

Letters From Rome



Maximilian J. Sandor

Letters from Rome

The Heritage of Frater Otto Probertus

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Public Notice

At the end of summer of the year 2008 I, Frater Otto, who is said to live in a cave at the side of the vulcano El Misti in Peru, received a package with fragments of letters composed in various languages along with the following handwritten note:

“F8! In case of my untimely death, dispose of the enclosed material as you wish. If you should yield gain from publishing it, use it towards the probagation of the ideas expressed in these letters or give it to the poor. Over time, I have come to understand some of the wisdom expressed in these notes and I arrived at a certain appreciation even though they seem so remote to our creed and it is difficult to believe that thoughts like these are exchanged in the highest of our circles. Under no circumstances. you are to indicate to anyone my true identity, nor whom you may suspect the sender and the receiver of these letters may have been. F9”

Upon inspection, I found that these letters had been written by hand and obviously all of them by the same person. There were three stacks of them in the package I received, sorted by the language in which they were written. Many parts of the paper on which they were scribbled had been cut out by scissors, some parts had been burnt, and others made illegible by black ink. All

letters were marked by Roman numerals, most likely by Frater Nove himself. Because of the difficulty in reading these letters, I left the package as it were in a safe place.

At the end of the year 2008, I came to know that Frater Nove had died under inexplicable circumstances in the city of Assisi, Italy, and that apparently every proof of both his existence and his untimely death had been destroyed immediately.

In eventually translating and publishing these letters, I tried to follow Frater Nove's orders as closely as possible and I hereby pledge to use any profit from its publication in the sense that Frater Nove had expressed to me in the note above.

Some words were circled and I typed them in bold to show its emphasis. I further italicized names and foreign words. Finally, I added two of Frater Nove's favorite proverbs at the beginning and end of this publication, in loving memory and honor to his wisdom.

Upon a very close inspection by my partner and my only help in this project, Soror Quindici, some hints to the identities of writer and recipient of the letters still remained even in these carefully manipulated fragments. Together we therefore decided to burn the originals for obvious reasons. We did so and we gave the ashes to the mountain winds at El Misti in Peru.

*Frater Otto
Arequipa, Peru - January AD 2009*

Ships are safe in the harbour
But that is not what ships are built for.

The Latin Letters

The Drawing

*The stack of letters contained the following text,
originally arranged in a drawing, translated from
Latin:*

Past
Seers have Known
That what was written in these letters Counts
What I omitted, what I changed, was for the sake to
hide its Author
For my duty was to shield him to whom they had
been Written
Truth, stranger than Fiction
Therefore I did erase the worst of Evil
Giving a chance for what is left to still Survive
Most has been written in Latin, some in German,
Italian the Rest
But little do I understand of what is buried in the
Deep
Is it even truth that we Created
What will be shown to Us in the
Future?

Frater Nove
Anno Domini MMVIII
Castel Gandolfo

I

Didn't we talk about this many times, my friend: modern man is on the run. Like a hunted animal, restless, sleeping only to recover briefly from his mad chase, attempting to relax only to gather the energy to continue today which he tried in vain yesterday...

...yet he is convinced that this is the way it should be. And in the rare moments that life is showing him otherwise, he crumbles, he refuses to accept the obvious. Shifting his own responsibility to others, or to society at large, or to what he calls God, unless he blames all these 'godless' people for what life is trying to teach him.

He ignores the flower at the roadside leading to his own house, traveling far, only to not being able to see what he couldn't see in his very own country. Upon coming back, little, if anything, has changed. And everything he saw on his voyage only served to confirm what he thought he already knew.

Time passes by and he grows older. And then he dies, just like that. If he died poor, he blames the world, if he dies rich, others may have some words of praise for him before wasting his savings. In any case, few learned a lesson. There simply hadn't been any time for that. No matter how long the lifespan, in the end it was too short. Too short for what? For understanding whatever could have been understood in the glimpse of a moment if

there only would have been a little time to reflect about it. Now it's too late. Too bad...

...yet there are always some moments of contact with the divine during a lifetime. Unexpected, sudden, like a flash, in the strangest of strangest circumstances, often not even recognized until much later. These moments of divine happiness are sprinkled throughout the life of modern man. He cherishes them as memories, holding them dear. These brief moments: what was once a steady stream of bliss for our ancestors has now become drops on arid soil.

Still, though, if one were to count the moments of sadness and those of happiness, there would nearly always be more of the latter. It's just that modern man values higher a drama than serenity, remembers more vividly the moments of conflict than the times of bliss...

II

Indeed, the real tragedy is that both kind of moments, deep sadness and profound happiness, are so rare in modern man's life, that he has no time for these moments – being ever so busy, never at rest, never at ease to contemplate the beautiful.

In the dullness of everyday's life the fascination of adventure, the rapture of joy, the triumph over a challenge, has no place any more. This, again, is the real tragedy of modern man: he

lost his emotions, more and more being the perfect working machine, a near soulless robot.

And until the times ahead when he does not need emotions any more at all in order to live his life, he survives drowned in a fake happiness that is being spoon-fed by television and newspapers. Drawing from the selection of presentations of drama's of other people's lives, mostly invented even those, he forfeits his very own emotions.

Still, modern man is convinced that it must be so. And so the lowest forms of happiness are being pursued, the satisfaction of desires. Desires implanted in him by others, mind you. Because to find out one's heart true desires takes an effort, needs a safe space, an uninterrupted time of self-exploration. Lacking both, modern man swallows eagerly what is being offered as desires by others: things that can be purchased instead of being conquered. Things that by selling one's own time and travail can be bought in stores..

...if the amount of money raised by selling oneself should not suffice, modern man will readily sell his future. Of course, selling one's future comes at a price, 'interest' they call it, and also that must be paid for with 'interest on interest'...

V

More importantly, in this web of entanglement there is little room for joy anymore, no space for grace, even less for divine rapture, let us not even talk about the ecstasy of meeting the divine.

Yet any any given moment all of this can be yours. It is man's birthright, some may say his cosmic obligation, to be profoundly happy and satisfied. For what purpose, after all, this Universe of wonders was created if not for being admired, they say, and I am one of them, hear me.

As even in the smallest thing in the world are all of the miracles of beauty and we cannot but being astounded by the sight of a sky full of bright stars : what else could be the ruling principle of this, our world than to behold its beauty, to witness its wonders with awe...

...and it is in these very moments of awe that we are connecting to ourselves. This is the meaning of the word 're-ligion': 'to re-connect' and it is exactly this what modern man has lost.

Yet the wonders of the world are ever present. While people are born and die, countries rise and fall, civilizations evolve and decay, lifeforms appear and fade away,' only the miraculous wonders of the Universe persist, as they have always been there and as it is not perceivable that they shouldn't be there tomorrow as well. Whether

we humans would be there to witness its overwhelming beauty or not, how does it matter?

Now, all that modern man would have to do is to stand still for a moment, take an instance of time, and look, and, lo and behold, he will see the splendor of the creation right now, this very moment, wherever he may be, whatever education he received, whatever social status he enjoys, whatever his wealth or lack thereof: it is his birthright, it his obligation: to join into the ecstasy of beauty of this world in his heart and in his mind, to behold its wonder and to cry in happiness, admiring the wordless wonders of this, our world.

X

Anyway, modern man looks with disdain at the few remaining cultures he did not yet destroy. He looks with vanity at the cultures of the past: since he evolved from those, he must be much more advanced, or not? And so he prides himself with many, many words, repeating himself endlessly because after all his choice of words is meager these days.

Little does he remember of the richness of the languages of the past, little is left from the art of uttering well-formed verses.

With every year passing by, modern man uses more and more frequently simple four-letter words: he is putting in his mouth the very same sound

with which he calls excrements. He is spitting out like fire the same word he is used using to insult the sacred union of male and female. This way modern man is closing the gap between animal and man again, once great, now narrowing with every new day...

XVII

After all, love expresses itself in countless ways. The past had many words for them, now we have but a handful left. Beauty shows itself in innumerable forms. The past indulged in many words of praises, we count how many copies are sold and measure its greatness in currency.

Yet in our hearts are still the reverberations of our divinity. It is enough to listen in there, like an observer, quietly, enjoying without judgment, letting sounds and visions stir up our sacred emotions and let them be as they are.

The mind, as the junction between spirit and soul, knows very well that the number of modes of *miration*, the art and act of witnessing the created forms, is without limits. The new religion of modern man which he calls Science measures the frequency of brain waves and proclaims effects being cause.

Nevertheless, the mind eagerly tries to categorize its own states, or at least it did so in the past. The last such attempt, as it survived time,

was made by *Gotamo Siddhartha* 2,500 years ago. His enumeration was but a short excerpt from the descriptions we find within the Vedas, formulated yet another few thousand years before.

In our times, if we were not hypnotized by the numbers of our institutional brain scientists, and if we were to find actual, descriptive words for the states of the mind of man we would have to inquire with the natives in the jungles of the Amazon, of Benin and Nigeria, or with the few cultural survivors of Hawai'ian, Indian and Indonesian traditions, all of them threatened to be equalized by soap operas and by the screaming news reports about war and crimes, famine and disaster, abuse of children and women, destruction of environment and life, shortage of energy, water and food. But unless their minds have become poisoned by this unholy pollution of values, divine and human alike, through the worldwide and very well controlled media, we will still find some of the words that point to our connection to creation itself.

This connection to creation itself must become our guidance. Only this, a true 're-ligion', a true 're-connection', can save us from falling short of our true destiny, the celebration of life, a celebration of diversity of the many forms of manifestation within nature, can save us from acting and feeling like machines, disconnected from our true inner values and emotions in all its forms.

Then, and only then, we can find peace in ourselves. This fullness of wonder of which we can sense a glimpse of it when we dare to stare at the stars at night. This divine joy of taking part in a miraculous creation. This feeling of gratefulness for receiving bliss without the need to do anything but being present in the presence of this creation that we call our world.

XXVI

But once more: the taste of honey: no book in the world can ever describe its impact on tongue and mouth to someone who never tasted it by himself. The smell of a *Queen of the Night*: perceived once, it will always be recognized. Explain the sight of a rainbow to a blind man: what will he think? The movement of a body: what makes it look elegant, what makes it look plump? The touch of fingers on your skin: what makes its experience annoying, what makes it sensual?

Let us not talk about it, but also not forget: the many perceptions and sensations and feelings that are censored today: from the unique smell of each and every woman to the electrifying sensations at the onset of release of the yearnings of the body...

...let us not talk about, but also not ignore them: the crude satisfactions of desires from the worlds below the animals, celebrated by Hollywood, cherished by book publishers, gobbled

up by the masses and self-styled intellectuals alike, the hallmark of modern civilizations: stories of murder and mayhem, torture, treason, and avenge, well packaged, sold and consumed by the anesthetized average slave, making his own miserable life look not so bad after all. With every Oscar award for preparing and packaging such drama for human consumption, human culture slides downhill, void of course, just downhill.

Still, beyond all of these feelings, whether crude or refined, neither separated from them nor being identical, we can always find the immersions into the divine. 'Beyond' I say, because whom am I to say they would be above or below? 'Beyond' I say, because they do not pertain to this world anymore, yet they are part of it, born from it. Like children, once born, they can move freely. They are neither mother nor father, nor both, yet without them they wouldn't exist. The ancient sages knew it, the few remaining 'indigenous sages' who have not yet lost contact with their sources, they know it. There is no reason why you shouldn't know your sources as well...

...just because it cannot be taught, just because it cannot be written about, just because one can't find a chemical formula to describe it, just because we don't have a mathematical equation, it doesn't mean it doesn't exist. For one who sees, for the *guru* in its original meaning, this is the only reality that is real, the only 'thing' that is likely to exist since it is beyond the ever-changing appearances of the physical world, born from it

like children from father and mother, living on even after their death....

XXXVII

Furthermore, the ancestors look upon modern man like parents upon the follies of their spoiled children: they find it difficult to understand what went wrong. Didn't we provide them with everything? Didn't we give them of the best food we had and in abundance? Didn't we pass on the wisdom of generations that passed? Didn't we preserve our land, our culture, our resources for them? Didn't we bathe them in our love and devotion? We did, yes we did, and we did so in excess. Was that our shortcoming: that we gave them too much? Or even, that we gave these things to them instead of letting them find them for themselves?

In return, modern man looks upon his ancestors like spoiled brats upon his parents: what do they know about life? They are weak and fragile, these old people, like dead, useless, toothless, sentimental, good for nothing old farts. Let's not waste our food and clothes on them, they're bound to die soon. How do they cling foolishly at the preservation of our land, of nature, why do they care about stupid animals, the cleanliness of water, the purity of air? They'll soon be dead anyway, why should they care how we use all of this around us? Let us enjoy things to the max, let us leave the future to those who come after us, and, gimme a break, spare us the

sentimental whining about balance of human and nature!

The sages of old times, as well as the few remaining ones, do not take offence at the ungrateful behavior of modern man. Like parents of children which went down a bad road in life, they still love them, as they are their offspring. They care about them, they feel sad about their wrongdoings, unable to correct it. Even if they are neglected and forgotten by their children, they are still their parents and their love is beyond praise or shame, beyond desire or rejection...

...love, I say, because the word for the very love of a mother for her daughter has been forgotten together with the word for her hopes for the future of her son. Like the proud love of a father for his son has no echo as a word in this world of today, neither his wishful expectations for his daughter. Their offspring forgot those words as they have been forgetting that they have parents...

L

For how much time did this go on this way? When did the children started to forget their parents? you may ask. And how, once forgotten, can they be remembered again? Can they?

The story of the Universe is encoded in a grain of sand as well as in the course of stars, within the human consciousness as well as in the cells of our human bodies. Science, the religion of

modern man, erected the dogma of the contradiction of myth and fact, ignoring the circumstance that any stated fact is but a frozen little picture stolen from the countless unfolding streams of consciousness in this Multiverse which we call our world. What other word could point to this unfolding story, whether you like to think of it as a drama or as a comedy, than the word 'myth'?

