

HOLLYWEIRD

Temples of distortion



HOLLYWEIRD Temple of Distortion

Prologue – The Theatre and Its Purpose

Why does such a theatre exist? Why are entire industries bent toward corruption? Why do rulers, financiers, and stage-masters pour endless resources into a machine that devours even its own?

Because distortion cannot live in silence. It must be staged, broadcast, celebrated. Left unperformed, it dies. Left uncelebrated, it collapses. So the theatre exists — not as art, but as survival.

And look where the flood of resources flows: toward the youth. Billions are spent to capture the young before they can awaken. Songs, films, idols, screens — every frame calculated to distract them from the real world and their true inheritance. The goal is simple: corrupt innocence before it learns what it carries.

But here is the deeper truth: such effort would never be spent unless there was something of infinite value inside us. A treasure worth silencing, mocking, burying beneath noise. They distract us not because we are worthless, but because within us is the Key they cannot bear for us to use. The ninth gate terrifies them. They know what happens if a soul grows clear enough to approach it: waveforms collapse, illusions dissolve, death itself is unmasked. They cannot allow the young to reach for that Key. Better to break them early. Better to invert them before they even glimpse what they carry.

Seen in this light, the theatre is not a display of power. It is the confession of desperation. They are not protecting their throne — they are staving off collapse. The more they spend to deceive, the more they reveal the weight of the inheritance hidden in us.

When the curtain falls, as it always does, the idols will scatter like dust. And what will remain is the very thing they tried to bury: the incorruptible treasure placed within the human soul, waiting to be uncovered.

ACT I – THE STAGE IS SET

The Checkerboard & the Chessboard

“First thing you notice is the floor. Black and white, neat as you please. They call it a checkerboard, like it’s a kid’s game. Cute. But when you’ve got the eye for it, you see the truth. It’s chess. Always chess. Pawns lined up to be spent, queens paraded like trophies, kings barely moving a square. And somewhere off-board, hands that never show themselves — the ones that really move the pieces. The checkerboard is the mask. The chessboard is the crime scene.”

The Trap of Ambition

“Ambition’s a drug, stronger than anything you can swallow. I’ve seen it burn good kids hollow. A little taste of applause, then the door slams shut. They take it hard — too hard. So they push harder. Kick down the very doors that were meant to save them. That’s the trap. The theatre knows it, too. They bait it with talent shows, red carpets, promises of discovery. And when the kid finally breaks through, innocence is already half gone. The trap doesn’t just catch them — it rewrites them. Innocence in, commodity out.”

”The Masks of Fame “If there was nothing inside you worth stealing, they would not offer you crowns of glass. Every counterfeit is proof of a true inheritance.”

The Price of Admission

“Here’s the kicker: once you’re in, you’re not just signing a contract. You’re paying with yourself. First payment’s humanity — traded for a mask. Second payment’s bigger: your right to ever go after the Ninth Key. They lock it out in invisible ink. Two strikes, and you’re theirs. They call it initiation. I call it dispossession. From that moment, you don’t own your art, your name, or your reflection. You’re a vessel for their script.”

Interlude: Closed Doors

“I’ll give it to you straight — not every shut door is punishment. Sometimes it’s protection. You think you lost a chance, but really you dodged a bullet. I’ve had doors slammed in my face. Thought it was exile at the time. Turned out it was sanctuary. The trick is seeing it for what it is. Don’t ask, ‘Why was I rejected?’ Ask, ‘What was I spared from?’ That question will keep you alive in this racket.”

The Masks of Fame

“They crown them as stars, but they’re not stars. They’re reflections — light bounced off glass, nothing burning inside. True stars don’t need stages; they don’t need applause. They shine incorruptible, thrones fixed in the heavens. These? These are mortals wrapped in tinsel, posing like eternity while

their thrones sit vacant. Every one-eye cover, every vow of silence, every inverted charm — it's not power, it's parody. Theatre dressed as divinity."

