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H.A.L.O.: In Three Parts

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Part two of A Trilogy of Youth

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This book is dedicated to mankind, of all colors and creeds, of all ages and times. This work is of the most inclusive nature. It is my heartfelt wish that all who glimpse upon these, the memories of my youth, find within the timelessness that I feel existence to be. It is an ambitious work, and with the help of all vibrations emitted by the Cosmos for the benefit of man, shall it reach the goal to which it is destined. I have lived and loved. I have seen and observed, and there is nothing that I have noted that would lead me to believe that one amongst the race of men is better than another of his brethren. In peace and love, your brother in arms, R.F.

Chapter 1 Abyss

I have been awakened; I have been brought back from the precipice. It would seem as if a benevolent, secret unknown hand had grabbed me by my scruff, and pulled me back as I stared down into the abyss. When I found myself at the juncture, looking down into the blackest depths, I turned, and focused my thoughts on things that would deter my mind from thinking of death.

In the name of Osiris, the most gracious, most merciful. God is All, and to Him shall all return. The day has arrived to exercise greater discipline. I have imbibed enough stupefying liquor for the time being. Now it is time to contract, to exercise greater discipline, what I have always wanted for myself. I am from a different caste. I live my life everyday. In this way I am much busier than most.

I recall, as I stared down into the abyss, my two eyes were open, but I could not see. I see now that it was the me of the future that pulled me back, the one that knew where it was written that I should survive. How very like Bill and Ted's. It was me that yanked me back. Me that knew better despite the fact I did not know better. We all walk, like zombies, to the edge of the abyss. There are a few, behind the scenes, behind the screens, who see us walk. These are those with the magic hands that reach in and grab us. They pull us into another dimension, the dimension of the awake. These "others" pull us back individually, and none of the zombies are any the wiser. I was pulled back. I pulled myself back. Thus spoke Thoth the Antiquarian.

I experience my own thoughts and my own art steeling themselves. This is when I will find my inspiration. I have to be a person of the meek. I put on my meek mask. I must not forget, I am in chrysalis. I do this for myself, for the salvation of my own soul. All my cards are in, my back is against the wall. I still do not know what it takes, I cannot visualize victory. All I can do is forge ahead. How many times must I reassure myself of this? As many times as it takes until the task is done, of course.

I know it is a delicate task that I undertake. One is addicted to the abyss. Being pulled to the other side is a painful experience. One is addicted to the opaque lure of the bottomless pit. In its black and blue dinginess do we wallow in our slow crawl to the edge. One day, when we are ready, we jump. Only then do we see what we have done. It is our task to see this before it happens. It is all about pulling the strings, but so subtly, that no one notices. To be caught as a puppeteer is of the most humiliating things to befall a man. It was a form of myself that was on the other side, the whole time, neither one knowing how the other lived.

What is this duality? It is the clay and the vibration. The yin and the yang. The male and the female. The Earth and the Heavens. We people are like vertical frequency bars as seen on sound synthesizers. We are all composites of clay and vibrations resonating at similar yet different frequencies. Oh tender delicate discipline, I have learned much. I am happy with what I have done with what I have been given.

I am a warrior, built for fighting, with no war to fight. That is probably the reason I have been allowed to grow this strong. I am learning of the body, and I will grow stronger, as those around me weaken. When he was 40, and the true content of his character could be plainly seen. Only then was he ready. The ancients did not allow men under 40 into the ranks of their initiated priests. Before this, men of weak moral constitution could appear strong in body, yet be weak of character. It was too difficult to tell, not that the individual was not personally ready. I am ready now, but I must wait for all worthy adversaries to expose themselves. Then will it be known. All hell will have broken loose.

The cat stares at me defiantly. She is my companion as I sit and write in my humble abode. She loves me, indeed she does. I have taught her how to wink at me. I have taught her of herself, and she loves me above all. She is a blessing, for hers are the first eyes that see me in the morning. I have told her that now, all men are widow's children. All women are now widows. The Elohim are the ascended masters, who came down as if from the sky. Aliens, from other dimensions. They would be us, if we

encountered less developed people on other planets in our space travels. My little Tuna Balloona, so soft, and furry, and cute; I love you too.

It would be great if we were a good people, our Earth bursting forth with Light. Hopefully we will achieve this one day. We are eternal frequencies which allow for materialization. Please excuse the abruptness of my lines. Once the statement is made, there is little need for elucidation. Ponder the few words, much more effective than the confusing effect of the long-winded. We are here to learn enough to be creators alongside God. We will be the Elohim, bringing knowledge to those whose destiny it is to be born after our time. On this plane, we have ourselves, and time. These things only.

Seven are the steps, the four of the Earth and the three of Heaven. The eighth is the octave, the entirety of the vehicle in which the seven steps reside. If the center of a sphere is one, then the eighth layer is again one. In seven parts is one cycle of the spiral broken down. In this way, the original man, the Adam Kadmon, was the perfect man, and those closely related to him were close to the source. From here was the perfection slowly whittled to what we currently encounter as humanity here on Earth. The next part of the cycle is the upswing when humanity begins to once again get closer to this Adamic man, bringing whole new meaning to the term “there can be only one.” We are many. We are as trees in a forest. We go back to where we came from, we go back to perfection.

I learn of religions, of ways, of beliefs, and I still keep my mind open. All are talk of some sort of superiority, and yet, I ain't buyin it. It don't matter none to me, things of the flesh. The quarrel of the egos. Those things are of the flesh, of the 3rd dimension, of what the two eyes can see. I yearn to see with the third eye, the reconciling eye. Reconciling Spirit, and matter: intellect. The middle ground. Let us see who is concerned with the flesh, who with the mind, and who with the Spirit. This be how men identify themselves. Today, in two separate sources, I have read of the sacredness of the Black Stone, and of the blasphemy of it. My mind remains open. I live and learn. Surely the signs will come.

My writings take a turn for the deeper and deeper. I think my writing extremely masculine. This is where my time is best spent, when I converse with God, the “True Israel”, the Nazarites, the true brotherhood on Earth. The ones the Masons try to emulate, but know not how. A false brotherhood. That is all it is, falsehood. All doctrines claiming to be the true chosen ones are all falsehood. The true brotherhood, of the True Israel, the Veritas Israelis, is in the Spirit. Those who have had enough time to evolve, and learn the Law, this is the true brotherhood.

When the day comes, stand in resonance. This is how the test will be. Do not take flight. Do not be afraid. Stand and resonate. Do it joyfully. Fear not my child. The Last Day, yes, I know what to expect. They will not catch me unawares. In every end a new beginning.

I know where I am. I am in the time of my life before things happen. There will come a time when it is after things have happened. That person speaks to me, keeps me going, keeps my head up, gives me hope. The person I one day will be, the one who drew me back from the abyss. All will be forgiven when something has come of all this pain, suffering, trial and tribulation. So I forge ahead, with my machete, through the brush of the wilderness. Here shall I be mired until by the force of my own will and resolve I see my way through. When I do, I will be at peace, and so be redeemed.

You wanna be a badass? Then do what you don't want to do. Do it, and feel the power. This is how men become weak. They give in to the enemy within, and they know not from where it stems. Yes. I am a badass. Come tell me I am not. I know that the Force exists, and It manifests Itself in all ways. One of those ways is through me. This is how I know of the existence of God, Allah, Adonai, Lord Krishna, Kali, Isis. It manifests Itself through you, if you only but knew. Thus the battle also consists of matter vs. vibration. Earthly needs vs. Heavenly needs. Man is torn by the carnal aspect, brought from the Sacred Mother, and the divine aspect brought from the Celestial Father.

Yes, within me reside all aspects of Creation. All these aspects are like pieces of a puzzle, and it is my task to find the proper place for each and every one. The first task is mastery of the physical body, the clay, the matter that is us, with all its needs and limitations. Then comes mastery of the mind, the vibration received by the antennae of the hypersensitive brain. After that comes the juxtaposition of the thread of our lives, the soul, which comes from the Soul of the One, whereby we rejoin It, by giving in to these impulses. We are all gods as men. We carry within us, much higher than our intellectual constitution, the breath of God. We are He, and She is us. The three stories of the Temple of Solomon.

Mother, Father, Child. One is All. It created All. It created us. There is nothing that is not attributed to It, to Its glory and Its infinite wisdom. As we the living have our imperative to survive, so does It. As we suffer these trials and tribulations, so does It. If our pain and suffering be as great as it is, imagine Its pain and suffering. And yet, It does not reside in our time/space continuum, which serves as a blinder to keep us from seeing the All simultaneously, as it exists for It. It knows of the ultimate redemption of man because It is that redemption. It is that Child. It is All, It is One, It is here, there, everywhere, at all times. It worries not, for It can see. Alas, if we could only but see through Its eyes, if only for a minute. Ecstasy. The big lie of the 10% is they tell us that things are unknowable, and no one knows them. This is a blatant lie, and a blasphemy to the knowledge of the existence of the Light of the Ancients. Furthermore, every fault one can find in another person one must have oneself. How does the old saying go? It takes one to know one.

Chapter 2 World Power

My whole life I have been a traveler in search of knowledge. Now more than ever do I have a sense of self. Now more than ever I feel the presence of my self pushing the pen over the white page. Secret traditions were just that. They used to be handed down by word of mouth. At different points, during times of trial and stress, it was decided that to write down the oral tradition would be the only way to propagate it, in view of the danger of the times, either war or depravity. The secret traditions have, in view of our times, been given out to the public at large, in the hopes it survive. Eventually someone will come along, and give new meaning to the olden knowledge. The last one was Mohammed. The one before that, Jesus.

The original writers of the book known to Christians as the Bible hoarded for themselves and transformed that which they themselves originally knew did not belong solely to them. On a Cosmic level, we are the human inhabitants of the Earth. What pertains to one human pertains to all. The secret doctrine, handed down to man as gospel truth from time immemorial is the absolute faith and belief in one creative energy known as God. Osiris, the Tao, Teut, the Architect of the Universe, the Master Builder. It is the belief in an energy source far more vast than that of conscious man. It is true that God permeates through us. It is us, and we are It. It is the tie that binds, the thread. It is the cosmic vibration which first caused life to be.

There is an aspect of the One known as the male. He performed the part of the sperm vibration that impregnated the egg of Mother Earth. There is as good a reason for that denomination as well. The law of the Heavens and Earth is the ancient knowledge known as: as above, so below. The law of correspondence. The Greeks termed it the micro/macrococosms. What can be found to be true on any one level of existence has correlating counterparts permeating throughout the Universe at every level imaginable. And so, the male principle, the vibration, the sperm, is the Word of God. Intelligence manifest as vibration. The vibration is the life that powers the body. The body is made of

matter. The denser energy of matter is the clay from which the body of man takes its constituent parts. We are made of elements found in the Universe. We are what we eat.

The marionette shaped out of the clay, female. The shaping power running through it, male. Life, a soul, child. The basic building block of the Universe is the triangle, the holy trinity of God the matter, God the vibration, God the reconciliation. This is why three is the holy, magic number.

So, as history has it, at certain times of strife, it was decided by the benevolent powers that be on the planet, that information would be divulged, such that it may fall on the ears of some who feel they may help. I was raised to be a believer in God, but I was taught blind faith. I was not given proper training or guidance. These things I found for myself, through my travels, and through all who have come in contact with me as I floated through the Earth. From all have I learned. I learned of the existence of another. Another in the vast assortment all the “I am”s. This “I am” is an acknowledgment of the thread that binds. When one has this realization, one understands that one *is*, as *are* all others, whether they know it or not. The civilized man knows this. The uncivilized man does not.

In this great Babylon of our times, the vanguard of human existence as we know it, we fancy ourselves civilized. Indeed, we believe there has never been a time on this planet where so many people had so much, and had cumulatively, on such a large scale, raised themselves to such lofty heights of achievement in knowledge, health, wealth, indeed, civilization. Yet, we can honestly ask ourselves, are we truly civilized? In what does a civilized man really consist? In times past, the civilized were those who dispensed of a knowledge that the masses did not have. This very knowledge was then used to control the masses of uneducated. The masses have never known what they missed. The knowledge which made itself known to the common man was always regulated by those who knew the secret traditions of truth. Yet, the secret doctrine has been revealed to the masses at distinct times in history, to help keep the balance between the forces of order

and chaos on this planet. It is how the Arabs brought themselves from the dust to civilization hundreds of years ago. Through knowledge. Knowledge of God.

And so, we ask the question: are we civilized here today? And for answer we have the paradox. It is well accepted that the devil is the prince of lies, the king of illusion, the one who offers riches in return for the soul surrendered to him. In the Koran, the price paid out for the sold soul is “a trifling sum.” Not much at all, considering what has been gained, and at what cost. What are these illusions then, and who is the devil? What World is it we live in, anyway?

This great nation, most beautiful, most glorious, most noble, most beloved. It is true. The last World Power to achieve so much was Rome. Here there is no limit to the prosperity that technology and man can accomplish together. Here man has been able to raise himself to a level of subsistence with few to rival it. Ah, but this beautiful, glorious light has to have its dark side. Historically speaking, there have been those excluded. But even these will see their ray of light, as surely as the pot will be stirred. Here we believe in the cult of the Geist, and the playing field has been evened. When men get along as brothers, then shall peace be among us. The truly educated all know the same things, no matter where or when they are from. We have created an illumined society. Our salvation should be assured.

It was Mohammad and the Muslims who exposed the nefarious ways of their adversary. The Koran, that expounded for all to hear the law of One God and the Last Day. Almost on equal footing does the Koran place them. The Last Day, the Day of Judgment. This, then, is a piece of esoteric knowledge made known to the public. In a powerful and vociferous way. There was no temerity in the way Mohammad proposed the word of God. Preach it for the World to hear, not for the chosen few to benefit, to inherit the Earth. This be their quarrel, not mine, not ours, but whose World do we live in anyway?

Yes, I prepare for war. I know I'm gonna be at the forefront. This is why there are no mentors to show the way. There will come a time when the war ceases to be internal, and will become manifest on this Earth. I work to hasten the event. It will come at the precise time, as ordained by Ra, and I am powerless to stop it. I see the impending train wreck, and so I long for the collision, the collision that will set us all free, when the truth is revealed. Yes, our fate is sealed. How many times must one commit the same mistake, before the lesson is learned. How many times must we see history repeat itself before we become enlightened. My mission right now is not to have fun. This is not what I want. I work, I dedicate all my thoughts and efforts in the hopes that I find fulfillment while on this sphere. I think myself no better than any other mortal man. Whatever happens, I know, and state for the record, that I was born a mortal. What I end up as, I know not, nor do I care, for all I can control is the step, as I take it, one at a time.

I was born to a World with many problems. I am the son of man, as all men are my teachers. My physical father is a man, and I learn from him. I feel the pain of all men, the pain of existence. The pain of blindness, deafness, and muteness. I do not know why it is I who can see, but I can, so I walk forward, impelled by the task I have chosen for myself. I prepare for war. It is I, among others, who shall bring it. I shall help bring the fury of hellfire, as the will of the One be done, on Earth as in Heaven. I was trained, groomed for the job by the Old One, and by my life upon Earth. Forgive us Lord, for we know not what we do. We merely fulfill our God mission, and raise our selves and our children as best we can. The perfect servant knows not that he serves. I forgive. I forgive. With a tear in my eye do I forgive all who offend me, and beg forgiveness of those whom I offend.

When we know ourselves, we know that those who wrong us do not know themselves. For this I come with a message from the Heavens. A message of unity. I am a messenger, and I come to deliver a message of knowledge and light. If you oppose me,

you stand on the side of darkness. If you do not hear me, please stand aside and let me pass. I am a mortal man, and I have a job to do. I am going to war. My whole life have I been training. I gonna learn to be the baddest dude on the block, in the name of Love. Strong, vocal, empathetic, merciful, compassionate, loving, upright. I take the vow of the Nazarite. I am not afraid of any poison. I take poison, I swallow it, I spit it out. I am an initiate into the highest realm on this planet. I am an initiate into God Knowledge, the highest of the high.

I know sacrifices will be made, as I climb up to the top of the rock, and I pray to the newborn Sun in the East. I am a traveler, from the South, come North seeking knowledge. To find this place, I have traveled East and West. Much have I seen, many have I met, and many things have I learned. One day, I will return to my place of origin, and I will open schools to teach what I have learned. If a man refuse to make use of the guides provided for by life, he will be sure to smash himself upon the rock, or perish in the whirlpool. There is only a narrow path in between that leads to redemption and salvation. The signs are there, the guides will be there, no matter what. One has to learn to discern them. One has to learn the worth of things. I must move forward alone. I cannot bring anyone on this journey I undertake. There will come a day when I am better able to convey the knowledge that within me courses. Until such time, I learn, do my homework, and prove the worth of Iself to the all-seeing Eye that watches; to Ayeself. This is my only task. This is my homework. This is what I work at incessantly.

There are the ones who are better able to be our judges, those that know less than us, whom we teach. The ones to watch out for are the younger ones. I see now why I always felt myself to be a corruptive force. I see now why I've always felt I corrupted my younger brother, I brought the knowledge of decadence and debauchery to him. I *have* been a corruptive force. It's true, I served as an eye opener, a bringer of knowledge, but not when taking into account the emotional condition of those whom I influenced. Delicately and tenderly, but sternly. I will adapt, but I will not send a negative message to those younger than I. I am a warrior. I pick up arms. I am not afraid. I always did what I was able, to the extent of my knowledge. No one led me to the path. No person took me

under their wing and delicately showed me the folly of my ways. All these things have I found on my own, through the course of my life.

And so, one of my tasks is to ease up on myself. Work. Work hard. Work all the time. Never give up. Always work hard. I am not Midas, nor do I pretend to be, but I work on the Golden Touch. I know it was a curse, but if that be the case, I was cursed from the start. I do this from imperative. Imperative only because I know well the difference between right and wrong, and because I have not been given the choice. Indeed I have, but the choice resolves itself, when one has had a requisite learning. Once upon a certain plateau, there is no turning back. The point of no return was achieved long, long ago. I will work hard, and earn my own respect. Service is freedom. Save Ayeself.

Know Thyself. Know thine enemy. This is what resides in the mind, and cannot be seen. The mind is the most powerful weapon. It can be sharpened like a well-honed blade. Always respect what one cannot see. This is just good policy, as well as a good alternative to outright fear. I fear no man, yet one can seal one's own fate through one's own actions. Many men die foolishly. I see everything because I look at nothing. I take no offense from one who does not know me. Who do I speak for? I speak for myself, and all those who can see more than what is directly in front of their face. Things are distracting, particularly fear and emotions.

This nation has a problem with respect. In our prosperity have we forgotten our proper humility. If fathers will not teach it, sons will not learn it. History and heritage is distorted, and a need to fill the resulting Spiritual emptiness ensues. Then we rob other peoples of their self-respect. Disbalance and destruction follows. The building process is long and arduous. All one can really do is make sure one is taking steps in the direction one wants to go. One day one will be able to look upon the edifice of one's creation, and see if it please the sensibilities, as one had imagined. It takes years of bricklaying for this, and all rests on the proverbial forgotten cornerstone.

Respect. Respect is the key. Stay calm, be ready. Display knowledge and understanding in order to be recognized by other knowledgeable brothers. Say peace. The ultimate knowledge is that God is One. A time of trial is necessary for graduation. A time of test is a time of learning. Knowledge is sublime when it is returned to the pool from which it came, imbued with one's understanding. 120 lessons.

We may laugh at our government, call our leaders names and think them dumb, but it is they who will have the last laugh. This nation of Babylon, and indeed the World, is now the plaything of its government. There is an ineffable feeling of tyranny in the air, and the leaders are the authors of such tyranny. From wickedness goeth forth wickedness, as in the times of Nimrod. Look to the bible for prophecies. It is not the most perfect of books. The Jews took from far more ancient traditions to fashion it, yet the reason for its existence is that it displays the spiral nature of things. Man lives according to the law set down for him by the power most high. What has been, will be again, ad infinitum, till the end of time break the chains.

A star is born, on Earth, as in the Heavens. Shooting stars are bright, and snuffed out quickly. We all have our counterpart star in the Heavens. When we die, it dies. When it dies, we die. As we live, so it lives. So are we linked in brightness, in health, in splendor and goodness. The Earth is a giant womb. The seeds of men are like the seeds of trees. Through this union is life brought to be. The mystery is vast, and yet there is no mystery. All is number, all is geometry, all is science, and yet, the intelligence most high binds all. The one ring to rule them all. Everyone has a purpose for living, and everyone contributes to the all-ness of existence. The anonymous masses serve as mothers, fathers, caretakers and inspiration of the few brilliant ones, the true stars on Earth.

We are all involved in the construction of a great house. We are all the builders, and our works in life are all the elements used in its construction. There will come a day when the house is built, and we may move into future phases of existence. It may happen that the house we are building, the foundation we have laid, is not pleasing to ourselves, does not reflect truth in its reality. Actions will be taken, and the building shall commence anew, the old foundation having been torn down. Today, we work in vain. All our great works are done in vain, because they are not done in the name of It, the most

high, our creator and keeper. One day, all things man-made shall be torn asunder to make way for things made in the name and glory of the Sovereign. Only with unity in mind shall things stand the test of time, achieve relative immortality. With our avarice and hate, our ignorant state, we have signed and sealed our own fate.

And I, for one, shall embrace the prophecy, for I stand with One, on the side of One. I myself have no regrets, but I will endure with all my brothers, for Noah is our father, and we all his sons. These are the divine truths of which they speak. I make them up not. I am merely an instrument, for they course through me as surely as they course through all the living. There is but one truth, whether we know it or not. The greatest knowledge of all, whether you, the reader, believe me or not, is the knowledge of the One God. The intelligence most high to whom we are indebted for our existence. This then, is the only knowledge worthy of us, if we could but see. There is only one God. There is only one faith, there is only one history, only one truth. There is only *ONE*.

There are many that make claims. Because a man points a finger does not mean the other is guilty. Unrighteous men point fingers and speak of the evil of the righteous. Thus is tyranny veiled, from the time of the first man. From the time of the first king, Nimrod. And goodness, which only speaks for itself, is buried in a veil of darkness, to be stumbled upon by those chosen by God, by themselves. Let us look at the evidence around us.

It is no lie that people see what they want to see. This saying can be taken quite literally. We will not see what we do not want to see, and we do not want to see things that will cause us inconvenience, or force us to take action. The government of this nation knows about as much as can be known on this plane, at this stage. They have access to the highest science of all sorts, but they have a problem assimilating the information. They do not know the meaning of the long-term cause and effect. The reason for this is that a vast quantity of the knowledge we employ has been taken from other peoples. Without adequate personal foundation in knowledge, the true workings of our World seem magic. With the proper foundation, they can only bring tribute to the Highest.

Information has effectively fallen into the wrong hands. But all is as it should be. There is nothing that is out of place, nothing that is not where it belongs. And so the spiral unfurls. Prophecies are time-release bombs set upon their course. Light workers, who have worked in the name of clarity, erect edifices that man shall inhabit in the future, when his frail psyche is ready.

The people of the west look to the east for wisdom. Building, tearing down, and rebuilding for millennia. We have inhabited a building erected by others, and we give not thanks. This is our great crime. All men must give thanks to that which allows them to live. In the absence of the knowledge of the One God, men become idolaters. The least evolved become unbelieving, and think themselves the greatest intelligence. That is indeed a corruption of the foundation of knowledge in man. Only when one truly discovers the truth of things can one claim to have any knowledge. On the other hand, one does not miss what one does not know. So it is a perilous path, as thin as a blade, and dangerous distractions and obstacles lie to both the left and right. Here we must walk.

We each fashion ourselves, whether we know it or not, and this is a lifelong process, or should be. A man who has ceased to learn, and ceased to see himself as pliable and open to new information, this man has ceased to live. He is no longer an upright man, he is now a zombie, the walking dead, a horizontal man. There are millions and millions of zombies walking our Earth this very day. This is a very particular and subtle tragedy that occurs to individuals when they leave their youth...*Never trust anyone over thirty...*

Humans are simpler creatures than we believe ourselves to be. When an individual leaves its youth, it is akin to taking a fresh piece of bread out of its packaging, and placing it on the countertop. The piece of bread dries up and becomes stale. It is no longer pliable. It is brittle, and easily crumbled. What has occurred is that the learning curve has balanced itself out, the individual is capable of living independently of his caretakers, and believes he has learned everything he needs to know in order to succeed. The individual ceases to see itself as an open receptacle for learning, and becomes

arrogant and stale. This is a true tragedy of humanity. Anything that dries up and solidifies in any form, ceases to grow, and ceases to live. This entity becomes part of the masses of the walking dead. Only those that respect their own lives, and the lives of others truly live. Everyone dies, but not everyone lives. A man who ceases to learn ceases to live. I now know about great men. I know what consumed the minds of great men.

To advance intellectually, emotionally, and physically on this plane, one has to challenge oneself. When asking oneself questions, one has to be honest, and sincere, for that is precisely the intent of the exercise. What is it that is truly happening on our Earth? Well, humans live here, and we are doing the best we can. But doing what? Advancing our cause. Look at what we looked like 1000 years ago, 2000 years ago. Then look at the knowledge of the ancients. They accomplished feats with technology that to this day we are not aware of. Much of their knowledge has been lost. They destroyed themselves by creating enemies for themselves. They ruled by force. Nothing can be truly accomplished, no foundations can be solidly set, if imposed by force. Man has to walk his own path, always and forever. And our society does make science available to us, what we know, only after it has been consumed, and they have mastered it, and moved on to the next endeavor. The founding principles of this nation allow for the broad accumulation and dissemination of knowledge.

Our government knows of the keenly sharp minds of the Hindus and the Arabs. They fear the Arabs because they are militant, and not peace-loving like the Hindus. Knowledgeable men in search of knowledge look to the east for guidance, for the knowledge. This is how our civilization was founded. The founders of this nation, freemasons, draw their knowledge from civilizations of the east, the birthplace of the dawning Sun. We have taken knowledge from all known lands, and it's like wielding a dangerous weapon. A dangerous weapon that fell into the wrong hands. Now it is up to us to empower ourselves, set our listing vessel aright. To truly empower ourselves, we must open our eyes and acknowledge the prevailing situation, whatever it be, at all times. This should be our job as modern humans of the 21st century. Ignorance is bliss, but those days are long past, unfortunately.

I state nothing new. I merely propose, once again, the truth. I have plumbed the depths of my soul, and what have I found? That the truth is one. God is One. We are one. We have empowered the N.W.O. They are now able to do what they want, on every level. However, this power is based on knowledge, and is conferred by the people. It remains to be seen how they will subvert the knowledge and the power it bestows to fit their needs. The wrath of the people will come back to haunt those who do not stand on the side of righteousness. What we speak becomes reality, so we need to be patient, and plug away. Always plug away. Because we do not see the changes before our eyes does not mean things have not changed. We must think of our children, of the youth to whom we will leave the Earth.

Many a man frets over the state of affairs he leaves his child to inherit. This is a well founded fear, as the adult oppressor, who has committed sins of ignorance against humanity, offers his children up to be consumed by the retribution of the oppressed. The wrath is sure to come. It is the unstoppable freight train of the cycles of evolution through the ineffable medium of time. There is nothing a man can say or do that will permanently usurp the sovereignty of the truth. Man has tried in the past, and tries in the present, but there is no religion higher than truth. Truth, like history, and like life, is one.

Fanciful vainglory of man will not allow the truth to come out from behind the veil of opinion and misguidedness. All over the World, and throughout history, men have lost their lives attempting to tell the truth. I wasn't tutored or taught in the things of the Spirit for good reason. The innocent attainment of such things is of the most blissful capacities of man. I was guided by good, loving parents who taught me health and uprightness, but for all other answers I was left to my own devices, my people being those of the masses. Upon the rock of the self was I dashed by life's chances and vicissitudes. All knowledge, and all lessons, are designed to take one to Unity. Once one has achieved this state, there is much more to be learned such that one may become a teacher. One who knows, and does not teach, does the World a great disservice. The wise few who have attained in this life know to give thanks.

Chapter 5 The empire must be maintained

It is a tragic irony, and a veritable fact that whatever the government's public stance may be on any given issue, the reality of the matter is quite the opposite. Medicines that propose to lengthen our lives enslave us to chemicals that can naught but harm us in the end. They begin to control the nation to its minutest detail, putting tabs on everyone and everything. The empire must be maintained. People are angry. I am angry. You should be angry, but chances are you are not aware of the perilous nature of the situation. Because it can be seen, the end of our times is near. Everything happens in cycles, and the cycles repeat themselves. The nature of our government has become corrupted, detrimental to the health of the society as a whole. A time for cleansing is at hand. It will not have been the first time.

Everything is an illusion. What seems static is really dynamic. We must keep this in our mind, because our eyes will always and ever perceive a thing which is not really there. A mirage, as it were. We must have faith that the work we do in our Spirit will not go to waste. The benefits will be reaped at a future time, when we have proven ourselves to ourselves, and therefore to God. God knows our inmost thoughts. Why is this? Because we know our inmost thoughts, and we are a manifestation of God. The Force manifests itself through life, and we humans are its highest form. We can be sure that things will change, change is for sure. We live in a dynamic world. Look at history if you have doubt. Therefore life is like a game of chess. The change will happen, therefore I have to foresee the changes, or at least work diligently such that at some future date I will be at the place I want to be.

I am happy that I am being given a chance. I was deemed worthy enough to have been given a chance at life, to see what I would learn. I shall let them know I will do my best to always do my best. I live by the Law as well as I can perceive it, may the Lady strike me down if I lie. My limited understanding understands at least that this is precisely what is required of me to graduate to greater spheres of existence. I know not

what the future brings. I do know that it is dependent on myself to whatever degree I allow. I am a teacher. I shall strive to teach the way of the Word, guised under a new veil.

That's what Moses did. He guised the ancient knowledge under a new veil, and as a result, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, as well as Mormons. Our modern western World. We grew the strongest, so strong we dominated the globe completely. We of the west are the mouth of the snake, and we are consuming the tail. We are the last frontier before we reach the East once again. We have inhabited the Earth. This then, be the promised land of the Jews. They have obtained what they wanted. It is their god who inhabits the Earth, under their name for Him. The snake has eaten its tail. I am at ground zero, the underground infrastructure of the farthest reaches west. We have grown, become corrupted, and now a fresh start is required.

Life forever takes unexpected twists. One day a situation prevails, and the next it founders for another. And yet one perseveres. That is the prevailing reality of existence on this planet. The only constant, never-changing reality is that we are sent here to overcome. We will evolve until the whole of our lives is surrounded by pure mathematics, science, and knowledge. The fluff is going to be cast away. We must do battle with the malignant forces that reduce us to lower spheres. These forces will kick and scream, hard, like the biggest bully in the yard. We will overtake him with our numbers and knowledge. This is what a leader does, he assures the people that the ranks have the capacity to defeat the opponent. He keeps his eye on the enemy, his eye and his mind. He wills them into submission by never letting a thought of doubt enter his mind. When you are at war, you live by this credo until death.

I'm learning to treat everybody like just another guy I know, another person I've met in all my travels, which are by now quite lengthy. I remember a lot of strange characters. My parents raised a child that went on to see the light. That is in no small part due to their training and love. Everything is passed through the woman, because she builds the baby. Innately, her body knows how to sustain another human being. All the father can do is give the child proper guidance and training after it is born. Man is not

God, man is man, and God is Himself, which includes everything. He is all-intelligence, all-knowledge, everything, at all times, omniscient, omnipotent, and cosmopolitan.

Up ahead, I begin to see the light at the end of the tunnel. It has been a long, hard, strange journey thus far. I'm sure the future will always bring more of the same. When I feel the emptiness inside, I resort to the pen, for it alone can ease the battered soul. My thoughts are like the gushing waters of a well fed river. They gush and they gush, and all the while I watch, wait, listen, and learn to hearts content. I have come to realize things about myself which do not make me very happy, and yet, I am ecstatic for them nonetheless. I now feel I am as like a ghost on this plane. The pain and sorrow upon the Earth, coupled with my weaknesses as a man have just about conspired to make an absolute wreck of me. The only thing that has saved me has been the knowledge of the light I wield as a human. I now dispense with pleasantries, and all appearances of sophistication.

The devil has won some battles of late, it would seem, within me. Still, yet another time has passed, and a new time is upon me. The new time is a time of action. It is now an imperative within me, as it is ordained from forces far superior to myself that the time for action is now. Action is the principle akin to the Father in the Holy Trinity of knowledge; active kinetic order, action. And so I pick up the pen, and I send all the devils to hell, from whence they came. They will not take me with them, as I have grown too strong, and I won't go. All epochs of serious work are followed by a period of rest. This is one of the Laws. I have been hard at work, and I don't see rest, but I know it will come.

A man robbed of a struggle for life is robbed indeed. I'm like a ghost here. This is where life has taken me. I probably need help, but only because I am lazy. If I am not lazy, which I will not be forever, then I am busy ordering. Laziness, stasis, is equivalent to disorder, chaos. I have been given the Word, and the Word is what I now use as my tool in living my life. Despite the fact that I am terror-stricken by all the prospects, I think I can honestly say that I am not afraid at all. Let the future come, let it bring what it may. I am afraid of no man, and of no lot life could toss at me. Brazen words indeed, from but

a mere man, but I employ faith in my Lord, my Creator and Master. It is not a matter of defining who you are, but of *finding out* who you are, what your orbit is, in these times filled with uncertainty and risk. And so I persevere with my work. I am man, traveler, child of the light. I am.

In the evening time, when our protector, the light of the Sun, has left us for his nightly rest, then shall I come back to my sacred warrior. He'll keep me company in the time of night, when all men are without their guide. In the night are we left to our own devices. In the night do we consort with the devil within, in the night, when the light doth shine on parts of the globe foreign to us. Then, in the anonymity of the darkness are men given to their most private, most vain and baneful proclivities. In the animosity of the night are we to find the light shining from within ourselves, for as light is shed on one place, so is another bathed in darkness, waiting for the loving licks of their protector to once again grace their beautiful faces. And so shall our protector once again rise, to meet us face to face. And he is not God, for he judges not, and that is the giveaway.

We are all subject to the same Laws. We struggle to understand about ourselves. The degree of understanding is irrelevant to the application of the Law. Time will prove that with the latest scientific technological breakthroughs, the words God, and science will once again be uttered in the same sense, in the affirmative. God is science. God is mathematics. We are God, God is in us. We are all fractionary pieces of the idea of God. Because we exist, *we are*. This is no dream, no figment of the imagination. What we have is pure science, pure intelligence, the union of intelligent vibration, matter, and the Spirit of God. Ah life is once again beautiful. Moments of doubt, superseded by moments of confidence in all that I do, all that I stand, and work for.

Oh so beautiful. Like the downy fuzz on the belly of a young maiden. If every man had his own young maiden, we would all be content. It is proof God is not male. Man, the abstract; woman, the concrete. Life is such a freak show. I feel my muscles getting tenser, like a horse at the start of a race. A yearning to stretch the muscles, and make the motions valid. I see now how they all have done it. All with talent, all with great sacrifice. I have given up all, and yet it is not enough. I must work hard, work hard, work hard.

A new art, a new movement, a new way of thinking for the new millennium. I didn't wing it, I went to battle for it. Nobody can take away from me what I have learned. Who have been the great men in history? Those whose existence brought revolution and reform, and surely not the man who worked, earned much wealth for himself, and died fat, a failure in his own eyes only. And yet society honors such men. Were they Taoists, like me, the confusion would be much relieved. I live as if on borrowed time. My whole purpose is to complete my mission on Earth. The situation is becoming more touch and go. I have chronicled what I could the gold of truth and reality, and still I strive for more. For the most. What will become of us? The whole World is changing. We are preparing for a mass quickening.

Naturally, the words will get tougher to come by, now that much more weight is placed on each and every one. Where to start? For years now I have carefully watched the path I tread. These have been the strangest, most lonely and painful, most wonderful years of my entire life. I was run through the gauntlet, and I have emerged on the other side, much more learned, knowledgeable, stronger, and far better for it. I have discovered the Force, the almighty Creator. I have loved woman, and been loved by woman. I encountered death, face to face. I have become an initiate. I have seen myself through from the first day, and from that day on was I slotted for something.

I do not turn my back on this challenge, for to do so would be to turn my back on myself. Many of my words have been painful, and they came to me while I suffered great pain. And I struggled forward. I have learned to deal with my self, my mind, my body, my strengths and weaknesses. I have in great part given up the drink, as well as the addiction to the tobacco products used to destroy the strength and health of young humans. To the consumption of flesh, and to all other drugs. The forces of light will make a grand appearance in the not-too-distant future. Of this I am sure, for I will bring it myself, if none do before me. Regardless will it come, a modern brand of righteous irreverence. Irreverence to the established corrupt system of suffering and oppression.

Instead I put my faith in the Almighty, the Force that has graced us with all Its intelligence, too brilliant for our feeble minds to comprehend.

This is the True God, and all who speak Its name with highest respect, Its true prophets. We all have been bowing down to false prophets for many generations now, and the damage is severely done. We are down, but we are not out, for we will never be put out. This is the only sure thing. If man's line cease, we will sprout again, take more aeons to mature, and achieve our goal regardless. We are the flame of God that lights up the darkness of night. I will be able to say I knew. The greatest men know to what they are destined. The more alarmed I become at the state of man around me, the more of a blessing I realize it is to have been given what I have.

The hardship I endure now is going to make me a great man someday. There is no religion higher than the religion of truth, and that is what I'm into. I guess you could say I've been quite fearless, though I wouldn't readily admit it. Friends of mine have been telling me that I affect their lives. My brother has told me similar. These things are a surprise to me, but I see how it could happen, how it did happen. But everything comes in cycles, and I remember times when my cowardice and laziness have appalled me to the point of self-loathing.

I have worked out many of the kinks, and I live such as to be able to live with myself. I have learned enough to where I demand much of myself. I know it's a personal hang-up, but it spills over into my personal life, and in turn, I am hard on all those around me. Those who suffer the most are those closest. It's possible I went into a dormant state many years ago, when I was a child. I could see the validity of such a theory. So much pressure was placed on me that I just tuned out. But I always knew I would return, and when I did, I awoke with a vengeance.

The times make demands on the people, and the times are such that Spiritual leaders are in demand. A race of the adept is being crafted. They shall need training. The people sense foul play. The whole World has been lethargic, and is waking up, as if from a nap, or perhaps even a full night's sleep. I, for one, see the reality of this scenario. And it is the dawn of a brand new day, a day where men begin to open their eyes, and the human condition upon the Earth takes a huge turn for the better. Men begin to open their eyes to what? To the fact that in unity is strength, that we are all brothers and sisters, and that to help your fellow man is to help yourself. Whenever you help yourself, you have done your duty before the eyes of God. We fall into the trap, when we are behind closed doors and feel that we are hidden, and cannot be seen. We forget that we are never shielded from the all-seeing eye of God. He sees all because He *is* All. He is us, and we are Him.

And yet, we are not God, we are men. We have God within us, and God is within us. And while we do not participate in the creative effort, God remains dormant within us. But to those within whom God is active, the creative word flows as water in a stream. Some men are brought to the light by the acts of their teachers. These are the lucky men, fortunate enough to have had teachers. Other men find the light through their own efforts. These men are the luckiest, for they have crossed the most valleys to get to where they at. Most men never find it. These are the many.

I have a vision of a better tomorrow. It looks something like yesterday, but yesterday morning. Yesterday afternoon was bad, and I awoke this morning, and things were still worse. And so I've sat here, and I've thought, what I could do to make a better tomorrow, a tomorrow where all men know and appreciate themselves, where we know ourselves, and appreciate who we are, what we mean, where we head. We are headed back to One eventually, after our travails through this Earth are behind us. How do we know this? Because we go back to where we came from, to the Source, and we cannot

take our clay vehicle with us. The time we are given is just enough time to learn something to be able to make something of our lives. But no more. Not to excess.

Immortality is reserved for the soul, and not for the flesh. The reason is simple: the balance. Everything returns to its source. Energy can be neither created nor destroyed. It is Intelligence, the Ordering Principle, Eternal Knowledge, Vonnegut's Universal Will To Become alone that remains after the passing of matter. A diligent man who studies and learns is of the most powerful men on this plane. And the men who live the longest are those on whom a great knowledge has been imparted. The time we are given is to learn. If we are taught from the outset, we are relieved from having to take each step on our own. Yet each step must be taken. A man ascends when his repertoire of experience is complete. Taking short cuts or jumping steps in the end has the exact opposite of the intended effect. Every step is meant to teach a lesson. When in battle, it is essential to put into play all that one has learned until that point.

The men who achieve the most start at the bottom, from humble beginnings. A lifelong learning process is the antidote to a dissatisfied life. Women are not pressed to learn in our society. They are kept as trophies and pets, and they suffer horribly for it, despite the fact they think they are getting away with something, being supported by a man. There is much disillusion, discontent, and misconception on our Earth these days. We have to find a way to combat this condition. We were all growing together, and one grew stronger, and dominated the rest. This strong one had better not forget his roots, for life has a treacherous way of avenging the wronged.

The meek shall inherit the Earth, and the strong, through their hubris, are poised to take the big fall. The unsuspecting, grown ignorant from illusion, is primed for the picking by the blind scythe of the avenging angel. This is gospel truth, and it will happen, when the time is right, when the cycle has reached its apex, and begins once again to descend. This is my contribution. This is what I have been diligently working at. It will seem as if I have forsaken my country, my people, but it is not true. We are a hypocritical people, full of double standards, blind-folded to the truth, the truth, which is like the

DNA spiral, ascending and descending through the spectrum of life experience. No man is better than another. He that thinks so, sets his seeds up to take the fall for his misdeeds.

Men are like planets, with their orbit around the center. A man's orbit is dictated to him at birth. While he lives his life as if asleep, he trudges forward, and helps with his suffering lay the ground for the future to come, the future where men simply do not walk around in the sleeping condition that has prevailed for the last thousands of years. Things are coming to a head. Nothing that is not supposed to have happened, has happened. And yet, we begin to awaken to a new era. I am one of the new generation, a front runner. More like us will come. The balance lies within my hands, because I can see. I am no longer blind, being led by the blind.

Tend to your garden. Make your garden great, if you will, but do not be looking longingly at the great gardens of other men. Take your quarrels up with God, and do not be dumping them on those beneath you. One generation always stands on the shoulders of the previous generation.

A new system of education is required. What we teach our kids is of very little real use to them in their lives. Our society is cancerous. The cancer is running rampant, and it is reproducing at astronomical rates. Ignorance begetting ignorance, wickedness begetting wickedness, the blind leading the blind. We are approaching a swing of the cycle which will necessitate great reformation and great sacrifice on the part of man. Some will be called upon to give up their lives, and some will be called upon to survive. Those who survive will feel the quickening, and a greater race of man shall emerge, the most advanced our great Earth has ever seen. They will know, because the foundations will be more solid. It will be the reenactment of a divine Law of God, a new Genesis. And the same principles and laws will apply, only men will know them better, be more intimate with the mysterious workings of our God.

The statues and paintings of Michaelangelo show intense understanding of the human form, its mathematical dimensions. The human form is the work of a crafter. We

are all splinters of the entirety of God's intelligence. I still remember being on that trail with Oliver, being remarkably high from the poison of mushrooms, the manna of the ancients, the moksha medicine, pondering how life needed to manifest itself *in so many different ways*. All forms so subtle, and so different, and yet all encompassing the same principle of life. Why a forest of birch trees, all identical? Why not one massive birch, and dispense with all the others. One big mass of life, rather than a bunch of small splinters. And yet there it is, life completely diversified, presumably in order to insure its survival. Are we not the same as the forest of birch trees? All that is needed to exemplify human life is one man and one woman, and yet we have forests of humans, all one like the other, and yet all unique.

We are not much. We are life, but we are intelligent, and because we can recognize the self, we are all. All life is the same, it is the apex of God's intelligence. He is the intelligence, our Mother Earth is the clay. The Child is the Spirit of man, the peak of God's creation as we know it. Yes, I went through the trouble of writing these words. The words flowed forth from me as water from a fountain. They came right out, and they assume a light, a life of their own. It is the word. The Word. So let it be written, so let it be done. And so, what I do here, I lay a foundation. I will walk this path again, and forever.

A proper teacher teaches not how to do something, but rather, teaches what a thing is. In other words, a music teacher should not teach his pupil how to create music. That would be merely sharing his vision on the subject. Rather, he should teach his pupil what music is, how the mathematics of it work, such that the student be free to express himself through the art form of music. Too much education is a dangerous thing. It precludes any decisions to be made by he who would apply the knowledge. A man has to learn how to seize opportunity. It is as big a crime to let opportunities pass, as it is to take them and do the wrong thing. Opportunity abounds for he who knows how to seize it.

I guess my task now is to never forget these lessons I have learned. Never let the soul get rusty, tarnished, moldy, forgotten. Every moment of every day shall I live

consciously, actively, in prayer, giving thanks, and keeping all senses open. I will spend the rest of my days learning about the highest, and dedicating my works and deeds to the highest ideal which is to me revealed. Thus sayeth the Law, the one real law under whose command I wish to be. So while I do my works without, within, I am at peace because every step of the way shall I be guided by the Divine Hand which I accept. In humble learning and application of Law shall I spend my days and nights. Let the results of time unfold themselves before us.

My child, may God bless you, keep you, and carry you in your journey. When you do war properly, you not only do war, but establish righteousness. This is a revolution, so that the situation of all men are bettered, not just that of the few. Therefore, my son, when doing war, you need a guide. Take these scriptures, for vast wisdom is elucidated in its pages. To separate man from animal is the ultimate goal. To discover what is man, and what is animal, ultimately separating the two to assume what is man, and discard the animal. Only in this way may one ascend. The children of God, consciousness of the self, mated with the children of Earth, animal memory. Thus they created us, man and woman.

My body is aching, but my mind is fine. Another chance at love, a girl, has come and gone, yet again. The body wants its happiness back. It is sad, and crying out. Before, it would convince the mind that there was a problem, but now the mind is calm, because it beholds the task at hand. The body tells the mind what it needs, and the mind chooses to accept or reject the request. Latent within all bodies, and minds, is all-knowledge of the body, and mind. The mind now sees the work it has to get done, the body must acquiesce. First, I must control the body, understand its needs. Then, in the same way, must I learn to control the mind, and live in the Now. Then will I have encountered the fabric of the gods.

The Koran teaches that children shall have no claim on the parent for having taught them in ignorance. It is within every man and woman, indeed it is their duty, to break the cycle of ignorance, and happy is he/she who so transcends. That is God's forgiveness. Do not be ashamed of what your people have done. Every man and every woman is given a chance to prove him/her self. Be only ashamed of what you have done.

I give you flowers from the heart. I give much thanks. Satan, in the form of a snake, came to Adam and Eve with carnal knowledge. Knowledge of the flesh is the

Earthliest form of knowledge available to man, therefore the snake slithers on its belly, forever connected to the Earth in its entirety. This is opposed to the eagle, the phoenix, which represents the highest ideal for human aspirations, the Spirit. Ideally, man learns to sacrifice the carnal for the Spirit, with the ego as his intermediary. The ego represents the mind, thinking man. Ego also must be overcome. When one assumes Spirit, one assumes the One. Therefore it is pointless to debate the existence of God, or the soul, because it is a matter of learning. The man who gives thanks accepts the idea of God. The feathered serpent.

Reality is completely subjective, dependent upon the mind that creates it. There is, however, a true reality, independent of observation. It is for this reason that men meditate, to stay centered on this true reality, and not allow themselves to get caught up in the seeming reality of the vicissitudes of life. Anything material is of the lowest order of thought, and for this reason materialism is disdained upon. The complete man thinks on all levels, studies himself, and knows himself on all levels available to his understanding. In this way one learns of the sacredness of one's nature. One learns of the divine presence of the I AM. I AM THAT I AM. When one realize oneself in this manner, one realize the oneness of the Universe, simultaneously. Only at this point can one begin to truly learn of the mysteries of the Cosmos.

Electrons gravitate around the nucleus of atoms, planets gravitate around the Sun, children gravitate around their parents. The real gravitational energy is love. Love of the planets for the Sun, and of the Sun for its planets. He is the energy, our father. The Earth, the clay, our mother, the Spirit, the product, the child, yet they are one, simultaneous. The three in one God, like the Christians, the Hindus, Sumerians, Babylonians, Aryans, Egyptians, pagans of old. They all had parts of the story, but the mystery schools, the truly learned, always knew of the oneness of God, of the oneness of man.

The Earthly domain is the domain of the female. Here, women control men. They struggle among themselves to establish who will run the life of what man. Behind every good man is a good woman. Here it is the woman who conquers the conquerors of

mighty armies. He becomes her puppet with which to do her bidding. Woman are magicians in the black arts, because they act surreptitiously, because they are physically weaker. The man loses his own will, gives in completely, and becomes an extension of the woman, whose world symbolically is here on the Earth. All a really good playa does is really work harder for the lady. As with any endeavor, the harder you work, the greater the reward. The greatest resource known to man is the female reproductive organ. This is the motivation for all of life's progress.

Man was given knowledge in order to organize himself, such that he conquer his own suffering. Every man's destiny is within his own hands, if he only but knew. This is the key of freemasonry. Through our efforts shall we erect our structure. There is no other way. We use the same formula the energy itself uses. It is all-just, for it comes in the shape of a spiral, and retribution for our efforts we shall find at the other extreme. I am an avenging angel. I am here to claim that justice will be done, always.

The original Israelites were like lions in the desert, the strongest imposing their law over whomever caravanned and tented with them. A strong male had his harem and his seed to protect, and to protect him, so he taught them. When Jesus taught the truth, the reign of lies began. It has been 2000 years since the time of Jesus, and we are now in a new age. We must begin to ask ourselves what have we been doing for the last 2000 years. What have we learned? People used to know many things. At one time, men were whole, we were one, we were the truth. Now we live illusions. Show me a man who knows, for I want to meet my brother. The mind and body are in cahoots. Only the Spirit is sovereign.

There is but one true and permanent path. One will find that all other paths are but temporary and transitory. When one discerns the truth, only then can one count on Earthly permanence. To this end, man should behave as water, rolling through the vicissitudes of life, adjusting, and always pliant to the idea of change. While on the temporal plane, one must rely on the grace of God to carry one through the ordeal. On the permanent plane, one is master of one's destiny. I know I've now learned enough

character to last me through the rest of this lifetime. Death, before capitulation to the forces of evil. I am now a being expressing self-control. It only remains to be seen what shall come to me for my efforts.

It was the crime of hubris that felled Heaven's most luminous angel. My sisters, I'm sorry you were told things would be easy. Life is a strenuous undertaking, and now we see the truth. Because I have slain the dragon, I can now project the love from my heart outward. I feel my chest cavity open, my ribs open like a draw-bridge, the love emanating out. It is the z axis that impales the x , y . My, what things I've seen, but now I'm on the other side. I am here, and I have vowed never to return to there, from whence I came. Forever to remain open, like a window in the summertime. The flames have been quelled, and the light remains, for all time, till the end.

When the white man stood to take off like a bottle rocket, he dragged the race of all humanity along with him. Inevitably, all ages are judged for their works, and what is found worthy shall continue to live. The pupil shall surpass the master. Those with righteousness on their side shall be vindicated. The man of color shall show himself as he truly is, as human as any. The way has been paved for equality. In the new world, a racist is looked down upon. It no longer makes sense. We must learn from our mistakes, break the cycles, it is the way of the evolved man.

The terrorist is the beast. He is the bringer of light. He comes to illuminate our darkness, and like the devil must he appear. He is Prometheus, brought fire down from the gods. Fire by which to keep warm. What is this fire? What are you trying to tell me man? Come on man, spit it out, what is it you speak of. Oh my friends, how my heart aches, how it breaks, when I think of your beautiful face, shining in the Sun, like the very same golden orb. Oh my children all I can say, is to look within yourselves, to stay true, to never forget. We descend further. We have much preparing to do. War looms. Find the love. Remember. Remember when we were young, how we loved each other, and played together. Remember these days, for it is on these things that the future shall hinge. The things shall be crazy, the men shall be deranged. Only our love will save us.

