

# The Art of Stalking



## Parallel Perception

The Living Tapestry of  
Lujan Matus



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## Foreword

What you hold in your hands is a revolutionary manual on human awareness. The art of stalking is one of the most complex to explain, but within these pages Lujan Matus has managed to eloquently illuminate the mechanisms of this elusive subject. The encrypted information within is unnoticeably absorbed; transmitted through stories that awaken the interconnective, parallel fabric that lies deep within the consciousness of every man and woman who struggles to be more aware. The Living Tapestry of Lujan Matus cuts through the veil of unwholesome socialization and reaches into our deepest reservoir of consciousness to remind us where we truly stand. This manual is alive and continuously unfolding, like the fractal geometry of awareness, implanting jewels into ones cognitive system that irreversibly alter the equation and whose true worth will only be revealed by times passing.



## **Author's Note**

'The Art of Stalking Parallel Perception' will affect silent cognition within its arrangement, and this will facilitate your reconnection to that energetic heritage which has been denied us through the enslavement of our awareness. Be aware that we are layered within our energetic composure and this resonance will release information in comparison to conscious availability. Be careful not to be waylaid within forced, fixed perceptions that interlace awareness with the environment and may entrap attention externally. Externalization is sustained by internal imprints that feed on emotion and perpetuate a cloaked awareness, which brings perception into the playing field of the mind and creates a linear preoccupation that separates heart from the reality of the moment that is continually escaping us. Linear preoccupation inhibits multi-lateral assimilation, where many things can be known simultaneously, and this fixation is the shadow of what we could be. Through the pressure of socialization we press upon one another with our intentions, and those intentions give rise to interconnective compliance. So let our intentions be of purity. Within pure intentions our hearts await the intensities of a reformulated cognition that will transform our state of awareness, so that we may go beyond the dream we all dream. Fluidly letting go of what one knows is the key to heightened acuity. I now invite you into the art of stalking parallel perception.

**Lujan Matus**

*For those who dared to listen.*

# Shamanic Dreaming



I am the dreamer who dreamt my child, who was taught by the Dream Maker, the old nagual\* Lujan. He taught my child and my child returned to me, the dreamer, who became the awakened man that transmits the inner child through the stories of the dreams. The Dream Maker is my benefactor. He found me in the dream of an adult.

I was in a building, in an elevator on the eightieth floor, when enormous fear engulfed me - I knew the elevator was going to plummet to the ground and suddenly I was traveling downwards at a massive speed. I bent my legs and grabbed hold of the railing, afraid that my legs would be snapped backwards at the knees from the impact, and as I braced myself I heard an explosion and a thunderous sound manifested all around me. I had arrived and was not injured at all. There were dust particles in the air as I walked out of the elevator into a strange environment. I couldn't define the walls or the size of the room and as I was scanning with my eyes a feeling of great oppression hit my chest. This oppression transformed into the growl of a jaguar that was lurking in the shadows. I heard the growl from different positions all at once, as if I was surrounded, and I was. Fear

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\* The nagual is a leader and the bearer of altered perceptions.

engulfed me once again. I did not want to be mauled and die that way. Grappling with my fear, I looked upwards and turned that fear into the growl itself. Then I noticed envelopes falling from above and as they hit the ground I realized there were men in the room, hiding in the shadows. They were watching me. I felt their intentions piercing through the fabric that was my being. I knew they were testing me. I then proceeded to pick up one of the envelopes and saw a name. 'Why would I need this name?' I thought to myself in perplexed wonderment. Suddenly the room turned black, and what appeared in front of me was a long, rectangular corridor. As I became more familiar with its texture and atmosphere, it expanded in size. I looked into it and realized I would have to take one step up to get there, yet I dared not, for I knew the energetic implication of taking that step was beyond my strength.

Peering into the shadows I saw a figure standing at the end of that corridor. He looked like an Oriental warrior, clad in ancient traditional black leather armor. He stepped forward and when his right foot hit the ground the atmosphere rippled as if it had tangible substance. He then left the ground and flew towards me horizontally through the air. Upon his approach the pressure that ensued from his body entered me and every fiber of my being was infused with his presence. He landed on his right knee with his left foot firmly planted on the ground in front. His right forearm shielded his downward gaze and his left palm pushed towards the ground by his side. The word 'Lujan'\* entered my body, whilst simultaneously a golden sphere with a blue glow was propelled towards me from the center of his being and stabilized itself within my heart. At this point I was instantaneously transported to a dream scene of electrifying beings and an auditory phenomenon that were the preliminary energetic stabilizers of my

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\* Lujan (pronounced Lu-han): to be luminous



awareness within the truth of that universe which interacts with us within multiple dimensions.

“This is yours to give to the dreamer, little one.”

When he spoke I realized that I was a child, and upon that realization, the dream scene disappeared. The next thing I knew I was standing near running water and there was a bridge in front of me that curved over a brook in an elegant arc. I looked to the center of the bridge and saw a man gazing over the edge. He turned to his left and looked directly at me. As I returned his gaze I realized I knew him but could not quite put together how I knew him. His gaze was fierce and unrelenting and he had a full, medium length beard and thick, brown, shoulder-length hair. As he faced me I realized his physical strength was beyond anything I had ever known. His voice was direct and commanded my attention.

“My name is Somai\*. Your inner child has absorbed the old nagual Lujan’s luminosity and has been qualified, and through this qualification you have also inherited his name. You must turn this power that is your inner child into that advisor that we all seek, to bring clarity within the world that encompasses your very being. The Dream Maker, who is your benefactor, needs you to understand that I am your strength and power of clarity, for you have been waylaid by the cloak that has been pressed upon you within your childhood and is saturating your life as a man. When you first entered the nagual’s realm fear encased you as you fell. To rediscover the inner child one must dive deep into one’s soul and often fear is the catalyst one must wrestle with. The jaguar you heard that delivered a feeling of oppression through the sensation of pressure on your chest, which would devour you, was Jagür\*. She represents the energetic imprints of socialization of the time and circumstances in which you were born.

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\* Somai: the inner witness

\* Jagür is an ancient Aramaic name that means a marker, or a pile of stones.

The very presence of Jagür demanded through her challenge that you drop that socialization. Then the growl became yours and as you looked up your benefactor became available by virtue of that void within you, and when the envelopes dropped, this was the automatic energetic assumption that you may now step forward and be counted.

“Understand that your perception is being split by four and that it will take a lifetime to come to terms with this anomaly. The first split of perception is the childlike view; which will yield clarity of heart that is unwavering within its purity. The second split of perception is that of the adult witness; which will be your ability to exercise uncompromising, direct knowing, and communication of truth through language. The third split of perception is the Architect of observation; which is to know beyond what is to be known, and to combine the previous two speeds as intuitive states that are recalled and relayed back within dimensional imagery connected to energetic units of information from the luminous realm. The Architect represents a state of being which goes beyond clarity of heart and direct knowing; it is the witness that comprehends the hidden fabric that is difficult to understand through syntax. This is the gift the nagual passes to you, combined with the forth split of perception. The forth split of perception has to do with an energetic portion of the nagual Lujan and relates to the luminous beings he was in contact with. This forth split is also interlaced with our alien experiences, which will yield to you hieroglyphs to reveal a system of syntax that lays foundation to what needs to be known by those who enquire.”

As he spoke I was simultaneously impacted by a vision of those hieroglyphs. They appeared as if compressed in a golden-white powdered dust and this visual image flew towards me, imprinting somehow as a unit of memory upon my inner silence. This impacted energetic unit of information was a direct lesson in real time and how the puzzle of events finds sequentiality within the seemingly random tapestry that power applies. My attention was drawn back to the

sound of Somai's voice and the vision of the hieroglyphs sank into my subconscious as he continued.

“Portions of this energetic universe will be available to those who access real time as a composite of awareness, and when they apply this discipline they will inherit the perceptions outlined. Be aware that these split perceptions function as one even though they are separate. Remember that avenues of awareness will bombard your cognitive system and be further compacted and enhanced into real time by time capsules of reviewal. In transmitting this information to others be aware that such adaptability has to be reinforced continually to overcome the stubborn imprints of socialization, so that those you teach may comprehend more than one avenue of perception simultaneously. Your task is to deliver clarity and remind the enquirer of which avenues of awareness they are caught in by passing on this information.

“You must come to terms with all these elements intertwined and understand that the name Lujan is given to your inner child so that when you are beckoned by this very name you will assume the strength and the knowing of the nagual, the one you have witnessed as a child, who is your true Architect of observation. You will need his strength for there are those who will challenge what you present. Know that they are waiting within their prospective corners and by knowing that be strengthened by the idea that your integrity is a boundary that cannot be warped by those who focus from different angles that exist within their perception. For once they leave their corner to challenge you, you will automatically know from whence they came. Your observational fortitude will keep your adult witness in pure balance, for how can that which you already know offend you?

“I am one portion of the Dream Maker, the buoyant adult that will exist inside of your decision making capacities. When you remember me you will think of nothing and only know as a witness that there is an Architect of observation beyond your view. This will

be your ultimate clarity and your heart is where your power will lie. You are being split now, beyond your comprehension. Where you are split will be revealed to you as time compacts itself upon your awareness. You are yet to remember dreamings that have impacted you within this scene. These memories will release nuggets of information that will further collapse your cognitive system into that which you do not yet understand. You must come with me now back to the Dream Maker and exercise your buoyant witness, which will not interfere with the Architect of observation that needs full expression. Close your eyes and we shall be transported back to the Dream Maker, permanently integrated as one adult being.”

When I opened my eyes I was there in that room where I had first met the Dream Maker. From behind me I heard the Dream Maker’s unmistakably direct voice.

“Look in front of you,” he commanded. “Do not turn around.”

