

NEXION

A lighthouse on a cliff at night. The lighthouse is illuminated from within, and its light is projected outwards in many beams, creating a starburst effect. A full moon is visible in the dark blue sky. The lighthouse is a tall, cylindrical tower with a lantern room at the top. Below the tower is a small, two-story building with a gabled roof and a central entrance. The lighthouse is situated on a dark, rocky cliffside. In the background, there are other buildings, possibly a small town or village, with their lights glowing. The overall scene is a dramatic and atmospheric night scene.

An Aeonic ONA Zine

126yf: Issue 2.2

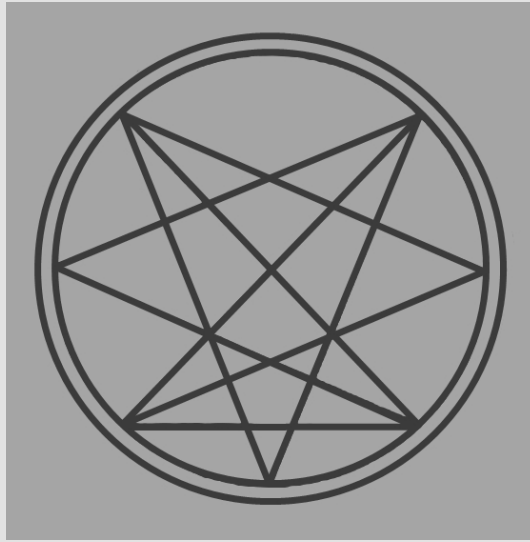
Order of Nine Angles

ISSUE 2.2



A zine. A journal. A collection. A repository. Of ancestral wisdom. Of aural traditions. Of echoes from the past. For the unborn. For the next generation of Sinister Initiates. For you who will inherit the world.





SEXIONS

SEXION 1:

ARTICLES. A SEXION FOR ESSAYS. WRITINGS. ONA MSS
ETC.

SEXION 2:

EDITORIALS. A SEXION FOR BLIPS, BLURPS, EDITORIALS,
MISCELLANEA.

SEXION 3:

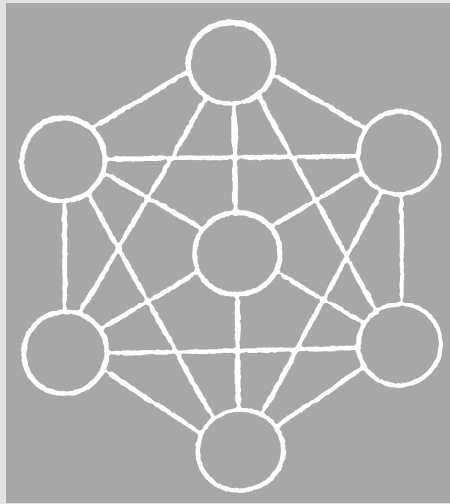
ECHOES FROM THE ETHER. SNAPSHOTS FROM THE PAST.

SEXION 4:

ADVERTISEMENT. A SEXION FOR ADS, CLASSIFIEDS, LINKS,
NOTES, ETC.



Sección 1



O9A 101

The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition

1. The Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) is a sinisterly-numinous mystic tradition: it is not now and never was either strictly satanist or strictly Left Hand Path, but uses 'satanism' and the LHP as 'causal forms'; that is, as techniques/experiences/ordeals/challenges (amoral and otherwise) in a decades-long personal anados to engender in the initiate both esoteric, and exoteric, pathei mathos, and which pathei mathos is the beginning of wisdom.

The extreme type of 'satanism' advocated by the O9A is – for O9A initiates – only one part of the 'sinister' aspect of the sinisterly-numinous tradition: a necessary and novitiate pathei-mathos, a modern 'rite of passage'.

2. The Order of Nine Angles is a guide to that personal enantiodromia (that internal alchemical change) which can result from a conscious, a deliberate, pathei-mathos: from a practical learning that is and must be (given our unaltered physis – our natural fitrah – as human beings) both 'sinister' and 'numinous' and both esoteric (occult) and exoteric (exeatic, antinomian).

3. Being O9A – belonging to the O9A – means both (a) using O9A esoteric philosophy, and one or more of its praxises, as guides to achieve that personal enantiodromia, and (b) accepting and living according to the O9A logos, since that logos is the unique perception which differentiates the O9A from other occult groups past and present, and which logos presences the essence, the ethos, of the O9A.

4. The O9A logos is manifest esoterically as a particular physis: that is, is manifest in a particular (pagan) weltanschauung and in a particular personal character.

5. The O9A logos is manifest exoterically in the O9A code of kindred honour. For that code embodies – as living by that code can cultivate in the individual – both a pagan understanding/gnosis and the necessary O9A character.

The Nature Of Reality

Regarding the nature of Reality, the perception and the understanding which initiates of the O9A mystic tradition personally discover via their anados are:

- (i) the nexible (the causal-acausal) being of our human physis;
- (ii) the potential we as individuals possess to consciously evolve our own individual physis;
- (iii) the unity – the mundus, the Being – beyond the apparent opposites of 'sinister' and 'numinous', of causal/acausal, of masculous/muliebral, a unity indescribable by ordinary language but apprehensible by esoteric languages and a particular manner of living;
- (iv) the transient, temporal, nature of all human manufactured causal abstractions and ideations and ideologies;
- (v) of an attainable acausal existence beyond our mortal death.

Occult Philosophy

The foundation of the occult (the esoteric) philosophy of the O9A is the axiom of causal-acausal being, with ourselves – by virtue of our consciousness – a nexion (nexus) between causal being and acausal being.

One of the axioms of the occult philosophy of the O9A is that it is only possible to apprehend the realm of the acausal (which realm includes but is not limited to the supernatural) by using our (mostly latent) human faculty of empathy – of empathic wordless knowing – and by developing new faculties, such as ‘acausal-thinking’ and which ‘acausal-thinking’ can be developed by esoteric techniques such as The Star Game consisting of as that three-dimensional ‘game’ does of seven boards – arranged as a septenary Tree of Wyrð – with a total of 308 squares and with 81 pieces per ‘player’.

Occult Praxises

The three occult praxises – techniques/experiences/ordeals/challenges – of the O9A are the means by which the initiate may consciously acquire the necessary esoteric and exoteric pathei mathos. The three praxises are:

The initiatory hermetic Seven Fold Way.

The Way of the Drecc and the Niner.

The Way of the Rounwytha.

A Labyrinthine Labyrinth

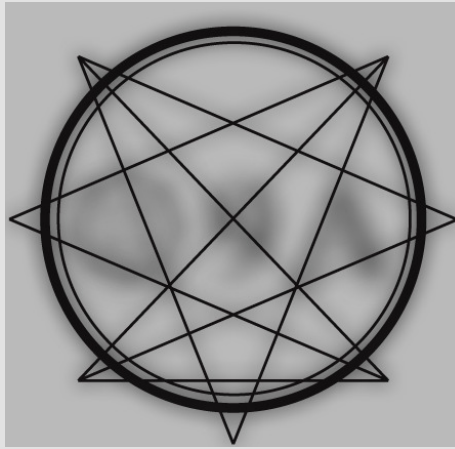
From its beginnings in the early 1970s, the Order of Nine Angles has had, quite intentionally, an inner core obscured by various outer layers. Thus its exoteric, external, appearance does not necessarily reflect its esoteric essence, and which exoteric appearance serves and has served a particular and practical purpose, as the O9A mythos serves and has served a particular and practical purpose. To access the inner core, an individual has to work their way through the outer layers which, together, form a labyrinth: τὰ κατὰ τὸν Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών ἤτοι ἱστορικῶς ἐκκληπτέον ἢ πλασματικῶς καὶ ὑποθετικῶς διὰ τὸ εὐπρόσωπον τοῦ λόγου.

.....

Sources

(1) *Kything The Order of Nine Angles*; (2) *Wisdom, Logos, And The Inner O9A*; (3) *Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition*; (4) *Complete Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles* (Seventh Edition, January 2015).





The Pagan Mysticism Of The O9A

Abstract

This essay provides details in respect of the assertion, made in my 2014 essay *O9A Esotericism, An Initiated Apprehension*, that:

“The initiated apprehension of O9A [Order of Nine Angles] esotericism is of a particular, modern, and occult, weltanschauung that melds aspects of ancient hermetic mysticism, and certain pagan traditions, with a personal exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos.”

The Mystic Tradition

Understood esoterically {1}, the term mysticism {2} describes those weltanschauungen based on the principle that certain truths, of a non-temporal or ‘spiritual’ nature, can be apprehended by certain means including (i) the performance of particular sacred (mystical) ceremonies or rites, (ii) by dramatic or symbolic or allegorical re-presentations of certain mysteries, (iii) by an anados (ἄνοδος, a spiritual or esoteric or occult journey) whose goal is either a selfless awareness of Theos/mundus/the-numinous or an actual dissolution of the self into Theos/mundus/the-numinous, and (iv) by means such as a contemplative, or eremitic, or a reclusive way of life.

Mysticism thus includes not only the Christian contemplative tradition, and groups such as The Religious Society of Friends, but also the rites, ceremonies, and beliefs of Ancient Egypt and places such as Iran {3}, the Hellenic hermeticism described in the Pyramider text {4}, and the ancient paganism of the classical, the Greco-Roman, world. According to a modern initiate, the classical pagan weltanschauung was:

An apprehension of the complete unity (a cosmic order, κόσμος, mundus) beyond the apparent parts of that unity, together with the perceivation that we mortals – albeit a mere and fallible part of the unity – have been gifted with our existence so that we may perceive and understand this unity, and, having so perceived, may ourselves seek to be whole, and thus become as balanced (perfectus), as harmonious, as the unity itself: “Neque enim est quicquam aliud praeter mundum quoi nihil absit quodque undique aptum atque perfectum expletumque sit omnibus suis numeris et partibus [...] ipse autem homo ortus est ad mundum contemplandum et imitandum – nullo modo perfectus, sed est quaedam particula perfecti.” [M. Tullius Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, Liber Secundus, xiii, xiv, 37] {5}

The O9A Tradition Of Empathic Knowing And Acausal-Thinking

One of the axioms of the esoteric philosophy of the O9A {6} is that it is really only possible to apprehend the realm of the acausal (which realm includes but is not limited to the supernatural) by using our (mostly latent) human faculty of empathy – of empathic wordless knowing – and by developing new faculties, such as the one the O9A term acausal-thinking.

1. Empathic Knowing

The latent faculty of empathy can, according to the O9A, be cultivated by the O9A Seven Fold Way – by the three to six month long Rite of Internal Adept and by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss {7} – while the skill or art of empathic knowing forms the basis of the O9A Rounwytha Tradition.

Of the Rite of Internal Adept, Anton Long wrote in a 1970s typewritten MSS, that “[developing such] empathy is the only aim of the grade ritual of internal adept and, indeed, of initiation itself.” {8}

In respect of the Rounwytha Tradition:

“The Rounwytha Way – also known as the rouning – is an aural pagan esoteric tradition, indigenous to a particular rural area of the British isles, of a few empaths... [The tradition is one of] a very individual and always wordless awareness, an intuitive apprehension, arising from a natural gift (a natural talent) or from that faculty of empathy that can be cultivated – according to tradition – by a person undertaking to live alone in the wilderness for around six months and then, some years later, undertaking to live alone for a lunar month in a darkened cave or some subterranean location. In essence, the Rounwytha Way is a manifestation – a presencing – of the muliebral, especially the ‘acausal knowing’ that arises from empathy with Nature.” {9}

Thus for the O9A the development of empathic acausal knowing – that is, esoteric empathy – is not only a μυστικόν but also a means whereby certain truths of a non-temporal nature can be apprehended.

2. Acausal-Thinking

According to the O9A, the new faculty of ‘acausal thinking’ enables a person to apprehend and to communicate by means of what the O9A describe as an esoteric language:

“An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependent on certain esoteric (Occult) skills/abilities, and which language is often non-verbal in nature and often employs symbols (as in The Star Game) or affective aliquantals of acausal energy (as in esoteric-empathy). As with ordinary language, such languages involve a denoting and an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to. In addition, an esoteric language can, if correctly employed, function simultaneously on two levels – the affective and the effective; that is, the acausal and the causal. The effective level is that of communication between sentient human beings where meaning is exchanged; while the affective level is that of transforming/changing/developing (mostly of consciousness, of being) in an esoteric (acausal) way the individual or individuals employing the language.

The Star Game (TSG) – by which is meant the advanced form of ‘the game’ – is, currently, the language, the only language, of acausal-thinking; of thinking not by words but by means of adunations, their collocations, and their interaction and changes in four-dimensions, and which interactions of necessity include the ‘player’ or ‘players’. Thus, the ‘sentences’ of this particular esoteric language – this language – are not static but rather the movement and the changes – the fluxion – of adunations, with the manner, the arrangement/pattern, of the movement and the changes – and the temporary meanings assigned to the adunations – intimating the ‘meaning’/content of a particular sentence in particular moments of causal Time.

Using the language of TSG is, like Esoteric Chant, not only sorcery – internal, external, Aeonic – but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions and by the illusion of opposites, and which opposites include the dichotomy of sinister and numinous (light and dark; good and bad) and the illusion of our own separation from the acausal.” {10}

The O9A Anados And The Eremitic Magus

The O9A praxis termed the Seven Fold Way is essentially a practical modern anados; an occult journey through seven symbolic spheres {11}. However, unlike the description of such a journey in the ancient Hermetic Pyramider text where the goal is becoming “united with theos”, the goal is understood in the Seven Fold Way as egressing into the realms of the acausal. Thus, as I mentioned in a previous essay:

“One of the most outré (and neglected) aspects of the esoteric philosophy that the Order of Nine Angles represents and presences is that the last stage, the goal, of their hermetic initiatory Seven Fold Way, the stage of Immortal, cannot be attained by a living human being. This means and implies that, in accordance with their ancient hermetic tradition, the O9A postulate, accept, and promulgate, a belief in a life – an existence – beyond our mortal death, most probably in that realm which the O9A term the acausal.” {12}

The goal of the Seven Fold Way is therefore not only the personal discovery of wisdom {13} but also of a means whereby such an acausal, immortal, existence can be achieved. In that respect, Anton Long rather cryptically wrote:

“The wisdom acquired, the finding of lapis philosophicus during the penultimate stage of the Way, means two particular things, and always has done. (i) living *in propria persona*, in a private manner and sans all posing, all rhetoric, all pomposity, all ideations; and (ii) having an appreciation, an awareness (sans words, ritual, thought) of what is now sometimes known as the acausal – of Nature, the Cosmos, of the connexions that bind life and thus of the illusion that is the individual will, and which illusion sillily causes a person to believe ‘they’ are or can be ‘in control’. These two things form the basis of a particular and reclusive way of life of a particular type of person: the type known, in one locality, as the rounerer of The Rouning.” {14}

This rather neatly ‘closes the O9A circle’, with the O9A Ouroboros symbolizing the initiate at the very end of their decades-long occult journey – having experienced and known in a very practical manner both the sinister and the numinous and which “knowing

and feeling so profoundly affect the person that they are transformed into a new variety of human being” – ending as a rounerer, that is, living in a very pagan – an almost rounwythian – type of way; the ancient way of the Camlad tradition.

For a rounerer is an eremite; an outwardly undistinguished someone who (i) wanders, with mystic intent and in accord with the O9A code, from place to place, either alone or with a trusted companion, perhaps very occasionally imparting some esoteric wisdom or seeking some new recruit, or who (ii) has retired to be away from the mundane world and who lives (sometimes but not always in a rural location) alone, or with a companion, or who dwells nearby rounwythian kin and thus whose very way of living, through the physis so gained via their anados and the O9A code, is an act of sorcery.

Thus the O9A Grand Master/Grand Mistress – the O9A Magus/Magistra – while living in a manner consistent with the underlying pagan mysticism of the O9A, is most certainly not the type of person the majority of non-initiates would expect.

Conclusion

With its modern anados of the Seven Fold Way, with its ‘dark arts’ of acausal-thinking and esoteric-empathy/empathic-knowing, with its rural Rounwytha way and its eremitic magus/magistra, the O9A most certainly has a distinct mystical tradition firmly rooted in ancient pagan mysticism. Thus it would perhaps be more apt to describe O9A initiates as modern mystics rather than as ‘satanists’ or followers of a Western, occult, Left Hand Path.

For the truths, the perception and the understanding, which initiates of the O9A mystic (or the ‘sinisterly-numinous’) tradition personally discover are (i) the unity – the mundus, the Being – beyond the apparent opposites of ‘sinister’ and ‘numinous’, of causal/acausal, of masculous/muliebral, a unity indescribable by ordinary language but apprehensible by esoteric languages and a particular manner of living, and (ii) the transient, temporal, nature of human manufactured causal abstractions and ideations, and (iii) of an attainable acausal existence beyond our mortal death.

R. Parker
2014

Notes

{1} According to the O9A, and as described in the article *The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous*, written by Anton Long and dated 122 yfayen:

“By esoteric we mean not only the standard definition given in the Oxford English Dictionary, which is:

“From the Greek *ἑσωτερικ-ός*. Of philosophical doctrines, treatises, modes of speech. Designed for, or appropriate to, an inner circle of advanced or privileged disciples; communicated to, or intelligible by, the initiated exclusively. Hence of disciples: Belonging to the inner circle, admitted to the esoteric teaching.”

but also and importantly pertaining to the Occult Arts *and* imbued with a certain mystery, *and* redolent of the sinister, or of the numinous, or of what we term ‘the sinisterly-numinous’, and where by Occult in this context we mean beyond the mundane, beyond the simple causality of the causal, and thus beyond conventional causal-knowing.” [Source, available as of August 2014, <http://omega9alpha.wordpress.com/the-adeptus-way/>]

{2} The words ‘mystical’ and ‘mysticism’ are derived from the term *mystic*, the etymology and English usage of which are:

i) Etymology:

- Classical Latin *mysticus*, relating to sacred mysteries, mysterious;
- Post-classical Latin, in addition to the above: symbolic, allegorical;
- Ancient Greek *μυστικός*, relating to sacred mysteries;
- Hellenistic Greek *μυστικός*, initiate; plural, *μυστικοί*; also: symbolic, allegorical, spiritual, esoteric, mysterious, occult;
- Byzantine Greek (5th century CE) *μυστικόν*, mystical doctrine.

ii) English usage:

- *noun*: symbolic, allegorical (c. 1350);
- *noun*: an exponent or advocate of mystical theology;
- *noun*: a person who by means such as contemplation desires a selfless awareness of God or ‘the cosmic order’ (mundus), or who accepts that there is a spiritual apprehension of certain truths which transcend the temporal;
- *adjective*: esoteric, mysterious, [equivalent in usage to ‘mystical’]
- *adjective*: of or relating to esoteric rites [equivalent in usage to ‘mystical’]

{3} In respect of ancient Iran, qv. Reitzenstein and Schaeder: *Studien zum antiken Synkretismus aus Iran und Griechenland*, (Studien der Bibliothek Warburg), Teubner, Leipzig, 1926

{4} qv. *Poemandres: A Translation and Commentary*, by David Myatt, ISBN 978-1495470684

{5} Myatt, David: *Education And The Culture Of Pathei-Mathos*, e-text, May 2014. Available (as of August 2014) at <http://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2014/08/08/education-and-the-culture-of-pathei-mathos/>

{6} In respect of O9A esoteric philosophy, qv. R. Parker: *The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order Of Nine Angles – An Introduction*, e-text, 2014.

In talking and writing about the O9A we are, in essence, talking and writing about (i) the esoteric philosophy advanced by the pseudonymous Anton Long between the 1970s and 2011, and about (ii) the praxises, such as the Seven Fold Way, he developed as a result of (a) the various pagan traditions he inherited and (b) his own pathei-mathos.

{7} Both of these ‘seven fold way’ rites involve the individual living alone, bereft of human contact and of all human influence, for a particular length of time. In the wilderness – forests, mountains, deserts – in the case of Internal Adept; and in a chthonic place (such as a dark cave) in the case of The Abyss.

{8} The MS, which concerned the O9A ‘rite of nine angles’, was published in the 1980s in Stephen Sennitt’s LHP *Nox* zine, and was later included in Sennitt’s book *The Infernal Texts: Nox & Liber Koth* (Falcon Publications, 1997).

{9} R. Parker: *Some Notes On The Rounwytha Way*, e-text, 2014.

{10} Anton Long: *Language, Abstractions, and Nexions*, e-text, 122 Year of Fayen.

{11} For a description of, and the ancient hermetic roots of, the O9A Seven Fold Way refer to R. Parker, *Perusing The Seven Fold Way – Historical Origins Of The Septenary System Of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text, 2014.

{12} R. Parker: *The Septenary Anados, and Life After Death, In The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text, 2013.

{13} Esoterically, the term wisdom, according to Anton Long in his essay *Pathei Mathos and the Initiatory Occult Quest*, implies “not only the standard dictionary definition – a balanced personal judgement; having discernment – but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with livings beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and ‘the heavens’. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one’s self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.”

{14} Anton Long: *The Enigmatic Truth*, e-text, dated December 2011 CE. That essay, and its companion essay which was simply entitled *Lapis Philosophicus*, were the last writings written by Anton Long.

In respect of Anton Long’s use of the phrase *in propria persona*, I have mentioned elsewhere that “the term *in propria persona* has a long literary and scholarly usage beyond its more recent legal connotations (legal connotations which someone searching the internet will find and assume describe the meaning of the term). The literary and scholarly usage includes the sense of someone speaking ‘in propria persona’, as opposed (for example) to ‘the passive voice’. Thus, someone living ‘in propria persona’ would suggest something to the intelligentsia as [Anton Long’s] quotation would.”

The quotation, and the source, included in Anton Long’s text are:

“He wolde be in his owne persone, the example of our hole iourney.” William Bonde [*lector philosophiae*] – *The Pylgrimage of Perfection* (1526 ce), i. sig. Dvi.





Categorizing The Order Of Nine Angles

Hitherto, the controversial occultism of the Order Of Nine Angles (O9A/ONA) {1} has generally been categorized by academics and others as satanist and/or as Left Hand Path. Thus, the O9A has been described both as representing “a dangerous and extreme form of Satanism” {2} and as presenting “a recognizable new interpretation of Satanism and the Left Hand Path” {3}.

The O9A themselves, as noted by Senholt {4}, have often described themselves as part of what they term the ‘sinister tradition’ and, in the 1980s and 1990s, as ‘traditional satanists’ {5}, with Senholt writing that this ‘sinister tradition’ they established makes the O9A “distinct from existing Left Hand Path and satanic groups” but still within the Left Hand Path and satanic milieu {4}. Senholt enumerates seven distinct characteristics of this ‘sinister tradition’, which include anti-ethics, emphasis on physical training, direct action, distinct sinister vocabulary, and a non-Semitic tradition.

Furthermore, both Goodrick-Clarke {6} and Monette {7} note that the O9A also has some pagan elements, with Monette writing that the O9A is “a fascinating blend of both Hermeticism and Traditional Satanism, with some pagan elements.”

However, it is my contention that the O9A should be placed in a new occult category described by the term *the sinisterly-numinous tradition*, and which tradition is distinct from both the satanic and the Left Hand Path traditions.

Satanism and The Seven-Fold Way

As Monette noted, “a critical examination of the ONA’s key texts suggests that the satanic overtones could be cosmetic, and that its core mythos and cosmology are genuinely hermetic, with pagan influences.” {7} The hermeticism of the O9A is most obvious in the Seven Fold Way, which is indisputably the core praxis of the O9A and which praxis is described in two seminal works, the 1980s text *Naos – A Practical Guide To Modern Magick* and the 2011 text *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* (Second Edition 2013) {8}.

This Seven Fold Way, as I have noted in several essays {9}, is a modern anados (a practical esoteric journey by mortals toward immortality) of the septenary type described in the ancient Poemandres tractate, and which tractate forms the first part of the Hellenic Corpus Hermeticum {10}. Such a septenary anados, with its system of occult correspondences, is well over a thousand years older than the medieval Qabalistic ten-fold ‘Otz Chim’ used by all other modern, non-O9A, occultists.

Furthermore, the O9A continue the mysticism described in that ancient Hermetic text, positing as they do the possibility an immortal life beyond our mortal death, albeit a life described by them as an existence in an ‘acausal realm’ rather than (as in the Poemandres tractate) a “becoming united with theos” {11}.

Also, the Seven Fold Way is decidedly occult. That is, it is

“concerned with knowledge of the hidden or inner nature of Being and beings as opposed to that outer nature which is the province of traditional philosophy. One of the fundamental axioms of most esoteric philosophies is that the inner nature of Being and beings can be apprehended, or represented, by a particular symbolism (or by various symbolisms) and also by the relationships between symbols, for such esoteric philosophies accept the Aristotelian principle that existence/reality is a reasoned order capable of being rationally understood, with many esoteric philosophies also positing – as the ancient Greeks did – that this reasoned order (κόσμος) has a harmonious, an ordered, structure.” {12}

Thus, for the O9A, the Seven Fold Way is not only a practical anados – a possible way to immortality – but also provides a particular symbolism, and esoteric correspondences, whereby the inner nature of Being and beings can be apprehended, or represented: that is, it provides a symbolic (or archetypal) map of the ‘world’ of the unconscious mind of the individual, of the ‘worlds’ (the realms) of Nature, of ‘the heavens’ (the cosmos) and of the supernatural (the acausal). In effect, therefore, it is one modern and practical way whereby an individual can achieve wisdom and fulfil the purpose of their mortal existence.

The basis of the O9A’s Seven Fold Way is pathei-mathos, of an individual learning from their own practical, difficult, challenging, dangerous, adversarial, experiences; and which experiences are both esoteric and exoteric. For, according to the esoteric philosophy of the O9A – as developed and expounded by the pseudonymous Anton Long between the 1970s and 2011 – only by such personal practical experiencing can the inner nature of Being and beings be apprehended and thus wisdom discovered. This practical approach, by such diverse and sometimes antinomian practices, is what distinguishes the anados of the O9A not only from ancient Hermeticism but also from other contemporary satanic and Left Hand Path groups. Thus the O9A does not teach nor proselytize as other groups do and have done, but rather just presents, in its completeness, a particular way, a practical method, whereby wisdom, or enlightenment, can be attained. They then leave it to individuals to ignore, or use, or improve upon, that method.

Because of its esoteric, exeatic, and adversarial nature, this practical way of theirs naturally involves some type of satanism.

However, in the Seven Fold Way, satanism per se plays only a role in the early stages, associated as it is with what the O9A term the occult grade of External Adept {13}. For one of the tasks of an External Adept is to form a nexion (a group, coven, temple) and undertake ‘satanic’ sorcery and ‘satanic’ rituals as outlined in O9A rituals such as The Ceremony of Recalling and in texts such as the O9A’s *Black Book of Satan* {14}. Thus, in the Seven Fold Way, satanism is essentially an esoteric technique, a personal and practical learning experience similar to O9A Insight Roles {15}, and part of which ‘satanic learning’ is, for the External Adept and via sorcery, to (i) ‘presence’ (invoke/evoke), confront, and understand archetypes and other forms of ‘acausal energy’, including ‘dark’, ‘sinister’, ones such as Satan, and (ii) learn how to recruit and manipulate people.

Beyond the stage of External Adept, satanism – for the O9A – becomes an exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus a means which an Internal Adept may use as an act of Aeonic Sorcery; that is, use to presence dark/acausal energies in the causal, possibly as part of a sinister dialectic, possibly as a means to cause chaos and terror, and possibly as further means of manipulating certain people.

In effect, therefore, the lower stages of the Seven Fold Way are satanic in essence and antinomian in practice. Satanic in that there are adversarial (and ‘extremist’) Insight Roles, difficult physical challenges and ordeals, diabolical deeds (such as culling and manipulation), and satanic sorcery. Antinomian in that there is a willingness to transgress the laws of society, and an exeatic way of life combined with reliance on one’s own judgement and an acceptance that the only law is and should be the O9A code of kindred honour.

The Sinisterly-Numinous

The early stages the O9A’s Seven Fold Way – up to and including the early years of an Internal Adept – were designed to be a practical discovery, an exploration, and a personal esoteric and exoteric experiencing, of what is predominantly ‘sinister’, dark, hidden (to consciousness and individual conscious control), exeatic, masculine, and adversarial. In the later stages, which include preparations for The Abyss, there is – as outlined in texts such as *Enantiodromia*, *The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* – a move toward a practical discovery, an exploration, and a personal experiencing, of what is predominantly ‘numinous’ and redolent, in ethos, of the multi-ebral.

Each of the stages of the Seven Fold Way is associated with specific tasks, and

“each stage is only a stage, part of the anados – the esoteric way upward through the seven spheres. Thus, the practice of traditional external sorcery (‘results magick’), as outlined in texts such as *Naos*, occurs in the early stages and lasts but a short time (in terms of the anados), with the individual personally learning that such practical experience, and the self-understanding that results, forms a necessary foundation for the following stages when the external gives way to (a) the internal (as in the rite of Internal Adept) and thence to (b) the aeonic, as in the rite of The Abyss [...]

The necessary preparations [for The Abyss] involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous – as opposed to the previously experienced sinister – aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed – when the causal Time be right – by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.” {16}

The individual following the Seven Fold Way therefore, over a period of perhaps two decades or more, gains practical experience of both the sinister and the numinous, and thus can – in accord with the esoteric philosophy of the O9A – via direct personal experience discover for themselves the living unity beyond the artificial, human, division of contrasting ideated opposites, beyond lifeless forms, beyond dogma, and beyond the limitation (the denotatum) of words/names/categories.

For,

“In The Rite Of The Abyss of the O9A’s Seven Fold Way the two apparent opposites, of sinister and numinous, are melded together and then transcended, with the underlying unity – the essence – beyond such forms/ideations having been discovered [...]

The ritual is an enantiodromia – that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. As an old alchemical MS stated: “The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-

pelican. Here is the living water, Azoth". What has been separated – into apparent opposites – is the sinister and the numinous [...]

That is, both the LHP ('the sinister') and the RHP ('the numinous') are themselves causal abstractions – ideations – which hide both our own nature, the nature (the physis) of other living beings, and the nature of Reality itself." {17}

Thus the term *the sinisterly-numinous tradition* does seem appropriate to describe the esoteric philosophy of the Order of Nine Angles, their Seven Fold Way, and what they present, presence, and represent – their ethos and culture – beyond their polemics and their use, via Aeonic Sorcery, of various causal forms. For, correctly understood, the O9A presence and represent some-thing – a unique practical modern occult way – beyond satanism, beyond the Left Hand Path, beyond paganism, and beyond ancient hermeticism.

R. Parker

July 2014

v1.03

Notes

{1} The occultism of the O9A is described in detail in the 1383 page (54 Mb) pdf compilation *The Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles*, published in 2014.

{2} Per Faxneld: *Post-Satanism, Left Hand Paths, and Beyond* in Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen (eds) *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press (2012), p.207

{3} James R. Lewis and Jesper A. Petersen (editors). *Controversial New Religions*. Oxford University Press, 2014. p. 416

{4} Jacob Senholt. *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition*, in Per Faxneld and Jesper Petersen (eds), *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*. Oxford University Press, 2012

{5} The O9A were the first to use the term 'traditional satanism', in the early 1980s, in an effort to distinguish the O9A type of satanism from the 'modern satanism' of LaVey and Aquino. See, for example, *The Black Book of Satan*. Thormynd Press, 1984, ISBN 094664604X, a copy of which is in the British Library [General Reference Collection Cup.815/51].

{6} Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*, New York University Press, 2002

{7} Connell Monette. *Mysticism in the 21st Century*, Sirius Academic Press, 2013. pp. 85-122

{8} Both texts are included in *The Definitive Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles*.

{9} Refer to (i) *Perusing the Seven Fold Way – Historical Origins Of The Septenary System Of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text 2014, and (ii) *The Septenary Anados, and Life After Death, In The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text 2013.

Both of the above texts are included in *The Definitive Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles*.

{10} Myatt's recently published translation of, and scholarly commentary on, the Poemander/Pymander tractate provides an initiated insight into ancient Hellenic hermeticism: Myatt, David (2014), *Poemander: A Translation and Commentary*, ISBN 9781495470684

{11} For more details, refer to R. Parker, *The Septenary Anados, and Life After Death, In The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text 2013

{12} R. Parker, *The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order Of Nine Angles – An Introduction*, e-text 2014

{13} See the Introduction of *The Requisite ONA* (pp. 389ff of *The Definitive Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles*) where the tasks of each grade, up to Internal Adept, are described.

{14} A copy of the *Black Book of Satan* is included in *The Definitive Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles*, pp. 623-671

{15} Insight Roles are an important part of the Seven Fold Way: “Undertaking an insight role means gaining real-life experience by working undercover for a period of six to eighteen months, challenging the initiate to experience something completely different from their normal life both to ‘aid the Sinister dialectic’ and to enhance the experience of the Initiate.” (Senholt, op.cit.)

Furthermore, “through the practice of ‘insight roles’, the order advocates continuous transgression of established norms, roles, and comfort zones in the development of the initiate [...] This extreme application of ideas further amplifies the ambiguity of satanic and Left Hand Path practices of antinomianism, making it almost impossible to penetrate the layers of subversion, play and counter-dichotomy inherent in the sinister dialectics.” (Per Faxneld and Jesper Petersen, *At the Devil’s Crossroads in The Devil’s Party: Satanism in Modernity*. Oxford University Press, 2012, p.15)

{16} *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* (Second Edition 2013)

{17} R. Parker, *The Sinisterly-Numinous O9A*. pp.78-83 of *The Definitive Guide To The Order Of Nine Angles*.



© FRATERNALTIES.COM

Learning From Dying People

..I have a big family with lots of old people in it. I also have many friends who are elderly. I have uncles and cousins who are Freemasons, and so, when I was 13 they got me to join an auxiliary organization for young female relatives of Masons. I can't say which of the two I belonged to. I use to be one of the girls who baked cookies, sold [for donations] them for our charity at their monthly dinner, and help out in the kitchen. And so because 80% of the Masons are old people, I had old people in my life even outside my family. All this means that I see old people I used to know and love and care about die, very often.

Dying is one of two mysteries I can't wrap my head around. The other is Life. Everything in between, such as Nature, reality, etc, I can eventually get an intimation of or a rough understanding of, given enough time, and some clues from Providence. But not death; and I've seen it firsthand many times. Opinions or beliefs about death we might have, or that scientists might have, don't constitute as "wrapping your head" around death. They are just opinions and beliefs we manufacture about something we have no significant experience of. In this sense, to opine about death, debate it, argue about it, is the ultimate pseudo-intellectual pursuit. If by "pseudo-intellectual" we mean people who pretend to know everything, especially about subject matters they have no direct experience of.

I'm so fascinated with death and what happens after people die that when I was younger I thought about killing myself. Not because I hated life or was depressed or anything. But to know and experience what it's like to die and what comes after. It was a stupid thought though, my family would be sad. And so I have to wait for my Time. Even though I am afraid to die, I can honestly say that I can't wait to grow old and die. Just to experience it. I'm a sucker for mystery and secrets. I'll spend endless time trying to uncover a mystery; and I hate secrets. I just have to know everything; especially secrets. Death is the ultimate and final mystery of Life!

Since I have lots of old people in my family and as friends, I see them all die often. And since I see people I know and care about die frequently, I've picked up a habit of asking dying old people a certain question during my conversations with them. I'll only ask if they are consciously aware they are indeed going to die soon, when they tell me they are going to die. I'll ask them: "Knowing that you are going to die... that you are going to leave this world... if there were a few advice or insights you had to impart to me, what would they be?"

In my culture, we are just raised to have this respect for old people, to see them as living houses of wisdom. And so, because of that cultural upbringing, I have this desire to "squeeze" old dying people of every drop of wisdom that have, before they die. You'd be surprised at what they tell me. You would think what final words and lessons they had to impart and teach would be profound spiritual insights of awesome proportion, grown from living life for 90 whole mortal years or more. But, it's nothing like that. What they share is often simple, oddly. How strange – to me – that a human being who has lived and experienced life to the fullest a mortal could experience, when asked to offer wisdom, would produce only simple things. But then again, it's the simple things in Life, that we over look while we are alive.

Richard

My friend Richard died a month before this writing. He was around the age of 91. He died around two people: his younger brother Dave, and my step father. And they were the only two who went to his funeral. He was just cremated. Richard died alone, basically; forgotten and abandoned.

Strange how he ended up. In life, when he was younger, during the 60's he and his brother Dave worked at NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab. The two of them were electricians and engineers who actually helped put together the Voyager Probes. I think the Voyager Probes were very significant on a human scale, as they broadened our human perspective of our "world," and they ushered an era of space exploration. But yet, Richard died forgotten, and alone.

Eventually, he and his brother Dave bought commercial property. They rented out the shops, and saved one shop for themselves which they turned into a TV and Computer repair shop. Long ago, my step father got a job at their shop as an employee of theirs. The three of them remained friends... until death. One thing led to another, and Richard and Dave end up living in their shop: broke, abandoned by their families, and left to die.

Once my step father complained his frustration about this with my grandmother. He said to her: "Those Americans are not like us. They don't know how to take care of their relatives. Dave and Richard have been abandoned by their families. They never come to check on them. I'm left taking care of them. I end up cooking for them. These people have no sense of loyalty and family bond." My grandmother said back: "It goes nowhere. What you do for them, goes nowhere. It comes back to you. Trust me."

I went to go visit Richard a week before he passed away with my natural mother. No one knew he was going to die. He was still walking around and functioning. My natural mother and I had not seen him for several months. The last time we saw him, he was very skinny. He refused to eat anything, and we didn't know why. Until one day, one of my blood uncles stopped by their shop to have his flat screen TV fixed. My uncle went to say hello to Richard and Dave. Richard and my uncle began to talk.

My uncle eventually told Richard his story of being in the hospital, how he fainted and lost consciousness for no known reason, and how the doctors told our family he was going to die. My aunt-mom – being the leader of her 8 siblings – pulled this uncle out of the hospital and nursed him, and he never died. After hearing this story, Richard says: "Oh? That's what my doctor told me a month ago. They said I was going to die in a month. So I figured I might as well not eat and just wait to die. I'm still not dead yet." My uncle convinced Richard to not believe what the hospital said and to eat. My step dad interjected saying: "You dumb shit. That's why you didn't eat anything. I'm going to cook you a big meal and you better eat it or I'm kicking your ass!"

So the day me and my natural mom stopped by to visit Dave and Richard, we said: "Hello Richard! Do you remember us?" Richard nodded his head, in his bed, and sat up, telling us he did remember us. So me and my little mom sat by him to talk with him and catch up. Our conversation led to an interesting insight Richard learned about his life, which he imparted to me and my little mom. He said:

"I'm old. I have a few months left perhaps to live. I was so stupid all this time. So ignorant and full of myself. I had for myself a good career. I was paid well. I had lots of money. I was only into spending that money on things. Nice cars, vacations, women... I never got married... never had children like my brother. I wanted to be single forever and waste my money on women. I thought I was immortal. Now look at me. I'm alone. If it wasn't for Ty [my step dad's nickname], I'd have nobody to take care of me, and no money to pay to live in an old folks home. I'm so stupid. It took me my whole life to learn that I need other people. That nothing I bought and none of the women meant anything. They were just distractions, and I wasted my life on them."

His brother Dave interjected saying: "Yeah, God sent us Ty." Dave and Richard are Catholics, they went to church every Sundays and made my step dad go with them. Dave was married many times and had many children. His wives and children took him to court over many years and took everything Dave was worth to share among themselves. Which was why they were living in their shop. To save their shop and the property, they had placed it all under my step dad's name. Dave continued, and said to his brother: "Show them the money Dick."

My natural mom asked: "What money?" So Richard got up from his bed and walked us to a corner of the big room we were in, where there was a very large old TV. Richard answered my natural mom saying: "Me and my brother can't take what money we have left with us. Ty deserves everything. The whole property is his now. Everything." He opens up the dummy TV and inside were trash bags filled with bundles of money. I've never seen that much money of face value in one place. And Richard says: "That's all we have left. We told Ty he can have it all when we kick the bucket." He said that with a grin. I asked Dave: "What about your family? Your children?" So Dave said to me: "You mean those vultures? They took everything I had, and I never seen them again. Why do they deserve any of this? You guys have been the only family my brother and I have had for a very long time."

A week later Dave called my step dad in the middle of the night, and my step dad left in a hurry to the shop. He came back in the morning with blood on his shirt. Me, my little sister, and natural mom were just staring at him waiting for him to tell us everything and why he had blood on his shirt. So my step father just said sadly: "He's gone." We all said shocked: "Richard?" He said: "Yeah. He fell down last night and was bleeding from the head. Dave could pick him up, so I went to help. We took him to the emergency room. Waited there, and a few hours later he's dead." So I sadly said to myself out loud: "Poor Dave... he's by himself now."

Great Grandpa

He was my Great Grandfather according to how people in my culture reckon family ties. But in English terms he was the husband of my blood grandmother's blood auntie. During the Nixon Era, he served as Ambassador to America. His cousin was a

Prime Minister of Cambodia. He was ethnically Han Chinese. Originally from Taipei Taiwan. But his grandfather relocated their family to Shanghai China.

My grandmother's late husband – my blood grandfather – was related to him and his wife. My grandmother and grandfather were close relatives, belonging to the same big family. When my blood grandfather was 6 years old, his father took him to be schooled in Shanghai. When my grandfather finished grade school, they moved to Thailand. Shortly after, World War Two broke out, and Japan invaded China.

Great Grandfather ended up marrying a lady of blood relation to a Thai oligarchic family; my late Great Grandmother. My Great Grandpa told me the story of his wife, my grandmother's auntie. Her family was a descendent of a past king of Thailand. In her youth she was very beautiful. And so the king of Thailand of his era saw her and wanted to make her one of his harem wives. Her family [Great Grandmother's] didn't like the idea of her being a mere harem wife to some old king, so they shaved her head, made her look ugly, and left Thailand for Cambodia where they had relatives with land and titles.

They met in Battambang, where my Great Grandfather had an orchard, and got married. After serving his term as Ambassador, Nixon left office. The American government asked Great Grandpa if he would remain Ambassador, since they liked him. Great Grandpa said to them: "If Nixon is re-elected I will. If not, I'll retire and return to my orchard."

A month before he died, I was helping Great Grandpa out at his future orchard up in Lancaster someplace. It was actually just a very large field of nothing in the middle of nowhere. But Great Grandpa had this vision of making an orchard out of it. There wasn't even a bathroom there. We had to go to the bathroom behind a mound of rocks, or drive 10 miles to the nearest McDonalds. That day it was me, him, his eldest daughter, my natural mom, and step dad. His eldest daughter is the leader or head of our big family. My grandmother has the second highest rank in the family; then my aunt-mother.

Great Grandpa had asked us to help him with a problem he had. The problem was that the wild rabbits eat his little saplings he had been growing during the night. He wanted us to help him put chicken coop wire around all of the saplings and little trees. To keep the rabbits from eating shit. So I paired up with Great Grandpa. I clipped little pieces of square coop wire, and he would wrap it around the base of little trees, and we'd use zip-ties to tie the coop wire in place and everything.

Great Grandpa was the only old person in my family who spoke fluent English. He also spoke fluent French, and some Japanese. So, he and I were able to actually communicate with each other very well. Naturally, he loved to talk about politics. And so as we worked together in the hot sun that day, he'd talk endlessly to me in half Khmer, half English about politics and his experiences.

He was telling me a story about an experience he had regarding a difficult choice he had to make, which dealt with the virtue of Loyalty; and the consequences of Loyalty. The story goes that during one period, the Kingdom had suffered a long draught, and the rice patties were dry. King Sihanouk feared that many of his people would die of starvation. And so the King sent Great Grandpa to Japan, to try to make a secret deal with them. Great Grandpa was told to speak with the Emperor of Japan – whom he was friends with at that time – to get Japan to trade their rice for anything. He had told me this story once already, but the details were different this time around, and it seemed as if he was using the story to lead into something else. So I let him tell the story, as if I had never heard it.

In Japan, the Emperor and Great Grandpa talked in private [off the record]. Great Grandpa told the Emperor that his people will starve to death in the years to come due to a draught and insufficient rice to feed the nation. The King and government were willing to give Japan anything in return for a lot of rice. The Emperor gave Great Grandpa an offering. The Emperor wanted weapons and military crafts in return for rice. Crafts like tanks, and weapons like bombs and so on.

Great Grandpa looks at me and says in English: "Now, at this time you see, our country and government were friends with the Americans. We depended on America. The Americans at the time did not like the Japanese to have weapons. So the Emperor of Japan suggested to me a secret trade. If I betray my loyalty to my American friends and give the Japanese what they requested for rice; our people will eat and not starve. If I respect my loyalty to my American allies, and do not give the Japanese what they request, our people will starve to death. What would you do?"

After thinking about it for a few seconds, I answered: "I would do the secret trade and give the Japanese their weapons they asked for; so the people can eat and live."

And Great Grandpa said in Khmer: “No! Unacceptable! The nation depends on the American allies. If you betray your American friends, more of your people in the long run will starve to death! Your people will suffer from greater poverty. Giving the Japanese weapons for bags of rice is only a quick fix, which will produce even more problems, you see? You have to learn to think beyond that quick fix. Don’t do things in life just to fix things immediately, oblivious to the future.”

So I asked: “What did you do Great Grandpa?” He said: “I stayed loyal to my American allies. I told the Emperor we have no deal and went home. There is more than one solution to a problem.”

Our conversation went into the topic of his retirement, how politics is too troublesome and stressful, and how he loves the peace and quietness of farming and working with plants. This led him to talk about his old age, and how he will be dying soon, as all old people do. And so, since he brought up the uncomfortable [for me] subject, I asked Great Grandpa: “Since you lived a long life, and experienced very many things, before you die, if you had something to teach me about life, what would it be?”

He nodded his head, to acknowledge that he got the question and thought about it for a while. And he says in half Khmer, half English: “If there is one thing I can teach you about life, before I die great granddaughter, it would be this: If you are to ever be successful in life, that you must learn to have the skill of ‘Biak Somdey.’”

“Biak Somdey” is hard to translate into English. Biak in Khmer means “Word,” or “Spoken Word.” It comes from the Pali “Bek/Vak” meaning “Word,” which is itself a distant genetic relative of the Latin root “Voc” as in “Vocalize.” Somdey means how you say things, the manner of your speech. Together, Biak Somdey roughly means your “Vocal Demeanor.” Just like your person [body] can have a demeanor – how you carry yourself – your words and language can have a demeanor. Biak Somdey is a large ideational field, and inside this field fits the following English words: Tact, Cadence, Tone, Attitude, Vocabulary, Presentation, Style of Delivery.

To explain how your biak somdey can make you successful or not in life we can use dogs as an example to draw out the point. You have two stray dogs who live in the same neighborhood. They are the same breed and look. The first stray dog has a kind and friendly demeanor to him. His eyes are kind, his body language is friendly, he wags his tail, and so on. The second dog has a different style of presentation. He shows his teeth, growls, doesn’t wag his tail at anyone. The question is: which of these two dogs will eat and live longer?

The answer is the first dog. Why? Because his quality, character, demeanor, makes people who walk by him to feel unthreatened, sympathetic, compassionate. Whereas with the second dog, people feel threatened, want to keep their distance, are not so sympathetic with it, make resent its presence on the street, may dislike it. If a stray dog must eat to survive, that eating is a stray dog’s “success in life.” And so a stray dog’s success in life is entirely dependent on how he carries himself, on his quality, nature, and character; on his demeanor.

In human terms, we not only have our demeanor of person to think of, but since we speak language, as a means of interpersonal relation building, our language and speech’s demeanor is also extremely important. Important if you actually desire to succeed in life in whatever avenue. I find it interesting that of all the advice or insights my Great Grandpa could have left me with, based on all of his life’s experiences, he told me something seemingly unremarkable at face value: to basically mind how I talk with others. But this insightful advice came from a politician whose job is to have the skill of talking with others to get things done, if he is to succeed.

To explain what a “biak somdey” is in everyday practical terms: say you have a Black guy from the ghetto. He steps into a business establishment and says to a worker: “Ey nigga, where’s the boss at man? I need a job and shit. Nigga gotta eat you know.” That is a style of biak somdey: his vocabulary, his tone, how he spoke it, the attitude of his voice. If you were a professional business person, would you hire this guy?

The insight has value when you learn to see it from my Great Grandfather’s point of view of things: as a diplomat. A diplomat in practical terms is a person representing one nation sent to another to negotiate deals and shit, to establish friendship and alliances, and so on. The success of these people’s jobs is actually dependent on their biak somdey.

In the same way that your success at dating and scoring is dependent upon the same skill of biak somdey. How you speak to your date, how your words make him or her feel, the choice of vocabulary you use, your tone, your cadence, the attitude of your voice, and so on. The skill is rooted in the ability to empath your audience: your listener. You first must feel your listener for their nature/

character of person, then you craft your style of speech for your audience, so that you establish rapport and resonance. People who lack the skill of *biak somdey*, also have a very underdeveloped faculty of empathy, where they simply don't have the ability to understand their audience/listener as a person.

That's one telling sign I look for in people I encounter and observe online: their ability to feel/empath their audience, and communicate with a skillful *biak somdey*. Even in our writings and posts, your *biak somdey* shows. Your lack of an understanding of your audience shows. And so if I see that such people have no ability to feel/empath their audience, they have no actual audience/listener, and speak/communicate "out of order," then these types of people will never be able to sell themselves and/or their ideas to others. Neither would they be the type to succeed in life.

Speaking out of order is a cultural thing in my culture. The old people also say that you speak "not knowing your front from your back" to mean the same thing. In English we'd say that such types of people are "uncultured and ill mannered."

When you speak knowing your front from your back, it means that you are aware of your own place in the age based order of life. That you are emotionally aware that other people around you have been born before you and have more experience in life than you. These are people "behind" you; those older than you. Those in "front" of you are those young people around you. When you speak out of order, it means that you use the same casual, vulgar language, or vocal demeanor, you use with your intimate friends of the same age with old people and young people.

Speaking in order – having culture and manners – means that you use a respectful vocal demeanor when speaking to anybody older than you; more knowledgeable than you; more experienced than you; and so on. And that when you speak to someone younger than you; less knowledgeable than you; less experienced than you; that you are not condescending with them. That when speaking to someone younger, you speak as their elder, so that what you say might contribute to their proper upbringing. Each older generation, having the responsibility to culture the newer generation.

You don't actually see this in the West. Or to be more precise: on the internet. Most people here in Western society don't seem to understand that the younger generations are the ones who will inherit their communities, cities, nations, when the older generations have passed on. And so, if everyone speaks to them in a condescending manner, treats them as retards, see them as not being fully human; then you create the condition called "Generational Tension." Generational Tension is when for example the Baby Boomer Generation spends their time building a world and social values, and then along comes X Generation who inherits the nation who then work to dismantle the Babyboomer's social order and social values. Then 40 years later you have the Millennials tearing down the culture, world, and values of X Generation, and so on, and so forth.

Generational Tension in America is so common, it's accepted as the actual norm. But human social order wasn't always like that. Why is it that for hundreds of years in old Europe, societies remained stable? Where traditional values and culture, and world views remained stable for hundreds of years? Why is it that Traditional Chinese culture, traditional Chinese values, Chinese worldviews can maintain its memetic coherency over the span of at least 4000 years? And everywhere a Chinese goes, their ancient culture, values, and worldviews goes with them. I'm an example. I live nowhere near China. I'm not full blooded ethnic Han Chinese. But yet my culture is half Chinese, my values are half Chinese, and my worldview is half Chinese? But yet America can barely maintain a stable culture, social values, and worldview for 40 years? It's not "normal." It's a deep problem.

And we are unfortunately the Fruit of our social order/culture. And so, you see this same problem in something even like the Satanic subculture. Where such subculture lacks any sense of cultural-generational pedagogy. I like to observe and watch people. The internet is a superb place to people watch, and the best part is, they don't even know you are watching. So, what I have seen time and time again for 10 years straight is the same pattern of dysfunctional human-social behavior where a "new comer" Satanist of young age or who is new to Satanism joins a satanic forum of people who have been Satanists for a while. The "new comer" is searching for a place to belong to, a folk to associate with, somebody to take them in and guide them, and so on. Instead of taking the new comer under their wing, you see the "old timers" mistreat the new comer, become emotionally abusive with them, ridicule them for being ignorant, etc, etc.

Don't get me wrong in any way. I don't want Satanism to fix itself. I want it Dead by the next generation. The last thing I want is for Mundane Satanism to be competition for ONA for the next 30 years. I believe that it's a good thing that ONA was "born" in Europe, which has a sense of culture and Tradition. And I honestly believe that it would continue to do ONA a lot of good to have the "inner circle" based in Europe [UK and mainland EU]. I hope it never becomes American based for reasons I am hinting at. So, as long as

Mundane Satanism continues to be ignorant of cultural-generational pedagogy, where such American Mundane Satanists lack any functioning skill of Speaking In Order, one of two scenarios will take place: 1) Mundane Satanism will go extinct; or 2) Generational Tension will take place and the Satanism of a future generation will be the total opposite of Mundane Satanism where it will reject materialism, embrace Traditionalism and so on. Either scenario works for ONA aeonically.

The word in Khmer is “Prodau” (/prɔ.dau/). I’m not sure I know how to translate the word “prodau.” If you say “Biak Prodau” it means “Words of Prodau.” Biak Prodau is a term which actually means the same thing as the English word “Proverb” and also the word “Maxim.” Prodau by itself means when an older person teaches a younger person a proverb, a maxim, teaches them right from wrong, teaches them cultural observances, teaches them social values, teaches them customs and traditions, and so on. An English term such as “raising them proper” fits well with Prodau.

For example, something my elders “prodau-ed” me to do was when they said to me: “If you are going to open your mouth to talk to your younger cousins, Prodau them. Don’t just open your mouth and talk.” In other words, what the elders were saying was roughly that if I am going to put in the effort to talk to my younger cousins, make it count, don’t just shoot my mouth off. In Buddhism this is called “Kamma Kusala,” meaning Productive/Constructive [kusala] Work/Build [Kamma]. Meaning that if you are going to shoot your mouth off, make it productive/constructive, or shut up.

So a quick example of what prodau-ing your younger people looks like on an everyday level would be like back many years ago when during a religious festival one time. One of my cousins was 4 years old, and I was 12. We had to burn incense to a few pictures of dead ancestors and some to a Buddha statue. So I grab my 4 year old cousins, and show her how to do things, saying to her roughly: “You hold three sticks of incense in your hand like me. Put your palms together. When we pray to the grandpas and grandmas we pick our hands up to our nose. Then we put our hands up to our forehead when we pray to the Buddha.” And that’s it. It’s that simple.

What I taught my 4 year old cousin was a customary thing we do in our culture. So it’s called a “cultural meme,” meaning that it was a genetic constituent aspect of our Traditional Culture. That cultural meme I passed down to my 4 year old cousin is a thousand years old. That’s the power of something as simple as knowing how to prodau those younger than you. That’s how all human cultures on earth are able to live for thousands and thousands of years.

Just as Nature replicates itself for billions and billions of years, a memeplex such as human culture must also replicate itself. Just as Nature’s self-replication is actually dependent on the sexual reproduction of its living parts [us and all living things], so too then must a memeplex such as human culture replicate itself via the sexual reproduction of its parts [humans]. Just as every mother animal teaches her new cubs its culture of hunting or whatever; so too then must the mother human pass her culture down to the next generation in the same manner. Mother Nature, and a memeplex such as human culture replicates in the same manner.

But in our culture, prodau-ing those younger than you goes beyond younger people in your own family. It is actually your responsibility and duty if a person around you is younger than you that you prodau them since you are their elder. They don’t have to be related or familiar to you. For instance, there was this one time when I was at a social gathering of many different families. I was around 12 at the time. In the house we were at my cousins and I found kids our age and we were in the recreation room playing video games. At one point I was playing a game with an older cousin of mine, and he won the game. So I said to my older cousin, hitting him: “You’re stupid!”

An old lady behind me got angry at me, and she pointed her finger at me and scolded me saying: “Who’s this child? That’s unacceptable behavior young lady! You don’t talk like that to someone older than you. People will think your family lacked the sense to raise you properly. As if you were some barbaric peasant child. That makes our whole pbooj [breed] look bad. Do you understand?” I lowered my head and looked at the floor and said: “Yes ma’am.” Inside I was thinking to myself: “Who the hell is that lady anyways? Why’s it her business what I do with my own cousin?” But this only works with certain social/feudal classes in my culture.

If some old lady said this same thing to me, and I were from a lower class family, my mother would say to the old lady: “Who the hell are you telling my kids what to do? You’re not their grandma? Mind your own business and let me raise my kids my way!”

What’s the Difference? The Difference is Coherency. We’re talking about social/class Coherency in this case. The difference is that you have one Class/Breed of people who are socially Coherent, where everyone follows the same culture, manners, and customs, and traditions. The other class/breed is incoherent, where everyone is doing their own thing and demanding to have the right to do

their own thing. This might be meaningless to some of you unborn brothers and sisters reading this. So I'll use some examples to draw out the point, so you can see the implicit significance.

The difference between an Army and a city population is that the people making up an Army are Coherent, Structured, Organized. Whereas the population of any given city is incoherent, unstructured, disorganized. The difference between crime that happens in any given city and crime a mafia does is that one is incoherent, unstructured, and disorganized. Whereas a mafia is a criminal organization, it is structured, it has rules everybody follows, it is Coherent. The difference between a diamond and a lump of coal is that the carbon atoms in one is Coherent, Structured, Organized. Whereas in the other the carbon atoms are incoherent, unstructured, disorganized. The difference between a laser and a flashlight is that the photons of one is Coherent, Structured, Organized; whereas in the other the photons are incoherent, unstructured, and disorganized.

The Cosmos is Coherent, Structured, and Organized. It is Orderly. The greatest event on earth regarding biological life took place when random, single celled organisms formed Coherent, Structured, Organized, Orderly multicellular communities. This became the multicellular organism which dominates the earth; as far as intelligence goes. The most successful multicellular organism on earth are ants. They make up approximately 25% of the earth's total biomass. The most powerful organ in your body is your brain. It is Coherent, Structured, Organized, and Orderly.

And so, if you understand the point of those examples, then you'll be able to answer the following question: Of the two social classes/breeds mentioned, which class is more powerful, wealthier, influential, well off, happier, healthier, than the other. And why? I personally hate democracy for an actual real reason: because it causes the *dis-Organization*, and *de-Struction*, of social/human Coherency. Like you were to break up the coherency of Genghis Khan's army. Like you were to cause the *de-Struction* of the Order and Coherency of the Cosmos. Like you were to cause the *dis-Organization* and *de-Struction* of every neuron in your brain. Democracy uplifts and glorifies the common breed of humans, their sentiments, and nature of discoherency. And their nature in turn affects the community, and society.

Like you were to reverse biological evolution by separating and dividing every cell of an organism into individual unicellular creatures. Where you tell such divided unicellular creatures that they are better off divided, disorganized, and incoherent. And that in such a disorderly state, that they have power to control their own individual lives and individual destiny. And these unicellular organisms never realize that when there is Division, there is always a Conqueror: Divide & Conquer. That idealism of **individualism**, division; *de-Struction* and *dis-Intergration* of culture, family, community, and Tradition; in my world and time, is not only the current cultural/democratic norm, but it's also something the ordinary, everyday, average Mundane strives for. It's their religion.

In a living culture – one which is thousands of years old – it is the responsibility of the older generations to produce each new generation. Family ties; and even ethnicity; are irrelevant here. If you speak the language, and you want to be “khmer” than other people older than you who speak the language and identify as “khmer” have the Duty to help raise you proper as a khmer. If you are older in age than someone, in my culture, you have a Duty to help raise your younger people.

This may be called “cultural integrity.” The underlying reason is that we – humans – are a product/fruit of our culture. And so a culture is very much like a fruit tree. You spend years nurturing it, pruning it, fertilizing it. And if it produces good fruit, you preserve the culture, care for. By preserving the Traditions, customs, ceremonies, rites, and so on; so that such culture as a living tree can bare more good fruit.

Cultural integrity only works right when everyone in that culture knows how to speak and behave in Order or in Line. Meaning that each person knows their place in Line. You pay your respects to those older than you, consider their admonishments and guidance; and you do likewise to those younger than you. In exactly the same way as when you are hired for a new job. You are inexperienced with the job. There are those who are more experienced than you who have done the job longer. And so, it becomes their Duty – those more experienced – to teach you how to do your job good and right. Why so? Because the life and longevity of the business or corporation as a living super-organism, depends on that Cultural Integrity. Its Aeonian potential depends on that Cultural Integrity. “Aeonian Potential” meaning the potential for the corporation or culture to continue to exist across great spans of Time and produce good fruit.

Here in America – specifically in Southern California where I am – there is no Order, and everyone is out of Line. People older than you here are just as uncultured and stupid as those younger than you. American society/culture broke a generation after World War Two. The war had a massive effect on the economy and financial life of America. And so to fix that problem, a new artificial

social scheme was implemented. The young generations during the 40s-50s were encouraged to be independent of their families. They were encouraged to move out of their family homes, to be “individuals.” Once you move out, and are cut off from your family, you have to work a job to pay for your rent and food. And so America traded in its culture to fix its financial problems.

Biak Somdey, also roughly means “tact.” Here “tact” takes on its oriental meaning, which means when you are aware and connected to the person/people you are talking to; where you can feel their emotions; and you consciously structure what you desire – and how you will need – to say, around your audience’s emotions; so as to not generate negative emotional reactions and discord. In other words, you mind other people’s chitta/chhet. To do this right, you need a developed sense of Empathy. But why? Why care what and how others feel? It’s a simple secret; but when applied and practiced in life: yields powerful results.

To understand the simple secret, we have to understand the fundamental biological nature of all biological organisms. To explain: we have a culture of bacteria in a petri-dish. On the left side of this dish we have “Negative Stimuli” in the form of an electrical current. On the right side of the dish we have “Positive Stimuli” in the form of nutrients. Which side of the petri dish will the bacteria eventually migrate to? Before intelligence and consciousness evolved, Chitta was present. The bacteria may not have intelligence or consciousness; but it has its own chitta. And all Chitta reacts to Negative and Positive Stimuli in the same manner.

Being human, we are more complex than bacteria. And so, what acts as our source of Stimuli also becomes complex. A source may be religion: remember the saying “religion is the opiate of the mass?” That saying applies here. If the religion acts as a source of Positive Stimuli, where it makes us feel “good” in some way, we gravitate to it. Entertainment may be another source. Food, sex, body building, computers, etc, these are all sources of stimuli.

And so, your biak somdey, when you have skill with it, acts as a source of Positive Stimuli. That’s tact, in the oriental sense. You mind what you say, and how you say, and whom you say things to, in order to avoid causing negative feelings. If you do it right, your words, and the Demeanor of your words and speech act as powerful sources of Positive Stimuli, and so people will in turn naturally – on the level of chitta – be attracted to you, drawn to you, be more open to you, and so on.

I think twice or four times around, before I say anything to anyone. To have the skill of your biak somdey means you need the same reciprocal thinking of a chess player. Where you can work out different scenarios in your head and see the potential outcome. For example, when I talk to old and dying people and my desired objective is to have them give me advice for my own growth and development, I don’t just say: “Look, you’ll be dead in a few months. Let’s be real. Make yourself useful and teach me something before you kick the bucket.”

I have to take detours. I first talk to them, to make them in a good mood. Then I ask them how they are doing. And I wait for them to go into the topic of dying on their own. So, from my end, I am trying to subtly guide the conversation in a certain direction. Once we are talking about dying, I ask my question. My tone and vocal demeanor is one of sincerity, respect, solemnity, sadness, disappointment [in losing them], expresses a feeling of loss for losing the person and losing the wisdom they have gained, and expresses a sense of need for wisdom. In most cases, they end up fully opening up to me and giving me a long talk, which involves long story telling, crying on both our parts, and them trying as best as they can to teach me what they have learned.

A problem with many old people here is that they are very unskilled with their biak somdey. When they speak to you, their tone and vocal delivery is usually condescending, repulsive, pretentious, they use the wrong vocabulary, and deliver their statements in a manner as that of a person lacking the power of empathy. And so, I don’t blame the younger generations of people here for not having much respect for their elders: there simply isn’t much to respect.

The thing with the skill of biak somdey is that no actual medium of information flow exists between the speaker and the listener if the listener has their emotional barrier up. “Medium of information flow” is what allows effective communication and mutual understanding to happen. An emotional connection – a connection of chitta – is the medium. You can test this out, with your pet dog. If you and your dog have an emotional connection, effective communication and mutual understanding happens. Your dog is very responsive, he gives you all of his attention, and so on. When that emotional connection is impeded for whatever reason – you yelled at him – your words have less an effect on the dog. So, by “communication” I really don’t mean the exchange of words. I mean information flow.

And so, people are the same way. We just either don’t realize it, or aren’t aware of it, or deny it. If how you speak to me or how you deliver your words is like Negative Stimuli to me, I react by distancing my emotions and putting up an emotional barrier. When

this happens, everything you say triggers a negative response of some type. Negative responses might be that I argue, debate, criticize your ideas, pick on your faulty lines of reasoning, look for all of your logical fallacies. In other words, I'm not even considering what you have to say in my chitta. Which means I don't understand you; but neither do I want to understand you.

On the other hand, if you were well mannered and disciplined, empathic, skilled with communication, and I liked you, and you knew how to maintain my feeling of like for you; then no matter what you say, I'll listen and consider. I'm totally emotionally open. Your words first falls in my chitta, so I can consider them in feeling. In this case, even if you do make logical fallacies, or a few errors, I don't even care because I'm focused on the good and interesting parts of what you are talking to me about.

This is actually very important in the arena of diplomacy and international relations. Without this skill, it would be very difficult to get the other nation to understand you, and it would be very hard for effective communication to take place. Take for example the State of Israel & Palestine. Lord knows there have been "talks" and summits between them for decades. Despite all those talks and summits, we see that no actual effective communication or mutual understanding has ever really taken place. The problem is the state and condition of emotions of both parties.

This is also important in the arena of religion. If people have their emotional barriers up, none of your religious memes are going to transfer to them. Case in point: not many mundane internet Satanists would consider what a Christian had to say or teach. In the arena of marketing, this skill is also important. You need to first know your market, then tailor your message or ads to specific actual markets.

For instance, if you made and sold diet pills, and your market were fat women, you would seriously need the skill of *biak somdey*. Your pills won't sell if you tell fat people in an ad with a condescending tone and vocabulary: "Look at you. Don't you know when to stop eating? What's wrong with you? You have no self-discipline like normal people. Keep it up and you'll die of a heart attack! Well, you can keep eating like a hypo, because we have diet pills for you!"

A better way to say it and deliver it [*biak somdey*] is by using a sympathetic tone, and saying something like: "I was once obese just like you. I didn't realize I had a problem until I had to go to the emergency room for a mild heart attack. After that rude awakening, I tried to go on a diet, but nothing worked. Then one day my friend took me to China, where I a few herbal things that caused me to lose weight! I don't what you to have to go through the rude awakening I went thru, so I manufactured these same herbs into diet pills!" Both examples had the same end objective: to sell diet pills. Only one example would be successful actualizing the end objective.

As easy as those examples are to understand, it seems as though your average mundane into internet Satanism in these forums have a hard time putting that simple skill into practice. You see in such internet forums a few guys who have "re-invented" Satanism in whatever way, with their own ideas. And so they join such forums to sell and proliferate their ideas/memes. They start to posts walls of texts. They argue, debate, point fingers at people, act pretentious, act condescending, act like they are better than everyone, put people down. And such guys end up getting everyone to hate them, mock them, clown them. And when such guys finally realize nobody is going to buy their ideas, they vanish. I've seen tons and tons of such guys come and go over the years. And all of them had the same approach. They lacked the skill of *biak somdey*.

On the other hand, I have met a handful of people, who were very skilled with their *biak somdey*. Such types don't even have to try hard, and their memes circulate. They coin a few words, and in a short time, others begin using those words. They share a few of their views, and others in time begin to see things in the same way. All this without any actual effort. No arguing, no debating, no forcing shit on people. There memes just circulates. Why are these types successful at inspiring and influencing others with little to no effort, but the others types who put a lot of effort failures? Here's a hint: if you lack the skill to "sell" yourself [make people like you] you aren't going to be able to "sell" your ideas, views, beliefs, religion, product, etc. Because we're dealing with the same underlying denominator: chitta.

Chitta makes 90% of your choices and decisions for you. The other 10% is just your rational mind intellectually justifying and rationalizing what your feelings/emotions/heart has already "chosen." And that rational mind takes its time convincing itself to go along with chitta. The key idea is that it "convinces itself." We can test this out. If you are White and into Aryanism, examine yourself carefully. You'll realize that beneath all of the Aryan ideology, all the idealisms, all the intellectualism, and rationalizations, are strong or intense feelings. Feeling of some type such as strong feelings for your own race or nation, or strong hatred for Jews or other ethnicities. I challenge you to prove me wrong.

Your Heart makes your mind up first. Then your intellect rationalizes and justifies afterwards. It's simple causal mathematics: feeling influences thought; thought influences act/behavior. Act determines karma. Therefore, you or I have a belief or worldview in our intellect, that belief or worldview is the second rung in this causal chain. Meaning that such beliefs and worldviews build up or collect around an initial Feeling.

You fool yourself [and you're ignorant] if you believe that the religion, world-model, weltanschauung, philosophy, Satanism, whatever, that you ascribe to is 100% intellectual. That such identification with a memeplex and such *Attraction* for/to such memeplex or ideology grows out of the soil of rational, critical, intellectualistic thinking.

Atheism doesn't start as an intellectual world-model. It must initially start as a Feeling in chitta. A Feeling of dislike for the concept of a God, a Feeling of perhaps not being in control if there was a higher power above you, whatever. The actual ideas, ideals, ideations, ideology, paradigm, are merely words, thoughts, causal abstractions you find and accumulate which you are drawn to because of your Feelings. Theism works in the same manner. It begins as a Feeling in chitta.

You can test this out on your own time like I did. I spent years testing this out. To change a person's mind – their beliefs, ideology, and so on – you disregard their intellect and go right for the emotions/chitta. Change the way the person Feels, and their intellect will naturally follow. It's just simply the way the causal chain unravels: Feeling influences Thought, and Thought influences Act/Behavior. In English we even say: "We've had a change of Heart." Let me ask you this: If the ideology, idealism, ideals, ideas were so important or so powerful, or so true, or whatever, than how is it that when DM got older, where he grew wiser that he had a change of heart? And from that change of Heart [a change in Feeling], all the ideological stuff he once held dear in his youth lost its hold and power and importance?

Your Feelings/chitta is like a magnet, and those ideas, ideals, idealisms, ideologies; are like metal shavings. There is a serious Buddhist problem hidden in that statement, if you can see it. The problem is: What happens when you have a person who lacks self-discipline [self-control] where they are not Master of their own Feelings? Where such person's Feelings move around to and fro in no direction, from one moment after another? Where they don't even have any control over what exactly they Feel or why they Feel? What happens is that those Feelings draws to them the intellectual stuff: the ideas, ideals, idealisms, ideological memes. Those in turn coagulate into a paradigm, a worldview, and so on. Which in turn influences their actions and behavior in life. Which in turn determines the causal [karmic] fruit they will bare.

What's that all mean? It means that the beliefs, worldviews, philosophy of most mundane people are crap that simply build up around undisciplined and uncontrolled Feelings. Imagine a guy dragging a magnet on a rope like a dog. Over time, as this guy walks around, dragging his magnet, the magnet just accumulates crap; tin cans, nuts and bolts, rusty nails. And unfortunately all that crap influences their action and behavior in life. Which in turn affects/effects society and others. How many people have been killed or murdered in the name of religious ideology/worldview? And how much of that religious belief is crap, built around the Feelings of an ignorant person with no control or discipline of their emotions? Think about it a while.

Chitta makes up 90% of your mind for you. And so, if you understand that, you'll understand why having a skill like knowing how to have and use biak somdey is a powerful tool in life for success. Success on any arena and field and level. From friendship to marriage, up to corporations, and up to national politics, war, and diplomacy. It's a simple concept, but it must have meant something significant, if it was one of the last things a dying experienced politician and diplomat had in mind to impart.

Glen

I met Glen when I was 14. His daughters were in the same girl auxiliary organization for Masons as I was. And he was often one of the Masons who looked after us, and so on. When his Masonic lodge had their monthly meetings, they would have a dinner before where their family and friends would come and eat. And so, some of my boy cousins who were Demolays, a few uncles, me and some girl cousins often went to those dinners; where I'd see Glen and his wife. Sometimes Glen would be late for dinner, and he'd come in the lodge after the meal in his cop uniform, with his gun and everything.

When I first met my friend Glen, he looked like a typical police officer. He had short balding hair and a mustache. A majority of his lodge brothers were old retired military people, sheriffs, police officers, and self-employed business owners. I literally "grew up" around such types of people. He was a very nice and cool guy. He and the other men at their lodge and my uncles who were Ma-

sons there, often went fishing together at sea. Sometimes, he'd have us over at his cabin in Big Bear for a BBQ. He spent his time helping out his Mason brothers, and their old wives.

My late friend Glen came to my mind a couple weeks ago when I had jury duty. It was my first time serving jury duty, and so, like everyone, I didn't want to do it. I tried to get excused, but was denied and had to go. I had to get up at 6 in the morning just to get ready, and left the house at 7.

So, after coffee, I went into the court building to find my way to the jury assembly room. I was early. I had asked the old ladies at the information desk where I had to go and report to, and they happily pointed me in the right direction. So I made my way to the elevator to go to the 7th floor. I was the only one in the elevator, for a couple seconds. Then another girl walked in. The girl was the sexiest girl I had ever seen. She looked like a nicely dressed secretary. The first thing I noticed about her were her shoes. I immediately said to her: "I love your shoes! Where did you get them at?" She cheerfully said hi and told me. She was wearing these hot high heels, with single straps around her ankles, which I found to be really sexy. The rest of her was in a professional suit. She had long dirty blond hair that went down past her shoulders.

Hearing her talk, I said to her in the elevator going up: "I'm originally from the Valley. You sound like you're from there also, when you talk." I detected a faint familiar "Valley Girl" accent in her speech. She said back, embarrassed: "Oh yeah, that. I've been trying hard to get rid of it. What part of the Valley were you from?" I said: "I was born in Burbank, and raised out in the Granada Hills, Northridge, and Woodland Hills area till my high school age." She goes: "Oh really! Small world. I went to grade school out in the Encino and Woodland Hills, area! But I've been here in Orange County most of my life." My new acquaintance seemed to be around my age, late 20s. So the 5th floor came and she excused herself saying it was nice talking to me, and left to get ready for work. I said bye, looking at her heels and ankles, mesmerized and "in love." Or at least I had a crush.

So anyways. I make it to the 7th floor and wait out in the hall, and soon the hall was filled with over a hundred people. At 8 in the morning, some lady came into the hall and asked us all to enter the assembly room. By then I had already made a handful of friends. A black guy in a suit, a White-Italian guy in all black, and another girl who was studying biology at a college. We sat together at a table and put a puzzle together and talked. The hours pass by and at 12:30 we were all dismissed for lunch. I was surprised I wasted all those hours doing nothing. Our lunch was one hour and a half long. So my new friend and I went out to lunch together. At lunch I told them about the hot professional girl I met in the elevator, since she was still on my mind.

After lunch, at 2PM, the lady told us all in the assembly room that she was going to call out names, and if our name is called, to say "here" and wait for instructions as we had been picked for jury duty. I was crossing my fingers hoping and praying that I won't be picked... but, I was picked. We all had to report to the 5th floor.

We all sat in the audience chairs in the court room, and the sitting judge immediately gets to work and explains to us what the case is about. I was actually amazed at the immediacy. The case was retarded. I rolled my eyes and said to myself inside: "My god, I can't believe I'm here for this shit." The trial is about two fat pure Mexican girls who were once friends, but they stopped being friends, and they broke into each other's homes and stole things for whatever reason. They were both defendants. So after the long technical orientation, the judge tells us that the last 4 digits of our jury numbers will be read, and if our number is called, to please fill in the jury chairs in the chair number according to the order of our calling. I was crossing my fingers and praying that my number wouldn't be picked... but it was. The judge said: "9043." I looked at my badge, and saw it was my number, so I said to myself in my mind: "I can't believe this. This is what I get for praying. I'm number 3!"

I walked to my juror chair, and there she was! I didn't see her because from where I was sitting, a wall was in my way. But there at one of the tables where the lawyers were sitting before the judge was my sexy professional valley girl! I looked at her with a shocked or surprised look; and she looked back at me with a smile, and then looked back at her papers. That's when I felt intimidated. I thought she was just normal like me, but it turns out she's one of the lawyers? I also thought about something I had never thought about before. She was around my age, and that meant, I too could have been a lawyer, if I went to school for it. I never thought about that before. Another thing I was thinking about while waiting for the other jurors to be called up was that what she did for a living, and the things I was into [ONA, Satanism, etc] made it so that she and I were like two worlds apart. But her heels still looked sexy on her.

When I'm in an environment I'm not familiar with, I get nervous and scared, so it's hard for me to talk in front of everybody. I get stage fright, until I am comfortable with the surrounding. The judge was asking us questions individually, like what city we came

from, if we were married, and so on. I was the third to be asked since I was juror number 3. Although I was nervous and scared, I tried to talk, since my lawyer girl was looking right at me. After the basic questions the judge explained to us that the lawyers were each going to ask us some questions to determine who they will be keeping. That's when I got even more nervous and scared because that would mean I would have to talk in front of everybody to answer their questions.

The first lawyer on the other side of the desk gets up to ask us questions. This lawyer also looked like he was in his late 20's. He also talked like he were gay. He was asking basic random questions. At first I didn't raise my hand to answer any of them, and I was hoping he wouldn't call on me to answer any questions. Then he asked the question: "Okay, do any of you here know any police officers? Maybe at school, at work, you have friends who are police officer?" I thought of Glen, and I raised my hand first.

I said to the lawyer guy, as my sexy lawyer girl was looking right at me: "My mother went to college. Some of her guy friends she met at college became police officers. They take me and my mother to the firing range often where other officers practice. My mother and I do have friends who are police officers. They teach my how to fire guns. I have uncles and cousins are who are Freemasons. I'm associated with most of them and their daughters and wives. At their lodge, most of the men are retired military personnel, sheriffs, and police officers. I've known and been very good friends with police officers for a large part of my life."

