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*A*  
*Trilogy*  
*of*  
*Youth*

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*An Author's introduction*

The earliest parts included in this work were written when I was 16, in 1986. Other parts were written in 1996, but I started writing and compiling in earnest in 1999. The whole volume here before you was written first by hand, which writing was completed by mid 2002, but it wasn't until two years later that I had the time to transcribe it all into type. It is a misnomer for an author ever to say something is finished or completed; it never is. I have always wanted to be a writer, but it wasn't until the singular events of 1999 that I took up the pen in the form found here within these pages. As far as categorizing, I believe this work defies all genre, defying even explanation. There is much pain recorded on its pages. That is the dark part. But there is much happiness and growth, and that is the part of life, of light.

I will not deny that the inspiration for its commencement and consummation came in great part from real-life events happening to, and around me. It was the singularity of these events that sparked my own destiny into active form. The result is a chronicling of these successions. Despite the fact that much of what is here found takes place in the realm of everyday life, what with its bickering and quibbling, there was always a greater goal, a higher aim. Sometimes that aim came accompanied with aches, sometimes with smiles. I have changed, I have grown, and I have, to a great degree, controlled myself. I have always viewed, from day one, that this whole story was, in the end, my voice to the entire Earth. I saw everything I was saying to be analogous to life in general. It was the underlying meanings I was talking to, and not the outward symptoms. I hold strong to the faith that I was always doing it in love. I just told my story, that's all, filled with heroes and villains, one and the same.

There was a lot of anger left here. I know now it was the anger of awakening. I became angry at the world, but only because I couldn't understand. My time came to act, and at first, I wasn't ready. I was too young, too green. Of displaying my weaknesses, I am not ashamed. On the contrary, it is when I display my weaknesses that I am the proudest. I know that the passing of the years shall forgive me. I stated my opinion, in my

own hand, and I do not ask forgiveness, as I am not above anything. It dawned on me that what I had to say may be followed with bitter tears, but that did not stop me, on the contrary, it propelled me further, urged by some internal necessity to convey the message that within me resided. I always felt much better after writing, and sometimes, it was the only thing that would bring me consolation during a time of extreme confusion.

It is a work based on friendship and human relations. I saw a dire need in the world for what I had to say. I saw the world changing, and I was changing, and then clouds started hanging, and then all hell broke loose. You see, for me, it was all part of the same dream, these last 5 years. Today, it hasn't let up. We are still in a nightmare. That was my real nightmare, the modern nightmare the world was gonna drop into. That's what I was writing about. It is a story of archetypes personified.

Regarding *The Four Quad Rants*, I know the value and worth of this book, how it compares throughout time. It is a regurgitation at a crucial moment in history. It is what it claims to be: four love rants. I wasn't aware of love at the time, but I needed it desperately. I never really realized what true love really was, love of the self, of the creative force, of life, of man for man. I learned I was a selfish arrogant kid, but not really unlike any other kid. Until 1999, I *was* any other kid. Is there a bottom line to this book? To me there definitely is: educate yourself. But that is not enough, for this education must also at some point be applied. To me this book was about knowledge, and it was about reality. It was imaginary non-fiction.

What was missing in the world, what was amiss? I was at a loss, and yet it was, is, so real. How could I explain what I was feeling? I began to see the art, science and religion that were expressly designed to mislead or to confuse, and also to see some of the parodies and satires of real life, of government, of society, of the ills of man in a new light. Most of them are masked behind screens that drastically alter them from true life experience, thus creating of them a parallel reality. That is to say, that the veils of social commentary have nullified their potential effect in assisting the bulk of mankind out of its predicaments. I decided I wanted to write a book with no such parallels. It couldn't be in another land, another time, another planet. It had to be here and now, and so, the imminent intensity of this work. There are, to be sure, self-righteously chosen villains in these books, but I have gone to great pains to illustrate that they too are products of our

times, as am I, as are we. I do not hold them, any of them, responsible for the pain I claim was invoked in me. I feel everything was always destined to be exactly the way it was, the way it is. Does this mean that I believe that man is helpless against the forces of nature? Not at all. Man is born with work to do, and it is when he finally takes up this responsibility that life truly begins.

