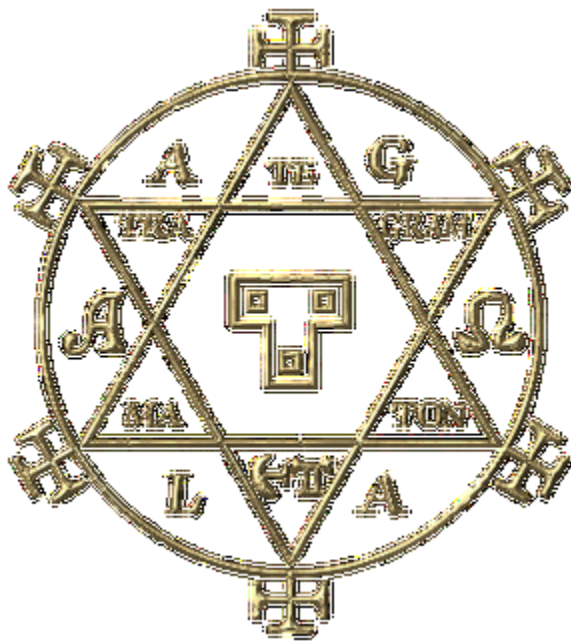
Scene 3. The entrance to the Underworld, which appears like the terminal of a huge airport. Kronos and Jean have disembarked and are wandering around the terminal disoriented and confused. A public address system is calling out the names of passengers and directing them where to go. A man wearing a jackal mask resembling the Egyptian death god Anubis approaches Kronos.

KRON. *(surprised)* Looks like we've landed in the Land of the Dead, and here comes our dog-headed escort.

ANUB. *(bowing formally to Kronos)* Am I addressing the most terrible god *Moloch*?

KRON. *(embarrassed)* Errr... No, but people often mistake me for him. He's sort of my demonic analog. My name is Kronos, a retired Greek god. The Romans knew me as Saturn.

ANUB. *(brightly)* Of course! Mr. Kronos, please follow me; you're being summoned by the shade of King Solomon. *(handing Kronos a parchment)* Here's Solomon's calling card.



NOST. *(viewing the parchment)* My grandfather was familiar with this symbol. It was known as the Hexagram of Solomon. King Solomon used it to summon demons and force them

to materialize. He would then imprison them in vessels until he needed them to perform work in the construction of his great Temple in Jerusalem.

KRON. (*perplexed*) But Solomon's Temple was built and destroyed thousands of years ago. Why are we revisiting the past?

ANUB. (*helpful*) You are in the realm of disincarnate demons here, Mr. Kronos. They cannot create anything new or original. So they continually replay the past, hoping for a different result.

NOST. (*bemused*) Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. Wasn't that Einstein's definition of insanity?

KRON. (*incisive*) Insanity was once ascribed to demonic possession, before Freud turned things on their head and attributed it to repressed demonic urges. Remember that Jesus cured the insane by casting out their demons. (*opening a book*) The story of the Gerasene demoniac, from the Gospel of Luke, is the epigraph to Dostoevsky's novel *The Possessed*:

Jesus then asked him, "What is your name?" And he said, "legion;" for many demons had entered him. And they begged Him not to command them to depart into the abyss. Now a large herd of swine was feeding there on the hillside; and they begged Him to let them enter into these. So He gave them leave. Then the demons came out of the man and entered into the swine and the herd rushed down the steep bank into the lake and drowned. When the herdsmen saw what had happened, they fled, and told it in the city and in the country. Then people went out to see what had happened, and they came to Jesus, and found the man from whom the demons had gone, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind; and they were afraid. And those who had seen it told them how he who had been possessed with demons had been healed [Luke 8:30-36].

ANUB. (*precise*) I said that the demons here lack originality. They cannot make anything new, but they can try to rearrange old things to change their character. Inversion is one of their favorite tricks. For example, the inverted cross is a potent diabolic image.

KRON. (*alert*) As is the Hexagram of Solomon, the meaning of which has been inverted to represent the Jewish religion rather than an occult talisman, antithetical to genuine Judaism.

