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The Heathen Within

A H.A.L.O. Production

Pennyroyal Press presents

Part three of A Trilogy of Youth

May the future bear for all of us the glory and the peace to which we are all ultimately destined. This is my deepest wish. Peace be among you.

I got my funky feathers, how about you?

The heathen within

Or, an account of my ride across the land

This book is dedicated to my father and my brother

San Francisco, Sunday April 28, 2002. - My place, with Tuna Balloona

06:00 – wake up

06:20 – get up and pack

08:15 – ride off to the ferry building

09:00 – ferry departs for Vallejo

10:00 – ferry arrives. I embark on my trip.

I have:

1 Schwinn Cruiser Supreme, with full size metal basket, front and rear fenders

1 extra long touring rack, to give my big feet extra room

4 bungy cords to batten down the basket across the top

2 waterproof Ortlieb panniers, bought on sale for \$90

1 forty-eight (48) tooth ring (attached to single-ring crank arm)

1 spare forty-four (44) tooth ring (unattached, for climbing)

1 seven (7) speed cassette with 34 tooth mega-range cog

1 North Face 1 man+ tent, brand new

1 North Face sleeping bag, down, brand new

1 Thermarest mat, 47 inches, 1.2 lbs

4 black t-shirts, 1 black wool riding jersey, 1 light wool sweater

4 pairs black socks (2 wool)
4 pairs underwear
1 pair black cargo pants (normal riding gear)
1 pair riding spandex
1 Silca pump with campy head
1 Whisperlite stove with 2 containers of fuel + mess kit
1 book (A dweller on two planets)
4 pens, 3 lighters, maps, zip-ties
3 bike lights (one front, two rear) + 1 camping light
1 bag tools with all keys, crank puller, pliers, adjustable wrench, chain breaker, lube
1 extra tire, 2 tubes, 5 extra spokes, spoke wrench
1 big Zo messenger bag for the basket
A little food (honey, grapenuts, soy milk)
A helmet, black wool gloves, Mavic riding cap
1 Oakland Raiders beany
1 small plastic shovel (love you Vadim)
1 large plastic bag
1 lightweight nylon tarp
1 lightweight waterproof riding jacket
1 lightweight windbreaker, black (normal riding gear)
1 first-aid kit
1 bottle ibuprofen (for my knees)
1 12 lb box of wedding clothes that I'll need in Denver, to be mailed from Sacto tomorrow because today is Sunday and I neglected to do it earlier (what a drag)

Today I take off on my journey. I have given myself 18 days to traverse the Sierras and the Rockies by bicycle, arriving in time for Pedro's wedding in Denver on May 18th. Today it's all flats, all the way to Sacramento. I've got me, my basket cruiser, and everything else I need. I don't know if I have enough time to make it, but I'm gonna

give it a shot. It's early in the year to cross the massive mountain ranges. People don't recommend it, and my friend Tina, who took off a week ago to Denver, took the Southern route, starting down in LA. I don't have the time for that trip. Gotta make it to Denver for Pedro's wedding. That's my goal. Today I'm gonna do the flat and easy 80 miles to Sacramento. When I get there, I don't know where I'll stay, but that is my goal. Nice an' easy...

As it turns out, tonight I camp along the Jebediah Smith Trail, in the heart of Sacramento, not far off from the American River. It is a public park, and there is no camping allowed, but it's huge, and I'm gonna take the risk. I just hope nobody messes with me, but as this is my initiation, I know all I need is faith to overcome all the obstacles I encounter. Like Job, I am putting the theory to practice: God protects all those who believe. I believe, and I know I will be fine.

I hear drunken revelers in the night. I am awakened by their crass cries.

"Jump! Jump, white boy nigga, jump!"

"Jump nigga, white boy nigga"

"Damn nigga, damn white boy nigga, I said jump"...

They are not far off. I am now awakened and tense. Man I hope they don't come any closer to me. Can they see me? Am I camped in their path? I hope not. God I hope not. Man, I have to get up out of my tent, gauge if their voices approach, or recede. Hootin and hollerin for a couple of hours; must be a bunch of drunken yahoos from Sacto.

I have pitched my tent beneath two beautiful trees. They are different species, but their branches come together to make a canopy above my tent. In the darkness I talk to the trees. I tell them who I am, and what I am doing. I have ridden 9 hours today, about 85 miles. I am so tired, I ask them for protection in the night. I get the feeling that one of the trees is like my father, and the other one is like my mother, and I am like the baby. I am overcome with the feeling that I am like them, that they are like me, that we can

communicate. I look at all the brush, and I wonder what the trees are to the brush, the brush to the trees. I want to be like them, natural, unconcerned. Instead I am a man, and I trample them beneath me. I feel so dirty, so polluted, so unworthy. I am sorry brush. I am sorry nettle. It is the heathen within me. It is in my blood.

4/29

In the morning, I awake, pack, and take a look around to see where I am. As luck would have it, I camped less than a mile from the main Sacramento Post Office. Now that is a nice piece of coincidence. Man am I glad to finally send off the dreaded box with my wedding clothes. Damn box was a pain, but I have vowed to focus on the bigger picture. The trip will be long and arduous. The first day went off without a hitch.

After waiting for an hour for the Post Office to open and mailing the box, I depart, due east, at 8:45 am. It's all flat until about Folsom, the Sierra foothills. Now comes the portion of the ride where I just go and see what happens. I have my route mapped, but I don't really know what to expect anyways. The weather is gray and overcast, but not bad. After Folsom I begin the climb. Two thousand feet to Placerville. In Placerville I stop for cheap, bad Chinese food at Fong's. It's starting to rain, but I'm pushing forward. I embark once again, at about 3:00 pm, due upwards, but it begins to pour. By 4:30, I'm freezing, soaked to the bone, and nowhere, but not far from civilization. Climbing, climbing, climbing. From Placerville, by Carson road, a deserted back country, windy stretch to Camino. I talk to God, to Nature, tell them I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I know that herein rests the key to faith. When doubt enters my mind, I am lost, so I push forward, fearlessly.

At 5:00 pm I reach Camino bed and breakfast, walk in like a drowned rat, and rent a room. No camping tonight. Too tired, too cold, too wet, and none of the campsites around here are open this early in the year. It's still pouring out. Eat raw vegetables for dinner, and dry out. I am now 3200 feet above sea level. I have ridden today about 65 miles, and am about 150 miles into my journey. Feeling great. Tomorrow I plan to climb the remaining 5400 feet and 55 miles to Kit Carson Pass, the highest point I will reach in the Sierras. It is a daunting task, and I think it will take about 11 or 12 hours, at about 5 mph or so for the day. I can't wait. One and a half days and I'm through the Sierras, much better than I could have hoped for. I thought it might take me as much as a week. After all, it is the second greatest mountain range in the continental U.S.

I only left home yesterday, but everything is rolling smoothly. I have a long journey ahead, many obstacles and adventures to encounter, but I am at peace. A general

feeling of peace, of well-being is what encompasses me. I have told Osi that I am ready for whatever It may toss at me, and I will not be afraid, no matter my fate, as I know that I travel protected, that Osi travels with me. I am unaccompanied, but by no means alone. I converse and travel with all the spirits in my path. The spirit of all that surrounds me, of everything, of life. This is my initiation, and I take it seriously. I know people look to me for inspiration, which, in turn, inspires me. It is only too bad I have no one to share it with.

I have come out here to strip myself of everything. One of the tasks in life is to accept everything as it is handed to you by Osi. I wanted to be a pure human, in survival mode, stripped of all polish and fanfare. To feel life as a true creature. No one knows why things are the way they are, why some have plenty, and others die of need, why some are made in the Sun, while others broken in the dark. I only learn of all possible ways, but I must beware to never reject the goodness that Osi has, in Its infinite wisdom, conferred upon me. I must show respect for all these beautiful things, in order to not fly too high, be burned by the sun. I attempt to fashion, to mold, to forge a human being I may be proud of. For such a reason do I seek knowledge. For such a reason do I leave comfort, love, warmth behind. In search of a human experience, some signs to help illuminate my path. I let all the silent spirits know I am here, and I allow boisterous man to believe I am not. For three weeks will I reject the company of man, but then I will return.

I embark from Camino at 8:00 am. I have to pop a couple ibuprofen because my knees hurt. They're killing me really, but I know they'll be alright. I figure they'll hurt for the first 4 or 5 days, and then they'll mellow out. I'm pretty fit for the ride, but I ain't never done anything like this before. I have two cycling quests on this trip, both equally as good as the other: to do a century, and to ride 12 hours straight. Century is out of the question through the mountains, but 12 hours is not. It should be easy, as I have nothing else to do. So, once again, I climb, climb, climb. Through Pollock pines, down to Jenkinson lake, onto Mormon Emigrant trail. I'll be here all day till I hit Carson Pass. Got all the stuff I need: canned soup, water, energy bars, plus all my other things, maybe 80lbs worth. It's not raining today, it's sunny, the weather is crisp.

As I climb along Mormon Emigrant trail, I thank Osi for all the wonderful things It has given me. I reassure Osi that I am ready for whatever travails lie ahead, and I am not afraid. I could climb these mountains for hours, days, weeks. That's the fun part. I need a little cooperation from the weather, that's all. The riding, that's the vehicle that I have chosen to ferry me across this threshold. I am here to relate everything to life, to make sure that I make all the correct links. It seems long and arduous, but it is just life. It will always seem long and arduous. All the obstacles, all the bumps in the road. How can I be afraid of this, since this is my life, this is what I am doing here. My knees are killing, I'm zig-zagging my way up the mountain on my Schwinn basket cruiser with platform pedals, just a regular dude hauling his ass up a mountain.

At noon it begins to hail on me. Thankfully no rain. At about 2:00 pm it begins to snow, and I see snow banks on the side of the road. I know I am near the top. There is a blizzard. It's freezing, but it ain't stopping me. Man, the road ahead is covered in snow. It is completely blocked. Obviously it is not open for passage. There is a pick-up truck stuck in the snow. There are three bearded, burly hillbillies there, and one of them is a woman. They have two massive Rottweilers in the back of their truck, along with some wood and an assortment of tarped objects. Deliverance pops into my mind. They're stuck, they ain't goin nowhere. They let their dogs out, big and burly, and they run around on the snow. I approach.

-Howdy there, I say

-Howdy there.

-Do you know how much further to the top? I say

-Couple a miles I think. We're pretty close. Don't think you're gonna make it over on that thing- chuckles - We're stuck. Campin out for the night, you're welcome to stay with us if you like. Gonna make some spaghetti right now. My brother's comin up to pull us outta here, should be here in the morning. Welcome to camp out with us if you like. Dogs don't bite.

-Thank you. I'm gonna try to keep pushin through. I can't give up just yet. I rode all the way up here all day. Gotta see if I can make it. I say.

-Suit yerself.

Big mistake. I climbed into the snow with my bike in tow. Into the snow, by foot. One and a half hours I hiked in. At places the snow was about 2 or 3 feet deep, and I got maybe $\frac{3}{4}$ mile into the whole thing when I realized how futile the whole thing was. My feet got sopping wet, and frozen. I worked up a massive sweat in my winter gear trudging my bike up through the snow one lunge at a time. A bicycle is simply not designed for usage in knee deep snow. But I was about 5 miles from Kirkwood. I had to give it a shot. It was about 3:30. I couldn't just give up, turn around so easily. This was hard fought territory, I had to give it a shot. Had to see what was around the corner. This was stupid though. I look around, and my heart begins to pump even harder. I sit down, pause, think, confer with my protectors, the elementals. Time passes.

I would push my bike 20 feet, and stop to rest, trudging through the 2 feet of snow. A snow storm at about 6500-7000 feet. Man, what do I do now? I can't go forward, I know I'm not going to die here, and I am not afraid, but how far does this thing go? Too far. I have to turn around. It takes me 60 minutes to undo the 90 on the way in. At about 5:45 I get back to the hillbillies, who are decidedly hospitable. Probably in part because they know they are protected by the two ferocious looking dogs and God knows, maybe a couple a shotguns. They let me know again how welcome I am to stay the night

with them, camp out by their tent, eat their spaghetti. I know my battles are elsewhere. I thank them profusely for their kindness, but at 6:00 I head back down. My only option.

In the next 2 and a half hours I undo a whole days work. Feet, hands, body, soaked and frozen, back down through the storm, to where I began 12 and a half hours ago. It's the only thing I can do, for up here I am stuck. The road is closed. There is nothing more I can do. I head back down, freezing the whole way, teeth desperately wanting to clatter had not my jaws been clenching. I could barely pull the breaks, had to stand up on the pedals and tug on the whole bar, my fingers were so frozen. All the time I am telling myself no illness is getting in. My body, my mind, are an impenetrable fortress. Mouth closed, I breathe calm, back down in the dark, frozen, stormy night. I am an impenetrable fortress. Osi has decided to throw me this curveball. I accept.

I arrive at Pollock Pines, only 5 flat miles from Camino, at 8:30 pm, my energy reserves precariously low. I had estimated when I left SF that my sedentary lifestyle would give me three days worth of surplus energy to play with. They are depleted. Ten hours of cycling, two and a half hours of hiking through the snow, loss of core body heat... I could barely move my knees. I need a hot bath. I'm out here, I'm alone, I can't risk any careless dangers to my health. I need to heat my body. Criminy, I gotta stay in a motel again tonight, I gotta dry my clothes, gotta eat, I'm beat. I hate to do it, but tonight I gotta get another motel room. I have to re-plot my course of action. Along with victory comes defeat. I shall not worry about things, I shall just do.

I find a cheap motel and rent a room for the night. A hot bath, a place to dry my clothes and shoes. I'm not worrying about it. I'm spent. I need to recover, but I am not afraid. I don't know what to do just yet. My first thought is "*why* am I out here again?" I need to sleep and give my body and mind a rest. I've been battered by nature for 2 days. I'll make up for it by camping the rest of the way, weather permitting. But for now, I need to sleep, recover. Tomorrow is a brand new day. I can feel my aching, screaming knees warming in the bath, coming back to life, my fingers, my calm. I realize I've been amped up on adrenaline. I eat canned soup, nothing solid, make some hot tea. Warm dry clothes never felt this good before.

All night long I had dreams of tortured love. I was so sad. I am stripping myself down, getting past all the hype and the pageantry that goes along with city life. All the

things that lead a person to believe he is those things, all are falling away like decaying flesh off a dead body. So many times I have been given the opportunity for true love, and always the result is the same. We do not take care of what we are given. I remember how I loved my baby, how I'd love to love her yet. But we cannot, because of all the hype, and the pomp, and the accoutrements of modern Babylonian life. All night long she was in my dreams. All night long we fought, because there was no understanding. Her of the image, the one that I knew so long ago, I don't know her anymore. How I want to talk with her, make everything ok. And yet I know I cannot, for she has settled her mind, and prefers suffering to hard work. I was so sad in the night, so lonely. But I must remove myself, before I may reintegrate. I must learn the true worth of things, so these opportunities no longer slip through my fingers.

I dreamt of my long lost baby, how she tortured me through the night. She tortured me, she that brings out the best in me, because I don't know her. I used to, a long time ago, but no longer. Oh my sweet, I must have very important work to do, for still you do not come to save me. I can no longer come to you. I have done it too many times, and I see the error of it. All must learn the worth of things. The Babylonians are at a decided disadvantage, but they never cease to be humans, like me. They know not that they play with fire, but they will learn. Everything in life plays as a stepping stone for the next step. I know this one plays as a stepping stone to my next love, my next memory, and I feel them all. My poor baby, I know she hurts, and so she knows how she tortures me. My baby, I know we shall find each other, find peace, a little understanding. Is this fit to be found? I have faith.

Today I stay put and I go nowhere. My knees will not allow it. My only other route to Nevada is through the 50. Crowded with cars, noisy, dangerous, but the only viable road. Today I eat well, I rest, I recover. One night at the motel, it is the same as an olden traveler stopping in at an inn. This morning I went over to the only campsite in town, and the facilities were closed, but I figured I could camp there anyway. After all, the slots were all empty. The people at the hotel told me I could hang out til 4 pm in my room, and I did. After that I went for a short ride in the woods, then back to the campsite, pitched my tent, and huddled in it with my notebook for the rest of the day. Today is the perfect day for rest, and I shall have it. I still have 2 weeks to go; can't swallow the whole pie in one bite. I am anxious for the road, but I am thankful for the rest. Osi has ordained it. It is in me. It is me, I am It, we are one and the same. If I fear, I fear only the position I have put myself in. If I resent, I resent only what I have done, or caused. I shall pass the mountains yet. In the end, I will have climbed the Sierras twice.

Today I reassess my situation. Tomorrow I embark on round two. Osi has preferred it this way. I'm ok with this decision. I only look, observe, and act. All else is hype and pomp. If I wanted it, I'd be at home right now. I am not. I shall rid myself of the heathen within me yet. It is what I want: to no longer be associated with the heathen. People are looking to get drunk, get high, when they have nothing else to do. It is a disease of the rich. So be it. Forbidden fruit, I imagine. The irony, that the forbidden fruit be the fuel for civilization. It is the corruption of the innocent mind, a descent into darkness, that causes ascension and enlightenment. It is Babylon that spearheads the movement of man. She, with her resplendence, her civility, her technology, her beautifully crafted workmanship, her fancy people. The land of the snake, the old wise ones.

The serpent of wisdom has been a religious symbol of man's for very long. Nidhögg has gnawed and bled her Gift into the roots of Yggdrasil since the beginning of time. It symbolizes the separation of man from God, of the One into the higher and lower. Thus the eagle, Aar, is also an ancient emblem. Horus. And so the serpent symbolizes the knowledge of the lower, or base, earthly elements, while the eagle of the higher, heavenly

knowledge. The Mayan symbol of the eagle with the serpent in her talons. All the symbols of eagles emphasize this idea. They are the serpents of knowledge, but they shall be overcome by the wings of the spirit, creating the winged serpent, the most venerated of all creations. The reptiles are the oldest creatures on the land. We inherit the reptilian brain, but we carry within us the warmth, the fire, while they are cold blooded. We are of the four elements, and they of three. We are the evolution, the future. We may obtain more. We are man, and we are given choice.

Man has moved about the Earth restlessly for all his days. Never has there been a day when he was not moving, searching for a better place. Man has gone this way and that. We have mixed this blood and that. Races have been created, eliminated, re-strained, remixed, reshuffled. For globalized governments to close their borders to outsiders is therefore crime against humanity. I reason this to myself. The Earth ever changes, as do conditions thereupon. Man therefore moves about in search of what he needs, or what he thinks he needs. When you deny him this right, you tie his hands and sentence him to die. Passing temporal conditions apply. The force of change will overcome any obstacle.

Man must travel. We come from the stars, and to the stars we shall return. To return to our origin, to ascend to the place from which we stem, this is the quest of man. But how, in what manner? Is it technology that will carry us back into the atmosphere, or is it the vehicle of the spirit? It is true, we must learn our lessons, if only we knew what they were. How does Babylon help us, how is she a necessary stepping-stone in evolution, for she must be, since she *is*. Is all that *is*, necessary? Like Saturn does Babylon feed on her own children, consume them with her voracious appetite for life, for perpetuation. Will we return to space in our own man-made vessels, or will they come to fetch us, the us of the future, those that deposited us here, or do we rise up only as bodiless spirits? We have been given all, it is man who is the author of his own misery. We could work for peace, for our salvation, and we do not. This eating of our young is a necessary step, it must be, or it wouldn't *be*.

Pollock Pines to South Lake Tahoe. 8 am to 4 pm, 55 miles. I feel much better. I lost valuable time, but I am on the move once again. It was rather sublime, climbing all that way, once again. My, it was a beautiful ride. Up, up, up the hill I went, and then back down. It was a roller-coaster ride I had. I was like high. The cold mountain air, the sense of determination. No more pills, from today. Knees were still tender, but I'm ready to go. Man what a glorious ride. Wow. Today is beautiful, the Sun has shined. Last night I had a dream. I saw gray overcast skies. I saw a deserted western ghost town. Through the clouds came a beam of light, straight down, illuminating a part of the street. It was about 3 feet across, tubular, and it was the light that symbolized life. Really, is there such a thing as proof of life? A beam of light bursting through the clouds, in a deserted western ghost town. I saw better days. I saw a great celebration. I saw all manifesting themselves with beauty, in happiness. I saw boys and girls, men and women, interacting, being happy. Everyone being good to each other. No manipulation. It was a beautiful dream. Yes, I too have dreams.

I pedal. What is it we see, those of us who have dreams? Is it another world, another planet, another life, the future, the past? I have the dream everyday. I struggle to find my way, the one that will conduce to this place, to the wheel of creation, to bring the dream to man, to reality. It is this wheel, that ever spins, with its eight spokes, the eight-fold path of the Buddha. What was the Buddha? An enlightened one, illuminated, initiated, into what? Into the mystery schools of the Universe. It must be a mystery. It defies explanation, but it is, in the end, a tangible fact, that we exist, feel, indeed live. What is this illumination, this initiation? It must be an encounter with the mysteries, an encounter with life. My whole life have I had dreams. It is dreams that make up life. Ah, but behold, there is a common thread.

Life is so amazingly diverse. Some has so little to do with humanity. Maybe, the "dream" is to be reincarnated as a tree in the forest. I see a tree in a forest alike to a man in the city: one of its kind, amongst many. Truly, is there a difference? Only one who understands life would understand that there is no difference. Proof of life indeed. Is it not enough proof that we are here? Not really. Humanity lies dormant. We have not yet

learned to recognize our own life. And so, we do each other harm. Life is sacred. But everything feeds off something else. At the bottom is bacteria. At the top is man. As above, so below.

We behave as a cancer, the result is cancer, and no one can see. Is this life, to live out of balance, unaware of all the facets, strength, power, potential? Ah, what life could be, if we only but knew. And how then, do I know? What is it I have seen, dreamt? Not much more than we already know, but are afraid to assume. It is the responsibility that man shuns. The responsibility that comes along with knowledge, for when one knows what one must do, one must do it. Until then, one must do whatever one can, whatever one want, and it is this, that men mistakenly call freedom.

While a man does not yet know himself, he is a slave to all things that influence him. Only when he learns what he must do, and is able to do it, does he find true freedom. Those who do not know are like those who cannot see. When one does not know of something, it is as if dead to one. How can man claim life, when he knows not himself, knows not what life is? It is a sham. There is something that is amiss, but it is difficult to ascertain what, or why. Naturally there must be a reason, and analysis will show the way. True analysis, as performed by the skilled alchemist. It is a dead breed, but here and there one amongst many will sprout up and renew the old traditions. It has to be this way, for man will never forget entirely what he once knew.

Rather, it is stowed away in the file cabinet of his mind till a time when all-knowledge may be put to use. At a time like The End. Beautiful friend, the end. My only friend, the end. A time when I am allowed to count myself amongst those alive, awake. A time when my soul cries out at the cumulative injustice perpetrated by man against innocent humanity. A time like now. How we have been betrayed, by our fathers, our mothers, those we trust, our very own selves. But I can see through it now. I shall not succumb to the disease of those found guilty. No, a different fate for I, alas, as I shall, at least in my own case, set the record straight.

I shall not succumb, for I was born to survive. And so I wait, for that implacable dawning of a more understanding age. The Dream, when what we have learned shall be of value, and put to use, for today, none would hear me, what Aye have to say. No, I shall not commit the errors of many of those before me. I shall commit my own errors, no

doubt, as I already have. But much have I learned. I now know the cost of things, of life. It is light that is proof of life, not a man. Light. The light of the Sun. It is this that proves life. A ray of light, like the birth of a son, like the Sun up above. Like the light of the Sun, reflected off the orb of the moon, for it is in this resistance that we live our lives. The vibration, the energy, the light, it needs to be resisted, reflected, housed, so it may know itself. The male is the light, the female is the resistance, the receptacle, the cup, overflowing with the love she reflects, houses, harbors. There cannot be one without the other, and they both serve their functions. Every energy flows. When it hits matter, it makes a sound. This sound, therefore, is what we call our life. The energy is everywhere. It is only the matter that is isolated. Call it what you will.

South Lake Tahoe to Sand Mountain, Nevada. Today I got my century. The days ride was 110 miles. I took off at 9 am this morning, and I pulled in at 7:15 pm. Ten and a quarter hours, a century, things are rolling right along. Everything feels great. My knees no longer hurt that much. I'm through the Sierras, down into Nevada, the basin range. The descent from the lake down to Carson City was one of the most exhilarating experiences in my life. I think I dropped about 4000 feet in ten minutes, on a basket bike. Hold it steady, hold it steady, that's all I was thinking. I was in Carson city for a few minutes, ate at one of those forlorn highway diners. Chicken sandwich. Been eating only vegetables thus far, with some grain cereal. Needed the animal proteins. Hit the road. I'm in the Nevada desert now. Highway 50, the self proclaimed Loneliest Road in America.

Holy shit man, it's true; I'm all the way out here by myself. I've got to keep on going forward. There's no more question now. I'm in this thing all the way. There's no way I'm climbing back over the Sierras just this minute, I'll tell ya that. No man, those two unproductive days kind of set me back, but I'm pushing forward. Nothing's gonna mess with me now. I'm a man on a mission, mess with me and I'll put a curse on you so black and so dark, you'll think you was African. I can't see anybody right now. I'm crossing the chasm. I'm staying focused, on the task at hand. So befitting, me and the loneliest road in America. My dear, how can I leave you now?

Today was my mom's birthday. I called her from a truck stop, collect. She was so happy to hear from me. I told her I was being safe, wearing my helmet. Everything was fine, the ride was easy, I was eating well, doing lots of exercise. Yes mom. Ok mom. Sure mom. That's right mom. Happy birthday mom. Love you mom. Is the old man there? Great, put him on. Hey dad. Yeah dad. Sure dad. Ok dad. Great dad. Love you too dad. Say hi to Toby for me. It was great, it was beautiful. I was with my moms on her day. That's gotta be a special thing, a mom and her child. It must be something like life.

The campsite was a disaster. When I pulled in, it was dusk, I was spent, didn't know where the next campsite was. Had to stop for the night. Sand Mountain. Sand mountain is just that: a monstrous mountain of sand in the middle of the Nevada desert. It's perfect for dune-buggies, power-bikes, three-wheelers, four-wheelers, all sorts of

high-decibel, two-stroke sports machines and their enthusiasts. I thought there would be a curfew, perhaps midnight. I was ready for bed at 8. They didn't stop all night. All night long they buzzed up and down that damn mountain. There were no facilities, and so I was sweaty, it was hot and sticky in my sleeping bag, the noise was horrible. I had no dreams this evening. I don't think I slept much. I was so tired, I couldn't pass out. I could feel it, the energy of the ride. It swirled within me, it was life, and I could feel it. I wanted to kill them, the enthusiasts. I just lay there.

