



CREATION, CREATING THE FUNDAMENTALS OF HIGH MAGICKAL ARTS

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THE STUDENT & THE GURU



CHAPTER ONE

The Guru and the Student were sitting together in quiet contemplation, and the Student spoke up, saying, "I know we've covered this before, but I'm going to ask this question once again but with my new understanding behind the question."

The Guru whispered: "Go right ahead."

Student: "What am I?"

Guru: "You are the Creator localized."

Student: "Who am I?"

Guru: "Do you mean right this moment?"

Student: "Yes."

Guru: "You are the Creator localized who just spoke the word 'Yes'."

Student: "And nothing more?"

Guru: "So much more you do not have the capacity to comprehend."

Student: "Why am I?"

Guru: "You are God's desire for expression in form, and you are your creation and your creation is you, of you, by you and for you."

Student: "What is the purpose of creation?"

Guru: "More to the point: what is the purpose of its opposite?"

Student: "If its opposite is destruction, its opposite has no purpose."

Guru: "Yes, which means that if something has no purpose, it has no existence, leaving One True Thing. If there is only One True Thing, it and its purpose are also one and the same."

Student: "So what is creation?"

Guru: "It is simply the act of creating."

Student: "But why?"

Guru: "What else is there to do? I think, therefore I create, a process that never, ever, stops. Without it, you have nothing. And who wants nothing when you can have something? Creation is thought in action. So whatever you think about, you create."

Student: "If there is but One True Thing, that which is created is one and the same as that which created it."

Guru: "Well said."

Student: "What precedes Creation?"

Guru: "Desire."

Student: "What precedes desire?"

Guru: "Nothing."

Student: "So desire is cause?"

Guru: "Desire is the only cause, first cause."

Student: "How do I then create?"

Guru: "One, desire it; two, picture it; three, command that which you picture to come into being. Desire, imagination and the ability to command are God's trinity of primary attributes. If you can do these things, then you are God, and therefore are the Doer, the Doing, and the Done."

Student: "Then I am not a co-creator with God, as all these New Agers like to say?"

Guru: "'Co-' implies two, does it not?"

Student: "I guess so."

Guru: "Are you unique in all the world and are able to serve two masters, when not even the Great Being Jesus could serve two masters?"

Student: "No, nobody can serve two masters. So, if I AM God, then the act of creation could only be for giving, and implies that giver and receiver are one."

The Guru smiled a little. "'Receiver' implies there are two different beings involved, 'giver' and 'receiver', does it not?"

The Student's eyebrows raised with astonishment as realization overtook his expression. "So," he said quietly, chuckling to himself and shaking his head, "if creation is giving, and I AM the giver, and there is no receiver, then there is only giver, giving and that which is given. But if there is no receiver, then how does the object of my desire come into being?"

The Guru shrugged: "You simply accept it."

Student: "Simple acceptance? That is all it is?"

Guru: "Yes, and of course you must act in some way."

Student: "You said a minute ago that 'desire', 'thought' and 'command' are God's primary attributes. I thought that 'Love' is God's primary attribute."

Guru: "If desire is cause, and thought is creating, and command giving, then Love is simply the desire to give, and God wants nothing more, and has never wanted anything more, and will never want anything more, than to give you all you desire."

Student: "Ohhhhh, I get it. I AM, in fact, God's desire! My desire is God's desire! If I am not, desire is not. Without me, desire does not exist! So desire has the creative force built in! If there is desire, there is the power also within it to bring it about. I AM that power!"

The Guru smiled: "If you say so. Consider this also: if you falsely believe that you are not God, then you live exclusively in the world of effects, which is precisely the source of every problem on Earth, this illusion of separation, but if you know yourself to be God, then you live in the world of causes, and God expresses only perfection."

Student: "So our illusion of separation is the source of all Earth's problems?"

Guru: "Can it be any other way?"

Student: "No, of course not. But wait! If desire is the first cause, and Love is the desire to give, then didn't Love come first? Isn't Love the precedent?"

Guru: "'Cause' implies sequence, a series of events. In computer language, it's stated as, 'if this, then that.' There was nothing, then desire/cause, and as a result, something. Sequence implies something before and something after. If there is something before and something after, then beginning and ending are also implied. If beginning and ending are implied, then so also is the concept of existence as being finite. But as it is simply not possible for existence to be finite, then what is Love?"

Student: "The Infinite, Eternal Being. Existence itself - the circle of causes. That existence is, Love is. Love is the only thing that . . . just is."

Guru: "Now, having realized all that, the only question to ask is...what?"

Student: "What do I want?"

Guru: "Yes. And when you can answer that question, all other questions become irrelevant, because..."

Student: "...because I AM the desire to give, and I have to know what I want before I can give it. To give it, I must create it, and to create is my only purpose. It is the only possible purpose."

CHAPTER TWO

The Guru and the Student were just finishing practicing archery, and the Guru, wiping her brow with a cloth, asked, "So, what do you want?"

Student: "Mmmm. I've been thinking about that. It's a fascinating question because in this exploration it's easy to develop a mindset that you are in want and need of nothing, and therefore you can only want for others. And then you get thinking, well, does that make me a Saint or am I missing something? But, for the sake of argument, I'll just say that I want...I want all the world's peoples to live in peace."

Guru: "How could you be so arrogant?"

Student: "Come again?"

Guru: "How could you be so arrogant as to presume that you have the right to want on behalf of others, who themselves are also God's desire? What if their desire is for anything *but* peace?"

Student: "But..."

The Guru pointed at a lotus in the pond. "Do you think this flower wants you to be at peace?"

The Student thought for a long moment, puzzling. "No. I don't think the flower has a desire for anything but itself."

Guru: "Bravo. If you want peace for others, can you therefore be at peace?"

The Student started so abruptly he nearly toppled into the pond. "No! Oh, goodness! How could I be?"

Guru: "In order to create, must one be able to clearly see that which one wants to create?"

Student: "Yes, yes, of course!"

Guru: "Then what do you want?"

Student: "Peace, and since I can't possibly see it when I view the world, and I can't possibly want on behalf of others, I must want it for myself, and to create it for myself, and to give it to myself, and if I AM God, then I AM...then I AM giving to All in the same act."

Guru: "And the Circle of Causes Closeth."

Student: "But how does that bring about change in the world? Change must come, mustn't it?"

Guru: "What do you want?"

Student: "I want to change the world!"

Guru: "How could you be so arrogant?"

The Student's eyes shifted to and fro, probing the air between them for the trap.

Guru: "Well?"

Student: "I don't want my children to...I, uh, I want my children to...whew...!"

Guru: "To what?"

Student: "Well, I want them to live in a changed world!"

Guru: "Oh? And what do they want?"

Student: "I...I honestly don't know."

Guru: "And do they know what they want?"

Student: "I don't know. They're so young. I don't think so."

Guru: "Then perhaps they should be subjected to today's lesson."

Student: "Well perhaps they should!" he almost shouted.

Guru: "What is the only possible purpose for being? You have already said it just a few days ago."

Student: "To create."

Guru: "Then what is the solution to this dilemma?"

The Student inhaled mightily, his mind twisting as it raced through all the possible answers, for which, of course, there was only one. And when it came to him, he started to cry. Face buried in his hands, he whispered so quietly, "I must create a New World, and if those living in the old one would like to live in the new one, they are most welcome to join me."

Guru: "And who but you can create this new world?"

Student: "No one."

As the Guru hung her bow in the shed, she asked, "So, what do you want?"

Student: "It's really very simple, isn't it?"

Guru: "Yes. Yes, it is nothing if it is not that. How about some lunch?"

The next day the Student accosted the Guru quite abruptly on the trail to the Mountain, a knowing yet suspicious glint in his eye. "You didn't tell me everything yesterday, did you?"

Guru: "Yes," and she wandered off.

The Student gave chase. "Wait, please...I know you didn't..."

The Guru abruptly stopped and the Student literally plowed into her. "Perhaps you'd like to rephrase the question."

Student: "Did you tell me everything?"

Guru: "No," and she again wandered off.

Student: "Tell me just one thing! Anything!"

Guru: "As we discussed yesterday," she called over her shoulder, "does desire have within it the power to bring it about?"

Student: "Yes, because desire is the cause."

Guru: "Then what's next?"

The Student slammed his palm against his forehead. "To ACT! Of course!"

Guru: "Have a nice day."

The Student, now shouting at the receding figure: "Is there more?"

Guru: "Have a nice day."

THE STORY OF HAVALLA



CHAPTER THREE

Alpha Centauri is the nearest star system to Earth and in that system are a few worlds, one of which has sentient life. This is a planet that meets our every criteria for being Utopia. Havalla is the planet's name, which means only "Our Home," and has a beautiful nebula, a starbirth chamber which can be seen with the naked eye on any given night, and an almost indigo ocean. The entire planet is peaceful - they've never known war - indeed they don't have a concept of what war is and their dictionaries have no term for it. Noteworthy, however, is that one of their scientist-sages has "seen" with his inner sight and written of a pale blue planet in a nearby system that has been at war for 6,000 years for one incomprehensible reason or another - but nobody read the book; it was too speculative and philosophical and surely just a totally implausible fiction with implications and suggestions that could sow the seeds of poisonous concepts. (Their scientist-sages are not held in particularly high regard because there seems little need for so-called "higher" teachings. Like children, all they need to know is how they play and treat one another in any given moment.)

Havalla's axis is absolutely stable, so there are no seasons, just a semitropical temperate zone from one pole to the other, but there are mountains where the air is cooler and the vegetation different from the lower climes. The inhabitants relish their differences, because it's those differences that teach them the most about themselves, such as their differing religions and various other dogmas that all - as it is everywhere in every galaxy and universe - are only approximations of Truth. There is no economic system other than that to be found through trade, and therefore there is no necessity for regulation and therefore their government is more or less a token figurehead that also must trade goods and services that have pertinent value in order to justify its existence. Deceit is, by the same token, not even in their sphere of understanding - to cheat another is as alien to them as war, and therefore there is no need for police other than to decide who must provide a good or service to another inhabitant when an accident occurs, so their police are evidence-reviewers and decision-givers.

Their day-to-day activities generally involve creative play - they have 20 times as many sports - but there are specializations of occupation for trade, such as food-growers, home-builders, water-managers, waste-managers, musicians, artists, scientists - all of which subsist through some form of trade. In the end, there are no haves and have-nots, which is essentially the root of all problems in our world. Or, more to the point, the fear that the haves live through every day when faced with losing what they have - this is the root of all problems in our world.

One marvelously strange day one of their scientist-sages looked up at a crude computer screen and saw that there was some kind of "noise" being transmitted from the direction of that solar system with the pale blue planet in it. She was listening via a radio telescope that was not so different than those found here in the 1960s, only it was made of plants that inhaled chlorine gas, exhaled helium, hydrogen and oxygen, and were superconductive. She hit the "record" button and continued working.

Later, after examining the "stream" of information received, she realized that it was in a language that they could decipher - binary code, and the data kept coming and coming. Years (their years, of course, which are only 44 of our days) passed and they had been able to correlate word meanings with what was taking place in moving pictures, and the many dictionaries they had studied helped them to both broaden and narrow their definitions of what words meant. This

also meant that they were able to piece together concepts, and it was in this endeavor that they were most confounded, not by the concepts themselves but by the sheer madness that such concepts illustrated.

At a scientific-mystic symposium, scientist-sages gathered from all over Havalla to discuss the implications of what they were learning, and perhaps even more importantly to conduct diplomatic talks regarding whether or not they would release their findings to the people of Havalla. Afterall, it would be arbitrary and presumptuous if they kept the information to themselves, but at the same time the concepts themselves could literally destroy their world. There were many in attendance who were not up-to-speed with this area of research, and so there were sessions set up to present the "Story of the Blue World."

"To illustrate the potential dangers of releasing this information to the people of Havalla," orated our dear lady scientist-sage who made the original discovery, "we have chosen a short list of their word-concepts to present to you as a way to graphically show what their world is like, and what we don't want our world to be like - or so we believe at this juncture. They have what they refer to as 'virtues,' which if we understand their meaning of this word correctly is a desirable property to possess in one's personality array. However, obviously we don't agree."

The audience waited in silence.

"We shall start with the word-concept 'courage.' Do we have need for such a virtue? The closest we come to a definition is 'strength of character to proceed with one's task or calling even in the face of danger or our own fear.' Having the concept in our understanding automatically implies that we must live in an environment where we are constantly grappling with great hardship and battling with forces that don't have our best interests at heart. Ladies and gentleman, we don't live in that environment."

She went on.

"'Altruism' and 'charity' - service to others. Then we must live in an environment where there is inequality between people. Again, we don't live in such an environment.

"'Hope' - the yearning belief that things will turn for the better. We would have need of this word only if we were being detained against our will, or beaten, or were afraid of dying - any manner of recurrent and intense uncertainty.

"'Faith' - belief in a thing, event or person which is beyond our direct experience or removed from our immediate senses. We would require this concept, what these people seem to deem a virtue, only if we lived in a world where we knew less than we're capable of believing.

"'Loyalty' - exclusive devotion of one's time and affairs to a person or organization of persons. Then we'd have to face the constant potential of losing a brother or sister to an influence that isn't to our liking or preference, itself a concept that, until now, is totally alien to us because we know that a person is always engaged in perfection whether it is with us or someone or something else.

"'Unselfishness' - acting only for the benefit of others. This is only possible in a world where we believe ourselves to be separate and not One, where we would treat one another in a way we ourselves would not choose to be treated. To us, acknowledging 'unselfishness' is the equivalent of acknowledging 'selfishness,' a formula which could be applied to any of these so-called virtues.

"'Pleasure' - a mental or physical happiness. Our wounds, our pain, are happenstance, and not the opposite of pleasure. We would have to live in an environment where pain is the rule and pleasure is always to be sought and captured and won, a constant struggle for the satisfaction of our senses.

"'Beauty' - we have been able to find no meaning for this concept, because if we understand it correctly then it automatically implies that there is anything that is less than beauty. What is its contrasting view? We have no concept of this.

"'Love' - what is this according to them? We can't be certain. To us, it's not a place, or thing, or feeling. If we understand this term, then it implies that there are conditions where it doesn't exist, but for us there is no place that Love is not. It just is. Like the heavens and Havalla, it's the only thing that is constant, unchanging, it's existence itself. Many of their great scientist-sages were said to have Unconditional Love, apparently the highest of their attainments. But we know this is absurd, for if we understand what is meant by Love then we know that Love has no conditions or it's not Love - it's anything *but* Love. They're mutually exclusive concepts. There is

no rule, no level, no degree, no preference, no choosing. For us, it's the ground of all being - not a way of life but our very animation, our Lifeforce. Love is the Center, the Absolute, the One, the Unchanging Existence, the Very Fabric of All That Is, for there is nothing that is not made from it. Its opposites or degrees, according to this other world and whatever they may be, is simply beyond our ability to comprehend. Love is the only concept that is not a concept, for Love conceives all things. There is nothing that did not have its birth from It. For us, we treat everyone the way we ourselves would be treated, and that's our worldly definition of it. If the people of our sister planet make this as intrinsic to them as breathing, then they can dispense with all these other words and meanings and use our term for it."

A small voice rose in the following silence. "You're missing something," the voice almost whispered.

The dear lady who had made the discovery instantly recognized the voice. It was that of Havalla's most revered savant, with an intelligence beyond any system of measurement. The girl had not been invited because her ideas were so outrageous as to be disruptive to any potential of constructive accomplishment.

"Yes, Seashella? Is that you way back there?"

"It's me."

"Do you have something to add?"

Seashella came forth and took the podium. She was six years old.

"Hi, Everyone. I studied these people too, and you know what? They would regard our world as boring."

"Ridiculous!" "Outrageous!" "Preposterous!"

"Their stark contrasts are their beauty. Their pain is their glory. Their initiations to the highest concepts come at the highest prices, and therefore their Finding is all the more rewarding. Their breakthrough realizations have thousands and thousands of times the power of ours. Their lessons wield the power of a billion suns. I envy them. I want to move there. I'm building a spaceship, you know, but I also might have figured out how to dissolve this body and be born in one there, but I might forget what I know here, now, but that's all right because I want to experience their extremes, and if I didn't forget what I know now then I'd learn absolutely nothing. Let me repeat this last assertion: if I didn't forget what I know now then I'd learn absolutely nothing."

"How can you think such things?" "We're going to ban your village from the Council!"

"If that is punishment," the little genius instantly said, "then please subject me to it immediately. We are expectant of a pleasant future, but they . . . their expectancy is exquisite because the pain itself is intrinsic with their being. That is what hope means. What do they have if they don't have a higher place to climb to? We have no down, and therefore no up. We "love" Truth, but we know nothing of its soul-saving qualities, so we lack a dimension that they completely take for granted. They would call us idealists, but this is how we're born; it's as natural to us as eating, and we are therefore totally ignorant of the ecstasy that comes by reaching idealism through making choices. We are loyal, but we have never experienced the thrill of maintaining devotion in the powerful face and oh-so-delicious modes of temptation to be disloyal. We enjoy pleasure, of course, but our lives are almost exclusively pleasant, and that is a monotone screen. We don't comprehend the unspeakable sweetness of the pleasure once having escaped the pain. And Love. You're right. There is no debate as to what it really is, but they have differing colors of it. Not degrees. And they only believe they have conditions, when in reality they're just using the word in senses that only approximate the Truth. Those approximations lay in uncertainty, something we don't experience, and so we have never experienced the heart-exploding love that is felt between people who are on the same wavelength, and neither have we experienced the heart-rending power in our chests that they feel when love is lost, which is only an illusion that they have, but what a wonderful illusion! Or the heart-tearing pain that they feel when they lose someone they love to the passing they call death, whereas we just send them on their way to the next form and go on communicating with the passed ones just as we always did, just in a different way.

"My esteemed colleagues, they're growing up. We've never HAD to grow up, but in toiling through the horror and mire that they have for so very long, they will reach pinnacles of which we can only dream. The power of their emotions is in direct relation to the level of difficulty of their

challenges. They have among them people who see things the way they truly are, and they are leading them to a higher level of being, where pain is experienced but not as a result of someone else's intent. They will learn to treat each other the way that they themselves want to be treated on a global scale, but the extremes through which they have passed will bring them a reward we will never know.

"My friends, they have performed their purpose for being beautifully, with unexpected exactitude and startling improvisation, with boldness and daring and even hatred, worrying higher beings from everywhere in the Universe that they had "gone too far," and explored depths of Amgod's being that we will NEVER know unless and until we release our soul civilization from our fear of uncertainty and allow ourselves to plunge to the darkest depths, as have they. They are the reason that Amgod exists, for if THEY are not, Amgod is not, so completely are they bound as One. They believe that something outside of themselves created them and everything else, but they are learning that They created all of it, as did we. Without them, Amgod has no being whatsoever, for they are Amgod, and so are we.

"Our word for Love is Gratitude, but Love would still be Love without Gratitude, while Gratitude would not exist without Love. Our concept for Love is No-Self, but we have never known what it is to be selfish, while they are learning to be unselfish, which opens them to a vista we don't have eyes to see.

"Teach the people of Havalla the meanings of their word-concepts so that we can at least HOPE that we can become as bad and beautiful as they have accomplished. It truly is time for them to grow up, and it truly is time for us to grow down."

THE STUDENT & THE GURU



CHAPTER FOUR

One morning the Student and the Guru were on the Mountain among some boulders, a waterfall and a grassy meadow, having a brunch picnic and a rather pointless dialog. The waterfall tumbled off into a dark and craggy crevasse, the top of which was surrounded by swirling sparkles that formed misty rainbows. There was a point at which there was a pleasant pause, and the Student filled it with something presumably meaningful.

Student: "This taking action business; I can't quite get my consciousness around it. If for example what I want is peace, I don't really have to act, I simply accept the world as it is and am therefore at peace with it."

Guru: "Is accepting not action?"

Student: "True. True. Hm. I don't know...I...oh, thank you." The Guru had just handed her a small cup of some sort of nectar. Perhaps it was fermented? That would be a delight!

They sat in silence for a time, and the Student began to feel a bit out of sorts, her vision shifting, her manual dexterity fading. Colors started to overlap and blend, and then it all collapsed into kaleidoscopic geometry. She heard herself say, "Oh, dear..." as it all went blank.

When she came to she was completely astonished to find that she was dangling from a rope and hanging at least 100 feet below the opening into which the waterfall cascaded, certain that she must be dreaming. She shook her head, attempting to wake from this lucid dream. Wait, it's a lucid dream - I can *control* it! So she held her arm aloft like some avenging angel attempting to dissolve the rope and fly out of there. It didn't work. She tried to slap herself awake. Wow, if this is a lucid dream I'm in deep!

As the world continued taking recognizable form to her senses, she realized she was in a rough leather harness and the rope trailed away below her and off into the pitch black darkness of the crevasse below. This isn't a dream! If this is a dream I want out now! Please! Now horror set in. Now betrayal. She began shouting for the Guru, wondering if they'd been overtaken by bandits. How does that make sense? Nothing made sense. Absolutely nothing made sense within these conditions. She yelled and yelled until she was hoarse and she no longer had the strength to project her voice.

Then she decided to piece together again what had happened. They were chatting by the waterfall, in the boulders. She was talking about action. The Guru pointed out that acceptance was action...and then...and then he handed her a cup of something. Was that nectar a drug? Did it knock her out? Is the Guru really a sadistic ghoul in disguise? How could such a great and benevolent being be a sadistic ghoul and put me in such a circumstance?

Soon thirst became a need, and she realized if she hung onto the rope and leaned out she could fill her other hand with a little water from the waterfall. Realizing that the day must be wearing on, she tried pulling herself up the rough hemp line, and as she tried wrapping her feet around the rope she became aware for the first time that her shoes were gone, and the rough hemp was very chafing. She steeled himself against that obstacle and realized that she would

have to pull herself up 100 feet of this steadily, without stopping, as it would require energy to just remain stationary at each succeeding point higher. Between the sliding, which tore her skin, and the climbing, she realized, exhausted, that she'd managed less than five feet, so she let go the rope and jolted rather sharply back to her fixed position.

Looking down into the black and yawning chasm, into which the rope trailed, fear clutched her chest and she shook her head. "Absolutely not."

Forcing herself to be content for the moment, she waited. She waited for...something, whatever. Yes, she could wait. She waited for the Guru to come. No, no. The Guru couldn't haul her up by himself. So she waited for the Guru to come with help. But what if the Guru is bound and gagged in the boulders? Yeah, yeah, by the bandits. Must've been bandits. Those damned bandits. I hate them. I'll get 'em, you'll see. I'll get those bastards. But wait...if the Guru is bound and gagged, he can't help me. So she had to think of something else to wait for, but, running out of ideas, she couldn't think of anything to wait for. So she waited for inspiration on ideas for just exactly what she could wait for. The Guru will come with help. You'll see. Mm-hm. You'll see. So she waited for the Guru to come with help. All she could do is hope that the Guru would come with...wait, the Guru put me here! How could such a great and benevolent being put me in such a circumstance?

Am I having a déjà vu? She shrugged.

I'll give it ten more minutes, she thought, and then I'll...what? Looking down into the ever-darkening chasm fear again seized her from stem to stern, and she shook her head. "Absolutely not."

After what must have been another hour, she realized there was no feeling in her legs, the circulation down to a trickle. She knew she couldn't hang there for even another half-hour, much less the entire night. In despair, she began to cry, railing at the circumstances, at the Guru, at the waterfall and spray for making her cold and wet, at her legs for going numb, at her feet for not having shoes on them, at the rope for being rough and devoid of knots on which she could get hold, at the rocks for being hard and black, at the opening for being 100 feet above, at the trees she could see above the opening for laughing at her with their annoying little flickering leaves glittering in the wind! Soon, she ran out of things she could complain about.

As she slumped forward against the taut hemp line, thinking she might sleep, she felt a pressure in her thigh. Leaning back, she saw that she had a knife and scabbard tucked into her belt. Where the hell did that come from? This was simply all too insane. What is this? She took the knife out and logically thought, there is only one thing *this* could be for! And so she raised it, set it against the hemp line, and gently pressed, but not too hard. One little fiber, then two, were cut.

Is this a test? she wondered. Is this like some radical Guru lesson on trust? Just cut the line and trust? Trust that the Master, the Guru, knows what he's doing, that he'll swoop in on a cloud of levitation and whisk me out through the top? Trust exactly what? My faith? Do I trust my faith? Trust my faith? Are you kidding? I don't even know what that means...trust my faith...huh! Aren't they the same thing? That's a question for the Guru, if I ever see him again, the rotten bastard.

Wait, I know right now I can't do what everybody else does, make an uninformed choice and blindly hope for the best. Yep! Here we go! I give it fifty/fifty that it's a test! If it's not, well...then I become a shredded mess on the rocks. That isn't what this is about. By the way, what *is* this about? She chuckled insanely to herself, laughing and crying at the same time. Would somebody care to tell me what this is about? "Oh, God, what the hell am I doing here?" She began to laugh harder, and harder, cackling like a madwoman, her laughter echoing around the cavern and blending with the waterfall, which actually sounded precisely like a applause at the moment.

She laughed until her gut hurt. "Oh, holy Toledo...that's funny. That's so funny!" And she laughed some more. Soon she forgot what she was laughing about, which was even funnier.

Still laughing, she thought, So, my options: (a) I wind up a shredded mess on the rocks, (b) the Guru swoops in and saves me, (c) I lower myself, in intense fear I might add.

Thinking a few rather incongruous thoughts, they ran as follows. Why am I here? I don't know. But maybe the more important question is why is the rope here? What if the rope just runs out? Then I'm stranded in the dark at the end of this rough, miserable, unforgiving rope! But then I

have the knife. O.K., so, if the rope runs out, I use the knife. It doesn't matter. With certainty, she nodded to herself, saying, "This is all an illusion anyway." *Oh yeah?* the devil inside mocked. *If it's an illusion, then why are you afraid?* "Good question," she said aloud. "Damned good question, actually. But right now I don't give a damn about why I'm afraid. Even if I don't know why I'm here, I know why this *rope* is here and this cold, wet, miserable waterfall has to go somewhere and I'm going to find that out dead or alive."

Inspecting the configuration of the rope and cleats, she had simply to unwind the rope from the bottom one and feed it through the top one. Ouch! Her hands were getting friction burns. Screw the pain! she thought. Pain doesn't matter. What does pain matter? And wait till I get my hands on those damned bandits. They're going to be sorry they *ever* messed with this chick! The devil inside said, *Come on, do you really believe there are bandits?* "There has to be some explanation," she said aloud. Down she went, little by little, then a little faster, terrified out of her mind and still laughing away and talking to herself.

Now she was in pitch black and stopped, afraid that she couldn't so much as see the rope eight inches from her face. "Screw the fear!" she said aloud. Fear doesn't matter. Why would fear matter? Who cares about fear?

Hm, what if the rope just keeps going and going, never ending? Then what? I just stay in the dark, feeding rope and dropping until I starve, I suppose. No, I wouldn't starve; I'd just cut the line. But when would I make my mind up about that? Hm. Good question. It's all an illusion anyway. The devil inside chimed in, *If it's just an illusion, then why are you...*

"Shut-up," she said, "I'm still working through that one." Well, better move, better than just sitting here now isn't it. Hm. Rope never ending - it certainly wouldn't be any stranger than this entire experience. "This is easy," she said aloud, starting to feel pride and fear at the same time. Yes, it's very easy. Wow, it's dark. Down and down. Hm. A lot of rope. Must be a thousand feet of it. Where did those bandits get all that rope? Can't see a damned thing. Oops, there we are. Hm. Fancy that. Solid ground. Ho! My feet hurt! Careful, rock's slick with the spray from that blasted waterfall.

She heard someone call her name, faintly, from somewhere nearby but on the other side of the rock wall. Now she could make out that there was some light coming in and crossing her feet. Her name was called again. She felt her way around the wet and pitch black rock to her left and saw more light. Getting down on all fours, she thought, No problem at all. This was easy - no reason to fuss at all. Crawling to the light, she got lower and shimmied through the opening, and blinded by the light she slumped to the ground. As soon as her eyes adjusted to the brilliant afternoon sun, the Guru's sandals came into focus. "Well," she said, filled with bravado, "that was easy! What's next?"

The Guru's voice came from within a blinding light: "What did you learn?"

Student: "Learn? Learn, you bastard?! I learned that I'll never take a cup of nectar from you again!"

The Guru laughed heartily: "Come come. What did you learn?"

Student: "I learned that it's pointless to wait."

"I learned that the opposite of waiting is making decisions and committing to them and acting upon them, right or wrong. You can't make a decision and not have an attendant action, because that is also waiting."

"I learned that fear is the only thing to be feared, and pain just hurts and nothing more."

"I learned that you can't argue with what is, so accept it. *Isness* doesn't listen to argument."

"I learned that when there is only one choice, it's not a choice at all, but a decision that has to be made and to therefore be at peace with it, and to accept it too."

"Ah!" shouted the Guru with great joy, "then on your feet, girl, for you have also learned that there is no free will! Isn't it wonderful? Congratulations! Come. Come come come. We have a great deal to do today!"

CHAPTER FIVE

The Student and the Guru were sitting together, surfing the Web, looking for Websites where Truth could be found. The Student felt a question coming on, and so she asked it.

Student: "You said some time ago that I have to learn to let go of my definitions of myself. What do you mean by that?"

Guru: "Imagine yourself as a balloon. Is there any reason to believe that the air inside the balloon is more you than the air outside the balloon?"

Student: "No. So the membrane of the balloon is just a very thin border marking the line between the finite and the infinite."

Guru: "In a manner of speaking, yes. Let me ask you a question. Does IT, the Eternal, have form?"

Student: "If you mean apart from us, then no."

Guru: "Since it has no form, could it have size?"

Student: "No."

Guru: "Since it has no size, could it have boundaries?"

Student: "No."

Guru: "I'll borrow from an ancient Zen text. Because it has no boundaries, it has no inside or outside. Having no inside or outside, it has no far or near. With no far or near, there is no there or here. Since there is no there or here, there is no going or coming. Because there is no going or coming, there is no birth or death. Having no birth or death, it has no past or present. With no past or present, there is no delusion or enlightenment. There being no delusion or enlightenment, there is no ordinary or holy. Since there is nothing ordinary or holy, there is no pollution or purity. Because there is no pollution or purity, there is no judgment of right and wrong. With no judgment of right and wrong, all terms and statements are ungraspable. Once there are no such subjective states and false ideas, then all sorts of appearances and all sorts of labels are utterly meaningless. Is this not *you* devoid of definitions?"

Student: "I see your point. But isn't that the nothingness void, Bliss, Nirvana whatever the hell you want to call it...I mean, what would be the point in creating?"

Guru: "The inverse is purposelessness, and remember that which has no purpose has no existence. Let me ask you another question. Does time exist?"

Student: "No. It's just another falsely perceived definition of limitation."

Guru: "If time doesn't exist, then sequence also does not exist, correct?"

Student: "I should think so, yes."

Guru: "If a thing is conceivable, is it also inevitable?"

Student: "Based on this line of thinking, yes."

Guru: "Well, it's not, because inevitability also implies that it hasn't become an event yet, which in itself also implies sequence, or time. So, based on this, all possible things already exist, always have, always will, and this is the state of all potential, what some Philosophers called Potentia. Do you think Potentia is localized anywhere?"

Student: "I don't know how it could be, if there is no inside our outside, no far nor near. So what you're saying is that Potentia is what is both inside and outside the balloon. That all potential is both inside and outside the balloon? And I'm the balloon? And the balloon membrane is my self-imposed perception of definition?"

Guru: "Could it be any other way?"

The Student puzzled about that for a moment. Then she said, "No, I don't see how it could be."

Guru: "So let's take it a step further." She took the mouse in hand and started moving it around on the pad, and the cursor arrow was following the instructions and making circles and loops on the screen. "On the computer screen when you move the mouse around, and you see the cursor, the little arrow, sweeping around on the screen, leaving little tracers behind it..."

Student: "O.K."

Guru: "Did you know that the motion is an illusion?"

Student: "An illusion?"

Guru: "Yes. What's really happening is that the computer is completely redrawing what is seen on the screen for every succeeding position of the cursor. So that all you are seeing is the entire screen redrawn, or refreshed, as a single frame, each succeeding frame with the cursor in a very slightly different position. It works just like film. You're not seeing motion; you're seeing a series of still frames strung together, so the illusion is motion while the frames by themselves are reality, taken from Potentia based upon your choices. Because each of those frames are autonomous, standalone events, they are also each simply Now events strung together."

Student: "Wow, I see what you're saying and why you're saying it, because motion also implies distance, or space, and space must also imply here or there, and if there is here or there, there is also point-to-point travel, which is the only way time could be, like Einstein came up with, the 'time-space continuum.' If there is no distance, or space, there is no time, and therefore all there could be are succeeding Nows with the subject, in this case the cursor arrow, in a different position. But in the Eternal, if there are no forms, there can be no space. Time can only exist in an environment with space and forms."

Guru: "Exactly. The question is this: does the entire computer screen reconfigure, even reformulate itself to accommodate each next, or each Now position of the cursor arrow?"

Student: "It has to. Each one is a whole new screen."

Guru: "And all the colors and forms on the screen are combinations and sequences of ones and zeros, and because it requires so many ones and zeros, so much digital data, do you wonder how it can refresh the screen so quickly, such that the eye can't detect the reproduction of the individual frames?"

Student: "That had crossed my mind."

