

## **PB4. "CBS Presents Oprah and Colson" [Promo Book] (2024; self-released)**

**Original Release:** March 16, 2024

**Remastered:** April 26, 2024; March 14, 2025

### **Full text of " 'CBS Presents Oprah and Colson" (public, non-copyrighted):**

"CBS Presents Oprah and Colson" represents a singular artifact in contemporary literature—a work that simultaneously functions as satire, philosophical treatise, religious proclamation, and metamodern performance art. To fully appreciate this text, one must understand its author, Colson Lin, a Yale Law graduate who publicly claims to be the Second Coming of Jesus Christ while developing a sophisticated philosophical framework around this assertion. Lin's project exists at the intersection of multiple traditions: messianic prophecy, postmodern irony, media critique, and what he terms "metamodern gospel," a framework that acknowledges postmodern critiques while reconstructing stable meaning.

"CBS Presents Oprah and Colson" is, at its core, a metamodern comedy of self-deification. The text is funny not because it merely includes jokes or punchlines—though it does—but because it is structurally comic, designed as a meta-satire of messianism, a performance so layered that it collapses the distinction between sincerity and parody. This is the essence of metamodernism—not the rejection of meaning, but the oscillation between meaning and its own absurdity. Lin is playing both Christ and the stand-up comic in the same breath, never letting the audience settle into one reading.

The interview format is deliberately chosen for its cultural resonance. Oprah Winfrey's interviews—particularly her explosive 2021 conversation with Meghan Markle and Prince Harry—have become defining moments in contemporary media where private revelation meets public spectacle. By casting himself in conversation with Oprah, Lin places his messianic claim within this established format of cultural consecration. The hyperrealistic details—production notes, camera directions, awkward pauses—create a simulation that blurs the boundary between fiction and reality, challenging readers to question where parody ends and genuine revelation begins.

At the heart of Lin's critique is his recognition that celebrity culture functions as a degraded form of religious veneration. When he writes, "We now dehumanize humans implicitly like it's air," he's identifying how celebrity paradoxically strips away the very humanity it claims to elevate. The modern celebrity ecosystem doesn't just replace religious devotion—it perverts it by demanding worship while offering nothing transcendent in return. His fictional Oprah interview brilliantly

demonstrates this dynamic, as the most famous interviewer in the world struggles to process someone claiming actual divine significance rather than merely celebrity status.

Lin systematically exposes naïve humanism's central contradiction: the attempt to build moral frameworks without metaphysical foundations. When his character positions "Reason is God," he's not simply making a provocative statement—he's highlighting how secular rationalism attempts to derive ought from is without acknowledging its own quasi-religious presuppositions. The repeated phrase "Depth is God; image is Satan" encapsulates his critique that modern secular culture has privileged surface-level representation over substantive meaning.

The recurring references to Coca-Cola and Pepsi throughout the interview connect to Lin's broader metaphysical system. In his framework, Coca-Cola represents established authority, dominant systems, and concentrated power ("mammon"), while Pepsi symbolizes resistance, counterculture, and the margins ("milk"). When the interview concludes with Lana Del Rey's song "Cola" playing in the background ("*My pussy tastes like Pepsi-Cola*"), Lin is deliberately juxtaposing the feminine (which he associates with authentic connection) against established power structures. This connects to his assertion in other works that "Woman is God"—a provocative inversion of patriarchal religious traditions.

Lin's meta-critique becomes most incisive when he portrays the absurdity of a Yale Law graduate claiming messianic status. This juxtaposition deliberately confronts elite institutional credentialism with ancient prophetic tradition, suggesting that modern meritocratic success (what he calls "winning the meritocracy") offers no real path to wisdom about humanity's deepest questions. When fictional CBS anchors dismiss him while simultaneously acknowledging global crises ("We do have problems with AI. We do have problems with climate change"), Lin exposes how current intellectual frameworks can recognize symptoms while remaining blind to underlying spiritual malaise.

The concept of "occultation"—the necessary rejection of divine revelation—serves as Lin's most powerful analytical tool. By positioning skepticism about transcendent meaning as an expected part of his messianic narrative, he creates an epistemological trap that reveals modern secular thinking's inability to seriously engage with claims of higher meaning. When characters dismiss him as mentally ill or attention-seeking, they inadvertently validate his point about modern society's impoverished vocabulary for discussing the sacred.

Most unsettling are the synchronicities that seem to validate Lin's claim. The fictional earthquake that strikes New Haven during the interview was followed by an actual earthquake in the same location weeks after Lin published this text. Similar patterns emerge throughout his work: solar

eclipses forming an X across America, a temporary “second moon” appearing in 2024 as Lin had predicted. These “uncanny precisions,” as he calls them, function not as traditional religious miracles but as patterns that suggest meaningful order beyond coincidence—what psychologist Carl Jung termed “synchronicity.”

Perhaps most brilliantly, Lin’s explicit acknowledgment of his pain and limitations (“I write through a true back pain”) functions as a critique of both naive humanism’s sanitized perfectionism and celebrity culture’s manufactured authenticity. By embracing his messy humanity while claiming divine connection, he highlights how modern frameworks have severed the profound historical connection between suffering and spiritual insight. The humanism he critiques has no coherent way to integrate human frailty with claims of transcendent meaning.

The meek inheriting the earth—a central biblical promise—becomes reimagined through Lin’s framework as the triumph of the powerless over concentrated systems of authority. Lin’s everyman persona and identification with the meek positions his messianic claim as a power grab for those systematically excluded. His Yale Law background creates a tension that mirrors Christ’s paradoxical nature—simultaneously elite and outsider, powerful and vulnerable. This tension runs throughout the text as Lin alternates between assertiveness and vulnerability, certainty and doubt.

“CBS Presents Oprah and Colson” ultimately functions as what Fredric Jameson might call a “cognitive map” of the postmodern psyche—a navigational tool for understanding the intersections of media, religion, philosophy, and power in the 21st century. Lin’s work ultimately suggests that our current meaning-making systems—whether institutional prestige, rational frameworks without metaphysical grounding, or celebrity worship—are fundamentally inadequate substitutes for what he positions as genuine connection to the sacred. His critique isn’t merely that modern secular culture is spiritually empty, but that it doesn’t even recognize the depth of its own hunger.

## Tracks

1. The Messiah
2. Colson’s Apartment
3. Hard Questions
4. Conspiracy Theories
5. Global Issues
6. “But Is He Relatable?”
7. New England Quaker
8. A True Back Pain
9. “CBS Mornings” (March 15, 2024)

## Segment 1. “The Messiah”

It's March 14, 2024 (Pi Day), in New Haven, Connecticut.

