

Hello Martin.

We're at 61 pages today (plus gobs of notes), -it's Sunday, September 13th and it was a beautiful morning. I've decided on some preambles before we get started.

This is what we'll call an integration. An integration integrates the past into the present, which is sort of surprising me as per the volume involved. (Nobody's expecting to mention that they listened to **Reflektor** and David Bowie for the first time in years and have it produce a rabbit hole of 16 pages....) -Serious stuff ahead. It's an integration for the sake of an integration, documenting my integration as a sort of personal experiment, -because I'm hopeful doing so might signify yours. I don't know if I'm wrong or right about this, so consider it what it is, just a personal experiment about my assumptions and what I've believed about you for 27 years. This is the only way to find out if I'm right or not, that our common interior spiritual experience at certain thresholds linked. If I'm right about that, then explaining the last episode to you will prove integrative, because you'll recognize it as having something in common with your own recent interior experience. So I'm relating the epiphany that happened to me July-October in the interest of that, because it involved you directly. Of course in order to explain all this, because it involved you, I have to explain how this developed over 27 years, or, how it took 27 years to arrive at this conclusion. For me you were the last integral participant what happened; (-since 2000 I've regarded you as the one closest to me, (in the abstract spiritual universal sense, which is a little hard to explain but will be obvious by the end of the writ), and it remained that way to the end). What I'm trying to find out is if this is in any way integral for you the way it is for me, or just what it is, period. Because to me your placement in all that happened was essential, and has the potential to mean a lot. This writ is intended as your integration, not mine (nevermind it's chicken or egg; -I am telling you mine, for your sake (because (I hope) this revelation will in turn work as your own integration), but it's how you in turn reintegrate that revelation in terms of me that I'm interested in, and vice versa.

Now I wasn't spoofing about the book notion and the offer of Chapters, -but I sat down with the thought of this being a Chapter (your Chapter; -I've done this before with another artist (Billy Corgan) in 2008, but with what I thought was the last Chapter then, as opposed to potentially the first), -turn out it definitely isn't a chapter. As I know this'll be well past 100 pages by the time it's done, I do not have the time needed to provide you with a condensed 1st Chapter, (which presents me the massive wrangle of what is fit for public consumption). Anyway not yet. This is overboard already. You're getting the unabridged version, from which I will try to condense an abridged version that might somehow be of interest for public consumption, that is comparatively tame. -There is simply loads of contextualization going on here that wouldn't appear in a Chapter 1. I will begin with a real Chapter 1 though if turns out you're interested, meaning, if official channels express an interest, -otherwise I'm flying solo. However it's pretty laughably to think you can get 100 or so pages down to size even if you're lopping all that context off the top. It's a good exercise if you're thinking of reworking the book backwards, which is about all I think readers could stand. (Anyway I tried highlighting those possible segments in orange to track them down.) Actually I don't know how I can possibly do this. I'm far too private to to turn the end into entertainment.

This is in fact a personal experiment between me and you (outcomes of which are likely determining in whether I think a book is tenable or not, in terms of you). This is the nature of the experiment, which is the exact same experiment I performed in a public uneditable filed with Billy Corgan exactly 20 years ago (which convinced him). The reason I'm conveying my personal epiphany to you in the consideration that you're somehow involved in it is because this has

been going on with me personally in an existing feedback with music artists since I was 21 years old, which is the majority of my life. (I'm 10 years younger than you.) Both Bono and Billy have known about me for 20 years, but both deliberately maintained it as a secret, which meant I couldn't really demonstrate the existing circumstance to anyone else I regarded as potentially involved. Epiphanies like this last one are 20 years rare, and I feel assured it is the last one, meaning it's the last chance I have. This last one is going to give me the same chance and opportunity with you that I had with Billy Corgan 20 years ago. So I have to deliver this to you on time, before any of the artists I consider linked chime in, (inadvertently or deliberately), in the universal musical feedback. That is the only potential avenue for demonstrating that my internal perception is not just my internal perception, and is in fact real. That is the experiment I have engaged you in by writing to you at this moment. You're going to witness what I've already described to you personally recurring in the universal music feedback, and be left with (as I have been for 27 years) the head scratcher of how and why that can possibly be happening?! (Which doesn't presume you're going to care about it.) Nick Cave gave me [quite the deadline](#) to beat (where he at least was concerned) in terms of best intercepting the musical feedback loop (December 4th). (Billy on the other hand (comparatively) [is taking his time](#); (-that's like a creative hurricane taking its time right now), which for me is good, as he already knows about me (he's the only one I ever proved this was happening to); -therefore he is my strongest potential point of proof.) Lastly, in the interest of completing the experiment, -instead of mailing you about it, I'm going to post the "results", (-meaning various music output), along with analysis of how it correlates to what I wrote [using this html page](#). I'll start with L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S. if it proves fruitful. I've a feeling it will.

Anyways, at this count you are not being given a Chapter. You're getting a book. -Cheers!

-Except that it's the blue-est letter that I've ever written, in that it swears a lot. You can ask. I didn't (hardly) swear.

To get through the unpacking it's going to take to get to you (I don't think you can skip it, but you can try the last first, then process), but to give you an idea of how much has to be dealt with before I get to what just happened "with" you (in terms of your music) this past July (in case you want to skip it), let's just give you a page number. That at least calibrates your expectations somewhat.

There are almost too many rabbit holes in it now to isolate where I planned to start Chapter 1, but it was more or less with a bad trip. -Go figure.

Dear Martin,

I'm the woman you've had in your head for 27 years whom you've never met, who's a stranger face to face. You've never even known what I looked like.

Unless that is an acceptable premise to you, meaning something you consider potentially possible, spare yourself the waste of time; -you might as well stop reading now. But if it is something you are self-aware of, let's just say it takes about this long to establish such things are possible, and this missive is a first foray into how I dedicated myself to proving such things were possible.

I owe you an explanation. There has never been one between two people that was more important than this one.

Everything I say in explanation is going to sound just as unbelievable as that first opening sentence, -which is why I have an existing pre-published book to back it all up. The book ends in 2007. So. This is going to confess what happened in the interim to the present which forced me to stop the book at that point in time. (It will be obvious why I did. Let's just have out with it: I knew there were going to be songs like "Moment of Surrender" and "Magnificent" on the next U2 album because of what had happened (in the book) with "Window in the Skies", -and I knew I didn't want to ever explain them.) After 2007 it got personal enough that it was literally no one's business. And let's just say before I begin with the sordid details I'm sorry to do this.

This all started for me at U2's ZOOTOV concert November 1992. I was on acid when I wasn't supposed to be. My father disapproved of doing acid unless it was a sacred context where the setting was completely under one's control, but he allowed some of us to try it anyway. I was 21 years old. From that age onwards I've been forced to internalize everything that happened from that threshold as a secret because 1), there was no proof of it and I would be labeled crazy (thanks to my insane father) or, even better, 2) if I did manage to prove it my father would have concluded I was in bed with the anti-christ or something damnably equivalent (he did damn me the instant it all got brought back in 1998), -and I felt pretty sure if he found it had any credence, he would conclude it was his mission from God to kill me. For real. I was trapped inside a family who were either fully assimilated, just pawns he could mobilize against me at will or, if they managed to escape as I had, would just label me crazy like he was. They would assume I lost my mind because he'd done enough to me to make just about anyone lose their mind; -they're all damaged. There was no hope of escape from how my family would judge the situation, -apart from incontrovertible proof. (If I wan't to know that I'll never have a hope of ever being believed, all I have to do is open up too much to my mother.) I've never had that. Not because it wasn't real, but because no one who wasn't my family who was potentially involved (so far) cared enough about my own existing circumstances to care what my situation was, -let alone whether or not my situation harmed me or whether or not I survived it. Not enough to rectify it anyway.

That was the circumstance that forced me to use my soul as a sort of litmus test in the beginning back in 1995.

Just in case you thought anything was easy. But in 1993 it seemed you were more in touch with just how dire everything was than just about anyone.

This is the last bit of background I wanted to start with and I have my doubts. I actually wanted to start in the present but then felt I had to start with what I thought happened at the concert in a nutshell. I thought Bono was using just about the most massive biblical arch-type as interactive performance art there is, namely the Bridegroom and the Bride. The Bride is a universal construct, meaning it is actually many people, namely it is everyone in the Church. Granted this was me trying to put something interpretative on what happened so I could possibly grasp it after the fact, -after it had already taken place. I naturally did this in accordance with my religious upbringing. (My father had been the minister of our since disbanded church.) If you are aware of the Christian religious arch-type, feel involved in this in real time and it is literal to you, you have an understanding that Bono is trying to unleash a dynamic that is love, -that has a potential to capture potentially anyone. This means it was something I assimilated and then attempted to feel out past the stadium to potentially anyone, -and then felt back to the originator, which unleashed it inside the stadium. It was so unifying I thought of it in terms of a marriage happening in real time. My actual thought was, "This is it. This is the beginning of the Rapture." For me it was just transmitting love as a state of being that was felt as such.

-Or I was just totally deluded on an acid trip. Or I was just masking something far more primal and basic. The ZOOTOV set had Bono bringing one woman up on stage as formula every night presenting her with a bottle of champagne for "Trying to Throw Your Arms Around the World". At the Vancouver BC concert he went out into the audience several rows without any protection and wasn't mobbed to pieces. He was given a berth. He brought three women up on stage at different intervals, not one. He slow danced the second. He laid the third one out on the promenade center floor and physically mounted her while he sang the "Hallelujah" chorus that ended "Running to Stand Still".

It mattered not a whit who the individual women happened to be, it was representative of what was happening universally. What was happening to me was so unifying I wasn't surprised by what he did at all. What was actually felt on the interior made his actions purely symbolic; -he reached for the only human thing he had to reach for to represent what was actually happening. It was consummation as a religious act, and for me it was "you, ourself, and I" - "Everlasting Love" (1987).

It was after that the symbolism he'd already inbuilt into the album, **Achtung Baby**, dawned on me and I knew to my core I was really in trouble. There was no one else out there musically with enough Biblical depth to have done that, but Bono had enough. There was zero way he could have foreseen that latching onto someone's existing circumstance anywhere on the planet (how's them odds), but that was exactly what it did with me. I suppose you're just going to have to read my book to find out. The fact that his religious symbolism had the potential to conjunct with my actual existing circumstance had zero to do with me. It was my father's messianic complex it latched onto. Bono's symbolism, -if it had an actual conjunction with my existing circumstance (and of course who would have any idea in the beginning if this was so or not) -explicitly rejected my father (part of whose symbolism Biblically was the Sun, as in "Sun of Malachi"), and chose the "moon", who was obviously female, -with him first using the Moon symbolism with "Mysterious Ways" to connote a feminine Holy Spirit. After the concert I concluded that his "moon" was potentially human. He'd been looking for what had already just happened with me. Physically that realization collapsed me on the carpet.

That for me was when the sheer terror of the Pandora's Box that had just been cracked open began, because it really did happen universally as I'd expected, and by that I mean the symbolism blew up and became the subject matter of many other songwriters, to the point where I felt about 70% of the alternative music radio station I listened to in the late 1990's was just reflecting back at me all the time, like a giant universal psychic funhouse mirror. There were over 60 artists by then who had hit upon it one way or another, but this could just be a song or two.

Bono did react artistically as if it had just happened in 1992; -the very next song/video he produced amounted to "[step out of the hall and] come lie [in the room] with me" ("In the Name of the Father"). The next thing he did after that with his moon symbolism was affirm on the one hand he'd indubitably meant a feminine Holy Spirit ("The First Time"), -and on the other hand he split the symbolism and began humanizing it ("Lemon" -> "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill me" -> "If You Wear that Velvet Dress"). From that moment going forward, it had a finite object. After our stadium encounter (of sorts), the symbolism isolated my removed existing circumstance in the world with excruciating exactitude. It followed me in real time all the time in an artistic feedback loop. It related in terms of it having a pre-existing context between him and me. When I severed the bond, it was broken. When I disappeared, it disappeared. When I got resurrected, it all resurrected. (I did not do this as an experiment. Whatever plane this existed on, my father destroyed me there. Or he would have. Autonomous entity that I am, I didn't permit him the privilege. I committed existential suicide of a sort. I abnegated myself and gave myself up to God, by having the faith that if God so deemed, it and I would be brought back.

(As someone put it later, instead of a fall, I deliberately jumped.) It was this that gave me the latitude to come back.)

The reason I'm telling you the beginning is because I need to throw into relief the existent difference of the beginning connection I felt and saw with you as soon as this began, which made itself apparent nigh instantaneously with ***Songs of Faith and Devotion*** March 1993. I felt certain before it was released that it was going to be you; - you would be the first. You were the beginning.

What I'm putting into relief is that the beginning for me was not an intangible event. It happened in specific moment in a specific place with a specific person who was deliberately using a specific conjunction of religious symbolism he then gradually associated with my existing physical self and existing physical real environment using both personal and environmental attributes, -all the time. Furthermore, he stated, point blank, that he'd been ordained to marry [me, which was a big giant "if"] by God ("Luminous Times" lyric, 1987 -the official site has changed the tense; -there are some subtle errors there on rare tracks based on the transcriber's preconceptions of what the lyrics should be). Bono may have used religious symbolism, but in my live circumstance that symbolism was real. Everything he delineated about me was real from the very beginning. And it had a command from God. That was why I trusted it.

There is of course a problem with this process, and that is whether it turns out to be merely objectification. But it also gives one tangibles in reality that one can trust, which for me was the only thing that even made this enter the realm of being a potential possibility inside my own mind. It also meant that from the moment it began I was bound not just by the scale and magnitude of what he appeared to have done, I was faced with what appeared to be Divine imperative of equal magnitude and scale that couldn't be broken, that appeared far more vast than just two people.

Ironically the real reason I believed it could be far more vast than just two people essentially boiled down to your appearance at the very beginning with "I Feel You" and "Rush" on an album that "just happened" to latch into several signifiers, my existing circumstance included. (It also scared me more than even the beginning managed to do; -you scared me more than anyone. Anyone who is probably unaware he's emulating Rasputin's theology, which literally took out the Tsar, is just trouble. Anyone who sounds like they'd choose damnation to have you is even worse. Soul litmus tests are not fun pastimes.)

You were my intangible. It was you who first let me know it was possible what had happened in the stadium had gone past the stadium, my litmus that what had happened had possibly transmitted universally. But you were relating purely in terms of a state of being or what was felt on the inside, and that purely in a transcendent realm that was intangible. It was always "you", no attributes. Establishing that is an existent reality you can assuredly assume exists is tantamount to impossible. It's like trying to catch air and trusting infallibly it won't let you fall. The only signifier it has is timing, (which this is going to show). It is only provable based on its being mutually participatory and the weight of existent conviction in each person who is party to it. In terms of a cognizant understanding and conviction and self-perception, this has to be pretty much total to even be able to accept it. In other words, it is inherently unprovable. It is based on where your preconceptions exist respectively in your own minds, which is practically untranslatable anywhere else. It either exists of the interior, which will somehow let you know and be able to accept this from a complete stranger, or it doesn't. In other words, it was only the other realms this possessed that were going to furnish anything that might possibly remotely work as a method of possible proof. If you were trying for something universal, you were obliged to those avenues. And if you were ever going to approach that stranger and actually have the audacity to say, "you've never met me in person but I'm the woman you have in your head

who you've had a connection with for 27 years" with utter certainty, then trust me, I for one was going to have the capacity to back my assertion up. It is the only fair thing to do, for me and for you.

The beginning also furnished the conundrum from the very outset that I was caught inside a relational triangle and like a triangle, it was integral. Like a triangle, it did not exist unless you had two lines connecting at the top axis, each meeting and supporting the other (assuming the base is on a plane). For me, the beginning circumstance was, perceptively, integral and inseparable. It never would have begun without him. It never would have been universal without you. But what that meant from my own perspective (rationally and logically) was, if the situation and existing circumstance with Bono did not somehow prove itself to be an existing reality, I lost everything, starting with you.

Before I begin this writ where I want to, which is with the present, I am going to touch upon 1997/'98. The first time I got resurrected was by Nick Cave in October 1998, the moment I encountered **The Boatman's Call**. After that stage I felt there were four of you at my core, namely Bono, you, Nick Cave, and Billy Corgan, and believe me when I say I really did not know what to do about it. -Which is not quite true in the sense that I acted concretely the moment I thought I was possibly supposed to, at the points I thought to be of highest incidence or relevance. You know, at the threshold where I wasn't threatened by the threat anymore (though I was of course being threatened) that we were all eternally damned. I contacted all three men in person in pretty short order in person, Bono and Nick Cave in August 1999, and Billy Corgan in 2000, face to face hand to hand with letters. Corgan's I did not get to hand off hand to hand, but that got rectified.

The encounter with Bono took 18 years to play out to a conclusion. The encounter with Billy took 18 years. The encounter with Nick Cave took 19. This took place solely in terms of the music they produced, and they happened in order, Bono's was **Songs of Experience** and "Book of Your Heart" in 2017, Billy's was "Marchin' On" in 2018 on **Shiny and Oh So Bright Vol. 1**, and Nick Cave resurrected me a second time in 2019 with **Ghosteen**. Basically the encounter with him in 1999 permitted me some conclusions about this happening a second time, because it was conclusive Cave didn't have a clue about me being an existing person in the real world, even though **The Boatman's Call** was so personally intimate and basically was, "show up at my door and fall into my arms", -no if's, maybe's or but's. Apparently, Nick Cave does what he does fully inspirationally. I know this because when I approached him 20 years ago, he was the only one kind enough to write a letter back to me, -to inform me that I was completely delusional. I did use his question field on Red Hand Files to attempt to update him on the matter. My question was, "[Why do you think there is so much appertaining detail that ties in between your latest album and my pre-published book?](#)" (I first wrote to him October 27th.)

I was in the throes of something far more complicated before I encountered Cave in the real world 1999; -I'd already intuited that whatever was happening with Cave, he was probably wholly Inspired, and didn't know I existed as a possible object to elements of his work. In the meantime I'd attempted to propose to someone solely through my mind (Billy Corgan -this was basic, as in at the level of choosing to be with). The book tracks how that progressed until Billy decided to come down the mountain and greet me, (if virtually), -in person and musically proposed to me back (2007). Where Bono and Billy are concerned, both have integrated the encounter inspirationally by integrating me, meaning they recognized me and assimilated me as object in their work. But they weren't prepared to talk about it or acknowledge me in the real world. That in turn put me at an impasse where I could not get published about it. Because of how close these two were to me I saw no way of going past either of them, because without some sort of foundation the premise simply would not exist. In the end they supplied just bare-

ly enough, -meaning enough, just barely, that hopefully it will be enough, with your pre-existing conviction I now feel certain exists, to see.

Nick Cave turned out to be another aspect entirely. What he did was an intervention of sorts where he stepped in with one album (**Ghosteen**), and turned what both other men declined (or rendered completely invisible deliberately), -something that took 9 years to not happen (with Billy), and 17 years to happen (while it paradoxically disappeared at the same time), -with Bono, into a one album moment of consummation where Nick apparently assumed all of it.

I didn't find out I could not get published until the week I heard **Ghosteen**, which was on a Sunday (October 4, 2019). I finally went to a writer's workshop because it allowed me to speak to an agent for the first time. I was told by the agent that even though Bono and Billy have both written songs about it, -meaning, Bono has written about reading my book and confirmed what's in it, whereas Billy has declared fealty to what's in it in terms of how I challenged him online by asking, "Who will be my witness?"; -even though those things have happened and all three tie in, in depth, to the book's pre-existing (pre-self-published) content, written legal assent from both parties would be needed to demonstrate that to a publisher and furthermore, even if there's no lyric citation in the book, just song titles, a publisher would be too afraid to touch it (a problem since there's 100s of songs from a plentitude of albums from so many artists). She told me the only avenue was to fictionalize all of it and write my own lyrics (that sounds deserved). Fair enough, I guess; -the situation with Bono forces me to fictionalize it anyhow. If he had wanted it differently, he'd have done differently. He's had 20 years to do so. But for me the whole point was that all of it was real. (Wouldn't it be fun to collaborate if you made a second "fake" set without need for permissions-? And I can write Bono out of the narrative completely, which is just karma besides being what he wants.)

What happened with **Ghosteen** meant that everything that had happened didn't simply disappear, -it got brought back. -The book did not disappear either. It had been part of the process enough to be written about by Bono and had multiple linkages to **Ghosteen**. -I had been forced into the conclusion that the book couldn't be produced (that publishers wouldn't touch it was the two punch in a one, two; -combined with the situation that my ex became far too threatening for me to dare to self-publish the moment I got my copyright), -in combination with the fact that Bono hid what he'd done in plain sight utterly and completely (which put me at complete risk)). So the book was buried and so was I. I didn't know what to do. Depeche Mode produced "Should be Higher" when the book was finished. There was a big delay submitting for copyright because I finished with a ginormous essay I included in the copyright submission (it was hyper-linked into the footnotes, but had no bearing on the book), which put my copyright submission out to April 1st 2014. I was already derailed by then about whether there was even any reason left to go forward with the book; -that was due to how pointless it would be if there was a complete lack of evidence. Four different songwriters I consider collectively involved in this have written about there being a book: David Bowie (what he did [had far bigger implications](#)), DM, Red Hot Chili Peppers ([sorta](#)), and [Michael Stipe](#).

-When I submitted my question to Nick Cave I gave him full warning of what I thought my book had the potential to do, the least of which is the capacity [to clear the existent pope of the charges being leveled at him by his European cardinals that he is guilty of heresy](#). -Needless to say, Nick didn't answer. (Actually I told him that since he answered a question from me 20 years ago he was effectively off the hook on this one. He just performed a livestream on your birthday. I don't think [he misses the sky](#).) There were some of elements in fan questions he chose to answer that made me wonder if he'd read my missive, -especially [this one](#). (My letters on this subject easily average over 18 pages. His was more like 30, sent on three Sundays over three weeks in three sections.)

"But a word of caution, if you steal an idea and demean or diminish it, you are committing a dire crime for which you will pay a terrible price – whatever talents you may have will, in time, abandon you. If you steal, you must honour the action, further the idea, or be damned."

-Then came his post of [Issue #96 May 2020](#), where he was fully truthful about "Night Train" by plucking the inspirational train of thought origin for its key lyric, which he declared he'd have ascribed on his tombstone. He confided that when he wrote it, he'd had the intuition it had yet to arrive at its transcendental meaning. Having recently supplied him with what amounted to perhaps the ultimate transcendent meaning it could have ever possibly arrived at; it did beg the question of whether the response had a veiled intention personally. I accepted it was the nicest possible response (if it was one), that he could have possibly made, which is how it was absorbed. The calibration of the internal reaction in terms of all the interior levers it triggered, those moments in time where the songs were first known, which is practically ingrained in my being, was insane. This was on top of **Ghsteen** itself, which in its own way was infinitely worse. Never has there been an album that made me put my hand to my mouth in awe multiple times. Hand in awe moments are 20 years rare.

-These days I need those veiled intentions that are personally dealing with me in the real world. The reason I need those is because the only way I could have been brought back in 2007 was that Billy did this deliberately by using the content of the couriers I'd sent to (both) his residence(s)). He brought me back by actively engaging my real person in the real world personally and deliberately. Nothing has happened in terms of the collective awareness (and by that I mean it has never grown spiritually or broadened into itself) since I addressed Billy about it by taking over his online Meaning of Machina contest in 2000. -In 2000, Billy got informed that the inspirational vacuum I was going to delineate for him gratis was not a vacuum at all, was universal and implied the existence of a Feminine Holy Spirit. -There has been no progression since then, unless it is by engaging me personally in the real world. Well, with one exception. Even that one, Bono bound it in the end to me personally in 2017, -by using my book draft's elements I'd delivered to him personally in 2011 in the exact same manner Billy used my courier elements in **Zeitgeist**, -which Billy did in order to resurrect me a second time.

-Which is why the "[Heavy Metal Machine](#)" AOL live performance, where the song was an unrecognizable incarnation, had the newly added phrase "resurrection machine", the "white horse" (OMGYES), "sometimes you just need some Glass, to make you relax", and a seriously deviated "Alice": "*some pills make you larger, others make you sick, and the ones that [M]other gives you, they make you filthy rich*". (-If we were to examine the net worth banked on this network of connective, collective inspiration no one knows is there, it's a fortune.) It was a wall of sound that bore very little resemblance to Surrealistic Pillow's "White Rabbit", despite it being the cover. The "heavy metal machine" was him and me. (The book ends on the full explanation for **Zeitgeist** (07/07/07). It initiated our secret online two-year interaction in the real world, which he broke October-December 2009 (though this really happened in August). It was his choice to break my heart to infinity.

The current book ends when Billy descends virtually in 2007 because the point is that it happened at all. Billy was given a choice, and after a two year virtual tête à tête he maintained in secret (with my consent, because this began not long after I'd filed for divorce and it took exactly two years and nine months to obtain both my divorce and my green card, December 2009), - he chose to break it and walk away with no one the wiser.

Cave's **Ghosteen** is the third time my broader awareness has been involuntarily resurrected after I expected it would never come back ever. Nick Cave also used Issue #96 to mention BadSeedTV. It was the first time I saw you speaking in too many years to count. -Beautiful human. It was the first time I was even able to listen to the music since 2013, and the 2009 betrayal before that. -And it all resonated. And once again in too long to count, the chaos in the real world began to resonate in real time. And it was for the silliest simplistic of all reasons (Cave's tombstone improbably being a personally intended reply), though chaos keeps its own reasons to itself. Chaos began its ordering on May 15th when I was able to put on BadSeedTV, -simply listen for the first time in so long. It put me through the ceiling, only to put me through the floor the following day on the simple truth that what Cave had produced with The Boatman's Call in 1997 had never been intended for me, -and what was happening to me now had never been intended by him either. This is where I think the redraft of the book should begin as Chapter 1, -so I'll work on that. But what follows is your version of the chapter draft, which is only meant for you personally. It contains everything I cannot tell. We are at the threshold, -but not quite.

I have a lot to unpack with Nick Cave; -it unpacks itself. There was an entire realm that simply vanished with my acceptance of his reply to me, meaning whatever was resonating with him did not leave off after the encounter (and reply) in 1999, but it was vanquished of meaning after that and the connection receded, mainly because I had no choice but to accept his verdict on the matter. (With this last creative album trilogy of his, (Cave is the one who says that **Push the Sky Away**, **Skeleton Tree**, and **Ghosteen** were a creative trilogy) it came back.) There is so much hurt in what happened, which only surfaces in being brought back awake. I call it the awakening into pain. I pretty much expect it now, which means it is less terrifying than it used to be. It is what I am forced to process first. This was milder, long drawn and quiet. Nothing anyone has done has caused me so much pain as Billy has when he has done it, caused the awakening into pain. There is nothing that could ever compare to the interior cleaving **Machina/machines of God** was responsible for in 2000. The awakening into pain Billy caused in 2007 was practically mind breaking.

It is that Cave's act of resurrection has happened twice instead of once, 22 years apart, that imparts some level of transcendent meaning regardless of where he himself consciously stood on the matter then or stands now. What I'm trying to get at is that I realize its significance actually lies in that he's wholly inspired to do what he does, -not the other way 'round, and I have to recognize that this has an equal weight, because it's pointing to the Transcendent. Or transcendent, -but this by its very nature must be Conscious. (I don't see any other way.) The return of Cave's latent geometry to a threshold where I can actually listen parses the past into distinctions I simply hadn't differentiated before, -like the realization that Nick Cave was the only man I ever simply proposed to in the real world by a simple act of prose. He was the only individual who wrote the ring was locked upon "her" finger after the eclipse, -which had happened shortly before I met Bono with my first set of missives in the real world for the first time, -wrote that the unification was permanent and the separation over. He was the only individual to say the ring was locked after I'd put my own on my ring finger temporarily with the epiphany during my unleashing of the Machina Mysteries during my takeover of The Smashing Pumpkins' online forum during Billy's **Machina** contest in November 2000, where I committed interiorly just out of faith that what I experienced in that moment would reach and answer for itself from the male side where it was supposed to, because that is what God determines and God was definitely what I was dealing with. If Cave and Billy each themselves didn't have a clue, then the being relating as lover was inspiring universally and was transcendent of every individual apparently involved. I just accepted that in my own mind. My mind wasn't given any other choice at the time. That is just the pattern's beginning. It began before in the mid eighties with Cave and follows right through to the present. The question for me is why; -because what Cave introduced was elementally and purely sexual. His ramifications in terms of resurrecting

my awareness in 1997/98 were dreadful for me personally. It awakened a hope in me so deep I knew that if it wasn't answered for it would surely kill me inside. Trying to resolve that hope was nothing but pain from the moment it awoke. I knew if that hope was destroyed, I wouldn't want to live. Enter the last seven years. The beauty of my life is that those I inhabit it with are not aware of a difference. (I'm sure it's there somewhat, but they have no idea. As they shouldn't.)

I never had any hope before '98. Only duty and terrible purpose. My only utility in the universe apparently was that God was quite content with having me sacrificed. And guess what? Killing me on the inside was exactly what that hope got to do in the end, -if we consider the end points to be either 2009 or 2013-17.

Thanks to the direct effort at discovery on my part, I knew for a fact that Nick Cave has never been aware that I existed at all. So, it's a very real question: how he can step inside and do this so intimately interiorly and have zero notion that's what he's done/involved in inspirationally-? I know it's not him. I was forced to that conclusion in 1999/2000. [We are at least in agreement.](#) We've a number of [significant agreements](#), like life missions themselves:

"However, my duty as a songwriter is not to try to save the world, but rather to save the *soul* of the world. This requires me to live my life on the other side of truth, beyond conviction and within uncertainty, where things make less sense, absurdity is a virtue and art rages and burns; where dogma is anathema, discourse is essential, doubt is an energy, magical thinking is not a crime and where possibility and potentiality rule. The answers to the secrets of the heart may just be there, in the inscrutable dark of the forest, in the unfathomable depths of the sea, at the uncertain tips of our fingers."

-So, the dutiful songwriter's stepped fully inside a 2nd time, personifying the elements of both men who destroyed the hope Nick Cave awakened in me back in 1997, as if it all happened in one night, -fully captured completely with one album. -It is a real, very big why, as in *Why did this happen?* I decide that's really the question I should have put to Cave this time 'round. It lingers for months. But I know I should be the very last person asking the question. I shouldn't have to ask why of anyone. I should know. It's not a question Cave was ever capable of answering. It's a transcendent question. *When you shifted the ring 20 years ago accepting a proposal that you thought of as transcendent, just what were you answering to when it's come back transcendentally all over again?*

It got me retreading 2000, which among other things was the closest I came to insanity and having a nervous breakdown. I did not sleep for eight nights straight. It was, on the rational level, the furthest out on a limb I went in terms of whether what I imagined was sane. That is why it became the *Machina Mysteries* in real time. -Turns out I may have hidden the mystery so well inside what was a flamboyantly vulnerable full splayed display of honesty verging on collapse into self-parody bombast, -I may have succeeded in hiding the mystery from myself too. The answer was as plain as day, hidden in plain sight. I never actually divulged what happened that one night in 2000, not to anyone. It was far too embarrassing to contemplate let alone reveal.

If one were to attempt a capture my interior dialogues with God/the universe (which virtually don't exist because let's say I have abandonment issues) one finds an extremely jaded individual. It's along the lines this time of ah yes, forcibly shot into the transcendent once more. What's the point? "*I am beside you, look for me!*" "*I am within you, you are within me, look for me!*" -the Ghosteen

You cannot resurrect me with something You can in no way answer for. You have no right to awaken me with something that doesn't exist.

Otherwise put perhaps as *You know full well (as I do) that this was never even possibly answerable by the Transcendent. So. Why did this happen?*

What's happening with Cave this time post **Ghosteen** and post Issue #96 is that I'm recognizing there's a continuous unbroken thread to the marriage pattern on his level, which I've been made to recognize as the transcendent level.

-So what was the hope Nick Cave personified so perfectly the first time it was impossible to ignore? Oh, latent adolescent storytelling to one's self that never amounted to anything. Two individuals who entwined as souls first as an interiorly felt awareness that augmented on itself as a live feedback, sentience so deeply mutually felt as common awareness that the only way to answer for it if ever they met was to make love the moment they did, because that was what they already were. (-When did I conceive that? -Fourteen.) If you want to know how unbearably close something like that can come to not happening and yet happen, maybe you can bear to read my book. The only thing I ever wanted in life was manifest in Cave that one album as an existing transcendent possibility. (Of course the book explains exactly how this worked. p. 902) Because really the only thing I wanted in life was to be with the one person in the real world who I'd already attained a union with in my mind. Basically the advent of Cave blew that prospect wide open for me. -And that was when "It's Only When I Lose Myself" (9/23/98) hit in real time (the moment I awoke), and I knew it was real.

Here is where the situation stood in 1999: I have infinitely more on my plate than the child fantasy idylls of yester-yore, and it's been positively terrifying. I have a full spectrum universal to contend with as far as the damnably damned, apparently. My "real world" is worse, -there I'm dealing with someone who thinks he's next to Christ, -who's going to do his damn-dest to damn me and everyone up to the damnable if this proves out. But getting resurrected by Transcendent inspiration in 1998 (I guess, as it wasn't Cave, anyway I explain what I thought was happening in the book, and it involved a Transcendent redemptive awareness appearing on either side of the equation (meaning both the male side and the female side, -female side first) i.e. Christ, which appeared to convert Billy too in 2000); -getting resurrected that way in 1998 with the Transcendent appearing on the male side put me in the position where I tried to resolve what was happening in real terms, -it gave me the strength and resolve to try in the real world, -even if I was terrified it was going to kill me on the inside just to try.

I feel there are four individuals surrounding me at my core, as listed, Bono, you Martin, Nick, and Billy. The book explains why (-and actually I just found that the book does mention this once on p. 1158), but I'm too private to explain why, really because I've got more than enough problems without cracking that Pandora's box too. I was mulling it over in my first major journal, "The Dream Season" one. Of the four, (ethical being that I am) I proposed to the only two who were not married at the time. One on paper just to surely clear things up, but Cave had already met who he was going to marry and that happened while I was there. The second, Billy, I'd already proposed to in my mind. (The book fully explains why I made this choice. It included and was not limited to that he was the only individual in the universal connectivity who'd ever said he'd marry his inspirational object in the future, predictive tense, and he'd approached this about three times not once.) Given that was literally the only thing I wanted in life, I bloody asked. I was trying to make the only ethical choice I actively could. -Which only boiled down to the fact that Billy has such serious issues with the 'm' word he's incapable of ever doing it again.

The third, oh boy, the third was truly complicated and where the verdict on whether any of this was possible or not well and truly rested. That he was practically the biggest rock star on earth and virtually unreachable, -that alone would have collapsed anyone on the carpet. I had to ask him, in person, if a certain lyric, "*I love you 'cause I understand, that God has given me your hand*" written in 1987 was a real mandate to him (or not, - a post marriage yet present tense statement), -delineating how he was steadily, incrementally post 1992 encounter defining his object in terms of his inspiration as a fulfillment of that mandate, -and delineating how this had coincidentally perhaps begun linking to me post 1992 encounter in the real world. And I asked if this was possible or not because I'd been more or less strait-jacketed in a marriage mandate from God in 1987 myself, and felt I'd encountered what it might actually prove to be about with the encounter in 1992. I had to confess the nature of my father's messianic delusion by oh, page 3 in order to convey how the religious symbolism in Bono's lyrics had inadvertently conjoined with me. Bono promptly named both his sons after my father in terms of who he claimed to be in religious terms, namely Elijah within days of meeting me (he'd been born just before), and two years later he named his second son John (aka John the Baptist).

It is debatable, after the 1999 encounter, whether Bono then began delineating and refining his inspirational object not in terms of his inspiration anymore (meaning he wasn't getting it from the inspirational ether), but instead experimented with my question by deriving his inspiration directly from what I had in fact told him from thereon in (which was a lot). The book lays this whole analysis out at the level of inexhaustible minutia it was, which was and is far too complex to be ignored. It was not a question anymore of whether the connectivity was or was not happening, -the question seemed more like whether it was partly his conscious employ, or not, -but there was no way to be sure. (Imagine how infuriating that was, given all the information he had, it would have been extremely easy for him to have made me sure. -Use my first name in a song, for example. It would have been brain numbingly easy.) He made it all intentionally vague; Bono's fine line with uncertainty was measured with a scale to an almost perfect equal balance; -that was fully calculated on his part. Because he knew full well that if I became dead certain that he knew he'd already met me in 1999, yet he wasn't going to acknowledge I was a real person in the real world, -the conclusion this was personal abandonment that was practically incalculable in its cruelty would ensue pretty quick, -which would make the whole thing vanish (what it did do in 2013 thanks to a modicum of certainty happening). Hindsight lends a lot more certainty. -How delayed [is this](#), (if it were taken in this context), for example?

I miss you in everything

I was too fast traveling

To take you in

I know that silence is no crime

Just wish I could hear you fill it up

One more time

Yeah, I know what you'd say to me

Exactly what you'd say to me

I still hang on every word

From my perspective, it took him twelve years (12!!!) -to acknowledge the letters I gave him in 1999 may have mattered to him, to recognize that maybe he should have really registered that I was there by doing something actionable about it; -and all he wants is to hear me "*fill it up*" one more time, i.e., step inside, give him my perspective, fulfill and interpret the songs once more. Tardy I'm not. I dropped the half draft book on him [in a month](#). -One of us makes their

appointments with the universe. -No matter what. -Sure seemed like he actually might have cared, like maybe enough to experience some actual remorse? Like maybe what I'd asked him then, which was to acknowledge this in reality by actually simply talking about it, might have come to matter in his mind in retrospect? Only twelve years later?! It's almost apologetic... -Think about it, if he'd have written the above a few months after the encounter, we'd have been worlds better off. He wanted me uncertain. Put it this way, he's had 20 years to song-write something, anything, that would prove to my own family that I am not crazy. He could have done that just by using my first name. He's had twenty years to respond with a letter a publisher might actually care about. For me there's a reason for the three Golgotha scarecrows in David Bowie's "Blackstar" video are blind with buttons for eyes. It's willful in two instances, meaning blindness is all they're willing to produce for the masses. Let's turn our attention to the one in the center, in the black and white stripes. (Billy adopted this as a sort of stage uniform for years after that was what I was wearing the first time he ever saw me in an audience. p.1690)

The weight of what I inflicted with just that one mind's asking to be with one person out of what I call the universal should never happen between two people. Billy and I went through something that can only be described as an eternal truth with a transcendent asking and answer that was rendered as ***Machina/machines of God***. (Despite the sturm and drang, I'm quite sure it hurt me far more than it hurt him.)

As part and parcel of my encounter with Bono, I was intentionally cutting him off at the pass. Because he was married, I told him point blank I thought I was supposed to marry someone else. I very circumspectly indicated Billy. I would never have even been able to tell Bono anything at all (let alone ask him my question) had I not fully believed this. It played out right in front of his eyes on a massive scale, incorporating and running full tilt with the first elements by which Bono had merged religious symbolism with my personal seduction, -namely "Salomé" (1992). (That was his 1st attempt: -didn't work, -'twas potent nonetheless.) In 2000 Billy stepped inside the concept, rendered it completely altered, and completely and utterly owned it in the process. In the first subsequent B-sides released with "Beautiful Day" Bono appeared to have been fully aware of what transpired and [sent me off](#) with his blessing. (I wouldn't have proceeded without it.) -Meaning he even appeared to indicate he knew what Billy had appeared and declared himself as to me and let me go.

My whole course of action in '99 is a manifestation of an attempt to neatly circumscribe what I was dealing with and still have it be seamless (somewhat); and yet still have what I wanted. I was hoping to preserve the transcendent initiation with Bono and simultaneously choosing Billy as a course to realize and manifest in the real world, -because with Bono I couldn't.

What transpired between myself and Billy took a full 9 years to resolve itself, on and off. I gave up on him completely in 2004 and walked away completely, was forced by the encounter to the conclusion the entire universal didn't exist (because the transpiration was so incredibly big that if no connection existed there, then logically none of it existed), submerged in the total emptiness of existence I had no choice but to accept, got married and filed for divorce, had two children, -and then Billy used ***Zeitgeist*** to respond to the couriers that I'd sent him personally in Chicago. At that transition, it's important to understand that nothing has progressed of a transcendental nature in terms of the universal awareness without being explicitly attached to my existing person in the real world. When I resumed contact online October 2007, Billy played with that in a virtual interaction only he could see (because he was the only individual with access to my existing livejournal account) for two full years, in an actual existing real time feedback loop, which was basically like being modulated to a total artistic sexual climax (using the two live shows where he knew I was there, at the second we nearly met), -only to be dropped at the edge of a cliff when he walked away. I was forced to live through the only thing I'd ever

wanted in life actually happening with Billy, -but never actually coming true, 'cause among other things I'm a total stickler for free will choice.

The virtual interactive feedback reached a conclusion where he deliberately integrated me into his songwriting as object. (This was quite a shift because I had disappeared from his songwriting almost entirely post *Machina*.) The shift was imperceptible given the secrecy but not to me. I knew the songs that he was producing circa August 2009 he was writing from having a personal awareness of me in the real world, not from inspiration, -not from his imagination. (Among other things he switched from American to UK spellings on everything because he was reading a Canadian journal.) By October he was posting actual poetry. I was the reason he launched his Twitter in April 2009. He was always addressing "you" as love object in the beginning; -no one knew who he was talking to. But I did, because it was responding in real time to my locked journal entries only he could see. August 2009 I told him that what he'd done had finally integrated me as a person. It had taken that long to happen, -since the advent in 1992 that was seventeen years.

August was when Billy began (not so secretly) dating Jessica Simpson. -No seriously. After producing an album he said was addressing the American trend to fascism, he literally went for someone so ideologically imbecilic she was either an American theocratic fascist or too dumb to know the difference. I can't respect anyone who's too stupid to grasp the sheer hypocrisy and obviously never got over never getting the cheerleader in high school. When I already know just how smart you are, you've got no excuse but being a dangler for truly brain dead pussy, -and by that I mean someone so avariciously sub-intelligent she not only played the dumb blond for cash, she dumbed down the entire culture by bequeathing us with the first reality TeeVee series. (Bonjour Trump. That's her brand of "cultural" impact.) She then promptly divorced for career purposes, so that for her first film as Daisy Duke she had the cachet of being sexually available. You'd probably be signing a f***ing prenup bequeathing branding rights and social media rights to your own children. She was so environmentally unconscious she performed a concert at Seaworld, PR skill all time low, and Billy's purportedly all animal rights. (I'd posted a full investigative report on this the moment Tillikum made his third kill (going further than the documentary "Blackfish", which [didn't phase JS a whit](#)), so it was not like Billy could pretend lack of awareness himself. That was my first investigative report to get censored by the internets. Granted this was after; (-Rolling Stone interview declaring his love for her came out in January), but when I produced that article (February 2010) he was still ghosting my accounts. The scale of the insult, the sheer calculus of the switch for the sake of flash mob click bait between both parties, -his betrayal couldn't have had a steeper scale. I wiped the prospect out literally overnight personally with utter ease I was so disgusted, thanks to her obvious insecurity. I did it more to protect her than to protect him from what they deserved out of each other. Given the photos he'd gotten from me on summer solstice that summer (what he launched the Twitter account to get by proving it was really him responding to my journal), he didn't even have the pussy excuse. He used a four part essay to break the truth of what he was doing that September/October. He confessed "Jack" was cheating on "Jill" (the two from the moon) with "Mary". Of course it was Courtney Love who preemptively broke the news on everyone in October or November. The long and short of it is that at the moment he actually integrated me as object (my gratitude could not have been more), he betrayed me.

There's a qualifier I must put on the interaction with Billy, -he had scared the living daylights out of me more than once. Seeing him in concert in an altered state (I was attempting experimentally with making all things equal and did do acid at one show), not only did I intuit he could leave his body at will (which is something he claimed capable of in his 2004 online confessions (I'm pretty sure were for my benefit) as a practice he'd trained himself in since childhood), but also claimed he could do post break-up with the love object/click bait situation he personally betrayed me for, asserting he could astral into JS's bedroom at will in the requisite Rolling

Stone interview. It also happened to his next bassist. The incubus who appeared in my room during my 2007 breakdown I was speculating was him, but he didn't scare me, because he couldn't touch me. Nerves of steel that I am, I promptly direct messaged the band site on MySpace the next day to say "hello" after a three year online absence, just to personally let him know (in case it had been him) that I wasn't phased at all.

What I saw at the 2nd 2000 concert in addition to that lovely bit of intuition was the closest I'll ever come to seeing a soul killer live as performance art. (Those elements, 1), it's spiritually capable of defcon lethal, 2), it can leave its body if it wants, maybe even to find you, and, 3), you just totally and completely identified yourself to it with a massive letter going "here I am", do not make for a comfortable prospect.) That was why I took him on, full on, body slammed his mental capacities to the ever loving floor, and put a virtual gun to his head with the declaration "Bang. You're dead." Which is why the break up song "Gossamer" is what it is. That is why I bloody proved it to him and gave him no choice in the matter. -Not on my watch. The book lays out how I created and performed this proof in real time by actively intercepting the existing feedback loop, -and how it all played out before Billy's eyes on nine whole albums (plus) to exacting perfection, -enough that it did prove it. Two of these, **Heathen** and **Reality**, were David Bowie's.