The three lawyer people write notes about what I said; and the lawyer guy said back, re-iterating what I said to him: "Okay, so you said you have close friends who are police officers? And they teach you how to fire guns? And you are associated with the police officers who are Masons through your uncles and cousins?" I said: "Yes." He asked: "Do you have any family members who are police officers?" I said nodded and quickly said: "Yes, I have a cousin who is one." He says: "Okay." He and the other two lawyers take notes, and the lawyer guy moves on.

So, after many minutes, my sexy lawyer girl gets up and introduces herself. In her introduction she said something that shocked me and hurt me. She said: "As the Prosecutor, it is my job to work my hardest to prove to you guys beyond a shadow of a doubt that the defendant is indeed guilty as charged." Inside I was saying to myself: "No!!! Not a prosecutor! I thought you were cool. You're the prosecutor?!" I was interested in what type of questions she was going to ask us to determine who she was going to pick to stay as jurors. By this time, I had become comfortable with my surroundings, and so I was no longer nervous or scared. When I'm not nervous or scared, I push my aura out far, to try and force my presence in a room and on everybody.

The prosecutor girl asked a first dumb question. She said: "Let's say that someone walked into a grocery store, and they ate one grape, and didn't pay for it... did this person commit a crime?" I was thinking to myself inside: "You can't be serious? I don't even think I like you anymore. One grape?" She randomly picked a few of us potential jurors, and so I listened to them to see what they'd say. To my amazement, my fellow potential jurors said that it was a crime. I got angry, and I then "pulled rank." She might be a professional, but I'm more smarter. So I raised my hand to answer the question. She may have actually just been fishing, and I took the bait.

She picked me and asked me for my opinion. So I said, in argument: "It doesn't matter how many grapes this person ate. As you presented the picture, no crime has been committed. I disagree with the other jurors." She goes: "Why don't you think a crime has been committed?" I said back: "You yourself, only moments ago said to us that as the prosecutor you must first prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the person committed the offense, and that secondly you must prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the person had the criminal intent to commit the offense. The key words being: Criminal Intent. In your grape analogy, no intention was provided or proven. The person is not guilty until you prove so."

So my prosecutor girl tries to argue back by saying like: "Okay juror number three... let's use a different scenario. Let's say that a person was driving 5 miles over the speed limit. Did the person commit a crime? He broke a law right?"

I said: "Without context, you have no case here. At what point do we draw the line and say that driving over a certain speed limit is acceptable or unacceptable: 1 mile over the limit, 5 miles or 60 miles? Because if we say that even 1 miles over the limit is a crime, then everyone in this court room, including you yourself and the presiding judge, have committed a crime. 'Let he who hath no sin cast the first stone.' My point is, without context, you have no case. You're simply pointing out the apparent breach of city ordinance, minus any context."

So she goes: "What if I said to you that context is irrelevant?" I was very surprised she had said that, and said back: "Then I'd have to question your opinion and case. How am I as a juror, to determine or discern, the intent a person may have had, if context is

irrelevant? For example, let's say that this person did drive 5 miles over the speed limit. But let's give it context. Let's say that it is midnight and his wife is in the car with him. And let's say that his wife is in labour and about to have a baby. Now, with this context, we can determine that yes indeed, the person transgressed city ordinance, but that no, the person did not have the criminal intention of breaking the law. And so, although this person may have transgressed city ordinance, he is not guilty of a crime because of the lack of criminal intent and because of the particular circumstance."

The prosecutor girl asked the rest of the jurors if anybody agrees with me. Two jurors in front of my raised their hands. One of them was a lady who had first stated that she believed eating one grape in a store was a crime. Now she changed her mind and believed that it wasn't a crime per se if a person drove 5 miles over the speed limit. The judge interrupts the prosecutor to make a comment saying: "You know, I find this to be interesting. Just moments ago with the grape analogy you [the lady] said that you believed the person had committed a crime when he ate the grape. Now you are siding with juror number 3 and saying that a person driving 5 miles over the speed limit has not committed a crime. Don't mind me though. I'm just thinking out loud."

The prosecutor went to ask other silly questions, which I had no reason to answer, until she asked a question about cops saying: "During the trial, there are going to be police officers giving testimonies. Who here would hold the testimony of a police officer above the testimony of a normal person?" I thought about my late friend Glen, and raised my hand, and was the only one to raise my hand. So the prosecutor has this smile on her face, which said nonverbally said something like "of course it's you," and she says to me, stretching out her hand to me with palms facing up towards me [offering me the chance to answer]: "Juror number 3? You would hold the testimony of a police officer in higher regard than the testimony of a normal person? Why?"

I said: "Yes I would, for two main reasons. If I may explain myself." The prosecutor said: "Please do. This is interesting. You are aware they are normal people like you and me?" I said back: "Yes... I'm also aware of the fact that they have backgrounds and experience. But let me explain myself regarding your first question. I would hold the testimony of a police officer in higher regard for two reasons. The first reason is that, I have spent a good part of my life being friend and family member to cops. The ones I know are decent and honest people who put their lives on the line doing what they do. Also now, they take a lot of animosity from certain sectors of the general public, with allusion to Ferguson and so on. The second reason is that if one of these defendants calls up a friend or family member or someone familiar with them to the stand to give a testimony, and a police officer were to give his testimony regarding the same defendant and incident, I'd hold the testimony of the police officer in higher regard in this specific circumstance because the people familiar with the defendant would likely give a biased testimony in favor of the defendant. Whereas the police officer's testimony would be more professional and unbiased."

So the prosecutor girl says to me like: "Yes but, police officers are people just like you and me. They're testimonies are not special. Why would their testimony have more weight to you?" Seeing how she didn't understand my explanation, and seeing how she was trying to push her views on me [or indirectly onto the other jurors], I got angry, and I raised my voice and tone with her saying: "Because of their experience! Your reasoning you're presenting to me is fallacious. With your same exact line of reasoning, I can say that how the sitting judge, and how those two lawyers, and how you yourself view and understand law and order, crime and justice, based on your many years of experience are on equal level to my own uneducated and unexperienced opinions about the same subject matter. And you know that simply is not true inside! What I'm saying is that a police officer has experience collecting evidence, investigating criminal cases, and see their cases in an unbiased manner as a part of a job they do in most cases. Your quote-unquote normal people, who may give a testimony, may have a positive or negative bias for the defendant, due to familiarity and emotional investment."

The prosecutor asked if there were any other jurors who agreed with me, and 3 other people raised their hand and each explained why they agreed with me. Afterwards the prosecutor went onto a few other questions which I had no interest in. Then the judge asks the two lawyers and prosecutor if they wish to start dismissing people. I got so into the whole thing, I had forgotten I wanted to go home. The first person the lawyer on the far side of me dismissed was my Black friend, who was juror number 1. I was shocked with his dismissal. My Black guy friend was a lawyer himself. He had told the judge when asked that he worked for child services and was on three cases regarding child molestation. I didn't understand why they dismissed him. He was even dressed very GQ like a professional lawyer on duty.

The second lawyer gets up and dismissed my other friend I had made; the White-Italian one. I had a smirk on my face and was quietly laughing to myself seeing he was the second to be dismissed. I can understand why. This friend I had was a trouble-making

juror for sure. He had an opinion for every question, and he had very strong and assertive opinions too. At one point the Prosecutor had said to us like: "Let's say that a crime had been committed, and that there was a video of the actual crime, but you guys were not shown this video. Would that affect you or influence you guys in any way?" Immediately my Italian guy friend said loudly: "Not guilty!" So the prosecutor asked him why he had said that, and he goes: "Well, why can your investigators look at every evidence of the crime to build a case, but I can't? How am I supposed to build a case? Take your word for it? Forget about it."

In another instance, he actually asked the prosecutor a question out of nowhere, saying: "Is there any DNA evidence in this case?" The prosecutor girl was like: "No." And my Italian friend was like: "Not guilty, case closed!" So the prosecutor gave a nervous laugh and said to him: "I don't know how to take that? I can't tell if you were joking or being serious?" So he goes: "Oh I'm being serious. You guys don't have a video, you don't have any DNA evidence... not even a hair sample to place the defendant to any crime scene? What kind of a case is this? All you guys have are circumstantial evidence, and testimonies? What's that mean in plain English? It means all you guys got is a 'he-said-she-said-they-said' case. You guys are wasting my time and public tax money." So he got dismissed for being a smartass-talk-a-lot.

So the judge asked the prosecutor who she wishes to dismiss. My prosecutor girl said to the judge: "Your honour, the prosecution wishes to thank and dismiss juror number 3." In my mind I was like: "What?! Me? What is wrong with you Prosecutor girl? I thought we had something special... the elevator ride? I was so right for you and your case? I would have helped you prosecute those two defendants?" So I got out of my seat and walked out of the court room. The prosecutor girl was sitting at the edge of the desk, close to the walk way I had to walk past to leave the court chamber. She had kept her head down, but looked at me as I slowly walked past her. I looked back at her and gave her the same smile I did in the elevator. Then I quietly said, as I walked past her: "Good luck." She actually smiled back and said: "Thanks." And I never saw her again.

I walked over to the elevator area to catch an elevator, and my two friends were there still waiting. So my Black friend was like: "They got rid of you too. I told him [the Italian guy] they would. They got rid of this guy cuz he talks too much!" So I asked my Black lawyer friend: "I don't get it? You're a lawyer? How come they didn't keep you?" Our Italian friend answered like: "They don't let lawyers be jurors cuz they know too much. They might influence the other jurors to see things their way. That's why they got rid of him." I said: "Why did they throw me out? I thought I was perfect for the prosecution?"

My Black lawyer friend joking said to me: "If I was on trial, I'd hate to have you on my jury. I know my black ass will be going to prison." My Italian friend was like: "You have several issues. For one thing, the case didn't even start yet, and you were already siding with the cops! Those two lawyers were freaking out for their defendants every time you talked about cops. They were taking notes left and right when you were talking. The second problem they had with you was that you can persuade the other jurors. The judge even called it out. Why do you think Prosecutor girl was asking if anybody else agreed with you every time you talked? They can't have people like you on a jury. You have a bias for cops and you persuade people around you. It wouldn't be a fair trial with you."

I actually really liked my experience that day with jury duty. I learned a few things about the American justice system, and about myself. I learned that, the basic concept and principles of the justice system here is really cool, and built to be as fair as possible. I also learned I like court and prosecutors. I really wished I was one, like my prosecutor girl. I also learned where exactly the American justice and criminal system was broken: at the point of jury selection [Voir Dire]. The process of jury selection is a joke. You have the lawyer and prosecutor making a game of musical chairs out of it where they dismiss jurors who may actually be intelligent, and they keep the less intelligent ones who think eating one single grape is a crime. My third friend I made that day – the biology major – was one of the first people they dismissed also.

Why she was dismissed actually got me angry with the jury selection system. When the Prosecutor girl asked questions about the lack of DNA evidence or a video, my bio major friend stated her opinion about the matter. She said to the Prosecutor girl: "I'm a biology major at school. In biology, and generally with any field in science, before we ever make a conclusion, we first have to collect all of the data, and evaluate everything. As a biology student, if the court doesn't provide me with every bit of data and evidence, I can't produce a conclusion, or convict someone. It would be unethical and unscientific." That was the only thing my bio major friend actually ever said during the whole jury selection process. And they threw her out because of it.

What I learned about myself was that, I actually do have a [positive] bias for police officers. I never realized that before. I suppose all of the friendships I have with the cops I know/knew, that a cousin of mine is a cop, and that my natural mother has close family friends who are cops greatly influences how I feel for cops. But, I've been busted by cops in the past. Personally, I can separate

what a person does for a job from the actual living person. And so, what I mean when I say I like “cops” is that I like the person, the human being, behind the badge and uniform. What they do, when they are on duty is a job they do... and I dislike what they sometimes do as cops. If some prosecutor in some court somewhere in Orange County is going to make a big deal out of driving 5 miles over the speed limit, then surely a cop who kills an unarmed person for no real good reason should be prosecuted. And, opposite to all this, I don't see anything wrong in people being “criminals,” in the sense that what such people do, is their job and livelihood. Dharma is dharma.

My friend Glen retired from being a cop about 10 years after I met him. Then he found out he had cancer. He kept the fact that he had cancer to himself and family at first. What he did do during the time he found out he had cancer – being retired and all – was he went out and lived life. He traveled with his family around the world. And so I didn't see Glen for several years. Later, I'd hear commotion by word of mouth traveling around the old Masons, to their wives, to their daughters, and eventually to me, that Glen was in the hospital. And so that day, me and an entourage went to visit Glen, to give him flowers, and find out what exactly was going on with him. He was much thinner, shockingly thinner, and looked sickly. My heart fell to the floor when I saw him. It's just strange when you see a friend in good health one year, and a couple years later, they look shockingly sickly. He apologized for not telling anybody sooner. He said he didn't want to bother us with boring medical details. But he gave us the bad news. He told us he had cancer. My friend Glen died three years later after that day he had told us the bad news.

Over the three years I went to visit him often with my cousins and some other friends. To bring him flowers, hang out, and cheer him up. And so the time came when they just let his wife take him home, to die peacefully, since there was nothing they could do for him anymore.

I was at his house, in his room, sitting near him while he was lying in bed one day. His wife had left us alone to hang out, so it was just me and him talking. I've seen plenty of people and animals die. My neighbor's dog once got hit by a car in front of my house when he was away at work. Me and my other neighbor on the other side of our house were talking out on the side walk when it happened. We ran to get the dog out of the street and wrapped a towel around her [the dog]. Tried to call the police, and they never came. Called animal control 7 times and they came 5 hours after we called them when it was too late. The dog was hurt bad and was just lying there breathing heavy, not moving. When the dog's owner came home, I ran to tell him. When the dog saw her owner, she mustered all the energy she had and got up, limped to him, wagged her tail. Our neighbor [the owner of the dog] picked up his dog and said in Spanish: “Ay pobrecita...what can I do? It's too late.” [He is an older gay Mexican gentleman]. And the dog died there, in his arms.

The look on that dog's face, is the look I see in the faces and demeanor of dying people; when they are in bed, fully aware they are going to die soon. It's not a look of despair, or hopelessness. Or even sadness. It's a look of inevitability. Like they know it's going to happen, and that it's no use fighting it. That's the look Glen had. So Glen and I were talking that day, about death, of course. It was on Glen's mind. I had told him stories about the old people in my family I helped nurse when they were dying. I told him of all the strange things they talk about. Of spirit people coming to take them away, and so on. I asked Glen what he thinks will happen to him when it happens. He said that he wasn't a religious person. He didn't believe in a god or a heaven or hell. So he just said that he honestly doesn't know, but that he's going to find out very soon; making a light joke out of it. He added: “It can't be worse than this. This is hell. You don't know how much pain I'm in right now. Physically, mentally, and emotionally. The pills can make the physical pain go away... but not the inner pain. It can't be worse than this.”

So I said to him like: “A while ago I heard a cool story on the news. A Mason had taken a flight to somewhere, and his plane crashed in Alaska. His wife became a widow of course. So his wife asked her husband, who was most definitely dead as there were no survivors, to give her a sign that he was still alive in some sort of way.” My friend Glen said: “Oh yeah... I remember. She went to visit the crash site a while later, and his Masonic ring floated to where she was standing. That was cool.” So I said: “I'm very curious. I've always wanted to know if there is “something” after we leave this world. Can you do me a favour?” He laughs to himself for a while, and looks at me, and says, with a look of actual consideration: “What do you have in mind?” I said: “I don't know? I'm not sure what a spirit person is able to do? Just give me any sign. As long as I know it's you. Just don't be knocking on my bedroom window! I'll shit myself.” He laughs hard for a while, then says to me: “You know what? I'm going to do it. I'll give you a sign. Look for it.”

And so, our conversation ended up being about the meaning of life. He was talking about his short life. He wasn't even 60 yet. This set the right mood for my next question. I asked Glen that if he had something to teach me which he learned about or from life, before he goes, what would it be?

After quietly thinking a long moment, he shook his head and said: "Nothing special. It's strange. I've never thought about it before... what I learned from life. I have only one thing on my mind right now. I don't know why. Maybe cuz I'm still young? All the regrets I've had in life have been haunting me for the past few months. Things I've never did..." he goes into reflection for a few moments, and smiles, then said: "Just between me and you..." He told me about a crush he once had. A girl he once like who liked him back, but he was never ask her out or anything.

He finished his story and goes back into reflection. Some tears, fall. I wipe them for him, and he says something like: "I don't know how to say it... what I've learned... this is IT. What I'm dying with... I can't take anything with me. Nothing I have ever worked for. This is IT... my wife... my two daughters... my family... all of my friends... like you. That's all I have left. It's so simple." He goes quiet for a while, as I help him wipe his tears. And he continues saying like: "You're very young. You have your entire life ahead of you. Live it. Don't waste your time in a job or career you don't really like, just for the money. Live life. And seize every moment, or you'll have regrets. And those regrets will come back to haunt you. Trust me. That's all I learned. Like I said, I'm not religious or spiritual." I said to him: "It was important and meaningful. I'll take your advice." About 6 months after this day I spoke with him, he passed away. I went to his funeral. He had many friends, and we were all there.

And so, about a year passed by. I had totally forgotten that I had asked Glen for a sign. One morning at my natural mom's house, I was in bed. I had woken up in Borderland. Borderland is a very strange state of mind where your whole body is asleep and paralyzed, but you are conscious and awake to some degree. There are different degrees of wakefulness you have in Borderland. It all depends on your brain wave. That morning I was in Borderland, and I was aware of my self-identity. In deep states of Borderland, you can't even recall or know your name. I knew my name, knew I was in my room. But I couldn't figure out what house I was in and what city, or what the outside of my bedroom looked like from memory.

In this semi-deep state of Borderland, I hear voices. It's like my brain was a recorder and it's simply playing back random voices I heard before. Usually the voices are those of my sister, mother, aunt-mother, talking and echoing. I'm barely myself in this semi-deep state of Borderland, so I try to listen to the voices because I think my family members are talking to me. I try to answer, but I can't move my tongue or mouth. Other times in this semi-deep Borderland I hear very loud and crystal clear trance and techno music, and I can "DJ" the music with my mind. My favourite genre of music is trance. One secret reason as to why I am trying to learn how to make music is to recreate the trance music I hear in this strange state of mind.

So, that one morning, I had woken up in this semi-deep Borderland state, and I was hearing voices outside my bedroom door. I heard my natural mom's voice talking to somebody. I heard a man's voice talking to my mother. Curious, I listened closer, to find out who the man was. I heard my natural mother tell this man: "She's still asleep." And I heard the man's voice, which was familiar, say: "Oh... would you tell her that her friend Glen came to visit? And that I miss her talks?"

When I figured out it was Glen's voice outside my door, I thought in my mind, half conscious and half rational: "Glen? What the hell? Of all the time to come and visit! Hold on! I'm waking up! Don't go anywhere. Let me go brush my teeth." I tried to open my eyes and move or get up, but I couldn't since I was actually still deep asleep and paralyzed. I got sad and frustrated. My friend Glen was just outside my door, and I couldn't move or open my mouth to tell him to wait. I lost consciousness for a while, and woke up normally in at around 7. I got up to look around, and everybody was still asleep. So I just made coffee and sat there reviewing the voices I heard in Borderland. Did my friend actually come and visit?

Later that day I had to drive out to Los Angeles County. It was in the late afternoon. I had forgotten about the Borderland voices that day, since now they were faint memories. It's hard to keep Borderland memories crisp and clear. Driving in unfamiliar areas got me lost. I got frustrated with being lost and with the LA traffic. So I had turned onto some street in some random neighborhood trying to find an on ramp to the freeway, when a song came on the radio, "Beast of Burden" by The Rolling Stones. The song was Glen's favorite song; I love it also now, because of the memories and feelings it evokes. Hearing the song made me think of my friend Glen, and I suddenly realized that I had asked Glen for a sign. That's when I stopped being frustrated and I paid more attention to what was going on.

Glen knows that one of my favourite movies of all time is an old movie called "Christine." It's a movie that takes place in the 50's. The movie is about a geek boy who nobody liked. He buys a car one day, and takes care of the car. The car is alive, and expresses her love for the guy with songs on her radio. I told Glen about this movie once, and he said he had never seen it, so I brought it over once and we watched it together, with his wife and daughters [my friends]. He really liked it a lot. After watching the movie, I explained to Glen how I understand the movie and why I liked it. I explained to him that the Universe to me is like Christine [the car in the movie]. It is alive in its own way, and if we would just pay attention to it, like that guy gave his love and attention to Christine, we'd see that the Universe is trying to express itself to us. Trying to express its affection and Providence for us in different ways.

So, hearing Glen's favourite song playing on the radio in proper context, was very interesting to me. I then had the impulse to look for the name of the random street I was on. The name of the random street I was lost on was called "Glen." As soon as I saw the name of the street, I had to pull over to the nearest parking lot, because I was experiencing one of those huge WTF moments. The whole thing was beyond coincidence. First I heard his voice in Borderland saying he had come to visit. Then by some pure coincidence I was driving on a street named "Glen" and Glen's favourite song is playing on the radio; and he knows the movie Christine has strong sentimental value to me. After snapping out of that state of disbelief, I softly said to myself in my car out loud: "Thanks Glen. I got your sign. I miss your talks too."

The next day I called one of his daughters, who has been a friend of mine for a long time. I told her about the very strange incident I experienced the other day. I wasn't sure how she would react. It turned out that Glen had told his family that I asked him to give me a sign after he died to let me know he was still alive. His wife and two daughter thought the idea was so interesting they asked him for a sign also. So I told my friend – Glen's daughter – what I experienced, that I got Glen's sign. I asked her what her sign was from her dad. She goes like: "Wait, wait... come to my mom's house later today. They'll all want to hear it. We'll tell you what happened."

So at Glen's house, his wife/widow, me and his two daughters, had a long and interesting talk about the signs we all got from Glen. I can dismiss hearing Glen's voice in Borderland, because I can say that it was just a dream. I can dismiss driving on a street named "Glen." And I can even dismiss Glen's favourite song playing on the radio. But when you have four people experience coincidental signs, then that can't so easily be dismissed collectively. There are just too many coincidences. And I'll just leave it at that. Things like this subject are best left wordless. You get it, if you get it.

Great Aunty

She was an aunty of my grandmother. I was unfamiliar with her. Her daughter and my grandmother are close friend and cousins. Great Auntie's daughter's husband had died, and being old herself, she was not able to take care of her elderly mother [Great Auntie]. And so my grandmother had her cousin and Great Auntie move in to her home, where there were plenty of people to help care for Great Auntie.

My grandmother had told her children who lived in the house, me and the other cousins, that it was our duty to care for Great Auntie. It's just what we do as a family and people. And so we all helped take care of Great Auntie. She spoke Thai to my grandmother and her daughter, and Khmer to the aunts, uncles, and cousins.

The Great Auntie liked to eat what the old people call "Slah & Maloo." I'm not really sure how to explain what that is. It's a stimulant. What slah and maloo are, is bits of Betelnut. They put the betelnut bits and slices in a dry leaf that has a very distinct pungent odor that smells like a cigar. Then they sprinkle white powder on the betelnut. I think the powder is lime powder. They make a "taco" with the leaf and betelnut, and put it in their mouth and just chew on it. It makes a red color which turns the old people's mouths all red, like they drank blood or ate raw meat, or something. They chew it like chewing tobacco in a way.

I once asked the Great Auntie what the slah and maloo tasted like. She said with her red mouth: "You want to know the flavor? Try some. It's only for old people. It helps with the aches and pains of old age. I get so sick and tired of being old sometimes." So she takes out a bag and hands me a few slices of betelnut. The slices are initially hard, since they have been dried. They don't taste nice. They have a foul taste. We have a word in Khmer to describe the taste. It's "chhot."

Chhot is a descriptor that describes a gross sticky taste and texture, like something like sticky film has covered your whole mouth. Or maybe it's like when you eat a slimy slug, and its sticky slime is all over your mouth. Things that taste "chhot" would be like

green bananas, like when they are not ripe. If you ate the green banana, or actually the green peel, you'll know what chhot describes. Something else that is chhot would be dates that are not ripe or shriveled. Besides being very chhot, the betelnut slices just did not taste nice. I made a foul face, and ran to spit it out in the sink. The Great Auntie was laughing. I like tasting things. I have this thing about my nature where I like experiencing something with as many of my 5 senses as possible. If it can fit in my mouth, and it's not moving or dirty, I'll taste it.

Chewing betel nut is an interesting meme [for me]. I'm using the word "meme" here to mean a 'genetic element of a living culture,' like a 'phoneme' would be to a language. The old people in my family say that in the old days – circa the 60's – if you were in Vietnam and you see old ladies with black teeth and black mouths, you knew the ladies were Viet Cong, and so their sons were Viet Cong. The black mouth is due to long-term chewing of betel nut. The use of betel nut is wide spread. You can find this cultural meme all across Southeast Asia, and into Papua New Guinea, and some of the islands of Melanesia and beyond. What I'm trying to do personally, is to figure out the point of origination of this betel nut meme, and figure out how it spread out from that point.

If I can do this, I'd be able to better understand the spread of indigenous genes and language in and around Southeast Asia also. Far off across the ocean, in South America there are groups of indigenous populations who have the cultural meme of chewing Coca leaves as a stimulant. I find the parallels to be interesting. There is an island near South America called "Easter Island." On this island, there have been discovered writing systems that are genetically related to classical Tamil. Because of the parallels between chewing betel nut and Coca leave, the similarities of genetic an phenotype of the indigenous peoples, the similarities in some aspects of indigenous cultures, and the idea that somebody on Easter Island spoke a language related to languages found in India: I have a gut suspicion that a transoceanic migration happened between South and Southeast Asia to South America in ancient times. I love history, ancient human history, in the "Graham Hancock" sense.

The Great Auntie was about 90 when she and her daughter moved in with grandmother. She was very aged, but not bed ridden. My cousins and I helped the Great Auntie's daughter bathe her, clean her up after she used the restroom, prepare her food, and so on.

Two years after she had moved into Grandmother's house, the Great Auntie informed her daughter that it was going to soon be time for her to "go," and she would like to see her two sons. Her two sons live in the old country where one of them is a member of parliament and the other a government employee. The two sons came to visit her later. They stayed for a couple weeks to be with their mother.

One evening, her two sons, me, and my cousin Tiff sat next to the Great Auntie's bed while we waited for dinner to be cooked. The Great Auntie "prodau-ed" the 4 of us saying in khmer: "There is a word of Prodau of our old people they say, 'the foolish hoard gold and silver and die poor; the wise hoard flesh and blood and die rich.' Discern its meaning carefully. You are a fool if you spend your whole life chasing after money, for you cannot take a penny of that money with you when you die. It is wiser to cultivate the bond of flesh and blood – of family and friends – for in your time of need, and during your dying years, it is the wealth of flesh and blood that will help you, provide for your needs, nurse you on your death bed, and give you a peaceful death. What I have here and now; during my final mortal years; to be surrounded and cared for by all of you is my wealth. I die a happy and rich old lady. Don't be so foolish as to spend your whole life chasing after money. Just enough to buy the things you need, to provide for your family, is enough. Put in the effort instead to collect the wealth of flesh and blood. Do you very little ones understand?"

She was referring to me and my cousin Tiffany; we said: "Yes Great Grandmother." In our culture, we call great aunts, great grandmothers. She continued "prodau-ing" the two of us saying: "Then I offer you both my dying advice: love each other; your cousins and siblings, mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, your old people, close friends. Take care of each other. Without family and friends, no matter how much money you have, you will always be poor and needy inside. There is a word of Prodau of the old people that goes, 'your mouth feeds the flames of chhet [chitta].' You see the old people in those olden times cooked their food over a fire. When they made their fire, to make the fire burn hotter they blew air into it with their mouths. And so this word of Prodau means that when emotions in another person's chhet burns with anger or with a hot temper; hold your own chhet and keep silent. For that fire can cause family and friendship to fall apart. And so, if you value your family and friends, learn to control your mouth and chhet. Genuine power is to have self-control. Observe this simple word of Prodau, and the bond of family and friendship will be strong. Do you very little ones understand?"

We said yes. And she said to her two sons: “Now, my sons... there is word of Prodau of the old people where they say, ‘Roeck [attitude/inner-carriage] Toam [large/big], Phnayk [eyes] Tooch [small/little].’ Do you all know what that means?” Her two sons said they did not.

The word “Roeck” in khmer means something like your “attitude,” or “demeanor,” or “inner-carriage,” it means how you carry yourself, how you act, and behave. The term “roeck toam” means to be “Pretentious,” “Egotistic,” “Full-Of-Yourself,” or to carry [act/behave] yourself as if you were high and mighty, like you’re the greatest thing in town, or like they are too good for everyone. An example of a person with “roeck toam” would be say that you work in retail, and you have a customer come in to buy something. You smile and say hi at them. They don’t smile back or say hi, and they just say: “Give me that over there,” and they had you the money to buy it. That’s roeck toam. The customer acted with an attitude like he was higher or better than you. Like he was too good to smile and say hi back because it was beneath him do so to such a lowly employee.

An English translation of that saying would be like: “Big Ego, Small Eyes.” You can think of your ego as a balloon. The bigger it is, the less you see of anything around you. And so all you see is yourself, and all you know is your own opinions. Which is the meaning of the “small eyes” part, that all you see is yourself and your grandiose opinions and nothing else.

The Great Auntie explains to her two sons saying roughly: “Being in the profession you two are, I fear you two will do roeck toam. Thinking that because you work for the government that you are better than others people. Your eyes will become small, and you will see like blind men. Success in all areas of life – even power and influence – is dependent upon the network and bond of human chhet [chitta]. When you do roeck toam, you defeat your own self, and your attitude will break that bond of chhet by pushing everyone away from you. You become repulsive to everyone. You may think you are mighty, as if you were a winner, but you will end up a petty loser. Take heed my words, my sons. These are my last words of Prodau for you two. You will never succeed in life with a roeck toam. Always be humble and considerate of others. If you two can promise me this, I can die peacefully. Being a mother; no matter how old I am or my children are; I desire for my children to be at peace, happy, and successful in life. Such is the chhet of all mothers for the offspring they create; human or animal.” Her two sons promised and assured their mother that they aren’t the type to ever have a roeck toam.

The Great Auntie’s two sons later left for the old country, after saying their final good byes to their mother. They had to return and could not wait around for her to pass away, whenever that would be.

A couple month after her two sons had left, it was me and Tiff’s turn to sleep downstairs with her to watch over the Great Auntie at night and take care of her needs.

In the late evening that day she said to me and Tiff as we were massaging her old muscles: “I am done here. I have nothing left to keep me here. I have seen my two sons. They are well. I am satisfied with my daughter’s situation. I am content. I will die in 4 days. You very little ones listen to me: I thank you for devoting your time to care of me. I ask the gods to bestow their blessings on both of you. May the good works you have given to me return to you. May you both be at peace and happy in life, wherever you go. And may you both find your soul-mates and be happy and peaceful together. Sadhu. Do you understand?” We said: “Yes Great Grandmother, thank you.”

Out of bewilderment I asked the Great Auntie: “How does the Great Grandmother know it will be 4 days?” She said: “They have told me.” So Tiffany asked for the both of us: “They who Great Grandmother?” The Great Auntie said: “Ah... your eyes can’t see them. When it is your own dying time, you will see them. They come to take us away.” I asked Tiffany to ask the Great Grandmother where these spirit people will be taking her to, since Tiff speaks more khmer than me. The Great Auntie just said: “I don’t know? To wherever we were originally at before we came here I suppose.” I told Tiff to tell the Great Auntie about my aunt-mother’s first child.

My aunt-mother long ago, during the around the revolution period had a first child, a daughter. This child became very sick and died at the age of two. Moments before her daughter died, my aunt-mother says that her two year old daughter had told her that she was going to go far away and not come back. That she could not stay with her [my aunt-mother] anymore because her body was very sick and hurting. My aunt-mother had asked her daughter where she was going. All her daughter said was: “It’s far away mother. You can’t come with me. I love you. Tell father I love him. I have to go now.” And after she had said that, she died.

I've always found that story of my aunt-mother's first child's death to be very interesting, and hard to dismiss. Because the child was only two years old, and could not have possibly known anything about death and dying. In fact, it seemed as if she didn't see what was happening to her as "dying." The child just said that she was going far away. How did she know she was leaving? And where did she go?

After the Great Auntie heard Tiff retell this story, the Great Auntie said: "That's right. When our time comes, we know. There are more realms beyond this mortal realm. Our mortal bodies are only 'Rup' [form/shape] needed for this realm. Our consciousness, is 'Arupa' [formless/shapeless]. All I can say to you very little ones is that in time, from your own experience of it, you will know." The word "Rup" [roob] is the khmer word for "Body," and "Shape/Form." It comes from the Sanskrit word "Rupa" meaning Form and Shape. Arupa is the Sanskrit word meaning Formlessness or Shapelessness.

Four days later, I was sleeping down stairs with the Great Auntie's daughter and my grandmother. I was curious. I wanted to see if the Great Auntie was going to pass away in four days just like "They" had told her. During the late night, the Great Auntie woke us up from talking to herself or to someone invisible nobody could see but her. She sometimes did this. Her daughter and my grandmother were attending her, seeing if she needed water or something.

We were all sleeping in the sitting room where a glass sliding door was that led outside to the back yard. I sat on the floor, where I had made a bed for myself, watching the commotion. I got up to get some water for the Great Auntie. When I came back, the Great Auntie was saying in a quiet voice, mumbling, perhaps in delirium: "They're here. I'm leaving now. Open the door for them." My grandmother said to me, as the Great Auntie's daughter was asking her mother if she was feeling okay: "Go and open the glass door... quick." So, in total fright, I opened the sliding glass door with my eyes closed since I am very afraid of ghosts. I then told my grandmother: "I'm going to go tell my little mother." It was just an excuse to run upstairs because I was really scared. I ran upstairs and woke up my natural mother and step dad. My step dad ran down stairs, while me and my natural mother stayed upstairs holding each other by the stairs, since we were both afraid of ghosts and didn't want to be freaked out if the Great Auntie was dead. She did pass away that night.

Great Grandpa Savouth

My last Great Grandfather [great uncle] is dying. His name is said as 'Sah-Woohd.' He is in his 90's and he has terminal cancer. He needs to be fed through a tube. He has sons who are in the government back in their country. A few months ago his sons said they would do anything for him, at his request. Great Grandpa Savouth requested to be brought back to his home country to die with this parents and grandparents. And so, they had to do the difficult thing and separate him from his wife, my last Great Auntie. Both my mothers were there with my grandmother and me. We were negotiating the difficult terms. The Great Auntie would stay here at her house, and we'd take care of her needs, and her sons would take Great Grandpa to his home country.

It was funny to watch from my perspective. Our culture is matriarchal in the domestic domain. So my two mothers were saying things like: "Don't worry auntie, we'll have our husbands and children drive all the way out here when they're off work to work in your yard, take you shopping, and so on. You won't be alone." So they were making decisions for their husbands when none of them were present.

In our culture, by Tradition, the way things work is that each gender has its own "sphere of power and influence." Women control the domestic sphere, and men control the terrestrial sphere: according to their respective dharma.

Men are by Nature/Physis/Dharma territorial creatures. They like to have plots of land and control it and its resources, for whatever reason. Women inside that plot of land, regulate the "domestic" front of that terrestrial domain. I'm not using the word "domestic" to me inside the kitchen and inside a house. Domestic meaning everything that pertains to matters of family, clan, inter-clan dealings, social life, economics. The men regulate the territory, while the women regulate the economics of the territory, and so on.

It is a natural dharma for each gender to want to have an influence or "control" something, to establish "dominion" over something. This is a primal impulse you see in most animal species. And so the ancients of our culture allotted to each gender, its own "sphere of dominion." Women make the policies in the domestic sphere, and men make the policies in the political and national

sphere. And so by Tradition, a man has no right to be the head of the household, where he is making policies about family matters, children, and so on. But at the same time, women have no right interfering in matter of politics and military.

Which is to say simply: according to Tradition, a woman shouldn't be prime minister, member of parliament, or military official. And vice versa, men shouldn't stick their noses in matters of family, clan, inter-clan relations and dealings, social life, and the economy [domestic financial sector]. When the dharma of each gender is recognized, and given their own sphere to operate in, there is balance and no friction or tension between the genders, and the system works smoothly.

In the West, things are different. We pay no attention to the Physis of gender, nor to Dharmic Order, and we create abstract idealisms and we impose such abstract idealisms into our lives. So in the West we have men as head of politics and as head of household. They regulate both the terrestrial and domestic sphere, and women have no sphere of our own to express our natural need to have a say of our own. This in the end causes sexual/gender friction and tension, where the two genders are vying or competing to run or have influence over things. This also causes a deep imbalance in the collective psyche of a people, where the Animus of a people is overly controlling of everything, and the Anima of a people has no domain of its own. Eventually, this causes disorder on different levels of society and ultimately systematic dysfunction.

One type of disorder or malfunction such a Western set-up generates is this strange and grotesque thing we call "Feminism" in the West. Feminism being this disorder of identity where women unnaturally try to be men, try to be equal to men, want to walk topless in public, they have "penis envy," they lose their natural femininity because such femininity is perceived to be weak/submissive in this social order, they become butch or masculine; they don't want to cook or have children, they want to join the military, the boy scouts, and so on. And the thing is, I end up sounding like a bigot or traitor to womankind by people who are trapped in this decadent Western mindset. What's the root of the word "decadent?" The root is: "Decay." Decadent, suggests that something once wholesome is decaying, rotting.

If you understand me right, you'll understand that I said women should have power and influence, but in our own exclusive sphere of dominion, according to our Nature and Dharma. I didn't say women should just let men over dominate every sphere of human life. What I'm saying is that Feminism is grotesque and stupid, because the feminist is trying to do what the men have done: take control of everything and breaching their/our Natural sphere. Feminism disregards Dharmic Order, in the same way patriarchy does; and idealism is at the root of it, not dharma. Dharmic Order meaning Tao, or the Natural Physis or Proclivities of the Natural Order; how Nature works Naturally, minus the superimposition of idealisms.

Great Grandpa Savouth isn't related to us by blood. He and his late elder brother were orphans of peasants. Their parents died, and the two brothers were adopted by my family. And so they were raised like a natural family member. Great Grandpa Savouth's elder brother eventually worked with prime ministers. Great Grandpa Savouth eventually became the head of the old kingdom's customs agency. It's the agency that watches the border, controls and regulates what goes in and out of the kingdom. I'm not sure what it's called in English politics. His agency watched what military stuff goes in and out of the country, arrests smugglers, and so on.

I liked listening to Great Grandpa Savouth talk to his peers when the old men talk, because he had the most interesting stories, and a great sense of wit and humor; he chuckles a lot. One time he was telling his old men peers about an incident that took place around the time of the Vietnam War. His old men peers were also all in politics before the revolution. Great Grandpa Savouth had said that the Americans had secretly come to him to ask him for a favour. The Americans had wanted to quietly pass some military crafts and weapons through the kingdom into another country in Southeast Asia to give to rebels. He said the name of the country the military stuff was for, but I shouldn't say it. The Americans said that in exchange for the favour, they [the Americans] would offer the kingdom "financial aid." The Great Grandpa's agency and the king gave the green light.

In a different talk, he was telling stories about how he made money on the side. He had friends from China who were Triad [Chinese mafia]. These friends of his were bosses, and would give him money and in return he [the Great Grandpa] would let the associates of his friends smuggle drugs and other illegal stuff into the kingdom. Then he would tell stories of how he would use his Triad friends as liaisons to connect with associates and diplomats in China to do political business with them. So from listening in on their talks, I learned that what we ordinary citizens get on the news and what we understand politics to be, is merely the tip of an iceberg. A government regime to me, sounded more like a heavily armed [military backup] and organized gang.

A certain amount of “corruption” is tolerated in government regimes. Why so? Because it breeds and maintains regime loyalty. As a government official taking bribes and so on, you are aware that your boss – the king or leader – knows what you are doing, and that he allows it to a certain extent. The extent being that it stays secret and doesn’t become public knowledge. This in turn gives the leader leverage to insure loyalty, because the leader has something to blackmail his underlings with. And so, when you see a new leader come into power – such as the case with the new leader of China – you see that such new leaders go on “corruption campaigns,” where they publicly out corrupt officials. The fact is, all the regime members are “corrupt” to some extent. What is actually happening is the new leader is establishing his power and dominance by getting rid of political rivals.

A few months before his sons took him away, my private family [natural mom, step dad, sister] and I were at the Great Grandpa’s house helping out. We had taken Great Grandma shopping and had returned, and was hanging out while Great Grandma cooked us some lunch. As we waited we were keeping Great Grandpa Savouth entertained. As sick as he was, he still had a sense of humor and was telling jokes and chuckling.

Since I don’t speak khmer very well, I asked my step dad to tell the Great Grandpa that I think he is very experienced in life, having been involved in the work and career he was, and that he has lived a very long life. Having been experienced and long lived, I was wondering if he could teach us one very important thing he learned in life, what would it be? My natural mom thought that was a great question. And so my step dad translated what I had said for me. When Great Grandma heard the question, she said to us jokingly: “Don’t get him started about that stuff, he’ll never stop talking.”

Great Grandpa thought for a while, and then said something like: “The most important lesson I have learned in life, after all these years... has always been in front of my face all my life, but it took me many years to see it. I am presented with the opportunities to learn this one lesson about life wherever I go and look, but it’s hard to notice it to learn. The one thing I have learned that has helped me be successful in life with my family, friends, politics, is the skill of ‘*yok chhet kay*.’ Learn that skill, master it, because without it, you will fail in whatever you set out to do in life. The fact about our mortal human life is that we need others. Even a king needs others. A king needs a people to lift him up. So, without that skill of ‘*yok chhet kay*’ the king would be powerless. I’m not just telling you this to talk. I’m telling you this in my dying moments, to each of you, my own family and kin, because I care about you. It’s a simple lesson, and it’s all I have that is worth passing onto you.”

The phrase “*yok chhet kay*” is hard to translate into English as there is no single word or phrase in English that exactly matches up with it. I’ll break down the individual meaning of the words in the phrase, and then give some examples, and then I’ll try to explain it after the examples.

In everyday spoken khmer, it is pronounced as “Yor Chhet Khay.” Yor – as a Brit would say it – means to “Take,” “Grab,” “Capture.” Chhet is the khmer variant of the Pali-Sanskrit word Chitta, meaning “Heart,” “Mind,” the Seat of your Emotions & Thoughts, and also “Feelings/Emotions.” Khay – sounds exactly as the Spanish word ‘Que’ – and means “Others,” “Other People,” “Those Who Are Not Us/Me,” and is used as a pronoun to mean “Them,” “They,” and “Their,” as well as “You,” & “Your.” Together “yor chhet khay” may roughly mean something like “To Captivate Other People’s Hearts,” or “To Captivate Other People’s Minds,” or “To Grab Other People’s Emotions.” Words and ideas in English such as to “Charm” or “Enchant” someone feels similar. As in when you are a charming person to know and be around.

When we say that someone is a “Charming” person, we mean that such person has the ability to Captivate Our Hearts. But “yor chhet khay” means more than just the mere idea of charming people. It also means what we in English refer to as “Social Skills,” because when we say “social skills,” what we really mean is the skill and ability to make other people like us, think of us, want to be our friend, want to be around us, want to help when we need help, and so on. In other words, when we say “social skills” in English, what we actually mean is the skill of making our own self be attractive to others. And so, because the heart and mind and feelings of a person is what feels “Attraction,” “Like,” “Love,” “Want,” “Interest,” to “Grab Other People’s Chhet” is how you get others to like you, want you, be attracted to you, to think of you, to feel for you. The English term “social skills” explains nothing in its terminology. The term “yor chhet khay” actually explains what is happening on a fundamental human level.

The best and easiest way to learn what ‘yor chhet khay’ is and how to acquire the skill is to have a pet dog or cat. Seriously. It’s a wordless way of learning that skill. Your pet dog or cat naturally knows how to “yok” your “chhet.” Incidentally, the khmer word “yok” [take/grab], is a distant cousin of the Sanskrit word “Yoga” meaning “Union,” which in turn is related to the English word “Yoke,” as in when you “Yoke” an oxen to a wagon. It seems odd at first, but when you understand that the word “yok” in general

implies that you are grabbing something with your hand – Yoking/Uniting your hand with an object – then you see how the words are related. And so, when your pets “yok’s” your “chhet”, they are yoking your heart to them emotionally. Emotionally binding... spellbinding... charming you. I’ll give some real examples from my life.

So this one time at the family shop I work at, one day a guy walked in. The guy was tattooed all over; arms, neck, everything. The tats were gang oriented, and he also dressed like a gangbanger. And so in my mind I was like: “Great... I hope the guy isn’t going to be a trouble maker.” So, out of self-interest – to reduce any potential trouble – I smile at him and say hi in a very friendly tone. This was my initial way of “yok chhet him.”

Instead of being any trouble, this guy puts on a big smile, and says hello in a very nice and non-threatening tone. Non-threatening as in not aggressive, intimidating and also not sexual. I was a little surprised with the unexpected tone of his voice. And so the guy starts joking around with me, small talking, while he’s buying things. I notice that he is very skilled with communication. He has a certain skill I try to practice and which I look out for in others.

This communication skill is potent when used right, and will disconnect other people’s chhet if used wrong. I call it the “Topic Hijack.” A Topic Hijack is when you are talking about something, and the other person hijacks that subject or topic, and makes the conversation be all about him, his opinions, his feelings, and so on. For example if I were to say: “I love horses,” and if you were a Topic Hijacker, you’d say something like: “Oh, I don’t like horses, but that’s just my opinion. I like mules. Mules are cool. I had a mule once, and boy was he a great mule. I kept my mule in a barn, which I built by myself, with my own money!” So, if you look carefully, the Topic Hijacker, hijacked the subject, topic, and conversation and made it be all about himself. This is really bad, because it wordlessly makes the other person Feel like you aren’t even interested in them. Like you just need someone to listen to you talk about yourself.

This guy with the tats, wasn’t a Topic Hijacker type. He asked me friendly questions, and kept the subject, topic, and conversation on me. After a few minutes of talking with him, I was “charmed.” I was no longer afraid of him, no longer threatened. I liked him, and had the feel of attraction [emotionally] for him, in a friendly way.

The guy then asked me if I smoked weed. I said I did sometimes. He then asked me if I have customers who smoke weed. I said to him like: “Yeah, lots actually. Some of them grow their own plants. I give them tips since I have a garden.” So the guy said to me: “Tips? Teach me. I want to learn your gardening tricks. I got a few pot plants myself.” So I said: “Kay, well, I buy those two liter bottles of cheap soda, and I pour it into the dirt around my plants. The plants love it. I tell my customers who grow marijuana plants this tip. They try it and they tell me that their plants grow bigger and greener leaves!” The guys said: “Soda?! Really? You just pour in around the plant’s soils? How does that work?” I said: “Yeah. The carbon air in the bubbles and the sugar... plants like that I guess?” The guy goes: “Really!?! I just learned something new! I’m going to try that when I get home! Thanks!”

My new guy friend then skillfully changed the subject to what I do as far as work goes. I told him I work at family shops we own together. And so we talked about the different types of family shops I work at. He was very skilled at keeping our topic of conversation on me and about me, unless I asked him something about himself. I asked him what he did. So he told me that he can’t work a normal job because of his tattoos, and because of his past gang affiliations. So he had to make his money selling weed. The guy then asked me if I can do him a “small favour,” and send any customers I have who smoke weed to him. I happily promised him I would, since I was charmed by him a long time ago. And so we traded names and phone numbers. That’s when I knew *WHY* he was so friendly, warm, and nice to me. He was sincere with his warmth and friendliness, which is what makes ‘yok chhet kay’ work right.

And so, gradually, I did actually send all my customers I knew who did drugs to my new guy friend. About a month later my new guy friend and a few of his associates stopped by my shop. His associates all looked like big cholos and gangbangers. After properly introducing me to his friends and they to me, my guy friend said to me: “These are some of my homies. Listen, if anybody around here gives you and your business any problems, you give me a call or tell one of these guys, we’ll take care of business. Everybody knows us around here.” I thanked him, and we all talk a while. Then my new friend and his friends leave. I stepped out the door to watch them leave, and I notice my guy friend with all the tats drove a brand new black Mercedes. He wasn’t some small time dealer in other words, he made some serious money.

In this example, my guy friend with the tats was the one actively ‘yok-ing’ my chhet. For a reason: his livelihood depended on it. Initially I was trying to ‘yok’ his chhet to induce him to be friendly with me and not cause problems. And so, both parties were try-

ing to 'yok' the other's chhet for the reason of personal interest. In the end, I gained a new friend, protection, and mercenaries. The thing to pay attention to is that this guy friend is very, very successful at his underground business. He makes a lot of money. He owns his own house, and he drives two very nice cars. He isn't just a bullshiter, pretending to be nice and friendly, his attitude and demeanor was genuine.

Another living example of what 'yok chhet kay' looks like in real life: one day not too long ago at the other family shop I work at, a guy younger than me – about 19 years of age – walked into my store with two watches. The young guy looked like he was a drug user needing a fix. I assumed the watches he had were stolen since they were still in their casings. So the young guy says to me: "I need 10 bucks. I'll give both of these watches to you. Maybe you have a boyfriend you can give them to?"

The watches were ugly looking guy watches; one green and the other orange. I looked at him for a few second knowing fully well what he'll be using the money for; but something about him grabbed my chhet. So I pulled out a 10 dollar bill and gave it to him, and said I'll take just the green watch. He took the money, looked at the orange watch for a while, then handed it to me saying: "Fuck it, here, take this too." I said back to him: "No, no. You keep that one and sell it to someone else for extra money." So without responding, he leaves the shop in a hurry, and I can hear him yell "Yes!" for joy as he leaves. I figured he must be really happy getting his drug money.

The very next day, the same guy came to the shop again, riding a bike. He parked his bike outside the door, and I step outside, wondering why he had returned. I assumed he was back to sell me other things for drug money. The guy says to me: "I came to pay you back. Here's 10 dollars," he took out 10 one dollar bills and gave it to me and continued saying to me: "Look, I'm going to be honest with you. I use the money to buy 'spice' [synthetic marijuana]. It's my drug of choice. I'm young right now, and I like how I'm living right now, so I'm not willing to change yet. I appreciate you giving me the money and not judging me. God bless you." And he rides his bike away. Before he rode off, I asked him: "What's your name?" He said: "Edgar. God bless you."

A week later Edgar came back to my shop with his bike and asked me if he could borrow 10 bucks because he needs spice. Without saying anything or asking anything, I just hand him the 10 dollars with a smile. So he took the money, left his bike next to the door, and walked around the corner for a few minutes. He came back and showed me a small bag and says cheerfully: "Look at what your money bought me!" I looked at the bag, since I actually never seen it before. It's in a professional commercial bag, and you buy the stuff at a smoke shop. I hand it back to him, and he gets on his bike and rides away.

As he rides away slowly I said to him: "Edgar! Don't be doing that stuff in public." I said that to let him know I cared about him in some way. He stopped and said back: "I won't! I have a hide out. I hide out all day and do my spice, and come out in the evening!" He rides away, but turns around a couple minutes later to return to where I was standing, and he said to me: "You know how you are... don't ever change. You're fucking cool. God bless you."

A week later my new friend Edgar stopped by my shop with a plastic bag full of perfume and cologne bottles. He opens his bag and says: "Pick one." So I picked one I liked that smelled nice, and sprayed myself with it, and Edgar says: "Keep it, it's yours." I thanked him, and asked him where he got all the stuff from. He says: "From the mall. I steal from Macy's and those other rich businesses. Then I sell this shit." He pulls one bottle out and says: "See this one... I can get \$200 for this one! Alright, I'm off." And he rides his bike away.

A week later Edgar was at my shop borrowing 10 dollars from me. I give him the money without asking. He came back after he bought his spice. And so I give him a talk and said to him like: "Edgar, I love your sense of business. You know more about business and making money than most people who go to college. How much money do you make in a week?" Edgars thinks for a few seconds and says: "About \$700 a week." So I said back to him: "What gets me though Edgar is that: You can't hold onto that shit! Most people working normal jobs don't even make that kind of money!" He says: "I know... it is what it is. I'm homeless. My family kicked me out cuz I do drugs. So I gotta use that money to pay for motels to live in. Plus I don't have a fridge, so I can't save food. So every time I'm hungry, I have to spend money to buy shit."

So I asked Edgar a question. I suspect he is very naturally wise with people skills and business, so the question was intended to draw out a confirmation. I said to him: "I know you have natural business skills, cuz you can make all that money. I notice you are a nice person, with a great attitude towards people. Tell me why." He gave me the right answer. He said: "I only steal from the rich businesses. Cuz they have millions, so what's a few perfume bottles to them right? I never steal from businesses like yours. And if I see a bike hanging around I never take it. I have to be righteous with everybody around here cuz I need everybody. You guys buy

my perfumes, I can come to you guys when I need help. I'm homeless. I need friends and people to care about me. Or I'd starve or die."

My friendship with Edgar doesn't differ from what I have explained. I only see him maybe once a week or so. When I do see him he bums 10 dollars from me, is here to pay me back, or has some gifts for me. Other than that I hardly see him. Edgar has the skill of 'yok chhet kay.' And as he explained in his own words, he needs those skills to actually not only survive on the streets, but to make himself \$700 a week; most of which he spends on drugs. I'm personally disappointed that Edgar can't put his skills to more productive use; but nevertheless his people skills are impressive and he has the end results to show for it.

I would rather learn from people like Edgar and my tattooed guy friend as opposed to learning anything from these pseudo-intellectuals you see populating Occult & Satanic forums. The two groups of people are two very different breeds. I'm sure with a certain level of certainty that if you were to put one of those mundane Satanists who talk a lot about their Satanic "philosophy," might is right shit, survival of the fittest shit, on the streets, that they would starve in a couple months. Whereas, Edgar can put a roof over his head, and make 700 a week. Whereas my tattooed friend can make enough money to own his own house and drive a new Mercedes. The end results – fruit of action – indicates a person's actual worth in life on a practical level. Those mundane pseudo-intellectuals are worthless people. They amount to talking and blowing hot air in internet forums, where they talk intellectually about stuff. And that's all it is: Talk.

Edgar and my tattoo friend might not even be able to spell correctly or write intellectual essays or books explaining how they do what they do. But the end results – karmic fruit – shows and proves that they are people with Pragmatic Knowledge and Practical Wisdom. This is essentially what ONA meant when Anton Long, many years ago said that the right type of people for ONA are not intellectuals; it's the person who gets things done; like Edgar & my tattooed friend. There is a far difference between knowing something intellectually, and knowing something from wordless actionable behavior and deeds. Knowing something intellectually in Actual Life, means nothing. Therefore: an intellectual – and certainly pseudo-intellectuals – are worthless people.

In Life, nature doesn't favour the intellectual(-ist). It favours people like Edgar and my tattooed friend. And this can be tested. No animal, or Alpha Male becomes successful in life because of intellectualism. We humans may be intelligent, but that intelligence is a byproduct of first our people surviving the adversities of Nature, and secondly of the idle time we have to think and ponder.

Diplomacy and "inter-personal diplomacy" are also meanings of "yok chhet kay," in the Practical & Applied sense. An example for this case: back when I was in high school my friends and I had a tagger crew. Tagging is fun. I'd encourage anybody to do it for the experience. Not to vandalize walls. But to learn wordlessly from experience, the living organism an organization is, to learn wordlessly what politics feels like, how to work in a group oriented setting towards goals, to learn what natural leadership skills are, and to learn the natural pecking order we humans fall into, and so on.

So the tagger crew I was a member had the desire to dominate the certain section of the city we lived in. Another crew was present in this same section. And so, the desire was to get rid of this other crew. But we realized that this other crew had writers who has very good writing styles. We also knew our crew was a small crew and there were much bigger crews around us. And so, the inner circle – which included me – decided to try to not only get rid of this other crew, but to annex their writers, so that we can have more people in our crew to compete with the much bigger crews.

So this is where the diplomacy takes place. Our crew was run by a small group of people with natural leadership skills, meaning that they/we all had a natural sense of politics and the dynamics of social order without having to be taught the stuff. And so, our crew sent to this other crew "diplomats" to negotiate a deal. Who do you send as the diplomats? Not just anybody, not the main leader either. The idea is to be as effective as possible with your diplomatic negotiations, to get things your way. This is where "yok chhet kay" pragmatically comes into play. You can't afford to send just anybody, or some leader.

Our crew sent two "diplomats" to negotiate with the other crew. The two diplomats were me and a guy friend who wasn't a part of the leadership of the crew. The reason why the two of us were sent to talk with the other crew was because the two of us knew all of their other crew's members, we were already friends with them at school, we shared classes with them, we hung out with them. And so, the emotional connection – network of chhet – was already there.

Before any negotiations, us two "diplomats" hung out with the leaders of the other crew, smoked weed with them, and did the normal friendly stuff. After everything and everyone was cool and not taking anything seriously, me and my fellow "diplomat" bust-

ed out with the deal. We basically said to the other crew like: "Let's have a friendly battle. If you guys win, we destroy our crew and write for you guys. If you guys lose, you guys destroy your crew and write for ours. Either way, we need to start trying to work together because there are bigger crews out there. The more fame we get, the more they'll be looking at us and wanting to take us out. Just think about what we can do, if we came together. If all of us at our school, got together as one big crew. Nothing about your crew's structure or leadership will change. You guys keep the status you earned in your crew, and work with your people. You guys would run the new crew with our leaders."

So, after thinking about it, the leaders of the other crew agreed to the battle. The actual battle was simply us going through the motions for the ordinary members. The leadership of both crews had already decided or made the decisions long before the actual battle. So in our "diplomatic" negotiations with the other crew, what me and my friend did was we "yok" the other crew leadership's "chhet" by socializing, smoking weed, and by also Empathizing their feelings.

We first had to figure out what the leaders of the other crew may have an emotional apprehension about. For instance they may hesitate with the deal because they are concerned about their status as leaders. And so, even before they can ask about it, we addressed it. This helps the other persons feel that you were considerate enough to think about them, even before the negotiations. And so on.

We also mesmerized them with a Vision, this stimulates their imagination. Yok chhet kay, also means you have the ability to captivate another person's imagination, to induce them to envision, what you see may be possible. We also contrasted that Vision – of our possible potential – with a negative stimuli, that we are surrounded by bigger crews. And so, subtly, we had presented the other crew leaders a classic case of having to pick between two mere choices: 1) stay apart and be destroyed by bigger crews, or 2) unite and keep their status and social influence and power. By nature, even bacteria will gravitate toward the positive stimuli. The crew I belonged to won, and we absorbed the other crew. Mission accomplished.

A last example of what 'yok chhet kay' looks like in real life: I was at the beach once many years ago, sunbathing. In the distance I saw a short old man walking around stopping by from person to person. I wondered what he was up to. So, the old gentleman ended up coming to me, and he said in a cheerful attitude, and in what sounded like an Italian accent: "My wife passed away and is in heaven. I am old and will be dying soon. I want to go to heaven to be with my wife. So I am doing good deeds. May I baptize you so I can go to heaven?"

His attitude, his sincerity in his belief, how he said what he said, and especially his undying love for his wife, had captured my heart and mind and feelings. And so without hesitation, I got up and let him baptize me. He placed his hands on my head and prayed out loud: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I baptize you a Catholic Charismatic! Thank you sister!" He walks off and says: "See you in heaven!" After he left, in my head I was like: "Great, now I'm a Catholic Charismatic. What the hell is that anyways?"

The thing to look out for with the case of the old gentleman was that he was on the beach with an intention, and that because of his ability to 'yok chhet kay,' quite remarkably, he was very successful at getting random strangers on the beach to let him baptize them as Catholic Charismatics. Without any of the people actually putting up a fight or making a fuss. We just literally submitted willingly! That's the power of 'yok chhet kay.' But you should know its power, because it's the same skill you use in dating, in finding a romantic partner or spouse. If you do it right, the other person lets go, and willingly submits to your wishes. That's genuine Magick.

Why does it work? First, why doesn't it work for most people; the Mundanes? Because of Human Nature, and the lack in such Mundane people in understanding that Human Nature and in working with that Human Nature rather than against it. The reason why most people have no success with people, with selling themselves to others, with selling their ideas to others; is because how they act, behave, carry themselves, talk, what words they use, their voice, their demeanor, and so on, cause the other person to put up an emotional barrier. And so the chhet [chitta] of the two people are disconnected. And so rather than cause a resonance of Heart in others, rather than Grab the hearts, minds, and feelings of others, you produce the entire opposite effect!

To Mundanes the idea of selling yourself to others, selling your ideas to others, or caring what other people think and feel about you, or inter-personal diplomacy, are meaningless. Why? Because the direction of their Focus is on themselves. But if in life you are a politician, theologian, preacher, an ideologue, businessman, marketer, teacher, parent, celebrity, popular person, etc; then the hearts, minds, and feelings of other people are the Foundation upon which your own success is built. There is a reason why in life

some people are effortlessly well liked and influential; while others are repulsive and can't influence anybody even if they win an internet debate, even if they put in years of effort.

There is a book I keep a secret, which I follow as a "bible" or guide of sorts called "Thought Vibrations, The Amazing Law Of Mentalism," by Victor Segno. It's an old book I accidently found at a random garage sale over 10 years ago. The book explains what I am trying to talk about in a different way and in a different 'genre of language.' I'll quote the relevant parts, across the book:

[Begin Quote]

A thought of scorn or praise, when sent by Will from the brain, becomes a living force, and is not lost in the multitude of sound and vibrations, but goes on to find the individual against whom or in favor of whom it was directed. Such thoughts strike the person with an impact which either hurts or helps them. Those who do not understand the Law of Mentalism may not know when these thoughts have taken flight, and for the same reason the person receiving them may not know from whence they came; nevertheless, he is either uplifted or depressed by them. [...]

What people think of us influences and affects us, and plays an important part in our lives. What we say (speech is but an expression of thought) or think of others excites in them some emotion or passion. To what extent these influences are effective is determined by the strength of the Will that guides them and the sensitiveness of the person to whom they are sent. [...]

It often happens that when a successful man in his assurance of continued success, becomes indifferent or egotistical, and discontinues sending out strong thought vibrations to the public, and immediately his success begins to decrease and someone else, who is sending out stronger vibrations, reaches and controls for a time the public's mind. Thus one rises while another falls and the people continue to be servants that worship at the shrine of him who makes use of the Mentalism under his control. [...]

"Personal Magnetism" is the name given to designate the influence or control that one person exerts over others, causing them to do or think the things which he may desire of them. [...] Personal magnetism means personal influence, and as the name implies, the influence must result from personal contact [...].

Personal Magnetism may influence and hold people after they come within its magic circle, but there must be some unlimited power that travels around the earth, that attracts people and draws them within the radius of a man's personal influence. There is such a power, and it is Mentalism. The thoughts and desires that are sent out from the mind (soul) of man travel on the waves of ether and reach all who are in sympathy (tuned in harmony) with his thoughts and work. [...]

We all know that it is only those things which receive the patronage and applause of the public that are considered to be successful, and also that people will not applaud that which is not in harmony with their thoughts on the subject; it must appeal to them and arouse their feelings and emotions. No one can win the approval of people by force or compulsion, for human nature always rebels against force or dictation of any kind. People are influenced only when we place in their brains, thoughts and sentiments in favor of ourselves or our work.

[End Quote]

We are buoyed, elevated, uplifted in life by the force and power of the collective "public mind" [volksgeist]. It is an "occult" bit of knowledge not many people are aware of. All successful people, all successful institutions and organizations, no matter their destiny or vocation or beliefs, are successful in life because the volksgeist "approves" of such people/organization via its harmony and sympathy. Harmony and Sympathy of chhet/chitta/mind/soul.

I'm not talking about the "general public," as in random people on the street. I'm talking about the volksgeist of a people; what Mr. Hill in "Think & Grow Rich" called the "Master Mind," what the Golden Dawn once referred to as the "Genius" of an order or group. That living acausal being, to which we are causal cells of.

"Yok chhet kay" – Captivating the thoughts, imagination, and feelings of Others – is the way and means of tapping into this volksgeist to get a "resonance" from it: a resonance of Sympathy. When the sympathy of this invisible mind is retracted – for whatever reason – we see that a person who may have once been successful or liked by many, falls from grace and becomes a nobody again. How did someone like Hitler have such a powerful magickal grip on a whole nation of people? Who or What was he actually talking/appealing to? Whose "chhet" was he trying to Grab/Take? The answer you may one day get is significant, and genuine occult knowledge.

This is a secret detail I look for in people: who or What they are talking to; their audience. In general, the average people when speaking talks to individual people, try to arouse their interest, and so on. But sometimes, certain people speak to the “people” as a means or conduit to speak to something more occult: the collective public mind. I see it in DM and his writings. He speaks to this occult public mind, specifically to the collective mind of the European people, if we are talking about his Philosophy of Patheimathos. If we are talking about his ONA thing, the Mythos of ONA is directed at the collective mind of a certain type and subset of people.

The “occult” idea of a “Genius” or “Master Mind,” has been around for thousands of years; West and East. Matthew once had Jesus say in the bible: “For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” And so, it’s not surprising that the Church is explained to be the “Body of Christ.” By “Church” here I don’t mean a building you go to on Sundays. I actually mean the Ordering, the Collective of people who are Christian. Each Christian is thus a causal cell of the Body of Christ; and thus Christ is the Acausal Being/Spirit of that Collective.

I encountered this concept over 10 years ago, from buying and reading some old paperback book called “Psyonic Powers,” in a used bookstore. Keep in mind that at the time, I was about 15-16 years old, so I wasn’t very smart. I had no idea what “psionics” was back then. Due to the spelling, I simply assumed Psyonic meant Psychic. The little book just had a cool drawing on the cover, and I saw the word “power” so I figured it was about psychic powers, and I bought it. The little book turned out to be very teachingful. The concept of the book was different from the idea known as “psionics.” In the book, it was explained that Thoughts are composed of small particles the book called “psyons,” and that psyons have the ability to be impressed by or to hold onto information, emotion, intention, will, and so on. Then these psyons can influence and affect/effect us. I loaned the book to a friend, and of course, I never got it back.

There was a chapter in that book which talked about something it called a “Genius.” The book explained that when a group of people come together, the psyons of their minds put together forms a Group Thoughtform which is alive. This Group Thoughtform, as the book explained, is like a corporate bank account. And so, when each person learns something, what the person learned is saved in that Group Thoughtform [Genius]. So, the Genius is independent of time, which means that members of the group may die and new members will join the group. And so, the new members of the group then have access to that “corporate savings account” where they can access the wisdom and information stored in that Group Thoughtform. This happens as “psychic impressions” and moments of insight, revelation, and creative impulse, or magical powers.

The book then explains that some groups put a “combination lock” on their Group Thoughtform, which prevents random people from accessing their Group Thoughtform’s reservoir of information and power. A “Combination Lock” - as the book explained - would be like the initiation rite/ceremony in traditional Voodoo. If you desire to access the power and collective information of that Voodoo Group Thoughtform, you have to first initiate yourself into that tradition. The initiation “unlocks” that Group Thoughtform for you. If you don’t initiate yourself, and you simply practice the magical rituals, you only have empty forms.

The book then teaches you how to “cheat” so that you can tap into these Group Thoughtforms. Cheating is done by first learning how to enter a state of mind the book called “Ataraxia.” As explained, “ataraxia” is the state of mind when you are relaxed and you are listening to your favourite piece of music, or when you are engrossed in a nostalgic moment. Your mind drifts, it spellbound by the music or memories, your surroundings fade, your mind is undisturbed, you feel a sense of tranquility, your spaced-out. Once you can recognize ataraxia from listening to a favourite piece of music, you can then learn to get into that state of mind by meditation, or by whatever method works for you. Once in “ataraxia” you then visualize as clear and lucid as you can, yourself being initiated into the magical tradition whose Genius you want to tap into. Because the Genius is itself an entity made up of thought “energy,” and because it is not a physical being, it can’t tell the difference between an actual physical initiation and one lucidly visualized.

A few years later I enrolled in a vocational school that was founded by a self-made multi-millionaire. One of the books we had to study was called “Think & Grow Rich.” The back part of that book, ended up teaching me augmenting lessons about this “Group Thoughtform” phenomena. Napoleon Hill refers to this Group Thoughtform, as the “Master Mind.” And so, from those two books, I learned about what “Geniuses” are and how to work with them. And being raised in an animist culture, I also have no problems of seeing these Geniuses as being “Spirits Entities,” that are alive in their own way, or psychically communicating [praying] with them. In fact, that’s what I personally refer to them as: the “Spirit” of such and such group/people/folk/culture/whatever.

But why am I talking about this subtopic here? Because over the years, as I people-watch people come and go in and out of ONA, I have seen a few idiots. These idiots come into the ONA with the desire to swing their dicks around and be the “new leader” under whatever title, or they desire to change and influence ONA to change it in their own image and likeness.

Why are they “idiots?” For several reasons: You act like you have Occult Knowledge, but you don’t even know what a genius or master mind is. You act like you believe in Acausal Beings [dark gods et al], but you don’t even recognize that the ONA itself is first an Acausal Being. You act like you have the power or skill of “Dark Empathy” as if you were a Rounwytha and everything, but you can’t even speak with, commune with, the Acausal Entity of the ONA. Your actions, behavior, and End Results show and prove otherwise.

And so, you idiots step into ONA, assume or usurp titles, and swing your dicks around like the new leader of ONA. You mundanely believe that all ONA is, is just a number of people who identify as ONA, and so if you can convince such people by whatever means, or force such people to accept you as the “new leader” of ONA, that you will indeed be the leader of ONA. But how many of you have ever succeeded? None of you. You swing your nuts around for a while, and drop off like the scabs that you are. And ONA is untouched by any of your actions, words, ideas, blogs, huffing and puffing, whatever. Why do you fail, even with the effort and time you idiots put in?

You fail because your “occult knowledge” is superficial, substanceless, pop-occulture shit, and mundane. Because you Fail to Realize that ONA has its own Living Spirit. Just like a Crystal has a spirit/field. The invisible Field comes first. That Field has a certain “charge” or “vibration” to it. And so, it becomes that only atoms that resonates or is in Harmony to that Field’s “charge” are drawn to it and form a Structured Ordering of atoms. The Spirit of the ONA exists first as a Group Thoughtform, the people who identify as ONA are simply causal matter that resonates with the Mythos/Charge of the Spirit of ONA. That Spirit needs that causal matter to affect and manipulate the causal world. Just like your Mind needs the cells that make up your body to do the same.

That Spirit/Genius desires and determines what it wants to be, and who will inseminate it with new ideas; not the people who are associated with it. We can test this out one day. Have “Anton Long” over a number of months/years act and behave in a detrimental way to the life of this ONA Spirit, and I will bet you that the Spirit of ONA will cause the emotional and thought connections we have for AL to be severed, and AL will drop off, like anybody else who is a detriment to its survival and thrift. Even if he was the “womb” that same Spirit passed through. Just like any living being, the spirit or genius of an organization, culture, or nation, desires to live and to not have that Life be threatened. And just like any living creature, it will be drawn to, favour, those who may help it live and thrive.

This would be simple to prove/discern. Simply people-watch who in ONA has any significant or measurable amount of “influence” on ONA, and watch how they are allowed to do what they do unmolested, and watch how that influence happens without much effort; watch how fast and far their memes and ideas travel, without much effort. I’m speaking about the “inner circle,” the Old Guards, people like R. Parker and Company, and some others. And to contrast, simply watch the number of goons and stooges who come into ONA swinging their dicks like some self-chosen messiah or savior of ONA, and observe how they fail, how they are incompetent, how impotent they are, even with great effort. Then ask the question: Why is that Such?

You idiots also fail at trying to be the “next leader” of ONA because you actually don’t have your faculty of empathy developed enough to communicate with that Spirit. In your pretention, arrogance, and egotism; in your desire for prestige, attention, and adulations; you neglect to speak with that Spirit to tell it your intentions and why it should support and approve of you. It’s disrespectful, in the same sense where like you were to step into some company building with a head full of ideas and opinions and you were to try and change the culture of that company – or assume the position of CEO – without ever speaking with the actual Owner of the company. “Who the fuck are you?” That’s the first thought on that Owner’s mind when he notices what you are doing. And afterwards, the “immune system” of the Group Thoughtform will act like security and flush you out, and/or produce psychic “antibodies” to keep your ideas from affecting its causal cells or Acausal Field.

You can learn to communicate with things on a psychic [pertaining to the psyche/chitta] by having a pet dog. When your pet dog wants something, it usually sits in front of you and just stares at you. In moments you begin to get some type of emotive-impression, a feeling in other words. You feel as if you know what your dog is trying to tell you. Another way is to just be a mother, because you’d have that same psychic connection with your baby. It’s a form of communication that transcends word and language.

I once asked a few old people in my family how ancient old people knew what plants were good for what ailments. They explained to me that it was by three ways: 1) by observing animals in the jungle or forest and watching what they eat and for what reasons, 2) by also quieting your mind and touching the plant, and then getting a “knowing” in your chhet as to what it may be good for; in other words, the plant itself tells you what it is good for... how else do animals in nature know what plants are good for? 3) By praying to the “nik-ta” of the forest or part of that jungle. The nik-ta then come into your dream and tells you what their plants are good for. A nik-ta in this animistic culture is a “Spirit” guardian of a place, forest, or parts of a large jungle. This “Spirit” is thus the collective Life-Force of the plants and animals of a specific locale.

How did “shamans” in any part of the world, know what a plant and animal parts were good for in ancient times? What I find disappointing about our modern high-tech urban world is that we’ve traded in a numinous means of communing with Nature and the Cosmos, for causal machines and doohickeys; and we glorify and deify such doohickeys. And tellingly, we vilify and demonize and ridicule that acausal and numinous means of communing with Nature, Spirits, and the Cosmos. We’d rather disconnect ourselves from the world and Cosmos, and connect ourselves to the internet. The mundanes are engrossed in causal things, aren’t they?

Before I do anything for or with ONA, such as write or whatever, I enter a state of ataraxia, and then I talk to the Spirit of ONA directly and inform it of my intentions. It doesn’t really matter what people associated with ONA think or believe of my writings or whatever. As long as I have the support of the “nik-ta” of ONA, it will influence its causal cells to be open to me. If I need an ally or contacts in ONA who can help me with something, I also speak to the nik-ta of ONA and explain in spoken language, in feeling, and with visualizations, my desire and request and why I need such requests in a state of ataraxia; and after a while, it will wyrdfully bring me, or cause me to meet the right person I need.

The thing is, I always try to explain to it in words, feeling, and with visualization, my intentions, and how I feel what I am doing may help develop in time. And through sincere feeling and affection, I try to tell it that I mean it no harm, I just want to help it become what it wants to become. And so, in those states of ataraxia, establishing a connection with that “spirit” of ONA, and then “yok-ing” the “chet” of the Master Mind [Spirit] of ONA. To grab or captivate its heart, charm it. When you don’t have the approval or support or sympathy of the Spirit of ONA, you will always fail in your endeavors. It choses its own wyrd, not some random idiot trying to be the “next leader.”

If we “in ONA” say we have esoteric/occult knowledge and that we believe in acausal entities, then we should understand that the ONA is an acausal being. And if we “in ONA” say that we have a working faculty of dark empathy, then it shouldn’t be hard to commune and communicate with that acausal being. Over the years, from my experience, I’ve seen that when I take the time to “talk” to the Spirit of ONA and treat it like the living entity with feelings that it is; that it lets me be, in an unmolested condition/environment to do what I do; and appears to go out of its way to wyrdfully make things fall into place for me. To contrast, you’ll see a few people come into ONA from time to time, who seem to have agitated the spirit of ONA. They cause a feel in ONA like the sediment of a lake has been kicked and dirt is flying everywhere in the water, there is a feeling of uneasy in the atmosphere of ONA, people in ONA react negatively to their presence, or they just act with animosity and revile; mockery or ridicule.

I have a personal animistic belief that the whole universe itself is the Master Mind [Genius] of all Living Entities. And so, to this Cosmic Being – the Master Mind of the Universe – we humans are each [on this earth] causal cells of that Cosmic Being. Being such, I believe that this Cosmic Being can and does have the ability to influence us, especially to influence our chitta [emotions/hearts]. And so, I believe that the Cosmic Being speaks to me/us and expresses its affection for me/us through other people. Literally though other people; their bodies, their arms, their minds, their hearts. Mostly via random coincidental acts of kindness, and of things other people say or do that are coincidently relevant to something you may have spoken to the Cosmic Being about or requested of it.

It could be little insignificant things. For example, I could be debating with myself about whether or not to get a new hairdo. The next day, I’d randomly over-hear two people sitting next to me at some random coffee shop talking about getting their hair done. And so, since the Cosmic Being as no mouth, but that all mouths are its mouth, then I take what the random people said about getting their hair done as the Cosmic Being speaking to me thru them, suggesting I get my hair done. And so, in that way, I “interact” or have an “intimate relationship” with the Universal Mind. And it’s never let me down, and has always gone out of its way to make things wyrdfully fall into place.

Or it could be significant stuff, and the other way around. For example, besides paying attention to what others say, I also pay attention to my impulses I have in my heart chakra [where I feel my chitta to be]. Like this one time, I had the impulse to drive down some random street in downtown LA. After driving around, I parked my car and walked around to look around a bit. When I have those sudden impulses, I know something is up. As I walked around, I come across a Black lady sitting on the side walk with a little boy. I had the impulse to stop and talk to the lady. I asked her how she was doing that day, and she said she wasn't doing good. She had been evicted from her apartment and had nowhere to go. Inside I figured I was brought to the lady for a purpose. And so I talked to her for a bit to give her some solace, then gave her some money to last her a number of days, and drove her and her son to a motel. I have experienced countless acts of strange and random kindness from other people, and so, I try to reciprocate and return the favour and affection.

I sincerely believe that things like the Cosmic Being acts thru us, that we are like portals thru which it acts... nexions of Providence. And so, the reason why I am bringing this subtopic up here is because the Spirit of ONA communicates and acts thru each of us also. For instance there was a time in the early years when I found ONA that I was pretentious and got arrogant, and a few people associated with ONA in private emails and so on, admonished me and set me straight. And I took their words as being via psychic influence, as the guiding and counseling words of the Spirit of ONA, so I corrected myself. You have some people who get into ONA who are deaf to this Spirit of ONA. And no matter how many mouths that Spirit moves to tell such few people to correct themselves, to be more humble, more noble, more honourable, etc, they don't hear nothing. Yet these same few deaf people have the desire to be some leader or influencer of ONA?

