

© COPYRIGHT R.F.S.N. 2006

*PENNYROYAL PRESS PRESENTS*

*A H.A.L.O. PRODUCTION*

*A UNIVERSE WITHOUT TIME*

*This book is dedicated to the closest friend I ever had, O. B., and to all philosophers,  
past, present and future.*

## *Chapter 1 religion*

I have learned the gift of sight, and I now live in a universe without time. I can see into the future, but I can only see its potential. I can see how if the issues are not addressed, the proper issues, then we are headed on a course for a great catastrophe. How is this? How is it that this can be seen? My dear, mathematics. In love, always in peace and love, as I know how. Having said that, there is a war to fight; the war between good and evil, just as the Head Man said, only the parameters are different. Let us delve into the parameters, and see what we may find.

I strayed too far from home, and I played too close to the edge. We go forth. I have seen the differences in men and there is no such thing as innocent lives anymore. Humanity has been found guilty. What is happening, what happens, was always gonna happen. Who dies in a bombing, was born to die in that bombing. This is fate, destiny, ruled by forces greater than man. And so? Oh, merely that emotion is a thing of the past. Many will be leaving the planet soon, and rivers will run red with blood. It is time that the consciousness of man cleanse itself. These times will cause mass confusion, as all things will be inverted. What seemed light, will be shown to be darkness, and vice versa. The time for the spirit is again at hand. The Apocalypse, you say? Hardly, only the forces of nature.

Those that rule unjustly, fear for their own demise. Like the phoenix, they will burn at their own hands, yet shudder at the prospect. Religion has always been abused, used for control and organization, and organization is Empire building stuff. Organized, proselytizing religions, like empires, seek to create an order out of the chaos, thus retracing God's footsteps. After they have organized, and created a Unison of dispersed elements, they then direct their efforts at forward progress. It will always be that the minds of the organizers will be at odds with the minds of the organized, until an enlightened form of government reigns upon the Earth, based on an equitable form of economy.

This enlightened form of government, however, is implicitly impossible with the human condition. Here the material world causes man not to see his true self. Why is it the true self? Because it was before, and it will be after. A human body is naught but an

organization of individual particles of matter, existing in a potential state, until Force is acted upon them, causing them to become the building blocks of Earthly material life. This Force, intelligent, causes these inert building blocks to come to life, each an integral part of the vaster, greater construction. This construction then becomes the entirety of the human, the animal, the plant, whatever.

All of man's creations and progress upon this plane are not more than a recreation of the original creation of God. Thus man is God, whether his consciousness allows him to see this fact or not. To the degree that man is able to know himself, to this degree is he able to participate in the true existence of the Life-Force. The Force within a man, acting in a controlled and objective manner, is what causes him to build himself, that is, to fashion a human out of the matter ingested in the form of the food he eats. This raw material, these building blocks, are naught but the actual blocks, cement, mortar, wood, steel, and any of the many other materials used in an ordinary construction of man, such as a house or a building. Thus the body is ones Temple.

All things political, from Empire all the way down to a society, a community, or a family, are constructed from building blocks. The formula, the methods, are always the same, though the task be different. The world's foremost religions are a roadmap to such constructions, for those trained to understand the directions. Because man would manipulate for nefarious reasons, the true meaning and implication of these roadmaps are not widely taught, and, as a result, they are not widely known.

Creation is a circular process, occurring each and every time Nature (in this case represented by the Cosmos) finds suitable conditions. It is not easy, and like the birth and upbringing of any child, sustained life is not guaranteed. Rather, one must trust in God that all the conditions for survival will be met. The only way for these deeply philosophical virtues to be understood is to have an understanding of what we mean when we say the word "God". In today's most advanced and civilized societies, this word is deemed beneath, and almost insulting to, regular individuals, who disdain even to hear it used in conversation. It is the rejected cornerstone, and this must be fully understood.

You see, all governments are founded on the idea of God, for it is this that is the unifying Force in all the individualized parts (or blocks) utilized for ANY construction. Without this unifying idea, the world remains but a place for all the 10,000 Things. It is

within man's capability to understand himself, but with this power comes the imminent ability to also delude himself. Because of the dual nature of man, he is destined (doomed) to misunderstand and misinterpret himself for as long as it takes until the lessons to be learned, the truth be seen, recognized, and assimilated. There are those who claim that the truth is relative, that one person's truth is, or could be, at any rate, different from another person's truth, and while this may be true on one, a superficial level, it does not cut to the quick on another, a deeper level.

A truly ignorant man is ignorant even of his own ignorance. The truth is independent of observation, and along these lines, all we can say is "Something happens; I find myself with Life", and this, alone, is truth. It is all other things which are relative. The world of the 10,000 Things is the material world, but it is only half the story, albeit the visible half. This life we experience on the physical plane is, in fact, a truth, in and of itself. Yes, we do live, we do exist, we do, in fact, feel and suffer. The famed land of the 10,000 Things.

They say seeing is believing, and I believe in this most occult of phrases. What I don't believe is that man properly interprets what he sees on a daily basis. Two men may witness the same event and see many different things, depending on the filters employed by each individual to analyze and interpret what he is seeing. In short, depending on his point of view. As man is torn by his duality, his biggest handicap is that he is only able to witness his physical self with his two eyes. He needs a third eye to see his other half, the unifying half of the One Thing, the Monad, the original unity from which all things spring.

Obviously, this One Thing is impossible for us to see. After all, I am not the only entity existing on this plane! Everyday I see people who are not myself, some of them I even love, and some I don't know. There are billions of people on the Earth whom I will never see or know. I can only experience my own individuated life. "I am that I am", from this do we infer that we are not to doubt our own existence. I also am that I am, and therefore, I have every right upon this globe, as do all other manifestations of organized building blocks such as myself.

And so, as the body has its head, as society has its government, so is there a centralized unifying Force in the Cosmos. The problem only arises when its sacred

principles are manipulated and bastardized by man in order to serve his own purposes. In the old days, the power of the people was dependent on the power of the god they preyed to. This is what is termed the “realm of Satan” (ignorance), and why it is said that Satan rules the Earth. The trap is laid through Earthly conquest. Kingdoms upon the Earth, and the unified soul of man is corrupted and lost. A religious renaissance is necessary; man needs to recalibrate his view of life, and himself. Pliability is the key, for you see, the spirit is dynamic, omnipresent, while the flesh, the matter, is heavy and static. The only way for the matter to keep pace with the spirit is for the mind to maintain its pliability, as it did when it was a child, being programmed, ready to take off in any direction. I can see the crusty hardness of the over-intellectual self, believing in whatever doctrine and dogma it choose, without knowing what it does.

People do not know themselves and excuse all their own indiscretions, all the while pointing out the problems of others. They constantly accuse others of sins that they themselves commit, in order to not feel so alone in their crime. The finger pointed in accusation is oftentimes no more than an admission of the shortcomings of the accuser. Surely, let us not act as if injustice is a new phenomenon and was created in our times. Men have tried to dominate the world time and again by the sword; it is as old as the hills.

## *Chapter 2 Terrorism*

Truly, I have Nordic thinking. Maybe I used to be from the Great White North, Hyperborea, that is, Thule. My mind thinks in the incisive, cutting way of the northern conqueror. Is it just that I have inherited his education? Is it that there is something in my soul? Is it that I am a descendant of these people? I am not insane, and I put all my philosophies to the test. I'm not putting up with any more bullshit, not even from the Hyperboreans; not from the Jews, the Blacks, the Whites, the Yellows, the Reds, the Blues. Not from Jesus, not from Allah, and not from the mighty dollar. Wow. I am so alone. No more bullshit from anybody. They'll claim me to be crazy, but it is not I who am crazy. I have already ruled that out.

