

Episode 8: take a right at what's left

Hi friends, it's so nice to be with you all again. Welcome back to Wireland where the sigils speak and the gods, those that aren't locked in the basement anyway, roam free and wait for their time to ascend. But unfortunately friends, I do not come with good tidings, after all, I rarely do. In my version of our world this story I am about to tell happened ages ago but as we all know, as we've said before, time is a flat circle, so it may as well have happened yesterday.

By my estimate, as much as I am able to look into the past through the Mojave Logistics Chrono Spectrum™, you are hearing this sometime around mid 2023. You may be looking around at the world you inhabit, at the place you call home, and notice that it feels foreign, changing in insurmountable ways day after day. You see the City of Atlanta building a cop super center with 60 million dollars of taxpayer funds which will be used to wage urban warfare against those very same taxpayers. You see several Nazis leading a dementia patient in the polls for your upcoming presidential race. You see smoke filling up your cities and the price of eggs increase by 700% due to INFLATION. You see a news article stating that egg producers increased their profits by, let me check if this number is correct... hmmm well, 700%. Quite a coincidence. You see Landlords charging four times the rent on their 600 properties and Capital one is telling you to stop eating out despite being well aware that your money bailed them out of a series of exceedingly idiotic and greedy business decisions. You see the world in which you were taught you can get ahead with hard work and dedication sold off to the same 6 people at wholesale prices and you can't even afford a movie ticket anymore. Your escapes have become unaffordable and your jobs have become your life.

And I hate to tell you this, friends, but this does not get any better. As a matter of fact. It gets so much worse.

So you look around and see these things and begin to wonder what happened? How did things become so wrong? And friends, today I come to you to answer that question.

So let's take a trip back down to Wireland shall we? Just round the bend, you and me, and listen to the sigils swell and speak. REPEAT

Swell and speak.

REPEAT.

Squeal and creak.

REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT.

[Intro music]

[Screams and grunts come from a hole in the earth. Getting louder as we approach.]

Chicanery: What do you want?

Malfastice: To commiserate. We have put so much boundless effort into ensuring our goals and he is fighting back, he is fighting back with that fucking palindrome.

Palindrome: Hiiiiii!

Malfastice: He was supposed to be alone. To be isolated. To be unfuckingloved. But here we are. Seeking ways to throw his family from our trail like common fucking criminals. My brother won't stop crying and whining about being loved? [begins to sob] Everything is falling apart.

Chicanery: Nothing is falling apart.

Malfastice: Youuuuu. This is your fucking fault.

Chicanery: Quiet. Let me tell you a story. Failure does not exist here aside from what stands before me. [INTENSE REVERB AND SCREAM]

We find ourselves in a room of stygian void and translucent lilac tendrils seeping through primordial black holes that seem to complete their life cycles in seconds: dying star to singularity to nothing cuz as we all know, friends, everything has to end. Billions of years condensed to the length of a breath within your lungs. Amidst the microcosms of the whole of existence, a large creature sits on a throne of condensed galactic pillars, spectral shades shimmer and sparkle. But the thing sitting on that throne exists in direct conflict with that beautiful scene. Pale sickly flesh sways with its every move like waves drifting upon a sallow ocean. Tapeworm veins throb just below the surface. [heartbeat] Each breath the thing takes requires immense effort, sheer labor causing the mass of bulbous skin to swell and heave and if this room had floors or walls or anything that you and I would recognize as a *room* they would quake with each and every expiration. This tumor-dappled parody of a human body seems to have a symbiotic relationship to the fast-forward black holes, its flesh sucked into the event horizons and then back into the mass, in a cycle of perpetual regeneration and destruction.

The thing waves a swollen hand before itself as Malfastice, our own personal big red dog cowers, head bowed, a thousand mouths closed tight, nary a teeth bared, and friends, this is *unusual.*

From the palm of the waved hand black dust falls, swallowed by three black holes in a triangular orientation, the holes swell, sucking the light from around them unto themselves and merging into one, the edges of the triangle forming and folding outward into a sharp matte pyramid. There is a loud clank of metal on a rock surface as a shelf forms beneath and attracts the pyramid like a magnet.

