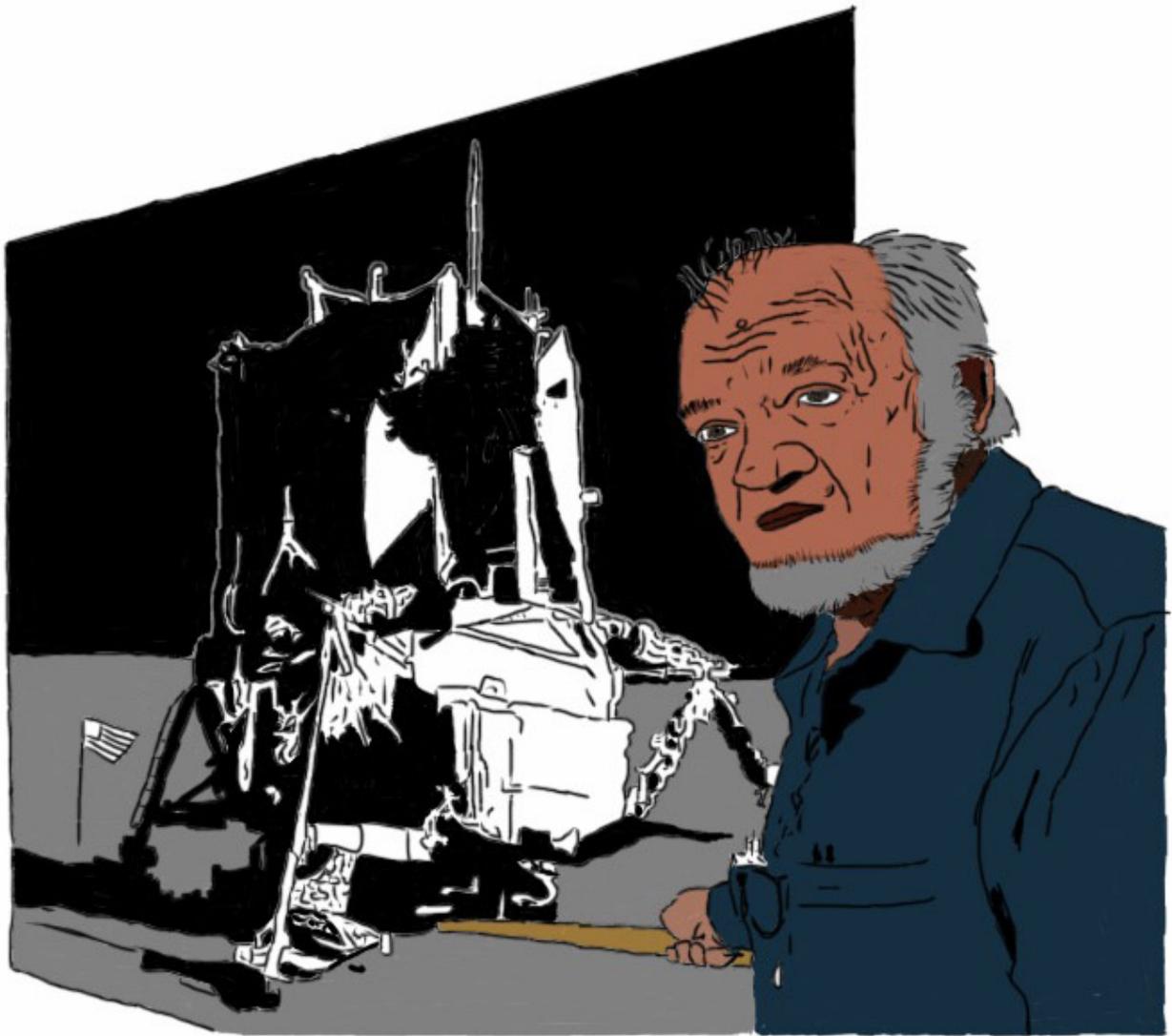


# **A Man Name René: How I Accidentally Worked for a Conspiracy Theorist**



**By Mike DeHart**

**A Man Named René:  
How I Accidentally Worked  
For A Conspiracy Theorist  
By  
Mike DeHart**

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# Preface

This is a short story about my real-life experience with conspiracy theorist Ralph René. I've included some of the more relevant information from his two main books, NASA Mooned America and The Last Skeptic of Science. This is only intended for the purpose of being humorous. I illustrated everything myself to avoid copyright issues with photos and give it a consistent art style.

Due to actual events, this does contain some offensive material. I've self-edited it to a what I believe is the minimum possible amount without losing meaning. With that clarified, please enjoy.

# - Day One -

## The Right Stuff

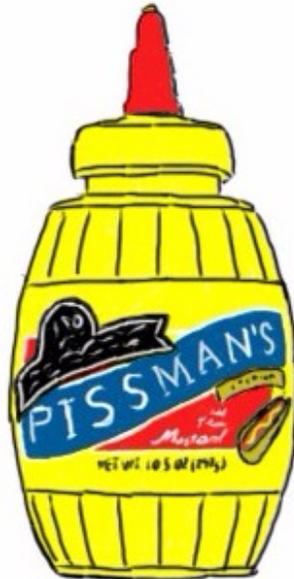
In the spring of 2007, I answered an ad in the local paper, the Giveaway. I'm from Scott county Indiana. It's a poor, fairly uneducated area. It's the kind of place where the only way it could have a paper is if it were free and delivered, hence the name. The ad said "Personal assistant wanted for author/inventor." I had a business degree, but no experience and this sounded like a something that would look good on a resume. I called and left a message on his machine saying I was interested in the position. A week later, I got a call back to come in for an interview.

