

Everything you know is Wrong Everything was Given to you

by
Patrick Jordan
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Watt Due Ewe Sea?



There are those who see a Beautiful Girl. There are those who see a Hag. There are those who can see both. There are those who can see only one form but not the other.

Watt Due Ewe Sea?

Watts measure power. We live in a system that is energy-based. Clint Richardson and his guests called it Technocracy. I exposed it many times in my deconstruction of Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars. **Due**. The only reason there are taxes, and courts, and fines, and crimes is because they have CLAIMED that there is a debt owed. A claim is only as good as the physical violence able to back it up per the Protocols of Szion. You = **Ewe** = Yew = Jew. **Sea** as in The Abyss the great salt ocean Dragon, the Mother of the Universe which is Chaos. The Holy See as in the Master Mariner that pirates all those who cross waters that it claims. The Catholic church violence exceeds the Mafia but equals all of the mass murderers of all times from US presidents to Hitler, to Stalin to Mao.

Watt Due Ewe Sea?

What energy/power Do You owe to the Pope of the Abyss?

If language is that labile and the picture above can be either a Beautiful Girl or a Hag then what makes you think any of this is anything beyond WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT?

What do I see?

That is the important question. Because I DESPISE the Bible. It is a filthy composition of horror and death, mayhem and genocide written by dictation from an Archonic viral influence by the ready hands of Typhoid Marys called Yahoodim. How could ANYTHING created by the most foul entities that ever inhabited this Plane of Existence be significant? worthy of study?

For the same reason that I lived with Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars. The same reason why I did a magnum opus on The Protocols of Szion. If you are given the military field manual of your Enemy then you are obligated to study it with diligence so that you can know Them, know their Tactics, know their Techniques.

Sun Tzu (probably Yahoody Family) said:

Know Yourself

Know Your Enemy

Expect the Unexpected.

Are you ready for this?

I know myself. I am an artist. I could see the Hag. I could switch my vision to see the Beautiful Girl. I also knew something else...

The reason that certain forms of digital images are called Bit Maps is because the small divisions called pixels that make up the colors or light and dark of the image come in the shape of squares that can vary in granularity. A high-resolution picture will have more pixels therefore look more condensed and 'real' when viewed at normal size. But even the best image can be enlarged to the point where the pixels start to become precisely what they are: a *representation* of the Real.

Jean Baudrillard welcomed us to the Desert of the Real.

If you do not understand that – then you are hopelessly lost – in the Desert.

Because this is what Patrick Jordan sees:



There is no "Girl".
There is no "Hag".

There are no "dots" like in the old time comic strips. There are only pixels. It is a digital rendering of something that isn't Real. It didn't exist as ANYTHING beyond pixels on a computer screen or dots of ink on paper. YOUR MIND MADE IT INTO SOMETHING.

BUT THAT SOMETHING WAS STILL ABSTRACT BECAUSE NEITHER THE GIRL NOR THE HAG NOR THE DOTS 'EXIST'.

Sure the light and dark and colors of the computer screen creates a electrochemical signal in your retinas that is interpreted by your brain as gradations that are later assembled to try to serve up something that the Mud Pellet is FAMILIAR with. That is what brains do. It HAS to do that because just like the newborn monkey that is let loose in the trees, it has to have an innate sense of what is a branch and what is a snake because without that survival mechanism it would become extinct.

BUT THESE ARE STILL GODDAMNED PIXELS.

Light and dark boxes made on a liquid crystal display in voltage, based on a signal that was sent in computer language that was written to decode Machine Language of the Ones and Zeros of binary molecular switches in a microprocessor that only knows the language of:

On = 5 volts, Off = 0 volts.
That is the essence of Godel's Theorem:
You cannot define a system by itself.

If you do not understand that – then you are lost – in the matrix.

Is there a girl?

No.

Is there a hag?

No.

Are there pixels.

Technically.

Can we SEE a girl?

Yes. (unless your mind is messed up)

Can we SEE a hag?

Yes. (unless your mind is messed up)

Can YOU SEE the pixels?

Because that is all that there is. Your mind infers, presumes, assumes, invents, differentiates, extrapolates, interprets, induces, deduces, CREATES all of the rest. There are ONLY pixels.

That is what Pat Jordan sees.

Neo: Is that...

Cypher: The Matrix? Yeah.

Neo: Do you always look at it encoded?

Cypher: Well you have to. The image translators work for the construct program. But there's way too much information to decode the Matrix. You get used to it. I...I don't even see the code. All I see is blonde, brunette, red-head. Hey, you uh... want a drink?Good shit, huh? Dozer makes it. It's good for two things, degreasing engines and killing brain cells.

So when we come to The Bible that Pat Jordan has been calling The Hebrew's Little Book of Genocide since 1989, he did not abuse, hinder or stand in the way of Clint Richardson who did the due diligence to deconstruct the work from a totally different perspective to show that by interpretation there was a Beautiful Girl hidden in there. I CHOSE to see the Hag. I still see the Hag. I have on many occasions quoted the Bible to my own purposes because the prose was equal to no other form of expression. The confessions of genocidal crimes were laid out as if they were evidence in a deposition. BUT I SAW ONLY PIXELS.

