

© copyright R.F.S.N. 2006

A H.A.L.O. Production
Pennyroyal Press presents
Gift

This work is dedicated to my fellow Americans, all of them. And to Thomas Paine, North American philosopher.

Esta obra es dedicada a mis conciudadanos Americanos, todos. Y a Thomas Paine, filosofo Norte Americano.

Dieses Kunstwerk wird meiner Amerikanischen Landsmännern, ihnen allen, und Thomas Paine, Nordamerikanischen Filosof, gewidmet.

3 October, 2005 basement, Villa Canaima

PART FIRST: *MAN'S RUIN*

Woman is man's ruin. Money is the root of all evil. If so, which is worse? I had a jocular debate with some friends. The question - What is more detrimental to the well-being of man: money, or woman? The consensus, of course, was money, because if you don't have it, you have neither.

Natural philosophy will save us; we will save ourselves from the darkness we have allowed ourselves to fall into. We have forgotten it, if indeed we ever knew.

The woman is the wild one. She who does not know herself can become a devastating force. It is the woman's job to control her animal instincts, for it is she who wields the power on this planet. This fact does not exonerate man from controlling his own animal instincts. An individual who does not know him/herself is like a loose cannon. Everyday, in our advanced society, folks are given more and more options on how to live their lives. This will prove disastrous for entire societies of the unprepared. Some will sit back and watch while most of our brethren destroy themselves. Like lemmings will the unprepared march to their own deaths, reverberating to the frequency of death, doom, and destruction.

Despite our potential for good, mankind is abusive, and through this are our children being taught to be abusive, creating a vicious circle. A woman is, in every way, the compliment of a man, and those who do not see this have not yet learned the truth of it. All men pass through the hands of woman. If she be corrupted, then so be her offspring. Or perhaps it lies in contents of the seed. On this Earth, it is woman, mother of all, holder of our most precious natural resource, who wields the power. And in not seeing this, have we erred.

A man will believe any number of things, for any number of reasons. A man is made by his beliefs, but this does not make his beliefs true. Some men fuck up. Even these must be pardoned, because all crime is done of ignorance. Ignorance must be pardoned. Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do. Ignorance, however, does

not exonerate one from having to comply with the Laws. There is a legend of a man who beseeched the Lord to pardon those about to put him to death for his love of humanity. For its sake would he die, and he was not bitter. *You see?* Knowledge exists. It is alive, has been, for all time. Jesus did not invent it, he merely taught it.

Since these olden days have we forced the man who seeks the truth into martyrdom.

Lies have been taught for too long. Nothing lasts forever. The world has never been so progressed, so free and democratic. And yet it is only a façade, a made-up face. That is my greatest consolation: that not all men are destined to see the decayed condition in which humanity in this day and age lives. I know a better day will come, it draws nearer with every passing moment. If one really wants something, one cannot go to it; one has to work diligently, and wait for it to come to one.

The divide-and-conquer mentality is an energy sucker, a psychic vampire.

In unity is strength.

Baby, while we have opinions, we will never agree. Only when we tune our thoughts, even under the power of our own personalities, only then will we have transcended opinion, and found some truths to believe in. An opinion is worth nothing. Those who base their arguments purely on uneducated opinion develop effective debate tactics, such as brushing everything off, overpowering opponents with diversions, aggression, hypersensitivity, smokescreens, hypocrisy and double standards, whatever becomes their favored ploy to impress their opinion upon others. The loudest voices, and only so as to not have to face the truth.

When people speak of color, truly they speak not of the color of the skin, but of the mentality associated with the stereotype. A black man's got soul; a white man wants to take over the world. I've seen white black men, seen black white men. Where does education come into the question? We are all spoiled and uneducated, regardless of gender or color. Divide and conquer, since the time of the Greeks. People are what they

are because of what they've seen, what they see. The truth is so bizarre that nobody will ever believe it. I don't receive what I need in this world, and so I fight. I fight for community, and to not learn bad habits.

* * *

The elites are preparing to leave the Planet on the Mothership, which they know is coming, since they know it to be a Cosmic function, and they prepare to leave the Earth in the hands of its inheritors. Like as if the cream is gonna float to the top and get scooped out, leaving the rest of humanity behind to deal with Earthly existence. It's almost as if they were handing over the entire reins, without a care in the world. Reality seems to be changing; I know it has for me. Is that the way it's supposed to work, the whites forever being skimmed off the top? I don't think so. I think we're in for a rude awakening, for the Mothership is for the 144,000 most awakened, highest developed. They may be white, and they may not. Only time will tell.

The truth is unobtainable, it may only be approximated. That is my legacy. We become as translators of divine law for humanity, and every few years, a new one is required to refresh memories. I reassure myself, once again, and reassure the spirits which inspire me. Beholden to none but my God, I am a sovereign entity performing my task in the light, for and through my fellow man, all incarnate spirits who know themselves not at all as I know myself. We are all genderless Geists living the lives of our bodies. It is our bodies that dictate our Earthly lives, housing within them the *Prime Matter*, the Energy, the electricity which is life, Spirit, Intelligence. This Prime Matter is known to me as God the Father, who is the animator of the Matter, God the Mother. Therefore, all that live, share and participate in God whether they realize this or not. But sooner or later we will realize it, and for some it will be too late. Rehash. There is nothing new to this anymore. It become solid like marble.

I can see it, the collision course, what I cannot see are all the motives. The magickal motives are unknown to me: things like mass ascension through learning, the creation of the Great Structure, and such. I know they exist. We have shed our former

skin and entered Cosmic Time. Our time will be for history, and I place myself at the front, by the Grace of God. Regardless, I will do what is asked of me. Regardless.

As *First Cause* unveils to each and every one of us what It wills us to see, so must we act accordingly, asking ourselves “What is it that this Unknowable Force wishes me to see?” Only then will one know what task one is to perform while on this plane. It is this what is meant by being proficient at reading the signs. A spiritual time is upon us, for the life of the spirit is the true life, and all else but mere illusion. Man must, will learn to communicate with his true self, for it behooves him to do so. It is in his own self-best-interest. It empowers like no other. People will embrace this new agenda willingly, for it is they who cry out for it, cause it to happen cosmically, through their own desire, necessity of it.

Truly a new time is upon us. I become a teacher, an educator, a trainer. I right the wrongs I know, with the strength and courage afforded by Osi, my God. I enlist all the spirits under His command. The good I invoke, the ill I let lie. I do not neglect the spirits. I acknowledge them as I acknowledge anyone I know. I fear not the spirits, rather love them, and see that their pain is similar to my pain. I know that I am like a magnet, and with my thoughts words and deeds will I attract this energy, these individuized spirits to myself, and they are at my beck and call, to do my bidding. But I approach in love, and love is a frequency, and therefore it is known to all sentient beings. It is for this reason that it will be the spirits themselves who will attach themselves to me, and not the opposite. I commune with Osi, and it is Osi who commands the Spirits. I am known to Osi, and he knows my worth, and so I fear not, and travel confidently, as a King.

While I break hearts, my heart will be broken. While I pick up and leave on those whom I love, my loved ones will pick up and leave on me. While I perpetrate a crime, the same crime will be perpetrated on me. While I live a lie, that lie shall be my reality. Do I hate the world because it hasn't treated me the way I wanted? Of course not. The World treats me as I treat myself, and so I hate nothing, I merely endure. With love and hard work, it should be a breeze.

I prepare for the battle of my life. It was you, my Mother and Father, who have given unto me this destiny. I am thankful, for my life, for all you have sacrificed for me.

It has allowed me to grow up to be my own person, free from the illusion that grips most of humanity. One cannot control the nature of another, indeed, it is difficult enough to control ones own nature. It is God who illuminates us, who shows us the things He wants us to see. Our destiny is out of our own hands. To the degree that a man is able, he grabs onto the reins and attempts to direct the Force as best he can, with what God to him has revealed. A man's gotta know his own limitations. A man's gotta find his own education; very little useful to our lives is taught us now. Almost nobody knows these things anymore, just a handful of people among the folk. Only *there* is the doctrine of Truth alive. Very, very few know of it.

Are you still waiting for me to come to my senses? You will be waiting until your last day. For this reason are drugs forbidden by our people, drugs known to man for all time, such that such as I are not created: those who can see through the Mist they lay upon us. Drugs are for maintaining everything even, like the ancient and renowned Moksha medicine. Everything must eventually be equalized, and it is only a matter of when. The Herb, no, one does not need it, but, let me tell you, it is blessed. That's how it was taught me. No. Nobody needs it, but when we feel oppressed, it is the only way to soften the pain, until one find God. No, I do not advocate it, merely state that I am no criminal. I am Law abiding, but I do not use the law of man as my guide, rather, the Laws of God. The Law of 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.

I am a good person that wants to help humanity. I do not hate it, God forbid, I simply feel our problems. I try to be humble, but God made this difficult for me. Maybe I learned it somewhere. But I make myself. I make and remake myself, and do it again until I am satisfied.

Please do not sacrifice yourself for me until you are ready to give it entirely as a Gift. Only then will I be able to do something with it. I need it not, nor do I ask for it, but God places before me what He will. Gifts, like traps, I control everything that comes before me. I have learned how. Nothing can control me but myself. Within every head resides an entire World. Only acceptance of all these worlds, beginning with ones own,

will convey one to the truth, to see things from all possible angles. Only acceptance of everything as part of the One.

And you, my sweet Elf, what do you think? I know my thoughts are uniquely my own, and I cannot enter into your head. I remember. Do you? I know that you remember those most beautiful of times, my sweet, but I want to know if you also remember me, if you see me in your dreams, as I see you. What bliss.

Who is it that communicates with God? He who maintains the child within, for whatever reason. Behind the power of the woman, is the power of the man, and behind the power of man, is woman. The man makes himself, and irradiates his energy. The woman absorbs it, assimilates it, and returns it to the cosmos, such as she found it. Therefore, positive energy produces positive energy, negative produces negative, and who decides is the human user.

One of our problems in the Americas is that our lands are divided. The vision of the ancients, the great territories of the enlightened, all that is splintered at the moment, in splinters. The people must be united in order to be strong. To unite the races, the countries, the peoples. A large and powerful enemy looms. Before a large and powerful adversary, a strong and united people is necessary, strong in conviction. There shall only be one remedy: the ancient and honorable battle against the forces of injustice.

The people say “But injustice has existed for all time”. Yes. And No. It has not existed for all time; it is simply what we remember in these times. It is Eternal Justice which is the Law. Today injustice is institutionalized and backed by heavy artillery, propaganda, and trillions of dollars...

Human reality is created, not assumed. Created by the whole education of the individual. All live their lives, and together we weave the web of life. The only thing one can do is prove oneself worthy of living the life that God has given us. There are many ways to succumb, and in Great Babylon, yet a thousand fold more ways. We have come to this place. Some have let themselves be led here, others have led the way. It was a type of suicide. A full blown type of suicide.

Something has been shaken to its core. I am shaken. I have walked way out on a limb, way the hell out. All things come in their due manner and time. 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 happiness and suffering. How ironic that the lower you go, the higher you go. The more vulnerable you allow yourself, the stronger you become. All through the training of the body and mind, the soul above all. It is merely a matter of training, nothing more. All is training. On this does the success or failure of any enterprise depend.

There has been a dream alive, since before the time of Plato, of a perfect world on Earth. We love Greek history so, because they were the first white civilization available to our history books. They learned everything they knew from India, Egypt, China, etc. These, in turn, learned from Atlantis, and Atlantis from Mu, and so, everything spirals, and we will not live to see anything definite except for our own deaths. But we are headed somewhere, back to where we came from, sacred and pristine as the pure condition of life itself.

