

Gödel Loop

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Dedicated to Horselover Fat, whom millions read but few understand.

The election went well, perhaps too well for some but then change is always hard for some. It was the second time in Bay Area history that someone sympathetic to the Occupy Wall Street movement was chosen by the people for the role of Police Chief, the first being a Sheriff in San Francisco. The San Francisco Sheriff's time in Office was almost derailed by accusations of domestic abuse. That would not happen to me if I could help it, in the most basic sense because I do not have a wife or steady girlfriend and thus no grounds for accusation. No accusations, at least not yet, but when the Berkeley establishment senses danger one never knows what will happen. They are often more dangerous than the San Francisco establishment, more cognizant of the history of this City.

Who am I? That question has many layers. On the most obvious layer I was first a Physics Major and then a Criminal Justice Major who attended Cal Berkeley. That is not so strange until one counts the fact that I changed Majors after getting arrested. I joined the Occupy Movement in Oakland, got arrested, underwent something akin to the Stockholm Syndrome when I saw what the Police dealt with on a daily basis, got bailed out, switched to Criminal Justice, and then found that the police are awfully forgiving when they find that you were once arrested for a crime other than assault on an Officer. It was a matter of time, mind you, and circumstance. When a grassroots movement got me elected Chief, there was very little overt opposition from the Brass. They knew that this was Berkeley. It was fruitless to resist the Will of the People, or whatever force calls itself that. They also probably figured that I would be powerless to make any real changes; that I would eventually fold and that the Status Quo was as much of a natural force in the Universe as gravity.

Gravity bends space and time. It is the secret of time slowing, time stopping, and in the theoretical calculations of Kurt Gödel even of time looping. Reality is often more cyclical than the devotees of progress, radical or conservative, give it credit for being. What that means in the context of my winning the election to an Office I never should have won (given any natural order of things) is that I could never really affect progress in a strictly linear way. Thinking these thoughts seemed somewhat natural as I viewed Telegraph Avenue with the strange eye of a Cop. I was not a hippie anymore and I knew it, if indeed I ever was. I saw danger at potentially every turn, and my most loyal constituency also knew that I was now Authority Incarnate. I passed the sad monument to Cody's Books, now a social media terminal, said my goodbyes to an old memory of long ago. I continued on to the New Telegraph Avenue, a place of less idealism, of more bland types of hope.

I turned the corner and saw a crowd of people around what was unmistakably a dead body. All eyes were on me. Of course they were, and it was only natural that I would clear the crowd, call for back-up, and get Medical over. No popular revolution would change the usual procedure. There was

something timeless in the usual procedure, as though all proper police procedure occurred at the Event Horizon of a Black hole. It did not really change over time. Police procedure was the closest I had ever come to the timelessness described by the mystics. A dead body no longer experiences time, and shares that timelessness with those called upon to investigate it. This understanding is the closest I ever came to a belief in immortality. No time seemed to pass until I was there with the body in the morgue room. It was in that room that the ticking of the clock began to fall on me like a crashing boulder.

Heather, the medical examiner began what had become a routine DNA procedure by the 2020's. It was a comprehensive DNA check that could investigate a person's genealogy all the way back to the hunter-gatherer period. The old Occupy Wall Streeter in me always felt that this was too much data for any government to have. The Cop in me considered it superfluous when real work needed to be done. Heather considered both sides of my being to be equally an impediment to her work. She was a fellow Cal graduate, and always looked a little ways down on me for reasons I suspected but pretended not to know. She conducted the test as a matter of course. What was not usual was her jaw dropping and her eyes gluing to mine. I could never help but to notice that her eyes were beautiful and her jaw perfectly angled. It was the look in her eyes that bothered me.

"Sir," she spoke to me with unusual formality, "this genetic code does not exist. This individual has no recognizable genetic code." All she could say was that he was male. She could say that he was Caucasian. What she could not say was who his mother and father was, where he came from, or anything about him. She also noticed strange genetic markers that seemed to suggest enhanced strength and unusual intelligence. It never ceased to amaze me what could be learned from genetic tests as the twenty-first century rolled along. DNA tests were as American as Green Party Police Chiefs, social media controlled bus routes, and paid space flights to the Moon. The idea that a routine genetic test would turn up nothing made no sense, and more to the point, it made no media sense. I was a media Chief after all, and I knew it. The idea of the second Green Party Chief ever to be elected saying that a dead body came out of nowhere would fit some narratives, but none of them friendly ones. The Power Structure could see itself rolling back in to Office like an old fashioned Bradley Tank.

I needed to hold the Press Conference and I would. The investigation would be launched, witnesses questioned, with any and all clues catalogued. That is what I said, and I avoided most questions so as not to compromise the investigation. The men and women of my Department are hard at work and diligent. I hope you will all be patient. Thank you all and good night. That was the drill and I followed it. A few days later, one woman came forward. She walked through the doors of the Station and came right to the front desk with a deliberation that seemed marked by an unnamable tension. She demanded to speak to me and to me only. "Evidence! Beyond supposition!" she yelled, to herself, the wall, the Universe, or us. Actually, she was yelling it to me. I decided that the best way to reciprocate was to invite her to my Office, almost as if it were a date. I have dated more than a few lunatics so it was a lot like some of the dates I have had. She sat gingerly but with great intent. I knew that this was going to be good. Every murder brings one of these out of the woodwork.

