To Arthur and Sabo

(On the cover of this book is a photo of Arthur Ernest Ewert, this one depreciates him, as he was a very beautiful man, they put his photo as it appeared on a stamp and in another photo after going through indescribable torture, already mad. In regard towards Victor Allan Baron true appearance also you look to the cover in my book:"The True, Complete Version" as for the character, read what was written by Anita Leocadia Prestes about him:

VICTOR ALLEN BARRON: HEROIC COMMUNIST AMERICAN MURDERED BY POLICE OF FILINTO MÜLLER IN 1936:

written by Anita Leocadia Prestes

Young American Communist Victor Allen Barron (3/16/1910 – 3/5/1936) arrived in Rio de Janeiro in 1935 on a mission from the Communist International (IC), in response to the request of the leadership of the Brazilian Communist Party (PCB), to collaborate with the anti-fascist movement then underway in Brazil, which was gaining strength and importance since the founding of the National Liberation Alliance (ANL). Given his competence in the area of radiocommunications, Victor Allen Barron task was to install a stationradio for direct communication between the IC's South American Bureau, located in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and the South American Secretariat of that entity, based in Moscow, which, after a

series of difficulties, was achieved a few days before the uprisings anti-fascists of November 1935.

With the failure of the uprisings and the violent repression unleashed by the brasilian president Getúlio Vargas, the arrests of ANL militants and leaders Communists, including members of the CI's South American Bureau. Rodolpho Ghioldi, leader of the Communist Party of Argentina and the IC's South American Bureau, arrested in Rio de Janeiro on January 22, 1936, not resisting police threats, he denounced several comrades, including Victor Allen Barron, recognizing his photo and providing the address where he lived, facts today proven by the opening of the archives of the Court of National Security and the Political Police of Rio de Janeiro. Consultation of such documents reveals the information transmitted to the police by Ghioldi, who was not subjected to torture, while Barron, savagely tortured, refused to make any kind of statement. In all files referring to that period, there is no testimony from Barron, including in his medical record, which today is in the Public Archive of the State of Rio de Janeiro.

Barron was the only person who knew where Prestes was hiding, as he drove in his car to Rua Honório 279, in the Rio neighborhood of Méier, while Ghioldi had known from Prestes himself that he would go to that neighborhood, without knowing it, however, the exact address. After Ghioldi's arrest, the police led by Filinto Müller, traveled the Méier for 40 days until he located Prestes' hiding place in

early morning of March 5, 1936. If Barron had spoken, it would not have been necessary. A few hours after Prestes and Olga were arrested, Barron was thrown from a window from the Political Police building on Rua da Relação, accused of suicide. At the same time, Filinto Müller, the famous police chief, announced to the press the arrest of the leader communist, which would have been possible thanks to the information provided by Barron. It was starts a farce destined to cover up and protect Rodolpho Ghioldi in reward for your valuable collaboration with the authorities. The press at the time widely recorded these events, repeating the false version published by Filinto Müller. As O Globo reported on March 5th: Arrested for some time by the Rio police, the extremist Victor Allen Barron, in the successive statements he made, ended up denouncing the stay of Luiz Carlos Prestes in Rio. Taking steps, the police ended up locating the point where the leader of the revolution was located communist, carrying out, today, in an ostentatious process, his arrest. Luiz Carlos Prestes was captured in the morning, on Rua Honório n. 279, being taken to the Police. The complainant, upon hearing news of the arrest, committed suicide, as we were informed, by jumping from the 2nd floor of the palace on Rua da Recção to the inner courtyard. In the same way, Diário da Noite wrote that Barron, "relocated to the Public and Social Order Delegation, informed the authorities that Captain Luiz Carlos Prestes found himself in this capital again, taking refuge in a house on Rua Honório, number 1. 279, in All Saints" .

Gazeta de Notícias reported that Victor Allen Barron had reported Prestes' hiding place to the police. The bourgeois press abroad would also repeat the same version. In France, Le Temps informed its readers that Barron had committed suicide, driven by remorse for having reported Luiz Carlos Prestes. On the other hand, the communist and left-wing world press denounced Barron's murder by the Brazilian police. The newspaper Labor Defender, published in the USA, published an article by Victor Allen's father, journalist and US Communist Party leader Harrison George, denouncing his son's tragic death, as did the Daily Worker, a printed organ of the US Communist Party, also did it. As the documentation from the aforementioned files only began to be opened to researchers in the 1980s, the police version disseminated by Filinto Müller acquired the basis of truth and began to be repeated by historians of the period and journalists who wrote about the subject, such as John W. F. Dulles, in the first case, and William Waack. Having today documents proving Victor Allen Barron's true behavior in the face of the brutal repression carried out by the police under the command of Filinto Müller, it is our duty to help new generations of Brazilians become aware of the young man's story of exemplary resistance and admirable heroism. American communist, just 26 years old, who did not hesitate to dedicate his short life to the noble cause of socialism and communism and die preserving his human dignity, without betraying his companions.

VICTOR ALLEN BARRON, PRESENTE!

Rio de Janeiro, maio de 2019.)

Secret societies, people chosen especially for transcendent revelations, this is all nonsense, the truths are open, for everyone, for example, is there something more difficult to do and truer than Jesus' premises: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" or "Love your neighbor as yourself and God above all things." Any idea of a being superior or inferior is relative and not absolute, just as God is everything.

