

The Wicked Carnival They Started in 2020: It's Exit Time

Analysis by [Tessa Lena](#)

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STORY AT-A-GLANCE

- › As we are looking at another possible round of COVID abuse, it's useful to go down the memory lane and see how they hijacked the minds in spring 2020
- › In 2020, the “carnival” element, in addition to bullying and fear, played a key role in how many minds were hijacked
- › Modern lifestyle can be mechanical and spiritually poor – and subconsciously, many people crave a thrill, an interruption of the everyday monotony, an adventure that would stir things up, a “magical” suspension of the rules
- › That desire of an adventure was very cruelly exploited by the power maniacs when in March 2020, they lured the trusting “educated folk” into the trap with a prospect of living through something unusual and thrilling – and then closed the door and started turning the torturous dial up
- › The wicked carnival will go on as long as many people participate in it. Now is definitely the time to opt out. We can accomplish a lot by making our immediate lives as meaningful as we can and by refusing to cooperate with the bullies in any way

Lots has been said about how exactly the wicked-minded manipulators and thieves hijacked so many innocent minds in 2020. There is one element of the plot that for some reason is not talked about much, and that is the “carnival” element. My theory is that the “carnival” element has played a key role in the hijacking of the minds.

Carnival Theory

Here's what happened in big cities in the U.S., especially in "blue" states. The demographic that was targeted for enslavement perhaps in the most diabolical way was the urban **educated** folk, the middle class and the upper middle class.

Those are the people who have been through a very thorough procedure of "brain rewiring" away from their peasant instincts and their natural awe – a procedure known as "successful modern education." Those are the people who have been patted on the back and praised all their lives for pleasing the Machine.

The problem is, living off the spoils of the Machine may be very satisfying to the ego but it is not satisfying to the soul. The soul knows when it is hungry, it knows when it is unloved. It knows what it feels like to be completely alive and unobstructed, how to revel in the mystery of life and in meaningful, spiritually nourishing relationships with others, how to be truly and completely alive.

Being expensively entertained – and even getting your buttocks kissed enthusiastically by the less financially fortunate – is not the same as feeling completely alive. Subconsciously, even the affluent-in-invisible-chains resented the monotonous soullessness, the stresses, the **Supersqueeze**. And the masters of delusions went for their weakness. They really went for that!

Like I wrote in my recent **article** about one particular March 2020 trick behind the historical pivot toward totalitarianism, "what they did was putting on an adrenaline-rich carnival, a scary but thrilling opportunity to break from the usual monotony of life, and slowly – slowly but firmly – they guided the already psychologically tense educated, affluent citizens toward submitting to a hypnotic trance of the not so good kind." That's precisely what they did.

They scared and maimed – disgusting, despicable, shame on them! – but they also offered an adventure, a surrogate carnival, an opportunity to break away from the routine, to dive into something novel and somehow thrilling, and ... **do just as told**.

A Suspension of the Ordinary Reality: A Thrill

Unless you are being directly and personally attacked in real time (like when you are being robbed, beat up, or shot at), a suspension of the ordinary reality may feel like an adventure even if the reason is macabre.

Think about it like this: if you are a kid having your regular monotonous day at school, and the things are as boring as they usually are – and then there is an emergency nearby, and you are told to drop everything, interrupt your typical activities and just go home – that’s a thrill.

There is a reason why many people like to stop on the highway and look at accidents (something I never do, by the way), or why the visually compelling reports of disasters in faraway places – the places that people can’t even find on the map – do so well on TV. People are hungry for strong emotions, for a titillating sense of a suspension of the ordinary reality. Spiritually starved people tend to agree to be titillated with cheaper thrills.

The Sensory Journey of 2020: The “Guided Tour” Straight Into Enslavement

The sensory journey – the narrative arc – that the maniacs built specifically for the westerners in 2020 was a work of wicked art. It has all the elements: terror, bait and switch, and an endless act of reconfiguring the carnival, taking the mosaic apart and then putting it together in a different order, similarly to what this [torture manual](#) recommended, in a darker manner, to do to the interrogated individuals in order to break their spine and make them disoriented and weak.

First, the maniacs in power titillated the senses with a hint at a giant remote disaster, at which point it felt like a regular news cycle with some extra thrill. After all, remote disasters happen all the time! The media lives off that!