The directions he gave me to get there were horrible. He lived out in the country outside of town, so I wasn't familiar with where I was going. I was running late and trying to call him while driving when I hit a pothole that completely ruined my car. It was already a piece work monstrosity that used to be a Chevy Lumina by that point, but this transformed my vehicle into a seizure on wheels.

Eventually I found his house. I pulled into his driveway alongside of a beaten down, old van with a wooden sign with the words "The Closer You Drive, The Slower I Go" written on it. It wasn't a small sign either. This thing was basically a billboard about four feet wide and screwed into one of those ladders that don't really go anywhere that used to be common on the rear doors of vans. I got out of my car and realized that my wheel was leaning. My Frankencar was crippled and I didn't have any money to repair it. I should have seen it as an omen.

I went to the back door and gave it a knock. A man's voice called out to come inside. so I let myself in. I didn't see anyone right away. The man that I heard was on the other side of the open door where he had a sloppy desk set up. It was covered in milk crates and mail organizers full of various papers and books. And peering over his makeshift filing system, I saw an old man pushing his way to his feet using his desk as a support. We introduced ourselves. His name was Ralph René, author of multiple books and self-taught engineer/inventor from New Jersey with two basic patents. As with most Hoosiers, the reason why he was in Indiana is still a mystery to me. He explained what he was looking for in an assistant, which was essentially not much more than a someone to do odd jobs. That was fine with me. I just wanted to be able to say I had the job title, because it did sounded very official. I was working nights in a factory at the time and wanted to use this to help me get into a better gig.

René asked me to sit down and pointed to a folding chair at the end of his desk. To my right was an area full of folding tables where he printed and bound his books. To the left was his kitchen which was normal except for the sink that just emptied into an eight gallon bucket. I glanced down by chance and noticed René's feet were swollen and scaly like some kind of reptilian balloons. I tried to avoid looking at them. Recoiling in horror isn't really an option in a situation like that, so it was best for me just to block them out of my mind. Looking at his desk to distract myself, I saw a greasy mustard bottle directly in front of me. Being the only thing on it that wasn't paper, it kind of stood out. René told me not to touch it which honestly was the farthest thing from my mind. He moved it explaining that it was there in case he couldn't make it to the bathroom. Personally, I would have at least put it out of sight if I had someone come over, but I guess he figured there was no reason to put on heirs because that was just how it was going to be. Immediately afterwards he told me that the job had been filled by somebody before I left the message for him, but that person never came back after the interview. This was another warning sign that I completely ignored.



*If these are color coded, beware the Hersey's syrup.*

The invention he was working on at the time was a barometric pressure chamber for people with arthritis. It was just outside his door and I had passed it when I came in. I didn't realize it was an invention at the time. It looked like any other wooden shed except for the sealed door. I've checked into since then, and as it turns out that it already exists and has in one form or another for the last couple of hundred years or so. However I haven't seen one that was specifically for treating arthritis. If that is how he was going to sell it though, where would you put the thing? It wouldn't fit indoors and if it was outside it would need some kind of temperature control. It seems like a lot of hassle, not to mention the fact it looked like a pressurized outhouse.



*This is pretty self-explanatory, The train whistle was unnecessary.*

He went into some explanation of his work. His most, well-known book was "NASA Mooned America." He was a conspiracy theorist and believed the moon landings and various other NASA missions were hoaxes. Ironically, his house was just off of Moon Road. He went through his whole presentation of evidence. I guess he needed to give me some kind of warning as to what the hell I was getting myself into. He probably didn't have many visitors judging from the prominently placed piss-mustard container, so this would have been a golden opportunity for him to spread the word about his work. Having read his book since that time, I was really kind of disappointed. At the beginning of the book, he stated he didn't do any of the first hand research and he got the idea to write it after reading another conspiracy theorist's book. Surprisingly, he never mentioned any of this while he was pitching these ideas to me. His inspiration was "We Never Went To The Moon" by Bill Kaysing. The two knew each other and he encouraged René to write his book. However, Kaysing didn't have the same kind of technical expertise as René, self-taught or otherwise. Some actual legwork needed to be done by somebody if they wanted to be taken seriously.

I've gone through some of the evidence he presented in his book. He starts with his best material, the photos. They're the best if to try to find a flaw in, because they are physical. He has a quite a few technical complaints, but no one I know has a space shuttle I can use to check