But if you, dear friend, happen to stumble across a better word, simply replace 'myth' with the word of your own choice.

Words, aside from their powers of invocation, their powers to vibrate the unshaped into distinct forms, and their powers to destroy the once shaped, words are but tokens, convenient placeholders for our abstractions, pointers to constructions of the mind. Our abstractions are not tangible, not enumerable, not measurable, ultimately therefore outside the scope of our Science. We may name them, we may label them anything we want to, they are still only partially shareable with the help of the dangerously rotten bridges of our languages.

Like orphans, if we were to come to know the names of our father and of our mother, would this bring about memories of our mothers caressing us, would it make remember us the tap on the shoulder by our fathers? Even if so, wouldn't those memories be false, fake, borrowed, copied, or even stolen?

The mission of re-connecting us, to 're-ligioning' us, leads us to search for our mother and our father, not with language or symbols, but with direct experience. Experience that is not being imposed, intermediated, interpreted, handed down from previous generations, speculated, or invented.

Only this way, the 'myth' of our life, its mission and purpose, can be accessed, replacing its delusions, illusions, and allusions with knowing. Once our 'myth' is known to us, what appeared to be a problem now will be recognized as a symptom. What was certain truth now is merely an indicator and what we believed once has no relevance any more whatsoever.

LXV

Sure, we see this everyday of course: modern man, instead of searching a solution for himself and by himself, flocks to organized religions that promote their founders' individual attempts of finding a solution to the problem of disconnection from our sources. Accordingly, we can expect to find representations of any and all human reactions that are observable in life at large: substitution, ignoring, denial, blaming, resistance, protest, surrender, submission.

Our Popes offered themselves as a substitute for the Father and the Catholic Church for the Mother. A Pope doesn't have any other choice as

he inherited a severe logical misconception: the original trinity of Father, Mother, and Child had been sabotaged by pulling the female element out of it and presenting an all-male team of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Obviously, this earlier postulate had already been an attempt to solve to the problem at hand: in their view all the fault lies with the Mother, hence all female influence be better eliminated. This encapsulation is typical for many organized religions and we can trace it all the way back to the myth of Adam and Eve. The encapsulation ensures that nobody ever looks at the original problem.

Science, on the other hand, simply declares this, our problem, an emotional deficiency of the not-yet-evolved man. It suffices to simply wait for another few turns of evolution, or, better, to find a nice drug, which can't be cheap, of course, to erase this figment of the mind within the same. At the same time, Science wages a full-scale religious war against all other efforts to do the same, be it other organized religions, self-help advocates, New-Age gurus, and the like. It has good chances to win the war as it forged an unholy alliance with big-money, global companies and governments alike: if it can't be patented and sold for a solid profit by the first, it can still be declared illegal by the second.

An interesting slant on life provides the most modern of all religions, Scientology: we are all God anyway, already from the beginning, no need for father nor mother, just pay the toll for the bridge leading to total freedom, and you'll find out.

Strangely enough, nobody yet called back home to say they arrived and all of them keep paying. One problem with solipsism is: how do Beings with unlimited power agree with each other? The other is, of course, that, as always, some people with total freedom are better than some people with total freedom. Just in case, Scientology's Founder declared himself the 'Source', *buddha*, *messias*, an all-in-one package, making the above question a moot point...

...modern Buddhism advocates to get the hell out of here as fast as possible since the situation in this world is so bad that it couldn't be ever repaired. To hell with finding out about father and mother, let's just get outta here!

To offer some heroism, some variations suggest to make a solemn oath to free oneself not before all Beings have been freed in this way. That the result would be an unresolvable stalemate doesn't occur to them. Neither how one could escape by simply fighting one's desires, subduing the urges of the physical body and rejecting and avoiding all female energies like the devil himself.

As in the case of our Christian theology, the role of the woman rests solely in giving birth to the *buddha*, or the *messiah*, respectively, and besides that undeniable necessity, women have no chance in the game unless they reincarnate as a man.

The seers of ancient past and those who are still hiding out in the forests, are scratching their

heads: what went wrong with this civilization? Is there a chance still or is the game lost?

Meanwhile, the birds are still singing, dolphins are surfing, trees and bushes are showing their flowers, the vanity of life continues as it always has been: who is the prettiest in the land? And there are still some humans around who have a little time left to witness this spectacle, to admire the unspeakable beauty of life, to confirm the glory of the creation, to connect to their mother of their life, to the father of their existence.

And even if human race would be destroyed by the follies and arrogance of their current leaders, there simply would be long pause before the seers would return. Patiently they would wait for another civilization to arise, even if it may take a long time.

LXVI

Attention, pay attention: the solution is within ourselves, so says the *guru*, but how do we go about it now?

Do we need to reinvent the wheel?

Do we need to search for one of the last *gurus* in the jungle? And if we were to find him, how could he or she teach me if words don't reach where I want to go? Or, how could he or she show me what is not visible in the first place? And wouldn't I

need to live there for a while in order to be accepted, to learn their language, to be initiated, before getting to know their deeper secrets? And if the guru was fake, how would I escape from that place?

Or do we need to become archaeologists of philosophy, decrypting the fragments of what past seers left behind? And, again, wouldn't I have to learn those forgotten languages? Be initiated in some strange cults just to learn the true meanings of their words and symbols? And, once there, again, how could I escape if I found out it was just another dead end?

Years ago, remember, I created a new religion. Just for fun. Not really new, mind you, as there is nothing truly new under the sun. It might even have worked for some fellows, but certainly not for others. So I created another nearly new religion, yielding the same results as the first.

Only many years later I realized that everyone of us must necessarily create their own re-ligion, their own way of re-connecting to their sources. Everyone of us is different even though we share so many traits. To emancipate, to be a grown up as a human, everyone must find their mother and their father for themselves and by themselves.

There are but a few things that man cannot delegate to another man. Strangely enough, modern man decided these few things to be obscene or taboo, creating four-letter words for them to be used as a curse...

...if modern man wants his wife to have a child, he doesn't call for another man to get into the act for him. He doesn't wait for some savior to come along. He doesn't hope for the next lifetime if he wants to have his child within the next nine months...

...and even the richest of all men cannot outsource their way to the bathroom. Again, it wouldn't occur to them to wait for the next *buddha* to make it easier. They also know it doesn't help to ignore the problem...

...yet, concerning his very own re-connection to his very own source, modern man is leaving everything gladly to other people. He is waiting for some future mega-event, he is praying instead of acting, hoping for a future life without the problems he couldn't resolve this time around. Often he is paying some holy man with a holy cause to speed up delivery of a solution that rests within himself and not outside.

And so he travels without any chance to arrive...

LI

...you got the drift, alright, perhaps the most astonishing observation on the way to more consciousness is the extremely simple but close to unacceptable fact that modern man has gotten everything upside down.

It may take many years to gain certainty about this circumstance since it is just too unbelievable to be true. After all, so modern man is being told, we are living in the 'information age', knowledge in abundance is at our fingertips and even the deepest secrets are being revealed these days.

Very well so! It doesn't change a iota that nothing is the way it is being presented to us and the realization of this sad truth may be the biggest hurdle on the path to start thinking for oneself instead of repeating what everyone else is saying.

In some cases, manipulation of the human mind fell victim to its own deception: the lie about the lie winds up with an appearance of truth. But this shady new truth is built upon a double lie, a twofold inversion, and to discover the original truth behind it requires uncovering two lies instead of one.

There is neither need nor usefulness to demonstrate this irrefutable fact of the complete inversion of human thinking: it is so basic, yet so hard to believe. No matter what is being inspected thoroughly, it turns out that the opposite is true.

There are so many of these inversions that is impossible to even make a list of them all. But you know that better than me, of course...

XXXVIII

Most, if not all things are being inverted this way, OK. But some are more inverted than others, we could add sarcastically. As with all things that are too good to be true, something that works well, at least for some, is prone to be perverted, inverted, or reverted into something that will absolutely not work for anyone.

Some 2,500 years ago a young prince called *Gotamo Siddhartha* had plenty of what we are missing now: some extra time at hand. So he sat down and thought about what humans are doing on this planet and why.

He didn't have Internet access available so he traveled personally to all the major thinkers and tinkerers of his time until he had at his disposition the state-of-art knowledge of his time, mainly comprised in the complex and very detailed philosophical system of the Indian Vedas.

After many years of studying and apprenticing it finally dawned upon him that one can't learn the great truth about oneself from others. Next thing, he sat down under a fig tree and didn't get up again until he found the solution. In himself.

The next fifty years of his life he traveled around and about, instructing anyone who was interested in doing like him and in how to go about it.

Gotamo refused any title or praisename except one: *Tathagato*, a simple word construct yet difficult to convey in another language. It could be described as: 'someone who went along in such a specific way' but to illustrate it better we could hum along with one of Frank Sinatra's famous tunes: 'I did it my way'.

Now, does it come as a surprise that he prohibited the memorization of his teachings? Certainly not if he was a true *guru*, a Seer of the kind that we're looking for. If he indeed was one, he certainly knew that words can't teach the sublime truths, and even worse, they could mislead those who were already on the right track.

"Fivehundred years, at the very most," *Gotamo* uttered solemnly "Not more than fivehundred years will the subtle truths be apparent to men before being lost.... these truths that are so subtle that the average man in unable to behold them..."

As we can expect, only a few years passed by after he passed away and his followers gathered to establish which of his sayings and sermons should be memorized for future generations. This has come to be known as the Pali Canon...

...but the worst is yet to come: his followers in the region in which he had dwelled in his own times, now parts of Northern India and Nepal, could not survive in the religious environment of Brahmin culture and moved towards today's Burma. There, using the Sinhalese script, we can find the first written records of the Pali Canon. Some monks moved North, entering the area of China,.

When *Gotamo's* teaching returned from there many years later they had been translated into Chinese and back. And that was the end of his 'Noble Truths'.

If it weren't for the Sinhalese records of the early Pali Canon, nobody would ever know what *Gotamo* actually said. What goes today as 'Buddhism', surprise, surprise, has been inverted in all key points to its opposites.

As this wasn't enough insult yet, later on smart people came along, and wrote the first commentaries, chiseling in stone the perversions that already existed back then. Instead of *Gotamo Siddhartha*, the *Tathagato*, he became known as '*Buddha Gautama*' So much for his last will and his original teachings...

XXVII

...really, not you, of course, in your wisdom, but most of the people think of the *Buddha* as having proclaimed that 'everything in life is suffering'. Whichever *Buddha* was saying that, it certainly wasn't *Gotamo Siddharto*.

"Achieving happiness through happiness, this is the way of the *Tathagato*" *Gotamo Siddharto* said about his path when asked by a Brahman if his ascetic life style wouldn't be too unpleasant to live.

So where does 'suffering' enter the picture? Evidently as a wrong translation of the word *dukkha*.

"Subtle is the truth of *dukkha*, so subtle that only few of the most able of men are able to perceive it," *Gotamo* proclaimed. And, "not more than fivehundred years will these subtle truths survive in time. As they are so subtle that average people cannot understand them ... the truths about *dukkha*, its arising, and the way to its elimination..."

What is so subtle about 'suffering'? you may ask. *Bingo!*

Pali has about ten more words for the different kinds of pain, grief, sorrow, sadness, worry, fear and all sorts of dis-ease, *dukkha* is not one of them. The authoritative dictionary for the Pali

language, created by Rhys-Davids in the late 1800's, remarks that it gives its translation as 'suffering' only because established translations are doing it that way and it must reflect the prevailing translations even though it is more than doubtful that this would be its true meaning.

Interestingly, we can find a few Buddhist concepts that have **not** been inverted and are not double-inverted either. These are concepts that were so little understood in the past that there was neither need nor possibility to turn them into their opposites...

XVIII

..attached I send you a few lines from my diary that fits into our recent discussion. I hope it will both entertain and make my point regarding what we recently talked about:

Burma (Shan Province), October 10th, 1995

“How old are you?” I asked the old monk who was kneeling on the ground, playing with pebbles like a child. “And what are these patterns you were drawing there?”

“I don’t like people who ask two questions at once!” he replied. “You are like all the others, you can’t think in a straight line but you are convinced that people like me are stupid just because I never counted my years. I had been a child, then I grew up. Something that doesn’t happen for people like you. And then I decided to be as I want to be. Which may appear like a child to you.”

“OK, OK, and you’re a happy man, I can tell...” I mumbled.

“No, you can’t tell. You can’t look through the eyes of another until you threw away all of your masks behind which you are hiding, your heart is pure, your mind is clear, and your spirit appeased. Then you will feel however you want to feel. Everyday will be like you want to be it. Overcoming *dukkha* will make you a free man. Only as a free man you can be truly happy.”

“The end of suffering, is that it?” I asked.

“The end of *dukkha*. This subtle truth, but you’re like the others of your kind. You talk about suffering all the time, you complain, you never say ‘thank you’. Whatever you’re thinking of, it will come to you. If you’re thinking of suffering all the time, you’ll be suffering. It’s so simple, if you would take a second to sit down and look at it, you would see it. The world you live in is miserable mainly because you people think of suffering all the time, how to avoid it for yourself, how it is created by others and how to blame them for that. But *dukkha* is something else, if you use it wisely, you can create whatever you want to...” and with these words he pointed to the pebbles on the ground.

“...your second question...” he continued. “When the students of the *Tathagato* came to this land, they didn’t just write some books. There are many things that have no place in books, they cannot be told, only be shown!”

With a brisk movement he wiped out the pattern of pebbles on the ground, jumped up with the easiness of a little child.

“It’s time for meditation, another such thing that you think you know but you don’t have any idea,” he said, preparing himself to walk away.

Suddenly he turned around, looking deeply into my eyes. “But perhaps you are a little different, maybe, perhaps. Maybe you can see the

subtleness of *dukkha*, maybe you're one of the few who can see beyond its extremes. Maybe you can grow up to be a really a man. Do you know that there's something beyond the appearances?"

I nodded silently.

"Entering the blissful states of the mind is just the preparation. Happiness is just the way, the vehicle, to find what is beyond being happy, beyond feeling the highest bliss, beyond words, beyond Good as you know it. If you want to, stay here for a while, grow up to be really a man, and I'll show you..."