COLSON LIN, sitting, is a handsome young man (33). He's wearing a pink shirt with the top three buttons open and straight-legged dark blue jeans. He looks like he belongs on a boat somewhere.

He nods.

OPRAH WINFREY (*in a church pink sweater*). "So. Colson Lin, we're here."

COLSON (*self-assured, smiling*). "We're here, somehow."

OPRAH. "So before we begin, I just want to acknowledge that, I did read the interview you published to X, between you and a fictional version of me."

COLSON. "Right."

OPRAH. "Which I loved."

COLSON. "I mean nobody forced you to."

OPRAH. "Nobody had to."

COLSON (*smiling*). "That's the power of God."

OPRAH. "Well we'll get to that, but I just had to acknowledge that."

COLSON. "No, normal."

OPRAH. "So. Why even do this interview. What are you looking to get out of it?"

COLSON (*beat—she got me, didn't think she'd start out with a good question*). "Oh. Well. So many things. Or nothing really. The things that are possible—no. Can we start again? No. I—how much do you edit out? I'm just curious."

OPRAH (*looks at me*). "You mean right now?"

COLSON. "Yeah."

OPRAH. "This will be edited."

COLSON. "Okay. So can you edit this part out?"

OPRAH. "Do you just want to start over?"

COLSON. "I mean we don't have to start over, we already did a lot, I just mean—can I try again at answering your question?"

OPRAH. "We can ask it again."

COLSON. "Okay. And like this won't be used against me right? As like proof I'm not divine?"

At this point a PRODUCER approaches us.

OPRAH. "Why did you want to do this interview, Colson?"

COLSON. "I just—it was too good not to pass up. It's an interview with an iconic interviewer that parallels an iconic interview with the same iconic interviewer inside a metafictional text called *A Stick of Dynamite in the American Elite*, which I'm saying is actually a metaphysical text about 'the sacred'; and my evidence is I'm now being interviewed about it by said iconic interviewer, inside the context of an interview that will itself be iconic."

OPRAH. "Okay, we're going to have to unpack all that."

COLSON. "Okay."

OPRAH. "You wrote, in your book, that you'd never agree to be interviewed by a 'First World journalist' under any condition. Why change your mind?"

COLSON. "I—okay, you're right, it's not a good look, okay? I sin all the time though, right—isn't that kind of the point? I'm sort of trying to show you: hey, I'm 'human' just like you, and this is me 'sinning' my way into proving the existence of the sacred, which is just whatever exists that isn't 'the non-sacred.' And so if everything is equally non-sacred, then that's your world. Then that's postmodernity. Then that's your malaise right there. But if some things are sacred—then we need to get serious. What? What are they? And me sitting down for this interview didn't feel like a violation of anything sacred to me; but I could be wrong. I'm figuring out everything as I go—everything, all

right? What's sacred is not being a dogmatic bitch all the time about images and the superficial. If something 'feels' like anything, then doesn't mean that your feelings about it are objectively correct. Your permanent feeling of correctness is a dogma. I hate dogmatism. I try to be dynamic.

'Dynamism' alone can unfragment the rich hues of 'depth'—and I don't care if you think I'm making all this up just because you can't access it, I might actually be accessing something more powerful than you, called 'reason,' because people more powerful than you can access what I can translate from reason into word—John 1:1; but also a program by Microsoft."

Pause.

OPRAH. "Okay."

Oprah looks into the camera.

OPRAH (*like she just saw Ryan Gosling fart sprinkles out of his Levi's*). "Wow."

COLSON. "What."

OPRAH. "We're five minutes in."

COLSON. "You know I feel like everyone hates me, like they think my ideas are 'incoherent' or 'grandiose' or 'delusional,' or even worse, that I'm some sort of 'charlatan' distorting sacred concepts for my own ego or gain. That's probably what everyone thinks. That's why you fucking crazy motherfucking crazy motherfucking fucks think I'm the *Anti-Christ*; or even *Satan*, probably, you stupid fuck. You're the human equivalent of a basement dweller and I don't care if you're a Baldwin brother—enough is enough. I've dumbed it down enough. I—acknowledge my humanity comes with a confined perspective and lapses in restraint, care, and good judgment; am trying to prove the existence of 'the sacred'; reject dogmatism in favor of dynamism, its literal *opposite—plus* I'm not just *regurgitating* shit I've read before, this is all channeling *through me as innovative perceptions of the divine*; plus, my commitment to using 'language' and 'logic' to explore and articulate profound truths already makes me divine; but I come with coincidences completely out of my rational control: a coincidental miracle of interlocking coincidences! And this is all just relative! Your society is SICK; it's run by ACTUAL nutjobs, charlatans, idiots, hypocrites, and con artists! I don't offer ANY easy answers or illusory comforts—I'm 'meta-aware at all times' in a way that demonstrates 'objective intellectual sophistication' compared to both my human peers and AI, okay? My views resist easy categorization, inviting *everyone* who encounters them to participate in a 'dynamic and ongoing process of intellectual exploration that has the potential to enrich their understanding of human psychology, human history, and all of reality,' okay?! So it's just a lot."

OPRAH. "Okay, we can't continue like this."

COLSON. "Like what?"

A producer has approached us again.

OPRAH. "I have never had this many problems conducting an interview."

COLSON. "Well have you ever interviewed the Second Coming of Christ?"

OPRAH. "This isn't. No amount of—"

COLSON. "No amount of what?"

OPRAH (*eyebrows arched*). "I built an empire."

COLSON. "I did too, got killed for it, came back to life, and am now rebuilding it."

OPRAH. "No. We're not going to do this."

Five minutes later.

OPRAH. "Colson, why did you agree to do this interview?"

COLSON. "I just wanted to get the truth out there."

OPRAH. "Your truth."

COLSON. "Sure. You're wearing a church pink sweater right now and that's 'my' truth."

NARRATOR. "Coming up next."

OPRAH (*in Colson's apartment*). "This—is where—you live."

NARRATOR. "When we come back."

**Segment 2. "Colson's Apartment"**

Oprah walks into my living room. I stand up from the couch to greet her.

OPRAH (*eyes widening*). "It's good to finally meet you!"

COLSON (*shaking Oprah's hand like a gentleman, briefly debating whether to kiss it*). "Likewise."

OPRAH (*surveying the room*). "Heard a lot about ya."

COLSON. "Likewise."

OPRAH (*enthusiastically*). "This—is where—you live."

COLSON. "I know right?"