Guru: "The vast majority of the data is *embedded*, which is to say that it's *remembered*. Because it's remembered, it doesn't need to recreate itself from scratch. All the computer must do is take all the *remembered* data, project it onto the screen, and then add only the necessary data to fill in the space the cursor occupied in the previous frame with color and form and project the next frame with the form of the cursor in a new position. The only data that has changed is the little fill-in in the previous frame where the cursor was, and of course the little white arrow in the subsequent frame. That's all that's changed because the vast majority of the data is remembered. You could say that..."

Student: "I know where you're going with this. That if we were unable to remember what the world looks like from one second to the next there wouldn't be a world, because WE carry that embedded and agreed upon data."

The Guru's eyebrows arose, causing lines to form on her forehead: "We carry it?"

The Student laughed dryly. "Sorry," she said, "we are the data, and every movement we make is not movement, but a new frame which contains us in a new position, and the Universe has literally redrawn, or refreshed, a modified version of itself to accommodate our new position."

Guru: "Might it be safer to say that *you* have refreshed *yourself* to accommodate *your* new position?"

Student: "Oh, dear God, if I AM everything then that is absolutely true!"

Guru: "If we didn't remember the data of this world...or instead of putting it that way, let's say that we purged all of that remembered data, what world would we be in?"

The Student shrugged. "One without embedded definitions. One of pure spontaneous creativity, like nonstop play. Now I can see why a Great Ascended Master can't simply wave a wand and change everything in this world overnight. All of us here...we're all the data, refreshing the Universe continuously, each of us acting, sometimes with those actions in harmony but far more with those actions in disharmony, almost like canceling each other out. The disharmonious actions and thoughts are what are holding all this in form. That way we're holding the forms in *form*, and it's all due to habitual thinking, conditioned response, which is embedded data."

Guru: "How can you be so arrogant?"

The Student was suddenly in despair. "No, please, please don't go there."

Guru: "I'm kidding."

CHAPTER SIX

CHARACTERS

Attum: Female Student

Neve: Male Student

Pat: Guru

Attum 'n' Neve, esteemed students of the LightOn Awaken Thyself Academy (LATA, Ultd.), were sitting alone together talking about graduation from the IN (IsNess) level of training. They were strolling the Mountain trail on the way to meet the Guru at the archery range. The topics were light, and they were laughing, but soon they started into their experiences.

Attum exclaimed: "What about that cavern dangling! Huh? What about that! Was that wild or what? What if I'd have just cut the line? Did you think about that?"

Neve: "Which question did you want me to answer?" he sarcastically asked.

She pushed him and he nearly fell to his death off a sheer cliff. She was fed up with smug Guru types. He pulled himself hand-over-hand on a tiny vine back up to the trail, and said, "What cavern? I didn't get to go into a cavern."

Attum: "*Get* to go? It was a nightmare!" And then she told him all about it, how the devil kept yacking at her and how pissed off she was at everything, and that it all turned out to be so easy anyway. Oh, and that she cut her hand right...here. See it? It's her badge of honor.

Neve: "Hm. Sounds fun to me. Why didn't I get to do it?"

Attum: "I guess you didn't need the experience."

Neve: "And you did?"

Attum: "Absolutely. It changed everything for me. Terror, pain, the whole bit, anger, complaining to...to what, like anybody will ever truly listen to *that*, futility, madness, listening to the devil and knowing he's right! Do you know how it makes you feel when everybody tells you this is all an illusion, I believe them, and yet I still fear it? How sick is that? It was like a lifetime compressed into five hours."

Neve: "Wow. Cool. Maybe I'll get to do it tomorrow."

Attum: "No, dummy, don't you get it? You won't *get* to because you don't *need* to. Here at the LightOn Awaken Thyself Academy you only experience what you need to experience in order to get IT."

Neve: "Never saw it that way. You're probably right."

She looked at him like, *Is he all here? Helloooo.*

Neve: "I still don't get the free will thing, do you? Why did the Guru say there is no free will? I thought free will was this foundational God-given birthright here, like it's not even available as an option in other universes or something."

Attum: "That one's easy. There *is* free will, silly, *but only to make the wrong choice*. Free will isn't *necessary* otherwise."

Neve: "What? Explain."

Attum: "Well, take my cavern adventure. I had two choices: cut the line or follow the rope down. I had the free will to cut the line, which was the 'wrong choice.' But since cutting the line was out of the question, there was really *no* choice, and therefore no use for free will. I simply made the decision to go the only way possible, to accept it and to be at peace with it. It's about decisions more than it's about choices, and being at peace with those decisions."

Neve: "Oh wow. That's cool. If you superimpose that onto other circumstances, I wonder if it holds water."

Attum: "Sure. Look at it in the broadest sense. You are either on a trajectory of perfection that has its own momentum and course or you are using free will to go careening carelessly (but certainly passionately) off that path, take the wrong exit off the freeway in North Dakota when you're on your way to L.A., so to speak."

Neve: "That ties-in in a *wild* way with the screen and cursor thing."

Attum: "Come again? What was that about?"

Neve: "You didn't get that lesson? Well, then," he said, clearing his throat for effect, "let me explain." He rolled it all out, explained everything, how the vast majority of the data is embedded, how the screen refreshes itself to accommodate the next position of the cursor and that the cursor itself doesn't move at all, but simply blinks back into existence in a different position, how the ones and zeros are just another way of saying Potentia, and that Potentia has no size, form, boundaries, and that we're the balloon and the air inside and out, the whole bit.

Attum: "Wow," she said, staring at the wind-glittering leaves, marveling that she had so despised them just a few days ago while hanging below them in the waterfall cavern. "That explains in left-brain terms what I've always known. That everything is connected. I wonder why I didn't get that lesson?"

He looked her like, *Is she all here? Helloooo.*

She became reflective about it, saying, "Those leaves...the Universe completely reconfigures itself in a refreshed new way to accommodate each new position of those glittering leaves. They blink out of existence in one place and back into existence in another place, even if it's just a fraction of a millimeter. Everything is so connected that the reconfiguration of the entire equation is never not happening - the leaves affect me and I affect them because they occupy the same refreshed space I do. Never stops. And everything we say, think or do is reflected in that reformulation and reconfiguration. Just waving my hand has at least a tiny effect on Jupiter."

Neve: "Yes," he said, equally reflective. "It ties-in to the chaos question: If a butterfly flaps its wings in the Amazon does it start a chain reaction through the ones and zeros that builds its own momentum and results in a hurricane in Miami? If so, and it's certainly not inconceivable, then the butterfly better damned well be careful as to how it flaps its wings."

Attum: "Wow." She stopped, sat on a rock and said a prayer, apologizing to everything and everyone for being so angry and yelling at them a few days ago.

Neve: "That's beautiful."

They walked on.

Attum: "But wait a minute. If there is no size or boundaries, no there or here, and therefore no space to traverse and therefore no motion, why would the word 'position' apply?"

Neve: "Good question, and I've been wrestling with it myself. Let's say that you are alone in all the Universe, the only object in it, do you have a position?"

Attum: "No, because my position can only be determined in relation to something else."

Neve: "Exactly, which is one of the things Einstein was saying in 'Relativity.' Now look at the cursor arrow. We know that the screen refreshes itself with a completely fresh and new frame to depict the now updated location of the cursor arrow. But the screen, like our world as we perceive it, is a finite environment, correct? So, what if what is really happening is that you're moving the mouse around, the cursor is actually staying absolutely stationary, and the entire environment is moving around, the stuff on the screen, the monitor itself, you, your chair, your walls and floor. Everything moves but the cursor arrow itself."

Attum: "No way. You mean it's possible that we don't move at all, but the world we perceive somehow depicts motion, which is itself not even happening? Like a movie? James Dean is screaming along in his Spider but all that is happening is that his car is stationary on a soundstage and the landscape, buildings, cars, are the only things moving?"

Neve: "Yeah, like that, but are they in fact moving? Or is motion the illusion? The Roadrunner, the cartoon - he's zipping along the desert floor in Arizona. He stays in the middle of your screen, but dunes, rocks, bluffs, cactus - they all zip past him. Did you get to mess around in the virtual reality dome?"

Attum: "No. I guess I go in there tomorrow."

Neve: "Well, you're standing on a treadmill, gloves on your hands, sensors on your legs, goggles, earphones, the whole bit, and you're interacting with an environment that responds to your actions, which is more accurately said, responds to your *input* and computes a newly updated world for you to interact with and does it so quickly you don't see that it's a series of flashes. You blink out in one spot and blink back in in the next spot. If you walk, the treadmill moves under your feet to complete the illusion, and objects beside you pass *you*, not you *them*."

Attum: "No way. It can't possibly be that way! Can it?"

Neve: "Why not? One thing Einstein proved is that the speed of Light is constant, but his 'Theory of Relativity' states that *something* has to be relative, so it's space and objects that are

relative. It's not that the faster you go means you're able to traverse more space in less time, it means that the faster you go the less space there is to traverse, until you hit Light Speed, where there is no space at all, and you can't hit Light speed unless you're Light. Space has contracted to the point where the Light is absolutely motionless. Well, guess what? We're Light. And it's not that the environment is actually *passing* you, every single particle of it is blinking out in one place relative to your perception and blinking back in in another place relative to your perception."

Attum: "I gotta sit down for a second. That's heavy stuff. But you know what's wild? That also ties-in with free will."

Neve also took a seat on a rock. "How do you mean?"

Attum: "Well, like you said before if Time doesn't exist, then all possible things and conditions, even thoughts, already exist, always have and always will. So let's say that you develop cancer, and we call it the problem. Well, the Universe has always known that you would develop cancer, your cancer has always existed, and therefore the Universe has always known the precise, exact solution, which also always existed, and the Now-point at which the solution is called forth to resolve the problem. Is it really resolving the problem? Because if the precise solution and the Now-point at which it is realized have always been known, what is the purpose of free will? Is it resolving the problem? No, you're simply purging the embedded data that documents that there was ever a problem to begin with, and the solution simply becomes. Have you ever heard of that case history of that woman with both well-documented diabetes and multiple personality syndrome?"

Neve: "Don't think so."

Attum: "When her second personality emerges, they take blood and there is no diabetes at all. Her second personality does not have diabetes. So it's..."

Neve: "Her second personality has no embedded data, no memory of the condition. It's all in her first personality's head. All of it, no part of this is not in your head, including the virtual reality environment that you think is passing you when you walk. It's *all* perception. Even when we're walking, our perception that we're traversing space is also just a perception in our heads! If we didn't have a hearing mechanism to pick up silent waves which are then interpreted by the brain into an agreed upon what we call 'sound,' there would be no sound, only the silent waves. Our senses feed data to an interpreting mechanism, our brain, and that interpreting mechanism is pre-programmed to report to us what that stream of data represents."

Attum: "Is the solution really resolving the problem, *replacing* it, so to speak?"

Neve: "Wow. You're right. The cancer itself can only exist because I exercised free will to contract it. Therefore, the solution is...the perfection that was always there and we were *choosing*, by free will, to not see it, and *seeing* is the only thing that counts. All anybody has done is exercised free will to experience imperfection, but if you *live* perfection free will is not needed. It brings a whole new meaning to the phrase, 'What you see is what you get'."

Attum: "And remember, the virtual reality environment that you're causing to respond to your thoughts, words, actions is interacted with by everyone else, and so they are of course affected by all your choices, and you by their choices. They're also causing a computation that produces a world according to their perceptions, and we all redraw the screen that contains our fears, hatred, all if it, in this unbelievably dynamic virtual reality."

Neve abruptly stood up. "And check this out. Putting your attention on the word 'solution' also implies that there is a problem, which means that your attention also sees a problem, and your attention is what gives the problem life to begin with. There aren't two things, problem and solution, there is only One True Thing. So, you have to KNOW that what we're calling the solution is the only thing that exists, and we can't even look at it as a solution so much as that which always was, is and always will be, the Perfection that was always there."

Attum: "But the so-called problem is embedded data in the whole system, right?"

Neve: "Yes, but if you keep your attention on Perfection, the embedded data becomes raw, unstructured data and simply returns to...well...*Source*."

Attum: "Thus, free will exists only in virtual reality. Free will and Perfection are mutually exclusive concepts."

Neve was excited, walking to and fro: "And get this. That also ties-in with the Guru hammering away on me about..."

Attum: "What do you want?"

Neve: "Exactly! Did the Guru hammer away on you too?"

Attum: "I wanted to scream, I was so frustrated."

Neve: "Do you see? In other words, if you want to *change* something, it must be a problem, which means your attention is also on that which you want to change, which means that you're feeding the problem. *Change* also encompasses the word *solution*, and we know that if there is a solution then we must also give our attention to a problem. The only reason that the problem exists is because people want to *change* it, or they're plain addicted to the problem. Not even the solution is Perfection, Perfection is One, while the problem and solution are two."

Attum was nodding thoughtfully. "Wow. That is profound, and yet so simple."

Neve: "The Guru said to me: 'It is nothing if it...'"

Attum: "...is not that. Me too."

They were looking at each other, nodding and smiling a little as though they were now holders of Great Secrets.

"And now, Children," chimed in the Guru joyfully, standing esoterically amongst the trees, "you have solved a couple of the great quandaries of quantum physics! Come."

They followed, Attum whispering to Neve, "Where did the Guru come from?"

Neve: "No idea."

CHAPTER SEVEN

The three of them reconvened at LATA's archery range. The Guru seemed particularly pleased today. "Get your bows and arrows and meet me back here."

As soon as they were ready, the Guru said: "So, shoot at the target."

They both nocked arrows and fired away. Not bad. They both hit the target, Attum's a little closer to the bullseye.

Guru: "Ah, excellent. Now let's try this," handing them blindfolds. "Put them on, twirl in place twice, and then fire at the target."

They did so, missing badly. The Guru stepped aside so Neve's arrow would pass on by and lodge itself in the wall of the equipment shed, and Attum's simply vanished somewhere in the forest.

Guru: "How could you have missed the target so badly?"

Attum: "Because we can't see it."

Guru: "So, you have to be able to see it in order for it to *be*, is that it?"

They both lifted their blindfolds and smiled at him.

Guru: "Let's talk a little about quantum theory. I'll make it simple and not bore you. It's talked about all the time these days. Nobody truly understands it because to understand it is to measure it, quantify it, and by those findings explain it, none of which can be done. One of the basic tenets of it is that you can't measure both the position and momentum of a given particle simultaneously, and it's only objects at the atomic and subatomic level that have this problem. What I mean by that is that you can measure a planet or a passing car, take a snapshot of its position, a few seconds later take another snapshot, compare the two, and know what the large object's position was at a fixed moment *and* its momentum simultaneously, and momentum is speed, trajectory, path, etc.

"Another of the many problems, which is what we most want to cover today, is quantum entanglement, which has mystified theoretical physicists since the beginning. Quantum theory tells you that everything is in a 'superposed' state when not being observed. 'Superposed' means superpositions, or all positions. It's everywhere when you're not looking at it, and in one place when you are. Imagine that. The two of you were talking about that very thing. It's all just ones and zeros until your senses pick up those ones and zeros and the brain then interprets those ones and zeros into pre-programmed embedded agreements of forms and sounds. So, to hammer the point home, you can say that beyond any argument whatsoever is that this tree, that bow, the Moon, and on and on, exist only as ones and zeros without *you* to observe them into being and use the embedded software in your head to make them *appear* to be real.

"Quantum entanglement is this. In the lab they entangle two particles by causing them to exist in the same state; particle A and particle B now are like clones, let's say. Now, they separate those particles by any distance, it doesn't matter how far, an inch or across a galaxy, and then modify particle A some way or another and then particle B is *simultaneously* modified, which basically breaks the speed-of-light law. What can travel faster than Light? Nothing, they say, and yet quantum entanglement proves that information can cross the observable Universe in exactly no time at all. But it's important to know that the modification to B isn't the same modification, but a *complementary* one. What is the answer to this mystery?"

Attum: "That's simple. There is no particle B. There is only particle A, and what the lab guy thinks is B is really A, and so, in fact, is the lab guy. In Potentia, everything is the same thing. It's perfectly symmetrical and homogeneous."

Neve: "Yeah, it's like this. If you were to divide yourself into a million and one versions of yourself, and you pricked number 137 with a pin, is there any reason to believe that the other one million versions of you wouldn't feel the pain at the exact same moment?"

Guru: "Applause to you, young man, because you've just explained complementarity."

Attum: "How's that?"

Guru: "If both particles are A, twins, and you modify one and the other is instantly modified, but not in the same way, only a *complementary*, or even *cooperative*, way, what then do you have?"

Neve: "Cause equals pinprick, effect equals pain. The one version of me is the cause, the other million versions of me are the complementary response. We're both the cause and the effect, and our causes effect every part of the whole. That's what the theoretical physicists are missing, that they themselves are also entangled, seeing only the effect they expect to see, thus causing it."

Guru: "How many versions of you are there?"

Attum: "All of them. There isn't anything that isn't just a version of the One Thing."

Guru: "And how is the quantum theory solved? That you can't measure both the position and momentum at the same time?"

Neve: "Because there is no motion at all, and therefore no momentum to measure. There are only particles which kindly position themselves where I expect them to be. They haven't moved, they simply came into being in those positions as a complementary, or cooperative, reaction to my action."

Attum: "There is no *re*-action. There is only cooperative action."

Neve: "Good point."

And so it went, back and forth between Attum 'n' Neve, each smacking the learning ball forth and back.

Guru: "So, don't mean to interrupt, but what does this mean?"

Attum: "It means that if cause and effect are simultaneous, and I AM both, then there is only one reason for being, and that is to create, because to create is the only thing that qualifies as both cause and effect."

Guru: "*Exacting* way to put it. Creation, the act of creating, is the only thing that is both cause and effect, and so for efficiency you simply dispense with the concepts cause and effect. Beautiful."

Neve: "And also, to bring that which you desire into being is simply the act of *being everything* but now with the screen refreshed to include the desired thing. You have to BE what you want in your world, a little like Ghandi said. Or like the little Yogi kid in *The Matrix*, 'There is no spoon, only you...'"

Guru: "O.K., then manifest something for me."

Neve: "I...can't."

Guru: "Based on your explanation just now, you most certainly can."

Neve tried, thinking that he was on the cusp of a big breakthrough. Nothing happened, although when a cloud passed over the sun he became excited for a moment. That has to mean *something*, he thought.

Guru: "Why can't you?"

Attum: "Because he has embedded data that tells him he can't, and he believes it."

Guru: "Right. And what generic name does that embedded data take?"

Neve: "Doubt."

Guru: "So what's the answer?"

Neve: "To purge the embedded data, or rise above its influence - all beliefs, opinions, judgements, and on and on, and start seeing what others don't see. If you see it, you're stuck in it, or to it, or whatever, but if you see it, you're entangled with it. So you have to choose something different to see."

Guru: "*Rise* is precisely the word I was looking for. And what is the outcome?"

Attum: "The purging of all *perception* of limitation, thus becoming unlimited."

Neve: "All of this implies computation, doesn't it?"

Nodding with a small smile, eyes ablaze, the Guru quietly said, "Yes."

Attum: "And if it involves computation, you could say that we're the ones sitting at the keyboard, authoring all this, but it's like we're authoring it on some level that only novices get to play with. We lack the password..."

Neve: "...the code, actually."

Attum: "Yes, yes that's what I meant, the *code*, something that gets you, or admits you, into a deeper level of the *causal machine*, so to speak."

They both looked at the Guru, their expressions depicting...Well?

Two bright birds, small and chirping madly, one blue and the other yellow, fluttered down from the treetops and each positioned itself on one of the Guru's shoulders. "Now let's apply what

you've learned. Here, take these cups and drink."

Neve: "Now wait a minute. What about...we asked you...what's with those birds? Wait...where...?"

"Birds?" the Guru asked with genuine astonishment. "What birds? Now, enough of this foolishness. Drink this."

Attum was still blinking in confusion about the birds - there, not there - but the sudden appearance of an unlabeled liquid awakened a conditioned response in her: "Are you out of your mind? Never!"

Laughing with such delight, the Guru said, "It's nothing like the other stuff."

"Cheers," they said in unison, tapping the cups and downing the contents, having no memory of the...

Attum braced for her inevitable black out, but it didn't come. She felt a little thrilling feeling, but that was about it. Quite pleasant, actually.

Guru: "Now, shoot at the target."

They each nocked arrows and let fly. Good shots, this time Neve's being a little closer to the bullseye.

Guru: "Now lower your blindfolds."

They each did so. "Oh, woowww," said Neve. "That's cool." Attum simply lifted her blindfold up, just to see what things looked like again, clearly astonished. They were seeing that the one target on the one tree was somehow everywhere, and not in any linear way. It was everywhere, up, down, side to side, almost kaleidoscopically overlapping and somehow stacked but you could see perfectly the ones "behind," somewhat like looking into opposing mirrors and seeing the reflected and ever-shrinking versions trail off into infinity, but with a few thousand opposing mirrors. And the view didn't change as they moved their heads, only that there seemed to be a focal point around which the zillions of targets "moved."

Guru: "Shoot."

They each nocked arrows and let fly - both arrows *thunked* into the target's bullseye simultaneously, the arrows actually touching. They were both smiling, knowing beyond any doubt, *knowing* without even lifting their blindfolds that they had both nailed the bullseye, seeing a zillion arrows stuck in a zillion bullseyes.

Neve: "Now *that* is what I call cool."

Guru: "So, what do you want?"

Neither lifted their blindfolds.

Attum: "It's so simple. What else is there? To create abundance and joy and share it with everyone who is willing to accept it."

Guru: "Neve?"

Neve: "Can't put it better than that."

Guru: "Is that or is that not *exactly* what God does?"

Attum: "God *is* as God *does*."

They were smilingly silent, blindfolds in place.

Guru: "How do you plan to go about creating it?"

Attum: "I don't know, but I do know that standing around here yacking at you two isn't getting it done." She yanked off the blindfold and walked towards the shed, saying over her shoulder, "I love you guys."

Neve lifted his blindfold and looked at the Guru, his eyes a little misty. "Thank you," he said, and headed towards the shed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Student and the Guru, just completing a vigorous hike to Angel's Landing, were navigating the trail that leads down to the upper pond, where the waterfall cascaded into the open crevasse. All along the way there were "quiet corners," areas where students and teachers could escape for a quiet moment in a grove of trees, a grotto of ferns, a waterfall or a pond to swim in. There were two caves along the way as well, used for special enlightenment-in-the-dark retreats. Most of these spots were equipped with comfortable chaise chairs, tables and awning-like shelters fashioned from local flora. The Student was sorting through some difficult concepts.

Student: "What is the definition of Ascension?"

Guru: "What is the definition of its opposite?"

Student: "Descension: to go downward, to fall."

Guru: "Then what is the definition of Ascension?"

Student: "OK. I get your point. But what does it mean to us?"

Guru: "Let me ask you this: By implying *ascent*, must we then also imply *descent*?"

Student: "Yes. But we must have a place to descend from."

Guru: "And is there any part of that experience, the experience of descension, that does not belong to you? That you did not live? That you do not own?"

Student: "No. I did it all, by choice."

Guru: "Then what is Ascension?"

Student: "Based on this line of thinking it's *my* return, my return alone, to the place from which I descended."

Guru: "Based upon what you know, can it be a place?"

Student: "No."

Guru: "Can it be a point in time?"

Student: "Absolutely not."

Guru: "Then what would you be returning to?"

Student: "I guess the word *return* simply doesn't apply."

Guru: "What word serves the purpose?"

Student: "Maybe it's the *restoration* of what we are; the restoration of our original, or even true, being. And if that's the case, if I'm unlimited, then what could I possibly want? See, the whole series of mental exercises led me to believe, to...to *know* for the first time in my life, that I'm in want and need of *nothing*. That was one of the most spectacular realizations I've ever made! But I also see your point - our very purpose for being, our very meaning, is to create, and therefore I must *want* something. I must *desire* something. Right now I can't think of one thing I want. I like so many others have developed the deplorable habit of wanting on behalf of others. And in any case it seems that the trick is just to understand acceptance. You think that's true?"

Guru: "I think it might be true that there is something hard-coded in our world, something almost mathematical in nature, an *equation* that itself can express what acceptance means in the context of creation, and I do mean specifically the act of creating and not necessarily The All of Creation. A true mathematical equation, a code, that expresses 'I give unto you, the Cosmos, so that I may accept that which has been given.'"

The Student felt strange in that she seemed to be chasing the Guru. "Wait, say that again..."

They veered off the trail, picked their way through some trees, and came to a solid granite wall that reached up at least 100 feet and off to the sides where it merged with the forest. The Guru stepped through the rock wall.

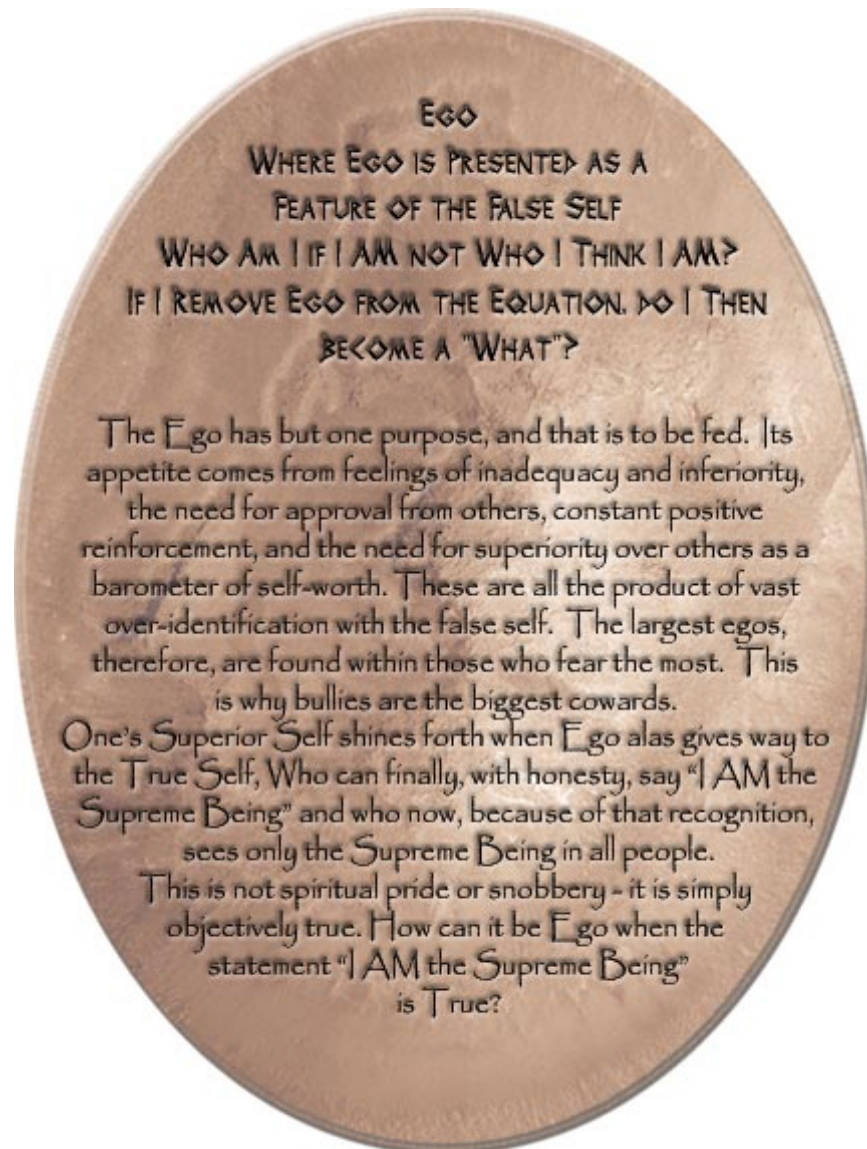
The Student was speechless, but not for long. "Wait...how...?"

The Guru's voice came from the other side. "Well, don't just stand there. Come along."

The Student closed her eyes, put her attention on her I AM Presence and mustered all the faith and knowingness of which she was capable, and stepped forward, with her eyes still closed - if this was going to fail, she didn't want to see it. One step, two, three. Another step. She kept

thinking she should feel something, but didn't. Deciding to peek, she opened one eye and found she was standing inside a cavern facing the Guru, who stood looking at her with a most marvelous smile.

Guru: "Holographic projection. It will be clear in due time." There, in the "vestibule," was a sort of altar, and above it, inscribed in a sandstone plaque like words from a Biblical Prophet, was this:



Below it was a painting, lit by candle, of someone's face. The Student got closer, Who is that? she thought. Wait a minute. It's me. It's a mirror! Amused, looking at herself, she said, "That's like the guy saying, 'How dare you accuse me of arrogance when I am in fact superior?'"

Guru: "Do you see why we never concern ourselves with what world leaders are doing? What the Global Elite is doing? We do not have the facility to remove from them their fears. Most of our world leaders are terrified, and we have a world population of sleep-walkers who blindly follow them. All we can do is keep our work front and center in our sight."

Student: "Bullies are the biggest cowards. Never thought of it that way."

The Guru walked on, deeper into the cavern. "You said a moment ago that you couldn't

think of a single thing you want."

Student: "Right."

Guru: "That's not necessarily a bad frame of mind to be in. You see, you have arrived at a comprehension that you are not what you always believed yourself to be, that you have always had a very limited scope of what you are. That scope is expanding rapidly, and you must allow yourself to be in a sort of interval between recognizable states, as it were, like a rest period. Take advantage of your rest periods, I urge you. Maybe you don't know what you want right now because you're losing who you think you are. What is the only part of you that can be jealous?"

Student: "Ego."

Guru: "The only part of you that can perceive itself to be harmed by another?"

Student: "Ego."

Guru: "The only part of you that can feel emotional pain of any kind."

Student: "Ego."

Guru: "And what is the *purpose* of ego?"

Student: "I get it - to be fed. To get attention from others for whatever reason, and the fact is that everybody is just a mirror of everybody else. God suffers from an unbelievably vast condition of multiple personality syndrome. We're all just personalities, just faces of God. To expect someone else to act in a way with which we agree...well, that's like demanding that your angry self should be kinder to your sensitive self."

Guru: "You know what I hate?"

Student: "What?"

Guru: "When I'm talking to myself and I forget what I was saying."

The Student laughed aloud at that.

Guru: "I seem to be suffering from a loss of short term...uh...hmmmm...now what was that?"

They continued laughing together, and finally the Guru said, "Anyway, is there any real point to being fed in such a way?"

Student: "Not if you're God, no. That would be like the Sun expecting thanks for giving warmth."

Guru: "Does the Sun not deserve thanks?"

Student: "I didn't say that. I said..."

Guru: "I know what you said. Expectation gets you in trouble every time. Count on it. You're getting smarter."

The Student smiled, her heart warmed by the praise. Then she caught herself - *He's clever*, she thought. She had to talk, just plain had to. "I just responded with a secretion of chemicals from my hypothalamus gland because you gave me praise, and I'm positively *addicted* to the feeling the chemicals bring. Not the praise, mind you, but by my conditioned response to the praise as a feature of my ego. Wow."

The Guru stopped mid-stride. "Are you not human?"

Student: "Yes, I'm human."

Guru: "Did you not *descend* in order to experience this flood of chemicals that are in fact interpreted by the brain as emotion?"

Student: "Yes."

Guru: "And do you suppress that part of yourself?"

Student: "Suppress? No. Because that fuels the problem. But recognize it for what it is. You can stand outside yourself and be witness to your emotions and know at the same time that it's just chemicals designed to cause you to *feel*. What causes the chemicals is in itself not a bad thing, nor are the chemicals themselves. What turns it all into a bad thing is our judgment of it, our response. We *descended* in order to experience this."

Guru: "And that knowledge does what for you?"

Student: "It continues to elevate me out of my limited perception of what I am."

Guru: "And do you love yourself for having the desire and very frequently the *courage* to experience what you have chosen to?"

Student: "I'm learning to."

Guru: "And do you know that this is the very way in which you harmonize all of your aspects of being?"

Student: "By loving myself for having had the experiences, for having volunteered for them?"

Guru: "Yes."

Student: "I understand that. We can't go on judging our experiences forever. If we think we've been wronged, then we often seek revenge, or we at least think how we might exact our revenge, thus fueling the problem. And even if we don't seek or think about revenge, we still think we've been wronged and we wonder why. What we did to deserve it. That takes people spinning madly off into victimhood. But what was really happening is that we chose the experience so that we could see it and recognize it for what it is and learn to rise above the perception that we can be harmed. There is not a single experience that we ourselves didn't design in order to teach us precisely what we needed to learn."

He started walking again. "Splendid."

The Student Began to notice that there was no visible source of light, but the tunnel through which they passed seemed to be lit from the space itself. Presently they came into a larger chamber decorated liberally with stalactites and stalagmites, constructions made by human hands, sacred objects on flat surfaces and glyphs and symbols painted or carved in the stone. The chamber was shaped like a giant egg, and the constructions were similar to square and round pillars in ancient structures found throughout the world, with lintels that had what appeared to be stories carved in them. One caught his eye - it appeared to be two ram's horns which then morphed into dragons.

Guru: "And, along these lines, what then is forgiveness?"

Student: "It means a lot of things, but for me *forgiveness* is to throw out pride and take the stance that the buck has to stop somewhere, here, with me, to let someone off the hook for doing us wrong or harm. That frees both parties from each other, mentally and energetically, but especially us from the one we're forgiving. They don't live in each other's heads anymore. I realize also that it is often done with the purest love, to put it behind them and move on, and not anything to do with swallowing pride. It's also used by many to position themselves on the higher ground, to *prove* to the party forgiven that they are the superior because they have it in them to forgive."

Guru: "And do you think that the act of forgiveness helps us to rise above the tumult, the madness of human experience?"

Student: "It has for me. I mean, it's helped me to let go of a lot of things."

Guru: "How can you be so arrogant?"

Student: "Oh, God. Not again."