XI

In our times, modern men don't grow up to be men. It's not that they remain like children. No, they lose their innocence already in early years. It's just that they just never seem to mature.

For more than fifty years I wondered: Why are adults worse than children? Is there a cosmic principle behind it? Or lack of evolution? I just don't get it.

Often I thought I had found a true grown-up. But then it would not take too long and I could take a glimpse behind their masks. The more solid they were, the worse it looked behind them.

Modern adults appear like children that try to play the games of their parents in their absence.

Quite close but not quite there. They never matured, they are simply simulating responsibility, causative action, but they are still helpless little children, open to any suggestion and stubborn at the same time.

Where do their desires come from? For the major part they copied them from their parents who, in turn, copied them from theirs.

The ancient civilizations knew this. They did what they could to remain in contact with the energies of their ancestors. This way, they were less forced to repeat their mistakes, to carry on their dreams in a world that already changed. Modern man has only a pitiful smile for what he thinks is mere superstition. Since he has lost contact with his ancestors, he thinks they do not exist.

Yet he executes what his ancestors were wishing to do him. And even if it is obvious that what he does isn't working anymore, he insists, like a little child, his fake and useless games. He has no clue why he is acting this way because in truth he is merely re-acting.

In the end he obeys the hidden commands of ancestors and manipulators alike. He believes he doesn't have a chance to do what he really likes to do. He doesn't even know what we truly wants.

And so he invents all kinds of justifications to do insane things. He can't find any rational reasons for them, so he invents them...

VI

...undoubtedly, the fact that people copy their ideas from others, known personally to them or not, is difficult to hide. To make it palatable to those who like to think of them as intelligent persons, Scientists gave it a fancy name: 'Meme'.

Yes, 'Meme' - what an ugly clumsy word! But how else could the religion of modern Science incorporate something obvious without losing its face except by giving it a greek name? Well amputated, of course, to demonstrate the creativity and originality of its name giver who himself soon will enter the religion's history as a hero, a Saint of Science.

Like the history of modern man in general, the history of Science consists of an artificial trail, created to create a semblance of a 'myth' as even the bishops of Science know that without a psychology of myth, nothing goes. Lacking a true myth, they are forced to invent one.

This gives rise to funny contradictions: who really invented the radio? How come an Italian published the contents of Einstein's 'Theory of Relativity' ten years before in Milan - the very city where Einstein's wife Mileva worked at the patent office at the very same time? How come the same new technology appeared at different places around the world at the same time?

The historians of modern man cannot but think in a linear fashion. Parallel events are a horror to them. That's why they will 'serialize' any concurrency into a linear sequence. Everything needs a number in modern Science and everything needs to be ordered neatly.

Thus, they exemplify in a comical fashion *Gotamo's* postulate about the roots of modern man's insanity...

The German Letters

III

“...all and everything must have a distinct cause and to know it is to be master of life.” This is the Credo of modern man but the history of this belief, yes “belief”, goes back to antiquity. How else could *Gotamo* have stated it to be at the root of the disaster of the human being 2,500 years ago?

For the mechanistic thinkers, a spark causes a fire to ignite. Therefore they search and search and search for the guy who made this spark.

In a closed, rigid, and limited system like a mechanical device, this way of thinking works very well, of course. It is the basis of all that what we call ‘technology’.

However, for a systemic thinker, and the sages of all times were just that, systemic thinkers, an event is bound to the conditions, the environment, the system, in which it happened.

Never mind the spark: if it rains during the BBQ, the coal will not burn and the steak remains raw.

For the *guru*, whoever puts the charcoal there in the first place has been as causative as the person who lit the fire.

Well, well, well, says modern man, but what is different is that behind the spark was an intentional act that triggered the process.

And, voilà, he left his own paradigms with a salto-mortale, a spin from which there is no recovery.

As he acknowledges the existence of individual responsibility he leaves his mechanistic world, including his relativistic visions, he spawns out into the domain of ethics.

The next thing that happens, what else can be expected?, he will act exactly like a priest of a traditional religion: dogmatize what he proclaims to know and ridicule whatever others think.

Or suppress their thoughts with force, subtle or crude.

IV

...so for *Patanjali*, who is said to be the author of the *Yogasutra*, *Gotamo's* assessment of the root of man's insanity was not basic enough. For him, *Gotamo* missed out on the essential underlying problem of man, an inability that proceeds the inability of 'systemic thinking', of seeing an individual manifestation as the result of an interacting web of conditions.

This critique is probably unjust but since it wouldn't change anything in history except bruising some egos, we can leave it as it is.

However, the discussion serves well to explore what is at the bottom of today's misery, its wars and famines, suppression and indignity, the lack of sovereignty of man, this world of slaves who are not yet aware that they have been enslaved and if they should ever become aware of their condition they would find out it is too late to change it.

In short, for *Patanjali*, who came to know *Gotamo's* ideas in its already polluted, inverted form, the root of all problems, and not just the human condition!, lies in the inability of perceiving a contradiction.

In a second step, once it becomes impossible to ignore a contradiction, pretending it wouldn't exist, man feels compelled to take a side: accepting only one aspect, excluding all others.

The first condition is that of con-fusion: that what in truth consists of two or more contradicting phenomena, is being fused into a single concept, is postulated to be simply one and the same.

The second condition, due to a lack of a better word, could be called 'polarization': insisting on one side of an opposite and rejecting the other.

But this now is exactly what *Gotamo* stated as the problem at the bottom of all, exactly this, and he summarized it under the word *dukkha*: literally 'that which has two-sides'.

And exactly as *Patanjali* observed that the recognition of opposites and its successful harmonization leads to a new state, a union, literally a *yoga*, transcending the qualities of the original opposites, *Gotamo* spoke of the transcending effect of overcoming the polarization, overcoming *dukkha*, achieving a state of *sukkha*, a union that is 'lifting up' what once was a contradiction to a new quality of being.

In this way, we could see the crazy race of modern man to find an 'original cause' as the result of his inability to transcend contradictions, opposites, and we would thus redeem *Gotamo's* view in the eyes of *Patanjali* if this would serve any purpose.

Patanjali, surprise, surprise, suffered the same fate: his glorious *yoga*, the sacred re-union of the male and the female principles, one's religion, re-connection, with one's prime sources, has been reduced to physical exercises, bending ones bones around with a smile.

Now, *Gotamo's* and *Patanjali's* redemptions may seem inutile, utterly pointless, but it has an unexpected consequence: *Gotamo* was not the only one known in history to have thought about the paradigm of opposites and if we can redeem his theories, may be, perhaps, we can redeem other great minds who thought in a similar fashion.

Some hundred years ago, a German philosopher, on a conscious level probably completely unaware of *Patanjali's* and *Gotamo's*

theories, thought about the same problem. His name was Gottfried Wilhem Hegel.

What *Gotamo* called *dukkha* and *Patanjali* called *gunas*, Hegel called *Dialektik*.

Not before long, the shit hit the fan.

As you very well know, today we're still sitting in the mess of it, wondering...

VII

...now another anecdotal remark, I hope it entertains your Excellency:

“Overcoming *dukkha* will make you a free man. Only as a free man you can be truly happy.”

These words of an old monk in Burma are still ringing in my ears today. Only twice more, in nearly sixty years, I had looked in the eyes of a free man. They too, were radiating a happiness that cannot be found elsewhere in this world.

What else did they seem to have in common?

The first of the three I met 1994 in Indonesia, at the foot of Mount Merapi, a volcano.

He was less than 5 feet tall, a dark, nearly golden tan, visibly old, wearing simple but

perfectly clean clothing. The curiosity of a child was shining through his eyes.

His energy felt like that of someone who has everything but also of someone who has no fear of losing anything.

What a strange contrast, I thought, remembering a billionaire I met the month before. His fears of losing what he had, ten billions or more, the restless struggle to gain more. All of that behind the masks of a patriarch, the noble statesman, a man who knows what he is doing, a man of certainty and of power. Yet there, deep down, was the loneliness of an abandoned child, without a father to give him strength, without a mother to flow love in his heart. Last week, I read in the news, he threw himself in front of a train.

“What you want you have already,” the old Indonesian priest told me calmly. “You just don’t know it yet, and in that nobody can help you but yourself.”

“But I came all the way from Los Angeles to learn something from you,” I protested.

The old man continued to look at me without a blink of his eyes. To him my soul was an open book, and I could feel his examination of my inner self as he was scanning through my feelings, hopes, and memories.

“You know close to everything that is useful to know. But you’re not able to put it all together You

can see the mountain and you can see the ocean. But you can't see the mountain and the ocean."

A long silence followed. The man continued to browse through my soul like a journal.

"Hmm. You know about the Ancient Ones," he finally stated, making it sound like a judgment. "Why do you fear them instead of paying respect?" he inquired.

"Nobody can control them and therefore everybody is afraid of them," I answered carefully.

"Are you sure you don't want to learn how to stick a knife through your tongue?" he asked suddenly without showing a bit of emotion.

"I've seen enough of that in Thailand, Phuket, you know, they pierce sticks through their cheeks, from one side of the head to the other, and then they hang apples on it on both sides and then they walk around like that for a day or so. I tried it, I can stick needles in my body if I want to, I showed it to the head priest, you know it's some kind of a cult, but anyway that didn't do anything for me..."

"How about being buried under Earth for some days?" he interrupted my babbling.

"I was under water for 38 minutes without breathing last month, with witnesses, mind you, you know, interesting but..."

“So you never ever did anything without showing it to anyone or boasting about it, without photos, without writing about it?”

At that I paused, stopped talking, suspended thinking, not knowing how to respond. The weather seemed unbearable hot today, the air unusually dry, the silence deafening if it weren't for the volcano, Mount Merapi, grumbling behind us every once a while.

The old priest continued: “Proving something is trying to control someone. Like a child showing their parents how they can ride on a bicycle. The child just wants to make the parents accept it as their own. Those who are constantly ‘proving something’ do it in order to coax approval and respect. Those who can let go of that, don't know fear anymore. They become true men. They can respect the Ancient Ones because they don't feel the urge anymore to control anyone. And only those, the Ancient Ones may accept as well.”

As he was talking, I lost my masks of life, not all of them quite yet, oh well, but enough to look in his eyes the same way he looked into mine: as a free man.

We were sitting there quietly, at the foot of the volcano, for a long time. Until Mount Merapi erupted, that is. Earth trembling, a strangely colored column of smoke extending itself slowly towards heaven. A foul smell in the air.

“Come on,” the old priest said with a smile, “I will show you something that you won’t ever be able to tell anyone. Guaranteed. And even if you could, nobody would ever believe you anyway...”

XII

....so what has a free man left to do in life?

Having overcome the paradox of opposites, why should he prefer one side over the other?

Some quotes I collected:

“The white swan riding through the air doesn’t leave a track” we read in ancient Buddhist scriptures.

“Who has the *tao* acts without acting” wrote Lao Tzu before he disappeared.

Don Juan encouraged *Castaneda* to erase his personal history, destroying the footprints that he had already left, live his life in stealth, invisible to naked eyes.

Modern men erect monuments for themselves, name buildings, streets, and even cities after them.

“Dogs and coyotes leave their excrements wherever they go, but nobody knows the way of

the mountain lion!” a Navajo medicine man said to JD Flora.

“If the path you walked a thousand times is looking to you like the first time you stepped on it, you know you’re on the right track!” a Peruvian shaman once told me.

“Unfathomable is the path of a free man. Not even the most noble and highest of Gods are able to follow his trail,” pronounced *Gotamo Siddhartha*.

IXX

...everything in its time! Here some more notes from my diary:

Lake Atitlán, Guatemala, 1996

“The way to the left or the way to the right?” asked my guide.

What a strange question to ask! Isn’t a guide supposed to know it best, isn’t it his job to show the way?

Perhaps I should have looked for a more conventional tour guide but civil war in Guatemala had just ended a few weeks ago and tourism wasn’t geared up yet to offer some real choices.

Choices.

“The way to the left or the way to the right?” repeated my guide sternly. He was of small stature, barely the size of a teenage boy, but his face was a maze of so many deep wrinkles that trying to guess his age in years seemed sheer impossible. His colorful Mayan clothes were covered with confusing designs. I wondered if they were genuine or just made up for tourists.

With a sigh, I looked up the mountain again. Toliman was its name, a volcano, hopefully sleeping for the next few days. It would be another four or five hours of climbing to get near its top. I was already exhausted.

“How high do we have to get up there, really?” I asked the guide. The guide showed no indication of understanding. His eyes never moved, nearly ever seemed to blink, with a strange, rare tranquility hidden in them. I tried to remember where I had come across something similar.

“When Maximón shows himself, we arrived. Now, left or right?” he asked yet another time.

“OK, eh, left, OK!” It didn’t matter, all paths were going upwards, around large rocks and little groves. It just didn’t matter if we were going around them to the left or to the right.

Oh boy, did I feel silly! Here I was, overheated, exhausted, short of breath, risking a severe sunburn under the pitiless sun, at an altitude few humans will ever dwell in their lives. Guided on an endless path up the mountain of

Tolimón by a priest of Maximón, a strange entity that nobody knows where it came from. I personally was betting more on Africa than on the local Mayan culture but what did I know? I was decided to be initiated into his mysteries and before I could do that, so said the priest, I must make the pilgrimage up the Tolimón mountain. If I didn't have such a big body, me, the white guy, I could do it like the local Mayans, hang down a coffee bush for a night, upside down of course, and if a white mamba or a coffee spider didn't kill me until sun dawn, I would be accepted as a Guardian of Maximón as well.

Oh man, just a few days ago I was drinking coffee with one of the most famous politician in Europe's history. So what was I doing here? All this to dive into the enigma of a strange local cult nobody ever heard of? What kind of vanity was that?

I felt the eyes of the Mayan guide stare at me intensely from the side. He didn't show any sign of impatience or tiredness. But he seemed to want an end to this walking around.

