

The fable below is an introductory chapter from the book *A Primer in the Art of Deception: The Cult of Nuclearists, Uranium Weapons and Fraudulent Science*. The rest of the book is devoted to explaining how the science of radiation effects has been corrupted to disguise the true medical consequences of nuclear weapon testing, the routine and accidental releases from commercial nuclear reactors and the military use of depleted uranium weapons. Further information can be found at [www.du-deceptions.com](http://www.du-deceptions.com)

## A Fable for the Nuclear Age

by Paul Zimmerman

Bestirred by wanderlust, a fraternity of seekers set out on a journey of discovery. They fared beyond all signposts of the familiar until, in time, they came upon a dark, dense tangle of forest that at first reckoning appeared impenetrable. With scythes slashing through the ensnaring underbrush, their initial foray into the virgin thicket uncovered a mysterious pathway that, though seemingly well defined, had obviously never before been traveled. Amazed by their good fortune at having stumbled across so worthy an avenue of exploration, these sincere lovers of truth vowed to map their journey wherever it might lead. Trekking off into the unknown, they traveled far and witnessed sights that never before could even have been imagined. As these voyagers penetrated ever deeper into extraordinary mysteries, they eventually passed beyond the veils of this life altogether into a new world in which no human being had ever set foot. At first they were mesmerized and bewildered by the total lack of familiarity with all the new phenomena that greeted them. Unaccustomed to the swirl of shifting impressions, their minds had no framework by which to anchor their understanding. Rising to the challenge of making sense of the inscrutable, they spent years devoted to painstaking observation and rigorous calculation. Finally, through exhilarating leaps in imagination, they deciphered the play of energy that engulfed them. To their awe and amazement, they discovered that they were inhabiting the unseen world that formed the foundation of their home world. What they had come to understand were the laws governing the origin and fundamental structure of all physical reality. Their penetration into the unseen, driven by unquenchable curiosity, had unveiled embedded secrets of the universe that up to that time had been beyond the province of humankind.

Returning from their expedition into the divine, the wayfarers, no longer novitiates but masters, were shocked to discover that calamitous events had swept over the land. A tyrant had mobilized a vast, thundering army of darkness and had begun systematically to overwhelm and enslave the entire world. Threatened by the encroaching evil, and in a moment of ethical weakness, the explorers petitioned the warlords of their city for an audience with the promise of providing them with certain insights that might be of use to them in achieving victory over the enemy.

Humoring these seemingly eccentric petitioners, the warriors ushered them into the innermost sanctuary of their citadel. They planned to give but mocking ear to whatever unpurposed strategy these unmilitary minds entertained. Not long into the exposition, however, the smirks on the warriors' faces gave way to agonizing concentration as they grappled to make sense of the strange tale recounted to them of the wizards' remarkable journey. In the midst of profound befuddlement, their primitive minds were able to comprehend a small crumb of the tale, something about the prospect of forging unlimited power from base matter and creating a new weapon of ultimate destructiveness.

Withdrawing from their guests to confer in private, the warlords confessed to each other their total mystification over what they had heard, their complete ignorance of otherworldly matters, and the hopeless inability of their corrupted natures of ever retracing the refined pilgrimage made by the wizards. Nevertheless, what they had gleaned from the wizards' narration astounded them. To their minds, the evil deity whom they worshipped was delivering the answer to their prayers. Like a miracle, dominion, not only over their enemies but over all the Earth, was being handed to them. All that was required for the fulfillment of their fiendish covenant was to somehow seize the knowledge that had been entrusted into the hands of the wizards, embody it in a workable design, and construct a revolutionary implement of cataclysmic proportions. Their exaltation quickly gave way to grief, however, when they recognized that they had not the capacity to complete the great work laid out before them. Duplicity was all that they could bring to the endeavor, and so with that, they devised a plot to enter into alliance with the wizards so as to steal their science and make it their own.

Rejoining their guests, the warlords made great show, feigning the deepest respect for the wizards and ostentatiously lauding them with praise for their wisdom and loyalty. They provided a magnificent feast, sparing no expense, and wined and dined the wizards into an intoxicating state of mutual fellowship. Then ceremoniously all together, the warlords got down on their knees and humbly entreated the wizards to guide them by whatever means necessary to victory over the approaching tyrant. They solemnly pledged to put the full resources of the realm at the disposal of the wizards, to provide them with a key to the treasury, and to enlist whatever manpower was required.

