

Chapter Two: The Last Saturnalia

Scene 1: Lafayette Square in Washington DC, early evening of December 20, 2020. A demonstration to protest the recent US Presidential Election has turned violent, and sections of the city, including the White House, are in flames. Government officials, as well as those claiming that status, have fled the city, leaving it in the control of the counter-demonstrators – a loose coalition of black activists, white anarchists, and multi-racial looters. Around the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, a motley impromptu crowd has gathered. Two organizers of the counter-demonstration, Joe and Kamilla, are engaged in a heated debate with two supporters of the incumbent President, Don and Mike.

JOE. (*vehemently*) As an African-American, I realize that I am still in bondage while I have to stand here in the shadow of Ole' Hickory, slave-master.

MIKE. (*sneering*) Just shows how much you DON'T know about history, Joe. You see, President Jackson paid off the national debt and shut down the Bank of the United States. That would later enable Lincoln to issue Greenbacks to finance the Army of the Republic, which freed the African slaves – your ancestors.

KAM. (*indignant*) Yeah? So fast forward 160 years, and the party of the Great Emancipator is led by a mother-fucking RACIST!

DON. (*sarcastically*) “Racist”, why? Because he doesn't want to tear down all the statues of white guys on horseback? If anybody has a reason to complain, I think it's the horses. Heh-heh...

JOE. (*offended*) Your ancestors rode on the backs of mine just as if we WERE your horses, or your donkeys.

MIKE. (*dismissive*) MY ancestors? My ancestors were tenant farmers in Calabria. They were still slaves after your folk were set free.

KAM. (*angry*) Cut the crap! If either Lincoln or Jackson were standing here today, they'd PISS on your guy.

JOE. (*mischievously*) He'd probably enjoy another Golden Shower...

DON. (*pouncing*) Hey, Joe, remind me. How many times did Bill Clinton ride the Lolita Express?

KAM. (*peremptory*) Ok, enough of this comedy, because the Clown-in-Chief has just fled the circus, and you guys are on the losing end of history this time.

MIKE. (*teasing*) Well, you seem to have lost control of your troops, because they just burned down the house around your supposed election winner.

DON. (*mounting the base of the statute and proclaiming*) We will NOT concede this election until the Supreme Court rules on the widespread vote-switching and back-dating of late mail-in ballots!

MIKE. (*defiant*) And how they hid their ballot-tampering from our poll-watchers!

JOE. (*chuckling*) Sure, let's suppress the voters some more. That's the only way your Orangeman could've won, why not admit it?

KAM. (*sitting down on the base of the statue, shaking her head*) This is getting us nowhere. Do you remember the last time that the White House was burned down?

MIKE. (*taunting*) Sure, the Brits did it in 1812 – the only time this country was ever invaded. Now our own people are the invaders, destroyers of their own homeland.

KAM. (*musings*) When the Black slaves rebuilt it, they had to paint the marble blocks white to hide the burn marks. That's how it came to be known as the White House.

JOE. (*joking*) Oh, I thought it was because it was supposed to be reserved for white folks only. Maybe we'll repaint those blocks BLACK this time.

MIKE. (*dripping with contempt*) You CAN'T be that naïve! Nothing is going to be rebuilt here! Not the marble monuments, not the ghetto tenements. Not the looted shops, not the desecrated churches. Not the deserted airports and railway stations.

KAM. (*waspish*) Well, of course, the rebuilding can't begin until the neo-fascist resistance is brought under control.

DON. (*with subdued irony*) That might take quite a while. Some states are still recognizing the incumbent as the legitimate POTUS.

JOE. (*fervid*) We'll call out the National Guard in those states.

MIKE. (*snickering*) And the state governors will countermand your orders.

DON. (*descending from the statue*) Besides, your party has no intention of rebuilding this city. Your mob did them a FAVOR torching it. That's why they stood back and let you do it – as a form of “peaceful protest”. What a fucking joke!

MIKE. (*didactic*) The financial elite, in cahoots with your party and the mainstream media – along with the Deep State spooks – began planning this whole thing ten years ago under the codename Operation Lockstep. Complete social and economic lockdown in response to a media-induced hysteria.

KAM. (*scoffing*) So now you're going to tell us that the virus is a hoax? Next, I guess you'll be burning scientists at the stake?

DON. (*smirking*) No, just CNN reporters!

MIKE. (*pointedly*) What kind of a pandemic breaks out simultaneously all over the world? It just doesn't happen in nature. Why did they have to shut down that bioweapons research lab in Maryland – the same one that generated the anthrax scare in 2001?

JOE. (*exasperated*) Come on, man! Don't you ever get tired of peddling ridiculous conspiracy theories?

DON. (*savagely*) Like the ones about the Russians hacking our elections and putting their puppet in the White House?

At this point, the debate is interrupted by a loud parade making its way down Pennsylvania Avenue. A raucous bunch of revelers, many of whom evidently intoxicated, are carrying on their shoulders a disheveled old derelict, who is wearing a brimless red felt cap and a ragged hoodie and brandishing a large sickle. Following on foot behind him is a bearded younger man, dressed in a long black robe and carrying a large book, which he is paging through as he walks along. As the crowd approaches Lafayette Park, the derelict jumps off the shoulders of his comrades and staggers over to the marble base of the Jackson statue, from where he addresses the assembly, with the bearded man standing beside him.

KRON. (*slurring*) Welcome to the Revolution, boys and girls! The pundits are all predicting a second American Civil War. Well, we're going to skip that stage and go all the way back to make it a second American Revolution! (*interrupted by hooting and cheering from the throng*)

DON. (*dismissive*) And who the hell are you? You smell like a brewery! At least Jackson's horse is capable of standing up on his hind legs. That's more than I can say for you!

KRON. (*gathering himself*) I am Kronos. At one time, I was mankind's Supreme Ruler, but then my own sons turned against me and threw me into prison.

KAM. (*circling around him, eyeing him up and down*) So I see... you're still wearing the braces of the shackles around your ankles.

KRON. (*gesturing toward his followers*) These good people have set me free so that I can once again preside over the ancient festival of Saturnalia, as I did in the days of the old Roman Empire.