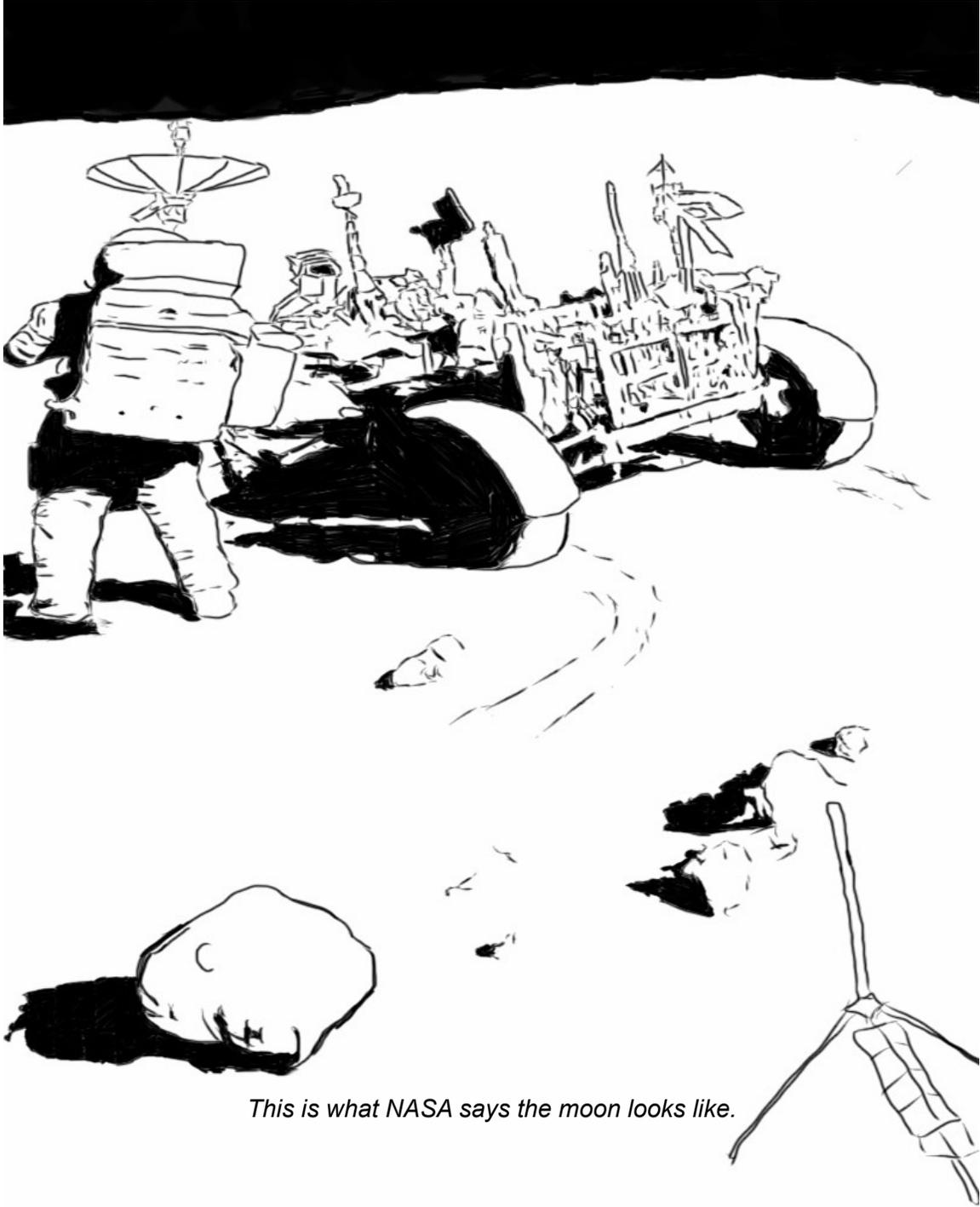
any of them out in person so I'll just stick with the pictures. All but one of these photos are in other books and the main focus of most of them are the shadows. They are either too short, too long, or at some kind of funny angle. The problem with trying to call out a fake with a shadow is that shape of the ground changes where the shadow goes. That leaves the photo that is unique to René's book. It's a shot of an astronaut next to the lunar rover with a large rock with a "C" shaped mark on it. He claims that it's a "flap" rock. Since I had no idea what that was and I'm pretty sure no one else knows either, here's some more information.

Properties of a "flap" rock

- Made of papier-mâché
- Used as a prop
- Lettered to show placement
- Thrown at visitors

None of this makes sense to me. For starters, why would you use a fake rock? There are real rocks right here on Earth. They're everywhere and don't cost anything, so there isn't any reason to have someone make a fake. The astronauts aren't picking up the rocks and throwing them at fake aliens. And why does it matter where the rock is in the picture? It's supposedly lettered to match up with a letter on the ground I think, so why would it be there? Also, how many of the rocks are lettered? It seems like there are a lot of them, so do they start numbering after they get through the alphabet? Do visitors to Hollywood want to have rocks thrown at them or do they throw the flap rocks at them to scare them away? I've searched in vain for the answer to these questions, but no one seems to have ever heard of a flap rock.

Allow me to illustrate another point of contention I have with his theory using René's "C" rock picture as a guideline. NASA and Hollywood had a drastic difference in opinion in what a mission to the moon would look like.



*This is what NASA says the moon looks like.*



*This was Hollywood's idea of the moon.*

Note that the woman doesn't have a helmet. Also, NASA's lunar rover lacks the lightning bolts on the side which is kind of a shame if you ask me. True, these are drawings, but they are accurate to the style of time. In movies, space suits were light, easy to get around in, and fit in a wide range of varieties such as *The Glittering Luchador* and *Executive Windbreaker* with optional flight helmet and visor. Characters didn't wear the same thing. They wore what seemed right for that particular character or showed cleavage if applicable. In the event there was a uniform of sorts, they wore different colors to make it easy for the audience. The colors helped you keep track of who's who if they wore helmets while wandering aimlessly around moon scenery that always looked suspiciously like the southwestern deserts.

The big hole in the argument as I see it is this: why fake it at all? René claimed it was a way to steal from the American people, but also believed (unlike Bill Kaysing) that the astronauts did actually take off and go into orbit. That alone would cost a fortune. How much is there going to be left over to steal? If you're going for the big con, you have to watch your overhead expenses because that eats directly into your profits. I learned that in business school. He discusses the timeline as if it were scripted where it always works out in the end and the astronauts save the day, but if you think about it from that perspective, they succeeded in writing their way out of their own con by being too successful and boring the audience.

