

# UFOLOSOPHY REVISITED

## **Who is Wobbler?**

Wobbler is a multi-dimensional entity. In one word, he is a ufo (*u-foe*). I don't know his real name, but I call him "Hyllerö" in Finnish. Wobbler is a derivative of it.

Wobbler is an ever-so-happy man. He is very powerful among ufos. To my knowledge, his power and abilities can be compared to the demons of Ars Goetia.

## **Junkie Trust**

My own life and the whole amazing show has been ruined by Wobbler's addiction to the pleasure he gets through me. Wobbler wants to extract as much benefit energy from me as possible and only at the end of my life fulfill the fantastic prophecies so he can say that everything went just as it was supposed to go.

So, Wobbler has deliberately built my life in such a way that I succeed in nothing. My whole life is just gloomy failure and humiliation. Once I've been made into an incapable scoundrel, the rest is easy. My bad traits have been deliberately installed in me so that I would suffer more.

When you think of a hyper-dimensional ufo like Wobbler, and on the other hand some lowly Earth-dweller, they still have similarities. The basic principle is the same: they both want something. It has to be that way, because otherwise nothing would happen. And what would someone want more than to feel good? Preferably as easily as possible.

Wobbler can't help himself - he's hooked. He has to get more to feed the addiction. He has arranged everything so that he gets the benefit, even at the expense of important matters. "It'll sort itself out later," he tells himself - after all, it's been foretold. Also, the whole addiction is disguised as something else: in this case, the benefit gained from me is supposedly used to help some of Wobbler's own little proteges. But most of the benefit is skimmed, in the same way many charity organizations do. They collect a million euros for those in need, and a hundred thousand reaches the target.

The rest goes to expenses and maintaining the organization. In Wobbler's case, there are no expenses, and the organization he has corrupted from the inside.

As Al Jourgensen said: Never trust a junkie. Or, if there are children in the house, you don't leave chocolate cookies on the table. Children can't help it - they have to eat them. That's why blame also lies with those who enabled Wobbler to get into this situation, where he can keep on extracting benefit from me, possibly endlessly. If a safe is wide open, soon a kleptomaniac will come and rob it. Maybe Wobbler is allowed to mess around. Maybe someone wants him to ruin his reputation and his health.

### **Wobbler Wants It All**

Wobbler has stolen my life. He took it for himself because it was so easily available. He says I serve my purpose best by suffering. He gets more out of me than from anyone else. It would be foolish not to make use of that. What does it matter, since in the end everything will go as foretold anyway?

And Wobbler doesn't want me to be part of that ending. He wants to benefit from me all the way into my old age, and then me to commit suicide. After that, I would be replaced by a clone he controls. That way he gets to do all the fun stuff himself. Wouldn't it be far too demanding for me, anyway? Who cares, as long as the plan succeeds? It *has* to succeed - that's what he believes in. Wobbler knows what he wants and is used to getting it. He's always in a good mood and never doubts himself.

### **Satan and Wobbler**

When I left Satanism, Satan appeared in my home and said that he *could* kill me, but it would cause so many problems that he'll just let me be. My website annoys him, but he's satisfied that my actions remain fairly insignificant.

Maybe Satan decided to take revenge anyway. He saw an opportunity in Wobbler. The smug Wobbler was an easy target for Satan. Of course, I must admit that I don't know the power dynamics between these two figures in detail. But I assume Satan is significantly stronger - probably even on a completely different level.

Maybe Satan has manipulated Wobbler into turning against me. Even if Wobbler isn't a "crypto-Satanist," he is at least under Satan's influence. Wobbler's most important avatars in the human world are pedophile-faggots - and maybe that's what he has become himself. Perhaps he wasn't like that before, but Satan manipulated him into it. Through his avatars, Wobbler has learned to enjoy tormenting me - but also pedophilia. Satan is cunning and cruel. He doesn't play fair - it doesn't even cross his mind.

Wobbler is a completely powerless puppet in Satan's hands. On some level, he knows he's doing wrong, but the euphoria he basks in daily is so

overwhelming that the wrongdoing doesn't bother him. He just spreads his arms and asks, "Why doesn't anyone stop me?" Maybe because many so-called mega-entities want to get rid of Wobbler. Now he has presented enough evidence to be banished to cosmic Siberia. Who likes him anyway? Then again, I've wondered the same about myself. How could anyone like *me*? But when you compare yourself to others, you realize that many people are even worse than you are.

