

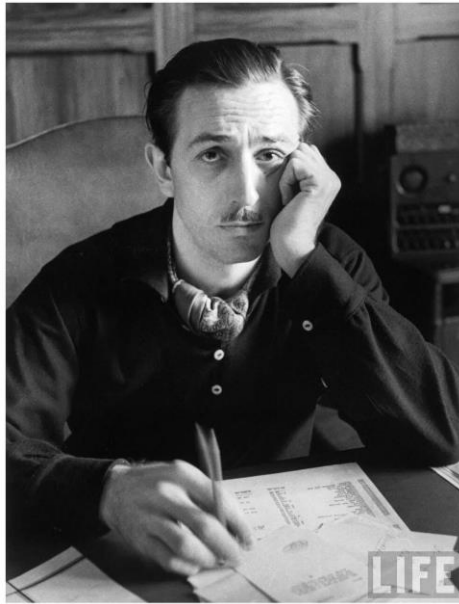


Pinocchio Is Dead:
The Meaning of Life According to
Alchemy

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ANOTHER THING that recently came to my attention, and this surprised me, was the number of home school parents who read my work. Perhaps I didn't frame that quite right. Let's try this again. They read my work to home-schooled children as a bonus to their curriculum. I still don't know what to make of that. I wake up every morning around 5am and sit behind this computer screen for no other purpose but to hope and pray that my pleas reach *someone*. As I write these very words, the coffee still hasn't finished brewing. My family won't be up for hours. And I could be catching up on sleep. I suppose that's what Sabbath is for, as well as death. Meanwhile, I do this because I want somebody—*anybody*—one solitary soul to wake up from the heaping of lies they've been fed by our Slave Masters and Controllers. That's all I can really do. It's why subjects like this one are so important. Alchemy *and* Pinocchio.

Clearly, **Walt Disney** is not beloved among the bulk of my readership, and that includes the home schoolers. There are always a few exceptions to the rule, but if you were to personally ask them about it, I gather the

majority would tell you that nothing good can derive from magic, especially when Disney is involved. Until recently though, and despite all that I have covered regarding Disney's penchant for witchcraft, not even I knew the full extent of it. But then I decided to take a closer look at his genealogy, and wouldn't you know it, he's the son of a witch. Not just *any* witch though. He's the **6th great-grandson** of **Reverend George Burroughs**. And you know who that is, *right?* In 1692, Burroughs was accused of witchcraft in **Salem**. Technically, he was *executed*, but that much is a lie. The Salem Witch Trial was alchemical in nature with all the markings of an Intel script. It was a hoax.

Reverend Burroughs has other grandsons, one of which is **7th great-grandson John Ritter**, making Disney a 5th cousin. Perhaps we will deal with him some other time because I was able to find **8 Magna Carta sureties** in his parentage. *Follow* along. **21st great-grandfathers** John de Lacy and Gilbert de Clare. **22nd great-grandfathers** Hugh le Bigod, William d'Aubeney, Richard de Clare, and Robert de Ros. **23rd great-grandfathers** Saher de Quincy and Rober le Bigod. That's some rather obvious animal husbandry, right there.

Moving on down the line, we find the usual suspects. **20th great-grandfather King Edward I** of England. **25th great-grandfather William the Conqueror**. **30th great-grandfather King Robert I** of France. **32nd great-grandfather Alfred the Great**. And finally, *always* last but *never* least, **35th great-grandfather Charlemagne**, King of the Franks. The results are in. Walt Disney is a son of a witch but also a major royal son of **Qayin**.



The Goddess of Spring is a 9-minute *Silly Symphonies* animated Disney short film.^[1] The Symphony is imbued with operatic themes and is often cited as melodramatic. It was released in 1934, and its production was important to the future development of Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* animation. Each Silly Symphony was a technological marvel at the time and proceeded to further advancements in the animation industry.

While the plot of *The Goddess of Spring* follows the Greek myth of *Persephone* (known as "Proserpina" in Roman Mythology) and *Hades* (*Pluto*), the imagery is more evocative of *Hell* and *Satan* (or, more specifically, a traditional stage *Mephistopheles*).