How real is it, what we perceive as our lives? Can life be otherwise? I have found our modern vocabulary and ideology most insufficient to explain this other possibility of life. Our current social reality will not allow us to break free of the enslaving chains of the powers-that-be that govern this communal existence. They have controlled our sciences, our thoughts, and our vocabulary. They control our *words*. Finally, who is *They*? The level of the exposure of this *They* is too grand to be believed, although this *They* is, in the end, none other than ourselves. That being said, who, or what, is it that effectively leads us then? How is it that we are treating ourselves? Our problem is one of leadership, and one of beliefs. Ages have spirits. Spirit can also be another word for mentality. Mentalities form ages. Man can have a positive mentality of himself, and a negative one. These two forces, like the day and night, are they battling, or are they in harmony? It is our philosophy that needs revamping. It is the way we see ourselves, the way we see life. It is the way we see reality, in a society.

There are repercussions. Some questions include: the economy and economics, government, respect, violence, love, nationality, identity, and a host of other extremely important questions. These are not questions to be taken lightly. On the contrary, they should be studied, and they are. Yes, we study and we study, and we seem to learn nothing. A spiritual laziness has taken ahold of a majority of humanity which allows us to accept the manipulative utterances and decrees of the new ruling class. It is they who study, they who conclude. Oh we have prospered and progressed, in a sense, but I ask the question, have we really? How many of us brush under the carpet what we have done, what we have become? And so you see, that is the delicate balance that I straddle, the awakening of the self, or the awakening of an ire.

And so it is in peace that I come, lest I be misunderstood. Who would have a stake against the awakening of the self? Who would? And so you see my friend, that is where knowledge is required, education. Not education like you get in schools, no,

schools aren't really teaching us what we need to know. It is us that was miseducated. We were all miseducated, primarily because we are American, we have no real previous history, and we are easy to manipulate. In the Old World, where mass battles of conquest, migrations and settlements across millennia caused homogeneity to be associated with specific geographic regions, a protectionist idea of racial superiority could be understood, and was commensurate. For better or for worse, America, due to its multi-racial foundations, is different, a New World. Our history begins with us.

Do we not already know that our way of life is doomed? Do we not know that one day we will not have fresh water, or petroleum? Do we not know that we poison our land and our people like filthy beasts in the name of profit and of high-priced CEO's? Ah yes the economy, the economy indeed. It must be supported, but it is killing us. How, then, will we live? All very interesting questions indeed. Perhaps through an evolution of the mentality of the masses, a reawakening, but it must, nonetheless, be sparked by an internal affirmation, available only after much internal struggle within the individual, and passed then onto society. One thing I have long known is that nothing is really obtained through force. Nothing. The only thing that may be obtained is perhaps an egoistic illusion of success, but nothing is truly obtained. The only thing that is real is the thing that is done willingly, otherwise man is not himself, and merely fulfilling another, albeit necessary, role of existence. Force gains nothing. Nothing can control man but himself. This being the case, that is what is left in the puzzle.

In some way, we as men must become inwardly responsible and accountable for our own actions. This would of necessity doom some of us, perhaps those closest to the sun even. That is why it is to the youth we must look. Some would argue that we have enough oil for 100 years, enough water for at least 20 billion for 20 years, enough farmland for another 250 years, and other such imminently finite extrapolations. Must we live in total disregard of our children, of our children's children, of the *us* of the future? To me that feels tantamount to polluting myself and my neighbors. It allows me no peace. Where does this mentality come from, what fuels it, who champions it? There is the enemy. Maybe we should teach that the means *are* the ends. How beautiful would it be to live in international world peace? At this moment in time, this is as imminent, and possible, as international world war. Leadership is the answer, but we are not qualified to

lead ourselves yet, despite the promises of the holy books, of the legends and prophecies, all of which are taken quite seriously and literally in the ranks of the highest government. We have forgotten that throughout all time, it has been God who has granted success on all fields of battle, everywhere. However, we are qualified to set the ground for the future generations.

