

NEW WORLD ORDER CORRUPTION IN CANADA

Professor Robert O'Driscoll & Elizabeth Elliott

Canada is ripe for a divine chastisement. Trudeau's choice is the proof. God's wrath is going to strike hard and we will deserve it. The Prince of Lies will reign supreme - J. Maurice LaPlante, 5 April 1968.

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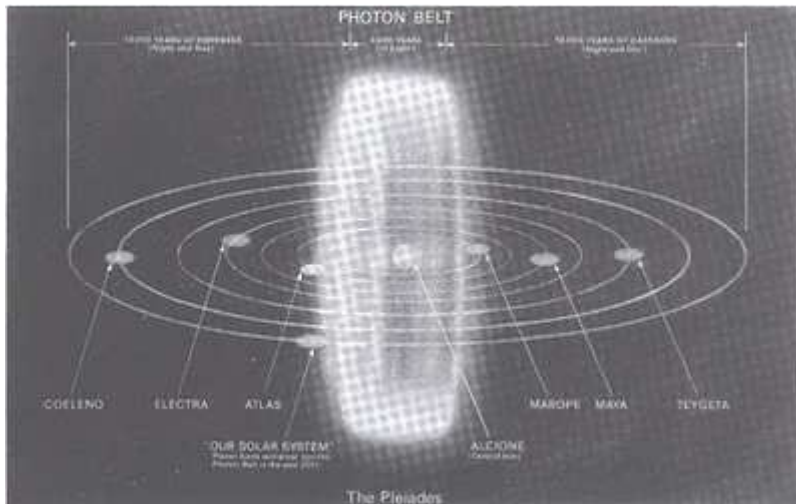


Plate 1: The Great 24,000-year Cycle,

in which we can see our Solar System entering the "Fringe" of the Photon Belt of Light. For those who know the Bible, this is the beginning of the thousand years of Peace that the human race has been waiting for (see "*Ozone Depletion: Fact or Fabrication?*" by Brian Cundle, printed later in this book).



Plate 2: The Silence of Prometheus, by Jeff

Temple, Arthur, Ontario. Prometheus, as we know, stole fire from the heavens and is depicted in mythology as the hero who brought civilization and the arts to man. For punishment, he was chained by Jupiter to a mountain where eagles ate his liver away, but the liver was renewed as fast as it was devoured. The Silence of Prometheus shows that the drama in modern times has moved from the liver to the head and that man's mythological memories can help safeguard him from the attacking eagles of a new world order at the end of time.

INTRODUCTION:

THE DARK SIDE OF SCIENCE AND THE CHILD

by Professor Robert O'Driscoll

A CHILD

Where was Lily when this trilogy was born? She sits now on her mother's lap, eight months old, sizing me up, as Foing's fingers fall like heavy dew on the neutral keys of the big Mac: a bundle of diffused light:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.¹

We come from 'another' world, trailing clouds of glory. 'Heaven' lies about us in our infancy, but then shades of the 'prison-house' begin to close and the vision of our childhood fades into 'the light of common day'.

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Shades of the prison-house? Forever? Perpetual imprisonment? Forever?

THE ILLUMINATI

When I began this book, the first - I am told - of its kind in Canada, I intended merely to produce a short pamphlet to defend my position at the University of Toronto where I have been under 'investigation' for most of the last seventeen months for publishing two books on the same subject in February and September of 1993. I intended to make the case that the University cannot get away any longer with regarding itself as some kind of 'ivory tower', isolated and protected.

Rather, I felt convinced, it must begin to address the pressing exigencies of our contemporary world and give back to society what society has made possible in the first place: otherwise, it becomes an anachronism, isolated but no longer protected.

I invited EE to join me, and soon our researches led us out from the University of Toronto to the far reaches of outer space and back to the figures in the political carpet at home. Through the diligent research of hundreds of helpers, we confirmed the existence of the group who initiates all major economic, political, and social changes throughout the world, the Secret Brotherhood of the Illuminati who, possessing untold wealth and a deep initiation into the magical arts, believe themselves to be of a superior race and bloodline. Through their Steering Committee - the Committee of 300 - the Illuminati

are dedicated to the creation of a One-World government, a One-World religion, and a new 'order' of the world for mere mortals.

Elizabeth and I did not doubt the sincerity of the aims of the Illuminati. We very quickly discovered, however, that their «compassion» was merely a mask for rapaciousness, their «democracy» a mask for totalitarianism, their «peace» a mask for war, as in Rwanda, as in Somalia before that, and in countless other places where the police force of the Illuminati - the United Nations - have smashed the common people again and again and again. Do not the common people have enough to suffer? Without this? It must be remembered, though, that the United Nations is merely an empty vessel, a front through which the conspirators (most of whom reside in the Anglo-Saxon world) operate.

EE and I discovered that the Secret Brotherhood of the Illuminati are skilled in camouflaging under a humane or spiritual authority their own megalomaniac delusions. For they are attempting nothing less than to bring the whole world under ONE rule: *their rule*.

Now days are dragon-ridden, the nightmare
Rides upon sleep: a drunken soldiery
Can leave the mother, murdered at her door,
To crawl in her own blood, and go scot-free;
The night can sweat with terror as before
We pieced our thoughts into philosophy,
And planned to bring the world under a rule,
Who are but weasels fighting in a hole.²

High on the agenda of the Illuminati is their intention to cut the population of the world from six to two billion by 2050 (the population of North America is to be shrunk to a third). The sources for this information are undeniable (normally we do not publish anything that is not corroborated by a second source): British Intelligence, The Security Council of the United Nations, Associated Press, an eminent scientist from Cornell University, and our own David Suzuki. How are four billion people to be eliminated from the world in less than sixty years? Certainly not by giving any assistance to those who are now starving and suffering with disease. No, but by letting loose new biological agents with no immunology (like Aids and the hantavirus), or by manipulating the weather to destroy people's homes and sources of livelihood, as well as the usual famines and wars which have been tried and tested.

As for the local plan, Glen and Ann Kealey have very brilliantly traced the six steps that have been planned for Canada over the next few years:

1. The giving away of Canada's last great remaining resource, its fresh water;
2. The separation of Québec;
3. The integration of the rest of Canada into the United States;
4. The incitement of the natives in Northern Québec to revolt;
5. The sending in of the Military from Fort Drum with blue berets; and finally
6. The building of a Grand Canal whereby the waterways of Canada are to be reversed in order to maintain the 'bread basket' south of the border while much of Canada becomes a frozen shield. Already British Columbia is behaving as if Canada were already split up, and several secret social and economic treaties have been signed with some States in the US for the purpose of commerce.

THE HUMAN SOUL AND THE END OF THE WORLD

As we progressed with our researches, gathering in almost sixty contributions from across the country and beyond, we began to discover that it is not what is happening externally that is ultimately significant: whether Quebec separates from Canada or whether Canada is integrated into the United States. Of greater significance is the destiny of the human race or even the destiny of one human soul.

The purpose of human life is the salvation of the soul. The soul mediates between the stimuli of the visible world and the invisible realms of truth, beauty, and goodness. The body is a gift, a vessel to carry the soul across the abyss of life on this planet. At the point when the soul is released from its prison-house, like a butterfly from the chrysalis, the body disintegrates.

As the 24,000-year cycle - which has taken our Earth back to the point in the universe where it was born as a planet - draws to an end, the time of reckoning, collectively and individually, is here, as we accustom ourselves to the darkness we have created - or to the light. 'Shall I turn up the lights?' Shotover is asked in Bernard Shaw's Heartbreak House. 'No, give me deeper darkness,' he replies, 'Money is not made in the light.'

I shall develop this point by citing the case of Nikolai Tesla, a man of prophecy, of great psychic powers, and one of the greatest scientists of the last two centuries. When a Tesla Museum was established after his death in 1943 in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, to house his vast output of electronic devices, patents, and writings, the curators of the museum measured the deposits not in volumes but in tons.

Tesla, writes his first biographer John J. O'Neill, Science Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is the genius 'whose ethereal brilliance created the modern era.' He was, O'Neill goes on, 'handsome of face' with 'a magnetic personality, but quiet, almost shy,' soft-spoken, well-educated, and he wore clothes well. Tesla himself confesses that he fancied himself as 'the very best dressed man on Fifth Avenue, New

York'.³

As a sensitive and intuitive child, Tesla was full of awe and wonder at the relationship he glimpsed between lightning and rain. On one trip to his native mountains, he had an experience that profoundly affected him as a scientist: 'I sought shelter from the approaching storm. The sky became overhung with dark clouds, but somehow the rain was delayed, until, all of a sudden, there was a flash of lightning and a few moments later the rain fell. The observation set me to thinking. It was manifest in two phenomena, cause and effect'.⁴ Lightning, therefore, is the trigger for rain. By controlling lightning, or electrical storms of the required magnitude releasing appropriate amounts of rain, the environment, Tesla concludes, can be controlled. Once controlled, the whole planet can be transformed: the Sahara, the monsoons, Siberia - everything.