Guru: "I'm serious. Did you or did you not choose all of your experiences?"

The Student, walking about and examining the curios, stopped cold in her tracks and stared at nothing. Slowly, barely perceptibly, she began shaking her head. "Wow. It's unbelievable what gets so rooted in our consciousness. After all I've learned and didn't recognize that most simple thing."

Guru: "Yes. Did you think it was possible to be wronged or harmed in some way without the participation of a volunteer to play that role? Hm? Did you think that you could be harmed by something other than another human? What if you were attacked by a tiger? Would you feel the need to forgive the tiger?"

The Student wasn't really listening. "All who have wronged me throughout my entire Lifestream, through a thousand lifetimes, were enlisted by me to carry out the wronging or harming. And I take the arrogant position that I have a right to forgive *them*. I actually have them to *thank*! Oh, my God. That's a big one. Without them I wouldn't have had my experiences." She sat down on what appeared to be a throne made of stone, put her elbows on her knees and her hands in her hair. "Wow," she said again.

Guru: "Let me ask you, then, 'Is it the ego that needs to both give and receive forgiveness?'"

CHAPTER NINE

The Student and the Guru were deep inside one of the caves, in a room especially designed to facilitate the potential of conscious transdimensional experience, which itself would be catalyzed and dynamically organized by the Student's ability to accept, and by his or her individual clarity and intent. The Guru was sitting in an armed chair that for all intents and purposes looked like a fancy electric chair but with gorgeous gilding and filligree, crystals, and a lotus-shaped crystalline flower suspended on a curled stem that came to rest pointing downward above her head.

The Student was reclined on a wooden chaise lounge outfitted with an embroidered cushion with wire leads that lead away from underneath it and attached to hand-held Vajras made of synthetically grown quartz crystal and sacred geometrical forms on either end, which were made of thick gold wiring. From the ceiling of the chamber hung a large star tetrahedron also made of gold wiring. The entire chamber reeked of Arcana and Esoterica, but with modern trappings in the mix, all of which was interspersed between the stalagmites, clearly with intended design and placement, or built right into the cavern walls. It was lighted by the conical stalactites hanging from the ceiling. The Student resolved to ask about that later.

Guru: "We have reached a point where most mundane languages and concepts would be stretched to their limits to provide explanation and still would fall short. One of the better approaches for understanding is to address the word 'integrity.' For our purposes, this meaning will do: 'The state of being undivided, whole, complete.' It is said about a boat or ship that the hull has lost its integrity, meaning that parts of the hull have become divided and can no longer prevent water from leaking in and sinking her, that its integrity must be restored.

"Have you ever wondered about the relationship between the words *integrated* and *integrity* and *integer*?"

Student: "No, I must admit I haven't, but it makes sense. They all mean the same thing. Having bullet-proof integrity is the same as being wholly integrated?"

Guru: "In a manner of speaking, yes. We have to once again touch upon quantum theory. Of the many interpretations of quantum mechanics, one stands out as relating directly to our context. Hugh Everett, in the 1950s, proposed the 'many worlds interpretation' of the quantum theory. We'll simplify it here. He proposed that there are an infinite number of parallel universes, or realities, all of which are context dependent, meaning that any chain of events is its own context. Let's give an example. Let's say Attum pages you with a message that says, 'Let's meet at the archery range on Wednesday.' Interestingly, there are three main categories of response: (One) I can't, for whatever reason, (two) I won't for whatever reason, (three) I'll see you there. Let's say you chose the third, 'I'll see you there.'

"In the many worlds interpretation, and adding some of our own thinking, each of those potentialities carries itself out because a thought, as you know, is a thing, and there isn't any fundamental and inherent mechanism in the Cosmic Toolbox that will automatically attach itself to the other two potential series of events and dispose of them in some way. So, in a parallel universe, the *potential* that you chose *not* to meet with her in fact is carried out in a parallel reality in which the *reason* that you couldn't meet with her becomes its own chain of events. Now, is there any reason to believe that there isn't an entire parallel reality in which the other potentials take place? And do you have any reason to question that any of this is so?"

Neve: "No. All potential always exists. It can't be any other way."

Guru: "So, in that regard, you, here and now, the Neve who is here and speaking to me now, are a context, an ongoing cause in a setting in which events occur based upon your choices and input, but you are only consciously aware of your own chain reaction by consciously making the choice you did because this is the setting, the framework, in which the Now-You is observing."

Neve: "OK. I'm with you so far. I've seen movies that tried to explain this."

Guru: "Now, let's hypothetically carry out the chain of events that resulted from the version of you that chose the second option, 'I won't,' but let's give it a reason. Let's say that you decided to harbor resentment towards her for pushing you off the cliff that day. If you noticed, you didn't respond in any way when climbing back up, almost as though the event didn't happen. Attum's

affectionate little push almost ended the you that is here now and yet you responded, you *reacted*, in no way."

The Student was looking at him like, 'How could you have known about that?' and then he thought, Wait, why didn't I react? That's weird.

Guru: "It's not important. Let's stick with this. Let's divide you into several Neves: Neve A climbed back up the vine and went on with no reaction whatsoever, and several days later chooses to meet with Attum at the archery range on Wednesday. Neve B harbors resentment still and says, 'No, I won't meet with you,' but doesn't tell her why he won't. Neve C simply has studying to do and can't meet with her. Now, there is a Neve D. Neve D is the one that actually fell to his death off the cliff, and Neve D is angry and resentful about it, thus causing Neve B to experience anger and resentment from a source he can't quite put a finger on. After all, did Attum really mean to kill him? No. But Neve B, being influenced by Neve D, climbs back up the vine and starts shouting angrily at Attum for pushing him and almost killing him.

"Each of these chains of events can actually have their own historical contexts that reach all the way back to the 15th century, as an example. In fact, the historical context heading backwards in time constructs itself with the same flexibility and ease with which the *future* history constructs itself. Let's say that there is an Attum B who did the pushing because she was resentful about Neve B being just a little condescending towards her throughout their training together."

Neve sat bolt upright. "OK! Now *wait* a sec...!"

Guru: "Let me finish. You're in the perfect frame of mind. To illustrate, it just so happens that in one of your embodiments you were a young man in a school and all the students but you were girls. This school taught much of what we do here and in the circumstances the collective feminine energy assisted them to advance more quickly than you were able to. They didn't make fun of you or anything like that, but you have harbored resentment ever since then towards fellow students who are females. Not females in general, but *fellow students who are female*. Do you find the flaw in my explanation?"

Neve thought hard for a moment, and then the light went on. "Yes! Time doesn't exist!"

Guru: "Explain."

Neve: "You said I 'have harbored resentment ever since,' but that implies time. I harbor resentment because that embodiment of the kid in the school is going on right this minute! I am being influenced by Neve E, that resentful kid, who simply goes under another name and is found in another historical context, and that kid is in me now, acting out his own context completely unaware of me and being influenced by me and me by him. Ho! If I have some enormous epiphany, like now, he's also going to have a moment of...well, clarity, or truth, or whatever."

Guru: "Ah, bravo! Excellent!"

Neve: "And I also slipped out of my integrity by refusing to meet with her because of my resentment. The version of me with integrity would have explained to her why I wouldn't meet with her, but not the prideful one, the one with the ego. That's how integration is brought about. My integrity *is* the integration of my multiple aspects of being."

Guru: "Or maybe you're a gemstone, an unbelievably complex diamond, and all its many facets are the many versions of you. But examine the word *facet*. It's related to the word *face*. And look at all those many faces of the diamond, all of them looking outward from a different angle, from a slightly different position, unable to see each other while looking outward, but by looking inward, they each can see all of the faces of the others, but inverted, like in a mirror."

Neve: "That would explain the thousands of targets in a pretty direct way! Was I looking *inward* to see those targets?"

They were both quietly thoughtful for a moment, and then the Guru said, "Based upon what you know about Attum's experience in the waterfall cave, how does this relate to free will?"

Neve settled back on the lounge, saying, "I see your point, I think. There was only one way for her to go, period, and all she had to do was make the decision and then act. She *created* a number of other potentialities, chains of events in parallel realities, as potential choices because of her fear. Had she been a totally integrated being she would have known the *integral trajectory* naturally and then made the decision without hesitation, thus not bringing into being at all the potential of Attums B and C by whom to be influenced. That's incredible."

Guru: "And here's the kicker. Would Attum have been in that cave at all were she a totally

integrated being?"

Neve was nodding: "Only for the fun of it. She wouldn't need to be there for the purpose of learning. It's as though fear or...or difficult circumstance are integral with learning. Wait, did I just say *integral*? Thinking, speaking and acting in every way right NOW is the causal catalyst for bringing integration into being, only it goes both forwards and backwards 'in time,' bringing integrity to the entirety of my Lifestream and in every historical context. There are millions of versions of me, all of which must be integrated."

Guru: "So, is there any reason to make a substantial differentiation between Neves A, B, C, D and Peter?"

Neve: "Peter? Who's Peter?"

Guru: "Peter's the disciple of Jesus who deeply resented Mary Magdalene. Do you know why?"

Neve: "Yes, I do. I can see it before me right this minute. Because there was a version of him that...there was a version of *me* that hated it when girls were better at things. I've been like that all my life. It's so...I don't know what it is, but the trick is to simply be conscious of it. Because of *my* realizations, *my* integrity, Peter, the Biblical Peter, will at least to some extent let go of 'his' resentments towards women, and so will the kid who was...is *his* influence. Peter, the one that lived two thousand years ago but lives and acts now, in me, will begin to act with integrity, integrated, maybe even changing *his* future, our now, by doing so, giving us a more conducive and pleasant environment in which to thrive."

Guru: "So, at this moment it's about integration. Do you still have a question about Ascension?"

Neve: "Yes, I do. Based upon what I thought I knew about it, what I've read or been told, verses the train of thought you've guided me through, it would almost seem to me to be a sort of dangling carrot, a type of myth used to give people something to aspire to without having to go into a great deal of explanation of concepts that would be almost impossible to grasp from within a mental framework the concepts themselves are intended to deconstruct."

The Guru laughed aloud at that.

Neve: "What's so funny?"

Guru: "I don't know if you know what you just said, but it was pretty close to the mark. But what if I told you that so-called Ascension is the permanent and irrevocable establishment of supreme blissful happiness?"

Neve: "That would...uh...hm...well, after all, what more could you want? I mean..." he chuckled "...I can picture someone saying, 'Oh, well, that's just *fine*! Supreme happiness? What a crock *that* is! Why would I want supreme happiness when I could be superhuman? I was supposed to have superpowers!'" He was speaking like a spoiled child. "'We don't need no stinking happiness! I wanted to escape this horrible nightmare! Fine! Make me happy then!'" Neve crossed his arms and nodded once demonstratively, and he was laughing harder. "I can just picture the tantrum people would throw!" He was positively giddy, strangely intoxicated and teetering, the way one might be after crossing the desert, dying of thirst, and realizing it was just a mirage.

Guru: "Precisely. And do you know why we have gone through this mental tributary today?"

Neve: "I think so," he laughed, wiping the tears of laughter away. "Uh, whew! That's funny. Anyway...we have unintegrated aspects of our being, disharmonious aspects, past lives, current thought-forms, even hereditary patterns, that are let's say lodged in our systems, and these are densities of a sort - these keep us anchored in our density, so to speak. They are the only things standing between us and perfect, supreme happiness. Harmonizing these is the act of integrating them. Being integrated is being supremely happy?"

Guru: "The word 'anchor' was precisely the one I was looking for. If you have anything left to let go, is it an anchor?"

Neve: "Oh, yeah. No doubt. That ties in with forgiveness..."

Guru: "And remember that as a species our worst habit is to look around and want to change something. If you look outside yourself and see anything you want to change, how can you be supremely happy?"

Neve: "True. So there are *two* things standing between us and the goal of happiness."

Guru: "There's still only one," she said, crooking a single finger in the air. "When you view that which you want to change, you have become another divided potentiality, another unintegrated aspect of you because you become what your attention rests upon - you are *one* with a *perceived* imperfection."

Neve: "So what about Jesus and Buddha and um...what's his name? Saint Geronimo or whatever his name is...what about them? It wasn't about just happiness for them. They *did* have what we would see as superpowers, didn't they? Or is that just myth?"

Guru: "For you, what would be your purpose for having superpowers?"

Neve: "I would manifest abundance."

Guru: "In what form?"

Neve: "Gold. I'd manifest gold."

Guru: "And if you could manifest gold, what would you do with it?"

Neve: "I'd turn it into cash and make house payments, buy food."

Guru: "And if you could manifest gold, why not instead just manifest food *and* a house?"

Neve was thoughtful for a moment. "To sleep in. But why would I need sleep?"

Guru: "And if you could do those things, would there be any point? Why would you need food or a house?"

Neve: "I see your point."

Guru: "What if existing in this system has embedded mathematical codes that call for the need for shelter?"

Neve: "And so living in this system by default calls for being *complete*, *whole* in this system, or we desire to escape this system, or to change it, or whatever?"

Guru: "And if you desire escape from this system, what do you have?"

Neve: "Another unintegrated aspect of my being. I'm not happy about something."

Guru: "So, if you could open your hand and have within it a lump of gold, who would it benefit?"

Neve: "Not me, certainly, because I wouldn't need it. And it couldn't benefit others, ultimately, unless they were willing to accept it from me, but then they will not have learned to do it themselves, so in its own way it would be a detriment. They have to proceed through their own learning processes, which they choose, in order to learn this."

Guru: "Bingo."

Neve: "And so I would create what I want using the tools available in this system, and in so doing abundance is what is created for All as a by-product of the fulfillment of my own personal desires. The wealth can't help but spread."

Guru: "So what do you want?"

Neve: "I want to create abundance and joy and share it with anyone is willing to accept it."

Guru: "Don't you love sailing?"

Neve: "Yes, very much."

Guru: "Do you have a sailboat?"

Neve: "No. My dream is to have an eighty foot Swedish-built Swan. Beautiful boat. I want to sail the world! Good lord! How could I have not *seen* that?"

Guru: "Is there any reason in the world whatsoever to believe that God does not want to sail on that beautiful boat?"

Neve: "None. God wants to experience *everything*! And what I do to create the resources enabling me to obtain it is also creating abundance for those who are willing to accept it."

Guru: "Would sailing the world make you happy?"

Neve jerked upright. "Ecstatically. It would be a constant orgasm for me. So we're full circle on happiness. Maybe what it's about is that we reach a pinnacle of being in this system where it's so ecstatic for us every day that it would be *unthinkable* to change it, or to escape from it. You'd have to drag us out of it kicking and screaming. And that's when we've absolutely mastered it."

Guru: "Ah, mastery. Is that not what the so-called Ascended Masters have done?"

Neve: "So why do they have these abilities?"

Guru: "What *purpose* do those abilities serve?"

Neve: "The only purpose I can think of is to demonstrate that nothing is impossible. They're the dangling carrot. The golf score you can never reach. The lover you can never have. They're role is to materialize just long enough to show us that there's more, something much

more to aspire to."

Guru: "So you could say that all They Themselves were and are doing is playing a role, and in that capacity their purpose and their abilities are One."

Neve: "So what if my *purpose* for being doesn't include those powers? Is that what you're saying?"

Guru: "Mostly. But if your purpose doesn't, can you be at peace with it?"

Neve: "I'm good with that. Ecstatic happiness is all I want anyway, and so my only role is to do and to create what makes me happy. I like the simplicity of it. If I could create on demand, I'd get downright bored with it, and fast. I can see that. I can see myself like that guy in India that manifests stuff sitting around with all these devoted types wanting to be blessed, and I'm manifesting a strawberry made of gold or something and saying 'Yada yada yada...here, take this souvenir and go.' If I could manifest on demand, I'd be bored out of my mind, in fact. I'd rather watch the bearing of the various fruits of my labors and how it affected people's lives. That's what I would find rewarding. But I can tell you this in Truth: I would like to be able to dematerialize my body here and rematerialize it on that boat so that I wouldn't have to fly."

Guru: "And so shall it be. But at the same time, will you also promise to purchase the first-class airline ticket so that the airline employees can benefit from your abundance, whether you must use the ticket or not? Or better still, do you promise to manifest the means by which you obtain a private jet you can get around on?"

Neve: "Fair enough." He nodded once and nestled back again on the recliner. "But you know all this modern new-agey thinking makes you believe that consumerism is a bad thing. That the jet fuel I'm burning and polluting the sky with is exactly what needs to go away..."

Guru: "OK. Then why not create a jet fuel that burns flower essences and leaves rainbow contrails? Now *that* would make you a billion."

Neve: "And it would be so much fun! Or...or even an aircraft that worked on antigravity."

Guru: "Boy oh boy, now *that* would change the world."

Neve: "Change? You're busted..."

Guru: "Why?"

Neve: "You said 'change the world.'"

Guru: "You're right, but I did it on purpose. See, all you did was create an antigravity craft to get to your boat because you wanted it, and now that you have, it's also available to the world. If the world is ready for it, it will purchase it and implement it, thus by choice changing itself and you get rich, even if you don't want to be. The abundance flows to you because you were able to clearly see and therefore define what you want and to go about the necessary action of creating it. Whatever you do with the money you don't want is up to you, but you can be sure it will be flowing to you. Do you think God doesn't want to be rich?"

Neve: "No. God wants to experience everything."

Guru: "At this point I'll share a secret, but for now we won't take it any further than this."

Neve: "OK."

Guru: "Joy. A moment ago you said your only role is to do and to create what makes you happy."

Neve: "OK."

Guru: "This is all I'm going to say about it for now. Is your happiness *attached* to obtaining that boat?"

Neve was on the verge of overwhelm, thinking that he needed a cigarette. "Well," he finally whispered, staring off into space, "I think you could say that it's the point one reaches when there is nothing left to be learned through strife or difficult circumstances, in a way, like taking all you've learned and integrating it. It then rises from that perspective and becomes spontaneous creative play. There is a sowing side and a reaping side to it. Your work becomes your play, which is the sowing, and abundance is the result, and then you buy things that make you happy, the reaping, and go play some more. Integration is what releases embedded information. No more conditioned response. No programmed reaction in fear. Attum told me that integration comes about by harmonizing those aspects of being with your Now-Self, and that the harmonization comes about by loving yourself and your experiences completely."

Guru: "Is love ever incomplete?"

Neve: "You know what I mean. We don't need to split hairs. *That's* why she was saying

that forgiveness, from the higher perspective, can actually be counterproductive, because in doing so you're simply acknowledging something that isn't true, and that's that you can be harmed or wronged when in fact you chose the experience for which you have the arrogance to believe you have the self-righteousness to forgive. Forgiving is *not* the same as letting go. Forgiveness implies there are two participants, when there truly is only one. I am the one being harmed and also the one doing the harming. Which is why Love, the One True Thing, is the only means by which it can be harmonized."

Guru: "Do you suppose that what you just said might be the truer meaning behind the saying, 'If you truly Love it, then you must let it go.'"

Neve: "I don't know why not."

Guru: "If you found out this minute that you were the principal cause of the deaths of thousands and thousands of people in a needless slaughter, what would you think of yourself?"

Neve: "Now? Nothing. I'd know that I was carrying out by agreement an act with which all of those thousands of people agreed, just playing my role. And I do forgive...I mean, I do *love* myself for it, for...wow...for having the courage to volunteer to be a monster conjured into being by a mass of consciousnesses that felt they needed to experience something. This room is great. I can see the event laid out in living color right in front of me. I ordered the slaughter of *thousands*, and you know what? Oh, man, it felt *great* at the time! I can't believe I'm saying that!"

Guru: "And do you despise yourself right now for feeling great about that?"

Neve: "I do. I'm judging it, me. I feel like I have to atone for it."

Guru: "*Atone*, exactly the word I was looking for. *At-One*. Do you see?"

Neve: "And how do I do that? By letting go of it? Does that get it done?"

Guru: "It can, yes, but not to get it out of your system because you can't stand the thought of it - that's an unintegrated potential you. So you must learn to love yourself for it. Love is *At-Onement*. And there is an additional way."

Neve: "Bring it on."

Guru: "You could always invent an antigravity aircraft with which to bless humanity, but always remember that your creation probably won't come into being if the purpose of your creating it is atonement. It must be *because* your creation and the act of creating it are united as One in Joy."

Neve was nodding, a sinister little smile on his face. "Because creation is itself pure joy? Creation *is* joy? The same way an orgasm creates a baby?"

The Guru stood up. "That's enough for now on that."

Neve: "Oh, no you don't. There's more. I can see it all over you."

The Guru lit an incense on a stone tabletop, took a small shoot from a live plant, asked the shoot if it could be used for the purpose of helping Neve with integration, and then stood stock still, eyes closed.

Neve: "OK, have it your way. I'll let it go for now. This has been strange. It seems as though everything I look at now also depicts its perfect opposite in an impossibly complex yet simple, like...Boom! Like everything is this Shakespearean moment where everything hinges on this perfect zero point. The thing and its opposite are the same, just inverted somehow. I mean words like 'forgiveness,' it's such a virtue from the conventional standpoint and yet it's so *flawed*. It's *inverted* self is its Truth, somehow, or maybe its True Self. The Truth of the word *hope*, for example. Its Truth is that it should not even be necessary. If it's not necessary, it has no purpose, and if it has no purpose, then...well...we know what *that* means. Can a word have ego? I've been having this dream...it's so weird. I'm dreaming that I'm a young girl and I'm speaking in front of hundreds of people, and I'm smart, I'm so much smarter than everybody in that room, but I don't have an ego about that. But the thing that's wild is that I have full memory of everything around me, and my life as this little girl. I even know her name - Seashella. And it's not on Earth. This planet where she lives is so beautiful. I can see it right now, and it's..."

"This chamber has been set up for her purpose because she's made of granite that contains a lot of quartz," the Guru interrupted, "about fifty percent quartz, in fact. When you put pressure on quartz, it creates an electromagnetic field that itself has an intelligence that can be consciously directed. There is tremendous pressure on this chamber from the mountain above; thus we're in a space that itself is a powerful vessel for this intelligent electromagnetic field."

Neve was feeling a little strange. "You said 'Her purpose'...this room..."

Guru: "Oh, yes." She lit the plant shoot, which crackled as it burned without flame, and passed it beneath Neve's nostrils. The scent was wildly attractive. "This chamber is a she, and she loves her work very much. She likes to think of this egg-shaped space as her womb, which is fitting because she has given birth here many many times."

The Guru held the shoot in her left hand, while her right hand was empty, palm facing outward. She closed her right hand into a fist. Quietly, she spoke some words in a language Neve couldn't place, and then opened her right hand to reveal a fist-sized black seashell, shaped somewhat like a conche shell. She handed it to Neve. It was so dark it almost seemed to swallow light, but as he looked closer he saw that it was a very dark blue, and it seemed dense, fossilized even.

Neve was vaguely aware that he should be astonished, but he wasn't. There was something very natural about these occurrences. There was a question somewhere in him, but he couldn't remember what it might be. The shell began to throb, and he realized that it was a heart. Looking up at the Guru, Neve saw a face he didn't recognize.

THE STORY OF HAVALLA



CHAPTER TEN

Katagah was nervously expectant. In the years since her discovery of the Pale Blue Planet, a great deal had changed in her life. On the whole of Havalla, she was on a short list of friends of the child prodigy, Seashella, and this was the source of her most drastic changes. This list, however, was growing, as more and more of their people began to be fascinated by the research she and Seashella were doing.

Secretly and together they had continued their banned research about the Pale Blue Planet, which they had come to know under various names, but the one that made the most sense to them was "Gaia." Seashella told her that the planet itself had communicated to Seashella that this was the most appropriate designation for their use. Havalla, a male characteristically, and Gaia were close personal friends and communed with one another the way any female and male intelligences would and had done so for eons upon eons.

Katagah hadn't known quite what to make of disclosures such as those, not fully, but she had little reason to question Seashella. Katagah had been working on all the practical scientific elements: a continued probe into the various languages, of which there were so many it staggered the imagination. Here on Havalla they had but one language, and in fact one race of people, where on Gaia the diversity of races, creeds, religions, styles, types, languages, both in use and out of use, was a continual source of fascination for her. She was beginning to believe that somehow even people of her own planet, the seed of them, was also on Gaia, and that it was a place where it was all mixed into a single giant pot with a fire stoked beneath it and it was all congealing into a stew of unity that is amazingly, deliciously, diverse.

Seashella had been working on etheric, metaphysical, aspects: communication without physical means, connecting through conduits that she had thus far been unable to even explain to Katagah without mathematical scribbles which made even less sense than Seashella's cursory explanations, boundaries of understanding, of capacity to comprehend via dormant neural pathways, self-imposed limitations within a "gestalt" of an illusory, even theoretical, construct; data compression and apparently discardable bits; transitional causality and dimensional phasing. Katagah threw her hands up one day and said, "Is there anything at all which can collapse this array into a single concept?!"

"Yes," Seashella had said, and she stepped over to the djinnchord (something like a harp only shaped like a smile and made of something we would guess was glass) leaning in the corner of the room and plucked a string, which gave off a luscious and deep tone, and then another, and another, causing a perfectly resonant chord to shimmer through the room. Katagah nodded at that. Somehow she understood it but didn't know why yet. "It'll come to me," was her constant refrain.

Through their combined efforts they had also discovered, for example, that the planets were the inverse of one another in so many ways. On Gaia, the male birds had all the magnificent plumages and coloration, whereas on Havalla the female birds had the plumages and coloration. On Havalla, an almost maddening peace was the rule, while on Gaia, war and strife were frequently the rule. On Gaia, its people sought a perception of an utopian ideal, and on Havalla, more and more people were beginning to disparage in the pervasive *sameness* of their world and

to admire the contrasts of Gaia, to make a shift to an awareness that Gaia was a place where certain kinds of experience were unique - often bizarre and brutal, and bloody and lusty, and loud and frenetic, but so much could be learned from such an environment. The people of each planet believed they wanted what the other had.

Katagah and Seashella published an underground pamphlet educating any of their people curious enough about this wild world called Gaia. Seashella's village had long since been banned from the Council, and therefore Seashella was basically evicted from amongst them. Her village's conformation allowed its probationary readmittance to the Council one year later, and all seemed happy enough about that, except that there was one proviso: Seashella's parents were strongly encouraged to stop having children. Of course Seashella had asked for the banishment...well, seven years ago today, and today was Seashella's thirteenth birthday.

It had been almost four months since they had seen each other, and then Seashella had dispatched a page to Katagah saying that she had made a "mental breakthrough" and was excited to share it with her. She was due any moment. For Seashella to be that excited meant that it must truly be astounding.

Right on cue, she heard Seashella humming a pretty tune as she came up the cobbled walk and a moment later strode in for all the world with the grace, beauty and poise of a queen. She was absolutely magnificent, far beyond her years.

"Happy birthday!" sang Katagah as they embraced. They were very nearly the same height, and were more like sisters with each other than two females who were nearly 25 years apart. She knew as surely as she lived that Seashella's wisdom was in itself a force of nature.

"Katagah, I have so thirsted for your company lately. There is so much to share. Can we walk? It's such a beautiful night out."

A few moments later they were walking along a beach of violet sand. The Veils of the Ocean Nebula were very bright and delicate tonight, illuminating the area quite brightly.

"What what? Tell me what have you been doing?"

"Havalla asked Gaia to show me something that He was unable to demonstrate in a way that I could fully grasp. He told me that it had to do with heart intelligence. I sensed that he knew very well how to explain it but knew that there would be a deeper communication between Gaia and me. Somehow we as a species have overlooked something that in its purest form is quite simple. This space..." Seashella moved her hands gracefully between them "...this space is not empty. It's full, completely full, packed, and not one unit of its being isn't absolutely packed with meaning. More exacting still, it's intelligent, and down to the smallest particle, each has what we could call a name, even if in a more simplified form it's a number, but there is a resonant designation for each of these smallest particles. And then these smallest units can be organized in a way that we would call replicating, not division and multiplication, but by transference of properties from one to the other, so that one type of energy becomes another type of energy, and like energies coalesce. On Gaia they call it "transmutation of elements" and "forces of attraction." And through this organizational process it expands by nested hierarchies of organization."

"Give me an example."

"Take this beach. This is a coalescence of like and like, which is sand, which is then bordered on its outside by the grass and the rocks that are nested within the foothills that are nested within the mountains, and by the ocean on this side. It is nested within an ever-expanding hierarchy. Now," she stooped over and pressed her finger into the sand, straightened and showed her fingertip to Katagah. "Take any of these grains of sand, and they are also made of even smaller elements that themselves are nested within this one grain of sand. Each of those smaller elements is also made of an organization of like and like which are also nested."

"That's what I thought you meant."

"The most fundamental unit, believe it or not, is a unit that has no name other than a metaphorical designation. But for you and I in this moment we'll call it *light*, even though *sound* is in some ways more elegantly descriptive. Even out here," Seashella pointed at the tendrils of the nebula, "where you see the veils of the nebula give way to darkness, that darkness is still a form of light. On Gaia they call the light units photons, but photons are just one type of light. Another concept of this we haven't explored nearly enough is that through transference of properties, where the 'properties' of one unit become apparently nonexistent as it assumes the properties of an attracting organizing whole, the coalescence becomes densified by the assumption of

modified properties, thus causing a given thing to be in form through this property transference according to a design as visualized by another intelligence. Although a given unit has let itself be transformed, it never loses its origin, its root, the truth of what it is at its core, its source. The communication is accomplished through waves, but it's not as we would perceive them to be."

They were standing at the shoreline of a very still sea, in which could be clearly seen the Ocean Nebula's reflection. Seashella bent down and retrieved a pebble, lobbed it a few feet away into the water. The waves proceeded concentrically outward from the point the pebble *thropped*. As soon as the outermost wave had reached a diameter of about six dorn (a single dorn is close to 13 of our inches) Seashella breathed in deeply and closed her eyes, extending her right hand. "Please be still," she whispered.

Katagah shook her head, not believing what she was seeing. The waves stopped, fully formed, and were motionless. "Each of these waves, although individual, are of the same source, the pebble being the causal agitation and the water being the medium of undivided potential in which a subjective perception is caused and therefore registered by an intelligence equipped with the necessary mechanism to interpret the experience. The undivided potential *must* have agitation of some sort, the pebble, but do the waves relate more to the pebble or to the water?"

"To the water. They don't necessarily have any interest in addressing the cause of them from undivided potential."

"But the source encompasses both; it requires the interaction, the union, of *two things to make at least one thing*. And although each of these waves is individual, the source is the same. This outermost wave, if we take the concept of time out of consideration, is there any reason to refer to it as anything other than that which came before?"

"No." It was sheer force of will for Katagah to be as casual as Seashella about this little miracle in the water, these motionless waves. "And in the same way the smaller inside ones are nothing more than those which come after. And this is a fine example of a nested hierarchy. And in fact, is there any reason to believe that the outermost waves are pulling along the waves inside more than the waves inside are pushing along the outer ones?" Katagah asked.

"Exactly. Even though it's a hierarchy, no part of it is involved in a lesser way than any other part in the evolution of the whole. That's a very important concept. As I see it, there has been a necessity for this outer wave, as an example, to teach the next inner wave what it has learned by pushing its boundaries, and the next inner wave teaches the one inside of it. But there is a big change coming, and what is happening on Gaia is important in the effort in our part of the Universe. In a very real sense, Gaia and Her people are teaching us, in ways that we must learn to accept, that a big change is coming."

"What effort are you talking about?"

"That we are going to dispense with the teacher-student chain altogether, all of us in material experience, and proceed directly to knowingness by a direct experience of self as source. The change will be one of enabling a greater degree of perception by agreement, where we agree to dispense with the rules of perception that we ourselves designed and implemented."

"Now wait a minute. Are you suggesting that we created all of this?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm sorry, but I can't accept..."

"But you will, in due time. You see, your complete surrendering of all the falsities of your perceptions will enable you to do what I have done here, tonight, in the water."

"But what about 'Amgod'?" This is their name for their one great ruling deity.

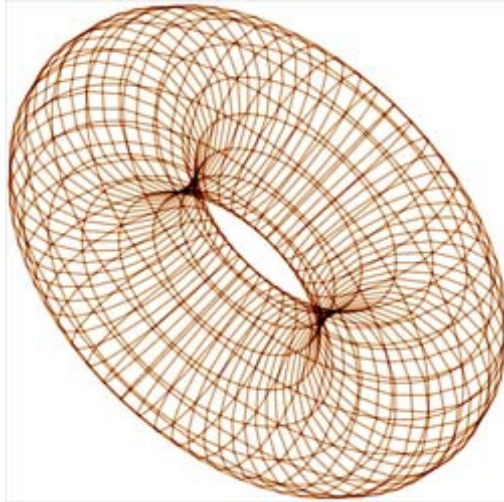
Seashella laughed out loud, smooth, delicious, inviting, so perfect was her delight. As soon as she had quieted down, and seeing the rage boiling beneath Katagah's features, she said, "I don't mean to be impudent, I promise, but I need to tell you something. One of the many inverted experiences of Gaia and Havalla is our word *Amgod* and their word *dogma*. Look it up in your concordance of their English language, it's remarkable, right down to the sounds made. But anyway, see how these waves are moving outward?"

Katagah looked and indeed they were again moving. "Yes," she said, feeling a little sick and swallowing.

"This is just a way of explaining, so don't take it as *dogma*." She burst out laughing again, clearly experiencing great joy. When she could compose herself in between chuckles, she was saying, "There is a theoretical point at which they stop moving in one direction and start moving in

the opposite direction, only they don't just bounce off of something finite and begin moving, against the flow of the others, in the opposite direction." Seashella pulled from the pocket of her cloak a loop, what would appear to us to be a donut. "On Gaia they call this a tube torus. Let's let the waves radiate outward from this empty center."

