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# THE FORTY YEARS OCEAN

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY JOHN J. SILVER

THIS EDITION IS FOR PREVIEW ONLY AND HAS NOT BEEN EDITED.









J. Silver



“

*All art is autobiographical.  
The pearl is the oyster's autobiography.*

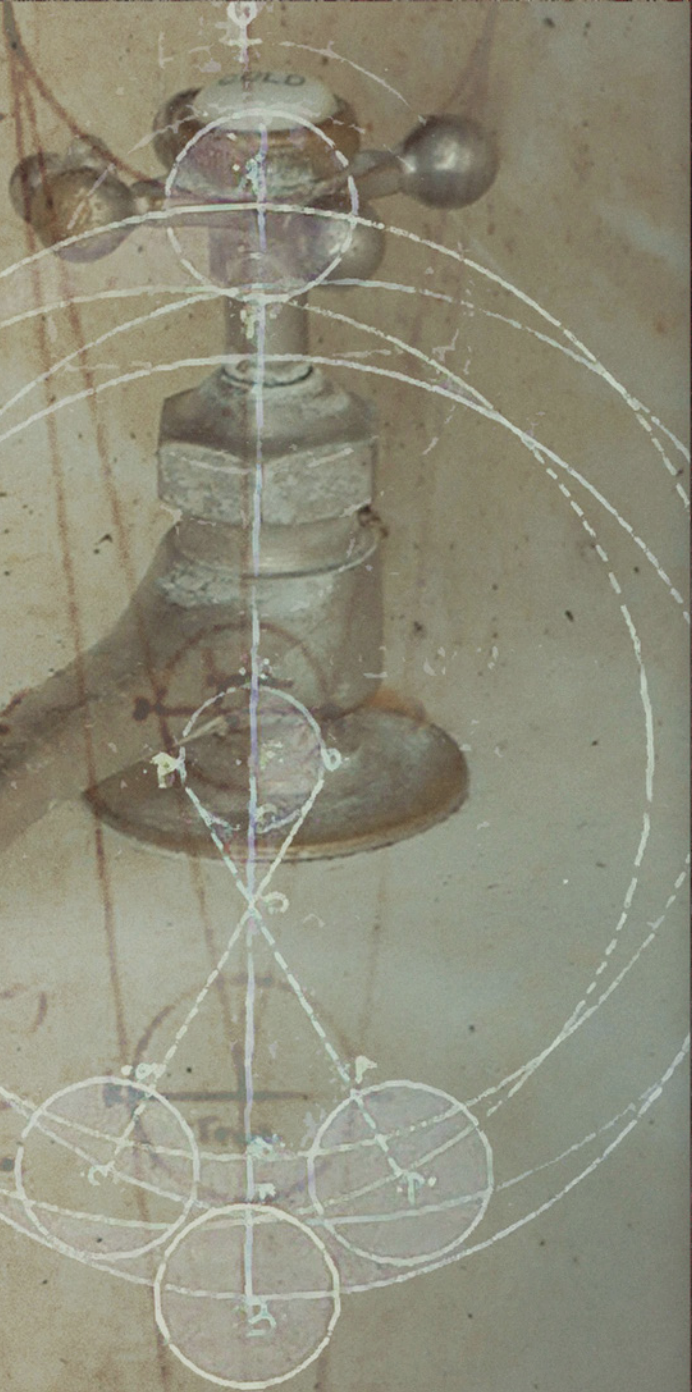
— FEDERICO FELLINI

”











# I HONESTLY DON'T

*know what would possess me to write and design two books documenting forty years of my life. What's the point? Who would read them? Do they really need to weigh-in at 400+ pages? As I write this I am eight months and 200 pages into this project. I've poured my heart and soul into these books and I truly wanted to be able to reply to these legitimate questions. Earlier, I jotted down a list of what I thought might be semi-cogent answers. And I still have no idea. I only know that I'm moving far too fast to turn this ship around. Should you decide to voyage with me through the pages of this book, you will find that life hasn't always been pretty. But the words and imagery you'll discover along the way are unadulterated. And coming from me that's saying a lot. I've made a pretty good living out of making things look a whole lot better than they actually are. In some cases, the 'things' included packaging and identities for businesses. In*



*other cases, they were masks for my own emotions. Either way, I've tried to stay as unrefined as possible in how I reveal my personal musings to you. In this, the first of two books, I've decided to approach things differently. I am combining words I've scrawled out on journal pages and napkins with images I've sketched out on anything that wouldn't run from me. Though the imagery has been manipulated to fit the format of this book and certain names have been replaced by asterisks, the lion's share of the content remains true to its original form. You will also discover that, in contrast to most other books, I've made a few unorthodox decisions regarding the design of this one. For instance, there is no table of contents. There are no chapters or sections. There are no page numbers. And there is no chronological order to the story. Instead I've used a few subtle color and mood gradations for the sake continuity.*











*I went this route because none of my journals or sketchbooks are designed with structure and order in mind. My intention was to tell a story that feels thrown together much like my own life has been. I suspect life hasn't been any more ordered for you. I wanted to create something that you could flip through from cover to cover in one sitting - or just a few pages at a time whenever the mood strikes. I suppose my ultimate aim for this project is a personal one. I thought that somehow in the process of sifting through decades of my own life's story I would be able to make some sense of the past and move forward knowing that, though some of the days I left behind me were dark, the brightest days still lay ahead. But more than that, I hope that you will find both commiseration and inspiration enough to tell the story of YOUR life someday.*

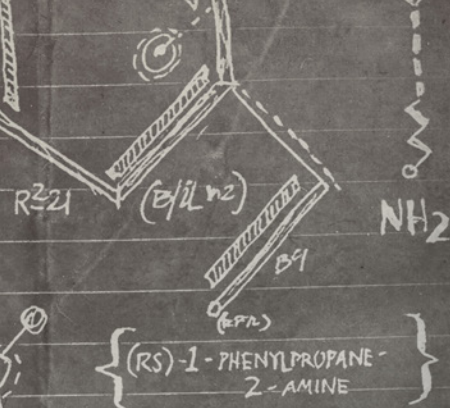
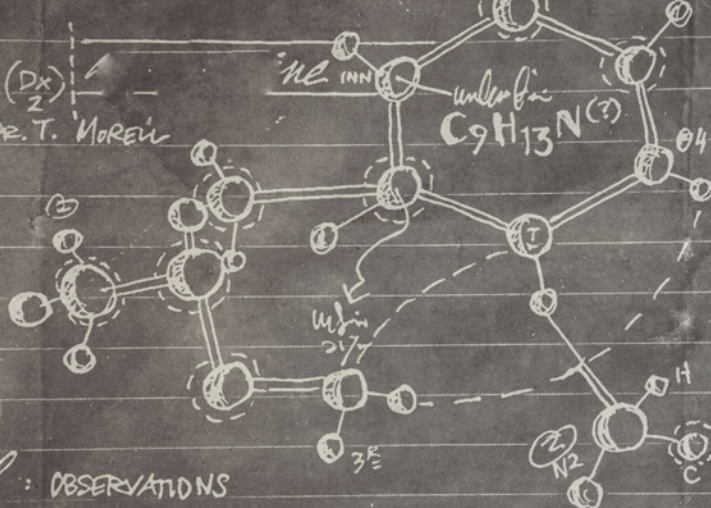
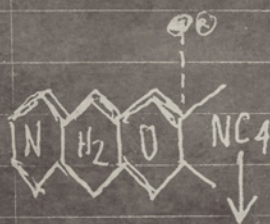
*J. Silver*



InChI = 1S/C9H13N/c1-8(10)7-9-5-3-2-4  
 molecular mass = 135.2084 - KOL<sup>3</sup>  
 smiles = NC(C)Cc1ccccc1 (Sol: H<sub>2</sub>O)

50-100mg/mL (16°) mg/mL (20°C)  
 COM.M. - Perwatin

PHENYTHYLAMINE (D<sub>x</sub><sub>2</sub>)  
 Sup. Physician: Dr. T. MORELL



Pharmacokinetic

B: 71-75% r-95-

P/b: 15-40%

M: hepatic (CYP2D6)

H/I: 10h (AV) d-150 (13/i)

E: RENAL; 35% Um.

Identifiers

CAS: 300-62-9 405-41-

ATC: N06BA01

P/c: C10 3007

D/b:

UNII: CK-833-KGX7E

Dr. Morell: OBSERVATIONS

SUBJECT: Rothschild, Madness - AGE 62

7/21/1938 → WILLOWS TOWNSHIP, IIP → clinic

SVP. PHYS: Morell, H.C., M.D.®

- INORDINATE WAKEFULNESS
- HYPER-FOCUS, MINOR ACTIVITIES
- DECREASE IN APPETITE / V
- SLIGHT UPTAKE IN AGGR



Charlie and Frankie Silver were the ideal young married couple, so the legend goes; he was strong and handsome, she was kind and beautiful. They lived an idyllic life, with their baby daughter, in a little cabin in the woods of Burke County, North Carolina. But things changed quickly when Frankie learned that Charlie had been seeing other women. Allegedly, one night in December 1831, she methodically and brutally murdered Charlie in his sleep. That is the legend of Frankie Silver, the reality is even darker.

FROM MURDERBYGASLIGHT.COM



# THE LENOIR TOPIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1886.

## FRANCIS SILVERS' CONFESSION.

Morganton Paper.

We publish, by request, the following confession of Francis Silvers, who was hanged in this place on the 12th of July 1833, for the murder of her husband. Some of our readers will remember the facts in the case.

This dreadful, dark and dismal day  
Has swept my glories all away,  
My sun goes down, my days are past,  
And I must leave this world at last.

Oh! Lord, what will become of me?  
I am condemned you all now see,  
To heaven or hell my soul must fly  
All in a moment when I die.

Judge Daniel has my sentence pass'd,  
Those prison walls I leave at last,  
Nothing to cheer my drooping head  
Until I'm numbered with the dead.

But oh! that Dreadful Judge I fear;  
Shall I that awful sentence hear:  
"Depart ye cursed down to hell  
And forever there to dwell?"

I know that frightful ghosts I'll see  
Gnawing their flesh in misery,  
And then and there attended be  
E'er murder in the first degree.

There shall I meet that mournful face  
Whose blood I spilled upon this place;  
With flaming eyes to me he'll say,  
"Why did you take my life away?"

His feeble hands fell gently down,  
His chattering tongue soon lost its sound,  
To see his soul and body part  
It strikes with terror to my heart.

Look his blooming days away,  
Left him no time to God to pray,  
And if his sins fall on his head  
Must I not bear them in his stead?

The jealous thought that first gave  
Me strife  
To make me take my husband's life,  
Months and days I spent my time  
Thinking how to commit this crime.

And on a dark and doleful night  
I cast his body out of sight,  
With flames I tried him to consume,  
No time would not admit it done.

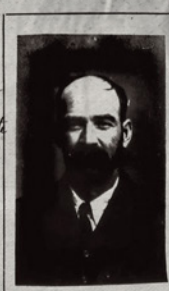
Will all see me and on me gaze,  
Be careful how you spend your days,  
And never commit this awful crime,  
But try to serve your God in time.

My mind on solemn subjects roll;  
My little child, God bless its soul!  
All you that are of Adams race,  
Let not my faults this child disgrace.

Farewell good people, you all now see  
What my bad conduct's brought on me.  
To die of shame and disgrace  
Before this world of human race.

THIS FORM TO BE CAREFULLY FOLDED IN SIX PARTS.  
No. **2498** Name Edward Hall  
Date when Portrait was taken December 10, 1877

Native place York, N. H.  
Year of birth 5 October 1873  
Arrived in State Ship  
Trade or occupation Stockkeeper  
Religion Church of England  
Education, degree of Heavenly will  
Height, without shoes 5 feet 8 inches  
(in comittal 165)  
Weight in lbs. (in discharge)  
Colour of hair Brown (bald)  
Colour of eyes Brown  
Mark or special feature Scar on right hand, scar on left knee, Scar on right shin



(No. of previous Portrait.....)

CONVICTIONS				Where and What.	Offence.	Sentence.
1873	1874	1875	1876	Louisa R.S.	21 10 12 Whoring	6 months H.L.

J. J. Silver







“

TODAY WE LEFT SPOKANE AND ARRIVED AT OUR NEW HOME IN SEATTLE. I DON'T REMEMBER BEING THIS DEPRESSED. LAST NIGHT, I WENT TO THE SPOKANE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT WITH TWO FRIENDS SO WE COULD SAY OUR GOODBYES. WE PARKED OUT AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY (WHERE WE PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN), STRETCHED OUT ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR AND WATCHED AS THE PLANES FLEW OVER OUR HEADS. WE DIDN'T SPEAK MUCH BUT WE SAID MORE IN OUR SILENCE THAN WORDS COULD EVER HOPE TO SAY. MY FRIENDS GAVE ME A FEW GIFTS. ONE OF THEM WAS A P.M. DAWN CASSETTE. I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO A SONG CALLED PAPER DOLL SINCE WE GOT TO SEATTLE THIS AFTERNOON. I PREFER HEAVY METAL TO R&B BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT 'GOODBYE' THAT FINDS YOU LISTENING TO SAD SONGS YOU COULDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT BEFORE. AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU LISTEN ONCE OR TWICE AND SAY 'THAT'S A REALLY SAD SONG AND NOW I FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF'. NO. YOU MUST POP IN THE TAPE AND GIVE YOURSELF AN EMOTIONAL BLUDGEONING. THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE.

— SEPTEMBER 1992

”





J. Silver





We were on our way to Wallowa, Oregon to see grandma and grandpa Silver when I made that fateful decision. My life has never been the same. I don't even remember what finally brought me to that breaking point. My dad found some reason to yell at me while I sat in the back seat with my brothers. I can only recall looking at him in the rear view mirror as he unleashed a torrent of recalcitrant drool about something I'm sure he thought to be erudite and significant. His mouth was moving but the sound had long since trailed off somewhere far beyond my ability to hear an attached voice. I turned to stare out the window and watched the mountains roll by. Something in my stomach snapped. As I took in the beauty that existed only outside the car, deep within the cog-works of my twelve-year-old mind the jury had reached a verdict. It was unanimously-decided that my father would never enter my private world again. His words would have no meaning and his anger would find no audience. It was a forever-moment. I looked back into the rear view mirror and studied my father's flapping jowls with the detached sterility of a surgical scalpel. Then his eyes caught mine. He must have seen something in them because he stopped shouting, looked away from me and didn't utter another word the entire trip. I was blood-drunk! But this new-found power to rule and live deep inside my own private world would not come without consequences that would take the better part of twenty years to unfold completely.







counting  
**CROWS**  
ALONG  
THE SHORELINE  
praying none  
WILL

FLY  
Away



Among the Circle  
hides a  
**Raven**  
Always prone to go  
Astray





“

*I began creating language systems when I was about nine years old. My friend and I used them to send secret messages to each other while engaging in ‘defend-the-fort’ war games with our brothers. The sad thing is, they never did much good. Older brothers have a way of getting around even the most ambitious and enigmatic systems with brute force.*

”

I NAMED THE  
ALPHABET SYSTEM  
ON THE RIGHT  
“DEADREDIC”  
(PRONOUNCED  
‘DAY-A-DREDIK’).  
IT IS BASED ON  
A COMBINATION  
OF HEBREW,  
ARAMAIC AND  
AKKADIAN. IT  
WILL BE FEATURED  
SOON IN THE FILM,  
*The Son and the  
Sycamore* (2017).





# HEADREDIC

ALPHABET





# WHO KNEW THAT TOP SECRET MESSAGES

COULD BE DELIVERED TO AGENTS VIA BIONIC SPARROW? THE TRICK IS WRAPPING THEM IN SILLY-PUTTY AND TINFOIL. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, THERE IS A FAILSAFE MECHANISM. SHOULD THE MESSAGE ARRIVED DAMAGED AND INDECIPHERABLE, SIMPLY PRESS THE BUTTON UNDER THE BIRD'S LEFT WING AND PRESTO! THE SPARROW WILL 'TWEET' THE CONTENTS OF THE MESSAGE TO YOU IN A LANGUAGE OF YOUR CHOOSING. AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW I HEARD IT...

---

*'YARKO' was  
a brilliant  
linguist and  
philosopher.*

BUT HE WAS ALSO MY  
GOOD FRIEND AND BUSINESS  
PARTNER. ONE COLD OCTOBER  
MORNING, YARKO PICKED ME  
UP AT MY PLACE FOR A MEETING  
AT A STARBUCKS WITH OUR  
INTERNS. WE HAD JUST PULLED  
INTO THE PARKING LOT WHEN  
HE DROPPED A BOMBSHELL. HE  
LOOKED AROUND THE PLACE  
UNTIL HE FELT SAFE ENOUGH  
TO LET ME IN ON A SECRET.

*"Don't freak out on me. I'm doing  
this to protect you."* YARKO SAID.  
*"Listen closely! I need you to help  
me shoot a film blowing the lid  
off of 'Black Diamond'. Above  
ground? It's families and children  
as far as the eye can see. Below  
the surface? Agents. Hundreds of  
them. Look, John, you know who  
Edward Snowden is? Well, we  
were kidnapped when we were  
kids by a joint task force comprised  
of CIA and Mossad operatives  
to unearth a Triad faction at the  
Port of Seattle. I've got a meeting  
in China Town tomorrow. Hey,  
let's just act normal around the  
interns for now."* YARKO PAUSED  
BEFORE OPENING THE DOOR TO  
THE CAFE. *"I'll also need you to  
whip up some credentials for me by  
tomorrow night".* YARKO WOULD  
GO ON TO TELL ME THAT HE  
RECEIVED THE TIP-OFF FROM  
A ROBOTIC SPARROW AND I  
WOULD SPEND THE REST OF THE  
DAY IN SILENCE, NURSING THE

DULL ACHE IN MY STOMACH  
AND TRYING TO KEEP MY FOOD  
DOWN. YARKO DISAPPEARED A  
WEEK AFTER THAT MEETING. I  
NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN.  
HIS DAD FINALLY FOUND  
HIM IN LAS VEGAS LIVING  
UNDER A BRIDGE. IT WASN'T  
THE ONLY STORY OF ITS KIND.  
MY OWN FATHER HAD BEEN  
INSTITUTIONALIZED WITH  
PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA  
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.  
I'D FIND OUT LATER THAT  
IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME.  
MENTAL ILLNESS IS THE  
WORLD'S DIRTY, LITTLE SECRET.  
MOST OF US ARE ALRIGHT WITH  
LIVING IN A DARK WORLD AS  
LONG AS THERE ARE BRIGHT  
MINDS TO LIGHT THE WAY.  
BUT WE NEVER IMAGINE THAT  
THE BRIGHTEST MINDS ARE,  
THEMSELVES, THREATENED BY  
AN ENCROACHING DARKNESS.  
WE DREAM UP A WORLD WHERE  
LIGHT AND DARK PLAY WELL  
TOGETHER. WHERE THE LION  
LAYS DOWN WITH THE LAMB. A  
WORLD WHERE FRIENDS SPEAK  
AND SPARROWS CHIRP.






J Silver





I GRADUATED FROM  
HIGH SCHOOL  
YESTERDAY. BARELY.  
I WAS BACKSTAGE  
GETTING READY AND  
WHEN THEY CALLED  
MY NAME, MRS.  
BLAIR LOOKED AT  
ME AND WIPED HER  
HAND ACROSS HER  
FOREHEAD AND SAID  
"PHEEEEW" WHICH  
PRETTY MUCH SUMS  
UP MY HIGH SCHOOL  
SUCCESS. NOW I'LL





SPEND THE SUMMER  
FINDING A JOB SO I  
CAN BUY A DECENT  
DRUM KIT. THEN I'LL  
TRY TO GET A BAND  
GOING SO I CAN SHOW  
ALL THESE DOUBTERS  
THAT YOU DON'T NEED  
GOOD GRADES TO BE A  
ROCK STAR! I KNOW IT  
SOUNDS CLICHÉ BUT TO  
ME IT'S LOOKING LIKE  
THE FUTURE IS WIDE  
OPEN. THE WORLD  
AWAITS! — JUNE 1990






# *a* Bruised Reed

*He Will Not Break*  
*while*





# *a* **Smoldering Wick**

*He Will Not Snuff Out*

ISAIAH 42:3



TETRA.GRAM.MA.TON: the four Hebrew letters usually transliterated YHWH that form a biblical proper name of God.

## THE MISSION THAT SHALL NEVER BE UTTERED

RECENTLY, I RESCUED AN OLD HARD DRIVE PACKED WITH FADED MEMORIES. I WAS SHOCKED (AND PERHAPS EVEN A BIT MOVED) WHEN I DISCOVERED A HAND-WRITTEN LIST I HAD SCANNED INTO MY COMPUTER YEARS EARLIER TO PRESERVE IT. THIS WAS A SPECIAL LIST. THE LIST HAD BEEN METICULOUSLY CRAFTED BY A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO TRULY LOVED GOD AND WANTED VERY MUCH TO FIND HIM. I HAD KNOWN THE BOY QUITE WELL. LONG AGO, WE SET OUT ON COUNTLESS ADVENTURES TOGETHER AND I WANTED VERY MUCH TO FIND THE BOY AGAIN. WHILE HIS AMBITIOUS LIST SEEMED MORE INTRIGUING NOW THAN WHEN I HAD LAST SEEN IT, IT WAS THE FINAL ENTRY THAT DREW MY ATTENTION. IT ONLY HINTED AT SOME VEILED OBSESSION WITH TOUCHING THE FACE OF GOD. THIS BOOK IS THE STORY OF THE BOY'S LIFELONG JOURNEY TO UNCOVER THE SECRETS TO THE MEANING OF LIFE USING TOOLS ONLY TEN-YEAR-OLDS CAN WIELD.

## THINGS TO DO BEFORE GOING TO HEAVEN:

1. Be the youngest best-drummer on Earth
2. If not, be the youngest best-drummer in USA
3. Draw a picture so well that people think it's a photo.
4. Write the music that plays when Jesus comes back (\*see Star Wars music)
5. Memorize the whole Star Wars script
6. Get a pet wolf and name him Snaggletooth (\*see Star Wars, again)
7. TOP SECRET MISSION!!!! (\*see Tetragrammaton)







# I HEARD A GUN SHOT

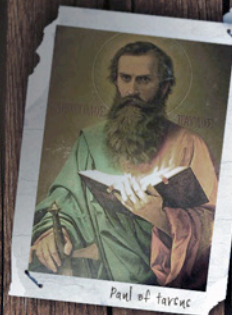
AT 2 O'CLOCK THIS  
MORNING

I WENT TO SEE IF \*\*\*\*\* WAS  
ALRIGHT. I OPENED THE DOOR  
TO THE GARAGE AND  
EVERYTHING  
SEEMED TO BE IN ORDER  
NO SPENT SHELL CASINGS. NO DANGLING ROPE.









were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, — flushed but smiling proudly, — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

O, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said of

It is sunny in western Washington which means Ive been out thinking again today. While the Bible has been the guidebook of my life, no book has done more to keep me on the straight and narrow than *A Christmas Carol*. Reading about the poor and the outcasts who forage for riches in Ebenezer's remains against the backdrop of a funeral nobody would attend always left me a little breathless. Dickens' Ghost of Christmas-Yet-to-Come has done more to teach me about the loneliness of hell than any sermon Ive ever listened to. — JULY 2013 | MARVSVILLE, WA



I have been thinking of you very much lately, and  
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are  
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately,  
 but I have managed to find some time to write  
 to you. I have been thinking of you very much  
 lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I  
 hope you are well and happy. I have been very  
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 to write to you. I have been thinking of you  
 very much lately, and wondering how you are  
 getting on. I hope you are well and happy.



11 And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

12 Saying, Amen: Bless-  
ing, and glory, and wis-  
dom, and thanksgiving,  
and honour, and power,  
and might, *be* unto our  
God for ever and ever.  
Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

14 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:

**REVELATION, 8**  
and God shall wipe away  
all tears from their eyes.

## CHAPTER 8

AND when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.

2 And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets.

3 And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

4 And the smoke of the incense, *which came with the prayers of the saints*, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand.

5 And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast *it* into the earth: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.

6 And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound.

7 The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the

483

HOLY BIBLE





## APTLY NAMED THE CITY OF A THOUSAND MINARETS

CAIRO SCRAPES THE SKY WITH CRESCENT  
MOONS CRAFTED OF STONE AND VARIOUS  
METALS. GREEN LIGHTS DOT THE LANDSCAPE  
WHEN THE SUN SETS. GREEN IS THE COLOR  
OF FRESHNESS FOR ISLAM. IT REPRESENTS  
A TURNING FROM IGNORANCE TO  
ENLIGHTENMENT. MOST MOSQUES, THE ISLAMIC  
WORLD OVER, PLACE GREEN FLORESCENT  
LIGHTS ON THE MINARETS WHICH CAN BE  
SEEN FOR MILES. THE CALLS TO PRAYER WHICH  
REVERBERATE FROM THESE TOWERS WASH  
THE CITY FIVES TIME A DAY. TO HEAR THEM  
ALL AT ONCE FROM THE CENTER OF THE CITY  
IS A SPIRITUAL MEMORY YOU CARRY WITH  
YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. THOUGH I  
AM A CHRISTIAN AND FIND MYSELF AT ODDS  
WITH THE RELIGION OF ISLAM, I HAVE HEARD  
NOTHING MORE MESMERIZING IN MY 39  
YEARS ON THIS PLANET. THERE IS SOMETHING  
AWE-INSPIRING ABOUT THE SINCERITY OF  
THIS FAITH AND IT'S MANIFESTATION IN THE  
VOICES OF THE MINARETS.





## THE PEOPLE OF CAIRO



**HE WALKWAY ALONG THE NILE RIVER** is amazing during the day. At night, it is blissful.

Gone are the flotsam and jetsam that line the river banks, the discolored swirls of algae that taint the surface with a murky brown and the heavy smog that cloaks the majesty of the life-blood of this sprawling metropolis. At night, all the scars that mar this river are healed.

Lights dance their way across the surface. Feluccas swish by leaving the mesmerizing music of waves on the banks. Tonight I find a quiet garden along the corniche and sit for a Turkish coffee. ENTER ISMAIL. He's a curious 4-year-old enjoying an evening stroll with his mother. He watches me film the lights on the river with my Creative Vado HD pocket cam. After about 2 minutes he can stand it no longer. He comes to visit. His mother urges him not to bother me but he will have none of it. He simply must get his hands on this fascinating device. And he does. First, for about 40 minutes he insists on being the star of the show. And he is. Finally, after coaxing him to say "Salaam" to all my friends back home, I allow him a couple of minutes to sit behind the camera in the director's chair. Once the camera is in his hands he becomes riveted by any movement in the display. His favorite subject? His own hand waving madly in front of the lens. Once he figures out the mechanics of the thing he takes to filming my shoes. Then I'm directed, in Arabic, to walk and he follows along with the camera focused intently on my shoe laces. Satisfied with his feature film, Ismail has decided to show his masterpiece to his mother. She is, as all mothers must be, overjoyed with her son's work. She thanks me in very broken English. I leave Ismail with a bottle of water which I really didn't need and a half-eaten Mars bar which I really didn't want. Ismail leaves me with a lesson in simplicity and thankfulness...which I shall never forget.





hen Egypt enters the mind you might imagine sweeping deserts, the dusty busts of pharaohs-past, monumental pyramids and a bright cloudless sky. Having been there I found plenty of all four. But what I never expected to find I discovered just inside the places often glossed over in a tour bus. I found people. Real people. Not touts and guides. There were those, of course. But I met the work-a-day citizens of a nation hanging in the balance of prosperity and corruption. The people who live just a little deeper beneath the cogworks of society were the reason I chose Cairo. I found 'Mahmoud' sitting a block away from our hotel. He sat there everyday just watching life go by. Mahmoud met every 'salaam' Corbin and I threw at him with enthusiasm. He would stand up and lift his dusty hands to the sky and imbue us with peace as we left our hotel to explore each day. He expected nothing in return. He was just a happy man in an uncertain world existing only as a living reminder to passers-by that life really is what you make it. Mahmoud did much more than brighten our day, he taught us a lesson in contentment. And all of this without the whisper of an English word.

NOTE: LESS THAN TWO YEARS AFTER LEAVING CAIRO, MAHMOUD WOULD FIND HIMSELF IN THE CENTER OF A CITY GONE MAD AS FOREIGNERS DESCENDED UPON THE CITY TO PROTEST MOHAMED MORSI, THE 'PUPPET OF THE WEST'.



Scrypt







موقع الفلاسفة الإسلاميين





# Muslim Quarter

## EAST JERUSALEM

THE CITY OF DAVID



**YOU HEAR THINGS ABOUT** East Jerusalem. After all, the media must have its ratings. We stayed in a guest house in the Muslim Quarter expecting to see lots of action and experience plenty of harassment from local Arabs. Neither happened. While there was no shortage of hustles being run by shop-keepers, hospitality and genuine intrigue regarding Americans was the rule. We walked around all hours of the night and felt perfectly safe in every part of town within the walls of the city. Soldiers are everywhere. But even without them I suspect that Arab charm and warmth would be made manifest at every turn. It's just in their nature. This is all aside

from the fact that there is a struggle here between governments and some select groups, of course. But on the whole, good natured people are the majority. One thing I found in my travels both in Israel and Egypt is that Arabs and Egyptians never make light of the foibles of another. For example, I was a bit over ambitious on one of my walks around the Old City and slipped on the ancient stone steps leading up to the ramparts. A group of Arab youth were sitting just feet away from me. Rather than point and snicker as most western teenagers would (myself included), they all stood up in unison and made their way over to me to make sure I was alright. There may exist any number of reasons why this happens as a rule but that fact that it happens at all endears these people to me. The Muslim Quarter is a treat to the senses. And the people that live here are among the most unique I have ever encountered.



# The Old City



## JERUSALEM

THE HOLY CITY

**HOW MANY BOOKS HAVE** been written about this ancient city? How many movies made, songs recorded? More than I care to research to be sure. We entered Jerusalem through the Lion's Gate. Our hotel had been built into a structure just inside the city wall, 100 paces from the gate itself. Most visitors enter through Jaffa Gate but we were so taken by our surroundings in the Muslim Quarter that we didn't even make to Jaffa Gate until a day later and it was undergoing some construction. Though you may have settled into Israel days or even weeks before going up to the City for your first visit, you will find yourself at a loss for words to describe the place to anyone who might be waiting back home. Your nose is the first sensory receptor to have an analysis report

rushed upstairs to the brain. First in line to greet you are the aromas of bread, spices, coffee, tea, roasted lamb, olive oil, mildew, wet dog, body odor, melting plastic, diesel, sulfur, leather and in some places sewage (with all species of mammal known to mankind well-represented in the olfactory assault). After a time it all blends together to create the memory you will carry with you forever. The smell simply becomes known as Jerusalem. Many of the sounds you will experience are not unlike those you hear in other places you may have visited in the Middle East. Calls to prayer, brash invitations to peruse a shopkeeper's wares and thousands of footsteps falling on stone. But there are other sounds that, when combined together, remain exclusive to Jerusalem. Cathedral bells, Torah canters, Jewish children singing on their way to school, Franciscan monks chanting somewhere deep within catacombs unseen, traditional Arabic music, clanging metal, the squeaky wheels of old carts and, unfortunately, diesel equipment for construction which is always going on in the Old City.