Tesla, however, trembled with trepidation at the possibility of one catastrophe: that while great amounts of electrical energy could be transmitted through the upper air strata to almost any distance so energetic are these actions and so strongly do such power discharges behave,' he said, 'I have often experienced a fear that the atmosphere might be ignited itself, a terrible possibility.' This was in 1899. His fear was echoed by another eminent scientist of the time, Sir William Crookes: 'Who knows but such a calamity is possible?' We too have witnessed these /electrical storms' while not knowing that they have been engineered for a particular purpose: more terrible to contemplate now than it was a hundred years ago.

The implications are profound: the realization that the capacity to transform or ignite the atmosphere lies within the provenance of man. One thinks immediately of the fifteenth-century Italian mystic, Nicholas de Cusa, who posited that as Christ redeems man so man must redeem the earth. Man has the power to do so. A misuse of the same power introduces the possibility of 'setting the sky on fire.' Here we are brought onto familiar Biblical territory, evoking the last days of man on earth: 'The *nations were seething with rage* and now the time has come.... The time has come to destroy those who are destroying the earth.... Then came there flashes of lightning, peals of thunder and an earthquake, and violent hail';⁵ 'then there will be *great distress such as, until now, since* the world began, there never has been, nor ever will be again. And if that time had not been shortened, no one would have survived, but shortened that time shall be, for the sake of those who are chosen'.⁶

To Tesla, then, matter is a visible manifestation of an invisible essence. Like all true scientists, he perceives in an intuitive flash how the 'mechanism' works, not by working backwards, as Darwin attempted to do, from effect to cause but by an imaginative leap or projection over the arc that separates the effect from the cause, into the propensity and condition of the cause itself. In this imaginative leap, he realizes in a moment the manner in which the cause manifests itself, grows conscious of itself in detail. He sees things, as Yeats says, 'as with the eyes of the angels,' realizing how what is created by God can be triggered or realized from the earth.

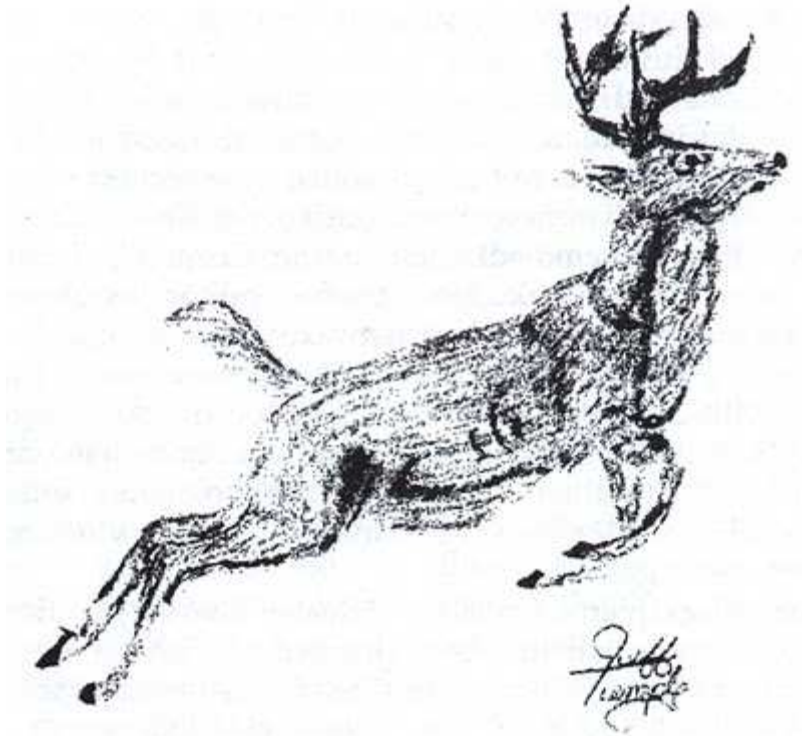


Plate 3: 'The Roebuck of the Soul,' by Jeff Temple, Arthur, Ontario.

DUAL ASPECTS: THE NATURE OF POWER

These discoveries are innocent and pure, the possibility that a spark can be ignited in the human heart capable of turning this dark globe of ours into a ball of fire, not the fire of the destructive current, but the fire of human love as it arcs like archangels over the chasm of the things that divide us. When applied by the few to achieve mastery over the many, however, as in the case of the *new world order*, then the earth remains unredeemed. A Last judgment becomes necessary 'to destroy those who are destroying the earth.'

Power, although neutral, has dual aspects, depending on the use to which it is being harnessed: negative or positive. In 1955 (at the height of the Cold War) a secret consortium of Soviet and American scientists, brought together by the Committee of 300, came to the startling realization that Tesla's discoveries involving the manipulation of weather could, if applied in a certain manner, provide the key to the establishment of a new world order. Who got the rain? The Sahara? No! The Gobi? No! Bangladesh got plenty in the seventies and eighties. Then in 1993 the Illuminati made a bold move. They had their technicians tackle the farm heartland of America: the mid-West:

There is powerful evidence that the GREAT FLOOD of 1993 was the result of secret, joint weather-engineering conducted by the Russian and U.S. Governments. The Clinton Administration is utilizing the

deluge to take over many farms and private land, via a massive expansion of areas subject to Federal wetlands control. 'Over 20 MILLION ACRES OF AGRICULTURE WERE AFFECTED BY THE FLOODS, including 7 million to 8 million acres that were submerged or too wet to be planted. Two thirds of the nation's corn and soybean crops, grown primarily as livestock feed, are in the flood states' (4 April 1993, *WASHINGTON POST*). 'Disaster experts say this flood has thus far caused \$12 BILLION in farm and property losses, and has driven 50,000 people from their homes' (8 December 1993, *WASHINGTON POST*). Losses from the flood will bankrupt many more farmers and allow the land to be grabbed up by the big bankers. The 7 September 1993 *WALL STREET JOURNAL* reported: 'Among America's two million farm operators, roughly 10% are considered financially overextended, so economists guess that RAIN WILL WASH OUT THOUSANDS MORE THIS YEAR than the typical annual exodus of 15,000 or so' (see article below, 'Weather war Deluge Over America').

Why should the American mid-West be hit in this way in 1993? Or Texas in 1994? Why? Because the new world order is bent on destroying the world that has been created for us and in substituting for it a world that man creates: One State, One Religion, One Master, One Mistress to whom all must bend. Etienne Gilson get it right when he states in *The Terrors of the Year Two Thousand*: 'Antichrist is not among us, he is in us. It is man himself, usurping unlimited, creative power and proceeding to the certain annihilation of that which is, in order to clear the way for the problematical creation of what will be', the monstrous idol made by our own hands and to our own image and likeness.



Plate 4: Nikolai Tesla: The Man Who Dared Control the Weather But Feared Setting the World on Fire.

ROBOTOIDS AND ELECTRICAL ENERGY

All esoteric tradition posits the existence of nineteen hierarchies in the universe, nine hierarchies of darkness, nine hierarchies of light. Humanity - poised between the two, the only hierarchy possessing free will - is a kind of filter, coil, or resistant conductor between the forces of light and the forces of darkness, a fulcrum or balancing-point for the forces of the universe to investigate themselves. The balance of darkness and light within an individual at any particular time is a mysterious matter of adjustment from within, the word in man for 'yes' or 'no', what traditional religions call 'conscience'.

In electricity there are two main principles: first, the gap or chasm over which the current jumps has to be unpredictable and unreliable; second, the current always follows the path of least resistance. This is how the spark is created. To attempt to make what is unreliable reliable or what is uncertain certain is to try to control the mystery of light springing from darkness and all that that combination connotes. To control the light or the dark is to control the uncertainty. The spark, as a consequence, has no impetus to jump, even to exist. Man is reduced from a quantum to a horizontal world: Eternal Light and Eternal Dark become in essence ONE; there is no life in between.

Colour, according to Goethe, is born in the meeting of darkness and light. Lightning is produced from the press of darkness on darkness, a frightening miracle producing the opposite of what one would expect: white light. Two negatives produce a positive. To the ancients, thunder and lightning were the most terrifying things, signifying the anger of the gods.

If humanity is a conductor or coil between darkness and light, then what is free will? The capacity to say 'yes' or 'no' to the current that is travelling through us to the footsteps of the hierarchies over the human heart that one esoteric poet calls 'emotions'.

Subvert or kill the free will in humans and what do you have? Obeisance, perfect slavery, robots, robotoids who somehow have a habit of rising to the top, like Clinton, Kissinger, or the serial killer. Zbigniew Brzezinski, founder of the Trilateral Commission (with Pierre Trudeau and David Rockefeller), outlines in his book, *The Technotronic Era*, the role of robotoids in the *new world order*. He speaks of the masses as if they were some kind of inanimate object to be controlled and cloned by robotoids, people who act like people and who seem like people but who are not people, forms resembling human beings, with no feeling, no thought, and who are capable of watching the vivisection of a human body or soul with no compassion, no remorse; not 'homo sapiens' but robotoid 'Darwin types', as the German scientist Dr. Ouerbach has defined them and devised an instrument that can tell them apart. Brzezinski writes:

Power will gravitate into the hands of those who control information. Our existing institutions will be supplanted by pre-crisis management situations, the task of which will be to identify in advance likely social crises and to develop programs to come with them.