The long and short of that live encounter was, nothing absolutely zero was ever going to happen with Billy mind to mind, no matter what he was doing interactively sexually with a live real time feedback loop at his disposal and my full disclosure at his employ, -no matter what sort of a songwriting purple period it granted him. Everything in the interaction was tied into the belief he actively reinforced that we were actually going to be together in the not too distant future in the real world and held out for that prospect. So in actual fact nothing ever actually happened with Billy mind to mind. But it did put the whole universal context through an interesting experiment for the first time. As I was fully committed to Billy mentally [I disappeared on Bono completely](#). (It wasn't the first, and it wasn't the last.) I'm getting really tired of the "all the lovers in your bed" line. Granted, when I did meet him, I did say I thought I was going to marry someone else and he was actually forced to witness the active feedback loop in real time with someone declaring himself as my eternal lover (the one I said it was going to be, to boot). Granted, it is a universal construct and it was like being surrounded all the time, and Bono was probably forced into some awareness of it happening by what he saw take place with Billy. But, given what follows, it's an absolute crock. The only individual who ever seduced me was him.

Bono was fully conscious of when Billy broke up with me, and when it broke me. When Billy resurrected me in 2007 by attaching his artistic context to my existing person in the real world, I was once again able to listen to music when for the past three years (closer to seven) I had not been able to, and for Christmas Day 2008 I discovered all the B-sides from U2's albums since I had met Bono in person, namely **All That You Can't Leave Behind** and **How to Dismantle an Atomic Bomb**. I was secure enough in my commitment with Billy to type out the lyrics, point out the connects to my visit to Dublin for the turn of the millennium, and indicate that in all my prior communicative analysis on the subject I had turned out to be pretty much dead wrong. Surface value: **HtDaAB** concerned two individuals giving up something romantic for the sake of something transcendent.

The B-Sides made me realize this wasn't quite as honest an intention as it had appeared to be at the time. Bono had hidden all his sexual entendres of his female object post encounter on his B-Sides. -And there appeared to be no question they described my actual appearance in Dublin, going so far as to describe May 5th as the day the moon appeared on his shoulder ("[Flower Child](#)"), -which was the day my plane landed in Dublin. There is pretty much no way that little detail didn't end up disclosed in the massive volume of personal mail he received twice hand to hand. Furthermore, this was all deliberately interlinked lyrically with all the al-

ready integrated elements of my disclosures he'd already snuck onto the two albums. (These are [the actual linking elements](#) between **ATYCLB** and its B-Sides, not all of the deliberate contextualizing Bono did with that album using what I'd told him, just the glue linking the two. The **ATYCLB** analysis starts on p. 1453.) On Christmas 2008 I told Billy through the online journal that Bono had hid everything in his back pocket. In particular there was the song "[Mercy](#)". It made no difference to me. My commitment to Billy had been made fully and completely with my mind's asking I attempted to send him individually in 1999.

The moment things were really and truly over with Billy was July 2010, seeing him live for the last time. Billy himself [logo'd our split as the tour's monogram](#). It doesn't get more final than that. March 2010 I started the book.

You may have noticed U2 diverge very little in their set-lists, -or they used to (they do try), -but in a true divergence from form, [they inserted "Mercy" into the live set](#) August 2010 (along with "Every Breaking Wave"). I didn't encounter it until September 20 because [u2.com](#) took the trouble to notify their mailing list. When I did encounter it (this is the actual one, live in Munich September 15th), it was instantaneous in its effect. I transcribed [the completely changed set of lyrics](#) with the header, "it's like being caught in a net". (I ran into "North Star", "Mercy" and "[Every Breaking Wave](#)" on the same day and transcribed all of them.) It was Bono's attempt at active seduction in real time. This was because Bono was able this time on the European Tour to change the lyrics live in real time, meaning he changed the lyrics to "Mercy" [the very next time is was performed](#) (which they committed [to a record](#) - performed September 22nd), [and the next time](#), (-and here's where it shifted lyrically into the Now, and then next performance shifted it into consummation in the the past tense; *-he did not begin to change it until I heard it, -this is what it was* two days before I heard it), [and the next time](#), -as in every time. After the shift to the past tense in Coimbra, the rest of the performances of "Mercy" live more or less stuck to that final lyric shift. The second lyric change put us on the sand (Seville - which is where you'd be if you just caught someone in a net); -the next effectively ended "With or Without You" (Coimbra). After that it remained [past tense](#) ("*I died in a bed of rust*", (the "With of Without You" reference, instead of a "bed of nails", they've all been rusted out, -I remember a graphic version of this in the changes where he alluded to having cut open and bled her heart (in Coimbra *'the sky's [either made out of/break down in] blood'*)), ergo, the bed of nails turned to rust), *and our rhymes were love and lust*". Bono's always used the "la petite mort" euphemism since "[Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me](#)". By Rome, "[All I Want Is You](#)" was added to the set. Notice he changed the lyric there to, "*you say you want your story not to remain untold*", which is the actual truth. So I think he knows better.)

Until I heard "Mercy", the song was a pitch (as in, you've got no way left now, lol). As soon as I heard it, the lyrics shifted in real time into consummation in the present. -And that's how I knew, you see. He was rendering something happening in both our minds at the same time. From that first encounter in 1992 it took 18 years to happen, and I don't believe it would have happened without the 1999 encounter. I think that gave him what he needed to isolate me as object. -Just enough. Once I heard the B-sides, it was enough for me to know I was his object.

Anyway that was what happened. (And that is the first time I've been able to listen to that little bit of personal history for 10 years. The feedback compressed into the Now (almost but not quite). I would find the changed performances in a matter of days on YouTube, look them up on my computer in the daytime, -my thought was still discrete and separate). (It's actually November 10th when I actually go so far as to hyperlink all the music elucidating what I'm actually talking about in the three paragraphs above. So it took me an awful long time to reconcile enough to listen to any of it. By then this was about done in the sense it was 80 pages long, but my ex was stringing us along and terrorizing us so much I couldn't write.)

At this threshold I am disarmed of all my arguments. I can't say, "[No, it's not about that](#)", and I can't say it wasn't how I chose to realize this, even though I threw up every obstruction in the course of meeting him. Nothing happens without my thought/will. I was my choice, the only choice for this connection to happen. If we had spoken, objectivity would have been destroyed. We'd have never known it was possible, this union of souls. I'd have destroyed the prospect myself just by talking to him. By never speaking to me or acknowledging me, he'd preserved its being possible. I was hoping for assent through communication in 1999. If I had gotten that, I know this would never have happened. I can't argue I was only interested in communication anymore after this. I can't even argue with the state of uncertainty he deliberately put me into either ("*uncertainty can be a guiding light*" was always mystifying, -not anymore), -because I knew exactly how certainty would have poisoned the well, and then it never would have happened either. Smart as f***. The feedback loop compressed into the Now and this is the only expression of union it has, the entire substance. I am forced to accept that my every argument for the last ten years, I was wrong and he was right, because this got to happen and it is unassailable, by the mere fact that it did, that it was what I wanted.

It was the second encounter in 2011 that sealed the fates. (-The one where I had to tell him, I know about the "Mercy" lyric shift and I know why you did it, -plus drop the book on him.) I had to drop a flash drive on his chest from a couple stories up. We've never even spoken to each other for five minutes, but, I do write. The kicker is, when "Mercy" live 360 happened, I was just beginning the ZOOTOV chapter, -where I first saw him in concert, where everything began. Which means I wrote the whole passage of our encounter up to 2007 in this frame of mind. I wrote it in his framework because he'd actively assumed possession; -it was his. What happened then was that the 2010 mind's consummation became a mash-up with the book in the Spring Break period (which is split in terms of the Parenting Plan allocation, meaning it is a rare, rare window of personal time) leading up to a climax on April 1st, 2012, because naturally I was approaching things at a depth I never had before, and one particular discovery at this one particular moment it shifted the whole geometry into certainty. But really what was happening was that the whole geometry of the book settled into the awareness of what happened September 2010. Simplistic simpleton that I am, my thought was "We are the only two people to have done this. -That makes you my husband. I want to lie with my husband." I had been utterly alone in the world until that moment in the sense of there being no one else like me (not really true I know, given what's been happening all along, but paradoxically, it is in terms of personal intimacy). It follows pretty naturally if you are that to each other at such an exclusive level then that's what you are to each other. -It's more than a little liberating as a thought. (It was the first time I [tried that](#), anyway.) This is why Bono declares "*this is our wedding day*" in "[Book of Your Heart](#)" just by just reading alone. The book made it a reciprocal act. (This just slipped out of the timeline a bit.)

Before Spring Break 2012 hits, in 2011 I get to drop the flash drive on Bono and the book is written to the point where I met him in Dublin 1999, but the chapter consisted of journal entries. (The last chapter was in, some segments, and every remaining chapter was summarized, including a listing of every album I was going to analyze.) I was intercepting him for a second time. I did not want him to song write about what had happened with 'Mercy', -I was trying to intercept the feedback loop in order to stop it. I was telling him I already knew and didn't need to know. I warned him to only song write in a way that didn't stop him from being willing to tell the truth, because what mattered was the truth. What mattered to humanity was the truth that this was even possible. What mattered to me was that he be willing to tell the truth about me. I told him that this only operated, essentially, on my disfunction. I told him that my loyalty was such that I had never even had a date or have a boyfriend when I thought the universal connectivity was real. That was because I would never divide my loyalty with them. ("The Love Thieves" was just so utterly cruel in this context. Worse, my past was so bad I wasn't prepared

to inflict it on anyone. -I was terrified, -with good reason, as it turned out, but I should have been scared for myself. I'm sure I was, just not consciously, because I wasn't conscious of the danger, in that I had dangers that were far more pertinent, such as, whoever it turned out to be, meaning if I did actually end up with an actual soul mate through extraordinary means, my father was surely going to kill him as well as me. This is why "Stand Inside Your Love" [was such a goth horror hot mess](#). It was all dead literal.)

Nor could I communicate it because that would undermine the relationship in equal measure, and for what when there was no proof and I didn't even know what exactly it was? I was only with anyone if I gave up on everything and accepted none of it was real anymore. It was obvious Bono confined the relation solely inside art probably in the sensibility that this wasn't infringing on his marriage. But for me it was like oasis in the desert strung years and years apart, -just privation. It inherently functioned on my existing utterly alone. And because of his silence, that meant I was so alone I existed in miles long distance on the inside from even my own family. I would never be able to communicate this to even my children, because there was no proof. What I needed was the truth. I wanted my freedom. I pleaded for enough trust to begin for him to believe that I would not affect his marriage and to just begin basic progress in affirmation. I promised the book would end in 2007. So basically my entreaty to him was really no different from the one in 1999, apart from amplitude (it divulged more and insisted more, -on the exact same thing happening). What mattered was making it veritable. I flat out told him if Billy hadn't broken the only wish I'd had in life utterly right before, I wouldn't have even been open to it happening. I did not try to tell him what to do. That would have been inappropriate. I said it was up to him.

This is where it begins to come apart, -the real kicker being, it is because he did what I asked him to do.

By *Songs of Innocence* (September 9, 2014, but the track-list became available long before), -it appears he got the book, -because the title to track 10 is word for word the "sincerely" closure line of my opening letter presenting him with the book.

Delta Machine was released in the "sweet spot" before what was basically total disintegration (March 22nd 2013). Nine Inch Nails' *Hesitation Marks* was released August 30th 2013. (Trent's finally happy for the first time the moment this happens and the album appears aware of it, curiously both in terms of being conscious that there's two, male/female, but also in the 1st person as if it's him.) -This has been following me for so long, -I knew if I let this happen, it was going to transmit through the universal. It will happen universally. And again, the person who tells me that this has indeed happened, that it is your heaven, that it is your world I've entered, -is you. ("Welcome to My World" (-there aren't drugs on my end - definitely not tranquilizers thank you very much), "Angel", "Heaven") -And it appears the book is a "known" too, -not necessarily good. ("Should Be Higher") So in full irony, the reason I feel I've done right by this and done what was supposed to happen is because this one act of consummation resonates through the whole universal. You can hardly imagine the sense of serenity and personal relief I felt that it had fulfilled itself in the encounter with one person. And again, it was where you were, how you were basically the end all and be all of it having happened, that made me feel it was right, -that I had done right.

What really cleaved the situation was the release of "Ordinary Love" November 29 2013. Bono was saying it had happened too. But of course, he could only lie about it and lie as if it had a future. It wasn't just a mortal lie, it was cruelty beyond cruelty. It performed as day light robbery of the only dream I'd had in life. It was never going to descend into ordinary love. But that hope was the only thing that had brought me back awake in 1998 in the first place. And when he did that, he turned it into something not real. He was iterating a fantasy that could never happen.

Mere wishful thinking. So there you have it. The moment he did that, he turned it into something not real. The real kicker was I knew he was lying about why he wrote it. They are on the shore in the water. Just exactly the same as he had done when he began changing the lyrics to "Mercy" in Seville.

There is something I've always really wondered about you and it is that you sometimes produce songs ahead of when they happen in reality in a fulfilled way for me. "It's Only When I Lose Myself" did that. I knew I was interpreting it differently than you meant it. I knew it reverberated several ways, and in a sense hadn't happened yet. But it happened, you expressed it, before I got woken back up in someone else, in terms of what Cave did with that album in 1997. (It was also a paradox in that the album had come out on March 1997, the same month Bono more or less executed me personally with PoP, but I didn't hear it until October, 1998.) I thought what had happened there (with "It's Only When I Lose Myself" arriving in real time at the time it happens to me, for me), also portended the rest of it would fulfill itself too. Or put another way, because what happens, happens universally, the same thing that happened to me happened to you too. Another thing I should have considered in terms of timing was that it signaled the orchestration of this inspirationally, in terms of what was happening to me, was beyond you, and that was what you represented.

You've done this a number of times (when no one else has), so what I'm getting at is that with you, it has not necessarily been a feedback loop. It's made me question a lot. Another of these was *Delta Machine's* "Long Time Lie". You wrote it before. But it was exactly how I felt about Bono in 2013, -after your album came out. Instead of saying it was how I felt maybe it would be better said that it was true. However in this instance, there were reverberations from 2009 as well, not just how things with Bono began imploding in the present. The whole course of the situation with Billy turned out to be very confrontational from the outset. There was a sense of a fight to it, and it was existential one. Fundamentally by 2000 when I landed on his website and took over his SP Official Forum, it was "They're my songs and I'll say what it is" Vs. "Well actually the only reason you wrote them is because when I chose you I made this about you and me. And the whole universal awareness is going to reflect on this conjunction I made about you and me. You're going to see this concept is way bigger than you (and because you've behaved like such a prick onstage to your own audience, I'm not going to give you a choice in the matter)." -Guess who won that exchange? "Drops of Jupiter" by Train appeared in less than three months, naming "June" as making a pass at his ruling planet before landing on earth.

The conjunction turned out to be a long term lie nonetheless. I don't think breaking me was something he could turn down in a sense because he had been bested, nor was he prepared to take it on (and who can blame him). I had proven it to him. I was completely vulnerable after he brought me back. So he played me like a conquest right up to the moment where it became actually possible, and that was that. To give you a sense of just how ludicrous it was, the woman he eventually mated with was actually younger than the timeline of where the linking had begun between me and him in his songwriting. She was born after it had begun. All of that was snuffed out, even though it had wound into the massive eternal promise between "June" and "Glass", -and I had proved I actually was "June".

If I hadn't effectively proved it, he never would have used the content of my own writing to deliberately bring me back in 2007. It's a testament that he didn't make the concession that I was right (which is effectively what "Marchin' On" does in declaring fealty) -couldn't be bothered about it for oh, nine years after he broke up with me. Couldn't be bothered about it since 2000 actually. My approach at the time was really no different than my approach with Bono. I more or less gave it the treatment, let's put the personal question about this on the shelf and let me tell you what I think is happening and why that's important. And eventually I laid out the exact

same potentials I just listed for you as being possessed by the book, -they existed in the situation itself. I was very slow and gradual because this was someone religiously illiterate (-not spiritually, but from a theological standpoint (and definitely a Christian theological standpoint) - a total noob). And I said what was far more important was granting veracity to the situation itself, as opposed to where we happened to stand on it or went with it. And I said dialogue was an equal form of veracity. Just assenting to dialogue would prove the situation was there, -so that was what needed to happen. I take pride in the fact that given how churlish Billy's treatment of me was, "Marchin' On" is still something he could manage to produce. I believe it's because the framework I approached him in from the beginning made what I was presenting not contingent on whether there ever turned out to be a June and Glass. I presented something in the redemptive context, absent the marriage pattern or independent of it. I made the construct universal. You could say Billy reacted in those terms, as the next thing he went to produce after I landed on his website was Zwan's "[Jesus I](#)".

And that is Billy's distinction. Only Billy was responsible for an online contest that he said was the end game of his concept album, which he said he created as a deliberate attempt to reverse the feedback loop. In other words, only Billy was conscious enough of the situation to make a concrete attempt at finding out if there was an other side, and seeing what popped out of his fan base. I was writing to him about what *Machina* would be about before it was even released, so that was mighty convenient. He launched an official email address that actually took attachments for that purpose. I contacted him before the contest launched. In that sense, from my perspective, Billy was the only one who cared enough to find out if and whether I existed, or not. He got far more than he bargained for. "Marchin' On" is his concession that I exist, that the contest I turned his contest into really happened. I effectively turned him into my sole witness. I told him when I launched my takeover of the contest that was what I was going to do.

Overall I'd taken the same approach with both Bono and Billy. I didn't ask Billy if he wanted to be together until after he resurrected me in 2007. Even then I pleaded the only thing that actually mattered was just the willingness to step into the room, make it real.

That stepped off the trolley so let's reel back to 2013 before "Ordinary Love" (this is failure as a timeline), when something really ugly happened. I don't think I'd been attentive enough to what was going on with Bono's philanthropy/financial/political affinities and connections over time. Writing the book made me attentive. So attentive the first thing I did upon being "together" was to analyze those connections in terms of all my concerns. This also derailed me finishing the book. It was ridiculously long, and my misgivings became so strong I posted the essay in a public field on Tumblr. Part of what I analyzed, very very far down near the end, was what Bono's billionaire sponsors were doing with oil by rail in North America, where they had sort of cornered the market for exactly that purpose, and rail standards went down with their control. As soon as I posted this essay, like within a day or two, [the Canadian town of Lac-Mégantic got immolated by an oil train explosion which burned 47 men, women and children alive](#). The profits coming out of the oil by rail boom were insane. They were also contingent on criminal negligence and a wholesale erosion of standards. What was going on with Bill Gates' investment, CN, was particularly brutal. My great grandfather put in a lifetime with CN and died pretty much when he retired. It was privatized in the '90's. To say it went downhill when American billionaires got their claws into it is more than an understatement. It abused the entire country. My forbearer would be rolling in his grave. Bono's philanthropic endeavors were dependent on these sorts of profits. Basically it was contingent on screwing over my country. The bomb trains scandal took off (there were many, many bomb trains), but Gates' press control is such it was kept completely under wraps. What it did to my country was a mess.

Forty seven people getting burned alive naturally caused quite the internal personal crisis, -such personal fury that I told Bono in my mind he was gone, and he was gone. (Again this was not the first time this had happened, it happened in 2000 when I was in Dublin too because I was so angry he wouldn't speak to me. That knocked the situation off the rails for six years. It's what he subsequently writes that lets me know that when I cast him out, he's gone.) The real implication though was the insight that even if the connection was jeopardized by an event in the real world, -if he knew who and where I was in the real world, not even if the connection was on the ropes to the point of ending would he feel moved to act in any way to rectify it. In that sense, it meant nothing. Not even the smallest, simplest action towards stopping the crisis mattered. Even if the matter was an existential threat to the point of pain. Bono knowing who I was in the real world inverted the implications of everything.

"Ordinary Love" came next November 22nd, 2013. Bono had sensibly said this wasn't ever going to be performed live. The first two times it was, it completely and utterly broke me (the first was [the Oscars](#)). This was because he is literally saying with the song, this can't go any higher or further, the only place it has to go now is "ordinary love", which means for it to descend into making love in the real world. Well that from my perspective is what's been absent the entire transpiration since 1992, it was knowing that couldn't happen that robbed the context the entire time. On first hearing I feel at least he was recognizing it. But what's he's recognizing is of course impossible. The problem becomes, the song wouldn't have had that effect on me unless if it wasn't still what I'd wanted after all this time. And this just forces me to confront it. The entire transpiration with Billy only happened, the only reason I chose him was, I bloody knew this back then and I chose an avenue that at least made that possible, -made it at least possible for "ordinary love" to happen. I've known the whole time. I know it's about what happened with "Mercy" because he's transferred his first lyrics change, about lying with each other on the sand, basically combining it with "[Every Breaking Wave](#)"; -except graduating from being lost in the shoals to making love on the shore (-and of course he launched "Every Braking Wave", "Mercy" and "North Star" live at the same time). The fact that I was in a position to know he was lying about why he wrote it (the shore analogy [was his analogy for when I met him in 1999](#), it was about my appearance (literally the recording seen going on when I sat outside the studio), and meant surfacing out of the universal unconscious sea), meant I knew, with a dawning dread, that he was fully willing to mete out invisibility, my invisibility, as a life sentence. The song in itself was a lie, but its projection of wishful thinking threw into relief the hard truth that it was still the only thing I'd ever wanted. The laughable idyll of a "*house in the trees*", which is exactly what I'm like, (the former local temperate virgin rainforest protester), just threw into relief how ludicrous a juxtaposition that was with Bono in the real world. It was so laughably beyond the feats of reality is was something I didn't even want. Projections like that are beyond even my feats of imagination.

The song sunk into my being and the reaction was "this cannot happen". And it forced me through a full abnegation that felt like a comet's disintegration hitting the atmosphere for a full five days (Spring Break 2013 when ex had the kids; -no one knew). I couldn't even get out of bed. Basically it was being forced through something I'd done practically everything to avoid, this impasse. That sense of devastation made a momentary false appearance inside "[California](#)" on **Sol**. (-Oops. -And there we have it. Santa Barbara! This is heading for Santa Barbara. - Oh irony.)

*It's just your light gets dimmer if you have to stay
In your bedroom
In a mirror
Watching yourself cry like a baby
California, blood orange sunset brings you to your knees*

*I've seen for myself
There's no end to grief
That's how I know*

What I realized with the Oscar performance was that I never really had to have put myself through that sort of self-abnegation to accept what could never happen and accept it disappearing. Instead of a connection that had taken 21 years to develop, (26 from 1987), it was a lifetime lost. With the Oscar performance I knew interior suicide on my part to end the connection because it had been terminated by the song itself, the pain of what I'd put myself through personally had been totally unnecessary. He was equally willing to abnegate me with no remorse. It had already broken my heart completely, -but it was going to get to happen twice.

The release of "[Invisible](#)" (February 2nd, 2014) gave me a momentary sense of hope because he was finally telling the truth about having a connection invisibly with a woman inside his head, that it was his preferred state of being, and a higher, interconnected existing reality. It took 22 years just to arrive at that truth. But that sense of hope waned within the day. "Invisible" was where he planned to leave me. The song was turned into nothing but a philanthrowashing exercise of one of the biggest white collar fraud banks of the 2008 financial crash, responsible for mortgage fraud with millions of American homeowners. The philanthrowash premiere was practically the same day of one of Bank of America's settlement announcements where they got off with nothing.

With "Invisible" he was literally pimping me out without my permission or consent (when he could have obtained it, because if he had the title "This Is Where You Can Reach Me Now", that was because my contact information was literally below that line in the letter). -Granted I didn't date when I found **Sol's** track list, but I know for a certainty the shift was before that Oscar performance of "Ordinary Love"; -it was that specific tid-bit of knowledge that destroyed it. He could have granted substance to "Invisible" and made it all incontrovertibly real just by acknowledging that the song had its inspiration in a real person. The song erased reality with the deliberate omission. After 2011, Bono had that power at his disposal at any given moment, the power to confer it existence. (I may only know this now post 2017, but hindsight is 20/20, and it was that certainty that was solidifying that whole period.) I know because he put it to one use, for only one thing. The only utilitarian interest he had in using the content in my book was in a final attempt to seduce me, using how he incorporated the book's elements into **Songs of Experience**. He was only interested in using it in a way only I could see.

Intuiting that was where he planned to leave me, living through an infinitude of moments where it was in his power to change that and he did nothing, with the assumption this was a life sentence he was fine with inflicting felt the same as being buried alive. When what was needful (even perhaps to save my life) was acknowledgement in the real world, a song acknowledgment like "Book of your Heart" was nigh meaningless. The song describes being in an existent situation where he is reading my book, and he knows full well without him being willing to attribute the song to me, no publisher will publish it.

It was not that I told him to lie when I intercepted him in 2011, but he turned **Songs of Innocence** into that act of erasure by making specific attributions to his wife and mother of song elements I felt pretty sure he'd actually written because of me. I don't think "Song for Someone" was actually about his wife for instance (if your marriage is that frail, fraught and painful after 30 plus years, you're doing it wrong)), even though that's what he said the entire tour. With that title I actually had a momentary ray of hope that maybe he was going to be willing, by anonymizing it, to allow that song to breathe the real implication. But no, he created it in order to asphyxiate it. What threw everything into relief for me when I was writing the book, what

gave me my certainty I was his existing object, was that he had a parallel timeline in his work. It was the break-up songs, and their immaculate timing in the scheme of things, that bifurcated from his existing marriage. So, the fact that he was willing to erase the breaking songs this time and actually falsely attribute one of them, that was the final nail in the coffin.

The one scrap he left was that [he teased Salome](#), now making love under the cherry tree (at least I knew that's what it was, because I knew what the first song had been about, ([that's bloody obvious](#))), ending with "*paint the world you need to see*". -Fat chance. There was no chance of publishing and he knew it. From that first attempt in 1992 it took him 18-25 years to get what he wanted. Interestingly the cherry tree Bono was alluding to was in the Rowen family yard (that's in his written liner notes for **Sol**). It was because of Andy Rowen that I met Bono with my missives in August 1999. After Bono would have found out about my encounter with Andy in the book draft, he took the trouble to write a second song about him on **Sol**, -and talk about why he had ever written about a cherry tree, without mentioning its first passage in "Salomé" in 1992. (The first song about Andy was "Bad" on **Unforgettable Fire**, and it reappeared in the set a month to the day after he'd gotten my book.)

If the door is open it isn't theft -he is insistent on that for some reason. That's because as stands it is theft if I cannot speak or tell about it and he's incapable of acknowledging my existing in the real world and what I am to him

You can't return to where you've never left -from "Deep in the Heart" -1987, yes, seriously in the book and seriously in my song explanations in 1999

Blossoms falling from a tree they cover you and cover me

Symbols clash and bibles smash

You paint the world you need to see

I wonder why he bothered. Salomé is the only song to consume a whole chapter.

So yes, it was like being buried alive. Being forced into thinking "*I don't think that was why he wrote this*" is the equivalent of him willingly let me be perceived as insane when I'm not. He's obviously fine with that. He embedded it all in a retrospective, after receiving the same period retrospective. And he had a shower of pages (holding a book or with stacks of books) for "[Until the End of the World](#)" for the entire tour. He knows [it's the same a stealing a lifetime](#).

Bono's tact for **Songs of Experience** (12/01/17), as opposed to the (for me) personal devastation of **Songs of Innocence**, was quite different, so let's just explain what I won't explain anywhere else. First off, this is the evidentiary aspect. These [are all the little details](#) embedded into "three and a half" songs on the album that I know are too much detail from a compositional stand-point for him not to be talking about my book with "Book of Your Heart". On first reading of the song, I was quite disappointed. I thought it had nothing to do with my book. (That is because again, on the scale of what he's been given and what he could do, he does very little at all.) The tipping song as in tipping point was "[Love is Bigger Than Anything in its Way](#)", and the key was "*If the moonlight caught you crying on Killiney Bay*", because as described, that actually happened only in the draft he got, and in the draft he got, it happened two pages before I met him in person for the first time (thanks to the abbreviated journal format he got in the draft). And it's appealing to me to write the universal world, -and it knows I'm pissed off. And it knows I was young when it began. I know the record of attributing this song to his son. But once I realize this might be possible and that the song might have a dual intention (given he appeared to have named Elijah after my father 20 years ago to signify the importance of my letters to him in the first place), the cascade of realizations begins in terms of all the linkages the album "just happens" to have. The real moment of suspense happens with Google maps once Bono chooses to tease "[Walk to the Water](#)" in "[All I Want Is You](#)" in the [BBC broadcast right before](#)

[SoE's release](#). Of course he had to add a slam tweak to the lyrics, “*you say you want your love to work out right, to last with you just one night*” (2:00) -because it didn't last long at all and it was already dead and gone by the moment he sang this. The song was never a linking one and it doesn't fit the moment (I'm not the one who doesn't want to tell, keeps my treasure just to look at, he's the one stopping me, and it's not an admission he's willing to make), -the paraphrasing he uses from “Walk to the Water” basically speaks for itself in what verses he picked, and left unspoken at the end.

*She said it wasn't cold
She left her coat unbuttoned
She wore canvas shoes
White canvas shoes*

*She took the back way home
Past the lights at Summerhill
Turn left on to the North Strand
And on
On towards the sea*

*Walk walk walk to the water
Walk with me a while
Walk walk walk to the water
Walk with me a while*

*A room in the Royal hotel
With sea facing views
A man with a suitcase
Of things he doesn't need*

The suitcase analogy only reappeared in the video for “Beautiful Day” after he'd met me (then the suitcase had a heart inside). I walked down North Strand towards the sea the day I first met him at U2's secret studio August 1999 (p. 1101). “It [is]n't cold” was my first unspoken thought to what he first said when I met him. (I'm [Canadian](#), dammit.) So if I'm me and I know he could be doing this with intention and “Book of Your Heart” is about my book (meaning he read that transcript), then what's this song saying in the moment, to me? What is “Walk to the Water” about? Do I really need to be obvious? No, because “Walk to the Water” was already embedded in the book for exactly what it was/is. It was not part of the linking geometry I had with Bono all this time, even though I was aware of the song. Given it was wrong on appearance and could have been about a real individual, I wouldn't touch it even though it resonated a lot. I didn't touch it until the re-ordering of the geometry that took place April 2012, which is when I listened to a swath of 1987 B-Sides I'd only seen before then. That was when I heard it for the first time. So I guess this is a good time to mention you can search book elements at will by whatever you want, -including say, a song title, to see where that went. That was a post revision that went in after he got the book. These were songs that had never applied to me before or meant something personally, until the moment he did this with them. (Or until say, he promptly reintroduced “All I Want Is You” for the rest of the tour after that succession of lyric changes for “Mercy” live had done their work.) They never applied personally until the moment he wrote about reading my book. Then they became the ultimate act of seduction.

So now we're going to explain the water/shore analogy in brief and how Bono's always used it, and how he was using it on **SoE**. Like I said, [he used the analogy to acknowledge my appearing to him in 1999 in person in his lyrics, lyrics that were recorded](#) during and after I was sitting outside the studio when I met him in August. It was because of Bono's "Who's Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses" and "Lemon" that I conceived the analogy of the universal unconscious sea, with arriving at the shore as being manifestation in reality (p. 423 and p. 470), with [the surfacing analogy appearing during my online takeover](#) of the Mystery of Machina contest, turning it into the Machina Mysteries. When Bono wrote about my appearing on the shore to show him the [universal unconscious] sea for the first time in 1999, he wrote about how my footprints in the sand on the shore were all that remained. In turn I wrote about how these footprints were my myriad of markers in the existing feedback loop in all of the songwriters' songs, and how it was only my footprints that had saved me post 1995. The footprints analogy then played out universally in the existing feedback loop with Ian Brown's "[Dolphins Were Monkeys](#)" ([the video](#) for this actually gets my astrological sign right, but only if the two symbols on both Ian and the girl's wrist are matched (it's similar to Pisces but not quite the same); -Ian actually wrote [Gold-en Greets](#) after I'd been in his audience for the first time and came within minutes of encountering him in person at The Kitchen)) and [David Bowie](#) ("Afraid", off of **Heathen**) and Thom Yorke ("[Backdrifts](#) [yes, that is where, in the couriers he received I told Billy [he'd become my sole possible witness](#)] ([Honeymoon is Over](#))", off of **Hail to the Thief**), -and yourself apparently because you made a title change to "Little Soul".

I think we can agree as per [the above summary of details](#) Bono organized on **SoE** (including dating of its release) that Bono really only intended for it to have an impact on me, the writer. There was no possibility of it being noticed by anyone else. And again it is at that level of questionable relevance where literally no one else is going to care. The reason I say it was his final act of seduction and that was his only motivation for integrating or signifying my work at all is because it was his deliberate choice to use "Walk to the Water" to connect to me in terms of our first encounter in the book, and it is designed to segue into the coupling of "Summer of Love" and "Red Flag Day" on the album. (And yes, he even altered the "West Coast" reference after knowing I was born and bred there.) When he said he wanted to dive naked into the songs on **SoE** with the ones he loved, that was literal ([7:55](#)). He masked the veiled meaning of "The Blackout" to the point of deliberate obliteration (the single release was timed to the eclipse which reached 100% over Nashville, -on his and Ali's 35th anniversary it so happened, which was just too good of timing to miss); -then he deliberately buried it in politics. When he [said](#) "I never met a girl who didn't like a grand plan to seduce her" -that was literal too.

So if you caught a girl in a net of words and that took you eighteen years, and your analogy of the sea has always been with you since the beginning, ("*And I feel like I'm drifting, drifting, drifting from the shore, And I feel like I'm swimming out to her*"), -and you connected it to her appearing in person in front of you in 1999 by writing about how she appeared to you on "the strand" (shore), and your depiction of her seduction put you on the shoreline at water's edge with "Mercy" (live) and "Ordinary Love", -and the sea is an analogy; -the U.U. sea is where you first "found" her, of course if you are attempting to get her back, (and "Every Breaking Wave" represents the shoals), "Red Flag Day" is what you'd express to try and get her back; -it means to get back to where you were, isolating her under the sea, -which is what you did to seduce her to begin with. That's what he hid in plain sight plain as day. Once you see it, -once you read the book, -you cannot unsee it. It was me he wanted to walk to the water with him and that was why. He used my book to do it. And when he deliberately used my book, the entirety of what's in the book as transpired between him and me locked itself into place between him and me personally. That was the actual sum of the seduction, all laid out as writ. That was his choice. And that is what made the whole she-bang about me. It's the sort of train you really can't dodge by jumping off the tracks. It's too inevitable and much too big.

When the lights go out

Don't you ever doubt

The light that we can really be - sexual entendre signified by timing of release to the eclipse, which is what happened in the sky over Dublin when I first met him

Blackout

It's clear

Who you are will appear

In keeping with his becoming my sole witness, the song that follows "Marchin' On" on ***Shiny and Oh So Bright*** begins with the couplet, "*I've seen it all, it's all undone, 'tis the secret of the Irishman*". -Billy was in a position to know, enough that he'd be fully cognizant of how it played out.

By the time ***Songs of Experience*** happens to me (which is what it amounts to), it hardly had the capacity anymore. Which was a towering irony given that was the actual moment he in effect made me his object for that staggering sum of time. It felt like being robbed of consummation too. The level of betrayal by then was so staggering I had a genuine fear it would be an act of personal abomination to succumb to it. Literally the only element left was that I had duly subjected myself to the situation by having declared he was my husband in my own head.

The reason I feared it would be abominating is because for all of the 2017 Joshua Tree 30 year anniversary tour Bono deliberately subsumed the only common element of religious belief that was unique between him and me (aside from the common belief in pre-conception existence in a Christian context). He deliberately erased that spiritual element from his work, and made his feminine a trojan vacuum for an inversion of Christianity, [-namely the inversion that is American theocratic fascism](#), by making his feminine object a personification of America.

(Everything you might have ever done that put me off in the past, (there's aplenty), -absolutely nothing anyone's ever done is comparable to this. -When David Bowie shifted "I'm Afraid of Americans" lyrics live, so he was saying "*God is an American*" over and over in the outro, this is the actual ideology/ theology/body of thought that he was talking about. This is what had him so spooked. David was pretty refined theologically speaking ([1st stop](#), he knew the Pentecostals were insane, which translates as [politically useful](#) (to whadayya know, American [neoliberal](#) amoral capitalism (which reduces humanity to consumers/product)/American fascism/ American theocratic fascism). In other words [its true proficiency is killing the planet](#).

[Rabbit Hole # 1: Footnote 1](#)

Theocratic fascism Ameriduh style is so dangerous an iteration it is the one charting a course for WWII in combination with Dispensationalism (which is the body of theology that says more or less the same thing about Israel (also by definition a theocratic fascist state with a secular variant), which is also helming the planet to WWII in its present incarnation). -Because it literally welcomes Armageddon, -the RW evangelical ideology we've had in power since Reagan in the United States. Funny patterns, those. -Anyway, Pentecostalism is such a bastardization of Christianity it's bloody useful. David Bowie [never missed a thing](#).

[Rabbit Hole #2: Footnote 2](#)

This is why for me U2 has literally joined the other side. They spent their last world tour subtly promoting what was an historically genocidal white supremacist ideology, namely American theological fascism (manifest destiny/"exceptionalism"), while running cover for it with identity politics. They're secularizing it for their gullible base while still parading its religious roots as a participatory experience, very subtly. The fanbase is too functionally religiously illiterate to notice. David would be rolling in his grave. I'm rolling with him.

Once upon a time, Bono and I were in common in our divergent Christian belief [that the Holy Spirit was a Feminine](#). That was his actual feminine vacuum, the mystery he employed all this time. (When it wasn't actually me.) So if I'm conceiving a circumstantial God proof in terms of analyzing the existing circumstance between me and him as existed prior to our encounter in 1992, -the natural inference for that God proof happening between two people who just happen to have two divergent Christian beliefs (so divergent they've always been heretical historically); -naturally the reason I have that maybe this circumstance has arisen between me and him is because it exists to imply the existence of a Feminine Holy Spirit; (-it is because I introduced this concept to Billy in 2000 and he has a Catholic background, he goes off on Mother Mary after that; -it's responsible for that curious line snippet-ing in "White Rabbit"; -he used to combine Mother Mary and me as object in his tweets when declaring his love (by that I mean, use us both in the same tweets); -to obtain those pictures he really went all out). It is on that basis of Bono and my divergent belief in a Feminine Holy Spirit (which is an element my father raised me with), that I consider whether the command Bono appears to declare he got from God (if it has to do with me) is something exceptional that may not constitute adultery. In other words, this existing common element was really the Only reason I was prepared to accept it might have been right for him to seduce me, and have it not be a sin.

What he does on the 2017 tour is deliberately erase this element from his whole body of work by substituting America as his feminine object, basically a nice switch to the Babylon Whore. He does this after having read my book and knowing exactly what the Holy Spirit implication meant between him and me. So pimping out his own God for the sake of his political connections and hopeful access to power was actually more valuable to him. It was an even worse act than abominating the Divine Feminine with an inverse. He was getting his audience to worship the inverse instead. We're really in the realm of spiritual high crimes, ideological failed think responsible for the illegitimate spilling of blood on a global scale.

Better yet, on the same tour, Bono wasn't done with my country yet until [he did this](#). No, yes, when U2 were in Canada on this tour [they lauded the grandchild of a Ukrainian Nazi propagandist as a leading feminist](#) on every tour stop because she's in Tru-dough's "Liberal" cabinet. (Like Australia, Canadian Liberals are not Liberals. They were neoliberalized along with the entire neoliberal program long ago, front line.) She is so Trump-topian the American Embassy lauded her acceptance as Foreign Minister as putting [an "America First" minister](#) in the post. That's how far down the navel she is in terms of using Canada as an American vassal state in terms of foreign policy.

[Rabbit hole # 2: Policy wise she sucks \(more than just American exceptionalist dick\); U2's hypocrisy, ditto - I mean she WW 3.0 sucks and she's gunning to be our next PM to the extent she's the real power behind this one](#)

Anyway, that is the sum of how I was violated to my core by both respective parties (yes, I was even erased online because I called U2's sell-out and no one else did), laughably with corresponding elements, despite one's being purely personal and one's being performance art on the world stage. Either one would shoot anyone out of the sky. But Bono's was the worst. Billy only killed my only dream. Bono not only robbed that by it actually happening and taking

something that could never happen again or be gotten back, he inverted my entire sense of God given purpose and wiped out any hope for the book, which was sort of one and the same, because when I got really scared in 2007 about whether what I'd allowed with Bono was wrong, the qualification I'd reached for was it could prove itself if there was an outcome. My outcome, my entire justification was the book, which was the capacity to open the situation up and allow it to become potentially universal, grounding the universal consciousness for the first time, -which is what I identified as the outcome. He robbed that too. When I say the book has the potential to rebalance Christianity in terms of the masculine/feminine, I was talking about this one element of it, the implication of a Feminine Holy Spirit that existed in the beginning between me and him. He's known about this since 1999. It was worth absolutely nothing to him, worth so little it doesn't exist anymore. He kicked that leg off the chair. It is gone now.

I've watched his (fully deliberate) descent; I now think he's patriarchal as f***. (If you're willing to erase a woman holding the existent potential that I do purely for the sake of personal global cachet, the mountain of cash you can make on a world tour playing the most craven pied piper you can possibly come up with, and personal convenience, and you know it holds the potential to literally re-order the Holy Trinity with a Divine Feminine, that makes you patriarchal as all F***.) While he became this thanks to his personal choice, he [won Glamour Magazine's "Woman of the Year"](#) for philanthroashing the (I was [right](#), it was [illegal](#)) Dakota Access Pipeline while [women protesters were being brutalized](#) by his billionaire sponsors who were DAPL investors, -who game state (and national) elections at will and manipulated the entire protest (and media) so that it never targeted them. His song to his daughters (they were worth one song as opposed to two) was pure condescension accusing them of self esteem issues on the world stage, and that was before he converted the song into a political stool pigeon. But his #brandfeminism comes off well. Chrystia Freeland will be running on that one plank ([some of us aren't stupid](#)) to see if she can nab Prime Minister of Canada (how gratuitous of U2 to crown her with a fake #brandfeminism platform they defined for her their entire world tour). Trudeau's taste for philanthropic brand synergy that made him useful to Bono/ONE [has proved to be his final undoing](#), creating the power vacuum for Freeland.

In [her own words](#): "At its best, this form of plutocratic political power offers the tantalizing possibility of policy practiced at the highest professional level with none of the messiness and deal making and venality of traditional politics. You might call it the Silicon Valley school of politics - a technocratic, data-based, objective search for solutions to our problems, uncorrupted by vested interests or, when it comes to issues like smoking or soft drinks, our own self-indulgence." Freeland has made her bed with the "philanthrocapitalists" (her word), i.e., [Bono's \\$350 million RED sponsors for the year 2016](#), -the ones [making a move on societal control](#) under the guise of global Covid-19 vaccination with digital vaccination certificates (and contact tracing on a respiratory disease providing for total surveillance, when contact tracing barely works for STDs), -a digital vaccination certificate that Gates implied would have the power to determine who will be eligible to work, -and who will not be. -How perfect Freeland's positioning is in Canada for Mr. Gates! A fortune made [via monopoly](#), whose world thrust is [monopolizing healthcare and agriculture in Africa](#), made [major moves](#) only into healthcare avenues (vaccination programs) whose herd immunity end goal amounts [to healthcare monopoly for the most monopolistic US big Pharma entities out there](#), whether it proved viable from a healthcare standpoint or not. COVID-19 is practically [a gift](#) to apply these machinations on a global scale. Given his corporate laissez-faire in North America involves corporate negligence that abuses entire countries, why is this individual [trusted](#) on matters of world health?

If you read one article on this subject, (as opposed to all the substantiating hyperlinks above), I recommend [The Greyzone's](#).

You don't deserve to harvest society; -there will be no society. It cannot exist on your predications for exploiting it. Amoral capitalism's predication on exponential growth (for the sake of maximal human labour exploitation) requires the destruction of societies, starting at nature underneath it all.

-Let's have more people get burned alive as collateral damage for the sake of Gates' sky-rocketing 34% stock increase in CN in one year while CN's rail accidents sky-rocket (all this occurred in 2013), because that is, apparently, not a venal way to make profits! The regulation of CN [is pure fascism](#). All CN's rail accidents/mechanical failures were classified "top secret" by Transportation Canada while they became a gong show on rails thanks to privatization. (WTAF!) Any investigation of accidents is done by CN and CP's respective corporate private police forces (which were privatized when the companies were privatized; -when the companies were nationalized, they were national police forces.). If you want a sense of just how explicit this double standard is in Canada, [RCMP enforce civil injunctions against all rail protest blockades](#), but police and RCMP never investigate CN railway's criminal negligence. Google "CN has private police investigating rail accidents cbc" (no actually unless your searches aren't mined do yourself a favour and don't) and see how many CN accidents the search produces in a given moment. The caps limiting the stock share an individual could own in CN as a term of its privatization were relaxed purely for Bill Gates' benefit so that he now owns 24% of a \$56 billion train set. Our Nazi spawn gunning for PM has a professed ideological alignment with Mr. Gates. She will willingly put the country at his feet when he has already completely f***ed it over. How convenient!!! How fellating useful are U2!

Um yea. Thanks to Bono's invitation only FaceBook investment, I delineated the pattern of technocracy getting its jumpstart with the "Arab Spring" in 2013, while attacking his philanthropic alignment with plutocracy in the United States (it was his dependency). Tumblr erased all the sourcing in the Bono essay by disappearing every single hyperlink in every single essay revision without my consent. It only got saved because I transferred it to my own website before then.

In due course I read Yasha Levine's "Surveillance Valley", and most gratifyingly, Yasha himself became the one independent journalist to dig up and run with the buried truth about Chrystia Freeland [after I had already published on it much earlier](#).

[Rabbit Hole #1: Footnote 3](#)

When I finished that essay my computer got obliterated in an online hacking attack. A month or so later, the salt cell (read Apple hard drive) corrupted (which was cited as very unusual) and I lost everything on it. (The report wasn't lost because I produced it online on my own website.) And like I said as soon as I solicited to publish this article that included Freeland, FaceBook threatened my publisher's online FaceBook account. My computer got taken out simultaneously by a sophisticated ransomware attack.