"I am going to tell you what is going on here. By now you have done a DNA search and found nothing. Why else did you delay the Press Conference for so long and then only speak in the discourse of polite nonsense?" She stopped and stared. I was stunned, truly speechless. Before I could ask how she knew something that no one should have known the strange lady with the Russian accent carried forwards. "That is because they have no past in the sense we understand. Their past is our future. They

are, in essence, our descendents. But, there is more. They are also our creators in the past.” OK, well, let’s see, I might as well just take notes. “You have found strange genetic markers. Those are genetically engineered markers of super-intelligent supersoldiers. They are our descendants. They are also our creators.” I truly did not know what to say, and said nothing.

In cases like this, with a possible leak in the Department allowing for a truly insane individual to know inner Department secrets, it is best to let the woman talk. Information could best be gathered if I did not give too much information myself. “Ancient legends spoke of the Nephilim, the sons of God who came unto the daughters of men. I know, because one came unto me. And let me tell you, he knew how to ‘come unto’ if you know what I mean. The Nephilim created the human race by genetic experiments with early hominids. They were in our past. But, dear man, they are also our future.” I knew I had to say something. So, in true Cop fashion, I asked about the “coming unto” that she experienced. She affirmed that the sex was voluntary. I then proceeded to ask her about whether this Nephilim character told her about the DNA test.

She smiled weakly. I could sense that she understood that I wanted a name, an identity. “Chief, it is never that simple.” “Ma’am,” I asked, “Are you suggesting that we are genetically created by aliens and that you had sex with one of the aliens?” I was getting a bit nervous here. She was good, better than I expected. “No, silly,” she returned as if on a spectacular roll, “not aliens. They are us in the future.” I realized that we could not let this one go. Somehow, some way, she was crucial to solving the mystery. The mystery of the leak, that is, not necessarily the murder, but it was a mystery none the less. I asked her to join me for coffee and she smiled. I did not mean it that way. Did I?

I walked down to another date with a lunatic. I finally thought to ask a question that might derail her to admitting the she slept with one of my cops and that her boyfriend was not from the future but someone without a future in my Department. “OK, so what you are saying is that people from the future came back to our distant past and created us, thus creating themselves in a circular kind of way that plays havoc with cause and effect. Who on Earth would want to kill them? More likely someone would want to interview them for a 3-D video and let it go viral.” She sipped her coffee. “My name is Anya, in case you want to know.” I paused and then apologized for being a bad host, and took her coffee cup once she was done. I held it in my hand inconspicuously. I then asked for her address and phone number. She gladly complied, and hinted that I could call her for “personal” reasons. I was complimented, naturally, to be lumped in with a genetic manipulator father figure from the future. As she left, she turned around and nodded to her coffee cup, wordlessly. She knew that I was going to do a DNA test. From the look of her eye, she rather welcomed it.

Heather stated flatly that the test showed no criminal record. And, Heather added, the tests show no criminal inclination. I winced. I was Chief of Police, not Chief of the Eugenics Board. The latest calls for the revival of Eugenics Boards truly frightened me. The thought that Heather might hold some Eugen-Fascist ideas made me truly nervous because she was right there, right where I was, and might someday see me as a genetic threat in and of myself. It was paranoid fantasy, but paranoia seemed to be the order of the day since the murder. I thanked Heather and left. Perhaps she enjoyed tormenting me. I hope that was the case since the alternative was worse.

Walking toward the University, I realized that foot patrol was the best way to truly police a city like Berkeley. It built relationships. It lessened the divide between Cops and Them. Walking on the University Campus, I realized that the Physics Department was the least likely place for a Cop. I looked

more suspicious there than anyone, but I walked ahead. I knew that this was my investigation, that even as Chief I was going to be leading this one. So, I had to use my resources. If on a lark time travel was involved I was not going to hand it over to just anyone. I would certainly not hand it over to the media. Least of all would I hand it over to my psychologist. Only one person could be trusted.

I walked to the office of Professor Roth and walked right in. I knew that he was glad to see me. College friendships are like that. I walked in, closed the door, and with the kind of lack of abandon as someone using a forest latrine I shared Anya's story. Roth simply twirled his mustache like an old-fashioned nineteenth century Professor. That style was in vogue again. "I think that this woman has read of the Gödel Loop somewhere and taken it as part of a paranoid fantasy." I could not tell what he meant by a paranoid fantasy. Was this his way of considering exotic ideas without losing tenure in case the Dean had a Nano Ear in his Office? "A Gödel Loop, named for the great mathematician Kurt Gödel, would be a looped causality. In this case, it would be a time loop in which one passes into the future and arrives at the past. Under some conditions, Einstein's General Relativity could permit such a loop to exist. Rotation through a strong enough gravitational field could permit a Gödel Loop. Kurt Gödel's equations were strong enough to convince Einstein that all of this was possible, and it would allow the future to in a sense create the past. But, I do not see how it would stand up to Quantum Physics and the Uncertainty Principle. I mean, if everything is predetermined then sure. But, if not, then we have the Grandfather Paradox to worry about here."

I listened and remembered the Grandfather paradox. If someone traveled back in time and prevented his Grandfather from meeting his Grandmother, that person would not be born. However, they would also never have traveled back in time. This forms a paradox around the whole question of time travel. One way out of it is the idea of multiple universes, allowed by Quantum Theory. But, Quantum Theory is difficult to conceive of at levels above subatomic particles. It would still seem as though a small enough Gödel Loop would not have enough "incontingency" to truly allow for randomness. In other words, the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle is limited on levels above Quantum Physics. That would mean that any small time loop would probably be something close to being deterministic. Well, close to deterministic, but not perfect.