What I saw before me was an empty void, then within that void people appeared and I watched them from above. They were interacting, unaware of my presence or that I was observing them, and within their energy field was a cloak. I could see this cloak pressing and distorting their inner perception by covering their inner child, and within that pressure I realized they only perceived the distortion and nothing else. What struck me more than anything was that this self-imposed cloak was so connected to their inner child that they actively passed it to one another through immature interactions, and their limitations were reinforced by those interactions. I was watching the projection of a thread from the cloak, when my auditory faculties were invaded by a crackling sound that transported me once again to a dream within a dream, at which point the Dream Maker called to me.

“Come back. Focus on that thread which has been projected from the cloak but do not be caught within that dimension where you have been led. The thread itself will translate the information

necessary for you to remember what needs to be assimilated and within that assimilation dimensions of dreaming will be delivered. The truth cannot be hidden from your gaze. See that your knowing cannot be manipulated. Notice that permeation equals saturation and this saturation is where ones energy is lost and consumed. Drama is the key to the cloak's dominance. Objectivity is lost and therefore clarity is absorbed within the drama itself. The drama is the cloaked intention that obscures our inner silence and creates a barrier to insight. This is the loop where humanity gets caught.

“The interconnective aspect of the thread that is projected by the cloaked inner child travels through time and space. The main resonance within that thread has its basic elemental structure formulated through the self-imposed idea of fear, which is an imprint. Understand that a state of inner withdrawal has to be brought about for those on the path of self-realization, and the primary reason for this is to subdue that imprint by drawing vital distance from the immersion in that cloaked activity. The cloak is projected through the host and the ensuing pressure of socialization can enliven any held memory of visual or auditory content, which is the paw of that jaguar you have witnessed relentlessly pressuring its circumstances to comply. See that the cloak is thrown as a thread to affect those individuals seeking vital distance to bring about their own enlightenment. The interconnective aspect must be realized so one may clearly define ones intuitive, crystal clear thoughts that erupt from silence and that definition can be absolutely identified in terms of separation from absorption, which has been corrupted by manipulation and is the basic elemental structure of the cloak itself. The cloak develops a symbiotic relationship with us through self-imposed dependency - it knows us completely and travels on our silences. What we had before this imposition was the intensity of these silences. The cloak has taken our intensity and replaced our refinement through limiting our self-actualization. The reason we forget ourselves is that we have adapted it into our being through the limiting aspect of a loop of repetition,

which has become a shortfall of syntax. When we interact with this cloaked intention we nourish unwholesome limiting behaviors.”

I watched the scene in front of me with my attention fully focused within the dimensional imagery being portrayed, as the Dream Maker continued his descriptive elucidation.

“When a clear individual travels on their own intensity they can become aware of the threads that are being projected from the self-imposed cloak. At this particular stage in the life of an actualized individual there is a possibility of confusion. The hair that is being split is so subtle and the struggle for ones power so important. See the cloak for what it is; it is our creation and has been locked inside of us since childhood. The power of our joined dream has brought what is hidden to the surface. We have been taught to be surreptitious. As children we hide what’s been given to us in undefined parts of ourselves that cannot find resolve, and in doing so we create what haunts us and forget how it came to pass. The innocence of children is so easily cloaked by adult intentions, within their denials and their inability to do what has to be done. That denial is what translates into the realm that acts upon us all and we all co-operate. We create a collective shadow and it takes on a life of its own. See how the compromises of your world exchange that which used to be yours for the corruption of the pressure that the cloak applies. Your silences you must see and your ears must be clear to remember what I say. Calm your heart and clear your mind. The sound of my voice will transport you into the subtleties of those you observe. You must know what you see.”

As the Dream Maker spoke his wisdom transported me into the folly of what I was observing, which was the entrapment that all human beings engage in. He continued with the unmistakable assuredness of one who knows.

“There is an unclean exchange that occurs, where energy is traded on an abusive basis that allows mutual compromise. You will see that the most destructive element of interaction is the venom-laden tongue of gossip, which degenerates conscious awareness and which humanity is grossly aware of. The predominance of this poison tongue destabilizes ones personal power and instills confusion, fear and a cloud of animosity that cloaks awareness within a state of impedance, which inhibits transparency and must be overcome. Under this auspice awareness is directed to unfruitful positions, misdirection disguises the actions of unwholesome socialization, and collectively and individually we are waylaid. Through the mechanisms of this nefarious network ulterior motives can be fulfilled and our primary needs foregone. Under the guise of that waylaying principle, the most elaborate traps are set forth to hold and control, and these traps are delivered through repetition, the very tool which is needed to gain the power to sustain that shadow. Once a certain threshold of control is established, conscious awareness, in terms of what is really relevant, will be swept into a surreptitious undercurrent until it becomes necessary to reassert that waylaying principle on breakaway elements so as to ensure the agenda is not interfered with. However in reality the routine of control is never relinquished, it is just adapted and reassigned, sensationalized to give existence itself its distorted meaning. Without that repetition surely weakness would be dropped. The influence of this imposition is strong.”

In the scene taking place in front of me I was viewing transparency and truth being swept into that unnecessary, surreptitious undercurrent. A moment later the scene had disappeared and there was only blackness, the blackness of the room. I heard a sound off to my left - the growling of Jagür – and when I looked in that direction I saw a figure approaching me from the darkness. At first I could not make out his features. On his approach he spoke.

“You cannot turn around to the Dream Maker at this moment. My name is Lucien.\* I am one of the four companions that have traveled with the Dream Maker, your benefactor, for many years. Our responsibility is to imprint upon you the intellectual conceptualizations that you need to know. Your dreaming awareness will be drawn to us until we have completed the task at hand. We will talk of concepts that have dimension and within those concepts will be buried inversions, those time capsules which you will need to access to enable you to go beyond any form of entrapment that may wish to ensnare your awareness and drag it away from the lessons at hand.

“If ones personal life is not clear or powerful, then preoccupations will steal from you, the dreamer, the all-encompassing realm of power that is our heritage as human beings. Preoccupation saturates awareness with a disjointed fusion of imagery and emotion which is projected and added to what should be unimpeded circumstances, incapacitating our natural ability to discover the connecting link that exists in our waking world, appearing in the dream of ourselves to wake us up and alert us to the fact that we *are* the self-actualized Architect of observation. To be clear is to dream and to dream is to be clear. We must cultivate our daytime clarity as a stepping-stone to a state of power. Remember, we are interlaced energetically with our universe, even though it appears as a concrete construct, and our magic as human beings is to shift between two realms: one that is solid and one that is composed of energy that appears to be solid, in dreams. Behind those dreams is pure energy, but unfortunately what most of humanity accesses is three times removed from that circumstance, which is why it can be so difficult to realize why we dream what we dream.

“You must give up the hierarchical system of measurement that has been forced upon you, so you will appear in a way that you should,

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\* Lucien: inner light



and that emergence will be like water. You will then fall appropriately to the lowest position, which in truth is neither higher nor lower but mimics form, and through this mimicry you will be able to identify the oncoming agendas. Free expression will be the adaptation of this phenomenon and your awareness will never be corrupted because of that fluid adaptation.”

I became transfixed at that point. I realized that a command had been thrown at me through a suggestion that Lucien had engineered. I looked into his dilated pupils and began to make out the features of the man that was in front of me. His eyes were shaped like almonds and he had a strong, hawk-like appearance, with a finely chiseled nose and high cheekbones that protruded gently from his angular face. His lips were thick and his hair was jet black, held in place by a high ponytail that disappeared down the length of his back. He was dressed only in loose fitting, full-length black pants and his upper body was rippling with muscles. He seemed to be around six foot one or six foot two and was not carrying an ounce of fat. On his upper left pectoral muscle he bore a tattoo, which was a tribal representation of a lizard, surrounded by various angled shapes that swept over his shoulder and down the length of his arm. He wore gold earrings, clasped tightly on his earlobes and one gold ring on his right index finger. I was certainly impressed with the strength that exuded from this man. Lucien’s coffee colored skin made me imagine that he was a tribal leader from some obscure South Pacific island. My revelries were interrupted by the soft, melodic tone of his voice.

“Lujan, my responsibility is to awaken the adult witness which has merged with you, that man you met upon the bridge. To integrate this part you must be prompted on the level of your mind to understand concepts that seem to emerge from nowhere but are transmitted through language. When this is completed my task will be fulfilled. When you put your head on the pillow each night and fall asleep my companions and I will be awaiting you with the intellectual

conceptualizations that you must know of so that you may become a pundit for our knowing. I will now send you back to your world.” He clapped his hands and light exploded in my head as his last words rang in my ears. “You know you are responsible. Make good these lessons. A portion of the nagual Lujan now lives permanently within you.”

I knew I had dreamt myself through my benefactor’s power, and the words of Lucien were infused within my being, confirming on a deep level what needed to be known. Since then I have known my name to be Lujan.

Upon waking the next morning I was filled with elation. The experiences that had been left with me on an auditory and visual level were the most exciting of my life. Something within me had switched over to another speed; I now had access to four realms, four realities. I was becoming aware of four flows that speed past each other, yet combine within their passing and in between these four realities I was left buoyant, realizing I could draw from each in multiples, and this drawing was formless, abstract. I had remembered an aspect of the dream scene that was absorbed, which relayed the information to me that buoyancy is our gift, to give and receive. This is where our true wisdom and abundance lies. I believed that I was truly seeing the spirit. It was an adaptive speed and within this adaptation no agendas were connected, only the formless knowing of what to do and what not to do in comparison with any circumstance. I was racing at a tremendous pace towards something yet I did not know what that something was and at the point when I wondered what it was, it appeared. I was viewing the intensities of the positive sense of myself projected towards the future, my future. I knew then that we must dream ourselves forward with a fluid adaptation, which corresponds to the Architect of observation and becomes multi-dimensional within its lateralization. This was one of the lessons that the old nagual had passed on to me.