Knowledge has been passed down entire through the ages, even as we don't know about it. All one has to do is look around and grasp it. Just look around you, and see the World that we live in. What is there here to want? And yet only because of what man has done with his inheritance, how we have savagely desecrated it. There will come a time to pay, and it will be soon. We are all guilty. There is none among us who is not guilty. We are guilty of having allowed ourselves to be blinded by our lives, by the beauty of life, of existence. We are fallen. Those that saw what we did have called a curse upon our heads. This nation is in hex, and for its crimes shall it pay. It was Nostradamus who plagued us, the Mayans. Why must one wander for the promised land, the land of milk and honey? That is just a manner of staying busy, for the promised land is not on this Earth, but rather wherever our goals would take us, a state of mind.

About my existence here on Earth? Man I was born into this. Neither Did I create it, nor any of my people before me. I was born at this time, and I have been witness. I have seen, and I know there is a better way. Those who have painted the picture of our reality are causing our Earth to become a shambles. Evil reigns supreme, and justice is shunned. Righteousness has become taboo, punishable by law, a contemptible characteristic. The men who have presided over the erection of this human edifice shall be held accountable for their sins. In the name of God and justice have they propelled their determined conquest. Blood suckers of the poor, can it be true? Us? Only through mass blindness are people capable of living happy satisfied lives under these conditions. In the name of God and justice have we propelled our determined conquest. Gone are the days in which a man could feel himself culturally and intellectually superior based purely on skin color. However, it is the paradigm that remains in effect till this very day.

My eyes no longer play tricks on me. The lineage of the fathers is still in power. To cover our lies and deceptions we must maintain an entire population blind to the true prevailing conditions here on Earth. So long has the cover-up been promulgated, it has become the defining characteristics of our life and times. This is our life and times. In the past, things have been different. So too will things be different in the future. All lies with

education. We must re-educate ourselves. The lessons learned must at some point be applied. This is how change happens. To this degree, at least, is man free. Through religion, for the last 2000 years, has man been manipulated by the very knowledge that would set him free. It is on this account that the Muslims have a problem with the Jews and Christians, and yet, one like the other, they are all desecrators of the Word. It is man who is guilty.

Every adversary is naught but a man. Young David knew this, and was not afraid of the outer casing of the giant. In this way do our senses deceive us. All men are thus equal, on all levels, physical and Spiritual, due to the fact that they are all governed by the same Cosmic Laws. The science shall be brought back through its practice. Oh the flesh. The flesh loves itself so, pulls us back to her, would make us believe she was everything. She would have us remain as Her guest forever, for She is from here, and this is Her home. She is of this Earth, this is Her. On this Earth She is exalted. She created Herself in Her own image, and the man to suit Her. It is She that craves the penis. It is She who gives forth water, giving forth life. Earth and Water.

If man is to live comfortable with his dual nature, he must be able to travel, and return to his carnal body. For this he has but to learn to astro-travel. I say things as a soul, not as a person. If I were to say things as a person, I would be passing judgment. Instead I only say them because I know most people don't know. Most of the modern kids have never been taught. What we have learned is suppression, oppression, repression and depression. They would sell us poison for food, make a profit. They would sell you up the river, for a buck. Those in power have suppressed the knowledge of the soul, even to themselves. And those of the ruling class have propagated the doctrine of oppression. Men grow repressed, melancholy and depressed. This is how a vicious cycle is created, and all who are born into it consumed by it. It is a false balance because it is exclusive.

Any doctrine on Earth must incorporate all of God's children. Constant elevation on all levels. There is a balance to contain the whole of humanity. Though humanity as a whole seem vast, it is indeed limited. As such, it can be quantified, and qualified. This

balance seeks for itself equilibrium, and because of time, this would be executed in the form of justice, in cyclical manner. How do we kill the fear so that only love remains? Hah, too much knowledge would cause madness. Madness because the old paradigm of lies and deceptions and veils and darkness is being destroyed, the edifice of evil brought down to rubble and ash, an apocalypse. In their place we shall erect the new edifice of knowledge, of love, of all the things we have learned. The buildings of the old have been toppled. We must replace them. But with what? Well, with the truth, with what we have learned.

What have you been trying to get people to think all these years? What is it they want me to think, and why? Well, why is easy. To manipulate to ends. They want me to think nothing. But how could they do that to me? Well, they can't. Yet somehow they've been able to do it to people for thousands of years. Look at our civilization, and where we are at. But they can't pull it over my eyes. Oh, and I'm not the only one. So this will be our voice.

A friend told me she was afraid to quit smoking, for she thought it would drain her of her energy. I thought to myself "At what point does a person reason to themselves that a senseless addiction to smoke empowers them?" And I concluded that it is only such because they have heard that such is true, seen it on the telly. Naturally our addictions are all psychological, for we may rationalize them, and all things physical may be overcome, provided the proper formula be used. A man who overcomes such things on his own is extremely dangerous because he doesn't owe anybody anything. Each of us is a star, a book, a (wo)man, a quantum. Quantum physics demystified. I cannot advocate the path I have taken. However, I will say that there is a path. My niche is sovereign. I come here because it is encoded within my genes. We all represent encoded quanta. It is simply a matter of knowing this.

Thank you Eric. You have provided inestimable knowledge to me. You are an angel, and I suspect you know this. A person may live such that he utter one word, at the right place at the right time. With this word, this person has fulfilled his duty, and fitted

into the scheme of things. Yes, I must become a magician, a chemist. The greatest chemist known to man. Mix all of what the Great Lord has provided, and concoct the perfect drug. It will be my only work, the Great Work. We become true scientists, not to be bought or sold. Somewhere we must make a stand. Our lives depend on it.

No, I will tell no one. The devil within me would tell folk, the weakness in me. No more. The part of me that yearns for praise. No. There shall be reward enough. I shall move ahead at my own pace, collecting mystic information as it comes to me. There is no rush. We shall see who the survivors are. There shall be mass extinction, and it shall all be psychological. Either way, by remaining awake I shall be redeemed. Like Pythagoras, I shall collect the information, build it, and they will come. This be the only way, for the rest be put to death, for not thriving, for their deceit. The knowledge is alive, it spins, it is there, I can sense it, I can feel it. I need not expose myself as of yet. We must speak the words into being. Constant elevation. The elder serving the younger. As a magician, that is how I get my revenge. Through my voice. I utter it into the atmosphere, and it will come to pass.

I need not damn them for all to see. All I have to know is why. At a place where all who reside are God, the ether, and myself. I shall have witness, and thy will be done. I become the greatest of all modern sorcerers. A curse! A curse upon you. A curse of justice. These shall I utter into the atmosphere. Places of power, I am but several blocks away. Yes, here we shall forge ahead, like the great land whereupon I sit, perched. Yes. Here is frenzied energy. This place will succumb. Here is electricity. A man may not crown himself king. He may only hope he has done enough. A man is dead to the things he does not know. A man who does not know God is dead to God. What is this rock upon which I smash myself? I myself shall become this rock. People shall smash themselves upon me, and they will not know why. They will not know it is because of the flailings I myself have received at my own hands. As always, I give thanks and praises to Osiris.

There have been many who have sacrificed themselves for the greater cause. I would like to be one of these men. I know I am, will be, but I make no presumptions. I AM. YOU ARE. Which is more real than the other? None. The truth is One. Reality is One. One Love. If knowledge is sold at a price, it shall be a trifling price. If it is given away, there shall be hell to pay. This then, be why I work. I am sorry my lovelies, I am sorry that justice shall rear her ugly head. But not as sorry as you shall be. Oh, this is no longer a warning. We have been warned. Who is awake, and who is asleep. Please, this is not science fiction, this is more real than any reality you perceive. Greetings.

If you know my name, then you can do what I do, causing death unto me. The names of God shall not be known, for they are His Word, the action through which He manifests. To know the name of a god is to control that god, thus destroying his sovereign nature. The manifestation of me is my vision of the Universe. How I understand myself is how I perceive the Universe to be. This is my unique understanding, and how I directly contribute to God, the entirety that is He. Because there is nothing new under the Sun, if I can imagine it, then it must exist, somewhere. This is why the workers of light continue forth with their work. I can imagine a better place, therefore it must be, and I must work to make this vision a reality.

The truth is in and of itself. All who know and adhere to the truth, adhere to the same things. Therefore those who walk in truth, do not walk alone, as lonely as they may feel. A world has been created for us that is not to our liking. We can either accept this as how humanity is, or we can see it for what it really represents, which is man having taken a course which is destined for total destruction. A faulty foundation will lead to a short-lived edifice. We know what we want for ourselves, and we know how we fit into the scheme of things. All can be changed. All will be changed. I was born to be a king. A

king is master of himself and his surroundings. A man may only become king through his own efforts, based on merit. I am ready to do my part.

I offer nothing to no one. I have nothing that is mine to give, or to offer. I am but a limited quantum, and yet I do not work for myself. I work in order that all my deeds be an active thanks-giving to the One, the Almighty. He created me, for reasons unknown to me, and I do not presume that my blood belongs to me. I have not grown big in the head. I remain humble. I will be recognized, for it is what I want. I yearn to mingle with those with whom I may speak freely. To this day it has only been with my God, but He blesses me by giving me a chance to speak on His behalf. It was He who gave me vision, He who showed me all I've seen, all I know. God is light. Light is knowledge. Darkness is ignorance. Satan therefore be ignorance, darkness in the form of man. The lack of light is in and of itself not evil, but when made manifest in man, the lack of light becomes self-evident. God then has no evil in Him, or darkness, but by His very nature, darkness is implied. How this must bring tears to His eyes. But He shall be vindicated, as I myself will be vindicated. I know He lives within me. I know He has found me a suitable vessel. For this I am grateful. I feel His presence within me. When I understand something, it is purely because He has elucidated the concept for me. Otherwise I would be blind like most of my brothers and sisters. I have helped myself. He has not forsaken me. There is justice.

Light implies darkness. By claiming to give forth only love, where then will the darkness result, for it must be placed somewhere. It is for this reason one bears the burden of others. We may occult from ourselves our own darkness, but the bitterness must be felt somewhere, an heirloom. Here is the trade-off.

And so the beast plays the part of the avenging angel after all. All enlighteners bear the mark of the 666. In this case has the Bible become an oppressive tool, claiming that the bringer of light be the beast. The beast is there to frighten us, stir us to horror. We must learn to transcend this fear, and dominate the beast, and see it for what it truly is. There is no creature we must irrationally fear. These are dead to the truth, who would flee

from the beast in terror. They have been blinded, and it shall be their undoing, for the number of the beast is 666, the number of a man. Man should not be afraid, as it is the will of God that all that transpire shall be so. Fear no man, for we all but do the bidding of God, the only true Manifestation, all men but mere tools.

Yes, I have touched a nerve. I am truly alive, and now I can see who else has been so, historically. I am so alive. I feel like a shot of wheatgrass: pure life. The undilute essence. I can now take myself higher all by myself. I have learned the formula. There are means by which the Lord shall provide that man take himself higher. These are all the natural mind altering substances available to us on this planet. These are things not to be feared, but rather known about, and respected. One uses these, like mines along the way, to learn the path, and once known, one is able to find it unaided, when ready.

And so tell me, which is the real beast? Because the government allows all its people to choose for themselves what they will believe on matters that the government itself has very concerted views, it means the people will always be bitterly divided, and never of the same mind. In this way are the people so much easier to control. This then be the impetus for their policies. No man to true power does not believe in his rationalization of God. It is all a matter of education. Through its control may we enrich ourselves in this world, at the expense of the soul, which we are bound to deny, because we lost it so long ago. Because we have allowed this part of ourselves to die through our own actions, so too must we suppress this aspect of the entire constituency. A people unaware of their immortal soul because this teaching is suppressed by the religious government.

It is a most heinous problem we find ourselves in indeed. As a man may individually slay himself, and emerge a greater entity, so too may an entire people. To slay oneself is not easy, enjoyable, or even recommended. Necessarily there will be casualties, that part of oneself which refuses to understand. Desperate times call for desperate measures. Eventually the entire world will yearn to see this great Babylon fall for its continued crimes against humanity. We here endorse and champion ignorance of the sanctity of the human animal. This trait is truly reprehensible, and must die.

By ignoring these warnings, for the signs are all there, plain for all to see, we only put off the inevitable to the generation of our children. Order and control will be lost, and the whole edifice will come crashing down like the twin pillars. We are all doomed to eventual hellfire if we do not see the errors of our ways. Yes, something has indeed come. It is Ra, and knowledge, come to rip down the veil of Earthly human existence. Indeed, there are those on this planet who have the answers to the questions of all our hearts. The sometimes fatal pangs of knowledge are only repercussions to the air of ignorance we so violently defend. Everyone has their own immortal and unique soul. This soul cannot be suppressed. It can be controlled through education and application. This is the way of the Ancients, those who first studied the human creature. Periodically, throughout time, men have dedicated themselves to the highest, and their work is available for our usage today.

God cannot be good all by Itself. Good must be in balance with its opposite for the goodness to shine forth. When these two forces fall out of balance, then the isolated evil becomes manifest, attributable to something (Satan). The man who does not search, and find himself, who does not interest himself in the vast scope and mystery of his own existence, this man is oh so easily destroyed. His vessel is one without rudder, and may easily be cast adrift. Because we are humans, it is our task to educate ourselves to the highest degree we are capable. There shall be a revival in our times. The people shall come to see once again the divinity of themselves. We can no longer avoid this most imminent eventuality.

Chapter 11 Ghost town

I myself, I greet myself again on these pages. How are you, Juan? It's nice to see you, nice to see you still working. Who will do it, if not one? I have found a vacancy, an empty niche. It has not been an easy journey, to arrive where I am. And I am not alone. Though there is quite obviously a vacancy today, it has not always been so. Yes, there have been light workers, a long and distinguished line of men who have made the highest realization of their ambition their goal. Yes, I know the formula that brought me here. All my old journals I stumble upon, its pages filled with the same longing I have known so long. Why are people born, to what end? Obviously there is an end. This great mystery, it will not undo me. I have made my vows, I have sworn my statements. As I so very clearly know, the only thing that remains are the works, such that my life be validated, not just a waste of space and energy. It reminds me of a story. The story of the woman that brings up a child by herself.

This woman, she is in a daze, in a ghost town. The town is built, but there is no one in it, save herself, and her young boy. Alone she raises him, teaches him all she knows. The only thing she cannot teach him is why there are no others around. The two grow together, and the mother, it is as if she has forgotten why there are no people left, like as if she never knew. The boy, because of his particular personality, just lives and continues forward. He is young, and has never learned anything else.

While he is yet a child, his mother dies, leaving him alone, the last man standing on this beautiful green Earth. Now the child finally has his eyes opened to his own solitude, to his existence. He is yet young, but the balance of all humanity rests in his hands. He knows nothing, and is forced to move with no one that can explain anything to him at all. What questions bother him, drive him? He does not know it, how could he possibly, but the weight of all humanity rests on his shoulders. God must make Himself known through one finite person. If this person fails to realize himself, God has failed,

must commence anew. If the child realizes himself, the soul is vindicated, and the third dimensional vehicle is cast aside forever, humanity having achieved its goal.

How will the child learn the lessons, with no one to explain anything to him at all, his being alone on Earth. And yet, in him are all the powers unto man condensed in one focal point. Little does the boy know it, but this one child is worth millions of men in concentration of knowledge alone. Here is God confronted with his own methods, confounded, the cat and mouse game we play with knowledge coming back to bite us in the rear end.

Indeed the child is powerful. He is a Christ unto himself, but if he die without its conscious realization, all is lost, all souls in limbo for as long as it takes for all the conditions to be right again. Who will step up in line after man has disappeared. Indeed, in the story, it is not known what happened on this desolate planet. All animal life has been reduced to the boy and his mother, and culminated in the child alone. He does not eat meat, does not covet, does not know jealousy, does not know evil. As such he does not know good either, only balance. The rest of his mind is intact, a human in every sense of the word. The child lives his life in utmost Spirit, but in his world, all the temptations have been vanquished. He is the final exclamation mark in the great manifestation of multi-cellular God upon this planet. The work is not complete until the child deliver his own soul to some receptive hands. All the balance lies in his hands, and though he have no mentors, yet does God communicate with him in a most living way. Indeed, no man has ever had a closer relationship with God, as men are but splinters of the thought of God. The child alone is entire. His only hope, indeed the only hope of us all, is that the child die in a balanced mix of ecstatic rapture and anguishing pain. This is the balance that sits in the child's hands, not to be consummated until his final breath be done.

Indeed the child lives with all-knowledge, but as he has no temptations, and no mirror images upon which to gauge himself, he moves about, as it were, in ignorance. Only the evidence of the existence of man does he have to educate himself with. With his all-knowledge is he able to discern symbols, all types of symbology, and he is able to

grasp the concept of his own word, but he does not read, and he has no use for books. Nature and the workings of man his only beacons with which to guide himself. Yes, the essence of God is the duality of ecstasy and pain, love and hatred. God eases with gentle guiding hand, but neither He nor we are able to prognosticate the impending outcome. This child, then, be the last man alive. He will live 950 years, the same as Adam. From perfection we came, to perfection shall we return. He alone in the garden of Eden, all things lawful to him. In ignorant bliss is he, yet his work is cut out. He must feel the ecstasy and pain simultaneously at death. He must concentrate on both, for this is the balance. Anything out of balance, and the perfection is not completed, scattered into the void in a million shards of what could have been. But we must have faith. At the end of the story, the child is still alive. The rest is for the reader to decide, given his own understanding of life. As for myself, no matter where they put me, there shall I breath.

The conscience pangs at having done the wrong thing. The really bad kids, they need you to have a really good time. This is what keeps them from ever repenting. You can buy your soul back, by paying for it, whatever it's worth. They who have much, have taken the abundance of those whom they have impoverished. He who has impoverished himself, only has himself to blame. Simple mathematical thinking, just like geometry and its theorems.

A man is like a piece of pig iron. Through tempering he is able to make steel out of himself. Tempering is accomplished by purification through fire. This purification allows all lies and impurities to be burned, consumed. The steel man is infinitely more powerful than the un-tempered man.

The Chaldeans were the first known to practice magick. Naturally it would seem magick, to the uninitiated masses. To the initiates, it is science, and science is God. We of this age are all, to a limited degree, initiates, by the ancient's standards. God manifests Himself. If we can study and learn, we can know Him, each man to his limited capacity. I am not a chronicler of the mystics, I myself am the most modern incarnation of the mystic. From all my kindred brethren have I learned, and I will make my contribution to

the Magnum Opus. I can see the illusion, the Light, the One. The moment a man feels himself better, for whatever reason, he is doomed.

Three times he tried to sink me. Three times. He questioned whether I could look him in the eyes. He told me he didn't believe a word I said because he thought I was a liar. He told me I was an ignorant kid without any experience. He sank his own ship. He declared his lack of love for me. There I breathed, though he did drive me to blasphemy. I almost lost control because I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Three times he tried to kill me, three times I killed that demon. Like a pane of glass was that demon broken into the million shards of illusion that it was. I was born to learn. I will take myself from this place to that, I will learn this thing and that. In this way will I approach God, slowly, surely. I will address the problems as I see them, as they are revealed to me. I will have love for our Earth, and Her workings. I will work, I will love, I will do what I want and I will bring myself under control. I have started with my body, continued with my mind, and will accept the Spirit. Like a laser-beam of light shall it pierce me. Afraid? Of what shall I be afraid? Myself? Humbug. They have made me afraid, but I have conquered the demons that they sent me. They tested me, they tried my resolve. They went to chop my head off, and they found it long since reattached, by my own hand. They will not drive me insane. It is they who are insane, just like the lovely angels.

Man's are mind and body. The Spirit is accepted or rejected. It must be accepted. It must be received, the heart must be open. Here you see me, calm and serene, and you have no idea where my mind has been. You want books of knowledge? Let me create one before your very eyes. You want sacred text? Learn to read the mathematics of God. Learn the science of yourself. The mind of each mind is unmatched, though we all be inexorably linked by the truth.

The devil offers me the obstacle of preparation. It is he I do battle with, he is the microcosm of the world I battle. It is through him I will be taught to teach through love. I

can see the lies as they spout from his lips. He said my compassion was limited. He limits the compassion of man. My compassion is not limited, my compassion is entire. Everything shall be a sign. I will not be broken by my world. I am a warrior, a sacred warrior. Yes, my friend, I am looking around, and I see. I see. All too well I see how they have deceived us, how it is entire, how they have deceived our father, but I will bring him back, through my compassion and my love. They say truth hurts. Well, very few people know the truth. Their victory has been almost total, but they will not get me. It is not my compassion that is limited. Justice is also compassion, for the wronged. They teach me I am limited, I know I am the light-limitless. Oh I will learn and I will translate. I will translate their lies and I will paint their faces with it. I shall give them a new mask.

All are what they have learned. How this dark one relishes his position. No contrition, does not ask himself or the public one question. He presumes to let an incident pass without learning one lesson. We have learned that righteousness prevails over tyranny. This shall be no different. Not until the day where every man is exalted, where fear has been conquered. Till the good man is valued and exalted above all, regardless the external package. We are as diverse as trees in a forest. Is one birch better than another? Better than a fir? We are all life made manifest. Who are the chosen? These are those that give thanks. This person was chosen, and color or creed matters not one bit.

Chapter 13 Rebel Alliance

The rebel alliance shall be comprised of all who maintain the truth alive within themselves during these upcoming days of travesty and tragedy. The forces of the great nation shall try with all their might to subvert the truth, and it will require nothing short of an alliance of rebels to subjugate the tyranny. We are now at the stage where for things to get better, they must first get worse. The rebel alliance will be in full effect, the truth will be kept alive.

The mind is capable of perceiving perfection. It can tap into God. I am a man from the West, born in the South, raised in the North, praying to the East. I am a man without a home. Here is the land of the free, where every man woman and child is free to throw their life away in ignorance. We are free to not educate ourselves, and to alter our whole reality of existence. The ancients succumbed to magic. They destroyed themselves through their own iniquity. We suffer their legacy. There will come a point where we reassume what we already know. I look at kids, and they are so unhappy and depressed, and they think that's life. That ain't life, that's lies. Blatant lies.

There are social problems on our planet resulting from how different peoples of different cultures and races interrelate with each other. A man should be allowed to be proud of his culture, his heritage. Because of our history, the ruling party frowns on this practice in its conquered lands, upsetting the delicate balance of our existence here on Earth. I was awakened, and when I woke up, I was in a nightmare. A nightmare, where all are scared silly, scared of everything. Oh, but we'll never admit it, because it is not in our scope to grasp. It requires we be fearless, fearless to look ourselves in the eye. I could go on and on forever about the outward ills of our World, on and on forever.

I am still having the outer body experiences that were formerly causing me anxiety. Now I feel them for a different reason, as if the moment of revealing were upon me. Really, it feels most as if my two eyeballs were suspended in space, my body

dissolved into nothingness. It is the me of the inside that sees, and yet the me of the outside remains. So weird. It happens when I am highest. I searched for something with such assiduous intensity that I have become its master. The groundwork was complete, complete enough to form me as I now am, a serious blend of real and unreal. Now the time is different, though I continue to learn. The path unfolds itself. I could take or leave anything at any time, for any reason, as long as I know it. Even if I know that I don't know it, that is enough. Never anything for the sake of nothing. Jesus had no father because his father would never be able to teach him. His Father was God. Our guardians oppress us, shackle us with their programmed ignorance, a vicious circle. Forgive them Osi, for they know not what they do.

Prolonging life leads to many societal problems. It keeps the proper order of succession from effecting itself. By prolonging life I mean continuing to live in a decayed state. It behooves none at all to keep people artificially alive. Men should live with a yearning to die, not a fear of it. Somehow I managed to trip the human learning process soon. It's like my spiral has tightened. I will live many lifetimes. So far I have chalked up one strike. Who knows what the future will bring. Today war is raging, and here we do not see it. I have to believe that soon enough we will. And bubble burst, the wrath shall be upon us. Life will never again be the same.

Before the deluge, Enoch carved the whole of the knowledge of man onto two pillars, such that they withstand the test of time.

The Bible is a representation of a pillar of Enoch, knowledge that has survived the holocaust, and remains such that man re-orient himself in his new World, babe that he finds himself anew. This key has created our western World today. After his judgment, man will again survive, and he will have the same tools at his disposal to recreate his life. This cycle could go on forever, ad infinitum, cycles within cycles. There is something about God that is as ignorant as we are. The war of good and evil could rage on forever, until one side has won out over the other, to begin anew. Arjuna is coaxed to fight by Lord Krishna. When a person realizes they are a soldier in this war, they fight tooth and

nail to gain position for their ideal. There are those beneficial to humanity, and those detrimental. Things are seldom as they seem, and roles are very often seemingly reversed. A society is bound to pass on what they have learned in their travails across the Earth. Only in this way will a people be more advanced than their previous incarnation as a society.

The evil empire reigns. All men are called upon to fight. We live our lives only so that future generations may fare better. Remember. Remember how they lied, how they stole, how they sold their souls. Remember. It is all there, all the pieces. Most things are forgotten, and much has happened in our past, much more than we recall. We must strive very hard to remember. It is here that the key lies. We do not see it, do not know it, but a day of reckoning approaches. There will be war. The land will shake, and the frailty of man will be exposed. Only the fittest shall survive. We must position ourselves for this. Who can remember their dreams as children?

This is my gift. Like Hope Hubris do I read your energy as if a book. If you invoke in me feelings of weakness, I'll know you are weak. If you make me anxious, I'll know you are anxious. If you inspire in me strength, I'll know you are a beacon of strength. And so on. You can't pull the wool over ole Johnny's eyes. I'm sorry if this displeases you. I'm sorry if I displease you, but it is the wish of God that this be the way things are. I am an animal, as are you. If you are a non-believer, you refuse to believe things could happen. You will never be able to grasp this, not until you believe. Feed us, and you feed the revolution. You do not even believe that this could happen in your own house, mutiny in the ranks, but it is life. Every human is a mirror image of another. If I can recognize me in the mirror, I can recognize you.

There is something in me that looks out through my eyes without being seen. As people, we become the same when we have similar thoughts. The truth binds us. When people begin to have conscious thoughts of the truth, they will realize their oneness. As far as saving the World, something can always be done, at any time. The time is always now to right the wrongs of humans. Every man must act according to his time and vision.

All men's actions are a mimicry of God's. Human governments are but a weak facsimile of cosmic hierarchy. As above, so below. All things manifest on Earth, renditions of things manifest in Heaven.

Darkness is the sleep of death, and even there doth the Sun shine. In our Earthly death do we become as the Moon, a midnight Sun to represent life. It is the same, but inverted, the yin, to the yang, in life, as in death. And perhaps the dark existence is here on Earth. Could it be that our life embodies the life of the Moon? After all, it is the female that is represented by the Moon, and on this plane at least, it is she who is all-powerful. This is her dominion. Yet here we are bound, not yet cleaved. And there is a paradox, for life was created when the male and the female were cleaved. Only God, perfection, is unscissioned. All else is multipartite. Through separation from our Earthly existence do we gain unity. Thus the cleaver is represented by an axe, or a sickle, the angel of death.

Chapter 14 The hero

Greece was an oppressive society. As with every oppressive society, there will be those affected by the pain caused by its existence. Those powerful enough to oppose the oppressor know they will be crucified for their efforts, yet also are they aware that eventually shall they reap the fruit of their labor. In our modern civilization of the last 6000 years, a society has not yet been created based on solid foundation. He who knows what is to happen beforehand is a prophet. To those above, he would seem devious. To those below, he would be a redeemer. Every age has need for such a man, and at every stage one shall appear. Ancient myth is replete with the hero. Every period tells its story as best as it knows how. This is our time, and we are in need.

When civilization was created under the rule of man, righteousness was banished from the Earth. In Greek mythology, the man-god Prometheus was punished by Zeus for delivering the fire of the gods unto man, against the wishes of Zeus. The gods would presume to punish gods, as men presume to pass judgment on men. Condemned by the ruling patriarchy, young Prometheus is left none to beseech but his Mother, the Earth, She who bears all, and feels all. For the womb is the young man crying out, for he knows he has done the right thing. He has taken from the few to give to the many. He foresees the fall of the force by which rule is had. He will be countered by force, and violence, because force proclaims the glory Zeus. He is the son that will be slain, Isaac, the apocalyptic vision of Christ. Man knows what reward will be reaped for his efforts. The Earth, She who feels all and bears all, She will repay all. As he finds no justice in this use of force, he calls to his true Mother and Father, the Earth and the All-Knowing.

And Judas, the Vulcan that delivers him to his jailers, despised, the weakness burning like a live ember in the chest of man. It is the divine inside, the betrayed, that cries out in pain. The hero is born of a goddess who has been seduced and raped by a giant son of man, creating the man-god. Through his mother did he know the eternal,

through his father, the temporal. The roles reversed, thus the creation of the contrary-man, the one who goes against the wishes of his profane lords. He is a son of Earth, for truly his knowledge is derived from his mother, since he is not trained, but born godly. Thus is created the whole man, only through a type of violation of a holy woman. Thus the benefit of the immaculate conception.

An archetype of all awakened men, until all men are awakened, for all men are born of women, and all men have their existence in their own hands. This is the story of Prometheus. There must be a story for the women of the Earth, indicating what they may obtain, and at what cost.

There was the original forsaken woman. Lilith for the Jews, Pandora for the Greeks, sent as man's ruin. This is what she must overcome. This is what the light means to her. When she finds God, her own brand of unity, she will know of the unity, and understand better her role therein. The wife of Prometheus takes the shape of a cow. Cows are sacred for their patient giving, and thus is she bound to patiently giving. This is the reunited woman opposite the reunited man. Those who deny this, deny God, become children of the night. In darkness do they wander.

The problem with the philosophical man is that when he grasps at a bit of truth, he believes he is encountering with something that is smaller than he, when in fact, he is encountering God. What man may achieve must be known to man, so he may strive for it. All I need is what I know, what I have inside of me, thanks be to God. Man, like a hatchling, must learn to break through his eggshell. I have broken through. As a bird I shall be much more effective.

Prometheus, the messenger of the Titans, whom he helps Zeus to defeat. Hermes, the messenger of the Gods under Zeus. The two who played the archetype, as Thoth to the Egyptians, Enoch for the Jews, Jesus to the Christians, Mohamed to the Muslims. He who has obtained the knowledge of the gods through his own resources, namely craft and guile, sometimes against the wishes of these same gods, establishment. It is his

knowledge, what he has seen, and he is truly the enlightened one, as he works for humanity, who is every bit as deserving as any creature in existence because of our conceptualization and knowledge of God. It is he who wrestles with God, in the name of man, to obtain the knowledge, always loyal to his Mother, who bore him. The profanation of the holy Mother establishes masculine rule over the Earth. Prescience belongs to the oppressed who has made himself strong. Only he knows the justice that is sure to come.

Where an imbalance of Law resides, justice is sure to come. As he beseeched to his Mother, so she came to him in the form of winged angels, daughters of the waters. He has beseeched the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and they have heard his prayer. Man struggling to reconcile himself with God. He struggles, quietly, for innately he knows he will be redeemed in the end. He disobeys Zeus, tyrannical despotic rule, because he knows there is a higher power to which he is ultimately faithful, the One True and Ever-Living Force. The only true God, the God of our fathers, the flaming fire, of course, the knowledge of the Spirit, and of the soul, and of the true immortal nature of the human creature. He submits himself, his weakness cries out in pain, and he realizes that his pain is justified, and he will be reconciled. This is the knowledge. His father is not Zeus, but the One. And so he is at peace when those whom he has summoned arrive. These are the ears he wished for, and to those he does not complain, rather, he rejoices in his captivity, because it offers total redemption. Zeus has not been able to break Prometheus, his will, his faith in his own righteousness. And the source of the Earthly knowledge, the knowledge of man? The Mother, the Earth, through Her does the information flow. On Earth, the law of the Father is subordinate to the law of the Mother, yet they are one, working together, to create, to bring to life, man.

The thirteenth is the death and resurrection, the acquiring of an octave, as it were. And so, the child shall surpass the master, for in yearning for death, and not receiving it, a man may become king. A man who has become king has surpassed his master, unless the latter also be true king, in which case they may share the heights as illuminated man-gods. The rule of tyranny, of man under his own unguided intelligence, will not last forever. And so it would seem that the Greek gods represent no more than echelons of

men in various states of development. Of this is the prophet fully aware. As I have learned from you, so shall children learn from me. As Zeus has used force to defeat his father, the former establishment, so has he sealed his own fate. Though he is crucified, the hero knows he will be vindicated by the higher courts. And so, Prometheus, strapped to a rock in the Caucasus mountains, gives birth to the modern Caucasian nation.

Prometheus knew of his fate all along, and went ahead nonetheless. In this case, when one knows one's fate, all one can do is but help humanity in their quest. When he stole the fire, and gave it away, he knew what he was doing. He knew what would be the result, he just didn't know exactly how the result would manifest itself. When one sees the light from the Fire, the path is also illuminated. Many things become clear which, until that day, must be kept hidden. After his symbolic death and resurrection, the hero is marked and crowned, made king, and released from bondage. It is a gentle crown of leaves, as if delivered by maidens, by the emissaries of the Mother, causing his humility. It is here, on Earth, in the realm of Nature, the feminine, where man abide.

The female element wishes to acknowledge her own beauty. The male element wishes to depart when it has seen itself. In order to conceal their weaknesses (desires), these two elements react by concealing their true nature. The first male vibration arrived from the ether and seduced the Earth, "raped" Her, and created life and man. The weakness of the intelligence, its need to know itself, manifests in the violation of the stillness of the matter. When man learns to conquer all his weaknesses, his yearning to survive ends, he no longer even wants to be alive. He then realizes that he was born for this, to realize this, and he is redeemed. He can now truly live because he no longer fears to die. It is here that we begin to work for others, purely for the benefit of the rest of us that exist, with a tear in the eye for the horrible brutality of reality

How wise are the trees, the mountains, reaching up to the skies? How wise is the ocean, as she fills with her potion all the crags and crevices in reply? Is the light and dark to be measured in quotient, or is it all propagation of blasphemous lies? Who is the knowledge for, if not for the already enlightened? The stories were there, all the same, when we did not see. And yet, it is true, in my mind have they planted a seed. And well, it has germinated, and continues to search for the light. It is true, I have been in the darkness, but my roots, they have found nurturous soil. And a sapling, I reach for the stars, for the benefit and development of the soul. As I am spared, by the Lord's loving grace, I give back, and return to the Earth, this Heaven, this place. Ah, sweet irony.

I am penitent. I understand that when I incur hatred, that hatred will come back and find me. For this reason must I always be careful. It is this, the very thing that makes me who I am. Naught but an archetype. It is not I who will decide what will be said of me. I am only in charge of my own actions, the rest is mere conceptualization of an entity, the perception of what something is, or was. However, if I do my job correctly, I will know how I will be seen by men. It is a matter of preparation, for, as others, I know I have the capacity. What will I do with myself? As yet, I do not know. I am Ronin, a warrior, masterless on this plane. I trained myself, and thus I have no allegiance to any schools, or the deficiencies thereof. It is now up to me to see how far I ascend up this ladder. I know what is revealed to me, though I don't know the entirety. How it compares to men is the reason tears are jerked from my eyes, but I give thanks. Thanks for all, all that I have and all that I don't. All that is within, without, in and around me. All to my left, to my right, before me, behind, above and below. To All, all that exists, of which I may grasp but a little. For this, and all else, do I give thanks.

The insincere mind may be able to grasp the concepts of illumination, but it will never understand it in its entirety. It is the hierarchy who divvies out, and has all things in

store for us. I need have no fear, I know why I do things. I will try, as much as I can, to chronicle an illuminated life. It is simple; how could it be otherwise? I am yet young, and time unfolds, but I am done here. I have learned much, and I shall remain faithful. I have studied from the masters of human existence. That's it! That's what's being revealed to me. I have studied long, and I shall make myself master. I will contribute to the accumulated knowledge of man on Earth. That is all I can do. My youth leaves me, and wisdom comes in its stead. Wisdom was brought to me by thinking, by writing, by God, and it saved my life. Otherwise I would only have known life as a youth. I saw God, and it scared the dickens out of me. That was the first time. Now it's different. Now we are friends, for I know Him to be Intelligence, Vibration, and Love. And the Mother was the key, the Earth.

In my time of great need, I called forth to the Mother, and she sent to me one of her angels. The angel came, and saved me, but she couldn't stay. How can I find fault in that, if the angel will not stay with me forever? I cannot. It is perfect unto itself. I must let go, such that we both grow. It is not my task to enlighten her, though I know I can do that. I must let her be, as an angel and emissary of the Mother. I do not reject any gifts, and I cease and desist from my quest for the lass. Alas, I feel it is best, in both our interest. I still have no faith in her, that she would survive the orchard. Another angel shall come find me when the time is right. I cannot disturb this one, it would be cruel.

Pretend, son, that I am non-existent. Pretend I am a genie, and you can summon me up to help you at any time you need. We won't bind you, sun. We are here for you. You needn't worry about me or your Mother standing in your way. We place all our knowledge, and all our efforts at your disposal, such that you may thrive and prosper. If ever your views are in contradiction with ours, we shall desist. You can tell me anything, for we *will not judge you*. All men and all women are created by the same holy hand. We are not afraid of ourselves, nor do we fear any mortal man. What we fear is the divine Law and the divine wrath of the Creator, our maker. Those of us that have lived, and have learned from our mistakes are here to serve you. For our loyalty, all we ask is that we be allowed to speak with candor of heart. I love you.

I feel almost as if I wasn't human. As if I were from another plane, something else. I feel people will recognize me as the impostor I feel myself to be. And yet, maybe it is that we are all impostors. No one recognizes me. When standing in a crowd, I feel as if two floating eyeballs, invisible. Two suspended eyeballs, and nothing else. Somehow I feel as if I'm going to fade away, disappear. Then, when I don't believe it, then I come back a bit to the Earth. This is when I realize that I AM, what I believe. All limitations are self-imposed. I don't get fucked up anymore, I get alternative states of consciousness. My own experiences, experiments with the mind. This is all. This is it. This is why I am one. Those that see are the ones that life has beaten to a pulp. Every time I stick my neck out, my head gets chopped off. I have not yet learned to keep it attached to my body. Where I stand, I am holding it in my hand, by my waist, as I talk. There are snakes and worms protruding from the holes in my head. No, it is normal. If you come closer, you will see this too is illusion. It talks very lucidly. Too lucidly.

I have learned of God and science, one and the same. It is true that previously I had not learned enough. When I engage an endeavor without clear understanding of the effects I cause, invariably I bring about my own unhappiness. Weakness in my own actions, ignorance, is what has caused me to build falsely. It is what would cause me to become sick, and die of cancer. Our World is built falsely. Those that are in power are the true impostors, and yet, they are blameless. How can it not be but God's will, that these two things can be at once truth, and our reality. That there is a higher power, and that we have blasphemed against it daily for millennia. The Earth crisis we encounter ourselves in, nothing but sacrilege. It's enough to boggle the mind. For this reason are men gone insane. For this very reason.

Through drugs do men attempt to achieve artificially what the knowledge of God brings naturally. This is the wine that Jesus provided from the water. The wine of Omar Khayyam.

I have fired a shot into the beast. I know what will come to me for my efforts.

Chapter 16 The heroine

Lilith, the tortured feminine soul that must consume men until her true consort be found, God, her own creator, of her own level of worth. Through her sacrifice will woman be redeemed and called up to rest with her Father when the job is done. She too shall leave the world of the stone behind. Like Prometheus, she is the sacrificed female, tethered to a life of birthing demons. Lilith, naturally, is an aspect of God, just as man is. When Adam is cleaved in four, it is Lilith that revolts out of fear, a rude awakening from the arms of her beloved, the androgynous perfected being. Adam, Eve, Lilith, Lucifer. She is an extremely frightened creature, one that acts through fear, attempting to regain oneness. For this she will be reviled, for attempting to regain the oneness of Adam. She, the feminine, represents matter, the Earthly ego, and preys on the egos of men. Powerless against the Spirit, she is represented by the snake, Earthly knowledge. When a man sees a woman that makes his knees weak, that woman shall be as Lilith to him. All others will pale by comparison. This man must know his business, or be utterly consumed.

A hero is needed as mate for a Lilith, one that knows the power of her magic, for as Satan is consorted with her, so is she susceptible to vilest ignorance of the Spirit. An ignorant Lilith is indeed a wrecking ball, the most powerful force on Earth, as she represents her Mother. Kali. Bring a grown man crying to his knees. This man has sinned, perhaps only in his own mind, and she shall be judge, jury, and executioner for his weakness. She will expose the weak man, lead him to temptation, and chop his head off. She shall be man's ruin, if she does not get what she wants: peace, and unity. Poor woebegone lass. How I feel for you, as I feel for my own self. Lilith, she is the first tempted; tempted to use her own wiles. Unless she wants it, there shall be no reconciliation. I know Adam wants it, I want it.

The injustice woman suffers is solely because she must bear child. Otherwise she would have been as if a man. Only in the true man-god is there enough justice for this creature. She is the lady of the scales. Now she has become God's redeemer. We all work

for the same team. Then she says “You want me to make babies, huh?” And she shacks up with Satan, and pumps out thousands, millions of demons: humanity. She revolts against the heifer mentality, that of woman as patiently giving. At this level, she works for God in heightening consciousness. It is a knowledge that all women must experience before they are ascended. The fall of unjust man was overseen and decided by Lilith. As with Prometheus, the place of Lilith is painful and lonely for all women who fall into it.

Because of Lilith, the Arab men cover their women. Woman must learn of this aspect of herself. Why not teach it, if we know it exists? Perhaps it will not help anything. Perhaps it would lead to the covering of the woman. A teacher is one who can teach us of ourselves, and a person should, above all, know themselves. Only by truly respecting herself, in the eyes of God, may the wrath of Lilith be averted. She is the equalizer on this plane of injustice. Where she exists, man has been evil. To the degree that he transgresses, so shall she. She and her consort, the memory of the Earth, the ancient violation. She makes a stand for her rights, but who is she, and how is she disarmed. We are diseased, and while the disease persists, we shall have this royal couple.

When making love, a man should moan for one reason, in two-fold ways. He should moan to drown out the moanings of his partner, which induce climax. The man’s moan should not be of pleasure, but of determination in his task. In this way, the man is not sexually overpowered, nor does he seem frivolous in his attempts at lovemaking. They should be discreet, as if creating a duet, singing, as it were, with his partner. The two minds should be of essentially similar purity (or lack thereof), or failure ensues. The first thing to remember is that the pleasure of the woman is essential. Only then may one begin to work on technique. Eyes closed, mouth closed, creating one’s own reality through one’s own vibration (voice). Let no energy flow out frivolously. Also, as the lingham ranges in size from small to large, so does the yoni. Always look for an encounter with Lilith. It is she, and only she who knows. She is the swarthy one, the pure one, vilified by all humanity. It is she who is the essence, the lost half, and only through this path may the unity be found. The unworthy woman destroys herself through seeking

the unworthy man. The worthy is the rejected cornerstone. The woman represents love of the Earth creature.

Satan is made of fire and has no body. Therefore he is not related to Earth, and contains no female principle. He was ordered by God to subjugate himself to Adam (man), because man was made of flesh, and therefore embodied both male and female principles. Because he could not compete with this Earthly creature, Satan swore to stamp out man's existence on Earth, thereby dismantling the sacred union of male and female used by God to create the human race. It was his jealousy of the human creature, and he found the female compliant to his schemes. The devil lurks about, in the form of ignorance of God, and searches for man and woman to waylay their evolutionary quest. The primordial female principle, fertilized by the gods to begin with, now needs time to assimilate her new-found awareness. It is only natural that she be frightened, for she has to discover the Father within, as man must as well discover the Mother. The search for the Father, the vibration, is the search for the invisible. The Mother, the clay, the visible. And so it is a circle, male and female gazing at the same spectacle from opposite ends.

The original Adam Kadmon was hermaphrodite. He was the archetypal union of the four elements. When the unity was cleaved, these elements became symbolically incarnated in the personages of Adam, Eve, Lilith, and Lucifer, creating the first splits, and allowing for incarnate life to exist. None had power over the other, and all embody ideological concepts. Placid and peaceful are Adam and Eve, ornery and irritated are Lucifer and Lilith. These are all manifestations of states of mind, ideas, guides for the human, who lives with all four aspects within. Lilith will manifest through seeming disrespect, in vengeance. She is frightened, and flees straight into the arms of a sulking Lucifer. Lilith is defender of the ignored, disrespected Mother principle, whom she champions. She is a legitimate aspect of femininity, and she will be heard. She is Kali, the Mother.

For these reasons is Lilith likened to the Moon, the Sun of the night, and a sign to show that there is life after death. Likened to the Moon by its seeming subservience to the

Sun, yet as essential to life on Earth. She shall need to find her own balance, her own self-respect unencumbered by the entreaties of the masculine, in order to find her true harmony of the One, for the real truth is that we are One. The duality is real in theory, but merely an illusion in reality, since we are here, and we all exist.

All planets are female, since they provide the clay. Would it stand to reason that a planet would yearn for motherhood, as a human female does? The Earth became a viable womb through favorable conditions. The mother loves her child, and will do anything for it. In this way, our planet Earth loves humans, and will do anything in her power for us. The other planets, those with no life, are like jealous barren concubines. And it is a question of worthiness. No planet is fit to judge another planet, but it is here on Earth where we may find gold. It is through She that love reverberates, and is made manifest. Therefore, what happens inside the brain of every individual is the totality of reality for that individual, to the point that he/she approximates the real truth, which is One. In other words, mystic calculus.

Once divided, one can only approximate the whole, never to be completely reintegrated, except at One.

As creatures of God, we must concern ourselves with both the male and the female in equal amounts, for as the analogy of the Sun and the Moon pertains, our understanding of it is not complete, since the Moon works in conjunction with the Earth, our true Mother. We can all attain to the same, yet society sets us upon skewed paths, derived from the energy of Satan. This then, is what we must overcome, for Adam Kadmon is in reality the luckiest and most favored of creatures. His woman wants him so bad, in both forms of Lilith and Eve. If he were to understand Lilith, ameliorate her qualms, love, and bring her back up to his level, worship the Moon and the Sun, unity would again be found. This woman is needed for the complete Adam, as the four elements are needed for creation. To be complete, a man must be man and devil, or the feminine shall overpower him. Oh the delicate balance. However, the path of Lilith is painful and sad. Eve can attain to her, if she is strong enough, as man may attain to

Adam. Above all things on this planet, it is woman that man fears, for this Earth is hers, and it is she who is the greatest natural resource to man. It is she who is the limiting factor, despite the fact that she be in abundance.

Therefore it is woman who is capable of wreaking the most havoc, and man would oppress her, veil her, that she not show her true power. See how the Muslims make their women to be veiled. Is it that they disrespect her, or that they wish her not to effect her magical powers on man? It is obviously the latter case which is true, since these things have been documented in eastern philosophy for millennia. And so it is for their own good, and the good of man that the Muslim veils his woman. And yet, it is an act of cowardice, for she is a natural creature, as is he, and it is the fear inherent in the system of patriarchy that causes this phenomenon. And so, how should a woman act? For if she knows the power she wields, what kind of man will she want for herself? Allowed to run rampant, she would be a destroyer of men. Thus the Lilith principle is suppressed, unfortunately, by force. It is woman who must control herself, and know her own strength. Else she shall be oppressed by force.

The Lilith principle acts for the female as Satan for the male, as an entity which rejects a higher power, and chooses itself, thus choosing darkness as its guide. Through knowledge may good and evil be reconciled. And only through a mirror may an entity know itself, that is, only when reflected upon a fellow entity. Therefore, only in the knowledge of how one affects others may an entity fine-tune his/her thoughts and behavior in order to fit his/her image. A true Lilith may be so deeply hurt, she may not want reconciliation. And yet it is in her power to make of her life what she will. She is her own oppressor, as she views her life through the lens of her own understanding. All oppressed beings look forward to a better time, and they shall all be vindicated in the end. Undeniably, as man must find control over himself to find salvation, so must woman.

Of all the places I have ever lived, my attic up on Downey Street was the best. The cats love to lounge up here. Goya is now princely resting on Tuna Balloona's bed, that is, my own. The colors, the hues, the paint, the true love of Tuna Balloona that I shall never forget. She is a flower, and she blossoms in my sight. Oh life sweet life, how strange we are. How strange indeed. Do I forget why I live? It is perhaps that I do, or that I may. But I have my legacy, because I have my mind, and through this, I may know myself. It is not many who have passed through here, but a few have come to visit me, in my casbah. I am successful with my place, it says something about me. Thank you Osi, I can now see myself through my own works.

I make no more apologies, I just place consummate trust in your hands, Osi. I know the theoretical difference between right and wrong, now let us find the practical. I see that all games are a way of training the individual to get to where I am now, to where they can see the consequences. I played their games, but I quit long ago. I drank, and forgot my duties and damaged myself to the point that I have. Now I have broken their codes. I have found the elixir of life, the holy tincture that turns lead to gold. Coagulant and solvent, the mixture of life, to be mixed, blended, cared for, nurtured, heated, cooled, adored, despised, loved, hated...everything. It is success in the art of thought. True thought, not the facsimile thereof, which regrettably is the substance of our assumed realities. Yeah, I still wanna break down in tears, in distress, but what does it behoove me? It won't make it go away, this profound feeling of being lost. It's like as if the only thing to live for was faith, faith that someday things could be better again, for me and everybody.

You know that life is a terminal disease. There is nothing to be done, no way you can escape. Oh but there is. Through the immortal soul. But the soul requires that fuck all else. But then it's really not true is it? If all souls were aware of each other, then they

wouldn't have to revolt. Because others would have me oppress my soul, this is why it revolts. It revolts, and it says "Fuck all". What do you really know? Have you come here to learn? Well learn then. Learn my child, so that I may calm down, so that you may calm down, so that we all may calm down. So you see, once again it's a delicate balance. Nothing more shall be given to those that want.

Part of the difficulty of my job is that I write to project myself into the future. I don't write for the now, otherwise I'd be bringing the house down. Only time will tell. Naturally there is a different time coming, and there will be others. For this reason must we observe what occurs now, and worry about what we do with our time, not money. The time is what concerns me, and you know what they say about that. We will achieve the vision of our future selves. To what depths of what do we want to go to, and what for? There are no more boundaries. I have broken them, all in the name of love. Tuna Balloona really is the best thing ever to happen to me. Who woulda thunk it. How can life be so odd? Why are sometimes things so not the way one thinks they should be?

<u>God</u>	Is this
<u>Science</u> /	so difficult
<u>Numbers</u> /	to understand?

The Muslims know. They are the only true dispensers of knowledge, and look at the esteem they are held in. But no, they have their problems. They are men and profanators, and one does not condone murder. All militaristic regimes must fall. In their place, to rise the next race of man. Today, in our civilization, the knowledge has been disseminated to all men and all races. Its derivation is hazy. It may be from Atlantis, or from the stars, but inevitably, the human race is the only real truth, for all hold a valuable piece in the dynamic mosaic of the cosmic jigsaw puzzle. Ha! It means we must educate ourselves. A new curriculum is needed, 'cause they schools teach straight up bullshit.

Humans need mirrors. Without a mirror, there is nothing to bounce off of, and no way to know oneself. A man may see himself mirrored in any other man. The mirror

provides input to stimulate the brain, which is otherwise bound in a state of stasis. I know that when I am nervous, tense, all I need to do is relax my muscles, my brain. I have an ancient vision of a high rooftop, and my whole life I've had dreams about how to get back up there. It is a roof, atop a structure, and yet, I do not feel it is *I* that am the building. But perhaps it is true, that all I am is the pineal gland, and the rest only a cement structure.

