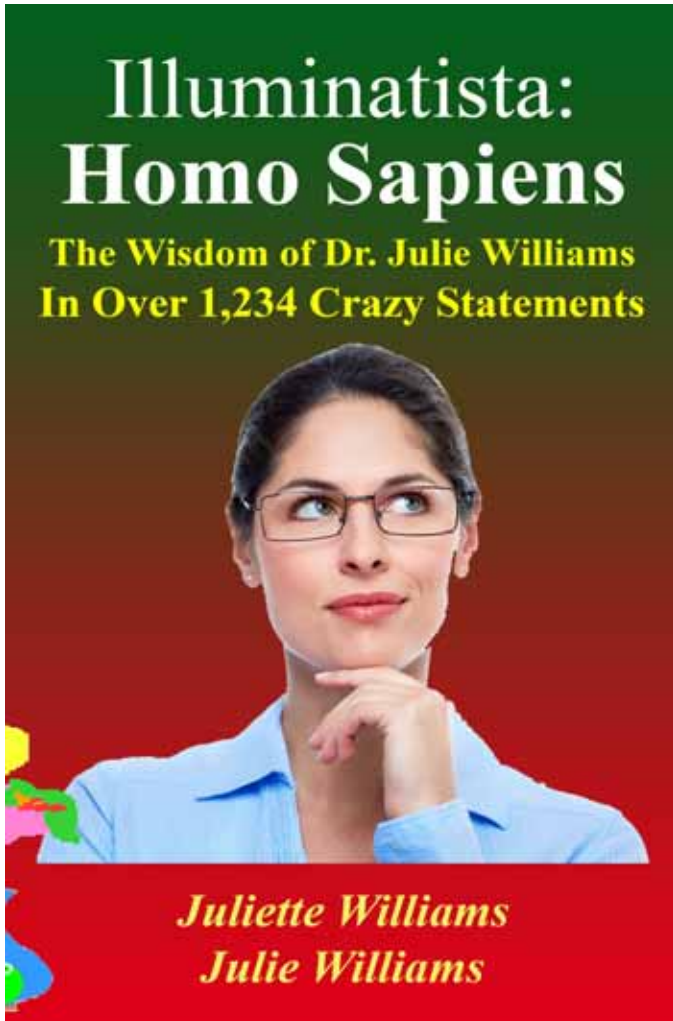


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ILLUMINATISTA : HOMO SAPIENS
The Wisdom of Dr. Julie Williams
In Over 1,234 Crazy Statements

by

Juliette Williams
and
Dr. Julie Williams

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DEDICATION:

To My Wonderful Family,
my Everything, my Heroes and Best-Friends Forever;

To Dr. Isis Day, and Rica Mira
for showing us that true friendship is priceless;

To our honorable, awesome and wise editor – Marie Guillaumes,
for believing in us, patience, and going the extra mile for us;

To all Seekers in general,
whether seeking the Truth or Answers to the puzzles of life,
or simply seeking a better life and happiness;

To all innocents who suffer or suffered
as victims of religion, greed and power;

To all innocents, especially women and children,
who die/died as victims of religion, greed and power.



and

To Noble Williams,

a brilliant young man whose mind-boggling chats with his dad on the ironies and glaring paradox of Life came to our attention and made us realize there are people out there who would truly relate to the madness in this book in a very unique way that words cannot express. His dad said of him:

“He knew at 16 what I barely know at 61.”

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He is not wise
who teaches others to be immortal;

He is not wise
who teaches others to be super-human;

but,

He is wise
who teaches others to be wise
and live in peace and harmony.

Everything has everything
to do with everything.

PREFACE:

“All is opinion.”

– The Cynic Monimus –

Every now and then I’d over-hear mom muttering, or rather, mumbling and pacing up and down her study. And just a few days ago I was going to see her, and as I came close to her study I heard her talking, and could have sworn she was having a chat with someone either over the phone or physically present. The door was ajar, so I took a peek instead of stepping in right away, but to my surprise she was alone and soliloquizing as usual. I stood there for a moment, and here are some of the chatter flying off her head and oozing out through her lips:

“Are we moving forward or backward?