The decision has been made. We have been sentenced. They are going to launch an attack. I thought that perhaps things could be actually better than I thought, but I have just realized this moment that they are actually worse. The conquest of man is the world, in order to offer it to the woman. The conquest of woman is the man, world conqueror. Everything subsists through training. We have been trained to not see the signs. People are returning to their homes. Those who have been away, long and far, return to their homes. Those who do not return to their center shall burn in the flames. They will unleash the fury, the fiery beast. A sadness enshrouds me, things undo themselves, and the scale is global. The Israelites return to their homes, all the lost tribes, re-found.

We have been sentenced. An entire race escapes. They shall be sentenced for having sentenced us. I do not know how they shall escape, but there will be revolution. We shall be without the Lord's protection. Perhaps they feel a lack of gratitude for their efforts, but how can you be thankful if they've killed your grandfather, grandmother,

anybody? I've seen them, I know them, I've been in their midst. They are like anyone, but they have been trained differently, trained to think differently. It is nothing out of this world. Their people are like any other; they are simply The Chosen, and like all others, they fulfill their duty. They strangle us, slit our throats. All the signs indicate that things will turn for the worse before they can get better. Nothing is going well. What will happen when our Great Beloved Babylon explodes like a bomb? It's not my problem. No wonder nobody believes it: they can't believe it. It's impossible to believe it. But what if I already know it? No one told me, I simply felt it, I feel it in the global frequencies. Friends, the house is coming down. Who'd believe it?

* * *

The key to the body are the chemicals therein. Sometimes they are locked away, available to one only when triggered by external forces. One comes to believe it is the external influences which cause physical agony or euphoria, but it is actually caused by chemicals released by mental perceptions causing mental states. All these chemicals are inherent in the body, and they may be accessed consciously if the individual knows how. To this end are martial arts and meditation, and all sorts of endeavors such as art and games designed, to allow for these mental states to happen in man in order to release these chemicals. In its entirety, all is science (mathematics). In the microcosm, all is chemicals.

If a man go anywhere with a woman by his side, then she is chief responsible for his attainments. In unity is strength, and both parties feed from this. To her is he indebted, and vice versa. But there is no mystery in this. The Earth is the domain of the feminine. We are sons of two parents, therefore our reality is dual. As its consummation, we form the third point.

Know why it's difficult to separate church from state? Because all civilization of man is founded under the name of God. That's the way it has to be, because the founders must name it, that which inspires them. Knowledge confers power, and the highest knowledge is the knowledge of God. There is no higher power on the Earth than that which is given by knowledge of the Sacred. So important it is held, that it has been jealously protected for millennia. The most important information has been revealed throughout the centuries, but the abstract is impossible to impart; it must be assumed.

When the world is interested in going, it is then that I come. Frankly, they have been studying us, through my eyes. But have no care; I have diverted my gaze. I don't know you. *You* have to introduce yourself to *me*. I know nothing, and yet, I know more than what the masons know, and I owe allegiance to no one about it. I know to whom I am indebted, and it is of He that I speak and teach. But you know, I too have been bad. I have blasphemed, have made you think that you are smaller than you are in actuality... I've lied. I've fornicated, abdicated with the fruit of God, without admirable intentions. I have judged unfavorably. For these things shall I be judged, and that shall be the vengeance. Death, at the hands of the same magic that one weaves, hung by the same rope with which I, at one time, hung my ancient adversaries. My own sons shall turn against me. Here now stand I before death's door. Soon I shall come face to face with my final foe, who shall once again win the chess match, which shall end, like last time, in my utter defeat. I have gained much, but I have not gained that key that opens the door. I don't know the formula, the move that will grant me sweet victory over my oldest and dearest antagonist: Death.

I have committed errors, I have committed them my whole life long, and that is the greatest error. But I did the best I could. I succumbed to my human weaknesses, perhaps even more than I should have, because many times I knew what I was doing. Those are the ones that hurt the most. Other times, by God, I swear that I entered blindly into my own transgressions.

They're leaving, they're leaving. The bastards are leaving. Just like the Maya, like ascended masters, they are leaving. The Mothership is coming for them, and it's going to take them away, and take them somewhere else, I don't know where. They're leaving, and they're also leaving us their disaster as legacy. Someone is leaving. Bombs shall be dropped, and we shall bomb ourselves, unawares. Oh criminy, here we go again. The roller coaster has been rising, we are at the summit, and now dear God, now we're all headed down together. Gasp...

* * *

A King does not kill a King

-I got problems that I can't talk to people, man

-Why not?

-Because, man, I'm a King

-What's that got to do with it?

-Just means I got problems. On the outside, it looks like I'm solid, but on the inside I'm cracking under the pressure. All the time I feel like breaking down. All the time I wish I were dead, so I could be released, so I wouldn't have to feel like this.

-What do you mean?

-When people work in the service of those they love, they are noble. When they cease to do this, and begin to work for their own exclusive benefit, at the expense of others, they alter their reality. Their path will then be concealed from them. I cannot search out people because of the power of my presence. I must let *them* find *me*, in the knowledge that fate has brought us together. I myself cannot go search for my own pleasure, and it is my human vanity that necessitates this precautionary measure, otherwise I would succumb to this weakness. After all, I am man, like any other. I only exercise spiritual discipline, and reap the benefits thereof. For all work, there is

recompense to be had in commensurate amount. So I must watch and say nothing as all others are drawn to their destruction by the opaque lure of the abyss.

I just need to get my science back. All knowledge is knowledge of science. God is science; Science is God. Before man learns the science of a thing it is referred to as magic. Magic is thought of as the unknowable. It is feared, and for this reason, many of those who wield it fall to the temptation of the manipulation of man through its use. The only antidote against black magic, any magic, is knowledge of the self. True knowledge of the self always leads to knowledge of God, as the truth is *One*, and its attainment leads all attainees to the same place. This one place is a place of scientific cause and effect, not flight of fancy.

The truth is *One*, and may be approached, and pieces of it may be known. Good names have been tainted through the avarice of man. The only God is an intellectually created God. The God of Spirit is number, science, Divine Will, electricity, matter, the truth of things, as known and taught by humanity for countless millennia. Only when this knowledge is obscured does man fall into iniquity. What man consume, become this man. If he consume lies, he will be lies. The sacred cause and effect. Particles and Waves.

All infirmity is the result of some excess. All excess can be seen as the lack of something else. The purified body has no reason whatsoever for disease or infirmity.

* * *

Modern children have a strangely blank look. It adds to this peculiar foreboding of doom in the air. I feel as if these children are in for long, dark times. I think it is possible many may have been chosen to suffer and or perish.

The Sun shines in the lands of the west. Knowledge, like the Great All-Seeing Orb itself, travels from east to west, and it would seem the Old World has served its purpose. The torch of illumination has been passed, it seems America has been chosen to survive. It is here, where the Sun shines, where the children may live with hope. The vanguard of existence. But the beauteous damsel is not through the woods.

We are all drunken. The drunkest are those drunk on alcohol, who have forsaken the liquor of love, drunk on infamy, ignominy, these are the sleepers, the saddest of them all. Friction causes fire, and fire is life. Therefore, life lies in friction, in resistance. Resistance causes life. Between vibration and clay lies resistance.

What is it, then, that has happened? We know all the stories, but we don't believe them anymore. How is it that we have been tricked? What is the fault of our fathers, in reality, and what our own? When was the ancient Crime of Time committed? What is the true dynamic of our Earth? What difference is there between races of men? Why are there men of different races and of different colors upon the Earth? Are they meant to mix? We must right our thoughts, our foundation. We must first take care of head, before we may advance.

The woman creates the red clay, the primordial red sludge that will then constitute the material physical creation of man. This is the Feminine's role in existence. The Masculine adds the intelligence factor that will organize, order and build out of the existing material cells, conditioning them to receive and transmit the frequency of It, which will inhabit the newly created body. This intelligence then, this frequency, this electric force, *the tie that binds*, is known to us as God, and this is how we partake of God. The triplicate God, the tri-unity inherent in every living creature.

There are two phases of existence: increase and decrease. That is to say, creation and destruction, inspiration and expiration. During times of creation, of bringing forth life, this one principle prevails. Every phase brings, however, its opposite in equal amount. Therefore, in relation to man and Earth, there are times when populations are created, and times when populations are destroyed. At such times, the role of men and the roles of women are polarized, and one takes precedence over the other. However, all things are double in nature, polarized as it were, to maintain balance.

All this symbolic convention may only be used in philosophic light, for all men and all women contribute to the Wheel of Life. All things we speak of are mere symbols. The reality will speak for itself. The fact of the matter is that all things *are*, and all things *are not*, until one achieve the *One*, the thread, but that is incomprehensible to the human

mind, and cannot be explained. It cannot be explained, but, as with the volume of a sphere or the circumference of a circle, it may be approximated.

I'll tell you the truth, and you tell me how it works: He who within him carries more fear, is the more malignant. He who carries most fear, is he who carries most evil. Everything wants to love man, who represents the culmination of intelligent life, but it is only man who may allow himself to be loved.

I, man, am courage, and you, woman, are strength. I must have the courage to act, but when I do, it is you who will give me the strength to continue. We fulfill each other because we expect to see in each other the good we know in ourselves. The opposite of courage, and of strength, is weakness. As we know this to be a horrible thing in ourselves, we do not want to see it in others. If we do not respect ourselves, then we will disrespect those who love us. A simple lesson this is.

They are all impostors, all our so-called leaders who take hate for love and love for hate, those who lead us to our doom and expect us to laugh and smile the whole way, thankful to them for what they have done for us.

* * *

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 he who must respond.

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, 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 who train all those who hear me. I have accepted, and now, I am of those 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, 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 the material, our planets, to feel heat back. He is a larger manifestation of God than are we. As there is lifeblood that powers a man, so is there life-blood that powers the universe, with a benevolent, self-creating center which provides the energy for life. As it is in our center, so are we in its center.

The material body is transitory and used only for learning purposes. It goes back to the earth, from whence it came, and with it goes all acquired memory of earthly needs, earthly life and deeds. 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 noonday Sun, and its consort, the midnight Moon, man and woman. Life and death.

Man-made truths are a separation of unity, and polarization results. Perfection is unity, androgynous, complete. Imperfection is binary. The two shall be as one, and I am as the silver thread, a silver surfer. We are like the computers, functioning on a simple binary code of yeses and nos. Every single decision could go either way, and before we know it, we have a complete life, complex as any computer that is forever choosing between ones and zeros, and more so.

* * *

My dear Elf, I'm thinking of you. I love you. I don't know how to live a life correctly, but I am trying as best I can. People come and go. Before, I just wanted it to be me that didn't get hurt, now I hope it's the other person in my life. I have already received some hard knocks, have been eaten alive and have eaten others alive. I already know this *maldito juego*. Between the ignorant man and the ignorant woman sparks a battle to see who survives. This isn't life, this isn't love, this isn't peace. But I have been able to overcome these deficiencies in knowledge. They haven't completely eaten me off, and I have maintained good karma through my own sensibilities. Now I just want to be a good thing, as I told you the other day, when we met, years ago. I don't want to fight you anymore. I need a partner willing to fight with me, and not against me. Life is war, and I

cannot have an enemy as my closest ally. I don't know how to live life correctly, but I try to.

This afternoon I took a nap, and I had a dream. I dreamt that I was in a beautiful land of sun, sea and sand. The sky and the sea were different shades of blue, and the sand was a pure, gorgeous cream color. Rising from this sand, close to the shore, was a large cube-shaped structure made of stone. It was perhaps 200 meters on each side, and 40 meters in height. It was decayed and crumbled, a jutting mass, something like Ayers Rock. At the base of the mass, not far from the shore of the sea, there was a unique village that had been built along the whole of the periphery. I knew immediately that this was not far from the Arabian lands, around the Mediterranean, and that the people had been very happy and very privileged who had lived here, and that I was from this place.

There was another part of the village near this cube, built on higher land, on a promontory that overlooked the sea and the cube. I was very happy here when I lived in this village, but I didn't see anyone who lived there with me in the dream. All I saw was the giant cube, which the people of our village had found standing when they arrived here, before my time, before *our* time.

