

Everything You Can Think of is True

By Mike Sauve

“The whole magic universe is dying.”

William S. Burroughs—The Cat Inside

Somebody once said, “A screaming came across the sky,” and it didn’t seem to mean anything except it sounded cool. But then a screaming did come across the sky and you started to wonder if maybe that guy knew something all along, starting such a giant book with that one line of terrible prophecy.

When other spirits try to lock on you can sometimes seize up. I had to close my eyes. I felt like someone wanted to process information through me, because I was a technical writer and I could express the messages. This projection said I’d get it all down as my memories came either chronologically or not, regardless of tense or presence of fact. It would be the essential document of the shadows that fell across the world. I wasn’t a medium but I knew how to meditate. I could hear the third-person voices. I’d always heard the third-person voices and they’d made me shiver right before sleep.

March 1

Shortages of fuel, water and supplies led to the panic. The anti-gouging laws lasted only as long as the rule of law, which wasn’t long at all. Criminals stormed the retailers and grabbed what they could when the social order showed its first cracks. The first grisly images began appearing on the news: a little girl trampled, an elderly man in a wheelchair mugged in broad daylight, a woman gang-raped while horrified spectators looked on helplessly. My parents own an isolated piece of farm property with a deep well. I hope they are on it.

I worry most about families, their loved ones who are missing and the communication problem. I can’t get to a phone and mine died at the start. My Internet works only through the cable; something is disturbing the free Wi-Fi you could once depend on in the city. The social networks are full of gross distortions now. Apparently they were all for some sinister purpose. Images of corpses are sometimes uploaded as Profile Pictures....those images are haunting every time but the future.

I worry what will happen once the spotlight turns off. If we get past this crisis we’ll have to accept

a new standard of normalcy, and then the second wave will bring us down even lower.

My mood was lightened briefly by an email from my boss saying my services wouldn't be necessary for the foreseeable future. She assumed I would otherwise have been in the mood to commute several hours through the riotous streets to teach an already meaningless Microsoft Excel lab. I'd never likely see my boss again so I queried her on an End Times E-course I might put together. I ended my email by saying, "For the time is at hand." It seemed funny to me but my services were flatly declined.

March 6

The CIA's MK Ultra mind-control program had recently revealed Lady Gaga as their mind-controlled slave in a surreal press conference on MTV. Media had focused primarily on the war in Israel since the formation of the state of Babylon three years earlier. The Gaga announcement happened a solid week before any other weirdness so the press had a difficult time digesting it, immediately labeling it a publicity stunt. Then members of secret societies started to make pronouncements that they were and always had been the true controllers of the earth. Their video press release showed massive supplies of diesel fuel and dried food, so I was convinced. But it wasn't anyone well-known so the media gatekeepers denied these doom-criers also.

Rumours surfaced that on top of the rioting, the shortages, and the earthquakes there was a World Health Epidemic of mania and contagious rape instinct, a total release of the suppressed genitality of the blocked-up masses. Internet commentators suspected Lady Gaga's organization at first. The rape disease was later identified as a strain of the aggression virus that started in the prisons. The jails were a fertile breeding ground for the great anger. It can be traced back to prisons all over the world. I think that's important to note.

A man calling himself Himmler emerged who looked an awful lot like Heinrich Himmler, but he was discredited by the press because he did not look exactly like Himmler. Nonetheless he became a leader among the various Aryan militant groups throughout the United States and mobilized them as one unit. This was never on the news at first. The Islamic terrorist groups were the preferred scapegoat and received considerably more airtime, but terrorism was merely a pleasant diversion by then. No one was gathering in stadiums or flying on airplanes anymore.

March 8

Down the street there was a car crash, and then it happened again just as it had happened before. The very same cars and people arguing. The second set of people did not appear conscious that it was a repetition. "Come see this," I told my wife. She shook her head and I could see the goose-pimples on her arm. It was the first time she would admit that a rational-material worldview could no longer apply.

City workers mysteriously appeared to fix a broken water main. City service had been suspended as far as we knew. We had still been able to get a slow drip of water out of our faucets and flush the toilet but once they finished we were bone-dry. I had watched them deliberately cut off our water.

It was dangerous to leave the apartment for water so we decided there wasn't enough for the dogs to drink. We had to let them go because we didn't want to watch them die that way. But they didn't run away. They stood outside the door of our apartment building looking scared. It was my responsibility to let them go because my wife couldn't do it. We lived on the second floor and when I got back upstairs we could see them barking at the front door of our building in a panic. There wasn't going to be any food or water for them outside either. They were too domesticated. They would get scared and turn vicious. We couldn't do that to them so I went downstairs and let them back in. But we gave them less and less water and they whined all the time.