Sand Mountain to Austin, Nevada: 90 miles, nine hours. Left at 8 this morning, pulled in at 5 pm. I'm gonna be in Nevada the next 400 miles. I can only really camp out in the towns now. They are spaced about 90 miles apart, and there's nothing in between, nothing but the Basin Range relief of hills and flats, hills and flats. It's a desert. The sun beats down pretty good out here. Today I get a little help from the wind. It's a piece a cake, really. Lots of tumble weed, ground brush, sand. The road is good. I can ride here. The 50 pretty much cuts straight across the state of Nevada. Since I'm on a time schedule, I can't really diverge too far off my path. I can't camp out by the road, I wouldn't get a wink of sleep. Gotta camp out in the towns, where they have small places to camp. Don't feel safe anywhere else, since none of the out-of-the-way campsites are open yet. It's too early in the season. Besides, there I can shower, get food and water in the morning. Everyday I have to begin my ride with all the food supplies I need for the entire day, for there is absolutely nothing in the desert between the towns.

The arrival in Austin had the extra little bonus of being at the top of a precipitous hill that rises 2000 feet in a few miles of road. I felt like I was in the Sierras again. And the pretty little town, perched on top, like a nest in a tree. Man, I just look at it like a victory lap after a 90 mile ride, that last little "I love You" lip, like the last few hundred yards of the Mount Diablo ride me and Gravy do every Christmas. It's early though, and I feel fine. The weather has cooperated since I left the mountains. The days are nice. It's early in the year, so it's not too hot. Cars are sparse. An 18 wheeler every now and again. I've left the mountains behind. They are a dimming sight, though still colossal. I'm not even looking that way any more. I'm out here, with Osi, where It can see me, see that I am one of Its children, that I present myself, that I don't hide. I am here, I am working. I have no more thoughts in my head. During the day, I pedal. Thought comes to me naturally, in waves. It is like energy, like an alternating current, flowing in waves perpendicular to each other, spiraling. Is this the symbol of the cross, the four elements? Maybe. The ancients knew of electricity, they knew of waves. They called it God. Today we still call it God. Someday, magick will be known once again, and it will return to its rightful place as science. The science of God.

God is a geometer. It is the intelligence, the spark of life, the One that transforms the inert clay into usable forms. There is an energy, it invades that which resists it, matter, and recreates it in its own image. It knows how to do something, how to rearrange random particles of matter into a symbiotic, functioning multi-cellular organism, like a man. When this organizing principle is separated from the matter it has re-organized, the life has left the body, Elvis has left the building. It may no longer recreate itself, and it is dead. The life then is the electricity.

It storms in the distance. There is darkness, and the occasional lightning blast. It is a far way off. It is no threat to me, but I know someone lies beneath it. To someone, it is reality, as I sit here and pedal. What is this energy, and why is it so elusive, invisible, mysterious? Is it the soul, the spirit, the mind? Which one, what is the difference. These things must have answers. We live in a world of cause and effect. There is no effect which is not linked to its inalienable cause.

Austin to Eureka. 70 miles. 9 am to 4 pm. I could have easily kept on riding, but it's not really wise. I kind of have to stop. The next town, Ely, is another 80 miles down the road. It's 4, I could ride another 30 miles, maybe 40, but not 80. Can't risk camping along the road. Gotta stay in Eureka. No problem. This is the self-proclaimed friendliest town on the loneliest road in America. Looks pretty lonely to me. There's really nothing in these towns. I wonder if they only really exist for the travelers, to make sure they make it through the crossing ok. This used to be the old pony express route. The original messenger. I'm riding my bike along the old pony express route. They worked for about 3 years, but then they were replaced. It just simply wasn't viable to deliver mail in this way. The riders even had to fight off wild Indians, imagine that. Wild Indians. A man who fights for his way of life is a wild Indian. They have ruins of what once were pony express stations, where the riders stayed, and changed horses. That was 140 years ago. Seems like just yesterday.

In the past, I have been ignorant, and so I willfully submit myself to penalties now, before I am called upon to present myself, such that my judge know that I am not afraid of my due. I cross the desert, through the fiery planes in penitence for all the evil I have wrought through my own iniquity, but, I have ceased my own self-destruction. I am one of the lucky ones. I must always remember this, and use it as my foundation. Here in Babylon, where struggle for survival is no longer necessary, they have begun the long trajectory downward to their own demise. Is this not the end? The pot will be stirred. The soul of man shall reign triumphant, and those who doubt it will go out with the old. The new is upon us. A new millennium, a new dawn, a new time in the history of man. Those of us who await it with open arms shall be redeemed. Those who have tossed their life away shall reap what they sow, much to their own anguish and sorrow.

I shall do my part, fulfill my duty as best as I know how. It is all I can do, all any of us can do. Some contribute a lot, some contribute little, but how is one to say, what the greater order of things is. I know all is the will of God, and it has already been preordained that I be who I am, do what I do. The only real sin for me would be to deny my real self in God. To shirk my duty. With knowledge comes great responsibility, and

so I write, to find my voice. Do I not already know part of my future as a shunned prophet? Yes, but I am not disheartened. I know I am merely messenger sent to fulfill a task. In the meantime, I live my life, as I may, with all the condiments and all the accoutrements afforded to me by God almighty. Who will understand this? Even the translation needs translating. When we are fed falsity, the real will seem as if false. But man must know what it is he gazes upon. Otherwise, how is he to live? A beam of light, and no one is necessary.

That is the life: the light, not the body. The body is only a sound, a reverberation, like the bars on an equalizer. All frequencies, all sizes, all knowledge, all light. What is it I see, man, what is it I see. I'm riding, I'm looking around, I'm breathing, I'm being. It's free, I'm free. I have been set free. The American dream has become the white lie. Americans have become bent on self-destruction, and her children suffer from white boy disease. We have swept too much under the proverbial carpet, and it is time to find out the consequences. Whites are not superior, we are indebted, and if we do not give thanks, we will suffer the fate of the ingrate. America was destined to be the home of the cosmic race, the total mixture, the man of all ethnicities. But the natives were annihilated, and the few remaining were outlawed. How can one who hasn't suffered the hardship feel its sting? And yet we must, for to them are we indebted. And to the black, who helped found the nation with his sweat, blood, and tears. Ant to all others who have contributed to our greatness. We all have our purpose, and we all fulfill it by living.

White boy disease. What on earth is that, I never heard of it before. You know, it's like when you done wrong, and you just know you're gonna get punished for it. Like you got this little thing in the back of your mind, and it won't go away, and it tells you you're gonna get found out for what you've done. Like when you ran, and you ran, and now you don't wanna run any more, just wanna be at peace. And like the Phoenix, will this being destroy itself. When you don't wanna hide anymore. When you don't know what you've done, or how to fix it, but you know you're gonna pay the price anyway. And then you know what is coming to you for your efforts. You have studied, and you know the cost of things, and you know there will be a reaper coming in the night, to collect his harvest, your soul. But no, we can't feel guilty for the past, after all, it was a different time, different men, and all are responsible for themselves. It has nothing to do

with revenge, but merely with the tide of the times. It is our time to live through what we must. All men bear crosses. No man is guilty, as all men are guilty. In the end, the reasons are greater than we may comprehend.

Eureka to Ely (pronounced eelee), 80 miles, 9am to 6 pm. I woke up this morning, I had strange dreams in the night. They were like messages. I think one of them was a message from my mother. She asked me: Why the need to manifest genius? Nature must take its course, and one can not judge, dwelling on one's own guilt so. We may make ourselves useful yet, when we begin to realize how we have wasted our lives, dulled the sharpness of our intellect with booze, arrogance, and self-pity. At some point, we must ourselves look upwards, and realize our sacred derivation, learn true humility. From here I can see these things, in my dreams, in my waking life. She shall have answers from me. I have compassion. Merely nature taking its course, the will of God be done.

These are incredible times we are living, worthy of remembrance. Man has indeed come a long way. When the fight for survival is no longer necessary, man may turn his attention to myriad other endeavors, and his brilliance will shine through. In Babylon, we begin to specialize. We labor in proficiency, efficacy, we perfect, reshape the cumulative art of life. Invariably, these endeavors must incorporate a modicum of danger, for it is the danger of survival that we attempt to replace. Atavistic extreme sports. Man needs something to do, some outlet for his brilliance. A man's soul will cry in anguish at a life that must remain cloaked with the all-absorbing shroud of unconsciousness. Unnatural forms of survival, in the form of technology and science permeate our times and society. Our priorities have become skewed. We shall pay the due price regardless. It is inescapable, unnatural, only because one cannot cheat nature, jump ten steps without having walked the nine. It'll drive them to suicide eventually.

After riding for 8 days across the western states, I find that despite the complete fatigue, I can barely sleep at night. I feel all the toxins burning up within me. I thought the work would tire me out, and put me to sleep peaceably. Instead I find that the hard work beneath the Sun leaves me invigorated and energized. I can't sleep. And I'm woozy with fatigue. My head swims, I can't shut it off. I know it's because I'm losing my addictions. Booze, cigarettes, weed, women, games, TV, bullshit, the Raiders, the A's, everything that keeps my attention in the city, at home. Since I left Pollock Pines I've camped out at the town site every night. Get some food, eat some soup, maybe stop at the

diner and get a chicken sandwich, when I need the protein. I think I've had two. I pull into town in the afternoon, go straight to the convenience store. It's about impossible to eat vegetarian in the American outback. No tofu, no soy milk, no veggie patties, no vegetarian burritos. No culture for it. It's not always easy to simply eat.

It's never been easy to eat. I had to learn better for two reasons. One, my lifelong eternally sensitive stomach has always given me problems. And two, because my mother raised me on her macrobiotic vegetarian diet. She did it kindly, by setting an example, rather than imposition. Still, breakfast was azuki beans, brown rice and miso soup. Sometimes it was a wonderful fresh blended muesli. No bags, boxes, or cans in the house. Yet all the food was cooked simply. We make much of our eating habits, but after all, we are what we eat. Perhaps when we cease to wage war on the animal kingdom we will have ceased to wage war within ourselves, and against each other. Somewhere must man learn proper habits, how to live a life in accordance with the natural laws. It was ma that taught me to how to eat. It was her birthday a few days ago.

Usually, before taking off in the morning for the days ride, I'll wait for the store to open. I'll go in, get three liters of mineral water, granola bar, maybe a power bar, a couple bananas, an apple, and a can of soup. The soup is for the warm meal, for morale. It's not the best for weight. Sometimes I pack a piece of bread with cheese and a tomato, maybe some alfalfa. In the old days, it was jerky, dried meats and fruits that kept the travelers fed. I'm not that overly concerned with the weight, I can carry it. I take off on my bike, casually, knowing full well what lies in store for me in the foreseeable future: pedaling. At first I would wake up and wonder why on earth I wasn't in my warm bed. It would take me two hours to get used to not hating the entire scheme. That was the first three days, and even then though, after a couple hours I felt great, like I could go on all day, through the night.

When I get in, I'll pitch my tent. By now it is usually 7, by the time I have eaten, showered, putted around for a bit. I grab my book, I put up a light, and I sit on the mat. I read for a couple hours. I listen to the sound of the street. The cars, the people. There's not that many when one leaves the cities. Then, at about 9 or 10 I lay down on the mat, and I switch off the light. Then the exhausted dream/wake state begins. Maybe it's just

me. Man, all the thoughts flood the head like a tidal wave. Everything, from the smell of the road, through the spirits, the memories, the solving of the human equation, back to nothing. Back to the beginning, to the light, peace.

If enlightenment truly exist, what, then, is the key to it? The Buddha sat in the rain, protected by the 7-headed Mucilinda. This snake is associated with the 7 chakras and the kundalini power, emanating from the seat of human existence. Enlightenment means to know the truth of yourself. Learning the truth of yourself inevitably means learning the truth of the Cosmos, for one is part of the other, and the two may not be separated, as is known by all capable of knowing. Simply to be human is not enough. Enlightenment is also needed, and not all have attained to these truths yet. And so, learning of oneself brings vast knowledge of the Universe. This vast knowledge brings with it power, and with the power, responsibility. Together, these things combine to regulate the thoughts, words, and deeds of the individual, creating Christ-knowledge: Buddhas, and generally, the enlightened individual.

These things, because of their cosmic nature, are not relative, but rather, absolute. An enlightened individual has tuned him/herself to the frequency of truth. Though the paths are many, the truth is One. Many levels of infinity share the same center. As we know, there can be only one. This then is the treatise, in its shortest manifestation. In practice, it is a long and tedious process that takes the course of many lifetimes. There is a thing that stands in the way of true progress: it is the earthly based ego. Those who cannot see this, must learn. So what then? Is it the ego, or the soul that brings darkness? What is the true dynamic? Well, we live on Earth, and earthly existence is of prime importance to all men. As such, the Earth based ego takes the forefront in the minds of men. And yet, we are cosmic creatures, and the power of the Cosmos, the immortal soul, lies within every man, regardless whether he knows it or not. A starved, shunned soul may wreak havoc upon itself and its surroundings. It is like a child that does not receive enough attention, and cries out to be noticed, not knowing the transitory nature of the flesh.

Those that choose the flesh over the soul choose death over life. This is readily knowable in that the body dies, and the soul does not. Scientifically we know this in that energy may not be created or destroyed, only transformed. Therefore, the energy

powering the corpse must be transformed, changed into some other form. At least it may be said that nothing has ever been confirmed. We must satisfy ourselves with what, given what we know, seems most plausible. Those who doubt this might doubt their own existence. A truly ignorant man is ignorant even of his own ignorance.

Only time and patience can change this fact, from an outside standpoint. From the inside, only an interest, a yearning to know the truth can truly help an individual in his personal quest to return to from whence he came. God said to Moses "I am that I am" telling man not to doubt his own existence. Therefore, that we exist, that we are here, cannot be doubted. We are here, and we come from somewhere, only those places are really nowhere. Back to somewhere are we destined to return. Life in order. Order in the chaos. Death is the spiritual return to chaos, and the return of the ordering principle to the pool from which it was originally drawn. True self-knowledge, enlightenment, means a return to this pool conscious, ordered, aware of itself, and thus to eternal life.

This is the difference between knowing and not knowing. The process is very complex, the principle very simple. Live and let learn. How do we know that it takes many lifetimes? Because we know the laws of nature. We know of the dormant soul in the ignorant man. We know that men live their whole lives, and yet die ignorant and unhappy. And we know also that enlightenment exists, and it is available to all men. We know that as a man may die ignorant, so has he not achieved his true potential as a human being. We know that it is his destiny to achieve this, as we know that all things true are incorruptible. It is simple geometry, with a series of theorems, where one leads into the other. Algebraic reasoning. If $a=b$, and $b=c$, then $a=c$ also. All is number. Number leads to mathematics. Mathematics leads to science. Science is knowledge. Knowledge of knowledge is intelligence. Intelligence is life. Life is light. Light is God. God is *All*.

How then, is all number? Well, weights and measures, ask a mathematician. Ask an enlightened individual. What we see with our two eyes is the willful physical manifestation of life. Therefore, what we see with our two eyes is not life itself, but life made manifest. Life is something else. Therefore, when you see a dead body, you can still see it, but the life, the ordering principle is gone. The body is ready to return to the Earth, from whence it came, back to dust and ashes. So then it stands to reason that life is not just our physical existence, but some other unseen force as well. This force, in

conjunction with the dust and ashes we know as our bodies, becomes us, forms our lives. Humans have a physical mother and father, and a cosmic Mother and Father as well. Our Mother is Nature, our Father is God. What is the difference between Nature and God? For this we must make a distinction in God. God the One (higher principle), and God the Father (lower principle). The higher principle incorporates everything, and is the *Unknowable Infinite*.

The first division of this higher principle is the division into Mother and Father. And so man is truly God to himself. This first division divides the One into its ethereal aspect (vibration, Father), and its physical aspect (matter, Mother). The willful transaction between vibration and matter, as experienced by all life, is known as nature. But this nature is the seen, the emotionally felt, the experienced. An inert rock is part of nature. It forms part of the clay, the Mother. The animator of this rock, this clay, is the vibration (electricity), known to us as the Father. Together they form the One, the Child, life, humanity. And so semantics plays a big part, and distinctions must be made. These aspects of existence must be treated with care, with reverence, with respect, but should not be feared. To fear truth is to lie to oneself. It is known that those who seek shall find. Those who do not seek shall not find.

What would lead a man to seek? Myriad reasons. Among them, the thought that he already knows. This thought is a seditious thought to all humanity, for truly, we are One. And yet, God chooses to enlighten those whom He will. This much has been written of, and is known. And yet Man (capital M) is God, and so only he who would enlighten himself shall be brought to this level of existence. It is a plane, and it is imminently obtainable. But man has to want it, and this fact alone insures not all will obtain it... Yet.

Alas, what a travesty is life. And yet, it must have reason, a cause for the effect. Far be it from me to speculate as to the why. I only report what I know, how I know it, and what bearing, if at all, it poses to men and women of this Earth. Right now, people are dropping like flies. There is a game being played, for intellectual domination, thus making war, senseless death, an apocalypse, necessary. In this blossoming global world, there is not enough space, intellectually, ideologically, for us all. It is a matter of time, and now we know the why. The soul will not be denied forever.

Holy smokes, I'm in Ely. Pulled in last night. I was about ten miles outta town, I was beaten down, dead tired. Man, and I rolled down this beautiful canyon. I wanted so bad to jump onto a side trail, find a lake. This is a gorgeous valley plane, this Ely. Man I was like deep in some zone. I was coming down the canyon. It was so beautiful, and I was so grateful it wasn't a end-of-the-day burly climb, like Austin. Pang! I heard a pop go off. I thought it was a rock, but I was so in my zone, I just forgot about it. It wasn't until about ten minutes later that I noticed the wobble. Great, a broken spoke. And of course, it had to be on the drive side of the rear wheel. I have a spare spoke, I even have an extra cassette, but I don't have the tool to pull it off. An Achilles heel. Oh well, the good news is that it looks like I'm gonna coast down into town anyway. Should be no problem riding it out. With some luck, with all this weight, I won't snap any more spokes.

Sure enough, no problem. Rolled into town. Pretty much just a main street, and there's a sporting goods store, and it's open, and they have a nice bike section, the guy can do it, it'll be 20 minutes, 5 bucks, my lucky day. A young Nevadan, couldn't a been more than 17. Everything in the store was for serious dirt bike riding. All sorts of dunes, and hills, and off roads in these parts. I waited for the kid, tipped him another \$5. Not like I got cash to burn, but keep the angels in my life happy in return.

I was beaten down, dead tired. The local KOA is so expensive, \$18 a night to camp. No way. Oh man, I'm gonna splurge. I could use a motel room today. Motel 6, Ely, \$25. It's been awhile since I was indoors. There's a basketball championship, and I wanna watch the Kings game. I wanna eat my food in some artificial light, with some boob on the tube blurting his opinions at me 100 a minute. I have to admit it, I'm like an addict, I love this stuff. I find an art, a drama, better than most movies, in every sporting event. I read the sports pages first in the newspaper. After all, it's not like I'm gonna be a recluse, a hermit the rest of my life. This is America, the land of the free. I'm gonna stay in a motel room. I know that when I tell Pedro that I stayed in a couple motels, he'll be disappointed in me. But hell, life is short, and I wanna stay indoors. It's settled. Room # 21, Black Jack.

Modern amenities. I go to the store, get some food. Grapenuts, soy milk, bananas, honey. Finally, soy milk. Go back to the room. Take a long hot bath. I think it was an hour long. Come out, put on some new clothes. I got that tight feeling on the skin of my face. My hands feel all funky, now that they've warmed up. I call home.

-Yo dad, what's up.

-What's up son. Tell me, how's everything going, where are you?

-Yo dad, I'm at the Motel 6, Ely, Nevada.

-What son, Motel Sexy Feeling in Nevada?

-What? No. Motel 6, Motel 6, in Ely, Nevada. Town's called Ely.

-Criminy, I thought you were in some whore house in Vegas or something. How the hell are you son?

The rest of the conversation was pretty sane. I talked with my mom a bit, with my brother. At a time like this, the only thing that's really real, is that I'm in the middle of a vast desert, the bottom of an ancient inland sea. I think it was larger than the Mediterranean. What a trip. This whole place is called the Basin Range. It's basically a desert, an ancient sea basin that has been drained out. They are ripples, small mountain ranges all along the bottom of this sea bed. These are the ranges, and in between them are the basins. Been riding through them for a few days now. It's been all against the wind since my second day in Nevada. There is literally nothing but wind, desert and road between the towns. Averaging two climbs a day, but they're friendly, nothing like the Sierras, man am I glad *that's* behind me.

So, last night I watched the game. Great game. I watched the fluidity of the players, the instinct with which the stars played. The drama, with the less gifted, role players, the playoffs, when sporting legends are made, because of the brilliant outbursts of virile energy, masculine prowess. All of our sports and games are in lieu of real life. I foresee they must some day come to an end, for they are the very replacement of life itself. They represent physicality to its fullest capacity, many times attributing the prowess of the spirit to the body. They are a direct replacement of war, without the dire consequences. The amount of import placed on them, therefore, tells of the thoughts of

the people that play, and condone them. When people begin to take the game as life itself, then there is trouble brewing. The player may play the game well, but how well do they live their true lives? This competition is a farce, for you may exert your dominance over me, and receive great elation there from, but it has no bearing on true survival. In that, there is no better than Aye, the unconquered, the unbeaten.

And so I have no real interest in it, for it is fake. And yet I learn from the experiences of others. Therefore I watch. At times, I participate, but never do I equate success or failure in games with my life, which for me, is no such game. I cannot sell something I do not believe in, and so I cannot dedicate myself to as much either. I'm out here alone, competing against myself, trying to stay alive. I'm trying to find reason in my life. You know, I've often told people I had my first midlife crisis when I was 21. Shawneemo told me I was full of it. I'm having my second one now, ten years later. Some times they call these things soul searches. I don't really know what one is, but I figure I must be on one. I don't think I'm searching for my soul, but rather that my soul searches for something. I've been reading a book. In it, they present a riddle, a puzzle:

A seed sown in an acre marked by four posts. The first has only one side. The second, 5, the third 6, and the fourth again five. The seed grows into a tree of 17 branches. This seed has ever been scorned by man. Such was ancient India.

What does this riddle reveal? Man scorns that which he does not understand, and in this very way does he expose his ignorance. Depth of thought leads to inner calm. This inner calm is perceived as a sign of superiority. The truly ignorant thus shuns this inner calm, for he knows not how to obtain it, scorning it instead. It reveals nothing to me. I am at a loss, and I understand it not. All I know is that every man must tend to his own garden. What is scorned by man is the rejected cornerstone. The rejected cornerstone, the one that would anchor the solid structure, but is rejected in favor of another. Gaping wounds will heal and grow calloused. Such is life.

Today is my day off. I woke up late in the hotel room. I was still tired, I stayed until noon, when I packed up and moved to the horribly overpriced KOA. Today is the half-way mark. I'm taking a day off. I study the maps, and it becomes clear to me that I'm not gonna have enough time to ride to Denver. I wanna get there by the 15th, wanna party with my boys before Pedro takes the plunge. It's gonna take me at least another 10

or 12 days to get there, and that's with everything going perfect. There's no way I can make it. Gotta redraw my plans. No problem. Let's see, let's see, today I take the day off. Putt around Ely. That name freaks me out. I always want to say it wrong, like Eli, for Elijah. Sounds fishy to me. Nothing to do here. Just sit in my room and read. Read about Great Ui sea, the ancient sea that used to cover most of the western states. It was probably melted ice from when America was covered in the stuff. At that time, I bet the Mayan empire was at the northernmost habitable lands of the American continents. Who knows, all of America's history is shrouded in mystery.

What happened here? We've got clear and concise history of the last 2000 years in Europe. All the Asian lands know their history. Here in America, everything was lost. There are no traditions of the land that we know of. The legends of the locals were dismantled, the history disrespected and destroyed. I wish I knew, man. I'm an American, I was born on American soil, but my people are European. How did the ex-native people get here, and incubate here, like a seed in germination under the Earth? Was it the land, or the man that was hiding? The man is all but eliminated, his way of life, his ideals. Today we use the European framework of existence in the Americas, in the world. Man. How could history allow such a carnage to happen. Makes me think it must happen all the time. What happened here, I mean before the white man, when it was someone else's?

Ely to the border of Nevada/Utah. 8 am to 5 pm, and only 65 miles. It works out perfect. I had massive headwinds all day. I can't do 2 towns in one day anyhow, so I'm satisfied with my long day's travel. Today I met Carrol. He's a pretty interesting character, apart from the fact that we spoke for only a few short moments. I took off early this morning. Starting on my ride, I saw the first two bikers I'd seen since I left San Francisco. They were coming in the opposite direction, a couple on a tandem bike. They had left the East coast about 6 weeks ago. They told me there was another biker, going in my direction just up front a few miles. I said huh, I hadn't seen anybody for days. Told them my story. They pulled into the KOA, and I pulled out of Ely. About 15 minutes into my ride, I spot a yellow bike parka up in the distance. I was surprised to be reeling it in so fast though. I'm not really burnin up the road in my basket cruiser, but I am hammerin pretty good.

Oh it's beautiful to get those legs pumpin, the heart goin, the blood flowin. Man, that brisk morning air is just one of the finest things on Earth. The birth of a brand new day, like the brand new life of the newborn babe. All of a sudden, I'm right up next to this old geezer crankin his bike up the hill. I pull up behind him. He notices me, stops, and pulls over. I stop too.

-Howdy

-Howdy- Pause a few moments. -Beautiful morning we got here.

-Yessir, yes it is. Had great weather since I left Portland, except for the first few days, when it poured. Where you comin from?

-I'm comin from San Francisco. You must have been at it a little longer than me, coming from Portland.

-Ten days. It was bad at first, but now things are going smooth. All my gear is brand new. I never really done this before. I retired a few months ago, and now I'm riding to Utah to visit my son. He's getting married. I'm droppin in to say hello. Havin a great time at it, though.

-Wow, no kiddin. Huh. I'm biking to a wedding too, my friend Pedro's. Go figure. Geez, you say you never done this before? That's pretty impressive.

-Yeah, you know, I took a few days, one or two trial rides, but then I just hunkered down and came out here. You know, when you get to be my age, you can't be thinking too long about what your gonna do with your time. It's at a premium son. You ridin that basket bike?

-Uh, yeah. It's been great. I'm a bike messenger back home. I get all the practice days I want. Someday I'd like to ride across here on a basket fixie. You know, it'll be a great story to tell the grandkids. I was planning on riding to Denver, but I'm gonna ride to Salt Lake. Ran out of time really. Got held up a couple days in the Sierras.

-Yeah, the Sierras were rough. I got rained on a lot. Had to camp in the muck once or twice. I think I was in the Sierras about 3 days. Heck'uva ride. You were probably riding through the same stuff.

-Yeah, I guess so. I think you probably took off a couple days before me, but I certainly got stormed on in the Sierras. I wasn't quite so stoic as yourself, I had to get motel rooms now and again. It was a rough start, but now, when I look around, I have to say wow, look at where I am, and love it, you know? Pretty special being out here.

-Oh absolutely, one of the greatest things I done my whole life. Wish I'da discovered it sooner. But you know, better late than never, and yeah, it's pretty special out here. You said it son, this rocks.

-Ha Ha, that's right. What's your name friend? I'm Lucky.

-I'm sure you are. Pleased to meet you. Carroll Leteus. Call me Carroll.

-Well Carroll, it was great to meet you. We're pretty much headed in the same direction. I'm sure we'll bump into each other again.

-Yeah, but not if you're hammerin like a bolt of lightning.