NOST. (*connecting*) And the Testament of Solomon, where the Hexagram first appears, is effectively an inversion of Christ's healing of the demoniac. Instead of turning the destructiveness of the demons against themselves, Solomon perpetuates it by sealing them up and preserving them in his vessels.

ANUB. (*impatient*) Well, we'd better not keep the King waiting. This way gentlemen.

Kronos and Jean are ushered into a large library filled with books and scrolls. One wall is lined with shelves containing hundreds of sealed jars. Solomon is seated at a table writing when Kronos and Jean enter. He jumps to his feet and begins reciting incantations in Hebrew.

SOL. (*waving his hexagram seal ring and opening up a jar*) Thou art the two-headed demoness *Enêpsigos*, whom I command to enter into this vessel and do my bidding!

KRON. (*referring to himself and Jean*) Not quite, Sol. We've got two heads alright, but on separate male bodies. And we have no intention of crawling inside your bottle.

SOL. (*put off*) Who art thou then?

KRON. (*obliging*) I go by several different names. You may know me as Kronos, though. I was told that you had "summoned" me.

SOL. (*energized*) Yea, verily! I believe thou art an associate of *Moloch*?

KRON. (*hesitant*) I don't know if I would say "associate". Maybe in the sense that Jesus was an associate of Judas.

SOL. (*dismissive*) As thou wilt. I am told thou hast a prophecy to impart to me?

KRON. (*enters a trance-like state and begins to speak in a strange voice*)

This is what thou, King Solomon, doest to the demons. But after a time thy kingdom shall be broken, and again in season thy Temple shall be riven asunder; and all Jerusalem shall be undone by the King of the Persians and Medes and Chaldaeans. And the vessels of thy Temple, which thou makest, shall be put to servile uses of the gods; and along with them all the jars, in which thou dost shut up these myriad demons, shall be broken by the hands of men. And then they shall go forth in great power hither and thither, and be disseminated all over the world. And they shall lead astray the inhabited world for a long season, until the Son of God is stretched upon the cross. For never before doth arise a king like unto him, one frustrating all devils, whose mother shall not have contact with man. Who else can receive such authority over spirits, except he, whom the first devil will seek to tempt, but will not prevail over? The number of his name is 644, which is Emmanuel. Wherefore, O King Solomon, thy time is evil, and thy years short and evil, and to thy servant shall thy kingdom be given.

As Kronos ends his speech, a tremor passes through the room, and two of the demon vials fall from the shelves and shatter, each releasing a cloud of vapor, which remains suspended in the air, then begins to drift out of the room.

SOL. (*mysteriously, to Kronos and Jean*) Ye shall follow these clouds and enter into each one in turn. They shall each impart to ye a vision of what ye seek to know.

Kronos and Jean enter the first cloud and find themselves in the court of the Ottoman Sultan Mehmed IV in Constantinople, September 16, 1666. Before the Sultan and his Vizier stands Sabbatai Tzevi, wearing a blue turban signifying a Jewish subject. The Sultan and Vizier wear white turbans signifying their Moslem faith.

SULT. (*imperious*) Tell me, Vizier, of what is this man accused?

VIZ. (*reading from a scroll*) He claims to be the long-awaited Messiah of the Jews, and he promises to restore them to their ancient homeland in Palestine.

SULT. (*curious*) Do the Jews of our Empire recognize this man as their Messiah?

VIZ. (*frankly*) In truth, many of them do. But the rabbis of Jerusalem expelled him because of his strange teachings.

SULT. (*intrigued*) Of what nature are his teachings?

VIZ. (*awkwardly*) He says that, with the arrival of the Messianic Age, sin is no longer possible. What was once forbidden by Jewish law is now allowed. He violates the Sabbath, feasts on days of fast, utters the ineffable name of God, and engages in sexual debauchery.

SULT. (*unimpressed*) What does any of that have to do with me? Let the Jews enforce their own laws.