# The Oasis

## EIN GEDI

SPRING OF THE KID



FOR ALL OF THE RESEARCH I did on Israel before going, I never imagined I would stumble upon a paradise as spectacular as Ein Gedi. The air was dry and the temperature perfect and every morning the sun peeked over the hills of the Dead Sea region around 6 AM and washed the desert sands and the surface of the sea with light. The botanical gardens of the Ein Gedi Resort are second to none. Painstakingly manicured and pampered by volunteer staff, these lush, green grounds beckon travelers to sit beneath the shelter and shade of its towering palms and listen to the music of birds most visitors have never heard from before. Surrounded

by massive cliff walls on one side and the ever-still Dead Sea on the other, the oasis feels like it very well could be the planet's' last hold out against the encroaching travail of modernity. This absolutely must be close to what Heaven will be like. In February, the weather is so mild you almost forget you are feeling anything. It is a perfect stasis for the nerves, which are in charge of handing over detailed reports on things like temperature to the brain. And that's a damn good thing considering the brain is far too busy processing the splendor of the place and weighing it against the very high likelihood that you are asleep dreaming. There are people who travel from all parts of the world (and perhaps even the universe given the nature of the human creatures that find themselves here) just to stay in this oasis. They are just not as interested in visiting Jerusalem or Tel Aviv or any of the other historically and culturally-significant sites for which Israel has become known.



# Tel Aviv

## THE COAST

OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



**SUNNY TEL AVIV IS THE** pulsing center of energy that keeps tiny Israel firing on all cylinders. Commerce, culture and community all converge in this thriving metropolis. Tel Aviv is a very unique addition to the world's largest cities and, at the ripe old age of 60, it is the youngest city of them all. Nestled alongside the 'Big Orange' is Yafo, the ancient sea port. Our hotel was centered in this culturally-diverse berg. We relished every second we spent traveling in and out of time through the 'wormhole' as we traversed its narrow, winding alley ways. But just minutes north of the mostly-Arab Yafo, we were reminded that 2010 still exists. Tel Aviv fostered our first experience in middle

eastern cuisine. Falafel, Sambich, Hummus (like nothing you've ever tasted in the States) are found on every corner. It's no wonder Starbucks didn't work here. Although initially I lamented this fact, I found many more interesting alternatives to the monstrosity of a coffee chain. And, for the record, a cappuccino in Israel turns out to be a latte in many places and a cup of coffee with milk in others. In other words, best to leave your time-tested, barista-approved ordering jargon at home. It has no power here! One of the best cups of coffee I had on this journey was in a little cafe in a neighborhood called Neve Tzedek. Built in 1887, this neighborhood was among the first to be built in the sand dunes outside of Yafo. It is a very unique community and its houses are as individual as the artists, musicians, poets and craftsmen who live in them. In short, Tel Aviv is a constant reminder that western life reaches far beyond the city limits of New York, London and Paris. Like they have throughout most of the world, the ideals of the West find their way to ancient lands surrounded on all sides by sand, surf and the ruins of civilizations which once stood in defiance of change. The difference in Tel Aviv is that it maintains its identity as a community of people inextricably tied to their surroundings and to a deep, rich history they cannot (and never try to) escape.











# The Mighty River

## THE NILE & THE CITY



FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS the Nile River has been the life-source of the cities and villages along its fertile banks. And nothing has changed. But more than a sustaining artery, the Nile is a gathering place for families and community. We followed a family all the way from the local mosque 2 miles away after services on a Friday. Along the way, they purchased pita bread, hummus and water for their evening on the river. The Feluccas (modeled after ancient boats) line the banks with a qubtaan (captain) standing at the ready for each vessel. This is a very busy time for felucca owners. Countless tourists ride these boats every day but the volume of foreign travelers amounts to nothing when compared to the sheer number of locals who flock to them on Friday. Corbin and I were, at times, mistaken for worshipers and were offered access to certain feluccas seemingly reserved for

locals. However, because we wanted to observe the scene from the outside, we politely turned the offer down. And, of course, once our American accents were detected the touts and craftsmen moved in. But by then, we were seasoned journeymen in the art of polite-yet-firm dismissal. Up on the 26TH OF JULY bridge, we settled in for a spectacular show of Cairo weekend life. The aromas of freshly baked bread, cardamom, cinnamon, coffee and diesel fuel held us spellbound as we leaned against the buttresses of the overpass staring down into the water. My mind, without hesitation, juxtaposes this scene with any number of American cities. What is different here? There is no pushing or shoving; no demands to yield right-of-way; no frustration etched on the faces of the massive throngs of people meandering slowly to destinations unknown to us. Not today anyway. Today is Friday. And Fridays are for families.



# The Pyramids

## GIZA CITY

THE PYRAMIDS AT GIZA



YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY TAKE A BAD photo in this part of the world. The vast desert, the ancient tombs of the Pharaohs and local people out selling their wares are enough to keep even the point-and-shooters occupied for hours. Corbin and I went to the Pyramids without a guide. A mistake we will not make again. We got hustled. Period. And it almost took away from the experience if not for the fact that standing next to these huge monuments is experience enough for anyone. Yes, there were too many tourists. Of course, it was unmercifully hot. Yes, we know that the men who claimed to be "security guards" were nothing of the sort and we did ride a camel whose owner tried to bilk us out of millions (or at least hundreds).

But even after all of this, the Pyramids are a must-see for any traveler who finds himself remotely close to Giza. It's just a given. Now, the city around the Pyramids is another matter altogether. It is becoming increasingly difficult to take photos without modernity creeping its way in. Pizza Hut and KFC are literally a stones-throw away. Massive parking lots filled to bursting with tour buses surround the tombs. Gift shops at every turn beckon tourists in to purchases one last brass Tutankhamun bust for Mom. Because God knows you can't find them anywhere else in the country. When you go, late evening or early morning are the best times to visit. The truth is, you need a guide here. Have your hotel provide one or get one online before you go. That said, all hassle aside, the Pyramids are not to be missed.







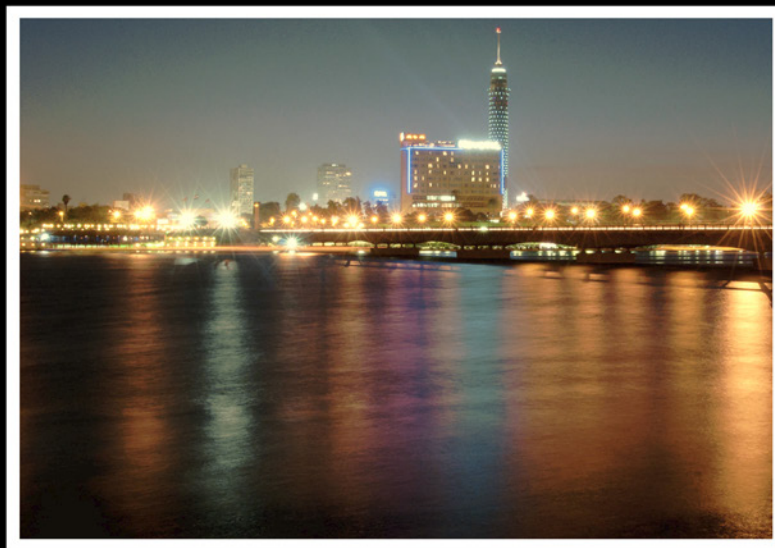




# Cairo

## THE LONGCHAMPS

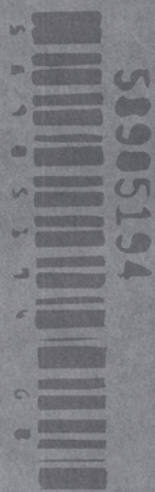
HOTEL ON ZAMALEK, NILE RIVER



TO HELL WITH FIVE STAR hotels I say. The Hotel Longchamps in Zamalek, Cairo is about as good an experience as I have had in any hotel I can call to mind. Located in the northern part of an island in the Nile River, the hotel is in a perfect spot for shopping, dining and grabbing a cab to just about anywhere in Cairo. We spent the entirety of our Egypt trip right here. Hebbe, the owner, runs a tight ship. The place is decorated in European manner with local relics displayed here and there. We spent a good deal of time out on the back terrace looking out over the city sipping iced tea (or in my case, Stella Artois). The service here borders on stalking. And that's a very good thing. If you find yourself lacking for information on the best places to visit in Cairo just go to the front desk and they will set you up with a driver and supply you with an arsenal of tips regarding

general safety, local customs and dealing with touts. Hebbe has even been known to walk with her guests out to the street and barter with cabbies to keep her customers from getting ripped off (and let's face it, you will eventually get taken advantage of if only because you are a rich Westerner). The hotel is a secret gem in the middle of a city where it can be hard to find a clean, inexpensive and full-service home-away-from-home. If you base anywhere in Cairo, set up here.





PILLS TO STAY UP

*Pills to sleep*

PILLS TO STAY FOCUSED

*Pills to dream deep*

PILLS TO FORGET

*Pills to recall*

STILL LOOKING FOR  
ONE PILL TO

*Rule them all*

BOCA

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712.8 mg/60 mg/32 mg

Acetaminophen,  
Caffeine, and  
Dihydrocodeine  
Bitartrate Tablets

WARNING: May be habit-forming.  
Rx only

100 TABLETS

DESCRIPTION:

Each tablet contains:  
Acetaminophen ..... 712.8 mg  
Caffeine ..... 60 mg  
Dihydrocodeine Bitartrate ..... 32 mg

WARNING: May be habit-forming.  
USUAL DOSAGE: See package insert  
or full prescribing information.  
PHARMALIST: Dispense in a light, light-resistant  
container with child-resistant closure.  
STORAGE: Store at 20°-25°C (68°-77°F).  
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Call your doctor for medical advice about side  
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Lift Here

64376-611-01

Gently Back to Earth

**TIGHT CAPS**

GENEROUSLY  
SEDATING

TAKE AS DIRECTED AFTER MEAL

**TIGHT CAPS**

Out of the Clouds, Down to Earth

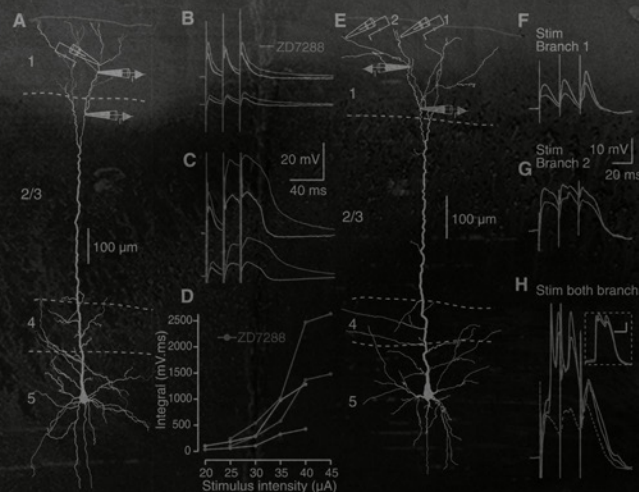
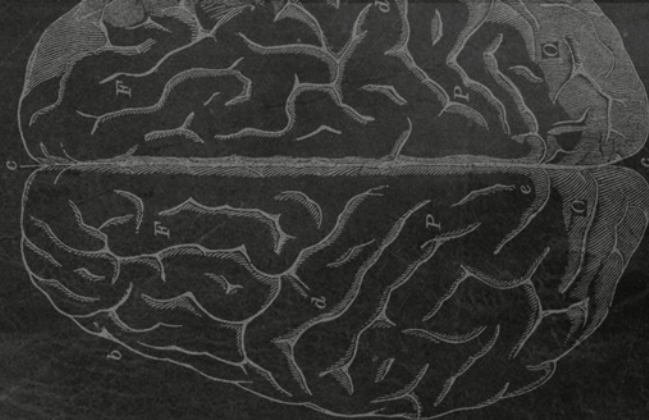
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SINCE 2005.

**FOCUS POCUS**

MEDICINE FOR REMEMBERING TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE





P7

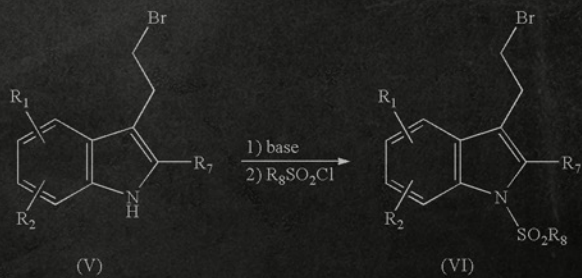
P14

P21

P36

P60

Flow Diagram II



200  $\mu\text{m}$

B1

DENDRITES

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7 14 21 36 60

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B2

segment #

7 14 21 36 60

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C1

AXON

length (mm)

7 14 21 36 60

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C2

segment #

7 14 21 36 60

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P7

P14

P21

P36

P60







# *So, yesterday I tried* **TO BLEACH MY LEVI'S**

I DIDN'T WANT TO GO BUY A NEW EXPENSIVE PAIR (OR SO THAT MOM WOULDN'T HAVE TO; ONE OR THE OTHER). I POURED BLEACH IN THE SINK AND ADDED SOME WATER. THEN I PUT MY PANTS IN AND LET THEM SIT FOR AN HOUR OR TWO. I TOOK THEM OUT AND RINSED THEM OFF REALLY WELL AND PUT THEM IN THE DRYER. TODAY I TOOK THEM OUT OF THE DRYER AND PUT THEM ON. YEAH, I SMELLED SOMETHING 'BLEACHY' BUT IT WASN'T SO BAD. I RODE THE BUS ALL THE WAY TO SCHOOL (IT TAKES ABOUT AN HOUR FROM DOWNTOWN). WHEN I GOT TO SCHOOL, I WENT TO FIRST PERIOD (MR. HAFFERKAMP'S CLASS) AND EVERYONE WAS SMELLING THEIR ARMPITS. A GIRL YELLED, "WHAT SMELLS LIKE BLEACH?". SO I SMELLED MY PANTS BUT I DIDN'T REALLY SMELL ANYTHING. THEN MR HAFFERKAMP TOOK ME ASIDE AND ASKED IF I'D LIKE TO GO HOME. WHAT TEACHER ASKS A STUDENT IF HE WANTS TO GO HOME AND EXPECTS AN ANSWER OTHER THAN 'HELL, YES, I WANNA GO HOME!?' SO I RODE THE BUS HOME KNOWING THAT I SMELLED LIKE BLEACH. EVERYONE ON THE BUS WAS SNUFFLING LIKE THEY ALL HAD COLDS. NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT EVERYONE ON THE BUS RIDE IN THIS MORNING HAD A COLD, TOO. TODAY, EVERYONE GETS THIS BRILLIANT IDEA TO START CALLING ME 'CAPTAIN CLOROX'. LESSON LEARNED. DON'T BLEACH YOUR PANTS.

OH...AND A SPACESHIP EXPLODED TODAY.

*January 28, 1986*



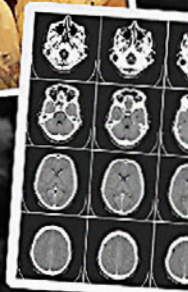


# Normal People

I don't believe in anything he says.  
He keeps trying to play inside my mind.  
I never liked the little white coat that he wears.  
I don't like white of any kind.  
And I will not disturb the stillness.  
I will not deny the illness.  
*(I'll go when someone's sent to cut me!)*  
I will obey the rules, your highness.  
I will not rock the boat, I promise.  
*(I won't when someone's sent to calm me)*

When I make my great escape  
I'll visit you even if only for while.  
I'll tell him everything he wants to hear -  
then hide the truth will more denial.  
Then I will cause a small distraction.  
And I will wait for his reaction.  
Then I'll crash through above the window.  
And I'll meet you beyond the meadow.

“Listen quietly.  
It's something normal people do.”







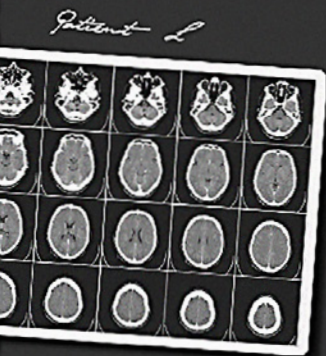
## NORMAL PEOPLE

IS EXCERPTED FROM THE

SHORT STORY

*The Willows of Sullen Creek*

BY JOHN SILVER (1996)



In 1931, in the Deep South, a young boy was dropped off on the steps of a mental institution run by Dr. Chad Horowitz. When asked for his name, the nine-year-old would only shout "L" in reply. Horowitz ran a battery of extensive tests on the boy and somehow arrived at the dreadful conclusion that a frontal lobotomy was in order. Modern medicine would later discover that patient "L" was afflicted with autism of the savant variety. The boy tried to communicate with Horowitz about "the numbers" — his way of demonstrating that he was normal. But the doctor had eager interns to condescend to and went ahead with the operation.

"L" did not survive the procedure.

I read about this story in a 1934 Oxford University psychiatric textbook (don't ask me why I was reading such a book - I haven't the slightest idea). In '95 I started sketching-in music for an album based on L's story. As I wrote and explored, the bleak investigation led me through two of the darkest years I've ever walked through. I became obsessed with L's plight and dozens of other children who grew up in that era of psychiatric barbarism. For a while, I lost my way.

The lesson I came away with was a memorable one: there are some story's that storytellers should never look into. Period. The album was shelved and I am only now listening to snippets of the music that came out of those days.



I know I promised you I'd stay away from  
this dark room but something deep inside  
compels me, draws me, numbs my mind. This  
liquid poison kills the pain that I've tried  
so hard to deny.

I know I promised you I'd open up  
and let you see. But the secret parts  
play host to a darkness ever-threatened  
by the light. If you're so convinced  
that you can pull me from destruction...

This Room

One  
on  
Fam  
ban  
Just  
hike  
Morn  
pain  
hand





ce more the darkness closes in  
another night at this table  
familiar voices all engaged - same  
ter I remember.

one more drink should do the  
- transport me to my slumber  
ing will bring with it more  
but that's a consequence I can  
le.



This Room

I'm nothing like these people here.  
Every one of them sad and broken. The  
violence from my youth made clear in  
the expressions I often show them

You've always seen through (my) crying  
eyes that a shattered boy lives inside  
me. You are my only chance at life I'll  
be home tonight if ...

Tonight !!!

I wrote this piece at a pub in London (called the Waggon & Horses) in 1997  
at what would kick off the darkest couple of years on record. This track remains  
untouched from the original I recorded not long after I returned home.





EXCEPT WHERE NOTED,  
ALL MUSIC AND LYRICS  
WRITTEN AND PERFORMED  
BY JOHN SILVER © 2013  
R.E.D. LABEL ENTERTAINMENT

GRAPHIC DESIGN BY  
JOHN SILVER © 2012  
THE LOST BOOK OF JOHN

CONTACT JOHN:  
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[www.thelostbooksofjohn.com](http://www.thelostbooksofjohn.com)  
206.605.3320

GUITARS ON  
*Lost Worlds* AND  
*Normal People*  
BY JOEL SMITH



VATER  
CHAD  
SMITHS  
FUNK





## Other Elements

The tracks on this list are instrumentals and are not necessarily in the order represented in the track listing on the back of the album where tracks have been listed in the order they appear on the album.

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| Abel's Last Stand <sup>^^</sup> | <i>This one is still a work in progress</i>                 |
| See Lyin' Women                 | <i>Used for "The Willows" promo trailer</i>                 |
| Exit 18                         | <i>Used for sale on stock music sites</i>                   |
| Surfacing                       | <i>Used as soundtrack to BFC's skate DVD</i>                |
| Next Big Thing                  | <i>Still a work in progress<sup>**</sup></i>                |
| The Sigapost                    | <i>Used as soundtrack to TV ad in Maryland</i>              |
| Three Rivers                    | <i>Intro to GREAT (AM) track on "Everafter"<sup>*</sup></i> |



- <sup>\*</sup> upcoming worship album
- <sup>\*</sup> *BOARDERS FOR CHRIST* (2008)
- <sup>\*\*</sup> *written to test sounds from GUITAR RIG, the lead riffs were played on a keyboard.*
- <sup>^^</sup> *See Lyin' Women features vocals by Nina Simone performed inpromptu at a show in Seattle.*

LAY D  
DRUM TR  
(A) 7F

COURTIE  
AN ATTEND  
AT A SOVERE  
COURT. 2. O  
WHO SEEK  
FAVOR, ESPECI  
LY BY INSINCE  
PLATTERY OR  
SEQUIOUS BEHA  
IOR.

VATER  
CHAD SMITH'S  
FUNK BLASTER  
HAND BUILT MICRO



# isaac

THE ROMAN







## N A PERFECT WORLD,

YOU COULD ADDRESS A PHILOSOPHICAL QUANDARY IN PERSON TO EVERYONE WHO WAS INTERESTED IN HEARING YOUR TAKE ON IT. BUT I'VE FOUND THAT NOTHING GETS TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER LIKE A STORY. AND WHILE THE WRITTEN WORD IS POWERFUL, A FILM THAT TAKES THE FORM OF A PARABLE IS A POTENT MESSAGE THAT YOU TEND TO REMEMBER LONG AFTER YOU LEAVE THE THEATER. THIS IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH WITH 'ISAAC THE ROMAN. IN SHORT, IT'S THE STORY OF THE CHURCH AS PORTRAYED BY ISAAC, A YOUNG JEWISH BOY GROWING UP IN FIRST-CENTURY JUDEA. HE GETS ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO THE FORWARD CAMP DURING TITUS' SIEGE OF JERUSALEM AND WITNESSES THE FALL OF HIS TEMPLE. THEN HE GETS CARTED OFF TO ROME AND HAS TO DECIDE HOW MUCH OF ROME HE WANTS TO ABSORB AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS JEWISH IDENTITY. IT'S REALLY A STORY ABOUT THE PROVERBIAL FORK-IN-THE-ROAD.



decessit. Effectumque est multis Scipionis victorius, ut Carthagi  
nenses in desperationem acti, in auxilium publicæ salutis Anni



SILVERLOFTIN MEDIAWORKS | ISAAC THE ROMAN

**THIS WAS THE LAST ELEMENT** to be added to the documentary. And it didn't come easily. But after a great deal of thought I decided the Timeline was the best way to tie all of this information together in context.

The next hurdle to overcome was coming up with a creative way to present this kind of information in a unique format with real, heart-felt passion. I wanted a human face attached to the project. I didn't want this to be one of those historical documentaries where the guy walks around in Israel pointing things out. Neither did I want some dapper-looking Chris Hansen sort sitting on a tall stool and talking at the viewers as if they should know this stuff already. So I settled on a much more casual approach.

As each new Timeline scene opens, the presenter will be sitting in a different location providing an observer's-perch summary of what we've seen so far. As he begins to transition from topic to topic, the Timeline will come up in a really interesting way. If he is standing in a cave talking about the Qumran Scrolls, for instance, the camera might dolly-in on one of the scrolls he is holding, and then dolly (or zoom) back out leaving the viewers to find themselves in the first century with one of the Essene scribes holding one of the original documents in the same position previously held by the presenter. After that, the Timeline might appear in-setting as the presenter is still talking with the viewers off-camera as the historical scene plays out.





## INTERPRETATION: ISAAC'S STORY



THE MORNING SUN BRINGS with it the hope of new adventure. Fresh fire for the soul of a young boy. But as with boys the world over; the razor-sharp edge of imagination is quickly tempered in an icy, cold cistern overflowing with the reality of daily chores. On this particular morning, young Isaac leaps from his straw bed dressed for the day and grabs a quick bite of breakfast before joining his mother in the fields. It was there, a heart full of daydreams and a hand full of weeds, that Isaac first saw him;



SPUN THROUGHOUT THIS NONFICTION UNEARTHING OF THE ROOTS OF THE WESTERN CHURCH IS THE FICTITIOUS ACCOUNT OF ISAAC, A JEWISH PEASANT BOY WHO "SECRETLY" BEGINS FOLLOWING A BATTLE-WEARY CENTURION ALL THE WAY TO ROME!

I have seen a couple of documentaries attempt the easily treacherous feat of weaving a theatrical story line or legend into a presentation that would otherwise be just fine - but might be that much better with a cinematic drama playing out in-between talking heads. It's dangerous because it could very easily become distracting and I've seen plenty of that as well. So, why would I even consider having a go at this relatively new technique in my very first documentary film? Well, to be honest...I haven't the faintest idea. I only

know that I just can't shake the analogy worming through my brain. So, rather than parse it all out - I decided to hand the visuals over to the viewer precisely as I dream it. To boil it all down; Isaac is the Church. He leaves his Jewish village for greener pastures. The shiny armor, vibrant colors and the allure of the big city is just to enticing to pass up. Oh, and there are philosophers there as well. They have the answers to absolutely everything! So, I thought it best to just follow Isaac along on his journey and see where we end up.



Roman  
Bronze Coins  
294-364 AD

# the Centurion!





## INVESTIGATION: CASE FILES

# 20%

Roughly twenty-four minutes of the documentary will involve the case-files of key players.

## Key Players

"EACH ANIMATION WILL BE RICHLY-ILLUSTRATED AND EYE-OPENING."

"I'M WILLING TO BET MOST FOLKS DIDN'T KNOW MUCH OF WHAT THEY WILL DISCOVER IN THESE FOLDERS."

1. ALEXANDER THE GREAT
2. ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES
3. THE HASMONEANS
4. THE PHARISEES
5. THE SADDUCEES
6. THE ESSENES
7. THE ZEALOTS
8. HILLEL AND SHAMMAI
9. JESUS OF NAZARETH
10. FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS
11. THE TALMIDIM
12. PETER (KEFA)
13. JAMES (YA'AKOV)
14. JOHN (YOHANAN)
15. THE GAMELIELS
16. SAUL OF TARSUS
17. TIMOTHY AND TITUS
18. VESPASIAN AND TITUS
19. POLYCARP
20. THE PHILOSOPHER FATHERS
21. THE WRITERS
22. THE TYRANT EMPERORS
23. CONSTANTINE THE GREAT
24. THE COUNCIL OF NICENE

Flavius Josephus



## THE WHOLE GENUINE AND COMPLETE WORKS OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. The celebrated Warrior, Learned and Authentic JEWISH HISTORIAN.

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of the Jewish Religion. In Two Parts.  
II. The Wars of the Jews, in Seven Books.  
III. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
IV. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
V. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
VI. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
VII. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
VIII. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
IX. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.  
X. The Jewish War, in Seven Books.

The Whole translated from the Original in the Greek Language, and slightly revised and corrected with the Writings of  
contemporary Authors of different Nations in the Original, according to the Authenticity of the Work.

To which is now added,

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS,  
From Josephus down to the present Time, including a Period of more than 1700 Years.  
Containing an Account of their Dispersion into the various Parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, their Manners,  
Religion, Customs, and other Particulars, and a full and complete History of the Jews.

ALSO  
Various Useful INDEXES, particularly of the Countries, Cities, Towns, Villages, Castles,  
Rivers, Mountains, Lakes, &c.

Large TABLES of the Jewish Calendar, and other Particulars, never given in any Work of the Kind  
either in the English or any other Language.

By GEORGE HENRY MAYNARD, LL.D.  
Professor of Oriental Languages, and Vice-Chancellor, University of Cambridge.

By the Rev. EDWARD KIMPTON, Vice of Regius in Divinity,  
And Author of the Complete Christian's History of the HOLY BIBLE.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT ASPECTS OF AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE REAL ORIGINS OF ANY MOVEMENT IS THE ROLE PLAYED BY ITS FOUNDERS, LEADERS AND DETRACTORS.

In the story of the Church there are plenty of all three. The difficult part of the who's-who investigation was not for lack of evidence or actors – it was the painstaking process of distilling it all down to two-hours-worth of narrative. Each case file will contain six major points of interest concerning the named and each animation will last about a minute or so long. The animation sequences for the files will be very engaging, putting the viewer at the investigator's desk – as if they were actually thumbing through the reports and the photos of the evidence. These animations could very well hold the attention of a Nile River Gnat.

Isaac the Roman, the  
documentary film, is now called  
The Great(s) Divide



IT REALLY DOES JUST TAKE A  
CAMERA AND AN IMAGINATION TO  
TELL A RIVETING STORY - HEAVY  
EMPHASIS ON IMAGINATION.

- John Silver

## ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

A graphic designer by profession, John Silver has been looking at life from odd angles since he was old enough to open his eyes. He grew up in church with both parents working in ministry. His father was a deacon, an elder and finally, a pastor, his mother served on the worship team. It is this unique insight that affords John the luxury of telling this particular story. Since six, he has played the drums and eventually picked up piano. John is also a budding composer and a writer. *Isaac the Roman* is his first film.

TOGETHER, WITH  
FRIEND AND  
COLLEAGUE, PIERCE  
LOFTIN, SILVER  
SET OUT TO START  
SILVERLOFTIN  
MEDIOWORKS, THE  
PUBLISHING VENTURE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
LAUNCHING THE ISAAC  
THE ROMAN PROJECT  
IN JANUARY 2013.

## TELL THE STORY

One of the motivating forces behind this film has been the desire to show younger story-tellers that truly nothing stands between the human spirit and his goals, as lofty as they may be. An undertaking of this size would have been nearly impossible just five years ago. Nowadays, it really does just take a camera and an imagination to tell a riveting story - heavy emphasis on imagination. Once you understand the importance of basic aesthetics, framing a shot, lighting and your having the end-result in mind before your roll - you've already got the vessel in the water. If there is a story worth telling, I want to encourage any one, of any age and in any station of life

to tell it. Whether it is a song, a painting, a novel or a film - nobody is immune to emotional impact of a well-spun yarn. I have dreamed of making a film since the day I was whisked away from the watchful eyes of my over-protective father by a friend to see *Star Wars* in a drive-in theatre. That was thirty-three years ago and I haven't completed a single film project I set out to create until the one you're reading about now. The whole thing is scary as hell but with patience, an open mind and a few trusted friends I can really see this thing coming together better than I could have imagined way back then. I hope, on the other side of this adventure, I'll have the honor of telling you a success story!



"I truly appreciate the time you've taken to read even this far into yet another brochure from yet another start-up venture clamoring for your attention."

JOHN SILVER  
CO-FOUNDER, CREATIVE DIRECTOR

thaginienses, & eundem Sypha-  
em, Asdrubalemque pluribus præ-  
Masinissa. vnaque hostium castra





## ALLOW ME TO WAGER

A GUESS ABOUT THE REAL NATURE OF OUR  
'SMALL PROBLEM', DR. EBERSTARK. NOW,  
YOU'VE GOT YOUR EVERYDAY, RUN-OF-THE-  
MILL DILEMMAS MORE ALONG THE LINES  
OF RODENT INFESTATIONS, LEAKY ROOFS  
AND RUSTY PIPES. THEN WE CAN INTRODUCE  
WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CONUNDRUM  
INTO THE MIX. SAY SOMETHING LIKE —OH, I  
DON'T KNOW — MISS LILY BURNING EGGS ON  
SUNDAY MORNING. THESE ARE ALL A TYPE  
OF 'SMALL PROBLEM'. YOU, HOWEVER, AREN'T  
WEARING THE COUNTENANCE OF A MAN  
BEARING SUCH PEDANTIC CONCERNS. SO, IF  
YOU'D BE SO KIND, TELL ME JUST HOW SMALL  
THIS 'SMALL PROBLEM' OF OURS TRULY IS. AND  
I'D BE REMISS IF I DIDN'T REMIND YOU I AM  
THE ONE WITH THE GUN THIS TIME 'ROUND.