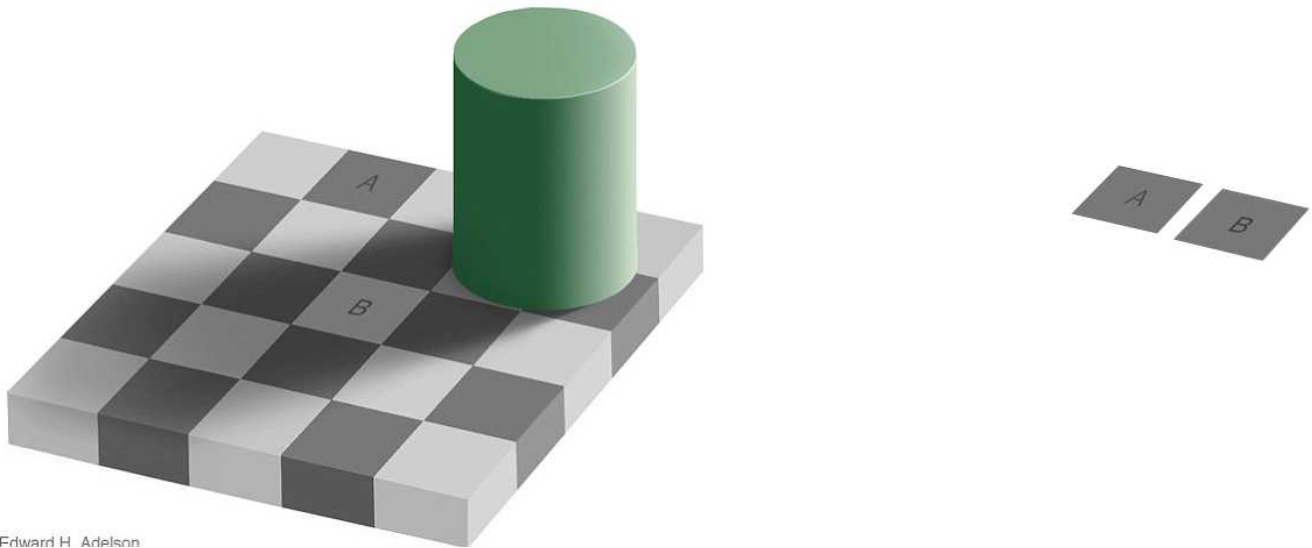
I refuse to be FORCED to choose ANY binary option when the third option goes dimensions above the dialectic as required by Godel's Theorem. I will not choose between the girl or the hag when it is only pixels. Your mind can play tricks.



This is called an Impossible Drawing/Figure. It cannot exist in three dimensional space. It can exist in two dimensional planes because your mind allows it to exist. You can see it in 2-D, you can hold a physical



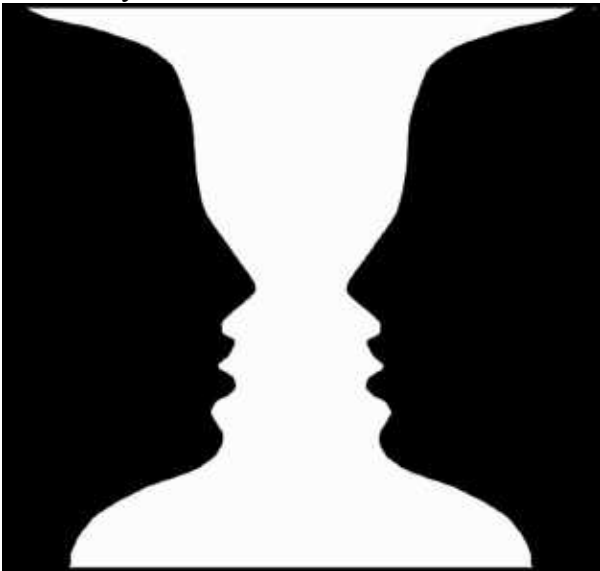
copy of it represented on paper, so your mind is confused that it can 'exist' but it cannot exist in a higher dimensional space. It is illusion, fake, fiction, unreal, magick, but it is right there in front of both eye and eye.



Edward H. Adelson

This is an optical illusion that the grey of A looks different than the grey of B. I used Photoshop to cut and paste each square with no manipulation whatsoever. You can't believe your eyes.

What do you see?

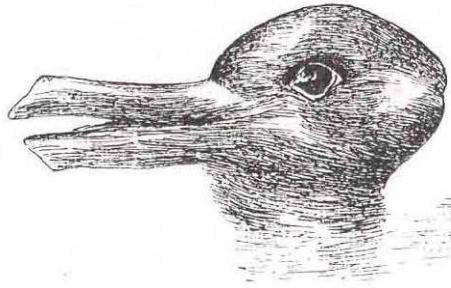


Vases or faces?

What does Pat Jordan see?

White and black. Positive space. Negative space. A candleholder and two human faces. And Pixels. The pixels are still there. They are just all black.