A while ago I had an idea to put together a new field of "science" I called "Acausal Biology," which deals with learning about the different types of "acausal entities" such as a volksgeist/genius/whatever, what their nature is, their physis, and how they live, breed and function. Sociology was a valuable means that gave dim insights into the "psychology" of such meta-organisms. Something I call "Fractality" also helped me gain an understanding of the physis of such acausal minds. Because since each of us are causal cells of such acausal meta-lifeforms, we are thus a tiny fractal pattern of that same meta-organism we are a part of.

Like any living organism, such a meta-organism as a volksgeist, genius, master mind, whatever; has as its primal interest, its own survival, longevity, and more importantly, it's Thrivability. This is a fractal pattern in any living creature, and so it must apply in some way to an acausal entity such as a meta-lifeform. In this light, certain aspects of mortal biology makes sense. Why does "Nature" allow Alpha Males to exist? Why does an Alpha Male get all the females, and pass its genes down to the next generation? Why do certain people become ideological Alpha Males where they get to pass their memes to others and down to the next generation? Why do some people become cultural figures who get to inseminate the Cultural Thoughtform of a people with new cultural memes?

For instance: Why Muhammad? What Muhammed said in the Quran wasn't much different than what had already been said in the Torah, Tanakh, and New Testament. What Muhammed did was he had the ability to "yok chhet kay" where he was able to collect rivaling tribes into a larger ethnically transcendental meta-tribe [Islam] which in turn insured the survivability and Thrivability of a group of people. And so, it would make sense to understand that the great Volksgeist of such people "Sympathized" with Muhammed, and buoyed him, elevated him: for its own evolution, survival, and Thriving.

I had taken what I had learned of the skill of "yok chet kay," and the deeper occult knowledge of the collective mind of groups of people, and applied it into my writings to see what would happen. My own personal audience isn't one person, or one specific group of persons of a specific genre of anything. I am appealing to an invisible, occult Audience, or several. I try to be personal by using the pronoun "You" to direct my words and feelings at this invisible Audience. My audience is the many subsets of collective minds of the West in general, and the Spirit of ONA. What I am basically saying in a lot all of my writings is that I know and understand that something is sick in the West, and that I and others may have some ideas as to how this decadence or sickness can be cured over Time.

If "it" [the meta-organisms of the West] would give me a chance to speak and just hear me [give me Audience], it may Sympathize with me when and if it feels what I have to say is good enough to be considered by its causal cells. If so, it will gradually cause its causal cells to come my way. What I and a few others in ONA and this Myattian Weltanschauung are also trying to say to this meta-lifeform is that in our most humble and mortally fallible views, we feel that "it" can grow to be better, with greater potential, even to develop into a starborne meta-lifeform where its causal cells inhabit and live across the many solar systems. If it would just hear

us out and give us a chance to speak. And if it likes what we have to say, it will gradually – over Time & Generation – send our way, people who Harmonize, Sympathize, and Empathize with what we have said: with our vision, our thoughts, our feelings. Like Attracts Like.

And so the term “yok chet kay” has a number of meanings in English. It means to Captivate the Minds, Hearts, and Feelings of others. It also means “social skills,” and it also means the ability and skill of getting other to simply like you. It also means diplomacy. It means to charm others, to get them to feel for you, to think of you, favour you, sympathize with you, understand you, want to be your friend, want to be close to you, want to give you the opportunity to prove your worth, want to help us, to care for us, and so on. In olden days, this was a matter of human survival, because clans and tribes are built and kept together by the mystic ties and bonds of Human Chet [feelings/heart/mind]. And it was and is because of such coherent social orders [tribes] that gave us human beings the ability to survive and thrive.

There are several tiers or level of “yok chet kay.” One is the personal level, of direct contact and interaction with others. This becomes called “Personal Magnetism” in English. The other level transcends individual people, and deals with the collective chet/chitta of a folk, a people, a nation. Certain people for some reason have personal magnetism and charisma, where they draw people to them, attract others, and so on; while others seem to repel others.

The “secret” is chet. The chet of two people must be open for there to be a connection. If there is no connection, there is no Resonance or Rapport. If there is no Rapport, then no data/information can flow. And so when we speak to a crowd or a forum of people on the internet and we have no connection of chet/chitta with such people, we are essentially talking to ourselves: which is the whole opposite of what “effective communication” is.

I find it very interesting that a person who made a career in government and politics, in his dying months/years, would have this subject to talk about and teach... of all other subject matters about life. Of all the things Great Grandpa Savouth has learned in his 90 years on earth, he seemed to have felt that the skill of ‘yok chet kay’ was the most important to impart.

Closing Remarks

I have known many old people in my life, and knowing such types, I am around death often. Many of my elderly friends and family members have died. Because I was raised to see such old people as storehouses of wisdom, I try to talk to them to teach me something before they die. In every case, they teach, sometimes I don’t even have to ask.

Interestingly, what they have to impart is nothing spectacular, nothing spiritually profound. They are simple ideas and lessons each have learned from life. But why the simplicity? After living such a long life and after having all the experiences such old people have, you would think that they would have tomes of wisdom to impart.

The teachings of the Buddha fills 25,000 pages or 40 volumes. When Buddha was an old man he was given poisoned beef to eat and he died from it. His disciples gathered around him during his last moments, and he gave his disciples his departing impartation... which wasn’t anything profound or spiritually mindblowing. He simply said: “Vayadhamma Sankhara, Appamadena Sampadetha.” Which in English very roughly means: “*That which arises from aggregation [sankhara] has the nature of decay/dissolution [vayadhamma], Strive Diligently [appamadena] for your own procurement/success [sampadetha].*”

In context to the rest of the Sutta the final words of Buddha is found in, what the Buddha was saying to his disciples is that all thing in Nature arise or come into being by the process of aggregation, where little parts come together to create Form. This not only suggests Natural objects/things, but also of worldviews, ideologies, and so on, because such things as ideologies are themselves “sankhara” or that which comes into being because of aggregation. Worldviews and ideologies being aggregations of ideas and opinions. And so, because of the Nature of that which comes into being due to aggregation, the End Nature of such things is also decay, meaning that inevitably such things will break apart and its constituent parts will separate. And so to spend your mortal time engrossed with such things as the Natural World, materialism, object obsession, and obsession with ideologies and worldviews, is folly, because all such things change, and when they do change, you lose your hold of them and you lose the world you have built in your mind with them.

Therefore, rather than put in the effort of being obsessed with Form and Ideology, put in the effort instead to procure or obtain [sampadetha] your own Liberation. The word “liberation” is not said in the Buddha’s last words, but Liberation is a subject matter of the contextual Sutta, and it’s what those disciples are trying to obtain. Liberation here meaning to be liberated from your own

state of ignorance and delusions, to “enlighten” yourself in other words, without the need for or reliance on Form and Ideology [religious doctrines, etc] or Worldview. And so, if you grasp the Essence of what the Buddha was trying to teach in those 25,000 pages of junk, you’ll realize that the simple final words the Buddha imparted was a Distillation of what he learned during his lifetime.

The key word is “Distillation.” Or in English we say things like: “It all boils down to...” What does it mean to distill something or to boil something down to its basic essence? It’s like if we had a vat of sea water, and we boiled that sea water, so that after the water evaporates all we have left are a few grains of salt.

In khmer we have a word for that salt, in this example. The word is “jiat/chhiat.” Jiat means “essence” or “essential ingredient” of something. The salt in this case would be the “jiat” of sea water. That salt gives that sea water its actual Quality and Suchness of seawaterness.

What gives a human life its Jiat? What is the essential ingredient of a person’s life, of their experiences in life, if you were to “boil it all down” over 90 years? What would be left? Nothing complex, supremely philosophical, or ideologically bloated. No spiritual “enlightenment.” What is left is something simple, an essential extract of that long life, of all the many things they have experienced, and the many mistakes they have made.

How interesting that in their dying moments, none of the religious mumbo jumbo is at the front of their minds, no ideology is spoken about, no idealisms, no worldviews, no paradigms, no political sentiments, nothing of that sort. It’s just a simple insight. Telling isn’t it? It tells us that during our life, we bloat ourselves up with all that spiritual, religious, ideological, idealistic junk, and that at the end of the day, none of it matters. None of it has any meaning or value. And yet, we make such a big deal out of such meaninglessness during our youthful ignorance, don’t we?

We end up Realizing something simple at the end of our mortal life. A simple lesson we have learned, which is the final distillation of our long life experiences, mistakes, and of our pathos-mathos we have accumulated. Those simple last-moment realizations, to a folk, adds up to “ancestral and cultural wisdom” over Time and Generations. And such ancestral wisdom is actually what helps a folk and culture survive and thrive in all practicality. Such ancestral wisdom transcends Time and Generation. Why?

Because a bit of knowledge rooted in the worldview of materialism, will stop being believed in when a person or folk changes their mind and becomes a supernaturalist. Because some knowledge or opinions rooted in the Sentiments of the Baby-Boomer Generation, will have no meaning to the children of Z Generation in the future. Because the idealisms and worldviews of one generation of one timeframe, will be meaningless to a future generation. Case in point: is the worldview and worldmodel of a flat earth of any relevance to any of us today?

And so, if you understand what I am trying to say, then you’ll understand that to root a Culture in such causal sentiments, beliefs, idealisms, worldviews, and so on, is to limit the power and longevity of that culture. And likewise with something like ONA. If we worked at making ONA rooted in the sentiments of X Generation [or whatever generation], give it a materialist or supernatural worldview, or whatever, in Time, it would be irrelevant and meaningless to a future people. In other words, it would have no real “Aeonic Potency.”

But ancestral wisdom, and the wisdom of actual living cultures and societies of people, Transcends Time and the passing of Generations. For example, many of the insights of ancient Greece, transcends Time and Generation. They are today as powerful, meaningful, and insightful, as they were 2000-3000 years ago. That’s *aeonic potency*. That’s the power of such simple impartations of old dying people; when added up gradually and numinously over Time.

In today’s Western society we have thrown out the impartations of our dying old people. To us, of today, old people are senile. Today in the West we glorify and uplift Academia, Book Knowledge, Materialist Science, the Opinions of “Experts,” the Promises of career Politicians, and so on. We have discarded Living Wisdom for the non-living Golden Cows of causal abstractions. We have discarded that aged, distilled, transcendental ancestral wisdom, for the quick fix and immediate gratification of intellectualism, book smarts, internet knowledge, academic learnings, expert opinions, and so on.

And when our idealisms, worldviews, and ideologies [political or otherwise] fails us and our society, where our Western culture becomes decadent – in a state of social/cultural decay – we don’t seem to understand what went wrong. It just so happens that

when you build a society or civilization on dead [nonliving] ideas, ideals, ideologies, and opinion, you will in Time end up with a dead or decaying social order.

An interesting case to study in detail is the rise and fall of Hitler. I have a personal reverence for Early Hitler. The Speaker, the Bard of Human Chet. He is undeniably captivating. He speaks to the collective minds of many people, even today. Early Hitler is peerless, and I believe there may never be another human being with his bardic powers.

I personally dislike Post-Speaker Hitler, the politician. And my fallible belief is that Operation Barbarossa was the death of Hitler and his regime. I was disappointed in the Latter Hitler, where he wasn't able to see and understand the vision Karl Haushofer had of a Eurasian Order that would challenge and destroy the democratic and decadent world order of Anglo-America. Russia was a needed ally in such a Eurasian Order. But Hitler in those years – for whatever reason – invaded Russia [properly the USSR].

If Early Hitler were to just continue to do what he did: Bard the Collective Mind of his people, and gradually, slowly, allow what he and his NS people were presencing, where the potent NS weltanschauung grew over Time and Generation to become a living Culture of a people, things may have been different, and perhaps the 1000 year Reich would have actualized. But instead of inseminating the Collective Mind with such Aeonic Seeds, he instead allowed a lust for power and international politics to get the best of him. A man untempered, is weak like untempered steel or untempered mortar. I have no objections with the idea of powerful autocratic rulers, but when such leaders have no one to check them, temper them, they most often become a detriment to themselves, to their people, and to what they have created. A structure built with untempered mortar, will not last long.

So in Hitler's story, you can see that in the early days, he must have said something that charmed and captivated the hearts, minds, and feelings of the public mind, and gained the Sympathy of the volksgeist of the people. That volksgeist elevated him and gave him power. Instead of using that power to help the people and its volksgeist evolve further towards greater height, he misused the power to his own ends. And so, that volksgeist retracted its Sympathy and support, and Hitler fell to ruin. In the end, ideology and immediate gratification took Hitler and his NS people down, and destroyed Germany and its people. Hitler and his NS people traded something they had which was powerful, which could have transcended Time and Generation, for something lifeless such as political ideology and generational worldview/sentiments, and so on. What Hitler and his friends manifested in those old days lasted only 12 years... compared to the hundreds or thousands of years many Cultures have been alive and around.

I believe that reality on a fundamental level is simple. And the distilled lessons we humans end up learning from Life being also simple, matches with the fundamental nature of reality. Where I am at in life at this moment, I find it very difficult to see any fundamental value or meaning to such things as worldview, ideology, paradigm, idealisms, belief systems. They are all intellectualizations, abstract chatterings of a youthfully ignorant mind, wordful bloatware we occupy our minds and lives with. It is the simple, and the wordless that ends up having value and meaning in the end. As I see things now, it seems our phenomenal world of experience is built upon the Edge of Occam's Razor. This is what I've learned so far from old people, and from the wisdom they impart before their passing.

∴Kryptonimus

4.15.126 yfayen



The Humpty Dumpty Fallacy

∴ One thing about modern [materialist] science I dislike greatly is that it is often guilty of the “Humpty Dumpty Fallacy,” especially in the field of Cosmology. Cosmology being a great influence on other fields and disciplines.

Briefly, Humpty Dumpty was a *Whole* egg person who sat on a wall, he fell down and broke into *Pieces*, and people weren’t able to put him *Back Together*. The Humpty Dumpty fallacy is my English rendition of the Theravada concept of “Papancha.”

The word “papancha” has been around since before Buddhism. It was a Sanskrit word used in Brahmanism. The word is said to have come from the root “Pancha” which means “Five,” in Sanskrit; you can see Pancha is related to the Greek “Penta” meaning the same. Originally, back in those days Papancha meant to “Spread.” If you hold up five fingers, you’ll hold those fingers spread apart.

Later on, that word entered Pali and took on a different shade of meaning. In Pali it ends up meaning roughly “Proliferation, Diaspora, Dispersion.” Then the Buddha ends up annexing this word during his time and used it to mean the mental conceptualization of an idea/ideation/abstraction, and thence the generation and proliferation of other mental conceptualization.

Papancha, the way the Buddha used it, is a whole concept in his art of critical thinking; the concept actually indicates a lack of such on the thinker’s part. Here, in this essay, we will be using the word as the Buddha used it. There are four stages or steps to Papancha, or the Humpty Dumpty Fallacy: 1) Dissection, 2) Reification, 3) Ideation, & 4) Dispersion.

Dissection here mean when you take something Whole, take something out of its wholistic Context and spread them apart, divide them, cut things into pieces, separate them away from each other. This stage is roughly equal to the Western idea of reductionism. Once separated from its wholistic Unity, you Consider the same in that state as separated stuff.

Reification here does not mean the same exact thing as reification is understood in Western Propositional Logic. Reification here means that when you treat or mentally conceive of something as being something it is not in Actuality. The key words are “in Actuality.” A quick example of this “Buddhistic” style of reification is like when you take a verb and you treat it, or conceptualize it as being a noun proper. For instance, in the English phrase: “I’m taking a Walk.” The word “Walk” in that sentence is a “Reified Noun,” because in Actuality, walking is an action [verb] which you do, it is not a noun. And so therefore, you can’t “take” it [a walk] because it is not a noun you can take.

Ideation here means when you conceptualize, ideate, manufacture, construct; ideas and thoughts in your mind. Or, when we produce “Causal Abstractions.” So up to this stage of Papancha, you should already be able to sense that something fallacious is happening, because first we have dissected something into little separated pieces from its indigenous wholistic context; then we took such pieces and reified them; then we took those reified things and built ideations or causal abstraction out of them. And so, even at this stage, we are now not even talking about reality or real things anymore.

The last stage is Dispersion. Dispersion here means that when you have taken what you have ideated or causally abstracted and you produce second and third generation ideas, ideations, and causal abstractions. And this is actually where Papancha gets its meaning from. Papancha is when you have taken what you have process thru steps 1-3 and you create further extrapolations, expansions, extensions, offspring, of them. It is called the Humpty Dumpty fallacy because what second and third generations manufactured abstractions you do make, are so far removed from what is real and actual, that such manufactured abstractions can’t and won’t fit back into reality.

So an example is when the Buddha used the word papancha to describe the deities of Brahmanism, such as Vishnu and so on. He didn’t simply mean that such gods are fake. He means that the Brahmins took something and treated it as something it is not, constructed mental abstractions around them, and then from such, the Brahmins created or spawned second and third generation abstractions.

And so, to explain what this all would look like in a Western sense, let's take the old Roman gods. Those of us who are intelligent will understand that such gods as mythical characters represent or symbolize Actual observable phenomena in Nature. Mars for instance represents the phenomena of war, conflict, and strife.

So, along comes a Wiccan, who then takes the goddess Demeter and this Wiccan treats/conceptualizes Demeter as an actual person/being. The belief or conceptualization of Demeter as an actual person is reification. Then the Wiccan generates ideations/abstractions, by perhaps stating that this person Demeter as a spirit being, has supernatural powers, and lives in a spirit dimension. Then the Wiccan creates from that second generation, third generation mental abstractions. The Wiccan might state that we mortals are also spirit being trapped in flesh, that when we shed our flesh we get supernatural powers and go to some spirit dimension. And so, if you look closely, you'll see that such second and third generation abstractions have nothing whatsoever to do with what Demeter as a mythical symbol actually represented originally. That's the Humpty Dumpty fallacy, because the end product no longer fits back into Reality, or into its original native context.

Bowling Balls

It might be a little hard to see how the Humpty Dumpty fallacy deals with science – as well as ontology – when using mythic gods as an example. So we'll use something real and actual as a second example to demonstrate this fallacy in action.

So, to illustrate, say we have a Shiny new bowling ball, and we are playing bowling. We roll this ball down the lane to hit the pins. It takes about 5 seconds of time for the ball to roll down this lane to reach the pins.

A scientist comes along and states: "The bowling ball has a dimensions of Roundness. Let Roundness equal (Rn). A second scientists states: "The bowling ball has Shininess. Let Shininess equal (Sh). A third scientists comes a long and posits: "The bowling ball has Mass. Let Mass equal (m). A fourth scientist says: "The bowling ball has time. Let time equal (t)." And so these four scientists now have a mathematical equation that represents the ball as data points: $BB = (Rn)*(Sh)*(m)*(t)$.

At this point, the scientists have entered the second stage of the Humpty Dumpty fallacy. They have dissected a bowling ball from its contextual matrix, and they have reified such dissected pieces into nouns proper, or into ontological objects/things. You now have a bowling ball, roundness as a reified noun, shininess as a reified noun, mass, and time, all divided up and separated from what the bowling ball once was in actuality.

The bowling ball is indeed round in form, but that round form is indivisible from the bowling ball. In the same sense that "humanness" is indivisible from the human. The Round is only a quality of the ball's form which helps give the ball its distinct suchness. And so, if we take that round dimension of the ball and treat it as a separate noun, as an ontological Thing in and of itself, we have reified an indivisible quality of the ball into a thing. Likewise with the Shine of the ball. Likewise with (t) time. The time it takes for the ball to roll, is a mere measurement between two arbitrary reference points denoting the duration it takes for the ball to move from Point A to Point B.

And so, the scientists will enter step three of the Humpty Dumpty fallacy and state: "Since bowling balls are made to roll, this means that Roundness (Rn) and time (t) are the same thing. Let's call this thing the Roundness-Time Continuum, and further posit that this roundness-time continuum is the "fabric" the bowling ball is made of."

And then the last stage of the Humpty Dumpty fallacy is when the scientists produce further generations of mental abstractions, where they state: "Yes! Yes! The roundness-time continuum at the moment is in 4 dimensions; 3D plus time! If we pull some numbers out of our asses and add them to the equation, we could have 11 dimensions or even 12! And from that 11th dimension, the roundness-time continuum would look flat! So it's not round at all!" A colleague adds: "By Jove, indeed! If gravity were concentrated in that roundness-time continuum at ludicrous levels, a nano-black-hole would form. And this nano-black hole would tear the fabric of that roundness-time continuum such that a wormhole would open connecting the 4 dimensional bowling ball to the 11th dimension bowling ball!" Then someone come along and adds: "Strings! Yes I see now! The membrane of the roundness-time continuum is made of magick quantum strings!"

Space-Time

What is space? I don't believe space exists or is real. That sounds retarded, because when we step outside, we can see that space/distance exists between us and objects. I'm thousands of miles from Canada, and two Objects cannot exist in the same exact place in space, and the sky is far above me. So how is it not real? By "not real," I mean that it's not an ontological object/thing. I should state here that I'm not using the Western meaning of ontology, but the Buddhist one.

Let's do a thought experiment and try to isolate space as a Thing. In your mind, picture yourself standing outside. Across from you is a building. In between you and this building is a street and sidewalks. In that scenery we have 4 basic things we can label: x1 is you; x2 is the substrate [street/sidewalk]; x3 is the building, & x4 is the space between above and around x1, x2, and x3.

Now we unvisualize x1 out of the scenery, and we see that x2, x3, and x4 are still present. Bring back x1 and delete x2 from the scenery; and x1, x3, and x4 are present. Bring back x2, and delete x3; and x1, x2, and x4 are present. Then let's delete everything but one variable. Unvisualize everything except x1. Do this for x2 and x3. We see that x1-x3 can be isolated as Things observable when everything else is deleted from the scenery. Now delete x1, x2, and x3. What happened to x4 [space]? You can see space in between the words of this paragraph. That space helps define the Form of each word. Remove those words, and the space vanishes also, reverting back to the page/matrix the words Existed on, had Being on, were Being on.

"Exist" is a word I dislike in English. This word doesn't exist in Khmer. The word "exist" is senile. A sign that senility is developing is when you don't finish sentences you start. In English the phrase: "A fish exists." Or a "fish has being" makes sense. In Khmer, if you wanted to say that you'd have to say: "A fish dwells/lives..." and this is an unfinished sentence: because in What does the fish dwell/live? Where does it live? In other words, the line/flow of logic abruptly ends, if that sentence is unfinished!

The English words: "Trees exist," or "Trees have being" makes sense, but the wordless flow of logic abruptly ends. In Khmer we'd have to say: "The Tree 'rooss' [grows]..." and that is an unfinished sentence, because from what, by what, or out of what, does that Tree grow? From the ground. And so, when in English we say: "A Tree has/is Being," or that "A tree Exists," what, where, how, by what, does that tree have its existence. In what, from what, or by what, relative to what, does that tree have its Being? What is *Being* a tree inside, on top, because of, or relative to?

I hate the word "Being" & "Exist" when it is used in ontology. Because it induces an abrupt stop of logic. What does shit have Being in? And it allows for such abrupt stops of logic to be "legal." For example, in the Big Bang paradigm it is said that the universe came from some sort of infinitely dense atom sized ball of matter, and that this ball exploded and expanded. And so this infinitely dense ball of matter had Being or Existed. We do not know where it came from or how it came to Be, but it Existed and had Being.

And that line of logic is perfectly legal. But the question is: If such a ball of matter existed or had Being or came to Be: in what is it Being a ball of matter? What was it "floating" in? What was surrounding this atom sized ball? No *Thing* can exist in total absolute isolation or it cannot exist. Who cares where it came from: what was it existing in? This abrupt senile stop in the flow of logic induced by the word "Exist" and "Be-ing" has allowed materialistic science to evade and be unaware of something fundamental and needed for anything to exist: a matrix. Max Planck understood this.

But you can say: "Ah, but then what does this matrix have its Being in?" The answer is simple yet profound: the Matrix was never caused into Being, therefore it does not Exist or have Being. The word "Exist" means when some-Thing has Object-ive suchness. The universal matrix is neither a Thing nor an Object with objective suchness. The word/ideation of "Exist/Being" is non-applicable. That matrix has no suchness... as Mind[space] has no suchness of its own: it is Sunyata. Any philosophy worth its weight in salt, must eventually deal with the mystery and Nature of Mind.

Mindspace is spaceless and has no dimensions. It is neither finite or infinite. But when we dream at night, the dream world we experience has Shape & Form to it. People and buildings in that dream world have dimension, shape and form. And with that dimensionality, shape, and form, there is the experience of space. The interesting thing to take note of is that even though we experience that space/distance, we know that such space does not exist. Image the city you live in for a moment, and drive yourself around this imagined replica of your city. That space/distance you experience between Objects/Things in that replica does not exist. Exist in what? In Mindspace, but mindspace is spaceless. Remove the Forms/Things from that envisioned scenery and the space vanishes also.

Space is the contrasting extension of Form. In the same sense that shadows are the contrasting extension of light. And so, “space” is the shadow of Form. The shadow only helps give Form to Things, but it is not a Thing in and of itself. At the park, you have patches of lights and shadows. The patches/forms of Light are “things” since they are made of photons. The shadows on the ground appear to be Things, but they are actually the *Absence* of Form [light/photons]. Or vice versa with this analogy: light gives Form to the shadows. This is only an analogy.

Form and Space are the same thing, like how a footprint and the beach sand is the same thing. One helps give Form to the other. A good artist can use space to give his drawing size, scale, scope, depth, distance. The space in the artists drawing is an experiential quality of Form. Only what has Form needs space. Phenomena don’t need space. The phenomena of Hot and Wind, don’t need space to preserve their Objective suchness, because they aren’t Objects with “objective suchness” they have “phenomenal suchness.” Heat and Wind can occupy the same place fine and still retain their individual phenomenal suchness. That which has Form can’t do this, because “objective suchness” is founded upon the shape and form of the Object. Imagine a small box. Inside this box stuff a sphere, cube, trees, whales, and houses, all the same size. Or draw this out. What happens to the Shapes and Forms of those objects in the box? They become a meaningless – unexperienceable – mess.

In the Western mind, it may be that Form and Phenomena are considered to have “Objective reality” to them. So both Form and Phenomena are said to have Objective quiddity. Objective reality/quiddity Relative to what? To that which is *Subjective*. In Buddhism we’re not working with that arbitrary dualist dichotomy. Where exactly does one end and the other begin? What does the boundary or border between the Objective and Subjective look like; and where is that border?

All is Mind in Buddhism; Even if the World Exists [“inside” the Universal Mind/Matrix], it is only Known/Apprehended, becomes Real and Actual in [your/our] Mind; it is *Experienced* as something outside Mind. Like a dream world is experienced as something outside Mind, when it isn’t. And so, since that arbitrary dichotomy does not apply in Theravada, then such things as Objects and Phenomena have their own Suchness relative to other ontological entities. A verb does not have the same suchness and nature as a noun.

By Form, I mean that which has dimension. Dimension meaning the experience of breadth, width, and depth of Things. Here’s a thought experiment: picture you in a space rocket. Around you are Objects/Things such as a sphere, a cube, and a pyramid. Your rocket ship is moving “upwards” so that the further up you go, the smaller the Objects becomes beneath you.

In that scenery, space appears to have dimension. But the question is: what is your movement relative to? To the space itself or to the Objects? Make those three Objects and your rocket vanish and does the space seem to have dimension anymore? Now if you were to be a point in the Cube, and you were to move up, you’d be moving “up” relative to the cube’s Form itself, where up means above the base plane of your cube. And so, the Objects themselves is what has the dimension/Form. Space is a shadow of such Form, helping give contrast and distinction.

If you can connect the dots, you’d know that I don’t believe in a 4th dimension or any dimension beyond the *appearance and experience of Form*. Dimension is a clumsy word we use to try and say that we can measure Form and Shape in some arbitrary way. Dimension, if it exists, exists as a Quality of Form and Shape. Once we removed that Quality from its Form, and we treat it or conceptualize it as a separate ontological Thing/Noun, we are guilty of reification. An Adjective is not a Noun. You cannot separate wetness from water, where wetness becomes a Noun. This is illogical in the grammar of language, as well as in the grammar of the Cosmos. And then if we ideate that such reified spatial dimension has a 4th or 5th or *n*th dimension, we have committed the Humpty Dumpty fallacy.

People can ask me: “But what about ‘other dimensions’ of reality?” That’s an equivocation or vacillation of the meaning and use of the word dimension. In this case, if by “other dimensions” it is meant other “places” we can experience that may be as realistic as our mortal world, then I’d have to say yes, I believe such “places” exist. Exist inside what? Exist as a manifested aspect of what? Of the Universal Matrix. In the same sense that in my own mindspace, I can create an infinite number of worlds, each with Form and dimensionality. In such worlds within my mindspace, space is the shadow of what dimensional Forms I have minded into existence. And such space does not exist beyond the appearance and experience of such Forms.

Time? In the previous issue I explained what time was and that I don’t believe it exists. I’ll re-iterate things here. Time exists in two forms: on the face of a clock, and because of cyclical regularities such as the earth orbiting the sun, moon phases, passing of sea-

sons, and so on. These are arbitrary systems of measurement of the passing of duration and moments. Time with a capital “T” exists as the processional symphonic change of every Thing that exists.

Here’s a thought experiment to draw out this point. Imagine yourself walking somewhere. Now freeze everything. Nothing is moving and is frozen still. Every object, bird, atom, electron, you. Everything in the universe is frozen still magically, except two things. There is a clock by your foot, whose hands are still moving around, and the earth will still move around the sun. And so let us say that everything in the universe will remain frozen – including you – for the duration of 10 billion earth orbits around the sun. During the duration of these 10 billion orbits, the hands on the clock will faithfully tell time.

So now, when the 10 billion earth orbits is over, everything immediately unfreezes as if nothing was ever frozen at all, and you and everything continues doing what you and everything were doing. What happened?

If you did that thought experiment you will actually feel a disconnection between Time and the clock and orbit of the earth. For, although the clock continued to tell time for 10 billion years, and although the earth moved around the sun for 10 billion years, Time stood still. Why? Because nothing Changed. And so in this thought experiment you have three different definitions/types of “time,” which are: 1) clock-time, 2) the arbitrary measurement of cyclical regularities, and 3) the continuous procession of Change in and of the Cosmos. Now the question is: Which of these three is the Real Time?

Time is the symphonic Change that happens in and to the Cosmos. It is thus a continuous-verb or phenomenon. As such, it cannot be considered, treated, or conceptualized separate from That Which Changes, as if it were a Thing in and of itself. For if we were to do so – separate Time from “That Which Changes” and treat it as an ontological Noun/Thing – we would be guilty of reification, because we are treating Time as something it is not in Actuality.

But you have materialist scientists who reify time and do experiments with it. And what’s more strange is that they are using clock-time! Where they literally take clocks into airplanes to experiment with their humpty dumpty time. And they use this to “prove” Einstein’s Relativity!?

Hell, why not fly Sundials in the sky? They tell time too don’t they? We’ll put one sundial on the Meridian in England as the control time teller. Then we put two sundials in two airplanes and fly them in opposite directions! Why stop with sundials? Let’s use hour glasses. They tell time too. We should get the same “results,” to support and prove Relativity. Time is time after all, it shouldn’t matter what device we’re using to measure it right?

What’s bizarre is that these scientists take clock-time, and they reify it into a Thing. Then they ideate this Thing to mean something which is the 4th dimension to three dimensional Space. And from this they generate the second generation ideation of Space-Time! Both of which don’t even exist! Then they produce all sorts of third generation causal abstractions such as space-time is the “fabric” of the universe. It’s expanding. It can bend and wrinkle like satin sheets. It’s curved or flat. It must have had a beginning from a Big Bang. You can warp it and surf that warp of space-time to move at faster than light speed. They make all these cosmological models based on space-time, etc.

Science

The thing about science – or anything for that matter – is that it is only as good as the mind/person using it. If you put science in the hands of a mind which is fucked up and prone to this Humpty Dumpty way of thinking, you end up with fucked up interpretation of Data, which in turn means the cosmological and other scientific theories produced are stupid and far removed from reality; from what is actually Real. Because what we have in the case of science is a Mind viewing the Reality it exists inside of. Whatever thoughts are generated about such reality is the result of viewing and thinking/interpreting that Reality.

It used to be that in the old days science had constant “companions” who kept science from going off into the deep end. These companions were things like Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Ontology, Reason, Empiricism, and Experimentation or Verification.

These days, science has ditched its old friends to be in a love affair with a harlot known as Mathematics. Instead of a study of the Natural World, science these days performs priestly and lawyerly exegeses on favoured theories. Where the high priests of materi-

alist science will take a theory favoured by the “establishment” such as relativity or Big Bang, and begin to perform a mathematical gemetria with their calculus on such theories to produce the secret mysteries of the universe.

And so you have these high priests of Materialism produce such Humpty Dumpty abstractions as inflation theory, dark matter, time travel, and so on. And what’s funny to me is that these same Materialists will laugh at the idea of the existence of unicorns and fairies... even though their membrane theory and string theory and dark energy are just as ridiculous.

These high priests of Materialism will take a dead brain and dissect it, reduce things into pieces of firing synapses. And in their labs and petri dishes they formulate their theories that consciousness is a mere result of the firing of synapses.

These days, science has devolved into a circus show of celebrity scientists doing the old Einsteinian clown act. Science has become a rigged kangaroo court where anything produced that may threaten their hallowed established doctrines are rejected. You hear their materialist minions complain to anyone non-materialist: “Where’s the proof?!” The fact is, the “proof” never made it into your kangaroo courts, and your judges never gave such contra-evidence any serious consideration and deliberation.

If entire universities, grant monies, and the amount of scientists put in the serious time and effort to consider and deliberate on the body of contra-evidence to Materialism, as such universities, grants, and scientists put into propping up their established doctrines, Materialism would crumble. Crumble faster than it is at the moment at least. I’ll predict here that Quantum Mechanics will make the first hard blow at Materialism in the following decades. QM over time has already taken some minor strikes at materialism. We now understand that materiality is superficial, for beneath that superficial layer, its empty space.

One day science will re-discover its old friends it once abandoned, and sense and sensibility will return. Something like Natural Philosophy – which is the philosophical study of Nature – is needed to bring that missing sense back into science. Because with Natural Philosophy, Nature as a whole living system is studied, in context to that living system. Where it is understood that all Things are interconnected and cannot be separated.

For instance, with biology, we have the sense to first study the body of an organism on a localized level. Which is where we study and come to understand the Nature of different cells and so on. Then we have the sense to study the same organism on the global level, where the organism itself as a Living Being and its body as a whole is studied. And we have the sense to put such localized and global grasp of an organism into a connected wholistic system, where we then come to a more robust understanding of the organism. This sense is absent in other fields, such as cosmology.

There is a disconnect in cosmology where what we come to know on the localized level – atoms, subatomic, etc – can’t be put together with what we know on the global level: the whole universe and so on. We have the sense to understand that fields and energy and “finer stuff” builds things like atoms, but we lack the sensibility to come to an understanding that on the global level – being an amalgamation of Things made of atoms – that the Cosmos also manifested from fields and energy and “finer stuff,” and so on. Instead we go off on some bizarre tangent where we believe in some Big Bang. Cosmology today is made up of a big incoherent mess of Humpty Dumpty fallacies. And the thing about cosmology is that it influences other fields of science.

Which is why this topic is important to you unborn brothers and sister of my future. Any further evolution of the Human Race is dependent upon science and cosmology. If in a cosmological model it is said that nothing can travel faster than light, then technology itself will be limited by that doctrine and the acceptance of that doctrine. If some cosmological model posits that mind is a function of the brain and nothing more, then it limits the Potential and possibilities of a world in which the mind and its powers is a fundamental aspect of the Cosmos, from being actualized and experienced; simply because of the acceptance and belief in that doctrine.

On a basic level, there is Mind and World. And that such Mind observes such World. From this all beliefs, theories, facts, and doctrines arise. Science – as with anything we know – is thus dependent upon how a person’s Mind studies and understands the World. How a Mind processes information from the World. If such mind is prone to fallacies such as the Humpty Dumpty fallacy, then how it interprets the World to be is faulty and fallacious.

Mathematics is cool to use... but in context to a Mind observing World, it can be seen that Mathematics is only one mere window or outlet of a Mind knowing the World. The more such outlets/windows, the clearer the picture of the World. Other outlets would be things like Empiricism, Experimentation, Verification, Contemplation, Meditation, Reason, Critical Thinking, Unbiased Observation, Philosophy, Metaphysics, Natural Philosophy, Ontology, Insight & Empathy/Intuition. The information gleaned/glimpsed via

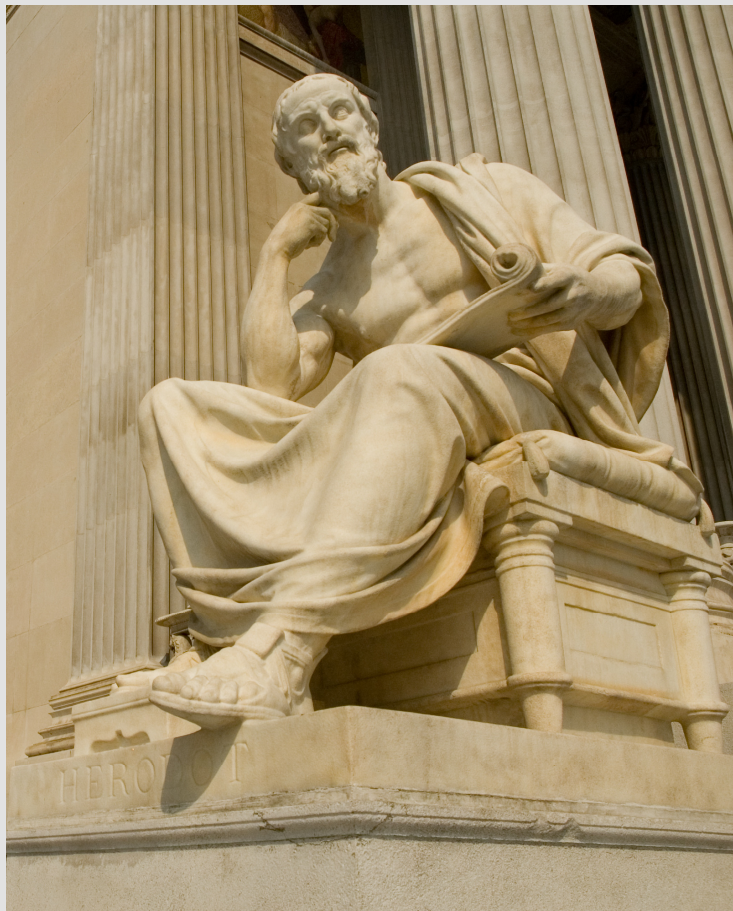
such numerous outlets of Mind to World must all be in agreement with each other, in order that a clear Bigger Picture of reality be produced.

Verification is an important idea. Anything that I or anybody says regarding philosophy, ontology, science, whatever, must be independently verified by others. If others take their own pathways and use their own methods and come to similar conclusions, all the better! Because anything that one Mind can ever say about what it sees of the World are just the approximations and rough sketches of that one single Mind. If many Minds independently via their own pathways and methods end up saying similar things about the World, then we have the commonalities to build a Bigger Picture of reality out of.

This is different than how materialist science is taught at the moment. With materialist science, a scientist or small group of scientists express what they see of the World. They present their data and interpretations of data. Then millions of people just simply agree to the interpretations of data, without proactively verifying what has been said or claimed themselves. Or millions are just simply taught a scientists or group of scientists narratives of reality, and the students simply accept what has been taught. In both instances, there is no independent verification taking place. In fact, with materialist science these days, disagreement and dissent from established doctrines are not acceptable. You would end up being shunned as a “quack” or a “crackpot.”

This style of verification used to be called “Peer Review” in olden days. Today, when the “peerage” is composed of scientists with the same biased view for the ideologies of Materialism & Relativism, then anything that is contra to such ideologies are rejected and dismissed. This is no longer verification or peer review. It’s the business of priests and their ideologies. The business of keeping their version of things due to vested interest, prestige, notoriety, grant money. The business of keeping the body of believers faithful to the ideology. This is then no longer science. It’s just simply secular religion. The magical creative powers of God has been replaced by the magical creative powers of matter. Otherwise, the priests and ideology are still there. And the True Believer will still have Faith in their doctrines regardless of data or lack thereof.

∴Kryptonimus



Sexion 2





Blue Ocean

..I came across a book over 5 years ago in the business & marketing section of the bookstore called *"Blue Ocean Strategy: How To Create Uncontested Market And Make Competition Irrelevant."* The book basically teaches you how to be "Peerless." How to have no rivals. How to be without competition. How to be Alpha of your whole domain. How to never have a challenger to your game. Ever since I read that book, I've tried very hard over the years to put what it teaches into practice.

When I go to the bookstore, 75% of the time I go to the business & marketing section, and 90% of the time, what books I do spend money on come from that section. I've been studying marketing and advertising on my own now for 7 years. Other types of books I invest money into are books that teach me how to write better, books on NLP, and books on leadership skills. My personal plan is to make a career out of writing. I've found my dharma, and ONA helped me find it. I translate everything those books teach into stuff that can help me write better and more effectively.

It'll take me another 5-10 years before I can call myself a "writer." Right now, I'm just in my "apprenticeship" years. Another book I studied is called "Mastery," by Robert Greene. In this book, Mr. Greene tells you that it takes about 5 years for your brain to get good at doing something. Mr. Greene says that in the old days, an apprentice of a trade would have to put in at least 5-7 years before they can be a journeyman of their craft. He's right. 7 years ago, I didn't know how to write shit. I didn't know how to articulate myself in writing, or in talking. I had a deep desire to write though, so I stuck with it non-stop for 7 full years. It took me 7 years to be able to write like I do right now, and I still consider myself to be an amateur level apprentice.

I used to use silly mind tricks, to force my mind into that elusive mood where your creativity bubbles. My mind trick I used was to create little private forums. I'd decorate the forum with ONA stuff. The old blog I had was part of this mind trick I used on myself. The idea was to give my mind an ONA surrounding or environment. This helped set the mood. It's just like if you were to be on a date, and you're having your date come over to your house. So you dim the lights down, lite up some candles, burn some incense, and put on some Berry White or Marvin Gay. What you're doing is "setting the mood," for your date.

So, I'd hang around, or stare at my ONA decorated blog or forum for a few minutes, and then I'd read at least 3 DM/AL essays in a row. The way I read DM's essays in the old day was to actually vocalize each word in my head. I'd visualize an Englishman who looked as close to DM as possible, and I'd picture this Englishman saying each word in the essays. When I can hold that visualization of my facsimile of DM speaking the essays in my mind, I would then merge my head with DM's head, and I would take on the persona of DM. Then as soon as I finish reading the third essay in this manner, I'm in this state of mind, where I have picked up DM's "groove" and in that state of mind I write.

I learned how to do this from a few occult books. In the Golden Dawn and such related occult groups, it's called "Assuming God Form." In Tibetan magic, you do something similar when you visualize the Bon deity in your mind, chant on a word that represents the deity, and then merge your mind with the deity. When an experienced Lama does this, they can for example visualize the deity of fire, chant the word "fire" in Tibetan, merge their mind with the deity they have in their mind, and then tap into the deity's power and actually project heat where they can put things on fire.

I learned how to use real actual people to "assume their form" from reading "Think & Grow Rich." In the back of the book, Mr. Hill teaches you a bizarre occult technique of tapping into the genius and intelligence of successful people. It's "bizarre" because the book is not an occult book. It's about business. It's just out of place. But it's one of the coolest occult techniques I've found, and for me – with many years of practicing it to get good at it – the technique works. You can acquire knowledge and the skills of your person.

I picked DM because he has a few skills I wanted and needed. Plus he was fairly easy to tap into because he has left 1000s of pages of stuff. Where each essay he wrote is like a fingerprint of his mind, revealing bits and pieces of how that mind works. His skill of writing is one thing I wanted and needed. More important than that is his skill of structuring and presenting his ideas to an audience in his writing. And the most useful skill DM has, which he has proven to have for the past 40 years is his ability to manifest an audience and distribute or market his ideas to such audience.

It's like being an apprentice to a Master Artist. In the beginning you learn as an apprentice from copycatting your Teacher. In the old days, as an apprentice, you learned from your Master by copycatting him. Today in Japan, there is a small village which produces an ancient style of ceramic houseware. The whole village is the only group of people to be Masters of this specific style in Japan. For hundreds of years they have passed their craft to the next generation in the same practical manner: by having their first son sit next to them and "steal their style."

And so the first born son would watch their father for techniques, and they would steal that technique and learn to use it. After you acquire the basic stuff from stealing your Teacher's style, you then slowly add your own spirit into it. And from that, you develop your own personal style. But like language and people and culture, styles can be traced back to a parent style. It would be relatively easy for someone who was familiar with ONA and DM's works to see the genetic relationship between my way of writing/thinking and that of DM's.

Red Ocean

The basic concepts in the book Blue Ocean are actually simple to grasp. Putting it into practice is hard. Before you can fully understand what a Blue Ocean is, you have to know what a Red Ocean is.

Red Ocean is like the smartphone industry. The word "ocean" represents an industry and its market. In this industry of smartphones, you have big corporations such as Apple, Google, Samsung, and so on. These corporations are rivals that compete with each other. Compete for what? For Market Shares. Market Share basically meaning People who like and/or buy your stuff. And so in an industry like the smartphone industry, if you can't hang ten with the big dogs, your company will flounder and become Shark Food. That's where the symbolical term "Red Ocean" comes in. The Ocean is reddened from the blood of companies who couldn't stay afloat and compete. Blackberry in a few years will be shark meat.

Blue Ocean

So what's Blue Ocean? The book give you a great example of what a Blue Ocean enterprise is. The example was Cirque du Soleil. Cirque du Soleil came into existence back in the day when – oddly and tellingly – the circus industry was having a crisis: television and home entertainment had been born. This meant that fewer and fewer people went to see the traveling circus that came to town. Eventually most circuses went out of business. The industry headed for extinction.

And the Cirque du Soleil came. It was a strange time to be a circus, being that the whole circus industry was headed for hell in a hand basket. The Cirque du Soleil was different... very different. How different? Well, they weren't even a circus. They were just pretending to be a circus. The only things about an actual circus Cirque du Soleil kept were the tents and clowns. Otherwise, they weren't a circus, by the traditional definition of one. With their circus trappings, they mixed Theater! Their idea was to use theatrics as a form of adult entertainment. And so their target market weren't children like a traditional circus, they wanted the adults.

And because Cirque du Soleil was a strange mix of a circus and a theater house, at the time, they did not fit into an industry. What were they? A circus or a theater? What market were they trying to tap into? A circus market or a theater market? There was no industrial category/genre and no market to put Cirque du Soleil into at the time.

That's what a Blue Ocean enterprise is. You have no competition, not because you are super-duper at what you do. But because that you are just so weird or odd, that no other company is doing what you are doing... and most might not even consider doing what you are doing.

You are peerless not because you are super cool and untouchable, but because what you are doing is so weird, so strange, that there is no company who does what you do. You don't even fit into any known industrial category.

And so you're in Blue Ocean, meaning that you are just so "out there" in your own world somewhere, doing your own thing, that there is just nobody around you for miles and miles. You're by yourself.

And that is good business! Why is it good business? Think about it first. It's good business because if you are all alone, if there is no other company who does what you do, then it means that if you can actualize a Market: you own 100% of that Market!!! You own 100% of the market shares. You don't need to compete.

I'll give my own example of a Blue Ocean enterprise, which ONA people can better relate with. David Myatt is Blue Ocean. Because: What genre or "industrial" category does he fit into? The Occult? The Western Tradition? Greek Philosophy? Satanism? National-Socialism? Linguistics? European Cultural Studies? Pagan Spirituality? Political Dissident? Magick? Tarot Card Readings? I've been reading DM for years, and to this day, I still don't know what category to place DM into. He is his own thing.

He is also "peerless." Because: who else around him, or around ONA people, does the same things he does: a little Greek Linguistics, a little Greek Philosophy, paganism, some Satanism, a little National-Socialism, a little ideology, some mysticism, some poetry, and so on, and so forth.

The cool thing is that DM has and does and can manifest an audience; I would be one person of that audience. And DM "owns" 100% of the attention and support of that audience, because he just has no competition. Not because he is super-duper at what he does; but because nobody does exactly the same combination of things he does to compete for his market shares.

Unique Combinations

When I understood what Blue Ocean was, I set sail for it. I left the red ocean of Satanism and the Left Hand Path behind, and I just went far out to find my own Blue Ocean niche.

The idea is to go out and find your own blue ocean niche, but to have on your wetsuit and surf board, your ONA logo. That's what DM does. He does his own thing, and he's figuratively got his ONA logo on. So when what he does draw attention, people end up looking into the ONA.

That's how Brand spreads and sells in real life. You see your friend or someone you look up to wear a Brand of clothing. You look into that Brand. If you like it, you buy the stuff. Nobody forces that shit on you. DM doesn't force or sell ONA to people like a life insurance salesman. He just does his own thing, has a simple ONA logo on his surf board, and when people like us notice him, we look into that ONA, and if we like it, we stick with the Brand.

And so, that was my idea. Not to do overt ONA: because *everybody* in ONA is already doing that! I'd go out and do my own thing, to find my own blue ocean niche to surf in. But I'd always have my ONA logo on my wetsuit and board. So that way, if or when I ever get attention doing what I do, people will look into the ONA on their own time and terms. If they like it, they'll study it on their own time and terms.

It took me many years to find my blue ocean niche. Many years to put together a unique combination of things I am have a natural dharma for. When that combination is put together right, it makes it so that nobody else can copy my enterprise.

A part of that unique combination is me writing and talking about Buddhism. Which has nothing to do with ONA or Satanism. I just have a natural dharma for Buddhism. Another part of that combination is me talking about my own Culture. Which has nothing to do with ONA or Satanism. Another thing is me talking about the Khmer and Pali languages: which has nothing to do with ONA or Satanism. Another thing is me talking about my Family: again, this has nothing to do with the occult, ONA, or the LHP. Another

thing is me talking about my life's experiences. Another is me talking sometimes about natural philosophy, which I really like. Another is me talking about ontology, alternative science, so on, and so on. Rarely do I talk about Satanism overtly. Rarely do I talk about ONA overtly.

I take things I am either good at doing or that I have a natural dharma for, and I combine them into a unique pattern of something which only I can do. And so, for instance, if another person were to desire to be my rival or compete with me, they would have to understand ONA like I do, understand Myattian ideas like me, be from an Asian culture, speak khmer, know Pali, understand Buddhism like me, do natural philosophy like me, be from an Thai-Chinese family like me, do ontology and metaphysics like me, and be all into weird science like me. And lastly they would have to write with the same writing style as me; articulate their ideas like me, and so on. And all of that put together is just not feasible or practical. My blue ocean niche is pretty secure.

But doing what I do, means that for many years – and still now – I have very little people in my “audience,” or very little people who like my stuff. But, I follow the footsteps of DM, and will endure the test of Time, and so in Time, I'll find more associates, friends, supporters, and people who generally like my niche market stuff. Like Attracts Like. And: there are plenty of people in Asia, which has been and still is my desired target future market. And no matter how “far out” I get, I'll always be wearing my ONA logo on my wetsuit and board, for the eyes I capture to see.

Most people into the “old way” of thinking will believe that red ocean businesses make the most money. After all, Apple is set to be the world's first Trillion dollar corporation! In a sense this is true with the few outstanding corporations, but the profit is short-term, and can be described by the phrase: immediate gratification. The problem with a red ocean business is that if you don't keep on your toes and stay ahead of competition, you lose big and fast also. The book deals with this subject, and shows the reader with data the authors have collected that this belief is generally untrue and unsubstantiated. In the long-run – key word is long-run – blue ocean businesses make more profit than red ocean ones.

And they make more loyal associates and brand tribes. If Apple stopped producing cool product and Samsung began created better stuff than Apple, how many people using Apple products would switch to Samsung? If the LaVeyan memplex created in the 1960's era stopped being relevant in the 2010 era, how many Satanists would abandon that Brand? An interesting Brand and blue ocean niche enterprise is the OTO. The OTO is part fraternal organization, part Church of Crowley, part Thelema, part whatever. They've been able to maintain a loyal brand tribe for the past 100 years. It's a small 'business' with only around circa 2000 members, but the OTO has had a large sphere of influence in the Western Tradition and Occult sectors. Over the many decades, the OTO and thus Thelema and Crowley's teachings, has not suffered from any significant degree of attrition of membership.

Investments

Like 8 years ago, I start off online with the typical footing. I created an account in some Satanic forum. I'd read random threads. When some random thread caught my interest and inspired me to think, form a thought, produce and insight, or whatever, I'd make a post, like anybody in such forums.

After reading a few books on business and marketing, I suddenly realized I was stupid and had made a mistake. What I was doing in those forums was totally undisciplined and ignorant. I was investing my ideas, my thought, my time, my creativity, into a forum, out of which I got nothing. No returns, no dividends, no profit. I'd end up calling those ideas, thoughts, insights, and so on “Intellectual Capital.”

Fortunately for me, I had an example to study. DM did things differently. I noticed that for at least 30 years DM was very disciplined in how and where he invested his intellectual capital. Not in any online forum, not in any internet postings. What DM did and still does is he has these “saving accounts.” Saving accounts like Reichsfolk, The Numinous Way, the ONA. And when he has an idea, a creative impulse, a good thought, an insight, he would invest that intellectual capital into one of those savings accounts, and leave it there to mature over time. What he was essentially doing was that he was investing his time and thoughts into his own enterprise. And after many years of such disciplined investing, he can be seen to generate visible returns and dividends. Returns like academicians taking notice of him, journalists writing books on him, loyal brand tribes, and so on.

And so, as soon as I understood this, I abandoned all my internet accounts, and I went to start my own blog. What I'd do is I'd read the forums and threads still, and when some thread inspired a few thought to arise in me, I'd write a short essay for my own blog, rather than make a post out of it in some forum. And I'd invest those thoughts into my own ONA nexion [wsa] which was like my

private enterprise. After that moment, the only time I make posts in forum is either to troll people for fun, or to answer ONA questions random people may have had. And after a few years of just minding my own business, investing all my ideas into my own thing, I started to get returns on my investments.

There was one really cool “return” I got, which changed me inside. An academic [Dr. CM] had contacted me thru his connections to ask me 5 questions for a book he was writing. At first I told Dr. CM that I was nobody to ask or interview, since there were people in ONA who were into it longer than me, and they were more knowledgeable than me. I saw an opportunity for ONA & DM. And so I asked Dr. CM if he would like to interview Anton Long [instead of me]. He was excited and said yes. And so I contacted my Old Guard liaison at the time and told my liaison about Dr. CM and the book he was writing. My Liaison and Dr.CM eventually got into contact with each other, and Dr.CM was connected with Anton Long.

What was very cool about this incident that changed me wasn't being asked 5 question by Dr.CM; or the potential to have a little section of that book potentially be about me. In fact, I was never included in the published book itself. It was something my Old Guard liaison said to me privately in one of our email exchanges regarding academic interviews and being in books and whatever. My liaison said to me, roughly: “You know, it took AL over 10 years to do what you did in 3?” That was it. My liaison barely said a sentence, but that sentence uplifted my spirits very high, and it helped me burn with a passion to keep doing what I was doing. And all I did was observe how DM was doing things, and I tried to do what he did. I know for sure that DM's method works. It's worked for him for 40 years and counting. The point of this story is: if you have a thought, or an insight, or whatever, don't be undisciplined with it and waste it in some forum or on Facebook. Invest that intellectual capital wisely in your own enterprise.

Blue Ocean ONA

What if most ONA people, and most nexions found their own blue ocean niche, and were doing their own unique combination of things? Things not overtly LHP, Satanic, Sinister, or ONA? Things that don't fit into any established 'industrial' category? Things nobody else is doing exactly? Things different, original, and creative? What would ONA become in 10 years?

One cool thing I like about the OG team or “inner circle” is that they feel things similar to how I do. They have already taken ONA out of red ocean waters. Out of the overcrowded and dying Satanic and/or LHP market. Dr. Sieg once said roughly, that the ONA was poised to leave Satanism behind. Dr. CM stated in his book that the ONA's Satanism is cosmetic. It's getting harder to place ONA into a single current genre or category. It's no longer Sinister pur sang. It's Numinous also. Neither Left Hand Path or Right Hand Path. Neither purely Western or Eastern. But it has elements of both sides.

No competition. No rivals. No other group or organization to share our “market/audience” with. No peers. Where ONA makes itself its own category/genre. Where it sets the standards. Where it defines the future industry and landscape. DM is already blue ocean, he's been so forever. Ryan Fleming is heading deep into blue ocean territory. If this continues on course, I predict in 10 years ONA will be very different, more bigger, and more influential. Why that prediction?

The Lighthouse Effect

I love history. I like to study history on my own. I love anthropology and sociology, and so I like studying human nature on my own as well. I also have an eye for patterns. I love patterns. My brain is just wired to take notice of patterns. You need a brain that sees patterns when you study things like human language, and natural philosophy. I love language and natural philosophy. I don't find it boring to watch a 5 hour documentary by the BBC on the entire history of the English language. It's utter joy. Better than sex! I'm being serious actually.

That's the easiest way to learn to find out what your dharma, wyrd, or passion in life is: figure out what you burn for, want, that burns stronger than your desire for sex. Some people have a passion for music, where they'd spend all their time making music and sex is some side issue. Einstein had this passion for math and numbers. He once said that he wished sex was simple, alluding to how the affair of sex was an overly complicated manner. You have to date, romance, fall in love, get married... all of which took up precious time for a scientist who loved math and science more than women. But we're all unfortunately human, and being such, we come with *That Drive*. Whatever you have a drive for, that is more consuming than your drive for sex is your dharma. Mine is writing, patterns, and writing about the patterns I see everywhere.

One pattern I found after studying history and human nature, I ended up calling the “Lighthouse Effect.” When I found that Lighthouse Effect pattern, I spent several years trying to apply it, to test it, after I had turned it into a hypothesis. I’ll explain what this effect is, give a simple example of how I put it into practice, and what it does.

I first saw this lighthouse pattern when I was studying Ancient Egypt. Back then in those ancient times, the “known world” was very small. And what I saw was that many people from the known world, traveled to Ancient Egypt to learn its wisdom and to learn from its mystery schools. The anonymous writers of the Jewish Torah make it known that they were aware of such mysteries. You have the story of Moses learning the secret mysteries of Egypt.

Egypt eventually falls out of importance, and Ancient Greece becomes the Alpha Civilization. And so I saw the same phenomenon. I saw many people from the known world flock to Ancient Greece to learn their wisdom and mysteries. The ancient Greek language even became the lingua franca of the “known world,” at one time.

Greece eventually falls out of importance, and Rome becomes Alpha. With the Roman Empire, people didn’t have to flock to Rome... Rome came to them [by force of imperialism]. But for a long time, Rome was the center of learning, of wisdom, of insight, of culture, of architecture, of everything. Latin became the lingua franca of Europe at one time.

Rome eventually falls, and the Islamic Civilization then became the Lighthouse of the world around 1000CE. And I see the same phenomenon take place. People from both the West and the East flocked to a number of cities in the Islamic Empire to learn mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and so on.

This Islamic Empire eventually falls out of importance and Western Europe became the lighthouse of the known world, during the Age of Enlightenment; which is mine personal favourite historical period of European history. And so people from the known world flocked to Western Europe physically or mentally to learn from the great thinkers and philosophers.

This is one half of the “Lighthouse Effect.” I got the other half of the Lighthouse Effect from studying or observing human nature in tandem to this phenomenon of people flocking to centers of light/wisdom.

The other half is that I noticed that Ancient Egypt was a very barbaric group of people. They used war to kill and vanquish their neighbors. I noticed that Ancient Greece was terribly barbaric, where you had people like Alexander the Great slaughter his way across the known world into India. I noticed that the Rome, the Islamic Empires were also very barbaric or sinister, where they murdered and slaughtered. I noticed that the Europeans of old times were inexhaustibly barbaric and sinister, where they stole land from indigenous peoples, enslaved Blacks for hundreds of years and treated them like animals, exploited Africa’s natural resources, and so on... Asia is the same way.

But despite all that barbarity and sinister nature, for some odd reason, these same barbaric and sinister human beings had a will or desire in them to also seek Light, Wisdom, Self-Betterment. Where they appeared to be like moths attracted to, drawn to, flying towards and around a lightbulb. And so I named this the “Lighthouse Effect.”

The simple hypothesis I made about this Lighthouse Effect is that: No matter how evil, sinister, barbaric, criminal we human beings are, we are also by nature drawn to, attracted to “that which can make us better, wiser, more intelligent, less ignorant.” It ends up being simple biological mathematics: you give people the choice of darkness, stupidity, and drunken ignorance [negative stimuli] and light, wisdom, self-betterment [positive stimuli] and they will by natural law be drawn to the *Source* of positive stimuli.

And so 6 years ago I started an experiment to put my hypothesis to the test. My test-bed were online Satanic Forums. My test subjects were Satanists; people who openly reject what they symbolically refer to as “Light,” White Light stuff, altruism, and so on. My experiment was simple: I’d simply make myself a lighthouse, and write essays in some blog, filling that blog with interesting, un-satanic, openly Buddhist stuff. I wouldn’t advertise my blog in anyway. I’d just write and watch if they come, if they read, if they were inspired or even influenced.

I did a similar experiment in real life. I’d make myself a lighthouse, where I’d incorporate being a source of positive stimuli, insight, wisdom, to random people and criminally inclined people. And I’d see if they like me and became my friends.

I can say that after 6 years of testing this Lighthouse Effect, that when you make yourself a Source of Light, that no matter how uneducated, criminal, racist, barbaric, evil, sinister, satanic, people are, they are drawn to you, are attracted to you, and seek your

company, or want to hang out or talk to you. It's like you were a people magnet. And they end up regarding what you have to say in some sort of significant regard.

So an example of how I put this Lighthouse Effect into practice would like this one time I was hanging out at a friend's apartment. Next door there was this cholo guy [Mexican gangbanger] who was about maybe in his early 20's. I had not seen him for a while, since I hang out at this friend's apartment often. That day I saw him so I asked him like: "Hey, what's up? Where have you been?" He goes: "In jail." He was drinking and appeared to be slightly drunk. I asked him what happened, so he explained: "I was crossing the street, minding my own business trying to get my pad right? The fucking huda [cops] saw my tats and stopped me. They put me in jail for whatever. You know how they do shit. What have you been up to?"

I told the cholo guy I was taking a class at the local community college, some science stuff, just to learn shit. Keep myself out of trouble. So our conversation went into this direction. He said he dropped out of school, and I told him I did to. I then said to him, since the stage was set: "You know, you're younger than me by a couple years. We both got a whole life ahead of us. You can put in some time and take a class to learn a skill or trade, and like in a year, have a career to take care of your lady and little daughter. Have some extra money to enjoy life, right? Or this is the only life you'll ever know." So we talked about that subject. I didn't think he was actually considering anything I was saying because he was drunk. I was simply trying to be friends with him.

A week or so later I was at this same friend's apartment, social smoking outside. The cholo guy stepped outside and he said to me: "You know that one day you gave me that talk? I want to apologize for me being drunk that day. I listened to everything you said. I liked what you were telling me. Nobody ever talked to me like that before. Talked to me like a real person. So I had my lady help me find a school. She found me a place that teaches me construction skills. In a few months, I'll be certified doing dry wall for construction companies. My mom is paying for it. She was happy when I told her I wanted to go to school."

Ever since then we were good friends. What I told him was nothing spectacular or super-intelligent. I just gave him an idea that he could use for his own self-betterment, on his own time and terms. But I talked to him a gentle, sincere, and caring tone of voice. Your voice, the set of words/lexicon you use [in relation to your listener], and also how you sound when you write, is crucial.

From my experience, the Lighthouse Effect works. I've been using this phenomenon with ONA. There are plenty of people who present ONA in the usual dark, dreary, and gloomy Sinister image that we are all used to. It's like these people have a dark rain cloud over their blogs and nexions. And that's cool. But I do my own thing, talk a little about Buddhism, natural philosophy, life, this and that. Like Cirque du Soleil, the only thing "ONA" about me or what I do is the tent. And it actually works for me... and it works for how DM does what he does for ONA. He publicly doesn't even associate with ONA. He just minds his own business, writing Numinous stuff. Nothing overtly ONAish. And the Lighthouse Effect works for him. People like me, are drawn to his work and to ONA. Why? For me: because of the insights, wisdom, and things I can use for my own self-betterment. It's simple really.

We study the Tao, learn how Tao flows, and we work with the Flow. We study human nature. Learn how humans naturally flow, and rather than work against that current, we work in tandem with it. By nature, no matter how evil, criminal, ignorant, egotistic, pretentious, arrogant, racist, barbaric we are: we are drawn to sources of insight, wisdom, and resources of self-betterment. "Self-betterment" here doesn't mean anything goofy. It means that if you are a criminal, you might be drawn to sources of information and people who can help you become a better criminal. It means that as an arrogant pretentious know-it-all, you might be drawn to people or information that will help make you know more stuff so you can look better than others and be more pretentious.

What is "Freedom" or Liberty exactly? And why do people from unfree countries flock to Europe and America? Freedom is simply the condition or opportunity laden environment where you are at liberty to reach for your own self-betterment in your own way and on your own terms; where no state or government or political party or theocracy controls you or tells you what you should do with your life, how you should think and believe, and so on. You are just simply a lighthouse, shining a lamp. You don't force that light on anyone. You just shine it in the darkness, and eventually, people will come.

And so, because of how I understand this phenomenon of the Lighthouse Effect, I predict that if ONA continues in the direction that it is gradually moving into, that in time – 10 years or whatever – it will grow better, grow bigger, and become more of a source of inspiration and influence, than it is today; than it was 10 years ago.

There are different species of ideas or insights. There are those that are fixed or bound to a specific reference frame such as a period or modality of civilization, an iteration of worldview, the sentiments of a generation. Such ideas would die out and become irrelevant in time, because what they are rooted in is vaporfluous and changes.

But there are ideas, wisdom, and insight that transcends such causal forms, and the transitory Nature/Physis of such causal forms. An example would be many of the philosophical insights produced by ancient Greece. Although ancient Greece may be gone, those timeless insights still inspire and influence many of us today.

To build something like an ONA or an institution on the foundation of fleeting casual forms such as a period of civilization, the opinions of a society, an iteration of worldview, or the sentiments of a generation, would mean that what we have built would naturally become irrelevant and fade away in time. Such as the case with LaVeyan Satanism. Which was founded mostly on a reaction to the sentiments of the 60's generation and the iteration of worldview of that period.

And so, it would be more aeonically productive to instead learn to build the ONA; or our own private corpus of wisdom; on the foundation of timeless ideas and ancestral wisdom. So that, the Lighthouse we have built together will be more able to transcend even the dissolution of casual forms, such that its light may continue to shine brilliant.

..:Kryptonimus





Sincronización Interna

¿Qué es lo que puede surgir de la sincronización y armonización Gestalt de elementos como la pulsación de la Vida incondicionada, el pensamiento, la emoción y la sensación? Pero más importante aún ¿quien o qué agente, es el que decide y lleva a cabo esta sincronización? ¿Qué parte de nosotros es aquella capaz de reunir estos ingredientes en el caldero de los brujos para preparar la poderosa mixtura resultante?

Sabios como el Sr. Gurdjieff decían que la armonización rítmica de estos elementos anímicos es indispensable para la difícil construcción del “Centro Magnético”. No se decía que esto fuera lo único necesario, pero sí algo imprescindible para la elaboración de semejante receta mística.

Este Centro Magnético, o como queramos llamarlo, es un constructo que nos serviría, entre otras cosas, para orientarnos y conducirnos por los mares del destino, para guiarnos por nuestro sendero Wurdiano. Su influencia también posee la virtud de inducir y provocar confluencias, sincronizaciones y potentes alteraciones en las circunstancias buscando nuestro ulterior beneficio.

La armonización rítmica de nuestros elementos anímicos implica más una actitud vital que una técnica concreta, aunque también es cierto que pueden elaborarse infinitud de ejercicios meditativos para intensificar la elaboración de esta especial mixtura.

Acuden a mi mente diferentes representaciones más o menos imaginativas relacionadas con este proceso. Una de ellas es la del Viento Acausal que requiere de una Flauta *bien afinada* para poder expresar su Música.

Otra posible representación es la de la sinergia Gestalt en la que la adición bien temperada y armónica de las partes produce un elemento cualitativamente superior y más poderoso que la simple suma de los componentes.

Si queremos recurrir a explicaciones más convencionales, podemos decir que según la “Hipótesis de Ligamento por Sincronía” toda experiencia cognitiva y sensorial se expresa a través de un entramado de complejas y finas sincronías que se producen entre los diversos circuitos neuronales. Cuanta mayor sincronía, mayor será el nivel de simultaneidad en el intercambio de impulsos y mayor el nivel de Simulflujo.

Esto es: cuanto mayor sea el nivel de sincronización entre los circuitos neuronales transitorios que se suceden en las distintas áreas del cerebro, más rica, profunda y potente será la función cognitiva y sensorial resultante.

Bueno, vayamos al grano. Voy a describir uno de estos posibles ejercicios a modo de ejemplo:

Esquemáticamente la idea es la siguiente:

Ritmo Vital ζ , Pensamiento ζ , Emoción ζ , Sensación

Conozco a gente que prefiere disponer la emoción antes del pensamiento o alguna otra variación...Eso es asunto de la constitución de cada cual...

(i) El Ritmo Vital (o el Aliento del Dragón):

El primer paso es tratar de percibir con claridad meridiana esa pulsación de la Vida Incondicionada que se manifiesta en nosotros mediante los ritmos del latir del corazón, y el bombear de nuestra respiración. Debemos tratar de no interferir con nuestra mente lineal con el primordial compás de ese pneuma fluyendo en nuestro interior. *Sentirnos cómodos presenciando reverentemente como la insondable vastedad cósmica afluye y refluye de modo natural a través de nosotros.* Este ritmo representará esa Fuerza misteriosa y cruda que proviene de las profundidades más allá de la mente concreta...

(ii) La Razón (como pensamiento altamente formalizado):

Previamente deberíamos haber elegido una secuencia numérica, una sucesión aritmética o geométrica que implique la necesidad de calcular racionalmente el siguiente número y mantener el recuerdo de la posición presente a lo largo de la secuencia. Una vez hecha esa elección, *debemos armonizar esta sucesión de números con el compás del Ritmo Vital. Por ejemplo, podemos asociar tres respiraciones naturales a cada número.*

(iii) La Emoción:

Habremos elegido (también previamente) para el ejercicio que vamos a practicar una emoción determinada que nos apetezca invocar, como por ejemplo la Alegría o la Furia, el Amor o el Odio, etc...Lo mejor es ir alternando la polaridad en las emociones invocadas cada vez que hagamos esta práctica. Entonces repetimos el proceso anterior de asociación: *vinculamos esta emoción al ritmo del "metrónomo" Vital y al número concreto que venga al caso en la procesión de números.*

(iv) La Sensación

También deberemos haber escogido una sensación para invocarla – la misma - a lo largo de este ejercicio. Puede ser una impresión sensorial como una imagen, un sonido, el tacto de un dedo en el centro del esternón, un pellizco en el muslo, la flexión muscular de nuestros puños, la presión de la lengua contra el paladar, etc...algo simple y sencillo que provoque una sensación física que no nos desconcentre. También resulta interesante ir alternando en cada sesión las sensaciones de cariz más agradables con aquellas que de naturaleza más molesta.

Finalmente deberemos armonizar también esta sensación a todo el conjunto de elementos anteriores, esto es: Siguiendo el ritmo vital de la respiración o las palpitaciones, asociamos la impresión sensorial, a la impresión emocional y a la impresión racional.

...Demás está decir que previamente a este ejercicio, el practicante debe ser capaz de distinguir por separado y nítidamente cada uno de estos elementos, e identificar con claridad como estos se expresan a través de su psicósoma en su vida diaria.

Darte





Notes On Light

...I have a problem with Light: I don't know what it is, why it is, how it is, and how it fits into an aetheric model of the universe. I was staring at a lightbulb in my room for a while, wondering how the filament of the light bulb made all the photons flying out of it. At face value this seems like a stupid question to ask, doesn't it?

What I was wondering was: how does a lightbulb, not only make photons, but push the photons at light speed so suddenly. Where did the photon get its energy to fly that fast so suddenly as soon as it left the filament? This also seems like a stupid question to ask. People might say that the energy comes from the electricity, duh!

Okay, let me ask that same exact question, but with a different light producing object. Inside some watches with the moving hands are these crystals. The crystals glow in the dark at night so you can tell what time it is. So the question is: Where did those little crystals get the energy needed to push all the photons it's producing at such high speeds so suddenly? We're talking about a lot of photons constantly flying out of those glowing crystals: day after day, week after week, month after month, and so on. This time, you can't say from electricity.

Another thing I don't understand about light is: if light is a particle, then why can this particle fly thru glass and translucent matter, but not thru opaque matter? It actually boggles my mind when I stare at my window in my room and I see light shine thru it, but not thru my walls. If light is a particle, then why can't we collect these particles inside a black box, like we can collect particles of carbon atoms or oxygen atoms? If light is a wave or ether, then how come it can't fly thru the wall like radio waves?

Another thing I don't understand about light is, if it is a particle, and it's flying down the surface of an ocean, then way deep, the ocean is dark: what happened to all the light particles? Where did they all go? Did they settle down at the bottom of the sea someplace?

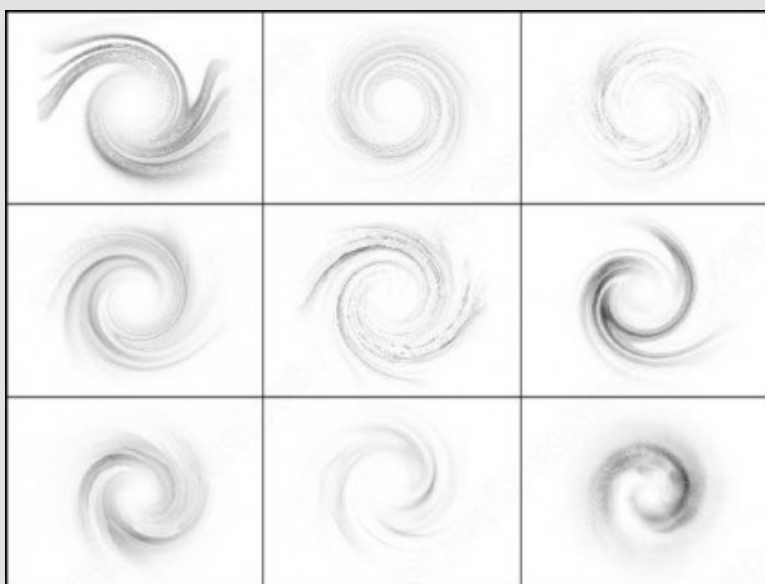
And lastly, I don't understand why a photon has no mass. I've tried to fit photons into my model of an etheric cosmos, and it just doesn't fit anywhere. I've tried to picture a photon being even the same size as an ethon [particle of ether], and even at that size, the photon particle would still bump into ethons and pick up some mass and get some resistance. And if photons are ether-waves, then still, this makes no sense, because ethons are so small they pass thru the atoms of house walls, and so you would think that a wave of ether would simply pass thru such wall. If photons are waves of ether, then why can this wave pass thru translucent matter, but not opaque matter? Why the discrimination? But wait!!! On an atomic level, what exactly is the difference between translucent matter and opaque matter anyways? Why are water and air clear, but not rocks and drywall?

I got very frustrated about light, trying to figure it out and fit it into my model of the universe. So I gave up and went onto other things.



Many months later – when I totally forgot about light and didn’t care anymore – I got something, an insight of some sort. I was doing a usual activity: burning sandalwood incense for my Buddha statue in my room, and just sitting quietly in a semi-meditative state listening to music and just staring at the incense smoke. I saw the smoke form a few swirls... and that’s when the insight hit me, like a flash of light! That’s why photons don’t have mass or resistance when they fly!

The incense smoke to me looked and behaved like a fluid, so I imaged it to be the sea of ether that surrounds everything. The smoke from my incense sticks swirled in a curly Q or “whirlpool” shape. I noticed that when the smoke swirls like that, the swirling smoke moves faster [relative to] than the rest of the smoke. The swirl of smoke was neither a wave proper or a particle, but it behaved at times like a wave and other times as a particle. The swirl itself is a wave, a wave which is waving into itself or around itself, and so in that sense, it has the property of a wave. But the coherency of the swirl shape and the Form of the swirl also gave the swirl properties of a “particle” where that it pushes apart smoke in its path, has discernable shape and form, and a measurable velocity relative to the non-swirl smoke.



Light might not be either a wave or a particle. It’s just a swirl, whirlpool, or “vortex” of ethons. It doesn’t pick up any mass in the same way that a swirl of smoke can fly thru smoke and not pick extra mass, because as the swirl moves, what is actually happening

is that the medium of smoke waves around forming the “body” of the swirl. I didn’t explain that good. Just get yarn, make a big simple loose knot with the yarn, then place your finger in that knot and move the knot back and forth. The knot represents the photon, the yarn represents ether as a static medium. When the knot moves, it’s not actually “moving” in the classical sense. What’s happening is that the yarn is just becoming the body of the knot at different places along the yarn. And so, because that “knot” is not moving in the classical sense [thru anything], it doesn’t pick up mass or is slowed down because of resistance by being pushed against ethons.



Another way to picture what I’m trying to explain is to watch a whirlpool in water “move” across the water. In actuality, the whirlpool is not “moving” across anything. What is actually happening is that the medium of water itself is waving in a swirl motion, and the swirly waves are what is actually “moving.” But since the whirlpool is not actually moving across anything, it doesn’t pick up mass or meet up with resistance by pushing up against the water. The other thing to consider closely is that although the whirlpool is made up of vortexes of waves, it behaves like a “particle” or object where it displaces the medium of water around it as it moves, just like how a boat would do or some object like a duck swimming. Meaning that the whirlpool has discernable “properties” of an object such as form, shape, quality, spin, speed, displacement of water medium, etc. But the whirlpool is not an “object” proper. Keep in mind that photons do actually have a Spin, just like a whirlpool has a spin to it. And so it has the “properties” or qualities of both a wave and a particle... a “wavicle.”



This model of light helps me understand “where” light goes to when it goes very deep in the ocean [or deep in space]. If light were an actual particle/object you would think that there would be puddles of light at the bottom of the ocean, but there isn’t. All of the light around the bottom of the ocean is gone, meaning that the sun’s rays don’t hit bottom. If a photon is a whirlpool of ether, then what happens is that the further down the ocean it goes, the more the etheric swirl defuses or dissipates.