Do we have more problems with more?

Did our ancestors have less problems with less?

Seems we have more vitamin pills and other medicines in our lockers than we have food in our kitchens.

What’s our problem?

Does anybody out there truly know any real answers?

What can we do differently to better things?

Is it a highway to doomsday or are there any rays of hope somewhere we haven’t looked? And if so, where do we look?”

Then I cleared my throat and tapped on the door to get her attention.

“Oh! Hi honey!” she said. “How long have you been standing there?”

“Long enough. Are you ok?”

“Ya, sure; just the usual. So, what can I do you for?”

“Are we still going to the movies?”

“Of course; what time is it?”

“We’ll be late if we don’t leave now.”

“Ah! I didn’t realize it’s eleven o’clock already; go get your dad.”

Mom (Dr. Julie Williams) is the kind of person who’d notice tiny or obvious things that most people wouldn’t, even if those things stared them in the face all day, all life. She would, for example, notice that the numbers from 1 to 10 are all monosyllables, except ‘7’ (seven), and that all the letters of the English alphabet are also all monosyllables, except ‘W’ (double-U), and then wonder why ‘seVen’ has a ‘V,’ and ‘W’ is literally two V’s (VV) strung together, although called ‘double-U’ in English, as in ‘UU,’ instead of ‘double-V’ like some other languages do. She has notes, scraps, jotters, scratch-pads, journals and diaries all over the place, and some of the entries, especially those that sound so obvious or déjà-vu or simply out-of-nowhere, go way back to when she was a young teenager, like when she talks about Vacuum and Space, Work/Job, or even Sex. So, when you walk into her study you have to make sure not to throw away any piece of paper as trash. Of course, she wouldn’t let anyone else clean that room, which helps leave things as they are for her. But, I’m free to walk in, flip through some pages, peruse this and that, and make notes or copies if and whenever I like. At first I was like ‘OK, this sounds nice’ or ‘Wow!’ And some other times I’d be curious to know what mom would say or do about some puzzles of life running around in my head. It wasn’t always easy to know where to look, so I’d end up talking to her about them instead. But, over the years her notes started getting my attention, enough to tempt me into compiling some of the eye-popping bold, blunt, anti, gloomy, ironic, funny and sweet statements into a book like this.

Some side or foot-notes on mom's entries would say something like: "they beg to disagree," or "ha ha," and a few other things that imply she already knows that hardly anybody else would see some of the statements the way she does. She once told me: "*I don't expect you to understand or agree with most of those things.*" Somehow, she's right. However, I think I don't understand some of them, not because they're wrong or absurd, but because I'm either not old enough to understand them, or because I'm simply not that smart at piercing the shrouding veils of the Universe with the kind of intense observation and outside-the-box sort of thoughtfulness required to deeply see more than what meets the eyes. See for yourself. Brace yourself too, for this jolly-ride might get bumpy.

Some of these writings seem to say more about the circumstances that surrounded mom during some tough times as a young lady, most of which I'd think made a u-turn after she met dad, and most of all after she had me. I remember asking her if she now thinks differently and might retract some of these statements, and her answer was: "*Oh no, I'd rather take back what I think today. I know I'm happy, especially because of you and your dad, but I find happiness to be blinding sometimes, keeping us from seeing things as clearly as they actually are, which is why most people regret things after they've gladly done them or worked so hard to do them. Ya, tell me: why do you think people regret things, even though they damned all torpedoes to do them in the first place?*" Of course I fumbled a bit and ended up with "Huh, I don't know." One of her favorite jokes with me whenever I seem to hold my breath concerning what she thinks about something is to ask me: "*Do you believe there are people who still insist that the Earth is flat?*" Or, "*Do you know what chaos would break out if you were*

to truly convince people that there is no ‘Hell’ or ‘Devil’ after all, that these concepts were purely invented by power-drunk religious leaders to keep people in check?”