-Naw, I'm doing one town a day. I think it's the only reasonable way to ride through here.

-Yeah, you're right about that too. Well, have a nice ride, and I'll probably see you at the border.

I took off again. I am once again with the road, the elements. I'm on my bike. Her name is Sherry Magda. Her name is longer, but I cannot give away her greatest secret. Mike sold me the bike. He saved her for me because he knew I had had the same bike stolen a year earlier. I knew this one wasn't the same one, but he always felt bad for me that I had lost mine and he had kept his, so he told me he would sell her to me, and he would hold on to her as long as I needed him to, so that he made sure I got the bike. I finally bought it from him about a year later, when I finally had the \$300 he wanted for it. A super fair price. He turned down offers of more money in order that I should be the one to have the bike. Big Jacob, as usual, was jealous that Mike sold me the bike. But I'm more of a bike guy than he is, and therefore I always get the sweet bikes. Sherry Magda is sweet.

An x-large Schwinn remake of one of their old beach cruisers. Mike put sweet cranks and custom wheels on the bike, sweet bmx pedals, and a Brooks saddle. Front and rear fenders. I put all the stickers on her, to make her mine. Mike would still ogle her after he sold her to me, and I was afraid he might get some idea or something, so I disguised her, made her mine. He told me he'd even be her mechanic for life. I was like, uh, thanks man, but she's got a new man now. I did make some improvements. I took a rickety pin out of the front axle, and put in some steel bolts that made a heavy basket possible. He sold her to me without the basket. I added all the touring gear, and the inspiration. She is a bad ass vessel now. Lovely on the road. Comfortable for butt and back. Seven speeds are enough. It's me and the road again. Man, right now it feels like I could do this forever.

I couldn't take my mind off the idea that this was once a sea bed. Now, as I pedaled across the landscape, it seemed to me like I was riding my bike across the bottom of a giant fish tank. I saw everything in that dingy blue of the depths. I saw the fishes swimming all around me. I saw the big ones, the little ones, the ferocious and docile ones. I saw sharks and whales, and tiny things, and great big creatures that are now extinct, and through the mass of water, as I stared up from the bottom, I could see the light of the Sun, shining down on me through the filtering sea. It was a beautiful scene. The book that I am reading, entirely unbeknownst to me when I packed it, comments on this very landscape, as it appeared 12,000 years ago. It talks of the great Uti sea, the last vestige of which is the

Great Salt Lake. I'm now heading out of Nevada and into Utah. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may be in Utah, as the saying goes. I've never really been there before. Luckily I have my friend Jaysun there. If he's around, then I'll crash with him for a few days, make a surprise visit, and then drive to Denver. Or maybe take the bus. I'll get there somehow.

Everything I saw I tried to connect with that ancient sea. I was now riding my bike in its bottom, kind of like when we skated in empty pools back home. Wow, I could see the immenseness of water above me. I saw myself there, blowing bubbles up into the blue expanse, I was fine. I was breathing at the bottom of the sea. I was warm and dry, cozy as a bug. I was just surrounded by blue water. They seemed like just normal fish. I didn't get the impression that they were very curious creatures, they just kind of darted around, oblivious of my existence. They were just there, and so was I. It was a beautiful experience. It was a new kind of diving I'd never done before. I've seen the cosmos when scuba diving. I remember one time, in Venezuela, I went for a night dive. At depth, we turned off our torches, and floated in the pitch blackness. The bioluminescent life forms alone glowed, like tiny, miniscule lanterns that flicker in the night. I was surrounded by millions of specks of light in a sea of inky black. I was floating in the cosmos, amid all the stars and the planets and the celestial bodies. I was there, and I floated, huge, as if the size of 2 universes, but it was only me, and only a bunch of microscopic organisms. But it was real, and my mind's eye touched a chord, saw for a moment.

I'm out here on the open road, man, what freedom, what bliss. Right now, the only thing I am handling is my bicycle, but I feel like the most powerful man in the world. I feel like I'm flying high and nothing can topple me. Power is bequeathed unto man. If he doesn't have it, he has not yet learned it. And if he has not yet learned it, then he has not yet earned it. The power to organize one's own life. The power to know the forces that surround us. We live in a world of weights and measures. It is an alchemical world of mixing and blending, solvents and coagulants. I'm just a guy riding my bike through an empty desert, and ancient sea. A guy with a big smile on his face.

Ah life. How can I think of riding my bike forever? It has to end. This is not sustenance of life. I have to work, to pay for my life, my needs. The ride will end, Pedro will get married, life will continue. What am I gonna do when I get back to SF? I'm

gonna finish packing. I'm decided. I'm going to move. Gotta get back to work, pay the rent. Alas, nothing in this life is perfect. If it were so, we would already have evolved and ascended, obtained a higher level of existence. When the mind and body are taken to their limits, limits of fatigue, hunger, dehydration, sleeplessness, then does the spirit begin to reveal itself, when the physical self-defense systems are broken down. They say the only acceptable way to end one's own life is to starve oneself to death. It is the appropriate form because one sees the transformation from physical being to spiritual, that is, away from carnal and into vibratory being. Through the slow process of wasting away the physical aspect is the natural process of death not cheated, an imbalance averted.

I have been a son of the solitude my whole life, but in my youth, to keep me from learning of such a fate, I sedated myself with drink, drug, flesh of animal, loathsome impurities of the sort. This served to put me in close contact with man, in order to learn the social skills I would otherwise not have gleaned. We must take up the battle into which we are born. But now I am come back, returned to my true nature, the state I will hold and keep until my dieing day and beyond. I know of the sacred nature of man, of the work I must undergo. I can only hope, and pray for the strength to carry this thing out. I can only guarantee that I will do the best I am able, in accordance with Its will, giving forth Its light that shines through me. I have learned of my fellow man, of the sadness incurred on this Earth at his ignorant yet innocent hands. I have learned of the principles of solitude, and I have remembered that I have known these things long.

Yes, indeed I know now I have not learned all my lessons in this life, but rather slowly remember them. I know I was there, for things of the old soul are known and natural to me. How can this be but so? Where were these things learned? In earlier times, when man was closer to his source, when his survival depended upon his knowledge. Ancient civilizations, where traditions of man were held in esteem above all, and the princes and kings were the highest of the high. Now we are fallen, descended upon hard times, but some must remember. Indeed some must. Inevitably someone must, for the land has her own memories, and her spirit will retell her story when the time is right. It will be reborn in man, in our flesh, time and again, until man remembers all, achieves all-conscience, and graduates to the next plane, evolving ever higher, until re-achieving the ordering principle from whence it came.

Wow. Today was a long, hard ride through the sea. Head-currents all day long. I pull into the town campsite. It was about 6:30 by the time I was done eating my sandwich at the gas station/convenience store/restaurant/motel/camp site. I showered, pitched my tent, got in it, and began reading my book again.

If an ancient citizen, say from 4, or 6 thousand years ago were able to travel time, and visit our epoch, he would be astounded and delighted at the state of man here in Babylon, the cutting edge of human evolution. Everyone is clothed, there is no mud and dirt on the streets. We move about in shiny vehicles, the people are clean and well fed. He might feel very proud of our human accomplishments indeed. "Surely these people", he might say to himself, "are very close to God. They seem to have advanced to an unbelievable degree, and surely they must be better acquainted with God than the squalid people of our ignorant times. Indeed, it seems God has smiled upon His children, and they rejoice in His glory." These things, among others, he might say to himself, all awestruck and goggle-eyed like. How is he to know that here the devil yet reigns?

Here, appearances rule, illusion is king. Here it matters not what you believe, rather, how what you believe affects your thinking. If you fear it, it will happen. You will cause it to happen, call it to you. It will come. Here we worship what we see, and as a result, our beautiful civilization sets itself up for death. Though we evolve, our passage is not yet complete. Yes, we will move forward, and we will not be eradicated from the planet. From the ashes shall we rise again to continue our evolutionary process, to be part of the creative organizers, instead of those who would be organized. What will be the implement of our own destruction? What but our own ego. The tongue is the punishment of the body. Through our ego do we forget what is sacred. Already the word "sacred" has evaporated from our vocabulary. We are like blind men who do not know what lies before them.

The Mother knows Her children must be pure and chaste before they may ascend. She knows there is work to be done, and she knows how to go about effecting this work. The key is to learn through hard work. There are 3 aspects of God, thus the holy trinity. They are Helios, Devil, and Abraxas, to quote Jungian nomenclature. There are many other names to use, but the triple aspect of God remains always the same. As long as there are humans to ponder the issue, this fact will not change. It is the bejeweled dagger

to be used against the evil of the world. The virgin Mary, and loving kindness to make sure I do not err from the path of righteousness. She shall keep an eye on me, and keep me company in my loneliness. Always with love. I am in danger once again. I see the danger lurking. I will be its master, that deadly fear. The fear of suffering is truly worse than the suffering. I know that with love, I will persevere.

Today the stretch was from the border of Nevada/Utah to Delta. 90 brutal miles through cold headwinds. There was a high mount between me and my destination, so I had to loop down one face of the range, slip through a canyon, and back up on the other side. I was looking at the canyon walls. I was at it this morning at 8 am. I saw Carroll in the restaurant, if you can call it that. We had our breakfast together. He told me he pulled in at about 9 at night, had seen my tent, but he was beaten down himself. We had a short chat in the morning. He was a nice enough guy. I wonder what would bring an old geezer out here like this. He's got a lot of courage though. Must have an iron constitution, to risk desolate roads, at his age.

8:05, we said our goodbyes, and I headed down the road. Today is the decisive day. I've weighed my alternatives, and I'm gonna definitely ride to Salt Lake. The initial disaster at the foot of the mountains blew me off pace, and there's no way I'll be able to ride through the Rockies on the central route and make it on time. My highest mountain pass there would have been at 10,000 feet. I needed to use the southern route like Tina, or to ride later in the year. I just ran out of time. Oh well, Jaysun is in Salt Lake, he's got a couch, though all I need is some floor space, and I'd love to see him too. Here the road forks, and I leave the path that would have taken me to Denver, and head north to Salt Lake City.

Last night I had some very strange dreams. Before going to sleep, I asked that knowledge be opened to me in the night. In reply I had several nightmarish dreams. In one I saw all types of carnage and wreckage of human flesh. It seemed to be of children. I myself had the feeling of falling down onto some sharp object and slicing the bejeezus out of my own flesh. I knew the injury would kill me. I saw kids running around. When I awoke I had the thought formulated in my mind of the frailty of life. I thought of all the children who die through accident. It is not easy to survive one's childhood. Nothing is easy during this carnal manifestation. I thought about how siblings might choose to be together through many incarnations, how they must repeatedly choreograph their joint death to do so. I dreamt about a lot of stuff.

I had another dream. I was surfing down into a rampaging, turbulent, cold blue ocean. I was actually sliding, on the sand, on my feet, down towards the frothing, swirling waters, in a position as if I were surfing. As I approached the water, I knew I would not survive it, and it would be my death. When I realized there was no escaping death, I began to see the shimmer of the light of God. At first, I was afraid, because I didn't want to die. I began to bend my knees, and go into a crouch, and cover myself with my arms, as if to protect myself from the water, and the light. But then I remembered my lessons, realized it was the light of God and a beautiful thing, and became receptive to the light. I straightened out, looked at it, and became oblivious to the menacing ocean as I fast approached. I began to reach for the light, and yearned to leap into it. I knew what it was. The light was still just a shimmer, and then I awoke, before it got very bright.

I guess I've started preparing for my death. This is also an explanation for all those trinkets the Egyptians put in their tombs with themselves. They knew of the art of death. The three days of the Bardo, this is what triggered all of these wacky dreams. The dream state subsides, and reality sets back in. The crucifixion of the flesh is the giving up of Earthly desires. Thus the flesh is crucified, in favor of the spirit. It is the sacrifice made in the name of God, that man has overcome his desires, his lusts, his wants and caprices, and has found what is true, eternal, everlasting. He has at long last found "The Way". The Way is the Tao. The Tao is marked by the T. The T is the ancient cross upon which men were crucified. It is the true cross, for it is The Way. The four pointed cross is of pagan origin depicting knowledge of the 4 elements. The four elements, Nature, squared in a box, a square depicting Earth. Earth, the Earthly, that which must be sacrificed for the Spirit. And so it is only the enlightened man that hoist himself upon the cross, spurred by his God, as Prometheus, chained to a rock, or Odin, nailed to a tree. While man refuse to do so, insist on feeding and protecting his Earth based ego, he choose death over life, clay over spirit, the transitory over the eternal.

Those who know, know that they are not powerless. They know that their destiny is in their own hands, and all they have to do is see it. The way of the Creator is the way of he who would raise himself up from what is seemingly his lot. To see the light, and to maintain steady in the light is the way of those knowledgeable. What differentiates one from any other is each individual's perception of the world he lives in. To live in a world

without God is to live an animal life. This condition will be overcome as lifetimes progress, as the soul learns about its identity. If you say seeing is believing, then look around you, look at the life, the pain, the suffering, the joy. Rest assured that no matter how much your eyes see, they will not see everything. This condition is reserved for those ascended with all-knowledge. The eye in the sky. It is true that we are part of God. As such, we may see part of Its creation. The ultimate Creator is the ultimate omniscient force. To tap into Its glory, we must learn of Its ways, ever humbly, and never losing sight of perspective. Its way is the way of the creator, the way of the organizer, It that reaches into the chaos and puts things in order such that they may become vessels for the manifestation of life.

Man is weak, forgets his lessons. We too have the potential of being at peace with respect to our seemingly miserable lives. This condition is due to our own ignorance. We are to blame in this, yet we do no wrong. We have not yet committed the catastrophic mistake of annihilating ourselves, nor has it been decided for us, and so we remain on Earth, learning at every breath. The force of life is unstoppable. Look around, look at all the variety, all designed to insure success at survival. Overspecialization is the quickest road to extinction. And so I take it upon myself to be the creator of my own reality. Things are done either out of love, or out of fear. It is easy to discern these different motives in people's actions. Most things that most people do are an attempt to veil the truth through mists of illusion. Most people get caught up in the same illusion they have created. We shall remain thus until we have learned enough lessons to continue our journey into the next phase of existence, and so on and so forth.

I blasted it. I hammered so hard I hardly recall the force of the ride. I got to Delta at 4:30 in the afternoon. By now I felt the old geezer had a reason to keep up with the young whippersnapper. I thought he'd probably get here at 6:30 or 7. He came in at 6. I was amazed. In the time since I had arrived, I had showered, pitched my tent, put on some dry clothes, and was gearing up to go get some food. When the geezer showed up, he was looking good. He was breathing heavy, his cheeks were well pink, his nose good and runny, his smile big and bright.

-Welcome to Delta. How was your ride.

-Oh man, it was great. Had some pretty good headwinds comin in, but once you got around the mountains, comin out of the canyon, man, then everything got a lot easier. How bout you?

-Well maybe I'm just a bigger wimp, but I had headwinds the whole day. Other than that it was great. Got here at 4:30. I was just fixin on getting some food, if you wanna join me.

-Sure, let me just get installed.

-I was just gonna get some refried beans, tortillas, a few things to make burritos. I'll just get enough for 2, let you know how much it cost when I get back.

-That sounds great.

I went to the store. I bought a tomato, an onion, an avocado, two cans of refried beans, a bag of flour tortillas, a bag of chips, a container of fresh pico de gallo, a couple bananas, some instant rice, a bottle of water, some trail mix, a fresh fruit juice, and a couple of other odds and ends. It was about 12 bucks. The clerk asked me if I was riding through, said I was one of the first she had seen this year. In the summer there would be a lot of people riding through. It was much hotter then, she said, and the riders would come in all dehydrated and exhausted. I told her yeah, it was nice in the planes, but the mountains are the problem this time of year. She was nice enough.

I took all the food back to the campsite. Now Carroll was working on setting up his light stove. It was pretty much just like mine, but mine was older, more worn down. We cooked a great meal together. After we had eaten, we began to talk for a bit. I could sense his anxiety at wanting to tell me something. I was ready to listen to another human for a little while. This gentleman Carroll had been nice, quiet, respectful, and I trusted him. We began a conversation.

-So, Carroll, you just up and hopped on a bike and came out to tame the wild west. That's pretty impressive, at your age. I'm still a kid. That's some pretty good hammering we gotta do to get all the way up here. A toast. Here we are, in Utah, Mormon capital of the world. I once heard that you should eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow

you may be in Utah. It's too late for us, we're already here. Actually, I find Utah to be quite beautiful.

-Yeah, Lucky, a toast to you as well. I mean, I may be old, but even when I was young I woulda never pedaled that basket all the way out here. Kudos to you too, my young brother. I know it's only water, but let us drink to our ride, and to wonderful Utah.

-Cheers. -We drank- I've been reading this book, the whole time we been riding through here, and it gives an explanation of what this land used to look like 12,000 years ago. Says it used to be an ancient inland sea. What we're riding through is the drained out basin.

-That's right. This all used to be an ocean. Before that this was all frozen. But before even that it was also green and fertile. Around here are some of the richest dinosaur skeleton deposits in the world. Depending on how far you go back in history, you will find different prevailing conditions. About 12,000 years ago there was indeed a sea here. I don't know what it was called, but man knew of it. This much is known.

-Do you know anything of the local history? I only ask, because I would love to know about this region. I feel its power. I've been having strange dreams all throughout this land. Glorious, wonderful dreams, and scary ones too. I know a little of what's going on.

-Well son, I'd be glad to share what little information I know. I have dedicated my life to the dissemination of information, and it is of the few things I have left that bring me any joy. By no means do I consider myself a master on the subject, but I will share what I know... Where to start... Man, to explain this place I would first have to give a brief background of the Universe, and I'm sure you're not up to that. Don't know if I am, but let's see if we can set some parameters on this thing.

-Oh yeah, of course, no, you know what I mean? I mean, you know, like, here we are today, riding through this land. There have been many things that occurred on these lands that only the land can tell. It's like I can hear it, and so I ask, what happened here, and how does it relate directly to us riding in this empty bowl, here, today. Yeah, you're right, it's like a question on the history of the Earth, really. Well, since we're here, what do we know about the Mormonians?

-Ah, the Mormons. Mormonians, as you call them.

-Yeah my friend Fish calls them that. She's a Mormon

-Yes, the Mormonians. Well, apparently Mormon history has it that one man received sacred information from an angel, presumably transmitted during sleep, or trance, or some psycho-physical method. This man was then alerted to some golden scriptures, perhaps written in Hebrew, that gave him a history of the land. In these dreamlike states would this prophet receive the information from the angel, until he translated the golden scrolls into English. This of course, became known as the Book of Mormon, and is the sacred text of the Mormons. Naturally, it is of Christian derivation, since Christ remains their greatest prophet. Along with these translations came an included history of the American continents. It is their version.

-Wow. What's that all about.

-Well, apparently, and I have to give it to you in overview, cause I'm not too keen on the details, but it seems there were ancient civilizations in the past.

-Yeah, ok...

-Well, according to the book, roughly, there were some unhappy tribes of Israel that traveled by sea to the New World and began their history here. Of course, as with all communities, there were good and bad men, but some remembered the Word of the Lord, and some forgot. Those who forgot played the part of the villain, and were stricken with the curse of colored skin by the Lord. And then, as is wont to happen, there was a great war, and some people came out over another people. Now it just so happens that the good people were, according to the book of Mormon, the fair skinned fair eyed breed of man, and that the colored people were the evil victors over their enemy. In this way did they overtake the land from the righteous rule of the righteous. And these, according to the Mormons, were the people that were in possession of the land at the arrival of the Europeans. In other words, the native Americans were a long-lost tribe of Israel that had gone astray.

-Wait, What?

-Well, like I said, there was a war, bad brownie won out over good whitey, and now justice is done.

-No way, I mean, doesn't that sound a bit too easy? I mean, after all, I see the Mormons recruiting folk all over the world. They are the world's greatest proselytizing

religion at the moment, and the fastest growing. What does that mean, really? No, I'm sorry, I don't mean to interject, I just ask a reasonable answer.

-Well son, as with all things, there is a reasonable answer. Now, I happen to know, through the course of my own studies, a few other odd bits and ends of the story to help shed light on the picture. Now, I can't say what's up with the Mormons, whether they know something or not. I do know some other things. For example, when the white man arrived in the New World, they found many things they were not expecting. They found natives of many strains and colors, with different physical features that were new to the Europeans at the time. They also found here natives that fit the description of African black men, or also white men with blond hair and blue eyes. They were at a loss to explain this explosion of new information, and came up with all sorts of possibilities and plausibilities that suited the fancy of the time. Theories were rampant, and a dime a dozen. Lost civilizations were for the first time since the age of Plato considered. What do you know about Atlantis?

-Atlantis, wow, how did I not know you were gonna pull that one out. Atlantis. Well, we know that it was a mythical, fabled civilization. Some sunken cities, maybe some underwater people, um, I think that they blew themselves up, were swallowed by the waves, exploded because of their own sins, or something. Whatever Plato said about it.

-Good. That's about right, except no one knows what Atlantis really was, or even if it really was. Since Plato has man been searching for the lost, sunken Atlantis, a forebear to our own civilization. So, what we have is only stories. It's like you say, my wise young friend, there are some stories only the earth can tell. Anyway, there are many legends that abound about the land, and some people have attended to collecting the stories. So, one may cross-reference the whole subject, and what does one find? Well, for starters, one finds that there are other legends of white people, of great wars, of floods, of cities, of gods and monsters. Do you know, for example, that the Aztec lords that received Cortez were convinced that they were white gods come to take their rightful position as rulers of the people?

-Yeah, I know that. That's how they allowed themselves to get exterminated. What was that all about?

-Well my friend, you see, what happens here is that our human history is much more intricate, more expansive, and more beautiful than any of us are led to believe. Now, since we cannot speak to the actual land, interview her as it were, the only way to know the true history of the land is to cross-reference all the existing legends that abound the Earth. Just about every culture, from the oldest to the greatest to the smallest has their own version of the Flood, and of previous civilizations, and so we must follow up on that trail before we advance upon our own path. There are many hints and clues left on Earth, like the pyramids and many other unexplained monolithic structures. Only if we adjust our thinking to fit the evidence will we succeed in solving the puzzle. Perhaps it will be you to do it.

-I'm not sure if I understand everything that you're saying there Carroll, but I'm all ears. I'm hip with Atlantis. Sure, I can dig it. Please, continue.

-Ok, let us look at this logically. Let us admit that there are two possible scenarios. One is that Atlantis existed, the other is that it did not. Let us go with the first one for the moment. Let us assume Atlantis existed. If it did, then it is the real cradle of civilization, unless of course there were earlier civilizations, for which we also have legends and stories, like Mu. In any case, legends have it, and there are plenty of legends to abound, that Atlantis existed, that it was in South America, and that it is the birth place of the rule of Poseidon and his offspring. In the same Americas there are legends told of the ancient white rulers. They were seen as gods upon the lands. They were the first disseminators of human knowledge upon the planet. Since that time however, many peoples have had civilizations worthy of note, such as in Egypt, China, and India. But the question remains, if the Atlanteans, who were possibly the Titans of Greek lore, were the gods they were portrayed to be, with elevated civilization in a time of supposed barbarism, then where did *they* get it from? But of course, our information is incomplete. And so now, in our times, what is it that leads to the white man's so-called soulless conquest? Is it an inbred arrogance, an innate superiority, or is it just that time in the history of our evolution as human beings? I don't know.

-Wait, so, here in the Americas were found pyramids, and modern scientists do not know who built them, so they attribute them to the Maya. The Maya had precise working knowledge of astronomy and the stars like nobody else in the history of man, but

they disappeared without a trace 830 or so after Christ, and the remnants of these are the ones who believed in the return of the white god, the Viracocha, is that right? I know that the Spanish destroyed volumes upon volumes of native lore, some of which may have shed light on the subject for all of us. I mean, what do the critics say, what if we assume Atlantis didn't exist?

-Very good question, my young friend. Well, for one, and most importantly, it would render the legends of the natives as fantasies, once again. I mean, what do we really know about this continent? We know very little of the history before the European man got here, except for speculation, and what the Book of Mormon says. There is a vast and forgotten history there my friend, which, as you have so eloquently pointed out, is trying to tell you something. We may chase down our own leads and hints, but there will be a huge chunk of history that will be missing, namely that of the native, as told by the native. The European, for the sake of a quick, overwhelming, and complete conquest utterly destroyed the history of the natives, leaving future generations in the dark as to this essential part of the equation. Of course, the tradition will not die completely. Someone somewhere will know of what happened. But because we have killed the local native tradition as a viable source of information, it will be very difficult to sort the real from the charlatanry. But that goes even for our own traditions. Look at the Mormons, the Christians, the Jews and all others that disagree on main points of history. Who is right? Are any of them right at all in the first place? Who knows?

-You sound like you're trying to talk me into something.

-Hm. Look son, I'm old, you asked, and here we are. You can either take it from an old man, or you can go back to your own world.

-No, no, no Carroll. It's just that I'm feeling what you're saying, please, continue. You're speakin fine brother. Only, I do have one question.

-Shoot

-Well, I was raised to not be a racist. I'm not a racist. Hell, I don't even really know what race I am, but I believe in the unity of man, in that we are all here suffering and working to achieve higher levels. Of course I'm not naïve enough to believe we are all the same, but neither do I believe that we are supposed to be the same in the first place. We all have our own special job to do, and all different types are needed to make

the whole dynamic mosaic of life on Earth. I mean, what are you really telling me? I mean, what is it that you are trying to say? Was the white man born with the information, or did he inherit it from someone else?

-Son, all I'm really telling you is stories. Now, our world has made a mess of how man is to view man. I mean, for one, the whole race thing is really a farce. Sure, men are of different colors, and it is only natural that one be wary and fearful of things that are not familiar to one. One has to look beyond the casing, and see that we are all men. So, all have the thing that they represent on Earth, as all things are representative of a divine law. The white man has played his part, as has the black, the yellow, and all others hybrid. Our Great God is triplicate, and so must we be triplicate to appropriately mimic the godhead. We all perform our duty, like you say. Suffice to say that all men from all races know what they know, what they are supposed to know, each an integral part of the whole.

-Now you're speaking my language. Please, brother, speak. Do tell, please help me clear up the whole question of our derivation. I have pondered it, and it has hounded me, and now we discuss the issue. Ok now, what does it mean then?

-Well son, there is nothing more important to us on this planet than race relations. Strictly, our biggest concern is gender relations, but that's a whole nother topic. We'll have to save that one for another time. I think we got enough on our hands for the moment. Anyway, in a globalized world, race relations become of paramount importance. Really, the myth of the superior race is a thing of the past. Sure, we are producers of masters, and our forefathers were guilty of believing their culture superior, but now the white man has brought his culture to the world. Let us not be afraid of the repercussions here, whether we are black, white or whatever.

Now that the white man has forcibly shared his civilization with the world, we can clearly see that it is not the man that is better, but his culture that is different. Sure, we have progressed and industrialized, but where are we now? As all men learn the science of the white man, all boundaries will once again be dropped, and man will be seen to be one. His superiority will be exposed as the myth that it is, and from here may we part once again, to ever higher spheres.