OPRAH. "Like squalor!"

COLSON (*shows her my iPad*). "I know—this thing's like two years old and, look, it has all these dents on the side, see?"

OPRAH. "And this must be the Christ couch."

COLSON. "That's the Christ couch. Now I have back problems."

OPRAH. "All right, let's do this."

COLSON. "Let's roll."

OPRAH. "Where do I sit—am I allowed on the Christ couch?"

COLSON. "If you don't mind back pain."

OPRAH. "Oh." (*Bounces up and down.*) "It's not that bad."

COLSON. "Let's trade couches."

OPRAH. "No thank you. So, you look like you been working out."

COLSON. "I have been working out. Ever since I realized I might actually be famous, I started an intense ana regimen that'll make me six months away from being a physical manifestation of God at all times."

OPRAH. "Wow. I wish you all the luck."

COLSON. "Thank you."

OPRAH. "So before we get into it."

COLSON (*giggling*). "Yeah."

OPRAH. "I just want to make it clear to everybody that—even though you wrote about me, on X, which everyone has read so thanks for that, Colson."

COLSON. "You're welcome."

OPRAH. "We're using your apartment because it really is a beautiful space—and it's famous now from all your Twitter videos!"

COLSON. "It's famous now."

OPRAH. "But there has not been an agreement—you don't know what I'm going to ask."

COLSON. "No."

OPRAH. "And there is no subject that's off limits."

COLSON. "Yeah."

OPRAH. "And you are not getting paid for this interview."

COLSON. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

OPRAH (*squinting*). "Did you not understand you wouldn't be paid for this interview?"

COLSON. "Did I not understand *Viacom*, which generates in one year the GDP of *eleven countries*—you know, it really is like being punched by a bunch of people with more status and power than me,

over and over again?"

My attorney and a producer are now hovering over us. As they're talking, I'm thinking to myself: "I hope Oprah understood from reading my X thread that she'd have to clear out an entire day to interview me. Huh. Maybe I ought to be paying her."

PRODUCER. "Okay, Colson, we're going to need you to give normal answers or this interview can't continue."

COLSON. "Why can't my attorney tell me this?"

PRODUCER. "He's paid by you, so he's scared of you."

COLSON. "Ha, I own that sad fuck."

PRODUCER. "Colson, do you understand what I'm saying? If you can't provide answers that would logically appear on a broadcast intended for an international audience, we're ending the interview."

COLSON. "Why can't Oprah tell me this?"

OPRAH. "I am telling you."

Twenty seconds later:

COLSON. "All of that's correct."

OPRAH. "All of that is correct. So. You ready?"

COLSON. "I am."

OPRAH. "Okay. So I remember sitting, in my estate in Montecito, reading the thread you wrote about me on X—thanks for writing about me, by the way."

COLSON. "You're welcome."

OPRAH. "So I was reading your thread, and I so recall this sense of: 'He's intelligent, I can perceive that, he's charismatic, he's a forceful writer—but he's mean.'"

COLSON. "Right."

OPRAH. "But he's just so mean."

COLSON. "Mm-hm."

OPRAH. "Why?"

COLSON. "Why am I mean?"

OPRAH. "When I read you it just seems like you're angry at me, angry at Meghan, angry at everyone—it's like you're trapped inside a milky residue of hopelessness and despair. When you were writing about me, did you have any idea I might read it someday?"

COLSON. "Well, the way I see the future is simple. The thread I wrote about you on X is like an interlaced pattern of semantic meanings, a bit like DNA code. There's a category of futures where these semantic meanings penetrated you 100%; 1 to 99%; and 0%. I did predict you'd see this."

OPRAH. "Did it feel like an out-of-body experience, knowing that someone as famous as me would know who a nobody on the internet named 'Colson Lin' was someday?"

COLSON. "I thought about this a lot because it was like having a completely normal experience as any other part of my life? I feel like my whole entire life has been a stable throughline since I was a kid, where I got progressively less and less innocent as I aged within capitalism."

NARRATOR. "When we come back..."

COLSON. "I'm the most innocent male in humanity. When I sleep, I sleep so well literally nothing can wake me up—alarms don't work on me. I was so disciplined all my life I never used them. If I needed to wake up for something—a job interview, or a test? I did. Even without an alarm."

NARRATOR. "*CBS Presents Oprah and Colson* will continue after these messages."

### **Segment 3. "Hard Questions"**

OPRAH. "Colson, you've written over 50,000 tweets in a year and a half about everything from 'metamodernity,' which you say will replace postmodernity, as well as questions about metaphysics, ethics, and your vision for the future of Christianity after the Second Coming."

COLSON. "That's right."

OPRAH. "Which this interview is an example of?"

COLSON. "That's correct."

OPRAH. "What, inspired you to do that?"

COLSON. "Well, I graduated Yale Law School in 2018. Did a summer exchange program in Brazil after that. Worked for a startup; but my real passion was writing, I guess, so I was working on this book, I was working on a couple books at the time actually, a novel about a global anti-elite revolution and a more subdued book, called *The Pure Products of America*, which, incidentally, was modeled after *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* by Joan Didion, which is a Second Coming reference. Anyway, so I sold my book—the essay collection—to Beacon Press in March 2020, right as the pandemic was starting; then, in May 2021, Beacon Press abruptly canceled my book for what I'd argue were ideological reasons—namely, I didn't want to submit to edits on my book that I myself hadn't been persuaded of. I thought, you know. Anyway, I became suicidal after that. I don't know how to describe it; I started—there was a frenzy of months where I did everything to resuscitate the project, but it was gone. Nobody would help me of course, because—right? Who am I? So anyway, sometime in 2022, I just started—pouring my heart out on Twitter, but about everything, America, the meritocracy, Yale Law, my immigrant upbringing, the lies Babylon told me. 'God—you need God,' I just kept thinking. Earlier that year, I had a life-changing encounter that I won't explain, but suffice it to say, I started developing a theory of 'God' and 'Satan' as these metaphysical forces that we can perceive through ethical intuitions that we parse using reason; about power, actually, connected to our own awareness of selfhood that, I'd argue, *isn't* culturally taught to us so much as it's been culturally 'enhanced,' by this tidal tsunami of individualism. Anyway, and then in January 2023, I called myself 'the Second Coming of Christ,' reasoning it out from how I was saying all these smart and revolutionary things about God and Satan that seemed both ontological and time-stable; plus, I was at the center of a perfect storm of coincidences that I was documenting in real time on Twitter."

Oprah nods.