MIKE. (*condescending*) Hey, the Caesars have been dead for ages now. Stop wasting our time with this bullshit...

NOST. (*interrupting*) Perhaps I can help explain what's going on here...

KAM. (*cutting in nastily*) Another cartoon character! What's that tattered old book you're holding? It's almost as ragged as Mr. Kronos over there.

NOST. (*humbly*) I am Jean de Nostredame, the grandson of Michel de Nostredame, the French prophet. I am holding his book, which was passed down to me.

DON. (*jeering*) Nostradamus died centuries ago, and so did his grandchildren. Who do you think you're shitting?

KRON. (*calmly*) Nostradamus predicted what is happening today. His prophecies are being fulfilled before your very eyes, though maybe you're too "woke" to see it. (*chuckles*)

JOE. (*cooly*) Like what, for example?

NOST. (*emphatically*) My grandfather foresaw this day when the Golden Age would be restored, and its presiding deity Kronos – or Saturn, as the Romans called him – released from bondage and reinstated.

KAM. (*viciously*) I thought I was pretty "woke", but I must be fast asleep and dreaming this. (*pointing to Kronos*) THIS is supposed to be our new GOD?! Maybe you're dyslexic and are reading Nostradamus backwards, because DOG is a much better fit for this guy.

NOST. (*ominously*) There are references in this book to the Dog of which you speak. He is waiting in the shadows to present himself as humanity's Savior, in the wake of this period of plague, famine and war through which your world is now passing. Behind him is the "hidden hand" of an elite cabal, which has ruled your land from behind the scenes since the assassinations of the brothers Kennedy. You, madam, are one of their tools.

KAM. (*sputtering*) And you and your slob pal are mad fools! (*addressing the crowd*) Why are you people following this pair of losers?

CROWD. (*acclaiming*) Long live the King of the Saturnalia! Long live the Monarch of the Golden Age!

KRON. (*patiently*) You see, I 'm not a god for all purposes. I have my role to play, which relates to time. In fact, besides being known as Kronos and Saturn, I'm often pictured as Father Time, carrying my scythe. For the past six-thousand years, mankind has been trapped in what I call "spatial time", passing one frame at a time, like a movie film. While there's the illusion of change, it's actually static: inside each frame of the moving picture, nothing ever really moves, nothing ever really happens. There's the past spatially "behind" us, and the future spatially "ahead" of us, and in between a present which gets lost somewhere.

DON. (*irritated*) Do we have to wait another six-thousand years for you to get to the point, Mr. K?

NOST. (*opening his book*) Michel de Nostredame was an astrologer during an era when astrology was a serious science, before your decadent culture consigned it to the sphere of popular entertainment, along with practically everything else.

MIKE. (*resignedly*) Including our politics, I suppose?

NOST. (*absent-minded, leafing through his book*) Sadly, yes. (*turning to the crowd*) In one word what is it you all want?

CROWD. (*spontaneously, in unison*) CHANGE!!!

KRON. (*boldly*) Your politicians promise change, but are incapable of delivering it. Why? Because the frozen spatial time in which they operate forbids it. In the Golden Age over which I presided – and will again soon – time *was* change, continuous becoming. Its operative principle was what the Greeks called *metamorphosis*: Anything can become anything else, if there is the collective Will for it to be so. And so, during the Golden Age, delicious food appeared without preparation, rivers ran with the finest wine, woman all were beautiful, men fearless, the climate an eternal springtime...

JOE. (*ironically*) And you are some kind of magician that can make this fantasy real?

NOST. (*eager to explain*) Kronos is not an isolated, atomized being such as yourself. He is a Titan...

DON. (*laughing scornfully*) Oh yeah? Funny, he looks about normal size to me – at least the parts of him I can see from here.

KRON. (*persisting*) In ancient mythology, collective beings were represented as giants, just as the collective membership of your political party is often pictured as an elephant.

KAM. (*jesting*) Not after this election – they'll be more like a mouse!

NOST. (*reverently*) Jesus of Nazareth was also a collective being, as were many of your prophets and holy men – all of more or less normal stature. They were capable of performing miracles because their being went beyond the static framework of spatial time.

KRON. (*to Jean*) You were beginning to discuss your grandfather's astrology. Please continue.

NOST. (*paging through his book*) For six-thousand years humans have lived in a prison of atomized being, in which the only real change is Life turning into Death. It has been an Age of Blood and Iron, an Age of Warfare, which has become unending. Symbolically, the Golden Age came to an end when Jupiter, the son of Saturn, overthrew his father and thrust human consciousness into the strait-jacket of spatial time. In astrology, the planet Jupiter is represented by the sigil which stands for the metal tin, because it was the discovery of tin that made it possible to produce bronze – the first metal hard enough to take the edge needed in making weapons of war.

KRON. (*friendly interjecting*) Looming above us at this very moment in the very first statue cast in bronze in America – a warrior statue of Jackson leading the Battle of New Orleans.

NOST. (*resuming*) Every twenty years or so, the planets Jupiter and Saturn meet in a Great Conjunction. For about 250 years, these Great Conjunctions occur within the same triplicity of Zodiac signs – associated with the four “elements”, Fire, Water, Earth, and Air – after which they shift to the next triplicity, in what the ancient astrologers called a “mutation”. Every other mutation is a Great Mutation, which marks the end of a Great Month of about 500 years. And twelve Great Months constitute a Great Year, at the end of which the astrological Age is renewed.

MIKE. (*confused*) And what does all this have to do with the price of corn in Nebraska?

KRON. (*misconstruing*) You’ll have to ask my daughter Demeter about that. She’s in charge of the corn. It’s a lot easier than being in charge of time. You’ll get a chance to play at dice with her during the Saturnalia.

NOST. (*determined, despite the interruptions*) Okay, so the point is that tomorrow, right about this time, comes the Great Mutation that marks the end of the Great Year that began six-

thousand years ago. The Great Conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn will then shift from the Earth sign triplicity – Taurus, Virgo and Capricorn – to the Air sign triplicity – Gemini, Libra and Aquarius. In fact, tomorrow’s Great Conjunction occurs in the first degree of Aquarius, right on the cusp of Capricorn.

DON. (*skeptical*) And your book there says exactly what about this Great Mutation?