I was willing to hear him out. René presented his ideas with the kind of confidence that someone has from knowing exactly what they are talking about or from being completely

insane. His NASA skepticism seemed reasonable on the surface, so there was no reason to think he was unhinged because of that. However, he did express some theories that were a bit more unusual. For instance, did you know that Mexicans are actually Jews? (That's exactly how that concept was introduced to me.) Actually, I didn't know that. He explained that Jewish slaves were brought over by the Spanish to breed with the natives. There was no explanation as to why they would do this. I have no idea where he would have even start to get that kind of idea. It must be from all the practicing Jews in Mexico that make up about 0.05% of the population there. The only connection I can find is flat bread. From there, it's just a matzah to tortilla conversion. That's at least a starting point.

It was getting close to lunchtime and René offered to buy me a sandwich, so we got in his van and headed out. It wasn't long before I found out that the sign on the back of his van was completely true. He got so angry anytime there was anyone behind him. I didn't matter if they were driving at a reasonable pace or not. He would literally drive slower and slower whenever someone would come up behind him to the point of stopping dead in the street. In spite of this, we did eventually get to a restaurant. It was one of those locations that periodically goes out of business and reopens as a different type of shop. Currently it's a car lot, but at the time, it was just a greasy hole-in-the-wall diner.

We ordered some burgers and fries. While we were waiting, René told me about dropping out of school to try to join the army for World War II. As part of this "try-out," he had an sparring match where for some reason he had a hatchet and managed to impressed some people. It was a technique he adopted from the Indians and the army rangers ripped it off of him. Well, at least that was his story. There's a citation needed for that. To his disappointment, they wouldn't let him join because he was too young. He wanted to be the one to kill Hitler. He added to that, "Boy, was I stupid." At the time, that didn't seem all that strange. No one was going to kick down the door to Hitler's bunker, hold him at gun point, and yell, "Send the rookie in here and tell him it's his lucky day."

Our food sucked, but I didn't have to pay for it which was good. I was broke and it was food. That was good enough for me. He decided to offer me the job paying \$7.50 an hour working a few hours a week. From our conversations that day, I thought he was kind of an asshole and a little bit crazy, but not necessarily more than any of other old people that I've ever know. Once you've lived past a certain age, you just don't care anymore. That exact age has yet to be determined, because of the large amount of people that are assholes for their entire life. I took the job in spite of some of the doubts and he told me that he was going to pry open my mind.

## - Day Two -

### Very Odd Jobs

The next day after a few hours of sleep, I returned to René Manor for my first day of actual work. After fifteen minutes or so of René fidgeting with random papers, we piled into his van to go buy wood for an as-of-yet unnamed project. He pulled out of his driveway and backed up to the mailbox. I gathered his mail and we set out on our journey. René explained to me that the post office was his sworn enemy and it would be part of my job to keep track of when he received Dr. Leonard's catalogs. For anyone not familiar with the good Dr. Leonard's work, it's a monthly catalog for mail order medical supplies. I'm using the term medical supplies loosely. There's a prominently featured ad in it where a woman is using a vibrator on her neck as if that is its actual function. On their website, the charade is gone and there's no shying away from the fact they are penile replicants.



*You're doing it wrong.*

René had been corresponding angrily with them over the last several months about how often he received catalogs. Instead of getting it every month, he wanted to get a catalog every three months. He wanted me to help him maintain records in attempt to build a case for the upcoming lawsuit. He added, "Me and you, Mike, we're gonna change the world." I busted out laughing. I couldn't help it. He asked me to explain what was so funny about it, but somehow the natural comedy of suing a company that sells dildos through the US Postal Service to world-changing proportions seemed lost on him. He was laughing too, so it didn't seem to really matter that much.

We arrived at the hardware store and René sent me in with the instructions to get four 2X8 boards. However, he neglected to give me a length and I had to go back out to the van and due to my inability to read his mind, he decided to shuffle into the store himself. He bought the wood, had it loaded on top of the van, and we were off again.

During the painfully long drive back and forth, he told me more about just how deep his skepticism ran. He had a bone to pick with apparently every well-known scientist of the last few hundred years from Isaac Newton to Albert Einstein. He discusses all these complaints at length in his book "The Last Skeptic of Science: The Book Mensa Tried To Stop." Mensa is an organization for geniuses that René associated with in the '80s. The original title was "Mensa

Lectures” until they sued him for using their name. One positive thing I can say about this book is it at least has more of his own original thoughts. That could also be viewed as a negative. It’s just a issue of perspective.

Nearly a quarter of his book is devoted to just bitching about Newton. All of René’s problems with him stem from one thing: gravity. He claimed that mathematically it didn’t make sense and proceeded to disprove by breaking equations down to the point that they no longer meant anything. Breaking gravity like this gave him a basis for re-doing several things related to Newton’s work like the equatorial bulge and the weight of the earth.

René believed that what we call gravity was just an effect of electricity. In fact, he gave electricity credit for just about everything. What makes Earth rotate? Electricity. What keeps Earth from thumping as it rotates? Electro-magnetic forces. (He called them René Bearings.) What causes volcanoes? Plate tectonics. No, I’m kidding. It’s electricity. He didn’t believe in plate tectonics at all.