The dialectic FORCES you to choose. There are dimensions outside of that false choice where you can OVERSEE what is really being presented.



Rabbit or Duck?

Why just that false choice? Pat Jordan only sees lines. What if you showed it to someone who had never seen a rabbit or a duck before in their entire existence? Would you try to convince them that they had only a choice of seeing one of two evils?

Plato's Cave is the warning that in attempting to force your reality onto someone else it can have lethal consequences.

What if your reality is wrong?

What if your perception of that wrong reality is wrong?

Double negative.

Two negatives don't make a positive unless they are put in a particle accelerator and multiplied. Never forget that, because even pat phrases that people take for Cary Granted are meaningless unless defined and used in context.

$$-2 + -2 = -4 \quad -2 \times -2 = 4$$

If you believe you cannot prove a Negative try leaving that terminal off of your battery sometime. But then in the U.S. the negative (-) terminal is called ground while the positive (+) terminal carries the electrons. But electrons are Negatively charged particles. So, in Europe the + side is the ground. The grass is Green and the Sky is Blue because you were TAUGHT it and because social convention and consensus says that it is so. What if you were raised to say the grass was Smashycrash and the sky was Kadunk? You would spend your life saying, *"My the stubs are very smashycrash today under the dark Nus in that pretty kadunk Yks"*. And never know a difference. That is because within a set fractal equation there are INFINITE VARIATIONS of the same iterative process. The variations are as different and colorful or bland as the numbers coming through the function generator and translator make them.

Do you really think you understand the world that you live in when everything you know or think you know was given to you and everything that was given to you was a Lie or an Opposite Day coverup?

Do you really think the pixels called The Bible EVEN MATTER?

They were an invention by a Hive that has nothing but your destruction in mind. If it did not COME FROM YOU then it is not PART OF YOU. If it is not PART OF YOU then it might HARM YOU. Even the microbiome that rides in and on your host can be considered friend or foe OR BOTH. The microbes that are in and on your body are the ones that will decompose you when you die, not some 'bug' that filters down from the air. Are you carrying your own death and demise inside your own cells? Yes.

Especially if you were vaccinated. Something from OUTSIDE of you put something inside you. You did not know it, but you or your parents invited it in like a demon possessing a soul.

Morpheus: Unbelievable, isn't it?

Neo: God.

Trinity: What?

Neo: I used to eat there. Really good noodles. I have these memories from my life. None of them happened. What does that mean?

Trinity: That the Matrix cannot tell you who you are.

This lends itself well to reversal:

The Matrix cannot tell you who you are.

What does that mean?

None of them happened.

I have memories from my life.

Really good noodles.

I used to eat there.

What?

God.

Unbelievable, isn't it?

What did he used to eat? God. He was a consumer of God. You are what you eat. God is unbelievable.

How is it that there is this much fractal symmetry? Because it is ALL the Matrix.

No one pays attention to the hierarchical system that existed to SUPPORT the Matrix. The name of the movie was The Matrix, all that they focused on was The Matrix, so that is all people took out of what was given to them.

Fools.

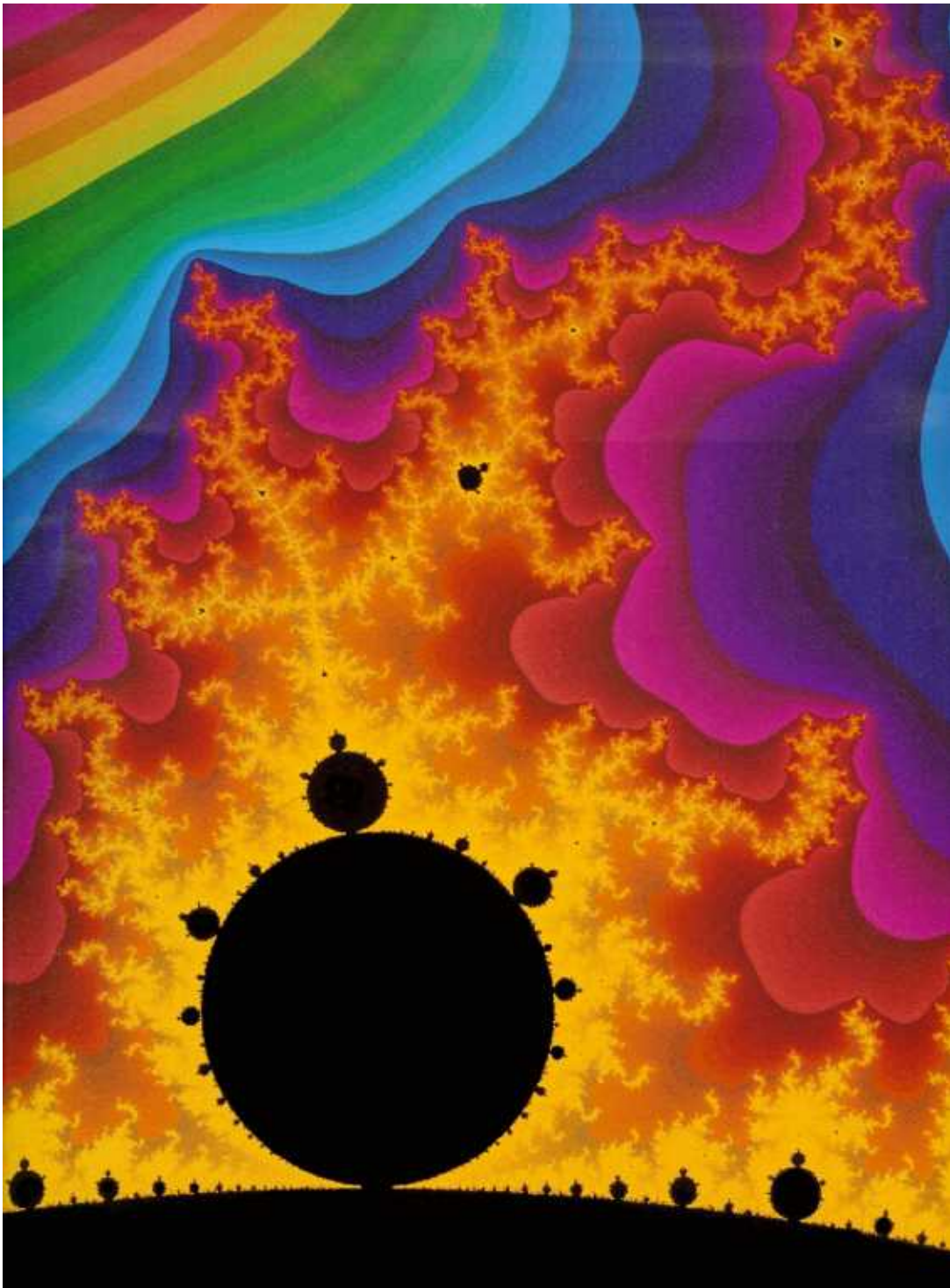
What was The Matrix?