I have seen the disaffected youth of the civilized nations. I have been one of them. The youth are suffering. Who will the children of today grow up to be? Are we aware of how the bombardment of information is affecting our children? Eventually man will rebel, when the incoming spirit of the new age is boxed out by the rear-guard of the outgoing spirit. A generation passes away, and with it, an old mentality. Will we be the generation to awaken, or will the opportunity pass us by, onto future generations, eventually to fall on the shoulders of a man who's epoch will not allow him to sit still against the tyranny of an extinct and unwelcome out-going mentality. I do not propose revenge, for this is like force, a self-serving blind fury. I propose to give a man something to do, and that's the hardest thing to find on this plane: something to do. Too much free time is the plaything of the devil. That is, it is very easy for an unoccupied mind to occupy itself with any manner of thought. It requires self-control on the part of a man to harness these all-encompassing feelings within himself. It is due to the real battle in existence, the internal pull of the two main forces working within man, both of them, in their own way, fulfilling an aspect of the 3-faced God. There is a 3<sup>rd</sup> face, and that is what this work explores.

This work is, above all, a sharing of observations and of knowledge. However, I was not alone on my voyage. People weaved in and out. I was, I am, indebted. They say experience is what you learn from bad moments. I had some, just like anybody else, only I was called upon to chronicle mine, a stitch in time, but that's not all, no, to tell a story, one that weaves, like life. One that meanders, goes away, and returns. One of repetition, for in repetition lies success. I have in the end, pulled some punches, because I have realized the exuberance of my youth. I am dynamic, a book is static; as I shall never cease to grow, therefore shall my own story never cease to grow. It is only the snapshots

we look at. This story is the momentary snapshot of a mind. It is indeed flawed, like man himself. It is not complete, it is under construction, and shall remain so for always.

I have heard that it is common for authors to regret their first work. This may be, for it is possible that the first work is of a different nature than subsequent works. Only time will tell how this book will be understood, viewed, after it has been around awhile. It is in a way, a consummation of a mentality in that it denounces itself, and purports, like the phoenix, to set its own wings ablaze. In a way, I blew myself up, like the kids in Palestine, only they are now dead, while I am not yet so; I just dropped off the radar screen, went to travel the world, learn from her peoples. I was given the opportunity. I yearn to return, like I always have. I shall always yearn for the return to the days of happiness, of innocence and wisdom. Wherefore these dreams? I do not know. They are like a distant memory, when I was worthy, a natural born hero, and not one amongst whipped men who do not know that they are whipped.

Leadership is left to the experts in organization. Only experts can manage a thing so large as globalism. These experts are bred for the job, combed and groomed by expert parents, expert guardians. Some have become champions for these experts, others have dropped and imploded because they couldn't stand the pressure, the pressure of subjugating mankind in the name of progress, of the Bottom Line. Divide and conquer. Through the collusion of the old and the new has man been conquered. The masters have created a complex web, impenetrable to those untrained, and preach the gospel of simplicity. A sham, it cannot be explained but in complexity. Modern man seeks to simplify his life by making it more complex than ever before This will not work. This is no secret that it will not work, as is apparent to anyone who has eyes with which to see.

Today we are blinded by the pervasive philosophy of selfish egotism. One day humanity will get together to explore space, the oceans, the mind, in mutually beneficial ways. It is false now to believe that there is anyone to blame. We are to blame, we as humans, but there really is no blame, since we all just live out our life-imperative. A revolution requires young-pups to take out the old-hounds. It would be best for all for the old hounds to go out peacefully, but this is ultimately too much to ask, particularly when these old-hounds do not partake of clean consciences. I make no presumptions, only postulate possible scenarios. They are not judgments.

My battle with the old man constituted for me this battle against the well established powers-that-be. When I squared off with him, I squared off against the world, and nothing taught me as much as he did. It was an instrument, one that I could see, hear, handle, to hone me for the bigger battle. It is not altogether an uncommon phenomenon. Nothing of what we are experiencing is altogether an uncommon phenomenon. Humanity has experienced mass societal successes and failures in the past, and the present and future shall be no exceptions. I have not told the whole story, as I have stated. There are some things I have saved for the future, and yet there is nothing here which has not been told before. It is, in fact, the same old story, only the words have been rearranged. All an author can aspire to be is a compelling re-arranger of words. That is what I aim to be.

It is mainly a political problem that we are a dealing with. I have heard however, that every people has the government they deserve. Once again, we are left with no one which to blame. It is better this way, for blame is ultimately useless to us humans. People make mistakes, some things get done, some don't. Some men are corruptive forces, perhaps they were corrupted themselves when they were vulnerable. Where does it end? It is a vicious circle, without beginning or end. It requires accountability on the part of the individual. Although there may be no blame which is legitimate, there are causes and reasons. It is these causes and reasons we must address.