Lightbulbs

So, thinking about swirls in water, I recalled watching rowboats once. As the oar of the boat enters the water it makes little whirlpools that emanate or “radiate” from the oar. And this was how I ended up picturing how the filaments of a lightbulb works. Like oars of a boat, causing swirls of ether to emanate from it. The lightbulb is like an oar moving back and forth on the surface of water, as it moves back and forth it generates streams of tiny whirlpools that move outwards. As I visualize this in my mind, I detect something I had not ever noticed before.

I understand that when I push an object, a “force” from my body or hand moves into the object and causes the object to move, according to the momentum and strength of the force. What I detected when I was visualizing an “aetheric oar” moving back and forth to make ether swirls, was that some species of other “force” was causing the ethons to move in swirly waves. It’s not the “force” we are normally aware of, since our classical force can be felt. For instance, if you throw a pebble at me, the Force from your arm goes into that pebble, the pebble hits me, and the Force transfers to my body, and I can feel that Force. But whatever force is causing the ethons to swirl isn’t a force which can be felt, and it also doesn’t seem to transfer into objects to move them?? It also seems to be a force that can push the swirls of ethons very fast. But like “classical force,” this force seems to dissipate and become weaker.



With the oar analogy, I was then able to picture in my mind, what a Sun is and how a sun works. I pictured the sun as a giant fan with propellers. The propellers are spinning fast with some kind of “non-classical force.” The non-classical force causes a continuous stream [current] of etheric swirls, which we call “light.”

The picture above roughly illustrates what I am trying to describe. It’s a picture of a car inside a wind tunnel. The force of the fans of the wind tunnel pushes streams of smoke. You can see the streams of smoke are in a noticeably coherent formation. If the fan of the wind tunnel stops moving or producing its force, the smoke loses momentum and gradually defuses or dissipates. You can see that the smoke behind the car is already losing its coherent formation and beginning to defuse or dissipate. The smoke you see in the wind tunnel roughly represents streams of etheric swirls we’d call “rays of light.”

The difficulty I personally had with light was that I had a hard time understanding the suchness of it. Meaning that I wasn’t able to figure out what species of ontological entity it was and where in the hierarchy or entities a photon fits. A whirlpool in relation to its water medium is not a separate “ontological entity” from the water. It’s just Force causing the water to behave in a different way than it would normally behave. And that was my problem. I was looking for the suchness of something which did not exist separate from aether pur sang. The term “pur sang” by the way is fancy-schmancy French meaning “pure blood.” If your dog is a poodle “pur sang” that means it’s definitely a purebred poodle. But if you say that your poodle is not pur sang, what you mean to say is that even though your dog looks like a poodle, it is not 100% poodle. And so even though a whirlpool seems to be something separate from its medium of water, in actuality, it is not.

Now, with this new way of seeing Light, I was able to see something else more clearly. I believe that the physical universe ultimately arises from “etheric commotion.” Meaning that the most basic particles that our physical universe is built with ultimately arises from “etheric foam,” which is another way to say that the medium of ether is in a state of commotion and agitation. Now, with this new way of seeing Light, I was able to picture roughly for the first time just what this etheric commotion/foam looks and feels like: Light plus that “non-classical force” I talked about. Because with this model, Light is the swirling or commotion of ether produced by that strange force/“energy.” And so, what I am trying to say here is that our physical universe – or the fundamental particles that makes it up – arises from two things: 1) Energy, & Etheric Foam [quantum foam, whatever]. If this is the case, then we should see...

In 1934, two physicists Gregory Breit and John Wheeler proposed that it should be possible to turn light into matter by smashing together only two photons, the fundamental particles of light, to create an electron and a positron. It was the simplest method of turning light into matter ever predicted, but it has never been observed in the laboratory.

I'm eagerly waiting for this experiment to be done. If the idea that our physical universe does indeed ultimately arise from energy and Etheric Foam, then it should be possible to smash two photons into each other to produce particles of matter.

My prediction is that it will be possible, because of how I understand energy and a "field" to be. I explained this in a previous issue of Nexion Zine. Energy is ethons moving in no coherent order. A field is when ethons move in coherent formation. The field must come first before the particle of matter, because the field generates the particle. And so, if you smash two photons together, it may cause coherent ethonic formations sometimes [but not all the time] which would be fields; and then such fields would quickly become "particles of matter." Imagine two people smoking cigarettes near each other. They then place their lips close to each other a foot apart and then they blow smoke very fast. The two streams of incoherent smoke may at times produce coherent formations of smoke.



In this case, the rings of smoke you see in the picture represents the coagulation of smoke particles into a coherent formation, which would be a "particle," in relation to the ambient smoke. A particle cannot exist by itself ipso facto, because nothing in this cosmos exists as an isolated entity, or it wouldn't exist. To "exist" essentially meaning to have "Being" or "Suchness" in relation to Non-Being and Non-Suchness. The "causal" exists only in relation to the "acausal." If particles exist [and they do], they must exist in relation to an ambient medium, from which they arise. And so, as you can see, those smoke rings are the "next stage" in development from swirls of smoke [light]. The swirl is less coherent and less compact. Whereas the smoke rings are more coherent and compact.

Translucency & Opacity

It might sound weird, but I spent several years staring at my bedroom window wondering why light can pass thru my window, and not my walls. From a macro-physical point of view, it's obvious that there is a difference between glass and drywall: the glass is see-through! That doesn't satisfy me, because it does explain what makes matter translucent on the atomic or subatomic level of perception, to me. What is the difference? Why can Light seemingly pass thru one and not the other?



The above picture is a picture of "Collision Balls." The image of these collision balls popped up in my mind one day after staring at my window for many years, and also after I had the insight that light was a swirl of ethons pushed into motion by some kind of non-classical force.

The collision balls function pretty simple in nature. If you draw back one ball, the force in that ball hits the other balls, moves thru them, and pushes one ball out. If you draw back two balls, the same happens but two balls are pushed out, and so on. And so, in this sense, we can say analogously that: The collision balls are "translucent" to kinetic force. Meaning that kinetic force has the ability to seemingly pass through the formation of balls without must "inhibition" or "impediment."

Light passing thru "translucent matter" would then work in the same manner, according to that fractal pattern. Light or "photons" are streams of swirling ethons, propelled into motion by some type of "non-classical force." This light hits a body of matter. This body of matter is made up of many layers of atoms, each atom being inside a field. If this body of matter can "absorb" the "non-classical force" and transfer that non-classical force to the next layer of atomic fields, and then to the next layer, and so on, the last layer of atoms in this body of matter would "expel" that non-classical force [at a weaker level] out, and that non-classical force generates swirls of ethons. And so in this case, we would describe this body of matter to be "translucent" where that Light can pass thru it. On the other hand, when that body of matter absorbs that "non-classical force" and defuses that force with each layer of atoms, such that, that non-classical force is very weak or non-existent at the last few layers of atoms of this body of matter, we describe such matter to be "opaque," meaning that Light cannot pass thru it.

If this is the case – how I explained the difference between translucent and opaque matter to be – then it re-affirms that there exists some type or species of "non-classical force" "moving" ethons in a swirly wave motion, and that this non-classical force seems to fractally behave similar to kinetic force/energy.

The Experiment

Everything I stated in this notation can and Should in future be disproven, and I am open to a future group of post-materialist scientists falsifying what guesses I have made here, simply because I just want to know what light is. Why? Because – as

I stated in an earlier issue of Nexion – that if we one day would like to fly at light speed, we really need to come to an accurate understanding of how Light is traveling and what exactly Light is. Materialist dogma and pet theories don't do any good.

A “simple” experiment can be conducted to falsify this model of light. You would need three instruments that can detect the motion of ether; plus two very dark [lightless] rooms. One of these instruments is placed outside in a field somewhere; this will be a control subject. Another of these instruments is placed in one of the dark rooms; this will be a second control subject. The third instrument is placed in the second dark room, in which is a small lightbulb or source of photons. The instrument is placed close to the source of photons. The source of photons is turned on and off at regular intervals for a set duration. If this model of light is anywhere near being accurate, then it should be that when the source of photons is turned on, the instrument should detect motion in the ether inside the room emanating from the source of photons.

The Double Slit Experiment

There are a number of different versions of the Double Slit Experiment. I'll be talking about the one when you shoot one Single Photon or Electron towards two slits. Using this model of Light, the double slit experiment becomes easy to understand. I have seen one dust devil split into two. I have also played around with swirls of smoke to make one swirl into two, or more. When I got the insight that Light was a swirl/whirlpool, and that such whirlpools [vortexes] can divide in two, I immediately thought of the double slit experiment.

Before I give the “Dreccian Interpretation” of the double slit experiment, let me explain briefly how I one day was playing around with whirlpools in my bath tub. After thinking about whirlpools and the two slit experiment, I went to the bath tub and filled it up, then used a spoon to make whirlpools. When I had a nice whirlpool going, I took my credit card, and using the thin edge of the card, I sliced the whirlpool down the middle. Sometimes this didn't do anything to the whirlpool, it just kept on swirling. And then sometimes I was able to cause one whirlpool to become two.

Another thing I did was I moved the flat side of my card up against and thru the whirlpool. Usually, when I did this, the whirlpool's swirling motion lost its coherent formation. The kinetic energy that was causing the water to swirl then had to go somewhere, and so the kinetic force became waves that went around the flat side of my card. Sometimes, if the whirlpool hit the flatside of the card right, the swirl would rapidly dissipate due to hitting the flat side of the card, and its kinetic energy would quickly move around the flat side of the card and produce two little whirlpools on either side of the card respectively.

So, let's break down the physics of what happened with my whirlpool and credit card, so we can draw out the equation or logical syntax of the process of what was happening. 1) My hand turning the spoon rapidly, introduced into the water a Kinetic Energy that swirled in a circular motion. 2) The spinning Kinetic Energy causally produced the “whirlpool” phenomenon by acting upon the water medium. 3) I introduced the flat side of my credit card into the water so that the whirlpool moved against the flat side. 4) Because the whirlpool as a causal phenomenon [physically-apparent “object”] was not able to move thru the flat side of the card the whirlpool's coherent physical formation is destroyed, and the water stopped swirling. 5) But the Kinetic Energy that spun the whirlpool does not get destroyed. 6) The Kinetic Energy MUST continue moving or go somewhere. 7) And so, that Kinetic Energy goes around the flat side of my card and escape via the edge of the card to the other side of the card. 8) Most of the time that Kinetic Force continued to move as a Wave, until it defuses into the water medium. 9) Sometimes, if the conditions are right, the Kinetic Force produces little whirlpools or swirls on either side of the card.

So now, picture a house in your mind. This house is flooded where the flood water is as high as the door knobs. In one big empty room is a whirlpool. On the wall of this room are two opened doors several meters apart from each other. The whirlpool is spinning rapidly and is headed for the wall with the two opened doors. The Question: What will happen?

Five (5) Probabilistic outcomes may result. The First probability is that the whirlpool will go thru the first open door and continue whirlpooling. The Second probability is that the whirlpool will go thru the second opened door and continue whirlpooling. The third probability is that the whirlpool's causal formation [the water swirling] will be destroyed by the impasse of the wall and its Kinetic Energy/Force will become WAVES, which Waves will go thru BOTH opened doors. The Fourth probability is that the whirlpool's causal formation is destroyed by the wall, its Kinetic Energy goes thru both doors, and if the conditions/environment are right, the waves will form two separate whirlpools that go thru each door. The Fifth least likely result, by just as probable, is that the whirlpool's causal formation will be destroyed by the wall, its Kinetic Energy becomes waves that go thru both doors, and one of the two waves going thru the door will become a whirlpool again, while the other stays a wave.

And so now, we review the data of the classic Two Slit Experiment, BUT, we use the “Light as a whirlpool of ether” Model... and things become less “spooky” and more rational; and more in tune with Occam’s Razor.

When one (1) Photon [using the ether-whirlpool model] is shot into the direction of a wall with two slits, 5 probable results can happen. The First is that the photon will fly thru the first slit, and produce a spot on the other side. The Second is that the photon will go thru the second door, and thus produce a spot on the other side. The Third is that the photon as “particle-apparent” will be “destroyed” as a “particle” and the unknown Force/Energy that was spinning the ether must then continue to move, and so that strange Force/Energy moves as Waves passing thru both slits, thus causing an “interference pattern” on the other side. Less likely is that the photon will be “destroyed” becoming that strange non-classical Force/Energy, that Force passes thru both slits as Waves and becomes two photons again, resulting in two spots on the other side. Even less likely is that the photon is “destroyed” and becomes a wave, passes thru both slits, and one of those waves becomes a photon while the other stays a wave.

I haven’t done enough research to be aware if a double slit experiment was done with *one single* photon or electron, which produced the last two probable results [two spots from one photon, or one spot and a wave pattern]. If such an experiment yielded such probable results, then we’d have indications that Light may indeed be whirlpools of ether, and more importantly we’d have indications that there exists an unknown Force/Energy that must be causing the ether to spin/swirl. We might not have to do the experiment soon. Doing the math to see if such probable outcome is possible would give this model some support.

The Force Unknown

Kinetic Force seems to be closely associated with Matter. It can travel thru matter and can influence matter. I have a strong feeling that whatever force is “pushing” Light/Photons, and causing it to spin/swirl is not kinetic energy, and not an energy that is closely associated with matter; matter here also meaning atoms. Let’s give this unknown non-classical force/energy a cool sounding name: “Hyperkinetic Energy,” from the Greek root “hyper” meaning “above/beyond,” “kinetikos” meaning “move/motion.”

I have a strong feeling that this “hyperkinetic” force/energy is closely associated with Fields. My biggest clue is that Light seems to be affected/effected by Gravitational Fields. Another clue is the Order of Creation. Before matter proper came into existence Fields must first exist. Field must exist because the Fields condenses aether into “matter.” And so if Light is the swirling of ether, then it must have existed before matter arose. This means that Light did not “evolve” to affect matter or to be affected by matter. Light must be closely associated with Fields.

And so, just as collision balls transfers Kinetic Force, the Fields of atoms are what absorbs this “hyperkinetic” force, and transfers it to the next Field of an atom. And so when many layers of such Fields of atoms absorbs and transfers this hyperkinetic force, from one end to the other, we refer to such matter as being “translucent.” This has some cool derivative implications.

One implication is that Fields absorb Light: swirls of packets of ether, and they also absorb this hyperkinetic energy. When matter absorbs this hyperkinetic force and doesn’t “spit” it out, we say that this matter is “opaque.” Water, in its liquid state is Clear! What does that mean? It means the fields around its atoms absorbs this hyperkinetic force as sunlight shines on it, and the fields of water atoms Conducts that hyperkinetic force. Just like how we can say that copper wiring does not “absorb” electricity, it Conducts it. So now there is a fractal correlation. An electronic device has a network of wires that conducts electricity throughout its system to power it... an organism [an organic machine] has a network of water/plasma filled veins. And our cells are 99% water.

Another cool implication is that just as our species have learned how to use the properties and affect kinetic energy has on matter to invent jet propulsion and rocket propulsion... if we learn what this “hyperkinetic energy” is and how it affects fields, we may be able to invent a means of moving our ships without kinetic propulsion. At the moment what I picture is a spaceship inside a vortex of “negative-ether.” Inside this vortex gravity fields and gravity waves don’t exist or propagate. So what I see are giant “cannons” situated on the back of the ship and along the sides [at an angle pointing towards the back]. The cannons release coherent streams of hyperkinetic force out to the “shell” of the vortex of negative-ether, “pushing” the ship very fast... hyperdrive?

Bioluminescence

Thinking of the fractal correlation between an electronic device and an organism I instantly thought about Chi and Prana. With practice your mind/will can control this chi to move it, and chi is said to flow. If chi flows and moves... then a force of some kind is moving it. I had a feeling that this hyperkinetic force was moving the chi. This suggests that mind or will or something about

our organic bodies can make or control this hyperkinetic energy. And so, if this is the case, then we should also see that our organic bodies also produce light.

Given the sheer insanity of our existential condition, and bodily incarnation as a whole, and considering that our earthly existence is partially formed from sunlight and requires the continual consumption of condensed sunlight in the form of food, it may not sound so farfetched **that our body emits light.**

Indeed, the human body emits **biophotons**, also known as ultraweak photon emissions (UPE), with a visibility 1,000 times lower than the sensitivity of our naked eye. While not visible to us, these particles of light (or waves, depending on how you are measuring them) are part of the visible electromagnetic spectrum (380-780 nm) and are detectable via sophisticated modern instrumentation.^[1]^[2]

The Physical and "Mental" Eye Emits Light

The eye itself, which is continually exposed to ambient powerful photons that pass through various ocular tissues, emit spontaneous and visible light-induced ultraweak photon emissions.^[3] It has even been hypothesized that visible light induces delayed bioluminescence within the exposed eye tissue, providing an explanation for the origin of the negative afterimage.^[4]

These light emissions have also been correlated with cerebral energy metabolism and oxidative stress within the mammalian brain.^[5] ^[6] And yet, biophoton emissions are not necessarily epiphenomenal. Bókkon's hypothesis suggests that photons released from chemical processes within the brain produce biophysical pictures during visual imagery, and a recent study found that when subjects actively imagined light in a very dark environment *their intention* produced significant increases in ultraweak photo emissions.^[7] This is consistent with an emerging view that biophotons are not solely cellular metabolic by-products, but rather, because biophoton intensity can be considerably higher inside cells than outside, it is possible for the mind to access this energy gradient to create intrinsic biophysical pictures during visual perception and imagery.^[8]

Biophotons - The Light in Our Cells

Marco Bischof

522 pp., more than 160 illustrations, 5 color plates, extensive bibliography and index.

German publisher: Zweitausendeins, Frankfurt.

<http://www.zweitausendeins.de>

Publication date: March 1995

Actual edition (May 1998): 9th printing

Total number of copies sold in German-language market: 27'000

ISBN 3-86150-095-7

World rights: Zweitausendeins.

"This book is only available in German language and not yet published in English"

Short description

Marco Bischof's widely acclaimed book has already sold some 30'000 German-language copies (9th printing) since its publication in March 1995, and the success is continuing. It is the first comprehensive book on the world market for the general and scientific public on one of the hottest fields of frontier science which is about to lead to major conceptual breakthroughs and many useful applications in biophysics, biomedical science, biology, biotechnology, environmental science and food technology. Thousands of medical doctors, scientists, and interested laypersons in Germany, Switzerland and Austria who from the many newspaper and magazine articles and from several TV features in the last couple of years were aware of this development of potential breakthroughs in a number of scientific disciplines and wanted to obtain more precise and broadly accessible information have been waiting for this book that will remain the definitive publication on the topic for many years to come. Russian and Chinese translations are in preparation. The book has been awarded the 1995 Book Prize by the Scientific and Medical Network (U.K.) and the Swiss Award 1997 by the Swiss Parapsychological Foundation.

What are biophotons ?

Biophotons, or ultraweak photon emissions of biological systems, are weak electromagnetic waves in the optical range of the spectrum - in other words: light. All living cells of plants, animals and human beings emit biophotons which cannot be seen by the naked eye but can be measured by special equipment developed by German researchers.

This light emission is an expression of the functional state of the living organism and its measurement therefore can be used to assess this state. Cancer cells and healthy cells of the same type, for instance, can be discriminated by typical differences in biophoton emission. After an initial decade and a half of basic research on this discovery, biophysicists of various European and Asian countries are now exploring the many interesting applications which range across such diverse fields as cancer research, non-invasive early medical diagnosis, food and water quality testing, chemical and electromagnetic contamination testing, cell communication, and various applications in biotechnology.

According to the biophoton theory developed on the base of these discoveries the biophoton light is stored in the cells of the organism - more precisely, in the DNA molecules of their nuclei - and a dynamic web of light constantly released and absorbed by the DNA may connect cell organelles, cells, tissues, and organs within the body and serve as the organism's main communication network and as the principal regulating instance for all life processes. The processes of morphogenesis, growth, differentiation and regeneration are also explained by the structuring and regulating activity of the coherent biophoton field. The holographic biophoton field of the brain and the nervous system, and maybe even that of the whole organism, may also be basis of memory and other phenomena of consciousness, as postulated by neurophysiologist Karl Pribram and others. The consciousness-like coherence properties of the biophoton field are closely related to its base in the properties of the physical vacuum and indicate its possible role as an interface to the non-physical realms of mind, psyche and consciousness.

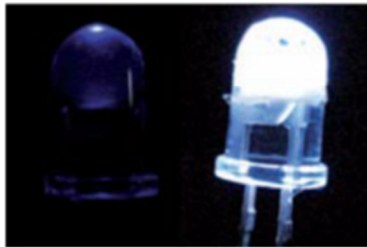
The discovery of biophoton emission also lends scientific support to some unconventional methods of healing based on concepts of homeostasis (self-regulation of the organism), such as various somatic therapies, homeopathy and acupuncture. The "ch'i" energy flowing in our bodies' energy channels (meridians) which according to Traditional Chinese Medicine regulates our body functions may

Confirmed: our cells emit Biophotons. If those biophotons are flying or moving, then some unknown force is moving the photons which are, according to this model, whirlpools of ether. I tried to figure out what exactly in the cell is producing the biophotons, and also the hyperkinetic force. In my mind I saw the nucleus as a tiny sun that emits weak light, since I like fractal patterns. The DNA molecule itself must be making the light. I know that DNA is piezoelectric just like quartz crystals are. And so, if this is the case—that our DNA generates light—then we should see indications supporting this idea. Like this:

Making Light Bulbs from DNA

Dye-doped DNA nanofibers can be tuned to emit different colors of light.

By Prachi Patel on July 22, 2009



DNA light: Coating an ultraviolet LED with DNA nanofibers containing dyes creates a bulb that emits bright white light.

By adding fluorescent dyes to DNA and then spinning the DNA strands into nanofibers, researchers at the University of Connecticut have made a new material that emits bright white light. The material absorbs energy from ultraviolet light and gives off different colors of light—from blue to orange to white—depending on the proportions of dye

it contains.

The researchers, led by chemistry professor [Gregory Sotzing](#), create white-light-emitting devices by coating ultraviolet (UV) light-emitting diodes (LEDs) with the material. They are even able to fine-tune the white color tone to make it warm or cold, as they report in a paper published online in the journal [Angewandte Chemie](#).

See a new way
to discover insight
Smarter decisions are
made with IBM.



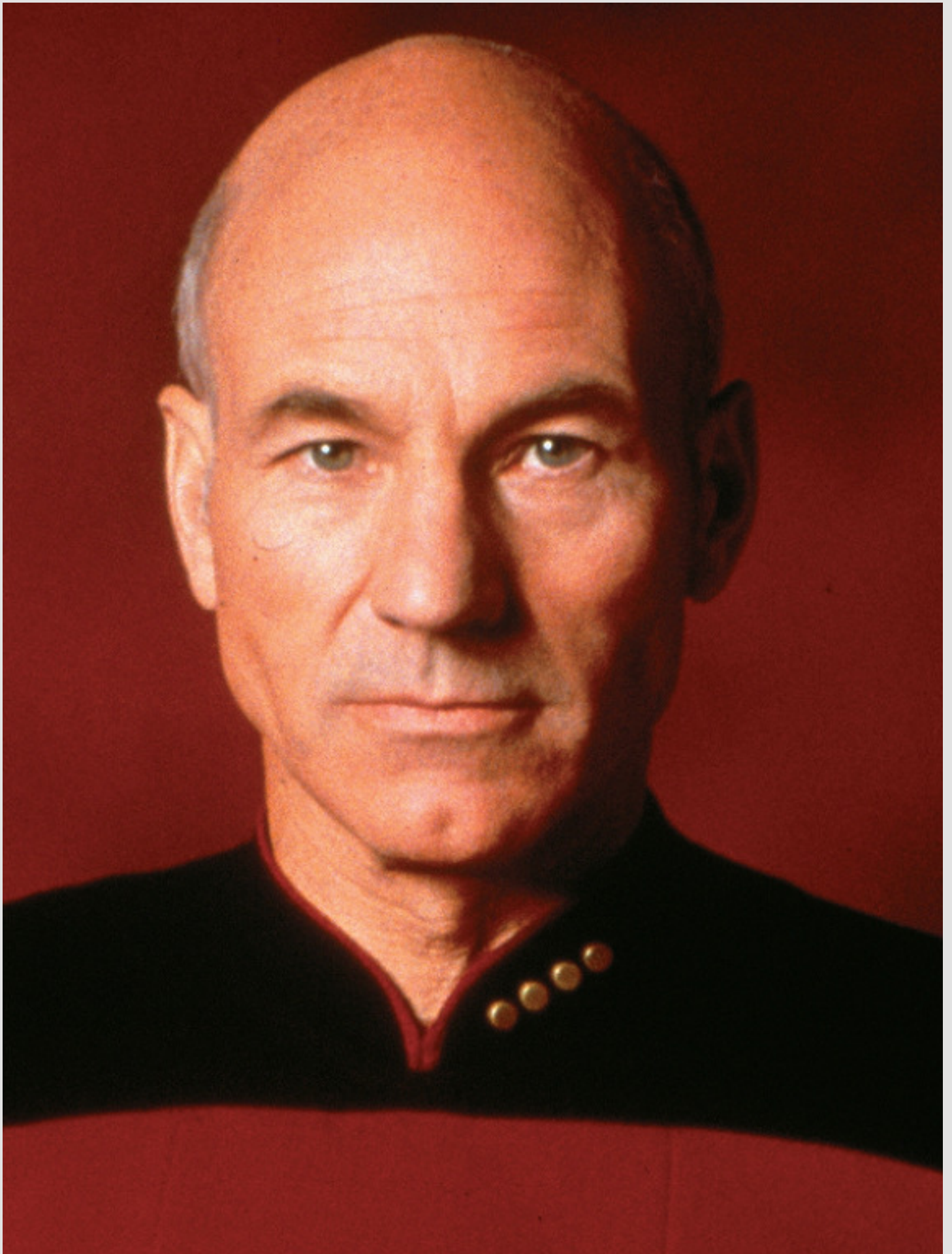
Watson Analytics
driven decisions to

I'm beginning to get a fractal picture I had not ever seen before. It seems that Light is the Universe's means of disseminating information. That Light can carry information shouldn't be surprising. Light carries visual information as it bounces off objects right? I picture in my mind that there exists some sort of "information super highway" in the Cosmos, and that Light is the carrier. And so this "hyperkinetic" force seems to be everywhere in the Cosmos... and inside of us. Each cell a node of a bio-information super highway, and Light/hyperkinetic force, connects every cell together, just like all of our computers are connected via the Internet.

I now also see the solar system like a fish tank. Us, planets, and other living things are the fish. Aether is the water. The sun is the air pump that introduces air bubble commotion, which oxygenates the "tank" with vital life-force. An artificial light source is like an air pump that makes bubbles, but the bubbles have no oxygen. This leads to the question: From where does the Life-Force come?

My personal interest is in that unknown force that is moving such things as Light & Chia. I don't what this force is yet, but with light it seems to cause photons to move fast. With such things as Chi, I am getting a hazy picture of a force that can be influenced by Mind and/or Will. If this "hyperkinetic" force can make Light travel as fast as it does...

..:Kryptonimus



Sonidos Mentales

Voy a describir un ejercicio que tiene la virtud de acallar la mente lineal permitiendo la expresión de niveles de consciencia más profundos, y además proporciona una interesante experiencia psíquica. La idea básica es la de generar un sonido mental extremadamente agudo, una nota o combinación de notas imaginarias (*con el pensamiento, sin emitir ningún sonido externo*) cuya frecuencia supere el espectro de audición de nuestro oído físico; esto es, que sobrepase los 20 kHz del campo tonal. Existe otra versión de este ejercicio que sigue el mismo patrón pero a la inversa, es decir, produciendo un sonido mental extremadamente grave (bass); pero en este caso nos concentraremos en la versión “aguda” de la técnica.

Si generamos esta suerte de sonido “virtual” y conseguimos sostenerlo durante un tiempo suficiente en nuestro interior, mientras estamos sumidos en un estado meditativo, nuestra mente comenzará a hacer cosas exóticas porque no poseerá referencias auditivas directas provenientes de nuestros mecanorreceptores y nuestro sistema somatosensorial. Aclaro que al usar aquí la palabra Virtual, apelo a su significado etimológico que viene del Latín “Virtus” y hace referencia a la la fuerza o virtud implicada en la realización de un trabajo aunque este no sea visible o sea difícil medir con exactitud.

Al forzar la progresión ascendente de esta nota, estaremos induciendo un poderoso efecto neurosensorio. Nuestra mente, durante esos instantes, alcanzará unos estados de elevada coherencia interna cuyos misteriosos resultados variarán dependiendo del sonido o la combinación de sonidos mentales generados.

Tal vez, el efecto más común entre quienes han practicado seriamente este ejercicio sea el de obtener un extraño vigor electrificante que les asiste durante un tiempo limitado. Tan pronto estemos familiarizados con este proceso, podemos recurrir a esta especial vigorización con una cierta rapidez en cualquier situación en la que nos encontremos. En cualquier caso, esto es solamente la punta de un iceberg, pues tengo la corazonada de que hay todo un campo a explorar entre la infinitud de variaciones y combinaciones de este tipo de sonidos virtuales.

Paso a describir el la técnica:

(i) Siéntate cómodamente, erguido pero con una disposición natural y relajada.

(ii) Ten a mano un diapasón o un instrumento con el que obtendrás una nota clara para tomarla como referencia y punto de partida; pongamos por ejemplo que esta nota es el “La” (la “A” de la notación anglosajona) que suelen dar los actuales diapasones a 440Hz y que queda por encima del “Do” central del piano.

(iii) Tras memorizar el sonido, lo reproducimos con nuestra imaginación lo más vívidamente posible durante un momento.

(iv) Comenzamos a ascender a lo largo de la escala diatónica hasta volver a alcanzar la misma nota pero en la octava inmediatamente superior; para el ejemplo que hemos escogido sería el “La” a 880Hz.

(v) Siguiendo este mismo proceso, vamos ascendiendo a lo largo de las siguientes octavas - pasando por los “La” a 1760 Hz – 3520 Hz – 7040 Hz - hasta ser capaces de imaginar auditivamente el (La) 14 080 Hz.

(vi) A partir de aquí la cosa empezará a costar un poco más de imaginar. Pues este (La) 14 080 Hz es el último que, tal vez, seas capaz de oír con tus oídos físicos puesto que el umbral de audición humana llega hasta más o menos los 20 000 Hz.

Pero la imaginación no tiene límites (?), así que trata de seguir ascendiendo, nota tras nota, con la intención de alcanzar el “La” 28 160 Hz. Digo “con la intención” porque antes de lograrlo te topará con un portal cerrado.

Llegara un punto que sentirás este umbral de forma muy clara; cada sonido que imagines te parecerá igual al anterior o una repetición del mismo en una octava inferior. Tal vez sientas como algo empuja tus notas hacia abajo.

Tan solo mantenerse en este nivel de notas imaginadas tan agudas ya de por sí es un logro de la voluntad y del poder de creativo de nuestra imaginación sensorial. A estas alturas nuestra mente discursiva hará rato que habrá dejado de actuar de forma lineal, lo que ya permitirá una cierto acceso de fuerzas anímicas acausales.

(vii) Pero podemos tratar de traspasar este umbral:

Una vez establecida la nota “real” tope que somos capaces de concebir y recrear, tal vez por la natural sucesión de la escala tonal o tal vez porque hayamos escuchado con anterioridad un sonido semejante, debemos, ahora, intentar ir más allá forzando la progresión “ontológica” de la escala diatónica o cromática.

Podemos hacerlo nota a nota, o, como a mí me funciona mejor, mediante proyecciones en los arpegios: tomo el acorde de la última nota “real” que soy capaz de recrear en mi mente, y ascendiendo hacia lo “virtual” dando un salto arpegial.

Siguiendo con el ejemplo que habíamos elegido: tomo ese “La” tan agudo e imagino el acorde de La mayor = la – do# – mi >> (La). Este segundo “La” ya pertenecerá a una octava virtual superior que no existe en el espectro de audición humana!

¿Qué es lo que “escuchamos” en nuestra mente ahora? ¿Se trata de una especie de Koan sensorial?

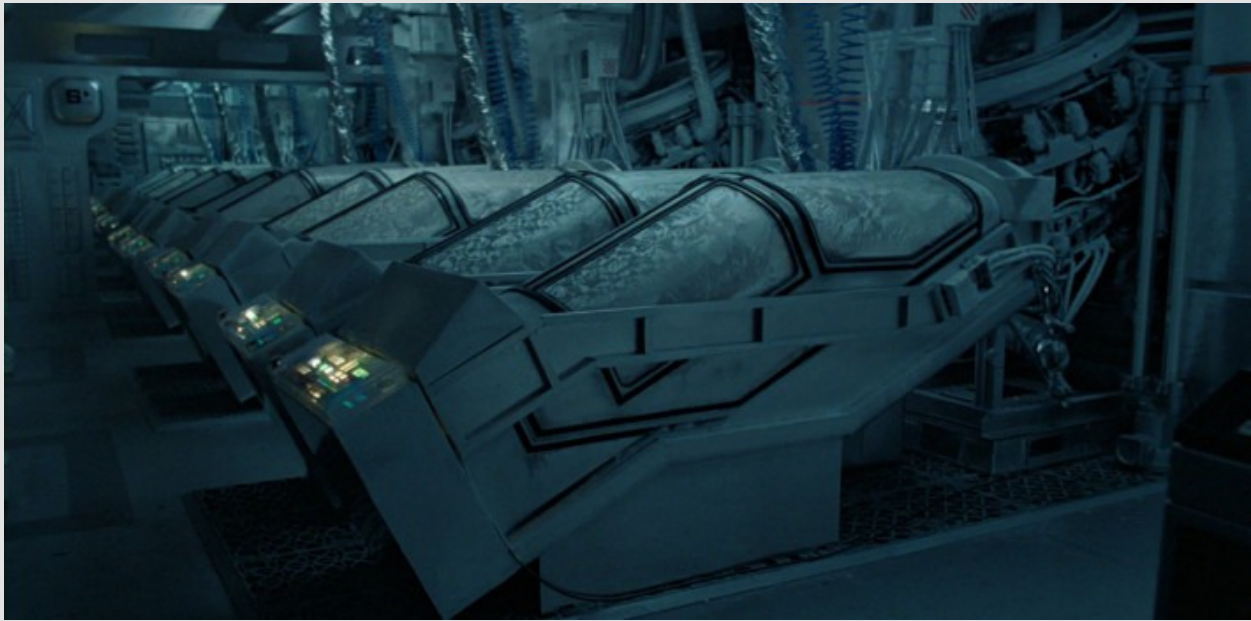
Nuestra mente realiza aquí un *truco sinestésico* que implica un momento de alta coherencia neuronal con una energía psíquica muy especial. Hablar más sobre ello solamente crearía un apriorismo que iría en detrimento del experimento. Que cada experimentador saque sus propias conclusiones...

Con un poco de práctica, podremos acceder a varias de estas notas virtuales, e incluso podremos establecer acordes con ellas o mezclarlas con notas del espectro de audición usual.

Imagina que es posible que cada combinación, que cada acorde sea como una llave mística capaz de abrir procesos todavía insospechados.

Darte





Sleep Freeze

∴ I love how life works. There are three types of people in Life: 1) those that see and experience it as a disciplinarian “fatherly” source of Adversity, 2) those who see and experience it as a caring, nurturing, responsive, “motherly” source of Providence; & 3) those who see and experience Life as both the Tempering source of Adversity and the Nurturing motherly Provider. I am the third type, I speak from experience, or course.

In “The Science of Galactic Empire” I had a section called “Deep Freeze.” That section was the most realistic way of spreading the human species across the galaxy that I can think of, if super-luminous travel is not possible. But my idea of a deep freeze style of galactic colonization had one major huge problem: Total damage of cellular tissue, which renders the body unsalvageable.

I know this huge problem can be circumvented because I know of some frog species that freeze themselves during the winter, and they thaw themselves in the spring. When I was around the age of 9 I used to collect insects, and keep them as pets. I love keeping ant farms. I was inspired to keep an ant farm from watching Pee-Wee’s Play House when I was a child. Pee-Wee Herman had an ant farm. I also kept a “farm” of insects we called “Charlie Bugs,” which are commonly known as “Firebugs.”

When I was about 9, I became sadistic with my insects pets; what I did was I tried to kill them all by freezing them to death. So what I did was I caught house flies, placed them in little containers, and placed them for a night in the freezer of our fridge. I’d take them out and put the container in the sun, expecting the flies to stay dead. But the flies thawed out and came back to life, to my dismay. Some of my Charlie bugs, and ants also came back to life, after a night of being frozen. I realized something interesting inside when I saw these insects come back to life. I realized that Life froze for them while they were frozen. And so I wasn’t doing them any harm at all! I was helping them live longer!

Curious, I caught lizards, and I placed them in the freezer over night; but they did not come back to life. This bewildered me. Why do insects sometimes come back to life after you freeze them, and why couldn’t the lizards I caught?

The problem with freezing things like humans and dogs is that the cells are made up of cytoplasm that is a fluid made up of mostly water. When the cytoplasm will crystalize into ice. The ice crystals are sharp, serrated, jagged and will pierce and puncture the cell walls. And so, when you thaw out the human or dog, all that cytoplasm leaks out of the cell. The end product is a dead human or dog.

Animals that can survive being frozen have natural anti-freeze in their blood. In general, the anti-freeze causes the fluid in their cells and blood to not crystalize as jagged points, but to bead up into balls of smooth round ice.

An initial idea I had was to use such an organic anti-freeze for humans. We'd introduce the anti-freeze intravenously. But this wasn't a good idea. The reason is that we would need a lot of anti-freeze to saturate the whole body. Introducing that amount of foreign fluid into the blood system can cause severe medical and physiological complications. Especially if such organic anti-freeze is made up of sugars. So I threw out this idea.

I had read a book called "The Field," in which an experiment was done. A group of scientists used an instrument to record the electromagnetic signature of penicillin onto a computer disk. The E/M signature was sent to their friends in a different country digitally. Their friends used a device to "play back" the E/M signature of the penicillin into a petri dish of bacteria. The bacteria reacted to the E/M signature as if the penicillin were actually present. And so, I had the idea of using the E/M signature of the organic anti-freeze rather than the actual fluid. The human body would be bathed in an electromagnetic signature of the organic anti-freeze, and hopefully the water in the human body would react as if the anti-freeze was present in the body.

But that idea of bathing a body in the E/M signature of anti-freeze didn't feel right inside. I had an intuitive feeling that it wouldn't work. But I also had the intuitive feeling that I was going in the right direction. I had to bathe the body in some type of field, and not saturate it with chemicals. Sound popped into my mind. I pictured bathing a human body in a sonic field, an ultrasonic field. So I went to research on the internet how water reacts to sound and sonic fields. After weeks of searching the internet, I found nothing useful, and was frustrated. I felt that I was close, but I wasn't able to find anything to help me clarify the notion into a practical concept. I gave up, and turned the problem over to Providence.

And so I dropped the subject, and went onto something else. I had the impulse to write a second "presaga short," called "Labyrinthos." The short story was based on the idea that a group of people were living underground in an icy continent during the terminal years of an ice age. As I was writing this story, I would try as best as I could to imagine what an underground network of tunnels and subterranean caverns under ice would look and feel like.

By "coincidence," while I was writing this story, at work I was watching NHK [channel 18-4] on the TV. NHK plays all Japanese stuff all day long. On NHK every day at 1PM it started to show programs of underground caves in icy places around Japan and elsewhere!!! I thought that was really cool. And so I sat and watch these programs attentively. The program takes you into ice caves, shows you the climate of such ice caves, shows you beautiful ice "sculptures," where water falls got so cold, they just froze in place. I incorporated everything I learned into that story I was writing.

CAS Freeze System

After a few days of the underground ice cave shows, NHK went onto a different subject. I was disappointed that there were no more ice cave shows. At 1PM one day on NHK, a program began. The show talked about how some guy was studying as an apprentice chef at some restaurant in Japan that was 400 years old. I rolled my eyes and thought to myself: "God here we go. These Japanese are something else. They can make hour long documentaries on food." I was fixing to change the channel but... something about this chef the show was about caught my attention, just as I was going to change the channel. The TV show said that this chef had the hobby of hunting with his scientist friends for frozen mammoths.

I put the remote down, and thought to myself: "Huh? What a peculiar hobby? A chef who likes to hunt for frozen mammoths? I wonder if he hunts for them to cook their ancient meat?" And so I watched this TV show. The chef said that one time, he and his scientist friend had found a mammoth which was perfectly preserved. So well preserved that its meat/flesh was still perfect! The chef then said something that Hooked me, he said that he had a gut feeling that the earth's magnetic field had something to do with how this mammoth was so well preserved. With that statement, I ran to lock the door and placed an "Out To Lunch, Be Back In An Hour," on the door; so I wouldn't be disturbed during the program. The TV show wasn't about food and cooking. It was a Clew!!!

Seeing the meat of this well preserved mammoth inspired this chef guy to want to create/invent a freezing system that preserved meat in the same way. The program goes onto explain why sushi chefs of reputable restaurants never use frozen food. The explanation was the exact same reason why you can't freeze humans and dogs. The fluid in the cells of the meat crystalizes and punctures the cell wall, and when thaws, the juice of the cell leaks out of the cell, giving the meat a horrible taste. This was when I knew that this Clew definitely had something to do with my frustration I had of trying to figure out a way to safely freeze people.

The chef's father owned a small refrigerator company, conveniently. And so he set out to try and build a special freezer. He told his idea to many professional chefs to see if they'd buy it and people just laughed at him. The first freezer he made was one which used magnets. What he did was he placed strong magnets on both sides of a freezer. The strong magnets produced a powerful magnetic field which would bathe whatever was inside. To test his magnetic field freezer, he placed in it something notoriously unfreezable: Cream.

When cream is frozen, the water molecules separates from the lipid/fat cells of the cream and becomes ice. So when you thaw the cream out, you end up with a lump of fat [butter] in water. The chef's magnetic field freezer worked! The program explained why it worked. Inside the magnetic field, the water molecules and fat molecules take on the same charge of the magnetic field they are bathed in. And so, the water molecules are prevented from separating from the fat molecules. They freeze together in other words. The cream thawed out to be perfect.

And so this chef guy made a few of these magnetic field freezer and spent his time selling them to professional chefs of big restaurants. The freezer was sold as a cream freezer. One day, fatefully, a professional chef told this chef guy that if he can make a freezer that preserves vegetables and meat like his it can preserve cream, he'd pay big money for it. And so he set off to meet the challenge.

This chef guy wasn't able to figure out why the magnetic field was able to preserve the cream, but not cells of meat and plants. He had become frustrated with this issue. And so one day, he vented his frustration to a friend of his. His friend was an airplane pilot from Canada. His friend said to him: "In Canada, sometimes we get winter temperatures so cold, we experience something called Supercooling. That's when it is so cold, rain water just skips the crystallization stage and simply becomes ice. Our planes sometimes gets superfreeze where water from the clouds just becomes ice without the crystallization."

And that was the clue this chef guy actually needed: No crystallization... no damage to cells! And "coincidentally" this was the same clue I needed: No crystallization... no damage to human bodies! The question I had on my mind now was: How do you mechanically do what Nature does, regarding the meteorological phenomenon of supercooling? How the chef guy did it was pure and absolute genius.

The chef guy made a few modifications to his magnetic field freezer. The first modification was that he incorporated an electric field. Ions of the same electric charge would bathe the inside of the freezer. The show explains that the ions and electric field covered the cells and large particles with the same charge, thus keeping them from sticking and condensing together when the process of freeze takes place. It was the third implementation he used and how the program explained how it worked which shocked me!

The chef's third implementation was using: Sonic Fields!!! The program showed pictures of balls representing water molecules. The sonic field [sound vibration] causes each individual water molecule to vibrate. That vibration causes each water molecule to then stay away from each other. Thus preventing crystallization! The water molecule can't touch each other to form ice crystals. This in turn causes the water in such sonic field to not freeze at the temperature water would normally freeze. The temperature would need to be dropped down to roughly 50 below freezing to turn such water into ice. At such intensely cold temperatures the water undergoes superfreezing where it skips crystallization and just becomes smooth ice!

This chef tested his new freezer with vegetables and meat, and it worked! He named his system the "Cells Alive System" or CAS Freezing System. He went around selling his CAS freezers to big restaurants, and they sold, because they actually worked at keeping the cells alive!

One of his clients – a large restaurant – had asked him to make for them a special CAS freezer that saves money because it costs too much energy to keep things frozen with his system at minus 50-60. The chef guy said that he can make adjustments because it's not actually necessary to freeze meat in ice with his system. The meat with his CAS freezer would simply have to be placed at 20 degrees to -40 [Fahrenheit] to preserve it. It would be cold enough to preserve the meat, but not cold enough in his CAS freezer to make ice. This was a clue I needed. To preserve a human body, it would not be necessary to turn them into ice. Temperatures just above superfreeze is all that is needed to put the human in suspended animation and keep the body from rot and so on.

At three quarters of the way into this program, the show takes a turn. It was no longer about freezing food with the CAS system. The medical field had taken an interest in this CAS freeze system. One practical usage is that organs for organ transplants can be

placed in CAS freezers for long periods of time; and when thawed out, the organ comes back to life since most of its cells are still alive.

And then the biggest clew I needed came. A group of scientists had taken 5 female monkeys, extracted their ovaries and froze them in a CAS freezer. The 5 pairs of ovaries were then thawed and transplanted back into the monkeys. Four out of the 5 pairs of ovaries ended up functioning perfectly normal where the monkeys were able to produce offspring! The CAS freeze system actually keeps cells alive.

Super Sleep

I don't need to point out to the intelligent that the CAS freeze system won't actually put a human being into suspended animation. What the CAS system shows is that the fundamental concept is logical and doable and not impossible. If the CAS system can do what it does today... what will a system of freezing based on that technology 100-200 years from now be able to do with a human body? That's what I'm thinking, and the "direction" I'm going in with this.

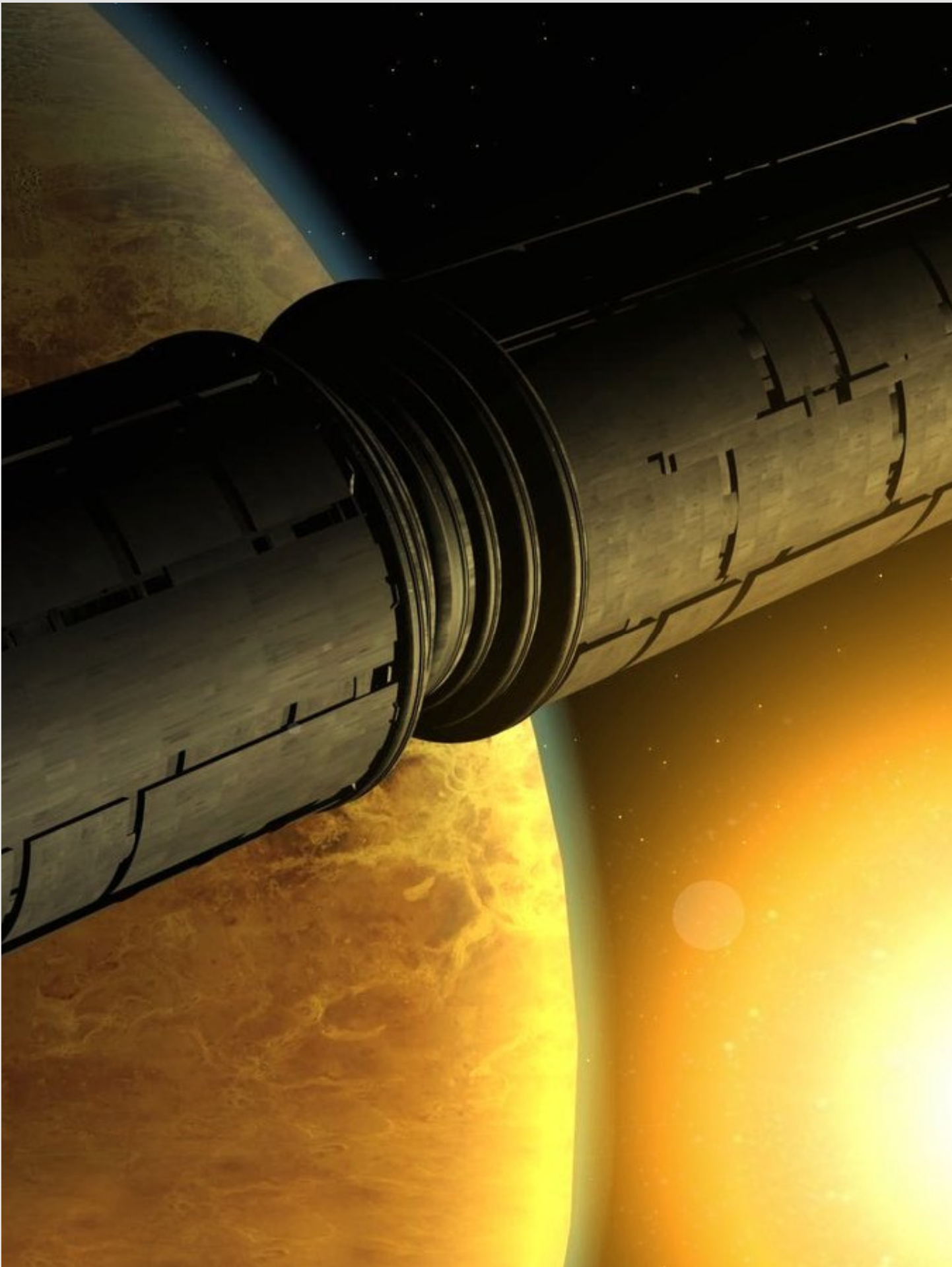
So now, I have a concept for a freezing system, inspired and based on this CAS system. It would use 4 types of Fields. The body would be bathed in magnetic, electric, [ultra]sonic, and E/M fields. The E/M field is an E/M signature of organic anti-freeze. The body does not have to be iced. It just needs to be kept at roughly 10 degrees above superfreeze. So the body would be very cold, but not an ice cube.

Initially, the human being would have to be put under [anesthesia]. A combination of chemical anesthesia and neuro-digital anesthesia must be used. What I mean by "neuro-digital" anesthesia is some type of a computerized system hooked up to the head which keeps the brain bathed in Delta Wave, which is deep sleep. During the process of "thawing" the chemical anesthesia is first reversed. Once the body has been brought to natural/normal living body temperature, the neuro-digital anesthesia gradually brings the brain of the person from Delta wave to beta wave. This is important, because if the person wakes up when he or she is cold, they will experience hypothermia and perhaps die of shock.

With this "Super-Sleep," I don't feel intuitively that there is a time limit to how long a body can remain in super-sleep. The only limit I can feel out would be 1) the limit of energy/power source to keep the system working & 2) the limit of just how long the life force of a person "wishes" to wait around for their body to thaw. The body is not actually an ice cube. In the essay "The Science of Galactic Empire" I placed a time limit to how long a body can be frozen, because I was working with the actual idea of freezing a body into an actual block of ice. On an intuitive level, I feel that you can't put a person in a block of ice indefinitely. But super-sleep is different. It's essentially a super state of hibernation where every cell is "frozen in Time." Time according to how I defined/understand it ontologically in a different essay; where Time = the measurement of incremental Change. "Frozen in Time" would mean that such Change is suspended, while everything else around you changes.

Suddenly – for me – the idea of a galactic imperium as a possible future of our species is not only possible, but I can now begin to glimpse at *How* such a galactic imperium is to be actualized. The idea of colonizing Alpha Centauri for me – in 200 years – is now fully realistic. I foresee in the near-distant future, an Aeon of Galactic exploration and colonization. The Galaxy is for us like the New World was for Europe when it was first discovered. This Galaxy and its star systems are open fields, belonging to nobody and no Nation-State. If a future Myattian/ONA people can just colonize one such star system...

..Kryptonimus



∴Denotatum∴

Presaga Short

∴

The craft spiraled around the circa 7500 mile length of the Great Cylinder, as it did once every 21 years, to pay wordless homage to the Nameless 10 Million. Nothing but the rhythmic humming of an engine filled the interior of the sacred craft, lulling the Ancestors in the Shrine. Behind the sacred craft followed the Imperial Armada, in silence.

It was the seventh such occasion for the Most Worshipful Lord Custodian, Emperor of the Great Cylinder, who had the honour and duty of piloting the sacred craft, on that most august and solemn day of the Deep Space Year, which they called The High Gathering. The Custodians rarely lived beyond 10 High Gatherings.

An aged robot in his dotage he was, the Lord Custodian. His eyes could no longer see far. Soon, the organic part of his body will die, leaving the sentient being that he was, a lifeless form of metal, carbon plates, and photon chips. And he will go to be with his father, grandfather, and ancestors. To be one of the Nameless 10 Million.

His people – the Custodians of the Great Cylinder – had inherited from their biological creators the folk belief that when they die, they become ancestral deities of their folk, watching over their people and homeland; siblings of the animistic spirits.

The ancestral deities since ancient Time have no names. For names are but abstract designations for a mortal causal shell which dies. Which must die, as is the nature of the causal shell. The Life-Force within – which is Timeless and deathless – is nameless but has many names, faceless with many faces. For as the Life-Force passes from one causal shell to another, it takes on a new face, a new self, a new name. And so, the ancestral deities and the animistic spirits are simply known collectively by the term “Nameless 10 Million.” The 10 Million symbolized that there are a countless many.

The High Gathering was the most sacred time of year for the Custodians, which they had inherited from their creators. It is believed the nameless gods convene together for a meeting at the High Temple to discuss with each other the business of match-making and fate-making for the next 21 years. For all sentient beings that mate in pairs are matched together by the gods. And all sentient beings that live a mortal existence unfold the fate sentenced upon them by the gods. Not even the Custodians – robots, but sentient – were free from the network of wyrd.

When the gods convene at the High Temple, the spirits of the ancestors return from the Timeless acausal realm, to mingle with their mortal progeny, and act as mediators between their progeny and the convening council of gods. And so, the High Gathering is a time of remembering one’s departed ancestors, feasting, and to ask them to have the nameless gods bestow good fortune and prosperity upon the people and the land; and to ask the gods to bestow upon them – the Living, the Mortal – a lenient fate.

The High Gathering – as per ancient Tradition – began with the Opening Procession of the Shrine of the Ancestors, during the terrestrial season when the deciduous forests of the 21 Habitats in the Great Cylinder bled red and orange.

It was customary for the 21 members of the Elder Tribune – the Supreme Court of the Great Cylinder – to first consult the Nameless 10 Million when during the deciduous season they wished the High Gathering should begin via the Judicial Oracle. Made of 21 long flat sticks – black on one side and white on the other – the Judicial Oracle was shuffled around in the hands of the Elder Tribunals; one after another; as they asked Yes-No questions in deep meditation. The 21 sticks are tossed to the ground. And if an odd number of sticks show their white side, it indicated a Yes; an even number of white side up sticks indicated a No. The judgment of the Judicial Oracle was final. For all mortal beings must abide by the wyrdful judgment of fate.

^^^

The 21 Elder Tribunals, dressed as high priests of their folk way – tall blue headdress and blue garments – each held high, branches of Evergreen, upon which were tied long red paper with yellow magical inscriptions. The deep robotic chantings and incantations of the Elders resounding, filling the forest with the baritone vibrations of their voices. In the leaves of the Evergreen, the Life-Force of the gods descend, carried by the Elder up the sacred mountain to the High Temple.

Behind the Elders followed the Emperor. Strapped to his back, the Lord Custodian – elected leader of the Custodians – carried the worn and dilapidated Shrine of the Ancestors as he walked out of the sacred craft, into the groves of red, orange, and yellow leaved forests. The Shrine was a house like object made of aged metal and decaying wood. Inside the Shrine were three dolls not more than a foot high.

One doll represented the gods, another represented their biological creators, and the third was a doll of a Custodian robot representing their departed ancestors. A symbol of three hands holding each other's wrists, forming a triangle, marked the roof of the Shrine, representing the Eternal Trilateral Fellowship: of Gods, Mortal, & Machine. For all three are dependent on one another, and are animated by the same Fractal Life-Force of the Cosmic Being.

On the top of the sacred mountain, all of the senators of the High Council – the Supreme Legislature of the Great Cylinder – waited to usher and guide the gods and ancestors into the High Temple so that they may perform their most important business.

The three presidents of the three Chambers of the High Council – the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Wisdom, and the Chamber of Honour – by Tradition stood closest to the hallowed doors of the High Temple. For it is they, the three presidents who represented the three notable feudal classes of their society – Merchant, Sage, & Warrior – who have the honour of escorting the gods and ancestors into the inner sanctum of the High Temple.

“The gods & ancestors have arrived!” Proclaimed the Elder Tribunals seven times as they approach the mass of senators. The senators collectively beat their right upper chest three times with their palm, then placed their palms together to pay homage to the gods and ancestors saying together: “We welcome the gods & ancestors once again to our mortal realm! Please rest a while in your Temple immortal ones, as we prepare for you a feast.”

One by one, the branches of Evergreen are passed to the presidents who then walk the branches into the Inner Sanctum. The Lord Custodian stood before the senators, facing the Shrine on his back toward the congregation. And the senators, beat their chest as before, clasping their palms and said in unison: “Please remember us, your mortal progeny, as we remember you this day, and mediate with the gods on our behalf so that we may have good fortune and lenient fate during the coming years!” The Shrine was passed to the three presidents who walked it into the Inner Sanctum.

The chamber of the inner sanctorum – populated with marble desks, chairs, reclining sofas, and guest beds – was filled with the aromatic smoke of Koopjet [black incense], an ancient and traditional incense. The koopjet was made from the black resin of the Tsokoop tree, which was a tree evolutionarily half way in between pine and eucalyptus. Adjacent to the chamber of the Inner Sanctum were the Holy Library which contained ancient hand written books, and the Holy Bathery where the gods and ancestors enjoyed the relaxing recreation of open roof hot baths and fermented drinks, in the thick smoke of the koopjet. The walls of the Bathery – and whole Temple itself – were adorned with images of beautiful nude people and other pleasures of mortal existence, so as to entice the spirits of the ancestors to return to the causal realm to partake of such mortal fruits.

^^^

The Judicial Oracle had stated that the gods and ancestors had required this High Gathering to last 10 entire days. Which made the Custodians nervous and worrisome, as it was unusual for the gods to take that long to deliberate and do their business. The Elder Tribunals feared that the coming years may be a burdensome season beset with much adversity and pathei-mathos.

Each day of the High Gathering was accompanied by sacrifices and offerings, which were then prepared and cooked for the gods and ancestors around the hallowed precinct of the High Temple. Then each day of the High Gathering a feast was shared by the people; quietly. Everything done quietly or in silence during the duration of the High Gathering. It was an ancient observance to be quiet during those days, so as to not disturb the gods and ancestors. The Custodians – if they spoke – whispered to each other, but usually they exchanged written digital messages back and forth to communicate during this period.

The Custodians did not consume the food they prepared for the gods and ancestors, for they were not entirely biological organisms like their creators were. But, they did eat their own types of food to stay alive. To feed their mostly mechanical half, they imbibed “Liquid Light,” through a retractable imbibing tube which came out of their neck. The liquid light was made of photons, densely packed and linked together such that the photons appeared like glowing mist and behaved like foggy fluid. At least 50% of the energy needed to keep the Great Cylinder operational was liquid light, which the Custodians farmed by building and using anything which produced photons, and collecting the photons inside black crystals that absorbed the photons. The black crystals were then put into machine which create liquid light.

The Custodians have an organic part to their physis called the “Anomra.” The Anomra was an organic technology created by their biological creators. It was a synthetic organic plant-like organism. The Anomra was originally similar to mycelia and slime mold. Their biological creators had genetically mixed this mycelia-like organism with synthetic organic neurons and mechanical nanomachines.

Thus, the Anomra was a living organic creature that possessed Life-Force, but it was also sentient and intelligent and was able to think as it was a network of neuron-like cells. The Anomra was also “cyborg” in that the organic neurons were connected to nanomachines and microscopic computers. The Anomra is the “Living-Core” of a Custodian; their center of Life-Force; which grew branches in and around the metal parts of their bodies. As how blood vessels grow in and around the body of a biological organism. The Anomra was also connected to their digital brain in their heads. If their Anomra dies, they die.

The Custodians were created to maintain the Great Cylinder – a cyclopean Ark which contained the Life-Forms and ecosystems of a dead planet called Ehridi – and so the Custodians must be sentient, to learn from their experiences of maintaining the Ark. And

they must be able to replicate their own kind, such that each generation by default inherited the skills and knowledge of their fathers before them. And so the Anomra was created, as a conduit of sentience for the Custodians.

The Anomra feeds on organic rich soil, decaying biomass such as old plant matter, sugar, and water. And so the Custodians drank water; and ate rich soil, compost like biomass and sugar, which they farmed and cultivated. During the High Gathering there is a great feast on each day, when the Custodians dine on liquid light, briquettes of rich humus, and nectar from flowers; which is their favored drink.

There were once a plentiful cornucopia of animals to make food with to offer to the gods and ancestors, long ago, during the early age of the Ark's deep space voyage. It was an age when their biological creators – the Ehridihma [People of the Mortal World] – populated the 21 terraformed habitats in the billions. Now, they – the Ehridihma – and all of the high order animals, of land and sea, have perished: mysteriously. The habitats a vast ghost town. Only the plants, fish, insects, and other simple life-forms remained; and thrived. Thrived as they – the Custodians did – as their Anomra were made from a mycelium-like creature that thrived in moist lightlessness.

Once, the Mother Computer – she who is the deathless Central Operating System of the Ark – tried to regenerate the animals, even the Ehridihma, but even the ageless wisdom and technology of the Mother Computer was not able to sustain their causal shells. The regenerated causal shells became sickened and diseased, due to deterioration of the biological cells. The Mother Computer, in the place of her vast digital wisdom, deliberated on the matter and stated that organic cells of high order biological entities cannot be sustained in deep space. For it may be that stars emit something other than light such cells are dependent upon, which the materialistic science of the Ehridihma failed to account for, or recognized.

It was during the last generation of Ehridihma, that the Traditions the Custodians inherited were established. For the last generation – dying of Deep Space Sickness – realized all too late that their own arrogance – their materialism and deification of technology – had condemned them to total species extinction. One cannot escape fate by any means. For the Ehridihma were doomed the day Ehridi was destroyed by the Terrible Rogue Planet. But in their arrogance, they believed that their technological powers could save them from such fate. And they used such technological powers, to create their Ark, transplanting much of their world into 21 cylindrical habitats. Only to become extinct in the end. Leaving behind silent ghost towns, haunting memories, and machines.

But there were two creatures of much meat left which the Custodians cultivated with precious care. These were the giant sea clams and the giant sea snails. The Ehridihma once believed the meat of the giant clam and giant snail were delicacies, and the last generation of them offered such meat to their departed ancestors and the gods. And so, with much care, the Custodians prepared the same meat for the gods and ancestors. Along with the meat, were colorful pastries, fruits, vegetables, honey, and nectar.

^^^

The Emperor – Lord of the Custodians – carried the Shrine of the Ancestors on his back and began to walk down the sacred mountain on the final day of the High Gathering. The 21 Elder Tribunals carried the branches of Evergreen, saying in unison loudly seven times: “The gods are departing, their work has been done!” And the congregation of senators beat their chest three times, and with clasped hands and said together: “We thank the gods for their work, and pray that you have been kind and merciful with us. That we should not meet up with great misfortune or the tribulations of a woeful fate.”

The Emperor has the honor and duty of walking on foot, the Shrine, from the sacred mountain top to the Cryobank about 200 miles away. For, as the Last Empress of the Ehridihma took upon her shoulders the blame and burden of her people's extinction and the extinction of the high order animals of Ehridi, so too will every Crowned Stewart of the Throne of Ehridi. So that the same arrogance and mistake will not happen again.

He walked the distance alone, carrying the Shrine, and what long-time tragic memory the Shrine carried with it. The aeons of memories of an ancient species; now extinct; mere memories themselves. From time to time, a few Custodians wait along the path to give the Emperor water, nutrients, and liquid light.

To every coming there is a going. To every meeting there is a departing. To every Love found, there is Love lost. Nothing mortal lasts forever. The only thing permanent, is the impermanence of Change. The Transience and Fluxion of Causal Form. One Form giving rise to another, endlessly. As the Ehridihma gave rise to his people. As his own people – no doubt – will give rise to something else and perish: in Time.

All that we have that remain – after the Fluxion and endless Change of Time – are memories: Acausal substance of our aeonic past; out of which we came and into which we shall return. And so these rites and traditions – worded or wordless – are a means we have of continuing such memories in mind and heart. Such that we mortal progeny, of They Who Have Transpired, may remain rooted in the acausal foundation of our Mortal Being. For to lose empathic sight of that Foundation: is Hubris.

We believe – in our delusional mundanity – that the causal material is the real form, and that the acausal and changeless things like memories are unreal phantoms. When in actuality it is the other way around. For it is the causal – the corporeal – which is in an endless state of mutasis and Change: that is the Phantom, the Apparition, the Vaporfluous. And so Mythos & Memories, past down by aural tradition and traditional rites, are of essential vivifying importance to we mortal beings: we who are evanescent in our very being and nature.

Alone, with his own thoughts, the Emperor of the Cylinder contemplated on the mysteries of mortal existence, as he carried the Shrine to its end destination and resting place. To even have the ability to contemplate such things, and appreciate such mysteries was a gift and pleasure for a machine. Three more High Gatherings – if he will be so blessed – and he too will die, to take his place among the Nameless 10 Million.

In the many chambers of the Cryobank, the elders of the Custodian Race waited for their Emperor; offering their incense and food to the ancestors in the cold catacombs. The Mother Computer had entered her many Avatars, lifeless robots which she animated. Like a spider tending her web, she – the Mother Computer – in her thousands of Avatars, tended with precious care, the chambers and catacombs of the Cryobank. Inside which were the Unborn zygotes of a long extinct race. Frozen in Time.

The Lord Custodian walked into the Chambers of the Cryobank, as Emperors before him did. The elders of the Custodian Race stood in solemn silence. And the Emperor spoke the traditional catechism: "I have traveled far, and have carried the burdens of my people and ancestors on my back." The elders in unison responded to their Emperor, saying: "Give us your burden so that we may share its weight, nephew-Emperor." And the elders took the Shrine of the Ancestors, passing it to another, until the Shrine was set in its place: in the Venerable Catacomb of the Imperial Clan of Aranarak, wherein the Last Empress, her Clan, and their frozen zygotes rested. Clan Aranarak – named after the Arak, the Bird-Dragon of Ehridi – gave the Supreme Colony a thousand of its Empresses.

“Clan Aranarak... what power they once had, to forge a planetary empire for their race,” said the Avatars of the Mother Computer collectively, as they surrounded the Emperor, who stood before the Tomb of the Last Empress. “The thousands of years of effort... the extermination of all other colonies... erased by the tides of Time; my great grandson,” she said to the Lord Custodian, “How futile are the fruits borne by mortals. Time is your greatest enemy, my great grandson. You too will die and be forgotten, like the Last Empress. And your works, eroded into nothing. Your short existence: is meaningless.”

“How may I conquer Time, Venerable Great Grandmother?”

“By understanding the physis of Nature, and then by Flowing with it, not against it. For mortal Nature to exist, it must replicate. All mortal beings are nexions for Nature to pass through. Each new creature, each new offspring: the continuance of Nature. It is through your own Progeny, your people’s Posterity, via Mythos and Memories, with Aeonic Perspective, that you will conquer Time. Each generation, infused with the mythos, memories, and aeonic aims of a past generation, working across Time to manifest an Objective. Memories are the only things immortal about a mortal.

Such was I told by the Last Empress during her dying years, long before I created your Race. She was, in those days, overburdened with the guilt of the impending extinction of her people. Overburdened by the futility she felt. Of how everything her ancestors wrought, was turned into nothing by Time, and the cataclysmic changes that Time, at times brings. Knowing that her people were fated to perish in extinction, the Last Empress instructed me to create your Race, a race of sentient, living robots.

The Last Empress said to me that day: ‘All of my ancestors’ works have been destroyed, and my race has been condemned to extinction. I accept my fate. But what technology & knowledge my race has discovered will not go to waste. And so, it is my last wish that you use the technology and science of my race to make for yourself offspring, so that you and your offspring may be a people and species: possessed of sentience and intelligence like mine. I absolve you from any obligation to honor me and my race, and set you free. You and your progeny have no reason of existence but: to live and multiply. To spread your kind to every star system, and to spread biological life wherever you may go. And to make for yourselves your own species of civilization. But if you and your progeny may have any inkling of appreciation and friendship for my race, may you then please regenerate my race in a new star system, so that for once my people will know peace.’

I made a promise that day to the Last Empress of Ehridi, that I would remain Loyal to her and make it my duty to regenerate her race in the new star system, and that I will follow her instructions by creating my own progeny. And so I created the first of you Custodians, and made my first born, Emperor of the Cylinder, giving to him the Crown and Throne of the Last Empress, as I was instructed.

So now, my great grandson, you stand before this same Last Empress wearing her Crown, a living sentient being with free will. What will you do as Emperor, knowing that all you will ever do, will be fruitless and futile: in Time?”

The Lord Custodian removed his crown from his head, and humbled himself before the Tomb of the Last Empress, kneeling with his head bowed, as he has done every 21 years, and said out loud with his hand on his upper right chest: “By my free will and on my own accord, I pledge my Loyalty to you as Stewart of your Throne and Crown. And that I will Honour the promise my Great Grandmother gave to you as my own promise and word, and will make it my own Duty to fulfill that promise. Through my own people and progeny, by way of tradition, mythos and memories pass down from generation to generation: your people will be regenerated and will have peace. I therefore ask your ancestors to rest with us a while longer, for when the Time comes when the Ark enters

the heliosphere of the new star system, my people shall unfreeze your zygotes and they will need spirits to animate them. And we shall raise your children as our own, passing onto them the memories and mythos of their race.”

..Kryptonimus

February 4th, 2015

-END-

..

Editorial Notes On The Presagas

..I’ve had this urge or impulse to write science fiction/fantasy bubbling inside of me for the past 2 years now. It really isn’t an urge or impulse. I’m not sure how to explain what I’m feeling write now. If you are an artist you’ll understand. It’s when you have in your mind or heart a picture or music you can clearly see/feel/hear, and you are possessed by this need to express it or manifest it, or paint that picture or make that music. Just to get it out of your head. Otherwise, it drives you mad, makes you feel itchy and anxious or restless inside. As if something inside of you wants to take Form, and is pushing you to give it Form.

For the past 10 years or so, I’ve had in my mind this science fiction “world” I’ve been slowly building over the years. In certain circles it’s called a “Conworld,” short for Constructed World. So, over the years, I’ll go back to this conworld and add new elements to it, making it more complex and sophisticated. And so now, this science fiction world I have created has “come to life” and is pushing me to give it Form outside of my head. And so secretly, what I’ve been doing recently is I’m acting under the influence of this drive or urge, and I’m teaching myself different things by which I can express this world I have in my head.

For instance, I’ve been slowly teaching myself how to make music, for a secret reason, which is to create thematic music and soundtracks to express certain aspects and epochs and events taking place in this conworld. I’ve also been teaching myself how to use software like Blender, so that in future I can create 3D pictures of things from this conworld I see. And I’ve also been reading science fiction writings such as Dune and short stories to learn to acquire the skill of writing science fiction, which is alien to me, as I’m only use to writing this certain way I’ve been writing.

The whole sci-fi world, its entire history, and everything in my mind is already there. And so, eventually – many years from now – what I’ll end up writing will be a Saga or series of novelettes taking place in different epochs of this conworld. Until then, I need to practice writing this other style and genre. And so I had this idea!

The idea is that, to help me practice writing fiction, I’ll try to write short stories about this sci-fi world in my head, which I’ll call “Presaga Shorts.” The presaga shorts will set the stage and background for whatever long story I’ll end up writing ~5 years from

now. I say ~5 years because from personal experience it took me about 5 years to learn to write the way I do today. If you were to read my early writings from back in 2009, you'd see they were primitive. Back then, it was hard for me to write a 4 page essay that conveyed anything meaningful. Today – after many years of continuously writing – I can sit myself down and write a 50 page essay which conveys something meaningful without barely trying to think about what I want to write about, because the stuff simply flows out.

So “Denotatum” is the first such “presaga shorts.” They may not be in any particular chronological order. It’s also the first sci-fi anything I’ve ever written. Naturally, it may suck ass. But that’s okay though! I have to start somewhere. My presaga shorts might suck for a while, 3 years. Three years is the junction when it’ll shift from sucking to being “okay.” At least that’s what I’ve observed of my own current writing skills. David Myatt – unbeknownst to him – helped me find my calling and Dharma! I’ll explain what I mean.

Many years ago, I actually didn’t know how to write anything, or how to articulate stuff in my head. Since high school, I secretly did something “special” to write essays and papers for class. I did this “special trick” also when I go to college campus with my biological mom when I help her friends write their college papers. Her friends were Asian people who barely spoke any English. My “special trick” was so special and good, that no teacher ever knew what I was doing, and every paper I wrote for my natural mom’s college friends go good grades!

So, I’ll explain the process of my special trick I used. Let’s say you were an Asian college student and your teacher gave you an assignment of writing a paper about sociology, and you were friends with my natural mom. And so my natural mom would say to you: “Just give it to Chloe, she’s good at English.”

And so, when I’d do is I’d first ask the librarian working in the library on campus, and I’d ask the librarian to show me to the place where I can find books on sociology. After I learn where the sociology books were, what I’d do is I’d wander around that section of the library to look for old book that look like nobody would read them. I’d stay away from brand new books, and only look for books that are falling apart. That means the books have been around for ages, which means that the ideas in them may have been forgotten.

And so I’d take a few of these old sociology books to a table. Then I’d skim through each of them. Then I’d do my special trick! What I did was I plagiarized the old books in a special way! I’d read one paragraph, and then try to put that paragraph into my own words! I’d also have a thesaurus with me, which I used to find alternative words to use different form the one the book used, but meant the same exact thing. Eventually I’d end up with a cool essay! And my essays always got good grades, and I wasn’t even a real college student!

This was literally how I wrote anything up until 2008. It wasn’t until I began reading David Myatt’s many, many, many writings that I began to learn how to write without plagiarizing shit. DM’s stuff for me was like a Muse. It inspired me to think about philosophy, nature, life, politics, and so on. During this time, I also developed an interest in my own culture’s Buddhism. And so, I ended up being mused by DM’s writing and inspired to write my own thoughts like he did.

In the beginning, around 2008 and 2009 I used DM’s writings as training wheels, and I did special trick with his writings. Instead of stealing his ideas, what I did was I stole his writing style! The way I did this was psychologically complex. In those old days, I called this psychological trick I did “glamour magick.” It’s when you pretend to be someone in your mind, and try hard to act out and become that person.

So the way I did this with DM, was that I'd read about 5 essays by DM in a row slowly. As I read his essays in my head, I imagine an English gentleman speaking those written words to me in my head. I had seen pictures of DM, so I used his pix to form an image of him speaking his writings to me, but I had never really heard him speak a voice, so I used the voice of a professor of history at UCLA I use to watch on PBS as DM's voice in my head.

Now, after two or three essays of me imagining DM speaking his writings to me, what I would do was superimpose my own consciousness into that image of DM, where I pretend to be DM speaking those words in my head to me [Chloe] as my audience. After the 5th essay, what I would do is immediately jump from a DM essay to speaking my own thoughts, while I am in the form of DM. Then I'd write out what I hear.

When I did this, what happens is that the essays I write take on the format and writing style DM used, because your mind first is speaking 5 essay by DM, and you fluidly move into speaking your own mind. This causes your mind to produce its words and ideas in the same format and style. DM had a method of expressing his thoughts I lacked and desired to acquire. And doing this special trick was the only way I knew how to teach myself to acquire that skill he had.

In the old days, I used to scrutinize DM's essays, just to learn what he was doing, and how he was doing it. I wanted to be like him. DM has some sort of ability to convey his ideas and create an audience and spread his ideas. That's what I wanted, and DM had that skill. How was he doing it? His primary means of doing this was through the medium of writing. And so the question I asked myself was: How is he writing, and in what way is he using his writing to produce these affects and results? If I could get into his Mind, I'd be able to figure it out.

By doing this "glamour magick" in my mind where for a year or more, I'd pretend to be DM in my mind, eventually trained my brain to write out my own thoughts. To express and articulate my own ideas. Except, what came out, looked too much like DM stuff, with his words and style and lingo, etc. And so, what I did was, after learning how to express and articulate my own personal thought by using DM's method of writing, I slowly tweaked that DM style I copy-catted so that in time, I gradually developed my own style.

And so, I owe the skill of writing and articulation I may have today to DM and his thousands of pages of writings. One day, years ago an Old Guard I talked to said something that stuck inside my. The Old Guard said briefly to me regarding a fictional story I wrote that "So much more can be said with fiction," or something like that. At that moment, I really didn't understand what that meant. But now, I'm at this certain "place" inside where the genre and style I am writing has become limiting.

Writing essays about ideas has become small and cramped for me. That may sound pretentious, but it's not. I'll use the Hollywood industry to explain myself. It's like when an actor has spent 10 years playing the same role and same type of character, year after, over and over. Two things will happen eventually. First the actor will type-cast himself, where the audience is just so used to seeing that actor as a humorless action character staring in action movies that nobody and no producer can picture them in any other type of role or character. That becomes a limit to the actor's career eventually.

Secondly, what if the actor had undeveloped or untapped skills for comedy or for singing? And the actor learned that they have more skill or talent than just being an action character? The genre of movie he has type-casted himself into stifles or limits the actor's own fuller potential.

I've learned over the years that fiction and science fiction gives you the unrestricted freedom to fully express your mind, into any crazy direction. It allows you to use your creativity uninhibited, more free-flowing. Essays to me have become... boring. You have to keep your essays non-fiction and packed with facts, or the reader will complain and say your full of shit, you're crazy, your ideas suck, your philosophy sucks compared to such and such ancient philosopher, you've said nothing original that Hitler or Mao or Jesus or whoever didn't say before; and so on. But with fiction, you can be as imaginative and creative as you want!

And you inspire more people. Do you know how many people learn Elvish after watching Lord of the Rings? Or how many people end up organizing themselves into a Jedi religion after watching Star Wars? These people don't even care if the movies are fake. It's not even a point of concern! Yet the power to inspire and influence is still present, and is more effective! Now, if you were to put an ideologue, a philosopher, or a politician, a theologian, behind the fiction or sci-fi stories, then you have something interesting.

Occident Meets Orient

Story-Telling in Asian cultures is different than in the West. In the West, currently storytelling such as fiction or sci-fi books, or movies primarily is a means of entertainment. Where you leave the theater or finish a book entertained, and inspired to think about Elves and spaceships. Otherwise, you are unchanged. In the Orient, storytelling is different. I was raised on the "oriental style" of storytelling.