He subscribed to the theory that the poles change position which isn’t that far fetched. The poles do wobble and very well could have been in different positions in the past. According to René, this is the cause of what everyone else refers to the Ice Age. He didn’t use the term to describe any specific time because it’s always an ice age wherever the poles are located. Although that is a reasonable idea, it doesn’t negate continental drift. They can visually measure it at various fault lines.

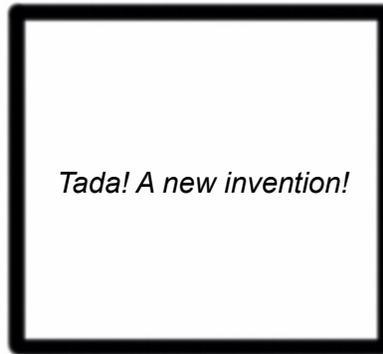
As for volcanoes, René attributes them to electrical ground currents. These are called René Earth Currents for obvious reasons. It’s kind of theme throughout this book: come up with some kind of theory that disagrees with what everyone else take as fact and glue a “René” to it. With the help of his mentor, he accidentally created a miniature volcano in a steel barrel by pumping electricity into lime. That’s the mineral, not the fruit. Although, I do think that’s how they make Sprite. Leaving their pot to stew for a few days, it formed a volcanic cone and after implementing the extremely scientific “poke it with a stick” technique it started erupting. The process created what he refers to as “znortneys.” I’m sure you’re as confused by this as I was when I first read it. That’s znortneys. Look it up if you can. While you’re waiting, here’s a cheer for the Ralph René Memorial High School “Fightin’ Znortneys” that you can learn and practice at home.

Give me a  
Z - N - O - R - T - N - E - Y - S !!!  
What does it spell?!  
I don't know!



Honestly, I'm still have no idea what he is talking about. This word is not any dictionary that I've seen or on the internet. I've searched and searched to no avail. René never bothered to define it in his book, so I guess that knowledge is lost forever. However, he did claim they were able to transmute elements so at least alchemy is preserved for us. I'll digress on that for now.

I unloaded the boards into his yard and then followed René to his garage, collect a few tools for the project. He handed me a power drill/screwdriver and rusty coffee can full of screws to take back to the lumber. As I've stated before, René suffered from arthritis in his legs so he couldn't bend down to screw the boards together. Instead he told me to lift up the ends of two of the boards, line them up at a right angle, and let him use the tool. Now while holding up those two now joined boards, he had me lift a third board and repeat the whole awkward process of aligning them so he could use his power tool. If our roles were reversed for this, I think he would have been able to grasp the concept of gravity a little better. After the third board, it became clear his grand design was just a square and we were making it in the most difficult way possible. On that realization, I told him I could finish it on my own. He seemed surprised that I could use a screwdriver. I guess I give off the vibe of someone who is completely useless.



When the square was complete, we left it right where we made it and René went back to his desk. He needed to rest and in the meantime assigned me with the task of removing the remnants of his goat fence. The goats were gone and I wasn't given an explanation as to what happened to them. To be completely truthful, I don't want to know what happened to them but I've come up with a few theories anyway.

The first is a "Chicken Run" scenario wherein after months or even years of careful planning the goats collectively execute some elaborate Rube Goldberg device that flings them all safely over the fence. This seems unlikely, but goats are known for their ability to escape. Not to mention, that goats smarter than chickens, so they could probably get away in half the time. However, this is with the assumption that "Chicken Run" was a re-enactment of actual events, so feel free to disregard any of that information.

Another possibility is they fell victim to the legendary beast from south of the border, el chupacabra. For those unfamiliar with this particular crypto-animal, its name translates as "goat-sucker." It feeds on goats and other livestock as the name implies and hails from Puerto Rico and Mexico allegedly. There might be something to this theory though, at least in terms of Ralph René logic. Assuming that Mexican is the equivalent of Jew, by the transitive property we can determine that a Mexican monster is a jewish monster which feeds on goats because they are kosher. I like to think it would be referred to as a "Jewpacabra" for comedic effect. I'm a fan of word play. This hypothesis can be ruled out for a number of reasons including there's no solid proof that a chupacabra exists and even less proof behind the idea that all Mexicans are jewish.

Finally and the most likely cause of their disappearance is that René ate them. I have my reasons for this belief which I will get to momentarily.



*Avenge me.*

The fence posts were easy to remove and I was quickly assigned my next task. René pointed out four eight gallon buckets covered on his deck. These were the buckets that his sink emptied into from the kitchen. Apparently he carefully separated all his scrap food before sending it along with some water down his garbage disposal into their individual buckets creating a homogeneous slop. Each of the four buckets held one type of slop; breads, vegetables, meats, and the last was filled with decaying leaves and mud. I'm not sure if the leaves and mud were put through his garbage disposal, but I like to think they were for the sake of consistency.

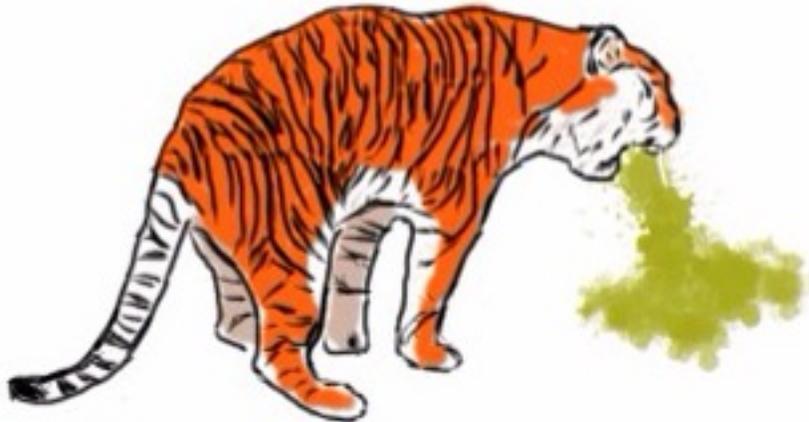
As you can imagine, it would take quite a while for an elderly man that lives alone to fill such a large bucket with a single type of food and that was evident by the smell. I have my suspicions that there may have been some goat in that meat bucket. I have no reason to believe this. It was just a lot of meat leftovers. When he opened the lids, I wanted to vomit but I wasn't sure which bucket it would go in so I fought off the urge.