I learned about the fundamental ideology behind political terrorism through my relationship with my father. Our situation paralleled that of the world to such a degree, that I was perfectly willing to see the viability of terrorism as an appropriate means of gaining attention. It is the cry of the weaker voiceless party in an attempt to awaken the stronger deaf party to its indiscretions. There are so many aspects of today's terrorist world that I feel I understand so intrinsically, and which the population at large is entirely incapable of seeing. I have seen the farce of the modern political world. I see how the youth's battle against its father is the future's struggle against the past, reason's struggle against illusion, much as the battle of terrorism against a blinded, jaded, "civilized" world represents the same principle. I am a sane man, I strive to overcome the obstacles on my course to myself. Man is guilty of creating his own misery. What we know as terrorism should more aptly be called counter-terrorism.

As with everything, there is a real world, and an illusory world, a yes and a no. The world of the inhale, and the world of the exhale. The problem we face is a very simple one, which I will try to elucidate, and yet, very complex. We live in a world, and in a world-view. This world and world-view is not a reality of man's, the idea that simply "things are the way they are because man is who he is". In fact, man is very different from what he today seems, has been so in the past, will be so in the future. And yet man is the same as always, what changes are his systems. And so, it becomes clear that our

current world and world-view are not more than programmed realities, created by those in command, based upon their own education, development and goals.

How do we know this? It was Sun Tzu who wrote in his war manual, and a lesson which man has always known, that the best form of government is one in which the people are kept happy, and thus do not realize they are being manipulated. How wrong they are, puppets on a string. Thus the sheep, the shepherd. Thus the Magi. I used to think that man was not clever enough to pull off such a scam, and then I realized it was only I who was not clever enough. The things of which we do not know, these things are as if dead to us. They exist, but we see them not, and they see that we see them not, and thus, the things we do not know about have great power over us. It is the Cosmic Egg of ignorance, whose walls one must break in order to see the light of day.

Knowledge is power. I only know, then, that I know nothing, for there will always be more to learn. Always more. Once we have learned of the infinite within ourselves, then perhaps will we have learned enough. Only the God within us may know when this “enough” is achieved. Contrary to popular belief, the life of man is not really in his own hands. And yet it is. The paradox, the squaring of the circle. Oh, so simple, so complex, always a yes and a no. It is the will of God, executed by the hand of man.

And thus, the workings of the hand of man shall be the continuation of the Voice of God, His will. With his most powerful tool, choice, man must then confront himself, and regain that which is his to obtain. God descends to Earth in order to climb back to the heights. Hell is on Earth, if we fashion it with our own hands. If God is One, did He not then create darkness? Then, if man is God, then man also creates his own darkness. Only light, and dark; no good, no evil. Yes, we humans have crafted this life for ourselves here on Earth. It does not *need* to be this way. This way is a way, an ideal, with a goal, two goals, actually: a sacred goal, and a profane goal. The yes and the no. The real dynamic of life.

Men and women are not really more than programmed robots, until they awaken, and then they only live out the will of God in the Great Script. It is only when they awaken that the true choice is made available, to accept, or reject. Before this, man is like an animal, surviving on instinct alone, choosing only in matters of mundane importance. All realized men know this. Everything that ever happens to us is a necessary part of who

we all are. The aggressor has a tendency to easily downplay and forget his own transgressions. The aggressed will never forget the face of his transgressor. There will be no peace until justice has been done.

What's wrong with us? Why are we so unhappy? Ah, the paradox. The paradox of progress, of technology and advancement. The paradox of wealth and affluence. We cannot live without these things, yet we cannot live with them. In its endeavor do we lose sight of ourselves, and justify our error with newly invented "truths". The capacity for man to feel himself superior should be denied. How is this to be done? The evil and the impurity within man cannot be driven out from without. Only the individual may overcome himself. And yet, by a means of external codes and customs may man's morality be subjugated, by controlling the conditions in which he lives and acts. How long we have known this.

We cannot change the fact that men are, indeed, endowed with different assets and proclivities, and yet, they are not more than mere man. So what then? Progress, we need it. We must return to the stars from whence we came. We do not advocate a return to the stone age. What then, should be our understanding of the universe which surrounds us, and our role in it? The question has been asked, for millennia, and the time for truth and sincerity has come. What is this freekin truth? Well kiddies, I'm glad you asked. Let's sit down and talk about it for a little while. You see, a little dialogue is what the doctor ordered. A real dialogue. What say we get some real answers to our real questions for a change?

Oh the relativity of questions and answers. What can a question like "Why is our world in such a decayed state?" mean to an American, or a western European who has never known such wealth and affluence in his history? And yet, we hide the truth from ourselves. "What is going on, and why is everybody at war?" "Why does it seem like everything used to be much better, before my time even, and everything is going to pot? What about drugs, legal and illegal alike?" A little dialogue, perhaps a few questions discussed. Don't worry kiddies, we'll spill the beans. You see, we have to be smarter. What, what must we understand?

We perpetrate global crime and blame the victim for his suffering. We do it for political and economic reasons, and we doom ourselves. We propagate blindness in the



name of “Justice”, which has been, to be sure, the first casualty of our indiscretions. We create the terrorism through our foolhardiness, and create propaganda to unburden our conscience. We vomit on our victims, and then curse them for being an unsightly mess. We do it through our superior means of technology and communications. To manufacture consent, the true seat of power, we must perpetuate the lie, that we are innocent, that we have been wronged, and that justice must be done, when in effect we are the criminal force. Once they have preyed on our emotions, and we have been inoculated to the reality, to truth, the plan becomes foolproof. Not only this, but once our leaders have cut their teeth plundering others and hiding their deeds, they will turn their aggressions on their own. This, children, we must know.

What is it that will help us see the light as to our own mission here on Earth? Why is it important? It looks like right now we are going to war for the long haul. Who is? Us, man, and mankind. Why? Because the time is for the Earth to purge herself. After a man has been sick for awhile, he purges his disease, and recovers. So is it with the Earth. We have violated her, and we have awakened her and her wrath. What, how? Well, let’s talk about it. You see, my whole life, not only would they not answer my questions, they wouldn’t even discuss them with me. Oh, but I finally found those that would, and we dialogued, and I learned, and it was wonderful. A breath for fresh air.

And so now, it is we who shall dialogue. What then, how does the world work? Come now, kiddies, let us discuss all these topics in peace and tranquility. We shall overcome. The right thing shall happen, and we are proof of it. We are on a mission, and we will go as far as we may. Nothing will deter us from our ultimate goal of love and harmony. What, it must be balanced, by chaos and discord. You see, my lovelies, this is not a feel-good story. What do we say, there is a new time at hand upon the Earth. All things are balanced; where it was one way, it shall soon be the other. And so you see, you shall be the judges for yourselves. It is not my intent to convince you of anything. It is my intent that we all shall learn, that understanding may be expanded, that we may continue forth on our own quest of our own destiny. Who am I? I am who I am supposed to be: a small part of nature, with a right to live, and to speak.

I have a weakness: When I love, I become too pliable. I give people too much right over me. And then I become embittered. You see, we have done nothing wrong, not I, and not humanity. I became scared when I realized how wrong I had been. In fact, my degree of wrongness was only superseded by my degree of fright at its realization. I know it is for this reason that so few men face reality. We all make mistakes, we are none perfect, and as such, we may not reasonably expect perfection out of others, but we may expect more, and better, than that what we have in the past shown. Why? Because nothing stays the same, and it is in the name of progress that we labor. The world is ever in dynamic flux.

How easy it is to forget. Yes, the most important things to us are also those things which remain hidden from the eye. The spirit, the soul, love, God, my darlings. Oh yes, we'll discuss this matter as well, fear not. What is it we search? Love.

Mock, guffaw, be a cynic. It is love that is our life, love that keeps the planets in orbit around the Sun, love which powers all the rotatory forces in the universe, love of the many around the center, love of the diverse around the One. But worry not, my young ones, about mere dogma, or ranting. We will provide arguments, sources, science, mathematics, to support what we know. You see, within every mind resides an entire universe. Only those things which are attached to the same wavelengths may see each other.