Then, on March 16, 2020, they brought upon the notorious “two weeks to flatten the curve,” which created an interruption of the ordinary flow, a beginning of the carnival, a sense of something big happening – but they said very clearly that the weirdness would

end in just 15 days. This is just for 15 days, alright? Don't be thinking too much into it. Nothing to freak out about.

I believe that the crucial psychological turn happened at the end the "two weeks to flatten to curve." It is very instructive to go back and look at how exactly they "**dressed up the fact** that they had promised to 'reopen the country' after two weeks of flattening the damn curve, and then just ... didn't."

*"That is when the mind games started in earnest since the habit of complying with absurdity had been planted and started germinating – but the timeline was now made officially unclear. And how did they do it? Oh, you know, **the whip of potentially dying from a mysterious incurable disease and the carrot of working conveniently from home.**"*

And then ... then it was suddenly forever. Here's the [New York Times](#) from March 31, 2020:



Published March 30, 2020 Updated Oct. 2, 2020

WASHINGTON — The numbers the health officials showed [President Trump](#) were overwhelming. With the peak of the [coronavirus](#) pandemic still weeks away, he was told, hundreds of thousands of Americans could face death if the country reopened too soon.

But there was another set of numbers that also helped persuade Mr. Trump to shift gears on Sunday and [abandon his goal of restoring normal life by Easter](#). Political advisers described for him polling that showed that voters overwhelmingly preferred to keep containment measures in place over sending people back to work prematurely.

Ironically, this is what the front page of [the New York Times](#) looked like on March 31, 2020.

The Front Page



MARTIN BERNETTI/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE — GETTY IMAGES

For Autocrats, and Others, Coronavirus Is a Chance to Grab Even More Power

Leaders around the world have passed emergency decrees and legislation expanding their reach during the pandemic. Will they ever relinquish them?

April 14, 2020 · By SELAM GEBREKIDAN

Don't you say.

And then, after March 31, 2020, the slow boil began to intensify — and it is still going on to this day.

Broken Promises + Zero Accountability = Encouragement of Abuse

Once they broke the initial important promise to reopen after the “two weeks to flatten the curve” — and no one held them accountable for the promise they broke — they started pounding on the heads harder and harder, pulling the strings in every and each direction, dividing, shaming, distracting, taking away and giving back, giving back and

then taking away again, **banning normal human relationships** and the joys, changing their narrative as they desired and demanding obedience and compliance anyway.

The result was devastating for the psyche, and we are going to live with the consequences of it for generations to come. Shamefully, the kids were hit the hardest, through no fault of their own. The impact on the kids (even pre-vax) was brilliantly captured by a talented young girl, Liv McNeil, three years ago:

Lots of horrible and abusive things have happened since then. We know. But the turning point, the pivotal moment of psychological enslavement was when they promised to “open the country up” after 15 days, broke their promise blatantly – and no one complained. Life just went on. A lesson there?

The Belly of the Machine

The underlying problem – the cause of many people’s psychological longing for the carnival – any carnival – is that we live in the belly of the Machine. The Machine is a mechanical creature, it’s a loveless creature, it exists to eat us. Not only does it want to eat us, it is actually eating us – and so even when our minds are in total denial of the fact that we are living in the belly of the man-eating Machine, our souls know. And our souls protest. They protest all the time.

If one had the magical power to see the souls of the busy, even well-to-do, citizens hurrying around in the hectic pre-2020 streets of New York, one would see a lot of tears. One would see a lot of souls crying for aliveness, stuck behind the well-to-do façade. And that was weaponized by the monsters to the nth degree.

Our Life Is Really Meant To Be Magical

There are many serious and academic ways to look at life – but we can also look at it from the standpoint of playfulness.

Playing is how human beings fall into joy. Corporate meeting rooms and western seriousness notwithstanding, human beings are wired to play. And this is how people lived for many thousands of years, by the way. Even war was rough play.

Not today though. Modern life, especially in cities, even the pre-2020 version of it, has been extremely rigid and tense. For that reason, modern people often subconsciously crave a carnival, a place to play, a place where the normal rules are suspended and don't apply.

On a side note, there is a reason why in our culture, so many influential people seek to experience a suspense of all rules in the juicy form of S&M, and this is also why the symbolic acts of S&M (masks, rigid rule following, external ownership of people's sexuality and interpersonal contacts, etc.) were **a big part of the "COVID response."**

"Absurdity plays a sensory role in S&M. It sets a 'carnival' context that takes the person out of the ordinary state of mind and creates a phantasmagoric plot in which it's easier for the person to feel a coveted emotion that wants to be felt or to be healed."