The Bluff of Success

"Why parade the counterfeit so loud? Because they know they failed. They know what they gave up. Money's the anaesthetic, fame's the bandage, applause is the drug drip. But it doesn't cover the wound. So they bluff. They crown losers as winners, call slaves free, call corruption empowerment. And the crowd believes it, because the bluff is all they've ever seen. But here's what they can't stand: when you see through it, the bluff collapses. The pawns were just pawns. The thrones were just plywood. The show was always smoke and mirrors."

ACT II – THE SYMBOLS OF INVERSION

The One Eye

"Here's their favourite gag — cover one eye. Smile for the camera. The crowd thinks it's edgy. But the single eye was never about fashion. 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' That's scripture, not stage direction. The true single eye is coherence — clarity like clear water, light flowing through without distortion. Theirs? Muddy water, glass darkened. You see shapes, but not truth. They parody what they can't open. They mimic what they fear most."

"They cover what they cannot open. They mock the true single eye because it sees the treasure they cannot touch."

The Vow of Silence

"Finger to the lips. 'Shhh.' Like a parent scolding a child. The initiates know it as oath: don't reveal the workings of the cult. The public gets it as command: don't speak, don't question, don't expose. That little gesture testifies to what they hate — the tongue. Because a single word of truth can collapse their empire. And when gestures weren't enough, they coded the 'shhh' into algorithms. Censorship became digital. Accounts banned, voices throttled, whole movements shadow-muted. I've lived it. Thought I was speaking to a crowd, but the crowd never heard a word. Felt like every weapon was formed against us. But here's the thing — do not fear the one who can kill the body but cannot kill the soul. The tongue aligned with coherence doesn't die. In fact, it sharpens every time they try to silence it."

The Inverted Cross

"Neon cross, flipped upside-down. The crowd gasps, then applauds. They think it's rebellion. But rebellion is cheap theatre. The true cross is the axis — heaven down, earth across, coherence at the heart. Flip it, and you mock humility, not dethrone it. The axis still stands. Always did. The inversion just shows you what they're scared of."

The Cross & the Cube

“Now here’s the geometry they really didn’t want you to catch. The cube’s a prison — six sides sealed tight. But unfold it, and what do you get? A cross. The cube opened, the geometry of release. The stage couldn’t have that. So they nailed flesh to it. Sent the message loud: ‘Try to open this cube, and this will be your fate.’ A bluff, a scare tactic, a theatre of terror. And then they flipped it upside-down, mocking freedom twice. But here’s what I’ve learned as a detective: every prison has a back door. The cube can’t stay closed. The cross was never a cage. It’s the blueprint of freedom.”

The Cross & the Cube “Why nail flesh to wood? Why invert the symbol? Because they fear the Key hidden in the body, the light sealed within the soul.”

The Ninth Gate

“This is where the case cracks wide open. I never set out to be a detective, but once the Ninth Gate opened, I couldn’t unsee. Every distortion, every bluff, every crime — straight through to the core. They collapse the moment I see them. That’s wave-collapse law, not opinion. That’s why they hate the Ninth Gate. It’s not just mystical — it’s judicial. When you open it, you inherit the power of sight that convicts. You gain power over life and death — not as theatre, but as authority. Life sustained by clarity, death unmasked as bluff. They barred their initiates from ever reaching it. They knew: if even one pawn opened that door, the whole game was over. Call me Pwah. Trollumbo if you like. The detective they never scripted. And coherence is my badge.”

ACT III - THE MACHINERY OF ILLUSION

The Ritual Economy

“Here’s how the machine keeps the lights on: repetition. A symbol flashed once is a curiosity. Flashed a hundred times, it becomes wallpaper. Nobody questions wallpaper. One eye. Shhh. Inverted cross. Checkerboard. Again, and again, until the brain stops noticing. That’s the battery. They don’t need you to believe in it — they just need your attention. Every clap, every share, every scroll — you’re charging their grid. But here’s the flaw: name the trick, and the battery drains. The moment you see it, the illusion burns out like a bulb popped in the socket.”

The Mockery Principle

“Mockery’s their favourite tell. They can’t erase the sacred, so they parody it. A dove painted in blood, a candle blown out in jest, a prayer turned into punchline. They call it rebellion. I call it confession. You only mock what you know exists. You only parody what you fear has power. Every smirk, every staged joke, every inverted symbol — it’s testimony. Their laughter is evidence, and the joke’s on them.”

