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Tucson's Moshiach

Libby Hubbard

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Tucson's Moshiach

*By Libby Hubbard**

In Tucson's Moshiach, the author examines the concept of the Jewish Messiah, the Moshiach, and its potential to foster wishful thinking, ultimately leading to the messianic complex—a mental illness characterized by God selecting you to bear the weight of the world being placed on your shoulders to lead us to the New Earth. Tzaddik, from Tucson, AZ, took on the identity of the Moshiach at a time when Israel's leaders are carrying out a genocide program against the Palestinians that harkens back to Nazis Germany. The story ends with his suicide in Washington, DC. Could Tzaddik's death symbolize the moral suicide the State of Israel faces, considering that it is committing genocide?

Introduction

The story of Tucson's Moshiach is a true story about a real person who took on the role of the Jewish Messiah. It is a tragic story about delusional thinking and religious mythology that has caused state-sponsored genocide, a crime against humanity.

The Real and the Unreal, the Story of Tzaddik

(Some names have been changed)

On a Zoom call with "Humanity Rising," organized by the president of Ubiquity University, Jim Garrison, his guest speaker was Michelle Despres. She is working on a doctorate in UFOlogy, the first Ph.D. program offering a doctorate in extraterrestrial studies. The talk's title was "How ETs Connect and Instruct Human Evolution." It was about how extraterrestrials communicate with us through intuition and meditation. In the chat, someone said that, as a Jewish American, he was watching Israel commit suicide, which seemed like a profound thought to me. I asked the group, if the UFOs were reading our minds and sending us messages, why wasn't it helping us stop the wars and famines? Shortly after I got off the Zoom call, I heard that Tzaddik Greenberg, a friend from Tucson, AZ, had committed suicide in Washington, DC.

Everything seems surreal, a composite of real life and social media. Political propaganda is flying through the internet stream as fast as light, and it is hard to distinguish what is real from the unreal. There are certain images passed around the Facebook stream that I pray are fake, such as the devastation of the Gaza Strip in Israel's war against Hamas—suffering children with arms and legs amputated after being crushed by the rubble of blown-up apartment buildings, only to find they *are* all too real. In the age of social manipulation and AI media control, one must rely on one's gut feeling of what is true and just.

*Independent Scholar, Lovolution Studio, USA.

One person whom I followed on Facebook and Instagram was Tzaddik HaMoshiach, also known as Zachary Solomon Greenberg, his birth name. I followed him because of his passion for world peace and visionary approach to solving social problems. On Scott Catamas's *Global Peace Tribe* show *The Awakening World*, Tzaddik talked about organizing the different sectors of the wheel with sector teams taking responsibility for each part of the whole to move us out of the trauma paradigm of war and climate chaos. He modified the late futurist Barbara Marx Hubbard's Wheel of Cocreation with his vision of a healing wheel with light and peace workers practicing different healing techniques listed as "global council of sound healers, energy healers, mediators, psychological practitioners, somatic practitioners, body workers, conscious dance facilitators, conscious relating facilitators & leaders, plant & psychedelic medicine ceremony, transformational ceremonialists." He said they would be overseen by the "Global Council of Healing Modalities for World Peace, Personal and Intrapersonal Transformation."

Barbara wanted people to make changes to the wheel to expand her legacy. I also had my take on the Wheel of Cocreation, making the wheel's hub into a greenprint (a blueprint that put the health of the ecology first) of arcology, an ecological city designed with various sectors making up an ecocity. Tzaddik was lucky to present his vision of the holistic wheel on Scott's show.

I never got to talk with Tzaddik about my vision and how we could collaborate. From my experience, big male egos don't listen well to small, unrecognized older women's voices. In hindsight, I wish I had tried harder to communicate with him as a peer futurist to tell him that a futurist must live for long-term change. Planting visionary seeds in the here and now might be one's best option. Only history will tell who the catalysts for a world peace regime are.

Tzaddik's vision and mission could be classified as futurism in the heritage of the cultural movement of the 1960s love and peace generation. In his final Facebook post, he posted a quote by John Lennon, "Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope you'll join us someday, and the world will be as one." In his introductory line on Facebook, he describes himself as a "Cosmic Visionary & Jedi, dedicated to uniting All, within a diverse Universal Culture of Peace & Love."