Regarding the races, all we have is the principles. The principle of the heavens, the principle of the Earth, and the principle of the Union.

-Fine, but what does it all really mean. I mean, were they, us, good, bad, what? What about Viracocha?

-Well, it means that man has traveled around and mixed for many thousands of years. Civilizations have risen and fallen. Men have blended, mixed, races have been born, purified, died, and nothing remains as it was originally. Now all men are mixed, and the string of the originals may be found in the cores of men in all corners of the globe. There is no good and bad. Now, if you keep up with me here, then I'll know I'm talking to the right guy. It's like it says in the bible, the sons of god came down and mated with the daughters of men. Now, presumably then, the sons of god here were whitey, and they mixed with the brown daughters of men, meaning man was brown. Brown man represents the Earth, and white man, with his baby blue eyes, the chamber of the heavens. Does the white man know any more about the heavens than other men? No, the Egyptians and the Mayans knew much more than we currently know about it. Does technological and military prowess prove superiority? Not when it comes to happiness. But then, where are we headed, as a species? Back out into the Cosmos, or only back into the Earth? Is peace superior to war? Now, can you say one is better than the other? That would be like saying the day is better than the night, or that one is better than two. Is there anything that is better than the other? Well, I guess that depends on how one feels about life, doesn't it?

-Well Carroll, I'm not an expert on the subject either, but since you're asking, no, I don't think there is anything better than another. I mean, all these things are relative. Obviously there are things that are better than others, but in one's existentialism, I would have to say that all the things that *are, are* for a reason, and one which more often than not I do not understand. Well, feeling good is better than feeling bad, but sometimes, I have to accept the feeling bad in order to feel good. I mean, like you said, the whole day is a mix of day and night. Like my father said, every coin has two sides. You gotta take one in order to take the other.

-Hey, you're pretty smart, for a dummy on a basket bike.

-Aw shucks, well, you know, that's why I invited you to share your knowledge with me, I appreciate it. I know the value of information, how we reject it because of our ignorance. You said you dedicated your life to disseminating information. What do you do, if you don't mind me asking.

-Not at all. I was a publisher and a printer. Published many of my own papers, on a wide range of subjects, including history. My father was a publisher. I been doing it for 45 years. I'm retired now. Was kind of forced into it, retirement I mean, on account a my wife that just passed away. Can't really go to work anymore. You know, there just comes a time when you gotta take a step back and see what is going on in your life. One marches inexorably forward until something extraordinary asks you to stop and look around. That's where I am at right now. Believe me son, I'd love to give you an easy answer to that problem you're solving, but that's not the nature of how things work.

-No way, man. I know it's not. Believe me, I know why I'm out here. I'm out here to find things out for myself, so that no one has to tell them to me. But, that's why I met you, and so to you, I say: Tell only what you wish, for I am learning and analyzing. Can't promise I'll agree with everything, but I will listen.

-Right on. That's what I like, an apt pupil.

-I always appreciate a good teacher.

-Let's continue then. As I was saying, Atlantis. Well, legends have it that Atlantis was a highly advanced city state that existed, some say in the middle of the Atlantic, others in the South American Andes, until about 10,000 years ago, when it was tragically destroyed in hellfire, and finally succumbed under the waves of the seas, or perhaps a lake, in one tragic day of horrendous luck. At that time, they were the glory of the planet, the cream of human civilizations, as it were, but they erred, and the gods were against them. They were the original chosen people, and their legacy remains in several main locations. Among them, in the memory of the blood of man, in the religious traditions of the different peoples of the Earth, written in stone in the form of pyramids and other formations, in legends, in the memory of the earth, in the annals of time and history.

Today, a dispute arises between the northern white man, with his claims of blood purity, and the Jew, who today claim to be the chosen people of God, the legacy of the ancients. In any case, these ancients were reputed to be extremely wise, though

eventually a corrupted people, and the memory of them lives today. The legends of the blue-eyed Viracocha abound in South American traditions. Still, they are commensurate with the dawning of white knowledge in our own civilization. The Aryans who came from the north of India were the reputed writers of the most ancient of Indian texts, that is, the Vedas. Then across Asia to Europe, and finally to the lands they inhabit today. There were the guanches of the Canary Islands, and the druids of Gaul and Britain. The Celts, and the Basques as well, white folk with no known ethnic or lingual origins. A bunch of loose ends. Also, as we mentioned, the civilizations of the Africas, like Kush, displaying that the black man has also once been king amongst kings. The Tao of the Chinese, Teut of the Germans, Teo of the native Americans all point to a common religious source of information, builders of all times.

-Oh criminy, now you gotta bring the Tao into the equation and stuff. Man, one crazy story this is turning out to be. But no, I mean, please continue, I'm all ears. This is fascinating stuff. I mean, really, what is the conundrum of the human being, but that we don't know, or rather, don't remember where we come from? I mean really, who are we? What are we doing here, are these not the most fundamental questions of human existence? And yet I feel that we don't really address these issues adequately, but rather attribute them to some inexplicable concept that will only drive one to insanity and misery if even contemplated. I mean these questions really are discarded as cliché, but yet they remain so fundamental to our existence. It's like, I've been programmed to feel afraid of addressing these questions, and as a result, I *have* felt that fear of pursuing them. However, I do also know that there is information readily available, such that I may find it, were I to desire it. It's just that to properly attack this conundrum takes up so much time, it's like a full time job. So, the real question is, then, where does this human knowledge come from? It must have a main source, as man is in fact One, and so it must be alien. *We* must be alien.

-Well son, the fact of the matter is that we don't know squat about our history as humans, or that of man upon this planet, or other planets. We just assume a bunch of speculations and taken-for-granted. Really, the fact of the matter is that our history is far more vast, and colorful than we ever thought possible before. For example: we don't know what intelligent force propelled either the Egyptians, the Maya or Inca, the Aryans,

the druids or Celts. All we know is that they all existed. They all left their mark, and high civilization is evident in them all. Thing is, it's not accounted for, according to the current working model of linear evolution. They simply weren't supposed to know as much as they may have known, or to be anywhere near knowing what we know today. But all evidence points to the fact that they knew something. At some point, somewhere along the line, they must have found out a little something about themselves. There are also Earthly traditions that ascribe us humans to a race of beings from other planets, from Sirius most predominantly. The primitive Dogon tribe of Africa have precise astronomical information of the Dog Star system that our scientists with the most technologically advanced instruments are just finding out.

-Wow, jeez, you sound like some comic book story. Who knows this stuff? Where is this stuff taught? How come I never heard any of this stuff before? You see, that's what I mean. You know, all possible scenarios for our existence and evolution should be studied. It just seems so asinine that everyone is expected to follow the same guideline, ask no more questions because considering the idea of a God has been reduced to engaging in nonsense. I mean, someone has to be benefiting from this. They prey upon us because we are ignorant and lazy. "By their works shall you know them." We will write our own chapter in the annals of history. Even though I know we can't remember where we come from, I know that somewhere inside there is a center of consciousness that quietly, truthfully, and un-judgmentally records all the happenings of life. Really, to me, from what I know, it's the only thing that makes sense. I believe in mathematics, I believe in science, and I believe in the weakness of man. And yet, I believe that man is greater, that man is Man. Why are we not taught this? We'd be so ahead of the game if we all taught ourselves this as children.

-No son, you see, every man is responsible for his own education. God makes sure that something happens, which causes there to be a truth of it, and man then has to live it. In very last place is the need to chronicle, and analyze the events in the passage of time. The truth of it causes there to be an underlying tendency toward this truth that will counterbalance all the dark forces that will attempt to drive this truth into the ground, crumble it underfoot. The reason to crush history is to forget past indiscretions, or to

conquer. And so the truth may be concealed, but never forever. It, like the morning Sun, must one day come up, like the very light that it represents.

-Yes, that's what I mean. If we were to teach ourselves this from the time of our birth, we would be far more advanced along the evolutionary chain. I mean, for what is it that we work, what is it that systematically draws us to it, like a winch draws a chain, that leads us to our destinies? At any time this destiny may be altered, but it will still implacably draw us to it. There must be a goal to which we are headed. There must be some thing, like that same consciousness center, that urges us to act, in the best interest of this thing, whether it be known to us consciously or not. I know what time it is. I know what the great secret of our times is. But, what then? Well, I guess that's what brings us to the here and now. Nice to meet you Carroll.

-Likewise, my young friend. It is a pleasure for me to meet an individual like yourself. You see, I have dedicated my life to outing what little parts of that secret are known to me. I don't believe in coincidences, and here we are. Look at the skies. From here we can see Sirius, the Dog-Star in the Pleiades, known as the seven sisters, and Orion, the warrior with his faithful dog. And the Milky Way. It's the same thing as a cosmic neighborhood, nothing more. But anyway, as we were saying, about Atlantis and the sort.

-Yes yes, please continue.

-Well, like I was saying, this was indeed an ancient sea. And there was indeed an ancient civilization that dwelled here. The ancient Atlantean civilization reached across the globe. It is a caprice of modern man to believe in the Darwinian idea of evolution. It is designed to aggrandize the accomplishments of the intellectual elite. Man is not a straight line, man is a reality. As such, he does indeed have a history that is too intricate to allow proper evaluation, exacerbated by the opinions of the ignorant. Ah the great secret, the secret of our inherent ignorance. It is for this reason that they say that the wise man maintains silence, while the ignorant man vociferously states his opinions. It is not man's task to state his opinions, but to relay his knowledge. And so, the question is: how does man differentiate between knowledge and opinion? How can a man be certain that his source of information is reliable, and not mere propaganda designed to indoctrinate?

This question is of the essence, for until one answer it, there is no way of making conscious headway in the quest of life.

While a man does not know where he is headed, he plays the part of the rudderless ship. It is only after he learns of the truth of himself, after he is born for the second time, that he lends a rudder, and a direction to his undertakings. While we live unconsciously, we are like errant pinballs, capable of hitting our target by luck, like in a lottery, but far more likely to miss, and cause great harm and distress to those nearest to us. There is the elite group of those men who create themselves, and the sooner every man may pull himself up onto this plateau, the sooner there will be peace on Earth.

But peace on Earth, is that even possible? It could be that peace is counterproductive to the whole evolutionary process. A little peace lends a whole lot of complacency that does not drive a man forward. Is it possible that we're not even really supposed to be on Earth for very long in the first place? Well, these things are all relative to the individual development of all individuals, you understand.

But still, like you say, were the reality of it to be taught from the start, it is possible that we would be living in a different World. That, in theory, is entirely a possibility. We are, in fact, a product of our education, or lack thereof.

-Yes, that's what I'm talking about. I've always felt like a castaway, like I had some intrinsic adversity to society, like somehow they drove me insane. At times it was put in question whether or not I was actually odious of society in general. I never believed so, but man I suffered. I suffer at their hands, but now I accept that, and I figure out ways to help man, help myself. I eat good, I educate myself at home and anywhere else I may happen to be. Like right now, for instance. I find this conversation highly stimulating, and I thank you for sharing of your knowledge with me. I assure you it is in the proper hands.

-Well thank you son, but no need for the formality. However, I thank you as well, for the candor and thoughtfulness of your words. It is a pleasure to converse with you, and I place all the knowledge at my disposal at your demand. Anyway, yeah, like we were saying, the stories abound. What they all point to is a central source of information, what has come to be known as the Osirian source, that claims root relationship with all doctrines. It involves the triplicate Godhead, the knowledge of the self and stars. Many

different peoples have the knowledge, to vastly different degrees. It was widespread among all peoples, but the original source is forgotten. For our purposes, we know it as Atlantis.

-Are you saying that there is proof-positive that Atlantis existed?

-My friend, there is no proof of anything so far from the source. All we have are stories, evidence, and science, as we've said. This is on paper. In effect, we also have our memory, the memory of the Earth that lives within us, like the memory of the Heavens. This is what it is to be a human, to have memory of the ages. It is this that all the sages have strived for. It has been contemplated, studied, and written about. I mean really, we have the evidence all around us, we just refuse to see it. It is the inflated ego of modern man that causes him to be mired in such a monumental conundrum. A conundrum the size of all humanity. But maybe we're getting a little in over our heads here. Are you following me son?

-Uh, yessir, I'm still with you, it's just that I'm so tired from the ride, and I think the food is kicking in. I'm getting really beat Carroll. But it has indeed been a pleasure. I'm sure you're tired as well. Tomorrow we continue our journey through Mormonia, through life, and we best get some rest. I'd hate to keep you all night.

-Not at all, it was my pleasure, but I am a bit tired myself. Perhaps you are right. Tomorrow is a new day. Man am I glad I'm out here right now. The stars, the breeze, the roaring trucks. I'm an old man now, and I need my rest. See you in the morning kid.

-Yeah alright man. Have a good night. And see you in the morning.

We picked up our mess. It had been a trip talking to Carroll. My kudos to him. What a crazy trip life is. What am I supposed to think, when it throws at me old coots like this guy? Still, it had been a most enlightening conversation, and I was very happy to have taken part in it. So, what is it that I will have learned? I have learned that I am on my own, but I am not alone. I'm knocking off to bed. I got a long day tomorrow.

Today's ride was from Delta to Eureka. They were 90 brutal miles yesterday, and 50 more brutal miles today. It was all head winds, and I got careless for the first time in this ride. I ran out of water well before I got to Eureka. I began to conserve by breathing in through the nose, and out through the mouth, accumulate spit, and swallow it. Grossly underpowered all day long, it was like I was hauling a hundred pounds behind me. It was my first truly bad riding day. It wasn't like in the beginning, when my knees hurt, and the snow blocked my path, rather it was the first time I wanted the ride to be over. It was stormy and nasty and windy. There was a mild uphill slope the whole way. It wasn't bad. The whole ride today wasn't bad, I just wasn't up to it, that's all. But I did it. I didn't want to.

I got up early, and I found that Carroll had already packed up and taken off. I imagine he wanted a head start. I guess he figured if I can pedal harder, he can sleep less. Not like it's a competition, rather it's two people pushing each other to new heights. I remember all my rides with Gravy. He's the one who really taught me how to ride. I guess he was only doing for me what someone had already done with him. Man, I remember our Christmas day Mount Diablo rides so clearly. Every year, on Christmas day, we'd go tackle Diablo, to stay hard, to stay lean and hungry. It was our religion, and this was the day that we wrestled the Devil. Religion. Such a maligned concept. Can it be that man in all times and places just begins to think about God because he has nothing better to do? What is this necessity that keeps man shackled to some unknowable concept that then gives birth to the villainous likes of the Christian church, or to the extremism of the Muslims, or the arrogance of the Jews. In the end, it is religion which gives birth to civilization itself.

But religion is not a name, or an established form of thought. Not in its essence. Me and Gravy, we would take our one-speed bikes and ride them up the biggest hills we could find. We would climb and climb and climb, and when we got to the top, we would breathe easy, like what we had done was good work, like we had fulfilled our part, and now could ride down pleased with what we had accomplished for the day. A Sisyphusian concept if there ever was one, but it gave us power like we had never found before. We

had religion. We believed in it. And now out here, I use what I learned from Gravy, and I push further when I don't want to any longer. What else can I do? Is life not a journey, and must we not always push further? Indeed I believe it is, and I believe we must.

Gravy comes to my aid when I need him. There was a time when I came to aid him, the single most important moment of our relationship as friends, and we weren't riding bikes. We were scuba diving off the Carmel coast at Monastery beach. The entry and exit are dangerous and tricky. I saved a woman's life there one time when she was being tumbled about by the 6 foot waves. That was after I had gotten her all suited up, and told her the water was fine.

Anyway, that was another occasion. On this occasion I was diving with Gravy. We were at depth, and I still don't know what exactly happened, but all of a sudden his equipment malfunctioned. I don't know how calm he was inside, but the surge was whipping, the water was freezing, and we were no place where a man wants his life-support equipment to malfunction. There were three of us diving. I remember Len Johnson was also there. We were too deep for Gravy to do an emergency ascent, so he came to me, showed me his flailing gauges, let me know he had no air, and needed to ascend. I motioned to him to stay where we were. I calmly handed him my octopus regulator, and we continued our dive until we were out of air. We probably got another 20 minutes out of the dive. Gravy never forgot that. I'll never forget it either. He took me under his wing after that. Taught me to ride. "Ride like you do", he'd say. We all stayed calm, that was the important thing.

Tomorrow is my 14th and final day on the road. A massively successful trip. I camped out almost every night, and I stayed in a motel a few times, in Camino, in Pollock Pines and in Ely. In Ely I spent a whole day indoors, ate well, watched a little of the basketball championships on the tube. Most of the time the campsites were in town and there were cars zipping by through the night. Mostly the kids I guess. It wasn't the best camping. I was on a tight schedule, and I couldn't diverge off my path to find any of the out-of-the-way campsites, which were closed, and I was scared of them anyway. I'm happy, I did what I could. I hammered hard, I slept good, I met Carroll, I lived a clean, focused life for a few days. I did good.

I rode across America's loneliest road, from California to Utah. A long ways. I am satisfied, purified, almost initiated. I am free to follow my spirit as I see fit. My father has provided me with the opportunity, and his father before him, though they know it not. It was they that worked to give me all the opportunities that I have. How did I get here? I got here through the efforts of my eltern. My mother, she provided culture, though at the time she also knew it not. I am happy to be where I am, to come from where I do. I give thanks to all forces that have come together to create the entity that is me. I thank my mother, my father, both physical and cosmic. I'm out here pedaling, working, in order to be found worthy. I lay the foundation for the future, that I may draw from my experiences, that they may aid me in my quest, my task. Though the road is not yet at its end, it seems I have found a path. It illuminated itself to me, from all the possibilities in existence. I called to it, and it responded. In the eyes of the Path, I have been found worthy. I will struggle to maintain this perceived worthiness. I will walk the path, through all its crests and valleys. I say: the search for the spirit is the only True Quest. When I say I have it, it is only to give me courage.

I look back upon my life, my victories and my failures. Is it possible to compare the life of one man with the trajectory of human existence? How can I describe the pain that my ignorant actions cause me? How I have affected others comes back to haunt me in my darkest moments, but I have done nothing wrong, I have merely lived my life as best I could. And yet, there was a time when I was asleep, in the slumber of the living dead. What is it that we require of life to live in happiness? I say it is a bit of love. Without it, you may take a hangman's noose, and you place it about your neck, and allow the bottom to fall out from beneath you. What, what is it that you have truly done, my friend? How a man can cause turmoil in his own life. How this in turn can affect the lives of others, like a butterfly effect. But I let you free. I truly let you free. If I remember you, it is because of the love I held for you in life. Oh truly I want to be forever young. Youth's like diamonds in the Sun, and diamonds are forever. But what does it behoove us to live forever? No. We must live our lives, make our mistakes, see what we must, learn our lessons, in order to be forever. When you know all, when you have the all-knowledge, then will you break the binds of time.

How we hurt each other, destroy us with our coldness. You were in love with me weren't you? That is why you said to me that I must either be stupid, or blind, or an idiot, because I could not see it. Instead I got stuck with the insults, because truly, I could not see. And my blindness made you so unhappy. A forbidden love, forbidden because we were of different places, different times. A love of which you could not ever tell me about, even when I told you I loved you. You just coiled yourself up like a spring, ready to explode, until you did. A poet lives more in his imagination than in the real world. There are things we would rather be, if we were given the chance. But you see, the greatest chance of all is the one we are given. You were so messed up, from wanting, wanting something you couldn't have. And that was the courage you were searching for. You wanted me to make you happy, or extremely unhappy in its stead, but I could not see. My dearest, you were right, I would not have understood, not the way you wanted me to. There was no way I could have seen, unless you told me. And so you come to me upon your death, and watch over me yet. I'm sorry, I'm sorry for what happened to you in your life. I know you and I will pay in ways we cannot imagine.

Lost and forgotten loves, injustices that have caused the ancient wound to be stirred, opened wider. Your love will always inspire me. I had it all wrong. I wondered why you took my words so to heart. We are creatures much more sensitive than we believe. We are soft and tender, and even the most hardened criminal was once a helpless babe. We condition ourselves throughout our lives to accept and reject those things we want near and far from us. Everything must come counterbalanced with its opposite. It is a polar world of opposites that we inhabit, and it is within our grasp to bridge the chasm that separates us. Man, they all do it.

Not many of our heroes make it passed their youth. Those with the golden words, they are the ones that fall. The ones that fall in love, these are they that hardest fall. We reach plateaus that are difficult to survive. Man, they're all plateaus, and a man's got to find his way around it. And then I remember that the world is huge, and in it you find all manner of things. And if you can imagine it, then it must be true somewhere. That's what leads me to think that if I can imagine a place with peace, then that place has to exist somewhere, and I have to find it inside of me to find that place, and I do. I questioned my life.

I said to myself: Punk, why the fuck do you even live? What the fuck are you good for, what makes you so goddamned special? And I had to justify my life to myself. I had to come out with a positive verdict, or face the possibility of ignominious death. I said no way man. I'm not going out like that. I got too many tools at my disposal. Man, I got everything I need. What else do I need? For one, I was born an American, of a rebellious revolutionary spirit. I am an American, North and South. I know the Americas, I know her people, I have seen them, shared with them. This just by way of who I am. I got all the tools. What, but can we not complete any job, as long as we have the proper tools. The sharpest tool is the tool of the mind, and with one properly programmed, one may go where one will. Man, we just need to be able to harness what goes on in there. Life always throws her signs, we just need to be there to read them. Anyway, that's how I saw it at the time.

I needed a positive verdict. I wanted to live. But that's when the path that will allow me to be useful, to help people with what I know, became illuminated. The path that will allow me to justify my use of air and space. I found it. I am it. I must survive, for all will be tallied at the end, and there is much work to do.

I remember when we were kids, and we used to run around naked in the sun. I remember our smiles, our beautiful skin. It's like I remember all of it, and then some. I remember times when there was peace in a general sense. A time when man lived in peace. Can that be a possibility? I wouldn't be so naïve to claim that it has ever been easy for man, after all, life is a struggle, and the conditions adverse. Still, has not man always been generally the same, only now we're more civilized than before? "Human nature", claim those who would find the easy way out. But then, how do we really know that? As a matter of fact, we don't know that at all. No scientist with an ounce of knowledge and integrity can claim to know how we truly got here or who we truly are. Oh, many theories, but no established facts in the matter. It doesn't have to be that way, and as a matter of fact, I don't believe it was that way. I've learned I've gotta find out for myself. Do we truly know how all the pyramids got here? No. Do we know what's at the bottom of the Ocean, or in our own minds? No, we don't. We just think we know.

Oh man, and I thought I knew so much. I thought I had it all figured out. It always made me think of the old adage I once heard. The person that told it to me attributed it to

one of the many witticisms of Mark Twain. “I remember that when I was 7, my father seemed like everything to me. By the time I was 14, he had been drastically reduced to a brainless boob. And when I was 21, I was amazed how much the old guy had learned in only 7 years.” (My personal favorite was the one he said about the coldest winter he ever spent was a summer in San Francisco.) Now that I’m 28, I’m beginning to freak out how much we all changed. But then the original innocence is broken, and we begin our lives of corruption. That’s what happened to us, we ceased being kids. We hardened up, dried up, like an old bread. But kids are cruel, and maybe the cruelest are also the most childlike, in many ways. How is it that it is the child that knows? The further we move from our initial state, the older and more decayed we become. Some creatures don’t live out an unproductive old age. But then, I guess some creatures do.

Man is the perfect animal, the all-animal. Man has intimate life-knowledge of all lower creatures. All this cumulative code knowledge is known somewhere in man, even if the man is himself not expressly aware of this knowledge. In order to learn, a man must remember. All animals bow down before the worthy man. Any animal may recognize a worthy creature when it encounter it. All except, perhaps, for the human. When you’re on top, sometimes you seem to forget your lessons. Lessons, what lessons? I don’t remember no lessons. Oh yeah, you think it’s easy to be a true human? Man, there’s probably nothing more difficult for a man than to know himself. A man would first enslave another man, rather than bring himself under control. It is when he learn the infallibility of this eternal law that he cease to engage in such action. After all, the only way to know what is enough is to know what is too much.

The only way you can obtain a human life is if you have earned it. Once you realize this, then comes the task of recognizing every aspect of oneself, in order to know oneself, in order to ascend. Ah the ancient secret of the illuminati. The illuminati, the knowledgeable of the European elite. Nation builders. What is that crap anyway? Would they be the illuminated Europeans, kind of like Buddha was over there in the East? The illuminated: what does that really mean. And yet, someone’s gotta know. You can’t think that just because you don’t know, that nobody else may know either. I seen people pull that one, the “I don’t know, and therefore you can’t know either.” It is Socrates, to whom

was attributed the phrase "All I know is that I know nothing." Well, I guess that's what they mean by the razor's edge. One small misstep to either side, and one is off the path.

A man must prepare himself for this. Am I prepared for this? I just don't really know what it means yet. I mean, I feel like Socrates, like I don't know what's happening, or what's wrong, or even why. I kind of feel like that's not even really the point, just to push ahead is enough. But that's like bashing your head against a brick wall, man. A man can direct his energies in an entirely controlled fashion, as long as the man wish to gain control over his emotions, his intellect, himself. A man may educate himself. Like the illuminati. But then, what is education? Education is like a guide, to guide your life towards a perceived goal. The education should clear one a path towards the eventual goal, known from the start. From this elevated state do we descend into a world of cancer, addiction, numbness and pain. You know, the scenery is fantastic. Too bad man's gotta be there to ruin it. But I am a man. Therefore, do I hate myself? I don't think so. Do I then hate humanity? Well, I never wanted to admit it to myself. I mean, I don't think so. I've always been of the mind that I loved humanity greatly, that I suffer at its hands, suffer because it suffers. Suffer because I too am a man and was born to suffer.

We live abusive lives. The first one we abuse is ourselves. They teach us abusive lives, abusive livelihoods. It would be nice to work in peace. Perhaps the problem lies in what it is we work for. What *do* we work for? We work to pay for our lives, to make sure we are not the burden of another. Can we help that some will always work more than others? Ah, but is not a pancake flipped? Are there not two sides to every coin? Then perhaps there is an opposite condition to the one in which we live. It does stand to reason, from a mathematical, scientific standpoint. If we know this, then is this destiny also not bound to be fulfilled? If we can picture a state of peace, then why must we opt for a state of war? It is *we* who are at war, not *they*. It is we, who bomb ourselves, and not they, who bomb us. There is no they. It is ourselves we must overcome. It is our self who is our first and worst enemy. This is all we must see. See this, and be freed.

Peace lives in our mind. Peace *is* a state of mind. It is the search for peace that compels us forward. Perhaps it is a fear of finding it that causes us to go off the path. Perhaps achieving the known goal is not as important as not causing an unknown condition to result there from. What would come after we had achieved peace? Would we

then just live on indefinitely until something else comes our way, till something pushes us back to disequilibrium? Is it true that the only time we will have equilibrium is at peace? It's just that it seems at the moment that things are unraveling. At what point do they begin to get better? At what point does the pendulum begin to swing back? Well, I guess only when it's gone far enough, reached the end of its elliptical swing.