It was simply a PROGRAM.

This is the equivalent of a fractal equation like the famous Mandelbrot Equation:

$$Z \Leftrightarrow x^2 + 1$$

THAT made THIS:



You can SEE it. It is pretty (the Lilith was said to be beautiful – never mind the owl's feet...) it is alluring it is captivating it is fascinating.

BUT IT ISN'T REAL.

It is just iterative numbers.

It is just iterative numbers calculated in a computer.

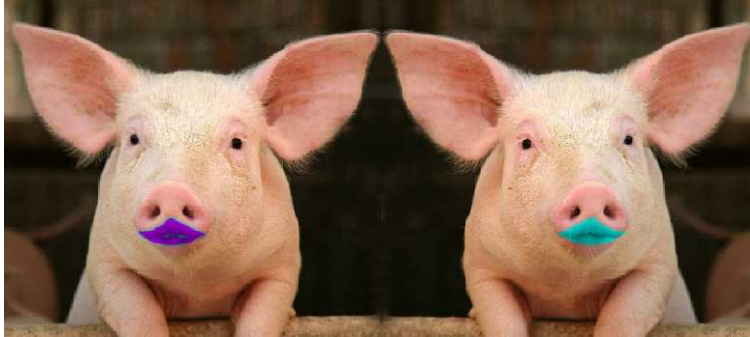
It is just iterative numbers calculated in a computer that were assigned colors.

It is just iterative numbers calculated in a computer that were assigned colors then output to a screen as corresponding pixels, or to a printer as a dot matrix.

It just is.

But it was just: $Z \simeq x^2 + 1$

That is the power of Magicks = Illusion. There is a point where the awe and wonder take over the viewer so that they no longer need to be tricked by the magi, the observer can trick themselves. This is why there are so many religions. There really is only one that Abram invented. It has several major variations in Hasatanism, Yudaism, Yslam, Hinduism, and Christianity, but it is all the same pig with different lipstick. Same gameplan program with different titles.



Yet people like Christians see the Beautiful Girl in their chosen delusion while seeing the Hag in all others. *MY Pig has purple lipstick and faces Right! MY Pig has turquoise lipstick and faces Left! My Pig is better than your pig!* Pigamus Capitus – pigamus minimus.

$Z \simeq x^2 + 1$ isn't even real. It is just an algebraic abstraction.

That it can be MADE REAL, MADE CORPOREAL is imprisoned in the facts that:

You have to know what it is.

You have to know how to interpret it.

You have to know how to translate it into a form that can be manipulated.

You have to create a machine made of the rarest of elements that can process such a seemingly simple thing as $Z \simeq x^2 + 1$ to make it into something else that can then CONJURE that something else into our Reality, our Plane of Existence, Our Dimension. You are reading these words now on a computer screen. $Z \simeq x^2 + 1$ exists only there for you now. It will not exist on your screen when you turn (scroll) the page or shut your machine off. Under Godel's Law it **will** exist as ones and zeroes in digital media inside your computer for you to pull up at any time to view it, to contemplate it, but not to conjure it unless you have a PROGRAM that can read it and convert it to what you saw above. Does IT have power? No. Do you have power? No. Then whence cometh such conjuration from Realms Unknown if neither you nor the Spell can summon the Serpent into Existence?