I remember my dreams, myself as a child, stealing around this building. I know I have been at its top, but right now it is night, there is a fence around its perimeter, and I can see no way of climbing to its apex. Furthermore, I am afraid to be seen, as if it were heavily protected by armed guards. When I am outside, like this, it is always night. When I am at its summit, or rather, was at its summit, it was day, I was child, so happy, and with other children. Sometimes I can see myself, as if from an external vantage point, climbing, ascending a ladder that puts me on this rooftop, but the memory of being on the rooftop is by far the most ancient. The memory of being locked outside in the dark by far the more recent. Bliss, to be children alone on a rooftop. I don't even know what I can see from here. I just know that here I am, as if it were enough.

Now my attic is my cavern at the mountaintop. It is here where I do my meditations, and imbibe in the Spirit that makes one blossom. It must be we are like unripe gold, still full of impurities. Oh how I try and I try to purify, purify. This is how I use the tool given to me. You know, we all play our games. Rarely will I descend from my mountainside cavern to only mingle, with nothing to share. No. People will look for me in my descents, and they will ask me what I have learned. I will tell them. Yet that which is the most important, the essential, shall remain unnamed, lest the thought of it scamper away, like a scared inoffensive bug. Sure, many do what I do, but how many, really? I smoke weed, but all drugs leave something to be desired, because they are not me, I am not them. They are finite, I am immortal. All art is immortality made mortal.

Should these writings be read? And yet, they are lucid, and I am, after all, not insane. I am a child of God, and no other has more claim than I. Only I possess a key ingredient, which others do not, and I shall not name it here, thereby rendering of it a hypocrisy. No, I am no hypocrite. I am man, and I have no price. Do not force my hand, I am like the scorpion: if I don't destroy you, I may destroy myself. Do not force my hand. But really, the first scenario you do not want, but if the latter, what is it to you if I destroy myself? Why not push me then, see what I will do. Are these not words of bravado? And yet what is it that causes them? Surely I've been pushed too far, my venom has been released. How frightened are you? Do you expect to die? Do you expect pain? Most assuredly, from the deadliest venom may be crafted the most exquisite of elixirs, the ambrosia and nectar of the gods. But it is of no consequence, for in your fear, you shall already have snuffed yourself out.

What is all life but a natural experience? Yes, I am learning. I must go to a special place. This place is natural, but made of pure venom. A scorpion will only try to tell you what it is like to be a scorpion. A viper will only try to elucidate you as to the power and vitality of a viper. So don't push me, I am venomous as well, and I warn you not to force my hand. Ah, but here you are, my dearest, and these are mere words, words, words. Triggers, bombs, explosives, venom, A, B, C, Aleph, Beth, Gimel. Poison. Whapam! Papow!

No, I am the same, only unleashed. It might be a natural condition, if not for the impurity. And drugs, do they take you higher? No man. There ain't no higher. I'm the highest. It's me, it's within me. It's what I perceive, and they just unlock. They unlock what is within me. All. Everything. Only through scaring people half to death, and then letting them know it was for love. It is the initiation, the first initiation. I don't have the balls to scare people, hold a knife to their throat, cut off all their cloths, scare them to

bleeding death. They will beg, plead, scream, and only then will I be satisfied. Grimoire indeed. Screw those soulless bastards. I piss on their graves, the ones who taught us. Where did you get your information from? I know where I got mine, and it wasn't from any of your stupid sorcerers, the ones who tried to scare me through hocus pocus. Yes, pain exists and it hurts, and fear and envy and the whole lot, but you misread the signs, you poor unfortunate child. Why did you educate yourself, if not to learn of the soul, you poor ignorant bastard? But no! Instead you educate yourself to screw the World and her people over. *Who are you?* What else can I say, how else can I put it?

As I write, the labyrinth unfolds. Indeed, it is ground covered. I am quickly becoming a sorcerer, a master, one whom the poison does not affect. I am impervious. As gold cannot be corrupted, instead it changes all foreign matter into its own essence. What it cannot change, is not worthy. Coagulant, solvent, yes indeed it is a labor of love, but the elixir is only for the impatient, for perfection is in and of itself a lady not to be questioned. Her methods are her own, known only to her. Who will question that which is far above themselves. And yet, a process there is, oh lovely lady. Impurities there are, to be sure. God could have made me any way He wanted, and He made me alone. He made it so that I could talk with none, so I shall not be afraid of the challenge He has set before me, nor of the utensils that He has laid at my disposition. I know that all that is asked is loyalty.

It is a yearning to rejoin the One that causes all the anxiety. This feeling of "Why am I an individual, when I should be as part of the whole, which is the real truth". Always the quanta. Never attempt to hold onto things for too long. The truth comes packaged in quanta. The truth is A/C, not D/C. And still I cannot escape, have not found my angel. I am whole, but measly, for I am humble. I understand myself as part of something far greater than myself despite all that was given unto me, for it is not perfect, and yet it is what I long for. It is my mind I must condition to this end, always remembering that the methods are never to be questioned. Posterity alone shall decide whether what I did was worthy or not. Mothers will not want their babies to choose this path for themselves. They shall say to their children "You are not the one, my child. It is

another.” And if the child listens, she will have been right. Alas, I am a creature of God, and this is all I want for myself. If all spoke as did the son of God, of the Mother *Mares*, well then, the soul would not be hid, would it?

What is it that shall set my heart at ease? Is it to be found here on this planet? Dear God, why do you reveal these things to me? And yet, I am not defenseless, not on this plane. Yet in essence, I am. Completely so. I have now read enough of the sages to know what I will find here. I will find myself here, literally. I come here only because I know of its veracity, not because I aim to learn. No. I am mirrored in them, and as such, I learn myself.

Chapter 19 Alchemy

It is possible you and I aren't meant for each other, but while you are blindfolded, I can't even look at you. And yet, I mix my substance with yours, to raise you to this level, one gradient at a time. Like alchemy, can you mix two volatile chemicals and expect a diffused reaction? Ah the potion of love, blended just so I shall never again get bored. I shall begin working on this new curriculum. How I sacrifice myself for the product shall be my own business. I shall speak of it no more. Suffice to say that what has been learned is being unlearned, for the sake of the future. I am tarnished, but I am man, gold by any other name. You can look at a situation, observe it, and see what is needed in the mix. Life is alchemy, and to what end? To obtain the gold, the filtered gold nuggets without the chaff and debris. And then what? Well, Heaven only knows. It does not yet exist on Earth, where all is soiled by ignorance and weakness. What have we learned, if not ourselves.

I know I can get it accomplished, but it just seems so bloody daunting. I shall remain undaunted. God has decided that some messages are too valuable to remain hidden for long. To this end has He given me time and space. He is my true Father, the all-patient one, all-loving, that will not change me, but rather nurture me. He gives me all, places before my hands and eyes all I need. Shall I be clever enough to choose wisely, or shall I be thrown into the heap with all the fallen. It requires faith in God, in His goodness, for I can see that this, His created Universe, is not *all* goodness, but it is all His. I shall see the overt, and find the covert hidden beneath, as He has commanded.

A good teacher is one who tells the whole truth, almost despite himself, to be interpreted by his pupil, who shall then surpass him in knowledge and erudition. There are always two sides to the story: the light and the dark. There are always two answers to the question: the yes and the no. The chicken and the egg. The Yoruba said the chicken was the first. The Greeks said it was the cosmic egg. The dinosaur came to test the lands,

after it had left the waters. The archaeopteryx, the dinosaur progenitor of the birds. Science, baby, science. Slave drivers rule the World. Ignorance reigns supreme. We are naught but the playthings of this most vile and tyrannical force. It is doomed, doomed I tell you. The meek are the children, for it is invariably they who shall inherit the Earth. The child shall rise up against the tyrannical teachings of modern society. This is civil revolution in its purest form.

History is comprised of links in a chain. Everything passes, link to link, through the spiral of evolution. We are invariably guided through rails which we cannot see, and yet, we should not doubt that we are indeed in control of our lives. Every individual is a link in the chain. The key to the invisible rails are the master-links, through which the course of history is bent on its tracks. These master links come in the form men, their actions, and social revolution. The limitation of the egotistical linear man is that he has but one life to live. This man maintains the status quo of the times, and is a simple link. The man, his actions, in order to cause revolution through the spiral along its tracks, must invariably act against this status quo. In this way is the rail bent, the revolution leaving a lasting legacy. Here, the circular, the reality, takes precedence over the linear, the illusion. If a generation, a series of links, rise up against their oppressors, they rise up against their fathers. It is this, the reason that revolution is difficult and uncommon in quotidian life. Likewise, all who stand opposed revolution stand opposed their own sons.

As a species, in all their endeavors shall men strive for the higher. This objective of humanity must be taught so that all may contribute. It is only through tyranny that one man is systematically taught better than another. What is the state of our Earth today, that we should not shed our habits?

After thousands of years of civilization, it is proper, as a species, to reflect upon our history, our shaded, clouded, murky, misty past, and ask ourselves, what is it exactly that we have learned. As a student of history, I can assert that the things man has known the longest, he has known before the start of written history. I mean specifically of astronomy, mathematics, and knowledge of the One-God, the higher source. These then

shall be the rejected cornerstones of our enlightened society. These things, of essence to man, have been known for all time, and are known as the knowledge of the Father. But the Moon is as essential to our existence as the Sun. The thoughts of the Mother are of the body, and of her encoded soul. These things and more have we learned, and shall no longer neglect. The people clamor for education. Well let us educate them properly, according to the Law of God.

First and foremost that all men are created equal. By the terms “men”, or “man” is implied the race known as humanity, all inclusive. As such, all are entitled to the knowledge of God in equal amounts, accountable only to the desire of the student for knowledge, which shall be his true determinant. Not all men are equal, as the exerted effort becomes the definitive trait, but all are men, and all are eligible for the same instruction. Instruction. Education. Civilization. Knowledge. Culture. What human-hood has to offer.

A questioning of our accepted history, a new curriculum, a new method of teaching amount to social revolution. We now stand to our fathers, and ask that things be changed, so the advancement of our people, long oppressed, may proceed forth. Today, South America is the quiet continent, the sleeping behemoth. In the past, she was home to ancient and forgotten glory. Legends tell that she is the original birthplace of the Aryan race. Her people, and all true humans, shall not be oppressed for much longer.

In our people of the Americas are all sorts, commingled by the grace of God. Our destiny is not Godless conquest, but real unity, integration, tolerance, acceptance, in a manner that is all-inclusive, without exception. We look to build a constructive nation, true to our eternal heritage, as interpreted by the enlightened, honored fathers of our nations. In order to begin, we must set the painful record straight. Painful only because it requires a Spirit of largess from modern individuals. Our World, as it exists, represents the Universal Will, known to us as God. We have a collective history, be it pretty, or heinous. Men have walked the Earth, come and gone, for eons. As a result, oppressive regimes throughout the World have been created and destroyed throughout all time. It is the oppressive regimes of today that we target. This is where we must make a stand against the propagators, the divisive. We cannot commit the same mistakes for ever and ever.

Now our blood has mixed, and the brotherhood of man must surge. The true history of man must be revealed, the memory of the blood, not just that written by the victors. It is a new race they created, the old despot heroes. The story of humanity shall be known, here, in our lands. The greatness of our people shall be exclaimed, and we shall serve as heralds for a new age. Our European brothers have been diligent in some aspects of civilization, but they have neglected others. As a result, most men today are aware of high technology, and low self esteem. Knowledge of the self has been seriously ignored, and our World, cumulatively, is seeing its result. And yet, man orbits the Earth. As a species, we have given one thing in exchange for another. One day man shall overcome the vicious circle of race relations, when he has prepared himself, and is ready to shed ancient fears. Only the unity proposed by the One is satisfactory in aiding us overcome this impediment. And we shall, we shall because we know we shall, because we know we are headed in this direction.

And yet, a man can justify anything in the name of God. We need more than just that. Therefore: God, Unity, Love. These three words are synonymous, but together, they carry much more strength than separate. Our people used to work the gold of their time. They knew that there would be a day when it will come and be gotten from them. So shall we work with the gold of our day, using the knowledge that we have all learned, which has been conveyed to us. This land breeds gold. We are of this land, She is within us, and we within Her. We shall protect ourselves by not stockpiling our gold. We will succeed in sharing our gold, and spreading the wealth among our people, a model for the World. The memory of the blood carries the accumulated knowledge of the race. Here we are a new race. Merely the blood has mixed. It will take time to create its own memory. We are naught but men, and we shall survive.

We begin by educating our younger generations so that they be better prepared. It is in this way that one learns from one's mistakes. In this way do we benefit our children. As I have benefited from the history of my brother, my sister, man, woman, so must the people benefit. Through the knowledge of themselves. From knowledge of the self does the possibility of self-respect arise. In case it is not clear, we act with the knowledge that God, the One, exists, unquestionably, to be thought of, meditated upon, grasped by any means available that a mind may fathom. This is the creed of our people, not the religion. In this there is freedom, for the truth is one, but the paths are many. We teach the transcendence of fear through knowledge. Through each man and woman does truth speak in a unique way, with a unique vision through the human lenses that needs must obstruct. Indeed, the vision of the individual man is inherently flawed, but that of the society is much more complete, as relates to the integral approach to One. For mathematics, science, God, love, unity, Spirit, synonymous. This is the foundation of knowledge, and only from this vantage point may we proceed, and the Spirit of enlightenment shall be about the land. And life moves on, and we progress about the rails upon which we wind. There has been a revolution. The illusion of the linear has been destroyed. We have evolution.

If my aim is to display a transcendental love as a legacy of man, kith and kin, then these pages offer the means through which I purify my soul and Spirit. For, where darkness is abolished in one place, it must assuredly reappear in another. It is fitting that the black letters should sit so pretty upon the white pages. These be the impurities that I isolate, by use of the philosopher's stone I have crafted. As I submit myself to the fire to be purified, the smoke will be captured on these pages. The smoke of the things alien to me, alien to my purity, to the purity of the Spirit. By applying the formula may a man lead himself to where he shall go. These letters be then, the salt of the Earth. What dwells within me, the gold. There is no elixir without effort, without thought, without will. To try to bypass any of the steps is the mark of the pretender. At the moment of reckoning, all the pretenders shall be exposed, and the pure shall be redeemed. One man is not qualified to judge another man, nor should any concern themselves, for all will be their own undoing, if the formula they used be faulty. Of this there can be no doubt.

When a generation, a people have sacrificed their soul for possessions of this world, this generation, these people have cast themselves into the abyss. A generation that finds itself on the brink will not hesitate to sacrifice the bloom of its own youth to save itself. In the same way that a creature will defend its own life to the very last, so will a society, regardless of the foundation upon which it is built. So must we be wary of our frightened fathers, when they see their decades of toil being dismantled before their very eyes. Once a new precedent has been set, where the human soul is not imperiled, only then may the youth rest easy. But revolution shall be never-ceasing, and the problem of oppression shall rise anew if the foundations be faulty. Cancer is a disease of the Spirit, not the body.

Men begin to get scared, and compromise the future of their own children. Keep an eye on the leaders of the free world. These are not what they appear to be. These would divide the World amongst themselves. Their fathers have long since lost their souls. The children have followed in the footsteps of the father, whose sins they shall relive, and the vicious circle is intact. It shall be broken, and there shall be hell to pay. Like a wounded animal shall the protracted perpetuation of ignorance defend itself, with

tooth and nail, and every other method at its disposal. It is not to be trusted, and unfortunately, it is much closer to home than any could have guessed, save those who already know, and those who have already perished in their silent iniquity.

It shall kick, and it shall scratch, and it will try to tear my eyes out, but it shall crumble and perish to dust like so many civilizations before it. How am I so sure of this? For I shall do all in my power to bring about the decline and fall of such an evil empire. What gives me the right? Because I am a warrior in God's name? Is this enough? Yes, it is. Not for myself, or those of my age, but for my children, and the children of my children. For their sake do I wage battle, for those yet unborn to this plane of pain and depletion. For reasons known to me and many others like me. The spiral shall curl, ever upward, ever higher, till it reach its goal, and the ties be undone.

Because they feel they have given, they feel it is also their right to take away. This is where they are wrong, most brutally wrong, for it is only God, Allah, who gives, and God, Allah, who takes away. The man who loses sight of this most undeniable fact has lost touch with reality. This is a man who does not give thanks for what he has, and as a result, is simply not to be trusted. Let those who would make claims make their claims. Here we do not make claims, nor do we judge. Here we merely restate what has been revealed to us. Poor beleaguered humanity, with so few to watch out for our cumulative interests. What are we to do, if not fight tyranny where we encounter it. There is a revolution afoot. It shall happen on all levels. Here we spearhead the intellectual, that pertaining to the mind, in the manner of the post-revolutionary evolved. The intellectual, by which means we understand the body, grasp the Spirit.

The revolution is under way, and the new time shall be different than the old time. We shall apply what we have learned. There is no escape, no way out, not for those who already know who they are. They know it inside. It takes the form of an anguish, an anxiety, a poison. It is seemingly inexplicable, but oh, there is good reason for it. This impurity shall be shed, and those that ask to be wiped away will have their wishes come true. The poison shall be the souls of humanity crying out for justice. In the heart of every

man lives a longing for justice. The self-righteous have had their day, and a higher power will make itself known commonly. This is the re-emergence of the human soul after thousands of years of seclusion and obscurity.

These things shall come to pass. If not today, tomorrow. If not tomorrow, the next day, but come to pass they will. There is no other way. And as many hearts will rejoice as those whose anguished terror scream in agony and horror. It will be a sight to behold, and it will prove the power of fear in the heart and mind of the human animal. Oh, it has happened before, I have seen it with my own three eyes, felt it with my own four chambers. The signs are all around us. It is only those who choose not to, who do not see. It is these who shall perish in flames, the very same flames which my own heart has been feeling for all these years, and is now immune to, impervious of. Yes, the cleansing flames, for that is all that shall happen. How well the oppressed heart knows these flames. When the bubble burst, there will be hell to pay.

Chapter 21 The Phoenix

I have a matchbook in my hands. I slowly draw a match, and tear it from its place. I've closed the flap, and turned the book over, revealing the striking strip. I strike the match. It is lit. The smoke of ignition subsides, and the flame is left. I watch for a moment as this beautiful flame slowly eats the cardboard stick. How many times have I witnessed this scene? I know precisely what I'm gonna do with the match. I'm gonna put it under a diseased feather, in our diseased wing, and I'm gonna set the entire thing ablaze. Later. See ya, wouldn't want to be ya. Make a goddamned roast turkey out of that phoenix. And why? Because it's the only thing to do. Otherwise, my conscience would not allow me to live.

I have been through all this before. I've already said my mind to those who would manipulate me. I've already sat hours upon hours upon hours on end thinking, contemplating, meditating about my own destiny, about the reason I live. I have already placed the red-hot blade upon my flesh, the razor-sharp point about my navel. I have pondered, thought, decided, and acted. It is not I that I am discussing here, I have already done my homework. I have been careful to temper myself properly. Not too much heat, not too little. I have been cautious to add the right blend of ingredients, not too dry, not too moist. I have meditated upon myself, upon the Puzzle, upon the Script. I have prepared myself for my task with open eyes. I have prepared myself such that they shall not be able to change me. It is I, through my substance, who shall change them. The philosopher has been the Almighty, and the stone he created was me. I am here, at your service.

When I was not ready, I dedicated myself to working the body. That was my only concern at the time. Then, when I was ready, I began to exercise the mind. It was the next step of the evolution. From this I surmise that one day I will be ready to assume Spirit. It

is the ineffable, that for which there are no words. The only word for it is total vibration.
AUM

When you send your child, whose mother is the Equator, to be trained by the strangers in the North Pole, you relinquish your rights to that child's mind. You opted out, and all is well enough. And I am freezing in this God forsaken promised land. Fucking freezing. My fingers, my head, my toes. I wasn't meant to be like this. Who is them, "They", that I write about? I could also write of the black man, scorched by the sun, and of woman, wrongfully diminished, or of the condemned Jew, as "They". These are things I shall never know from the inside. They are all results of their education and environment, their culture. Instead, I am western, male, 2 meters tall, 6'6", 200 lbs, 90 kilos. White skin, dark thick curly hair, though not kinked, a giant. It is through the eyes of such a man that I see the World, and they are naught but men. If I were to crawl into a cocoon, a dark, warm, comfortable place, what kind of thoughts would flow through my mind then, if I didn't have humanity through which to see myself mirrored? My true thoughts, the true purity of me, all mine. Just pure being! No needs, no wants, only tepid contemplation, at the perfect temperature.

We have played tug-of-war with the idea of total cultural and racial superiority for centuries. Who are they? It takes one to know one, and they are claimants to the same throne. Perhaps this pride is natural in man. Natural and tragic.

You see how the western alchemists erred? Not enough heat! And so they turned up their little burners a little hotter. Where are their results? Where is their stone? They have nothing to show forth for their efforts, except everything we see in our 1st world lives today. To some, who have nothing else, it is all. To me, who has seen the World over since birth, it is much, but not nearly enough that it may never be overthrown. And myself? What is my stone? Part of me wants to burn my creation, that is the pureness of within me, and the other part wants to let it live. That latter is the part of me that does not yet understand, but knows that I am young, and need to subsist somehow. Is it so wrong to let people see the inner workings of their own brains? And I know what my answer

shall be, and I know how it deflates me, for what I would really burn to ashes is not my work, but myself.

Oh my Lord, please, have mercy upon my soul. What is it that I am trying to say, that some are right, and others are wrong? By God no. We are all humans, of the same family, same roots. I despair. This is not for my times, but for the future. God have mercy on our souls.

It is myself I would destroy, so that I be allowed to desist from this infernal task. Alas, my wish shall come true, but I, like my fellow humans, can see no further than the nose on my face. And these words are a vortex, and a life is a vortex. This I know. All I do is proceed fearlessly, for I know how easy it would be, for one such as myself, to succumb. If to give in to your maker is enough, then why have I not been zapped from the face of the Earth? Well, because it's not enough just to give in to this Force. We must act as well. And so how does one reconcile these two concepts? Well, I guess that's what I'm doing here. I can't curl up into a ball and be kicked, and I can't yet return to from where I came. Ah but I am young, and I have a third option: Revolution. So now my motives are known. What else would you care for? Do you understand where I go, to obtain this information I provide here for your perusal? I hardly know myself. Just content yourself with the black letters now before your face, these shall be the witnesses of me.

The key, the whole thing, rests in the angle from which we approach it. If the keys are lost in antiquity, well then, show me the lock. I say this after the fact. I have already fashioned new keys. I cut through all the bullshit, and did it with the soul. You cannot fool the soul. You can fool the man, woman, but the soul is of God, and please, spare me the insult. It is like a screeching to my ears, to hear you deny your soul. In simply questioning it is denial. And ask yourself, do I lift a blade? Am I a dangerous man? And yet I must remain hid, or they will squash me, kill me. They've done it so many times before. It's how I know what will happen.

Chapter 22 Heavenly Tempest

Ah the Heavenly tempest is upon mankind. Poor innocent fool. We have only ourselves to thank, and our fathers who reaped the benefits for many generations, always knowing it was their child who would have to pay. Yes, there is an anger, and a fury of the child, and I must let it all out. How we've all been violated! And by who? Well, by Zeus, by the patriarchy, by man, by ourselves, by myself. I am an innocent, but I am also a descendent. A descendent of men, violators, rapists, whores, chancres upon the state of my mind. See what you have created? When my great great grandfather knew he was sacrificing his great great grandchild, he knew he was sacrificing me! How long has this man been dead? Ages. Aeons. Epochs. I don't blame him. I don't blame anyone, for they acted in their time, and they have not succeeded in tainting me. They didn't ruin me, and so I am fine. I act in my own time. I am responsible for myself.

What! What! Does someone have a claim? I am here, I will pay their debts. And what about you? Do you owe me anything? Well I should hope not, because if you do, I will come collect it from your children's children. They sound innocent, but they are men and women, like you and me. I see the need for war, but it is not my specialty. I attempt to condition the mind for such an event. It is the warning. Let us hope that, for the first time, it shall be heeded. We have been assured by the gods that they will not attempt to eradicate us again. We shall learn from our mistakes. Naturally, with greater freedom comes greater responsibility. Everything hinges on whether we are ready to accept the responsibility or not.

I do the things I do because God has asked me, and I have accepted. He asks all of us, and we accept or deny Him as we please. A person who pollutes himself would have no qualms over polluting his environment. All things are related. The meek have trained themselves to not fear the seemingly thunderous warnings of mere mortal man. In this way shall they be delivered, through lack of fear of cataclysm. It has been foretold.

In Christian terms, the anti-christ is he who will lead the evil-doers to expose themselves, and he will be the herald of the 2nd coming. Only after the anti-christ has thus drawn the line, drawn the weak and wicked to his side, only then may the rest of us be redeemed. Thus there shall be war, a war of good and evil, yet each side will claim to be the good. In this way, even some of the chosen will be duped. For this we must beware. All must come crashing down. The anti-christ shall be a tyrant that shall attempt to bring down the works of the Christ. Mass persecution, under the guise of good, for the people are all fearful sheep. He shall claim to be with God, but in his heart, he will act with motives completely ulterior to this. For this reason, unless all the signs are read properly, it shall be impossible to know until he reveal himself. He will be a liar, if Christ spoke truth.

He shall be a leader from the most powerful of nations. His people shall follow him because of their patriotism, but they shall be sleeping in the bed that they themselves have made. What is more tragic, I ask? To perish in the flames, or to know of this revelation in advance? A time is upon us, and it begs patience. Patience, my friends, for this too will pass. Now we grow addicted to the antagonism, provided such that it propel one to ever higher planes. It is in the resistance that we find life, in the friction caused by the two principles. Vibration is lost in the void, unless it find matter such that the two may vibrate together.

Yes, I see now. The more I study, the more I find myself described. Makes me wonder where they got the information. I never gave it to them, and I've never met anyone who has known it innately in its entirety. I have done my deeds, and it is worthy for its own merit. It becomes apparent that the Way is ancient, known, and the truth. I know now they exist, and I am finding them. Rather, they are making themselves known to me. The words are known, but the keys to their understanding are forgotten. This is proof that knowledge of the invisible, the eternal, the soul, God, is forgotten. We are in a multi-millennial dark age, kali-yuga, but the times shall inexorably change.

There are things that can no longer be debated. For me these things are now what is rock solid. Other things will become hazier, things such as who I am, what I am, what I mean, but I know I have a reference point from which to bounce. Who knows what time will bring. As always, I know what I want. Everything in this entire life is naught but a mirror, a point from which to bounce, such that one may know oneself. Completely alone, I may as well be as if a tree. And so this is the nature of the illusion, because we may only arrive at knowledge of ourselves through bouncing off of others. All things are linked, and we live in a world of cause and effect. How do you know what you know! Things are revealed to us through the will of one greater than ourselves. Unity is the only real truth, the vein, the thread, the tie that binds.

How came I upon the knowledge that I possess, that detail is no longer available to me. I remember it. It was the will of Osiris that an individual be born such that one may carry out the deeds for which one is responsible. I have surrendered to this will, and yet, for the first time in my life, I feel as if my vessel has rudder, mast, *and* sail. I feel as Columbus must have, sailing, knowing there is a destination at the end, yet not knowing where or when. The question of if, therefore, no longer pertains, as I am prepared to depart, should it be required of me, even at this very moment. This, then, be one of the keys. If one would adhere to the pure heart that one knows, surrender of the sovereign self be requisite. So many are the stipulations of the path, and rigorous be the guidelines, so all hinges on acceptance. If one accept, if one have faith, then one begin from a plane of tolerance, of peace. If one reject, then one begins from a plane of violence and internal rift. The obstacles are increased manifold times.

When one who has suffered much finds glee, then he knows he is ready to die. I thank you. I thank you Osi, for all the opportunities you have given me, for the Spirit that yet resides within my vessel. I know that one day it will not be so, and so I give thanks for every opportunity, every privilege and indulgence you have suffered from me, such that I may learn, such that I may share in your glory. I have not the words to thank you appropriately, only the feelings, the sentiment, the pain, agony, ecstasy. What am I to make of these signs?

All the ancient sages point to only one place, and it coincides with the place that I can see, from my vantage point. If this be the case, then I must understand that the concept of humility be intrinsically linked with the condition of the times. We are in a time of war, of upheaval, at a juncture in history. We are of our times, and I have my mission as a warrior in the name of God, the Almighty. As such, my job is cut out for me, and I act within a framework. That is the framework of the Way, the Path, the Logos, the Tao. When one has the key to the soul, the psyche, then one has the blue-print to the human creature, and one has the key through which to decipher this animal. The Rosetta stone, if you will, though in essence, it would be more akin to the philosophers stone, for when one learns what transforms lead to gold, then one is able to see the flaws and blemishes more clearly. All fall under the same light, rather than remaining sovereign.

Today, this is attributable to pure chance that a lay person may attain to such knowledge. Only those that go the way of “The System”, the accredited scholars and scientists, are heard. These are tainted for their adherence to orthodoxy, to the exoteric. Their point of view will necessarily be influenced by those who have taught them, to whom they owe their allegiance. True knowledge is obtainable only through plumbing the abyssal depths of the soul. In this way was the Sabbath made to be observed, such that a man may live in the world of men for 6 days, and every seventh retreat to himself, such that he may consort with the God within, the Truth, the Way, the One. These formulas are extant, and ancient. As in mathematics, all one need do is apply the variables to the formula, and have faith in that one works for a reason, toward a goal. This then, be faith, faith in the unseen, in the unknown, for what is of worth is not visible to the two eyes. This is but the skin, the cloak that the Most-High wears while upon His beloved Earth, the veil of Isis.

Here was a cosmic yearning quenched, and we humans exist as a result. The same yearning that men and women feel for each other every day, in a primal way, below consciousness, for the truth is ever humble, never seeking to be praised, even within the individual. For this very reason does the truth remain hidden for so long. It takes one to

know one, and only when the individual find reason for true humility will his true self make itself known to him. Otherwise to remain blinded by the limitations of the senses. These lessons are all well known in theory, if not in practice. So then, why must so few adhere to this in a socially meaningful way? A monk may save himself, but what has he done for all other lost souls?

Good and evil are laws of man. By accepting these things, one denies the real Law for a temporal facsimile of the original. To live within these parameters is to live with the laws of man. One becomes the affected by life, and gives up the chance to be the affector. Life pushes one about, rather than one simply sailing unhindered to the final destination in this never-ending tryst. By accepting the law of man, one becomes passive in the game of life. One judges based on human limitation rather than divine glory. All deeds, all manifestations but a form of God. If one choose some, and reject others, one reject a part of God, and create an emptiness. Naturally, this void is replaced with man-made law, and the fall is complete. One man's perception of evil may be necessary cosmic retribution when viewed from a broader angle. Men are ignorant, and choose this ignorance over wisdom. In this way do they finally expose themselves for what they really are: lost children waiting for something, someone, to show them the real way, in a positive manner.

Chapter 23 The Chain

The Jews believe God is chained to them, and owes them, for they are the chosen. Can this be? Knowledge is not belief, nor is belief knowledge. In the lowest depths is where we find the key to the puzzle. Down, below the darkness, in the black muck, one blindly reaches down, and sifts through the sludge, and one happens upon a solid object. A shapeless blob of gold that one will behold only when back in the light, for in the depths, all is shadows. This block of gold then be the sweetest key for all those who have descended to the lowest rung of hell and survived with God. He sets all aright, for it is He who teaches us not to give a fuck. Not to give a fuck for fear or death on this carnal plane. He who shows us the pain, that we may see, that we may elevate ourselves. It's all very simple, and so very complicated all at once. For this, one must learn how to choose things for oneself. One must learn how to choose for oneself, such that one *know* that one's choice has been wise, for that reason deemed worthy. You must teach yourself how you need to be such that you obtain what it is you work for. This skill is indispensable to, and the greatest weapon of a woman. The man serves as the gallant stallion, the unicorn that carries the damsel to wherever she please. The myth of the unicorn is dead. The time of those who knew themselves is dead.

It shall come back to life, be resurrected, as it were. The stallion and the damsel must agree on the final destination, or the endeavor shall be a failure. It's as simple as this, and as complicated all at once. Life sends you her messages. The more gentle you receive them, the more gentle they will be. Whatever effort one put in, that effort in equal measure will be got out. The balance. If we react violent to her messages, then the more violent shall she send them. And if they have learned of beginners luck, then I have learned of being "all in". Whenever you encounter art that is sweet, then you will know that it was obtained in "hell on Earth", the only hell there is. Life sends her messages, and we accept gently. I will change myself for my Father up above, and for He alone.

I didn't change for my own father here on Earth, not until he agreed to change for me, for both our real Father. How many fathers do we have now? So many, for we are all our own fathers, our own children, all the same, yet different. To the same degree that something is reviled, so is it held sacred.

I've never been scared, I've just been lazy. But I was laying low too. Had I known I was observing myself any earlier, well, that would have been the wrong time now, wouldn't it? Otherwise that is what would have happened. These are the signs. This is our life. Look, I told you, I'm part of the new generation, and I'm one of the first. Yes, there is a new time coming. I am as sure of this as I am of my own life. Watch, watch while we usher it in. Who knows what will happen, in what manner encapsulated, but I see the difference now, between them and me. The difference is in the age. The World is for the children, always. Are they not the meek? And do they not inherit it? Literally? Of course. Then the older truly shall serve the younger.

The man sells his soul by compromising that of his child, his grandchild, for have we not learned that the pendulum must swing back? And if a man not be punished for his own sins on Earth, then he leaves his children as targets for this cosmic retribution. Surely they will pay, as surely as the pendulum will swing back to where it started. You have sins for which to be forgiven; Do not make them worse. Know of your indiscretions, and repent. This is the only way. This is the only formula. There is no other way to the glory of the Most High, and there is no way to fake it. The alchemists know that only through adherence to the formula is the stone to be got. This formula is known as "The Truth". Know it, and know God. God in all His/Her manifestations of music, science, nature, man, and the sort. There is only One.

Do you have fear that I succeed in the path that I have chosen? Perhaps it is because you have neglected your own true path, and chose for yourself. You denied your true self, and now you deny me. Who has learned to read the signs? We must all have respect. Regardless.

So, God the male is it that causes life. God the female is the shell, the visible skin of all that exists, and God the child is man, the sliver of quantized life that may know itself to whatever degree it has learned. The creator, the destroyer, the preserver. The trinity, so visible to the invisible eye. The only way you can control me, is by controlling yourself. Every action has its reaction, in equal amount.

People lose touch with reality when they begin to fear death. Invariably a man fears death because he fears his own judgment. Here we have a society that fears death, and is trying to prolong life artificially, with no regard to the real reasons why. A man whose soul cries out within him is invariably led to madness by our society. It has been so for a very long time. Those who would oppress us are attempting to oppress knowledge of the soul. This course of action has its lifetime, and then it dies, like everything else. My God is the God of the Universe. You cannot quantize Him, or even think about Him. He is the All, and He is you. You don't even know it. You can't even *begin* to think about Him. There are prerequisites, and you have not learned them yet. If God is graduation, you are in pre-school. You have been misled. It is not your fault, and it is.

The “prestige” of the white northern European has impelled him to learn from all the known peoples of the Earth. This man has taken his religion with him wherever he has gone, fueling his desire for travel, knowledge. As a result, because of the Bible, because of Masonry and the Koran, this should make the Jews the most powerful people on the planet, which they are, educators of all. It is their reality which prevails, their book the accepted one. From their hands, therefore, does history arise in the west, penned by those trained by them. I can protect myself. I am allowed. I cannot let a man throw me out into the cold, cruel World, and then attack my intelligence as well. He must have more respect. Didn't you know kid, that your daddy raised you without a soul? Ah you poor dear. It ain't that hard, it's easy. You just believe in yourself kid, listen to yourself. Don't try to shut yourself up. The doctrine of truth is not taught today. We are blinded. Like a wheel shall we revolve.

Listen old man, I have to tell you something. When I was a kid only this high, you scared the dickens out of me, so don't come telling me no stories now. I remember one time you scared me so much, I threw up. That made you even angrier, and so now I scare *you*, huh? Well old man, if you forgive me, I'll also forgive you. That's how life works. Or is it you would have me think less of myself? I know what's up, including how difficult it is to communicate with me. At the same time, I am simple, and just. At least I give myself the illusion. I have yet many years to cross while on this plane. How would you send me out into the World, now that you've brought me here? I don't know how to ease your pain, how to make you think positively. I know that you are stuck on some ideas that one must transcend. I know you won't frighten me any longer. Now it is I who frighten you, if you fear me. Only if you fear me. I frighten any who would stick to falsehood.

Please, do not be afraid, it is not my intention. My intention is to stand here where I am, and to not move until I have been heard. I've tried to tell you I love you, despite all our misunderstandings. Till this day have you not heard me. The big error was introducing me to the World, teaching me all the teachings in existence. Now I don't do these things to embitter my life, or yours, but you are close to me, and when you place yourself before me, an obstacle in my path, I have to go around you. There is no shame in this. Only if you want it this way, if that's the only way you can see it. Not me. After all, what is our goal here? Is it not to push forward and persevere? Achieve ever higher spheres? I thought that's what I was taught, when I was a child. I remember the words.

Perhaps this antagonism is the last thing you wanted. Through your fear of it have you caused it to happen. That's life, and that's why one should never fear. If you fear me, you give me power that doesn't belong to me. Maybe you think I'm insane. What does that change? I don't change, I continue being me, only now I know how you think. That is the only thing that changes. You never knew what I was learning. In the lion's den did we reside, lions training me all along. What have we learned here, in the house of the propagator of progress? Certainly there has been a teaching. Is it conquest, is it transcendence, is it submission? It isn't how you imagined it. You had had something else in mind, something more innocent, less insidious. We do have similar cores, only we have seen different sides of life. The leaders have had their shot. It is their idea of progress we inherit. For the youth, we must look to a new direction, with a brighter future. Else shall we all be thrown to the wolves.

I blame no one, oh if you could only see this. On the contrary, I give thanks for everything. I am a very happy man. It is this, the final touch which would make my happiness complete. This is what Osi has given me, and for all do I give thanks. I know you were raised different than I. You too have to understand this. You were raised in a village, and I in the World. We learned totally different things. At first, you hardness and I sweetness. And then we switched . Now we may meet in the middle, where all men of valor meet. I am not afraid, fear has been beat out of me. I beat it out of myself, facing all, as I do now before you. Don't you understand?

Don't you see that standing before you I cure myself of ancient fears? It is not easy to confront one's father in this way. You'll have to do the same with me, if we are to surge forward together. That's why we maintain this struggle, so that we may find friendship once again. You are I, and I am you. We should be friends, so that we may be stronger, with more understanding of one another. We have become alienated, but the love maintains us close at heart. I understand this. You have to know I understand this. I just don't understand your anxiety, the fear I invoke in you. Love not properly cared for can turn itself into other emotions. I won't fall into that trap, but I've seen how easy it is to do so. I put all my hope in that Osi may help us find one another. It is my greatest hope.

At any time may a man reclaim his soul, at any price it may come at. Live by the sword, die by the sword. Whosoever digeth the pit shall be buried in it. My friends are sad, tired, depressed, dieing of "white boy disease", that feeling that they fucked up long ago in the past, and there's nothing to do now. We have all been long misled by our leaders, and as a result, we have lost the bead on our true north. There is always something to be done, only it always hurts. White boy disease boils down to Spiritual ignorance, propagated through the ages, because their great granddaddies couldn't teach their progeny of their soul. That was a different World back then, and only by accepting it as the truth does it doom us today. They propagated lies, and we must see it for what it is. We must not be afraid to repent for our sins. But it doesn't matter, for justice will reach its destination eventually anyway.

What happened to me is I was forced to bend down and kneel to the truth. This doesn't happen to everybody, but it happened to me. To this fire did I capitulate. Through this barrier have I broken.

There shall be a backlash of humanitarianism by the government. This is a scam. It is their way to mask their true intentions. Never take the love of a child away. Never divert your attention from the true reality. What does a child give? It gives love. In return,

it allows itself to be influenced. Every child is potentially made of gold, after it grows. While still a child, it shall remain pure gold, until diluted by the poisons of life, necessarily. Only by working through this may the state of perfection be returned to. Poison indeed, impurities of the soul. Poison consumed through the intake of food, for the body and mind. The poison is extra. It must be got rid of.

Imagine that 5000 years ago, we built a glorious, magnificent city. The city bustled with life, full of fervor and art and beauty. Then, one day, the people left, and all that remains are its ruins. If we go to the place where the ruins are, we can catch glimpses of their former glory. It is like our love. At one time it teemed, and bustled with life. But today, it is mere ruins. We can see these ruins, when we see each other, but time and the elements take their toll, and new cities have been built. Our city is covered in sand, covered in time, and in layers. Only the peaks of the buildings stick out any longer. It is as it should be, forgotten.

Once you've saved your own soul, made yourself King, then you've got to save the kingdom. Speak of, and teach of, the soul. Be a King for all to see.

The elders will not change. They have seen a World in which there was hope, and the end of that dream has caused them disillusion. We the youth are not granted such a privilege. Now there is little hope, and we must instruct ourselves as best we can. What shall we do? We must work, work for the good of all. What is the real World in which we live? Who may decipher the clues? Therein lies the question, the answer, the problem. Who may expand their mind in order to accept it? Religious liberty is not a hoax. Religion is no lie. There is Truth, we know this Truth as God. But that is not enough. It shall never be enough because it shall always fall into the hands of manipulative and diabolical men of this world. It is not enough that a man believe, it is necessary that a man *think*. It is essential to the salvation of humanity.

The elders have grown crazy, and play children's games. They pretend to dominate and own all they can see, all that passes before them. I say, they must be

stopped. The vicious circle must be broken in some way. Everything that does not evolve grows old. Old means not fresh. My grandfather of 87 years continues to learn, remains fresh, is not dead to life. How does a person arrive at being a complete man, a complete woman? What does one do to reach this goal? Only hard work, and only anonymity may help one. Nothing else. Come, come old man, come with us, I beseech thee. There is much work to be done, and we'll have to do it. Now there is translation.

The World is a tub, and we are the water. The tub is full, and the stopper has been pulled. What is the proper way to intervene? What have we learned through our existence? Who doubts they exist? If you doubt, you are done. No, don't doubt, because I don't doubt, and I'm going to do battle. We must battle, because the World is ours, and our children's. Someone placed us here, and we must assume our correct spot in the hierarchy of existence. Thanks be to God. It becomes a question of being strong, having courage, being a Lion. The cowards may be spotted off the bat.

They're gunnin for us!! They're going to kill us!!

Who?

THEY!! They are! The blacks, the Hispanics, the Arabs, all them niggers from all over the World. We fucked them all, and now they're coming for us.

Weakness is disease, strength is purity.

We both are damned, they as well as us. War resolves nothing, it just maintains things as they always have been.

How far will He be pushed before He says "Fuck it all"

Every nation should have a Spiritual counselor, available to the nation, with no power other than the power to speak his mind. A man of supreme importance, whose integrity shall be monitored by a people with the knowledge of a Spirit. All things contrary to the Spirit are readily observable. A man with the duty to speak his mind, and the opportunity to argue his case. His job is dissention. To instill in the people a firm belief in the Creator. This is essential for the illumination of a people. Not to regulate their lives, but to empower them through the sharing of knowledge. Not through the church, but through the National Commission for the Spirit. Different than the church, with no icons, only teaching. Teaching that the answer is: "I AM".

It is I who wield the finest weapons available to all humanity: the soul and the pen. The pen through the mind. There has to be a better way, a better formula. One was once one, and then one was two. And one is now fragmented, fragmented from two into you. And people are so weird. They need so many things. I guess I should say "we". Osi smiles upon me because I attempt to live in His prescribed way, with a yearning to contact Him as a fundamental necessity. This is my task as a human. I take my task seriously, and I take pride in the quality of my work. I am, however, not perfect, lest I be misunderstood. A man like any other. The only thing a man may utter is what he would before any and all men. Exclusive thoughts are impure thoughts, this is the nature of being human.

For now it shall suffice only to see the words. The seed has been planted. The likelihood of them being understood today is very slim, except for those that already understand. These remain hidden, but they shall begin to expose themselves soon enough. They shall be crucified. They are the zealots, for God shall manifest. It is not only evil that exists, even though it may seem that way. Everything that *IS* makes itself known,

sooner or later. Darkness has presided in peace for millennia. The time of good, the time of God is once again at hand. There must be victory to vindicate the defeats. Oh, and how that evil about to be destroyed will squirm. The way the governments and world leaders are behaving further convinces me that a man, or group of men, may convince themselves of anything if the conditions are right. The warmongers are evil, and their wavelength must die, according to the immutable laws of divine justice.

These leaders, these war mongers, what the devil is their goal, what on Earth is it they are talking about? I always wondered how come they seemed to communicate in this secret language I could never learn, though I speak English better than most. I see now they communicate on different plane, a plane of soulless superiority. Superiority based on arrogance, fear and ignorance, these things perpetuated through their singular actions in the distant past. They have dug a pit, and now, like lemmings, they slowly march to their own deaths, unbeknownst to even the smartest of themselves. To hear them use the word “intelligence” in reference to themselves invokes within me a feeling of the absurd. Vicious murderers, but easy to defeat, like the vicious, murderous, nasty orcs from the book of the rings, with no soul to protect them from death.

It is quite odd to walk the streets here and know I am surrounded by those who follow in iniquity, the most civilized on the planet. In true form of the “contrary man”, I walk the streets as a zombie to them, but it is they who are all zombies in my eyes. Who would have thunk it. How the tables have turned. All of them. And their art, and their science, and their medicine, and their Universe. It is a dead Universe they inhabit. I have it, once again, backwards, as they do. For these, their life on Earth is the only life they acknowledge. The invisible, the unseen, is disregarded. They see not the signs any longer: The Moon in the night sky. The soul, visible in man’s eye. That’s how you can tell them, by the eye, all sampaku. I am contrary, this life, like the midnight Sun, a vessel through the darkness. The light resides somewhere else, in a place of knowledge, a place within, and beyond the incarcerating walls of the flesh.

No, this life does not insure death. Rather, this death insures life. I know I can be greater than this. It is how I know we can all be greater than this, for through knowing myself, I can know what it is to be human. And how far out of the sphere of my own experience do I venture? All things are possible, provided one prepare oneself to the adequate measure.

I was the first of a generation that stopped looking to the corrupted adults, and looked instead behind us, to the needs of the youth, for guidance in matters of the World. Who knows what the World needs, but the youth, those who have the longest to live. How terrible that all their hearts should be broken, converting them into unfeeling, soulless, diseased, festering body-guarded leaders of the most powerful nations. To live comfortably in our World, we must sacrifice our soul. This much is clear: those of us that do not relinquish the right to our soul must battle those of you that do. An unguided man is capable of talking himself into anything, into mass-murder, anything.

“The meek shall inherit the Earth”. First, who is it that will inherit the Earth? After that is decided, then call them the meek. Man shall inherit the Earth, therefore men are meek. Maybe it insures the endless loop, the same thing to happen over and over again, until none of the meek be left, those weak of Spirit. When shall the strong inherit the Earth? Here is a question the bible does not answer. Unless it be the kingdom of Heaven, higher spheres, that is reserved for the strong, the meek relegated to reincarnation on Earth. This is the nature of the Mothership. Only 144,000 are ascended with her. Will I be one of the chosen? Are my options ascendance, or a return to be bodhisattva? How it becomes so clear. Stay for the love of man, or go for the love of God, leaving all behind. My actions shall all be a prophecy to what act shall be made.

I know my destiny, I just haven't lived it yet on this plane. I see the signs, the signs of things to come. I know that some people bear the mark, as I have seen this mark. Before, I would not have thought of it twice, but I have seen such disturbing things of late, so many signs pointing to doom and destruction.

It should be that he that goes the extra mile to better himself would do so unflinchingly for the betterment of all, no matter the endeavor. In this way, a rich man should consider himself most blessed, and should be expected to share of his bounty with his less fortunate neighbors, with eternal thanks accorded to this man. Of highest value for a man should be his knowledge, as compared to the knowledge of Christ, weighed in terms of its justice and balance. No man is qualified to judge another. For this there is a higher court. That is the court of Osiris, and its doors are shut to mere men. All we may do is catch glimpses of it. It has been written of, spoken of. The words are all there, and all we have to do is utter them. Utter them and believe. This is the only way, for this is the rightly guided man.

All the words of God have already been channeled. They continue to flow, constantly rearranging themselves to fit the needs of the times. The words are never-ending, for they merely echo the words of God. He watches over us, because we have eyes, and we see. He takes interest in our happenings, because we take interest in our own lives. The Great Sun-Disk, the all seeing eye of God, and the Great Night Disk, the waxing and waning eye of the All-Powerful Mother, the filtered Sun, the Sun in darkness. In the darkness doth the light shine bright.

I just saw an image. A black silhouette, in the darkness, peering from behind a black pillar through a beautifully lighted window. There is total silence, as the figure peers, at the wonderful scene through the window. There are two beautiful youths, blond and fair, boy and girl, beautifully prancing on the top of a lush green hill. They are drunk with life, and the vibrant pastel-like colors permeate the entire window. A boy and a girl, gleefully frolicking in the glorious sunshine, foot loose and fancy free. The picture of idyllic perfection. The black silhouette begins to pound on the window. The scene is silent. He pounds on the window, his actions look desperate. The beautiful pair outside, large as life, only smile, giggle and dance. They hear nothing.

The figure pounds, as if he wants into the scene, but only loses himself in exasperation. The pair only dances in profound silence. The pair are enclosed in a round

building, like Stonehenge, and the window is one of many arched doorways in the structure. Nothing but pasture and sky and ocean can be seen through any of the other arches. The silhouette would be as if imprisoned in another dimension. It remains a silhouette figure no matter what it do or say on this side of the window. Part of our existence in the World is like this. Some of the peoples of the World see the United States, and think this.

There are two sides to all of us, and it is we who decide which side to bring into the light. Depending on which things are revealed to a man during his life, so shall these things shape and form him into the man he is going to be. It is so for all of us, and so we become pieces of the “Great Puzzle”. Each man a piece unto himself, of all colors, races, creeds. Only by his actions shall he be observed, for every man has his own struggle. We are all born, must live, and die. What is known by one, can be known by all.

In order to differentiate between our man side and our animal side, we must first have seen both, studied both in action. In this way one creates a triune form of oneself. A good side, a bad side, and a side that may observe and learn from all the acquired experience. It is, naturally, merely the principle of reconciliation. It exists because the one was necessarily broken into two, exemplified by all poles. A vision quest allows one to fly as a hawk over one’s own life, see things in a greater picture, and learn the reality, the truth of existence. Everything must be seen in both lights. This is left to interpretation, each and every to their own judgment, but the sternest form of application is always implied. Stern in its non-acceptance of illusion as reality.

It is this illusion that is the enemy of man, for if man held no illusion, and could see himself for what he really is, and what he really could be, where he really comes from, it would be a different set of problems we would encounter on Earth today. And so the saga continues.

End part one : They

Man was born to be contrary-man. Witness: we have the eyes of a hunter, the teeth of a carnivore, yet we are meant to overcome these limitations. Everything we are given, we are meant to reject, in favor of that which we cannot see. How ironic. And all the souls mean to release themselves back into the atmosphere. Back into space, from whence they came. How bloody ironic. To lift the Spirit to a place where the Earth's gravitational pull no longer has any effect. The gravitational pull of the gyrating waist of a woman, oh, no greater love to be found on this Earth. This is how we do things here, the good ascend, and the meek return back to Earth, and inherit her all over again. I no longer know what is in the capacity of man, and what is not. Surely, much more than we think, at least as much as what the ancient books say.

No. You see, I don't think you get it. This generation is done, a new one is dawning. Side with the old, and for sure, you will be devoured. This is it: the time to awaken. We should give thanks, for an opportunity for life at this time in history. It seems a simple matter of waiting it out, before humanity is once again forced underground, into the Earth. It could be that I am insane, or that things are indeed in an anxious state of flux. Only time will tell. I know this only teaches me to remain calm, no matter what things may come. Everything points to this. There is so much, so much energy in the air. Yo man, just trick righteous. We know what righteous is, now all we have to do is do it. Trick righteous babe, trick righteous.