Chicanery: Dear brother, there is no need to cower, so calm and lower the hair rising along your spine, tiny fractured thing that it is. How do you feel when those instincts force you to accept your inferiority? I assume animalistic and that must conflict, yes?

The tip of the pyramid slides aside and the dust it used to create itself rises from the inside and shimmies and shakes out into a perfect sphere, runes shifting perpetually along its rim. Yes friends, it appears we have another sigil and all of you know what that means. We are headed into history.

Chicanery: How does one exist as both an animal and a god of rodents? Have you ever considered this? Have you considered killing the need for control that forces you to tower above mankind to transcend them completely and finally realize that true power exists elsewhere?

The glittering sand swirls into the center of the sigil, spinning about, gathering the colors required to form a picture of a pleasant day on the isle of manhattan in 1929 at the height of the easter parade. And though the day was pretty and the people were too, something unforgivable scratched at the seams, fraying the fabric of the future in such a way that would prevent it from ever being repaired. You see friends, on this day, a new and valuable market was seized by the cold hand of corporate America and when it got a taste of that power, when it learned it could prey on the irrational impulses that pound within our soft machines, well... there really is no stopping that, is there?

The year before, one Mr. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company approached a squat man with a proto-flat-top haircut and a meticulously trimmed mustache that still managed to be uneven, named Edward Bernays.

Now up to this point Bernays had mostly worked in the field of making folks care about plays, an altogether easy affair considering no one had a fucking TV at the time, and he was raring to test his skills on a bigger kind of kill. So when GWH offered him 25,000 1929 dollars to help sell Lucky Strikes to women, he sensed his chance.

Bernays got to work immediately. Now, there were a few issues standing in the way of this project and two of these problems seemed insurmountable at the time. One was that women hated Lucky Strike green. They *hated* it, and we can't blame them friends, it truly was hideous color. Sort of a hunter green with a splash of cartoon vomit. The second problem and arguably the more overwhelming of the two, was that it was considered taboo for women to smoke in public at the time. Luckily, Bernays had an ace up his sleeve, he just happened to be the nephew of Sigmund Freud. He had been following his uncle's research and in the guise of a box of Havana cigars and a heartfelt letter, he asked if Uncle Sigi had any suggestions. What Freud wrote back was, of course, something about dicks, because when is it not with that guy? He recommended Bernays reach out to Dr. A.A. Brill, the leading psychoanalyst in New York.

Brill explained to Edward that cigarettes were a symbol of masculine power (see: parenthetical dicks) and hence they could be transmogrified into torches of freedom for women.

It was then that inspiration struck Bernays. The color situation was easily fixed: he just had popular designers of the time create an absurd amount of green women's wear and declared lucky strike green the, and I quote here, "color of the season." He threw a Green Gala at Waldorf Astoria so by the time this beautiful Sunday morning came 'round in 1929, a pack of lucky strikes was quite the hip accessory.

He found 10 of New York's best and brightest women from a Vogue list, and well, I have a direct quote here from Bernays so, I'm just gonna let him tell it:

"Because it should appear as news with no division of the publicity, actresses should be definitely out. On the other hand, if young women who stand for feminism—someone from the Women's Party, say—could be secured, the fact that the movement would be advertised too, would not be bad. . . While they should be good looking, they should not be too 'model-y.' Three for each church covered should be sufficient. Of course they are not to smoke simply as they come down the church steps. They are to join in the Easter parade, puffing away."

And that is exactly what they did.

Ten beautiful, yet approachable and housewife friendly women walked down the church steps on fifth avenue and lit their torches of freedom. Marching in the Easter Day Parade, and really giving the What-For to the business men and uptight busy body valium tainted wives surrounding them. And if you see pictures from that day, you will notice hooded figures there,

somewhere in the background and alleyways, runes melted into their palms and a yellow gold tinge in their eyes.