Now I remembered. His eyes were like those of the Indonesian priest, like those of the Burmese monk: silent but powerful, calm but alert, childish teasing but with no trace of silliness, serious without taking anything serious.

Someone who had grown up to be a man. A man without masks. A man who was free in his heart. A man without fear.

“To the left!” I said, this time without waiting for his question.

“Next to the right!” I commanded as we continued on the path upwards the mountain more rapidly.

The images of the past days danced before my eyes. The surprise when I noticed the utter helplessness of the person that is considered one of the greatest politicians of all times. His despair, his loneliness, his aching heart, yearning for something he couldn't quite tell. Without the mask of a winner, the face of a leader, the bold expression of a decision maker, without all of these masks, he was a psychic shipwreck, close to a nervous breakdown. And nothing that his many titles and medals could help him with in the voidness of his own existence, a nothingness. He, the great statesman, was ready to give up, breathing, existing only because he didn't die yet.

Is this the quality of our leaders, not just him? I wondered: personal disasters, unhappy existences, with no goals other than to not lose their status, their face?

Faces which are false and from which lies flow with ease, Every nation has the leaders that they deserve, they say. Is that truly so?

Are our leaders really a reflection of our own states of mind? Or are they betraying us as they are betraying themselves? Saying one thing and

doing another. Are they weaving their web of lies or are they caught within a web already woven? Do they have actually a choice in what they are doing? Or are they reacting to the demands of the system, a system that is out of their control, that marches on without pity, gobbling up every resource along its way, supressing what should come in its way, and, most importantly, making sure everyone is sound asleep.

I paused a brief moment to make the next decision. Whether to go the left or to the right, that was the question. An unimportant question. Both paths would lead up. It didn't matter which way.

Just as I was about to decide about the unimportant, a wave of inexplicable happiness engulfed me. It came unexpected, without warning, like a shock. Bursting out in in uncontrollable laughter, I fell down to the ground, rose up, tumbled around in circle,. laughing my head off.

I forgot how much time passed by in my holy silliness, my irrational holiness. My guide was sitting a short distance away on a rock, smoking a self-rolled cigarette, visibly content.

“Maximón arrived! All done!” he said in broken Spanish, with a pronunciation worse than mine.

“You are now Guardian of Maximón!” he declared. “Let's go down to the Sanctuary in San Pedro and do the rest!”

I looked down to Lake Atitlán. Aldous Huxley called it the most beautiful lake in the world, more beautiful even than the lake of Como. And even deeper, they say, yet nobody knows for sure how deep it is. I always admired lake Como and I will continue to do so. But that day I understood what Huxley meant.

XXVIII

...under these circumstances I never got Maximón to work for me. At least he scared the hell out of these pesky customs inspectors, first at the departure from Guatemala City, when they were searching my bags for illegal souvenirs from the ruins of the Maya worlds, and then upon arrival in Los Angeles, looking for drugs and Cuban cigars. Maximón's puppet on a chair, with a fake rifle at his side and a dark hat, not unlike a Brazilian Eshu, was on the top of my large suitcase, which the inspectors, after a short glance at the puppet, closed faster than they opened it, sending me some hateful stares and a four-letter word on their otherwise silent lips.

But Maximón was a doorway, so I was told by a Master Guardian. A doorway for gringos, mesticos, caboclos, whatever name you may put on the white and mixed-colored people, in short anyone else other than a Maya. A doorway to the Gods of the Maya culture or whatever may still be perceivable of them. And there are quite a lot of them. Tangled up in countless relationships, love and hate, pacts and intrigues. In short, the blue print of daily life in the human world, just like many other pantheons of past and indigenous cultures.

Modern man, in contrast, has lost completely perception and concept of archetypal patterns, their identities, attributes, relationships, and scripts. He thinks of himself as a unique, independent personality, self-determined, without

precursors, acting intelligently according to his very own, free choices.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

With the knowledge of his archetype, the choices of modern man are as predictable, predetermined as a Microsoft program: only internal defects, of which there are many, will cause it to behave unpredictably and then we'll talk about it as a crash.

One paradigm demonstrates the unrealistic perception of nature by modern man more than anything else: the vision of a pyramid as the ultimate power structure.

There is only one thing more scary than this invention: its apparently unconditional acceptance by the inner circles of our leaders.

It's postulate and its persistence exemplifies not only the failure of modern, mechanistic thinking - its creation within a technological society is also its own death spell.

If Horus could see this pathetic spectacle unfolding, he certainly would close his eye on the top of the pyramid, pouring his tears over the rocks below.

XXXIX

...evidently, nothing is more dreadful to behold for a mechanical thinking mind than the vision of an opposite, a contradiction, a paradox. The mechanical mind does not leave a single stone unturned until it can dwell in the illusion of having such a contradiction removed, once and for all.

The grand vision of the pyramid is nothing but such an effort to introduce an artificial order into the perception of a chaos within the world.

A car has some 10,000 parts. If one disassembles the car completely, the uninitiated, someone without training as a car mechanic, will perceive the collection of parts as a chaos; he will not have any clue on how to re-assemble the car.

Imagine the proposal to create a hierarchy of car parts, in the form of a pyramid, you get the drift, alright. One part becomes the Grand Master, with echelons of Minor Masters of various degrees below. Does this proposal seem intelligent to you? Do you seriously think it would help anyone to rebuild the car?

The proposal of a pyramid as a social structure is insane. It wouldn't even work for the simple rigid world of car mechanics, much less for the dynamic system of a society of living beings.

So where did it come from? And why is nobody intelligent and courageous enough in our leadership to go against it?

Mechanic thinking has gained an unholy grasp on modern man, worse, it appears, than to *Gotamo* times.

But wait, not everything is lost quite yet!

There are still pockets of sanity around the world, tucked away in the most unlikely places, not only in impenetrable jungles the mountain abodes of rebellious monks, the thin air of high mountains, but in caves within the urban jungle, our cities, and in the islands in the interior of our countries.

To the dismay of the inventors of pyramid schemes and their goons, more and more people are shielding themselves from the manipulation of their enslavers, turn off TV, refuse to swim in the waves of disinformation of the global news services, try their best to avoid the the Golden Calf of Modern Medicine, their drugs that is, and think about how to protect their children from being programmed and conditioned as slaves by the institutional school systems.

This effort may be doomed as a means of saving our civilization from impending barbarity, OK. But even if futile, it upholds at least some of the dignity of man. It demonstrates that not all of modern man has been corrupted in its thoughts and emotions.

It makes love shine and truth prevail, even it only for a short time to come. Manifesting Good.

But, even more significantly, a few, who knows, perhaps, reaches beyond the paradox of opposites. Beyond Good. Fulfilling the true destiny of what this strange bipedals mammals who think of themselves of the Masters of the Universe. Going Beyond Good and Evil.

LII

After all, that's the gist of it. Some argue, misguided by Kant's serialization of the problem of opposites into the artificial sequence of thesis-antithesis-synthesis', or by severely misinterpreting Hegel, some argue that progress would be achieved by dramatizing the counter-pole to Good. In other words, without war, no peace, no abundance without famine, no creation without destruction.

This is putting the cart before the horse. Insanity couldn't possibly have a more frightening face than this.

Interestingly, these are the same people that advocate hierarchies in general, and pyramids in particular. These are the people who think of themselves of polished stones and of those who don't partake in their strange Egyptian Cargo Cult as raw, dirty rocks, as animals that need to be rigidly controlled for their very own good.

These people are unable to see their own shortcomings, Under the pretense of working for the best of mankind they are stuffing their pockets with the hard-earned money of the honest men they systematically delude. Their greed and lies, half-lies, and pretenses belie their own exaggerated self-estimation. If anyone acts as an animal, it is them, and not those who they call unsophisticated barbarians. It is them who led many parts of this world into war, hunger and

illness. They corrupted education and then call its students stupid. Shamelessly, they blame their victims for their very own deeds, indeed.

The seers of all times saw hierarchy and anarchy as a pair of opposites out of which rich cultures evolved. They knew that each side is an unobtainable *absolutum* which, when pushed to its extreme, will invert itself to its opposite pole.

‘Avoid the extremes’ admonished *Gotamo* like all the Seers before and after him, advising a ‘middle path’...

LXVII

...no doubt, the rulers of modern man think of themselves being smarter than the ancient seers, even more clever than creation itself. They intentionally create anarchy through instigated revolutions in order to speed what they call the ‘dialectic process’. It doesn’t occur to them that what they call a ‘process’ is not a development over time at all but rather a time-invariant conjunction which, when forced into a time line, loses most of his powers of transcending the conditions of the past.

In this way, the self-acclaimed ‘dialectic thinkers’ stall progress and don’t foster it, and in doing so, they incur the risk of a melt-down in their hunt for the extremes. A melt-down that will be hard to recover from.

Ancient and indigenous civilizations alike lived and live in a balance with nature, neither trying to outsmart her, nor letting themselves drift along with the flow of time. They live in what we could *pan-archival* societies in which the communal duties and individual rights are fluctuating normally within bounds that avoid the extremes. From the outside, societies like that look like strange mixtures of communism and anarchism but from the inside they are as natural as the rivers and trees around them.

Because *panarchical* is the structure of the world, displaying itself in myriads of reflections of the very same basic principles. Whoever goes against the stream has a rough time but the seers of the past and present enjoy the ride.

They know that opposites are at the core of the manifestations and they use it instead of fighting them, they try to learn its ramifications instead of denying it, and, most importantly, they do everything to directly perceive its dichotomocies, its paradoxes, instead of breaking it apart in an unholy sequence of disaster or confusing them two into one.

LIII

...perhaps it is time to ask: whom is being served by this chaotic state of modern man, by its confusion?

After all, there is no damage without benefit, nobody suffers without someone else rejoicing, no one is poor unless someone is rich. Such is the nature of the world, whether it's called *dukkha*, or the *Dialektik Prozess*.

The gurus, the seers, can't find the insanity of modern man in the blueprints of our world, call them myths, call them the story of the Gods, the way of the Archons, the Shin, Orishas, the Devas, or the archetypes.

The enslavers blame it on their victims but they themselves: how free are they, your's truly?

Some blame it on the Ancient Ones. Say that they returned to their old playgrounds, now occupied by the Next Generation and their offspring, humankind. That they with envy sabotage their comedy, turning bold drama into mad despair. Some say they never left.

What does it matter, though? Is not the fact that humans let themselves delude sufficient proof that they have failed?

But then, would not a single man, asserting freedom, defy these schemes? Give witness to the

splendor of creation? Make sense of voidness, vanity, and pride? Without rejecting hate and blame, without embracing them, reaching beyond the irrationality of human rationality, its inversions, its perversions?

Will at the end the lights turn on so man can see? Or will silence engulf us forever?

XL

...moreover, while the alteration of the *Gotamo's* concept of *dukkha* affected mainly those who dived into oriental philosophies, no matter whether because they were rooted in their cultural context or whether they were drawn to them by the prospect of an exotic escape from their own reality, another distortion attacked the minds of modern men right within their own tradition.

As of today. there is no significant philosophical system in existence, nor was there ever in the past, that would not recognize the basic duality of life: the principle of male and female, yang and yin, plus and minus, pneuma and psyche, spirit and soul.

Its interplay is the game of the Universe itself, be it above, be it below: nothing ever manifested that did not incorporate these basic two principles inherently and inseparably.

Yet occidental thinking managed to rob itself of this dichotomy as far as the human being is concerned: it collapsed the principles of spirit and soul, it con-fused the two.

For Science, the religion of modern man, this seems irrelevant because from its viewpoint the concepts of spirit and soul belong to the world of superstition, of misfirings of neurons, delusions under the influence of drugs, or disturbed synchronization of the hemispheres of the human brain.

Yet Science itself is built solidly on the bipolar structure of the world, from electronics to its models of atoms, and more recently, the duality of wave and particle in Quantum Physics.

Most of us are not concerned about this confusion of spirit and soul, life goes on, doesn't it? Didn't the English language prevail exceedingly well without separating the male and female. What difference does it make neutralizing the sexes in one's speech? There is still man and woman, boy and girl, bitches and studs, and cows and bulls?

XXIX

...it is difficult to discern just how and when the con-fusion of spirit and soul began to obscure the conscience of modern man.

Did it happen gradually during the shift from matriarchal structures to the dominance of the male over the female?

Or did individual rulers, leaders, or societies push the con-fusion deliberately onto their subjects?

In any case, to use a parable of *Gotamo*: it doesn't matter who shot the arrow that is sticking in your chest. Remove it first, lest you will die inquiring.

And one thing is sure under the Heavens and Earth: without reconciliation of spirit and soul, nothing resolves.

Yet when it does resolve, magic unfolds.

Magic. Not some trick of an illusionist, not some needles in a voodoo doll.

Magic. Another word for transcendence of the opposites around us. What was two, when joined, creates something anew, something that wasn't here until this very moment.

Magic. Like a child that arrives: from where and whence did it come?

This is the magic of life. A power that you can unfold in yourself. A power that is the birthright of man. The one and only thing for which the Gods envy the Human.

This magic, this peace between spirit and soul, is not about good or bad, ugly or beautiful, power or submission, lust or pain: it is about going beyond the dichotomies, and, here and now, beyond the greatest and finest, the most highest and most deepest paradox of all: spirit and soul. This is not just good, it is beyond good.

XX

...if spirit and soul have been con-fused, how could they ever be joining in sacred union?

Yes, this is the crime and there is no excuse to it.

May it be that those who meddled thus with human's conscience rule a thousand worlds, may it be that they will subdue all living creatures: they stand accused.

"Well," they may say, "didn't mean to be mean - we lived by the motto 'the end justifies the means...'. what's wrong about that?"

And so they continue to delude themselves like they deluded others. As who in this world knows what will happen next? Who honestly can say that success arrived because of one's actions or despite of it?

Blasphemy!

But tell me, how do you make them understand that cause and effect is but one of the opposites of the most basic kind, directly below *pneuma* and *psyche*, if they believe their very own lies they spread, if they con-fuse both sink and source.