VIZ. (*hesitant*) Well, he has also announced that next year the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem will be rebuilt.

SULT. (*alarmed*) The same Temple that was destroyed by the Babylonians over two thousand years ago?

VIZ. (*astute*) Right, sire. And again by the Romans during the first Christian century. The former site of the Jewish Temple is now occupied by the Dome of the Rock, from which the Prophet Muhammed, All Praise Be unto Him, ascended into heaven.

SULT. (*becoming angry*) Then this man is very dangerous. (*to Tzevi*) Yours is a capital offense. I can spare your head only if you place upon it the white turban of Islam and renounce the Jewish religion.

Sabbatai Tzevi removes his blue Jewish turban and replaces it with a white one. At this, the vision dissolves. Kronos and Jean emerge from the first cloud and begin to follow the second cloud.

KRON. (*uncertain, to Jean*) What do you make of all that?

NOST. (*consulting his book*) It seems as though my grandfather had a very similar vision. Listen to this, from his Century IX, Quatrain 73:

Into the Faith entered the Blue Turban King,

And he will reign less than a mutation of Saturn:

White Turban King banished to the heart of Turkey...

KRON. (*following up*) And when was the next mutation of Saturn after 1666?

NOST. (*paging through his book*) I think I made a note in here for myself. Yeah, here it is. The Great Conjunction of July 1802 was a mutation from the Fire signs to the Earth signs. The Sabbatian movement waned after the death of Tzevi's successor, Jacob Frank, in 1791. The erstwhile Sabbatians/Frankists gravitated toward the rationalist "Jewish Enlightenment" of Moses Mendelsson at the turn of the 19th Century. In August 1802, Napoleon Bonaparte was elected First Consul of France for life, crowned himself Emperor two years later, and generally advanced the agenda of secularizing religion and subordinating it to the State.

KRON. (*pondering*) As I recall, Tzevi's apostasy struck a chord with the *Marranos* – the crypto-Jews who had been forced to convert to other faiths. Many of them continued to regard him as their Messiah, even after his apparently cowardly betrayal of his religious beliefs.

NOST. (*eagerly*) Correct. That's why my grandfather focused on this dissimulated "Religion of the Seas" in his prophecies concerning the Antichrist. It developed into nihilist parodies of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, which were used by the Illuminati to undermine

each of those faiths. Under Tzevi's successor Jacob Frank, the Sabbatian movement actually promoted anti-Semitism. In debates with Orthodox Jewish rabbis, they endorsed the vicious "blood libel", accusing Jews of murdering Christian children to consume their blood.

KRON. (*beguiled*) Quite cynical, considering that the so-called "Ascended Masters" of the Illuminati themselves practiced such blood rituals trying to attain immortality. The Transylvanian Count Rakovsky – better known as the Count de Saint Germain – was a conspicuous example.

NOST. (*pensive*) Ultimately, Jacob Frank labelled the Laws of Moses as evil and urged his followers to abrogate them, as well as all laws. He advocated the annihilation of every religion and every positive system of belief, declaring: "Wherever Adam trod a city was built, but wherever I set foot, all will be destroyed." The eminent Kabbalist Gershom Scholem wrote that Frank unleashed a nihilism of "primitive ferocity frightening to behold".

As Jean speaks these last words, he and Kronos enter the second cloud and find themselves in a meeting hall with about 300 persons in attendance. Addressing the conference is Albert Pike, a former Confederate General and founder of the Ku Klux Klan, and now leader of the "Palladian Rite", a Luciferian offshoot of Freemasonry. Pike refers to his own followers as "Jews" and all others as "Gentiles" or "Goyim".

PIKE. (*decorously*) I would like to welcome the illustrious members of the Supreme Council of the Palladian Rite of the 33rd Degree, and especially our most honored guests, Lord Palmerston of Britain, Signor Mazzini of Italy, and Chancellor Bismarck of Germany. We are gathered here today to adopt our program for advancing our two principal goals: First, the establishment of a world-wide Super-Government, under the King of the Jews, to whom all the

Gentile nations will be subordinate. Second, the annihilation of the Abrahamic religions and inception of our universal Religion of Light, of the Pure Light of Our Lord Lucifer.