Marijuana and alcohol consumption were untenable causes of dehydration, so I couldn't even dull my senses. The cable lasted longer than anything so we were always up to date on the horrific daily developments. Before the unraveling I'd have never believed I could enjoy cable news without weed and alcohol.

March 10

I thought the earthquakes might stop but they didn't. A large aftershock hit close enough to us and broke all the windows; by some dumb-luck we had a large piece of fiberglass we were able to block the main one up with. For the first few days we'd only watched the earthquakes on the coasts. When the CN Tower fell we stood by the window and watched. A bright green mist in the air couldn't be identified. Once it came in through our smaller windows we started going crazy.

I considered my brain and how much blood it would require to continue operations. No longer did I feel autonomous but that my physiological functioning was in the hands of some mysterious syndicate. They didn't owe me the steady flow of serotonin I was accustomed to. No one neurotransmitter can stay in fashion forever.

March 12

I came to love every sip of water. We had filled several four-litre jugs from the drip and rationed as much as we could in the beginning, but that barely lasted a week. We finally ventured out to buy jugs on the black market that had sprung up on George Street where the crackhouses were. The crackheads must have known something; they'd started hoarding water early and now they were on top of the economic spectrum. I'd bought drugs on the street before so I thought I could bargain with these guys, but I only got 20 litres for \$600. Half a litre a day each for the arbitrary period of 20 days. I suggested going back for more before the violence increased.

"I can't," she said.

"I'll try."

"You can't go alone."

She was right. We'd barely made it back with this haul after the incident with the old man. I was trying to stay in control of my emotions because I felt these could be our final days. I tried to love my wife, but the love-feeling did not come natural as it once did. Facing all this horror our emotions should have stirred. We'd always loved each other almost like a brother and a sister. But a new coldness had spread between us, caused not by these new stresses but by the new condition.

March 13

The commercials were still on TV for insurance companies that said, "When you love someone you'll do anything for them." It seemed to me that commercial time should have been commandeered by some emergency management agency. Better yet would have been a highlight reel of human achievement, to give us even the goodbye treatment of a long-running sitcom. At the very least they could have used the time for a few good jokes, like Bukowski saying in bone-dry desperation, "We have wasted history like a bunch of drunks shooting dice back in the men's crapper of the local bar."

The hungry and homeless masses continued fighting over supplies. Tens of thousands tried to leave the city each day. "Unacceptable" the acting Mayor called it, but it was really something to see, a pretty vicious-looking exodus. Particularly nasty things happened to some Swedish hockey players.

Their attackers were the first confirmed cases of the accelerated aggression-rape virus. Until then the rapes were officially attributed to the breakdown in law and order, but these attackers were convulsing, and certainly raping with a new level of malevolence. The images of the castrated and desecrated Swedes were the end of hope for even the most optimistic Internet commentators.

No one had been beamed up to heaven by God either. Many evangelical Christians were discouraged that they had not ascended. The true believers were undiscouraged, believing as always that they would meet God in death. Both groups were convinced that tribulation was well under way.

March 15

The Himmler videos on YouTube became my primary fascination. A creepy bald female medium named Destini had predicted the return of Himmler in a YouTube clip from 2001. She predicted many things however, so rational-skeptics argued she was bound to get something vaguely right. They didn't want to admit it was the reincarnation of Himmler anyway. It was too familiar. The mystical blood cult of the so-called "Aryan race" originated with the fortuneteller Madam Blavatsky. She was nothing but a cheap con and they killed six million.

March 17

The American cable landscape quickly incorporated all sorts of wild figures. Alex Jones' (a fringe radio host and conspiracy theorist par excellence) wild predictions had been proven accurate and this became a legitimate news story. Alex Jones replaced Larry King when Larry King was killed in one of the earthquakes. He began his broadcast, "The moment is at hand...

"It is spreading through sexual intercourse, most often forced, and it was started by these MK Ultra sex slaves, like Lady Gaga has already been exposed as on PrisonPlanet.com. We have been telling you this was coming for years and now it is here. It has been independently confirmed by The New York Times and countless publications.

"The President has been exposed as the fraud we always knew he was. There is a Reptilian race with the ability to shape-shift among us, and a half-breed, human-Reptilian species. Many of your beloved news anchors have already been exposed. [Images of Greta Van Susteren, Eliot Spitzer, Jon Stewart, Glenn Beck, and John McCain appear in background] Human DNA has been mixed into these creatures, programmed if you will. This involves programs like MK Ultra, CIA Black OPS, and basically every dark force we have described on PrisonPlanet.com. For this collaboration with lizard people you have sold your souls forever! I only hope it's not too late.