Western civilization is the official name of the world in which we live, the reality we inhabit. The time came for the westerner to manifest, and thus affect the course of history. The westerner is in power, and he has brought his power to a world-wide level. However, is the westerner still in control of his own civilization? As a westerner, a white man as it were, this western civilization behooves me. If the westerner should lose his grip on this global hegemony he has built, then surely another will come and take his place, this much is now readily evident, as man now has the military capability of controlling an entire population from a good distance. Central global government is now imminently possible in our modern age, and is the only logical evolution of our times. It is, in short, what we have been working towards. It is a consummation, a destiny. It would forcefully subjugate an entire world, and so is it doomed to eventual collapse. Admittedly, we are not alone in this aspiration to the global throne. However, nothing was promised to the westerner; he just seized his moment on the stage of history.

Not all men are created equal. No, it is true, all men are not created equal. This much should be readily evident. Nor should they, for every man has his duty to perform, and each is ideally suited to the completion of this duty. We all have our roles to fulfill. As generations come and go, these roles are shifted, as man, as society as a whole itself shifts, sometimes physically, as in diasporas across time, as in nomadic wanderings, as in the movement towards a brighter future, such as that of Brigham Young and the Mormons. Sometimes these shifts may be ideological, provided by breakthroughs in art, in science, in the mentality of the masses.

As man assumes his destiny, so does the spirit take over operation of the entity in question, be it individual or cumulative, such as in a community or society. This approaching to God is not the discovery of some milky white bearded dude with blue eyes, or any other anthropomorphic imagination of a deity that does not exist. This approach to God is an acceptance of the creative spirit within one, an acceptance of responsibility within the individual which allows one to grow in peace and harmony with the Greater Forces of the universe. Man lives in made up hubris so as not to have to admit his own individual insignificance. This in itself is a shift from man's historical view of himself. What has changed? We sacrifice our children, our *selves* of the future, for the sake of a lost today. Man should live to serve future generations. Only in this way will he find peace, for it is only in service that man finds, becomes himself.

Not all men find themselves at the same level of spiritual development. The body is the outward manifestation of the soul, the mind is the inward manifestation, and the man the juncture of the two. Man may think himself sovereign, but he errs in this assessment of himself. Man does not organize his own cells consciously. At best, he may organize his thoughts, but even this is of the rarest of accomplishments. Man builds himself, from the moment of conception on, in the best way he knows how. It is an ordering principle that organizes the amino acids into the DNA chain to begin with. The organizing principle is everywhere, there is no place where it may be shut out. However, without resistance, without something to reverberate, this principle just floats in space as pure potential. It is not happy, It is not sad, It has no opinions. It just *Is*, and, like a man, It just seeks out Its mate. Matter, which Einstein tells us is just another form of energy, thus becomes this vibratory tool, and the vibration assembles it, like so many pieces of

lego. A man's job is to realize what is happening within himself. When this becomes a reality, only then does life truly begin. Before this, it is only an empty shell of life, animal life, without self-realization.

Does this create within mankind an innately superior people? People base their superiority on culture, on skin, on physical appearance. The two tigers of the Nazi Aryan movement, Hitler and Himmler, were short, squat, inadequate. The Aryan culture, whatever it truly is, cannot claim to have a monopoly on all the good and noble human qualities, nor can any individual religion, culture or race. This superiority may be an ideal that appears when the conditions are correct, but may never be forced by man, who is not in possession of enough information to recreate these conditions artificially in the realm of ideas or action. These things must happen internally for them to be real. It is a caprice of the ruler to feel himself superior. The branch upon which he is perched is flimsy. It is easy to overestimate ones small accomplishments in the face of the ignorance of the masses, itself an artificial reality caused by manipulation.

How is it that one fulfills ones intrinsic covenant with the Creative Force? A man has two options when he finds himself with the opportunity to affect. He may work to squash down those around him, and thus appear to be superior in comparison. This form is out of balance with reality, and an imbalanced reality will be the result inside the mind of the affector. A man may also bring up those around him to his own level, thus serving the auspices of man, creating within man balance, harmony, a sense of accomplishment in his own eyes. To anonymously serve is the way of saints and sages. It should be an embarrassment to man that some should help themselves at the cost of others, who wallow in the dark, under the foot of some unseen aggressor, oppressor.