This will encourage tendencies through the next several decades toward a TECHNOTRONIC ERA, A DICTATORSHIP leaving even less room for political procedures as we know them. Finally, looking ahead to the end of the century, we have the possibility of BIOCHEMICAL MIND CONTROL AND GENETIC TINKERING WITH MAN, INCLUDING BEINGS WHICH WILL FUNCTION LIKE THEM AS WELL.⁷

Brzezinski's 'technotronics', Dr. John Coleman concludes, would - without any system of political checks and balances - establish 'continuous surveillance' over every citizen and institute; such a system of mind control, 'human-like robots, and a system of terror which would make Felix Dzerzynski's *Red Terror* look like children at play'.⁸

Dr. Henry Kissinger introduces a new dimension to the robotoid. It is now well known that Kissinger, former Secretary of State for the United States of America, has been an agent of the Soviet Union since 1946 (code name 'Bor') and - boy - has he seen the blood flow. In certain rituals there is a direct correlation between the shedding of human blood and the acquisition of Satanic energy.

According to some of our contributors, most politicians are strange though the statement may seem - robotoids, front-men, plumbers, crew, engineers of the Committee of 300, their ascent to the top having been facilitated so that they can help deliver their respective countries - its resources and its people - to the Secret Brotherhood of the Illuminati.



Plate 5: 'Henry Kissinger,' by Gerald Padros, St. Thomas, Ontario. Note the bovine robotoid appearance while the microphones are withering away like skeletons.

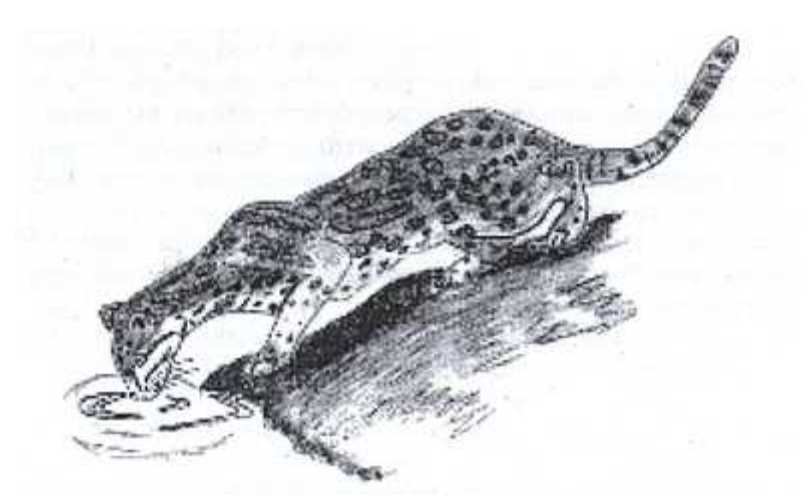


Plate 6: 'Boy - Has He Seen the Blood Flow,' by Jeff Temple, Arthur, Ontario.

PSYCHIATRY, THE CHILD, AND THE SERIAL KILLER

Peering into the troubled soul before him, the psychiatrist sees the unformed archetypes of eternity while they are still monsters to men, before they have been transformed in the human soul. The psychiatrist, therefore, realizes what is assailing an individual before the individual himself is conscious of it. He has, in a sinister way, a preview of history, for history, as Napoleon perceived, is always made by individuals. Because of this, the psychiatrist is in a position to unmake history before it is made.

The psychiatrist and the serial killer are the main technicians of the New World order, knocking out potential threats to the One-World State or the One-World Religion before they develop. For, unlike Oedipus, the psychiatrist and the serial killer know what will appear at the crossroads and what must be done to avert the fateful coincidence of a man and an historic moment.

The means by which these diviners of the soul achieve their ends is by precisely that: the rape of the soul, especially the child's. The violence that is happening in this area is, according to A. P. Thorpe of Ottawa, unparalleled in the annals of human history (I am also indebted to a researcher of the University of Guelph in what follows in this paragraph). In daycare centres, at schools, in children's aids societies, children are taught 'zero tolerance', to report everything to whomever is in charge rather than to deal with it themselves, to 'rat' on their parents, bring them to court, sue them, divorce them, kill the feeling that makes families cohere. Family crises are manipulated, especially in the case of single-parent families; respect for parents is consistently undermined; and desire for self-determination in the child is

methodically destroyed in order to make them depend more heavily on the system. Children are seen as the means of breaking-up the family, for the farmlands and the family are the last big barriers standing in the way of the Secret Brotherhood of the Illuminati consummating their centuries-old PLAN.

Of all the candidates for brainwashing, children are the easiest. Children in Canada are abducted from their daycare centres, public schools, or children's aid societies to be 'studied' during formative periods in their development, especially in the four-year old range. In addition to violence in the media and in computer-game technologies, children are induced into a violence that deadens the soul through motor-skill exercises, predisposed or re-patterned memory mechanisms, circle formations adapted from military training, clinical sex education which shatters the mysterious world in which the children are subliminally living.

'If a child is taught at school to conform to the group and peer pressure», J. L. Read writes later in this volume, 'and not to behave as an individual, he will be less likely to rebel later in life if his individual liberties are taken from him. He will perform as one of the flock and can be herded into whatever programs the government designs.' A. P. Thorpe tells us how *new world order* technicians have adapted military techniques from NATO and NORAD or have applied Tesla's discoveries to trigger the hidden mechanism of the soul world - in short, to demolish the soul world before the child has developed sufficient strength to withstand the bombardment. These acts of violence are brutal, premeditated, the triumph of evil over innocence, tolerated indeed made possible - by the intimidation of the masses, their reluctance to make themselves heard in defense of the ones they truly love. 'We had a dim premonition,' Tristan Tzara writes in 1917, 'that power-mad gangsters would one day use art itself as a means of deadening men's minds'.⁹

The births of key catalyst children are traced and their progress through the school systems aided or hindered as the '**technicians**' see fit. The children are, of course, defenceless. Some resist and coalesce into groups or street gangs. Others are tempted with material allurements or the promise of power. If they still resist, what they face is vivisection of the soul, crucifixion on the etheric.

My immediate reference is to the murderers of Leslie Mahaffy, Kristen French, and all the other children executed recently in Canada. These murders cannot be written off merely as sadistic: rather they seem to be 'scientific investigations' sanctioned by the highest echelons of the *new world order* who now have a special foothold in Canada. 'Take over Canada,' it was agreed at a new world order War/Peace Conference in South America in 1992, 'and you can take over the world.' The full fury of new world order mechanisms to dehumanize the human soul are operating, albeit secretly, in Canada (see *Ottawa: Occult Capital of the new world order*, published below), including the study and vivisection of the soul, chiefly of children (as Wordsworth says, 'the child is father to the man'). 'Attack the soul,' Dr. John Coleman of British Intelligence writes, 'that is the thrust of a host of experiments being readied.'

In esoteric tradition, the one thing that has to be got right in life is the release of the soul from the body, the emergence of the butterfly from the chrysalis. Sudden death or suicide is a shock to the soul, and indeed, as Marshall McLuhan once stated, all violent deaths are the result of malevolent forces. The

serial killer and the psychiatrist are specialists in violence to the soul, and lest his fascination with the butterfly - always a traditional symbol of the soul - seem fanciful, the reader is asked to contemplate John Fowles's *The Collector* or the film *The Silence of the Lambs: Hannibal the Cannibal* is both a psychiatrist and a serial killer.

The serial killer is a well-paid assassin with a contract to stalk, study, and vivisect the soul that might tip the balance, to shut down slowly the life of the body while a window - not the eye opens, or partly opens, and the soul is 'observed' in premature retreat from its home. Both the psychiatrist and the serial killer study what is embodied or is about to be embodied but what is not yet known by the victim. The choice of victim only seems to be random: it is not. 'He strikes', H. Paul Jeffers tells us in an FBI book on serial killers, 'with sickening regularity. He selects his victims carefully and until now, he's been almost impossible to catch'.

The psychiatrist and the serial killer see the forms of eternity that are about to be transmuted in the individual soul. The chances of finding what their employers - the Secret Brotherhood of the Illuminati - have commissioned are slender; in the serial killer's case, the same maybe as one's chance of winning the lottery once in a thousand lifetimes. It is a dangerous lonely profession. Yet some of them succeed. If caught, he is faced with the prospect of life behind bars but his sentence is often served by a lookalike or double.

The girdle of the Illuminati, therefore, does not encompass the whole world of magic and knowledge. They are far more dependent than the innocents of the world imagine on what the psychiatrist and the serial killer discover in their consulting rooms and laboratories. In a very recent case in Canada, for example, the victim of one serial killer was asked to have oral sex with her clear-to-be killer. She refused. Whereupon one of her wisdom teeth was extracted immediately and slowly. Still she refused. She was then shown a video of the previous killing and a third tooth extracted and a fourth until she became compliant. Other 'experiments' followed, until there were no other parts of the body left to be severed, observed, or examined.