"This scenario may of course be exploited by predators to 'rewire' human beings for submission by making them do things that are obviously absurd. Once that happens, in order to avoid a cognitive dissonance, the victims are likely to defend the absurdity and aggressively insist that they still have their cognitive agency, while in fact they are half-zombified. It's a technique."

How Did the Machine Come About?

Life has not always been mechanical, you know. Ironically, the underlying psyop lies deep underneath, it lies in very deep waters where many don't want to go. The Machine we are living in is the modern civilization (or, as it is very astutely labeled by Steven Newcomb, a friend and a scholar whom I personally revere, the **System of Domination**) itself.

The underlying cause of the Machine is the orphaned mindset that resents itself for being a part of the whole, wants to disconnect from the whole so as to feel individually victorious – and then suffers because there is no real happiness available outside of being whole.

The modernity is defined by successful domination and mechanical technology, and it is hurting our souls. It is not the comforts that are hurting us, not the technologies – but the price we have to pay for all that. See, for many thousands of years, people weren't ashamed of living their lives playfully.

Once we came under the yoke of the most power-hungry individuals – and thus became civilized – the entire history of the past few thousand years has been an aberrant circumstance in which the cold-eyed and the unbearably boring have been dominating and controlling the vibrant and the alive. That circumstance is extremely unnatural. It is wrong. Our souls know that it is wrong. And yet it's there!

And so we deal with it the best way we can. We go about our lives, we keep busy, we entertain ourselves, we patch our cognitive dissonances with various ideas, and we just carry on. But our souls remember living in playfulness and in a direct connection to the divine, they remember home. And so we try to get home, and even through some very ridiculous zigzags and mistakes, we are always on the way home.

The longing for a carnival is the soul's way to say, "this mechanical way stinks, take me home." (But then the wicked ones use this very natural human longing for playfulness – and turn it into a weapon of self-destruction, on a massive scale. Shame on them. Shame on them!)

Ironically, today, we use the word "civilized" like it's a positive thing but if we think about it carefully, the word "civilized" really stands for "domesticated, tame." A proverbial "barbarian" (which originally is just a **Greek term** for anyone who wasn't Greek) is likely to protest very vocally when abused, he would not be afraid to be rude to the bullies, for self-defense's sake. The "barbarian" would fight back.

The “civilized” person, on the other hand, will be mesmerized by the authority figures and by their precious rules. He will be too polite to protest, and he will be eaten as a result.

It is not at all a coincidence that the opponents of Big Pharma and the dissidents of today are smeared by today’s authority figures very similarly to how the “barbarians” and the “pagans” (from “pagani,” the Latin word meaning “**village folk**”) were smeared by the authorities figures of the past. We, as a species, have been living in the belly of the Machine for a very long time, and the Machine prefers slaves.

Abuse is what happens when people trust abusers and expect good things from liars and enslavers who up to this point have been possibly focusing on abusing others while temporarily being “good” to them. Enslavers always come back for anyone who has previously supported them, and the supporters, too, end up enslaved. The wicked ones have always been liars and enslavers – whether they did it to us or to others – and we better reject their ways wholesale!

Our Way Out

The wicked carnival will go on as long as many people participate in it. It is time to opt out. We can accomplish a lot by making our immediate lives as meaningful as we can and by refusing to cooperate with bullies in any way. I’d like to end this story with a quote from something I **wrote** three years ago. It still stands.

This is a breakup letter. I am breaking up with fear.

Farewell, my clean and proper friends. I’ve had enough. I am not interested in your scarecrows and rules of good behavior.

I did my time inside the cage, and now I intend to breathe.

Your air is stale with gossip and anxiety. It’s suffocating. It’s low on oxygen. I can’t.

Your safe space is for crippled animals.

I feel bad for you but I don't owe you self-abuse.

I really can't do this anymore. I tried and tried and tried – but my fear is no more, and it's time to say good bye. It's not me, it's you. The heroes you pray to insist that I betray my heart and intellect. I can't do that. I am not a slave. You do it if you want but you have to let me be.

Perhaps I've never belonged in the cage of good behavior. Perhaps, I've always been unshackled ...

Farewell.

About the Author

To find more of Tessa Lena's work, be sure to check out her bio, [Tessa Fights Robots](#).