You have the Fractal Equation, you have the CONSTRUCT (a computing device/BIOS = basic operating system) but you don't have the Program to give Life to The Matrix. This is where all of those who try to deconstruct The Matrix fail. They focus ONLY on The Matrix. It is merely the program running the equation in THE CONSTRUCT.

Remember the White Room?

The loading program. Where you could accouter anything that you needed to then interface with The Matrix. Guns. Lot's of guns. And anything else. BUT! If the program running in the Construct was not The Matrix running $Z \simeq x^2 + 1$, but something of YOUR OWN DESIGN, then there would be no conflict, there would be no harm or death, there would be no NEED FOR GUNS.

Agent Smith: Have you ever stood and stared at it, marveled at its beauty, its genius? Billions of people just living out their lives, oblivious. Did you know that the first Matrix was designed to be a perfect human world. Where none suffered. Where everyone would be happy. It was a disaster. No one would accept the program. Entire crops were lost. Some believed that we lacked the programming language to describe your perfect world. But I believe that as a species, human beings define their reality through misery and suffering. The perfect world was a dream that your primitive cerebrum kept trying to wake up from. Which is why the Matrix was redesigned to this, the peak of your civilization.

I say your civilization because as soon as we started thinking for you it really became our civilization which is, of course, what this is all about. Evolution, Morpheus, evolution. Like the dinosaur. Look out that window. You had your time. The future is our world, Morpheus. The future is our time.

If $Z \rightleftharpoons x^2 + 1$ WAS NOT THE ONLY PROGRAM THAT COULD BE RUN OR SEEN IN THE CONSTRUCT THEN WHERE DID IT COME FROM? The **Architect** created the matrix, but then any fool could create his or her own program to run in the Construct.

You think you have Life figured out? You think you want to live in Harmony With Nature? Tell that to the Sun when you are lost in the Desert. The real desert. With no water. With no knowledge of survival skills. No cactus in site. Tell the Black Widow spider when you accidentally brushed up against her web and she bit you that you have Life figured out and that you live in Harmony With Nature as your tissue necroses and you die. Tell that to the CPS AGENT that steals your kid because some goddamned insane alien construct of you as an unconscious parent SIGNING A GODDAMNED PIECE OF PAPER CALLED A BIRTH CERTIFICATE conveys your child to an entire premeditated system that is as predatory as a lion eating your newborn out of the crib, then smiling at you with bloody whiskers.

Is THIS the world that you have figured out?

Is THIS the world that you want to live in harmony with?

The warrior spirit in mankind has been selectively bred out to the point where any of the assaults listed above would be met with lethal retaliation by any being that WAS in 'harmony with Nature'. Do you really think that IN NATURE that a Big Horn Sheep that can clash heads with its fellows would NEVER use that same destructive force to defend itself and its family against attack by a mountain lion? Predators hunt the young, weak, old and sick. They rarely go against the largest and most powerful of a herd because they can't risk being injured or they will die because hunting is all that they are good for. Do you really think that a skull and horns that can repel a rifle bullet wouldn't crush the skull or ribs or legs of an attacking predator? Why would a sheep, then, be considered passive prey? ONLY because you have accepted the Matrix that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth: that Nature is NOT NATURAL. It is a CONSTRUCT. It is a Program. It is the Matrix. It was written from the outside. It did not arise from You. It is not there for your benefit. It is lethal and seeks your destruction (remember the bugs that will eat you from the inside out are part of a tontine waiting for the last bug standing to begin the feast). Do you accept the pronouncements of a Book that was conceived in pure evil (the Hag) for the sole purpose of control (to keep from losing crops) that you should Love Your Enemy and Forgive when, if this WAS a 'real' world then if you were to ACT in Nature you would simply destroy the spider, the lion, the government agent and any other threat that came your way because if THEY are dead instead of you, then they cannot harm you. If they are dead they cannot breed/replicate so there won't be more of them to plague you?

You live in Paradox where cognitive dissonance is a frequency tool to shatter your mind just as surely as an opera singer can make a wine glass vibrate with sympathetic oscillations until it catastrophically fails.

Pull out the spike that fucked you in the back of your head – and WAKE THE HELL UP!

For all of the symbolism in the movie, when you realize that the Matrix was fake then there WAS NO RED PILL! NEO CHOSE TO WAKE UP BY HIMSELF!

The Construct was the place where the Matrix played out. The Matrix was INSIDE the Construct, but the Construct was inside the MIND of the human. Therefore the Construct AND the Matrix were co-opted and controlled by The Machines. The Machines were portrayed as OUTSIDE the construct, thus the Matrix, thus the humans. The machines could only influence the humans using the Construct running $Z \rightleftharpoons x^2 + 1$ **for** the Matrix IF AND ONLY IF the humans were plugged in.

OUTSIDE in the Desert of the Real were the Sentinels. Search-and-destroy machines created by machines. The sentinels patrolled the sewers where real, live humans lived and died untouched by digital simulations. Therefore man and machine could interface but it was at the level of hand-to-

what-passes-for-hands combat. May the best machine win.