### *Chapter 3 the wave*

There is no place to hide. It's a wave, and it's coming for the shore, and it's gonna take everything out. Everything comes in waves and cycles. Are we involved in a never-ending loop? I have seen other civilizations, and I know I have been happy. It feels so long ago. In this life I have naught but suffered in my perfection. I could look out because I was comfortable with what I had within. I didn't need competition, but I was full well capable of it. In any case, it was a made-up, contrived suffering, comprised of my simple observations of an entirely cruel earthly existence, in paradox with the beauty.

Thanks to the old man's efforts, I'd traveled the world over by the time I was 10, and I don't know what it's made of me: a hero or a villain. That is my battle. How can we strive to create a humanity better than ourselves? I am standing on my father's broad, strong shoulders which have toiled long and hard so that I may have this opportunity, and I am looking, and I see. I can see. I am standing aloft his shoulders, and I am seeing, and it is what he always told me he wanted. That's what I have done, but now it is no longer valued. Why? Because what the youth sees is different from what the father sees, and room to evolve must be allowed, or stagnation results.

I seek only to play my part in the Great Script of existence. The crucifixion of Man is complete with our rejection of his message of peace. We must climb on the shoulders of man, look out the window, and report our findings, what we have seen. And those beneath us, who do not see what we see, may not agree with our findings. How else can I say it? Well, let's say Earth is a company, and 15 billion years into the existence of this company, we find the directors have been playing an inside game for the last 6000 years. No, I don't blame anyone in particular, just the ones who participated in the fraudulent scam that blinded mankind.

How can someone fraud man into blindness? How does a man have blindness about his very own wife, his very own house, his very own life? How could a man live, and not know what is happening to him his whole life long? How could we do all the things we do, and still be who we say we are? Fear. I fear fear. I know it is the only thing truly to fear, that is, it is our own weakness. And so it is weakness, but weakness can be easily overcome by strength. But, as always, all things have their yes and no. Strength

alone cannot be the victor in the end, strength must have accomplices, temperance, understanding, compassion, wisdom, femininity as well as masculinity. There are always two ends of the spectrum, and fear is only a game of the mind, for the opposite of it is the lack of it.

All things must be overcome, and it is through the use of reason that one must overcome. The only way to reason properly is to set the goal at the end, and work back from there. From the center, outwards. The center, the one thing to bind the All. It's all just another drop in the bucket, another life lived. Always, what needs to happen will happen, in the long run. My comrade took a bullet for me. He took the bullet from our enemy so that the enemy reveal itself, that I may destroy it. He was my close friend that felt that I may live. I didn't ask him to do it, he just did, and I woulda talked him out of it, had I known what he was up to. All mere coincidences, twists of fate, edicts of God, neither here nor there. Who will question this Will, which we do not even understand, or know?

There is no need for me to hide from myself, from what happened between us. I now believe in the Bardo, and in ghosts. Angels visited me with a vengeance, and I learned that one of the three aspects of me had to be sacrificed. The mind. The Spirit and the Body are the Mother and Father. The Child, the mind, is sacrificed. The pure mind, the disease of the faithless, the hopeless. Those that feel they cannot re-obtain what they once lost. White boy disease. That's what we suffer from, Kipling's burden. We can't see our own salvation, and perhaps only because we know of our own fate. And thus, perhaps I also know my fate, since I feel that if I live long enough, I will once again know days of happiness, sipping tea on the porch and watching folk go by in peace and tranquility.

The yes and no of everything? An aggressor taking advantage of the aggrieved, will, in its own turn, be destroyed by its own bellicose actions. Live by the sword, die by the sword. The yes is to live by the sword, and the no is to die by the sword. Any who believe a skin color or culture to be superior to another become victims of their own beliefs, and will suffer them, as do those, the objects of his undervaluation. This condition produces, in the long run, only losers. The opposite side of this? Well, it never ceases to be the will of God that this be thus. Men are instruments, extensions, antennas designed to receive the Life-Will of the Almighty, and men are commanded to act. True,

we have a choice, but we *MUST* choose. Over this, we are subjugated. Again, the yes and the no.

#### *Chapter 4 the stone*

The stone has no money and must serve. In a distant past, in another life, we were created from mud. “The stone suffers for the plant, the plant suffers for the animal, the animal suffers for man, and man suffers for...” You are what you eat: minerals, water, proteins, matter. Is knowledge then not something that is granted, in exchange for work? Can you imagine if God charged you for the air you breathe? False prophets, are they charged for their air, or for their words? Are they charged the same as me? Is everyone charged the same, per breath, or is one charged according to one's thoughts/words/deeds? After all, what is this thing of choice, and free will, if not our most sacred asset, after life, and alongside reason? Good, bad, and knowing the difference. Once you realize there is no difference, you come back to the center, the One. Once you've realized the oneness of things, then does the bud of life blossom into the beautiful flower, the mystic rose, the thousand-petalled expression of life. Only then is one free to truly live. Nothing could be so simple.

It is to pay for our lives that man has invented, uses, and needs money. Money is a cosmic reflection of the means to pay for the cost of life, and while one does not know how to truly pay for the manifestation of one's life, will one feel the need to pay for it three dimensionally, with money. To imbibe in flesh, in liquor, in self-made unhappiness has a cost, has multiple costs even. In purity, man pays in service, in good thoughts/words/deeds, but failing that, man must find alternate ways of paying. It is the cosmic principle of economics, of value, of worth and of trade, reflected upon the Earth. Our gift is life, and while it is true, that once a giver gives a gift it is no longer the giver's, he must still be allowed to give in his own time. It is an implicit relationship, unless expressed explicitly by both parties, and agreed upon. Until then, there is no such thing as a free lunch.

## *Chapter 5 better half*

Man, I've been ugly. I've fought, I've debauched, I've blackened myself and my name. I feel dirty, intoxicated, nasty, and therefore, I have diarrhea. I need to purify. Eat at home, take care of myself. I need a good woman, I need her at home, to take care of me, make out of me a good man. Is it not the man's job to foray out into the world, forage in her wilderness, returning gaunt, battered, beaten, with the kill? It is an inefficient method of survival, but it provides for travel, glory, heroics. And his woman, she is there, to tend to his wounds, his famishedness. She has her own life, her own battles, demons and destiny. And here is created a true circle of love, of oneness. Here are man and woman in compliment with one another.

There are many ways to achieve this balance, but they all require work on both sides, and mutual respect and devotion. For this, one must act in a respect-worthy way. The two opposite poles of the Force uniting, bringing into circular existence the Whole, and thus creating a third entity, the Unity of both poles. Human marriage is also a reflection of cosmic principles, the bringing together of distinct forces in an organized manner in order to construct, to create. This bringing together of forces is culminated in the sexual creation of another human being, an entity unto itself that was made possible by the union of opposite forces. Tri-Unity, Trinity, the trinity of all religions that man has heretofore created, which were based on true scientific knowledge.

I have the woman who loves me, and will be by my side. I have been blessed. She is my first counselor; the voice of my woman must always be represented, otherwise one may suffer the results of unbalanced thinking. Right thoughts, right words, right deeds. A woman's place must be respected, or she will become Lilith. It is Lilith who shall be the real judge of character, Kali with her garland wreath of human heads. I will keep you close at my side, dangerous woman, to learn from you. Through your resistance will I know myself, through having known you. Know thyself. Hah! And so many say they do. And how terribly mistaken they are.

I believe in providence. I have loved the women that life has permitted me to know. I love all my Mother's children. It is why, when I am in need, my Mother sends me her beautiful daughters to keep me, and to make sure I am alright. But they cannot

stay. They cannot stay because my Mother knows I am very busy, and I have much work to do. She saves me for another. It is both beautiful and terrible at the same time. However, I have applied to the ranks, I have proven myself, and have been chosen. This is all I say. This is the extent of my comment. I accept. Oh so grateful am I to my Mother for keeping me in Her favor. My beautiful bride, from another time, another place, how I long to feel your warm, sweet breath, to see your face. It is love for love, not an object. Love is the way.