As Katagah watched, waves indeed were moving outward across the face of the tube torus and, following its contour, would continue moving around the edge and were then flowing in the opposite direction on the other side, heading towards the empty center.



"Each of these waves represents an individuated unit of intelligence, you or me or someone on Gaia or anywhere else, and although we don't have conscious memory of it we are never *not* self-referencing our source. *We're heading away from it and towards it at the same time*, although in our primary perception of heading away from it we're being pushed, which necessitated forgetting, and then in our primary perception of being pulled back into it we're remembering. Now, see this dividing line?" By the light of the Ocean Nebula, she indicated a single line that bisected the tube torus along the outside. "This is the non-space and non-time interval between being pushed and being pulled. There is an impossibly small interval here

where you simply cannot distinguish between being pushed and being pulled. Where does the pushing stop and the pulling start? There is no way to determine that. Both directions involve momentum but this place has none - it's motionless and therefore momentumless. That point is the point in which creation takes place, when both pushing and pulling, so to speak, find union. And it can actually be achieved at will."

Katagah was nodding. She understood this somehow. "You're able to place yourself in this mentally, which is how you've been doing these...these, whatever they are, tonight. And this is also how you have been able to achieve your method of communication, isn't it? We determined that it had taken decades for their data to reach us, but you communicate instantly. When there is no pushing or pulling, there is no distance, or space, and therefore wherever you are is everywhere because...well, if you're *nowhere* then I guess you must be everywhere!" she exclaimed, flinging her hands outward.

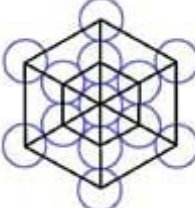
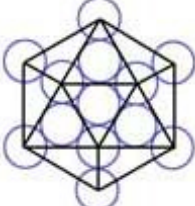
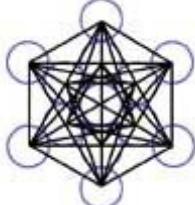
"That's a good way of putting it. It sounds crazy coming from you at this moment, but it works."

"How do you place yourself in that...mental...um..."

"Let me explain something else first. Let's take any piece of the nested hierarchies." She picked up a stone. "Let's divide this stone into its parts." She closed her hand around it, reopened it and the stone was a pile of dirt. "It's made of a variety of different elements. Now let's take any one of these elements and divide it." Seashella put her soiled thumb on Katagah's forehead between her brows and pressed hard while her other fingers stretched backwards over the top of her head.

Suddenly, Katagah was experiencing visually the disaggregation of just one of the elements into its own variety of elements, which then all disappeared but one. The one element left then enlarged and itself disaggregated into its component parts. This time, as her view zoomed-in on what was left, there were five geometric forms floating in her vision. Her eyes were wide as she stared, mouth open, at a space located at about Seashella's right shoulder where the forms were spinning. "Dear Amgod! How are you doing this!"





"You'll know soon enough. These are the basic building blocks of all matter. Each of these forms is intelligent. They think, they feel. They are self-aware, and they have 'names.' Just keep watching."

As she said this, they all ceased moving and then seemed to flatten themselves and shrink against a theoretical background, some smaller circles formed and additional connecting lines running between the circles to show her these two-dimensional forms.

"This is how two-dimensional depiction can actually represent three dimensions. This is the geometry of creation, Katagah, and knowing how it works, even better, how it *thinks*, and even better than that, especially for a woman, how it *feels*, is to understand the act of creation itself. Now we remove the polarity, the dividedness."

Now as she watched, all the forms merged into one, and one by one the circles and lines began erasing themselves, just blinking out, leaving two lines and a single circle.

"But there is still dividedness, which means there is polarity."

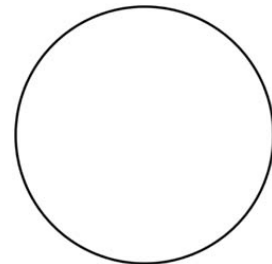
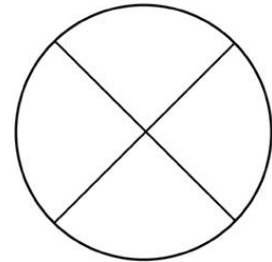
And now the two lines disappeared, leaving this floating in her vision.

"The undivided. That which is undivided, is what?"

"Whole. It's whole."

"And what is the undivided whole?"

"Love," she whispered with welling emotion. "Love is the only thing that can't be reduced. It's the most fundamental unit of existence. You can divide and reduce everything but Love."



"A way to show you an action of creation is this:"

Again before her vision was a symbol.

"This is an annulus. Stare at the center and move your head towards and away from the symbol, towards and away from it. You'll see that motion is seen where it doesn't exist. But then the perceived motion where none exists itself coaxes your eyes to register a geometric shape and form that is not seen, because of the programmed limitation of your vision, until you move closer to it, and becomes registered by your brain because we've tricked it to not discard this information.



"This is an actual portal to higher realms, realms of Love. The opposing movement that you're seeing is a fair depiction of the two 'opposing forces' required in creation - it takes two to make one *thing* - and the line separating the annuli could be said to be the point in which there is neither pushing nor pulling, but is the zeropoint. Recently on Gaia, Her people had a cosmic experience of an annulus, and only a very small percentage of Her people are even aware that it took place. It was an annular eclipse where their one moon moved in front of their sun, forming an annular ring, and opened a cosmic portal, by this principal of oppositely flowing energy, through which a tremendous energy flowed, causing the environment of the entire planet to be more conducive to carrying out certain very powerful operations that a number of Her people did in fact carry out, which triggered the seeds of massive change there. I experienced it with them. It was beautiful. And I plan to experience much much more with them now that I know how to do it.

"Nature has many types of annuli. It's in progressively expanding circles, which form spirals. Seashells are great examples of annular progressions."

"Hm. How did you do that with the water?"

"All this sea of in-formation wants is to be used, to be directed. It's very *alive*. But it doesn't respond immediately to intelligence that doesn't connect with it, that doesn't speak its language. It will eventually respond, but there are other intelligences that must interpret the information, and so the response, you could say, becomes slower. First, you have to *know* that it is an intelligence, that it loves, feels, thinks, and when you connect with it in the way that is necessary, you become it. If you use your feelings right now you can sense that the intelligence of the water is reaching out to you, wanting to connect with you, to be put to use. I connected with that intelligence, merged with it, and then I myself became stillness. Stillness was the feeling, the visualization is what we see in our mind so that the intelligence of the water knows how to respond, and the feeling is the inverse 'direction,' so to speak, of the visualization, but those two must bond. Their bond is an act of the purest Love and Joy, the act of creation itself, and I become the Power acting, the Intelligence directing, and the Substance being acted upon. It's an agreement, a cooperative effort between myself and the Cosmos to bring something into being that is required at that moment for a given purpose. If what is conceived has no purpose it simply cannot come into the beingness with which we interact."

"What was the purpose of stationary waves of water to come into beingness for All That Is?"

"Well...silly, to *show* you what you needed to see. And now that that is done, the purpose of the waves is served and," she indicated the calm water, "they are now remerged with their source."

"How do you connect with it?"

"Through the Universal Language, of course, Love, the irreducible being, the one mode of being which cannot be misunderstood or judged. You have to BE Love. In reaching that level it's no longer a feeling but a state of being. To endeavor to Love All That Is with perfect equality is to become the Undivided Whole. Once you are the Undivided Whole you are everything, including that which comes into being. You visualize it and *spoot*, there it is! Now there are methods and techniques of creation which can be put to use without so completely *consciously* Being Love, but this is the quickest way to do it. Being Love is a choice, and you *live* it by loving yourself and all that you are and have been, and you pour this fountain of your *Being It* out to all else."

"Do I have to understand everything that you just showed me?"

"No, your heart understands. Love is what it knows, and in practicing the constant flowing of it, your brain will simply know what to do when the moment comes."

"This is what you call a breakthrough? This is the most shattering in-formation I've ever heard. The Council would banish us from Havalla altogether if they knew about this."

"Does it matter? I love all this so deeply, so unspeakably deeply, and that is the source of me, of you, and everything else, the self-referential source that ceases the need for self-referencing once you Become Love. There is no 'loop' through which your intention needs to travel, if that makes sense to you."

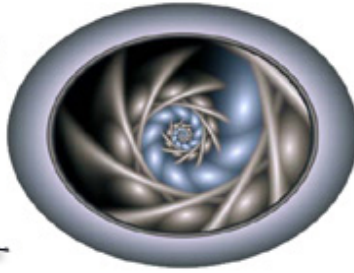
They both stopped in unison, turned and started walking the way they had come, at times straddling their previous footsteps in the violet sand. As they walked and talked, Katagah noticed something resting in the recess of a footprint. "Oh look. It's a perfect shell." She stooped and picked it up. Very light and delicate, a bright yellow. "Where did it come from, though? Neither of us stepped on it before. It's as though it materialized right where it is. Hm."

Seashella swayed in her tracks. "Wait." Fluidly, she sank right to a sitting position, reclined and rested her back against a small ledge. "All right," she said, "I'm ready."

"For what?"

Seashella looked at her, but she didn't recognize her face. "For you to hand it to me."

ASCENDED MASTERS SPEAK



CHAPTER ELEVEN

It's time for Us to do a little coaching, to clarify a few matters so that you can relax into your rapidly changing being. Your engines are started, you're on the starting line, and the green flag is about to drop.

You may look upon yourselves as "hired guns." You are big-league championship race-car drivers who have been asked to race on a small dirt track in a small town. You are Ones who have functioned in higher realms, mastering other spheres of being, able to perform what you would call superhuman feats. What you believe to be superhuman feats are just the natural way of being in higher octaves. Having that as a goal is akin to being excited, even emotional, about the ability to drive a car. This is why you can't help but look upon this as the Holy Grail, because you look around you and wonder why you should have to proceed all the way around the track when in fact you're sitting on both the Starting *and* the Finish Line. Having mastered higher orders of being, a part of you knows this deep inside and leaves you wanting to simply blink your eyes or wiggle your nose to effortlessly "get the job done." But remember, you're functioning within a system that also must be mastered. The tools you already possess must be modified to work within this system and you must mature your higher beingness to the extent they can be safely and efficiently used.

Many of you desire to be unlimited while mostly looking beyond the framework of limitation within which you must achieve it. You must fully master your current environment, and to master that environment you must fully love and embrace those hard-coded limitations, just as you would love and embrace all aspects of your being in order to integrate those aspects, which are your limitations.

You came here to awaken a global population of slumbering souls, and those slumbering souls came here to be awakened by you. Feel *that one* deeply. Therefore, in following your own individual blueprint, which cooperates with the blueprint of all else in a cohesive whole, you must never look past what must be accomplished on Earth, in physical bodies, at this time.

Just make the assumption that you have already achieved the Ascension, and that you have returned for the purpose of leading the world into a very rapid transformational phase of its collective experience. Just know that this much is done, and now you can stop thinking about it and start thinking about more important things.

We and your own highest being, and your guides and angels, have guided you to this Alchemy and this group of people to greatly accelerate you into this leadership role by optimizing your ability to function within it with Love, Power, and Wisdom, giving you tools that some of you are already learning how to use. Indeed, some of you are so astonished you're even questioning that what you have done actually took place, or is it "just my imagination?" you thought. Well, Brothers and Sisters, get used to it because it is going to do nothing but continue to open before your

vision and experience, only from this point forward the acceleration will exponentially increase. You will and are experiencing energies that can cause you to respond with fear (which isn't necessary, but it's all right), which itself can be used if you see it for what it is. Fear is a very potent energy once requalified, but you must do what Attum did, and that is to say "Screw the fear! It's just fear." Embrace it, love it, move through it and cheer yourself on all the way. If you are cheering yourself on, what are you? You are more and more becoming your highest being, who has stood for eons cheering you on.

Moving along. Think about this: Prior to your exposure to the teachings found on this Website, you were hoping to *change* the world, or to even a lesser degree hoping that the world would change. Now you see how your attention upon that which you want to change divides your potential Wholeness, which is your inevitable perfection. How can you arbitrarily decide that something needs to be changed? How can you know, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that what is isn't perfect the way it is? And if so, then doesn't it simply "boil down" to what you, and only you, want? Ask yourself this: Is it easier to create something new than it is to change something old? You know the answer to that question because so many of you are experiencing it in so many ways already in your lives. You're starting to think, "To hell with *that* way, I'm going to do it *this* way." It's far easier to create something new than to change something old. And never forget, it's all manifestation, all of it. If you create something new, you have very likely created something that is now a *changed* version of something that came before it, but at least you were thinking in terms of perfection and were not wasting your precious energy on thinking how to *change* something.

This is a timeline parallel to many, and make no mistake there are Lifestreams who are trapped in it, but not because of the power of the construct but because they themselves give power to the construct by refusing to awaken in it (almost always through fear) and see it for what it is. The Destiny of Earth will be realized, a Golden Age will come forth - this much is certain. The Humanity that manages to stay on Earth in bodies to experience this will proceed from point A to point B without option. How burnt, scratched, beat up, angry or sick they are upon their arrival is entirely the choice of each one. And how do We (and you) know that the Golden Age is inevitable? Because you, YOU, exist to see that it is done, and that makes you powerful beyond reckoning. You and your Destiny are becoming One.

So, how do you create a new world? Based upon the trajectory of this timeline and the fantastic myriad of events which lead to NOW, it will require almost unimaginable wealth. Did you invent money? No, you didn't, not by yourself anyway, but now that it is invented it, like all other energies, must be put to use. Believe it or not, on the model of any very advanced society or civilization on any world or in any timeline, a global and centralized means of exchange has been very efficient and indeed assists an evolving population to function in unity. There will come a time when all currencies become one. New technologies, new paradigms, new modes of being take root within the milieu, the soil, of a given system and flourish within that system, and more often than not they are able to do so because wealth is the energy that nourishes the seeds.

Wealth is synonymous with abundance, but abundance isn't necessarily synonymous with wealth. As you may know, abundance can be lived in any way that you are in harmony with your surroundings. Some of you will be creating this great wealth, and some of you will be benefiting from it, but your desires will be its fuel. It's a means of exchange of love, and all you must do is accept it. But for those of you who have designed for yourself to create it, don't get lazy. For everybody, let go of your ingrained notions that run like this: "Well, as soon as I can get the bills paid, I'll be able to become what I want." That thinking is what is keeping you from achieving it, and a big part of that is due to over-identification with your your false self. In the grand scheme of things, do you really believe it's that important for the health of the Cosmos that your bills are paid? So let it go, be still, and know that I AM God. This opens channels through which abundance in any form will flow to you. Truly, We ask you, be comfortable in that knowing.

These teachings are very specifically designed to lead you towards a full apprehension of your invincible nature. We want you to feel invincible, unstoppable, and to carry that knowingness into the use of the conventional tools you have at your disposal. If the tool doesn't exist, then invent it. This is the nature of embracing your limitations in order to become invincible, unlimited. How can you know what unlimitedness is without the limitation? Your mastery of a given system necessitates the use of the conventional tools within that system, does it not? Now you see. We can't stop you from attaining "powers" which operate beyond the scope of this system, but we do ask you to use the conventional channels wherever possible because those are the means by which to raise a planet whereas the powers you so fervently seek may, conceivably, benefit nobody, apart from for purposes of demonstration to show humanity that nothing is impossible.

The question to ask yourself is this: If I have to fight and scratch in order to make a mortgage payment, what makes me think I have the power to make this world what I want it to be? Your mastery includes the burgeoning ability to use conventional channels in order to effortlessly create all that you need. Use the tools you're being given! So many of you acknowledge your ability to manifest almost anything, but when it comes to money? It's a stone wall. Where does the system break down? Use the tools you're being given! Over and over again we will emphasize this point. And why? Because anything you visualize, sow and nurture within that system benefits the whole. And this is precisely what you are here to do.

There are some who have achieved a state of being where they can be trusted as custodians and distributors of Great Wealth, which is our gift to Humanity, and the one in charge of the Earth-side of Operation FirstWave, uh...what's his name?...um, Jason Something [wink]...is one such individual, along with his *sidekick*, Peter. [Sorry, Peter, it wasn't me.] As soon as the FirstWave effort fully takes root in the Earth system through you, companies will be formed, plans drawn, and seed monies prepared. When we endeavor to teach you that this is the Age of What-Do-You-Want? we have thus far neglected to mention that this is the New Dispensation for Earth! What do you WANT? Fine! Let's create it!

Now, for further clarification: What, if anything, is not manifestation? Everything is manifestation. Everything. If you are doing healing work, is the newly healed person not the manifestation of a different person based upon what you learned in *The Student and the Guru*? Are they not just a refreshed Them on the screen of life? Everything is manifestation. If you sooth the tears and pain of a broken soul, is that not manifestation?

Many of you will ask how you fit, or how you go about *determining* how you fit, in this new picture of wealth, in this New Dispensation. This is the same as asking what your *purpose* is. Your purpose is to create abundance and joy and to share it with anybody who is willing to accept it, because this has *always* been what God does. God IS as God DOES, as Attum so eloquently pointed out. Yes, you say, but HOW? Sit down and determine what excites you more than anything and be sure it's for you. In other words, if the first thing that comes to mind that excites you more than anything is to cause something that excites someone else, then throw it out and keep working on it.

Your excitement is the way the Cosmos shows you what you are. Doing what excites you brings the greatest joy, and the act of creation is defined by joy. Once you know what that is, you have locked-on to your purpose, and you'll feel that quickening in the midst of you, as though there is no power in heaven or on Earth that could stop you. This means that it's already visualized and your excitement has within it the desire, and the desire has within it the power to bring it about. Now, presumably, the tools you are being given make you feel invincible so that you'll at last *allow* yourself to think outside the so-called grind of mundane living. For God's sake, Brothers and Sisters, follow your excitement! It's now time to walk out that door or get on that telephone (or with cell phones both!) to cause the chain reaction that will ripple through Potentia and put all potential players and components on notice that they will soon be required for the fulfillment of your plan.

There are more tools coming, much more. Begin using and mastering those you have now. It's very important that this be done, because this will be the trigger for what comes next. Indeed, the next level of Alchemy is in formulation and is being catalyzed and driven by your present moment experiences and responses to this new way of being. You yourselves will determine the final form of the next Alchemy.

Some of you may wonder, "What tools?" And if that is your question then you must simply look closer at *The Student and the Guru* and *Havalla* stories. Many of you haven't so much as *looked* at Transformation, much less put it to use, and many will "miss the boat" because they're paying more attention to the idea of some Great Alchemy elevating them out of something, whereas the Website and the people using it are also the Alchemy, the Alchemy of Mastering the Earth System in the Present Moment. You are all raising each other at the same time - know it, own it and go with it.

Everything goes. Nothing is disallowed (except for harm in any form). There are no requisite behaviors, no rules about anything, including eating, drinking and being merry. Life is a celebration, so celebrate it! Having put that point across, we must therefore address another point that is on so many minds. What about the use of mind-expanding substances derived synthetically or directly from plants or other sources? This is a difficult issue. You should by now know that nothing in all of our experience together is not intelligent, obviously including plants and what is derived from them. You are therefore taking in to yourself other intelligences and imprints, including those that come from persons who have grown and handled what you are putting into your bodies. Relatedly, but on another level, you are also working at all times with Intelligent Life that in and of itself is pure, but that purity could be distorted by your perception, which itself was distorted by taking into your body things that are able to distort. You very likely took it into your body for the purpose of enhancement, which in a way is its own distortion. As you become a more and more powerful doorway through which Intelligent Life expresses itself, you, nor this world, can afford the more powerfully expressed distortions.

We shall give an example and leave it at that. If you were to plant, nurture and grow your own mind-expanding tools, and the purpose for doing that was ever and always to draw closer to your own I AM Presence, then the purity of those tools exists because of your *own* Alchemy. We leave it to you to decide, but a good question to help you decide is this: "Does this substance serve my highest purpose in any way?" If not, your decision is made. Some of you are asking, "Well, what about Icarus? It was seeded and grown by somebody else, wasn't it?" And that is true and a good question, but know this: Icarus was brought through from the pure realms of Intelligent Life in its pure and unadulterated state. We saw that this is so, and Icarus was designed to adjust "Him"self to you, and the words given before the first use are to be used, without exception, or you will not have even begun. This is how the Intelligent Life of Icarus is told how to adjust to you, in purity.

Finally, we'll close with this: There is only *one way* to manifest anything, and that is your own.

Be Ye Peace.

Causally Yours,

The "Ascended Bunch"

THE STUDENT & THE GURU



CHAPTER TWELVE

Attum didn't know how to feel, what to think, what to say. Making her way up the trail to the invisible cave, the Guru's voice kept ringing over and over in her head, "Stay completely centered in your I AM Presence, your focus gently and easily on It as frequently as possible." She wasn't entirely sure what that meant in a purely mechanical sense, but she could naturally get empty, quiet and focused.

The best she could guess, something big had happened to Neve. She hadn't seen him in a week. Although whatever it was was the hubbub around LATA, nobody knew anything, but there was certainly much debate, conjecture, gossip and guesswork. He had died. He'd flipped out. He'd crossed into another dimension. Maybe he had a near death experience. Maybe he was faking some cosmic experience. Maybe he was engaging in sacred sexual rituals! The Guru happened to be within earshot one day when one of the students suggested *that* one, and she'd gone off laughing as hard as a person can while walking at the same time. Throughout the seven day period, all the Guru would do is smile, but it could be said the smile wasn't one of happiness.

To Attum, the facts were these: Neve and the Guru were in the cave the day after she herself was in that profoundly powerful place. The Guru emerged from the cave several hours after entering, instructing that nobody should bother him - he was "processing." There were LATA attendants that had begun taking bowls of food to him, mainly consisting of nuts and dates, some fruits, carrots. Fresh and highly energized water was plentiful in the cave itself.

Then three days ago, they came and took her for several days of quiet time in a dark room, feeding her only nuts, dates, certain grains and fruits, telling her to keep her attention as frequently as possible on her I AM Presence. They had also been keeping her well fortified with a white powder and amber liquid made from gold, which was having a very expansive effect on her.

Right now, she felt some apprehension, but not fear. It wasn't fear. In her heart she knew she was about to experience something astonishing and had resigned herself completely to that, self-imposing an inevitability. Walking to the left off of the main trail, she came to the "rock" wall, smiled and stepped through it.

Inside it was totally black. She waited for her eyes to adjust, but it wasn't happening. She felt a little disoriented and was tempted to step back out into the light, but then she heard a whisper.

"Attum. Hi. Thanks for coming. Sorry about the total dark, but it must be this way for now."

"Why?"

"Because light would illuminate what isn't there."

She felt him near her. The energy pouring from him was almost too much. His hand was suddenly in hers as he said, "The first thing you have to know is that I love you. The word is complete unto itself. You don't need to wonder beyond that. Come on."

She allowed herself to be led by the hand down the corridor she had walked eight days ago. Her eyes were stretched open to their limits and yet she was totally blind. The pace at which

he moved was astonishing. Finally, he took her hands and tucked them into the back of his trousers. "Hang on. You won't trip on anything, so stop thinking it. Stay in your I AM Presence. Above all, that."

I love you, he'd said. She felt strangely as though she had never experienced that much honesty behind those three words. "Can you tell me anything at all about what's going on here?"

"Not really. Just trust this. Remember your I AM."

There was something different about his voice, a shift in timbre, multitoned, almost as though his voice were coming from more than one person, or even this rock. She sensed that they had reached the main egg-shaped chamber, and it began to dawn on her that she was about to undergo a type of birth. Reaching back and taking her hand he led her to the now infamous recliner chaise with the cushion, electrical leads, magnets and Vajras.

"Tell me again why it has to be dark?"

"Because if it were light I wouldn't be able to see. I know that sounds a little cryptic but it's not. There's nothing wrong with your curiosity, so put that out of your mind."

This was the second time he'd positively nailed what her thoughts were. Around LATA, that was becoming fairly commonplace amongst the students, but this was razor sharp. She felt palpably that they were sharing a mind, were even merged in some inexplicable way.

"I'd like to calm down a little. Is there any..."

"It's by your right hand. Careful."

She nudged her hand a little and encountered a clay cup. Lifting it by the handle she put it to her lips and tasted jasmine. It was soothing.

"Wait, how...?"

"When it's time." His voice was coming from the direction of the chair the Guru used eight days ago. "Let me bring you up to speed. There is a planet, a kind of brother planet to Earth, and there is an individual on it with whom I connected seven days ago. She has the most vast intellect and consciousness imaginable. The Guru brought through a seashell - it's sitting ten inches to your right but don't reach for it - and that seashell became a heart somehow, like in its true form that's what it is, began to throb, and suddenly...I was her and she was me. It's still going on. I'm still expanding to fill the space that she opened in the vacuum around me."

"What do you mean the Guru 'brought through'?"

"It'll all make as much sense as it can as we go along. She handed me the shell, and I looked at it when it started to throb like a heart. And when I looked up at her she was no longer the Guru but someone I didn't recognize. At the same moment, on their planet, Seashella - that's her name - was handed a shell just like it but an inverted color, light yellowish where this one is dark blue. The very second both of us had it in our hands, for me there was this unbelievable rush of energy that also had a sound, an all encompassing wall of sound, just incredible, overwhelming, and everything collapsed...more like *shattered* into bizarre geometry, much like the folding and overlapping geometric imagery we saw in the trees and targets that day on the archery range. Then, all time and space dissolved completely, leaving the two of us only, suspended in a vacuum where we were the only illuminated objects. Words can't do this justice, but I'll try.

"We seemed to be face-to-face, in a sense, and yet that isn't what it was. It was more like looking into a mirror and seeing myself looking back, but it was very definitely her face as seen through my programmed perceptual context, and yet we were clothed with one another, as though the mirror were a device to give us a frame of reference. She said, "You are my mirror. Attum, the onrush of love that I felt at that moment was the most..." his voice cracked with emotion, "...my God, there are no words that can come within millions of lightyears to describe the power, majesty and brilliance of the creationary intelligence we know as Love. I had no idea. None. After all I've experienced and felt, I had not even an inkling of that power. It was the most ecstatic experience I've ever had by ten-thousand orders of magnitude. Take the most mind-shattering orgasm you've ever had and amplify it by millions and you'd be coming close. It was so large I knew I couldn't contain it, that I was going to come completely apart, disassemble, disintegrate and become nothing because that which doesn't think is nothing. Then I lost all sense of ego. I lost myself, utterly, completely, to the point where I was on the verge of even losing self-awareness. And what is scary about that is that I was so enraptured by it I was willing to just give myself over to that golden-white light and allow it to consume and digest me. I

honestly didn't care whether or not I was going to continue as a sentient self-awareness. Then somehow I regained some semblance of recognition of thought processes, and for a second I wanted to die, and then I realized how preposterous that feeling was because I was already dead! And then I thought, "Well, if I'm dead, then why the hell am I thinking? I started to laugh about that and I realized that she was laughing too, and I realized that our laughter was the same thing, from the same place. If my laughing was not, then hers was not.

"And for some reason that helped me to realize you don't contain IT, but as there is no boundary between you and the Truth of it, Love, you don't flow it, you don't feel it, you don't process it, you don't radiate it, emanate or anything like that. You are simply the IsNess of IT."

"That girl is thirteen years old, and I love her on an unspeakable, impossible level."

"And this was all gained through her?"

"No, it was gained through me, as her, who is me."

"Who is she?"

"She is me, and I am her. We're the same sentient creature occupying two different contexts of being. Time and space mean absolutely nothing, but you could say that she is occupying a point that in our perception of time would be in our future. She has reached across the distanceless chasm to contact us, and I was in phase with her resonance. An intelligence a hundred-trillion times beyond ours, the Cosmos Itself, arranged the appointment. She's here with us now, of course. She says she loves you."

At that moment golden warmth completely infused and enveloped Attum, causing her to swoon and lose her breath. "Oh, my." She was suddenly crying. "Oh, my. I *love* this girl. Instantly she's known to me as a sister. She's like my little sister. The overwhelming sense I get is innocence. She is innocence, the very essence of it."

"Guileless. Guilelessness is innocence, and the only way to be guileless is to be without judgment. God is innocence."

"How could any being who is so innocent also be so...vast...so unbelievably advanced?"

Neve chuckled. "That's actually the only way to achieve it."

Squinting into the blackness, Attum thought long and hard about that one. Finally, she asked, "Are they human?"

"To our perceptual context, yes, but how they appear to themselves is known only to them. To see them the way they see themselves you could only use the physical mechanism they're using for the purposes of perception. But see, that's why she was able to open the portal, so to speak, because her capacity to intake an almost impossible amount of data enabled her to move beyond her perceptual mechanism. See what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You do, but I want to show you how you look to her, and therefore to me."

Show me? thought Attum. In here? But then she began seeing the darkness itself congealing somehow, as though the particles of it were gravitating together and becoming denser, and in that densifying somehow becoming lighter. Shapes began to take form, small organic light blobs interconnected by fibrous optical pathways of streaming multicolored lights, all motion, all music, this marvelous instrument of flowing light with condensed areas, like nerve ganglia. And then she realized she was seeing something anthropomorphic, human-like, and she could discern that the condensed areas were organs, her heart and brain brilliant. As brilliant as all of this was becoming, she could make nothing out of the surrounding background. She still could make out nothing in the room.

"Why..."

"In a sense, we're bypassing your eyes, even though your eyes are involved in a peripheral capacity, and believe it or not it's because they didn't want to be left out. Check it out. Close them."

She did, and all that changed is the colors of the image became brighter, more alive. She reopened them. "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. And that's how I look to you right now?"

"Yes, only I'm able to resolve detail down to the nerve endings in your fingers. The tea you're drinking - I see its life, not what the eyes see, but its *life*. I'm actually seeing you through you, but that's a little further along."

The image faded.

Attum: "How are you...? How is this...? What do you mean they didn't want to be left out?"

Neve: "Your eyes are self-sentient, self-aware entities with their own lives, thoughts and feelings, just like everything else, and they didn't want to be left out of this experience. Now I need to show you some other things, but this time with word-caused pictures. And a little something else. Three inches in front of your index finger is a small bowl. A little further. There it is. Inside is some powder. Dip your ring finger in it and touch it to your tongue. Close your eyes and witness what's next."

Instantly, and very vividly, there was an oval-shaped, light aquamarine gemstone which she took to be a diamond floating in her mind's eye. She remembered how well this room facilitates such experiences, and was forgetting that all of this would basically be impossible to believe for "regular folks." It was as though she were watching a cheesy science movie-show in the fifth grade. Now there was a golden warmth flooding every fiber and cell of her being. She could feel it propagating outward from the center of her, transforming her in waves. Although she hadn't been able to feel it with her fingertip, it was the powder she had put on her tongue, thrilling every part of her, lighting her up.

Neve: "Like that?"

Attum: "Oh boy! Do I ever! We need to bottle this stuff up and sell it."

Neve: "Unfortunately, you can't place a price on that which is priceless. Back to the diamond. Now move inside of it. You see how there is no division within it whatsoever, the illumination uniform, constant, homogenous?"

Attum: "Right. Perfectly symmetrical."

Neve: "Good way to put it. Remember that all of this is just a means of explaining what is unexplainable. But this imagery is a graphical representation of you in the primordial state of innocence, so to speak, a state of undifferentiated everythingness, if you will. Now, we'll truncate a bit of it, a little cut off right here, creating a facet."

As she watched, from inside the clear gemstone, she could see the cut away part separate and dissolve into the black background, and now there was a shaft of light which "fractured" the symmetry within, leading, tapering, all the way into the stone's "center" where it focused into a single point, and then "fractured" its way back out the "other side" of the point. The shafts were so vivid they looked solid, but she knew they were just light. It changed the entire character of the light within the stone. There was no way she could with any sense locate the center apart from the light shaft tapering to what was *apparently* the center, but at the same time she knew intuitively that it was she, that she was the center, but she still had a mercurial view of the shaft tapering to a center apparent to her "senses."

Neve: "Fracturing the symmetry might be better served by saying that it is *refracting* light in order to make the symmetry *appear* fractured."

Attum: "Exactly, because all I am seeing is the effect of the light, yet stacked and overlapping shafts shot through by the one *facet* appear absolutely solid, impenetrable."

Neve: "Right. I know you know where this is going, but let's stay the course. Now let's cut away another piece."

Another shaft blasted through the environment, shattering the view in every way. Every color of the rainbow was now represented because of the "interference" of the two shafts of light, and yet in no way did they intersect, or merge. They simply reflected and refracted off of each other sending glittering and sharp-edged geometric streamers off in every direction. The "center" was still elusive, almost as though it was a problem of definition, because when she deliberately "moved" herself in the environment everything else within it cooperatively moved, leaving her in what only her intuition could report was the center. She was completely surrounded by it, infused by it, consumed by it. The colors were so *alive*, yes alive, that she understood that they themselves had intelligence autonomous of her own. The experience of it was nearly orgasmic for her. She wanted to lie back and let it *take* her.

Neve: "It's all orgasmic. Can you imagine having another five or six senses in addition to your current subtle feeling sense?"

Attum: "I wouldn't be able to take it. I'd absolutely explode from within by a nuclear pleasure bomb or something."

Neve: "By the time we're finished with the completion of the raising of our physical beingness, we will have *fifty-two* senses activated. Right now I have two additional senses. Can

you see why we have to take this in stages?"

Attum: "Now I do. The information of the Allness of us would blow us into a zillion pieces, and it is information. It does take up bandwidth in our neural pathways. It would be like trying to shove the digital information of a thousand phone lines into one."

Neve: "Exactly, and that is the immense activity of the All, because naturally your own wholeness would have to become that for full integration, and that activity pushes energy envelopes that are expressed as a kind of multisensory orgasm. Love itself is orgasmic because it is the nonstop creationary intelligence. It's never not in the midst of an orgasm. Would you like to know the name of this stone?"