I have seen many beautiful words extolling the virtues of some race, some society, some nation, in comparison to others. Many times these words are inspiring indeed, as are some of the accomplishments of said societies. Sometimes the skill and passion of the author of such words would seem as if enough to convince man of the validity of such exclusive statements. Sometimes his disdain and hatred towards those on the outside emanates as stink from waste. I no longer pay any attention to these impassioned, yet comparative words. Real men are few on this planet. These men are bound by the shackles of goodness, of order, of organization, while its opposite is

unbridled chaos, disorder, unlimited, un-frontiered. Man must allow himself to organize himself. He must also understand that we are all part of one big human family.

While it is true that civilizations rise and fall, and that what was once known is forgotten, it is an error to see the men of different epochs as entirely different things, separate from one another. Civilizations are built up and destroyed and started anew. Therefore, there is a creative spark that would create something out of what seems nothing. After our own days are done and man lose contact with each other once again, after the next earthly cataclysm, man will surely once again rise out of the depths to create for himself the height of civilization. It will be an attempt anew for what our ultimate goal must be: to graduate from this plane of existence to a more enlightened station. The thing that defines man, and his greatest obstacle, is his forgetfulness. Perhaps it is also his savior, while he is yet found insufficient. Only when a man has learned all his lessons, then is he ready also to accurately observe his surroundings. So is it with society.

Why did our civilizations rise and fall? What sciences were available to them? These are all interpretive questions and have no direct answer. Because it was our destiny perhaps. A man must study and learn and create his own understanding, his own interpretation of life. Is man capable of generalizing all existence for all humans? Of course not. He can, however, understand what man is, and where he is going, with proper perspective. A man must also be aware that no matter his efforts, there is nothing he can do to breach the ultimate mystery of life and existence itself. Man can only aspire to live with this mystery harmoniously, without being under or overwhelmed by its total sovereignty. It is a slippery slope that we attempt to climb. We do not claim to be the be-all end-all of all philosophies, but it is clear that a total revamping of how man thinks, sees himself, is in order. There is nothing new or unusual about the discipline of philosophy, it is only the form, the method of thinking itself that man must accustom himself to. This is the natural state of things. Where have our thinkers failed, where have they gone wrong? And yet, they have only failed us in their own humanness, their own fallibility, and this we must never forget.

There are inherent problems with civilization. Throughout time, the term 'civilization' has meant the enslavement of man, and we have no reason to believe that

this case is not also true today. Civilization with its proselytizing nature is, by definition, suicidal. The final stage of civilization, imperialism, heralds the death-knell of all that was once dear and true to the Empire builders. The encompassing of foreign peoples, foreign thought, foreign interests will, coupled with the necessary cosmic laws of balance, destabilize the ruling culture over time. In the past, the elevated conquering ego had to suffer the wrath of the vengeful heart of the enslaved peoples. In our modern times, this conquering ego must dominate through an invented credo of equality that they themselves do not hold true to, for it is neither true nor believed. The age of information precludes that a man may govern on the grounds of racial or cultural superiority. Today, the ruling class would not be able to control its empire on such a foundation. The ruler is forced to sacrifice what he holds most dear, either to share what he knows, for he may no longer keep it secret (save what is truly sacred, but even this is not protected anymore), or to propel lies to an even further degree, further condemning himself in some unspecified future. Children, including those of the rulers, then grow confused, taking these false credos at face value. Before, man held truth to be sacred. Now, truth is expected, but ironically usually not recognized.

The conqueror by necessity takes the conquered along for the civilization joy-ride, and must eventually concede his superiority, which is merely information. Now the conquered, through his enslavement, finds himself also in an elevated state, perhaps even sometimes above his natural position. The lines are blurred, especially with the younger generations coming in. The original vision of the conqueror, founded on black and white views, slowly fades and is finally lost. And then come the repercussions, like a sudden, unexpected wave. I cannot, through my actions, cause a wave to develop, and then try to block it when it finally catches up to me, unawares. I must suffer it to pass, for it too is a creation of nature, and nature is a force whose path man may not impede. It is thus our legacy, that of western, Faustian man, to try to subjugate nature, and fail. It was a prophecy, like all great works of art, the learned, yet insufficient Faust.