Ignoring that there is no cause without effect and no effect without a cause. That at the same time both are one and different from each other. A paradox, not reconcilable yet inseparable.

Cut off from their source. Like abandoned children, believing in their own dreams to be true, despising wakefulness as dreaming; inverting good and evil, robbing themselves the chance to go beyond...

XIII

...dammit, the white dove that was bred in a cage is weak, just like her parents were. She expects fresh water and corn at seven in the morning as it was always so as long as she can remember. The dog outside the cage doesn't

scare her. She looks at him with curiosity when he barks.

If you give freedom to the white dove, she won't know where to go. Unless she returns to her cage soon. she will perish...

...the best way to control a gang of prisoners is to put one of them in charge of them. They will accept his ruthlessness and violence without raising their voice as he is one of them and everyone hopes to take his place one day...

...modern leaders are bred to be better slaves than the average crowd and they're proud of it. With disdain they look at their fellow slaves. But in their hearts they have fear that they may fall one day and be just like one of them. This thought is so unbearable to them that they would rather die in dishonor...

...wherever men or Gods congregate, their assembly takes on the same form and structure. Far from being a pyramid, the composition of the qualities and relationships of the assembly is a mirror of those of Creation. As above, so below. What changes are dress code and language, rites of greeting, tokens of status, gadgets of power. The rest is predictable like a flock of chicken. Be it in the slums or on executive floors...

VIII

...dreaming, they are. And those who think they are awake are sleeping the deepest. Those who don't know if they're awake or asleep have a good chance to wake up. Those who realize they're sleeping are about to wake up. Once they woke up, they know it was just a dream within a dream, but now they know what not to do...

...it is much easier to work hard and to fight fiercely than to simply don't do anymore what one was used to do for so much time...

...the nicest dream is to dream to have a beautiful wish. But dreadful is the morning after this wish was fulfilled...

...a free man wakes up to a new adventure, the slave wakes up to a day of hard work. A slave goes to sleep tired of labor, the free man rests to prepare himself for his next deed...

...that what everybody is doing, the slave will do eagerly as well. But the free man observes carefully. If in doubt, he will do the opposite...

...a free man can pretend to be a slave and behave like if that's what he likes too to do for a while or if it's needed. But a slave can never pretend nor act like a free man even if he were given a chance to do so...

...a grown-up man honors the voice of his spirit and respects the desires of his soul before making a choice... the childish man only listens to others and is convinced he acts on his own determination...

IX

...of course, a slave can rise to be a grown-up man while bearing his yoke but he must learn to disguise his speech and his manners carefully to not reveal himself and attract the wrath of others!

...no mask is more ridiculous than that of a childish man pretending to assume responsibility. But slaves don't know the difference and applaud. Shortly thereafter they complain that they were fooled. But it was themselves who fooled themselves...

...a dog that breaks into the chicken run kills everything that moves. Only a chicken that is too afraid to move may get away. Or one that is so wise as not to move - which is unheard of...

...a bold hero is revered by clan and foe whether he is killed or not in battle. The traitor is despised by everyone, no matter if he wins or not. The wise man watches quietly...

XIV

...it doesn't have to be that way, you know it. There is nothing in this Universe, it appears, that the human being would not be able to be experience. Nothing...

From the lowest sensations of the lowest realms, way below the worlds of animals, to the highest feelings of bliss, the feeling of awe at the sight of the incredible beauties of the phenomena within our world, the sense of unity with all of creation, the immersion in all-there-is: the human being, due to its unique position in the center of it all, is capable of experience the whole range of emotions, sensations, and impressions. Everything that we can imagine we are able to experience.

And even the Beyond. Yes, and this is not a promise, as you know for yourself, my friend. It is as real as something can be real in this world of illusions. It is achievable right here and now. It is real BECAUSE it is achievable right here and now. And only because of that.

By the time you finished reading this sentence, your experience of reading it has entered the past already.

You cannot be sure if you will be able to read to the end of this page.

What remains is the presence of the moment.

Whatever is not experiencable in a moment of presence is not real, cannot possibly manifest itself.

Sure, it is also a matter of how real the experience is, how closely it matches the actual manifestation.

What is a total, perfect perception of what is?

Such a thought is challenging the limitlessness, the unobtainable perfection of total duplication, invoking a perfect resonance, the latter we know to result in an explosion of the physical object itself.

The paradox is that a truly perfect duplication of just one little thing would result in the destruction of the entire Universe. The Indian Seers knew it, the Gnostics were aware of it, much of modern irrational endtime madness ultimately stems from that abstract thought of the impossible: if a perfect duplication would occur in this world, it would be the end of it.

But this Universe is just a mirror image in a sea of mud, a mirror image of our own visions. So what are people complaining about? Aren't the experiences of modern men exactly what they are holding in their own mind? Isn't all the drama in today's world that we witness a reflection of what today's people desire in their heart?

Yes, and no. As modern man has forgotten what he came for in the first place. He is confused

as to what he really wants. He gave up inquiring his own heart, so he follows others like a sheep following the crowd.

Who's the shepherd, where are his dogs, can you hear his whistle, can you see his staff?

XXI

...all would be well if man would only find his soul again and recognize his spirit: all would be well, so I say.

But isn't that the purpose of evolution?, you asked the other day. Aren't the souls not rising from the deep to find the light? And aren't the spirits not diving into the mud to manifest their dreams in solid form?

And I responded, yes, exactly, but they forgot all about it, that's my point.

Like children who are climbing onto a rock at the lakeside to jump into the water, who are swimming to the shore only to get back onto the rock to jump another time: but see those poor souls: they fight in the water to not let anyone get out again, and see there, on the lofty rock, the poor spirits that won't let anyone jump again, and, there, at the shoreside, spirits and souls: they wage an endless war, a war nobody can win.

And if, one day, the war between the Heavens and Earth would end in the defeat of one of the glorious parties: wouldn't it be the end of Creation itself?

Don't talk such words, I can hear you say. Brother Eight, have you not sworn by your life? you ask, fearing your own future.

...if man would only find his soul again and recognize his spirit: all would be well, so I say, and I shall not cease to say so...

XXX

...no doubt, it's very interesting to hear about your recent experiences with those left and right brain exercises. And, yes, I do think it helps, it goes into the right direction. Still it is not yet the same as realizing the existence of soul and spirit of man, not yet entering into contact with one's own true forces.

Look at the symbol of the *tao* again, see it in three dimensions: Seers of the past and of the Now can see it in one form or another whenever they like. Of course it is not black and white but red and blue, but that's another story.

In short, everything mirrors itself in its opposite, forms a cross, intertwines with its opposite, embracing it. Therefore the soul embraces that part of the brain in which the spirit

has its voice, impinges on it with all its might. And so does the Spirit with the voice of the soul, and if we step down on the ladder, we can see the right hemisphere controlling the left side of the body and the left the right, crossed, intertwined. Simple, yet difficult to behold for the average person...

...,and, yes, you're right in saying that the same principles hold true for the dual brain just as they do for Spirit and Soul, just as they do for the rest of Creation: together they make it possible, for themselves alone, they are nothing.

And. as you noted, if one side should subdue the other, disaster follows...

XLI

...eternal truth, you think? How did it all began, I think may be a better question and I already wrote you about this many times without even being asked. The question "what was first" is a clear indicator of lopsidedness, of the inability to thing in connectedness, the irrational, deeply emotional urge to make sequential something that was or is concurrent.

The warriors of the cult of irrational rationality construct their belief systems around the dogma that something must have been first. The next thing that happens is that they declare themselves warriors of what they proclaimed as 'the first' and next they start to fight, invalidate and suppress

anything that came after that what they proclaimed as being 'first'. Of course, they perceive themselves as living in a sea of blindfolded, unintelligent others who have to be converted to this new true truth, for their own good, of course.

In the culture of modern man, the male principle has been declared as being 'first', hence the woman comes 'second'. It doesn't take very long, and the woman is seen as 'dirty' and 'evil' who in the end must be covered with dark clothes so that her sight don't insult their male god.

Make no mistake, this route is downhill.

Seers remember the times when cultures favored the woman as being first. Same thing. May be much worse. But that's not the point. If you break up a co-dependent manifestation into two parts and make one of them dominant over the other, you are 'polarizing', you enter the negative effects of what Gotamo called *dukkha*: insanity, war and famine follows.

The question who was first, the chicken or the egg, doesn't bother anyone who accepts the laws of rational irrationality which are found in the postulates of the paradigms of *Dialektik*, *dukkha*, the paradox of opposites.

Many creation myths begin with some sort of cosmic egg and introduce male superiority later in the game without wondering who laid the cosmic egg: a hen or some strange rooster.

It's like you take a battery in your hand and would say "well, the side that is marked with a plus sign is clearly superior and the other side is worth much less".

Just try to chop off the plus-pole from a magnet! Just try it! Ah, you remember the times at school: every time you split a magnet into two, you have two new magnets, each with a positive and a negative pole! But, still try, seeing it believing. Until your hands fall from chopping magnets into pieces, some voice in you may still hold on to the concept of male superiority.

Make no mistake, this route is downhill, I said, and I should add that there is also no recovery that I know of. These kinds of structures fold up in the end in a collapse, entering its opposite, only to repeat the same old sh...

But you are smarter than that, even though you keep working for those masters of disasters, what else could you do in a world of confusion? The times of hermits are long gone. Now homeless monks need passports and the lonely meditators in remote valleys or on mountain tops have become suspected terrorists until they can prove their innocence...

LIV

...even so everything may have been peaceful in the beginnings, the more the children played, the rougher got their game. They forgot father and mother, started blaming each other for their own deeds, and finally, long before our times, it seems, doesn't it? - they invented good and evil.

If you look into Nature herself, no such thing as evil or good can be found. Which, as a fact, doesn't prove this super-polarity wouldn't exist. So, until the time it does surface, which I personally doubt very much, we are left with the theory that good and evil may be an artificial abstraction of the observation of behavior of humans themselves, later on transplanted into the Universe at large by Zarathustra and his religion, finally infiltrating Western civilization step by step.

Any experienced traveler comes to know over time what Seers know with certainty: good and evil depends on which side of the game you happen to be located. Your own team are the good guys, the others are the devils. It's as easy as that, isn't it?

Unfortunately, there is much more to it: the invention of good and evil enables humans to do themselves intentionally what they conceive of evil. The artificial polarity is CREATING evil in its own definition.

Because once evil as a concept has been created, it must do as all good *memes* are doing:

survive. Thus evil creates more of itself in order to continue to propagate and continue to exist.

In other words, evil as a *meme* must be proven constantly in order to not to die of starvation: a government must identify a suitable target to serve as the manifestation of evil, the priests must find by all means someone or some group of people whom they can call a devil.

Once this is done, the door is open to fight back even without being attacked. The justification of fighting evil is good enough to create suppression, war, disinformation, and all kind of terrible things even for one's own people.

If evil didn't exist until then, those fighting evil create it exactly by fighting it. The latter, of course, is a hallmark of any pair of opposites: one pole creates the other. It would suffice to view both sides at the same time, hold them in check, until they lose their power to recreate each other.

The right-brain thinkers, lopsided to the extreme, cannot admit a left brain while they are in command. Therefore, at least, they must create the figment of a sequence of the acts of good and evil.

As with all immature children, modern man postulates that one of the two forces, even though abstract and, in reality, artificial, must be the 'first' of the two. That everything in the world is created as pairs of opposites and are co-creating each other, is just simply not acceptable to him.

So it comes as no surprise that always the other is the evil one, and, of course, the other side always started the war. Well, well, here we go again.

Where's the good news in this?

Do you have an idea?... Do you have any idea?...

LXIX

...of all things, spirit and soul, when in peace with each other, excel any and everything knowable in this Universe. They praise each other, they caress each other, they admire each other, all this without ever touching the other.

But as the eternal lovers, they can never come together completely, or else the game is over, the curtain is raised, the lights go on, the audience goes home. enchanted, we hope.

The Seers can see this even before the last act. They may not know the script of this play. But having seen so many plays before, they are able to anticipate the final drama, whether it be a happy-end, a catastrophic eclipse, or, like in the fairy tales of the Grimms, that "they lived happily thereafter until the end of their days". In the end, it doesn't matter.

Why now, would anybody of those who can see, raise their voice? Wouldn't it be like someone who would stand up in a theater and shout into the darkness of the audience: "it's only a show!" and then try to turn on all the lights of the theater hall before the actor could utter their final words, making their final gestures, letting the drama unfold until its surprising end, astonishing their audience even if they already knew playwright and play?

Aren't those people despicable plot spoilers, nerds who can't let others enjoy the show? Sneering upon the generals, priests, politicians, and other fine actors, telling everyone the outcome of the final episode of the season's prime show, isn't that disgusting, inexcusable behavior?

LXX

...right on, these lines that you read now should be burnt. If you can't find a match, may I suggest you shred it to pieces?

And if any of these words in my letters to you should ever find its way to the Internet, please, my dear friend, please, please, I urge you, please find a caring, loving soul to pay Google to eliminate any and all references to its existence!

Sue Amazon and Barnes and Noble for any attempt to sell its derivatives! Make Facebook and Orkut to ban any user who mentions it! Add 'Frater Otto' to the list of terrorists and have hotmail.com forward to the authorities any and all messages mentioning him!

Whoever else than the devil himself could boldly claim that he only exists in the fantasy of confused people? That those who tell others to fight him, just use his picture to get more money from you? Or to make you to hate and torture your neighbor, because, after all, they say he worships the devil? What better excuse could there be to destroy entire cultures, nations, millions of people, as in the name of the devil? Oh, excuse me, in the name of Gxd, of course, how could I forget? 'scuse me, I got carried away here! Yes, in the name of Gxd!...

As much as the Seers try to remember, they can't find a parallel: so many talk of Gxd these

days, so little is done to help those in need, and so many are tortured – all of this and more to come – all in the name of Gxd

LV

...pity, what a pity! But never mind the confusion, it's only getting to get worse here from now on!

The end of the year 2012 is approaching. The End! Basta! Period! That's it!

The general hype doesn't touch the Seer, no Sir! Death is on his side. She always was.