Now you might recognize many things at play here: the consumerization of feminism, the very first example of astroturfing, among others but what happened on this day is truly black magic. In the weeks following, numerous news stories were written about this devilish display of debutante debauchery. The combination of the splash made with the act itself, and the controversy kicked up in opposition to it, successfully buried the taboo and the market was open for front street business.

By weaponizing the irrational and symbolic, a new eldritch entity was loosed upon the world, and that entity was called: Public Relations.

Chicanery: But that was just the beginning.

The black sand swirls and new pictures develop. A display of war, and friends, I hate to be that guy but it all always comes back to this. Because what most fail to realize about world war 2 and the years immediately before and after, is that everything you see around you, everything you feel coming at you, was set into motion during that time. You see, someone important was watching Bernays from the sidelines and he realized these same techniques could be used to completely and totally weaponize one sect of the population against another. With these tools he could make it so one neighbor would turn in another knowing full well the fate that awaited them at the end of the tracks and this man's name is Joseph Goebbels.

The Goebbels story is an entirely different aspect of the Wireland and he will probably come up again but it is important to note that the foundations of the way media and marketing interact with you, right now, as I say these words, were developed and perfected during his campaign to normalize genocide.

And as sad as it is to say out loud, you can draw a line from torches of freedom to nazi propaganda in world war 2 to the consistent ad campaign toward the expansion of the capitalist ideal that you unfortunately grew up in, the same one you see now falling apart before your very eyes.

The images fast forwarding in the sigil are terrifying and unfortunately clear. The first set is a series of stills from the golden 20s. A progressive and bustling society just now gaining international acceptance again after a series of questionable decisions known as World War 1. We see a queer renaissance in cinema and the theater. A palpable excitement among the people who were beginning to accept everyone from every form of life. We see a rise in social work including the reestablishment of a social safety net set in place for the elderly, the young, and the

otherwise disadvantaged. We see citizens guaranteed the right to education, spiritual, social, and physical fitness. We see factories built and converted to provide wages to the working class while not becoming the sole subject of their lives. What we see, is the very first stirrings of an eventual utopia. And well, friends, you might already know this but some people didn't like that at all. A darkness was developing in the middle class and the farmers just outside the city gates. Thus the sigil forms anew. The swaying representations take on the darker shade of young men having their inherent humanity twisted into fear and genocide. Pictures of thousands of soldiers marching in perfect harmony all headed toward the final solution. Pictures of the night of broken glass that ushered in the true horror of the holocaust.

You see friends, using the example set by Bernays and Freud, among others, Joseph Goebbels set out on his quest of nazi mythmaking. And the thing is, he had just been given a new canvass in the form of the Great Depression.

Chicanery: One of the finest pieces of history created by our very own Moldington.

Palindrome: You guys sure are proud of some pretty weird shit.

Malfastice: I fail to see what any of this has to do with any of our fucking pressing problems.

[A deafening clap then silence]

Palindrome: Slow your roll there big guy. You're gonna hurt yourself again.

Chicanery: I said. Quiet.

The dust swirls and congeals and we are shown the interior of a large sports arena that has housed everything from six day bicycle races to indoor ice skating to boxing matches and most ironically, almost exactly a decade prior, Hitlers first speech as chancellor of Germany. The air outside is frigid and the destruction of war looms large. 14,000 handpicked people sit in the audience. War veterans, police, members of the middle and working class, and loyal nazi party members all sat side by side waiting for Mr. Goebbels to take his place at the podium and give his annual speech on the Fuhrer's birthday.

He had asked to be left alone for a few moments to prepare himself. He had but one purpose here today, to whip the crowd, and by extension, the German people into an obsessive frenzy capable of masking the truth that is becoming painfully obvious day after day, that they are not winning. Once he was sure he was alone, he reaches into his briefcase and pulls a shining silver compact from its folds. On the top, etched meticulously and inlaid with gold, is a series of symbols we

have seen before, friends. Written in chalk on a cobblestone driveway during the birth of Prescott Bush.