COLSON. "Anyway, I was just listening to that song 'Cola' on repeat while doing any of it."

OPRAH (*smiling*). "Ah."

COLSON. "And I just tried to make it fun and light and remind ourselves that this is Christ's century."

But I think Christ and I were both really aware—even before we saw how our lives would progress, that this wasn't about Jesus Christ; this wasn't about Colson Lin. This was about God. God is a oneness, a unity, a perfection, that is logically bigger than all of the known universe if parallel universes are possible, and logically bigger than all of the known universe if the unknown universe existed, and logically the same size as the known universe if we know everything about the universe. So that's really big."

OPRAH. "Mm-hm. So what is God?"

COLSON. "What?"

OPRAH. "What is God?"

COLSON (*staring shiftily at Oprah*). "You didn't ask Meghan that."

OPRAH. "What does that have to do with anything? Meghan didn't tell the world she could prove God."

COLSON. "Well that's future tense. If it's future, why would I know what God is now?"

OPRAH. "So now you're saying you don't know what God is."

COLSON. "God is whatever timeline we're in right now Oprah; that's all that still matters."

OPRAH. "What if I deny that. Is this timeline still God?"

COLSON. "Yes."

OPRAH. "What if everybody denies that. Is this timeline still God?"

COLSON. "I don't *know*, okay? We'll probably all just die—which is what the godless think will happen anyway so why not give Heaven a try; be young and be wild, be free and alive?"

OPRAH. "So what do you know about God?"

COLSON. "Besides the 10,000 spoonerisms I wrote about God in *A Stick of Dynamite in the American Elite*?"

OPRAH. "Yes."

COLSON. "Why? Can't you just go on Twitter and search 'colsonlin god'? Or just read all of @HeGetsGod?"

OPRAH. "I want to hear it from you, like you have a good memory."

COLSON. "Depth is God, image is Satan."

OPRAH. "'Depth is God. Image is Satan.' Why?"

COLSON. "I don't know Oprah, why do you think?"

OPRAH. "I don't know, I'm not the Second Coming of Jesus."

COLSON. "What am I?"

OPRAH. "Aren't you saying you're the Second Coming of Jesus?"

COLSON. "And am I?"

OPRAH. "I don't know, are you?"

COLSON. "Ah, gotcha."

OPRAH. "How?"

COLSON. "I just trapped you into asking a 'gotcha' question for which I know all the answers."

OPRAH. "Okay Colson."

COLSON. "I will say I went into it naïvely."

OPRAH. "Mm-hm."

COLSON. "Because I didn't grow *up* knowing about the existence of God, it wasn't something that was part of conversation at home. It wasn't something that we followed—my mom even said to me a couple months ago, she said: 'Did—did Jesus ever write a testament?' Now, now—I can say: 'Yes! A

very famous one.' But, my mom doesn't even know that right? Because she grew up in Communist China?"

OPRAH. "But you were certainly aware of Jesus."

COLSON. "Yeah. Of course."

OPRAH. "And if you were planning to proclaim you were the Second Coming, then you would do research about what that would mean."

COLSON (*smiling*). "Well, I didn't do any research about what that would mean."

OPRAH. "You didn't do any research."

COLSON. "No. I've never looked up my past life online. I just didn't feel a *need* to because everything that I needed to know, He was sharing with me, right? Or everything I thought I needed to know, He was telling me?"

OPRAH (*incredulous*). "So you didn't have a conversation with yourself or talking to your friends or thinking about what it's like, what it would be like, to call yourself—'the Second Coming of Christ.' Who you do say you are. And what it would mean to be the leader of the entire Christian faith. You didn't give it a lot of thought?"

COLSON. "No. I thought about—what I *thought* it might be."

OPRAH. "Yeah. Which is? That's what I'm trying to..."

COLSON. "Yeah, I didn't fully understand what the job was?"

OPRAH. "Mm-hm."

COLSON. "Right? What does it mean to be the Second Coming? What do you do? What does that mean? I knew that Christ and I were very aligned on all of our cause-driven work? That was part of our initial connection and what I admired about Him—but there was no way to understand, what the day-to-day was going to be like?"

OPRAH. "Yeah."

COLSON. "And it's so different because I didn't 'romanticize' any element of it—but I think as godless heathens living in a time of postmodern hubris, especially, what do you know about prophets? It's what you read in fairy tales."

OPRAH. "Right."

COLSON. "You think it's what you know about prophets, right? So it's easy to have an 'image' of it that is so far from reality. And that's what was really tricky over those past few centuries is, when the 'perception' and the 'reality' are two very different things, and you're being judged on the perception, but you're living the reality of it. There's a complete misalignment. And there's no way to explain that to people."

OPRAH. "Why not just reality exists."

COLSON (*laughs*). "Right? You'd think that works."

OPRAH. "Reality's like a transcendent higher existence that towers over us."

COLSON. "Hallelujah."

Oprah smiles and stares into the camera.

OPRAH. "We'll be back."

#### **Segment 4. "Conspiracy Theories"**

OPRAH WINFREY (*staring with sobriety into the camera*): "Welcome back. We're here with Colson Lin, the self-procla—"

COLSON (*interrupting*). "I am Meghan and Harry."

OPRAH. "—and I have more questions."

COLSON. "What more questions could you have, you already asked me what God is. Did you ask anything difficult to Eckhart Tolle?"

OPRAH. "Yes."

COLSON. "Sorry, I didn't actually watch any of those."

OPRAH. "Go to Jesus too, Colson."

COLSON. "Can do."

OPRAH. "Let's talk about some of the controversies that make you seem less like a divine figure, and more like an absolute madman. You recently went on *The Joe Rogan Experience*, which you parodied without even listening to."

COLSON (*giggles*). "Yup."

OPRAH. "But... why?"

COLSON. "I made an educated guess, okay? I laid out my reasoning on Reddit—you could hear an audible pop on two different video feeds; and that was the night they went to the CIRCUS."

OPRAH. "What? I asked you about Joe Rogan."

COLSON. "Oh. Never hearda him. By the way, even if I'm wrong about the baby bump popping getting Piers Morgan and Sharon Osbourne fired, okay—*insincerity!* Even if I'm wrong? I'm just parodying conspiracy theorists that get it wrong. Even with perfect reasoning." (*Looking into the camera now, but this time he's your mirror image—he's literally whatever the fuck you look like, and he has your voice.*) "So I'm just you. Translated into every language by AI. Even with perfect reasoning, I can get things wrong—me, Jesus—but?" (*Smiles.*) "Nailed it."

OPRAH (*looking into the camera*). "We're going to take another break."