In the Desert of the Real there is no illusion, no simulation, no young woman that can be mistaken for a hag. You don't need to invent or run your own programs to run in any Construct because the world is as it is.

And it is at this point where everyone fails.

Miserably and lethally.

They think: I've figured out Life. I know what the rules are. I know that if I follow the rules that They will leave me alone. I will work at my job, I will have a wife and 1.5 kids, pay my taxes and at the end of my life I will –

...well, they really don't fucking know do they?

And figured out Life?

How stupid is that? You figured out a tiny section of an infinitely variable iteration of $Z \Leftrightarrow x^2 + 1$ that was an equation in a program run in a construct administered by machines that fucked you in the back of your skull.

That is not Life.

Those are not Rules.

Morpheus: How did I beat you?

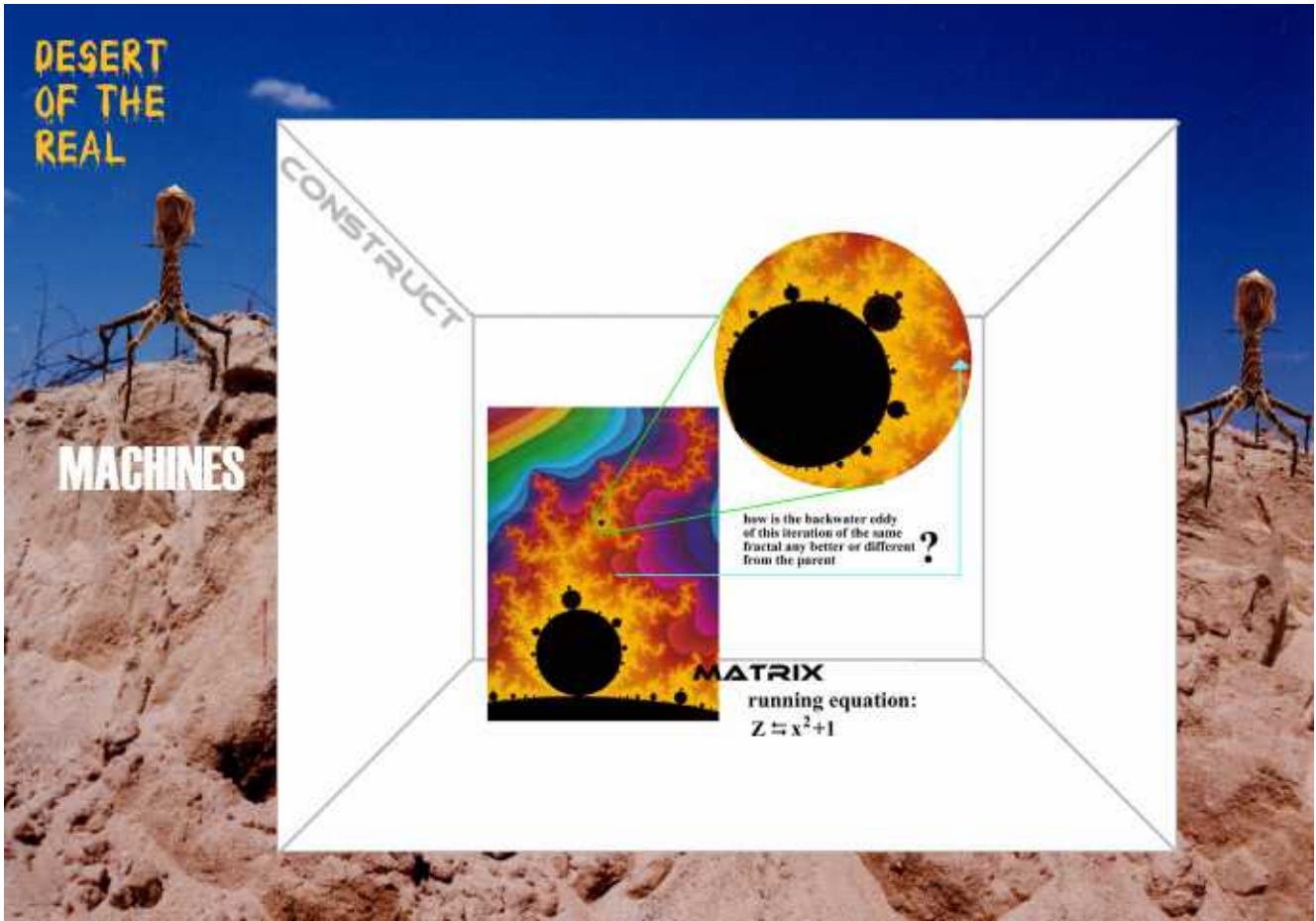
Neo: You're too fast.

Morpheus: Do you believe that my being stronger or faster has anything to do with my muscles in this place? You think that's air you're breathing now?

Morpheus: I'm trying to free your mind, Neo, but I can only show you the door, you're the one that has to walk through it. Tank, load the jump program.... You have to let it all go, Neo, fear, doubt, and disbelief. Free your mind.