Goebbels opens the compact and inside is a small baggy of crushed opaque crystals. He taps a few broken shards onto the mirror fitted into the bottom of the compact and crushes them with a razor blade. He places a rolled Reichsmark into his nose, guides it to the mirror and slides with the line inviting the crystals home where they belong, inside his sinus cavity.

His breath comes to him sharp and sudden, his heart rate quickens. He tilts his head back and pinches hard at the bridge of his nose. He leans back into the plush fabric of the red velvet chair.

The fabric is soft and feels almost womb like against the back of his bare sweat soaked neck. The table before him begins to shake, the remnants of the powder left on the mirror dissipate into smoke that wisps up into the air before his eyes. Goebbels can hear the crowd chanting nazi shit through the halls outside.

Goebbels: Appear to me now. I demand it. I demand the strength you offer, I need to take the light you shine.

The entire room begins to quake. A tremor sidling through the earth, circling around his feet, bubbling under the red berber carpet. The smoke takes on the shape of an eye, the pupil catching bright magenta fire.

Malfastice: It had been the longest time since I visited that plane. I hated it, hated every moment of it but this project, this mission, was the most important thing I'd ever done.

Chicanery: For the thing to collapse and the people trapped under the rubble to beg for more. It opened possibilities we had never conceived and continues so till this day.

Malfastice lifts his head from its cowered pose. Finding interest now, where he had not before.

Chicanery: You are so self centered. You haven't listened to a word I said until you saw yourself slide into the scene. You must overcome this brother, you must shed this shell for true transcendence.

Malfastice: I do not seek transcendence. I seek money and bitches. Motherfucker.

The burning eye swaying in the air above Goebbels begins collecting matter from any and all available objects within reach. Atoms collecting from the chair he is sitting in, from the four separate pictures of the weirdo these people put in charge, from the compact, and the crystal

shards still in the dime bag printed with tiny pink hearts. These molecules converge to configure the flame-thrown head of a jackal with a thousand mouths curled into an infinite grin, bright pink tongues crawl along its length.

Goebbels: (*defiant) I'm glad you've come. You've done a magnificent job of keeping us in limbo.

Malfastice: Do not speak to me, you fucking cretin, you disgusting wretch of a man. You are making quite the mess outside.

Joseph Goebbels sits as motionless as possible, sweat pouring from his aged and stress ravaged face. Noradrenaline and dopamine being wrung from his cellular makeup like old dish rags from the primitive methamphetamine the Nazi brass shared amongst themselves. But what they did not know is that the drug they insufflate and pump into their veins is not of this earth, friends, but rather from the edges of a cosmic sphere governed by forces they could not understand regardless of how hard they tried.

Joseph Goebbels: I need help. We are on the cusp of taking the world and bending it to our will. But those do-good Americans and their Russian friends are breathing down our necks from all sides. If I didn't know that you were on our side I would've— (*you can hear the tears beginning to form.)

Malfastice: (laughs) Me? On your side? Just what do you think is going on here? Your will? Your fucking will? Is your brain as broken and useless as that wiry thing you call a body?

The burning jackal's grin grows wider. An appendage forms from the bottom of the thing's throat beneath those forever mouths, a single finger attached to the end. The finger dances about as Joseph's eyes follow, back and forth, darting about, laser focused.

Malfastice: Seems the drugs are doing their job. Your will means nothing. Your will is as insignificant to the world as the bugs crawling beneath your skin. Do you see it? Do you see those centipedes wriggling within you?

Goebbels looks down at his flesh and watches as it bubbles and swells. He feels the insects crawling just beneath the surface, burrowing around his veins and building colonies within his arteries.