All the proper things have to fall in place. The appropriate number of people have to perish. Maybe some of them are ascended, maybe some of them are returned for further lessons. Does knowing all these things necessarily mean that I have to hate humanity for their ignorance, feel myself their victim? Not at all. Knowledge is power, not corruption, and therefore, neither is power corruption. It is the rejection of the responsibility incurred by both knowledge and power which corrupts, not power or knowledge. The knowledge is inert, a tool much like a screwdriver, or a spade. To hate man I would have to first hate myself, and I don't feel that way. On the contrary, I love my existence. I feel it the greatest gift ever. Only it weighs on me.

How do we reprogram ourselves to accept better things for ourselves? This is truly the question, then. If we could educate ourselves better, in another way, then perhaps we would eventually be better off. But what would such an education entail? I mean, that's like a fundamental restructuring of the human brain, such that when it grows to be an adult, it has a different understanding of life in general, and of itself in particular. What do we tell our kids, such that they grow up to be better adjusted to our world in order to incorporate peace into the daily ritual of humans? How can we answer that question if we ourselves have not received this training?

We have to invent it, to bring it out of thin air, to create it. Okay then, but what is it that we're doing wrong then, what is it that we need to change in order to better our lives? We need to tell our children who they are. In order to do this, we have to know who we are. So who are we? We are an ancient breed of alien. Hah! We are all God's children. We all have our duty to perform. Each and every individual is part of a much greater dynamic mosaic of Earthly life.

What does that mean exactly? That we all have our job to do, that we all must live our days so that the job we were going to do will get done. Otherwise someone else will have to do it, or otherwise we gotta come back and do it ourselves anyways, in

another life. In any case, all the jobs have to get done, like in the efficacious undertaking of any enterprise. Humanity can work like a well oiled machine. What a glorious sight a globalized village at peace would be. Everyone at peace with their brothers and sisters, with themselves, with God. Has it ever existed here? I don't know. Maybe not here, maybe somewhere else, on another planet, in a parallel existence, in the One of all things. The Unity in the diversity. It is this unity which allows one to know. It is in unity that is strength, and strength is what humanity needs in times of crisis. Strength is purity, weakness is disease.

My dearest, it was us, we did it. We did it to ourselves and we let everyone know about it. And those beloved by us accuse us of lashing out at them, but I do it to make them closer, for I know the whole thing is one of Love. Ultimately, they will understand, for I will come to show them through my actions. You see me now, how penitent I am, how deeply I have felt remorse. I see now, self-death is always done out of love for another, like Romeo and Juliet. And yet it is a crime against Nature, for we are all One. And yet it is part of Nature. I see now, many years later. I see now you were in love with me. It was you, all along. We were innocent, terribly innocent. But I have progressed, and you have been there. I welcome thee. I will shun you no longer, now that you are no longer here. You are an honored guest, for truly it is only love that matters, in all its possible packages. Like life, so multiform, so is love. And who is to question love? And so I hope your soul is at ease. Come be one with me, if it is what you wish. If not, and I am mistaken, then so be it. *So let it be written, so let it be done.*

And now, the real business at hand. What will we do to pass the information that we have on to posterity. I have claimed I shall give you credit where it is due, and as catalyst, I have given up props. I protect myself. I love you now, as then, but I am now, as then, my own master. Masterless am I, and yet, I have One, and He is the Great God above, the same as yours. I am impenetrable to the harmful spirits, I will let you know. Impenetrable as with the greatest armor. You are invited, but no one runs amok in my house. May your soul know peace, may this be granted you. Destiny and fate have taught me their lessons.

Let us now find courage, turn over a new page. I know there are those who seek to share of my energy. It is for this reason I have walled myself off, to find within myself

what it truly is people want of me. I know it is my beauty, and so I hone it, perfect it. There is only one thing that truly matters on this plane, and that thing is Love. You sacrificed yourself on my account, and now I have your life on my hands. I know our relationship to be thus. Thank you my sweet, I see now I have been truly loved. This whole time I thought I had been hated, all these years fretting over the drama of our past. Love and hate. The serpent's mouth and the serpent's tail.

I see now. Long have I pondered over this, man's ultimate sacrifice. I have teetered and tottered from this side to that, considering the importance, and the insignificance of such an act, of life in general. I have pondered my own existence. I have discovered my need to find a place for me here. It was like a veil that was lifted, and then I saw. I saw. I saw what it was to be a human, to have a life, to have a brain, to be part of what I am. And it brought me closer, but not to man, to myself. And closer to God. It is not easy, to have the most important things in life be made cliché. What else can I say, but I promise you, it is not the ignorance of men that will shut me up. I see now, the uphill battle I face. Natural Mystic. But what I have to say has all been said before. For authority, purity is required. I was young, ignorant, weak, arrogant, overbearing, all the things I learned from those who trained me. Do you see now my predicament? What is a teacher worth, if he diminish a pupil? And yet I love them because they too are innocent, victims. Thus did I learn from my father, to be a good man. It was not his fault. It is I, who find fault in men, who find fault in myself.

I have wondered and I have pondered, what it is to live a life well lived. What it is, this thing they have labeled illumination. I have debated and I have weighed. I have chopped off heads, and I have blown arguments out of the water. I have been eaten alive, and I have doubted myself. I have learned, and I have taught. Throughout all these things, I have said to myself "what am I doing, but merely living my life?" Is this not life, but to fully manifest? Come, I invite you, debate with me. But I warn you, I am no wayfaring journeyman. No. I am a bird, and I have weight on my tail. I stand erect. I fly. I am free. And yet, I am shackled. You see, this is not my culture. Whose culture is it? It is the culture of he, who does not know himself. I invite you. Come, I will not bite, I will not move a muscle, and you will find me dangerous anyway. I am not a rabid dog, I am a lucid human being. Hah. Hah. Hah.

Well, it has been decided that tonight is to be my last night on the road. I barely pulled into this town. It's kind of high up in the hills. The whole day was one tortuous slow climb. When I pulled in, I was shaking, praying to God that there was a campsite with hot water here, the wind was howling, and a storm was threatening. The previous town, about 5 miles from here, was a deserted ghost town. I wasn't even able to catch the name. There were no stores, no people, just a bunch of dilapidated old abandoned buildings. It was the strangest scene, like something out of some horror movie, where all the signs lead the viewer to believe that salvation is around the bend, only to discover that it was a wasted hope. I saw a sign that said "Eureka 5 miles", and I thought, Oh God, I hope that's not a false alarm too, because if it is, I'm gonna be in trouble.

I bonked today. I lost all my energy, my strength. I miscalculated, and ran out of water along the way. But I made it. Eureka, Utah is the ugliest, podunkiest town I have been through on this ride. It was only a 50 mile ride today, but it felt like a hundred. It was 8 grueling hours of uphill battle. The skies were grey and overcast, threatening to storm all day long. The whole day the wind was against me, as it has been for a few days now, and really, all I can say is that it was brutal. I rented out a tiny motel room for the night because there is no campsite here. It works out for the best anyway because from all indications, there is a nasty storm coming in. It is raining out, it is my last night, and I'm staying indoors tonight. That's all there is to it. I'm sitting in this motel room now. The rain is beating against the tin roof and the plywood walls. Who the hell stays in these places? Anyway, I rented the room in the small convenience store next door, and I was able to buy some provisions. Bread, cheese, Grapenuts, water, a few other things. Tonight is a night to reflect.

The first thing I did was to take a long hot shower. What, has it been 14 days already? Yes, it has. It's been 14 days and 1000 miles. By the time I'm done, it will be a cool 900 miles, plus my lost day in the Alps. Sweet. But right now, I sit and I reflect. What has it been like for me? I have lived the life of a celibate monk for the last two weeks. No smoke, no alcohol, no flesh, no women or song, just road, and Sun, and wilderness, and Osi. I'm sitting on the bed, and I'm writing in my notebook. I know what I have come out here to do. I came out here to initiate myself. My whole life I've seeked

a teacher, and none came. But now the time is for graduation nonetheless. I have learned my lessons, hard-fought and not easy to come by. I initiated myself. Tonight is my last night alone. I haven't told Jaysun that I'm pulling into town tomorrow, so it'll be a pretty cool surprise for the man. I become nostalgic, and I begin to think about my life. What is an initiation good for? Why do I need it? Why has it led me to be here where I am now, and not comfortably in my own bed, as I would be had I not decided to come out here two very short and very long weeks ago? It is of no matter. I have ferried me across the waters. It is an imitation of life itself. The point is to overcome the fears. If the fears are overcome, then the job is complete.

There was a mystery in my life that threatened my well being. Memories of a long-lost love, a tragic ending. Tonight I have obtained the missing link to this mystery. Now my life, and that of those who love me may progress and find the boundless beauty that is our legacy, and our due. Man is not able to express its true love. What a tragedy, for it is the only thing that may save us.

I can now proceed forward unhindered. Man, how wrong I've been. This whole time thinking I'd found no love, when instead, the opposite reigned. I am through. I have broken through. Thank you Carrol, so erudite a personage. The truth is One, and those who know it, are Aye. So many times have I seen Aye reflected in so many beautiful things. In this God-forsaken room, the faux wooden walls, it is like they observe me, like they are sensitive and feeling aspects of life. I feel the danger, like it is watching me, like I am in danger of becoming a medium, a vapor that can communicate between worlds. There is only one way to combat the fear I feel at the moment. Welcome to my love, my sweet. I will love you, but you must share me. I bid you PEACE.

From Eureka (7000 ft) to S.L.C. (4900 ft, or thereabouts). 70 miles, 8 hours. The first 35 miles took 2 hours, and the second 35 miles took 6 hours. I thought the ride would never finish. The first 2 hours was a sweet 2000 foot plunge onto the high plain. I was thinking I would be in SLC by noon, but then I was once again foiled by the wind and tempestuous weather. Well, on this day I managed to complete this leg of my trip. Into the wind, on a nasty, cold wet, stormy day. Just today, I got rained on, sleeted on, hailed on, and the winds were comical. At times I was pushing into the wind like into some dreaded invisible nemesis that wanted me gone. I had to laugh, and yet, I had great energy all day, all what I was missing yesterday.

I rode all day long. I was strong, I felt like I could go on forever, like all I ever wanted to do for the rest of my life would be to ride my bike. I thought how the whole of the United States wasn't really that big, like with one more month of riding and I could cross the whole thing. And then I could maybe catch a ferry, and cross the Atlantic to Europe, and disembark there, and ride across the whole world. But really, it was my last day. It's still awhile before Pedro's wedding, but I don't have the time to ride there and then take a few days off to enjoy the pre-wedding festivities. Naw, it's definitely best to just let things lay, to stay in SLC for a few days, and then continue on to Denver by some other means of transportation.

After 2 weeks of spiritual and physical cleansing, I have arrived at some sort of destination. I thanked my Mother, my Father, even for the final storm. I had an amazing time, and today I roll into SLC, almost a 1000 miles since I left home. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may be in Utah". And how! Welcome to the Dead Bull Saloon, boy. I have finally discovered Salt Lake City. Dramatic and astounding alpine beauty second to none. The whole time I lived in Colorado, I had this loyalist feeling that Colorado was superior to Utah, without really knowing Utah at all.

It is quite a breathtaking place, what with the Wasatch mountain range, the Great Salt Lake. They call this place the Beehive State, because all the people are busy little bees. It is an interesting community, because the Mormons, in a microcosm of the entire nation, have also basically succeeded in creating a fairy-tale utopic society, complete and

replete with the blond-haired, blue-eyed ruling population of angels, and the colored population of fallen angel slaves. I have never seen anything like it, and find myself quite smitten. It is a provocative society, though I know of the horror that it will lead to: a woefully mechanical, and spiritually devoid peoples. Hallowed be thy name, on Earth, as in Heaven. Is this the circle? It was the highest of the angels that came crashing to Earth.

Aside from the proselytizing, (a front as protection from racist accusations?), I am glad they are peace-loving. Mormon (The Church of Jesus Christ and Latter Day Saints, more properly titled) is the fastest growing religion in the world, last time I checked. I seen their missionaries everywhere, from Asia to South America. They are in every country, teaching, preaching their word of color coded existence. Busy bees. It was a curse of God that struck down the Lamanites, causing them to be recognized by the swarthiness of their skin. What am I to make of this? How can I abide by a teaching that says that white skin is pure, while tainted dark skin is a punishment from God? How can I reconcile this with my own beliefs in science, spirituality and reason? I have seen, I have traveled, I have spoken with many peoples of the world. I have had white friends, black friends, yellow friends, good and bad. I believe in education. I believe that if you take a boy of any color, he will respond to his education as a boy of any other color would. That is what I believe. But am I alone? Maybe things aren't that simple, but a claim to superiority is so easy, and pure speculation.

What does it truly mean to be an American? You see, people are products of how they were raised. I wasn't raised like that, I was raised different. I was raised to believe that all people are different, and yet the same. How is this possible? Well, all beliefs are to be respected, and all are simply a system. A system of coping with the rigors of Earthly existence. One of my grandfathers was a racist. I remember him telling me of the superiority of some races to others. I remember him telling me "Sonny, you're white". I had no idea what he was talking to me about. My grandmother was raised on a plantation with black servants all around her. She grew up believing that was just the reality of life.

I think to myself, how can one judge the black man by the imported slaves of centuries past? The cards were stacked against them, and for centuries they received no education, while the white man ran the world. Is the white man superior? Only if you are white. Is the black man superior? This may seem an enticing ideology, if you are black. I

think men are prone to being weak and fearful. I think it is the fearful heart that makes these distinctions based on what the eye may see, and not based upon the invisible, upon what the heart carries. This is how I would judge a man, but our world is sick, diseased, and nothing is as clear as it once was. There is an awful power that is manipulating mankind into believing that this current existence is the greatest accomplishment of man in all times. I believe that it is simply not so. What is so great about our accomplishments, that we may not look upon them, and revise the errors we have staked our existence on? The world falls deeper and deeper into war and darkness, and the whole time we are not aware of where we go, or why.

It is education that is the key. I see how people want to be what they are not. Here, I see how some are fake, hiding behind a façade, and want to cash in on the flaxen-haired angel look; devils dressed as angels. I see the tall women with their bleached hair, the girls with their blue contacts, so that they may partake of the highest form of humanity the world has to offer. Are they better than I, the blonds? I don't know. I don't know if their life is better than mine, if at birth they know more than I do intrinsically. Perhaps if my heart were more purified, if I were more evolved, I would have been born blond-haired, blue-eyed. Perhaps it is true that my dark hair and brown eyes are a dead giveaway of my lower standing in the pyramid of human existence. Then it is true, I should just be glad I wasn't born black. Like dogs fighting for table scraps. This is what they would reduce us to.

But what is it that causes this superiority, this famous purity that all men want so badly? What is it? Is it a technological-military superiority, or is it a proximity to God? Are these two the same things? Is it an innate purity of intentions that causes them to be better? Is it a natural beauty that simply stems from pallid, un-sunned white skin? But I have traveled, and I know they are not more beautiful. I have seen the beautiful flaxen-haired angels, but I have also seen beautiful black-haired angels. I have seen white people ugly as sin. I have seen black people just as ugly. It is not an outward beauty that I am interested in anyway, but the inward beauty that is not visible to the naked eye, and this beauty comes in every and all outward packages. I have seen the pretenders. They don't fool me.

What is the job of man? Is it to rule all men? This is what the white man does better than all others. They are the ones that want the dominion of the world. But they are not alone. There are others with righteous claims, divine even. It has been a dream of man since time immemorial. To bring the entire world under white hegemony, or Jewish, or some other. They have strived for it interminably in the last 5000 years, since the time of the early Dorian Greeks, of Moses.

Today they are as close to their timeless goal as they have ever been, with this globalized world we live in. They have done it, and overtly, not only with arms, but with other weapons as well. Capitalism, Consumerism, Progress, Affluence, export of Culture... These are the new religions. I have seen how the poorest kids stare into the store window, thinking how they want those colorful shoes more than life itself. They would kill for those shoes, because the pretty, white, rich folk have them, and they want them too. I have seen the ads, I have seen how they target the impressionable kids, how they educate them, because their parents are so devoid of real knowledge, that they are incapable of educating their own children. It happens in our own land.

Education. Knowledge. These are the true weapons, for is it not said that knowledge is power? Indeed it is, and so real knowledge, real power is withheld, and fake knowledge is handed out for mass consumption. Fake knowledge, divisive knowledge, like you are better than me for your skin color, or that I am better than him, or that the blacks are the source of white problems, or foreigners, or Muslims, or Jews, or whatever. Really, it is no different than what has been happening for the last several thousand years, perhaps for all time.

Why do we think anything has changed? Because we are the ones that live in the lap of luxury, but we do not realize that this globalization business everyday breeds more impoverished people than any other human system ever used before, and these billions of impoverished humans will one day cause severe retribution to be inflicted upon their tormentors, if nothing is done about them today. Today is the war, the real war, and we do not know it yet. If we do not wake up, we will regret it, our children will pay for it, there will be greater misery in the future than ever before imagined, because of our education, because of how we are taught, because of what we believe.

We delude ourselves into believing that the war is them versus us. It is not. It is us versus us. There are forces in the world that are trying to tell us to mend our ways, to listen to all the children of God, and we steadfastly refuse, thinking the poorest troublemakers are no more than a mere nuisance. They are men and women like you and me. They are proud and intelligent, and they will overcome, as all just causes have overcome in the course of history. That good wins out over evil is what I was taught as a child, what Hollywood continues to teach me today. I watch the movies, and those with the just cause always win. Our people are in the imperialism business, and there will be problems for us in our future. We always think of ourselves as the good guys, but we are not. We have strayed, and we shall fall, like all the fallen angels before us who fell.

What world do we live in, and why do we believe ourselves to be what we do? How do we reach the conclusions that we do, that lead us to believe certain things, that lead us to act in certain ways? A man may delude himself into believing whatever he will, and is capable of causing all sorts of harm in this fashion. I have read the novels of all times, and I have seen all the examples I need to see to know that man delude himself in all manner possible, and I have seen the effects of this most harrowing truth. We educate ourselves to rape the world of her most precious resources, and we hide behind the long arm of the law that we have created, and we criminalize those who stand up for the sovereignty of reason and righteousness. We rape the land, we rape our people, we push all sort of health destroying vice and dependencies, we kill that which is most beautiful within us, and we want to kill it the whole world over. There are those that will revolt, and we will kill them too, in our quest to dominate. Nothing may stand in our way, we are like a tidal wave that will destroy everything in its path to a new order.

And so, what is it that man is supposed to do here? Are we then supposed to sit back and live in primitive conditions for all eternity, and just wait until we die of old age, having never experimented the adventures of high technology? Are we just observers while something else plays on the great theater of life? How can one man ascend without causing another man to descend? Is it not true that the scales must always be balanced? Then how am I to reconcile the fact that where wealth is incurred on one side, poverty will result on the other? Is it true that the happiness of the wealthy directly causes the misery of the poor? It cannot be. These things cannot be the real truth. The real truth: is

that not abstract enough, that I begin to build upon it as if it were rock solid foundation? And yet, there must be a truth of things, the truth that is not dependent on human observation. Man has discussed it for all his days. And yet, it must be independent of man. Everyone may have their own truth, but does this mean that they affect the real in any sort of way? Of course not. It is only the semblance of truth, seen through filters that are not capable of grasping the entirety of the picture.

And for this very reason are we given our guides, guides such that we may find our way here, while we do not have enough information to assert the real truth as it stands relative to us as humans. Still, my question remains, does one man's happiness imply another man's misery? And if so, then what is the right balance such that all men may live in peace and harmony together? It is this imbalance that is causing all the disturbance in the world. There can be no peace while some men enjoy that which is not rightfully theirs, while others carry the burden for those who have purchased their exoneration of service through material means. Perhaps this is too complicated; maybe I'm losing myself. Where am I? Oh yeah, I'm in Utah. I'm riding my bike through the sleet. On my right is a salt lake, one that's not so great. The world descends into war. What am I to do? What are we to do? Can we afford to sit back and watch? Ignorance is indeed bliss, but I know too much, and for me the days of idle observance are passed. I must raise my voice, I must act.

Today was a rough day. I barely pulled into a tempestuous SLC at about 5 pm, after a brutal day on the road. I phoned Jaysun from a gas station in the outskirts of town, and he was home when I got there. First thing he says to me:

-Lucky, damn, you crazy. You gotta tell me everything about SF, but right now, boy, I hope you're ready to party. I gotta work tonight, and you're coming with me.

-Sure no problem. Where we goin?

-Dead Bull Saloon. Put your drinkin shoes on.

-Oh boy

We went to the Dead Bull Saloon. It was about 7 when we got there. I sat myself down on a stool at the bar, and I sat at that barstool for the next ten hours. I drank beer and whiskey, and water. My ride was over. I could hardly believe it. It was so weird, like

a crash course in life. At one moment I am like a monk, a clean and sober angel working my way across the land during the day, a host of Osi, with all His legions at my shoulder, free, happy, a man. And the next I am in the night, accompanied by the devil and his cohorts. I am surrounded by alcohol, tobacco, drugs, things and places I know well. I too searched for the seedier side of life for many of my relatively few years (31). Here I am again, like at home. I have my beer and whiskey in front of me. I stare down into them. How many of these have I had in my day? Many. It's another part of me, one I am leaving behind on my move to greener pastures. Yet here I am. I feel great. I feel like the king of the world. I feel so empowered, like I'm the baddest dude around. Why? I don't know. I feel alive, like things are happening for me, like things matter, and I'm not just going through the motions.

Jaysun introduced me to Shelley. She was a cocktail waitress at the Dead Bull, and I could tell by her demeanor that she was the finest thing around, by how she carried herself, how she looked at me when Jaysun said to her "Hey Shelley, this is my friend Lucky from San Francisco. He just rode his bike here from SF. He's a burner like you are. Why don't you take him outside and smoke him out". She looked at me, smiled coyly, and said "Alright". Ah, sweet, lovely Shelley.

I'm looking around in this bar. I observe the people. I feel like I'm in Sweden, and yet, I'm only here in SLC, USA. Yes, here was created a utopic society, a Shangri La, and no, they are no happier for it, though none would scarce say it, or leave. In any case, Jaysun and his buddies all treated me like a king the whole time I was there, but I did my part. They're not Mormons, they are imports, like the Tongans, to do the manual labor. Like the imported Tongans, they infused energy, color, soul, what this place hungers for, lusts for. We are like a spider that slowly sucks the juice from its prey.

Shelley became my second guide in SLC, after Jaysun and his girlfriend Danielle. She paid a lot of attention to me, and I didn't know how to read it; I'm not used to that much attention. I think there is still some residual halo over my head from the ride. I was up till 6 am that night. I sat at the bar till closing time at 2, and then the staff had a party that lasted till 6. I smoked weed all night with Shelley and some of her friends. I was afraid I'd just drop down from fatigue and inebriation, but I made it all the way through. I said to Jaysun "Jaysun, I just rode my bike 1000 miles to be here, and you ain't getting

me drunk. I'll bet you a thousand bucks". To which he said "Ahh, shut up and drink your beer. Here's another one. DRINK IT". It was a great night.

For 4 days did they try to get me drunk, and never did they succeed. It's not that I didn't drink, I did, it's just that I felt the poison of the alcohol in my veins, and I fought it, and it didn't really affect me like it used to. For 4 nights I swallowed their poison, rampant and a large problem in this make-believe Utopia. For 4 days we drank, and they fell around me, but I stood. I had to have time for everything. Had to have time for the fellas, for the booze, and for the girl. The girl, that was the best part. She turned out to be a sweetie pie. They were all great. I loved them all, I just kind of wondered about them. Not as people, but as what they, we, were given as life to digest.

Them poor Utahns, in a way I feel sorry for them, utopia and all. They insulate themselves, and then the drugs begin. And Mormon, like a big father, regulates all his children's drinking and debauch. He wants what's best for them, but someone, somewhere, will rebel. I was taken to a titty bar, and I saw 5 girls with bleached hair and fake tits, trying to look like Barbie. I felt really bad for them. I saw the blankish look in the their eyes, and in many of the locals' eyes as well. I saw the famous, eroded, denigrated, degenerated D.I.P., the "Drunk Indian Posse". I saw the broken down dream of the angels of the Earth. I had a fantabulous drunken time, reminiscent of my younger days in the seedy dives of all the cities I've ever been to. Perhaps the insulation creates the camaraderie, that and the booze.

There was Sullivan the impassioned bartender, Danielle Jaysun's girlfriend, Adam, Josh, and Nick some of Jaysun's boys, Sarah Shelley's friend, Anisa Jaysun's dog, Dano another bartender, Jaysun, me, and, of course, sweet Shelley. Sweet young double Scottish Shelley Shannon McCleod McClennan. We were giving each other eyes from the start, from the moment we saw each other. Two weeks fasting from the smoke, the heavenly smoke that brings one closer to oneself, broken by Shelley. Jaysun did the rest, what with being the bartender and all. I'm learning to control my poison. It is mental as much as physical. I don't get "fucked up" no more, and I certainly don't smoke the herb to get fucked up. I smoke it to get high, I drink to be social. Long ago did I learn the meaning of drinking alone, of being with my self. I have altered myself long enough, and I have succeeded in breaking the vicious cycle. I am now a free man, no longer a slave.

People fear those who are unafraid. I hear Muhammad Ali, claiming he is no slave, and I hear his words, their intent. I have the same intent.

How could a Utahn, a busy bee, ever understand? Or perhaps they do, and they seclude themselves for it, from the slavery, the pain, the death. After all, within the union, they are operating under their own theocratic totalitarian discretion. Have they truly left all the bullshit behind? Are they truly enlightened, superior creatures because of their purification, their mores and codes? Only the development of their children will tell. This country eats her young. In all places are the children being driven insane. Will the Utahns survive, or will they become extinct like the once mighty Uti sea, whose deceased skeleton they now inhabit. Is there any merit to their story, that of the Nephites and the Lamanites, two lost tribes of Israel immigrated to the New World 600 years before the time of Christ? All things may contain a grain of truth, but I feel it is not old enough, not ancient enough. Still, what do I know. The only thing that I do know is that if a man is better than me, it is not because he has blond hair or blue eyes, or because he's black, or Chinese, or Jewish, but rather what is within the man, what I may not see that will make him better. I know them, I seen them, I know they ain't no better. I know they get fucked up, and eat flesh, indulge in debauch, don't control themselves, their animal hungers, just like anyone else.

They ain't better than me, and I don't look like them. Oh what a huge and miserable scam. Something like that will be punished severely when the time is right, by the right authorities. It is not the job of man to judge, it is the job of man to learn. The job of judge is reserved for other, more knowledgeable entities, of which we do not yet know. Crimes against the sovereignty of God must be punished by the emissaries of God, not by mere measly man, a force not capable of handling the massive amounts of information needed to discern the real from the contrived. Would our true Mother purify us, have us all be white? Or is it the mark of Cain, the one who suffers from lack of light? This one is sacrificed indeed. Should a mother be ashamed of her child? Should a father? It is enough to look, in order to see the truth, the reality of things. It is only when man begins to think, that he muddies the picture. He begins to think with his feeble mind, he begins to reason, and he enters into error, into folly. And then this folly is passed down along the lines of descendents through the ages, and someone will inherit a world so out of balance, it is no

longer sustainable along traditional lines. And then we are born, those that will see this time of the righting of ancient wrongs.