Mom has traveled extensively, and has attempted to learn at least twelve languages, and has also interacted with people from a variety of cultures and sectors in life either on professional, religious, political, social or personal grounds. She’s had various jobs, some of which exposed her to people in physical or emotional pains. She’s been around nice and happy people, and those in love, as well as sad and depressed folks; she’s seen people kiss and literally kill at the same time; she’s had to console broken hearts or bereaved and grieving folks; she’s helped people get past betrayals and back-stabbings; she’s seen people lie and cheat unscrupulously; she’s dealt with mean and cruel people who never feel any remorse; she’s seen people reap where they did not sow; she’s known people you can’t get to reason or see eye to eye with you on anything no matter how you try; and she’s experienced a fair dose of life’s ups and downs herself.

Sometimes I get a feel for what’s happening around mom from her entries; for example, on one scratch-pad I saw “Life is fun!” After a few pages I saw “*Life is a fraud,*” and then “*Life’s a game with no winners; everyone loses in the long run, or short run for some of us; everyone dies; period!*” On the next page she says: “*I’m grateful for Life! I wish I could live forever.*” So, one day I asked: “Mom, which one really is Life, fun or fraud?” “*It depends on who you ask,*” she said, “*and when and where. Life itself is not sure of what it wants to be. So, for you today it could be fun, and the next minute or day, pain, and no-one person on Earth is spared the fluctuations and never-ending undulations of Life.*”

Also, every now and then I'd see some entries scattered all over the place that literally mean the same thing, but saying it in different ways. For example, on one page I'd see "*A kiss is forever,*" then later, "*A kiss is everlasting,*" and then "*A kiss is eternal.*" There are many others too, like "*Rules are for the small people,*" and "*Rules are for the commoners.*" She said that although some of those statements are similar, using words or phrases that are synonymous, that when the idea pops into her head she may not remember that she'd written down something similar before, so she'd just put it down as it comes to her, but that they kind of express the same idea from slightly different angles that seem and sound alike, but not quite the same at a much deeper level. So, in this book, I'll try and group some of such statements together, while on the other hand, I'll just let them appear sporadically. In addition, some of mom's statements and/or quotes were published in our earlier books, and I've tried not to duplicate them in this book, unless deemed necessary, unavoidable, a slip-of-pen, or simply another way of saying the same thing.

Once in a while mom would go into a kind of mood I never understood, and I'd think it was the usual female mood-swing; but one day she introduced me to the concept of 'Theodicy,' and as I researched it a little bit I came across something that gave me the answer to her weird mood — it is called 'Weltschmerz,' which Frederick Beiser defines generally as "*a mood of weariness or sadness about life arising from the acute awareness of evil and suffering.*" I sometimes wonder if mom's an Empath; I hardly know anyone more compassionate than her, and I'm not surprised to see that people's pains do get a piece of her from time to time, which helps shed some light on what inspired most of her statements in this book and the other books we've put together so far.

This book is part of the ‘*Illuminatista*’ series by Juliette and Julie Williams. We encourage you to also read “**ILLUMINATISTA: GOD 2.0: The Controversial Wisdom of Dr. Julie Williams.**” It sets the tone and lays the foundation for any other writing that is or will be in the series. Then check out “**ILLUMINATISTA: MIND ALCHEMY: Money, Fame, Love and Success at The Speed of Light.**” This book is not a direct sequel to the above-mentioned books, but leans strongly on the radical thinking and ‘anti-religious’ views expressed in those ones. For anybody who wishes to be considered a serious candidate for success and a student of the wisdom divulged in this book, those books are required reading. (One other required reading is ‘**Joan of Arc: A Role Model For Achievers – How to Spiritually Achieve Whatever Your Mind Can Conceive,**’ by Julius Miracle Williams. Ph.D. The book has versions for Believers, Metaphysicians, and then adapted for Witches and Pagans by Dr. Isis Day; any version you prefer is OK.)