—  
WARDEN REINVILLE

TO DR. EBERSTARK

IN THE WILLOWS





REQUEST for the  
RELEASE of EVIDENCE

Requesting Department \_\_\_\_\_  
Officer Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Filing Date \_\_\_\_\_

SUPERIOR COURT  
STATE of Washington





# Venenum

NATURE'S PARTING GIFT.



NIGHTSHADE



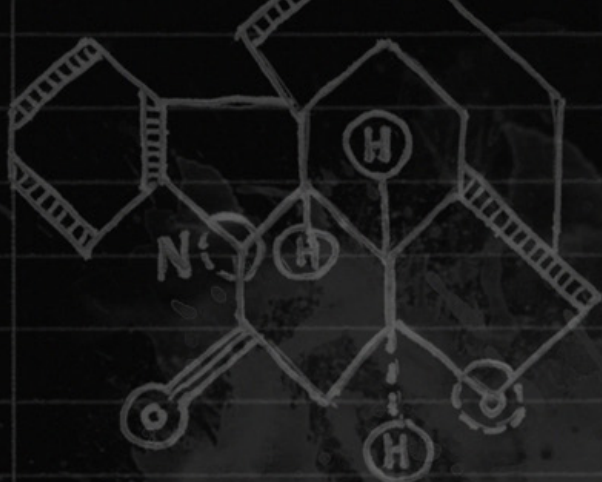
BELLADONNA



DESTROYING ANGEL







# *Strychnos Nuxvomica*

PLANTAE · ASTERIDS · GENTIANALES

Alkaloids form. noxious  
STRYCHNINE & BRUCINE

PRESENTATION IN HUMANS

(SEEDS · PETALS · PODS · LEAVES)

- I muscle spasm (10-20)
- II trismus
- III risus sardonius
- IV convulsions
- V lactic acidosis
- VI hyperthermia
- VII rhabdomyolysis
- VIII arching
- IX neurophys.
- X postictal depress.
- XI exhaustion
- XII death
- XIII post mort. cont.



LOGANIACEAE



2.

3.



4.



1.



6.







# ספר תורה

## SEFER TORAH

### THE TORAH SCROLL



THE TORAH SCROLL IS A LONG SCROLL WHICH  
*contains the entire text of the Five Books of Moses, hand-written by a pious scribe  
in the original Hebrew. It is rolled up around two ornate wooden shafts, attached  
to either end of the scroll. Kept in the Ark of each synagogue, the Torah scroll is  
routinely read aloud in all synagogues, and in its presence we offer prayers and  
blessings for all those in need. We read from the Torah scroll four times a week,  
on Shabbat morning, Shabbat afternoon, and on Monday and Thursday  
mornings. In addition, the Torah is read on many Jewish festivals, the first  
day of the new Hebrew month and fast days.*





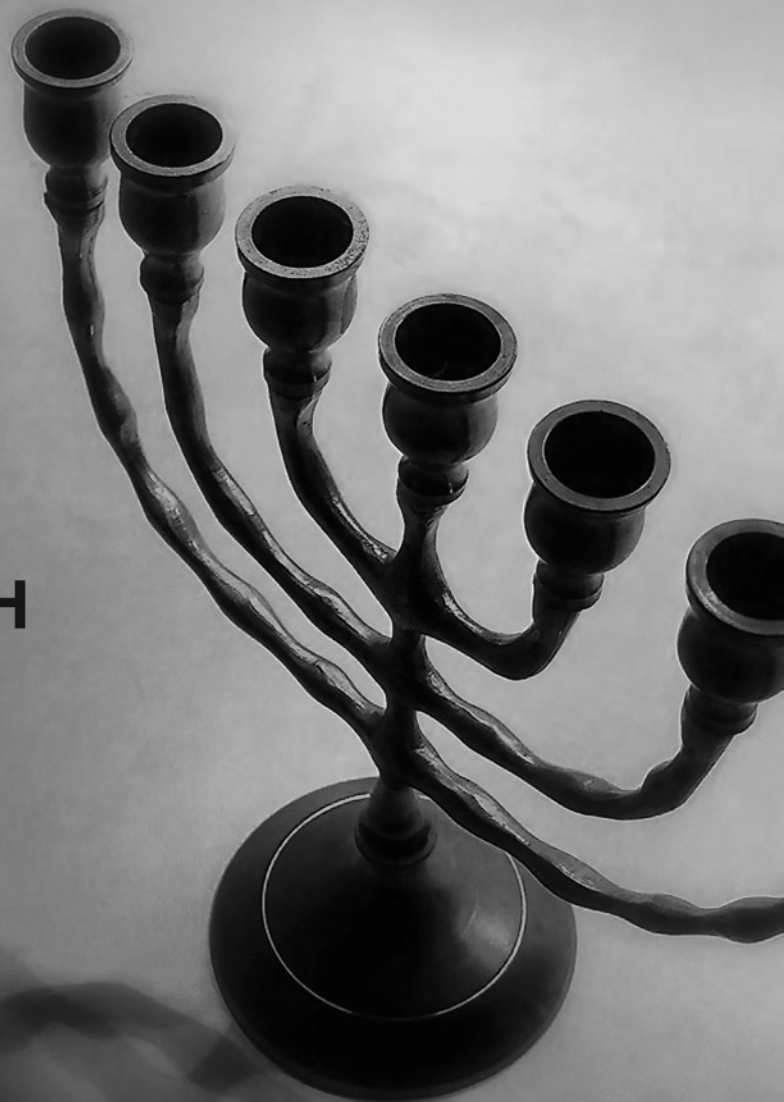




ONE OF THE OLDEST SYMBOLS OF THE JEWISH FAITH is the menorah, a seven-branched candelabrum used in the Temple. It has been said that the menorah is a symbol of the nation of Israel and its mission to be "a light unto the nations." (Isaiah 42:6). The sages emphasize that light is not a violent force; Israel is to accomplish its mission by setting an example, not by using force. This idea is highlighted in the vision of the Prophet Zechariah who sees a menorah, and G-d explains: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit." (Zechariah 4:1-6). The lamp stand in today's synagogues, called the Ner Tamid (lit. the continual lamp; usually translated as the eternal flame), represents the menorah.



מנורה  
**MENORAH**  
THE LAMP STAND





A SHOFAR IS AN INSTRUMENT MADE FROM THE HORN OF A RAM OR OTHER KOSHER ANIMAL. IT WAS USED IN ANCIENT ISRAEL TO ANNOUNCE THE NEW MOON (ROSH CHODESH) AND CALL PEOPLE TOGETHER. IT WAS ALSO BLOWN ON ROSH HASHANAH, MARKING THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR, SIGNIFYING BOTH NEED TO WAKE UP TO THE CALL TO REPENTANCE, AND IN CONNECTION WITH THE PORTION READ ON THE SECOND DAY OF ROSH HASHANAH, THE BINDING OF ISAAC (GENESIS, CHAPTER 22) IN WHICH ABRAHAM SACRIFICES A RAM IN PLACE OF HIS SON, ISAAC.



AND THE LORD SHALL BE SEEN OVER  
THEM, AND HIS ARROW SHALL GO FORTH  
LIKE THE LIGHTNING; AND THE LORD GOD  
SHALL BLOW THE SHOFAR, AND SHALL MOVE  
IN STORMY WINDS OF THE SOUTH.

— ZECH 9:14

שופר  
**SHOFAR**  
RAM'S HORN







# מגילה

## MEGILLAH

SCROLL OF ESTHER

**THE SCROLL OF ESTHER, KNOWN AS THE MEGILLAH,**  
*is chanted in the synagogue on the eve of Purim and again the next morning.*

*It is the last of the five scrolls that form part of the third division of the Bible, known as the Ketuvim, or Writings. Megillat Esther tells the story of the salvation of the Jews of the Persian Empire. The Scroll of Esther is universally known as the Megillah, not because it is the most important of the five scrolls, but due to its immense popularity, the prominence that is given to its public reading, and the fact that it is the only one that is still generally read from a parchment scroll. At one time, it was normative for every Jewish household to possess a Megillah, and much time and skill were devoted to the production of beautifully illuminated texts and elaborate wooden and silver cases that would house the scroll.*











# מזוזה

## MEZUZAH

THE DOORPOST



*MEZUZAH is of Biblical origin and therefore carries great weight.*

*"And you shall inscribe them on the doorposts of our house and on your gates" (Deut. 6:9, 11:20).*

*What is to be inscribed? Divine instruction is very clear: "The words that I shall tell you this day": that you shall love your God, believe only in Him, keep His commandments, and pass all of this on to your children.*







נר תמיד  
**NER TAMID**  
THE ETERNAL LIGHT

AN ETERNAL LIGHT  
HANGS ABOVE THE ARK IN  
EVERY SYNAGOGUE. IT IS  
OFTEN ASSOCIATED WITH  
THE MENORAH WHICH  
STOOD IN FRONT OF THE  
TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM.  
IT IS ALSO ASSOCIATED  
WITH THE INCENSE ALTAR  
WHICH STOOD IN FRONT  
OF THE ARK. OUR SAGES  
CALLED THE NER TAMID A  
SYMBOL OF GOD'S  
ETERNAL PRESENCE IN  
OUR IN OUR LIVES.













# טלית TALLIT

“PRAYER SHAWL”

THE TALLIT IS THE ROBE WITH WHICH THE WORSHIPPER IS WRAPPED DURING PRAYER AND HENCE OFTEN REFERRED TO AS A “PRAYER SHAWL,” THOUGH THIS IS NOT THE TRADITIONAL JEWISH NAME FOR THE GARMENT, WHICH WAS NOT ORIGINALLY ASSOCIATED PARTICULARLY WITH PRAYER. IN THE BOOK OF NUMBERS (15:37-40), THE ISRAELITES ARE COMMANDED TO PUT TZITZIT (“FRINGES”) [ASHKENAZIC PRONUNCIATION: TZITZIS] ON THEIR GARMENTS IN ORDER TO REMIND THEM OF GOD’S LAWS.



“

WHEN WE SET OUT TO START THE CAMPAIGN TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE SHORT FILM, **THE SON AND THE SYCAMORE**, I WAS VERY EXCITED TO REVEAL THE PLANS FOR THE MESMER'S MASK. I ALREADY KNEW THAT WE WANTED TO COMBINE SEVERAL ELEMENTS FROM ANCIENT CULTURES INTO THE THING. I WORKED WITH MY BROTHER, NATHAN, A MASTER CARPENTER, TO BEGIN GATHERING DIFFERENT METALS AND WOODS FOR THE MASK'S DESIGN. BRONZE, PEWTER, SILVER, TEAK, EBONY AND OTHER EXOTIC MATERIALS WERE ROUGHED INTO THE THEME. I COULDN'T WAIT TO SEE THE FINISHED PIECE. WE WERE LOOKING FORWARD TO REWARDING THE LARGEST CONTRIBUTOR WITH THE FINAL MASK ONCE WE HAD SHOT THE FILM.

”





BABYLONIAN  
CYLINDER



CARVED  
PATTERN

"SWIRLS"  
MOLTEN  
TIN

WHITE 'EARTHEN'  
CLAY w/ POLY  
(matte coat)



PATINA  
COPPER

making  
etched

CLAY  
BASE

Pull  
texture

EBONY

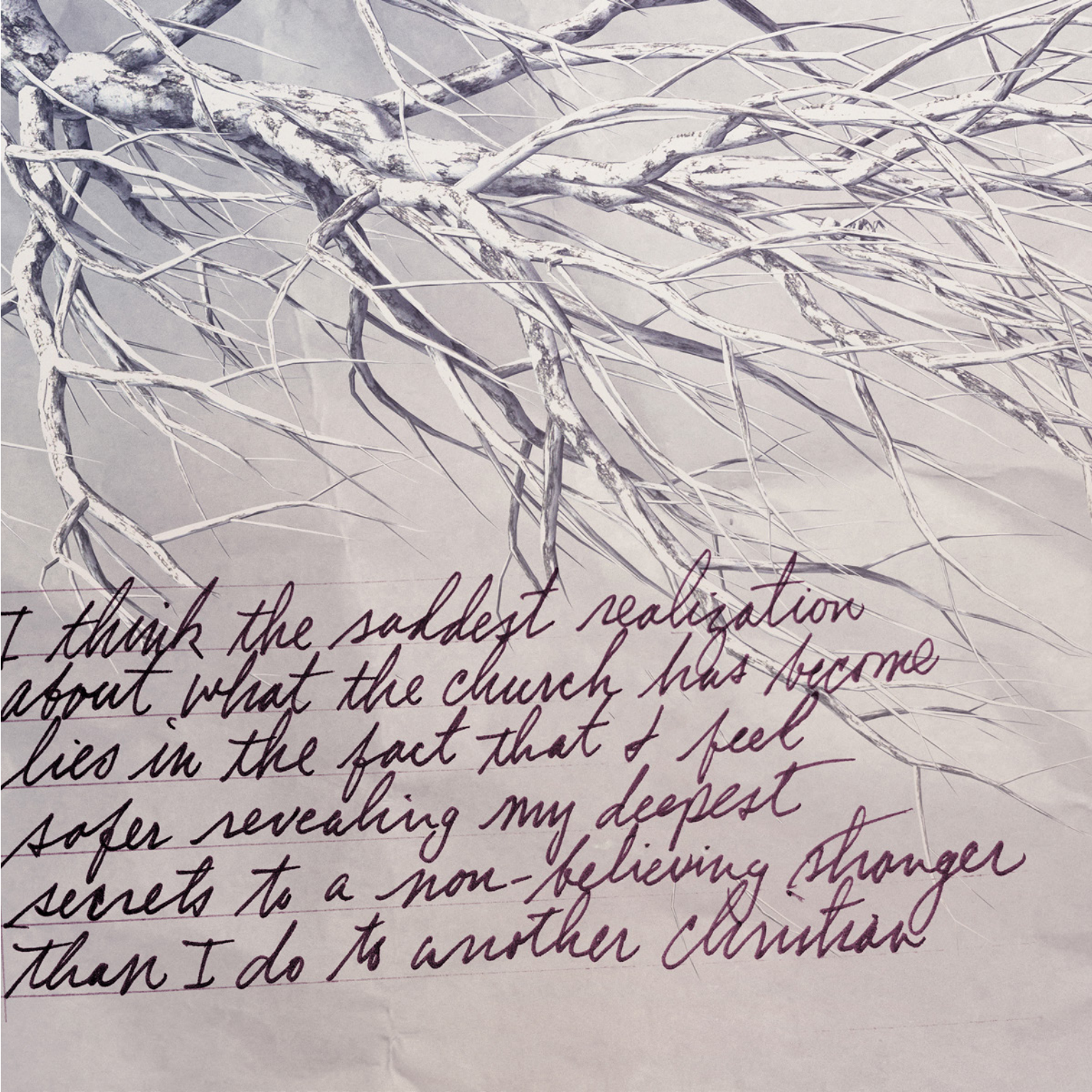
EBONY  
TIP

MEDIEVAL  
PERSIAN  
MOTIF

Carved  
granite







I think the saddest realization  
about what the church has become  
lies in the fact that I feel  
safer revealing my deepest  
secrets to a non-believing stranger  
than I do to another Christian





"Therefore confess your sins to each other  
and pray for each other so that you may be  
healed. The prayer of a righteous person is  
powerful and effective." — James 5:16





Skyfall. Trip downstairs. Every single thing.  
Much too real. Escape. The clown in the zoetrope  
Gravity. Not afraid. The longest hallway. Surface  
She seems alive. Somethings out there.

She's not coming. She's never coming. Do you **understand** that? Get that through your head.  
Let's  
wake and play!  
contradicts the formula.  
Sleep now. Don't think about the **nu**  
In reality, you m

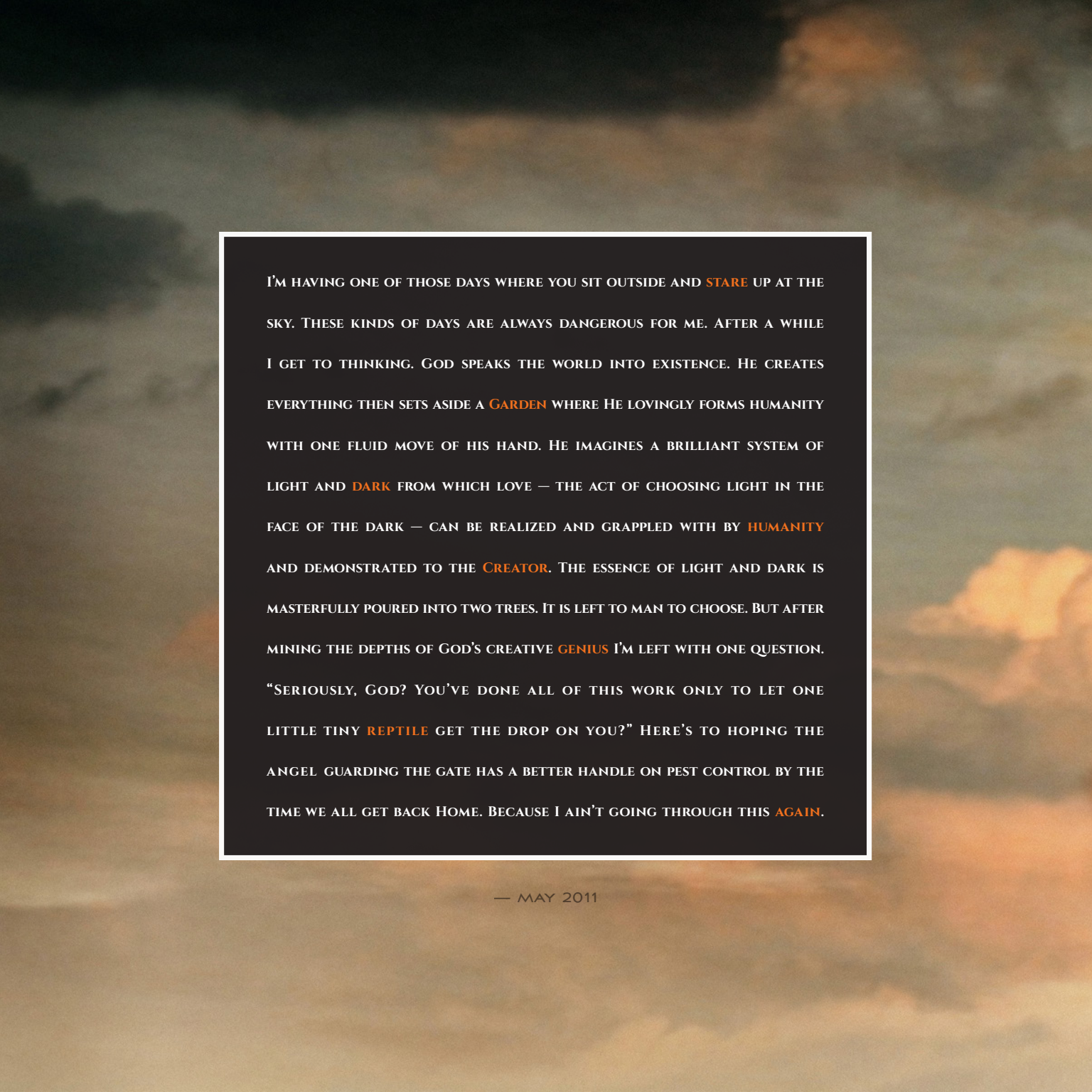




You are going to live here forever.  
pretend we're soldiers. Do you want to be a doctor **soldier** or a soldier that kills? Don't go to sleep. Stay a  
**members.** Don't listen to the music. Don't hope about tomorrow. Don't paint imaginary canvas. Your existence  
must pretend that nothing is real. By all calculations you should be dead. Don't go to sleep. Stay a  
If you can see they can see you **DIE**







I'M HAVING ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHERE YOU SIT OUTSIDE AND STARE UP AT THE SKY. THESE KINDS OF DAYS ARE ALWAYS DANGEROUS FOR ME. AFTER A WHILE I GET TO THINKING. GOD SPEAKS THE WORLD INTO EXISTENCE. HE CREATES EVERYTHING THEN SETS ASIDE A GARDEN WHERE HE LOVINGLY FORMS HUMANITY WITH ONE FLUID MOVE OF HIS HAND. HE IMAGINES A BRILLIANT SYSTEM OF LIGHT AND DARK FROM WHICH LOVE — THE ACT OF CHOOSING LIGHT IN THE FACE OF THE DARK — CAN BE REALIZED AND GRAPPLED WITH BY HUMANITY AND DEMONSTRATED TO THE CREATOR. THE ESSENCE OF LIGHT AND DARK IS MASTERFULLY POURED INTO TWO TREES. IT IS LEFT TO MAN TO CHOOSE. BUT AFTER MINING THE DEPTHS OF GOD'S CREATIVE GENIUS I'M LEFT WITH ONE QUESTION. "SERIOUSLY, GOD? YOU'VE DONE ALL OF THIS WORK ONLY TO LET ONE LITTLE TINY REPTILE GET THE DROP ON YOU?" HERE'S TO HOPING THE ANGEL GUARDING THE GATE HAS A BETTER HANDLE ON PEST CONTROL BY THE TIME WE ALL GET BACK HOME. BECAUSE I AIN'T GOING THROUGH THIS AGAIN.



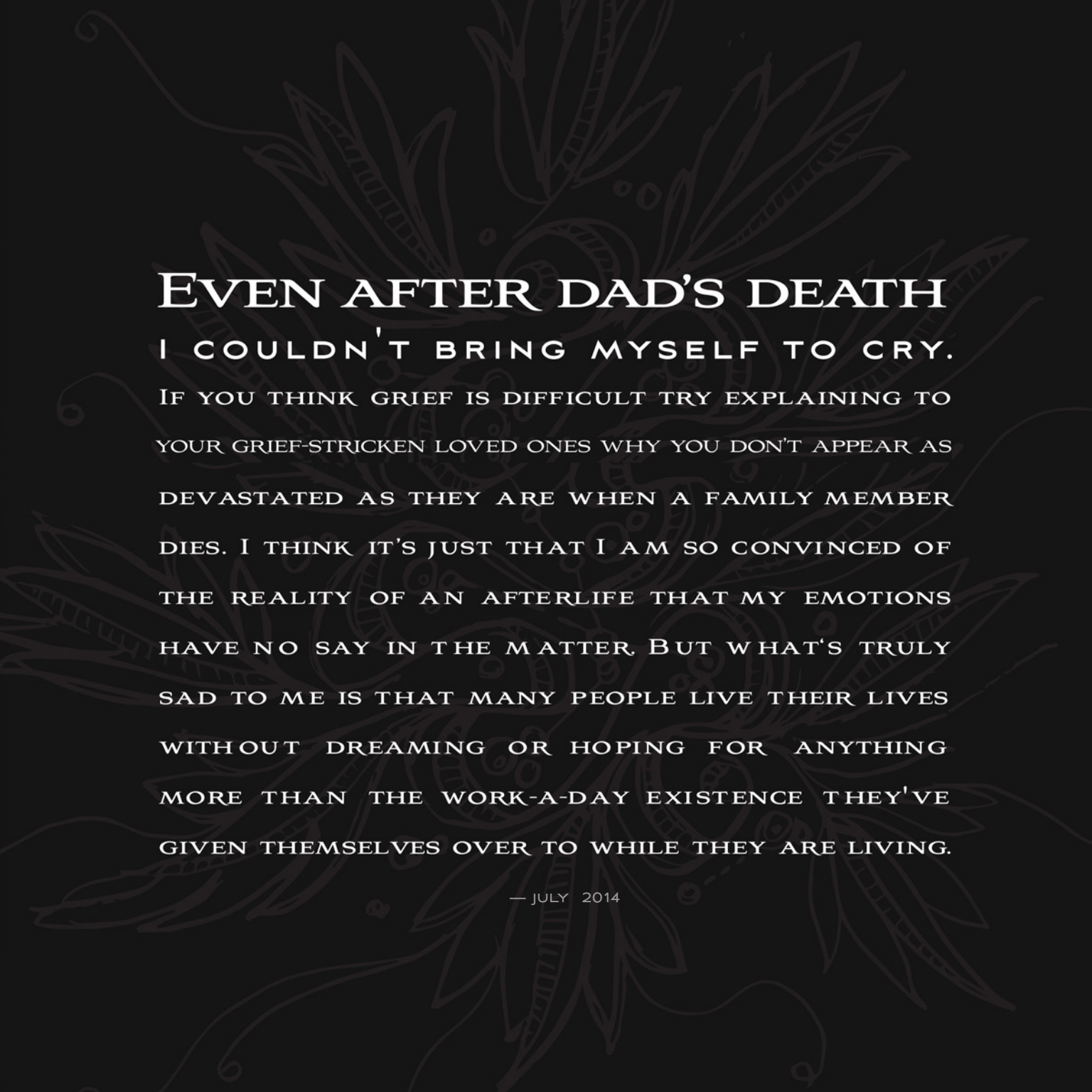


J Silver







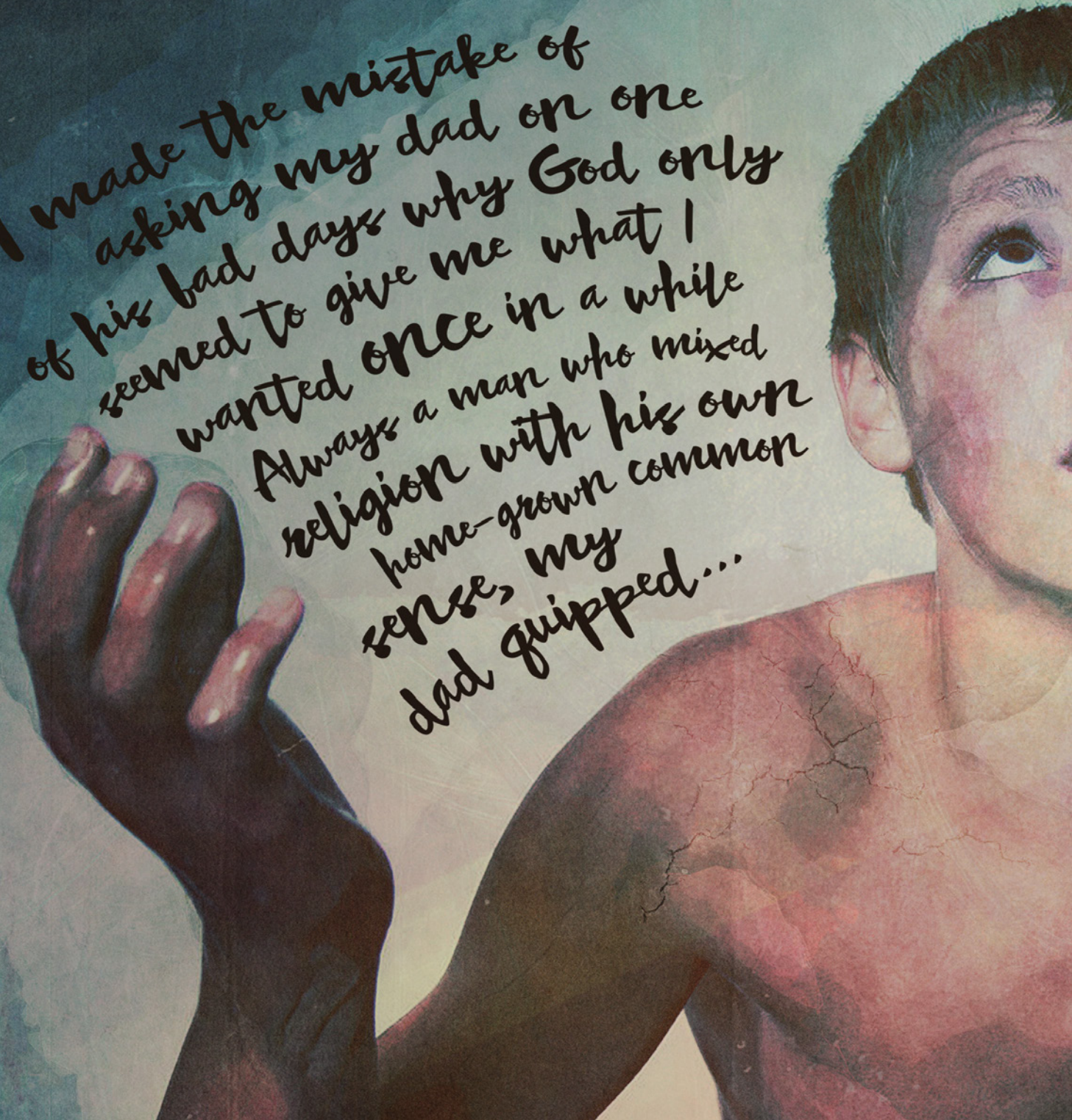


EVEN AFTER DAD'S DEATH  
I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO CRY.  
IF YOU THINK GRIEF IS DIFFICULT TRY EXPLAINING TO  
YOUR GRIEF-STRICKEN LOVED ONES WHY YOU DON'T APPEAR AS  
DEVASTATED AS THEY ARE WHEN A FAMILY MEMBER  
DIES. I THINK IT'S JUST THAT I AM SO CONVINCED OF  
THE REALITY OF AN AFTERLIFE THAT MY EMOTIONS  
HAVE NO SAY IN THE MATTER. BUT WHAT'S TRULY  
SAD TO ME IS THAT MANY PEOPLE LIVE THEIR LIVES  
WITHOUT DREAMING OR HOPING FOR ANYTHING  
MORE THAN THE WORK-A-DAY EXISTENCE THEY'VE  
GIVEN THEMSELVES OVER TO WHILE THEY ARE LIVING.