But I don't know why I pick on the Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints. Really, all religions are meant to harness the honest man's energy. Most of the western world is of a religion based on Judaism: Christian, Mormon, even Muslim. These ideologies are all founded on the Jewish bible, which of course was taken from more ancient sources. They're all the same, these methodologies, but there are the elite and the scum. We are casted; just hope you're not one of the untouchables. You know, those who are in power aren't superior, they're just in power.

5/12

The next day, the day after my arrival in SLC is Sunday, May 12, Mothers Day. Jaysun was kind enough to invite me to lunch at his mother's house. We went there early, ate some chicken and mashed potatoes, watched a Lakers game, and chilled out. I was pretty hung over the whole day, but it was nice to be with some nice people. Everybody I met here treated me good. After lunch at mom's, we went to visit his grandmother. I was down for the whole trip. Jaysun is my host, he was kind enough to invite me, and I accepted the invitation, so I was happy. I took the opportunity to recover. Jaysun's got the whole day off, so we just chilled.

After grandmas, he took me to the island in the middle of the lake. From here one can really admire the glorious mountains that form the backdrop for this gorgeous city. The Wasatch Range of the Rockies. It is really quite breathtaking, stunning. I wanted to get up close to the lake, to actually get to it, to see how salty it really was, but I didn't have the nerve to taste it. I saw that there were some little creatures living in it, which meant that it's not salty enough to exclude life, like in the Dead Sea. I once saw a documentary on that sea, and it is so salty, that it even squeezes out the oxygen in the water, causing no rust to form on metallic objects. Salt would accumulate on the bottom of boats at an incredible rate, but the Great Salt Lake was not like that, apparently.

5/13

Today is Monday the 13th. We putted around SLC on our bikes today, and I got to know a bit of this fine Mormon city. We barbequed at Sullivan's back yard, smoked some weed, and spent a relatively mild, chilled out day. Tonight is Amber's 30th birthday party at some club, and I'm not particularly excited about heading back into some noisy club after the last couple of nights at the Dead Bull, but it is a friend of Jaysun's and all the kids, and that's what's happening tonight. Everybody's great here. They've been showing me a great time, and the weather and surroundings are truly a heavenly thing. Maybe someday, if the situation is right, maybe I can come live here in this idyllic location, favored above all others on the Earth. What a place. A testimony to the glory of God. Truly worthy of angels, if they do indeed exist.

5/14

Tuesday the 14th. Hiking up in the Wasatch Mountains all morning with Jaysun, Danielle, and Sullivan. After that, we sucked down 4 pitchers of beer at some beer garden full of leather clad motorcycle types at the foot of the mountains. Expensive bikes, bleach blondes, ragged leathers, lots of beer. This is America. This is what America stands for, these are our freedoms. This morning I woke up feeling under the weather, but like everything will be ok. My energy is focused, I must now remain positive, work hard and stay alive. I will get what I want, I dreamt it last night. Last night I was given the formula to attainment, the formula to drive out the heathen within me. It is the light. I must walk in the light to obtain what I want. Always believe. Believe. Always believe. Where there is a will, there is a way, and my head clears up already. The mists of darkness clear away.

Seven is the number of creation. Seven joins the cycles. It is three, the number of the heavens, and four, the number of the Earth. The Egyptian pyramids display this knowledge. Seven is creation, creation is perfection. It alludes to the fact that man is complete within himself. Only through the vagaries of life does he forget this fact, and become incomplete, forever searching his roots. To obtain completion, one can either go forward, or back, as all moves in cycles. We live in a 7 plane World, according to the theosophists. Seven abounds everywhere. The seven levels of the seven rings. There are only 6 separate individual rings and levels, and the seventh brings them all together, completes the cycle, and the eighth begins anew. Seven is the creation. Ascension.

Who were the ancients? They were us, but different. Their minds were wired not as ours are, but different. They were us as children. How many 2000 year periods are there before the phoenix will consume itself? The prophecy has come full circle, it is impelled by a greater force. I feel this, this is my truth, my reality. The thing to remember is that, despite everything, there is a string of truth that binds us all. No matter the frills, or all the decorations, the truth remains the same. It is unimpeachable, infallible. Something *did* and *does* happen, and only our perception changes. Only the way we view it changes.

There is truth extant on this plane, and we cannot see it because our eyes, our minds are limited. For this we need the *Mind's Eye*. Only with *it*, may we see the hidden,

the concealed. As with everything, there is the revealed and the concealed. In due time, all shall be revealed, to each when he be ready, and not a moment sooner. My own development could be in early stages or late, it matters not which. I could be a babe, or an ancient. The closer to completion, the clearer I will see, this is natural. I know I am not mired in the middle, learning Earth's 3rd dimensional lessons. I am removed from this, alas, as it would seem I have been here before, as the lessons seem pre-programmed. And thus I prepare; always more work to do. I learn, but never enough, there is always more. Ah, beloved Socrates. Must continue forward, everyday more focused. *ALLAH*.

I stride atop the Wasatch Mountains, looking about me as at some point Brigham Young must have done as he led his ragged band of purified settlers across the land. It is a mind-boggling sight to see. A stationary man, standing atop a mountain, is moving, relative to the universe, at a greater rate than a man standing in the depths of a precipitous valley, taking into consideration the rotation of the Earth. There is motion, though it be not apparent to us, mere mortals as we are. This motion creates kinetic energy. Mountaintops are powerful places for humans to be. Our imperfect eyes can see more, for one, and our orbit around the Earth is at a greater amplitude. More space is covered. This must have an effect on our existence. Motion relative to the axis of the Earth. We are electrons further out from the nucleus, more volatile, the potential reward could be greater. And yet, here we are, oblivious to the hidden workings of our universe. Sometimes, only sometimes, do I feel like this world opens up to me.

If the Merkaba of our existence is not running, it is poised for motion, awaiting the next level of awakening. At this next level, the phoenix shall rise from the flames, and all shall be born anew, after its old shell has been consumed. The significance of the crab, who sheds her shell for a larger one when she is ready, leaving behind her a limp carcass. This action has deep mystical implications. It is no less than a living example of the cycle of death and rebirth, the phoenix rising up from the flames. Cosmic existence, Cosmic thought, the Cosmic Man, this is where we are headed. Cosmic, baby, Cosmic.

As Brigham saw the Wasatch, so must Moses have seen the Pyramids in Egypt. The angles of the pyramid rising upward represent human growth. The pyramid culminates in the all-seeing Eye of God. Is this what human growth culminates in? The

four-sided base represents creation, the four creative forces brought together to create the upper three, the triangular shape of the pyramid. These upper three symbolize the divine, cuz three, that's the magic number. Water is like our immortality because it rises up to the heavens in a mist we cannot see. All sedimentary particulates are left behind. The Sun only brings the pure aspect back up to itself. It is like our rebirth, in that it only manifests itself in its return to Earth. Of the four sides of the pyramid, one side represents water, the moral nature, which represents the choices we have to make to live our lives as humans. Water is the essence of the feminine, and therefore it is a blindfolded woman who holds the scales of justice in her hands. Only through making these difficult moral choices do we learn. Choices are the basis of our lives, because we can do anything we want, as exemplified by the Crowleyan ethos.

Do we understand the basis of this theory? On this Earth, people are suited to different needs. This therefore creates their destiny, but one does not lead to the other. All is extant at once, and only because of the rotation of the Earth (i.e. movement, which takes time), do we sense the limitations of time. In actuality, all things are from others, and lead to others. All is One, All is related. The dual world is illusion, and only the World of unity is truth, but alas, we as the people who populate this Earth have to know our own limitations. And what exactly are they? First and foremost, we are beings created by a higher order, in essence created by an intelligence with the power to create order out of chaos. We must understand, and humble ourselves before this power. We are limited before the laws of existence, the laws of balances, cycles, and learning. We are limited by our lack of memory of spiritual things, but these things are not our enemies. Rather we must befriend them, and strive to better educate ourselves to our true nature of divine derivation. Man, and all life, is sacred, and it should be treated as such.

The U.S. is exactly like ancient Egypt. To the uninitiated, of which I am yet one, nothing would seem amiss, but instead there are secret societies of many varieties which abound the land. This country was founded by people who were trained in the true history of our Earth, to the best of their knowledge. This information is kept confidential, and is not divulged to the public. We have been lied to. No one speaks of the importance of the pyramids in the open, and yet it contains the origins of the Masons, our founding fathers. As in Egypt, the initiated, the Magi, keep the information for themselves, out of the reach

of the general populace. Like the ancient enlightened Magi, they too shall perish. The knowledge, however, shall remain. Eternal thought is like energy, it cannot be created or destroyed. It can only change from one form to another, that is, from one receptacle to another.

Tonight is my farewell party at the Dead Bull Saloon. On the night of Amber's party, Shelley dutifully introduced me to all her friends, and played coy. I sensed that there was a little something between her and Sullivan, but he's damaged goods, tortured by failed love elsewhere, and she has a fairy-like quality of aloof superiority over the whole crowd that she presides. At some point in the night, she tried to slough me off to her friend Sarah, but I'm glad I didn't bite. I'm learning. Stick it out to the end, and reap the rewards. She is a lovely girl, Shelley, and what with the beauty of SLC, altogether an enticing package, but I'm passing through, like on business you could say. Got things to do. Maybe in another lifetime, who knows. In any case, sometimes it's just about feeling the love, the proximity of a human body, the warmth, the radiating energy, the breath of life, in emulation of the life-giving breath of God. Oh dearest Shelley, how I do love you this moment, how my heart reaches out to you, to warm the coldest, deepest, darkest crevasses of your lonely aching soul. But alas, I would fill it with my own pain, own loneliness. It is this to which our lives drive us. We are naught but wayward particles of energy in the lonely freezing cosmos, waiting for a chance encounter with another life body with which to share our loneliness. Let us be One, if only for a moment. Let us taste the sweet nectar of human contact in love while we may, for the next day we may be adrift again in the open sea of universal existence.

15/5

Wednesday, May 15th. Last night I spent the night with lovely Shelley. Party at the Dead Bull, and then we went to her place at 4:30 am. It was nice, if only because for a short moment we were together, and not alone. Two kids, wrapped in the protection of a loving embrace, filled with the dread of soon parting like the particles of energy that we are, longing to change the ways of the Heavens and Earth. At 9 this morning she dropped me off at Jaysun's house. We said our farewells, said I'd be back on my way home to California. The usual. The particles have separated and resumed their former paths to wherever it was they were headed in the first place. No harm is done, no foul committed. This is the way of our World, lonely and melancholy, but with brief instances of warmth and beauty, justifying all the heartache and mirthlessness. Empty, and yet fulfilled.

Today I resume the road to Denver. When I got to Jaysun's, I packed my stuff, loaded my bike, and headed out the door. Had to leave old Jaysun a note, cuz he and Danielle were snoring away like a pair of satisfied grizzlies in the deepest winter.

Yo, catch you on the way back, my friend, and thanks for all the laughs and good times. Love ya babe. We'll talk soon. -Lucky

I rented a car, one that I could return the next day in Denver. Took off at 10:00 am, and drove for 9 hours, 500 miles, through the Rockies, on no sleep. Ah, the Rockies of my youth, it was like a homecoming, and I was decidedly excited, and half dead from the night before. Pedro's getting married, and I want to be there tonight. This was my target night to arrive in Denver. The whole drive I was kind of in a daze. I think that one of the human pleasures in this day and age on our entire planet is to road trip through the United States, what with all her fantastic highways and modern concessions. I've driven up and down, all around this great nation. Love it. Like nothing else on Earth.

Everybody on Earth should have access to this type of lifestyle. Man can live a civilized life without having to equate everything to dollars and cents, I'm sure of it. There must be other things of value than just to work for money. A man is defined by his actions, but I don't think that refers to his job, rather all the cumulative actions of his life,

and how these actions affect the life balance on Earth, whether the individual can see the effect he causes or not. That is, like the butterfly that flaps her wings here in America, which leads to the storm that happens across the seas in Asia. And the little creature is not to be blamed for the havoc that it innocently causes, and yet, by their actions are they known. We live in a world of cause and effect, and a man blind to the effect of his own actions is like a loose cannon.

It is not the man of knowledge who is held in highest esteem by the Lord, but the man of sincerity. A man of knowledge and sincerity? He could be King. Fear is the only real destroyer of people. Conquer fear, and one conquers all. All things are done out of either love, or fear. Do things out of love, not fear, and see how your life changes. All things are related; as above, so below. When I am questioned about my deeds, only then will I be freed from these Earthly fetters that chafe my body and soul. The high and the low, the bird and the snake, two in one, yes and no... I am completely insane, and yet totally sane at the same time. How can this be? Because I reverberate to my own frequency, move to the beat of my own drummer. I am not dependent on others to dictate for me what my reality should be. For these reasons am I (+) and (-) at the same time. Sane and insane, all things rolled into one, and yet not masterless am I. For something have I been chosen. Fully respectful, I go about my business.

Getting back to what I was thinking about yesterday, is Egypt really akin to America? Naturally, since all things happen in cycles, since time is really an illusion, allowed to exist by the motion of the universe. Without this motion is stasis. Stasis is the lack of movement, lack of movement does not require time. And yet all is one, so both time and movement are illusions, and have to be made manifest in spiral coils such as the strand of DNA. The three illusions? Physical existence, time and motion. Motion is relative to time, and physical existence is relative to motion. Physical existence is therefore relative to time. Time travel is therefore theoretically possible on Earth, as we manipulate the rate of our movement relative to the motion of the Earth. By bringing the poles together, existing in a state of everywhere at all times can time travel be achieved. By only accepting the totality of truth. $E=mc^2$.

The only true knowledge a man may have on this plane is knowledge of the Most High. This shall form the foundation-stone to any enterprise man dare undertake. Only

from here may man truly begin to learn the ways of man, and the ways of the universe. Through the use of our higher minds do we affect the outcome of things. To man shall be given what he wishes. Through focus and directed effort, through belief and expectation may one achieve one's ambitions, never forgetting that the Most High helps those who help themselves. Help yourself, the Lord will communicate to you through your own actions. When one is inspired, one is being graced by God. Everything works for a reason. All is ordered. The Master Builder and His light keep all things from spinning off askew, all life from exploding into bits of unrelated matter.

Satan, through his travels and endeavors, has criss-crossed up and down the Earth as its King, Rex Mundi. Lucifer is the revealer and the concealer of truth. There is the positive and the negative, two opposing quadrants on the grid created by the cross, and the circle is squared. The Earthly and the Heavenly symbolize this duality. All things are cyclical, there are no coincidences or luck. All things shall be turned on their end. Because as observers we may always affect the outcome, it is for this reason that we must think right thoughts, speak right words, and do right deeds. The knowledge of the Most High is the first lesson to be taught to man. We are taught symbols, and all symbols are maps. It is within human grasp to read these maps, keep a bead on the light. Now it is up to us to remain alive. In doing so, we learn, we learn to shine our light upon the Earth. We save ourselves.

Man is doomed until he realizes his Earthly powers. Keep a bead on the light, on the Most High, and the light will remain with one. True illumination is the knowledge of the balance, the knowledge of the balance leads to all other sciences. These, therefore, are the portals into the elevated, exalted levels of human existence. To the limited human intellect, there is mystery in existence, this shall not be denied.

When you were a white child growing up, you were told about white picket land. Those times were completely different than these. You weren't told about our new reality. We must un-stagnate, and learn anew, look at the different functions. I'm a stranger in a strange land. A slight paranoia begins to get hold of me. I am not who I seem to be. On the surface I appear one thing, underneath lies a whole other thing entire. I will be labeled, we will be crucified. I will no longer utter the words, as what we speak shall come back to haunt us. The Christ was crucified on the universal symbol, the All-

Inclusive, like Odin, Osiris. This is what he taught. Exude harshness, and you will be taught with harshness. The inverted pyramids, Star of David, the place where the two worlds meet. The Earthly and the Heavenly, the duality which together make One, the entirety of which is at once 3 and 1.

In a mad delirium do I travel across the land along I-70. I guess I've lost it, I've gone absolutely insane. I embarked upon this journey to find some grounding, get a grip, bring me back down to reality. Instead, this. But there is a place for people like me, in our own universe, the one we create. And so create I will, and paint, and paint, and paint away to heart's content. The footing grows everyday looser. I know it is the devil sowing fear into my heart, and I will do combat, for no one but the confines of my own brain will keep me from spreading to where I shall go. I am ready. I have all the info at hand. I have fought long and hard, and I have come to *here!* I have traveled all 4 corners of the globe, same as the devil, and I have seen his works. They do not undermine the works of the Lord. Who better than I to bring all 4 corners together at the top of the pyramid.

Knowledge will have its day in the Sun. All prophecies point to this. This is the Apocalypse, when knowledge descends upon the land to banish evil incarnate as ignorance. This is where man is headed. We have been given a map, but we pay no heed, and yet, surely, the day will come. Concealment, secrecy, is a necessary step at certain levels, but it must be overcome. It is like the seed that is buried beneath the Earth, concealed, in darkness, from the sight of man until it is ready to sprout through the earth, of its own accord. Ultimately, we are all in the same boat, since we are all men and women of flesh and blood, seeds sown in fertile menstrual clay. A time of concealment is necessary because channels for sabotage too are open and unguarded. And yet revelation is the goal, the end to which we strive. To be a complete human, one must study and learn all aspects of creation and being. Always remembering the light of God, to create, is to create a thinking man, where previously only a reacting husk had been. To raise man from the base level, to the middle level in the Temple of Salomon. From the middle level to the topmost is a task for masters. This is creation. In this way can one partake in the creation of oneself.

There is a key, it is the acceptance of a higher power, and of mystery. It is acceptance of a source of intelligence greater than man, so much greater that man may not even comprehend it. This is the seed. From here does learning reach out towards the light in an effort to refine and appease the soul. It is better to learn/teach knowledge for one hour of the day than it is to pray all night. Here is the richest symbology. I have a pyramid, I am a builder, natural born. I am searching for a piece of the glory, the glory of Allah. Behold! The ancient old one, the one of whom they spoke. Deaf, dumb, and blind, those who do not hear the word of God, speak the law of God, or see the works of God. The deaf, dumb, and blind. Am I making this up?

I am not a man to join a group and listen to their doctrines. It would be the wedge between God and myself. Nemesis - the Greek personification of retribution and justice. Retribution for those who do not live up to their obligations. Nemesis is the judgment. Why do I feel like I have been pushed? Because God pushes us. What I have learned, man has taught me, yet indeed, it has been God who has shown me the way. God who knows, and who wants us to be strong enough to uphold our duties. Duties of love, respect, discipline, learning, ascension. Because we deny the existence of God, means we fear It. Were we not fearful, we would be sure to embrace It wholeheartedly. It is a well full of life-giving water. It has been near, underfoot, all along. God created man from a dry blood clot. It added water.

Finally pulled into Denver at 7 pm, parched and beaten down. It had been an exhausting, grueling day, and the second thing I did after I got out of the car was put my bike back together to show the fellas the vehicle which had carried me as far as SLC. The first thing I did was smoke a fat blunt with the boys. Finally, I made it to my destination, Pedro's place, for his wedding. The guys wanted to check out my ride, take a spin around the block, so we did that for awhile. Andy stacked and almost totaled my bike. Afterwards, Pedro took us all out for dinner and drinks. It was a pretty quiet, non-eventful night, but I was entirely worthless throughout. We went to Pedro's favorite punk hangout in Denver, forget what it's called. We got back to the crib at about 1:30. I pitched my tent in the back yard, since the house was stuffed full o' fools for the wedding, and crashed like a ton of bricks. Tomorrow we're heading up to the mountains, A-Basin, to get some shredding in. We're also gonna meet up with Grog up there, who's coming in from

Chicago. I'm taking the rental, but I think I may pass on the snow sports. No interest, and more importantly, no cash. Lights out for today.

I had dreams in the night. I know I'm the type of person to tip the balances. I've seen it a few times in my life, when they key in on me, try to make an example of me. It's hard to sink into the background, into the shadows from whence we come. Shadowy men from a shadowy planet. The shadows and the light: which is our true home? It seems that one part springs from one end, and the other from the other. Jekyll and Hyde. The yin, the yang, the chess board. The game of life. I was angry, I embarked on a voyage across the land. I was lurking in the shadows, and I was angry because beyond the shadows I knew that there resides light. I must eradicate anger from my life, and in so doing, gain infinite strength. I could see this light, it was available to me, and yet I ever grasped for it in anger. I needed to gain further understanding, and yet, a blind understanding is a thing of the past. I cast it off as a crab casts his old, outgrown home. If you fear it, you will cause it to happen, drawing it to you like as with a psychic winch. It is the fears within me that I must strive to squash. The fears. These are the demons in the shadows of the psyche of man. When we fear them, we give them life, make them happy. To not fear is to murder the demons within, a wholesale slaughter in the battlefield of the human soul.

Here the devil reigns unseen, and thus appearances rule, illusion is king. Our modern society does not hold God close to the heart because it would necessarily take money out of our pockets. Never mind that money can't buy you happiness or love. Here we worship what we see, and as a result, our beautiful civilization sets itself up for destruction. Though we evolve, our passage is not yet complete.

To live the good life, where is the crime? Ah, yes, but at what cost? With great power comes great responsibility. What have we forgotten? What is it that we are missing that sets us upon the perishable course? Unfortunately we live in a leaderless society where no one steps forward to impose moral authority. Because our Earthly egos have become so bloated, anyone with a claim to such authority is ridiculed off the stage. Our traditional spiritual and moral leaders have seen their authority eroded from utter and total lack of credibility. They have humiliated themselves, and continue to do so, at a frighteningly increasing rate. The same can be said for Jesus the Christ 2000 years ago.

Really, the obtuse nature of humanity threatens to shackle us to the bane of primitivity. People do not want to live under rigid law. All the methods we have used are designed to keep the masses in control. How does one design a program by which the masses may ascend?

Truly, the proponents of our modern society have labored long and hard to bring us what they have, to bring us to where we are as humans today. It has truly been a Herculean task to bring us out of the mud and the pits we were in 150 years ago. The so-called white man's burden has been borne with resolve and with pride. It would be absurd to claim that man has not elevated himself under the command of our modern masters. Where is the line drawn? Perhaps it was the power that corrupted us. Perhaps we set out on a noble mission, but somewhere along the way we forgot what that was. What is it anyway, our mission? Where to would our leaders take us? Where to is it that we want to go? As a governed humanity, do we have a mission statement, other than simply to try to be good individuals? Is it business, commerce, global economy? And *then* what? Can we say that it is true progress, what we have achieved?

Do I disrespect the efforts and sacrifices of our forefathers in questioning? And what about the billions of starving humans, what will we do about them, or do we have a responsibility at all with them? Haven't we done enough for the blacks, the Mexicans, the savages of the last centuries? White man's burden indeed. It was true what Hitler said, the white man needed Lebensraum. They found it in America. Can we claim it as our own? Can a man forever claim ownership of a thing that does not belong to him, ignoring the debt he has incurred in its acquisition? The kids are getting angrier. I hear them. I feel their pain, their sense of betrayal. Where did we make a mistake?

We abide by the will of God. Perhaps they are just cosmic cycles not to be questioned, rather observed and learned from. I know that my job is as mere chronicler of our times. Yes, we will move forward, and we will not be eradicated from the planet. From its ashes, like cockroaches will we again arise to continue our evolutionary process until we achieve the necessary knowledge to ascend closer to God, to be part of the creative organizers, instead of those who would be organized. What will be the implement of our destruction? What but our own ego. How will our ego cause this to happen? By turning its back on all that is sacred. Already the word "sacred" has

disappeared from our vocabulary. Here in the United States we no longer know what the sacred is. When we see it, we do not recognize it.

Far from letting up, we are entrenching ourselves even further. Our reign of terror will come to an end, and many will perish to purify the skin of the Earth. She knows Her task is not complete. She knows Her children must be pure and chaste before they may ascend. She knows there is work to be done, and She knows how to go about effecting this work. The key is to learn, through hard work. I am not a harbinger of doom, I don't know why I emit these thoughts. I know it's real. A bejeweled dagger to cut out the evil of the World like a cancerous tumor. The Virgin Mary and Loving Kindness to make sure I do not err from the path of righteousness. She shall keep an eye on me, and keep me company in my loneliness.

Baby, there are strange and powerful demons that lurk in your brain. Do not give them strength. Always with love. I am in danger once again. I feel the danger, see the danger lurking. I will not succumb to it. I will be its master, that deadly fear. The fear of suffering is truly worse than the suffering. I know that with love I will persevere.

Life is the greatest book. Just open your eye and read it. It will make you feel.

Then I awoke.

Thursday, May 16. Got up late, smoked a joint, went to a greasy spoon with the fellas. We all decided on a leisurely pace, since there was no need to rush, and we had all gone to bed pretty sauced the night before. We were all in the highest of spirits. There were 5 of us, me, Pedro, Andy, Turk, and Anthony, Pedro's cousin from D.C. We decided on a half-day in the mountains. Grog is gonna meet us up there at A-basin at noon. That's how it works out. After breakfast, we head into the hills. It was a sweet, short road trip for the fellas, in Pedro's honor.

We smoked fatties the whole way up into the mountains. This was, of course, on my insistence. The little green herb of God, oh, why are you forbidden? Yes, indeed, we must fear you, for you are to be used with love, for it is you, who lets us know, how we really feel. Don't do drugs son, don't fuck yourself up. Oh, no, don't mess yourself up, no, but go higher, yes. Yes, go higher. High above all the illusion, the made up confusion, all part of evolution, a progress into transcendence, nonetheless. We were on a road trip, into the Rocky mountain high. Praise the Lord, now that is a beautiful thing to experience. Any experience in commune with nature is a beautiful one. Nature, our great Mother, She provides the bounty, and everything has its purpose, as do we all. Everything has its purpose, and it is only in the usage, in the intentions, that the danger lie. It is always better to teach the truth, than to conceal it with lies.

Grog got there at noon, about half an hour before we did. All the kids strapped on all their gear and hit the slopes, except for me and Grog. I was almost broke, had enough to get me home in a few days, but not enough to pay for a lift ticket. We sat at the bar and caught up, drank a few beers until about 4, when the kids all showed up again. Another round of beers, a few cheers, a speech by the condemned, and we were heading back down the mountain. I headed down with Grog though, and Pedro drove the rental back.

We didn't have much to do in Denver that afternoon. Pedro was all tied up with the arrangements for the wedding, the boys were all beat, so Grog and I decided we were gonna head into Boulder to visit Franky Biggio, off Lee Hill road, up in Sugarloaf mountain. For old times sake, we went into the Tub, the restaurant on the Hill, and ate a

pizza, drank a couple more beers. Reminiscenced about the good ol' times, rehashed a few names, and continued our trek up to see Franky. After about an hour of failed attempts to find Franky's god-forsaken pad hidden way up in the hills, at about 8000 feet, we finally had to call him to come down and meet us at the Bus Stop, where we decided to stop and wait, and have a beer or two while watching the naked girls dance. These were a little more natural than the ones in SLC had been. We didn't stay there long.