"We told you what they were doing. Now you say protect us from these all powerful operators. Well...we are mobilizing on the new CNN social networking site as we speak. There is a group on Facebook but I urge you not to trust it. This is vitally important so I'll repeat that: You can no longer

trust Facebook, or any of the major social networks. They have been taken over. Any Alex Jones content you see on Facebook I can assure you is coming from the global elite and is intended to misdirect and fragment our constituency.”

He continued like this. In the other camp were the less television-friendly quantum philosophers who believed that Jones, David Icke and the other conspiracy nuts had somehow manifest their own desired reality. Certainly what they had proposed couldn't have been true until it became true. All of their claims had been thoroughly discredited. But then they came true.

A man showed up at CNN's Atlanta studio and said to Alex Jones' production assistant, "Hello I'm Brion Gysin." He looked identical to the artist and provocateur Brion Gysin, who was said to have shared a third mind with William Burroughs (Burroughs writings were enjoying a renaissance in these times). Gysin was inventor of the cut-up method, inventor of the dreammachine, and a general dandy who died in the 1980s. Nobody that important, but someone who had said some strange, upsetting things in his life.

They asked how he'd returned and what the score really was, but he yawned and said he didn't want to talk about it. He just wanted to repeat some lines he'd used before.

"Ask me what we're here for," he said.

"Why are we here?" asked Alex Jones.

"We're here to go."

"What could we have done differently?"

"'Rubbed out the word.' As Burroughs informed us, 'Word begets image and image is violence.'"

"What do you mean?"

"The narrative was running into the ground and it could have been halted. They dropped an atom bomb for Christ sake. But you couldn't make people stop thinking, or talking, or expressing dangerous ideas, or thinking about death. You couldn't stop Timothy McVeigh, and that should have told you something. You couldn't stop Lee Harvey Oswald either. These were not anomalous men; they were part of a calculated system of chaos. This system grew exponentially in power as information sped up. These kooks with their misspelled blogs became as relevant as the Wall Street Journal. We should have known where we were headed after we saw the look in Oswald's eyes; we should have put a computer on the job, not left it up to lazy, stupid man."

That was Brion Gysin. The only other recorded interview he gave during his brief resurrection was a long hostile diatribe against Gore Vidal. Then he seemed to disappear altogether.

It was followed by a 20-minute segment on Himmler, now increasingly prominent in the new mainstream media due to his massive military gains. He suddenly had fortified compounds throughout the American south. The segment consisted of material taken largely from his YouTube page.

Jones ended his broadcast with a clip of an evangelical preacher named Jeffrey Gant whose End Times message had become increasingly popular since the start of the war. "I read to you from the book of John: 'Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now there are many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time.'"

This was the very first Alex Jones Show. It was kind of cool to sit back and watch it all go down at first. As a student of the cable landscape, it was interesting to see it stretched beyond capacity, and then simply continue in its new paradigm. This was a welcome diversion from our current issues: lack of water and untreated injuries...which themselves were just a preview of what was to come

March 18

We had to let the dogs go. We weren't laughing much after that. You couldn't flush the toilet and it was starting to stink, and they were pissing and shitting up the place. This wasn't the issue; the issue was the water, but if we'd have known how close it was to the end we'd have kept the poor guys. We really loved those dogs. They looked scared again, but this time we hid our heads under our pillows for a long time and when we finally looked out the window they were gone.

It had been so ugly when we got the water we did. I'd nearly been robbed on the way home. I was cut with a pocketknife by some determined old man who'd tried to steal our small cart. Now that wound was infected. He'd probably lanced his hepatitis-oozing boils with that knife. He was almost 80 so I threw him to the ground easily. I gave him a hard kick to the gut and didn't regret it one bit. How we made it home without getting robbed by a more dangerous entity I'll never know. We wouldn't be so lucky a second time.

There were no longer any organizations to provide help. A disproportionate number of civic officials were dead. Chaos seemed to be spreading chemically and with purpose. Across the world the earthquakes had been precise, leaving hardly a government building or hospital intact. The news networks were the only sector operating near full capacity. This could not have been coincidence.

March 21

Now the moon is almost invisible in the mist. The fortunetellers have totally taken over the A and

E Network. There is a sudden awareness that every point of view is significant. The realm of imagination is now as real as a pretentious formula. Folklore is relegated to reality. Art is no longer content to occupy any kind of frame.

Everyone is either holing up or else fighting like animals on the street; there are no good Samaritans despite their existence in literature; there are no carnivals. No performances of Othello, just fear. No 21st birthday parties, just rape attacks and group rape attacks.

The God consciousness is spreading among a segment of the population; more and more people perceive themselves to be God, or part of a consciousness system that is God. This isn't so far from the good old Christian message. But this is just one side of a two-pronged occult attack. The other side is the cult of self-interest which emerged in the 1990s: "I'm the director of my life. I'm special," is the essential motto, but they were the same as anyone else, just men facing a great flow of vengeance.