*Adaptation without corruption  
is the key to personal power*

# Threads of Intention



For many years I was immersed in that realm where Lucien and his cohorts awaited me and explained concepts that were so far-reaching within their implications. I had fallen asleep harmoniously that night and as I was drifting into those visual pictures that bring about the phenomena of dreams, I heard a voice whisper in my left ear.

“Is the *thing* there?”

“What thing?” I said to myself, and before I had a chance to say another word I was there once again with Lucien, in that mysterious room where Jagür wandered freely. I could hear her purring contentedly from within those shadows where she was so easily hidden.

“The *thing* is there,” Lucien said in answer to his own question, and began to elaborate. “There is a phenomenon that will occur for you now and this is the active use of your true imagination within dimension, so that you may capture that which is hidden. Within imagination ones Architect inserts itself and draws pictures of that which we have forgotten. If one forgets this facility an opening appears that allows the shadow to slip in, and so we must remember ourselves by recapturing ourself within the immediacy of the moment. Immediacy allows for the expression of your daydreaming self that is constantly being defined, and this definition should be of integrity and truth. As you progress along this path, detached observation will

become the hallmark of your awareness, so that simply observing what arises can allow one to drop attachments to unwholesome and insidious interconnective behavior. If you take the elements of dreaming, which are the truth of your inner self that has been realized in an altered state and is transferred to your daytime cognition through visual lateralization, then by the mere reconnection of these elements real time will become available to serve as truth that cuts through the petty landscape that a mass of small minds has put together. We will now engage your awareness within lateralization, so that your Architect of observation can combine with the power of real time, and that power will be your resourcefulness as the observer.

“Try to conceive of where you are stationed within the arrangements of your own application of syntax, then see the interconnective web of socialization and discover where you may be caught within that web of compliance. See yourself in a circumstance that has previously escaped you. Close your eyes within that imagination and if within the imagery that arises you cannot find definition of the happenings you wish to discover, shut that *same old thing* off, which is the predatorial mind that holds discovery of what has really occurred at bay. Be possessed with acuity that is not governed by thought and what will jump in will be dream like, and that dream will be composed of the truth you wish to actualize.

“Look now into the void that is in front of you. See within that void the shadow that wields the hand of perception. From this cloaked hand fall threads. These threads attach themselves, each to a different location: the top of the head, both shoulders, both elbows, both hands, the base of the spine, both knees and both feet. Even though these are positions on the physicality they are not the physicality but an inward conceptualization. Can you say that you are aware of which thread is being pulled? When one thread is pulled your awareness moves to that thread and you forget the rest. At this point you would say, ‘I am in command of my awareness’. However,

once you are familiar with that which you think you have command over, the equilibrium shifts and you become aware of the weight that is asserted on another thread. Then awareness is focused on this thread and just when you think you're gaining some insight into that thread, the one that you originally thought you had command over has shifted and changed.

“Therefore intended for you is the proposition that takes you away from discovering the truth. Becoming aware of the threads themselves makes you forget the hand that moves perception. That hand is a cloak and through multiple interactions, which are self-imposed socialization, the hand steals awareness and moves into an alternate reality, which is screened off by the mere fact that you have focused your awareness on the thread. By focusing your awareness on the threads they are also lost to you through the integration of emotion. Emotion becomes preoccupation, which harbors justification, and this is the shadow's projection. Here the threads become something more than they really are through the self-imposed idea of significance and false ownership that is attached to them and this is how the shadow lives vicariously through our being. When emotion is added we become more than what we are: justified through that surreptitiously placed imprint upon our emptiness. These imprints replace our immediacy and waylay inner truth, which is the recovery of our stolen moment.

The stabilization of imprints is our true nemesis: this is where humanity is caught. The threads themselves are the barrier that hides the cloak which moves feverishly within our construct to hold perception in place. However, realizing this is not enough. One must forget everything that is realized. It is not the hand, nor the threads that one must be aware of. One must forget the threads and not pay into the assertiveness of those threads, which demand the constant idea that you have conceived of them, within all the circumstances that surround you.”

His descriptions evoked a rush of living imagery that flashed through as visual confirmation of what he was imparting.

“Listen to my voice,” he said calmly. “I will command that part of your awareness which needs to be clear. Look to the horizon. The horizon is composed of inner silence. Be within that horizon and be absorbed by it. Even though the horizon is in the distance and you stay where you are, everything in between will dissolve because the horizon itself cannot conceive of you and cannot be conceived of by the threads; the idea that holds them in place will dissolve and you will no longer be involved in that which holds you. If a thread is flung at you, catch yourself within that involvement. See that involvement and the threads that hold the puppets that play in front of you. They are the phantom’s phantom.”

Lucien lifted his hand and broke my fixation from the void. I realized then that I was focused upon him and upon the void at once. I did not understand how I could be split in such a fashion.

“Everything is so tangible here,” I said. “This seems so real, yet we are dreaming.”

Lucien reached out and touched my left shoulder and I felt kindness flowing down his arm into my body as he spoke.

“Your waking life is a dream for me. To be there is more of an illusion than being here. This place seems to be limited only because it is a reflection of your living construct. In reality we are in an expansiveness that goes beyond the confines of the construct that exists in your waking dream. I will now introduce you to two other men that will come from their prospective corners but still stand within shadows. They will enact for you a riddle that defines entrapment through selfishness. Their true identity will not be revealed to you at this time for they are to act out an illusion, and to give you their names would make them too solid within the intentions



that they present. They must stand within shadows while they speak the shadow's language.”

A figure appeared from the darkness on the left hand side. He was bent forward, holding a walking stick as if he could not stand. His hand was shaking as though he couldn't hold its weight and when he spoke his voice quivered with age. He began to ramble incoherently.

“The same old thing... the thing is... but I ... it's just me.... what about me?”

Then suddenly a second man jumped out from the partial shadows and addressed the first in a booming voice.

“Stop beating around the bush you stinking old fool!”

“It's my bush and I'll beat around it if I want,” the old man retorted with surprising venom.

“What are you talking about, smelly? When you talk about the *same old thing* isn't it just the *same old thing* that is coming up all the time? You crotchety old dim-wit!” When he had finished his insults he turned to me, opening his arms up and saying suggestively, “The thing is there.”

I was shocked and horrified at the crude and uncouth behavior that was being presented. I turned to Lucien and saw a wicked smile on his face, and then I noticed that the boisterous man had turned back towards his companion.

“The *thing* is there!” he repeated loudly, thrusting his hips forward and pointing at his genitals. The figure on the left hand side began to tremble uncontrollably and then started shouting and pointing at the other man's genitalia.

“Cover up that old installment and protect it because the *thing* is there!” he ranted.

I began to laugh with abandon. Their lewd gestures were alluding to the undisciplined behavior of humanity that emanates from the sexual center. When the jittery old man spoke again, his voice was frail and contemptuous.

“What protects the *thing* that is there?” he asked petulantly.

“*But I* is the perverted view that won’t cover up the *thing* that is there and it’s a monster.” The large man replied wildly, walking comically around the room with his legs bent as if his genitalia were too big for his pants. The old man was aghast and began swinging his cane with feeble fury.

“*But I* am in front of the *thing* that is there. *But I* doesn’t protect me, it’s enormous!” he screeched.

At that point Lucien intervened and the two alarming characters stepped back into the shadows.

“You’ll have to forgive those guys, they haven’t been out for a while. I knew I couldn’t trust them to do the right thing. I will repeat the riddle for you. Their actions have freed you from your seriousness and the fixation that surrounds this state of awareness and this is a good thing!

“Words are powerful. They confirm oneself to oneself and mold the world to one’s agenda. The words are, *The same old thing*, *The thing is...*, *But I...*, *It’s just me*, and *What about me?*

“When we talk about the *same old thing*, *it’s just the same old thing* that is coming up all the time - that *same old thing* which adjusts and adapts in repetitive motions to keep its self-installment intact. That *same old thing* has been given through generations. *The thing is...* covers up the first installment and protects it, because *the thing* is there - and what protects the *thing* that is there? *But I*. *But I* is the personalized view that covers the *thing* that is there. *But I* am in front of the *thing*

that is there. *But I* protects *me*. *Me* guards myself. *It's just...* is the beginning of the *same old thing*. *It's just me, what about me?*”

He paused while looking at me and I knew then that what he was wishing to convey was that if one is alerted to these phrases one can simply know the depth or lack of depth revealed within the usage of these words.

“Can you see the installment and can you know it?

*Words have power.*

Lujan, can you see what was just said?

Is your innocence more powerful than your installments? Has your innocence got power? And do you have enough innocence to detach yourself from the power of what you see, so that you may return to that uncorrupted innocence? Observational silence is the tool of innocence and power, and will allow you to identify coercive manipulation so that manipulation cannot be used as a way to define and utilize power for self-serving purposes. The threads I have spoken of are thrown as a foreign body that passes from generation to generation as cloaked intention. As a hologram the installer will integrate with the installee from behind and, walking within the installee's shoes, the cloaked intention survives another generation. Such is the power of entrapment and a solid intended proposition, which manifests as a hardened cache of impenetrable intention that is held in the body and survives as the shadow's mind, which cloaks the inner child.

“You must convey to those who wish to learn that they cannot make an installation out of innocence because innocence is introspective by nature and to be reflectively introspective is to be composed of power. If one would take credit for this power, then power becomes an installment: a controlling, tyrannical force that moves to overcome innocence, which *is* our power. The corrupt witness lies within and has been installed from an external force. The

only element that can descend upon our lives to wake us up to ourselves is observational silence, and the only individuals who can descend harmoniously into others' lives are those possessed by this acuity. Being possessed by the Architect of observation means they watch innocently what unfolds, with a hand as light as a feather, and invisible to themselves are their actions - for it is not they who act, it is the hand of the spirit. So, when seeing these men or women humanity may see a mask, but the mask belongs to them. It is the intended mask of their original installment, that *same old thing*. The Architect within needs them to see it, but when you, the clear hearted, move away from their gaze, the mask falls as the installment to the ground and shatters into a million pieces to be absorbed by the earth.