Without my other half, I feel like all of life is a battle. With her, I can do all patiently, calmly, happily. Ah, the paradox. The sweet, sweet paradox of condensed existence. What came first, the chicken or the egg? The egg, that of Orpheus, the swarthy lyrist of the Greeks. Legend has it he was black, as his name denotes darkness in Greek; he was more ancient. But what of that of Hyperborea? What of that of Viracocha, of the giants found in the caves of the Americas, the giant coffins made of platinum found on Nan Madol? And if they were white? What does humanity lay claim to? Only to the transient life of man.

Do you need the woman at your side? No! We do not need anyone by our side in order to act. We can act on our own, for our own benefit, and, indeed we must. Where is our mind, where is our strategy? To strategize is to think and act in a clandestine manner. It is foreign to my nature, and my heart hasn't been in it. What can I do to get my heart back in it? I can be up front, and honest, and calm, and positive, and in control of myself, and of the situation. Yes, we can become civilized, and bronzed, and beautiful in the Sun. We are below the All-Seeing Eye, and it is here where we will be civilized, under the gaze of the women in our family.



## *Chapter 6 am I alone?*

I know I'm a heavy load to handle. I feel that it's all quite simple, really: Live, and let live. I'm terribly afraid of being lied to. I feel I've been lied to before, my whole life. I feel like I should also expect it. Am I a liar then, that I should fear it so? Do I lie? Do I lie to myself? I don't know. Perhaps I err believing in a truth. Perhaps I don't know yet if I am good, if my heart is pure, and I am worthy.

Does it pertain, the theory that whatever you accuse me of, you yourself are guilty of? If you call me a liar, then I'll know you are a liar. I see how people live their lives so unconscious, even the ones closest to me. Am I alone? Perhaps. Perhaps alone in the catacombs of my own mind. Who will join me there? None. No, we are all the same, and we will never penetrate into the mind of another. Only through true art are these things expressed; a grain of sand, from which to fashion a pearl.

Yeah, like I'm an innocent, defenseless, cute little bunny, and you are a big ugly ogre. That type of mentality could easily lead me to commit terrorist acts against mightier opponents. Oh, everything I am gets called into question; It is an ideological battle of wills. I had felt his will imposing upon my life, throwing hex. When I became older and stronger I imposed my will upon it in return. Why? Because it was what I had learned. I learned to impose my will. Clumsy attempts at corralling, harnessing such power led me to self-realization and consciousness. Immature, huh? Well, you might call it one thing, and I might call it another. Let us see then what fate and destiny have in store for us. All we can do is tell the truth, as we see it.

I look around about our times and see the herald of a new beginning. I look around, I see. I have solved the puzzle. Somehow, this whole thing must come crashing down. I see now that the cause of the disease is that the will of man be done, and these things shall come to pass. Man will obtain what it is he labors for. We traverse a time of darkness in the eras of men, we hibernate in a cosmic winter, sleep away through the long cold night. But it shall come to pass, as the ancient Egyptians knew, that a new dawn shall break, and with it, life anew for the children of the Earth. Times come and go, and humanity must grow, evolve. Eventually we shall return to the place we began, and we will once again know ourselves.

In the meantime, I must get to the bottom of my own conundrum. How can the coming generations rebalance the trajectory of man across the annals of time? Paradigm changing epochs share characteristics with each other. Times will speak for themselves. The situation is such that we have civilizations at odds, mass discontent, and very little dialogue on a scale of global proportions. After having deliberated on it at great length, I have come to several conclusions:

1. The youth, being the future, and therefore greater than the past, have it in their hands to control the eventualities of the presumed conflict. It is within their hands, as the better prepared of the two adversaries, but therein lies the key, in the preparation. Though inexperience is a disadvantage, the youth must overcome the adversity if we are to have a positive future.
2. If we behave well and act properly, all things will fall nicely into place of their own accord, and therefore we have not to worry, or rush, or get into any undue situations for fear, or impatience, or some other such deficit in preparation. Despite this fact, the time to act is now. Continued blindness to the problem at hand will lead to the prophesied chaos, sentenced by ignorance and inaction.
3. The incoming and the outgoing are on different planes of existence. Therefore, true communication between these adversaries will always end in misunderstanding, which, carried to extreme levels, will result in war. It is here where the preparation will pay off dividends, when cooler heads prevail over bad habits.
4. Proper behavior, under these conditions, implies the programming of a drastically different World-view than the one we currently possess. As a result, the powers-that-be shall be working doubly hard to maintain the status quo through proven means of “tricknology” and propaganda in times of hardship for all. The Titans prepare for battle to protect their Atlantis. Our only form of protection is proper education, inner fortitude.

Let’s get down to some nitty-gritty business then. Knowledge, science, wisdom, humanity, this is what I’m really talking about. It’s what it’s always been about, only there is a need to go about finding alternative methods of saying these things. But you

judge for yourselves, and judge the mental state of the author. In our modern life, we use economic, political, and social criteria to judge ourselves, and all is well enough. The only problem is to pry the true story from those who are in control of the power balance. Squeezing blood from a stone. Is it right to perceive a danger in our times? Are they simply revolutionary times? Naturally, those benefited by the status quo will disagree with there being any problems in the air. Who plays then the role of the victim?

## *Chapter 7 the coming race*

We live in times of instant karmic retribution, and sooner rather than later, many will learn the nature of their errors. We shall all be judged, and then the judge shall be judged. Light as a feather. Light as a feather. That is all. This and nothing more.

Do you fly? I fly, have flown all over the world. I remember some of those, the most beautiful sights I have seen, from my flights over Earth. I have sprouted wings, and have flown. I have seen the world from above, a floating speck in the blue. How beautiful. And where do we go? To a place much bigger, much greater, where all are friends, and none have aught to fear. A bigger place, where we shall be small, but whereupon also we must grow, and populate the Earth anew, at another level, one of beauty, of prosperity and peace. And we will live there, but we will have to build there too, and all will be free, as we will have no enemies.

The most evolved of the species will be taken to populate the Earth at a higher octave. There shall we build, in the spirit of unity, for it will not be a place of travail, but an epoch of manifestation. It will be a period, will have a beginning and an end, but it will be. As this is, so will that be. We will inherit that beautiful and glorious land. The previous owners will have gone. This is where we began; it was paradise. It was perfect, and it was ours. That was the day of light. Now we reside in the deepest of night.

When this great big Earth becomes small, then will we have outgrown it. Then must we find and inhabit a new one, and so on, endlessly, in a loop, such that all creatures may participate in the miracle of life. Why would life ever cease to be? It may not cease to *be* since it *is*, and the miracle of this is so great already that it precludes any more queries. Who knows? Where are the Jedi masters, those that may feel and steer the Force? It is now that we establish them, the modern Knighthood. Here where I am, we are not ready. The world here remains large. Only where the world is small may we find our new Knights.

Ah, so much of the path is yet to be run, so much work yet to be done. Work. That's what it's all about. The busy bees, like the Mormons, like the Hyksos Kings. Who can make the links? It would give me so much pleasure to see someone make the links, the links that keep them on the razor's edge. Me myself, I'm still floating with the waves

like a piece of driftwood. While I have no control over myself, I'm dead in the water; my adversaries are stronger than I.

I am god-man on this plane, I know that now, and I must become at ease with this knowledge. I must learn to harness, control, and love it, and derive from it the greatest good for all humanity. Those who have been chosen will be heard. What are we to do but push forward, as we have always done? We shall eat, we shall digest, we shall regurgitate the pre-digested information for our fledgling brethren, that we all may share of the Earth's goodness. It is not for one, or for few, but for all. The shining of the Sun may not be stopped by man, and thus he is not almighty.

