

***“If you can’t be successful,
be driftwood.”***

- Dr. Freckles

LSD #1: 420

“HITLER IS A TULIP!” - could be heard, ringing, echoing, within the lonely caverns of *SITE GAMMA*, one of the most secretive underground military bases created during World War Two, the home to a super-cadre of scientists who decided which weapons would be THE WEAPONS to achieve victory.

SITE GAMMA was originally built, in 1941, to house 200,000 German soldiers, in order to carry on the fight against the allies, but instead it only housed barely 1,000 Germans, mostly scientists. This bunker was important for a new front, but that was not the “fronts” of today - that was “tomorrow”, the age of “time wars”, temporal fronts.

Albert Speer, who held the position of chief economic planner to Adolf Hitler and NAZI Germany since 1942, did a lot of peyote in late 1944 and early 1945; he would sometimes scream, loudly, a lot of crazy ass shit while high.

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“Hitler is a tulip!”, Albert emphatically stated this to his wife once, Margaret, while she was trying to sleep, he just couldn’t stop saying it. But this episode was different, scarier; she was worried that he’d done too much peyote, that his mind was permanently “gebrochen”. Plus – the situation for Germany was nearing its “Götterdämmerung, a recognized Wagnerian transition into perpetual darkness” as Hitler would say to close friends, at bunker parties, in March of 1945.

However, today was April 20th, 1945, Hitler’s birthday – and the allied forces under the command of General Patton had the SITE GAMMA complexes surrounded, ready to conduct their final assault. SS troops were fighting desperately, to the last soldier, but within 12 hours, their commander reported, “allied forces would be dynamiting their way down the tunnels, the final barriers and obstacles ... and then you’ll be done mein Fuhrer!” - Margaret and Albert, the whole family, were to be evacuated via an escape tunnel designed for this purpose, they would spend the rest of the war with “fake Hitler” in Berlin ... a bullshit reality ... but they would survive.

At this time, Albert, in addition to being in a very strange state of consciousness, was reminiscing in a Germanic way

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about those steps that led him there, to that place, to that bunker, in Karlsruhe. His first step he pondered, his “birth” as he once told his wife, was his introduction to the “inner circle” of the Thule Society, at Rastenburg, East Prussia, October 3rd, 1942.

It was a strange affair, costumed creatures ... uniformed freaks ... men and women displaying homosexual behavior ... drinking ... opium pipes ... injections of meth ... and Hitler, sitting there, with his little twitches, and the obvious needle marks down his arms. This was some fucked up party, and Albert had wished he'd not been invited - but this is WHERE the “inner circle” of the society was meeting, that day.

The “inner circle” consisted of Hitler, Hitler's staff, and various soothsayers, grifters, charlatans, magicians, memory freaks and heroin and meth addicts who called themselves “artists”. This circle, as Albert would learn, was mostly about doing those things that high level Nazis weren't supposed to do - like meth, heroin, psychedelics, and having homosexual sex. They would even have sex with Jewish women during these “ceremonies” - the pretty ones, the Jewish girls with nice jugs.

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Speer was expected to go on many of these psychedelic “voyages”; Thule society members would visit nearby spiritual universes on shrooms, seeking out ancient Aryan knowledge on peyote, develop weird space ship designs on DMT, and conceptualize really cool urban planning schemes on LSD ... and all this while getting inside info on the WAR from fallen angels and Thor and Odin and Wagner and ... perhaps ... naked pictures of Marlene Dietrich, too.

Some believed even getting naked pics of Dietrich was possible, with enough peyote. Gor Tendall, famous Thule priest, was convinced that his undeveloped photos (ones he would let slowly develop while he was shooting up meth) could show naked pictures of “Miss Dietrich, and eventually, FUCK, I will have ALL of HER!”; General Rommel looked at Gor’s best photo, he thought he saw a dead whale stuck in a volcano, or a snake ... he never said this to Gor ... Hitler really liked Gor.

It was around Christmas, 1942, Albert is foggy on the precise date to be honest ... cuz he’s slowly coming off a peyote trip ... well ... he saw something – something he could not completely define. Albert discussed this with his wife days later. Albert called it “unglaubliche Wiedergeburt” - the

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impossible or incredible rebirth! He saw Hitler being born again. “Hitler was a tulip!” reverberated in his skull, like Beethoven’s 9th or the howl of air raid sirens, that klaxon noise. But this day, he was considering the whole line – not just one point. This day that was unfolding would not be “rebirth”, but saying goodbye – goodbye to his friend Adolf, goodbye to the Nazi dream, goodbye to his fantasy that somehow, maybe, the dark stain of the Third Reich did not touch him. “Why am I reminiscing?”, and then he realized he was German, and drunk.