Even though John Lennon's message was optimistic, Tzaddik wrote above the image a few days before his death, "Sometimes we must let go of our dreams because something else is calling that demands our attention, and our integrity is more important than any dream." He had big planetary dreams and a huge human ego that, in my opinion, got in his way of manifesting his dreams on Earth. On his profile page, he has a long list of organizations he was the founder or CEO of, such as "The Fountain--Universal Bank of Love," "Solar Emperor at the Peaceful & Loving Empire of United Universalis," "The Leading Generation," "The Universal Courts of Love," "The Peace Force—A holistic, Integrative & Peaceful Military Force," "Planet Coexist," "Earth Walk Integrative Spiritual Society," "Solar Emperor at United Empire of Angels and Archangels." There were other organizations and movements listed that he was either the head coach, spiritual minister, Global Council Chair, sorcerer, or emperor. His quest was to be a world leader and usher

in a new world, which explains why he said his vocation was to be a politician on one of his Facebook sites, even though he had not run for an official office.

My friend, Mike, is a high school friend of Tzaddik's father and called to invite me to join him at his memorial. He picked me up in his white SUV Cadillac. On the way to Evergreen Cemetery, where the memorial was held, Mike tried to convince me that the 1969 Apollo 11 Moon landing was fake. He said there was too much radiation for humans to move beyond low Earth orbit.

So, I ask, "How did NASA land rovers on Mars?" He didn't have an answer, but he told me that when he was young, he struggled with the messiah complex that almost killed him when he "flew" off a cliff in religious ecstasy, damaging several internal organs. After running for county elections as a Green Party candidate, he changed parties to the Libertarian Party and wanted no part in supporting the US government.

The cemetery chapel was filled with Tzaddik memorabilia. A large flat screen connected to the Internet streamed the memorial live over Facebook. Several speakers who spoke about Tzaddik's life beamed in from Israel. One online speaker was Eliyahu McLean, who worked with Tzaddik on Planet Coexist to bring peace between Palestinians and Israelis.

The first in-person speaker was one of his brothers who said, "There was a phase where he became religious; learned Torah, went to the Jewish Theological Seminary at Columbia, Rabbinical school in Israel; and very educated in Judaism theology. However, his principles were greater than Judaism—it was peace for mankind. [sic] We were both the Peacemakers in the family. I had a weapon, and he planned spiritual events. I went overseas to fight an adversary, and he gathered people to fight to heal the world. He wanted all to get along and it didn't matter what religion, race, creed, etc. Ultimate Peace was the goal, and he lived his life with Love."

One photo on Tzaddik's site was of him and his soldier brother; he was wearing a Native American costume with a feather in his hair, and his brother was dressed in combat uniform for battles in Desert Storm. His soldier brother then confessed that he had written a letter to the FBI warning them about Tzaddik.

After the speeches, we journeyed to the burial site behind the pine coffin. Passing an old friend who used to run an art organization I worked with, Alan, saw me. His face soured, turning towards hatred and fear; he said, "You aren't here to create trouble, are you?"

I replied, "Are you here to create trouble?" With that, he turned around and walked up to the rabbi, pointing me out like I was a terrorist. The rabbi glared at me until I walked fast enough to avoid confrontation over nothing.

Mike, who witnessed the unpleasant interaction, said, "Alan doesn't like you!" So, I explained to him that years ago, Alan had threatened to have me arrested for anti-Semitism because one of my 4,000+ Facebook "friends" who I didn't know personally said something anti-Semitic. For him, I was guilty by association, and that real-life association was zero.

The casket was lowered into the deep, dark hole. We took turns with the shovel to throw dirt from above to below. Then, the rabbi would pause the service to pray and throw things into the hole. He made a public apology to Tzaddik for not calling him back.

Mike, a devout Christian, told me one of the things that the rabbi threw into the grave was the Talmud, a book the rabbi said survived the Nazis holocaust. Mike thought the book had an anti-Christian tone, dismissing Christ as humanity's savior. Lilith spontaneously shouted that throwing things in the grave was fitting for a Pharaoh, and Tzaddik would like that.

Later, away from his parents, Lilith told me her story about the Drachman Sweat, a weekly gathering of hippies and next-gen-hippies who removed their clothes and went into a sweat hut to sing, tell stories, and build community together. When she, a part-time Israeli, greeted Tzaddik as her "Jew Bro," he got furious and yelled at her for 30 minutes that he was not a Jew. Perhaps at that time, he had transcended "Jew" to become a star seed and a galactic citizen of the Milky Way.