I looked at the Professor who continued, "I do not believe any of this. For one thing, we have no black hole near Earth. The gravitation and acceleration necessary for a Gödel Loop, formed when an object rotates at near the speed of light in an intense gravitational field, exceed any natural object near Earth. For another thing, extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." I then asked if a wormhole was a possibility. "Wormholes would have to be stable enough to fit a large body through. Also, they would have to exist now. You cannot travel back before the wormhole existed. A Gödel time Loop is the most logical possibility. But, old friend, that is theory. It has never been tested." We departed most formally. It was always that way between us that we would meet informally and depart formally. It was simply that way.

On Telegraph Avenue I passed someone hawking a political cause. It was not the usual leftwing cause. "Who is John Galt?," the person asked me as I walked by. "Who is Horselover Fat?" I retorted. Horselover Fat was far and away the deeper thinker and the truer human being. Just as with John Galt, Horselover Fat was the author projected on to the work, the author who could not come to grips with whether or not a human's deepest longings for Truth were real. Was Horselover truly in touch with an extraterrestrial intelligence of vast wisdom? Was Richard Nixon truly an incarnation of spiritual

wickedness? Or, were all of these mind control experiments of the Soviets and the CIA? Loopy Seventies paranoia filled the works of this great master of science fiction. Few equaled his ability to see patterns in the randomness of words on a page. Even fewer truly understood him.

What bothered me the most about Anya's whole phantasmagoria was the notion that we were somehow at the center of creation. The idea that the Universe was a time loop centered on our own creation flew in the face of everything I ever wanted to believe about the Universe. The vast majority of all species that ever lived are extinct. It is only a matter of time before we joined them. We are insignificant in time, and extremely minute in the vast expanse of space extending through the nebulae and galaxies peopled by intelligences who would mock our claim to be the center of the Universe. Anya's story offended my hope for human insignificance. If we fail to create Utopia on Earth, or even some level of equality and justice, then at least I yearned for the possibility that some other species might. Evolution provided me the hope that humans were not in bondage to importance. So, if it is not evolution but our own descendants who create us, then we do live in a bubble that will never let us out. We become trapped in our own conceit and unable to touch the face of egoless Nature. Not to mention the fact that one our "creators" came to be murdered on the streets in the very city I police. Murder on my own turf is not part of my idea of a creation narrative.

Later that night Heather and I decided to "debrief." Actually, it was a nightcap in which we discussed any number of cases. I would end up sipping a brandy while Heather ended up nipping at a bottle of wine. The alcohol mattered less than the escape from sobriety. I related everything to her and watched her laughter brim over. "How do our creators from the future end up dead on Telegraph Avenue? Any genius would know how to avoid that. Even a big dummy can avoid being murdered on Telegraph." I wondered whether Heather was hiding something. She was a scientist, just like Roth. I wonder how many of them hide information when it does not bolster their particular theoretical framework. Heather was not one to admit that there was something she did not understand. Still, if there was information then I needed to get it out of her. I came to her table and began to stroke her. My hands touched her breast lightly. I knew better than to start off too heavy-handed. I touched her breast, stroked her hair, and groomed her like a male Bonobo would a female he adores and answers to. Making love was less a next logical step than it was a merging of minds, intellects, respect, and then bodies. We may be alone in a vast Universe, or two lonely individuals trapped in a heartless time loop, but we were going to become one if just for one night.

The next day Heather and I knew the drill. We were colleagues. I passed her wordlessly on the way to the Interview Room and met Anya again. She smiled and winked at both of us. I did not even bother to wonder if her boyfriend from the future gave her paranormal powers to know who makes love with whom. I shrugged off her annoying glances like I had learned to shrug off most of what Anya was communicating. At least my daytime consciousness shrugged her off. Night time imagination was another matter. A cop needs both. "Alright, Miss..." Anya was fine. "Anya. OK. Good. Why would our future creators end up dead on the streets of Berkeley? Could they have not at least ended up in Oakland?" My humor would have fallen flat in most circumstances but Anya laughed. She catches on fast. I have to give her that.

She proceeded to Give It To Me Straight. I always enjoy it when they Give It To Me Straight. That point comes when they realize that their creativity has painted them into the corner. Somehow, somehow, she either knew of a leak or...or, she was in on the deed. The last possibility was too horrible

to contemplate for some reason deep inside of me that I did not have the capacity to self-analyze while acting as a cop. "I am an Evolutionary Biologist, Officer. Back in Russia, I began my work with studying Chimpanzees and Bonobo's. Chimps are hierarchical and male-dominated, while our other near evolutionary cousins the Bonobo's are egalitarian and matriarchal. What they both have in common is the lack of any meaningful pair bonding. Sex is sex, as far as our cousins are concerned. Humans are the pair bonders. Why is that? I received an answer from an unlikely source for a scientist, a man from the future who wanted more than anything to make love to me. Of course I was skeptical, but after doing the same DNA test that you did I found out that he could not have been from the present. DNA family trees do not lie. Did I make love to him? You bet I did.