You know, the problem with people here is that they don't realize that people care. People care about everything. When I say I don't care, it means I care so much I *can't* give a shit. I have to not care, or I'll blow fuses. If I were to care that much, I would still be trying to enrich myself. I wouldn't be doing the right thing, working for the benefit of the all, so that what one knows, may be known by all. Hence peace, for evil would not be able to hide. A whole new set of problems, to be lived by a whole new breed of humans. But who is to say it is new. It may be our history. History repeating itself, always coming back to its point of origin. It is how it knows itself, for no memory

is older than that of the origin, the genesis. Yes. The absolute free flow of information. This would require a fully populated planet, for the information to reach all places.

Wow. The gloom gets thicker. I am here, and this place feeds me this information. The land speaks to me. Some thing is pissed at something else. There will be hell to pay. Or it could be that I am insane. Only time will tell, for still, I know what is in the heart. I know how not to fall the disappointment way.

There must have been prophecies penned, by those who saw whatever events took place through the multitude of centuries. The fundamental information available to man has been known throughout all times, or for at least 6 millennia. Existence was born with it. Somehow it marred the picture, the birth of the duality, split from the whole. The first ignominious act, one which must be accounted for. I don't weep for anyone who has suffered and died in suffering, I weep for the unborn, who don't know into what World they are merging. Thinking of the tears of my children, my grandchildren, your children, all children. This is why I weep. This is why I work, such that people know what world they bring their children into. I weep for them, and I know I will be damned for doing it. Unless I ban all thoughts of such from my head. Then I can work without that teary-eyed bit. It has served me well, but I move forward. I will not condemn myself any further.

These people, they don't know man. They don't know that some of them are half-baked, while the other half is over-baked. In trans-mutating lead to gold, the proper fire has to be applied, as the Lord is my witness, and may He smile upon thee, bringing to you His light. Fire when needed, but not too much. Now I know why I do everything that I do. What I don't know is why I see everything that I see. I can see the different realities, how they form the different layers, different strata, like the x-sectional thermo-cline layers of the Ocean, like an onion.

There are moments, like windows, in a persons life when the creativity flows. This energy must somehow be corralled, otherwise it floats out into the atmosphere, dust in the wind, to be consumed by others. I choose to corral my energy, stay forever young.

Keep my energy to myself, like the deranged military man in Dr. Strangelove. It is all about the bodily fluids. I got outta playin small-ball. I now join the big-dogs. Yo, don't worry about me dawg, I'm taken care of. I done paid my dues to society, and I was born into a situation. But don't worry dawg, I ain't sold out or nothing, I'm more worried about *us*. How are *we* gonna get through this, you know what I'm sayin dawg? Ya know, I'm cool. How you doin? Oh I'm way cool, just biding my time, playin my cards yo. Ya know? Just working on not freakin out an shit.

How is the lizard mentality then, if the wisest of our sort seem to be reptilian in nature? The reptiles are the wisest, but vicious. It is the oldest, and vicious part of the human brain which is reptilian. The lustful, vengeful, cold-blooded propensities of the over-sharpened intellect. It is the Earthling best adapted to its environment. They form part of the stepping stone, the missing link. We're probably looking for too many links. What do I know. Nothing. Talking out my elbow again. Still, the wise knowledge of the Earth came to Eve in the form of a snake. The loathed/revered Dragon is an infinitely wise reptile, destroying all that does not "get it". From his mouth does he emit fire, fire that is light. This fire from the dragon can also be words from a man.

The reptiles ruled the Earth for millions of years. They had their game down pat, shared the World with the insects. They were cold-blooded though. They didn't carry the heat, and thus are incomplete. They are Hers by another Father. Those, then, were the titans, the original ancients who dwelled and learned. They were overthrown by a comet, the fire come down from the gods, because they had become so powerful. The ancient knowledge of the Earth, alive in the memory of the blood. Man is like the reptile in his instinct to kill, to destroy. This then, we take to be part of the Gaia principle, knowledge in the Earthly material. The God principle, knowledge of the Spirit. There must also be knowledge of the Child.

The male then, is the white, pure magic. The female the black, Earth magic, and the child, the yellow "middle road" magic. At one end of the spectrum we have the reptiles, the Earth, black, negative, feminine. At the other end we have the angels,

Heaven, white, positive, masculine. In between we have life, and at the center, the mean, there is the yellow magic, the child, the Earthling created from un-reconciled parentage. The doctrine of the mean. There they are, the three schools of magic that rule human existence. Magic in the name of the Father (worship of Spirit), the Son (worship of life), and the Mother (worship of matter). But all is One, all remains One, and yet, all is an illusion. All, and nothing, and One, at the same time, always. This is the secret existence. I have divulged nothing, merely stated what can be seen, at least from my vantage point, with mine eyes. I have divulged nothing. I have merely rearranged the words, as has been done so many times before me.

You see my friend, words are just words, but feelings are something else. Feelings are life. Experience. What we need is to bring all the pieces back together. The three types of magic, brought together, as One. This is the New Way. All encompassing.

The reptilian mind wants to take control of the heart. The internal struggle felt by all “Walkers of the path” is the battle of the heart to keep his ambitious brother, the mind, from obtaining complete control over the individual. And thus, there are those, “cold of heart”, those with their immaculate heart as if sheathed in armor. This creates a contradictory situation, since the armor of the cold heart is an external warmth, a wolf in sheep’s clothing, devils dressed as angels. Thus are born those of contrary nature, who can see things for what they really are, who can see the invisible in action, who can spot the wolf under the sheep skin, before he has been devoured.

I am a magickian, and I want to set things aright. In order to do so, I must wield great power. In order to obtain this power, I must believe in my task. I will wield great power, but I will not have sold my soul for a kingdom on Earth. I appropriate nothing, not even the progress of the people. I know that in all my works, all that shall be made manifest shall be the will of God. I will not succumb to vanity. I know that the strength shall come in the confidence. From within me is it drawn, and I know the pool where it rests. The belief is the strength, the courage is the fuel. I know what I have seen in my travels, and I know why I have obtained that which I have. A person in my position has

only one way in which to live his life. I work not for myself, but for all others. The glory of all that which comes to me, I shall defer to the real sources, that intelligence which acts through me. All in existence is a tribute to the One Great True Force, the Parent of all things, That which allows me to exist. I know It not, nor does any in my position, but I know *of It*. I know of the truth therein.

I know how it has been subverted. I know that when the last of it is divulged, only then will there be a chance for World peace. Perhaps it remains death I search, perhaps life, but I won't be satisfied until I get to a place where there is no quarreling, a place where all is harmony. I won't be sidetracked. I won't be led down any curvy roads. Believe. Be a believer. If you are a non-believer, then all is illusion. What is not illusion is truth, and if one don't believe, then one has not even that. For truth *is*, and to believe in it, is the highest thing a man or woman can do while on this plane. I am not affiliated with any group, so I have not sworn silence on any oath to any who are not myself. On the contrary. I have sworn eternal oath to speak up, and not remain silent.

You communicate your thoughts to the gods by thinking them. They hear them, and relay a message to me through the collective conscious. This is how I know whether what I do is right or wrong. I am guided. Once guided, how to be rightly guided. While one has nothing to give, it is best one give nothing, and be comfortable in this. There is no shame. One is rightly guided when one has no motives of one's own. The motive of a man must always be *the same exact one*. Every action one does should not be contrary to this motive. The motive of a man is to serve. The first thing a man should serve is God, the Will of God. After that, child, consort, parent. That is to say, the first concern is the Spirit, the soul. Serve this first, and one is rightly guided. To serve the Spirit, one must admit to all the baggage. Namely, judgment, karma, knowledge of self. This, then, be the guidance, and only then may we turn to our loved ones to help and inspire them. This is the prime motive.

Who is running our planet is sick, diseased, and corrupted. They have not fasted in ages. They have not observed Ramadan, and they have polluted themselves. The ancient wrath is upon us. Fangs will be bared, and by those we are supposed to trust most. Any animal will fight, till its death, to protect its life. Their society is vicious, violent, and out of control. It is adversity that brings people together, and it is affluence that tears them apart. All this by way of awakening the people. If the people are awakened, chaos will ensue. Why then awaken them? Because catastrophe will ensue whether they are awakened or not. And why? Because something is menacing us. I don't know where it is, or where it comes from, but we are at a crossroads. I don't know if it comes from within, from above, from below... It seems to be coming from all sides, from all points good and bad, near and far. It is either this, or I am insane. If we are to believe the Maya, who found their pale skinned, blue-eyed, bearded god. That was fairly uncanny.

Ra is coming. You won't be able to flee. There is nothing to be done, yet it is never too late to awaken. When He is here, only then will His presence be known. That is it, the only way. To scare people, and thus perish. For to the observant, it is readily apparent that God was never not here. It is all in the direction in which a man points his intellect. Yes, to scare man is the only way to make him think properly. Once he thinks properly, only then does the benefit of the event come into full view. Threaten with the coming of God, scare them into believing He is coming, and He will come, once man thinks of it. When they doubt you, then He will be here. But look around, my children. Do you not see that He is everywhere? Yes, I am a mystic, and I am approved by God. God is He that approves all things to man. It is merely a vision, and nothing more.

She will make me whole. She will teach me to be a feathered serpent. She will teach me to build within myself that which comprises the serpent. I will teach her to build within herself that which comprises the eagle. Together we will make the 8 quadrants which comprise both hemispheres. But that be the macrocosm. Within ourselves we must

first have the knowledge of the sphere, ready-built. Only in this way will we know how to forge the larger sphere, with a partner. It is to this end that I willingly submit to training by her. She is the snake, I am the eagle. She will teach me the knowledge of the snake such that I may complete my internal sphere. I am microcosm of the Universe, comprised of all elements.

The knowledge of the Ancients, the Wise, is such that it transforms them to gold, immutable. It is knowledge of the self, and it completes the internal sphere. Because of it, my only task is to faithfully chronicle myself. I shall not lose patience, or squeeze myself dry. I shall only squeeze love for my loved ones. I shall have love, and carry within me the elements of the sphinx: my four basic elements, matter of the Universe, plus the fifth, the lifeblood of existence. The true man is all these, with knowledge of all these. The true man is true synthesis, for this is the only way to assuage the onslaught of the senses. All is a matter of education, and the time is on nigh. We must venerate those whom we have wronged. Reparations must be made for past indiscretions. The oppressed have been grinding their axes. The privileged have appropriated their privilege, created the status quo, and now their heads will be chopped off. My brothers and sisters, ill times abound, for if we not react in love, our World shall revert to age old barbarism. All men have been kings and slaves.

A man must know to what he owes his happiness. One who believes it is his right, is stealing. This man has not earned. A man may lie to the people, may lie to himself, but he may not lie to his own Spirit. A Spirit works with full understanding, not like a man, with only partial such. It is time to re-veil all the old truths, bring them to the front again, dressed in different clothing, appropriate to the times. A man is needed for the job, with understanding, for there is need. I do not lay sole claim, but I work, and I do not leave my task up to others. I begin to learn to control the self. I have made my mistakes, and know not what will come to me for my actions, but I hope I will survive them. This is the battle, the Quest.

It's like a long, beautiful, drawn-out suicide note, without the suicide. It's just a recording of a chain of events. And if you feel at all bothered, please remember, you will be feeling what I am describing. Read on. Do not be afraid. I will not lead you to a place where there is no return. So dear one, are you afraid that your friends are going to leave you? I don't think so. They probably know the same things. What does it matter what people think anyway. So long as the truth is heard. That is my truth, and you have a voice, so speak yours. Man but I really wish you'd speak the voice of your soul. That is the voice that links all men, otherwise they are all rudderless ships cast adrift amid the seas of living ambiguity. Anyway, I've been here awhile now. I'm seated and comfortable. Please proceed as you wish, but remember: stay calm.

Everything depends on what you grow up believing. Your entire existence depends on it. It is during this time that your person will be crafted. We still lie to our kids, and *they* are the ones that know. Everything matters, because every breakthrough sets the bar higher. The kids will imitate, and look at all the violence they have seen. The blind, unsuspecting children of the insensitive will be wiped from the planet. But this time it shall be different. This time we are much closer to our goal. There is no reason to have fear, or to panic. There is only reason to stay cool, be calm, and think. But think rightly guided. The rightly guided be guided by the higher principle of love. The balance, that is all that is needed, for they have polluted our minds. They deluded themselves, and refuted the cries of the soul. Son, humble yourself. That is the only lesson to be taught a young boy. Humble yourself, and thus shall all men, all women be known. Humble in the face of God the Almighty. And beware, for arrogance in humility.

Look at me, I'm a survivor. I survived the World of the privileged. I am descended of the New World conqueror, and I will live to tell the tale. I was raised middle class, but I got to travel. That's all. It was demonstrated to me how a man obtains God. Demonstrated by God. I have no more questions, as all mine have been answered. I have seen enough. There are other men who have this same knowledge. A great many of them have sworn oaths of secrecy to receive such knowledge. I have sworn no such oath, and on the contrary. I have obtained their highest knowledge, and have sworn oath of

divulgence, of education. It was upon this stipulation that the information came to me. I prayed, and I said “Dear Lord, I shall write to save my life. What shall I write about?” And I have proceeded to chronicle my thoughts ever since. Once again, I give thanks to you Lord. Allah, Adonai, Wotan, Ra, the merciful, the glorious, the just. It is to you I owe all my strengths, and to your progeny, the direction in which I direct that strength.

Ask God for understanding, son. Ask God for riches of the Spirit, for these are obtainable by any man. It is available in equity to all who work for it. Ask for riches of the Spirit son. God loves the wise man. This man shall never be poor. Man attracts his ills to him as a magnet attracts metal. Once a man learns how not to attract these ills, he begins to live free of them. A man who lives free of these ills lives infinite more time than the man who contends with them. The greatest magnet known to existence is man and woman. The purest magnet is the youngest. It is the youngest whom all others serve. A man attracts evil thoughts to himself when he choose chaos, the way of disorder. That is where this path leads, as like begets like. It is all very simple son, yet we don't believe it, and we complicate things. Think for yourself son, but be rightly guided. Be rightly guided, and attract order to your life. In this way, one may live and prosper. Always approach life with open eyes, heart, mind, and act accordingly. This is the only way son, otherwise it won't work!

There are different levels of competency in men. The highest level is of Spiritual competence. There is no higher on this plane for men. For women, the highest art is of carnal competence. A complete union is made by the junction of a man and woman so disposed. The complete individual, and all its possibilities, is their offspring. This mind may be encompassed by the All if it submit to It, but not if it attempt to encapsulate It. That is to say, by allowing oneself to join the All is the only way of knowing it. The All must teach us. If we believe we know anything, we will obtain nothing. When the question is asked “What do you know”, if the answer is “nothing”, information will be relayed to that place, to fill the perceived void. If, instead, one dwell on the things one believe, and claim knowledge, the question will have been explicitly answered, and the issue raised no more. Human creatures exist because the science and technology of how

to make one is known. We are not more than stacked building blocks. All but the Spirit. The Spirit is quintessence, the life-blood, the organizer of the disorder in the void, the intelligence, the stacker of the inert blocks provided by the Mother.

It is the Spirit, like the glue that binds the pages to the book. The unsung hero, the rejected cornerstone. How ironic sun. Look around you, welcome to contrary-world. There are people born with special powers. These powers are to aid them in accomplishing whatever it is they will accomplish. It may be that a person is born to be at a certain place, at a certain time. If they survive the event, then they begin to live on borrowed time. Now is the time to express. The archetypical stories of the Bible, such as Cain and Abel, are not to be questioned as to why they occurred in such a manner, but rather studied for the why. The stories are perfect, and perfect understanding of them leads to perfect understanding of man. All archetypes are exemplified, on every level. Only man's tampering and man's misinterpretation distort the lessons. This is inevitable. Only through rigorous study, x-referencing, and assiduous reflection on nature will one unravel the knot.

You cannot train me fully, and then tell me I have nothing to say. I will not accept it. I will speak my mind. The repetition is the darkness, and the culmination is the light, just like an orgasm. The repetitious act, the ramming, is the darkness. The climax is the light. These are the two opposing sciences. The third, the middle road, the Golden science. Right now I'd say there's two kinds of people: those doing the ramming and those getting rammed. What side do you fall on? I've stated where I am.

You cannot hurt me. You may think you've done me harm, but you have only done God's will. The cause of all evil, all pain, all suffering, is human desire. This desire may be overcome. Until that time, a man will study, until he learns. When he learns, he will have dominated life. Those that know, know that every man is capable of remembering. Remembering everything. It is for this reason traditions are kept secret. Too much light blinds, and we are a planet of the blind. After the deluge, some survived with their lore intact. Others, the more beleaguered, simply survived, and were reduced to

a state of ignorant barbarism, all traditions lost. From these groups of survivors are we all descended. I am being initiated to the mysteries of life. I am being initiated because I am allowing myself to be properly guided. I am allowing myself to believe. Now that I have studied, with belief and respect, I am learning the truth of things. I have allowed myself to become fallible, to admit that I am indeed a sinner.

There should only be one law of the land. All things should be allowed. A distinction should be made as to what type of person one is, whether one choose this way or that. To prohibit the people is not the enlightened way. Teach the people the difference, and allow them to choose for themselves. This is what it is to be human: we have a choice. All other species have only imperative. Training through word of mouth leads to spending time together. Spending time together, that is the true training. A wise man can only teach his craft by showing the way. This is the only way. There is another, a more difficult path, in which one manage to show oneself the way. In this manner, knowledge is eternally insured.

Look baby, I can make you happy. I can give you a fantasy life. I can make love to you good every night, give you everything that you need. But I need you to do some things for me, give some things up. I'll be there for you every day, but you have to let go of me. We can have it all baby, everything we ever imagined, if we let it happen. Baby, it's us. All we have to do is imagine it, and it's ours. But we must also sacrifice some things. There is nothing free on this sphere. You must give up that which is most dear to you, your most profound desires. The things most essential to your pleasure, these are the root of all evil. All pain and suffering, all heartbreak, held in these, your deepest desires. These you must burn in the fire of the altar, but not until you are ready. First, you must immerse yourself in your desires, in order to know them. If the enemy is known, only then may it be vanquished.

No thing should be prohibited from man. All things should be legal, and their use should be taught. The way of enlightenment is the way of sharing, of knowledge. Attainment should be the reward of the individual for his efforts. The paths to attainment

are well known. This information, once considered sacred, is the endeavor of all human beings. It is the reason for existence, the meaning of life. The meaning is reconciliation. This has been known in the past, and shall be known again. Desires are what must be overcome. Life, true life, is the life of the Spirit. All men know their Mother, but not all men know their Father. Similarly, all die, but not everyone lives.

The Atlanteans' was the old race, who grew debauched, and had to be eliminated. Atlantean symbols were cross and serpent, Theosophical symbols of the 4th, the Hyperborean root race. That race, as well as the 5th, Aryan root race, implies whiteness of the flesh. The Mayas expected a returning white god for very long. The Incas say it is in South America, the birthplace of the white giants. The fallen angels blended with the colored daughters of man. Pyramids (made with red, black, and white stone), gods, what does it all mean? There was prior civilization. All signs point to this. All, except for the tongues of modern men. How ironic, and how predictable.

The quickening, the three days spent in death by Jesus, Attis, the bardo, resurrection, immortality. When a man dies, he enters bardo. Here, for three days, he sits in his own judgment. After this, the enlightened soul is delivered, as an entity, to its Father. Thus the soul is resurrected, entire, in a vehicular state, conscious for all eternity. Otherwise to be resurrected on the Earthly plane, entire, in physical state, unconscious of yet. This causes a conscious individual to want to be dead, assume what is his right. But suicide is not an alternative, for it is guilty of pride. Pride of knowledge. No matter how advanced one is, one never knows what may yet be learned. Anything of which one is not aware is in a state of death, relative to one. As one awakens the attention of a vibration, so does that become attracted to one as if by magnetism. Therefore a Spirit may communicate with a living being if the being be receptive to the vibration. Thus the quickening.

Hades, Ereshkigal, Pluto, this is the plane we inhabit. This is exemplified by the descent of the maiden. She descends from the high Spiritual plane to the lowly physical plane, stripped of all her adornments. Here are we, stripped, naked, on the plane of death

and destruction. The only way out is the way we came in, and it is our duty to reclaim or belongings on our way out the door. This can only occur if one knows of them. Otherwise, one will leave, unadorned, only to return in the same manner. The difference is fear. We are the diminished Moon. We are on the plane of death. We are dead. Ereshkigal is our Queen, Pluto our King, Hades our kingdom.

Chapter 28 Hades Our Kingdom

Since we are alive, it is not death, only sleep. A long deep slumber. The only way to awaken is to open our eyes. This occurs when one sees with the mind's eye the death and destruction which surrounds one. It is an ugly sight, unfit to be seen, and those recently awakened are typically shocked, dismayed, horrified, flabbergasted. Sometimes the effects may be fatal to those who are awakened, and yet cannot find guidance or balance. The survivors become Kings and Queens on Earth. They become such because they have transcended their fear of death. But this is not enough. They must also live according to the path, the Way. This is not easy. It is difficult, and thus few find it, even bother to look for it. But it is the way of our past. We know it because we know *of* it. These are the mysteries, the inspired writings, the stories and lore of yore and forgotten times. The signs all point to ancient civilization, all but the tongues of men. I am glad I have learned of men, of their weaknesses, illusions, insecurities. You can't lie to me now. You can lie to yourself, but I will know it.

Because a man is corporeal, he is, in essence, withholding truth. His ideas, thoughts, intentions may not be seen. This creates of him a potentially powerful and dangerous entity. This is what must be overcome, the lies. Even to himself may a man lie, for he cannot see into his own true self.

If a corpse is mummified, the matter may not return to where it came from, and an imbalance occurs. The material elements remain isolated, and therefore, according to the Egyptians, the soul may not be reincarnated in a new body while the old yet exist. This effectively, if synthetically, freezes the natural life cycle. It could also possibly be the simple knowledge that the soul carries upon its death, that it has insured itself immortality through its endeavors on Earth, which allow it to die peacefully, which is the true creator of immortality. The knowledge, followed by the understanding of it. But if immortalization of the flesh lead to synthetic immortalization of the soul, where have these Spirits gone? Do they still inhabit the Earth? Do they communicate with us, with

themselves? All ridiculous questions, to be sure, but only for their un-answerability, not for their implications.

This then, be a conundrum that the true philosopher alone may decipher. His interpretation to be understood by him alone, who has earned it. Earned it only relative to the eyes of God, not to the eyes of men, or even himself, for a man may delude himself in any manner of ways. Yet a man may know when he is on the Right Path. Indeed he has to know it, has to know the difference, for it is his own perception that in the end will be the decisive factor. Naturally, it is a man himself who decides his own fate. To the degree that he understand this, to this degree is he awakened.

Don't be a taker. Be a giver, so that you may take. With right thoughts, right words, and right deeds, right results may be obtained. The formula is simple, the rewards are invaluable. Do not be a vampire, do not take without giving, or the generation that comes shall be known as the generation of the broken-hearted.

It is the human instinct to flee, versus the bonafide curiosity that will make one wait, and see what happens. Everything that lives, moves. The vibration animates. But if it has nowhere to resonate? Then it is impulse lost on the vast expanses of empty Universe. This then be the music of the spheres. The vibration is out there, but only when it encounters its wife, matter, does anything resonate. Vibration is the sound of one hand clapping. The resistance, the other hand, is needed for the completion, otherwise, it remains pure potential. This is esoterism, the science of the vibration, what cannot be seen with the two eyes, felt with the overt senses. And yet it dwells among us. Indeed it is us, we are it. Because it cannot be seen, it cannot be pointed to. Because it is speech (vibration), it cannot be spoken of. It must be felt. There are tell-tale signs, but one needs to be able to recognize them. Our society is not designed to accommodate the Spiritually awakened individual. This type of awakening has led people to be labeled insane. This reality causes a surrealism that can only properly be handled by one properly qualified. How to be qualified is not taught to our children.

Children are adapted because they are pliable. Like an aging piece of bread, age creates a hard crust that must be recognized and overcome if the individual is to obtain his Spiritual objective. The biggest mistake is to search for something that one feels will bring one anything. The nature of Spirit is truth, not profit. Truth. Truth is greater than man, and it may not be manipulated, corralled, boxed, parceled. It is only to be accepted, a cool, refreshing draft of water. It has no flavor. It is the vibration, but what does the vibration say? What is it that it would teach? It would teach the nature of self. It is the highest perch in existence, from whose lofty heights an individual may witness life as it unfolds in all its glory. It is the single greatest teacher, for it is all-knowing. The closer one approximate it, the more complete will be one's picture of reality. The vastness of the picture is indeed surreal. It causes one to lose confidence in one's intellectual capacities, independent of Spirit.

For awhile, the untrained applicant is sent to an infernal state where all things are questioned, and no thing may be taken for granted any longer. This period is so violent and vicious that the applicant may or may not survive, may or may not die, may or may not ascend out of this state with all his/her parts intact. This is the type of insanity that results when the applicant is not prepared for the onslaught and intensity of the forces to which one aspires. The ancient druids caused their applicants to spend an entire night out at sea in a small canoe, through the storms and anything else nature threw at the individual. If it so happened he should not reach shore, well then the gods had decreed this individual unworthy.

A canoe out at sea is an analogy for the lives that we lead. If a man tunes himself to his true existence, he may find a way to surge and succeed. If a man envelop himself in darkness, deny himself his true nature through ignorance (any rationalization of purely physical existence is, in essence, manifestation of ignorance), he will undeniably be consumed by his/her world. If he/she is favored by God, he/she may find some consolation and happiness in life, but the truth lies in knowledge, in giving thanks. Why? Because in this way one makes at least an effort to be aware of the invisible, of the

beyond-sense. And yet it may be sensed. The more subtle the sensation, the more mystical the experience.

Our minds doubt. Doubt keeps us from being Spiritual beings, the true nature of our existence. And yet, still the greatest repercussion remains unnamed. Why does this fundamental aspect of life remain outside the reach of man? The answer to this question would be the answer to the human conundrum. Two forces: masculine vibration, feminine matter created all life as we know it. The vibration may not be still. It is the animator. It imbues life, and causes motion. The way of Spirit is one of non-competition. It is one of solidarity, which is why it is so neglected in modern society. It is actually counter-realistic in our modern world, based on carnal preeminence. Thus another name for the initiate, the true adept, is the contrary-man. The actions of this man may be studied, but unless one analyzes them from a similar point of view, his actions may never be understood, or even rationalized. This man/woman is forced to act contrary to the conventional wisdom of their times, which naturally results in much misunderstanding, much pain and heartache.

Ultimately, what modern man has done, is we have conditioned ourselves to expect, look for, be content with, accept many things in life which are themselves contrary to the true potential of human existence. Ultimately what we need is more internal strength, for from these lofty heights are we descended. There is injustice, and it needs to be addressed and corrected. If not today, tomorrow, but eventually. To question is an illusion, pedantry. What is, is. To be, or not to be? TO BE! Be! Is! Am! And yet, only by means of the seed may life be regenerated, renovated. The seed is planted in the Earth, in darkness. And so, the life of a man is like the life of any seed, any plant. All things are reflected in all others. Only through proper interpretation are answers furnished. Here we are. Believe it.

Do we need to populate the World? No! We need to serve our people better. All kids think about is making money, getting married and having babies. War is necessary, as man still believes in death. It is a cleansing factor, as we know that human suffering

really is of no cosmic consequence, on an individual level. It is what is expected out of the exercise. Instead we should commence a time of sacrifice. I guess this will, in essence, recreate the warrior class of man, revered for his dedication and discipline. This is the class of the Nirvana and Valhalla. All those who believe themselves to be exclusive owners of the “Right Way” are mistaken. The “Right Way” is to teach. To teach and learn, always, incessantly.

If a man is to be truly a man of God, he can have arrogance in nothing. He must serve all, creatures and plants. He, the highest, must give to show that he is in communion with good, that he understands, that he shall refuse to limit himself on this Earthly sphere. He must converse with, and listen to, all plants, animals, individuals. None know why they are born, none save the man of God. It is through his influence that all shall learn. Man is blind, because he has been blind, acted in a blind way. Only through influence by way of observation may a man truly learn. Therefore the man of God must be careful how he influence others. He must be continuously and perpetually self-aware. He must strive to understand where he is at all times. His two-fold task is to learn from everything, and to teach where appropriate. The science of the divine is the ineffable. It has no numbers, no quantities, no value, no quality. It Is.

All the fathers of the entire World, are as one father. All the mothers as one mother, and all the children as one child. Everything is of dual nature. Therefore, nothing is also everything. My Universe is my everything, and yet, I am an insignificant nothing. But I am. Thus the contrary nature. To see things as they truly are, both natures must be seen, felt, and acknowledged. This can only be truly done by those with the 6th sense, intuition. Intuition is being able to sense the presence of something which is not sensible to the 5 senses. In other words, the presence is invisible, inaudible, and it may not be touched, smelled, or tasted. And yet, like life, we cannot doubt that its presence is there. Like a radio receiving a signal, or a television, or, for that matter, a human.

The presence of the vibration may be known only by intuition. It is for this reason that a person must learn to observe, and read the signs, interpret his/her life which

surrounds them. From all the possible things, and ways, and paths, can be filtered one indelible truth. The truth that there is an invisible force that we may not see (at least not most of us), but *IS*. If you are reading these words, and you yet doubt that you *ARE*, then you have much work to do indeed, my friend. This is the problem of our times, of the year 2000, in the World's most powerful economic and military nation. We are a capitalist nation. Money is our lifeblood, our Spirit, our quintessence. We have become worse than pagans, who have been wrongly maligned. We have become blasphemers. We no longer even know of the existence of God, nor do we care.

In the past, they all learned The Way, those who knew. There were some that survived with their knowledge intact, others survived without it. But now we have repopulated the Earth, and indeed the Lotus flower of enlightenment is nowhere to be found. It is possible for a man to obtain on his own, and indeed necessary, if no one teach him. It is possible, for God is alive in man, and He has insured that He shall always be seen, when the time is right. How odd that all things should be as they are, that so many remnants, like the pyramids, and Nan Madol, be in existence. That our books and traditions be so vague and mysterious. That man should be so fickle, weak, and evil. That illumination exist, and we have access to it. That we *Are*, and all the things that come with this most consternating fact. That we should be so miserable and unhappy, and yet of a divine nature.

Chapter 29 The making of Lead

Expanded consciousness literature. I create my own reality, future, end. My style. I'm the pioneer. Expanded consciousness. I can see the sticker now on the shelf in the bookstores. I know exactly what's going on. I know exactly how to handle it. It is the unwritable. It is only the feelable. I'm still not a master at seeing what's really happening. I still get blinded by people who would throw screens over my eyes. I don't know what the proper argument is, and why. I must never flatter myself. How does one keep oneself from becoming arrogant? Always seek to go to the background. I have not the disposition for the forefront, and there, I will be destroyed. I am not yet master of my passions to survive the front. So I come across as brash, arrogant. I have learned this as a messenger. I have learned to appreciate all my strengths and also my weaknesses, what they imply, and I enjoy my struggle against them.

If you build it, they will come. If I let myself be known, they will come and find me. I must disappear. How, whereto, or what this even means, I haven't the slightest idea, but by writing it, I make it a reality. It becomes recorded in the records of the Akasha, because they have been registered there by myself, the author, the receptor of the vibrations that caused me to write them. As I write, I write for all, and all will eventually understand. In a position of power, be cool, and never severe. This is important for the soul. In a position of power, severity is a sign of arrogance. The best king rules with an even hand, doling out praise and punishment befitting the occasion.

Life is such an amazing obstacle course. So you say you are enlightened? Well then, how do you treat your people? How do you treat yourselves? Strangers? Foreigners? Criminals? Other humans? Animals? We'll tell you if you are enlightened or not, it won't be you to tell us. So, if you claim you are a superior race, on what do you base your claims? Is humility worth nothing here on Earth? On the contrary, it is the most Godly of human traits, and he who possess it, possess the keys to the kingdom. This is the

true and righteous way. There can be no other way, for arrogance is of the flesh, and not of the Spirit. Seeing things as they are leads to true humility.

Look at the diseases that arrogance and wealth bring down upon the body. Do I have to enumerate them here? I would hope not, and yet, would any know what I speak of? It is well known, since time immemorial, that vast wealth, money, riches of material sort are fully and completely corruptive to the body and soul. There is no mystery here. It is known that a man's desires and his passions are the complete source of his unhappiness and misery. Unhappiness and misery that we project upon all that surround us, such that we may protect the diseased core of our weakness. It is rare, the man who confronts all his internal demons, desires, passions and poisons. Of this is what the alchemist spoke, of the impurities that have polluted the gold, making of it lead, all of which leads a man into decadence. I look around myself, and I see very few men who take the responsibility of their own lives into their own hands. Entire societies. But how can they, if for millennia the truth has been concealed and squashed. And by whom? By men, by scientists who report to me lies.

I know them to be lies because I have searched for myself, not knowing what I was looking for, and not knowing what I would find. I have searched with an open heart, and open mind. I have discovered the truth of myself, that I am a natural being, and from here I have discerned their lies. That they are better, that they know what is good for me, that truth is to be feared, that seeing is believing. Seeing is believing, but only in the proper context. Seeing with the two eyes closed, and the one eye open, that is true vision, true sight. But I have achieved this stage. It is true, things have changed, and consciousness is expanded. Expanded indeed. Like Hope Hubris, from the books by Piers Anthony. It is merely acute observation, nothing more. Everything is in the perception. Adjusting of thought could cure a large amount of the ills suffered by man. And yet it is man's legacy, his right, and look what he has done, how he has adjusted. It is true, we live in the space age, but we are doomed. We are blind, weak, and we will be destroyed.

Led by the few, the powerful who lay claim to the knowledge, allegedly, we will be driven to disaster. Indeed they will drive us, if we do not interfere, impede their ignorant plans. Yes, I know this sounds hair-brained, but fact is indeed stranger than fiction. There will be hell to pay, and it will be paid in bitter tears by those who follow in iniquity. Oh I prepare myself. I prepare myself and all those around me. How? By purifying myself, like the ancient alchemists. You may laugh, but they were great men, the last of their kind, the kind of the archetypical magus, the manipulator of the unseen forces. The unseen forces, the occult, the esoteric, that which may not be seen: the Spirit, vibration, intelligence. It is the ignorant man who fears such a thing, for he has not been taught of it, and too much light blinds, and the blinded man, like the deer, is easily run over and squashed. The educated man does not fear the Spirits, for he knows he is natural, and all things natural are of the same nature as he. A man dooms himself through his own thoughts, fears.

Wisdom is material, it is collected. Intelligence is the Spirit, it is dissipated, everywhere.

The Egyptian pyramids were abandoned long before our modern era. The post-diluvian civilization had all but forgotten the use of the structure during its heyday. The epoch of the 5th (current) root race is one specifically designed to develop the intellect (at the cost of the Spirit), as we have seen. Upon this are based the white and Semitic races, as we have also seen (as Judeo-Christian, Muslim predominance today). Thus the intellect sharpened, the epoch of the 6th shall encompass once again the Spirit. Intuition, like the 6th sense, will be the characteristic trait of this epoch, to be birthed in the Americas. But it will not be the race that leads to full ascension, as something will still be missing. Only in the 7th root race will all-knowledge be pulled together, and this root race (root race being synonymous with the evolutionary condition of all humanity) will be a product of the World. In the South, in my own natal lands will the next race of men be birthed. There shall the seed be planted, and there shall the benefits be reaped, when the time is right. Indeed we have been progressing for thousands, millions of years. We were

given free reign, and we exercise it. We are all here, all the same, the same people, same genes, same technology.

There is justice in this World, you just have to initiate it or wait for it. Yes, intellectually we have surged. You can see it in the works of our times. I do not argue or debate with the infinite wisdom of God. This is not the end, not the goal, merely a stage, as can also be seen by the works of our times. This intellectuality will serve man well in the future, until that time when he leaves it altogether for a higher ideal, when it becomes obsolete. This intellectuality is, in fact, the sovereign intelligence of man. I can relax. I do not need to see the changes in our own times, it is sufficient to know they are on their way. Higher levels will be achieved, and then we will leave, to commence anew on a different sphere, the next planet.

To establish in strength, as in Egypt. The intellectuality has already served its purpose. We have achieved through it, and it threatens to undo us, unless something new, a new ingredient is added to the mix to occupy the limitless powers of man. We have outgrown it. I, the archetypical product of our times, have outgrown it. It is too small for our children. Spiritual lies in the name of control will no longer do. It is a sign of decadence, when the most powerful ones threaten to destroy us through their own ignorance. I'm not being enigmatic, I'm being real. They are the ones that are being enigmatic, through their cynicism. All the stories have been written. We have enjoyed our intellectual time in the Sun. It was a cumulative awakening, and it will serve us in our time of need, which is now. We must turn our intellect to a higher goal. A victory that is hard fought is not easily abandoned, but it must be done, in order to move on. We must use our assets to our advantage, and not to our detriment.

All depends on the freshness of the blood. The freshest blood is the strongest, according to the laws of cycles. The decayed will be destroyed and eliminated. This is nobility. Purity of blood results from the building of strength. All material parts are always the same, and always recycled. The difference lies in the strength, the freshness or the decay of the body in question, be it the body of a man, or the body of a society. A

man of mixed blood may, of his own efforts, attain purity. A man of “pure” blood may, of his own efforts, become poisoned and decayed. This is the spiral of evolution. So, the blood of man has been recycled, and only through his own travels and mixtures with other peoples is this blood kept fresh. After a period of incubation, a new race or sub-race gains enough strength to become a player on a global scale, and a pure line is created, until it is dissipated, destroyed, forgotten in the annals of time. We are all humans and Earthlings, of all colors, creeds and races. We are still evolving.

I’m scared man, of course I’m scared. I carry keys important to all humanity. Are you kidding me? I’m just a kid, why was I burdened with all this heavy shit?! And yet, I take it seriously. I’ll hide while I am useful, but not to save my life. I don’t know, I have no answers, but it is true, as we shall all soon see. You see, when you set your sights on the Stars, they are the next destination on the train of your life. All those around will try to keep you down. It makes them feel better about themselves, their laziness, their ignorance. The company of men is a mixed blessing. One has to know how to read and decipher *all* of the signs. Oh yeah baby, men change under pressure. It’s not an easy affair, to navigate through life effectively. Oftentimes men have to overcome myriad conditions inherent in their lives. It is not enough to make money and be rich. This man has sold his entire life experience short. It is necessary to appreciate, to learn, and to truly achieve, all of these things of which are completely relative.

By achievement is meant overcoming of the obstacles that seemingly bring us unhappiness, but which are, in essence, of an entirely different nature. So many signs, and things to decipher, so little time. Alas, one lifetime is not enough, which is why we have been given millions of years, as much time as we need, to sort our way. To dig through the muck, and find our buried, concealed nuggets of gold. Enough time indeed. A man is not meant to sort things out completely on his own. It is only our society that would have us believe this is so. No. A man must find his guides, he must swallow his ego, and open himself to true Earthly, Cosmic education. In this way he uses the lessons of all his forefathers to benefit himself and all humanity who surround him during his sojourn on this plane.

Men are weak, and lazy, and they steal, because sometimes they are not capable of providing themselves with all the beautiful things they see around them. Conversely, they become vain when they achieve, and flaunt and taunt, and become upset when they themselves, in turn, are robbed. Men do not look within themselves to find the source of their disease, their unhappiness. They smoke and drink and consume poison incessantly, then complain and become heartbroken when they fall ill. Instead of mending their ways, they take untried medicines to numb their pain, and their systems fall further into imbalance. They live suicidal lives, and are completely unaware of this fact. They claim to be happy, and the emptiness may be seen in their eyes. They are not happy. How could they be, if they do not know what they are, but in their arrogance would never admit to it. We need to bounce, and head in a different direction, you know? And fuck human superiority. That is what keeps us down. Perceived supremacy. Rest assured, the racist is the inferior human. The racist is the one that carries the fear. There is justice. One just has to believe in it.

People sense the forces of the Earth, and all the anxiety therein. There are two ways to combat this. One is meditation, the other is drugs to dampen the senses. Drugs work in various ways, as implemented by the user. A man is an antennae, and alcohol, or any drug mixed with alcohol would make it so that the antennae would receive no signals. Marijuana takes you higher, to a place above the anxiety, but not if mixed with any other drug. Opiates take you higher yet, so high you may never come back down. Any drug may be aided or countered by the energy and waves that the user himself focuses on. For this reason many people succumb to drugs. They do not know how to take themselves higher, and as a result, just use them to “get fucked up”. The mental place of the user is essential to the proper usage of consciousness enhancers and alterers. The use of drugs has been taught, consciousness has been expanded in the past, but no longer.

Chapter 30 The Met

As a giant, I am outside the sphere of normality. This is not only for tall men, this is for all who do not fall in that sphere. Life changes for us. It is those who are inside the sphere who do not understand, never will be able to understand. Understand what? That we are capable of having more perspectives on life. Not only am I tall, but have a strange name, and was not born in the country of my residence, the U.S. Many things have contributed to ejecting me from this coveted sphere. Now, though I am over any complexes or emotional discomfort, I feel such that I will never regain this sphere. I am on the perimeter, on the fringe, as I have been all my life, and I am comfortable. I cannot join it, nor do I want to. I am looking in through the window, and I can see all at the party. People getting drunk, laughing, flirting, whooping it up. It's not very real, and I'm glad I'm not there. Thankfully, I have been spared from this meat grinder.

We believe that the Greeks were the fathers of civilization, disregarding the fact that they learned from older civilizations, because ethnically they are obviously white. The Chinese, Hindus, and Egyptians were people of color with far older civilizations, from whom the Greeks learned much of their science. The faces of the Greeks are so recognizable, that they look like the faces of any white person you see today. Our history is highly ethnocentric, to say the least. As we know, men see what they want to, and what they have wanted to see here in American society, founded by northern European settlers, is white supremacy throughout history. As we have eradicated the histories of others, so shall ours be eradicated. Indeed it is the white man who claims closest kinship with the fallen angels of the bible. The original dispensers of knowledge. The white man has been keeper of the faith, but I have seen him, he is polluted. Where is the supremacy in a man who does not know himself. How can I accept his superiority over me, if I know of my flesh, my mind, my Spirit, and he try to destroy me? I cannot.

The changing of the guard from Egyptian to Greek civilization and art definitely pointed to a change of ethnic preeminence. The Greeks appeared to have been the first cultured whites with civilization. Prior to this, any cultured whites had remained in anonymous autonomous pockets scattered here and there across the globe. The Aryans in India, with the Vedantic legacy they left behind, the Celts and Druids in northern Europe, all of which had had migratory histories prior to this period. This marked the beginning of white global dominance in modern times, and sparked the dream of global hegemony, the white man's by divine right. The Greeks were as children, whereas the Egyptians had perished from old age. Naturally, the Egyptians like the Greeks and all others learned their information from older civilizations, upon which all have builded. With the Greeks was born the innately white phenomenon of individuated intellectualism. The idea of the sovereign intelligence of man. The nomadic Jews, from the original whites, borrowed the idea of "God's chosen", and the "Promised Land". The more ancient, nomadic whites, like the Jews, having been subjugated in the lands they inhabited. These two groups, distinguished from each other along different lines, have struggled for propriety of the same idea throughout millennia.

All ancient art is vaguely futuristic. There will come a time when it will make absolute sense. The original art was depiction of mathematics, of science. It was laid down in such a way as to transmit information. Through means of symbolic art, knowledge was immortalized such that any man, with requisite knowledge, may decipher it. They knew that there would be a period of darkness, and a subsequent dawning of light. They knew this was the way of the future because they knew it was the way of the past. The ancient knowledge came from a source, a fountainhead. This source would be forgotten. They knew this because it was known to be the truth, yet the fullness of it was already forgotten. All is pattern, and therefore, they created patterns. Oscillations, light/dark, grow/decay, increase/decrease, inhale/exhale. Always, forever. Let us, therefore, live our lives, but let us live them in knowledge, for the time has come again round. Are we aliens? Indeed we are. Naturally.

The other day in New York I saw some modern art. Monsters, masks, creatures from another place, another dimension. Aliens. These vaguely humanoid figures, they are not us, yet they are within us, for we create them, and we may not create what is not ours to create. Goggles, fangs, horns, scales, all sorts of vaguely anthropomorphic distortions, most definitely from another dimension. They are aliens, as are we. The human creature is great, and when he wants, he may remember much. He has chronicled all. It is for us to decipher. Where does all this come from, if not from the deepest, darkest, most remote recesses of the human mind, the most distant memories of where we arose from, what we have conquered, to where we shall return. Do we wish to frighten ourselves, or do we wish to let out the poisons from within that threaten to destroy us. The artists of these monsters have taken their internal poisons and made them manifest on the outside. Who made these? Were they black or white, or maybe yellow? We all have our demons.

It is the soul speaking. The way of enlightenment is the way of pure undiluted manifestation. The repressed man of any color will destroy himself through his own fears and inadequacies. This art is alchemy in its purest form. To remove the blackness from the inside, it must go elsewhere. To create purely angelic images is not necessarily a sign of one's purity. It may indicate a type of denial. All things are possible. A man must acknowledge his two-faced nature. It is the only way. This is, in fact, a World of magick, where all things are possible. The invisible, the Spirit, is known, respected, and revered. The invisible was given attributes, usually animalistic, which depicted its nature to the intellect (a man's head with wings and the body of a bird). Nothing was taken for granted, and very few people held true Spiritual power (knowledge). The four elements were known, the dual aspect, the single source, the triune God, the transmigration of souls, the oscillations and patterns. If not the direct knowledge, at least the traditions of patterns remained.

It is evident in all ancient art, though it is, in essence, of an intellectually forbidding nature. Scary things are naturally depicted, fear is allayed. A man may grow strong and knowledgeable through proper interpretations in all places and times. Most of the true symbols are completely interchangeable, and evident throughout all times, all

cultures. These symbols are all mathematical (Spirit), or natural (material) in nature. They may all be deciphered. Crosses, mazes, triangles, circles, squares, pyramids, boats, eyes, linghams, yonis, alternating patterns, spirals, crowns, Earth, sky, animals, alter-dimensional creatures (Spirits), praise, worship, insanity, mathematics, geometry, color, fear, ecstasy, all depicted in every culture in every time. Everything points to the fountainhead. All art is a symbol of devotion, to whatever the artist may be devoted, which must always end up at its highest realization, the devotion to the mysterious life force that has deposited us here on this plane. All art is a manifestation of the devotion to search. Man's devotion to his search for the attainment of his true self, the knowledge of which he knows will liberate him, yet keeps him entirely shackled while he has not yet attained.

Art is creation. Creation is an externalization of the internal. Within us are contained all things, man being but a microcosm of the Universe. Therefore he must reach deep within, and bring all things out, good and bad, beautiful and heinous. In stark contrast here is the symbolic art of the colored world, and the technically precise art of the white European realist movement of modern times. The realism, the strict adherence to the material form marks a concise departure from the Spiritual world to the material world. The precise intellectualization of the material clearly marks a different philosophy, yet the symbols remain consistent. The white man has departed from the Spirit, in favor of the intellect. It is a stepping stone in the development of man, and it shall be channeled to its proper end, for the benefit of all. In the Americas are all such traditions brought together, bringing humanity together in body, mind, and Spirit. Here shall we overcome.

Here shall be seen the commencement of the development of the 6th sense, bringing together all formerly known thought, buoyed by all disciplines of all times and places, and the new octave shall be felt by all humans, in all corners of the globe. Immortality, as depicted in all places, shall reach all places. The mysteries previously reserved for the initiated few, shall find their rightful resting place, in the minds of all. All men shall become initiated, all men shall become enlightened, all men shall become immortal. It has been said that the population shall be forcibly reduced to about 5 million.

The “They” know that their task is useless, unless they take all with them. All shall ascend together, or not at all. The time is premature. It shall be an injustice, and the injustice shall be repaid. They would drive me insane, but they will not succeed.

Pure symmetry, science, knowledge, in every day life. A Navajo blanket looks like radio waves, depicts DNA double helix. All rugs, all art, all patterns of the same nature. It is the land that produces this. The man is born to the land. The land educates him, and he returns to it. What land are you from? I am from the Andes. The story of the Earth is one that bounces from cataclysm to cataclysm. Who was here before the native Americans got here, and did they receive the treatment the native Americans got from the Europeans? It would stand to reason that it would be history repeated all over again, and the Mormons say it is so. If the native Americans took the Americas by force, it would stand to reason it would be taken from them by force, as indeed it was. Look at the pre-Columbian gold workers. Where did they learn this craft? Gold. Where are the true artifacts, the ones too revealing to be shown the public? It is a huge mystery, but its nature is known. There were prior civilizations. The knowledge depicted on ancient artifacts is too much for modern minds to handle, so we dismiss it.

We dismiss the truth. I can see it. I can see the science, the knowledge, the information. It is awe inspiring. It is all quite there, yet we know not what we gaze upon. Our history is violent because we were violently conquered by those that conquered us. They conquered us, they taught us, then they left us. But they left their knowledge, the knowledge of them. History shall show itself again. I look at these things that are 5000 years old, and I see the future. Am I insane? Hardly. I have learned the requisite knowledge, and things begin to fall into place. It was the Baptist that held my hand the whole way. He did it to wake me up. Well, I am awake and I see. I see. The Mayas depicted pictures of people as if it was not themselves. So brutally ornate. So much information that we are blinded. A communication, all for very concise reasons. Here is the Cosmos, here are the Stars, here is the mystery. They were insane. I know it, because when I look at their work, I want to go insane. Like deer in headlights, blinded, blinded are we.

On the crown of the statue of liberty there are seven stars, and seven rays. There shall be an inheritor of America. They are the same seven stars, the same seven rays, same seven principles. We have knowledge, seven chakras, seven days, seven ancient planets, seven chords, the Jewish candle menorah, (3 mothers, 7 doubles, 12 singles), seven primary angels, seven seas, G the seventh letter (geometry, God). The seventh orbit around the seven sisters. The seven rings around Heaven, purgatory, hell. Three crowns, three stripes, three swords, three feathers (2 wings, 1 tail), three petals on the fleur-de-lis, three islands of Atlantis (surrounded by 7 smaller ones, making 10), three stars, three claws on the lion, three toes on the dragon. And the Japanese stuff is as ornate as anybody's, boomerangs like massive crescents adorning their samurai helmets. Winged dragons, split discs forming the Greek letter phi.

The Sun's passage through the nether World at night, depicted by the Moon (the midnight Sun), symbolizing the passage of the Spirit through the darkness, to once again emerge as the newborn Sun every morning. The knowledge of our Sun's orbit around the black Sun that gives light without shadows. Too much information, it must be alien.

The Egyptians depict people of different color, black, brown, white. There are plenty inter-racial couples, even of Pharaonic stature, black and brown, brown and white, white and black. Our ancient history is so profoundly knowledgeable that there is no way modern man can begin to fathom its implications. They lived in another dimension, where different parts of the brain were active and functional. Monolithic structures left behind everywhere, many sunken beneath the waves, under polar caps. This is their greatest legacy, the immortalized books of knowledge, crafted in stone, the pillars of Enoch. It was a magical World where all things were possible, and thus lent itself to all sorts of sorcery and superstition. Anything could be believed, and to not believe was to put yourself at disadvantage.

Today, here in America, the accepted norm is one of non-belief, at the every least in magick. And in truth, we have educated ourselves to where many of the superstitions

of the past no longer hold us in their grasp. But we have opened up a whole new can of worms. Non-belief has its own set of repercussions. The pendulum has swung, and we are not yet complete. We have developed our intellect, and now we must return to Spirit, while not forgetting what we have learned. This is evolution, the nature of life. The type has been known before, the magi, the workers of light of all ages. They have been here, they have walked this Earth, and will continue to do so, even more so. Who are the indigo children? Darkness can sometimes be an illusion. The black night sky is flooded with light that we may not see, because it does not come directly at us, and is not registered by the retina. The night sky is filled with light. As one cannot obtain God (the infinite), therefore one must approximate It. Calculus.