René wanted me to bury his rotting concoctions in his "garden" which was actually just a spot in his yard between his driveway and trailer. Garden or not, I set to work digging until I had a hole large enough for the first bucket. I buried the meat first because it smelled the worst and was overdue for it. Not surprisingly, pouring the mixture stirred up its stench. I stepped away for a deep breath and went back to cover it over with the dirt. This seemed like the least painful way to get through the ordeal. Then it was just a matter of repeating it for the remaining buckets.

I noticed his neighbors coming and going, and I couldn't help but think that they thought René was insane which would make me insane by association for working for him. It's just simple logic. A mad scientist couldn't have a reasonable henchmen employed. He would be thinking for himself, refusing orders, and talking him out of things. It would break the whole mad science dynamic. However, I would argue all personal assistants bury their employers food. It is just something that important people do. Donald Trump has his food buried for him after every meal. None of this is true as far as I know, but I'm not above lying to throw off suspicion that I might be crazy. I do think that burying Trump's decaying, discarded food would be a good event on *The Apprentice*. Unstable reality tv stars doing pointless and demeaning manual labor: that's entertaining.

I completed my task burying the buckets in a small two-by-two grid that was almost indistinguishable from the ground around it except it was like quicksand. With that done, I

reported back to René. Immediately he says, "Mike, you gotta learn to listen to me." He goes on to explain that he was working on an experiment on using his food as fertilizer and wanted them all buried in one hole. There are a few problems that I had with this. First and most importantly, he never mentioned any of this before I went out to actually do the job. I offered to correct it by removing the small bits of dirt that separated them, but he wasn't interested. I still have questions about this that I can't answer. Why did he go through the trouble of using different buckets in the first place? Couldn't he just put it all in one bucket and been able to do his "experiment" in a quarter of the time? And why is he testing this at all? It seems like common knowledge that plants take their nutrients from the ground and those nutrients are put there by dead plants and animals along with their waste. The only thing having one hole for this huge waste of time would accomplish is creating a somehow less humane version of a punji pit. Theoretically it would work like this. The tiger falls in, realizes what it's stuck in, and vomits itself to death which is not a pretty picture.



*See? I told you.*

René got over his frustration with me and gave me my pay, \$40 for a little over five hours of work. In spite of everything, I was fairly satisfied and was eager to come back. It was decent money for the work I put in for the day and more interesting than working in a factory. The madness was a welcome change of pace compared to the life-consuming monotony that passes for a "good" job in this area. He asked me to come by after work in two days and he would have some more tasks prepared for me leaving me to debate the age old question "How many holes does science take?" in the meantime.

## - Day Three -

### Quitting

As scheduled, I arrived at René's home/office/lair after I got out of my other job. It was around 7am and when I knocked on his door I realized he wasn't expecting me yet. He had just gotten out of bed and was still drinking his first cup of coffee while sitting around in a wife-beater. He didn't have anything ready for me to do at the moment, so he sent me into the labyrinth of folding tables that he used to publish his books to read a pamphlet. There are a few things that are universal truths and this is one: nothing good has ever been put in a pamphlet. It's not a format that lends itself to information that is in any way wanted or needed and this was no exception. René told me to grab the one with the "n\*gger bunny" on it. My mind stopped working for a moment. "What the fuck is a 'n\*gger bunny'?" was the thought that started looping in my brain, shutting off all other mental activity. It sounds like it would be a character from a Rankin/Bass special if they made "Rudolph's Very Bigoted Easter." Regardless, it wasn't the kind of thing that I was expecting to hear at that time of the morning and it took me by surprise.