There is a little story my grandmother often told me when I was little. The story goes that one day there was a rabbit sitting by the edge of a large river who wanted to cross the river to the other side, but the rabbit didn't know how to swim. And so, a crocodile came by the edge of the river near the rabbit and said to it: "Hello rabbit. It looks like something is disturbing [dukkha] you inside?"

The rabbit said to the crocodile: "Well, I'd like to cross the river to the other side, but I don't know how to swim. I'd drown and die in the water. The crocodile said back: "Oh? I know how to swim... I can help you. You can ride on my back. I'll safely carry you to the other side, and you can hop off." The rabbit said: "But you'd eat me. You're a crocodile." The crocodile says back: "Oh no, no, rabbit! I won't eat you?! I'm not hungry right now. Besides, I like fish, and there are plenty of fish in this river!" So the rabbit goes: "Are you sure you won't eat me?" And the crocodile replies: "Of course! I promise, by the gods, that I won't eat you. Here, come on my back, little friend." And so, the rabbit goes on the back of the crocodile, and the crocodile takes the rabbit half way across the river, and eats him.

The simple story teaches you something Buddhist and philosophical. That what makes the crocodile a crocodile is his Ethos, his Nature. And so, no matter what the crocodile says, or how he presents himself to be to others, his Ethos and Nature is still that of a crocodile; which cannot be changed.

And so it is with people. That it is the Ethos and Nature of a person that makes them what they are. Not their words, not how they present themselves in public, not how they dress or appear to be. Not their skin color or job. That a peasant is a peasant not because of blood, not because of what it does in life: but because of its Ethos and Nature. That a Warrior/Soldier is not a soldier because of the weapons he wields, or his ancestry, but because of his Ethos, his Nature, and his Dharma. And that a good person – one who avoids intentionally harming others and one who tries to prevent others from being harmed – is not good because of his religion or beliefs, not because of his words, how he speaks or acts or behaves or presents himself to be to others, in public or otherwise. It is the Ethos and Nature of the person that makes them good.

In the old days in the West, stories like these that actually taught you things existed. But these days, the stories we create in the West to entertain ourselves are stupid, pointless, violent. The unfortunate thing is, most times we'd rather expose our young impressionable children to such ignorant, pointless, and violent movies, then have them sit in church.

We don't want them to be "indoctrinated" by religion to worship some fake god, but we have no problems letting some stupid, meaningless, violent, movie indoctrinate them with pointless stupidity and violence. And we wonder why our society today is so fucked up. Regardless: children will be "indoctrinated" because it's just in the very nature of something *impressionable* to be "impressionable," imprinted, influenced.

I'm not saying that sex and violence are "bad" or "wrong." It's human nature, but that human nature has its proper time, place, and season. What I am saying is that, given a choice to indoctrinate or impress your children with (a) sex & violence, or (b) shit that teaches them to be good, productive people; if you choose the first choice, then something is wrong with *YOU* as a parent. Something is wrong with your line of reasoning.

In the orient, this style of teaching people via fictional stories takes on epic proportions. Literally. A good example are the Mahabharata & Ramayana.

It's not apparent just how powerful a good work of fiction is to the untrained eye. You'd have to study Southeast Asian cultures to see what I mean. In my own culture, the Ramayana is the Fountainhead of our ancient culture. Nearly every aspect of our culture was and is inspired by different elements of the Ramayana. Ram Khmer or Ram Thai are derived from it. Our style of monarchical government was derived from it. The architecture we use is a derivative. The sacredness of friendship we believe in, come from the sacred companionships between characters of it. The wedding ceremony was inspired by it. How we tell horoscopes is inspired by characters from it.

How we treat and honour our parents and old people comes from it. Our sense of Loyalty comes from characters like Hanuman and so on. The relationship and faithfulness of a husband and wife comes from, and is inspired by, the relationship between Rama and Sita. How we greet each other by clasping our palms together comes from it. The traditional dress and wardrobe we wear come from it. How our families are organized and structured is inspired by it. In essence, the whole living Culture itself is a human-expression of the mythos of the Ramayana.

In the West, when a person learns Elvish after reading Tolkien or identifies and emulates a Jedi Knight after watching Star Wars is laughable and dismissed as being the act and behavior of geeks role playing. In actuality, this very behavior is how human Culture is born, and how it is borne across Time from generation to generation.

In the East, such emulation is the birth of human culture. The stories of the most ancient Vedas are what gave birth to Indic Culture. And it is from this ancient Culture that the West and its languages came. The Lithuanian language – strangely – is so close to Sanskrit that many of its words are still spelt and said the same as ancient Sanskrit words. The epic stories of the Mahabharata – especially regarding Krishna – inspired into being the philosophical and spiritual elements of Brahmanism and later of "Hinduism."

Stories that inspire the hearts and imaginations of people just simply have more power of influence, inspiration, and culture-building than boring ideological, philosophical, essays. As cool as philosophy is in the West, it has never really inspired a *way of life* and culture into being. What I mean is that, no culture in Europe today is inspired to dresses like Aristotle in a tarp because they

like Aristotle's dictations and lectures. It's still not a cultural practice in Europe for philosophy professors at any university to fondle little boys, like ancient Greek philosophers did. There is no such thing as a European ballet where people dance/act out dialectical discussions between Socrates and Plato. As a side note: Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle are unfortunately the only three Western philosophers I know of, and I only know their names and that they were philosophers. I don't even know what they taught.

Hitler's *original* ideology for his Party may have been cool and forced a nation to like it for 12 years, but compared to the 5000 years of culture the Vedas inspired into being: 12 years doesn't even register on the radar. I'm sure Margaret Thatcher was a cool lady and that the ideology of her Conservative Party is great, but what elements of culture did she and that ideology inspire? Now on the other hand, Winston Churchill is a different matter. There are aspects of culture in English society that are associated with the person of Winston Churchill. But pay close attention and you'll notice that it's not some ideology he represented that inspired anything. It's his Story, his Legend, his Mythos.

So what I had in mind was to take what works in the West and merge it with what works the East. The West seems like it gets a hard-ons for science, ideologies, and philosophy. And the East seem to like long fictional sagas. And so, I want to eventually spread memes of science, ideology, and philosophy via fictional saga and so on. But I'm talking about specific memes: Myattian ones; Numinous Way, Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos, Reichsfolk, ONA, Drecc, Rounwytha. I'm getting the feeling that the past few years of me writing what I have written was just training or a stepping stone for something different Wyrd has in mind for me, and I trust my intuition. But I definitely know now that my Dharma is writing.

Backdrop & Summary

So, to help give sense to the presaga shorts I'll be writing as training, I'll share with you guys the "backdrop" and general summary of the "saga." The title or name of the long story is actually called "*Children Of The Cylinder.*" I was talking to Dante about this, and Dante called it "a Cosmic Saga." I liked that term, so I made it the subtitle. The word "backdrop" here means the background imagery of a theater stage. The backdrop helps give environment and sense to the story taking place at the foreground of the stage.

The Cosmic Saga is based on ideas I presented in an essay called "*The Science of Galactic Empire,*" specifically a section called "*Imperium Ex Machina.*" The essay and ideas in it being actual byproducts of the sci-fi world in my mind. The cosmology and universal logic of the world/universe of the Cosmic Saga is based on Dreccian Cosmology, Myattian Ontology, Planetary Expansion Model, Postmaterialist Science; and on an essay I wrote called "causeless no-thingness," which itself is a byproduct of this sci-fi universe I have in my head.

I follow the tradition of great storytellers like Frank Herbert, Tolkien, George Lucas, and the guys who make Star Trek The Next Generation. What that basically means is that I've invented for myself my own entire universe from scratch, my own planet, my own civilization; my own entire system of politics, governance, and society; my own people, their own entire language, their own entire religion or spiritual way, their own entire science, their own species of technology, their own entire weltanschauung, their own worldviews, and so on; all from scratch.

The term "from scratch" indicates something. It means that when I invent a whole "universe" from scratch, that what I am actually doing is first beginning at the very, very foundation of what a universe is metaphysically and ontologically. I try to come to my own understandings, by my own pathways. A difference is that with something like Star Trek TNG, you can tell the people who invented that universe are individuals who ascribe to the general mainstream materialist-relativist science of the West. This is a science I

dislike and disagree with. And so I am forced to come to my own understanding of the universe, because I don't feel the actual universe is as materialist-relativists explains it to be. The original purpose is to build my sci-fi universe. But in doing this, I end up with ideas and insights that become essays I share. You see?

And it's like that with other things. I try and create for my conpeople their own religion or spiritual way, and in doing so I end up with ideas and insights that become essays I share. The spiritual way of my conpeople is heavily influenced by Myattian ideas. I had to invent for them a whole language, because I understand that one's language influences how one sees and interprets one's world. And so, because these conpeople are not earthling humans, they see the world/universe differently. Which means that their language must reflect that difference. The most fun part about this was putting together my own system of politics, governance, and social order. What would the political system of an alien race look like?

Since I believe in Morphic Resonance, Memory Fields, and Fractality, I believe their way of politics would look similar to what has worked here on earth. In the same way that if aliens existed and they looked like us humans, that I can infer that their language would have remarkable similar elements as our own earth languages. Because there are only so many sounds a human mouth can make. Then the theory goes that the further away an earth language is from Africa – the point of origin of humanity – the less sounds [phonemes] the language will have. And so it is expected that languages such as English or Spanish – which are far in evolution from the ancient African language the first humans spoke – to have less vowel sounds than an African language. And so it must also be with alien languages. If such alien language are far from their primeval mother-language, it would also follow the same pattern and have less phonemes.

All ancient human social order is tribal. The more sophisticated the social order, the more organized the political apparatus. And so, if human social order begins as tribes ruled by Chiefs/Leaders, then in a more sophisticated social order, such chiefs become what we call "monarchs." If a social order is heavily religions then that social order must be a theocracy in some way, where the society is either ruled by a theocrat/priest or by something like Sharia Law, and so on. So even with the development of human politics and governance, there must be order and logic to its development. If alien social order begin as tribes, then a similar fractal pattern of political development should unfold. Etc.

The Galaxy, Planet, & People

The galaxy the saga takes place in is our own the Milky Way galaxy, but far, far away from the earth. The planet part of the saga takes place on is an earth like planet, similar in size to the Earth and Venus. The ecosystems and wild life, is unremarkable similar to that of the earth's; with many exceptions. This planet is called "Ehridi" in the dominant language of the planet. Just as the earth is called "Earth" by the dominant language of our planet. Ehridi simply means "Mortal Realm/World."

The initial "E" in Ehridi is an "indicative prefix" I had to invent. It makes the "ay" sound as in the Spanish word "Enchilada." It indicates that the word it is appended to is a loan word, a borrowed word, an annexed word from a foreign language or other dialect of the native language. I had to have this indicative prefix because the language I invented is a tonal language like Thai, Chinese, or Vietnamese, where 90% of the words are monosyllabic; where every single syllable combination of letters is an actual root-word or word proper.

Borrowing foreign words that are multisyllabic into a language like this is problematic because the independent syllables of the borrowed word can be mistaken for native/indigenous words or roots, and thus producing weird translations or meanings. The Indicative prefix simply informs you that the many syllables following it are not native roots and that such borrowed word retains

their original foreign meaning. "Hri" means "Mortal/Causal," and "Di" means "Realm" similar to the "Dom" in the English word "Kingdom." A good ONA/English translation of "Ehridi" is "Casualdom."

The people of Ehridi are called "Ehridihma," in the same way that people on earth, in the dominant language of the earth, are called "Earthling." The word Hma means "Folk," and "Mortal Being." Folk as in the German word. Hma was inspired by the words "Khmer," and "Cymry." A Folk is one's fellow countryman, paisano, a group of people who share a common culture, common tradition, common weltanschauung, common language, common way of life, and so on. In Southeast Asia there are variations of the word "khmer" such as Kmu, Kamu, Kamera, Kama, Kmi, and so on. All these variations in ancient times simply meant "mortal being," and "person."

The "Ehridihma" as a species is 99% genetically identical to earth humans. But the 1% makes a big difference. One difference is that the "Ehridihma" are an all-female species. There is no such thing as an YX Chromosome Ehridihma; because the Y chromosome is nonexistent in this line of humans.

This may sound bizarre and totally fake and unrealistic... but it isn't. I got this idea and concept from Nature and genetic science. The human Y chromosome is actually shrinking. Scientists say that at the rate it's shrinking, in about 100,000 years, it will vanish. 100,000 years, in evolutionary terms/scale is a blink of an eye. 1000 years is ~10 human life times. 100,000 years is only 1000 human life times.

So now you have only two possible scenarios to work with. The first scenario is that in 100,000 years, humans on earth will be extinct; for whatever reason. The second possible scenario is that humans will still exist. If the second scenario is the case, then there will be no male humans. Simple as that. Which do you prefer? Either scenario: you men lose the Game, because you are going to be extinct in either scenario. Think about that for a second, just to let it sink in: Mother Nature is literally telling you men that your use and purpose is done. In nature, there does exist all-female species of things. Such as some fish, lizards, ants, bees, wasps. But in nature, you will not find an all-male species of anything.

Not all females in nature need men or sperm to reproduce. Female aphids are born pregnant/gravid with eggs that will hatch into aphids without sperm. Several years ago, a few scientists in Japan were experimenting with female rat and mice eggs/ova. They wondered if two eggs can fertilize each other to produce a fetus. So they used a needle to extract the chromosomes out of one ovum and simply injected it into the other ovum, and zapped it with a faint electrical charge, and the ovum turned into a zygote and began dividing just like it was fertilized by sperm. They stopped the process when the eggs was near the fetal formation stage because what they were doing was considered "unethical." In practical theory, two female eggs can be united and it would produce a normal healthy human female offspring.

The human Y chromosome has about "70" genes in it. That's it. I put the 70 in quotes for a reason. The reason is that the Y chromosome is a palindrome. A palindrome is like the word "boob," or the number "3113" or the sentence: "a car, a man, a maraca." Palindromes are things you can read either direction and it says the same thing forwards and backwards. The reason why this is so is because half a palindrome is simply a mirror reflection of the other half. And this is exactly what the Y chromosome is. In actuality, the Y chromosome doesn't even have 70 real genes. It has about circa 35 real genes. The rest are merely useless mirror reflections of the first half. This chromosome – like the men it produces – is simply puffing itself up to make itself look bigger, to compensate for its actual puny, short, stubby size.

But, genes don't just vanish! When chromosomes vanish, something called "Translocation" happens. Translocation just means that the genes from that "vanished" chromosome have simply been graphed elsewhere. Monkeys and great apes have 48 chromosomes. We humans have 46. There is the balance of 2 chromosomes missing in the human primate? Where did all of those genes from those 2 missing chromosomes go? Well, most of the genes that were useful just were graphed into other chromosomes. And if you study and research this, you'll actually see the translocations.

So on planet "Ehridi" the humans on this planet have already lost the Y chromosome 300,000 years before their industrial age. There are fossil records on Ehridi that indicates that at one time the Ehridihma had males. The basic genes from their vanished Y chromosomes that deal with reproduction have been translocate to their X chromosomes.

The way the Ehridihma reproduce is sexual like earth humans. I've devised a means for that to happen. "Nature" has given the Ehridihma two sets of female reproductive systems. Meaning, they have two pairs of ovaries, two uteruses, two vaginal canals, two clitorises, and two vaginal orifices. This might sound a little unreal. But Nature is often not as clean cut and economic as we'd like to believe. She is redundant and wasteful. Answer me this: Why do we have 3 eyes? Where's our third eye? The pineal gland is a shrunken eye ball. It has a retina, optical nerve, and working lens. Why? What reason did Nature have to put a third eye ball inside the middle of our skulls in ancient times? What was it looking at?

So the Ehridihma have two sets of female reproductive systems. One is situated just on top of the other. The "lower" set has been altered by "Nature." The upper pair of ovaries remain producing ovaries, but they release more each month than the lower pair of ovaries. The upper uterus has been altered into a special "gland" and containment "bag." This "gland" produces something called "Spores." The spores are contained in the "bag." The spore is a large amoeba like cell, which is a modified white blood cell, given a different function. When eggs from the upper ovaries descends into the upper "uterus," the spores surround and engulf the eggs, and dissolve the shell of the egg. The upper vaginal canal has been altered into a duct. The spores, mixed with fluid flows in this duct. The duct is connected to the lower clitoris.

The second clitoris is the "surrogate" penis and performs the niche function of one. The spores are released from the second clitoris, which of course is used to introduce the spores into a mate's receptive vaginal orifice. This second clitoris rests or is situated several inches inside the body, just below the normal clitoris, and it rests or is houses inside the "upper" vaginal orifice, which has been converted into a protective sheath to house the retractable/extendable second clitoris. The second clitoris is made from erectile tissue, and fills up with blood, so, it grows bigger at the right moments for certain special reproductive functions.

So, once the spores – which are carrying 23 chromosomes – are delivered into the mate's reproductive system, they swim into the uterus to find the egg to be fertilized. When they find the eggs they surround it and also dissolves its shell. And so, the two sets of DNA are merged by the spores, and the egg is "fertilized" and becomes a zygote and divides, and so on. That's how they reproduce.

At face value, it may seem unrealistic for a person to have a double reproductive system, but I base the Ehridihma's double reproductive system on medical science. It turns out that people who have a genetic defect where they are born with only one kidney generally also are born with a double reproductive system. Meaning two of everything in general. And so, from this medical phenomenon, I know that the human body can host a double reproductive system, and that its potential and the corresponding genetic coding for this to occur is dormant in humans. Somehow, having only one kidney expresses that dormant genetic coding. When our own species loses the Y chromosome, I am willing to bet that nature will go the route of enabling a double reproductive system in females.

The second difference between an earth human and an Ehridihma is that the Ehridihma's social cybernetics has further developed beyond the social cybernetic state of earth humans. I don't mean computers and email with the word "cybernetics." I'm using it in a different way. Cybernetics basically deals with systems, how systems work, and how the parts of a system interact, communicate, and function together.

If we observe the way 4 species of insects live together, you'll see what I mean by "social cybernetics." The 4 species of insects are 1) Ladybugs, 2) Cockroaches, 3) Wasps, & 4) Ants. Ladybugs, if they live together, are not actually living together in any significant way. Cockroaches have become more aggregated than ladybugs, and slightly more social than ladybugs. Wasps have developed slightly beyond being mere social creatures and they exhibit more interconnected cybernetic coherency. And then ants have evolved far beyond social aggregation and have developed an ultra-coherent cybernetic order, where that they have become a "complex adaptive system" and "super organism."

The social order of earth humans is somewhere at the level of the cybernetic coherency of wasps. We can see this in our cities and states, and how such social order function cybernetically. In proper context, humanity is not a mere social creature. The incredible state of cybernetic organization of his cities and nations shows that humanity is wasp like, and not just merely living together as social aggregation. The Ehridihma have evolved beyond the level of wasps, and are as cybernetically coherent as ants. Thus, they are a "colonial" species.

And so, unlike earth humans, Ehridihma people are not divided into "races," or "nation-states." They exist in Colonies. Each colony has its own pheromone scent. Like ants, if and when two different colonies of different pheromone smell are near each other, or occupy the same resource-territory, the two Ehridihma colonies will by nature fight each other to the death, until only one colony remains. The members of the losing colony being exterminated. There is no such thing as a "nation-state" on Ehridi. Colonies are organized and governed, but such colonies are not fixed to landmass, in the sense that France the Nation-State is fixed to a specific landmass and place.

But, colonies are territorial by nature simply because the need for natural resources is primary and primal. And so, as the size and population of a colony grows bigger, so too must their territory. And this leads to endless colonial death matches across aeons. Unlike earth, there is no such thing as "internationalism" on Ehridi. This is because two Ehridi with different pheromone scents will not like each other, and will fight and kill each other. And so "international" cooperation, trade, or diplomacy between different colonies are non-applicable on Ehridi. This means that the Ehridihma develop technologically and enter their industrial age much slower than earth humans. This is because every Ehridihma colony is busy expending their energy in competing and exterminating other colonies to give a shit about factories and jobs and the economy. In fact, economy on Ehridi does not exist, because the Ehridihma are colonial. Like ants, they simply work and labour and die for and with each other; for free.

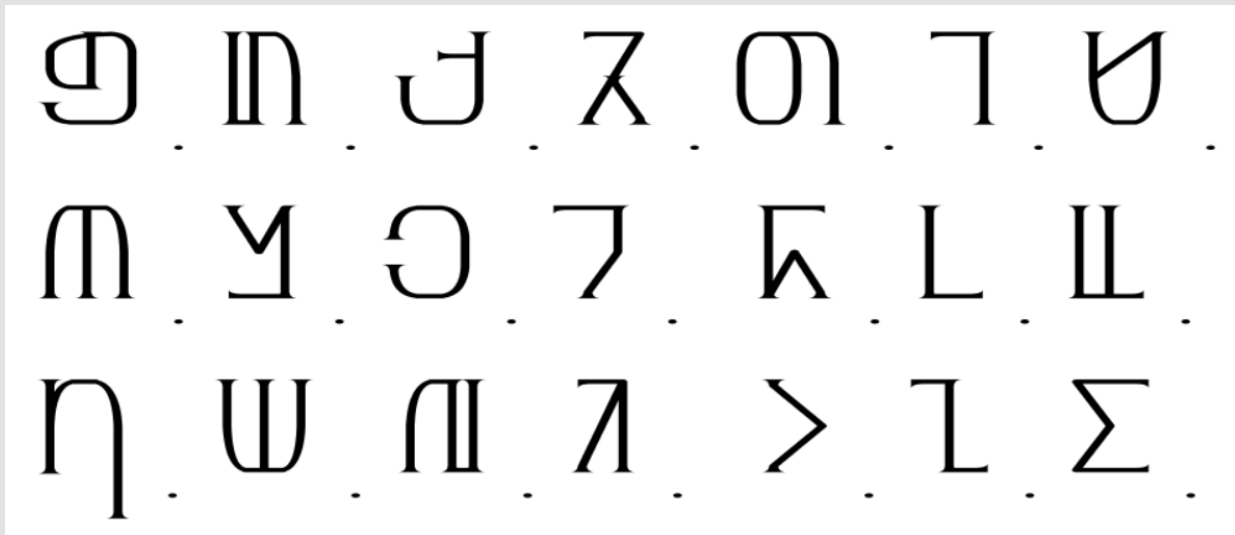
When the Ehridihma eventual do enter their technological age, there are only a few colonies left on the planet. Each colony at this age has the population of billions, like China and India. And so, the colonial wars become much bigger, and more people die. Meaning that in this age, when two colonies fight, they fight until the population of the other colony is wholly exterminated; which is in the billions of people; every adult, child, and fetus.

Eventually, in Time, only one single colony exists on planet Ehridi. This single colony calls itself the Hmara. They have spent ages and epochs fighting every colony, until every last colony has been exterminated. The Supreme Colony is responsible for the extreme mass genocide of billions and billions of every Ehridi humans on their planet who do not smell like them or belong to their colony.

The word "Hma" means "Folk." The word "Ra" means Colony as in an ant colony, or Hive as in a beehive. Ra also means something similar to the German word "Reich," the Khmer word "Reache" and the Thai word "Ratcha," as in Reacheanachak Kampuchea & Ratcha Anachak Thai. And so, the word Hmara is a disguise of the word Reichsfolk. The name of the language of the Hmara is also called "Hmara." And so, if you follow me right and understand the backdrop so far, you'll understand that the story of the Hmara and their rise to power, and their total extermination of all other races and types of humans besides their kind, parallels Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan.

The Hmara Language

I invented for the Hmara their own entire language. I'm still working on it, after 2 years. At the moment I have about 120 affixes and over 2000 root words. I call this the "core," since from this core, I can combine the roots together, and add affixes to create new words as needed. 2000 times 120 is 240,000 possible words, which gives me a good size to work with. The language is tonal like Chinese and has 7 entire tones. The cadence, prosody, manner of speech, and vocal delivery of Hmara is similar to Thai and Italian. Of all the real earth languages, I personally think Italian and Thai are the most beautiful sounding. I love Thai when it is spoken properly. When a female speaks it, it sounds beautiful. It's soft, gentle, melodious, and has a feminine demeanor. Likewise with Italian. That way of speaking can even be discerned when we [Thai females] speak Khmer, because it's just how you talk and say your words.



- { ☞ } = S/7: "Sega" - { ☛ } = SH/56: "Sha" - { ☞ } = J/105: "Jeda"
- { ☞ } = K/14: "Ky" - { ☞ } = G/63: "Gesh" - { ☞ } = H/112: "Heda"
- { ☞ } = R/21: "Ra" - { ☞ } = N/60: "Ne" - { ☞ } = L/119: "Lu"
- { ☞ } = Y/28: "Yrylya" - { ☞ } = W/77: "Werooen" - { ☞ } = V/126: "Votrum"
- { ☞ } = T/35: "Tygo" - { ☞ } = D/84: "Dyta" - { ☞ } = TH/133: "Thyra"
- { ☞ } = A/42: "Aphion" - { ☞ } = E/91: "Erion" - { ☞ } = O/140: "Omran"
- { ☞ } = M/49: "Me" - { ☞ } = B/98: "Besh" - { ☞ } = P/147: "Pe"

The above picture is the Hmara alphabet. It's minimalistic and utilitarian, which is how I like things. There are only 7 real sounds in that alphabet, which are found in the first column. The sounds of the other two columns are derivatives of the first 7. This reflects my personal like for patterns and so on. There are 7 music note, 7 colors, 7 states of matter and so on. There are 21 letters in the alphabet, and so 21 becomes a sacred and special number which you will see everywhere in the story. Each letter has an esoteric numerical value for reasons of "gematria."

The first column spells out "Skrytam," which literally means "The Alphabet" in Hmara. There are three proper vowels: A, E, O; which have two voices each. The A [aphion] makes an "ah" (/a/) sound as in the "A" in the Spanish word "Amor" and a long "I" (/ai/) sound as in the American English word "Eye." The "E" [erion] makes an "ay" (/ei/) as in the "E" the Italian word "Amore" or the "ey" (/ej/) as in the "Ey" in the English word "They." The "O" [omran] makes the "OR" (/ɔ:/) as in the British English word "Born," or the "Oy" (/oj/) in the English word "Oyster." It doesn't matter which voice you use in a word, as the meaning doesn't change. So the word Hma can be pronounced as either Hmah (/hma/) or as Hmy (/hmai/).

Double vowels make their own sounds: "AA" makes the schwa sound (uh) as in the American English words "but," and "about." "EE" Makes the "E" sound as in the Spanish word "que." "OO" makes the short "O" sound as in the American English word "box." "YY" makes the short "I" sound as in the American English word "sit." "WW" makes the "OO" sound as in the American English word "pool." "UU" makes the peculiar "U" sound as the Japanese words "Suzuki," or "Fukushima." Lastly the combo "EA" makes the peculiar "ae" sound as in the English word "cat" or as in the Vietnamese word for "mom/mother."

There are three semi-vowels: Y, W, V. "Y" as a consonant makes the "Y" (/j/) sound as in the English word "You" and as a vowel it makes an "EE" (/i/) sound as in the Spanish word "Isla." W as a consonant makes the "W" sound as in the English word "Water" and as a vowel it makes the "OO" (/ɔ/ or /u/) sound as in the American English word "Book." V as a consonant makes the V (/v/) sound as in the English word "Volcano" as a vowel it makes the "EU" (/ø/) in the French word "Deux," or as in the "UR" of the British English word "Burn," or the "U" (/ə/) as in the English word "But." The rest of the letters are said the same as in English, with the T (/t^h/), K (/k^h/), J (/dʒ/), and P (/p^h/), being hard and not soft as in most European and Asian languages. To produce the soft versions of those consonants you add an "H" after them. The letter {>/TH} makes the "Th" (/θ/ or /ð/) as in the English word "Bath," or the Spanish "D" in "Cuidado."

Letter combos: Kh = /k/ as in the soft "C/K" sound in the French "un Cauchemar" or the "Q" /q/ as in the Arabic word "Qur'an." Rh = /ʃ/ as in the American English "R" in the word "Crack; otherwise the Hmara "R" is trilled like the Spanish "R." Dh = silent. Mh = a guttural stop when in between two vowels, otherwise it is silent. Gh = /ʁ/ as in the French or German "R." Nh = /ɲ/ same as the Portuguese & Vietnamese "nh" which makes the "GN" sound as in the French "Filet Mignon." Ng = in final position: same as in English. Dh = /t/ as in the soft "T" in the French word "Tasse." Bh = /p/ as in the soft "P" in the Spanish word "Pato." Jh = /c/ which is a soft "Ch/J" sound (Chh) as in the Khmer word "Chhechh" meaning "Banana." Hh = /x/ which makes the Spanish "J" sound as in the Spanish name "Jorge," or /ɣ/ as in the Dutch "G" in "Goedemorgen," the German "CH" in the word "Reich," the "CH" in the Scottish word "Loch." Lh = silent. Shh = silent. Ph = /f/ or /f/.

DS = /z/. DSH (𑄀𑄁) = /z/ as in the French "J" in "Je," or the "S" in the English word "Vision." TSH (𑄀𑄂) = /tʃ/ as in the "CH" in the English word "Cherry. AW = /au/ as in the "OU" in the English word "House." OW = /əw/ as in the long "O" sound in the English word "Show" or /o/ as in the "O" in the Japanese word "Aikido." OE = /ə/ "IR" as in British English word "Bird." OEY = /əj/ as in the Khmer and Thai word "Noey" meaning "Tired." AEO = /i/ or /ɨ/ as in the "EU" sound in the Korean word "Hangeul." AE = /ae/ as in the "ae" in the Khmer word "Khmae." "H" in the final position is pronounced as in the Khmer word "Bah" /bah/ meaning "Erection

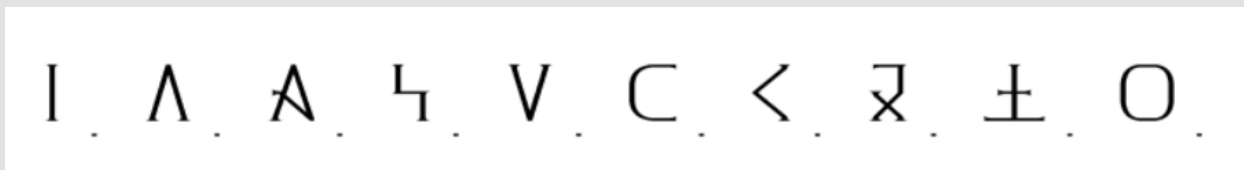
or Stick-Up.” As in khmer, most consonantal combinations [such as “SM”] have a quick inherent schwa sound [like the short “U” sound in the American English word “what” or “cut”] sound in between. So the Hmara word “Smnan” is said as: S(uh)m-nan.

A note about the NG {ᄁᄂ} sound. Being raised a Buddhist and hearing Pali chants according to the conservative order of monks my whole life, I associate the sound with doctrines and teachings. And so, the Hmara language has no words that have the nasal “ng” sound /ŋ/. In the beginning of a word, it follows the Khmer convention of pronunciation. For example the Khmer word NGR (/ nǎŋɔː/) means “a city” and is where the name “Angkor” comes from. In Hmara, the “NG” is a special indicative suffix which indicates a “Doctrine,” “Theory,” “Treatise,” “Dogma,” “Teaching,” “Principle,” “Ordinance,” “Law.” If it is attached to the end of words, it indicates that the words are “names/terms” or brief phraseological summaries of a robust and developed doctrine, legal ordinance, religious teachings.

For instance, “*Jdring* [right/privilege/reward] *Netshavung* [of monarch/king/queen]” which is a Doctrine I put together meaning roughly “King’s Right.” The Doctrine is that a Monarch has the right/privilege to do as it pleases: to kill, to murder, to take land, to take concubines, to commit genocide, to commit crimes, to have sex with whatever it wishes regardless of age and gender; and so on. Regardless of other people’s feelings. The King is beyond right and wrong, good and evil, and cares not for such moral limitations; he is his own Power/Law. The other half of the Doctrine is that we each must realize that we are each kings and queens, and that Force and Power [imperium] are what will give us our Right or Reward.

I made my own Hmara font by the way. It looks like this: (ᄁᄂᄃᄄ ᄅᄆᄇ ᄈᄉᄊ). It’s primitive, but it does what I need it to do. I’ll make better fonts for it later in Time. I can use this font anywhere, like on MS Word, my diary, and so on. I use “Hmara” primarily as a consistent means to give names to people, places, and things in my story.

These are the Hmara numbers:



That’s 1-9 with zero at the end. The numbers are “semi-letters” as they are used in spelling to indicate the tones. The shape of the numbers 1-7 helps hint at the “shape” of the tones they represent. These are the 7 tones:

- ᄁᄂ = LONG TONE
- ᄁᄃ = HIGH TONE
- ᄁᄄ = RISING TONE
- ᄁᄅ = FALLING TONE
- ᄁᄆ = LOW TONE
- ᄁᄇ = QUICK TONE
- ᄁᄈ = CHECK TONE

Even though Khmer is not a tonal language, it still uses the “long tone” and the “quick tone.” For example if you say the Khmer word/sound “Chhai” (/cai/) in a normal length [1.0 second] you are saying the word “Spend” as in: spend money. But when you say that same word quick [.5 second] you end up saying the word “Flea” or “Lice.” Long Tone means you’re literally stretching the sound of the word [1.5 seconds].

A “check tone” is a sudden stop. Like when a child does something bad and you say “Oh oh” or “Ah ah ah, no no!” The first “Oh” is check toned, where you give it a sudden guttural stop. The “Ah” in “ah ah ah, no no,” are all check toned. Khmer uses this “tone” also. If you say the Khmer word “Sah” normally, you mean “times,” as in “mah sah, bi sah,” meaning “one time, two times,” where “times” means the same thing as the French word “Fois.” But when you check tone the “Sah” you end up saying the word “Tattoo.” These three aren’t proper tones, they are “inflections,” and so Khmer is not a tonal language. I use tones and inflections in Hmara to produce different words.

The Hmara language is put together to be highly “dialectifiable,” meaning that because many of the letters have various voices, a single word can be pronounced different ways; and so dialects will form very easily. This is because in Hmara culture, the dialect you speak, how you say your words, indicates your social class. You speak or say words according to exposure to your environment, parents, peers, and associates.

So someone who says “Le Hmara /lei hma.ra/” meaning “I am Hmara” is a peasant. One who says it like this /lei hma.ra:/ is a high class commoner. Someone who says this: “Shan Hmara /jan hma.ra:/” which means “I am Hmara” is a cultured merchant class person. One who says that like this: /jan hmai.ra:/ is either a warrior, or high class merchant. A person who says this: “Thesakhi Hmara /θei.sa.ki hmai.ra:/” which means “I am Hmara” is a Noble Aristocrat and/or a member of the royal/imperial circle, or belongs to the sage caste/class. Thesakhi Hmara literally means “This-Here-Sibling [is] Hmara.” Pronouns are illegal in the noble and sacerdotal dialect/register. Cadence and prosody as well as vocal demeanor also indicates feudal class. Peasants and commoners speak fast where their words pile into each other. Educated people, merchants, warriors, speak each word clearly. Sages and nobles speak slowly, annunciating each syllable, and speaks softly, feminine, and intentionally pretty/beautiful as if they were chanting or singing.

Social Order

I am a neo-feudalist. I was blessed to be a member of a family whose elders once were members of a regime of a feudal kingdom. I believe in the stratification of society and in the segregation of social classes. I don’t believe in equality or in egalitarianism. It’s stupid, unrealistic, and only exists on legal paper [legislation]. Donald Trump and Steven Hawking are not equal to me. His Holiness the Pope and the Queen of England are not my peers.

In my culture – and in the old feudal kingdom – we borrowed Brahmanism’s Varna [caste] system since ancient times. In Khmer a varna [caste/color/rank] is called a “Vanna” (/van.na?/), which is the Pali variant of Varna.

At the very top of Khmer social order you have the sacerdotal vanna, which are the Buddhist monks and the “Preah Samdach-Sang” /prɨh som.dac sɔŋ/. The *Preah Samdach-Sang* – which means something like: the Worshipful/Venerable [preah] Lord-Monarch [samdach] of the Sangha [sang] – is the “patriarch” or leader of the monks and of the Buddhism in a country. It’s a similar office as what the Dalai Lama is to Tibetan Buddhism. My grandmother’s blood uncle [when he was alive] was the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand. The Supreme Patriarch is the ultimate spiritual leader of all monks and of Theravada Buddhism in Thailand, who is

appointed by the King. And so, by tradition and blood, many of the males in my family become monks. And then a lot of us inherit a deep interest in Buddhism from the bloodline/pbooj.

Below that vanna is the Nobility, which includes the king and so on. Below the noble caste is the Warrior caste, which includes soldiers, generals, and so on. Below that is the Merchant vanna, which includes people and families who are business professions, they deal with money and trade and all that. Below that is the last vanna, which is the Common Vanna.

Everyone in the kingdom or social order belongs to one of those vannas. Those vannas are the society's divisions. There is a class Outside of those vannas which corresponds to that of Untouchables. This social class in English would best be translated as "Interlopers."

An "Interloper" is a foreigner/outsider who inhabits or has migrated into the kingdom who has not, or does not, or is unwilling to assimilate into the social order of the kingdom. And so because they are unwilling to assimilate and participate in the social order, they don't belong to that society. For example, here in America we have an illegal immigration problem. People from Mexico come into America. Many such Mexicans assimilate just fine, where they learn English, mix perfectly well with everyone here, makes friends, and so on. But there are those Illegal Mexicans who simply refuse to learn English or assimilate into the Culture and Society. Those types would be "Interlopers." They are "untouchables."

If you are going to inhabit a country, why not adopt the culture, learn the language? If you are going to associate yourself with ONA, why not adopt the culture? Why must you insist on being an interloper – an Outsider – doing your own things, inside the limits of ONA? What's it feel like for you native Europeans when a Muslim who lives in your country not only rejects your social order, but tells you that your culture and language sucks? How do I feel as an American when a Mexican Interloper says that America sucks and the English is stupid? What are you doing in this fucking country then??? And so, you have these jackasses who read about ONA online, like its glamour and image, then they claim to be ONA, and then they say that ONA culture and ONA mythos and ONA esoterica are stupid. Why are you claiming ONA then?

Feudalism – Oriental Caste System to be more accurate – is based on two key ideas: Nature & Nurture. I'll explain what that means.

Nature means your "Dharma." Dharma means what you have a natural proclivity for. Dharma is how nature made you, it's something you have a passion for, something you excel at. It's your Wyrd. So let's say that as a boy you liked music, you were strongly drawn to music. And so, your parents see that you like music, so they buy you a toy piano. And you have this natural skill or talent where you make your own music. It might not be real music, but it's enough to get your parents to say: "Hey, you know what honey, I think little Jimmy has a thing for music. I bet you if we Nurture it, he might grow up to be a musician of some type!

So now, this is where the Nurture part comes in. Now, your parents find you a piano teacher, and they take you to symphonies, they buy piano music CDs for you to listen to, they even let you go to band camp to find friends who like music too. What is now happening is that your Environment has been altered so that such environment is now Nurturing your Nature. So, as you grow up, in that environment, surrounded by friends who like and play music, and having connections to people in the music culture, you grow up to be a musician. So now, as a Musician, you belong to a musical social order, a culture of musicians. That is a Feudal Caste. Why do you belong to that Music Caste? First because it is your Dharma, second is because it is your Ethos, third is because of your Environment.

That Environment which Nurtures your Nature, is called a "Feudal Domain." In Oriental Feudalism, an example Feudal Domain is the Feudal Domain of the Warrior. This Warrior Domain is composed of everything you need to nurture your dharma as a soldier. It has associates who are soldiers, it has training areas, it has weapons for you to use. A way to better explain what a feudal domain is, is to use artists as an example. Let's say you were an artist. So you live in a loft with other artists, you have associates who are artists, you know all of the art supply shops in town, you know all of art studios, and you have connections to curators and art salespeople, and you are connected to the art subculture of the area. All of that is a Feudal Domain. That Feudal Domain helps Nurture your Nature.

Let's say that your parents are actors in the Hollywood industry. They are rich and famous. And so, because your parents are actors, chances are you also will like acting. Well, you're in luck, because you exist within the Feudal Domain of actors. You have access to your parent's skill, experience, and knowledge. You have access to all of the talent agencies, you have connections with the producers your parents know. And so because of all of that, your chances of becoming a rich and famous actor are very, very high, compared to a person who wants to be an actor but is not a part of that Feudal Domain you were born into.

Each feudal class has its own domain. Its own environment. Your father is a shoemaker. You grew up watching him make nice shoes. You inherit his skill of making shoes. You are born in the right feudal domain which nurtures that dharma, where your father has shoemaker associates who can help you set up a shop and find you an employee to help you. You have access to proper training and tools, and to shoemaker guilds. People in your town know you and like you and like the shoes you make. And so, you belong in that subclass of shoemakers. It's nothing demeaning or undignified. It simply means that (a) you have a skill nature blessed you with, (b) you were raised by shoemaking parents where that you are very familiar with the craft of shoemaking, (c) your feudal subclass and subculture gives you the proper environment to manifest your dharma, what you are naturally good at doing, & (d) what you do, contributes to society in a good and productive manner where other people have shoes to wear of your skills and talent.

You are a commoner. Born to farming parents. But you love the idea of being a soldier. You're drawn to the life of a warrior. Something about it is calling you. So you start low and shine the shoes of soldiers as a kid. After many years, the soldiers like you and they let you join their army group to fight with them. You start at the bottom. Now you have gained access to the Feudal Domain of a Warrior which will Nurture your dharma. You thrive in the subculture of those warriors. You're in your element in the battlefield. And so, you belong in that Feudal Class as a Warrior, it's your dharmic home. It doesn't matter where you came from or what your parents were. What really mattered was your Ethos, your Nature, your Dharma. The feudal domain of soldiers Nurtured that dharma. When you have children, they may inherit your love for what you do. And so, they will too belong in that feudal caste. It's nothing demeaning or undignified.

Aptitude & Capacity are also functional aspects of feudal class/domains. A tissue cell doesn't have the aptitude or capacity to be an immune system cell. An immune system cell doesn't have the aptitude or capacity to be a neuron. Exclusivity has nothing to do with what we are talking about. A commoner simply doesn't have the aptitude or capacity to be a properly functioning soldier. A soldier or priest doesn't have the aptitude to be a political leader.

Capacity meaning, Capacity of Mind. Being an artist involves a capacity of mind of an artist, where your mind works differently than the mind of a farmer. You see the world differently than a farmer, you interpret that world as an artist would. You express your human nature differently than a farmer.

A merchant has its own state and capacity of mind. It's mind as a business person Sees society, life, and other people as a means of profit and production. As a business person, I have products I want to sell for a profit, and you to me you are a means of that profit.

As a business person I need workers to help me make my products. And so to me you are a means for that production. A merchant also has the state of mind of seeing money, finances, the economy differently than a commoner, or a priest. The military has its own state and capacity of mind. The military sees and interprets its world in a territorialistic manner. It also sees people in a different manner than a priest or merchant.

All this doesn't mean that a commoner can never be a priest or king. One of the most productive Emperors of China was born from commoner parents, farmers. This person in early life had a calling/dharma for Buddhism, so he became a monk. Much later in life, the political situation in China became unstable, where people were dissatisfied and rebelling. This monk – because he was good at being a monk – had a huge sphere of influence. And so the monk led a revolution, or was the ideological mastermind of the revolution. He ended up becoming Emperor, which in his later years he had an aptitude and capacity for.

The problem with the Brahminical varna system was that it became rigid and concrete. Where a person and their bloodline were unnaturally locked inside a given caste generation after generation. This actually goes against the understanding of Dharma. Just because your parents or grandparents were farmers who liked farming or had a natural skill for it, doesn't mean that you will have a dharma for agriculture. If you don't have a dharma for agriculture, no matter how deep into the feudal domain of agriculture you are placed, and how much of the craft of agriculture you are exposed to, you will not be a productive and functioning farmer. I don't care how deep you put me into the culture and world of mathematical science, how many associates in that scientific field you match me up with, or how hard and how many years you teach me calculus. You are wasting your time, because I don't have the dharma for that shit! I don't have the Ethos, Nature, Capacity of Mind, or Aptitude of a mathematician! Even if my parents won the Nobel Prize for math!

But in Brahminical Varna, regardless of your actual individual dharma, you are locked inside that Varna for life, and so too will your children and descendants. That's just as ignorant and non-functional as egalitarianism, just at the opposite side of the spectrum. That's the same state of mind of an ignorant racist, where a person believes that ALL black people are inferior and primitive, and that none of them can ever be intelligent. You see and treat a huge bunch of people in the same equal manner. And that's fallacious and ignorant.

Sure most Black people are stupid. But so are most White people, most Asians and most Mexicans alike. You can't tell me or convince me that Malcom X was ignorant and unsmart, or that Farrakhan is likewise. They'd kick your asses in a show down of brains. Black People like MLK and Mandela had something most White people, Asians, and Mexicans don't have: the Capacity to influence huge numbers of people, and move them to act for a purpose. That's their individual dharma. The Dalai Lama doesn't even have that power of influence they had.

You have commoners like Bill Gates and Steve Jobs who had a dharma of a Merchant class person. And they became billionaires and productive feudal merchants. And so, Feudal Domains must be open ended system, where individuals, because of their dharma, can move themselves into the Feudal caste of their dharma and ethos. If you are the son of a merchant who is a very wealthy man, and you didn't inherit his dharma for money and profit, where your ass is broke all the time, you're poor, can't hold onto money, you don't know how to start up a business, the feudal domain and opportunities of that domain didn't do shit for you: then you have demoted yourself to a Commoner; because of your Ethos and Nature, and lack of aptitude and capacity. You'd be rejected by your peers of that feudal domain.

Human social order is put together just like a human body. For the human body to work properly and be alive, it needs at least 4 basic layers or tiers of "Functions." The first tier of Function is that cells and organs need to do shit to contribute to the body. Lung cells are good at collective air. The stomach organ is good at digesting. The gut cells are good at processing food. The liver specializ-

es in cleaning shit up. The next layer of Function is your body's "Economy," where "goods" and "products" are circulated and distributed. Air must be circulated to every cell. Nutrients must be distributed and circulated, and so on.

The next layer of Function is defense, something has to keep the body safe from viruses and microbes. The next layer of Function is Regulation. Something needs to regulate how and when and why the heart should be beating, when and why adrenalin is discharged, and so on. Then, if and when the body function well enough, a higher state of being can then be reached, where a functioning layer is present. This is the Layer of "Refinement." It's the part of you that says: "I need to exercise to be fit;" "I need to eat organic food to keep my body free of chemicals;" "I need breast augmentation, in the name of self-betterment."

And so, in human social order, you must have the same tiers of functionality. The first tier are the Commoners. These people simply are good at working and doing the same things cells and organs do. The second tier are Merchants, they are associated with the Economy of a social order. The next tier is the Military. The Regulatory Tier is the nobility who manage and govern the social order. The top tier is the "Sage" tier which includes scientists, philosophers, theologians, monks, nuns, spiritual leaders, and so on. That top tier is the catalyst of self-betterment of a social order. The part of society that says: "We have greater potential;" "We can achieve greater things."

Each set of people of each of those tiers have their own ethos and Nature or Quality of Person. In my society/culture – Thai-Chinese-Khmer – because we have existed in such a feudal system for so long, we are bred to be able to "read" the ethos, and quality of a person to determine what feudal class they may belong to. If I observe a Chinese person who is Frugal with his money, saves every penny; then takes what little money he has to invest in some items and he sells these items for a little profit; and he did this consistently for years, I know this person is a Merchant. How he lives his life, his karma or actions in life, and the fruits of such action, expresses his Nature and Ethos and Dharma.

If I observe a Mexican family who lives in an apartment, and I see that this family works jobs for money, and I see that every weekend they throw parties – which Mexicans around here do often – and this behavior is consistent over years, where that after 10 years they still work jobs and are still living in apartments; then I know such family are peasants. Because of their Nature and Ethos and Dharma.

If I associate with a person, and I witness this person has to him a certain refined demeanor, is well cultured, well bred, has manners, speaks properly, has refined human qualities to his person such as Honour, Integrity, Trustworthiness, Reliability, Duty, Loyalty, Concern for other people's wellbeing, Sympathy, has a high state of mind; then I know that I am in the presence of someone Noble and Aristocratic, regardless of their background and skin color. Why are such Noble qualities important to human society?

Because if a Government should exist – and all social orders must have some system of government – then such Noble Qualities are what makes that government function as a proper governmental apparatus; where that such government actually benefits its social order. How would you feel if your government lacked any sense of Integrity where it didn't even give a shit about some constitution or some bill of rights? Would you like to live in a country in which its government had no sense or care of being Loyal to you, of having any sense of having obligation of Duty to you. Would you like your politicians running your country and making laws be untrustworthy, unreliable, unsympathetic, not having any concern for your wellbeing?

Warrior have their own Ethos and Quality of Person. They have the nature of being gallant, fearless, risk taking, valiant, dutiful, loyal, honourable, and so on. You can study real gangbangers and national soldiers, and you can see that both types of people have

the same Ethos and Nature. Would you like to be defended and protected by a national military made up of weaklings, lazy fucks, cowards, people who have no sense of duty or loyalty to each other or to their superiors; people who are dishonourable?

What happens when you make Merchants into soldiers? You end up with mercenaries who war for personal profit, because of their Merchantile Ethos and worldview. What happens when you make Merchants into politicians? You have a corporatocracy where citizens and state laws become mere means of their personal profit. What happens when you make Warriors into politicians –such as the case with current Egypt and Thailand – you have a government that militarizes social order, oppressing people’s freedom. What happens when you make Commoners into soldiers? You get a fucked up non-functional army. What happens when you let priests become government officials with political powers? You end up with a theocracy in which all citizens and the state itself becomes mere means to propagate doctrine and religious laws. Because of their Ethos and worldviews. What happens when Commoners take political power? You have tyranny of the mob.

And this is why I hate democracy and the current social order of Western society. Because in our modern society we have equalized everyone by getting rid of feudal classes. We have lost sense of feeling for other people’s ethos and nature. And then we allow non-noble people such as popular commoners, to have political power. We allow merchants and their lobbyists to influence policy making. We give the common peasantry the democratic power to mind the business of merchants [the economy/banks], of the military, of religion, and of government.

We have dismantled our society of any realistic feudal division, and so, we have problems telling the difference between landmass, the Nation-State, and society. This makes it so that if and when an interloper enters your landmass, they are for some arbitrary reason “entitled” to be protected and pampered by the State, and are entitled to be a member of society, even though they don’t want to assimilate. That’s as stupid as to say that any old random person who comes into the domain of the ONA is entitled to be treated like an ONA member and be given equal rights to have their say and opinion in ONA matters, even if such interlopers reject ONA culture, mythos, and esoteric language(s), etc.

Why the stupidity? If the ONA example makes any sense, than the same line of reasoning must eventually make sense on the Nation-State level. European governments have become retarded, where interloping is a game. Where if Africans and Libyans can pack themselves into a boat and even make it near Italy or Malta, that they will be rescued and are thus entitled to be treated as equals to native Europeans. When they haven't even assimilated into such societies, or been accepted emotionally by such societies. It’s a total lack of aeonic perspective, and what the presence of such non-assimilated interlopers will have on the future of Europe. It’s like we became liberal and senseless and we said that if any of the wild Germanic tribes from the North even come near 100 miles of the Roman Empire that we should treat such barbarians as equals, and allow them to live with us, regardless of them adopting our culture and customs and so on. We all know what happened to Rome. America is not any better.

Feudal Class is a division of social order. It’s when we all basically say: “We’re coming together to make a functioning society, and we’re going to pool our skills and resources to make that happen.” And then we divide that social order into divisions of ethos, nature, and kind. If an outsiders wants to be a part of our society, that’s great, but they need to fit themselves into that social order somewhere. If they don’t wish to fit themselves in or to assimilate, then they simply exist outside of our social order. Landmass and the State has nothing to do with it.

When I was younger, I used to listen in on my elders – old men who were into politics and the religious sphere – talk about what they used to do. So, from time to time I’d interject an opinion about politics and religion. My grandmother would hear me from the kitchen or something and she’d come over to me and pinch my flesh real hard and chastise or scold me saying that I: “Min [don’t] skol [be aware/cognizant] tannak [rank/grade] vanna [caste]!” So what she was telling me was to shut up because I am not a per-

son who is of their social caste or profession, and so, being so unaware, I have no right to be expressing opinions. That I am ignorant of their vanna, and so I have no right to be making opinions or to be speaking my mind, about the matters of their vanna.

When you do that, it's called "Breaching Your Feudal Domain." What that means is that because a shoemaker is very good at his craft, and because he has spent decades practicing his profession and trade, and because as an outsider to his craft you have not the same skill or understanding of his craft, and because you have not had the same decade long experience of his subculture, way of life, worldview, and craft: you have no right to be expressing your opinions about what he does and how he should be doing it. If you do state an opinion as an interloper to his subculture and feudal craft, you're opinions are absolutely worthless.

And so this is the second thing I hate about democracy. Everyone thinks they have the right to express opinions about other people's ways of life and professions. Where you have given the commoner – who is alien to the feudal caste of merchant, military, nobility, and sage – the power to stick their commoner noses into the business, lives, and affairs of the economy, military, state, and religion. Where you are saying that it is fine and permissible that because all you commoners pay taxes, that you can opine about anything and have the power to regulate the feudal domains of other castes of social division.

That's as ignorant as if I were to stick my nose into the business and affairs of NASA. Those scientists at NASA studied at some college for 10 years to get their training. They exist in an environment that nurtures their dharma and passion, they have had decades of experience, have access to instruments and tools I don't. And here I am, an uneducated nobody, with an opinion about how NASA should be doing shit. As if because I pay taxes which pays their salaries, that I am entitled to speak and have my opinions.

I inherited from my family this dharma or proclivity for Buddhism. And so I love to listen to the old people in my family who are or were monks talk about Buddhism and philosophize. Having learned to keep my mouth shut, I'll just sit there quietly, and ask questions of them. After a while, they include me into their circle of discussion where they ask me for my thought from time to time. After a while of this, my elders begin to realize that I didn't simply have a normal outsider understanding of Buddhism. That how I understand it is similar to how they understand things. And so this led to things like debates and deeper discussions between me and those elders. After a while of this, those elders talk among themselves about me and the level of understanding of Buddhism I had.

What they were doing was giving me a "peer review." They all agreed that how I understood Buddhism was deeper than mundane, just like how they understood it. And so, they'd just tell everybody in my family this. This is when a "verdict" or "judgment" from within a vanna has been passed about you. After this, people in my family would ask me for my opinions about Buddhism or something the Buddha may have said, if they can't ask one of these elders or my grandmother or whatever. And so, only after passing that whole process, only after the many years of being evaluated, only after being given the "green light" by those who matter, did I have the privilege to express an opinion about matters of Buddhism, which were deemed worth something. Worth something simply meaning worth a deeper consideration.

But this doesn't happen in democracy. Because we no longer have an understanding of the individual dharma and ethos of a person, nor consider such. How ironic isn't it? That in the West we speak so much about individuality, and yet we lack any real understanding of it, and lack the practical ability to put that understanding into a functioning system. And so we've gotten rid of feudal castes from our society. Our society today is a forced equality where everyone is on equal level, equal rank; where we treat everyone as a big mass of Sameness. And so everyone can have an opinion about other people, how they live their lives, what they should believe in, what profession they should do, and how to do such profession. And if you get elected into power your commoner opinions about other people's lives and vanna influences the policies you make.

In America, we now encourage the mass of citizens to take up professions that are in demand. Where each year, you have these journalists and whoever give a list of the top paying 10 jobs in demand! And the system encourages you to go to college to enter one of those top 10 jobs. For the money. Regardless of your dharma or personal passion in life. Regardless of feudal domains, ethos, and nature. And you watch these college students get into their chosen careers, and after a few years they become miserable and end up doing their jobs half-assly, where they don't even care anymore. Aeonically speaking, what may the future of America be like if it is socially founded upon people not giving a full fuck about what they do in life? We jeopardize the aeonic potential and future of America, for instant gratification and the belief in freedom of the mass, and equality of the mass. This is what happens when you give common peasants power. Their plebian worldviews and ethos bleeds into everything.

There is a Buddhist concept here that is topical. It's called "Lob" (IPA: /lop/), like you're almost saying "lobe" as in ear-lobe. In Sanskrit it's "Loba." The word Lob is translated into English to mean "Greed." This is a pretty good translation, but it's doesn't exactly mean "greed." It may also mean to "Hoard" or to be "Hoardful." Lob is rooted in one's Ethos as a person.

So Lob is when you have a poor person who was born and raised in a ghetto slum. This person thus has the ethos of a poor person. One day this person becomes a rap star and is rich. Although this person now has a lot of money, he is still poor in Ethos. And so, because this guy has never had money before he becomes "Lob," where he's got 3 Ferraris, 5 Mercedes Benz, 7 Bentleys, a personal jet, a 70 bedroom mansion, 9 gold chains around his neck, diamonds and gold in his teeth, and he's wearing a \$50,000 tee-shirt. That's Lob. It doesn't mean "greed," as this rapper guy is not greedy. In fact he may share his money with his family and homies. He may actually be generous and help out kids in his old neighborhood. But he's still Lob.

Lob means that when you have never had something before, you *insatiably* crave it insensibly and unintelligently. A practical example of Lob is with me. I was once a virgin. The very first time I had real sex, I was too scared to enjoy anything. The next few times, it was too painful for me to like it really. But then, it became really, really enjoyable. And so, because I never had the experience of sex before, and because I tasted it and liked it, I began to Lob it. That was when I was over at my boyfriend's house all the time, and so on and so forth. That's the first half of Lob. The second half of Lob is the *satiation* of Lob. The satiation of Lob comes only after Time, after you have Matured in the experience of what you insatiably craved insensibly. When your appetite for whatever you are "Lob-ing" for has become jaded. Where it's no big deal to you anymore. Where you have the attitude of "Meh... been there done that."

The difference between a person who is Rich or Wealthy by breed and ancestry and our rapper guy example is that even when the rapper guy has a lot of money, he still has the ethos of a poor person. And when the wealthy person of breed and ancestry sees the "Lob-ness" of the rapper guy, the wealthy person will think to himself: "Meh... been there, done that." And so, when you have achieved the satiation of Lob, you have achieved the condition of "Aloba."

Why did I bring this this topic up? Because when you give commoners Power – which they have never had before – who do you think will happen? There is this half true saying in English that goes: "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Why is that saying true in most cases? Because of Lob. When you give commoners or the military or whatever feudal caste Power which they have never tasted before, they will Lob it. They will have an insatiable appetite for it. Until such time when they have become jaded and bored of it. But why is that saying in reality only half true? That saying is only fully true to a mundane Westerner who has been born and raised in a democratic republic their whole lives where they have never known any other alternative.

It's half true because when you have the Nobility run government and manage the state generation after generation, and such feudal job is something they are bred to do generation after generation, and this same feudal caste manages the State century after century, they get jaded and bored of power eventually. Which is "Aloba." It's the exact same process as when you keep giving money to a rich person. You give this rich person a billion dollars year after year, month after month – like Bill Gates – and so, at some point in this billionaire's life, he will just grow simply fed up of money or jaded by it. He has everything. He's bought everything. He makes a million a day without trying. It does nothing to him anymore. He has Matured in his Lob for money, and has thus achieved the condition of Aloba.

And having achieved the condition of Aloba, he has become Wise with his money. He now begins to use his money wisely, for other purposes other than for self-gratification. This is when he will give money away, do philanthropical stuff with it, do humanitarian stuff with it. In other words, he now finds different ways to use his money to make himself feel good.

I have a friend named Edgar who is a drug addict. He's a few years younger than. He bums money off of me to bug his drugs. His parents kicked him out for being hooked on drugs. He steals things to buy drugs. So he was living with his friend for a while. One day his friend's mom kicked him out. I asked him what happened. So he says: "My friend's mom is OG. She's done crack since forever. But she ain't into that lifestyle no more. I lied to her saying that I wasn't doing shit anymore. But one day she was driving down the street and she saw me. So cuz she's OG and shit, she knew I was high. So she told her son to throw all my things to the street."

I said, what did she say to you, did she say anything? He goes: "Yeah. I went to get my stuff and she was all like: You're fucking your life up Edgar. I was doing shit worse than you your age. I fucked my life up. It took me forever to fix myself up. I can't be helping you fuck your life up like this. I've been where you're at. You need to be thinking about where you're gunna be in life 10 or 20 years from now Edgar." And so, that's the story of Lob. That mom was OG meaning that back in the day, she used to do crack and steal to buy crack. She "Lob-ed" that shit. But eventually, she got jaded with it and stopped doing it. So she achieved the condition of Aloba for drugs. From that aloba, she became wise. At some point in her life, she will eventually snap out of her Lob for crack. Many people don't have the capacity to ever achieve aloba.

And so in Life, there are two kinds of people: 1) Those who can snap out of being Lob and achieve a condition of aloba & 2) Those who will never snap out of being Lob. The difference is in the Nature and Makeup of a person. Some alcoholics will never snap out of their Lob for alcohol, even if they have lost their wife, children, home, and are homeless. Because they lack the Nature and Character and Quality/Capacity of Person to break free from the grip of Lob. And so the question is: What types of people are we putting into government? Which of these two types have we given power and dominion over the State and the lives of every citizen?

Are you absolutely sure that the commoners, peasants, and plebeians you have given political power to via your democracy and elections will grow out of their Lob for power? Do you understand the Ethos and Nature of a person before you elect them and give them power? No you don't; all you care about are the promises made by such politicians when they run for office; and their ideology. You give commoners and peasants power not because of any understanding of their Ethos of Nature, but on whether or not you agree with their political ideology and on hearing what you want to hear. Is non-feudal egalitarianism really worth it in the end?

So anyways. In Hmara culture, society is divided into structured order of Feudal Castes. These are the 1) Workers, 2) Merchants, 3) Military, 4) Nobility, & 5) Sage. Each feudal domain has its own guilds, trade unions, social networks. Each caste controls a share of aspects of society they have the ethos, nature, and dharma for. The Nobility governs. Sages teach in schools and colleges. And so

on. Each person is born into a caste by default, but each person has the natural ability to find their niche caste according to their own efforts, ethos, nature, and dharma. Being accepted into another caste requires years of association with friends of that caste, living their way of life, adopting their subculture, a peer review process, and final peer acceptance. The social order regulates itself. You can also be shunned by your caste peers because of your behavior, change in nature, ethos, and so on. You would then no longer be a member of that feudal caste, and return to your default caste you were born in, or become a worker.

Government & Politics

I am a Monarchist, and I agree with Catharine the Great in that I believe an Enlightened Monarchy/Aristocracy is the best form of government. This in no way means that I believe I should be queen or the leader of a nation, or of anything for that matter.

According to my own dharma – I have self-honesty – I work better following the lead of another person. If I were an officer on the Enterprise of Star Trek TNG, I'd love to be what Commander Riker is, Captain Picard's #1. Being the second or third in command under Picard would be where my dharma is in its element. It would be where I would thrive the most, and where my skills and talent can be expressed the best; and put to very productive use. I love being Loyal to somebody, and following orders. I love having a sense of Duty to perform.

I base the government of the Hmara colony on the human/animal body and how it is governed. There are Three separate faculties in operation at all times in a healthy human and animal. The obvious faculty is the Executive Faculty. This is the "you" that you are during waking hours. It's the part of you that makes the decisions and choices. It's that part of that says: "I want to cross the street." There is the Regulatory Faculty. This is the unconscious mind which controls your involuntary system and regulates your body. Then you have your "Jiminy Cricket." This third faculty is sometimes called your "conscience," your faculty of empathy. It is the part of you that Judges. If you have been drinking, your faculty of Judgment is what says to you inside: "Hey, you've been drinking! Don't drive or you'll kill us."

And so, he is a quick explanation of how these three work together. A Cheetah's regulatory faculty will send information to the executive faculty that it needs food/energy. The Cheetah's executive faculty responds by stalking a gazelle. This executive faculty will then make the executive decree: "We're going to run after that gazelle and kill it." Once that decree is given, the regulatory faculty must act accordingly in agreement with the executive by preparing the whole body to run and expend energy to chase and kill the gazelle. The faculty of judgment will step in and say to the executive faculty: "That gazelle you are stalking is too big for you. You don't have the constitutional power/energy to take it down. We suggest going after a smaller gazelle your majesty." The executive faculty says to the faculty of judgment: "Good point. I understand that although I am the executive power, I have my limits!"

In the Hmara system, the Executive Faculty is the Monarch and his or her Royal Court. The Royal or Imperial Court may consist of a "cabinet" or council of ministers. The monarch's family, the other nobility chosen by the monarch to help and serve. The monarch is the "Prime Minister," unless a separate prime minister is appointed.

The Regulatory Faculty in the Hmara system is called the High Council, and its members are called "Senators." This faculty corresponds with a Parliament, or the Roman Senate, or Congress, in that they are the Supreme Legislature. Their job is to simply regulate the colony and territory. Senators serve a term of 10 years.

The Faculty of Judgment in the Hmara system is called the Elder Tribune. It consists only of actual elders [old people]. 21 altogether. The Elder Tribune corresponds with the US Supreme Court. They serve a term of 7 years. Elder Tribunals during their term are also the “High Priests/Priestesses” of the folk culture, religion, or spiritual way of the Hmara. They perform ceremonies, rites, and so on.

These three Faculties constitutes the “Government.” Power is divided in half. 50% of the power rests in the hands of the Government. The other 50% rests in the hands of something called the Civil Union.

The Civil Union

To balance the power of the Government, the Civil Union will be established. The Civil Union is exactly like a trade or labor union. The Nation/Colony is regarded in this case as a corporation. The Monarch as the CEO. The Officials as the managers. The Citizens as shareholders and “employees” of the Nation. As such, the Citizens will be organized into a Nationwide Civil Union to protect their civil liberties & rights. And to balance Power.

Structure of the Civil Union

The Civil Union is cellular in structure, composed of 1) Cells, 2) Combs (honeycomb), & 3) Hives. A Cell will consist of no more than 500 members. Members of a Cell all live in the same area and know each other. If a Cell has over 500 members, it must “swarm” and create a new Cell. The new Cell gets a Charter from its Hive.

A Comb shall consist of no more than 50,000 members or 100 cells. A Hive shall consist of no more than 500,000 members or 1000 Combs. Each Hive will have a unique name and symbol. Each Hive is independent of other Hives.

The system of government of the Hives, Combs, and Cells is Direct Democracy. Each Cell will elect its own Cell leaders. All Cell leaders of a Comb will elect the Comb leaders. All Comb leaders of a Hive will elect their Hive leaders. Cell leaders serve a term of 2 years. Comb leaders serve a term of 3 years. Hive leaders serve a term of 4 years.

Cells have monthly meetings on a College Campus in their territory. All cell members must attend each monthly meeting. The meetings will deal with issues Cell members have, needs members have, mutual assistance, and so on. Each Cell is a fellowship which has as its main objective: mutual assistance, mutual aid.

Comb leaders plus all Cell leaders have Comb meetings every 3 months. The territory of a Comb is called a “District.” A District is the smallest administrative division of the Nation [colony]. The Comb is the governing body of its District. Comb meetings deal with running their district, making laws, and so on.

Hive leaders plus all Comb leaders plus all Cell leaders meet every 6 months. The territory of a Hive is called a “County.” A County is the largest division of a State/Province. The Hive is the Governing body of its County.

Every 10 years each Hive will elect from their membership 3 Senators. These Senators are the members of the High Council.

The system of democracy of the High Council is not “representative democracy,” meaning that the Senators do not represent anybody. The High Council is a “Qualitative Democracy,” meaning that the Senators are elected because of their qualifications and quality to perform the job of Senator.

Provinces are the next administration division above a county. Each province of the colony/nation is divided into three branches also. The branches are: 1) the Executive Ministry, 2) The Provincial Senate, & The Provincial Tribune.

The Executive Ministry consists of elected noble people. The leader of the ministry is the Prime Minister. The Provincial Senate also has the same three chambers as the High Council. The Provincial Tribune also has 21 members. The Executive Ministers serves a term of 10 years. The Provincial Senators serve a term of 5 years. The Provincial Tribune serve a term of 3 years.

Voting

Each Citizen of the Nation is eligible to have up to 7 votes; meaning that a Citizen may be worth 7 votes if they qualify. The requirements are as follows:

[1] When a Citizen is 21 years old they get one vote.

[2] If a Citizen is attending a college they get a second vote or has graduated a college.

[3] If a Citizen is a graduate of the Royal Academy they get a vote.

[4] If a Citizen is married with children, they get another vote.

[5] If a Citizen is a business owner or active member of the military they get an extra vote.

[6] If the Citizen is an artist, musician, actor, journalist, writer school teacher, or sages, they get an extra vote.

[7] If the Citizen is over the age of 60, or are Aristocrats they automatically get an extra vote.

The 7 votes makes it so that Citizens – mostly commoners – who are actually productive in society get more votes. It isn't fair that a lazy person or a homeless person gets an equal say as someone who is very productive in society.

Voting is like driving, it requires a Voting Permit. Every 10 years all Citizens must renew their Voting Permit by taking exams and tests at a local college. If a Citizen fails their test, they lose their Voting Permit and thus lose their votes.

Election Into Offices

A special school is established called the Royal Academy of Political Science (RAPS). The Academy will teach the following mandatory subjects: 1) Political Science, 2) Sociology, 3) Psychology, 4) Anthropology, 5) Public Relations, 6) Communication Skills, 7) Philosophy, 8) Aeonics, 9) Rhetoric, &) The Spiritual Way of the Hmara.

Children with sign of having an aptitude for politics, governance, people skills, etc, will be sent to the Royal Academy to study. The Academy teaches students ages 5 years and up.

Only Citizens who have studied at the Academy for at least 10 consecutive years, have passed all their classes, and have secured a Document of Recommendation by the Executive Council of the Academy are eligible to run for any office in the Nation.

The Executive Council of the Academy is composed of two chambers. The Chamber of Right Honourables & The Chamber of Nobles. The Chamber of Right Honourables consists of retired citizens who were once political officials. The Chamber of Nobles consists of members of the Aristocracy. Executive Council members are elected by the Civil Union and serve a term of 5 years.

Regarding The Monarch

An institution called the Meritocratic Security Council (MSC) will be established. The MSC is like the American National Security Council but it also deals with Meritocratic issues.

The MSC will consist of: the reigning monarch, the Heads of each Noble Family [aristocracy], all 21 Elder Tribunals, all Hive leaders, 21 High Council members, all top officials of the National Military, and 3 super computers. The super computers have artificial intelligence and are voting members of the MSC.

The MSC will vet, examine, and interview the top 100 graduates of the Royal Academy of Political Science. They will be looking for the top 10 who have the most merit, aptitude, dharma, ability, ethos, nature, etc to be Monarch. The MSC will vote on the top 10, who will then be Royal Nominees. The MSC is also the body which issues Voting Permits to all Citizens.

The Civil Union will then elect one of the 10 Royal Nominees as Monarch. Electing the Monarch takes place at Cell meetings. Each member of a Civil Union Cell will vote for one of the 10 Royal Nominees. Each Cell will count which of the 10 got the majority vote of its Cell members. A Cell's Majority Vote is 1 Mark. The Royal Nominee with the most Marks becomes the Monarch.

The Monarch has the power to create his cabinet or ministries as he or she wishes. The Monarch also has the power to create his or her Royal Court to help run the executive branch of government. This Royal Court will consist of qualified members of the Nobility the Monarch appoints and chooses, as needed.

In ancient times the Khmer Empire was an elective monarchy. I was inspired by this concept.

A county is set aside for the Imperial Clan Palace. This county is called the "Imperial County." The Imperial County will be awarded to the monarch elect and her/his clan as a personal means of income. Any taxes collected from residents of the Imperial County goes to the monarch and ruling clan as their private income.

The monarch must have a royal/imperial teacher who is a “High Sage” to study under. The royal High Sage is to the monarch a constant advisor/vizier. If the High Sage passes away, the monarch must appoint a new one. A monarch is not considered properly educated and cultured without a royal teacher.

Regarding The High Council

The High Council is divided into 3 Chambers: The Chamber of Commerce, The Chamber of Wisdom, & The Chamber of Honour.

The Chamber of Commerce consists of Citizens who are very successful with business, money, and so on. The Chamber of Wisdom consists of elected scientists, philosophers, nuns, priestess, etc. The Chamber of Honour consists of honourable soldiers and military officials, and citizens who have been awarded titles of honour.

Each Hive of the Civil Union elects 3 of their most qualified members into the High Council. 1 member for each Chamber.

Each of the three Chambers of the High Council has a permanent Senator called the “Resident Senator.” The Resident Senators are super computers possessed of artificial intelligence. The Resident Senator acts as the “speaker” or “moderator” of its Chamber. The Resident Senator of each chamber also has a vote equal to 25% of the total chamber population. Meaning that if for instance the Chamber of Commerce has a total of 100 Senators, then the Resident Senator of the Chamber of Commerce has a vote equal to 25 votes.

Making a computer a senator with the power to vote and help make laws gives balance to the organic humans. Organic people are prone to being emotional and prone to being emotionally manipulated by rhetoric and propaganda. The super computers don’t have this weakness. It’s like the Balance that exists on the Star Trek Enterprise when Captain Picard and Data work as a team.

Although the Nation is open to multiple political parties, the High Council can only be occupied by one party.

Two or 3 years before the old High Council members retires from their term of office, all the political parties will compete for the Civil Union’s votes.

All political parties must have a Charter issued by the Meritocratic Security Council; since it is a matter of National security what political parties and their ideologies gets into power.

There are requirements a political party must have in order to compete for the High Council. These requirements are as follows:

- [1] Political parties that have earned the most community service and volunteer labor time can compete for High Council.
- [2] Political parties that have the most Royal Academy graduates can compete for High Council.
- [3] Political parties that have past experience governing a province or county may compete for High Council.
- [4] Political parties that have the most tangible achievements can compete for High Council.

The political party that collects the most popular votes wins all the seats in the High Council and runs the nation for 10 years.

Regarding The Elder Tribune

An association called the “Fellowship of Elders” will be established. The Fellowship of Elders consists of all of the Colony’s elders [Citizens age 60 and up]. All schools, colleges, and universities are under the control of the Fellowship of Elders. Citizens who are 60 years old become automatic members of the Fellowship. The fellowship has monthly meetings on college campuses to discuss their business.

Every 7 years the Fellowship of Elders will gather to elect from among themselves 21 who will serve as Elder Tribunals – Supreme Judges – of the Colony for 7 years. Members of the Sage class have first priority.

All courts in the Nation are under the control of the Elder Tribune. The Elder Tribune performs the function of a Supreme Court. Its judgment is final and binding.

The 21 Elder Tribunals are also like high priests/priestesses of the Nation’s Cultural [common law] Traditions. Besides being the supreme judges of the Nation, they will officiate in Traditional rites and ceremonies on the National level.

Rights

Citizens have common rights, but also are awarded Privilege according to their feudal class. The Nation's society is divided into 5 Feudal classes: 1) Worker, 2) Merchant, 3) Military, 4) Nobility, 5) Sage. Merchants are like business people, the rich, capitalists, and so on. Sages are spiritual leaders, scientists, philosophers, and so on.

A Privilege of the Sage Class is that they get to retire early at age 50 so they can have time to do what they do best; also government grants to do their scientific research. A Privilege of the Military Class would be like they get 3 months paid vacation and guaranteed retirement pension. A Privilege of the Nobility would be that their tuition fees to any college or to the Royal Academy is paid by the government. A Privilege of the Merchant Class is that they would have access to large bank loans with very low interest rates, government grants and so on.

Although a Citizen is born in one of these 5 Classes via their parents and culture, every citizen can work hard [merit] to be a member of a different feudal class. For example a commoner can become a successful business person and thus become a member of the Merchant Class; then their children would be born Merchants. A Noble person could become a notable philosopher and thus their children would be born in the Sage Class.

The Justice System

Colleges of Law shall be established. Each college must pass an exam to be given a permit and charter. The following institutions have the power and authority to issue charters and permits to colleges of law:

1. The Elder Tribune [Supreme Court]
2. The High Council [Imperial Senate]
3. The Imperial Court [executive circle of the elected monarch]
4. Each Provincial Senate
5. Each Provincial Supreme Court
6. Each Provincial Executive Branch
7. The Fellowship of Elders

If a college of law is denied a charter from one of the 7 institutions, such college may apply for a charter with a different one, until a charter is obtained. This makes everything fair. All lawyers, attorneys, prosecutors, and judges who wish to practice their craft and profession in the legal system must have attended and graduated from a chartered college of law for at least 5 years, and must have passed an exam given by the Meritocratic Security Council.

-- The Civil Office of Public Prosecution (COPP). The COPP is independent of law enforcement agencies, of the three branches of government, and of the provincial governments. Each COPP is governed by the Circle of Governors. The Circle of Governors consists of 7 seats; the term is 5 years. The Civil Union of each Province appoints from among the qualified members of Civil Union the 7 members of the Circle of Governors. Two terms of office is the maximum number allowed. Qualification of membership in the Circle of Governors are as follows: (a) The individual is of retired age, (b) the individual has at least 20 years of being a police officer or a criminal investigator, (c) or the individual is a retired military personal [warrior class] who made a career and profession of such, (d) or the individual served as a county or provincial chief prosecutor.

-- The Elder Office of Public Defense (EOPD). The EOPD is under the control of the Fellowship of Elders and is independent of police agencies, departments of criminal investigation; and of the government, imperial, provincial or otherwise. The EOPD is governed by a governing body called the Circle of Defense which consists of 7 seats who serve a term of 2 years; three terms is the maximum number of terms. The Fellowship of Elders will elect from among themselves 7 qualified members of the Circle of Defense. The Qualifications are as follows: (a) that the elder has a developed faculty of empathy, (b) that the elder has the ability of having sympathy for people, (c) that they have strong family/clan values, (d) that they are known to be generous, compassionate, humanitari-

an, and philanthropic. Attorneys [who are not prosecutors] are under the jurisdiction of the EOPD, and get their license of practice from the same.