The soul is not an organ that can be examined under the microscope but is the spirit diffused through every atom of the human body. The soul is the organ that during earthly life mediates between body and spirit, transient and permanent, temporal and timeless, the visible physical environment and the invisible spiritual essence of which man and the universe are expressions.

At what point did the girl's will - housed to some extent in her teeth, limb, and bone structure - surrender? These are the questions the psychiatrist and serial killer ponder: the precise current that, in Tesla's terms, releases the precipitation of the soul, initiated by tears. The serial killer's dissection of the body always parallels his attempt to vivisect the soul. In many cases the limbs of the victims are kept in close proximity for long periods of time even after they decompose; Dahmer in the US kept parts of the body in his fridge to be consumed at his will. This is not merely a case of cannibalism, but as Canadian sculptor Sorel Etrog so astutely observes, a way of appropriating the 'spiritual power' of the slain.

Reports of these 'vivisections' go straight to the Illuminati or their political agents, while recently the murderers have been kept in 'pocket money' by distributing slow motion videos of the killings - 'snuff films' they are called - to other cells in the Church, as distant as far-flung Japan from where it was first brought to my attention.

Church of what? Church of Satan. The Canadian Headquarters of the Church of Satan is in London, Ontario, not too far from where several serial killings have taken place. The particular attraction of the city to the Satanists is the fork in the Thames river in the middle of the city, the consummate symbol of Lucifer. 'Lucifer, Albert Pike, Supreme Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry, writes in his definitive *Morals and Dogma* (p. 321), is 'the Light-Bearer! Lucifer, the Son of Morning! Is it *he* who bears the *Light*, and with its splendours intolerable blinds feeble, sensual, or selfish souls? *Doubt it not!*' In London, Ontario, the 'kiddie porn ring' was discovered as a consequence of a fisherman hooking a bag of video tapes that had been temporarily put into the river as a sacrifice to Lucifer. The 'ring' had been going on since 1991, the time of the French and Mahaffy murders.

In an Address on Parliament Hill in Ottawa a couple of years ago (with former Governor General Ed Schreyer in the Chair and the Invocation being read by Bishop Petro Bilaniuk of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto), Mrs. Hak Ja Han Moon, Head of the Unification Church - the one Church that will be left intact by the *new world order* - stated: 'The bible teaches that Eve was the first to disobey God and enter into a relationship with Satan.... As the descendants of the original couple which was compromised by Satan, *we have all inherited a satanic lineage*' [my italics]. In her analysis of this passage, EE puts her finger on the non-violent 'brainwashing or 'penetration' of the soul that parallels the action of the serial killer:

As I continued reading this masterful address to our Parliamentarians, I could not help noticing that when we are hearing about the things we do care about [children, husband, parents, love], we can be so disarmed from our usual critical scrutiny that sometimes we allow the diametrical opposite to slip past the seeming unassailable fortresses of our souls - and attempt to gain a footing there. In other words, the seed is planted in the soil of the soul before we are even aware that it has fallen from the tree: while we were asleep the bad seed was sown.

Demon est Deus Inversus.



Plate 7: Symbols of the Serial Killer: a gathering of soft blond hair, symbolizing sexuality and strength; a butterfly, symbolizing the soul; and an old impregnable house key symbolizing total and ultimate control. Cover design of John Fowles, *The Collector* (Toronto and Boston: Little, Brown 1963). Notice that the butterfly is pinned, and both butterfly and hair are touching the old key.

**A CARVED AFRICAN CUP
IN THE SHAPE OF A HEAD,
A RITUAL CUP REPLACING
THE SKULL, THE
SKULL ITSELF A DRIN-
KING CUP ONCE! KILLING
HIS ENEMY (BODY ONLY),
THE SPIRIT REMAINED
UNCON- QUERED;
THE VICTOR DRIN-
KING FROM THE
SKULL TAKES
ON THE SPIRITUAL
POWER OF THE SLAIN**

Plate 8: Sorel Etrog, *Dream*

Chamber, edited by Robert O'Driscoll (Dublin and Toronto: Dolrnen and Black Brick, 1982), p. 23. This section is based on a passage in Ladislav Segy's *African Sculpture* (New York, 1958), p. 18.



Plate 9: 'Mrs. Moon on Parliament

Hill, Ottawa, circa 1992,' by Jeff Temple, Arthur, Ontario. The Unification Church of Korea is said to be the only church that will survive the *new world order* purge of all religions.

REDEMPTION AND HOPE

Disease of the body and of the soul must first be diagnosed before it can be remedied:

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.
Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.¹¹

The 'curse' of Adam is that we are fallen beings. Redemption from our fallen state lies in the way in which redemption has been made possible for mankind. In the end of time, redemption becomes as well an individual matter. We feel in the inner chambers of our soul the currents of darkness and light that lacerate our being. We regulate them according to the inner necessities of the moment and the *timbre* of the soul.

What happens to the darkness when the light is turned on? It is still there of course, but it has been subsumed, transcended, transformed, truly illumined. Knowledge is Protection. Knowledge is Power. To repeat: 'antichrist', or for that matter 'anti-Buddha' or 'anti-Mohammed', 'is not among us, he is in us. It is man himself, usurping unlimited, creative power and proceeding to the certain annihilation of that which is, in order to clear the way for the problematical creation of what will be' the monstrous idol made by our own hands and to our own image and likeness.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INSTITUTION

Is my heritage, Jeremiah asks (12.8), to be a speckled bird persecuted by all ordinary birds of the air? While I was editing this book with EE on *Corruption in Canada*, I was under continued and intensive 'investigation' by the Provost's Office of the University of Toronto: from 7 October 1993 to the present. On 30 March 1994 I was actually barred by the Provost from the campus, including all the libraries, my office, my books, and my files. At the same time the University expected me to proceed with my sabbatical work.

In early July 1994 I was given a contract for the coming academic year, my classes and hours of work assigned while at the same time the ban against my presence on campus had not been rescinded. The only way out of this impasse, I began to think, would be for me to hire a hot-air balloon from which, over the ground, I could address my assembled students whose feet, I presumed, would be allowed to touch *terra firma*.

I was given the impression that a compromise might have been reached if I had been prepared to abandon the present book. Nevertheless, I persisted and prepared a detailed refutation of the trumped-

up charges and allegations that had come from the Provost's Office. While in Ireland, I arranged to have my response delivered to the Provost's Office before the deadline on 15 July.

It would appear that the Provost's Office is not as efficient as it thinks itself to be: on 15 July it informed the Toronto Star that I had missed the deadline. Had this been true, I would have been found guilty by default. My friend who had delivered my response phoned the Star, and the Provost's staff did finally find my 43,000-word document in one of their offices. They could compile no counter-argument. The capitulation was total, and on 28 July 1994, after nine and a half months of intensive 'investigation', my solicitors informed me in Ireland that the University had effectively dropped all the allegations and charges against me. How wonderful it is that the forces of law still stand firm in Canada, and that the individual can still vindicate himself against the charges of an institution. In today's Irish Times (1 August 1994), I note a ruling of Mrs. Justice Denham, Judge of the High Court in the Republic of Ireland: 'The principle that is fundamental to the rule of law is that persons in authority must be able to justify their actions. If there is no proper legal basis for their actions, such conduct is unlawful.'

My case would not have been so decisive without the testimony and support of the young and the innocent - my students. I was touched to the heart by their idealism and their feelings of outrage that such an injustice should have been visited upon a teacher whom they respected and honoured. I take the liberty of quoting an extract from one of the letters I received: 'The very fact that this type of investigation can take place at an institute of "higher" learning has solidified my intention to seek a life in a country other than Canada once my undergraduate studies are complete. If anything is being "compromised" here, it is the liberty of individual Canadians'.¹² The pen is mightier than the sword. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.

Note: The above was written before I was suspended on a technicality by the University on 1 September 1994 (see Postscript, p. 550).

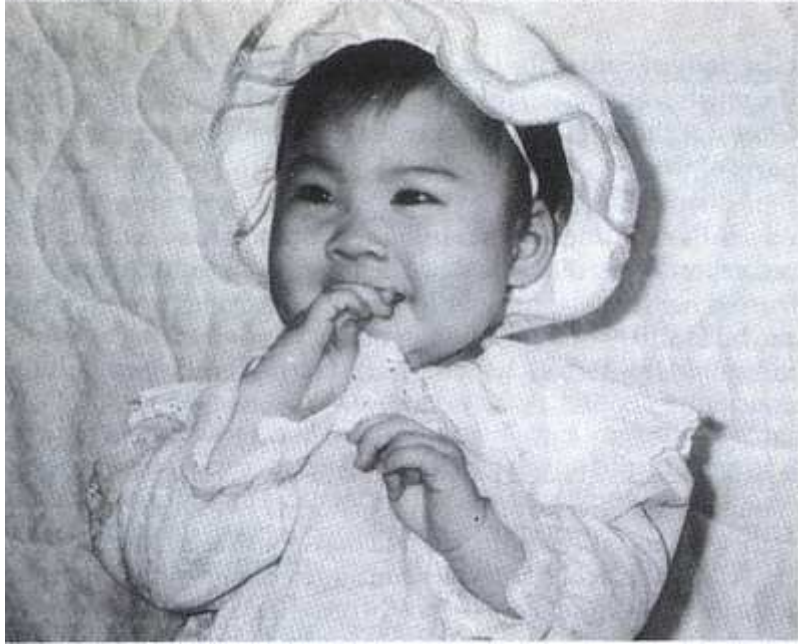


Plate 11: 'EE' by Louise D., Arthur,

Ontario.