The Indians knew that one day men would arrive in ships. They dreadfully awaited this day, as it had happened before. Before, they had arrived on ships through the cosmic waters, and now they arrived by sea. But these were not as important as they looked; they were diseased, fetid, morose, armed and dangerous. In obeisance, the Indians offered them woven bands of cosmogonic origins. In reply, the invaders brought their pestilence from their native lands, and because of it, soon they were too many. By divine right, the white man took control of the America that had been set aside for him. Who is to argue the Will of God. History is not a matter of opinion, but the condition of man is such that we must push forward, always, at all times. The ancient Toltec civilization had lived here in peace for millennia, awaiting the arrival of the white man. And so did it come to pass. Is he good or evil, as a pusher of civilization? What is for sure is that we all share the same boat, the great mothership Earth.

The geometry and pattern of human art is an exact replica of the geometry and pattern of nature. In this way does man approximate his known God. Man creates patterns because he has the intelligence to do so, as God creates life because He has the intelligence to do so. Nature's geometric patterns are precise. They are the manifestation of intelligence on the plane of matter. The father joins the mother, and creates the child, life (intelligence + matter = life). All life is in essence of the same nature. It is always the joining of the two forces, creating the third. A barren planet is like a barren womb of a

woman. Every planet, like every woman, has its own personality. The woman is the possessor of the inert matter. The man provides the knowledge on how to arrange it. The incarnate soul, the spark of life, is the Spirit of the One God, male /female joined together to make One. It is the true happiness, joy, exuberance of existence.

Our God is noble, and so is our Mother, Earth. The human, their highest creation, is the noblest of living creatures, because he has dominion over all others on this planet. When he violates his planet, and any of the inhabitants thereon, he violates himself. His task is to overcome his ignorance. When he achieves this, he achieves God, and he may return to from whence he came, Spirit. Spirit is not masculine or feminine, it is One. It is All. Divided in two, it becomes all poles. The poles are a state of Spiritual ignorance, yet they perform their purpose. They are teachers. They are father, and mother, vibration, and matter.

All animals have pain, the pain of knowledge. All animals feel trapped, when confronted with higher intelligence. All animals may attain to higher knowledge. Look at your pets. To them, one is as if god. They bring sacrificial offerings. This is their pain, and one would do well to respect it. All is One. What you do to others, you do to yourself. A magician knows, does not fear, and uses the strengths of Spirits. For this reason one has to become educated, to acquaint oneself with the forces, show them respect, lose ones fear for them (which in essence amount to the same thing), and learn how to direct. The Spirits are outside, in the form of stimulus, and one chooses to let them in. If confronted with a voracious lion, I would invoke the Spirit of Tuna, my cat, to act for me, and assuage the lion. Tuna would not communicate for me, but I would be calmer, my vibrations more serene, and the animal would understand that I have treated its kind fairly. I have used the magic forces to my benefit by not displaying fear towards them.

My mind is more powerful than that of the lion. I have infused it with my calmness, my serenity and respect. I have shaped its actions merely by shaping my own. All interaction between living creatures is of the same nature. By my acting with fear, the

animal knows that it must fulfill its own role by justifying my fear and acting in a ferocious, fearful manner. Life is like a play, and we all have our roles to fulfill. He who lives in fear plays the part of the fearful one. If I was born with fangs, I must find a way to use them.

Chapter 31 The Sphere

In 1911, Milutin Milankovic discovered the wobble of the axis of the Earth (known to the Egyptians 5000 years ago), along with the 26000, 40000, and 104000 year cycles. He used these to explain the regularity of the ice ages. Intensely rapid climate changes followed by long periods of stability were discovered, but not explained. The last cataclysm began roughly 12900 years ago and lasted 1300 years. These totally abrupt changes account for the woolly mammoths found flash-frozen in the Siberian tundra with undigested grass still in their stomach. There is the erosion of the sphinx, created by thousands of years of exposure to water, while the pyramids display no such erosion. The myths and legends of all peoples of the Earth that allude to an ancient flood. The sinking of Atlantis, and the subsequent reconstruction of human civilization by means of ancient landmarks, like the pyramids. The legends of enlightened humanity in a time of barbarism and savagery, like the Aryans and Druids.

The Earth has a solid inner core, a molten outer core, and then the mantle and crust. The molten core circulates incessantly in order to create the magnetic field that protects the Earth from the harmful particles emitted by the Sun, and creates a living, breathing planet. Spontaneously, a reversal of these magnetic fields have been known to occur. The theories are still inconclusive as to what exactly happens, whether it is the actual fields that change, or whether the surface of the Earth shifts relative to the core. These shifts bring with them great surface cataclysm, the likes of which are too great for man to fully comprehend, as of yet. The x-section of our planet looks exactly like the eye-ball of a human, with pupil, iris, white, and surface. I have seen diatomaceous sea creatures with the exact same structure as well. The three concentric circles depicted the Earth on an ancient sarcophagus. Atlantis was the city of the three concentric rings.

In Latin, Maria means seas, mares. Intelligence permeates the Universe, a seed, searching a suitable mother, matter, for its manifestation. It is ever-present and all-knowing. It is the vibration, and it, like light, is in all-space. Light, vibration, intelligence,

the cosmic representations of our Father. Matter, the cosmic representation of our Mother. Humanity, the microcosm of the Universe, the cosmic representation of the Child. Quantum physics. The Milky Way galaxy is a concentric spiral with four arms. It is the same shape as the swastika, only curved. The ancients had the tradition, from time immemorial and it is we who have forgotten. There are 3 dimensions available to the naked eye, and the 4th available to the mind's eye, with still more available through the eye of the heart, the inner sanctum, the "chamber of the womb". These things, known as the "Great Work", available to all, becoming normal.

The number four depicts many things, but especially the dual nature of all dualities, that is to say, ++, +-, -+, --. This implies infinite permutations, but Infinity, God, will not be betrayed. It is greater, infinitely greater, and man has limitations. Only in the realm of pure Spirit may infinity be achieved, and while men, we are not pure Spirit. We experience limits. There should be a science known as conceptology, which examines approaches to the infinite in non-mathematical terms, though closely related to it. "God is number". Number creates geometry. The human study of these things is known as mathematics, but God is not mathematics or arithmetic. God is infinite, which makes It All-Knowledge. How does one approach all knowledge, conceptually? All-Knowledge, can not, will not be betrayed, used. It can only be felt, invited. Therefore, it may be conceptualized by mathematics, as pi may not be quantized, only conceptualized. The geometry of the heart, to search for the infinite within, this is my mathematics.

Everything that is true has a reflection on a visible level. The infinite is truth. What then is its reflection here on Earth, that we may know of its existence? Theoretically we know that the infinite is the endless. Historically, this concept has been approached on two levels. On the one hand, we have mathematics, whose brightest stars have, since the beginning of this discipline, dedicated themselves to achieving the infinite in mathematical terms. Thus was born calculus, and the analysis of numbers. As the infinite may not be grasped by the finite mind, only approached, so too have men attempted to approach the infinite in terms of deconstructing a sphere or circle, represented by the irrational and inconclusive pi(π), into finite geometrical patterns for

the purpose of calculating its area and volume. Circumference and volume have been approximated through the calculation of areas of geometrical figures of straight lines, thereby eliminating the need for this transcendental irrational number represented by the Greek letter pi, which has proven too cumbersome for mathematicians to work with. As such, infinity has remained but a mathematical theory, incapable even by those whose minds were capable of breaking down already minute quantities without end.

The other realm where the infinite has been studied is the realm of the Spirit. The concept of the infinite in these terms has come to be known as God. In this case also, the infinite may be approached, and never attained. When regarding the infinite, conceptually speaking, one may expand or reduce any subject being studied without end, forever. To quantify the infinite is to attempt to grasp air with your hand. No matter how small one got, one could get infinitely smaller. No matter how large, one could get infinitely larger. To grasp the infinite is to attempt to stop time within oneself. It is simply beyond the limitations of man and his inherent resources. God is mathematics, God is geometry, God is infinite. Man is limited.

How many angels can dance on the point of a needle? An infinite amount, for all things are relative. Our Earth may be conceptually reduced to the size of an atom, and why not? It does not matter in which direction one move, for the truth is the infinite, and as such, it has no boundaries. We, and everything that is us, are as big or small as we make ourselves. It is in this manner that one makes of life what one will. Depending on one's grasp of true reality, which is I AM, to this degree does one understand oneself as part of the finite set of human existence. The Spirit, which permeates space like light, fills the irrational spaces in between the material points. For any point, on any line, there is a potential infinity associated with it. And so, dimensions are like different levels of the infinite, meaning they are more than can be quantified, since we have an infinite number of infinite dimensions, the one we live in being but one, humanity being but a subset of its quantifiable, rational numbers. These, naturally represent the finite within the infinite, man within God, life within void.

The infinite is what links us, what makes us One. It is the tie that binds, the link between the firmament and the abyss. And yet, these words are too simple. Only the intuitive mind may grasp their true meaning, for though they are in and of themselves completely finite, the idea they depict is vaster and grander than any human mind may grasp. So, really, the words, like the numbers, are only triggers. The numbers are not infinite, they only depict infinity. The numbers are only 1 through 9, with 0 an abstraction that encompasses the nine numbers used in creation. In and of itself, 0 does not exist, as the reality is infinity, but it is used to depict an idea, a concept. And so, all of creation is based on the manipulation of entirely finite resources. This is one of the paradoxes of existence, one of the paradoxes of mathematics, for no matter where one goes, one finds an infinite amount of the same things.

To the degree that man may grasp infinity, to this degree is man infinite. It is this what is meant by the immortal soul. The soul, incarnate in man, that has no beginning and no end. A secular study of infinity will thus lead to insanity, for without the concept of God, the ineffable, such studies lead the mind into a vastness that it is not prepared to comprehend. Man has to allow for a higher power, and must, incrementally, attain to this higher power only with the profoundest respect. Otherwise he is searching for truth while standing on a foundation of lies. In this case, what are lies? Lies are the belief that infinity has an end, and may be quantified, somehow. God is number, God is geometry, and so, the study of mathematics is the study of God, and only with this approach may a man truly obtain in this endeavor. That man has Spirit is truth. The Spirit is a conceptualization of the infinite. Therefore, man carries within him, intrinsically, the infinite. It is in numbers, and in their manipulation that this infinite Spirit has its reflection here on Earth. Here, these two fields are joined, and man becomes One.

The imperishable, the seed, sperm, platinum. I was just simply supposed to have a beautiful life, but I got messed with. I'd love to be able to desist, but everything pushes me. They all push me, so I push myself. And now, I can't come back to the World, it's too late. I can still have a beautiful life, but now it will be measured in how much I contribute to the World. I can't live for myself, I was pushed too hard. I should have had

a simply beautiful life. Instead, I rot. No. This is how a man drives himself insane. My flesh does not rot, for through it do I do all my works. I treasure it. It rots when I treasure it not, when I poison it. I am now at a higher level of consciousness, a higher level of infinity. I see now the spheres, like the layers of an onion. From here do I view things from above. They will not understand, who know not the spheres, the different levels of infinity, every space between the rational numbers. What has three eyes and can see forever? INFINITY!!

The times have changed, old timers, and the time of judgment is upon us. The truth shall be revealed, for it may be concealed no longer. I clamor for it. The entire World clamors for it, and we do not see, for it is our children that are crying. These, the meek, are crying, dieing, horrifying, for our heinous crimes. We will allow it no longer. We are different, not like the past. You say we are selfish, ungrateful, for we do not comply to your wishes. You say the quality of man is decreased. It is you who shall be proven ungrateful, you who have squandered the riches of the Earth, the riches of the soul of man, and ask us to follow in your footsteps to our own doom. Indeed we would seem ungrateful, our fury unjustified. We would seem insane, arrogant. You cannot see. Our consciousness is on a higher level. We see things you cannot see. We are as adlers, flying free in the sky. We can see you down there, waving to us your arms, telling us to come back to reality. Yes. The times have changed. The music has been raised an octave. All I can say is I beseech you to put down your arms. It is a day of peace that is dawning.

I know you are of the last generation, when you claim that man has always been thus, and shall remain so. This is simply not true. We have been higher, and shall return to it. It is the way of the future because it is the way of the past. I won't argue with you. I'll have a discussion, but an argument, no. I'm sorry, it's just that I have learned my lessons. I have learned how to communicate, and not argue. It's that simple, and that difficult, all rolled up in one. It's too easy for me to leave, remove myself. I do not expect you to approach me from my level, but I do expect from you a level of tolerance for the things you do not understand. It is not good enough for me to enumerate my problems, I must address them. They were always pointed out to me. I was forced to look at them.

And yet you think I don't use your training. You have no idea what you've done, why you did it. I look back to my training as a child for reference. You have always loomed large, seeming as if gods, lording. Your nouveau culture, for the materially rich, is not what I was taught. And yet there it is, right before my eyes.

You too have changed, if you would only admit it. In the deepest depths of the darkest dungeons of the human soul is found the realest darkness. It is because it is hidden within a cloak. It is only without, that the Sun shines its loving rays. It is for this reason we light that internal eternal fire. A man's task is to shed light into these darkest recesses. But these dungeons, like the vampire, cringe from the light. Their existence depends on the lack of light. Like anything that is, its instinct for survival will ensure an eternal battle for control of the soul. The truth, the infinite, is light. The untrue, the finite, is darkness. Only when brought together, as in the form of the yin/yang, only then will the being truly know entirety. For, within the deepest darkest dungeons may be found light, just as the loftiest of clarities may not see the whole picture. Only in this reality may true evolution continue. Obviously, it is man's task to work together. There can be no other way. The concealing cloak, transparent to those skilled in seeing through to the inside, be the impetus for secrecy on this plane. Telepathy, the common language before the fall of the tower of Babel, was lost, and information became quantized. A being could shield its thoughts. The death of one thing, the birth of another, and thus, the consummation of the fall of man.

A man, while yet a man, may not dwell with the infinite. He may only grasp from elusive, infrequent windows into the Spirit, always returning back to his native lands of the finite. To attempt to dwell in the infinite is to incur madness, to open the doors wide for all type of insanity to enter. It is too much. I am nothing, and my works represent themselves. I wonder if I have doomed myself, if this volume I have written indeed represents a bomb inside the minds of the impressionable. It is to be fully feared because it represents aspects of the truth. As we know, the full truth may never be represented in human terms. Aspects however, are contained, and by its own artistic merit, the whole thing represents a potentially highly dangerous cocktail, in many ways. It purports to seek

the truth, and to chronicle its search, like in the search for the holy grail. It may have potential to awaken things long dormant in people. I have no idea. I have no way of knowing what the whole thing means. I have found myself in places, and I have acted. Now I await the equal and opposite reaction. The force I put out shall be returned, but it awaits to be seen if it is a melodious or, God forbid, a dissonant chord which is plucked. I, as always, have faith, and work for, in, and through the infinite Light of God. Amen.

I must follow through on what I have started. I have rediscovered beauty in life after I thought there was none. When I was in the dark, I chronicled what I found. It posed a real threat to undo me, I realize now. I want to become scared. Hell, I am scared, but I know what I have done, and why. I am not a threat to anyone, unless they wish to keep themselves and others in the catatonic sleep of Spiritual death. To these I pose a huge threat, a huge danger to their way of life. The truth must come out. Somewhere along the line, a man must have courage to break out of the rut, and that is what I have done, by the grace of God. In the name of peace, for today, we have nothing but war.

Soon the war will escalate, and the tidal wave will be spontaneous and devastating. It is to this we march headlong with our anti-foreign, anti-colored intolerant sentiment. All wrong is wrong, and there is no wrong that is justified by another wrong. If we condemn a man for murder, how is it we can go out and then commit murder ourselves? It is this, that is in question: our thought process. Where have we learned to think? Who is it that trained us? That is all. And then from there, one may know for what one was raised. But that is not all. A man may always, indeed must always, intercede in his own destiny. It was the lot of Abraham to convince his devoutly iconophile pagan father of the existence of the One God. There is a new day dawning. The new time calls for the equity of men, championed by the vanguard of reason, buoyed by the love of God. Man will find within himself things for which to appreciate himself.

And so, for these very things, and others of the like, for these things have I risked my entire life, and the happiness of my family, for the conveyance of an aspect of truth. It is possible they are guilty of their own arrogance, which they transmitted with gusto to

their most cherished progeny. Or is it possible it is my own arrogance, learned from other places away from my home? Or is it innate, born to be, from the start, regardless. I do not know which, but I bet it is an admixture of all plausible things. There is no assigning reason, but there is exercising it. A man may be only responsible for his own decisions, unless he controls those of others. He must use his own reason to sort his way through life. If his wife cheats on him, and runs away to another man, he may not assign a reason to it. And why not? Because he will never know what all the things were, that led his wife to do such a thing. Her decisions are also in her hands, as are those of all men. All existence is a web of woven, interconnected pattern. Our lives are merely self-acknowledgment at specific points (coordinates) on the lattice of the infinite, made possible by our carnal bodies.

I was almost driven insane, but I found the proper key at the right time. I am not insane, I am perfectly sane and healthy. Some men fear what I know. This alone is enough to drive one insane. They are aware, and they play small games to aid in the process. I know I am not found yet, but soon enough, I believe. I am of presence, and I expect to parry off all attacks through superior knowledge. It may undo me. I fly high, but my aim is not to touch the Sun. My aim is to serve. Serve all. None notwithstanding. But some men may have cause to fear, for the balance will inevitably be shifted, today or tomorrow, back through where it has come. For some, there will be hell to pay. For others, redemption. Ah the beautiful, sweet, dynamic of existence. None shall escape the scales. How I treasure thee, worship thee, oh Justice.

Chapter 32 The Lattice

There is an infinite 3-dimensional lattice. There are infinitesimally minute points geometrically placed throughout the lattice. All that is not a known point, is void. The points represent the rational numbers, things represented by matter. The void, the irrational. It is at these definable points where man is able to know himself. These rational points represent the knowable in the spectrum of things. The empty spaces, the void, represent that which is on another level of understanding than that of our own. God

is a geometer. One of these points is our center. The other points simply represent things we may know in our lives. The more we learn, the more of these points we encompass within ourselves. From point to point do our lives unfold, approaching, accepting, rejecting all energy encountered during our navigation of the lattice. The greater are we, the more knowable points we encompass, as the infinite continues forth in every direction, all an isolated part of the lattice, as far as the eye can see, into the black starry night.

Can you see into the ages? Ah, for the ages. All lattice, forever. Dynamic, on every level. Universes on every conceivable level. Every perspective may be amplified to encompass an entire Universe, or reduced to join a larger one, as every point encapsulates within itself an entire Universe. These are the different spheres of infinity, ad infinitum, for every man spreads on the lattice, from a central point, spherically outwards, adding more points to what is himself as he learns, grows. He himself becomes but a mere point. His elongated shape has no bearing on the spherical nature of the energy encapsulating him. Lattices inside of lattices inside of lattices. We know this as the matrix, for through it do we experience life on Earth. The flesh around the skeleton, for it is the skeleton, the bones, which come from another place. It is knowledge, technology. Someone has tinkered, and thus we are confused.

They left us with a puzzle. We had to unravel the mess they left us, for our own good, and so that they themselves could save face. We were innocent, they exploited us. Perhaps they have left some of their own behind, I do not know. Only time will tell. Until then, I merely do my work, and avoid falling into a paranoid trap. Why do people assume everyone is bad at keeping secrets. Some men and women keep secrets well. There are many secrets that have been kept well. There will come a day when they shall all be revealed. None have anything to fear. It is why we live, it is to be embraced as a working of nature. Eventually our consciousness will be raised, and then we will have found a time of peace. They will say I am insane, but I am not. It is they who are insane, those who enrich themselves at the expense of humanity. Those who go to all ends to protect their ill-gotten riches, for all money is, by nature, blood money. It is on the blood, sweat,

tears and toil of men that many have gotten rich. A man may also obtain things on this Earth through honorable means. These men know themselves.

They will put the fear of God into the man who tries to unravel their mess. These are contrary times, and with that comes a whole reality to deal with. I still push forward. I begin to think people may want to fear me, a fate worse than death. But I know it is only until I die, then it will change. I know this because I know what it is I have written, a key. A key to existence. It is all in the interpretation, and all the words are there. It is indeed a seed, a time bomb of life. It will overcome death, and bring forth new life. It shall not be alone. It shall be one of a genre, the first. But there will be more that follow, for it is reason that takes over, and no other. It only requires two eyes in the forehead and a little perspective to see that we are all different people, yet the same in nature, like a forest of beautiful Cypresses.

To insure survival, the monad was split. It remains split, but it wants to piece itself back together, like Humpty Dumpty. It was the separation after the tower of Babel. In our imaginary lattice, it is impossible to know the infinite nature of every point we encompass, even that of our own central point. It is for this reason that we may only approximate knowledge of such, incrementally, integrally. The better we know our own central point, the better we may know any other point we encompass, always understanding that every point is a Universe unto itself. This is because of the nature of infinity, where every perception of a Universe is, in fact, an entire Universe.

Now, if the Universe is infinite, and I do not know this, and perceive it to be finite, does it become so in my case? Well, relatively, because what one does not know is as if dead to one. The infinite is, therefore, as if behind closed doors. The Universe in this case becomes like the inside of a room, the world of an indoor cat, where what is outside is not known, not missed. Although it will always be there, if I am not aware of it, my world will not account for its existence. If I become more obtuse, I may think I know all things known by men, and may see as far as any man may see. Then I have effectively

died, for I have closed my eyes to the truth, the truth being that we may not know anything, if we do not know the infinite.

The Sun is the center, the unquenchable fire, to maintain the geometry. The triangle is the primordial shape. The dot, the primordial thought, genesis, the beginning, like the Sun at another level of infinity. The straight line is masculine, the curved, feminine. The sphere is a mathematical perfection available only to nature. Man's creations are all approximations of circular perfection. All things represent physically a knowable dot, a findable coordinate, a small piece of perfection in the void. It is a child, a chosen one. If through it may reverberate the intelligence, then it displays signs of male and female, for the matter is provided by the matrix, the lattice. The vibration organizes, the fecundity allows for the bringing forth of life.

Every dot an empty womb, until fertilized by the seed of the vibration. Women carry within them eggs, men, sperm. The sperm provides the organizing principle, the womb the matter, the lattice, the canvas upon which to paint, the stone which to carve. And these are the principles, for the child is always the same, male or female. The child, the incarnate soul, is and always will be a result of the juncture of these two cosmic principles. A human female is comprised of the same elements as the human male, but she represents the cosmic principle of the Mother, and he the cosmic principle of the Father. Together they make the One, for it is from the One that they came. And so we diversify, infinitely, from our circular center, creating a small sphere within a far vaster sphere, on and on, ad infinitum, both smaller and larger. Lattices within lattices, rings upon rings. The first knowledge, that of the Master Builder. All is number, God is Geometry, Truth is science. Science, before it is commonly known, is magick. Magickians exist. Now we can become creators.

Differences in belief should be studied, not feared. But men love to fear. It allows them to maintain their weaknesses like a warm blanky. I see the World's cruelest men, I see them clearly. They are ugly, aged, diseased men, crying, with their thumb in their mouth, their blanky tightly held up under their chin. They suck on their thumbs, they feel

the softness of the warm blanket. They are like small children crying for their mother. And they have killed, and murdered, and maimed, and stripped, and whipped, and boomed a ferocious boom. It all seemed so clear: just dominate, through force, and watch as the World fell prone at your feet. It worked, it was the Divine Wish. Those old fuckers, they believed they conjured a storm. They invoked the gods to speak on their behalf, and the gods complied. It was divine intervention, it was what was supposed to happen. And they were sickly and pale, but the gods had spoken, and the burden had fallen upon the shoulder of the man contracted by God, a burden. Like a wide receiver catching a sweet pass, he ran with it.

He was young, immature, highly intelligent, brash. He saw an opportunity, and he took it. It surprised him, because it turned out to be easier than he thought. He perfected this business to a science, and so far, he is ok. But then he made the critical mistake. He decided he had earned these things through his own efforts. He forgot the aid of the gods, and he decided it was he that was better. He pointed to what he could see, to his skin as a symbol of his internal purification, as justification for his lordliness. He forgot he had an implicit covenant with the man whom he transported. One man may never simply enslave another, for the enslaver must himself become enslaved to the protection and justification of this injustice. And as slave owning societies are wont, they became intellectuals. To maintain this order of intellectuality, some sort of slavery/indentured servitude is required, at the very least symptomatic. But intellectuality is a train that has a final destination. It may not know the infinite. For this, a change of train is required.

The train past intellect, into the higher spheres of consciousness, here a new sense is required. A 6th sense, a sense of the vibration that powers the individual. We are all but antennas reverberating a frequency. Each frequency unique, a fingerprint. We are all a knowable point on the matrix, the lattice. So I shall not be disparaged for the tone of my skin. I am a creation of God, and I can not explain His actions, His Word, His Law. I merely abide by it. And I observe as you search for a chink in my armor. I see how you want to corrupt me, bring me down to your level. I see it clearly. It's how you were raised. I see you attempting to raise your own children in the same manner. You will not

succeed, for they are too intelligent, more intelligent than generations past. We must train them well, or suffer them their power beyond measure. Yeah, I dug my hole and now I live in it, but I am not concerned. I have things to fall back onto. I am concerned for those who do not.

Oscillations. Life is oscillations of opposites, black and white, day and night, on every level. On Earth there are oscillations of light and dark, life and death. At night, when I go to bed after a busy day, I close my eyes and I see the electricity oscillating. I see an internal strobe, it is my frequency. It is the frequency of the vibration, self-impelled by unknown forces. I wonder what it is that feeds the Master of our Universe, the Central Sun? We are as if an atom of matter, our own tiny Sun, with all our loved ones revolving around like planets. Every half of the oscillation is in turn split in half. In this way are the four elements identified. These four elements, represented by the golden cross, in the form of man. And yet there is another dimension, the red ruby in the form of a rose, the Spirit of the Creator in the breast of man. The electrical charge that impulses the heart.

Like the z-axis, does the Spirit impale the cross, creating the true form of man. Like a reputation, this z-axis precede a man wherever he go. And thus is the true man, the so-called microcosm, depicted properly as a golden cross with a red rose, the x-y-z axis to create the sphere. The red rose, analogous of the red ruby stone, the philosophers stone that cures all diseases, grants all wishes, opens all doors. The elixir of the gods, the wine, like the life-blood of the body, the essence, the Spirit that moves, unseen, within the corporeal entity. The parallels are beguiling. Blood and the quintessence, the Spirit, the tie that binds. In its coloring of gold, the body aspires to the Spirit, to the unalterable. As gold will not decay, so the body wishes to purify itself until it perceive itself incorruptible. Man and all his lower aspects are by definition corruptible, but it is the yearning for liberation from this fact that causes evolution. It is a function of the intellect in conjunction with the Spirit. It is not easy, and requires an iron will.

Elders, this is not for you, this is for the youth. The right thing to do is to think of the children. They will overcome, and they will be pissed. They are too intelligent, and they know too much, and your lies and bullshit will not remain forever. None will understand but the youth. Those of us already adults have lived our lives in blindness. As a cosmic function, I argue not with it. And yet, things are not the same as they once were. Things are different. Indeed different. What has changed? The times, our lives, everything. We are indeed reaching towards a communal cosmic trigger. A new equilibrium where action will have to be taken because of what we have learned. This process of re-equilibration will prove much more traumatic to those unprepared. And what makes us so sure? Look at the signs. Look at how they have lied, continue to lie. Look at how they behave toward our World with utter disrespect. Look at how they are prejudiced, and biased, and racist, and scared and fearful. Look at how they push us to indebt ourselves to them. Look at their capacity to control our minds, and how we follow in blindness. This last is the hardest task.

Look at how they escalate war of aggression. Look at how they call all people of color the minority. This is not northern Europe (by all means a wonderful place indeed). This is America. The majority here is not the white people. Yes, they settled it, obtained it for the price of blood, sweat and tears, fought for its independence, but it was the independence of an ideal, a dream where all men are created equal. We have not achieved that yet, and so we are not at our stated goal. The Americans are a new breed. We include all peoples. I myself, I give thanks for all the United States has done for the humanity of the Earth. It has been indeed an honorable endeavor, within limits. Global representation is what is required now. It is not diversity that will be the end of this Great Nation, it is self-righteousness on the part of the inheritors of the dream. It was in their charge, to keep until that time when their train reached its final stop, and a new one was provided.

It is a new line, heretofore unknown, except in the very distant past, times immemorial. It is an oscillation. A time of light after centuries of darkness. As the nighttime implies a daytime, so does death imply life, darkness light. Men are fearful creatures, rarely telling themselves the truth for fear of implications. The implications

here are huge. All life is, in essence, the same. All that lives has an instinct for survival, be it good or evil. Evil implies fear, therefore evil is hard to kill, for fear is epitomized by the fear of death. Their forces are plentiful, and enjoy fighting, but they are not so strong. They are frail in their life because they are not, cannot be fully aware of their potential powers as men, the power to control their own lives. The power to make order out of chaos, the power to stack and build. And so, a one ignorant of such things may just as well be a destroyer, and build upon destruction.

To build upon destruction is to live outside of equilibrium. It too has been the way of the past. The way of the future is not currently in existence. We are currently at the cosmic junction where something can, and will be done. Do I not work at the moment? And, as always, I understand I am not alone. I have felt the power of the Superior Incognitus. I do not doubt them. They are paranormal, and I am not insane. I am something else, something you would never understand, unless you knew already. And yet, I am a man, born of a woman in wedlock. I sin, I am not fully purified. I only dedicate myself to this, to feeling, as a businessman dedicates himself to business. I have made my own mistakes in my past. I have punished. I have performed my task as king, and I punished the unjust. Only I wasn't king.

There will be repercussions. There will be a period of insanity. There will be a descent, and there will be a return, God willing. I place them all out on a canoe in the dark of night. Only I can see that the storm approaches. I am the initiator. They know not what occurs. But one day they will, and their eyes will open, and their heart. I may be long gone, for all I know, and thus I work for posterity, for the children, for those that don't know me. For those that do, I am sorry. I apologize. It was you or me, and I chose us all. I am not insane. My mind is wired different, always has been, since my first day. The only thing I know, the thing that keeps me sane, is the knowledge that I have the right to live. I will live, I will control myself, and I will speak my mind. I have prepared myself. I enter with presence of mind. Try me. Maybe too much presence. Stop crying?! I wish I could. I will love me no matter what you say.

I love me. I wouldn't trade me for anything, and I wouldn't wish this on anybody. And so I work, that others may learn what is within their reach. It is only a guide, a sign post to mark the way. Have no fear, I have my own guides and references, saying things much like me. I know I have a right to exist. I have existed before, many times, and it has always been rough. Every time I learn a little more. I see what I did wrong back then, all those many years ago, from right here, where I stand. I have learned from my life, and through my own errors, I have learned how to learn from others. We have all made mistakes. I am sorry, I apologize for mine. If you can find it in your heart to forgive me, I will be forever grateful. If I reside in the heart of one person, then I am alive. Otherwise, I have been a specter, a daydream. Just one person, one that I have earned, earned through the character of my person.

To have mattered in someone's life, to have been a good tool for someone through which to learn of themselves. I am like a spice, I only add flavor. You cannot eat of my flesh. I will tint your mind with a hue, have you see things a certain way. As long as it be different, I have done my job. It may not be better, not for you, but it is a flavor, a tint. The meat, the sustenance, that is what one must find for oneself. Our entreaties always fall on deaf ears, unless one heed one's own call. So many times have I listened to a person tell me their problem, and in the telling, they have revealed the source of the problem, and its resolution, and they refuse to see their answer. Our emotions affect us in this way. It is as Gandhi said "A man's defects are like his back. One can see everyone's, but one's own". We are emotional creatures, and yet, emotion does not equal heart, only proper action equals heart.

Right action comes as a result of right thoughts and right words. Our society is fine, the people are beautiful. It is the teachings of the fathers. But they have taught us the proper words. It is how we undid ourselves: we taught the proper word, but we did not

understand it. That is all. That is all I mean to say, because teach the proper word you did. And yet your actions were all wrong. You ran out on us again and again. And we know you did it because you were afraid. How can we run out on our children, if we ourselves have been run out on? This is not the reality. What greater reality than one in which we train our sons and daughters. Somehow it became easy to run away. A wealth provided for the escapes. A wealth that meant that one didn't have to work every day for survival. This overabundance of wealth must be taken by force. It is taken from another, and as we know, it is a disease of the rich which has been incurred.

Yes, it is they, for it is well known that there are corruptive forces on this Earth, and some of those forces are known. I am just a mere point in the lattice, floating in space, just being, until I don't have to anymore. Now I know I have to be me. I have to find out who I am, in order to properly be me. Mate, create, encapsulate another knowable point, jump space, incarnate. It's all so very simple. So mathematical, so beauty-full. So insulting. And yet it is God. It's like, when you're ready, you inhabit an empty pod, and present yourself for service. Then you undergo the indignity of being re-incarnated into a useless baby, the humiliation of forgetting everything you know, and suffer to undergo the rigors of Earthly existence before you can attempt to find yourself again. It is a storm. And now, Awake. Awake! We are in a canoe, in the dead of night. There is a storm raging. If I have faith, I will be saved. It is as easy as faith. True faith turns to love, and love can conquer all.

What I see, does not exist. So I guess I have to explain it. The fewer words the better. The more I speak, the more I stray from the center. Peace. We are still engaged in double talk. And it is not you, my beautiful people, it is they. Those who run the World, shape our lives. They are rich, and fat, and diseased. They are not difficult to spot. What should we do about them? There is nothing to be done, my child. An age of men is come and gone. They have exited center stage through the same door from which they entered. They leave, head bowed, as they were once proud. Those at the fore always work for the future generations. They have brought us the intellect. We on Earth, we have obtained our knowledge through eons of interbreeding. We are all Earthlings, all of the race of

men. Those who fear by race, those are not God-fearing, for already, they fear lowly man. The God-fearing fear no man, and are afraid only of God's wrath, should he stray from his own path.

Why then, are we calling people to wakefulness? Has it ever been done before? Everything makes so much sense, except the doom. Where from, how come, what for, why so? What, why do we attempt to awaken the people? And yet, it is my duty. It is my calling, and I have all the qualities to perform my task admirably. I know it can be done, I know how I intend to do it. But I don't want to get in their heads. I want their heads to be filled with greater understanding of themselves, allowing for a greater capacity for love, a greater possibility for peace. The destroyers will be pissed, even as they themselves are ironically being destroyed. The irony. In order to move forwards, one must sometimes take a step back. But we let them die at their own game. Cosmic justice. We begin anew, afresh, left with what was good in the foundation, after all the decay was zapped clean. Live by the sword... Whosoever digeth the pit...

One will always be a prisoner to one's own crime. Always. True crime, the kind that imposes itself on the human psyche. These things will cause living nightmares in the lives of the perpetrators of true crime. Crime against nature and God. We can never say that a person got off scot-free, because there is always an unseen conscience. Sometimes active, sometimes latent, but always present. These are things a man may not escape. It is not possible. Though a man may think he has in effect gotten away with murder, he has, in reality, by this same process, doomed himself. If a man chop off another man's head, he may as well have chopped off his own. Sometimes this is necessary to protect the righteous from the unrighteous, but an act of war is an act of war, and murder is a crime. Monk warriors and generals know that the best tactic is to never have to fight in the first place. After that comes the realities and the necessities of our existence. Not all men, or women, are as yet, good. Some are bad. These are tortured souls, for whatever reason. I know not.

Now I've shown the full range of emotions. Now there's a new task: to show feeling. All I need is a little cooperation, that is all. I will work, I will do my part. They care not for me, but I will make myself loved. Therefore I thank man. Oh yeah? About them religions, I say bullocks to the whole lot of them. And to all who gaze eyes upon my work, God Bless! These words I utter, these gods I invoke. To all who gaze upon these words, may you be blessed. This, only, is my hope. More than this I do not know. The reactions of men I know not. By this act have I projected my neck. It is outstretched, and the axe glistens. Ooh, how menacing it looms. And now I commence with the histrionics. It shall be highly challenging, a riddle to be solved. I am the Sphinx. Riddle me this, and riddle me that, but there is only one thing that should be on your mind. So now I believe I have been exposed. You see, I was expected to be a rich, cute, little fancy boy. Instead I went my own way, and became a man.

I endured lots of arguments, lots of yelling matches to obtain my goal, disappointed a lot of people. So much was invested in me, in love, attention, education, and I gave so little back. Always so taciturn, so moody, so raw. Always digging myself into a deeper hole, but I always knew why. To obtain the purest goal, one must commence with the lead of blackest impurities. All frequency is but a reflection of itself, oscillating, one time up, one time down. The deeper the valley, the higher the peak, the brighter the light, the darker the shadow. The process of purification is not unlike any other process for the extraction of impurities. The coarse, unwanted material is removed, and the refined essence remains. Such is it with the human animal. All behavior patterns have been studied. You can say you have your truth, and I have mine, but in essence, the truth is already known, and is One. It is a vibration, and this vibration may be received. It depends on the individual, naturally. It is the truth that binds us, the infinite, for these are synonymous, truth and infinite, since they may successfully and reciprocally be applied to each other.

All of Blavatsky's Theosophic information came from India and Tibet. Hinduistic and Buddhist information of Aryan derivation that she was taught, unique only in that she was western. To the west did she introduce eastern esoteric thought (as ancient and

intricate as the Egyptian traditions). She has served her purpose as a worker of light. That is what we are, and why we sacrifice, because we work in, by, and for the light. That is the real truth of it, and why I know that the more fear it invokes in me, the greater my yearning to go ahead as planned. I have learned to expect the unexpected, and that it is the act not done that is the true regret. Still, I have done what I have, flown in the face of 2000 years of religious tradition. Heartless, ruthless, soulless conquest of the present organizations, powerful enough to populate the Earth. The only way is to make this the global continent, the only way for peace. What is necessary does not yet exist. It will, in America. And Americans are ready. Even the whites are ready to acknowledge new, brighter times.

All are willing to cooperate. All save the inheritors of the old regime, those that run the Earth today. Oh criminy, what the heck are you talking about? Oh huge money. How about all the money in the World. Just live on a different plane of infinity. Between the dots on the lattice do our lives unfold. All communication is an attempt to cross the chasm of the infinite that separates any two knowable points. It is here that our lives unfold, forever attempting to grasp the ungraspable. Forever attempting to cross the void and reach an unreachable destination, the center of another point. First there is a point, then a line, then a triangle, then a sphere encompassing, the birth of another, larger point on the magickal lattice of life. It is from here that the sephiroth doth derive, from here the flower of life. The Great Mystery. Oh lordy.

Where am I going with all this mysticism? Really, it matters not. The workings of my brain will happen no matter what. It is why I have decided to chronicle all events that happen herewith. Truly, it is the least applicable, and yet most useful of all mathematics. It is only inapplicable while one learns it. Really, it provides the vastest life lessons available. How to live one's life according to the real Laws of God. The human is like the smelted ingot of gold. Everything that he does in his life that is not pure contributes to all the poisons that are thrown onto the bubbling, molten ingot, defiling its nature, creating an impure lead-like element through such action. The blacker and more tarnished, the longer the road back to purification, back to from where we came. The true alchemist

would prefer to walk the longest path, taking for his subject the blackest most toxic leads, claiming the greatest victory for its purification. The way to purification is only one, through the fire.

You can't expect a black man from Africa to think the same things as a white man from Norway, and yet all the truths are still the same. That is the beauty of human existence on Earth. We are all here to learn, to learn how to evaluate ourselves so that we may truly continue on with our lives. I do not have all the answers, but I do know that fear is the enemy. Fear begets fear begets violence begets violence. Like all things, a worthy man of any color is as difficult to find as a worthy man of any other color, like a good woman is as hard to find as a good man. However, a culture may predispose individuals to acceptance of greater things. Still, the individual must live his/her life. A worthy individual performs inherent civic functions, such as being a pride to his race, for like anything that is good, its number is counted. A good man has learned to assign proper value to things, knows what things are worth and why.

Am I the only one that sees that this existence that we have built for ourselves is a house of cards? I have known, since I was a small child, that it would all come crashing down. Before I was an initiate, I didn't know what these thoughts meant. Now I know that what they mean is that all we've built is a façade. How? Because it is built upon illusion. What we have built is the reflection, not the reality. Like a woman who wears too much makeup do we cover up the reality. And so, because our body is in essence a mask to cover up the real, so do we see the reflection of this, and emphasize the body to the degree that we do. We can hide from all but ourselves. And so we live trying to close the gap, trying to know that knowable point that is our center, and never succeeding. A knowledge of God is required, more than faith. This knowledge is required, for it is the quintessence, the tie that binds. Without it we have the point, the vehicle, and nothing to move. Like a basketball game with hoop and players, but no ball. The ball, the thing being moved, the lifeblood, the essence.

How subtle our human games are. All perfect renditions of the cause of life. Perfect reflections, mirror images. The goal? To become as proficient a player as possible in order to be able to succeed in the game of life. What do we know today? We know money. We know that money talks and bullshit walks. Who knows that? Who said that? It wasn't me. I say money is nothing but a cosmic reflection of another principle. A reflection of the riches of the Spirit, the real currency amongst men, when they cannot hide behind their masks. The knowledge of God allows one to transcend time and space. Slowly at first, but as with practice in any discipline, the process becomes easier and more clear. Its very nature however, is one to drive many insane. It is not easy to live on an abstract plane, in contrast with everything that one sees, hears, feels. How can you trust the invisible unknowable? Like love, it must be felt. It is not tangible, except to the illumined mind. And so men desist from its path. They are called back to Earth by practical, mundane matters that must also be addressed, naturally, for we are body *and* Spirit, neither one exclusively, or the other.

We are dual, the cleavage of the first unity. The first unity will always be that, unity; we just live within it. We manifest within the irreducible whole. This whole is the infinite, and it too is a sphere, nothing more than a dot, a point on the lattice, for the infinite may not be quantified, just qualified. It is the finite that holds the quantity, by its very nature quantified from part of the infinite. And yet, the quantification but a mere illusion of the far vaster source from which it is derived. This is my voice, I exercise it. I know that if I put it out there, it will outlast me. And so, it is not truly my voice, it is the voice of one of the children of God. It is therefore the voice of God himself, in one of His manifestations. Of all the things It says, of which it could say anything, this is what It is saying. This is the manifestation of God through me. I know my point because I know it is my abstract nature. I inhabit this point. Mathematically, I approximate it. That is, I can know it through the symptoms that it manifest, since I may not know it directly. It is for this reason a man must study himself, to find what symptoms he displays, to better know himself. For the wise, this is the only way.

The sphere, the polarization of the sphere, the polarization of the poles of the sphere, the lightning bolt lighting up the matrix. Now the lightning bolt becomes sentient. It becomes sentient energy transporting itself across the matrix, and it senses a goal, a purpose. Now it is not just manifesting, it is manifesting toward something. And so what is our power to affect? How do we invade lives? We cross our energies with that of those with whom we come into contact. Our energy has its inherent flavor, depending on many factors. In sports, you can't be thrown by the materiality of the game. There must also be a hidden aspect, strategy, made possible by the planner. All men act as advocates for the unity, the deeds of all men a testament to that greater power. All these things functions of mathematics, the irreducible foundation.

Chapter 34 For really reals, gentlemen

Guys, up here, I wanna talk for reals! When I say for reals, I mean the realest reals there is. Let's talk about who we are, gentlemen. Who are we? That who is many things. There are a lot of things to be addressed when one address oneself. There is no one thing that is felt by men, not even life. All men experience life, but not all feel it. Those that do feel life, share this feeling. Those that do not, have absolutely nothing in common with anybody else. Only their interests keep them bound. The truth is, all men are bound by life. We here, we know that. We share this knowledge. It is this, that binds us. Now, every man has the right to feel life as he sees fit, for here, our similarity ends. Naturally, as with all things, there is reason for this. Men are cut from molds. Starting with their physical body parts, right on down to personality and disposition. This is what is meant, when it is said "All things in the Universe are known". Yes, we are made from molds. The molds were molded, and that means...

And so, it is therefore a man's task to find his natural destiny, the mold from which he was built. We are clones, are we not? Yes, well, every man has a destiny. It requires a long journey, and a man needs guides. Where is a man to obtain such guides? Who is it that one can trust? A man may only answer this question for himself, and again, a guide is needed. A guide for the guide for the guide. We all have internal personalities aching to get out. All sorts of personalities with all sorts of reasons. What's the right way, because there is a way. It is known as The Way, has been so for millennia. But what is it? A man must answer this for himself, and he needs guides. Gentlemen, wake the Fuck Up! NOW! (Boom, slap hand on ball).

Now then, the doors here are always open. Come and go as you will. But this is way too basic. Gentlemen, you know why we're all here. Look around you, look at our World. Well, if you hadn't, you wouldn't have come here. I digress. Ever notice that cats have humanoid faces? Particularly lions. They never look none too pleased. The

conquering lion, the king of beasts. The man rich in Spirit. The conquering lion of Judah. In the past, the Way has been known. It has been known that the paths are many, but that the truth is one. There are many paths, but One Way. Those that have traveled their path in the prescribed manner, those have left markers behind them. As all men are bound, so is knowledge accessible to all men. We don't teach you here how to be as a man, we teach some of the methods of how to find yourself. No man may walk another's path for him. Only within is the answer to each man's problem to be found. We merely point out guides.

Baby, how you put the rage in me. You don't know how you do it, but I do. I can see why you do it, and I can see that you do it because of fear. I cannot blame you for that. Instead, I blame he who put the fear in you. Who is he, he that taught us our mores and codes? Who is he? Why has he done it? Why has he taught us fear? What if they had taught us love? What then? How can we get to a society where we teach love? I ask you, because it is not taught now. No. Instead, for millennia, we have been taught fear. Why, to what end, and to whom do we owe this? Because, we may teach love, if we so desired. And they told us, it was because of the haters. Son, on this Earth, there are people who hate! Why? I believe that there are people who hate because they were taught hate. Why? And for two reasons. For good, or for evil. Justifying hate in the name of good? Never. There is always a prior cause, stemmed from the same choices. The chaos lightning, or the endless spiral.

Conceivably, if one chose on the same side forever, for good or for evil, one would spiral into the infinite, in light, or in darkness. In light would one ascend tighter, in darkness would one descend wider. In the epochs of nations, a one that begins to make consistently bad choices for itself, it begins to unravel. Why do I do that? Why do I make bad choices for myself? I believe in this country, in the beauty of it. Dude, this country is a guinea pig farm. What type of crazy disease of the mind is happening here? Either that, or I am insane. No. It is in their speech. The people have clearly forgotten, what life has been, the struggles. A new tower of Babel is being erected. Those that were ancient will come back, they are here among us. They lead our nations.

At times like this, I think of my cat. How ferocious and vengeful, beautiful and benevolent a god I must seem, at times stroking, at times swatting. And now my own cry to the gods will be heard by men. The first true horror novel. I will terrorize men. People might die, I don't know. I have been a tool. Most Americans suffer one great illusion: they feel that because they are Americans, they are intrinsically good. Men are good because they are men. Good men come in all shapes, colors and sizes. But men are made from molds, and their thoughts may be known to a degree. Their lives, and even the faces of men are forged by the image held in the mind. The more a man know his true self, the more effectively he can conceal this true nature. And now do I regret my actions? Not yet, for nothing has come of them. Maybe then will I regret some of my actions. No. I don't think so. I know what I do, in a way that maybe only a few people on Earth could understand. I hardly understand it myself, though it's all very clear. I perform the task I was meant to. The task I have always known I would fulfill.

Is it valid, is it worthy, scary, petty, scared, immature, perhaps even dangerous? Yet I have been compelled, impelled forward, by all these very forces, the same to whom I would apologize, ask forgiveness. These things will prove difficult to accept by many folk. I have stated clearly my intent, but men will see only what they want to. However, I have done my homework, and have stated an alternative. People may think what they want, but its authority is unsurpable. It is sovereign, because it is devoid of emotion. It is pure observation, and journalism. It is a creation, like a child, a cosmic mirror, a depiction, from one point of view, one that is discouraged because of its seemingly anarchistic nature. Anachronistic would be more accurate, for peace is, in essence, judging by our current conditions here on Earth, futuristic.

There are keys and there are doors. What I need now is more courage. Right now. I have done what I wanted, and I am still not liberated. Perhaps even more shackled. I have traded one reality for another. Because I make my thoughts known, for this very reason am I subject to paranoia. But it is a trap. If they are after me, they'll catch me. If they are not, I won't make it up, but I will say, this was not a concern while I kept my

mouth shut. And now I am a one man gang, for I gave up all that which I had gathered for myself. There is a far greater reality than that which we have accepted. I can't be friends with people, and then violate our trust by writing about how I really feel about them. And yet, it is the occupation of a writer. It is what a writer does, for it is his task. The job is to bring about self-knowledge such that the masses may evolve together with the elite. How's that? The elite have the responsibility to aid themselves such that they then, in turn, aid the rest of the population till all men hover the same plane.

Must it drive me insane? I won't let it. It's possible I may just have lost some love here. If indeed I have, it will have been for the best, of course. I guess I will now take it, and leave it, as it comes and goes. All things have already been scripted. I live patiently and let all things unfold as they will. I am at the mercy of the storm. She will blow me about, frighten the piss out of me, we will be confronted, and only time will tell how things are resolved. Many things could, and will happen. I have completed my first task. Now only I decide, with my actions, if I become expendable, or if I retain my usefulness. The whole Universe is locked within my head. And not only in my head, but in the heads of all men. Who is smart enough? All those that have meant to do well have been either extinguished or driven insane, silenced. Again I have dug a pit. I have recognized I was digging a pit, and I continue digging. What type of tortured soul is it, that seeks to expose itself so furiously? A caged soul. Something completely bottled up. No. I stand up tall. I remain strong.

I know why I did the things I did. I know what pushed me, moved me, motivated me. I know what those things were, and I know this is the result of knowing both sides. I have come over, and I have realized the grass is not greener. And yet, I cannot help but think it is only a book. I am guilty of having penned words. Penned words direct attention. This is exactly what governments do. Some governments might find some penned words to be extremely threatening and dangerous to them. It is the job of the writer to pen these words. Yes, they fill me with fear. Life has still not mellowed out, and I don't know whether it will or not. Where does life lead us? The signs that I see around me today bode not well at all. Things are odd, and I don't know if they're gonna mellow

out. Not in this day and age, perhaps not even in my lifetime. But in the lifetime of my child, grandchild?

And what about the drugs, sun? Yes, they will lead you to see, but you will sacrifice yourself to them. They will speak through you, and if you allow them, they will become your master. It is a man's task to obtain control of himself. Yeah, it's gonna batter me. I'll pull my load for awhile, as long as I may, and then I'll be relieved. Who the hell knows, man, I don't know. I know what I do, but I don't know why it fits in. But it does. I may be insane. For all I know, I may be. I've always felt the same. It's always been the same thing, but I've never known why. And so I move ahead, and I apologize at the same time. After all, I have no reason to feel like I'm a serial killer or anything. I asked not to be sacrificed, I asked to be allowed to live. And have I been a vampire, have I leeches the blood of my brothers? I apologize. I'm passive. I love. I'm a lover. How was I supposed to know I was set up. Why me? Again, I know I chose myself. I always wanted this, again, not knowing what it was I wanted. Why? Did I lose my marbles? Well, if I did, I'll get them back. I can keep it cool, play it like Nash.

It is not the children who are lost, it is the adults that act as their guides. As such, it is a vicious circle where all who are born into a society fall into the abyss because it is taught on all levels. You know, you have to allow people to live. You have to allow people to learn, and for that, you have to let them be. It is our job to educate ourselves properly. There is no big schoolmistress in the sky, ruler in hand, making sure all the proper lessons are taught. No. There is man, and he must help himself. God, when not alive in the individual, is like an object at rest. It is there, but it has no life. Once this object is motivated, then it becomes self-evident. As it is fueled by the inquisitive mind, this object accelerates in velocity, obtains and maintains plateaus and propels itself through the force of inertia. You know, if you keep things from me, you who raised and trained me, who can I trust? I have to protect myself from you, my protector. I can trust no one to do my work for me. I must propel myself to the next plateau.