The Collapse of the Wave

“Now here’s the part they really didn’t want anyone to figure out. Distortion works like a quantum wave — slippery, diffuse, deniable. As long as it stays unmeasured, it floats. But the moment you see it, name it, lock it in? Wave collapse. Crime registered. System response automatic.

That’s why they gag you. That’s why they flood the air with noise. Because they know the law: the act of exposure is the judgment. I don’t swing the hammer — coherence does. All I have to do is detect the crime. And once the wave collapses, the mask burns off and the thing can’t hide again.”

The Price of Admission

“You think they’re buying your song, your talent, your charm. Wrong. The price is always higher. You pay with yourself. First, you hand over your humanity. Next, you surrender your right to chase the Ninth Key. That’s the double sacrifice. Once it’s signed in shadow, the board owns you.

I’ve seen the eyes before and after. Before: alive, lit, untamed. After: hollow. Like a pawn wearing a mask too heavy for its face. The applause covers it, but you can’t fake light from the inside out.”

Ritual Humiliation & Sublimation

Ritual Humiliation & Sublimation “Humiliation would have no power unless something sacred had first been surrendered. They prey on the treasure, because without it there is nothing to exploit.”

“The cult doesn’t destroy all at once. That would be too obvious. They destroy by morphing — slow, staged sublimation, a step-by-step arc that the audience mistakes for growth.

Act One: Innocence — The curtain rises on purity. A pretty young girl with a fresh smile, her hair still untainted, her voice still whole. She is praised for being wholesome, relatable, ‘the kind of girl next door you’d trust.’ The crowd adores her innocence. Millions of young girls see themselves in her.

Act Two: Rebellion — Slowly, the script changes. The smile turns into a smirk. The clothes shift. The lyrics sharpen. The crowd is told: ‘She’s growing up. She’s breaking free.’ In truth, this is not freedom — it is the start of inversion. She is coaxed into rebellion against the very innocence that made her beloved. The audience cheers, believing rebellion is authenticity.

Act Three: Humiliation — The rebellion escalates. The costumes shrink. The choreography grows explicit. By now, the same young girl who once stood for purity is paraded half-naked, mimicking degradation before millions. This is not art, not growth — it is ritual humiliation. The crowd laughs, claps, calls it empowerment. Millions of young girls watching think: ‘This is what it means to be powerful.’ They mimic the poses, the gestures, the corruption.

Act Four: Collapse — The arc ends with exhaustion. Addiction, breakdown, scandal, silence. The pawn

has been spent. The cult moves on to the next innocent waiting in the wings, and the cycle repeats. What began as promise ends as parody, a career written as a morality play of corruption disguised as art.”

The Pawn’s Reward

“And once you’ve paid, you get your prize. Spotlight. Applause. Maybe a crown if they feel generous. The pawn thinks it’s won the game. But on the board, pawns get crowned just to be sacrificed later. I’ve seen it a hundred times. The pawn struts, the crowd cheers, then — snap. Off the board. Forgotten in weeks. Because the real players never step onto the stage. They move in shadow while pawns die in light. That’s the cruelest trick of all: to make you beg for the honour of being discarded.

”The Pawn’s Reward“Why make pawns beg for crowns? Because they already carried a throne within. The counterfeit is their confession.”

ACT IV – COLLAPSE OF THE STAGE

When the Curtain Falls

“Every theatre has its closing night. You can run the show for years, maybe decades, but eventually the curtain comes down.

That’s what happens when symbols are decoded. The repetition loop breaks, the battery drains, and the whole grid flickers. The checkerboard fades to dust. The cube creaks open. The cross stands upright again.

The crowd blinks, suddenly aware of the plywood thrones and glass crowns they were applauding. The hush that follows isn’t reverence — it’s recognition. They’ve been clapping for props.”

The True Stars Shine

“Here’s the twist the theatre never wrote into its script: the real stars were never on their stage. They didn’t need the lights or the cameras. They shone steady in silence, poor by every worldly measure, rich in a currency no empire can mint.