I always remember a boss, bad people, but as she herself said, and a psychologist one day confirmed to me: "Nobody gets them all right, nor does they all get them all wrong." And to justify it, the chief said: "Loving God, perfect, clean, beautiful, up there, is easy, I want to see here, the other one, dirty, ugly and even worse than us!" But surely no worse then her! She had a sheet of paper for each one of her employees, she wrote down what she didn't like between the things we were doing in our daily work, on the respective sheets, at the end of the month, the victims were placed inside a room with heavy doors and soundproofed, and insulted by the boss,

those who cried were not called in the following month. A colleague said to me: "Of course I don't like what she says, but crying..., no, no, what is that? I don't" Me neither, that's why we were on the roll call all year, month by month. One day I was caught in something really bad and transferred to an agency in the end of the world, and the bright side: "Away from the monster!" But worse was, before I was working with that bitch but a building besides my house, yes, always one thing by the other.

Returning to the principle: our logic has an answer for everything. I don't understand this avalanche of educated people in developed countries who drop everything to follow sects that are not even accepted in the place of origin of these pseudo geniuses, otherwise they wouldn't look elsewhere. The only explanation I have is that all these sects invariably allow the free use of drugs. I myself, for most of my life, followed an impossible love, but I did so not because I was a victim, but because of deep psychological problems, although I didn't take drugs, I escaped in a feeling that would never materialize and would force me to discover my truth itself, always painful.

Let me explain, the other day I was watching documentaries about UFO and as expected, people saying they are better than us, making songs for UFO! Well, art is always wellcome but logic perceives the existence of extraterrestrial beings on earth, here due to their interests, as towards feelings of good or bad hearts, each one has their own, it has nothing to do with terrestrial or interstellar inhabitants, as us humans, there are the good, the bad etc... Some extraterrestials are interested maybe in our water, remember three of four parts of our planet are oceans, in our minerals inside the mountains, in research, studying us human beings since so many of us were abducted into spacial ships. To me the Earth planet, with the diversity of birds, mammals, vegetation, etc., not to mention marine life, it seems to me that Earth was or perhaps still is a species laboratory. A fellow student told me: "Yes, we are diverse, but we all have one heart, one kidney, two lungs, etc.." I added: "Not necessarily." I compare extraterrestrial visits to planet Earth in the same way as caravel voyages across the oceans in ancient times. The same interest as visitors: extraction of products, that is, theft, survey of what can be "found", studies, etc...

As for our morphology, it is dual, a line through our center divides us in two, perhaps that is why everything in us is reflected as good or evil, who knows if we had a star or multidimensional shape our way of thinking would be different. The abductions existed, they are not nightmares, and the marks on the ground where the spaceships were are nothing more than designs, in the same way as ours on cars, marks, simple drawings..

The same thing in criticism against military personnel during the dictatorial period, which was really long, from 1964 to 1985 in Brazil, people wanting to deify some, how different from the others some emerged they were nowadays declared different from the dictatorship, etc. Guys, the most we could do during the dictatorship to avoid being persecuted is being part of the "silent majority". Whoever spoke, whoever expressed his thoughts, even if only that, was persecuted.

Even lyrical and popular artists had to give in to the censorship of the truculents. I remember, not even between lovers we freely expressed our way of thinking, and if the relationship ended, what could happen?

On January 8, 2024, when President Lula of Brazil was already in power, a coup was attempted by the Bolsonarists, very ignorant and violent people who wanted the return of the military dictatorship, thanks in particular to the strength of the excellent Doctor Alexandre de Moraes and his team, the truck drivers who wanted to repeat what happened decades ago in Chile, being fined, the most sensitive part of the human being was attacked: the pocket, they were dispersing. I noticed that those Bolsonarists soldiers, I won't mention names, were unresponsive, without posture or notion of their due position, opportunists, walking up and down platforms, photographing their leaders, very ridiculous people. Then, many soldiers did not adhere to the idea of the Bolsonarists and then their deification.

What's more, you may have a weakness, which will harm you more than anyone else, but you can enjoy these logical adventures, survival challenges and even love, without having to isolate yourself or follow something external to you. Once a psychologist found it strange that I was such an evasive being that I had never resorted to drugs, my only

explanation was that I didn't like what would make me a slave. I used to say, as a teenager: we have to take care of our bodies, especially our hygiene, our health, eating, hydrating, taking baths, brushing our teeth, our hair, men then shave every day, why have more things to do?

And let's say goodbye talking about heroes:

I leave to the love of my life these words below, that same love said in a Portuguese fado "Who I like, I don't even confess to the walls...", but naturally, pure fantasy, pure transcendence, I never experienced a love like that, I only noticed the love between Arthur Ernest Ewert and his marvelous wife Elise Saborovsky Ewert, and this happens with the sound of Richard Wagner's opera, The Valkyries, in the final ten minutes of the first act, try listening, I sincerely recommend it, the eighth wonder of the world!

The day of your final shipwreck will be the saddest and happiest day of my life. The saddest because you had left me forever, the happiest because I will see you again, life will return not as a burning flame, but with an inerasable fire, and again united with