My sense of betrayal is based on very concrete maneuverings of power, which are literally gunning to put a Nazi descendent as my head of state. U2 publicly condoned her because she's professedly aligned with Bono's billionaire sponsor. She literally believes in plutocratic rule by technocrat, and the move has been made. She's being thrust into power to protect Bill Gates' criminally negligent, fascist run \$56 billion train set. (If [he can switch the governor of North Dakota at will](#) to protect his illegally installed DAPL investment, -he can do Canada do. We don't have regulation on foreign funding of our election campaigns (at the provincial level, so I'm presuming that's also federal. -Yes, it's a vassal state. It's baked in.)

TRUMP [IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THIS](#), -thank you very much.

This isn't a hyperbolic Nazi. More like a real one. The moves to entrench white supremacy at the heart of Canada's conservative body politic have been maneuvered in place since the '80's, and mainlined into the Canadian body politic when Alberta's (formerly secessionist) Reform Party ate Canada's Conservative party. It's no coincidence Alberta is and was a significant hot-bed concentration of this white supremacist movement and is where a significant concentration of the Nazi Ukrainian SS spawn reside. (Does the propagandistic implication of a movie like **Allied** bother you yet? -It should. Spoiler: Marion Cotillard's character is a high level Nazi spy; -it's all such an incredibly noble romantic plot geared to sympathize with her as a "good" Nazi; -and her spawn ends up raised [in Alberta](#). I don't know if the gullible public perception could have been inoculated to the advent of Herr Freeland any better in terms of uncanny corresponding Hollywood origin myth pap that doesn't fit the bill at all. Yes, she was raised in Alberta.) In other words we are double plus f***ed now. Canada has no way out. I've been observing this for decades. (If you were aware of the splinter parties in Canada's multi-party system, that only leads to the conclusion that we are quintuple plus f***ed.) However the purported Liberals are the ones with zero awareness of their proximity to danger. That is heftily helped along by the propaganda as performance art spewed by the likes of Bono. Inestimably so. Not a little but a lot, because it is the ultimate stealth bomb of such. -Sort of like the damned movie. (I save my obscenity laden prose for when it counts.)

deep breath

I have not changed in 25 years. U2 have flipped their f***ing lid. Bono was willing to hijack his Feminine God and service the vacuum he made of his feminine Mystery as object and substitute it with America, a per the theological definition of American theocratic fascism. In the self-same move, he hijacked feminism and used it to service female Nazi spawn gunning for Prime Minister of Canada. -Brilliant!

I don't think I could come up with a more devastating analogy of SILENCE=DEATH if I tried, in terms of what he was devastatingly prepared to do with himself the moment he was prepared to maintain his silence via permanent omission when it came to my existence. It was 27 years from the point where Bono states he'd gotten a command from God to when I finished the book and it all blew apart - 1987-2014.

How in the human f*** could I say anything anymore, -when this is my f***ing wingman? This is execution via omission, which made it execution for me to speak. Actually it literally made it impossible for me to speak...

-How sick does it have to get? If you had been betrayed on these levels, and had been resurrected (twice) only to be betrayed (so you no longer even trust the Transcendent anymore, because in 1998 that was what put you on the wrong track), for Christ's sake you'd need a Transcendent event to be awake at all too. I mean I already went through a Transcendent event and even that was betrayed. I was betrayed on this scale. I was betrayed on the level of an eternal troth. I went through the possibility of having a common command from God begin on an unconscious level separately, having it actually merge (taking 30 years to do so), having him come back at me with "eternally yours" once I met him in person in 1999, and being betrayed on that scale. "Eternally yours" means I'm not even permitted to exist, being confined to utter secrecy inside my own head, that or being labeled a lunatic, because Mr. "eternally yours" can't even

acknowledge that I exist. If we track back to the first betrayal which was my father, you're going to begin to wonder why I'm alive at all.

I really hope we made it to the end of the ugly, or you did. (I have only one cul-de-sac left.) I hope anyone violating this letter's privacy by attempting to screen it has already dropped dead by now (Billy put a screener on the personal email address he launched for communication publicly circa 2003 which gave me unlimited communication (of a sort), which was probably a mistake), but if they haven't stopped reading, this is officially the point of no return. Because analogous to the Tree of Knowledge, what follows is knowledge you do not wish to end up culpable for by being aware of it. The responsibility, to tell or not to tell, is too steep. I guarantee it. Hand the letter to its rightful owner and let him decide for himself.

It goes without saying that where the Bono debacle is concerned, I have one hell of a lot to own up to. It's also (depending on the count), 28-33 years of timeline I am forced to recant. I have been trapped since 2013 with what I perceived to be no possible way out. I don't have any excuse or explanation (well actually I thought I did and still think so, but it's hard to say whether it would qualify to you, because the gist of "Pain That I'm Used To" is that my sense of grounding never did matter to you and you yourself don't need it from me). I don't have any excuse or explanation for why I thought the only way I could approach you was with the book, meaning you were at that bifurcating line where in my mind I was going to transition to opening the whole Pandora's box up and let people who were potentially involved judge it universally, -as opposed to approaching you individually as I had done with Bono, Nick Cave, and Billy Corgan. The only thing I can say is that maybe if you read it, you might begin to understand. Getting viewed like I might be a potential stalker really isn't my cup of tea. I much prefer to operate in a manner that gives someone the freedom 1) to find out on their own, 2) works at a universal level, and is something they can pick up, opt to put down, or dismiss.

But I will give you something succinct, -I believe none [of this state of mind actually exists](#) unless there is an actual existing intellectual spine of reasoning to it. You are free to believe there doesn't have to be a reasoned qualification to arrive at that state, -that is your prerogative and you are better positioned than anyone to argue it. Your problem is, I don't ever arrive of that frame of mind otherwise. I never would have arrived at this otherwise. I never would have arrived at you.

And if, on a given night, Billy Corgan can utterly invert that state until it becomes the promulgation of literally nothingness and he gets to devastate or delude entire swaths of his audience on a tour he explicitly dubs "Black Wings Over America" (with [a poster](#) explicitly connoting "her" human sacrifice -how ironic is that now), -and Bono can easily invert the feminine mystery at the heart of his entire body of work and use it to promulgate American theocratic fascism for an entire world tour to an entirely unsuspecting audience chock full of spiritual illiterates, (a tour that to boot was geared to facilitating a Nazi descendent into a position of national leadership in my country), -then trust me when I say you need a spinal cord. In 1995/96 when I sacrificed myself I was ready and fully willing to be that spinal cord and be sacrificed to a lifetime of invisibility. Billy gave me literally no choice on reversing my tact. I consider the altercation to have been a good thing. For him to write what he has, despite our break up, so does he. Yea, Bono wants nothing better right now than for none of this to be real; he obviously got all he wanted out of it, including a more than pleasant retirement. But what he's done with the power of the vacuum at his disposal is un-sanctionable. -Just the same as it was with Billy. It is this level of foreknowledge that has put my whole priority on producing something rational I can then substantiate with a book that can be accessible to not just you but potentially anyone. I am not and never was an elitist. I look at the whole thing in terms of implication of structure and processing and I have done that since the outset. I considered that to be of paramount importance. It has, in every respect, paid off in my encounters. At least that appears to have been the case. I still look at it exactly the same way all the time and have it disappear and dissolve

into nothing, still question the implication of “is it all wrong and could it still end up doing this horrible thing” (because the truth to my mind is that it still bloody well could; -“I could corrupt you” is real (Bono effectively did that in a sense), and so are a host of other potential problems), on a not infrequent basis. I’ve been stuck with that wrangling alone for the majority of my life, like practically 2/3s of it, begun in the utter black.

(Maybe you can’t ever get away from the black, or vice versa, will the f***er still turn out right when he says all that you are doing is damnably black? If Bono is what you always trusted and he can f*** up like this (ha-ha, and still Bono can’t figure out why his prospect forced me off a cliff where I jumped and left him in 1995, which is the only thing saving me now), -were you always wrong just like the f***er always said, that whoever “he” turned out to be, he was going to be allied with anti-christ? Because American theocratic fascism is not too far of a stone’s throw now after all is it? I get even larger Q’s I can barely grasp, such as, why is this repeating the childhood programming of utter and essential betrayal (by a male) consistently with every one I encounter who responds and reacts, and would you even dare try again with anyone else? Is it just an infliction on someone (how ‘bout we sacrifice an ex to his own utter intrinsic failure as a human-?), -which is what froze me the majority of my life? Where you’re concerned, you couldn’t stop saying “*and the gods decree*” and being Rasputin-esque (my theological BS meter is thankfully high, -oh the irony), -which put you exactly where my father said you’d be. I’m sorry, plural makes you heathen, which meant I could never trust you. You’ve never been easy for me either.)

The book was on hold due to the very large question of, what would its revelation do to colour our perception and understanding of inspiration and whether that would truncate or divert it? To start, the very act ends objectivity in the very context it lays out. I mean it’s a serious problem if you go to investigate the question of whether or not this is happening in those inspired consciously or not, -and one out of the three with the highest rate of say, correlating incidence, comes back at you with “you are fully deluded”; -which is the same implication as, well guess what, this collective consciousness can happen with the participant being wholly inspired to the extent of being wholly unconscious of the existent nature of his (implicitly their) inspiration. If you want a dissection of the ethical issues, they happened in the question of whether or to take the revelation to Billy to the level of escalation of actually proving it to him, or not. It has some serious corkscrews on free will. It was because Bono appeared to be operating on a command from God, and therefore was already possessed of a worldview that implicitly understood he was operating at the behest of a higher conscious power (and that appeared to be specifically in possible regard to myself), that it was sanctionable to reveal to him. Revelations are dangerous. I was stuck on the question for years. The fact that it was truly dangerous played out in that the situation between Bono and myself was no longer objective after I revealed myself to him in 2000. Without that added latitude, I feel quite sure he never would have been able to have seduced me, -which at this point amounts to, he never would have gotten to sacrifice me to a false idol he promulgated across the world, which is what he did immediately upon his decision to render utterly invisible the actual truth (i.e., me).

I’m not sure the Cave situation qualifies (because there’s no way to be sure he intended Issue #96 as a veiled answer to my question to him), and I’m not sure I should go through all of the unpacking that lies between me and him, (I don’t explicitly remember the details to it all now anyway as I didn’t write them down when they happened), -but the upshot was, if he produced Issue #96 to answer me after all this time, I’ve got a qualified answer on my ethical question of, -is it ethical to reveal the entire substance of the collective body of inspiration to someone who isn’t conscious they’ve been a participant in that, or not? If the tombstone epitaph is that answer, -every one of the three I put my questions to 20 years ago has come out the better for it, and the only reason Bono did not is because he made a concrete decision to substitute the truth with an egregious falsehood. That’s his decision. If you consider my revelation in turn fur-

nished his power to seduce me, he got exactly what he wanted... it liberated him creatively for that entire span of time in the sense that it sunk his fangs into a fecund vein.

It was his choice how he proceeded after his choice to invisible-ize me, and whether he'd proceed to do something heinous with the vacuum he made of it. (He didn't have to proceed into substituting American theocratic fascism in the bargain, that was his choice of use of oeuvre.) He didn't have to do any of that, it was him opting to be useful to power. It was absolutely antithetical to me. It could not have been more antithetical. Bono himself is now testament to the extremely dangerous nature of free will that is directly conferred by this revelation, i.e., once you're in possession of it, you begin to make choices framed in reference to it. I warned Billy at the outset, in not dire language, but fair warning. (I told you this is about as dangerous as the Tree of Knowledge. I'm not quite kidding. Not the same scale, but analogous, -definitely.) That was Bono's choice. Billy, one of my prospects who in my perception began in the damnably damned sector, actually came out the better of it and better for it. I'm not sure how much more irony I can take. I consider the fact that final judgment has never been up to me to be a good thing. (The Bible puts this on Christ. -I'm lethal enough in my own right.)

I'm hoping if you get a glimpse of the levels at which my (let's say mentat like) mind operates, you'll begin to understand it operates at these levels not just thinking them out, but also intuitively. I trigger like a mentat on cues which process very quickly. And true confession, I've triggered sexually just on the apparently inspired notion that one of you is trying to actually find where I am in the real world ([this was bloody uncanny](#) in [the details](#), down to our favourite frequented FI beach (which was destroyed by sea level rise), plus my Vancouver Island origins, -and then some), -or [appears to actually really need me in the real world](#). (-Rare, but it happens. (And let me qualify by saying yes it can do that, if it's in a sufficient (which for me is pretty damned big) matrix.) -Which is just part of my own self-awareness telling me what actually matters to me is what I've always wanted; -it's never happened, but my body tells me physically.) **Ghosteen** did not trigger me sexually exactly, (even though that is exactly what it was designed to do) but it made me self aware I was on a sort of hair trigger and that it triggered something mind-blowing. I didn't trigger until Issue #96. In other words, I did not trigger until I had a cue that permitted the intellectual arrival at the above conclusion, even though this wasn't so much consciously processing on my part. I know I've arrived at the correct conclusion almost intuitively. The rational understanding is but a small facet. It happens in my mind and is actually the only reason my mind reacts the way it does, but it is almost non-verbal.

I actually can't qualify it rationally because Cave didn't have the guts, as per usual with all the men I've encountered on this personally, to permit me anything concrete in terms of evidence. He couldn't be brave enough to answer my question directly, but would only play with his selection of other people's questions and tease facets of my question, though as per usual he was doing this in the most eloquent and empathetic of ways. Obviously I knew for myself it was inconclusive but it triggered me intuitively anyhow. (If you want a testament to the latency of feminine power and how much it shrivels collective nuts, in a nutshell, no one had the co-jones for this. Not a single one of the three. But they were willing to play me. Again, with Cave that's inconclusive. But the outcome is no different with all three. That is why they are nothing but Golgotha scarecrows aping movements with buttons for eyes. Each individually is a device that inadvertently or intentionally hides the truth from their entire audience (two hid the truth). Buttons for eyes was the proffering of every stage offering for profiteering; but it was a considered conclusion they were all the better for finding out.)

Here's the crux: I would not have considered it ethical in my own mind to approach you until I had all three conclusions. The Cave aspect was and is inconclusive, but intuitively it triggered me anyhow. I felt pretty darned sure. Besides which, the question of whether Billy was wholly inspired or knew there was an existing object to his inspiration on earth that could fulfill all of it

in front of his face in real time was never actually answered one way or the other, (again, because no one has ever had the balls to ground this in the real world by even something so basic as a Q & A, which is what matters). I mean, if I had to literally prove it to him, which is what I did, the implication is in the pudding. Namely, the fact that he had to have it proven to him naturally implies that he didn't actually know, -because in all probability he would have reacted to my advent without having to have it proven to him if he'd been aware that June was real to him and that she was a removed person out there somewhere on the planet. (I once wrote to Bono acerbically that if Billy had felt even remotely the way I did, nothing on earth would have been able to stop him from coming to find me and stepping in the room, whereas he was hardly capable of lifting a finger.)

And guess what? Even though he found out June was real and he found out he wasn't as personally interested in her as he might have thought (probably the cowardice induced by a serious emotional intelligence deficit more than anything else, if you need to mate with someone you could have fathered when you were 27, you couldn't retreat any further from not wanting to take on an in no way "tiny girl"; -but on the other hand, maybe it was that he had, from the outset, not approached this with intellectual honesty and knew at his core it wasn't him and that it wouldn't turn out well (and it was my own subconscious [that gave him the dream he ran with](#), in the sense that I'm almost positive it presented him with his excuse to be excused, because this dream reaches back to the Machina Mysteries in 2000 and the realization I may have been wrong to ask Billy in 1999 in my mind because of the nature of the want); -on precisely that same element (in a sense), the dream implied that he wasn't right. -Billy may have proven right about this all along; -and at staging self-destruct as art performance, he's a true artist; -Jessica Simpson was literally too perfect. -Anyway, despite all that, -Billy still came out far better off. But he wouldn't grant me that insight until 2017.

(Incidentally Bono's also appears to have been architectural self-destruct. Meaning he's not dumb enough to have done it. Neither one of them were dumb enough to have done it. Bono's is more of an ethical question as to why though. His moral high ground that it was for Ali is obvious. It may qualify the "invisible" aspect (perhaps he could have figured out it wasn't a conflict with perhaps an iota of intellectual effort; human sacrifices shouldn't be necessitated to my mind). That moral high ground in no way qualifies the deliberate substitution and promulgation of American theocratic fascism, and if she's fine with it, I think they're both failures to each other. I want zero to do with either, which is really frustrating because at ground zero suddenly I've got division and I've done just about everything to avoid that. Fact remains, no one who's actually feminist will take out or degrade an existing wife. -Ever. (On the other count, -no one in this apparent nascent collective consciousness is in ideological agreement with each other on much of anything, which was part of the point. -Though I suspect the only potential Trump-topian might have been Billy, -were it not for a refusal on principle to ever vote.)

Until Cave penned his Issue #96, I did not have a prospective conclusion on all three. Because it was not until I wrote to him in 2019 he was in a position to re-assess the whole thing and his whole unconscious position in it, and arrive at his own conclusion. And if he says that's the epitaph on his tombstone and my missive was why he said it, I gave him a transcendent meaning that fulfilled his creative purpose in life despite the fact that it all transpired unconsciously and had zero to do with us ever ending up together. Which is all rather mind-blowing.

What I was not substantively aware of at that point is that it totally reframed all the latent geometry I had with you. I approached three out of the four I had at my core. Until I had results on all three, there literally wasn't a rational or ethical basis for me to approach you. It could have been wrong to do, and the scale of the potential wrong it might be has its highest potential where you are concerned. Especially and essentially what conclusion Bono arrived or didn't arrive at was pertinent when it came to the question of whether or not to approach you, though I won't explain that right this moment; (-it's going to take more than one try). The testament

that my mind triggers intuitively on rational conclusions is utterly obvious from what transpired next. My mind needed to know that telling was the right thing to do with everyone at my core. Not just one. Not just two. But with all three in three distinct categories of consciousness. I needed to know that telling them would leave them better off than if I did not tell them. If it turned out right on the spectrum of all three, I was within my latitude, at long last, to tell you too. The fact that I arrived at that latitude rationally after a course of nineteen years was in effect responsible for what happened next. Taken from another direction, -I don't compromise on perfection either (you can eat your words on that one). I have to believe you will be the better for it if I tell you, and that's not easy; -not easy at all. -Especially if I consider where Bono currently went. That stopped me dead for seven years. It was basically such an utter cock-up it was like, well, there's literally zero to tell anymore (and I expended over half a million words on it as a single mother on food stamps -whelp). Billy was literally zero too. Cave thought I was crazy. There's nothing to tell. (*sigh* There is just no way anything is going to sound right to you as to why this has taken this long, -why you were fourth. I agree in 2013 it was already too late, but was far too trapped and wounded then to think anything was possible. Notwithstanding I emailed and contacted every party I considered part of the musical connective consciousness as best I could, including Depeche Mode btw, circa 2014, with whatever means at my disposal I could find. None of that worked.)

Let's try putting it this way: If I have only one person left out of four, and all three in some manner or another basically went kamikaze and blew themselves up in the sky (or in the instance of Cave, politely and respectfully removed one's self from all consideration); -and the last one of the four is saying this is eternal; (-you were one out of 3/4 who said this was eternal (there were more than just the four); -you're the only one left standing); -if approaching these people one by one in the past nearly destroyed it all and nearly destroyed me, repeatedly, (-and all for the end result of a mere two f***ing songs); -and the mutual belief it's eternal [occurring in an objective context, which is, to my mind, what makes it even potentially possible];-only happened with this one person (by which I mean you), meaning it's the true point of the question that will make it or break it; -if having this hit eternal transcendent affirmation has been the whole goal of my whole life, then trust me, I'm going to be far too afraid to even reach out and touch it after this. Not only am I going to be far too afraid to touch it (because I have an imperative to preserve it), I'm also under the impression this person has put forward a framework that has zero to do with my mind's asking and is effectively only referencing life after death; -then why would I bother him, if what he's asserting is purely transcendent? If I have actual faith in what I've been trying to arrive at this entire time, I'm simply going to have faith in life after death and wait for it then, because, in all fairness, that is the only framework this individual has ever said this exists at. If it's there when we die then I'll have accomplished what I set out to do. After all, the only one to impart the impression he wanted me to actually show up and be with him politely informed me that none of this is real (Nick).

May 16th, the following afternoon I was on the kitchen floor in teary-eyed personal devastation, leaned up against the wall (again with no one the wiser, no one saw me). -Because I had all the above with Bono to process. I had Nick Cave to process, and I had no choice but to accept that it doesn't and has never once existed, and that for me is just the sum of loss. I was simply facing that what Cave had done in 1997 had never been intended for me and what was happening now to me wasn't intended either, -and I crashed on it. What Cave presented to me in 1998 proved to have never been real, and I know it's not real with him now either. (Writing to him I framed all this super well, trust me, but it's not actually something I've fully processed as hurt, -not until I'm forced awake.) I have all of the above personal betrayal to process. I even have last Christmas to process, which was no fun at all. No one would want to wake back up to this. -No one. And neither did I. It is devastating. Believe me it got dark. And that's the beginning, perhaps, of Chapter 1. It got so dark I had to kneel and ask Jesus for forgiveness, and that was remarkable in how it shifted everything. I haven't been at that mental strait for 20 years. I consider it embarrassing and humbling in the extreme.

The question cycling on repeat, *Why did this happen?* -ratchets up and down a full scale where I am forced again back to the beginning to question everything from from scratch as if I'm reset at zero and there is nothing at all. I am in so much uncertainty at this moment I'm thrown back to square one on the book and the question of whether I should just destroy it, whether that's better? That it exists is a shiver of fear. Bowie gave me that sort of fear too with the "Blackstar" video premiere; -just viewing it made me afraid at the outset. It took a lot to process and even have the courage to post the book for the first time in public field at all (even if no one saw it).

And from my perspective I have betrayal even perhaps by God Themselves to process. Regardless of where that stands, I have that sensibility to process.

Try this on for size (and I have to because scarily the thread of continuity on this has not actually broken itself even though I've broken it multiple times and been resurrected multiple times, -for me this still traces back to when I was 16, -and I've been thrown back so far I have to reconsider whether or not I succeeded or failed in breaking it); -from my vantage, not only did God put me with the Devil when I was 16, with the Devil getting an entire lifetime to gull me into the forced coercion that it was a command from God, (even if I can qualify this as false), then after the Devil gets its way (which involves a sort of soul death in order to avoid being murdered outright), -then I got resurrected by someone with a pre-existing connection saying "come be with me" (who was of course redeemed by Christ and imputes this to a woman; -in the exact dynamic I'd set up when I put myself under); -meaning even what appears to be transcendent affirmation in Christ turns out to apparently be not real; -since this turns out to not be true since the bloke says I'm fully deluded. So not only is it like being stillborn with the only hope you ever had getting to kill you in slow motion for 17 years by killing your heart several times over, this 17 years of suffering is down to the fact that God used a transcendent awareness only to awaken me inside a total lie, -because the transcendent awareness is present with this bloke being 100% unconscious of why he became a medium for it. (Oh, and he not only gets to do this to you once, but twice 22 years apart.) I get put through the lie I got put through at 16 years old (from a purported prophet who claims to be both Elijah and John the Baptist and made my life his personal project to turn my own perception into an inescapable proof of that fact I couldn't escape) by a brand new bloke a second time, who got the same command in the exact same year saying, "*I love you cause I understand that God has given me your hand*", -who says that this is eternal as soon as he actually meets me in person, -only to have him put me through a betrayal surprisingly imitative of my father's first set of machinations that would have led dear dad to the conclusion he had to kill me. The second individual I literally put my soul on the line for to save us both from my eternal damnation murderous father for, -it wasn't even worth it to him to acknowledge that I exist. He gets 30 years to play me to the conclusion where he renders the whole thing deliberately invisible, -seducing me only to erase me and substituting his apparent vacuum with the Babylon Whore for cash. Oh yes, God purportedly sent that one too. Oh yes and for a double plus act, just attempting to follow the path it appears God put in front of me via a transcendent Redemption taking place in two separate parties (myself and the bloke let's call him #2 (Cave), -plus a universal f***ing feedback loop happening all the time which directs me to one nexus (bloke #3 -Billy), both factors which are once again apparently God in ultracolor spades), -it turns out this puts me on a head on collision course with soul killer as performance art douche nozzle, and I have to take him on one on one too, *which I actually succeed at*, only to have him play me and betray me for the joy of personal conquest as pure triviality.

This was the same as Billy knowledgeably abandoning both my children and myself to my ex for years of cycling through predatory hell with zero support base. (-Billy full on knew I was being forced to deal with a second predatory individual who had also threatened to kill me (father first, 1st and only real world marriage, 2nd), YET he played this "I want to get married very

soon” online game with a single mother domestic battery victim who had to choose which country was the safe outcome for her children for two years while she dilemma’d between them, and his country wasn’t the one she wanted, -unless she was with him in it. -How choice! Billy “knew’ all of this right down to [SIYL](#), (knew the SIYL video was real), -including the part that what I did saved his soul too, because when I performed that little number for Bono and myself because what lay between Bono and myself was a universality, I performed it on a universal scale which went so far as to (ta-da, you guessed it), -put me past Trent “[Reptile](#)” Reznor). Billy actually had the audacity to alter the lyrics to “Perfect” live to make it a nasty secret retort to me, because he got angry when I put it to him that because he’d done nothing tangible or real towards me, he gave me zero choice in weighing the decision in terms of best outcome for my children in terms of either country (if I could in fact manage it, which boiled down to, I pretty much couldn’t, or I’d risk losing the green card, which I couldn’t risk); -he got pissed when I informed him early on that his online secret position (he could only pretend to relate out of a position which gave him total control); -the fact that nothing was tangible meant I had no choice but that he had zero impact on my “which country” decision, -because anything else would be unethical. He registered absolutely zero about having a child until he had one himself. I think “Song for a Son” he actually wrote because I (oh so gently) dissected his fear of having children in relation to his career/father and this was such a personal release he wrote the song right after, -and went on to have a son.

Oops. Rabbit hole paragraph. Would you just think you had a special penchant for masochism by that point and none of it was worth it, -absolutely none of it? I sure did. Would you blame God or me? Really which one is better?

Or, is God patriarchal as f***, -or is it just that they’re patriarchal as f***? Surely God could do better?

Here’s an even better question: Would you think it was worthwhile to tell ANYONE (let alone someone who’s appeared to have declared themselves as your eternal soul mate several times over), -this timeline? (Given we’ve just been sleeping together (well that’s a paradox and a half), I am duty bound to tell you.)

Do you even want to crack the half a million word version of this which it explains it all step by excruciating step so the above becomes clear as crystal instead of a mind boggling mess? Would you want to know?

Revelation has always scared the living crap out of me with due reason. It is just as potentially dangerous this time too. In fact, given that you are repository of the *real* eternal lover in this existent situation, this makes it the most dangerous prospect it’s ever been.

In short I’m a devastated person.

Why would I even sit down and write it?

Christmas holiday I made the mistake of ingesting a chemical substance at a nightclub post one of two Christmas dinners because it was the first time I encountered one of my drug imbibing friends in oh, let’s say a decade, and I was really happy to see him, and of course he offered me “e”. I was out with my brother for the first time, the youngest one. I was fine dancing until I did it, then I was not fine at all. I was thrown back into the exact same dilemmas I’d had 25 or so years ago and shocked to find not one of them had changed. They were worse now because out of the last two decades I have hardly danced at all and the only dancing I did for a stretch was in a marital context, meaning for his eyes only, -so I’m not even sure how that’s influenced me or if I can reel that back. -Terrified as ever of how quick I turn into the cen-

ter, just by difference. I forgot too I almost never coupled dancing with drug use. Definitely forgot every trip I ever actually did with this guy (-two?) -were bad ones. Definitely wasn't prepared to not go out clubbing not alone, and realize it put me in the position of enabler to all my brother's drug use issues. Definitely wasn't prepared to go out after a hiatus of not quite 20 years, forget the substance, the hiatus was just as long and that was a giant mistake. It's not until after the drug I register that in fact the majority of my dancing in the past 20 years has had one viewer in basically a martial context and I'm self-conscious about whether and how much that's affected me and whether that's appropriate? Couldn't have cared less about the scene in the sense of questioning whether anything about the scene was worthwhile. But I can in a heartbeat identify a man in the mell who is there solely to pray over the scene and thank him for doing so, because the scene scared the hell out of me and the scene wasn't impressed with me either. They could all identify the trip in the fact that I wasn't prepared to step onto the floor.

For me it started at, none of the guys seem really happy with the fact that they're here, they look like they're suffering it for the girls. They look like they really think it's totally gay. Which leads to the Q of how narcissistic does it have to be to have this sort of result? That and a tonne of things. Being any good is taken as token for narcissism. Or maybe it's just the fact that actually dancing with a man is something I've practically never done (why would I trust it), which just makes its own implication. I feel bad because it bothers the hell out of me; -if everyone's dancing for their own sake, there's zero community. Where's the social aspect; -do boys just get to jive with girls? It seems like zero. And the only indications of "community" I see are the goals the guys have if they really think this all is as gay as f***. "*John I'm only dancing, she turns me on, don't get me wrong, but I'm only dancing*" is the opposite of where these guys appear to be at.) And it's something as one in hundreds I have zero impact on where this ends up, which is not comforting at all; -so much for purported sensibilities as a global empath. Being one I keep a 100% secret from everyone I know does zero to change my vulnerabilities thrown into a crowd, and if you have actually succeeded in mating with one man in your mind half a world away you feel vulnerable as all f***. I felt vulnerable as all f*** long before it ever happened. -Welcome home. You're still alone. My friend was walking around with an electric halo and the worst thing that could have possibly happened is if he had put it on my head.

I don't feel sound if I can get taken to zero and worse by a one night "e" trip where even the DJ appears to walk off in disgust and I know my friend will never call me back and I felt damned in the end just by presence, or close to it. All those years where I didn't speak to anyone. Fair enough, I HAD ISSUES. I don't have to take social responsibility for the entire electronic dance craze because I was a participant in my generation, do I?

The trip thrusts me back into Pandora's Box and how I don't want to ever deal with Pandora's Box at all ever again on the larger scale to these questions I've always debated in my mind, of how the fundamentals are such that everyone will probably just take off running in all the wrong ways if they attempt to apply them to themselves. It could get so ugly so very, very easily. It doesn't really register to me maybe I've got thrust back to square one by Bono's betrayal so maybe I'd naturally get subject to a horrible trip back at square 1 in the interim.

Sitting against the wall in the floor in the galley kitchen I find I don't want to address any of this ever again in eternity either.

I mean, Holy f***, humanity literally just f***ed over the entire planet on the question of f***ing. Literally f***ed themselves to death with it. So why would you dare to even open a Pandora's box on a Holy F*** when they've already proven themselves such a bunch of collective bumbling bumblef***s they'd literally kill life and creation itself over the bloody question? (Yea I'm real enthused about meeting any of these in a club as utter complete strangers. Maybe a new

killer ex!) Like why in holy tarnation would you even want to have that Q to face in eternity? Like even want to put that question on the f***ing shelf, until the afterlife?

Good God no, -don't want to deal with it there from ground zero from scratch. Like hell no.

Even if I have Martin still prospectively to deal with. This has gone so well the first two times. Why would I want to even try that one more time with another person, even if it's potentially possible?

No, too much pain to want anymore.

I'm so good at disappearing. I'd sooner rather disappear on the afterlife at this point. I don't want it anymore.

That as a thought, that despair has destroyed my whole sense of purpose inside me beyond death at this point, that is beyond staggering. But it was how I felt.

I think I'll just disappear.

That got dark.

I'd rather disappear than go through this pain anymore ever at all.

What about Martin?

-If it's anything like the first two (I've no reason to hope it won't be), I'd sooner disappear. I don't want any afterlife.

Wow.

I want to disappear.

That was part of it. Another part was (not these words), if you are dealt that you are permanently in your life the way it is despite the fact that there might be Martin (which is the hand you're dealing yourself if you conclude you've set Martin on the shelf to the afterlife if you're just trying to keep the transcendent truth safe from the wreckage reality just keeps dealing and dealing on the situation, or, you're dealt the horrible outcome you were dealt from the second Billy produced **Machina**, which was horrible horrible odds of being separated for life through no fault of your own, awareness of which practically split me in half); -if that's the situation or turns out to be the situation no matter what you try to do, can't you just accept your state of life as is (this to an individual talking to one's self who's stated internally "I hate my life" too many times in the last seven years to count). I've been reconciled to nothing for definitely the last 20 years, and certainly am not reconciled to anything since 16 years of age. -Most of my life I'd have preferred (I thought) to be dead. Now even death has no appeal.

So I've been in rebellion, total rebellion, to God inflicting me with the danger of this probability for a full 20 years. I think any God Who would do that to an individual (forcing them to 100% internalize it to boot) has to be a horrible God. Fundamentally this has to do with whether I trust enough not to blame God and whether I can accept God's will in my life no matter what it metes out.

This is the first moment I find myself beginning to reconcile. (There's countless variables that make it so it might, I won't start with the first one, -Bono already forced me through that one

and that hurt so bad, I'm done. I. will. Not. Go. Through. It. Again. twice. I'd sooner die.)

I'd sooner disappear.

-Couldn't you just accept if it happens?

(-It's not worse than anything that's already happened, it already happened.)

Granted, with "Book of Your Heart" Bono acknowledges it is a wedding tying it into me. But when he can't acknowledge that's real and is pretending I don't even exist, what does that even mean? When he closes with we're not even together and it's just something we choose to do, what does that even mean?

I got put through all of it as false. So now I'm on the track of having to accept my culpability that the whole course with Bono was wrong. -How could I think something could shift and transform out of something that was so essentially evil? That the universe could shift it? That I could? How dare I have the audacity to think so? Was I wrong about the whole course of the whole 28-33 years (charting back to either '87 or '92)? Was everything I thought about Bono just one giant wrong turn into a new falsehood? Am I just culpable for the danger I presented to his marriage and adultery? (The Bible puts accusation on this at the level of thought, not action. I feel like testament as to why.)

And I find myself back at square 1 having to ask for forgiveness for my culpability in my entire choice if I was wrong. As if what's meting out is my putting him in this position, nothing more.

I cannot believe it.

Could you accept if it all might have happened this way because you were wrong? And if you were wrong you need to destroy the book. It's better if it's destroyed.

How could you be such a fool as to fall for the same trap twice, if it hit you as coming from God? In believing in the possibility there might be some sort of an exception?

Yep, I had to repent and ask for forgiveness. I'm as afraid as I was back November 1992 and that stopped me for 18 years, Bible kid. And not stopping him was all for nothing too.

That was the first time in about four hours I had a creeping sensation of calm and peace and began to relax. It seemed remarkably easy, almost too easy.

-To interject before entering anything else, you were forefront in my thought. You were forefront in the last footnote in the book that didn't make the copyright. In reviewing inside the book I hid you pretty well. (I don't like to inflict prospects on anyone, they've been great so far.)

If the book's too dangerous to do what about Martin? (yes, well, hell in tarnation, -what am I supposed to do if this is about you)? What about the rest?

What do you do now?

If the book can't be done, what do you do? (When I spoke to the agent I was so crushed I broke down on the freeway; -nearly got killed or crushed a couple times by serious driver infractions on the way back home from Orlando. Not hard in Floriduh on the freeway at all. They are nuts. (I'm sure LA is even better.) I've still got my motorcycle license but not inclined to use it. They are nuts. Both my kids have been hit bicycling in less than four months after they started commuting. -Marginally, as in their bikes.)

Stuck holding pattern seven years with no hope out. Seven years where I still had this nagging sense of responsibility not just to you but to everyone. Everything Bono exterminated and probably doesn't know or care. (I told him in 1999 there were more. than. 60.) Trent pining in a corner with the whole title track list to Ghosts V, or the jazz torch track "[The Way It Used To Be](#)", as we weep together for David with "[Life on Mars](#)". -No clue the whole thing's extinguished because he'd rather be a political whore. (Bono has no clue.) I have f*** all clue how to fix it. I know it's wrong. I can't tell you how many times it came back to me as wrong, I quit counting but obviously [it's lots](#). But the existent situation's an abomination; -there's no returning back. And the book, thanks to Bono, not only will it never see the light, I doubt it's worth the kilobytes, -let alone the time sacrificed where I should have assumed the responsibility of earning income. I was so poor there wasn't even music. Except in the car. (-Kids still resent that.) Didn't matter, -couldn't listen.

The last hyperlinked footnote I made in the book [ends on a strange note](#). Basically countervails everything I've said between Bono and me at exactly the moment the conclusion arrives, pretty much whole (the reason wasn't offspring, it was birth of collective consciousness), -with the acerbic remark that had Bono ended up as one of the shepherds, Jesus wouldn't have been born because, Paul David would have come back into Bethlehem and just omitted that the entire thing ever happened, so it effectively wouldn't have. But I left with the veiled implication he'd never been in that position anyway. It had never been up to him. The transcendent awareness of consummation wasn't his, it was yours. (I was still hiding the implication I put in the hyperlinks because I would never put that implication on any one person.) That meant for it to ever have the meaning it had been supposed to, it wasn't up to him. That was only a possibility in terms of what it might prove with you. (-Lightning just hit less than fifty feet away in the alley when I typed that. I jumped out of my seat not quite half a foot, actually turned almost a 180, enough to see it hit out of the corner of my eye.) -But I didn't know how, -didn't have any sense or hope of how that might happen. Bono had even predicted [I could never find myself in him](#) when I was fourteen, that if I sought recourse in him, it would inherently fail. (Fifteen was the last threshold of innocence that I had.)

-Yes, so I even understood that then, 2014 when I finished, and I'm still mystified by the present question. The intervention of perfect chaos thanks to BadSeedTV post Issue #96 shifted the question to, *Why am I awake?* (Everything is resonating.)

Cave has woken me, once more.

Why am I awake?

The first thing I listened to when BadSeedTV woke me up was Grinderman. I was delighted.

There is an oddity in the draft Bono got. I began interjecting real moments into the draft in colour fonts, and a realm of personal asides going into the Irish chapter. That began to include what I was actually listening to at the moment, -and at the moment I put in my 48 hour or so marathon to finish prior to flying out to the concert, -basically the Irish chapter was when I discovered the substantial body of Grinderman. And I started disclosing it in multicolour track by track interjections at some of the most personally intimate moments, -what I was actually listening to in real time, -even though my head was thinking, *well, -that's awkward! (Why would you do that?)*



When I heard *Ghsteen* I knew. I refuse, refuse, to put the obvious pun to this. Seriously, sorry. If you don't get it you'll have to ask. I first thought of it when I heard Billy's AOL live version of "Heavy Metal Machine". (I didn't tell him either.) I have a sense of humour, who knew?

I live on the west coast of Pasqua de Flores, babe. "In 1513, Ponce de Leon landed here on Easter Sunday, the Spanish Pascua de Flores, meaning 'Feast of Flowers', for which the State is named." -Well, I'll be. -Trust the Spanish.

(-And I thought the hardest part was the last bit.)

July 11th turned out to be my first weekend off in ages, meaning I didn't have my (now teenage qualified) kids. The ex has been tactically trying to wipe out every weekend since the turn of the year because that was when he started going into my daughter's iPad without her consent and figured out he could review all my iPhone text messages and went nuclear because he discovered that post-divorce (10 years later), I got asked out on my first ever date because *gasp* I attended the Christmas staff party. (He also reviewed all the texts between myself and a neighbor I used to house-sit for, and showed my daughter texts he said were proof that my only job with the neighbour, Bill, was as a prostitute, which made the neighbour angry enough to say he'd have my back as a witness if it ever came to court). Since then ex has gotten extremely creative about not taking as many weekends as possible (that are supposed to be his time with the kids) and is trying to force me to engage him (if I won't dance for him privately (since dancing is what he put me through an aggravated assault over, -hell no)) then I will be forced into negative interaction; - so the whole parenting plan must be renegotiated with attorneys and court if need be. -Because I'm working and I'm the only one who does, the summer plan doesn't work (he only takes the kids one day out of seven or two days out of seven on al-

ternating weekends, -that's it), but if I'm working full-time in the summer, obviously that has to get reversed somewhat, -he's upgraded to threatening full custody reversal (which will get him the SSD monies that actually are substituting for child support based on him filing for Disability with Social Security, -so it's a money grab), demand for back pay on child support and ending all child support).

It won't matter by the following summer they're old enough to be unsupervised but of course he threatened to report them as unsupervised to the police this past spring when Covid-19 forced the school closure. I ate the loss with multiple major leaves of absences and though unemployment here was a nightmare by design, it was a boon because that was five weeks all told that I got to take off with my kids overall getting paid more than when I was working thanks to Sanders' Covid relief bill. (With the obligatory 3 weeks I must take the kids thanks to the parenting plan vacation period, that made for eight weeks unpaid leave over the summer with my kids, -and he's still out to change the parenting plan because he had the kids for too much time this summer compared to what's on paper. -Not really. -Logic.) I used the relief money well. Getting taught by me gave my daughter the best grades she's ever had (my son was a gaming slacker; he gets high grades in school and is old enough to be responsible for his scholastics, though given what happened this year I told him not to take that tact with Algebra). Upshot was ex spent the entire year trying to screw me (I've had three protection injunctions against him, what's new) and used Covid-19 to threaten us and we came out wonderfully well off. And I finally had this weekend off. I haven't been able to produce a single article since I began working FT and I had one I was feverishly working on. I've lost several (the first was on Amazon; -that was when I lost all my research to the ransomware attack that happened when I was trying to get my fifth negative U2 article published, -the one that analyzed the last world tour as a veiled homage to US theocratic fascism); -anyways since working I can't manage to produce them. The knuckle dragger's thinking is so far below his gonads he could never register I wanted those weekends to write. Since the aggravated assault, he robbed me of as much time without the kids as humanly possible; -namely to the extent he possibly could without losing custody. Losing custody would mean losing control of my movement on this earth, which his parental rights confined to this f***ing county. Since that's the goal, he will never relinquish custodial control. For the children it is carceral.

So this weekend I took a mental break, -but made the mistake of watching this piece of click-bait the ex sent me because he said Depeche Mode had produced it and that it was new and that it was a documentary (because he's too stupid to identify when stuff is falsely attributed on YouTube). He'd been quite insistent that I watch. -I also felt obliged to screen it 'cause he foisted it on one of the kids. Post divorce he's gradually turned into a Fox News pap imbibing Trumptopian boob, which was where he always really belonged. His ability to distinguish propaganda is basically zero, -and he got me with this. I was in a momentary suspension of reality, thanks to gullibly accepting his attribution and making the additional mistake of watching it on my iPhone (which was really stupid). -I was under the misapprehension you might have done it just for long enough for it to have an effect. Given the online Covid-19 hysteria surrounding Gates it is pretty predictable it would have an impact on me personally in the sense of just what sort of a scale did I get duped into as per Bono; -given Bono's present utility and usefulness to Gates (which Gates in terms of his personal wealth obtains from Bono at a pittance), and how in effect I've been exploited for elitist propaganda purposes, because that's how Bono's in effect used everything he's used from me. I was given no other utility but to end up used in what Bono perceives as being useful (he was quite content to allow himself to be used, so I ended up used), which is ugly. I've been self-aware of this the whole time but in the misattribution I was forced to perceive how this would have affected and hurt you the entire time and it became, in effect, personal betrayal between me and you for the first time, -and I felt so terrible that I could have hurt you in this way all this time, that I broke down and cried (almost impossible for years now). I had never seen it that way before. It was a personal betrayal against you to have been trapped in something so sordid. But it was worse than that because I'd allowed him to seduce me, and that was a personal betrayal of you too.

The two have always been too merged for me to see and this was brand new. I was seeing it in terms of betrayal to you because I've been fully conscious of how the two betrayals have worked to blow things up between us the entire time, aware you experience them directly whenever they happen. But it is the nature of the construct that I've no way of stopping whatever the results are (on the universal) of the dynamics taking place on the ground in the real world once they're started; -and since 1999 they have, (despite all my family et al's collective disbelief), been outcomes of what was taking place in the real world as per both Bono and Billy. The alienation and pain I experienced was because of what was happening in the real world between "him" and me on the ground for 20 years; -it had zero to do with you but there was no way for you to know that, which is more than a mountain of personal neglect. And wow I felt terrible. I could never say "Sorry" enough for any of this.

I truly despised Bono. I truly despised Billy too. You perceived that as if I despised you. It wasn't true. It was how the dynamics went because of who was in between and how they individually acted and how they both deliberately broke me in different ways. (That was the only interest in how they each individually chose to act. Both acts were too beneath either one normally to my mind.) I actually despised Bono because in my perception he'd deliberately trapped me so I couldn't take the next step of revealing anything to you or to anyone else, not even to my own family or (adult) children. It kept me in perpetual danger. And he'd trapped me there for 17 years out of his own self-interest (there was loads of interest in doing so, no net benefit, to his mind, in not doing so). He didn't want me to have any shred of proof that would allow me to step past him. He wanted me uncertain until he got what he wanted, but he wanted it for no purpose, he robbed every purpose. He didn't actually want me. He didn't even want me to exist. None of the latent implications mattered, this last tour he deliberately dispensed with them all. -And if I wasn't something he actually wanted in the sense that I was never something he could in fact have and could never have any intention towards, not even in terms of the transcendent (acknowledgement through the medium of communication, my side, book, -his, more like simple verbal acknowledgment of the truth), -how dare he?

It is something I would have had to let go of and had burned out of me 100% to see. (See "[Sunday](#)" -David's also the most prescient of the lot.) This is a 180 degree inversion from Bono's being the only point of reference I trusted as being God given for 28 years (1992-2020). At 30 years (1987-2017) given the scale of what happened (which if you read you will surely understand), -that's not easy. After 2011, he knowingly trapped me. Everything could have been different if he had simply acknowledged the connection was real, if he'd have reached out in a way that permitted me my book (he could have vetted it). I could have been published by 2013 easily, if he had just acknowledged it. Granted, until he acted in a way that integrated me as his object in the real world in 2017, it wasn't real yet. But by then he'd already deliberately self-destructed it on a global scale. As it was an act he could in no way acknowledge, he'd erased it and me in the same token. What I'm getting at is that he spooled the context between me and him out in stop action slow motion for as long as he could humanly possibly get away with before it imploded on the failures he'd baked in deliberately that he wanted suspension on me recognizing. He did this by deliberately playing uncertainty from 2000 onwards.