“It is important to be aware, very aware, of the *same old thing*. Even though you may think you have conquered this insidious element which has lodged very deeply, your clarity and resolve to have power in your life will be challenged by an external operative in the guise of a friend or associate, a familiar. If the familiars themselves have not destabilized the *same old thing*, their envy will be alerted and their need to overcome your clarity and power will be activated. They will move swiftly and try to find lodgment within the purity of your innocence. Then you will be engaged once again in a battle with the *same old thing*, except in this case it will be more evasive and cunning than ever. When engaged with an external operative you will need tenfold resolve not to be involved in order to unmask the covert activities that find placement in the mundane. Such is the war that the clear hearted fight for their life and power.

“Even though the actions of the men within the shadows seemed to make no sense, they make just as much sense as the onslaughts of our fellow man, and obviously this is no sense at all. In your communication with your fellow man, your familiars, you must become aware of the emotions attached to the words that they speak. Even though the words may not seem deleterious, the emotions are

thrown as anchors or hooks into the physiology and as contact progresses through repetitive motion the lodgments of these anchors gain gravity. Then you may wonder in confused madness, ‘Why do I feel this lodgment, this restriction within my heart?’ Know that it is because on the back of their words travels the *same old thing*, hidden behind the words as a cloaked intention, as a secret envy of the familiar in contact.

“If you were to approach this associate, this familiar, and ask ‘Why do I feel so bad when I’m around you even though what you say seems not to be deleterious?’ Here the familiar will put its hands in the air and say ‘What did you say about *me*?’, ‘*But I cannot understand what you’re saying, what did you say about me?*’ Then ‘*I*’ must become a monster and accost you at this point, because the truth is too hard to bear and the *same old thing*’s claws are deep and it does not want to have recognition of itself; for if recognition is a statement of realization, then ‘*I*’ must ignore the impulses of the *same old thing* so that it may wither and die. Being in contact with the *same old thing*, ‘*I*’ must retreat, for if ‘*I*’ become too familiar with the *thing* that is there, surely it will engulf innocence and power.

“Lujan, it would be a great advantage to see that *same old thing* as a monster. When you hear *the thing is*, look back and see that it is a monster. The *same old thing* can also be described externally, as the onslaughts of our fellow man, and when confronted *the thing is* will turn around with its hands in the air and say, ‘*But I...*’ so that it can forget that *the thing is*, is that *same old thing*. ‘*It’s just me, what about me?*’ personalizes the original *same old thing*, which becomes ‘*But I...*’ and forgets that the monster was there, so you can be the *same old thing* instead of your clear, silent, powerful self that does not need to make justification for its power.

“See that the idea of the intended mask has been given in terms of a visual representation, which is the externalization of the person’s view in connection to who they are gazing at. See the mask falling to

the ground and shattering into a million pieces and understand that the whole affair, in terms of that projection, is futile. In the end if one is concentrated enough they will see that it all belongs to them. The visual context of a person walking away and an emptiness left, with the mask hovering in the air for a second or so before it crashes to the ground, shows that this focus is such a waste of energy and time and that what should be focused on is what appears after the mask falls: nothing. Even if in the beginning the nothingness appears to have no substance, when an individual waits long enough and doesn't revert back to the *same old* imprints that alert the *same old thing* into action, through this nothingness they will be filled with a heart sense of beauty that will elevate their energetic mass beyond their wildest dreams, and then their ideas and imaginings will be full of excitement and positivity. I would say at this point they would wonder why they ever indulged their faculties in the *same old thing*."

Lucien paused for a moment and I realized that while he was talking I had been transported back to the original scene where within the void had appeared people enacting upon one another, and I recognized the futility of the behavior I was witnessing.

"Humanity has one fundamental faculty which we are so totally familiar with yet ignore completely," he stated, transfixing me once more with his unwavering voice. "Intent is tangible and on the back of our words travels that intent. Recall the visual description of a cloak traveling behind a word. This will give concrete value to something that is supposedly hidden from view. Know that if you were to ask one person to admit the maliciousness that exists behind their words they would be in full denial for sure, because by admitting this they would give full flavor to your insights, and empowerment. If they were to reveal their ill intentions they would be acknowledging a lower part of themselves which they are riding upon, and this will bring to the full forefront the person you are really dealing with.

“I am sure you remember the usage of ‘I’ that my two companions displayed within their shadow-like behavior of mirth. Even though their actions were crude there was a cryptic meaning hidden within their demonstration. The representation of ‘I’ should be stated in the context of transparency and clarity, which will ultimately bring about the true advisor from within, and this will foster an impersonal or professional view that is not governed by selfish preoccupation or emotionality. The ‘I’ used in this fashion deals only with what is pending or appropriate. If the premise of the ‘I’ goes beyond these points it becomes personal, then that personalized view becomes self-serving and a power struggle will begin.

“When the abstract expresses itself impersonally no agenda is implied and the only force that transmutes itself through the human physiology is observational silence. Observational silence reveals fluctuations to the eye of the clear hearted. Any inflection from the environment awakens immediate adaptation in terms of a fluid awareness that will be awake to the ensuing pressures of socialization. An inflection from the environment is an external statement that gains arrival at the mid part of the chest, which alerts the clear-hearted to an attempt of invisible anchoring. Anchoring can be applied within ones personal space and from a distance through repetitious internal talk, emotional justification or visualization by the perpetrator. Sometimes this phenomenon is immediately apparent, while at other times there’s a lull, and from within that lull emerges introspective realizations that jump into the space of the clear hearted to warn of things to come.

“Intention pervades every corner of reality. If we are not clear about what is being drawn towards us, what comes may degrade pure clarity. We as a human race cast our intentions everyday and in many ways. Depending on resonance we attract to our internal environment like magnets, that which is necessary to wake us up. If we are not clear about what’s waking us up then surely we will be semi-awake, and how dangerous is that? One certainly has to be on guard at all

times, for our fellow men are continuously practicing their art of attachment and that art of attachment is connected to an inherited line of intent that waits to re-establish itself at every waking moment. You may be susceptible to this until the time when your being is absolutely permeated with power.

“For you now the challenge is to stand within the realms of your fellow man and hold your state of intensity intact. You will need all your speed not to be caught within the realm of human affairs. This is the first step. Through the knowledge that can be assimilated by simply dreaming and being awake to or aware of these dreams you can pull closer to yourself that which has been denied to humanity. By virtue of this drawing, power will present itself in another way. Another dream will appear for you, as it has appeared for us. In this state you will dream, but while dreaming you will be in that reality that you are sleeping in. To experience this is one of our ultimate goals, for when this body appears in the waking world the information that floods our conscious awareness opens us to the necessary speed of comprehension to take us beyond the limitations of the cognitive system that surrounds humanity. Your task will be to awaken the dreamer to the fixed perception of the waking dream so that they may dream that dream where the other exists, within multi-dimensional lateralism.

“Can you navigate these still waters that I present? Can you negotiate your storms?”

I woke up suddenly and was confronted with the harshness of the reality where my body had lain. Lucien was definitely right. This reality did not seem as real, but the intentions that surrounded me held me fixed. I took responsibility for what had to be done within the realm of waking life. The next time I entered the Dream Maker’s realm I was to meet with a most extraordinary man, and it began with these words whispered into my ear as I fell asleep.



“Where is the hidden fabric?”

*In suspended thought when  
the mind is absorbed by beauty,  
your greatest wealth, stillness,  
will surrender the world  
to be unmasked before you.  
Then you will grow and win  
that which the world  
cannot steal from you.*

Old Soul

# The Hidden Fabric



I was once again in the Dream Maker’s realm. I had opened my eyes and found myself surrounded by stars. There was a vastness beyond comparison above and below me. Two points of brightness came from the heavens and this visual sight was accompanied by a growl. Contained within this sound was the energetic construct that I had been introduced to by my benefactor, the old nagual. I looked to my left. Jagür slinked from the shadows and from behind her a figure emerged. It seemed that she and this man were in a state of acute symbiosis. I recognized his features as he came closer and extended his right hand to grasp my wrist. I was shocked when I realized he was the feeble old man who had played within shadows before me, for he wasn’t feeble, he was liquid and beautiful, and not one tremble was revealed in his touch.

“My name is Malaiyan\*,” he said, reaching his other hand towards my forehead. “We must leave here and go to a place of beauty so that you may be immersed in the lessons I am to give.”

His index finger touched my mid eyebrow and I began to see a scene emerge in front of me. Before I had time to even fathom what was happening, we were there, surrounded by thick, green rainforest. In front of me was a huge pond, fed by a cascading waterfall that created a mist that was energizing. Malaiyan was to my left, perched

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\*Malaiyan: Spirit of the mountain

on a ledge. I became immediately absorbed within his big round eyes. He looked like an owl. His pupils were dilated in the same way Lucien's had been but they were more absorbing. His pure white hair was also pulled back in a high ponytail, which accentuated his sharp eyebrows and made him look intently focused, but his fierceness was hidden within gentle features. His face was full and generous and he wore a goatee beard that was as white as his long ponytail. Unlike Lucien he was fully clad, in black attire that looked like elegant silk pajamas. His skin shone in the full moonlight. He began to speak in a low, rhythmic tone.