"His word to me, which I take as an authentic word from my creator (one of them anyway) is that in the original timeline humans were genetic creations of a mostly benevolent but distant group of aliens. In the original timeline, humans were deliberately evolved in order to join a cosmic fraternity. Humans were generally happy with this. But, the price of this uplift was the divorce between reproduction and biology. This was the price of being an interstellar space-faring civilization instead of merely extending our reach across one Solar System. A faction of humans did not want a civilization without sex. A small group went so far as to resist being an alien genetic experiment. They came up with the idea of constructing a mini-black hole outside of the Solar System to create a Gödel Loop. A space craft would rotate around a mini-black hole in such a way that the arrow of time would be a circle instead of a line. Mathematician Kurt Gödel discovered that one could do this using Einstein's General Relativity. The past would lead to the present, and in turn to the future, but that future would be the past. Brilliant! One problem, however, and that is its incompatibility with the indeterminacy of Quantum Mechanics. The only way it would work would be if there are multiple timelines, something that could create complications for them. The past leads to the future, which in turn leads to the past, leading to a different future. It is less a circle than a helix. Great, but what if one of the timelines leads to a future without them or a world they cannot control?

"After deliberation, they decided to embark on their endeavor and went back millions of years to re-engineer their own ancestors. For one thing, they introduced pair bonding. The original timeline had genetically engineered hominids knowing nothing of the love between a man and a woman. They only knew sex with multiple partners in small bands that eventually became federal civilizations along the lines advocated by anarchists. It was the ultimate Bonobo fantasy. Sex was free and easy. Relations were egalitarian even in to the age of agriculture. Creativity flourished. Humans were happy---until, that is, the time for the next step came in which humans would join as minor players into a galactic group mind. This was not something that seemed very free or egalitarian to a species accustomed to such relations. So, the new timeline created by these renegade humans---called the "Nephilim" in ancient sources---would have pair bonding. The hope was that a more individualistic civilization would arise. Male dominance was instituted, with the hope that the extreme male violence known among chimpanzees would be avoided because the male would be genetically invested in his offspring and those of his kin. Monogamy was supposed to provide this check and balance. The care and compassion intended by the aliens would still be there with pair bonding.

"But, indeterminacy kicked in after a few loops. The new timelines included human violence and the eventual emergence of extreme forms of patriarchy. And, a faction of the Nephilim even came to encourage male violence. They acted as though they were gods and 'came unto the daughters of

men'. They attempted to model dominance and hierarchy, in an attempt to thwart the group mind. By their time, humans were virtually immortal by the way. A lifespan of millions of years meant nothing. The original time travel party lasted from the age of Homo Habilis all the way to the dawn of agriculture. They came unto the daughters of men in order to encourage individuated domination in defiance of the aliens. In this loop, a faction even decided that they would introduce their own form of 'uplift' known as Transhumanism. The merger of humans and machines would be done in such a way that we would become an interstellar civilization, but on our own terms. Another group split with them and attempted to keep to the traditional mission. The man you saw killed was one of the traditionalists who wanted sex, sex and more sex. He was also my boyfriend." Presumably once the Nephilim got what they wanted, which was literally to be worshipped as gods, they would free us from the time loop.

I asked her how the puritanical monogamy preached by the Nephilim fit with "coming unto the daughters of men." She smiled and replied that puritans with enough power exempt themselves in almost any society. A million questions swam through my mind. One of them was the question of what happened to the original aliens. Was the original timeline gone forever? I could say one thing. The condemnation of the Nephilim found among the Abrahamic Faiths was definitely justified. I retained a lifelong skepticism of organized religion in all of its forms, including its New Age forms, because most religious systems were as stifling as time loops centered on Earth. Still, I had to agree with the condemnation of the "Giants of Old" found among ancient Jews. I could not stomach either side of this war, both being arrogant rebels against a civilization far more advanced and much wiser than we are. It is one thing to oppose getting rid of sex (I agree). It is another thing to want an entire time loop to rule over as gods. The whole concept offended my hope that time and space were both large and expansive, which was much more the root of my skepticism about metaphysics than any blind worship of science. I never thought of myself as agreeing with religious fundamentalist conservatives, but I guess on this issue I did. Would the fundamentalists see the original aliens as God's Servants?

I also wondered to what extent the time loop was large enough for indeterminacy to operate on an influential enough scale to provide for free will. A timeline too small could disregard Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle and thus enslave the human mind to determinism. A small loop would mean that whatever cause and effect timeline that the Nephilim set up would have to continue unabated, no matter what my personal perception of free will would tell me. Free will was an illusion under those circumstances. A timeline would lead to the Nephilim being perfectly genetically engineered and able to construct a mini-black hole. Quantum Uncertainty would not matter. The broader timeline leading to a mini-blackhole would stay the same regardless of seeming outliers. But, what about the Butterfly Effect? If chaos can build upon itself with the precision of a mathematical recursion, then a form of order can emerge. That order might be a counter-order to what our manipulators so desire. We might be able to build a future free of either the aliens or the Nephilim. Dare I say it, but the anarchist dream might be possible after all. I scratched my head and finally realized that perhaps an Occupy Wall Street cop was a contradiction in terms, even if it is one that I lived every day.

I actually had been arrested at an Occupy protest many years before. The arrest was illegal but it happened and the judge signed off on it so it became Legal. I was taken to the Police Station and fell in love with it. I knew I wanted to be a Cop. That was when I switched from Physics to Criminal Justice. Roth was mad at me but most of my friends were happy for me. In fact, the "Pig" who busted me became a kind of informal sponsor. I still thought of him as a "Pig" years later but I dared not say it. I

guess that Berkeley Patrol had a unique way of building inroads into the radical subculture that dominated Telegraph Avenue. It was cooption in a way, but not completely. I retained my youthful idealism. I also retained my friendship with Ralph after all of these years. He and I were protesters. We were arrested together and both of us fell in love with the process. I fell in love with the uniform and became a cop. He fell in love with the idea of power masquerading as law and order and wanted to know its roots. He became a Conspiracy Researcher.