LILY AND HER HELPERS

I remembered all of this as I watched Lily, Foing and Jimmy's child, sitting on her mother's knee, as Foing's fingers moved like heavy dew over the neutral keys. I write about it as great speckled birds dart

round this European garden of Castelnaud.

I acknowledge Lily, flower of an eastern Dynasty, blossom of the CHAU. I acknowledge the midwifery of her beautiful and talented mother who delivered this manuscript as she has delivered the child, her father with a heart of gold. I acknowledge her four uncles in the Saigon Press, the most talented printing team in Canada. 'We have decided,' as a lady from the Emperor's Court in Japan told me in February, 'to make a stand for the children.'

I acknowledge my own children (Brian, Robert, Declan, and Emer); Patrick John Clare for his constant dedication to this trilogy; his great intelligence, ingenuity, and artistic talent; Elizabeth's children Krystal and Andrea; her parents Frank and Marion, and brothers, Barry and Bill; Brian Cundle for his most arresting cover design; my own family in Newfoundland; and many individuals at the Departments of English, French, History, Fine Art, Geography, and Political Science at many universities, especially of course the University of Toronto. I thank especially the artists from the village in which I live, Jeff Temple and Patrick Clare, for the brilliant way in which they have interpreted some parts of the text.

I thank all those who supplied the information without which the volume would not have been possible, hundreds of correspondents, thousands of telephone callers, and those who trusted neither telephone or letter but who came to our door by car, by foot, by horse, sometimes taking one or the other of us out to an abandoned road, with the radio blaring, and telling us what they felt impelled to communicate. I remember the Belgian saying as early as June '89 shortly before I decided to publish what I knew in a coded poem, *NATO and the Warsaw Pact Are One*: 'You will not have to stir from this house. Everything that you want to know will come in through that front door.' And so it did.

I can still hear hesitant voices on the telephone communicating something else under the pretext of ordering a book; light taps or small stones on ice-encrusted glass; a strange car at the back of the house, covered forms slipping surreptitiously through the back door and forward to the open fire; the awed silence that fell over the room when Glen Kealey and Shelley Ann Clark poured out what they had gathered in the byways of business and politics; some of our European visitors fearing that the house would be raided' before they could get back to buy more books; 'your neighbours?' one asked, his eyes moist with the memory of Hungary, etc.

One gentleman from Ontario, whom I encountered, hit upon an ingenious device to catch my attention in the hundreds of letters arriving each week. He ordered a book by phone, paid for it promptly, then wrote me a letter with his address and telephone number. There was nothing for a month or two until I received a letter containing the most interesting information. The letter had no return address, signature, fax, or telephone number. Who is this, I said to EE? She didn't know. But the dear e.c. had left a clue and after a couple of hours search I found his earlier letter. Fortunately for me the printing matched, for e.c. has provided to be the most valuable and reliable information in the book.

My most memorable images are of Brad Chamberlain at dawn at a 'family' house in Guelph, telling us that Hubble is not being used to observe the glory of the heavens, but is being trained on the earth and

has such an acute espionage capacity that it can distinguish the flowers in our own back yards. Every time the phone rings, Brad went on, as you are turning the key in your front door, 'you can bet your bottom dollar that the caller is connected with Hubble Intelligence'. There are no accidents, as John Davy, Science Editor of the *Observer*, said to me once.

And then there was Steve - who had fought with Che Guevara and Philip Agee (defected CIA 'Case Officer' for Mexico) sauntering up the road, a basket of apples clutched under one arm, a gallon of Javex swinging from the other, disguised as the perfect farmer, bringing us in a secret pocket in his duffle coat a slim tape, perhaps the hottest of the items we handled: a tape of Professor Noam Chomsky giving a secret address to an invited audience from around the world in 1991 and proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that Chomsky, even though he poses to the contrary, is in fact the brains behind the Whole Plan for a *new world order*. The tape was picked up on the airwaves by Steve and his friends two hundred miles from where the address was given.

EE

Finally I acknowledge the woman who completes my soul and who can perceive what is there before it is born. Love is like a lightning rod, releasing rain.

Without Elizabeth there would have been no trilogy, no inspiration to throw every ounce of energy I possess in defence of beauty and truth. As John Keats said, 'Beauty is Truth/Truth Beauty/That is all ye know on earth, /And all ye need to know.'

EE? How can one communicate an image of one who is as irregular as the lightning, white light produced from the press of darkness on darkness. Two negatives produce a positive. She is like a sky in perpetual motion, the same features alternatively animated by contending passions from within. Yet I have never seen anybody play their cards so close to the chest. As Tennessee Williams says,

Without a cry, without a prayer
With no betrayal of despair.

I didn't know, for example, that she had been in Naval Intelligence in the seventies until I received the following coded letter from e.c. last autumn. I quote it here and to make it easier for the reader (and of course to protect e.c.) I have eliminated the codes:

There is a retired gentleman of about 82 years of age whom I meet with on a regular basis. During the beautiful weather he would wave to me, and the two of us would enjoy for a little while the simplicity of feeding the squirrels together.

The man in question is retired Mossad who had been involved with Kim Philby. He even had an assignment at one time to watch Kissinger when he lived in a high rise apartment building years before

in White Plains, New York. The Mossad man, a General in the Israeli Army before becoming involved in Mossad Intelligence, told me Kissinger was an 'absolute madman who actually kicked furiously - no matter who was looking - at the doors of the elevator in a wild rage if it didn't come down fast enough to get him.' Anyway, I asked the General about a situation which had happened to me about a month before. The old man laughed, and said, 'It's about time you asked me that one.'

I had innocently stumbled upon a common area called United Cigar Store in Whiteoaks Mall [London, Ontario] where they bring in all the US and International newspapers and where the intelligence operatives come to get their news, the names of most of the players being known to each other, including, rather significantly, one EE.

The person I met there and had a conversation with was a retired Naval Intelligence gentleman who had commissions at the US Naval Academy near Baltimore, as well as Fort Detrick. Later, in a completely innocent discussion over a beer - you know the type of situation, 'let's meet and talk about the latest in International Affairs' - I mentioned this great book I had read, *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*, and mentioned you and EE.

This guy literally stood up and took off like the wind: he thought he had been set up by your intelligence group and that I was part of it, that in essence we were giving him a warning to the effect: 'we know who you are and what you are doing, what shall it be? Trick or Treat?'

The old Mossad man got a call to inquire whether or not I was working for your group and who I was. He told them I was "squirrel". 'Who does he work for?' The old man told his contact that I had nothing directly to do with the O'Driscoll operation. Who then is 'squirrel'? 'Squirrel' works for me', the old man said and hung up. Later, I asked the old man about your connection in Michigan with regard to the new book. Of course, he told me nothing, but said something interesting. 'Michigan, maybe yes, and maybe no.'

Our meeting was over for that week, and I asked him, with all his isdom and experience, to give me in a nut shell what all the earlier nonsense had been about.

He looked up in the sky, smiled, and simply stated that the best quotation which came to mind was: 'I have seen them play their cards, both sides, with such perfection, that I am bored.'

Those were, of course, EE's words to me the first weekend we spent together in the Royal York Hotel, St. Andrew's Day, 1990, when I asked: 'Elizabeth, before we sleep tonight, tell me something about espionage I don't know.'

And then later as we lay in bed, she said: 'What if? What if what comes out of here, this womb ... this egg of Earth, *determines* the whole future course of cosmic unfoldment? Otherwise, why would they bother, those ansi money sharks? It cannot only be greed, or merely a twisted insatiable lust for power.'

Finally, I quote Elizabeth's letter to Dr. Mohd. Amir Ali Khan, from Lorestan University in Iran, in which she asked him to write the lead article of this volume on *Corruption in Canada*:

Robert and I have decided to publish the truth about our country.
Fiction is a mask for a little boy peering out from behind his Mother's skirts.

Truth is a stranger, since so few have been taught truth or have been exposed to truth. The Media screams fiction in its tabloids, and the television and radio - with their polished faces and tailored voices - repeat lies dictated by politicians propped into power by the invisible rulers of our country.

The truth brings sickness to the masses, their brilliance having been diluted and tarnished by the 'black arts' of our educational systems, all of the systems having a well-tried method that kills the soul:

There is no room for truth.

There are no true realities.

Somewhere in the dark comer of the sanitarium you *will* find an isolated drugged patient who knows the truth who - we all know - has been put there by the establishment. His or her only escape will be to take the shock treatment, become the controlled specimen he was supposed to be in the beginning;

Some of us escaped,

Some of us play both sides,

Some of us write letters,

Some of us are not afraid of criticism.