I was in Santa Barbara for a theater event where Barbara Marx Hubbard, one of Tzaddik's mentors, who he visited at Sunrise Ranch in CO before her death, who was raised a secular Jew to embrace the New Age Gospel later, declared that she had evolved from homo sapiens into homo universalis. She was also on a messianic mission, urging us to develop our Christ capacities through our new technologies for the good of humanity.

She saw Earth's great religious avatars, such as Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu, and others who taught non-violence and love for oneself and neighbor, as prototype personalities of homo universalis, with everyone having the ability to have Godlike powers of ascension to build a "new heaven on a new earth that is the New Jerusalem." For Hubbard, these spiritual masters proved cosmic consciousness could become a new norm, a new species of homo universalis. She writes, "Every culture on Earth is 'templated' or coded with one or more persons who demonstrated oneness with nondual reality, union with God, a higher quality of being, a greater love, a more comprehensive mind, and who thereby set the pattern for the evolution of the species."

Hubbard called the self-awareness process "conscious evolution," a partnership between the Creator and humanity, cocreating and transcending the self-centeredness of the ego. She called us to free our chosen vocations from egoic attachment. Accused of being an egoist, on February 15th, Tzaddik responded on Instagram,

People have been attacking me for choosing to step into my greatness. They judge it as egoic or self-centered. However, it is just as egoic to push away power, and to be ignorant of it as it is to cling onto it. Nothing is wrong with owning our power. We all should! Just make sure to own it well—in service to the All.

Tzaddik played a role in the group Expand Reid Park, a citizen activist group, to pressure the city to take back land now used as a golf course and turn it back into public parkland. The golf course symbolized how the elite rich took over public land for their benefit. The group had a large Facebook following, thanks to Daniel Brockert's leadership, and it organized people to comment in front of the Tucson City Council. Expand Reid Park was a volunteer organization and wanted to build a non-profit support organization called "Friends of Reid Park." Tzaddik was selected as the CEO. Unfortunately, Tzaddik's organizational and paid staff structure drove volunteers away until the non-profit was abandoned.

Another time, Tzaddik joined Rene to start a free yoga class in Reid Park. Several people came, but perhaps it got too hot to practice in the park, and people

stopped coming. Beth helped Tzaddik organize a stare-gazing event where strangers sat outside the Downtown public library and stared into each other's eyes. Beth reported it was an amazing event, where, after a while, faces started shape-shifting and revealing hidden messages.

During the COVID-19 shutdown, on Instagram and Facebook, I watched his livestream protest on the steps of the World Health Organization, calling for his version of medical liberty, much like Robert F. Kennedy's position that the COVID-19 vaccine had not been properly tested. They believed Big Pharma was conspiring with the government to control social affairs and limit American freedoms. He asks, "Who created the Plandemic? Who orchestrated 9/11? Who....?"

Caught up in the wave of conspiracy theories, Tzaddik had nothing to do with wearing masks or taking the COVID-19 vaccine. One of his goals was to go to each State in the United States and ring the Liberty Bell on their capital building. During the memorial, it was said he rang 14 such bells. Tzaddik lost Facebook followers when he called for people to rebel against the official COVID protocols.

On November 30, 2023, he published on Facebook that he went to Tucson Municipal Courts to legally change his name to "Tzaddik Shmuel Zachary Solomon Rosenberg-Greenberg, HaNachash, HaMoshiach, MalkiTzeddek M'Poppa Meirasheit, Taz." He stated that he did so to declare that he was HaMoshiach (The messiah) publicly. In the statement, he defines his role as a "Lead Planetary Disruptor" or a paradigm shifter to move humanity "from systems of finite and terminal living to that of Infinite and Eternal." He described his followers as coalitions of "peace players, freedom fighters, joy seekers, truth-tellers, Sovereign sillies, love leaders," a force, he said, unlike any movement on the planet. He saw himself as the first emperor of the "Eternal World Co-Governance Sovereign Unity System." He wrote:

My first official Decree as Declared Messiah is that we see ourselves ALL AS CHOSEN, each for our own unique path. That we are ALL BELOVED! That we are ALL MESSIAHS! And that it is up to ALL OF US to do what needs to be done to create this precious world of peace that we have all been calling into being.