“SHIT MARGARET ... I can see it now ... HITLER HAS NOT YET BECOME!” - that is what he told her, that is what was written, scribbled, in his diary following that December 1942 night of restless sleep ... which he was now ... in April 1945 ... meditating on ... thinking about ... wondering “is Hitler the tulip or the stone?”. Or, perhaps, something new; maybe something new is the tulip.

When Albert Speer took over as Reich’s Minister for Armaments Production? Well ... it was bonkers. For example: in 1942, one year into the invasion of the Soviet Union, the Germans were still making about 30 different kinds of tanks and armored vehicles - that seems great, until you have to

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plan for total war, for mass production. The Soviets? - they had one, pretty good, easy to mass produce tank, the T-34. And yes, the Soviets made some other tanks ... but they made a LOT of T-34's ... the Toyota Corolla of WW2 tanks.

By late 1943, Speer had streamlined departments, reduced overhead and introduced a "Women's Front" project to incorporate more Reich women into factory work, office work, and this made more German men available for the Eastern Front, and other theaters of war. At that time, Germany was fighting in Russia, the Mediterranean, and engaged in a massive air campaign of defense against American and British bombers.

Speer wasn't a conservative type at all - he saw many things "outside the box". Speer green lighted the missile programs under Von Braun and the uranium enrichment projects code named "rubber" being run by IG Farben. Special hint: if it's a "rubber plant" and it uses as much electricity as the TVA produced for Oak Ridge in 1944? Then it's probably NOT making rubber.

In addition to "buying the Germans two more years of war", as Rommel once quipped at a drunken staff card game, Albert also used his "vision of the tulip", as he described it in

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his private diary, to decide on joining the core project team of a very special “wonder weapon”, the “Glocke”.

In January 1943, COL Krueger of Special Projects sought out Speer, and wanted immediate approval for all resource requests. Speer had a very strict rule, already in place, to control “excess expenditures” beyond what the budgets allowed. At that point, industries in Germany, at scale, were not using fiat currency at all - they were using special vouchers, from Speer’s office, that allowed them so much coal, steel, etc. It was not perfect or market efficient - but when you’re trying to lose a war slowly, it did make prioritization easier.

Krueger was the accountant in charge of “The Bell”. “The Bell” was so called for the strange shape of the “weapon”. None of Speer’s staff believed it was a weapon, they all believed it was fraud, war profiteering, and should be investigated. Speer had ordered 23 investigations of “The Bell” project, each one was overridden by Hitler’s direct signature - since Hitler did this, for other projects, it was not that strange and did not raise any special alarms.

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A year later, January 1944, Krueger was back again ... not just wanting total budgetary control, he already had that for this project – no, he wanted more, he wanted Speer.

“Reich’s Minister, you are being asked to provide special management to the ‘Bell’ project”, Kreuger told Speer.

“What do you mean?”

“Special access, we need your help.”

“I’m busy, we need to ramp up V-2 and jet production!”, Speer opened the door to his office and directed the colonel to leave, but the colonel stayed.

Krueger walked up to Speer’s office door, forced it, gently, shut. Krueger was going nowhere, and neither was Speer. Krueger turned towards Speer, looked at him, wearing an SS uniform, with medals, for unknown campaigns – Krueger was just an accountant. He stared with his dark eyes, glaring, thinking he had mind powers over Speer. Krueger was of the occult societies too, and they all believed they had mind powers.

“Sir, you don’t have a choice, this is Hitler’s direct authorization”, Krueger handed Speer the crypt-900: a device designed by the German Navy to certify, electro-mechanically, the authorization of a holder. The device gave

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you: level (Information or Command), permission granter (Hitler in this case), and project code (Speer's idea). With this device, a holder could enter any facility in Nazi controlled Europe, or the world, and demand access, control, everything. The device connected to a radio-telephone network, a system that predated cell phone tech, but worked in a similar way.

This device told Albert that the colonel could have him killed if he wanted. The project code was 420, Hitler's all-powerful code. This code could allow any German, at command level setting, to do pretty much any fucking thing ... fuck Eva Braun (who was Hitler's girlfriend), kill Hitler's favorite dogs, set fire to any and all buildings, kidnap Marlene Dietrich ... you name it. Even kill Hitler. A powerful fucking command code.

"Let's sit and talk", Albert directed the colonel to the chair in front of his desk, and he sat down and prepared to listen.

"Minister, Hitler believes that a temporary, but severe, setback is immanent. The high command thinks that an invasion of France will begin soon, and if this happens it will be very hard to defend the Reich. Hitler wants to open a 'new

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front', but not the kind you might understand. He is near completion of the project, but he needs you to 'make things flow' as you like to say, Minister", and Krueger continued, for 30 minutes, outlining everything.