### **A Strange Equation**

I've ended up between mega-entities as some kind of tug-of-war piece. An instrument through which different goals are pursued. Wobbler's actions wear me down. Some other figure repairs the damage so that I stay healthy. This figure has to watch over me and doesn't want to monitor a withered wreck.

Wobbler depletes, the other one heals. What's behind this bizarre arrangement? Why spend time fixing someone else's mess; what's this being's motive? Maybe she feels that without her involvement, nothing would work at all. But why don't she address the root causes, why only the symptoms? Maybe she just does what she can. She is too busy to take responsibility for the entire operation.

It's also true that some ufo has a job in creating opportunities. Some other ufo then just ruins them, without anyone stopping him. The realization of those opportunities doesn't matter, as long as they exist. From that perspective, you could say the whole project is meaningless. It's just a game, just for fun. No one seems to take it seriously. Wobbler is allowed to run wild, with barely anyone interfering.

Maybe I shouldn't take my life too seriously either. But I am the one who has to live it. I can't just let go - not if I want to maintain a living standard. One option would be to give up: take antidepressants and refuse to work. But wallowing in the gutter doesn't appeal to me. I want to live a life of quality.

### **It Bothers Them**

Pedophilia bothers Wobbler. He is an asexual creature, so he doesn't feel any sexual interest towards anyone or anything. Yet, it is difficult to not think of him as gay. For he sics homos on me, ruins my modest attempts with women and my virility. He doesn't like masculine or feminine. Apathy and androgyny are to his liking.

Pedophilia is a bothersome thing for ufos in general. It's one thing to bully adults. You can say that because man is a wrongdoer he deserves to be beaten. But how can you justify torturing children? How do you explain the fact that people are corrupted at young age, when they have no chance to grow up healthy or normal? Ufos watch while children are tortured and raped. It doesn't concern them. After all, they manage this human-world

spectacle. They pull the strings and in doing so, bear responsibility for what happens on Earth.

Is it really the case that ufos are pedophiles? They rule the world of pedophiles, and their avatars are pedos. What else would they be, then? Even the voices inside my head hate the pedophile theme. And ufos love to appear as these voices, teasing me from morning to night. Pedophiles are a subject that unsettles even them.

And could it be that Satan and other demons rule the world of ufos, secretly, from behind the curtain? Or perhaps there are mega-demons, even stronger than ordinary demons. Maybe they have managed to corrupt the ufos, who are also known as Archons. After all, it's enough to corrupt ufos. Humans must be corrupted separately but ufos take care of that. Do ufos enjoy raping little children while wearing human skin? They incite people to commit evil acts, take pleasure in it, and harvest the benefits. All the harm falls on the humans.

Slotted in between someone has invented orcs – ghostly body-snatchers. These entities hijack a human body and use it as their own vehicle. A ufo controls the orc who controls the human. All the shit lands on the human and the orc. The ufo remains outside the cycle of karma.

No wonder pedophilia is a sore spot for ufos. It makes them look really nasty. They can't hide behind the excuse that they're simply educating humans or showing them the harshness of life. It's exploitation and Satanism. The human being is ruined at an early age.

Some say the cosmos is full of agents and double agents. And that many unknowingly work for some unknown agency. Anyone can be hijacked or guided "from above". There's always someone stronger - someone you can't see. Satan manipulates Wobbler, who manipulates the ufos, who manipulate orcs, who manipulate pedophile-faggots, who try to manipulate me.

## **Demon**

In the medieval opus *The Lesser Key of Solomon*, there is a book entitled *Ars Goetia*. It lists the names and characteristics of 72 demons. I've come to understand that these demons have a significant influence on the human world. However, they must be specifically summoned. They don't affect human life to the same extent as ufos, but they are much more powerful. It's clear that compared to a demon, a human is weak - at least the distorted caricature of a human that has been created through poisoning and deception.

According to *Ars Goetia*, demons can be forced to obey. I see this as some sort of trap. It must be that the demon leads, and the human simply follows. A demon can't be like a dog to be commanded and controlled. It's said that demons see humans in a labyrinth beneath their feet - where people are guided back and forth like pawns. The best way to avoid ending up in that labyrinth is to stay away from the entire subject altogether.

Since Wobbler is so despicable, I've wondered whether he might be a demon, since I consider demons to be vile and dangerous entities. Could it be that Wobbler extracts benefit from me, which he then shares with those who summon him? That benefit-energy must come from somewhere. I don't think I would find Wobbler in the *Ars Goetia*, because in that case, "Wobbler" would just be a cover role.