Goebbels: (*angry but scared) We are doing everything you asked of us. You assured us we would be successful. Now every front is falling apart, our soldiers are dying by the thousands and the jews! The jews are still fucking everywhere!

Malfastice: I said *I* would be successful. *This project* would be successful and dear boy, it has and will continue to be. But there is no chance *you* will succeed. How could you when your goals are so fundamentally flawed?

Goebbels: Then why all of this? Why subject the world to this? Get these bugs out of me please! I don't think I can do this! I cannot further this failure and continue to sleep at night. I will put a stop to this!

Malfastice: Let's be real Joey boy. You rarely sleep.

Goebbels: So, l-l-lemme get this straight. You knew when you came to us we were going to fail. You knew we never stood a chance. And you allowed all of this?!?

Malfastice: Yesssss. Something is being built here. Something your propaganda machine of a brain could never conceive. We will take the ashes left in the wake of your failure and we will tie those who matter to an idea. An idea that will rule the world for years to come until it ends in a most satisfying fashion and assures my place on the very throne of the universe. This hellhole you've built is merely a framework, merely a testing ground for a true kingdom of corruption. The future of constant warfare against the very people needed for it to exist at all. Be excited joey boy, you are helping create the future. You are helping us create America.

Goebbels: (the tears finally break through) AMERICA? DID YOU JUST SAY I WAS HELPING CREATE AMERICA?!?! I don't understand this, I don't understand (*fumbling his words, whatever you think works best here, dealers choice) I matter and we will win. We will win and I matter, right, just tell me I'm right tell me I'm right we will—

[LOUD SLAP, CHAIR SLIDING TO THE SIDE]

Malfastice: Shut up and get your shit together!

Goebbels: I won't-I can't-I I I cannot go out there I can't do this to our peo—

Malfastice: I am going to give you one opportunity to answer this question correctly. One single chance. (mumbling to himself) I do not want to have to stay here. I hate it here.

Goebbels: I cannot do thi-

[ANOTHER SLAP/GOEBBELS FULL ON CRYING. THIS WHOLE TIME THE AUDIENCE'S IMPATIENT CHANTS HAVE GROWN LOUDER AND LOUDER. BEHIND EVERYTHING IS A CONSTANT WAIL AND DRUM.]

Malfastice: Shut the fuck up and listen and. Think. Very. Carefully: Are you going to calm down, go out there, and do as you've planned? Are you going to go turn them on for Total War?

And friends, Mr Goebbels does not appear to be ready for that at all now does he? Within the sigil we watch as the blazing dog head expands, the infinite mouths opening wide, the myriad tongues lap as the jaws unhinge. The finger that had been dancing around Goebbels this whole time wraps around his waist and lifts his malnourished frame off the carpet.

Malfastice: Then I will have to do it myself.

The magenta fire swallows Goebbels in a single swift and voracious movement. In the blink of an eye Goebbels was no more. His light snuffed out deep in the heart of wireland and some say, he remains there whining to this very day.

The room went still. The crowd outside chanted in unison, less impatient now and more *expectant* as though they felt the change that had just swept through Goebbels, as though they could sense new blood to push them toward the finish line. Malfastice, now with a brand new, albeit shitty, body, picked up the compact and table that had fallen over in all the commotion. He tapped a few more shards from the bag, and brought the mirror to his nose without fussing over the normal ritual of crush, cut, and roll that would one day define the lives of so many. Cuz after all, it's not his nasal passages he's fucking up, now is it? He walked over to the mirror and brushed this new, stringy black hair aside, and for a moment Malfastice admired the sheer ugliness of this person. How the genes of two families mixed to make this abomination is proof positive that something with an excellent sense of humor is running things behind the scenes. Malfastice adjusts the lapel of his khaki tailored officer's suit designed by Hugo Boss and takes a deep breath of human air into lungs which now belonged to none other than the gods. He stands with his back straight and salutes a photo of a man he and the rest of this nation have devoted their lives to.