I had to steal away to Marin County in order to get to Ralph's house. That meant leaving Berkeley in the midst of an intense investigation that was shaping up to be the case of 2025. It meant giving more ammunition to a media that was beginning to spin tails of the crazy Green Party Chief who had no business taking the reins of authority from the responsible adults who comprised the power structure. Rumors were going around that I was chasing aliens and men from the future. Press conferences were held and yet the 3-D Internet was going wild with holographic video's that spun tails of an Earth under attack and government cover-ups. Stealing away to the house of a known conspiracy theorist would throw plutonium on the nuclear blast. I did it anyway. A plausible cover story could be formulated, if necessary, that I was engaging in some kind of anthropological research, one that skeptics engage in from time to time. Policing the City of Berkeley required that I understand anti-authoritarian subcultures.

2025 was a year of paranoia on all sides, from the Middle East to Asia where a General who called himself the Emperor of China was consolidating his coup over the Communists with pomp, circumstance, and the founding of a new dynasty. No government other than Russia recognized his government and the alert was global. Caliphates, Emperors, and now travelers from the future! How my case became the case of the year was beyond me but I could only take it in stride. When I arrived at his door Ralph was ready to meet me. He knew I was coming, and probably had some vague idea as to why. When I explained the whole story to him, I got an entirely unpredictable reaction. "Bull!" he exclaimed, and then proceeded into a monologue that was meant more to satisfy his intellectual need for Order in the Universe than any other reason. This need for Order was an itch he needed to scratch with words. "You were always the one who defended natural selection against Creationists, New Agers and anti-science types. You of all people should know that there is no scientific evidence for this scenario." Mister Conspiracy himself was a skeptic. Who would'a thought it! I had a slight reservation. I may have defended evolution as a scientific fact, but pure Darwinism was always a problem for me. Something about competition being the natural order of things. It smelled too much of the justifications for Victorian Imperialism. Relative cultural values are always the most dangerous when they purport to be universals. I did not actually remember when it was that I was ever Darwin's bulldog.

I stifled my objection and let Ralph continue like he always continued, without regard for whether anyone was listening to him or not. "Also, the time loop idea is loopy. It presupposes that one can travel back in time before the mini-black hole. The same objection could also be made for any time travel idea, including that of a wormhole. It may be the case or it may not be the case, I don't know and no Physicist really knows, even our old friend Roth. Untested ideas in Physics are potentially dangerous to rely upon in any criminal investigation. There is another possibility you should consider. The possibility is that these are not men from the future at all. They might well be genetic supersoldiers from the present, straight out of DARPA. You might be set up to look ridiculous. The first Occupy Police Chief driven out of office by a secret op!

“I know this is strange, but think about it. A mysterious woman with a Russian accent? CIA. Without a doubt, man. I mean, Gödel Loops might exist theoretically, but you also have to admit that much of theoretical Physics is CIA writ large. I am a skeptic through and through. Much of Physics smacks of religion. String Theory? Untested. The Big Bang? Too much like Genesis for my tastes. What I need is a plain and simple object, a fossil or a foot massage. What I need is the truth to be told without formulae or sophistication. You are being set up, Chief. And, you have to be prepared for the possibility that Roth and Heather are planted in your life. COINTELPRO is fully here, man. It works like that. You are up against a power structure that resisted marijuana legalization to the end, still hoping to reverse it today, and which definitely does not want to dismantle the prison-industrial complex. That is my honest opinion.”

I was amazed at his *perfectly* rational response to a perfectly rational theory about aliens and time travel! One would think it was the Pot calling the Kettle black! I then asked him why they would genetically engineer one of their prime supersoldiers and then kill him on the street. “No. They killed him somewhere else, after he went rogue. They then planted him on Telegraph in order to do two operations in one. The second operation was getting you to look ridiculous.” I had to admit that it made more sense than time travel. For one thing, I had to concede that the idea of creating a mini-black hole and then traveling in time before its existence did not seem to correspond with known Physics. Perhaps Anya had misheard. Maybe they used an already existing micro-black hole that was right near our Solar System? Perhaps their Physics was too far beyond ours? Perhaps there are genetically modified supersoldiers sent by the government out to get me. Perhaps I really was losing my mind and should resign immediately.

Why did I want to believe Anya? I asked myself this on the drive home. Maybe it was the hope of freedom from both the benevolent but stifling aliens and the harsh, malevolent Nephilim. Her story suggested a time loop that could be overcome by indeterminacy, a narrative suggesting hope and liberation. The time loop idea actually made sense. Circular time might even be freer than the linear time of geological ages and vast expanses now that I thought about it. It all depended on whether the loop could be made helical. I had to be honest and admit my reason for believing could also have been something about her. I had to admit that she was beautiful. I never admitted that to myself before. She was a Telegraph Avenue Schizophrenic Quack of the type I was all too used to dealing with until her story about being an Evolutionary Biologist checked out. I could not admit that she was a beautiful scientist, even though one who was clearly insane. I now wanted to believe her in part because she gave better answers than Ralph ever could as to why the world was messed up. It was like *The Matrix*, only with real sex in it. Of course, most people would say that I have a lot of crazy friends, even though I am a cop and therefore normal. Of course I am normal. To say otherwise means a night-stick in your face.