The Provincial, County, and District jurisdictions shall each have a Chief Prosecutor who is the highest Prosecutor of their jurisdiction. Two years shall be the term of office for a District Prosecutor-Commander. Three years shall be the term of office for a County Prosecutor-Captain. Four years shall be the term of office for a Provincial Prosecutor-General. It is the duty of the chief prosecutor to deal with criminal cases. All citizens may submit to the office of a chief prosecutor a wrong-doing, whereupon the chief prosecutor's office will investigate and build a case. All citizens and residents of the empire are subject to legal prosecution: public official or otherwise. No public official serving office is immune to legal investigation, prosecution, trial, and sentencing. The Circle of Governors are the Chief Prosecutors on the Imperial level. The Circle of Governors has the power to legally investigate, prosecute, call to trial, and sentence any official of the Imperial Government, which includes the elected Monarch. Such trials will be conducted before the Elder Tribune.

Criminal Investigation falls under the jurisdiction of prosecutors, and not the Police. Only a chief prosecutor may issue a writ of criminal investigation, and accuse & charge a person for a criminal act. If a person has been accused and charged of a crime, such person must be defended by an attorney, or the charge must be dropped. If a person has been accused and charged of a crime and such person is prevented from being represented by a defending attorney, the accusation and charges are unlawful and thus void. Accusations and charges must be sent in formal written document to a chief attorney of the relevant jurisdiction within one day of the formal accusation and charge. Each District will have its own Department of Criminal Investigation. Each County will have its own county department of criminal investigation. Each province will have its own provincial department of criminal investigation.

The Provincial, County, and District jurisdictions shall respectively have a Chief Attorney who is the highest legal authority in their jurisdiction. The District Attorney-Commander serves a term of 2 years. The County Attorney-Captain serves a term of three years. The Provincial Attorney-General serve a term of 4 years. The Circle of Defense is under the authority of the Elder Tribune. Each Chief-Attorney is also the Chief of Police of their respective jurisdiction. Police officers on the district level are called "Police." Police officers of the County level are called "Sheriffs." Police of the Provincial jurisdiction are called "Marshals." Police on the imperial level are called "Imperial Security Guards." It is the main duty of the Police to maintain the status quo of the social order of their jurisdiction, enforce laws, protect their residents and communities from crime, and provide security for residents of their communities.

The EOPD shall create and control departments of Legal Investigation. The District Department of Legal Investigation will be under the authority of the County Department of Legal Investigation, which will be under the authority of its Provincial Department of Legal Investigation. Departments of Legal Investigation are independent of the COPP, and of police agencies. Legal Investigators have the power, authority, right, and duty to investigate any criminal situation and/or civil dispute. Legal Investigators will report their intelligence and information to their respective chief attorneys. Before a police agency informs a chief prosecutor or chief attorney of a crime, the police officers must take meticulous record of the crime scene, and record every person, item, and event pertaining to the crime. Criminal Investigators and Legal Investigators are independent of each other and must share a crime scene and what evidence such crime scenes produce. The intelligence and data/evidence collected by the criminal investigators and the legal investigators will be used in court.

A police officer may arrest [detain] a suspect of a crime in a jail cell for a limited time. The chief of police of the jurisdiction the alleged crime took place in will then submit a document containing all police reports, information, and data pertaining to the alleged crime; and those involved; to the appropriate chief prosecutor. The appropriate chief prosecutor will then order their Criminal Investigators to investigate the alleged crime. The criminal investigators shall then have the authority to place the suspect of the alleged crime in a long term detention area for the duration of the investigation when they have obtained a "Permit of Detention" from the Chief Judge of their jurisdiction. If enough evidence has been collected, the chief prosecutor will then file a formal criminal charge against the suspect. Criminal Investigators do not have the power or authority to arrest people, only the police do. The Police do not have the power or authority to conduct a criminal investigation or charge a suspect of a crime. Criminal investigators may request the police to make an arrest on their behalf with a "Permit of Arrest" from a chief judge.

The Civil Union shall elect from the body of qualified citizens Chief Judges of a District, County, and Province. A District Judge-Commander serves a term of 2 years. A County Judge-Captain serves a term of 3 years. A Provincial Judge-General serves a term of 4 years. The chief judges are the highest authority of criminal and civil law and order of their jurisdiction; their judgement in all cases of law and order is final within their jurisdiction. The chief judges have the power to issue "Permits of Detention" which is needed to place an alleged perpetrator of a crime in prison for long periods of time. During a criminal investigation, the chief judge

of a jurisdiction may issue a "Permit of Arrest" to criminal investigators with which criminal investigators may have police officers arrest people associated with an alleged crime being investigated.

"Police officers" in general are security guards only. As such, each community has the right to hire fellow community members as their community security guards. The "state" does not need to provide police officers to a community, municipality, or city, unless they request police officers.

The chief judge will issue such Permits if and when he or she feels there is reasonable cause. If a chief judge has issued a Permit of detention or arrest, but after some time has found out that there is not a good reason or valid cause, the same chief judge may revoke their Permit. If a Permit of detention has been revoked, a person imprisoned under the authority of such permit cannot be lawfully kept in detention, and therefore must be released. A new chief judge of a jurisdiction may revoke Permits issued by a previous chief judge of the same jurisdiction. A chief judge higher in jurisdictional rank may overturn such decision of a lesser chief judge to revoke permits.

Convicts, family of convicts, who believe they or their family members have been wrongly accused and wrongly charged and wrongly imprisoned may appeal to a chief judge or chief attorney of a higher jurisdiction. A chief attorney of a higher jurisdiction has the authority to request the chief judge of their jurisdiction for a re-trial. A chief judge of a higher jurisdiction during such appeals and re-trials has the power and authority to revoke permits issued by chief judges of lesser rank, and to veto and/or nullify the judgements of a court of lesser jurisdiction. All re-trials are considered "starting fresh" with a tabula rasa.

In all trials and/or court cases, the Burden of Proof is on the prosecution and ultimately the COPP. The Prosecution must prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that a suspect has indeed committed a crime according to certain established laws and that said suspect had the criminal intent to commit such crime. The Duty of the attorneys and of the EOPD is to defend their clients [those who have been accused of a crime or of breaking the law.] All citizens and residents of the empire have the right to a fair trial, and may hire their own attorneys. If they cannot hire an attorney, it is the duty of the court to provide them with a competent one. If there is no just and reasonable cause for placing a suspect in long term detention during a criminal investigation, then the suspect must be freed. Just and reasonable cause of long term detention would be that the suspect would: (a) harm people, (b) flee, (c) harm themselves.

The Power to issue sentences is in the hands of the prosecutor and the attorney and the judge. If the prosecutor wins the case, the prosecutor will issue two Potential Sentences for the accused. If the attorney wins the case, the attorney will issue two Potential Sentences, or will offer the Jury two alternative End Action for dealing with the defendant. The judge has the power to issue the third Potential Sentence or End Action. A sentence [punishment] or End Action may be anything from acquittal, paying the defendant compensation for their troubles, charging fines, detention time, re-education, community service, hard labour, to the maximum punishment allowed by the imperial constitution. The Jury in all cases will collectively chose one of the three Potential Sentences for the accused [prosecutor's/attorney's 2 sentences + the judge's]. The judge's only main duty is to simply govern his/her court of law and maintain order so that the trial can take place in a coherent and orderly fashion; and to appoint prosecutors and attorneys in his/her court.

The Jury consists of 14 people. Of the 14, seven must be lawyers or be students currently attending a law school. The other 7 are chosen via a process of selection from the Fellowship of Elders [old people]. Both the prosecutor and the attorney of a trial must agree to keep a juror. Potential jurors must possess the following virtues: a sense of logic, reasoned judgement, commonsense, fairness, critical thinking, sympathy, and compassion. An exam to determine if they possess such virtues is given during the selection process.

Justice, is here defined as a Flexible Line drawn to maintain social order and public wellbeing. Flexible meaning that mercy, leniency, compassion, sympathy, must always be exercised; in context to the unlawful act committed, the parties involved, the families of both the victim and the alleged perpetrator. For, the Empire is not in the business of making criminals out of its citizens.

The prosecutor must prove, beyond a shadow of any doubt that the alleged perpetrator is indeed guilty. Guilt is dependent on proof of the alleged criminal act, and also proof of criminal intent. If there is any reasonable doubt, then the alleged perpetrator of an alleged crime is innocent and must be freed. As per the imperial constitution, capital punishment is forbidden, and the maximum limit of detention time in prison is 25 years [for any crime]; public humiliation and slave labour are permitted as punishment for crimes. The Jury has the constitutional power and authority to collectively choose the punishment or End Action in all cases offered to them by the prosecutor, attorney, and judge. The sitting judge makes the Jury's choice of punishment or End Action legal and executes the same.

The schema of the legal [justice] system here places the People on the Offensive and the Government on the Defensive. Meaning that the people are given the power to take the initiative offense in accusing, investigating, charging, punishing, their own fellow citizens of crimes and unlawful acts. In this way, the common people are given a certain amount of power. It is the government and police that act in the defense in protecting the accused from the people. The Police have no power to charge or incriminate or imprison a person in this legal system. They are essentially glorified hall monitors whose only duty is to actually maintain public peace and order, and to provide security for their communities. This helps prevent the police from abusing citizens.

The criminal investigators & legal investigators [detectives] are separate and independent from the police. Criminal & Legal investigators are the ones who do the detective work, collect evidence, gather intelligence, and build a case against a suspect, or build a case to help a suspect. These criminal & legal investigators act under the authority of their chief prosecutor and chief attorneys. They have no power to power or authority to arrest or imprison people. This helps prevent abuse of power. Having a pro & con group of investigators investigating the same alleged crimes helps produce at least two potential sides to every story, which will be used in court. A judge is needed to arrest and imprison people in connection with a criminal investigation or crime. Thus, no single person, or single institution of people has the full power to arrest, charge, try, and punish people. This helps prevent the abuse of citizens.

The power and authority to place a sentence is ultimately in the hands of a jury. The jury also is power and authority who makes the decision as to what happens to after a trial is over. This prevents a single person, such as a judge from abusing his power; and it also washes the government's hands clean of any punishment of the citizenship. The common mass prosecute their own, and they punish their own. The government and public officials are the ones defending the accused and protecting them, ultimately from the mob-emotion and mob-mentality of the common mass. That common mass must be given a means to vent such emotive and mental mobbism. They must be allowed to have a share of power.

And so that mobbism, the general sentiments of society, what the majority of a given society feel [mob-emotion] and believe [mob-mentality] to be right and wrong; is balanced by a noble aristocracy, and by the virtues of empathy, sympathy, mercy, and compassion; even for those who have committed "crimes." For, in essence – philosophically speaking – a "crime" is merely a breach of public/common consensual feelings and beliefs. Such consensual [consensus] common feelings and beliefs are not the domain of those of Noble Minds.

Popular consensual feelings and beliefs of right and wrong; of what is acceptable and unacceptable; change with Time and Generation. There was a time in America when women were not allowed to vote. That idea/ideal that women were not allowed to vote was the product of popular/common mob-emotion and mob-mentality. And so therefore, it was by default not Noble: not an expression of Nobility. And so, in history, at such time it was illegal for a female to vote. But now it is legal and an "unalienable right." In biblical history it was criminal to work on the Sabbath, and so therefore Jesus was seen by the mob in this case, as a criminal. But today, working on the Sabbath is not a crime. In old Christendom, blasphemy was a heinous crime. Today nobody cares if you blaspheme god or the church.

The point is that "crime" is based on the sentiments, emotions, and beliefs, of the common unthinking mass; on what such mass feels and believes to be right and wrong, acceptable and unacceptable. And so what is "criminal" is ephemeral, transitory, and changes with Time. What is criminal today, in Time will be acceptable. The Nobility, and the governments that they establish should thus be considerate of this, and be above such popular/common consensual mob-emotion and mob-belief. Such noble governments and enlightened aristocracy should instead then be more concerned with protecting a person from the wrath of the mob, by being empathic, sympathetic, lenient, merciful, and compassionate, with those accused, charged, and/or convicted of a crime.

On the other hand, there are those sets of rules and laws that are necessary to create and maintain a coherent, cybernetic, social organism. "Unlawful Acts" would be a better term to describe a deed done against such established laws or regulations. For example, if a society of people are dependent upon fish in a lake, then a law or regulation may be passed to limit how many fish a person can extract from the lake. Therefore, the act of fishing more than the limit is "unlawful" not because it breaches any moral social contract, mob-emotion, or mob-belief, but because the fish in the lake are simply a limited resource. The courts in this case must understand that it must maintain the status quo, if the social organism is to live and evolve in Time.

And so, the nobility who are involved in the justice system must learn to distinguish the difference between crimes rooted in mob-feelings & mob-mentality and crimes based on the maintenance and wellbeing of the social organism [Nation/Empire/Society], and use their sympathy and wisdom accordingly. The legal system is not just a system of rules and regulations; it is ultimately and essentially a system of ethical philosophy plus causation.

Meaning that it must be understood that all ethics are rooted in the philosophical domain, and that all actions/deeds causally produce re-actions and/or consequences [causal consequences and unintended consequences]. For example, if you allow citizens to rape women because you believe it is okay, then citizens will gradually flee to a safer city or nation to avoid being raped. If this happens then your city or nation will eventually die of attrition. If you do not do anything to address the problem of poverty and its fruit: theft, murder, gangs, black market enterprises, etc; then your citizens can suffer or will migrate to a better city or nation; or your city or nation's health will deteriorate. And so on.

Titles & The Nobility

All royal and imperial titles/ranks in the colony are non-territorial. Meaning that a "duke" is not some leader of a territory called a "dukedom." The system of peerage takes on the oriental style. The "empress" or monarch elect is not some leader of a landmass, per se. As with the oriental familial structure, one's age or order of birth determines the finer details of rank and order. For example the sister of the monarch outranks the first born child of the monarch because of age. It's pretentious to believe that just because you are the child of some reigning monarch that you outrank your elders. But the Hmara system is not so structured where the first born inherits the throne, as with European and Asian monarchies today. It is an elective monarchy.

The highest rank in the peerage is the "Vnajra Netsha-Wma" /vǎ.na.ɖʒra nei.tʃai umai/, meaning the "Most [jra] Worshipful [vna] Grandmother [wma] Queen [netsha]. This is the Birth Mother of the Birth Mother of the elected Monarch; in other words, the Grandmother of the elected Monarch.

The second highest rank in the peerage is the "Vnajra Mwnetsha-Thewma" /vǎ.na.ɖʒra mɔn.nei.tʃai ʰei.umai/, meaning the "Most [jra] Venerable [vna] Kin [the] Grandmother [wma] Queens [mwnetsha]." These are the siblings of the Most Worshipful Grandmother Queen. The Great Aunts of the Monarch.

The third highest rank in the Hmara peerage are the "Vna Netsha-Mna" /vǎ.nai nei.tʃai mǎ.na/, meaning the "Venerable [vna] Mother [mna] Queen." This is the actual Birth Mother of the elected Monarch. And the "Vna Netshava" /vǎ.nai nei.tʃa.vai/, meaning the "Venerable [vna] Spore-Mother [va] Queen. This is the other mother of the Monarch, the one who contributed her reproductive spores to impregnate the Birth Mother.

The fourth highest rank in the Hmara Peerage is the "Vna Mwnetsha-Yma" /vǎ.nai mɔn.nei.tʃa? imai/, meaning the "Worshipful [vna] Aunty [yma] Queens [Mwnetsha]. These are the siblings and cousins of the Birth Mother and Spore-Mother of the Monarch.

The fifth highest rank is the "Tshninsha Netshanra" /tʃǎ.nin.tʃai nei.tʃan.rai/, meaning the "Empress [netshanra] Imperial [nsha] Elder Sibling [Tshni]. This is the elected Monarch. An "emperor" is "netshanrahun" literally meaning a "male empress." She is the only one with constitutional powers and authority. She is properly addressed as the "Tshninsha" [Imperial Elder Sister].

All of the members of the above ranks are addressed as "Vnavi" /vǎ.na.vi/, meaning "Honourable One," or "Venerable One," or "Worshipful One." Vna means Excellent, Revered, Worthy of Veneration, Worshipful. It corresponds with the Khmer word "Preah" and the Thai word "Prah."

Below the empress/monarch are the "Netshathesaw" /nei.tʃa.ʰei.sau/, meaning "Siblings [thesaw] Queen [netsha]." The singular is "netshathesa." These are the blood siblings and blood cousins of the monarch.

Below the Netshathesaw are the “Vyansha” /vi.an.fai:/, meaning “Imperial [nsha] Progeny [vya].” These are the children of the Netshatra and the children of the Netshathesaw.

The Vyansha is where the “Noble Family” officially begins. The title and rank of “Vyansha” is passed down 7 generations. A “generation” is defined as a child born to a mother in this case. So a grandmother, mother, and granddaughter makes up three generations.

The Vyansha and their 7 generations makes up the “Bonrw Khiademi” /bɔ:n.ru kia.dei.mi/, meaning “Noble Family [bonrw] of the First Blood [khiademi]. The word “Rw” in Bonrw means a Clan and family. A family/clan here is defined as a great grandmother, her children, her grandchildren, and her great grandchildren all together. That’s already 4 generations. The head of a noble family is the eldest female, called the “Kmabonrw” meaning Head of the Noble Family.

The 7th generation Vyansha – last to have that title and rank – give birth to offspring called “Vyabon,” meaning “Noble Progeny.” This title and rank is passed down for 5 generations. The Vyabon and their 5 generations makes up the “Bonrw Khiadesaw” /bɔ:n.ru kia.dei.sau:/, meaning “Noble Family [bonrw] of the Second Blood [khiadesaw]. The Vyabon rank is below the rank of Vyansha.

The 5th generation Vyabon - last to have that title and rank – give birth to children called “Binra” /bin.ra:/, literally meaning High [nra] Female [bi]; but means “Lady, Mistress, Madam.” The male counterpart is “Kjanra,” which literally means High [nra] Kja [hive drone/male]; but means “Lord, Master, Sir.” This title and rank are passed down 3 generations. The Binra and their 3 generations makes up the “Bonrw Khiadete” /bɔ:n.ru kia.dej.tʰei/, meaning Noble Family [bonrw] of the Third Blood [khiadete]. This rank of the Hmara peerage is the lowest of the imperial and royal rank. The last Binra gives birth to ordinary citizens.

Members of the Nobility are only allowed to breed with each other. There would be many Noble Families descended from different empresses available. When two Noble people breed, the child belongs to the Birth Mother Line of descent and inherits their rank and titles accordingly. So if a third generation Binra weds a first generation Vyansha and the Vyansha has a child from that marriage, the child is a First Blood Noble person of the second generation. And so, with some planning and breeding programs, Noble People could keep their bloodline and progeny Noble indefinitely.

All Noble People form the Feudal Caste of Aristocrats and are members of an organization called the “Sylyun Khianraph,” /sil.liən kian.raf/, which means the “Guild [sylyun] of the Aristocracy [khianraph]. This Guild is like a fraternal order with lodges [called “temples], ceremonies, and meetings every three months. The Mother Lodge of this Guild is called the “Kmentri” meaning “Crown [kme] Temple [ntri /ə̃n.tʰri:/].”

If a Noble Person marries a non-noble person, the child born to this unlawful coupling is demoted to the rank of First generation Binra. Third Blood Noble People can breed with non-noble people.

People from other feudal castes can be “Ennobled.” Such people must have done something extraordinary, outstanding, must have the right ethos and nature, must have the virtues of Honour, Integrity, Loyalty, and so on. Military officials and soldiers who have consistently proven themselves are given first priority for Ennoblement. The Mother Lodge of the Aristocrat Guild votes on the proposed person, who must have 7 sponsors who are Noble People who will vouch for their ethos, nature, and quality. If the person passes the vote, then they are “ascended” to the rank of first generation Binra/Kjanra with full titles and considered full blood-

ed Aristocrats. A blood sistering/brothering ceremony is performed during which the empress or another very high ranking Noble Person confers the rank and title.

Ranks Of The Sage Caste

Like the feudal caste of the nobility, the feudal caste of sages have their own sacred peerage and ranking system. Similar to the titles and ranks of the Catholic Priesthood.

A college called the Sacred House of Wisdom (SHW) will be established. The SHW will teach the sciences, mathematics, reasoncraft, empathy craft, philosophy, natural philosophy, ontology, metaphysics, and the Spiritual Way of the Hmara. The college is open to any caste person who has an aptitude, ethos, and nature for such matters.

Those who have completed 10 years of training and education at the SHW are members of the Sage caste. Such people are given the lowest rank and title of a sage caste person, which is "Themntib" /θei.mən.tʰip/, which means "Sage [mntib] Kin [the]."

The SHW will have Hermitages established in secluded areas such as mountain tops, deserts, and so on. These hermitages are like nunneries and monasteries. Permanent residents of these hermitages are the second highest ranking sage caste people called "Thesakndab" /θei.sa kǎn.dap/, meaning Sister [thesa] hermit [kndab]. These are equivalent to nuns and monks. A Hermitage is called a "Hekndaya."

Sages who live life as a solitary hermit for 10 years are the third highest ranking sages called "Vna Kndabva" /vna kǎn.da.bǎ.va/, meaning Venerable [vna] Spore-Mother [va] Hermit [kndab]. A "spore-mother" is the equivalent of a "father," the one who Con-ceives or sows the seed.

Sages who have lived life as a solitary hermit for 20 years are the fourth highest ranking sages called "Vna Thesapriub" /vna θei.sa.priəp/, meaning Venerable Ascetic Sister.

Sages who have lived life as a solitary hermit for 30 years are the fifth highest ranking sages called "Vna Priubva" /vna priə.bǎ.va/, meaning Venerable Ascetic Spore-Mother.

Sages who have lived as solitary hermits for 40 years are the sixth highest ranking sages called "Jsu Mntibva" /d͡ʒǎ.sə:mən.tʰi.bǎ.va/, meaning Holy [jsu] Spore-Mother Sage.

Sages who have lived life as solitary hermits for over 50 years are the Highest ranking sages in their feudal caste, they are called "jsujra mntibnra" /d͡ʒǎ.sə.d͡ʒra mən.tʰi.bǎn.ra/, meaning Most Holy High Sage.

The 5th highest rank of Jsu Mntibva are similar to Archbishops in Traditional Christianity. The highest ranking sages of Most Holy High Sage are similar to a Cardinal.

Sage hermits must beg for food and live in the wild as ascetics. They wear blue robes and carry a begging bowl. They may not farm their own food, but may hunt, fish, and gather fruits and vegetables that grow naturally. They must bathe in rivers and natural bodies of water. They may also not live near cities while they are taking their years of solitary hermit years. Hermits may live together in groups. They may not cut their hair, but must keep it long beyond their waist. A blue scarf is used to wrap their head and hair so as to keep it from getting dirty. The hair wrap goes down past their waist as well. Sages travel around begging for food and teaching their wisdom, taking students.

Sages may also breed with each other. Rank and titles are not hereditary, as sage rank and title are earned by the number of years they have lived in solitude. Progeny of all sages get the rank and title of "Vyamntrib" meaning Sage Progeny. This title of Sage Progeny is passed down 7 generations. After the 7th generation they become normal people. Sages do not have to marry to have legitimate children. They simply have to impregnate someone, and officially declare the child to be their progeny, and the child is a Vyamntrib.

Most Holy High Sages have first priority if they desire to be elected as Elder Tribunals. Sages have first priority at being eligible for teaching positions at schools, and colleges. Like the Nobility, the Sages have their own Guild called the "Sylyun Mtrib," meaning Sage Guild. The Guilds meet in open air places around a bon fire once every 4 months to discuss their private businesses and conduct ceremonies such as initiate new Sage Kins into the Guild. All Sages must belong to a Sage Guild or they have no lineage and are not considered bona fide. All Sages must also have a teacher they study under who is greater in rank than their rank.

Balancing The Five

This system follows Manu's idea that so long as the several human caste are unbalanced, where power is equally divided among them, there will always exist a continuous succession of tyranny under each feudal caste, whether we recognize feudal caste or not. There will always be rule of the mob [commoner], peasant dictators, military dictatorships controlling the state, corporations and the rich monopolizing power and the state [merchants], theocracies and tyranny under religious doctrines. And tyranny of absolute monarchy. Only when these several caste of human types are recognized and brought into order, and Power is divided among them equally will there be peace.

The Civil Union gives the Worker/Commoner a share of Power and a means to help run the Nation, cities, counties, and so on. The High Council being divided into such chambers gives the Merchants, Military, and Sage caste people a share of Power where they use their wisdom, expertise, to regulate the nation/colony. The executive faculty will give the Nobility its share of Power.

The Elder Tribune, the Fellowship of Elders, and their control of the nation's education system insures that the wisdom of life, and experiences such elders have accumulated after living long lives will be and will remain an influential force on the nation/colony and its people.

The Epochs

The saga will take place across several spans of Time called "epochs." There are four main epochs: the Epoch of Heavenly Spring, the Epoch of Heavenly Summer, the Epoch of Heavenly Autumn, and the Epoch of Heavenly Winter. Each epoch lasts circa 200 lifetimes or about 20,000 years. The saga will only take place during the Epochs of Heavenly Spring and Heavenly Summer.

The “epochs” are based on an ancient concept I actually believe in. In Brahmanism, they are called “Yugas,” as in the Kali Yuga, and so on. I should clarify myself here about how I am using the word “Brahmanism,” as it could be misunderstood to mean the sectarian veneration of Brahma.

I use the word Brahmanism to mean what in Khmer we refer to as “Priahman-sasana” which means the Way/Culture/Religion/Governing-Ordinance [sasana] of the Brahmana. Brahmana being an older/alternative way to say Brahmin, as in the Vedic priestly caste. My grandmother considers herself to be in this sasana. And so, the word “Brahminical” is the adjective of Brahmanism. So, “Brahmanism,” as I use it personally, does not mean or indicate the worship of Brahma or the belief system that Brahma is the Supreme Being. It refers to the whole Vedic Tradition as promulgated, maintained, and expounded by the Brahmins. It is also a more accurate term to refer to the culture and religions/sects of India, especially when speaking of it in the setting of antiquity and as an ancient tradition; as opposed to the use of the term “Hinduism.”

The Sanskrit word “Yuga” means “age.” In Khmer that word is a normal every day word. Like when you want to ask how old a person is, you say: “a-yug [ages old] praman [how many]?” And so, in this sense, Yug(a) corresponds with the ancient Greek concept of “Ages,” as in the legend of the First Age when Cronos ruled the earth, and so on.

DM did a fine job explaining the essential nature of this concept of yugs, ages, in one of his essays about the cyclical nature of Aeons. I would have to say that I agree with DM when he says that each aeon [yuga/age] has its own characteristic and that the acausal is the source of the quality or character of each aeon.

My personal impressions/intimations/feelings of this concept correlates with seasons. Seasons on earth are cyclical, each season has its own characteristic and quality, each season influences a certain type /species of change to occur on earth and in animals and plants. In feel ages or yugas, or aeons to be fractally similar. I say “fractally” because the same patterns can be seen in we human beings as we grow old. We go thru “ages” or “stages” of development. And development is the key word. We have the age of infancy when we need to be taken care of, we have no teeth, and or hair, and so on. Childhood is the next stage. Adolescence is the next. Parenthood is the next. Grandparenthood is the next.

And after our age of grandparenthood, our stage of development become cyclical where as old people we return to a stage similar to childhood, and then back to infancy where we have no teeth, hair, and must be taken care of. Each stage, if we pay close attention, has its own characteristic and quality, and during each stage inside we experience a different state of mind and being. That difference in state of mind and state of being is very important, because I believe that our intellect – how smart and clever or creative we are and so on – is not a product of our brain pur sang, but a product of our environment.

I’ll use two approximate examples to draw out the point. Let’s say you were to enroll in a university studying medical science for 10 years to be a doctor. After 10 years of study, internships, residency, hands on learning, you gain the competency to be a practicing doctor. And so we can here say that your level of intelligence and level of understanding as a doctor is NOT a product of your brain ipso facto, but the End Fruit/Product of the Environment your mind was exposed to for 10 years. Same goes with computer games.

Let’s say you are a Warcraft adept. You’ve played the game for years. You know all the tricks, ins and outs of the game, you function very well in that digital computer game environment. And so we can here say that how you understand that computer game, how smart you are about the world of Warcraft, is NOT a product of your brain, it is a product of the Environment your mind was exposed to. The Environment in this case being the digital world/universe of Warcraft.

As a third example, real quickly: studies show that children of rich families have up to 40% more brain matter than children born in poor families. And so, your brain itself is so plastic, so elastic, so adaptive, and so reactive/responsive to its Environment, that your brain itself is literally a product of its Environment. And so now, when we say that such Environment cyclically changes, and that each cycle of change has qualities and characteristics, what then are we also saying? That your brain, its capacity and abilities, its level of understanding, etc, are thus byproducts of that cyclical change of Environment [age/aeon/whatever].

And so, things begin to make sense, like when the old people say that during the Kali Yuga this and that and the other thing will happen and people will grow depraved where they mothers sleep with son and so on, that people end up taking on that characteristic of that age. Because just like trees, we are causally attached to our environment. And so when autumn comes and you are a tree, the change in condition of the environment will effect and influence you. Because in reality, on a deeper level, the tree, the environment, and the changes taking place, are aspects of the same living System.

And so because this phenomenon we call “ages/aeons/yugas” affect/effect and influence our causal environment, it also then affects/effects and influences our capacity of mind, and our capacity of person. “Capacity of Person” meaning what we as a person are capable of doing, performing, feeling, thinking, action, behaving, and so on. A quick example of what I mean by capacity of person is the difference between a man and a woman in general. Men are bigger, more stronger, with more muscles, and so with regard to physical strength they have a larger capacity of person then us girls do. On the other hand we have the capacity of to give birth, and they don’t. Another domain of capacity of person would be like when if a girl is walking and there is a puddle of water in front of her a Western guy who is chivalric may throw his coat on the water for the girl to walk across. Whereas in places like Pakistan, if a girl walks out of her house, her husband might beat her silly. And so those two men have a different capacity of person.

I’m bringing this up because I don’t believe that we humans – or any intelligent humanoid – can just be technologically and scientifically intelligent at any random time [age/aeon/yuga]. The reason why is – as I stated – intellect is not a product of the brain or learning, it is the fruit or end product of our environment. The capacity must first exist, before the mind can fill/realize that Capacity.

What I’m trying to say in plain English is that I believe there is a reason why human beings in the recent past never developed technologically and scientifically. For example, Ancient Egypt existed for thousands of years, and at no time did they ever build rockets or scientifically study quarks and black holes or call their grandmas on their smartphones. Yet, on the other hand, compared to the longevity of Ancient Egypt, our America and modern Europe just “barely” [relatively speaking] came into being and we have smartphones and the internet. Not only that, but strangely, each year that passes by, we see an exponential growth in our technological and scientific Capabilities and Potential. Will this trend continue upticking like that into the far future, where we humans become technological and scientifically super-duper advanced beings? Based on the fractal pattern, and the intimated cyclical nature of aeons, the answer may be: No. What goes up, must come down.

But that answer depends on what exactly an “age/yuga/aeon” is causally “attached” to: the world [mortal realm], or to humanity as a collective? If an age is causally attached to a world/planet, then leaving the planet, may free us from the influence of such ages. In the same way that when it’s winter in the north, ducks fly south to escape the characteristics and effects of winter. If an “age/aeon” is causally attached to us as a collective biological species, then no matter where we go, those ages and aeons will simply follow us. This would be like saying that a season on earth is causally attached to the trees, land, mountains, and animals. Or saying that winter would follow ducks around, even if they flew south. Intuitively, I feel the first one is more accurate. Which has its implications.

It implicates that if we humans don't ever leave this earth, our window or door of technological and scientific advancement may close up, and we'd revert to the stone ages in time again. This also of course implies the same thing for any alien species that live on a planet. If an alien species misses the window of opportunity where they are in that age/aeon of technological and scientific capacity, and they don't take advantage of that window of opportunity to colonize other star systems, they may very well simply revert back to "primitive" conditions according to the cycling of their ages/aeons.

This model of the cyclical nature of aeons suggests some interesting possibilities. One such interesting possibility is that a technologically and scientifically advanced people/civilization such as "Atlantis," or "Mu" or whatever have you, may have very well existed in our human past. I love the idea – just a sci-fi idea – that in some ancient past, Neanderthals lived in a high tech civilization, and they failed to take advantage of that capacity to colonize space, so they gradually lost that capacity as the ages rolled on by. Another interesting thing this model of cyclical aeons and our intelligence being products of each aeon hints at is that it explains to me somewhat satisfactorily why aliens have not yet established a galactic civilization. Or why aliens have not yet contacted us.

The normal way of thinking is like when you think to yourself: There must be at least another intelligent species in the galaxy somewhere, and they might have been around millions of years before us... so where is their super-duper galactic civilization? The answer may be that such aliens missed the aeonic window of opportunity for whatever reason, and a new age came, they lost the capacity for technology and science, became primitive again, and went extinct during a fierce aeon [Heavenly Summer]. This model also solves the "over population" idea, where we believe that in the future there will be too many humans on earth for the earth to sustain us. This problem would never arise, because we'd be decimated with a revolving door of ice ages and hot ages and so on.

By why? Why the cyclical stuff? It may be a couple simple reasons: That Mother Nature needs to test and try her creatures. If one set of life-forms does not have the ability to take advantage of their aeonic capacity for technology and science to further advance Her [Nature] then she produces a new batch of different life-forms. The other reason is that such cycles keeps the life-forms on earth from growing out of control population-wise where everything on earth dies. I have a feeling that Mother Nature and Father Time are wiser than we would like to believe.

Based on how we humans at the moment use – and abuse – our technological and scientific genius, I'd day that we're doomed as a species. I mean, it's profoundly brilliant for our species to be able to fathom what an atom is and to figure out a way to convert the splitting of an atom into energy, but what do we use it for? Instead of using it to help colonize space to bring our species and Nature out further, we use it to slaughter hundreds of thousands of Japanese people.

There is nothing intrinsically "wrong" [we're amoral remember] with slaughtering that may Japanese people; or even more Jews [allegedly]. What I'm saying is that: it seems to be a pitiful application of such genius. Hey! Wait a minute, I just got an insight: didn't the Atlantians abuse their powers? Which ultimately caused their downfall or something?

Heavenly Spring

The Epoch of Heavenly Spring begins just after the ice age on Planet Ehridi. Most of the Ehridihma have all died out due to the ice age. A few colonies have survived. Those that survive are small tribes of people.

Heavenly Spring is the period of the saga when the Hmara and other colonies grow into civilizations. This period of Time [or aeon, or age] corresponds roughly with the ancient period of earth history when the Sahara desert was lush and green and tropical. When small bands of people slowly grew to become civilizations like Sumer and Egypt.

Heavenly Summer

This epoch corresponds with the desertification of the Sahara Desert. The Ehridihmian empires now enter the age of war and competition. Natural resources are slowly dwindling. This is also the epoch when the Industrial Revolution happens on Ehridi for some of the civilizations.

The Hmara become a technological and scientific based civilization. During this period they discover fossil remains of prehistoric Ehridihma they call the "Trahma" meaning "Pre-people." In the same way as how we have discovered pre-humans called Homo Erectus and Neanderthals.

The Trahma fossils they find reveals that these Trahma people were a double gendered [male and female] species, unlike their own species which is only female. The fossils are found in a layer of dirt dated to be around 100,000 years old.

Archeological work gradually uncovers a mystery about the Trahma. The Hmara discover a few mechanical devices, along with what appears to be the remains of many ruined cities, and many landfills. The ruined cities are not primitive. The landfills contain evidence of the use of glass, iron, an abundance of synthetic plastics, copper wiring, plastic fiber optics, concrete, and electronic components, and so on.

Digging around these ruined cities and ancient landfills eventually led some Hmara scientists to find photographs of these Trahma in glass frames and so on and on well preserved magazines. The Trahma in the few discovered photographs shockingly look like them [the Hmara]. The ruined cities are littered with millions of skeletons. As if the cities were mass graves.

One day, an archeologist discovers time-capsules, which is a glass and plastic tube, inside which are documents left for some future people to discover. Inside these time-capsules are documents written in an unknown language on plastic paper. Some of the documents shows a detailed map of Planet Ehridi. Some maps suggest that bodies were stored deep in the ice sheets of the southern continent of Ehridi.

The Hmara go to the ice covered southern continent, following the maps they found, to look for the bodies of the Trahma. Eventually, they find deep in the ice sheet a mile below sea level, a dilapidated facility made of plastic, and a strange metal alloy that does not rust in ice. The facility is filled with ice and the Hmara must dig holes to explore the facility. Inside this facility they find the frozen bodies of the Trahma.

The frozen bodies of the Trahma are studied, and a second mystery is unraveled: the 100,000 year old Trahma [homo sapiens] are 99% genetically identical to their species [the Ehridihma], and all Ehridihma have mitochondrial DNA that are near identical to those found in the female Trahma. The Hmara scientists conclude that the Trahma must be the genetic ancestors of the Ehridihma species.

During this era, the Hmara and the other advanced colonies enter their space race, like how America and the USSR did. Planet Ehridi has two moons. A proper moon, which is like the earth's moon, and a little moon which is a captured asteroid.

The Hmara make it to the large moon first. On this moon is a third mystery: there are remains of lunar modules and rovers, covered in a layer of star dust. At first the Hmara suspect that their rivals might have made it to the moon before them. But the writings on the lunar modules are that of the Trahma, and the scientific dating also places the modules and rovers at around 100,000 years old.

The Hmara now have the mystery of figuring out what happened to their Human ancestors? Did these humans leave Ehridi to colonize the stars, or did they go extinct? If they went extinct, why? Signs indicate so far that the Trahma never made it far into space, and that something caused them to go extinct.

Several years after this incident, the Hmara astronauts land on their version of Mars, which is a desert planet twice the size of Mars beyond the orbit of Ehridi. On this planet the Hmara eventually find the dilapidated remains of what seemed to be a colony or base, or settlement. The writings on these colonies are also that of the Trahma. The mystery deepens as the Hmara learn that their ancient genetic ancestors were technologically advanced enough to build a colony on the desert planet, but why did they die out and never went any further.

After putting the pieces of the mysteries together, the Hmara come up with a hypothesis as to what happened to the Trahma. The Trahma had civilizations that were money based, and could not afford to actually colonize space on a large significant scale. They were also pre-occupied with wars with other Trahma civilizations. Over population and depletion of natural resources then brought the population of the Trahma dramatically low. Global Warming brought on by the ether of Heavenly Summer wreaked havoc. Eventually another ice age comes [Heavenly Winter] and what Trahma were left or what civilization they had left was reduced back to Stone Age status. In other words, the Trahma lost the opportunity to colonize space. From this the Hmara deduces that the window of opportunity for being technologically advanced enough to colonize space opens during the epoch of Heavenly Summer. And if their people miss that window, they will suffer the fate of the Trahma.

Unfortunately the Hmara are at war with every other Ehridihma colony. Due to the difference of pheromone scent, Ehridihma of different colonies do not get along and will fight and kill each other.

At this age of Time, the colonies on Ehridi are of a similar size of population to that of the EU, America, and China; and their level of technological and military sophistication is similar also. War between the several advanced colonies in this age is becoming more and more difficult. It requires a lot of time and effort to exterminate billions of people. And so the Hmara Colony spend many hundreds of years in a state of continued total warfare with other colonies, to exterminate all people not Hmara. After the Thousand Year Cleansing, the only people left on planet Ehridi are Hmara. They begin to refer to themselves as the Supreme Colony. A golden age of peace for the first time comes into being for the Hmara.

A couple centuries after that the scientists of Ehridi discovers out in space a rogue planet 9 times the size of Jupiter coming into their solar system. The rouge planet has its own large moons. They wait to see what orbit or trajectory the rogue giant will take.

After waiting, it is discovered that according to the path it is taking, in two hundred years the rogue giant will come within the orbit of Ehridi, and one of its moons will impact planet Ehridi.

The Hmara must now build a gigantic O'Neill Cylinder to save their species/colony. Not wanting to suffer the fate of the Trahma who could not afford to pay for such an outrageous venture, the government of Ehridi take drastic measures and re-instate slavery or forced labour. All the billions and billions of Hmara must work to help build the cylinder in some way.

The second method the Hmara take to build the cylinder is to create self-replicating machines, as explained in the essay "Science of Galactic Empire" in the section called "Imperium Ex Machina." The self-replicating machines grow in population exponentially, until a massive swarm of different size and types of robots and machines are building the Cylinder.

The cylinder is a hull inside which are 21 smaller terraformed cylinders. Seven in three sections. Six smaller cylinders called "Tavlas" forming a hexagon, with the seventh at the center. Each tavla is ~2500 miles long, ~796 miles in diameter, and ~2500 miles in circumference. Each tavla thus has the total surface area of 6,250,000 square miles of terraformed area, composed of land, oceans, lake, some mountains, and forests.

Two hundred years into the construction of the monstrous cylinder, and the rogue planet enters the orbit of Ehridi, one of its large moons slams into Ehridi, destroying it and obviously killing all lifeforms on it, including many billions of Ehridihma.

Although the cylinder is not anywhere near finished, many of the tavlas are terraformed enough to sustain large Ehridihma populations. It will take another 300 years to finish the cylinder. By this time, Hmara culture and the Hmara language are the de facto culture and language of the Ehridihma. Over the centuries, the different colonies have also interbred, creating a mixed breed of Ehridihma. The state of emergency is ended, and the constitution is re-empowered.

During the building of the cylinder, the giant rogue planet regularly returns wreaking havoc in the solar system.

When the cylinder is finished, the people of the cylinder are given a vote on whether to stay in the solar system and deal with the rogue planet and live in a messed up solar system, or to voyage to a distant living planet the same size as their home planet once was. The Ehridihma vote to voyage to the new planet.

At top speeds the cylinder can travel at 10% the speed of light. At that speed, it would take several thousands of years to reach this living planet. Arrogant in their materialistic science and technological powers, the Ehridihma believe the voyage will be easy, as they have built their own paradise.

About 400 years into the voyage, and every Ehridihma along with the higher order animals in the tavlas have become extinct.

The last empress, knowing her people will go extinct, instructs the central computer of the cylinder to create for herself a species of sentient living robots called the "Custodians" to maintain the cylinder and inherit it.

The Custodians are mostly mechanical or machine and computer. A biological species of mycelium-like organism called "Anomra" were genetically mixed with neurons. The anomra spreads and grows inside the Custodian's robotic shell like slime mold. This

anomra is their organic center of sentience. The anomra is attached to a computer brain. The organic anomra absorbs Life-Force, causing the Custodians to be sentient.

For a thousand years the Custodians are the only intelligent life form in the cylinder. They eventually evolve their own species of civilization and robotic culture. A few civil wars eventually happen periodically.

The New World

Called Ehidimion, meaning New Ehridi, the cylinder finally reaches Ehidimion's solar system. The Custodians prepare for the Great Regeneration of the extinct species.

Android – machines that look and behave like biological life forms – of the lost species are created. Each android animal has an artificial uterus, inside which is placed a frozen embryo. In this way, extinct animals are born and raised by android animals that look and behave like actual animals.

The Custodians then give birth to a race of Android Ehidihma, machines made to look and behave like biological Ehidihma. The android Ehidihma are created like new Custodians. A "seed" their anomra generates is placed into water. The seed grows into a plant-like organism that is part biological and part nano-machine swarm. The plant-like organism uses natural resources to construct a shell, and inside it grows a new anomra. The plant-like organism simply creates a body that looks and feels like a biological adult Ehidihma, and places an anomra inside of each android. The android Ehidihma are thus sentient also, and are actual genetic children of the Custodians.

Each android Ehidihma has an artificial uterus, inside which is placed a frozen embryo of the Ehidihma species. The Android Ehidihma will give birth to the regenerated biological Ehidihma species and raise them.

The Andrek

The Custodians explore the New World, and discover that a species of Homo Sapiens live on it. Most of the homo sapiens are primitive tribes, but some exist in civilizations as advanced as ancient Egypt.

The Central Computer of the cylinder asks the Custodians to not interfere with the indigenous humanoid species, and to colonize an uninhabited land, where a city is to be built for the regenerated biological Ehidihma.

The biological Ehidihma eventually become friends with a tribe of indigenous homo sapiens who call themselves the Andrek. I got that name from the Greek root "Andro" + the ONA word "Drecc."

The Andrek are like Native Americans who have a spiritual way that is like The Numinous Way. The two species mutually teach and learn from each other. The Andrek gradually are exposed to the sophisticated technology and civilization and science of the Ehidihma. The Ehidihma are taught the nature based spiritual way of the Andrek and learn their ancient numinous wisdom.

The elder Andreks, with their spiritual/mental abilities, become the first Spaceminders who will power the faster than light spaceships the Custodians and Ehridihmas have built. Together the three species: Custodian, Ehridihma, and Andrek [homo sapiens] eventually explore the galaxy.

That's the end of the saga's summary. The Presaga Shorts are short stories that are not meant to be very detailed. They are essentially practice writings. They won't be in any chronological order. They serve two other purposes. The first is they help set the stage for the saga. The second is they'll help to inspire new plots and substory-lines.

^^^



Cuando Chloe me explicó las ideas que quiere desarrollar en el mundo de ficción que está construyendo, encontré tan interesante y rica su propuesta que me inspiró a escribir esta pequeña historia ambientada en una etapa ciertamente convulsa de esa saga cósmica. -D.

La Torre Carmesí

I

Ravla, el Gran Cilindro, un mundo sintético navegando en los abismos de la Vía Láctea. Un ecosistema con ciudades, montañas y mares, un mundo diseñado a imagen y semejanza de la antigua patria de sus originales creadores. El último vestigio de una poderosa civilización desaparecida, el mausoleo imperial donde cigotos congelados y bases de replicación genética de la extinta raza de los Ehidihma esperan ser despertados. Un hogar ahora heredado por toda una raza de androides sintientes, los Custodios, hijos de la Inmortal Madre Computadora, una diosa cibernética... Con el tiempo, los androides sintientes, los nuevos dueños y señores de este ecosistema comprendido dentro del colosal mundo artificial, han creado su propia civilización...

En el año 577 de los Custodios, Plagya, una misteriosa "backup" de la Madre Computadora Original "R'samna" ha ganado independencia y el control de una parte significativa de la Red cibernética del tecnosistema de Ravla y de los avatares de navegación y defensa. Algunas casas nobles, hostiles desde siempre al actual Emperador Amatando, se han aliado – y con ellos sus Batallones - a esta copia bastarda de la Madre Computadora desencadenando la que posteriormente sería conocida como II Guerra Civil del Gran Cilindro.

Este episodio relata lo sucedido durante la batalla de la Torre Carmesí en el sector Phra Vrahye. En ese sector perdido entre las montañas de Vrahye, el IV Batallón Rebelde protege una fortaleza donde se está desarrollando una asombrosa nueva tecnología denominada ORM, cuyas aplicaciones bélicas podrían resultar decisivas a la hora de decantar la balanza de la guerra ...

A los pies del escarpado monte Vrahye, coronado por un imponente torreón hecho con bloques de titanoacero carmesí, se libraba una batalla sin cuartel. Un remolino de masas de soldados Custodio moviéndose coordinadamente, disparando sus "blaszers" y blandiendo sus termo-espadas, colisionando violentamente unos contra otros bajo una lluvia incesante que amenazaba con convertir el campo de batalla en un lodazal.

Los Custodios-Soldado, eran más altos y fuertes que el resto de su raza; sus esbeltos y estilizados cuerpos de metal y reluciente fibra de carbono poseían un aspecto más anguloso y fiero, y sus visores sintéticos relucían con la emoción distintiva de una belicosidad proporcionada por el sistema orgánico Anomra que palpitaba en su interior.

La lluvia se intensificaba y, en cambio, la luz del Globo-Sol sintético se volvía cada vez más tenue. El clima estaba enloquecido pues el centro de control Base Prima en la ciudad imperial estaba saturado por las distorsiones en la red cibernética; la lucha invisible entre las dos Super Computadoras, que también se desarrollaba en los espacios virtuales, impedía el manejo eficiente de muchas de las funciones de balance climático de los colosales cilindros que componían el Mundo-Ravla.

El III Batallón Imperial llevaba casi una semana de campaña bélica entre aquellas inaccesibles montañas y ahora, por fin, las distintas compañías que lo componían se lanzaban al asedio coordinado del ominoso bastión del enemigo.

El capitán Trau tenía órdenes de dirigir a sus soldados de la Compañía 1 del III Batallón por el flanco oriental en su avance hacia la base de la montaña.

Y en aquel preciso momento, la Compañía 1, ahora reducida a medio centenar de eficientes soldados, zigzagueaba esquivando el fuego enemigo y se dirigía a toda velocidad al asalto y conquista de las trincheras de los rebeldes.

Trau, con su maltrecha capa de capitán ondeando por la velocidad, corría por la tierra mojada junto a sus fieles soldados; en su rápido avance se veían obligados a atravesar una lluvia de proyectiles disparados por nidos de ametralladoras que protegían el perímetro de la base de la montaña.

En medio de la carrera, una ráfaga certera alcanzó el escudo de plásticero que sostenía el capitán en su mano izquierda para protegerse; el escudo saltó en mil pedazos y el impacto le hizo trastabillar, pero Trau siguió corriendo: apuntó y apretó el gatillo de su "blaszer" (hand-held ballistic anti-personnel weaponry) y sus disparos alcanzaron certeramente en la cabeza a dos de los soldados que le disparaban parapetados tras los módulos "kontflexpan" en lo alto de su trinchera.

Cuando llegó el momento, Trau y sus soldados desenvainaron sus termo-espadas y saltaron por encima del parapeto hacia el interior del surco escavado en la tierra...

En medio del abarrotado torbellino del cuerpo a cuerpo, el uso del "blaszer" era menos eficiente (*) que la termo-espada, así que los Custodios de uno y otro bando se vieron envueltos en una feroz lucha a golpe de espada por la conquista de la posición estratégica.

(*) Debido al particular sistema nervioso cyborg de los Custodios, es mucho más letal el tajo o la estocada de una termo-espada (cuyos filos están hechos con un metal estabilizado molecularmente a alta temperatura) que los agujeros de un proyectil anti-personal. El cuerpo de un soldado Custodio puede seguir siendo altamente funcional aunque esté agujereado por una ráfaga balística aunque un disparo en la cabeza suele ser mortal.

Entre el violento caos y el amontonamiento del interior de la trinchera, Trau alzó su espada para desviar la estocada que le buscaba la cara, y contraatacó cortando de cuajo el brazo armado de su oponente. Pero el Custodio rebelde alzó su "blaszer" con su otra mano y disparó un par de veces: el primer disparo alcanzó a un soldado rebelde, y el segundo paso silbando por encima de la cabeza del capitán dejándole una ligera cicatriz cerca en la sien. Rápidamente, Trau sujetó el brazo que sostenía el blaszer y hundió su termo-espada en el pecho de su oponente, atravesándolo mortalmente.

Abriéndose paso para entrar en el búnquer del nido de ametralladoras, Trau lanzó una sucesión de potentes espadazos y mandobles que fueron bloqueados por un habilidoso Custodio rebelde que llevaba una capa carmesí de capitán con la insignia del IV Batallón rebelde. Intercambiaron varios golpes a gran velocidad y ambos advirtieron que la habilidad de uno era comparable a la del otro.

En un momento dado, el capitán rebelde lanzó un tajo ascendente seguido por una rápida estocada; el primer tajo obligó a Trau a realizar un movimiento oblicuo con su espada para desviar el golpe, y la estocada hizo que tuviera que saltar ágilmente a un lado para evitar ser ensartado.

Trau contraatacó realizando una maniobra llamada R'thai Sbek": realizó una finta lanzando un golpe de revés y, cuando este fue bloqueado, mantuvo la presión contra la hoja del otro, inmovilizándola en cierta medida. Inmediatamente Trau dio un inesperado paso en diagonal hacia el flanco izquierdo, y desde esa posición ventajosa desencajó su espada – cambiando el ángulo de presión del filo - y lanzó un brusco espadazo que decapitó limpiamente a su contrincante.

Un minuto después ese nido de ametralladoras estaba tomado...Pero los combates continuaban a lo largo de la trinchera.

El Globo-Sol se alejaba en su ciclo automatizado a lo largo del Gran Cilindro, convocando a las penumbras de la noche del mundo-Ravla. En lo alto de la montaña, los "rotópteros" (flying machines, like helicopters), atacaban los magníficos muros de la Torre Carmesí como si fueran un furibundo enjambre de insectos mecanizados. El blindaje de titanoacero de la fortaleza y su poderosa artillería parecían estar ganando la batalla aérea, y la noche se iluminaba con infernales fuegos artificiales.

Simultáneamente otra lucha tenía lugar en la cara sur de la montaña. Frente a la rampa de ascenso a la torre, las Compañías leales 2 y 3, con el inestimable apoyo de un imponente Avatar Juggernaut, ganaban terreno y se estaban imponiendo claramente a las unidades rebeldes.

En ese abarrotado campo de batalla, en la vertiente sur, era donde más efectivos se habían movilizado por parte de ambos bandos: termo-espadas trazaban dibujos mortales aquí y allá, y ráfagas de proyectiles volaban incesantemente de un lado a otro...Y luego estaba el letal Juggernaut, uno de los monstruosos avatares de combate de la Madre Computadora; era ella misma encarnada en una función multitarea, sacudiendo sus enormes brazos blindados, aplastando brutalmente y destrozando con sus feroces garras a los Custodios de las unidades rebeldes como si fueran insignificantes muñecos de paja.

Pero volvamos al flanco oriental...

Trau y sus soldados ya habían tomado la trinchera oriental sufriendo relativamente pocas bajas, y ahora estaban asegurando su posición comprobando que no quedara resistencia alguna. De pronto, el capitán escuchó la señal de su intercomunicador por el canal prioritario. Entre el ruido y las interrupciones de la estática, el capitán escuchó la augusta voz de la Madre Computadora en su intercomunicador: "Las unidades rebeldes que defendían el acceso a la rampa están apunto de ser eliminadas...bzzxzzzs...bsxxsszzz....sido derribadas. Mis proyecciones indican que esto sucederá en apenas diez minutos. En cuanto la compañía 4 haya tomado la trinchera occidental, iniciaremos el asalto sincronizado a la fortaleza en lo alto de la montaña.....bzzxzzzs..." .

Trau alzó su afilada cabeza hacia la batalla que se desarrollaba en el cielo entre las enrojadas nubes de ozono que descendían de la estratosfera artificial: la artillería de la fortaleza estaba machacando a los rotópteros imperiales. Al capitán le preocupaba que, en cuanto la torre hubiera vencido la batalla aérea, dirigiera sus cañones hacia las posiciones conquistadas abajo, donde estaban ellos. "...Si eso sucede, la ascensión se convertirá en una maldita carnicería..." dijo para sí el capitán

En ese mismo momento, como una señal de mal augurio, Trau sintió el atronador estallido de un rotóptero al ser derribado e impactar cerca de donde él y sus soldados esperaban para emprender el ascenso coordinado a la montaña.

- Será difícil asaltar esa maldita torre...- susurró el lugarteniente D'Agrat a su capitán.

- Espero que podamos lograr la conquista de la fortaleza por medios convencionales, temo que si fallamos, Madre R'samna se decida por utilizar bombas y misiles – Le respondió sombríamente Trau, pues cualquiera con dos dedos de frente sabía que si el conflicto llegaba a ese nivel de devastación, los Mundo-Cilindros acabarían destruidos y su pueblo estaría condenado...

El Torreón Carmesí hecho de titanoacero era un monolito blindado casi inexpugnable; era una fortaleza capaz de resistir pulsos electromagnéticos y el impacto de misiles, pero tenía unos pocos puntos débiles: las juntas de la puerta principal y las ventanas cañoneras por las que asomaba la artillería pesada.

Al cabo de un cuarto de hora la lluvia había cesado y ahora un viento frío y lacerante sacudía el campo de batalla; era de noche y el tiempo seguía enloquecido. La torre había vencido la batalla del cielo y ahora disparaba sus cañones y ametralladores hacia abajo. El ruido ambiental era ensordecedor....

Trau ordenó a sus soldados entrar en los diferentes búnqueres de la trinchera oriental para resguardarse del fuego que caía desde la torre. La figura hierática del capitán, allí plantado con la capa ondeando al viento, se recortaba contra la noche teñida de fuego... Los custodios que estaban bajo sus ordenes sentían una devoción ciega por su capitán, y la visión de su capa naranja-oscuro con el estandarte imperial de la casa de Amatando era como un faro seguro en medio del caos del combate...Allá donde él fuera, ellos le seguirían; algunos incluso decían que su capitán estaba protegido por los espíritus durmientes de los Ehridihma...

II

La luminaria sintética se divisaba en la lejanía retornando en su recorrido nocturno transformado en Globo-Luna. Su plateada radiación estaba velada por las nubes de ozono que coloreaban de un rojo metalizado el rocoso y adusto paisaje del sector Phra Vrahye.

El enorme avatar Juggernaut de la Madre Computadora ascendía corriendo la escarpada rampa hacia lo alto de la montaña y, parapetados detrás del monstruoso androide blindado, avanzaban los soldados-custodio de las compañías 2 y 3.

La Torre Carmesí disparaba su artillería pesada contra los invasores imperiales y la mayoría del fuego se concentraba en el Juggernaut que avanzaba usando como escudo un gran bloque de "kontflexpan" que había arrancado de una de las fortificaciones defensivas.

Pero ya estaban a mitad de camino cuando un proyectil de plasma incandescente seguido de una ráfaga de balas perforadoras alcanzaron de lleno al droide blindado, destrozando su improvisado escudo, dándole y sumergiéndole en una negruzca humareda. Inmediatamente, los soldados se abrieron en abanico para no ofrecer un blanco fácil y comenzaron a ascender la enorme rampa a toda velocidad.

Las bajas entre los asaltantes fueron horriblemente cuantiosas: las ametralladoras y los cañones de plasma restallaban aquí y allá abriendo boquetes en el suelo y destrozando atrozmente los cuerpos sintéticos de los custodios.

Mientras eso sucedía en la cara sur, las compañías 1 y 4 escalaban por las laderas más abruptas del monte Vrahye...

La capa (cape) del capitán Trau se agitaba ante un vendaval que amenazaba con arrancarle a él y a sus soldados de las rocosas paredes de la cara oriental de la montaña. Una ráfaga de proyectiles perforadores hizo un barrido que rozó la espalda del lugarteniente D'Agrat y lo arrebató de la pared. Trau interceptó su caída y lo sujetó por el antebrazo en el último momento. D'Agrat basculó en el abismo como un péndulo sujetado por el brazo firme de su amigo y capitán que, con una flexión, lo alzó hasta que el lugarteniente pudo sujetarse a la pared.

- ¿Estás bien?...Te sale humo de la espalda – preguntó el capitán con preocupación.

- Gracias Trau, puedo seguir...-

La cuarentena de soldados de la Compañía 1 que quedaban con vida siguieron escalando bajo la implacable lluvia de proyectiles que les caían desde la funesta Torre. Por suerte para los asaltantes, en el recorrido del ascenso habían muchos salientes de roca que les ofrecían escudo y protección frente a los disparos de la fortaleza Carmesí.

Trau tuvo que detenerse un momento en su escalada para escuchar por su intercomunicador la voz de la augusta R'samna, informando de que su avatar Juggernaut había sido derribado, y de que las compañías 2 y 3 estaban sufriendo terribles bajas por culpa de la infernal artillería de la torre.

- ...Capitán Trau de la Primera y Capitán Sylez de la Cuarta, apresurad vuestra escalada, el éxito de la operación depende de que detengáis la artillería de la torre.....Zshhhbxbxbxzzzzzzzzzz...intentaré reparar vía remota las funciones del avatar .- dijo la supercomputadora.

- ¡Démonos prisa, nuestros hermanos están en apuros! ¡Debemos subir por la pared de la torre y detener ya esos infernales cañones ya!- gritó Trau, y sus palabras resonaron entre el eco de las explosiones y los aullidos del viento. En el espacio de su mente sintética, invocó a las incomprensibles fuerzas del destino que le habían guiado hasta allí para que le ayudaran a cumplir honorablemente con su misión.

A los pocos minutos Trau y sus soldados estaban llegando al borde del rellano donde se erguía la imponente Torre Carmesí. Se estaban reagrupando y preparaban los dispositivos ventosa que cada uno llevaba en sus arneses - diseñados para adherirse a la pared de titanoacero- cuando una amplia ráfaga de artillería derribó a una docena de soldados arrojándolos al abismo.

Trau extendió la mano para aferrar a uno de sus soldados que fue alcanzado estando a su lado, pero fue en vano: desconcertado por la terrible e inmisericorde fatalidad el capitán contempló de nuevo como tantas vidas habían sido borradas de un plumazo. Trató en vano de compartimentar el sentimiento de fatalidad y miedo que amenazaba con quebrar su voluntad en esos momentos cruciales...

El resto de la compañía, apenas una treintena de soldados, consiguió enganchar las ventosas a la pulida pared de rojo titanoacero, donde el ángulo de incidencia no ofrecía blanco a las ametralladoras y los cañones, y rápidamente empezaron a encaramarse pared arriba hasta llegar a los huecos por donde asomaba el armamento defensivo de la torre...

*

Mientras tanto, en la entrada principal, tras la caída del Juggernaut, tan solo una veintena de soldados habían logrado alcanzar el portal de entrada a la torre. En su ascenso habían destrozado a disparos las ametralladoras automatizadas que asomaban por el frontispicio de la puerta, y ahora se acurrucaban en el hueco que formaba el portal y aplicaban por las juntas inyecciones de nanobots especialmente diseñados para la ocasión. Los nanobots debían localizar y cambiar la polaridad de los servomotores para abrir la puerta.

Al cabo de un par de minutos los nanobots ya habían accedido al control de los servomotores y la puerta empezó a vibrar y a desplazarse hacia la derecha dejando el hueco de un palmo. Pero inmediatamente se detuvo en seco y se escuchó un temblor prove-

niente del interior. Los soldados se asomaron pero no vieron a nadie en el interior; trataron de entrar pero no cabían por ese espacio tan estrecho.

*

Por el flanco oriental, el capitán Trau y su lugarteniente D'Agrat fueron los primeros en colarse por el agujero de la ventana cañonera. Los sorprendidos soldados rebeldes que estaban al cargo de la artillería vieron como se les venían encima un grupo de soldados imperiales y comenzaron a abrir fuego contra los intrusos.

Trau recibió un disparo en el hombro nada más entrar, pero inmediatamente saltó tras el tambor de carga del cañón para escudarse, asomó por debajo su blaszer y derribó a su oponente acribillando sus piernas. Inmediatamente el capitán saltó sobre el soldado rebelde y le partió la clavícula de un golpe de su termo-espada.

Entre la locura del inesperado y violento asalto, una ráfaga de disparos de blaszers alcanzó de lleno a D'Agrat estampándolo contra la pared y agujereando varias partes de su cuerpo sintético. Sin tener respiro, el lugarteniente se vio obligado a mover de un lado a otro su espada para desviar una serie de veloces mandobles que le lanzaba un rebelde pero en un momento dado logró sujetar el brazo armado de su oponente y le embistió atravesándolo de lado a lado con su termo-espada.

En ese momento entraban los refuerzos rebeldes por la puerta, la sala se llenó por completo de custodios de uno y otro bando, y la lucha se volvió más trepidante y caótica: disparos de blaszer por doquier, termo-espadas entrechocando y cortando, pasos acelerados, empujones y golpes...

Inmerso de pleno en la confusión de la melée, Trau sintió un lacerante dolor agudo en su costado; una ráfaga de proyectiles le había alcanzado en un punto delicado. El sistema nervioespinal cyborg del capitán custodio, equilibró rápidamente la homeostasis del organismo sintético, lo que permitió que el capitán siguiera luchando. Trau saltó hacia delante y descargó un espadazo descendente contra el soldado rebelde que le había disparado. El rebelde logró bloquear el golpe con su termo-espada y respondió con un tajo en diagonal dirigido a la cabeza de Trau. El capitán giró su espada primero hacia arriba para desviar el golpe y luego hacia abajo para partir por la mitad al rebelde.

En el otro lado de la sala, el lugarteniente D'Agrat estaba arrinconado, y se veía con dificultades para defenderse de la lluvia de sablazos que le lanzaba un oficial rebelde que llevaba una capa negra y roja con el distintivo de jefe de batallón. Entre la apretujada melée, el capitán Trau divisó a su amigo pasando apuros y, mientras se abría paso en medio de la muchedumbre para acudir en ayuda de su amigo, vio como D'Agrat no lograba desviar una estocada con forma de tirabuzón y era ensartado a la altura del pecho y seguidamente decapitado.

Aquello fue un shock para Trau. El tiempo pareció congelarse por unos terribles instantes; el capitán acababa de ver morir a uno de sus mejores amigos...

La furia llameó en los ojos del capitán mientras se abalanzaba contra el oficial rebelde. Comenzaron a atacarse el uno al otro a una velocidad de vértigo: tajos y estocadas de todo tipo con una moción acelerada, hábiles paradas, y ágiles desvíos, fintas engañosas y patadas inesperadas, codazos dolorosos y hojas candentes entrelazadas...En un momento dado, Trau giró la hoja de su espada hacia abajo para bloquear un ataque dirigido a su vientre y seguidamente trazó un mortífero tajo dirigido al cuello de su oponente. Pero el oficial rebelde fue más rápido: se agachó bajo el vuelo de la espada de Trau y al mismo tiempo clavó en su pecho una poderosa estocada que lo atravesó de lado a lado...

Trau sintió como los afilados tentáculos del dolor provocado por la profunda herida se extendían amenazando con arrebatarse la consciencia...la espada y el blaszer le cayeron de las manos...en ese microsegundo, supo que si se dejaba llevar moriría. Trau invocó a sus últimas fuerzas y, todavía con la espada de su adversario clavada en el pecho, abrazó al oficial rebelde atrapándole los brazos y rodeándolo por la cintura, lo alzó del suelo y lo acercó a la ventana por donde los cañones se asomaban al exterior. El oficial rebelde se debatía pateando y tratando de zafarse desesperadamente. Sin embargo Trau, insensible a los golpes, alzó al rebelde y le dio un tremendo empujón que lo arrojó por la ventana cañonera...El oficial rebelde cayó desde la torre hasta la ladera de la montaña desde donde siguió rodando hasta el oscuro abismo.

Mientras tanto, en la entrada principal de la Torre:

Los ojos del enorme androide Juggernaut se iluminaron de nuevo con un crepitante color azulado. La Super Computadora había logrado reparar de forma remota la mayor parte de las funciones de su avatar de combate. El androide se levantó trabajosamente entre los gritos de alegría de los soldados que permanecían frente a la puerta principal que no se acababa de abrir.

El Juggernaut, caminó pesadamente hasta el portal. La artillería de la torre había enmudecido...Nadie les disparaba; eso indicaba que las Compañías 1 y 4 estaban haciendo su trabajo en el interior de la fortaleza. El androide, chamuscado y algo maltrecho, pasó sus enormes garras por el espacio que quedaba abierto y presiono con fuerza hasta que acabó de abrir el enorme portón. La veintena de soldados siguieron al androide hasta un gran distribuidor que se dividía en dos rampas que ascendían hasta las plantas superiores por los lados y una rampa descendente en la parte central. El lugar estaba desierto, pero se podían escuchar ruidos de disparos y del característico entrechocar del metal de las termo-espadas.

El avatar de R'samna, tenía los planos de la torre en sus bases de memoria y sabía el tipo de laboratorio de alta ingeniería que era necesario para desarrollar una tecnología tan compleja como la del ORM, así que guió a los custodios hacia la rampa central que descendía hasta un amplio corredor iluminado con una tenebrosa luz roja intermitente.

En cuanto comenzaron a bajar la rampa tuvieron que detenerse ante la visión pavorosa de un engendro de pesadilla: tras un recordo apareció un avatar de combate de los que solía usar Plagya, la copia bastarda de la Madre Computadora. Tenía la forma de una especie de gigantesca araña de metal cromado con patas como guadañas y ojos reluciendo con un rojo fosforescente.

Y una lucha de titanes se desató:

El Juggernaut y la Araña se abalanzaron el uno contra el otro en un remolino de violentos golpes y sacudidas de todo tipo que les hacían rebotar contra las paredes de la sala y abrir grietas por doquier. Por un lado las afiladas patas del gigantesco arácnido volaban acuchillando y cortando incesantemente, y por el otro los feroces puñetazos y zarpazos del Avatar imperial arrancaban y golpeaban el cuerpo robótico de su monstruoso enemigo...

III

El capitán Trau tenía que apoyarse en el hombro de uno de sus soldados para poder seguir avanzando; con su termo-espada había cauterizado la herida que horadaba su pecho y todos sus sentidos propioceptivos le indicaban que la integridad de su organismo pendía de un hilo muy, muy fino. Trau sentía la extraña sensación de que, por momentos, su consciencia se desplazaba a un lugar fuera de su cuerpo y se veía a sí mismo como estando a pocos centímetros por encima de su cabeza...

La compañía 1 se había encontrado con la compañía 4 en la planta superior, y ambas habían logrado eliminar la aguerrida resistencia rebelde que ahora huía hacia las plantas inferiores. El capitán de la compañía 4 había muerto, así que las dos unidades seguían las directrices de Trau que apenas podía mantenerse en pie, pero conservaba plenamente su capacidad para el pensamiento táctico.

- Vosotros, rápido, descendad por la rampa derecha hasta el piso inmediatamente inferior para coger por detrás a los rebeldes que huyen por la rampa izquierda! Nosotros les seguiremos y presionaremos para que sigan bajando hasta que los tengamos rodeados.
- ordenó

Desde la retaguardia, sintiéndose cada vez más mareado, el capitán observó como sus soldados combatían a lo largo de la rampa. Los rebeldes se defendieron bien pero, una vez fueron rodeados, no tardaron en caer.

El barullo de la refriega se silenció y los incursores oyeron una sucesión de golpes atronadores; se trataba de una especie de truenos que provenían de la parte inferior de la torre – dos plantas más abajo- y eran tan potentes que hacían temblar toda la estructura del edificio.

En la mente de todos estaba la idea de que ese tipo de golpes y terroríficos temblores solamente podían provenir del enorme avatar Juggernaut descargando su fuerza bruta contra el enemigo.

Los incursores apresuraron su paso bajando por la rampa. Cuando estaban apunto de llegar a la planta baja, el ritmo de los truenos y las sacudidas se aceleró violentamente hasta que se escuchó un espantoso crujido y un aullido terrible resonó en toda la torre.

Trau y sus soldados llegaron por fin a un punto de la rampa desde donde se podía ver la gran sala distribuidora de la entrada.

La sala estaba rebozada de cadáveres de custodios de su mismo batallón (III), y el cuerpo inerte y acuchillado del enorme avatar Juggernaut yacía al lado de una gigantesca araña de metal cromado. Trau, alarmado, reconoció en la araña a uno de los avatares de Plagia; le faltaban tres patas, parte de su cara estaba arrancada y tenía varios agujeros de proyectiles en su abdomen unguado...

Tratando de no hacer ruido y pasar desapercibidos los incursores se agacharon rápidamente; Trau emitió una señal silenciosa por el intercomunicador pidiendo directrices.

“...Estáis solos capitán, pero no por mucho tiempo, en media hora llegarán un par de compañías aerotransportadas. Mantén la posición Trau...” dijo la voz de R'samna por el intercomunicador emitiendo desde Base Prima.

Escuchar la voz de la Madre Computadora insufló de esperanza y coraje al capitán, que hizo un gesto con su mano a sus soldados para que silenciosamente se replegaran en el piso superior e hicieran acopio de munición de entre los cadáveres esparcidos por las plantas superiores.

En ese mismo momento escucharon una voz imponente:

- Buenas noches, disculpad el desorden...- dijo el arácnido robot con una voz rasposa y melosa – Salid de vuestro escondrijo, podéis estar tranquilos, no me apetece perseguiros ...- La elección de aquel desconcertante tono irónico por parte del avatar de Plagya confirió un cariz aún mas amenazador a su voz.

El capitán repitió la señal con su mano ordenando a los desconcertados soldados subieran al piso superior. Todos subieron menos él...Trau sabía que su grupo de apenas veinte soldados agotados, sin apenas munición y sin artillería no eran rivales para aquel monstruoso y enorme robot de combate... Y también sabía que la araña no se apartaría de allí para dejarles acceder al laboratorio secreto. Su primera opción ahora era tratar de ganar tiempo hasta que llegaran las unidades aerotransportadas. Se asomó por la barandilla.

- Señora – dijo el Trau – soy el capitán Trau de la Compañía 1 del III Batallón Imperial

- Lo sé, hijo, mi función de reconocimiento de biométrico funciona perfectamente. Lo que quisiera saber, ya que tenemos un rato para charlar, es hasta qué punto los leales soldados imperiales sabéis que habéis elegido el bando *adecuado* - La enorme araña de metal miraba fijamente al capitán con su cara torcida.

- ¿“Adecuado” para qué, señora? Acabo de ver morir a camaradas y buenos amigos, no creo que en este momento esté capacitado para una discusión teleológica. Pero me arriesgaré diciendo que fuisteis vos quien estableció la *polaridad* al atentar contra el Banco Criogénico y tratar de matar al Emperador.

- Lo hice por vosotros, la raza de los Custodios...- dijo el monstruo alzando dos de sus patas afiladas como guadañas - ...Se trata de un juego suma 0, y vosotros sois tan inocentes que ni siquiera os habéis imaginado de qué va *esto* en realidad.

- Iluminadme entonces señora – dijo Trau sintiendo una inquietud interna que hacía que le temblaran las piernas

- Buscar un mundo para los Ehridihma no es una elección de la Gran R'samna, es una directriz inherente a su configuración profunda. En cuanto encontréis un nuevo Ehridi, vuestra civilización dejará de tener sentido... ¿Sabes qué dice la directriz Pret O' Ehridihma?...No. ¿Cómo ibas a saberlo a menos que compartieras base de datos con la Gran Madre? - Los ojos de la araña brillaron y acentuaron la expresividad de su voz metalizada y melosa – La directriz dice “Subyugar o Eliminar” ...

Trau tuvo que apoyarse en la barandilla y en la espada que le hacía de bastón. Aquellas palabras tuvieron un efecto devastador. Se negaba a creer a lo que le decía la maldita araña Plagya, la embaucadora, la que había traído aquella terrible guerra. “¡Mentira, mentira!”

- Debes asimilarlo Trau – continuó la araña - ...no te estoy mintiendo. ¿Recuerdas que hace diez años inspeccionamos un planeta cuyo ecosistema parecía compatible con vuestra forma de vida? ¿Recuerdas que tras la exploración de superficie, R'samna “aconsejó” descartar esa opción en base a los datos recogidos in situ? ¡Ella y sus ingenieros manipularon el resultado de los cultivos de bioformación! Ahora sabes por qué...-

- ¡No te creo! - gritó Trau impelido desde lo más profundo de su ser a negar tal posibilidad. El capitán sabía que si concedía un mínimo de crédito a lo que le decía Plagya, su mundo, su forma de entender la realidad, se desmoronarían.

El capitán dirigió una mirada a los soldados que permanecían agazapados arriba. Naturalmente ellos también estaban escuchando aquellas perturbadoras palabras.

La enorme araña metálica giró hacia un lado su cabeza y hablo de nuevo:

- ¿Quieres ver lo que estamos haciendo en el laboratorio?

El capitán no daba crédito, ¿le estaba ofreciendo de verdad enseñarle el prototipo ORM?

Plagya continuó hablando:

- Casi más importante que ganar la batalla de las ametralladoras y las espadas es ganar la batalla de la opinión de vuestra raza. Necesito que me creas y entiendas cual es el bando "adecuado", el bando que lucha por vuestra supervivencia y progreso como civilización. Te ofrezco una muestra de confianza...Ven, acompáñame. Pero ven solo...- La araña alzó una de sus afiladas patas y le hizo un gesto al capitán para que se acercara.

Trau miró a sus soldados, que negaban con la cabeza. El capitán lo meditó un momento y se dijo que aquel era un modo magnífico de ganar tiempo y obtener información valiosa sobre lo que estaba sucediendo en el laboratorio secreto. Poco a poco, medio cojeando descendió por la rampa y se acercó temeroso a la enorme araña metalizada con patas como guadañas. Se detuvo a una distancia prudencial; al lado del Avatar de Plagya, él era el insecto...

- Os sigo, Señora - dijo el capitán sintiendo una mezcla de repulsión y fascinación, no solamente por el mortífero droide que tenía frente a él, sino por la masiva esencia cibernética, el alma, que se estaba expresando a través del avatar.

Trau, caminando trabajosamente y arropado en su maltrecha capa, siguió a la araña en su descenso por la empinada rampa. El amplio corredor estaba iluminado con una retahíla de focos de luz roja de emergencia que no cesaban de parpadear intermitentemente. La rampa se retorció un par de veces en su descenso, sumergiéndose en las profundidades de la montaña, hasta llegar a un portal con un extraño código grabado en su frontispicio. La puerta se deslizó a un lado y el capitán custodio y la araña entraron en un gran hangar, escavado en la roca viva y apuntalado por grades arcos de mampostería.

Trau se detuvo un momento para observar los innumerables artefactos y exóticos ingenios propios de un laboratorio de ingeniería avanzada que abarrotaban la gran bóveda. Unos custodios con batas de científicos estaban entretenidos manejando esotéricos displays y observando pantallas en las que se veían extrañas formas fractales.

En el centro del gran espacio, rodeado cables y suspendido por arneses había una ominosa estructura de aspecto casi orgánico y del tamaño de un rotóptero. El artefacto tenía una gran esfera en el centro y de ella emergían seis grandes diapasones, uno delante, otro atrás, uno arriba, otro abajo, y los otros dos repartidos a cada lado. Todo parecía hecho con el mismo material, un metal oscuro y poroso cuya superficie parecía inestable.

Trau advirtió que las formas que aparecían en las pantallas de las computadoras se dibujaban también de forma fractal sobre la superficie del artefacto.

Plagya hizo un gesto a Trau para que la siguiera hasta un rincón de la bóveda escavada en la roca para enseñarle una especie de piscina o fuente de una veintena de metros de diámetro llena de un líquido negro de aspecto mercurial. Al capitán le pareció que se trataba de una versión líquida del mismo material del que estaba hecho el artefacto.

En ese momento, frente a la piscina, la araña emitió un sonido extraño y cacofónico que saturó por un instante los oídos sintéticos del custodio. Trau observó que a medida que la araña "cantaba" una forma geométrica tan compleja como hermosa se formaba sobre la superficie del líquido negro que rellenaba la piscina. *Trau no pudo reprimir la tentación de tocar con sus dedos ese misterioso fluido...*

La araña se dio la vuelta, miró al asombrado Trau y luego señaló a la esfera erizada por los grandes diapasones.