When I speak of the voices in my head as demons, I don't mean demons on the level of the *Ars Goetia*. The voices are something entirely different. As I understand it, they are somewhat human-like beings that disturb us from another realm. Also to them, people are nothing more than pawns in a game.

## Homepage

According to Wobbler, all good things must be earned. Bad things come by default, and getting rid of them must also be earned. Bad things are added; good things are taken away. In theory, good things turn into bad ones in practice - because they never reach completion but instead linger in the mind as failures.

My homepage bothers me because it will never be finished. But there is a lot of good in it too. I work slowly on the texts, adding good things and removing bad ones. In that way, the homepage is like an antithesis to my actual life.

The homepage was made possible by a certain woman. Her idea of how to create it may have been different. It would be better as a blog, where short writings appear every few days. But now it's this weird hybrid.

The homepage began when that woman got tired of me not becoming anything. I was supposed to become something. She saw that I was trying to create political and socially conscious song lyrics. "That's not how it works," she said. "You take a stand in writing, not through singing." And so, the homepage began to take shape. But the voices that helped bring it into existence got stuck in my head permanently. I managed to get rid of them at some point, but Wobbler put them back - because with them, I'm easier to torment me. They have ruined what little was left of my brains, turning them into jelly.

Wobbler doesn't like the homepage. It ruins many opportunities, burns many bridges. He would prefer if I did nothing at all - that's where he gets his benefit. And by staying inactive, I would remain a blank canvas that he could later paint however he wants. Wobbler probably thought the homepage could be deleted. And indeed, it has been deleted, but the woman always brings it back.

Then Wobbler started blaming me: "You have such a great opportunity, and you're not taking it seriously." He's just upset that the page won't go away. Neither will those Satanic rape videos because of which homos think I'm a porn star. How could the virtuous Wobbler allow that?

Wobbler would like to write the homepage texts himself. He could do it so well. I can't, because Wobbler has made me dumb. Yet, my own writings are better than his would have been. For Wobbler - and ufos in general - it's important to hide the meaning of things, so that no one can find it. They're connoisseurs of mischief. I aim for clear communication.

In October 2025, my website was finally sabotaged and taken down. I was the one who deleted it with a few clicks, but that wasn't my intention. That's why I started a new site at a new address.

I never really liked the website builder at kotisivut.com. It was poorly made to begin with and never improved over the years.

My old address, [www.villehanhisuo.fi](http://www.villehanhisuo.fi), will stay active until early 2026. The new site can be found at [www.villehanhi.com](http://www.villehanhi.com).

## **So Smart**

Boundless wisdom and unparalleled insight are bestowed upon ufos. They are high on their own power and capabilities. Decisions that might seem wrong on the surface can be justified by the overarching vision. There are so many long-term consequences to consider.

This is also how ufos view humans, with a broad perspective. Humans, on the other hand, don't understand what's good for themselves, or anything else, for that matter. A ufo doesn't need to test his broad understanding by being born as a human. He knows what human life is like. He can't fully understand it, but he doesn't want to, either. He would rather maintain his illusion. Ufo clings to this flawed vision of understanding so strongly that he sees all his actions as either necessary or at least justifiable. The scope can always be widened to include the most subtle side effects that manifest only over a long time. There's always some reason to ruin, for example, my life. It can be justified by the grand vision.

Like everything else, ufos are imperfect: they have a limited amount of time and energy. They're not interested in working on one thing for too long. A ufo gathers the facts, forms an overall picture, and makes a decision. That decision then stands, it won't be changed lightly. In the world of ufos, someone who changes their mind doesn't succeed. To reverse a decision is to show vulnerability to manipulation. A ufo possesses all the knowledge he is capable of understanding. Why would he act outside the limits of his own comprehension?

Mistakes happen. But bad decisions can be justified by claiming that the problems they cause help humans grow. Therefore, there's no real danger in being wrong, as long as nothing irreversible occurs. But reputation, once lost, rarely finds vindication. It can't truly be recovered, unless the past itself is rewritten, Mandela Effect – style. Then again, that don't matter, because people don't matter. Humans are just dumb ants, and their world is a laboratory experiment.

As mentioned, time or energy are not unlimited. Therefore, no decision can be absolutely correct. Just like the human world, the world of ufos is also limited. Every world must end somewhere, but its borders should remain invisible. It's psychologically disturbing if the boundary of the world appears as a dome across the firmament. There must be an illusion of infinity, even though "everything" is always just a finite amount of something. If one doesn't want to create the image of a prison, the world is designed so that path bends behind trees, giving the illusion that something continues beyond. Infinity is impossible to understand - but it doesn't cause anxiety if there's a proper amount of forest in front of it.