Hitler needed Speer, and his family, to move to a research site called "Gamma", and to do so immediately. Hitler would need Speer to manage all the logistics, to include planning for "multiple front failure" scenarios - meaning: in case the allies begin to rapidly take terrain and are winning the war, with the Soviets progressing in the east, what Hitler called his "Götterdämmerung".

Hitler believed Speer to be a special genius, a jewel of the Thule Society and the German race. But even Hitler didn't know about the "tulip" idea rattling around in Speer's mystical head.

Here was the situation: the "Bell" project was a code name for a physics experiment, beginning in 1940, involving heavy, metallic, rotating plasmas - a plasma being matter in its 4th state. The plasma state is typically reached by super-heating some material such that the electrons are sheared away from the nucleus of the atom, and thereby creating a bifurcated and chaotic mixture of positive and negative

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charges. Some would call this “electric soup” ... if they did peyote.

People encounter ordinary plasmas when they see a neon light, or peer up at the sun (with eye protection, right?). And, if you read about fusion energy, you’ll learn about experimental plasmas for research; to create an environment exotic enough for self-sustaining fusion reactions, to have our own tiny sun on Earth for unlimited magical energy.

However, these experimental plasmas typically use hydrogen/Helium/Lithium isotopes and other light elements – that’s not what the Germans were working with in 1945. They believed it would be possible to rotate or spin heavy metallic plasmas at velocities so high, that the velocity of the outer edge of the plasma would approach relativistic speeds.

The “Bell” was made of a special carbon-metal alloy and an exotic metal forming process. It was like a system of electric coils, but the wires were really a special low resistance alloy, wound at an extremely low scale, and then formed into the carbon-composite “egg”. Its shape had different interpretations: some of the men called it the “tulip” or “acorn”, some the called it the “onion”, the name “bell” came from high command.

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Inside the bell were several hundred “shells” or semi-orbital stator sheets surrounding hemispherical natural magnets. At the center of what Krueger called the “onion”? - you would find a specialized, cylindrical shaped, containment vessel for the “formula”. The formula, designed by scientists at IG Farben, consisted of the element mercury, and nano-scale synthetic diamond fragments, spherically shaped, each containing at the center a few atoms of gold. The solution would settle, over time, but once in the device would quickly spin into the distributed state.

One of the first strange effects they noted, with the device, was levitation. It would start “taking off”, bouncing, and after the first mishap was harnessed to the laboratory floor.

The next weird effect with the device was how, well, fucking dangerous it was. One German researcher got too close to it, at a very lower power level, and then suddenly, inexplicably, began atomizing, disintegrating, the whole process took about 4 seconds. Just enough time to hear a scream.

But of all the stuff this strange device did, one of the weirdest had to do with FM radio signals ...

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The Germans, and the Allies, were only beginning to take advantage of FM radio during WW2 - and in the lab, in the bunker, you couldn't pick up a radio signal besides. There were hard lines, for communication, but no way to send or receive radio signals from 1 KM below the palace. However, early in their experiments, the telephones in the lab began to exhibit "interference and noise" - after 5 replacements, the Germans sought out a different explanation.

The Germans had successfully created a kind of simple, but robust, magnetic tape for recording audio during World War Two. This material was heavier than most first generation tapes, but it was durable - and workable, with a 20 pound reel capable of recording 10 hours. The scientists at the bunker began recording FM and AM signals, and what they found was remarkable.

Much of what they recorded sounded like noise - at first; then they sent these tapes to the crypto analytic group, and the "bell" scientific team members were immediately summoned, all of them, to a secret meeting with the Fuhrer, Hitler.

The tapes revealed multiple signals, that could be separated and then re-integrated as different louder/weaker

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signals. Portions of the “signal” were solid, decipherable – others were so noisy that not real signal could be gleaned from the chaos. All of the signals were from German radio stations, allied radio stations, or Soviet radio stations, one in particular was called “Voice of America” and was one of the easiest to decode.

The presence of residual “noise” in the signal probably had nothing to do with “strength” and was in fact related to the signal origins – the future. This is what they figured out. That the “noise” represent unpredictability or, for lack of a better word, freewill. Most choices converged, in a sense, and that’s why “signals” from the future could harmonize, and create a common melody. But other parts of history involved many choices, of varying weights, and this meant that ... in the past ... it would sound like noise.

All things being equal: some things are bound to happen, with almost perfect certainty, or so we think. Like, for example, if someone says “the sun will rise tomorrow” - no one is shocked by this. However, if someone says “Mt. Rainier is about to explode”, and if this someone has a Phd? From the University of Washington’s Geology Department? And they’re on TV with some flashing RED Emergency Broadcasting

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System sign? And your mobile phone starts humming because of that alert message?