## *Chapter 8 potential worlds*

Potential worlds: worlds yet to happen if all favorable conditions prevail. Another planet, a different primordial ooze, the principles of life remain the same. The principles of life are always the same, only the circumstances change. Water is necessary, a favorable range of weather conditions, a relatively stable home, and for us, carbon. Potential worlds. Our world was a potential world, and then life sprouted, and conditions reigned, and here we are. What is to marvel at? Our self-centered illusion of ourselves, whether maliciously taught or innocently adopted, may prove very painful to humanity here in our times. The real truth is that the condition of man causes carnal death. Death is not to be feared, not even horrible death. We are but links in the chain. If we bring pain and death upon our own heads, then suffer through our own man-made chaos we must. We will survive, we will learn, and men will be born anew.

The true hero never retires from the battle for justice while it still rages on. For this reason is the bodhisattva most honored among divine beings. There can be no peace, until there is justice. All a man can do is give his all, and remember the faith. Remember. The son of the solitude, the quintessence, he who embodies the 4-way cosmic split of the Orphic egg. He who waits to be whole, but doesn't know what he is waiting for, since all four elements must reconvene on their own, independent of the ever-present fifth.

Judeo-Christianity does not allow for consorts for their deities. God has no consort, Mary has no consort in relation to her son Jesus, who also has no consort of his own. No wonder we are so ignorant, living in such darkness and pain. Cannot a more balanced, equitable, realistic philosophy be worked out and taught? Woebegone times indeed, in which we live. Could it be that a partner, a consort, a soul-mate inhabit another place and time? It could be.

Life does not insure happiness. The only thing it insures is lessons. Life has insured that all things be remembered. They must be experienced, felt, and seen through direct revelation. A man must live, and learn from his own experiences the truth of things. He must learn to give his intellectuality up to a higher power in order to overcome. He must humble himself and approach, pliable, willing to see and learn, as a child. He must make the proper links within his own mind, set the reality commensurate

with the theory. He must see for himself. After he has seen, through whatever means fate has deemed appropriate, he may consider himself amongst the twice-born, the initiated. This is the true right of passage, and all others but mere reflections.

## *Chapter 9 the hierarchy*

Is it possible that as man learns, God learns? And, if so, then is it not plausible that things may not be predetermined, but that God may ad-lib it as He goes along? Endless loops. But may He learn something, in order to modify the loop, change it? But there are so many conceptions of God, and “God” is such an utterly terrible, nonsensical, non-sufficient word. There are, of course, the hierarchies, our gods. As man may appear as god to a cat or a dog, so is the hierarchy god to man. And who is God to the hierarchy? The absolute. The Egg. The egg with the snake. Can the absolute be growing, and therefore not all-inclusive, and therefore not infallible? It would go against the concept of the “Absolute”, the All.

Everything, all-inclusive, must be the absolute God. This one must have come up through the hierarchy and assumed the position, grown into the role. God breaks Himself down, expiration, in order to build Himself back up, inspiration. All life, all existence is but the cosmic symphony of expansion and contraction, on all levels, as governed by the highest, absolute level. And so, the Absolute must be self-powered, perhaps only mirrored.

Our Earth is a random atom, of any arbitrary size. It must have counterparts, cosmic mirrors, on whose existence it depends. Remove a link, and the chain is broken. And so, the greatest is the most insignificant, and vice-versa. Patterns within patterns within patterns, an endless loop. And so, who is God? Who is it we must give thanks for our daily bread to? Is it ourselves? I don't know how others experience their lives, but it must be, in some way, different to how I experience mine. And yet, we may agree on things. But who provides the bounty? To what is it, that I am indebted for my life, for my experience? Not the hierarchy, but the Absolute.

I give thanks for all of us, since I am one of us. It matters not to me how others behave, only that I fulfill my covenant with my Maker. And yes, somehow we have become so defiled. As long as we make war within ourselves, we shall make war with our surroundings. Why do we make war within ourselves? Because we have contrasting, conflicting forces within that create, and sustain us. Only when we have actively reconciled these cosmic forces will we know peace, and happiness. This is the new



gospel, the re-veiling of the ancient truths. Who will walk the razor's edge, and earn what they believe is theirs? No lesser man shall pass the scythe of the redeemer unperceived.

The time of darkness draws to a close. The evanescent aurora of a new dawn begins to shed its light as a new day is born. The night is behind us, for now, and will only come when its time is again due. We begin to see. I see the pain, the carnage, the wreckage, the mottled ambitions of men as I soar like an eagle, and survey the scene beneath. It is a grim, gruesome sight, by the dawn's early light. But I also see the potential. If it was man that brought about this wreckage, then it shall be man to bring about its redemption.

Ah the battle. The battle between good and evil. It shouldn't be so hard to rebuild. I see the infrastructure is there, intact. The theories are known, it is only the application that needs attention. All must have their day in the Sun. All have their memory; let us see whose is the oldest. The memory of the One, before the division, before all the races, before all the different faces. The memory of the One, the Absolute, the true faith, predating all Earthly doctrine.

I've heard them all, I've heard the Jews, I've heard the Aryans, the Ethiopians, the Muslims, the Hindus, those of the Far East, and those of the four corners. I've heard them all, and all have claims of supremacy. All. I've heard them all, and they are as if infant rattlings to me. The pride, the hubris, the myopia. It is saddening, but it reminds me of home. Home. A better place. A memory. Some, like the Aryans, would call it a memory of the blood, but my blood is tainted, and yet I remember further back, to the beginning. I am one of you, and I reveal my secrets to you, because I have heard you, and your claims of Earthly superiority bring tears to my eyes, agony to my heart. You have tainted my name, and I am here to set it right.

Above the din, I hear also the old ones, the wise white ones, our forefathers, they were teachers. They taught love, compassion and God, the Tao, the way. It was their thoughts, their words, and their actions that mattered. They were purified, space travelers, like all life on Earth. God-man, the 3 in 1 God, and the three schools of magic: White, Black, Yellow. There are only three colors in existence in the universe. The colors white and black are not truly colors, and therefore have only philosophic value. The colors in existence, as we know, are red, blue, and yellow; the primary colors. White is the absence

of color, and black is all colors together. The white race is represented by the color red, the black race is represented by the color blue, and the Asian, by yellow. In the color spectrum of light, red and blue form the opposite ends, while yellow rests in the middle, and to either side of it are found all the colors in existence. Therefore, scientifically, the superiority of skin color cannot be proven, as it may not be proven that any of the primary colors is superior to the others.

The triune godhead, this is man, and no other. But there can be no peace, until there is justice; fear, overcome by love. Bodies of men are not more than receptive radios, footprints in the sand, graffiti on the wall. In life, they think, speak, and act, and leave their footprints. When the life has passed from them, there is a body left to exclaim “I was here”, but eventually it too is washed away, until not even the memory of a man remains. This is the material nature of things. But what of the frequency that the radio receives?

The true warrior will enter combat no matter the conditions, laying down his own life if he has to. He may not be ordered into combat, for he is a conscious being, and must enter of his own free will. The reasons must be clear. His emotions have been controlled, and thus he has controlled the enemy of his heart from the onset. The warrior understands that the adversity of the situation is what will cause him to become a hero. He must push forward at all cost. He also understands that the further from the center he goes, the greater the number of possible permutations result, increasing the possibility of confusion and chaos. This is not an option, and so he must stay centered, focusing on his center, his God, his Love. It is this service that a true mate provides, a ray of light symbolizing a Sun. If this ray of light be within the warrior, then he find the light of the Midnight Sun, the true center of the Universe.

True knowledge is not Hyperborean, or Aryan, or Hebraic, or Black, or White. It is of the All, for the All, and all must participate, for the answer to Shakespeare’s timeless question is, naturally, *to be*. I am that I am. Whoever can say this, *must be*. Purity of blood is merely a process that requires time, and nothing more. Tainted blood results when refined ideals are mixed, causing neither the one thing, nor the other, but a new, third manifestation to evolve. Time to re-adapt to new conditions is required, to redefine a new ideal incorporating these new conditions, for simply tainted blood does

not imply that it ceases to be. It still is, but it must find its new center. Mix-breeding in humanity is disdained upon by the supposed “pure-breds” for this reason: it causes confusion and chaos, in the individual as well as in the society in question. As it were, all races have been strained out from the original pool, colors in a spectrum.