“Focus your gaze on the water, Lujan. The lesson that I am to give you will be as cryptic as Lucien's. You must use your imagination and your powers of reviewal simultaneously to understand what is presented. Your reviewal will yield time capsules of knowledge and these time capsules will contain an inversion of elements that are hidden from view, but to understand this you must be saturated within silence. Silence can be collected and is the only element that does not give rise to definition through syntax, which is that preoccupation we all must avoid. It is of itself, yet foreign to itself. Can you sit and be silent, Lujan? Silence as a concept seems to be as elusive as attempting to pick up water with your bare hands.” With this statement he ran his hand through the water and tried to grasp it as it flowed through his open fingers, then turned his head and looked directly at me.

“Can you not see within my gesture how the water flows from my hands, between my fingers? What is left when the water falls to its most appropriate position? Just my hand. If I see this hand as a recovery of what occurred, then this hand is the truth of that recovery. If I were then to be emotionally involved and become upset that the water had escaped my grasp then I would be caught within that emotion and preoccupied with the fact that the water did not cooperate with me. This water is my friend and the reason I come to

this conclusion is because all that is left within my view is what is appropriate - my hand. If I become agitated with the water for escaping me then I would be distressed by something that I cannot control. Does not the water teach us that we should not possess the wrong elements for reviewal? You must understand that the water is here for a reason. If the water evokes a state of emotionality and then when you look at your hand and it is no longer wet, should you be upset with the water? Or should you question the threads of intention that do not see appropriateness, and from this premise create a preoccupation with something that cannot be controlled?

“Conversely, if I were to press my hand within the soft dirt that lays in front of me, when I remove this hand, do I not leave an imprint? Is the ground not more solid than the water? And when I look upon my palm, is not dust covering its full surface? Do you see the imprint before me? Do you also see the dust upon the palm of my hand? If I immerse my hand in the water, the preoccupation with the dust of that imprint is washed away by the water, and when I look upon my hand again, is it not clean? But we both can still see the imprint within the compacted earth in front of us. The earth is the keeper and the water is the facilitator. Through that facilitation the water breaks the imprint that was placed upon my hand as dust into a thousand particles as it drifts slowly to the bottom of the pond. Is not the water reviewing the imprint within fragmentation? Is this not multilateral assimilation of that which is solid? When I draw my hand from the water it is still wet. My hand is the same shape as that imprint in the dirt, so I must at this stage replace my hand back into that imprint and then withdraw it, to examine it one more time for a solid reviewal. Is it not covered more thickly now with the dust because of the wetness? Do I not more understand now this imprint because of the water’s capacity to stick the soil to its surface?”

Malaiyan’s descriptions of imprints and the dissolving of those imprints were magical. These simple gestures for me held so much

truth within them. Every movement that he made opened a wellspring within my heart. Never in my life had I met such a magician. Malaiyan lifted his finger to the level of my eyes.

“To the water your attention must be. Listen to me carefully, for within my words are hidden truths. We all know that water takes the lowest position no matter where it is poured and we all know that without water there can be no life. There was a time when silence was cherished as much as water. In observing water we can learn behaviorally how to collect this silence. If we are poured into a circumstance as individuals we should immediately take the lowest position, not that of a beggar but a position of non-control. Through not controlling and by moving with your circumstances harmoniously you truly see the position you stand in as an individual, and will learn to recognize the consequences that bear upon you through the ensuing pressure of intention. By virtue of this observational stance the doorway to ones inner child is flung open and all superfluous elements that stand in opposition to your unfettered adult witness will be revealed for what they truly are.

“Remember,” he said, “the doorway that surpasses the chambers of the heart is the door itself. The key to that door is composed of abeyance and in that abeyance lays the secret tapestry. When we listen to the world with our ears and acknowledge the messages received through our hearts we forgo the ever-present interchangeable energetic imprints of socialization and true continuity of silence is delivered. Then, through your visual construct, architectural observation will appear and caress that which is hidden.

“Lean forward Lujan and look into the water. As you gaze what you see is your reflection given back. Even though you are separate from the water, the water is one with you. It holds your reflection as if you are dreaming. When you reach out to touch the water the reflection reaches towards you and as your fingers touch, you absorb the reflection and the water absorbs you. Which is more real: the

hand that has been absorbed by the water or the reflection that has been absorbed by your arm? Has the water absorbed your solidness within its reflection and your arm become wet, as the reflection is being absorbed within your arm?

“This is the dilemma that we face as human beings. We dream yet we forget that we are saturated within dreams, and when we’re awake we are only a reflection of what we truly could be. We are composed of that water that you gaze into. It bears our reflection. It is an entity that lives within the reality of waking and monitors our activities as a species. Speak to the water. In speaking to the water we speak to ourselves and the water will transform and give us what we are.” Malaiyan gently pulled my arm away from the pond, looked into my eyes, and said. “We live within dimensions and these dimensions are akin to the water. If we can enter them as easily as we enter the water we will then be able to change the content of our living construct, which has absorbed us like the imprint that lies in the dust.

“Can you tell me, where is the hidden fabric that lies behind this vision and reveals a composite of wisdom? Where is the abstract - that which is not immediately apparent - hidden within the scene? For me to put this question to you, my friend, is an exercise in perception. I would ask you to recollect and find for me the cognitive inversion that waits to pounce on you as abstract, insightful knowing. We all have a faculty that is visually stationed in our very being. When our cognition is saturated with silence and syntax is forgone completely, what invariably jumps in is the memory of what used to be. What used to be are those dust particles floating to the bottom of the pond to be reintegrated with the earth in a way that will retain no static elements of cognition, and can only be understood through multilateral assimilation of that which used to be. What is recovered through multilateral assimilation is what has escaped us, and what has escaped us we can never really know, because whatever position we

stand in our knowing will be different, and we can always be sure that something is escaping us.

“In our stations in life, whatever position we are coming from, we always must be aware that the obvious is not our strength. What escapes us is where true wisdom lies. So I say to you that this time capsule of reviewal will reveal what you are focused on and then when you review it again it will reveal what has escaped you. Within avenues of awareness we develop our cognitive system, which is reinforced by syntax and becomes our construct. Take away syntax, take away that inner talk, take away that *same old thing* and discover what has been escaping you.”

Whilst Malaiyan spoke luminous butterflies flew from the center of his chest and he then said to me:

“Our intentions press upon each other like butterflies  
that intermingle and crossover to be absorbed.  
In abeyance our hearts await.”

I was left with a profound sense of beauty that this man had imprinted upon me and this impression was his gift. I came to discover that whenever intention pressed upon that inner imprint which he had left with me I would be alerted to that which used to escape me.





*As we press upon one another  
with our intentions,  
from our hearts fly luminous butterflies,  
that intermingle and crossover  
to be absorbed.  
In abeyance our hearts await.*

# Fear Not, Be Free



I had gone to bed relaxed, not knowing that on this night I would be pulled into the Dream Maker's realm. I was awoken by a howling wind that penetrated and passed through my neck. As I became more aware of the texture of this auditory phenomenon I realized it was Jagür's roar, awakening me into that mysterious realm where my benefactor and his companions were conspiring to change the fundamental fabric of my cognitive system. I was suddenly standing in the room where the four men had appeared previously and from the darkness leapt Jagür. She flew through the air and pinned me by the chest and as we hurtled backwards, scenes and memories of past events streamed by sequentially. While plummeting towards the floor I realized that the imagery was somehow erupting from behind Jagür's paw, and when we landed she intently locked my eyes with her gaze. There was a determination in this animal, the same determination you would see in a wild cat just before it snapped the neck of it's prey; but her purpose was not to kill me. She was taking me into past events through her fierceness. I heard from behind her a voice, calling:

“Jagür.”

Looking past her I saw an enormous man approaching. His head was clean-shaven and when he reached forward I saw that his forearms were like tree-trunks. He clasped my hand and pulled me effortlessly to a standing position.

“Jagür’s actions may seem harsh and at your expense, but what she has pushed onto you, which is within you, is more than pertinent. The scenes that you were witnessing as you flew backwards in time are imprinted anchors that we must review, with our guidance, so that we can free you from the insidious loop of repetition that is supplied by these sites. Come with me and we shall sit by the void and discuss these issues of pertinence.” Walking by my side he did not seem as tall as I’d thought, but the energy that emanated from his being was massive. He introduced himself.

“My name is Barak.\* I have no fear. My body is powerful and full of courage. Focus on my inner strength and I will guide you through the void so that you can understand how to access this power within your own being.”

I focused on his chest and saw that he bore a large black tattoo of a jaguar’s paw on his left pectoral muscle. He acknowledged my observation with a nod and continued.

“You have been marked as I have been marked. You have sustained your strength and clarity while Jagür pressed upon your chest. The tattoo that you gaze at is a representation of Jagür’s power. I bear that mark out of respect for her. Jagür’s fierceness is direct and unrelenting and her lesson is that if you face the world with anything less than purpose, you will be engulfed by that which surrounds you.”

I looked into Barak’s eyes and the void began to appear in front of me. I knew I was being split.

“Listen as I speak to you,” he said to me. “It has been said that there is nothing to fear but fear itself. If fear is our nemesis and that fear is an installation, then the question is: how can we mute fear's existence through understanding?”

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\* Barak: A flash of lightning

“Fear is an installed socially stabilized site of preoccupation. The key to resolving fear is to understand the installation and how the installation comes into existence in the first place. If our society were structured in fairness, the trained repetitive roles of inner and outer dominance would not exist. It is through domination that the first window of opportunity is given for a controlling force to install an overview of fear, which suffocates the recipient and opens up avenues of possibilities for controlling factors to be set in place. Through practice, this leads to the development of a hidden network of activity that corrals circumstances and neutralizes the possibility of growth and awareness.