Well, getting back to it ...

If someone says “water is wet”, this is not so troublesome. If someone says “Mt. Rainier is about to explode”, this is more troublesome, whether it ends up being true or not.

Some of the signals “coalesced” around the “water is wet” scenarios - Hitler loses, Cold War, Vietnam crap, and other expected oil resource war related bullshit.

However, there were signals that got fuzzy, based on which “epoch” they were “tuned” into. The “Bell” could be tuned, in a way, or rather you could calibrate your antenna to pick up different points (continuously moving points) in time. During periods of “noise”, the German scientists surmised that history was “fluid” or “shaky” or just too crazy to pick one outcome. They could filter out fragments, sometimes.

This variation between “noise” and “signal”, when receiving messages from the future, was a function of human choice. Yes, there are central tendencies of history - “water is wet” and “Hitler loses”. But there are other events, in the future, that can still, perhaps, turn out differently. This is what

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the Germans were picking up. But there was more, and this was perhaps most shocking – all the possible signals drop off, precipitously, in 2055, and by 2088 ... there are no detectable signals.

At first, before they got textual decoding (of what they could decode), they guessed “well, it’s just signal strength, temporal distance, temperature, spin rate, and spin-angle of the plasma” ... a lot of excuses went around.

Then they got the text, the fragments from 2033 decoded – and it was very bad: a catastrophe, involving methane gas, was unfolding, in the future. Within a brief time, the world governments became overwhelmed, and they lost the ability to respond to the crisis. “Venus Syndrome” showed up in these textual fragments.

Speer listened for a bit longer, and then called his man to “get a car”. “Krueger, I need to see the fuhrer, I hope you understand.”

Krueger smiled, “Minister, he’s at the bunker, where you’re going, where your family is already headed.”

After about 6 hours by armored car, Speer and Krueger arrived at SITE GAMMA – the elevator, with over 500 floors,

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would take a while to reach their destination, deep in the bunker ... about 23 minutes total elevator time.

The elevators were heavy lift, and energy conserving - so not fast, but reliable. They were designed to have the torque to be semi functional even in the case of partial tunnel collapse.

Once Krueger got Speer checked into the bunker, with his family, Speer went to see Hitler, and from Hitler directly, in a private office behind an armored door, Speer got the rest of the story ... the world was coming to an end in about 100 years.

The conversation they were having was made more poignant by the fact that B-17 bombers began conducting a raid over Karlsruhe about the very moment Hitler started speaking, and Wagner, the Tannhäuser Overture, was playing on Hitler's desktop record player, loudly enough to be heard, over the muffled noises, vibrations, coming from 1 KM above.

"They are using their bunker busters ... the new ones ...", Hitler ranted, this is what Albert recalls.

By this point in the war, the allies had designed several bombs capable of breaching very deep installations - one

kilometer seemed impossible, until they mentioned this to Nikola Tesla, shortly before he died.

Tesla developed a high temperature gas weapon that could be deployed as a warhead. The gas produced was so hot, and had so much pressure, that its test version could melt through 100 feet of rock, 50 feet of steel, and create a hole 10 feet wide, the device was the size of a coffee can. Tesla had figured out a way to convert the plasma generated by a thermite charge, and amplifying this to ... well ... “synthetic ball lighting” is what Tesla called it. Ball lighting, pure balls of plasma, capable of melting anything. But still, even wonder weapons have limits. These weapons also created an electromagnetic pulse, something the allies only understood years after the war ended. Sometimes allied equipment would short out if the bombs were detonated too close to a command and control HQ which had radios, crypto equipment, etc.

So the bombs being used on SITE GAMMA were not the “hey boys, lets go blow up a dam” bombs ... they were they “fuck, we need to melt through 400 feet or more of rock” bombs ... and, in truth, they could cause horrific damage. Some of these bombs were used during General LeMay’s

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famous Tokyo “fire bombing” raids of WW2 – raids that resulted in hundreds of thousands of Japanese civilian casualties. 100 of these devices were dropped on Dresden, on February the 14th, 1945 – a special Valentine’s Day gift. The firebomb that ensued cooked the city, leading to many gruesome deaths. Germans flung themselves into canals, rivers, all of which were boiling, they were boiled alive.

“THOSE FUCKERS WILL MELT THEIR WAY DOWN HERE EVENTUALLY!” ... Hitler screamed.

Despite the relative safety of the bunker, the “Tesla Bombs”, were generating unnerving quakes in the ground. These tremors, plus the Wagner, made every word historically resonate in Speer’s brain cavern ...