We are free to tell, speak, and live the truth, because we will not succumb to THE SYSTEM. Fiction such as George Orwell's *1984* was a coward's way out. You are one of us.

All the best to you and please send in the books

A Positive New Year

To You

My Friend!!

Love Always Elizabeth

Dr Mohd Amir Ali Khan

Khorromabad, Iran.

SAIGON PRESS

One last word about our printing team. Foing, as designer and typesetter, started with almost a thousand pages of seeming inchoate holographs, typescripts, and illustrations and made it all into a seamless garment of silk - not unlike herself:

I said, 'A line will take us hours maybe;
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching have been naught...

And thereupon

That beautiful mild woman for whose sake
There's many a one shall find out all heartache
On finding that her voice is sweet and low
Replied, 'To be born woman is to know -
Although they do not talk of it at school -
That we must labour to be beautiful.'

I said, 'It's certain there is no fine thing
Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring . . .
(W. B. Yeats, *Adam's Curse*)

The genius who stands between the typesetter and the printers is 'the stripper', he or she who strips the original print-out for the press - Tin. This demands a combination of mathematical precision and artistic imagination, for the chronological sequence of the pages is not the order in which they are printed. If one page goes wrong, or is crooked, everything goes wrong. 'Not too many like this job,' Tin says and smiles, led on by the fascination of what's difficult.

A film plate is then made from the 'paste-up' that Tin devises, and it is from this plate that Long and

Tong print the pages of the book. 'Every machine is individual,' Long has told me, 'you can get used to your machine the way a rider gets used to a horse. The more you get used to it, the faster you travel, the more pages you print in an hour.'

Think of what could have gone wrong in this first edition of 2,000 books or 1,200,000 pages when it was all directed by human hand, two simple machines.

The overseer of the Saigon Press Team - apart from Lily and her aristocratic grandmother - is Vin. I always say of Vin that he is not the Cap Stone but the Cap Tain, The Captain, and a Captain must know all the components of his ship in order for the ship to remain seaworthy. I am thinking too of the ancient European epic, the Tain Bo Cuailnge, which mythologises the ingenuity, compassion, and courage of one who stands alone in successfully defending his country.

We seven then - EE, Vin, Foing, Tin, Long, Tong and I - with almost sixty contributors from across the country, have 'something to perfection brought.' You will find mistakes, but always remember what James Joyce said about the title of *Finnegans Wake*: 'I left the apostrophe out to wake people up.'

My mother's words, spoken when I was nine or so in Newfoundland, come back. 'I did my best,' I'd said. 'Your best, my son, may not be good enough.'

Castelnau, Europe
Lughnasa 1994

Professor Robert O'Driscoll

University of Toronto

NOTES:

1. William Wordsworth, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.
2. W. B. Yeats, *Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen*.
3. Margaret Cheney, *Tesla* (1981), p. 79.
4. I am deeply grateful for *Tesla* material to Brian McCurdy (Shelburne, Ontario) and to Edwin Carmen Miller (Hanover, Ontario).
5. *Revelations*, 11:18.
6. *Matthew*, 24:22.
7. Dr. John Coleman, *The Conspirators' Hierarchy: The Committee of 300*, third edition (Carson City, 1994), pp. 50-1.

8. Ibid. Dzerzynski, a Polish aristocrat, was 'the beast who ran the Red Terror apparatus.' He regarded mankind as slightly above the level of cattle. Once, at the height of the Red Terror, when millions of Russians were being murdered, he said to British Intelligence agent Sydney Reilly: 'Why should I concern myself with how many die? Even the Christian Bible says, what is man that God should be mindful of him? For me, men are nothing but a brain at one end, a shit factory at the other' (*Coleman*, pp. 36 and 225).

9. Hans Richter, *Dada Art and Anti-Art* (London, 1965), p. 25.

10. Coleman, *Committee of 300*.

11. T. S. Eliot, *The Four Quartets*.

12. Zena Ananjevs to Professor Thomas Adamowski (18 Nov. 1993).

Note: The intertwining of the initials of the editors at the beginning of each section was designed by ee.

IN MEMORIAM: BRAD CHAMBERLAIN

10 FEBRUARY 1956 - 14 APRIL 1994

For Brad Chamberlain who through divine intervention saved my life. Only his memory helps me through each day. If it takes forever, I will make sure that Brad's death was not in vain:

brad

days are not the same

since you have gone

i struggle to find the meaning

now that the dance is out of the song

you gave me that sunshine

on those cold winter days

we talked about living

and purple haze

your smile is ever present

as i start off each new day

because it's you who saved my life, BRAD,

it is you who showed me the way

so you remain in my heart

as you remain in my soul

and i will promise you on your grave

that i will meet our common goal

love always

patty (ee)

Note: Brad Chamberlain provided critical information for this book. Without his courage the book might not have been finished at all, for in February of this year, he made himself into a shield when Elizabeth and I were particularly vulnerable (see section VIII). Brad passed away on 14 April 1994, leaving behind him a daughter Brandy and a grandson Nicholas. Brandy's life, her training and education have as a consequence been gravely disrupted. Any of our readers who would like to assist in a Scholarship Fund for Brandy and Nicholas are invited to send a contribution to The Chamberlain Trust Fund, Alexander Fraser House, Arthur, Ontario NOG IAO.

Robert O'Driscoll

University of Toronto

CONSPIRACIES IN OUR TIME:

A response to Robert Fulford

by

Dr. Mohd Amir Ali Khan

Lorestan University, Iran

Dr. Mohd Amir Ali Khan received his Master of Arts from the University of Lucknow and his Doctor of Philosophy (Linguistics) at the University of Poona in India. He has lectured at the University of Poona, the University of Annaba in Algeria, and Lorestan University in Iran. He has published poetry and international papers on linguistics and psychology. His anthology of prose and poetry, A Broken Heart, has an Introduction by Professor G. E. Bentley of the Department Of English of the University of Toronto.

Dr. Ali Khan is the son of the late Sir Mohammed Ali Mohammed Khan, K.B. (hereditary). Kt., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. MAHARAJAH OF MAHMUDABAD (District Sitapur), UP, India. He was HOME MEMBER (Home

Minister), UP, during the British regime from 1923 to 1926. He was also the Founder of Lucknow University and the Pro Vice-Chancellor, Aligarh Muslim University, UP, India.

I

People with biased minds usually criticize, without balance of opinion, a book based on facts and chronological events. They usually have only one purpose: self-esteem and show-off. Such individuals are inherently fault-finding without finding fault.

A novel or novella is open to literary criticism. It may either be a fiction or a satire. The approach to such a work is based on certain academic norms and constraints. The real critic, therefore, will never use unparliamentary language to degrade or to denigrate a book: he always works within recognized conventions.

This is the basis of my profound disagreement with Mr. Robert Fulford's articles in *The Toronto Globe and Mail* of 14 April and 5 May 1993 and called 'The Mother of All Conspiracy Theories' and 'The Care and Feeding of Conspiracies' respectively.

The book in question, a much-awaited one I might add - *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist* - is edited by a renowned international scholar, Dr. Robert O'Driscoll, who has a foresight and gift for scholarly research that few men of letters have. In this delicate investigation, Professor O'Driscoll has chosen not to rely on his own efforts, but has drawn together an international team of scholars and diplomats from several countries: Margarita Ivanoff-Dubrowsky and Michael Adir from Russia, Alexander Aksakov and Max Dessoir from Germany, Des Griffin from the United States, Douglas Annear and Nicholas Young from the University of Toronto.

II

The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist is neither a novel nor a novella but it is a work of unparalleled wisdom and importance, tracing the sufferings of the many at the hands of the few whose lives are charaded in seeming piety and sobriety. Only neutron bombs thrown into live volcanoes can break the earth asunder, sending parts of it floating into dark space to collide, perhaps, with other planets in our disturbed solar system. Who will be alive to speculate about 'paranoia' or 'psychotic cases', as Mr. Fulford does?

The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist is a device to scratch the surface and see the underlying truth. Professor O'Driscoll has scoured the waste land not like a 'hound' but like a 'wizard', and has brought to the surface of political life hidden truths from Hades for the impartial intellects of our age to realize how the human struggle on earth has been changing its shape like Proteus. Like a deep-sea diver, Professor O'Driscoll has retrieved nuts of knowledge from the subterranean depths where they have been cast by those who would will amnesia on all of us. The credit for this must go to

him and his beloved Elizabeth who inspired him: nobody else. Galatea is glistening and the wish of Pygmalion has been heard by Venus: young and exquisitely beautiful, in Elizabeth the good Professor has been blessed with an admirable gift of celestial exuberance.

III

What seems comic or ludicrous in this work is an ingenious technique to highlight the harsh realities of history. Mr. Robert Fulford talks about the 'incoherence' of the contents as if he were a grammaticaster and then he ends his remarks in sardonic litotes. He doesn't seem to grasp the organizing principle of the book: what W. B. Yeats calls 'emotion of multitude', the comic and tragic running on parallel tracks, both evoking in juxtaposition with each other the magnificence and penury of human life.