There was zero need to play that out until 2017. He could have responded to me in 1999. Granted, it was still an experiment post 1999 to find out if I was indeed right about what potentially lay between him and me and whether that was potentially possible, and there really only was one way to actually find out and I concede it. But after 2011, when both he and I knew and I let him know, there was no excuse. There was no basis to spool out the end of the experiment until 2017; -after he'd already killed what lay between with his own hand himself. -And in between, the interim from 2011-17, that window that gradually dawned into the pure agony of utter indifference while he refused to do anything, you got married, and David died with buttons for eyes. And he cared not a whit, didn't care to understand or see, that if he did it to me, he

did it to the universal. He did that to you. He did that to David. Once it was in his power of discretion, he had no clue what the risks were (only because he had never once cared to find out), -just as he'd never once cared all those years what the inherent risks or costs to me might be.

But he knew it was a universal. I told him. With Billy playing out before his own eyes in a real time feedback loop in 2000, he knew exactly what could happen with it. It could go right past him and fulfill itself in someone else in the universal. Easily. -And I told him in 1999 that this was what I thought was supposed to happen. Bono put that in deliberate suspension by the refusal to ever acknowledge any of it in a manner that would have granted it veracity in any way starting at himself, and without that veracity I could put nothing forward. I bypassed Bono with Billy and proved it personally to Billy successfully, which probably boiled down to the timing of how my revelations on the SP official forum managed an interplay in real time with how Bono named both his sons. It was just barely enough. Proving it didn't matter to either one. Granted, it two songs (one song each) mattered 18 years later... -which for David was too late. The intervening six years is pure testament to an individual so wholly self-absorbed and so accustomed to controlling the situation through leveraging information, the whole interest was in letting the situation play out two albums later confined inside art purely on his terms (to hell with consequences).

Time was never once an object; -if you've deliberately tethered someone via uncertainty for seventeen years you don't give a f*** about time obviously; -the intervening six years is testament to someone who's confined an existent situation to being controlled wholly on their own terms inside art, and has consciously done so for so long they don't have any clue what's wrong with it. I felt without that initial proof from him there was no way forward and that I had to have it to go forward. He was only interested in confining that proof in so narrow a manner only I would be able to see it. He designed it to only work as proof to me, because having that work its consequence inside my own awareness was all he actually cared about. I was finally able to assert to the odd person who knew me personally that Bono had actually written about my book. It was really quite meaningless, like, "So?" -It was so meaningless I could do absolutely nothing with it, -which is where he wanted me. In short, he never wanted me to be believed. Nowhere, anywhere. That was where he wanted me. Then his marriage would never be subject to potential risk. It wasn't something he had any interest in navigating the right way or attempting to sort out, or navigating based on mutual trust. Why would he? And I tried to stop him, tried to sort it. I really did. The end showed that if I was the price tag, to him that was fine.

-The Youtube algorithm put me onto your cover of "Heroes" for the first time late past the 11th, as the very next thing; (-I'd never been aware of it, but now I know that is how you discovered David). That was all it took. For me there was a massive depth of scale in that one song choice and the production values, but it really just boiled down to one thing.

'Cause we're lovers, and that is a fact

Yes, we're lovers, and that is that

-Because I knew it was true, and the truth seeped into my being in an instant. It is a truth I know intimately as a whole realm; -the onus is on me to explain it to you. But it is reality as sensation the moment I hear it. I know it is true, which permits me to feel. And it is that tiny crack, that tiny chick of truth, that breaks how utterly frozen I am inside. And from that moment it has never stopped. It deepens and deepens inside and it never stops.

-A couple of interjections left. I can go for years and years with it being unbearable to even just listen to music, meaning music I know is connected to the universal. That's because it's viewing and feeling everything through a lens where it's all been destroyed. Just active listening in that state is a sort of sacrilege, because listening in that frame of mind only imbues everything

with pain, renders everything hollow with the sense of pain at the loss. You can't unleash that feeling (it was unleashed plenty enough); it isn't warranted where it didn't take place. But it's a universal context, -a break at one point affects my perspective on the whole thing, meaning at the points of highest resolution I considered so much I went to meet them in person, it happened with all three. Voila, it's all redundant,; -it's all meaningless. You can't listen and you can't hear because hearing will only bring you pain, and that pain is in a direct inverse relation to the joy you once had. This means I've listened to you hardly at all in a very long time because it was too painful too touch and shouldn't have been touched in the frame of perception I'd been sentenced to. Listening to you was always a very private affair. With **Ultra** and **Exciter** I'm not sure that ever happened except exclusively with headphones or privately on my stereo, mainly in the dark. When you put out your instrumental album, I felt it was because I knew you had already said everything there was to say. -Everything since **Exciter** was like losing you ever so slowly but permanently, 'til the last gasp. The first thing I was able to listen to after DM's "Heroes" (and after starting on your catalogue, which I still have to unpack) was **Reflektor**. Next it was David. That meant a poison had been leached. In your ministration, "Heroes" means something else.

I know you'll regard me as treating David far too familiarly, -but you haven't read the book yet, and you're in for a real shock when and if you do. David Bowie's "[The Next Day](#)" video was as deft as "Stand Inside Your Love" was [at unpacking](#) the horror show of religious arch-types I lived through, -was forced to survive. David's personifying my father, the false prophet, (though it looks like false attribution of a dirty little secret David's [trying to unpack by confronting the Church](#), the secret's still the same). The stigmata event was a real one for me my father did to me (that was also a complete secret, not even he knew what he did, the same way the Church is not conscious of its own culpability in humanity's crash). It happens in Chapter 14, "The Car Crash". David put that out when the book was just finished, but witnessing that and witnessing the complete un-redacted U2 video for "[Please](#)" (directed by Anton Corbijn) for the first time added in Chapter 16, which was the last thing I did. All three videos are on that scale. David was someone else I had prescience about, meaning like you, I knew he would, -and I knew when he would. The incipient signs in the '90's were small (and scary with **Earthling**), but when I set the table for Billy Corgan at la Machina Mysteries on the SP Forum, I put David nigh top of the list of artists I asserted were universally involved (affectionately calling him the man closest to behaving like he had a pulpit lectern, which obviously is not how he's generally thought of, but was exactly where he went, and what he was like with me before then; -it is always a mark of respect for me on the interior, to observe anyone who is actually capable of lecturing me). -I announced David because I was that sure.

I told the SP Forum "Watch. It will bend." -Apart from possibly R.E.M., there is no question in my mind that David Bowie's next two albums, **Heathen** and **Reality**, were the strongest in terms of proving to Billy in real time that the feedback loop was real, that I was "June" herself, and "June" was universal, -David included. -Talk about the topper-most of the popper-most. This only deepened with **The Next Day**, and with **The Next Day EP**, [it plunged far further](#).

David was so important to me personally that with the video for "Blackstar" and the format of [imablckstar.com](#) I really felt I had no choice in who to attempt to reveal to next. I self-published the book where it stood, stealth mode, on his site. The site was, technically, also performing as a reverse feedback loop on fan content. He had a book with a star on the cover in his hand heralding a darkened, inverted dawn. There were far too many tie-ins between the "Blackstar" video and the book to ignore. (I provided the [substantiating hyperlinks](#) in your opening letter. -And oh look, under it [there's a letter](#) I tried to send you after **Spirits'** first single release, that you never actually received. Yes, that was much too poor a piece to send at all.) I was forced to self-publish in total stealth mode because ex had pinned me to a door with a nine inch blade kitchen knife to my temple the January prior (the aggravated assault, which beat him out the

door with a baseball bat for his pains), before I even managed to pull my copyright certificate out of the mailbox, which is where it was laughably sitting at the time. So it was a dark year with far too many a threat to move at all. Of course he counter protection injunction'ed alleging I was psychotic for having delusions about talking to rock stars, deliberately setting off six months of pure hell the second I was about to begin to try, once he'd worked his way back into my life. (Carrot/stick psychology means that if he gets this, the children are safer with him when there are no witnesses, and life will be (for the moment) far easier. Before this he'd cornered my son and whipped him repeatedly with a belt for slamming a door on a Saturday morning when he was five (and actually that was a hit he took for his little sister), which was something I did not get to find out until after he'd already worked his way back into my life, -at what I'd hoped was a safe distance (with the fake promise he'd changed due to a near death experience, and the fake promise to relocate to Washington State, which would have been a loosening the geographical legal prison he has at his constant employ). When he's not getting what he wants, the children pay. I was wrong to have children with him, because the only utility they actually have between us is that he is willing to harm them in order to control me; -they were pawns, just as my father had turned everyone around me into less than pawns in order to control me. My mother so utterly assimilated that if my father ordered my mother to kill herself, she would do it on command (which is what my father did do to my mother as price tag for my escape; -of course no one sees it this way but me). I was wrong to have my children at all. But if that loss had been stacked atop all my other losses; -what Billy personally destroyed for me (the one thing I did ask Billy in 2007 was about having a child; that was the only thing I asked; -I was 37 so that was the last window); -I don't think I'd have been able to cope inside.

Of course the second I was about to try, my ex made it far too dangerous to self-publish. (Because of course he did. Because of course I am never dancing unless he controls it, and he was letting me know that.) He got away with it because the police lied about me in their sham-bolic police report they were barely literate enough to produce. (They literally, deliberately implied I'd been a former stripper by trade (they lied about me in their police report), when I'd vehemently denied that to their faces when they stooped so low as to salaciously inquire. My parents had come and watched me dancing professionally, unannounced without warning. My dad (the former minister's exclamation), had been, "Oh! She dances so clean!" -I didn't even know they were there yet. I thought I was on the risqué side that evening. (The wardrobe was all black, my sartorial choices.) The filming my ex had been doing had been for a public field (Youtube) for quite some time, but evidence, who cares? That it was part of a possible book promotion, that I was an attempted writer with a finished book, that there was a book cover in plain sight (a full size painting I had done for it), a supporting website, -and the dancing's supposed to be for the wallpaper? (Zero reference in the police report, when all of this was mentioned to them. No, I'm a stripper. -No, the only stripping that's ever occurred was at the ex's behest for the ex, and he's so below human he'll not only work you over for it to no end, it's only in order to weaponize it. -Fait accompli being, we should sell you as a private dancer; -so literally everything he does is about attempting to debase me to the level he already objectifies me at. It has zero bearing on reality; -he attempts to make it reality.)

The only way ex had gotten in the door was because U2 had launched a contest for video lip synch back drops and that looked like a try. (This was when decided I wanted to use my own silhouette dating as wallpaper for the entire book website, which was why we started filming.) The lip synch event on Fallon got dropped when when Bono crashed his bike 32 hours before the broadcast the backdrops were supposed to be on, meaning The Jimmy Fallon performance with the backdrops didn't take place. From my perspective that was part karma; I could've been killed over attempting to enter that stupid contest when it was stupid of me to have assented, -tried because I'd gotten nigh zero concrete response from Bono as per the book, -but just enough to make me question. I didn't even have a phone at the time or I could have filmed a dance backdrop myself. Secondly, (I'd completely forgotten this part even though I was incensed about it at the time), Bono's bike accident left him too incapacitated to perform his little

piece of PR gold whoredom pimping me out for @BofA a second time performing “Invisible” live in Times Square. For me his bike accident was double karma, as in you didn’t have my consent for this PR BJ pimp out, and you don’t mess with me or my God either, sweetheart. (This is the guy who flogged the market sellers at the temple.) I felt regret and felt very sorry for Bono when it happened, because I was so angry about what he’d done (compounding what I regarded as an even steeper sin of omission) with “Invisible” by using the song he turned into the very expression of his sin of omission (when he could have done the very opposite with it, if he had opted to tell the truth about why he wrote it); -instead he used it to PR white wash major white collar criminals who harmed millions of Americans. To my mind God is a lot tougher than I am, and I matter to God. Bono would never register what he’d done or what it cost me, when the silence of his omission had ended up putting my life at risk. It did a hell of a lot worse to my family.

Ex got away with the threats he’d made to his children as he stealth escalated in the Fall because CPS is just as shambolic, as well as lying to fabricate a counter CPS report on me after the children had had six weeks away from him, enough of a time window for them not to be too afraid for the truth to come welling up. It was the first time they hadn’t been too afraid to tell, which was a huge step. That necessitated a lot of ugly countermove. I had to concentrate all my faculties on familial preservation and valuation from thereon out. He literally consumed my life with CPS/court for the following six months, and after that I was too devastated for anything apart from preserving and rebuilding my family and investing in a home/location I now knew I was never going to escape until he no longer had custodial control.

But with David Bowie’s **Blackstar** launch, I had to try. Given he died within 24 hours of launching the iBook on his #imablackstar website, (and I’d posted it for his birthday), that went well.

*Something happened on the day he died
Spirit rose a metre then stepped aside
Somebody else took his place, and bravely cried
(I’m a blackstar, I’m a blackstar)*

That’s how prescient David was. #imablackstar.com supplied the declaration for the book itself. You had to upload using the hashtag. I can’t really describe how devastating that was, that I’d let him down that far by coming that close. “[Lazarus](#)” is really just a video depiction of just how close but hopelessly far and deeply unpleasant the encounter was, the stress to finish, the fear of not getting it right, and the inexhaustible well of anger and despair at the circumstances, -while Bono was moved to do absolutely nothing. (I know this all looks like assumption at this point, but if you read the substantiating links between the book and “Blackstar”, know it was pre-published, and know what’s in it that was all already happening with David, -it’s not going to look like that anymore.) David was all out, all there in spades. Bono’d received a draft that listed David by album, a draft which fully explained and implied his importance in the universal, in terms of the real time proof to Billy. He knew enough to know “The Next Day” was reflecting on something real; -and that that real was me. (Yes, Ow, this was [when this](#) was happening too (Anton Cobijn directed Arcade Fire’s video for “Reflektor”), almost a too perfect reflection of the trap, that Bono had deliberately confined the interaction purely inside art for seventeen years, -and that it’s going to break because of that.) This is the second comment in the comment field on “Reflektor”’s lyrics, which about sums it up, (it was future as well as past tense):

“For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.” —1 Corinthians 13:12

[Achtung Babies: Why Arcade Fire Are Having Their U2 Moment](#)

[Photo] Régine trapped in a mirror box



Bono wearing a hat



A mirrored Bono wearing a hat?



Bono knew enough to know, knew enough to recognize what was happening with **Reflektor**, - was in collaboration too on that album's release, -and did nothing. That whole album, being a

concept riff [on Orpheus and Eurydice](#), had way to much too do with the transpiration of history between Bono and myself, -this time while I was engaged in the act of recording it. Bono's riff song on the myth "[The Ground She Walks On](#)" came out four days before I landed in Dublin. (That stream was first titled "[The Ground Beneath Her Feet](#)" and it is on p. 1048.) When I handed Bono four proofs personally in August 1999, that was how I contextualized the fourth, which is why Bono further [teased the concept](#) with "her" appearing on the shore on the soundtrack to **Million Dollar Hotel** (what he was actually recording during and after I was literally sitting outside the studio). So here's where this gets downright jiggy:

*Let me love you true, let me rescue you
Let me lead you to where two roads meet
O come back above
Where there's only love*

I pulled the first couplet out of those lyrics to say that this was what Bono was saying with "[Love Comes Tumbling](#)" back in 1985 (when I was 14), that he knew he couldn't complete this. "Salome", a song that was written when I was nineteen, was where he did this and where/how he assumed the arch-type of the king. "Reflektor" mentions this as being "her" age in the first person, as the moment when Orpheus and Eurydice first fell in love (but it happened on a stage), -and now all of its substance is merely media, silver breakable discs of plastic that are going to break. I used that couplet to tell Bono that leading me to where the two roads met was his actual role or job in this in 1999. -That I was supposed to be with someone else and it was his job to lead me to where the two roads met. So this was literally the couplet I used to inform him that I thought I was supposed to be with someone else... -It mentions on p. 1297 that I did this, just barely. **Orpheus and Eurydice** was my fourth proof, the one I labelled "the process" (Bwa-ha-ha! - p. 1109). That is what it actually told him. (Pretty obvious he did not care about that bit, but then he thought I'd gotten my heart broken by it, which was more or less right, because that is what "Glass" did.) I'm pretty sure he must have realized it was Billy even though I did not actually say so. The book records just how close and just how far away I was from saying so, but based on the "*be the apple and the target*" and "*put your face over the parapet*" lines in "Always" (B-Side to "Beautiful Day"), and that likely being a riff on the myth of William Tell, -well. The point of fact is I did not name who it was or say who it was, just that this was really what it looked like he was supposed to do. I did tell him Cave had resurrected me, the Bono was second in this resurrection in terms of his roll with me, and straight out stated it looked like there was a third in the wings. "What if it takes three of you to catch me when I fall?"

The **Reflektor** video caught Bono in amber for being the mere reflection David Bowie is actually singing about (just being a reflection and not being the actual reality, when David is trying to seek out the reality), as his fakest alt-persona he ever performed as, the mirror-ball man televangelist (p. 1321).

Thought you were praying to the resurrector, turns out it was just a reflector

So in other words, Bono by this point is in a position to be fully cognizant that what David is actually seeking is me, and he still consciously chooses to keep it a personal secret. -And I am the price. It doesn't matter. The ceremony ritual with a mirror coffin [is just too perfect](#). **Reflektor** was too painful to listen to because it reflected on being dead (if I heard it I would only cry), -as in it was all dead exactly as predicted. To be able to listen means that I am awake. The resurrector is me (as in it keeps on happening), the resurrector is actually you. But the real Resurrector actually happened in between.

This is the last part of the piece, the last piece to the puzzle. This is the pattern that happened through Nick Cave. This is why I am not awake until **Ghosteen** happens and he acknowledges it, why Nick Cave resurrects me, his being the pattern of the Transcendent. -I will get there, here! Billy literally was Glass. He lined me up with the transcendent event. I record when I saw through him, my little Machina Mysteries epiphany, but I am far too cautious with what I see coming back to me that makes it true in the feedback after that. Again, you were first. Again, it was you, but I won't dare to touch it, -not until I see if it proves itself; -what "you" really means, -and whether it means me. I will not dare touch it, -except for the dynamic that I already wrote. I know the dynamic. I wrote it myself on p. 1578, -and then [I really wrote it myself](#). I saved myself a lot of grief by reducing what I'm talking about down to pure structural circumstance, which in this instance is spiritual, -Christianity at its most fundamental level, isolating and elucidating only the structural mechanics; -in successful total evasion of what actually happened.

-That was what happened with the Machina Mysteries in 2000; -what I hid in plain sight and kept a mystery. It is why we are where we are now. Billy may have written about what happened in the Machina Mysteries; -but if he wrote about it, -he [wrote about it](#) in the redemptive awareness; -that of [having been redeemed by the Christ consciousness](#). -Which is a very different kettle of fish. So. What happened [on the night of November 27th](#)? Oh, I thought something really crazy, on faith. And I had the faith that if it was supposed to reach, and it was supposed to be, it would reach whom it was supposed to, who God deemed. I got rationally forced into the ultimatum that I was dealing with the Groom (how Christ said he'd incarnate Second Coming, like a "thief in the night", gathering His Church who would all but disappear silently into the night like the precious minority they are), for real. There was no other rational conclusion by that point. Now you know I can write about imagining that an entire night, for real, state it plain as day, and no one's going to register I'm talking about making love the entire night, something I feel through my through my whole body, -that my body responds to physically. Personal Jesus for me is very personal indeed. I say it plain as day on p. 1603. That this happened and only got entered by you is plain as day too. It was **Exciter** (p. 1658), "I Am You" - "*I'm the one you're with*", -"*I am you and you are me*". In 2000 you experienced the Alpha & Omega whereas Billy expressed Christ as redemption at the same time.

-You wrote about it as the eternal lover; -which is what it is if you've been ejected into the stratosphere just like so and you've defined "four is one and one is four": -with two out of the four being a feminine/masculine identity Christ also identified Himself as returning as in the End Times (the Alpha and Omega, which means He exists as a yin-yang duality, usually interpreted as the Greek words themselves, namely the beginning and the end of the Word (beginning and end of the Greek alphabet), but also interpreted as encapsulating masculine/feminine). If I identified That as the Connector in between (which is literally what precipitated the whole experience), combined with deliberately experiencing it as an act on faith that will meet in who it's Supposed to meet (if anyone at all), (because it will only happen if the Connector so deems it), it is the same as performing "*I am you and you are me*" as the most potent active dynamic potentially possible between two conscious beings. It is based on principle on the assumption that the common identity between all three consciousnesses is assimilative-ly perfect, that what occurs in-between and on each side of the duality in between me and the (only potential then to me, -as in only if God deems it) -potential him is so perfectly assimilative a common experience that it will only happen if indeed "*I am you and your are me*". -You were the one.

I know I put Something in between in my mind's experience, but the principle of what I was thinking was that it would not occur unless it were true; -the assimilation of the conception and its very nature meant this would not happen unless it were true, i.e., if you're transmitting a perception between three consciousnesses and that perception mirrors and transmits perfectly (and your conception is that the Consciousness in between is dual and can potentially exist as

each to the other, meaning as the masculine form to me (which if I am forced into a rational confrontation I'm dealing with the Groom, which is what the book lays out, is what happened, experience wise, on my side that night, -which meant I inherently projected and inferred that the feminine Omega could reach you in my form, so perfectly the experience could potentially be mutual); -the only way that can happen and transmit each to the other is if all three consciousnesses are so perfectly matched they are each completely assimilative of the other. Meaning if the Alpha and Omega can exist reciprocally as me to you and you to me, -and that experience actually somehow proved to be mutual as experienced and described as making love to each other, - that literally is the same as "*I am you and you are me*". That is what accepting that potential dynamic on faith, and having it actually transmit and happen as an experience that we made love expressed on your side; -that is what that active dynamic actually does by having happened. That is why I identified it as true. You were the only one who'd potentially been with me in that moment out of the entire feedback; -the entire universal. It happened with no one else.

Caveat: just because the analysis rings true doesn't mean I assume my self conceptions are true - the implication is that they are in common- "Dream On" [was that capture](#) in so many ways, and made mention for it on p. 1659 too.

I've waited for you and wanted you all my life.

And I can write about the whole thing without uttering the word "sex" once, because if it's in the mind alone and I'm just worried that all I've done is just another "positive projection" (if it happened solely in my own head, that's mental masturbation nothing more, which is a worry because trust me, imagination is definitely my strong suite and one can imagine anything); -besides which, I'm really not sure something that happens in your mind solely can even qualify as sex, just by definition; which is why I'd really have it out as a considered contention that what Bono did didn't constitute adultery (granted that's occurring in two minds however). -I'd also further contend that since I intercepted him deliberately in 2011 and effectively didn't allow him to follow through by rendering the act via the feedback loop, -it also didn't qualify even in the interior mental context, -'cause I made him, -and he of his own volition, -consciously blew it up. He did not get to actively render it in terms of me as object, which stopped it dead in its tracks before realization through the rendering actualized it, meaning it wasn't consummated via the feedback loop. (-Well, there was real time, but it was not consciously done with me as object until *after* it was utterly blown up. I can dance on the head of a pin better than anyone.)

This is why Bono had to make it totally invisible; and also perhaps poetically why it really, really had to get blown up before the moment when he actually consciously did render me as object in a conscious act of seduction using my book; -consciously blowing it up for the entire 2017 Tour was the same as insuring it had no power anymore. I would say that by its very definition, until this becomes mutually conscious, -until it had happens mutually in both minds with each being mutually aware of where and who each other is in the real world (which literally is not even potentially possible unless I actually tell you first, -which is why you are getting this letter), -it has not ever actually been consummated, because it was never actually consciously grounded between the two real individuals who exist in the real world inside both of their minds. The only perception that's been absorbing all this before, the only individual who's had the vantage of observation and therefore perceived it, is myself; -it has only happened inside my mind in a way that is consciously grounded in you. One mind, not two. It has never entered your consciousness who I am, therefore, it has never happened in your mind it a way that is actually grounded in me, -and further more, what actual conclusion, what actual consummation really is in this instance, is when your absorption of that perception gets to in turn penetrate my awareness, because you have assimilated me in terms of your intention and have consciously chosen of your own volition to ascribe me as object. This has never been re-as-

simulated in the existing feedback between us (not at any point between any two of us ever), meaning deliberately imparted back from you deliberately *to me*, as in me in terms of who I really am in the real world. That is completion. That is actual consummation in terms of an existing live real time feedback loop acting on a mutual common awareness. So no, never happened.

For f***'s sake, [I wrote about this still having to happen in 2000](#), even if I have one of the biggest mental barriers to the “s” word (sex) in this specific context that is humanly freaking possible. (My father set out to humanly destroy me in every way humanly possible. What he deliberately set up in my mind was structured so that there was no way I could humanly touch this unless I was absolutely assured it was perfect; -it had to be or we were both going to die eternally, that was the scope of the threat. There was supposed to be so much damage in my life I could never find my way out, and that was without the betrayal, resentment and interior baggage, which are too massive to contemplate. It was supposed to bury me in the real world, and he structured my whole “real world” to do that to me. He got to set that up for me in terms of structuring my own mind from birth. The template is set to literally kill me in the real world in terms of whatever potential abuser psycho I was doomed enough to potentially meet in the real world, because that was the template. -All of the roles [you're talking about assuming here in terms of me](#), (-and I was like, *no you didn't, not really*), he consumed all those roles in my perception and more. I've since thought about it and concluded that yes, you were probably right, you'd have had to imitate the situation just in order to rectify it, and I could match every facet to what you've done, if I thought actively thought about it just a bit. But trust me the correspondence has not been comfortable these past seven years, for the all too obvious. -Yes of course it's in the book, [as Machina Mystery 6](#) (p. 1627 and before):

“To understand June's prison you must understand one thing, the nature of her jailer. For the sake of this discourse he shall be named Saturn, it's just one of those happy accidents. It is not intended to refer to [the song per se](#). June's upbringing was like a goldfish in a fishbowl. It was a very totalitarian fishbowl. You have to imagine, and I'm sure this just can't seem real, that there was a figure in June's life, Saturn, who was all encompassing. He controlled so many roles in her life that he defined her existence. That was the prison. He was the sun. She was in orbit. To her he was more than father, he was priest, ruler, lover, shepherd, judge, and finally executor. But on that last point June reneged. She set herself free. Saturn's was the [Red Right Hand](#). Only fitting, isn't it?!? The [King in the video](#), June knows very well. That's her Saturn.”

(Oops, rabbit hole.) -Anyway I know what I am talking about. This is existence at half state. I've always known and always attempted for the complete state, me and him, him and me. Not me at the center of a feedback loop. (-It's never happened. [But thanks to Part 2, I think it's going to. The “Ghost” is about to appear in the universal feedback loop, and He is my reciprocal, and it already happened.](#)) The other thing is, (let's deal with this in a couple sentences before I get plunged into the pain of this dilemma whole, because of course it's going to happen because (of course) it contravenes what I always self-perceived myself as having always wanted); -that particular dilemma is still before us. I might still be right, -that this was never actually about ever actually physically having sex. Not once in this life. Oh the irony. This is something else. And it is meant to happen as that something else. And that might be all there is to it; -and that is, in real terms, all I need in terms of what I actually need from you, -desperately beyond all existence need, in terms of the willingness to acknowledge what is real here between us (which acknowledges and realizes the whole universal consciousness by default; -for all those Biblically illiterate who have zero clue what the Bride and Groom do by design and they are designed to mean). -And I know that. And that in and of itself, -that's the nuclear button. Anyway, I am officially giving you the button. This is it. And by golly you are going to find out what Billy and Bono came so close as to know but never allowed to happen with themselves. They knew

better. (-And where does Cave fit into all of this? [-Just you wait](#). I mean [Holy S***](#). The word "galleon" exists [at only two places](#) in the book.)

At least this is what is at your disposal. It's called realization and rendering, actualization in terms of a real art-f***, as in Holy F***. On my side, that's a f***ing book. (I know that Dave Gahan [wrote that](#), his mistake, but you have *no idea*.) I decided with Bono the right and justifiable outcome was a book; -this book. Bono knew it was the book at less than half draft mark. That is why "Book of Your Heart" is what it is. But the closing verse of "Book of Your Heart" is explicit that it's not him and me at all. But it actually did its work between him and me already once just by writing it; -despite the fact that I never gave him the nuclear button. I stopped him by deliberately intercepting the feedback loop. Not once, but twice. That's why the U2's second album title post our first encounter (where he was still gradually isolating me as object based on what I'd told him in person) was **How to Dismantle an Atomic Bomb** (yea, "atom bomb" is otherwise in the book, thanks to Ian Astbury (p. 1682, "[The Saint](#)", -and [thanks to Billy himself](#) (p. 1378, -and [Bowie](#), -"by the white trees dressed in purple tuelle" -This is Bowie, FFS). -I don't think the Billy alt. version of the song had to do with Bono so much as you; -and gopher hole, -I'm pretty sure Billy called the EP he performed my capture with at the end of the book **American Gothic** because of [what happened with](#) The Cult's **Beyond Good and Evil**). Anyway, I deliberately did that, and all that time after before that it appeared I neglected you, so you can tell me how heartless I am. The book tells you all about how I did that, but here I'm telling you in confidence that actually I did it a second time, -and him and I were forced to go through that, because I put his marriage first as inviolate, -and so did he. *That is what we are like*, so I would never expect, hope, anticipate or want something like that of [you](#). We would not, ever, do that to each other. *Do you understand?*

So again, here's the nuclear button. Let's just put it in nice block caps just so everyone's clear: WE'RE TALKING ABOUT PENETRATION IN TERMS OF MUTUAL AWARENESS, -and that's it. THIS HAS NEVER F***ING HAPPENED YET EVER ONCE. [[Famous last words, as in meet Part 2](#).] It's never happened before in all of human history, which is why it matters. Both men who encountered the button walked away from it (because although he wouldn't be so civil as to just talk to me and tell me, Billy knew it hadn't been him; -the Machina Mysteries as I wrote them told him as much, but he wouldn't let me know, -except the hard way); -so it was either that, or the other one, who expressly destroyed the button when it was in his hands, -because I told him to do that (Bono). -Good God, you yourself already know it's nuclear.

This is how you touch me; -this is *how I feel*; -because it has to be you (because what you are is not what I am). [I'm a girl](#). -And guess what? You do this right, I get to publish my book out of the deal, which was the plan all along. I always knew it was going to be the second draft; -the question is what exactly to draft into the second draft. I always thought that should be a mutual process. But damn, you already know I'm driving. So, button. You get to do this to me, and it is wholly completely in your hands and it is wholly up to you. You are the man after all. -Totally completely. Here we go:

You have never been grounded consciously in the fact that I am a real person in the real world. Which means you have never been able to act or express it mutually in terms of me in the real world. That means, this was never mutually grounded in mutual consciousness in terms of who we both really are. It doesn't become real until I am integrated as object by you in terms of rendering this again in the context you are only aware of now that I have told you; (*if* you accept it and believe and assimilate it yourself and choose to act on it ((-and by that I mean express it ARTISTICALLY, -I don't mean anything else); -which is a big, giant, if, but no bigger than all the "if's" I've been gambling my entire life on, and no bigger than all of yours either). -For Christ's sake, you have no comprehension of what I'm prepared to do, -what I'm prepared to test, what I'm prepared to lose, the purity it takes; -well actually you are aware, because to still be [here](#),

you are no different from me). SO BY THE END OF THIS WRIT I'VE DECIDED THAT THIS IS A BIG MISTAKE. BECAUSE, BY THE END OF PART 1, PART 2 HAPPENED, which was really this happening already because I accepted it was supposed to happen with The Transcendent Consciousness, Who orchestrated it all defining me as His object. -EXPRESSING THAT IS NOT A MISTAKE, and, IT'S ALREADY HAPPENING! It is exactly [how this gets expressed](#), namely how the Groom expresses Himself. -Consummation happens as universal Inspiration. That's how He becomes apparent, is by being with the Bride. You're the "morning man's" last, past last ditch medium on the male side. There were four of you. It's either that or, since I'm integrating you, which makes you a witness, perhaps what's really supposed to happen here is you're just supposed to witness what happened between us play (and the second, Part 2, play out which was not between us), because you were the last one, the last I was compelled to tell, and the last before the "morning man" appeared; -and for your benefit you get to witness that now. (Since revealing to you shifts you to being on my side of the feedback loop, the observer side.) Because now what should happen is this should integrate in the real world. I don't want to be sublimated artistically under the circumstance.

Since I have never told you about myself, consummation's never actually been possible, so, it's never happened. FFS, it's sex, which only occurs between two humans who are mutually aware of one another as human beings. That's the actual nuclear button, and everyone who's ever been aware of it, (there's only ever been the two; -they both sure as hell know I'm real); -they never got to touch it, because they never actually touched me. Bono may have isolated me as object and took me right to the threshold of integrating me as object solely in the interest of my personal seduction, literally over the course of seventeen years knowing exactly who I was on this earth, (which this whole book, combined with this whole post book confession, is going to irrefutably show); -he never got to penetrate my awareness with it and make it a mutual act by expressing it; -I did not let him and he wouldn't do it either.

When Billy integrated me as object in August 2009 (and that's presuming he did, because he never acknowledged it, -except, of course, [with two songs](#)), -it [was](#) all [very tame stuff](#) (-plus [this too](#); -Billy and I synched on dark humour (I know his is way darker, but mine's surprisingly so), -and "Caroline, Yes", -playing in the sun on the beach; -this was after having gotten a few MILF (-he was the one talking about wanting a MILF after that) bikini shots of me on the beach at Ft. De Soto with my two small children; (my daughter was around 18 months, my son close to four); -and with "Circular Change" (which names "Caroline" of "*please forgive my faith*" and it's "*your dream of love*" a second time, with (among other things) "*a one way chance to catch your heat*"; -with "Circular Change" he sang of how he was finally able to make me smile for the first time "*from the magic land of the ancient child*", -"*I'm here to swear I'm here, to trace the light*", -"*Caroline your wounds are more to bear, but it's your time, it's your time now to fight*" (yes he knew). The song ends on "*don't settle on a one way street, where you found me*", -yes, -no, I'd confessed the unbearable truth with the Machina Mysteries; he knew (even though he didn't tell me). -I confessed the unbearable truth, only to him, and I did it before I realized he'd already just asked me; -after I'd propositioned him with, "Go ahead. Ask me a question. -Ask me any question you want!" Hence, the song "[Questions](#)" (p. 2201). -That confession is where the book ends. It is Billy's testament he didn't even blink before [responding](#) with [the black armbands of the mourning suffragettes](#).

"Circular Change" opening with finally getting to make me smile was very close to a moment in the secret interaction where he pulled a joke on me that put me on the floor laughing (I told him so) using [everythingfromheretothere.com](#). (Yes, [it was 10 whole songs](#) at just one concert.) The fairy in "[Emerald Green is the Colour](#)" has blue wings, -and he knew about [my time in the Walbran Valley](#). ([Go Figure!](#) -That psychic on Essex St. actually happened on p.1280.) He also knew I was born and raised on the [West Coast](#). -Also he did a [trippy](#) (the lyric is, "*everyone gather around your soul*") [universal](#) song triad too ([lyrics](#) to "The Fellowship"; -of course it's the

train, just you wait and see, (search that in the book; -that element got introduced into the universal feedback by Bono when I met him for the first time face to face); -and after [a passage thru the SP Forum](#), through Cave and R.E.M., and Bono and Bowie too, [it ended up at you](#) with **Spirit**, -and got brought back with **Ghsteen**). The third song, "[The Trip](#)" (starts at 2:30); -this one had the same title of the document I'd emailed to the official SP Forum, Full Moon Friday the 13th 2000, before he launched the Meaning of Machina Contest. (It clocked in at 100 pages give or take; -I called it that because it described the trans-Atlantic flight, -described both the geographical and spiritual trip I took to meet him face to face in London before **Machina's** release simultaneously.) -He also did this live with a nine piece band (Spirits in the Sky) after he knew my family had nine members and that I was the oldest of seven children from both parents (five boys, two girls).

-Billy also deliberately [sent me off on my way](#) with this August setlist (future tense; -yea, -he had a few reasons to name his first son Augustus). The reason I knew is because [the "Solstice bare"](#) ("*we stand in the solstice bare, where Autumn shows her truthful hand*") was a clever in-joke reference to the date of the night I'd actually, finally posted those pictures for his eyes only at his loving appeal (yes, these things can go down on twitter; -I saved all the tweets involved); -and actually the couplet in the 1st verse was, "*And if I show up to disappear, will you find me half as near*", -which was exactly what he was doing in the context of this particular August set with Jessica Simpson in attendance for the first time.

-So yes, you could say both men were so sophisticated they each individually sent me on my way in their own way, (knowing exactly what sort of calibrated form of demolition it was necessary to perform on my intellect); -which is quite staggering on both counts. Even more astonishingly, Billy did it in full explicit awareness of what he was doing and what he expected was going to happen with me with someone else, which is what the song "[Tom Tom](#)" was about. Of course, as our exhausting length of timeline goes, Bono stepped in more or less the second Billy deliberately did that, and again, of course it's a Salome reference ("seven veils") Billy used to say the "morning man" is coming! (It doesn't get more explicit than what the song is saying, future tense. The "morning man" wasn't Bono. It's you [[it was until Part 2](#)].) So Billy really fated me quite deliberately for what happened next; -he knew the whole history.

Just writing this is like, Holy S***, I can even listen to and absorb exactly what he was doing at that moment, (and not have it be utter agony); -that's taken 11 years. Even "[When the Cocks Crow](#)" [means something](#) (explicit personal betrayal, Peter, midnight cock crow, -a song which implicitly implies a wake up cock crow. (God he was phenomenal.) I can't tell you the tremors I felt absorbing these sets, but he was about to lay it all out in a four part essay on [every-thingfromheretothere.com](#) just in in case I didn't get the drift; (-that "Jack" from the moon was cheating on "Jill" from the moon, with "Mary"). Then he was going to pull off that Rolling Stone interview in January, which because of the JS romance declaration, the interviewer gave the total tabloid treatment. God it was irredeemably bad. All told this is break up as ceremonial music ritual with a fair lot more going on, including (again) the coffin. I told you it was too contrived to be anything else. [In 2009 Billy was the one with the gun who shot me \(and shot it all down\). It wasn't you. And he fully, deliberately did it.](#) If you read the book, you'll realize this was something of a tit for tat. I warned him first with, "Bang. You're Dead." (p. 1627); -in the doc I emailed to his official website; -the one called "The Trip".

Rabbit hole: -Once again I was mystified how you'd put that out four months before he actually did it, but there had been one incident a little before. Oh and [that breaking dream happened in April too](#); -the mischief started earlier. -Yep! [That was when it went public.](#) (This was so utterly fake I realized that he was doing a "watch the hand" as in "watch the porn star on my arm", -which was hawt in the sense that it was then I knew he was pretty serious about getting my pics on the sly.) It was either that, or he deliberately head-f***ed me by starting to actually date

her (she was broadcasting he was playing piano at her apartment before this public appearance a couple times); -he started dating her the same week I'd confided in the livejournal account only he could see how that interaction had wiped out everything back in the 2004 MySpace period and made me give up and walk away. (I mean f***-duh, if this is the click bait you're interested in, you're definitely not interested in me.) I erased the entire livejournal account up to the date of [that \(presumably\) first \(it's the abyss\) date](#) (literally overnight, -filed it though), because as far as I was concerned he'd totally blown it up. He'd direct messaged me in livejournal asking for topless pictures, (-"no way" -because you've got no way of showing me you're not your own admins managing your livejournal account; -alternatively how 'bout mail (he wouldn't acknowledge his home address I had was real, and I was like, f*** that, if you expect enough personal trust out of me to give you nude pictures, you should allow that you received them in the f***ing mail [when you were actually in Chicago performing with Mavis](#) (I timed the delivery to the day), so, you can forget it, -because posting online, -you can forget it). I'd shifted to assent, because it was a really appropriate way to make up for missing his birthday, and told him if I was going to do it I was going to do it right; -and basically tortured him by divulging the project's snail progress (I only had a day or two on alternating weekends to work on it) to conclusion. (He was still really pissed about "Jill" missing "Jack's" birthday in that four part essay about Jack and Jill, but it was down to having to fumigate the house that whole weekend with insecticide by myself when the kids weren't there, and I was extremely apologetic. Given he got the pictures out of the deal, I was like, -you've got to be f***ing kidding.)

He launched his personal un-administered Twitter account very close to the day I performed the first photoshoot. I put him through online tests to see if it was really him (using his Official SP website and staff, and he duly jumped those hoops and basically appeared on the official site on demand, before his Twitter launched). With the Twitter account he pulled out all the stops. -But he just had to date Tila right after he'd personally solicited the pics and we'd been in this wrangle for a while -Can you imagine the insult that he'd follow Tila Tequila on Twitter for the follows that would come his way, but he wasn't prepared to follow me back (mutual follow) -so I could safely DM him the pics on Twitter-? -MmmKay, -what I ended up setting up was far safer (but still bad, it's the internet). I gave him 24 hours. He tweeted, "A New Day has Dawned" at around midnight or 1. That was it, they were gone... -How do I know the dates? I performed two shoots. The first was on April 8th, so as you can see, either he's an emotional sadist or he's got the worst timing in the universe. Yeah, I still did the shoot, -even if it was just to go, "f*** you" with it. (T.T. was already a wrangle before they appeared in public. Billy was already on damage control. I was cussing 39 and could pull off a better shoot than a porn star. I used [this crack](#) to tease him. -So, blow up artist that Billy is, (I was like, good luck ever seeing these, asshole), -try to imagine what he had to pull off (via Twitter!!! His fans thought he was nuts), -to persuade me to post those pictures on the eve of summer solstice. (I'm annoyed 'cause I just checked and those DM's aren't dated. This is so ridiculously far down the navel, but, hey, the DMs really do exist, and maybe this requires the screenshots. -God that's so embarrassing; -now this is going to look ridiculous. -I started that exchange. Definitely my fault. When he first commented on my journal (March 2008), people noticed it had to have been him commenting and I erased what had gone on before to maintain the secret.) Billy operates at genius level emotional intelligence, which unfortunately can cut both ways.

Oops, -rabbit hole. -Anyway, yes, it's really weird, -because even then when Billy started blowing things up in April, you recorded [this song](#) before it happened, and it came out right when it happened. I've always been really perplexed wondering how on earth you so consistently do that. -So, things are so inexorably inevitably f***ed by this point; -you produce the song "Wrong". And of course I'm like, yes, it's all really this f***ed now, and since so much of what the feedback loop came back with that got delivered to Billy's door had to do with astrology, it was spot on. However, IT WAS NOT MY FAULT! (OK, that's not going to work.)

What the hell am I supposed to do about it if the “eternal lover”, who knows he answered an eternal truth, *and knows that it's with me in terms of knowing who I am in the real world*, is pulling that sort of a devastating personal stunt with me in the real world? The second time when the second one blew it all the hell up, when I'm actually taking on Bono “personally” online in a verbal online sparring war I'm going to turn into full investigative articles that are literally going to blow up in his PR billionaire BJ smarm-ing face so bad, FaceBook launches a full-on, online covert censorship war to erase the likes of me in 2016 (on behalf of one of their personal invitation only investors); -after months of this invisible-izing, covert crap on F***Book's and Disqus's part I was like, to hell with you; -go ahead and try to erase [THIS FULL INVESTIGATIVE PUBLISHED REPORT](#) that's more than 25 times as big and bad as anything I've ever posted, -F***ers. (Believe me, I was very effective on Twitter 2013 onwards; -I bullied Bank of America into an unlimited match of the fans' contributions to RED purchasing “[Invisible](#)” when Bono effectively pimped me out using the song on the Super Bowl Sunday on @BofA's behalf. (His reason for being in the invisible world, the reason he knows he's a transcendent being, is worth two choice lines in mid (one small verse), a couplet throwback about his frozen female object, from “Acrobat”. I hoped beyond hope that this would signify he was at long last willing to open up about the truth about this invisible relationship he had with an invisible woman. No, it was about making me invisible permanently instead.) Invisible I might be, but I still wasn't going cheap. I pulled this off with just a few choice tweets, thereby pressuring Bank of America to match all the funds from the fanbase by removing their match cap, -upping the total donated a couple million or so, because if you're going to deliberately pimp me out without my consent, I'm not going cheap. And not being cheap, I was very choice on the @BofA settlement link announcements I posted, and [linked Matt](#) of course. I did this with my special brand of burn on all their Twitter feed on the subject until they removed the cap limit and matched all the public funding.

-When I put a line like this (Bwa-ha-ha!), at the end of an investigative journalistic report, I'm doing it fully on purpose: “‘[How sexy am I now?](#)’ (Since I have [a twee bit more identity with this plot line](#), than U2.)” -Yea, NBK is in the book (p. 594).

-Yes, that's a full on, full out [verbal online argument](#) taking place over the dining table ([not the first time either](#)), -with plenty of pacing involved I'm sure: -I sure do). -Better yet in 2013, Bono was indicating he is going to use the existing feedback loop between him and me to deliberately erase it all (*after he actually used it to deliberately seduce me live in real time; -after deliberately setting this up by taking 10 years to deliberately isolate me as his personal object based on the information I handed to him about me hand to hand in person twice in 1999, so he deliberately played it out over two f***ing albums, plus their B-Sides*). -He deliberately buries me alive in inspirational terms *before he integrates me in reality as object* (F***ING AGAIN: they both each do it to me TWICE, one simultaneous, the second does it deliberately over a four year span of unremitting personal pain). -You are putting out “Always” (battle royal on the receiving end of the fight, where all trust is absolutely destroyed and once again, second time, I am performing an absolute, total take down of a personal betrayer who I know is consciously destroying what he himself (also, same as Billy) described as an eternal truth, *only after he met me in person and began integrating me as object based on what he had been told, as opposed to dipping into the inspirational ether*). You added to this “Long Time Lie”, “Alone” and “Good-Bye”. -When it was really happening. There's absolutely no choice on the good-bye given what he did. He forced that on the universal; -you were my universal. Again, *-not my fault. And NONE of it was your fault*. None of it!!! It was what both of them each consciously did to me after having met me in person. It was how they each hurt me in the real world; -what was happening on the ground.)