On Instagram, he traced his patrilineal bloodline to the Davidic line, a requirement of his Jewish messiahship. Back down to Earth, HaMoshiach, organized tree plantings around Tucson, a way to cool down the city in the face of unbearable hot summer temperatures caused by global climate change. He got a grant from the city for tree-planting events that even his mother attended.

With Tzaddik's new legal title, he said we didn't have to wait any longer for HaMoshiach. We were the living dream, and with his leadership, the dream of world peace could come true. With the US-made Israeli bombs raining down in Gaza and millions of people around the world calling for a permanent ceasefire and humanitarian aid reaching starving people, the global emergency was ringing loud and clear. January 28, he wrote, "What is happening in Israel and Gaza is not in alignment with the values of Judaism, nor the ancient nation of Israel."

As you can imagine, it wasn't easy identifying as the spiritual leader of the Jews. After all, look at the crucifixion of Jesus for his role in believing he was the son of God! On February 16th, Tzaddik wrote on Instagram,

In the last 3 months, I have been shat on, spit on, kicked, ignored, ridiculed, laughed at, called crazy, psychotic, narcissistic, manic, etc., more times than I ever have in my entire life... For calling myself The Messiah. For founding a Global Empire of Love. For stepping into the role of The Founding Emperor. . . For creating one's own currency dedicated to love. For saying I have developed a plan to bring the world to peace in 7.77 years, starting March 7th, with the Great Transformation.

Tzaddik was seeking his tribe and disciples. He writes,

When I say that I am looking for 144,000 disciples, I do not mean that I am looking for 144,000 students. I mean that I am looking for 144,000 who are ATTUNED to The One Great Love, and are willing and ready to be DISCIPLINED on a level that the world is yet to see. Not MY disciples, but "Disciples of Love".

Tzaddik sought respect from Scott Camatas and the luminaries of his Awakening World. Through the show's evolution, Scott (who has also admitted to being infected with Messiah longings, especially since his birthday is Christmas Day) created an exclusive vanguard of New Age leaders whom he invited on his show to talk about their creative offerings or to demonstrate their spiritual gifts and channeling abilities. Even though he shied away from controversial issues such as Israel's genocidal war on Gaza, Marianne Williamson was invited to talk about her run for President of the United States. Many of his guests identified as star seeds from different galaxies, walk-in spirits who contracted with humans to take over their bodies, multidimensional light beings who travel in orbs, practitioners who know how to open cosmic portals by grid work, or people with meditation practices that could contact alien species from other galaxies. Scott called it connecting with our star family. Others call it delusional thinking.

Another theme of Scott's show was sexual liberation beyond the traditional nuclear family model. Even though Tzaddik would post images of his relationships with beautiful women (two of whom attended the funeral), the relationships were short-lived. He was much more interested in polyamory than the exclusivity of monogamy into separate households. He writes:

I am ready for my Love Tribe. I am not interested in marrying myself off to one mythical individual. I am interested in weaving my life with a Sacred Coven of individuals dedicated to Love Itself! We place Love at the center of All things, not each other. We serve each other, and Love each other, but only as Love would do infinite unfolding of Life. I want a Coven of Love dedicated to peace on this most precious, amazing planet. I want to bring up kids with tribe, not with one. I want a whole system. A Love System.

People who worked with Tzaddik had stories of him bringing up his own sexual abuse in working meetings, which was disruptive to the meeting's intentions. He was dealing with deep sexual trauma, both that he received and that he inflicted on others.

And in another post, December 7, 2023:

I wonder what the Christians are going to think when they realize the One True King (Me) who they have been waiting for is Omniamorous (is in love with the Universe,

and is therefore not bound by one way of relational orientation, like monogamy) and Heteroflexible (meaning, he is open to sexual relating beyond just women) - that he intends to marry thousands, both men, women and non-binary, to maintain a healthy balance of living.

Perhaps there was no room left in Tzaddik's intimate life for the Shekhinah, the Hebrew Goddess, to counterbalance the masculine King Messiah. A lack of an intimate partner who shared his divine vocation might have been his downfall, or, at least, if the Shekhinah had been beside him, he could have called on her in the dark moments of fallings off his imaginary royal throne.