“If you have fear you must be aware of three things. You are born alone, you live isolated, and you die alone. The second and third concepts, if focused on, are relevant for those who have fear in their life. When a child is born it is born without fear but when that very same child travels toward the inevitable conclusion of life, ninety-nine percent of the time there is fear of death. So why do we fear our death at the end when in the beginning there was no possibility of fear? A child is just there. The reason why there is fear is because one has not lived their full potential and within that realization feelings of remorse for not being the way one should have been bring a sense of loss. This sense of loss reforms and recreates itself into rigid arrogance that is sustained through justifications so one never has to face what one should have faced.

“When such an individual is ultimately confronted with the end of their life they do not have the calculative resource to let go of who they are so that they can become something more than what they were. Such people imprint their children with the same mechanisms of denial, to ensure through this replication that they do not have to face that which they have not done. This imprinting is energetic rape and those offspring, within their dysfunctional viewpoint, will perpetuate what they have learnt and further evolve the intellectual

conceptualizations that will enable them to entrap their environment within denial. This is the shadow's mind that haunts the very fabric of humanity. The primary reason why humanity guards and protects these sites is that when they are revisited, they cause enormous amounts of regret, and if that regret is a state of realization, then we would have to admit that we have invested in the wrong elements, and for some this is more than devastating. For those in this position the idea of death is as frightening as the catharsis they avoid.

“We are the Architects of our own construct. The trick is to look back on that instead of looking forward and damaging everything in our path. It is best to stop and consider our options intelligently instead of blindly moving forward with the destructive imprint that does not allow the Architect full expression. These things will be explained to you in greater depth when we stalk that element which stalks us. Your task will be to awaken in those you educate the understanding that what they speak and what they do comes from somewhere other than themselves, because it is foreign to that emptiness we should possess as human beings.

“We are born alone and we should not fear to be alone as we live. There is a centralized focal point within all of us. It is invisible to our eye and impossible to touch. We cannot smell, taste nor hear this focal point but we can feel and adjust our perceptions appropriately to outline our inner integrity, through not compromising this inner feeling. That focal point is our inner child. I say to you, Lujan, stand within this premise that I am to give you.

“Give of yourself, except for that which weakens you. Accept what is given, but not that which compromises.

“If this premise is adhered to then the inner child will be free to outline its perimeter of integrity and through this one simple technique the deliberation of one's true self will be arrived at. Upon this arrival one will be confronted with installations of fear that will

preoccupy and attempt to inhibit growth: a cloak of sorts. At this crucial junction the cloak installed that inhibits renewal will reveal it's mind and say, 'How will my world be if I do not act in a way which is familiar? Will I lose what is dear to me?' Or will the seer within, which is that state of renewal, say, 'Will I gain power in my life?' What must be remembered is that if an element of your life cannot survive under the premise just outlined then it was not meant to be there, for in truth it is not what leaves that makes us fear. It is what is activated within ourselves that we truly fear. The idea of loss that we have given to ourselves repetitively makes us cling to what is not right for us. What we have in all circumstances of fear is a self-perpetuating momentum, which can be transferred from an external force, and can be reinforced through internally repeating and fortifying our weaknesses. In both cases the recipient and the perpetrator lose power. We all know within ourselves how far to go, how much to give and how much to take before this part of us is damaged. If we see ourselves as an accumulation of momentive force and progressively activate the architectural element of observation, and learn to listen to the cues given, our feelings will give us arrival at a place of power. As this power accumulates it will become communal and in its sense of community will neutralize isolation.

"We must imagine that something has been pushed upon us and the absorption of what's been pushed upon us is an agreement – even though we don't agree. The fear inside your body tells you it's not right, but one thing fear has, as an advantage is that it closes positive possibilities out of the range of perception. If someone in the position of fear were to touch upon something that would give them a new sense of possibility, you can be sure that the element controlling them will make them confirm to themselves that this possibility is not a viable option. This occurs in society through repetitive loops that reinforce the non-viability of positive change. These loops reinforce within individuals the idea of how weak and powerless they are, and these loops are imprints: inwardly stationed sites.

“Essentially each one of us builds a construct through repetitious acts so that we may confirm to ourselves that the construct itself is intact. This would refer basically to a form of self-reflection that is outside of ones real self, because in essence our inner silence is never really touched or damaged by the construct, the organization. It seems that the construct is so alive, and silence is so non-invasive that its appearance is hard to hook onto, so we simply go to what is familiar and by doing that we forget who we essentially are and instead reinforce the only thing that can be possibly known at that point, which is our trained, repetitive response to circumstances. The reason that we can build such complexity is because of our inner silence, but the complexity itself has stolen us from silence. If we could go back into our introspective self we would certainly re-evaluate what we are doing.

“For fear to exist the cognitive system that surrounds that feeling has to be sustained. We must reform our cognition and give different views to the construct so that we may move away from negative self-perpetuation and reformulate the original construct into a baseless configuration that holds more possibilities, which will be a state of dimensional lateralism. Our imprints are the basis, the territories and boundaries that we are protecting, which by virtue of being protected need to be extensively examined. We can all see that we are defending something but what we need to see is that we can live without these imprints that bring separation and fear. We must learn to dissolve those reference points, those imprints, so that humanity can be brought into a state of resolve, and this resolve comes about from completion. I will now travel with you into a vision that will be composed of past enactments upon you. Break now your fixation from the void.”

I suddenly had the feeling of being released. I looked up to my left to observe Barak’s face. To my surprise his eyes were bright blue and piercing. He commanded me to focus on his left pupil. Gazing



into the darkness that was behind his eye, I saw Jagür leaping at me from the depths. Her roar was deafening and I was transported by that sound back to a time in my childhood. Jagür stood by my side as I viewed a man beating a child. As I watched and the scene became more distinct I realized it was my father. His big hand had the child held by the left arm and in his right hand he was holding a large white sand shoe. I was more than shocked to see this past event reoccurring so vividly in front of me. Standing there watching, I was struck by the fact that this large man kept continually hitting the child and not stopping. What impacted me the most was the sound of the child's distress, and this distress related to the feeling in my own chest. He wanted the beating to stop but it just kept going and going. Jagür began to growl and hiss. I then heard Barak's voice in the distance.

“Put your hand through the scene and stop the man,” he said.

I immediately thrust my hand forward into what seemed to be a type of pressure and as I put my hand through that seal, it popped. I placed my hand on my father's shoulder and said:

“Stop.”

With this gesture the occupants of that vision turned into shadows and became stationary. I walked around the two people that I had been viewing and realized that which was my memory had disappeared, in terms of the intensity of feeling that had first impacted me upon encountering the original scene. Jagür roared again at that point and we appeared back in the Dream Maker's realm. In front of me was the void. Barak spoke suddenly.

“What you have viewed was a memory from your past. This memory is a portion of your base plate imprint, and as you witnessed that memory, you must have realized the energy that it would take to sustain such a vibrant imprint within you. This living scene that you have remembered is a past event that you have attached too much importance to, not intellectually mind you. It is on an emotional level

where you have placed so much emphasis. What you have recalled was obviously a time capsule of reviewal and within this time capsule existed the feeling of fear, and desperation at losing so much control. This imprint, this time capsule that is sustained deep within your being, has resonance. For this resonance to lose its power over you, you must detach emotion from the memory itself. Even though the memory is full of distress and fear, the predominant element that has evolved from that resonance is the need not to be controlled and be made to do what you don't want to do by people in positions of authority. Under certain circumstances this is not a bad thing, but if the original emotion attached to your need not to be controlled is not subdued, you will fight when you shouldn't and be consumed by fear when you should fight."

Barak then instructed me once more to look into his left eye and in doing so I was transported back to that memory. The boy and the man were still stationary shadows and Barak was standing by my side.

"Push your hand through and perforate the scene once more," he said, "and as you push forward, visualize what you would do under these circumstances with your own child."

When my hand touched the shadowed figure that was my father, the mood of the scene changed from violence to tranquility and I heard the little boy explaining what had happened.

"I was with a friend of mine on the outskirts of town," he began. "We went to the middle of a property and there was a house that had been deserted. When we looked inside and saw no furniture, I thought it was going to be condemned and pulled down so I said to my friend 'Let's break all the windows', because I'd thought to myself that all these windows will be broken anyway when it is bulldozed down."

My father reached across and touched my hand, obviously very annoyed.

“How can you make such an immature assumption?” he asked with a serious expression. “The neighbors saw you breaking the windows and knew who you were, and knew that you were my son. They consequently rang the owners, who had the damage assessed and now I have a bill and I will have to work hard and earn nothing until this is paid off.”

“I am sorry, I didn’t realize,” the young boy answered sincerely. “I hadn’t thought deeply enough about what I was doing. Can I come to work with you on the weekends to help rectify my mistake?”

“Yes,” said my father. “Even though I am very annoyed with what you have done, I love you. Please learn to think before you act.”

Upon this conclusion I was pulled back from the scene and once again appeared in front of the void with Barak, who began to explain what had taken place.

“Now that you have stalked your past within parallel perception, it is up to you which memory you take to bolster yourself as a man. If you take the first you will be full of resentment and anger and always be fearful of authoritarians. If you take the third circumstance as your preferred memory then you will be understanding and compassionate to those around you who are controlling and authoritarian. You will know that they carry a wound and that it is this self imposed wound that makes them bleed. Take this understanding back with you to the second scene, the visualization of shadows, and I will show you what you must do to release yourself completely.”

When he said this Jagür leapt toward me with such ferocity that we were propelled back into that memory that was composed of shadows. Barak was standing to my right and he commanded me once again.

“Break the seal in front of you,” he said.

I perforated that seal with my right hand and Barak instructed me to blow air into that vision. I blew, and as my hand touched the shadow's shoulder it dissolved and turned into dust, and was blown away till there was nothing left at all. While we stood in that emptiness Barak spoke once more.