NOST. (*reading from his book*) Well, it’s Quatrain 16 in Century I. The original is Old French, but it translates this way:

*The Scythe joined with the Tin in the Pond toward Sagittarius
At the pinnacle of its exaltation,
Plague, famine, death by military hand,
The Age approaches its renovation.*

JOE. (*bemused*) You can say it’s Old French, but it’s Greek to me.

NOST. (*perplexed*) But there wouldn’t be any point translating it into Greek...

KRON. (*flummoxed, to Jean*) That’s not what he means... (*to Joe*) Look, if you’d take the wax out of your ears, you’d have heard that the symbols for planets Saturn and Jupiter are the Scythe and the Tin. The “pond” refers to Aquarius, the “Water-Pourer”, which is the Zodiac sign in which tomorrow’s Great Conjunction occurs. In the sky, it would appear near the constellation Sagittarius. The rest of it is pretty transparent, which is unusual for Nostradamus.

DON. (*curious, to Jean*) What’s this “military hand” your grandpa was talking about?

NOST. (*eagerly*) Yes, a very good question. You see, ever since the assassinations of the Kennedys, America has only had a superficial democracy. The real power has been wielded from behind the scenes by a cabal drawn from the CIA, the Pentagon and Wall Street. That’s the “hidden hand” to which my grandfather was referring.

MIKE, (*animated*) Wow, good call Nostradamus! That’s the same Deep State our President has been after these past four years!

KAM. *(sardonically)* Yeah, only now they're after HIM. He didn't waste any time hopping on that chopper out of town, did he? Leaving you suckers here to drown in the Swamp.

JOE. *(jabbing)* Yeah, he drained the Swamp only to fill it with his own Swamp creatures from his family and his business cronies. Good riddance to him, I say! Now we can get back to normal.

KRON. *(incisive, to Joe)* Right, the "New Normal" I think they're calling it. You see, the Swamp is no longer just an American thing, it has spread across the globe now. And it has garnered so much power that it can operate openly and brazenly, preempting democracy and civil liberties whenever it sees fit.

NOST. *(ominously)* True, the "hidden hand" has evolved into an international elite, capable of not only suppressing, but effectively cancelling any ideas that diverge from their official narrative. They have magnified the threats of terrorism and pandemics to fragment and isolate the population, so that the people are too paralyzed to act in concert to oppose them.

MIKE. *(pulling a gun out his jacket and waving it)* History teaches us that rulers who no longer fear the wrath of the people inevitably become tyrants. Our Founding Fathers knew that, which why they protected the right to bear arms second only to free speech.

KAM. *(frightened, grabbing her cell phone)* This madness had gone WAY too far! I'm calling 9-1-1 now!

DON. *(cynically)* Calling the same cops you want to defund, Kamilla?

KRON. *(alarmed)* Put your gun away, Mike! The gun is what got us to where we are now.

A scuffle ensues, in which Joe attempts to seize Mike's weapon. Soon the crowd gets involved, and general melee erupts. A detachment of the National Guard arrives and begins to

fire tear gas into the crowd, which quickly disperses. As the gas clears, only Kronos and Jean remain standing under the Jackson statue. The scene ends with several Guardsmen roughly grabbing them and leading them away.

Scene 2. RFK Stadium in downtown Washington, now converted into a huge detention camp for dissidents. Kronos and Jean are standing in a long line on the playing field, waiting to be processed as prisoners. It is becoming dark, and the stadium lights are on, revealing about ten thousand people sitting in the stands, all wearing masks and separated at “social distance”. Kronos has turned to speak to a young couple, Sam and Shirley, who are in line behind him.

KRON. (*mischievously*) I don't recall buying a ticket to see this game, do you?

SHIRL. (*heatedly*) Well, they cancelled Thanksgiving, and now they've cancelled Hanukkah and Christmas, too. So I guess we might as well be quarantined here as anywhere else.

SAM. (*sadly*) They're just rounding up anyone they find on the streets. It's an all-out lockdown. Either you cower in fear in your home, or you get arrested. I never thought I'd see this day in the so-called Land of the Free.

KRON. (*nodding*) There's no place for traditional religious celebrations in the New Normal, folks. All that has to go so that the Invisible Masters can push the Reset button to erase all our troublesome cultural differences and make us good world citizens: pacified, isolated and powerless.

SHIRL. (*jokingly*) Oh, I get it now! Homogenization in the name of diversity.

SAM. (*casually*) We're Sam and Shirley, by the way. (*inquisitive*) What's that old book your friend is holding?

KRON. (*apologetic*) I'm so sorry. In all this chaos, I've forgotten my manners. I'm Kronos and this is Jean de Nostredame, grandson of the famous prophet Michel de Nostredame.

SHIRL. (*skeptical*) You mean Nostradamus?

NOST. (*politely*) That's the Latin version of my family name. It means "Our Lady", like the Notre Dame Cathedral.

SAM. (*interjecting*) Much of which was destroyed by fire last year. Under suspicious circumstances, as I recall.

NOST. (*opening his book*) Yes, a supposedly accidental electrical fire collapsed the Cathedral roof and spire. My grandfather wrote about it in Century I, Quatrain 51. (*reading from the book*)

*Burnt by lightning of twenty-three times six:
The antique lady will collapse from the high place,
Of the same religion many will be killed.*

SHIRL. (*intrigued*) What does the "twenty-three times six" refer to?

NOST. (*keenly*) In the 14th Century, 138 of the Knights Templar were burned at the stake for heresy right outside the Notre Dame Cathedral. It culminated in the execution of their Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, who pronounced a curse upon the Roman Catholic Church as he ascended the scaffold. (*reaching into his book*) Here's a rendering of it that I use to mark this place in the prophecies:



SAM. (*examining the picture*) So the religion of which Nostradamus says “many will be killed” is the Catholics?

NOST. (*paging through his book*) Yes, throughout his prophecies, my grandfather foresees a great persecution of the worshippers of Jesus Christ, even worse than in Nero’s time. Here’s another stanza you might find interesting. This is from Century IX, Quatrain 36:

*A great King taken between the hands of a young one,
Not far from Easter confusion, religious coup:
Times of perpetual captivity! What lightening in the topmast,
When 3 brothers will be wounded and murdered.*

SHIRL. (*catching on*) “Not far from Easter”... The Notre Dame Cathedral fire occurred during Holy Week last year, didn’t it?