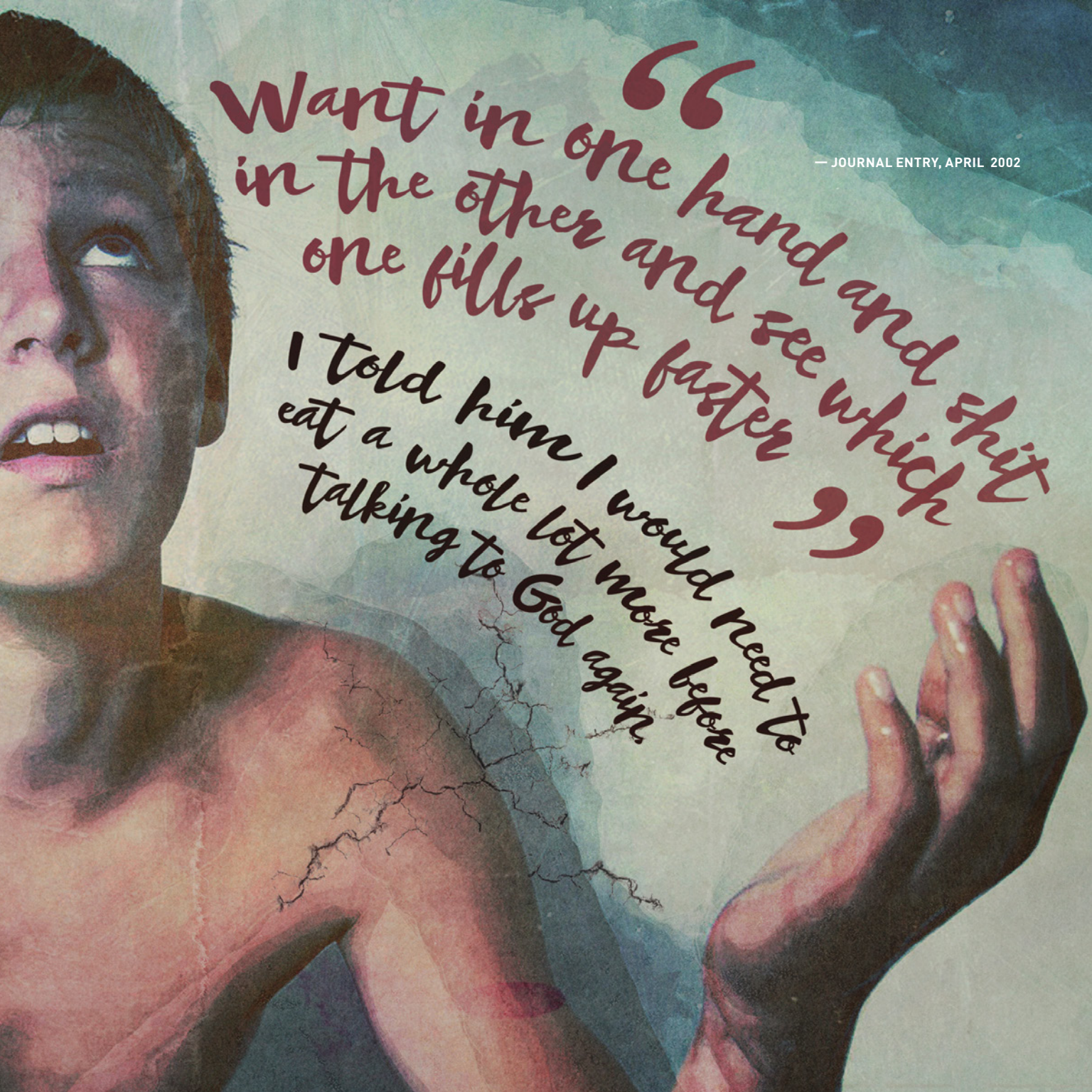
— JULY 2014



I made the mistake of  
asking my dad on one  
of his bad days why God only  
seemed to give me what I  
wanted once in a while  
Always a man who mixed  
religion with his own  
home-grown common  
sense, my  
dad quipped...







Want in one hand and shit  
in the other and see which  
one fills up faster ,,

I told him I would need to  
eat a whole lot more before  
talking to God again.

— JOURNAL ENTRY, APRIL 2002



I've always been haunted by the notion that I'm  
living on borrowed time. When you grow up listening  
as others are told the stories about how you spent  
your infant life in a hospital bed surrounded by  
doctors with clipboards full of flatline records yet  
here you are, alive and kicking twenty-five years  
later, you might just discover that...

RAVENS WILL FOR

— NOVEMBER 2001





Follow You.



# 孤寂

*Solitude has its benefits. I can accomplish far more working on my own than I can with even the most competent co-workers and colleagues. My family is another matter altogether though. I used to try to convince myself I could live without my family around.*

*I'd fantasize about living in a monastery and praying all day while making wine and chocolate.*

*Or traversing uncharted jungles and deserts. Or writing book after book in a secluded cabin in the mountains. But the truth is I am keenly aware that I need to have*

*people I love around me even if they aren't saying anything.*

*Even if we aren't in the same room. The most annoying traits of a person you love become the sweetest melody when you've been away for too long.*





湍漢

利

盛

是

觀

所

娛

一

或



利以為流觴曲水

無絲竹管弦之

一詠上足以暢叙幽情

是日也天朗氣清惠風和暢仰

觀宇宙之大俯察品類之盛

所以遊目騁懷足以極視聽之

娛信可樂也夫人之相與俯仰

一世或取諸懷抱悟言一室之內

或因寄所託放浪形骸之外雖



{א}

אָנוּכִי

ANOCHI

THE 'I'





## IN MY STUDIES TODAY

I've stumbled across yet another etymological phenomenon

that bears investigation. In Hebrew, from everything I can

gather, **ANI** is used by humans in day-to-day transactions

with other humans. It means 'I' exist because 'you' exist while

**ANOCHI** means 'I' exist because I EXIST. Only God can relate

to that pronoun. Again, theology on the god-ship of Jesus is

not the issue. I found the Anochi statement in The Delitzsch

Gospels and I can't help but wonder if the sacred pronoun has

been read back into the translation. Do we have a source

other than theology that has **JESUS** saying these words? If

not, this is a huge theological misstep. At the very least,

we are offending a people who fervently worship the One,

True God of the Universe. But it is much worse than that. We

are making a god of someone who never intended to be one.

”

YESHUA SAID, "I AM  
THE WAY – AND THE  
TRUTH AND THE LIFE;  
NO ONE COMES TO  
THE FATHER EXCEPT  
THROUGH ME.





I WAS LISTENING TO  
A HYMN CALLED  
"THE WONDERFUL  
CROSS" WHILE I WAS  
STUDYING ABOUT THE  
SIGNIFICANCE THE  
CROSS WOULD HAVE  
HAD ON THE ORIGINAL  
FOLLOWERS OF  
JESUS. I CAN'T HELP  
BUT WONDER IF HE  
HAD BEEN EXECUTED  
TWO MILLENNIA  
LATER, WOULD WE  
THEN BE SINGING  
A HYMN TITLED  
"THE WONDERFUL  
ELECTRIC CHAIR"? IT  
MAKES YOU THINK A  
LITTLE BIT ABOUT  
WHAT WE WEAR  
AROUND OUR NECKS.







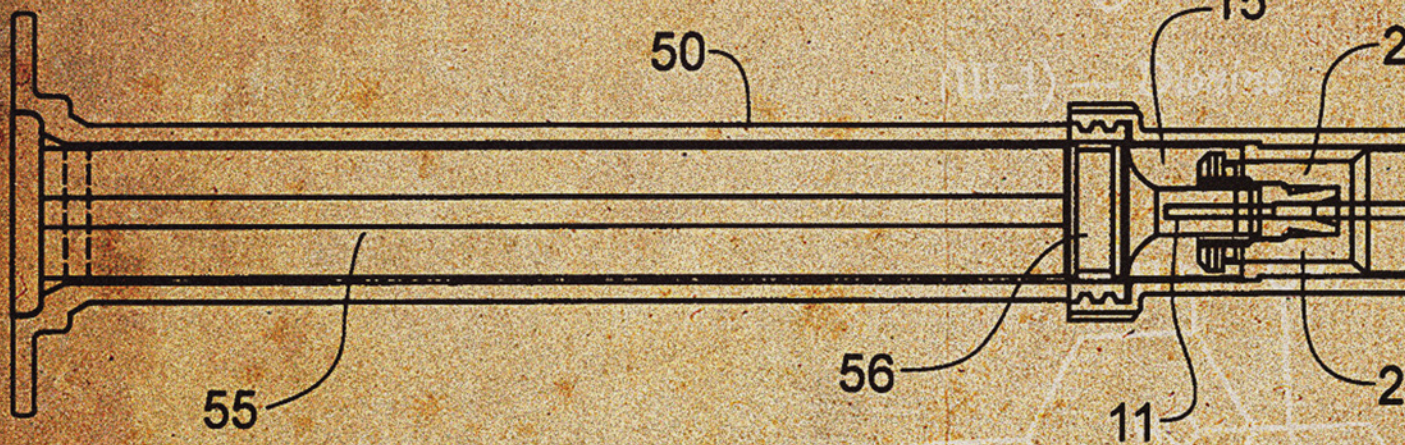




BEING DIAGNOSED WITH A MENTAL DISORDER IS NOT QUITE LIKE GETTING NEWS THAT YOU HAVE CANCER. UNLESS YOU'RE BEING TOLD YOU HAVE FULL-BLOWN SCHIZOPHRENIA (IN WHICH CASE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE DOCTOR ANYWAY SINCE HE PROBABLY WORKS FOR THE CIA), THE DIAGNOSIS COMES AS A RELIEF. I REMEMBER WHEN DR. HAYKIN PUT A NAME TO MY MOODS SWINGS. THE FACT THAT OTHER CREATIVE NUT JOBS SUFFER FROM BIPOLAR COUPLED WITH THE FACT THAT THERE ARE MEDICATIONS WITH SUCCESSFUL TRACK RECORDS FOR MANAGING THE DISORDER MEANT THAT I HADN'T YET BEEN GIVEN OVER TO COMPLETE INSANITY. THE DIAGNOSIS WAS A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

— JOURNAL ENTRY, OCTOBER 2006



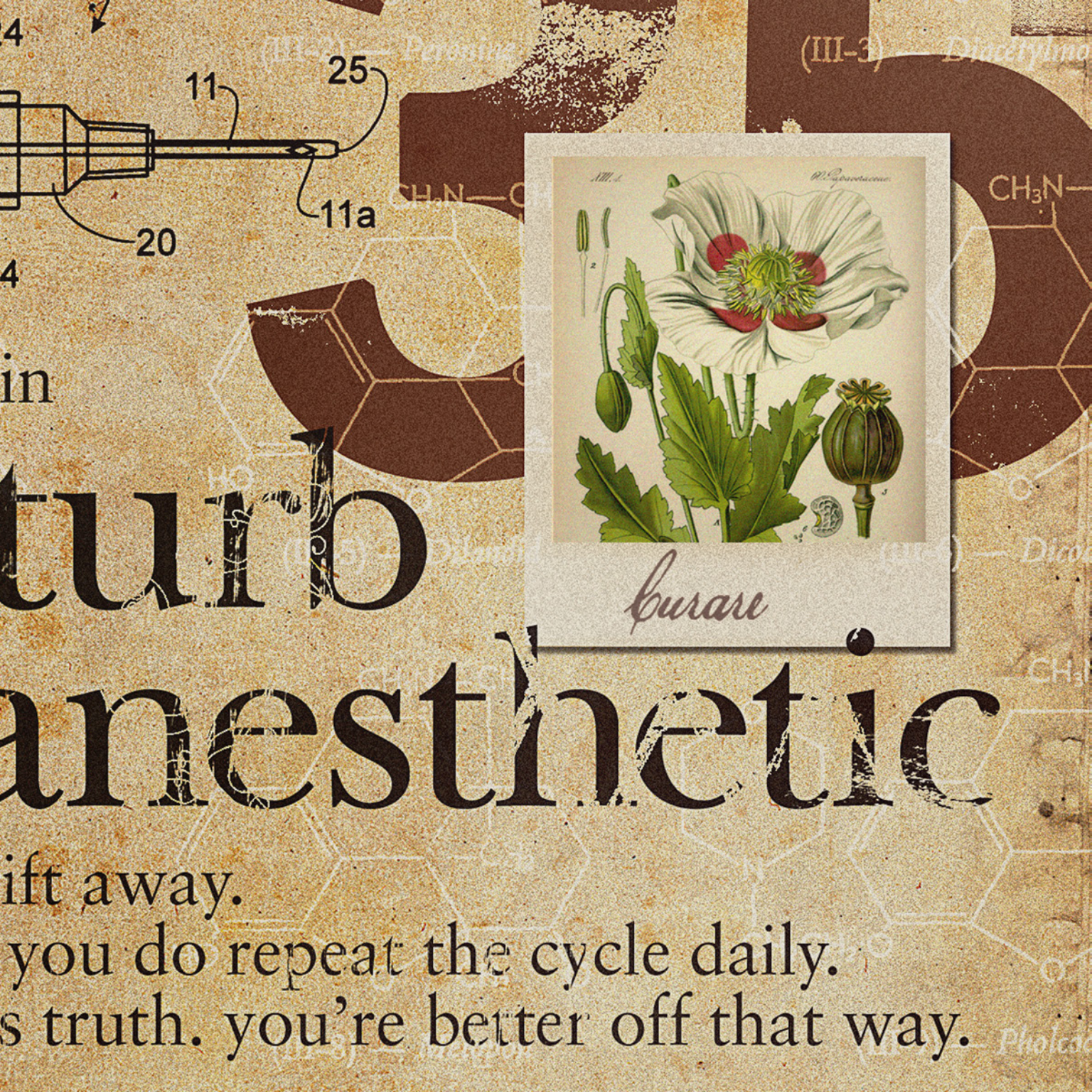


you've got nothing to gain

don't disturb  
the area

taking over your veins. just drink  
whatever  
fight the obvious





# turb anesthetic

ift away.  
you do repeat the cycle daily.  
s truth. you're better off that way.





“

WHILE I WAS RESEARCHING THE SORDID HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, I WAS INTRIGUED BY SOME OF THE CRAZY METHODS OF EXECUTION EMPLOYED BY DIFFERENT EMPERORS. CRUCIFIXION WAS NOT A ROMAN INVENTION (THOUGH THEY DID PERFECT IT). THE GREEKS FOUND USE FOR NAILING SOMEONE TO A TREE AFTER THEY SAW IT DONE EFFECTIVELY IN PERSIA. ANOTHER FORM OF PUNISHMENT FOR SLAVES AND TRAITORS IN ROME WAS TO PLACE A MAN INTO A SACK WITH A SNAKE, AND PIG AND A DONKEY. THE SACK WOULD BE SEWN SHUT AND THROWN INTO THE SEA WHILE SPECTATORS WATCHED AS THE CREATURES INSIDE FOUGHT THEIR WAY OUT. BUT WHAT INTRIGUED ME MOST WERE ASSASSINATIONS OF THE CLOAK-AND-DAGGER VARIETY. MOST OF THESE INVOLVED POISON. THIS WAS ALSO THE WAY MORE THAN A FEW EMPERORS WOULD CHOOSE TO END THEIR OWN LIVES.

”





IPEC

HUR. 1x.

and to a great extent  
is curative in itch,  
various kinds of eruption  
bles, affections of the bla  
uration of the liver

POISON

Tinct

ACONIT

Chemical  
Cure

HOLLOWAY

DUNDA PHAR

belladonna

Nightshade

convulsions, war for  
fever, acute rheumat

Sti

E

R



פילאדעלפ' במדינת אמערק  
א נירת אסתר בת אבד-הים  
יר ואיזון ואפריס ית' כהנא  
בקושעא ד' היבנא  
כסות' כי וסיפוקי כי  
ת ליה לאמחז ודין נה  
בושא ובשימושא ד' חמשי  
זשה ועשרים לטרין פ' הכנ  
ת שער כתובתא דא ותוספתא  
כסין וקנין דאית ליה תוספתא  
אחריות ודלית להון אחריות  
חיבתא דא ותוספתא וואפ'  
שערות שער כתובתא דא  
ותוספתא דנהג  
ופסי דשער וקנינא  
ארמלתא דא מכנ  
שער ונ







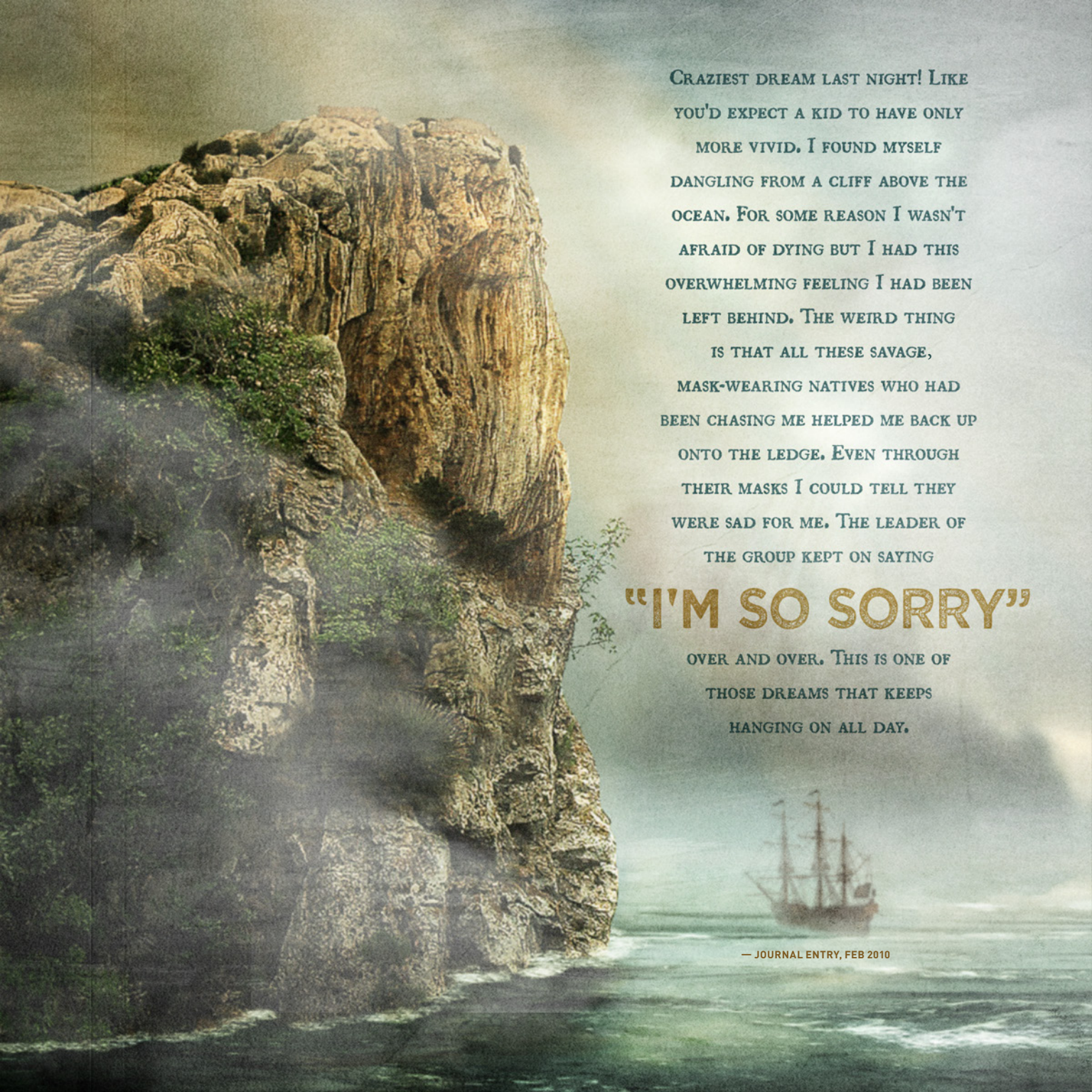
# YARKO THE RED

י ר ק ו ה ' א ד ו ם

Cunning, intelligent and treacherous; Yarko Ha'Adom was a servant to Quintus, a Centurion of the fifth Legion; *Macedonica*. But what Quintus couldn't know until much later is that Yarko is also a revolutionary of Jerusalem a *Zealot* and his treachery knows no bounds. Yarko represents the extreme of the Jewish factions operating in and around Judea. Whom he can't persuade with his silver-tongued guile he stings with his silver-tipped dagger. Yarko's motto is single-minded.

*Independence for Israel; Or Death!*





CRAZIEST DREAM LAST NIGHT! LIKE  
YOU'D EXPECT A KID TO HAVE ONLY  
MORE VIVID. I FOUND MYSELF  
DANGLING FROM A CLIFF ABOVE THE  
OCEAN. FOR SOME REASON I WASN'T  
AFRAID OF DYING BUT I HAD THIS  
OVERWHELMING FEELING I HAD BEEN  
LEFT BEHIND. THE WEIRD THING  
IS THAT ALL THESE SAVAGE,  
MASK-WEARING NATIVES WHO HAD  
BEEN CHASING ME HELPED ME BACK UP  
ONTO THE LEDGE. EVEN THROUGH  
THEIR MASKS I COULD TELL THEY  
WERE SAD FOR ME. THE LEADER OF  
THE GROUP KEPT ON SAYING

**"I'M SO SORRY"**


OVER AND OVER. THIS IS ONE OF  
THOSE DREAMS THAT KEEPS  
HANGING ON ALL DAY.

— JOURNAL ENTRY, FEB 2010







A surreal, dark scene with a man sitting on a small, floating island. On the island is a tree with green leaves. The man is wearing a blue shirt and a cap. The island is surrounded by falling green leaves and streaks of orange and red light. The background is dark and filled with these light streaks.

AMBITION IS A MAN; WISDOM  
IS A WOMAN AND YOU'RE JUST  
THE BOY THEY USHERED IN.  
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO  
NOW. WELCOME TO THE GAME  
OF LIFE. SETTLE DOWN,  
SETTLE DOWN, CHILD!

SNEAK DOWN INTO THE GREAT  
ROOM AND LOOK BEHIND THE  
PAINTING. REMEMBER THE  
NUMBERS AND PUNCH THEM  
ALL IN. OPEN UP THE DOOR,  
REACH UP AND FEEL AROUND  
INSIDE. WHAT'D YOU FIND,  
WHAT'D YOU FIND, CHILD?

TRUST IS AN ILLUSION. FAITH  
IS JUST A METHOD OF COPING  
WITH DATA THAT YOU CAN'T  
ABSORB. WE'VE GOT A LITTLE  
PROBLEM. YOU'RE JUST THE  
ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR. STEP  
RIGHT UP, STEP ON IN, CHILD!

KEEP YOUR FAMILY IN THE  
DARK. HIDE YOUR FRIENDS  
DOWN IN THE CELLAR THEN  
FOLLOW THE TRAIN TRACKS  
THAT LEAD OUT OF TOWN.  
MEET ME IN THE HOLLOW; DEEP  
WITHIN THE FOREST. COME ON  
HOME, COME ALONE, CHILD !



FOLLOW THE SONG YOU  
HEAR IN THE WIND. LOOK  
FOR THE SPARROW IN THE  
WORLD OF MEN. RECALL ALL  
THE PHRASES REMEMBER THE  
CREED. RECITE THEM IN ORDER  
BEFORE YOU PROCEED.

*che l'io Maria Maglioli trasire  
no, videri munita di sua  
pa di l'io formale di sapia  
di quia dei, l'io munita di  
sua l'io, a l'io di l'io  
ra col munita di l'io  
che l'io munita di l'io  
ma di l'io munita di l'io*

# THEN SPOKE THE SPARROW

GIVE EAR THE VOICES YOU HEAR IN  
YOUR HEAD. FOLLOW THE SPARROW  
THROUGH THE WORLD OF MEN.  
THROW ALL OF THE BOTTLES AND  
THE CAPSULES THEY HIDE INTO THE  
OCEAN AND OUT WITH THE TIDE.

*If you feel you must criticise each  
other, do so lovingly, never publicly.  
Yield to the wishes of the other as an  
exercise in self-discipline, if you cannot  
think of a better reason.  
Never let the day end without saying  
at least one complimentary thing to your  
life partner.  
Never bring up a mistake of the past.  
When you have made a mistake, talk  
it out and ask for forgiveness.  
Never meet without an affectionate*

*Silver*







# *Tonight, I am overcome*

WITH THE FEELING THAT I HAVEN'T ACCOMPLISHED WHAT I SET out to do today. To be honest, I'm experiencing this guilt two or three times a week lately. The absurdity of this notion comes to the fore when I look back over the last 24 hours and find that I completed tasks it could very well take a few people a couple of days to complete. For example, yesterday I prepped my drum student for the recording studio and worked out rough spots until he could play the song all the way through. Then I restructured the Pro Tools work-flow so we could lay in the keys and acoustic guitar tracks without having to use an external mic system. Last night I watched a video on drawing the human form (a deficit in my creativity up to this point). After a few minutes, trading impatience for focus for once in my life, I had a solid 'wire-frame' and began roughing in the rest until I was satisfied I had learned a new skill. This morning I laid in the rough version of a musical score for a short film. While the file was rendering, I worked on six panels of imagery for *T40YO* book set. Then, while the PDF proof was processing, I went outside to write a few more paragraphs for the book. And in the face of all of this, I managed to do laundry and clean the bathroom and the kitchen. But it was not enough. The overwhelming torment of life under the tyranny of time is that I have very few friends I can share this feeling with. Any talk of lofty aims and accomplishments is met with vociferous repercussions. Over-achievers are branded pompous elitists for life.



in hic est dñs dñs noster in aet. nam et in sc̃m scti  
 Ipse regit nos in secula  
 Audabitur uq̃ terribili dñs quiq̃ in celestem hys

exp̃sona apostolorum  
 quim̃ illic int̃ xpo euuā  
 gelizari hoc  
 dñs  
 f

BETWEEN 64 CE, WHEN NERO BEGAN THE FIRST  
 INTENSE, STATE-MANDATED PERSECUTIONS AGAINST  
 CHRISTIANS AND THE POINT WHERE CONSTANTINE  
 BEGINS HIS REIGN, MODERN HISTORIANS DEBATE WHETHER  
 THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT DISTINGUISHED BETWEEN  
 CHRISTIANS AND JEWS PRIOR TO NERVA'S MODIFICATION  
 OF THE FISCUS JUDAICUS IN 96, FROM WHICH POINT JEWS  
 PAID THE TAX WHILE CHRISTIANS DID NOT.

dila  
 ut  
 ligni  
 per  
 QUI  
 LENT  
 ATO  
 ET

terrigenas dicit prop̃  
 adam; filios hominum  
 prop̃ter filios noe; gene  
 raliē autē dicit  
 om̃igeni  
 homi  
 nu  
 m

VDITE HAEC OMNES GENTES. AURIBUS SEP.  
 cipite om̃s in totius orbem

quod dicit. ap̃tu hoc est  
 manifestu calicem qd̃ x̃p̃i in  
 paraboli s̃clicebat; prop̃  
 eam in p̃sal̃ t̃m̃ q̃  
 diu s̃m̃ p̃m̃ euuāgeliz  
 abunt uole  
 lūre

pauper  
 sapientiam  
 mei prudentiam

prop̃ea nominat calcaneū  
 quia qui inique agit sup̃ol





Quoniam dominus mane diluente  
Ceciderunt gentes et inclinata sunt regna.  
Oceanum suum mota est terra  
Dilectum nobiscum.  
Deus noster deus iacob  
Uidebunt opera domini.  
Posuit prodigia super terram  
Bellum usque ad finem terrae.  
Conteret et confringet arma.  
Comburent igni.  
Uidebunt quoniam ego sum deus.  
Deus ingentibus et exaltabor in terra.  
Dilectum nobiscum.  
Deus noster deus iacob.  
Postquam in minima erit tribulatione re  
surrexerunt deus scilicet impetum cerni  
stium in habitaculum cordis nostri. ut etiam  
uirtutum nobiscum cooperante terrena.

De quibus prole  
ter et creden  
quod sima  
effic  
tu  
r

De dauid uider  
rans illos in  
uictor uigen  
luri. in cred  
dicunt quon  
uerit illos d  
diaboli  
ille

De sub xpo in  
b. rex  
ou  
r

De punitatibus  
caetone



# “emperor Nero

## SON OF A GOD...IS DEAD!”

---

*Tribune Gneaus nearly fell over. Could he have heard the messenger correctly? He glanced over at Vespasian to see if the stalwart general's reaction lined up with his own. Vespasian took a moment to gather himself then immediately dismissed his attendants. Gneaus shuffled his feet. Once the command tent had been cleared, the general looked over at Titus and bellowed out a laugh so hardy Gneaus nearly collapsed again.*

— FROM ISAAC THE ROMAN BY JOHN SILVER

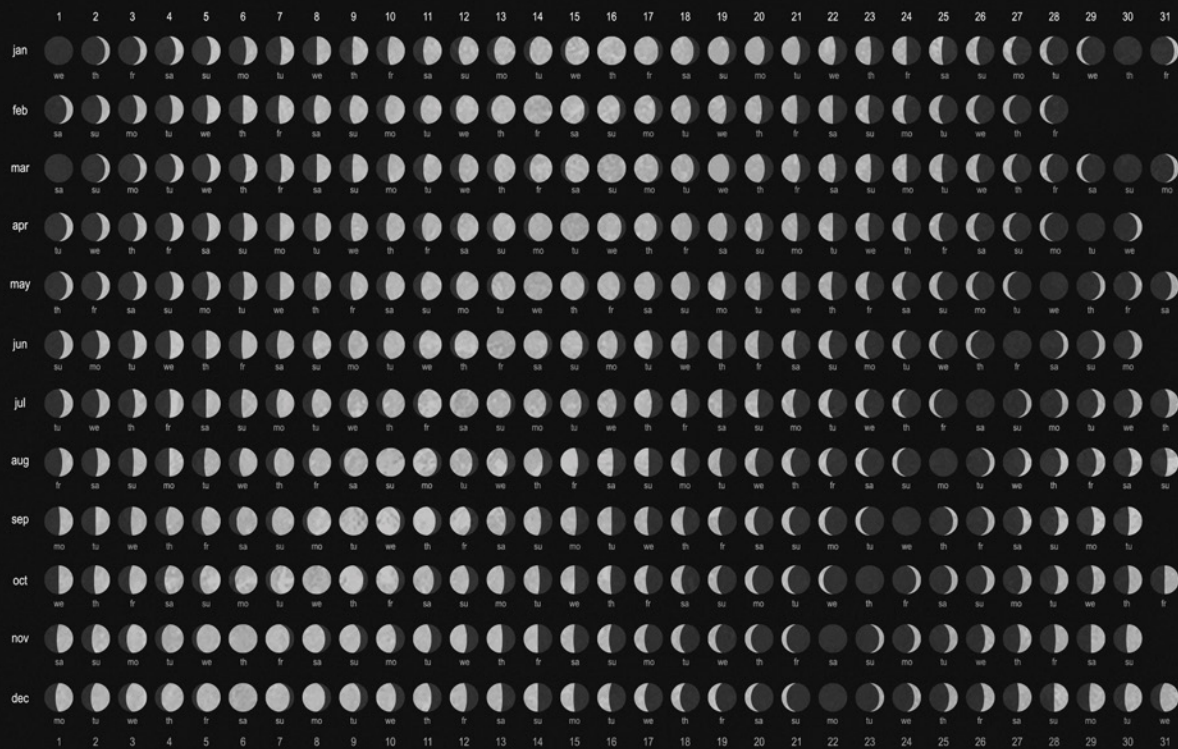








# LUNAR PHASES





# CHRONOBIOLOGY

FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK χρόνος (CHRÓNOS, MEANING "TIME"),  
AND BIOLOGY, WHICH PERTAINS TO THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

CIRCANNUAL

*Occuring Yearly*

CIRCALUNAR

*Occuring Monthly*

CIRCADIAN

*Occuring 24 Hours*

CIRCATIDAL

*Occuring 12.4 Hours*

ULTRADIAN

*Occuring < Daily*

INFRADIAN

*Occuring > Daily*



EXT. FORWARD CAMP — MORNING  
Capt. Waterstone and Jesse sit  
next to a small campfire  
waiting for the radio to come  
back to life...