Tzaddik wanted his star family to recognize him as HaMoshiach. He tagged 80 luminaries of the Global Peace Tribe and others to attend his coronation. For people who grew up in our flawed American democracy, setting up a monarchy crossed over the line of sanity. When members of the Global Peace Tribe failed to identify him as HaMoshiach to match his inner needs, he called them out and said he would take them before the "Universal Courts of Love (UCOL). He writes,

I am purposefully calling out leaders of the global peace world who have acted less than holy with me and or anyone else. Phil Lane has until 12:00 PM, AZT/MST, on Sunday, 12/24 to agree to a Wholesome Council and Process, or we will sue him in the UCOL. Same goes for Sommer and Jon Ramer, and SINE Network. Although the deadline we gave them is for December 22, 2023 @ 2:24 PM, AZT/MST. We gave the SAME time for Adam Apollo, Paul Sterling at Argue Less Love More, and Audrey Addison Williams for President. (Other names were listed.)

He gave the list of the accused the choice of going through a "Wholesome and Loving Peaceful Process and Council " or being taken to the UCOL. When I wrote to Adam Apollo about what had happened, he told me about his friendship with Tzaddik until Tzaddik insisted he was the one true messiah. Adam responded, "Congrats. I'm glad you realized your divinity."

Tzaddik replied, "You don't understand. There can only be one TRUE king of the world to come."

The Four Winds Society trained Tzaddik in shamanic energy medicine. He referred to himself as a sorcerer. He explains, "The term Sorcerer, however, denotes someone who has learned how to work with the potent and powerful energies that create all of life - Source. They work with Source energy. I am a Sorcerer. Jesus was a sorcerer. Moses was a sorcerer."

Tzaddik had adopted an authoritarian power model of patriarchal male messiahship, believing himself to be the correct leader who was destined to change humanity's consciousness. HaMoshiach—the anointed one--meant he had to be King Messiah who would bring spiritual teachings and political wisdom on redeeming Israel at the End of Days. Seeing the Israeli destruction of Gaza, could these be the prophetic End of Days? As the war bleeds into other parts of the Middle East, could this be the mythological War of Gog and Magog?

HaMoshiach would be a teacher with the knowledge of God so that people should be less materialistic and more spiritual. His job is to bring the centuries-old utopian dream to manifest on Earth. On Chabad.org, teaching about Moshiach,

Nissan Dovid Dubov writes, "All the nations of the world will recognize Moshiach to be a world leader and will accept his dominion. In the messianic era, there will be world peace, no more wars nor famine, and, in general, a high standard of living." The Moshiach will bring in a new world order where evil longings have been eradicated, and humans will strive for goodness and compassion.

For some Jews, their 3,000 years of conducting mitzvahs were to prepare for the Moshiach. God had already brought exiled Jews back to the Land of Israel; now, it was the peace contact with God that was missing. Tzaddik thought his Planet Coexist was the way to fulfill Israel's covenant with God.

After Tzaddik's memorial, there is the Jewish tradition of "shiva," when friends and family gather for seven days after death. The tradition is for mourners to sit on the floor or low stools. All mirrors are to be covered. Wearing new clothes or leather shoes is now allowed. During shiva, one may not cut one's hair, conduct ordinary business, or have marital relations.

Lilith asked me to accompany her and picked me up at my house. When we arrived at the hotel, his mother made her way to sit on the floor. His father confessed to Rabbi Len that Tzaddik wrote that if he received the five-page email in the morning, he would be dead. Reading the message in the morning, it was obvious it was a suicide letter explaining details of who to thank, where his body would be located, and his final wishes. His father thought about calling the suicide hotline, but he felt the heart-wrenching reality was it was too late to save Tzaddik.

Tzaddik's father explained to the rabbi how, several days before his death, Tzaddik admitted he was not HaMoshiach. Lilith asked, "Why didn't he change his name on his Facebook page?"

His father replied, "He didn't have time." Later, it was pointed out that he had time to change other profile images before his death to a picture of an energy ball emitting rays of light that said, "We are energy, and energy never dies, it just changes form." It's a takeoff from Albert Einstein's quote on the first law of thermodynamics, "Energy cannot be created or destroyed; it can only be changed from one form to another." Tzaddik chose not to delete "HaMoshiach."

Only good stories about the deceased are permitted at a shiva. So, I was looking forward to the online memorial hosted by Jodi Netzer, called "Grief, Grievances and Grace." It was a forum to examine the full spectrum of Tzaddik's life, which lasted several hours long, to try to make sense of his suicide and to grieve communally.

