

Michelangelo, *the Divine One*

by Noel Joshua Hadley



SOMETIMES I lay awake in bed at night thinking about **Michelangelo** and wondering how many pecks at the chisel it took before the Roman Catholic Church designated him a Master Builder. I mean, you figure the young apprentice took a crisp bite to the nose, perhaps shaved a little too much off the right nip, and at other times circumcised the penis in whole, before finally getting it right. Marble slabs of stone such as *David* don't form abs like that overnight. Or do they? Given the *official* narrative, you *would* expect imperfection. But we are never shown *that* version of Michelangelo at work. It is only ever *'The Divine One'* who is exhibited.

FYI, his immortality was another part of the thought process. That is, while lying awake in bed one night. I was trying to come up with a proper title—should I go ahead and write this paper. Which I did, obviously. 'Michelangelo, *the Divine One*' isn't an attempt on my part to sound clever. I didn't even come up with the name. It's more of an unanswered question which I hope somebody out there on the motionless plane might attempt to answer. Why *in the world* did Michelangelo's contemporaries call him a *god* among men? And by contemporaries, I mean to say he was known by that during his lifetime. *The Divine One*.

Here's a quote from the boys down at The Intel Department. Most people just know it as Wikipedia.

In his lifetime, Michelangelo was often called *Il Divino* ("the divine one").^[7] His contemporaries often admired his *terribilità*—his ability to instill a sense of awe in viewers of his art. Attempts by subsequent artists to imitate^[8] Michelangelo's impassioned, highly personal style contributed to the rise *Mannerism*, a short-lived style and period in Western art following the High Renaissance.

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See what I mean? You probably didn't believe me, but there it is in print. The RCC decided to skip right over *saint* and grant him *immortal* status, it seems. The same paragraph informs us how subsequent artists were inspired with what Michelangelo could turn out (*via* a chisel driven by his burp or a fart), but the attempts were short-lived. That's just another way of saying very few people *were* afterwards capable of accomplishing his enormous feats. Show me someone who can duplicate Michelangelo's "impassioned, highly personal style" today, and with the tools we are told he was given to work with. Even more importantly, why don't we?



Here's another quote from the *same* article.

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In recap, Michelangelo holds a low opinion of painting and yet devotes the sunset years of his life to the Sistine Chapel. *How adorable.* Now they're just getting snooty. Apparently, painting ceilings was below him. Let's go with *that.*

If Michelangelo's narrative as a *human* is in any way legitimate, then it would only make sense that somewhere in the world there's a graveyard with hideous and disfigured statues, void of all ten toes, a single nose, or the right sized plonker—all needing exhumed. Or perhaps each buttock didn't line up quite right from time to time. All failed attempts by the *rookie* stone cutter. History is simply content attributing Michelangelo to some of the greatest masterpieces of the ~~Millennial Kingdom~~ Renaissance and then leaving us to the illusion. But did Michelangelo ever really exist at all?

Questions like that are just aching for trouble. You will ask me *who* painted the Sistine Chapel, if not for Michelangelo. *Simple.* Somebody painted it and then we are *told* it was Michelangelo. Whether or not somebody painted it with the actual name Michelangelo will never be known. *I checked.* Michelangelo only signed one piece of work. Wouldn't you like to know which one? We'll get to that. For now, you will just have to be content knowing that I'm going with 'The Divine One' for a title and sticking to it. And seeing as how I've listed the current entry under my [Millennial Kingdom + Mud Flood](#) banner, some of you know precisely where my thought process is taking us. Allow me to bring more clarity while still maintaining a level of vagueness. The current paper is a direct follow-up to *this* one.

[Millennial Kingdom + Mud Flood and the Wastelands of the Seraphim](#)

Did you read it yet? Yes, *or* no? If *not*, I'll wait. You'll be sorry you didn't. Or better yet, I'll *assume* you've given it a read and carry onwards, even

though assumption is a troublesome thing. People make snark remarks all the time, thinking they've pulled the curtain so far back as to reveal the peripheral vision that myself and others are offering, when in fact they haven't even taken the time to follow the breadcrumbs which have led us here. And I'm like: "Come at me, bro."

Those of you who *have* read the conveniently linked article may *still* be curious as to the direction I'm taking. If so, then know *this*. The Millennial Kingdom eventually came to an end, *via* decay from within. Satan may have been imprisoned, but man was still given the opportunity to sin. To learn from the unclean spirits in the wastelands and *choose* deception. And just like the decay of civilization today, art always has something to do with it. The man named Michelangelo played his part.

Michelangelo



From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For other uses, see [Michelangelo \(disambiguation\)](#).

Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni (Italian: [ˈmikeˈlandʒelo di ˈlodoˈviːko ˈbuɔnarˈrotːi siˈmoːni]; 6 March 1475 – 18 February 1564), known simply as **Michelangelo** (English: /ˌmaɪkəlˈændʒəloʊ, ˌmɪkˌɹˈɹɪ/), was an Italian sculptor, painter, architect and poet of the High Renaissance born in the Republic of Florence, whose work had a major influence on the development of Western art, particularly in relation to the Renaissance notions of humanism and naturalism. He is often considered a contender for the title of the archetypal Renaissance man, along with his rival and elder contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci.^[2] Given the sheer volume of surviving correspondence, sketches, and reminiscences, Michelangelo is among best-documented artists of the 16th century and several scholars have described Michelangelo as the most accomplished artist of his era.^{[3][4]}

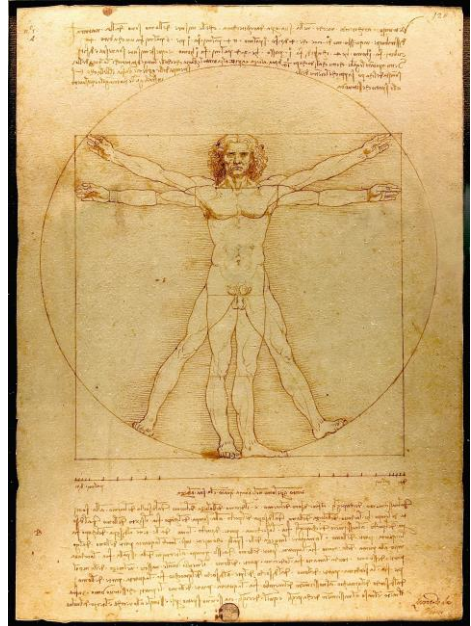
He sculpted two of his best-known works, the *Pietà* and *David*, before the age of thirty. Despite holding a low opinion of painting, he also created two of the most influential frescoes in the history of Western art: the scenes from Genesis on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and *The Last Judgment* on its altar wall. His design of the Laurentian Library pioneered Mannerist architecture.^[5] At the age of 74, he succeeded Antonio da Sangallo the Younger as the architect of St. Peter's Basilica. He transformed the plan so that the western end was finished to his design, as was the dome, with some modification, after his death.

Michelangelo was the first Western artist whose biography was published while he was alive.^[2] In fact, two biographies were published during his lifetime. One of them, by Giorgio Vasari, proposed that Michelangelo's work transcended that of any artist living or dead, and was "supreme in not one art alone but in all three."^[6]

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Before delving too deep into this, I thought it best to document a screenshot from the article which Intel is pushing out. I'll be sure to add others as well. Just in case the boys assigned to my workload read the latest and then decide to move the goalie net. It wouldn't be the first time the typewriter down at Langley pulled something like that off. Then again, seeing as how we're dealing with the same people who sponsor The Mandela Effect, I'm not keeping my hopes up. After all, there are two *or* three Mandela Effects accredited to Michelangelo. 'The Creation of Adam' and the horned statue of Moses are often disputed. If you're one



of those who accredit ‘The Vitruvian Man’ to Michelangelo rather than Leonardo, then there’s your *third*. All three have reportedly changed.

Anyways, the article says, very *first* sentence, that **Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni** was born on **March 6, 1475**. Jump a few paragraphs down and we find a young **13**-year-old Michelangelo working as an apprentice for somebody named **Domenico Ghirlandaio**. Why 13? Because that’s what the Elite love to do. Deliver numbers under our noses. Watch digits fly in one ear and then out the other and then sit around in a back room smoking stogies—laughing about it. But we know better. What comes to mind but the **13** families of the Bavarian Illuminati? Another prominent date involved the Knights Templar hoax on Friday the **13**, **1307**. There are of course the **13** stripes on the United States flag, as well as **13** colonies. Not overlooking my old sparring partner, the **13th** apostle. Lots of 13’s to work with. On closer inspection, even the “M” in his name is the **13th** letter of the alphabet.

To the *trained* eye, his birthday is even more suspicious. **3/6/1475**.... *What in the world?* Do you see what I see? $3+6+75$ adds up to **84**, which screams **Jesuit**. Even his death date should raise antennas. **2/18/1564**. $2+18+64$ equals **84** again, making him **88** years old in total.

Curiouser and curiouser. **88** adds up to **blue blood**, hinting even further at his true identity.

That's technically how the story of his life is introduced to us. Michelangelo is a *paid* child standing under the unpainted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which was also below him. Great things are about to happen. Mind you, Ghirlandaio is just the means by which the *official* narrative has him arriving at our consciousness. It is in the Sistine Chapel where the trade-off happens.

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By the way, stories were being written about him before his death. We are told a biography was never written about an artist before his death, and Michelangelo was successful in two. That's propaganda, right there. Roman propaganda. The best kind. Even assuming biographies were written about him during his lifetime, then we can know for certain that an initiative was underway. People were being lied to.

The year was 1489 when **Lorenzo de' Medici**, de facto ruler of Florence, asked Ghirlandaio for his two greatest pupils. Michelangelo was offered among them.

Wait a second.

Lorenzo de' Medici. As in... **the House of Medici**? I checked. Same house. Now I've just thought of something. These papers, after all, are a working process. So, let's start over again and try this again with a second working title.