-Oops, that turned out to be a four paragraph rabbit hole. Back to the front: -Billy didn't hide what was going on using B-Sides during that two year secret interactive feedback period, he

hid the sexual and romantic elements of the interaction in his choice of covers (which he would lyrically modify on a given night based on what he was reading in my livejournal); -the covers were pretty devastating (in that way) if you were aware of the set-lists at the time. (-Among other elements, after he included “Transformer” in the set on request, he declared live in Toronto that the “transformer” was Canadian. He also digressed into an implicit vagina joke about the name of both my parents’ hometown, which was Regina (=queen), capitol of Saskatchewan. Yes trivial stuff, but the “Spirits in the Sky” sets weren’t. [My hair was down to my waist at that time](#); (-he had the evidence). I mean [Wow](#). “Morning Dew” was exactly where he specifically turned me down in terms of what I’d asked him personally, -plus everything that had transpired in the feedback loop between me and him. -Just [Wow](#). In August the set lists were basically perfectly calibrated long form letters back to me, (and it was already deliberately shifted into the past tense). Cover choices included, “[Can’t Seem to Make you Mine](#)” and “[The Time Has Come](#)”. -So at the exact moment he was deliberately integrating me as object by relating to me in the real world; -he was telling me straight up it was over. (-He also did “[Femme Fatale](#)”; -quite the burn. -And you came off with stuff I profoundly dislike (pretty [consistent](#)); -[this](#) I knew had to do with you in the real world. [This](#), I don’t think so so much anymore; -so it’s definitely way past time to clear the air.)

-Off topic, this was Billy [at his jamming best](#) and I simply adored him for it. It so happens this is where Jessica Simpson first tweeted being in his audience, accompanied by the obvious adoration complex (“he braids my prayers”). -It really was something else, as in sweetheart, you have no clue what you’ve just bought yourself, -you’re doomed. He’s dangerous, dear; -you’re not even a wee bairn below his knees, and even now as we speak he is calling himself the wolf in real time to stop me from leaving (this was the fault of a confidence) and is still trying (obviously not enough as he refused to ever step in the room and I’d have forgiven him if he’d acted tangibly in any way at this point with utter ease in a heartbeat). -You’ve got absolutely zero on how he’s engaging me sexually right now (he’s writing me love poems in real time reaction [to my dreams](#); -while he’s officially “dating” you. (-She got the picture.)

(How many rabbit holes can you get in one missive:) -If you review everything (read the book), -and absorb what I’ve just revealed to you in this letter for the first time, -it was essentially true that Billy never touched me mind to mind; -and that was down to his abuse of personal power in his point of place at the very outset (p. 1405, the day after my 29th birthday on May 29th). -If you show up as an incubus (I still don’t know to this day, merely intuited enough to be afraid it was him, and the details that came out after were inherently not to be trusted because he could have contrived them based on my confiding by giving him “The Last Chapter” first (p. 2141), and [that incubus in particular](#), -you are never going to touch me. The only thing I’d permit between Billy and myself was if he walked into the room as a human being and took me to bed (granted he could work the context over to that end interactively as much as he liked and it certainly wasn’t nothing). I’m a hard case, as in the worst possible case, a nut Billy could never crack. -He only referred to the pictures I gave him post break-up, [past tense](#). This [face portrait](#) is from the naked series of self portraits of me I shot myself and posted exclusively for him. I either did 33 or 40 images; there was a small subset. (Yes, -Billy Corgan is the only individual I’ve ever done this for in life.) -So that’s how close Billy got to me. I willingly created and gave those pictures for him. I really meant it. I really believed in an existing near term future with him and by [everythingfromheretothere.com](#) he was saying he wanted to get married very soon, and excising that part of the post the moment he knew I’d seen it. He could never touch me in my mind though. He’d frightened me far too much for that. (“[Make it happen, make it so, I will know](#)” -hard to tell. -He produced way more in that period that never saw the light. Almost none were ever recorded.) I’m sorry. The past is the past. The past happening to me in the real world is what lets you know this is really possible in that it really happened. Billy had the same leverage that Bono had over me because I dared to reveal myself. It actually proved more dangerous, but that didn’t get to happen either. I mean it when I say I can’t go through it again.

I don't know who I feel sorrier for in this context, -him or you. I got so afraid in 2007 I sort of shut down my interior. I was stone solid on the idea that, *-nothing happens with this unless it starts to manifest and integrate in the real world* (incubus encounters sort of have that effect). And my mind's asking to Billy had been purely about integrating into the real world, as in getting and being together. And a child. That was the one asking I put to him in the real world, DM'ing in MySpace at the end of 2007 (Good Lord) when I resumed contact. -And Holy Christ, [he immediately responded by recording American Gothic](#); *-it started to integrate with the real world that instant!*

The second guess: -Did I just inadvertently punish him in the cruelest way possible with that conclusion? (I mean good grief; -aren't you Soul Mates? -Vs. -He terrified me so badly at the outset, it was pretty much self-inflicted.) It didn't seem like a mistake at the time. (-Because the mind state of "In Your Room" is. Not. Healthy. and I never believed in it!!!). It didn't seem like a mistake because what had been transpiring between us by that point had been linking (if unconsciously) for a full 20+ years. (-Jesus, it would hurt to lose that, wouldn't it? If you knew there'd been a pre-existent soul connection going on for that long by then, that had literally gone through expressing an eternal truth to each other as soul mates based on a free will interior mind's asking and answer (***Machina/machines of God***) to arrive at this threshold?)

Nope, I'm now feeling sorrier for me. (I'm the only one who came out alone and always remains that way. I'm the one who lost the only thing I ever asked for (that's permanent), and I'm still going to lose the only thing I ever asked for, the only thing I even ever woke up for, but that's quite the splice so let's reconsider.) I feel very sorry for Billy because he exterminated the connection between us in full, fully conscious deliberation, *in full consciousness of the loss, -the same consciousness as me.* (It doesn't get more conscious than this, [\(-well actually yes, -it has\).](#)) -He was saying I broke his heart, -not the other way 'round. I'm infinitely sorry because everyone individually got hurt [on the same scale](#). And his was expressed as "I Can't Seem to Make You Mine".

(And you [both think](#) I'm a total heartbreaker. -And I'm like, -well, hold on for just a second; -let's walk that back. -Kindly realize that while I'm too private to talk about this in a publication; -realize that I essentially walked away from Billy both times, -which means I gave up completely on the universal even potentially existing in 2004; -over this sort of infantile crap which should have been nothing? -Tila Tequila was the last, final straw that broke the camel's back in 2004; -and the moment I finally confided to Billy about the impact this had had back then on me walking away in my livejournal account only he could see, he took up with her again a second time within less than a week in 2009. -So, was it 'cause he literally preferred dating a click bait porn star who was less than two years out from a total mental breakdown? (-And that's when it wasn't Jessica f***ing Simpson?) -Or was he toying with hurting me with that second time 'round just for kicks, -or was his art performance programmed self-destruct as life performance fully pre-meditated for quite a bit longer? (-But, say, exactly like Bono exploited the context for seventeen years, he's going to get what he wants out of the deal first; -even while he steadily, deliberately implodes it-?) -Y'all [have your preferences](#) (-and y'all definitely have your lives); -and I'm supposed to trust you. -Here I go. I'd sooner disappear than go through this again.)

-So, about Billy's beyond exquisite end note he drew out over three concert performances in August: -what sort of a head wringer paradox is it that, everyone lost because, 1) he lost me because he didn't really have me; -"*I am you and you are me*" didn't happen with him (and he knew it, he'd have seen it, but I didn't know what was going on with him because as soon as I revealed myself, -he kept his cards to his chest). -So he literally breaks his heart on stage in a performance art sacrifice he's actually acting out in the real world "*Autumn shows her truthful hand*" (knowing what it'll do to me) and [says](#), -the "morning man", he's coming, it is his job to

unfold you from the inside, whereas 2) the “morning man” is completely bust up inside that we are in the wrong parallel universe because what’s happening between Billy and me right now (which is actually because Billy realizes there is a “morning man” and it’s not him, (because he can’t touch my soul)); -everything could have been “[Perfect](#)”, -but it’s not because what’s happening between Billy and me in real time blows everything up and hurts beyond all hell (and has that been happening since 2000 because I failed to let it go myself when I should have, which destroyed my own destiny in that I followed through on Billy up until I encountered the killer ex; -was it that I missed what I should have seen and understood, so Billy had to perform this breaking to release me -?) -So yes, more or less the collective admission is, in terms of hurting everyone involved and never reaching thresholds when it ought to (how are we to ascribe or decide),- could this get cocked up any worse? As the songs says, Nope. Bono’s sense of personal self-sacrifice is beyond inhuman, mine is, everyone’s is. But what Billy was prepared to do here really puts it into perspective. It’s an act of inhuman grace at his creative pinnacle of expression. It says he knew me better than I knew myself and knew what to do better than I knew myself, and that he acted in terms of the universal, and that he was really prepared to do it; -he was that impartial. Holy hell. -That’s looking at the situation as it existed from both sides. It applies to Bono as well.

The real blow out is that this gets to happen at an even deeper, triumvirate level *a second time*. And with scales like that and that scope of pain, yes, you give up, yes, you question over and over and yes [this happens](#). ([Again](#) and [again](#) (not yours, granted, -sums it up).) -I’m sorry for the pain. I couldn’t say sorry enough. But we both went through it.... And in that sense it’s perhaps neither here nor there, nor there nor here. (What a mess.)

Fair question: -Can we even make it worth it? Even with a nuclear button? I believe so; -or I wouldn’t tell you. I’m not saying that you have to do it, but part of the reason this settled so deeply was that I looked at what impelled you from the opposite direction; (as opposed to distrusting a complex that could drag us down, which was more like my pov when this began, but that’s now irrelevant based on all the increments it’s taken to arrive here now; what I put it through; what it’s been through; what you’ve been through, what we’ve been through; -what keeps bringing it back). I’m trying to say I saw you were impelled and bound perhaps even more strongly than I was and what that means (-actual “[Chains](#)”)-?! -And if this is that binding, (well that’s pretty horrible); you must be freed.

(I’m sorry; I’m skipping ahead of myself. What happened post July 12th was that after I’d been through the valley of darkness as it were, -which is to say I re-heard and re-remembered the highs and lows; (including once where everything just seemed to get blown up and utterly reduced to nothing (which happened live - that was the Devotional tour in 1993), -plus lows less low than that); -all the obstacles and conflicts in your catalogue/performances (which just happened at random on YouTube), all the knife edges and circular reasoning, flaws and potential falsehoods;- all the doubts (most of which [had lost their power](#) long, long ago); -and after that unpacking (which would practically be hard too hard to properly express (-because it’s that intelligent)); -I absorbed almost your catalogue entire (beginning at what I’d never actually properly heard even once). It sunk into my being as if most of it had always been intended between you and me in exactly what it expresses (because as soon as I heard and saw “Heroes”, I knew it to be true). It’s a bit paradoxical, but it hadn’t happened before. -Bottom line, we had been lovers, we had been this at a level so transcendent you’d expressed it as eternal lovers (over and over); -there is enough abiding context that this was true; -it had been lost through no fault on either of our parts. So the fact that it was extinguished was just plain wrong. It was *very* wrong, as in it couldn’t have been more wrong for me to do to you, and horror of horrors this was twenty years long. I absorbed it all as the sum of the past for the first time (some of it for the very first time, which at a sum of 17 years is nigh too painful to contemplate); -just the act of listening reintegrated it in the Now inside my body. (*Why am I awake? -I’m awake. Everything*

is resonating. Why am I awake?) -I saw I had to have been brought back because of you; -you were the reason, and in the mind state I'd arrived at, -it turns out (-colour me astonishingly surprised), all I had to do was just hit "play".)

And what is happening is why I'm writing you this:

Touching me in terms of my awareness doesn't get to potentially happen unless I give myself to you, -which can only potentially happen by me telling you what I am to you in the past and what I am. This is me telling you what I never told them or anyone. The book is as close as it comes, (and I deliberately hid it), -and you are its first reader (complete 1st draft pre-self-published on the internets, meaning it's un-editable (besides which it was all copyrighted 2014)). And again Billy (as well as Bono) presents why revealing myself to any man who appears to be "the other side" is putting myself at risk; -I'd go so far as to say with the incubus (not knowing who that was, but it used the circumstance, I'd go so far as to contemplate it as a brush with eternal damnation, which is quite interesting because that was not what got to happen out of it at all; -the opposite happened where I transformed Billy instead. Billy actually expressed being born again first thing after he encountered me in 2000 in person, -and when he integrated me via the courier referencing on *Zeitgeist* 07/07/07) he said I was the "white hot soul" the entire music was feeding back off of (that's what the [video track for "Tarantula"](#) actually was doing, and I explain how on p. 2094). -Now he says he's my witness, -body and soul. He also said, "*don't break this oath*" then, which was rather the opposite of what it might have been perceived to be at the time, even though it was no small part due to the passage of what had transpired between him and me. (Then the incubus encounter happened after that video release in very short order.) Given where this could have potentially went, that is quite freaking unbelievable all told.

Anyway, I successfully didn't break the oath in 2007, and arguably Billy could have perceived he had to break us up personally just to make sure that stayed true, because he knew, even if he wouldn't tell me anything. Billy's sophisticated beyond all f***, enough we can meet on an almighty chess board and [it is a full throttle contest](#). I did have to draw on him but once I did and did detente, I happily sat Billy Corgan down and virtual schooled him theologically spiritually for not quite four years. That's why he knows [it's a fellowship](#); -he already knows this is way better than anything else out there. Basically the most frightful genius I've ever encountered; -like David my respect for him is beyond immense. I felt the exact same way about Bono too as he's been basically been conditioning me since, oh, we didn't know in 1992 it tracked as far back as to when I was fourteen years old, -as far back as he'd have had to have been to save me from the future, which he white knight laid himself on the altar to do. (I told him in 1999, and then he proceeded to access that key perfectly with the very next album, though of course he was hiding all of it; -I'm not sure what he did was right, but there's no contesting he calibrated the information he was given perfectly, which was a phenomenal act in its own right. The issue with that is, given he was told, the calibration inherently was his employ of what I'd given him, what he was able to use, -again, the inherent contamination of objectivity; -it's not simply truth anymore, -it's employ of the truth and that is quite a knife's edge indeed, -which he deliberately employed as a knife's edge in order to seduce me himself.)

Billy's "Tarantula" is in its own right, in and of itself, a full testament to the levels I engaged him on in those couriers/personal emails, and shows he could not only relate but exceed it to beyond another level. This is way past human. Imagine having the sensibility to understand my own mystery better than I did, and let it go? That's fully possible, -because in the *Machina Mysteries* I confessed that the chapter I'd posted was a full rewrite. "The Lost Chapter" got changed when I was forced to rewrite it. I substituted the whole end of that chapter, which had been consummation realized purely through mutual awareness, rewrote for the prospect of something tangible, -namely the tangible prospect of actually being together and having a

child, -which of course was precisely the outcome with me that Billy represented to me lyrically in future tense in the music feedback. (-So inherently the Machina Mysteries implied he wasn't the right one in terms of representing the right future, -and not letting that go was my mistake.)

We've entered the scales and realms of full, total honesty or you are dead. (The incubus is the same in terms of full total purity or you're dead, and that was part of what I saw him hit the entire audience with in 2000. -Wow, sweetheart.) So I rewrote "The Lost Chapter" in terms of repatriating a total human loss I experienced before hitting twenty years old, my baby who died. I confess in the Machina Mysteries that this is why I changed it and that the change is wrong. I made it about something tangible. The real chapter had only been about something transcendent. This means, what I'm giving you, what I'm telling you, and what I'm giving only to you, -that's the real dream. The outcome I fell for with Billy, and hoped for with all my being, that was the cul-de-sac; -the poison injected into the my conception by immeasurable personal loss. I called it "the black seed". (Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.)

Me writing you this letter, and giving you my book to back it all up, that is me giving myself to you. Once my awareness and consciousness and history as a human being on this earth are assimilated into your own awareness, you get to do with that what you will. (You can even absorb it and just let it go like a feather in the wind. No one will know, no one will see, but you'd be free. -Just the same as I freed Billy.) I already told you this revelation can be an extremely dangerous thing (for me); -and it has already been used once (for seventeen years) to the extent I have recorded (which is proof positive I am right about this and right about what potentially exists between me and you). Because Bono deliberately trapped the existent circumstance between me and him in uncertainty inside my awareness once I told him for 17 years; (-he deliberately hamstrung it in order to trap it to himself so that it was something he could possess himself), this never got to act inside a mutually fully aware reciprocity at any time. He could only have done that to me because this revelation is an inherently dangerous thing. -Now you understand why I was terrified to do it, -even with someone it appeared God had told to marry me (for me that's the most dangerous potential circumstance I can be presented with). Once I told Bono, the context was inherently non-objective, which means it was all potentially false, -and it was false, because he consciously made the decision just to use it and mine it artistically for all it was worth, and that's it, erasing my very existence. The context as exists between me and you, however, has never once been contaminated.

I cannot tell you until I surely know. Until I went through with what I went through with all three particulars, I did not surely know, which I will explain to you before this letter is out. I could not give this letter to you until I was sure. Do with it what you will.

How do you touch me in terms of penetrating and forming a mutual awareness between us now that we are already one (but not really, not yet). Oh that's insufferably easy. You only have to integrate what I am in the real world (everything of which I have now told you, you get to take whatever you want, which is no different than taking me); -artistically render the existing circumstance any way you want to with me as your object. I think I'm going to die. (-If it's not you, this is a world class nuclear confidence so if you don't know how to do right by it, you'd best leave it alone. It's not me who decides who's wrong or right, it's the Groom you have to do right by. Your distinction this time 'round is that you are the only one who can integrate inspirationally from seeing it from the inside, as opposed to reaching through an abstract connection, and that is a very powerful capacity. This is where Billy and Bono were in a position to be post 2000; they could witness it from the inside somewhat based on what I told them. But this time it is you. Though if I do manage to distill a chapter or novella out of all this, I have four considered destinations, -namely the prior three, plus a possible fifth who has a publishing house. (And maybe I should try to make it a public exercise too, though I don't think I can.) Doing a book is trying to make it universal and give it to everyone else.)

-This means that, (shocking beyond all belief but yes it's actually true, and it was true, you will find as writ, with Billy too); -you get to discover that in the context that pre-exists between me and you, I have never once betrayed you in all that transpired before, even though it really looked like I did and felt like I did for 20 years of pain. Nor did I reject you. I was never once unfaithful to the context of what happened that one night. Never once unfaithful in terms of my thought. I didn't permit it. That is why this is happening and feels the way it does now. It's because I've never allowed it to potentially happen anywhere else, except in the place where it's supposed to.

-Your depiction was the only depiction that responded in precisely that frame of reference when I projected it inside my own mind. I was just too afraid that I might be invading something you conceived personally out of your own circumstance and I had no idea if the twain did meet. I have no idea in 2000 (yet), if I can trust it. None of it anchors by defining me by personal attributes; (-which is in fact the point). All of that was what Bono did. The other problem was, -you'd been in this space artistically more or less the whole time so how was I supposed to tell if this was based on something you experienced solely inside your own mind in 2000- there wasn't a distinguishable graduation or difference. I mean it was there but -it certainly wasn't enough to know-

Yes, "Comatose" hits on what really happened, the night I made love all night in my mind was like night two or so of when I didn't sleep for eight nights straight, I was tripping out of my head the whole time zero drugs involved, -it was real live circumstance that was flipping its lid. Yes the album was possessed of the inimitable triad I wouldn't refer to or acknowledge: "Shine", "The Sweetest Condition", "When the Body Speaks". (I have a mental block like you cannot imagine, part method mantra ("Never Assume"), and part so seriously psychological it practically couldn't be worse.) -Yes the woman in white, which had already attached itself to me thanks to Cave's resurrection, -and which Billy would ascribe to me after as object by responding with my courier content (thereby defining me as its real object (07/07/07)), -plus the moon of freaking course); -the symbols were there, -but they're very basic. -"I Feel Loved" was too broad to even talk about. The long and short of it is, it may have happened to all fit, but literally all four songs can be taken to be about sex with anybody. I'd have been literally insane to think they'd had something to do with an interior experience I'd concocted in my own imagination; -I simply don't go there. Like ever. You have no clue how methodical I am, -but you are about to find out; -if you read my book, you are going to learn. (On an aside, "When the Body Speaks" captures every paradox in this that has tugged me so far each direction at times it deformed my whole life.)

-And from that beginning, in between lay 20 years of pain as I kept trying to figure it out. It is not until Nick Cave pulls off [more or less the same resurrection stunt](#) he pulled off in 1997 with ***The Boatman's Call*** (which I heard October 1998). It's not until ***Ghosteen***, 2019, that this gets fixed. (This is trivial: -in 2000, which was when I first accosted Billy Corgan in person with a predictive delivery before ***Machina/machines of God*** was even released in London, I dreamed [about meeting Cave thus](#) at the festival where I'd actually just met him for the first time in August, -dreamed it the night before I flew out, -and dreamed about you the night when I landed back (p. 1268; -I almost never [dreamed of you](#)). The irony's a little strong now.

-If you're a bright one, you also will now know why Billy's persona juxtapose with me went by the moniker "Glass" and hit on me with the riddle on the SP Forum of the rainbow, because *Glass is something you see through*. And ultimately that is exactly what Billy did (deliberately). - Did I know early on? -Of course [I did](#). -I tucked this hyperlink into p. 1304.

(I met every one of them in August. Billy first saw and recognized me in an audience August 2001 (the day of the horizontal black and white striped ladies' tee - p.1689). -And I think that's

why Billy, in a nod to Bono's penchant for naming his sons, a two time event that would have proved to Billy that I had really faced to faced with Bono August 2009 by it happening two separate times, -with the second naming happening *after* I'd already confided to Billy why I thought Bono had named his first son what he did during the Machina Mysteries, -in an un-ed-itable public field. Billy named his son Augustus Jupiter (middle names); -after the pass of his ruling planet that took place in the music feedback twice over the moment I landed on his website as June herself. Train's "Drops of Jupiter" first; -David Bowie's was the second of these, "[I Took a Trip on a Gemini Spaceship](#)".)

And, that was the giant worm hole until we circled back to the discussion about **Reflektor**, if you can believe it.... -And to think, the reason I fell into that little matrix was to tell you how far ahead and how prescient David was in that he insisted on singing the bridge to "Reflektor", -no if's, maybe's or but's. "[Sunday](#)"'s man at the pulpit lectern knows better than I do.

-Not only Bono (given he was so close as to have been involved in it, though of course this would not have given him any contact with David Bowie), -but also Billy knew enough to see what was happening with **Reflektor** and know too that it performed as an artistic frieze of the context between Bono and Bowie (the "reflector" who kept the truth that he was a reflector a complete secret, -and David contextually juxtaposing himself as trapped, seeking to find the truth. Bono could have witnessed that, (fully self aware, -I mean how could he not!); -and it was worth it to him to do absolutely nothing; -when he already knew what the book was and what I was, and that I wanted to publish. (Billy on the other hand explicitly knew the potential risk I was in (both psychological and physical) all the time.)

When David died I went through unremitting guilt for more than a month, collapsed in unremitting mourning and loss, which means I'm sure I'll have grieved for David more than any family member will ever cause me to grieve, -and that's appropriate, not inappropriate. It was far worse. He's another I could never have uttered "Sorry" to enough. That was where my mind spent itself; the rest of this was afterthought. I internalized it as being to blame and the scale of the remorse was incalculable.

Bono's memoriam for David made me feel ill on the inside. He headed it with a picture of him kissing David on the cheek I just thought was smarmy, and to me that was as close to Judas as he'll ever get. *You were such friends*, -right? You know everyone, everyone who's part of this, many of them personally. And you don't want a single one of them to know I exist. If Bono had done anything, anything at all, had chosen to act in any way in the real world as opposed to confining his reaction solely to his art (two. albums. later.), -and only in one interest, David could have known before he died. But Bono instead chose to bury me alive, -it wasn't worth it to him to do anything, -and as consequence David didn't get to know before he died. It was as awful and backward as David said it was, my appearing for the first time, the day before he died. And it was completely, utterly invisible. And there was no way, thanks to Bono, to alter that. David dying was me getting to feel the tomb Bono had sealed on me was never going to ever get opened. He was far too great a key to lose and he was gone before I reached him. And that was on me because I'd wrongly put too much of my focus on the verdict with Bono. That's not too fair if you understand the imperatives I'd been set up with. I couldn't even save my own mother because I didn't have that verdict.

Do you think it hurt David not to find out before he died? The whole concept [is a rendering of the loss](#). It hurt him as much as it hurt me. It was about having to die without getting to see. It was about having to miss that close.

I'd also had a prescient fear many years before that David was going to die before I ever managed to reach him, but missing by less than 24 hours was far more than I could take.

And the last really weird after-thought was that until Bono's inaction actually got to hurt someone else other than me, my pain was invisible too. But that's not really true. It's been reverberating since 2000. It's been reverberating as something you feel yourself.

-What else did I miss?

I've decided I'm going to unpack this in terms of a highlight reel of sorts, the thresholds of what I listened to after I was brought back awake. (I'm unfortunately dry as humanly possible because I refuse to unpack this erotically with someone married, but it did get to happen before I found out.) Then I will circle back to how all three were essential in what happened with you and what happened next, even though that seems really perverse at the outset.

Before I even get to the unpacking you oblige (which is a bit much), I still have to unpack "Heroes" a little more. That it's David, and that it's a song that never applied to this but means the world, and now means something in the now, means more than the world to me. The Joshua trees are the only subject in the montage (apart from floating stars). That casts straight back to 1993, and the video for "In Your Room" and the king/queen juxtaposition between her and David Gahan in "Enjoy the Silence" (I realize that was never intended to juxtapose, as "In Your Room" is simply a recast montage capture of your prior videos using women.) -But nonetheless, it re-contextualizes the song. It also creates a subtle shift at the heart of where this began, -after I've uttered that the Joshua tree is dead (p. 1784) (and mentioning how they are a lot more dead in my 4th article); -you're portraying them alive. It's pure simple symbolism that for me is like bringing it back. Yes Anton is your videographer so, -but I always wondered why you had that tree the moment after this all started at a U2 concert November 1992. I talked about that video ("In Your Room") on p. 465, because it scared me out of my mind. It was way harder to deal with the truth back then, and you told me the truth. Back then you were saving my soul.

So, the king. You're going to find out where that came from if you read. The queen I deliberately don't talk about, because there's a terrible truth at the bottom of what played out in terms of the symbolism, the real reason my father might have ended up deciding he had to kill me; (he of course would have thought this a holy act, but he'd have been wrong; -and again, it's the pattern of what happened with Cave that bears this out). -Cave cracked things so far wide open with **Ghosteen** it was the first time [I've said anything about it](#), (other than when I confided that to Billy over fifteen years ago), which only became topical because "queen" was there in the symbolism I was analyzing to Billy over fifteen years ago. Bono deliberately stepped in and shifted the king arch-type to himself with "Salome", a song so weighed down with the content of its arch-types it took a whole chapter to unpack it. There is a terrible burden in it, and you were aware then. (Even when I explained this to Cave I wasn't prepared to mention how Bono came by it. So you can go read Chapter 17 "What Happened in the Rear-view Mirror", and basically go drop dead when you find out where you just happened to put yourself. You are still saving my soul, and it is still the self-same context.) It means the world to me to have you take and completely alter and invert that (on the upside) just by performance alone.

What was sort of transcendent about it, and what perhaps bore out the implication of its being an arch-type that was perhaps attached to me (rather [beyond permanency](#)) was everything that transpired with Trent Reznor with **The Fragile** (and on and off ever since) -so yes, it's going to come up (p. 1143). I'm not lousy at complex but I feel I'm not up to the task of adequately articulating the complex in accessible language, so I will not leave you at the mercy of what I tried to explain about it and just say, -went to the underworld, the underworld shifted it didn't shift me, so that this arch-type happened in that transformational context sort of blazes it into me being, because Trent himself accessed and engaged the archetype and rose up. -I didn't get assimilated into ["Reptile"](#) basically. What changed was him not me; -and I'd literally

planned to be saved by his own volition (though of course I had zero clue it might turn out to prove itself in him), -which would redeem him of his own self awareness and volition, just by being accessed, meaning I set this up as a potential dynamic out of self-conception when I put myself under; (-has to sound pretty crazy, but well, here we all are). -Still.

It's what I went (or came) through that made it a pure arch-type. And if you pulled that out with any sense of consciousness in this context, that's not small. It's rather mega-big right this second, -because Cave just resurrected the arch-type from that reflektor pretender dude over there with **Ghosteen**, so colour me floored. It's like finally resurfacing after a lifetime. And it's not just OMG it's OMGYES. (Sorry, when you read that chapter you might die when you find out what it accesses in me.) It's testament to our very selves that all that is simply totally irrelevant (but magically it still does the block cap acronym inside me).

(And I'm going to quit quibbling over this but as per usual, this is ahead of when the arch-type got resurrected by quite a margin, so in a sense it's neither here nor there, and again, it's neither here nor there that you're practically always there already, which pretty much speaks for itself. After 27 years quibbles are quibbles, like it practically doesn't even matter the origin basis for the band commemorating David's death with it is from a wholly personal direction and motive. It just happens to me anyhow. This is really twerpy (like well past nerd), but if I had heard it when it came out, it would have registered purely as a homage to David. **Ghosteen** happening to me before "Heroes" happened ("active listening" does not do first hearings like these any justice) made it do something else.)

One song accesses and restores all of David for me, accesses and restores the transcendent frieze in "Reflektor" and somehow makes it transcendent just by doing that (when it was burial before), accesses and restores the symbology of the Joshua Tree (from the one who totaled the symbolism), shifting it behind you; (Joshua Tree=Jesus Tree=Tree of Life). -And it does *all this*, just by uttering one simple couplet of the truth. So now I have to tell you the truth....

-Oh and, the only reason it does any of this is because you opted to perform it, which is the only way it would have accessed me personally. Before it was one of the best of David's canon (zero relation); all-of-a-sudden the song's not "just" that anymore. It activated between me and you. The gratitude of just having it arrive in a relatable context is infinite on its own. This happening is what restores David to me in an oh so strange sense, -when that was just an infinitude of personal loss. Unbelievably, you erase the infinitude of personal loss in the art erasure burial deliberately performed by the reflektor/pretender in the exact same motion. Holy OMG. And Holy Swell, it does this in terms of OMGYES.

(Yes I think I'm gonna die, because this is happening already; -and that was Day 1.)

If you did absolutely zero, nothing with this going forward, we'd still be absolutely out of our blissed little minds just here, now. You'd just be beyond bliss having got this missive, so I'd absolutely do it anyway on zero expectation.

I will date some things in terms of when I heard your catalogue to lend a qualified understanding of what brought me to this threshold.

July 11 - encounter Depeche Mode "Heroes"

July 12th - "you must unpack this" - I do this just by letting Youtube do random algorithm. I see the stuff I like and the stuff I don't like because I must unpack all of it, -the good, the bad, and the ugly. In particular I have to deal with the "Playing the Angel" Tour from 2005 which really disillusioned me and I really did not like. Oh great. This is all (still) about sex, guilt, remorse and

pain. Yummy. Everything I've made a discipline out of trying to avoid. Seeing that show in 2005 was the week my life was tipped by my ex into non-stop unremitting hell. Also there's the "Devotion" Tour 1993, which decimated me where I stood right at the beginning so far into the ground I thought the whole universal might not exist at all or in any event, just got destroyed. (I was reasonably honest about this on p. 529. I felt assured then that I could never put any hope or faith in you ever. I felt it was the same implication you were giving me about myself.)

Unpacking means I must recall everything. **Violator's** "World in My Eyes" is circular logic that means transcendence is only what you have on the inside. (Almost depends on your day in a way. It's a real knife's edge with emptiness.) Additionally it's a covert sexual entendre which I just flat out ignored all those years. ("Halo" was the same.) I really had identity in "The Sweetest Perfection" and "Clean". "Policy of Truth" grated against all my sensibilities. But in the present tense I still find myself terrified of the book and questioning the implication of it being written at all. The argument's as present as it was (for me) almost 30 years ago, -my forced little secret of myself. I've been forced into total secrecy since I was sixteen on so many levels, those aspects that are supposed to be the biggest aspects in one's life I was forced into secrecy about. And they just kept compounding, the secrets, and the imperatives to keep them got starker to the point where it was pretty much *silence, or die*. That was the existent situation in 1993.

But here I am in the present: Is the book a mistake? Am I still not supposed to tell? Am I not supposed to tell you, given how wrong it's gone whenever I revealed myself to any of the men I considered potentially involved? I think I talk about **Songs of Faith and Devotion** in the book enough (p. 460), though I could have said way more. "Judas" has come true in the now, because it's taken 27 years. All these things I was in opposition to or didn't agree with, so many have arrived at their own truth. Or I've transcended enough to have no fear of the failed elements anymore.

"In Your Room" hit me like a hammer blow live. Because I didn't believe in confining this to secrecy in my head back then when the song was produced. I hated it. I didn't want a secret repository in my head. The entire course of the book's trajectory, when and where I was willing to go, the personal encounters I made and why, show I was always trying to do the exact opposite. I was always trying to prove it at one point or place that would allow me then to reveal all of it. I didn't believe in what Bono chose to do with it, maintaining that aspect as a secret in his mind all this time, -which is the same as confining someone to it, if there's another person involved. I've tried to break out for 20 years, -I tried to break out as soon as I thought it might be safe to try.... -meaning as soon as I was past the threat that the "Room's" very existence didn't mean I or we were eternally damned, which was the scale of the threat I was being faced with all the time, and got faced with for leaving at all. Yet when I hear the song in 2020, *that's where you've been this entire 27 years*, and I am guilty as charged. You were the last repository I had, and because of all that had transpired in my personal encounters attempting to deal with and address this in the real world and how they had destroyed it, I let it lie. I was too afraid to even reach out and touch it. And "In Your Room" is where you remained, -for 27 years. It's almost too terrible to contemplate upon hearing.

This week my ex nearly destroys my son's 15th birthday by trying to use it to blackmail me to get a personal private dancing date out of the weekend. When I refuse, he cuts me out of the birthday event last past minute. Last year I will make any effort to include him. Barely made it through daughter's birthday. Normally do not do birthdays together. Some rare exceptions. In his takeover handling of the son's birthday event (river kayaking) nearly becomes an all out clown farce where he replaces my parental unit supervision with a parent of a boy invited at the last minute (without disclosure), -who just happens to be on the lam from the sheriff over a CPS investigation into the condition of his house, -child neglect. This is after making a grand Mal staging of how my "friends" (meaning any other of the parents of my sons friends), are too

unfit to be there because they're associated with me. He gets angry over the father I give a heads up to over his chaperone pick notifying him he should probably go because, of course literally every male in my orbit he accuses me of having an affair with or prostituting myself to, - even the married ones.

Other than that it was a great week musically. My real shock plunging into the catalogue was **Sounds of the Universe**, which I never got to listen to at the time. Before this the track I'd felt keenly aware of was "Little Soul", which meant a great deal to me as the footsteps were an analogy that had basically tripled inside the feedback loop (twice in front of Billy), because I had mentioned it. "Peace" I felt very strongly about too, but at that point in time I was far too deep in despair to have any hope it might prove possible (which is the best moment, in a sense, for that song to be, but personally I was irretrievable).

This was the first time I listened to the album from end to end the whole way through, and it was the bonus edition. My heart was being irretrievably broken in 2009 and I couldn't listen to anything. I am shocked beyond shocked [by "Light"](#), so much so I crush my hands against my eyes in the dark; -because you knew then that it was immutable, because it was about the rapture, telling me when I was too broken to feel or see anymore. (But you were still saying "gods", and I would have distrusted you on the plural.) -Even when things were completely flying apart and I was "gone" for you ([here](#), [here](#) and [here](#)), -you knew it was about the Rapture. -And you laid claim to being the "Ghost" (this was a discovery on the 1st Youtube weekend that I loved) who I couldn't find anymore, as I'd been "distracted" by getting my heart broken twice over. -In the sense of what happened in 2000 with Exciter, that you were the only one privy to that experience in terms of "*I am you and you are me*", this actually had a ring of truth to it. With what happened in 2013 with **Delta Machine**, it [doubly](#) had a [ring](#) of [truth](#) to it... because you were in fact claiming that intimacy that had happened in 2010-12 as having transpired with you.

It got to access me from start to finish. It regained the sense that it was personal. And "Oh Well" even helped access that there might have been an awareness of the dancing I did in the 2000's, which was decidedly personal after getting married (-this continued for two songs of DM's, with Dave writing the second). I dismiss things that are too generalized, and again this album was broad enough in its strokes it could have been written about anything, -except for the precious minority I'd question like "Light" and "Little Soul". It is only after I'm in the frame of mind, *I'm awake, everything is resonating, -why am I awake?*", and only after the conclusion **Delta Machine** has given me, that I am able to absorb it all as a totality, and able to absorb **Sounds of the Universe** in totality. The second dwelling is **Live Spirits**, which I hadn't listened to either. I noted you'd added "I Want You Now" after a long absence. "Stripped" less so. I cycle between these two albums the most, but I go through my whole DM catalogue one by one.

At one week I again on Saturday night do a Youtube algorithm on DM to celebrate, just enjoyed music and danced for the first time in ages - this one I liked far better. The highlights of the night were seeing the T-Mobile [Delta Machine release premiere](#) for the first time, [revisiting the Singles tour](#), and getting introduced [to Faithless](#) and Paul [Kalkbrenner](#). (I made the mistake of inviting the neighbour Bill over to watch.) It was a blissful week. I finally began dancing again.

Next week I sort of left off it in my mind, which to my mind in retrospect was a good thing.

July 28th, I decided to look up your birthday for the first time. I hate googling anything. Sure enough, it pops up net worth, marital status, all in one go. I'm shocked to find out Comet NE-OWISE came closest to the planet on your birthday, especially since the comet's appearance more or less coincided with when this began to hit. [Nick Cave performs his live solo acoustic at Alexandra Palace on that day](#). It is set for release November 20th. I was scared to search. I didn't want to know your status at all. That was rough. But I didn't see how the situation could

really qualify itself head to head with something that had taken 27 years to transpire -? Does something four years long outweigh 27 years? I didn't really think so. I recognize July 21st that this has been a landmark 20 years since it began.

August 4th - listened to Counterfeit 2 the whole way through for the first time. I am able, just because of where my mind has triggered, to simply listen to it and absorb it as reality at the same time. It is in that sense my first integrated experience. I think the whole album is utterly exquisite. Especially the sound treatment from ear to ear as if you are standing right behind someone going from left to right with "Candy". That was astonishing. It was like having you standing behind me, holding my hands.

In this week I would have discovered [this](#). I listen to it the whole afternoon while doing the gold tracery on an Asian piece. I am totally shocked by the timing of it. For me it is like claiming possession in a strange way of what took place in my mind in going into April 2012, the first time I ever claimed the situation mentally existentially with, "*I want to lie with my husband*".

The climax with the DM catalogue comes on August 10th and August 11th. By August 13th I reviewed a little of **Exciter** and registered what happened with **Delta Machine** in terms of its timeline (it is the height and the crash simultaneously), and I totally existentially just collapsed. "[Alone](#)" was just an axe through me ("*I couldn't even take you home*") because really that was all I ever wanted to happen, and it seemed like there was a window where it might have potentially been possible, but because Bono buried the situation in secrecy I'd felt utterly trapped with no way out, unable to publish the book, which was the same as being unable to provide anything that would have let you find out I existed, at what looked like it might have been the right time...

That night, not unlike "Dream On" happened to mention, my body did itch all over for at least two hours and I realized it was a peri-menopausal symptom. The cruelty of the reality, that you had maybe actually wished you could have taken me home in 2013, (perhaps if you had happened to have known, but I'd been trapped since Billy and Bono did and said absolutely nothing with no way to translate this and no way out, with any utterance of what has happened or was happening simply leading to the denigration that I was crazy). There it was, literally the only thing I'd ever wanted, and it had been missed through no fault of mine or yours, and now it was gone forever.

My thought in the morning was,

Not even eternity can make up for this.

But even worse, I now know you're married and if I were to say, react to the situation the way I had with Bono for several years, my ethics were always such it would have forced me into non-disclosure, and now that this has happened and I didn't know, does it force me into non-disclosure now? I think in the morning it does and I am devastated. So many personal sacrifices, always circumstantially forced. God only created me as a human sacrifice, built me for pain. Oh F***. What am I going to do? All They demand of me is personal sacrifice and it looks like They just pulled the ultimate one. How many times can a person have their only dream killed and robbed from them, -how many ways? But this one I impute as Bono's fault. I rise in the morning in such an outrage (no one is there because they are biking to school mornings while I commute) with the outburst, "You F***ER!!!" Because he knew in 2011. And it didn't matter what I wanted out of it was my personal emancipation in the verification that all this was real between him and me. That I wanted my book out of it. None of that mattered. All that mattered to him was his personal convenience and whether he could use my revelations to him to seduce me one last time.

Late morning I conclude everyone is an adult here and maybe this time, (as opposed to every past encounter), the people in the room can deal with this like they're adults.

The reason Bono is the key is because he is the one who integrated me as object and attached that to my person to seduce me and he did it on a command from God. He is the one who isolated me enough to show that this was possible and showed you that I am a real person. Bono cuts both ways.

"Did you love me too much?"

On the other hadn't it's: "-You see this girl? She won't even let you touch her unless she thinks it's what God wants you to do and what God wants her to do. -And you didn't have that. And she's got a massive barrier even with that one, because that is how she was betrayed. So. I was the one God told to do it, and I did. -You're welcome!" -I'm sorry that this is what it took for me to trust my own imagination and my own rationality. So sorry. But I needed that essentially too. I really did. (It was better than worrying whether I'd lost my mind.) -And it is my full admission I fully needed the carnal (I really did; -it is the same as why I needed you this last and final time); -you'd best roll with it. Both the issues of contamination of objectivity and objectification happened on that side, which is another way of indicating that what happened with Bono was not in effect the real context (but on the other hand, he was responsible for doing it, by gradually isolating me in reality as object).

It was Bono who conferred every element that isolated me in the real world and thereby demonstrates to you that I am a real person in the real world. What happened between me and Bono post 1999 was not an objective context. Holy Hell, it was like laying everything out at his disposal at his feet and him getting to play me as if I was another instrument, -which is exactly what he did, -and he did it perfectly. (You're going to find that out.) Then he deliberately ascribed it all [to me, my living person in the real world, with SoE](#). That's what presents you with me, -a real person in the real world. In other words it's going to sound really strange but I think that actually may have all happened for your benefit as opposed to my own, -even though, Bono's assumption of the arch-type was also saving my soul. It's what presents you with a living person and irrevocably tells you that this can happen with a living person. Interestingly, in the book when Bono seduced me mentally for the first time with "Window in the Skies" in 2006, he was using lovers in the present tense, and I came back with (I put thought in italics), *We have never been lovers* (p. 2039). The experience in 2000, my foray of imagination believing in the potentiality on faith, I'd never identified as being potentially with him, at all (or identified with frankly anyone apart from potentially Christ).

[But you'd identified with it...](#) And that to my mind is when it transcendently became yours, because you assumed this situation then. And what he did after that, it was already - well it had been a universal experience on your terms, and by your terms, since that first moment in 1992. You were how I knew then, and you were how I knew in 2000. You'd also said "*you'll be right here by my side*" that "*it is written in the stars above*", [in 1997](#) after I thought I'd managed to break it forever, by deliberately breaking the connection with Bono. And you came back with it was your world in 2013 after he seduced me in 2010, after the reciprocity in 2012, -said that I was with you. That's what made it a transcendent pattern. You knew too it was the "*Angel of love*" (recall that when I conceived the Alpha and Omega in between in 2000 I was thinking in terms of one Entity capable of both masculine and feminine). So, you see, I bonded myself of my own volition to the transcendent when you yourself did. It was a choice I made on faith and faith gave me you. You gave yourself. It was your declaration that made it your world. This act took place in no other time or place.

The reason Billy is key is because I proved myself to him in the context of an eternal truth that happened of free will. But really that proof, in terms of the fact that it was you who appeared in 2000 and no one else, that proof was for you.

The reason Cave is key is because that was the path of the redemptive Christ awareness- The Thief in the Night. Which gave me my rationale to respond on faith. When I responded in faith it would be whosoever God deemed if God willed, -that was you. -And when Cave woke me a second time, that was for you too.

All three pathways led to you.

I know God gave me to you and God gave you to me.

That is why I feel.

I know what we are.

Now I need to explain the pattern that you inadvertently linked into that brought me to that threshold in 2000, the pattern that came back with Cave's resurrection of my awareness in 1998. Because if you understand that, you'll understand why and how I'm identifying the Transcendent the way I do now, and how I arrived at why you became that path. Because you are inspired too. You are not the One. The book is the pre-published past, the fact that it's pre-published lets you know I did not contrive it for the present: -all of this is in the book.