Twenty minutes straight up into the canyon, 2500 feet up, to a pretty swanky pad: weed, beer, huge hot tub, gorgeous view of the canyon, which I couldn't see because it was night when we got there. I rolled a blunt for the three of us, cracked open a beer, stripped down, got into the hot tub. It was a beautiful thing, really, but I got so much on my mind, so many thoughts flooding through, it's hard to relax. I'm thinking about Pedro, thinking about myself, my ride, what I'm doing. It's all so confusing, but I think in the end, what I'm doing is waiting and seeing. Waiting and seeing what the hell is really gonna happen, because I know it's gonna pan out way different than what they say it is. More and more kids are gonna go crazy, especially in the more messed up countries, where they're getting poorer, but even here too. Strange things are in the air, and I don't trust a word they say to me, these authorities. They are compromised, they need to comply to their demands for funds. They need to maintain the status quo, and they will make an enemy out of the world, duplicate the number of their enemies in a fell swoop. They *need* to make an enemy out of the world, it is their business, their bread and butter.

We called Joey, Franky's buddy up in Jersey with whom we had all road tripped to Mardi Gras 10 years earlier. Retold old stories, relived old laughs, ripped on the same old cats. Franky's having a full blown party tomorrow, all the old cats are gonna be there. Pedro and I used to be in the gang, but we're gone, lost contact already. They were rough times for me, with the old gang. I was glad when I left to go to SF, able to leave some of the old demons behind. It is a homecoming of sorts, to be here in Colorado, since I grew up here for awhile, and a bittersweet one at that, for this was the site of many of the failures of my youth, many of which I am in no way proud. It brought back mixed feelings in me. Ultimately, it was all a part of my growing up, my personal evolution, and I have to be ok with all of it, as I am. But sometimes it's hard to ignore the strange taste that some experiences leave in the mouth.

Memories of youth flooding back into my head, memories from a time when I was lost, useless, ignorant, learning. Mixed feelings. I've learned too much to fall back into that trap again. I am repulsed by the excesses of my past, the excesses of the privileged. Yet, these memories overcome me, and I feel powerless, as if my knowledge, my philosophy, my process becomes null and void here, at the battleground that saw my greatest failures as a human being. Franky and Grog talk about the old times, they laugh, they cry, they remember it with fondness and glee, but I am stunned. I am lost here, and reality becomes hazy. All my past failures come rushing back to the fore of my consciousness. I don't know what it is, but it threatens to make me weak, to suck me back into that morass of delusion in which at one point I found myself mired. No way. I've learned, I know what's up, and I'm not falling prey to this whack mentality again. I know it was I that floundered, I know it was my fault, but I ain't letting it get me down again. I'm stronger than all this crap. I'll leave it at that, won't cry over spilt milk, and continue with the true narration of the current events at hand. Crashed out late, somehow unsatisfied, thinking about redemption, unsatisfied.

5/17

Friday, May 17. I got up at like 8:30, anxious to get back to Denver, to Pedro's place, hang with my boy in his last few days as a free man. Franky had split for work awhile ago, so it was just me and Grog. We got up slow made a cup of coffee, checked out the splendid morning view. After this, I went down to load the car so we could split. And then... no, I did it, I did it. Crap, I did it, I locked the keys in the freaking car. Un-effing-believable. Stuck way the hell up here in bumblefuckegypt, no way. FUCK!!! It's happening again, losing all composure in this God-forsaken place. No wait, could happen to anybody, calm down, keep cool, stay composed. Just call a locksmith, kick back, roll another fatty, and let everything fall into place of its own accord. I wanted to get back to Denver to hang out with Pedro, that's why I pedaled my ass over here, and instead I'm stranded in the boondocks, feeling like an ass, remembering all the bullshit I went through in Colorado. Called Pedro, told him the deal, and, as expected, he laughed, told me to be down in Denver at 4 pm for the wedding rehearsal, and to be cool.

It took the locksmith 2 hours to get here, but he did, opened the car in 2 minutes, and I was grateful, gave the man a \$5 tip. Whole thing cost me 40 bucks I didn't have, but oh well, I'll deal with the bills when I get back to Cali. Right now I am far from home, face to face with some of my old nemeses. Everything worked out for the best. We split from Lee Hill road finally at 11 am, and were in Denver by noon. At Avis they reimbursed me the \$35 I paid for the locksmith, but not the 5 I gave the guy. Starting to calm down again, regain some of my composure, be cool. I am, after all, not the same kid that left here almost 10 years ago, tail between the legs, wishing never to return. I have slain most of the demons that haunted me, I am in control of myself now.

Turns out Pedro's busy with the fam anyways, and me and Grog got the early afternoon to do as we please in any case, so really, no harm was done, and everything seems to be realigning itself back in my favor, as I have come to be accustomed to in the last few years, in contrast to my turbulent life as a youth.

We ended up meeting Don Berg at Hectors. Don's great. He's got two kids, a job, a side gig as a stand-up comic in town, and he looks great. Same old solid Don. He was always there in the old days, but he was a source of grounding, a solid guy, I had no

qualms with him. Even Franky I respected, and all the guys. It was really me that I'd had a problem with. It was my own weakness, my own shortcomings that had led to all my problems, with alcohol, with drugs, with the police and with the lying, the cheating, the depression, the whole thing. It was me, but I needed a clean break, a new start in order to compose myself, and that's what I did. I'm back at the scene of the crime, all is forgotten, but I remember where I have been, what I have learned, who I have become. Everything is as it should be. At 4 pm we were back at Pedro's for rehearsal. Grog took off again for Boulder, to see all the old cats at Franky's party tonight, cuz he's not an officer in the wedding. Somehow I wish I could head up there too, but I'm happier here, where I feel the love from my boy, where there is love in the air, where we prepare for a special occasion. Let the celebration begin!!!

The whole wedding crew was there. Steve Turk, Andy Sold, Pedro's sister Lisa, Anthony, Maria the bride-to-be, and a sister of Maria's, and the preacher, who was also one of Pedro's friends. Turk is the designated best man, having known Pedro the longest. I'm the best man, second-in-command, and Andy is third in command; that's the way it has to be. Pedro's old buddy Odin Clark was there, and Eric Sanchez, an old gang stalwart that I hadn't seen in years. Eric and I had been great friends, but a falling out from the strain of the times had put a damper on our relationship in the last few years. I wanted to blame Eric for some of my failures, for getting me involved in a bunch of crack-pot schemes that I normally would have had nothing to do with, and even for putting me in the hospital with a drug overdose once, but it had all been my doing. To blame Eric would have been to not accept my own responsibilities. In the end, I love Eric, he was a good friend of mine, and now I only hope he pulls through with his own problems. He looks good, sounds good, thank goodness.

We got straight to the business of rehearsal. My boy Pedro has his three boys by his side, and the beautiful bride-to-be, Maria, is flanked by her two maids-of-honor. Her first maid was her sister Nancy, and her second... I was slightly stunned by her second maid of honor. Along steps this tall, strapping woman, drop-dead gorgeous, with dark auburn hair, blue-green eyes, fair-skinned with sunny freckles. When I saw her, she almost brought tears to my eyes, so pained were her own. She strutted into Pedro's back

yard with the gallant stride of a thoroughbred horse, head held up high, a distant, aloof look in her eye. Oh, what a perfect sight of dissatisfaction and disaffection. My heart ached for her almost instantaneously.

As she walked toward us, I realized she had a defiant attitude to boot. Somehow, she didn't look all quite there. Her eyes were small and narrowed, looked weak. Tall, statuesque, gorgeous, entirely damaged, like a wounded bird, or angel. She gave us all an impression of a brilliant aura, and I know that it was felt by at least all the groomsmen, because we all exchanged glances, as if to say "*Who is that?*" Immediately Turk turns to me and says "Dude, you gotta hit that, you *gotta*, do it for me, I'm a married man". Andy was looking at me, telling me the exact same thing with his eyes. She did cause quite a stir, I must admit, but I didn't see how it would work out. Still...

Can I explain the type of love I seek? Is it women such as her that I search for, a wounded animal, such that we may convalesce together with a mutual licking of wounds? Who is healthy in our society, devoid of broken dreams and improbable illusions? I'm done with jumping into beds and relationships for all the wrong reasons, done with contributing fuel to the fire of our discontent. And yet, it is not the child, the heat, the proximity that I deny, rather the heartless approach. It is my own disease, one that comes from within. I see now, my gaze encompasses an entire sphere. I see how a flap of my butterfly wings causes a storm far beyond the horizon. I seek the warmth, I need the warmth, I need the resistance to my light, such that I may feel myself alive. There must be a proper way to do it, there must be a right way. I will accept love for a day, if it bring happiness to the person I touch, but I will not seek to embolden myself through the abuse of those incapable of defending themselves. It must be a thing of invitation, and acceptance, a civilized exchange. I'm not perfect, I just know what I want.

She sauntered into the back yard, and Maria introduced to us her friend Rachel. She lingered her look upon each of us, the best-men, for a second or two longer than appropriate, as Maria introduced Rachel's mother, and I must admit, I think we were all a little dumb-struck by the sheer beauty, and queerness of the bridesmaid. She was nice, and smiling, but entirely aloof, in a different place. The kind of person I would love to talk to, but she somehow looked dangerous, standoffish. I told the guys I was there to have a good time, and if she fit into those plans, great, but if not, no skin off my back. No

ulterior motive tangent is going to steer me away from celebrating my boy's retirement into the ranks of the "ball-and-chained".

We were still dumb-struck, contemplating the elegance, the grace of the bridesmaid. I saw her steal a couple looks at me, and then, lo and behold, to the stunned amazement of all, she lowers her statuesque body, right in front of the three best-men standing side by side, at our feet, to give Pedro's cat a long and sensual petting. We looked down before us, at the beautiful woman and the yards of milky white cleavage directly at our toes, motionless, only looking at what was apparently a gift to us, from the bottom of her heart. Now she had us all captivated. A show stopper, an entirely enticing creature.

I looked at her, man she was beautiful, but it was maybe that vacancy in her gaze that added to her allure. She really looked like she was from another dimension, better or worse, I don't know. What a strange aura, almost insane. Could she have been driven insane? Another angel, like me, one that has been bashed and beaten. Too good-looking for her own good, a fakey, insincere laugh, a conceited air and seeming distance from Maria. Somehow, for some reason, I got to feeling that Maria had invited her here to meet me. Somehow I see myself mirrored in her, though I have no reason for, and no confidence in, these feelings. Just chalked it up to my usual weakness for beautiful women. I can't give it much thought. I came here to have a good time, to feel the love, celebrate life, and the most beautiful aspects thereof. Pedro is busy getting married, and the best boys are busy hitting it off, having a great time. She proved a minor distraction throughout the whole rehearsal. We were all too busy having fun, but I still couldn't get my mind off her. I think we all had our eyes glued on her, perhaps even me least of all. The blue-green eyes, the fair skin, the dark red hair, I saw them all out of the corner of my eye.

So there we were in Pedro's back yard, rehearsing for the wedding. The three best men, and the two maids of honor. Simple, easy, short in duration. The lovely Rachel, a faraway, distant look in her eyes, playing the part of the vamp temptress, as if on cue. She was still bent down petting the cats, lingering in the position while us lascivious boys glared at her heaven-like exposed flesh, all of us, looking around, agog, at the aloof maiden who blessed us with her presence. Her blue-green eyes seemed so far away, her

tall, rangy body, her milky pale complexion, her own cat-like look of utter indifference made us a little uneasy, a little taken aback. Even the others were rapt in attention at the intriguing girl and her manner. All eyes were on her.

-You gotta go for her man,- I heard them say again -do it for us.

-Yeah, you gotta uphold the honor of the best men. We can't do it, Turk's married, and I got a girlfriend. You're the man for the job.

-That's very noble of you guys. Man, look, if she's cool, and she wants to hang, then so be it. I'm here to have a good time and celebrate. If she wants to be a part of that, great, if not, great, but I'll tell you what, nothing is keeping me from having a blast while I'm here. I rode my bike two thirds of the way here, for crying out loud.

I could feel that love was in the air, and I knew that somehow she was there for me. It was almost like she didn't fit in, like there needed to be a connection to justify her presence. While we all celebrated, she stood aloof. She and her mother seemed to be in their own world. I wasn't fazed. Yeah, I wanted to talk to her, but always on the up'n'up. You know, I wasn't about to put all my good-time eggs in that basket. I'll let it ride, I'll play it cool, like it don't matter to me one iota either way. That was easy, cause it didn't.

After the rehearsal we went to the Wyncoop Brewery for dinner and drinks. Julie and Jason, some friends of Pedro and Maria's, Andy, Turk, and me piled into an SUV, and down we went. The night was young, and we were ready for a little party. At the Wyncoop, we encountered all of the wedding guests. All of Maria's and Pedro's families were there. I kept reminding Pedro:

-Boy, this is your last night as a free man. How you feeling?

I watched Turk mosey on up to the kids table to eat his dinner, Mexican food. He looked so funny over there, in his flashy suit and tie, all serious, at a table with a bunch of 10-14 year-olds. I thought I'd sit at the kids table with him. When I got there, I found he was busy grilling them for all the latest insider info on computer games. Turns out he just got himself a new X-box, and he's breaking the kids down for the info. I got up and meandered around the party for a little bit, but I was still slightly dazed.

Then I start getting reports: Somebody thinks I look like Jesus; Rachel thinks I'm handsome. It's Andy who comes over and reports to me:

-No, I'm serious- he says -she thinks you're hot. I think you're in.

-Dude, work it- chimes in Turk. Somehow he reminds me of Dean Martin, gluey-eyed and smiling, dapper, drink in hand sloshing slightly from side to side.

-Yeah, it don't mean nothing, I heard it all before. Same as always. You see? I wish you wouldn't tell me such things, it goes straight to my head.

I played it down. What, are we still in high school over here? Still, I was having fun now. I was starting to have dreams of conquest, assuming she'd go out and party with us after dinner. In any case, I was ready to be the one to invite her to come along to where ever it was we were going (I had no idea where), when I was a little befuddled to learn that Rachel was no longer there at the dinner. She had gotten a quick bite to eat and gone back to her hotel room with her mom. Oh well, she's probably got a boyfriend back home, or whatever. It's better this way anyway. I ain't sweatin it. I did take the opportunity to ask Maria about her though.

-Does she always have that look about her?

- No, she was fine yesterday. She went out with us and we all had fun. But yeah, I guess she's always been a little aloof.

-Where'd she come in from?

-North Carolina

-How do you know her?

-She's an old friend from Nebraska. We grew up together, then I moved to Denver, and she came out here too, and we rekindled our friendship for a few years, but now she's in North Carolina, and I haven't seen her in about a year.

-So what's her deal then?

-Dude, I don't know. I know she had some problems, like all the rest of us, but I think she went out late last night and got hammered or something. She was fine yesterday. She just showed up today weepy and distant. She went home with her mom a few minutes ago and didn't tell me anything else. You like her? She doesn't have a boyfriend.

-Well, maybe, but she seems a bit odd. I'm just asking.

That night we went out, we partied, we drank, we had a good time, we toasted, we celebrated, everything was great, beautiful, just as I thought it would be. I don't recall the name of the bar we went to, but it was the bar where Pedro and Maria had met, after Chip's wedding. I thought it had been Will Lee's, but it was Chip's. Will Lee, rest in peace. We went home. I went to sleep in my tent in the back yard, but not before Pedro freaked out in a drunken, anxious, nervous stupor, called us all stupid, (which I grant him we were being), and threw everybody who wasn't sleeping there out. He's forgiven, it's his wedding.

This has become a nation of fallen angels. In our youth, we soared high, flew too close to the sun, and our wings were singed. Thereafter, we plummeted to Earth, and have forgotten our divine birthright: wings of angels with which to fly. Instead, we bicker, we quarrel, we cry. Now we know not who we are, not even the first thing about ourselves. All we can remember is our past glory, and on this we dwell, not even really knowing the victories we have obtained, of yore. But we have failed. We have failed in giving credit where credit is due. We have been consumed by our own hubris, and now we know not the true dynamic of life. Instead, we make it up as we go along. Everything we invent as we go, and we have ceased to give thanks. Instead, we feel we are owed. This great Babylon is done. She is finished as we know her, this great creation of our forefathers, for she has gone as far as she will go.

A new day is upon us, a new dawn, and we arise anew, bolstered by what we have learned in our cumulative yesterdays. I see the young angels flying, I see those tainted by age. I see our bright, youthful flying angels being set up for the fall by those down below, those embittered by their own misery at the thought of their reduced state. It is all created by man, and his desire. A puzzle, a puzzle for the inquisitive. The fallen angels, their useless wings clipped like a parrot in a cage, direct life from down below, and few know their true natures. Indeed life has been turned upside down. What then of those who do know, and continue forth along their nefarious paths? These are the Lucifers, the angels deepest fallen, for these are no longer ignorant, no longer meek. Their purity has been bastardized, given up to another ideal, one of slavery and deceit, lies and deceptions. Lucifer, the brightest body in the skies, fallen. That is news. And now Babylon, the

brightest star on Earth, also fallen. Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great, and with her, all her children. Doomed to die a heinous death of hellfire and brimstone, a fate unbecoming an angel.

There are others, angel hatchlings waiting for the cosmic trigger to set them free of their cocoons, avenging angels come to clean up the Earth, set the record straight. The scales shall be balanced, the scouring pad of the Earth shall cleanse her of the putrefactive scourge that dwells upon her once unblemished face. But the scourge of the scourge, the sons of Ba'al, descendents of Lucifer, oh they know themselves, and have grown strong through their own endeavors. It is the earth, the flesh, which allows them to be, for it is in this flesh that disease may hide. These, the limitations caused by the reality of this plane, this allows them to exist, for in the realm of spirit, all is readily evident, and the language of life is One. The diversification, the splintering, the 3-dimensional, this is the plane of the Earth. These descendents of the angels deepest fallen, they will fight for their own survival, as any caged animal. They prepare. They prepare to leave, and hand the reigns to the next epoch of humanity. They are no longer from here, no longer care what happens here on Earth.

Only Earthlings could have the best interest of Earth and all her inhabitants in mind. Somewhere there must be love for self and planet. The perpetrators of crime against these are not from here, but from another plane, another galaxy, aliens with no regard as to what they leave behind. These have perfected the art of the truest swindle: to take the essence of a man without his being aware. Now we are a people without essence. They have robbed it, and we the people defend them, because we know not what else to do, because we have been trained to protect those that seem superior, those that are in charge. The people defend them. Who is them? Who runs our nations, our reality? Look into their eyes and see who is the devil. True justice must be blind and deaf to entreaty, and this task of sifting through the real and unreal becomes more and more difficult. How we wield our words as knives, and how these knives then we use to cut our own heads off. The fake at the expense of the real. Lucifer is in control and he has blinded us, blinded you with the temptations he has emitted through his syrupy tongue and lips. Now we are like those three cute little monkeys: deaf, dumb and blind, to the truth, reality as it truly stands. Man is his own enemy, the Lucifer we carry inside of us.

I seen them, how they throw accusations around, make executive decisions that end people's lives by the thousands. We all seen them. They been doing it for centuries, and now those that fight to save their lives are seen as the aggressors. We are a complex enemy, better prepared, better educated, better armed, and more interested in the belongings of others. It is the dream, the white dream of our forefathers, that the Earth, and everything therein should be bequeathed to us, that we should be the regents of all that our eyes may survey, the same dream the Jews claim as their own, perhaps even all peoples of all times. It has been the dream of the white man since time immemorial, maybe even a memory of forgotten times, when the world was under one dominion, the times of Atlantis, the sunken city made of gold. These are our forebears, ancient masters, and we remember their glory by trying to emulate them, feats of bygone times and places. Wherefrom is it that this hubris springs? It must have a source. Everything has a source. Were they white men, our alien forefathers? Sons of God and daughters of men indeed. Someone must know it. We are not an aberration in the time-space continuum, we are a continuation of it.

Who are you then? You are the follower. You will be forsaken when the time is at hand, for you have been a pawn, used and discarded. We, Babylonians, are being used by our own elite to fulfill ancient prophecy, ancient potential. We are dulled, numbed, tricked and abused, and when the time comes, we shall be refused, for our iniquity, our ignorance, and our hubris. Like lemmings shall we be driven off the cliffs. I watch. I am stationed in another dimension, watching you, as if on TV. I am yelling and kicking and screaming, but you sense me not, as if zombified, just as they would have you be. The plan is working to perfection. We rape and pillage, and steal and desecrate, and then lay the blame on the feet of those we have slain. It is our hand that has been used.

They who lead care not because they are no longer of this place. They prepare to leave, and yet humanity is still asleep, unawakened to the impending catastrophes. They are the master swindlers, having taken the will, the energy, the life of the people, in order to enrich themselves. But there is justice, and they will not be welcome where they purpose to go. No. Through iniquity will none achieve their goal. It is the coward's path, and the coward has not yet learned that his hide is worth nothing without God to will it. To approach God from the dark side is to approach the shadow. The shadow is the

resultant of the light. Without light, there is no shadow. God is light, and shadow is lack thereof. All part of the great big One.

It is said of the alchemists that they claimed that the purest gold could be obtained only from the blackest ore. The most contaminated, the most polluted, was the most satisfying in purifying. In order to know the light, one must know the deepest depths of the darkness. The lotus blossom upon which the Buddha sits represents this ascent through the murkiest, muddiest darkness, culminating in the attainment of the light of the Sun. From the murkiest of depths rises the most beautiful of blossoms. The yin/yang cycle of the Taoists, the same the world over. It is all part of the Great Big Circle, the One, and all shall be led to the truth, the light, in spirals, spiraling, forever.

5/18

Saturday, May 18th, the Big Day. Pedro and us, his boys, spend the morning arranging, setting up chairs and tables and stuff in his back yard, where the reception will be held. At 11:00 am, we head up to Gold Hill, to the mountains, where the ceremony will be. Between the three of us, the best men, Turk, he is the brains of the operation: smart, well-dressed, dapper, self-proclaimed delegator, funny as hell. Andy, he's definitely the heart and soul: great attitude, wants to help, facilitates everything. He's rough-and-tumble, will go anywhere, and is totally stoked for his boy Pedro. Me, I'm just here to fill the gaps. You could say I'm the life-blood, or the anchor, rooting the whole thing down. We make a great team. We're like the three stooges, and I guess that would make me the Larry of the crew.

Up in the mountains, the day is beautiful, the setting is serene. Pedro and Maria have elected to marry on a hilltop, overlooking the canyon, in the open-air. The minister is a youngster like us, friend of Pedro's, but qualified. The ceremony was short and heartfelt. Maria looks wonderful in a pink satin wedding dress, Pedro is sweet in black tux pants, a white jacket, tie, and big ole wallet chain. Sanchez is here, Odin, Chip, Grog, the whole gang. Yeah, the jig is sweet. I'm so happy to be here. This is why I came, why I hopped on my bike and rode almost 1000 miles through mountains, desert, snow, sleet, hail, rain, bad food, dehydration, exhaustion, pain, all that. Here I am, and this is why. I have infused my energy, my verve, my vigor, and I am ecstatic. There is not much more I can say. The ceremony was beautiful. I felt good, strong, loved. I was happy, happy to be representing my boy, Pedro, happy to be there for him, in his corner. Happy for him and Maria. I'm happy I rode my bike here, feel good about everything right now. I can no longer describe them, my feelings. Yeah, I'm the life-blood, we are the force on Pedro's side, and we love him. We love Maria, accept her fully. They are a good match. May God shower his blessings upon these lovely humans, upon the union they have crafted, upon all the blessed souls of the Earth.

I filled my lungs with the freshness of the dry mountain air. I filled my eyes with the spanning vistas of the canyon. My heart was filled with love and peace, what fills the void in the absence of adversity. After the ceremony was the reception back at Pedro's

place. There, at dusk, a decidedly singular thing occurred. The maid of honor, Rachel, interrupted a conversation I was having with a delightful young lady, a wedding guest, as it were. She interrupted our conversation to tell me she was leaving. She grabbed my hands, and looked into my eyes, and told me I had moved her, that she had felt something about me, that she could see something in me. She started crying, balling, she grabbed me hard, and gave me a deep, long, hug. She insisted she couldn't leave without having my number, my address. We talked a little, hugged again, and then she left. Her, she, my fallen angel, she and I, we are the same, are we not? In this society that eats her young, we are fortunate to survive into adulthood with our souls, our conscience intact. We are devoured by the powers that be, like in Goya's Saturn, where those most powerful eat the heads of their children, the defenseless. Crushed, destroyed are we. I am a survivor. I retain my light, my right as a child of God.

I was Turk's hero after that, but not so much as when, a few hours later, after we all had drank gallons of booze and smoked bushels of marijuana, he was tipping over while standing, and I, like a cat, jumped up from where I was sitting to catch him. Then I became his hero truly, at least according to him, he was so stoned. It had been Andy, in his zeal to run a tight ship, from the best-man's point of view, that had handed out small notes to me and Turk, telling us what our special mission was, in order to keep things running smoothly. I don't know what Turk's note said, but mine said "Lots and lots of *wheed*." I got Sanchez to hook me up. All night long we smoked copious amounts of weed. Andy was the only one that could hang with me. They all slowly dropped out, Grog, Turk, Anthony. By the end, even I was smoked out. It all worked out great.

5/19

The next day, Sunday, was casual. We hung around, chilled out, cleaned up, went to the 16th street mall, ate, relaxed, came back to Pedro 'n' Maria's, said goodbye to the Grogster, chit-chatted with the newly-weds. Asked Maria more about Rachel. What else can I say? Now I'm thinking about stopping over in SLC once again on my way back home. It's not really over. I still have to see Shelley again, after all, she was the first lovely I met on my trip. I'm still thinking about her, still thinking about Utah. What a crazy, wacky place, that Mormonia. This whole trip has been so memorable, so chock full of excitement, love, God, peace, hard work, beauty, everything a boy could ask for. Everything, including the girls.

5/20

On Monday the 20th I went back to Utah after giving all the heartfelt farewells that everyone in Denver deserved. I thanked Pedro and Maria profusely, and promised to give them a worthy gift within the allotted time, one year I think. I spent two more days in Utah, saw the same kids, but it was a little different. I was different. I saw Shelley again, but this time from a distance. You opened up to me in order to expand your own knowledge base. You never asked a thing from me. You knew I was leaving, you asked not a thing from me. I tried to make it pure for us, for you and for me, but I failed. We were impure, we had alcohol in us. I wasn't big enough to restrain myself, but we were easy on each other. I can no longer hurt others; I know I hurt myself. So I hope you have fond memories of me, as I do of you. You are young, and your road is long, longer than mine, for I have been taught my lessons, and you are learning yours. We weren't pure, but we were sweet, and if we can come together and be again separated without doing each other harm, well then we have succeeded. If the Lord provides, I shall accept, and my soul is not lost. No. I retain it yet, and I allow you to keep yours, by treating you kindly. Thanks Shelley. You have no idea what you have done, but it is fine. I know you care for yourself. My work here is done. Tomorrow, Wednesday, I finish my trip, the 22nd of May, 2002. It has been a complete trip, and I am ready to return home. Success.

