



“In Their View, Epstein Was A Humanitarian”

by FMPADMIN6120 on AUGUST 3, 2020



Alex, as a mutual acquaintance once put it, is a force of nature. He's neither moral nor immoral. He can be either a strong friend or a very dangerous man. And so I wasn't entirely pleased to be hearing from him after twenty years. Most of the world presumed him to be dead over those years – there were gruesome stories in the news – but old spooks love their disappearing acts, and I was fairly sure his “death” was just that.

I spent some time considering the risks of meeting with a guy who used to kill for the government. But Alex is old now, at least in his seventies, and he hated his old employers: they railroaded him and stuck him in jail for several years. Beside, if he really wanted to kill me, he wouldn't contact me first, he'd just get some intel from whoever was paying him and strike from the shadows.

Still, I set up the meet on territory I controlled, which meant Jay's Bar. More than that, I stopped in a few days prior and discussed it with Michele. He reminded me of the revolver he keeps within reach.

And so I setup the meet and made my way over to Jay's (carefully) at the specified time. I barely recognized Alex as he rolled through the door in a wheelchair. I guess all the years of dangerous living caught up with him. I greeted him, we ordered a couple of drinks, and we moved over to a quiet table for some conversation.

“I was surprised to hear from you,” was my opening comment. “I didn’t really believe you were dead, but I didn’t expect to hear from you either.”

“Well,” he said with his characteristic frankness, “I’m lonely. I was in your town for a couple of days and everyone else who could understand my life is either dead, won’t talk to me, or too goofy to have a serious conversation with.”

“I’m sorry, Alex.”

He nodded, our drinks arrived and we each took a swig. I decided to get the conversation going. “So, of all the crazy things going on this year, what interests you?”

He smiled. “Probably your dead countryman and his girlfriend.”

“Ah, Epstein and Maxwell... did you ever have business with them?”

“No. I knew someone had taken over the kiddie porn blackmail, but I didn’t know it was them.”

He waited for me to confirm I understood his reference, which I did, unfortunately. It’s the kind of story that makes you feel tainted as you drive home.

“Yeah, I know... You’re new in Washington, you’re invited to a party, you wake up in a back room and find a picture stuffed in your pocket... it’s of you and a ten year-old naked together.”

“Right. They used poor but pretty kids that they kidnapped. But after that King guy got caught, and with all the stuff Gunderson published, they had to close it down. That’s when they brought your countryman in.”

I really didn’t like the “countryman” reference. Almost every Jew on the planet wishes Epstein had been anything but. Still, it wasn’t worth fighting over.

“A smart sociopath who wanted to play in the big game?” I asked.

“Yeah, something like that. A math whiz; the New York money guys brought him in. He and the Maxwell girl combined and took over her father’s money operations.”

“That and the pedophile thing.”

“No,” he said, “*not* pedophile. That was the change Epstein made.”

“What do you mean? They were using underage girls.”

“From their point of view, Epstein was a humanitarian.” My mind reeled for a couple of seconds. “These weren’t kidnapped kids, like it was before. These were gullible and

desperate teenage girls from poor and messed-up families. They weren't forced; they were seduced."

I had to admit that he had at least half a point. The whole thing was still horrid, and in a way it made me feel more sorry for the girls, but I still wanted to get to the other side of the conversation. I was starting to feel dirty.

"Okay, fair enough, but what about the money operation?"

"Well," he said, "that's what they're really afraid of. If the Chinese or Russians or several others find out what they were doing, a whole lot of operations will have to roll-up, and fast. That's why they killed Epstein. I'm sure this Maxwell woman made arrangements before coming in, but they'd like to kill her too. If they can remove her, the whole thing becomes a lawsuit between estates, and that can be handled."

"A friendly judge settles it quickly and quietly?"

"Yes. Then the records are tucked away and a tragic fire destroys the lawyer's storage room a few years later."

I nodded, having seen that scenario before.

"Unfortunately for them, too many of the yokels are paying attention to this, and so maybe she'll catch cancer in a year or two."

I was feeling a bit less dirty, but not all that much. But I did come up with an idea.

"So, this guy was trying to play Sidney Reilly?" I asked. (Reilly was called "The Ace of Spies," and pulled off deals that people are still trying to untangle.)

At that he laughed. "Yeah, I'm sure of that much. He wanted to be smarter than all of the operators. He probably was, but he pushed too far, and didn't do anything about that reporter in Miami."

At that point I had enough nastiness and didn't want to get into killing reporters.

"He toggled between the Americans, the Brits and the Israelis?" I asked.

"Yeah. And bad for you, whatever's exposed on this will probably will trace back to Israel; they're the low man on the totem pole."

"Great... just what we need."

"Yeah, I know," he said, "it gives the crazies one more reason to hate you."

"Yeah," I groaned back. Then I excused myself to the bathroom and asked if he wanted another drink. I'll give you the rest of the conversation next time.