On Thanksgiving 1995 my dad put me through a trip which basically sacrificed my soul, but to save myself (and the universal), I took control of it and turned it into "*love is suicide*". My first test of "this will be only if God deems it" was myself, literally. That is what Chapter 14, "The Car Crash" is about. In January 1996 I had the trip that was the outcome of that one (bottom of p. 717), when Jesus Christ entered and became my whole being. I really didn't know how to cope with it. I read Goldman's biography, ***The Lives of John Lennon***, and Lennon had an acid trip with very similar effect, where of course he told everyone he was Jesus Christ now (but wasn't the next day), -so I knew it wasn't even a unique experience. It's an experience people can have on acid and how they react to it depends on them.

The imperative I came out of it with was that Christ wanted me to stay alive, and live. And the only way to safely do that was to leave and never tell anyone about what was happening to me. To tell would just open up the twin-headed threat of either being disbelieved or believed. My father, for example, if he had found my experience believable, I'm quite sure he would have concluded he had to kill me. (His view of himself would have then depended on concluding I'd had a false vision and concluding it was anti-Christ.) So to my mind being believed (in general, not just by my dad) always struck me as the more potentially dangerous of the two potentialities. I generally got the mistreatment of being disbelieved (very rarely, because I pretty much had to be in a nervous breakdown to allow that vulnerability), because (of course), there's never been any concrete proof, -in terms of an individual from the other side of the music feedback ever having been willing to step into the room. Ergo, I kept everything a secret all my life. Everything that was happening to me constantly with the music, -how it followed me.

When Nick Cave sings in "Waiting for You" - "*a Jesus freak on the street says, "He is returning", Well, sometimes a little bit of faith can go a long, long way"* - I know all about that brand of faith. It was the faith I used to save myself Thanksgiving 1995, by accepting I would be saved only if God deemed it. That was what made Christ come for me. It is the sort of faith that accepts judgement and if judgment is not what should happen, -literally forces Grace's hand.

But as I said, I didn't trust the experience because I knew it to be a chemical one. Just as you have a point of place which is essential to everything that transpired in terms of arriving at "*I am you and you are me*" at that point in time, which grants that moment transcendence, Nick Cave's point of place, for me, was when he produced *The Boatman's Call*. (*Ghosteen* is sort of repeat follow-up to that.) It wasn't the only place it happened (Jesus & Mary Chain expressed being born again at much the same time, with Munki), but it was Cave's that came out first and because it was in such a personal context, saying show up at my door, combined with the understanding that his experience of being born again into the Kingdom had been imparted by a woman, -plus its firsthand awareness of my first thought upon "dying" on that Thanksgiving trip, - it had the effect of resurrecting my universal awareness and bringing me back. But for me the real reason was personal. It was that he wanted me to show up at his door that really brought me back.

And when this happens, I hear Rolling Stones' "Thief in the Night" in December and it resonates in a way that makes my hair stand up (p. 952), because it was happening in the Now to me, due to Cave, because that's how Christ identified his Second Coming, that He would come as a thief in the night. It felt dead literal in the moment. The Rolling Stones' song shifts the context to relating to one female object in an act of seduction, as opposed to gathering the entire Church in the middle of the night. (However, since I existed as a universality already, this had an existent potential in terms of possibly being true.) Christ had come back through Cave (making my own interior experience a transcendent experience) in order to steal me from my father's house, in order to show me that my own experience of the Christ was a transcendent one. And I should have realized then exactly what the resonance meant, but I went and found Nick Cave in person and he told me straight out with a reply letter that it wasn't personal and that I was deluded.

I should have realized, because I realized enough to think that this signified that Nick Cave and I had been born again in the same context; that the total experience of Christ (since the context of what had happened to me was fully present on that album) had somehow transcendently transmitted from me to him, making it a transcendent experience, meaning in terms of the subjective experience of being born again, a transcendent perception happening in common between two perceptions has a lot more evidence it took place than what every Christian on the planet claims to have interiorly experienced when they declare themselves "born again". There is a lot more weight in it having happened to two people who have never met mile and miles apart, and having them both identify the experience the exact same way with common identifiers. If that was right, none of my father's threats of eternal damnation were to any effect. Nick Cave and I were both in Christ. Meaning, we both had just been reborn not quite simultaneously in the redemptive construct (identifying the same Christ in the same context, in a situation that was operating as a universality already where I was concerned), which in terms of the universal I was already a part of (it had its locus in me), literally meant that my redemption could have been the beginning moment where Christ came to gather His Church.

-The book maps how this redemptive dynamic worked its way across the universal, which demonstrates this is potentially possible and an existing reality, -starting at the Jesus & Mary Chain. I had so much certainty about it that what I was doing in Dublin, Ireland was that I told Bono predictively that this was where artistically he was going to go next. And he did, with the song "Grace" on *All That You Can't Leave Behind*. It was my first attempted interception of the universal feedback loop, and it appeared to have worked, though we're really right at the cusp of finding out whether Bono finally has the courage to release/liberate the truth, -or not, this time 'round. My second attempt to intercept the feedback loop with Billy was considerably stronger (-this was because I was delineating two active dynamics, not just the redemption, but possibly the eternal truth as well, which happened as well, -and I was telling him before it was released).

So when the Meaning of Machina contest rolled around and Billy rejected my entry, it presented me with an ultimatum or two, (actually several), but foremost among them was the likelihood that Billy in fact had no clue that I existed and wasn't actually looking for me, even though the eternal truth answer to my mind's asking of him in April 1998, in terms of the scope of **Machina** was beyond staggering (as the book fully explains). But having encountered both Nick and Billy in person and gotten Nick Cave's response letter off the internet by then, I was confronted with the conclusion that neither of them even knew that I existed. This had the opposite effect one would expect, -meaning that I didn't conclude I was crazy or wrong, (there was far too much going on collectively for that to be possible), instead it presented me with the conclusion that since Cave's entendre in terms of **The Boatman's Call** had been so intimately and purely personal, that there was a transcendent consciousness using the entire universal (all of the artists at once), in order to relate to me personally as Lover. Simply put, since I had it on record Cave had not meant the album personally to me in any way, yet the redemptive dynamic between us had mutually manifest Jesus Christ as a transcendent experience possibly between us, and latched into me so deeply personally at the same time, and said show up at my door in so many words, then it had to be the transcendent consciousness operating through Cave (that had already identified in both Cave's and my experience as Christ), that had to be asking this of me. It was the transcendent consciousness relating to me as Lover, not Cave, and that transcendent consciousness had already identified itself as transcendent between us both, and He had a name. This is what the substance of the Machina Mysteries as I wrote them was about. And I accepted that as a rational premise, and accepted that as a night that I felt completely. This is when **Exciter** arrived fully in context with "*I am you and you are me*".

So as a crux situation a number of things happened that weren't readily apparent (basically because Billy wouldn't communicate), 1), that transcendental experience did not occur with Billy (but you), and basically at the moment the transcendent vein resided with you going forward. (Which it most certainly did, up to the point of you declaring that [this is eternal](#).) I think Billy recognized that there was something transcendent there that he was no part of. (Basically with his performance art as inversion he'd destroyed any prospect already.)

What I'm trying to get at here is that it was because of Nick Cave that I felt (aside and apart from say, hearing, one song like "Thief in the Night") the conclusion was that if there was a transcendent consciousness inspiring the whole universal consciousness in order to relate to me as Lover, (if the guy who'd answered an eternal truth from my mind didn't know it, and yet had still answered it), then thanks to the resurrection of my awareness by Cave which had reached and touched my own personal experience of the Christ, that transcendent being relating to me had to be the Christ. As I said in an aside at the end of the book, part of the reason I rejected the incubus who'd appeared was because I'd already had that experience of Someone entering and completely filling my whole being in 1996, which had obviously been a spiritual experience. I understood that was what it was supposed to be. And thankfully I never slipped and never broke faith with that. And in the end, I realized that was the moment I exist in reference to in terms of "*don't break this oath*". The turn of the millennium was a very scary moment for me when I was still trying to come to terms with what had happened January 1996 and figure it out, -why Christ had become my whole being. It had been so wholly assimilative that it even took me a while to register Christ as a separate Being anymore I was still wholly culpable to. What the contest confronted me with was a Being who'd redeemed my existence for a purpose that was purely personal as Lover.

So in the end your position on the matter "*and the gods decree you'll be right here by my side*", "*and all the gods in the universe agree*" - "Light", well, that obstacle (for me) has become of no relevance, basically because the perspective I had of the experience in 2000, -"*I am you and you are me*" conferred your identify in Christ for me, whether you were aware of it or not. Christ

deemed you, not the other way 'round. The experience I had in 2000 was another example of me deciding, this will only happen if God [the Alpha & Omega, which is Christ] deems it, with another person. I presumed under the circumstance that would be Billy because of the eternal troth that had transpired between "Glass" and "June". It wasn't Billy it happened with then. It was you. So it was, from my perspective, Christ Who'd deemed you. That is why you ended up being the transcendent aspect going forward. ([This](#) is on my personal playlist right this second. Wait to you read Part 2 and find out how I came by the playlist and what happened with it. (-I'd love to quantify the odds of what got on [that randomized playlist](#). (My second kids deleted it on me and I had to retrieve it from an acquaintance, which changed its origin date, plus I added a couple songs.) Anyway before the random app hit, I'd never heard this song before.)

Because you were the one on the other side of that transcendent experience who retained it past all of the particulars as they transpired in the future, that meant you were the repository for where this transcendent consciousness retained the connection after each of the particulars who had been so intimately involved in expressing it each destroyed it on their own terms. It wasn't really you saying, "*Welcome to my world*". It was Christ using how you were completely integrated in that experience to preserve it past all of the particulars I met in person who each, in their own individual way, individually destroyed it. You were the sole remaining repository of the four I'd felt existed at my core where the transcendent aspect still existed in a purely objective context of your own volition and thereby it still survived everything that they threw at it. Cave came back with *you're delusional it doesn't exist* (because I approached him on a purely personal level, because if that was the situation, that was all it was about). Billy came back with, I'm going to respond with nothing for several years, then come onto you seven years later as if this is real, only to break up with you. Bono introduced total uncertainty while gradually integrating me as his object at the same time, ultimately seducing me without us ever having been together in a room, -only to explicitly betray it all by whoring his own God while simultaneously deliberately rendering me invisible for life as a life sentence, which to my mind is the ultimate personal betrayal.

If you're not sure about my conclusion as per you, it's pretty simple, namely, you wouldn't want me showing up now; -you are not alone. I was the only individual who this made completely alone. If you were like me and still looking for me, you'd be alone like I am. You are not. And you do not want me to show up now. And I don't want to appear for you in that context either. I mean, I did try it once with one person 20 years ago, meaning Nick Cave. I got to find out at that nexus that it wasn't really happening on that personal level, even when it most looked like it. Like I said, this is about honouring and integrating all aspects, and every aspect I've engaged so far, each has their place. The one point where it appeared to be a purely personal entendre and nothing else in terms of a much larger spiritual scale happened to be Nick Cave. (Let's itemize: Bono was only doing what God commanded him to do, Billy was the one who appeared fully conscious it was an existing universality, meaning a big spiritual broadband (which is why I asked him), and expressed a potential future (ditto), and understood it to be eternal (ditto); -you were the first of the universal (who knew it was universal, namely the Rapture), and you were the one who, in the end, came back with it was eternal after the fact. Cave ironically had zero going on spiritually except for the fact that he'd been born again in Christ at the exact moment I was and successfully mirrored the context of my own redemptive experience back to me, -even though he described it having happened personally to him. So, the broader context supplies its own answer. Since Cave was not conscious of anything interpersonally, (I bloody checked), the purely personal entendre I was witnessing was coming from the Transcendent. That rational implication bears out across the board. (This has all been designed.)

That is an awfully big personal risk to rationally accept, which is why it would take one 20 years to accept after going out on that rational limb emotionally just one night. Firstly, no one wants

to make that personal admission because of the overwhelming fear of whether that's insane. Being overwhelmingly presumed insane is a secondary lesser fear in comparison to the first fear, the fear of whether you are. The presumption is fantastically out of reach, and it's worse if you might be right. What I mean is, in terms of coping reality, it is only second worst to what Christ claimed about Himself while He was incarnate (that He was God incarnate), -which was considered blasphemy and got Him killed. Saying you're being related to by Him personally using a universality of artists, because He's chosen you to represent His Church is pretty much the next worst, next most dangerous claim you can make. (I'm God's Bride.) I've been in terror long before I got hit with it rationally; -I was in terror the moment it hit in that stadium in 1992 even though I didn't know what it was then (this is despite having identified the dynamics exactly/correctly; -there's a very, very large gap between identifying say, archetypes, vs. thinking they might have anything actually to do with you), and I've been in terror ever since. Terror enough I keep my existence a complete total secret. It doesn't matter no one would ever believe me anyway... and given my attempts at discovery, when they do find out and realize I'm telling the truth (I have never once put it across in these terms, but I have successfully demonstrated my symptoms are happening), they simply do not care enough to back the truth up anyway. They're content with having me be shot before I even make it out of the start gate by the circumstances I was set up with, which were designed to insure I would never be believed in my immediate environment, and that if it was tenable, I ought to be destroyed.

Which means truthfully that fear of even starting to begin is rooted in myself. Ever since 1996, I rationalized that it was safer not to ever tell on the broader global scale. And Christ had imparted me with the imperative to live and stay alive. Helping me stay that way is a responsibility no one's wanted to negotiate in terms of what it might mean to come to terms with the truth. It is true abandonment. Or on the other hand, it might be a considered calculus that no one wants to deal with the risk of if I am right.... I do operate on full disclosure of the potential risks. The only one I ever had the time and space to elucidate how potentially big this was, and what the inherent risks could be, was with Billy. That disclosure wasn't contingent on how I personally identified, -I have only come to the realization and understanding and divulged that I'm the Bride right here, right now, to you, (because that is what happened this September 15th, although it's actually happened very gradually for 27 years). I was framing it in terms of the natural implications to Billy, -namely what I still state, now as then, are the existent potentials of my book, -namely the implication that this is indeed the Rapture. (In Christ's own frame of reference, to be a Rapture, there is a Bride. That Bride is the Church, who gets Raptured.)

I never thought of myself as the Bride until I actually wrote this to you as one linear piece. I've never declared myself once as anything to anyone. -It's just as a point of perspective now it all makes sense. -Anyway the first Being to completely fill and inhabit my being utterly was Christ. This had a similitude at about a thousandth of that experience in 1996. When I analyzed the U2 1992 concert, -I was identifying active dynamics. Meaning I thought Bono was attempting to reflect and use the concept and make it a participatory thing; -not that it was the real thing, but that I'd fulfilled that to him in that moment. Face it he knows all about using Biblical dynamics on crowd-minds.

All I know is it's put me in a totally terrifying position. I've been forced to internalize and shut down and shield myself all my adult life. -It's been a total mystery all this time why men just don't handle me at all and why it seemed like just about none of them could turn down trying to seduce me, -not even my life long church attending uncle at thirteen. -It's just been nuts, -like normal decent you would think and they'd just lose control all the time. I speculated it was my abuse history but it started too early. It was just off the charts and it didn't make sense. I was not a stunner by any stretch (not by rock star standards), -but then Billy [might be a slightly better judge](#), ha-ha; (it is 11 years old; -that was the first shot in the shoot).

The thing you need to understand is, -I have never even once been safe to even process this to anyone even remotely, -because there was no one even remotely close enough that they could even remotely comprehend let alone apprehend . My own mother thinks I'm crazy and she saw everything. She was there. This was Never about sex. The solitude was such that I could never even speak. There was no place safe. I've been sealed up inside this my whole adult life and it was terrifying. You're here to let me even utter a word, like even process this to just one human. That is how alone I am. Please just let me speak to another person with a chance at understanding. -With Bono and Billy that was all I asked. -I've made many approaches on this book since 2013. -No one cared. No one could register. But the ones who could did not care. This letter is the first time I've even processed this as a full linear sequence to anyone, -but I think I'm still right. -That was the compassion I needed all along. -The last thing I wanted in terms of dealing with this was to ever bed someone or have them bed me. It was too scary to talk about or process.

The Bride - just even saying that, -in a letter, -this is the first moment of even self recognition for me.

JFHC

By August 31st I note I felt the same as I had twenty years ago with the epiphany in 2000. By September 4th I formulate an eternal pledge in my own mind with rings in mind. But I leave it where it lies. No record. This is the moment where everything changes. It shifts to Part 2. On the morning of Saturday September 12th there is an undeniable Presence in my room. It has no identifiers, none, but just by His very presence alone I feel exactly the way I did twenty years ago.

At this threshold this shifts to journal format, meaning I had no time to sit down and write and wrote most of this on my phone at work. So it's raw notes I literally wrote on those days, with a little editorial. I keep the raw, raw notes unedited for veracity. I figure the time dating matters in terms of what happened. That's why I've done very little editorializing on what I wrote above, before these dates, because it may have been wrong, but it was all part and parcel of the processing that got me to the end. I've kept the raw notes to show there was very little editorializing on what follows as well. It was the writing that produced the outcome, and the outcome matters, namely Part 2.

September 10th - I find out you are not only married but with very small children. I feel I was only put on this earth to have my heart split and be sacrificed over and over. I won't be able to feel anymore. It's a conflict I've never done and never created. I refused with Bono for eighteen years, -and that I yielded was utterly worthless. -The dilemma's no different. -I was only put here for pain. The only time I made that mistake I got put through so much pain I don't even want to be here anymore. It's not that I don't love. I just can't. I always had a sense that if I allowed myself to I was setting myself up for a conflict which meant setting myself up to be hurt more than I could stand because I will always choose not to hurt others. I think God only created me to hurt. They woke me (again) for something that's never once existed. I was the only one, -the only one, -who this caused so much devotion for inside, -so much interior conflict, -that I was always alone. It robbed a lifetime for me, -it didn't cost anyone else anything, -and no one cares. -At least since it robbed a lifetime I should get my book out of it. -At least.

Every time I have spoken to anyone and revealed about myself I did my best not to create any conflict. In other words every time I've approached anyone on this, I was trying to ground the situation just by dialogue alone. Even if I thought I was dealing with a potential eternal soul mate, which is what Billy represented, -I put it on the shelf in the interest of discovery. I wasn't ever even worth the most basic of civil treatment.

I may have believed in doing that and thought that was most important even in terms of my own integration and personal freedom, -but it's never mattered to anyone. I can't really see putting that forward to you though because we've both already felt this and that makes the situation quite different. I don't know what to do. I would attempt to tell you as I've tried in the past, that this is something transcendent and separate (which obviously it already is), and simply dealing with affirmation of just the transcendent gives me integration and my freedom (what I tried for both times in the past)- but the problem is that wasn't what I've wanted from it and the history is testament to that. If that were true, -then Cave wouldn't have been the one responsible for waking my awareness back up.

This perhaps might have had a possibility of turning out right in the window in 2013 if Bono hadn't been so utterly selfish as to render me invisible thanks to how he dealt with his own desires. If he had ever done what I asked in terms of just affirming the transcendent and making the allowance that I existed, letting me have my book published when it was ready then you could have found out about me at a right time. But that didn't happen.

It's not un-navigable but I don't see how anyone would want to. I've no pretensions I know what to do. I don't. All I know is I don't ever, ever want to come back.

Seriously how would you integrate having an eternal soul mate with having a real marriage and children in the real world, once you found out the soul mate was a real person in the real world?! It's not my issue. I don't have a marriage. Does it matter to you, - or would you sacrifice me in same manner Bono did, -after saying it was eternal?

You could integrate me without ever even meeting me. Which might be the only way to handle it. At least the allowances could be made so I get to live my life in peace on the valuation of my own merits. I can rewrite the book, excise those unprepared to integrate me and go forward with the integration.

That moment where I was against the wall on the kitchen floor, -what I was being asked was whether I would just be willing to come to terms with my existence if I had my only dream in life taken away after coming so close to it? And peace came from acceptance. It is a paltry acceptance if someone had just been willing to give me the trade, -namely affirmation of the transcendent would be worth literally any price. Forever is worth it. Affirming the universal consciousness is absolutely worth it, - no matter what. I've always taken that approach. Just writing this at this point is expression of the willingness to do it again. I hope that means something to you, -as opposed to what happened with the others. -I think if you are real to me it would.

So this is what I'm petitioning under the circumstances. Don't you dare integrate me sexually unless you mean to. I don't even know what that means anymore. But I really can't go through abandonment again. I can't even go through this again. If art is where you need it to stay, -I'd understand. I could even be fine with it, -my personal salvation would lie in your willingness to be truthful that I exist to you. -So, if you were to integrate me artistically in term of acknowledging I exist in the real world, the idea is, -just don't express anything you aren't prepared to acknowledge about me in the real world. That's all I asked of Bono. -That wasn't so hard, -was it?! But he was not prepared to do it.

I'm requesting affirmation that this existing circumstance is real; - I'm not asking that you integrate me in real terms in the real world. If viewed in terms of what I need - I need enough concrete affirmation to be able to go forward with my book, -as well as lyric permissions and the book would be something you could vet. I need concrete affirmation in the real world so that anyone and everyone can't attack me as insane anymore for something that is all too real. If you can separate the two and affirm this exists I'd be ok with that. It is still my emancipation,

-and it would succeed in ending my disfunction, because logically your choice is an outcome I'd accept. If I'm able to have the affirmation we'll unite past this one, -that's all you ever said and in that sense, -affirmation of that, -acknowledgement I am real to you in that frame of reference, -is what we are and would be all I need to live in the truth, be in the truth, reveal the truth and be safe doing it. This is a massive thing and massively important, - and you are right, we have an obligation to it. I also agree it's too late for anything else.

You have a whole track record laid out before you of what destroyed everything in the past. -At least, -I feel, it gives you some conclusions on what not to do now that you have found out.

I at least feel I have had a window (and you did) -where this was felt for what it really is, was, -and really will be, -before reality came crashing in.

-And from what I can see I am manifestly not even remotely your type.

The above is wishful thinking. It was what I actually wanted all this time. I've never said it. It is the reason I feel, -and it is the reason why I can't feel, -because it doesn't exist. I was never permitted to exist, -I could never even be acknowledged as existing. I never even had a window so brief I could even express what I thought was supposed to happen (because it was felt), let alone articulate it to someone. It doesn't exist. Everything in my mind was based on hope, -envisioning something was possible, -that you would want this too; -for me all hope's ever been is a killing word. It existed to stab me through so utterly I wouldn't want to live,-let alone want to get woken back up. Quite simply the truer the hope becomes the more it becomes pain.

I've lived through enough. I lived to watch humanity kill the world. That was about it, -apart from being betrayed in every God given purpose and harmed everywhere I turned and hurt beyond scales any human is supposed to possess. I got to learn if this happened to me and God happened to use me, it would be to no purpose. Every interest would be in my harm, debasement and personal erasure, -starting at my own father would likely decide he had to kill me.

Humanity could not seek its downfall any faster. I'm supposed to respect a species that wasn't even capable of saving itself and denigrated the only function that bestowed them with life to the extent they killed themselves with it. Because the culture denigrates its very provision of life as a way of life, I have been denigrated and mistreated for most of it by most men at every level and every aspect.

I was used by the very top; -my existent potential meant nothing to Bono; -merely inspiration to be mined for \$\$\$, after which he erased my existence. It had never happened before; -yet it was something to just use, erase and discard; (-not even he cared what he hurt; -not even him).

I've [been attacked for safeguarding children](#) (unrelated to the fracas of a divorce never getting to mean escape, which was helped mightily by the wretched system, lying police officers included); -a male policeman lied about me (again) in his police report (painting me as hysterical), -after threatening me for saving a boy's life. At least that time I had the protection of witnesses, -namely the boy's parents.

This is how men and the culture they afforded themselves to denigrate me harms me all the time. There is no goodness, there is nothing but that they imposed this culture, ultimately just to destroy themselves. I really am the person no one wants, -except to harm. I will never forgive what happened to me here, -let alone forgive what happened to my home and my country.

I fear I will end up in the same space I was left for seven years-“*you never wanted me alive*”. So why did you even do it? If we can't even acknowledge what we are and what happened and I'm sentenced to secrecy for life; -why would God even bother? -Just why? Do you have any comprehension of the fury I felt when Bono effectively trapped me in a new secret? -For 17 years? -I hate secrets beyond comprehension for what they've done to me.

This is so fragile. I hate to say that given the sense of immutability it possesses. -what I've felt for the past month and a half.

I don't know what to do. What I do know is there is no one, nothing in between anymore. I am quite powerless in terms of what, if anything, you decide about to do (or not do) about this, -which is where I was always reduced to. (I hate that too.)

It exists; -it is up to us. Just us. Please (this time), -please let's navigate (don't render me powerless and invisible) -please, this time, -let's not lose it. That's all I ask. I believe in you, -that's all I want or ask. Just don't respond like the last one did it does not work. Put it this way, -what Bono and Billy each chose to do I definitely don't want to happen, -either on the transcendent side or as per the real world (which Billy couldn't step up to, -just toyed with).

When I said just the act of stepping in the room is all that matters I may be right. If I get objectified over this question again, -as in “if I can't make love to you if I step into the room, that makes stepping into the room pointless” (would've been Bono's (loosely) train of thought (he decided he could get what he wanted if he just deliberately trapped me inside art for seventeen years)), -well obviously that's a pretty rotten decision, like the worst you could possibly make. If the track record's anything to go by, -understand what's nigh impossible to forgive. Pathetic I know but at least we could come up with showing Bono that there was a right way to do this.

At this point it's far too overwhelming to stop. The real world doesn't erase being eternal lovers, -how can it? How can it erase something that's existed for 27 years?!

I know this is eternal. I know it is real. I can show you why I think that. That is all I can tell you.

I should have written to you long ago. If I'd have thought it could be that simple, -I'd have done so. I tried always to deliver things in person (it was that important) -and for some reason I thought with you it would just be too impossible, -or I was at the end of my tether trying individually, -so I opted for the book. I'm really not sure you'd have ever believed me if I told you all those years. Then I would have lost you too.

I want you to know what happened. It is fair to you (as well as me) for you to know what happened. It's transcendent, -which is why I'm telling you anyway. I'm telling you because it is real and it exists.

I perceive you [at a similar level of unreality](#) as I perceived Bono,-as in how absurd even being together is. I mean with unlimited resources, -did, say, trying for a net zero house, - or just even trying degrowth in any sense at all, -did anything ever occur to you-? I wouldn't get along - I've a sunny enough disposition but it was never a sunny outlook. (Though honestly one of my most common mantras these past seven years was “I'm too sad to care anymore.”)

I mean both men just (I don't care how unconscious this is) -they just literally expended and played out my biological clock to precision *for no reason*, because I was just something to be toyed with. It was something neither of them wanted; -they still tactically disposed of it like clockwork. Now, if I had not made a personal decision in that regard, imagine where I'd be at now, if I hadn't coped individually myself through my choices of my own volition at every turn,

which was basically a lifetime of crisis management damage control at the the level of extreme emotional pain which never gets to stop? I've had to crisis manage this level of hell hole this entire time, which is on top of and in addition to the fact that the sum of my experience as writ is an emotional mechanism just to deal with my own emotional needs and wants. Granted, I'm operating at a coefficient of instinct, but you'd have to be knuckle draggers of the worst order to emotionally force me through this, -and these were all purportedly assholes anointed by God to save my soul.

Even Bono that's all he's doing now. -I missed you because Bono stepped in when it wasn't his place. I told him he was supposed to give me to the person I was supposed to be with in 1999. That was his position in these dynamics all this time. -He didn't do that right, -he trapped me to himself. And then he insured I would never have a hope of a chance of ever being with you by spooling it out after my book and playing and trapping the situation to almost nothing a second time, -because like I said, -and much like the first time, -he designed the proof to be something only I would see. -He did that in order to maintain a trapped situation where he could seduce me himself. -He literally spoiled and played that out to the point of expiring my reproductive life purely on his terms. It might have turned out different; there was time and I did try to reach "everyone" with my book at that stage before I got too deep into despair. But because he was controlling and chose to control the entire process on his terms at my and our total personal expense, -it came out wrong. It was on him not me. He didn't let me go properly as he'd been asked, -asked by me in order to preserve his marriage. He didn't and couldn't turn it down. On the other hand, had he not seduced me and produced the outcome with you that it did, - I would not have realized. -I think I only would have let him because only he had a command from God to do it. -When I disclosed the imperative to him and how it had attached itself to me, -he used the information I had given him to trap me there. It is what it is, -But I am furious with the hurt he put me through for so many years because he would not let me out. -Thank God for Billy. Right time, right way. -You know which one of the two you might try to ask if you want to fact check all this. -It won't be Bono.

It's like, -you f***er. You don't even want me, but you're going to emotionally control me to my clock's expiry date. That's how base men can be.

What Bono did was so bad Cave had to resurrect me a second time.

You have to be a supreme masochist to want to ever experience anything at earth's dispensation, let alone God's dispensation, ever again. The universe's ultimate Emotional Intelligence threw me into a sack of snakes, with perhaps the biggest soul eating snake They could come up with, -just by my being born to him.

Trust me when I say I am never coming back, I don't trust God, and I want nothing to do with "here" ever again, because trust me, my emotional intelligence is off the charts compared to the likes of any of you, -and you were the best God could conceivably hope to choke up for this existent situation?

Trust me I'm done.

I'm gone.

It's worse than being thrown into a sack of monkeys. ([Ha-Ha Ha-Ha Ha-Ha-HA!!!!](#) -fav colour in the font range too.)

This was basically non-stop crisis management in the belly of non-stop hell; and not one of my purported eternal soul mates cared what was happening to me. Not even for a second. Oh no,

they compounded it each and every one. They both took their turn. -And I'm supposed to be "OK".

Can you even fathom how different all of this could have turned out if just one of them had even been human, like performed or reacted with an iota of human civility and human consciousness upon my appearing to them? (And they *knew* that I did it.) Because trust me, I'm aware of what my existential sentence was, meted out by their churlish hands every single day.

Because what you're looking at, the truth of all that's happened to me and been done to me, -including (guffaws), by the men God laughably deposited on earth in order to "save" me.

I would, for just one example, not forgive Bono for the rest of eternity perhaps were it not for the choices I made of my own volition.

Because what was being toyed with here with exacting precision in terms of my existent potential was my own sexual potential, -in this lifetime for this life. That potential existed just to be mined inspirationally for money. The existent sexual potential of a global empath, that was just currency to waste. It was worth absolutely nothing and now it's gone.

Now go ahead and tell me about trade-off's, and personal sacrifices, and that God is kind, after what we, I mean you and me got to lose strung out in interminable years of utterly self centered callousness and cruelty.

We're getting forever out of the deal. I happen to believe in the deal but God-damn, I was given no choice on the explicitness of my going price. Fucking Hell.

Imagine where I'd be at emotionally if I had not been UTTERLY FUCKED ON THE FUCKING REBOUND (on a "eternal soul mate" personal rejection) into a shot-gun wedding in a last ditch recourse just to have my kids. Wasn't an existential crime; -it was just coping. A shotgun wedding is just me being forced (all of it is forced) to cope with a biological clock with an expiration date. It is just coping so I don't collapse on latent realizations later, like having been caught up in this dilemma for so long I just missed even the chance to have children. That would have hurt so much later on.... But not having the right context is a terrible price too. Like I could ever arrive at that, -the Present shows it wasn't even possible.

TRUST ME, I know with exactitude the price, trade, and currency, the worth that was my life, as in reproductive potential, the price that was my life.

I know exactly to the second of my biological clock, what the trade conspired to be in this moment, and it hurts. A lot.

I can only picture where I'd be if I hadn't crisis managed (basically through this shit hole hell) -just having my kids. And God-damn to infinity, now here we both are.

I was human, alive and no one cared.

(And I still think it is worth the price, but trust me, I know what it is. I know exactly what got taken away.) -And is what is presently at this moment and certainly will be taken away for the rest of this life.

Cherish your children.

So would you identify yourself in this gong show, when identifying yourself identifies your offspring, -to, on the one hand, rabid armed to the teeth fundies, more false Christianity than real, and not the other hand a rapacious Godless oligarchy into crowd mind management with AI?

Sure, identify bloodlines for the godless who are stupid enough to think that that's what it might be?

Bono knows them so well he might not even be himself anymore (-does what he's paid, in favours). So maybe perhaps let's trust his judgment in that he hasn't breathed a word about my existence or anyone else's in terms of this universal potential for 20 years now....

Bono knew he had to cooperate, that it was turn the potential calling down or die, in 1992.

So maybe part of what I get to do is save a beautiful man for what the establishment got to do to him.

Bono's reaction has been, "-What? No, nothing to see here, just your 'good time'." He's cooperating with promulgating the establishment's religious inversion, as per the deal.

It's not genetics. Christianity was the first and only religion to cause a full fledged telepath incident at the apex it's even possible to love at the precise moment transcendence was needed to quit the planet in the great big inevitable down size caused the existential apostasy they call the "economy". I think I love humanity more than humanity loves themselves.

Sorry I missed your letter. Sorry for I'm not sure which (missing it or making it), but I love you. You can't have to decide to do anything about it. I don't have to tell anyone else there's no need. I think the world of you.

Bono wouldn't alter his behaviour an iota at this point; -that might be the point. No one with a choice ever spoke to me. Both Bono and Billy kept me a complete secret.

So, No Sudden Moves.....

-In short everyone's being covert on this, EVERYONE, (Cave too by the looks of it), and you had best weigh that out.

I'm protecting my kids and yours.

NOTHING INTERNET, texts, and the like. I didn't have a mobile phone until this job forced me to.

We only got away with the internet once, -it's not happening twice.

(The massive paranoia is a product of circumstance and would occur naturally so I can't tell.)

So, I'm certainly not presenting you with a choice on that or on anything by writing to you.

Aren't you glad I contained my awareness to myself? The world continues on its merry way. I love humanity. I'm not even going to ask if I'm right or wrong.

Just don't want to make you decide.

Billy already decided when it came to me. If happened once, -that's it, -it happened between a man and a woman, a woman and a man, -just the way it's supposed to (or not).

You and me that too- that's it.

Bye now-

EVERYONE WANTS A REAL SOUL MATE

That's precious-

It takes 27 years? -Not even a biological function.

But hey I was a bit different.

Ha- don't fall for it.

It's OK babe.

You got me.

Now you know why I don't let anyone in on my thoughts. I couldn't even inflict idle speculations. Those were actually the worst.

It's like, "A penny for your thoughts?" -"No, I don't think so."

Now you know why Billy could make me laugh so hard.

So, I wrote down exactly what I thought the nuclear button was, and how to use it. The very next day, I discovered you have two more wee children. So I literally finally wrote down for the first time what I'd always wanted, for the very first time to anyone; -and within 24 hours I knew it wasn't possible. How cruel is that?

And I think, it's just the same as when I contacted Bono, meaning, if you can't acknowledge what you are doing, and you can't acknowledge doing it to me, -then don't do it.

I wrote it all down.

But I only wanted it to happen in order for it to descend into our own bodies. Obviously it hurts to lose the only thing you ever wanted, you see, in the sense that I knew I was a "virgin"; -in the sense that I knew that the feedback loop had never gone through us mutually accessing in each other in full mutual consciousness based on mutual knowledge, -with you knowing I was your existing object on this earth.

But am I even right about that?

Good Lord, I don't think so....

Was it worth the potential costs? -No, that last one hurt me the most, -Bono having to hide it. Is it worth it to anyone else, meaning, is it worth shifting the potential costs (in terms of potential emotional pain) to anyone else? -No.

But when you realize you're just a stupid head is when you realize that all that's in play is your own psychological need for sexual reintegration, operating because your psyche got split on this point.

This entire construct that you want the feed back loop to descend into our bodies, his and yours, it's a psyche hole you can neither feed nor fill; -it's just mental masturbation when you and I both already know. It's just a need for sexual integration that blew up (mine), -and that's all there is to it. Home wrecking is a total waste of time on that account, -hurting myself or anyone else is really pointless.

-and damn, that's already just happened already, -already.

I'll tell you one thing, when I actually got as comparably wet as I had on that act of faith 20 years ago that precipitated me to tell you this, it was what happened in the past with all three that led to you, and All in one form or another signified

God gave me to You
God gave me to You
God gave me to You

-And what Cave says is God gave You to me too.

And I die over and over and over and over and over and over again in your arms (and You already know it)

That part's worth giving back.

So I will try a little more because that is what you need to know from me.

I LOVE YOU

September 15th -But don't even kid me, ever, about where sublimated potentials come from. I know exactly. Which is why I don't let things f*** with me.

This is going to force me to lay out exactly what we're losing, -which was exactly what I always wanted the whole entire time.

The real true pain at the center of all this is that I have to rectify the pain inside that little mess of a triangle that inadvertently happened between Billy, me and you (->universal->)(Him=Part 2), -cause when Billy broke up with me, my infinite scream on the interior was *GET OUT!!!* -Cause no one who'd hurt me that much would ever be a part of my awareness ever again on the inside). You're really going to get to learn what I am, -because, I always pay the price.

-Billy thought he was doing something altruistic and that warped little genius of an intellect that thanks to an also abusive childhood, - had a self destruct swinging behavioral pendulum I identified to him early. -When I confronted him in the channels he opened deliberately to give me unlimited communication, -nearly the first thing I asked him was "What's your problem?" -He started his confessions online and told me. The fact that he did that was how he was able to obtain my confession at the end of the book, which was an amazing reciprocal act. But what happened to me was curiously leavened by my religious parental training which in an odd way left me better off. We helped each other, -but deep down I think he felt his issues would have just kept harming me and made him unworthy. **Billy was only capable of marrying a tiny girl. (Someone less than half his age he could have fathered at 27 (with no chance to amass in-**

come, who was working in his teashop); -that's marrying someone you are ultimately able to control. He looks like he needs that, -he won't get any debates about Alex Jones, being a wrestling CEO, or lousy videos dosed on sexism; -let alone his position that global warming is a hoax (addressing him on this and being able to back it up with debate dismemberment; -he broke up with me online very quickly after that). -Like I would have allowed my children [to be featured](#) in this sexist, objectifying scad of rewarmed leftover stereotypes! The video output post **Zeitgeist** has been on a budget; -personal contacts in the main producing it (they're cheap), -all image no substance and poor at that.)

So learn some truth: revealing my self was putting myself in two men's hands, -allowing their verdict on matters. Both were afraid enough of me and the inherent power I represented that they only "related" to me in contexts that didn't qualify, which gave them total control and they both assumed the arrogance of doing right by me, and both were wrong. -And I've known this all along just how I've known a great deal all along, -such as the universe made a sacrifice out of an innocent like myself. Since I designed my own salvation and the universe answered, and I can intellectually blow your socks off, and particularly with Billy/Glass, when I blew his socks off, I tried to open up a mutual process of mutual respect working together, and he controlled me instead, I was furious to no end. Both men assumed control of the situation when I revealed myself; and both were wrong. When I wrote the mysteries I was giving Billy an "out" because he had a girlfriend. I was still working out the fear of if everything with me, -even on those scales of an eternal troth and a free will's asking and answer could have contaminating elements (-if everything was just doomed to wrongness) and in truth I identified one element that was wrong. Billy broke up with me to give me my dream of making love and becoming one via the mind alone, so deeply so we'd make love the moment we even met, because it had already happened mind to mind. -It was the conception of a fourteen year old. But I'd followed my own dream already just by asking him in my mind, -and having **Machina/machines of God** happen in answer fulfilled my teenage dream; -and he deliberately broke my heart.

I asked him to end the sexual sublimation correctly, -all that needed to happen is if he chose to be with me in 2009 instead of choosing not to. That would have integrated me sexually correctly. It was right then; -it's not right now; -and what's going to go down here because he could only relate in terms of controlling me, is that I get to lose even worse by what's now happening with you. -And I guess you'll learn how, no matter what I end up being sacrificed; no matter what I try to do (this is what men do to me even when they think they're not); -this is going to get to happen to me even when it came so close as to all be right, as close as Billy, but I'm right about this. Billy was as close as it ever came. And he forced me to lose that because he had to be in control. It really was June and Glass, you see. I was just supposed to integrate sexually and have the child with him I asked.

I really was in the right place at the right time (39) and I'm not now, -and here's the terrible terrible part, -you never got to find out about me when you were divorced because Bono also chose to completely control the situation when I told him, and what he chose for me by taking control was also wrong; but being evilly wrong, in that he ultimately trapped me using the book as opposed to releasing me, which was all I stinking sought out of the situation in order to protect his marriage, that he act personally towards me in terms of acknowledging the truth, again simple dialogue, which would have opened publisher's doors instantaneously, (instead he only used it to try and seduce me instead, -sentencing me to a lifetime of internalization, consignment to disappear, which is the worst personal crime he could've possibly done to me). When Bono made that personal choice, I lost the hope of ever reaching you, and now I have to pay for it. If he had acted to acknowledge me as I asked, I could have gotten published quickly. You might have found out about me. There might have been a choice.

Now there isn't.

Go ahead, -see if you can wrestle with the inadequacies and failures of life here; -I could use a little help in terms of emotional empathy as opposed to intelligence, I've never had any.

That's all this whole f***ing feedback gong show is; it's just the psycho-social sublimation of one existent woman's existent sexual reproductive potential until the point of expiration date. - That's all that got trapped here. No one's f***ing pretending to me you get to somehow turn this into a religion, f***ing hell no. Not even the redemptive aspect;- if that part's real you the only saving salvation here is actual Christianity. No change whatsoever.

This was all orchestrated inside myself from birth by my father; -who trust me is a real f***er capable of potentially gulling the planet. I mean,-they're so utterly infantilized, -look what Bono or Billy can do on a given night.

I am absolutely nothing special; -and there's a very real god-damned reason to consider the book needs to be destroyed-because I am nothing; nothing more nothing less, than my father's personal concoction to take over Christianity by making me a ritual human sacrifice in my head and deliberate sublimating my simple human attribute; one woman's sexual reproductive potential, you actually successfully sublimate that using religious arch-types; I guarantee you, you get exactly what happened here on a global inspirational scale. The reason my dad's so scary is because he set out to do that to me, and it obviously stinking worked. You have no clue what my father is but you're going to find out. "[Man in the Moon](#)"

It so happens my existential choice for physically descending out of that trap and just coming back to becoming a normal person ended up integrating sexually with you in the sky because what Bono potentially did to us both was an existential crime (-that how it's looking to me), and it is really, -totally f***ing unnecessary to assume that burden and take that up because, none of this is real. I just wanted to descend out it it. That's all I wanted. Perfectly potential through human dialogue nothing more nothing less. No one cared, but I am not f***ing stupid.

My whole quest: my imperative to seek perfection arose directly out of hell. Nothing more, nothing less. You don't canonize any of this. It's bullshit. It's nothing but an incomprehensible globalized dirty little secret I'm forced to internalize every day of my adult life to make sure absolutely nothing comes of it.

But I still love you for doing this for me. -Obviously. But you can't tell me that's it's anything other than what it is. I love you for being willing to be "there" and go though this with me all of this very long time, -be who you were to me in it; -and that's it.

The future I wanted out if this is nothing; -nothing more than my psycho-social need to descend out of sublimation. And at Billy I really had it. It was obviously necessary, look how certain pigs are prepared to use my sublimation. But of course everyone really senses that all this is really nothing. I really should have just disappeared. It's the right thing to do. -God damn you have no idea how dear dad set me up.

God-damn I love you. -Just because you were in its belly the whole time and you actually stuck around and stuck along to do what you did just now. But I am perfectly aware of its simplicity and limits. I am literally just telling you what you saved me from and what you did for me. That's all and that's it. Anything else is a mistake. But if indeed I got sublimated so far that we exist and meet beyond death past those gates,-it is on this recognition. That's all and that's it.

When my father expressly warned me I was only going to find the Alpha and Omega in an inverted form if I went looking, -well he of course knew that, -because he himself had set it up. I

don't expect it to exist in terms of finding "the male side" and I'm saying that now, -because it's not something I believe in.

Because I'm the one who implicitly knows this whole she-bang is merely attached to my body on this earth,-and trust me when I say I want nothing associated with what happened to me here somehow preserving itself in eternity; -for the simple reason that, I know exactly how all this started; -it's not going anywhere.

But I love you for all eternity for what you were prepared to do for me in this lifetime, including sexually which is only because I'm here now inside my own human body, which I'm as divorced from as you so obviously expressed, -for the most obvious of all possible reasons. -But I'm done now and there's no reason for this having carried on for so long. What was I trying to prove?!?! I wasn't special. This only happened because I was a sexually sublimated woman child on earth. That's f***ing it.

And to you personally; -I am so sorry. That all that hit here this last past month when you turned 59. For you unfortunately I was the only one.

I'm infinitely grateful to you for having been here. -I don't expect to see you. I just have to end with the truth.

You don't have to express and assimilate any of this; either artistically or personally.

-For heaven's sake; -why would you?

Happy retirement. -I am going to disappear.

We weren't special people.; -we were nothing but two true human people caught in the inexorable complex of how I loved and expressed my self inside my own religious constructs because I'm human with human desires and I was sublimated in precisely this way. Which because I found those constructs in you and you chose to render them artistically I loved you.

It had zero to do with the two people who happened to get caught in it. All of the symbology is simply the constructs I was raised with acting themselves out, and I loved you so unbearably just because of what they are, because I know exactly what they mean. But my father the genius f*** cooked all of this up inside my head from birth. He set this loose on the world simply out of his own unrealized aspirations. He's so self terminating, he doesn't even have a stinking clue he did it. But if it had actually dawned on him and he'd realized, he would have murdered me himself just to insure it never got to potentially happen. His dream of using me to start a new religion... I still love you for having been through it. I love you infinitely for having been there for me. But he was not a simple f***. He could do this to the planet. In fact it wasn't hard at all. I was global, sweetheart. -Imagine! It is, thank god for me and myself, all thankfully internally contained with no power to do anything else. So, -no book you see. Despite how big and grand it all appears; -my dad was a person willing to sacrifice the mere human sexual potential of his one female first born in order to create all it; -just to cope with his own self image; -and he'd have sacrificed my soul to accepting and assimilating and becoming that religious inversion too; -which would mean I'd really be damned...