My view is from a distance. I observe the scene. A village, one high, one low, sand, Sun, sea. Then I see the water begin to rise. It encroaches upon the village. The lower one, around the cube, is threatened first. I see the passage of time; the water only rises. The village becomes deserted, the people are flushed from their homes by the encroaching water. More passage of time. The water level only rises, the village becomes abandoned as the villagers know that the water will only rise. It is a time of decrease for some, increase for others. The water level covers the houses built alongside the otherworldly cube. Now the village is submerged, and only the cube remains. The water level rises, then I awake. I know this cube is submerged beneath tons of water; it was my home. I was happy there.

We have all seen these things. We have all heard these teachings before. They are merely forgotten, nothing more. Recall. Recall, brothers, and save yourselves. We are not the way we are. We are simply trained to be this way. Trained by our society, who is trained by her leaders. Do you believe in labors of love? It is the planting of a seed. Those

before us suffered and died so that we may attain. How shall we honor their memory? By trying to appropriate for exclusive usage that which was freely given? And now we are supposed to drown our sorrow by closing off all our senses. There are some that would prefer to only see, and thus surround themselves with, only the beautiful things in life. And there are those who cannot allow for that caprice in their world of pain and suffering. Those searching for beauty become indignant. Those searching for reality become terrorists, rebels. A multiple-headed monster is created, through lack of understanding. The indignant have caused this to happen, through their caustic callousness. Those searching for reality have caused it, also through their caustic callousness. And all will take to the streets, for what is real is not the earthly caste, but the hidden soul, fraction of the Spirit, which is of equal worth within us all. Any body is as good as any other body, if the thoughts be pure.

Is it that there is something childish about me, or that you have lost your elasticity about you, in your body, and in your mind? All is number. Manipulation of numbers creates formulas. Formulas are codes. The world is then codes. Break the codes and find the keys to life. Learning the codes constitutes knowledge. Knowledge is gained at heavy price. Therefore, the more keys I obtain, the more I shall have to pay for them. How shall I pay? With myself. The game is to obtain the keys with enough of myself left over to fight for the next. Every person has their destiny, proven by that every person has life, whether they know it or not. A man may claim what he will, but not all claims are true. All men claim to have life, but most are “walking dead”. Walking dead because they have not realized the truth of themselves, and the truth of existence, following instead their own man-made lies and misconceptions. If you doubt, you are sunk.

I guess I first thought of it a long time ago: That’s all I need, just me and my baby. I remember thinking when I was with my baby, that anything could happen, and I’d be fine. Just me and my baby, we could handle anything, no matter what that meant. Then I got dumped, and then I learned treachery, and after that I employed it myself. I got to know it well, when it comes to love, but always I was looking for the purity. I hurt others, not out of malice, but out of ignorance. So many nice girls, and not a clue of reality had

we. All sorts of illusions that had been programmed into my brain by well-meaning, well-intentioned mothers and fathers of society. How I have been tormented by it, by the loving, smothering dogma and delirium.

Delirious, I saw society, in their illusion and their folly. Yet it was they who taught me to open my eyes, my mind, my heart. They, who through their own enthusiasm taught me to detect their own weaknesses, by constantly pointing out mine. If you expect perfection out of me, I will expect perfection out of you. After all, I am the balance, and too much of this, or too much of that will send me off whack. Why have I seen them unleash their fury at their children? We know not what, how we teach. The Judgment: to one day grasp the full implication of what it is you have done. The same shall happen to me, but by then I will have been rightly tuned. I will respect, and I will listen, as well as discipline.

But most folk don't care to be good influences, good parents. Most folk want things easy, and want to blame things on others. I seen 'em, all over the place. Even some of my friends, and even in myself. During the most trying times, this is when the lessons are taught, and learned. Negative behavior at critical moments teaches negative behavior, and the opposite is also true. If a man maintain control, make an honest petition for help, it will be granted him, from whomever he petitions for help.

"Dear Lord, grant me the strength". A warrior mantra, profaned. Someone has placed some black magic, voodoo, on our heads, and we gotta get rid of it. I seen their games, man, I done played their games. I'm the one that knows around here, and if you don't believe me, well then, I'll call *you* insane. Tell me something about me I *don't* know, I challenge you. I am not a frail autumn leaf, waiting to be crunched underfoot, as you are. I am the springtime leaf, vibrant and green. If you hadna messed with me, I wouldna messed with you. I am the balance, I give as I receive, my love for you. I am not blind, not forsaken, not forlorn. I cannot be destroyed so easily.

Do I contradict myself? No. A life of reason is the only life for me. Reason with the unreasonable. I will not nobly stand by a convention that injures me or any other human like me. What does it mean, to be gripped by illusion and desire? What does it mean to have eyes and not see? Ears and not hear? A brain and not think? It means death. Quite literally death, for when these conditions preside one has not yet learned of the

immortal soul, the Spirit within. Any teachings which are not commensurate with this line of thought are detrimental to me, and I shall no longer hear them. Jesus the Christ has said that he who worships his earthly father before Him is not worthy of Him. And this teaching has been revealed unto me, and it is this that I shall pass onto my own seed. Reason indeed.

I can see how the others have erred, and where I may, I would rather not fall into the same traps. What is to be expected of all this teaching, if not learning? If you allow me to shape myself, you will love me more than if you shape me yourself. Teach with Love. I believe in allowing the soul to manifest itself. I am never more disappointed in myself than when I catch myself trying to shape a body. I have learned to allow all to manifest themselves, for only in this way can one see a person for what they really are. What I know, I teach with love. Love of the body, love of the mind, love of the soul. What have I done? Nothing. But I have kicked some of the world's worst habits. All who die do so because they have committed grave errors in their lives. To get to be old, in fact, is of the greatest accomplishments of man.

The dream I had, it must have been of the early days of the Mediterranean, when the ice was melting and the basin was flooding. Those structures are still there, like in the Caribbean. This monolithic structure I saw in my dream, it must have been in the pre-flood, because it was in fact flooded out. I had thought it was possibly Arab lands, but I believe that it was merely north Med. Now, these things only to be found when the basin washes out again, or when we photograph every square inch of its bottom. A few years ago (2000), a city was found underwater, two miles off the coast of Egypt. An entire city, told of in ancient stories but until now uncorroborated by archeological science, found only two miles from shore. The Med is huge, the oceans are massive. Who knows what else lies beneath the waves. Stories abound, of sunken cities, nations, continents. It would be easy to dismiss, if monolithic structures did not remain as testimony to bygone glory. That's just the way it is. It's only a matter of time before history recants, and tells a completely different story. But by then, other men will have seized power over the

nations. All I know is I don't want these, and I don't want those. I want something better to arise.

When we are first born, our physical body is cast into the light from the obscurity it first inhabited; the physical birth of the human, when it derives from its mother's womb. This then be termed the first birth. In the cases of some people, at some point along their time in life, an entity that was formerly unknown, non-existent, may be born into the light, consciousness, within an individual, culminating in what is termed the re-birth, or second birth. This is in fact the awakening of the spirit in the material body. The spirit may only advance, in terms of earthly knowledge, when it is in its physical body. If, while in this body, the spirit be born, like a babe, to the light, it will understand that it shall no more know death, as the body does. If this spirit not be born within an individual, its physical death shall be very real, and its spirit shall be placed in a place where it may again gain confidence, before re-incarnating to attempt at life again. The culmination of life here on Earth is the living separation of the spirit from the shell, in order to reunite them in knowledge, such that the truth be learned, so graduation, and higher planes, may be achieved.

There are two births, and only one death. Those in whom whose spirit is alive, these shall no more know death. These shall now be able to live and learn on an ethereal plane becoming masters of their own destiny, always in strict accordance with the Law. But the awakening of the spirit requires knowledge of the Law, and only its strict and faithful adherence can open this door. You may kid others, but you will be kidding yourself, and you cannot kid the truth.

I leave behind a life, and I commence anew. I have died, and I have left behind me a wreckage. I was betrayed by myself, and now I know that I don't look back in order to maintain ignorance, innocence of the chaos in my wake. Will I be put to death for my indiscretions? Sounds a bit extreme, as I myself have put none to death, physically. I have burst bubbles, shattered illusions, chopped off heads, symbolically. Alona. What will I mean to these people?

I have been thrown into the ring, the Thunderdome. Two mentalities enter, one mentality leaves. *There can be only one.* I repent, I continue with life. I can still make amends for my past mistakes. I have done nothing to no one that they really didn't do to themselves. I was summoned, and so I came, with my axe, chopping off heads, tears flowing from my eyes as I performed my grim task. I did what was asked of me, what I had to do. It's a nasty world we live in, and records have to be set straight. We can't suffer the same crimes to be committed against humanity forever, without learning some lessons from our travails and tribulations. I drew the strength from the knowledge that I am a natural creature, and I too, am allowed to manifest.

I was inducted into the halls of the initiated. I can now direct energies, command forces, commune with nature as is meant to be. I have no more need for fear. My mind is truly expanded; I have incorporated another ring about my center. My sphere increases, and I remain with life. I have not yet died, but I can manipulate forces as if I were dead. I may now construct my world with my own physics, what makes sense to me. I have been given the green light; I have been tested, found worthy, and given the go-ahead. Now is the time to show gratitude to those who have had faith in me. I have made the link, and I shall never die again, rather, I will shed my material cloak, when the time is right, but it will not be death, it will be the spirit doffing its temporal vessel, and returning it dutifully into the hands of Mother Nature, to the four elements from whence it came. It is no longer necessary.

But I am young, and my time has not yet come, so I forge ahead while yet on Earth, and am delighted to do so. The excruciating yearning for death is a great inspiration, and source of joy. Strange, twisted, morbid, macabre joy. Only because I can share it with no one else. I'm all alone at its center. That's ok, should make for an interesting life, full of feeling and sentimentality. I know the repercussions of what I have done, all of it, will come back to get me, and I know that in the long run it will all have been for the best, because I know what I have given: my sincerest, purest, and most loving all. One day we will reap the benefits of what we have sown. Always. All of it, regardless of what it has been, whether good or evil, warm or cold, wet or dry, all to be returned, unto me, the owner of my actions. *By their works let them be known.*

I fear nothing. I know what is in store for me. *What a big, fat fuckin lie.* I have no idea what is in store for me. I know I have acted, but do not yet know the merit of these actions, for I know I have had great impact on some of those nearest to me. What do I know? I know this: if I am afraid, it is because I have cause to fear. Justice is for certain, on this plane too. We just have to wait for it, but all will be paid, in full, in the long run. But I tire of these lessons. I did what I had to do to survive, nothing more, nothing less. They are the sick ones that try to destroy people by sucking their blood, messing with their head. Enough.

I go to be a real man, to where no one knows me. To be a real man. Ponder that. Today I go to be a real man. Dear Lord, I go to fulfill my mission, to take Your word wherever I may venture. I bend down on my knees, and I ask of you, please, accompany me, give me strength, intelligence, knowledge to do the best I can. I have seen my destiny, and I beg You to keep me company. You know that I will go, no matter what, but there is one way which is Your Way. That is the path upon which I would like to tread. This is my prayer, my song, my poem in Your glory. I know why I go, and that the forces I invite shall be by my side. For this reason do I speak with You, under Your sacred signs, covered by Your sacred mantle, with Your strength in my arms, my legs, my body, mind, soul, accompanied do I go.

Thank You for the opportunity of life. This time around has my reality changed. I've gone from that side, the side of the dead, to this side, where there is real life, existence in the universe. My people in need do not need my morality, my judgment, my ashamed glances. No. Strong, resistant, integral and honorable. Many battles shall come, I shall question myself much, but from all this shall come a long and distinguished career dedicated to the service of man's office. From now on my true mission shall remain inaudit. I shall not name it again. My temple shall I maintain, and this shall I exchange for Your Force. Together shall we be bound, and thus, Your wishes shall be mine, in peace, faith, and tranquility. In these things I believe, for these things do I fight. Harmony, peace, love, valor. So be it, by the Love of God. Amen.