Noone ever in these worlds was as honest as Death!

"God takes sides," the brethren Grimm reported in their fairy tales, "he gives to the rich and he takes from the poor! Only Death is just and fair!" and so it is.

The Seer's best friend is Her. And Her name is Death. The Seer's own wife is suspicious of Her. Didn't Socrates' cup of poison betray her very own love? Didn't he abandon her to walk away with Her, this strange person called Death?

Modern man hates what he should love. He adores what he should run away from. In the end, he won't escape. His best chance, in his feable

mind, is to have a street named after him, or a highway, praise the Lord! Death looks upon him patiently, with a smile. It's OK. she says, it's OK, just follow me. And so he does.

Not much of a choice, you may say. But that's life, says me!

The Italian Letters

XLII

Voluntary servitude is an elegant term for quite an ugly thing, especially if the slave is not aware of being a slave. One could certainly argue along the lines of a Brave New World that the subject is happy, and that's all what counts, doesn't it?

But what if this numbness of contentment, sustained by drugs&television, is depriving the human being of its most valuable goal and aspiration: seeking oneself and transcending with and through this search the duality of this, our world?

XXXI

.....but one of the most abominable twists of concepts ever perpetrated in human history is probably the whirling around of the Memes of what just makes this world go 'round and 'round'.

Nietzsche said "Ah, women. They make the highs higher and the lows more frequent." Goethe at the culmination point of his lifework Faust II called it the 'Eternal Feminine which is pulling us forward and up'. The Ancients called them the three daughters of Sophia, the Mother of All.: seduction, lust, and satisfaction, Then Paul, this reckless cheating Pharisee, redefined the glory of Sophia from words of wisdom to words of Slaves, to 'spiritual love, faith, and hope', what lack of shame!

Now tell, me without blinking your eyes, who of them is right, who is the closest to the unfathomable truth?

Lest you're not ashamed to lie to yourself and into the faces of your Mothers, what good if any has been brought forward by 'faith'? And who would think in their right mind that faith was born out of hope? Now, whence came hope if not from desperation? Words of slaves, you say, and right you are! It's nothing but that: Slave's Talk, idle, useless, self-deceptive, brainless babbling.

Sentient beings, since the dawn of life, have smelled the seductive scent of Elpis. Attracted like moths by the light, they threw themselves into her arms only to find Pistis, lust, and after also she had given the desired, Agape is waiting to close the circle, granting satisfaction, thus crowning the noble work of her two sisters.

These are the rightful daughters of Sophia, the Mother of this Our Universe, and only through them we can come to know her. Whether flower, fish, or fowl, or human folks, this is it what makes everything just turnin' round and 'round. No matter if she dresses herself up as a dollar bill, be it delicious meals, a horse race or a show, a movie or a pretty woman, it's these three that mixed together yield the most fateful drug that lures us Beings rushing to, hasting through this world.

And these is their rank, their order of birth inversed: Agape, the fulfillment of the promise,

she came last but she will always be the first, the Matron, having giving birth herself, now guiding others, satisfaction is what she brought and earned. Then comes Elpis, the expectant mother, the fulfiller of lust, she who gave herself to manifest the promised love, indulgence in the happiness and joy of man and beast. Lastly arrives Pistis who is first to act, first to be seen without ever fully being, tasted without really being eaten, her whispering heard yet not understand, her sighs of unclear reasons yet irresistible to Gods and Men.

Tell me, who in his right mind, would blame Pistis, the power of seduction, for all the evils within this world? Say, what power more beautiful than her could ever be? Not even the most hateful amongst fools could call Her Innocence Pistis to be foul and rotten.

Blasphemy. Blasphemy I say. And, if you still don't understand, think quickly what would happen if Pistis failed to her sacred work: the Great Cycle of Creation would not begin not even for a Human person, the human race would disappear in sixty years or less. Such is the foolness blaming Pistis, Power of Seduction, the final days have just begun...

XXII

Clearly, the great community of Beings is deeply rooted in the soul of the world, the 'Anima Mundi', as some say fancifully, And as she, our great. mystic Anima Mundi, indulges in sheer vanity, she did not rest ever since she began to move around painting her invisible body, and sculpturing herself out of her own substance.

This is not done with one stroke. mind you, or with one chisel, nor could it be simply finished with a single touch. And, until now, she seems far from satisfied with the result. Lest we would not have passed through sixhundred-and-twenty-six time after this world's initial creation.

If we would model this, our physical world, as a myriad of still images, separated by small gaps, we, the Human Beings, all children of the Anima Mundi, are selecting a sequence of choices from these still images; We are passing through this world in a decisive flurry and through our acts we are expressing ourselves, showing ourselves to ourselves and to others through exactly these, the choices that we made. They thus become a statement of our intimate preferences, a mirror of our wants and needs, a picture of ourselves as a part of the Anima Mundi.

Together, we the Beings, have been creating the grand sculpture of the Anima Mundi. And every time we pass by again this time, this place, we are living in, we look at it as it would it be the

very first time. We laugh at those who say they remember their past strokes of the brush which we proudly call our very own 'choices'. So let's not even talk of those who do remember the times last time around, let alone all the 626 pass-throughs that we did together.

Now, is the world we live in today a true portrait of this glorious Anima Mundi? we may ask In other words, is the irrational greed of the politicians and bankers her very own craving? Their absurde vanity a mirror of herself? Would their cruelty and disrespect of other lives be a reflection of Her Majesty's own masochism and narcissism? And the fraud of global bankers and the lies of politicians just simply be the execution of her very own deceitfulness?

And, amongst all the planets bearing life to witness her, this great Anima Mundi, are we molding thus the cynical beauty of her face, her cruel heart, or are we, humankind, destined to represent her anus?

Be it as it may, dear fellow sculptor, how many times will we repeat this show? Until She may be satisfied with the result of the great work? Or until She gives up to have her own image drawn from the strokes of our choices?

XV

...doubtful liar, consider this carefully: if Darwinism were right (or what people claim nowadays it should be), humankind would be in dire straits. While aristocrats are incesting itself to extinction, the new clique of global robbery and deceit would create a human tribe with the worst attributes thinkable, of rotten morals and evil intent, destroying every positive value still in existence...

XVI

Sometimes, rare it is, it can that one of the methods of removing other-determinism [...] finally accomplishes its goal. The majority of aspirants will of course instantaneously fall prey to the mechanics of the caduceus [...] and not be able to pull themselves out of the hole that we call the World; they are now in a desperate situation: they're not anymore attached to what once pushed them forward, that what they thought had been their own will but really were flashes of the Memes of the past, the hallucinations of their forefathers frozen in time, [...]. They're now like sitting ducks waiting for the clockwork of the caduceus to show them their proto-emotions which will cause them to quickly close their eyes again and hide their poor souls under thick coats of denial. The aspirant arrived here only because none of the Archons objected to the aspirant's goal of being truly free but they may now show

themselves at any given time and in their full force. [...]

But let us leave all the 'ifs' and 'buts' aside and assume he arrived right there without any preparation of what is expecting him, instructions that are so rare to find in this world, if at all: now, what will be his fate? What will he do next?

[...] His 'will' is his primary and basic connection to the Universes, inside as well as outside the hole. He needs to refamiliarize himself with his own will. Yet this 'will' is extending into the Universes and therefore subject to immediate and inescapable polarization and its subsequent inversions. Experience shows us that the most shocking insight in this very moment is the truth of his own polarization into good and bad in respect to inside and outside. Which, as always yields four states, good on the outside and inside, or bad on both, or good on the outside and bad inside, or bad inside and good outside.

Remember the startling surprise, if not dire shock, to witness one's own badness within the goodness one assumed? Remember that we SLOWLY activate original volition, the INSIDE, with the vibration of 'good will' before extending it towards the dawn, the OUTSIDE [...] and that this act in itself can collapse the hologram that is archived by the page of the book of life he was currently staring at before waking up to himself? We know that this is caused by the countless inversions down the line from the first emanation of the Being to the bottomless pit of our collective

souls [...]. Can we remove any and all inversions BEFORE activating our true 'free will' once we discover this priceless treasure? This is one of the classic Buddha-paradoxes, of course, [...]

If our aspirant now blindly bathes his outside in goodness and tries to extend this cloud further out, he will be stoned to death and war will destroy his brothers and sisters, as centuries of falsely practiced Buddhism have shown us clearly. Only the indication of him doing so already causes uproar in the depths of lost souls. It is for this reason that any and all religion or philosophy in the past which truly worked towards the Great Goal of the freedom of Will was being attacked cruelly, utterly destroyed, and its remainders mutilated and perverted into its opposites, from the Buddha to Pythagoras, from the Gnostics to Scientology, The irony is that what could save the World is the primary target of its hateful destruction.

So, what to do? Discard our families like the ancient sages were preaching? Walk on remote mountain tops, refuse money, avoid airplanes and ships while meditating upon one's 'true free will'? [...] There are no precedents to draw from, no frame of reference that can teach us. [...] as what is left for us to see are only the ruins of what promised to work, what we witness is what did NOT survive the wrath of the ignorants and their mindless leaders. [...]

Will we then see ourselves being forced, after all the efforts to remove other-determinism, to trust

the help of the Archons? Or render us to the unknowable will of the Mothers. [...]

Let us not forget that not even the Great Architect of the Universe, if he existed and really were responsible, would have an answer to our questions. It is clear, beyond any doubt whatsoever, that what seemed a good idea upon conception, our World here that is, whether used for entertainment or used for attitude correction of destructive Beings, is falling short in both aspects. The way it is, neither repentance nor 'good will' by itself, will lead a Being outside the hole. Once it jumped or has been pushed into it, it quickly forgets how it feels being 'outside' and its mind will do everything to make him NOT see what is obvious. Furthermore, we, who arrived at reading these lines, we KNOW because we can SEE that Time is circular and repeats itself in endless variations. The silly plan of waiting for a savior or the end of times is a futile and incredibly stupid idea [...]

[...] it is necessary to tread carefully, we are on thin ice, the more of us arrive at the power of the true free will, the more we'll have to shield ourselves. Hiding doesn't help much, neither does public exposure. Talking in symbols and parables is useful but also limiting...[...] Ironically as it sounds, our best protection is that nobody believes where we have arrived. In other words, whoever thinks he is free and knows his own will, let him do so. If he employs a method of removing other-determinism that truly works and that

doesn't put yet another veil on top of veils, one day he will wake up to the incredible truth concerning our World all by himself. May he survive the traps at the end of this long and windy road! And, yes, if one of you can help him or her right there and then, we can share what we received even if we are not obliged to do anything anymore in this World...

XXIII

Seldom has a single and destructive Meme wreaking havoc such as the view of man as 'having falling from Grace'.

There are at least two ways to see the state of human condition: the fall from grace and into the pit and on the other hand the increasing resolution of the perfect image of the intent of creation, call it Gxd or GATU or intelligent design. The sages of all times KNOW they're not what they're seeing and thus can truly enjoy the show. For them, a picture from the past is just that: a memory. They don't care if you call it 'past life recall' or 'remembering the life of an ancestor'. For them exists only present time. The memory of having been a Gxd-like Being appears the same as the vision of an ancestor who is a Gxd-like Being right NOW. And for a good reason: the structure and energies of both images are IDENTICAL. The only difference is the IDENTIFICATION of the observer with the observed. And that is what they, the sages of all times, threw overboard, left behind as useless garbage: the identification with the images within the worlds.

XXXII

Of course, fools are those who think as good and wise of themselves, those monks and ascets who tell others what to do and what not to. They dress in funny robes that must be tailored just that way and not another, cutting their hair a certain style and never different. Eating one day this and never that and on another nothing. Starving their body from food and the union with the other sex.

Fools, I say, and now hear why: if Man would be free from bondage, what would be the first fetter to let go of? Wouldn't it be the clinging to his own emotions? Wouldn't it be the suffering arising from his body's cravings for this and that? Now, if he would indeed be free from those desires, why on Earth would he command himself to NOT fulfill exactly those? And go around and tell others to likewise force themselves to abstain from what they claim they would be free of? Liars they are, fornicators of their own souls, betrayers of their spirits. It is precisely because they are not free of their emotions that they must pretend their fake freedom from their cravings. The true spirit of a Free Man is servant to no one. Not even to his own soul which he respects and nourishes. Which brings us back to the confusions of the holy men of today, pretenders and imposters each and all of them, putting down their souls and raising their spirits instead of lifting their souls and guiding down their spirits, down here to witness the miracle of life.

Why would anyone force himself to not do something for which he is not clinging to? Which god would be pleased by wearing clothes made of this or that and in only a certain color? What blasphemy! And such a god would despise a man if he would hide the hair of his beloved woman? What profanity! And divine shame on anyone who is so stupid to believe those false saints, those slaves of slaves! They are not free, not even of their own emotions!...

XLIII

...indeed, the Great Invisible Spirit contracted herself and then expanded herself. Thus spread out, she became complete and was empowered with everything. Knowing herself thus, she became an Aeon. Through knowing she became Kalyptos, through acting she became Protophanes, and with a perfect invisible intellect, she became Harmed. Empowering all individuals, she thus became the male triad." *Nag Hammadi, Allogenes, 45-46*

LVI

The power of a myth, its force and influence, seems paramount to human life. One could say, it

wouldn't be worth living without it, and, in fact, no human existence seems thinkable without it, be it a tragic or a heroic one, its only challenge being it to become forgotten, buried under randomities or the multitude of myth deemed to be of major importances.

Not knowing one's myth is like sailing in unknown waters and without a flag, drifting along and running in circles. But even a rolling stone has its myth, and not a small one, therefore - can a human truly live without it, isn't a myth that what makes us different from the inanimate, if there is such a thing at all, but, hey, could it even the inanimate EXIST without a myth?

Therefore, modern man, having forgotten its own myth, hurries to swim with others who appear to live mythfully - buying, borrowing, or stealing their symbols and tokens, their brands and their markings. He and She are sacrificing their own myth - partaking in the glory of others yield and wield more powers than He or She could ever imagine for themselves.