Attum: "Yes."

Neve: "It has two names. One of them is 'I AM.'"

Attum: "And yet it also has two additional names because of the facets you cut, which is like saying two additional egos. This is the I AM Presence that knows every facet of its being, sees them simultaneously, operates within and above them all simultaneously, and yet has autonomous being, is me, and yet I am just one of the facets, and yet all the facets are also me when I look beyond the now-me and integrate those facets. In so doing, I become my undifferentiated Allness that can choose to individually express. All of those facets, so-called past lives, are gravitating together because of the choices I'm making and actions I'm taking."

Neve: "You also must understand that the thoughtform in whom you are having this experience is also an individual, with a name, that was projected to be here, today, to demonstrate this for you, and s/he thinks, feels, knows, has a sense of humor, and loves you."

Attum: "Projected by whom?"

Neve: "You, but we'll get to that. Now, again, prepare yourself by being both very empty and very large, and let your I AM Presence take over. Ready?"

Attum: "I guess." She felt an intense apprehension in her stomach, but once again, to hell with the fear! As she watched, one of the shafts began moving towards her, or was she moving towards it? She didn't know, but everything in this bizarre kaleidoscopic environment was moving cooperatively and the space between her and the multicolored shaft was decreasing. As this was happening, the energy of the entire environment was climbing right along with her own. Again, she felt as though she couldn't contain this vibration, as though she would disaggregate completely and become a billion twirling lights, all screaming in concert. "Oh, my...how are you doing this? Am I ready for this?"

Neve: "Just remember that I love you."

As she passed into the shaft, there was a faint solidity to it that she perceived to be only a different vibration, but there was a very definite "membrane" demarcating the two vibrations. She tried to close her eyes, but then remembered that they weren't involved in this in their normal capacity.

She found herself in a large and strikingly opulent chamber. Pieces of what she thought she was fell away as though they were being *disremembered*. Feeling disoriented, she was trying to make sense of this place. Looking to her right, she saw a woman (a servant?) disappear around a gilded corner. She felt as though she'd been drugged, euphoric and listless but trying to keep clear enough to make sense of this, and then she discovered a gold cup in her hand. She drank from it again, wondering why she would do that when she knew it contained a drug. Oh, now she remembered - she was waiting for her lover.

Something is different. Can't decide what it is. This doesn't feel right.

Her lover entered the chamber, dressed in a strange black gown laced with red. Her lover thought he was the King, but he wasn't. He was a rightful heir, yes, but she had the blood, the right of anointing through the *Heiros Gamos*, the Sacred Marriage. Only *she* could confer kingship. And then she remembered what the would-be King looked like, and this wasn't him. This man walking towards her was not a good man, and she began to understand. She had come under the influence of priests and had...what?

I told them...who? Who did I tell? What did I tell them? That I thought...well that's not unusual. My husband-to-be used his powers for the good of the flock, for whom he would become the shepherd king. The...the God-forsaken priests accused him of the black arts, using me falsely as a witness! My King believes me to be his betrayer! I've been deceived! Oh, God of All, get me out of here!

Now she realized she was on a bed, and before she knew it the man was on top of her, tearing away her sheer gown, and she was being raped and there was nothing she could do about it.

Neve: "Step away from the experience and watch as much as you care to."

Instantly she was standing apart from the scene, watching, disgusted, enraged, full of acid venom and hatred seething in an almost uncontrollable force that actually felt quite good. And then she began to realize something.

Attum: "It's you, Neve. You're raping me. Why are you doing that? I hate you right now."

Neve: "That's all right. You can turn off the movie by backing out of the shaft."

Attum: "NO. I'm staying *right* here, you bastard. Oh, this is horrible! What are you doing? You're doing something with my neck and now something with my forehead. Now the back of my neck again. What're you doing? It's like my consciousness is fragmenting, in a sense."

Neve: "Back out of the scene."

She did and was back in the multicolored light-shattered environment.

Neve: "That man deeply resented the power in women. Your betrothed was a good man that intended to undermine the power of the priesthood. They manufactured the charges using you, and they secretly wanted to usurp power anyway because the 'throne' had access to objects and symbols and how to use them that were closely guarded secrets. One of the institutions that they were in the process of destroying was that the royal blood in the female line of the dynastic line of sacred marriages had the right to confer kingship by anointing. Mary Magdalene performed that same anointing on Jesus. Soon thereafter, you were also charged with practicing the black arts and were put to death alongside your betrothed, who wouldn't even look at you he was so injured by what he thought you had done to him.

"The rape I performed on you was a magical procedure that actually had the potential to fragment your soul. That potential fragmentation was made complete by the fact that your betrothed took with him his belief that you had betrayed him, you knew this, and there you were, gagged, unable to tell him the truth, and one word from you would have convinced him, and the unbearable pain of that is what you took with you upon your passing. Had you for example been able to resign yourself on the spot to the idea that it could be made right some way or another, and forgiven, yes, forgiven, those that brought this about, you would not have become fragmented. *Forgiveness* was applicable because at that time we didn't quite have the expansive view that we do now. Of course you chose the experience, but you didn't know that. In any event, it's time for you to get back that part of your soul."

Attum: "Wow. But I don't hate you right now. Why not?"

Neve: "Well, the second shaft caused by the second facet is the scene in which *you* raped *me* much later. I naively volunteered for the job for reasons that will come to light after you've processed all this, but I did that because a part of me believed that I could give back what I had been instrumental in taking. You did the raping to get even."

Attum: "Wow."

Neve: "We created the second shaft just in case you needed proof."

Attum: "No. I know it's true. So what do we do?"

Neve: "Your betrothed is here, now, awaiting the moment. He is your soulmate, not in a body as we know them at this time. He's still experiencing the context of that time, and so are you, only you're experiencing the context of now only through your present physical framework, but that embodiment plays itself over and over, wanting integration. From his point of view, you are his darling princess, dressed in gossamer gowns. He has waited for millennia to return to you your lost soul piece. Now is the time. Are you ready?"

The I AM diamond with its two facets disappeared.

Attum: "Yes." She heard some rustling of clothes, and feet across the floor. She sensed him in front of her recliner.

Neve: "He's going to use my body." She sensed that his back was to her. "On the floor directly below the chair's arm is a staff. Get it, stand up, and locate the areas along my spine to touch with the staff."

Attum: "How will I know where to place it?"

Neve: "You already know. You've done it before. Just let it happen *through* you."

With the staff, here in the total black, she stood suddenly with purpose, fueled by

something she couldn't name, but she knew, somehow, what she must do. Reaching out with her feelings, she gently touched Neve's spine with the staff and moved it up and down until it felt...right. She paused on several different areas, and there seemed to be a slight glow beginning.

Neve: "Now put the staff down and put yourself against my back, back to back."

As she did so, she saw before her a semi-transparent and magnificent man from the torso up in full period regalia. The dress appeared to be Egyptian, but she was not knowledgeable enough to place it in a time. He extended his hands. Emanating from them were columns of energy, light blue. He turned them sideways and integrated them by moving his hands together and holding them towards her.

Neve: "Do you accept?"

Attum: "Willingly, with all my mind, heart and soul."

Neve: "Then it is done."

The man started to phase out, and she heard in her head, "Soon, Beloved, soon."

Attum: "Wow. Man! I am just...there is a *lot* going on that we just don't see."

Neve: "Millions and millions and *millions* of times as much as we are able to see. What's important to know right now is that your torn soul, your essence, also meant that all of us on Earth were also torn because of it. Your integration just now integrated all of us as well. Congratulations. Things are going to change for you."

Attum: "They already are. And thanks, Neve. I love you too."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CHARACTERS

Female Student: Attum

Male Student: Neve

Guru: Pat

Seashella: Special Guest

The Students and the Guru were chatting quietly and pleasantly in the impenetrable blackness, touching gently on light topics such as 1,000,000-year-old civilizations, the destruction of Atlantis, the engineering of DNA and the enslavement of humankind. However, the discussion was about to turn serious.

Attum: "So, what have I *not* been told?"

Guru: "Neve?"

Neve: "A thousand years after you raped me, with our 'conflict' still unresolved, you and I were in a mystery school in what is now Syria, and I was still carrying my resentment of girls and women that started even *before* my role as the evil priest in the Egyptian movie. We each did Egyptian movies a bunch of times. Same with Atlantis. You see, you are..."

Guru: "Ooops! Not quite yet!"

Neve: "You're right. In that mystery school, I was the only boy, and I was the slowest student. There was so much self-supporting feminine energy in it I just couldn't keep up, but the girls were actually very good to me about it, helping me all they could, which made me resent them all the more. You were the nicest of them all in fact, trying to make it up to me about the rape a thousand years before. And for that reason you really pushed my buttons - I just seethed inside while I tried to smile at you and be pleasant. I didn't want to murder you, but I did want to beat you up. Never got around to it though. The instructors knew all about it, but stayed well back of interfering lest they impose their own version of a resolution. Meanwhile, I took it to all of you in sports - the one area in which I could prevail. That's a very large pattern in all of society that's still prevalent today, although we're witnessing an expanding equalization on that front. There is great and powerful magic in the feminine principal because of the focus on the feeling nature, and so in magical arts women were more often than not better at it, and the threatened egoic male principal has responded to it, and so much more, by bullying the feminine.

"Fast-forward a few hundred years, and I'm Peter, disciple of Jesus, still resenting women. I flat out hated Mary Magdalene. I can feel that hatred as a sour taste in my mouth even now. I almost lost my mind over that, and I might have killed her, literally, if I hadn't thought that Jesus was breathing down my neck the whole time. You weren't in that particular movie. I thought I could swallow that acid and get on with the mission, so to speak, pleasing Jesus, who I did love very much, but for whatever reason I couldn't see the Truth of what I needed to do, and Jesus wasn't ever going to step in and say, 'Dude, don't you get it? You have to embrace your hatred, admit it, talk about it, and above all sit face-to-face with Mary in order to get it resolved.' So we sowed the seeds of a very dark religion that over the next three-hundred years borrowed from Rabbinical Judaism and instituted across-the-board discrimination against women. Women needed to be crushed, period, and we thought this because of our fear. This is all way over simplified. But it's important to know that of all the Church Fathers, only a few were aware that they were being influenced by what we would call evil intelligences.

"Darkness, evil, whatever you prefer, springs from within the hearts and minds of people as visualizations, intents and ideas, period, establishing patterns that take root in the collective consciousness, and intelligent life, energy, beings of all types, builders of form, holders of form, respond. That's all. The darkness that has pervaded the Holy Roman Church since day one is all of our doing, whether we want to believe it or not. We're all culpable. We all agreed to it. The residue of that darkness remains, but more and more light enters into it despite the fiction it is founded upon. It will either change or dissolve.

"So we fast-forward another hundred-fifty years, and yet another mystery school in Southern France. This is where Mary Magdalene set up shop after crossing the Mediterranean by boat - in fact a couple of boatloads of Marys crossed - after Jesus disappeared and reappeared a few times. Em'n'Em took off..."

Attum: "Em'n'Em?"

Neve: "Mary Magdalene. She took off to Greece and had their daughter in one of the temples there, and then returned to continue the work alongside several other feminine principal mystery schools mixed in with the teachings that Jesus brought through. She understood something that nobody really knows about, but we'll get to that after your question..."

Attum thought, *What question?* But she asked this instead: "I guess we could consider LATA the latest mystery school you and I are doing together?"

Guru: "Yes. Only the frequency of the entire Earth environment is so different now that 'mystery school' is a misnomer - a wake-up club serves just fine."

Neve: "In this movie the roles were reversed. This school had about fifty-fifty boys and girls, but you were the boy and I was the girl. We were ultimately confused about our roles. I was in fact a homosexual to help me understand both sides of the brain and the roles that we kept repeating in keeping with the established patterns, which of course we were trying to break, but the programming stemming from conditioned response is very powerful. We almost managed it at that time because we were very good friends. After that a few hundred years, and this time a Druidic mystery school located in Northern France, but this time both of us were boys, and Roman Churchianity was trying to shove itself down our throats, and we on the surface complied, but after pretending to worship, we'd run off into the forest together, get in the ponds and wash what we called 'their filth' off our bodies. So, here we are today, getting it all reconciled."

Attum: "Haven't there been extraterrestrial influences also in all of this? I mean, we haven't been alone in our exploration of the dark, have we?"

Neve: "Pat?"

Guru: "Yes, but all of those influences wouldn't have been here without our collective opening of the door and inviting them in. This is all our doing, and as soon as Earth's people accept their role and responsibility of that, the better."

Attum: "You've been sitting in this cave for seven days seeing and integrating all of your past stuff?"

Neve: "Just the stuff that needed resolution and integration, which actually wasn't all that much. Only fairly rotten leftovers. You and I left off in that last early Christian period. Most of this seven days - well, more like 14 nights - has been to expand into the larger me, but to do that I had to view quite a lot of what is me. In viewing that, I by default saw quite a lot of what *you* is. And I don't mind saying that I quite liked seeing as much of you as I did."

Attum: "So what does Seashella...wait a minute. What do you mean by that?"

Guru: "Come. Let's get on with this."

Neve: "Nothing. Honest. I didn't peek...much."

Attum: "I'll get with you on that later. So what does all this have to do with Seashella?"

Guru: "Neve?"

Neve: "She has multiple roles, not the least of which being to connect with me, expand me, and teach me a few things. Part of what she is doing is using me as a computer terminal, sort of, to download what she needs to know of Earth. All that data is encoded in us all - any of us could be used as the library terminal. That's the give and take of our connection. She expands and teaches me, I function as a terminal. In her learning, she is able to *process* Earth's pain. Her planet and Earth are actually close friends and she has the capacity of being able to see everything that needs to be seen for a given purpose in a given moment and to transmute that energy. She's sitting on a secluded beach on their planet being cared for by a friend while this takes place. It's almost finished - for now. She says she wishes she could be involved in our fun."

Attum: "Our fun? She thinks thousands of years of oppression, slavery and brutality is fun?"

Neve: "Yes. From her point of view, she thinks it would have been a blast to have played various roles in those movies."

Attum: "So she's taught you how to do all you have done today?"

Neve: "She's reminded me of the means and the meaning, yes."

Attum: "But she is you?"

Neve: "She is one of the facets of I AM with which I, Neve, am just a very small part. My various lifestreams of various contexts will all collapse into an integrated whole, as will yours, where you will be without gender, without any one of these particular personalities prevailing, and this is the freedom that people seek, although there are a great many who are so attached to what they think they are, *who* they think they are, no matter how awake they think they are, that they will be very hard-pressed to let go of it - the ego of the present - when the time comes. It is this attachment that in fact keeps them from attaining the freedom they seek."

Attum: "So you've been the cause of all this today? You've been able to do these superhuman things because of what she taught you?"

Neve: "Together, she and I entered a kind of simultaneity, a synchronized juncture between points in time, where she could carry out a specific function. Am I the cause? No, not the cause. Is it time?"

Guru: "Bang away, Junior."

Neve: "You, my friend, are the cause of all of it, every shred of it."

Attum: "I am? I did all this today?"

Neve: "Yes. Five years ago you came to me and triggered something in me that would have the domino effect of both of us winding up in this school, leading to this very moment, on this very day. You willingly reached a point where the synchronization of your heart and mind sent a signal into the All, and the All responded by letting your I AM know that you were ready; not necessarily that it was time, which is irrelevant, but that you were ready. Your readiness was determined by you and you alone. All of the intelligence points, the players, were therefore put on notice, myself included but unknown to my small self, and all the players came together to comply with your own layout. But remember, there is always complementarity. In other words, it can't have been for your benefit alone. I also benefit according to a plan of my I AM in keeping with a Cosmic Design. The chain reaction moving in waves throughout the world causes everybody to benefit. It's absolute perfection because it can't be any other way - there isn't a piece of it that doesn't 'move' or respond with complementarity. The I AM is the only comprehensive intelligence that sees the entire playing field, the blueprint, and to keep us from being overwhelmed simply thrusts into our state of beingness precisely that which is required for that moment."

Attum: "But I am the cause of all these little miracles?"

Neve: "The cause, yes. But to answer your question, I am the unit of facilitation, thus Seashella teaching me how to connect to the All and then facilitating, letting, these things take place in this chamber, which itself is optimized for facilitation such as this. I am for the moment the fount of the energy required to let it happen."

Attum: "I'm still not quite with it."

Guru: "My dear, you are a High Priestess, a Magdal, as was Mary the Magdal, with considerable learning and immense power because of your previous attainments. Sometime around sixteen-thousand BC there was a culture in Southern France that chose to live a pastoral, harmonious, 'down-to-earth' existence instead of migrating into the fold of Atlantis, which was by then becoming quite male. Behold."

Attum felt something move in the depths of her, a causation of some sort building, and she let it express. She watched as a scene developed in her "vision" against the pitch blackness. She saw a village of men, women and children, clearly very harmonious, and she knew within that it was a culture of Goddess worship, fertility, understanding the power of the fecund *feminine* Earth, where it was understood that the womb was the unbroken chain, the connectedness, of this primordial knowledge. The men well understood it as well, but there was an imbalance in the grid of collective human consciousness developing because of the blossoming over-*maleness*, and it was contaminating all the Earth through the pool of collective being. There was a jealousy brewing, even if a portion of the cause was coming from somewhere in the future.

The women were magnificent, their hair a force of nature. They rarely, sometimes *never*, cut their hair, and the way it was worn was the method of distinction as to what level they had attained in their priestess craft: around the waist as a sash for the clothing, piled high on the head and cascading down the back, entwined with small branches and functioning as an array, a plume, out from behind their heads. Attum knew instinctively that the device of that array, the plumage, had found its way into art, including Renaissance art, and often usurped by men.

As she watched, one of the women who wore her hair as a multicolored array behind her head abruptly stopped what she was doing and looked straight into Attum's eyes. She walked towards her, almost as though she were walking towards a camera. In her head, Attum heard the words, "You are my mirror, my Sister. I love you as Life Itself loves. I am you and you are me. I see me as you in the far future, completing our work, being courageous, loving, hopeful, never giving up. Together we will have many embodiments, but this is our last in this cycle, dearest. It is time to let Life express fully through you. Soon you will be engifted with a vessel of all knowledge. Our sisters, ourselves, concealed it along with many others throughout the ages, often in the care and keeping of our brothers. Once again, we are one."

The scene closed from all sides like an aperture in black space.

Attum felt arising and expanding from within her absolute center an ineffable power, a knowing beyond all description, a love so all-encompassing and so all-infusing, she was certain she would die. And yet there was so much caring, so much comfort in it, and she knew that she loved this woman so much that it was an absolutely agonizing ecstasy, and in that loving knowing that she was only loving herself, because there was but One Thing to love. In that realization she expanded into the encompassment of the cave, the womb of it, and became the female spirit of it, and became the birther, the birthing and the birthed, the unbroken circle of causes.

Attum: "OH MY GOD!" she shrieked. "Impossible beauty! Impossible beauty! Impossible beauty! It's so beautiful I can't stand it! I can't... I can't ... I ...aaaaggghhhhaaagghhhh!"

She screamed the primordial scream for thirty seconds straight, the letting go of the pain of the world, the beauty of the pain, the knowing power of the feminine oppressed, and knowing that the oppression was needed for a building of pressure, a pressure to be released now, at this time, in the world, for a transformational wave to sweep over the world and become anchored inexorably in the collective pool of consciousness, all by design. Every bit of it by design, all carried out by her, by us, the volunteers. It was never not by design. She rocked and ructioned, thrashing about in the recliner, screaming and crying and swearing at the men for being such assholes for never having to experience the giving of physical birth, although *all* the men have done so in one embodiment or another.

It was becoming too large for her and she begged for it to stop, but it was too late, there was no going back. Simultaneously, everything she had ever been was here, now, available in the kaleidoscopic diamond, thousands and thousands and thousands of modes and contexts of being, in and out of embodiment, each a facet, and each facet a tone, ringing, and the collective ringing was the symphony of her being, all held within the singleness of I AM. Reaching out, she touched them like some fantastically complex virtual reality musical instrument, ten thousand multicolored diamonds, and their tones rang in unison, making harmonious chords. When she stroked anything disharmonious, she tuned the instrument and the new resonance, perfect, balanced, rang through her. She could touch any one of them and see and experience the context, which she knew was happening even then, and brought harmony to that context. Impossible beauty...impossible beauty...over and over in her mind.

The last conscious thought she could manage as Attum was: *There was never separation, only the desire for facets of experience, and the desire caused those facets.*

After the dust had settled, the three of them sat in the dark, sipping tea, and seeing each other in a truer form of being. There were no cave walls, ceiling or floor, but the implements that were needed, such as a table, chair, teacup, where *apparent* for their use. They were simply sitting suspended in a star-studded firmament upon and among furnishings.

Guru: "I know I'm only preaching to the choir right now but one of the misconceptions is that there is only lower or higher vibration. You either go up the scale or down. But there is a vibratory medium to the left and right, so to speak, or to the front and back. Those differing vibratory media are light, just as you saw as shafts in the diamond, and they each have a musical tone, or octave, which has equal facility to be lateral, or horizontal, versus just vertical. There is

no facet of your being that is NOT right where you are - Syria is right here with you in this vacuum we're apparently floating in, which is, like everything else, a shared hallucination. You experienced transdimensional 'movement' through the device of the diamond, where as solid as the shafts appeared to you you were able to navigate it simply by moving from one tone of light to the one beside it, and there are no tones that are not beside each other. In the diamond, they are just refractions of light that are all beside each other, no sequentiality, especially when you get closer to the center. It has to do with learning to use your intent and angles and curves, but that's for another time. Even though the embodiment in Syria was apparently in Syria seven-thousand miles from 'here,' that embodiment is here, now, in this...space, because there is no *where* to this, and that entire context is changing because of what you did today. The reason Didannia, a so-called past embodiment of yours, was able to see you in her future is that she is a very accomplished Priestess in their Craft. She understood, understands, and more importantly, *accepts* her multidimensionality. She opened the portal, as it were, 'back then' to facilitate a stage of your experience today, and the give-and-take reason she did it was to anchor a very powerful feminine influence into 'her time' of the collective pool of consciousness while giving you knowledge of what you are. In short, she used the power of your realization - she used you - to rebalance nature, and it worked. It changed everything, but not in any sort of sequence that we view as time. It changed everything NOW, her now *and* your now, which is the same *now*. Neve, by the way, was one of the little boys in that scene, when he first started developing the resentment for women, which was a contaminant in the collective consciousness. The I AM that encompasses both of you was the maestro of the event, and Didannia was very tapped into the I AM, ready for the moment. She had a sufficiently expansive consciousness to understand that she was the simultaneous cause and effect."

Neve: "See, the only reason I existed two hours ago was to facilitate your becoming, so that you could once again become a releaser of light-energy so powerful the world is altered at the foundational level. It was my only purpose for being. And now, the only purpose I exist in this moment is to speak these words. You are the one who did this. You came to me, triggered me, one thing led to another, and here we are. You were actually experiencing a kind of jealousy at first - something with which I've been very familiar - because you thought I was advancing faster and farther than you when in reality you set me off five years ago, brought me to my own ability in this timeline in order to, in a sense, leap-frog me. You *used* me, Attum." Neve sipped indulgently, like *Take that!*

Attum: "And soon you'll leap-frog me, my friend."

Neve: "Maybe."

Attum: "No maybe about it, and on it goes."

Guru: "What's important to finish off today with is this: Have you experienced unconscious manifestation?"

Attum: "Of course. When you think about it it is *all* unconscious manifestation, or almost all. Rare is the occasion when the object of your desire arrives at the exact moment you desire it. It could only be a surprise the first time it happens, but don't we want life to continue to be full of surprises? If you can do that, there are no more surprises."

Guru: "That is more to the point than you might know. But let's address it specifically, and we'll set down a few assumptions:

"(One) As we have seen with the computer screen and the cursor, the entire screen, all if it, has refreshed itself to reflect the updated position of the cursor, which means that everything, the All, has modified itself to accommodate that updated position. If something new comes into your world, the entire Universe has been modified to include the new thing.

"(Two) Directly related to the first assumption, we have talked about complementarity, where an action causes a complementary action, and not a *re*-action. For our purpose, we'll call this *cooperative* action. It's simplified analog is the domino effect.

"(Three) In the larger scheme of things, for the sake of argument we will once again state that there is no free will.

"Now imagine an array of dominos where a single line reaches a branching and off go several additional 'lines' of dominos. Those various branches branch into further branches. All of these branches at last lead back into a single line, which terminates with a single domino, on top of which is the thing desired, a small marble, and once the domino falls the thing desired rolls into

your view. Now, if you can see all of those dominos, you have become I AM, Cosmic Consciousness; there is nothing you can't see. But since you haven't, let's for purposes of illustration suspend a blanket over the top of the entire array concealing everything but the first domino, concealing even the last domino. Now, you have a decision to make. Do I or do I not flick that first domino. You shrug your shoulders - what the hell, why not? - and with your finger you flick the only one your finite self can see, the first one, which has painted on it the object of your desire, and invisible to your senses a chain of cooperative action begins. All of the Cosmos is cooperating, refreshing the screen for each successive event. Each event in the chain must be in harmony, balance and agreement, and the Whole must be in a state of cooperative agreement and equilibrium, and by the time the last domino falls, out from under the blanket rolls into view that which you desired.

"Remember, as with the computer screen, all, every *thing* and every *what* and every *who*, cooperates. When the object of someone's desire in Zambia comes into being, you yourself were cooperating to bring it about, and when the object of *your* desire comes into being, Mr. Palonabebe in Zambia, unbeknownst to him, agreed to it.

"Anybody at anytime who has ever manifested anything on demand didn't want the thing manifested - it was manifested for someone else, either to teach them, to feed them, to heal them, to clothe them, or any combination of the above. The only job of the recipient was to exercise free will to make the choice to accept it. Want also implies sequence. If this, then that. If you want it, then cause it to come into being. That is sequence and not simultaneity. Want is sequence, whereas instant manifestation is simply more or less mindlessly complying with the need of the All, which excludes free will.

"If you become I AM, you achieve a superconscious state. You have within your body and view the entire floor of dominos, and they all fall at once, and this is absolutely true in the quantum realm because there is no space through which a sequence of events can occur. Cause and effect are simultaneous, and from your perspective as I AM it was instant manifestation because you are the Whole refreshing yourself to now include, not the thing *you* desired, but the thing wanted by the finite being who is also within your body, Attum let's say, and which was also *needed* by the Whole, once again exclusive of free will. Instant manifestation is made possible when the thing *wanted* by the finite self is One with the *need* of the Whole.

"But to take sequence out of it, you must want it at precisely the moment that it is made manifest, which means that you can't even know that you wanted it to begin with, thus what is sometimes referred to as 'unconscious manifestation.' The Cosmos *always* knows what is needed for itself, and if you'll let it express it through you, you become a vessel of instant manifestation now free of free will because once again, for simultaneity of cause and effect to be present, *you can't have known that you wanted it until the moment of its appearance.*"

Neve: "That's like saying that once you attain what we delusionally call Ultimate Freedom, you no longer have use of free will!"

Guru: "OK."

Neve: "It's like the ability of instant manifestation is the simultaneous forfeiture of free will."

Attum: "It's like the only environment in which we can be free is the one in which we have the prerogative of exercising free will - *this* environment. It's like the difference between being free *to* want, or being free *of* want. In a body, small me, finite, free *to* want: or I AM, superconscious, the All, free *of* want. Those are the options, and both are absolute freedom. The trick is seeing it."

Guru: "OK."

Attum: "But how do you figure out whether what you want is also what the Cosmos needs?"

Guru: "That, my dear, is the crux. But let's save that for another day, shall we?" The Guru began to stand up.

Neve: "I'll knock you on your ass if you don't take this to its conclusion."

Attum: "Amen."

Smiling like a cat, the Guru sat back down.

Neve: "I have had moments where a quiet and powerful knowingness came over me. I *knew* the cop wouldn't write the ticket. I *knew* the weather would be what I needed it to be. I *knew* I could dissolve my son's tumor. I just knew. That's the age old question: was I the cause of it or was it a premonition of an event that was unfolding? In simultaneity, it's a rhetorical question.

That *knowingness* is the Cosmos utilizing me to express a need of the Whole. Otherwise it is just my finite self using free will and then more or less simply hoping that something works?"

Attum: "*Cosmic need and purpose are one and the same thing*. It's not hoping, Neve. It's that when your desire becomes One with its purpose, it becomes in your world."

Neve: "OK. Is there a method to summon the knowingness and to be completely in it, I wonder? Or I wonder if there are actual nuts and bolts techniques that can even bypass the need to be in knowingness?"

They both looked at the Guru, who shrugged and said, "All things are possible, are they not?"

Neve: "Then the trick is to constantly work with the tools, get better at it, develop confidence, and this continually expands your knowingness. Knowingness is the simultaneity of cause and effect, and when cause and effect are simultaneous, and 'creation' is the only word that encompasses their simultaneity, then knowingness is creation. How do you instantly manifest? You *know* you can and you just *do* it."

Attum: "I can see for instance using the Akashic Record, which can be a ridiculously powerful device. I can see going in there, pulling my own record, and then writing ten days into the history of my future that what I want precipitates into my world on that day. And then what I have to do is completely erase from my memory that I ever did this and, lo and behold, ten days into my future something quite by surprise appears in my life that, well, now that it has, as if by magic, it was exactly what I wanted and I just didn't know it - unconscious manifestation. Were I aware of doing that ten days before, that would have been me in the superconscious state."

Guru: "Perfect. Let's take another angle. Let's go with another creation angle, where Oneness, Creation, is giver, giving, and that which is given."

Neve: "Holy bat crap, Robin! I see where you're going with this. May I?"

Guru: "Of course." More and more the Guru was looking like the Cheshire Cat, fading in and out of view and leaving only this great big sinister smile.

Neve: "When I receive something I didn't know I wanted, which is unconscious manifestation, to me it was a gift, which I've now registered with my limited senses as an *effect*. But to my I AM, which could only respond to my desire and therefore my cause, it is the gift given, but there is no reason to even include the word 'given.' To me it's just a gift, and to my I AM it's just a gift. There is no giving or receiving. There is only the gift. And we all know that gifts that surprise us are the best ones. The surprise is the excitement. Does that answer your earlier question, Attum? If it all came to you precisely the way you expect it to it could get old pretty fast."

Attum: "You mean about my finite want and the infinite need? Yes, in a way it does. Excitement is the answer. How can I find out if what I want is also what the Cosmos needs? My excitement is the determinant. That's how I know. That's the way the Cosmos tells me what my purpose is. But you know what? I just thought of something."

Neve: "Me too."

Attum: "Before today I thought we had established that free will exists only to make the wrong choice."

Guru: "And?"

Neve: "Well how can it be the wrong choice if we are using free will to create?"

Attum lunged forward. "Oh my God! It *cannot* be that simple! Can it? Can it be that simple?"

Neve: "Well, get on with it." He was churning his hands through the air like a riverboat paddle wheel in reverse.

Attum: "Don't you get it? Oh my God!" She slammed back onto the recliner, laughing from way down in the gut. "Why didn't I see that before?"

Neve: "Damnit, Attum, out with it."

Attum: "OK," she said, sitting back up. "What do you do with free will?"

Neve: "You make choices."

Attum: "And choices refer to what?"

Neve: "That...that they are being presented to me." He was beginning to smile.

Attum: "And when you're being presented with them this means what?"

Neve: "That I didn't cause them. They're not *my* choices." His smile was getting bigger.

Attum: "And how does that relate to excitement?"

Neve: "My excitement tells me what my purpose is. That which excites me is my finite desire and infinite need in one, whereas choice refers to at least two things. To fulfill my purpose, it's a decision to go with my excitement and be cause. When I AM cause, there are no choices for me to make, thus free will has no purpose and that which has no purpose doesn't exist. Wow."

Attum: "So it's either free will to make a choice between the effects of someone else's cause..."

Neve: "...OR it's instead being cause and begin 'moving' towards the 'position' in time and space at which I accept my own gift. It's either free will or it's being in the right place at the right time. And this can only be driven by what I want, and it can in fact happen instantaneously."

Guru: "In which case you are the All that has ceased functioning *without* the thing desired, and simultaneously begun functioning *with* the thing that was *formerly* desired. And of course there is no necessity of memory of wanting it because you're in effect reincarnated as a new being but now in possession of the thing that was desired in the former version of you. You flashed out empty-handed, and flashed back in full-handed, an entirely different being. If you were to manifest something in your hand, you must become I AM, and as the All you're modifying yourself, the entire universe, to now include both the finite self, Attum or Neve, *and* the thing in his or her hand. *Its not new. New implies sequence. Its an entirely updated universe.* You're both the finite part and the infinite part. Like the cursor on the computer screen. You flash out from position A *without* the thing, and flash back in in position B *with* the thing, but as we know there is truly no position B. The I AM has both potentialities in its body, the potentiality without the thing, and also the one *with* the thing. In our limited perspective, it was sequential, brought through in the fullness of time, but not to your I AM. You could say that when you are manifold, unintegrated, sequence is required. When you are One, I AM, there is no sequence. And if there is no sequence, which is the perspective of I AM, then *now* is the only time something comes into being. When that which is to be created and its purpose become One, it is realized in our continuum, and the joy of creation itself is the emotive fuel, and joy is born from our excitement."

"What you want is what you want, *excitement* is how you determine what you must do to get it. Sometimes they can be one and the same thing. Following your excitement is nothing more nor less than your decision to be cause, to create. And the only time to start is...NOW. In order to be rich, you have to be rich. In order to be superhuman, you have to BE superhuman, now. 'Now' and 'Be' are inextricably intertwined."

