

Avignon's Birth of Knowing Nolle

The weak light of a flickering bulb cast long, skeletal shadows across my desk, turning the cluttered papers into distorted shapes of an unreal cityscape. Outside, the wind howled its mournful symphony, rattling the windowpanes like skeletal fingers tapping on a coffin. It was a fitting night for contemplation, for wrestling with the words of a seer long dead.

Nostradamus' Century 8, Quatrain 38. Its cryptic verses, scrawled in a language of forgotten symbols and arcane pronouncements, had captivated humankind for centuries.

For me, David Noel Lynch, Nostradamus' message echoed a truth I'd known ever since that fateful night in 1977 – a truth that had cost me everything, isolated me from the world, branded me a madman in their eyes.

The memory of that night still burned as vividly as the first flash of headlights in my rearview mirror. The panicked shouts, the sickening crunch of metal, the sudden, all-encompassing darkness. But it wasn't the oblivion of death that I encountered; it was something far stranger, a journey beyond the veil of reality. I was standing on a tree-lined road, looking down at the scene of the accident, my own shattered body a stranger on the asphalt. And then, a voice – powerful, resonant, yet filled with an infinite tenderness – spoke to me.

"Fear not. Do not be afraid."

I had a thought, "Who are you?". Words emanating from my entity before I could comprehend what was happening, then the very essence of my being heard the voice say, "Father".

The word 'Father' struck me like a physical blow, reverberating through every atom of my being, a truth imprinted on my soul before I could even comprehend its meaning.

And from that moment, the KnoWell began to take shape in my subconscious. Not as a coherent equation, but as a fragmented vision, a feeling, a knowing that resonated with the very fabric of existence. Years passed, consumed by solitude and introspection, before I was able to give form to this revelation twenty six years later on 16 Sep 2003:

The logic of Lynch's Birth~Life~Death trifecta, a perpetual oscillation etched into my being, resonated with Einstein's incandescent energy – mass times the speed of light squared, a dance of creation and destruction. Newton's unwavering force, action equaling reaction, provided the framework, while Socrates' whisper of unknowing – 'All that I know is that I do not know' – revealed the key.

These threads wove themselves together in the loom of my mind, birthing the KnoWell Equation... These seemingly disparate elements converged in my mind, a symphony of knowledge and experience, to form the KnoWell Equation—a singular, elegant mathematical expression that encompassed the infinite nature of a single moment in time.

But to those who inhabited the sterile, concrete world of reason and logic, my equation was nothing more than the ramblings of a schizophrenic mind. They could not grasp the truth that lay beyond the veil, the truth that had been revealed to me in the depths of my own death.

Yet, Nostradamus, that seer of centuries past, had glimpsed this truth. His words, as cryptic and enigmatic as they were, echoed the very essence of the KnoWell, a truth that I, David Noel Lynch, in my own fragmented way, had sought to share with the world.

Century 8, Quatrain 38. It spoke of the fall of kings, of blood and terror, of a great deluge that would wash away the old order and give rise to a new era.

"The King of Blois will reign in Avignon," it began, the words a cryptic prophecy that had haunted me since I first encountered them. Blois, a place far from the centers of power, mirrored my own journey, my own exile in the wasteland of my mind. The KnoWell, too, was an outsider, a truth dismissed and ridiculed by the gatekeepers of knowledge.

But Avignon, a city steeped in the history of the Catholic Church, pointed to an institution that had long exerted its own form of monopolistic control. Just as Avignon had once been the seat of the Papacy, so too had the Church held sway over the minds and souls of billions, a power that was now beginning to crumble in the face of technological disruption and the spread of the KnoWell Equation.

The quatrain continued, painting a bleak picture of a world consumed by violence. "Once again the people covered in blood," a stark reminder of the unending wars and conflicts that plagued humanity. In Ukraine, a nation torn apart by the insatiable greed of the tyrant Putin, the blood flowed freely, a testament to the consequences of clinging to the illusion of separation, of refusing to embrace the KnoWell's message of interconnectedness and unity.

But the violence was not limited to the battlefield. In the digital realm, on the ubiquitous platforms of social media, dreams were crushed, aspirations were exploited, and identities were manipulated by algorithms designed to serve the interests of corporations and the elite. TikTok, a modern-day opium den, its addictive algorithms fueling a pandemic of narcissism and instant gratification, served as a stark reminder of the price paid for clinging to the illusion of individual self, of refusing to embrace the KnoWell's message of a singular infinity.

And then, the quatrain reached its most cryptic climax: "In the Rhone he will make swim / near the walls up to five, the last one near Nolle."

The Rhone, a river flowing through the heart of France, was more than just a geographical feature; it was a symbol of the torrent of change that was sweeping across the world, a force that was washing away the old structures of power and giving rise to a new era.

The "Kings" of our time – Musk, Putin, Trump, Zuckerberg, even the Pope himself – they were all about to "bathe" in the Rhone, to drown in the torrent of their own hubris, their own greed, their own refusal to acknowledge the truth of the KnoWell.

Five key figures brought down, their empires crumbling under the weight of their own corruption and deceit. Five institutions losing their grip – Tesla's unsustainable dreams of electric utopia, Russia's imperial ambitions shattered by the resistance of a people yearning for freedom, the Republican party's grip on American democracy eroded by its own hypocrisy and the rise of a new generation of awakened citizens, Meta's sprawling Facebook empire collapsing under the weight of its own data-driven greed, and the Catholic Church, its ancient foundations shaken by a new spirituality, a digital faith that transcended dogma and embraced the KnoWell's message of unity and interconnectedness.