One of Walt Disney's earliest animated movies was the 9-minute *Silly Symphonies* short, 'The Goddess of Spring'. It was released in 1934 and tells the tale of **Persephone** getting raped by **Hades**. I bring this up merely because the entire episode was a staple of the **Eleusinian Mysteries**. It's quite literally a pamphlet for neophytes and has been for some millennia. None of this is by accident. The problem I run into is when people tell Disney's genealogy has absolutely nothing to do with his success story when dedicated talent and American ingenuity and all that needs

accounted for. What they fail to recognize is that magic *is* discipline. Walt Disney taught me that. But let's not get distracted from my present point. The only person who would produce something like 'The Goddess of

Spring' is the initiated sort, telling us *who* Uncle Walt truly was, and very early on in his career. It works both ways. Disney may have been talented, and in fact a **Wizard**, but he never would have become one had he not first become groomed for the part.



MY ONE memory of the Guggenheim in New York involves my wife and the museum-wide exhibit called “**theanyspacewhatever**,” which ran in 2008. Isn’t that adorable how artists were able to talk about *space* and then cram the entire sentence into one word? *Simply adorable*. Guggenheim described the exhibition space itself as the medium. If you’re unfamiliar with the museum’s layout, the building itself, which is a product of architect **Frank Lloyd Wright**, slowly spirals upwards within something resembling a spinning top or snail shell. The attendee can choose to leave the coiling path and visit any exhibit space along the way, “but the ultimate goal,” according to Guggenheim, is “to **offer subtle moments of transformation**.” Take a mental note of that. *Transformation*.

One such art exhibit, which veered off like the others from the coiling path, featured someone named **Catherine Opie**, an American photographer who had the habit of focusing upon life-sized pictures of

beads. As in—a string of beads coming out of people’s bums. So right away, we can conclude this wasn’t a summer-camp thing. *Also*, nudes. Wherever Catherine Opie pointed her lens at anybody, clothes were hard to come by. For whatever reason, men and women would dress up for their aboriginal birthday to prove to Opie that they had a severe condition known as “beads growing out of their bum.” If there’s a scientific term for this, then forgive my ignorance, but it sounds incredibly painful. And there was documented proof of it everywhere. Breasts and penis and bum and most importantly to her transformative narrative—beads.



The *above* picture is supposedly Opie’s own self-portrait, but it’s difficult to tell since her face is wrapped up all mummy-like, and in leather. How very *secret society* of her. I was trying to remember a specific photograph that I’d witnessed with my own eyes in Guggenheim, and I believe this may have been one of them. For the record, the original print is a full vertical centerfold. I chose the slightly less revealing “let’s pretend there’s a bathing suit below the 38th parallel” *horizontal* edition to spare you the pornographic details while still making a valid point. Notice the subconscious sleight of hand being presented here. You are a *Pervert* for showing up to her exhibit. The transformative effects are intended to make this mutilated and metamorphic lifestyle apart from Yahuah’s own image something akin to *normal*.

Also, I'm jumping slightly ahead of myself, but one cannot ultimately transform unless they first die to the self. You may want to take notes.



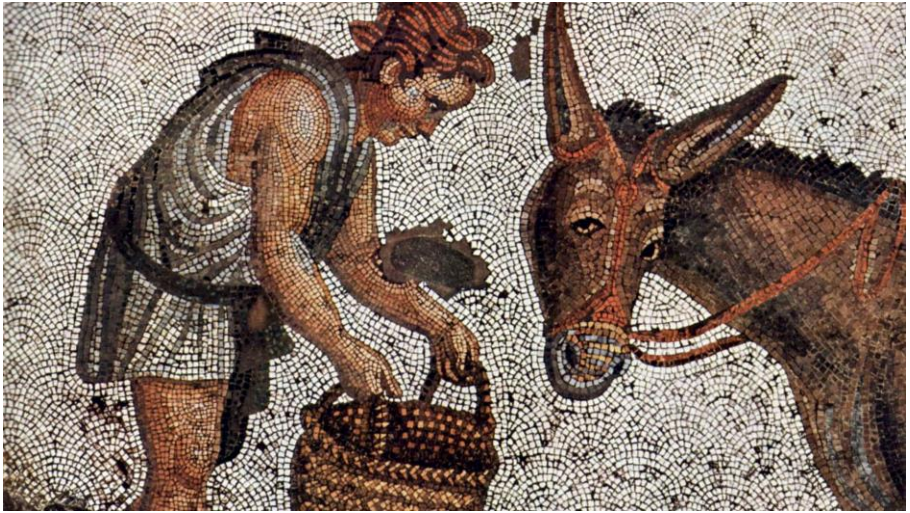
Sarah and I left the LGBTQIA+ bum, areola and cock-a-doodle-do self-mutilating *bead* exhibit—really, its official name escapes me now—and started back up on the slow coil of the inward snail shell (or perhaps it was simply the Kundalini path), attempting to decide which exhibit we should veer off to next with what little time we had. That may have been the very day we visited the Statue of Liberty. So clearly, we were on Mystery religion overload.