### **Being Accepts Itself**

Being seeks to accept itself. "I am what I am and I do what I do," it thinks. And it can do whatever it wants but this doesn't apply to others. The golden rule of ethics is used only when convenient. It's not applied to everything.

Ufos accuse humans of exploiting animals. But what if humans were put in pens, had tubes stuck to their breasts, and their milk was fed to some big-headed humanoid? That's what humans do to cows. Cows were bred for this purpose.

Similarly, ufos can be accused of how they treat humans. Humans have been bred into feeble-minded commodities. Ufos say life doesn't need to be taken seriously. They don't, at the expense of humans.

Ufos are blind to their own actions, even though they too are punished just like humans. To a human, ufos' problems sound trivial - but to ufos, they're real. However, ufo doesn't suffer the way a human does.

It's clear that someone is toying with ufos, because they mistreat lower species. Ufos are taunted through appeals to their arrogance. Their problem is that they cannot see themselves.

In the eyes of ufos, humans have no value, because humans are mean and stupid. It's perfectly justified to punish them. But the same cannot be said, in the view of ufos, about animals. Animals follow their nature and instincts.

A mega-being sees ufos in relation to humans in the same way: Humans are just dumb animals, driven by instinct. Whereas ufos have understanding, but not noble minds.

### **Theater of Cruelty**

Sometimes I cultivate a light-hearted attitude. But it always gets taken from me. Someone is poking at my brain, and I know why. I need to be an open wound. You get more pain that way. I must not have routines to rely on or tools to navigate hardships. Problems must be solved over and over again, each time with less mental capacity. Clearly, that leads to apathy. Then they

say, "You don't take life seriously." But if I do, the rug is pulled out from under me immediately.

A serious person gets hurt because they care. It's more gratifying to steal from someone like that. Buddhists think in a similar way: they say humans shouldn't own anything, want anything, or even think about anything. It's a battle against worshippers of Satan. They don't know it's also a fight against ufos.

Practically speaking, ufos are Satanists. The idea of laymanship likely comes from them too. It separates some people from Satanism. Lays or "oafs" can be beaten more than others, preserving some kind of peace. In true Satanism, there would be no lays. Everyone would fight each other. Human Satanism is a light version enabled by lays.

Lay can be assigned to those targeted for punishment. Humans can't realize this because they're reset at reincarnation - another ufo concept to prevent human progress and force them to suffer again and again. For humans, each life is separate. For ufos, it's all one continuous stream, with no veil of forgetting.

The Gnostic theory of archons refers to ufos in various forms. Humans are both cattle and toys to them. Many ufos don't directly partake in this grotesquerie, but observe it from the sidelines. They may feel it's wrong, "but it's not up to me," and after all, it's entertaining to watch. There are conflicting values and moral beliefs - but even in human society, people are stopped as long as they stay within the law. Besides, there's always the possibility that *you're* the one who's in the wrong.

I wonder how species that are almost like humans, but less filthy, are treated? I have heard Earth is a relatively good world, but there are better places. For example, places where energy is limitless. Even in the human world, we could at any time find a way to purify natural waters and produce infinite renewable energy at low cost. It depends on ufos, but they believe that oil production and polluted waters are good things. Their core idea is: humans are supposed to have problems. Who profits from the suffering these problems cause? Whoever profits will never stop causing them.

### **Why Do I Exist?**

Is my human life the result of some lost bet? Why else would I be here? Maybe I was tricked into being born here, and I can't escape. I'm tired of the "my way or the highway" - offer without the highway. I choose the highway, but it's not available at the moment. They create an illusion of choice, hoping it won't need to be redeemed.

I feel I've learned enough. The tape of my life gets rewind after every six months and every time things go just as bad. Wobbler fears that he can't take back something once its given. And nothing that is taken will ever be returned. I should just get used to it, until they take something else again soon.

I remember once when I died. It must have been an accident. An officer woman evicted me from a white room. She said, "You weren't supposed to come here yet." I begged her, "Don't send me back there." But she wouldn't listen. On the other hand, she didn't make false promises, she wasn't slimy like so many others - just assertive.

## **Epilogue**

If there is only one lay in the family, it is usually a boy, because a girl would get raped all the time. If the girl is lay, she gets an IUD fitted so she won't accidentally get pregnant from all the raping.