NOST. (*pleased*) Very good, Shirley! And “lightening in the topmast” is as close as my grandfather could get to describing an electrical discharge in the Cathedral roof.

SAM. (*enthused*) “Times of perpetual captivity”... That sure seems to relate to where we are now, doesn’t it?

KRON. (*jumping in*) What I find so fascinating is the reference to the three brothers – three Catholic brothers, in the context of a fabled anti-Catholic curse. That can only be the Kennedy brothers, the two eldest murdered, the honor of the youngest irreparably wounded.

SHIRL. (*pondering*) You know, shortly after the pandemic scare got going, Bob Dylan surprised the world by releasing a long song about the JFK assassination. The pundits were stymied as to the relevance of this song, but it was right there in the title itself: “Murder Most Foul”. A phrase from Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, spoken by the ghost of a King whose throne was taken over by those who conspired to murder him.

KRON. (*quickly*) That’s precisely what makes the JFK assassination “most foul”, because his murderers and their successors almost sixty years later are consolidating total control over the country and the world.

NOST. (*emphatically*) We again see the reference to the “hidden hand” behind a ruthless “young one”, whom my grandfather elsewhere describes as “black” and “blood-thirsty”, and who takes a strong hold over the Empire. In Century IX, Quatrain 76, this “black king” is described as a issuing from the “inhuman Nero”.

SHIRL. (*approaching Jean*) A reincarnation of Emperor Nero, perhaps? Isn’t there a legend about that?

KRON. (*alert*) The legend of *Nero redivivus* – the return to Nero at the end of time to destroy Rome. That execrable avatar is the Beast of St. John’s Apocalypse – the Antichrist,

number 666. He's not a human, but an animated "statue", suggesting some kind of Artificial Intelligence.

SHIRL. (*recalling*) There's even a line in that Dylan song about the JFK assassination. It goes: "The day that they killed him, someone said to me, 'Son, the age of the Antichrist has just only begun.'"

SAM. (*amused*) So strange, Dylan is a Jew, born Robert Zimmerman, and here he is talking about the Antichrist.

NOST. (*defensive*) So was my grandfather a Jew, as was his grandfather, Jean de Nostredame, after whom I was named. My grandfather learned astrology from him.

SHIRL. (*perplexed*) But if you and your ancestors are all Jews, how did you get such a Catholic name?

NOST. (*sighing*) Michel's father was forced to convert or else be expelled from his home in Provence. So outwardly we followed the rituals of the Catholic Church, but inwardly, we remained Jews.

KRON. (*supportive*) These forced conversions of Jews occurred repeatedly in Europe right up to modern times. Even during the Second World War, there were Jews who converted to avoid the Holocaust.

NOST. (*deliberately*) It gave rise to a whole population of "secret Jews". *Marranos*, they were called, from an Arabic word meaning both "anathematized" and "pig", because pork was forbidden food for both Moors and Jews. Jews who accepted Christian Baptism were shunned by their own people, so over time they developed heretical versions of both Judaism and Christianity.

KRON. *(to Jean)* I seem to recall your reading me some Quatrains in which these *Marranos* were called the “religion of the seas”, or something like that. Because *Mar* means “sea” in Spanish and Old French.

NOST. *(astutely)* Yes, that one I know by heart. It’s Century X, Quatrain 96:

*The Religion of the name of the seas will win out
Against the sect of the sons of the captives;
The obstinate, deplored sect will fear
The two wounded by Aleph and Aleph.*

KRON. *(musing)* I suppose the “captives” would be the Orthodox Jews who suffered under the tyranny of the rabbis and their rigid rituals?

NOST. *(dreamily)* More or less... The *Marranos* eventually fell under the spell of an Ottoman Jew named Sabbatai Tsevi, who lived in Smyrna. Sabbatai announced himself to be the Messiah in the year 1666.

SAM. *(cheerfully)* There goes that 666 again!

NOST. *(concentrating)* Sabbatai preached that, because the Age of the Messiah had begun, all the prohibitive commandments of Judaism were annulled and could be broken with impunity. It was the beginning of a slippery slope that eventually led to nihilism, which became explicit in the Sabbatian dogma of Jacob Frank in the 18th Century.

KRON. *(deftly)* And that takes us right back to St. John’s Apocalypse, where he hears the voice of the Alpha and Omega, instructing him to write to angel of the church of Smyrna:

*These things sayeth the First and Last, which was dead, and is alive...
I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not,
but are the synagogue of Satan.*

SHIRL. *(nimblely)* Then when Nostradamus speaks of the “two wounded by Aleph and Aleph”, that appears to apply to apply to the would-be Messiahs Tsevi and Frank, who stand condemned by the “Alpha and Omega”.

KRON. (*amazed*) Another brilliant interpretation, Shirley! Of course, Aleph and Alpha, being the first letters of the Hebrew and Greek alphabets, respectively, both stand for the Beginning of Time, when, according to Genesis, the Universe was in a condition which modern quantum physics calls a “Pure State”. It’s a state of perfect symmetry, in which all possibilities are Real. Completely outside of dimensional time and space as we know them. Totally atemporal and non-local. Everything happening in the same place at the same time, like in a dream. And like in a dream, nothing ever dies – the barrier between Living and Dead utterly vanishes.

SAM. (*inspired*) Like the Judgement Day?!

KRON. (*breathless*) Right, except there’s not just one Judgement Day, but many. An infinity, as a matter of fact. In order to be awake, we need to sleep, to dream. That pattern also holds true for Reality as a whole. In order for there to be an outward-moving process, it needs to alternate with an inward-moving process. A brilliant physicist name David Bohm called that the Implicate Order. Without a periodic dip in the pool of the Implicate Order, manifest Reality literally dries up, breaks up, becomes sterile, brittle and lifeless. There is living Death and dead Death, but no actual Life.