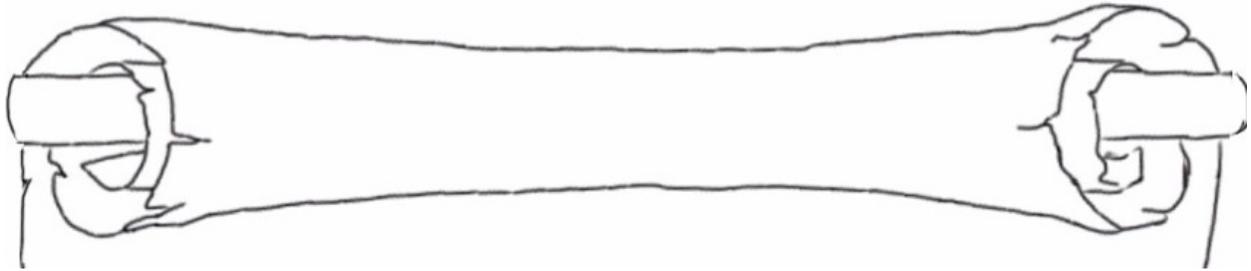


*My nose lights up when I hate people who are different from me.*

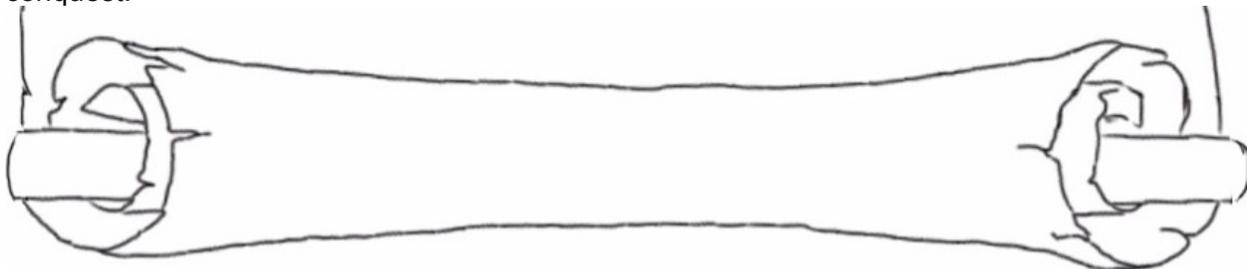
I came back to my senses to the sound of René shouting frustrated instructions to help me find his pamphlet which I hadn't started looking for yet. By instructions, I mean he was repeatedly yelling the words "It's right there!" That wasn't particularly helpful for trying to locate something made of paper in a giant pile of papers. As irritated as I was, I scrambled through through the stacks until eventually found it. The cover was as racist as his off-color description would lead you to believe, but I opened it up and began reading it anyway. I didn't go through the trouble of getting my hands on the damn thing not to see exactly what was inside. I wanted to know what he thought was so important to justify all his theatrics about finding it.

It turns out that you can judge a book by it's cover. Now, I could recount in graphic detail René's breakdown of history blaming everything bad in the world on non-whites, but it's not my goal to

spread his bullshit propaganda; not when I have my own bullshit history of the world to present in an easy-to-skip-over scroll format. It even has Nazis in it for people that are disappointed about not going the pamphlet in detail. With that said, here we go.



In classic History Channel style, it all begins in Germany during World War II when time traveling Nazis were launched through a space-time vortex in a rocket. Yes, according to the History Channel it's a common theory that Nazis achieved time travel. (I'm not joking. That statement was actually on their network.) The ship emerged in the early Jurassic period where two dinosaurs witnessed its flight before its inevitable wreck into a distant cliffside. One dinosaur turned to the other and said, "Wow, I want to do that!" The other dinosaur replied, "You couldn't do that in a 100 million years." Fast forward 100 million years and two distinct groups emerged, birds and reptilian humanoids. The birds ruled the sky and reptilians spread their primitive civilization across the supercontinent. However, there were other civilizations that already existed. The sasquatch and elven races had been at war for millennia in remote regions of Pangea, but the world was cooling, slowly wiping out the giant dinosaurs, and clearing the way for colonization. Neither the elves nor reptilians were any match for the sasquatch alone, so the two races formed an alliance in the contested lands. Meanwhile, the aliens that had been monitoring the planet intervened on behalf of the noble sasquatch who they deemed as a worthier lifeform by bestowing on them mental powers far beyond their ape-like point in evolution. The elves retaliated by summoning all their magic power to sterilize the sasquatch race. (Note: That's why there are so few today and we see any even less because of the mental powers. They levitate to avoid leaving footprints, bend light psychically to become invisible, and shit in their own hands and eat it to hide the evidence.) As punishment for their despicable acts, the aliens stripped the elves of most of their magic and subjugated them into slavery making toys and cookies. To avoid alien attack, the reptilians went into hiding and remained there learning the art of disguise until the ages of man came. The aliens had little interest in man and left for distant planets allowing the reptilians to re-emerge incognito for the purpose creating the combustion engine which ran off the remains of their ancestors. Their ultimate goal being to warm the planet to make it more suitable for their plans for planetary conquest.



Please resume reading if you chose to skip the scroll.

I put just as much logic and factual information into this as the author of that pamphlet. (I assume it was René, but I didn't check to see so I can't say that for sure.) I only made it a few pages through and it actually made me angry. I'm not easily offended, but it really struck a

nerve and I was sitting there with my jaw clenched when René chimed in that he was ready with something for me to do. I was ready to get out of there, so I was glad to hear that he was sending me outdoors to take care some pointless chore. He had some tools by the door. I gathered them up and stepped outside. The door hadn't even swung closed before he was complaining.

By the time I reached to bottom of his deck steps, I decided I had enough of working for Ralph René. I sat down his tools and went back inside to give him a piece of my mind. Instead verbally assaulting him though, I told him I didn't think the job was working out. He said, "It was the pamphlet, wasn't it?" In my mind he said, "It was the Jews, wasn't it?" No shit, it was the fucking pamphlet. That combined with the asshole attitude made \$7.50 an hour seem much less attractive than it had been a few days ago. René was visibly upset. He told himself he wouldn't show the pamphlet to next sucker to take my place which I agreed with despite the fact that I could tell he wasn't talking to me.

He told me he wanted to warn me about what was coming in the future before I left. He pointed to my side where a rifle was propped up between his kitchen counter and the wall next to his door and said, "Do you see that gun?" "Oh my god, he's going to ask me to hand that gun to him and then shoot me," I thought. René told me that when the time came Mexican Jews would march on his trailer from the nearby woods visible from his door and he would use that rifle to hold them off for as long as he could and when this happened people would wish that they had listened.