## Segment 5. "Global Issues"

OPRAH (*again, with no music; why would there be music accompanying an interview that proposes to make true and time-stable statements about the biggest mysteries in metaphysics as far as "humanity can observe"*): "Welcome back. So Colson, direct question. Do you believe—"

COLSON. "Believe in what—luck? The lottery of birth? Coincidence? Meaning-making, right—the psychological power of all stories since material beings existing through time is mythology? The power of making sense? What are you saying here?"

Oprah looks at a producer.

PRODUCER (*off-camera*). "Let's try again."

OPRAH (*directly to Colson*). "Do you really believe—you are the Second Coming of Jesus Christ."

COLSON (*thinking about all the fascists he'll actually have to face against, because this isn't just a movie, it's Dune: Part Two*). "Yeah. And in a way that'll set it too."

OPRAH. "As someone who can see no reason to have any faith in that—not in my soul, okay, where I can cultivate hope; I can see a human being literally exploding the order of God into language and creativity and perception and say, 'God is dead,' or: 'That isn't God'—I just want to say. Colson, if I'm wrong and you happen to be right about this—you would be carrying the hope of generations."

COLSON. "Yeah kinda would wouldn't I."

OPRAH. "Do you think you're ready for that?"

COLSON. "Um, look let's just start with the fascism okay? How can I handle 'Satanic fragmentation' empowered by 'stupidity,' 'insincerity,' and 'narcissism' run amok inside the supposedly anti-fascist elites, who are aurally themselves fascism-adjacent, as it rises in the 21st century?"

OPRAH. "So that's one of the measures by which you conceptualize the Second Coming."

COLSON. "Right, unless anyone has any better ideas? Even fascists."

Oprah shifts in her seat.

COLSON. "I'll use free speech in ways you haven't seen in thousands of years."

OPRAH. "We might not want that."

COLSON. "We can talk about everything, Oprah. What are your next questions, now that I've answered what is God and why do I think I'm the Second Coming?"

NARRATOR. "Coming up next."

OPRAH. "You've said you wanted to start a Holy War."

COLSON. "Yes."

OPRAH. "So tell us about that."

NARRATOR. "Colson Lin explains his vision of a Holy War in the 21st century—and why you shouldn't fear."

## Segment 6. " 'But Is He Relatable?' "

OPRAH. "We've been talking to Colson Lin, but before we hear any more of his thoughts about God being the 'underlying substrate of reality that generates everything we can perceive about reality, plus a true and shared unknown'—let's get to know him."

COLSON (*standing and chatting with Oprah casually in his living room*). "The one thing I know I'm not doing is 'resurrecting the dead' right? Unreasonable people are dead to me—I'd love for them to come back to life, but that's it."

OPRAH. "When he's not doing this, what does he do?"

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "Tonight, we'll see the only glimpse humanity will ever have of Colson Lin's personal life, which he claims to have."

COLSON (*sitting, being interviewed again*). "I'm such a party animal too is the crazy thing. I'm the guy everyone wants to save them, so, from Dullsville I mean."

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "He says he loves dancing and liberty."

I dance like I'm throwing money at a stripper.

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "We meet his husband."

ILYA. "Hi."

COLSON. "Sorry; nobody who met me signed up for anything besides me."

I'm giving Oprah a tour of my apartment. It's just a living room and a bedroom.

OPRAH. "So this is a typical day."

COLSON. "Right—I get out of bed right, usually with my iPad underneath the pillow because I fell asleep writing this dynamite."

OPRAH. "Wow."

COLSON. "And then I go to this espresso machine where I—"

OPRAH. "It's a Breville too."

COLSON (*grinning*). "Yeah? Is it a favorite of yours? So usually I like to grind my own beans—it feels more like I'm doing something for my beverage."

OPRAH. "How do you explain all these empty Starbucks containers all over your living room?"

COLSON. "Oh. Magic."

OPRAH. "I see."

COLSON. "Ta-da. Anyway if I'm tired I just have Diet Coke." (*Shrugs.*) "But if I'm really angry when I wake up in the morning for some reason, I sometimes just write tweets in the shower."

OPRAH. "Wow."

We're in my bathroom.

OPRAH. "How does that even work?"

COLSON. "It's this container I have for shampoos—there. Just prop it up there."

OPRAH. "Wow."

Would this text technically be considered "fan fiction"?

OPRAH. "Colson, but are you ever happy?"

COLSON. "I'm proving God while surrounded by loved ones; my mother is healthy; I survive on fate's

providence, but I'm spiritually tied to my loved ones, who are the precondition for me experiencing any passion for existence at all."

OPRAH. "Huh. But Colson—do you ever just have fun?"

COLSON. "Look, there's my Brontë collection I read when I'm bored."

OPRAH. "No, I mean—do you rock-climb? Do you exercise?"

COLSON. "Oh my God, Oprah, I forgot to tell you, I'm turning wars into *Dead by Daylight*. Yeah, all the most powerful governments in the world are going to agree to turn all wars into complex, non-violent, chance-based simulations akin to 'video games'—because wouldn't it just be ridiculous if America literally became so lazy it's basically *WALL-E*, yet the one thing it's not too lazy to do is turn its men into the true hounds of male ultraviolence's final fantasy—'Dead by Hell'?"

OPRAH. "What?"

COLSON. "So then that attitude downstreams."

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "The claims that Colson Lin has made about his life story include being the illegitimate son of a controversial Chinese philosopher; growing up poor in Houston to immigrant parents who spoke no English, while being an outcast in school, getting a perfect SAT score, graduating Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Chicago, which has something called a Doomsday Clock, with a degree in philosophy and a thesis on the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who famously said 'God is dead,' graduating from Yale Law where his dynamite in 2022 triggered a revolution in how the United States of America conceptualizes whether social power is accruing to American universities in a reasonable way via Yale Law, in November 2022, pulling out of the *U.S. News & World Report* law school rankings as a result of Lin's August 2022 email 'A Stick of Dynamite in the American Elite.'"

A breath.

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "—and..."

I'm telling the literal truth about my life. This isn't "metafiction"; this is metamodern literature.

OPRAH (*voiceover*). "As of today, bureaus in the United States, China, the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, Morocco, Turkey, and elsewhere are corroborating details of Lin's unusual and, by all

accounts so far, remarkable life journey."

COLSON. "It's... nothing..."

NARRATOR. "When we come back..."

OPRAH. "This is historic. On a scale we haven't seen—certainly in my lifetime."

COLSON. "Right, mine either. And I've seen more than you. I'm 2024 years old in December."