SHIRL. (*entranced*) It may interest you to know that I teach quantum physics and relativity here at Georgetown. What you’re describing, Mr. Kronos, is a singularity in Space-Time. The creative singularity breaks the chain of cause-and-effect. It’s the only thing that allows us to escape the endless “recurrence of the same”, which terrified Nietzsche’s Zarathustra. The unending repetition of Aleph and Aleph and Aleph, with no Becoming, no Omega.

NOST. (*recalling*) With all due respect to your modern physics, you also need to understand somethings about the Hebrew language. All Hebrew words are also numbers,

because all the letters serve double-duty as numerals. It's called *gematria*. So the Hebrew letter Aleph – representing the Beginning, absolute Symmetry, the Pure State, as we've said – Aleph spelled out has the numerical value 111. This, in turn, forms the basis of the Hebrew “Great Numbers”, which are all multiples of 111.

SAM. (*getting it*) So when Nero's name in Hebrew adds up to 666, that marks him with the Great Number Six.

NOST. (*delighted*) Exactly! Because he was the sixth and last in the original line of Caesars descended from Julius. Chapter 17 of the Apocalypse describes the Beast having seven heads, corresponding to seven kings – the seventh being a reprise of the sixth, Nero. (*paging through his book*) So the Great Number Seven relates to the advent of the Antichrist, according to this pair of stanzas from Century 10, Quatrains 74 and 75:

*Once past the year of the seventh great number,
He will appear at the time of the games of Hecatomb:
Not far from the age of the great millennium,
When the buried will go out of their tomb.*

*Long awaited, he will never return
In Europe, in Asia he will appear:
One of the league issued from the great Hermes,
And over all the Kings of the East he will grow.*

SHIRL. (*pensive*) Okay... so when is the year of the seventh great number?

NOST. (*obliging*) Sure. It was the Hebrew year 5777, which ended on September 20, 2017. A Hecatomb was a sacrificial offering of a hundred oxen to the Greek god Zeus, known as Jupiter to the Romans...

KRON. (*interrupting irritably*) My son was always so blood-thirsty! Didn't get that from me!

SAM. (*shocked*) Let me get this straight. You're supposed to be some kind of Greco-Roman god?

KRON. (*modestly*) Well, I was one. I've been retired for a while. But now it's my turn to depose my son and restore the Golden Age.

SAM. (*scoffing*) Are you goofing on us or something? Besides, no one has worshipped the Olympian gods for centuries.

KRON. (*adamant*) And where are the gods you worship now? Up in the sky someplace, in the clouds, like where your Virtual Reality comes from? It's all the same – Olympus, Heaven, Mt. Sinai – your God is either here or he's not. I'm present, always have been. But presence is not possible in my son's spatial time, because it's just a sequence of empty intervals.

SHIRL. (*tongue-in-cheek*) Alright, I'll play along. But if I recall my Greek mythology correctly, aren't you – Kronos or Saturn or whatever you want to call yourself – aren't you supposed to have castrated your father Uranus and then swallowed your own children. That sounds pretty blood-thirsty to me!

KRON. (*embarrassed*) I can explain that. You see, true Reality – which I distinguish from the Virtual Reality into which your society has lapsed under my son's misrule – true Reality is based on contradictions. Because contradictions are the engine of metamorphosis, the process by which anything becomes Real. And things become Real when they're capable of Creation. For example, Male and Female are contradictory, but neither by itself can create Life. Only the conjunction of opposites can engender something novel.

SAM. (*probing*) So are you saying that you have a dark side that you've lost control over?

KRON. (*forthright*) When the Pure State of my Golden Age decohered, all opposites separated. And that applied to all Beings. The contrasting background that made us Real separated from us and became malignant. It's like your shadow walking away from you. William Blake refers to that part of our Being as the "Specter".

SHIRL. (*doubtful*) So it was your evil Specter who developed an appetite for babies? That's awfully convenient, isn't it?

KRON. (*persistent*) You may be shocked to learn that your custom of giving children dolls for Christmas derives from child sacrifice that was practiced during the original Saturnalia festivals. My Specter became the Carthaginian idol Ba'al Hammon, who went by the name of Melkarth or Moloch in Tyre. His Tyrian temple was the model for Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem.

SAM. (*judgmental*) I make my living as a Prosecutor, and I'd have to indict both you and your so-called Specter for murder.

KRON. (*pleading*) Believe me, I take full responsibility for everything. But you have to consider the Reality before the Pure State shattered, when my Specter and I were one Being. Then I was the god who broke the chain of cause-and-effect, neutralizing the former by castrating my father, and preempting the latter by devouring my offspring. I was neither the faraway Deist God of the First Cause, nor the nebulous Pantheist god of the Final Effect, but rather I defined a Reality that was neither ante-hoc nor post-hoc, but outside the sequence.

NOST. (*fatigued*) After that bit of tangent, fascinating though it was, I'd like to get back to my explanation of my grandfather's visions of Nero's return. But before I do that, (*opening his book*) let me read you something apropos my friend's terrible alter-ego. It's Quatrain 30 in Century II:

*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.*

KRON. (*resigned*) I can only repeat the famous line from the comic strip Pogo: “We have met the enemy, and he is us.”

SAM. (*sympathetic*) No problem, I guess we are all guilty as charged. But when can we expect the return of this monster?

NOST. (*picking up the thread*) Well, the Hecatomb was sacrificed at the conclusion of the Greek Olympiads, which have been resumed in our times as the Olympic Games. The next ones after the year of the great seventh number were scheduled for this past summer in Tokyo, but were postponed to the summer of 2021 due to the pandemic.

SHIRL. (*hesitant*) I’m having more trouble swallowing all this than your friend Kronos apparently had in swallowing his children. Looking on the bright side, however, it sounds like we’ve earned a reprieve.

KRON. (*relieved*) Yes, but that cuts both ways, Shirley. I have some time to extend my Saturnalia, but my Specter also has time to implement his Reset.

SAM. (*to Kronos, somewhat condescending*) Looks like you two will have to butt heads.

KRON. (*sprightly, pulling out a dice cup and shaking it*) We’ve agree to settle things over a game of craps, in the spirit of the Saturnalia.

SHIRL. (*scrutinizing*) Before we let you go on about your godly business, I was just wondering about that last line of Quatrain 75 – the buried going out of their tombs?