WATERSTONE POURS  
A CUP OF COFFEE  
AND HANDS IT TO  
JESSE.



"Suppose you tell me  
what's so special about the  
card I offered up to the  
almighty? Why 'that' card and  
why not the others in the deck, Jesse?"

— EXCERPTED FROM  
THE SON AND THE SYCAMORE  
BY J.J. SILVER | 2012-2015











“

*I've never considered myself to be an illustrator. I couldn't draw a human face to save my life. So much of this stuff requires patience and focus; Two traits I had difficulty bringing out and nurturing with any amount of success. So, I stuck to what I loved doing when I was young. Doodling and digital art. The trouble is I find myself chasing after certain themes. Trees, natural elements and scientific anomalies. These are the things that will hold my attention and somehow they manage to find their way into my work.*

”





# שבע ישראלי



1



שם ישראל יהוה אלהינו יהוה אחד ואהבת  
יהוה אלהיך בכל לבבך ובכל נפשך ובכל מאריך  
הדבר האלהאש אנכי מצוך היום שלל לבבך ושלל  
לבניך ודברת בם בשבתך בביתך ובלכתך בדרך  
ובשכבך ובקומך וקשרתם לאות על ידך והיו לטפת  
בין עיניך וכתבתם על מזוזות ביתך ובשעריך  
והיה אם שמעו תשמעו אל מצותי אשר אנכי  
מצוה אתכם היום לאהבה את יהוה אלהיכם ולעבדו  
בכל לבבכם ובכל נפשכם ולתת מטר ארצכם בעת  
יורה ומלכוש ואספת דגלך ותורשך ויצהרך ולתת  
לשש בשדך לבהמתך ואכלת ושבעת השמים לכם  
פך יתת לבבכם וסרתם ועבדתם אלהים אחרים  
והשתחויתם להם וחרה אף יהוה בכם ועצר את  
השמים ולא יהיה מטר והאדמה לא תתן את יבול  
האדמה מהרה מעל הארץ הטבה אשר יהוה נתן לכם  
ושמתם את דברי אלה שלל לבבכם ועל נפשכם וקשרתם  
אתם לאות על ידכם והיו לטפת בין עיניכם ולמדתם  
אתם את בלויכם לדבר בם בשבתך בביתך ובלכתך  
בדרך ובשכבך ובקומך וכתבתם על מזוזות ביתך  
ובשעריך למען יראו ימיכם וימו בלויכם על האדמה  
אשר עשבת יהוה לאבותיכם לתת להם כימי השמים  
יז הארץ



## LETTERING & TYPOGRAPHY

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**EARLY IN MY CAREER I HAD OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK** over the shoulder of one of my lettering heroes, Bruce Hale. He was a client of the packaging firm where I worked as a designer back in 1995. One day I worked up the nerve to show him my portfolio. I'll never forget that day. He sat quietly thumbing through each page and every now and again he would sigh. My emotions ebbed and flowed every time he took a breath until, finally, he closed the book and handed it back to me. Without looking up at me he scratched his head (like those genius mathematicians do when they are highly annoyed). I asked him what he thought of my work. He pointed to my book and said "I think you need some guidance." My heart sank. I thanked him politely and began walking back to my office. "Which means..." I turned and looked back "...that I have a lot of work to do." My creative ambitions and the means to bring them to life took a significant turn that day. Bruce went on to become my mentor and friend. And I owe him a debt I couldn't repay in a thousand lifetimes.







# THE ROMANS, IN THE PORTICO, WITH A CANDELESTICK

THERE'S LONG BEEN CONTENTION ABOUT WHO KILLED JESUS. Although it appears on the surface to be cut-and-dried, the issue of execution does pose a slight problem to the rhetoric I heard growing up. I believe it is clear, based upon the evidence, that Pilate was a cruel bastard. He wanted up the food chain as quickly as possible. Jesus was making noise. It all gave Pilate a headache. To him, Jesus was just another rebel miracle-worker and would-be-messiah and that meant undue pressure from the higher-ups back in Rome. I have no problem believing that Pilate killed Jesus and that his blood-drunk goons enjoyed every minute of it as they always had. They were rewarded for their delight in it. The Jews didn't have the luxury of capital punishment. But something stands out to me as I uncover some of the more intimate operations of the Temple at that time. If the Jews *didn't* have the power to execute someone for violating Torah, how is it that we have a sign on the entrance to the Holy Place that reads: "*Any foreigner who passes over from the Court of the Gentiles into the Temple area proper has only himself to blame for his subsequent death.*"? Though I really do love the idea of a sign like this - it does leave one to ponder the things he learned in Sunday School.

— EXCERPTED FROM *THE GREAT(S) DIVIDE* | BY JOHN SILVER



...ent ...an Weight ...  
...as ... ...Obulus ... ...  
... ... ...

Ounces	Penn	Grains
10	1	15
11	0	16
12	11	10
13	00	17

... according to the different  
different ... and ...

Ounces	Penn	Grains
0	00	1
06	14	
08	16	

Ounces	Penn	Grains
03	1	
04		
05		
06		
07		
08		
09		

Ounces Penn ...





# THREE STONE HILL

THE REAL STORY OF CHARLIE & FRANKIE





*When my father passed away,  
he left me all of the Silver family  
records dating back to 1490.*

*I wasn't prepared for what I  
would discover among the dusty,  
mildew-tinged papers. One of  
the stories I found was one I'd  
heard about before. In the 1830's  
my great, great uncle, Charlie  
Silver, was one-part tail-chaser  
and two-parts drinker. His  
wife, Frankie, was all-parts fed  
up with him. So, she took an  
axe to his neck while he slept by  
the fireplace with their infant  
daughter in his arms. The sordid  
tale has become a permanent  
part of North Carolina history.*

*They found parts of poor ol'  
Charlie's body at different times  
and in three different locations.  
As a result, he is buried beneath  
three grave markers. That is  
the reason behind the title of the  
feature film I am writing.*







# DARKER

MUSIC FROM THE ARCHIVES OF

JOHN  
SILVER

# DAY

REVISITED

199  
199



## BLACK OCTOBER

---

2001

I THINK ONE OF GOD'S MORE PERPLEXING ATTRIBUTES IS HIS PENCHANT FOR VEXING US WITH DEEP CREATIVE DESIRE BUT ONLY ALLOWING IT TO BE FUELED TO ANY MEANINGFUL DEGREE BY TRAGEDY. JUST AS HE CREATED THE WORLD OUT OF DARKNESS I FEEL LIKE HE EXPECTS US TO WORK OUT OF OUR PAIN AND FEAR TO BRING SOMETHING WORTHWHILE INTO EXISTENCE. OF COURSE, AS WITH ALL MY SPECULATION, THIS REASONING COULD JUST AS EASILY TURN OUT TO BE A PILE OF SHIT. EITHER WAY, AS I WAS REFLECTING BACK OVER BLACK OCTOBER, THE MONTH THAT KICKED OFF A YEAR OF THE MOST INTENSELY PERSONAL SUFFERING I HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED, I NOTICED MY SONGWRITING HAD CHANGED. THE LYRICS BECAME MORE SPIRITUALLY REVEALING AND THE TONES MUCH DEEPER AND DARKER. AS OF THIS WRITING, I AM RERECORDING AND MASTERING TWELVE OF THOSE SONGS FOR RELEASE IN 2016 IN THE FORM OF AN ALBUM I'M CALLING **DARKER DAYS REVISITED**.

— JOURNAL ENTRY, JUNE 2012



When

W A K E S

the Mother of Two Sons

SHE FINDS ONE WHERE THE RIVER RUNS

When asks the Mother of the Lad

WHY STANDS HERE ONE WHERE TWO ONCE HAD?

The Boy replies to Mother true The Grey did take one child from you

SO, THE SON IN THE WATER, OR THE ONE IN THE GROUND

Which Brother  
HAS THE MOTHER  
Found?

THE MESMER'S RIDDLE


TAKEN FROM

THE SON AND THE SYCAMORE









I READ A BOOK LAST WEEK  
AND YOU WERE TELLING ME HOW UNREALISTIC  
THE SETTING WAS. I HEARD A SONG  
YESTERDAY AND YOU TOLD ME HOW IT WASN'T  
WORTHY OF THE AIRPLAY IT GOT  
LAST NIGHT I CALLED A FRIEND TO TAKE MY  
MIND OFF OF YOU AND YOU LECTURED ME  
ABOUT HOW I SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
**MORE ASSERTIVE**  
ON THE PHONE. EVEN THE STONE I SEE AT MY  
FEET AS I WRITE THIS IS SUBJECT TO YOUR CRITICISM  
ALL OF THIS AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW  
**I EXIST YET**

— JOURNAL ENTRY, MAY 1999







α γ δ ε ε ζ η θ ι  
α γ δ ε ε ζ η θ ι

ον γάρ γάρ ει ει ελ ην ου τω υ δε

αθι	ειναι	μετα	τω
αλ	εν	μω	τι
αλλ	επειδη	μω	τι
αν	επει	οι	τι
αρ	επει	ουκ	τι
αυτο	επει	ουτος	τι
γγ	επει	πα	τι
γαρ	επει	περ	τι
γαρ	ερ	περ	τι
γελ	ευ	πο	τι
γεν	κατα	ρο	τρο
γερ	κεφαλαιον	σα	τω
γινεται	ματων	σε	των
γο	μεθ	σθαι	των
γει	μεν	σο	υι
γρο	μεν	σπ	υι
δεξ	μεν	σσ	υι

I've been thinking of 'Is plight again today. I just can't imagine what 1930's medicine did to that poor kid. I did some research on turn-of-the-century medical procedures. It turns my stomach. Even ancient medicine was more humane; At least for the wealthy classes of society. And why does it seem only orphans got this kind of treatment? Normal, run-of-the-mill kids got something close to decent health care. but if you were a poor, homeless, or 'retarded' kid in America in the grand, golden age then...

# The Warneford, Oxford

HOSPITAL FOR MENTAL DISORDERS

President: The Right Hon. the Lord Saye and Sele, Broughton Castle, Banbury

THIS Registered Hospital for the treatment and care, at moderate charges, of mental patients belonging to the educated classes stands in a healthy and pleasant situation on Headington Hill, Oxford. The gardens and grounds extend to 150 acres and the internal appointments are comfortable and refined. The utmost degree of liberty, consistent with safety, is permitted, and amusements and occupation are amply provided. Patients are also received for treatment during summer.



For further particulars apply to Telephone: OXFORD 2063

M.D. (Edin.)

...F\*CK ALL!

JOURNAL ENTRY, MAY 1997



The first scientific report of lobotomy applied as a psychosurgical treatment for severe mental disorders was written by the Portuguese neurologist Egas Moniz in 1936.



ΚΡΑΤΗΣ·ΕΙΡΑΤΙΣΓΕΓΟΝΕΝΕΡΕΤΗΣ  
ΑΛΚΙΒΙΑΔΟΥΣΩΜΑΤΟΣΟΥΚΑΛΚΙΒΙΑΔΟΥ  
ΗΡΑΚΛΕΑΤΙΝΟΣΤΩΝΑΛΚΙΒΙΑΔΟΥ  
ΒΙΔΑΚ·ΑΛΗΘΗΧΕΓΙΣ·ΣΩΚΡΟΤΙΣ  
ΣΟΥΤΗΣΥΥΧΗΣΕΡΑ;·ΑΛΚ·ΑΝΕΓΚΗ  
ΙΝΕΤΔΙΕΚΤΟΥΛΟΓΟΥ·ΣΩΚ·ΟΥΚΟΥΔΟΜΕΝ  
ΣΩΜΑΤΟΣ·ΣΟΥΕΡΩΝΕΠΕΙΔΗΛΗΤΕΙΛΗΘΩΝ  
ΩΝΟΙΧΕΤΑΙ;·ΑΛΚ·ΦΑΙΝΕΤΑΙ·ΣΩΚ·ΟΔΕ  
ΤΗΣΥΥΧΗΣΕΡΩΝΟΥΚΑΠΕΙΣΙΝΕΩΣΑΝΕΤΙ  
ΕΛΤΙΟΝΗ;·ΑΛΚ·ΕΙΚΟΣΦΕ·ΣΩΚ·ΟΥΚΟΥΝ  
ΙΕΜΙΣΟΥΚΑΠΙΩΝΑΛΛΑΠΑΡΑΜΕΝΩΝΑΗΓ  
ΟΣΤΟΥΣΩΜΑΤΟΣΤΩΝΑΛΛΩΝΑΠΕΛΗΛΥΘ  
Ν·ΑΛΚ·ΕΥΓΕΠΟΙΩΝΩ·ΣΩΚΡΑΤΕΣ·ΚΛΙΜΗΔΕ  
ΛΑΘΙΣ·ΣΩΚ·ΠΡΟΘΥΜΟΥΤΟΙΝΥΝΟΤΙΚΑΛΛΙ  
ΣΕΙΝΕΙ·ΑΛΚ·ΑΛΛΑΠΡΟΘΥΜΗΣΟΜΕΙ·ΣΩΚ·  
ΟΥΤΩΓΕΓΟΝΕΙ·ΟΥΤΩΓΕΓΟΝΕΙ·ΟΥΤΩΓΕΓΟΝΕΙ







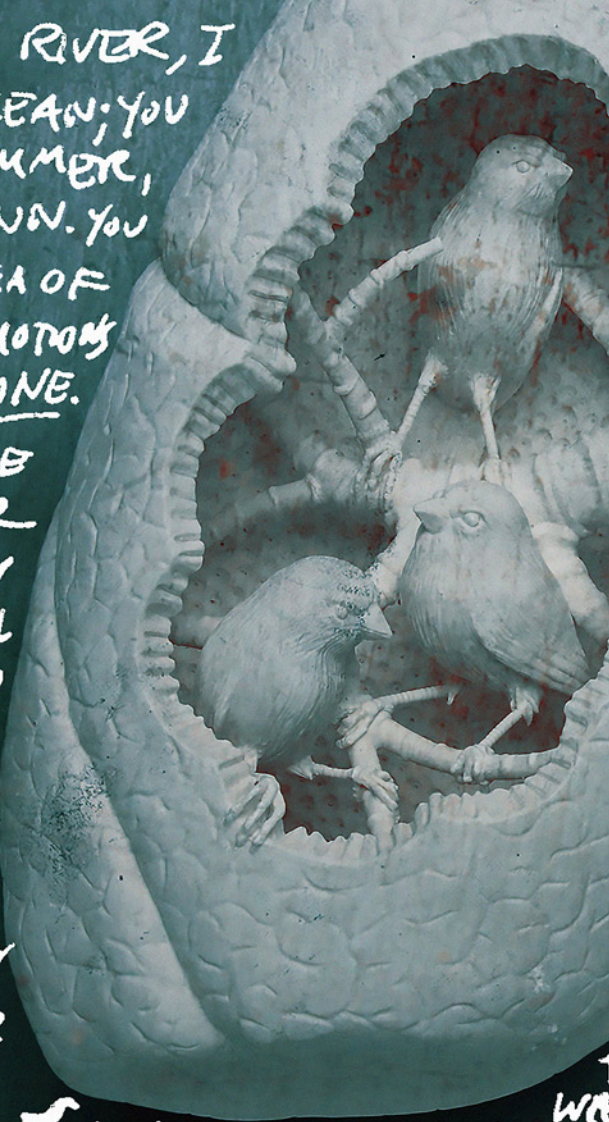
YOU SEE A RIVER, I  
SEE THE OCEAN; YOU  
FIND A GLIMMER,  
I SEE THE SUN. YOU  
SWIM IN A SEA OF  
COUNTLESS EMOTIONS  
I DROWN IN ONE.

(BREATHE IN THE  
AIR) - I HEAR  
THE ANGELS YOU  
FIND A FUNERAL  
I HEAR THE ECHO  
YOU FIND A CAVE  
TRY LIVING LIKE  
A BIRD IN A CAGE  
WHILE YOU FLY AWAY  
(BREATHE IN THE  
AIR). → REPEAT 2  
TIMES. (harmony)

# Still Runs Deep (2014)



fade in guitar } I MOVE JUST A  
I STILL BROKEN  
HAVE ANY  
FACE WHEN







WHAT  
IF  
LOVE  
IS  
JUST  
A  
DANCE  
WITH  
THE  
CLOUDS  
—  
DESIRE  
JUST A  
FACE IN  
THE CLOUD?  
WHAT IF LIFE'S  
A COLLECTIONS OF  
CONNECTIONS THAT  
WASH OUT WITH THE TIDE? →  
THE PLEASURE OF SEEING  
OF SLEEP — BUT THE EMPTINESS LEFT IN THE WELL  
OF MY SOUL RUNS DEEP.

YOU DREAM IN COLOURS,  
I WATCH YOU SLEEPING  
YOU WAKE UP ANGRY —  
I GO OUTSIDE. YOU  
BURY THE SECRETS  
UNDER THE COVER  
I SURRENDER MINE.  
I SEE YOUR HEART  
YOU READ MY MIND  
I COUNT THE  
STARS ABOVE  
WHILE YOU TRY  
TO ~~WIDE ASIDE~~  
~~THE CLOUDS~~.  
WHAT IF LIFE  
IS A DANCE  
WITH A CLOUD?  
DESIRE JUST A  
FACE IN THE CLOUD

Some dreams  
come in - fold  
in strings over  
the second chorus  
quietly.

E 80722 1



# WHEN I WAS A KID

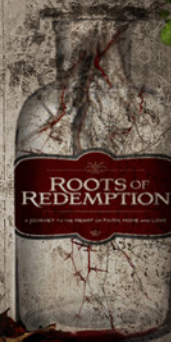
I DREAMED OF TEACHING.  
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS LATER  
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I AM  
ACTUALLY LIVING OUT THAT  
DREAM. IT'S NOT WHAT I  
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. AT  
THE AGE OF EIGHT, HUMILITY,  
JOY, RAW NERVES AND AN  
OVERWHELMING SENSE OF  
RESPONSIBILITY TO GET THE  
FACTS RIGHT NEVER ENTERED  
INTO THE EQUATION. THE  
POSSIBILITY THAT PEOPLE  
WOULD ACTUALLY LISTEN  
AND APPLY THE KNOWLEDGE  
IN THEIR OWN LIVES WASN'T  
A CONCEPT I UNDERSTOOD.  
NOW, WHEN I LOOK OUT AND  
SEE PEOPLE GASP AT IDEAS  
AND EPIPHANIES IT MAKES  
ME FEEL VERY SMALL.





# ROOTS OF REDEMPTION

STANDING COMPONENTS





## SECTION: PERSONAL STORIES



...SO THIS ELDER COMES UP TO ME AND SAYS, 'YOUNG MAN, I HEAR YOU'VE PURCHASED AN ALBUM THAT IS OF THE DEVIL. WILL WE NEED TO TALK WITH YOUR PARENTS OR DO YOU WANT TO HAND IT OVER? I MEAN THE BAND WAS CHICAGO FOR CHRIST-SAKE! WE'RE NOT TALKING LED ZEPPELIN HERE...

-NATHAN, PASTOR'S SON

the  
n isn't  
r church-  
g, anti-  
shment,  
what-I-found  
eological  
ase looking to  
the tradition  
blished  
n.



DOCUMENTARY FILM WOULD BE CO  
the event being covered. This one gathers peo  
ionate-zealot to dyed-in-the-wool-atheist. I  
versations with everyone who has a hand  
ght of what I've discovered, to bring  
rately. While it is an uncovering of  
ring, anti-establishment, look-w  
established religion. It is a por  
imately, the film leaves the  
verse the long and wind









# I WAS SEVEN

WHEN I SAW STAR WARS FOR THE FIRST  
TIME AT THE DRIVE-IN. THAT WAS THE  
DAY MY INNER WORLD CHANGED. MY  
FATHER WAS A TRADITIONAL MAN  
WITH PURITANICAL LEANINGS AND HE  
WOULDN'T ALLOW US KIDS TO SEE THE  
FILM; SO ONE OF MY MOM'S FRIENDS  
TOOK ME TO SEE IT WHILE MY DAD WAS  
AWAY ONE WEEKEND. AS I WATCHED THE  
STORY UNFOLD ON THE BIG SCREEN,  
MY IMAGINATION WAS UNLOCKED. AS  
SOON AS IT CAME OUT ON TELEVISION  
A YEAR OR SO LATER I RECORDED  
IT ON AN OLD CASSETTE RECORDER  
AND WROTE DOWN THE ENTIRE SCRIPT  
VERBATIM. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN  
THINGS WOULD START GOING SIDWAYS  
IN MY SOCIAL LIFE AS I GREW UP.





## INT. - MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT

*Over the shoulders of Chewbacca and Han, we can see the galaxy spread before them. Luke and Ben make their way into the cramped cockpit where Han continues his calculation.*

### HAN

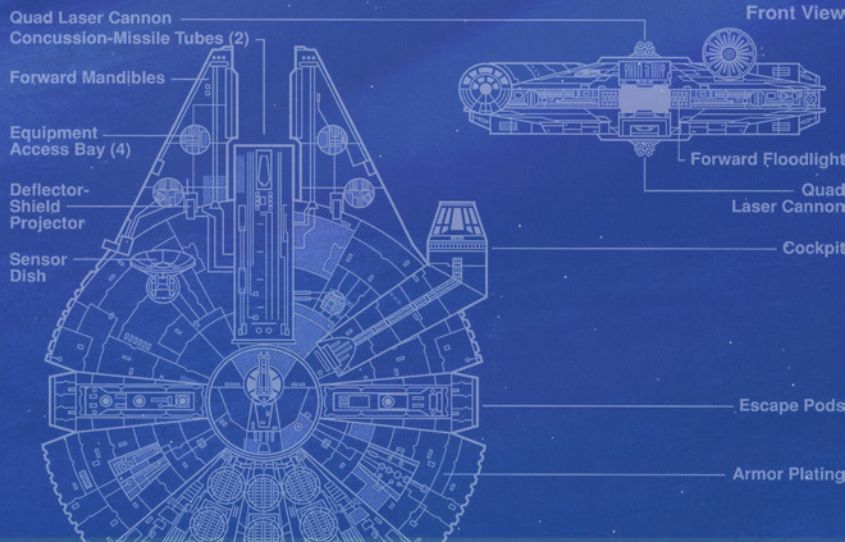
Stay sharp! There are two more coming in; they're going to try to cut us off.

### LUKE

Why don't you outrun them? I thought you said this thing was fast.

### HAN

Watch your mouth, kid, or you're going to find yourself floating home. We'll be safe enough once we make the jump to hyperspace. Besides, I know a few maneuvers. We'll lose them!








Am  
march  
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battles, m  
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Borgia

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**LIFE IS A SHADOW ON A SUNDIAL  
HANDS SPINNING 'ROUND A CLOCK, TICKING DOWN  
THE END \\ LOVE IS A TEARDROP IN THE OCEAN \\  
A BLANK PAGE IN THE FIRE; ASHES IN THE WIND  
AND I CAN SEE THE DIM REFLECTION OF THE STARS  
WITHIN THE SKIES \\ WHERE EXCITEMENT AND  
CONFUSION BOTH COLLIDE WITHIN YOUR EYES \\  
WHEN WHO WANT AND WHAT YOU DREAM ARE  
NEITHER HERE NOR MEANT TO BE \\ YOU'RE NOT  
ALONE AND COME ONE DAY YOU SHALL BE FREE  
FEAR IS A VOICE WITHOUT A SONG A STORY WITH  
NO ENDING, A DREAM WITHOUT THE NIGHT \\ PAIN  
IS A LOVE THAT BURNS IN SILENCE A WORD SPOKEN  
IN SECRET, A HOPE KEPT FROM THE LIGHT OF DAY  
I CAN HEAR THE VOICE OF REASON SHOUTING DOWN  
THE SONG OF GRACE \\ WHERE DESPAIR AND DEEP  
DESIRE ECLIPSE THE LIGHT UPON YOUR FACE \\  
I ONCE STOOD WHERE YOU ARE STANDING TAKE  
MY HAND AND COME WITH ME \\ I PROMISE YOU IN  
THE END YOU SHALL BE FREE**



# The sky is falling.

## THE WORLD IS BURNING.

*We are decaying; everyday one step closer to worm food. It appears that the source of this carnival of corruption had been gestating in the belly of a talking snake and was born when it struck up a conversation with a couple of unwitting passersby. Don't get defensive. I'm just telling you what I've been told. Do I believe it? Well, as it happens, the answer to your question will fill the remaining pages of this book. All I know is that when we were first given life by our Creator we were home. And now we aren't. So, it seems to me the object of the endgame is to get back there. To Return. This book is not a map to the gates of Eden. It's not a star-chart to Heaven. Most will rightly tell you only one Book has that distinction. Of course, even that Book only works to the degree you know what it means. And most who tell you the Book is map of the Master Plan can't even tell you what it says let alone what it means. It should perplex the hell out of us. So, if you understand most of what the Book says and that it means what you've come to believe that it means, then the one you hold in your hands isn't for you. If you are just as stymied as I am - and, like me, you won't be satisfied until you are as close to the truth as you can possibly be without having already Returned - then I wrote this book for you.*







JOHN SILVER

REDEEMED FOR  
**RETURN**

prospect sep 22  
9 business  
Post Factory



Know  
has  
Bee

Nocturnal



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always  
n



Journal

解卷第三  
三十三  
三十三

J. Scher




THIS ENTRY (AUGUST 1990) WAS  
THE PRECURSOR TO *THE UNREQUITED*  
(J.J. SILVER | R.E.D. ENT. | 2014)

LOVE IS A DANGEROUS GAME TO PLAY  
WHEN YOU ARE **YOUNG**, MY FRIEND. HEARTS  
HELD TOGETHER BY DESIRE WILL COME  
UNDONE IN THE END. PAY ATTENTION TO THE  
SIGNS, HEED THE **WARNINGS** AND REMIND  
YOURSELF TO STILL YOUR RACING MIND.  
DON'T GIVE IN WHEN YOU FIRST FEEL THE  
RUSH OF **ENERGY** UNLEASHED WHEN YOU  
SEE THE ONE YOU **WANT**.

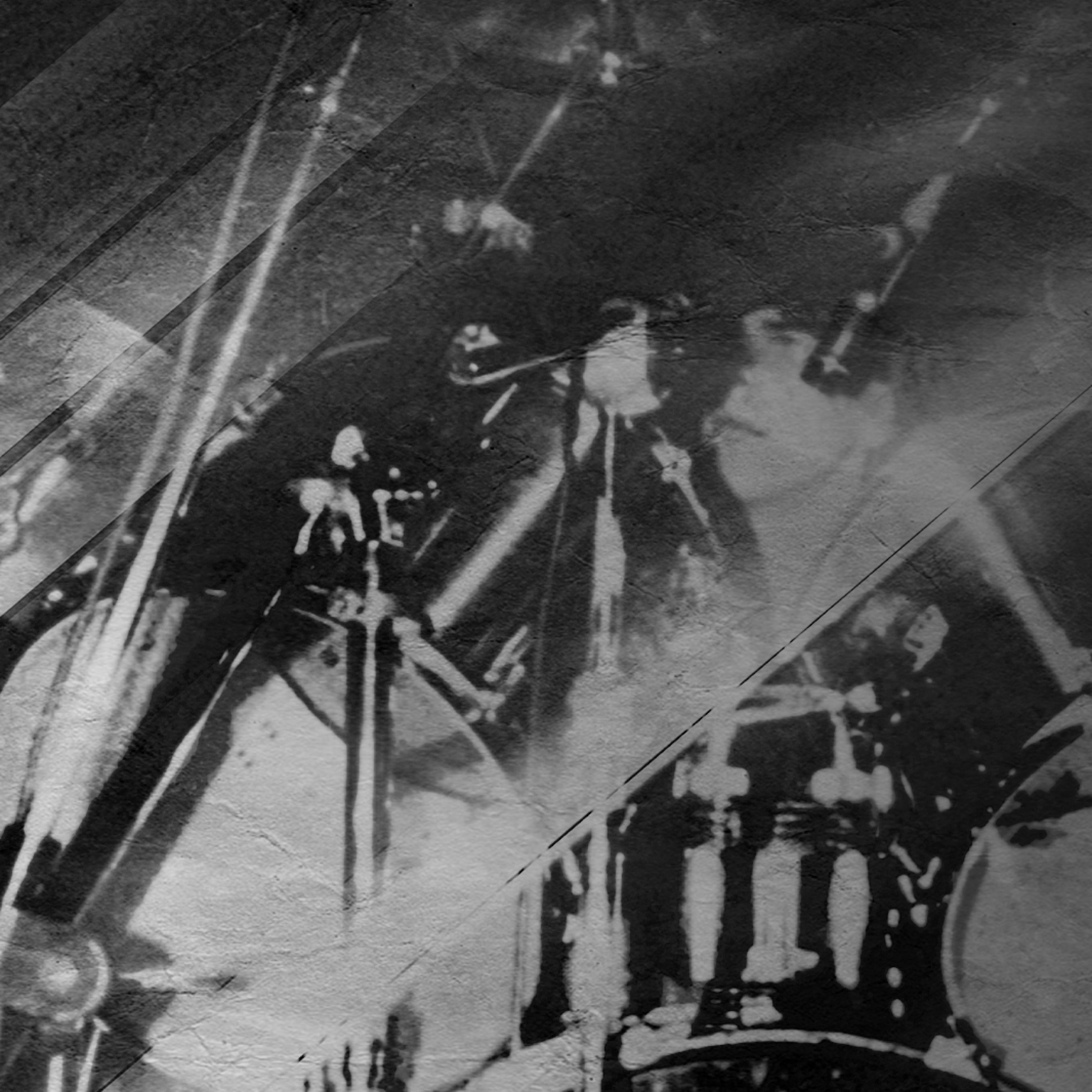




A surreal, artistic photograph. On the left, a dark, jagged rock formation extends from the bottom towards the center. A person is falling from the edge of this cliff, their body disintegrating into a large, billowing cloud of small, brown and orange particles, resembling dust or ash. The background is a vast, hazy sky with a bright, glowing light source (the sun or moon) on the left, creating a lens flare effect. The overall color palette is muted, with greys, browns, and a hint of teal in the upper left.

*Of all of the ailments that plague humanity, fear is the strongest and the bloodiest. But the most vexing and debilitating? Limerence. It is a drug shot into your veins when you're not holding a needle. It is a circus in the mind of a zen master. It is standing at the gates of hell when you can't remember sinning. Limerence is a mesmerizing train wreck. Limerence is everything a 'crush' aspires to but has no hope of becoming. Limerence is as real as ADHD but even fewer people believe it exists or that you can suffer from it. It is predictable but never arrives on schedule or departs soon enough. Limerence is the Autism of the Heart.*







SITTING IN THE STUDIO FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN YOU'RE A PIMPLY-FACED SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SHOULD BE UNNERVING. IT WASN'T FOR ME. I FELT LIKE A RACEHORSE WAITING FOR THE CHUTE TO OPEN. I SAT BEHIND THIS MONSTROUS TAMA DRUM KIT, POPPED ON THE HEADPHONES AND UNLEASHED A VIOLENT ASSAULT ON THE SNARE DRUM. IT SOUNDED LIKE A CANON IN AN AIRPLANE HANGAR. I WAS LIT UP, OFF AND RUNNING!