If I should close my eyes, who would protect me as I sleep? Only those that are of the same mind as I. The rebel alliance. Only those who know what aye am worth, for it is through aye that I live. Who can recognize aye is indeed a wise man. Aye is the loftiest dream, reachable only after long and perilous journey. This journey is known as “the descent”, and those who find the gold nuggets at the bottom, must endure the ascent, and should they survive, will enjoy the rest of their days as rich men, rich in Spirit. Only, to return to Earth, to live to tell the tale, is the real glory. It is glorious, because one may teach then what one has seen, and one may help to prepare men for each individual’s descent, for eventually, we must all come to this juncture. A man must embrace his destiny, and all men are destined for something. All are valuable pieces, for all may be traced to the One, and thus one becomes a figment of the fan that spreads form the center in spheroid manner. Nothing but a particle of energy, a bulb in the LightBright.

And it is aye that bind us. Have I vampired? Have I sloughed off my share of pain, dumped it on someone else so I didn’t have to deal with it? It’s all very possible. I know that for most of my life I have acted without knowing what it was I was doing. I led me into the grandest trouble, and into a most exciting adventure. The adventure of my life. That is to say, the adventure that is my life. From the first day until my last. I was born to have all these lunatics (a club of which I am a proud member myself) manifest themselves before me. I didn’t understand. I thought we were all the same. I thought all humans were essentially the same. Now I see we are made of similar molds, but all destined to their unique ends. Who am I to argue? I see the proportions, I see the materials, I see that I cannot see the truth, and yet the shell must display some sort of truth. It too must say something about true nature, to he who is skilled in reading the signs of nature. This task is not easily done.

So many mistakes for which to atone. I begin to see the alchemical allegory of beginning with the blackest, most depraved substance available. In order to truly cleanse oneself, one must subject oneself to intense self-pollution. It is during the descent that one learn the true hidden meaning of things. If one survive this journey into the bowels of darkness, then one become a rich man, for this descent is the purification of the soul. In order to purify itself, it must first identify itself as an entity to be purified. In this descent, the soul is separated from the material. It is this act, without proper preparation by the individual undergoing it, that causes insanity and even death unto the human animal. The insanity of the enlightened. The insanity that is the opposite of the bliss of ignorance. A man may protect himself from this insanity during his descent by proper preparation. As a Scottish mate once said to me “The 7 P’s mate. Proper preparation prevents piss poor performance”.

It is the task and destiny of every human to awaken. Men of all colors, nationalities, races and beliefs have been awakened. The Superman is not restricted to humans of any particular type. It will eventually become a natural condition, when we learn to accept our true natures. For today it must remain only a dream. But we work, we advance, forge ahead. Properly guided, a man may achieve much for himself and all his surroundings. It is within the reach of any man, so long as he grasp high enough. It is the loftiest dream, the great work toward which humanity strive. Many have had this dream. It is the same dream, same memory, same truth, center, infinite, always the same. Those that have had this dream, seen this land, those are the men that have seen the light. Some have told what they have seen, and for their troubles, they have been persecuted. They were aware of the imminent danger in which they lived. Lesser men would have crumbled under the fear of paranoia, gone insane for lack of faith in what they saw.

By the time the dooky hits the fan and the Mothership arrives, there will be 144,000 ascended masters alive on Earth. 72,000 men and 72,000 women, in a manner of speaking. It is said that at every age, there is one who shines forth like a beacon in the night. History has corroborated this claim, sending down one hero shining bright, sporadically interspersed throughout the annals of time, to lead men in the affairs of life.

These men have displayed the highest courage and the most transcending love possible on Earth. These have been kings, leaders, and teachers of men. The most indispensable kind of hero, an atom bomb of love. When these men succumb to the oppressive forces that finally do them in, the concentrated, compressed nature of their sacrifice is sent out like shock waves across the land. He who is making the sacrifice knows what he has done. He will eventually be led to why he has done it. These waves will serve as a wake-up bell, a crowing rooster. It will be morning, the light will be shining, and it will be time to awake.

This same story, relived time and again, perhaps only long enough for all to enjoy their 15 minutes of fame. If 15 minutes be as one lifetime, how many micro-lifetimes would it take to comprise the macro-lifetime? I guess it would take 15 minutes of everything; 15 minutes of pain, 15 minutes of sorrow, 15 minutes of joy, 15 minutes of horror, for the poles are cancelled out by the fact that they both *are*, and all things must be known. If it is, then it must be, and so there is no sense in arguing with it. I have learned the uselessness of arguing with a man over his opinions. Neither do I want men to argue me my opinions. I know the things I know, I did not make them up, I was taught. I listen, I watch, I observe, and when the time is right, I teach. This is the skeleton of the man, the unseen. There is the flesh, the experienced life. This may take many shapes and many forms, though all molded from limited precepts. The skeleton and the flesh, the bricks and the mortar.

The people who inhabit the building are the blood cells, the hallways the vessels. It is alive, an extension of man. Everything man-created is an extension of man. All is a reflection of cosmic principles. These cosmic principles are held within man in the form of his seed, the actual sperm. From this cosmic seed, we are a drastically reduced fraction of ourselves in our lives as men. And yet, all the information, knowledge, resides there, in the nether regions of man's psyche. It resides there. It was once conscious of itself, but now it lies dormant. If man is able to access this treasure trove of information within himself, it is then that he has become illuminated. All of a sudden, things that were once difficult to grasp now become essential. Man begins to realize himself as a scientific

culmination. What was poisonous and destructive within him, before a perfect loop with no solution, now becomes self-evident, and action becomes possible, required for the individual.

The perfect loop is the loop uninterrupted. Such a loop is not aware of itself, for it is the very reason a loop is interrupted, to acknowledge itself. A self-acknowledging loop may be monitored, manipulated. A perfect loop will be its own destruction, if it is ever required to alter its path. It cannot adapt, the most essential aspect of life. Man must adapt to fit his surroundings, offering the greatest chance for success. It is for this reason we are many, and not just one big amoebic mass of life-force strewn out on the surface of the Earth. We are individually wrapped, and yet, together do we form that amoebic mass, for we are more linked than we think. Don't I sometimes sense this rinky-dink existence tight around the neck, collar shrinking by the minute? But that is not for yet kiddies. That is for another time, when our minds stink no more of all the junk information they give us to eat. Miseducation, the legacy of the fink bastards for whom we drink ourselves into a stupor.

They no longer have me. How about you friend, do they have your mind? Do they control you? Oh I see you shake your head, of course, no, but how do you really know? Who is bad, and who is good, but you can't ask them, for they all must lie to conceal themselves. As we exit kali-yuga, we find that what the prophecies spoke of are in effect. Those who are bad claim to be good. Those who are good are condemned as bad. We have a situation that is inverse, and thus, the contrary-man. Because what they want is not us, it is our essence. All men and women have an essence, a life force. Those that would subjugate us, would do so in order to become strong through the consumption of the essence of others. It is like this, how rich men are thieves, if they prosper off the sweat of other men. Like this, the vampires who suck the blood. When a man works for another, he gives of his essence, as when a man give up his seed from his loins. It is a never-ending exchange of energy, and as such, humans under these conditions may be likened to batteries.

You can't offer me the World and tell me it's like this. I can't take it. So instead I fight in order to level the balance, as I know how. I am not alone, others fight with me. Few and far between, but we fight. It is enough for me to know this. I have contributed my part, have done what was asked of me. I ask nothing in return, nothing save to be allowed to continue the fight, in the name of true freedom, true humanity, true reverence. It is as if with a white tiger, locked in a cage, his oppressors prodding at him with long sharp weapons. The white tiger gazes at his jailer and knows "If you weren't such a coward, I would tear you limb from limb". And such is the way of men. You know I cannot tell you the truth when you demand it of me. The truth must be approached slowly and carefully, with preparation. It is enough to destroy any man, big or small. It is not to be treated with flip attitude. It must be seen for what it truly is, ultimately unobtainable, but approximable, with steps. This process is available to any, and all men.

Look man, I ain't making it up. It's basically the word out on the street. There's gonna be a hit on all who refuse to listen to reason. The women will be spared, but many, the most frightened, will go down with their men. Dammit boy, I'm not against you, ain't against anybody, I'm just trying to wake you up. When this government realizes that it is losing the political reigns, how will it react?. The conquering man cannot continue his claim, as he has for over 500 years, that the lands of America belong to him and to him alone. It has been ordained that the continents of the Americas are to be used for governments of a global people. Our foundations will be jostled, and we will find that all was not as peachy keen as we thought. Ancestor worship is a warped way of excusing past indiscretions because those indiscretions have led to great wealth. If America shall insist on being the political annex of Mother Europe, she shall have many problems on her hands. The days of the good and honorable old POME are a thing of the past.

Look, I'm serious man, I ain't just trying to mess with your head. Listen man, I gotta tell you something: you could never make me feel bad. Well, that's an exaggeration, you could, but not in any conventional way you could imagine. I'm beyond that. No more disillusion, no more disappointments, no more expectations, no more arguments, I've made my last argument. I've talked enough. I've heard enough, enough

to get a glimpse of the spectrum. You want to surprise me, blow me away? Speak to me of love. For many years have we poisoned ourselves at your behest. For many years did I imbibe your potions, ideas, notions. But it is a new day, and the Sun will shine bright. Who will speak to me of love? I ask thee, come forward, reveal thyself, show thy face. I know you lurk, I can feel it. A clash of the titans looms. They will appear as men, but they will embody the principles and aspects of the cosmos. These events must be properly read, interpreted. All hinges upon the upcoming deeds of men.

Some will reject themselves. These will perish in the flames of hell. It will have been fear and ignorance that did them in. Others will accept their fate as an act of God. If they are intelligent, and chosen, they will perceive the situation for what it really is, a judgment, and will comply by submitting themselves to the cleansing fires of God and nature. Yet others, those with prior conscious knowledge, these will take their historical positions as major players in one of Earth's great wars of redemption. The balance of the future hinges on the present deeds of men. All players will be men, but many will be inspired, as if possessed. Careful study of these elite will reveal their true character, and hopefully, their motives. But men will misjudge. Due to their own lack of foresight, men find themselves woefully devoid of the character strength of the true human, he who is roundly shunned at the moment, the true man of knowledge, of God, of reverence.

Yes. They will misjudge, and will pay dearly for this costly mistake. The leader sticks his neck out, he is but a marionette. I can see the shadows of the strings, the shadow of the gnarled, deformed hand of the invisible puppeteer. Is this truly what I am seeing? I rub my eyes. No they do not play tricks on me. It is the shadow of a most gnarled hand, long sharp talons for fingernails, knotted bones adorned by the jewels of the ages. Rub eyes again. No. Well, I have to write of it for now, and see what I make of it later. Who has their hands in this game? Those hands are old, and crafty. Much older, much more knowledgeable than the stupid, babbling homer simpsons they would have us be. It is true, they are old, from another time, judging by the deformity. They have grown corrupt. They have survived the crying souls of men for too long, and now they are poisoned. They have not returned to from whence they started. Goodness gracious no, they have long strayed from the path. They have gained much from it, lest now they spiral into oblivion, the legacy of generations of wrong decisions.

No, they strayed far from their innocence indeed. They can no longer return to their center, their embryonic stage, when all was One, knowledge was total, manifestation was minimal. This embryonic stage, in which one yet resides while in the womb. Ah the ignominy of life. This vampire has been led astray indeed. He's all hopped up on drugs and insanity and infirmity. His whole entire life did he live, and not for a moment did he have control over himself. Oh the bloodsucking, the humanity. And now this spoiled hand it is that operates the marionette. I see its shadow clearly. It is his voice. His voice, sweet, melancholic, says "Please my child, listen to the sound of reason", and he claims civilization. Claims. He makes claims. He is lying, the deceiver. He lies, uses words of light, to draw me into the dark. It is he, who speaks through the sharp dressed man, clean shaven, far removed from his barbaric origins

He tells me how he can help me, make my life so much better. Not only that, he'll give me a job. If I work hard enough, earn my ascension through the ranks, who knows, the sky's the limit. Oh man, and it sounds so tempting. And he can help me score chicks too, he says. Says they love nice things, which I can now buy for them. Oh it sounds so tempting...But why, why does it all seem so wrong? I can see the nice looking man, clean shaven, far removed from his primitive primate state, but I can see the shadows of the strings, and I can see that gnarled, gristled shadow of the hand. No. No, there's something amiss here. Why does he want me to believe him so bad? Why does he put out so many cops, and why does he bust my people like he likes it. Why, that high and mighty son of a bitch thinks he's better than me to begin with. There has been no war of freedom here in America. Only a war of totalitarianism, and a war of secession. The freedom was for the few, and now the rest of us want freedom as well.

I respect the hard work of all my human predecessors, for there have been many worthy men that have left their mark on the Earth, and in the history of man. The recorded history be not nearly so important as the actual effects that have been caused by the deeds of men. The truly wise know that the truly wise act in anonymous ways. This is so because they act through their Spirit, for their Spirit. This is at the highest level of human realization. Some men may not escape the spotlight. These will expire under the furious gaze of all mankind. The zealots will die in the hills by the scores, but there will be no shortage. In a righteous cause, the essential beauty of man will not be suppressed for long. Really, it has been proven that rule by force is a losing proposition, and yet men would still try to engage in this practice. And only because they think they have to. A man has a duty to righteousness, in the sense of his comportment toward other men. In order to know the difference, he must educate himself as best as he is able.

To fashion a complete man, knowledge of the lowest, darkest regions is requisite, alongside its counterpart, knowledge of the light. Only by combining these two forces may one regain the omnipresence of the embryonic sphere. It is knowledge that will carry a man to this promised land. Tis the only way my friend, and a process at that. There is indeed much work to do, many things to learn. It is possible things will begin to fail.

Large companies will have their rotten practices and beliefs exposed. The whole damn thing is about to be exposed. The unifier will come. He will be made the unifier by the people. Every moment in time is infinite. I was one, then I was two, then I was reborn at three.

The truth transmits at a certain frequency. It is man's duty to condition himself to reverberate at the same frequency. This will cause between the human and the truth a harmonic resonance. The music will be true. When one reverberates at the same frequency as this truth, all will be as if without resistance, frictionless. This lack of resistance will cause a heightened consciousness, as our existence here in the 3rd dimension is made real by the resistance of one polar force to another. In this way it can be said that reality is not real, but only a mentality, a frame of mind. Insanity is simply irrationality, and vice-versa. The mind is our first movie screen. What it reads it interprets, and thus is reality created. If it is created, it may be manipulated. It is to this end one studies, learns, and applies.

All things are within the grasp of man. By tuning the mind are we able to attain and achieve all the things which our reality has told us we need. By removing the resistance (and thus applying it elsewhere), one foils the life-plan of the uninitiated. It is as if a man who leans up against a wall finds nothing there, and falls to the ground. Everything is technique. When one learns how to manipulate forces, reality becomes hazy. Things meld, and become relative. Once you let the resistance go, then you just begin to bounce, like a reflection. In this way, in everything one does, one can see oneself reflected. One no longer is in dissonance with the frequency of the truth. Then, if one look carefully and properly, one may be able to see things for what they truly are. One will be able to spot the devils dressed as angels, the biggest scourge of our time, for we rely so heavily on our sight, but we know not how to see.

As Eve has her counterpart Lilith, so does Adam have his in Lucifer. Lucifer is the enemy of mankind, he is not the enemy of God. He is below God, subordinate to man, and for this latter he rebels. He is made of fire, and man contains all elements. Therefore

he is purely male while man is mixed with female. He is BB to Lilith's bb. Lilith and Lucifer the alternatives to woman and man. All things are of dual nature, thus the four elements, sprung from the two poles.

Like bread crumbs left on a forest path, psychological euphoria results from properly finding and following the Way. Little markers to show progress to the seeker. When a harmonic frequency is shared by the truth and the thinker, an orgasm of the mind results, balancing and tempering the ecstasy with the pain, also incurred in the quest. It is these mental orgasms, felt throughout the body, that become the reason for existence. It becomes like a wine, the elixir, the nectar of the gods, that makes one as if drunk on life. It is the most addictive drug, and it is what inspired the search for the philosophers stone. Out of it surges all human quest for self-betterment. Through it are all codes cracked, all answers revealed. Like a sport, it requires practice and preparation. As life, it is available to all men.

Men, on this plane, are subordinate to women. This is her domain, the Earth. It is she who represents the Earthly wisdom, therefore it is she who is at the helm. The greatest resource on this plane is the woman, her influence, and her reproductive organs. Men are spellbound by the vagina. Women who violate this power are known as Lilith. Women who do not violate this power, are Eve. It was Lilith, blacked out by man and history for her unspeakable sins, who tempted the incomplete man into unworthiness. Woman is the true power, but man retains his sovereignty. It is his energy that provides the energy to animate the Mother. Of course God must naturally be a coupling of male and female principles, as all things on Earth have their counterpart in Heaven. The whole woman coupled with the whole man shall set humanity free.

Mars is the next planet out, has a greater arc around the Sun, a higher level of consciousness. Water on Mars. Could it be the next step in our evolution? It seems it might be. It too is a red planet. Ours is blue for the water, but the earth is red. What a beautiful planet, ours. But I can't really enjoy it yet. I know what things are, how they occur. I can't get it out of my head. The Mother. The Mother can process the information.

Without the mother, the father remains mere sperm. Without the father, the mother remains pure stone, pure potential. Together they create the child, the juncture of the two, animate life, consummated in man/woman, who may know him/herself. It is this knowledge that makes us men/women. And man/woman being born to different parts of the Earth are blessed with elements in varying amounts, as with the soil of origin. In this way may the male and the female know each other. The Highest God, the One, be the highest to which we may obtain, man and woman alike. It is only a thought, a frame of mind, a point of view, a reality in which to live.

I keep reading the signs, but now I can be cool. I can react in a cool manner. Yeah, I know crazy things happens, stuff you can't explain. Forget ghosts, how about the way we treat ourselves? Our Earth, so beautiful, tainted by the reality of man. We have tilted the balance. We are stacked way too heavy on one side, the side of ignorance. Who in this country knows that our government is the World's greatest terrorist force, and as such, the World's greatest threat to mankind? Or perhaps it is that we all know it, and thus we keep ourselves blind, numbed, uneducated. Like the three monkeys, you know the ones. Every man/woman must live out his/her experience, their natural destiny. All take part in the game. We are as if clay figurines on a tv screen, a cartoon, animated characters running around, expressing themselves, feeling that exhilaration of existence, the exuberance. Different colors, different skills, different adaptations, but all fitting molds, archetypes, patterns.

All things are as if repeated, in a slightly different way, consistently throughout time. Over and over again, the same roles, same rhetoric, same results. A major spiral, flipping past similar experiences, repeatedly, over and over. The chaos theory prevails, as isolated events are always similar, and never identical. From this, I would surmise that a man's true task at birth, is to attempt to find his true self, see what really inhabits his physical existence. A woman's task is to know herself in the like manner, none to ever deny their truest essence. All men and women should be counseled to cultivate themselves to the best degree they are able. Nature shall not be suppressed. All things

shall be acknowledged. A difference shall be taught, a distinction shall be made, but judgment shall not be passed. It is love that shall prevail. One Love, the way of the past.

Anyway, who sets the pace? Who is it that constructs the rails that carry the bearing down the structure? Who built it and why, to what end? This question has an answer, a very concise answer, and yet the whole picture remains vague, must remain vague, because to spill the secrets would be useless. The truth is the highest, and the most useless of goals, for these, like any poles, are constantly at war. Reconciliation is found with balance, equilibrium, in all things. Life is a battle because it is a battle to maintain this equilibrium, if indeed it was ever achieved in the first place. If one battles not to obtain equilibrium, then one will invariably fight double, as one takes on this, plus the repercussions of the imbalance. This is immutable Cosmic Law, knowable only to those thoughtful enough to obtain it. Every moment comes when it comes. Demons are poisons that one lets into one's life. Like all impurities, they are alien to human life, and it is from them that we must protect ourselves. By this demon I mean all intellectual, Spiritual, and nutritional blights, which mar man's intrinsic perfection. The demons of jealousy, anger, avarice, and so on and so forth. It is these that we must overcome, expel from our bodies as anything deemed harmful to the system.

When these demons are on the outside, trying to get in, they are temptations, like predators, preying on the weak. And the weakest, the overridden man, capable of anything, must reply in the like, attempt to override others, in defiance. The strongest man a man of peace, for the truly strong need not impose or display their force. Under fearful patriarchic systems, the known power of the female will be feared and shunned. This will also declaim a deterioration of the woman, through whose hands all life passes. The cradle of civilization, the Red sea the vagina, the Tigris and Euphrates the fallopian tubes, Giza the navel. From here doth modern civilization spring. All masculine tradition (Dionysus, Bacchus, Prometheus), to be known by men. Feminine tradition (Lilith, Isis, Eve) to be known by women. And together may we learn of each other so we may help each other prevail in our quest. What other way is there, I ask, if these be our guides?

There are more traditions on Earth, all should be studied, revered, for they all contribute to the wide panorama that is human existence. It is crime to destroy human knowledge, and no man truly benefit from it, for the sins of the fathers will surely revisit the sons. Those who engage in this assassination of the memory are criminals, in nomenclature, for all men have their destiny.

No man robs another of his experience, only helps forge it, as fate would have it, for it may be man who kills man, but it is the Will of God that allows it to happen. And the Mother, She is the one who brings the Earthly justice, the memory of the blood. Only through Her is man redeemed, and thus men invoke the Mother in their most trying times. It is she who knows all, for she forms the emotional consciousness, the reptilian part of the brain, the ancient compiled physical knowledge of the Earth, for man is, in essence, made of earth. On Earth, life is made of Earth. On Mars, life would be made of Mars, and since theirs is a red planet, they might look something like us. This is my place man. I was born on planet Earth, but I don't know what they expect of me. I will not engage in defeatism, but these are the times before the fall, when few would listen. And so it may be I engage in useless work, but these are my times, and I will work nonetheless. All things are illusions, caused by the mind. As such, these things may be manipulated, our lives which we have orchestrated, will once again be duplicated, further on down the line, by our dearest sibs.

Yes, I engage in useless work, and thus I am vindicated, my life reconciliated with my maker, my creator, my God. Who will deal with a new trend setter, a peace maker? Man fears change, but it is change that keeps him young, alive. Man has no need to fear change. Perhaps revolution requires work, and man is just lazy, or perhaps sedated, or ignorant, or any number or combination of faults. Well perhaps it's too late for these men, only they may know for themselves, but it's not too late for children. Time is still as intense as ever, impending doom has gotten even more real. Why are these questions not addressed. How can a man representing a nation whose policies, by his own criteria, is evil, invoke a war of good versus evil, claiming that he shall not rest until evil is abolished? What does this mean? May a man and an entire nation cut off their own

heads in such a manner? It does not make sense, for to invoke such a war is to bring doom down upon your head, and upon the heads of your children. To invoke the Mother in an unrighteous cause, oh She will not be happy. Unhappier yet, if we begin scarring Her beautiful skin, more than we already have.

My consciousness is being elevated. I am experiencing adverse effects. Disassociation, disagreeableness, distemper, just mal-fuckin-feasance. Malfeasance to the malfeasance. Fire to combat fire. What care have I what others think, so long as I fulfill my task. And so I seek out that voice, He who will tell me my task, rest my soul at ease. I have only to find Him, and when I do, I'll be sure to tell you, so that you may find Him too. The steps are in a spiral, infinite, above and below. All around is darkness, though I may see myself and the steps. I look up; steps. Down, steps. Darkness. Look up, spiral into nothing, into the center. Take a step. Take another, and another. Begin to climb. Stop. Boom, I awaken. Here I am. I have my life around me. I am in my room, the one that reeks of me. I have created my reality; I am surrounded by it. Why is it so? Why this one and not the other one? Why me, and not you? Why this and not that? Fate chooses.

All is a mathematical equation, and all has two possibilities: yes and no, thus the binary code. Therefore, at each junction, it could go this way, or that. It could be you, or me. I could be black, or white, or anything in between, depending on the Earth that bore me. It is quite possible it is the Earth that holds the answers to her own history. The akasha, the Spiritual tablet. Those that join both become hermaphrodites, in the Spirit of Adam Kadmon, the original hermaphrodite. And so all lines become vague, as one single picture, one frequency begins to get harmoniously tuned.

This longing for companionship is only longing for the good ole days. Ha, high words indeed, for a mere mortal. Life has changed so fast. Not so long ago we were fighting for survival. Now, even our weakest are allowed to live, and prosper. Greater time for adaptation is required, but will we give it to ourselves, before we implode to create the prophesied Armageddon? And yet all remain deaf, dumb, and blind, like the cute little monkeys. I remember seeing those monkeys in India when I was 7 years old.

“What does that mean”, I thought. It took me many years to figure that one out. Riddles. All symbols are riddles. I have found the end of a rope in my hand, impending disaster should I let go. Plenty of souvenirs and energy to be found at this place. To see from the heights, one must descend to the valleys. And so life is the continued unfolding of possibilities of opposites, unfolding at every moment, an endless series of choices between this or that, causing the multiplicity of existence. A simple binary code carried to the infinite degree.

But there should be 4 elements, as there are 4 proteins in the DNA chain. The four elements, 2 from above, 2 from below, 2 from the right, 2 from the left, 2 on the side of light, 2 in darkness. All things are double in nature, and their manifestation depends on how they choose to express themselves. And thus a man may condition himself to choose wisely, rather than just in a haphazard manner. He does this by learning of himself, learning of results, of consequences, of cause and effect. Our life is filled with choices; which do we embrace, the this, or the that.

We are then, like computers, functioning on a binary code of yes/no, 1/0. And so do we find our way, like a drop of water coursing down a pane of glass. Through quantum theory, it is enough to merely know of something, and be able to observe it, in order to influence its outcome. Thus, the realization of self implicates manipulation of outcome. Observe yourself, your life, your decisions, your words, thoughts, actions. Through mere observation may one affect one's own outcome, for once a subject realizes it is being studied, the self-realization process is triggered. It is at this juncture where a man first thinks to himself “All I know is that I know nothing” for within us, is an entire Universe to be studied. Vast as the Universe without, the Universe within, merely the perception of the truth, struggles to harmonize itself its whole life long. As a subject realizes it is being studied, it will attempt to conform itself with the expected outcome. Or perhaps it is the will of the studier that affects the studied. Either way, to attune one's thoughts, one's expected outcome, to the wavelength of truth is essential to the proper study of phenomena.

The true man, the true scientist, knows that truth is impartial, unobtainable, infinite, God. And what is disease, such as disease in our society? The constant and consistent choice of darkness, the wrong choice, a mistake. Today, this society is diseased. As far as I'm concerned, they can have themselves. Aye look around, and no one knows me. Aye am unobserved. Aye float around unseen, and so, what aye may do, is up to me. There are no boundaries, no guidelines, for aye am invisible, and can penetrate all. It is aye who am the observer. Aye observe as they all march toward their doom. He who does not observe me becomes my oppressor, for aye yearn for nothing more than to be observed. Aye would empower you should you look, but the power requires responsibility, and so you avert your gaze. When will man be ready for responsibility? If you believe in God, then you must believe all things are created equal, the children of God. We are all such, are we not?

It is ok to doubt. It is ok to disbelieve, yet the truth shall one day be observed by all. All individuals are capable of approximating this frequency, as mathematicians have attempted to approximate the volume of a circle. The truth spirals in a circular manner, and only through the use of the infinite may it travel in rounded lines, rounded lines that depict the feminine principle. Can God be a woman? It must be both. Therefore it travels in infinitely small straight lines, causing a curved line to result. All is born through the vagina of the woman. The Earth then serves as the cosmic womb. She is barren until fertilized by the vibratory, intelligence carrying sperm of the masculine principle of God. Both these principles exist, and separate, they are inert, but when combined, the reaction causes the explosion of physical life. All planets are such, waiting, hoping, dreaming for the conditions to be proper for the intelligence to germinate the matter, create animated figurines, the children of the cosmic Mother and the cosmic Father, made in the image of both fecundating principles.

The energy represented in man/woman is the most sensitive. Man/woman creates him/herself because something in him/her knows how. All manifold paths leading to the hub, the center, are very narrow, hard to find, almost imperceptible. It is the intuition that guides us. These paths, like the men and women who walk them, are but the knowable

points in the void. In the void, one is cast adrift, mastless, rudderless, simply floating, being bandied about by the winds and currents of living reality. One is entirely subordinate to external factors. One walks nothing, follows nothing, knows nothing. And yet, there is a path bridging the immense chasm between these points, like a spoke in the wheel of life. It is in these chasms that we live our internal lives, waiting to chance upon knowable points in order to rest our weary intellects. Within us, we are all-possibility. Anything may be awakened in man. Something within that lies dormant, is as if dead to the individual. It is to find this path, that men sit and meditate. We are energy, and we may only feel our own energy when we are still. Still enough to feel our own vibrations.

Here I am, a massive, powerful bird, an ancient condor, but I will not fly, for there is plenty of work to be done. If I fly away, I shall never return. So I know I am not ready. I am of the Earth, and I love her. To her land was I born, old, ancient, proud land. I love my Mother, it is She that sustains me, that heeded my call when I was about to be disemboweled by the monster, sent by man. Why is man so at odds with himself? It is to my Mother, my Earth that I owe my undying allegiance. I do not give in to the system, run by small, covetous man. They can have all their pretenses. I work for something else. I work for the Mother, and for the Father, and thus I am protected by them. My Mother the Earth, my Father the Spirit. Thus the duality, and the duality of each factor of the duality, create the four principle elements from which life is sprung: fire (hot/dry), wind (cool/dry), earth, (hot/moist), water (cool/moist).

Too much change too fast. It happened too fast. For millennia men lived in a relatively consistent manner until all the revolutions brought on by the advent of the Westerners, the inheritors of the knowledge of the ages. So did he sign his name in blood on the dotted line, and thus bind the contract. He was the vehicle, while the ancient masters of money paved the way. And so is history repeated, over and over again. First one, then the other, falling into the same trap. And yet we all live, and we all have the right to do so.

What is it I am really saying? Really, I mean, why all the mystery, all the haze? I don't know, perhaps because it's a mystery to me as well. Because I am human and I struggle with all human problems. I push the envelope. But how? Simply, oh so simply. If you say black I'll say red. If you say green I'll say white. And so on, and on, forever, till infinity, till we are blue in the face, tickled pink. What does this prove? It is an exercise in futility, as is life, unless there be a pattern, and one attempt to learn it. Otherwise it is as if man were in eternal freefall, throughout his entire life, for as many lives as it took for him to pull the chute, ground himself in reality. Only from a stand point where both halves can be seen is this possible. The unification of the poles brings into existence the 3rd entity, the conscious, rebirthed, awakened individual. Only from this position of unity may this be done. Within oneself one hatches the embryonic consciousness.

Where did I learn all this stuff? What the hell kinda junk am I talking about, and why? All very good questions indeed, questions that only the passage of time could answer. There are things in the works. History is, and will be. If I do things, history will hold that at a certain point in time, a certain cat did certain things. Certain men have done certain things. This is history, I am history, you are history. This is our time.

What? There can be only one what? Don't you see? It's mathematics. The continuum hypothesis by Georg Cantor. He went insane because he could find no discernible application, which is the true work of all men of God. The application is that it can be applied at any and all levels, and the result is always the same. Therefore, when you say "There can be only one", and in reply "Only one what?" What, so you wanna behead me so that you're the only one left? You fool. Don't you see you shall be as well beheaded. Oh, I feel better now that I'm taunting my invisible oppressor. Oh, like my predecessors, in the orchard, persecuted, driven insane. Not by the knowledge, no. Never. Only by the implications of the knowledge.

And what am I to do, now that I've seen through the veil of the maiden that they would have me caress? I've lifted the veil, and the maiden's teeth are rotten. Her breath stinks, her eyes are bloodshot and blank. Her flesh is eaten, her skin wrinkled. She is still smiling at me. Could it be that she does not yet know herself? How would I know. I don't know anything. All I know is that it scared the dickens out of me. Holy Mary, Mother of God, what in the hell is going on around here? Do I seem alarmed? Huh. Since I last wrote, the World has descended into war. My nations are all at war. Please, pray tell, what am I supposed to make of this sign? Yes. Many peoples are at war. There is much unhappiness on the planet. It seems we have come to an impasse. There are diametrically opposed people, confronted for many diametrically opposed reasons. What is happening? Who is clashing? There's got to be a way through this mess, a mathematical equation that sees through all the bullshit. Their side, and our side. Screw'em both. All'yall is crazy.

Hah. The two poles. And where is life? In the reconciliation. Are we enslaving the entire human race in our quest for extra-terrestrial perfection? Are we so enthralled with the alien, to forsake the Earthling? Can it be that we are from outer space, and want to return home? Naturally, if they came here, they would have become our lords, which, in fact they did, if one knows the traditions of ancient history, the bible, or L. Ron Hubbard. Could it be that they are in control, and that they don't care about us? Mars is a red planet, like Earth. It has water carved canyons. It has pyramids and faces, just like the Earth. And we have found it. But we will mess it up, because we have not yet learned

respect. While man continues to disrespect everything that he touches, things will go badly with him.

I know what's going on yo. They don't tell me anything. They keep all their information classified, the latest science. In the past, this latest science was represented by the knowledge of God. When a phenomenon is learned, it ceases to work by magic, and becomes science. But we have forgotten the path we tread. We must give thanks. We must give thanks to all those who have carved our path, for good or ill, for here we are, and now what do we do? We must act. We must perform our duties as men. Nature will show us the way; she will speak her word. When one invoke righteousness, the Mother, She will have Her say. Why would they do it? Why would they invoke the forces of nature? They believe they can do it again.

As people descended from the Abrahamic tribes (taken from the Aryan Brahm, or Brahman), "Christians" too would feel they were chosen. They believe they are in the right. Because of the failures of civilizations past do we make the all-important distinction between church and state. Do you see how the leader would change his words from "infinite" to "enduring" justice? Invoking the higher powers has long been practiced on Earth. The English (in the form of John Dee and Thomas Kelly), are said to have invoked the gods to defeat the Spanish Armada, and to justify the wholesale obliteration of the native American peoples, and to justify any other effect of the British cause, effectively commencing over 400 years of British based empire. Their time had come, and, in all fairness, since when have the spoils of war been denied to the victor? That is merely the acceptable part of humanity. To then believe you are superior through God-given right, to teach doctrines of fear and hate in order to intimidate he whom one presumes to oppress, to raise an entire society with a discolored view of itself, and to believe that all these things are God given rights, far greater than the mere spoils of war, well, that is a sort of sentence one lays on oneself.

A sentence to die, for now this man must live in fear, protecting the secret that only he knows, that he's not really better, and that deep down, he may even be worse

through all the lies he's told. Raised on lies, this man will become suicidal. The child he raises will grow up to be suicidal. Yes. He is the master. He was born superior, through God-given grace. I see him for what he truly is: a degraded form of himself, as any miscreant of any color. A human, a poor sheep that has lost his way, because his momma didn't love him. He had his heart ripped out of him. Ripped out at birth. Yeah, it's not all, it's just some. The more powerful ones, for it is truly for a kingdom on Earth that the soul is sold. He was used. Have mercy on him.

“Yes, my child, it should be your kingdom upon the Earth”.

“But momma, what about when I die?”

“It is your destiny to drink of the waters of life, to live forever, so fret not my child, for those like us never die”.

So many mind tweaks. But I'm not making it up. It's happening all around me. Yeah boy, people will disappoint you. They'll look at you in the eye, and tear your heart out. Why? Where is this coming from? Who is fueling this fire, for I know it is not more than mere mentality. All is mentality. Reality, life, existence, is a frame of mind. I can feel them. I can sense their proximity, those that are of the same mind as I. We are dressed in all packages, all shades of red, brown, yellow, white, black, and we shall overcome. If you will invoke our Mother, righteousness, then She will respond. She has called upon us, upon me, and here I am. You have posed a question, and I stand before you in reply. Yes, I am here. Do not shirk your duties.

Was it not taught you to not use the Lord's name in vain? For every problem, there is a solution. It is only the algebra of this solution that needs be found. Thus the formula, the rhythm. Yep, they're all coming. Soon it will be a free-for-all. Mayhem because a virus will have infected peoples' brains. The bug of doubt. Soon the place will begin to get fuzzy. Perhaps the ones who are here were meant to be here. In the time of mayhem, many will raise their hands. All the impostors shall give themselves away eventually. Not before they have caused much harm. The trust of the people, now walking on stilts, will be reduced to tatters. Mere stumps. They shall crawl from the

woodwork. They shall point to this and that, but none can be believed. Something much larger approaches. It is rolling, and it shall not be stopped. It seems as if it were of cosmic proportions. A large filter, a large sieve. I can't see past its black vastness. I don't know what lies beyond it.

I can see it coming. Is it a large portal, a dimension portal? It is black, but I think that its blackness only mirrors our current condition. On the other side, it is light. Yes, there is the paradise, only on the other side of judgment. It's coming. Are we already in it? Is that what this is? All this bullshit and these lies and manipulations and contortions by those who are writing, producing, editing, and directing the entire show. Reality: brought to you by fat, drunken, perverted man. Please form a single file line to the left to come and kiss the anus of this, your benefactor. Pickled Motherless bastard.

Naw. No no no, this is bullshit yo! We ain't looking for no man. We ain't looking for no group of men. We're looking for a mentality. A mentality, manifest by those who engage in it. Yes. That is the enemy. The mentality of the past, a Zeitgeist from another time. The past that has man Spiritually and physically bound to Earth. For, as nature is given her medium, and she creates, so does man reshape nature. Looking at the accomplishments of others will always make one feel inadequate. It's not about looking, it's about doing. We know its all lies. How long are we going to let it go on? Its bullshit, its lies. Things aren't like they said they were. They were, are different. How? Look past the flesh. To obtain an answer, look past the problem. When I'm climbing a big hill on my bike, I set up an imaginary winch at the top, hook the imaginary cable to my bike frame, and haul myself up the mountain.

Hum. The foundations of the edifice are cracking. They won't be able to contain the truth for much longer. Some have said it is the aliens that are returning. I gotta say that wouldn't surprise me one bit. I pretty much expect it. But if it were to happen, there would be pandemonium, right? Well, what about an earthquake, a nuclear war? My brother once said that what we need is a common foe to unite us all. I guess that humans used to live on Mars, and will probably live there again. Their planet lies dormant, a

barren womb. Her people might look like us. Sure. Why not, what do we know? But what about the ones in power, how much do they know? As the rulers in a police state, they have the power to, and do, manipulate all the information that is dispensed to the people. Only the man who has property to protect employs the use of police. Is it not because man would impose limits on himself that he lose his true identity?

And yet, he must overcome, evolve. So he must learn his true identity, and to do this, he must alter it. The only way to know what is enough is to know what is excess. There is no other way. It is for this reason that all shall have the opportunity to ascend all ladders. No matter what happens, as long as one learn something during one's life, one will have at least that. This is the way of all ancient traditions. All knowledge has been descended from the same source. This source is not known to me, whether it was handed down by higher consciousness, by extra-terrestrials, by angels, but I do know that the true source is The Truth. All bodies are of the same nature, like humans, like planets, like stars. This nature is mathematics, science, and proportion (number). Even number does not exist. All measurement is arbitrary proportion, regardless of what is being measured, or how scientific the methods are.

Some proportions have been known to humans for all time. Even the ones that we say are new discoveries were known in antiquity. The Egyptians knew of pi, they knew the Earth was round, they knew of, and traveled to the Americas. This is not so odd, it's just that it's not the accepted history, that's all. History was written by the victors, the version that best suits them. The victors have a tendency to destroy the knowledge of the vanquished, thus forcing loss of traditional memory, and rendering a people easier to control. Some, like the Jews or the Chinese, have maintained a direct link to their forefathers of 5000 years ago and more. Their history runs continuously from that day to this. Who then, is the savage? The Romans destroyed the library of Alexandria, the ancient western repository of all known human knowledge, manuscripts in all languages, from all lands, regarding known history, medicine, mythology, theology, science, mathematics, cartography...Time and again repositories of knowledge destroyed, the

native American, the Australian aboriginals...To control the vanquished. It is our way, our tradition. Violation, stupefaction, need more examples be given?

It can be seen as an act of God that 90% of the native Americans were wiped out by disease brought by the white man. They were not protected. My mother tells me to pray every day that God protect me. They were forsaken, and the European proceeded with relative ease. It was an act of God. But now the harm is done, and America shall know itself for what it is today: the crossroads of the World. Who is indigenous, American? Well, that has changed in the last 500 years. There were natives here. You know, they looked sort of the same, but they were of all different hues, different shades and colors. They may have been a mish mash of races themselves, isolated long enough to create a new race. Peoples have mixed their blood for hundreds of thousands of years.

Pure blood lines have been strained, have lived, and disappeared. People keep mixing. New peoples will be created. No one knows what an American looks like, could look like anything. It is here where all men are allowed to live, allowed to believe, allowed to create. Here we have no castes, and if the right be given to one, it be given to all. Here we are created equal, and we are of different color. It is a new race, a beautiful race, a betterment of races. The race of he who was brought up to be free. Ah it is beautiful indeed, what we could have. Alas, we're not quite there. There are obstacles in the way, large, looming, dangerous obstacles. My beloved Ganesha has placed the there before us, such that we learn, that we may evolve. There is a lesson to be learned. A big lesson. We shall learn it. It's on its way.

I'm telling you, I don't know what it is. It's huge and unstoppable. The only way to not be consumed by it is to become like it. But what is it, that's what I'm saying. How can I become like it, if I don't know what it is? Easy, relax, breath deep. That's why we're here my friend. We must awaken to a whole new existence. It's like a quantum leap, like the difference between sleeping and waking. A vast majority of the people are denizens in the land of the blind. Now I know how to comport myself better in society. I can sense, before I act, what the outcome of my actions will be. I hook up that winch to the place I want to be, and I reel myself in. I have created my reality. If I have disturbed nothing, I shall be allowed to live.

But now our times are contrary. Well in that case, I reckon I'll have to disturb the disturbance, I shall disturb the disequilibrium. After all, we are in unbalanced times in search of equilibrium, what harm can it do. Man, I still have a hard time believing it myself. Can all this stuff be true? The only reason I don't want to believe it is because it means it'll be a long time before I am able to enjoy my life again. If it is true, then I know my calling, and peace I shall forego until a better, later date. It is for that date that I work. I have set my winch there. I am headed for later, better times.

Ok, now I am at leisure to dedicate myself to now. Ok, tell me again what the heck is going on? What? They're trying to screw us? They're destroying our planet? What? The damned haterz, man. What the heck, why the hell are those bastards always in charge. Is it a vendetta that urges them onwards? Shit man, there's no peace around here for anybody. Osi, what can I do? Tell me Osi, please, tell me what I'm supposed to make of all this. I have awakened here, and I am in the middle of a nightmare. I know it is my job, Osi, to grow from a boy into a man while on this plane. Everything, every life, is an opportunity. And so I take my task seriously. I yearn to be a man, in the shape of those, my elders. But they are all gone. There is not one of them left, Osi, to show me the way,

so I come to You. You are my last hope, my last resource. Beyond You are my wits alone, Osi, but I know the fallacy of that trail, and I choose the course of being rightly guided. Rightly guided by You, and so to You I grant my allegiance. I shall do as you command, and in return, You shall show me the way of those who would be my mentors. I shall live by Your Law, abide by Your rules, and learn from my Mother. It is in Her that things are reflected, and may thus be seen. Hers are the building blocks, crafted from Her soft, pliable clay, the menstrual blood, mixed with His vibration, the milky sperm, the seed of the Universe.

Oh in a bloody, slimy nutrient rich quagmire of a mess shall these two lovebirds meet. From my Parents then, shall I learn, of the principles of life, of tetrahedral geometry, of how it is that the Earth is just like a person, like you or me. Like how, in essence, all life is of the same nature, a vibration cloaked in a coat of earth. All things have their particular frequency. All humans as if they were radio waves, and their bodies as if the radios. Now there's two of them, the radio and the wave. Oops, I've said too much. What, the duality, the Mother, the Father, the foundation, the primary building blocks of all sentient life. A sphere, two tetrahedrons, the star of David, the pyramids of Giza, the molecular structure of a diamond, the pentamid at Cydonia on Mars. Geometry. Ancient. Known. Forgotten. This cloak of perishable existence to mask our infinite nature. The needs must change with the times. People can live in relative bliss for tens of thousands of years, before true change. This is our stock, from this have we all emerged. Our genes know the history, our very cells. It is trapped in the earth, and we are of the Earth.

We are Earth. We know our history. It is just shrouded from us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Not even were I to mummify myself and seal my body in a platinum casket would I cause permanent imbalance. The Earth must still end, and the atoms must eventually return home. Only in a static World could this form of the infinite exist. A static form, which to us is inaccessible, because matter decays. Through the mother are all things born. All that is born, that has physical life, was born of mother. It is Her substance, the clay, which allows for things perishable. The vibration is omnipresent,

perpetual, and infinite. It is the seed, the organizer to set order, created from the chaos. The Father alone is the vibration. The Mother alone is the clay. Together they make animate life. This is the first duality. Why are people going nuts? Because their poles are tugging at them.

Naturally, *all* things are split in two. There is the higher Spirit, lower Spirit, higher body, lower body. For all things there are two poles, and the reconciler. For every set, there are all its individual parts, and the entirety of the set itself. Infinity cannot be proven, only conceptualized. Anything related to it must be similar in nature, meaning it may not be grasped either. Pondering this is a good way to go insane. But I have more pieces of the puzzle, things even the greatest geniuses did not have. I am enlightened. I have seen the light. Now I can address these matters from the standpoint of a man far more knowledgeable, who has studied and learned from all men in all parts.

I have nothing to fear. I know what they succumbed to. I studied them, I saw their errors far before I even had an opportunity to commit the same. I owe to them, to all, once again, my undying gratitude. I hail and salute all my people. Those who have been, are, and will be down for the cause. Those who will find it necessary to fight for our lives while here on this plane. Men born here are born to the unending war that rages furiously, like the gas/dust-storms on Jupiter, or on our Sun. Knowing this then, how should a man live his life? He has done it all. He has lied, cheated, stolen from his brother, and been good. If we can imagine it, it has been done.

In ancient hermetic manuscripts, this division in man was known by the names Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire. Since man was an amalgam, he was required to know all his parts. Now the fire corresponds with the vibration, and of course, the earth with the clay. It is also known that Lucifer was made of fire, and as such, he felt he should not be made to bow down before this clay figurine that was Adam, who could not even see his fire nature. Lucifer, the devil, is merely a vibration, a frequency, a thought that must be made to acquiesce before the human. The devil will waylay him in the form of man's own mind. He will plant seeds of destruction, and the victim will not even know what he

carries, or that it is contagious. Invasive vibrations, evil thoughts. Is there a defense? Yes, one. Righteous application of knowledge. Knowledge of self. Knowledge of how the vibrations perceived by the brain attempt to sabotage the individual.

Thus Lucifer infects the minds of men. It is he who would drive them off their path, for no matter which, all men walk a path. There are true paths and errant paths. Only the walker knows which one he is on, as long as he be true to himself. That is all. Then, when all have acted, when all actions are tallied, and tabulations are in, then shall it be revealed what the true impact of one's actions was. A man may be born, live, and die, in order to perform one isolated task in his entire life, and so on, until what finally is supposed to happen happens. The Lord works in mysterious ways, and the truth is often stranger than fiction. People are extremely dangerous because of their mentality. It is said that when a man does not banish these evil thoughts from his head, he has succumbed to weakness. A strong man is expected to properly combat these evil vibrations, Spirits, whatever. This is the mortal combat. This is the war, this is how one will truly achieve, for the greatest riches are Spiritual riches.

The wealth of health. Material riches are sure to cause headaches in the long run, but there must be a balance. There must be a way of working, obtaining, and living a satisfied life. You don't want to be rich, but you don't want to be poor. You want to be able to go when and where you want to. And, it must be available to all men, regardless of their origins, based solely on their own efforts. Our current methods enrich us at the expense of others. As a result, injustice, hatred directed at the people, and war. I don't know what the answer is, but it is plain to see this is not working. Everything hinges upon the education of the children, but they will continue to be taught the way they are. This will continue to create much imbalance, and unhappiness. There must be something we are missing, key elements to the equation. We know them. We have all the separate variables, what we need is the proper formula, the one where a peaceable way of life for all is the result.

Yes, we need a new system. Only from the outside may this one be properly analyzed, like with the 13th warrior. Yes, and it takes all types, and all people are different, and I would not make them the same, nor do I expect it of people. I expect nothing. I merely report what I see, what I know, who I am. I express myself. It must be the times. You'd have to be insane not to be going crazy these days. We now live in times when all information is available to all men. Information that has been lying dormant for centuries, even millennia is now coming to the surface, making itself visible to all humanity. It is a sign. It is a sign that says "Heed me!"

Yes, now I know, from one thing may spring two entirely new things, different from, but of the same essence as the original. These two may be brought together to make a 4th separate entity. This is provable in theology, philosophy, mathematics, and life. We as humans represent an entity before we split, then we split in order to know our component parts, yet we are never different than the one we have always been. Then, we bind our two poles, and recreate the unified entity, except now it has been reborn, and its life existence will by no means be the same as it was before the split. These things develop within the individual, as to a casual observer, the physical being may, or may not be altered in any way. And yet the whole sequence of events has transpired within. The individual is fully aware of the changing vibrations within.

He begins to sense himself becoming much more sensitive, receptive to the energies floating in the air. He begins to discern between all things, light and dark, as he did within himself. He begins to see how true natures cloak themselves in order to be hid from its oppressors. All things un-manifest are as if seeds buried deep within the ground, germinating in darkness until one day it breaks the surface of the earth to catch its first rays of sunlight. This is the seed of life, and it is sewn in darkness.

In our times, most things manifest are of contrary nature. Those who dress as angels may be devils in disguise. Soon the truth of this will be known, and the children will grab the hand of the devil, searching for an angel in disguise. Yes. The parent shall lose control of the child. The child will be lost to the street, to the night, to the raging

war. This is as it should be. There will be a place for the children to go. There will be loving arms, open and waiting, and then things shall be contrary no more. The day will dawn, and the stripes of the tiger, the fangs and claws of the dragon will be seen. All will be terrified, all save the children, who have trained themselves. They were forewarned by their intuition, by their sensitive receptors to the energies that abound, by God. I'll receive them. I'll open my arms to them. What do I look like? Have I not described myself as a devil with horns?

Oh yes, they shall come into my arms, and I shall corrupt their minds. I shall tell them that they are beautiful, that they are capable. I shall tell them where they come from, and I shall exhort them to find whither they go. Yes, I was a lost youth myself. I floated in darkness, lashing out at all perceived oppressive forces, until I found the truth of myself. The forces within me, the demons, the force of my own mentality. I learned to look around me, to read the signs. I have seen that we are no more than animated robots (ningen), pure technology. Yeah, I've said it before, somebody built the carcass, and infused life into it. Oh yeah, I'll fill your child's head with all sorts of ideas, with destinies, fates, duties, honor, chivalry, God. I'll bring him back to the place where he once was, to the place from where he was led astray.

Why do you fear me? Can you not see it is your own fears, your own mentality? It is not mine. I fear not this place, I have come here. It opened its doors to me, and to the degree that I am able, shall I let all lost souls know of this place, which they once knew so well. The Christian church, you say? Is it there where they will learn their faith? Man what a travesty. What a horrible predicament we find ourselves in. Our Spiritual leaders do nothing but lead us astray. There is no respect. How can you expect the youth to respect the elder, if what the elder does is teach the youth violence, villainy, tyranny, despotism. Man, it's a bad situation. Where are the kids gonna turn to?