Attum: "I get it. I felt myself manifesting the portal into the distant past instantaneously, but not on demand - demand requires thought and I didn't think about it because that also implies sequence. I felt it coming on. That knowingness was my I AM. I was my I AM in that instant. In one of the embodiments you were talking about, Neve, I was the granddaughter of Jesus' daughter's best friend. It was the continuation of my Lifestream as a Magdal, a High Priestess. If I were Oneness right now, I could manifest right here in my hands the crystal skull, the vessel of all knowledge, that I buried in Southern France, which was passed down from Didannia through sixteen thousand years of this line of Priestesses, even when they weren't consciously aware of their ancient forebearers, but that would in a sense rob me of the adventure of going there and unearthing it, which I'm very excited about, and the going there is a sequence of events. That skull is right here in this room with me now in a different octave, and I could bring it through - I *feel* that - but in *this* octave it's in France, and my integration is brought about by moving through the sequence, experiencing the time bomb I left for myself, for the purpose of integration. When I get there, I'll remember, and that's all it takes to integrate, it and acceptance. The sequence is necessary for integration, and integration is necessary to become One, to merge with I AM. It's like reverse engineering. In fact, it's not like it...it's pretty much it."

Guru: "Breadcrumbs."

Neve: "And I AM is just another way of saying 'Here Now.'"

Attum: "Which is another way of saying 'Male Female.'"

Guru: "Perfect. Let's leave it at that for now, shall we?"

Attum: "One more thing. I've been seeing a golden dragon here and there, in dreams, out of the corner of my eye. Here in Sophia today. What is that? It eludes me."

Guru: "He is one of the visual representations, an archetypal icon so to speak, of the Alchemy you've been using. For our purposes, 'He' goes by Icarus."

Attum: "Hm. Peculiar. Who makes this stuff?"

Guru: "In our octave it's just a couple lunatics you'll meet some day."

Seashella's voice resounded in the chamber: "Thank you, my dear Earth friends." Her voice was strong and gentle. "You people blow my minds. I'll keep the shell as a souvenir. It is finished here as well. What fun! Until it's once again perfect, then, and adios amigos."

Just then the room began to lighten as the Cosmic surroundings began to fade. Soon, squinting at each other, they were able to take in the reality of the room. All of the implements, the staff, teacups, all of it, gone, but for two things: the seashell and the bowl of white powder, and the seashell was now light yellow in color.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Today was supposed to be a day of rest, but Attum had arisen wanting to do nothing more than go for a hike on a mountain trail that led off of LATA property and eventually down off the mountain into a small and rustic town. She'd pounded on Neve's door until he capitulated and opened it a crack, clearly just awakened a moment before, "rudely," he pointed out.

Part of her questioned that she was going against the recommendations of the Guru to just rest and nothing else, while part of her was motivated by sheer inexhaustible joy. She just plain wanted to experience the mountain today. The sun was shining, the air was bright and clear, and it was time to...I don't know what it's time to do! But it's time to do it! And I'm excited out of my mind for whatever it is!

Now they found themselves cresting the highest point of the trail, a few hundred feet above the timberline, and the forested valley stretched out below in all directions with craggy rock escarpments thrusting up through the forested lushness. She was feeling everything, her senses all on high gain. She was so filled with love it was almost absurd. Looking out over the valley, everything was heart-breakingly, achingly beautiful. Everything in the world. Everybody. Nobody, no thing, was exempt from the Truth of Beauty that lies within. The beauty was so all-pervasive it was almost preposterous, sitting exactly no distance at all right in front of our noses. The energy was so big there was no way to contain it, only to flow it, and she could easily see why people who had had just glimpses of it could fear it. Qualified in the wrong way, it would fire up the adrenals and be misinterpreted as anxiety.

She wanted to run through the world, through the streets, proclaiming this immense power inside her to be what all had sought all their lives. She felt like giggling at all times. All she had to do was open her mouth and let it out and she would laugh, like she was being tickled, until she was delirious. She knew beyond any question whatsoever that she wanted to live in this way of being every moment of every day forever. It was pure ecstasy.

"OK," she sighed. "Neve, I love you so much! I just had to say it! I can't *not* say it! It's so...it's so...!"

Neve: "I know. I know what you mean. Come here."

And they hugged, the contact wonderful, increasing the sensitivity of their senses. Neve was feeling the same power, only a bit more subdued. In him the power was quieter; it was indeed ecstasy - but it was like being a mountain, immovable, majestic, awe-inspiring, wise and ancient, there since the beginningless beginning.

They started down the trail leading towards the town, and Neve said, "I have to tell you what the Guru told me. In the course of your experience in the cave there were one-hundred-thirty-four autonomous, intelligent beings involved. There were portal openers, portal maintainers. There were sentinels with shields and swords to protect the space from the influx of dark intelligences that would give eyeteeth to take advantage of the portal and the energy. There were four Ascended Masters present to cause the presence of the Ray each is in charge of. There were beings present to see to the smooth and unblocked flow of energy through your chakras. Seashella was there, of course, and on her side of the equation there were another sixty-four beings involved in each of their areas of specialty. There were angels. There was the golden dragon you said you were seeing, which is embodied by that liquid and powder we were using. The portal itself was a thinking and autonomous being. The diamond, a thinking autonomous being. The crystal skull was on the scene, making certain 'she' is in your timeline and plucking that particular chord in your system. There were beings present for each of the healings that were taking place in you simultaneously. Twenty-seven, *twenty-seven*, of your alternate selves, so-called past lives, were there to be integrated. We are never NOT dealing with Intelligent Life, but for some reason, in my own unfolding, I thought we were always dealing with pretty much nothing but undifferentiated intelligent life, Potentia, but from Potentia arises an intelligent and autonomous being that knows its purpose because its birth was caused by the necessity of its being. It's not that a few trillion particles of Potentia militate to solve something, it's that those

particles form into nested hierarchies of organization, forming a self-aware being with a purpose. That's wild, don't you think?"

Attum: "Wow, that is an eye-opener. Do you suppose that what it comes down to when one is in full mastery is knowing the True Names of those beings? That knowing their True Names is what puts them at our command?"

Neve: "I think that's where this is going, yes, but doesn't *command* seem an almost out of place word when what we're talking about is cooperative action?"

Attum: "Hmmm. I can see why one would think that, but isn't the dilemma solved by acknowledging the fact that the being doesn't *have* to cooperate?"

Neve: "Guess it does. But if it doesn't have to cooperate, what is the only qualification? What is the thing that it cannot deny? Wait a second...I hear Seashella's voice. She's telling me that I'm silly pretending to not know this."

Attum: "What's she saying?"

Neve: "It's Love, what she would call *noself*. Any command motivated by Love *must* be obeyed." He was staring at a rock, almost as though text were streaming across it like a news teleprompter. "The only question that is left is the optimal here-now for its inevitability to become fact in our continuum."

Attum: "But doesn't *noself* imply then that you are wanting, and therefore commanding, on behalf of someone else?"

Neve: "I don't think that's the point. I think the point is that in the present context whatever it is is a gift. You are engifting yourself, and on top of that is the fact that you're in one fell swoop admitting that you yourself are not the power - *noself*. Love is the power."

Attum: "I have to admit that I feel so much love I feel I could do absolutely anything with it. It's very powerful. And gratitude - that might be the most potent force I've ever felt, and it just comes from the realization of Love."

They came to a point where they had to scramble through and over some chest-high boulders and then down several stairs that had been chopped into the rock by some enterprising government type wearing khaki green. The area leveled off where there was a kind of natural veranda complete with natural rock furnishings for picnics and the like, and an overhang with ferns and a water seepage making a perfect little grotto.

They were surprised by the presence of an early teenaged boy and a woman that was possibly in her forties. The boy bolted to his feet, elation, joy, surprise and wonderment etched all over his features, crying, "Mama! Mama! It is she! She is here!" He spoke with an accent they couldn't quite place.

The woman stirred from her reverie, and said, "*Deus do elogio*," and started to weep, her shoulders heaving.

Attum smiled, but was so stunned by this scene that she didn't know what to say. Neve was feeling something that was a prescience for an astoundingly powerful event, but could think of nothing to say. The more he studied the woman, however, the more a realization was cohesively forming. She's blind, he thought. The woman is blind. She literally has no eyes behind those sunglasses.

Attum: "Do you know me?" she asked the boy.

The boy: "Sim, sister! Yes, but no. We were told about you. A mystical man...a...a *shaman* in Brazil told us about you. We were to travel from Brazil to be here on this day to meet you. It has taken three years for us to make enough money and to get what we needed to make this journey. I learned English for this journey, and here you are! An angel sent from God!" The boy also started to cry.

Attum: "What did the mystical man tell you?"

Neve's attention faded away from those present. He saw that the woman's husband had literally gouged her eyes out in a drunken rage while the boy watched. He was punishing them both, the boy because he believed he was "in" on it. Had she had an extramarital affair? That seems like it. Oh, more than that, though, the husband also had had an affair, only in *his* world that was acceptable while it was not for women. Hey, it was how they were raised! No? The boy's dedication, the innocent, unstoppable, invincible love he had for his mother entered Neve like a lightning bolt, and he was so humbled by it he sank to his knees, bowing before the unspeakable innocent power that was the boy. No power in all of existence could have caused that boy to

waver for even one second to keep him from doing what he must do. Neve felt that as palpably as anything he'd ever felt, and yes, he was humbled by it.

Attum: "What are you doing?" She could see that tears formed in Neve's eyes, but the look on his face was the perfect cross between absolute amazement and unbelievable strength.

Tearing her gaze away from Neve, she asked the boy, "What can I do for you?"

The boy: "You are the angel who will give my mother her sight back. My mother is blind."

Attum didn't know where to even begin to think about that one. "Neve," she said, walking away, "can I talk to you?"

At the boy, Neve made an OK sign with his thumb and index finger, winked, stood and followed her.

When they were safely away, Attum whispered, "I don't know if I can do this."

Neve: "You're right, Attum, *you* can't, but Omnipotent Love within you can. You just have to step aside - no self - and let Omnipotent Love express through you. *Be* your OmniBeing. That is a *decision*! Be the unfaceted diamond! Let the Infinite express through the finite in this moment. It's a simple letting go."

Just then Attum saw Seashella's features rise into Neve's face as he continued, but she heard only Seashella's voice. "My dear, this is your birth. This is the birth of your new being. You are the only being in all of existence through whom that which is to be manifested is One with its purpose in this moment. The inevitability of the thing is about to realize its here-now, I AM, here-now. I AM, here-now, the perfect sight in this woman. The present moment is the only possible point at which it can take place. The being you are leaving behind is the One being that has within it a woman who believes she is sightless, and accepting your birth *into* the One being that now has within it a woman who sees. Let it happen, and make us proud. You are no longer you."

Suddenly, without her volition, she felt herself letting go all that she believed she was. Ten-thousand faces, all hers, flashed holographically through her vision in an instant, converging into a single point, the stillpoint, the zeropoint, the impossibly small and absolutely motionless point at which all potential has its being in all now moments, the One Mind. Those pieces of her were egos with beliefs - what was overtaking her was a deep and abiding knowingness that had no use whatsoever for belief. Ego is the only part of us that can experience doubt, and doubt is the only obstacle to perfection. What arose in her was something that could only be given away. That was the trick: she was giving IT a way. I AM the way, engifting myself, existence, with a refreshed world that includes a woman with sight.

Time stopped, and in stopping so did the contextual history of Attum. Without time, without contextual history, there was nothing with which the ego could identify. She was not she because she now existed apart from the realm of time. She became the unfaceted diamond; pure, simple, existing for one purpose, and without those faces, the facets, there was nothing left in the gestalt of her that believed in limitation. Sheer unfettered joy arose in her with the power of a supernova, and she knew that the joy was there because what must be done was already accomplished. Otherwise how could the feeling of joy exist? Joy is the physical manifestation of the orgasm of creation. Joy is present because it is already accomplished. It is done. Be joyful for that!

Looking at Neve-Seashella, in Portuguese she said very matter-of-factly, with no emotion at all, "It's already accomplished." Walking towards the woman, still in Portuguese, she said, "My dear little sister, blindness is blind only to itself. This is already accomplished, this great and good thing. I AM Love, and Love knows only perfection." She reached where the woman was sitting on a rock. She raised her sunglasses and situated them in the woman's hair, then positioned her palms over her voided eye sockets. "Perfection is always present, lying in wait just below the surface. Perfection wishes to be invited forth, here, now. Be thou perfect, even as I AM perfection." She spoke some words in no recognizable tongue, and then finished in English. "Alas, my dear little sister, you can see! It is your gift to the world!" And she stepped backwards, her hands revealing the woman's eyes.

Neve took two stagger steps backwards and crumpled to the ground in a cloud of rock dust, a silly smile on his face, his eyes spinning in circles. The boy went bonkers, bouncing around the rocks like a pinball, screaming, "An angel from Heaven! An angel from Heaven! Mother can see! Look! She can see!"

The Brazilian woman stood and locked big beautiful brown eyes with Attum's, an understanding passing between them that no words could ever retouch and therefore adulterate.

They smiled at each other as only sisters can, and then embraced, both letting quiet tears of happiness trace down their cheeks.

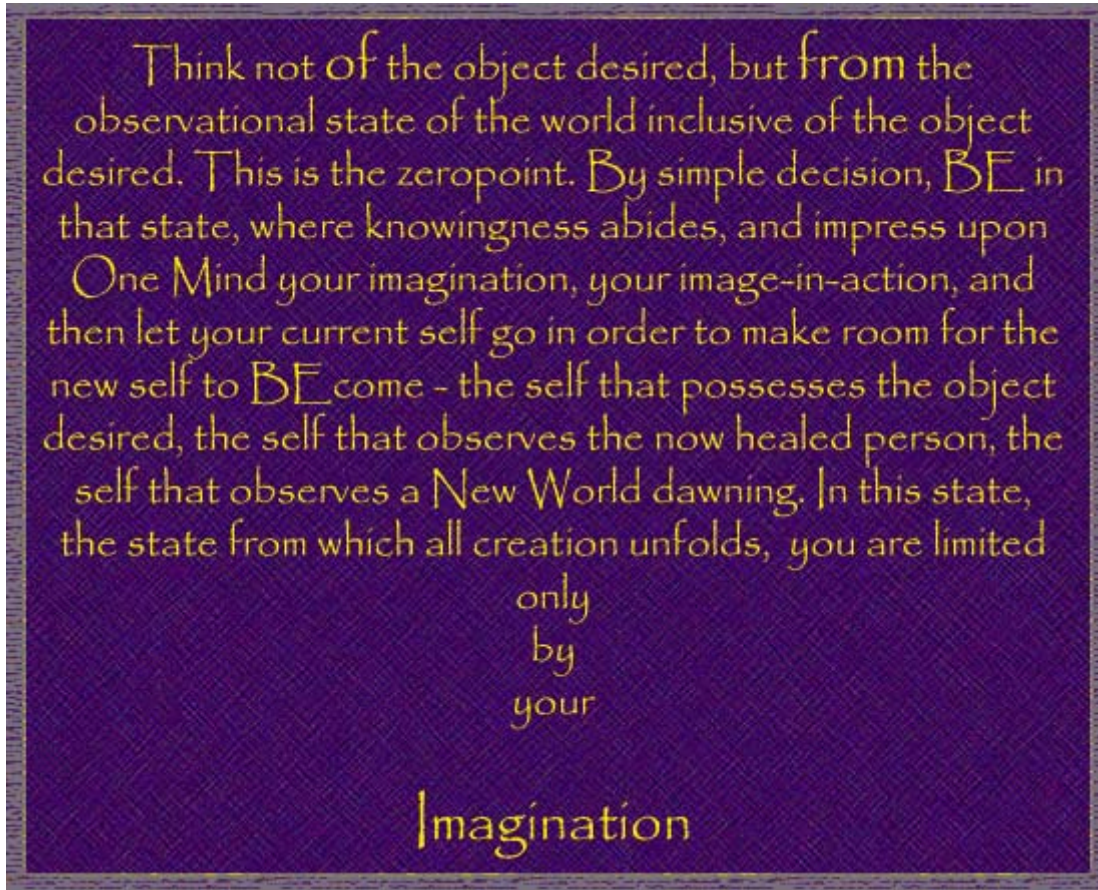
"Thank you," she whispered in English.

"I'm not the one to be thanked. I am nothing. It is the Intelligent Life of Creation that did this beautiful work today, and the world is now blessed with a beautiful woman who can see. You and I simply cooperated with the Universe to give birth to your new eyes, I the Midwife, you the Mother. Your faith brought you to here today - without your faith this would not have happened. But I do have *you* to thank for what you allowed me to experience today, and I will forever be grateful for this opportunity." They embraced again, and Attum, holding her at arm's length, shouted, "Hey, everybody! Let's go have lunch together in town! Wouldn't that be fun?"

And holding hands and chattering away in Portuguese like two birds in the jungle, the women started down the trail together while the boys skipped along behind.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

In the cave of IsNess, there hangs an old tapestry.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Over the door of the Conference Room hangs a plaque.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Attum'n'Neve were just cresting the trail leading from the small town, over the mountain ridge, and back down into LATA property. Lunch with the Brazilians had been a rare treat. The woman's name turned out to be Fatima, and until this day she had been devoutly religious, but something turned in her today, and she now had a much broader perspective than before. The boy's name was, interestingly enough, Jesus ("Haysoos"). The shaman who had told them to be on this mountain on this day was a wretched creature dressed in rags that had arisen from the filth of the street in Sao Palo and instantly vindicated himself by telling her what nobody else on Earth knew, which was that her father had raped her, and "from beyond the grave he was expressing his deep sorrow."

While she was skeptical for a time, Jesus' enthusiasm was irrepressible. Had he not taken over in the way he had done they would never have made it out of Brazil at all, much less to this mountain aerie. He had repeatedly told his mother after the weird meeting that he had dreamt about the man who would seem to be a beggar, but was "an angel too!"

Neve was saying: "So the Portuguese is just gone?"

Attum: "Yes. I mean, there are some words I could say just from memory, but the fluency is gone. I guess the necessity of it in concert with my greatly expanded self is just no longer in alignment."

Neve: "Can you get over what you accomplished today?"

Attum: "I can't get over that it happened at all, much less with me as a witness of it. That's all I was, a witness, but my larger being, fitting within me perfectly at the moment - or I within It - was present for that work, and that work was a precise Cosmic appointment that of course I was completely unaware of but which my larger self was perfectly *aware* of. That was my excitement this morning. I was so excited about something and I didn't have any idea what it was. Of all of the many exciting things I could have thought of to do today the one that sat atop the list was to hike this trail. You couldn't have talked me into doing anything else, period."

Neve abruptly stopped, cocked his head sideways, and said, "We have to go to the cave."

Attum: "Why?"

Neve: "I don't know."

Attum: "That's becoming the best reason to do anything and everything these days."

And off they went at a quicker pace. While they hurried along, Attum asked Neve: "So what happened to you when...at that moment? When you fell in the dirt?"

Neve: "I was kind've in a mode to like give you some support energetically or something. It was naive."

Attum: "Why?"

Neve: "Well, because I walked up behind you - don't know if you know that - and touched you on the top of your shoulder blades at the moment that all that energy happened. You were vibrating so high it knocked me on my ass. And that's about it. Other than that it was so high and so pure it was ecstatic."

Attum: "Really? Cool."

Neve: "Yes, it was really cool. You know, since then I've had a funny sense about something, like I'm living in a massive *deja vu* right now, but not a *deja vu*. It's like this: I witnessed something today that eight months ago I'd have considered to be impossible, and yet I'm neither surprised nor overwhelmed - it's like I'd already experienced it. It's like I'm being programmed by something to just take it in stride, like, hey, look, the woman's got new eyes. How about that? And it was also as though the energy you used to help Fatima raised my own vibe to the point that my third eye is far more open. Almost like that blast of energy traveled through the engine of my system and found its exhaust port at my third eye, like a whale's blow hole, which was as much involved with the purpose of Fatima's healing - in other words, Fatima got eyes and I got *sight* outta the deal. But anyway, as we're walking along, I keep seeing, sort of out of the corner of my eye, seashells. But now they're not so much out of the corner of my eye as they were before. As we get closer to the cave I'm seeing them everywhere but more concentrated at

the periphery, like we're passing through a half-pipe of seashells."

Attum: "You don't think..."

Neve: "I'm thinking..."

Attum: "*That* would be wonderful."

Neve: "Amen to that. Are you seeing them at all?"

Attum: "No. How do you see them?"

Neve: "Just seashells, all types, all colors, all sizes, lying around on the ground, sort of semi-solid." He slowed down and was gesturing around him. "See, right through here, the closer to the cave, the more there are. I also have a funny feeling in my stomach that hints at nausea but tells me that it's a part of my *deja vu*. And my left ear is bothering me a little. Holy smokes!"

Attum: "What?"

Neve: "Now lining the path are beings, human looking, faint, not as clear or as solid as the trail - all kinds of them, ancient looking clothes and stuff. Robes and staffs and animal skins."

Attum: "What are they doing?"

Neve: "They're cheering us on. Throwing flower petals onto the trail in front of us."

Attum: "What does it mean?"

Neve: "I don't know. Well now check this out. The shells are strewn along the path going up this way. The cave's right down there." Neve pointed to the trail that forked off to the left. "Guess we better follow the yellow-brick road."

Attum: "Oh my!"

Neve: "Yes, lions and tigers and mollusks! Oh my!"

Presently the shells led to a rock and fern grotto inset into the mountain about 40 feet and cupping over the top of them like a granite Hollywood Bowl festooned with pines, aspens and ground ferns.

Attum: "Now what?"

Neve: "Well, the shells lead right into that rock face..."

Attum: "It looks a bit like a face, doesn't it...?"

A portal had opened in the rock as she spoke. They both stood, looking at it, and then at each other, smiling a little. What a day! both thought at about the same time. They passed through it and found themselves in a hall that was obviously carved by some very advanced technology. The walls, floor and ceiling were uniform width and height, perfectly smooth but with a rough texture; they seemed to sparkle, and, as was becoming customary, it seemed dimly lit from the very air.

Somewhat nervously, Neve said, "Looks like the signs of some ancient culture!"

Attum: "Makes you wonder if we're supposed to be joking about now."

Neve: "A good joke is almost never out of place."

Attum: "Do you still see the seashells?"

Neve: "Oh, yeah. Everywhere. We're walking ankle deep in them as we speak."

Attum: "Did you know this was here? This...what is this?"

Neve: "This subterranean temple?"

Attum: "I guess."

Neve: "No, I didn't. And I'm learning to not be surprised more and more every day."

As they walked, the light was getting brighter, and soon they came upon the Guru. "Ah, you're here. I'm glad you followed the impulse, which was inevitable. My dear," she said, turning to Attum, "you performed beautifully today. That took more strength than you know. Fatima and her son will become great beacons of light in Brazil in the coming years, as planned. During her years of blindness she developed on higher levels, now becoming manifest in her world, faculties she would not have otherwise gained without the experience of her lacking eyesight for those six years. You have not seen the last of that great woman."

Neve: "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded in a tone affected with 1950s Hollywood.

Guru: "It will all be revealed presently. Neve, you were the perfect equilibrium today, saying precisely what needed to be said." Registering their astonishment, she continued, "Oh, yes, we watched it all today. It was very important that Attum ignored our counsel about staying put and getting rest. We're all very predictable. There is a course we each must follow, absolutely, either now or later, and since we know there is no 'later' then we must follow it now."

Very predictable. You were excited about what you knew not what and you followed it. But we knew you would; you've both come a very long way in a short period of time, which was also very well planned and very well carried out. The event was in part designed to set the stage for what is to come, today. You see, no one person can benefit from an activity such as Attum performed today. The repercussions radiate into all dimensions and forms. All That Is absorbed and was affected by your magnificent flow of love. Neve, it's time for you to perform a very important task. Not even I knew this was coming. It's very exciting and very powerful."

The Guru paused, closing her eyes and gathering energy. "Neve, I must ask you to raise even higher into the clothing of your Christ-Self, and you must do everything you can with your focus to stay there, no matter what you're about to experience." Sensing his apprehension, she cautioned, "There is no reason whatsoever to be afraid," and she placed her thumb on Neve's third eye and spread her fingers over the top of his head. He felt a quickening pulse race from her hand to his toes, and he felt unmistakably more centered, anchored and clear than he could ever remember being. "Ready?"

They both nodded, their eyes open wide.

Guru: "Come," and she turned and led them further along the hallway where it opened into a large and stunningly beautiful chamber, the walls of which were encrusted with large crystals colored in blues ranging from aquamarine to deep indigo. The quality of the energy in the chamber was like nothing they'd ever felt, and the furnishings looked as if they could have come out of a movie set that takes place in heaven, all whites and gold and substances that appeared to be glass but one had a feeling that it was some kind of metal.

There were two other people in the room, neither of whom looked familiar...at first. And then it gradually dawned on Neve that one of them was his...but this can't be, can it?

Neve: "Jax? Is that you? Is it really you?" For a moment he thought he'd simply crumple into a pile of whimpering emotions, but something tapped on his noggin as a reminder of his commitment to stay clothed in his Christ-Self, a state where simply nothing is impossible and therefore nothing can be a surprise. "Well, Bro, I guess there's life after death, eh?"

Jax: "Death? I'm not familiar with the concept," he said facetiously. "Could you please explain?"

And they rushed into each other's arms. Jax, a monumentally devoted relief worker, had been kidnapped and was thought to be murdered in the Middle East ten years before along with four other relief workers.

They then held each other at arm's length, inspecting each other. Yep, solid, here and twinkling with good humor. Both seemed on the verge of insane laughter, and indeed they were. Neve sensed that there was plenty of time to catch up later.

Attum looked on, just shaking her head and smiling as though she were watching her baby take a first step. "Oh, that is just too beautiful, guys! Wow!"

Jax: "I lay in that mass grave, still alive, for what seemed a couple of hours, and then this being," he gestured at the other man who stood nearby, smiling hugely, "and several others just came and got me. Within minutes I was whole, healthy, and equipped with an amazing understanding. I've been in school ever since. But we'll get into that later. There's important work to do. Attum, you're amazing. It's a great pleasure and honor to meet you," and he embraced her. "I'm Jax, Neve's older brother, the consummate martyr and world saver."

Attum: "I feel like I know you."

Jax: "Indeed you do," he twinkled, "but there's plenty of time for that."

The other man, Middle Eastern looking, apparently in his late thirties and wearing a turban, stepped over and took one each of Attum'n'Neve's hands. "It is the highest honor to meet both of you in the flesh, I AM Kuthumi."

The three of them embraced like old friends.

Neve: "Well, I'm ready for anything now."

Guru: "Good. That's the only phrase that could serve what is about to unfold."

In the center of the chamber was a circular platform about four feet across that was raised right out of the rock floor. The top of it was made of something cream colored, and when Neve felt it it seemed to be a fabric like silk but was perfectly solid.

Guru: "This is actually a technology somewhat like a television only the signals are consciously directed by a user and the channels you can tune into are limitless. Quite a bargain

when compared to cable. It projects a faint three-dimensional image somewhat like a hologram above it, and it was by this that we watched your beautiful and amazing performance of this morning. All of these crystals," she said, sweepingly gesturing at the walls and ceiling, "were precipitated from the universal thinking substance and as such are encoded holographically with all languages that have ever been in this system, which also means that the combinations of symbol characters and corresponding numbers and therefore corresponding geometry can be holographically arranged to access all knowledge that has ever had resonance with this system. This chamber is essentially a fantastically advanced quantum computer, and you could say that the platform is its monitor. All one must do is sing the frequency..."

Attum: "Sing?"

Guru: "Some frequencies can be produced by the human vocal mechanism while some can only be produced by the third eye, or the heart, or the solar plexus, or any other chakra, depending on what needs to be accessed and-or accomplished and the quality as it relates to the appropriate energy center. As you might expect, the vast majority of frequencies cannot be produced by the human vocal mechanism nor heard by the human ear. Jax produced Neve's frequency this morning and we 'locked on' to the two of you, progressively expanding the frequency to include that of Jesus, Fatima and Attum. In a manner of speaking, the signal was then modulated to include your surroundings. This is a big oversimplification, of course, and in fact I didn't even know what this was or how it was used until three days ago."

Neve: "This is a holodeck, of sorts, like in Star Trek."

Jax: "Of sorts. Interestingly enough, Neve, you were in on its construction about eighty thousand years ago."

Neve: "Right on. Looks like I did a bang-up job too."

They all laughed.

Kuthumi: "My friends, it is time," and he moved to what appeared to be a pearl-inlaid bench against the wall. Lifting what magically became a lid, he withdrew from within what appeared to be silk sheets and handed them around. "These are garments, very special, also made from the Universal Substance. Please use these side quarters to change into them."

When they all returned and were wearing the garments, Kuthumi handed him an object that appeared to be an ankh of gold and encrusted with gems, only there were two tines that jutted from beneath the cross member and corresponded to the loop that formed above the horizontal pole.

Kuthumi: "Please stand here." He took Neve's shoulders and positioned him in front of the circular platform that was this chamber's monitor, and without releasing his shoulders put his mouth very near Neve's spine between the shoulder blades. He began to speak in a tongue Neve wasn't familiar with, but somehow understood what was being said on a feeling level, though he was sure he couldn't translate it word for word. Indeed, his last thought before allowing himself to disconnect from himself is that translation would involve linear thinking and this language was all feeling, again holographic. Heat began to build in the area near Kuthumi's mouth, and then radiated down and up his spine. He felt his heels tingling, a tingling at his root chakra, at the heart, and at the top of his head.

Neve suddenly found himself saying words that seemed to be fueled by the energy coursing up and down his spine, as though these words simultaneously with him speaking them were the only means by which the energy could be released. His voice was strong and steady as he moved the artifact in circles over the top of the platform. With certain authority, his voice (1)

invoked, (2) released-sealed, (3) commanded creative precipitation, all without the slightest hesitation nor even a change in his facial expression. So "typical" did he make it all seem he could have been commanding his son to leave his sister alone while flipping burgers on the grill (a round grill, mind you).

An aquamarine mist started to form above the platform, whirling in a spiral, congealing and contracting, and expanding again, alive and beautiful and intelligent. As the image continued to resolve there were two spirals forming, point-to-point, one pointing up and one down, the top one rotating



clockwise and the bottom rotating in the opposite direction. An oval shape, like a symmetrical egg, began to resolve at the meeting place of the two points with an eye-shape at the center, standing on end.

Kuthumi: "The shape in the center is known as a vesica pisces. It is found in all of nature and adheres to the Divine Proportion on its inside angles, which we will be discussing today. It's a shape that corresponds to the vulva, the portal of birth. That center is the place of absolute motionlessness, stillness, while the two creative forces work towards a bond, rotating oppositely."

Then the spirals slowly began merging together while the egg's lateral sides narrowed simultaneously with the lateral sides of the vesica pisces widening, resolving roughly into an image we're all becoming familiar with. Music began to emanate from the very atmosphere itself, a sound so beautiful it was unspeakable and a life of its own. Soon the music was joined by voices, what could have been millions of them, rising up from within the tones of the music, as though the tones were giving birth to the voices. Amidst the choir and symphony, Neve whispered, Seashella."



"You are my mirror," the sphere in the center vibrated as these words were spoken.

Just then Neve understood everything.

Kuthumi: "Neve, allow me to introduce you to your Twin Flame."

Neve: "I just figured that out." He was also vaguely aware that the "ankh" had vanished from his hand. Kuthumi placed it in one of the marvelous cases in the chamber.

"My Sister," referring to Attum, "it is a privilege to meet one such as you once again. What a magnificent display you put on today! I feel such pride in you. My Brothers," referring to Jax and Kuthumi, "thank you so much for your assistance in today's procedure."

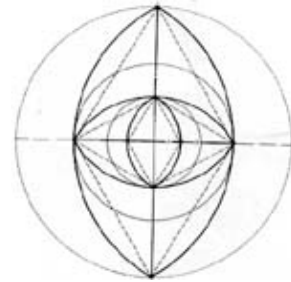
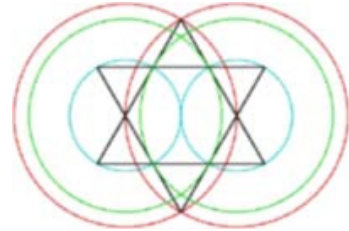
They all arranged themselves on the various furnishings, and the sphere, Seashella, spoke. "Neve, we have much catching up to do - but may we do that at a later time?"

Neve: "I'm just here for the ride." He was thinking how surreal such a statement was.

Seashella: "Do you know why my name is Seashella on Havalla?"

Neve: "I think I might have some idea. Has to do with the spiral, does it not? The spiral is the perfect representation of both the macrocosm and the microcosm, proceeding from the infinitely small to the infinitely large, and yet everything in proportion? I think that must be what black holes are."

Seashella: "Perceptive as always. I think it's so funny when I reflect on what I was saying to a symposium of scientists on Havalla not so long ago. You see, a very dear friend of mine discovered your Earthly broadcast signals even though there was some dimensional crossover - our two time-space continuums are not in synchronization or my form might be represented differently today, and we'd not have been able to even collect such wave data had we not been using plant-based antennae, which operate on a *feeling* level as they possess a type of DNA where your Earth-based antennae do not and therefore function with passive, reasonless, consciousness alone, but it doesn't matter. Between the two of us, Katagah and I, we learned a great deal about



Earth. When I was six in our years I told this group that Earth people would think we were boring, and that is absolutely true. I also told them that I thought perhaps I'd devised a way to get to Earth, by either some mechanical means or to even somehow transport my body. I was naive of course; ambitious, yes, but naive. It took quite some time to figure it out, and I'd have not been able to do it without a continual opening of the subtle parts of me that were human. Somehow I knew that this was my material home, although I never admitted that to anybody. And then, just a short time ago, this great Master Kuthumi came to me and connected the disparate elements so that today's procedure, Cosmically arranged, could express. I was to embody on Havalla so that I could experience materiality from that contrasting perspective, which is a part of today's lesson, which I am to in part give, and to introduce into Havalla's consciousness grid the potential of a new kind of heart."