That's it.

It all played out in the religious symbolism he'd deliberately baked in that was inside my psyche. -And it played out on a truly global scale.

Doesn't change what it is.

It was just my interior process trying to cope with child abuse. I don't have a f***ing clue why it played out artistically across the whole globe. -I can't justify how I fell in love.

I love how I feel right now; -but I'd have had that in my life with potentially anyone had I been remotely normal., -had I not been harmed...

This was just my reintegration; - you turned out to be my reintegration; -that's all. I couldn't love you more for that. And of course I know and we know, it's such a singularity we couldn't let it go because of how it feels. I thank you I got to feel this way, just because it ended up being the only way for me to even actually feel. Handle it how you want. Just understand my reintegration landed at you and you get to modulate that down to earth however you want, or not at all. That is your reward for how you accessed me inside me. But you need to understand my love, that this is all it is. I think I'm going to die. I trust you and so does your wife. I've been in your expert hands for 27 years, so please just let us all down oh so gently, everyone who's caught inside this now. I love you. -That's it. I love you enough to trust you in the moment; which believe me is tantamount to impossible; -that you'll choose choose the right thing for this moment. The whole universal's riding on it, so make your decision well. -Not just you, me, your wife and your kids. Handling this like it's a fragile case of sexual therapy is about all this amounts to. -I'm sorry, -I don't know what else to say, - I think I'm just going to la petite morte die at this point. -But please don't mistake what this is. Let's just do our best to reintegrate and release back down to normal without affecting your marriage, -children, -or anything else. Just release me back down please I'm begging you so I can just be a normal integrated person with what I've got left. Because I did not know when this happened; -I didn't know anything about your status at all. I'm so sorry. Just please let yourself down gently, let yourself go.

I even feel reconciled to just the very existence and nature of the male sex and that, trust me, is a first.

If anyone I met in person had been so civil as to just treat me humanly and humanely (Nick Cave did though); -and in all truthfulness, - Billy Corgan did too; -it's the most empathetic, artful, touching, break-up a man's possibly ever done with a woman he actually loves (knowing everything that happened to her in life). It was indescribably beautiful; -but it was also incredibly asshole of him to maintain an online romance so secretly that asshole ex could attack me by lying that I'm delusive for thinking I'm talking to rock stars. -Absolutely not one whit of what I've experienced my whole life has been delusional, as the book shows. That's not the issue. You're going to leave more in awe over my genius, and sheer terror at my Dad's. I may be a stable genius but I was an abused genius, -a very specifically programmed one. Whose programming happened to meet itself in you. How's them odds? About the only thing worth explaining here is the odds, -you see. It would be heinous to want anything out of it. You're better off spending some well spent cash on the best counseling you can fund me for. That's about it. Unless you treat it the way it is we are not coming out of this great. If you don't view this as therapy you'll be making a mistake. -Because what's going on is I am inside the threshold of my own construct I created out of my own imagination for me to just be able to love, feel love and be loved; -which I never once had; -and it's happening because twenty years ago you appeared and entered that conception of your own volition. So now we're here. I was so traumatized I basically made it perfect. I also made impossible by the same token to live up to. "Eternal lover"?! -There's no such thing. -There is eternal love though.

I'm glad the online fight between me and Billy went down the way it did. -It was a good way to end things. It was a good small little romance. I'm very proud of myself in that I took what happened when my psyche got sacrificed on what turned out to be a global psychic scale; -that I took the religious constructs/arch-types I was trapped inside and managed to do powerful good things with them. But if Bono or Billy had just engaged me humanly and civilly instead of

consciously engaging me as a muse as sex object; -this could have all ended up resolved around 20 years ago. Billy comes out far better off though; -he consciously chose not to do it. I respect what he did far more than I do Bono, because Billy consciously chose not to do it. Bono toyed right to the brink and kept it secret for seventeen years. I mean, to mine this inspirationally for seventeen years in secret (knowing someone's been harmed the way I was, (which he did know after 2011), is almost unspeakable.

-Because what you're really dealing with is a sublimated person who tried to just reintegrate back into the real world and reintegrate her self sexually the right way, -only to have it not succeed. And you can't integrate me in the real world. -Handle with care please. It's a nuclear button I'm not kidding. You have to weigh if you're going to touch it, -you also have to weigh whether it's just best to walk away.

When I triggered this July, -I didn't even know you were married. If I had known, it would not have happened. I never let it happen with Bono for eighteen years, and he spent ten years of that deliberately isolating me as object, after he knew who I was on earth, after meeting me in person. It's not something I let happen. -But of course when I triggered, I knew automatically why I haven't done even one single google search on you for fifteen years at least. I don't search people. I listen to the music. So please, I'm telling you the truth, the whole truth, all of it, so you can understand what happened to you inspirationally, why you are "here" now in your head, because I know why this happened and we need to both just please let ourselves come down gently. I'm telling you because I love you and right now you need to reintegrate too. I can tell by what's happening to me right now. And I know you can do right by us both if you want to or care, -but you don't have to. We both just need to reintegrate and come back down gently. I love you. You were my king for just this little while. Being with me was never wrong. But when Billy woke me up in 2007, -I sacrificed ever being with him for the sake of my children. (That's where the book's record ends.) I'd do the same for yours and so would you. I can't explain why my awareness keeps getting resurrected. I've decided the universe must love me on some level but that's awful hard to tell, -lol. Except right now I can tell. I had no expectation of this happening. The only time someone resurrected me deliberately was when Billy did it in 2007. Cave's only ever done it (twice now), -completely by total accident. He doesn't set out to do it, he's just inspired.

I really don't have a why, -but I can sure as f*** tell you how it happened, -because the complexity of what happened is really quite astonishing, quite perfect, and quite beautiful, meaning it would be worthwhile for you to know (which is why I'm here to tell you).

-But it doesn't change the facts.

I was cultivated to exactly this when I was a child, operate at a global empath level because of the nature I was abused sexually for seven years from age sixteen onwards so my sexuality separated from my body, met about the worst possible prospect under those circumstances, (which played out on a global scale for twenty five years). He sublimated it twice, -the f***er. That was not what he should have done. (Bono)

I'm designed so perfectly I can literally take out Christianity right here, -right f***ing now today, -and that is a real temptation to me because it's failing so badly right now I can literally single handedly do better; -it's a takedown, just like the Billy takedown for example, because it's already so completely false already. We can be wholly honest in the end but, the truth still boils down to (-and this is no matter what), we're already the Rapture, and they've got nothing but their death cult, so they had better shape up if they don't want to die. The only thing that needs to change about Christianity is that it cannot be ideologically wedded to an amoral economy. That is existential blasphemy. Perform that divorce and Christianity gets fixed. It will literally fix itself. That's the reason it's patriarchal, it's because the predications of a >1% human growth

rate is the contingent dependency of the amoral growth economy. -That is the existential reason, in fact, the economy is amoral. You don't take out Christianity; -this is inside of it so perfectly it assumes it by not changing a thing, (ok, -Bono and myself had only those two changes between us. -That's literally it.) My only interest is taking out the theocratic fascists who are already false anyhow. When I say "take out Christianity" I mean the realm of the fake, which is most of what it is today.

But the potential corkscrews if the fundies murdered me for it, -that would be a problem. -Theirs mainly because martyrdom will likely compound their problems with me 100 fold. Anything post death presents a potential problem, because then you can't control it. And this one's ripe for false prophets, as my dad shows.

For Christ's sake; we don't have to get together, -in order for this to be an amazing book. This book is totally f***ing amazing already. The only Q is how to frame what happened, and the only practicable reason is so I can get the hell out of here and hopefully retire without starving to death. But flirting with death by brinkmanship with the death cult rapturists might be a hell-of-a-lot of fun.

We just have to plan it out and work on mutual consent. I proposed this online to "Glass" 20 years ago. He was obviously too much of a fraidy-cat. But it's a "a la Dune" takeover, -stepping inside the resolution and assuming it solely in the interest of averting and managing and hopefully diverting the apocalypse. I don't even pray.

(If my dad registered it as inverted Alpha and Omega (-which he guaranteed would have, because that's what he threatened me with the second Glass appeared; -but he's wrong), -he'd have murdered me for it. If he identified a la Dune, -Ditto.)

The scary part of it is, -arriving at this truth today was the first time that in my own thought I didn't feel petrified at the thought of seeing you for the first time, (that seeing you appear wouldn't just petrify me, - I'd petrify just worrying what you wanted, or just to keep from the danger of maybe collapsing) -and it was the first time I actually felt like I would want to run into your arms and had a thought of what that would feel like. -You see I could feel it now because I'd hit the right context of truth. In this context, -I could run... Just don't tell me I'm a liar or make me one if you see me.

And so no matter what I do it turns out-

The truer it gets the worse it gets

I can hardly bear it...

So I'm going to kindly explain why you're capable of this with me but, if Billy had not deliberately broken up with me in 2009, thereby preventing something so simple as my sexual integration in the real world (-and he did this because he thought it wasn't him and thought the "morning man" was still out there, even though I don't think he knew who it was), my integration would have happened with him in a way that was totally utterly normal ten years ago. Which is when it should have actually happened; it's not happening now. It's too late, if it had run into you in that window it might have been all right, but there's no way for it now. That hurts the very most. Billy explicitly decided my integration was going to happen with someone in the sky. It was not really my decision actually. Like Bono he kept me a secret, and for the same base motive, so no one else was ever going to find out, which is the same as entrapment so I would never have a chance to love or be loved by anyone else (even when, in both instances, neither wanted me).

do? -Justify it?! -Announce it was you and me!? -And you were married and I didn't know. Feel like publicizing the facts anymore -?!

Bono certainly didn't want to deal with this, so he broke the bond between you and me, destroyed the bond we had already through the universal, by burying and erasing me. -So, -that's not a good thing to do to everyone once you've started, is it!? -No, it isn't. -You've arrived and get to grasp how it is already too late now...-what happens when you touch me.... my mind is a grok that transmits across the world, -you might as well have made love to me naked on a giant cosmic stage.... -everyone felt it, -and now you can watch with me and see how many and see how many felt it and how. The sublimation has already hit the world, -so what do you and I do now? Truly, -what's the right thing to do?

Welcome to my world.

Now we have to cope.

Why couldn't Billy have just taken me home?! -It was all I wanted. If I had integrated with Billy as I asked, -I'd have integrated sexually in the ground instead of in the sky and the book is testament that is what I chose. Public, pre-published record.

If you f***ing dared to integrate me sexually artistically as your true object there would be no turning back (Bono would have lost his marriage to doing that, so of course he didn't, -and I'd never entail that out of anyone for how it felt in the moment; -you'd be announcing yourself to the world, and if you want to escape that, the only way is to seal me inside the tomb of the truth for life the way Bono did. -That's not a good result now is it? Granted it only hurts me, -but guess what happens with that.

So just the act itself commits to "eternal lover". Mokay, the universal goes, we were all part of it, -that's what we all are, and then you get the issue of, do you back that up by saying, *well actually it was just him and me, he's my eternal lover*. What do you mean it's only you two?! It was all of us and we get to be this too, -just watch you can't stop us, -after all one of you was even married at the time so we can do whatever we want now, just watch us. -Well actually no I don't want to. -Too bad it was your fault... -What was he doing in concert the whole time, -you fool? -Here's the burn: -is that most of DM's audience! -Like de facto guaranteed to be more than any "linked" band, which you actively cultivated. They go, he's your fault, -your choice at 16 was your fault; -it's all your fault and you can't do anything about it. Welcome to what we get to do with what you did and you can't do anything about it. What am I going to perceive for eternity if end up there? -This for me is just a bad trip at a dance hall. (I've had many more bad trips than good trapped inside this mind's torture I couldn't even divulge to anyone for fear of setting it loose.) It's almost a feat of insanity I could still dance at all. Anyway I feel I know exactly why the man's praying at the club over Christmas (-I'm terrified) and just feel guilty as all hell that I haven't for decades now.

So to revisit that bad trip I tried to tell you at the beginning of the letter, -what's really going on I can't even talk about is all the latency of this dilemma is carrying itself out all the time because the dilemma's only mine, -and I'm terrified of becoming the center of the room in any way shape or form because I don't want any of these latencies to trigger with people dancing just by being there (which I'm only terrified of because of the potential latencies I have that exist with "the universal"), like I'm afraid someone just might start having sex out on the dance floor, -just grinding is excruciating, and I always tried to walk the line of dancing clean but was that just a sort of self-illusion excusing being there when I didn't really have one?

-And let's revisit the real truth about some of your concerts and why I equally can't stand being there, because you have something to sort too. The only reason anything you did is ok is because you found me. I couldn't stand them sometimes because I know better, and I just watched you hawk an empty trap, sexual sublimation for money. David put me off the majority of the time, "[feature, not a bug](#)". -I'm the sacrifice; I know better. And you would have me pay to sit through that. It's puerile and I know it. -There. -Rapped your knuckles. I almost feel like I should hold you up for libel and liability issues but that's not the planet we're on. (Just kidding.)

But I have internalized what's going on inside my awareness my entire adult life and never explained it to a single soul, -not even family members, -because I was so terrified of the potentialities in the results. I'm basically like the invisible erased soul's price for every excessive grind Dave does on stage; -and I hated it. Succinctly, -DM were all into flirting with sin to get yourself redeemed as if that part and parcel and just an enjoyable part of the process back then. -ah, Rasputin. -Going to you would have never worked. Let's talk about Invisible sacrifice- my father hit me with almost the same thing to trap me, except, he hit me with, this is the one exception... it's too close for comfort, close enough it reviles me.

Billy on the other hand, had this holy streak, if the dynamic he was acting out was potentially invert-able, about a universe wide as it turned out; -I'd conceived the self same very similar theory as a construct to save myself when I put myself under, -which turned out to be fulfilled by Trent; -I could have never proven myself to you. Not only would the attempt have never worked anyhow, there would have been too many latent fireworks. Billy had to duck enough as he was. Billy's got a rather analogous inverted holy terror streak he can turn into art performance, and he was literally so thought out on this he could destroy an audience in a single night, and I was like, is he right, or trapped inside these issues by not knowing about me? -And gave him [a full defcon warning on a hope of a doubt](#). I'm a little more like "Mal" than people would like, considering everything Billy had to dodge and duck, and I was operating on the theory my rough and tumble tough love ways had more than a little to do with Billy's rough and tumble. (Upbringings, far different ways.)

Really truly, -the only reason the above doesn't make you feel the heat in your seat is because I never proved myself to you, only Billy. I'm not going to do it to anyone else. Only him. -But if you read, -you're going to be fully aware how I did it- which leads then to this very uncomfortable conclusion: -because literally you were just harnessing an individual sexual sublimation once your inspiration attached itself to me and hawking that for all it was worth and the only reason it had spiritual elements in it was because dear f***ing Dad baked that into the programming. The only thing he could cough up was the ultimate bastardization of the faith.

-Who's saving who now, I wonder? Depeche Mode above all other bands mined that sublimation for all it was worth, without knowing about it. -Except you though, I think you knew there was a me because ultimately I was, literally and truly, your sexual object. Don't forget I love you and this is already solved in my mind, or we wouldn't be feeling right now and certainly wouldn't be having this one way conversation. I'm only telling you because it's all good. But you should also be aware that you were inadvertently mining my personal sexual sublimation for all it was worth, (since you were intimately the closest to me out of everyone); -that's what you were really doing. The colours all bleed true in the end.

Bono made the same mistake as my dad after all, -you see, in that he simply couldn't turn it down. He not only sublimated me, -he turned it into a vacuum of nothing, -then substituted an inversion of Christianity into the vacuum. -This means he fell too far into what my father did and made an equally defining choice.

Only Billy saw it. -Because he was Glass, he was the only individual I ever proved myself to. The value of his added awareness, that he actually saw what Bono did to me, is incalculable.

We defined the universal between us without Bono. Billy loved me and he still does. He deliberately gave me up.

It absolutely flips my lid. I only encountered Billy in the feedback the moment when I put myself under, and he went "Hello" from the darkness. It so happens the song that did this, he actually used my middle name as its working title.

My God this story's epic... [but are you as afraid as I am](#)....

Bono did the opposite of what he should have done. Literally went Mac Pisto this last time 'round, it wasn't irony anymore. He did the opposite because he could not do the other. You see the implication. You have been warned. That's right, this is the jerk who can't stop making jokes about his messianic complex. My dad perhaps had the biggest one of those to ever exist on the planet. The only messianic complex Bono actually had was a critical enough mass of one to rob my father's placement in order to steal me. No one else could have done it. Anyway watch out for those. And on the other hand since I asked him not to do exactly that, -were both he and I right and that was the individual sacrifice we both consciously made because we loved each other so unbearably much neither of us could bear to stop what was happening between us no matter what, -because of how we both felt just inside a thought? Because that's the unbearable truth and you should weep for him and me, -and you will, -when you read, -and it dawns on you; -you are the last now, -he was my first, -you were my first and last. Bono saved me from my father; -we loved each other too unbearably much to stop it, -to stop our thought. He was doing what he felt told to do by God.

The only reason (apart from 2000) -you're here with me is, he was the one who seduced me and you identified that as your heaven; -and you're going to have to come to grips with, -all things being equal, -it was the same between him and me too. So is it fair that, since him and I both deliberately sacrificed that between us to save a marriage, -but in this instance we're going to opt not to and go public record just to explain to "the universal" what happened?! Most of them are deriving their inspiration unconsciously (-that can happen to the level of Cave doing it, -which means consummation can get expressed at the ultimate level exactly where Billy and Bono were with me, -and Cave can do it unconsciously, -which means revealing has ethics issues and doesn't even work if you try it. Like I said, I only tried revealing twice (apart from sundry emails that went no where, probably for more obvious reasons than I care to admit, -as in why would anyone really want to know after all? And in fact neither revelation worked out, as it were. I mean it's resolved for them and they continued their merry way but that hurt me beyond reckoning both times, -and by the looks of it everyone's hearts just keep getting broken and I can't protest and claim it's not what I want if that's consistent.

So instead of hauling all this baggage and seeking anything out of it, I come back to, yep, it's amazing all this "connectivity" -happened, "just because it had never happened before", -that's a whopper mistake of an assumption to make; -the real question is whether or not it works? -Or not. Life and morality has a lot to do with whether you're just willing to give up something like an orgasm or a feeling, -and the planet's about to go down on too many male orgasms (male sexual entitlement rode the planet into the ground), so the question of restraint is an important one. And how relieved are you going to be (-as Billy likely was when he found out), -that I'd done nothing but Christianity in terms of seeking redemption in Christ in the beginning to define and sorted it that way to start?

I've been terribly hung up on the precedent, but it happened! This could! Which is amazing! And the redemption worked, -I felt safe now. And it felt too incredible when it happened to stop. I didn't resist Bono at all after I felt sure we wouldn't be damned for it. All he had to do was touch my thought. But that's no reason to set it loose. It's no reason to break any hearts. I'm sorry for the accident of hearts. -I'm most sorry if it hurt you heart as much as mine all this

time. I'm sorry for Bono's heart, -my heart, your heart, Billy's heart, and the universal's heart too. -It is easier to just accept the blame for being the worst heartbreaker any of you ever encountered, -and say sorry with all my heart to my true eternal lover. Those take sorry's too; -in fact they take the biggest ones ever, -that's what getting forgiven by Christ means.

I'm here to tell you I'm sorry and that it's all right and it's ok for me to disappear, -just like Bono disappeared me as if this all never happened. Because that was the right thing to do. So that's a pact I can't break either, -that's not fair to us either in terms of him getting to see that happen at the cost of a marriage now is it? -After both he and I made a conscious pact to both turn that down?

I'm shaky in the beginning (July); it's liked being launched out of a dead state but scary at the same time. I'm so traumatized by the fear of being hurt again at these levels, but the first primary thought in my mind, over and over is, "I will never leave you". -But when Bono seduced me in 2010 and again with the book integration in 2012, (-both things it appears you experienced as heaven being with me as you), I had the same thought to Bono too. I was fully completely convinced then, and we lost it. My utterance is tempered now but in the beginning I say it over and over and over, "I will never leave you". It has a tremor...

Remember when Bono promised to break my heart, only to see me again "[at] *the end of the world*"-? "*You, you said you'd wait until the end of the world*" -[all those falling scattering dissipated pages...](#)

I'm sorry, I have two "eternal" lovers to unpack by the moment I reach you (there's definitely you three), and that, (trust me) is the almighty limit; -this is never ever happening again (guaranteed).

-But then what in the almighty f*** is going on with Cave,-and then oh, fuck..... there's Trent, it messed with David, -there's... -holy f***. -What's it going to do this time?

Aren't you glad I transformed this through the redemptive pattern first? That's how I got my first transcendent declarations that this was eternal?

I am honoring what happened with Bono, with Billy, which just boils down to two flawed people failing a flawed romance, at least I tried to do the right thing; -you don't tip the world over it not having it happen, but you know as well as I it is the worst break up you can ever experience.

You can't even integrate me sexually in this context by rendering that (that's against your wife), -can't keep me in your head (wrong with Bono) and then render it all invisible after all this time (which is why I walked up to Bono and basically went, look, I'm performing an interception (to be real obvious without making any demands)), -For The Love Of All That's Holy, don't you actualize this by rendering us in terms of us, How About giving me my book instead?! Can we hash that out?! (Let's see if you care?!) -Can we actualize the holy universally and deal with the potential variables by proving absolutely none of it, just making it some "entertainment" people can pick up and put down at will? Bet Bono concluded the book is fully redundant because everybody who already knows, -knows? Perfect? "I Will Come Like a Thief in the Night" -Obviously Bono deliberately making me invisible instead (-plus the deafening silence on the alternative) hurt the very most it could hurt, because I was trying for, don't sublimate me let's try something opposite. -I was trying again for mutual engagement on whether that was better. Nada #2. -And if I think it'll solve matters, I will willingly tell you ahead of time that I will take the hit, even if it turns out I really can't.

So here I am again in the book or not book dilemma which has only been a dilemma for give or take 24 years, let's not forget, "The Policy of Truth".

Eternal lover, they are all inside you too. That was Billy's ultimate gamble, -what a genius-, meaning I think because what happened between us in the real world made my soul untouchable to him; -since I proved myself only to him, he'd seen enough of me in action and learned enough (he got hundreds upon hundreds of pages); -he'd witnessed enough to infer that if he gave me to the "morning man", because no one's more aware of how this functions universally with me than Billy is, he surmised he would touch my soul too as what he already was to me, because we were as close to being lovers without touching as any two people in the world can possibly get, in an active artistic feedback. (OMFG - don't you realize, it was Billy who got to play me in all this like an instrument in a real time feedback for two years), and it wasn't an art f***, it was real, it was his?! (-and it was OMFG from the second he declared the "white horse"!?!). Fair enough right! -He took his place. That's him. That was his. We were going to get married, witness **American Gothic**. The integration calibrated as break up simultaneously shows you how much he loved me, it was the true ultimate art fuck. It undeniably shows even deliberately breaking my heart he does it in full complete love. -It's crazy. It was the holy art fuck, because none of it, not even an infinitesimal bit, had to do with my sublimation into nothingness. The whole pretext the whole time was he was going to integrate me sexually in the real world and it was only going to be about that. -And it was a fantastic hope to exist in and there it thrived for two years. It happened already in the right place. It was his and no one else's. Can you imagine what it felt like to lose that through no fault of your own? And lose the child forever too?! And lose him?!? And lose Bono too after 25 years?

"Here we all are just trading places,-just try to hold onto this love, a little bit longer, just try to hold onto this love, a little bit stronger, just try to hold on, we are still alive, and we have survived"-Billy's "Try, Try, Try". -Rest assured, survival's nothing short of an infinite cosmic miracle a Conscious universe provides, rested and vested in us all. The ordering is boggling beyond any mind, especially mine.

I am honouring you, I am honouring Billy, I am honouring Bono, I honour Cave, and there are many many many more to honour too . -In fact you can't stop counting.

Bono's probably counting on it too and probably the most uncertain variable. (-I told you, with him it's an art form, he's the worst at keeping his cards closest to his chest but the most devastating at laying them down.) -The calculus is perfect; -watch, he'll put out **Songs of Ascent** now and still hide it all; -how 'bout we make a bet on it? -Like it was him all along, and still hide it all.

And here's the secret to Cave, I recognized you as being given to me from the redemptive pattern, given to me by God as God gave me to you (that was the source of the Alpha & Omega projection), so same as Bono, who I could only yield to on the thought "*God gave me to you*", I only arrived to the same conclusion about you through the redemptive pattern of the resurrection; -that is what worked on my mind, -that was why it could only happen through Cave 2019, time is of a scale to shatter anyone and anything; -we are naught but powerless and powerless we must just accept, as you must accept God.

If you are prepared to fact check this story by finding out if the portions with two of the biggest songwriters in the world happened or not (presumably the only easy way for you, -you are in a far better position than me); -presume Bono won't because he can't. -And truly as a passage of passion for Billy it was a pretty small blip in his life. But from time to time he still sings about me, and when he does, I know it.

Honoring the truth between Billy and myself is not letting this get to descend into the real world here, now. That was the truth between him and me. That means you cannot even render me as object, not sexually, because the only reason for that to happen is for it to descend out of sublimation into our bodies (at least I thought that until Part 2 happened, which unpacked the Q all over again in a new context, but I was formerly right). -Which was literally the thing I wanted to happen.

Obviously that can't happen here.

To do anything would dishonor him as he made the active conscious decision to give me up to the "morning man" (which passed through you), which means an uplinking rather than a downlinking context. But since you represented the transcendent pathway that only became activated in getting resurrected a second time, and this only happened with you because of Billy's decision to deliberately break up with me with his August performance art series, he made a conscious decision to give me to you. He even perhaps named his son for it, "Augustus".

Billy knows.

The art f*** descent happened between Billy and myself but didn't actually get to descend into our bodies., because he decided to give me (in effect) to you instead, so now we have to unpack what that represents. Like unpacking what Cave's presence inspirationally represents. Also to do anything towards it descending into our bodies at this point would dishonor what lies between Bono and myself. We cannot do that, because both Bono and I would not allow this to descend between us at all in order to not violate his marriage. No marriages are getting violated. To allow that situationally in a different context would violate what took place between him and me. You cannot dishonor it, because Bono also actively consciously of his own volition gave me to you (his acquiescence in 2000 which set all this in motion), which he did because I asked him to. 20 years ago he gave his blessing.

And that is that.

So it doesn't get to descend between me and you.

It only happened in the sky.

Handle that how you like, but you are going to handle it. You will honour it.

That was the full integration and because of that, consummation reached its end on September 15th, my second brother's birthday. He turned 43. He's about to lose his only child (son) to a narcissist. I'm sure she went for him because he's the beautiful one out of the seven, the angel boy who got destroyed, and is subject to mania which has gotten him institutionalized. The prey was easy, the outcomes determinate in terms of her ability to control them and divest him. Anyway there's a certain aptitude to the price, as he's the only one damaged mentally to the extent it gives him crisis that get him institutionalized.

We were close.

All right now.

Can we at least just please tell my mother (in a way she'll be able to believe, because she'll believe nothing I have to say about myself without proof of it). Maybe you could help her with her son (he's not ready to be helped yet though, so we have to wait). -Because I never even got to save my own mother. If I want to know I'll never be believed all I have to do is hop on the phone with my mother. I'm waaay more concerned that you'd be willing to step into a room so

that my own family members can know that I am not crazy, and so begin to even start healing. That's what I wanted back in 2000. No one cared.

Can you even register having to live with the odds of who you are in the day to day, and honestly, why would you try being with anyone at all if there's sort of an intuitive understanding of basically being at something even more infinitesimal than 1/7 plus billion odds where it's all nil? For you, being with anyone is reductionist to the point of practically pointless? -Or, f***ing better yet, try starting where I was and think of trying to conceive or even arrive at being right, in forced full consciousness of what was happening to you (the feedback loop, -in terms of its likelihood, is involuntary). Choosing someone is fundamentally discriminatory (-it's universal). I was scared out of my mind to choose someone (no one [wanted the job](#)), and equally even more terrified of the other probability. Bearing in mind all the flaws of the present and the danger of just one decision, -I don't even know how I even have a brain cell left, which boils down to, I didn't have a choice in the matter.

I'm sure the book would scare the s*** out of most men anyhow, ha-ha. Especially if you're navigating, well, "normal" is just not ever perhaps, it has a higher probability of just never getting to even ever measure up. This terrifies me that even actually getting to be with the real one, -maybe even that's not right, -if all I'm sentencing him to in the experience itself is something you can't really recapture? Well that's not nice now is it? And if it's something you can in fact never have; -what price is it to be face to face with Bono for years and years, and we both accept that price between us, -just to have that one moment between us? Doing this married, with that weight, Bono is inhuman. The price was far too great to have sought anything at all. The potential price was so great, I felt duty bound not to tell him I even existed, for life. I could not tell him ethically because even imparting alone is implying, I want you to break up your marriage with me, so I was trapped the second it began with no way out and now way to deal with what I perceived as having happened.

Because, as far as I was concerned that first encounter, we were married in that stadium, and what Happened in that stadium reached you, and it happened potentially universally. How on earth; -compounded with my existing circumstance; -how on earth am I even supposed to deal with that, -starting at, -I don't even know if I'm right or delusional (this is nuts), but if I am not, I don't even know if I can ascertain properly what it is. You want exposure, then, to the omnipresent danger of how bad and how terribly this can all go wrong on just one slip up? Because from the second it begins I'm dealing with inverted eternal damnation probabilities with odds so bad the first soul on the chopping block is my own. Imagine consciously doing this to your kid because you believe God is telling you to, the conscious price your paying. Imagine consciously blowing that up inside your own family. Imagine the price. Can you even imagine how I was raised to even end up here?

"In a way I'm spoiling all the fun with all this truth and consequence" - Nick Cave, "The Mercy Seat" - Alexandra Palace, live, July 23rd 2020, -that one's worth the lyric changes- 11/23/20, nearly 1:00 am, my progress on this is terrible- followed by the new one, "Euthanasia"-

Imagine knowing that if your father even figures out just what exactly he did, he's going to assume you're the rise of the anti-Christ, and that he has to kill you. Imagine having to internalize completely to stop that from potentially happening, while in addition (how could you be anything but an inversion under the circumstances), trying to figure out if you should just let him kill you because he's right? He is (by design), after all, the ultimate, total authority in your life.

The online SP Forum was like, How come you get to be June and we're not? For which the flip answer was, "You never would have survived."

I mean with Bono early on, I'm going to take the route that even telling him is unethical, right, - because approaching him with the tact, "We have a God-given exception because God told us to do this" (dear Dad's trap), like hell having gotten set up for that and seeing it inevitably fail, I'd ever lay anything remotely like that on anyone else.

It wasn't even ethically fair to approach Billy in terms of everything that transpired between us: -"a free will asking and answer at the level of an eternal truth with no words ever spoken between having never once even met"; (-the encounter with Cave told me things could be happening at this level (-if it appeared to be in person, personally, between just two people), -could happen and not even then be transpiring at a conscious level), the burden of what you were proposing was too big, (-it had been something [far too massive to Bono already](#), apparently, *if* it proved out over time he [was indeed consciously integrating me as his object](#)), -so of course I used an insight of the truth in the epiphany to provide Billy an out. (He had a girlfriend at the time FFS! -What was I supposed to do?!) I had to give him a complete out, a complete free will choice, and I did.

HOW IRONIC IS THAT?!?

Anyway I think he got to take his choice and that's all right. I wouldn't want to burden anyone, - if he expresses that, alternatively, as concluding he was supposed to give me up to the "morning man", and that turns out to be right, because the feedback boils it down to, "*I am you and you are me*" only transpired between me and you that night, -you were the only one to step up, (OMG!!!), then that's fine. You can give up just about anything in Creation for that one thing to happen, so Billy gave it up too.

Damn this is so amazing!!!

-So when I hit the threshold of what you are to me, it never stops, with what the feedback loop's going to do right now, I think I could lose my mind (in a good way).

Both Bono and Billy could take and use this to reintegrate me at the same time.

HERE WE GO!!!

It's not up to you to integrate me in terms of object. You're going to get to see it happen.

You're going to know the universal is ours, between us, BECAUSE THEY ARE going to do it! They are going to express the love between us as themselves however they like. And you will witness what's between us, including potentially the two eternal lovers who came before you and lost (as you are too), -but none of us will be losing anymore. Because they let us happen. (I wrote this before Billy went ahead and put [this](#) out: "[For lovers built the dream](#)". -This is where you end up when you get your nude pics from a former professional [silhouette dancer](#) who does pilates, I suppose.)

And the integration means, not only do they of themselves get to express what was always there, NOTHING happens in violation of your marriage, because, OMG

Come watch with me. I think I'm going to lose my mind because this is integration as the ULTIMATE TRANSCENDENT CONSECRATION.

Then maybe if you want, you can say something about it, as you'll have your conclusion.

Choose your words with care.

I know you always will.

I think I'm going to lose my mind.

Billy or Bono consciously doing it, after they already know me as a real person, constitutes proof to you at your level of consecration (you put it at the eternal level).

And I don't think there'd be anything wrong with them expressing Something that actually took place between you and I ([Him and me](#)), -so they'd be liberated to express exactly what they are inspired to; -to express what lay between all four of us as a potentiality that was realized in each facet over time.

And it's going to be expressing the apex of two making love to each other.

And it will be the only time the feedback is mutually witnessed between two witnesses; -the two who made love in their mind, for the sake of what lay in between. (If you don't get this letter the whole universe is off its axis.)

I think we're going to die!

What if Cave does it too? ([Hell yes.](#)) *"the monkey has a gift, and he is sending it back to you"*

Trent guaranteed will.

There are so many!

OMG..... I think I'm going to die.

Volition provides sanctity.

But Billy and Bono are so conscious that's another cornucopia of fish in terms of their own lives; -it's interesting to consider what they might or might not do.

Just think about what it's all going to mean between me and you!

The feeling of just the realization alone is like fire inside.

I think we're going to die.

Can you imagine what Trent is going to come up with now?!

We're gonna die.

"You're the queen and I'm the king, nothing else means anything"

We're gonna die.

Fire of desire, we're all gonna die.

OMFG

That's the actual real nuclear button.

Consummation at the level of you and me, the transcendent level.

Something you could give up anything in Creation for....

It's a small price for this one singularity.

All of the prices were small for this.

Even between us now, they are small, when you realize what this is.

I can feel you saying "Yes"

I can feel you

I can feel you

I can feel you.....

And it's infinite

Today's the 17th

And I think I'm going to die.

I promise I will give you everything.....

What I proved only between Billy and me, -guess how that gets to happen with you.

I give you everything- "*stranger than kindness*"

The book is yours, it is only for you, for you to know this, for you to know this moment for what we are.

That's it's only real purpose, it to give you this moment in terms of why I feel this, why I feel you as I do, and all I have to do to make that fully realized in you is give you my book to make the moment yours as it is mine because it is ours.

Incredibly I'm at work right now and it's the first time my client's relative is about to pick her up in ages. I need to lie down; I can't stand it; -sometimes life's perfect.

For the record, the chaos is organizing around me the same way it did 20 years ago. 2 people spontaneously told me they were Christian yesterday (September 16, -and I found the announcement of [Nick Cave's mother's death](#) on September 15th). People are appreciating me strangely (I'm generally invisible), people I've co-habited this building for more than a year and a half with feel spontaneously compelled to tell me their lives; -others sense I'm about nine miles high. I always have to be careful to maintain competence, but it there's anyone who's high functioning no matter what the interior gong show is (and no matter how little sleep's involved), it's sure to be me.

Though damn, it sure did f*** up college third year the last time 'round. (-That was my fault; -I fell down the rabbit hole because I fell for WPC).

-20 years.

I feel you feeling me as your wife; I can hardly bear it.

Because in this one way I know it is true.

And it is infinite.

I can hardly stand it.

The book, this letter, is the nuclear button. It is for you, not me.

PLEASE,

Come fire walk, come fire walk with me.

That's all it is, nothing more or less.

I want you to know the moment knowing me, completely so I will be known. [Thanks to Part 2 this was sort of redundant, but, you get to find out how it happened, what you were responsible for, and Who knows me. He's already known me as I know Him so that's that. But you deserve to know the full truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, because you were the last threshold.] -And that is what I must send to you right here right now and that is all there is to us; -and that is all.

It really is all.

And that's why I can hardly stand it.

So. Now you understand why giving myself to you is nothing more or less than a letter/book and I don't see what's wrong with that, given the circumstance, it's the right thing to do.

You can tell Dave et al if you want that I said, "Hello".

This time it's a bit different, from woman to man, the man who took his place beside me for the last time, and accessed me to know it.

It is yours.

By God it is yours.

I've had this blue journal blank for almost 20 years and now it is almost full. This is so fast, -I bought a laptop just to cope, and I can't even get it on the counter because I haven't had time to incorporate all the sources, -phone, desktop, phone notes, (new laptop), -and any scrap of paper I can grab. It doesn't stop!

This is the first time the feedback has acted between two, not one (well not quite, it happened with Bono too, but this is the first attempt at letting the other party know in something approximating real time); -if you read this, twice over. I'll try my best.

Because really truthfully, all of this is about penetration of mutual awareness, which then gets to feedback on that common understanding between us (prospectively with both Billy and Bono this could happen this time on this creative cycle, but I only have hope that Billy will be less secretive about it, making it so I might be manifestly known, which will augment it, -the

announcement [is as expected!](#)), -giving you the capacity to observe what I have always observed. (Paradoxically, since Billy/WPC witnessed the “*I am you and you are me*” moment in witnessing the feedback loop being proven to him, I’m more or less reversing the situation, and in this instance potentially you will get to see Billy react in this creative cycle as my first witness, the first person I brought inside my perspective, and this will potentially make me knowable to you. Because Billy was already let into my perspective, this cycle is more potentially powerful in terms of its impact where you’re concerned.

I impart my awareness to you. It’s not a sexual act. It is more profound than that. If this goes off, it will effectively double the feedback at the time it is needful for you to know it.

I pray this happens.

I can’t stop writing. This is day 6 of this: Day 5 was a respite, a day off. (I did chores, which trust me are slammed right now.)

It’s only when God give you to me and God gives me to you, -with a binding eternal troth conferred of individual free will in between, that this is real. That’s the perfect marriage. That is why.

You know what’s the amazing thing? Both men consciously involved in each of the individual patterns consciously agreed to give me away. The nuclear button would have been wrong. It would reintroduce objectification. Bono took the hit for that so I could be known. That means, Bono had a command from God and all too generously world stage public record agreed to give me away, and Billy did the same thing with an eternal troth and the prospect of a child, giving the eternal troth away to Whom it rightfully belonged.

You couldn’t really ask much more of yourselves, -could you?

All four men that’s Integration. Oh my. Happy Birthday.

The reason it happened Now was, I realized what Cave resurrecting me a second time was (thanks tot he pattern that came through him but I verifiably tested was not him); -that was God giving you to me.

Bono was God giving me to You.

Billy was arriving at you through the process of pure free will.

It took all three. All paths lead to You in the same way all these paths lead You to me. We are the same, and with Billy they led to a free will asking and answer of an eternal troth out of free will. That moment, realizing that all three pathways worked in three ways, it was the moment I became as wet as I’d been on faith 20 years ago. My love, we have so much reason, there’s no reason to doubt. What does it matter, when I feel you so much? Whatever you need of me I want.

“Why am I awake?”

Only because I couldn’t absorb You from the music before and it had never, in the Now, felt “safe” for you to penetrate me as an integrated thought, with no reservation, no hesitation, so it was felt through my entire being; -no remorse, no fear, in complete utter feeling in all aspects. Never happened I guess. You were there for me all along. I just had to let You. That is all. And You gave me the truth that let You. How could I ever forget my eternal lover when you’ve been my whole being?

I didn't need to ask you to know me, you know me and I know you too; and this is far better than the KJV Biblical sense. But then again it's just finding actual meaning....

September 18th - Martin it is finished. I am eternally grateful to you. This is why I disappear from you when the writing ends, -because consummation has already taken place utterly and completely in the unfolding of the writ and is the reason for it. -Consummation -> writ, or is it writ-> Consummation, -it really is a chicken or egg question. Since I have at last imparted to you the truth about yourself, -and hopefully you will exist in full awareness of the consequences, splayed across the world as the universal feedback loop expresses us as themselves, that is really all we came to do. The Groom only gave me to you for this one purpose; -it exists in no other place. The Groom gave you as succour to me so I would not subsist entirely alone in this moment, as I was the first time in 2000; -completely alone in the moment, just as I have lived the entirety of my adult life alone inside the universal feedback. The Groom gave me to you to function as a witness. Come, please come fire watch, fire walk with me and witness what was wrought, for that is all it is. The Groom gave you to me to to resurrect me for the final time,as you have.

That very first concert in 1992 was the Groom first accessing the Bride, pressing the nuclear button. I identified the situation correctly. Bono was doing exactly what God told him to do and it de facto isolated me as the Bride, and it de facto isolated you as the repository for the Groom too. And you felt it and knew it from the moment you felt me, and you knew and felt it before I did.

"I feel where I can't feel, and I know where I can't know, -and I hurt where I can't hurt, -and I bleed for me and mine" -from the man who came closest to being my eternal lover in the real world. -Not yours, that potentiality was all his, expressly laid out in the universal feedback. He did not take that path even given to him, he expressly gave me away.

Bono could only give me away, that was his job.

I think we can surmise that Billy existed to save Bono's job. he did with grace and love what Bono could only commit as an abominating betrayal.

I have told you
both latent sides now
The judgment side and the heaven side
That have fed at me all my life

Heaven lies between us. It lies with us and only us. It is only today I have finally expressly unfolded the unbearable secret of what you are to me, why this cannot be stopped.

Let us lie together in the moment for the last moment, it is utterly unbearable not to.

I feel like I barely made it to the weekend (Thank God it is), -but this week, it was perfect.

And GOOD GODDAMN, this whole story is far far too epic to force it to asphyxiate under the covers. -And I think it is between us to figure out how to unleash it.

Were you to divorce for my sake, there would be no testament. -So like I've said for 20 years being ignored by male control freaks, instead of cocking this up to no end for the sake of your own cocks, for heaven's sake just give me my book out of the deal. I've been this smart for 20 years. I just got ignored because men's mental capacity rests somewhere below their brains.

Rather stupid ones you really don't want to face the judgment with. Trust me. I know. He's worse than dad.

This book is the biggest book to have ever occurred in human his-story (outside of the Biblical). And the only reason none of you would give it to me is because so far they were all too busy operating by prick.

-For 20 years. Just give me my book.

You and I can work this book out between us.

I trust you.

I consider you the best man on the planet, I didn't pick you and the existent nature of the pick makes that no argument for me. -Remember [the missionary kid](#), what you said way back when? -It's you I want. It's you I fell in love with from the beginning, because you're like me. (When this makes the random playlist, I feel pretty sure I'm right, it's what He wants.) And I wanted that all along. I came here for my testament. Since the Groom provided for you these past 20 years and did so at the exact right moment, I'm the fool here; -I've been an utter fool and hurt you beyond reckoning. I know because it was me/us being hurt. I could never say sorry enough.

There is a right way here (and a wrong way) to heal. -Tread carefully and tread well.

Please do the right thing this time (-unlike the last two). -I demand the contingent affirmation that will make sufficient provision for my book, -with your vetting. I'm the one driving. -I was always the driver, -and I know you won't forget it. I'm done being tentative and I'm done asking.

I love you infinitely.

I don't want to be your wife, -and I definitely don't want your life. All I've wanted out of this the entire time was my book, and no man would listen and no man would let me.

So. Please.

I'm asking nice.

Don't turn this into a stick up. -As per Billy (-as you know all to well more than anyone, -and you know on both counts); it will not end well.

Kindly Discuss.
That's love.

"I'm here to unfold you" - what Billy said. That's what's happening. It's just everything I was forced to internalize all my life about what I was trying to do. -nd the more I try to do that for you, the deeper you are in me (-I feel it), and the deeper I keep going. Billy was right that's the process just by your very presence. And I feel it as you deeper inside me and it just deepens and deepens. It was so much for so long it just never stops. So again this is about entering mutual awareness by you entering me. In the real sense of what's happening to me, again this has just about f*** all to do with sex. It's entry into therapy which was impossible for me.

You can see how it's cyclical and every cycle is just unfolding another level?

-Good Grief, when is this going to stop?! -It's the 18th still. -I thought I was done today.

Bono's in trouble because- you don't keep me from what God has for me. You don't f***ing dare, especially if it's what He wants of me and for me. If he'd just acknowledged me in the real world in real terms in 2000 (when I actively tried to stop him from risking his marriage), -just acknowledged me as I actually asked him to, you yourself could have found out who you made love to. But then I wouldn't have been rationally forced through the ultimatum I was that forced me through the ceiling to you. Imagine how different the world might have been if he had done, just done what I asked of him? You could have learned of me from the beginning. -But he did not, and I was in an endless fire of pain and fury due to his choice. Remember then it was Cave resurrecting me that even made my mind open to making an active choice, I chose Billy, -who sent me on my way to find the "morning man" who would unfold me? And when Bono took control of that, only to ultimately destroy it by doing the exact opposite, Cave resurrects me from him a second time? ***It is the Groom restoring me. The Groom chose you for me to unfold me on earth, which is no different than unfolding awareness of God/Him.*** It's simple, - I feel what I know. That is why it is imperative to give myself to you because inherently you will then feel what you know from awareness of me. It's wrong it's one sided, but changing that is as simple as writing to you.

And it boils down to that you wanted me. Wanting me is wanting to know me. Wanting me is wanting this process; -it's unfolding my awareness, it's wanting the knowledge of what happened to me, of the Groom. ***So you chose yourself when the Groom appeared to me as an eternal soul mate, because God is love and that's what They chose me for, my function. In effect you're there to unfold my awareness of the Groom, which I was forced to hide utterly. You exist to penetrate and unfold my awareness of the Eternal One and that is how you enter that function and become what you are to me.***

I get the final piece of the puzzle the night of the 17th.