AND I  
NEVER  
LOOKED  
BACK

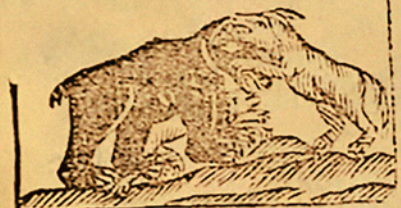




# ОБЪЯВЛЕ

къ No 46 Московскихъ Вѣдомос

**АХ. ПО.**



Въ африкѣ  
засланою, се  
е. въ воскр  
дешъ проп  
породъ мед  
скими соба  
дашками;  
пробоваше  
рыбнаго  
рая пусти  
жатель надѣлся, что она къ удивленію  
жашъ звѣря ногами и грызашъ зубами. Он  
выцано сигнальными ракетами. Начало  
тамъ обыкновенная.





Н I E

тей 1834 года.

еатръ, что за Рогожскою  
его Юнаго и 11 числа, п.  
сенье и понедельник, бу-  
ходишь праявля разныхъ  
вѣдей лучшими меделяп-  
ками и англійскими мор-  
тъ первый разъ будетъ  
и азіатская лошадъ на сви-  
большаго медвѣдъ, кото-  
и на всей волѣ. Содер-  
о зрителей будетъ пора-  
ачааь, праявля будетъ из-  
въ 5 часовъ; цѣна мѣ-

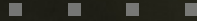




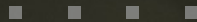




# *In the End*



EVERYONE STANDS BEFORE ONE OF TWO THRONES.  
IF, WHILE YOU WERE HERE, YOU ACCEPTED THAT  
A LOVING, ETERNAL FATHER SITS UPON ONE OF  
THEM YOU WILL FIND HIM THERE. IF YOU REJECT  
THAT NOTION OF GOD BECAUSE HE WAS CRUEL AND  
SADISTIC THEN YOU WILL STAND BEFORE THAT GOD.



IN FRONT OF THE THRONE OF THE  
**GOOD GOD**  
YOU WILL FIND ALL OF THE PEOPLE WHO EVER LOVED HIM



IN FRONT OF THE THRONE OF THE  
**MALEVOLENT**  
ONE YOU WILL FIND ONLY A MIRROR



# TODAY

• I STARTED MY FIRST DAY AT A •  
PUBLIC SCHOOL

IT WASN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT  
THESE KIDS AREN'T THE MONSTERS I HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IN  
PRIVATE SCHOOL

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I DONT KNOW WHAT THE WHOLE  
CONTROVERSY

IS ABOUT. I HAVE MADE FAR MORE FRIENDS HERE THAN I EVER DID IN THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS  
IT'S NOT THAT THESE FRIENDS ARE

# BETTER

THEY JUST SEEM TO BE MORE REAL - I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS





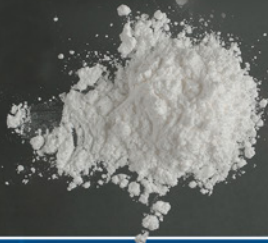
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POLAROID 32

1986



An addiction is a recurring compulsion by an individual to engage in some specific activity. The term is often reserved for drug addictions but it is sometimes applied to other scenarios, such as problem gambling and compulsive overeating. Factors that have been implicated in precipitating an addiction include: genetic, biological, pharmacological and social factors.



# OR IDEALIS

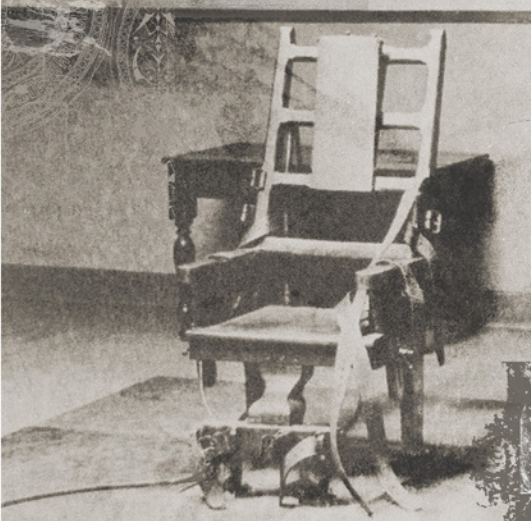
OTHER THE NARCOTIC BE ALCOHOL OR MORPHINE OR IDEALISM."

— CARL JUNG

# BUFFA

## STAY OF EXECUTION

THE GOVERNOR, HOWEVER, WOULD NOT COMMENT ON THE LIKELIHOOD OF A STAY BEING GRANTED TO THE PRISONER. IT APPEARS HE WILL BE TRAPPED IN THIS LIFE FOR SOME TIME.



15  
ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК

*Everything you've learned in school as "obvious" becomes less and less obvious as you begin to study the universe. For example, there are no solids in the universe. There's not even a suggestion of a solid. There are no absolute continuities. There are no surfaces. There are no straight lines.*

— R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER





## *A New Decree I Give to You...*

We take a political stand with a substance resembling faith hoping the unseen evidence will earn us a wink and a nod from the one we claim is the Author and Finisher of it. When, in truth, we agree He's the Author — but we're finishing what He started. We live in a city on a hill where we let our little lights shine so that young people who wake up in darkness every morning can catch a glimpse of hope. If only they didn't live so gosh darn far down in the valley below. Traveling in the wind and rain is not good for little lights. We believe in the righteousness of God so much that we'd rather die than put ourselves in the position of coming in contact with a contagion so unrighteous that - to our estimation - even God would be incapable of washing off our clothes. We believe in changing the world without first healing it. We stand for charity and offer the less fortunate and sandwich and a tract but no home because street people are unsafe and unpredictable these days. Good thing we're safe - and predictable. We are confident in the craftsmanship of our custom-forged Biblical armory. Yet every time we draw our double-edged Swords of the Spirit they keep cutting off our Belts of Truth. Thankfully for us, the Almighty invented duct tape. We believe Jesus saved us from hell by shedding His own scarlet-red blood. Thankfully for us red is the color of the Republican party.

WE ARE AMERICANS. WE ARE CHRISTIANS.

*But thankfully for me, I still have a purple heart.*



YOU'RE SO HOLLOW INSIDE  
YOU STRUGGLE TO COMMIT;  
YOU FIND IT HARD TO DECIDE  
WHERE THIS WILL END  
YOU'RE A CHARMER OF SOULS  
THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN;  
THE STAR OF THE SHOW  
YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND  
IN THE LIMELIGHT AGAIN  
NOBODY REAL IS EVER WATCHING  
BUT THE PEOPLE WITHIN  
YOUR MIND WILL DO  
WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR  
THE CROWD IS GOING WILD  
AND THE AUDIENCE DESERVES YOU  
THERE'S A HOLE IN YOUR SOUL  
JUST FILL IT UP WITH ANYTHING  
TO REGAIN CONTROL  
YOU MIGHT SUCCEED THIS TIME  
IF YOU'RE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH  
THE EMPTINESS INSIDE YOU  
JUST BELIEVE IN THE MYTH  
THAT YOU'LL BE JUST FINE  
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO GAIN  
DON'T DISTURB THE ANESTHETIC

TAKING OVER YOUR VEINS  
JUST DRIFT AWAY  
BUT WHATEVER YOU DO,  
REPEAT THE CYCLE DAILY  
FIGHT THE OBVIOUS TRUTH  
YOU'RE BETTER OFF THAT WAY  
YOU'RE AWAKE ENOUGH TO SEE  
THAT EVERYTHING YOU NEED  
IS OUT OF REACH BECAUSE  
YOU'RE PRIDE GETS IN THE WAY  
YOU'RE AT YOUR PLACE  
BEHIND YOUR DOOR  
YOUR BLOOD CRIES OUT FOR MORE  
THE MEDICATION THAT  
KEEPS THE WORLD AWAY  
YOUR CONSTANT LUST FOR SKIN  
WILL SEND YOU OFF AGAIN  
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING  
THAT YOU SWEAR YOU NEVER KNEW  
BUT IN THE MORNING WHEN SHE'S GONE  
YOU'LL FINALLY SEE SHE PLAYED ALONG  
SHE'S JUST AS EMPTY;  
SHE FEEDS THE WAY YOU DO -  
CONSUMES YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH





glitch.







Today we load the ships

DRIVEN OUT BY GODLESS TYRANTS

Our faith under siege

BY THOSE WHO GREATLY FEAR

What they cannot control

WINDS GUIDE US TO A NEW WORLD

The Devil keep the old one





**YOUTH MISSIONS**  
**CIUDAD DE**

**MEXICO**

**SUMMER '86**



MOM,

WE ARRIVED LAST NIGHT IN MEXICO CITY. WE  
SLEPT ON THE PENS OF AN OLD CHURCH THAT  
HAD A DIRT FLOOR. ALL THE WALLS HAD HOLES  
IN THEM. I PUT MY BOOK DOWN ON THE FLOOR  
FOR A SECOND AND A SCORPION RAN ACROSS THE  
COVER! I ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK! ANYWAY,  
WE ARE HAVING MAC & CHEESE TODAY BUT KEN  
FORGOT THE 'LECHE' (MILK) SO IT'S MORE LIKE  
MAC & POWDER. WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO FOR NOW  
BUT I'LL SEND ANOTHER LETTER SOON!

I LOVE YOU!





I'VE BEEN CATCHING NOTHING BUT SHIT LATELY FROM MY CREATIVE FRIENDS ABOUT BEING A CONSERVATIVE ARTIST. MOST OF THEM SEEM GENUINELY SHOCKED (AND THEN REPULSED) WHEN I GIVE VOICE TO ALMOST ANY OF MY POLITICAL VIEWS. BUT I LIKE TO THINK I HAVE A RELATIVELY OPEN MIND. THERE ARE ONLY TWO ISSUES THAT HAVE ME DIGGING MY HEELS IN: ABORTION AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM FOR CHRISTIANS EQUAL TO THAT GIVEN TO EVERY OTHER RELIGION. BUT ASIDE FROM THOSE TWO STANCES, I PREFER TO IMPLEMENT AN OBSERVE-AND-DECIDE METHODOLOGY TO SOCIAL ISSUES. BUT MORE TO THE POINT, WHEN DID MY COLLEAGUES COME UP WITH THIS CRAZY NOTION THAT SOMEHOW CONSERVATIVE ARTISTS AND MUSICIANS SHOULD TURN IN THEIR CREATIVE LICENSES SIMPLY BECAUSE WE STAND BY OUR CONVICTIONS AND DECIDE FOR OURSELVES WHICH SOCIAL ISSUES ARE MOST CONSISTENT WITH OUR BELIEF SYSTEMS?



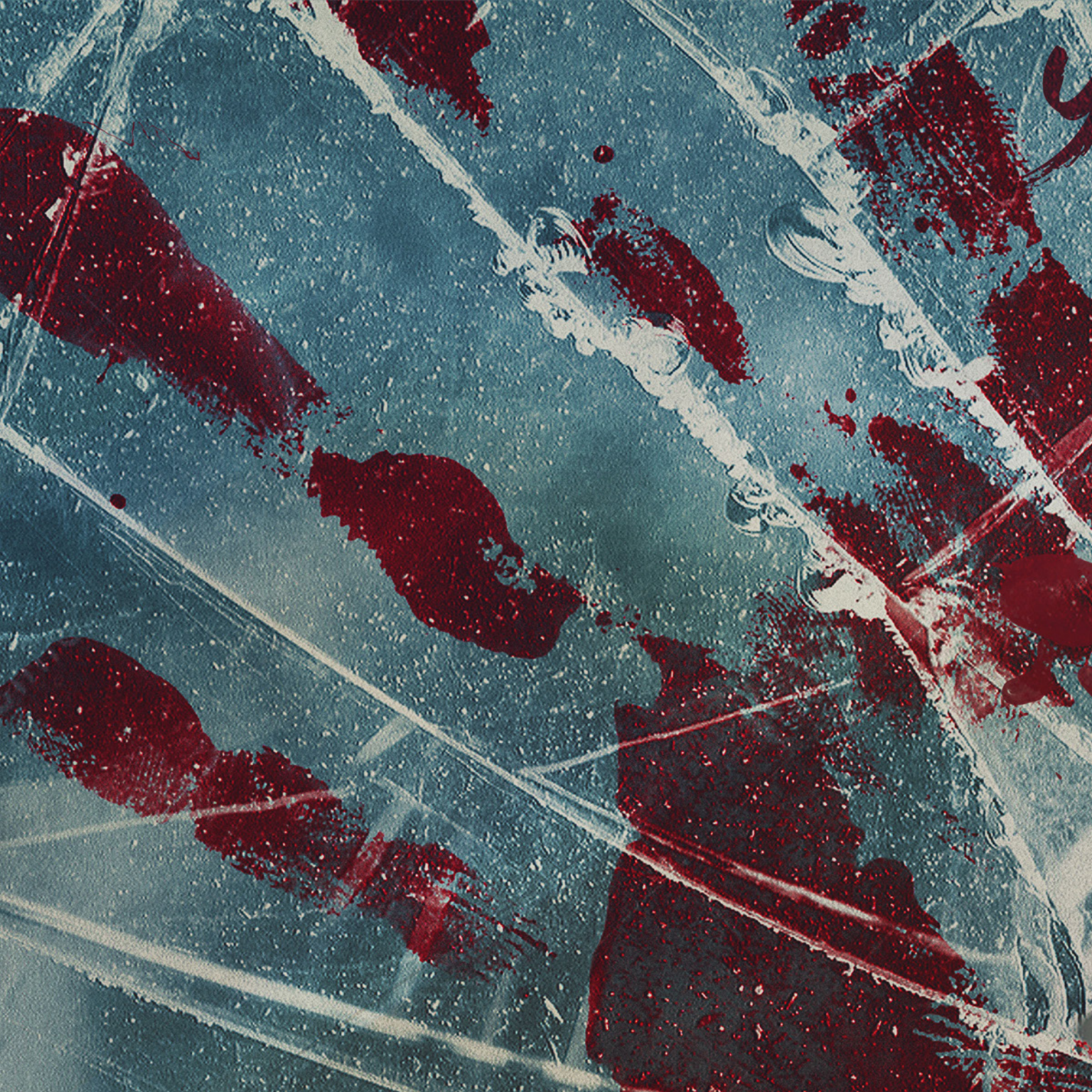
AUGUST 12, 1998

POWER COMPANY:  
Mr Silver, this is the  
third time this quarter  
we've had to disconnect  
your service.

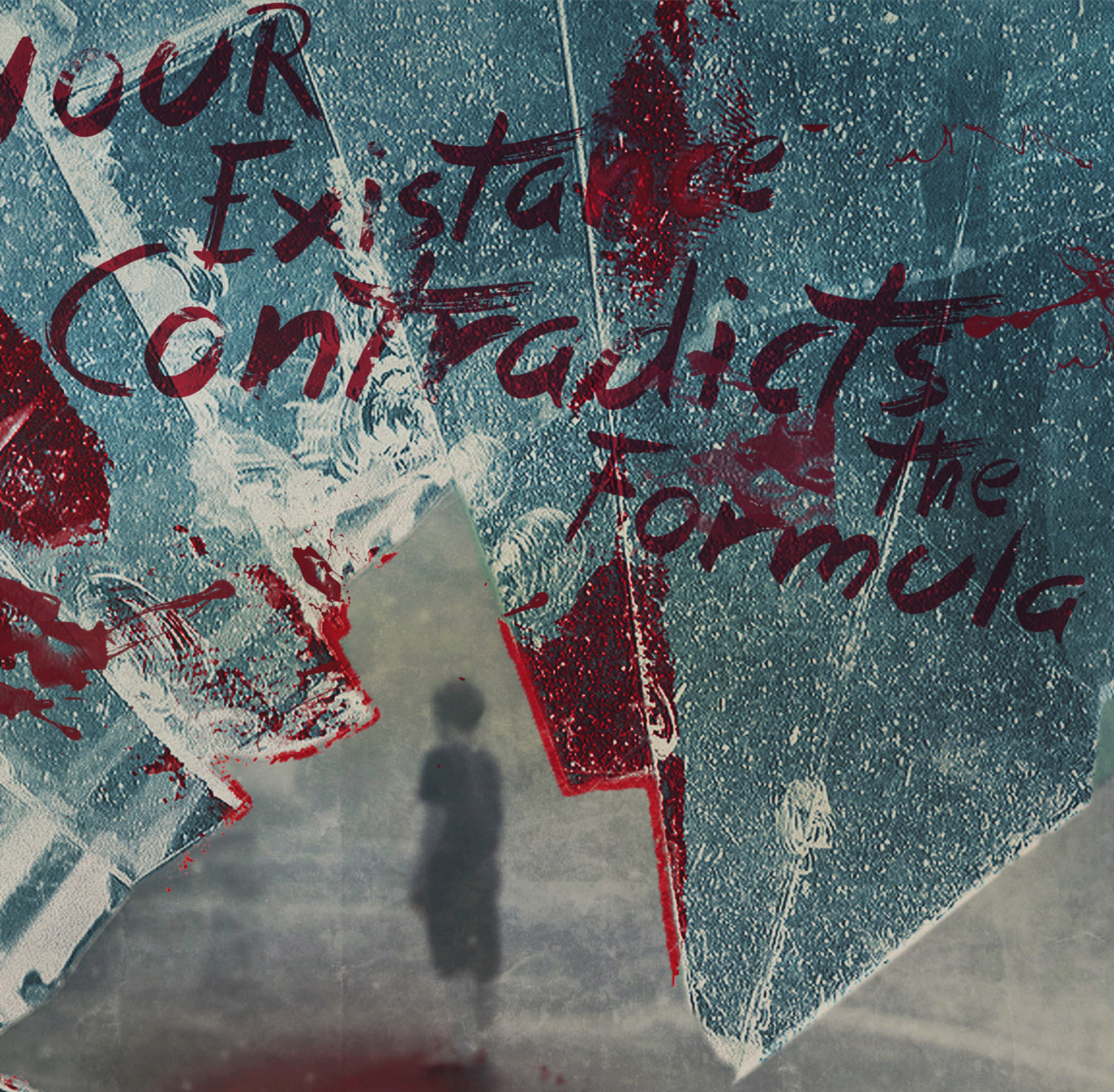
JOHN:

I understand. And I  
apologize. It's been a tough  
few months. I could save  
you the trouble if you  
would install a switch in  
here and I could disconnect  
myself when I'm late next  
time. Does that work?










YOUR  
Existence  
Contradicts  
the  
Formula









BEAUTY IS a NAME, A  
a TIME, a PLACE  
a heart THAT'S SLOWLY VANISHING  
W/OUT A TRACE

IT'S THE UNRELENTING TENSION WHEN  
YOU ROLL THE DICE - IT'S  
THE altar FOR YOUR SACRIFICE

BEAUTY HAS a PRICE; YOU PAY along THE  
WAY WHEN YOU WEAR YOUR  
VIBRANT COLORS in a WORLD OF GRAY

IT'S THE DEVIL'S DEFINITION of a HARMLESS  
spark - IT'S AN UNLIT CANDLE IN THE DARK.

BEAUTY is a MARK YOU WEAR;  
A JOKE YOU SHARE with all OF US WHO'VE  
FALLEN INTO disrepair. IT'S THE  
WINTER SUN LIGHTING UP THE  
frozen GRND; IT'S THE PALE HORSEMAN  
TOUCHING DOWN. BEAUTY IS A SOUND

YOU hear AS DEATH DRAWS near; IT'S  
THE INTOXICATING LIQUID IN THE  
atmosphere. IT'S AN OPEN

INVITATION TO THE hall of Fame -  
TO THOSE OF US WHO lost the GAME.

BEAUTY is a NAME.







I FORGOT TO FEED MY CAT THIS MORNING. I SLEPT IN FIVE MINUTES LONGER THAN I USUALLY DO. SUE ME! I GO TO SIT OUTSIDE TO WRAP UP A BIT OF WRITING. SWEET FRANKIE (OR AS I NOW CALL HER, 'LAMASHTU') COMES OVER AND SITS RIGHT AT MY FEET. WITHOUT WARNING, SHE DROPS A LIVE FIELD MOUSE BETWEEN MY SHOES AND PLOPS A PAW ON ITS HEAD. WHEN SHE IS SATISFIED SHE HAS MY FULL ATTENTION, SHE GRINS BROADLY AND LOWERS HER FIENDISH FACE TO THE HELPLESS CREATURE AND TAKES AN ELEPHANT-SIZED BITE OUT OF ITS STOMACH. THE MOUSE LET OUT A SQUEAL THAT I SHALL NOT SOON FORGET. BEING EQUAL PARTS FILMMAKER AND BOY, I CAN'T IMMEDIATELY LOOK AWAY. FINALLY, WHEN I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THE BARBARISM, I GO TO HER FOOD BOWL. EMPTY! SO, I REMEDY THIS AND TRY TO MAKE PEACE BUT DEAR OL' FRANKIE TOSSES (NO KIDDING) THE HAPLESS, NEAR-DEAD CREATURE INTO THE BUSHES, KICKS DUST AT ME WITH HER BACK FEET AS SHE PASSES AND SITS DOWN TO BREAKFAST...ER...LUNCH. NOW, I KNOW IN THE WILD ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR BUT I DO BELIEVE FRANKIE BECAME A MURDERER THIS AFTERNOON. AND I BECAME A 'YES' MAN.

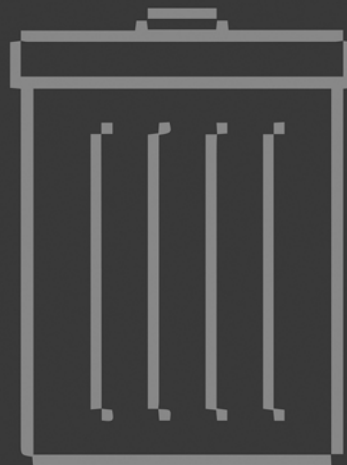
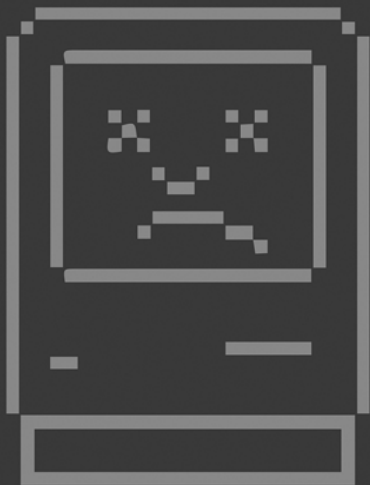
## La-maš-tu;

was a female demon,  
monster, malevolent  
goddess or demigoddess  
who menaced women  
during childbirth and,  
if possible, kidnapped  
children while they were  
breastfeeding. She would  
gnaw on their bones  
and suck their blood, as  
well as being charged  
with a number of other  
evil deeds. She was a  
daughter of the Sky  
God Anu.

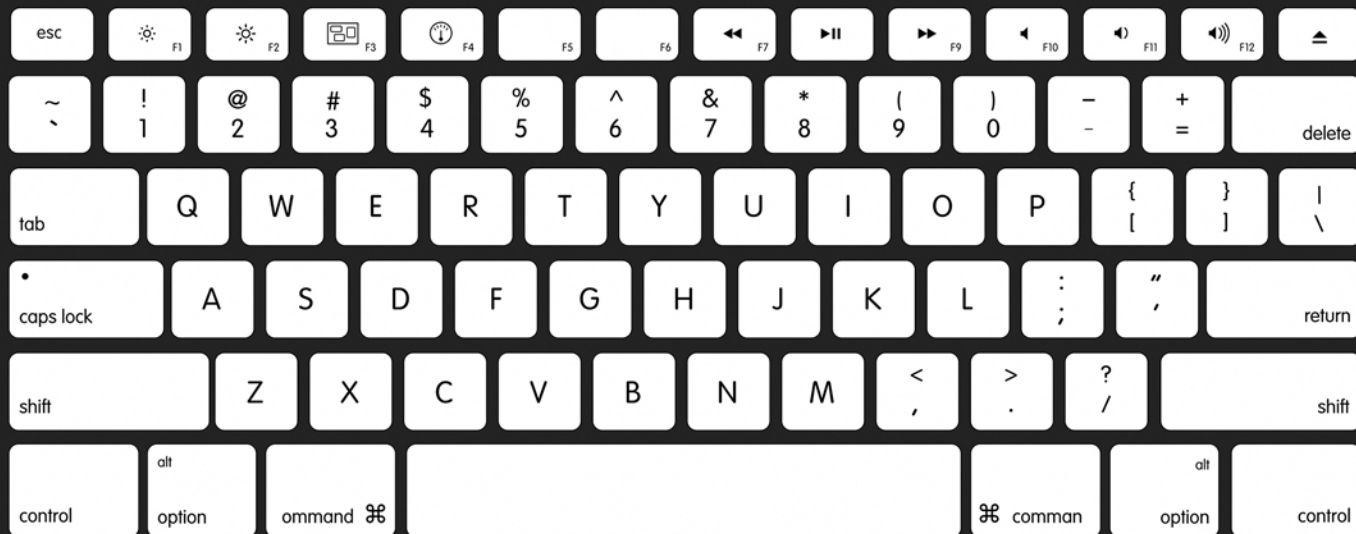
— AUGUST 2012



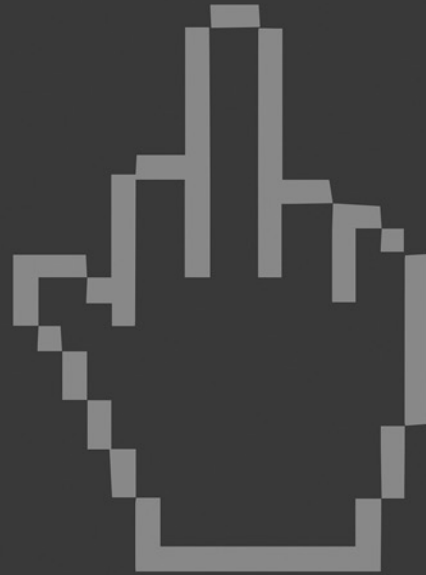
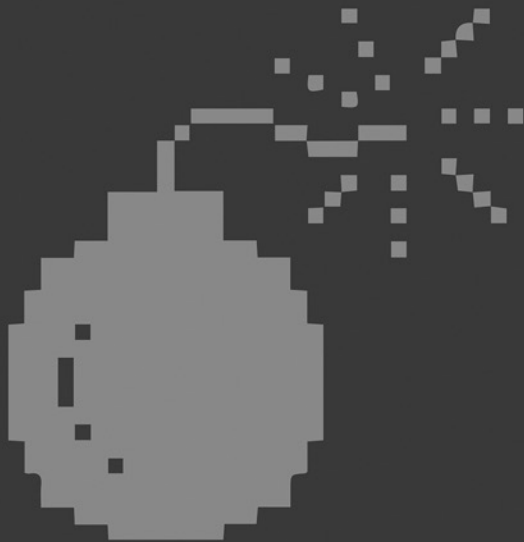




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IN 1988, I HAD MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH AN APPLE COMPUTER IN GRAPHIC ARTS CLASS. ON EVERY DESK WAS THIS SMALL, GRAY BOX BRANDED WITH A HALF-EATEN APPLE AND THE WORDS **MACINTOSH SE** BELOW THE SCREEN. TWENTY-SIX YEARS LATER, THOUGH THE MODEL NAMES HAVE CHANGED, I STILL DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THIS THING DOES.



I NEVER QUITE FIT IN WITH THE OTHERS IN MY YOUTH GROUP. EVERYONE SEEMED SO WRAPPED UP IN TALKING ABOUT SERVING GOD, BEING A GOOD WITNESS FOR GOD AND HAVING MORE OF GOD IN THEIR LIVES. I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT GOD THOUGHT I SHOULD BE DOING WITH MY LIFE. I KNEW HE HAD GIVEN ME GIFTS TO USE BUT I NEVER FELT LIKE I HAD PROPERLY SERVED HIM WITH THEM. I PREFERRED SECULAR MUSIC AND I GRAVITATED TOWARD NON-CHRISTIAN FRIENDS. YEARS LATER, I NOTICE HOW SOME OF THOSE YOUTH GROUP KIDS ARE NO LONGER INVOLVED WITH THE CHURCH. A FEW HAVE EVEN BECOME DOWNRIGHT HOSTILE TO THE NOTION OF GOD. BUT HERE I AM NOW, ACTUALLY ENJOYING MY TIME AT CHURCH AND SERVING IN WHATEVER CAPACITY I CAN BE USED. I'M NOT SURE WHAT THAT SAYS BUT IT SEEMS TO BE THE PATTERN OF MY LIFE LATELY. EVERYWHERE I LOOK: **ROLE-REVERSAL.**



# THE BOOK OF MATTHEW

## The GOSPEL according to St. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER I. \* of Jesus  
the son of David, & the son of  
Abraham.

1. In those days Joseph was betrothed to Mary a virgin, & before they came together she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

2. And when Joseph was minded to put her away secretly, he thought on these things, saying, I will not make her a public example, but will keep her, & the child shall be called the son of Joseph.

3. And Joseph was minded to put her away secretly, he thought on these things, saying, I will not make her a public example, but will keep her, & the child shall be called the son of Joseph.

4. And Joseph was minded to put her away secretly, he thought on these things, saying, I will not make her a public example, but will keep her, & the child shall be called the son of Joseph.

CHAPTER II.  
Now when Jesus was born, King Herod sought to slay him, & all the children of Bethlehem, & the vicinity thereof, because he saw that he was the Christ.

1. When Herod had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

2. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem, for thus it is written by the prophet, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, thou shalt be born.

3. And when Herod had privately called the chief priests and scribes, he said unto them, Go ye and search diligently for the child, & when ye have found him, bring him to me, that I may slay him.

4. And when Herod had sent the chief priests and scribes, they departed, & when they were departed, Herod sent his men to slay all the children of Bethlehem, & the vicinity thereof, with the young children.

CHAPTER III.  
Then Jesus came into the synagogue at Nazareth, & taught them, & they were astonished at his doctrine.

1. And he said unto them, I have come to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf, & to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf.

2. And he said unto them, I have come to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf, & to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf.

3. And he said unto them, I have come to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf, & to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf.

4. And he said unto them, I have come to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf, & to preach the Gospel to the poor, & to send the lame, the blind, the dumb, & the deaf.







Insuper libet super his scribere



**D**ilectus in  
ordines et dila  
scantem faba p  
sus dudu mi  
potius negam  
tribere solam  
felicitate vide  
regimine mor  
belli huius so  
et decemur  
ne aut illu de  
am de clamatone puallet ac milite plan  
matia honori ac digni coru am am  
mouens eos ut ut si formam ipm me  
bellu ipm ac ludum mitem de  
fante optinere hnt autem libellu de  
hogar de offiis nobilit si ph m m l  
Ordinatus precedit ante ipm opus  
posu ut quid in eo segitur & tractatu  
quatuor ipm opus lector ille nouent  
him & tractatus pmi de amla m  
Caplin pmi sub quo rege et

## BISHOP TAKES KING

I'm not sure what to feel about my church  
involving itself in politics. Snuffing out the  
life of an unborn child is abhorrent. True.  
But it's equally unthinkable that a  
Christian would throw a dead fetus in a  
doctor's face as he enters his workplace. It  
may not be as extreme but I wonder if  
legislating morality isn't also troubling to  
God. Jesus told his disciples,

Give to Caesar that which is Caesar's  
and to God that which is God's.