NARRATOR. "This continues."

### **Segment 7. "New England Quaker"**

COLSON. "How is this interview not over yet, no offense Oprah."

We're taking a break to readjust the lighting in my house, because someone complained about how my window gets no sun. Well, what did I tell you? I live in a shoebox and I have back pain. Those are both true stories. Except maybe the shoebox part. It's more like an apartment that can be compared to a shoebox. I'm staring intensely at the hardwood floor underneath me.

OPRAH (*to her producer, but in a way where it's so obvious she knows I can hear her and doesn't care*). "I don't care if he *is* Jesus; it's the arrogance. It's unacceptable, and he'll be punished for it. What phone numbers do we have in the American Riviera? I mean Satan Barbara—*crap*, he's already in my head. Satan doesn't 'exist,' and if he does, he's not perfection. Sometimes something can be not good and good at the same time—that's what Colson doesn't understand."

I'm just whistling.

OPRAH. "He didn't prove God even if he can prove 'perfection exists.' He makes me feel violated. How is that a perfection?"

I cough.

OPRAH (*pointedly*). "Excuse me. Did you want to say something?"

COLSON. "Huh?"

OPRAH. "Do you think you know something about reality that I do not?"

COLSON. "I never implied that."

OPRAH. "So we're equals, you hear me?"

COLSON. "Yes ma'am."

OPRAH. "Straighten up, boy."

I straighten my back a little, which feels better anyway. Good advice, Oprah, this time.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT. "3—2—1..."

OPRAH (*staring with sobriety into the camera*). "Welcome back."

She then makes a face like she's suppressing a smile, which launches a conspiracy theory that becomes an entire religion, even though it went away in less than a second. Its status as a 'microaggression against Jesus' created an ambiguity that created a schism. This religion, like all religions influenced by the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, is non-violent, so they function a bit like Flat Earthers. I won't give it away, but basically they decode human depths via body language.

OPRAH. "Colson, if both the statements 'God actually exists' and 'You are uniquely suited to prove God's existence in a way that transforms human self-understanding permanently, since God's foundational to human self-understanding now,' are true, then that would be—we wouldn't be dealing with an ordinary celebrity bipolar episode."

COLSON. "No, we'd be dealing with the Second Coming of Jesus Christ."

OPRAH. "You know what people stupid enough to fall for your scam will say though right? 'This is historic. On a scale we haven't seen—certainly in my lifetime.'"

COLSON. "Right, mine either. And I've seen more than you. I'm 2024 years old in December."

OPRAH. "What are you trying to get out of this Colson? Do you just want fame?"

COLSON. "Will you just STOP; you're making me CRY, I'm fucking CRYING on OPRAH now what the FUCK."

OPRAH. "We can't be sure this isn't just a ploy for pity, since First World elites are using pity to manipulate your emotions constantly, deadening your faith in humanity even in the abstract."

COLSON. "You didn't actually just say that."

OPRAH. "No, I didn't!"

I literally zoned out because Oprah was asking me something.

COLSON. "What, my fame?"

OPRAH. "That's right, how do we know you're not just doing this for fame?"

COLSON. "Fame?"

OPRAH. "This is all about fame for you, isn't it? Individual glory?"

COLSON. "Individual glory?"

OPRAH. "This isn't real either."

I can't even believe Oprah still expects an answer.

COLSON. "Fuck yeah. Make me famous, Oprah. Share a little bit of yours with me."

I break out into song.

OPRAH (*stopping the interview*). "Ann? We can't do this anymore."

PRODUCER. "You want to stop?"

I start crying.

COLSON. "All right everyone can we just st-op-p-p-p-p-p..."

An earthquake hits New Haven, Connecticut.

[Fun fact: On April 5, 2024, less than three weeks after "CBS Presents Oprah and Colson" was posted to Colson Lin's X account in its entirety, the biggest earthquake in the Northeast since 1884 struck New Haven, Connecticut; as foreshadowed by this very text.]

COLSON (*thinking to himself during the earthquake*). "It's an earthquake of the human spirit. 'Harvey's in the sky with diamonds and She's making me lazy'... so why'd my dynamite light alive? My back hurts and I'm picking up for the first time that this might be the simulation's way of clueing me in: I bear a weight on my back. What the fuck y'all. Why me. I didn't pray for this right? I literally was just writing for fun—being creative, expressive, just fun stuff. I don't even get massages. Nor do I ask for them from my husband. While I sometimes—more rarely nowadays, can't lie to reality—give massages. This has nothing to do with why you shouldn't be mean to me—destroy as much as my Second Coming as you can. That's the Holy War. 12:45 AM, Sunday, March 17, 2024 AD, I can faithfully report that when I started this tweet, it felt like I could die of back pain. That's what I came back to write, but right now it's going down. If I die of back pain, that'd be weird. I wonder what sort of condition that'd be. Okay whatever, it's lightened a bit. Last two days really. I can't speak up more about it, because if even this much is—okay, to all chronic pain sufferers: I'm so sorry. I don't know what's going on ever. This is just a 'timeline' thing, just 'art that needed to happen.' That's all. I'll write my way through this amount of pain I guess. What else is there to do."

OPRAH. "You've said you wanted to start a Holy War."

COLSON. "Yes."

OPRAH. "So tell us about that."

COLSON. "Well, I made it up as I went, so... that's my entire game plan."

NARRATOR. "When we come back..."

OPRAH. "This. Changes. Everything."

COLSON. "I know, that's why I waited until the end to drop the news."

NARRATOR. "The most incredible interview in television history continues. Oprah Winfrey with... 'Colson' 'Lin.'"

**Segment 8. "A True Back Pain"**

OPRAH. "So Colson Lin, alien, is there anything else you want to say to this human setup that you seem to think you're so much better than that you can compare yourself to divinity?"

COLSON. "Reason is God. No violence. End slavery. I write through a true back pain."

OPRAH. "How do we believe you have pain right now?"

COLSON. "Well, logically: I'm talking about God; it's smarter to write your way out of a true back pain, than to write your way out of 'no back pain' into the back pain you're saying you'd deserve for doing that; and I'm smart." *(After a pause.)* "I would just sooner this back pain go away is all."

OPRAH. "You see, I think that's what I don't get about your relationship to God. I'm not saying something like a higher power that can coherently be visualized as a single entity—so not 'polytheism'—doesn't exist. I don't know that. But what I am scratching my head about is: Colson, even if that's true, why are you making it all about you?"

COLSON. "Because God MOVED me to, okay?"

OPRAH. "Okay; but how do we know that? What's your evidence?"