The travails of the subjugated man shall always be glorified, no matter who he is. This surprise wave shall always be on the side of the enslaved, despite, and because of the fact that he lives without true choice. Eventually, the civilizer will also live without true choice, and the equation falls out of balance, or rather, into a new balance. The

pendulum shall swing, an enslaver shall be enslaved. It is a matter of time. Some, however, would make themselves out to be the victims, when in fact, they are not. Their reward shall be the contempt of their fellow man.

Civilization causes government, and this government then has the welfare of the people in its hands. Civilization is like a big river which aims to assimilate all the water and resources from the headwater brooks, conducting everyone and everything to their final goal, the open expanse of the sea. It is a natural process. How have we erred? Arguably, in many ways, and in none. Man acts according to his individual, social, racial, and epochal imperative. Man is placed on the Earth and commanded to act. By his actions shall you know him. Man fulfills his mission purely by living, and so, he can do no wrong. Of course, this is purely objective. Subjectively, man can do right and wrong, and does, every day. All are commanded to act, and all act accordingly, regardless of what their actions may be. What control does man have over himself and his own actions in this case? All and none. It is the two sides of the same coin, the day and night of the same cycle. The only real ideology is the all inclusive ideology. This last, of course, from the point of view of the civilized man, society, art, philosophy, culture...

Civilization requires civilized men. It requires men to break out from the masses and to acquire something by the sweat of their brow, the force of their own convictions and actions. The birth of a civilization is such as the birth of any organic organism. It has a life, a lifetime, and periods and phases within that lifetime. It has childhood, puberty, adolescence, maturity, old age, death. But when does man overcome death? When he realizes it too is an ideology, a mentality, a philosophy. Man may, at any time, through his learnings, modify his thinking, his thoughts, his view of himself and the world. Man must first work to save himself, but he may not complete this task until he undertake to do the same for all of those with whom he is in contact. The salvation is not of the ego, but of the soul. The ego is the individual, and the soul is the unity. He who struggles for the ego is doomed to die for it, alone. He who struggles for the soul shall find redemption, and in its ultimate case, shall find everlasting existence through everlasting memory, through consciousness. Civilization provides him with the information, the knowledge of man in a general sense. Civilization provides the forbidden fruit of knowledge, and the civilized feed on this fruit. But it is rightly said, that the way to know

what is enough, is to first know what is too much. As with a debauched youth, a civilization may come back to save itself, if it has such an interest. Or it may choke on the toxins of the poisonous fruit until the life has been squeezed out of the body. As with all poisons, the antidotes are made with traces of the same poison.

It is only when the observer realizes he too is being observed that the experiment really begins. The resulting unpredictability is choice in action, the definition of true life. What is true on one level is true on all levels, it is us we must adjust. We must use all of the tools at our disposal in order to overcome. It is easy for the civilizer to feel himself superior. It is important for man to remember that as men, we are none superior than the other, regardless of our culture or skin color. The one that pushes culture to ever higher heights, in the end he must remember that it is for all humanity that he works. That is the delicate balance of social life. All humanity benefits from the true advancement of humanity.

Is it necessary for man to civilize himself in the first place? Perhaps it is. Man must somehow know himself, in all his aspects and forms. He must know himself as yellow man, as black man, as white man, as red man. Men are called upon to do all sorts of labors, across epochs and times. There is a justness, a righteousness about honest labor. This honest labor comes in many forms, including but not limited to: intellectual, artistic, administrative, managerial, entrepreneurial, as well as manual. All manner of workers are necessary to construct the great edifice. All have a place, a job, a mission. But we are all men. We are all men, and we were born with the same rights to decency. It is written on our most important constitutions, it is what our written words say, but it is not yet truly where our intentions lie, at least not on a government level. That is our crime. Our doom is punctuated by our refusal to acknowledge this very point.

We are obviously not all created equal, but in a globalized world, it is equal rights that are necessary. Is it still any wonder to us in the civilized west, including Europe, where all our riches come from? It is from the administration and industry of the entire world's riches. I will not belabor the details. It is time we opened our eyes to where we really stand as people, in relation to one another. We are truly all brothers and sisters. In our heart, in our deepest core, flows red blood. Today, we are precariously perched on this branch of superiority. The old will battle the new. The afraid will lose out to those in

love. It is the power of love which truly moves us forward, compassion for those we serve.