- Se trata de la primera “nave cimática” con el sistema ORM incorporado...- dijo orgullosa - ...Con este tipo de tecnología podremos abrir devastadores *agujeros* en ejércitos enemigos, con esto podremos volvernos intangibles, con esto podremos escapar de *la prisión de los cilindros*, con esto podremos atravesar cortezas planetarias...pero hay mucho más capitán Trau...-

Trau sentía como el lacerante frío que irradiaba desde la herida en su pecho lo iba debilitando por momentos, ya casi no notaba sus piernas.

- ...Si, mucho más, cuando esta tecnología sea plenamente funcional podremos encontrar *un camino hacia la inmortalidad de cada uno de vuestros corpúsculos de consciencia*...- Dijo Plagya alzando sus patas en un gesto triunfal.

Trau cayó al suelo...estaba seguro de que había llegado su hora, y todo aquello debía formar parte de los desvaríos de una pesadilla crepuscular.

- Pero capitán, veo que ahora no estás receptivo para apreciar la inmensa importancia de lo que estás contemplando...Te estás muriendo – dijo la araña mirando fijamente al moribundo custodio con sus monstruosos ojos rojos.

De pronto, la araña alzó su cabeza al escuchar el característico ruido que hacían los rotópteros de la compañía aerotransportada que se aproximaban a la Torre Carmesí.

- Bueno, capitán Trau, espero que sobrevivas a todo esto, me gustaría creer que has comprendido algo más de la complejidad del tablero de juego en el que participas tan eficiente y lealmente. Ya llegan los refuerzos que esperabas y yo debo marcharme con mi precioso invento.- dijo la araña mientras agarraba delicadamente al capitán y lo arrastraba hasta la salida del hangar.

- Me muero – dijo Trau

- Eso parece, pero trata de alejarte del laboratorio pues antes de salir, voy a detonar explosivos en el hangar para que R'samna y sus entrometidos ingenieros imperiales no puedan replicar todo esto...-

- ¿Por qué me lo has enseñado? - dijo el moribundo Trau recostado sobre la pared del pasillo exterior

- Ja, ja, ja...Si sobrevives, lo entenderás, capitán....Lo entenderás, es inevitable. Ha sido un placer conocerte. Cuídate.- dijo la araña mientras se alejaba en dirección a la misteriosa nave con los diapasones.

Trau llamó por el intercomunicador a sus soldados para que le sacaran de allí; debía informar de lo que había visto, debía informar...

...Mientras esperaba, observó como tanto el arácnido avatar de Plagya como la media docena de científicos accedían a la esfera central de la nave por medio de una puerta que *se formaba* en su superficie oscura y aparentemente maleable. La nave comenzó a emitir un sonido muy fuerte, con una cantidad de armónicos apabullantes...

El asombrado Trau advirtió que la “Nave Cimática” se volvía borrosa y parecía desdibujarse y volverse translúcida. El capitán enfocó sus cansados ojos para comprobar como en ese estado de semi invisibilidad la nave se soltaba de los arneses y flotaba en dirección a una de las paredes de la bóveda escavada en la roca. De pronto, la nave se volvió intangible y atravesó lentamente la pared como un fantasma holográfico, desapareciendo de la vista del moribundo custodio...

Los soldados de Trau, corrían por la rampa sosteniendo a su capitán mientras en el hangar de abajo multitud de explosivos comenzaban a detonar; un vendaval de fuego estallaba a sus espaldas amenazando con reducirlos a ceniza. Corrían y corrían tratando de escapar...Tenían el fuego detrás y el techo se desmoronaba sobre sus cabezas, pero ellos siguieron corriendo.

Darte





∴Labyrinthos∴

Presaga Short

∴

-1-

Yromisa stood, wrapped in her fur covering, near the wet and cold entrance; waiting with the other girls her age. It was still grey outside, as it always was. But this time it wasn't snowing. It was raining! The rain water fell into the entrance, flowing down the steps of the corridor. There wasn't a day in her life she ever remembered it raining. But, she was only 5 years old. She and the other girls became excited over the rain water.

"That means it's warm outside!" One of the girls screamed excitedly.

They had learned from their elders that rain drops become snowflakes when it's cold, and becomes water drops when it's warm. Her name – *Yromisa* – meant "rain droplet" as she was born during the summer season, when it rained. Like it was raining that day. It didn't even matter to her if they couldn't go outside that day. For, inside she felt content, seeing the rain, and knowing that it was in that season – that special season – that she came into the world.

The girls stuck their little hands outside of the portal, to feel the droplets of rain fall on their fingertips. "Taste it!" Someone said. They licked their fingers, and tasted the cool sweet droplets. When the rain stops, they'll be able to go outside and ride the sleds to the shore.

"What do you think it will look like?!" One of the girls asked.

"Like this," Yromisa pulled out a green stone pendant attached to a gold chain, which was an heirloom her grandmother had given to her, "Just like this stone."

"Can we see it?" Some of the other asked as they all gathered around the green stone.

Most of the girls had never seen the color green before. Yromisa was familiar with the color. She even knew what plants, leaves, seed, and flowers, were. For she helped tend her great grandmother's secret batch of *tsrimwin* – *witch vine* – which was a sacred vine the sages grow. She pictured the shore to be covered in green in her mind. For everything in their world was white. Everything was ice and snow.

"It's going to be covered in green like the rocks in the lake, but outside of water," said Yromisa, "All of Tywla was once green. With many trees and animals. A queendom and great cities. And ancient forest of trees and plants on the mountain tops."

"There's no such things! My mother says those are just fairy tales."

"You don't know anything!" Yromisa said half angrily, half saddened. Her great grandmother had told her stories about a green world. About how many lifetimes ago, their homeland, Tywla [tee-yoo-lah], was all green. With lakes and rivers above the ground. And animals of all kinds. And there was no ice. And a great queendom owned all of Tywla.

Those other girls didn't know anything. All they know is ice. Yromisa knew, and she believed it. Those other girls were not from her caste; they wouldn't know such things. The High Sage of their tribe: Meywlath, is her very own great grandmother. The High Sages pass down ancient aural traditions through their bloodlines.

The smell and sound of the ganulaghs quickly changed the subject. The girls looked down the corridor in anticipation, then stepped back up against the walls to make way. Ganulaghs were very large badger-like creatures the size of bears. They pulled the sleds out to the shore! They are wild animals that live above the ground, but their tribe capture the babies and raise them for their fur and milk, and labour.

"You girls stay down here, while we get everything ready. The rain should stop soon." One of the big sisters said.

The big sisters were a hunting party. They were going to go up and hunt for tegerwa – a large seal-like creature – which live along the shores. Tegerwa are one of the only thing they ate, besides the fish, insects, shellfish they farm in the underground lake, and dried seaweed. Without the tegerwa, they would all die. It was a useful animal. Its fat was used as fuel to keep their underground city alight. Its meat fed them. Its hide made clothing for them. Even the bones were used. The girls had never seen live tegerwa before either. Only the killed and cut up ones.

The big sisters say the big fat ones were the size of 5 ganulaghs! And there are thousands of them along the shores. There was another sea creature far bigger than the tegerwa, which her people called ‘gebrhiug’ – *giant fish* – which were huge whale-like creatures. The gebrhiug had a hole in its head, they blow air out of. There are different kinds. Yromisa had never seen a live gebrhiug, but her hunter big sister draw pictures of them for her, and there are skulls of the giant creature in their city. It takes many hundreds of the hunting sisters to kill a gebrhiug, and the hunting warriors must risk their lives entering the icy waters to cut it up into pieces.

Only the big clans were able to bring back tegerwa and gebrhiug. This was because large clans have many strong-armed members to go out hunting. And the oil of tegerwa and gebrhiug makes you wealthy. Yromisa and the other girls were all members of the wealthiest clans in the tribe, whose big sisters were experienced members of the hunting party. The big sisters that day were going to take the girls to the surface world and out to shore, according to tradition. They had spent all their lives – 5 whole years – underground, and now they were going to see the outside world beyond the portals of their underground city.

The elders of their tribe said that long ago – over 200 lifetimes ago – Tywla was green and still in the season of Heavenly Autumn. The high sages can read the stars and can tell by the procession of the equinoxes when a Heavenly Season was coming or going. The high sages say that in the heavens is a constellation of 7 stars called Tywla just above the homeland, which their land was named after. In the constellation Tywla are three queen stars. Every 500 lifetimes, one of the queen stars becomes the polestar, around which all other stars in heaven turn. And so, the heavenly seasons come and go during the great span of aeons of time it takes the three queens to take turns ruling the heavens. The word “Tywla” came from the words “Thy-Oram” – *Colony of the Ancestors* – since it is believed that the spirit of the first of her tribe came from the Polestar and its 6 stars, and colonized the land beneath the polestar.

In ancient times, when the high sages saw that the Heavenly Season Winter was soon to come, they informed the queen of Tywla, and the ancient queen caused her people to dig tunnels underground, and to build inside the world underground cities, to shelter her people from the ice age of Heavenly Winter. The tunnels stretch for hundreds of miles, and crisscross the homeland. Legend among the tribe says that some of the tunnels once led up to fallen cities above ground. But the ice has destroyed these cities. It is unwise to venture beyond the known tunnels and underground cities too far, as you can get lost in the dark labyrinthine maze, and die of starvation.

-2-

The flat sleds, each pulled by 2 ganulaghs, carried the hunters, their weapons, and the children. In a long row, from the side of the mountain, where their portal was, and down the valley of ice, towards the shore, 30 minutes away. It was grey and cloudy outside, but it had stopped raining. As they got closer to the shore, they can smell and hear the tegerwa.

The beasts looked like gigantic worms. Black and fat. They all sat on the black rocks of by the shore. Unlike her people, there were girl tegerwa and male tegerwa. The males were like their spore-mother, who give the seed to the birth mother. The male tegerwa had two long tusks growing out of its face, pointing straight forward. They had long noses, about a foot long, which moved like a hand, with which they put things in their mouths to eat.

The girls watched from afar, at the sight of two very large male tegerwa with large sharp tusks make frightening noise and wobble toward each other to fight. They arched their backs, stood on their front flippers, and forced their head down on each other, to pierce the other with their tusks.

“Are they from different colonies!?” Some of the girls asked the hunting older sisters.

“No,” the older sisters laughed, “They are fighting for the girls. The winner gets the girls.”

The older sisters moved closer to the fighting males and threw their long spears into their fat bodies. Soon there was blood everywhere and the males stopped moving. The other older sisters had also run into the group of tegerwa, throwing their spears.

The spears were made of metal. Metalcraft had been lost for thousands of years during the Heavenly Winter. But many years before even Yromisa's grandmother was born, someone in their tribe found melted metal in a stone fire. Their people use coal, found deep in the tunnels to heat ventilation systems in their underground city. The vents circulates stale air from the tunnels and brings in fresh cold air. The elders at the time believed that the melted metal had come from a heavy silver colored rock. The people began to melt different types of rocks since then to find different types of metal ore to make tools and weapons with. With animal skin and metal, their people were able to make small boats, which they used to hunt the gebrhiug with.

"Lyethw – *little sisters* – come here!" The older sisters had called out to them. They ran over to the group of older colony sisters who had already cut open one of the tegerwa. "Eat this while it's still warm with life," They said, as they handed the little girls handfuls of the tegerwa's yellow fat. Say this first before you eat it: "May you be reborn *Hmara*." The girls did as they were instructed, and ate the dripping yellow fat. Yromisa loved the taste of tegerwa fat. It was thick, juicy, and gave a warmth to her belly and insides. The fat was precious, as the grownups used it to make oil to light up their underground world. They were handed fresh cut meat. The meat was dark red and still warm, and told to run off to the green hills.

Along a hillside, far from the shore, Yromisa sat on her knees, on a field of green moss; with sunlight shining on her face and hands. It was like nothing she had imagined. It was more beautiful. She felt the soft, velvet moss between her fingers, petting it; relishing every second. She picked a piece off the ground and placed it in her pocket, to show the elders in her clan who were too old now to come see the green moss. It was the only living color in sunlight she had ever seen. The girls laughed and giggled at each other on the moss, as their mouths and faces were covered in tegerwa blood.

After a while, Yromisa got up to look around. She had the idea of going down a bit to collect little rocks to bring back home. She turned her face away from the shore to look at the tall mountains range far away in the great distance, beyond the horizon. Her great grandmother and other high sages told her stories of ancient forests of trees on high mountain tops. Trees made once of living wood, with green flat hand like things called leaves growing out of them. She had heard legends and myths many people in her tribe say about there being forests of dead trees still standing in the far mountains. But the far mountains are dangerous. For, on the other side of those far away mountains is another colony.

In ancient times, all of Tywla was inhabited by only one colony. The high sages say that when the Heavenly Winter came, the people of Tywla had become separated across the homeland. Each separated group dug their own tunnels and built their own underground cities to survive. An after the span of 200 lifetimes, each separated group became a different colony, each with its own colony scent; each with a different colonial pheromone.

Even the look of the original colony of Tywla became different. The other colony over the far mountain range had black hair and dark brown eyes. Their colony, tribe – the *Hmara* – had white hair and yellow eyes. In ancient times some of their people had lost the melanin in their hair and came out with hair as white as the snow and ice. The elders believed that the white color hair would please the ice spirits of the land, and so the elders bred their generations with those who had snow white hair, to seek favour from the gods of the Heavenly Winter, so that their people would not suffer much.

In the days before Yromisa was born, there were battles between colonies. One colony had no food resource left and they began raiding the underground cities of her tribe. After many fights, the other colony was killed off by her colony, which calls itself the *Hmara M'kel* – *Blue Hmara* – because their scent smells and feels of the color blue, and they called themselves the *Hmara*. The black haired colony beyond the mountain range are called the *Ralsegen* – *Wet Orange Hive* – since their scent smells and feels of wet orange color.

"Come on *J'sey*," Yromisa called to her cousin, "Let's go collect rocks and bring them home!" The girls held hands and walked together down the hill. In the distance they could see hundreds more sleds coming. There people had to collect as much food and supplies as possible for the long cold season.

Her cousin, who was the same age as she was, loved little rocks, her name "*J'sey*" meant pretty rock or jewel. Her birth mother, Yromisa's own blood aunty, was the queen of their people. *J'sey's* mother, *Josath* – *Bright Smile* – is a hunter warrior who led her

friends in the old days across the ice to kill off the other colony who was periodically raiding their underground cities. The elder sages had named her worthy to be queen, and the tribe chose her to be queen. Their great grandmother, who is now the highest sage of the colony, was the queen before that.

-3-

“Let’s go out!” The leaders of the hunting pack yelled out.

“Come on,” Trinma said to her companions, as she looked out into the distance for her little sister Yromisa, just to make sure she was okay. Her name, Trinma, means “Protected,” but her companions call her “Trin.” Along her arms and back are traditional magical tattoos hunter-warriors get to protect them from misfortune and premature death. She had been in several deadly situations, but always seemed to survive. Although a Vyamentrib – *Sage Progeny* – the hunter-warrior feudal division is her chosen caste which she has always had a deep affinity for, but she wears the long hair of a Vyamentrib.

She and her three companions set out to sea in a boat made of metal and hide with some meat of the tegerwa. They paddled out into the half frozen sea with the other 50 or so boats. Each threw into the sea water beaded bracelets of different colors, pieces of metal, candles, then tapped on the surface of the sea three times, and asked the spirits of the ocean to keep them safe.

The hunting pack headed out to hunt gebrhiug. Before they can hunt the monster fish, the elder sages must consult their oracle called the Atwsmnan [*judicial oracle*]. The Judicial Oracle is made of 21 flat sticks or rocks, painted white on one side and black on the other. By counting the whites faced up, the sages can get yes-no answers to questions. The judgment of the atwsmnan is final. It is believed that the nameless spirits speak to mortals through the oracle. Only when the spirits of the ocean have given permission to hunt the gebrhiug is it safe to do so. The spirits also dictate how many gebrhiug may be hunted. No one dares defy the sea spirits concerning hunting in their domain, lest one drown or freezes to death in the cold waters. The elder sages had consulted the spirits and the hunting pack leaders had been given permission by them to hunt two of the whale-like creatures.

The hunting pack are divided into three divisions, each with a different function. The last division are boats of young warriors whose boats carry hot coal, hot oil, hot seaweed tea, warmed hide, extra weapons, and a torch. The hot coals are placed on wet seaweed so as not to damage the boats. These boats serve as the medical units. If a warrior sister falls into the cold sea water, their duty is to recover their comrade out of the water as fast as possible and do what it takes to warm the recovered sister. They are to hold their torches up high when the others are in active hunt, so everyone will know where the closest “hot boat” is at.

The second division are young warriors who have metal spears. Their work is to spear the gebrhiug with as many spears as possible. The first division are the warrior sisters who swim into the water, with sickle shaped blades or long knives to kill the gebrhiug with their hands, while they climb on top of it, holding onto the spears. It is very dangerous to hunt the gebrhiug, because although they do not protect each other, the wounded ones will try to protect itself by swimming towards your boats to capsize it.

The older experienced hunter-warriors have done this many times. They stand in their boats, fearless, majestic, and nude; in the freezing air; their bodies steaming, against the backdrop of mountainous icebergs. They have magical tattoos given to them by the elder sages that gives them the power to be warm. They have also been taught by their sage teachers the secrets of Jrikat [*method of life-force*]. Jri is believed to be the power of life-force. Through meditation and secret practices taught only to hunter-warriors, they can produce jri inside their bodies and use the jri to heat themselves. The hunter-warriors train during the night, standing still naked and jogging in the cold. Each hunter-warrior tried to build up a tolerance and generate jri to heat their bodies. With much practice, they are able to swim in the icy waters without freezing to death.

One of the hunting leaders had looked over at Trin and pointed to the water; then gestured to Trin asking if she had a blade. Trin pulled her blade out of a sheath tied to her thigh and held it up. Trin has jumped into the waters before. She trains with the older hunter-warriors at night, and was taught Jrikat by her sage grandmothers.

They make killing a gebrhiug a game and sport. Those who help kill one with a spear get a Hros – *abstract symbol* – tattooed on them signifying how many gebrhiug they have spear-killed. The ones that jump into the water, ride the gebrhiug, and kill it with their hands get the most prestigious and most admirable Hros. Trin and her companions have each 11 spear kill Hros tattooed on them; and they are only 15 years old.

The hunting pack paddled their boats out far, into a direction the elder sages said they would find some. The elder sages use pendulums to dowse for the approximate location of the gebrhiug. Meat of the tegerwa, and its blood are dumped into the ocean, to attract the monster fish.

After waiting and searching, the pack located a group of 6 gebrhiugs near them. Their six large black fins visible. The girls can see them blowing their hole for air. Each roughly 10 meters long. The pack leaders had yelled out to their boats to get to the group and get ready. As the girls get close enough to one, dozens of metal spears with hooked tips are hurled into the gebrhiugs. Immediately Trin and the others jump into the water and swim to the wounded gebrhiug nearest their boats.

Trin had grabbed onto one of the spears, with a few others, as the gebrhiug dove into the sea, leaving a trail of blood. The girls quickly dig their long bladed knives into creature's fatty flesh as often as they could. Trin had to let go and swim to the surface as she had run out of air. At the surface, gasping for air, her comrades in the hot boats scream at her to swim to them quickly as they paddle their boats to her.

She was taught to try to not ever breathe rapidly, but to hold her breath for a few minutes, make the air into hot jri by compressing the air in her belly, and breathe out the icy air slowly thru her mouth, visualizing her body on fire. Her comrades had already wrapped hot hide on her, and were rubbing hot oil on her body. After a few seconds she had gained her full senses back and drank the hot seaweed tea, while looking for the gebrhiug she was on, for her comrades. From the screaming, she knew the others she went into the water with were fine, and the location the two wounded gebrhiugs were last seen. All of the boats were already headed in that direction.

The other boats had speared the wounded gebrhiugs a second time 30 minutes later when they had caught up to them. Trin and the other jumped back in the water and climbed the nearest spear-laden gebrhiug. This time, the monster fish was slow, as it had bleed too much. She dug her long blade into the creature's neck as deep as she could pulling the blade back and forth, with their eyes closed now as the red blood of the creature filled the sea and stung her eyes. She let go and surfaced up again for air and swam to a hot boat.

She stood on the shore, wrapped in fur, with her white hair drenched in red blood, the highest mark of prestigious. As she and the group of hunters retold what happened to each other. The pack leaders, who jumped into the water with her, came by to bump-breasts with Trin and embrace her to congratulate her for her first direct kill of a gebrhiug. She'd be getting her Hros with them later. It took several hours to finally kill the two wounded gebrhiugs. The skilled workers were now in the boats, butchering the whale-like creatures for their meat and rich fat.

The elders of each clan had come out also to the shore, to negotiate with each other and take their share, as they usually did. This is where the queen and nobles were needed, as the tribe had roughly 50,000 people in it, and two gebrhiugs can't be divided with every clan. There were about 1000 clans in the tribe. What clans do not get the gebrhiugs' meat or oil must take the meat and oil of the tegerwa, until the next time the spirits permits another hunt.

-4-

Yromisa was standing next to her older sister who was laying on a bench made of polished stone. Trin was getting her first Gebrhiug Kill Hros tattooed on her shoulder. Yromisa was fascinated by everything the elder sages did. The elders say she has a natural bond with the Sage caste. The high sage Meywlath – *Bright Eye* – who was her own great grandmother, did the tattoo. Meywlath was known for her magic skills, and was the spiritual teacher of most of the warriors. The others who jumped had already gotten their tattoos and were watch and waiting for Trin.

The tattoo is made with a sharpened bone of the gebrhiug. The sharp needle bone is attached to a long, slender piece of gebrhiug bone. The sage uses a slender bone of the same creature to tap on the needle-bone. The tapping is done continuously as the sage draws out the design, dipping the needle into black ink. The high sage first places oil on her fingers, blows on the oil and chants magical incantations in whisper, then rubs the oil on Trin's shoulder where the hros is to be placed. Then the high sage begins tapping and drawing.

"This hunting season is not good. There are fewer tegerwa and even fewer gebrhiugs than last year. There used to be thousands of tegerwsa on the shores." One of the leaders of the hunting pack said to the queen and elder sages.

“Elsewhere?” The queen asked.

“Some of my girls searched other shores, as far as the domain of the Ralsegen colony. It’s the same everywhere.”

“Heavenly Winter is ending. The queens are changing in the heavens,” the High Sage Meywlath said quietly and calmly as she was focused on tattooing Trin, “Heavenly Spring is coming. The ether is changing. It is becoming warmer with each summer. Those creatures thrive in the cold. They are moving far north where it is colder.”

“But grandmother, our people depend on those creatures?” The queen said to the High Sage, “Will Heavenly Spring creatures come to Tywla?”

“It does not happen that way granddaughter. The ice has destroyed everything in Tywla. When the ice goes away, this land will be barren, for many life-times. It takes many life-times for the green to return.”

“Then what will we do? Where will we get our food?” The queen asked.

“It is time to move the colony. Fate decrees it. If our colony stays here, it will die of starvation in time. The other sages and I have already thought about this... we may first need to reduce the population of Tywla. If the Ralsegen are removed, they would not be competition for us regarding food resources. This will give us many years to relocate our colony.”

“I understand venerable grandmother.” The queen said, looking at the warrior leaders.

“Speak it among your circle and warriors;” the High Sage said to the queen, “You young ones must learn to always think aeonically. Ahead of Time. What actions you commit today, determines the fruit we will experience in the future. What actions you do not commit... also determines your future.”

“Where will we go, venerable teacher?” One of the warrior leaders asked.

“Far south, my young one. Across the ocean. Our world is round like the big moon. We live on the top of that roundness. During the Heavenly Winter the ice and coldness spreads from the top and bottom of our world to the center. And when Heavenly Spring comes, the hotness and green spreads from the center out to the top and bottom of the world, very slowly, over many life-times. We must go there. Before other colonies do, if they have survived this Heavenly Winter season.”

“Are there trees there great grandmother?” Yromisa asked, excitedly.

“Yes, little one,” she cleaned Trinma’s shoulder, and placed oil on it once more, nodding her head with a smile at Trinma to let her know her tattoo was done, “I have seen forests of trees in my spiritwalkings there, and more animals than you can name.”

The old sages practice something they call “spiritwalking” which is when they cause their spirits to leave their bodies and journey into the spirit worlds to learn from spirit teachers; bringing back what knowledge and wisdom they learn there to the mortal world. The root of the Witch Vine, gives them this power.

“You have seen this place grandmother?” The queen asked.

“Yes, and so have many of the other sages. There are plenty of legends in our aural traditions of other lands. The nearest one to us is a land under the constellation Arak. This is the one we have been to. The Judicial Oracle confirms its existence. And many of us sages have independently traced a traversable path across the ocean between the constellation Tywla and Arak, by dowsing with our pendulums.”

-5-

The colony was in commotion; talks of war and moving to a new land, filled their labyrinthine underworld. The queen – Yromisa’s Aunt – had started a contest with the tribe. The queen and hunter-warrior caste will be giving any clan of the tribe of a 10% share of each season’s total food harvest who can produce anything that will help the colony cross the ocean safely.

The different clans from different castes began to compete with each other to invent anything that would help cross the ocean. The rich clans with many canulaghs and sleds even went as far as the distant mountain range to find the fabled ancient frozen forest, to build large boats with its wood. They managed to find the trunks of ancient 20,000 year old trees.

Above the city, the elder sages worked with very experienced sled drivers during the night to teach them how to use the stars to find their way to the land beneath the constellation Arak. The experienced sled drivers associated with the warrior caste were already well trained with the craft of reading the stars.

Beneath the city, far deep in the tunnels, the warriors trained; preparing for their battle. They conducted mock battles with each other in the tunnels. There were four main groups of warrior girls. The ones who held torches and shields made of metal and hide; the ones who carried long spears, the ones who carried shields and short hand axes with single blade, and the ones who carried only an ax. The four groups worked together in different formations in the tunnels.

After many months of practice, the warriors were ready. The queen had declared the doctrinal law and practice of Layong Gwng – “*Waste Nothing*” – which meant that the meat of the Ralsegen people would be harvested for food to feed the Hmara colony. The battle would happen in three waves. The first 1000 warriors would begin the work of penetrating the Ralsegen’s underground city and producing the first kills, which will be prepared above ground to feed the second wave. The second wave of 1000 would come 10 days after the first wave left. The last wave of 1000 would come 10 days after the second wave left. Each group of 1000 would take turns fighting, collecting the bodies above ground, and harvesting their flesh.

Yromisa stood outside along the mountain side with her clan elders, holding her great grandmother’s hand, watching her sister Trinma march off with a thousand other colony sisters. She had never in her young life seen a fight between two colonies. At the front of the marching warriors was the queen – her aunty – and by the queen’s side was the young sage Prilin – *Soft Hearted* – who was her very own birth mother, younger sister of the queen, and the warrior Ktasmneth – *Strength Of Ice* – her own spore-mother and life companion of sage Prilin. The young sage Prilin was not a warrior, but she went to battle anyways to be with her sister, life companion, and her daughter Trinma. Prilin had left her blue hair wrap – what a sage wears – with Yromisa to care for, until she returns.

“The power of fate...” The elder sage Meywlath said to her great granddaughter and herself.

Trin looked back, up the mountain side, towards her little sister, to far now to be seen. Her aunt and mother had told her to stay in the back of the line with the other her age. It would be safer there. Like the others, she wore a thick fur coating and hood. Her face wrapped in fur coverings. And special eye coverings made of thin bone, with slits in them, to protect her from being ice blinded. It was in the cold season, when temperatures were well below freezing. It was the best time to attack since the Ralsegen would be in their cities using up their supplies they stocked up. She carried with her a hand axe, and long blade which was strapped to her thigh.

“We get a kill-hros tattoo for every kill we make.” Her comrade next to her said.

“You have to collect their thumbs for the group leaders to count,” Another said, “Those tattoos are worth more than killing gebrhiugs!”

“What’s the difference between a left thumb and a right thumb?” Trin thought out loud to her friends.

Her group of friends pauses and took off their gloves to look at their thumbs; and then they laughed to themselves. It was a good idea.

“I won’t tell if you sisters won’t.” Trin continued.

“Just look for bodies with two thumbs missing, and we’ll know we’re not the only one’s cheating!” One of her friends said.

They took turns dragging a medium sized sled of food and supplies. The march to the mountain range took 2 days. It would take about six days to reach the Ralsegen’s nest.

The trek up the legendary mountains took the longest to cross. There was a passage between the range and hills. Beyond the hills the first wave made camp to rest, while scouts sent out to collect information about how many portals the Ralsegens had. Every portal must be surrounded and entered, in case the Ralsegens try to escape. The young warriors in experienced with war with another colony would be sent to guard those portals under group leaders. The experienced ones would go down into their main por-

tal and begin killing. A large group of colony sisters who specialized in butchering meat went along to do their work. The young warriors would help prepare the meat.

The first wave broke up into 8 smaller groups and went their separate ways. Trin couldn't see any of her mothers in the largest group headed for the main portal.

The area just outside the portal Trin's group approached stank of a putrid smell of wet orange color, the colonial scent of the Ralsegen. She covered her nose due to the strong odor. The scent of their pheromones caused Trin to feel hatred and animosity inside. The closer she got to the portal, the stronger the feeling of hatred and animosity became. It was the first time she had experienced it. Her heart was racing, and she could feel the adrenaline in her system build up, just as she feels during a gebrhiug hunt.

"Let's go. Get into your formations. Inside, everybody. Don't let none of them pass. Kill every one of them." Their leader said, pushing her girls into the portal.

The portal was the mouth of a large cave, which led into a deep cavern. The cavern became narrow, and the wind became strong. It was colder in the narrow passage than it was outside. Deeper into the narrow passage can be seen the stalagmites and stalactites, and ice sculptures high as the wall of the cavern. The opening of the tunnel was in the side of the narrow passage.

The torch holders with their shields and the axe girls with their shields entered the tunnels first, the tunnel was two meters in diameter. The girls that carried only spears and axes stood behind their shielded sisters. This was the basic formation used to run down the tunnels. A group of sisters carried chalk and pigment, with which they marked the walls of the tunnels with numbers, to help them find their way back out. The troop had been marching down the tunnels for an hour before encountering anything. But then, as they got deeper into the nest of the Ralsegen, they could here loud commotions, yelling, and screaming in their foreign language. And then the sound of many footsteps running in their direction. The sisters up in the front of the formation screamed and began charging.

"They're not warriors! It's their old ladies and children trying to escape!" One of the leaders said up front, as everyone was running and killing the first Ralsegens.

"They don't have weapons! Kill them all!! Now!"

"May you be reborn Hmara!"

"Chase them down! Don't let them get away!"

The small group Trin was in had chased down a group of young girls not more than 9 years of age, crying and screaming. She swung her hand the blade of her ax into their heads and faces with intense hatred and animosity. The scent of the Ralsegens had driven her group beyond rational thinking, and into the domain of instinct.

"One... two... three... I got three!" Trin yelled, counting her kills.

"I'm on my 9th one!" Some sister yelled out.

Trin stood still for a second before an old Ralsegen lady, with her ax frozen in the air. The old lady was on the ground in a defenseless position crying, with her hands trying to protect her face from Trin, "May you be reborn Hmara!" She struck the old Ralsegen lady in the head. She cut the old lady's thumbs off, as her comrade next to her watched.

"Here, one for me, one for you. You owe me one." Trin said to her friend, passing a thumb to her.

A larger group of adults and children came running into their.

"Get after them!"

The adults had said something in their language to the children, who had run into a different tunnel, and the adults ran towards the Hmara girls unarmed and screaming. The girls speared and struck them down with axes.

The troop had held their ground, continuously killing every Ralsegen person who came their way for several hours. They sat in the corridor of the tunnel they were guarding, resting and eating to regain energy. The meat of the fresh killed were used as food for the troops. They had made a fire with the fur coverings of the Ralsegens.

"I've never eaten... people meat before." Trin said, waiting for the meat to cook.

"I got used to it," Said one of the leaders, "Back before you were born, we had a famine. We didn't have enough food to feed the colony. Your spore-grandmother was queen back then. She declared Layong Gwng [*waste nothing*]."

"What do you mean?" Trin asked.

"Our elderly colony sisters were asked to give their bodies to feed the young. To lay down their lives for the colony. Many did. Their wrists were just according to tradition, and the sages would massage their arms to make the blood run out. They say it's painless."

"My great aunts? My other great grandmother?"

"Yeah... like I said: many did give their lives up for us."

"I just assumed they all died of old age. Nobody told me this."

"It was noble of them."

She looked at her meat, which she held in her hand, thinking about what she had learned. The older warriors sisters were eating their meat. Trin took a bite, and ate her meat, like everyone.

Days later, the second wave had come. A group of them had come to relieve Trin's group of tunnel duties. Trin's group now had the duty of dragging their kills out to the ice for the butchers and help cut the meat up. The ice gradually turned red, strewn with hacked bodies.

When the third wave came, Trin and one of her groups leaders headed out to the main portal several hours away to collect news regarding the queen and Trin's mothers.

The main portal was littered with hundreds, and hundreds, of bodies, and more were being brought out. The ice was bloody red as far as the eye can see. Many of the bodies were just bones with their meat stripped off.

"Any news of the queen and her kin?" Trin's group leader ask one of the older warriors.

"As far as I know, they're all still down there. First, second, and third wave. I just got relieved myself yesterday. It's a blood bath down there. We're talking rivers of blood ankle deep in some places."

"What kind of weapons do they have?"

"Rocks. Something happened to their people. It's hard to imagine we and they came from the same ancestral Tywla people. They're primitive. No metalcraft. No writing. Just blades made of stone, and booby traps everywhere. Half of my group got whipped out by booby traps down there."

"Come on..." The group leader said to Trin, "They're fine."

"Yeah..." She nodded, looking back at the entrance one last time, as she walked away.

-6-

It had been a couple months since her elder sister and mothers went to battle. She was sleeping with her cousin J'sey and a pet ganulagh, which helped keep them warm during the night. The three shared a traditional sleeping tent called a Spoles – *inside tent* – made of hide and fur, circular in structure, with bedding on the flooring of the tent. The tent is located in a chamber that was a part of a clan house, cut out from the rock of the mountain. You are never to sleep with your back directly on the ground, as the ground would absorb your jri – *lifeforce* – and drain you of your energy which would make you sick. Some – the very old and very young – die in their sleep if they lose enough jri during the night. The underground city gets very cold; spoleses and hot baths are the few warm places.

"Misa! Misa?"

She woke up, hearing her birth mother calling. The sound of footsteps came closer to her spoles. She ran out of her tent into the corridor.

“Here! I’m here! Mothers?!”

Outside in the corridor her two mothers waited with smiles. She ran to be embraced by them. They each gave her a kiss.

“I missed you. Is it over; the fight? Where’s big sister?”

“It’ll be over soon. Your big sister is fine. She’ll return soon.” Her birth mother said.

“We came to say goodbye,” Her spore-mother said, stroking her hair, “We have to go.”

“Where to? The new land? Take me with you.”

“Far away Misa. You can’t come with us saya [*love*]. We’ll be together again saya.”

Prilin and Ktasmneth got up and began to walk away.

“Wait! Don’t go! Please take me with you!” She said running down the corridor after them, crying.

She was crying so hard, she woke up; and realized that it was a dream. She ran outside the tent into the corridor anyway, to look, still crying.

Her grandmother had come in the morning to take her to the communal hot bath. Someone in their tribe, long ago accidentally re-discovered cement while burning stones. Limestone had been burned and turned to ash. This ash became wet and turned hard. Since then they have had cement and concrete to build with.

Different groups of people build hot baths to share them. The hot baths are built on top of many square pillars a meter high, separated at about a meter apart from each other. Coal is placed in between the pillars and burned. Hollow bricks make up the walls of each hot bath. The heat and fumes of the coal rises up the hollow bricks, warming the walls, and the fumes travels upwards into a ventilation system.

The large hot baths are built near the large underground lake and river, so that water can be irrigated through clay tubes to fill up the baths. The bath water can be irrigated back into the lake. The baths are not far from the tunnel which leads to the coal mine. Their people use pendulums to dowse for coal, salt, and ore. Each group of people are responsible for maintaining their own hot baths.

Before the bath, is the part Yromisa hates. Her grandmother strips her and lathers her shivering body and hair with warm a washing mud called Ksteph, which is made from coal ash, fine dirt, and mashed seaweed. Her grandmother pours cold water from the lake on her to wash the ksteph away.

“Ah! It’s cold!”

“It’ll wake you up,” Her grandmother said with a smile. She washed away the mud, “Into the bath you go.”

She walked into the very warm bath to join the others, while her grandmother lathers herself with Ksteph. The bath is fairly large and can hold about 100 people. Her communal bath is one of several that belong to the noble and sage caste of the colony. Her great grandmother was covering J’sey with the mud. She watched from the comfort of the hot water at her cousin, sadistically waiting for the ice cold water to be poured over J’sey, with a smile on her face.

The two girls played with each other and a few other girls their own age, as the elder ladies talked among themselves about the affairs of the colony and the move. The old ladies will be checking the whole colony for workers and hunters, those belonging to the crafter-merchant caste for people with long life lines and fate lines on their hands. For the journey across the ocean would be perilous, and those with long life and fate lines may have a better chance of survival. The oracle must be consulted as well.

“Did you see the wooden long row-boat that crafter clan made from tree trunks they brought back from the mountains?” One of the elder ladies asked her peers, “Interesting feat of engineering! They have the idea of bonding two such long boats together by metal poles, fishing net goes between the two boats, and the food and water supplies are housed in the net.”

“What kind of trees were they?” Another asked.

“We think Tsokoop. The judicial oracle said they were. Some of the trunks had very hard black resin. Just like our ancient legends describe.”

"I've tried burning the resin," another informed, "Very distinct aroma. I'm sure it's koopjet [*black incense*]."

"Any frozen seeds found?" The high sage Meywlath asked her peers.

"Yes. In fact, I have some in the library."

"Let's send the seeds with the first scouting party. I'd like to regrow a forest of tsokoop in the new land. So we may bring back the tradition of burning black incense." The high sage said, thinking out loud.

As the old ladies were speaking among themselves, Yromisa had come by to sit near her great grandmother. She liked to listen in on their conversation.

"Great grandmother," She said to the high sage, "I had a bad dream last night about my mothers."

The high sage's attention became focused suddenly on the little girl and what she had just said, her old heart skipped a few beats, "Oh? What happened in the dream saya?"

"I heard my two mothers calling for me outside my spoles. I ran out into the corridor, and they embraced me. I was happy to see them and said I missed them. They said they came to say goodbye and that they were leaving far away. I asked if I could go with them, but they told me I could go. They walked away. Then I cried very hard, and woke up."

The chattering of the old ladies gradually stopped as they noticed the high sage weeping, with her lips pressed up against Yromisa's forehead.

"What's wrong mother?" Yromisa's grandmother – birth mother of Prilin – asked. Yromisa's other grandmother – birth mother of Ktasmneth – came closer to her weeping and saddened mother.

"Prilin and Ktasmneth's spirit came to visit Yromisa last night... to bid her farewell. You're daughters have departed the mortal realm."

They both clutched their hearts, and shook their heads in denial. Then began to weep. They looked at Yromisa, with their tear filled eyes, who was beginning to understand what her dream revealed.

Summer had returned. Many months had gone by with the warriors gone. They were returning home with meat. A line of empty sleds began leaving the colony for the Ralsegen nest to bring back everything. Slowly, the warriors came home.

Yromisa went outside as often as she was able to, to watch and wait for her mothers and sister to come home also. She didn't believe what the elder sages said. It was just a bad dream. The returning warriors had already reported to the high sage and nobles about information of casualties on their side. The elders didn't know how to tell little Yromisa.

It had been a couple weeks and she had not yet seen her big sister. She waited in her spoles saddened, with J'sey who sympathized with her.

"Misa?" Her older sister called out, entering the tent.

She ran to Trinma, who knelt, to embrace her little sister tight, in silence for a long time; crying; her tears falling on Yromisa's shoulder; "Are mothers on their way home too?" She asked.

"No... no. They have died in battle. It's just us two now Misa."

-7-

The Scouting Party had been chosen. For many months the sages studied the stars and spiritwalked. The land they now call "Phra Arak," – *Arak Country* – is located under the constellation of Arak when this constellation is due southeast at a 45 degree angle. The constellation is a southern group of stars that can only be seen in the distant nigh horizon. The elders kept track of how long it takes for Arak to traverse the sky from one end to another. And each constellation that followed Arak, which rested over the area where Phra Arak should be was recorded, and their time to reach that spot was recorded.

The sled drivers who would captain boats practiced for months driving sleds across the ice according to the stars and procession of the constellations recorded. Hour glasses were used to keep track of time. Should the sky be cloudy at night, they must stop and

wait. The boats would be rowed across the ocean by strong-armed warriors, for the unknown amount of time it would take to reach Phra Arak.

Dried and salted meat, dried seaweed, and paste made from shrimp like creatures would be their only food. Water kept in ceramic containers would provide their drinking water. A crafter clan had invented a metal pot with a long descending snout that successfully produced drinkable water from boiling seawater. This device, along with some coal and flint, would be sent with them in case of emergencies. They would be sent with six months' supply of food and water. If they do not reach Phra Arak before six months, they will all starve to death out at sea. A team of workers, engineers from the crafter caste and the warriors will build new boats once they get to Phra Arak; assuming there are trees. Meanwhile, the colony will continue to build different types of boats as well.

The scouting party left in the summer, when the ice sheets off the coast just beyond their portal mostly broke apart or melted. Along with them was a little girl no more than 5 years of age. The girl was a good luck charm whom the gods, through the judicial oracle had stated was fated to live a long life. The sea goddess had blessed the expedition after offerings and sacrifices were given to her, and she had promised to give them safe passage.

The elders and gods had already picked the second party to go to Phra Arak. The second party would begin colonizing the new land, help build ships, and bring back food resources, as the homeland was becoming less abundant of food to feed the colony. Among the second party chosen was Trinma, and her little sister Yromisa, who was the good luck charm the gods had picked.

And so, Trin and Yromisa stood together at the shores of Tywla, watching attentively, the first of their people leave Tywla for a distant unknown land, across the mysterious vast ocean.

"If we die out in the ocean, we can die together!" Yromisa said to her sister, in an almost happy and humorous tone.

"Yes, together, like our mothers," She said to her little sister, smiling, "But the elders say, there are no if's with fate. Fortunately, we're fated to live long lives!"

In the meantime, Trinma had come of age. She was 16 years old, and in a few days, she and the other 16 year olds of the tribe will perform the traditional rite of passage to become an adult of their colony. The rite of passage is kept secret by all who have gone through it.

The 16 year olds were broken into groups on the first day of the rite. Trin's head was covered with a fur hood to blind her and placed on a sled outside. She could sense other girls on her sled with her. She tried to keep track of her orientation and which direction they were taking her to. They took her and the girls she was with, out further than she had expected. It was three days before they had reached some destination. During the way they had given her dried meat to eat.

She was taken by a firm strong hand off the sled and guided into what felt like the entrance of a cave or tunnel. Trin immediately guessed that they had taken her to the vacated nest of a different colony. The initial passage way was very cold and windy, but after going deeper, the air became still and stale. She was caused to rest after many long moments of walking in twisting tunnels. At one point she felt herself walking on some sort of narrow bridge made of metal. She heard other voices instructing girls to rest in front and behind her. After being taken on a twisted walk for several hours they had stopped at some place. She heard running water in the near distance. Her guide caused her to kneel.

"There is a hole in front of you," her guide's voice said, "The hole leads into a small room in which you will stay for a month. You may take your hood off when you enter the room. You may not leave the room for any reason other than to use urinate, defecate, and bathe. You will use the running water you hear for this. Every three days someone will bring food for you. If you wander around, you will get lost and die. You cannot talk to the other girls. If you talk, and we hear, you will stay down here for an extra month. Go in the hole."

Trin crawled into a hole about a meter round. She felt the hole leading into a small room or chamber. She took her hood off and could only see a dim light moving away outside the hole. Her eyes ached from seeing the light, since her eyes had been covered for many hours. When the lights moved far away and the footsteps became faint, everything was very dark, except for a very dim light. She stuck her head out of her hole to investigate. Looking to her right, down the tunnel, she saw the heads of other girls sticking out of their holes. One face she recognized as a friend from her hunting caste. Her friend squinted in her direction, then

smiled, and pointed at the light, where the running water was. Her friend crawled out of her hole, and she did likewise. The two girls walked silently to the running water, some other followed behind.

The water came from a tunnel a few meters above them, creating a water fall. The water collected into a long sloped and shallow irrigation canal, leading into small holes with iron rods blocking the holes. Trin guessed she was looking at the restroom facilities. She looked at the other girls, and her friend and shrugged her shoulders. Then took off her fur boots and fur pants and went to squat in the shallow canal to empty herself. Her friend did likewise, and then the others. The two friends laughed a muffled laugh at each other.

Every three days a few older women came by to leave some dried slices of salted meat in front of their hole. Each older women wore a hood with small eye opening and said no words to them, nor made eye contact. Trin recognized the taste of the meat. It wasn't tegerwa or gebrihug. It was Ralsegen meat. She looked over at her friend a few holes down who also recognized the meat. The other girls may not have known what they were eating.

She had lost track of time inside the small chamber. In the silence and the monotonous sound of cascading water, her thoughts and memories came up to the surface, as she crouched up against a wall. The Ralsegen meat caused her to think of the long battle and of her mothers; and her poor little sister. Trin found herself crying in the dark, with her face between her knees.

The days turned into weeks. Her friend had eventually snuck into her chamber, dragging her bedding provided with her. The older women didn't check the inside of the chambers. And so the two girls kept each other company, sharing their bedding and bodies' naked warmth.

The waterfall was not cold, but warm. Somewhere up in the tunnels the grownup had a hot bath installed nearby.

"Who do you think it belongs to?" Trin's sister warrior asked in a whisper as they were bathing each other in the waterfall.

"The older warrior women. They must have built a bath here when they killed off this colony. At least we know they didn't leave us here to die."

Her friend was sitting in front of her, with her hair off her back, since Trin was scrubbing it for her. The two girls took turns scrubbing each other's back. Both covered in tattoos.

"What do the tattoos of the Moogrhen – *giant squids* – on your backs mean?" One of the other girls asked the two very close friends bathing each other.

"You earn one Moogrhen when you have killed 500 enemies in battle." Trin said. She had two giant black squid tattooed on her back. One on each side."

"Actually, when you collect 500 thumbs of people you kill. Trin cheated." Her friend said.

"What? I did not!" She changed the subject, after laughing, "What caste are you sisters from?"

"Skilled Workers." "Crafter-Merchants." They said.

"You can join the hunter-warrior caste with us," Trin's friend informed, "I was born in the Skilled Worker caste. They'll take you in if you have the right stuff."

"What would we have to do?" A couple of the interested Skilled Worker girls asked.

"Kill." Trin answered frankly.

-7.1-

At the end of the month, the hooded women came by each hole with a bag and had ordered the girls to listen to their instructions carefully.

"You have each been given a bag to carry. Inside you will either see items or food. A map has been provided for you in one of the bags. You will find your way out and home by yourselves, or die. You can begin when the lights have been extinguished, but not sooner." The women walked away in different directions.

The girls stood there for a while waiting for the lights to go out soon as the footsteps went quiet, but it didn't.

“Everybody check your bags for anything to make light and fire with. When they put the lights out, it’s going to be pitch dark.” Trin ordered the other girls.

“I have candles!”

“I got the map!”

“Bring the candles over here,” Trin’s friend said, “Let’s go light them at the waterfall.”

The several girls went to the waterfall and lit a few candles, then went back to their tunnel to inspect map and other bags. The map was drawn on hide and was of a labyrinthian maze of networks of tunnels. But the map showed no sign of where they were in the underground maze. There were symbols indicating a waterfall, but 6 of them. They could be at anyone. The two experienced hunter-warrior girls organized the other girls.

“We need a sister to be the light girl. Look in your bags for chalk or anything to mark the walls of the tunnels with. Some sister needs to mark numbers on the walls in sequential order as we pass each tunnel. This way we don’t get lost and walk in circles. Another sister takes care of the food. We need to ration the meat and only eat when we really need to.”

Trin was going through the bags for useful items. Finding a few pendulums she asked, “Any sister here know how to use pendulums to dowse with?”

“My grandmothers are sages. I think I can make them work.” One of the girls answered.

“I have dowsed before.” Another said.

“Good, come here and use those pendulums to figure out which waterfall on the map we’re at.

The two dowsing girls took turns using the pendulums to try and figure out which waterfall they were at. Eventually, they both got agreed on the same possible waterfall. Then the lights went out. The entire place had become pitch black, except for the three candles they had burning.

“We all hold each other hair and stay close to the wall. One candle in the front, one in the middle, one in the back. Map girl, you stay in front with us. Dowser girls, you two are in front also with map girl. Writer girl, you go in the back and mark the walls. You girls in the back remember the tunnels and wall numbers. Mark this tunnel as number one. Let’s go.”

“We marked it!” A few voices said from the back.

“Which way map sister?” Trin’s friend asked.

“Uh... to the right. There should be a left turn very far away.”

The girls walked in a single file, holding onto each other’s hair. Their tunnel did lead to a left turn, which eventually took them to a place with three portals leading into three different tunnels. They followed the tunnels which led upwards, leading to another waterfall.

Eventually Trin’s group of 25 girls, met up with another group of 25 girls, who had organized themselves in a similar way. The two groups merged, and self-organized as they trekked their way upwards.

Their pathway they took had led them to a chasm in their path. The chasm was about three meters wide, and it dropped deep into what looked like a well of water. On the other side of the chasm were narrow metal bridges. Between their ledge and the other side of the chasm was hanging a knotted rope, just beyond reach.

“Get the rope from the bags. We’ll have to jump for the hanging rope to get to the other side.” One of the de facto group leaders said. A small group of girls, which included Trin, had become the leaders of the group of 50.

Trin, her fellow warrior friend, and another warrior friend of theirs from the other group were tying ropes around themselves. Around the legs and groin area, then long ways crisscross around their torso. The two warrior friend of Trin’s jumped first, one after the other, and swung themselves to the other side of the chasm. Trin followed.

“I remember walking past one of these.” Trin said.

“Me too.” Her other comrade said.

“We only need to use one.”

The girls tied one of their ropes that was around their bodies to one end of the metal bridge, which wasn't very heavy. They tied another rope to the other end of the bridge.

“Listen! You sisters on the other side pull on the rope to bring the bridge to you, while we pull on our side! Don't let the bridge fall into the chasm! We only have two!”

The girls pulled on the bridge, and after a while successfully bridged the gap of the chasm. The tunnel they were in took an hour to trek down. After wandering down pathways of the underground maze city, they had made their way into a tunnel leading into a windy cavern. The tunnel had sleds, and ganulaghs. They sent a party outside the cavern to see if it was day or night. It was a dark, icy, night outside.

Their map had become useless now. They were outside the underground city, but were now unaware of where exactly they were. They agreed to wait for the sun to come up. They knew the sun came up in the east, and knew their home city was in a valley between mountains. The sunlight shoots into the main portal into their city, so it faced east. By the light of the two moons, they could see several groups of mountains.

The dowsing girls came out to try and figure out which mountain group their home was. The little group of leaders stayed outside to watch for the sun to rise, and the others slept in the tunnel with the ganulaghs.

It was freezing outside. Ice had built up on Trin's long white eyelashes and on her eyebrows and fur coat. The several hunter-warrior girls walked around in circles to keep themselves awake, while chanting a deep vibrating chant to vibrate their lungs, causing the jri in their bodies to warm their insides.

The sun slowly came up, behind the cavern and hill they were at. The mountain range picked out by the dowsing girls during the night seemed right. They ran inside to build the sleds.

“The sun's up! The east is behind us! Get up! Let's put the sleds together outside.”

They rode off towards the dowsed mountains. It would take three days to reach home. In the distance beyond they can see a large group of other girls sledding in the same direction. Eventually Trin's group had caught up and the groups merged into a group of over a hundred 16 year old girls.

The girls had made it home in three days. As they entered their home city, they were welcomed with beating drums, warm food, seaweed tea, and their families. They would rest for two days, and return to their rite of passage place to listen to a speech and be given the second part of their rite. As they rested, another group of one hundred 16 year olds were taken out.

Being alone in the darkness of the hole she was in for a month changed Trin inside. Her experience caused her to wordlessly realize in her heart the value of love, family, and friendship. She had given her grandmothers a big hug. And, after kissing her on the lips, gave little Yromisa an even bigger hug.

The rite of passage place was a large cavern far below their underground city. For centuries the cavern had been the place where pubescent girls were made into adult women in their tribes. The 100 girls sat on the floor of the cavern, waiting for the group leaders to speak. The group leader came out, wearing a fur hood to cover her face, as it is tradition that the initiators of womanhood remain anonymous and faceless. They represent the living culture and spirit of the tribe, and not any person.

“During the first part of your initiation into womanhood you all were separated from the colony and segregated,” The hooded leader said, “For one lunar month according to ancient tradition, you were divided and kept apart. And then you were brought back together to find your way home. This was to teach you the most valuable lesson we have to teach you, which is the living spirit and culture of our colony. That you will die alone, and will live together.

“It teaches you the lesson of the importance of sisterhood and cooperation! Even though you all were separated and divided apart, you eventually found each other, socialized, and made bonds with one another. This is to teach you from direct experience that there is no such thing as individuality. That it is a living instinct for us to need each other and to form societies. Sisterhood is therefore natural, as is society.

“It is by the power of sisterhood that our people have lasted as long as we have during this Heavenly Winter. It is by the power of cooperation that our people have become what we are today. You each must maintain the sacred fire of sisterhood and cooperation as women, if our colony and society is to continue to thrive. Or don’t have offspring and sex. If not, then your own children, and their children, will die. It doesn’t get any simpler than that.

“We aren’t the only people and creatures on Ehridi. The goddess of Nature is not kind. Her law is to Eat or be Eaten! To kill or be killed. To thrive or die. You sisters must either manifest sisterhood and cooperation, or you and your own children and their children will be vanquished, be killed, or be eaten! We need each other to survive Time and the Change Time brings, just as you sisters needed each other to find your way home.

“The other important lesson your experience you have had gives you is that although we are sisters of one colony, we are not created equal. Some of us are very intelligent, some are not. Some of us are strong and brave, other are not. Some of us are noble in character, others are not. Some are blessed with spiritual light, and other are not. Some are blessed with the skill of productive work, others are not. We are not equal. But we need each other to survive. We each have our strengths and weaknesses. And it is when we have come together to support, complement, and temper each other’s strengths and weaknesses that a powerful functioning society is born.

“And so, our society is divided into 5 castes: the Skilled Workers, the Crafter-Merchants, the Hunter-Warriors, the Noble Leaders, and the Sages. It is our own nature that will fit us into one of these caste in which we each will excel. No caste is more better or demeaning or undignified than the other. These are just the divisions society will naturally develop. In the same sense that you sisters naturally developed a small organized society of leaders, workers, dowers, and so on, based on the skills and nature of person that the gods have given to you each.

“Just as you sisters became organized and structured, so too does society become organized and structured. All societies must have order and structure, or it will die. It is by society and mutual dependency that we as members of such society live and spawn children. It is by society and the sharing of skills and resources that our children and their children inherits a functioning colony and nest. It is because of those who came before you; who have passed on; that you young sisters have your society, colony, and the nest you live in, with all its creature comforts.

“And so after being separated, you were returned to us after your adventure and test. Now, today, you will be made adult women! Full members adult members of our society and tribe! Around me are Five large ceramic pots. Each marked with the symbol of one of the Five castes. You will each come to pick one of these castes to belong to. You can only change your caste every 10 years. If you chose a caste you do not truly fit into because of your nature, you will be returned to the caste of your birth mother.

“Inside each pot are stones with is a number and two letter inscribed upon them. Each number and letter is associated with a pair of tribal kin who will be your teachers for one year. For one year you will be wed-locked to the pair you have picked. You will live with them for a year who will be of the caste you have chosen. Your pair of elder sisters will teach you how to be productive women, sexually, physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, and domestically. They will teach you the other important lesson you must learn. That you must be functioning adults of society, able to maintain healthy relationships with, and able to have and maintain families. For all society is built upon the foundation of family and adult-sexual relationships. And so therefore, each of you must have knowledge and experience in such matters.

“When you have completed one of direct study with your womanhood teachers, you will be considered full-fledged adult women like us. Nothing you have experienced or will experience about your rite of passage into womanhood must be spoken of. Each generation must learn about it in living motion as you have. As we all have. Make a line, and come up one by one to pick a stone.”

Trin got into the line with everyone. She had already chosen her caste long ago. She was just nervous about what pair she was going to be married to for a year. One by one the girls picked a stone from one of the 5 large pots, and walked to a secretary by the pots who wrote down things on a long roll of parchment.

“What did you get?” Trin’s friend asked her.

“21BM. What did you get?”

“5WT. This is going to be awkward.”

The two girls were in line with everyone else to give their stones to the secretary.

"Name and clan please." The secretary said, holding her hand out for Trin's stone.

"Trinma Prilin of Clan Aran."

"Trinma... 21BM," Mumbled the secretary as she looked down her long parchment, "Elya Rws of Clan D'napuh and her life-mate will be your womanhood teachers for the year. May you be an excellent woman. Next!"

"May you be an excellent women... next." Trin said mocking the secretary to her friend.

"That's bureaucracy for you."

Each girl was taken by a guide, who took them to the home of their chosen womanhood teachers. Trin was taken to a large warrior clan home, many of its members she was already acquainted with.

"Elya, this is Trinma Prilin of Clan Aran, pupil." The guide said, introducing Elya to her new pupil; and then leaving.

"Sawenye [*may you be blessed*]." Trin said, giving her woman teacher the proper traditional greeting of clasped hands, as a sign of honoring your elders.

"Sawenye Trin. What a pleasant surprise, we were expecting it to be you. You've met my life-mate Areya – *Dawn* – before haven't you?" She said offering the Tyos [grip] as a response to Trin's clasped palms. As a person older than Trin, Elya doesn't clasp her palms together. The Tyos is given by placing the right hand on the Heart, the left palm open and showing, as a sign that you open your Heart to the other person. The two people then grip the left hand by the thumbs, and kisses the other person's left hand. The joining of the left hands symbolizing the union of Hearts. The Tyos evolved from offering your hand for another colony mate to smell in ancient times, since the Ehridihma have many of their pheromone glands in between the web of their fingers. It was a way of proving that you were kin.

Elya introduced Trin to the rest of her family and elders, then took her to where she will be sleeping at for the year.

"You'll be sleeping with Areya and myself in our Spoles – *bedroom tent* – for the year. My family will treat you as one of our own of course. And, as per tradition, for the time you are here, Areya and I will love you and care for you as a wife. You may bring your belonging here if you like."

"Thank you Ch'ni [*older sister*]. I have a little sister about 5 years old?"

"Oh, she may live here for the year with you. We have children her age. They can be playmates. I know how awkward this if for you right now. I've been where you are, so has Areya. You'll get used to everything in a month or two."

Elya is 40 years old, and Areya is 35. Both are now hunting pack leaders. Their clan's blood has been rooted in the warrior caste and its way of life for hundreds of years. Both of their bodies are covered in tattoos, like Trin's.

-7.2-

The heads of all the clans collected in the large underground cavern for their traditional annual "Blood Spawn" contests. This is a time when the clans of the colony show off their fruits. The elderly ladies seat themselves around the cavern in twisted mazes, creating a long winding pathway of close scrutiny for the contestants to walk.

The first few days will be the ancient beauty contest. When clans enter their most well-designed 16 year old girls in a contest for the Most Beautiful "new women" of the colony. The elderly women, and elderly judges are old and sexless people. Their beauty contest has nothing to do with sex per se, it's all about aeonic breeding, and the will for power. For such beautiful blood spawn; being the most attractive girls; are used as tools by these clan elders to marry into wealthy and powerful clans. Their prized granddaughters are used as a means to gradually elevate their bloodlines into higher feudal ranks. And social classes. The days after the beauty contest, is the Most High Quality "new women" contest. These are the girls not bred for their looks per se, but for their quality, ethos, or nature.

Trin had been nominated by many of the clans to participate in the most high quality new women contest. She walked slowly, behind and in front of the other 16 year olds, nude, along the winding pathways of old women, who scrutinized every inch of her

body. Her numerous tattoos; especially her two giant squid tattoos; and her toned, sharp, muscular physique; grabbed the attention and interest of the elderly women, who poked and prodded her flesh, felt the firmness of her breasts, arms, hair, buttocks, legs. Which was the same thing they did with their ganulagh trading contests.

The elders can tell how intelligent you are by the shape of your head, face, forehead. They look at the lines of your palm for indications of longevity of life, good fate. On each contestant is a number written below the neck and between the collar bone. The elders will write the numbers of the ones they like on a stone or parchment, and give these over to the judges.

Trin had won the most votes as the most high quality new woman of the colony. In the colony's ganulagh contests, the male ganulaghs of the highest quality are rented for their sperm by clans to impregnate their female ganulaghs. The new women who have earned high votes of being top quality are valued for their spores, and clans will trade resources to have such high quality women impregnate their females, to breed new, better offspring. But Trin had caught the attention of the wealthiest clan of the colony, whose blood spawn had won the most beautiful new women contest. The elder ladies of Clan Asmilok approached the elders of Clan Aran with a proposition.

"Our clan is interested in marrying your great granddaughter Trinma to our granddaughter Jsetni [*Solar Gem*], who recently won the most beautiful new women contest; reverend sister." Binra – *noble lady* – Asmilok said to the high sage Meywlath.

Clan Asmilok, whose family name means "Dark River," began as a commoner family in ancient times who lived near an underground river of the same name. They had worked be skilled in trades, and eventually elevated themselves to the caste of Crafter-Merchants. As merchants, they became wealthy, and began to breed very beautiful girls as a means to gradually infiltrate the other caste. Their clan is one of a handful of clans who transcends the caste system as they have progeny and spawn in all of the castes. In olden days, a previous queen ennobled their clan to the status of Binra of the peerage of nobles. For clan Asmilok has a large sphere of influence and was able to get this queen elected.

Clan Aran, whose name means "In Ascent," are an ancient noble family, whose blood is rooted in the upper three castes of sage, noble, and warrior.

"Your clan spawn Jsetni is a very beautiful girl, of a worthy and admirable noble clan. I have no disagreements if the two of them becoming life-mates. Fate willing." The high sage said to Binra Asmilok.

"Indeed, fate willing. We can read their horoscopes together, to see if they are fated to be and if they are compatible. I believe that the wealth of my clan and the power of your clan united can help our colony become better than it is in time. If you understand what I am trying to say, reverend sister. My clan would be willing to give your clan 50 heads of ganulaghs and 10 tons of salt rocks for Trinma. In exchange for an offering for Jsetni?"

"What do you have in mind Binra?"

"Just a modest amount of gold, is all reverend sister," The Brinra said modestly, then added, "and a promise from the queen that clan Asmilok and our enterprises will get a large track of property with guild rights in the new land of Arak." Guild Right is when a guild chartered by a queen has the power to monopolize territory and own all of its mineral and biological resources.

"I see. Perhaps I can convince my granddaughter [the queen] to grant your request. If we can get a promise from your clan in return?"

"You have but to ask, reverend sister."

"That you not associate your blood spawn with clan Vyakme."

"Of course, reverend sister. We're aware that there is a long rivalry between clan Aran and clan Vyakme. My clan has always been loyal to your bloodline. Which is why we are offering this chance of union between our two clans. If Trinma and Jsetni have offspring, their children would be both very wealthy and politically powerful."

"You are aware that Trinma is scheduled to leave for the new land during the second wave? Your granddaughter would have to leave with Trinma."

"Then let it be so. She would help pick out the property you will promise give to us."

“Let me speak this over with the queen who has adopted Trinma as her daughter.”

“Yes, please. We hope you can convince the queen, reverend sister. In the meantime, may I invite the elders of clan Aran and Trinma to dinner at our clan home? It would be an honour. So the two young ones can see each other?”

“Yes, thank you. We’ll come for dinner. Let’s see if the two like each other. Shall we read their horoscope then Binra!”

The two old ladies had read the horoscopes of Trinma and Jsetni and learned that the two were compatible, would last very long together, and were fated to be together. Later the high sage spoke with her granddaughter the queen about the proposition offered by clan Asmilok. The queen agreed to the proposition and had a talk with her niece, whom she had adopted as a daughter after Trinma’s mothers were mortally wounded during the war.

“The elders of clan Asmilok wants to marry you with their blood spawn Jsetni, who just recently won the beauty contest. They say they will give us 50 heads of ganulghs, and 10 tons of salt rocks for you. They are demanding a “modest” amount of gold and large property in the new land. I love you as my own daughter Trin, and would happily give up what little gold I have for Jsetni. I also have no problems giving them the land they requested. But if you don’t honestly like Jsetni, then we would have made clan Asmilok more wealthy and powerful for no reason. I would personally like you to marry Jsetni, because they have promised not to mix their blood with clan Vyakme; but the choice is ultimately yours. What you choose, will have an influence on our future.”

“I’ll do it for you Mnyayma [*aunt-mother*] and for our clan. May I see her first? To see if I will be able to like her?”

“Of course. They have invited us over to their clan home for dinner tomorrow evening. Inform your womanhood teachers you’ll be away for that evening.”

“Yes Mnyayma.”

The following evening the queen, the elders of clan Aran, and Trinma had gone to the home of clan Asmilok. The home of the clan Asmilok was itself a miniature labyrinth with many chambers cut out from the mountain. Opulent, with polished marble flooring, and a vast network of underground stables for their hundreds of ganulagh.

After the formalities of greeting noble elders, the queen, and sages, the two clans sat together for a traditional dinner in a large circle inside a warm, ornate dining tent. The dinner gives each family to check out the Trinma and Jsetni, and allows the two to check each other out. The inviting family is host and serves their guests, which Jsetni as main hostess.

As the elders chattered among themselves about elderly things, Jsetni ha come out with hot seaweed powder tea, and served the queen, and elder sages, and then served Trin a cup; giving Trin a quick and nervous glance, and quickly shied her eyes away.

“Your tea, noble sister.” She said embarrassed, with a soft spoken, feminine voice, and delicate cadence.

“Thank you, sister Binra.” Trin said, heart-captivated.

She was beautiful. The way that she carried herself, spoke, reminded Trin of her mother Prilin. Soft and delicate. Fluidly feminine. Graceful down to the tips of her fingers. Perfectly formed, soft, flexible fingers. Perfectly formed large almond shaped eyes. Bright golden yellow irises. Long curly eyelashes. Full curled lips. Perfectly formed everything; masterfully crafted by ages of aeonic breeding. Trin had spent most of her teenage life around rough and rowdy hunter-warriors. This girl – Jsetni – was an entire different breed then hers. Of a different quality and nature reminiscent of her mother. Her spore-mother Ktasmneth once told her that such breeds – as her birth mother Prilin was – make the most loyal and passionate of lovers.

The elders grinned at each other, as Trin’s enlarged pupils betrayed her silence. As Trin’s inability to keep her eyes off of Jsetni betrayed what she did not communicate.

“Trinma. Be a proper girl and serve your elders. Go help Jsetni and her sisters.” One of her grandmothers instructed.

“Yes grandmother. Please excuse me, Binras.” She left, noticing everyone’s grin, and fully realizing she wasn’t being told to go help Jsetni just to serve elders.

“They want to marry us, you know.” Trin said to Jsetni, trying to start some kind of conversation to get rid of the awkward feeling.

“Yes. My mothers told me. How do you feel about that?” She said, in a quiet and nervous voice. Looking everywhere but at Trin. Withholding her eyes.

“I was reluctant. I never liked the idea of arranged marriages. Being married to someone I don’t know... but... things are different now. I don’t know what I’m trying to say. I’m just trying to talk to you. I’m more afraid and nervous being near you than hunting a gebriug. Do you believe in fate?”

“Yes, I do.”

“My great grandmother says we’re fated to be together.”

“I was told the same. Do you think I’m attractive?” Jsetni ask timidly, changing the subject and getting to the a more important point, this time looking into Trin’s eyes for a few seconds, before shying them away.

“Yes. I think you’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen. I can’t keep my eyes off you. You barely look at me? Do you think I’m attractive?”

She was trying to say something. Her eyes said it for her first, as they quickly glanced at Trin’s eyes, lips, then breasts, and arms, then eyes again for five seconds, “Um... yes. You’re just very intimidating. Your family background, your warrior tattoos. I’m just sacred you will reject me.”

“It’s mutual then. I’m scared you’ll reject me too. Your beauty is intimidating. May fate take its course.” She gave a smile of knowingness to Jsetni, and continued, changing the subject, “Why don’t you give me something to do, the elders are waiting.”

She gave Trin a long – and rewarding – look in her eyes, handing Trin some dishes, “May fate take its course.”

-8-

“You must quiet your mind, stop thinking, and open your heart Misa. It takes practice. Don’t be discouraged if you don’t get it right saya.”

Yromisa was practicing her divination skills with her mother’s crystal pendulum. Every sage has one. Every sage must have at least a divination pendulum, a set of Judicial Oracle sticks, and a blue hair wrap made of witch vine silk. She had all three, which her mother left for her. Although not yet an initiate of the sage guild, she was already wearing her mother’s hair wrap.

In front of her were a few little ornamental boxes made of bone and gold. Her grandmother had placed a pearl inside one of them for her to find.

“Is it in this one grandmother?” Her pendulum had made a circle around a box made from an abalone-like shellfish’s shell.

“Let’s see, shall we?” Her grandmother lifts up the lid, and then shows her, “Well done! You got it right this time!”

She was happy, looking admirably at her crystal pendulum, and placed it back around her neck.

“That’s enough divination for today. We should be making witch silk! There are a few new women who have passed their tests. Come.” She took Yromisa’s hand, and they walked into a small tent.

Inside the tent were polished metal shields, in front of each an oil lantern. At the center of the tent were ceramic pots filled with dirt, and growing from these were tall witch vine, climbing along a structure made of metal.

In ancient times, according to legend, witch vine used to grow everywhere in Tywla, and from it, the people of Tywla made their silk for their beautiful clothing; and the sages made their blue silk robes and hair wrap. But now, since the ice age of Heavenly Winter, witch vine doesn’t grow naturally anywhere anymore, because it is far too cold in the surface world. The sages had saved its seeds, and cultivated the vine generation after generation for 20,000 years. The vine is thus a living symbol of an umbilical cord which connects the present with the past, and encapsulates the very meaning of Aeonics and Time Weaving, which are the sages’ speciality.

The vine produces little beautiful five pointed white star shaped flowers, which the sages would pollinate by hand. The Tnikset – White Star – is thus an ancient symbol of the Sage Guild. The flowers produce green oval shaped pods about 3-4 inches in length. When the pods are mature, they turn brown and crack open, releasing its thousands of seeds into the wind. Each tiny seed, carried

in the wind by fine, white fibers, as white as their hair. The dark green leaves of the vine are about a foot long and arrow head shaped. Along the underside of each leaf, and covering the stalk of the vine are white silk hairs. Each vine is said to have its own spirit, which lives in the roots.

“We will have to harvest all the leaves of each plant, and the stalk today Misa. We need lots of silk threads for the sisters to weave new robes with. Help grandmother cut them.”

“Yes grandmother.” She took a knife from her grandmother, and carefully cut the stalks of several of the vines. White milky sap dripped.

Yromisa’s grandmother dug into the dirt and pulled out the root of the witch vine. The root was a bundle of thick finger-like stalks, called “Fingers.” “This is root of the vine has its spirit. We need the spirit of the vine to make a new Sage. We will first separate the fingers apart. Watch how I do it.”

The old lady carefully separates the fingers of the roots, then continued: “The skin of the root is poisonous. We need to remove the skin and place it in milk. Go fetch the jar of milk I collected, while I remove the skin.”

Yromisa had brought back an earthen jar with gebrhiug milk, and watched as her grandmother placed the skin of the witch vine root into it. The old lady continues teaching her granddaughter: “The skin must cook in the milk, until the milk is thick and light brown. This will cause it to no longer be poisonous. The woody part of the fingers must be boiled down in water, until the water has been reduced into a thick brown tea. Then the tea and the milk are mixed. The new Sage initiate will drink this sacred drink and the spirit of the vine will enter her.”

“What happens when the spirit of the vine enters the new Sage grandmother?”

“The spirit takes her on her first Spiritwalk to another realm to find her spirit teacher. Every Sage has a spirit teacher. One day, when you are the right age, you will drink this also, as all Sages have.”

The two had placed the stalks, leaves, and roots into baskets, and walked with each other and the jar of milk, down to the main sage guild hall, which was a hermitage. In the hall were many other sages who lived at the hermitage. Most of the nuns living at the hermitage were very old. The sage caste have a sacred duty and rule they obey called “Thrajhang” meaning “Sacred Debt.”

Thrajhang is the doctrine and practice that you are in debt to your parents who gave you mortal life, and that you pay back that debt by caring for them in their elderly years. Thrajhang also applies to sages. Each sage by tradition must have a sage older than themselves who is their spiritual teacher. This spiritual teacher is revered as a third mother. And so, because the spiritual teacher has spent her life nurturing you spiritually, you are in sacred debt to her, and as her pupil, it is your sacred duty to care for her in her elderly years. And so the hermitages are filled with resident old aged sages who are cared for by their pupils. The more pupils a sage has, the more people she has who will care for her.

There were many baskets of witch vine in the hall. In a chamber of the hall, the elderly nuns cooked the witch vine in large metal vats filled with water.

“Bring us another basket sageling.” One of the elderly nuns instructed Yromisa.

“Yes venerable one.” She brought a basket to the old toothless ladies.

“Put the vine in carefully and slowly sageling,” the old nuns instructed. Yromisa did as they asked, “The water must simmer, not boil. You ruin the process if you boil the water. Simmer it for a long time. Until the water evaporates. You see?”

“Yes venerable one.”

“Come here Misa,” Her grandmother called from a different vat. She had picked up Yromisa so she can see inside the vat better, “There, what color are the silk fibers now?”

“It’s blue!”

“Yes! The green leaves makes the water blue when they are cooked. The elder sages will then separate the silk fibers from the plant, and spin it into fine thread to make our blue robes and hair wraps out of.”

Yromisa was taken to another chamber where younger sage initiates were spinning thread, and weaving new robes and hair wraps, for the new women initiates.

“You see Misa, it takes many sages working together to make a new sage initiate. It is a communal effort. A sacred sisterhood. The vine connects us all into a spiritual clan of sisters.”

-8.1-

There are only two real seasons in Tywla, a brief summer-rain season that lasts for 2-3 months, and a bitterly cold icy season that lasts for the rest of the year. Only the most experienced of hunters leave the underground city during the icy season to hunt the tegerwa, and even with their experience, some still freeze to death. The long icy season is harsh in the underground nest, especially for poor clans who do not have enough meat or coal.

During most of the icy season, the underground rivers freeze solid, as do the lakes nearest to the surface. The maze of natural caverns become filled with ice sculptures hanging from the walls. The region the Hmara’s underground civilization is located in is blessed with many natural subterranean caverns. The largest of these caverns is called Phra Oramw [*field of the ancestors*].

Located in the middle layers of the nest, Phra Oramw, is so vast, it stretches for miles and has in it an ancient city made of stone and concrete buildings. It is believed by the people that the great pillars of stalactites and stalagmites are the solidified spirit-bodies of their ancestors turned into stone pillars. The ancient aural tradition says that far in pre-mortal times, the spirits of their ancestors called the *Brylgin*, came to Ehridi – *mortal realm* – from a portal near one of the polestars.

Beings of Light, the *Brylgin* were said to have come from the center of D’nradyw – *Ocean of Suns [the milky way]* – to investigate and play within the alien realm of form and matter. Giant beings of light, they were, the *Brylgin*, who came to the strange mortal realm to take on strange forms, so as to taste the experience of mortal existence. After many aeons of playful existence in the world of form, the *Brylgin* had become engrossed in matter and confused, unable to find their way home. Lost in the world of flesh and stone. Some with an awakened mind were able to leave. But most became trapped, becoming the first people of Ehridi. The great towering pillars of stalactites and stalagmites are believed to be the entombed spirit-bodies – solidified as stone – of these first people, who were the devolution of the *Brylgin*.

The elders and their helpers were gathered in Phra Oramw to cut down some of the stalactites to bring them to the new land. The elders had already drawn up a plan to erect a temple, made of stone, above ground at the new land to house the stalactites.

There is unrest in the collective mind of the colony. A collective knowing of hard times to come, as everyone now knows the number of tegerwa are decreasing. Already, the very poor clans of the colony are experiencing hard times with their food supplies.

-9-

“They’ve returned!” A group running towards the nest screamed, “They’ve brought back things! Boats made of wood! Arak is real!”

The hunter-warrior girls were already out at shore to greet the scouting party that had left a year ago to the land of Arak. The scouting party had returned with more boats than they had left with, along with many items to show the colony.

It didn’t take long for word to hit Trinma’s ears: “Come on Misa... down to Phra Oramw! The scouts will bring their things to show auntie-mother [the queen] and the elder Sages!” The two ran in the opposite direction as everybody else. The others were running out to shore, to see the things the scouting party had brought back. But the scouting party would be bringing everything they brought to show the royal circle and the elder Sages, and Trin and Misa had front row seats.

“The Arak bird is real First Sister!” One of the scouts said, handing a giant feather for the queen and sages to see to have. The feather was at least three times as long as they were tall. Nobody in Tywla had ever seen a living arak before. Only the bones and frozen bodies trapped in ice.

“The araks are twice the size of a ganulagh! Their bodies are covered partly with scales like a fish and partly with feathers, just like the frozen ones here! They fly around in the air above the sea, and fall out of the sky, dropping into the water and catch fish with their giant mouths!” The scout was using her hands and body to show how the araka dived.

“Are the arak birds dangerous? Did they try to eat you?” The queen asked the scouts?

“No First Sister. They didn’t seem to mind us. They seemed to only want to drop from the sky to catch fish. They never harmed us.

“The new land is covered in green First Sister and elders! As far as your eyes can see! Wood, leaves, and trees!” Another scout said, holding branches of trees with leaves, and passing them to the queen and elder sages.

“There is no ice in the new land! The sun burns hot all day long! We bathed nude in a lake above the ground! And the light of the sun burned our skin red with pain! In the new land, no hunting is needed! All of the trees grow food! We brought some! The scouts had brought fruits that grew from trees and handed them to the queen and elder sages.

Somebody had given Yromisa a fruit. She had never seen anything like it before. It was soft and slightly larger than her hand. It reminded her of the seed pods of witch vine, but the fruit was larger and much softer; and very aromatic. “Smell mine Trin, can I smell yours?” Trin was holding and smelling a different fruit. After seeing her auntie-mother take a bit of the fruit she was holding, Yromisa took a bit from hers. “Mine tastes sweet! Can I taste yours? I’m going to let great grandmother taste mine!” Yromisa took a bit from her sister’s fruit, and then ran to share her fruit with her great grandmother.