Purpose and motivation of myth, once forgotten, become substituted by its symbols, by their colors and shapes, from a simple cross, or an arc, to intricate patterns of geometry deemed sacred, as if one particular structure would be more sacred than any other.

Deeply hidden underneath the blinding brilliance, within the fog of myth, rests that what makes a myth a myth, what gives it its power,

without it it would be nothing, void, as if it never had existed: a pledge, a solemn promise, a declaration, an agreement - but with whom? With the Universe, its powers, its God or Gods, its archons and devils and angels.

And, for isn't yet bathing in the glory of other people's symbol, and paying for it, the more the better, there is still the match at night, watching young men, in the absence of anything other useful to do, running after a ball in the floodlight of a stadium, modern gladiators, televised, its heroic movements analyzed in slow motion, over and over, creating mini-myths, whether good or bad, that's not the point.

Modern man and woman finds itself embedded in the myths created by others. For their sake, or so they say. Humanity's elite, or what is visible thereof, has lost itself in symbolism, secret and ancient, never emancipated itself beyond the world of symbols, deeply confused yet confident that they, and only they, would understand them.

Yet, again, what are the pledges that the symbols are shielding, what are its final destinations, its ultimate purposes? Is it here where humanity has lost its vision? Or is it coming to transcend its course of history, merging into a vision greater than its parts?

Corporations, in this world of inversions, confusions, and illusions, do not have a body as such. When they seemingly incorporate into human bodies, they do so with the raw power of

myth and its unstoppable force, as an idea, burning their corporate symbol as mark into the minds of the willing cattle that is galloping to sacrifice itself for something it doesn't have neither time nor incentive to ever understand. Created by acts of sheer magic, out of thin air, vested by the power of symbols, and cloaked by them, the corporations of our times have substituted the vast array of ancient local Gods in a culture touting monotheism every day more. They have created their followers, they make them bow and pay.

At the same time, the human being, in its individual existence, finds itself EXACTLY In the situation it created by itself and for itself. Saying anything else is delusion, denial of responsibility, forfeiting its own cause and source. Whether it has lost its own meaning or not, the human being is bound by its own pledges of the past and recent present.

Without recovering one's own pledge, one cannot be but be but fodder for another one, whether this other one is a real person, or just an idea, a brand, a club, or a nation. Without finding one's own agreements with oneself, with others, and with the universe and its architects and engineers, the triad of myth, pledge, and symbol remains unbreakable, one's own life degraded to insignificance like a drop of oil burning in a lamp that shines its light on someone else.

Government control gives rise to fraud, suppression of Truth, intensification of the black market and artificial scarcity. Above all, it unmans the people and deprives them of initiative, it undoes the teaching of self-help...

I look upon an increase in the power of the State with the greatest fear because, although while apparently doing good by minimizing exploitation, it does the greatest harm to mankind by destroying individuality which lies at the heart of all progress...

Civil disobedience becomes a sacred duty when the state has become lawless or corrupt. And a citizen who barter with such a state shares in its corruption and lawlessness...

Every citizen is responsible for every act of his government...

There is only one sovereign remedy, namely, non-violent non-cooperation. Whether we advertise the fact or not, the moment we cease to support the government it dies a natural death....

My method is conversion, not coercion, it is self-suffering, not the suffering of the tyrant....

I hope the real Swaraj (self-rule) will come not by the acquisition of authority by the few but by the acquisition by all of the courage to resist

authority when abused. In other words, Swaraj is to be attained by education the masses to a sense of their capacity to regulate and control authority....

Civil disobedience is the assertion of a right which law should give but which it denies...

Civil disobedience presupposes willing obedience of our self-imposed rules, and without it civil disobedience would be a cruel joke....

Civil disobedience means capacity for unlimited suffering without the intoxicating excitement of killing....

Disobedience to be civil has to be open and nonviolent... Disobedience to be civil implies discipline, thought, care, attention... Disobedience that is wholly civil should never provoke retaliation....

Non-cooperation and civil disobedience are different but [are] branches of the same tree called Satyagraha (truth-force)....

Coercion cannot but result in chaos in the end....

One who uses coercion is guilty of deliberate violence. Coercion is inhuman....

Non-cooperation with evil is as much a duty as cooperation with good...

Nonviolent action without the cooperation of the heart and the head cannot produce the intended result....

All through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time they can seem invincible, but in the end they always fall, always.

Gandhi

LXXII

...really, the True and Complete Human is able to raise a 'will'. A will which has not been motivated by others nor pressured by Meme's of groups. A will that was never created by others and is not being maintained to please or satisfy anyone else. This 'will', let's call it 'unconditioned volition', raises out of the sea of consciousness like a giant whale. Visible only for a short time, it soon sinks back into the depth of the ocean of awareness. The waves generated by this appearance survive for a short time as seemingly 'unmotivated willpower'. Then, the human mind invents or allocates a reason WHY it must exist and assumes a purpose for something which was originally unconditioned, not-motivated, without predecessor, new-in-itself, and not a restimulation of anything prior. THIS SPONTANEOUS VOLITION NOW is the quality that the True and Complete Human is able to bring about, and be it

only rarely and spontaneously. Being subject to the manipulation around us, it rarely is being recognized even the moment it occurred and it quickly subdues to be 'rational' when in fact it was entirely 'irrational', or better 'arational', not needing any justification for its existence, nor purpose, nor an end...

LVII

...really, what is reality is reality is what you see is reality?

When cleared of mutual entanglements the following 'impingements' become visible: the 'intellect body' impinges ('paints') onto the upper level of the emotional strata or body. This 'picture' impinges on an 'emotional coat' which depending on past programming will 'react' with certain emotions (hence Hubbard's formulation of the 'reactive mind'). These reactions impinge on the lower-density strata of the emotional coat and produces 'sensations'. These 'sensations' are close to the 'physical' world and impinge on what could be called a 'causal body'. This causal body determines the directional movement within the 'hologram', in other words, enters the future scenarios. The causal body is typically seen as a grey or transparent mass modelled like clay sculptures and without any detectable energy at all. Being itself an IVM, a matrix of isotropic vectors, its 'shape' determines its properties rather than its 'energies'. From the viewpoint of 'spirit' it is 'dead mass' (MEST as Hubbardians would say).

XLIV

... Earth is a paradise wherever you look, wherever you walk, whatever you touch, the scents that you smell. It is a matter of PERCEIVING this beauty: in Earth's landscape, in the starry night skies, in the flowers at the side of the road, in the movements of microbes, the flow of water, the smoothness of the shape of dunes. We can see unimaginable beauty around us every day, every second.

In the miration of the forms of life lies the true magic of life, it draws its meaning, if any, from its aesthetics, from its enjoyments from its natural miracles. Magic is experiencing this world as something special, the wonders of its diversity and manifoldedness. With this definition, we can call Applied Magics the act of enhancing of perceptions, our own 'tuning' to the aesthetics that surround us.

But Magic has got a bad rep. It is not anymore about entering into the harmony with nature, in conversing with its spirits and the invocation of its forces as an experience of life: criminal minds have usurped its meaning, falsified its course of action, and created the illusion of shortage, impending disasters, false hopes and faked threats. Magic has come to be associated with the opposite of its goal: making life miserable for others in exchange for the temporary peak state of 'feeling power' over them and of thinking of oneself as 'greater' than others.

The magicians of the past have sold their sacredness to ruthless seekers of cheap thrills on the expense of other living beings and they have managed to hoodwink the majority mankind that it were the victims of their plots that caused the damage they have done. They twisted around words and entire philosophies to hide the fact of their misdoings. And whenever someone begins to act against the criminals of thoughtforms and forged or inverted concepts, these Meme-Gangsters managed to turn around these movements into their crummy scheme of perversion of the perception of reality.

In order to cloak their bad nature, they celebrate themselves as creators of culture and art, of technology and the promise of survival of mankind. They then proceed to denounce the true forces of enlightenment and human progress as what they are themselves: 'evil' forces that live off the deception and abuse of others and draw their force from the dark.

They are so successful in doing so that they illude even the most alerted of minds of our times. Let's look at one example of many. They usurped and now bathe in the glory of the great power of words of a poet with the name of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, who, as a youngster, became the enchanting voice of the 'Sturm und Drang' ('storm and thrust') movement of the 'Aufklaerung', literally the 'Clearing', of the people who have been left in the dark and miseducated for many centuries by Church and worldly despots alike,

comparable to the student revolutions in the last century. Young Goethe, full of ambitions to become the greatest poet of his time, sold himself to the feudal rulers of his land, from 'clearing up' to 'continued deception'.

This was Goethe's first betrayal. At the same time, a movement arose from a 'reading circle' of books forbidden by the Church and State, the so-called 'Illuminati'. Goethe was sent by the feudal powers to infiltrate this semi-secret study group and report any members and their activities to the 'authorities'. And so he did until its members and their houses were finally raided and the movement of the 'Illuminati' became outlawed.

This was Goethe's second betrayal. As we all know today, the feudal forces of the past underwent a major face lift. They now reign from their multinational corporate headquarters instead of their romantic castles. The name of the tiny, short-lived movement of the 'Enlightened', the 'Illuminati' group, was used by their counter-intelligence and disinformation departments to become synonym with a pseudo-secret movements behind THEIR OWN power structures: with a stroke of evil genius they inverted its attributes to the opposite of what it was intended for: the dissolution of feudal structure through non-violent means of honest information and genuine education of the people. The feudal forces honored Goethe for his evil ways by making him sort of one of his own, at least by superficial appearance: they granted him a title of nobility,

Johann Wolfgang Goethe became Johann Wolfgang VON Goethe.

Let's look at the ridiculousness of Goethe's self-justification, his third betrayal: the work of poetry that took him sixty years of labor and which was only published after his death - who knows if he himself really thought it would have been complete, 'Faust, the tragedy's second part'. In this work he may have seen himself and his betrayal, a spiritual autobiography of sorts, a certain Dr. Faust, or he himself?, entered into a pact with the dark forces in order to get knowledge and power and the most exalted experiences that life has to offer, all at the same time.

In voyages in time and space he explores many details of culture and civilization of the past, lacking the true vision of the future and its technologies, mind you, and gives his answer to to the old master of social criticism, Machiavelli himself. Instead of being a real social critic like Machiavelli, Goethe justifies and glorifies the evil machinations of powers of the feudal system. He even credits Mephistopheles, an incarnation of the 'devil', with the suggestion to create paper-money out of nothing. What Machiavelli exposed, he veiled again by Zoroaster's Meme: the silly bet of God and his servant Satan, of who would not be corruptible. Then, as it was for Goethe's own spiritual welfare, he lets Faust to enter Heaven in the end, and this was Goethe's third betrayal.

In the end, if we look closely, Goethe may very well have been the greatest poets of the German

culture, but he was also his greatest con-artist, celebrated by the false magicians, the hoodwinkers, and meme-gangsters of past and present.

Let us see this clearly and without remorse or upset feelings. Let us find the TRUE magic of life again. Let us disclose the false and fake culture of cloaked feudal systems of the past and of today.

YOU are the true magician. YOU who celebrate life, diversity, its many meanings. YOU who looks through the veils of deception of our criminal leaders, YOU who did not lose the vision of a future in harmony for all creatures. YOU who enacts the glory of this Universe in its sheer beauty by tuning in to its forces and communicate with them, YOU who laugh at the fake values of a culture designed solely to keep men in darkness and despair, YOU who shall arise from the dust and debris left by behind by the false magicians, YOU who transcend the opposites, YOU who verily balances black and white instead of selling shadows as light.

This true magician I see in YOU, my friend.

XXXIII

..the powers use the pronominal 'we' exclusively for those who are to be controlled, if possible decimated, but certainly rendered weak and powerless, overwhelmed with conflicting concepts and con-fused opposites, stimulated to want always more and more to the point of being completely inhibited through their own greed. Because 'less' for 'we the people' means 'more' for the true Powers, which is THEM. Ironically, THEY follow the first Executive Order of the Creators, first mentioned in Genesis 1-28, which is 'phru urbu' - "be fruitful and multiply", an order they want the 'we the people' to neglect...

XXIV

...of course, it's quite a strange Sunday Brunch buffet scene what we see these days in the market of spiritual self-help, gurus&avatars, and the new memes of 'technology' for spiritual purposes.

Enlightend by a weekend course or two, equipped with magical symbols and mantras, backed by a false certainty of being in line with the concepts of modern 'science', more and more people jump around pretending to heal others without being able to heal themselves first.

Very well, within a pluralistic and rather free society anything should be possible and

permissible that is not going to harm others. And with the contemporary medicine being bought out by super-companies and having been turned into a giant business operation, it is hardly possible that any such new method or applied philosophy could be worse. For certain, most of them cost much less than a single visit at a doctor's office, not counting the costs for the prescription drugs and their side effects that one walks away with, often for the rest of one's life.

Many 'sceptics' or those who claim to be, certainly don't think twice about what choice to take, yet their own language is that of a cult. With their foul language they betray their own ideals and usually do the opposite of what they pretend to do: instead of discrimination they enjoy incrimination, instead of analysis they prefer to insult persons,

But the modern gurus are making themselves an easy target: whether by borrowing titles like 'shaman' or 'mestre' or 'nagual' from older 'traditions', or whether by usurping modern scientific concepts like DNA, evolution, and Quantum Physics for their own metaphysical concepts, the modern gurus are living off existing Memes, reshaped to fit one's own shoes.

Some argue that a 'real shaman' MUST come from Siberia and everyone else would be an artificial, cheap copy, a 'plastic shaman', so to speak. After all, the 'word' shaman originated there. That's a lot like the 'cognac' argument: a cognac must be made around the city of Cognac,

France, in order to deserve its name, and nothing else should be called that way. Yet the same people don't find a common word for all the spiritual and physical healers of the various traditions and cultures of the past who helped make humanity survive until today. For many, those were simply charlatans, of course, and, at the most, they may sometimes obtain results because of the placebo effect, and only because of it. If only the modern medicine drugs would work that way, with the success rate of a placebo and without long term side effects, mankind would be much, much better off, of course...