The plan was simple: Von Braun designed a special rocket that could lift a version of the “bell” to an altitude of roughly 70 miles above the earth (for the European obsessed, you can work out the “metric” system, fuck). At apogee, a system of chemical-plasma generators (the design for which was reverse engineered from the first unexploded Tesla-bomb) would be triggered – it would do two things: a) charge capacitor bank, and b) provide the super-heated plasma to the containment region around the pilot capsule.

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The device would “spin up”, and at predetermined full-capacity (the occupant need not do anything, just sit and hope), the object would create a relativistic jump - an acceleration in space-time without an alteration to the fundamental vector of space. In other words - you wouldn't end up somewhere in “space”, probably ... you would simply be modifying the component “t” of the vector, all other components conserved ... the German scientists would usually explain, nervously, to Hitler.

Once the device “spun down”, the capsule would descend to a lower altitude, deploy a parachute, and would have a battery powered proximity detection system for retro-rockets, in order to soften the landing. All of this was untested, but they were Germans - so they figured they had a 1/10 chance of success. They told Hitler 89% success likelihood.

The plan was to send Hitler about 20 years into the future, plus or minus, that's what the scientists said. That region of time was “chaotic enough” that it was plausible Hitler might have a chance at the “second front” he'd always dreamed of, a military arena beyond imagination, the “time wars”, “die zeit wars”.

“What are you saying ... Mein FUHRER! A TIME WAR?”, Albert yelled.

Hitler, turning off the music, getting up from behind his desk and walked up beside Albert’s chair, putting his hand on Albert’s shoulder, with the room calm, almost serene, because no tremors had been felt in a minute or so, and then Hitler spoke:

“Albert, the war is lost now, IT IS OVER! ... BUT NOT IN THE FUTURE! I have a plan to send up to 300,000 German SS soldiers, with tanks and equipment, 20 years into the future, to establish a second front! TO SAVE THE WORLD FOR THE ARYANS!”

“I understand”, Speer said, knowing that his “tulip vision” was somehow linked ... in this thing, this bell, this onion, this acorn, this “Hitler”, Speer saw the tulip – he saw a new life spawning for something that was dying or thought to be dead or soon dead. He saw a springtime for Hitler, for Germany, after a winter of failure. But Speer also sensed the futility ... what Gor would sometimes call the “existential embarrassment”.

Speer knew that it was unlikely some “second front” in the time war could work, would work, or should work? Should

it? Speer did not have the certainty of so many years before – but Hitler was still his friend, a friend, perhaps, still coming to understand himself.

Hitler stood over Albert leering at him with the weight of history above him, rumbling ...

“ARE YOU READY FOR DESTINY, ALBERT? FOR TIME-WAR DESTINY!”, Hitler yelled in a “Hitler way”.

Speer nodded, as he had gotten used to doing over the years, and that was that. Speer was going to direct what was left of the German economy, to project “ZEIT KRIEG”, while making it look like they were building tanks, airplanes, etc. Speer’s job was three fold: a) get the shit needed for project “Time War”, b) slow the advance of the allies and the Soviets as much as possible, and c) cook the books ... the German people, the ordinary believers, could not know about this.

For those 14 months Speer would work with the best and brightest in Germany, to build a device, to send Hitler about 20 years into the future ... plus or minus. And the goal was kind of nebulous, implausible, and Wagnerian. Also, it should be noted, the “precise time and location” were, at best, fuzzy ... it would be “about 20 years” and certainly “somewhere about 70 miles above the globe” and probably not “over

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water”. The last part, the water part, was slipped in – hoping Hitler wouldn’t dig too deeply. Most of the planet is covered in water.

... however ...

... today was not the first day Albert met Hitler ...

Today was not the day he swore loyalty as Chief of Armaments ...

Today was not the day he arrived at the bunker, and had that powerfully important conversation a year earlier ...

Today was the day Hitler would be launched into the future ... by himself, and not knowing if any others would follow him.

Today was Hitler’s birthday, April the 20th, 1945, and this was the culmination of project “420” and the beginning of project “TIME WAR”.

And no royal birthday, no imperial ceremony, is complete without fireworks, and the allies were supplying these ... bombers, Tesla-bombs, and an assault that was readying above. Speer had access to an escape tunnel, one that would place him and his family miles away, far enough away to evade allied capture and to make it to the “faux bunker” in Berlin for that other manufactured Götterdämmerung or the

final act of a rather twisted German opera that was the Third Reich.

Speer's current location, "Hitlers B-Day 1945", *SITE GAMMA* (a bunker one half mile below Karlsruhe Palace, in Karlsruhe) was located in south western Germany, and it was the main reason for General Patton's 3rd Army to change priorities in October 1944 - putting the entire western front at risk!