Oh dear Lord, my trip is done, I am initiated, I know not what to think. I encountered so much excitement, so much love, that I now feel empty, sad, almost lost again. I have faithfully chronicled the events that transpired, created a story to tell to those involved. My rendition of life. I hardly know what to think. I am in love, thanks to You. Shall I follow it? Always. Always, always. I love Pedro, I love Maria, I love Steve Turk, Andy Sold, Lisa Pumphrey, Rachel, Eric Sanchez, Odin, Grog, Jaysun, everybody. It is a sin to trample the flowers that have been placed your way. Yes, I'm home again now. I feel empty because I have been so enriched. Now, every day that passes, I become a more complete man, as it is my only goal in life. I have sought to feel, and felt I have. I know I too am an Angel, like all the Angels come into my life, all spiritual creatures trapped in physical bodies, waiting for glorious release. *I LOVE YOU!!!*

EPILOGUE

The next day.

The cards have been dealt. It is 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 errors of the ways of his people become revealed? Is it necessary to follow your fathers into the abyss, without stopping to ask any questions? Can I make you proud of me by standing up against you?

I grabbed a bus and returned to San Francisco. Before I embarked on my ride across the land, I had packed all my things, made preparations to change abodes. I was going to make a life altering move, but as of yet I was unaware exactly how that was going to manifest itself. I had been living in my attic for 5 years, beautiful cavern atop Ashbury heights, with a view of the Golden Gate bridge. It had been the site of many a crazy day and night, many a solemn and lonely moment besides. This place had nurtured me while I grew into adulthood. It had overseen me as I battled all sorts of forces and demons, within and without.

None had nurtured me more than the beautiful, noble Tuna Balloona, the tabby rescued from the claws of death by my housemates downstairs. Tuna had chosen me, against all odds. For 5 years were we an inseparable item at the homestead. She loved nothing more than to nestle in my lap while I sat in somber quietude, at a loss for the happenings in my life and the life I saw around me, always grasping, yet unable to understand. For hours would I sit, unable to move, only staring, finally to fling the cat from her warm nook in my lap into the wall like an inanimate sack of beans, when I tired of her comfort. I was not proud of myself, I was floundering. These were things of the past, of a misguided youth, full of stimulants and alterants that expanded the mind and contracted the soul. I was done with it. My only pain would be to leave my truest love,

Tuna Balloona, she who had chosen me above all others, she who had wanted to be with me when all I wanted was to be left alone. .

I need to return to my roots. The return of the ten lost tribes of Israel to their place of origin shall hearken the End-times. It is indeed such a time in our world, when all the tables have been turned, when the strong shall be exposed as the weak, and the weak shall inherit the Earth. I had packed my bags and prepared myself for a two month journey to my parent's house in Spain. There I could relax for a few days, convalesce from the thousand psychic wars I waged in daily life, the nature of which only I and Tuna knew about. The roaring winds of limbo had been swirling about me for a long time, blowing me this way and that, but I had managed to survive where others close to me had fallen. It was DB who had said it best when he said that we lived and battled at ground zero, the battlefield of the soul.

Here, all a man had to do to survive was to keep his life. But now I felt a stranger amongst my friends, an imposter in the company of men. I knew not what creature I was turning into, and I needed time to take all the clues and hints into consideration, create a viable picture of my situation. The loneliness, the sadness, based in I knew not what, was eating at the core of my soul. Am I a loser, being consumed by life? Am I sinking, all along with the illusion of being a born survivor? Sometimes I thought that I was supposed to have died at birth, and only modern medicine had artificially kept me from this fate, thereby creating a contempt for things technological within me. Something about this modern life, modern living was not to my liking. I need time to think.

All shall perform their duties, and fate shall take care of itself. Eventualities to come are not mine to debate. I am a creature of God, and as such, I perform my task with relative confidence. I know the energy I imbue into my own work. Don't call me lucky, even though it is my middle name. I have worked for what I have received, and have achieved what I earnestly sought. I am not lucky, rather blessed. Indeed blessed.

I provide a service for the people: I don't see things the way most people do. And why? Because I have sought and found my sovereign niche upon this plane. Nobody occupies my space, nor do I occupy the space of another. I found the place that was uninhabited, and I went there. It was the only place I ever wanted to be. Some might say I

have found this for myself, others may say it is the very reason I was born. I say it has happened before, could happen to anybody, and the conditions in my life were just right for me to create myself. Everything happens for a reason, and as such, it is almost as if we live our lives in reverse, connecting our final destiny to our youth through life. Was there ever a question, was anything ever in doubt? Only if this condition arises in our own mind. Doubt is a seed that may be sown, as are love and faith.

BismiAllah. God is One. How do I know this? Because I have questioned all, and found myself. *I am that I am.* I have asked the question, and I have found the answer to be: *IS.* To be. To not be is mathematically impossible. One cannot divide oneself by zero. One may, however, fill oneself with nothing; it's just that one will always remain empty. One starts with something. Those somethings are: clay and vibration. That *is.* What is not, is only our perception of what is. All is mentality. The mind is all-powerful. Our reality is self-created according to what we have seen and learned. Learned behavior. Reality is abstract, a frame of mind. It is also mathematically impossible, since it is the infinite. Humans contain within themselves the infinite, but it remains unseen, occult. It is ok to doubt, our prerogative. I merely accept, asking no more questions born of consternation. The infinite is the unknowable; that is all that needs to be known of it. However, it is approachable, and its presence may be felt. We must always be able to leave, fly through the open gates of the cage. It is life, our greatest teacher.

Humans are gregarious creatures, and only to the degree that they allow themselves to be trained are they trainable. A father would teach his son what he knows, and the son would accept or reject the lessons. Yet, instinctually, a son yearns for nothing more than the love and acceptance of his father, his parents. They are the earthly representations of his cosmic creators, and are therefore allotted a right of respect. Ill family units will lead to an ill humanity. It is the corrupted actions of the adult that taint the innocence of the vulnerable, rocking the balance of humanity out of whack. It is a vicious cycle, and the imbalanced child will grow into an imbalanced adult who will contribute to the cycle of death. A vicious cycle. A man must respond for himself, break the chains that bind him to folly.

I am a law abiding man, but I do not use the laws of man as my guideline, rather the Laws of God. The Laws of the Cosmic forces, and how they are balanced. The

scientific law of cause and effect. The ancient, forgotten sciences, those to which we are indebted for our modern existence. Who will teach it? Pay attention my child. Dear mother, dear father, I am grateful for all you have ever done for me, all you have sacrificed. When a person becomes a parent, his life becomes one of service. One cannot control the nature of another. Indeed, it is difficult enough to attempt to control one's own nature. It is God who illuminates us, who shows us the things he wishes us to see. Our destiny is out of our own hands. To the degree that a man can, he grabs onto the reins, and attempts to direct the force as best he can, with what little God has revealed to him. A man has to know his own limitations. Very few know of the doctrine of truth. It is forgotten amongst us, no longer taught. It does not behoove our lifestyles.

Is it that what will save us will one day walk into our lives, like a long-lost lover? How can we search for what we need, if we do not know what it is? How will we recognize it? How will we know if it is ours to keep, or just another tortuous taste of what could be ours if only we behaved better?

Today I saw you. I saw you there, and I left my heart with you. I don't know what to do, don't know if I'll ever see you again in all my days. All I know is that if I have faith in God, one day we will know each other. I fear nothing. It is other forces which do not allow me to come closer to you. I don't know you, know nothing about you, your life, I only know I saw you there, and you saw me. Our eyes linked, but the situation was not the most appropriate. It was only because I saw you the other day, at the market, that this situation arose. My soul would not have been awakened to yours. As always, we are the same. Same skin, same eyes, and the blood that flows through our veins is of the same blood. You are my sister, and I your brother. I have patience, all the patience in the World. I saw you, you saw me, and we didn't speak. That's twice now. I shall not give up. I will wait for the third time, as many times as it takes, until I have met you.

Then I met I you, one day at the beach. We shared a look, or was it two? I'm no longer from here, and you are. My whole life have I searched for you, and I am closer than ever before. I am on the right path. I have left behind another that is no longer right for me. In ignorance, I followed that other path for many years, but it was what God wanted be revealed before my eyes. I studied what He bid me study, I went where He bid

me go, met whom He bid me meet. All my travels have brought me here to look in your eyes, precious Andalusian eyes. Green eyes of this Mediterranean land that so long ago expelled my people to the New World, casting a shroud of darkness over our whole existence, olive skin that belies the fruit on which you have nurtured yourself for millennia. I search for you anew, precious, because it has been so long since we last saw each other. Since those long ago days, when last I lived here, since those remote times have I not gazed into your precious, long-lost almonded green eyes. You see, it is difficult for me to act. I only do so when I am sure of where I tread. And so I await your signs. The sign that your eyes see, that your ears hear, your heart feels. Just like we were before, when we were together, when we knew each other, when we were happy.

And you, my sweet, how are you, what do you think about? I know my thoughts are my own. I cannot enter into your head. I remember. Do you? I know you remember those beautiful times, my sweet, but do you also remember me? Do you see me in your dreams, as I see you? Oh, what happiness.

Who is it that communicates with God? He who maintains the child within, for whatever reason. Behind the strength of the woman is the strength of the man, and behind the strength of the man is the woman. The man creates himself, and radiates his energy. The woman absorbs this energy, assimilates it, and returns it to the Cosmos such as she received it. As such, positive energy produces positive energy, the same goes for negative energy, and the human user is left to decide for himself. Our dreams of a unified humanity are splintered. Men and women are divided. The people must be united in order for humanity to gain strength. Unite the races, the countries, the peoples. To withstand a large and powerful enemy is a strong and united people necessary, strong in conviction. There is only one way: the battle against the forces of injustice. They exist, and they emanate from within ourselves. They are the heathen within.

The people say: "But this has been so for all times". No! It has not been so for all times, it is simply all we remember of ourselves in these times. Human reality is created, not assumed. Created by the whole education of the individual. All live their lives, and the web of life is woven. The only thing one can do is to approve oneself capable of living the life that God has granted us. There are many ways of succumbing, and in this

great Babylon, a thousand times more ways. We have come to this place, some have allowed themselves to be marginalized, and others have forged the way of the middle path. I myself have walked out on a limb, way out. All things come in their due time and manner. All veils will be cast aside, all treasures laid bare. Like the purity of virginal innocence does the conscience operate. The only way out for those with knowledge is to return to purity. The wealth of one is the poverty of another. So with the happiness and suffering. It is ironic that the lower you go, the higher you are lifted, the more vulnerable you allow yourself to be, the stronger you become. All achieved through the training and re-training of the body, the mind, the soul above all. It is merely a matter of training, nothing more.

I have been in Spain a week. Only because I have left Tuna does my heart weep. It is heavy for the loss of my love, my satellite. I've forsaken her, as others have forsaken me. In a way, I have proved myself faithless, foregoing the unconditional love afforded me by the lovely Tuna Balloona. Oh Tuna, how I lament for you, for your love, lost, like the innocence I have robbed you of. Because I commit this crime, I know this crime will be visited upon me. So with anything and anyone. How do I right this wrong? I must, at any cost, regain her, just her, only her. She would make me so happy. Until the day I am sure of her death, until that day will I never doubt the possibility of our reunion and reconciliation. How my heart weeps for you, for your unhappiness. I know it. I know it because I feel it. I know you were true, and I, I am the culprit, the author of a crime. It is the heathen within me. I struggle to get him out, and I will yet.

I instigate upon others what has been instigated upon me. I wage a life-long vendetta to those who have injured me and betrayed my innocence. Not those who brought me to Babilonia, but those who treated me harshly for being here. Our world is meant to destroy, and by this very fact, to hugely empower those who survive. There are methods of empowerment, tried and true, upon this plane. Something, the toll, the fee, is required of every human. This fee, this toll, this requirement, comes in the form of what the petitioner most fear, most love, in short, value most. This fee must be paid humbly. It must be sacrificed willingly, or it will be taken by force. Of what man is most proud shall

his undoing be, of what he defend most fiercely, what his antagonizers shall attack most violently. This thing is worthy, then, of sacrifice. All else is the mark of the pretender.

Willing sacrifice is faith. Sacrificing of yourself, while alive, is repaid with its balance. Somewhere, depending upon the consciousness of the entity, something is being balanced, or set out of balance. We live in a world of cause and effect. All things to this way must be countered to that way. Because one is oppressed, he must have been an oppressor, or will be. All things must find their balance. I know when I am balanced: when I am happy. But dwell there not too long, young lad, for this again must be rebalanced. Tis true.

It is two weeks hence. The gravity of what I have done begins to make itself clear to me. I miss my friends, I miss my life. Seanemo, Dannyboy, Gravydog, Li'l Fishes, please forgive me, for I have gone and offed myself. There is redemption yet. Today, as I sat on the beach, you came and we talked for the first time. You were like in my dreams, but I couldn't tell if it was you, it has been such a long time. I put no stock in it. I have faith, but I've been bruised and battered, and my confidence is shaken. You introduced yourself, said your name was Grace. We chatted. I observed the velvety yellow hairs on your browned stomach, the curves of your body, the vivacity of your eyes. I was there, my sweetest love, I was there. Dear Lord, I need forgiveness, for my hubris, my pride, my human arrogance. I do not wish to be taken down, rather, to be loved. I suffer from a complex. I must make the most of myself I can, or I shall suffer myself to be a failure in my own eyes. Is it that so much has been invested in me that I must now return to the World that has afforded me so many beautiful moments, before I may be at peace? I have no answers. I only remember that you were there, and that now we are together here.

I have dreamt of you, and all along I knew not who you were. I have seen you in my mind's eye, and yet never have I felt the warmth of your touch. It was faith. I had faith in your existence, faith in that I would find you. Some would call you a soul-mate, and yet, I believe in no such thing. Were we separated in another life, another civilization? I know I search for something, something that can quench the thirst of my heart, my aching soul. It is not just anyone I search, but it could be anyone. How will I recognize you?

I have no idea of my perfect mate, at least not what she looks like physically. Rather, I have an idea of who she is, what she wants. Who we are internally must be reflected in our external appearance. We reverberate to frequencies, and harmonious wavelengths are harmonious, regardless the manifestation. I search for you that reverberates at a beautiful frequency. It is you whom I esteem above all others, you to whom I shall be devoted for all time.

Still, I do not know you. You are another person, like me. What know we of the soul mate, of the separation of souls at the beginning of time, of the first war of the heavens, when man lost his lofty standing in the eyes of God? The angels did battle, and the most glorious of the angels was defeated and crashed to Earth. He was Lucifer, and man has been damned since. At one time, we were one. We were of one thought, of one language, of one idea. When we battled, we battled as mates, not as adversaries. Is it possible that I remember these times? Is it possible? Is this not the dream, the dream that we speak of, when we say we have a dream? There was once a time when those of human lineage were in accordance with one another. Do I truly remember this, or is it frivolous folly, the product of an active and idealistic imagination? But I can see it. I can see it is imminently obtainable. I see it as if it were a jar of peace on the shelf, within arms reach, and all I have to do is grab that jar and open it, and allow its contents of peace to be released. It is not curiosity, like in Pandora's case, rather it is an awareness of what surrounds me.

In the battle of the heavens, the brightest creature was defeated, and crashed down to Earth. His armies were destroyed. This was the fall of man, when he descended from peace to tribulation. His great error was pride. He was proud of the light that from him forth emanated. It is of what man is most proud, that shall be his undoing. The angels fell from the skies, like the giants in the days of old. It is said that the sons of God mated with the daughters of men. Is this not an important piece of the puzzle? What is behind all of man's claims. I have seen it documented, where the black man claims responsibility for our civilization. They claim Egypt, Sumeria, India, the beginnings, were black. The Chinese would argue, claiming to be the center of the World. The whites have their answer. They claim that the true source is Atlantis, and that Atlantis was a nation of whites. They all make claims. Who is lying, who is uninformed? Maybe they all are.

Maybe they all tell the truth. Perhaps it is only morale that man needs, something to keep him going.

All that *is* on one level, must *be* on all levels. There are different colors of men on Earth. Perhaps it is by design of the Creator. Perhaps the Creator is Black, and White, and Yellow, and all shades in between. Why must I adhere to arguments of superiority, contrived from supposed sources of ancient tradition that are no longer really known? Like patriotism, must I blind myself to the truth in order to bind myself to the mentality that best suits my insecurities? A man shall be known by his actions. What actions are these? Are they spiritual or material actions? The blood screams. It boils, and churns, and screams at me. Men protect their blood jealously. All make claims, but all are here, sharing this sphere. If I consider myself superior, I will suffer those who discredit my arguments.

There are three houses of magic: the white, the black, and the yellow. Can it be any other way? Can we say that day is better than night? Do we not have both, need both? Can we say that man is better than woman, or the other way around? Do we not need both in order to be? Can we say that yes is better than no? Yes requires no to be, and together they create a maybe. Man and woman create the child. Between night and day there is dawn and dusk. The original geometry is the triangle. A creator is not enough, a destroyer is needed, and a preserver. We worship the holy trinity, the union between man and woman, and the creation there from that springs, the child. We are that child, men and women. A man is the Earthly representation of the pervasive masculine force that inhabits the universe, as a woman is the representation of the feminine force also in existence. The fruit of their union is the embodied soul, represented on Earth by mankind, humanity. Can it be any other way?

Todo es mentira en este mundo. Are we really awaiting the last wave, like the ancient Atlanteans? Did they exist? We have, evidently, no explanation for the ubiquitous monolithic structures found around the globe, many with other-worldly inscriptions, the meanings of which we are still at a loss to adequately decipher. What I mean is, that despite what all the quack scientists say, we still don't know what the hell happened, what the real truth of us is. The sons of heaven and the daughters of men. There were giants upon the land. There was a battle between the angels in Heaven. If I am taught

German, I will learn German. If I am taught Swahili, I will learn Swahili. And so, are we not then a product of our education? If I am taught hate, I will learn it, love, I will learn it. If I am taught God, I will learn Him too. But it has to make sense. It has to answer the questions, not be an aberration to reason, contradiction to the senses, like our current traditions. We mis-educate ourselves, and we know not the folly of our ways. I have seen it in dreams. I know another life is possible, I have lived it.

Where am I being naïve? I know I will be accused of it. Is it in the idealism? I know what the arguments will be, they are the same arguments as ever. The nature of humans. Who are they to say what the nature of humans is? The scientists? They have erred atrociously. I trust them not. They tell me that the colored men are fanatical lunatics with no reason for existing. I know they are wrong, I know they lie because they have an interest in lying. It is a racist war that is being waged, and the harm being done to humanity is today at its apex in severity.

It is love we seek, peace, calm, to watch our children playing in the Sun. How swiftly we vow revenge in our society. Do we presume to claim that those of any color are any different? What makes the white man think he will be the apex of society and culture forever? Hubris, pride, ignorance. Like the Phoenix will we be our own undoing, going down in a blaze of celestial fire of our own construction. The heavenly tempest is upon us. We will bring tragedy down upon ourselves, and those who do not realize that it is caused by his very own hand will be doomed to repeat the experience until he has learned. Rome.

All men are weak. If we come to loosen our stranglehold on those whom we have convinced of our superiority, they will begin to espouse their own visions of grandeur. Superiority, in any field, is a hard earned thing, and a thing that must be protected. And yet, power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely, and yet it is not the power, but the denial of the responsibility that it incurs which corrupts. Someone must have the might. Who are the true aggressors, the truly interested? I listen to our leaders, but I am aware that if they say something, the truth is most likely its direct opposite. Who fuels this doomed mentality, this tendency towards suicide, this death grip of an existence? I want to be free. Can man live free? Has he evolved enough to get there? After we learn the experiences we are about to go through we will be much closer. That's how we'll

learn, together. The globalization process will insure that all are present for the festivities to come. We have created it, we will execute it. It is written, so let it be done.

Cosmic forces are not to be debated, they are to be respected, studied, understood after lifetimes of attempts at their attainment. Can it be that what is happening was always going to happen? Has it already happened before? Do we already know all the lessons, but have only forgotten them in a case of Cosmic amnesia? I remember you, my sweet Grace, whom I met one day on the beach. I remember you from former times. Last night we were in my apartment in the basement of the house. We listened to music, burned incense, partook of peace and quiet between ourselves. I took out a deck of cards, and you chose your card, my love, you chose your card. "This is my card" you said as you drew from the deck. I offered you one to choose, as I myself chose years ago. La Mort, mi amor, La Mort.

It was years ago when I drew my card. I was innocent, I reached in, and drew my lot. There is no bad thing that does not have its good side. Every death is a rebirth. To all shall be given their lots. I made myself, my love. I chose a long and dark path, a path that only I will ever be able to understand. My card was the Emperor, yours was Death. What does that mean? Death to the empire. 4 and 13 equals 17 equals 8. A new beginning, eternal. You shall render something dead, perhaps even yourself. Whatever it may be, you may prophecy your own future. You create it with every thought you have, every word you utter, every action you undertake. We are unhappiest when we live out the consequences of our mistakes. Man is not meant to be sick, it is imbalance which causes disease, imbalance caused by our own actions, our own mistakes.

Our love is yet unfinished. How can love ever be finished? Is it not love, the force that maintains the cohesion of the universe? Is it not love the glue that binds, that keeps everything in its proper orbit? Remove love and watch the fabric of existence revert to unorganized chaos. Chaos is the state of normality. Only the application of intelligence can create order out of the chaos. Intelligence is then, love. Man dictates the Earth. When he become harsh, She becomes harsh, when he become sedate, She becomes sedate. Times are dictated by the attitudes of men. Men are sovereign, but are also subservient to the attitudes of God. God is Man, and men are fragmented slivers of Man. Man is only

limited by his own ignorance of the truth. All life does is retrace the already trod steps of God. When one realize oneself, one becomes creator, alongside God, whom one has rejoined. Believe, have faith, and work, in order to produce. This is the purest form of imitation. Let the time pass, let the wounds of youth heal.

The veil, the veil is the flesh, matter. The bride removes the veil only for those worthy of her, for her betrothed. To all others is she covered, the insides remaining invisible to those who have not yet earned the right. The flesh contains the life on the inside, as a cup contains the life-giving water. To lift the veil of the bride, we must see beyond the flesh. Nature is veiled life. Nature is our Mother, the bride of God, and we, of immaculate conception. I look into your eyes, my love, and I search for the life within. I see the spark, the intelligence. I see how it formed you from the chaos, from an assortment of parts that are robotic in nature. All life is technology incarnate, that is to say, all physical bodies were created by a source of higher intelligence. Death, my love, death to us, the wicked, the weak, the sickly and diseased of the Earth. Death to us, so that we may live forever, all in its due time. Vaya, la cartita que sacaste.

I, man, am courage, and you woman, are strength. I must have the courage to act, but when I do, it will be you who will give me the strength to continue. Man works to conquer the World, in order to give it to the woman. She then, is his conqueror. We fulfill each other because we expect to see in each other the good we see in ourselves. The opposite of courage and of strength is weakness. As we know this is a horrible thing within ourselves, we do not want to see it in others. If we do not respect ourselves, then we will not respect those who love us. What a simple lesson this is. The life of the exalted is only for those who have learned to control themselves. The only way to know what is enough is to know what is too much. When a man has learned to control himself in the presence of forbidden fruit, then is he ready to be entrusted with greater responsibility. All living things desire this of man, and it is only he who must respond.

Shall we learn it, or shall we remember? I remember someone who is there, watching over me at all times. I know he sees me, who I am. It was he that trained me, he that made me to be like him. It was in the hands of providence that he should be the one to train me, as I be the one to help to train all who hear me. I have accepted, and now, I

am of those that shall be held responsible. I see now that the zombies are waiting to die, to live in their perfect worlds. Death is a video game, and life is life. In life, the material is heavy, and in death, it is not there. It is the job of the heart to push out. In order to do so, it must draw in. It is the same with our Sun. He needs resistance in the form of matter, our planets, to feel his own heat back. He is a larger manifestation of God than are we. As there is life-blood that powers a man, so is there life-blood that powers the universe, and a benevolent, self-creating center which provides the energy for life. As it is in our center, so are we in its center.

Never tell yourself just one thing. Tell yourself a thing, and then tell yourself its opposite. Everything has a yes and no. We are sensitive barometric creatures, reacting to the forces around us. I think nothing about a thing at all, unless someone think it for me. If a man dislike me, I will dislike him. If I fear him, he'll fear me, if I deceive him, he'll deceive me. I am conscious that my thoughts, my words, my actions affect others. Give and you shall receive. And when you have received, then will you know what it is you have given. Give and be an educator, a shaper. If you give venom, do not be surprised when venom is given you. It is in this knowledge that I beg forgiveness. I know how my animal self debase me, and I see the pain I inflict in others, but only do I return what has been given me. While I do nothing, I am yet reactive, a zombie. When I cease to be blindly affected, and consciously see how I affect, am affected, only then can it be said that I truly live, for man dress himself in all manner of illusion to not see himself naked, stripped of the body, down to the pure spirit. It is too bare, too minimal, too lowly. So it appears to the Earthly ego, for the spirit is also the only true life. The body is transitory and for educational purposes only. Only the everlasting truths are really true, known to us as Eternal Thought, or The Law.

The material body goes back to the Earth, from whence it came, and with it, all acquired memories of Earthly needs, Earthly life. The flesh cries out to be recognized, recognized for its sacrifice due to its temporal nature. Like the Moon does the life of the flesh wax and wane, and cry out in agony, over its passing flame. That of the spirit is eternal, and it is emboldened. The noon-day Sun, and its consort, the midnight Sun. Man and woman. Life and death. This life on Earth: which is it, life or death? Surely, I know not, but for some, it must be the one, and for others, the other.

The living dead, the majority of men on Earth. But they take their death with them, even unto death, and have died twice. Those with life have only known the death of their ignorant selves, and shall not die again. Life is eternal, and those that have it may share of its immortality. There is a silver thread of truth at the center of existence. Close to it are those who participate in it, in its guidance and protection. The further man wanders from this central thread, the more he is left to his own devices for his own survival. Far away from this main core are the individual thought waves, artificially created by the brain, (and for this reason as true as any other reality) that find an errant center and reverberate jointly, sharing in an invented truth.

Man-made truths are a separation of unity, and polarization results. Perfection is unity, androgynous, complete. Imperfection is binary, the first separation of One. Only with the third can unity again be restored, known to us as the tri-unity, the trinity.

As I have vowed not to forget, so do I live my life as if I were already dead, in order to take my life from this to the next. I will no longer forget. I will remember. The two shall be as one. They are the same, and I shall be to the silver thread a silver surfer. I am enlightened, and yet, when I am with you, I am merely a man.

This life for me is like my death, my lifetime. Here, on Earth, will I make my dreams come true, as man is wont, in Devachan. I will not wait for the next. I will live my dreams here. It is how I shall manifest myself on this plane. If I have incurred karmic debt, surely I will pay it back, and willingly. I hide from none. I know my trainer, my God, watch over me. I can see Him, serious in countenance. He is me of the future, he that has learned, and teaches me to chase him. It is only recently that I have forgot. I fear not for myself, for I know how well I am protected. I know my worth, and I give thanks. I shall succeed where others have failed, because from their failures have I diligently learned. Man suffers because he wants to suffer, because he feels it is necessary. It is a mentality, and as all mentalities, it may be modified. To man shall be given his deepest desires, often unknown even unto him. I must remember that my energy will be slowly materialized. All I do is plant seeds.

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