IV

In his rash and trash analysis of this 'masterpiece', the possibility of 'conspiracy' does not seem to exist for Mr. Fulford.

Ever since the 'Masons' started their world of construction, destruction and reconstruction, they have been steadily executing it with precision. Brick by brick, they built structures and brick by brick they demolished them in perfect secrecy and still muggins and mugwumps are not ready to accept the truth in the word 'Conspiracy'. In fact those who disagree with the usage of conspiracy in the contents applied in the book are neither of them. They are themselves using the same tactics as Masons and, like Proteus, change their forms by writing articles to divert the attention of the readers, suggesting that the word 'conspiracy' is harsh and incoherent. Instead, they say 'manipulation', 'greed', 'ignorance', or 'coordinated manipulation', 'unjust disruption' and 'disorder'.

What, then, is conspiracy? What about Guy Fawke's attempt to blow up the entire parliament? Or John Wilkes Booth's assassination of Abraham Lincoln? Or, to take another example, Joan of Arc who was burnt alive in Rouen? There was some conspiracy, no doubt, to get rid of the girl by the British and then later in 1925 to canonize her as Saint. I shall attempt to explain the word 'conspiracy' with the help of synonymy in order to dispel the doubts from the minds of people who think that there never has been such a thing as 'conspiracy' with reference to the events analysed in *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*.

The following synonyms will provide some assistance to the reader in distinguishing the different connotations: *combination; cabal; plot; conspiracy*.

1. Combination denotes association.

2. Cabal, in French 'cabale,' derives from the Hebrew 'Kabala,' signifying a secret science pretended to by the Jewish Rabbi, whence it is applied to any association that has a pretended secret.

3. Plot, in French 'complot', is derived like the "complicate" from the Latin 'plico', to entangle, signifying any intricate or dark concern.

4. Conspiracy, in French 'conspiration', from 'con' and 'spire', to breathe together, signifying 'having one spirit.'

EXPLANATION

An association for a bad purpose is the idea common to all these terms, and peculiar to 'combination.' A 'combination' may be either secret or open, but 'secrecy' forms a necessary part in the signification of the other terms: a 'cabal' is secret as to its end; a 'plot' and 'conspiracy' are secret, both as to the means and the end.

'Combination' is the close adherence of many for mutual defence in obtaining demands, or voiding the claims of others. A 'cabal' is the intrigue of a party or faction, formed by cunning practices in order to turn things round to its own advantage; the natural and ruling idea in 'cabal' is that of assembling a number, and manoeuvring secretly with address. A 'plot' is a clandestine union of some persons for the purpose of mischief: the ruling idea in a 'plot' is that of a complicated enterprise formed in secret, by two or more persons. A 'conspiracy' is a general intelligence among persons united to effect some serious change: the ruling and natural idea in *this word* is that of *unanimity and concert in the prosecution of a plan*.

A 'combination' is seldom of so serious a nature as a 'cabal', or a 'plot', though always objectionable; a 'combination' may have many or few. A 'cabal' requires a number of persons sufficient to form a party, it gains strength by numbers. A 'plot' is generally confined to a few, it diminishes its security by numbers; a 'conspiracy' mostly requires many for the fulfilment of its purposes, although it is thereby the more *exposed to discovery* (*vide* Roubaud: cabale, complot, conspiracy, conjuration).

Selfishness, insubordination, and laxity of morals, give rise to 'combinations'; they are peculiar to mechanics, and the lower orders of society. Restless, jealous, ambitious, and little minds, are ever forming 'cabals'; they are peculiar to courtiers, malignity, revenge, and every foul passion; they are concerned in forming 'plots': disaffected subjects and bad citizens form 'conspiracies', which are frequently set on foot by disappointed ambition.

The object of a 'combination', although not less formidable than the others, is not always so criminal; it rests on a question of claims which it proposes to decide by force; the end is commonly as unjustifiable as the means: of this description are the 'combinations' formed by journeymen against their masters, which are expressly contrary to law.

The object of a 'cabal' is always petty and mostly contemptible; its end is to gain favour, credit, and influence; to be the distributor of places, honours, emoluments, reputation, and all such contingencies as are eagerly sought for by the great mass of mankind: at court it makes and unmakes ministers, generals, and officers; in the republic of letters it *destroys the reputation of authors, or blasts the*

success of their works; in public societies it stops the course of equity, and nips merit in the bud; in the world at large it is the *never-ending source of vexation*, broils, and animosities.

A 'plot' has always the object of committing some atrocity, whether of a private or public nature, as the murder or plunder of individuals; the traitorous surrender of a town, or the destruction of something very valuable. 'Astarba' in Telemachus is represented as having formed a 'plot' for the poisoning of Pygmalion: the annihilation of the English government was the object of that 'plot' which received the name of 'gunpowder' treason.

The object of a 'conspiracy' is more often to bring about some *evil thing in public* than in private concerns; it is commonly directed against the governor, in order to 'overturn' the government: in a republic, 'conspiracies' are *justified and hailed as glorious events* when sanctioned by success: the conspiracy of Brutus against Caesar is always represented as a magnanimous exploit. Where every man can rule, there will always be usurpers and tyrants, and where every man has an equal right to set himself up against his ruler, there will never be wanting 'conspiracies' to crush the usurpers; hence usurpations and 'conspiracies' succeed each other as properly and naturally in republics as cause and effect; the right of the strongest, the most daring, or the most unprincipled, is the only right which can be acknowledged by the principles of the republic in question: on the contrary, in a monarchy where the person of the sovereign and his authority are alike sacred, every 'conspirator' to his country, and every 'conspiracy' does no less violence to the laws of God, than to those of man.

Given then, as George Steiner reiterates, the fallen nature of man, it is the natural state of human affairs to desire more and more money and to wish to exercise greater and greater power. It is almost a natural law therefore that men of like mind should work together towards these aims. As G.K. Chesterton affirms:

«In brief, if there is no conspiracy, why is there no conspiracy? Why should nature abhor all power vacuum except this particular vacuum? If the means of controlling the lives and destinies of mankind exists, as undoubtedly they do exist, why should use of them go by default? It is not as though there was any shortage of unscrupulous manipulators (*The New Unhappy Lords*, 1979).

Quotations to support argument

The protector dreading 'combinations' between the parliament and the malcontents in the army, resolved to allow no leisure for forming 'conspiracies' against him. -HUME

I see you court the crowd.

When with the shouts of the rebellious rabble,

I see you borne on shoulders to 'cabals.' - Dryden

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between the birth of 'plots', and their last fatal periods. -Addison

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed than executed. - Addison

I do not know how far I have been able to draw a 'yardstick' for measuring the situational change of meanings of the synonymous words or to have been able to project the semantic differential, yet I throw myself on the indulgence of the public, with the assurance that having used every endeavour to deserve their approbation, I shall not make an appeal to their candour in vain.

V

In his *Toronto Globe and Mail* articles, Mr. Fulford seems to have chosen the topic of 'conspiracy' for discussion in order to prove that the word cannot justifiably be applied to the situations described in *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*. He imagines the contents of the book to be the 'Mother of all Conspiracy Theories.'

Nothing could be further from the truth. Every section (America, Israel, The Vatican, Canada / Britain, and Russia) is irrefutable, irrevocable and unimpeachable. I admire the scholarly genius in Professor O'Driscoll's approach, how precisely he has posited the continuity and interconnections in his argument, his depth of knowledge, his stamina in collecting all the supportive relevant material and his unique artistic perspective in being able to blow it up into that range of visibility that is necessary to engage the reader.

The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist is a timely masterpiece that unravels so many things I didn't know, and one wonders what still lies under the debris that the manipulators of history disguise from us. The book addresses the whole span of history behind Rothschild and his circle, tracing the history of 'some masons', 'some Jews', 'some Mormons' and 'some Catholics'. The delicate, diplomatic way in which this issue, so pregnant with polarization and controversy, is worded by the editor enables the reader to face the facts of our present-day upheavals and see them as the result of deliberate and continuous planning on the part of the Illuminati. The looming imbroglio all over the world is an 'ominous marker' of things to come that may crumble the world into gravel.

This 'blockbuster' book rips open the sanctimonious designs of every religious hierarchy thriving on the sentiments of believers. Even those devotees who preach and practise some aspects of their faith will start probing their own depths shrouded in mystery and if they were really honest, they would, or shall I say, they should, without religious expedience, unmask themselves in the interest of humanity. For basically we are all human beings descended from one source. We do not scientifically know except that whatever we believe is a 'blind understanding' handed down to us and not tested by us with our own in-built radar.

Those who made 'The New World Order' as their political slogan to catch votes do not themselves know the real concept behind it. *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist* is now an 'open secret' before the turbulent world with many 'way outs' and 'way ins' like a labyrinth making the readers difficult to 'get out' once they 'get in'. It is a marvellous, painstaking work that is absolutely 'virginal', awaiting its debut before the rugged, blunt, jealous, merciless and the most perfidious descendants of Cain.