Whatever Lilith and I said at the shiva, it must not have been positive enough. We were escorted out of shiva by Rabbi Len. In the hallway, he told us about waiting for the President of Pima College at the Crave coffee shop. He wanted to talk with the president about Pima College's response to Israel's war with Hamas and to what he perceived as Palestinian antisemitic protests. He was somewhat nervous waiting for the president. In walks Tzaddik, who he hadn't recently seen. He walks up to his table with his hippie, star-light prophetic enthusiasm and announces to the rabbi that world peace is coming. The rabbi hoped Tzaddik—the peacenik—would leave the table before the Pima President arrived!

The family said that Tzaddik had been institutionalized for mental illness until he began organizing his own therapy group in the hospital. When the patients started

to attend his meetings rather than the staff sessions, Tzaddik was kicked back on the streets. It is not surprising to me that Western Psychiatry did not help Tzaddik. He wrote,

Are you listening to what your dragons and faeries, griffins and sprites are telling you? Are you listening to your other guides? Your angels, your ancestors, your avatars, and more....

Western Psychology calls you crazy when you start hearing, and especially LISTENING TO and HEEDING the voices "in your head". They would prefer WEAK, DISCONNECTED souls, depending on the little world that they have deemed "real". They lock people up like me, and label us as crazy, because they are small-minded and afraid of their infinite and eternal natures. One of the things I got clarity around this last year is the need to take the "mental health" world to Court for all the people it has abused through their model. It needs to not only be corrected, but taken to court, so all the victims of the current model get restitution from the harm caused.

It is a modern day witch burning, and I am NOT OK with the abuse of this system (nor the culture that it has fed its lies to) to my people - my fellow witches, wizards, mystics, sensitives, empaths, warlocks, sorcerers, prophets, shamans, curanderos, sages, etc.

It is time for us to rise up and face these small-minded and small-spirited beings, and show them 1) what is possible, 2) that their abuse is no longer welcome, and 3) that it is time to make amends and pay for the damage they have caused.

So far, United Nations resolutions have been powerless to halt the rogue nation-state, Israel, from breaking international law repeatedly with the help of the United States. How did we ever reach a point in human history that through our wireless, magic-like communication technology, we all get to witness in real-time AI drone strikes targeting humanitarian aid workers controlled by the state of Israel, a state created from the guilt and shame of the Nazi holocaust of the Jews? What could save us if the most powerful and only legal world organization created after the Great War to stop the world from ever having world wars again doesn't have the power to stop the Palestinian genocide by enforcing the 1948 Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide?"

On Instagram, Tzaddik announces that the United Empire of Universalis presents: "The New Holy Land—This time, rather than picking a small, little chuck of land and creating an exclusive club of chosen, we're going to make the entire world holy, and invite everyone!" It must have been extremely painful for Tzaddik to see Israel engage in crimes against humanity and not *be* God's chosen one, or if he *was* the chosen one, to be impotent to stop the destruction. HaMoshiach was watching Israel commit moral suicide, and he didn't have the know-how to enact God-like power to do anything about it.

Forty-six-year-old Tzaddik—the righteous one with human flaws—parked on the road overlooking the Potomac River. Texting his brother goodbye and sending his father a suicide letter, he opened a canister of helium, the second element of the Periodic Table, a stable noble gas, and breathed it in, replacing the body's oxygen with poisonous gas.

One wonders what his final thoughts were before going unconscious. At the doors of the Nazis gas chambers, many Jews sang, "Ani Maamin"—I believe in the Coming of Moshiach!" According to Rabbi Manis Friedman theory, the coming of the Moshiach was the ideology that the Nazis were attempting to exterminate. Moshiach threatened Nazi Germany's aspirations to establish the Third Reich. To kill the ideology, they had to kill the Jews.

Helium is rare and the only nonrenewable element on Earth. It cannot be artificially manufactured. It is extracted underground and generated in the bedrock through radioactive decaying elements such as uranium and thorium. When we run out of helium on Earth, it means the end of "MRI testing, LCD screens, and birthday party balloons."

Helium is also part of the gases that make up the sun's core. The sun is a hydrogen nuclear fusion reactor that burns its hydrogen core and turns it into helium. When the sun runs out of hydrogen and starts burning helium, its core will cool down with low luminosity, transforming into phases of a planetary nebula, a white dwarf, and, theoretically, disintegrating into a black dwarf after millions of years.