## *Chapter 10 to quote Zarathustra*

If I would gain control of my life, I must first gain control of myself. I must first gain control of my thoughts, my words, and my actions. We shall be punished for our sins, in unhappiness, in pain, in suffering, in commensurate amounts, as the punishment shall fit the crime. It's not that we have failed. We did fine. It's only that what we have done must at some point be undone. We have not walked the length of our line.

All have their reasons to remember, and forget. We have all known past glories, past defeats. I know I talk so intimately of "us". Who is us? Why, we, the inhabitants of this, our beautiful planet. Earthlings. Everybody always gets what they have earned. Everybody, everything, always, forever. There is knowledge on the Earth much older than the Hebrew bible. The real information, untampered, undoctored, may be found everywhere and anywhere. Stuff has been concealed for aeons, it's just that, you know, it requires effort to educate yourself.

Predicted wars becoming reality. Megalomaniacal rulers going toe to toe, or in collusion. Good guys turned bad, bad guys turned good, terrorism, ah, but there is love. There is a ray of light. Nothing can ever be all bad, and the reverse is also true. Everything must always keep within itself an element of its opposite. How is this depicted? By the yin and yang symbol of the Taoists. How does one find the light within the darkness? Ha, the answer is simple, but it would not help you if I told you. A beacon of light, from amid the darkness. What is darkness? I'd have to say that that is relative too. All I know is that the night sky is illuminated and bright. Our eyes only perceive light when it hits the retina directly, otherwise, we can't see it. The night sky is flooded with the light of the Sun, and therefore we see the Moon.

Remember all of our landmarks, the parameters we have set, in order to maintain the path. The force acts through he who accepts it. All work is rewarded, and only when someone tries to get more than their share do problems arise. All men are good, until they cease to be so. I wanted to know who I was, and so I placed my heart on the scales, and I found it was heavy and poisoned. I also found I was still alive, and so now is the time to purify; to strategize, and to plan, and to see what we can make of this, the Earth we have

inherited. To throw stones will simply not do; we must build anew. Smarter, stronger, building, creating, in order to get my heart back in it.

## *Chapter 11 the purest*

The purest? God sucks them through the top of the world. They filter, and they head north, to the ice, the cold, the austere. I seen 'em, and they are like golden, flax-haired angels. They are the true ones, they are the ones that yearn to die the most. They are the most imperiled... Or perhaps they are sucked through the bottom of the world, the navel, the perineum. The man from pure warmth, the representative of the other end of the spectrum... Or perhaps in the middle, like as in the land that goes by that title, and the neighboring lands of the Morning Sun. These are the three main principles, but three requires a fourth, all shades of brown, mixed, the man who knows all climes, all natures. And four requires a fifth, the quintessence, invariance, elevation above the Earth.

I listen to the classical European composers, and despite their obvious mastery of their subject, I find much of the music egoistical, and self-serving. Much of classical music is like this, self-serving in its complex grandiosity; it is also truly the symphony of the heart, the internal manifestation of the music of the spheres, made external. And yet, it is indicative of man's distance from himself, from his true God. True music of knowledge is grandiose in its simplicity and humility. It is all of the beating of the heart. But with classical European music, the masters, it is more the frequency of the brain, an intense intellectuality. He who imposes himself with the most force wins.

The intellectuality, the mind, the ego, hard at work, composing, thinking, learning, applying. A symphony is truly a masterwork, and a life's meaning, a destiny. This type of intellectual endeavor may only come from rich societies, and mind you, not even nouveau riche can aspire to such heights. Only a classic education can reproduce so much stored knowledge. It's boring? Truly, it can be boring, the product of a pedantic people, for only a pedantic mind could follow it for very long, all the planning, all the conniving, all the drama, the explosions, the wars, the mutilations, the bloodshed. Truly a testimony to the capacities of human skill. I told you there was a heavy price for greatness.

Little games we play, and along the way, we damn our souls, when we should be consecrating them to the highest spheres. If we can instill one reality, why can't we instill another? Man shows an outward capacity for quantum learning, but always after periods

of great unrest and upheaval. There are continuous and chronic cycles that must manifest themselves as the days and nights of our existence. When the Sun rises, and the fields of flowers are once again in view, man sighs a sigh of relief, and thanks his lucky stars to have life. And one then thanks one's fallen heroes for having battled through the night, given their lives, so that we could stand here, basking in the glory of the Morning Light, the center of the All.

I must give thanks, wherever I find myself, for there will I engender my battle. I am a soldier, and my field knows no bounds, for it is in the mind that I play, and forget all other games; they have all been practice for the big game. And here it is, here we are. There are spectators, and there are players. We'll see who's in shape. It's the same thing all over again man, but we've graduated from the brain. We've graduated from the individual parts, the mind, the body, and the soul, to the tri-partite, the whole. We have welded the triangle within us, we have formed the three separate parts, and the fourth, to bind them all.

But wait, there's more. Then comes the fifth, again, to put a direction to the four brothers, and then the sixth, which is like unto death, laying to waste the five beauties before it. And then is reborn the seventh, the perfected creation, past innocence, with working knowledge of both life and death. Which brings us to the eighth, the infinite, our God, and when we assume Him, we become It, a new octave, and we assume the ninth, the entirety of creation, and immortal life, a new shell in life's onion, coming again back to one when the time is right, eventually to break the Orphic Egg once again, and retake the life of plurality. The initial yes/no, male/female polar diffusion brings us back to the land of three, when the poles are redeemed and maybe, a child is born: all triangular nations, the three dimensional.

## *Chapter 12 paradox of the busy bees*

What is the paradox of civilization? The paradox lies in the enslavement, in order to achieve freedom. Civilization is a euphemism for enslavement. Man has a will-to-progress. Man must progress, some more than others. This progress, which to us is known as civilization, is also, at the same time, a mass enslavement of humanity as a whole, in order to achieve a higher goal. Where is the payoff? Why is it necessary, or, is it necessary at all? As always, there is a yes and a no; to grow soundly, and to grow corrupt.

Civilization is conceived in order to harness energy, in order to build on large scale. This energy comes in two main forms: labor and fuel. Labor is the human, animal, mechanical or technological form of performing any given task. An example may be any employee, any machine, any beast of burden that produces some sort of work, whatever it may be. Work is described as any directed endeavor to change nature from its inherent natural state into a another form, through a concerted effort, regardless of outcome. Fuel then is the energy that labor requires in order to produce results. Examples might be food, wood for burning, wind, fossil fuel, etc.

Civilization: the blessed curse.

Over time, civilization poisons itself from the inside out. It is the corruption brought about by power and wealth. Power and wealth preclude the fundamental battle for survival, and a creature evolves into an undisciplined form of itself. The powerful and wealthy forget the oaths they swore on their way to power and wealth, oaths of service and gratitude, in exchange for blessings in their endeavors. Without exception were all civilizations founded on the primordial idea of God, in sacred and profane manner, from our own, all the way back to the first known civilization of our times in Sumeria. As we know, Babylon was the apex of Mesopotamian civilization, and its death knell. The tower of Babel, the golden calf and the stairway to heaven. Could it be that the word civil even comes from slave, or vice versa?



Who was it that originally knew of God? Men from all great races know of God. All cultures have an interpretation of God, and all worship, in their own way. As men interacted, as they mixed, their belief systems did also, but the three root races also maintained their purity. Who the purest of each is, I do not know. The Chinese are acknowledged as owners of the yellow civilization. And the Hindu? The Brahminic religion from the Vedas of the white Aryans that were driven out millennia ago is the foundation of their millenary civilization. What Aryans were back then, or even what they are today, is also unknown.