In short, I call *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist* a 'masterpiece'. It is not only informative: it is an eye-opening. All the relevant facts and figures have been arranged in sequence with authentic references. There is nothing incoherent about them. Mr. Robert Fulford imagines the contents of the book to be the 'Mother of All Conspiracy Theories': Mr. Fulford's unmeasured 'abuse' is based more on 'bias' rather than academic understanding. There is hardly any theory in the book, let alone the 'mother' of all conspiracy theories.

O'Driscoll has collected basic truths contributed by authorities and compiled them to form a book. Those facts are not theories or innuendoes to say the least. The 'masterpiece' is a singular work of a unique mind, an x-ray, if you like, of the surreptitiously hidden motives of the Illuminati, enabling wise and intelligent readers to peruse between the lines without making the academic editor stand in the row of Cheiro or Nostradamus.

From beginning to end, the 'masterpiece', *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*, is coherently flawless and marvellously unimpeachable to the core.

The extraordinary thing is that this book and its companion one on 'North America' are at present being 'investigated' by the University of Toronto Administration. The human tendency to be wicked to the honest and cruel to the innocent has been exhibited again and again throughout history. One would not have to probe very deeply to discover why Cain killed his brother Abel: jealousy would be a simple and correct answer. Abel was not responsible for Cain's act. He was innocent. Similarly Robert O'Driscoll is not liable for the results to which his academic research has led him; he collected the facts and placed the data before the reader, calling a spade a spade and not a hammer. If he had said a dagger was a silver spoon, the response would have been different.

Academics who, on the one hand, have insulated themselves against the weighty philosophical and historical matters that these books explore or who, on the other hand, have allowed themselves to becoming the willing tools of the Illuminati experience when they are confronted with such work the 'rolling cinders of envy' in that somebody else has reached the summit of wisdom and knowledge through honest effort. The outcome of the University of Toronto Investigation must be a clear acquittal for Professor O'Driscoll. Otherwise, the University of Toronto cannot rightly call itself a University any longer.

VI

The underlying charm of the 'masterpiece' cannot properly be grasped without mentioning the other volumes in the series in the order which they were written: *Triad* (Toronto, 1993), *Nato and the Warsaw*

Pact Are One (Toronto,1990), *Atlantis Again: The Story of a Family* (Toronto, 1993), *The New World Order in North America: Mechanism in Placefor a Police State*, (Toronto, 1993). The twentyfour page poem, *Triad*, is the tragic story of the break-up of his first marriage:

My family may be destroyed,

Dispersed forever,

The seed of kings (See latest issue *Monarchy Canada*:

Newfoundland Marks Two Hundred Years

Of Royal Family in Canada).

'End times we're in,'she said,

And then, 'But why

Should my

Chaelic Beings

Be pitted against each other?'

Child's play that, Midsummer 1631;

Coppinger; the sack of Baltimore

- Davis on his Deathbed -

'She only smiled, O'Driscoll's child,

And thought of Baltimore.'

'If only I had a filing cabinet. . .'

Oxford: St. Peter's College,

Wamer's *Maquettes!*

Summit '87 and

Sheila's Storm! Corsica! A sheilanagig:

The thirteenth cone!

Please find the *coeur age*

To break the *geasa*

My dear treasa.

Atlantis Again: The Story of a Family is an informative book that provides the aesthetic base of *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*. The latter book is caught up with future prophecies and the invisible clash of arms; *Atlantis Again*, lovingly edited with Elizabeth Elliott, is a book that traces the ancestral lineage of the O'Driscoll family back to Egypt and their departure for Ireland with the other Milesian families in 1707 B.C. The account of his ancestors reveals the 'dormant facilities' in Professor O'Driscoll that were slowly maturing to enable him to realize six volumes in a series in slightly more than three years.

VII

Professor O'Driscoll is the only man with the soul to write both *Nato and the Warsaw Pact Are One* and *The New World Order and the Throne of the antichrist*. In the months after *Nato* was published, hinting of 'things to come', hardly a month went by without some event taking place that corroborated Dr. O'Driscoll's clairvoyance and depth of imagination. A year or so before the so-called Gulf War, a number of friends in Iran considered the poem as a kind of crystal where one could gaze into and find the looming clouds of Armageddon casting a doom over the Middle East. *Nato and the Warsaw Pact Are One* is a fantastic, novel, and a 'virgin' work, at once occult and real, and which induces a kind of 'weightlessness.'

If there is to be a new style of poetry for the twenty-first century, I would say this is it: the unlikely combination of computer precision and an untamed imagination, an imagination that can find an instantaneous correspondence in the soul for the possibilities that are there on the screen. *Nato and the Warsaw Pact Are One* is the outpouring of a rare intellect whose flights of creativity are no less than the creation of Phoenix - a fabulous bird of ancient Egypt, sacred to the sun and symbolic of immortality, which at length sets its own nest on fire, burning itself alive, from its ashes bringing forth another Phoenix to resume another singular cycle.

VIII

And finally, we have the fifth volume of the series: *The New World Order in North America: Mechanism in Place for a Police State* which reveals, rather brilliantly, how those who run to show for the Illuminati change their 'shape' and 'form' to suit their purpose and then from within they destroy the body which they themselves have penetrated.

This was the strategy behind WACO, showing how the Illuminati penetrated incognito, partly conspiring with the blackleather-dressed anti-terrorist branch of the FBI (i.e. the ATF, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco,

and Firearms), partly identifying themselves with cult members and how they destroyed the 'bulging' cult that was a danger signal for them.

Can we find proof of the 'invisible' hand of the Illuminati? The formula that the Illuminati apply to their 'target' is almost indecipherable and impossible to detect because their attack comes from the same people, the same family and the same couple at whom it is aimed.

A blind man cannot see but he can make out by his intelligence what is there around him. Wisdom does not require any proof. 'A lie repeated a hundred times to the people turns into truth. 'Conspiracy has innumerable' designs' to achieve its aim, but what the reality was behind David Koresh's so-called 'cult' is difficult to assess because of lack of evidence, for the mass media, controlled by the conspirators, repeats the same 'lie' many times to turn it into truth. The circumstantial evidence is invisible and impalpable but it can be collected piece by piece so that it indirectly points towards the truth underlying the seemingly random destruction. Professor Robert O'Driscoll, with his thorough knowledge of the Masons, has precisely joined pieces of authentic information he received and had produced an 'identikit' before the readers to see and revise their own experience, if ever they had one.

A thesis, then, is the collecting of data and on its strength deriving a conclusion that no one else had done. Such research work is purely academic and it has nothing to do with politics or propaganda of any kind. Professor O'Driscoll collects data and facts to expose the unmistakable plot. From the viewpoint of academic understanding, the book is a work *par excellence*.

IX

Professor Patrick Robert O'Driscoll is not an obscure man. He is known to the East and the West in the study circle. He has proved his merit in the topic of his research work on the 'Illuminati' and their supporting pillars of criminal activities.

With his work before me, I conclude that there is a roving 'EYE' watching us day in and day out without a wink and wherever it finds slackness of its commanding messages, it directs the mercenaries to check up and keep the 'ball rolling.' The mercenaries are being ordered by other intermediary mercenaries who are later killed only to destroy the link so that there should always remain a 'hiatus' as an end between the 'prompters' and the 'implementing' circle that grows wider and wider, girdling the globe. The implementing circle does not know the promoters but the latter have full information concerning the history of an individual of the circle right from the date he was born till the time of his death.

Like an octopus, the Illuminati conspiracy at large is catching its 'prey' with a tighter grip of its tentacles and sucking blood as its only means of sustenance. It is one of the strategies of the Illuminati to divert the attention of the world population from 'thinking' and deriving conclusions. Thus a 'toy' of fiction is handed to us to play with. Knowing the weakness of man, the Illuminati invent science-fiction stories that will keep people absorbed because of their curiosity, and then later 'curiosity' kills the cat.

The New World Order in North America shows that a Police State seems to be in the making in North America. Similar to a 'mechano', tools and devices are needed to build up a structure of 'utility'. The tools and devices are already in the possession of the Illuminati. The only 'mechanism' left is to construct a 'trapping dome' like an inverted bowl where we all crawl and die by the 'will' of the Illuminati, but when compared to the mystical quatrain of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur in Iran, we find the 'supremacy' of the Illuminati to be a mere mirage or an ephemeral socio- coltish phenomenon leading to nothing when a natural calamity strikes at an un-given time:

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,

Where under crawling coopt we live and die,

Lift not thy hands to it for help - for It

Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

Who knows when or how the 'mockery' of conspiracy may take an ugly turn and 'boomerang' on the Illuminati, destroying everything within a wink of an eye and then who will recite the 'well-timed' quatrain of Omar Khayyam? The poet, philosopher, astronomer, mathematician and physician, Khayyam continues to speak the truth in his Rubai'yat quatrains, as in the following selected ones:

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,

And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:

And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd -

I came like Water, and like Wind I go.

Yes, precisely!

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too into the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans song, sans Singer, and - sans End!