Also, our book — ‘Illuminatista: Mind Alchemy’ — is sort of the official Manual for readers of the Illuminatista series who wish to acquire the unique wisdom necessary to achieve Money, Fame, Love and Success At The Speed Of Light. Ultimately, it is nothing but a guideline or code of conduct and what is expected of you if you truly wish to win in the game of life; and, of course, the ideas expressed therein are just as radical as in our other books.

(The publishers have agreed to endeavor to provide *Free eBook updates to our readers. If you’re interested in the Illuminatista series but can’t afford any of the books, there might be some help available. Visit the Illuminatista or publisher’s website for more information or to contact us — illuminatista.com & ZigaStar.com*)

Once again, welcome! May the joy, insight and wisdom you gain from reading this book help you through life's ups and downs and bring you untold success in all corners of your life! We wish you the best in your good endeavors, and hope you become much wiser than you already are, after reading this book! Good luck!!

Juliette Williams
(Houston, Texas, USA)
January 2020

“Either it is a well-arranged Universe
or a chaos huddled together.”

– *Marcus Aurelius* –

In my ignorance I sometimes think myself wise, and wallow in the good feeling that ensues, till the reverie is over and I once again awake to my ignorance.

INTRODUCTION:

“I know that I know nothing.”

— Socrates —

Reader Beware!

Yes, there are moments when I’ve wished I could live forever; and there have certainly been some moments when I’ve wished I was never born; and there are times when I’ve cared less about which way the Universe could have decided to cast the dice of my life and existence. But I know the way I feel today: I wish I could live forever, and ever! But I’m also curious to know how long this feeling would last before I change my mind.

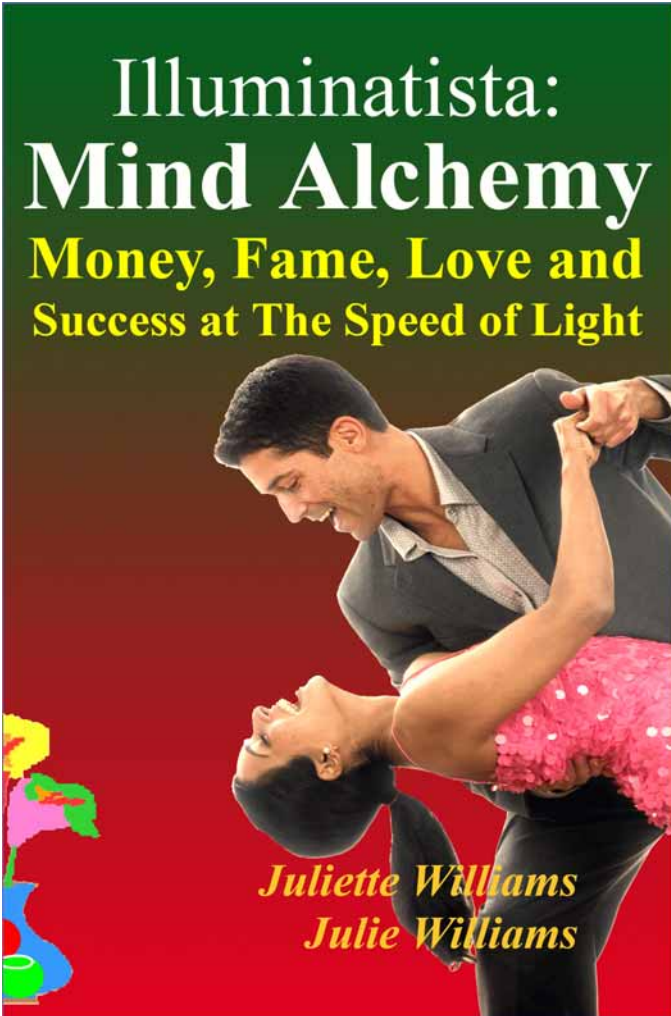
There is definitely something out there; I don’t know what it is; some call it God; some call it Nature or Universe; my friend Dr. Isis Day calls it Magic; I don’t have a name for it yet that I can truly relate to, but I know it’s out there, and in the meantime, like the rest of the world, I call it God.