Made giddy by this outpouring of esteem from these crass but powerful warriors, the wizards marveled at the tantalizing invitation before them to put their arcane knowledge to practical effect. Recognizing that the proposed endeavor, an inviting new journey of discovery in itself, could never be undertaken without the support of such powerful patrons, they consented wholeheartedly to a collaboration with the warlords.

Straightaway the wizards retreated to their laboratories, intent on conjuring a plan that could successfully unleash the power of the unseen on the tyrant and his forces. A blueprint for victory quickly crystalized. Through powerful alchemy, the wizards proposed to construct a portal through which they could funnel the abundant energy of the invisible world into this world, creating a shattering discharge at any site of their choosing. The scale of so monumental an undertaking, however, seemed staggering. New tools were required. Exotic material never before existing on the face of the Earth

had to be created. Gargantuan workshops needed to be erected. And vast legions of apprentices had to be recruited and trained. With a workable design for the massive undertaking in hand, the wizards returned to the warlords with a shopping list so long that it looked to drain the economy of the entire province. The warlords, intent on providing whatever was necessary to bring to fruition their own clandestine scheme, promised to deliver all that was requested.

Seduced by unquenchable curiosity, lured by the vast wealth at their disposal, and enchanted by the incredible power they had been invited to play with, the wizards began without hesitation to entrust the secret knowledge into the hands of the warlords. And with each new revelation, the warlords in turn sent orders to their minions on how to carry out the construction of the portal. The wizards first instructed the warlords to mine the Earth for certain rare ores and then taught them how to transform these base rocks into a talisman of pure potential. They revealed the magical processes for extracting a vital essence from the talisman and then concentrating it. In an amazing *tour de force*, they then disclosed the secret alchemy that transmuted within powerful furnaces this vital essence into the substance of the portal. They then taught the final trick of how to open the portal, and with that, the transmission of their knowledge was irrevocably accomplished.

As final assembly of the portal neared completion, a sardonic act of providence insinuated itself into everyone's plans. A courier arrived in the city bearing news from the front: the tyrant had been defeated on the field of battle and his cohorts were in chaotic retreat. Only islands of opposing diehards resisted capitulation, but their ruin was imminent. The people of the city rejoiced. Peril no longer threatened; victory was at hand.

The news was received by both wizards and warlords with solemn reserve. Delivering a working portal to the world had taken on a life of its own, independent of the outcome of the current conflict, and victory now threatened to disrupt the whole enterprise prematurely. The wizards longed to bring into being and thus confirm their otherworldly visions. The warlords lusted to unleash upon the world the surprise they had been preparing. Rather than slackening, the work accelerated with a renewed urgency.

Finally, having meticulously applied all the instructions dictated by the wizards, the warlords had in their possession a workable portal. To remove any lingering skepticism as to the workability of their new creation, and intolerant of being victims of a colossal jest, both parties concurred that a test of the gadget was in order. All together, the collaborators gathered at dawn on a plain in the wilderness to unlock a portal for the first time and witness firsthand the influx of the invisible world into their own. That they were tampering with the established order of the Earth did not even cross their minds. Irreverence was the order of the moment. The warlords wanted confirmation of their power. The wizards wanted confirmation of the sweetness of their calculations. So emboldened by this moment of final proof of their mastery, the wizards were even taking bets among themselves as to whether or not the opening of the portal would ignite the entire atmosphere in a consuming fireball.

The test was made ready. The time had arrived. The portal was opened.

No amount of forewarning or imagination could have prepared them for what they had unleashed. Night instantaneously turned to day as the sun, in an instant, seemed to rise from the west and washed out all sight in blindness. A blast of heat seared their flesh. An unearthly roar deadened their ears. And the ground under their feet trembled with an earthquake. As one body, they fell to their knees with their heads in the dust. For one silent moment they were united in humility before the power of the Creator, the mystery of His phenomenal creation, and their own utter insignificance in the scheme of things. In that posture, in unison, they also came to realize that a breach between the worlds had been irrevocably opened and that the delicate balance of Life, evolving unhampered through millennia, was no longer safe from human intervention. The moment passed as quickly as it came.