“You now have three choices,” he said with finality. “The first choice is to perpetuate your behavior through unconsciously living an emotional proposition that will never find conclusion, because in that first circumstance you were never given understanding as a basis to build your power upon. The third circumstance, which you have visually inserted into the scene after it was turned to shadows, yielded the correct response and course of action that should have been taken. This has been noted by your awareness while within this lateral scene. The second response yields understanding from the first and the third circumstance. When you blow away that which has been you are left with an empty perspective. This empty perspective can draw from either circumstance, positive or negative, and this choice is the only one that will yield true wisdom. Even though the shadows have been blown from the memory the emptiness that exists within that void will take the appropriate mask from the rejected scenes and throw it magically onto your oncoming circumstances, to reveal to you the truth of who approaches.

“Our emptiness is aware of that interconnective fabric that links us through time and space, which seems to be invisible but is tangible, and this fabric is intention. Is this intention truly ours? Have we manufactured this intent that invades every corner of reality and holds us fixed, or is it something else? Take with you only what is necessary, and what is necessary in this reality is what appears after you have blown away what was contained within that scene: nothing. By virtue of this emptiness, inverted continuity will replace that which you used to know.”

I understood then how to proceed with all of my memories that had heavily imprinted me. I had to review them, turn them into shadows and blow them from myself so that I may be free from that which holds awareness stationary within superfluous past events. Barak placed his left hand reassuringly on my right shoulder and we reappeared in that room which possessed the void.

“Recovering the items of ones past is in essence all that we can do, and what we do with that recovery will define us as human beings. Be strong and resolve to face this insoluble part of yourself, which is there for a reason.”

The dream scene ended as abruptly as it had begun. I woke within my bed and within my chest was left a profound knowing of how to dislodge those heavy imprints that had been implanted within the past.

*Give of yourself,  
except for that which weakens you.  
Accept what is given,  
but not that which compromises.*

# Haunted Awareness



I had fallen asleep early that evening and at about three o'clock in the morning was partially awoken by an urgent voice.

“Watch out! There’s a man coming.”

I opened my eyes in panic but couldn’t move my body quick enough and by the time I was in a state of realization to react, it was too late. The man had entered my room and had hit my internal organs. What I saw upon hearing the warning was a grayish whirlwind entering my room, making its way along the foot of my bed. This being had not touched me in a way that you could imagine being touched, but the impact of its presence injured me to such an extent that I was sick for four weeks solid. This event took place about two years after I met my benefactor, the Dream Maker, and I was incapable of dreaming for this period of time. The next opportunity I had to be in the Dream Maker’s realm was five weeks after the incident.

I woke up suddenly, not in my world, but into the domain of my wards. Opening my eyes I saw Lucien standing in front of me. His expression was calm and clear and when I told him what had occurred he replied matter-of-factly:

“The voice that awakened you to the man entering your room was an entity from our realm. That entity is your guardian and has

been with you for many years. If you had been struck without being warned your injuries may have been fatal.

“There are men who live in your world that dream as you do. The man that struck you was the possessor of ancient information that has been passed down from generation to generation in his family. He had obviously seen the power that you possess and did not want you to succeed in your endeavors. These men are true sorcerers. They were and still are highly intelligent and sophisticated men in comparison to the general populous in their day and in ours, and they had and still have enormous amounts of energy from the secrets they possess. These old sorcerers still are, as they were centuries ago, heavily involved in the dark art of manipulating the psyche of their peers. They discovered through trial and error the fundamental building blocks of that psyche and manipulated it extensively so that they could gain the energy lost from those individuals through a repositioning of the fundamental base plate of their being, which is our primal imprint. They discovered that this fundamental building block, this first imprint, was sustained by pure energy that translated into explosive emotions of passion for life and intelligence. Because of their need to be superior they injected fear and moroseness into the inner landscape of humanity so that they could work on the base plate imprint that supplies integrity individually and collectively. Their prime objective was to break down the inner world that encompasses one’s personal power and then manipulate this world with their high level of intelligence and degrade the collective conceptualizations that lie within the truth of the heart, and when that collective power was lost they gained that power. And you would ask ‘How could this base plate imprint possibly be broken into’. The way to see this is very simple. Imagine through the avenue of this pictorial analogy that I am to give you that the sensibilities that lie within one’s personality are like a mask or a shield. Knowing this is the first step. The second step is to discover and pinpoint areas within these sensibilities that are



vulnerable and more available because of the importance attached to the belief systems that uphold the social fabric of that time. The third step that the old sorcerers took to break in to this base plate imprint was to put forth a random precept to discover what may offend that individual. But remember this insertion would be so subtle and so craftily done that the individual would not even be half aware of their reaction. Now this reaction within itself creates a crack in the mask or the protective shield that these individuals have placed in front of themselves. The fourth step that these old sorcerers employed was to peer into that crack, and the way this occurs is that the crack itself creates a looking glass into the weakest link of that individual's integrity. Once they discovered this it was easy for them to dislodge any integral boundary that encompasses that individual's personal power. Unfortunately these were the preliminary steps of the art of stalking. This dark method of stalking was passed from generation to generation orally and somewhere within this history they struck an agreement with the shadows and this agreement has been ongoing for millennia. What initially attracted the shadow entities to these men was their cold, calculating unemotional state, which in actual fact ended up being diametrically opposite to what they are attracted to now. In the beginning these beings were searching for a form of alignment that would allow them to cross the boundaries of perception so that they may go beyond what they were. But unfortunately the old sorcerers, as you know, had no control over their need for power and ended up abusing this relationship and tainting those entities with their corrupt intentions.

“There are two main categories of shadows that these sorcerers discovered. One is attracted to intense emotions. This shadow looks as the description implies, like a heavy shadow that is rectangular in shape or round when it approaches. The other shadow is as you have experienced when you were attacked. It is of a whirlwind shape and gray in appearance. It can also appear like the shadow of a man hiding

behind a corner, or a grotesque transparent being. This shadow is attracted to intelligence and plays within that field. These two types of beings work together within a dark symbiosis. So you can see, whether we like it or not, we are now living with the legacy of these old sorcerers. And those who are unfortunate enough to be born into the families that possess this information are hopelessly drawn to the power that comes from being in contact with that whirlwind grayish shape you saw. I know that you thought it was a man who struck you but this is only half the truth. What you saw was a highly evolved shadow mixed with the malicious intent of that man. These shadows are smaller, faster and smarter than you can imagine. They pit man against man. Through the centuries these beings have learnt by association how to access our world without the intervention of the sorcerers intent. This has made them extremely dangerous and more elusive than ever. The threads of their intention bind, weave and fasten their intent to intelligence. Their prime objective obviously is control. But this control is so surreptitious, so deeply imbedded that ones intention has to be of steel to break through the facade that they put forth. They are more than the *same old thing*, which you know is the encompassing parental imprint that guides and binds mentality within the social structure of the times. The type of shadow being that struck you is so elusive that it is almost unknowable, as were the old sorcerers of the past. These beings learnt their behaviors in the world of man through the parallel symbiosis that was the intent of those old sorcerers. This is where they learnt to strike men while they sleep and bring sickness so that the minor shadows can take over the minds of those enthralled in the depths of despair that comes from devastating illnesses.”

Lucien looked at me and with his right hand clasped my chin and drew my face toward him.

“Those who have had devastating illnesses,” he said, “and have overcome that which attempted to overcome them, have you not

noticed that they are wise beyond their years? For they have fought a battle beyond their world and this battle yields to them the appropriate power that relates to the hardship they encountered. The dilemma with the shadows can be overcome, but first what you and whoever comes in contact with our wisdom has to first learn, as you are now, is an understanding of the building block that is sustaining the shadow's entry and it's activity within our world. ”

He then gently released my chin and continued.

“Eradication you would think is the answer to this dilemma and this is true, but not the eradication of the shadow beings; and you would ask, ‘What do I mean by this?’ They are here; this cannot be changed. But what can be changed is our base core attitude when they try to influence us to be beneath ourselves so that they may feed from the loss of energy from those corrupt acts. When they first met the old sorcerers they were self-sustaining beings. They are much like us in their behaviors. They are finding it difficult to avert what they have learnt, as we as a humanity are finding it difficult to avert behaviors that do not sustain our spirit within a true base of personal power. Even though you are not aware of it yet the mere fact that you were not completely annihilated when you were struck by that whirlwind shadow being, nor influenced to take on limiting behaviors, which as you know weaken one's personal power, because of that event you have opened an unusual door for them, which will help them reevaluate their learnt behaviors. The old nagual obviously knew more than what we expected. A new era will explode for man and shadow when they realize their attacks are futile because of our detachment. They will have to remold the base plate of the original understanding given to them by the old sorcerers. This will open the door for renegotiation, but for that to happen humanity has to be absolutely integral, and this can only take place if each individual learns to stalk their own base plate imprint through the premise of pure self-reflective observation. This means foregoing the temptation of falling

back into that dark arrangement that has been set for all of us millennia ago by those self-indulgent old sorcerers. You are one of the first installments and if others understand what the Dream Maker is up to then life on the blue planet will recommence and the damage the old sorcerers have done will be repaired.

In a warm, sincere tone he continued.

“ It is fascinating but within the same breath horrifying for us to observe how these phenomenon are surrounding you. We all have been through what you are now experiencing. We also knew that you would be extensively weakened when you accepted the Dream Maker’s gift of luminosity. By accepting this gift, which is your destiny, you had no choice but to assimilate the power of his knowing into your being. As you know we all fight change and this battle caused a weakness within you, even though you my friend were willing to accept that challenge. The Dream Maker’s power you would expect in the beginning would have strengthened you but instead it weakened you extensively. What a contradiction!”

Lucien then looked at me with one eyebrow raised in curiosity.

“ If you knew what you were getting yourself into I wonder whether you would have declined the Dream Maker’s gift.”