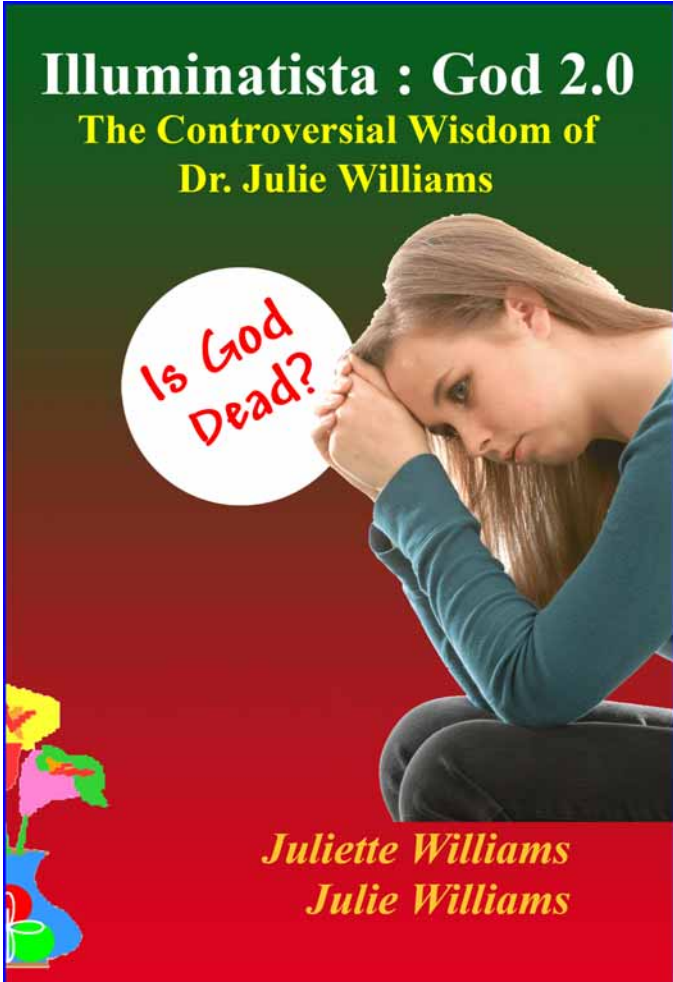
Most people today, from the top religious leaders down to the Bishop, Guru, Monk, Rabbi, Imam and store-front Pastor, claim wisdom, claim to work, walk and talk with God, to represent God, to know God, to speak for God, and worst of all, to have or know the answers to all the questions we ask. Dear folks, when you see such people, run for your dear life and soul! Those people are not only the embodiment of ignorance, but the highest proof of ignorance there is. Their secret middle name is ‘Ignoramus.’

Just the other day I was driving in the center lane and saw a driver swing from the lane on my right into my lane, in front of me, while his light was signaling right. It continued to signal right for about half a mile, and then he suddenly moved to the left lane, still signaling right. I watched as the right signal continued for about another half mile, then we came to a stop-light, and I observed with astonishment how, when the traffic light switched to green, he made a left turn, still signaling right. He was just one of many such fellows I see very often.

I'm quite sure that you too do see people go West when they mean to go East, or go South when they mean to go North...