I knew that I had to confront two people. Both were beautiful women, and both had answers that I needed. I had to confront Heather. She had answers that I did not have and knew it. I also had to confront Anya. She had answers that I did not have and I probably did not know the half of it. I needed to understand the real mystery, without going to aliens or supersoldiers. I knocked on Anya’s door. It was a quaint apartment right on Telegraph. She had been an Evolutionary Biologist who was formally on Sabbatical from her University in South Africa. She left Russia and went to South Africa as a promising evolutionary anthropologist. Her Sabbatical began amidst great fanfare. In reality, it was a

mental health leave. Everyone who was in the know knew it. I guess “in the know” would be a tautology, but a descriptive one. Cops sometimes need those, especially cops who might need mental health Sabbaticals of their own.

I confronted her angrily. I told her that I knew that she was spinning stories, that she was party to a leak. The only thing I did not accuse her of being was in on the murder. I could not. I would not. Her eyes told me of sweet sadness. I could not dare believe it. I walked close to her and told her I needed answers. She cried and told me that her story was the truth. The only thing she regretted was making love to one of those monsters, someone with no heart who uses women. The sons of God indeed! They may have invented religion, government, science, and the arts but they were really copycats. They knew nothing of authenticity, of love. She wished that her old faith in science and evolutionary biology could pull her out of madness, but it could not. She would never know Certainty again. The only thing she would know is the tender communication that all social primates know, of grooming, non-verbal communication, of love making. I looked at her and drew her closer. Love making would be our way of getting answers if answers were to be found. If no answers were to be found, we would continue making love.

Anya did not have the answers. She only had someone tell her something about himself who managed to play on the mental illness of a promising scientist. So, we made love continually. When I left her domain after reluctantly parting, I knew that Heather would have to be my next target. She had to be the source of the leak. There was no other possibility given that I had confided to her like no one else. I left Anya’s apartment and did not care about any cameras or media people who might have asked me why I am sleeping with the key witness. I was going to get to the bottom of this case without being distracted by distractions like questions around mental health, sleeping with witnesses or an angry press. Ralph gave me the only real possibility that I could act upon, that there was a conspiracy of sorts to unseat me. I knew that Roth was in the clear. He was an honest scientist. Anya was in the clear, although she might have been a pawn in an elaborate international plot that extended Continents. But, Heather was another matter. If there was something to know, she knew it.

I walked to the Crime Laboratory and sat down. The body was still there. I began to open my mouth but Heather was still analyzing the body. I could think of any number of possibilities. One of them might be that Anya was mentally ill enough to believe that her boyfriend was from the future, and that Heather was playing along. But, that still did not address the question of the murder. Heather was a manipulator and arrogantly smug, but she was not a killer. Still, no one appears out of nowhere. This man was clearly Anya’s boyfriend, and if she did not kill him out of a schizophrenic fantasy gone wild then someone did. That someone had to have been known to Heather by now. She had access to technologies that could get fingerprints, DNA samples, and that could trace guns. Why this was still a mystery days later was beyond me but it was not beyond her.

“Close the door,” she commanded in an authoritative voice that was unusual for a subordinate. Commanding the Chief of Police definitely showed a sense of strong identity, I would grant her that. I complied with her wishes without protest. “Chief. You know as well as I do that this is a mystery here. The question you need to ask yourself is what role you have in it.” I was chilled to the bone. My role was as investigator, nothing more but also nothing less. “You know that in spite of our nights together that I opposed your selection as Chief. The old boys have always opposed you, and I have always been loyal to them. I answer to them and not to you.” I nodded. It was the truth. For all of the hoopla about

democracy, the rule of law, and friendly police who protect and serve, it was the truth and no real thinker could deny it. People like Heather make the system function. They are capable of uncovering the truth. But, as I was seeing, she was also capable of covering up.

“Chief, this person is a supersoldier and his death must be covered up. I know it and you know it. The War on Terror and the overthrow of the Chinese government has meant that so many threat vectors have opened up that we do not know if 2025 will be the last normal year. The Emperor is on the verge of declaring war on Japan and Viet Nam. The Russians are siding with him. I never thought I would miss the old Communists but at least they were normal and rational. We need supersoldiers, but if one goes rogue and starts claiming that he is really a Nephilim creep from the future and starts shagging Russian scientists...well, then my friends at the CIA and Military need to start acting. That is where I step in. The cover-ups in life need willing accomplices like me. That is why I am going to be promoted and you will always be a pot smoking hippie.”

I nodded again. I had a way of stuffing my emotions and swallowing pride in the face of verbal abuse. “Did you sleep with her?” she asked, anger showing in her voice for the first time ever. So, that was what the arrogance was all about. Her friends were doubtlessly following me. I admitted it to her, as much out of defiance as anything else. “I slept with her, and I love her. She values me. We both value the truth even if the pure pursuit of the truth drove us both crazy.” I stood up to her and stared at her defiantly. I was still the Law in this Here Town. I was not going to let unelected government and unconstitutional authority drown out the truth. Still, I needed answers. Why was he killed here and not in South Africa? Was he pursuing her? Was it love? I wondered if Nephilim from the future or supersoldiers from the present were actually capable of what we called love. Yes, she said, the sex was alright, even the crazy cover story in the case of her discovering his DNA was not normal. It might indeed have been necessary to concoct a story so crazy as to confuse her. But, love was out of the question. When he pursued her to Berkeley he had to be dealt with. And it fell into their lap that I could be dealt with also. I would either have to go along with a cover-up in which case I would be their boy or I would have to tell the truth in which case I could be sacked. Their luck was too good to be true.