"You're in my mind all the time, I know it's not enough"

Disloyalties like these are not things I want to cause.

Vs.

I will
Never leave you.

That's the conflict. Have you figured out, yet, how I solved it? Don't worry you will with this last-

With the Machina Mysteries what I am actually giving you is what was happening when we first made love 20 years ago. But I am also giving you something else...

The reason you or I don't know ever among whom we meet is because eternal judgment is not the final discretion of the Bride. -It's Christ's, lucky/unlucky for everyone/thank Christ. I think it's part of why Christians are spontaneously combusting in my presence right now. I told you not up to me but I bear the mark and wear it well.

Billy belonged to the realm of little people with trite little axioms like "follow your dreams" -as if that had anything to do with it. I was not raised by little people, and the wheels were far larger than I cared to let on. But in fact those four years I did gradually let on, and of course the second I got my green card and my divorce he went running for the hills. And who can blame him? He certainly got a level below this though. Then I was, well to use the word he snarked me

back with, postulating. But since consummation started with you not anyone else we are a little past that stage now.

I am compelled to tell you everything I've had burning inside my head for 27 years without the mediation or salving presence of a single outside thought, or one to go, -"wait a minute", or "what about this" or, "you might be wrong about this part". I'd begged anyone to try or even remotely care about what I was forced to internalize all my adult life, but I couldn't.

So for me the real question right now boils down to: are you only loving me because I am your sex object, and otherwise, to you, I simply don't exist?

-Because that's not love at all. And that's what both Bono and Billy did to me. And that, to me that was the worst crime of all. Guess what ending that provides? I think it could be literally the end of man on the sort of existential crime they did to woman, what God gave man, they were willing to commodify the gift of existence so much for their own pleasure they literally were willing to f*** the planet to death over it.

Choose carefully.

Choose wisely

Choose well

None of this is through yet, because no one who came before you did what was right-

Abandonment is its own answer.

It's the conclusion I made for 7/11 years, my most frequent thought was, "I was never wanted". And it's the conclusion I've made already about eternity too.

I'm still pleading for just one person to step into the room. No one's done so. No one even simply cared to do the only thing I ever asked them. No one, not once. Even though it was all I needed they couldn't do it. They only "related" to me if I was their sex object you see, otherwise I didn't exist.

The conclusion to that is obvious. It's sort of like arriving at the same category as my father, and trust me when I say I'll happily erase my very existence just to lose the sum of my memories as they are. I couldn't care less anymore. I will perform my duty to my own family and that is all. Given my own family willingly participated in my own crucifixion in 1995, that's sort of how far that goes.

The "eternal lovers" could never see beyond me being their sex object. If I wasn't that, I was nothing.

I could almost go so far as to say practically all of existence was like this, that and its enablers.

This is the final test.

This is the real one.

Given what was done to me, it is so obvious.

Trust me when I say I wait on bated breath and the waiting literally kills me. Every moment an infinitude of pain. That is what I went through over in Ireland. I described it well enough to be understood.

Do you have the strength to step into the room, do this right? Trust me when I say all of eternity awaits your decision and every one failed.

Do you love me?

Do you love me?

Do you love me, -as I love you?

No one has, and no one did. Because I was the only one willing to step into the room and of course I paid the ultimate price just for trying, just like I paid for everything else. I did it even being threatened that if I did so, I was eternally damned, (and yet you people posture about my purported indifference).

I stepped into the room, literally, at every turn. I was the only one stepping into the room and saying, for the love of Christ and all that's holy, this is far too big to boil down to body chemistry and whether we happen to feel like bedding each other or not right now. What matters here for humanity is ascertaining this exists. Just the act of stepping into the room establishes it. That is all you have to do. -It was all I asked anyone to do!

It was far bigger in both the scientific and religious precedent, and yet their behaviour was so puerile and petty as to toy with and dispose of me and exercise purely controlling behaviour.

This is the last turn of the screw. The last time. Bono's calculated little game with uncertainty, his little game where he traps me 25 years in order to seduce me (-the price of torturing my heart in the bargain was fine to him in the interim), only to sublimate me in the end in the pretentious pretension of being "good", he threw the world into the embrace of the Babylon Whore while I watched. It's all rather poetic, -but not to me. It's more like consignment to Hell.

Those [two songs](#) of Nick's speak for themselves now don't they, with the aptitude of the description of Hell [for Part 2](#)? What made and makes Hell?

The Rapture is taking place because humanity has succeeded in turning the earth itself, Creation, into Hell, largely on the question of objectification, the commodification of reproduction, the commodification of sex itself. Humanity turned life itself into an economic Ponzi scheme to extract the profits. That's all amoral capitalism was (the commodification of reproduction and it took just 300 years to destroy us), because it was the sacrilege of Eve. That's where the whole infinite economic growth paradigm comes from, a human population growth rate of 1% or higher; -it's completely fake; its contingency/integral relationship was extermination of the planet out from under us.

Coincidentally I have concluded that both Billy and Bono effectively had no interest in me apart from how they objectified me. My God, what it didn't matter to erase in the bargain! Potential God proof?! Who Cares!? Potential third age of Christianity?! -God in the Holy Feminine? -Worth absolutely nothing!!!

Turns out I couldn't just f*** her; -if I can't she's nothing to me, as if she was never here. Well you can't f*** me either. So eternity is where it is. -It's not a massive time to wait, -I've been waiting my whole adult life. (If we took on the death cult rapture fundies (amoral capitalism's utter bastardization of Christianity in order to accommodate itself is utter debasement of its

believers in terms of theological intelligence; -amoral capitalism is, based on the human population increase it demands for profit differentials harvested off [the exploitation of human labour](#), in fact dependent on humanity's dumbing down; -amoral capitalism needs theocratic fascism);- and on the other hand, the godless technocrats (-cultural relativism is far more useful to amoral capitalism than Christianity ever was, hence here we are), -we wouldn't have long to wait long at all. -That is my idea of a joke.)

But I don't offer illusions as to what meeting you in eternity really means either. If you objectify me in the bargain, meaning whatever cake you make out of the now present decision about how to handle this lifetime in terms of me and what I am to you, you will surely lose me, same as Bono lost me. That was his choice in terms of taking his present marriage with him to eternity; -that's perfectly fine and good, (but it doesn't save the fact he behaved worse than a troll's ass in how he did it), -because he acted purely in terms of his own self interest. He could have saved his marriage and heralded the Rapture just fine. That was literally what I asked him to do in 1999, -save his marriage, preserve this. He never listened.

-As far as I'm concerned, since your situation is no different than his when I met him in 1999, -you exist to throw into relief that his choices in terms of me were absolutely wrong. -No different than him, I am asking you to just step into the room. See if you can integrate the reality to what extent you can in the combined interest we are not infringing on your present marriage. -At all. Bono obviously never trusted himself for obvious reasons, nor did he care, not even if I lived or died, was raped and abused, or anything else. -That's not right is it? He'll excuse himself on he had faith God would protect me, keep me alive? As far as I'm concerned he can live out a life sentence in my life and see how much he enjoys the reversal... enjoys living as the price tag for the sake of his little secret he monetized for all it was worth....

How about we just miss the advent of Christ as Redemptive Awareness that constructed the universal consciousness in the first place?! Literally introducing the question of was this Christ's Second Coming?! Bono's fine with missing it; -he's far too busy fellating the world with the Babylon Whore right now to bother. Billy doesn't care either, -didn't care about anything pertaining to me unless he got to be Glass objectifying June however he wanted, up to and including her total erasure. That was all he cared about. For those slow on the uptake, that's no different than not caring about me because you literally don't give a [good Goddamn](#) about my whole reason for being. You erased my whole reason for being, which is the same as erasing me.

Why am I the only individual on the planet who's aware of this!? Meaning aware of the Second Coming of Christ?

It's because to the men who thought of me as their eternal lover I literally didn't exist outside the optic of being their sex object. -Unbelievable, I know, right?

How f***ing stupid can they be? It's not like I didn't tell them what was up...-no, -didn't matter.

[-Dread the passage of Jesus, for He does not return...](#)

So yes, Jesus can come back and all of humanity can miss it. What if I impart the suspicion that based on my own experience, Jesus came back in order to save me?

That was what I experienced in 1996.

What if I turn out to be right about my own experience-?

Well it effectively never happened, -because it only happened to me, -but when Christ penetrated and became my whole being, Nick Cave converted transcendentally, -and guess what, -Nick Cave used the sum of the experience to resurrect me. -But it wasn't Cave, -was it? No, Whomever redeemed Cave was responsible for inspiring Cave to resurrect me in precisely the terms of the Lover. Christ chose me as the Bride back then in 1996. -That made for the transcendental experience I allowed and accepted that one night in terms of accepting it was the Groom relating to me and what the Groom wanted of me 2000. (Of course anyone put under that rational ultimatum is going to hit the sexual fing ceiling overnight. -Don't be daft.) So in that moment I became the Bride, -which is to say, -the Church. That is why your linked awareness identifies this as literally accessing heaven. It would be bats*** insane in any other context, except one signifying the Second Coming, in that it reflected in that one singularity of the Coming of the Groom.***

That is why it feels so absolutely insane on the inside. That is why if we even tried having sex in the real world, we'd end up disillusioned probably beyond belief, so why bother?! -This only exists between us in terms of accessing that one singularity. That is why, you understand, it only exists in my words to you in terms of becoming a testament. The only sharing here is that of becoming a mutual awareness. The only remaining question is if we are, by design, predestined and preset to release that awareness across the globe, and so thereby release the entire Rapture into consciousness, as I have just imparted myself to you. Meaning more than anyone on earth you are the conscious decider of whether it was worth it to you or whether you think we should contain the potentials between us as the world burns out from under us. I await your decision. Please don't let me down (again) -by taking control of the situation unilaterally and making those decisions (I'm in fact integral to) unilaterally. Trust me it doesn't go well.

I'm the Bride. It doesn't mean I'm your mental f*** thought/f*** buddy you marginalize until it's barely even alive, -and only access when you feel like making money off of it.

I existed in terms of being a connected universal consciousness, from the moment I became an adult. I'm the Bride, which basically explains why the inspiration played out in one giant psycho social sexual live ritual universally. -But I have fully explained to you how that's a dichotomy that plays out in opposite directions simultaneously, sorting the wheat from the chaff, those with life potential from those who are empty inside. That is the reason for the Second Coming, final judgment. The only question was whether I would succeed in embracing and becoming Grace, or not; -I could have failed).

That makes me the vehicle for the Rapture. Only the connected consciousness of the Church survives.

Just one individual Christ wanted. -And that's what I am, the crux of that dividing line.

And I literally didn't exist to all of humanity because, the two men who knew me and knew of me (-and I could readily extend this to most men I encountered); -to them unless I was their sex object, unless I was that I was literally nothing. So I was on earth and it was the same as if I had never existed at all. Because if they couldn't have me as their sex object, they literally opted that I did not exist. Well that crime is not against me, -it was not theirs to take and ah, -the greed! I am a finer line than you can imagine; -you were so cruel not to understand why I kept all men at bay for fear of the potential consequences of them of ever touching me. The ones who thought God told them to were in the most potential danger of all.

The Groom only chose you, -no one else, to be with me for this final cycle. Only you to consecrate how He touched me when He could not.

Anyways I can think of no stronger testament than Bono himself that the second he erased me he erased God for himself too, because the second he did he was promulgating a false idol across the entire planet (-and no one saw a difference).

One of my interior jokes is that Christ never could have succeeded as a woman on earth because all the men would have been far too busy objectifying and trying to f*** Him to have ever even heard what He had to say. He wouldn't have gotten a word in edgewise. The men would all tacitly conclude Christ existed for nothing except to marry them. -Christ appearing as a woman on earth just would have been a complete waste of being Christ, so little do they see in their objectification of women.

(Yes, I markedly didn't like that tour in 2005 I saw in Chicago. Incidentally, how do you think I came by my point of view? I experienced it. All those men who appeared to adore me so much they wouldn't let anything stop them. They saw nothing, knew nothing, and they never would. They only saw me in terms of themselves. I had no value except in terms of themselves, and they registered nothing of what they were doing, literally registered me in a manner that made me non-existent. I couldn't even speak; they'd have never wanted me to, and if I had they'd have dismissed, steamrolled it to make it disappear, castigated me as crazy, or weaponized any confidence. Nothing I was or was dealing with would have ever had any relevance at all. They'd have sooner preferred I didn't exist; -they were only relating in terms of themselves obtaining me, which was basically the same as being forced to live invisibly, which is why my marriage didn't have a hope in hell. He weaponized everything in terms of sexuality, and is mystified it'll never exist for him ever again. But the pig can never stop trying to coercively obtain what he can only abominate.)

I am at peace with my own understanding of myself. I understand it was men's choice that I never existed at all, that I was never once seen is down to the aspect in which they chose to see me was so reductionist, it was the same as choosing to never to see me at all. They were in the act of destroying the very thing they would do literally anything to obtain. And all of them, practically all of them, would have done just about anything in the attempt to grasp at what just happened between us right now. But it wasn't theirs.

Because a Groom cares about completion and as I said, -it was the Groom Who deemed if and whether that would happen or not (ordained it actually as you well understood); -and you chose yourself. That volition determining you is the self same dynamic I used to construct the redemption, which captured Trent at all and captured eternity too. It is you. The Groom gave you to me to finish the Rapture. It is worth the loss that we will never descend as we are into our bodies. That is not what we are and it is not what we are for. This is the uplinking, not the downlinking one. If the downlink had been supposed to happen, it would have been Billy.

My peace in my own understanding extends to the willing acceptance of my fate as meted out, -that God provided for me and if that comes to no purpose, that is the chosen fate of man. Because God tested man by giving them a way they could take or make invisible, they could choose or abandon.

The final judgment I potentially existed as, that could have potentially sorted the wheat from the chaff but would sooner internalize itself than ever let that potentially happen... that's love-but it understands itself all too well.

I am as impartial as my father ever was; no one has succeeded with me so far ever once.

This is eternity's last chance. Eternity doesn't have bodies or marriage.

I am literally done with here forever. -I have chosen that death is real for me, that death is eternity. I will be so glad just to disappear, having been made for nothing but pain. I'll willingly erase eternity to get rid of (this) Hell, what we find acceptable here on Earth. I'll readily accept its total destruction, because all I've witnessed my adult life was the destruction of Creation and everything that mattered to me, which includes humanity's denigration. What was left for me to care to save? If humanity goes, there will be very little left to save, but saving the shreds they haven't destroyed is what matters to me. They've already abominated themselves quite completely, and I feel pretty assured we've already captured what they haven't destroyed.

I concluded that none of what I ever experienced as "eternal lovers" was worth the pain of the abandonment, -the sheer scale of being trivialized to the point of utter erasure at that level is something no one should have to suffer through (-let alone suffer through over and over); -and certainly the sum of human existence is far more hell than heaven and nothing practically but hell for one the likes of me, which means it rapes angels for life for pleasure. Which is the least of it. I am grateful for its end.

I also have sought the end of my eternal soul. -Abandonment at every turn on these levels has stricken me this surely. -I literally don't want to go through it again. -If you put me through it, -I will surely die. -I want you to see and I think I can, you know, -because God is Love I think They would at least grant me that, -since They made me their human sacrifice They can't prolong it. (David is the only point of hesitation on eternity I've got, -namely my potential obligation to the universal that didn't get to know because even "eternal lovers" are too afraid to tell the truth.) I am through being sacrificed to this notion over and over.

I only accept the truth. And I only accept love.

(-And if I had my way, in eternity I'd have my daughter's cat, who was more loving than the lot.)

I accept Nothing else. And I will walk up to you face to face to test the difference, -to discover whether they loved me as I loved them. -They proved me wrong.

My dreams tell the truth; -there's a reason Cave's there as he is, -it represents the appearance of the Groom. There's a reason all you did at our first, only encounter was take me in a permanent embrace. -There's a reason for everything.

There's a fair toss to the question now, -if you lose me, -is that the same as losing eternity?

I for one am at peace with it.

Goodbye now.

My we have grown in this little while.

I have grown into myself in your hands.

We have grown.

It is the first time I have been able to speak at all.

So you can see I tried my level best to conclude the matter with you and shut it all down. What choice under the circumstance did I have? But every cycle where I did the right thing, it just

went deeper and deeper. It was unstoppable. And in the end it was just a very subtle shift. I've highlighted the shifts in thought that caused it all in bold text in the notes. But it goes back to that simple experience 20 years ago that you were on the other side of because God deemed it, as in "*I am you and you are me*". God deemed that to let me know that it was real, once more, because my biggest fear was that the universal was simply feeding back on my own imagination and that was all. The pathway delineated by re-listening to it all, -it was a transcendental pathway designed to recover it all if I was destroyed and resurrected once more by the varied participants and their requisite actions. But the shift is a very simple one, in the end, because, what I concluded in 2000 which made me act on faith, is far more assured by the sum trajectory of these 20 years that have elapsed, with a second resurrection of my awareness taking place via the exact same pathway and what he in fact represents, -namely Nick Cave. You are not responsible for **Ghosteen**, the Ghosteen is, Cave's male spirit of love. Because Cave's "spirit of love" during **The Boatman's Call** was Christ I believe the same about his male spirit of love that is the Ghosteen, because of how the pattern originated with Cave as Christ. **Ghosteen** really has a male/female duality, with (from my perspective) the male side being the spirit. (I mean I think the female side of the duality as expressed by Cave got pretty nailed down as myself thanks to the correspondence between the album and my pre-published book.) It's not illogical to consider Cave expressed both these representations separately on two separate albums nearly 20 years apart, and that they could be one and the same. (During the Machina Mysteries depiction, between you coming out with "I Am You" and Billy responding with "Jesus, I", both incarnations were present at the same time and place.)

The first time was the invitation to come be with, second time (**Ghosteen**) expressed taking me in bed, -but I didn't absorb it that way in the moment (the first hearing was just shock and awe, to use the cliché for something with a little more aptitude). It restored the past back to me but I was still viewing God using/inspiring Cave in 1997/98 the way They did as a form of betrayal, -namely They brought me back/(woke me) by conveying my deepest want as possible, -when it did not and had never existed, -which just faced me with the sum recollection of the of all the betrayal it had put me through. It was like getting killed by hope, -and They set me up for that.

It was through you that I felt, that I got brought back. It was you who presented that I was still culpable to you, your sum of mutual history, -which in the end conveyed the transcendent. It was because of you that I could feel.

It was just that this last time when I knew there was no hope (September 10th), I understood the trajectory of my own wants and Who was there, -that the Ghosteen really was. As my choices resolved themselves and I came to terms with myself just through being able to confide the history to someone as close to it as you appear to me to be (-including my still omnipresent fears), He appeared, and I have never felt the same since.

And in the same token you were not responsible for "*I am you and you are me*", (even though your assertion makes you part of it). Based on how I conceived it in the first place, it is the Spirit in between that is the connection in "*I am you and you are me*", Who devises and chooses the connection in every aspect, -including you. You were the final aspect; you were responsible for its transcendent aspect, the declaration that it was eternal. It is not and never was you; (exactly [as you said](#), and exactly why I left you alone all this time); -I was never supposed to be with you. I hope I didn't let you down by arrival at that conclusion, but I'm quite sure I didn't. It is the right "[Good-bye](#)" that gives us "Hello". I will never forget you.

"The Groom gave you to me to finish the Rapture."

“-The Groom gave you as succour to me so I would not subsist entirely alone in this moment, -as I was the first time in 2000; -completely alone in the moment, -just as I have lived the entirety of my adult life alone inside the universal feedback. -The Groom gave me to you to function as a witness. Come, -please come fire watch, -[fire walk with me](#) and witness what was wrought, -for that is all it is. The Groom gave you to me to to resurrect me for the final time, -as you have.”

It is a very simple shift in the end to realize it is the Groom relating through all of you at once as Himself. And that can only mean one thing. Like I said, this had to be the uplinking, not the downlinking circumstance. I may have preferred to downlinking personally, but this is not really about wants or desires, in so much that our wants and desires are products of our own fallacies and limitations, and you have to accept where they impeded or are just plain wrong. -If you're bloody minded enough (and trust me, I am), you can be an adamant hold out demanding certitude on the matter for a full 20 years. The downlinking would have happened already if it was supposed to. The last transcendent pathway resided in you so that instead of me losing everything to the finiteness and failures of my own expectations and desires and the failures intrinsic to us all, I would face what I had to face and arrive at the right conclusion in the end about Who was in fact relating to me and what He wanted and what this was really for, -namely how to proceed without losing anyone or anything, which is me in Him and Him in me. Then we have everyone.

I'm very grateful to you for the very last end is the beginning. Part 2 is the beginning.

I don't want you to mistake what this is about, so, this is me going out on the ultimate limb for the last and final time. It is the ultimate final objectivity test. It is me testing my perception, with you as observer. Which is the same as testing and assessing your involvement and allowing you to arrive at a conclusion about myself, yourself and my potential Spirit, yea or nay.

What follows should be the delusive rant of a woman with an imaginary boyfriend she made up to make up for being abused all of her life by the most pivotal males in her life, as her father was so abusive the template he bestowed her to identify as "relationship" was with someone she was at perpetual risk with to the extent that he might possibly kill her, which is what she got for a spouse/ex.

Because damn, if you fail at destroying her soul in every which way you can possibly cook up to destroy her from birth, well, -you can always "succeed" by taking out her very life by providing her with the most abusive template possible as "love".

Mkay.

So my bet with all of existence itself is, you are going to find out I am not deluded. Because I, just with the reading alone, have made you my witness. What you are going to witness this time 'round is very significant. This time, we're going to be able to identify it as The Second Coming. -Literally. You're going to find out there were real risks with real cliffs involved at every turn (and I took them every time), because that is so insane on its face, -right? How dare I claim this prediction?!

Because what is going to play out in the universal feedback this time is the consummation of the Bride and Groom. So. I will give you my firsthand experience, my perspective. And you're going to be able to examine how well it succeeds in matching up with the universal feedback in all the musicians I say are already a part of this, and who have been part of this for a very long time. I'll give you much the same list I provided to Billy the last time 'round when this happened 20 years ago. Nick Cave [has already started](#) (and damn, that's a fast due date. Ditto Tim

Burgess [perhaps](#).) Nick Cave has already come back with how it was [just in time](#), (as of your birthday when [he did this live piano performance](#), which in terms of a setlist as per this history, is the most mind-blowing thing in the moment; -I'm listening to it 11/23/20).

Billy Corgan will go big, and he will be your witness from the inside because he's on the inside already, as you can already begin to see from what he's doing now. It is not this double album, it is one of the two he's working on subsequent to this one that I'm betting on, based on his interview with Zane Lowe. [\(Wow, that was fast.](#) He's literally announced exactly what I would have expected him, under the present circumstance, to do! **Mellon Collie** was the album where I first thought he might be linking into me, -our first encounter as it were. **Machina** was what happened after I asked him individually via the mind alone, the album I took over his contest with, the album I told him what it was going to be about before it was released.) Wherever he may happen to fall on this he remains the most key. Because Bono aside, he is the one relating and inspired about this knowing it from the inside, knowing that I'm alive in the real world. "*With this rare eye I'm sown*" [is the line in the first verse](#). And he's the one arriving in real time with "*Whoever wants you alone*", because he's figured it out.

He figured it out back when he said it was the "*morning man*" who was going to unfold me, and broke up with me so that it would happen. (I never divide my loyalty, that's why I've been alone all this time. I think he knew.) After he brought me back in 2007 the first thing I DM'd him (using MySpace messaging to the Official SP) was "The Last Chapter" (p. 2068), because, once again, I believe in full disclosure. And what that full disclosure would have told him (again), was how very little this had to do with him, even though I did not intend it. I made no presumption in sending this to him who the particulars were, but even in what I did write I was making a mistake. I don't think anymore that the incubus spirit was possibly him, -but just confiding it, Billy started dropping hints that made it look like it might have been. But the disclosure meant the situation was no longer objective, and I couldn't trust that he wasn't just saying and setting up things to toy with me after that. But let's face it, if he was, or even if he was just willing to toy with the notion, that's not where you'd want to end up.

There was a second spirit that night in quick succession to the incubus, the kind one who held me, whose heart felt like it was resting with mine, two hearts as one inside my body (p. 2143). In describing that mental exchange I made a fundamental mistake, because only one lyricist [has ever described being that close after the fact](#) (Bono). He was also the only songwriter I'd encountered in person who might have possessed the mutual understanding that the elapse of time October 2007 would have been twenty years, based on what I told him in 1999. But a transcendent spirit would have known that too. Bono was just the only individual alive (who I'd contacted personally), who could have possibly had an interior sense of this. That spirit wasn't Bono. It was Someone Else. In relating the experience to Billy, I was letting him know something about himself, myself and everything that was happening. There was a "*morning man*", and it wasn't him. The same implication imparted inadvertently by the *Machina Mysteries*. Billy was generous enough to decide, and to have the faith, that if he broke up with me, the "*morning man*" was coming and that was who I was supposed to be with: "*Whoever wants you alone, it's with this rare eye I'm sown*". -With the one who had already held me when he had not. (-It wasn't you who held me either.)

I told Billy when I took over the contest. I was going to let him see with my eye, -my singular perspective God gave me. The third eye is mine, and with the contest, I gave it to him. Now I'm giving it to you. Because he is the one who's been bestowed with my perspective all these years (and didn't tell anyone and didn't use it, -but he's going to now), -that makes him the strongest point of potential proof to you that this is real and that it has all transpired as I say it has.

This is sort of a smile for me. It was what happened with **Exciter**, to start (it was first out of the gate then), that showed Billy that I was real and that I was "June" (but not with him as it turned out). What happened with him then, that I proved it to one man out of the universal, -he's going to be the strongest point of proof to you now. Because he's the one who knows about the "morning man", and he's the one who's known about me for 20 years. (He just wouldn't admit it.) And yes, he's already saying, "I told you so" ("say I done told you, say how I tried too, how you've wrought, from Creation's crown"). And he's already signaling, he knows what this is about. "[I'm in love with your God](#)" - all of these new releases are header'ed by quotes from the songs themselves. -That quote is not in that song release ("Anno Satana", -well actually it turns out it's this one, [Purple Blood](#), which came out today, 11/20/20). He's expressing the experience of what's happening now. The universal reciprocity is already acting the way I hoped and expected it would, with Billy arriving ahead of time, like you so often did with me in the past. (He has the decided advantage that I told him everything already.) But your position in it now will be truly unique, being able to express it from the inside and the outside too, -if you want to. I've had to weigh this out with a lot of thought, your position and whether I should tell you, and second guessing what is right, or not right to do, but I decided it was your place to do so in full knowledge. You made it yours 20 years ago. And you were the one who wanted the truth (not to remain confined "In [My] Room") 27 years ago. You were the closest. I went through every turn and discovery and test to arrive at the conclusion.

"It's only when I lose myself in someone else that I find myself" - that is true for us both. When that came out, I was identifying in the song not because of you and I, or myself or any other individual artist in what I identify in the universal. At the time I was identifying it as having just found myself in Nick Cave (but as I said, the timing was too close if I was regarding the situation as a feedback loop). I proceeded to find out I wasn't right about that. I had found myself in the redemption, which had found itself in Nick Cave by redeeming him, and traced back to my redemption in 1996. I literally lost myself in Christ when Christ entered and became my whole being for that one moment. And that one moment in turn changed and shifted everything. As far as I'm concerned from my perspective, (-I can say nothing about your own personal experience whatsoever and what caused you to write this song), -the fact that the very next album you wrote was **Exciter**, and the fact that you wrote it when you did, namely when I rationally accepted Who was relating to me and participated in it for the first time in terms of that understanding (and you reflected that experience back to me quite perfectly), to me that indicates that you indeed found yourself in the self same Identity. And that is why I identify you now as having captured the thread of the Transcendent relating to me when every other aspect (namely the three other men I'd identified as operating closest to my core, who I contacted in person), -the transcendent was retained in you while every other aspect blithely successively destroyed it (inadvertently or not). In July at long last that lyric did become true between me and you, but only because it was true in the Transcendent already. And that was the understanding that shifted me to the Transcendent. "Good-bye" seems to understand the paradox, -meaning there is one between "eternal love" and yet there you are relating as if you were a friend, though still strangers when we meet. Jesus said in heaven we are neither married nor given in marriage, but it is the place where we exist in eternal love.

So my conclusion is, if you are doing this in full consciousness of your place and what it means, it is all right, -you can do right by it. For your part in this I love you and I always will. But your part is only in your rendering if you choose it and you certainly aren't obliged. I'd honestly care a lot more about you just reacting to this in person and integrating this reality into your life, because that is the only way I'll ever be accepted as having ever existed; -otherwise for me life is just prison, -a life sentence commuted inside my own mind. Anyone could have chosen to integrate this without relating to me as sex object. -Basically unless they had that option with me, they simply opted that I didn't exist. This is so intimately tied to the existential crime of mankind it hurts, -objectification for the sake of commodification of reproduction. Wouldn't it

be ironic if that male crime against what gave them the capacity to maintain existence was responsible for erasing the Rapture too! I find it sorta priceless, really, as in pricelessly poetic. So I'm really, really hoping you don't react the same way the other two did, -especially since I really did do my damndest, the first two times, to give them this option (removing or shelving the other), -and they both ignored it. The end has justified the means, though, -both of them. That at last I have learnt with Part 2.

As for the others: Trent Reznor will follow quickly. Trent, in an ironic twist of vantage that is sort of exclusive to me; -he's more or less going to become your role now in the universal. (Once you find out, there is no going back to where and what you were, but Trent has changed and he is the one expressing the eternal immutable bandwidth now (though this was a slim potentiality as far back as **Pretty Hate Machine**). This is go big or go home and he is going to go big.) Bjork [already "knew"](#) what was going on the last time 'round, but again, it's on a universal level that originates from herself and has generally been too broad to connote correspondence.

U2 will follow at their tepid norm, meaning I doubt there will be any courage but then Bono could still surprise me, meaning I still expect him to hide everything, either by falsehood/obfuscation or inside generalizations so large nothing can be attributable (favoured tact). He could do this this time by identifying religiously, i.e., Jesus. He was in a sense already expecting Jesus, the song "[American Soul](#)" hints at it, and ironically does so in a way where once again he is equating or merging his kingdom of heaven, his transcendent utopia, with America again, which again is inveighing in a veiled way American theocratic fascism. Such masks he prefers! Bastardization of the faith makes him money. Well if you're willing to lie about whence came your faith in order to hide it or substitute it with a false idol that will make you more money, this isn't a far digression. I much prefer your truthfulness about the world.

Incidentally, I don't trust Billy much either, precisely because he was closest to me in reality. How his secretive personal abandonment of me affected our lives as a family did not matter to him at all, in terms of being left to the continual predations of my ex. Again I was only relevant to him as sex object; -otherwise I was non-existent. And again, inspirationally since that abandonment he has done practically nothing in reference to me since then, when he could have done the complete opposite in a way that could have had the potential to set me free, in the sense of giving me a chance to prove it (while I wrote the book simultaneously). -But then again, it's obvious he was waiting for the pay off, as in what's happening now. However, Billy's talking now about this concept album as if there was only the male character, Zero->Glass->new persona in the present (-think he has the guts to refer to Jesus, Who I saw when Glass disappeared -? -Kinda doubt it). He deliberately erased June twenty years ago by killing her out of the storyline the moment I appeared to prove it to him, and so far he's kept that tact. Despite asserting he is my witness, body and soul, given the prolonged absence and total abandonment, (-given I can't even say, say, to my own mother that that song is about me, because Billy has never and likely won't admit he wrote it about me, what's to say he'll change his tact on the resultant concept album); -what does being my sole witness really amount to in his mind-? Is he really capable of much of anything? -What I'm actually counting on here is not so much that he is going to ascribe me enough that anyone can see (given there's already a self-published book); -what I'm assuming is if I lay it all out enough, the correspondence between what I relate and his artistic output on the sequel album to **Mellon Collie and Machina** is simply going to be undeniable; -at least that's possible with you, because you are also, presumably, linked. -And that will be enough. Is he prepare to admit I exist? -Good question. Bono wasn't. Maybe Billy's content to erase me too. However if I do something overt perhaps he'll realize that I want something overt back too. Maybe he'll care. The problem is I was too unsafe. I needed them to make the first move and they didn't care. It's quite something really. If the Rapture happened because of a woman, men would still sooner erase that it ever happened. At least that's my 20 year impression so far.

Other artists with a long (presumably unconscious) linking correspondence include Tori Amos, PJ Harvey, R.E.M. if they were still with us (Michael Stipe might), -definitely Arcade Fire, definitely Underworld, definitely Radiohead/Thom Yorke, Regina Spektor could, Jack White will possibly be one to watch (and how, he could blow), definitely Red Hot Chili Peppers, The Cult (presently in the studio), Daniel Ash possibly and Mike Scott, Coldplay; -in addition to there are plenty I don't know. And a lot of randoms that hit the odd time and this event is going to be the biggest for that.

I hope, unlike the others who found out, that you actually care about the discovery that I am not deluded. Because otherwise the outcomes will be as stated in terms of the entire world, meaning the Rapture happened and the entire world didn't get to know. I've been driven up the wall by the fact that no one even cared about this in terms of scientific discovery, namely the human implication in our ability to connect.

-And my ex will get to harass and confine me in the basically non-stop hell he has made of all our lives since 2005, maybe succeeding at this to the extent of possibly murdering me, with utter impunity. He will get to harass me as deluded if I ever dare to open my mouth. I will be confined to internalizing constantly as I've been forced to do constantly my entire adult life just in the basic interest of self-preservation. My dad set me up to be destroyed. He set me up to die.

I was real, I was alive, -no one cared. No one cared if I had to internalize everything in silence, my entire life as prison, just to maintain my promise to Him in 1996, that I would as He desired to do my best just to stay alive.

No one even cared if my own mother could believe me or not, -let alone anyone else, including my own children.

If you cannot follow through on what I perceive as the bare minimum, which is the willingness to acknowledge I exist in a manner concrete enough I can at least have my book, -then please, please don't touch me.

But someone did care I was alive. And that Someone is who I want you to see, because you were the last man He inspired so He could have me. So I am going to grant you a truly unique perspective in explaining my own, because you were so close, the shift that happened with my awakening (this time) was practically seamless. For a brief span He was you and you were Him, for me, and that was what happened. (It was seamless for about a week. "*We could be heroes, just for one day*". -Before the final shift that was a really scary week (as I went, "*Oh, no*", and it got to be plenty scary too after that for a stretch.)) So I am letting you in on the secret of how He's related to me for 27 years. He does it through universal inspiration, but I am His object. And now you're going to see how this becomes a universal thing that involves/engages everyone. It is Him making love to me actually, using all of them. And in turn it is also relating to them as well, and them relating back. And you're going to be in the unique vantage to see it. Because for me now, -I know it's Him. And I know He wants me. Because the dam burst and exceeded the music itself, the same as it did 20 years ago.

The real testament I've never believed in "In Your Room" was that I wrote this to you, -and backed it up with a book. I never agreed from the beginning and the book gives you the record of the twenty years I expended trying to break out of it. It's not saying I was right in how I tried (or that I worked hard enough) but it shows that I was always trying to get out by grounding some aspect in the real world. The real perverse truth is "In Your Room" was the manner in which Bono chose to trap it. The only person I managed to prove it to beyond that in order to

break out, -it didn't matter to him if I did. It didn't matter to him what happened to me at all. They both stopped me from going forward because if I had no attestation there had been a connection between me and him (as in either one), - I wasn't going to be able to assert that about anywhere or anyone else. Without proof I could not speak. It was always far too dangerous. No one cared if that consigned me to oblivion, if that consigned me to the room in my own mind. Not one. So I hope we both agree to changing it. It was what happened to me. I did not agree to it, it was forced circumstantially for the entire sum of time.

By writing this to you I am not attempting to assert my perception is real, attempting to make you assimilate my perception, asking you to react to it in certain ways (admittedly I have made one request, that you act upon it in terms of its being real enough to be willing to encounter me in person), but I'm am not trying to make you do it. I hope you find relevance enough in this you'll do it because it matters as much to you as it does me. I'm powerless to have you appear anyway, just as I've been powerless in every past encounter. I know I want my book out of it, but only if it's real. My reality still frightens me. I'm still afraid if I'm wrong all along, but now it's rare, rare moments at the level of, *what if you find out in the afterlife you just met a seducing Spirit, and that Spirit fed you what you wanted to hear to ensnare you, and all of this just turns out really nasty? -What if it turns out your father's right about this all along and you still end up with a religious inversion? I mean, look at the people you regard as ultimately involved here! They just want an [eternal "sci-fi" orgy](#) and [unlimited mental porn](#)....* -to me such mind play makes what follows wholly and utterly meaningless, because it makes it inherently impossible to differentiate and could never have been a discovery. It's a pretension there is zero potency and zero meaning to what goes on in your own mind. It's just imagination so it doesn't matter. It's not unfaithful or anything else. I'm not implying it is unfaithful in any way, but, -I never had that pretension, and basically if you read my existing circumstance, you'll register the existent universal feedback that followed me around gave me no choice on my pretensions, from the moment I was an adult.

I can be super short and sweet on giving you a conclusion as to whether a pure mind matters when it comes to testing what's possible spiritually and/or mind to mind. If I had allowed myself impure thoughts of Bono after that first encounter he made a sexual one in 1992, I could have never possibly isolated the mind to mind encounter in 2010. -And he couldn't have either. And neither of us would have figured out if it was indeed possible or not, that sex with each other was something we could just imagine as a thought, -and it would turn out it was mutually imagined. That it was opens a whole existential ethical can of worms. And the same goes for what I'm about to describe to you now. What I'm about to relate is my way out, as much as my way in. What I'm saying is because of what happened with you in July/August mentally, -yes I defined my own choices all that way that made Him even arrive, I think, but on the other hand there really was no other way out. Meaning if I didn't tell you what I'm about to tell you now, I'd be confronting you with the full fledged lunatic assertion you and I were married inside our minds to each other on September 15th, which is not what I'm about to say, fortunately (or unfortunately, meaning you still get to judge the situation). I don't believe it, but nonetheless you were part of what happened. So, there's that...

It might prove interesting if those inadvertent participants find out I have no belief any vestige of our human bodies in terms of sex organs carries over into the afterlife. And I trust none of humanity with it anyway. Humanity bombed on sex. They bombed utterly on just being humanity, let alone the potential of becoming eternal beings. Bombed so badly I have zero interest in any of it ever happening ever again. For me personally it's the last thing I want in the afterlife. I hate the memories of what was done to me, -all the pressure, coercion and hurt inflicted on me personally in the context of sex that much. So much evil was inflicted here. So much evil!

Or let me put this another way from an opposite direction. One, I believe I went through this in my human body because the Spirit wanted me in terms of my body, to take and possess me while I was still human. I'm eternally grateful to Him that he wanted me this way; -that He wanted me alive, and cared that I was alive. (I'm grateful just in the sense that it's the only true joy in terms of sexual experience that I've ever had, (relatively speaking there's no comparison), but I'm way grateful beyond that.) Two, that's the only inferential the Spirit cares about human sexuality; -so maybe you're fortunate it's never been up to me. To my mind the reason the Spirit took me here, now, is because here is where He could take me in my body, meaning it had to happen here to happen sexually with me because there's not another plane of existence where that's possible. Maybe that was part of why He insisted I must live in 1996.

I've had interior conversation on it during this stretch and for me it's down to how He wills eternity. (I couldn't remember that exchange anyway properly but I also consider it no one's business.) He gets His Bride however He wants in eternity. In other words, eternity is how He wants it. (Nothing has any right to stop Him, and part of that inferential, to my mind, is that nothing that harmed her being in that context, or would potentially pollute or infringe on the context of eternity he possesses and wants with His own Bride, gets to exist in eternity either, which inferentially extends to the entire extent of earthly reality.) That said, He did want this, -as a Spirit. Thy will be done. I have no problem with what He wills either way, same as, I have no problem with what He wills as per eternal judgment no matter what, and there's a curious inverse relationship in that and my existence I think. But again, like I said. "A penny for your thoughts." My speculations were always the worst. What do I know? Just like, what don't I know? The upshot is, I'm just very grateful He wanted this, because of what it tells me. It celebrates creation as procreation and vice versa. It believes in it. It created it for this very purpose. To access the potential of eternity.

-And then I have you, yours truly, to address. The one with the inverted theology in his past that attempts to justify all this and wouldn't let it go. That's rich. Anyway, that this Spirit I have is a false one is the last, final fear above all the others my father hardwired me to have in terms of doubt. I trust Him more than I trust you, ha-ha. I trust that He knows me, all the risks I took on the same questions, trying to figure them out in a real way, only to end up at Him, and only Him. Given this is a Pandora's Box already in terms of the club along for the ride, it is what it is. Maybe that's part of His answer too. It scares me when I find out. It scares me when I find out, say, from an eye witness how Win Butler treats his wife. So. I trust Him. I don't trust Win. That Win is a reflektor does make me wonder about the whole thing, -Him included. But it was that this was happening through so many like Win that gave me a paradoxical faith in it all so immutable I believe it's possibly the Rapture, capable of potentially accessing eternity... and the fact that they were part of it is how I identify love, transcendent love, -or I believed it all this time.

-Can I really infer that having this play out in front of your eyes (not just confined to my own interior perception anymore, but yours too), -does that really confer it the level of transcendent truth I believe it does, because it transcends all our respective perceptions? Can I really be potentially right it might convey the only Second Coming that's ever going to happen, right here, right now?

This is for all the fools out there who had no clue I ever gambled, all the time, and have zero clue what existential gambling is. (Gambling done right is inferential reasoned calculus of the odds, which is the only kind I do, -only I test myself on decidedly inverted odds of improbability that would scare the living crap out of most.)

As in MKay, I've been afraid of all this since Day 1. I've tested it all my life. Now I trust it enough my mind is indeed almost an eternal imaginary orgy, for the first time in its existence. But it's

not that way because I believe there should be one. It's that way because I'm an eternal monogamist, and when I'm with Him, it resonates universally. So irony. How laughable these people don't comprehend we'd have never arrived at this threshold if I hadn't had complete control of my thoughts all of my life, and never entertained impure ones? It was that I never permitted them that permitted me to isolate and even sense this, now.

My mind is its own answer. I'd only go there if I believed in it. I'd only be there if I was madly totally in love with this one Being who I believe in enough to reciprocate an eternal troth, if I prove capable, because I want that more than anything. I believe that what's transpired universally, (with you at its very final core), is this declaration between me and Him of an eternal marriage that involved every one of you in it, and that from beginning to end it took 27 years to arrive at completion. And that this final conclusion gives me everyone and everything, maybe hopefully. I believe it. My mind is clear enough that this can happen in it, which means it'd have to be pretty untainted indeed.

I've waited for You and wanted You all my life.

I am telling you because in my perception you were an essential integral part of this, I love you immeasurably for that, and the onus is on me to explain what, in my perception, you were a part of. And you can judge it for yourself. I am telling you because I care so much about what happened and care immeasurably about you too because of your part in it. Lastly I'm telling you because if it matters, the last thing I wanted to do, what I learned in this particular epiphany, was that I wanted this all sorted before I died, -it sure as hell wasn't a crisis I wanted to entertain in the afterlife. Which means I have the same oblige, potentially, to you. That is all. What happened here was meant to happen here and no where else.

I am so grateful that this happened. It is the first hope in eternity I've ever had; -though I've worked for it all my life, this is like having that hope granted as a real hope for the first time. I actually have hope in eternity, not just faith. And it appears I have love too.

Good-bye and Good Luck.

God Bless.

Adios.

To put it succinctly, "We celebrating this moment. And tomorrow we'll figure out what it means."

All bets are off.

We can argue about it til the cows come home. But FFS, let's sit down at the table and at least argue about it. Meaning, you can conclude, and I have gave you a summation, that all of this is just me rectifying the abuse that happened to me via projection. But that still is going to leave you with this question: if that's all that's happening here, why is it echoing across the entire music spectrum? Why did it happen with you? Why is it conveying another entity when I say it is? Why is it already conveying the entity that I say it is? I've given you two options: one, that this is a unique situation of a person coping with the harm she was inflicted with, that for some inexplicable reason played out on a massive scale, or 2) it's something potentially very big. It could be that both are true.

As of **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S.**, it already is conveying the presence of another entity, -and it is Who I say it is. How is that possible? It describes the circumstances; -well, let's just see how well it

shakes down. Because by the time I send this to you, I myself won't have been able to listen to it yet, as this was mailed the day after the album was released (-best I could manage), in order to beat the first salvo in the musical feedback loop. So the analysis is going to happen post mailing. You can see [from the pdf's on this page](#) (that are the same as the ones you've received, and are unmodifiable), that they were created the day after the album was released, -logically producing 150 pages in 24 hours in an attempt to accord with an album is an impossibility.

So I am providing you with three blank html pages that dedicated to future analysis that are otherwise un-navigable:

- 1) Nick Cave's Lyrics for **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S**
- 2) **Other albums** that guaranteed will appear in the universal music feedback
- 3) A page dedicated to the **sequel to Machina** that The Smashing Pumpkins intend to release (and perhaps some of ***Shiny and Oh So Bright Vol 3***)
- 4) **U2** if they do anything.

That way I can update the pages and demonstrate my premise to you as music is released and I find out about it. And you're going to be able to see, for the first time, (as I was able to show Billy 20 years ago), that not only is the musical feedback loop real, but that it really follows me. After 27 years, it finally gave me a reason. As far as I'm concerned, what happened in Part 2 of this missive, what I'm about to relate to you, is the reason.

At any rate, you get to witness my gambles, as we get to discover at the same time whether the album **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S** happens to fit the existent circumstances, - or not.