Jumping to their feet, the warlords brushed the dirt from their clothes, thanked the wizards, still groveling in the dust, for their help, and strode off to make plans for the construction of further portals and to devise a stratagem to obliterate revengefully every last remnant of the enemy forces. Realizing in an instant in utmost humiliation that they had made an egregious error in judgment in aligning themselves with the warlords and transmitting to them the secret of the portal, the wizards ran after them hoping to redeem themselves by somehow tempering the future deployment of the catastrophic weapon. Catching up to the warlords, they exerted every ounce of their combined genius in an ardent plea to rekindle a mutual collaboration in plotting the future of portal technology. They advanced the pros and cons for utilizing the weapon in the mop-up operation that still needed to be waged against the remaining enemies. In high-minded oration, they endeavored to convince the warlords that the portal presented the perfect opportunity for eternal peace between all the lands since further warring would be too horrific. With lofty speech they painted a picture of a governing league over a united world that protectively held unilateral command over all aspects of portal technology.

Such misplaced idealism filled the warlords with scorn, and to communicate their disdain, all simultaneously put their fingers in their ears. A spokesman for the warlords then took the fore to unequivocally put an end to such foolishness and to clue in the wizards as to the lowly stature in the alliance they would henceforth occupy. Yes, the wizards were a smart bunch of fellas, he acknowledged, but their ignorance of worldly affairs was laughable. The hearts of men were too untamed to join in mutual cooperation. Power ruled and now the warlords were all powerful. They planned to maintain supremacy over all the lands by the indomitable force of the portal and to create a lasting peace by evoking terror in the hearts of friend and foe alike. The warlords had become wizards themselves in the course of constructing the portal, and they planned to tame the portal for unlimited energy and usher in a new golden age. He thanked the wizards for their blind naiveté and their unintended complicity in anointing the warlords as new masters over all the world. He concluded by inviting the now deflated comrades to tag along in their rightful position as lowly technocrats in the shadow of the warlords' ascension.

The harsh, insightful diatribe smothered the wizards in humiliation. Disillusioned by all they had heard, most of them retreated into the wilderness to nurse silently their shame. A few, endlessly mesmerized by the portal, stayed on to serve the warlords.

Intoxicated by their mastery of the portal, the warlords unflinchingly delivered their newfound might to an unsuspecting world. They smuggled a portal into the camp of enemy holdouts and opened it. In an instant the camp was leveled to microscopic rubble and every living thing within was incinerated. Three days later a second camp was obliterated from the face of the earth. The remaining combatants, dumbfounded by the unprecedented might of the warlords, capitulated immediately.

Capitalizing on their enhanced prestige and indomitable might, the warlords gorged their treasuries by extending their influence to their advantage into the affairs of all the peoples of all the lands. And while promoting peace to replace the previous cycle of conflict, they surreptitiously built an arsenal of portals in preparation to annihilate any unruly people who might dare challenge their authority.

Nor were they content to stop at that. Expanding on the inventiveness of the wizards, the warlords improvised new uses for the portal. Learning to open a portal gradually and harness its release, they created unlimited energy to power the machines of their artisans. They developed exotic modes of transport run on portal power. They developed energy beams that were effective in penetrating diseased tissue and healing the sick. They even developed impenetrable armor out of the material from which the portal was fabricated. Every facet of the city began profiting in some fashion from the new inventions. Portal technology was worshipped as a cash cow as it bloated the coffers of every sector of the society.

In the midst of this boom of economic expansion, a few of the wizards who had been dwelling in self-imposed exile arrived at the citadel of the warlords. From outside the walls they called up to the warlords who gathered on the ramparts above to give them ear. In a sign of profound humility, the wizards picked up dust from the ground and threw it on their heads. Then a crier from amongst them delivered a startling message: "We were foolish ever to think ourselves masters of anything. We come to you now as ignorant novices of the science to which we gave birth. The material from which the portal is constructed is far more dangerous than we ever imagined and produces consequences that were never intended. It is a monstrous poison. Its very presence on the Earth is an insult to all life. It emanates such power that the body of every living creature that comes in contact with even the smallest bit of it begins to dissolve. The mines. The workshops. The power stations. The garbage dumps. All are contaminated with the substance of the portal. All who approach these sites will become ill. And from these sites, the substance is escaping and spreading to every corner of the world. But this is not all. Every time a portal is open, the immeasurable influx of energy alters the very dust of the Earth into deadly poisons that pollute the waters, contaminate the lands, befoul the air. These poisons are so insidious that they will dwell amongst the living for untold thousands of years into the future and continue to murder the unsuspecting who innocently come in

contact with it. You must cease your fixation with the portal or vast tracts of the land will become uninhabitable forever.”