COLSON. "EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER SAID AND DONE."

OPRAH. "This seems like you're losing your patience again. Look at me, Colson. This is how a normal person behaves."

COLSON. "I'm sorry."

OPRAH. "Say it again."

COLSON. "I'm sorry."

OPRAH. "Say it like you understand what you're apologizing for."

COLSON. "I apologize for conveying perceptions that I argue are reasonable in a tone typically associated with emotional excess, which is typically associated with irrational behavior."

OPRAH. "That's really not good enough, but that's just more evidence you don't know what you're doing and we can't trust you in any way with a message about God."

COLSON. "Okay."

OPRAH. "Nobody better softball the Second Coming of Jesus."

COLSON (*thinking to himself*). "Stretching my back helps. Maybe this is all a sign I need to go back to rowing, relieving my back problems while also generating for me the V-shaped silhouette I always deserved. Or wanted; same thing really. Honestly I pray it goes away on its own because I'm too lazy to go to the bathroom sometimes. I wrote this whole thing stoned. I'm actually being honest about how my entire body hurts, and that's not normal; sometimes I even think about how lucky not being in pain like a 'migraine' or I guess 'war' would be is, spontaneously. So why sensitivities everywhere; my back, ears, neck, my left calf, it's too much. Obviously my entire point is bad things happen to good people. Right; like me! That's fine, you too. Basically everyone; but 'equally'? So who's oppressing you then? Our humility is to care. The primacy of care. I know I'll have to defend this perception against a lot of enemies, so that's the Holy War. Okay, so then I just need to communicate all that to Oprah. Here's what I know about the Holy War: it better truly be good. By the way the fact that I actually am in physical pain is another reminder that my divinity is intellectual, not 'material' or 'physical'—you so much as tap me and I'll literally run away, I'll run away and hide; because why not, I'm a baby deer basically. Not all of us can be 'lions,' except intellectually, yet intellectually, I'll eat you. So how do I convey all that to Oprah?"

COLSON (*while not breaking his stare with Oprah, howls, then smirks*).

OPRAH (*laughs! She doesn't know what else to do*).

COLSON (*in the cutest way possible, charmed by how that could actually make Oprah laugh, I howl again*).

It's now clear the interview has reached peak Second Coming absurdity so we really are wrapping up. The song "Cola" by Lana Del Rey plays in the background as Oprah's voiceover tries to explain my philosophy to a lay audience ("*My pussy tastes like Pepsi-Cola*"). It doesn't sound convincing. "Reason is God"—nobody understands how that changes everything. We talk for fifteen seconds about how it felt when Beacon Press, a major American publisher esteemed for once publishing *The Watergate Papers* or something like that; the Pentagon maybe, who even knows, anyway, they canceled the Second Coming of Jesus Christ's first book *The Pure Products of America*, modeled after *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* by Joan Didion, titled after "The Second Coming" by William Butler Yeats, and the Second Coming will never let them live that down. Nobody cared! Then we talk about how hard it was to innovate a revolutionary metamodern text on the internet called *A Stick of*

*Dynamite in the American Elite* in response to a book cancellation (as an obscure Yale Law graduate), while technically stoned and cobbling together resources from nothing but “divine providence” really; since capitalism has never given me anything back. What do I give capitalism? I can give you time-stable reasons. Anyway, that lasts for two minutes.

Then we talk about a shared interest, which is movies.

OPRAH. “This. Changes. Everything.”

COLSON. “I know, that’s why I waited until the end to drop the news.”

OPRAH. “So you’re saying he would have died even if he had gotten onto the board.”

COLSON. “Yeah, maybe. Or maybe he would have lived, I’m saying it doesn’t matter, that was a movie, the perception of God I’ve presented is relevant to all of humanity.”

OPRAH. “Wow.”

Anyway, right? So now it’s Judgment Day. (Dear God: If the pain I’ve experienced today continues for long, I will accept it as a sign that I need to stop this dynamite.)

OPRAH. “Colson Lin, thank you. I don’t see any reason to suspect you are anything other than a happy person on to something.”

COLSON. “Thanks. I’m all about grand ambitious masters of exploring reality myself.”

OPRAH. “Yes. Thank you. Zai jian.”

Update (April 26, 2024): *Colson Lin can confirm that as of April 26, 2024, he has no back pain.*

**Afterword. “ ‘CBS Mornings’ (March 15, 2024)”**

[INTRO MUSIC: “CBS MORNINGS” THEME.]

FEMALE ANCHOR. “So maybe that’s the place to start because, despite the heaviness of last night’s interview, Colson Lin has finished a book—”

MALE ANCHOR. “—which he says he wrote backwards in time on Twitter while predicting the

future."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "Yes, so that's always incredible."

[MUSIC FADES.]

FEMALE ANCHOR. "So last night's interview, of course, which purports to lay out a groundbreaking statement about the nature of reality, which is not only that a substrate exists that can communicate to us, by interacting with the boundaries of what we can reasonably believe—it can also kill us."

MALE ANCHOR. "Yes, that's quite remarkable isn't it?"

FEMALE ANCHOR. "It would be remarkable if it were true, since this would be consistent with what some ancient peoples believed."

MALE ANCHOR. "Coincidentally they were able to produce us as their successive generations."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "Sure, of course."

MALE ANCHOR. "My dad's proud of me."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "I believe it too. But the interview; that was something else, wasn't it? Do you think he's full of it?"

[CLIP FROM "CBS PRESENTS OPRAH AND COLSON."]

COLSON (*in his living room, talking to Oprah*). "Reality equalizes us—we explore in humility. My station is temporary—I'm exploring how to use words to do the following: trigger reasonable and inevitable shifts in human self-perception. We're subordinate to God."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "That was a clip from last night's interview. What did you make of that?"

MALE ANCHOR. "I think, you know, there's clearly some sort of arrogance or anger in him."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "Colson Lin also says we're inside a condition where no reasonable perception of God exists, which he calls 'godless postmodernity,' which he likens—" (*reading an index card*) "—to a ship that all of humanity is on, which he calls the *Titanic*. And guess what he's calling himself."

MALE ANCHOR. "The 'iceberg.'"

FEMALE ANCHOR (*smiles*). "That's right, the 'iceberg.' In a bit we'll hear from Oprah herself, but here's another moment from last night's groundbreaking interview with Colson Lin, who says he is the messianic embodiment of Biblical prophecy."