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* As I've noted before, the stories I set in Jay's Bar are fictional, although based upon real people and events.

Paul Rosenberg - freemansperspective.com

"You Guys Are Gonna Win"

Written by [Paul Rosenberg](#) Date: 08-11-2020 Subject: [Social Engineering](#)



*Paul Rosenberg - Freeman**Q**s Perspective*

(continued from last time)

I got back from my bathroom-and-bar escape, determined to move the conversation in a less unpleasant direction. And I had noted that Alex wasn't wearing a mask, even though the bar – at the governor's demand – had a sign up.

"You're not worried about the virus?"

"Listen, I can't have sex anymore and I have three serious health issues, any one of which could kill me within a few days. I'll be checking out within a few years. I'm not going to spend my time living in fear. Screw that."

"Sorry," was all I could find to answer.

"It should be good for you, though." I looked at him in some confusion. "Your enemies are shooting themselves in the foot, don't you think?"

That cheered me up a bit. "Well, at least in some ways... shutting down the schools interrupted the greatest source of compliance inertia they had."

He nodded. "How many families do you think will start homeschooling now?"

"I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised if it ended up in the millions. Very definitely they pushed anyone thinking about it over the edge into action. Lots of previously uninterested people will be pushed into it as well. However much they trash-talked it before, they want their kids to learn. Video teaching won't work very well, and two-days-on-three-days-off would be a scheduling nightmare... not to mention the prison camp rules the CDC is promulgating."

"Well, that's how I see it too. One of my old contacts is predicting ten million homeschooled kids within the next two years... along with lots of universities crashing and burning."

I had to have been smiling, because he noticed and smiled with me.

"You guys are gonna win you know."

Alex and I worked together at a cypherpunk project, so I knew what he meant by "you guys."

"Maybe not you personally – it'll still take some time – but your stuff will win in the end."

"Tell me why you think so," I asked. "They've interrupted their mass conditioning of the children, and that'll have big effects in a decade or so, but what else?"

"Well, money, of course. You guys finally got your crypto coins working. I know they'd like to kill it, but doing that would come at a huge cost these days... and you guys would work around it anyway. They couldn't even get rid of pot (cannabis) after throwing a trillion dollars at it. How are they gonna get rid of sound money once theirs goes unstable?"

"I don't think they really can," I said. "They'd have to trash the Internet, and the intel bosses would never allow that."

"Right," he said, "they're cooked, and they know it... or at least some of them do."

"There is one big problem remaining, Alex." He looked at me and waited. "Mass surveillance plus Big Data."

"I figured you guys would solve that."

"Oh, we've solved it. The problem is that no one's willing to pay for it."

"How much does it cost?"

"Not a lot. Two hundred bucks per year."

He looked shell-shocked.

"On top of that, there are a ton of garbage sites promising the same thing, for cheap or free."

"So, the world is being destroyed with the 'free candy in the car' scam?"

"Yeah, pretty much. A few serious people come to us, but a tiny percentage."

He sat frozen for a moment, then got angry.

"Then you guys had better do something about it!"

"I'd love to, Alex..."

"No, you don't understand. If they get their way, it's the worst of Orwell and Huxley put together!"

"I know, Alex. I've written books about it."

"Then you'll have to do more! I have a dozen nieces and nephews, and I don't want them growing up in that [crap]!"

I agreed with him, but I can't force people to admit that Google and Facebook are vampire parasites.

"Look, Alex, they're in too deep. Until they feel serious pain, maybe even face death, they'll defend their previous investment... they'll just keep saying, 'Isn't hurting me!' My partner and I are holding the door open for anyone who wants to escape, but how do you convince people of something they don't want to see?"

He sat silently for a minute or so, thinking.

"Okay, look," he finally said, "the happily hypnotized are getting old and dying. The young are no longer finding a glitzy world to hypnotize them, and those in-between are being seriously disappointed. Those people are going to start waking up. Pain does that."

I said, "Well, that's true, but they find solace... they find status and meaning... in Facebook. And they get an endorphin rush from anything that's free."

"So..." he paused in thought, "The new concentration camps have 'Free Shit' written over the gates rather than 'Work Makes You Free.' Is that it?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"I don't care!" he said fiercely, "You guys have to figure something out!"

I began considering 12-step programs for Facebook addicts. He sat silently, letting me think. After a bit I raised my eyes again.

"Listen," I said. "We're trying and will continue to try. And we're open to ideas; we already tried several without success. Check with your network, and if you come up with anything, you know how to find me."

He nodded and muttered a sort of "okay." I'm not sure I'll hear from him again, and it would certainly be odd to take ideas from a guy in that profession, but these are strange times, and I try to take good ideas no matter where I find them.

We talked a little bit more about old friends. Then I helped him into a cab and watched him drive off into a foggy night. It seemed fitting.

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