I was stunned as I left the lab. I could fire her, but she had too many powerful friends. I also had to admit the possibility that she was spinning disinformation. Who knew the real truth? Perhaps the government was actually covering up real time travelers with disinformation. The truth became less of an open field and more of a kaleidoscope. I did know one thing. Heather was emotionally attached to me and I did betray her. For all of what she was, I did know that I was the one who betrayed her. Did that make me not that much different than the puritanical “monogamous” hypocrites from the future? I often preach the sanctity of human relationships when I am waxing philosophical and yet here I was. I also knew another thing. I was in terrible danger and so was Anya. Whoever killed our unnamed suspect knew that I knew and that she knew. I was expendable and so was she.

I knew that the investigation had been compromised and so I did my best to take more of a personal lead in it. I called in witnesses and interviewed them personally. I was looking for who was scared. That would be my tip-off. They would not only be scared of the killer, but also of the police. That is how I would see who could really give me information. My last interviewee would be with the homeless man who was strangely brilliant even if insane and not at all an alcoholic. He was very much of a philosopher. His name was Sam, African-American and Jewish. His mother was white and Jewish. Sam followed his mother’s religion while he followed his father’s sense of ethnic pride in all things

African. He was very observant and managed to keep kosher out on the street. He truly was scared, and looked straight at me as he spoke. "You ever hear of Philip K. Dick, Chief?" He began as though this were my inquisition and not his. "Science fiction writer. Them people called him crazy, but he knew. He knew right. Nixon was really a Roman Emperor from time past. Time past because they is no time. Time's an illusion, boss man. He really did believe that he was in touch was VALIS, a super mind beyond this planet. And yet he could never shake the possibility that VALIS was possibly something else. Maybe it was the Russians or someone messing with him. It was the uncertainty of it all that drove him crazy. He wanted faith but had to pay dearly for it. Sad man, 'cause he was the greatest of all. It was the ambiguity of it all that drove him crazy. He wanted to have faith but could not because the uncertainty of it all would not let him."

What did you see Sam? For crying out loud, come on Sam, what did you see? "Chief, you can't handle the truth in the same way that Philip Dick could not. You cannot handle the fact that you are the target in all of this. You say that you are not the center of the Universe, but in your own world you are and you cannot escape it. Was Philip Dick in contact with an alien? Or, was he a target of one of those mind control experiments they done confessed to in the 1970's? It don't matter now 'cause he could never get that it was not outside of him. It was about him. Boss, I'll draw the man I saw. You better know who he is. I'll draw him. But, you got to know something. It ain't about him. It's about you. You the one key to all of this. This here time loop is about you. How do I know? How do I know any of this? Cause we crazy people have the ability to see beyond the time loop. We can see through it. You feeling me? Beyond the Time Loop is not some aliens but the G-O single D Himself. The Absolute."

I was waiting for Sam to finish drawing the man in order to end this interview and make the arrest. He was a good artist, and so I trusted him. I had to know my people if I was to be Chief of a city like this and I knew that Sam was trustworthy. I looked at the picture and saw a scary character that said "killer" all over him. Even more frighteningly, I saw him as a kind of enforcer of the code. Any expression of love and tenderness violates the Nephilim code of existence. It was the ultimate rebellion. I also sensed another thing about Sam. One way or the other, he did see beyond the finite time loop, beyond the finite universe itself to Infinity. Like mathematician Georg Cantor, Sam could see beyond and it confused him. The Continuum Hypothesis was ultimately proven undecidable, and yet Cantor could not have known that. The cardinalities of infinity drew him in precisely because he sensed even before Einstein that time itself might not be straight, that it might not be linear. He knew instinctively that he would have to get beyond physicality to understand Infinity. Going beyond what the nineteenth century mind still falsely thought of as absolutely flat space-time was the only way to truly know ultimate Truth. Nineteenth century minds could not handle such ideas. Sam himself had a strangely nineteenth century mind. He might be a homeless Black Jewish guy from Telegraph Avenue but he was oddly Victorian in his sensibilities.

I wasted no time in posting the picture of our suspect and putting out the APB. I knew what I believed now. Too much evidence pointed me in the direction of a genuine time loop. I was probably crazy but that is what I believed. It may be that the supersoldiers that Heather described were the beginning of the Nephilim to come. Maybe they are the beginning of the end of the loop. It was not either/or, but both. The supersoldiers of the present would become the Nephilim of the future, who would go to the past and renew the time loop except next time the plan of the Nephilim would be even more solid. Human civilization would be even more completely linear and dedicated to obedience. The

next time around agriculture and priestcraft would start earlier. Technology would advance faster. Art and culture would be subordinated to utility. The State would rise victorious over Community. Eventually, if the Transhuman faction won out then we would merge with machines. The old dream of the aliens would come to fruition but this time it would be malevolent and not blandly benevolent. We would become a conquering race throughout the galaxy. No galactic fraternity, only meanness. If that was true, then the loop had to be broken.

I was beginning to go as insane as Sam, but that was the only way I would see beyond the loop. It was the only way I could prevent the mini-black hole from forming. It was about me because I was the Cop. I might be a crazy hippie who had too many Ayahuasca trips, and maybe they were coming back to me. But I was still a cop and a killer was still loose. More to the point, I knew that by stopping the killer humanity might have a chance of breaking the cycle. I knew it because I too was beginning to see beyond the loop, just like Sam. It might be that I was becoming insane like Sam, or like Philip Dick, but it was a different “insanity” than the one that imprisons people. I was actually getting free. I knew that the course of action led back to Anya. I knew that she and I were both key to any hope of freedom. I then rushed to Anya in order to get to her apartment in time. In time to be the hero I guess.