At this, the attendees respond with sustained, enthusiastic applause. As the applause subsides, Giuseppe Mazzini, the founder of the Italian Mafia, advances to the podium to join Pike.

MAZZ. (*robustly*) My fellow Jews, the goals which General Pike has outlined will be achieved by three Great Wars. Unlike any of the wars of the past, these will be world-wide wars, involving all of the Gentile nations – suicidal wars in which the Goyim will destroy each other and themselves, leaving us, the Chosen People, to rule the Earth.

PIKE. (*avidly*) Most important is the First Great War, because once it is launched, the coming of the Second and Third Great Wars will be unstoppable. It will bring down each of the four Gentile empires – the Habsburgs of Austria-Hungary, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Romanovs of Russia, and the Ottomans of Turkey. The British Zionists will be our powerful allies in carrying this out, and – at what will prove to be the most critical point in history – they will help us draw the Americans into the conflict.

MAZZ. (*deliberate*) Of major value to our program will be the fall of the Romanovs, who thwarted our last effort to unify the world under Emperor Napoleon. We will make an example of them by slaughtering the Tsar, the Tsarina, their children, their relatives, their servants, even their family pets.

The audience responds with more applause and cheers of “Here, Here”.

MAZZ. (*building*) And as for those religions which our Lord Lucifer hates most – Russian Orthodoxy, both of the Christian and Jewish varieties – they will be wiped out and replaced with State-imposed atheism. Churches and temples will be blown up, the religious will

be imprisoned and executed. Children will be taught in school that the beliefs of their parents are false and dangerous, and they will be encouraged to turn them into the authorities should they not renounce those beliefs.

PIKE. (*radiant*) As for the Ottomans, they will be crushed between the British from the outside and from the inside our friends among the Sabbatian Turks. The breakup of their empire will leave Palestine open for a Zionist colony that will ultimately enable the rebuilding of Solomon's Temple, from which our King of Jerusalem will rule the world.

MAZZ. (*pleased*) The First Great War will break the spirit of Gentile civilization. They will come to doubt their gods and their leaders and turn inward toward self-destruction. We will accelerate their disenchantment by engineering the first of three economic disruptions, casting millions into desperate deprivation. From this condition, it will not be difficult to lead them into violent rebellion, which will undermine what's left of Gentile culture and cast the Goyim back into barbarism.

PIKE. (*triumphant*) Exactly. And newly-minted Gentile barbarians will conduct pogroms against the Hebrews on an unimaginable scale of horror. They will launch a genocidal Second Great War, which will drive the Hebrews out of Europe and into Palestine, where we and our Anglo-American partners will pit them against Islam – the last of the three pillars of monotheism to fall.

MAZZ. (*emphatic*) And that will bring us to the Third Great War, which will emerge gradually out of the conflict between the Hebrews and the Moslems. We will hasten its onset by unleashing the nihilists to tear down everything that Gentile society had previously honored and revered – the statues of their heroes, the monuments of their national pride, their State edifices, their religious shrines...

PIKE. (*humorously*) I have a premonition that even my own statue in Washington DC will one day come down – for a while, that is. Then, in rapid succession, we will trigger the second and third financial panics – the first in reaction to a biological virus epidemic, and the second in response to a machine virus epidemic. We will greatly magnify the danger associated with these two epidemics, so as to induce mass hysteria.

MAZZ. (*proudly*) In the grip of these panics, the Gentile nations will, of their own volition, shut themselves down and collapse. And then, the Goyim, disenchanted with their leaders, secular and religious, will be ready to receive the true Light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view.

PIKE. (*affirming*) Then at last humanity will be liberated from the oppressive superstitions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, and all the world's peoples will bend a knee in homage to the King of Jerusalem, one of our immortal Ascended Masters.

As the audience applauds wildly, the cloud disperses, leaving Kronos and Jean standing alone in darkness as the scene ends.