To the street, to the oppressed, to those that need their number, and we'll be here. Oh, you bet. Be here with open arms, as I've said. You know, this is a H.A.L.O. joint.

Here we aim to educate. We aim to help. They'll make us out to be evil, to be poisoning the mind, but it is them. They are the devils dressed as angels.

The reality is gonna hit people full in the face, pretty hard. Yeah, you'll make yourself old in your mind. Make yourself evil, weak, greedy, strong, pathetic, loved, needed, everything, all in your mind. In it lies reality. How is this true? All you see is only a perception of what really is. When you want it to be a certain way, it will be that way. Why then, so much antagonism? Antagonistic parents, authority, people, lovers, friends, brothers, nations, everything? Do we create this in our mind? Indeed we do. We do it because we don't know any better, and while this is true, in the antagonism we find the life. In the friction, the resistance. How to use your third eye to know of the forces that are actually in effect that truly shape our lives. What are these forces? They are nothing but energy. Vibratory energy of all types, all frequencies, harmonic and dissonant.

These are the knowable points, and there is the void in between. All these things constitute infinity, for though the life of the flesh is finite, the vibration that senses the self is of infinite nature. The energy exists within the void, the chasm, but there is nothing there for it through which to reverberate. What is needed is the four elements to create the ningen. The feminine elements of the earth and water, the masculine of fire and wind. The quintessence of the Spirit. Hm. Whatever.

End part two : Us

I've been diving, skin-diving, free skin-diving. I've been at depth. I was down there a long time, until my breath ran out. I was down there for quite awhile. I saw all sorts of interesting things. It was pretty dark down there. I got there, and I couldn't see much. All I felt was the cold, and the dark, and the wet. And I swam around for a bit, you know, it was pretty exciting, being down there so deep. I don't even know how deep it was, but it was deep. And then I started to see the little lanterns floating. Then I saw the constellations, then the planets themselves. Then, the whole entire Universe was revealed to me. It was so much information that I can't even really recall it anymore. But for a second there, like a blinding flash of light, and all of a sudden I knew who I was, why I was allowed to exist. The entire cosmos was revealed to me, and bent down to its knees, and bowed before me. And their god, Jupiter, gave me this gem, and I realized I must be dieing of asphyxiation, and I darted back to the surface, and I see light.

It is not easy to achieve the highest in any realm of endeavor, as those who have achieved it will tell you. Long days and nights of toil and sacrifice are required. To attain to the heights, one must descend to the depths. Sometimes obstacles are immovable. One is not. Go around. It is possible to create a society that finally realizes it is being studied. At this point, I don't mind the controversy, it's the paranoia I don't want. Yet if I incite it in others, perhaps it is only fair that it be incited in me. Once the subject realizes it is being studied, the entire process is knocked off center. The subject becomes self-conscious, and now the scientist must readjust.

H.A.L.O. – The corona, the crown of Christ, the halo of life. The highest chakra, kether, the supreme crown of understanding.

Is it that the spell has wore off, and the protection is gone? There was a kingdom promised. All things that seemed so easy, now look so dangerous. Today a kingdom exists. Who has inherited it? The World, existence, is a power struggle. Now that there is a voice, we join the game as player. I'm now fair game, as are all others who are aware.

Like that revolving storm that incessantly rages on Jupiter, such are we, the immortals who revolve around the Earth. All is mentality. There are many different mentalities. There is the divider, the destroyer, the unifier, creator, many indeed. We all live by the code imposed by our mentality. Thus we encounter those who have different thoughts and beliefs, and thus we make our allies and our enemies. Those like-minded, allies, and antagonistic, enemies.

Why does life want to come to Earth? It must provide for a necessary link of evolution. Obviously this life wants to come here, if the conditions allow it, rather than to stay where it reside. Like a bacteria, man will consume the Earth. The Earth is sick, sick with the bacteria of man. It, we, have become like a cancer. Bacteria the principle of life? It would seem so. Divide and conquer. We will not stop until our task is complete. Is that not clear enough yet? It is what we know today as progress. The Earth shall speak her mind. She shall shake us to wakefulness if need be.

At birth, pure potential, a person could be anything, and then it manifests itself. It claims, in one long lifetime of a statement, what it really truly believes of itself. It is, in essence, lived in reverse, if its final end be known, for birth, and death, well, we already know about those now don't we. One and the same, the two poles, the opposites, the opposites of the One Thought. Yeah. The truth. The ugly, heinous, nasty, holy Toledo, insane truth. The truth of the situation. Can it be? Can it possibly be that they march us to our doom in such a flagrant manner? Who are all these people, where did they come from? How come all of a sudden there are so many, where there were once few? They can't all be Mexicans, or Chinese, or immigrants or something. That's not what I'm talking about. And why do they all insist on marching to their deaths?

Yo man, I don't believe in throwing hex, hell no. I say live and let live. Yeah, let every man to show himself, good or bad. Let what is coming to a man for his actions come to him, for it is the law of life. All things must be balanced to exist. Those things out of balance cease to exist, and split into the two separate poles. They have lost the One, and become part of the 10,000 things. The One is the string, the tie that binds the

vibration that powers to the clay of matter. Two forms of energy on highly different frequencies. Yes, electricity is the vibration. You see, as of now, it is magick, but in the future, it will be shown to be science, once it is proven by machines with pulleys, cranks, and needles, run by some genius freak who designed it to measure the physical manifestation of immeasurably minute mental vibration, to name an example.

Certain arts are to be lost into oblivion, until they are reborn with some gifted neophyte at some time in the future, when the time is right to bring back lost memories, for all human arts are achievements to man, as they represent references through which to measure oneself as men/women. They are windows to the soul, as all creation is the shining forth of Spirit, of the unseen, unfelt, unknown interior, for those who don't already know of such things. The deeper the interior, the more common it is among men/women. For this reason, it is the task of the writer to be the true and just journalist of the soul, caring not for the ego of the mind, for surely it is the ego that is quarrelsome and nasty. Oh I know it to be, for I have seen it at work, studied it well.

Yes, it is science, it is the science of simplicity. Simplicity of life, of existence. We are mad scientists, ancient alchemists. We measure and we blend, we increase heat, remove moisture, add, mix, blend, fire, stoke, observe, study, learn, live, quest, love, serve, praise, thank, misuse, abuse, reduce, resist, reject, deny, forget, die, remember, rebirth, one more chance, until, what. Until what? Well, it would seem to me until you could remember all of it. The only way to do this is to obtain pure heart. It comes natural. It doesn't matter. This part doesn't matter. This part is for the masters. I merely parrot their words, which I know some of. But I'll continue here nonetheless, that history may show that it is not dead, nor shall it ever die, for regardless of the men that abound, of their actions, thoughts, beliefs, strengths, weaknesses, the quest of man, to generalize a vast point, has always been the same. The true quest of man/woman, be it known to the individual or not, is to rejoin his/her maker/creator. The way to do this has long been known on this planet.

Many of the ancient traditions have been lost to modern man, but if they ever *were*, then it shall come to pass that they shall *be* again. Man has a quest on Earth, and it has been known to him since the beginning of time. The one quest that should occupy many lifetimes, and the many smaller quests that that should constitute the lives of the individuals. It is in times of darkness that the common quest of man has been subverted by the powerful few, but these transitory times in the cumulative existence of man are as the every day problems in the life of any one man. There is period of darkness, as there is period of light. More than the truth, what we really seek is the formula which allows us to live in peace and harmony with the creation of the Master Builder, in all its radiant glory. Not all times are to be enjoyed in the warmth of the Sun. The periods of cold night are given to us so that we may learn of the every duality that exist within man, as all existence is a sign, a reflection of itself.

What happens when you awaken the sleeping dragon of humanity? We will find out what will come to us for our efforts. I myself will have no regrets, for I know my life is different in that now I know. Energies will be attracted to me, as I am attracted to energy. I am merely a man, easy to destroy. I wonder if my destruction is now necessary. I will call these things to me no longer. I will call now only beauty and love, peace and respect, harmony and light. I will leave the nastiness to the reactionaries. But still, I wonder, is it better to let the sleeping dragon lie? I know why I thought it, I know what mentality rationalizes it, what mentality fears it. Yeah, I have opened all doors to me. I am now completely vulnerable. A little blip just popped up on the dragons sleeping radar. Who's the baddest man? He is the dragon. I ain't bad. I may be more like David, willing to enter a hopeless battle, but I have not felled any giants, philistine or otherwise.

I have considered the alternatives. I have pondered the consequences, at least the ones I might foresee. I thought about leaving the beast alone, and I thought about kicking it while it lay prone. I hid behind a wall, but I gave the proper warning, and I called all things as they appeared to me. It is for this reason I believe people will come: for curiosity. All things that were, still are. I'm ready. I know what I talk about. What I don't know is what things shall be awakened. Vast parts of humanity lie dormant. All the parts in between the points. All we know here is points, it is all we may know, even if they are right next to each other. Oh, for goodness sakes, God have mercy on my soul. What is it I fear? Where is the courage of which I spoke, with such pride, such valor. I could resort to all my old tricks, tell all to go to hell, again, but I will not. There comes a time for redemption in the lives of all men, a time where one falls down to one's knees, tears in the eyes, begs forgiveness for pride, for arrogance, and touches one's forehead to the ground, in reverence, in dignity, in peace with the judgment to come.

There are times in the life of a man where everything he has ever done, everything he has ever thought, seems as if a waste of time, of energy and space. I have had this experience in the past, and the feeling continues to this day. There is a rapacious anxiety to communicate with fellow man that becomes like an open wound when not addressed in proper fashion. No, I am not contrite, on the contrary. The need to convey the message grows ever stronger, the tenderness in the heart for the love of humanity grows ever more real. One is as if a tiger, a vicious, violent tiger, that has meditated upon one's own claws, one's ferocious fangs that are designed to tear to shreds the ill fortune of it that would cross one's path. When I was young I would joyfully tear limb from limb, lick the blood off my jowls, enjoy the taste, the smell, the warmth of the flesh as I consumed what was my destiny to consume. I was a tiger, and I lived my life as a tiger, and made no questions or demands of it. I was happy.

One day I met an extraordinary creature, and he was a man. All he did was care for me. He showed me respect, and I realized that this one individual, it would be best for me if I didn't tear him limb from limb, for this one could teach me of myself. And so I let this one live, and we communicated, in peace, and dignity, and respect. And he would ask me of myself, and I would answer with pride, and it was as if he had pride to know me as well. I could sense his profound love for me, but I was always aware that I was a tiger, and there were limitations to the places we could cohabitate. This individual, he became as if my keeper. It was through him that I was acquainted with others like him, and it dawned on me that I was beginning to take on the qualities of civilization that he would bestow unto me. It happened quite naturally. I believe it was because of his love for me, his desire to know of my claws, of my fangs, of my beautiful stripes.

One day, when I was famished with the hunger for blood, exhausted by my own quest to control my nature, for through my friend had I learned of higher things. I was young, I was proud, I was strong and dominant. And my friend ran up to me, and he was happy, and he was going to tell me some news that he had for me, but I was in no mood. And I took one of my big fat paws, and I gave him one big fat swipe, and I disemboweled him on the spot. I couldn't control myself. It was as if the fire inside my heart had boiled

over at the very instant that he presented himself before me. When I saw the blood issue forth from his entrails, I lost my control as I had never experienced before, and like a vicious, crazed monster, I tore him to shreds. I let out the biggest roar that had ever issued from my lungs. I pounced on his body and began to bounce on it like a trampoline. I screamed and screamed, and I did not come to myself until it was very much later, night time.

I was not sorry, or afraid for what I had done. I knew it was his deepest wish that I should tear him limb from limb as I did. I can only know this as it was revealed to me in a dream. He came to me afterwards and told me. He told me it was what he wanted, and that he had chosen me because of my ferocious nature, with which he was in love. He said it was his deepest regret that he was not a tiger like me, so that we could pass the time peaceably for the rest of our days. But now, the feel of the hunt is gone. I would rather starve, then eat of the tasteless, odorless flesh, the same that once was the reason for life. I have not gathered the courage to submit myself to this. They tell me I have grown more noble, more beautiful in my sadness, but my claws and fangs now weigh on me, on my conscience, the deadweight of useless armament. I have grown gaunt, a tragedy in the sight of other tigers. I have not gained in the eyes of my peers, the effect is only within me. I tap my claw on the ground. Man, if only I had fingers.

It is easy to forget why one does things. Too easy. One must constantly remind oneself. Constant purification. Like a revolution, it must come regularly, continuously, always, or it is a farce. It must come during one's lonesome time. It must, above all, never be done as a show before people. A time of purification is a time away from the clatter of men. I guess it's always best to sashay, to swing and sway. I'll have my say. There, I said it. It is done. The balls now back on your court, dawg, what are you gonna do? It don't matter to me if you show me at all, you can do whatever. I won't even give you any ideas. I'm here. I ain't hiding no more. I ain't running either, I'm just living my life. What do you know about it?! I retain the right to myself as my own sanctuary. You can expect nothing of me. Nothing, unless you are prepared to be disappointed. No, you see, I done did my homework. Now it's your turn.

That pain you're showing, that hurt, it's not real. You're making it up. Your indignation, it is not necessary. It is extra, and it is you that is adding it to the mix. However, the truth remains. There is no reason to fight it. Real science, real mathematics, are not known except by the modern day magi. Today, these work toward World hegemony. They are known among themselves. Could it be that the hegemonists plan to destroy all men, save the few of themselves? Like in that movie Antz. This is what Ray told me his father believes, spear-headed by the empire. He is a Zoroastrian, part of a bygone era, a bygone empire. Reduce the World population to about 5 million he said. Life teaches us different things. An individual's life is a series of lessons, such that the individual learn whatever it is that that individual is supposed to learn during his/her lifetime. In other words, what life shows me is what she wants me to learn while we are thus bound together. In other words, the lessons are chosen, from all existing possibilities, such that those particular lessons be learned.

It is for this reason we can have no complaints, for ultimately, all our experience is drawn to us by the frequency we emit and receive, such that we formulate our belief on life. Our Worldview. Thus are our lives shaped, by our own brains, at their own speed. Within different frequencies there are different levels of equilibrium, creating the concentric rings (really spheres), the different levels of infinity (consciousness). The space between these rings is the infinite, is life. The actual ring (an illusion), play the part of seeming safety zones (what you think you know), but there are no safety zones other than the center. The center is an arbitrary point, but one may visualize it at one's center, the perineum. The center (micro) is the same as any of the outer rings (macro). This is the infinite. These rings need other rings off which to bounce, like molecules. As above, so below. The lattice then is like pooled molecules, a bunch of spheres bouncing off each other. Add heat, subtract heat, coagulate, or dissolve the matter. Observe. It will react innocently enough, until it realizes it is being observed. Then it will become erratic. It attempts to organize itself in a self-conscious manner. It learns itself, it evolves. And so it is that God watches over us.

Dissolvable bodies are increased and diminished. The Moon waxes and wanes, and she is the symbolic female principle. She symbolizes the principle of matter. All these things are created, used, and destroyed by the other principle, the principle of life-vibration, the masculine, symbolized by the Sun. These things are in principle only, for all humans, men and women, are the begotten sons and daughters of these same principles. Females are xx chromosomed, the male xy. The y is the aggregate, it is the foreign substance, and the fetus swings male. It is this dissolvable, temporary matter that is subject to fluctuations, that must die and return to the main source to be built anew. A perishable principle, and an imperishable, coming together and separating, the duality of all living creatures, the creator of the paradox, for both principles have their own needs. Obviously the most well adapted human knows of and feeds all needs. Man without God is man. Man with God is god, or Man. It is as simple as this, for all partake of that which they convince their own minds of. The immortal aspect of man will castigate the mortal for its indiscretions.

All I am is an affecter of people, and I treat those who treat me in like manner. The shell is constructed, but it is empty. It is in this that we must labor, in filling it. The emptiness inside is just that, emptiness. The living dead are so because they are empty inside. They must be filled, like a cup. The only one who may fill the vessel is he whose vessel would be filled. Otherwise, he remains as an empty, stoppered bottle of wine. Of all those who live, only some will get to tell their story. History is seen through the eyes of few men. And so the key to life then, is feeling. Strive therefore, to feel yourself.

Now we know more. I myself bring myriad sciences to my analyses. Deep, emotional transformations. What is there in this World? What is there to make it worth it? What is it that we get excited about, what is it that moves us. I don't mean this as in how our society functions, I mean this as in what are the invisible forces that move things. Why is there a need to manifest in this manner, so condensed. It is the Earthly life, and while it is mine, I love it. It is my all. And yet we are dual. Do you not feel yourselves? There is one, a carnal self, with all the outward vestments of life, indeed the visible and obvious life. And there is another, the ethereal vibrational self. This is the electricity that

powers the body. By now I would expect that this has become accepted, by those who feel, who know, who have studied, who have learned. It is as simple as this. The matter we understand. It is the invisible electricity that we do not know.

What is there to know about it? That is not for the materially rich man to know. His heart is closed to these matters, for he believes he needs them not. In the heart of the humble, the poor, is kindled the Spirit, for there is nothing else to rely on. And yet, you don't have to be poor to know of the Spirit, nor do you have to be rich to be unaware of it. However, the way of the Path is always the lowest. The lowest must be achieved to obtain the highest. These things I speak of are known only in the hearts of those men and women who already know. There are different levels of consciousness available through different kinds of knowledge. Knowledge in this sense is knowledge of truth, of the real, of what is, things as they are, with no tampering or interference of human weakness. This is knowledge. The knowledge itself is as if a beautiful gem, a diamond, an emerald, a ruby. But it brings with it the baggage, of how brutally men behave, and the damage is done. They say not to go near it. They say you will go insane. It is beautiful. And how men slaughter and disrespect themselves over it. And for this they would ask men to not know themselves. This is all. This is what it breaks down to.

Homey, ya got it all twisted. It ain't like that, man. It's different, like respect, and love, and caring, and actual humanity. It is not the people that go to war, it is the leaders. And, in essence, what happened was you took, and then you said "Don't touch my stuff". Yeah, you went over there, you took, then you brought it back, and it was yours. Well, that is the right of the conqueror. There will be justice, with the conquest of the conqueror. The old toppled, the new instated. Only these are games of governments. My government and I are not on speaking terms, for the government has called me a terrorist, because I'm not with them. They are bombing nations. They are stealing from the World. Like cannibals, they are consuming their own children. No. I am not with them. They would silence me. If I speak up, they would eliminate me.

Am I being paranoid? Do we live in a civilized World? You try it. Men have been lynched, in all lands, at all times, for breaking down the truth for people. There ain't nothing new, it's just new to you, cuz you ain't supposed to be hearing it, cuz you're consorting with terrorists, because I'm not with them. Because I'm for peace. Can you say "I'm the victor. It is my right."? Yes. But must you not also give thanks for the spoils of war? After all, were not the gods on your side in your moment of victory? It was you that invoked them, was it not? Yes. And so, give thanks for what? For God has chosen you to be on the side of righteousness. Why then must you go and betray Its trust, by proceeding in an unrighteous manner? Are we not subject to the same power, win or lose? A victor on a battlefield, on a thousand battlefields, will not be able to stave off death forever. And so why must he act as if he will?

Do you know that at this moment you are being observed? I am observing you, you miserable worm. I'm going to dissect you, remove the tumor of all your evil lies, deceit, tyranny, and everything else you have to show. Yes, you are under the microscope. You are being observed. Watch yourself. Watch your thoughts, your words,

your actions. All things are bounced off each other. With no input, there is no movement. With no action, no reaction. All a human being does is react to what is going on around him. If he has nothing to react to, nothing in which to see himself reflected, he will have no possibility of thought. A man without studies limits himself in this way. One who does not know of his potential higher self will not know how to recognize it in any way. Only when man realize his true potential is he truly liberated. It is his first breath of wakeful life. A breaking of the plane.

A fine burden you have saddled me with. And I don't even know why you told me. Why you brought me down with you to this slimy hell-hole of a place. Bloody bastard, all you wanted was company in your misery, wasn't it? Yeah, I'll do whatever I want, my ass. Why couldn't you have just kept your mouth shut. You and your bleeping clandestine operation. Now what? All the other stuff, it's all bullshit now. All the crap involved with the life they want me to live. I can't do it. I gotta get the heck outta this joint. They're gonna bomb someone, and then it'll be done. It must be true, that they want everybody to die. Son of a bitch. And now look at me. *You've* put these words in my mouth. Before, they spoke of different things, much different things. Oh you crummy bastard. And you're pleased with yourself, aren't you? The more controversy you create, the better. Perhaps the only thing that can never come to us is that which we blindly seek. It is important then, to know how to seek, lest we ruin our chances with our haughtiness. Seek, above all else, that fate grant anonymity. That she grant peace, love, and happiness, for it is with fate that our chances reside.

The light shall be for those only that reach the dawn of daybreak. We honor those that have fought for light during their lives, and yet, if one were to appear before us today, we would crucify him again as we have done for all time. And so now here we sit, awaiting the Last Day. It is no longer a secret that this glorious moment rapidly approaches. Indeed the time is upon us, the stage is set. All that remains is for the button to be pushed, the call to be made, the axe to drop. And like lemmings do we march forward to the abyss. What is happening? Why are they driving us to our doom? They must be doing it on purpose. Surely the World's most evolved men (in their own eyes)

have enough foresight to know where they lead us. And yet they persist. They persist in doing crime in the name of good. They persist in following the long tradition of despotism in the governments of men. There is precedent for better things, better times. There is no sense in arguing with anything. Only in doing. The energy one puts out will come back to one in ways one could not possibly understand, unless one already does.

H.A.L.O. – Hermetic American Liberation Organization.

By now it is obvious that the World is mired in one of its historic dark episodes. There are some blinded, for reasons I understand not, to the signs being displayed in an unfeeling, disrespectful World. Throughout the course of history, men have worked such that certain ideologies, certain frames of mind, prevail over others. There are many ways for humans to be, many potential realities, and yet together, hand in hand, arm in arm, we have striven, and arrived at the place we find ourselves. When we look around, we see what has prevailed. Men continue to work such that ideologies, mentalities which they champion may surge, justifying the life of its proponent.

In the distant past, there was a time when man noticed, and said “Here, we have erred. Sometime, in the distant future, this error will be corrected”. What is in balance may revolve freely about itself. What is out of balance will coil endlessly toward the abyss. There are historical facts that are of utmost importance to our modern existence. Foremost among these is the discovery, foundation, and establishment of the American continents. This is relative to a European perspective, naturally, for there were natives in the Americas prior to the arrival of the European. These were destined to play the part of the vanquished. The riches that they sat upon were far too great to allow them sovereign control over it, again, from a European standpoint.

The conquerors were of two basic types: northern Europeans and southern Europeans. These two invaders both came from across the seas, looking for two entirely distinct bounties. The northerners came to north America looking for land, for religious freedom from their oppressive feudal monarchies and the church. Irrespective of the

colonies of criminals expelled by the English, they were more educated individuals looking for a new life, a place to craft a life of freedom. The southern Europeans came to all the Americas looking for gold, gems, treasures, riches to take back and become kings in the old country. They brought no political or governmental traditions, other than that of despotic soldier-of-fortune treasure seekers, and eventually, monarchic enclaves designed to ship everything of value back to the Motherland. These, very briefly, were they who founded the Americas under European patronage.

As a result of the different mentalities of the settlers, were born two different philosophies in the New World. In the north, the land had to be cleansed of the “hostile war-like savages, completely inhuman. Godless icon worshippers who know not the existence of (the European notion of) God”. Thus all who stood in the path of destiny were chopped down. Eventually the native population, once numerous, became nearly extinct here in the north. The northern Europeans, backed by their God, the God of the Jews, thus became destined to control half of the World’s greatest piece of “uninhabited” land almost exclusively. The remaining savages, their numbers almost negligible, were penned, corralled, shackled, moved along, sloughed off.

This is the legacy of the man who was in North America before the European. He is a man like any other, like you and me. He is squashed, forgotten, completely dismissed. It must have been cosmic justice. Everything happens for a reason, and a substantial portion of the World’s history, an heirloom of humanity, has been caused to be erased. It is recorded somewhere, to someone it is known. I know of its richness, as entire as our own history. They were a proud people, so proud that they would not slave for their new masters. For this they were useless and deemed lazy. Then, the few of them who remained were introduced to the devil juice, the history of which they knew not, and they were induced to sleep. Today it is known that they were civilized, cultured men that knew not our diseases, and revered the One Force, as do we. They knew of the invisible forces, and worshipped the cross, the four elements and the fifth. At one time they had great numbers and great tradition, but today, their story is dormant.

In the south a different philosophy prevailed. The invaders were young, destitute, unemployed soldiers, lusty for blood from years of battling moors. They came searching for spices, and found untold riches. Savage Indian heathens dressed head to toe in gold. Moreover, they thought of the Europeans as their gods, hearkening to a time in distant unrecorded (by the European) past when a blue-eyed bearded white man, Viracocha, had tread the Americas civilizing, teaching wisdom, science and culture to the native. The southern European, at first not really searching for land, hadn't the urgency to rid the New World of its inhabitants, and rather found themselves in paradise on Earth, a veritable Garden of Eden, and blended with the people, taking advantage of the innocent nature of the women in particular. For 200 years this southern invader raped and pillaged and proselytized and lorded over the "Godless savage, half child half man". Vestiges of glorious ancient civilizations were disregarded and dismantled. Countless books and sources of knowledge and history totally destroyed. The queen received her due.

To all parts of America were slaves brought from Africa. The tobacco, cotton, sugar, chocolate, coffee, potato and other lucrative agriculture they had discovered proved a great source of income to the European. The Native American, even in places where he wasn't eradicated actively, often lost the will to live, their numbers declining almost to the point of extinction, making them useless as slaves. The Africans, unlike the Americans, were accustomed to slavery, and worked hard in unfavorable conditions. This man from Africa did not know he was going to travel around the World in a dingy, in squalid conditions, to a land so far away, nor that their descendents would never again see their homeland. This man also is just like us, like you and me. And thus were the Americas founded. Distinct races from distinct parts of the globe, brought together, thrown into the cosmic mixer, by fate, by chance, by the will of God and man. Thus were the beginnings of our beloved America, land of the free, home of the brave. And now, we must make this description fit all.

In America, this is our history, our legacy. This is the New World. Here man would finally be able to liberate himself from the shackles that have bound him for millennia, the same shackles we battle today, since before the days of the Greeks, who really herald the beginning of the ascendance of the white man as a dominant race. During our process of modern civilization there have been groups of men who were far advanced in relation to others in terms of science, knowledge, and psycho-Spiritual evolution. It is these men who have helped reconstruct our civilization to where we see it today. These men have been known, among others, by names such as Druids, Magi, Pharaohs, Nagas, Brahmans, Aryans, Taoists, Freemasons to name a few amongst the many. They are linked, as are all men of knowledge, by their adherence to the notion of the eternal soul, the immortal Spirit.

Here in America, the home of the new breed, we see that the northern part has taken precedent over the southern part, mimicking the turn of events in Europe itself. It is for this reason that all information today is strained through the eyes and ears of these, the North Americans, and their fathers, northern Europe. The reality we live in is created. It is created by those who drive it. The highest principle of government, since ancient times, is to control the people without their knowledge of being controlled. What one does not know is as if dead to one. Therefore you may not know what you do not know until you learn of your error.

South America yet resides in incubation, quietly, patiently withstanding the onslaught of the imperialist conquerors. The land shall have the last laugh. Nature bats last, as they say. Now, what was expected of her upon her birth? The white man has had the dream. He has had his own dream of a white and pure land, where flaxen haired, blue-eyed angels reside. This can only be a façade, for we live on Earth, where all must struggle for their survival. I've seen the perfect societies, and they are decidedly less than

perfect. All things, all behaviors are learned. It is a vicious cycle we reside in, until we see the oneness of things, until we see that all things that are, are meant to be. There has been a dream alive, of a perfect World on Earth, since before the time of Plato. Since before the time of the Greeks, who inherited what they knew from India and Egypt. These in turn inherited from Atlantis, and Atlantis from Lemuria, and so everything spirals, and we will not live to see anything definite other than our own deaths.

The last day approacheth. Am I making this up? Are we all making this up? Am I to understand that we are all to sit idle while our leaders lead us to our doom? This man, who so raped and pillaged, who sowed the seed of evil, even as he invoked his God, through the necessary laws of justice, this man is suicidal. It is a corrupted state, and it has been well documented throughout time. Who is guilty? Why are they suicidal? Every man hangs himself with his own rope. On the blood sweat and tears have we gotten rich. An entire nation.

What they strove for, here in the New World, they have not achieved. It is true, there have been major advancements. It was established on the foundation of equality, with the pillars of liberty and justice. Established in strength in the name of God. Far have we reached indeed, from these humble days of divine right. The wise man knows to give thanks for riches of any sort. How is it that one gives thanks? One gives thanks in one's humility. Haughtiness is harshness, and all things will be rewarded with their own kind. The reason is that a man lives within his own reality. He becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. He maps his path, choreographs his movements, all to put him somewhere, and the while he has no idea what he does, why he does it, he is an errant pinball, bouncing around from bumper to bumper.

Here, for the first time in history, we have created the infrastructure for the free-flow of information. It is this which shall condemn the actions of those that appropriate the power. They hung themselves when they used words of justice, and acted in iniquity. He was used, used just like any other tool of God. Used for the advancement of His creation, humanity. Humanity will advance. The idea of what the Americas could be is

the most beautiful on this planet. A land of peace, liberty, freedom, and equality, for all. We are not yet there. We labor in this endeavor, to continue what the true fathers strove for, the light.

And now there are those that have surrounded themselves with so many lies, that the truth causes them to cringe, and shy away, as superman from kryptonite. It threatens to dissolve them as water dissolves salt. To this kind, the truth is the most corrosive substance in existence. They will combat it at all cost. There are those to whom things matter infinitely more than the truth. Ultimately it is all true. All things imaginable exist. What does not exist is what the mind may not imagine. It is these who run our nations, fuel our minds. Different peoples in different parts of the World live and think differently. Similarities and differences among the people cross all racial, social, and cultural boundaries, proving that men are equal. All people are the same, the same in essence. Electricity and body, and the ineffable Spirit. The electricity and magnetism is us. These build the body. Other than that, we are merely an outward manifestation of our Earthly education. We can only manifest that which we know. What we are first taught, is what we first learn, is what affects us the most.

There are those who cannot live a lie. Many times these are the down trodden. The path to ascension is not through the stealing of Spirit. The path to ascension is through love and unity. Because of our time in history, today we are being treated to human drama of epic proportions. It appears that the World is preparing to transform itself, wholesale. It is what they have dubbed the Apocalypse. Naturally, those learned know that an apocalypse is the death of lies, at the hands of undeniable truth. Is this all? Is this what we fear? That tyranny, and deceit, and lies should be stricken down, prey to their own avarice? Do we not know the story, the theme of it? My. And to think it's not your problem, you who are petrified by fear. You see what is happening, do you not?

I will not belabor the points that we all know. All of us, from all parts of the World, yes, we reside in the New World. But the New World is only half of our beloved Earth. I look for great things to come from America. She is the prize, the pride and joy.

The hemisphere, the Americas, to provide the last two sub-races of the current root race of men, the human race. This human race that has been transformed time and again by the itinerant nature of both man, and Earth's land masses. Of the essence is addressing the issue of known human history, particularly in relation to the interrelation of the races. It is essential to note that the detailed history of man beyond 6000 years is not known to modern science. Beyond that time is pure conjecture, since the histories of the vanquished have been squashed. There is no reason to believe unsubstantiated theories if they are not in concordance with other known beliefs. Men are afraid of their past when they don't want to know what it means to their present or future. A man would rather not know, and feign indignation at the rejection of his theories. If he forgets, he might even believe his indignation. *Why, this shouldn't be happening to me, a man of such a refined level of cultivation and civility. Why, it's just indecent.*

History didn't happen the way they say it did. We know very little of ourselves, except that we are far older than we are taught. As far as our history goes, to make a geological analogy, we may as well believe the Earth was flat. There have been many races of men. In all races you can see the traces of others. The parts, the colors, the shapes, the personalities are limited. Like a big box of Legos. Pick and choose, mix and match, sort and strain. In the old World, we are strained out and segregated geographically. The three separate sons of Noah, the black, the white and the yellow, the original three. In the New World we are again thrown into the bucket. The people are highly mixed, particularly in central and south America. There are expectations of us. The World expects great things of Her American children. She saved this maiden for all, and instead we violate her, tear her apart. She is our Mother, America the beautiful, North and South.

As those suicidal march toward their own doom, I watch. I have left their number. I watch as they march. There are many here who are watching. Many of those are laughing. They've pulled up lawn chairs, are sipping drinks, and watch the lemmings march. Others are somber, crying, just watching. It's pretty crazy. It seems there is nothing I can do. Just prepare myself, sit, and watch. They are marching, legions of them. They might be formidable, if they weren't already dead. All who survive will cease to be outsiders. They will have survived because their minds were properly tuned. Who is responding to the wavelengths will make him/herself known when the time is right. I'm talking, yelling, screaming to see if anyone responds. It's the least I can do, and you can thank me by doing the same. You see, this way, eventually the numbers of the lemmings will dwindle. It only remains to be seen how many humans remain after the holocaust. So it is we, on the wayside, drawn from the numbers of those who march to their deaths, we, who have it in our hands to act, or remain idle.

The Great Lord RA will descend once again from His chariot in the sky, and reaffirm His teachings here on Earth. How will RA, then, become manifest on Earth to save us from ourselves? As always, with the Rebel Alliance. There must be an alliance of the wakeful. Many of our brothers and sisters, our children march in that line. Our parents, our friends. Could it be they do it by design? Is it calculated and measured? Only a select few, blow everybody else away? Indeed this is how they march, and all they have coerced to march with them. Does this sound like news to you? Perhaps it is an education that is lacking. There must be schools. Where do we train to be a human, not a robot, an automaton? Where do we go to be properly educated? How do we liberate ourselves from such tyranny? How may we organize ourselves to be more effective in our battle? From where do we draw the knowledge, the guidance, the inspiration to pull ourselves out of this mess? There must be precedence for times like these.

The first sage known to mankind, the scribe, Thoth, the messenger of the gods. He who relayed the information directly from the gods, and delivered it here, to man. To the Greeks, he was Hermes. To the Romans, Mercury. In all parts was his influence known. He is an archetype. The conveyance of knowledge, seemingly from thin air, but actually obtained through rigorous means. He is the link between man and the divine, between the lower nature, and the higher nature. He is the neurotransmitter released by the nerve ending to be received by the receptor. The prince of thieves, a reveler in wine, women, and song. Part of the sacred union between man and woman known as the hermaphrodite, the true nature of man before his fall from grace. This is Hermes, and for now, he will help pave the way.

H.A.L.O. - P.E.A.C.E. – People Entrenched Against Certain Extinction.

By now it should be clear that there are no words I can say which have not been said before. I do not concern myself with repeating these things over and over. Instead, we concern ourselves with preparation. Our duties are manifold under these circumstances. How shall we save ourselves? The only way is to learn about ourselves as men, women, and humans. It is this that H.A.L.O. attempts to teach, the knowledge of self, for if this science is mastered, it opens the door for infinite other sciences. He who stands to benefit is the only one who may walk his own path. Therefore it is the task of every individual to make an honest effort to know themselves. Today, man is woefully ignorant of himself. He does not know yet who he truly is, from where he derives, or whither he goes. All things meant to be will be. And yet, man has choices, options. He may choose to help himself, or he may choose to remain ignorant. The stakes are high, the consequences heavy. Though we have dubbed our organization as Hermetic, in effect we draw from the wisdom and traditions of the entire globe. The traditions of Africa, middle East, Europe, India, Polynesia, Tibet, China, America of the ancients, and things ascribed to alien intelligence. What we aim to do is to learn of the traditions of Earth, what has been taught in the past, how it can help us today to create a better future.

We could do what the thinking World is doing, pointing out all the faults of our faulty system. Indeed we have done so. Others, many, continue to do so. All have their duties to perform. Yes, and now we have progressed. We are now ready to make a move, to do something about our situation, the situation where we are sitting ducks in the political games of the rich and depraved. Soon we will be out of their clutches. Soon we will have liberated our selves from the shroud they have draped over our cumulative mind. We shall break free, for we are in the land of freedom, the Americas.

That we can forget means we must be taught. We have fumbled about in the darkness, and who we once were is forgotten to us. One who is not educated has a very slim chance of knowing a thing about himself. We must educate ourselves then. They will not do it for us. They cannot, for only he who stands to benefit may walk his own path.

What you harbor in your heart shall be what you manifest on this plane. Most do not know how to observe themselves, read their own actions as if from a book. Those that do know, know that all things may be manipulated. It was nature that brought us all our natural forms, pure geometry. Man mimics and builds upon what nature has provided with his own man-made tools. With these tools he may recreate any angle, any proportion. This is the dynamic nature of man. He searches and searches for the Supreme Architect, but he may never know Him, for he doesn't have the right tools. More precisely, he is not aware of the proper tools. In order to successfully solve a problem, one must look beyond the problem. Do you not see God in my eyes? You see, my eyes were once stone, unhewn matter. Gravel, sand, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, sodium, all the natural elements of the Earth, the Universe, for all matter is Star-stuff, to quote Carl Sagan. To know what we are, we must see what we are made of. It has been said that the stone suffers for the plant, the plant suffers for the animal, the animal suffers for man... And man suffers for God.

There have been those that have searched, and not found. What they have not found is the form that fits their image of what they search. If I search for a transparent

bearded guy, so too will my efforts be fruitless. Instead, I observe, and I allow God to manifest Itself before me, through me, in all Its myriad shapes and forms. God is life, and life is intelligent. It must be, to sustain itself.

Everything must be taken within context. We have learned much. We have striven in leaps and bounds in the last 1000 years. Indeed we have recovered much which we at some time lost. But we have much further to travel. Let us look at how we treat life, how we disrespect the very life-force of which we all existent partake. He who does not respect himself will become extinct. It is a Law of God. Indeed He does work in mysterious ways, to the ignorant masses. But there is justice. All self-righteous men and women cringe and cry at this awful justice, but they have brought it upon themselves. Is it not stated that life is what you make it? It is weakness which allows us to carry on in ignorance. At some point in his development, man must find equilibrium with the life-force. Some may say it is too much to ask from mere mortal man, but it is man, his thoughts, words, deeds, which keep him mortal. There are some who know what is available to them. The cost is the Earthly Kingdom. It is true that while on Earth, man is not under his own sovereign authority. He must abide by the Laws of God, under whose roof he lives, as well as the Laws of Mother Nature, who to him has lovingly given birth from Her menstrual blood, the red clay of Earth.

And so on Earth, man is a dependent. And yet, there is a way out. If you cannot beat them, join them. As analytical mathematics approaches the infinite through infinitesimal amounts of finite elements, so too must man approach life with these Laws through his thoughts, words and deeds. The more delicately he fine-tunes his own behavior, the closer may man approach his true natural state. As a being learns, it transforms itself. This is Law. For life, there is no stasis. There is only motion. It is this motion that is life, the electricity, the vibration, the pulsation, the endless cycle of increase and decrease, like the alternating current wall socket. This movement, this is the dynamic of life.

Matter is not life. Matter is the vessel through which life makes itself known to us, to itself, on this plane. We do share an existence, a reality, but this is entirely created through the cumulative mind of man. Those that break free of this cumulative mind live in different realities, one more suited to their needs. These are dubbed insane, not because they are so, but because they display courage where others display weakness. For this are they castigated. In essence, every man, woman, and child lives under its own brand of insanity, and it is up to external factors to shape and mold humans into whatever form is desired, for whatever reason.

We may believe we are advanced, but in this day and age, one may discover the ruling principles of life *despite* being in the 21st century. Man has handled knowledge since the beginning of time, yet the truest knowledge, the one that grants release, is still not known. For some reason we are not ready. Men have children not for a reason, to raise them for this or that, rather we have children to populate the Earth with our species such that we may evolve and grow. When we learn enough, we will change shape. Always the principles are the same: the poles, the four elements, the quintessence, the cycles of increase and decrease. Though these principles may not be manipulated, they being the principles of life, one may know of them, and act in accordance with them, to the degree one may. By surrendering to these principles, one is granted release from all other shackles, namely the shackle of ignorance. Yes, we must evolve. We have stagnated, and we must reach that next level. It is imperative.

What we cannot see with our eyes is invisible to us. What we cannot see with our mind is inaccessible to us. If we can be made to see, everything will change. Everything is in the mind. The mind plays tricks. The only thing to be done is to never doubt the existence of the mind as an entity. I am that I am. If you can say “I am”, you are. It’s that simple. Naturally the answers are far more simple than one believe. The words of men have confounded the Sublime Truth, for though the voice of man is but mere imitation of the vibration of God, man directs it in ignorant, harmful ways. Can you not feel the vibration? Close your eyes, rub them. Do you not see the geometrical patterns? Do you know what this is? The skeleton, the lattice, small building blocks, legos, like all the parts

of life, inside and out, furnish the flesh. The life is the electricity, the light. Within our one World are many worlds, one each per man, per entity that lives.

Along these lines, it would seem America were leased for a term, to be returned to the real people of the Earth. The lease is up, and it will be returned to those from whom it was forcibly taken, to *all*. It is only a matter of sitting and waiting for the rebellion. Are we any better off than we were 1000 years ago? 2000? 3000? Certainly we have improved over the dark ages, but we still combat tyranny in all its forms.

Screw you man, you bloody traitor. You betrayed the human faith. We're on to you, and we're coming to get you. We know who you are, you imposter. I know you're runnin. You better be, you miserable rat, cause I'm gunnin for you. Screw you. What? You don't scare me any longer, punk. I know your tactics. I know how you operate. Freekin scare people. You don't scare me. You can't do nuttin to me that wasn't coming to me for my own actions. If I was scared of you, I'd keep my mouth shut. I'd stay low and not let anybody know about me. Instead we'll educate a whole generation. Yeah, your day is done. I know it's why you try to scare me, you see, cause now I know what it would take to scare you. You poor dear, you have no idea what is in store for you. Let me just say it is the harvest of the seed you have sewn. Think, remember, and you will see. But you would have me not think, not remember. I know this is imperative to your goal.

Drop a level. Drop a level from your complex, convoluted lifestyle, and become a simple "being". A breathing, eating, sleeping, waking, shitting, pissing, playing entity that simply *is*. Drop from your framework of understanding. It is as if taking a very heavy coat off one's back. It is here where one may recognize oneself, where one can see that part of oneself that constructs the framework of illusion, that part that is so soft, so sensitive, so vulnerable. It is this that is the essence of life, this individuized sliver that has been quantized, separated from the general force. It is not more than a frequency. Humans then, are as if delicate instruments designed to receive electronic frequency. We know that on Earth, these instruments come in a variety of qualities, depending on the attention applied by its builder. So is it that humans display different qualities of

vibration. As an instrument may be tuned, so too may an individual tune himself. Indeed, he does so whether he knows it or not. A man/woman is under constant bombardment of electrical energies. As they accept or reject the choices presented before them, so are their lives created, and one frequency is tuned in, while others are faded out.

Men who are awake have learned to tune themselves productively, in an educated manner. This would allow them to grab onto energies and forces that would take them where they wish to go. This man is a charioteer, the captain of his life, and the only true being. Those men who form the masses, part of the living dead, these are subject to the mood and whimsy of the all-powerful forces. No man may tell his own future, but every man may act towards it. But the dead, these are like deer caught in headlights. They may not act assertively. It is this that is the beginning of enlightenment. Things are much simpler than they would seem, but how could we know, here in our most complex of societies. Indeed the cultivation is refined, but at what cost? Do you remember the Greeks, the beginning of western civilization? Well, for one, everything they knew they learned from India and Egypt. Two, this was a philosophical civilization driven by slave labor. They tried to recreate the same exact thing here in America. That's their dream, the perfect society of casted philosophers and slave laborers. That is how a true civilization is supposed to operate, for the very word "civilization" means, by definition, "to enslave".

The cards have been dealt. It's time to show what you got, I'm cutting off heads. If it is the son's duty to worship his father, his father's father, how is this man to defend himself when the error of the ways of his people become revealed? Is it necessary to follow your fathers into the abyss, without stopping to ask questions? I shall go no further where they lead me. At some point we must take what we have learned, and elevate spheres. Every generation stands on the shoulders of the previous generation, and we must be able to apply what we have learned, otherwise what good is it to us? Every step of the way is just that, a step, and the staircase, it is not linear, it is curved, like the helix of DNA. It goes around and around, and what one generation sees may not be the same as what another sees, There is no crime in this. The crime is to shirk your duties.

A person must come out of his own world and see the world of others. This is essential for he who would not get caught in the prison of his own mind forever. There are many realities to see, feel, touch. See past the problem. Always see past the problem. For one in his head, the problem is the functioning of that head. One cannot focus on this problem, ironic as it may seem. How do we draw the greatest ideas out of our brain? What are our greatest ideas? Is it when one thinks of the product that will make one rich? Or is it when nature flows smoothly, when ideas enrich you relative to our Mother Earth. And what is that? Knowledge of the natural sciences. A little working knowledge of the principles that regulate life on Earth. How does one have these ideas? After all, it is only he who ingests synthetic food that would believe himself a synthetic creature. You are what you eat, in body and mind.

I feel me to be contagious. Sometimes, when feeling lonely, I miss my true love, lost so long ago. Had I been lucky, we may have found each other by now. It is not in love that the luck is to be had, it is in the times in which we were born. And yet I am equipped for all worlds. Indeed I have body, it is beautiful. I have mind, it is staid, capable, not brilliant. I have Spirit, unknowable, approachable, alive. The snakes coil from the perineum. They swirl in my brain and make everything mushy. But I know what I need to do. I know my identity was taken from me when I was transplanted as a child. I was not allowed to grow with any peers beginning with the fact I am mix-bred. Whole wheat. My personality was taken from me, and now I struggle to create one for myself, here where I am, and no place else. My personality is soft, too pliable, like Zelig. Is this a unique case? No, I am an American.

Time in order to sort things out. That is all that is needed, a little time. Nothing else, save of course, thought, the grain of sand upon which to create the pearl. Now I know that I have to act. At the very least we bring a whole new mentality to our lives. It is time we adopt ourselves as the new frontier. Everything is valid, there is no part of existence that shall remain unexamined. But we must examine differently, with compassion. Yes, we've already raised the bar. More and more people become acquainted with our work, more and more people become tuned to that wavelength. Why

were we given all the tools we were? Far be it from me to ask questions. If I am born with fangs for teeth, scythe-like talons for toes, the lust for blood, well, what am I supposed to do with my life in such a case? What is it to manifest yourself? What is it that I would propose, instead of what is in effect? Naturally it is the Spirit. What do we know about it? Not much, not much at all. But this is all rehash. We have raised the level, and now is the time for other things.

We need to learn, in order to pass on the info. All the ground we cover further educates us, but we have been stagnant. I know not what to do, or what will come of it, but I know I must do something. Have I set the ball in motion? Did I hang myself out to dry, and for no real good reason? Hah. Only time will tell. Now things are different. I have always known I was headed for some inexorable day when something happened. Now that day is upon me, and I am in my future. Now I have taken my destiny into my own hands. I asked to be allowed to work, so that I may continue to live. I renounce nothing. I accept only my full options, and demand to make my own choices, my own mistakes. I want to live, and manifest myself entirely, as entirely as is to be my own lot. I renounce nothing. I have spoken my words. Men react in many ways. Messing with 2000 years of religious tradition. Heartless, ruthless, soulless conquest of the present organizations, powerful enough to populate the entire Earth. The only way is to make this the communal continent. The only way for peace. What is necessary does not yet exist. It will, in America.

What is it that changed us? Was it all that weed we smoked? I know that little green herb takes one higher, takes one closer to the Spirit, closer to God. Since ancient times is it beloved as a means of gaining another perspective on life. The little green God given herb. This, along with sage, were placed upon the caskets of David and Solomon. We do not advocate its usage to those not willing, but we do decriminalize its usage. Absolutely. We do not fear the little green herb because we know what it is. During all those years it kept us from joining their ranks, that and alcohol. Whose ranks? What is the lie? What is the conspiracy? Think! Think! What should life be like? What has it been like, since we lost the way? Indeed, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

At what cost does all this progress come at? How is it that every north American comfort comes at the cost of a life elsewhere, or at least their sweat, blood and tears? How is it that American comfort equals World pain? How do these things come to be, how are the correlations made? What is it that makes this such an odious place, when we love it so? What is going on here, and why does it feel like a poison that will consume me and my soul? And why am I sent here with the tools that I have, and how is it related to you, the reader?

Well, we are all linked. Linked by the life-force that binds us all. The meek are the children, for it is always they who shall inherit the Earth, thus proving that the child is indeed master of the parent. The only conscious way of living is one that incorporates this irrefutable truth. The only way to peace, is through peace. There is no other way, for we reap what we sow. It is as simple as this, in theory. In practice, many things get in the way. Who are the scrupulous, and who are the unscrupulous? How does one protect oneself from the unscrupulous? All these questions have answers. They have concise, tangible answers. I only bring them up here to raise the point. How does one go about answering all these questions? There are guides, which is great, for it is guides that are needed. We all have a role to play. What is your role? I know my role, I play my hand, I live my life.

There are three people who will tell you the truth: an insane person, a drunk person, and a child. Our World is at war. Our personal lives are in turmoil. A new millennium arrives. My nations are at war. We think they bombed us only because they are jealous that we are rich, and good looking, and white. And they are colored, so they are naturally envious, covetous, ugly. They hate us because we are free and beautiful. And I am tethered, chained to a rock, and vultures peck at my insides. I invoke the Mother, and I attempt to create unity and love. I have had those closest to me bare me their fangs. They are out to destroy and discredit my arguments. These are no elders, and are subject to the binary life, and all the while they are unaware. One minute on, the next off. I can see it in their eyes. It is of no consequence, for it is I that am enlightened. I know their disease, I have seen it a million times. As they march, I see the disease in their eyes. They are helpless to it, and they are oblivious of me. It is out of my hands.

The iron lung. My grandfather. Grandpa, you who know how much I've always loved you, help me with this assignment grandpa. Be sincere. Tell me who you were. I know much of me comes from you. I know you're dieing alone, completely hemorrhaged from your brain aneurysm. Forgive me grandfather. Forgive me that you were never able to watch me grow. I grew to be my own man. My parents have made this completely possible for me. Grandpa, now you know that I don't want this for myself. There are some that say that we have progressed, but grandfather, you who know, this isn't real progress. Now we head into war anew. Grandpa, help me, tell me, what are we gonna do?

They tell me that everything is fine, and that there is no problem here. But I don't believe it for one minute. Grandfather, what is it that is happening in our World. You know that I am a firm believer in that we are all united. The Mahayana of the Buddhists. I've never been much of a fan of the Hinayana, that all is nothing, but it must also be true, somehow. That is only for the saints to understand. I ain't no saint, and what I need is

guides. Tell me grandfather, did you learn to control your life-force, or do they just have you all doped up? How are you, can you hear me? Yeah grandpa, I know you're there. You're going to have to hear me out. What does a man have to do, to live in these days? What does one have to do to learn enough to live a satisfactory life? No, I'm serious grandpa, what do I have to do to not end up like you? I look around me, and I see people in a state of sleep. I see that they are not awake because they cannot help themselves. But if nobody has ever taught us, what is one to do?

How can I act assertively in a matter over which I know nothing? Look grandpa, I've been studying. I know your life wasn't easy, and that you worked hard and came out ahead. Because of this, you were able to raise my mother with a higher level of education. In turn, she did the same for me. She could not have helped me more than she did by simply helping herself. And look, because of her actions, in my few years I have traveled, learned much. I too help myself. I've been to the four corners of the globe, in all continents have I walked their roads, and yet, I find myself here, at the foot of your hospital bed, waiting for you to die. Grandfather, I want to know about my ancestors. Tell me, who were your people? Maybe that can help me to find myself. I know that to know the future, one must study the past, but where may I obtain the references I search for? Who can tell me now of your people?