When a man is deciphered, he can die. While he lives, he must fight to defend his secret, the secret of the hunger of his ego. For this reason do men become ascetics, to

demonstrate that they have conquered their internal hunger with their external abstinence. It is merely a mirror, a reflection, and it may not imply permanence. The secrets of a man are his lusts and desires, and when they become property of another, he may no longer live. This is why the sages must maintain silence, so as not to steal the lives of others. All diseases have names and man is known by his diseases. When you know all my names, then will you have killed me. Decipher me, and you will have unraveled my DNA code. You will incorporate me.

* * *

In a small, lonely hotel room, in Pampatar , number 10.

Everything I have striven for, I have achieved: healthy physique, pure mind, soul that flies like a bird. I am exhibiting qualities of all four elements. Soul free like the eagle, the strength of a lion, the tenacity for work of the ox, intellectuality subjugated only unto God, like the animal known as man. Nevertheless, my darkness still knows no shore. I am afloat in the long, dark night, eagerly awaiting the dawn of the light of day. I am the builder of my reality, as I have wished to be. My time has not yet come. There is much work to be done, much time to transpire.

I am here, with my people, who are still not ready to accept me. A child of the light, stranger upon the Earth. A king in the kingdom of heaven, lion of the savannah, tiger of the jungle. Animal-man dominated, celestial-Man born. There is much work to do, many works to be realized. What is the truth? Happiness, pain, suffering, joy? I have learned not to search for these things. They all find me, and I feel them, suffer them if I must. So poor are the materialists, that all they have is money. The poor ones, that suffer the 10 days of tribulation, may they be faithful unto death. So is one rewarded for ones privation, ones pain, tears and laments. In each man live an animal *animus*, singularly. I have killed my animal, and have caused the Sacred Dragon to be born.

The bearded serpent. The pale one amidst those of color. Who are my people? Upon the Earth are they isolated like rocks in the Pacific. They come not from one race, from one color, from one aspect. They are men and women, here and there. They cannot be determined by other men, only by their own minds, and the skies.

Which battle, dear Lord, is it, in which we find ourselves currently embroiled? I have had to fight for myself, and as victor, it is now required of me to fight with my brother, arm in arm, hand in hand. By whom shall I be accepted, and by whom rejected? Whatever things may come, I swear to not become angered, embittered, into the Hands of God my works transferred. The passions have I annihilated, to be able to fight with my brother, side by side. My strength, my perseverance, my philosophy, my liberty, God granted. In order to see the light, into deep, dark hells relegated, but like a sacred warrior, these depths survived, by the scruff of the neck did I pull myself out, back into the light, by the grace of God Almighty.

Time and again did I attempt to pull my head out of the sand, like the buried ostrich as I was. Day after day did I pray, to be able to see that side of existence, the part by the Sun illuminated. Tried and tried, to break the chains placed by those, by whom we were raised. Disgraced by our fathers, our ancient kin, all they did was sin and sin, those who have transported us to our current state of decay. We must break the chain, or suffer the same fate, the dooming of our own seed. Elevated man, from lofty spheres fallen, remains horizontal, but with the help of the incarnate God, have I obtained that he should stand upright, so that when the time has come, and it is time to respond, in pride shall I present myself, up high, and hear the word "Passed!".

Finally graduated from the university of life, the private school only for the initiated, those mortals chosen to silence the deafening din of the interested parties. Upon the Earth exists the immortal kingdom of the immaculate heaven, exchanged, by fools, for the temporal kingdom of the king of the Earth, Rex Mundi. From the venom of these villains am I inoculated, with the self-same venom of these was I vaccinated in order to combat the insidious poison that through my mind, my soul, my blood, ran unregulated. Poor devils. What do we now to repair that which has been destroyed and forgotten by the legacy of injustice toward the subjugated? The oppressed maintains his soul, while the oppressor is forbidden it.

Restricted, is the kingdom of the Ancient. Destined to always have our eyes shut, poor bastards, the lonely, poor, ignorant spawn of the devil. Poor bastard, he who only has money, imperialist. If the life of the rich is a lie, what then be the real life? Is it that of the poor, who must all of his days watch his children also grow up in poverty? This cannot be. We are divergent internal. External, man has not reconciled with woman, white has not reconciled with black. Until we once again converge, understand and know our Self, we will be at war. A man pays for his life with service. In lieu of this service, he must pay with pain.

PART SECOND: *REX MUNDI*

Love turned to hate, and melancholy creeps back into my heart. Love turned to hate. What a hideous development in the life of a simple child. And why must I lay blame on those other than myself? Why am I not capable of living my own life on my own terms? I cannot give to another the reins of my life. There are those who do not know what to do with what is given them. What use is progress if we lose ourselves in the process? Only in helping and serving humanity is true progress. Love turned to hate. Poor misunderstood child. How can I help myself? How can one dissipate the hate, let it become nothing and thus release oneself from the horror, the torture? How can I turn my back on the only thing that gives me comfort? Now I must push forward. They were right when they said it wouldn't be easy. They were right. I was wrong. We live in a world where the laws of man carry more weight than the Laws of God.

I have been above this since my first day. My soul rebels. I am trapped. I may not impose my will. A stopper, a plug, has been placed on the bottle wherein I reside, and I may not flow forth, as I will. I may transmutate, sublimate myself away, but the pain would be so great, so great to seal my fate. Fade away, by my lonesome, exactly as they said it would happen. Now patience takes over, awaiting the grateful day, when I may eliminate my limits, flow forth a peaceful child, a contented soul. This battlefield we call Earth, it forever threatens to overwhelm me. But my Mother loves me (someone must know of me) and She sends me sweet relief. Here I am denied, and too proud to set myself alight. In due time, I do believe, for now it is over.

Love turned to hate, and how can a soul such as mine live with such a fate? I'll be called an ingrate, a liar will be made of me. Or perhaps I will simply have been a liar all along. A liar when I said I loved you, when in fact, it wasn't true. Blue. Blue is the color of the blood in my veins. Blue, the color of my heart, in my pains. I am still wrong, illuminated and persecuted. Damned by man because I have been chosen by God, because my vision is too far-reaching, because I can see the hue of your eyes from a mile away. It is true, I am a sad, lonely creature. Love turned to hate. Am I a hater, then? Naw,

I'm a lover, been violated. Got problems now because nobody showed me love in return. What a bleeding tragedy.

Naw, I know I must live, and I must evolve. I have stated the problem, and now I must contribute to its solution. I want peace, I want love? Well now I must prove I know how to obtain these things, having so vehemently pointed out the problem.

* * *

There is an apocalypse coming. It is a worldwide phenomenon. A sector will eliminate itself from the planet. The meek will in effect have inherited the remains of the Earth. Because I can see it, I can manipulate my fate. The *haves* shall attack the *have-nots*. For it, they shall die. To save yourself, do not join in the bloodlust of the aggressors. All shall identify themselves through their own actions. The Grim Reaper has come to harvest the fruit sown by man-seed. The powerful shall attack the weak, and those that participate, the Earth shall eliminate. An echelon shall be assimilated, for the mentality of the fat, rich, and bloated shall be annihilated. Then, from the survivors, a new cream shall be created, and the cycle renewed. Ah life.

The powerful shall be purged in fierce battle, a great many in number. At first, the seemingly stronger power shall appear to be prevailing, but it shall be an illusion, smokescreens designed to keep the truth from manifesting. In effect, destiny must manifest, and the aggressors have already lost, for the weak are the truly blessed. In a true contest between two men, one spirit shall triumph over the other, at the cost of this other. The Quickening. The mentality of the spirit shall triumph over the mentality of the flesh, for it is man's destiny to regain lost knowledge of this spirit, to be seen only with the Mind's Eye within every individual.

There is no more mystery. A time of reckoning is at hand, a time of judgment, the end of an era, the birth of New Life. The "zombies", the walking dead shall awaken, and they shall find themselves at the short end of the stick, but they shall fight, and they will be furious, but the scales shall be on their side, for the time of the adversary has come. It

is time for the death of Satan. Another Satan shall be born, but he will take another epoch to mature. The foundation is the key; be it faulty, so shall the edifice crumble, like the proverbial cookie. Be it solid, in strength established, so shall it prevail as eternal knowledge, as God. Everywhere I look does it follow me. All things, good and bad succumb in the end. He who has the most reason to fight shall overcome. It is this one who has the almighty cause. For every effect there must be a cause, and its infinitude is God.

The black tide is charging again, the raiders are at the front. The stolen destiny must be repaid when the applicant has learned from past failures. I am under contract to God, and the contract states that I am free to pursue my life as I see fit, so long as I not deny Him, when He calls upon me. I may seek my happiness, my freedom, always abiding by His Law. The Lord will place me as He sees fit, and there shall I work. The conditions that man impose upon me, whatever they may be, there shall I breathe. I await my orders, and while I wait, I live my life, for this is the balance, this is the equilibrium. This is life, the life of man, man with God, for man is a splinter of God, and to God shall he return, when the time is right. Indeed the time is right. I gotta plan once again what I'm gonna do. Doing is happiness, happiness is doing, and this place is a mess. It needs love and faith.

* * *

I'll do whatever I have to do, Jack, whatever I have to do. I have sacrificed myself, my body, my mind, my chemical purity, but not my soul. NOT MY SOUL!! My soul is intact, my consciousness intact.

NOT MY BLESSED SOUL

When you are loved, you have to subjugate yourself somewhat. Mi Nena.

* * *

Why are some given so much while others so little? It's a decent question, but don't worry baby, we both know it doesn't have to be me. We both know that what you really take away is what you learned. It is the only thing you have a true right to take away, the rest is pretty much pillage, but hey, that is what the world's for. Yeah, pillage, right, no doubt. That's what the Earth is for. That's what man will have it be at the moment, a place of pillage and plunder. You see baby, I just don't think I'll ever see you again, so let's just have our little cry and get it over with. You were better than me. Perhaps you had the greater faith. Only time will tell! One never knows. Happiness makes the wound man unwound. Nothing makes happiness like love, and love stinks.

I am greater now, because my heart is rent yet again, yet I have not gone asunder. I am beautiful, more than ever before. Stay that way! Work, and stay beautiful. Become useful, become of service and your life will be spared, for a time, until you have ascended. By then, this lesson will be obvious.

I dropped my love off at the Flightharbor. I checked her in, and I watched her walk away from me, through the checkpoints, out of my life. I honestly couldn't say if I would ever see her again, but to be honest, I didn't think so. It was like having a piece of my heart torn out, a piece of myself. It was like the tearing in half of a unity, and I could feel the tear as I watched her walk away. My lips quivered as I stoically waved to her from a distance. I was searching her features for a sign of doubt, a signal that she had changed her mind, that she wanted to stay with me after all. Nothing.

She left my field of vision. I balked, but slowly turned to walk away. Mind blank, feelings shot, I went to the restroom. I came back out, walked over to the place where I had left her and had one last look. Nothing. I turned to walk out and as I was exiting the sliding doors, I heard her voice. She was running out of the Flightharbor calling my

name, waving her arms, after I had seen her go in. It was like something out of a movie, where the bus rolls away and the girl is still standing there on the other side. It was crazy, I was walking away, and she comes barreling out the door calling my name. Man, my heart jumped into my throat, she was going to tell me she was going to stay, it was like a millisecond of the profoundest glee I have ever felt in my life. I could have died right there.

- My dearest, wow, stay. Be my wife... - And she laughed.

- No, my love, I lost my airport tax slip; they won't let me go. Do you have it?

-What? We just filled that form out, I just handed it to you.

-I know, but I don't have it, and they won't let me go.