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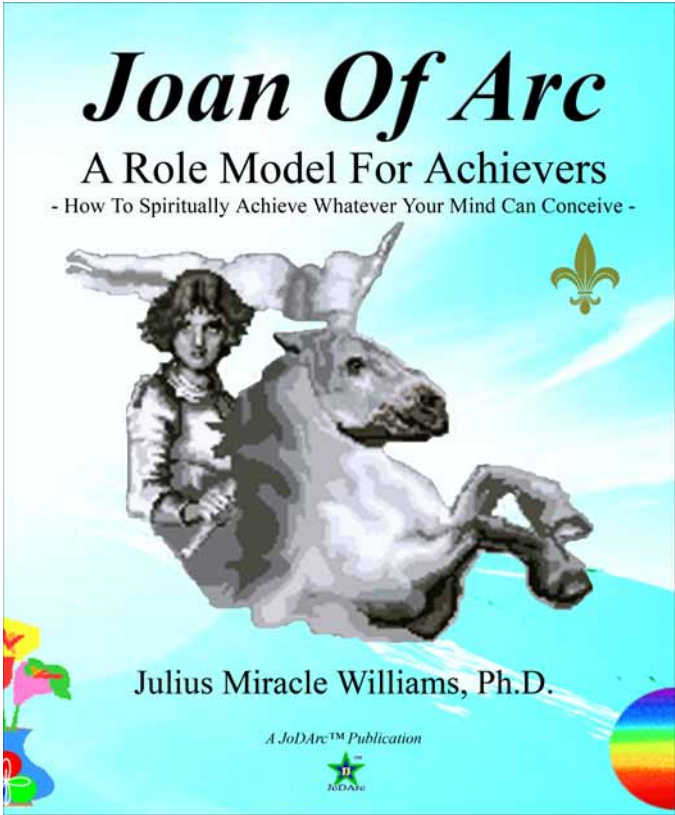
Romeo and Julie
My Secret Erotic Dilemma With
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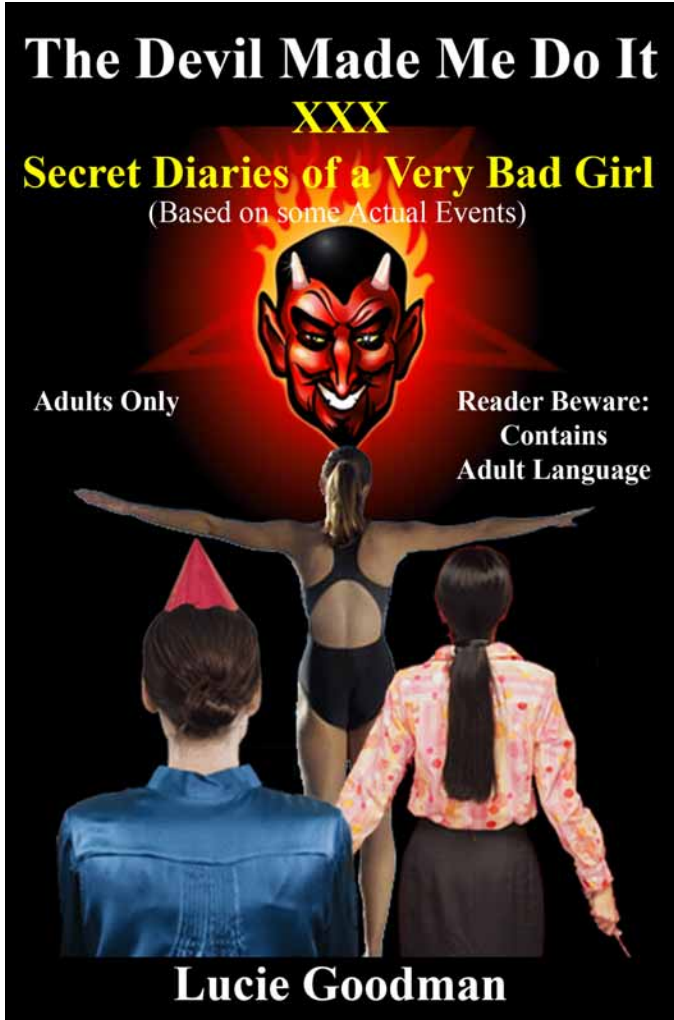


(Explicit)

Julie Williams







Thank You !

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