An inward spiral into the worlds of egotism, loneliness, death, is the reward for a material view of the world, and there are those who so live. That may certainly be a reality, and an existence, I do not debate the feasibility of such an outlook. That shouldn't blind me from the fact, however, that that is only one side of the coin. There is not a question in existence which does not have two answers. Everything in life has a yes and a no about it. It is hard to pin down one point and say "This is where we went wrong". I don't think there is such a point. Perhaps life is like a large and beautiful mosaic, and every generation has to fight to obtain its stitch of fabric. We can work in peace and in harmony.

Where are we heading? Our people have been building for so long, how can we distract ourselves now? It was our destiny to reach space. We reached space. Space should be our cumulative task, while the vast expanses of the *within*, our individual task. While it is true that some men are individually evil, it is only when a framework for evil, which allows a large group to engage in institutionalized wrong-doing, comes about, that this weakness in man has an impact on society. In unity is strength, whether in good or ill. This institutionalization comes in many forms, in racism, in religion, in philosophy. In the long run, it's an unsustainable proposition. The wicked get no sleep. Meanwhile, the "oppressed" work their way into their huts to grind out their axe. Nothing may be sustained by force, not in the long run. Everything must find balance, it is a force greater than man. Man is servant to it because man is reflection of it. Only brutish egotism could drive a man to believe that he knows exactly who or what he is. It is the wise man who can say "I only know that I know nothing."

America is sick. We have been pushed to the brink, and we are now on it. War is yet latent, a planted seed. It is our actions now that decide the course of the growth of this seed. The seed itself has its own destiny.

We judge according to our own standards, and of course, those who are not of us do not live up to these criteria. Perhaps we fail some of the tests of decency and humanity in the eyes of those we have judged as savages, as beneath us. Maybe there's no problem

with how we are doing things, but we must learn from our mistakes nonetheless. Man cannot, in good consciousness, undertake the task of leading, all the time treating derogatorily all those he leads. Yet lead man must. It is with honor, and pride, that man must his office undertake, whatever it may be. All men must feel pride in fulfilling their existence. This means man should be treated with respect, and in this way, he foregoes any reason to grind his axe. It is when we lack respect that we subjugate people. Man should have the courage to lead with dignity, and to follow also with dignity.

There have been charges of heartlessness, and perhaps they are well founded, though it is possible that any and all could have so erred. We can save our civilization, but there is a disease in it, and this disease we must purify. We must accept that though we have prospered, we have also erred. To accept error allows a great deal of humility to man, perhaps it is why this is most difficult. While we do not have the capacity to harness our own soul, will we see the need to do so by artificially harnessing the life-energies of other men. When we are able to harness our own souls, then will we find peace.

We must first find respect, for respect is a true quality. Only when a man can respect himself can he respect anyone else. Those who have made it their business to systematically hate, and to gain by institutionalized subterfuge, they will find the price for their errors to be quite high, more than they anticipated. To respect himself is a process that man learns, through his own mistakes. It is never too late to learn, and better sooner than later, and better late than never. It is the doctrine of the Truth, and a slippery slope at that. Who's truth? Well, that's an interesting question, but in reality, truth is independent of observation. Quantum theory. So who's truth? The everlasting truth of unity, of monadism. Whether we are bound in everything, or bound in nothing, we are still bound, bound in life on earth, life in the Universe, bound by life. Too, are we bound by death, and pain and sorrow, and joy and jubilation. In unity is strength.

We have allowed, indeed made it possible, for so many humans to coexist on the Earth at the same time, that what we have now is a huge work force. What are they going to work on? The white dream? What if they are black or yellow or red? Maybe we can't do it alone. Maybe we need the help of everybody. What world situation would please everybody? It does not exist. We do not deny that races, cultures, methodologies do exist, quite the opposite. It is self determination by all these humans, contrary to the geopolitics

of today's would-be Hegemon, that will lead to peace. This mentality would need to be devised and implemented. It would require regime changes. The old ideology would stick fast, hide behind its suggestive and effective power. Like any animal, it would kick and scream, and go down wailing. Shall we build a tower, like the one in Babel? Worship a golden calf, pray to Mammon? Will we achieve our goals through slave labor, or through joint effort? This great irony of a country is the worlds fairest, and with the grace of God will she achieve her incredibly lofty ambitions. The Americas are the future of humanity, the re-mixing of men after they have been sorted out. It would be interesting to see what happens when the first non-white man becomes the president of the U.S. The first woman, or black man, but by then, those that have lost power may have long burnt the building to the ground.