KRON. *(confidentially)* The Saturnalia is a time for the dead to return and party with the living. In normal times, this was a transient visitation. But now, with the Renewal of the Age, it's the full-blown Resurrection. Which explains the presence of my friend Jean.

SAM. *(stammering)* Errr... Does that mean what I think it does? We've not only been talking to a god, but also to a ghost?

NOST. *(laughing)* No ghost. I'm here in the flesh, and I plan to stick around.

At this a Guard approaches Sam and Shirley from behind, and they turn away from Kronos and Jean when he addresses them.

GUARD. *(sternly)* You folks will have to put a lid on it. We don't allow talking in the queue.

SHIRL. *(yielding)* It's fine. We were just finishing our conversation with these two gentlemen *(motioning in front of her)*.

GUARD. *(peering in that direction)* Who's that? I don't see anyone.

SHIRL. *(realizing they've vanished)* Wow, how weird is that? *(to her husband)* Were we dreaming all this, Sam?

SAM. *(staggering)* I guess Kronos would argue that he woke us up for a while, and now we've gone back to sleep.

SHIRL. *(gazing into the sky)* We know what we are, but not what we may be.

The scene ends with the Guard leading Sam and Shirley away toward their seats in the Stadium grandstands.

Scene 3. The next day, December 21, 2020. The National Mall in Washington, in the shadow of the Washington Monument. A makeshift stage has been erected, on which a drama about the dethronement of Saturn is being performed. The leading role is being played by an actor named Sabbatai, who appears to be a twin of Kronos. An audience of perhaps several hundred is spread across the lawn in front of the stage. Many of them seem more engrossed in playing dice than in watching the play. As the drama reaches its climax, Kronos and Jean de Nostredame sit cross-legged near the stage.

KRON. (*pointing at the stage*) There I am, Jean, being taken down by my three sons, Pluto, Neptune and Jupiter. Pluto used his Helmet of Invisibility to sneak up on me, while Neptune speared me with his Trident, and Jupiter zapped me with his Thunderbolt – which was sort of like the phasers on *Star Trek*.

NOST. (*watching the play intently*) But hadn't you already swallowed two of them?

KRON. (*with disgust*) Yeah, but my wife Cybele tricked me into swallowing a stone in place of Jupiter, and then she doctored my wine with an emetic potion so I puked up Pluto and Neptune. What a BITCH she turned out to be!

NOST. (*spoofing*) Come now, my friend, you're talking about the Mother of the Gods. (*more seriously*) As a matter of fact, Cybele was the original version of the *Magna Mater*, the Great Mother. She arrived in Rome as a large black meteor that fell while they were on the verge of defeat in the Second Punic War, and she turned the tide in their favor. All of the succeeding divine Mothers, including Mary the mother of Jesus, derive from the Cybele.

KRON. (*reflecting*) I guess that's the origin of the Black Madonna icons found all around the Mediterranean.

NOST. (*intensely*) It goes a lot deeper than that. Blackness is a characteristic of the sacred Feminine in Judaism. King Solomon's Beloved in the Song of Songs says: "I am black, but comely." In the Kabbalah, She is *Binah*, the source of the Jubilee Year, and the spiritual Mother of the Messiah.

KRON. (*focused*) So when Jews were forced to covert, as your ancestors were, it was natural for them see the Madonna in the context of their birth religion. Maybe that even explains your family name, huh?

NOST. (*smiling*) That's true. "Our Lady" has more than one meaning. In southern France where my people lived there was large colony of Jews who migrated from Palestine after the Romans crushed the Bar Kokhba rebellion in the Second Century. The Black Madonna became an esoteric symbol of the royal bloodline of King David, said to be transplanted to a region of Languedoc known as Septimania. Under Charlemagne, the Jews even had their own kingdom there, with the city of Narbonne as their capital. My grandfather's prophecies refer to that in Century III, Quatrain 92:

*The world nears its final period,
Retrograde Saturn will return again:
Translation empire toward lineage of Dark Woman,
Gouged eye at Narbonne by Hawk.*

KRON. (*perspicacious*) I think that, after today's Great Conjunction, the planet Saturn turns retrograde during summer 2021. Just in time for the "Hecatomb Olympics" in Tokyo. And I, as Saturn, have "returned again"!

NOST. (*concentrating*) In Egyptian myths, the dark side of Saturn was embodied in the malignant god Set, who had his eye gouged out by the hawk-headed god Horus. That gouged eye evolved into the "All Seeing Eye" that one finds on the Great Seal of the United States...

KRON. (*jumping in*) ... and which some say represents the intelligence apparatus of the “hidden hand”. The lineage of the Dark Woman appears to be that legendary Davidic bloodline you mentioned, no?

NOST. (*in sync*) Which became the source the medieval romances of the Holy Grail, and eventually spawned a heretical strain of Catholicism known as Catharism.

KRON. (*inquisitive*) The Knights Templar were part of that same mix; am I right?

NOST. (*affirming*) They were, but their heresies went beyond that all the way to a kind of devil worship – or , to be more precise, worship of Lucifer, the Light-Bearer.

KRON. (*agile*) And Lucifer is astrologically associated with the planet Venus, I believe.

NOST. (*jocular*) There you go! Another troublesome Lady to deal with!

KRON. (*pushing*) She’s the star of the Islamic Star and Crescent, too.

NOST. (*discerning*) Right. So we have a strain of demonic heresies developing in all three of the monotheistic religions. In Islam, it originated in a sect called the Ismailis and was picked up by the Knights Templar during the Crusades.

KRON. (*pausing*) And all this relates to the “translation empire” mentioned in Quatrain 92?

NOST. (*authoritative*) In Old French, the word “translation” signified a major change in religion, especially one in which the seat of the dominant religion moved from one place to another. In the case of the Templars and their occult progeny, this meant a “translation” from Rome to Jerusalem.

KRON. (*pouncing*) ... and the goal of rebuilding Solomon’s Temple?

As if on cue, the actor Sabbatai, now finished with his performance, steps up to Kronos and offers to shake his hand. Instead Kronos gives him a fist bump.

SABB. (*snarky*) Didn't Gandhi say, "You can't shake hands with a clenched fist"?