Friends, I want you to stop and really think about that for one moment. Just formulate a picture of Hitler in your head with no shirt on, if you can. The terrible pasted down hair, the beady eyes, the absolutely ridiculous mustache. The exceedingly average soft body with these little black hairs sprouting out of pale flesh almost purple it's so white. You got it? You with me? Now

imagine yourself doing *anything* for this dude. Anything. Even something as small as holding a door open for him. You don't see it do you? Me neither, but these people gave their lives. Not only gave their lives, stood by, and in some cases, actively helped, take the lives of others. If that's not black magic friends, then tell me what is.

I need to stress the situation to you so that you understand the dire circumstances you find yourself in now. These people could tell something rotten was afoot. In fact, murmurs in the crowd before the speech were heavy with discontent. Everyday these people were losing homes to bombing campaigns on behalf of the Americans during the day and the Royal Air Force at night. They had been living off food rations for a few years now and in the weeks leading up to the speech, food was harder and harder to come by. They kept rabbits on their balconies, they called balcony pigs, as a convenient food source. Nearly every park in the country, the places where their children had played before the war, the very centers of their communities had been stripped of trees to provide fuel for their stoves in their homes. This is a citizenry whose backs were against the wall. So in reality, when the cosmic god of corruption in the guise of the man who built hitler into a myth within their minds asked if they wanted Total War, war more extreme and dedicated than anything they could've imagined before, the answer should have been no.

But friends, that was not the answer. The crowd hung on every word, growing more and more excited with every enunciation, every syllable brought more aggression, more hate, more violence. By the end of his speech the voice of Joseph Goebbels roused something within these people. Something dark that had been brewing their whole lives and that very same thing brews around you and I, right now. This crowd was proof of the unmistakable power of the irrational and subconscious forces. And those that guide the world knew they were onto something special. Word of this moment spread through boardrooms and investment firms. Through halls of gold and pearl. Word of this moment was whispered in the meetings of secret societies into the ears of those who can bend the fabric of society to their wills. They can do this for one reason and one reason only, friends, because they won the money game.

And friends, that is what the sigil shows us now, 14,000 people throwing their programs into the air, raising their hands in salute, and screaming for the blood of their fellow man. The arena doors opened and they flooded into the streets passing along the news to anyone who would listen and from that point forward, they gave everything over to base instinct and humanity had not seen that dark a time in many many years.

[THE CROWD SCREAMS IN UNISON, SOUND MONTAGE OF WAR AND BACK TO SCREAMS. A RUSH OF PEOPLE EVACUATE THE ARENA. MUSIC STARTS]

Malfastice: And I had to live out that bastard's remaining years and watch as everything he worked for in his little bastard life fell apart around him until he died in a bunker after biting down on cyanide with a family who hated him. So some things just work themselves out.

[SILENCE]

And once the war had been fought to grim conclusion, once the property, strewn with the bodies of families and soldiers alike, had been bought and sold and bought and sold again, concentrated into the hands of a mere few. Once the lessons learned from pushing a society toward a rabid destiny had been pie charted and line graphed to a concise and detailed degree. Once the territories had been divvied among the winners and new nations had been born. And once America had scarred the very spirit of mankind with their atomic aberrations changing the fate of everything you've ever known. The petty gods got to work building the world of tomorrow, or as you know it, right now.

The pyramid begins to spin in place as Chicanery takes a particularly laborious breath and raises both swollen bulbous arms above him. The echo of cracking bones reverberate through the room, proving that there must be an end or beginning somewhere close by. The sigil spewing from the tip of the pyramid sheds its black facade and instead begins to sparkle cyan and pink. And this can only mean one thing, friends. Abria approaches.

Abria: What are my two least favorite things doing spending such quality time with one another?

Chicanery: You are not wanted here.

Malfastice: Did you come to rub it in our faces?

Chicanery: You. Are. Not. Wanted. Here.

Abria: No worries. Just thought I'd stop by and tell you. The delivery driver is free. Good luck fellas.**