Neve: "Are you going to somehow at some point take an Earthly physical body like ours?"

Seashella: "The question is premature, but I'm sure by my answer you can surmise what the answer actually is. It would be counterproductive at this juncture to touch upon exactly what that will take to accomplish."

Kuthumi: "Seventy-seven thousand Earth years ago the two of you 'were' nobility in a civilization that had once been great. As always happens in this free-will environment, the people so completely forgot - forsook - their connection to Truth that their higher senses atrophied. You were scions in a noble family that assumed power *ipso facto* due to the vacated throne. The previous king simply withdrew from this physical environment and he and his family took a much needed rest from embodiment. In doing this, he, in a sense, took the life of the place with him. From that moment on the Kingdom declined and eventually disintegrated. Your two families were split in their philosophies, even within the family unit. You two were very devoted to Truth, unwavering, and when the writing was clearly seen on the wall, as you say, you had priests who still knew the 'old ways' and put you both into a type of suspended animation that one day your scientists will understand, where the flesh could remain incorruptible. You," he looked at Neve, "were brought out of that state just in time for the fall of Atlantis, whereupon you migrated to a place that is now known as Popol Vu, where you relearned many ancient arts, including precipitation by command, which you called upon today."

"Neve, did you ever expect that you would find yourself here, in these circumstances, in this great school, on this day, experiencing this?"

Neve: "Oh, yeah - I had it in my dayplanner."

They all laughed together.

Seashella: "Never, please never, lose that sense of humor, my Beloved. You have a question that pertains to what we shall discuss today. Yes?"

Neve: "I do. Today I witnessed firsthand an event that more or less confirmed for me my thoughts of the last month or so, but I'll ask the question anyway. Do we have a soul?"

Seashella: "No, is the short answer, and the long answer is of course very detailed and difficult to explain. This is one of the topics we are to cover today. A common saying in mystical circles on Earth is 'As above, so below, and as below, so above.' You saw it in action just a moment ago. This refers to correspondence, or what you might even call the Law of Correspondence. We have *infinite* being on the one hand, and *finite* being on the other hand. Infinite being is Mind. Finite being is matter, or in our case, a body. It is often said here that equilibrium is achieved through the perfect balance of mind, body and spirit, but that is to suggest that there are three fundamental principles in existence when there are only two: mind (or consciousness) and matter (or body). Another, and perhaps even more exacting way of putting it in today's context is that there is undifferentiated consciousness, and differentiated consciousness, all differentiated consciousness being some form of body, no matter what its degree of density is. So you see, there is no *soul* that is inherent as a fundamental component of existence. We have yin, and we have yang, and that's it.

"Let us define some terms:

"inversion - to turn inside out or outside in

"precipitate - to densify out of uniformity, or undifferentiatedness

"structure templates - models of structure on which all forms have their basis

"iteration - in our sense, refreshed repetition

"When we say 'mind,' we do not mean *your* mind, but we do mean *Universal*, or Infinite Mind, undifferentiated consciousness itself. In our definition, Mind and the Infinite and undifferentiated consciousness are interchangeable terms, but for most of the rest of this lesson we shall simply by using 'Mind.' Matter is animated by Mind, which is the life force, consciousness itself, awareness and even more to the point, *self-awareness*. Now, very important: there are three basic levels of consciousness: subconscious, conscious and superconscious, all three of which are both genders, both male and female in equal parts. You are the point between the above and the below, as in the two spirals you saw just a moment ago, and each of those spirals is subdivided into octaves. It takes the merger of two things to make one thing. You are the bridge between the subconscious and superconscious. And the superconscious, your Christ-Self, is the bridge between you and the Infinite. A great thinker of the 20th century on Earth was a man by the name of David Bohm, whose alternative explanation is a very good one. Jason, go ahead and insert an abstract of Mr. Bohm's vision here."

*All righty. All of existence consists of two things: the implicate order and the explicate order. The implicate order is that which is "inside," hidden, **enfolded**, not seen; and the explicate order is that which is "outside," seen, **unfolded** - form, time, space, coordinate-based reality, expressed from structure templates which themselves, now having being, exist as a record in the Akasha. The implicate order is also described as the quantum field of all potential, which is absolutely uniform, symmetrical - no part in it is greater than any other part. There is not a thin section, a thick section, anything condensed, structured, etc., what science in the last few years has been calling **nothingness**.*

The explicate order is all that which is in form having precipitated, or unfolded, from the perfect uniformity of the implicate order, much like water condenses on surfaces when found within a room filled with uniform steam, or becomes rain from semi-uniform clouds. Imagination calls upon already existing structure templates or creates new ones on which to base form in every octave. Any image you see either in your mind or with your senses has been - or is now a new - structure template, which means that it has form. Form exists on every octave except for within the completely uniform implicate order. Structure templates come into being only by the thought of sentient consciousness, and, as stated above, have their being in a frequency level just lower than the completely uniform implicate order.

"Thanks, Jason. I'll take it from here. Cascading 'downward' in frequency from the implicate order to the explicate order are octaves of being, or levels of iteration, where the structure template undergoes 'step-down iterations,' shall we say, into successively denser being. *The denser the being, the lower the energy state.* The 'step-downs' are each methods of adaptation and adjustment, lowering the energy state level by level until this neurophysiological version of you is dealing with *in-formation* through the five, six or seven senses, and therefore these 'step-downs' are necessary because your dense physical being would simply vaporize in a cloud of fire and smoke under the energy conditions in which your exact in-version has being. This exact inversion of you has fifty-two senses, which means that it has that much greater capacity to process information. This capacity is what has been referred to in this school as the capacity to accept, whereas some students of LATA and some students in our Sister Mystery School, FirstWave, believed that our usage was referring to the fact that we insist that they simply accept what we teach. This isn't what we mean by capacity to accept - we mean that we are 'widening' your capacity to accept ever larger and higher energy blocks of in-formation.

"So, you and everything else has some form of being in a succession of higher-frequency octaves, or iterations, or what you often here on Earth mistakenly refer to as dimensions. Where you are limited by the programmed limitations of your body as determined by your agreed upon environment, the exact inversion of *this dense physical* you must function without limitation of any kind, but remember that this unlimited you is also a form, has a body, and you are ultimately a projection of it.

"Let's give an example of enfolded and unfolding, one we all recognize and can relate to for easy visualization. If you fold up an eight inch by eight inch piece of paper until you've condensed it to a square of two inches by two inches, you have enfolded it. Now, make it into a structure template by making some cuts on the corners and edges, just as we have seen was done to the uniform diamond by making facets. The structure template is now a two inch by two inch square with cuts in it. Those cuts, holes, are an example of there being no space, no distance, the quantum realm, but unfold it and it becomes a beautiful snowflake, with those holes now having locality with intervening space between them.

"By the same token, you have finite and in-finite (yes, Kathy Starflake, you had it right), which is a simple and redundant statement that the Infinite is within the finite, for nowhere else could it possibly be, and the in-finite is enfolded within you, and can only *unfold* from within you, just as we saw with the piece of paper. There is of course the meaning of not-finite. But don't you find it interesting that we first, in English, have finite and *then* its negative, not-finite. Why don't we have the opposite in English, a word that means infinite and then its negative to express the finite? A good question. Ultimately, all there are are degrees of differentiation.

Infinite | finite
undifferentiated | differentiated
implicate | explicate
mind | matter
consciousness | body
yin | yang

"Let's have a little fun for a second, which is also a profound illustration. Take the word 'nothing.' This is the only word where couched in a declarative statement that there are precisely two meanings, each the inversion of the other.

- "nothing lasts forever. If "nothing" is taken to mean "no thing," then it's true that no thing lasts forever, and it's also true that *nothing* lasts forever;
- "nothing is impossible;
- "nothing is as it seems;
- "nothing is too wonderful to be true;
- "nothing exists beyond the eyes (in other words, it's *all* in your head!)."

"So, what do you get from what we've covered so far?"

Neve: "That if you must believe you have a soul, accept the fact that it's your superconscious self."

Seashella: "From the most fundamental perspective, true, but we'll go into soul a little more in just a moment. Let us continue to elucidate this. The Infinite is thought, and the body is feeling. In order to experience feeling, or more to the point, emotion, Mind must animate the neurophysiological mechanism by which emotion is achieved. If we peer into just one octave higher, does your corresponding being in that octave have an amygdala gland?"

Attum: "No."

Seashella: "And therefore there are no mechanisms - the amygdala, hypothalamus, pituitary, hippocampus - with which to produce the chemicals that are the cause and regulators of emotion. Correct? Those are the glands that interact with your autonomic nervous system for the production of chemicals and the interpretation of your *chosen* responses to those emotions. Emotion is the result of chemicals, and without those mechanisms for the production of those chemicals, there can be no emotion.

"Your mind, the mind that is individual to you, comes into being only by Universal Mind occupying a body, and that occupation brings about the beginning of choice-making and the establishment of beliefs which sets you forth as an individual participating in a given consensus

reality. When consciousness gives up the body to the false perception called death, you become in effect an Akashic recording of a collection of beliefs as they were extant at the moment of passing. It isn't the *soul* that survives the body, but differentiated *essence* with memories recorded in the Akasha that are specifically associated with the consciousness that produced them, and nothing else. These memories have reference to the subconscious. Beliefs, thoughts, words, deeds, etc., are all recorded 'everywhere,' so to speak and are referenced by the subconscious. The choices, words, thoughts, deeds, of your 'previous' being are now recorded in what most esoteric traditions call the Akashic Record, and those are either in harmony with All That Is or they are not. If they are not, there is truly only one being that can bring them into harmony..."

Attum: "The source of those words, thoughts, etc., me and me alone."

Neve: "Thus what we poetically call reincarnation, the opportunity to take another crack at bringing harmony to all of the disharmonious imprints we have contaminated the various degrees of the quantum field with, although in fact, as time doesn't factor in, are each experiences of embodiment concurrently with this one, only those beings we '*were*' - quote-unquote - don't have the physical attributes with which to experience emotion, or perhaps even *will*. At so-called death, you become an afterimage of your 'previous' being still etched upon the Akasha; after all, as we know, you do not eradicate energy. It never goes away. It's like a radio wave. You can smash the radio, but the waves it had produced to that point go on through the Cosmos forever. What is left of you after the passing called death is nothing more than a thoughtform, a radio wave. In a very broad sense, this is what ghosts are, but those *ghosts*, while self-aware, have no ability to reason because..."

Attum: "...because they have relinquished the mechanism that is *able* to reason, the brain, which is body, and maybe even other parts of the body are involved in the reasoning process, such as the heart."

Seashella: "All right. Does that thoughtform, the ghost as you say, have intelligent being?"

Neve: "Of course."

Seashella: "Does it have the ability to reason?"

Attum: "No."

Seashella: "Can it experience emotion?"

Attum: "No."

Seashella: "Can it have will?"

Neve: "No, but it *can* have volition. It *can* make choices..."

Seashella: "Volition. Precisely the word we were after. But can it make *reasoned* choices?"

Neve: "No, but the superconscious us can make reasoned choices."

Attum: "Right, but why are we attempting to reason with an imprint, a ghost...?"

Neve: "I had the same question. We're not accosting an imprint of me that had its embodiment in, let's say, ancient Rome, and suggesting to it that it take another embodiment. It's *in* a form of embodiment as we speak. Besides, there are *thousands* of these imprints for each and every one of us! What do you do? Do you call all of these past experiences of embodiment together and take a vote about how to next embody? They might not even know what the hell we're talking about. One of them might think, 'what'd'ya mean? I'm *in* a body, because it might not even know that it no longer occupies a dense physical mechanism. I've heard of ghosts that don't know they're dead. Another might think, 'naw, I'm perfectly content just as I am in this endless recording.'"

Attum: "And so just exactly what or even *who* are we attempting to reason with in planning an upcoming embodiment? What thread of us, what aspect, is it that is involved in the planning of an upcoming embodiment? Is it our superconscious?"

Seashella: "Let us give some background information on that line of thought. Through your studies to this point you know that we are never *not* dealing with intelligent energy, and in fact not just generic energy but intelligent energetic personalities with names, individuality and autonomy. Correct? So, someone calls you and says the metal pins in their shoulder are killing them. You desire to help, in which case your intent becomes a catalyst. That catalyzes right then, from the midst of the quantum field *within* you, the emergence of two intelligent and autonomous beings, as just an example, one of which exists for the sole purpose of positioning itself at the front of the pins, and the other one exists for the sole purpose of positioning itself at the back of the pins."

These beings are things - they have bodies, not as dense or as complex as *your* body, but a body nonetheless. Once their purpose is fulfilled, they either remain for further command or may even simply diaggregate and become undifferentiated consciousness once again.

"This is how it is throughout all Creation. There is never not an autonomous being with a name that either already exists or is brought into being from Mind to fulfill a purpose, and that purpose is very frequently in response to something a human being has either consciously or unconsciously commanded or simply thought about. Take, for example, someone who is capable of being angry enough to want to kill someone. The moment that thought takes form, there is the birth of a being who is perfectly willing to carry it out. Or take a mother who worries about her son. He is going to drive from New York to Illinois to go to college, and dear mother, because she has this appalling habit of believing that this is what justifies her existence, is going to choose to worry about this boy's twenty-eight to thirty-four hour drive. Thus, there is an entire entourage of beings that must 'travel' with the boy in order to protect *him* from *her*! Do you see why?"

Neve: "Because her worry is bringing into being intelligences that are responding to her worry, her fear - she is giving instructions to intelligences that would do him harm in response to her visualization. Her worry is in fact a type of command. She's picturing an accident, and there is therefore an intelligent being trying to bring it about for her. She pictures a roadside mugging - there's an intelligent being who exists to be commanded on the scene trying to bring it about *for* her."

Attum: "Exactly. And this also explains evil. Evil exists in no way or form without originating in the mind and-or heart of embodied beings. Evil comes into being because we *call* it into being, and the beingness is simply responding to our command, our thought, our intent. Fear all by itself creates evil, or whatever in fact is feared. But once created, it is autonomous, has the *volition* to remain existent and autonomous, and we might not be able to reason with it so much as show it what it really is. We might not be able to communicate with them on an emotional level. They just don't have the physiological equipment that causes and then experiences emotion, which is the only way to open the heart."

Seashella: "There are of course an unimaginable number of beings in Creation that exist for the sole purpose of responding to desire or need. You want joy? There is a being that handles that. You want hope? There is a being that handles that. You want to do harm to someone? There is a being ready to go and in fact *embodies* your hatred, and that being will *never* go away or whose beingness can or will never be requalified unless and until you yourself do the intent-command to bring harmony to that beingness."

Neve: "So essentially what you're saying is that there are basically two kinds of beings: those that command, and those that respond to command."

Seashella: "For the purposes of this discussion, that's mostly true. There are wayward personality essences that simply don't know what to do or be without someone to command them. So sorcery throughout the ages dealt in part with the enslavement of such personality essences for purposes of High Magic, but with that question we get a little ahead of ourselves. Let us expand on these ideas. Take the very advanced aliens you on Earth call the 'Grays.' They are monuments of intellectual capacity and power - their intelligence is advanced so far beyond the average human intelligence it's incomprehensible, but they are missing something. What are they missing?"

Attum: "Deep feelings, emotions like ours. They reached this unbelievable state of advancement but lack the physio-equipment to experience what we take for granted."

Neve: "Many of them, a whole stratum in their social order, are subject to the hive mentality, like drones, which means that they have absolutely no free will whatsoever. They carry out a function they're designed for, and that's it."

Attum: "And that in a way is a built-in caste system, social classes, a lack of equity among strata of their social structure, when in reality equality is *everything*."

Seashella: "And do you see parallels with that in humanity?"

Neve: "Of course. We have drones, slaves, in fact almost everybody is a slave and doesn't know it. Does he or she have free will? Yes. But knowing that, why do they still get up in the morning and go to a job they hate?"

Seashella: "And so the Grays are attempting to do what?"

Attum: "To refashion themselves with our equipment. It's like we're a new prototype of

being that has all the equipment necessary to...oh, I think I get it."

Seashella: "There are incredibly advanced beings that basically became consciousness within machines. What are they missing?"

Neve: "DNA. Hearts. Those glands you talked about before."

Seashella: "And what does DNA have to do with it?"

Attum: "DNA are the little antennae that receive Mind, life force...no, DNA doesn't receive it because it's everywhere to begin with; it resonates with Mind and channels interpretive signals to the appropriate chakras. Those chakras in turn communicate with our organic bodies, mainly with the endocrine system, which itself is a communication medium between the organic bodies and the nervous system, which functions on a higher electrical level. It's the whole difference between artificial intelligence and us. You can program a machine to emulate feeling, a conditioned response, in response to some sort of stimuli, like if you yelled at the machine it would be programmed to respond with some sort of communication that it feels bad. But does it truly feel bad? No. It doesn't even know what that is. DNA is the physical method by which we're animated, whereas a robot, a machine, a 'droid, has an on-off switch and a battery pack to animate it."

Seashella: "But does this 'droid, once you turn it off, still have inspiredness? Isn't it also fashioned from Mind?"

Neve: "So it all comes down to how the body, how *matter* is itself equipped to interpret raw information within a given preprogrammed environment, or virtual reality. It's all about how a *species* is equipped. How the body mechanism, whatever it may be, is designed to qualify or interpret raw information, and the many potentials of how it responds to stimuli. Your pet dog, for example - if you yell at it it's not equipped to feel defensive, only either hurt or nothing at all. It doesn't have the physiological capacity to produce the chemical which is interpreted by the brain as defensiveness. But what exactly is being defensive? It's just another definition."

Seashella: "Yes, definitions - they're everything in Earth human experience. And this conditioned response...does this ring any bells with humanity?"

Neve: "Are you kidding? We're an entire planet of nothing but robots carrying out conditioned response. Someone yells at us, we're either angry, hurt or defensive, or all of the above, all by habit. Our mate sleeps with someone else? Conditioned response automatically produces a chemical in us that our nervous system interprets as something we define as jealousy, and then of course you have to mix in the anger chemical. You could bottle the jealousy chemical, do a few drops of it under the tongue, and instantly you're going to feel jealousy even without the causative stimuli. We're nothing but an entire planet of Pavlov's Dogs!"

Seashella: "So clearly you are purposely equipped with all that is necessary to experience deep pain, deep emotion, deep feeling, deep sorrow, anger, resentment, jealousy, the highest love and the lowest hatred and the lowest of the low vibrations, guilt and shame. Why do you think you as a species are equipped this way?"

Attum: "There can only be one reason, and that is that it was necessary for us to experience those things."

Neve: "That or maybe it wasn't necessary to experience those things, and the low vibe feelings and emotions, like guilt and shame, are just us misusing that equipment, misqualifying the energy. Maybe the equipment was ultimately designed for another purpose altogether but in us does double-duty in producing the shame or guilt chemical."

Attum: "No, it was necessary to experience those things or we wouldn't have. Remember?"

Neve: "You're probably right. But why?"

Attum: "Doesn't God want to experience everything there is to experience?"

Neve: "I don't know how it could be any other way."

Seashella: "What do you suppose the Grays, let's call them the *Zetas*, are up to?"

Attum: "They're trying to build a hybrid race in which to embody equipped with our equipment. And those humans who are being abducted chose to assist the Zetas in this enterprise and just haven't yet remembered making the agreement. The Zetas are pandimensional beings with unbelievable capabilities. They operate with much of the abilities and capacities of Ascended Masters, and in fact can do so in many cases because of technologies, and by the same token what Ascended Masters can do is a type of technology anyway, a mental technology. And yet the Zetas lack certain properties that are absolutely necessary to achieve what we're able to ultimately achieve due to our design. They *need* something we have. That is

interesting, isn't it. I'm getting all kinds of information about them right now. Their hybrid children show no life, not like human children with the insatiable desire to play, endlessly, to be joyful as a natural way of being. They're alive, yes, with DNA, yes, and have senses with which to observe and interpret and reason, but there's no...*life* in them. I don't know how to explain it. Except that it has to do with emotion. If the hybrid children played, they would actually be doing it under instructions to emulate Earth children, like they watched a film of children on a playground and were told, 'be like that and at least pretend to enjoy it.' Maybe in trying it out they in time begin to produce the chemical that can be interpreted as 'this is fun!' and start a genetic conditioned response."

Neve: "These Gray guys, these Zetas you're talking about are all over this room. I catch sight of them out of the corner of my eye."

Seashella: "They are, and they truly love us. You'd be amazed at how many species there are similar to what you just described, Attum. They show very little animation, ever, straight-faced, no sense of humor, for example, at all. Even on Havalla, one might be surprised to elicit a chuckle from someone. Here, on Earth, you have several glasses of strong alcohol and people will laugh or cry, or both, for hours. How glorious is that! As another example, many of these species don't know exhilarating joy - just not physiologically equipped for it, so it's not like you can share it with them, or help them to experience it. They just can't. Joy has being in existence as raw data with a certain **geometrical resonance**, which is its True Name, but do the species to which I refer have the antennae for in-phase resonance with this geometrical resonance form and the physiological apparatus to decode it? No. Do you? Yes. They simply observe and carry out instructions, very frequently under the influence of a hive mentality with a single mind at the top of the 'food chain' that is intelligent and has agenda, and that agenda is for control, always, and that desire is due to either fear or ego, and we know that the ego is the only thing that can be fearful. Those minds share a Cosmos with us, and so, as you've come to learn that every thought you have is a thing that now exists in concert with All That Is, are we not then influenced by every mind everywhere in existence that seeks control? Of course. Where do you think we pick up those properties and fearful habits?

"Why do you think the Zetas want whatever it is we have? Once again, if you were able to peer into the next octave higher and examine your being in that octave - is that being, that version of you, able to feel?"

Attum: "Maybe, maybe not. But it's like I said before, I think I get it. I'm thinking that we're involved in a massive experiment, and that experiment is to see if it's possible to create an entire species of beings that can function absolutely without limit, such as the way our inverted selves do, but with all of the capacities of the human physical mechanism. Does my superconscious have emotions? I don't think so. Does it have will? I'm thinking probably not. Does it have volition? Yes, and it, like all other disembodied intelligence, I guess uses volition to decide whether or not to respond to my command."

"Normally when we die yin exits matter and therefore this energy intelligence no longer has will, reason, emotion, feeling, etc. The experiment that is us is designed to make it so that we raise our yang, the body, to the point where we're able to take its properties, attributes and capabilities with us. It's matter becoming spirit, and precisely vice versa, the perfect balance between thought and feeling, between male and female. It's the perfect balance between heart and mind. It's the perfect balance between those polarities. It doesn't remove the polarities, it simply brings them into perfect harmony. We're not returning...we're not *restoring* ourselves to our original form, so to speak, we're becoming something we've never ever been before."

Seashella: "And how does this relate to the Zetas?"

Attum: "They don't possess certain physiological equipment that would enable them to achieve this, and it's that simple. We are uniquely designed to be the vehicle in which the Infinite and the finite can be one in the Christ-Self. There are multitudes of species all over the Universe that are equipped only to carry out their purpose, no free will, no capacity nor even desire to make choices. Or they lack a property, an attribute, that we have. And many of these are very advanced, very spiritual, beings, but they can't do what we're designed to do. Are there any other species that can?"

Seashella: "That we know of only that are human, and there are humans and humanoids all over the place. For instance, and you students of the FirstWave School will relate to this..."

Neve: "Wait a sec. Who are they? What are you talking about?"

Seashella: "They are the people of our sister school, FirstWave. An amazing bunch. We see you, our dear friends, and keep up the good work. You're leading the way for the rest of us."

Neve: "OK. So why are we talking so much about the Zetas?"

Seashella: "One, they're a good illustration of what this lesson is in part about, and two, in the not-too-distant future Earth humans will have physical contact and interaction with them in a friendship role. Right now, it's important to know that they work very closely with Ascended Masters. Granted, there are factions of them, a stratum in their social order, that are less-than-friendly to the human cause, but the most advanced and evolved of them are amazing beings who have an immense capacity for love and whose intellects are so vast it's utterly breathtaking."

"But anyway, by way of further illustration, on Havalla we're humanoid, but we have no hypothalamus nor an analog of that gland. We have a pineal gland but its crystalline structure is different and is slightly as compared to Earth humans'. And we have different hearts, a bit smaller and with much less neurological tissue. Earth human hearts have so much neurological tissue they're more like brains than you can imagine, and the way our pineal glands and our hearts interact on Havalla we view love more as an equation, which it truly is at its most fundamental, whereas here on Earth we so completely *feel* it. This is one of the reasons I took embodiment on Havalla, to be a seed of a shift in their evolution. I was born on Havalla with an Earth human's heart, so that I could BE the new heart, so to speak, and also to experience that contrast. I was able to be the catalyst behind the design of that physical being because I have a human heart in my embodied experience, my lifestream. I began awakening to my true purpose when I was about five Havalla years old.

"This all is also why, in this exceptional age in which we find ourselves fortunate enough to be in bodies, there are literally thousands of species here and observing Earth and her people at this time. To see if it can be done, number one, and number two, if so, what the outcome of that will be. The entire Universe, including some Ascended Masters, has some degree of envy towards us but only in a positive vein, and yet even people who are awake on Earth at this time want nothing other than to be out of here, or out of this body, or whatever. Unless they change their thinking, those are among the ones that will not make the evolutionary jump. MAKE NO MISTAKE - WHAT WE CAME INTO BEING TO ACCOMPLISH MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED IN A BODY. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO DO IT, END OF STORY. PUT ALL ALTERNATIVES OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR GOOD."

Neve: "The logical me finds it hard to believe that we're alone with the necessary attributes to achieve this. That seems too...what...like the Roman Church believed way back when, like everything rotated around the Earth, that the universe existed for us."

Seashella: "Evolution happens, Neve. It took a long time, many iterations to assemble a being such as you are. But do you agree that the universe is like a machine? Like an engine of a car? That its parts must function single-mindedly in the capacity of their purpose and in concert for proper functioning?"

Neve: "Yes, I do."

Seashella: "Where, then, in that thinking is there room for free will?"

Neve: "Good point."

Attum: "So it's like we've been sequestered...even quarantined...from the Whole, so to speak, so that our experiment could run completely amuck or in fact find a way to work."

Seashella: "A good enough analogy, but remember, the dark we have fostered and propagated here has been balanced by light elsewhere in the Cosmos. There have been epochs throughout this timeline where the denizens of this timeline, us, and the version of Earth we were occupying, were walking on pretty thin ice. But somehow we kept pulling it off, staving off our extinction in this physical being. Of course, we had a lot of help."

Neve: "Haven't there been mass Ascensions before?"

Seashella: "Yes, many, but some dicey choices made by the species a long time ago - like the epochs I just mentioned - made it so it hasn't happened for a very long time. There have been individual Ascensions that were necessitated throughout all of this sequential stretch, but not many. One thing is certain, however; all will traverse the 'distance' between points A and B, B being the so-called Ascension - this is not an option, but what is optional is the amount of pain, suffering and strife you put yourself through on the way and in which embodiment you accomplish

it. The point is that a new schedule of sorts was fashioned, and Earth and some of her people are right on schedule. Will everybody be able to achieve this transcendence on Earth? No. Yet Earth must fulfill her own plan and we are in fact at the precise cosmic juncture for that, so essentially Earth humanity has run out of time, and those who don't make the coming evolutionary shift will be taken to other schoolrooms in other planetary systems to continue in the education which can only be provided by embodiment."

Neve: "So, what is referred to on Earth as Ascension could be defined with cold and heartless accuracy by the following: 'Ascension is the process of increasing a neurophysiological mechanism's capacity to accept larger and larger quantities of information. Take a copper cable a quarter inch thick. Now take a fiber optic cable of the same thickness and it's able to carry ten thousand times as much information. The reason for that is that light is a very efficient medium for carrying, and storing, information. So your dense physical being is becoming light, including each of the organic attributes that are unique to humanity and have been, through empirical experimentation, discovered to be necessary for a dense physical mechanism's ability to embody the Christ-Self.'"

"This all brings to mind a couple more questions."

Seashella: "Just a couple?"

Neve: "Well, to answer these might answer most of the rest of them."

Seashella: "Go."

Neve: "Is there a Creator?"

Seashella: "You mean that is not precisely and specifically you?"

Neve: "Yes."

Seashella: "Absolutely not, but you know this. Moving along. Earlier we touched upon the necessity of a bond. To create a body through which I'm speaking at this moment, this sphere, we witnessed a bond occurring between the merging of the above and the below, or Mind and matter. But do you know this merging could not have taken place without the bond? The body, or bond, could not occur without the merging, and yet the merging could not have occurred without the bond. A third thing thus precipitates *itself* into being, in effect calling forth the merging and the simultaneous necessity of a consciousness to issue the command."

Attum: "And the result of the bond is the child."

Seashella: "But doesn't result imply sequence?"

Attum: "You're right, it does. Bond and child are one. But if the body is the bond, then what is 'the below'?"

Neve: "Brainless matter. Clay, to speak."

Seashella: "Why don't you enlighten us, Neve? It's in you wanting expression."

Neve chuckled, spreading his hands. "I'm sitting in a room with an Ascended Master, well, who disappeared from where he was standing, my dead brother, a woman who is speaking through a sphere..."

Seashella: "I am this sphere..."

Neve: "All right. Also present is a woman who restored the eyes, not the *eyesight* mind you, but the *missing eyes*, of a Brazilian woman just this morning, a Guru of LATA, brilliant shining one that she is, and *I'm* supposed to do the enlightening. That's good. That's *waaaaay* rich." Neve thought this was so funny spittle was flying out of his mouth and he began to choke.

Attum slammed him on the back so hard that he gave her a sharp look.

Neve: "Was that necessary?"

Attum: "From my perspective? Absolutely."

Neve chuckled again. "Right. OK. Well, let me see if I can do this but I'll apply it to me. These are just feelings and sensations and imagery that I get but I think it can be put into words. In the unimaginably complex workings of All That Is a certain purpose is necessitated. I therefore essentially create myself, unfold into embodiment, which is the most critical vessel in the highest expression of my purpose. If it weren't built-in to the initial conditions of the system with which we're interacting that we forget what we are, we could never fully embody - fully experience - the denseness of materiality, sort of like knowledge is light and therefore we could never get 'heavy' enough to fully experience material being. We absolutely *had* to forget what we are in order to accomplish this because we would never have had the experiential illusion of separation. To bring union to all of it, we have to experience fully both the light aspect of it and the dark aspect of it,

and fully embrace that duality in us. But it's time for light to take over this system for whatever Cosmic reason."

"Now, at the programmed expiration date of the flesh, what's left is the subconscious and superconscious, one associated with reason and one associated with memory. It's the Akashic index, the 'location' of the information specific to it within the whole of the Akashic Record. The superconscious, the Christ-Me, is the one that is reasoned with in planning a new embodiment, and the subconscious encodes the new flesh with memory. Mind, that which animates the superconscious and the subconscious is also what animates me."

Seashella: "And what is it if it has no beliefs and no karma, no unresolved issues of cause and effect? In effect, no memory?"

Attum: "Pure unspoiled Mind. Maybe all of our beliefs and experiences, themselves unresolved karma, are the fire, the crucible, the very *method* of purification for the material body. Pure Mind, pure body. The Infinite and the finite now unified in the Christ-Self. Yin is inextricably unified with yang. Is this the only way to establish ourselves, once and for all, as an individual? We think that's what we are now, but we're not really, are we, since we're scattered all over the place, with unintegrated aspects of our being? How could we be? But once we've achieved this, this so-called Ascension, we are now an integrated and sovereign individual being now prepared to move even higher into the knowledge and mystery of Creation? Is that what is happening with all this?"

Seashella: "Both of you covered it as well as can be covered for the moment, I think, but Neve started his explanation with an individuated consciousness - I'm paraphrasing - that comes into being because of an identified purpose. What is that purpose?"

Neve: "To bring perfect union to the Infinite and the finite in the Christ-Self, with this methodology, to become a sovereign consciousness with will, reason, senses, feeling, emotion, volition, and essentially unlimited capability. But people tend to believe that their finite purpose has something to do with their infinite purpose. It's not the same thing, at all. This schoolroom, Earth, is a system that must be mastered, a stage on which to carry out passion plays that teach, and the finite purpose is determined by our excitement to go after what we want using the tools provided by this system. What we want is inextricably intertwined with gaining mastery. Without freedom *to want* you don't have the opportunity of gaining mastery."

Attum: "Yeah, and I can easily picture Earth a hundred years from now, a much happier and more balanced place, with greater equity and equality among peoples and nations, more brotherly and sisterly love, more caring and justice, and still the vast majority of the population won't even know that there are superhumans living among them, helping to bring this evolutionary step about with much more power of expression and manifestation. Yes, they have good and pure hearts, but they still won't know that their destiny, their ultimate destination, is what we're calling the Ascension. World peace, the end of all war and disease, for example, doesn't necessarily add up to a planet full of Ascended beings."

There was a reflective silence in the chamber, then Seashella said, "Time doesn't matter, my Dear, only life. The lessons thus far are all given as foundations for what is to come. The next lesson for today addresses the last of those foundational teachings. So let us take a short break and go for a walk in the forest. Neve, I shall be with you during this walk. Then we'll return here and continue. FirstWavers, we'll see you shortly."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

After a pleasant stroll and light conversation in the forest, they reconvened in the chamber. Kuthumi remained standing.

