

THE
DA VINCI
MOLE

DR. IAN BROWNE



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FACTS

The Church of Scientology—a Church founded in 1954 by L. Ron Hubbard—is a real organization. Scientologists claim that mankind is polluted by the debris of space aliens who died 75 million years ago. This transparently absurd cover story is designed to mask the true nature and objectives of the Scientologists, which are revealed in this book. The links between Scientology, the order of the Masons, UFO sightings, the dollar bill and alien anal probing are all genuine and well documented.

Similarly, the facts revealed on the nature of modern art, the building of the pyramids, Leonardo da Vinci, Jesus and the early Church, Fermi's Paradox, intelligent design, proof of the existence of God, Procter & Gamble, human evolution, and the secret nature of the current White House administration are all quite true, and amply supported by the extensive bibliography.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. Fiction was not my preference, but an exigency I was forced into out of desperation. I have endured every indignity in dealing with the editorial sadists at BenBella (a publishing house, named, quite aptly, for a Muslim terrorist) but I was allowed one concession, this unedited author's note. Through it I must get across to you, my audience, the importance of the present volume, a book that I freely confess looks less important than the latest issue of *MAD* Magazine, and is likely to have a shorter shelf life.

It seems almost hopeless, but I do not despair. I was trained better than that, and, although I now turn on my masters, I still respect their teachings.

My name is not Dr. Ian Browne. This is a pseudonym chosen by my accursed publisher for obvious and base commercial reasons. I cannot reveal my true name to you, for my own safety, but suffice it to say that you would recognize it instantly, and that knowledge of my true identity would help you understand the critical importance of this work.

This book was originally a non-fiction volume. I wrote it with great care. My agent had secured a seven-figure book deal with

Jane Friedman at HarperCollins. I was given carte blanche to tell my story as I saw fit. But certain events convinced me that I could not safely use my real name. When I told Jane that I must use a pseudonym she became furious and tore up our agreement. Surely the importance of this volume is revealed by the seriousness of the content, not the name of the author! My profession is equally frivolous, but I expected more of publishing.

My agent abandoned me, and I shopped this volume around from publisher to publisher, approaching ever-more obscure and insignificant publishers, only to be rejected by them all. Finally, in desperation, I approached something called BenBella Books.

They agreed to publish my volume, but only on the condition that I fictionalize it. In desperation I agreed, only to hear their further demands. The book must be in the form of a parody of *The Da Vinci Code*.

You cannot appreciate the awful irony of this demand. *The Da Vinci Code*, a malicious pyramid of lies, was written to distract the American public from the real truth. And it couldn't have been more successful. As millions debate the truth and falsehood of *The Da Vinci Code*, the real conspiracy goes on, unnoticed. And it dwarfs in importance the feeble conspiracy described in that book.

This is a work of fiction. But the story it tells of mankind, the Church, art and present-day America is very true. This book is based on decades of research¹ as well as the personal access I've had to the private files of the most important secret organization in this country. I've done my homework. I know the history of art and of the Church; I know the history of psychiatry and, I dare say, you don't. I pray that you take this seriously.

¹ I refer you to the bibliography, which contains many solid references.

Unlike *The Da Vinci Code*, which suggests that the best course of action is to do nothing at all (which is exactly what they want you to do), at the end of this book your course of action will be crystal clear. I hope you have the courage to take action. I cannot do it alone, and the fate of humanity hangs in the balance.

PROLOGUE

Eric San Leté wove awkwardly as he stumbled through the halls of the Whitney, his breath coming in wheezing gasps. At seventy-three, he was still in fine shape, but his body no longer had the strength it once did. And the creature behind him was tireless. The sterile halls of the Whitney flew past him as he ran. He could barely make out the outlines of the art around him in the amber glow of the dim after-hours lighting.

A Frenchman, San Leté was a distinguished curator at the Louvre, and was spending a sabbatical year at the Whitney. But he already knew the Whitney as one knows a dear friend, and he could picture each unseen painting as he flew past it. The secret meaning of each flashed into his mind as he staggered past it, meanings known only to him and his Masonic brethren.

The footsteps behind him were closer now, and he was too exhausted to run any farther. He turned and saw a man approaching in the dim light.

“Hello, Eric,” Karl greeted him. “It doesn’t have to be like this. W is prepared to call a truce; there’s no reason we need to be in conflict. Just tell me where the WMD² is.”

² Weapon of Mental Development.

Eric smiled feebly. “The WMD will be released very soon. Have no fears on that score. You should welcome it.”

“It will never be released. Tell me where it is and this can all be over. I can’t imagine any weapon you developed could be very impressive. But you know W; he likes to be thorough. So where is it, Eric?”

“Karl, you bastard,” San Leté wheezed. “Finding the WMD isn’t going to solve anything. Neither will getting rid of me. What you are doing is wrong, and ultimately will fail, as it always has in the past. Why must you dominate? Why can’t you just live, appreciate art, enjoy the fruits of this great civilization we live in?” Exhausted by the effort to speak these words, he sank to the floor, breathing heavily.

Karl approached to within fifteen feet of San Leté, pulled up a guard chair and sat. “You want to debate philosophy? Fine. I’m in no rush. But I won’t be telling you anything you don’t already know. You just can’t accept it. God is dead, Eric. We are the aimless products of mindless evolution, and the only meaning is the meaning we make. The will to power. It’s the only thing that gives life meaning. If you want to try to look for meaning in art, be my guest. But you got in our way. Not nice.”

Eric spat, or tried to in his feeble state. “Spare me the *Nietzsche for Dummies* lecture, Karl. I’ve heard it before. God is alive and well, and She doesn’t like what you are doing. I’m warning you, turn around and leave now.”

Karl laughed, removing a strange metal device from his jacket pocket. It was nine inches long and gleamed with a high sheen. “You’re warning me? I don’t think that’s very realistic.”

“Look behind you,” Eric warned. He smiled triumphantly. Karl turned and saw the painting that Eric had ripped from the wall. Even in the dim light he could see it was some Mondrian-esque monstrosity. “That’s right, Karl, I triggered the si-

lent alarm. The police will be here any second. Leave while you can.”

Karl laughed again. “Eric, you are a fool. This is New York, not Paris. It’ll be hours before the police arrive. And who do you think controls the police in this town anyway?” He got up and walked toward San Leté, holding the strange device in front of him. Eric screamed . . .

Twenty minutes later Karl Rove emerged from the side entrance to the Whitney. He hummed to himself as he hailed a taxi on his way back to Washington D.C.