It was night and I felt a sudden unease. I crept up the steps and knew that it was too quiet. Something deep in my senses knew that I was coming up against a cosmic force and it was not one to trifle with. Anya was in danger and I knew it. I came to her door and knocked. No answer was forthcoming. I knew how to pick locks and that is what I did. The door opened slowly and as I passed through, I felt time radically bend. It was a bending every bit as real as the bending of space-time near a black hole. It was palpable. It was real. It led me directly into Anya’s living room, a darkened space that suggested a long shadow in the Autumn gloom. The kitchen was behind the wall, and I knew that as time curved I would be taken around the wall into the kitchen. It was unavoidable because that was the direction of time itself. As I went around and turned on the light the cold look of a killer stared back at me, holding Anya’s mouth with one hand and his firearm with another arm. Our guns locked just as our eyes did. At that point the killer did the unthinkable. He let Anya go. I realized that she was not the target. I was, and I was up against a genetically engineered killer. His gun was aimed directly at me as my life flashed in front of my eyes.

I could feel the wheel of time spinning. The future was the past and the past was the future. This was no mere abstraction. I finally saw through the veil, just as Sam did. Or, maybe I was “**a target of one of those mind control experiments they done confessed to in the 1970’s**” like Sam suggested. Yet, the perception was real. I could see far back in to the midst of the Pleistocene. I saw cave art, dancing, hunting and singing. I saw the mists in which early man spread throughout the Earth. I could see the time before that as what I previously thought of as the future. I beheld a loop that allowed time to turn in on itself. It had to lead somewhere. But, I also saw that I had a choice. There is not reasonable way that any of this could be true. I really could be insane. I might be clinically out of it. For once, I did not know reality. More to the point, abstractions did not matter because my own death was an immediate experience that was side by side with life. I still had a choice and that was clear. The gun went off and yet time continued to arc. My own life should have been insignificant. It should simply have been a part of a vast tapestry of Nature that allowed for diversity and individuality but no central player. Yet, that was not what I experienced. In that one minute of embracing the inevitable End life actually had a value beyond simply that of a speck. I had been a central player in a drama. I even knew

love for the first time in my life, and I had been willing to die for her. The bullet passed through the air as time continued to loop. Kurt Gödel's abstraction was now a lead projectile.

I did not know if any of this was real, or if I had made a break with reality. I did know one thing. I had a dead suspect on the ground. Somehow, some way, I had triumphed against a genetically engineered killer. More to the point, time itself took my side in some way that was incomprehensible. Could it be that the arrow of time reversed itself in the local field of the bullet? Perhaps I fired early. My mind rested and I simply accept that I had won. I breathed and looked at Anya. I touched her hand lightly to comfort, to calm, and perhaps to release. The danger would be over because the case could now be closed. No further investigations would be done, and any attempt on my life would just fuel the conspiracy theories that had gone viral through social media and the 3-D video world. The Nephilim would not want that any more than the power structure that they interlock with would want that. We were both safe. The touch between us said more than any words could. I had to leave, I said, but I would be back.

The meeting with the FBI was tense. They had kept their distance before, but they were called in when the suspect and the victim were both shown to have some vague connection to the military and hence to the Federal Government. The lead investigator looked at me. "Chief," he said, in a casual and disrespectful tone, "have you ever felt that you might be suffering from any schizophrenic delusions? Beliefs about aliens? Time travel? Government conspiracies?" Here I was face to face with the Power Structure. They did not accept the last Green Party Sheriff, and I would be no different. "Well," I answered, "I have a voice in my head telling me to recommend my medical examiner for promotion to the FBI. My letter of recommendation will be forthcoming." Brilliant! I made a joke out of their joke, and I managed to get rid of Heather by passing her up. Of course they were going to take her. Nothing more need be said. She would not be staying with the Berkeley Police a minute longer, nor would her real bosses want her there. Heather would be gone to the world she desired and understood, even if they did not disclose the full truth to her about time loops and led her to believe it was all simply about a present day military program. I felt a sadness that was deep. For all of her deception, I could not shake the feeling that I had betrayed her while she herself remained loyal to all she believed in.

The meeting was over and the case was closed. Only one thing more needed to be established. Did my actions alter the time loop? Something of the truth got out in to the media and 3-D video sphere. That leakage might well have altered the long-term plan in the way of a chaotic repeller. Would I ever know? I would never live long enough to see the micro-black hole built or an already existing one harnessed for the sake of time travel. I would never know if the supersoldier program was cancelled or not. What I could say is that I had reached through the vast expanse of the Universe, its geologic eras and epochs, its light years and far reach, and I found someone. I came back to Anya's apartment and we embraced. Her breasts were against my chest in a way of comfort. We kissed and melded individual loneliness into one big tent that allowed for warmth.

As I walked home after a long night, sure to see her again, I still wondered about one point. Would the time loop disintegrate into the vastness of time that I coveted so much? My moment of clarity that allowed me to see *Beyond* had faded into normal consciousness. I guess that I would have to go along for the adventure. I could look ahead to multiple timelines or perhaps to the end of the time loop. There was danger and some excitement in not knowing. So many timelines! Was the "original timeline" actually the original timeline or was there a larger time loop even beyond this one? Perhaps

there is no original timeline. Or, mysteriously, perhaps all of the timelines form a bigger pattern that serves a Divine Purpose beyond what we can conceive of or understand. I looked up at the stars and realized that I, Mister Skeptic, might be entertaining metaphysical speculations after all. What the heck. They were just questions and there was no harm done in asking them.