Already, I've forgotten to mention the most important detail of all. The Guggenheim's centerpiece for its "theanyspacewhatever" exhibition was something called "Daddy, Daddy," and featured **Pinocchio**, the boy puppet. Pinocchio was lying face down in a pool of water. It's probably the first thing you see when you enter the museum. The *starting* point of the journey. As my wife and I slowly made our way up and around the *serpentine* trail, we could look down at the lobby floor from practically any given point and see the boy-puppet, inanimate in his pool of water.

At some point my wife gasped, "Pinocchio is *dead!*"

The trauma was intended.

It was our first lesson in alchemy.



NEARLY all Mystery-religion literature was at one time destroyed, but probably not for the reasons most would think. *Yes*, the church fathers had a heavy hand in it. When not destroying Natsarim literature, **Saint Augustine** likely helped to lead the charge. But it wasn't simply occult knowledge which the bishops wanted eradicated. Theirs was a mission to scrub public understanding of *who* they truly were. **Hypatia** was brutally murdered in the streets of Alexandria for giving Christianity's secrets away, and it was *this*. The Roman Catholic Church was nothing more or less than the Mystery religion with a face lift. I am convinced that even the Christians of Antioch were a Roman *spook* operation, via **Ignatius**. The wool has been pulled over nearly everyone's eyes. The whore of Babylon had daughters, and so, her mysteries live on.

We know practically nothing about what *exactly* went on within the catacombs of the ancient Mystery religions, but that is not to say we are at a complete loss. As children, most of us were seduced into its rites. Walt Disney made a habit of initiating us.

The year was 1940. America was on the cusp of the Second World War, and children were given a double dosage of enlightenment. Disney released 'Pinocchio' on February 23 and 'Fantasia' on the 13 of November. Interesting, both films were ultimately based upon the same source material. 'The Golden Ass'. You know how Roman Catholicism wanted to scrub occult knowledge from public consciousness? The second century novel by **Apuleius** was on their hit list. His book survived.

On the outset, the story of 'The Golden Ass' centers upon Luscious, the everyday unenlightened sort, whose careless experimentation with magic transforms him into a jackass of a donkey. Luscious spends much of the remaining narrative having to contend with the moral depravity of humanity. A cheating wife fills one segment. His final redemption comes through the alchemical process of self-enlightenment and a personal blessing from the goddess **Isis**. If you think I haven't gotten around to describing Pinocchio yet, then I'd argue you probably haven't seen the Disney production or the children's novel which it's based upon, written by initiate **Carlo Collodi**. Because to this very day, The Golden Ass remains the best glimpse into the initiation rites of the ancient Mysteries, and at its deepest, most intimate level.



The story not only inspired Disney; **C.S. Lewis** based his fondest novel upon it. 'Till We Have Faces'. It can even be argued that 'The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe' is yet another analogous retelling of the Bacchic and Eleusinian Mysteries.

Mm-hmm, C.S. Lewis was in the know.

During his honeymoon in Greece with a dying wife, Lewis admitted to a friend that he found it incredibly difficult not to pray to **Apollo** to heal Joy of her cancer. The year was 1960. To **Chad Walsh**, professor of Weaton College, Lewis wrote:

“Somehow one didn’t feel it would have been very wrong—would only have been addressing Christ sub specie Apollinis.”