All that time I was in foreign lands traveling, learning, we could have been together, just simply chatting. Well, I exchanged one thing for another. Now I have to speak with the dead, with the Spirits. Grandfather, you lived well, are you satisfied? How do you feel? Are you ready for this change? You know grandpa, everybody wants me to change my attitude, they want me to get more serious, find a good job, do this, do that, but you know grandpa, I never paid any attention to them. Perhaps because I just wanted to live my life, or perhaps because I was simply lazy and never wanted to do anything. I don't know why I had to be like that, but what is one supposed to do if one has the stripes, the fangs, the claws of a tiger? I needed to exercise my strengths. It was difficult to make my parents understand, but the result has been positive. The whole World respects the man who manifests himself.

This was the only way, and I needed to arrive at this point. I wasn't going to let anyone deny it to me. My parents cannot live my life for me, learn my lessons, commit my errors. I have to do those things for myself. I just give thanks because they gave me so much love, just like they learned from you, grandpa. I maintained that love in my heart, and I used it during my most trying moments, when the storms of life were threatening to sink the canoe in which I navigated the rabid waters of existence. What are the real forces that manifest themselves at this level? What is the reality of existence? Maybe these questions are way too deep grandpa. Perhaps every man must respond for himself, what is it that makes us be.

Oh my child, you have no idea how I suffer. How I have arrived at this unhappy moment of uselessness I shall never know. My body is doped up, my mind is doped up, but my Spirit is alive and surges. Now I may only observe from this distance, just right up here, where I am no longer in the way of things. I see you there. I see your tears, your sincerity. I don't know how to tell you this son, but the World is like this, has always been like this. It's just that you simply choose to feel it more than others. I always chose the middle road in my life, neither much, nor little. But you know, I've always told you that the only way to know what is enough, is to know what is too much. It is one of the assignments of the human. He who has nothing, wants to have, and he who has had, wants to have something different. What a lesson this is, my son. They are the cycles of life, exemplified in their perfection.

It is not that I have done anything perfect in my life, but I lived it. My son, I know you can't hear me, but I will tell you in any case. The only thing a man has to do is to live his life, with all the tools that God has given. This is the only way. There are no answers, there is only to live. I screwed up a thousand times. Do you not see me here, plugged in to a wall socket, forsaken, kept alive by doctors who don't even know me. I feel very sorry for you my son, that you have to see me this way, but there is no longer anything I can do. In reply to your question, it is out of my hands. Now only God can say. If I had learned more during my days, I wouldn't be here now. Do you not see how I have subjected my

body to so many degradations? An entire life of smoking, drinking, lack of control. All these things have a price, and now you have them before you my son. Look closely, study, and make better decisions for yourself. But enough, I feel better. Tell me, how is Fatima?

Oh grandpa, Fatima sends her love. Never in my life did I think I could find so much happiness, but I think she is going to leave me. At least, it seems like the wisest thing for us to do now. We all make mistakes. How can life, existence, be so cruel? It's just that I don't understand, how God can grant one so much joy in one given day, and then delegate so much torment at a different moment. I don't know grandpa. I just live and act these days. There's no way of knowing what's going to happen. The entire World is angry. Might it not be the Earth, our Mother Nature? Maybe it is She who is becoming angered, Her feathers all ruffled, and attacks with Her spurs. I don't know what to do grandpa. Let me tell you all my sorrows here while I keep you company, while we wait for you to die.

Grandpa, you know that just simply accepting everything is not the answer. The way is to question, always questioning everything, throughout one's entire life. Because everything warrants close inspection. You know how my parents and I have had confrontations throughout the years. You know how people have accused me of behaving boorishly at times, looking for trouble, causing problems. You know I was crossing through the darkness in order to be able to find the light. Nothing ever mattered to me one bit. Wherever I was, I always searched for the lowest, the most common. Always looking for that thread that binds us. That is what I have always searched for, that thread. In my way. Like the ancient alchemists, searching for the most contaminated metals to purify in the fire. The cloth with which I worked I bathed in black. Now what am I gonna do to cleanse myself? I don't know. I know I've smashed myself, beaten myself up, always with the goal to learn. It's not for nothing that they call it the forbidden fruit. It comes at great price.

Up there in the north, where I was raised, that's where I got to know it. Yes, that most exquisite of fruits exists. In all places is it known, right here too. Its flavor, so

delicious, that none should ever taste its exquisiteness. There are flavors that a man should never get to know. All my life have I searched these flavors, searching for knowledge. Much have I learned, and knowing this, I know that there is much to learn yet.

I have just returned from the north grandfather. Over there things are all messed up. In the most powerful nation, most advanced, most civilized in the World, the people lose their individuality, begin to reject that which is their right. The people are misled, and their leaders threaten the World, and advance toward total dominion. It seems the imperialists continue with their work, grandpa. Here in our Latin nations, the political tradition continues to advance over its rotten foundations. These things reek to me, and are driving me insane. What are we gonna do, grandpa? Look at what all this progress has brought us. Where is the progress? Where is the peace, the unity? Why do we teach the youth to live in a somnambulist state? We cheat them double: we rob them of their future in our desire to enrich ourselves today, and we keep them dumb so they don't complain. When will we cease to rob our own people? When will there be peace in our lands? The Spirits tell me that there is an injustice, and that it must be balanced.

Grandpa, I ask myself if you were happy in this World, if you had any anxiety to reach the next. I just say that because I do feel that anxiety. I feel it's possible that this life is the life of darkness, and that the next life is the one of light. Don't you think so? Why all the suffering on Earth, if this isn't the case? I wonder how you're doing, if you can hear me, if you're battling at the moment. Grandpa, are you ready? Are you prepared? Did you ever get that postcard I sent you from Indonesia? Grandpa, that day you asked me to send you a postcard was the last time we talked. Did you know what was coming? But that must be the beautiful thing about reaching old age: to be able to choose your day. To be able to say "This is a good day. This is a good day for me, my day". I wish you had that grandpa, I really do.

Grandpa, were you able to obtain this level of peace? That's where I want to get to. What does one have to do, grandpa, to obtain the things one wants? What are the real

forces, the ones one must know and respect? There are forces, grandpa. Some say it is God, others the devil, the Spirits, science, witchcraft, Allah, the Tao, Osiris, Yahweh, all types of mythology speaking of some sort of hidden forces. I know they are there, I can feel them. I feel my flesh, my vibrations, my mind, many things. I know they are real. There is much to learn. What does one have to do to be able to know something about oneself truthfully, and not just supposedly? I know that there is something that man is missing, something he's not getting, until finally one day, Lord willing, he is finally able to see things more clearly. Were you one of those grandpa?

You know everybody who knew you respected you greatly. You created much employment, and clothed many people. Did God thank you for your efforts with His light? Well, I know He will do it with every man who is loyal to Him. I imagine I am curious if you were loyal. I have faith, but I know it is not easy. It takes much hard work, rigorous toil. Were you like that granpa? How sorry I am that we never had the chance to talk. In my family, no one says anything. It must be that I am the one that's different, the black sheep. My poor parents. It's much, but then, perhaps they asked for much, who knows.

Grandpa, I came here this morning by foot, and I saw so many disturbing things on the street. There is great unrest in our Latin countries. We have the first black president in mainland America. It's possible he may be entirely incapable, I don't deny it, but he speaks in the language of the oppressed. These too must be heard someday, musn't they grandpa? One man may not keep a monopoly on the riches of the Earth forever, it doesn't stand to reason. We must share. The Earth belongs to all, all being children of God, and it would be great if all could benefit in unison, rather than one at a time. We have mixed, and we have present needs, which must be met, or there shall be no peace. The peoples of the Earth must humble themselves, but what will it take for this to happen? No one will accept that they have been wrong. The truths are all buried beneath years of pride and presumption. We have lost the Way, grandpa.

Our problem is that our entire system is disconnected. In the Americas, the people feel they are living beneath the shadow of the white man's world. How can the people of color live and surge under a foreign power which has never fought for them? They feel the white man has come and imposed his vision upon the rest of the World. They feel their world is ending, the world of the soulless conqueror. Yes, he has done much for the rest of us, with the authority bestowed by God, but he has denied the most important thing. I doesn't matter. In other parts of the World, throughout all times, there are despots of all colors and creeds. It is man who is weak and impure. That's how things are, that's how life is, how the World is. There are the conquerors, and the conquered. One implies the other. Well, then everyone is responsible for his own ideas. On this plane, a man will do with his life what is in his nature. There are vibrations and forces to which we are exposed. We accept or reject that reality according to our own understanding.

Look, gramps, I know that the youth must learn from their elders. But what happens if the elders will drive us to ruin? Look at the state of our World. It is man that has instituted these traditions of corruption and greed. And if one has a vision of something better, more beautiful, superior, how does one go about respectfully fighting for this good, in the face of evil? Grandfather, how do we go about questioning the institution of our ancestors? I tell you that there is something that is rotten, and sooner or later we will have to realize it, and we will have to do something for ourselves. Yes. Some have accused me of being an idealist, but what type of ignorance is that? Grandpa, I do not know what shall become of us because of all that is happening. I guess we'll see what we'll do to maintain afloat.

Grandpa, I have learned my lessons. I have learned that to consume forbidden fruit is to act against Law, that is to say, to commit crime against the divinity and dignity of man. Sometimes this fruit is delicious to the senses, and I am weak, but I know too that it is corrosive to the Spirit. Much like coca-cola: sweet to taste, corrosive to all else. Forbidden fruit is a flavor man should not taste. But he needs to know what it is. All men need to know it, and leave it. In Babylon we throw monstrous feasts serving nothing but

forbidden fruit. It is ironic and cruel that the tasting of forbidden fruit is the first step toward the return to God. Here, we violate ourselves.

Let me tell you that this great Babylon in which we now live, all of it is gonna be coming right down. Grandpa, its like they are beginning to breed their people like robots. There will be a rebellion of the soul, I assure you. I know you don't believe me, no one believes me, but take it from me, that society no longer offers anything to the human soul. They act as if they were not from here, from this planet. They have lost all sense of the sacred, what you have taught me through my mother. That from there, that is no longer the model I use in my life. It is a bottomless pit. One begins by not being satisfied with what one has, and ends up by losing one's happiness forever. Where is it going? Someone is stealing it. It is the Spirit, the soul, the immortal, the divine in man, and they are stealing it. I don't know who they are, but we live subject to them since the time of the clash of the empires. Since that time when they divided amongst themselves the World, all of the new lands.

But please do not misunderstand me. They have given much, these great conquering heroes. Without them it would be another World. It's not that we blame them, it's that we simply concern ourselves with our own history. But let us not talk anymore of these things. Let us talk of more personal things. How are you feeling today? Can you hear me? Someone hears me, I don't know if it's you. They'll let you know it was me when you can hear. Now I'm simply talking to the records of the Akasha. I've been studying history, theology, and philosophy from all times and all lands. In my house I have built an entire library. You know, I'm still young, barely 30 years old, but already I have to begin preparing for my death. I have written my first book, and now I may die. That is my slogan. I can now die, grandpa. I'm prepared. Now I can truly act freely. I have taken an enormous weight off of my shoulders.

Yet I have many more days to live. I know that the kings always choose last, and so I wait. The whole World will choose, and they shall leave all that which they don't want. From this shall I choose. That's how things are. That's why, grandpa, I can't act yet

at this moment, while the whole World is being divided, redistributed. My parents don't understand this. Now is the time when the lines are drawn, the armies are sorted. What will fall shall be the powerful, and what shall surge shall be the formerly weak. In between these are lies and truth. I know how they lie to us. I have seen them lie, to their own people. It is falsity which has reigned, and the truth lain dormant. This shall be inverted, and all those who benefited from the lies shall violently crumble top the ground. The foundations shall be exposed.

Look, grandpa, I know you don't hear me, no one hears me. Here we don't see it, but the World becomes like a global village, our nation like a simple neighborhood. Like in all towns, there is an established hierarchy. Some manage while others toil, and I see that our people long for this very same dream. How ironic, that to know what is enough, one must know what is too much. A paradox of life. You always want what you don't have. Everybody wants something. And so we proceed, round and round. To man shall be given all that which he has asked for. What must a man do to not want anything from anyone? But it is possible that this is not the goal either. It is in the harmony. There are so many forces acting upon the Earth that one must harmonize with them. What one receive, the frequency at which one resonate, that is the wavelength in which we live. There is no good and no evil, simply energy.

And the youth are sick and tired. They have a World falling apart at the seams. We bomb ourselves. The Earth will become angered. She will begin to kick and scream. So tell me, what are we to do grandpa, if they are destroying our planet?

Beep, beep, beep, beeeeeee.....

The white ladder I climb in the pitch blackness. As I lift my foot off the last step taken, it crumbles away beneath me. The only thing left is the memory of the lessons learned. New steps form before me. I can only see 1 or 2 ahead of me before I take a step. All I know is that something will happen, but I don't know what. I only work and advance in the hope that they are better steps for me. Like a treadmill, a conveyor belt, appearing only directly beneath me. I don't know if I'm going anywhere, but I know I keep taking steps. All things forgotten, psychic amnesia.

Now what? I build the steps beneath me. I draw the energy from the cosmos and direct it as I wish. What do I wish? Well, that is the question, isn't it? What do I want? Where do I want to go? You can't touch me, I'm elsewhere. You can't affect me any longer, I'm gone, I'm out. Fazing, like a bolt of lightning. You see me, but I may disappear before your eyes at any moment. I am just a pair of suspended eye-balls, floating in the air, seeing, watching, relaying information to the CPU in my brain. There I gather, analyze, and digest the information. What, do you know what I am talking about? Baboom man, I flew outta here long ago. Like Dragonball Z, I'm on another plane, just emitting a frequency, like pirate radio. If they knew of me, they'd shut me down immediately. Boom, if I was them, I wouldn't let me be, cause I hearken the disintegration of their step. They're stuck in static. I'm fluid, dynamic.

I look down at the steps beneath me, where I have trod, I see the fractures, the fissures, the pieces, the matter, cracking, about to crumble. It wasn't me that did it man, it was God. An era has come, and is going. It crumbles underfoot, and there is nothing anyone can do to stop it. That's not why I tell you about it, to stop it. No, we just don't want to crumble with them. How can we do this? All that you are resides in your head. All that you should be resides in your heart. Tune the thoughts in your head, synchronize them with your heart. There. I have said it all, the key to life. We all receive, and resonate

at certain frequencies. Our resonance causes us to emit these back, like a mirror, a cosmic mirror. You see, you cry to me with your pain, and your sorrow, and I think to myself “I’ve heard this before”. Yeah, I see how people don’t see further than the nose on their face. This is the disease. This is the dead.

You see, by virtue of living in America, we are the privileged of the Earth. Even the poor among us are rich, corrupt, skewed, twisted. We are a twisted cancerous growth because we move forward toward oblivion at an unabated rate. What life forms take over in such a manner? Bacteria, cancer. Hah. The cosmic mirror, the reflection of the truth. Look, you are a cancerous cell. You and those like you will continue forward until you have dominated all, done with it what you will, and choked yourself out of host body. What is the host body? Why, none other than our Mother, the Earth. You are a cancerous cell, diseased, and do you see why? Because of what you tell yourself, how you live your life, the things you allow to move you. Man, because of his nature, has unlimited potential, just like any pot of soup before it is cooked. My heart calls out to you to save yourself. Look, feel, think, be. Nature creates, and man reshapes. By reshaping we recreate. All our creations are our visionary imitations of nature, and we have descended into corruption. How can our creation not but be corrupt?

During the apocalypse, it is a mentality that is going to die. The mentality of those who fear the apocalypse, for naturally, the oppressed will receive it with open arms. The oppressed will chide, and scorn, and rejoice, for it will represent for them the long awaited chance at redemption. You still march strong, determined, to your fate. I have been amongst you, but now there is nothing more I can do, except watch and believe. As you march, the World watches, and yet you see it not. Can you not see that we watch you, that we know your every move, and we know to what end you will come? No, how could you. They have trained you to think of it as the inevitable end of the World. It is no such thing. One is drawn towards it, marches toward it as the goal. And the rest of us watch. We fear not your petty toys, your weapons of mass destruction. You may kill many men, but you will only have sealed your own fate. You, the sleeping, it is to you these words are directed.

Can't you see it is the time of judgment, where karmic debts are being repaid instantaneously? It is you who have caused it, in your relentless pursuit of human progress. By your own hand shall you be hanged, with your own trickery as catalyst. You do not fool me, you do not scare me. I have taken away your fangs, emasculated you. You can do nothing to me that I have not brought upon myself. I am beholden to That which created me, and no other. As you march inexorably forward to your own doom, all we can do is watch. You have been warned. For many years, in many ways, and those who warned you received nothing but horror and death for their efforts. My people have tried kicking and screaming, and received their spray of bullets. No. You do not want to be awakened. Like a pod of whales, hell bent on beaching and killing themselves. It is what I see. It is what those of us on the sidelines see. I knew what would come to me for my efforts, and so far, I have not been disappointed.

I see you there, suicidal. You have nightmares. You know that life can't be made up of so many lies. Someone has to know something. If only one person knew it, it would be enough. As long as I know that The Way is not dead. It can't be dead. That would be like saying that there is no truth, that it is dead. Well I know that something happens, which causes there to be a truth of it. That is all I need. I don't need to know exactly fully *what* it is, as long as I know *that* it is. How near or distant to it I am shall be my own choice. This is what makes a life. But I know that there is truth, and I know this truth is the Way, the Law. I know it because I know that I am that I am. Because I do not doubt myself. I know that this, at least, is. I have discovered myself. I am the only thing that truly is, for it is the only thing upon which I have no doubt. It is a reference point, and the reference point shall serve as the center. I am that I am. The encapsulated seed, indestructible. The knowable point.

Knowable only by approximation, as calculus approximates the volume of a sphere. Other people live other realities yo. You think this is the only one, you trippin. People be watching you, jack. Just cause you don't know squat about yourselves, your future, your destiny, that don't mean others don't. This place is like a fishbowl, and

everybody can see what is happening, except those that will not see, those who have placed mental blinders on themselves. You think you wiped out the native American, think again jack. All of Mexico, and much of south America is native American. You think they don't know, think maybe they forgot? You think they're stoopid? You think Bob Marley has great music? You think Che Guevara was a cool, glamorous revolutionary? You think you're civilized, and you wiped out despotism. Now you're being fooled. You are at a severe disadvantage my friend. It makes you and all your weapons, all your technology, a paper tiger. You will be easy to destroy because you don't know squat.

Knowledge is power. Lack thereof is weakness, and weakness leads to death. What you don't know can hurt you. It can kill you. You think people would drop thousands of years of culture in order to pick up a mcburger in 15 seconds. Enjoy them while you've got them, for they may not be there long. I have heard the people's calls to the skies. Cosmic injustices shall be righted.

Who's watching who here? Who knows more about the other? As they say, how do you know what you know? Look man, we can't take you seriously anymore. You've proven yourself. You have shown your true colors. You know, it is your conscience: it will not allow you to escape. You are so divided it hurts to see. Your soul screams at you one thing, and yet your actions are not commensurate. You say laughter is the best remedy, and you use it to cover all your indiscretions. Can you not see all these actions add up to one thing? You act cynical, as if you were not from here, don't like it here. That if it were up to you, you'd let the whole place burn. Where are you from then? Why do you not return, then, and leave us Earthlings in peace to sort out our numerous problems. We don't need your technology, we *are* technology. Any imitation is a cheap imitation. Perhaps at times, some men outgrow Earthly existence, but this does not give them the right to burn the bridge behind them.

Through my dreams, it has become painfully clear to me that the only way is the way of unity. I have thought about it, I have sweated, I have fretted, I have cried, and I

have dreamt. Can you deny your dreams? They say nothing happens without reason. The conquering hero likewise lives by this rule, despite the genocide, the annihilation of the weak by the strong. And now we await the last wave to come and bury our sins and misdeeds under thousands, perhaps millions of years of ocean. And now, what do I mean by unity? It is possible that this conquering hero has lived with a fractured version of himself. He is corrupted, is truly become a poison, a cancer, and all because of his thoughts, his words, his actions. How can it be any other way?

And now, you know, you do what you want with your life. God bless you. More power to you. May God grant you the power to see, and act accordingly. Now. It is now that is the time for humility, for acknowledgement of sin, of wrong-doing. It is this that will be the Spirit of unity. The whole Earth is populated with nothing more than tribal peoples with their laws, mores, and codes. All are exactly the same, except for the color of the skin upon the flesh. History will not have time to re-write itself, but it will have time to repeat itself. How do we know the end cometh? Because it has come before. Who is subject to cleansing? All. Who will survive? The strong. Who are the strong? The meek. What does this mean? It means the pot will be stirred. The spoon will reach down to the depths and move the whole thing around.

The meek shall inherit the Earth. Those strong will wipe themselves out. Circulation, like the flow of blood. Sometimes it goes from the heart, sometimes it comes to the heart, in intervals. As the woman purges the bloody clay from which she is to fashion a human being, the Earth also purges unfertilized blood from her system. Nature, our real, true Mother, pure and perfect in principle and manner. Yes, like a woman, She is a nuisance, not more so, though, than man. Together we make a becoming pair. Her nature, my nature. What she has, I lack. What I have, she lacks. How does one then refashion this lost unity? What is it that is happening around us so vehemently that affects the collective conscious so? When man begins to make bad decisions for himself, talks himself into blasphemy and heresy, acts with hatred and contempt, this man will begin to spiral into freefall. One must abide by the Law that allows one to live.

If one fails to abide by the Law, one fails to pick and choose, and falls into a rut, a groove, a track. One begins to choose the darkness consistently. When it becomes all one knows, one is doomed. From this standpoint, no light can be seen, only the vestiges thereof. What is it that inspires? Right now, it must be God. I do not write odes to women, sonnets to ladies, poems to our mother. Only in desperation. I have invoked the Mother, and She came to my rescue. When the job was done, my Father ordered me to redirect my gaze. I shall forever invoke the Mother, but for right now, I have much patience. When the time is right, we shall again know happiness. Until that time, I work, unencumbered by those factors that make of life a different reality. Like someone said, I'm waiting for 2013 jack. That day shall be a bright day, for those who yet live. Waves of what? Of water, of energy? Nuclear blast waves? Did those Mo##erfu##ers out there make a desert of their Martian paradise?

I heard they liquefied their cities. Maybe it was the Sun, or a meteor, or a freaking bomb. I know I need to stop cussing, but what for? We all dead, nigga, and all because of our avarice. How? Because we denied everything we knew, because non-believers scoffed at the forces that *are* us, because we belittled ourselves, our existence. We forgot the lesson we have already learned time and again. It's too late now. You don't even know what I'm talking about, how it is, why it has to be, what you did to bring it about, how you fell into the trap set before you, by your own greed and laziness. And now you think the entire World is the way you have painted it. That God loves only you, because he is of the same skin color as you. How long have you played with that toy? The toy of supremacy, of superiority, of ignoble lies? How much longer will you allow the devil to tamper with your brain? Your claims of civilization are comical, and unfortunate. And now you have forgotten the true ways, if you ever had them.

Is it that you have been created more recently than the rest, that everyone's been through it except you, that you must know what is too much before you are satisfied? Of course not, my friend. To the Brotherhood of Man, there are truths. The Force was known here under the same name of Teo (Tao, Deus, Theo, Teut...), and the Christ was known as Quetzal Quatl, the bearded serpent, or Viracocha. The white man was teacher amongst the ancients, as was black man, and yellow man. The native American is a fusion of ancient peoples of all types. They are just as us. Imagine aliens arrived, and reduced the population of the Earth from 6 billion, to 50,000. Imagine then that the alien set up shop, enslaved man, and overran the Earth with his infernal technology to rape her of her fertility. These 50,000 would grow to hate and fear this Godless alien. Now you have a picture of the native American.

Now we bomb nations in the name of peace. Is there no humility, no respect, no love, appreciation, sanctity? Are we doomed to forever live in such a despotic World? I am from the Earth. From Her womb was I born. Through Her love and devotion did She nurse me to strength and health. It is on Her side that I battle, and I choose no side of mere man. Men may fight for money, for god, for being white, black, yellow, blue, red, purple, green, orange. It don't matter to me none, god. I'm done listening to your words. You have spoken and spoken and filled my ear with blasphemy. While I was young, and my innocent ways supported you, I believed it. But then I learned what a lie it was, and now you have driven a wedge between us, between our love. You have betrayed a sacred trust by lying. Just blah, blah, blah, and lies and lies, enough to fill the air, the atmosphere. The night sky is filled with light, and we do not see it, with lies, and we hear them not.

Every creature is commanded to abide by its nature. One's nature changes as one evolves. What is it to be fire? What is it to be smoke? What is it to be earth? A stone? What is it to be other things. And yet man is the cosmic creature, made of the same things as the Universe itself, of fire, earth, wind, water, the quintessence. Four parts Mother, one part Father. What is it to be these things separate then, if only just a thought. If we as humans are made of these parts, how may we know these within us? The dry nature is

masculine, the moist feminine. The male is kinetic and hot, the female static and cool. The juncture between a man and a woman is need for balance, but not everyone must, or will, live with balance in their lives. Indeed it depends on where you were born, and how you were raised. A child is as if a white canvas, a clean slate. From birth does the programming begin. A baby is a struggler. It fights for its life, and thus may be known its character. All are entitled to their lives. This is all.

How is a child to change its nature? How can one possibly achieve that which one does not know? Say for example, I accept there is enlightenment, attainable at that time when one sees and knows God. Fine then. But what the heck is that? How do I get from here to there, because from here it looks like a whole lotta hogwash. Especially the way them crackpot priests explain it. I know that ain't the way. Well then don't I know it already? It's just that it's too difficult, man. There's so much stuff you gotta do, so much to give up, so much to know. I don't know anything. Well, I guess all I can do is go at my own pace. Tender delicate discipline. Start with the things that I do know, like be fair, and honest, and good, and sincere, and sensitive to life, all the while being a true warrior, true to yourself. The men of yore changed their character to match that of a lion. A lion is an extremely benevolent creature to its own. To outsiders it is an unrelenting warrior. Who is your own? It ain't the skin, it never was. They just made it like that cause it was the easiest, most obvious. It's in your head, in your heart. It's the Brotherhood of Man. There are good, and evil men of all races and colors. If I'm a good man, I want good men to populate the Earth, and I don't care what color they are.

Life is mentality. If one attach oneself to a mentality that is doomed to fail (crime, hatred, betrayal...), one is doomed to fail with it. If one attach oneself to a positive mentality with potential, one will grow with it. All that you are is what you think. All your limitations are taught, or self-imposed. All sorts of complexes, hysterias, realities, existences, all created by the brain, the mind, the forces that allow these things to be. Man may grow strong, and protect himself from all that makes him weak, but he must first learn how. Obviously this is not done in one lifetime, although some would agree that this is only semantics. The immortal soul must incarnate, again and again, in order to

obtain the lessons that will liberate it from its physical constraints, the body. Spirit was itself (fire, wind) before it mixed with earth and water to create the pentacle man. The soul uses and discards the bodies in order not to get stuck in any ruts. When the soul recognizes itself to an appropriate degree of certainty, it remembers how to unify itself by de-polarizing itself.

Fire returns to fire, and dust returns to dust. The ascended creature will forever after be a force of good, for evil is what we are meant to overcome on Earth. It is on this account they say the Earth is the domain of Satan. Here does he set all sorts of traps for men to fall into, because he is pure fire, and must bow down to a creature of fire mixed with earth. If Spirit would return to Spirit, and clay return to clay, the separation would cause all life on Earth to cease. Could it be that one wants it more than the other, that the Mother wants to keep the Father happy, and keep life here? If something would return to fire, leave the flesh, ascend, does the Earth complain? Would She call that Spirit back, keep it recycling here on Earth? Or maybe it's the Earth that wants to return to itself, be left alone. They have balanced themselves out. Both the Spirit and matter are part of the One, and at this, the highest level, there is no distinction. It is only because of the polarization, the differentiation, the land of the 10,000 things, that existence would seem physical. The shifting of the pendulum makes the question moot.

It is an ideology that will come crashing down, with all its adherents. They shall take many innocents with them. Within man, there can be only One. One of the natures of man, good or evil, shall win out over the other. This then, be how he create his own destiny. Only the side of good works with true knowledge. Everything seeks balance, and that which is imbalanced shall be eliminated. A paradox arises. Were one to fall endlessly on the side of good, likewise would one be forced off the planet eventually, to rejoin the One. Until this time must one return to the Earth to learn the lessons. This applies only to the individual, as creation itself will always find equilibrium at the molecular level. At a rung below the highest level, things are split, always, into the two poles. It is good which enjoys the highest sovereignty over evil, for it is after this life that the ignorant encounter the restraints. Those non-believing would not agree. It does not matter to me. All I do is

pass on what I know. The good are infinitely more powerful, if they be brought together. Heretofore it was not deemed necessary, but as days progress, the need becomes more apparent.

I do this because my blood is Earth blood. Only those initiated would know of what I speak. Race is a scam, an invented lie, a means to an end, a cosmic injustice. There is nothing that can be said, as no man has explanations of God's mysteries. There are some who may know some things, and if so, this information must be deemed entirely sacred. "All men are created equal", taken from the Iroquois nation. With their own laws, twisted to fit needs, were the natives beaten into submission. Why can I talk about these? Because I talk of Earthlings. When one ask for forgiveness from God, one also ask for forgiveness from oneself. When one ask for help, one help oneself. When one think and concentrate on these things, they become clear, eventually, if one is diligent enough. When one has seen God, one has seen the formula of creation. The formula is intelligence, not caring.

And so, is there any question remaining of the apocalyptic nature of our times? No. There is no more question. The question now becomes "when". Yeah, the apocalypse will come, and the ideologies that have soared the highest will come crashing down the hardest. Any subscribers to these, and there are many, shall crumble down into the abyss with them. How could it but be this way. All things that exist, exist on all levels. The apocalypse of mankind is insured, as is the death of the individual man, merely a transformation. It has been seen before. The ancient books, lore, legends will remain, like the pillars of Enoch, like the great tree of Iggdrasil, and they shall serve future generations to guide themselves. We stand here on the brink, the gateway between Heaven and hell. Two ferocious, hideous protectors, like the fu dogs, the gargoyles, dragons, or lions at the gates, leering at me with their demonic red eyes. Leviathan and Behemoth. We must get by them. They sit, and they wait, and they taunt, and they hope I approach.

I am on Earth. It is hell. I would enter Heaven, but first, I must defeat the infernal beasts. It is they who impede progress. Like Scylla and Charibdis, a rock and a hard place. I see these two rearing their ugly heads, like harbingers of doom. You say I am paranoid? Have you not heard the imposing leaders invoke God and the Bible? Leviathan and Behemoth: the defiled, brutalized, profaned, bastardized traditions of God. There is a giant sleeping within men, and only a trigger is needed to awaken him. Only a trigger, like a slap in the face, or a bullet in the gut. They are marching us toward our death, because we are at the threshold. We are confronted, and the situation has come to do, or die, sink, or swim. The beasts will not taste of my blood. Instead, they will taste that of all those who follow in iniquity, who refuse to be awakened.

But I cannot cheat the monsters of their due bounty. They know of me, and they think not of me at all, for they have seen me before. They know who I am, what I represent. I am as kryptonite to them. They shall not lay a claw, a talon upon me. When their gaze come to rest on me, I shall stand. I shall gaze back, as an equal, and it is how they shall know me. The evils of mankind: when man first lie to himself, then attempt to convince his brother of this lie. The children shall inherit the Earth. How natural, for who is meek, but they? The bearing is in motion down the structure, and man shall eliminate himself. And yet, there will be those who surge, who manage to evade the gatekeepers, who walk on through to the ephemeral, ambiguous, mysterious abode of Heaven on Earth. Heaven. A man who chooses his own path, and does so courageously, has entered Heaven, Valhalla, Nirvana, peace.

It is not the beast who shall decapitate me, the beasts are allegories residing within man and without, in the form of other men. No, I shall not decapitate myself. Everything that happens to a man is of his own doing. If a man believes it is his time to die, he will die. People attach themselves to things, ideas. It is these things, ideas, which will kill them, or grant them life. All, everything, is a self-fulfilling prophecy. Never identical, but always the same in nature. The Jews. The Christians. The Bible. Would we be better off if we didn't have them? Perhaps with their apocalypse they are a death sentence imposed by man himself. How odd that these things would be in existence,

along with the pyramids, the legends, the myths of ancient man, which will not allow modern man to believe, as he so desperately wants to, that he is alone. No, we are not alone.

Something else resides with us. Something we do not know yet, for it sleeps. But I do know it is giant, much larger than I, much larger than Leviathan or Behemoth. It is what shall allow me to defeat them in silent battle, a battle of wills. Theirs against mine. Silently, doing battle, with the eyes, each of mine gazing upon two of theirs. They shall be no match for me. I am prepared. I would encourage you to do the same, and I can only hope you now know of what I speak. Hear me now and believe me later, if you will. As I have stated before, my only task is to speak of these things, not convince anyone of their validity. Now I study for confidence, to be used in my time of battle, right now. The true World experience is no longer purely on the physical plane. That time is done. Life will also now be lived on the Spiritual plane, which reside far above the material. The gateway to life here is protected by Behemoth and Leviathan. They must be defeated for graduation, progress. Everything is dual in nature, even the dual nature of things, thus the infinite.

There is the One: All-Knowledge. Then there is good and evil, and as good has dual nature, so does evil. Our leaders march us toward the abyss. They have delineated for us armies: us and them. If we pay our leaders heed, we will be ground down to nothingness. A solution is needed, but the people will not see, because they are blinded. It is only pain and suffering that will awaken them. Upon darkness do the beasts rely. From the power that emits from my eyes shall I shed light on them, causing their destruction, as I walk on by. If I fear, I am lost. If I show weakness, I am lost. If I contact the giant within me, draw from his unending wealth of strength, I shall be saved. It is as simple as this. All keys are held within me. ALL. All I have to do is access them. Ignorant man is easy to destroy. The beasts may destroy him while laughing the whole while. And yet I cause in them the same terror. Live by the sword, die by the sword. How simple this lesson is.

The traditions have served their purpose. Their time is at an end. The symbolism of their constructs were meant to last an age, 2000 years, and their time is up. It is their symbolism that will be revealed, and a new system shall be erected in its stead. It is for this precise reason, that I know this, that I work. I know that my task is simply to work. Thankfully, the gaze of God has not been lifted from me, and I fulfill my end by continuing to work.

I had a dream. On the anniversary, the Holy Site was again annihilated. After it was annihilated, retaliations annihilated the aggressor states. World war erupted. It will have been the chosen that started it, for they are pretenders, and battle for the wrong reasons. The real Brotherhood of Man are few, and scattered throughout the globe.

It is not the pomp and pageantry that impresses the Old One, but the sweet frequency of resonance. It that resonates must be true to its frequency. Some frequencies will survive, some will perish, and these have been established. All things are part of the Temple of God. That men should kill themselves over holy sites is proof of their ignorance. The trumpets sound, hearkening the destruction of known order based in the physical. The age is done, and a new Name shall be introduced. The World religions for the last 2000 years have been a decoy for the true Spirit, the Spirit that reside within every man. It has been fanatical idolatry, with a bunch of symbols and imagery intended to lull the observer to sleep in awe and stupefaction. It is too violent, based in violence, a harbinger of violence.

Because of its blasphemous birth, its sadistic death will come about. This could have been known at its very incipience: "This dark child will die a heinous death. I have seen its birth, and I know it is a ghastly creation. The Father has turned His back upon us, and we are left alone. This child shall perform many deeds, and the periods of his life shall be 4. He shall have infancy, adolescence, adulthood, and old age. He shall not die a premature death. Through his assets will he achieve great heights, but as I have seen his conception, I know he shall fall to great depths as well. He is powerful, and he shall destroy himself, when he wearies and his time to die beckons. At this time, he will

recognize his sins, and like a panicking creature, will attempt to bring all down with him. He shall not succeed". The fourth phase is complete. We are at the threshold of the 5th quadrant, the doorway to the kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of the Spirit.

Those who have gained stand to lose. All things will be as if inside out, reversed. What had seemed good, will be evil. What had seemed evil, will be good. The contrary nature of our existence shall not last forever. Those engaged in undertakings have fulfilled their obligations. A man shall condemn himself, for he knows his sins and transgressions, whether he admits them or not. Justice will be done. The times are changing. They are different. The old shall eradicate itself for us. We have not to lift a finger, we only have to wait. We must wait, bide our time, and have no fear. We shall be distinguished by our fear. If the Lord present Himself to you, and you faint for fear, He shall know you, for you will have revealed yourself. If He comes to you, and you open your arms to Him in love and relief, He shall know you, and the right thing shall happen to you, for there is justice, and the scales will be balanced. Every man and woman shall let it be known, who they are.

You cannot focus on the infinite. It is slightly out of focus, blurred, out of reach. But one may observe its existence. I did not chronicle my search, I chronicled my findings. As one gains higher rings of consciousness, one drops lower in Earthly social rings. Those highest elevated in social standing are those who harbor the grandest illusion. The way of God is the low way, the way of humility and service. It is closest to the Earth, thus its toil the highest of blessings. As the Spirit strives ever lower, so does the material strive ever higher. Behind man stand the dual strengths of mother and father, Boaz and Jachin, *is* and *is not*. The purest, the essence, is attached to the Way, for the Way is only the way of the imperishable. The perishable has its own laws and ways, and those who abide by these shall perish. Those who abide by the way of the imperishable shall not perish. The imperishable is unperceived. It goes below, as if below radar. That which clamors for attention has been illusion. But the times change.

At death, and rebirth in another form, are secrets revealed. This is the stipulated time for change. Because of this Spiritual paradox, we find that we live in contrary times. Now we know the nature of all that which calls attention to itself. Its opposite is the underground. Down to Earth is no longer enough. Underground. All sides will be using the same symbols, will make the same claims. All have claimed God on their side. Those who lie once are liars. Who will be caught in this lie? The anti-christ is the liar. Here he abounds. Love is the truth. Love is humble. Love must be appreciated in quietude. This World has been for the loud, the obnoxious, the ostentatious. These have become dependent on their craft. When they are silent, and above the din may again be heard the beating of the human heart, then shall things be righted, the scales balanced. The mighty powers will fall, those who have been silent will be heard. The seat of power shifts.

The two beasts clash. I navigate through them, beneath them. They do not believe my nonchalance. Because I do not fear them, they are powerless against me. I have invoked the true Spirits, the hierarchy, and I am protected from the storm. I am as them, a ghost. If they have no substance, and I have no substance, then what can they inflict upon me, I ask. Nothing.

I embark on my initiatory voyage. I invoke the Spirits to aide in ferrying me across the waters. I know my fate rests in my hands, in my mind. It shall be my initiation, and I am prepared. I shall not be traveling alone. Accompanied am I, by the hosts of Spirits who shuttle and ferry applicants through their initiation. Do I know whom to speak with? Of course. It is the Mother who protects, who inflicts justice, who we are all born from. I shall speak with Her, and She shall send to me Her love. I shall converse with my Father, who shall send to me His escort, though He is more skeptical of me. He knows I am devoted to my Mother. I am Hers, and it is ultimately Her word I shall pass on. But that is a contradiction in terms, Her word. I am a humanitarian. I do my work as I

perceive my own destiny. I am a child of both Mother and Father. I know myself in this way.

I am an antenna that receives, and resonates at a certain frequency, and I tune it to match the Way, the frequency of the knowledge of the imperishable, a science like any other, only sacred. All things have their Spirit, even stones, and cars, and chairs, and anything at all. If I am nice to these Spirits, they shall be nice to me. They know me. Everything knows of me. They know of me before I arrive. They have been waiting for me, patiently, diligently waiting. It is like a home coming. I am the prodigal child, and I am coming home.

Yes, I talk to the Father the intelligence, to the Mother the vehicle. I talk to all Their children. I talk to some of the Spirits, the benevolent ones, those of the trees and the plants and the animals, those that may be my friends. The Spirits of men I let lie, for they are like man, ornery when awakened, treacherous when disturbed. I will not awaken them, and thus bring about my own destruction. Instead, I provide myself for the trial. I say "Here I am, try me". Try me. I am up to the task. I venture forth into the wilderness. I bring only my own love as protection. I long to be a benevolent force, but I must earn the right. I must prove myself worthy. I do not go to find myself, I go to prove myself. I speak not in jest, I speak in earnest, and I give myself over to the challenge. May I be found worthy.

A woman is in every way the compliment of a man, capable of the same barbarity and ignorance. An ignorant woman shall give forth to the World ignorant children, and then we have a race of men whose mothers were no good. And these men shall be no good, and they shall be eliminated, and their mothers shall scream bloody murder, but it is they who have created the chaos. A man will believe any number of things, for any number of reasons, but that does not make this belief true. Some men screw up. Even these must be pardoned, because all crime is done of ignorance. Ignorance must be pardoned. Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do. This from a man who was

about to be put to death for his love of humanity. For its sake would he die, and he was not bitter. Knowledge exists. It is alive, has been, for all time.

The key to survival shall be in the young women of the World. It is only women who have access to all humanity. The Mother shall speak through her, and she shall be the most powerful of women. I will know her. Somehow we shall be brought together, for I have keys, and she has keys. This is my lone remaining search, and so my eyes are still peeled. I know my Mother will send to me the finest of Her maidens when the time is right, when it is known that all shall do the right thing. I know she shall be as lonely as I. She shall be as I, and yet, different, my counterpart. Where we were once kings and queens, we shall be known as champions. She shall be my champion, the champion of my heart. It is the highest. I know what it is, and I will not allow any to tell me different. I have broken their codes, all of them. It is now I who spin faster. The mystery remains, but not in the realm of man, rather in the realm of the Heavens. They no longer hold me in sway.

I am free, like the wind. I have cast away my bonds, my former slavery. I have discarded it as one discards a useless item. I must wait and see what energies I attract to me. I am ready. I will be ready after my initiation. I have patience and time for all details to fall into their proper place. I shall no longer force things with my own faithlessness. I know I am as if a magnet, and I attract *all* that comes to me. I shall be initiated, and I shall receive all the rights of initiation. For awhile I shall be cast adrift in the sea of life, of luck, of fate, of destiny. The northern Europeans saw the Americas as their promised land, as Asgard, the Halls of the gods. It is for these Halls that we labor and do battle. I too have my promised land. The Halls of the gods.

I shall go with caution. I shall protect myself, do my part. Although I go alone, in no way will I be without company. No. I go with my Father. I go with my Mother. I go with legions of benevolent Spirits. The voyage shall be almost easy. My eyes shall be open. I will be with God. I go with the children, with the elders, with the saints, even the demons become inspired and come with me. I go with legions. No, in no way do I go

alone. I go in love, to see if it's true. I prepare myself internally, give myself courage and strength. I know I will be alone. I shall invoke the Mother and the Father to intervene on my behalf. Dear Lord, I beg, I pray for the strength, and I know it shall be a difficult task. In this World, there are no easy paths, this I know. I do it for my Parents, that They be proud of me, that They know I work hard, and not for the riches of man, but for the riches of the Spirit. Ah, for the riches of the Spirit. Father, teach me humility, and I shall return everything unto You. I shall do what is in my power, what You already know. For this I pray. Thank you, dear Lord, my God. I thank you for my life. I do not understand it, but I know *of* the mystery. In the upcoming days and nights I shall be initiated. I ask Your help, that You should give me the strength to overcome the obstacles that present themselves in the path of life.

All is symbol. Teach the truth, and man shall fear you. Hah. But you see, I care not for man. Man is done, gone, corrupt, finished. No. You see, it's the children. All we have to do is condition them to love young. The older generations are lost in their biases, but these are millennium chilluns, enlightened, advanced, evolved, too smart to be messed with anymore. Lies have been taught long enough. They were the vaccine. Now they clamor for truth, and who shall provide it? Only those that know it, have it, live it. All pretenders shall be exposed. They shall be known by their necrotic flesh, pickled from a lifetime of depravity, debauchery, over-indulgence and illusion. Today men consume themselves. Nothing lasts forever. A better day will come. It draws nearer with every passing moment. If one really wants something, one cannot go to it. One must work diligently, and wait for it to come to one.

I am indebted to none but my God, beholden to no man. I am a sovereign entity, performing my task in the light, for and through my fellow man, all incarnate Spirits who do not yet know themselves as I know myself. We are all genderless Spirits living the lives of our bodies. It is our bodies that dictate our Earthly lives, housing within them the Prima Materia, the Energy, Electricity which is life, Spirit, intelligence. This Prima Materia is known to me as God, and therefore, all that live share and participate in God whether they know it or not. But sooner or later we will realize it, and though it is never

too late, the sooner the better. By now this has all become rehash. We see it, the collision course, what we cannot see is all the motives. The magickal motives are unknown to me, things like mass ascension through learning, control of minds, weather patterns and the such.

As life reveals to each and every one of us what it wishes us to see, so must we act accordingly, asking ourselves “What is it that this unknowable force wishes me to see?” Only then will one know what task is one’s to perform while on this plane. It is this what is meant by being proficient at reading the signs. A Spiritual time is upon us, for the life of the Spirit is the true life, and all else but mere illusion. Man must, will learn to communicate with his true self, for it behooves him to do so. It is in his own best interest. It gives power like no other. People will embrace this new agenda willingly, for it is they who cry out for it, cause it to happen cosmically, through their own desire, necessity of it. It is they who have summoned me. Truly a new time is upon us. I can feel it, sense it.

All are entitled to their lives, and one day, the truth shall be known by all. On that day, the human race will change forever. It is the apocalypse, Armageddon. It is nature. It is beautiful and perfect. It is not to be questioned, but rather observed, for it is our greatest teacher. It is life. Life is life. For this I won’t receive any prizes, no Nobels, no Pulitzers, no prizes at all. Only pain and heartache. But there is another way, for it is all in my brain, and if I convince myself things will be ok, perhaps it will be so. There is nothing better on this plane than to join a group of peers, of equals, of people that feel the same way, or similar anyway. To be accepted as part of something brings bliss to a man. Humans are gregarious creatures, and only to the degree that they allow themselves to be trained are they trainable.

I must remember that my energy will be slowly materialized. All I do is plant seeds, but I must be there. Survival depends on how well I’ve thought things through. I can make myself invincible. Where they have failed, I shall prosper. Why? Because I have learned from their mistakes. I have accepted my destiny, and move firmly toward it. I fear none, for I have done none harm. And because I give what I have, so too will men

give to me what they have, and true colors shall be known. Some people exert energy such as to drain others of theirs. People are more easily destroyed after their energy has been drained. All sorts of magic can be worked through the taking of life-force. This much is sure: All things done outside of the Way will lead further and further from the Way. Every bit of energy you emit shall be returned to you in the same amount, lest you create an imbalance, which shall eventually be righted.

There is great, and devastating power held within a human. He may control it, corral it, or ignore it, let it dissipate. Those who know how to suck energy from others for their own usage know what it is worth. It is worth life. This then be the tale of the highlander, the quickening. I did not do this. It was done unto me.

When a person tell you a thing in order to manipulate your thoughts, what they have told you is the opposite of the truth. If I tell you that you are sick and depraved, what I am really saying is that I am sick and depraved. Every man that does not live by the Law, lives in his own contrived Universe. Those that say that men are entitled to adhere to whatever truth suits their fancy are not aware that Truth Is, and it is One, and it is there, like pebbles on the ground, to be picked up by those clever enough to know its true worth. They are disguised as all other pebbles, but in truth they are of gold. It is only after one picks them up, and has bitten into one to test its material that one realize what one have. One must be able to realize when one arrive at what one has been looking for. Men look for all manner of things, and each shall find what he seeks.

Each shall be granted all his wishes. If he know the formula (magic), he may wish for those things that take one higher. Formula, and magic. Science, and superstition. However, for those who know the formula, it is science. For those that do not, magic. It is as simple as this, and yet, not so simple at all. Complex in its simplicity. The essence always the same, simple. The factors always many, complex. In order for one to understand the simplicity of life, one must first understand, transcend, its complexity. Who will say life is simple? It is not. It is full of pit falls, booby traps, obstacles, loop holes, and violent emotions that make life difficult to deal with. The myriad forms with

which we take on the great wheel of destiny, such that it not run us over. All the trials and tribulations attributable to our existence on Earth, to balance these things is a difficult, delicate, and complex endeavor. It is not easy or painless.

When one conquer all these passions, desires, requests and behests, then one arrives at the truth. The truth is that *Something Happens*, and this *Something that Happens* is separate from all that does not happen. That which does not happen, *is not*, but is sometimes perceived *to be* by imaginative minds, and so what *is*, becomes separate, and thus it comes to be that the Truth is One. One is the truth. One is simplicity. From this simplicity was derived the multiform, which is also true, and lives in the world of interpretation of the One. As the One is inside the other, so the other is inside the One. This is infinite, and the infinite is God. It is what we may not grasp, as mere finite beings. The only way to grasp the infinite without, is to search for it within. Within is the foundation. Without is the Temple. Man as microcosm. How? Through proper correlation.

The complexity of the multiform begins to take shape. What is man? Man is matter and vibration. Science. Clay and electricity. The first division. Here, something happens. What happens is the Truth, whether we know it or not. We may speculate on it for our entire lives, and we may even believe we know for sure, but unless we align ourselves with the truth, we only give ourselves illusions. Something happens, and we are here as a result. Something happens, and the entire Universe, known and unknown, is here as a result. The giant pulsating, inhaling, exhaling, organizing Universe is here as a result. Scientifically, we can explain much more of our existence than this, but brilliant men have gone insane attempting to corral the All. Of all people, mathematicians have been most loyal to this quest. Pythagoras, numerology, gematria, qabala, tarot, all numerically based ideologies designed to explain the World we live in. And yet man has not found the area of a circle, the volume of a sphere.

This is their greatest teaching, that the volume of a sphere exists, but we may not know it. It is infinite, like God. God? Mere manipulation of number. However,

manipulation of number presupposes a manipulator. An organizing principle. Man has no need to manipulate his given Earth, but he must do so to emulate his Master. All man made laws are but reflections of the One Law. That of balance, order. The balance shall keep it from perishing. And so, for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. The Star of David depicts two equal triangles opposing each other. The World is replete with sayings, anecdotes, teachings, legends, symbols, heroes, gods, that are the champions of the balance. It is not so difficult to see divine Law in action. The Earth is hot and wet, molten in the center. The wind is cool and dry. The fire is hot and dry, and the oceans are cool and wet. Then we have the tie that binds, the silver thread, the order that commands the Earth to orbit around the Sun for its entire life.

It is the power of love. It is the love of the Sun for the Earth, and of the Earth for the Sun that maintain their eternal relationship. The heat that the Sun sends to the Earth, in his love for Earth, for us, we must return to him, in our love for Him. And so, the surface of the Earth heats up, and there is heat, while space is freezing, and it is dark, for there is no Earth, no satellite, to reflect His light, His love. There is no creature created as grateful as the human being. In the long run, he is grateful for everything, all the suffering, the pain, and also their counterpart, happiness and beauty, for these ultimately lead man to know his true self, and thus unlock the secrets of life and existence. In this way we may achieve more joy than any mere creature ever dreamed possible. To become One with science, with God, with magic, with man, is a supreme attainment worthy of great joy, ecstasy. It was to share this great joy that the culmination of life on Earth, humanity, was created.

All creatures want to love the Man creature, for they know that in Man are all creatures culminated. Man is all-knowledge, he is the Star-Being, the one destined to travel. All creatures see in Man their perfection, and thus would idolize Man. Mighty lions would serve him, in order to learn of themselves from him. But man fell from his lofty heights, and forgot his heritage. Man has spoken the language of animals, when Man spoke the one-language, but he abused his power over creatures, and he was caused to forget it. If man teach Manhood, then humanity will be saved. While men teach

themselves to be animals, we are doomed to die once, twice, and many times over. All is in the planting of a seed. Plant it, watch it grow, learn it.

End part three : All