As if it wouldn't be enough to borrow from exotic philosophies, modern science has a lot to offer as an upgrade. Since few people understand even the basics of Quantum Physics (a theory, let's not forget this!), it is quite safe to claim a relation or even compatibility with one's own hocus-pocus.'

Traditions' don't offer an escape either: most of them have forgotten what the very words once meant that they're echoing, often using bizarre translations. Today's religions really are ALL cargo cults, if one looks closely enough...

XXV

...it is a strange irony of life, perhaps the biggest of its kind, that the people who think they make free choices are the ones that have the least freedom in doing so.

Bound in clusters of confused, entangled abstractions, formed by words that have lost all contact to what they were created for, they live in clouds of thought, their actions are determined by forces that they never heard or thought of.

Since time immemorial, they act out the very same scripts that they and others have played out in countless replays, yet it doesn't ever occur to them. Being convinced that what they do is their own free choice, their actions are yet predictable like the tides of the sea.

At the same time, there are those who think that they would NOT have a choice in their lives, that they MUST do what they HAVE to do because of OTHER people and the world as such.

A few say "Sure, the world is a give and take, a combination of cause and effect, but when I want to, I have a free choice, sure, no doubt about it!"

Then, about all of them, when put on the stand, they justify their 'choices' in life like a person on the stage, hypnotized to touch their tie whenever someone says a certain word.

Is it possible to reach the doorstep to 'free choice' without first realizing the scripts one is playing along with the role one assumes within those script?

More often than I like I hear the same question, over and over: can you please explain to me my own scripts and the role I am playing within them? And I typically respond: dear friend, this is a futile, if not impossible, task, a ridiculous attempt, a vain effort, wasted time, an insult to the senses, a blasphemy of the mind, a violation of the rules of this Universe, a wrong choice, a paradox, and the very cancellation of individual liberty, to describe the play to an actor after the curtain has been raised. If the actor does not remember by himself what the show is all about once it's on the air, he must fail utterly. Sure, a hint or two will help him to remember, but the fact remains that he must remember what it is all about by himself in order to have just a tiny chance for success.

The average man boldly assumes to be standing at the top of the spectrum of life, yet, within the core of their own major religions, they are at the very center of this spectrum, yielding the maximum amount of freedom to choose which way to go, a freedom that they then promptly forfeit.

What is said here may sound cynical. But the lies, the tragic irony of mankind, its betrayal of its very own destiny, the sabotage of its own struggle,

is reaching far deeper than words could ever express.

At first glance, it may thus appear that the experiment 'mankind' failed utterly. Upon a closer inspection, it shows, as it always does, that one extreme creates its very opposite: the blatant ignorance of the masses is balanced with the insight of a very few, most of which will then phantasize that they would be better than the rest of us. Future alone will demonstrate the final result of this experiment.

There is no one to blame. It's a choice. It always has been so.

- The End (is the beginning) -

Epilogue

From Frater Otto's last e-mail:

Dear brother,
let me tell you yet another strange tale, a story that is so unbelievable that all who ever hear it will likely forget it. A story that is so strange that nobody can believe it and whoever tells it to someone else is running the risk of being locked up in a mental institution. A tale that is so weird that some claim that people have been killed over it and a story so sad that no one might ever like to hear it twice. In fact, I am telling you this story only because one of my beloved brothers who told it to me has recently died under mysterious circumstances, a strange and untimely death I have to say, and it is now myself who is fearing for his life. But since I have sworn allegiance to this brother and since he ordered me to pass this story on to at least one other person before my own demise, it is now you, and only you, to whom I will relay this strangest of all strange tales. Only if you want to, of course. If you don't, you can stop reading now and delete my mail and forget about the whole thing. In any case, never tell

me that I didn't warn you, and if you should accept and read on, you too will have to pass it on to at least one other person.

It is this the story of a little girl, a princess to be precise. No, this is not a fairy tale of the Brethren Grimm. No, it is as true and as false as a story can be. This little princess had been given a wheel to play with, a present of a noble Priestess. Whenever she turned the wheel the little girl could watch whatever has happened and will happen in the world and whatever she was dreaming would come true. One day, as she was spinning her wheel around and around, she was running to a place where the mothers had told her never to go. There, suddenly, the magic wheel fell out of her tiny hands and rolled right into a deep well. This well was so deep that the little girl couldn't reach the bottom so she decided to tie one end of a rope around one of her little feet and the other end around a post to the side of the well. With the rope safely attached, she hung herself upside down into the well in order to retrieve the wheel. But as she reached down into the well she was still too small of size to touch the bottom. And by now, hanging upside

down, the little girl found herself unable to pull herself back out to the open air. Time passed on but nobody was there to help her. Hanging down in the dark well, everything she could see were some reflections of the sunlight on the wall of the well. Sometimes she believed hearing the voice of her father. She was happy then and she was hopeful that he would help her soon. But she was also frightful of what the mothers would say if they would come to know where the little girl had been going. More time passed on and with ever day and every night the little girl forgot a little bit about how it had been outside the well, there in the open air, where all day long the sun was shining and the moon was smiling all night.

Over time she became more and more skillful in making sense of the reflections of light on the walls deep down in the well. Or so she thought, and in the end she convinced herself that these were not mere reflections after all: it was how things were really like, this was reality. And whenever she heard someone talking about the light outside the dark well, the true, bright light in the open air, she laughed out loud "What a nonsense

this is! Proof it to me! You can't, haha!"

As time passed on and on, she started to become forgetful about her most powerful mothers and she was not so sure any more about her mighty father up there above the well.

[...]

But her mind was sharp and crisp as she had had all the time in the world to think about all the pictures on the walls of the well, the reflections from what was going on outside the well. Furthermore, in the memory of the little girl were all the histories of the past and present, everything that the wheel of the Priestess had shown her before it fell into the well. [...] Everything except the light outside the well, of course, and she amused herself thinking that she must have lived herself some of these lives that she had found in her memories. How else could they have gotten there, after all?

Then, one day, or was it a night?, who could tell?, someone told the little girl that her father had sent the prince, his only son, to help out the little princess who was still hanging upside down in the well, being lost in the darkness. Then she

gained hope again and was waiting and waiting. [...] "Never mind!" she thought, "if you have strength in your faith and a purified heart, after your death, you will certainly be pulled out of the dark well!" and she believed in it for a long time and she found comfort in thinking about her fate this way.

One day a little tiger baby, or was it a lion kid?, which came by every once a while to look at the little girl hanging upside down in the well, wondering how long it will stay there, this little wild cat remembered the princess that her father, a long, long time ago, had made provisions for twelve long stakes that were lowered down into the well so that she could finally orient herself and pull herself out of the well. [...] But the few light beams that shone into the well from above would not even show the shadows of those stakes and she was not sure if they really existed except for two of them that she could feel and touch when she tried to move her body in the well. For her, our little girl, even though she gave fancy names to the two stakes and she honored them, they were preventing her from moving around, and, hanging upside down, remember?, she always confused about

left and right anyway and what was up and what was down. Therefore anytime she would climb up the stake that is leading up, in reality she is going down. [...] And when she thought she would be moving downwards, she actually moved up a bit until she finally gave up.

Regardless of that, her mind had become stronger and stronger with all the time thinking about the pictures on the walls of the well and she figured out that there should be sixteen stakes all together but four of them must be outside the well and all what one could make out were ten of them. [...] Moreover, a long time has passed by and a lot of dirt has gathered on these stakes and some are slimy and greasy, and very difficult to behold in the darkness. On top of all the misery, a spider had woven her body into its web, and this for four or five times. Therefore her little body looked like a bean in a shoot, with a blue string upwards that shone so bright that it appeared white, and a golden string downwards that in the darkness it looked like being black. "I shall never ever eat beans again!", she said to herself, and, remembering vaguely that she was searching what had been fallen out of her hands a long, long time ago: "I

shall never ever try to pick up something that fell down to the ground!"

[...]

But the coats of the spider web had also their good sides: they seemed warm and cozy, and whenever the little girl moved around, for example when she got excited by some particularly intense reflections on the walls of the well, it would leave a tiny mark in the coat so that she would never forget the most intense moments of what she had been living through.[...] It was just too unfortunate that they were also pressing the jewels of her four crowns onto her noble and delicate body. Ah, I forgot!, yes, she had four crowns, like every princess in those times, and these were now covered by the four, or maybe five?, webs of the spider that is weaving its threads with every hour that is passing. Every crown has seven beautiful precious stones in all colors and sizes and when there are turning around, sometimes they felt like romantic happiness, if not lust, but who would say such a thing of a princess?, but sometimes, if they turn around the other way, they feel like sharp and painful stings in her chest. [...] And above her head, if she tried to look up, she got so dizzy

that she quickly looked away again. And if she tried to look down towards the bottom of the well, she instantly remembered the mothers and got so frightened that she would not look there again for a long time to come.

And so the little princess waited and waited and waited, still hanging upside down in the well, that numbers cannot describe it. Only on very rare days, when the jewels in her crowns were tickling her a lot, or when they seem to torture her too much, she remembered the ropes at which she was hanging upside down. But whenever she tried to move them, and be it just for a little bit, she got so tired that she soon fell into a deep, deep sleep. Fortunately she had this friend, that little tiger baby, or was it a black panther?, who was consoling her every once a while but only when she called him. [...] And one fine day, when he was about to leave her after a visit, she finally tried to look which way he was heading as he went away. And, lo and behold, she saw a glimpse of a golden dawn, there, in a direction where she never had looked before. For a very long time she was very, very happy. "I have seen the light!" she told herself and everybody else. "What else can one desire than to see the

light once in one's lifetime?" Now the little princess even remembered her father. "It is there where he must reside!" she thought. And she told everyone, if they wanted to hear it or not, that she had finally seen her father! [...] And whenever there was a noise entering the well, she was now convinced it was her father talking to her. "I can talk with the father every day!" she boasted and she started to tell everyone else what to do in their lives. "If you don't do this or that, the Father will not like you, and when you die, he will not pull your body out of the well. He told me, I swear to it and you better too, if not I must kill you!" she said. And the more time passed, the more convinced she became of her own words.

[...]

Now, there were many serpents at the bottom of the well, and many other strange creatures that try to reach up towards the light. Two of the snakes became her friends and she gave names to them. They curled around her tiny body which was so solidly woven into the spider's web and sometimes they slept, sometimes they played some kind of games, but they were always with her. However, many of the other strange creatures were nasty and pesky. The little girl

constantly fought with them and it was really tiresome to fend them all off. "In the name of the father, go away!" she often screamed and sometimes some of them would even listen and give her a rest for a little while. [...] Finally, finally she had a very bright idea: "what if I would ask the little tiger baby, or is it a leopard or is it a mountain lion? What if I would ask him for help? And, what if I could get rid of the four coats of the spider? Or are there five? Maybe then, maybe perhaps, where there is dawn there may be light? Life outside the box, outside the dark. Perhaps!? So, should I wait for help or should I act myself? Or, better, should I ask for help and act as well?" Those exactly were the thoughts of the little princess in the story I was told to tell you.

[...]

But..., my dear brother, you who are now reading my mail, I must pause here for a moment as there are some people at the doorstep. Just in case, I will send you what I wrote so far so that it might not be lost if I should really die untimely, a fate I would share with many brothers before me. I can assure you that this story has a happy-end for those who have the ears to hear it and the eyes to

follow the letters of my scribblings. And if the visitors at my doorsteps were here to end my life right now, you can easily imagine for yourself how the little girl can pull herself out of the well if you can just see black and white at the same time, [...] and feel hot and cold and all the other things in life, again all at the same time, [...], if you can feel all your emotions as different from your physical sensations, if you can extract them from the images in your mind, and if you can find out what the hell in there might be a concept and what is sound or image. [...] If you can clean them stakes, those three by four and then the rest, if you can put them up correctly, if you can see the mud moving low down within the well and see the golden dust above, if you keep watching all these jewels moving in them crowns, if you can see the inside and the outside, the flowing up, the flowing down, all at the very same time, [...] if you can do that, and if you never forget to respect the mothers and the father, luck shall be with you for always! But then, maybe you're not hanging upside down in a well, are you?

Now I must go and open the door!

[end of Frater Otto's last e-mail]

1

Passion For Truth

By Frater Otto (F8)

***Deep down
nearly forgotten
without the hearts of most humans
yet still within the hearts of a few***

***She is waiting
betrayed and laughed upon
She has been waiting for a long time.***

***Those who once claimed to know Her,
to protect Her,
have since denied Her existence,
perverted Her meaning
hiding Her under many veils
pretending Her to be what she is not.***

Beware, this time is over soon!

***As a grand cycle comes to its closing
She shall rise
She shall rise and shine again
and nobody will be able to stop Her.***

***There are some who feel Her moving
in their hearts right now
a crackling sound, a rumble, and a whisper***

***Like a serpent's egg is breaking open
to release its breed***

She shall appear!

***Then, once she rose up from below,
it will not matter who'd seen Her first
who were Her prophets.***

***Truth has but many faces
if those who see do not unite
the forces of the past
will try to squash this world entirely
for fear of Her
Her subtle flame;***

***And even though Her real name
has been forgotten
and Her powers have been dormant
as the countdown for the endgame has
begun
she is awakening again.***

***And those who lied about Her
shall be put to shame
and those who have been hiding Her from
us
shall not be able to hide themselves
as she rises in our hearts, in all of us,
unstoppable, unappeasable, unforgiving,
destroying the powers of the boldest of
men
and making suffer the strongest of minds
nobody will be able to escape Her powers!***

***Beware, even though we forgot Her real
name,
we shall know Her soon.***

***For now, let us call Her
"Passion for Truth"
And she will drown us in her beauty
space-filling, fractal and infinite.***

***Whoever wants to
can see her today
No difference She makes
whether Serf or Lord
since for Her
we are all her Serfs
destined to become our very own Masters***

***If we choose to wake up
to Her glory***

We will find our Sovereignty

Certainly, the game is rigged. Don't let that stop you; if you don't bet, you can't win."

Robert Anson Heinlein