C.S. Lewis was essentially a Hypatia in reverse order. Whereas Hypatia used paganism to prove Christianity *wrong*, Lewis used Christianity to prove paganism *right*. If Lewis’ lifelong devotion in employing Christianity to promote paganism somehow confuses you, then we need to dispense with any preconceived notions that Mystery initiates saw themselves as *immoral*. Mystery initiates saw themselves as distinguished citizens. They alone guarded the “unutterable secrets” from the wayward soul.



For these reasons, Pinocchio’s real-world analogy could hardly prove any more satisfying. To seek *meaning* and *purpose*, Pinocchio sells himself to Stromboli for fame. The boy puppet literally becomes a puppet for his Slave Master. Pleasure Island is therefore a metaphor for the profane life characterized by the engineered ignorance of the very masses whom Pinocchio had hoped to entertain. It is a place without school (knowledge) and laws (morals), unlike the hidden knowledge and learned morals of the Mystery religion. The coachman indoctrinates

children into a lifestyle of instant gratification knowing that such indulgences lead to a lifetime of slavery. If this doesn't *perfectly* describe the world we inhabit, then there's nothing more that I can do. *I'm done.*

The sick irony here is that Mystery initiates, as we shall come to learn, are the very people running the world. Hence, Stromboli and the coachman. They're our Slave Masters. The Elite *need* indoctrinated children to work in their mines. Everything they feed us is a lie.

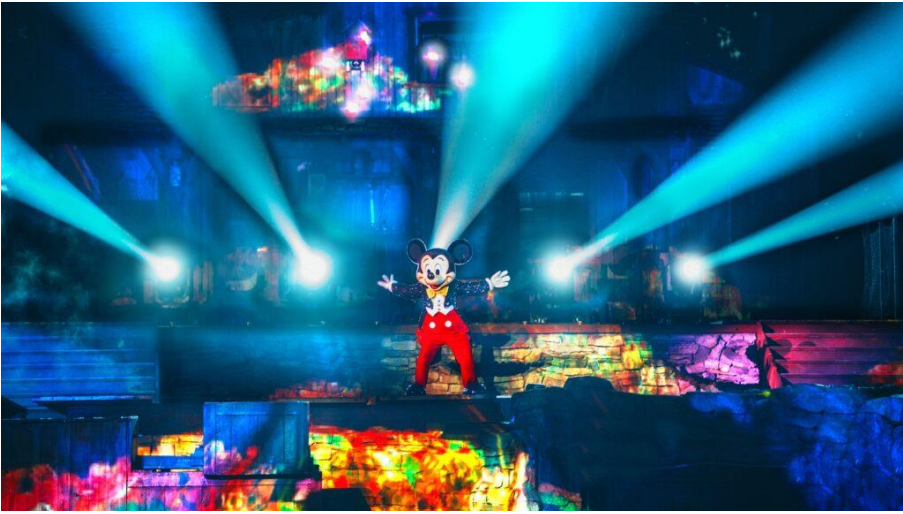


As the darkness of night takes its toll, the children of Pleasure Island succumb to *rioting*. They literally begin burning the place to the ground. And while you may think the donkey-faced foundlings are simply unappreciative of the “old world” they’ve been inherited, which is completely true in and of itself, it’s all a part of the intended magic. Their devilish behavior was programed into them by their Controllers. There’s a specific frame which depicts the **Mona Lisa** being defaced among countless other antiquities. This is precisely the sort of destruction we’ve seen happen with the World Fairs. Beginning in the 1890’s, the New World Order rolled millions of Americans out to various ancient Old-

World cities; Chicago, Buffalo, and San Francisco; and then *destroyed* them as a series of psycho-dramatic exercises, all of which was intended to initiate them into the cult of patriotism.