I walked her back and we retraced her steps before she had walked in. She must have been hysterical, insane, like me. Needed to see me again. I must admit that it calmed my nerves immensely. We found her slip in her passport, she had had it all along, and she left, but this time we both had smiles on our faces. I was much better after that.

-Hey man, do you really believe all that stuff?

-Well, in essence, I believe it is a race matter. I believe that we are headed for a racial showdown because we, the aggressors, refuse to see how our actions have impacted the people of the world, and that we, the loftiest, shall pay a heavy price, since it is we who have the most to lose. We could change our ways, but we will not, because the psychological package involved is more than we could handle. Our frail psyches, especially here, in Babylon, have been programmed to believe only in our superiority as a people, and in our position as protectors of the innocent. It would destroy us to face the fact that we are actually the instigators of modern world poverty and international terrorism. Not to mention the fact that to face our sins would mean also to give up our lifestyle, and no creature is willing to do that unforced.

In the West is the most advanced humanity, beginning with furthest point west. Here is to be found the cutting edge of modern human existence. The world is globalized, and a sacrifice is necessary. The Earth has still not had her say, but man will strike the first blow.

Poems of love
Spiked blood
Unfurled fury
Undigested beauty
The grace of All up above

* * *

I've been busy, busy trying to change my life, and I've succeeded, but I'm stuck somewhere in the middle right now, not quite where I was, but not really where I want to be. Who am I again? What has become of my vision? There are the hard days, when the resolve is tried, when one's true faith is tested, when one is caused to lose the way, for the way is long, and one is not infallible. The way may again be found, for one may always return to the center of one's own heart. All men have been caused to lose their way along the road. All true men of wisdom recover what they have lost. All men are taught the lessons they will learn. The way is to be sincere, and not lie to oneself. That's it, it's all coming back now. I have, once again, strayed from the path; how well I know the symptoms and consequences.

I have strayed from the path, but I have returned. Now is another time of harvest. I have worked hard, diligently, I have given all of me. I have been out to do battle against the world, to live my life. I have done the best job I could, and to do more, I would have needed help. None will ever know the truth. None will ever know the truth about anything. The truth is felt. The truth is *One*, *One* is simple, and *One* is complex. There are many facets to *One*, but it is always the same thing. Like the spiral of DNA does the spiral of time unfurl, the same proteins, repeating, over and over, creating the code. Awhile ago, I sowed a seed. The seed was covered with layers of reality. The seed sprouted into a beautiful human being, and now a time for harvest is at hand, a time for creativity.

The Moon, her vigor. I regain the vigor locked within me. It is a time for creation, a time for the soul of man to revive. War looms. The devil beckons. Or is it God? There

is a dragon, it hovers the sky with its flammable eye. The sleeping dragon is awakening, and its ire, its attention will be turned to the disturbing nations. The dragon will turn toward these nations and scratch a cosmic itch. Anyway, tension is high, war is imminent. The aggressor acts with authority; they want war. Demonstrations against governments everywhere, but the governments will show themselves implacable, for they have made their decision, long ago, and walk in assurance of their own actions. When the dragon falls, the world will be tossed into disarray, and God help us when the barbarians ransack our homes. How did I get trapped here?

What the hell is happening on this planet? I'm unhappy again. The time we were given is coming to an end, we have proven ourselves. We have been bit by the snake. The snake-in-the-grass, and everyone is bit, poisoned, vergiftet. Now the snake will be eliminated, for all will be forced to awaken. I am tired of listening; I have listened and learned, learned that all are insane. The sane are the very few; why can we not start again with these? No, of course not. But now I have a job: I will *write* of these. These. These are my men, and I am their king. They are loyal to me, for I am loyal to them.

Only nature will tell you the truth. Men will tell you lies. Most men would be heroes in their own little worlds. I will be hero of the entire world; that is my destiny, for I have seen the visions, and I have accepted. Look baby, I'll show you how to use your brain, I'll show you how to think. You came to me and you seeked answers. And I gave you the answers to make you a person. But it was not me, it was the Hand of God. I am at war with myself; I must win, and I must likewise lose, in order to truly win. People don't use words or talk to tell the truth. The truth is sensed elsewhere, it is felt. People use words or talk for other things, for pleasure, for business, but not to tell truths.

Write beautiful books. That is what has been asked of me. This, and nothing else. To write beautiful books full of love, anger, ache, beauty, pain, joy, frolic, folly, anguish, sorrow, ecstasy, death, salvation, life... This is all, and nothing more. Alongside, I must live my life. It is not worth much. I have not made millions, of dollars or friends, but I have acquired millions, in currency of the spirit. This is what I have been asked to do, to display my spirit. What things do we deal with here? First we must make a proper definition of what we are talking about. Who are the fathers, who is the Mother, who is

the brother, who are They, who am I, who are you? Only then will we begin to understand what is going on here.

El secreto de los EEUU es la unión. It was a beautiful country, the greatest of our times. It was torn asunder, as with so many, as with the best, by the lack of acknowledgement of its own dark side. The most magnificent, stupendous, wondrous, beautiful of all Earth's nations, a King of Kings. It could, however, not outlive its own history, the grim reality of its nefarious foundations which sentenced it to an early death. A structure is only as strong as its foundations, and here, the USA hides a dark secret she will not succeed in forgetting.

These are cosmic functions, cosmic times, cosmic tunes. Do I write history or do I merely chronicle it? No, I spent time alone, I study, I observe, and I extrapolate into the future. By the end of the long count, the Beautiful Nation will be a mere shadow of the glory she irradiates today. Her forgetfulness will have done her in, in the end, for she will have forgotten that she is in eternal gratitude to the forces that have empowered her so. It is an error that man is destined to repeat over and over until he learns the indisputable truth of his existence, which is always one of eternal gratitude. Gratitude to the idea of God, ones maker, ones creator, and ones destroyer. Gratitude to forces greater than one.

When one forgets to give thanks, ones blessings are removed, and one is exposed to life's cruelties unprotected. And such a glorious nation it was, entirely favored by God, by the hierarchy. But she was blinded by her own light, she succumbed to her own hubris. She will be undone from the inside out, from the seams will she burst open, as all her entrails come spilling out, and she will observe the spillage, and it will dawn on her that she has forgotten what it was she consumed to make her great. She has consumed the world's greatest resources, and, as such, she owes her greatness to the world, which so gracefully provided her with her foodstuff to make her so big, so beautiful, so great.

As her guts spill out, so will she succumb, and some will be propelled to other planes. It is a time of renewal. The Earth senses all, and above all, she senses the doings, the comings and goings of those whom she hosts. Those who have much have taken from those who have little or nothing. These are known as *interests*. As man protects his interests, he blasphemes against those who have empowered him. "The Lord shall

provide". And yet, as always, it is a double-edged sword, for the Beautiful Nation has indeed bettered the lot of man. She has worked and set precedent, and is guilty only of forgetting. No peoples have been favored forever, only the true individuals, of all colors, races and creeds, who know of God, of Isis, Ra, and El, and work to receive the Promised Land. Upon the Earth is to be found Heaven and Hell.

Heaven and Hell has naught to do with geography, but with the mind. In the mind is found freedom, and imprisonment. Yes, the Beautiful Nation has improved the lot of man by leaps and bounds in the last 100 years. She has not been flawless, far from it, for she is comprised of but mere men. As mere men, they shall stumble and fall, like any other. She has been comprised of men who have long had dreams, dreams of a different future than that what the past has brought. These dreams get carried on into the future, and the future is always manifest in the present. All things are linked, and no things are separated in the eyes of God. That is to say, no things are born in and of themselves, but all things proceed from a direct cause, causing an observable or unobservable effect, depending on the level of observation.

Now, the Beautiful Nation inspires pity and provokes mercy, now that she has committed the greatest blunder in the eyes of man. She has attacked an innocent and God-fearing people, weaker than herself, in propulsion of her own interests. Her service to man will not be taken into consideration as she is systematically dismantled by the furious god-force of mere man's vengeance. She has committed the mistake that will sound her death knell.

What will happen to the rest of the World? Political upheaval on a massive scale. No one will be qualified to fill the void the Beautiful Nation leaves. She has been working toward this culmination for 3000 years, since the time of the Greeks, the dawn of western civilization.

The Greeks were inheritors of far more ancient civilizations: the Chinese, Indian, Sumerian, Egyptian, that we know of, and not to mention all prehistoric civilizations which come to the people in the form of ancient myths and legends, like Atlantis, Lemuria, the Cosmos. The old dream was one of world domination. World domination would lead to all-worldly knowledge. Knowledge is power, power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely. The New World Order is global hegemony under one

centralized governmental entity. The World Government. It has been discussed, planned, dreamed of by the world's most ambitious leaders for thousands of years. Now this goal is within reach, but the world is not ready. The Beautiful Nation is not ready. The task is too huge, too many billions of entirely diverse people populate the Earth. The task is too large. It is a struggle that is doomed to failure. All we can ever do is help, or condemn ourselves.

Two cosmic forces uniting, and in unison, creating harmony, that for which we so long and yearn. Pure, immaculate love, that I receive from you, my dear, the love that warms the heart, illuminates the mind. And that of the empty, cold, dark abyss, but from whom I receive these I shall not name, for fear of sending a vibratory alarm signal. For fear. We are the creators of our lives, and what we utter shall come to pass. Were I to utter a name, cause, give birth to harmonic vibrations and trigger a frequency lock, I would be sealing my own fate. My destiny is in my own hands, rather, mouth. El pescado muere por la boca.

No, with you, I focus on the love. I know my Mother, I am grateful to Her, and She knows this. She is my Mother Earth, and it was She who sent you to me. My Mother loves me, and She answers my prayers. Yes, it was She who sent you to me. She knows me, she knows how I will treat Her children, how I shall love them and cherish them. And so She blesses me, and She blessed me with you.

Who is a man to say what the greater forces shall dictate? He is the man who believes *his* will the highest, who is the unbeliever. The unbeliever, he who does not believe. Believe in what? Non-believer of what? What is there to believe? Or rather, what is there left to believe? Have we not dispelled everything already? No. We are ignorant fools, and the brightest among us the most ignorant of all. It shall not be history that judges us, but ourselves.

I shall not analyze history here for all of us. No. I shall just point to the evidence and let every man think for himself. No, you see, the Truth does not seek to proselytize. On the contrary, She is shy, and needs to be looked for and found. Seek and you shall find my child. She is proud, and She will not be handled by all. Indeed a very few. And to these will She be faithful, for it is She who is perfect, and only She who may know Herself. And it was She who sent you to me, sent the Planet to my Sun.

Indeed I do love my Mother and all Her children. She is our Mother. Long have I conversed with Her, and She has bestowed upon me Her blessings. It is said a true master requires absolute devotion. She is not my master. I am my own master. But She is with me, for She is me, my carnal aspect. She is my Mother, my aide. It is She who allows me to see myself, She, split from my rib, who became the wisest, wisest because She is Balance. She knows Her worth. The natural resource of the World.

Buck up, buckaroo. Time to stop playing with yourself, thinking about silly love poems. There's still a war abrewing, and I need to be a real man. It's war time man, and this ain't no time to be falling in love, yo. But hey, I know the real truth, that the Mother shall provide when the time is right. Yeah, it's the severe unhappiness that greatest motivates a man to achieve, for unhappiness is always an emptiness, filled by many different means, usually artificially, thus causing imbalance and further unhappiness. I already know the tell-tale signs of depression within me. I know it's just a state of mind I am fully capable of handling. Sometimes I think I must love my sorrow. Somehow I know it keeps me in line. It keeps me writing, and so I search for it, I contrive it, and it finds me.