March 22

We understand things in terms of mechanism, but not theory of mind. My dream will be as important as observable mechanics...and my dreams have become increasingly operatic in scope lately, beacons of hope. I'm beginning to think this is a matter of false belief. Our brains are not binary machines. They are radios.

March 23

What will happen to our pages of white whales and green lights gleaming on docks; our prose, tender and ambiguous; Midwestern virgins in the shower, spied on by a slimy but otherwise loving stepdad after his ravenous crystal meth hit; the night air on a highway; the tearful laughing euphoria of a life-shortening whiskey hangover in the rock and roll morning? Where will it go? Tell me there's a God in heaven.

March 25

Am I a harlot writing a strange beast? What can these symbols mean? It really was the most important book in the world. It did reveal the future of humanity, the future of our earth, devastation to mankind, a white horse, a pale rider, a conqueror...because people read it, and believed it, and the schizophrenics knew.

I hope this is clear. My wife keeps nagging that I've got the schizoid-virus that's spread since last

Sunday. Personally, I feel fine. My thoughts are clear and each one rings out like a bell to me. I feel my thoughts are crystallizing in this time for a reason. It's possible my wife has the rage disease. We've been having sex often despite the coldness I mentioned. Some can sublimate the rage disease into sex with an accommodating partner.

I'll get on with what happened. The crazier people were killing their own children and using their body parts in brutal sex-rituals. Those without the virus had the fear so bad they were shooting first and asking questions later. Something had to happen. It was John Stossel who bore witness then; most of the big-name anchors had taken themselves out of the game. We heard the voice of the fourth creature on CNN, "Come and see," and we beheld the graphic of a pale horse, and on it was a graphic of death. I recognized the beasts. I felt a sorrow because I'd wanted to go to heaven.

Two were ordinary men. One was less ordinary in that he had iron teeth. The other, a charismatic European General, was the political figurehead. He had won the Nobel Peace Prize two years earlier for his role in the inconsequential Israel-Babylon peace talks. He was the persecutor but that was not obvious. He was only a man of sin, which cable audiences were accustomed to. It was the time of the absolute end and these beasts seemed like fitting characters.

The third and fourth beasts were actual beasts. One had ten horns. Men who gazed upon them were said to change. It didn't matter if you saw them in reality or on television. The fatally-wounded were made well for a moment, and everyone on earth marveled at the new beasts. They worshipped them knowing they were unbeatable and would solve the shortages. It was an inevitable, necessary transmutation, and a curse on us all.

March 26

I had ears but I did not listen. I was doomed to be captured and the people came when it was that people started breaking into apartments and houses. They axed down the door. We'd been watching the beasts on television and not thinking much about the aggression diseases.

They raped my wife many times and then started putting the knife into her. They pissed on me and told me I liked it. They stayed for two days doing this kind of shit. This evil had always been with us, all this time.

I wanted badly to mock them but it only made them more violent, but I still found it hard to resist. They were two burly old bums with jail tattoos.

They had a 14-year-old boy in handcuffs. He was treated better, but also abused sexually. They

cut him slowly, with a sick fascination, while we watched. They were building up to the big moment when they fucked him together and beat him to death. They had a lot of meth-amphetamine and Viagra so they had erections all the time and all they wanted to do was fuck and cut us up.

They cut off my wife's hands because they thought that would make them feel something after many hours had gone by but they were disgusted with the result and killed her because she couldn't stop screaming. I told my wife I would pray for her soul but she couldn't hear me. I hoped someone would pray for my soul. They looked at me like a pathetic dog and one said, "Ah get out of here you faggot." But the other didn't want to let me go so easy; he told me if I could make him come I could go. He just sat back on the chair. He'd ejaculated dozens of times in the last couple days and it took almost two hours; the other guy kept cutting at me the whole time but I finally got the job done and out the door.

Expelled into the streets, activated into the gridline structure, my entire pre-programmed life spread out; shivering with the bloody asshole blues I'm brought into a collective of beast-worshippers right off the bat. They saw me and knew the score. "Have you heard the message of the great benevolent beasts? They have come from below where they've been waiting. They are here to restore hope." I thought of my wife for the last time. The machine was recalibrated in such a way that the followers of the beasts could see in a new way. I could no longer see in the old way.

Anyone who refused was alienated, essentially left to die. This world will have meant nothing in the end. A man can outlive his own heart, but not his own brain; this was the dream now fully interpreted. I went with them because I'd heard the beast camps were well organized with plenty of food and water for those who'd sign the ledger and receive the mark. I felt untold terror to see life beyond life. I could see their features, and the agony and the pain and the frustration that would lie ahead. The beasts were creating great illusions and we were absorbing them like deep healing breaths.

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