Which, in essence, means do what you must  
to be at peace with the government while you  
work on your own moral issues. Otherwise,  
the government is liable to make it very  
difficult for you to worship as you see fit. The  
separation of church and state is a delicate  
balance but it may be the most important  
ideal we have in this country. It should be  
honored by both sides.









# Triumphal

# RETURN

THE VICTORIOUS BATTLE TO RECLAIM AND PURIFY THE  
TEMPLE AND THE ALTAR WOULD RESULT IN SCORES OF  
LOST LIVES. BUT AS THE VICTORS ENTERED THE CITY THEY  
WAVED PALM FRONDS AND SHOUTED HOSANNA TO THE  
HIGHEST. HOWEVER, THEY ALSO NEGLECTED TO DEAL  
WITH THE SYRIANS IN THE FORTRESS OVERLOOKING THE  
TEMPLE AND IT WOULD SOON COME BACK TO BITE THEM.

EXCERPTED  
FROM MY  
ROOTS OF  
REDEMPTION  
STUDY NOTES  
ABOUT THE  
MACCABEES  
WHO FINALLY  
EXPULSED THE  
GREEKS FROM  
THE TEMPLE IN  
JERUSALEM.



I HAVE FINALLY DECIDED  
TO COUNT MY BLESSINGS. IT  
WAS EITHER THAT OR COUNT  
THE NUMBER OF DAYS I'VE  
BEEN HELD HOSTAGE BY  
MY OWN REGRETS. BECAUSE  
NO MATTER HOW HARD WE  
TRY TO CONVINCE OURSELVES  
OTHERWISE, ALL OF US ARE

*Counters by Nature.*

---

JOURNAL ENTRY, MARCH 1999



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J. Silver



T H E R E   A R E   O N L Y

# TWO FEARS

that have the power to freeze all of the operational centers of my nervous system if I dwell on them for too long. The fear of incarceration and the fear of going to war. Naturally, while some are drawn to horror films involving subject matter ranging from chainsaw massacres to houses inhabited by demons, I tend to gravitate toward movies where an innocent man gets framed and imprisoned or stories where an artistic and overly sensitive draftee heads off to battle and becomes the first casualty of the war. My list of fears isn't a short one but these two scenarios have been known to keep me up at night planning for my inevitable escape from the land of the living should anyone of them introduce themselves to me personally in any form outside of the boundaries of the silver screen. To have your freedom ripped away from you is bad enough. But the thought of being trained and then expected to kill another human being I've never met before — to me that's the stuff real terror is made of.





J. Silver



# PLAYED DRUMS AT A


*party with Allen and Josh tonight.*

THERE WERE OVER 200 OF US CRAMMED INTO A WAREHOUSE WAY OUT IN THE VALLEY. MIKE RIGGED UP A KEG OF BUDWEISER AND A DRINKING STRAW-TYPE-THING FOR ME TO SIT ON WHILE I PLAYED. BIG MISTAKE! AFTER THE FIFTH SONG (*I DON'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT*, I THINK) I PUT MY FEET UNDER THE KICK DRUM AND GOT DIZZY. I FELL BACKWARDS AND THE WHOLE KIT CAME DOWN ON TOP OF ME. I WAS LAUGHING TOO HARD TO SHOW JUST HOW PISSED OFF I REALLY WAS. THEN THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES SHOWED UP. THEY WERE PRETTY COOL ABOUT EVERYTHING AND JUST MADE US GO HOME. AT FIRST, I FIGURED THEY JUST DIDN'T FEEL LIKE FILLING OUT 200+ REPORTS ON A FRIDAY NIGHT. BUT LATER I LEARNED JASON'S DAD WAS ONE OF THEM. I GUESS SPOKANE IS THE GOOD OL' BOY CITY OF THE NORTH AFTER ALL.

— JUNE 1991







Last night I began the arduous process of committing to film the most intimate moments of my emotional life. After confiding in my therapist that I was usually in good spirits whenever I came to visit her but that I was a mess at night, we agreed that capturing the rough moments while I was experiencing them was the best course of action. Trouble is, when the darkness strikes I don't really feel like hitting the record button. In fact, I don't really feel like doing much of anything. But I did it anyway. And the same dynamic came into play like it does once I start doing something. I found it easier to go on with the 'confessional' once I got started. But after watching the two I recorded, I concluded that if someone who doesn't know me ever saw them, they might be inclined to believe that I was as despondent as Robert Smith (of The Cure, for those uninitiated with what I call the 'melancholo-goth' music of the nineties). So, here's to another episode of *The Lost Book of John: Unbound* which airs tonight on a broadcast network you probably don't have access to.

— APRIL 2014











J. Silver



# *I Have A Purple Heart.*

---

URBAN LEGEND SUGGESTS THAT BLOOD, WHEN EXAMINED UNDER PROPER LIGHTING, APPEARS TO BE BRIGHT RED — BUT IF YOU COULD CUT OPEN A VEIN WITHOUT EXPOSING IT TO OXYGEN, YOU MIGHT FIND ‘BLUE BLOOD’. FOR THE PURPOSES OF OUR STORY, HERE’S ANOTHER WAY TO LOOK AT IT: I AM LIBERAL-HEARTED AND CONSERVATIVE-MINDED. I JUST CAN’T BELIEVE WE CAN LEAD HEALTHY, PRODUCTIVE LIVES UNLESS OUR INCLINATIONS ARE TEMPERED BY COMMON SENSE.

*For instance, homeless people have been a blemish on the face of the earth to the patricians of every society since the dawn of civilization. Julius Caesar used it to his advantage. Give the poor and destitute what they need (or what they want depending on how desperate things are looking on the Senate floor) and make ‘friends on the street’ for life. The patricians (read ‘conservatives’) argue that generosity enables the riffraff to continue on existing in a state of unchecked debauchery. Plebes (read ‘liberals’) suggest that if you care for the down-and-out you are walking in the footsteps of Jesus and Gandhi (in secret, they also hope the altruism will someday be revisited upon them). So, how did Jesus handle this conundrum?*

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE RED IN ME, JESUS OFTEN WENT BLUE. I HATE BELIEVING THIS BECAUSE I AM LOATHE TO HAND MY LIBERAL FRIENDS A BLANK CHECK (OFTEN FOR GOOD REASON — BLUE PEOPLE ARE NOT GREAT WITH MONEY). ONCE, WHEN APPROACHED FOR MONEY BY A BEGGAR ON THE STREET, PETER REPLIED: “SILVER AND GOLD HAVE I NONE. BUT SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I THEE!” THEN HE PROCEEDED TO PREACH TO THE GUY. BUT JESUS NEVER TOLD HIM TO PREACH AND THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT JESUS WOULDN’T HAVE APPROVED (WE SHOULDN’T BE SHAKEN BY THIS; PETER WAS FOREVER DOING THINGS THAT MADE JESUS SCRATCH HIS HEAD). A CENTRAL TENET OF JUDAISM IN THE FIRST CENTURY WAS ORCHESTRATED AROUND CARING FOR THE POOR, THE WIDOWS AND THE ORPHANS. NO QUESTIONS ASKED.



TEN WORDS TO  
CALM A STORM





# FAGGOT! A FEW DETTAV HEARD YOU



I WAS WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL FOR LUNCH BREAK ONE DAY AND THIS CAR  
PASSES ME AND SOME KID FROM SCHOOL YELLS SOMETHING AT ME I COULDN'T  
UNDERSTAND. WHEN I GOT BACK TO SCHOOL, THE SAME KID, \*\*\*\*\* COMES UP  
TO ME IN FRONT OF MY FRIENDS AND SAYS 'I HEARD YOU CALLED ME A FAGGOT!'.  
I SAID, 'DID I?' HE REPLIED, 'YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO TALK SHIT ABOUT  
PEOPLE!' I SAID, 'DON'T I?' HE COMES BACK WITH, 'YOU SHOULDN'T SPREAD  
RUMORS, MAN!' TO WHICH I REPLIED, 'SHOULDN'T I?' AFTER A SHORT PERIOD OF  
SILENT TENSION \*\*\*\*\* SPOKE AGAIN, 'OH, WE'RE FIGHTIN', DUDE! WHY WOULD  
YOU BE SHOOTING YOUR MOUTH OF ABOUT SHIT YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT?' I  
SAID, 'I DIDN'T'. HE STARED AT ME BLANKLY AMIDST A THROG OF ONLOOKERS  
WHO HAD GATHERED FOR THE SHOW. THEN HE HELD OUT HIS HAND AND SAID,  
'ALRIGHT THEN, WE'RE COOL'. I GRASPED HIS HAND, SHOOK IT AND SAID 'WE ARE'.  
AT THAT, THE CROWD DISPERSED AND THE TEACHERS WHO, MOMENTS BEFORE,  
WERE SPRINTING TOWARD THE SCENE, BROUGHT THE THREAT LEVEL BACK DOWN TO  
DEFCON ONE. I TURNED AROUND TO SEE MY FRIEND, \*\*\*\*\* WITH HIS ARMS HELD  
OUT AT HIS SIDES IN DISBELIEF. 'SILVER, YOU SHOULD HAVE CLOCKED HIM!' BUT  
I THINK MY WAY OF HANDLING THINGS WAS MUCH MORE ENTERTAINING FOR ME  
THAN CLOCKING \*\*\*\*\* WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR \*\*\*\*\* NONETHELESS, I LEARNED  
SOMETHING ELSE THAT DAY. I LEARNED TO TAKE THE BACKROADS HOME. OH, YEAH  
- I ALSO LEARNED THAT I CAN BE AN ARROGANT PRICK SOMETIMES AND THAT  
\*\*\*\*\* PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE CLOCKED ME BECAUSE ABOUT TEN YEARS LATER IN  
A BAR SOMEONE ELSE WOULD. NOW I CHOOSE MY WORDS MORE....STRATEGICALLY.





## #47 · THE DOG DUDE

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If you frequent urban coffeehouses across the country you're bound to come across The Dog Dude. There are exceptions so pay close attention to the official description. In order to be The Dog Dude, the Dude will be over 50. He will be wearing either a wool sweater or a wool-lined jean jacket (if it's hot outside a NASCAR t-shirt is often substituted). The beer gut is optional but it helps increase the chances that you are actually witnessing this spectacular anomaly and not a cheap imitation. Now, we turn our attention to the most important element: The Dog. The Dog will be either a Mastiff, Newfie or St. Bernard. Any other breed and you may be looking at The Poodle Princess, The Shepherd Sheriff or, God help you, Chihuahua Charlie. If you see him, turn around and slip out sideways. If you've already ordered your latte, leave it. All I can say is that there is no way out of a Chihuahua Charlie conversation (which usually involves aliens and The New World Order). One of the most intriguing experiences that comes with an authentic Dog Dude encounter is listening in on The Question Game. Everyone loves a big fluffy dog (except for little boys who usually turn and run for the men's room which vexes me - but the numbers don't lie, folks!). To the right, I have listed the top ten questions and the answers to each as rendered by The Dog Dude, himself. In order of frequency...



**1) DOES HE BITE?**

"Only little boys and girls who ask questions!"

(This is followed by a forced Luciferian laugh).

**2) WHAT'S HER NAME** (usually asked by a little girl)?

"HIS name is..." (Typically, The Dog will be named Tiny, Sam, Beau or some combination of the three. I did know of one Dog named Capone which is cool but unfortunately bounces him right out of The Dog Dude category).

**3) CAN I PET HIM?**

"Sure! Why would you ask that? I mean, it's not like he's ever torn into anyone's flesh so badly that I had to perform an amputation and cauterize the arm socket with a curling iron a few years back in Raleigh, North Carolina. Nope! Nothing like that at all. You can just pet your little heart out!"

**4) I BET HE EATS A LOT!**

As this is not a question, The Dog Dude will only smile and nod sarcastically; a clear indication you are looking at the real McCoy.

**5) HOW OLD IS HE?**

(To a man) "Oh, 'bout eleven or twelve. Not that old". (To a woman) "Four years, 2 months and 3 days. How old are you, Darlin'?"

Here's where things start to a bit tricky for The Dog Dude because the Professional Armchair Dog Breeders (or PADB) begin to arrive from either the local PETA satellite office or a nearby Petsmart.

**6) OH, IS HE A...**(insert genus-specific Latin nomenclature here)?

"I don't think so. He's a mix of somethin' 'r other. Just a regular ol' mutt".

**7) AWWW! IS HE A RETIRED SERVICE DOG?**

"Retired from what service? He hasn't worked a day in his life! Who are you people?"

**8) CUTE CANINE! WERE YOU IN THE SERVICE?**

"Who are you asking? Me or him? I was in the service for twenty-five years! This mutt hasn't done anything for anyone! All he's done is eat and shit for as long as I can remember".

**9) (Asked by a coffeehouse manager) SIR, IS HE A SERVICE DOG? IF NOT, I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO PUT HIM OUTSIDE.**

"Yes! He's a retired cadaver dog. But he'll be back on duty in about two minutes if you don't get back behind the counter and put on another pot of Sumatra!"

**10) (Asked by a police officer five minutes later)**

**SIR, CAN YOU STEP OUTSIDE WITH ME?**

Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond my control, I never get to find out how this game ends. But it's always been entertaining to watch The Dog Dude wave to the nice officer with his middle finger extended as he and Tiny Sam-Beau peel out in his fabled 1978 Ford pickup. I do hope The Dog Dude makes it back in tomorrow.



وهو صنف لمرس  
لستوح على طهر



CESTOS  
YRONE

ADANTON

INDICEM

COSMICEAN

PSYCOTROPOS

THIASRIZA

pherophorion

Therioponon

phandonia

SIDCRITES

DYPRINION

hieracarinac

UETTONICADAPPL

SERRATULAMIEL

ALII

ALII

ALII

ALII

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قناوني

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الشبه  
الله  
شع كتاب  
المعرف  
ذهنه  
بخت معي  
الداخل  
الشبه  
الله  
شع كتاب  
المعرف  
ذهنه

TONICAC  
STROS

UETTONICADUOCANTCHUSCIRTUTIS

PRÆSCRIPTESUNT

EXHERBACUETTONICANASCITURINPRATIS

ETINMONTIBUSLOCISMUNDIS

CIRCAFRUTICESANIMASHOMINUMETCOR

PORACUSTODITNOCTURNASAMBULATIOS

a nocturnis ambulationibus







## ADMITTING TO FUELING A STEREOTYPE

isn't easy. But, like a lot of Americans, before I went to the Middle East, I subscribed to the notion that most Arabs were simply disgruntled and impoverished n'er-do-wells who set out to right every perceived injustice by harassing Israelis or blowing themselves up around as many people as possible. But once I saw the grandeur of some of the mosques in Israel and Egypt, I wanted to dig deeper into this ancient culture and see what contributions to progress might have come out of it. The religion of Islam I was prepared to cede as an acceptable form of cultural contribution and I even thought I might discover that it was originally a peaceful movement not unlike my own. Even literature would have been larger in scale in my opinion going in. After all, you'd expect that people of any book would have been masterful storytellers. But what caught me off guard was the enormous contributions to medicine and science. Not to mention those rendered to art and architecture. Of late, I am obsessed with the Islamic parchment manuscripts detailing medical and scientific procedures. My new favorite explorations are those that have me reverse engineering some of the more ornate illuminated texts of the 'Moorish' medieval age that brought hope to so many in the barbaric West of the day.



# *I've always wondered*

HOW I WOULD GO ABOUT LOOKING FOR A WEALTHY ARTS PATRON TO FUND ALL OF MY PROJECTS. HOW WAS THIS SORT OF THING DONE UP UNTIL NOW? AFTER A BIT OF LOOKING I FOUND WHAT AMOUNTS TO A DEFINITION OF SORTS. IN A LETTER, SAMUEL JOHNSON DESCRIBES A WEALTHY PATRON OF THE ARTS AS...

*“One who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, then, once the man has reached the shore, suddenly encumbers him with help”.*

SO, IT SOUNDS LIKE NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED.

— AUGUST 2000







# *Turkish Coffee*

IS A METHOD OF PREPARING UNFILTERED COFFEE. ROASTED AND THEN FINELY GROUND COFFEE BEANS ARE BOILED IN A POT, USUALLY WITH SUGAR, AND SERVED IN A CUP WHERE THE GROUNDS ARE ALLOWED TO SETTLE.

AT PRESENT, IT IS FOUND IN THE MIDDLE EAST, NORTH AFRICA, THE CAUCASUS, THE BALKANS, BALI, AND EASTERN EUROPE.





I had my first experience with Turkish coffee here  
in Akko (Israel) today Corbin (my nephew) and I were with  
our guide Sam Salem. We sat on a back deck overlooking the  
Mediterranean sea. All I can say is that this deep rich coffee  
is best enjoyed with apple flavored tobacco inhaled through  
hookah. Why apple? Well, I have no idea. I'm just saying, that  
both of those elements made for an unforgettable evening.  
We watched the sun set over the sea. The temperature was re-  
close to uncomfortable. It wasn't hot or cold. It just was. And









## OFFICERS

Rav Aluf	LT. GENERAL
Aluf	MAJOR GENERAL
Tat Aluf	BRIG. GENERAL
Aluf Mishneh	COLONEL
Segen Aluf	LT. COLONEL
Rav Seren	MAJOR
Seren	CAPTAIN
Segen	LIEUTENANT
S. Mishneh	SECOND LT.



“

THE IDF IS AN  
INTEGRATED FORCE  
WHEREAS THE AIR FORCE  
AND NAVY HAVE THE  
STATUS OF BRANCHES



*Mitznefit*

ISRAEL'S STANDING ARMY IS CONSIDERED BY EXPERTS TO BE ONE OF THE MOST FIELD-TESTED IN THE WORLD. Few protectorates can boast as many successes. It was messy at first. The Hagana and Palmach units of the 1940's were little more than community militias trying desperately to protect the tracts of land they either purchased or had been granted by way of UN resolution. Surrounded on every side by enemies, Israel is uniquely qualified to give advice on knuckle-to-knuckle battlefield engagement to and defensive tactics. Lately, the has army received a lot of bad press (mostly by western journalists who come to the table with a pro-Palestinian bent). But when you are perpetually attacked by those who live among your population, constant wariness about the motives of anyone who isn't a "Sabra" is the way day-to-day life unfolds. Are there embarrassing PR moments for Israel as a result of overly-ambitious soldiers and officers? Of course! At the end of the day, they are human beings. It's a shame the world expects them to be superhuman; If they fall short of that goal even once, they are treated like the world's dark horse. Nobody wins in the game of perception.



An addiction is a recurring compulsion by an individual to engage in some specific activity. The term is often reserved for drug addictions but it is sometimes applied to other scenarios, such as problem gambling and compulsive overeating. Factors that have been implicated in precipitating an addiction include: genetic, biological, pharmacological and social factors.



# OR IDEALIS

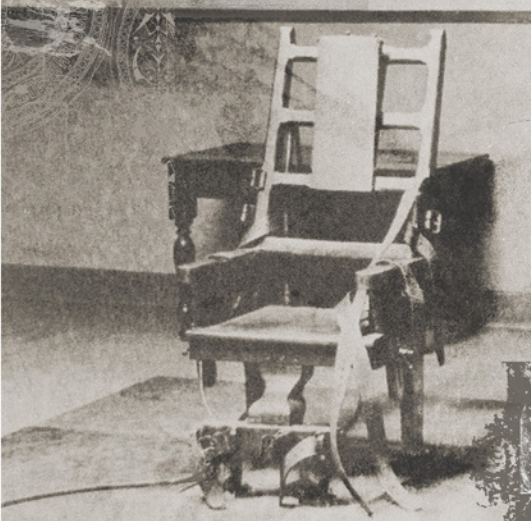
"WHETHER THE NARCOTIC BE ALCOHOL OR MORPHINE OR IDEALISM."

— CARL JUNG

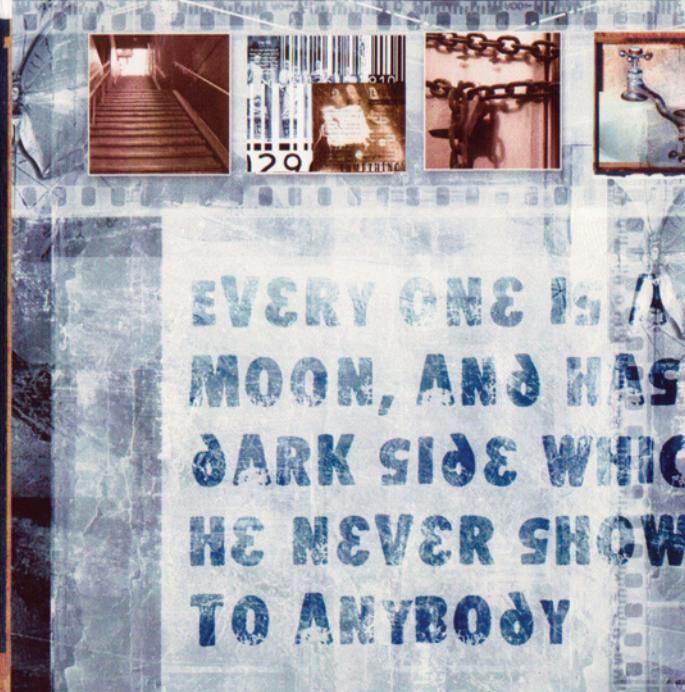
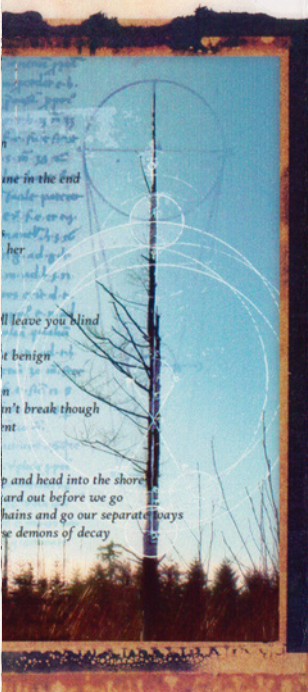
# BUFFA

## STAY OF EXECUTION

THE GOVERNOR, HOWEVER, WOULD NOT COMMENT ON THE LIKELIHOOD OF A STAY BEING GRANTED TO THE PRISONER. IT APPEARS HE WILL BE TRAPPED IN THIS LIFE FOR SOME TIME.



15  
ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК





FEBRUARY 12, 1996

# *When society judges a*

PERSON BASED ON LAWS IT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, HOW CAN THE JUDGMENTS HOLD WATER IN THE LONG RUN? I GET THAT OUR MORAL COMPASSES POINT NORTH (SO-TO-SPEAK) BUT WHEN WE DON'T KNOW HOW SOCIETAL RULES ARE PASSED DOWN FROM PEOPLE TO PEOPLE OR HOW THE LAWS WERE IMPLEMENTED IN EARLIER ERAS OR WHAT ISSUES THEY ADDRESSED, WE ARE SORT OF GRASPING AT STRAWS BASED ON A FEELING. FOR INSTANCE, HOW IS IT THAT THOSE WHO ARE OPPOSED TO ABORTION ALWAYS SEEM TO BE IN FAVOR OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

*As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, boils over and is at once dissipated, and vanishes and threats of heaven and sea, himself standing unmoved.*

— MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO



JERUSALEM, 70 CE. ON A WARM AUGUST NIGHT IN JERUSALEM, A FOOTMAN FROM LEGION V MACEDONICA FOLLOWS THE PRESSING THRONG OF LEGIONNAIRES OVER THE EASTERN WALL. WITH A HEAD FULL OF ADRENALINE AND A HEART FULL OF VENGEANCE, HE LEAPS OVER THE SOREG INTO THE TEMPLE COMPOUND. HE CLIMBS THE STEPS AND PASSES THROUGH NICANOR GATE AND WATCHES THE CHAOS UNFOLD. THE SOLDIER SEES A SMALL APARTMENT ATTACHED TO THE SIDE OF THE TEMPLE. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A SERVANT OF THE PRIESTHOOD DASHES OUT INTO THE MADNESS. WHEN THE SOLDIER NOTICES THE SERVANT HAS HIDDEN A SIZABLE AMOUNT OF TEMPLE TREASURE IN THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBES, HE EXCHANGES LIGHT FOR LANCE. WITHOUT BLINKING, HE TOSSES HIS TORCH ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE OPEN DOORWAY INTO THE APARTMENT, GRIPS HIS SPEAR IN BOTH HANDS AND GIVES CHASE. WHAT YOUNG QUINTUS RUSTICUS OF LEGION V COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE KNOWN IS THAT HIS ACTIONS THAT FATEFUL NIGHT WOULD CHANGE THE CENTER OF CIVILIZATION AND THE FUTURE OF FAITH FOREVER. AND JUST LIKE ALL OF THOSE WHO AFFECT TIME AND SPACE TO ANY REAL, TANGIBLE DEGREE - THE LEGACY OF POOR QUINTUS FADES WITH THE SETTING SUN. BUT HIS WORK LIVES ON. DAYS LATER, THE ONCE-MIGHTY TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM IS REDUCED TO ASHES BRINGING TO AN END THE PARAMOUNT JEWISH SACRIFICIAL SYSTEM AND USHERING IN SOMETHING FAR MORE — COMPLICATED.

— FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO ROOTS OF REDEMPTION



01



## PHARISEES

Called *P'rushim* in their native tongue, these teachers of the Law and Prophets were seen as representatives of the people and often clashed with the upper-class Sadducees.



02

## SADDUCEES

The Sadducees or *Zaddukim* (after high priest, Zadok) were more politicians than theologians. Often working with Rome rather than bucking them. They also rejected the idea of an afterlife.

03



## ESSENES

So disturbed by the impurity that had befallen Jerusalem, this sect made for the desert to live their lives separate from "The Others". The Essenes held to an apocalyptic view of Messiah.



04

## WAY-FOLLOWERS

Known as *H'Notzrim* by the Judeans, this upstart band of brothers followed their master, Yeshua, even after his crucifixion by Rome and continued on as a strictly Jewish sect until around 125 CE.



te potestatis usque in finem. Deinceps in. Deinceps  
uero repetit que p misit. et septem an et septem ae  
gelos que hos pposuerat singillatim singillatim usque  
p partes expositurus. Et septem an septem an haec in  
geli qui habebant septem tibus prebas pre et se ut  
parauerunt se ut canerent. Id est. Et septem preparat  
tem ecclesie preparauerunt se. Et p  
candum. Et primus angls

cecinit. et factus est grando

ignis mixtus in sanguine.

facta est ira di que habe

ret in se multarum

necem. Et missa

est in tra et

cia pars

tre con

busa est.

et cia

pars

arbor

arbor

multa

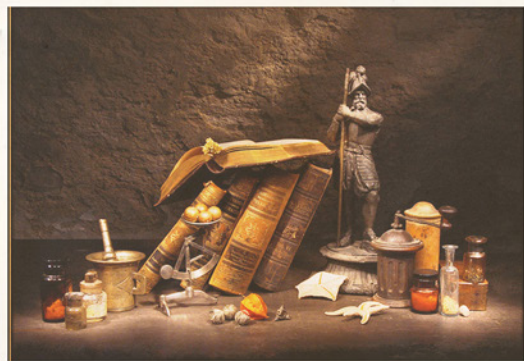
. Et mil

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est.



*My long-standing obsession with all things apothecary and alchemical began with THE ELDER SCROLLS game, MORROWIND. I was fascinated by the fact that in the game you could gather reagents and solvents and whip up potions to mend yourself and poisons to maim others. I even had a scaled down chemistry lab in my house for experiments. For potions of course. Certainly not for poisons — at least none that I care to admit to.*






One course of the black  
red elderberry shalt thou  
use upon the sores of the  
grave leper in thy midst.  
Draw upon thyself two  
course of the camphor to  
the staying of the white  
blight that followeth in  
faire stead so soon after  
shalt thy rest draw nigh

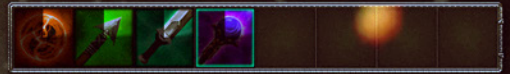






ONCE UPON A TIME,  
*I played a video game for so long in one sitting I was seeing red numbers in my sleep. But the most significant indicator that I needed a break was when I tried to pyro-blast a ninja-lootin' cop who wrote me a ticket for walking across the railroad tracks instead of the crosswalk. Obviously my magicka pool had been depleted because he slapped a ticket into my curled right hand, oblivious to the amount of deep concentration that dual-casting requires. Nevermind the cost of training the spell in the first place!*





**BATTLE MAGE**

JOHN JUSTIN SILVER

CHARACTER STATISTICS

**PRIMARY STATS**

MUSICIAN	90 (+8)
DESIGN	99
LITERARY	75 (+2)
SPIRITUAL	80
RELATIONAL	5 (-4)
EMOTIONAL	N/A

PERILOUSLY  
LOW ON  
MAGICKA

### CURRENT QUEST

#### THE FINAL JOURNEY

#### FIND THE GARDEN GATE

WELL DON'T MASTER SAGE YOU'VE DONE ALL THAT WAS REQUIRED OF YOU. YOU'VE COLLECTED A MASSIVE STORE OF GIFTS, BOUNTY AND KNOWLEDGE. BUT, NOW YOU MUST LEAVE IT ALL WHERE YOU FOUND IT. YOU WILL HAVE MORE THAN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH WHEN YOU REACH THE NORTHERN GATE. COME HOME, SON, AND FIND YOUR REST

### QUEST JOURNAL

#### INTO THE WORLD OF MEN

I HEARD THE TELL GARDENERS ABOUT LEAVING UP FOR MY FIRST QUEST. THE JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF MEN. BEFORE LEAVING THE GARDEN, I UNLOCKED THE GARDEN OF THE GATE TO GET THE "GIFT" THE GARDENERS PREPARED FOR ME TO USE ONCE I AM THERE. BY SEE A GREAT SUPPORT ALONG THE WAY. I HAVE BEEN TOLD TO SAY NOTHING TO HIM. I WILL AFTER THE WORLD OF MEN AS A CHILD AND CAN ONLY RETURN BEING ONCE BY BODY RETURN TO THE EARTH.