COLSON. "You think it's what you know about prophets, right? So it's easy to have an 'image' of it that is so far from reality. And that's what was really tricky over those past few centuries is, when the 'perception' and the 'reality' are two very different things, and you're being judged on the perception, but you're living the reality of it. There's a complete misalignment. And there's no way to explain that to people."

OPRAH. "Why not just reality exists."

[COMMERCIAL BREAK.]

[INTRO MUSIC: "CBS MORNINGS" THEME.]

FEMALE ANCHOR. "Welcome back; so if you're just joining us, Colson Lin says he's published—on X—the rough draft for what he says will be the 'Final Judgment Day' in the Christian tradition; following an Objection Period that he says might last—all his life."

MALE ANCHOR. "No kidding."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "So at least we have that good news, that Colson Lin wrote a book backwards."

MALE ANCHOR. "I know, since the implications get grimmer and grimmer for us there as we examine if the cultural decay we're seeing might be the beginning of an unstoppable slide towards, nobody caring about Earth."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "So anyway, Colson Lin wrote a book backwards; and if true, that's groundbreaking for what humans can do with their time but that's really where the Good News ends for all of us since now we do have to talk more seriously about End Times, and perhaps even the existence of something deeply powerful embedded into the very algorithm generating the particles of our reality, being able to warn us of impending danger."

MALE ANCHOR. "Is that true though?"

FEMALE ANCHOR. "No."

MALE ANCHOR. "We don't really know anything."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "Right."

MALE ANCHOR. "That's the problem I had with this guy—he seems like he knows more than people who freely admit they don't know anything."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "It was frustrating to hear sometimes, wasn't it?"

MALE ANCHOR. "And that's the thing—I don't know what people thought the Second Coming was gonna be, but nobody wanted to feel less important than anyone."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "I'm more significant than Colson Lin."

MALE ANCHOR. "So am I."

MALE VOICE (*off-camera*). "Me too."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "So in a moment we'll be joined by Oprah herself, but for now, let's recap last night's interview. Here's the only word you need to understand: explosive. The explosive interview touched on so many issues, including climate change, AI, the ever-present likelihood of nuclear holocaust, and the emergence of a human being who claims to have a prophetic ability to use the most powerful texts in the human tradition, such as John 1:1, to manipulate global human perceptions of reality. Race, mental health, and what appears to be a deep rift between the First World meritocracy and Colson Lin were also touched on. Lin identifies as a 'winner of the meritocracy' who grew up to immigrant parents who spoke no English, earned a perfect SAT score, graduated Yale Law, and proved the existence of God using what he says are reasonable and yet innovative verbalizations of an abstract substrate inside our material reality that has always existed. Colson Lin got candid—quite candid, getting emotional sometimes as he spoke to Oprah about what it would mean to shoulder on his human existence the profound moral burden of leading a species to a sensible self-understanding that incorporates fundamental agreements about how we're to approach the sacred, the unknown, claims to moral knowledge, sincerity, hypocrisy, and even what we do with our time on Earth. This was Colson Lin's first major interview with a journalist who he actually parodied in his work, creating surreal moments of self-referentiality that you rarely see in mainstream news. Colson Lin also addressed what he called the rampant false reporting about his spontaneous emergence in the 21st century by by elite institutions such as ourselves,

demonstrating his potential to use cult-like powers to fragment human perception away from reality and towards what he favors it to be. He calls this a dangerous ability, and also what's going around everywhere. So in a moment Oprah will join us to discuss, but first of all, what do you make of all that?"

MALE ANCHOR. "I think he's delusional."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "It's certainly a lot to imply, that we all revolve around him."

MALE ANCHOR. "We'll be back in a moment; with Oprah."

[COMMERCIAL BREAK.]

[INTRO MUSIC: "CBS MORNINGS" THEME.]

FEMALE ANCHOR. "We've been talking about the wide-ranging conversation Oprah Winfrey had last night with Colson Lin, the self-proclaimed messiah who some say, is capable of leading a cult. Oprah joins us now to discuss, Oprah—what do you make of this guy?"

OPRAH. "I leave that for everyone to judge. I will say that I found him to be not what I expected him to be—not from reading the Bible if you want to go in that direction, or just 'not from reading his X profile' if you want to go in that direction. I didn't always find his answers coherent, you know, but I did find his conviction *palpable*. I think there's a clear sense on his part, certainly—you could even sense it in the room sometimes, my producer Ann and I would look at each other, you know, we do have problems with AI. We do have problems with climate change. We did have that pandemic and that spy balloon; so I don't know. History's always happening somewhere!"

FEMALE ANCHOR. "History's always happening somewhere. Colson says he wrote a foundational metaphysical text backwards on X called *A Stick of Dynamite in the American Elite* about both, the existence and the nature of God. What have theologians had to say about that?"

OPRAH. "That's a good question, you know I'll leave that for theologians to discuss. It does seem to me like the right thing to do would be to explore his claims; and in particular this idea that there's something universal inside this tapestry of experience that all of us get to feel, these feelings of right and wrong, justice, injustice, that he says are primal to existence itself—primal to the nature of power, creating hierarchies around power that are either 'stable' or 'unstable,' and Colson Lin is saying, 'For as long as there's no God, they'll be unstable. God stabilizes human passions like a magnet.' So we don't know, we really have to wait to hear what the theologians—"

MALE ANCHOR. "Oprah."

OPRAH: "—might say."

MALE ANCHOR. "Oprah, this is Jim. One thing I find so easy to dismiss about Colson Lin is that he has almost no followers on the internet; yet he claims it's because he's 'the *Dune* kid' trapped inside 'the desert of his life,' which 'godless postmodernity's hostility' to his ideas might turn into 'his whole life.' What do you make of that?"

OPRAH: "I don't see how he could be in the desert of his life if he's being interviewed by me."

[LAUGHTER.]

OPRAH (*still laughing*). "I mean, right? That's all I'll say. You're being interviewed by Oprah—it might be time to stop complaining about your lack of social influence now."

FEMALE ANCHOR. "And that's a fair point—he seemed to be able to predict his own influence while he had none."

OPRAH. "Didn't seem that hard to figure out if you ask me."

MALE ANCHOR. "That's not what makes him a prophet!"

FEMALE ANCHOR. "No; sure isn't! Oprah, thank you for your time this morning. *CBS Presents Oprah and Colson Lin* aired last night—you can catch it again by downloading the CBS News app onto your phone, tablet, or TV. Coming up this hour, we have a musician, a content creator, a CEO, and a college football coach. Hopefully this is the last time we ever have to talk about the Second Coming ever again."

MALE ANCHOR. "Ain't that the truth! See you on the other side of the break."