KRON. (*sarcastic*) You can tell that to Mr. Corona Virus.

On the west end of the Mall, a large rally is in progress on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. A voice from the speaker's platform can be heard, and it periodically interrupts the conversation between Kronos, Sabbatai and Jean.

SPEECH. (*booming*) And I'm going to say a few things about some of those government policies. Number one: I am not a conspiracy theorist. I follow the facts. I don't know that the COVID illness was laboratory generated in Wuhan. There is plenty of evidence that it was. But not enough evidence for me to say that it's a fact. But my question is: why don't we know the answer to that? Why is Tony Fauci not being asked that question? Saying, "Where did this come from?" Because we need to know that. The global citizens, this is the worst calamity in history. And nobody seems curious about where this actually comes from? We know it didn't come from a bat in the wet market in Wuhan. That story was a fable that has no basis in fact. And we have Nobel laureates and we have large institutions and investigative agencies and prosecutorial agencies are saying "We think it came from the Wuhan lab and we think that it may have come from studies that were funded by Bill Gates and Tony Fauci." I don't know if this is true. But why are our government officials not asking that as the number one question? Why instead of sending their police to suppress dissent are they not sending the police to question people who may know the answer to that question?

NOST. (*tentatively, to Sabbatai*) You two obviously know each other quite well. I'm Jean de Nostredame ...

SABB. (*abruptly*) I know very well who you are. (*motioning toward Kronos*) Anything he knows, I do too. My name is even the Hebrew translation of his – Sabbatai means "Saturn".

KRON. (*to Sabbatai, with venom*) Oh, really? I thought you named yourself after Sabbatai Tsevi. Aren't you supposed to be one of his reincarnations?

SABB. (*smirking*) What I am, you are. (*shaking a dice cup*) Enough of these pleasantries, let's get on with our game. Remind me, Kronos, what are the stakes to which we agreed?

KRON. (*now shaking his own dice cup*) Best out of seven passes. If I win, we merge again with me in the foreground and you in back. If you win, it goes the other way. You can roll first.

Sabbatai rolls his dice.

KRON. (*gladly*) Snake eyes! How appropriate for you! I recall your signature is a figure of the Crooked Serpent, as was Tsevi's.

SABB. (*proudly*) Indeed. The Holy Serpent *Nachash*, whose number is 358, the same as the gematria of *Mashiach*, the Messiah.

KRON. (*sassy*) When I was pursuing my son Jupiter, he transformed himself into a serpent and became the constellation Draco, the Dragon of the North, whose tail encompasses the seven stars of Ursa Minor, the Little Bear, and the Pole Star, Polaris.

NOST. (*observant*) In St. John's Apocalypse, the Dragon symbolizes the demonic forces that will make war against the followers of Jesus Christ, who are portrayed as a pregnant Woman clothed with the Sun. Apparitions of that Woman have appeared several times over the past two centuries, most notably at Fatima, Portugal, in October 1917, when she made the Sun dance in the sky. Each time she has appeared, she has warned of the great persecution and war to come.

KRON. (*alert, to Jean*) Did your grandfather's prophecies have something to say about all this?

NOST. (*adroit*) Quite a bit, actually. He refers to the anti-Christian empire of the North by various names: Septentrion, which is an old name for Ursa Minor, and Aquilon, from the Latin name the North Wind. Most notably, in Paragraphs 49-50 of his Epistle to Henry II, he writes about the transition to the Seventh Millennium, which we are seeing today with the Great Mutation conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter:

... the persecution of the Ecclesiastical folk will have its origin in the power of the Aquiloner Kings...

KRON. (*vexed*) I believe Aquilon also alludes to Aquila, the weaponized Eagle, with arrows in its talons, which helped Jupiter to overthrow me and end the Golden Age.

SABB. (*coily*) ... the Eagle which is today the symbol of the United States? Isn't it on the front of the Great Seal?

SPEECH. (*heard in the background*) ... authoritarian elements in a society, and large corporations, and wealthy plutocrats and oligarchs, wealthy families and individuals use crises to shift wealth upward to obliterate the middle classes of those countries and to clamp down totalitarian controls. In order to transform the government so that it will reward the rich with even more wealth, the people who want to do that in the large corporations — who want to orchestrate that kind of change — have to get rid of civil rights. And the first civil right that they begin with is freedom of speech.

They need to clamp down censorship because free speech is the most important right in our country. We put it number one — the first amendment of the Constitution — because all the other rights depend on it. If a government can hide what it's doing, it can get away with anything it wants. If a corporation can lie to you and conceal information, if there's no transparency in a democracy, you do not have a democracy. So, if you want to get rid of all the other rights like freedom of assembly — which you are exercising today, some of you are exercising at great

threats. Some of you will suffer. Some of you will be jailed. Some of you will suffer injuries. But that is a basic right: the right to freedom of expression, the right to jury trial, the right to freedom of religion, the right to privacy, the right to have governments that don't spy on you and keep your information. All of those other rights can only be subverted if they begin by imposing censorship — by being able to silence people who want to speak. So the coup d'état that we are all fighting today is a coup d'état that starts with a conspiracy between the government agencies and the big technology companies, the Silicon Valley billionaires — people like Zuckerberg and Bill Gates and the people who run Google and Facebook and Pinterest and all of these other Silicon Valley corporations who are now in this conspiracy to make sure that we cannot talk about our grievances. We cannot say bad things about pharmaceutical products, we cannot question government policies that make no sense to us.

KRON. (*grabbing the dice, to Sabbatai*) Alright, sucker, you crapped out. Now it's my pass. (*rolling the dice*) Fire five! Five's the point!

SABB. (*blithely*) And you rolled that in the shadow of the Washington Monument, which is exactly 555 feet high – the Great Number Five.

KRON. (*picking up the dice again*) Or maybe five cubed, since I threw it on cubical dice? Let's see if I can throw it again. (*casting the dice*) Three and deuce, I make my point. That's one pass for me.

SABB. (*nonplussed*) Go ahead, keep shooting while the dice are hot.

KRON. (*rolling dice*) Little Joe! Another tough point. (*rolls again*) Come up four!

SABB. (*with disbelief*) Hey, you made it again on the first roll. That's more than hot dice – maybe they're loaded.