Of course I am creating this for myself. I have always known this, on some base level, though I knew not the forces at work. Still, forces oppress me. The strain caused by these forces in turn causes me to write, to fight, to work hard to strive to obtain a voice for myself, such that I may be heard, such that my soul, that being the realized soul of a man, be allowed to shine to its heart's content. Yes, innocence is the only true happiness, but grace may allow for satisfactory living. Grace, in the eyes of God, of man: removal from the crasser aspects of life through self-molding, after innocence lost. Knowledge. Sabiduria. A man may elevate himself, encompass more spheres, more space, more juice, if only he remain calm and give thanks.

How is this, you ask? Well, my friend, all is a state of mind. The state of mind follows rules. These are the same rules followed by all of life in existence. This then, becomes The Word, God's Law as interpreted and understood by all that which expresses life, each to its own limitations. At first there was the void, and then there was The Word, the vibration, the mathematical formulas that incessantly reverberate through the cosmic

waters, relentlessly looking for the proper medium with which to blend, and make manifest in a unified manner, a cosmic marriage between the Word, and the Matter. The Heavenly Father and the Virginal Mother, the incarnate frequency then being the Son, the union, offspring of the two Forces. Well then, where is the problem? What's all this fuss about wars, guerras, bullshit, hunger, AIDS, crack cocaine in the ghettos, violence? What? What? Same ole bullshit. Shit like won't go away.

What am I doing? Nothing. Masturbating, dilly-dallying, faffing about, waiting, studying, working, writing, reading, constructing. How am I helping? What am *I* doing? I'm chronicling, I'm thinking deeply, I'm worrying, though I know that to worry is to throw away energy, so I worry little. I'm praying, I'm keeping the faith, I'm staying true. A man's got to know his limitations, gotta know what he is, and is not willing to do. Why, divulging ancient, top-secret information, no less. Yeah, only solving the world's problems. At least on paper.

What? What? Who's real? Who's real? Wassup yo? Peace out to all my peeps. Man, you know who you is. Mi gente, los creyentes, los que sabemos. In this World is found a little bit of everything. The macrocosmos *is* the microcosmos, all is *One*. Everything is one and the same, for what is true on one level, is true on all levels. Learn to read the signs. The key to learning is repetition. Memory is the key. It shall be the memory that shall finally set us free. When we learn to remember, cease to forget, then we will be in position to see the light. All endeavors take dedication and discipline, and where there is dedication and discipline, there are results. Laws of God, my friends, What? Oh, I can reinterpret all the lyrics for you. What is it that is missing a key? When one is with the Lord, one is in each and every of the many chambers in His house. My boy, you can't bullshit a bullshitter. A key, you say. Well, the key shall be forgotten mathematical formulas. There shall come a time when one is born with the knowledge and talent to unlock the door without your precious key. They are the Laws of God, my friend, and the key is the spirit.

What are you, Jack? Do you even know? You, you schlob, stuffing your face with a big, meaty mcburger. Do you even know what it is you are doing? What it is you mean? Why you? Key indeed. Yeah, all those questions you should never have asked. Why ask them? Who needs them? Look at us now, fer chrissakes. Where did it get us? Well, look

at where not asking got us. Yeah, we lived great, we had a great time, goodbye, and thanks for all the laughs. See you in hell. Not if I see you first, you crooked bastard.

They been telling us all along, Jack. Under a properly ruled Machiavellic government, the people shouldn't even know they are being governed. Oldest trick in the book. Let the bully swing punches, and swing some more punches. Let him get tired. Just survive, and wait for him to make a mistake, the only way to do battle against militarily superior opponent. Survive! Survive! Nothing in the world remains the same forever. The rich man shall not be rich forever, the poor man shall not be poor forever, the meek shall inherit the Earth. Yes, I have seen it. I have seen it all before. It'll all come crashing down faster than you can say "But wait, I'm an American".

Crap, we're all done in for, for now. It'll be 20 years before we rear good ole South America out of the rubble to spearhead the world economy in the New Age, post WWII. Hell man, I'm being a bit gloomy, forgive me, but we are at war. I know I shouldn't be an alarmist, and by God, certainly not an apocalypst, but hey, they've been threatening to bomb my world my whole damn life. What else do you expect from me? Forgive me if I'm paranoid. I know the whole story, Jack, I grew up in the United States. Go A's, go Raiders, go Niners, go Giants, go Norcal. Go Norcal baby. I was born in Cali, left my heart in San Francisco. Whatever.

Oh, sweet, sweet love, how you elude me so. Why our Mother sends you to me in spurts I shall never know, but I must assume it is for my, and for the common good. For yours as well, I cannot question the judgment of God. And yet, it is said "The Lord helps those who help themselves". A man's life is always in his hands. It is only immense cowardice or immense ignorance that changes this innate condition.

* * *

All day I walk on the rocks, lonely. Sometimes a black bird with a red head flies over me. I turn up at him with a look of scorn on my face. The rocks are black, igneous,

the water smashes upon them. I walk on the rocks all day. Sometimes a big black bird flies over, and I know he's looking out for me. He, like, taunts me. He knows there is nothing around, nothing but what the eyes can see. Black rocks, grey skies, olive sea. That damn bird, that damn vulture, that thing knows I'm going to die out here. What he doesn't know is when, because he doesn't scare me, but he flies around anyways, like he wants to swoop at my head. Soon. And I just look at him, with the look of scorn on my face.

But he still flies over. And I'm just kind of walking, forward. I don't really know what else to do, but I'm walking, in what seems forward, though it could be backward, seeing as I don't remember exactly which way it was I came. All I know is I've always walked in the same direction, as long as I can remember. Water on the right, land on the left. I started climbing and made it to the top of the heaped rocks on my left, and now I'm coming down. From there I could only see more of the same, endless rocks, sea and sky. And the bird. I think it's where I came from that I'm going to, but, like I said, I can't remember. It's getting mistier out. I think maybe night is coming. I wonder how long I've been here, cause it feels like I just kind of woke up, and here I was. Man, just like in that freakin movie. But this ain't no movie, this is real life. That's why there's only me. There's nobody else here. Where is everybody? On another plane. They're all on another plane.

Hell, maybe it's me that's on the other plane. I guess, if I make it there, I guess there's a purpose I'm walking forward, at least it feels like forward. It's like an innate instinct. But how do you know it's truly this way? Well, at least I can guess that something is this way, be it even never ending rock, and sea and vulture until no more, whenever that may come. Nothing is assured! I wonder... If I was to turn around, and walk the way I came, if I walked long enough, that could very well easily be forward as well. I can't say for sure that's not the way. Maybe there is no way, and it's all the same? Naw, there's always a way. Is it possible that I zigged when I should have zagged? And the bird. Wow, what an intense conundrum.

Can it possibly be that I've been walking the wrong way this whole time? What if there's nobody here because they all walked the other way, and it's all sunny, and they're

all fine. Am I going crazy here? What to do, what to do... Ok, think. Think what makes me think it's that way?

-I don't know.

-Could it possibly be the other way?

-Yes, it very well could.

-Well then, my friend, we have a new dilemma. We thought we were doing fine and dandy, when in fact, we were all messed up. That damned, infernal bird. If only I could see what he sees. Oh Lord, what is happening with me?

-Nothing, nothing. Think clearly, think. Did They say it was this way or that way? Do I even know?

-What do I know, and why?

-Because They say so?

-Well, who is They?

-I don't know man, who is They? You tell me.

-Well, obviously, They is who you go to for your information, since you can't think for yourself yet.

-Can't think for myself?

-Yeah, otherwise you'd know who They were, who you are, where you are, what is happening.

-Well, tell me then, you asshole. Quit being a big shot and tell me what I need to know.

-Look son, you're a nice kid. You got all sorts of problems, issues. You're all out of whack cause you don't know yourself. The way you're going, never will either. Life is many things, but above all, it's always the same thing, life. All things, with time, deteriorate, but those who can attune themselves with the cosmos, well, those are time surfers, immortals. Don't you know kid? The key to life is electricity, and chemistry of course. The two things that make life on Earth possible: our Father and Mother.

-What the hell are you talking about, my mother and father?

-Just what I said, our Mother and Father. Remember what I told you about life, always being the same one thing. Everything has a mother and father, except the indivisible *One*, entire unto itself and inclusive of all. Always the same principles, same

laws. Everything that *is*, exists under the influence of the same laws, known as the divine Laws of God. Modern man, of course, knows some of these Laws as science, but most of them have always been, and continue to be known as magic.

-Why magic?

-Why magic, because what man cannot comprehend, he dubs magic, or sorcery, or witchcraft.

- So then, magic, or sorcery, or witchcraft are all bullshit then?

-Kid, you still don't know how to ask a question. You gotta listen to what I say, analyze my words, you gotta think, you gotta apply, not just react. When you get good at it, it will take you the same amount of time to think, apply, react that it takes you now to just react.

- Yeah, whatever. What about the magic, and sorcery, and witchcraft, what's up with that?

- Well my lad, everything has a reason, and everything that *is*, is double in this life. That is to say, the same conundrum, to be mathematically sound, must have two solutions. The solution of reality, and the solution of falsity. For every yes/no question, there is a yes and a no. The cosmic principle of increase/decrease, inhalation/exhalation, growth/decay, and so on. Life is an infinite series of yes/no decisions...

I opened my eyes just in time to see the bird picking at my entrails. Who had I been talking with? I wasn't walking anymore, lying, not really doing much more than dieing. I felt no pain, no sorrow, no fear, no nothing, no scorn even. Who had I been talking with, was it that damned bird, or had it been myself, or some wise angel of mercy? What had that been? I lay on my back, and I closed my eyes. I felt heavy, and light, confused, and enlightened, happy and sad. The vulture. The vulture. The vulture...

* * *

What is Earth? Earth is an unwed mother, and man her brightest child. The highest on the Earth, then, is the Mother. They call Her the Virgin Mother, but She is, in fact, the Unwed Mother. There is a Father, and He rules His household, but He is absentee. They are unwed, but they are meant for each other. Between them burns a fervent and ardent love. I am their lovechild, and so are you. Our Father loves us, as does our Mother, in their own different ways. Who has established the rules? The rules have been established since a long time ago, since time immemorial. Only now, some people know the rules, and others don't. Those that know the rules know them as science, and those that do not, know them as magic. The phenomena are the same. Gravity was once magic, and the Earth was once flat. Our science is faulty, because it is profaned. Who understands?

Fuck the bullshit. I know some people, man, and all they want to do is fill themselves up with bullshit. Then what, when they are forced to react, they'll react with bullshit. But, reality is the same as bullshit, only you gotta think a little bit. People are loathe to think, can't think of anything worse to do than think. Everybody except for you and me, of course.

A man must learn to think for himself, must learn not to allow himself to be led by...ignorance, or the interest of others. To give a man authority over himself gives that man power, and they say power corrupts. Every man must learn to carry his own bit of weight intellectually, or the balance of society is tilted. We have only known tilted society. It is a tilted civilization, ours. It is for this reason that it is in government's interest to keep the people ignorant, for government (centralized) is, in practice, imbalance of power (though in theory it is entirely benevolent, which is why it is yet so fervently followed). If every man could govern himself, centralized governments would be greatly deemphasized. Government's first order of business is to stay in business, and thus, in a democratic society, to bamboozle the people. Only in our skewed reality of the Garden of Eden does power corrupt, for it is not internal power, but earthly power of the stronger over the weaker which is in question.

Modern government as we know it is a western phenomenon. Even Asian economic powers work under western ideological premises. New World government thinks it has its populations entirely under control. America is still a child; her parents are

still alive, and they are still in charge. The whole world is in for a rude shock. The Beautiful Nation is made up of all peoples. These peoples are the true conscience of a nation, and not the authoritarian-imposed conscience of an interested government, bent on ulterior motives and hidden agendas from a divided elite.