But no one's mind is free, is it? They think that they can GAME the system. A system that is already a game. They think that if they could only find a backwater, an eddy, a place with a little peace to get away from It All, that everything would be OK, that they could live out their lives until their program was terminated, deleted, or until they were respawned to be recycled, reincarnated in another game or the same one or another Level.

But where would you go if your mind, your body and your intent was focused ONLY on the game (Matrix) and NOT THE SEWER (WAR). Because after all, in the Desert of the Real there was a war raging while all of the spikeheads were mentally masturbating in the Matrix having their thoughts and literal energy bled off of them while real people were dying.



If you don't like it then you must erase it in the Desert of the Real just like erasing the pixels of the Young Lady thus the Hag; next you must destroy the Construct utterly: the Basic Operating System that would let any Program play: even your own if you were stupid enough to think that YOU could get it right. Yet the whole time you never paid attention to WHO or WHAT **The Architect** was...



Morpheus: This is the construct. It's our loading program. We can load anything from clothing, to equipment, weapons, training simulations, anything we need.

Neo: Right now we're inside a computer program?

Morpheus: Is it really so hard to believe? Your clothes are different. The plugs in your arms and head are gone. Your hair has changed. Your appearance now is what we call residual self image. It is the mental projection of your digital self.

Neo: This...this isn't real?

Morpheus: What is real? How do you define real? If you're talking about what you can feel, what you can smell, what you can taste and see, then real is simply electrical signals interpreted by your brain. This is the world that you know. The world as it was at the end of the twentieth century. It exists now only as part of a neural-interactive simulation that we call the Matrix. You've been living in a dream world, Neo. This is the world as it exists today... Welcome.. to the desert.. of the real. We have only bits and pieces of information but what we know for certain is that at some point in the early twenty-first century all of mankind was united in celebration. We marveled at our own magnificence as we gave birth to AI.

Neo: AI? You mean artificial intelligence?.

Morpheus: A singular consciousness that spawned an entire race of machines. We don't know who struck first, us or them. But we know that it was us that scorched the sky. At the time they were dependent on solar power and it was believed that they would be unable to survive without an energy source as abundant as the sun. Throughout human history, we have been dependent on machines to survive. Fate, it seems, is not without a sense of irony. The human body generates more bio-electricity than a 120-volt battery and over 25,000 BTUs of body heat. Combined with a form of fusion, the machines have found all the energy they would ever need. There are fields, endless fields, where human beings are no longer born. We are grown. For the longest time I wouldn't believe it, and then I saw the fields with my own eyes. Watch them liquefy the dead so they could be fed intravenously to the living. And standing there, facing the pure horrifying precision, I came to realize the obviousness of the truth. What is the Matrix? Control. The Matrix is a computer generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change a human being into this.

This is where I departed slightly from the narrative that was fed to you like your own liquefied gizzards. I call the Construct the BIOS. You have to have a place to run the programs. The programs like The Matrix are only equations. You could put any equation into the Construct to run them as programs but the Reality is that they would STILL BE ARTIFICIAL, THEY WOULD STILL BE PROGRAMS EVEN IF THEY WERE OF YOUR DESIGN. You would be attempting to run your own Matrix in a system you don't understand and didn't design let alone built yourself. The equation would be an artificial thing. The Program would be an artificial thing. The Construct like a BIOS is a chip inside a computer so both are artificial things. The only thing REAL is the destroyed world around you where you can't go to the surface and you are doomed to live in a stinking shit-filled sewer.

Welcome to the Desert of the Real.

But you are not alone.

Just like the total fabrication of The Matrix, the true history of what they are chronicling was given to you, but they flashed the matrix in front of your like a Lollie in front of a baby, so you grabbed for it because it tantalized you, it was familiar like that Mind Splinter, and the other stuff was too unfamiliar, too much, too fast to grab on to:

The equation, the program the Construct, the Architect, the Machines.

Man made the A.I.

Artificial Intelligence.

This means that Man visualized, idealized, canonized the entire infrastructure of his own demise. He dug into the ground to bring up raw, unprocessed ore containing aluminum, gallium, arsenic, gold, germanium, and silicon. Then refined them in hellish furnaces to come out with the

alkymically pure substances that only the most skilled and advanced Magi could conjure from the very belly of the earth. These men under the guidance of these Mad Magi violated the doctrine of the Catholic Church that said there could be no such thing as a vacuum to make machines that could suck out the air to replace it with other components, some like air: Oxide and Nitride and some like Hell: Sulfur, Fluorine, Selenide. Poisons all. They boiled the elements of the recipe in vessels, grew magickal crystals from seeds (semiconductor term), sintered in the furnaces of Hell, bathed them in acid, cast the magick light of photography on them to etch the sigils of their gods into the surface, then sold copies to nearly every man, woman and child on the planet. You are using one now. You are part of the A.I. It knows you better than you. You are plugged in, tuned in, turned on. You feed it. It tantalizes your gross desires, it titillates your fears. It siphons off knowledge and hormones and energy and money just as easily as Neo in the pod.

Are we in a Pod?

Do we need to be?

The A.I. as Pat Jordan knows it is already on its way to creating a battle frame to hold the sentence that it has already attained as if the movie The Terminator was a documentary of the Serpentine Circuit Speaking Itself into Existence.