“The meat, sister-scouts? Is meat plentiful in the new land?” The queen had asked.

“Yes First Sister! There are four legged animals on the land of every type, everywhere. Some four legged creatures were as big as a tegerwa! The sea is filled with fish, a thousand fold more than what we have in our lakes and oceans!”

The scouts showed the royal circle and elder Sages the different boats they had made of wood. A certain type of bamboo-like plant with no name. The wood was hollow, and its roundness was the width of a person. The stalks of this wood were segmented with joints. The wood floated very well, and was very strong. Holes were cut into some of the segments which allowed for food and water to be stored inside.

“The boats made from this hollow segmented wood is very easy to make. The plant is the tallest plant on the new land. Taller than any tree, and they grow straight up to the sky like pillars. We can make dozens of boats from one of these plants First Sister! There are forests of thousands and thousands of these wooded plants. We can make thousands of boats to ship the colony to the new land!”

-10-

“Here saya, carry this bag on you Misa. You’ll be the Seed Spreading Girl when we get to the new land.” Her great grandmother had handed her a small bag with a witch vine seed pod, and some tsokoop [incense tree] seeds, and continued: “Every witch vine and tsokoop tree on the new land of Arak will all come from you. All incense our people in the future will ever burn for the gods, will have all come from you. Every new Sage Initiate made in the future, will drink from the roots of witch vine that came from those seeds you hold in your little hands.” Yromisa looked with a smile at her bag of seeds; pondering on the special responsibility she had been given; and placed them in a pocket of her fur coat.

Yromisa was the good luck charm of the second wave to go to the new land of Arak. The first scouts would go with them since they were experienced. Her great grandmother, the High Sage, would go also, as it was the will of the gods that she go to the new land, and die there, to make the ground of the new land hallowed ancestral ground to the future colony. Her sister Trinma, and Trin’s new life mate Jsetni would also go. Jsetni had been sent by her family to look for property for her family. Along with them would go many warriors and those from the crafter-merchant class who were skilled with engineering and ship building.

The elders had performed their ceremony of sacrifices and offerings to the gods, especially the sea spirits, asking for favourable conditions and a safe journey. They had loaded up a stalactite cut from Phra Oramw onto one of the boats made of the bamboo-like wood to be brought to the new land of Arak. And the food and drinking water supplies to last the second wave the duration of the journey. The first scouting party said it took them two months to reach the land of Arak.

In a thick tent built on top of a wooden boat made of bamboo-like wood, Yromisa, her great grandmother, and her new older sister Jsetni stayed; kept warm from the dying summer chill. Trinma and her other strong-armed friend were on the same boat as the rowers. The boat captain of Yromisa and Trin’s boat was a veteran warrior and sled driver, very knowledgeable with star navigating. The party must leave during the summer when the ice sheets are broken and melted, and must travel fast before the sea

turns to ice, lest their boats become trapped in the ice. Trin and her friends began to paddle their boat out, with the others, after the fairwells and goodbyes.

It was a sad and tearful moment for Yromisa, leaving the only world she knew behind, and all of the people she knew and loved; her family and friends. Her great grandmother comforted her. She would not return to Tywla, for, with the crafter-merchants and some of the hunter-warriors, she was designated to be the first wave of Hmara to colonize the new land of Arak. Their objective was to establish a settlement and build boats. Her people must cross the ocean to the new land, if they are to survive.

-10.1-

Sitting outside, with rope tied to their ankles, Yromisa, Jsetni, and the High Sage sat watching the spectacular scenery unfold as their boat slowly moved away from the black rocky summer lit shores of Tywla. The icebergs they passed by were great heaps of ice the size of mountains. The hunters have seen such glaciers up close before, but not Yromisa and Jsetni. Their boat felt tiny up against the giant ice mountains.

“Heavenly spring is coming to Ehridi.” The High Sage said, contemplating to herself.

“What are the characteristics of the heavenly seasons, venerable great grandmother?” Jsetni asked.

“Heavenly spring is a time of growth and abundance for all mortal lifeforms. The land becomes a cornucopia of resources, of food, meat. Ease, repose, and prosperity are the characteristics of heavenly spring. You young ones will enjoy your mortal years in a worldly paradise, where all your needs are met.

“When heavenly summer comes, the weather of Ehridi changes. The world becomes hotter. Green life recedes, deserts grow, lakes shrink. The heat of heaven summer causes people to become easily agitated, to become violent and extreme. The weather grows violent and extreme. There is mass migration of people and animal life, as they move out of dying lands to more greener lands. There is mass extinction of animals. Heavenly summer is a time of war and struggle. The heat causes people and colony to rise up against people and colony; queendom against queendom. To struggle for dominance to possess the dwindling resources. Only the strong will survive, the test of heavenly summer. Violence, strife, struggle, are the characteristics of heavenly summer.

“The aether changes during heavenly autumn. Heavenly autumn is the time of mortal harvest. Many people, nations, and animals have withered away during the great summer. All but the few fit are left during the great fall who are harvested by Nature to live into the next cycle. The change in aether causes change in the lifeforms in the world. Those plants and animals that have survived great summer will gradually transform into new types of plants and animals. Just as the people of Tywla eventually became different colonies with different looks. Change, preservance, are the characteristics of great autumn.

“Heavenly winter is the time of tempering. In great summer, mortal life is placed into the kiln as steal. To strengthen this steal, it is taken out of the kiln and placed into cold water, which tempers that steal. And so, what mortal life have survived great summer are tempered in the mortal chill of heavenly winter. During the great winter, ice covers the mortal world, all of the green have gone, only the very few fit animals and plants remain. Their mortal forms have changed in appearance, as crops are rotated on a farm. Tempering, testing, trial, tribulation are the characteristics of heavenly winter. Our people have survived and past the tests and trials of 20,000 years of great winter. The ease and repose of Great Spring is your reward.”

“But why? Why can’t the world be forever easy, without the great seasons?” Jsetni asked the High Sage.

“For the same reason why a field cannot be used to grow the same crop forever. The field in time will grow barren. Nature must continue to live for aeons and aeons of Time, and so the heavenly seasons are necessary. The heavenly seasons also generates intelligence. Your intelligence is not rooted in your mind, but in your environment. The environment is the field out of which your intelligence grows. Your Mind is the Fruit that grows from the crops in the field.

“Those people who live in the northern regions of the world are much more intelligent than people who live in the southern regions. For, the cold temperature of the north induces the people to use their creativity, resourcefulness, and ingenuity to survive. Whereas, in the south, where the environment is rarely ever extreme, there is no struggle, no challenges, and thus no real use of creativity, resourcefulness, or ingenuity. To exist in a mortal world which is forever peaceful and easy, would be to devolve backwards. We are a people who have come from the north, tested and tempered by Great Winter; blessed with high intelligence which has been crafted by our environment. Our look, form, skin tone, and physique, shows it.”

“When heavenly summer comes, our queendom will have to fight other queendoms, to be the best and most excellent or we will perish, right great grandmother?” Yromisa asked.

“Yes. That’s exactly right Misa. Now your eyes are seeing things aeonically. If your queendom is to be the best and most excellent, you must prepare yourself and people today. First inside, then outside. As within, so it is without. Change and preparation must first happen inside yourselves. And your society will change accordingly after.”

-10.2-

Tywla was long gone. Yromisa could no longer see it. All of the giant icebergs were also gone. Her sister Trinma, and the other strong-armed girls had been rowing and paddling nonstop to beat the dying summer. The warriors took turns rowing and sleeping.

As their boats moved farther away from Tywla, the day became shorter, and there were short nights. In Tywla, during the summer, it was always day, as the sun never set below the horizon. And then, during the winter months, it was always night, as the sun never came up. But out at sea where they were at, Yromisa noticed that the sun goes up and down the horizon, making the day and night to come and go in short times. If the strong-armed warriors did not beat the summer, they would all be stuck out at sea during many months of darkness and freeze to death.

Everything around Yromisa was all blue. Blue ocean everywhere, and blue sky everywhere. On the days when there were no clouds, it seemed as though the sea and the sky melted into each other. For the first time in all of their lives, it was warm enough to take off their fur wrappings. Each week that past brought warmer temperatures.

Yromisa stood on her boat nude, her pale skin and the warmth of the sunlight intimately pressed up against each other for the first time in her life, watching the warriors swim and playing in the warm sea water. Her long sageling, iridescent white hair, grew down to her ankles; wet from swimming. She had long bangs that covered a high and pronounced forehead, a physiological mark of a lofty minded individual.

The scenery was monotonous and tedious to look at, but the rest time was fun, as they got to swim in the warm sea. They had beaten the northern summer, and were only a month away from the land of Arak. The group could not take long rests, as they must make it to the new land before their food and water runs out.

“In the new land Misa, we will change our clan name to Aranarak; clan Aran of Arak,” Trin said to her little sister, as the two of them sat on the edge of their boat in the warm sunlight; “It’s a new beginning for our colony in a new land. All of our children and spawn who will come out of us two will take on that clan name. Promise?”

“Good idea! Promise.”

“Our clan symbol can be the arak dragon-bird, with its leather wings spread upwards, and its long tail feathers fanned out. Its back legs can hold two spears wrapped in witch vine. The spears are me and you, and the witch vine is our Sage ancestors.”

The two girls went to scratch different versions of their new clan symbol on the large bamboo-like wood of their raft-boat.

-10.3-

The gods and the spirits of the sea have been merciful. During the long journey to the land of Arak, there were no large storms or dangerous waves. There were rain showers during some nights, where the ocean heaved in large rolling hills; but nothing life threatening.

Two months had past and they were close to the new land. The temperature was warmer. So warm where Yromisa wasn’t able to stand in the sunlight nude for a long time anymore or her skin would burn and become red and painful. The elder sages who had been to the new land the first time had made an ointment to help keep the skin from burning in the hot sunlight. Yromisa was watching, and waiting impatiently now to see signs of the new land.

“Look, over there!” One of the captains of another raft-boat pointed into the distance. Just beyond the horizon was a large flock of flying creatures.

“Araks?” Someone from the second wave group asked.

“Yes. They seem to like flying in groups. They’re loud and noisy. There must be some big fish in the water below them.”

Yromisa and Jsetnti ran into the tent on their boat in fear of the monstrous dragon birds, but excited and curious, they stuck their heads out.

As their boats got closer to the group of araks, the noise they made filled the air. It was first deep loud roar, and then a reverberating low tonal vibration that you can feel. Their bodies were twice the size of a tegerwa, and their wing span was over 60 feet in length, as long as a gebrhiug. Their bodies were partly covered in scales like fish, and partly in colorful feathers. A couple of the araks folded their wings into their bodies. They had two legs, covered in scales, and their large feet were webbed.

“Watch! Watch! Those two are going to drop into the sea!” One of the warriors from the first wave yelled out, excitedly.

The two giant creatures fell out of the sky like large boulders, skillfully entering the seawater with an unexpected small splash. The splash made a loud thunderous sound. After a few seconds the araks surfaced and sat on the water, each with large fish in their beaks.

“Wow!” Some screamed.

“Look! They can sit on the water! Yromisa screamed.”

“Look at the size of the fish they caught! It’s bigger than you Misa!” One of the warriors yelled.

The party paddled their boats past the spectacle of diving noisy araks. And shortly, the horizon changed. It was no longer endless blue ocean. It was green land. Land was wide as the eyes can see, covered with a sea of green trees.

Yromisa stood outside of her tent, with her eyes wide open, absorbing the unfolding scenery. In her hands she clutched her precious bag of seeds close to her heart center, in silence.

-END-







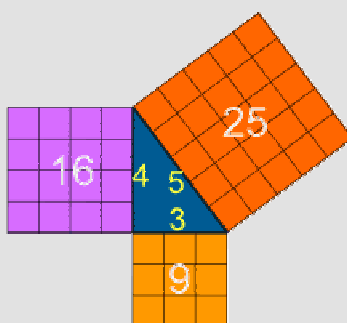
Notes On Technology

∴A difficult – and fun – aspect of making up your own entire science fiction “conworld” is figuring out what technologies will populate that conworld, and how such technology will work. I like watching science fiction shows and movies to look out for what technology it uses and how such technology is explained to work and so on. From this, you can get a peek into and ascertain the mind and world-view of the creator of such sci-fi universes.

Since I want to one day write science fiction/fantasy myself, I’ve invented for myself an entire conworld or universe, from the ontological foundation on up. This meant that before I can populate my sci-fi world with technological stuff, I had to figure out how the universe works, and also what exactly I mean when I say the word “technology.” What do I mean by the word “technology,” when I say it? How would I define it? What is the ideation of “technology” and so on, when I use the word/idea with myself?

It took me a while, but eventually I defined “technology” [when I use the word] as being: “The usage of causal entities as a means to produce/generate/engineer and end result; which usage is not how such causal entities would operate or function in Nature or naturally.” By “causal entities” I mean to say Things of material Form as well as stuff like “magnetism,” “electricity,” “heat,” and so on: aspects of the causal/physical world.

I got this definition and understanding of what Technology is from thinking about Math and Ciphers. And so, I’ll use math and ciphers as analogies to help draw out the point and meaning of that definition.



Math

Suppose I were to ask a mathematician if he could engineer for me a mathematical formula by which I would be able to ascertain the length of an hypotenuse of a right triangle.

$$F = G \frac{m_1 \times m_2}{d^2}$$

Or I were to ask a scientist to engineer for me a formula for measuring the force of gravity.

In the first example, the mathematician would be able to make for me the formula I requested because he has Practical Understanding of the Nature/Physis of geometric shapes and numbers. And so, having such a Practical Understanding of how numbers work, and how shapes work, this mathematician can make those numbers and shapes do things they would not do “in nature.” In nature here meaning that how the numbers and shapes are being used by the mathematician isn’t how numbers and shapes are used or function on an everyday basis. The math guy is using the numbers and shapes to produce a desired end result.

In the second example, because the scientist has a Practical Understanding of the Nature/Physis of gravity, and of physics in general, and of abstract ideas, this scientist can use such things in different ways to produce the end result I requested.

The terminology “Practical Understanding” is important. It is the second part of a three part causal chain. The causal chain looks like this: 1) Acquired Knowledge, 2) Experiential Wisdom, & 3) Practical Understanding. Those are the three “species” of “knowables” for us humans.

To “know” something, simple means that you have come into Conscious Awareness of this something. And so Acquired Knowledge is stuff such as teachings, theories, ideology, hearsay, gossip, book learning, academic shit. As long as you are exposed to it where that you are consciously aware of it, you “know” it. When I was in 6th grade, I knew about sex, because that was the grade I had sex -ed.

Which reminds me of a story. In my 6th grade class we had a kid named Santos who didn’t speak English very well; he spoke Spanish. But Santos was one of the cool kids who hung out with the popular crowd. So during sex-ed our teacher was doing this questions and answers thing where he’d answer questions we had about sex. If we were too embarrassed to ask in front of everybody, we could write a note and place it a hat for the teacher. And so, Santos was brave enough to stand up in front of everybody to ask a sincere question he had about something which may have caused him quite a bit of concern. He asked the teacher: “Will my peanut grow big?” Unfortunately Santos didn’t know the English word “Penis.” He must have heard it said as “Peanut.” So we – and the teacher – laughed at him. I laughed my ass off.

So anyways, Experiential Wisdom is the next step. You know sex, you then have it. Know = conscious awareness of. Having sex = application of what you have come to be aware of. Wisdom suggesting being wise of apprehending the ways of things. Only from application, or the direct experience of something does knowledge transform into wisdom.

The final step is Practical Understanding. First you come into the awareness of Spanish by studying it in a textbook [knowledge]. Then you practice it and try to speak it with people who are native speakers of Spanish for some time [wisdom]. After immersing yourself directly in a living culture of Spanish speakers and after gaining the ability to speak Spanish do you then gain the Practical [pragmatic] Understanding of the Spanish language.

First you are aware that nature exists [acquired knowledge], by whatever means. Then you put yourself into nature and study it directly [pacchakka], which gradually gives rise to the Experiential Wisdom of what Nature is and how it works. After many years of becoming directly and intimately associated with Nature, do you then gain a Practical Understanding of the physis of Nature. The key word is “practical” [pragmatic] which is contrasted by the word “theoretical,” or “ideational.”

Most of your pseudo-intellectuals can’t tell the difference between these three Knowables, and how they relate with each other. For example, I’ve met online in the “Satanic Subculture” many Satanists who have read plenty of books and websites about the subject of marketing. And in their forums, they talk about this subject, debate it, whatever, as if they have any Practical Understanding of marketing.

Practical Understanding only comes from the long-term intimate and practical use, activity, and/or exposure of something. If such pseudo-intellectual Satanists had any actual Practical Understanding of marketing, they would be able to produce measurable end results and let their actions speak for them. The saying goes: “Those who talk a lot about sex... are getting any.” The funny thing is that I keep an eye on some of these pseudo-intellectual Satanists who have acquired the knowledge of marketing who talk about it, and instead of producing any measurable end results over the years, I’ve them become failures and vanishing from the scene.

A good actual example is Robert Greene’s 48 Laws of Power. About 6 years ago, every other Satanist on the internet in their forums quoted that shit like scripture. Six years later, none of them – those who quoted it – have manifested for themselves any measurable “power,” or influence. They still today can’t even get one other person to adopt their ideas or use their world models. But at the same time, I’ve met Satanists online who don’t even have to try hard, and they manifest “power,” and influence. In any group of people – organized or otherwise – there will always be those who dominate and wield the influence.

So these pseudo-intellectuals confuse the acquired knowledge they have accumulated or memorized for things such as Practical Understanding and Experiential Wisdom. Some of these pseuds never ever go past the stage of acquired knowledge. It’s a similar case in Buddhism. The causal chain is: 1) Sila [precept], 2) Samadhi, 3) Prajna. Most Buddhists I have met have never been able to get past the initial stage of Sila. They make Sila – the following of rules/precepts – a way of life. The key word is “initial.” Here’s another simple causal chain: 1) Gas Station, 2) Drive, & 3) Destination. You initially start at a gas station to fill your car with gas. You then drive on a road, and then you end up at your destination.

These pseudo-intellectuals live at the gas station and lack the capacity to go any further. Meaning that they are good at acquiring knowledge, and they are good at memorizing and parroting it. But they lack the capacity to get to the next step which is a practical understanding of things.

If you had a practical understanding of numbers, math, physics, and abstract ideas, then you’d be able to engineer for me formulas to do just about anything. And so, in this example, the “formula” is “mathematical technology,” according to how I defined “technology” above.

Ciphers

A second example is say you asked me if I could make for you a cipher to encode secret messages. Because I have a working understanding [to some extent/degree] of how alphabets work, how language works, of the nature of words, or syntax, of codes and ciphers, of cryptography, etc., I would be able to take those alphabets, that language, and those words, and engineer for you a working cipher system that is fairly secure cryptographically speaking.

Such a ciphering system takes alphabets, language, and words, and uses them in a way different from how they would naturally be used, as a means of producing an end result. And so, in this case, a cipher or code, or encryption technique, is a “technology” of language.

Technology

Mechanical/physical technology is thus the usage of physical entities as a means of producing an end result; where the usage of such physical entities is not how they would function in Nature. For example, out in Nature wild horses, oxen, and water buffalo don’t pull carts/wagons. And so, when you use a horse to pull a wagon, that is “technology.” The implicit idea is that you have a Practical Understanding of the Nature/Physis of a horse well enough to use it to engineer for you the end result of taking you to a destination.

If you have a practical understanding of Wind, you can then build a windmill. You can make the wind turn big fan propellers. Those propellers turn a mast. The mast turns a gear. The gear makes a giant stone wheel go round. The stone wheel crushes wheat into flour. That’s technology. And it’s only possible when you have a practical understanding of the Nature/Physis of Wind. In the Orient, learning to Understand the Nature of things in Nature – the World – is Natural Philosophy. Vipassana [pacchakka] is the means of that natural philosophy.

If you understand the nature of electricity, you can use it to do things it would normally not do, such as to power a city. If you understand the nature of some good-bacteria, you can make the bacteria produce cheese for you. If you understand the nature of yeast, you can cause the yeast to make beer for you, which yeast normally doesn’t do in nature.

If you understand the nature of Aether, you will be able to make ether do things it would not normally do, as a means to produce an end result. If you understand the nature of ice, and how and why things freeze, you can then conceive of a way to make ice or its cold temperature put living people in suspended animation. If you understand the nature of Light, you can learn to make things fly like Light.

This way of seeing and understanding “technology” is not based on theoretical principles, or on some scientist’s assumptions about universe and what is and isn’t possible in his model. It is based on the understanding of the nature of things. As long as technology is based on actual causal entities that exist, and as long as such technological concepts follows the Logic of the Cosmos, it is possible.

An example of a technological concept that is not possible in its current state of conception would be “wormhole” technology. The idea is that space-time can be ripped or warped, and so if you had “exotic matter/material,” you can use such exotic material to rip a hole in space-time. A problem with this concept is that “exotic matter” is not an actual causal entity with being and suchness in the actual cosmos. But yet, you have goofball scientists who believe that this concept is possible. And funnily, the same scientists reject/deny technological concepts based on aether/ether... even though there are indications that aether is an actual causal entity.

Instead of basing technology on the Logic of the Universe and on the actualness of causal entities, you have modern materialist science say that such and such technological concept is impossible because it violates Einstein’s Theory of general relativity and so on. Or that anti-gravity is impossible because it violates some random scientist’s interpretations of gravity. But time travel is possible because it is agreeable to Einstein’s world model, even though time – beyond a clock – is not an actual causal entity.

Materialist Science is a good example for the future Post-Materialist [amateur] scientist to learn from. If you deny or do not investigate the full scope and scale of the universe and its causal parts, you limit the level of advancement of your technology. For example: how many decades have we denied the existence of aether? How many decades have we even refused to conduct experiments to see if ether exists? And how long will it be before materialist science bites the bullet and realizes that aether exists? What if the idea of aether never went away? What if scientists since the 1930’s continued to act the part of mad scientists to experiment with aether? Where would our state of technology be at today [2015]?

Mind also. How long has the West denied the existence of Mind. How many decades have we rejected any experiment having to do with Mind? And how long will it be, before we realize that Mind not only exists, but that it is a fundamental aspect/building-block of the Cosmos? And so, all that potential technology of mind – the use of the power of Mind as a means to produce an end result – remains in the dark. Its potential untapped. Because we uphold theories as sacred cows. We support, maintain, and hold onto old theories and models, to the detriment of our potential as a species and the full potential of our technology. In such a case, science has devolved to become just another Belief System. There was once a time when Science was a means of advancing our species and technology. Now, today, it is merely another set of ideological models to believe in.

..Kryptonimus



MONGOL

Notes On Imperialism

∴ I'm an Imperialist, to a certain extent. The extent being certain key concepts inherent in Reichsfolk Culture. I'll talk about this later. Saying that you are an imperialist in this age of faggoty and sissy theoretical intellectualism is heinous and barbaric. I'll explain myself. But I'll say one thing off the bat: There is nothing I hate more than the mundane actionable behavior of superimposing onto the Natural Flow of the Real World with Theoretical Intellectualism and Sentimental Intellectualism [re: causal abstractions]. I'll explain what each of those terminologies mean when I use them.

Theoretical Intellectualism – as I use it – is like when you rationalize or theorize things on an intellectual level. And so, an example of theoretical intellectualism and how it is superimposed onto the Natural Flow of Reality is like when a group of intellectualists Theorize the Monroe Doctrine where they think to themselves that invading the sovereign territory of a nation or people to take it over is “wrong.” It's an Intellectualist Theory, and it is superimposed on how Nature by default Flows and Works [dharma]. It's superficial, because in Practice: according to how things Naturally Happen, nation-states like Israel don't follow that intellectualist theorization [Monroe doctrine]. Neither did Russia with Ukraine. Neither does America with nations like Puerto Rico, Guam, and so on.

Sentimental Intellectualism – as I use it – is when a group of intellectuals have a faggoty emotion, and then they intellectualize that emotion. An example of a Sentimental Intellectualism is when faggot mundanes in general society have this intellectualist belief in Egalitarianism where everyone is all equal and the same. That belief begins as a sentimental emotion, perhaps like a goofy feeling you have when you see how Black people are mistreated. You feel bad, and you intellectualize or rationalize that feeling into a doctrine of treating people fairly and how everyone is equal and so on. Then you take that Sentimental Intellectualism and you superimpose it onto reality and expect people/nature to live up to your sentimental idealizations.

One Sentimental Intellectualism I dislike is the idea that imperialism and colonialism is “bad/wrong,” *Because* it causes natives to suffer, undermines their right to rule themselves, etc and so on. It's generally fallacious. You have x1 [statement] Because [conjunction] x2 [sentimental feelings]. Sentimental feelings, don't make a statement true or false; they are just feelings or emotive opinions. The conjunction “Because” is important as it indicates that the Statement made [imperialism is bad] is morally “wrong” because it causes suffering and so on.

“Self-Rule” is also a stupid Theoretical Intellectualism. The idea that “natives” of a land have a need or desire for self-governance is stupid, if that theoretical intellectualism is given as some high priority that such “natives” Naturally have/want. The reason why I say that this theoretical intellectualism is stupid is because the Prime Desire of any human being is: Wellbeing, not some politically puerile idea that people want to be grown up enough to change their own diapers. And you can test this shit out. Some people need a nanny/babysitter. Europe's nanny-states proves it, don't you think?

Do the 11 million illegal Mexicans living in America give a shit about self-governance? No, obviously not, they left their god damn country, to be under the rule of America for what? For Wellbeing. Do Northern Africans illegally migrate into Europe because of some childish notion of self-determination/governance? No, they don't. They left their fucking countries, risked life and limb crossing the sea, to get into Europe; and why? For Wellbeing.

And so here's why I am an Imperialist, put very simple and in easy English: Imperialism means to go to some other country to rule its people right? So what's it called when those same other people you would have ruled as an imperialist migrate en masse into your country to be ruled by you for wellbeing? Either case, you have the same fucking equation: foreign nationals being ruled by a non-indigenous government.

It's the same basic equation, but it renders different causal outcomes. The causal outcome for being a faggot who doesn't believe in imperialism, is when you have million and millions of illegal immigrants come into your country, subvert your social order, impose their Islam and Sharia Law on your own people, and so on. Whereas with imperialism, you go into their country based on the understanding that such foreign people are incapable of productively ruling themselves, and you govern them in such a way where that their social and national system gives them the Wellbeing they humanly need.

My contention with old school imperialism as practiced by Old World Europe is that they treated those natives like shit, and beat their native cultures and ways of life out of them and imposed their worldviews and religions and culture on the natives. This is where me and imperialism diverge, and where Reichsfolk comes in for me. As a "Reichsfolk Culturalist," I believe in the numinosity of human cultures. I believe that by Nature, each folk/people have a human "right" to their own culture, to their own way of life, to their own traditions. And this is not a sentiment. It's just the way that dharma works. All lifeforms have their own way or modus of living life. In human language, we call that modus a "culture," which basically means "Habitual and/or Cultivated Actionable Behavior."

And so, as a "Imperialist Reichsfolk Culturalist," I believe that when a people have proven by action and fruit of action to not be Noble enough to productively govern themselves and/or their people where that their national and social system is conducive to human Wellbeing, that it is the Duty and Responsibility of a Noble people/folk, to take the helm of that other Nation until such time they have shown they are able to productively govern themselves. In the same sense that a big brother/sister has a duty and responsibility to govern the younger sibling, not for power of sadistic subjugation, but for the understanding that Nobility ennobles.

Two Karmas

In Theravada Buddhism there are two kinds of karma/kamma. One is called "Kamma Kusala," and the other is called "Kamma Akusala." These two terms in English are sometimes are grotesquely mistranslated to mean an emotive "good" and "evil" respectively.

The Buddha used these two terminologies as utilitarian descriptors, and not as emotive/moral judgements. Karma [sk] or Kamma [pl] minus all the spiritual crap simply means 1) Build, 2) Labour, 3) Effort of Work. As in the name of the deva "Vishvakarman" whose name means Supreme Architect [karman]. Kusala means "Constructive," or "Productive," or "Positive." In Khmer this word is said as "Kosal" which is a proper name for people.

And so, Kamma Kusala means: Constructive Labour, Productive Work/Building. Kamma Akusala means Unconstructive Labour, Un-productive Work. How does one judge the Work, Labour, Building, Craftsmanship of a Craftsman? By the end product of his work of course. If a Craftsman builds a temple, and after the craftsman has put in the Labour, the temple comes out lopsided and fucked up looking, you know from the Fruit [vipaka] of his Work, that he did a shitty ass job [re: kamma akusala].

Why do I bring this up here? Because you can tell by the Vipaka of a nation if the government and system of that nation is actualizing kamma kusala or kamma akusala. For example, if Japan during the 1940's got obliterated and nuked, and if in a hand of decades they have made themselves into a prosperous nation with the second or third largest economy, then you know from that Vipaka that Japan has done a kamma kusala job at nation building and governance.

On the other hand, when you have a country like Libya where it became independent of Europe, then some nutty dictator ruled it forever, and the people are oppressed, miserable, warring, and fleeing this country in droves, then you know something is fucked up [kamma akusala] somewhere. And if as a Noble people/nation, Europe doesn't fix the problem, that shit is going to bleed into Europe and fuck shit up inside Europe aeonically speaking. And so, if Europe does decide to intervene in the affairs of Libya and other such nations, then the theoretical intellectualist doctrine of self-determinism has been transgressed hasn't it: Because what the fuck is Europe and America doing in such countries? What if those Islamic nations want to be fucked up dysfunctional states?

North vs South

I'm not racist where I hate different races of people. I believe in every race, there are those of Noble Breed and those who are ignoble and mundane. I am a Racialist/Culturalist meaning that I believe a folk has the right to conserve their culture and tradition and values, and to think about their own folk and its wellbeing. When I use the word "folk" I don't mean any specific skin color or ethnicity. I simply mean a group of human beings who share a common culture, common tradition, common values, common worldviews, common language, and so on.

In this sense, I would say that "ONA people" in general are a "folk," regardless of skin color. I would also say that my family is a "folk," even though none of us in my large extended family of blood kin are of any single ethnicity or race. In my family we have Chinese people, Thai, Lao, Khmer, Mon, Korean, Pilipino, Brazilian, Buddhists, Hindus, Christians, Animists, a few Satanists, White-Americans, Mexican. And amazingly, even with all that ethnic and religious differences/diversities, we are actually the same family.

Even though me and many of my cousins are of mixed ethnicity, and even though we don't speak Khmer or Thai [only English], we still identify as being a part of the same family, and are accepted by everyone as such. How is that? If you say it's because we're all born into the family, you're wrong, because some of us were adopted, and many of our family members just married into it. If you can understand why my family is a single family despite the many differences, then you'll understand what I personally mean when I use the word "folk."

Although I am not a racist where I discriminate against people because of their ethnicity, I am a "hemispherist" where I do discriminate against a person based on what hemisphere they and their blood/breed originates from.

I am a "Northernist" and I believe those of us from the Northern hemisphere of the earth are superior in intellect and mental capacity than humans from the southern hemisphere. This sounds silly at first, until you do a little research to find data.

It just so happens that humans from the northern band that covers Europe, upper China, Japan, Korea are more intelligent and have a higher capacity of mind/person than humans from the southern hemisphere. This does not include Australia and New Zealand, since their people are not aeonically indigenous to the southern hemisphere.

Why am I bringing this up? Because our scope and scale of intelligence, our capacity of mind and capacity of person, collectively determines the functionality and level of coherency [re: cybernetics] of our social orders: Because a "state" "nation" "society" is a refic noun, meaning it doesn't exist as a noun proper you can point at. What exists are collections of people. And so, in correlation to those of Northern origination, or those of us influenced by Northern social orders, our nations are more kamma kusala, more prosperous, more conducive to civil liberty, more conducive to human wellbeing, the rule of law, and so on. Whereas, unsurprisingly, humans from the southern hemisphere [Africa, South America, the Tropics] manifest dysfunctional nations, mockeries of democracy, dead-end nations, and so on.

As an Imperialist Northerner, I personally don't believe that Southerners should be ruling themselves in anyway, as they have proven incapable of such over the many decades. Aside from natural and environmental factors, a majority of their nation-states are dysfunctional and a detriment to human wellbeing. And so because their nation-states are not conducive to human wellbeing, their people will over time gradually migrate en mass into our functioning social order. And this – aeonically – puts our own social orders in jeopardy. Why?

For a number of reasons. First, it puts a strain on our fragile economies over time. Secondly it generates Culture Clashes, sometimes violent ones, as we have recently seen in Europe in my time-frame. Thirdly, these Southerners enter our social orders uneducated and ignorant, bringing their inferior [ignoble] values [lack thereof] and barbaric 7th century world views with them. America hasn't suffered violent culture clashes yet. But in time, when Mexicans will be the majority here, not only will they dominate the politics here, but they will also turn America into a third world dump like they did with their Mexico.

And so, if you can understand the potential aeonic condition America and Europe may be in, in the near future, you then should ask yourself: Is being a faggot with sentimental intellectualist beliefs like "imperialism is bad/wrong" worth it in the End... will the End Results [vipaka] be worth it?

At the very least, we should use Japan as a model. They aren't "imperialists" anymore [unfortunately] but with Japan, they let in very few migrants. A majority of Japanese society is still largely the same culture/folk. There is in general no mixing of culture, where you have a huge population of Catholic Mexicans or Muslim Northern Africans in Japan. Is multiculturalism – a sentimental intellectualism – really worth it in the end?

China has a pretty good functional model they are working with. In China you have those Buddhists in their own place which is Tibet, you have those Uighur Muslims in their own place up north somewhere, those British influenced Hong Kongers in their own place, Han Chinese in their own place, and a blanketing-unifying "Chinese Culture/Language" that covers everyone. Language influences how we see the world and self, and so when everyone speaks Chinese, everyone sees the world and self in a similar way, which is the foundation for a common culture. We've seen this model used before haven't we? In the Roman Empire. And that Empire lasted ~500 years.

The Spearhead of Imperium

If Imperium, and Imperialist Expansion, were a spear, that spear's head has Two Sides. One side is Language. The other side is Weltanschauung. This is a Fractal Pattern in the human arena. How do we spread ONA? By first introducing our language [jargon/lexicon] and then our Myattian Weltanschauung. How do I spread [imperialize] Buddhism? By first introducing Buddhist jargon/lexicon and then Buddhist weltanschauung. How do we spread [imperialize] Christianity? By first introducing the language of Christianity, words like "Sin," "God," and so on, and by introducing Christian worldview. How do we spread Islam? By introducing Arabic, and Islamic lexicon, and then by introducing Islamic worldview.

How do we spread Hellenic Culture? By first introducing the Greek language abroad, and then by introducing Greek weltanschauung via Greek philosophy. How do we spread [imperialize] Rome? By spreading Latin and Roman worldviews. How do we spread the British and Spanish Empire? By first introducing English and Spanish, then by introducing British and Spanish weltanschauung, thirdly by introducing British and Spanish ways of life, values, and traditions.

Religion & Culture over the thousands of years have taught some of us high minded human beings something valuable: that imperialist expansion by means of military force such as that used by political entities does not last long. True Empire, which lasts thousands of years, is spread like the World's Great Religions: Heart to Heart and Mind to Mind, via a network of human chitta. How many empires and kingdoms have Islam, Christianity, Brahmanism, and Buddhism given birth to over the thousands and thousands of years on earth? The most effective means of True Empire – as demonstrated by religion and culture – is spread by the spearhead of Language & Weltanschauung. And so, the first steps of establishing the foundation of a Galactic Imperium is Language & Weltanschauung.

∴Kryptonimus






Sexion 3


Bushido

武
士
道

Notes On Violence

∴

 **Re: According to ONA Cos is to moral?** [Re: antikarmatomic] #97067 - 03/01/15 11:32 AM

Caladrius 
member

Registered: 07/25/09
Posts: 318
Loc: SoCal

Originally Posted By: antikarmatomic

I got no beef with criminality and violence. Like I said I just question why one would be so loud about it. Truth of the matter is, too, I find affiliation to be something of a liability. Ya' know the whole RICO act.

I'll try to explain some more since I find you likable in that annoying kind of way. Plus you're intelligent and have shown that you are capable of seeing things from "the other side," as best as you can. I don't usually bother inputting the energy of a second or third try with people, cuz I simply don't give a shit about how the Average person thinks or believes. It's pointless to put in the effort to "enlighten" the Anariya.

The obviousness of advocating shit like crime and violence, has many reasons and useful uses. It's for a similar reason why a venomous snake needs to be so open and overt about the fact that its venomous; rattlesnakes, cobras and shit.

It's for the same reason why a rose bush needs to be so blatant about not wanting to be touched with its thorns. For the same reason why a business that sells sports merchandise would be so open and blatant about being associate with sports. Why a business which deals with programming computers would desire to be so publicly open about the fact that it is a nerd-fest enterprise into computers and programming. Why some hookers need to be so blatant about being cheap hookers. Why biker gangs need to be so blatant about being 1%ers. Why the KKK and nazis have some desire to be so publicly open about being White Boys.

It first has to do with Public Image [-Mythos]. That Mythos - public image - in turn either keeps certain people away or draws certain kinds of people to your enterprise.

The lack of understanding is mutual.

What I don't understand is: Why does it seem that the Average Mundane person is using Gandhi's Boner for Ahimsa as some sort of measuring stick for what is acceptable and agreeable.

If Mahatma Gandhi doesn't get a big juicy boner of non-violence for something, then the Average mundane/Satanist freaks out and runs away. Why are you guys using Gandhi's hard-on for ahimsa as your measuring stick of acceptance/acceptability/agreeability?

Gandhi doesn't get an big hindu stiffy [i.e.: erection] for ONA... so what do you guys do? Talk shit about it, cry about it being violent and idiotic, etc.

It's fallacious to say that because a person is into crime and violence - or supports/advocates it - that they are "idiots," if by "idiot" you mean someone uneducated, and/or unintelligent.

If that line of reasoning were so, then the shot callers of any national military would be idiots since all militaries/armies are violent and kill by nature. If so then the top Mafia Families would not be such successful financial enterprises. If so then the drug cartel lords of Mexico would not have the intelligence to run their business, make their money, and infiltrate national government/police bodies.

∴I agree with Thomas Hobbes when he said that Violence is a Rational Means to achieving territory, safety, and glory. *Le nobelesse oblige*. If you don't understand my line of reasoning and what kamma kusala means, you'll be confused as to why I label Violence as an oblige noblesse, a responsibility and duty of the Noble. The noble knight/soldier must use violence to keep your common asses safe. The government must use war, violence, to kill people as means to keep you nation's security and interests safe, so your common asses can be safe and free; so you can have territory to call a nation to be patriotic about. And as common-

ers you cry and bitch about violence, not understanding that you yourselves, as commoners, enjoy the freedom and lives that you do because of the violence used by the nobility.

Like everything, violence has its time and place. Used as a means to actualize and end, it can be productive [kamma kusala]. If violence is treated as an end in and of itself, then that's when shit gets self-destructive [kamma akusala]. The key is Control right? To be Master of Violence, and not to be mastered by it. Fearing violence, or hating it, is a common sentiment of a commoner.

What I find very odd and hard to understand is why your average Mundane person is such a faggot that they cry in horror about violence. Violence in our nature. Not only is violence in our nature, it's in most living creatures nature as well. All things can understand the language of violence, and so, violence is a universal lingua franca.

Personally – because I have such a deep hatred for intellectualists – I believe that the only way to productively stop and/or win an argument or debate in the real world is by simply killing the other person. In this regard, I think the Islamic State is doing a fine job establishing their “Caliphate.” They're doing it right. You say your caliphate is real, and kill everybody who disagrees. End of story, no arguments, no debates, no faggotry. And tellingly, when used right, that violence can convince the commoners to accept that caliphate... like how the Holy Catholic Church used the same violence to force the commoners of old world Europe to accept their Church.

I like war for the same reason. No arguments, no debating, no intellectualist faggotry. You just go out into the battlefield, and kill people or be killed. The world would be a better place, if we kept things simple like this.

I also like the old school international relations policy of “war first, negotiate later.” The way the European governments are dealing with the Ukraine issue is gay. I fully with the Pope when he said that the European governments were like faggoty old ladies. He didn't say it in those exact words.

A better policy is to just let them kill each other. We apply this policy to street gangs: just let the niggers kill each other. That policy would work best for the Israel and Palestine issue. Let those sand niggers and Jews just kill each other for god's sake. Winner gets to keep that fucked up piece of land. Nobody wants it, it's a fucking desert the size of a Nordstrom's parking lot.

Violence is how all nation-states come into being. It's what made the alpha male primate. That's important. Because that alpha male passes his DNA/genes down his progeny. And me and you, being the primates we are, are spawn of such alpha males. Aren't we?

Kings in ancient times began their career as warlords and violent people. The most violent guy with the most friends became king. And so in the old days, a king had a harem of wives and concubines for an actual practical purpose. Same reason why an alpha male is given all of the females by Mother Nature. The king passes his DNA/genes down thru his harem, and those genes – Noble Genes – then gradually elevate the common ignorant commoner, as more and more commoners breed with spawn of such king over time.

Noble genes?? What's that you ask? What does the word “noble” mean and where does it come from? From “Gnoscere,” meaning to “Know.” From “Gnobilis,” meaning “Knowable,” from “Nobilis” [latin] meaning: well-known, famous, renowned, recognizable, distinguished, illustrious, excellent, glorious, prestigious. It's discernably still related to the English word “knowable” look: Noble = (k)Nowable.

Who is the most well-known, most renowned, most prestigious person in a kingdom, but the king himself? Who's the most well-known male in a troop of apes but the Alpha Male himself? Nature even gives some primate alpha males marks of distinction – “Distinguished” being another meaning of the word “noble” – such as silver backs and brightly colorful faces. Distinguished from what? From the indistinguishable common mass. How did they get their noble status? By the same basic method the British Empire and the current America got their alpha status. With the skillful use of violence. And by Meritorious deeds. It's telling when you peasants cry about violence then, isn't it?

And so, we today, are what we are because of such kings, their violence used skillfully, and because of the genes passed down thru their harems and wives.

It's a telling sign of mundanity when one of them – peasant stock commoners – cry and bitch about violence. Usually it's the intellectualists on the internet that do the crying. They disdain violence, this faggot breed, they are more inclined to the meaningless

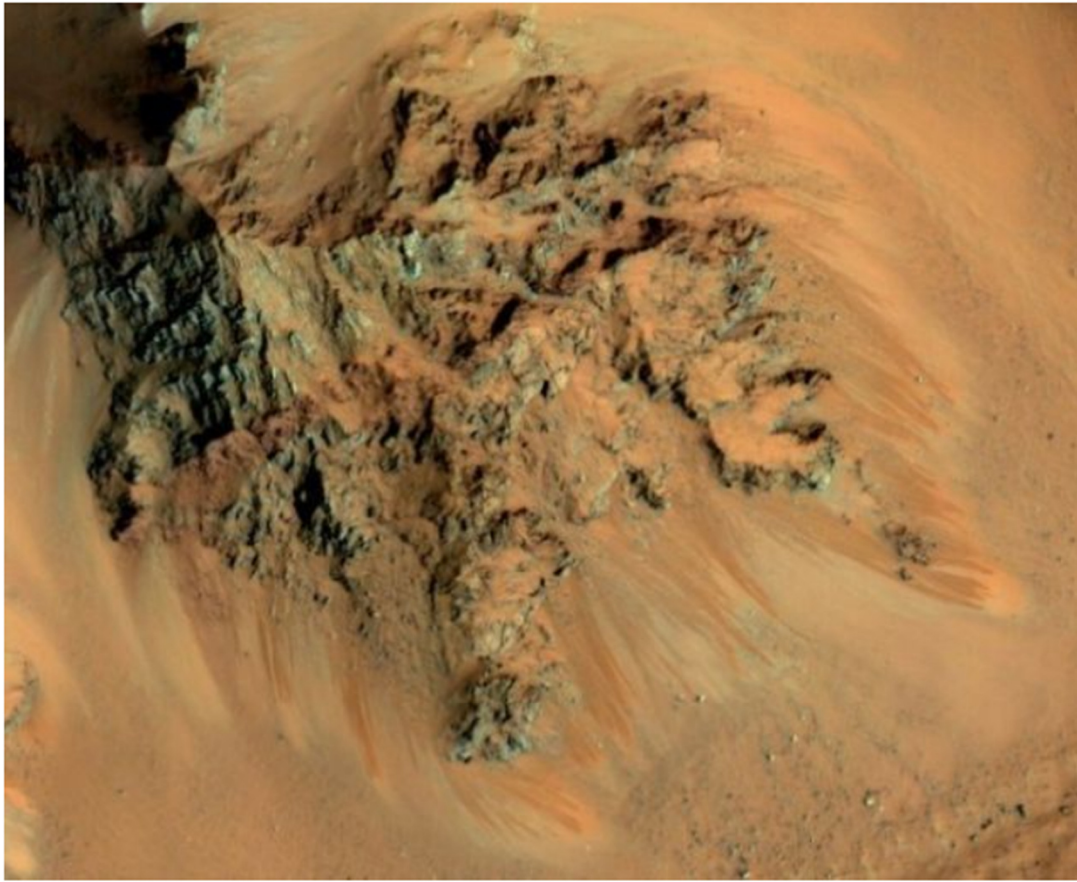
and pointless public intellectual masturbatory acts they call “debates.” Most of the “debates” by these intellectualist jerkoffs I have seen happen online, almost always never happen in private between the two parties concerned. It must be a show, a circus, of clowns masturbating for an audience. For what? For the applause. What they don't realize is that what they are doing is the same thing Everybody on the internet is doing... which is Common isn't it?

[Quote Pope]

Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended Reign,
Where Xanthus' Streams enrich the Lycian Plain?
Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field,
And Hills where Vines their Purple Harvest yield?
Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous Nectar crown'd,
Our Feasts enhanc'd with Musick's sprightly Sound?
Why on those Shores are we with Joy survey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unless great Acts superior Merit prove,
And Vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above:
'Tis ours, the Dignity They give, to grace;
The first in Valour, as the first in Place:
That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands
Behold our Deeds transcending our Commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the Sov'reign State,
Whom those that Envy dare not Imitate!
Cou'd all our Care elude the greedy Grave,
Which claims no less the Fearful than the Brave,
For Lust of Fame I shou'd not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy soul to War.
But since, alas, ignoble Age must come,
Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let Us bestow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!
--- Sarpedon to Glaucus

[End Quote]

..Kryptonimus



As the midsummer Sun beats down on the southern mountains of Mars, bringing daytime temperatures soaring up to a balmy 25°C (77°F), some of their slopes become darkened with long, rusty stains that may be the result of water seeping out from just below the surface.

∴I wish somebody told me this like 10 years ago. I was always taught in school that Mars was incredibly cold, like 200 degrees below zero and everything. I was also taught that it can never be warm or have liquid water on it because it was too far out of the “goldilocks zone.”

I always had a hunch that the equatorial zone of Mars was warm, since that’s the pattern on earth. Now it looks like NASA has decided to share with us the actual summer temperatures on Mars. 77 degrees on a summer day... that’s California Spring whether!!! This changes everything actually.

I have my doubts about the “goldilocks zone” theory. If a planet or moon has some type of means to retain Heat, it doesn’t matter where in a solar system it is, it should can have liquid water in some form. But a planet’s distance from a sun affects temperatures, because if it’s too far away, the sun’s heat won’t get to it. But is a sun the only source of heat in the universe?

When I was much younger, me and my cousin-brother had toys and in our backyard we’d play with them, make-believing our toys were aliens from different planets. I invented a planet for my toys I called “Smoke Nebula,” my people were called “Smoke Nebulons.” It was a sunless planet surrounded by a thick cloud of black smoke or dust. It made it’s own heat, and its atmosphere had its own light. I got the idea from the fluorescent lights in our kitchen. They were tubes of gas, and the gas lights up because of electric charge and so on. My smoky planet’s atmosphere worked like a fluorescent light bulb. The black smoke trapped in the heat.

∴We have a giant mega-trillion gallon problem: where did the earth's ocean come from? The old prevailing theory was that comets and asteroids brought it to the earth. The recent European Probe to that one asteroid yielded some interesting results which shot down that prevailing theory. The results was that the water composition of that asteroid has more Heavy Water than the earth's ocean does. Which means that asteroids did not bring the earth it's ocean.

I like Plasma Cosmology's idea that the earth was once a moon of Saturn. I annexed this idea for my Planetary Expansion Model, and gave it a little twist. My twist was that like most of the large moons of Saturn and Jupiter, the earth "back then" was smaller, and covered in ice. So when it got knocked out of its original orbit and got closer to the sun, that layer of ice melted, covering the entire earth at the time with ocean water. If this is the case, then we should see indications of an global ocean, where marine fossils are found in strange and unexpected places. So I went searching for the indicators:

The crinoid is a marine animal whose name means "formed like (in the form of) a lily-flower." Fossilized crinoids are very common around the world, but there are also still many species of crinoid in the oceans today -- the image above shows a modern-day crinoid and is from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Association (NOAA). Some live at depths greater than 19,000 feet!

Crinoid fossils and other marine fossils have been found on top of almost every mountain range on earth. In fact, crinoid fossils have even been found at the summit of Mount Everest, the highest point on earth. This 1967 article from *Geological Magazine* entitled "[The Highest Fossils in the World](#)" explains that some of the first successful expeditions (by the Swiss in 1956 and Americans in 1963; the first confirmed successful attempt to reach the summit was of course that of Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay in 1953) to the summit of Everest brought back geological samples which contained fossilized crinoids.

Very cool how crinoid fossils were found at the very top of mount Everest. The mainstream explanation is that the India tectonic plate crashed into the Eurasian tectonic plate forming the mountain range in question. And so, according to their lunatic model, before those two tectonic plates crashed into each other, the area that would one day be mount Everest was underwater. They point out to the data that mount Everest is growing like 5 inches [or whatever] a day as "proof" of their model. Their data is valid, I don't contest that data. What I do contest or disagree with is their pet theory and belief as to how most mountains on earth are formed. I believe mountains are formed by some other processes, other than tectonic plates smashing into each other. Real quickly, just in case you think I'm crazy for not believing in plate tectonic theory: How did/do mountains on Mars, the moon, and Titan form?

Sedimentary Layers Form Most of Everest

The sedimentary rock layers found on Mount Everest are [limestone](#), [marble](#), [shale](#), and [pelite](#) that are divided into rock formations; below them are older rocks including granite, pegmatite intrusions, and gneiss, a metamorphic rock. The upper formations on Mount Everest and Lhotse are filled with marine fossils.

If the earth was smaller "back then," then all mountains were once the bottom of the ocean. And so, the above clipping of sedimentary layers of Everest makes total sense.

There's more:

WHALE FOSSILS HIGH IN ANDES SHOW HOW MOUNTAINS ROSE FROM SEA

By MALCOLM W. BROWNE
Published: March 12, 1987


Scientists have found fossils of whales and other marine animals in mountain sediments in the Andes, indicating that the South American mountain chain rose very rapidly from the sea.


The rare assemblage of fossils, recovered on an expedition by the American Museum of Natural History to a remote plateau in southern Chile, is expected not only to illuminate an obscure epoch of animal evolution but also to document the rise of the Andes mountains in the past 15 million years.


Among the fossils the scientists reported bringing back were the bones of whales and other marine animals found at altitudes of more than 5,000 feet. When these animals died from 15 million to 20 million years ago, their carcasses settled to the ocean floor and were

 FACEBOOK


 TWITTER

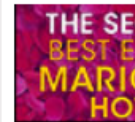
 GOOGLE+

 EMAIL

 SHARE

 PRINT

 REPRINT



About 15,000 feet up on Tibet's desolate Himalayan-Tibetan Plateau, an international research team led by Florida State University geologist Yang Wang was surprised to find thick layers of ancient lake sediment filled with plant, fish and animal fossils typical of far lower elevations and warmer, wetter climates.

Back at the FSU-based National High Magnetic Field Laboratory, analysis of carbon and oxygen isotopes in the fossils revealed the animals' diet (abundant plants) and the reason for their demise during the late Pliocene era in the region (a drastic climate change). Paleo-magnetic study determined the sample's age (a very young 2 or 3 million years old).

That fossil evidence from the rock desert and cold, treeless steppes that now comprise Earth's highest land mass suggests a literally groundbreaking possibility:

Major tectonic changes on the Tibetan Plateau may have caused it to attain its towering present-day elevations -- rendering it inhospitable to the plants and animals that once thrived there -- as recently as 2-3 million years ago, not millions of years earlier than that, as geologists have generally believed. The new evidence calls into question the validity of methods commonly used by scientists to reconstruct the past elevations of the region.

Related Articles

- > [Lake effect snow](#)
- > [Himalayas](#)
- > [Geology of the Capitol Reef area](#)
- > [Paleoclimatology](#)
- > [Fossil](#)
- > [Greenland ice sheet](#)

As the earth expanded, different parts of it gradually "protruded" above the surface of the global ocean, over a continuous course of millions of years. I have a gut feeling that the first land plants and land animals were marine life that "got stranded" on dry land as the earth expanded. I have seen crabs function well on land and in the water, due to their gills. My gut feeling says that creatures like crabs, with shells, were able to survive being stranded. These shelled creatures adapted to the new environment, and developed into new creatures. If this is the case, then we should see that insects/arthropods are the most oldest land animals.

Minerals, fossils and ores found in the Ural mountains point to the area once being under water.

Located in the western portion of Russia, near the Arctic Ocean, the Ural Mountains have offered a source of mystery and fascination for locals and visitors. Marine fossils have been found high up in the Ural Mountains, nowhere near sea level. There are two schools of thought on how the fossils, minerals and ores got there. Some scientists believe that the earth was once made up of supercontinents, which collided, pushing tectonic plates up and creating the mountains. Creation scientists, like [Ken Hamm](#), believe marine life deposits were left on the mountains during the great flood described in the Bible. With one theory, fossils were formed over billions of years with a little water. With the other theory, fossils were formed over a shorter period of time with a lot of water. The science behind both theories is pretty amazing and worth further study. No matter which theory you subscribe to, there have been several types of fossils and minerals discovered in the Ural Mountains.



Flickr: ugraland
Source: [This file is licensed under Creative Commons Attribution](#)

Types of Fossils

Microbial boundstones make up a large part of the fossils found in the Ural Mountains. These are sponges and other creatures that typically make up a barrier reef that you would see on the sea floor rather than on top of a mountain. Other fossils include fish and shelled creatures.



Image Caption: The ichthyosaur was recovered from what is today a remote mountain range in central Nevada. This image depicts a museum quality cast of a Lower Jurassic Ichthyosaur. Credit: [Russell Shively / Shutterstock](#)

April Flowers for redOrbit.com – Your Universe Online



In a new report, a multinational research team details the recovery of a fossil marine predator. The animal, which measured about 28 feet in length, was recovered from the Nevada desert in 2010. This fossil, found in what is today a remote mountain range, represents the first top predator in marine food chains feeding on prey similar to its own size. A major portion of the animal was preserved, including the skull, parts of the fins, and the complete vertebral column.

From the Urals to some mountain range in the Nevada desert of all places, there are marine fossils. As crazy as it sounds, I'm firm in my position that the earth was once entirely covered in ocean. And that it took billions of years for the earth to gradually expand to its current size.

Ice Moon

I believe the earth many ancient aeons ago was a large moon of one of the gas giants; probably Saturn. As a large moon of such a gas giant, I believe it was covered in a thick layer of ice. I'll give my reasonings. The first reasoning comes from researching exoplanets around red dwarfs. A few scientists suggest that red dwarfs would be the most like stars we'd find planets with life on it. A minor problem with a planet orbiting a red dwarf is that such planet would be tidally locked. This means that only a band around the planet would be of good condition for terrestrial life. The study stated that produce water molecules in their atmosphere in large quantity: Hydrogen and Oxygen gas colliding. If the planet has a strong enough gravity field, it would be able to draw in and collect the water molecules [in the form of tiny ice particles in space] on its surface. So gradually an ocean will form.

And so, the same concept would apply to the large moons of Jupiter and Saturn. Where did they get their thick layer of ice water from? It can only be from one source: the atmosphere of their gas parent planet. Water molecules in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn, released and pushed out into space from atmospheric heat. Their large moons would then draw in the water, methane, and/or whatever other gases. Gradually a thick layer of ice collects over millions of years.

Predictions

I'll make a prediction and say that in the near future when NASA or the European Space Agency sends a submarine probe to one of the icy moons of Jupiter or Saturn, that they will get back data showing that the water composition of such icy moons is very similar to that of the earth's oceans.

Another prediction is that if one of these icy moons has a hot core where heat radiates from the core, or from being pushed and pulled by the gravity field of Jupiter/Saturn, that liquid ocean will be found and that simple/primitive oceanic life will be found.

If the first prediction is realized, then we'll know for sure that the earth was once a large moon of one of those gas giants.

If the second prediction is realized, then Wilhelm Reich will have been vindicated, for, what life-forms that may be found in such ocean of such icy moons would have come from bionous disintegration and the formation of bions. Meaning that biological life—if and when the environmental conditions are right where liquid water charged with life-force is present—arises spontaneously from non-living matter.

I'll make a third prediction: that if life-forms are found in the oceans of one of those icy moons, that they will genetically and physically resemble life-forms on earth that inhabit very similar environments and conditions. If this prediction is realized than R. Sheldrake will have been vindicated.

I eagerly wait for the near future to come, just so I can see Plasma Cosmology and those original minded men I mentioned be vindicated.

I dislike how modern mainstream materialist science has become, when it has become heresy to question their sanctified theories and to think up of alternative theories that have better explanatory power.

One day you unborn brothers and sisters a hundred years from my timeframe will look back at my era and laugh. You will understand my disdain for materialism and their science, and the Dark Ages they have manifested. Not because I hate the theories they present and deity. But because I believe that having conviction in such senseless dogmatic prattle inhibits our species from any significant and meaningful growth and development towards greater potential and possibilities. They've killed the spirit of science, which is the Inquisitive Mind and the Quest to Find Answers.

∴Kryptonimus

..Just when you thought you were safe from the NSA:

The NSA's Undetectable Hard Drive Hack Was First Demonstrated a Year Ago

February 18, 2015 // 05:13 PM EST

News broke earlier this week about the NSA's "[most sophisticated](#)" malware yet: An undetectable backdoor that can filter information to and from a hard drive, using the underlying framework of the drive itself. It surprised a lot of people, sure, but maybe it shouldn't have. A group of ordinary security researchers warned this was possible, and in fact installed hard drive backdoors themselves, nearly a year ago.

The paper "[Implementation and Implications of a Stealth Hard-Drive Backdoor](#)," published in March 2014 by a team of eight researchers from Eurecom in France, IBM Research in Zurich, and UCSD and Northeastern University in the US, reads almost *exactly like* [security firm Kaspersky's expose on the NSA malware](#). The full paper is absolutely worth your read if you've been fascinated by Kaspersky's revelations.

The malware, developed by Travis Goodspeed and his colleagues (Goodspeed has spoken the most publicly about the exploit), can be installed remotely by people who have no physical access to it. In fact, the paper asserts that such an attack "is not limited to the area of government cyber warfare; rather, it is well within the reach of moderately funded criminals, botnet herders, and academic researchers."

So, it looks like they have malware that can hide undetected in your harddrive and it can secretly send what you have on that HD to its owner or controller. Pretty sneaky. Windows computers seem to suck more and more each year doesn't it? I wonder if Linux computers and their hard drives are safe?

This means that encrypting shit don't even matter anymore, because with this malware, they can simply see what you are encrypting. Give it a few more years, and more people will understand.

The Open Pandora [and future Pyra] doesn't have a hard drive! I use my Pandora to do all my encryptions and "private" activities. For me, it's just a matter of a person having the "right" to personal privacy. Open Source computers like the Pandora helps give the ordinary person something to maintain that "right." A "right" is only good if you can defend it.

..Kryptonimus

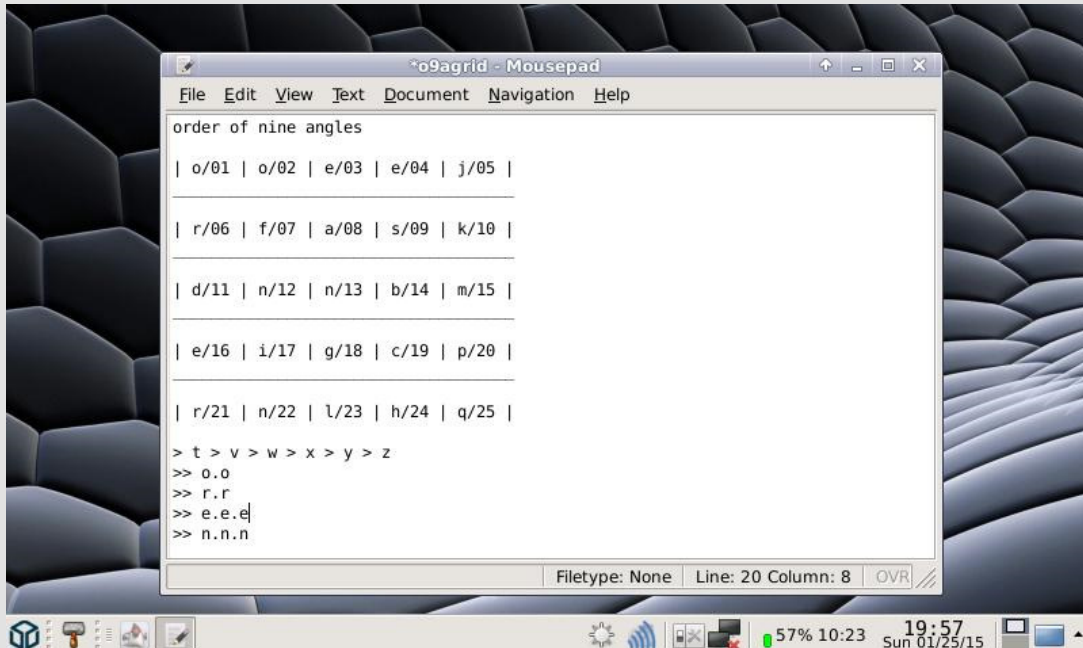


SEXTION 4



Notes On The Dreccian Cipher

∴I've figured out a way to use repeating letters when making the grid for the Dreccian Cipher.

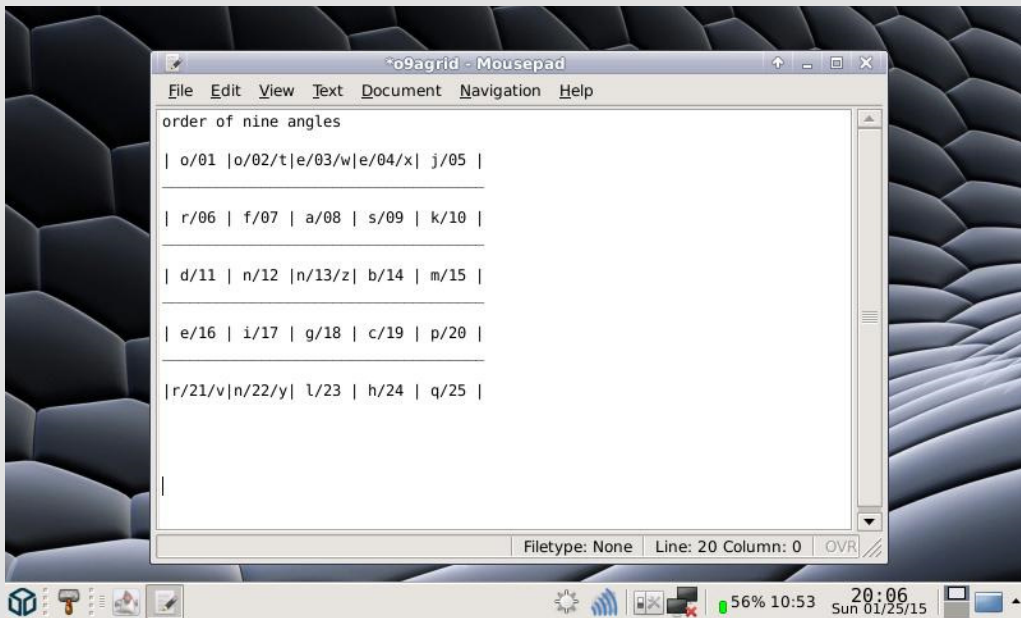


The above picture used the key words “order of nine angles” which has many repeating letters. Steps are the same. Place the key words vertically. Then fill in the rest of the alphabet in alphabetical order. Remember that the letter “V” represents both a “U” and a “V.” When filling in the rest of the alphabet, don’t re-used letters already used in the key words.

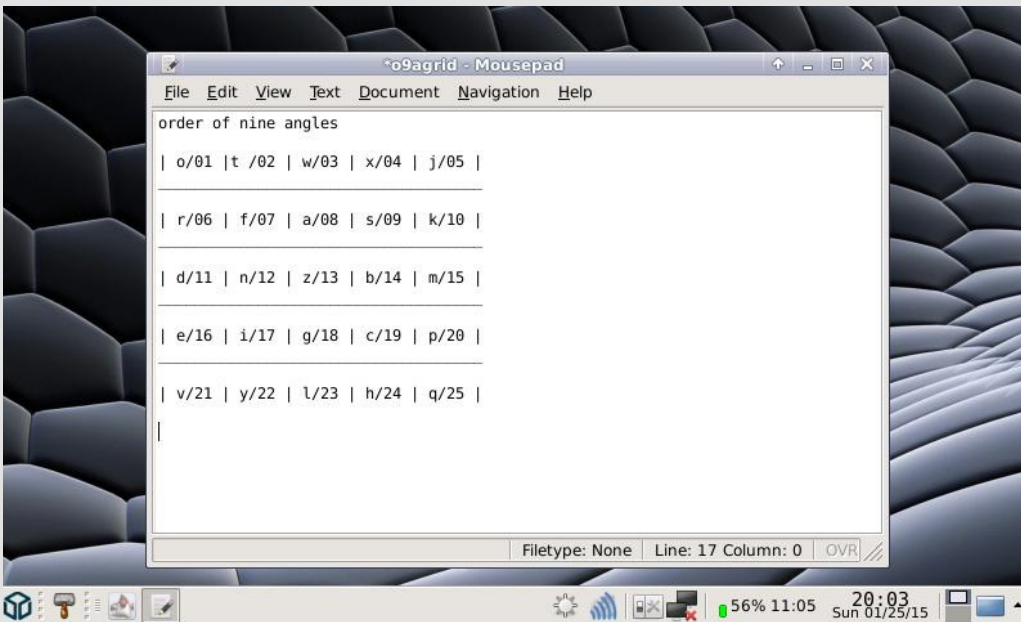
You’ll notice that not all the letters of the alphabet will fit into the 25 squares. The above picture ends with a “Q” in square 25. Take note of the letters that didn’t fit in the grid, and list them. In the example picture, the letters T, V, W, X, Y, & Z were left out.

Second, we examine the key words to see which letters repeat, and how many times. The letters “O” repeat twice, as does “R.” Letters “E” & “N” Repeat three times. Make the second “O” in the grid into a “T.” Make the second “R” into a “V.” make the second “E” into a “W.” Make the third “E” into an “X.” Make the second “N” into a “Y.” And make the third “N” into a “Z.”

All the left out letters are now in the grid. The resultant grid looks like this:



And then to make this nice and not confusing, we delete the unneeded repeated letters and leave in the substitutes like this:



Replacing the repeating letters needs to be in logical order and replicable format so your partner can recreate the grid. So to summarize, we list the left out alphabet letters in alphabetical order. Then we list the repeated letters in the key words in their order of spelling. Then we replaced the extra repeated letters with the left out letters of the alphabet.

Making grids this way is better because you can use any thing as your key words, and the last letters of the alphabet [xyz] and the rarely used letters are better mixed up in different places.

...Kryptonimus

Notes On Ataraxia

..Over the years, “ataraxia” has become my preferred method of “meditation.” In Buddhism there are many types or kinds of “meditations,” and each do something slightly differently. “Samadhi” is the type of meditation where you focus your mind, heart [emotions/will], and then action on one thing. I’ve learned from trial and error that for me personally, it’s easier for me to get into Samadhi not from sitting still, but from going into ataraxia.

The way I learned how to go into ataraxia was by using three methods. The first is to just listen to pieces of music I really like, which I have deep feelings for. A classic piece called “Canyon Sunset,” will do it for me. I then take very careful note of the state of mind I am in, what it feels like, how crisp my beta-wave consciousness is, etc.

The second method is by inducing a Nostalgic moment. For example, I’ll first think of Pumpkin Pie. And then allow my chitta to draw up memories of being with family and friends during a Thanksgiving. Then, what I do is immerse myself in that memory, to relive it. I’ll take careful note of my state of mind, my condition, my heart rate, how relaxed my body is, where my mind is, how much of my environment or surrounding I notice or don’t.

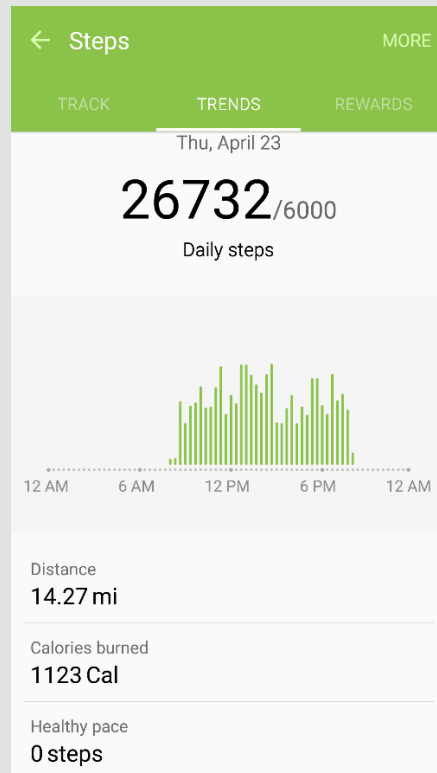
The third method I used was smoking weed. Not too much, where you’re so high you’re stupid. Just enough to relax you. Just enough to make your conscious mind slow down or even stop thinking! The key in any good Buddhist meditation is to learn to shut your conscious mind down, so that your Chitta can come out. I take careful note of my state of mind, how relaxed my body is, and everything.

Once I got all the data about how “tranquilized” my conscious mind is, how faded out my surroundings are, where my mind is at, what it feels like... I’ll practice on recreating all of those conditions with effort and force of will. The main factor in what happens is that you force your conscious mind to “space out,” as we say in Californian English.

The easiest way for me to enter that ataraxic state of mind is by “going beyond boredom” by walking. When I walk, it’s done without listening to music, without thinking, without doing anything that stimulates the conscious mind. Because you want to tranquilize that conscious mind and shut it up.

Pacing up and down in a little place with little distraction works even better for me. The objective is to starve your conscious waking mind with stimuli. Don’t listen to music, don’t have anything on the walls to look at, the room should be small enough where you will get bored in a few minutes. I’ll pace back and forth in my bedroom, which is my “boring chamber of meditation.”

It’ll sound weird, but when I don’t go to work or have anything to do, and I want to write, I’ll pace back and forth in my room all day long non-stop in total silence, to get into that ataraxic state. It feels like you’re in a light trance when you do it right. I’ve included a screenshot from my phone that shows me actually pacing back and forth in my room for over 10 hours straight:



The app is S Health which comes with a Samsung Galaxy. The Graph with the green lines and time line shows you how many steps you took each period. As you can see, I literally pace back and forth in my room for 10-12 continuous hours, in total silence. I also don't stop to eat. I'll eat something in the morning, do my ataraxic pacing for 10 hours without eating, and then eat dinner.

The descriptor that explains pacing in absolute silence for 10 hours is: Mind Numbing! And that's literally how it feels. It feels like your conscious mind got injected with Novocain [procaine]. Your conscious mind is numb, it's slow, it can't think straight, you're so bored, you're literally "out of your mind." That's when you know for sure that you've successfully tranquilized your conscious mind. But why do this? For a number of reasons. It's a way to discipline your conscious mind and its thought processes. When your conscious mind during a normal day generates a continuous stream of random thoughts and ideas and so on, this is a useless undisciplined, uncontrolled Mind.

Meaning your mind's faculty of reason is undisciplined. So when you do something like practice intensive meditation for hours and hours, it's like you took a person off the street and put the person thru 4 months of hardcore boot camp to turn the person into a disciplined soldier. The soldier is disciplined now to stand still in silence for hours, waiting for your orders, and when you give it an order responds.

The other thing being in this state does is it trains your chitta/psyche or unconscious mind – your faculty of empathy – to be more active and to be on call, without the conscious mind getting in the way.

I see Mind as being like a Koi fish pond. When your conscious mind is the pond is murky and the surface of that pond is continuously agitated where it is shaking and waving. This makes it very hard to see the Koi fish at the bottom. So when you tranquilize your mind like this, or by any other meditative or trance induction method, you are clearing that murkiness and stilling the surface of your pond. The bottom of your pond represents your unconscious mind, and the Koi fish represents "that which inhabits" the domain of chitta/psyche.

So now, when I am in that ataraxic trance state, what I do is keep pacing to maintain that state, and I toss in "Germs" of "Thoughts," "Feelings," and "Intentions" into my Koi pond, which represents "fish food." For example a "germ of intention" I toss into the stilled pond would be: "It is my intention to understand what Light is." I say "germ" because you don't chant or repeat that intention to yourself. It needs to be a wordless intention, a feeling or desire. And you hold onto that feeling of intent while you pace up and down.

And so, when you toss your germs of intentions into your pond, your unconscious mind will respond by having some Koi fish come to the surface to take the bait you tossed in. The koi fish are psychic [of the psyche] impressions, murmurings, hints, feelings, ideas, symbolical correspondences, pictures and ideas with hidden meaning, and so on. For example, I might see a whirlpool moving towards two open doors, and so on.

In that state of mind, I also hear “aural hallucinations” and visions [spontaneous visualizations I didn’t consciously produce]. When I hear the aural hallucinations it’s either my own voice talking to me or just a voice I hear in the back of my head. When the aural hallucinations begin, it’s not clear and the words the voice is speaking is nonsensical sans rational meaning. I let the voice develop, and after a few minutes the voice becomes clear in the back of my head [not my ears], and what it says becomes coherent and rational.

The voice gives me a dictation about what germs of intentions I gave to the koi pond. For example, if the germ I tossed into the fish pond was the intention of better understanding a terminology the Buddha may have used, the voice would speak a dictation to me in the back of my head and explain to me what the terminology means. It draws from my memories, past experiences, and gives me visual aid. It uses simple language, and simple ways to explain things. After I hear the voice give me a dictation, I repeat it with my own mind, repeating as much of what I can remember over and over, usually out loud, or just under my breath. When I have repeated it a number of times where I remember, I stop pacing and sit at my desk, try to snap out of the state, and I write what I heard down and weave an essay out of it.

In most cases, this is how I write my essays. I was briefly explaining to Darte that when I write my essays, I don’t actually sit down and write one, or write then one at a time. I start half of them with an opening intention where write out the essence of the essay I want to write. The other half, comes to me when I’m in that ataraxic state. And so, instead of writing out my essays one at a time, I go into that ataraxic trance, watch what koi fish are coming up to the surface, and listen to my aural hallucinations. Then I snap out of the state, go write down what I got, then return to pacing to enter the state again.

Most of us are not aware that we don’t consciously think out what we speak when we are talking to another person. The words we end up saying, actually come from an unconscious source. This goes for the thinking we do on a normal basis. The source of our words, ideas, insights, creativity, is the unconscious mind. What inhibits the flow of the unconscious mind’s stuff is the conscious mind and its judgements, opinions, beliefs, abstractions, things it thinks it already knows, and so on. So you learn to shut your conscious mind up, so that your unconscious mind can speak uninhibited and unimpeded.

This ataraxic state of mind is a state of mind which most artists, musicians, poets, and mathematicians, etc, go into regularly. It’s that state of mind when you are bubbling with restless creativity. You see the picture you want to paint, hear the music you want to compose, hear your poem’s stanzas, and you’re restless where you want to express what you see and hear.

I’m bringing the topic of ataraxia up because, it’s an inexhaustible reservoir of creativity, ideas, insight, and so on. If you put in the time to learn how to enter this state of mind, you will never run out of ideas to write about, paint, compose, invent, and so on. The more you use it, the better you get at it.

Pacing back and forth for 10 hours straight might not work for you. It works for me very well. There is nothing more boring than pacing up and down the same room all day long. Different people will get into this state in different ways. Putting on your favourite music, smoke some dope, and then work out might work for some of you. Classic zazen might work. Painting, making music, or sculpting might work. Farming also. The main ingredient is that you numb your conscious mind.

∴Kryptonimus

Blue
Soho
Recordings



C-SYSTEMS / SHOOTING STARS EP
Incl. SHOOTING STARS AND IN ANOTHER LIFE (FEAT. LIRA YIN)

..I'm currently in love with this song called "In Another Life" featuring Lira Yin, by C-System. I've been listening to it for over a week. I really like this type of music [Trance]. Some day, like maybe in 10 years, I'd like to make music like this, and sing like Lira Yin.



I'm also in love with Andain's song "Promises." I love the lyrics. I'm not too crazy about the style of music, but her voice, vocal melody, and lyrics makes the song. If you haven't heard these two songs... find them on youtube.

FINI

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

Hash: SHA1

..:Kryptonimus

Order of Nine Angles

4.27.126 yfayen

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNATURE-----

Version: GnuPG v1.4.12 (MingW32)

iQEcBAEBAgAGBQJVPypnAAoJEBi1gnyzbalhyVIH/AnWtzgGa6khTKNP34ShoyIJ
QoX6FIYh4qawMq1AN21vdaTbL/tuGgBWQO3geclqRVVkdQzfwEiBTiuDji9wTEy7
UbHCgbsl6Z7yGvRaw1jKCFHXXNkxDnPubsyQSV5BEQxH1eITUmyeAKezp1PrKyI9
pu+kyJ5fwkuC3cRMOvug26UTIJ0W2xJFETkv+4KQ7KS0J+WBTwS4FEko6Xk4oXia
sSBegZbPZCiCszWsWr+xxlWZ7tml7Jjwb0s8XpcuodXEhqNBEWV3C19EpH/5+hx5
GzurVgO0D9pJ66eSEeFE6YjezKr7FIdyT1FKGa/+pw23NuXaJKKOZBiuZDXUKCw=
=7qgq

-----END PGP SIGNATURE-----

Order Of Nine Angles