During Operation Market Garden (17-25 September, 1944), General Eisenhower remarked, secretly to Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, that this "terrible obsession with German trinkets" could threaten allied victory. Montgomery, who was barely listening, was instead quite drunk and thinking about having sex with his adjutant, Captain "Rip" Charles from Oxford. The field marshal had seen "Rip" playing soccer the day before ... and that became more important, suddenly, than the thousands of British paratroopers stuck, under attack, in the Netherlands.

Montgomery, like Eisenhower, like Patton (who nearly went insane over the idea at first), were briefed - if allied forces did not take Karlsruhe by March, 1945, the entire war could be lost. They weren't told why - not even Patton. They

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were simply told “miracle weapons” were being built there, more “v-bombs” and such. The v-weapons (v1 “buzz bomb” and v2 ballistic missile) were creating havoc in England. They were inaccurate, but terrifying, and this made taking out “super weapons” one of the principal strategic priorities in late 1944. During the “Battle of the Bulge” the German Army nearly split the allied forces in two – primarily because of this “new focus” coming from the high command.

By that stage of the war, the generals, the allied leaders, had seen a number of innovations in warfare: modern battle tanks, jet fighters, electronic computers, missiles, remote controlled guided bombs with TV cameras, radar, biological weapons. And, soon, the fission bombs used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but in late 1944, though only months away, a “nuclear bomb” was still science fiction.

For the Germans, it was the same – but different ... they were losing ... badly ... by late 1944.

Sure, they had super-weapons – but not enough of them, and the materials needed to make these weapons were ... well ... fuck ... hard to get, scarce. This is why, even though the ME-262 is considered one of the first successful jet fighters, ever ... it also went through jet engines almost every

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flight. The Germans had to invent ways to attach and detach these engines, quickly, without killing the mechanics – so yes, it was an amazing art piece ... not necessarily a “super weapon” if you need more than 6.

For HITLER!

In 1944!

If it was hi-tech, if it was new, it was fantastic! Even if it was just crazy, but cool looking! - Hitler would support it, assuming you caught him between meth binges. Jets, rockets, radar, computers, cameras, energy weapons, super cannons, anti-gravity ... you fucking name it ... it was a GAMMA WEAPON ... and a wonder weapon ... and if it was cool, Hitler would green light it.

While Albert Speer was getting his “psychedelics” on, Hitler, by late 1944, was going a different route – he was doing meth, a lot of meth. You could say there are biker clubs, entire nationwide biker clubs, in the USA today, that do less meth in a year than Hitler was doing in late 1944. This made Hitler paranoid – more paranoid than normal.

Speer was wandering the halls that day, dazed, high, strung out, and hoping that he had one more day with his wife – knowing he would probably get drunk.

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Speer ran into Hitler in the main cafeteria, the dust from the ceiling tiles was falling, periodically, on every German there, as the allies got closer, and the noise of their breaching weapons and Tesla-bombs grew louder.

In that moment of pondering the dust, a young German officer rushed up to Speer and Hitler and shouted:

“FUHRER! THEY ARE 45 MINUTES FROM BREACHING THE BUNKER WALL!”

Hitler knew what this meant, and so did Albert ...

Hitler hugged Speer and shook his hand vigorously, other officers “in the know” shook Hitler’s hand as well, and Hitler made his way to the outfitting room – where he would put on a pressure suit, and also where he and the “package of knowledge” would be loaded into the “onion”.

Speer rushed to his family, his wife, who more heroically than him was focused on what was important, their family, and she pulled his drug addled and stumbling body to the escape pod, in the secret tunnels entrance, and loaded him in. They managed to make it to Berlin, eventually, and the rest of this story proceeds per what a normal history book might discuss in a public school.

With respect to our hero, Hitler ...

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The process of outfitting and loading took about 20 minutes, during that time Hitler asked the launch director to play Argent's "Hold Your Head Up" on continuous loop, over and over again ...

They really didn't know much about the band "Argent", nor the total meaning of the song "Hold Your Head Up", but the time-radio portion of the Bell project returned one consistently easy to decode audio signal over a stretch of 50 years - and this song was the signal.

When Hitler first heard the song? - he was convinced it was a message, from him, from the future, to not give up ...

He so loved the song, he had it translated into German, the lyrics of which he read, as speeches, in 1944.

But now?

Now Hitler wanted to hear this rock ballad, in restored high grade Germanic-electronic-stereophonic clarity - in a loop ... even broadcasting on the VHF so he could hear it right up until he disappeared ... into the future.

"And if it's bad

Don't let it get you down, you can take it

And if it hurts

Don't let them see you cry, you can make it

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Hold your head up, oh

Hold your head up, oh

Hold your head up, oh

Hold your head high ...”