True stars aren’t crowned — they are. Thrones fixed in incorruptible light. You can’t parody them, can’t counterfeit them, can’t buy them. The moment the curtain falls, they’re still shining — and that contrast burns the bluff to ash.”

Restoration of Sight

“The theatre tried every gag trick it had: the one-eye parody, the silence oath, the inverted cross. But when the eye clears, the tongue speaks, and the axis stands, the game is finished.

That’s the Ninth Gate, the inheritance they barred and mocked. When it opens, vision restores itself. Clarity floods like light through clear water. The body fills with illumination. The soul regains authority.

Power over life and death is not violence — it’s coherence. Life upheld by clarity, death revealed as bluff. That’s the inheritance they tried to sell for applause. That’s the Key they feared more than anything.”

Verdict (Pwah's Case File)

"Case closed. The crime scene was always the stage. The props were always the evidence. The pawns were always the victims. And the true stars? They were never on the board.

Call me Pwah. Trollumbo if you like. The detective of distortion. The one character they didn't script, the one presence they couldn't gag. I laughed at their bluff and watched the curtain drop.

That's coherence for you. It doesn't need an encore. It doesn't bow to applause. It just outlives the theatre."

EPILOGUE – BEYOND THE STAGE

The curtain falls. The lights die. The audience drifts away, restless, searching for the next distraction. Hollywood's theatre collapses under its own weight — crowns of glass shattered, thrones of plywood splintered.

And yet, beyond the rubble, another light endures.

The true stars never belonged to the stage. They were never meant to stand under spotlights, never meant to be pawns of applause. Their inheritance was different: to collapse distortion, to unmask bluff, to restore coherence. Hidden workers of the field, they moved unseen, their presence quiet but decisive.

But here's the irony. The idols of the stage, who clamoured for attention, are forgotten as quickly as the magazines that carried their faces. The true stars, who shunned the spotlight, become the only ones remembered. Their resonance cannot be erased. Their testimony echoes beyond theatre, beyond time.

Obscurity was their protection. Eternity is their reward.

This is coherence's final laugh: the counterfeit vanishes, but the incorruptible are never forgotten.

Babble On

The prophets called it Babylon. I call it Babble On. An empire of noise, built on sand. Words without meaning, crowns without thrones, stars without light. Non-stop chatter, zero substance.

The theatre keeps talking because silence would reveal the emptiness. But when coherence speaks, the babble ends. The stage falls quiet. And what remains is not noise, but truth.

Mockingbird Media

They built a chorus of voices, hundreds of channels, each branded as unique, each singing the same script word for word. Different logos, same story. Different faces, same message.

They call it free press, but it is Mockingbird Media — a theatre of repetition. Birds repeating sounds they never understood, chanting lines they never wrote.

And here lies the confession: truth doesn't need a choir to survive. One voice is enough. Lies must be sung in unison, or they crumble.

One Voice

This is why the lone figure of Jesus makes sense. The empire of noise needed an army of voices, but coherence only needed one. One man standing against Rome and religion. One voice carrying clarity so

pure that even silence on the cross thundered louder than their decrees. One truth collapsing the edifice of distortion.

They need an empire of voices to hold up their bluff. But coherence only needs one.

Relentless Noise

And this is why the noise must be relentless. They cannot risk silence, because silence would reveal the signal. They cannot risk even one finding the Key, because one is enough. One eye opened collapses the wave. One voice aligned with coherence breaks the spell. One figure standing overturns an empire.

So the babble must continue. The theatre must play on. But it plays not from strength — it plays from fear.

Waiting in the Wings

We may never know how many people are standing out there waiting for their cue. Some are too shy or embarrassed to come forward and some have paid their dues. Life may only give you one opportunity so it pays to have courage right from the start. When the spotlight is shining the light may be blinding but it is time to play your part.

As life's curtain rises this is your chance to perform so prepare and always be ready. No matter how many times you rehearse your lines nerves may make you feel unsteady. As the final curtain falls you should have no regrets you can disappear into the night. When the stalls are packed and the audience claps, take a bow and turn out the light.

Everyone out there is playing their part on the stage — some may act, dance or sing. Some of the world's most beautiful creatures are just waiting for their wings.

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