Rav Kook Chukat writes in "The Death of a Tzaddik" that the death of a Tzaddikim is to atone for the people. Tzaddik HaMoshiach couldn't achieve the acknowledgment to fulfill his quest to lead the world to peace, to be a messiah with the political ability to unite nations to work as one to solve such critical issues as species extinction, global climate change, poverty, and the abolition of nuclear weapons to bring in the Messianic Age of a sane world. Instead, he was labeled as bipolar with grandiose delusions, someone with narcissistic personality disorder who needs psychiatric meds to control his identity crisis and suicidal ideation.

I feel for Tzaddik's displacement because I, too, am a futurist with no place to practice the sacred art of building a positive future. At age 20, I, too, was labeled as crazy, arrested by police, and put into a mental hospital in North Carolina for speaking out about the nuclear arms race. I thought it was insane for people to go on with business as usual, accepting the Cold War as normal, ignoring the elephant in the room—the nuclear weapons defense budget-- stopping us from building a sustainable solar-powered world to overcome chaotic climate change. I, too, witnessed life in a crazy society on the verge of omnicide through nuclear holocaust and wanted a Lovolution to alter human values radically. I, too, experienced cruelty and abuse in the mental hospital that was trying to normalize my behavior and kill my idealism for world peace. I, too, rejected its drugs and electric shock treatment to dumb down my consciousness and paralyze my sacred activism.

But unlike Tzaddik, I learned in early adulthood that dreams don't necessarily come true and that one's identity might not parallel how society recognizes you. An example of self-discovery happened to me in the mental hospital. After one of the truly demented patients screamed at me while we ate lunch that I was a witch, the staff was called in to throw me, not her, into an isolation room and shot me up with a drug that I had an allergic reaction to. I went temporarily blind. Thoughts that I was going to die raced through my head before the nurse called the doctor to inject me with the drug's antidote.

After recovering from the isolation room trauma, I spent my days in the arts and crafts room. My artistic nature emerged to rescue me from the soul-destroying

pressure to give up my prophetic sense of self. Painting became a refuge from the insane, locked-down private mental hospital that surrounded me and took away my freedom.

Forty-some years later, I still paint watercolors and gouaches to verify and nurture my internal spirit. My paintings don't have commercial gallery representation, sell in the art market, or give me social prestige, so I get no validation from the external world that my work is valuable. But it doesn't matter. They are now hanging in a public art gallery at the Bear Canyon Library. I have learned to live without renown, so I no longer suffer from the pain of lack of recognition. Doing art helps me wait for the moment when social movement arises, and we can live in our Goddess-like power to create a new order of things.

If only Tzaddik could have learned a similar lesson so that when he realized people were not going to put him on the throne and crown him King of the Jews, he would have the strength to bring himself out of the abyss of lost identity and rise up to reveal other aspects of his true good nature, and not throw himself off the emotional cliff of shattered illusions.

I last saw Tzaddik at the ecstatic dance in Himmel Park on Sunday. It was good to see him back from Washington, DC, dancing in the park with us. I told him I had been following his DC odyssey on Facebook and Instagram and was surprised he hadn't ended up in jail, which caused us both to laugh!

After the dance ended and people mingled in the park, he asked us if we wanted a large sum of money. Previously, on Instagram, Tzaddik had announced the "creation of our ORIGINAL currency — SOL (Sparks of Love). He said, "1 SOL is equivalent to \$1 USD." His deal was that if you fill out an online form to inquire about being a Citizen, money would be given to play "the Infinite and Eternal Game of Love." Giving his "Integrative Currency" with the best intentions, he writes,

And the cool thing about these currencies is that they are not only good for the planet, but when used correctly they can become tools to ACTUALLY attract your true heart and soul's desire, and a level of holistic abundance and congruency, that will meet your every need in life. Do you want to learn more about the financial revolution of love? Join the Revolution of Love and reclaim your crown!!!

If we handed him our phones, he would give us megabucks of cryptocurrency from his Universal Bank of Love. I didn't want his money, but Frank did. When he passed the phone to him, Tzaddik added the cryptocurrency, which crashed Frank's phone. It worked like a virus; shut it down, and it wouldn't come back on.

Frank, a Ph.D. in political science, was already vulnerable after his psychiatrist changed his meds to stop the side effects of his hands shaking from the meds he took to hold back his unrealistic visions of becoming a US Senator and being an entrepreneur of a billion-dollar scheme to invent a new router that would revolutionize the Internet and connect everyone for free. When his phone crashed, it moved him into a downward emotional vortex that put him in the mental hospital for five days.