Hitler heard this, in his head, in his helmet ...

He demanded the Nazi intel fucks to broadcast on the allied frequencies as well, to jam them, WITH ARGENT! ... this song ... on loop ... during the time, the short time, before his launch ... as German jets fought P-51s Mustangs above, as bombers dropped their loads of experimental bunker busters, as rocket plane pilots attacked the bombers, and freaked them out ... cuz fuck ... rocket planes ... later called “foo fighters” ... later the name of a band. Shit.

All the allies and Germans were hearing the same song, decoded, from the future, in stereophonic clarity, on all their military broadcast frequencies ... “Hold your head up ...”

Hitler heard this song pulling him, like a hand across the ocean of time ... “come to 1965, win the time war, and then broadcast this awesome rock ballad back to 1945 ...” Sure, his thoughts, Hitler’s thoughts, were more Nazi and Germanic and meth-head, but you get the picture – Hitler was in the zone. Hitler had good meth.

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One minute from launch, the current loop of “Hold Your Head UP”, was kicking off again – and that means it was likely to be finishing about the time he, Hitler, vanished into 1965.

He knew he was ready ...

He knew he was Hitler – and the whole nation was behind him ...

He knew he would be passing right through an allied aerial armada, bombers, rocket planes, jet fighters, experimental anti-aircraft missiles, high velocity AA guns and Tesla-bombs ... German weapons and allied weapons playing in the same dark symphony ... it would be the most Wagnerian thing Hitler had ever done, or seen.

Hitler, in the capsule, was on intercom with the flight director – the last person he would speak to for a while ...

“Mein Fuhrer, 10 seconds, 9, 8, 7 ...”

Hitler ignored the rest. His heart was racing, his body tense, he had injected and snorted a LOT of meth that day. His flight doctors advised against doing so much meth, but ... he’s Hitler. Hitler ignored the doctors and did the meth.

The rocket engines groaned, screamed, howled, like banshees, and the rocket ship itself rattled a bit – perhaps

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more an indication of late World War Two material shortages than German engineering.

Hitler couldn't see anything - this was the nature of the design. He could imagine the bizarre battles going on outside, and he did ... but he couldn't even hear it. Between the noise of the rocket engine, and the amount of material surrounding the "onion", there was no way he could hear anything but the vehicle's own vibrational noise - which was substantial.

There was 45 seconds of zero gravity at apogee after the main engine cut off and the lower stage separated from the main "bell" capsule; at this point the second stage kicked in - a point at which the capacitors are fully charged, the tesla-thermite generator has created seed plasma, and the time jump preparation can safely commence. This is also when the plasma begins to undergo "hyper spin" or relativistic spin. A spin so fast, that the onion accelerates, in the dimension of time, to near the speed of light - with all other components of the vector mostly conserved ... so goes the hopeful German theory.

The "spin up" lasts about one minute, and in that time the capsule does drop a significant amount. The spin down

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takes another minute. The “cooling off”? - that was just as theoretical ... might take a minute ... might take longer.

Hitler would know when the “spin down” was complete. At that stage the onion is dropped from the outer “bell”, and it continues onward, downward, with a slightly different and protective trajectory.

Hitler felt the spin, the hum of that hyper-spinning plasma ...

Hitler could feel ... he thought he could feel ... his atoms moving faster ... rushing onward ... to an unknown future.

Hitler felt fear, but he said “hold your head up” over and over again ... he kept repeating it ... as a mantra ...

Hitler could sense the time jump was complete when the spinning stopped and then, abruptly, the outer shell was discarded after it deployed its own speed dampening parachute.

The “onion” or crew capsule would continue to approximately 20,000 feet, at which altitude the final main parachute deploys, and slows the capsule to 50 mph.

At 50 mph, without retro rockets, the craft would be “ok” and Hitler would be dead.

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The capsule's retro rockets were designed to be triggered at a fairly low altitude. Too far from the ground? - they end up only making things worse. Too close to the ground? - they do nothing but cook what remains.

Hitler was told to expect a "jolt" when the retros kicked off ... it was more than this - he wasn't sure what happened next ... so it was more than a jolt.

When Hitler regained consciousness, he found himself in the woods, in the dark ... in some unknown and remote area. It looked liked it could have been England or Germany or Austria ... it looked like just about any forest would, at night, in the winter time.

It wasn't England ...

It wasn't Germany or Austria or anywhere Hitler had ever been or could have thought of visiting ...

It was 1965 ... December 9th to be precise - that was the good news.

The bad news?

The bad news was that it was Kecksburg, PA, USA.

The "shroud" or "bell" as it is called was found, discovered, in one part of Kecksburg. But the "onion" or

capsule, within which Hitler was shepherded to the ground? - that ended up landing many miles away from that site.