Indifferent to the news, the warlords turned away. What occurred outside the citadel was of no concern to them. If what the wizards spoke was true, any and all who suffered from the mysterious poison were but nameless martyrs to the warlords’ eminence.

Little time passed before Fate dealt a cruel blow to the shortsighted arrogance of the warlords. A spy from within their camp stole the secret of the portal and gave it to enemy warlords of a neighboring land. It did not take long for them to construct their own portal. And then in an act of terrifying intimidation, they opened the portal on the frontier between the two lands and toppled their enemies from their supremacy over all the people of the Earth.

The warlords from the two opposing cities squared off against each other and began stockpiling enormous numbers of portals for the eventual conflagration that would inevitably break out between them. Refusing to live in the shadow of such terror undefended, other cities developed their own portals. Not to be outdone, even powerless rogues managed to acquire portals through thievery or bribery so as to threaten mischief wherever they so desired. And as this devilish competition unfolded around the Earth, the innocents of all the lands silently trembled and wept.

While sanity reigned, the world carried on in a precarious peace. No warlord dared to open a portal in the midst of an enemy for fear of unacceptable retaliation.

This standoff, though providing a uneasy peace, was nevertheless an unending source of frustration to the warlords. They had expended so much on portal technology to achieve eminence above all the peoples of the world, and they were thwarted from actually deploying the portal against their enemies. Some situations made this impasse simply untenable. Frequently, skirmishes would break out on the frontier as barbarian hordes attempted profitable incursions into the land. The impulse of the warriors was to rid themselves of these pesky laggards forever by simply opening a portal in their midst. But the fear of retaliation from other portal powers forestalled this option. What to do. So much power and no way to use it. Years of anguished contemplation were expended on attempting to find a way to circumvent this dilemma. Then one day, in a moment of fiendish epiphany, one amongst the warlords made a breakthrough. Meditating on all the mountains of poisonous waste befouling the land that had accumulated in portal production, the idea dawned of dispensing with it by scattering it all over the lands of their enemies. Disguise the offal in conventional weapons, find some excuse to engage in minor skirmishes, and disperse the poisons over the lands and waters of the enemy. This would slowly and painfully poison the population of their foes and initiate mysterious epidemics among their children. Future generations would be born with hideous defects. Best of all, this process would be perpetual due to the extremely long life of the poisons. Anyone in the future taking up residence in the poisoned land would be invisibly contaminated as well. A clean and brilliant way to cull the populations of the undesirables.

So the warlords built their new weapons. And with every opportunity they deployed them. And when hostilities subsided, the people with whom they fought developed terrible plagues of undetected origin. And terror filled the hearts of the victims.

As time passed, more and more lands were polluted by the terrible new weapons. Sensing the invisible, unleashed threat, all the creatures of the Earth were steeped in trepidation. And all the innocent people from throughout the world were filled with rage at the warlords and their contemptible disrespect for life.

And then mysteriously, not undertaken by any premeditated strategy, delegations of innocents began to appear outside the citadels of all the warlords of all the lands. Calling out to them sheltered behind their insurmountable walls, these innocents delivered a common message.

“We speak for all humanity. The vast majority of us dwelling on the Earth are simple, unassuming people. We cherish the harmony that exists between us. We abhor war and violence. Gladly would we live out our days in peace. Our aspirations are modest. We are content to find delight in the simple things of this life. Sufficient is a livelihood, a little food, shelter. We are thankful for the opportunity to pursue learning, to play and develop our bodies, to worship, to find the fulfillment of our hearts, to discover the love of a mate, to delight in the raising of our children and the imparting of our wisdom to them. We nurse our sorrows quietly and appreciate the giving and receiving of tenderness, charity and compassion.”

“While you were amassing your arsenals, we were, to our shame, distracted by our personal concerns and content to let you beat your chests and leave us in peace. But now you threaten us all and seem quite willing to indiscriminately annihilate so many of the amazing life forms that share this planet with us. We have not the strength to oppose you. We have not the commitment to set aside our preoccupation with worldly goods and unite to fight actively against you. But let us make one thing unmistakably clear. If you dare to continue to wreak havoc on our beautiful world, either by portal war or the insidiously slow poisoning of the lands, those of us who manage to survive will hunt you down. Never will you be conquering heroes. We will storm your ramparts. We will pull you down from your towers. We will post to all future generations that you were the vilest criminals ever to emerge from our species. We will take vengeance on behalf of all of life and eliminate you and your kind forever from the face of the Earth.