KRON. (*laughing*) Two more passes for me and you're done, pal. How about the Great Number Four? Any buildings around here at that height?

NOST. (*astute*) No, but according to the ancient Greek historian Diodorus Siculus, the Great Pyramid of Giza originally measured 444 feet high. It's the Pyramid on the reverse side of the U.S. Great Seal, with the All-Seeing Eye in its capstone.

SABB. (*impatient*) Five cubed 125, four cubed 64 – let's see what comes next.

KRON. (*casting the dice*) Ace deuce! The point is three. Another tough one.

SAAB. (*cynical*) Not if you have loaded dice.

KRON. (*in a hurry*) Here goes! (*rolls dice again*) Read 'em and weep, sucker!

SAAB. (*worried*) That makes three passes for you.

NOST. (*assertive*) On the other side of the Potomac, there's another Washington Monument – the George Washington National Masonic Memorial, which is exactly 333 feet in height.

SAAB. (*clever*) And which has a room displaying the Pythagorean Theorem – three squared plus four squared equals five squared – the sides of a right triangle.

KRON. (*attentive*) But that's only the schoolboy version of it. The Masons always keep their real mysteries well hidden. We're talking about a four-dimensional triangle, with prisms – not squares – forming each side. That's three cubed 27, plus four cubed 64, plus five cubed 125, equals six cubed – your 666 number, Sabbatai – which makes 216.

NOST. (*fascinated*) Those numbers mathematically define a hyperprism – a four-dimensional geometric figure that exists in hyperspace. Hyperspace is also where the other branches of the Multiverse exist – the alternative Realities postulated by Hugh Everett. Just as a three-dimensional prism disperses white light into the optical wavelengths that constitute it, a

hyperprism separates the Schrödinger Wave into its constituent wavelengths, each representing a separate version of Reality. My grandfather constructed a crude hyperprism out of brass, a material that he chose because of its highly resonant properties – which is why it's used in making musical instruments. He describes his hyperprism in the beginning of Century I as a three-legged stool, on which he sat viewing BRANCHES of the Multiverse. He would then pick out some of the BRANCHES and try to actualize them by describing their images in his prophecies. Sometimes it worked, and sometimes not. A more familiar figure from hyperspace is a hypercube, or tesseract. Take a look at this copy of Salvador Dali's *Crucifixion*:



SABB. (*jibing*) And a very Masonic Crucifixion at that, complete with the black-and-white tiled floor. Good and evil on an equal plane with each other – just the way I like it!

KRON. (*puzzling*) If the fourth dimension of our hyperprism is based on the number 216, then our current branch must have split off from the Multiverse 216 years ago. So, what happened 216 years ago?

NOST. (*humbly*) I guess I'll play the know-it-all again. In December 1804, Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France. For the occasion, he wore a coronation robe adorned with 300 golden bees that had been found in the Merovingian tomb of Childeric I, the father of Clovis.

KRON. (*keenly*) Bees being a symbol of the autonomous society at which the Great Reset aims – consisting of self-regulating programmed human drones. Everybody self-policed by embedded chips. (*grabbing the dice again*) Ready for my winning fourth pass, Sabbatai? (*looking around for him*) Where did he go?

NOST. (*craning his neck*) He's running away toward the Tidal Basin. (*pulling a pair of binoculars out from his cloak*) He's diving in! Now a dog has dived in after him and has attacked him. He's gone under with the dog. I don't see them anymore!

KRON. (*pissed off*) He's escaped me again, dammit!

SPEECH. (*louder now*) Now let me tell you what we need to do to win this battle. The only way we can win it is with democracy. We need to fight to get our democracy back, to reclaim our democracy from these villains who are stealing it from us. You notice the people who are getting richest from this quarantine are the same people who are censoring criticism of the quarantine. Who is becoming the richest? Jeffrey Bezos. 83 billion dollars he's made. And he owns Amazon and he is censoring books that criticize the quarantine. Zuckerberg who owns Facebook, who's made tens of billions of dollars by this quarantine. And he is censoring information that is critical of the quarantine. He censors my Instagram. He censors my Facebook. My Twitter page is also censored. And all of these people are the people who are making billions of dollars on the quarantine. And what I want to know is a simple question: Is the quarantine actually effective? You know we've had plenty of pandemics in the past. In 1969, we had a

Hong Kong flu pandemic that killed 100,000 people in the United States. It's the equivalent of 200,000 people today. That's the same number of people being killed by coronavirus. Did we go on to lock down? No. Did we wear masks? No. We went to Woodstock. We went to the Democratic Convention in Chicago and had huge crowds of people. Nobody was told to lock down and don't see your girlfriend and wear a mask and don't go out of your house and shut down your business and bankrupt every business in the country.

Here's what we need to do: we need to do exactly what you're doing today. We need to come out on the street and we need to stick together. What the Big Tech villains and scoundrels and Mark Zuckerberg and Jeffrey Bezos and Bill Gates and Tony Fauci want you to do is, they want us fighting with each other. They want blacks fighting against whites. They want republicans fighting against democrats. They want everybody polarized, they want everybody fragmented because they know that if we all get together, we're going to start asking questions, and those are questions that they can't answer. "Why are you getting rich?" And "Why are we all getting poor?" And "Why are we not wearing masks for the tuberculosis but we are for the coronavirus?" And "Where did it all come from?" And all of those questions that we deserve an answer to that we're not getting answers. We need to stick together.

If you're a republican or democrat stop talking about that. Stop identifying yourself. The enemy is Big Tech, Big Data, Big Oil, Big Pharma, the medical cartel, the government totalitarian elements that are trying to oppress us, that are trying to rob us of our liberties, of our democracy, of our freedom of thought, of our freedom of expression, of our freedom of assembly and all of the freedoms that give dignity to humanity.

KRON. *(motivated)* That man is right. Let's discard the divisive stuff, the political signs and slogans. *(taking off his pileus cap and waving it)* Here's our insignia from now on: the red felt cap of the freed slaves! This Saturnalia is on, and it's never going to end!

The scene ends with Kronos and Jean walking toward the rally at the Lincoln Memorial, where a bonfire of placards from the recent election campaign is being lit.