In the west, there is a certain tendency for man to define politics as subservient to economics, and our very credos place profits as the bottom line, in the place of people. Smithian and Friedmanesque economics. A company profits most by truly serving people, not itself. Economics is a necessary fact of life, and it is only how you view it that changes about it. We must save our people, ours have become dirty from what they consume, what we sell them. We would sell ourselves anything, even if it would destroy us, our health, our culture, our lives, or those of our children, all for a profit. Who does this? We eat crap, we see crap, what else will we fill ourselves up with, other than crap? And then, of course, we will be full of crap. Not the inciters, but the vast blind majority of us. Do we not see it? In what way are we noble, if we fill ourselves with trash? But we do it in order to fuel the economy. It is self-serving, and we are like rats on the generator treadmill. The alarm has rung, but we have not yet awoken.

The masses can be controlled, and the shepherds control the masses. It is easy to identify the masses, a little more difficult to identify the shepherd, especially when he claims he is not there. They would have us believe there is nothing wrong, that everything is in order, never have we been more advanced. We are told we are free, in liberty, but in reality, we are not. We are subjugated to our government. It does not matter the government, the way of peace and righteousness does not, at this moment, exist.

The universe pulsates, breathes in and out. There are periods of intake, and periods of output. All great effort requires eventual rest. It could be that while one stops to rest, the storm one has created can fly past one in a flash. Therefore, when one is ahead, one strives to stay ahead. To be sure, one may have fought one's way to the front, but it is not reason enough to become callous and cold through this battle. One must remain somehow pliable and supple, always ready for instruction, such as when we were young little human sponges. It is ideologies that are the unseen chess players.

This is the main theme underlying this whole work. It is in the love for humanity that a personal love is reflected. It is a yearning to find universal love, peace, harmony, in a world filled with distracting noises, clatters and clamorings. It is a love formed in truth and respect, a truth from a long time ago, a time we barely remember as a people. It was a time so long ago, that perhaps it is forgotten to our daily rituals of today. Humble beginnings, perhaps even vile to our modern standards, but pure, innocent, in bliss. And then mankind was shocked into reality, perhaps even by aliens, as claimed by many. Aliens that enslaved the local inhabitants in their hunger for industry, for control. There was an industrious intervention, one that had been passive within us until two hundred years ago. Everything has played a part, pushing us to where we are now. All played a part, all play a part.

The Titans are clashing. Despite their claims of superiority, it is to all of mankind that they are indebted for their holy books, for their knowledge and riches, their power and prestige. We must do her honor by treating all of her children with equal kindness. Man has traveled and crossed the land since time immemorial. In a globalized world, men should be allowed to cross borders. Let each protect his own culture through the practice of it. Debts must be absolved, and resources shall be locally owned, not by foreign interests, grown powerful through pillage. Military spending should be curbed for space programs. The main thing is that all and every man be allowed to move for his own livelihood, as man has done forever. Whether he mixes his blood racially or not is his own issue. Those interested in maintaining their blood line will do so. The seeds will always be there. All races that exist will always exist in the blood of man. Scientifically, they may be strained out. It is how they came to be in the first place, and no race that truly is will ever die out, just as all that must pass away will. And the ascendancy of man

in unison becomes a reality. There is no blame, or guilt, but there are reasons. Through tender delicate discipline shall we obtain our goals.

I write this book in peace and in love. Can we take it for granted that we have erred? Cannot it not be otherwise, and everything is fine? Saying this, there are also foes and enemy combatants. No matter where you stand, there is a war in progress, and there will be winners and losers, even if these are not readily evident at first. For us now, that will be our life, one of honor, pride, sacrifice and war. I give thanks first and foremost to Life. I give thanks to my parents, my brother, my family. I give thanks to all my friends, those of the present, the past, and the future. I give thanks to all the people I have known, and also those I have known about. I give thanks to all my teachers. I give thanks to men and women, of all colors, creeds and nations. I give thanks to the United States, to California, the Americas. I give thanks to Europe and the Mediterranean, where my roots are from. I give thanks to the Andes, my birthplace. I give thanks to my Mother and Father, the Almighty Principle. I give thanks to the youth, to our forefathers, to all my brothers and sisters. I give thanks to all my kids back home in SF, in Cali, in PLC. What else can I say, this is my contribution to the Great Cause, and I hope it is of positive use to someone. I thank you, the reader.

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