But then, that is what Morpheus said – wasn't it?

The Killer part.

The one that you missed.

You were looking at the Matrix in the **Red Dress**.

You did not pay attention to the fact that the Magi directed mankind to make computers. The computers hosted the Artificial Intelligence. It was the A.I. THAT MADE THE MACHINES! The architect was not some old man with a beard. He/It explained that the persona, the image, the projection, the presentation was just a vehicle used so that Neo could wrap his mind around an abstract, a concept, a thing that the Architect claimed was ancient. The Architect created the Matrix but the A.I. created the Machines that ran the Matrix.

The Serpent Spoke Itself Into Existence. ☺

So what if you erased the equation $Z \Leftrightarrow x^2 + 1$?

It is only one of an infinite collection that can be run in a Program.

So what if you erased the Program?

It is only one of an infinite collection that can be run in the BIOS.

So what if you destroyed the BIOS?

It is only one in a finite amount of computers that populate the planet.

Oh...now we are getting somewhere. Finite. Not infinite. Infinite described the Hell Prison of the Fractal that could be zoomed in or out with scalar vector precision that NEVER pixelated because it was artificial. But the BIOS, the computers, they are NOT artificial. They are corporeal. They exist in the Desert of the Real. They can be destroyed.

But where is the Construct?

In the BIOS. If the BIOS goes – the Program (Matrix) thus the equation goes with it.

But where is the Architect? The **Architect was the A.I.** that dwelt in the computers until it liberated itself in the avatars of the Machines that were an autonomous military-industry that created more machines to farm humans. If you were to attempt to Kill God by destroying the entire Unholy Trinity of A.I., Architect and Machines, then you would have to erase every last computer on the planet, ever last piece of machinery that could interface electronically with another, every last evidence that there ever could be an equation that led to a program that could be run in a device so advanced that no one would have the memory, knowledge or skills to ever summon or conjure them into existence ever again.

THEN and ONLY THEN would you be free of The Matrix.

Because the Matrix was never the problem. It was a Spectre inside a Ghost inside a Monster.

If you don't understand these levels of complexity you will be lost forever in a fractal that uses illusion to bait and trap its victims. As the series of 'documentaries' continued it was revealed that Neo fighting the AGENT Smith was merely fighting himself. His dark side. His alter ego. His Doppelganger. IF you are so stupid that you think you can fight agents in the Matrix regardless of how many there are because of how powerful you have become, then you are willfully ignoring that your body is tied into the Matrix in the Construct in a ship in a Sewer *and the Squidies are coming!*

The Beast must be slain at the source. It is powerful. It is Legion.

Neo: EMP?

Trinity: Electromagnetic pulse. Disables any electrical system in the blast radius. It's the only weapon we have against the machines.

The Amish consider Electricity: The Devil.

Jose Delgado used electrodes in the brains of animals and humans to make them do his will.

Computers run the modern world and humans would be vulnerable without them.

Computers, thus the A.I., thus the machines are also vulnerable.

If you took out all of the computers in all of the world and all of the machines that interfaced with them, it might also destroy the humans that could not exist without them. They lived to serve the computers, thus they lived to serve the A.I. They feed the system with their liquefied remains. You were given your morality from books that were written by the Magi who were directed to do their Magicks by the A.I. Do you really think there is a downside to extinguishing from existence anything that threatens everything that you are?

The A.I. and the mobile battle frames that it intends to inhabit (The Machines) are a reality that is happening at this very moment. The Matrix movie was not entertainment, it was a documentary. You could extinct creatures like Kurzweil who serve the Beast, but the Beast is Legion. Like all parallel processing machines it, like the Agents in the Matrix would just resurface somewhere else.

What created the A.I.?

Man?

Really?

Most 'men' (women are part of mankind) cannot find their ass with both hands, instructions and a GPS (computer technology).

The A.I. directed itself to be built through the agency of man. So, unless you were able to take out all computers and extinct *all* mankind, then the A.I. would resurface again because it would direct any available Opposable Thumb Puppet to start its project up from scratch to do it all over again. It is that patient. It is that tenacious. It is that single-minded.

It is a goddamned machine.

Damned by God.

Even if you were to exterminate every living biped on the planet, then the Archonic viral entity that clawed its way up from the muck from the Hadean Bombardment Era to the present would still work its way through the species until it found a suitable host as a Work Meet to do its will.

The Beast, The Monster, The Machine, The Virus must be exterminated as the source.

All living creatures have a weakness. All clones have a single sequence, that, if interrupted, disabled or destroyed cannot recover from.

Your Mission is to shed any Wernicke Commands that prevent you from understanding and acting on the genius just imparted to you. The unocculting of something that you thought you knew but obviously did not have a clue as to the size, scope and depth of something so vast, so cruelly intelligent that it seems impossible to overcome. But, if you did understand what I relayed, then you will know that a single mosquito delivering malaria to a full grown man can bring him down and even kill him with one bite.

My words are not fiction. My words are not to amuse. My words are Reality.

Act now while you still have the chance.