After he said his peace, he asked if I would go into his room and grab a bundle of cloth he had hanging up. I agreed because I felt bad for him. I stopped feeling bad for him when I found the bundle and picked it up. He bellowed in not to touch it immediately after I already had. It was moist and felt like it had a large sponge in it. Most likely, that moisture was urine. That's what the room smelled like, so I took the pissy package, dropped it off to him at his desk, and left. That was the last that I ever saw of Ralph René. I went home and washed my hands of the whole incident both literally and metaphorically speaking.

# Epilogue

America AD

I moved out of Scott county in search of greener pastures. It was a bad year for me, and to be completely honest, that horrible job working for a crackpot author was one of the high points. That's why I was a little sad to discover, that he had committed suicide in December of 2008. That is unless his note in "NASA Mooned America" is true. He wrote that if he ever reportedly had killed himself, it would be part of the cover up in his murder which seems extremely unlikely given the situation. Knowing him, it more than likely had to do with the election of that year. A black president that says he's going to change everything doesn't seem like it would be his cup of tea. If he would have held out a few months, he would have realized that nothing was going to change. Our lives are still miserable and we have all gone about our business as usual.

There have been some news items since his death that he would have liked to have seen and write about in a bitchy manner. NASA discovered ice on the moon in 2009 with the LCROSS spacecraft, not to be confused with the lacrosse sport that no one gives a shit about. It launched a Centaur rocket into the south pole and analyzed the debris for traces of water. Using the technical terms that's the old "drop something heavy on it" technique. In 2011, they announced the retirement of all three shuttles. René would have spilled his urine-filled mustard bottle over that kind of news. That joy would have ended when he heard the rest of the story and learned that now we just buy a ticket to tag along with Russia, tickets that are currently going for \$56 million a seat. Also, the shuttles are being turned into a \$100 million exhibit. That's a 2:1 bad to good news ratio from his perspective and with that moment of happiness smashed, all he would have left is a carpet wet with pee. It might have evened the score a bit to see Newt Gingrich ruin his presidential campaign by suggesting we build a permanent moon base, but we'll never know.

He would have also been glad to see his ideas on 9/11 catch on and simultaneously been furious about not getting any credit. In 2002, René self-published "WTC Lies and Fairytales." It was a 16 page pamphlet (see my previous statement about pamphlets) that broke down the evidence as he saw it that the American government was responsible for the attack. Unlike his two main books, I have not read this. It was not available when I ordered René's books. Yes I bought them (for way too much money), but it was to make sure I wasn't misrepresenting his ideas. I have seen a video about it created by an Australian fellow who seems to have become the protégé that I wasn't. It makes his case for what happened and shows sections of text from his writing. I can definitely tell is his after reading so much of his work. His argument is essentially the same as the one made by the "Loose Change" movies that became popular not too long ago. I don't necessarily buy into any this, but I have to give credit to René for getting there first.

Having said that, I have to recount an experiment René did regarding the Twin Towers. It involved making model frames of each tower from a different material. One was made of wood and the other was made of birdcage wire. With his towers in place, he covered each of them in kerosene and set them ablaze. As expected the wood tower burned and collapsed very quickly while the wire tower stood throughout the fire. In René's mind, this somehow proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the towers should not have fallen and there was indeed some foul play at work.

Now I'm not a structural engineer, but it seems like there would be a few differences you would have to account for here if you wanted to consider this valid to some degree. These include but are not limited to the following: the difference wood and birdcage wire, the difference between birdcage wire and steel, the difference between kerosene and jet fuel, the difference between

multi-ton buildings and not-to-scale frame models. “Of course, these are small concerns that probably wouldn’t have any effect on real world results.” This is most likely thought by whoever thought it was a good idea to film it. Yes apparently, this was filmed. I would love to see this fiasco go down in front of my own eyes. René didn’t have a copy of it and his experiment didn’t make it into the final cut of the video. I wonder why? Didn’t they get back some compelling data? Wasn’t visually stunning? Was it a stupid idea? Bingo, we have a winner.

In a way, I understand Ralph René in spite of everything. We share some characteristics. I consider myself an inventor of sorts. With ideas like the edible party cup and the Gridlock waffle security system, never again will you have to clean up after parties or demand that some rascalion “leggo of your eggo.” From time to time, I feel like a genius. I wanted to prove it and get accepted into Mensa for this book, but they charge you to take the test so I’m satisfied to just enjoy those brilliant moments and keep my money. And here I am at this very moment writing something dangerously close to pamphlet length. Although, I do think it being only available in electronic formats might be a loophole to the “pamphlets are bullshit” rule, so what if it is bullshit? Isn’t it still the urge to create? To take something from inside your mind and manifest it into reality? I think so.

There’s just a discrepancy in point of view from René to me. I think you can sum up his writing with a single word, contrarian. A contrarian is defined as “a person who takes an opposing view, especially one who rejects the majority opinion.” That’s Ralph René spot on. The subject never seemed to make any difference. What mattered to René was the act of disagreeing with whatever other people regard to be true. That’s fine to a certain point to get ideas out in the open and look at the possibilities, but there comes a point to where you have to examine what you actually have and come to a rational conclusion regardless of whether or not your ideas are right or wrong. That’s something I don’t think he was able to do, which lead to a lot of theories being rejected, which in turn made him the hateful old man that I worked for briefly.

With that, I’ve said all I can say about my time with Ralph René and his work. If you’d like to learn more about Ralph René, visit your local library or skip the library and go straight to your psychiatrist office. Thanks for reading.