Man, after achieving precipitous heights, can only fall. It is the obtaining of a goal. When this happens, a new goal is necessary, a worthy one, depending on where one is in life. The “Black Headed people” began what western science dubs “modern civilization” in Mesopotamia roughly six or seven thousand years ago. They are joined in civilization almost concurrently, but slightly later, by the Egyptian dynasties, the cradle, and the mother of civilization.

By this time, the Aryans are already on the move, leaving a system of knowledge in an India that no longer welcomes them. They are forced to leave behind them massive libraries of pre-historic knowledge, carefully stashed in the frigid Himalayan heights. The Aryans had taught amongst the people for thousands of years, divulging a moral code and justice system, casted by level of knowledge in order to insure labor supply. Where did they come from? Some theorists have, in view of the inexplicable nature of their advanced level of knowledge, claimed an Atlantean derivation. Modern science has no definite story, although it does not lend credence, generally speaking, to Atlantis as a reality of human history. Nevertheless, they have remained busy bees, like the aforementioned Mormons, or the Hyksos Kings of yore.

White man is dubbed Caucasian, in honor of his sojourn in the Caucasus mountains, where they, in honor of Brahm, had taken upon themselves the ram as symbol, the stark mountain goat, symbol they carried with them as they made their way west across Asia to Spain, and eventually north, all the way to the Scandinavian countries. Asia derives its name presumably from the mythological Germanic Asen, the pantheon of the Nordic gods equivalent to the pagan pantheons of all peoples past, including Sumerians, Greeks, Romans, and even Incas and Mayas. The sacred amongst

these nomads had an inexplicably above-average level of knowledge for the times, and they had roamed the entire Earth for many thousands of years, teaching, preaching, leaving behind their mark wherever they went.

As described by all mythology from every land, the race of elites erred, their world exploded. It has taken approximately 12,000 years for us to re-obtain global political and economic conquest all over again. Today, it is known that since remotest times, times when man was supposed to be incapable of world consciousness, India maintained trade with both Egypt and China, and a little later, also with the Greeks. It was in Greece, modern science has it, that white civilization first began. It began with dark Orpheus and his lyre, and their Egg. It is for this reason that we have our love for the Greeks and the Romans, fathers of our current reality. And they did trade and learn also from colored civilizations before them. *Fraternitatis Homen*. Here was re-hatched the idea of conquest, here began our quest for greatness anew. Here the white man was reintroduced to the idea of world domination, a New World Order, or, a Third Kingdom, after the falls of Mu, and Atlantis, the two great cross-cultural civilizations before ours.

You see, like with Noah, there are three brothers, and these three brothers lead to all men: the black, the white, the yellow, the three dimensions we live in. None can win out over the other, for when one is, all are. And they bicker, and they quarrel, and they try to outdo each other. And the fourth brother? Well that would be the representation of the mixed and the motley, that is, the one who knows all the others. This man may never die either, for this man is needed to create the human, the individual, the carnal man, he of the four elements. And so, four represents men, as five represents man, as demonstrated by our five extremities, five senses, five fingers and toes.

Once again, five is quintessential Man. And six? As we said, there is no six, without a seventh, and seven is creation. Therefore six is really nothing, a sort of void, or death, and seven, of course, then, is rebirth on the other side, the mating of heaven and earth, the second birth, that is, and the beginning of a process toward eternal life. Eight, as the infinite, must be acknowledged and assumed. You are what you eat, and when you consume, bring into yourself, of the infinite, it penetrates, permeates, and becomes you, and you have achieved nine, immortal life, completion.

Now this immortal life, or immortal light, would have its opposite, an immortal darkness. This then would be the nine upside down, or the deathly six, once again. And so, all numbers are accounted for, even the abstract and inexistent zero, which is an invention of man in order to facilitate mathematical calculation for the purpose of “progress”, that is, counting ten as the same thing as one, with the zero as marker to denominate magnitude. It is the mathematical equivalent of the ideological infinity.

There are intrinsic mathematical relationships between all numbers. The one number always leads to the next, as they are linked inexorably. And so, 6000 years ago, the Chinese had precise roadmaps to the human body, including invisible electrical pathways, which led to acupuncture, and acupressure. They had an intellectual elite in the form of doctors and priests, they were possibly the first known iron workers, and their country is home to many pyramids, some of the same magnitude as those in Egypt. The whole world is covered in ancient, unaccounted for pyramids bespeaking a centralized ideal, and I can only imagine what lies beneath the waves.

Only time will tell the truth, that the three brothers will always create the fourth, and so on, as we have seen. “Success has 1000 fathers”. Is this then, the son of man, the sum of human knowledge? All generations lead to the next generation as one number leads to the next. As the number five is the number of man, and seven the number of resurrection, the number six implies the death of the physical self. The beast, then, as depicted by the triple six, is not more than man. A man must learn the lesson of death. Uneducated, ignorant man is a loose cannon, dangerous, part of the living dead, capable of anything; he is the 666, thrice dead; deaf, dumb, and blind. Jesus is the resurrected soul, or the Christ Consciousness, as reflected in mankind, 777. Like Hermes Trismegistus, it is this path, our destiny, which is the meaning of life, each to his own.

*Chapter 13 the winds of change*

I feel them. The storm has been blowing, and the winds have been fierce. They are the winds of change. Change everywhere. Everything remains the same. The girl is with me. She is here, and she will be leaving soon. Like the winds does she come and go. My happiness is tied to her, and like the times does my disposition change. Happy, sad, good, bad, but my Mother, she watches out for me. I have found happiness with this child, but she will be leaving soon, returning to from whence she came, like all things. She will leave me where she found me, in the darkness, but she will return, she always does. God bless you, God bless me, God bless us all. The winds blow.

### *Chapter 14 the egg and the ego*

It is not that I don't believe in luck, it is that if we learn to eliminate chance, we would make probability more favorable on our behalf. There is, however, no usurping the will of God, which must remain sovereign, and forever mysterious to the minds of men. I have laid an egg. For the moment, I hold it near, dear, and I incubate it. When the time is right, the egg will hatch, and new life will flow forth, sound and strong. All these things have already been foretold, my destiny is marked. I traverse through the epoch of darkness within my own life. I will find the light, find a way to live in equilibrium with my surroundings, like a true Man, a true human.

He who doesn't speak doesn't spill his beans, saves them for another day, another battle. Every encounter with another human is a battle of wills. The unskilled warrior acts with uncontrolled will, and this uncontrolled will is known as the ego. When the ego does battle, it is a loose cannon, a devil-may-care wanderer. The ego, such a villainous thing never did walk the Earth. Many men do battle and impose their will, and have no idea what they do. Because they have no idea what they do, they do not know how they affect others, and become loose cannons.

Every man has his filter through which he sees the universe; his hue, if you will. By this does he observe and judge all, and by this does he act. A thief knows his business, and knows the criteria upon which to know another thief. A liar thinks everyone is lying to him, and they will. A manipulator thinks he is being manipulated, and he will be. All shall sleep in the bed they themselves have made. All shall hang themselves with their own rope. Only the exonerated man can live freely, the expiated.

Our now modern society is all hype, all things overblown by the central government, which aims to rule the world. Globalization, my friend, the most ancient of western goals. To rule over the Earth, like Alexander, or Ceasar. It is in the bible. The Jews want to rule, Napoleon wanted to rule, Hitler and the Aryans thought they would rule, and now a machinery has been built, powerful enough to make good on the ancient dream. It has been envisioned, foretold. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Spaniards, the British, the Portuguese, the dream of western culture. But what about the

Asians and the Africans, they must have also tried: Attila, Genghis. All who have been there know of its futility.