The theory: A government, for the people, by the people. The reality is the power is held with an iron grip, and only those born with the power may be allowed anywhere near it. Dissenters, dissidents and subversives will be shot down on sight. They are two different things, the people and the government. A man from the masses is in no way capacitated to run a modern megagovernment. Government, at all times, has known how to manipulate its people. Lao-Tsu knew that the best form of government was one where the people didn't even know of its existence. Oh, subtle subterfuge indeed. The politician truly is a special breed. A talent like on other. Subtle subterfuge indeed, you sly devil.

In order to make someone happy, you must give of yourself to them. That is possible for some people, impossible for others. People who would give of themselves, saints, and those who would receive from others their energy, vampyres. How would a knower of the dynamic enter relationships? He may understand some of the Divine Laws, but he cannot halt their natural progression. A would-be knower may feel he should be exempt, manipulating the Laws by will-power alone, but he is doomed to fail. Only utter and total acceptance may lead to happiness for the knower. A true knower lives in another dimension, the realm of the spirit, while the non-knower lives in the realm of the flesh. Thus one man's problems are not the problems of all, though they should be, under perfect conditions.

All Earthlings should have working knowledge of the spirit. This is the true manual, the golden crest of the pyramid of life. Only with this knowledge may a man then truly live his life, with direction, meaning. The mark of the genius is to think for oneself. A genius cannot fall into the trap of letting others think for him. Most humans have not been taught, and are not aware how they are black holes for the energy transferred between beings, wasting and dissipating their own life force in their ignorant folly. The genius who has energy to give cannot give it away to mere man, for mere man is desperately trying to take it, usurp it, a Black Hole for energy is he. Ignorant man is a

vampyre, and will suck your life-force dry if you allow him. Ah, but by doing so, by giving yourself away, you will bring comfort and happiness to the impoverished soul that would sap your vitality. Blasphemy.

No, a genius cannot make man happy directly, must find other ways of empowering men, ways that force them to use their own energy, and here, then, is the source of his genius. Personally, by not indulging others in what they want, a genius can only bring unhappiness to his direct surroundings, for humans are by nature interested creatures, looking for ways to satiate their unknown, and therefore uncontrolled desires. A genius is constantly at battle with the world, concerning his personal life, regardless what shape his works take. He is the sacrificial lamb for all humanity to feast upon. The lamb set out into the desert, laden with the sins of man, man's intermediary with God. Poor sorry sap. Rest in Peace, Stealers of Destiny.

* * *

A duel with a mystic master is a duel with the devil, the bringer of light. A duel with the mystic master will cause your death, but only in your carnal mind. But if your mind is weak, it may take your body with it. Only the possessor of the strong mind may duel with the devil, and not lose his life. Only the possessor of a steely heart and an iron will can survive a duel with the devil with his life, *and* his soul. When you have done so, you will no longer die, and you will have become immortal. Look man, you may be older than me, but I'm the one who's steering this ship. That means I set the pace. I will not allow myself to be moved by you. I shall set the pace, and it is you who shall chronogram yourself to the pace that I have set. I have followed the paces of man my entire life, and I have found them wanting. Too much moisture, or not enough heat, or the other way around. There is no room for balance in our modern lives. We have chosen an existence of imbalance, temporarily, for all that goes up must come down. Imbalanced people are more dependent on, and thus more dangerous to, each other. Who, here, knows of balance? Who may give a lecture on the finer points of balance, the essences?

Oh, my dear, we are lost children indeed. We shall pay for our sins. But enough of that.

Most of the time I feel my master is larger than me, but sometimes, I feel he is smaller. It is only because of the feeling of competition, however, which I am sworn to resign. I have stated I will not compete. One cannot engage a non-competitor in competition. These thoughts would be unnecessary, though, without the idea of a competition. And therefore I am bigger than he, who would, through his own fear, attempt to judge, and impose upon my life. For those not yet versed, is life still a competition. It is emptiness that drives man in such an empty endeavor. Competition is mental violence, a surrogate of war, and that is why we love it so. Alas, the paradox caused by the innate death-wish, coupled with the instinct of survival.

The paradox? Why, all is balance, and therefore, all is knowledge. If one knows enough, one may control the application of the criteria in ones life that lead to balance, or chaos, or any point in between. These are the aspects of the triplicate God-Head: Order, Chaos, Reconciliation; Good, Evil, Knowledge. Knowledge, the knowing balances. But you cannot teach a creature something it is not prepared to learn. That would be akin to reaping a harvest before the fruit has been allowed to ripen, after you have sown a seed. As you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, I shall have to wait for my next lifetime. Despite the fact that I have obtained most of the things I wanted, I feel an empty and unsatisfactory experience on a daily level. What I really wanted, freedom, I have not obtained. I have only succeeded in trading one type of freedom for another. Now I am beholden to my master, I am in an uncivilized land, and the woman I love is far away. I pay for my sins yet. I live in the twilight zone, it is true, but I yet live.

Sometimes the adversary grows stronger, and consecutive defeats demoralize me. At these times, I don't want to do anything but sleep. Things sometimes become dire, but at least I think I can handle it. I get that most ominous feeling, like the one that feels the end of the world. I feel like I painted myself into a corner. I know now that when undertaking ones own destiny, better precision is required than what I have shown here at the start. I have fallen to new lows, now lie in new troughs, valleys. What new foreboding

do I carry now? I dreamt it in the past, and it all came to pass. What do I see now? I don't know; a new world, based on new principles. Have they transferred themselves? Are they on a new plane of human existence? Will they succeed in the mass rape they now so desperately seek? I just don't know. Tune in next week, same Bat time, same Bat channel.

What do I think? Well, I think people will not adapt to a new reality quietly, especially not the *haves*. A curse will plague the Mighty Nation, and she will be consumed by her internal ills. She will die of complications stemming from a cancer incurred at the toe. The prophet of our times shall be vindicated.

What is the true reason for my depression? Is it the feeling of impotence before a cruel and remorseless world and existence that has not rewarded me for my efforts as of yet? I must not have earned them yet. What is my master's role in my woes? When we do battle, he weakens me and I submit to his will because I childishly (and perhaps irresponsibly) give him sway over me. Sometimes I am afraid, and exhibit the same weak traits that felled me before. My heart is lonely, my love is gone. I am once again grasping at thin air, trying to catch something that isn't there.

My baby, thousands of miles away, I know her heart is more at peace than mine. We have swapped our situations. She has left me her insecure dissatisfactions, and has taken my stoic acceptance. Now I have a chronic sense of ill-ease. I am not happy with myself, or with my plight. The world calls to me, and I cannot respond to her, despite the fact that I do have the means, but I am beholden, and I have accepted gifts with strings attached, a mistake I live to regret. My world is coming unglued. I wonder if it is related to the rest of the world coming unglued as it is. A coincidence, you say? It could be. A frightened soul, frightening times, a historical event (21st century), an angry world. Much was promised, much was given, and much was taken away.

An irrational fear, you say. Well, that may be, but I grew up during the cold war, during Reagan, and that dude before Gorbachev. I know people my age who feel something similar. I've traveled the world over, my friend, and Mother Earth knows I am Her friend. It is She who spares me when I am in need of aide. But only so long as necessary. In this contrary warring world, it is not eternal happiness that awaits me. I am to be a leader, a guide of men. I know how I am best served. I am the invisible part of the

brain, the Pineal gland. I am one to let the will of my parents, my makers, be done. But I, like all sacrificial beings, need recognition. For this do learned men give thanks before each and every meal, that the Lord may know that all which has given its life such that we may live is not taken for granted. The fates and fortunes of all things are always changing.

Except for me. I shall be fortunate my whole life long. After all, that's why people call me Lucky. But I still feel dirty inside right now. I don't know if it's the meat, the alcohol, the tobacco, or maybe even my thoughts, my comportment. All I know is, right now I could be a whole lot happier. I could be more fulfilled, more satisfied, more free. I know what my legacy will be. Scare quite a few people, help us all heal and evolve.

I see now. Not only is the vagina the essence of all earthly life, but it is also an earthly substitute for death. A deep, dark, cavernous place, like Hades itself. Life is death is life is death. The penis enters, gives over his life essence, and dies. But it is reborn, and soon ready to deliver itself once again. Reincarnation. It is the same penis, and the essence essentially the same every time. Something inside man knows how to make even sperm, the essence of human life.

* * *

What darkness is the world heading into now? The latest civilization is at war against the first. How will the retaliation take place? It has been promised, prophesied. Holy war has been waged, gods have been invoked. The gods are at war, and it is man who does their dirty work, pays for their sins. These gods are mere shadows of the True God, the Many-Named, whose name may not be spoken, whose nature may not be thought of. All who have invoked their god, and waged war shall be forsaken by the True God, ever merciful to His true children.

* * *

Dear brother, you do realize the potential we have before us. The potential is unlimited. Massive. We can talk about it. I believe you do see it, how we could be kings here, how we only have to assume our rightful positions. It is builders we shall need, constructors, men of vision, of renown. You see what's happening here, a New World Order. We must see, and we must align our thoughts, within ourselves.

White man's slave?

Hell no!

I'm riding the white man's wave.

What's coming next is pure *candela*. First, we have to take a look at the world. What is happening, we must get to the bottom of this, for it is fundamental. What's happening in my country, in my family, inside of me, inside you? What are we doing? Why? What does it mean, to live in our times? What are our chances, can we coexist, are we headed in similar directions? All good questions, my dear brother. All philosophical questions of worth. I see unlimited potential. Can, should it be done alone? Yes, my dear brother. The wheel has been handed to us. We are amongst the chosen people. We are the chosen people.

The ring gives knowledge, and knowledge makes for civilization. The combination of intelligence and knowledge is the most dangerous on Earth. Intelligent men are also led astray, and these are the most dangerous, to us and themselves. It is not important to be extremely intelligent, it is important to be *intelligent enough*. The power of good is innately passive, for we are all born good, and indeed remain good, until we ourselves become bad. Humans are born innocent, though the soul may be tainted. Different people display different levels of consciousness. The more elevated encompass more spheres. All spheres are layers, like an onion. As men grow, in every way, they encompass more spheres. Sometimes men are teachers, sometimes they are students. All teachers must strive to learn from their students. The world is lacking in benignant leadership, and we can no longer trust those in power. Men are lost. We have not found the proper formula yet. Ellos son blancos, y se entienden.

I am overwhelmed with feeling and sentiment. I have had revelations. I am being trained, I begin to see more clearly. I see the pain of the beloved. I see the pain in the heart of the man who prepares in his chore of chopping another man's head off, in the name of humanity. I am a friend of the intelligent man. When I encounter an intelligent man in need, I help out, for an intelligent ally is stronger than a stupid one. But it is precisely the intelligent man for whom one must be cautious. I must let it be known that all aggressors, all transgressors shall lose their heads. I see the pain of the beloved. I see the illusion of life, how those who have struggled the most are sometimes reviled for their brutality. I see the beauty of the celestial soldier. I see how the most perfect are the coldest. I see how men have been led astray, how their actions lead them to their own doom and destruction.

I see the nobility, the beauty, in combat for the beautiful ideal. I see many things indeed. I see how some have abused their earthly powers, and how they have paid. But I see that perhaps their madness had a reason. I see how men have killed, in honor of the spirit. I see how men have misinterpreted teachings, how all have their purpose, and how one may betray oneself, but never ones destiny. No, not ones destiny, that was chosen for one, perhaps even by one, to fill in a piece of the puzzle, the dynamic mosaic. Who is the doomed child, and why is he doomed? Yes, the beloved weeps. The beloved weeps for what he must do. I see how there are some humans who battle on the highest planes available to earthlings. I see how the ideal is more important than the man, and that death, in its fulfillment, is the highest glory.