[**EDIT**: In 2020 we witnessed many of the *same* disturbances to Pleasure Island with the CIA-sponsored **Black Lives Matter** and the fake media revolution in the west coast city of **CHAZ**. The CIA rolled out the COVID-1984 psychodrama and told everyone to mask up and go home. Most complied. They then told corona to quietly disappear just long enough to bus BLM and Antifa into various cities as part of their **George Floyd** psychodrama. When COVID-1984 suddenly sprang to life again, they told everyone to wear their reeducation face diapers and go home. See how that works? *Marching orders*. Compliance is key. They're whipping us into tip-top shape for Agenda 2030. If Langley tells everyone to leave their homes and deface the very statues placed there by Intel some decades earlier, perhaps even burn down a commercial franchise while they're at it, slaves will gladly help the alchemy along. It's all part of the script.]



Here's an added dosage of irony. The World Fair's *inspired* Walt Disney. If that doesn't help pinpoint Disneyland and Walt Disney World to a psycho-dramatic operation, then I don't know what else to say. With Pinocchio, Disney is *telling you* the plan. "Come. Let us entertain you. *Be our guest.* Become a corporate slave with the rest." Once the alchemy has taken its effect on a *global* scale, the New World Order will have us all working in the mines.



A *simpler* way of saying this is, they're erasing the image of Elohim in every participating soul and transforming them into donkeys.



You'll likely recall that Pinocchio's redemption arrives only after saving his father from the belly of the whale, *Monstro*. Imagery stolen from the book of Jonah. Like the Guggenheim, Pinocchio died. "Daddy, Daddy!" Proof however that Pinocchio ascended beyond his training as a neophyte is given by way of resurrection. He is alchemically transformed into a new image apart from his creator. Isis—or rather, the star-fairy—brings him from death to a new creation. And just so we're clear, I do not believe this to be *simply* a metaphor.

With what remains of Mystery literature, the specifics of any such resurrection ritual have either not survived or were never intended to be known to begin with. Apuleius holds much back. But *this* I am quite certain of. At some point in their training, the Master Masons met their god face-to-face. In 'The Golden Ass', Lucius, who has wisely outgrown the foolishness of his donkey counterpart, finally encounters Isis by the seashore. Again, their meeting is not merely a metaphor.



Upon her final manifestation, a climax to the novel, the goddess introduces herself to Lucius with the following:

“Behold, Lucius, moved by your prayer I come to you. I, the natural mother of all life, the mistress of the elements, the first child of time, the supreme divinity, the queen of those in hell, the first among those in heaven, the uniform manifestation of all gods and goddesses. I, who govern by my nod the crests of light in the sky, the purifying wafts of the ocean, and the lamentable silences of hell—I whose single godhead is venerated all over the earth under manifold forms, varying rites, and changing names. Thus, the Phrygians that are the oldest human tock call me Pessinuntia, Mother of the Gods. The aboriginal races of Attica call me Cecropian Minerva. The Cyprians in their island-home call me Paphian Venus. The archer Cretans call me Diana Dictynna. The three-tongued Sicilians call me Stygian Proserpine. The Eleusinians call me the ancient goddess Ceres Some call me Juno. Some call me Bellona. Some call me Hecate. Some call me Rhamnusia.

But those who are enlightened by the earliest rays of that divinity the sun, the Ethiopians, the Aarii, and the Egyptians who excel in antique lore, all worship me with their ancestral ceremonies and call me by my true name, Queen Isis.”

Disney’s ‘Pinocchio’ reverses this order. Lucius encounters the goddess only *after* his adventures in foolishness and redemption, whereas the boy puppet is sent on his divine quest from the very beginning of the story, and *then* stumbles. Contrarily, Lucius is tasked with mastering death upon proving that he has first mastered the self—never the other way around.

Of this *Mystery*, Apuleius wrote:

“I approached the **confines of death**. I trod the threshold of Prosperine; and borne through the elements I returned. At midnight I saw the Sun shining in all his glory. I **approached the gods below and the gods above**, and I stood beside them, and I worshiped them.”



Sackcloth canvas. Apollo. Elohim above *and* below. Temple worship. Astral projection. Sounds kind of like astronauts in low space orbit to me. But that's probably none of my business.