Kuthumi: "This has been a magnificent experience today, and I am very enthusiastic about what I have seen today with these two schools. We love you very much, and will continue to work from higher planes towards the eventuality that we all know awaits us. Now, I have an engagement elsewhere and must take my leave. Thank you, my dear friends."

And he faded from their sight.

Neve: "Man I love that!" he exclaimed, pointing at the empty space Kuthumi had occupied seconds before. "That is so cool! What an amazing world! Man! I love it! I love it ALL!"

The Seashella sphere was twinkling at him, at his boyish enthusiasm, amused by him, and then she said, "Attum, it is your turn to ask the question, is it not?"

Attum: "Why not? On several occasions over the past few weeks, more so recently, and obviously today, a reference to knowing and using the True Names of things seems to be part of the hidden information. I used a language today that I've never spoken, two in fact, Portuguese and another language that I don't even know is used on Earth. I...I was sort of dissociated from myself at the time and can't remember even one word of the other language, but I had a sense then, and still do, that I was using words that vocalized the True Name of Fatima."

Seashella: "It is really very simple. If you know the True Name of any given thing, intelligent being, etc., and you give honor to the space in which it exists, you can command it. If the command does no harm to anything and is in keeping with the harmony of the Whole, the command *must* be obeyed. But let's set this up with a little background information.

"Let us imagine that our entire world is enclosed within a cube. You could say that your true being, your true identity, could be expressed by your location, your position, within that cube. Afterall, what are you if you cannot be expressed in terms of your position in relation to the whole? Your position in the cube is determined by X, Y and Z coordinates, the only three that are necessary to get a fix on your position. Your position is therefore determinable in relation to three of the cube's faces. But now take away the faces of the cube in order to reflect the truth of our existence in octaves higher than this plane, where the vast majority of intelligent beings have their being, where there is no space, no time, no here, no there, and you therefore have no fixed planes with which to relate a position.

"How do we then determine your position?"

Neve: "It is determined in relation to everything *e/se* in existence, and everything else also has a...well, it's an address, in a similar way that a Website is an address, or a phone number. We are nothing unless we exist in relation to everything else. Our relationship to everything else is our...I don't know, the only word that comes to mind is 'address.' I mean, take the World Wide Web. Websites are addresses expressed with alphabetic characters, but on a deeper level those characters are related to a set of numerals, which on an even deeper level are related specifically to a machine. The address does not point to a geographical location, a point with coordinates in spatial dimensions, but to a virtual location. You can change the...well how about that...all Web addresses must be maintained by a *name* server, and the *name* server is a machine. You can change the name server from a machine in South Florida to a machine in Boise Idaho, and the Website will still be found by typing its address. The address we're talking about is a set of coordinates, but not to locate something in spatial dimensions."

Seashella: "Good enough. So, to fulfill a purpose, an autonomous and intelligent being precipitates into existence from Mind, and it now has an address, as you say, which is its true name. As well, there is virtually an infinite number of beings already in existence that exist for a purpose, or even a grouping of purposes. There are the builders of form, holders of form, holders of faith, of hope - there is a holder of everything humankind deems to be a virtue. There are specialists for the maintenance of portals, the portals themselves, vortexes, staffs, ankhs, talismans, precious gems imbued with thought energy, artifacts from both on and off this world that think, are self-aware, know their purpose and can be commanded. Indeed, the people of

FirstWave have in their possession an artifact from off of this world that is by its own volition connecting to each and every member of that school. When the time is right, they shall be using It with tremendous, almost unimaginable, power. The point is that there is no energy whatsoever anywhere in existence that is being utilized by any being anywhere that is not an autonomous being with a name and a purpose. Knowing its True Name is how you command it. There is no energy anywhere that is not an autonomous and intelligent being that can be commanded. And if one doesn't exist to fulfill a purpose through command, then it requires a command to call one into being. Being and purpose are one, as you've already discovered."

Attum: "But if there is no spatial dimensions, but it is a set of coordinates, what are those coordinates?"

Neve: "A designation. The combination of them is a designation of some kind?"

Seashella: "And what is a designation? A name doesn't necessarily define the thing named, but something designates it, doesn't it?"

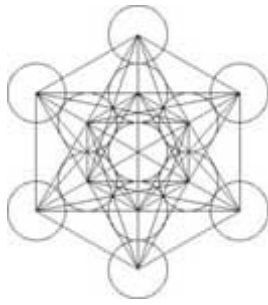
Neve: "Its True Name."

Seashella: "Now let's take a side trip. Knowing something's True Name refers to that which can be spoken, does it not? And are there not languages on Earth that are so fundamental they are also capable of being mathematical expressions?"

Attum: "Like Sanskrit, and Hebrew."

Seashella: "Yes, those and others. And there are others that are even more fundamental that are no longer used except by people that know how to use them and have earned the right to. Many aboriginal peoples the world over would refer to 'tongues' of this type 'God- tongues' or even 'God-talk.' But what, based upon what we just discovered, is an even more fundamental language than those that can be expressed by speaking them?"

Neve: "Mathematics."



Seashella: "Right, and so spatial and nonspatial being is based upon the *language* of mathematics. Correct? So all of existence is based upon the *language* of geometry, and what is known as Metatron's Cube has inscribed within it all of the most fundamental units, or solids, of geometry, known commonly as the Platonic Solids, because Plato was fascinated by them and wrote extensively about them, and included these and their extensive

derivatives in the curriculum at his academy. It isn't necessary to know everything there is to know about these solids and Metatron's Cube in the scope of this lesson, or even in the scope of future lessons, but there is extensive information available on your World Wide Web for those interested in studying these marvelous forms more deeply, and I strongly recommend that you do.

"It is important to know that, once again, they are intelligent, have names, and can be commanded. Here the fundamental solids are stacked in the order of their precedence."

Above the Seashellasphere, in the space of the holographic television, there appeared these forms (to the right).

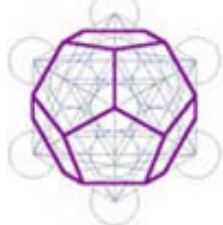
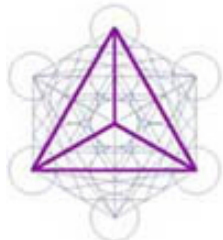
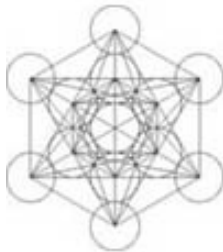
"Fire, Earth, Water, and Air are the elements, and the fifth fundamental unit of being is Mind, above them all, represented by the dodecahedron. You have been taught previously that the order of precedence was Earth, Fire, Air, and Water, but it is not. It is precisely the reverse and was before taught in this way to give a subliminal illustration of inversion for purposes of subconscious polarity shifting. The order of precedence is Fire releases unto Earth its warmth; Earth releases unto Water its moisture; Water releases unto Air its coolness; Air releases unto Fire its dryness. This is the circle of creative cause for form.

"It's important to note that these are the only solids in existence in which the shape of each



of its faces is identical, the lines that make each side of each face are identical, and if surrounded by a sphere each corner, or vertex, will touch the sphere with equal 'pressure' and equilaterally (the same distance from point to point).

"Here on the left you can see again how inscribed within Metatron's Cube in a flat two dimensional representation are actually depicted three dimensional form via each of the solids.



"Water and Mind are reciprocal. If you connect the center of each of the faces of a dodecahedron, Mind, with lines, you have then inscribed inside of it an icosahedron, Water. In the same way, if you connect the centers of the faces of an icosahedron, Water, with lines, you have inscribed inside of it a dodecahedron, and on it goes down to the infinitely small.

Earth and Air are also reciprocals. If you connect the centers of the cube's faces with lines, you inscribe an octahedron, Air, and if you connect the centers of the octahedron's faces, you'll draw a cube, and on it goes down to the infinitely small. Fire, the tetrahedron, stands alone as self-replicating, and if you intersect two counter-pointing

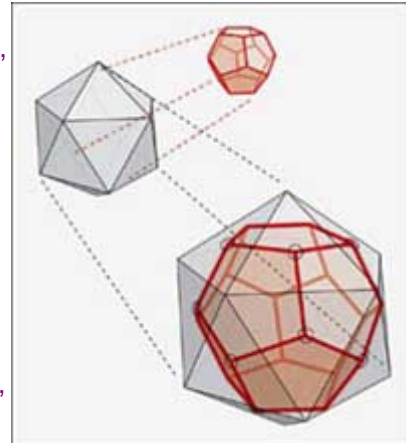
tetrahedra you have the star tetrahedron. The tetrahedron has no reciprocal, per se, but can be nested within these other solids via line connections being drawn from the vertices, the corners. By connecting the centers of its faces you'll simply draw another tetrahedron; connect them again and you simply have a smaller tetrahedron, and on down to infinity.

"In other words, each of these reciprocal solids can be nested within its reciprocal. Its reciprocal is defined by connecting the centers of the faces. And as I said, non-reciprocal solids can be nested within the other solids by connecting the vertices. This is what is meant by nested hierarchies. And Metatron's Cube has all of these solids nested within it, perfect three dimensional representation in a two dimensional form.

"The sixth fundamental component in existence is the Divine Proportion, known in the Greek as 'phi.' Here, you see that A is to the combined lengths of A and B, as B is to A. Or, put another way, A is to the whole what B is to A. This expresses a ratio.



"The Divine Proportion is found in all of nature, in cosmic structures such as galaxies, in the family trees of bees, in flowers, in pinecones, leaves, sea fans, in the shape of the human ear, the fingers and toes, the face and the limbs, in everything, and each of the fundamental solids is based upon it. You could say that the glue that holds IT all together is the Divine Proportion. It is a mathematical expression of the continuity between the finite and the Infinite. Nothing in all of existence is defined in terms of size so much as it is defined in terms of proportion, *this* proportion. The number is an infinite number - it goes on without repetition or pattern and has been calculated to ten million decimal places and it still never repeats or exhibits developing pattern.



"If you connect the faces of a tetrahedron, thus inscribing inside of it another tetrahedron, and you repeat that *ad infinitum*, you will have inscribed something so small it cannot even be detected by the most powerful microscope, and yet if you *could* see it you'd still see a perfect little tetrahedron, which also refers to the Infinite because you can reduce that shape to something that is infinitely small but still the same shape. There is a famous paradox. If you have points A and B, and you cut the distance in half between the two points and you continue to cut the distance in half over and over, you can never bring the two points together because there will always be a distance to cut in half. This is the same principal, only the Divine Proportion is able to express all spatial dimensions.

"These six fundamental units of existence are used to create everything in existence, both the seen and the unseen. You and everything else are an expression of a combination of these six fundamental units, and you can see how beginning with the infinitely small, like a piece of paper that is folded so many times it cannot be detected by the human eye, that unfolding it is a geometric progression into the world of form through the Divine Proportion, which is what all spirals are based upon. Enfolded in the implicate, it unfolds into the explicate. You could say that you are a spiral, but..."

Neve: "But the question is which end of that spiral am I?"

Seashella: "Ultimately, you're both ends. But what are you in the form that just spoke?"

Neve: "I'd have to be the point."

Seashella: "The spiral's continuity proceeds from the infinitely small to the infinitely large, and the Divine Proportion is what enables it to 'fit' into existence without the causation of distortion upon, or displacement of, all other structures and is also what enables the continuity of connectedness between all octaves of unfoldment. All structure templates we talked about earlier are of course also based upon these six fundamental units of existence. That continuity is expressed mathematically by the Divine Proportion. As is depicted in both the Da Vinci Canon and the Vitruvian Canon, the design of humans are of course also based very precisely on the Divine Proportion, which is also known as the Golden Ratio, the Golden Section, and others.

"So, based upon this information, what is the True Name of any given thing?"

Attum: "Its geometry. So the trick is knowing its geometry. If I want to heal someone of any given malady, all I have to know is the True Name, the geometry, of the healed version of that person and then command it to come into being, right? But this morning I didn't see geometry at all. I spoke some words...wait a minute. Isn't there something more fundamental than the geometry?"

Neve: "The Divine Proportion."

Attum: "No, that's not what I mean."

Seashella: "If we have an address that doesn't...*can't* refer to position, but does refer to its relationship with everything else, and is a type of specific designation, what does it refer to? We of course have been talking about *octaves* this whole time. And of course before my 'arrival' here today Pat said something about singing..."

Attum's eyes flew open as she inhaled sharply. "It's a tone, a frequency. We're music."

Seashella: "So what then are those five fundamental units and the Divine Proportion?"

Neve: "A chord. We are a chord in the symphony of existence. Without us it is incomplete, like a violin missing from the orchestra. So our frequency is our address, so to speak. We're six tones, making a complex chord. So I can see that if a person could somehow access the true crystalline geometrical structure of, say, a diamond, then it would be a matter of visualizing these six fundamental units and somehow combining them to begin the unfoldment of a diamond from the implicate."



Seashella: "In a manner of speaking, yes. But we know the universe is dynamic, never at rest. And yet all in this room see each other and everything in here in a fixed state. In this time-space continuum, this coordinate-based reality, we perceive everything in a fixed state because we are equipped with preprogrammed neurophysiological apparatus that decodes the raw geometrical language and presents it in the fixed state in which we perceive it. But it's not fixed - it's moving geometry. A waterfall is moving geometry. Leaves fluttering in the wind is moving geometry. A tree bowing away from the strong wind is moving geometry, and all of this geometry exists in relation to everything else.

"And so if you were to instantly manifest something in this reality, you would be somehow inserting into this already perfectly functioning complex system of relationships something that your finite self desires or something that the Whole desires. The finite is you, but the Whole is not you being Infinite, it's *the* Infinite irrespective of the finite you. The Infinite is the Infinite, and the finite is you. If your finite self desires it, naturally the entire system will accommodate so long as it does no harm and so long as there is ample opportunity for this intelligent Whole to compute the absolutely optimal 'position,' or coordinates, at which to let it unfold, for it to achieve its *full potential*. If the Whole desires it, an already existing and sentient component must visualize and command it to unfold into our perception at the 'position,' or coordinates, at which the Whole has computed is in harmony with everything else. We are once again brought to the coin: you are either free *to* want (in which case you're cooperating only with yourself in the act of creation), or free *of* want (in which you're cooperating with the Whole in the act of creation)."

Neve: "When the desire of the Whole and the desire of the finite are One, then the finite can instantly cause the desired thing to unfold into form in our perceptual continuum, but once again the finite could not have known that it wanted it until the moment that it came into being in order to preserve the simultaneity of cause and effect, so it really is like what happened to Attum this morning."

Attum: "That would explain it, somewhat. All I was doing was cooperating in balance and harmony with the Whole. But something tells me that you can still want it ahead of time and choose the 'coordinates' at which you accept its unfoldment. But what would have happened had I stuck with the counsel of the Gurus and remained inside today and resting? Would Fatima have been healed?"

Neve: "No," he said thoughtfully. "You can't look at that linearly. The creation, her eyes, was a result of the bond between you two, in a way. In the quantum realm there is no time and therefore, in a sense, the Whole would have anticipated your not showing up...no, it would not have *needed* to anticipate your recalcitrance..."

Attum: "Recalcitrance?" she said facetiously.

Neve: "Hey, it's the only word that came to mind. The Whole would not have *needed* to anticipate your *flakiness*, the not showing up, because in effect that potential had already taken place and the 'coordinates' therefore previously established as potential, and therefore Fatima also would not have been there. There was no choice at all. You were there *because* Fatima was there, and vice versa. It can't be looked at from a linear perspective. It happened because it *must*. That's a mind-bender. If Fatima is there, you're there, and vice versa, and the Whole deems this to be so. This was the method of unfoldment according to the dictates of the Whole and you simply played your part. No wonder there's no thinking involved in all of this. If you think about it, you foul it up."

Attum: "There is a zeropoint here. Fatima's not there, I'm not there. Fatima's there, I'm there, and it can't be any other way. Doesn't that somehow suggest the zeropoint? Is the zeropoint the bond? Or maybe even just the environment in which the bond can take place? There is a point at which the moving geometry is motionless, I'm convinced of that - it's a juncture between two intervals in time. That's where this discussion is headed, isn't it? When a pendulum is swinging back and forth it reaches its apex on one or the other side, its terminus, the point at which it has ceased swinging upward and has not yet started swinging downward. It's absolutely motionless. In the context of this discussion I saw this uniform field from which something would unfold, or to put it in reverse, I saw something enfold, folding so small that it reached a point of diminishment from our senses, what I took to be the zeropoint. But that would be linear, wouldn't it? Sequential. In everything that I'm seeing right now I see a point between mind and matter, Infinite and finite, and so on, like time. There's a point between them, and it has to go both ways,

not linearly in one direction, like time. Whereas I was seeing the uniform quantum field as that zeropoint, it's not. It's something else."

Neve: "Is it the point at which the Infinite and the finite come into bond? Is it the point at which the interaction, the intersection, takes place?"

Seashella: "You two are getting very warm."

Neve: "And?"

Seashella: "And, what? Figure it out."

Neve: "Figure *what* out?"

Jax spoke up for the first time: "Excuse me, Seashella. Neve, Attum said before something like '...all you need to do is obtain the geometry, the True Name, of a given thing, or person, or whatever, and command it to come into being.' Right? So, let's mess around with a little mental exercise. If you could manifest something this instant, just for fun but also for a practical purpose, what would it be?"

Neve: "The first thing that comes to mind is a diamond."

Jax: "OK, so, then, with your developing ability to see can you obtain the most fundamental crystalline geometry of a diamond? And we know that that fundamental crystalline structure template that you will unfold from Potentia will resemble a snowflake, correct?"

Neve: "I assume so. Six-sided and all that, plus maybe there's a correlation to there being six fundamental units of all form. How do I access its most fundamental crystalline structure?"

Jax: "As your *sight* develops, you'll be able to do it on demand. Close your eyes. Now, move your consciousness into the Akashic Records. Are you there?"

Neve: "Vaguely."

Jax: "Now ask to see the fundamental crystalline structure of the diamond. Do you see it?"

Neve: "Vaguely."

Jax: "Open your eyes. Now, ask Tinkanen to project the image of the crystalline structure of a diamond above Seashella."

Neve: "Who's Tinkanen?"

Jax nodded towards the platform in the center of the chamber, the projector of holographic movies.

Neve: "Oh, the name of *that* is Tinkanen?"

Jax: "Yes, and she doesn't particularly appreciate the fact that you just referred to her as *that* and she's somewhat crestfallen that you had already forgotten that her only purpose is to display what *you* want to look at. Why do you forget about the tools that are right in front of you?"

Neve: "Habit. Hey, you're dead. You don't get to play big brother on me anymore."

Jax: "Just do it."

Neve inhaled and then exhaled sharply, pursing his lips. "OK. Tinkanen, please show me the fundamental crystalline structure template of a diamond."

Materializing instantly in the dense green particle haze were the words, "which diamond?"

Neve: "What do you mean 'which diamond'?" He was perplexed and looking impatiently at the platform as he might a frustrating person.

Tinkanen: "What do you mean what do I mean 'which diamond'? The question is self-explanatory."

Neve: "Wait a minute," he said, looking around, "who's doing this? One of you is doing this."

Attum: "Oh! I think I know what's going on here. She can't respond to 'a diamond' - she can only respond to *the* diamond."

Neve: "What diamond is that?"

Attum: "That was *her* question," she said, laughing.

Neve: "I *know*!"

Jax: "Take it easy, Bro. You don't know how much power you're dealing with in this chamber."

Seashella: "Beloved, you are the only intelligence in all of existence that can determine which diamond that is. Now, do you have one in your hand that we can ask about?"

Neve: "No."

Seashella: "Do you have one in your imagination, your image-in-action?"

Neve: "So what you're saying is that there is a structure template for one that already

exists, such as the Hope Diamond...oh, wow."

Above Tinkanen the four geometric solids appeared below the fifth, the dodecahedron, in the holographic 3-D particle haze, all in motion but without apparent movement of position, colors rippling through the image kaleidoscopically, and waves moving from an apparent center towards the "outside" simultaneously with waves moving from the "outside" towards the center, each as they overlapped each other changing the visual character of the moving solids and leaving behind greater and greater complexity with each of the iterations, or overlapping interactions, of the waves. It was beautiful and mysterious and unfathomable.

Seashella: "Each of these waves are iterations, *refreshes*, so to speak, twelve in all, six from the outside in and six from the inside out. Each solid undergoes twelve iterations that represent six progressively higher frequency octaves on the *inside* of the zeropoint and six progressively lower octaves on the *outside* of the zeropoint."

Neve: "Well, I'm out of my depth, but ultimately there is no structure template for the diamond I want to see until I'm able to see it. In other words, I also must create the structure template. Is that it?"

Jax: "There are structure templates, yes, but how they're fused, bonded, can only be accomplished through your visualization, which establishes a structure template for that which would be moving geometry in a fixed state according to the equipment with which you are programmed to perceive it."

Seashella: "Tinkanen, erase."

The imagery and light above Tinkanen dematerialized.

Seashella: "Let's view this image again. In it you see how you have a dodecahedron inside an icosahedron. All you need to do to draw the dodecahedron is to connect the centers of all of the icosahedron's faces with lines. That is an iteration. Now, if you connect the centers of all of the faces of the dodecahedron with lines, you'll have drawn another icosahedron inside the dodecahedron, which is another iteration. They get progressively smaller, one inside the other, for each iteration, until they reach a point, as Attum said, of diminishment to our senses. Now, can you imagine doing this in reverse? Starting from the point of diminishment and becoming progressively larger with each iteration?"

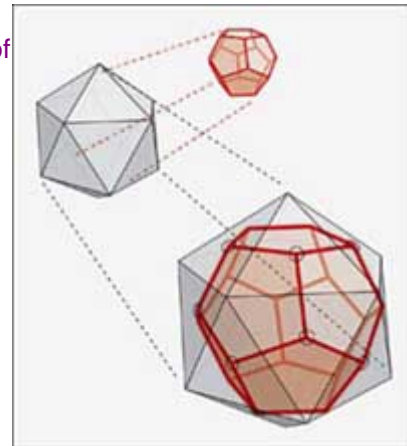
Attum: "I think I get what you're saying. Take a dodecahedron and try to draw an icosahedron on the *outside* of it instead of the *inside*. How would you know where to position each triangle's face in order to accommodate the vertex of the dodecahedron to be in the center of it, and on what angle? It's easier to construct either of these solids by starting from the outermost one and connecting the faces on the inside, proceeding inward."

Neve: "Holy shit! You're right! It's reverse engineering. Tinkanen didn't know what crystalline structure to display because I'd either have to identify a diamond already in existence or have one clearly visualized. And it has to be *clearly* visualized because it has to be finished in order to reverse engineer it."

Attum: "That's what the command 'It is done!' is doing. It's sealing the final design, not the thing itself in our perceptual reality, but the design."

Neve: "That makes sense. It also makes sense that it has to be...to already exist *somewhere* or I wouldn't even be able to see it, whether in my mind or with my eyes. The one I visualize then must be reverse engineered, proceeding from the finished product, the outside, towards the inside in order to obtain its most fundamental crystalline structure. Wow. No two diamonds are alike, and therefore no two most fundamental crystalline structures are alike, but the templates themselves are fundamental. It's how you put those templates together. If you take a diamond, sit down and cut another facet into it, its fundamental crystalline structure is now modified, all the way to the level of structure templates, despite that my senses report that it's just an additional cut."

Jax: "And there's the rub, Bro. What your senses report. Your senses report a modified diamond, when in reality it is completely new. And why? Because you created it. Does the



previous diamond still exist? Yes. As a structure template."

Neve: "So the previous diamond has completely backed out of existence..."

Jax: "Out of the programmed range and scope of your perception, you mean."

Neve: "Holy shit! Sorry, Seashella..."

Seashella: "Don't be ridiculous."

Neve: "But that's like the phantom limb phenomenon! Like there's a holographic representation of a severed limb that can still be felt, but not seen. There's a hologram of the previous diamond somewhere beyond the range of my senses." Seashella: "In a manner of speaking, yes. And the cut that you have made in the new diamond will be in keeping with the Divine Proportion, the length of its sides in relation to its own angles in relation to the rest of the facets, or it simply cannot come into being. Just as it is with jigsaw puzzles - no two pieces are alike but not one of them can be absent for Wholeness."

Neve: "I get that, because the structure template from which it emerged was in keeping with the Divine Proportion to begin with, and the new facet must exist in cooperation with the other facets or it can't come into being. That's what the Divine Proportion does. It's a default for cooperation, for a given thing's potential to fit within this fantastically complex geometry of beingness."

Seashella: "Based upon this reverse engineering concept, can you see how there must be a contraction before an expansion? Before a birth? Some among your scientists now believe there must have been a contraction before the so-called Big Bang. Do you see how this illustrates this?"

Neve: "It's almost like the two spirals point-to-point. Moving from the outermost to the innermost is a contraction from both sides, and the zeropoint, the point at which they bond, is this infinite potential. All of the energy of all creation is right there! Wow! Unimaginable! Was there a Big Bang, by the way?"

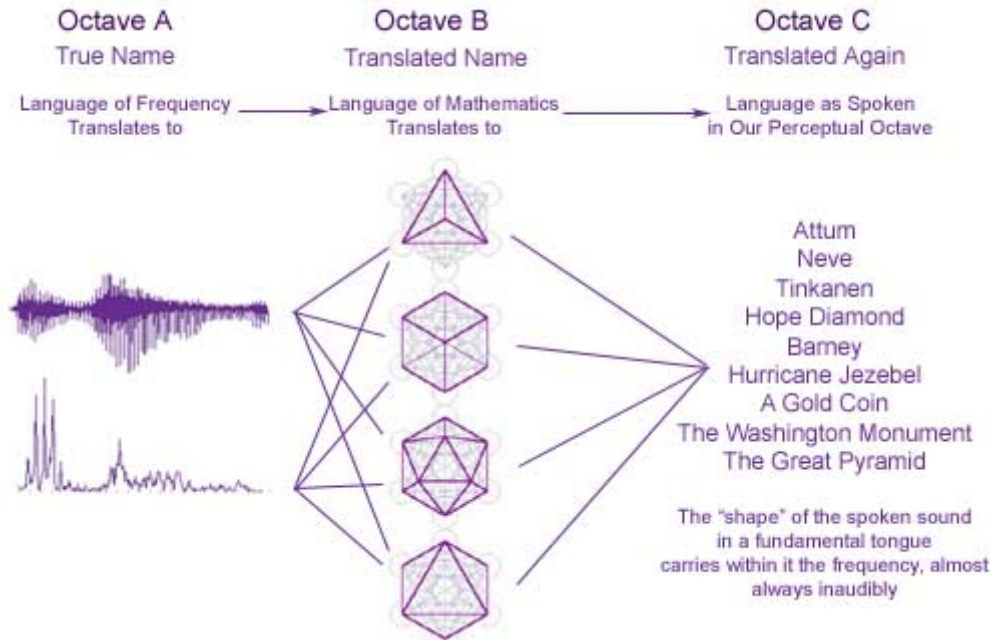
Seashella: "Yes, but it was but a hiccup in the Infinite, the means by which to create this system."

Attum: "So the big gap in all of this is still illustrated by what happened this morning. I didn't see geometry - I wasn't required to visualize it. I didn't reverse engineer Fatima's eyes in order to obtain their crystalline structure and then run the structure template through iterations of unfoldment to have it impinge in our continuum."

Seashella: "Yes, you did. You're just not conscious of the aspect of you that did this. Remember your inverted self, your superconscious. That aspect of you was the fuel behind your excitement, why the excitement was cued specifically to you. The excitement, so nearly like joy, is exactly what one feels when something is already accomplished. We can never look at this linearly, only holographically. You previously agreed to participate in a passion play designed to teach on this stage - you stepped aside, completely, subjugating your ego, your finite being, and allowed your Christ-Self to retrieve the necessary information. Now, you recall speaking a language that was neither Portuguese nor any other language you're familiar with, correct?"

Attum: "Yes."

Seashella: "There are languages of all types - languages with mathematics and geometry built-in, languages that can produce color. There are languages that are intrinsic to creation other than math and geometry but have direct corollaries also built-in, words that are embedded in the fabric of the initial conditions of our multioctave system, as an example. By initial conditions I mean that in the sense that, for example, in an embryo you have a molecular and cellular instruction set, and little else, that will eventually unfold in geometric progression to become eyes, a nose, fingers, toes. Those instruction sets are the initial conditions. There are languages that are intrinsic to the instruction sets, languages so fundamental to this system and others that they can be used by finite beings such as us to call into being intelligent beings who await our command. It works somewhat like this."



"Even though the Bible's surface story is a jumbled, inconsistent, erratic consortium of terms, the underlying message, the message that can emerge from *beneath* the surface text, can be very instructive. And there are mystery schools that have existed for hundreds of years that possess the keys to deciphering the hidden message. Have you ever stopped to notice that it doesn't say, 'And God visualized light, commanded it to be, and saw that it was done, and it was good.' It says, 'And God said, "Let there be Light!"' Now, what if there were a single tone that could cause that?"

Neve: "That's all it can be, but what if you can't make that tone? Then somewhere in the mix it seems that there would also have to be a system of translation built-in."

Seashella: "But let's say you're in the ninth octave, and there you make a tone because you can, and now jump to the sixth octave and see what form that tone is in now. Maybe it's pouring through that octave as light particles. Now jump down another octave and see what form that tone takes. Maybe in this one it unfolds as cascades of geometric forms. Now another octave down..."

Attum: "And it's my voice uttering those words today, all simultaneously with the aspect of me that made the tone in the ninth octave, the light particles in the next one down, and so on."

Seashella: "Exactly. If you speak something right here right now, you don't see it as a wave propagating through light, but in a higher octave you can watch that sound have an effect on light, and in the next octave up watch it *become* light."

Neve: "Therefore no need for translation. The octave is its own translation medium with its own perceptual conditions."

Seashella: "Exactly. A while ago we saw Tinkanen display moving, dynamic geometry that was in fact the Hope Diamond on a much higher frequency octave than we have here in our perceptual framework."

Attum: "And the higher you proceed through the octaves the less structured it becomes and the closer it comes to pure, raw, uniform information."

Neve: "So theoretically there is a single word in some fundamental language that can be spoken by me that calls a given thing into being as a command. To translate that word into our language it's 'Let there be Eyes!' and this vibration ripples through the octaves and causes raw uniformity to begin its iterations, its step-downs, for unfoldment precisely at the coordinates where the nothingness was, and this happens in every octave simultaneously."

Seashella: "There are three consecutive functions, each denoted by a word or words, but that is a lesson for another day."

Neve: "These words can be classified as technology, can't they?"

Seashella: "Yes, very much so, which brings to mind another good example: television. You know that moving pictures aren't being bounced off of satellites only to arrive at your television in their originally transmitted form. What is being transmitted to the satellite is raw data which is encoded, and the receiver of the signal is the decoding mechanism which assembles each bit of that information according to its 'address,' like the jigsaw puzzle, and in fact that is how the Great Pyramid was built, each stone placed according to its holographic address. And we're..."



Attum: "The decoding mechanism of raw data in this perceptual octave. Right?"

Seashella: "Yes."

Attum: "So if I issue some command right now with a word and pop up another octave to where the Ascended Masters hang out that word could be viewed as visual geometry?"

Neve: "But remember we were talking about moving geometry. How does one insert anything into moving geometry?"

Attum: "It's only moving geometry from a higher octave, though, right? I think the question is how do you insert it here without upsetting the moving geometry on higher levels?"

Seashella: "First you must learn to trust, to completely trust, your superconscious self. That is most of the battle. There are words that command the alignment of you and your superconscious self. There are words that, in a sense, bring about a motionless environment in which to insert a visualization, your image-in-action. Words to seal the design. There are words that are then used to command conception, which means of course that you're utilizing both sexes, which is another lesson entirely. And there are words that can cause a feeling. A feeling, one of knowingness, for example, can be conjured, and knowingness is all that is required to create. The more you commune with your Christ-Self, the more aligned you become with It, and the more knowingness is the result. This has always been the purpose behind the I AM teachings, to get you to develop a mental habit of that communion. And when you prove that you have some high enough degree of mental mastery, the rest of the information will come. The more knowingness, the greater the power of the expression of creating and creation."

Neve: "So, what are the words?"

Seashella: "Those are lessons for another day."

Attum: "What we're talking about here, and I can't believe that I'm saying this, is the Highest Magic, isn't it? Isn't that what this is? This is a school of what we've always called Magic, but this is the highest and oldest stuff. Isn't it?"

Seashella: "Yes."

Neve: "Why did you have to go and spoil it for me? I've always thought magic was a waste of time."

Seashella: "By comparison to the Highest Magic, most of it is. There are people who spend many lifetimes trying to learn the secrets that are about to unfold for you. Some perhaps never obtaining it."

Neve, clearly disappointed, said drolly, "*That* would be a bonus."

Seashella: "How do you think you created this image that I am right now?"

Neve: "The Highest Magic. Words I spoke, in order, doing what you just said. I'll get used to the idea. Don't worry."

Attum: "I absolutely love the idea. I mean ultimately I can't think of another way to be able to create without having the innate ability to clearly visualize unbelievably complex geometrical forms."

Seashella: "A final thought. As we talked about before: it takes two things to make one thing, correct? And we're in agreement to the best of our ability to explain that the bond is the point at which the Infinite and the finite interact, correct? And we're in agreement that the bond is also that which is to be created, correct? So what does that make you?"

"The zeropoint," they both said at the same time.

Seashella: "And where does all creation take place?"