I see men are blind. I see how those who have climbed the highest must now fall the lowest. I see how the most beautiful, and the most worthy, must now somehow leave the planet, allow the rest to evolve in peace. An era has ended, a new era begins. There shall be a new chosen, these shall respond to their task avidly, as all have done before them, for they are as children, and have not yet learned that in order to know what is enough, one must first know what is too much. It is a new Genesis, and therefore Enoch, and the angels walk among us. During times of transformation, the Earth is fecund with vibration. All aspects of man are present, and the subconscious is tapped in times of need. We are well taken care of, for we are accompanied by The Law, the divine Law of God

that is the track upon which rides the train of humanity, the train of life, claspng the crag with crooked claws, as it were. Man's task is to be strong, and survive.

I see how The Faith has been violated. I see the image of the Starship. I see the tears in the eyes of the women and children. I see that a lot will be judged. Parts of the beloved shall be found cancerous. The cancer shall be removed. The spirit shall be separated from the body, there shall be prophets, zealots. They will give their lives. Stories will be told, truths will be concealed. The mighty will fall. They shall be remembered, but their demise shall mean global prosperity for their survivors. In essence, the meek will have inherited the Earth. A new society shall emerge. A giant will have fallen, and the lessons learned shall be great and many. But they shall be remembered. They shall not be forgotten, for they were the beloved. They were the beautiful children of the Earth, and they fulfilled their task.

The best among them shall be judged favorably, and the worst shall as well be taken to task. All will work, according to the Law. The Law Maker will once again take matters into His own hands, or those of His Lawyers. The mighty will have fallen. She is the modern incarnation of the Phoenix. It is her symbol. She has lit the flame under her feathered wing. I see the tear in her eyes, for her feathers are her children, but I see the resolve in her steady hands. She knows her children will likewise someday find their similar destiny. She is a creature, and she knows herself. It is her soul that cries out, and so, she shall be released from her earthly shackles, when she has found the truth of herself. We are in an era of light. We shall soon see.

* * *

My spirit rejoices, even though I have lost the capacity. I am a god, I know it, although I can be destroyed, but only by myself. I am the glory of spirit incarnate. The more I study, the more I realize I already know, and how I know better than mere man. It is not mere man's fault. The prevalent political doctrine on Earth is one that has enslaved, enslaved human kind, not allowing for upward progress in the pineal gland of the human

brain. Man has been subjugated under the yolk of mental slavery for some time now, and it is true, that a new way must evolve. It is true that our current reality is diseased and cancerous. It is true that the interbreeding of humanity causes trial and strife, but it also leads to new races, for all on Earth is dynamic. White is a mentality, a purity of mind, of the soul and heart. All have their innate interests.

Why must the highest of our people have to conquer in the destructive form they have chosen? Who are their accomplices, and who their enemy? What is their history, what dark secret lies hidden that causes them to act thus? Of course, humanity has a symbolic head, and there are the people who symbolically assume this role. Humanity is not happy right now, and this is the fruit of the labor of the highest. Why? What is happening? Once again, I lose contact with reality.

Now they tell me all the villains were the good ones, and all the heroes were the evil ones. You'd have to be insane to think that Hitler was a saint, a western politician who took the Jewish Problem into his own hands. What then of masonry, and all founding masons, all over the Americas, builders beholden unto masters? Rex Mundi, the King of the Earth, claiming his kingdom, his crown.

All men are to be treated kindly. The purest, of whatever race, to be held in highest esteem. Man will extinguish himself, and the races will once again subdivide. They are the color spectrum of the skin. The skin is not to be feared, for it is not the spirit. To fear is to plant fear. Those who have lived the purest are the most fearless, for the mind attaches itself to whatever it believes. What really happens on the Earth is a mystery. Too many things have transpired, too much time has lapsed. Too much love, and pain have been diffused. The spirit shall shine, and the spirit is available to all men. The spirit is a frequency, a wavelength, like the truth. It is not obtainable, only approachable. And so we approach, dear God, with care and with caution. With love and with faith, grace and salvation.

A human soul may not be oppressed for ever, only temporarily. All debts shall be repaid. It is true that our modern problem is racial in nature. All the races, all the agendas mixed, even within one individual, causing polar divergences. Instead of causing unity, causing fracture. Time will heal this wound, when a new race, an amalgam of all, like life itself, establishes its sovereignty upon the Earth. All races have been glorious, all have

engendered glorious heroes in human combat. Combat against men, and combat against demons. Knowledge is alive in all parts of the globe, in small pockets, with keepers of the faith. Different traditions, different customs, one God, one Faith. The Faith of humanity on Earth. The war indeed continues, it rages forth unabated. It is hungry for soldiers to spice up the drama, make it a picture more worth seeing. The plot thickens, like the soup.

* * *

I've reached feathery heights, but I can't stay there, cause I didn't get there by my own impulse. I must return to the world of men in order to walk among them. My time here on Earth is not yet up, and my works here on Earth are not yet done. All creation is of the same nature, all have their days in the Sun. And inevitably, the sunset, and the long cold night. But man is to be appeased, for the Law then dictates a rebirth, the morning, and new life. Praise God, a miracle.

I will not teach hate, I will teach knowledge. A master is a master, and a pupil is a pupil. Controversy, resistance, is the source of advancement. Yes, man of today is blind, stagnant. He knows not of his own dynamism, his own magic. Long, long ago it was magic that destroyed our Earth. Now it is only magic that can save it. Magic. White magic, black magic, yellow magic. The white, the black, and the yellow. Everyone must have their place to do their thing. The 3, on Earth, as represented by man oh man.

The One, real and true God, He of no name, the Ancient of Days, the implacable Life-Force of the Universe, the Law, the Way, the UWTB, the spiral of life and existence. May they all be praised, the All, and the separate, the hierarchy, those who have suffered before us, after us, through us, around us, may their name be praised. The demons, the goblins and ghouls, the satans and evil lucifers, may they be praised. They played their part well, and they were worthy adversaries, but I have conquered them all, I have dominated, and I now sit on top. I look down upon the scene, the war, the havoc, the

mayhem. I see it all beneath me. I know I have climbed up through it, I know it is the journey of man.

Of course there are many things I do not yet know, but it is merely a matter of learning it now. I know it is there, it exists, palpable, tangible. I have traveled it. I can see it, I have reached this plateau. From here I can see down, but I can also see up. I see there is more mountain to climb, I see there are more battles, more games, more illusions, deceptions, heartaches and back pains. I climb the steps, and now the panorama comes into view. Before they were white steps in a black void. Now they are stepping stones in the path of a life, which could be any life, but is, in fact, my life.

Interesting, I can see the strife, and the horror clearly now beneath me, and above me, all I see is fog, and clouds, but I know what is up there. I know it is early in the morning in my stratospheric life, and I know the noonday Sun will burn off all clouds in due time. I am a child of the Sun, born by the grace of God, to a land of the Sun. It is here that I dwell, that I spend my days. I see now how the effort of a man is all he has. How the more he sacrifice, the more he stand to gain. Only I, the judger, will know how much work has gone into my life. The same for any other man, or woman. I know what my work does for me: it opens up doors. Like the doors of perception. Perception. Another word for interpretation. How one sees ones world, related to the experiences one has seen in the past.

Based on what we see, on what life has in store for us, we learn to deal with, and react to our own lives. Different upbringing will lead to different behavioral pattern, and even personalities and identities will be programmed. We are not more than robotic automatons with potential for self-realization, like in some sci-fi movie. We are technology incarnate. No, I shall not teach hate, I shall teach love, but in the way of the warrior, as I learned it from my Mystic Master. Tough love. All warriors must, at some point, exercise their knowledge and skill. Life is a battlefield. We are all soldiers upon a battle field. Alas, this is our life and times. The internal battle surfaces. As long as man will battle against his Earth, so will he battle against himself. The both are tied, for they are one and the same. We are of this Earth, we pollute her, we pollute us. We intoxicate her, we intoxicate us. We do war with us, so will we war with her. The ancient Hermetic teaching: As above, so below. What be true on one level, be true on all levels.

Ah, beloved science, real science, real knowledge, the stuff of gods. The precision, the civilization. The capacity to build that it opens up. It truly is knowledge, knowledge of nature, of what things work, how they work, as what, and how we perceive these things. The music of the spheres, the spiral of the double-helix, the tetrahedron of the merkava, the truth of the Man-god. But what is this truth, that the Nietzschean Übermensch exists? Not merely. No. He exists alright, but who is he? Who can he be, or rather, who can be him? What's going on here?

Naturally man will learn, and evolve. All things have a morning, a midday, and a sunset. Then a sleep. And then, all things are again reborn. It is the spring, the summer, the fall, the winter. Gotta be quiet, still of the night, dog, still of the night. And then the primavera, the first time, the youth, the innocence, the experience, the corruption, the Fall. And again.

How to be an elder statesman of this planet. What to say, think, do. How to let my voice go out and be heard. How to speak as a true sage upon the planet. The tide must, at some point, turn the other way. How long can we live being taught innocent barbarism and ignorant cynicism? It is true, the tide must change, and it will be the hand of man that will guide this turn, as this hand is guided by the will of God. All a man's, a society's, a nation's calamity, is brought upon itself by its own actions. It is no use, to precipitate the inevitable, try to create it artificially, using the hand of force, to subdue the people into what would happen naturally, in its proper place and time. We cannot reap the benefits without working the field. A seed must be sown, a time for it to ripen must be allowed. It is true. The battle will be fought, and the victory will be felt on many levels.

There have been many heroes, many worthy adversaries to the occult evil that lurks behind the illusory vestiges of what we call reality. Some believe we arrived where we are through "Blind luck, just how the way things are, because people are like this. Nothing can be done about it". This is the disease of the ruling caste. The truth is another. Something can always be done. Our reality is such because it has been designed to be

such by men MUCH more prepared and learned than ourselves. Think this is blind luck? Think again. Someone loaded God's dice.

And so white boy disease is an incurable affliction caused by the collective millennial realization that only our own wise leadership and sage advice have brought us to this precipice. It speaks only of mistakes committed. All disease is caused by chemical imbalance in the body, normally brought on by foods and thoughts. What we have eaten, and what we have told ourselves has poisoned us. It has been said then that mankind has committed suicide. His life has grown old, his death looms, as does his Judgment. He begins to see, especially his children, how his destruction is at hand. He was, in fact, instructed to act as he has. He has done nothing wrong, but all the same, he shall be judged for his actions. If indeed he has sold his soul, then the time of collection is on nigh.

The reality of man is much simpler than we give credit. We forget, we are yet young, and learning. We know what our true goal is, our Spirit, our God. Something new rises in his stead. The offspring of his debauchery. Mankind is enslaved, as he was once captor. There is a master plan. It is being carried out. Those who have been in charge know where they are headed. The union of betrayal and sin have come back to haunt the minds and the spirits of men. Many of the innocent will burn. They shall reincarnate into further societies of men. The cycle continues, until it comes once again round, to the symbolic place of its birth, of its origin. Here, the snake will have eaten its tail. A cycle will have been completed, a death, and rebirth are in order.

The world is ruled by gods, not by men. When a man leave the position of subordination to a Higher Power, aggrandize himself to this Higher Power, this man commits cosmic sin. He has placed an errant stone in his construction. This errant stone will cause weakness in foundations. His structure will become faulty. In time, it will crumble and fall, after it accumulate too many faulty stones. How to place the stones, such that they may lead to a healthy and strong structure? An interesting question indeed. The cornerstone, upon which I build, first my foundation, and then, my entire structure.

What does this mean? What can that stone be? This then, must be our first study. What is the cornerstone, how does it relate to the entire structure. Perhaps like prose to a poem, or a poem to prose. What one is to the other, the other is to one, I suppose. What is

a structure? Perhaps the cornerstone might be what holds it up. The idea behind it. What it means, to the builder. In such a case then, it would be as if the essence, encased in a nutshell. It would be the same thing, the entire structure, reduced to one stone, like all prose reduced to one poem, to one Word, to one....

R.F.S.N. 21-1-06

I flap my forceful wings about me.

Que viva el rey y muerte al mal gobierno!!!

Long live the King and death to bad government!!!