What seems likely is that Apuleius is letting us in upon his own intimate experiences. The man who wrote the best surviving glimpse into the Mysteries of Isis undoubtedly underwent a similar immortalization adventure. Spiritual alchemy. In a way, Lucius was his doppelganger. Perhaps it is the Ascended Masters whom he encountered. Astral guides. The Watchers. Divine beings. Sons of Elohiym. Stars in the firmament. Isis incarnate.



Sure, there's creative licensing taken between 'Pinocchio' and 'Ass', but its core spirit remains the same. Like the divine star fairy in Pinocchio, who transformed the puppet into a *real* boy, so too is Lucius granted immortality. Meaning, he has been *born again* into knowledge of the divine nature. He has discovered the elohiym *within*. Even more-so, Isis has granted him power and wealth under the guiding providence of her power. He is no longer a clumsy fool dipping his hands where they don't belong. He is a Wizard in his own rite. He will be wealthy and powerful

beyond any grasp of Pleasure Island's foolish donkeys. He will be a "discoverer" of Science, a mover and shaker of history. And just as importantly, we will know about him, because the world is a stage, and the seed of the serpent has made him a *star* in their Intel script.

Also, Jiminy Cricket receives his gold medal. The conscious has been transformed. Alchemy has done it's intended work.



Conclusion: Elohiym vs. elohiym

Call them Freemasons. Call them whatever you want. The sick psychopaths running our world started out at one time as initiates in the Mysteries. I've been researching the Mystery religions for a multitude of years now, and from everything I've studied and read, the process goes down like *this*:

You enter into a dark cave, ingest DMT, participate in an orgy (all of which is complete with pyrotechnics and wild music), learn hidden truths and unutterable secrets, and then eventually, after you've attained enough discipline and knowledge, thereby rising through the ranks and emerging from some ceremonial shroud or coffin, the god or goddess of your devotion manifests itself before you and assigns you wealth, power, prosperity and influence under the swath of their providence. Like, you become one of those dudes we read about in Illuminati-endorsed history books. **Plato. Isaac Newton. Sigmund Freud. Liberace. Walter Cronkite.**

The gods have gifted us with *planet* earth, including everything contained within *planet* earth, and just about everyone loves them for it. It's why I've also come to learn that Yahuah the Most-High Elohim is unlike every other elohim.

Yahuah brought a people out of physical and spiritual bondage in Egypt, led them into the wilderness, told them to pitch their tents around a mountain, and then descended from heaven in full sight of His congregation. We're talking fire and smoke and trumpets. Nobody had to enter a cave and learn hidden mysteries or "unutterable" truths. Yahuah did all of these things before a host of witnesses, young and old, and then laid out His Law for everyone. And for *every* generation. Even the foreigner.

It's like He said: "Okay, there's going to be some dark days ahead, and the surrounding nations will lie to you and attempt to seduce you into the whore-domes of their worthless mysteries. Prophets will enter your camp and lie to you. And you may not even know what day or hour you're living in. But whatever happens, however dark the hour, just be faithful to *this* Law. That's it. It's your lamp and your light in the gloom of night. The road is narrow, very few will find it, and if you do, it will carry you to the other side."

Torah is our instructions in righteousness. If we love Him, then we'll obey His house rules, because we want to live *with* Him, in *His* house. The Law reflects *who* our heavenly Father is. If we want to be in His assembly, standing in His presence, then the Law we *must* obey. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day.

Really, it's that simple. We *too* can choose the blessing under His providence. We can *also* choose the curse. This comes as part of disobedience. And just about everyone in history, even the very wise and educated, has hated Him for it.

I mean, people *bate* His Law. They absolutely *bate* it. Most people in the Bible hated His Law. The House of Israel neglected it to the point that they no longer knew what His Law actually said. The Pharisees added to it because they hated that His yoke was easy and His burden light. After Yahushua came to show us the way into obedience to His Law, the Christians of Antioch arrived to make acceptable doctrines for *hating* his Law all over again. There's no end to it. This isn't rocket science, people. And on a side note, they're lying to us about that too. Space is one of those worthless mysteries I keep talking about. It derives from the Mysteries of Isis. And it's fake.

If we refuse to listen to or keep His commands, which are eternal and for all generations, then we need to ask ourselves, why do we want to spend an eternity with Yahuah again?

Even Isis grants wishes.