There is another dream, a counter-dream, one of unity, of peace amongst peoples. But pendulums were made for swinging, and one of these days it's going to be swinging over you. Today, we live this reality, the one that we do. Tomorrow, and this is no speculation, things will be different, that much is for certain. For thousands of years here in America, humans lived under entirely different realities. Their history is all but lost, but we do know that they lived here free of infectious disease. We know they exercised a balance with nature entirely foreign to us now. We know they had civilization and culture of a fine quality, with architecture, mathematics and art of the highest echelon. We know they worked with gold and precious gems. We know some of them were demented, vicious, and blood-thirsty, like any other man. We don't really know much else about them, about who or what they were, but someone does. Somewhere it is known. That is all we really need to know. Knowledge has life. We erase all other realities to make it seem ours is the only one. How wrong we are.

Do I stray? No, I don't stray, I live, and stay, stay true, to you, and to me, and to life, free, with liberty. Some say she's a ship, others a vessel, I say a trip, a mind tussle, with existence, and truth, and resistance of injustice. Resistance, friction, life. It's a great big world we live in. In it, all sorts of things occur, all sorts of things are. You find no resistance, you find no life. Heed my words, child, I know you for what you are, a child of the Sun. We are all shoots born of the same root, yet we vibrate at different rates. Who's to say what the true reality is? And yet, come what may, it's our job to prepare, to train for the holy day when all are questioned upon their deeds. I know if you're not competing, you're training. If you train, what is the point of making things easy on yourself? A man must have religion, a man must believe.

## *Chapter 15 river delta*

My green eyed beautiful baby. How will history tell I treated you? Fair, like the complexion of your skin. Your green eyes with brown, like the deepest jungle, I saw them, when we sailed on the river delta. The lushest green, the earthiest brown. A fine example of one of the daughters of men. The Earth colors, you are the Earth Goddess, my sweet. You have your genius, and I have mine. My eyes are dark brown, Earth, for I am also the son of my Mother. Man makes war on woman, Mother makes war on Father. Those of the Mother shall return to Her, and likewise shall those of the Father return to Him. Those reconciled, Child, shall bloom like a rose. He is redeemed, he who has been deemed worthy to live.

A friend of mine once told me that a woman marries a man hoping that he'll change, but he never does; and a man marries a woman hoping that she'll never change, but she always does. So you say you are in love, well, don't throw that away man. You know man is responsible for bringing about his own misery. You know, it's a lack of humility, an incessant wanting of more that causes the unhappiness and dissatisfaction of the world. When we were united, we had everything, and then we thought that by our separation we would gain more. And look at us now; we are emaciated, atrophied, starved. We are in need of help, we send out a cosmic clamor.

What we have been working for is finally at hand. This is the "more" that we thought we would gain through our dissolution. This is the fruit of our labor, and we shall obtain what we have wished for, what we have worked for. There is no need to fret, or cry, it is what we have always wanted for ourselves: a way out. We have suffered, oh how we have suffered, and we have wished to be elsewhere.

We have said "Lord, spare me this suffering, and I will do for You Your bidding". And He replied "Very well my child. Prosper, and be great, and you shall return to me". And we have prospered, and we are a great nation. We are the apple of the eye of the world, we are the symbol of peace, and liberty, and freedom, and justice. It has been our dream all along, *Novo Ordo Seclorum*, and we have done our Lord's bidding. Now is the return. It will be painful, but what one puts off in one instance must be taken up at another. The ascension process is essential, it is the vapor from the cauldron, and it

allows those who have been squashed to rise in their own turn. Nothing remains forever. All shall have their day in the Sun.

It is the vibration that causes the work. The quality of the vibration dictates the quality of the work. Great vibrations, great work. Life is the work caused by the vibrations. The vibrations are in the ether, and one is merely the antenna that reverberates at the frequency one perceive. In the beginning was the Word. This Word, then was the initial vibration, the complete All-Knowing. When it was in unison, it knew not Itself. Only when It was divided did It acknowledge Its parts, and only when It was reconciled was life created. This reconciled life, then, intends to imitate the life of its progenitors, and so we vibrate, and we work. The more we emulate our Parents, the greater the work achieved, thought by thought, word by word, deed by deed, block by block.

We are the Light-Limitless beings, we are the preferred children, and all will have to bow down to Man. When a creature of the Earth sees a man, it knows instinctively what it gazes upon. Man is the symbol of Earthly perfection; within all men are the secrets of the universe kept. Within all men is all the knowledge of the Cosmos. To obtain manhood, man must first know what it is to be all creatures. Man is at first pure, latent potential. Only when man recognize all creatures and all things within himself will there be peace on Earth. While man makes war upon himself, he makes war upon all creatures of the Earth as well. When man be at peace, when he may look a creature peaceably in the eye, when he may float through his planet like the angel that he is, only then is it that he may walk freely in the lion's den, without fear or affront, without nerves and without calumny.

It is the pyramid, and we are at the golden apex, the capstone. The pure gold of the spirit is within the reach of man. There may be mitigating circumstances, but all men will, sooner or later, achieve it. The Great Work. Many are the obstacles, many the reasons to desist, many are those who lose their balance while walking the razor's edge. Few are they indeed, who obtain the greatness that they seek. And yet, it is as the wind, or the rain; available to all. There is no need for pity, no need for mercy, no need for deserving, all things are made self-manifest. There are only epochs, eras, times upon the track of ones development. In our universe, there is motion, and motion requires time, and time will be granted.



## *Chapter 16 my love*

Baby, I guess my question is: can you leave all this behind, and come with me? All the mistakes, all the errors, all the pains and sorrows. Can you leave them all behind, my dearest, and come with me? How is your addiction, how is your attraction to your own self-destruction? Can you leave it, or are you prey to the seduction of the abyss, the bond to the temporal? Baby, are you ready to heal, or are you still too busy trying to make yourself sick? It's the man-disease, we are born into it. It must die to us, so that we may live free, in liberty, and justice for all. It's like I've always said, my dear, it's not your habits that are pure, but your heart. If I am not careful, I will cause disaster. I will not ask you to come with me, but it is the only question I have.

My dear, that is my only question, because for me, it is too late. It is the path, which allows me to live. To stray from it would cause death unto me. It is what infuses me with life, what allows me to live. I cannot leave it; it is the only master I recognize. All other aspects of my life must be in balance with this aspect, for my mortal body is already of no more use to me. I am the twice-born, and I shall no longer die, as long as I maintain the path.

I have learned the secret of the way of the mortals. I know it to be a dead end road. It is the spirit that enlightens me, and in return, I have promised it my deeds. I am compromised, my dear. My path is known to me, I may not stray, but you may join me, were you to see things my way. I cannot stray, my love, for I am on my way back. I stood at the abyss, and peered down. I watched as my peers walked to the edge and jumped into that bottomless pit, into that vortex of darkness and despair. I was witness. I saw it, and I can watch no longer. I am on my way back home. I invite you to come along. All you have to do is walk back with me, and we'll keep each other company.

### *Epilogue the Apocalypticians*

Man, it's true, the apocalypse is in the air. I'm done with their pessimism. All have a sense of foreboding, an intuition which allows the visions of their own future. It's fairly logical. Those with the most fear in their hearts shall demonstrate it on their cuff. What is it we are to be afraid of? To be sure, darkness looms. Those free of heart, those who have naught to fear, those will push forward and be spared. I read the signs, the signs of the times. Indeed, we have grown irreverent, we have strayed far. There is darkness in the hearts of men, but as we have learned, it is in the darkness where the light resides. We will survive, we will overcome, but first, the disease must be removed, the cancer must be eradicated. We will ingest once again purity and truth. Take heart, my wayward children.

The only remedy to our despair is education. We must have faith, and persevere in what we already know to be right. The apocalypticians, I would destroy you, as I have destroyed the poisonous gasses within my own self. Indeed, we are blind. We have eyes, and yet we cannot see. No, I am not a violent man, and I see salvation. I see survival, but darkness cometh. I'm done with the apocalypticians, I will survive and prosper.

R.F.S.N.

Sevilla 12.04.2006