#### REWARD



**THE BREATH OF BABES**  
A CHILD'S FIRST DRAWN BREATH  
FEEL CLOTHED AND CARRIED FOR BY HAND AND WITHIN

**SPELLBOOK**

LANCE OF LAYS Enter upon Battle Shores	SWORD OF MALICE Breaks player's invincibility
STAFF OF SPECTERS Draw into the Ether	RING OF OBLIVION Erases all Memories
SPEAR OF REDOUBT Forces player to join	

TAB 1

PAGE 1

↑ SPELLBOOK

↓ SPELLBOOK







# THE MASSIVE AUROCH BULL STOOD

chewing its cud as it always had before. But this time, it was facing east rather than staring Isaac in the face like a mindless mule. Like before, the bull stood upon the brazen altar in Jerusalem. Isaac could see the order of Levites lined up behind the animal at the base of the altar. But tonight, something rather peculiar happened. Rising slowly from the other side of the bull was a silver menorah – each of its seven branches tipped with a red rooster feather. It wasn't until he came to realize that the menorah was attached to the head of a woman draped in white robes that Isaac began wishing he was somewhere else. Her head was covered in a white, linen scarf that wrapped around and concealed her lips. In fact, the only portion of her face not shrouded were two sapphire-eyes sunk deep into a face as pale as the moon. Once the deathly-white maiden had ascended the steps of the altar, the Auroch was the only thing separating the two participants in what was slowly becoming a nightmare. And just when Isaac thought it couldn't get any worse the atmosphere took on a sinister tone. The fabled Levite choir began singing with the fullness of ten legions of angels – in *Latin*. Isaac felt sick. The woman stared icy-shards into his soul and spoke in three different tongues with the voices of two men and one woman. Though Isaac only recognized one language, all three slithered their chilling counsel around his heart.

HIGHEST ABOVE, WE OFFER YOU THE BLOOD  
OF THIS ANIMAL IN EXCHANGE FOR THE  
FORGIVENESS OF THE SINS COMMITTED BY  
THIS TREACHEROUS YOUNG BOY. PLEASE  
ACCEPT OUR HUMBLE OFFERING EVEN AS HE  
REJECTS YOUR HOLY DECREES!



IN THE SKIES

TODAY

A Warning

YOU ARE JUDAH'S

DARK FORBODING.

IN THE STARS

TONIGHT

AN Omen

I AM ISAAC,

I AM Roman.







NECROSIS

1

2

CLOROSIS



LATERAL

3

4

MANGANESE

5

MIDVEIN





## WHILE THE HEBREW ROOTS MOVEMENT

in the West appears to be marching to the beat of its Evangelical counterpart, something new is stirring in the East. As much as a reinterpretation of ancient forms of music and worship can be called 'new'. Even more significant is the method of this exploration. In an effort to combine authenticity with art, young Israelis are reaching over the wall. This unique form of collaboration can only be found in places like Israel. It's true that Western artists are not strangers to cross-cultural collaboration. World music icon, Peter Gabriel, has built an entire record label around the idea. But while Gabriel and others scour the world looking for undiscovered musicians, only people like Yuval Ron actually risk their reputations — and even their freedom — by partnering with Iranian Muslims, Palestinian Christians and Orthodox Jews. In Israel, just getting a musician through a checkpoint for rehearsal can be an ordeal.









ETZ CHAIM

DEUS ERAT VERBUM

ARBOR VITAE

RUACH-ELOHIM

*Silence*



# ОБЪЯВЛЕНИЕ

№ No 46 Московских Ведомостей 1834 года.

АХ. ПО.



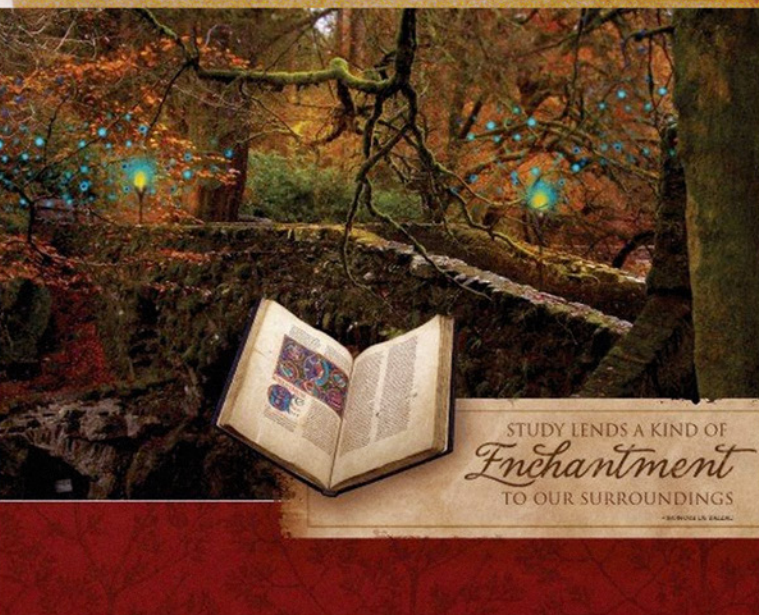
Из амфишестр, что за Роговского  
заставою, сего Июня 10 и 11 числа, по  
е. в. повелению и по указу, бу-  
детъ происходить, продажа разныхъ  
породъ медвѣдей, лучшихъ медве-  
дскихъ собаками и англійскими жор-  
данами; въ первый разъ будетъ  
пробоваться азиатская лошадь на сви-  
рьбайного большого медвѣдя, кото-  
рая пустилась на всей воли. Сoder-  
жатель издѣлся, что она въ удивленіи зрительской будетъ пора-  
жать зѣбра погами и грызть дубовы. О началѣ, продажа будетъ из-  
вѣщено сигналами ракетами. Начало въ 5 часовъ; цѣна мѣ-  
шала обыкновенная.



home '02







# STUDY LENDS A KIND OF *Enchantment* TO OUR SURROUNDINGS

—HERRICK LEE, ENGLAND

## *Sky Fall*

Beneath this tree, behind this stone  
I've found a place to watch the sky fall down  
I'm safely uninvolved.

You are always there to draw me out  
I'm a soul enslaved within this vicious cloud  
The rain becomes my savior.

Don't draw me out, don't call me out again  
Let me dream of things impossible and close my  
eyes to the anger of the sun.

Deny my breath, refuse your own  
You've found a place to cause the sky to fall  
I'm fearfully withdrawn.

Inside again, reside again  
You're so angry when you're on the outside.  
The rain withdraws its favor.

Don't draw me out, don't tear me out again  
Let me dream of things impossible and close my  
ears to the calling of the sun.

Inside I hide from blame.  
In here, secure from shame.  
Don't try to shatter my defenses.

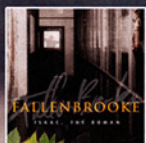
Outside it's much too cold today.  
Out there my valor slips away  
I need to keep within these fences.

Don't draw me out, don't rip me out again  
Let me dream of things impossible and close my  
heart to the warming of the sun.



After a great deal of thought and prayer, I have decided to go on hiatus. I am letting go of all of my creative endeavors, both professionally and personally to write what I hope will become the culmination of everything I have learned my short 34 year journey here on earth. Thank you all for 12 years of design business and for all of the fan support for the Fallenbrooke project which remains unfinished. It's been a hell of an experience! I will get in touch with each of you who have stood beside me throughout this season of change.

Both [johnsilveronline.com](http://johnsilveronline.com) and [fallenbrooke.com](http://fallenbrooke.com) will remain live sites but will not be updated. Please feel free to contact me at the links below.



PROJECT WILL  
REMAIN ON HOLD  
FOR AN UNDETERMINED  
PERIOD OF TIME







THE TWO OPENING  
TRACKS ON THIS ALBUM  
HOLD SPECIAL MEANING  
FOR ME. I WROTE THE  
FIRST SONG IN THE  
HOURS FOLLOWING MY  
FATHER'S PASSING. HE  
WAS FOND OF THE  
ORGAN, UILLEANN PIPES  
AND BILLY GRAHAM.  
THE NEXT SONG WAS  
WRITTEN SHORTLY  
THEREAFTER. I WAS  
AWAKENED BY A DREAM  
WHERE I FELT SCARED  
AND ALONE. JUST  
BEFORE WAKING UP I  
SAW MY DAD'S FACE - HE  
TURNED TO ME AND  
SAID, "NOT YET, SON -  
*Wait for the Dawn.*"





WAITING FOR THE DAWN II  
**THE ARRIVAL**

RUSH IN; IT'S YOUR FOR THE TAKING  
LAST CHANGE BETTER SWALLOW IT DOWN  
BREATH IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
YOU ONLY WANT WHAT YOU HAVEN'T YET FOUND  
YOU'RE FREE TO BE WHO YOU COULD NEVER BE  
WALKING SOFTLY WITH YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND  
COME ON IN THE DOOR'S WIDE OPEN  
JUST LEAVE YOUR HEAD OUTSIDE -  
COME TAKE YOUR HEART FOR A RIDE

WAIT FOR THE DAWN  
MISUNDERSTANDING IS JUST  
ANOTHER DOOR LOCKED WITHIN  
WAIT FOR THE DAWN  
NO USE PREDENDING  
THAT YOU WILL EVER  
FIND ANOTHER WAY HOME  
WAIT FOR THE DAWN  
YOU CAN'T STAY FOREVER  
AND YOU CAN'T START OVER AGAIN  
WAIT FOR THE DAWN

(ANOTHER LIFE FLIES OVER  
WHEN THE DARK SETS IN  
EVERYBODY WAITS WHEN THE  
HEART BREAKS FOR THE DAWN)

REST NOW; I KNOW YOU ARE WEARY  
EVERY ONE NEEDS A SECOND OR TWO  
HEARTS FORGED IN THE FIRES OF HEAVEN  
SPEND A LIFE TIME BEATING ON THE GLACIERS OF EARTH  
YOU'RE FREE TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN  
EYES OPEN AND THE SENTINEL GONE  
WELCOME HOME! THE FIRE'S STILL BURNING  
JUST LEAVE YOUR LIFE OUTSIDE -  
PUT ON THESE GARMENTS OF LIGHT





I DON'T FEAR  
DEATH







HALF AS MUCH  
AS I FEAR PAIN









Zildjian  
28 tip

27 YEARS AGO, I FOUND MYSELF SITTING BEHIND A  
DRUM KIT IN A STUDIO FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME

# I WAS 15

THAT SAID, LAST YEAR I DID SOMETHING I  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D DO; I BEGAN MENTORING  
ANOTHER DRUMMER. AS OF LAST WEEK, THAT  
SAME DRUMMER, CHRISTIAN THOMPSON, SAT  
DOWN AND RECORDED HIS FIRST DRUM TRACKS

# HE IS 15

THE UPCOMING ALBUM, 'INTO THE EVERAFTER' IS MY  
FIRST ATTEMPT AT COLLABORATING WITH OTHER  
MUSICIANS ON MY OWN PROJECT. CHRISTIAN  
BROKE GROUND BY BEING THE FIRST ONE OUT OF  
THE OTHER 28 MUSICIANS INTO THE STUDIO TO  
KICK OFF THIS YEAR-LONG RECORDING PROCESS



WHEN IT COMES TO MESSIANIC JUDAISM

# *One of the things*

*I noticed right off the bat was this cloak-and-dagger atmosphere surrounding messianic scholarship. In Israel, you might understand the precautions Jewish Christians take given the vitriol they are often subjected to by anti-missionaries there. But in the States, it can seem a bit arrogant — even paranoid. Inquiries for information even as mundane as a statement of faith are met with suspicion. Messianic congregations in general are a treat for the senses. The music, the tradition, the symbolism and the liturgy seem warmer and more celebratory than many of the evangelical services I grew up in. However, there tends to be an accompanying snobbery that comes with it; ‘You say JESUS we say YESHUA’. Not stopping to think that in the larger story, both euphemisms are wrong. Afterall, JESUS was his Greek/Latin name, YESHUA was his street name; The name his mom and dad gave him.*



ΗΣΥΝΑΞΙΣ ΤΩΝ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΗΝ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΝ  
ΚΑΙ ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΜΕΝΙΑΣ  
ΜΑΡΤΥΡΗΣ







## THE SKINNY



Studies have shown that reduced-fat drinks may not be as filling therefore consumers end up compensating for the lack of calories by eating or drinking more. We need a certain amount of calories in our bodies, people! Say it together: "Breve! Breve! Breve!"



## #32 · THE DRUG OF CHOICE

---

*Caffeine, like nicotine, is a stimulant. Throw 30mg of Adderall into the mix and you have a recipe for a 300-page novel written in 60 minutes or less. You can compose a concerto in a day or so and paint a few dozen 10x10' canvases inside of a week. Alright, I'm not saying they any of them will be perfect works of art but the story unfolds the same way. I know these things because I have undertaken all three artistic feats under the influence those same three drugs (before you start chanting 'meth-head' you should know that the latter was prescribed by a reputable physician). Sitting here at a coffeehouse in Seattle, it's interesting to see more than a few writers pecking away on their laptops and a handful of filmmakers pouring over a script. Eventually, I think I'll write a book about all of the things you see and hear in a place like this. That is, once I get all the other projects off my plate.*

JOURNAL ENTRY, SEATTLE, SEPT. 2011





THE AREA KNOWN AS  
THE FERTILE CRESCENT  
INCLUDES MESOPOTAMIA,  
THE LAND IN AND  
AROUND THE TIGRIS AND  
EUPHRATES RIVERS.



# FOUR RIVERS J.J. SILVER 2013

OUT FROM THE SACRED GARDEN INTO THE DESERT SAND  
ACROSS THE ANCIENT RIVERS TO WHERE IT ALL BEGAN  
OUT ON THE BARREN PLAINS ONE LONELY TREE ABLAZE  
SPEAKS TO A FRIGHTENED PROPHET THEN SENDS HIM ON HIS WAY

ANI HA'DEREK (I AM THE WAY)  
ANI HA'EMET (I AM THE TRUTH)  
ANI CHAIM (I AM THE LIFE)  
YERUSHALAYIM (JERUSALEM)

WE FOLLOW SMOKE BY DAY; WE FOLLOW FIRE BY NIGHT  
WE WALK AMONG BRONZE SERPENTS; DELIVERED FROM THE BITE  
UP FROM THE DEEPEST VALLEY INTO THE MOUNTAIN AIR  
WE CARRY HEAVY STONES; WE BUILD A CITY THERE

FROM THE DUST; FORMED BY HAND  
FROM THE GARDEN; COMES THE MAN  
ACROSS THE OCEAN; UPON THE SAND  
THEN UP THE MOUNTAIN; TO FOLLOW -

- THE GREAT I AM.

J. Silver







# WHAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE

# Jordan River

IT'S COLD. DAMN COLD! AND WHEN YOU ARE THE FIRST TO GET THERE - ARRIVING BEFORE THE SCORES OF CATHOLIC FAITHFUL - IT CAN MEAN THE START OF A PERFECT DAY. UNTIL YOU STEP INTO THAT WATER. I BAPTIZED CORBIN IN THE JORDAN ON HIS 13TH BIRTHDAY. IT REALLY WAS UNMEASURABLE IN TERMS OF BEAUTY AND PERSONAL SIGNIFICANCE. BUT I CAN HONESTLY SAY THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN A KID ACKNOWLEDGE JESUS AS HIS LORD AND SAVIOR, GO INTO FULL IMMERSION AND COME OUT OF THE WATER AND INTO A HOT SHOWER FASTER IN MY LIFE!

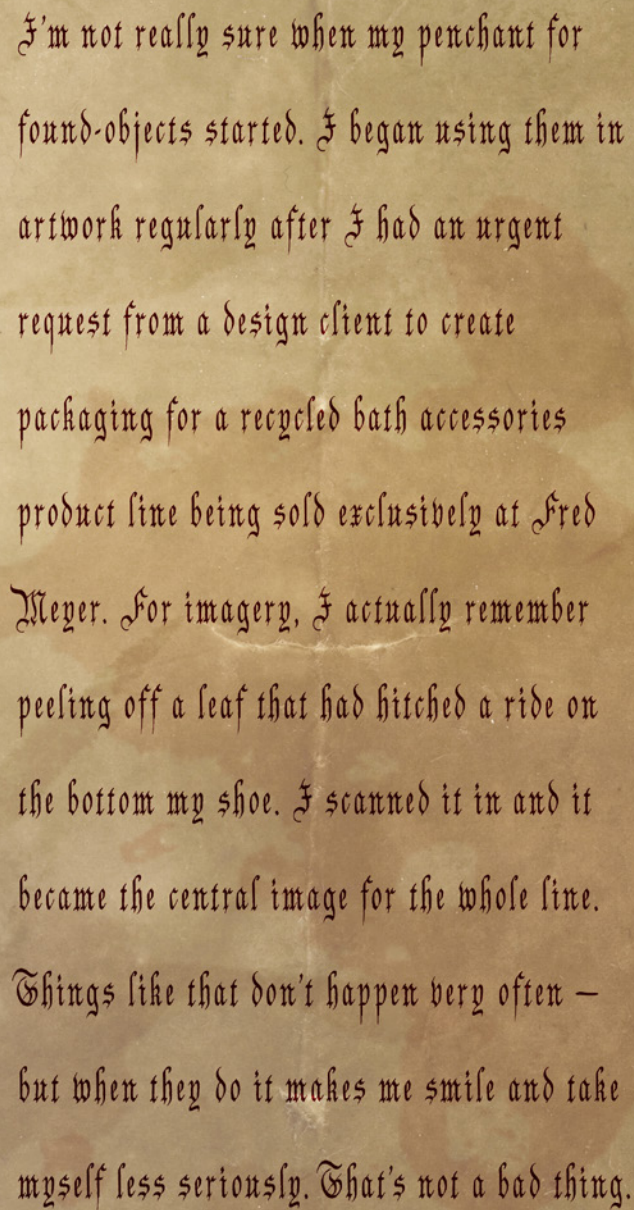


IT IS SAFE TO TELL THE PURE IN HEART  
THAT THEY SHALL SEE GOD, FOR ONLY THE  
PURE IN HEART WANT TO. — C.S. LEWIS


I THINK WE TEND TO MAKE things more complicated than they  
were meant to be. I can't tell you how many times I wondered  
whether or not I was actually saved. Many people from any  
number of denominations (and with very different motives)  
have suggested what it takes to know if you are saved. Some say  
sin less, others say read the Bible more. But Christ says this: "And  
this is the real and eternal life: That they know you, The one and only  
true God, And Jesus Christ, whom you sent." — John 17:1









The background of the entire page is a light, textured, off-white surface. It is decorated with several large, irregular splatters of blue ink. These splatters are most prominent on the left and right sides, with some smaller ones near the top center. The ink has a granular, marbled appearance with various shades of blue and some darker, almost black, spots.

**WHEN WE WAKE, WE**  
WONDER WHERE WE WILL  
WALK. **WHILE WE WALK,**  
WE WONDER WHAT WE  
WILL WITNESS. **WHEN WE**  
**WITNESS,** WE WONDER WHO  
WE WILL WELCOME. **WHILE**  
**WE WELCOME,** WE WONDER  
WHAT WE WANTED. **WHEN**  
**WE WANT,** WE WONDER  
WHY WE WOKE.

— APRIL 14, 2010



W



There are many who would call their mother a 'hero'. In the absence of a father (or in his presence if he is not much of one), a mother can serve as the sole inspiration for a child who many consider to be a dreamer. My mom was a classical pianist whose teacher and mentor owned some of the only original Mozart notations in existence. Dr. Hans Moldenhauer was a German-born pianist and composer. My mother came under his tutelage at the age of five. By the time she was 17, Dr. Moldenhauer had created a protégé and was ready to take her to Carnegie Hall. But then a man named Donald came along. He proposed to her. Moldenhauer's heart was broken. He called my mom's grandmother (who was raising her) and begged her to 'talk sense to Donna'. My great grandmother refused to stand in the way of love. Though she didn't know it at the time, my mother had chosen a life of heartache over a life of prestige and notoriety. She chose to suffer quietly. She is the exception to the rule. She is not a hero. She is the voice of God on earth in my ears (and my soul). She didn't ask for the job. God just gave her a child with a terminal illness (at least by medical standards in the 70's). Not only did she have to watch over me but she did so while working as an ER nurse's aid at the hospital where I spent the first four years of my life. She remained focused on providing care to patients and managed to maintain a professional rapport with doctors and nurses even as her son lay dying in the next room. Technically, this would be a conflict of interest but her bosses and co-workers allowed (and all but ran interference for) the inconvenience. It seems I was a popular distraction for more than a few of them. But more pressing demands on my mother's patience would come as I grew older. Even after the miraculous recovery, darker days lay ahead.











EVERY MAN MUST FIND HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS LEFT BY THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE. A DARKNESS LEFT BY THOSE WHO NOW LIVE FAR BEYOND THE REACH OF FISTED HANDS AND POINTED FINGERS.

TO CARRY ON, HE MUST LOOK INTO HIS OWN HEART  
AND TAKE HOLD OF THE

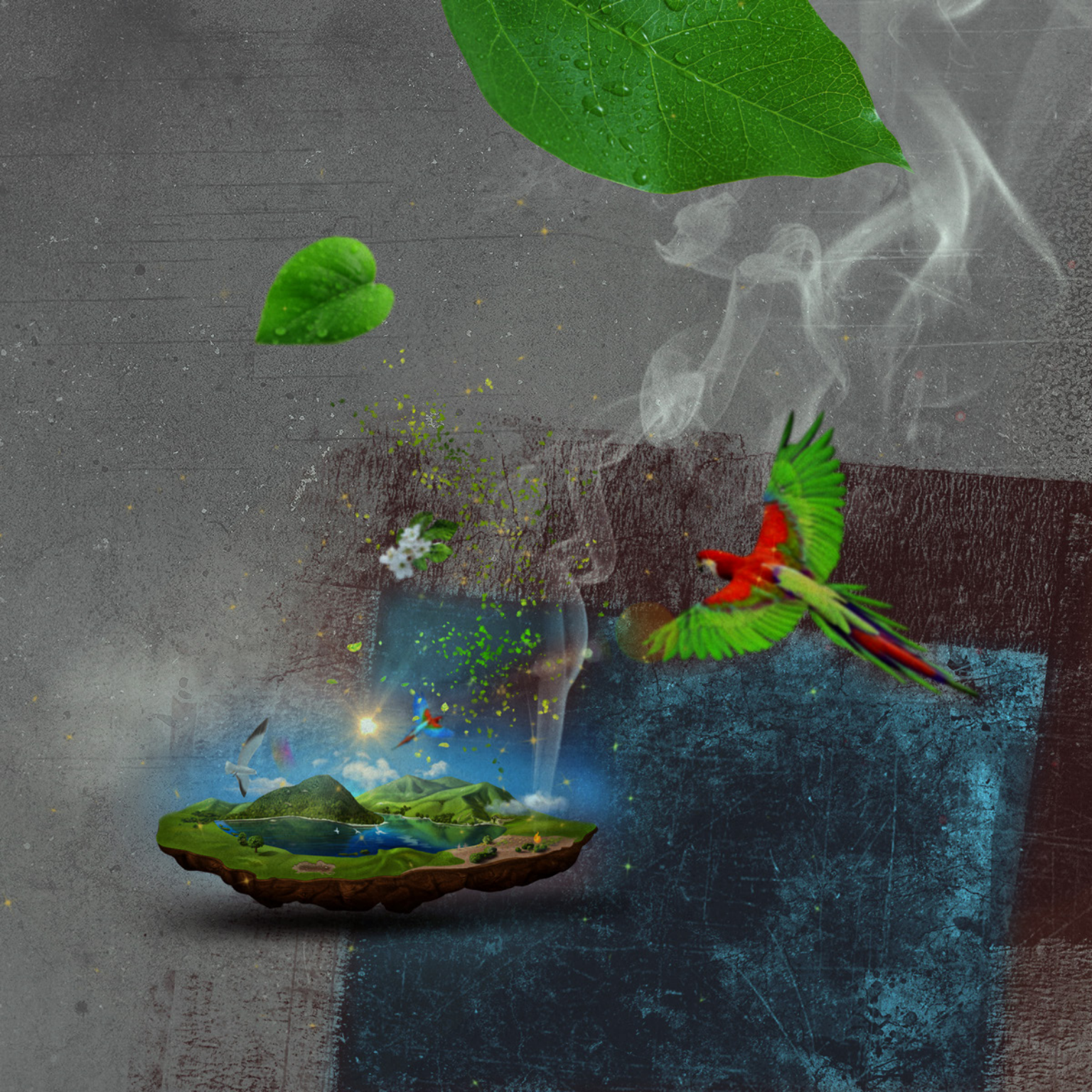
SPARK

HE FINDS THERE. AND WHEN THAT SPARK IS BROUGHT OUT  
INTO THE DARKNESS, IT WILL BECOME A FLAME

AND ONCE THE FLAME, SMALL AND INADEQUATE AS IT APPEARS, HAS  
BANISHED WHAT LITTLE DARKNESS IT CAN, AND JUST BEFORE THE FLAME  
BEGINS TO SPUTTER AND FADE, THE MAN WILL OBSERVE A CURIOUS WONDER;  
IN THE LIGHT THAT REMAINS, HE WILL BEGIN TO SEE THE FACES OF OTHERS  
PRESSING IN ON HIM. OTHERS CARRYING THEIR OWN FADING FLAMES. IF THE  
MAN IS FORTUNATE, HE WILL COME TO REALIZE THAT HIS WAS NEVER A  
SOLITARY SPARK. AND IN THAT MOMENT, THE SPARK THAT BECAME A FLAME  
WILL BECOME A FIRE. ONLY THEN CAN THE JOURNEY TRULY BEGIN.

FOR NO MAN CAN RETURN  
TO HIS CREATOR ALONE.







# Heaven

## IS NOT FOR ME.

NOT THE PLACE THAT WAS DESCRIBED  
FOR ME AS I GREW UP ANYWAY.

*Fluffy clouds; looking up, I've seen my fill of the under-bellies of plenty of them just by nature of living in Seattle. I can't imagine how things could look any different topside. Harps; they remind me of new age, crystal-carrying enchantresses who play weddings and rotary balls for extra cash. Gold is overrated and my surname renders any celebration of its worth a conflict of interest. Recently, I've been delving deep into the Jewish concept of the afterlife. This version suggests that we aren't going 'up there' at all. Heaven is coming to us. 'The World to Come' is a healed world. An earth restored to its former glory. It is 'Home' without talking snakes and forbidden fruit and curious children who pluck the latter having given the former an audience. Gan Eden (The Garden in Eden) was always a place I wanted to live. To my delight (and surprise) Eden 2.0 will be even better than its predecessor. Since my discovery of the possibility of this sort of afterlife, my sadness for the ones I love who have crossed over the ancient rivers into Paradise has turned to hope. My fear of death has diminished and now only the fear of any pain that might come before it remains.* — APRIL 2010








*Written in loving memory of my perplexing, frustrating, confusing, at times disappointing yet always well-meaning father, REV. DONALD R. SILVER.*

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER, DONNA, WHO HAS BATTLED AND BEATEN CANCER AND WHO CONTINUES TO OUTWIT THE DEALER OF THE HAND OF CARDS SHE'S BEEN PLAYING SINCE CHILDHOOD - IF NOT JUST TO KEEP HER CHILDREN OUT OF TROUBLE. ALSO TO MY INSPIRING, FAITHFUL, HILARIOUS, TALENTED, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, YET ETERNALLY-BLOOD-BOUND SIBLINGS AND EXTENDED FAMILY; NATHAN SILVER, MATTHEW SILVER, HEATHER SILVER (PARKER); CORBIN, CALEB, CELINA, CHRISTIAN, ALYSSA, BENJAMIN; RICH, MIKE, RANDY AND KERRI. TO MY YOUNGEST-OLDEST BEST FRIENDS SINCE BIRTH; NATE (AND REBECCA) MILDREN AND KIMMIE CORRELL (OLSEN). AND FINALLY, MY PASTOR AND FRIEND, AARON THOMPSON AND MY RABBI AND HEBREW MENTOR, OSCAR RICHARDSON.

*Without all of you, I would be without all of you. But more to the point, I would be an unhappy hermit carving cryptic phrases into the walls of a one-room cabin in the woods. THANK YOU, EVERYONE.*





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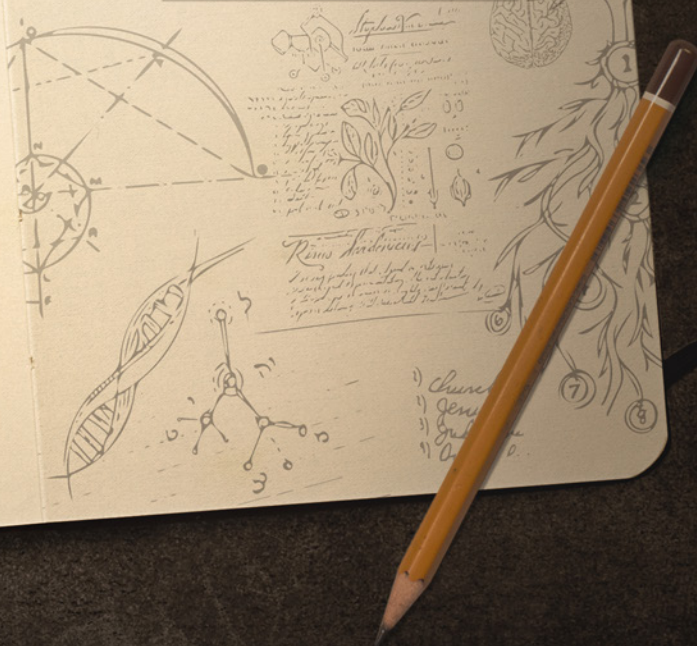
JOHN@THELOSTBOOKOFJOHN.COM | WWW.THELOSTBOOKOFJOHN.COM



JOHN SILVER IS A GRAPHIC DESIGNER, WRITER, DRUMMER, COMPOSER AND FILMMAKER. RECENTLY, HE WRAPPED UP TWO SHORT FILMS AS A CINEMATOGRAPHER AND IS FINISHING UP HIS FIFTH FILM SCRIPT. HAVING PLAYED DRUMS WITH BANDS ON EIGHT DIFFERENT STUDIO PROJECTS, JOHN WILL ENTER THE STUDIO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MARCH 2015 WITH TWENTY OTHER MUSICIANS TO RECORD HIS OWN PROJECT, INTO THE EVERAFTER. WHILE PERUSING THESE AND OTHER CREATIVE ENDEAVORS, HE HAS UNCOVERED A DEEP-SEATED PASSION: TEACHING. OVER THE COURSE OF THE LAST TEN YEARS, JOHN HAS PUT TOGETHER THE MOST AMBITIOUS PROJECT TO DATE. ROOTS OF REDEMPTION HAS BECOME HIS HEART AND SOUL. THIS DOCUMENTARY FILM, THE BOOK AND AN ACCOMPANYING DVD TEACHING SERIES TAKES US ON A JOURNEY THROUGH FIRST-CENTURY JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY AND TRACING THEIR CULTURES, LANGUAGES AND TRADITIONS TO THE PRESENT DAY. YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THESE AND OTHER PROJECTS BY VISITING [WWW.THELOSTBOOKOFJOHN.COM](http://WWW.THELOSTBOOKOFJOHN.COM).



John Silver





HEY, GENIUS! THIS IS THE BACK OF THE BOOK. THERE'S NOTHING HERE. ALL THE WORDS AND PICTURES ARE ON THE INSIDE. WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE LOOKING FOR PUBLISHING LOGOS? LIKE I'D MESS UP PERFECTLY GOOD LEATHER WITH A LOGO. TURN THE BOOK OVER AND OPEN IT UP AGAIN BEFORE SOMEONE SEES YOU. HONESTLY, THOUGH I APPRECIATE YOUR DEDICATION TO THE ART WORLD, THANKS FOR THAT. NOW, THEN...THE BOOK...TURN IT OVER.