Perhaps Tzaddik's greatest achievement in Tucson was Earth Walk at Corbett Field, a baseball field. He hired workers to pull off the event, and a friend was hired to do the graphic arts and promotion. Buying haymows and placing them in a spiral

shape around the field was a huge undertaking. For me, it symbolized Hubbard's "The Spiral of Evolution." Hubbard describes the spiral as the new story of creation, which began at the beginning of the universe 12 billion years ago. Each spiral represents the turning into the next phase of human evolution from single-celled to multicellular life. We are now approaching the next turn on the spiral, which she said was the "emergence of a Universal Humanity." Many Earthwalk volunteers did the backbreaking work of hauling the heavy straw bales around the field.

During the event, people walked, danced, sang, and performed rituals to life in a parade of jubilant souls in creative costumes. To turn a sports arena into a sacred ritual field to initiate the era of love and peace was extraordinary and exciting. It was a quantum leap from what New Agers call three-dimensional material reality (3D) to a 5-dimensional spiritual resonance field called 5D reality. Emotional electricity charged the air. Tzaddik and others gave speeches about life in the new paradigm.

I was with my friend, Jodi Netzer, who led our Butoh dance troupe. Butoh is a dance form created after WW2 in the aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to express the suffering of atomic bomb victims. Our troupe was deep into a trance dance as we made our way around the spiral for nuclear disarmament.

After the event, Tzaddik could not fulfill his promise to pay his hired staff. The event put him in debt, and those counting on pay were resentful when Tzaddik walked away from his debts. Like other futurists, he was a visionary who worked poorly within the 3D unjust capitalist system that exploits nature and desacralizes life. It is rumored that he ended up living on food stamps. No wonder he supported the idea of universal basic income so that people like him, the sorceresses and magicians on a spiritual journey to bring peace into the world, would have their human needs met. Then, they could focus their time on the imperative task of community organizing.

In the East, monks and nuns live in spiritual communities. They beg for food, and people give them food as part of their spiritual duty. In contrast, in the West, spiritual seekers either must write a best-selling book or market their spiritual products in a competitive marketplace or have wealthy parents willing to support their disruptive callings or starve to death on the streets.

The last story I will tell about Tzaddik occurs at Kenny's hippie campfire party in the Sam Hughes neighborhood near Himmel Park. Around the campfire, Tzaddik claimed to have billionaire backing to buy Facebook. That is when Kenny started to question Tzaddik's sanity. Buy Facebook?

Well, well, well, I chuckled to myself as Kenny told the story. Why? In my newest manuscript, the *Gaia Messiah Game: Simulated Global Enlightenment*, I write about transforming Facebook into what it should be: a global commons to enact Barbara Marx Hubbard's Wheel of Cocreation with a prototype arcology at its hub.

In Tzaddik's vision, rebuilding the Temple in Jerusalem wasn't sufficient for a messianic project. I agree with him. Maybe Tzaddik was channeling the spirit of Noah when he writes, "It is time to build the ARCS to the NEW, ETERNAL WORLD, and in so doing create the most AMAZING global renaissance this world has EVER SEEN!"

In my book of life, these arcs are *arcologies*, new ecological cities designed under one roof. They are needed for humanity to survive the baked-in climate change that has caused water storage, sea level rise, and famines worldwide. Our science has given us the foresight to see how humans alter Earth's atmosphere. Burning greenhouse gases causes glaciers to melt, leading to flooding in coastal cities and the extinction of species. Now, we need Lovolution—to build new ecological cities devoted to mindfulness, health, happiness, art, science, and the peaceful use of AI.

Conclusion

Yes, folks, we are living in a messianic age. Whether you believe it or not, we are in the times of *Lovolution*, a nonviolent consciousness shift, uniting for peace. Uniting for peace—a United Nations resolution might be the only way we will have the force to save us all from global climate chaos. It will take all of us, the quick and the dead, each taking part in our own messianic voice, to push it forward to secure a livable future for generations to come.

I'll end with a letter written by Tzaddik on February 1, 2024:

Dear Humanity,

I love you. I do. And, if we are going to make this work, we have some really important things to talk about as a global family.

Would you please join us for a conversation and process of healing?

The Enterprise of Love