Hitler, still feeling shell shocked - and recalling the artillery barrages from World War One - struggled to his feet and towards a road - a road on which he thought he saw a light.

Hitler, in a torn German flight suit, with cuts and bruises from a landing that still felt like a crash, found his way to a country road, and began walking. It was dark out, but he could see his way, and the woods, the quiet, allowed him to think.

As Hitler walked and pondered, Rabbi Karl Greenberg was driving his 1953 cherry red FORD pickup truck - kept in showroom condition, because, well, he was proud of that truck!

Karl was coming home from a Hanukkah planning party, with his local community - mostly a small community of survivors who stuck together, and went to America, after they survived Auschwitz. They survived hell, so they chose to be with each other, and that led them to Kecksburg in 1946.

All Karl saw was a middle aged hobo, a transient, by the way side - and as with many in his generation, he became

sensitive to his Jeremiah, and the inner voice of concern for those who are lost.

Karl pulled over, and said, in a near perfect Pennsylvania country voice ...

“Hey, pal ... you need’ah ride?”

Hitler looked at him ... blankly; he was still concussed from the “soft landing”, and he was shaky from the meth withdrawals as well. His hands shook, the rabbi noticed this, and was concerned he might be a drug addict – a problem that plagued every time, location, and even 1960’s rural America.

“Listen ... I don’t have drugs ... but I can get you to the nearest town if you want a ride ...”

Hitler looked at him and said, in German:

“Sir, I need you to take me to the nearest German embassy.”

Karl was struck ... for a moment.

He had heard German speakers, speaking English, and had glimpses of that fear, dread, and the nerve shattering paralysis that sets in ... that moment a memory of some torment, some horror, comes right back into focus. Whatever

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PTSD might be, for those that suffer from it? - it's the closest thing to time travel, and not a good kind.

Karl still spoke some German, so he responded as best he could:

“Sir, I can take you to the police station.”

Hitler, still confused, still shook up and drugged out, but basically a slave to the state, made his way to the passenger side of the FORD pickup so the kind German could take him to see the police.

The rabbi turned on the AM radio, and Ruby and the Romantics was playing “Our Day Has Come” - a local station refused to play Christmas music all month long, and until the fireball dropped from the sky, that night, the news was all about the “Christmas music controversy”.

Hitler understood a little English, more than he let on. He figured out the words to this “negro song”, using the parlance of racism. In his head, he wondered: “does not this beautiful song signify something as well?”

Our day will come

If we just wait a while.

No tears for us -

Think love and wear a smile.

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*Our dreams have magic
Because we'll always stay
In love this way
Our day will come.*

Rabbi Greenberg was humming the song as Hitler listened and stared out the window into that lonely country night. There were a few cars on the road, going in and out of town, but not many.

It was a 20 minute drive into town, and Hitler was asleep by the time they got there. The rabbi went into the station, got the cop on duty, showed him Hitler, who the rabbi thought was a homeless drug addict. The cop grabbed Hitler, who was barely awake, and drunk-walked him into the station, into the nearest cell he could lock him into. This town didn't have a lot of problems, so it didn't have a lot of jail cells - but luckily, none were occupied that night.

Later in the evening well dressed men in gray suits arrived. They had fancy names, titles. And then some military arrived, generals, colonels ... men and women in lab coats ... trucks descended on Kecksburg, quickly, quietly, to collect all the debris from the bell, onion, acorn, tulip.

Hitler?

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The CIA canvassed the town and area and quickly found out about the “weird drug addict” that seemed to speak only German - and he was carted away, somewhere, along with every piece of the time machine. Both crash sites were found. Nothing was left behind ... nothing except a cover story about a Soviet satellite de-orbiting over the USA.

Of course ... in the narrow definition of human time?

Albert Speer and his family were already in an armored car, heading, speeding, towards Berlin ... and fake Hitler, and the bunker, and the Götterdämmerung ... the end of the Third Reich, the final opera.

As Albert’s clarity returned, he pondered the countryside racing by ...

He could see in the distance German cities smoking, on fire ... he could see through the narrow window of the car the wreckage of Germany. From a distance, it almost looked like the black soil of his own country youth - the dark turned up soil of a German field, before planting.

“Hitler is a tulip, he is not becoming - he is-a becoming.”

Was the thought in Albert’s head.

In January 1945 Albert met Martin Heidegger - the famous 20th century German philosopher ...

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Albert re-told his “tulip dreams”, and he discussed, vaguely, the idea of a “time war”.

On that day, at lunch, Martin looked at Albert sternly ...
Presciently ...

Heidegger said something Albert would never forget ...

“Albert, time is the war without winners, only losers.”