

The True Story of the InterNet
Part II

WebWorld & the Mythical 'Circle of Eunuchs'

by *Arnold*

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For Whom The Bell Trolls

It was a two-line email from over a century in the past, but its impact on Jonathan's train of thought was inestimable.

The content of the message was negligible, but in it, Jonathan heard the gentle whisper of the Tao.

The space between heaven and earth is like a bellows.

The shape changes, but not the form;

The more it moves, the more it yields.

More words count less.

Hold fast to the center.

"More words count less..." Jonathan softly spoke to himself, pausing, knowing but unable to understand...

"So fewer words count more!" he virtually shouted, shooting up out of his chair. He paced rapidly back and forth, feeling foolish. He was certain that he had just had a revelation that would soon make everything clear, but didn't have any specific evidence that it was so. He couldn't *prove* it.

"Damn." Jonathan swore, realizing that he was not only talking to himself, but was now even swearing at himself.

"Damn." he swore again.

Jonathan's grandfather had hated what he called "magical thinking." Although he was given to a world-view which encompassed a wide range of philosophical concepts, his grandfather detested the magical thinking type of mystical horseshit which had become so prevalent in his day, imputing causation to events which could not stand the test of human reason.

Jonathan had been heavily influenced in this area by his grandfather's opinion, and that was much of the reason that he had become such an excellent programmer and computer analyst, being one of the youngest members of the team that adapted GelMem for use with the Nuclear Quantum computing systems.

Facts, figures, numbers, relations, that was what was real, what could be held on to. That was what had given Jonathan the stability and balance that made him who he was, and had made possible all that he had accomplished.

But what had he accomplished? Here he was, sitting alone in his new apartment, unable to leave, afraid to stay. A man marked for death, drinking like a fiend and struggling mightily with ancient messages in order to unravel some antediluvian myth that was the result of nothing more than the babbling of a drunken old fool.

"Damn, damn, damn!" he shouted once again, flinging the glass he was holding against the wall, where it shattered, and scattered across the floor, as if in mocking parody of the condition that his own life had quickly fallen into since his visit to that babbling maniac, Bubba Rom Dos.

"Myth...mysticism...bullshit!" Jonathan shouted.

He grabbed his shirt and strode toward the door, reaching for the handle and then abruptly halting, realizing that there was nowhere to go. He had no real friends, no one who would not turn him into the authorities the moment they saw him. There was nowhere to go, and worse yet, no one to go to.

Jbell1

4/2/97

Mar. 28/97 9:02 am / the exact time of OK City Federal Building bombing.

bell-p7

I also noted a variety of anti-government and militia related literature, as well as documents relating to the Oklahoma City Federal Building bombing.

Multnomah County Common Law Court

bell-p8

18. On March 11, 1997, I reviewed a document which was obtained through a confidential source. The document was an electronic mail message, dated March 8, 1997, which had been posted to the libernet-d listserver, an electronic mailing list in which a member of the list can easily send an electronic message to each of the other members of the list. The document I reviewed was a message to all the members of the mailing list from jim bell <jimbell@pacifier.com> in which he advocates using his Assassination Politics plan as an enforcement mechanism for the common law courts.