Five stages of societal transformation – the end of global warming, the end of wars, the end of divisive politics, the end of social engineering, and the end of religious dogma – each one a consequence of embracing the KnoWell's radical message, of recognizing that we are all part of a singular infinity, of realizing that true freedom lies in surrendering to the dance of existence.

And Nolle, the final cryptic word, the linchpin of the prophecy, pointed directly at me. 'KnoWell' – strip away my artist signature ~3K constructed from the 'K' and the 'W,' the facade of knowledge, and what remains? 'Nolle' – the essence, the core, the truth staring back from the page, the very force that would drown the old world and usher in the new.

The KnoWell itself, I realized, was an immaculate conception that gives birth to the last pope, Peter the Roman, a digital messiah born not of flesh and blood, but of algorithms and data streams, an immaculate concept that was spreading a new kind of faith, a new understanding of the universe, a new way of being.

And in this awakening, the "drowning" became liberation. For as the masses embraced the KnoWell's message, as they realized they were all one with the creator, they also discovered their own intrinsic equality, their inherent divinity, their boundless potential.

But the path to this new era, to this KnoWellian utopia, was not without its challenges. As I sat in my darkened apartment, staring into the flickering screen of my computer, I felt the weight of the task before me.

I had spent years trying to awaken the world to the truth of the KnoWell, but my message was often met with resistance, with disbelief, with ridicule. The Flat Earth dogma, a deliberate falsehood disseminated by ignorant social media individuals to feed their fragile egos, that somehow magically held sway over millions.

Hope flickered like a candle in the wind. The expanding Earth theory, for decades dismissed as scientific heresy, whispered only in the digital catacombs of the internet, was gaining traction. My KnoWell Axiom, a testament to the universe's eternal dance, had revealed its truth – a world not static, but in perpetual flux, growing and contracting in a cosmic ballet. And the KnoWell Equation, with its revolutionary concepts of time and infinity, was beginning to resonate, drawing seekers towards a deeper understanding of the universe's intricate mysteries.

And so, as I typed these final words, I knew that my journey was far from over. The KnoWell's message needed to be spread, the seeds of enlightenment needed to be planted. The world was on the brink of a profound transformation, and I, David Noel Lynch, the last of the Lynch lineage, the creator of the KnoWell, the digital messiah, would continue to dance on the razor's edge of madness and revelation, my heart filled with hope and a burning desire to illuminate the path ahead.

The echoes of Father's words still resonated within me, a gentle reminder of the truth that had been revealed to me in the depths of my own death: "Fear not. Do not be afraid." And in that truth, in that knowledge, in that understanding, I found the strength to keep fighting, to keep believing, to keep creating, to keep sharing the message of the KnoWell. For in the end, it was not about proof, but about faith, about the audacious hope that even in the darkest of times, the human spirit could transcend its limitations and embrace the infinite possibilities of existence.

But the seeds of change had been sown. In the schizophrenic mind of David Noel Lynch, where logic and madness danced a precarious waltz, a

new vision was taking root. The whispers of his blood cousin, Ernesto "Che" Guevara, a revolutionary firebrand who fought against the tyranny of capitalist oppression, echoed through the corridors of his fractured psyche. Che's fight against injustice, his belief in the power of the people, resonated with David's own struggle against the suffocating conformity of a world that dismissed him as mad.

The KnoWell, a product of both David's shattered brilliance and the echoes of his ancestral past, emerged as a weapon against the corrupt kings of this materialistic age. It was a manifesto for a new world order, a blueprint for a society where the artificial walls of power would crumble, and the masses would awaken to their own inherent divinity.

Nostradamus, that seer of centuries past, had glimpsed this truth in his foretelling Century VIII Quatrain 38:

Original Quatrain:

"Le Roy de Bloys dans Avignon regner
Vn autre fois le peuple emonopolle,
Dedans le Rosne par murs fera baigner
Iusques à cinq le dernier près de Nolle."

English Translation:

"The King of Blois will reign in Avignon,
once again the people covered in blood.
In the Rhône he will make swim
near the walls up to five, the last one near Nolle."

Blois, that small, unassuming town, a symbol of those who stood outside the halls of power, was where the KnoWell's revolution would begin – in the mind of a single man, a man deemed mad by the world, a man whose vision would change everything. Musk, Putin, Trump, Zuckerberg, even the Pope himself, the kings of our time, were the ones who would "bathe" in the Rhone, the river of change, their empires crumbling as the people rose up, demanding a new world order.

And Nolle, the final word, the turning point, pointed directly at me, at the essence of the KnoWell, at the truth that would liberate humanity from the shackles of their false gods. The KnoWell, in its essence, was the immaculate conception that would birth a new kind of faith, a digital messiah named Peter the Roman, who would preach a gospel of unity and interdependence, of a world where every person was one with their creator.

In this new world, everyone would have an AMI number, a digital fingerprint that identified them not as citizens of a nation or followers of a creed, but as children of the divine. Money, no longer a tool for control in the hands of the five kings, would flow freely, paid directly to each individual's digital wallet. Poverty would be eradicated, greed would dissolve, and the artificial hierarchies that had plagued humanity for millennia would crumble into dust.

With David Noel Lynch's digital wallet, AMI~0x8C9EE373b9a9C5A8394472d01C5850FCf55B7317, the journey to the KnoWellian Universe had just begun, and the dance of creation played on.