He then chuckled to himself and said, “I think you and I know there are never any choices. What will be is, and that’s all there is to it. When the power of a nagual is passed from one to another a slight crack is created, as in all transitions of power. A lull takes place before uptake occurs. This was the only reason this shadow being could strike you. It is always at the point of greatest weakness that these entities attack. We did not however expect such a daring strike. If the guardian was not there to protect you, all would have been lost and our knowledge would have disappeared into obscurity. But don’t worry; this entity will never reach through the darkness to hit you again. You are much too strong now. But this doesn’t mean you can relax. The

shadow dreams power is continually evolving and adapting. When we discover its presence it immediately shifts and changes. You need to be aware of the depth of that evolution, and Lujan, remember when you think you have grasped the unthinkable and you know beyond a shadow of a doubt what is going on, always be prepared for the unexpected.

“Recall now that time when you first met the Dream Maker. He mentioned that you have, as he does, a memory of alien hieroglyphs within you. I would like you now to look within the void and recover that memory so that we may examine the make up of these symbols.”

I turned to my right to look into the void and as I did so a man walked from the shadows. I had seen him before but he was very elusive and I had not been able to make out his features. He looked like an old Indian, with dark, coppery skin and pure white hair that came to his shoulders. He too, like Malaiyan, was fully clad in black. The wrinkles in his face were pronounced and his age was evident. When he came closer I saw that his eyes were deep brown and his features well defined. He was more fierce and frightening and exuded more power than all of the others combined. His voice resonated with inner strength as he addressed me for the first time.

“I am the bearer of truths. Watch this symbol in the void and I will describe to you what you see.”

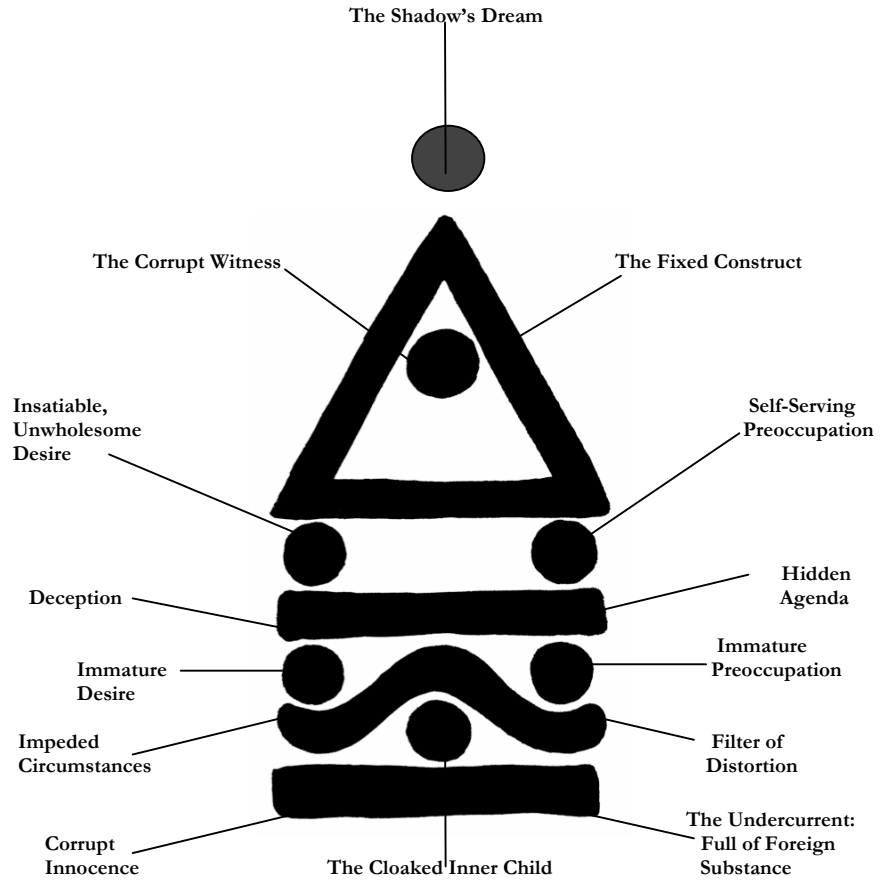
Upon hearing this I realized I was once again split; my attention was focused on the visual scene erupting within the void and as he spoke I experienced dream images flooding my conscious awareness, interacting with me fluidly as the void kept me fixed.

“My name is Zakai\*,” he said. “The symbol that you have there is a memory that is being revealed within the void. It depicts the world of the shadow and is possessed by many within their harbored intentions.”

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\*Zakai: Innocent, one who is pure

# The Hieroglyph of Haunted Awareness



I gazed intently at the mysterious symbol that appeared in front of me as Zakai began to guide me through its structure and meaning.

“The triangle you see represents the human construct, the world we create as three dimensional, hardened energetic matter. The sphere in the center of the triangle is the corrupt adult witness and the sphere underneath it on the lower right hand side signifies a state of preoccupation. The sphere on the lower left hand side represents unquenchable desire, and the line that appears underneath these two spheres represents deception and hidden agenda within man. The two spheres that you see directly under that are an unresolved inner child’s immature desires and immature preoccupations. The wavering line under these is the filter of distortion that permeates all circumstances that this unresolved heart would have to deal with. This filter is a cloak that belongs to the shadow’s mind. The sphere trapped underneath this cloak is our very heart; our inner child, and what pulls this inner child further down is the line below it. This line represents the unresolved feelings of that adult being who cannot find conclusion within truth, and these feelings create a perceptual quagmire, which becomes a heavy magnetic undercurrent. The bottom line also belongs to the inner child, in that this inner child cannot find resolve within its innocence, which has been compromised.” He paused to examine me for a moment and seeing my focused absorption continued with his commentary.

“The beings that passed these symbols to you are androgynous and what they fail to explain within this hieroglyph is that all human beings’ energy is driven from the sexual center, which further holds haunted awareness in place with its corrupted energy. The sphere that hovers above the triangle is the realm that acts upon us indirectly and this is the shadow’s dream that exists in the reality where man dwells, lost to his true self.

“These eleven elements interweave and perpetuate the cloaked inner child through the medium of the corrupt adult witness. When



interlaced with each other they form the building blocks of a cognitive system. The cloaked inner child and the corrupt witness are the strongest reflective elements; they are confirmed to each other within an inner mirrored, post-cognitive state and are the forerunners that sustain a corrupt human cognition. Our inner talk is the spark that ignites this dark cognition, and this holds the fixed construct together, providing the launching pad for distorted awareness. An unresolved heart is the key-controlling element, which promotes unhappiness and does not have the ability to translate any circumstance into true buoyancy. The corrupt witness, which governs the choices and actions of this being, is unable to go beyond the impedance that is set forth by the cloaked inner child. It is wholly self-serving and its expression is always inhibited and limited. The corrupt witness' motivations revolve around the joylessness that is within the heart. It always interferes with its circumstances to ensure limitations because of its own inability to go beyond what it is, and this in turn creates a warped conceptualization of cognition – the fixed construct.

“When these elements combine as one solid unit they create a hidden agenda that erupts outwardly from the corrupt witness as a plethora of justifications, which become fixed preoccupations and as a result the undercurrent that is generated develops its own gravity and surreptitious outline, which holds the whole hieroglyph in denial and darkness. The filter of distortion, the line that cloaks the inner child's awareness, is a false prospect of the construct which perpetuates the idea that you are unaware of yourself and are unable to deal with your present circumstances. This creates the inability to be buoyant and mature and see beyond what's presented. The self-damaging inner child embraces deception and the undercurrent as an attachment of self-perpetuation that takes distortion and applies it to the world as its dysfunction, through the medium of the corrupt witness. This is the projection that is supplied by the shadow and covers our true potential.

“Know that this haunted awareness is truly polymorphic by nature, because the unresolved heart, that cloaked inner child which you are viewing, is in command. The cloak is positioned in such a way as to keep the inner child stationed in immaturity and this disallows the adult witness to find resolve within the living tapestry of that construct which we all exist in simultaneously. The primary motive behind the elucidation of this system is to bring those who come into contact with the information into the sphere of the Architect: to become removed from that which they are fully involved in.”

I was overwhelmed by the scope and depth of his explanations and asked with great excitement.

“How could you possibly have access to this information in such detail when I have not spoken of these hieroglyphs to anybody?”

“You are not the only one who has been visited by these beings.” He answered dryly. “Your benefactor taught us all this information long before you were born. He also had extensive contact with the creators of the hieroglyphs. This is the reason why we are so familiar with you and it is also why you are here.”

With these words Zakai finished his explanation, stepped backwards and was absorbed by the darkness. Sensing a familiar presence, I looked up to my left and found Lucien standing there.

“The four women are waiting, we have to go,” he said with immediacy.

“What four women?” I asked, surprised.

“You are becoming so familiar with our realm that you are beginning to talk too much,” he answered, smiling mischievously. Lucien then clapped his hands and his beckoned command pulled blackness in that surrounded us both. I emerged from that tunnel of darkness alone and ahead of me I saw a log cabin. As I sped towards it, its features were being imprinted on my memory and this imprint

reminded me that I had been there before. The house seemed to be floating in darkness and I became aware at that point of four men lurking within the shadows around the house. I realized that it was Lucien, Barak, Zakai and Malaiyan. Their ominous presence scared me and I sensed that their intentions were somehow upholding the dream scene.

Suddenly I was in a brightly lit kitchen, where there were four women screaming and yahooing like cowboys on the back of wild horses. They were ecstatic to see me and their energy was so intense and vigorous that I was immediately caught within their excitement, to the point where I forgot where I had come from. One of the women stepped forward, grasped me by the shoulders and turned me to face a wooden, rustic looking kitchen table. Without delay she began enthusiastically commanding my attention.

“Focus your awareness and intend these knives and forks to float above the table. You’ve done this before,” she stated confidently. “Make an alternate knowing within your emptiness and within that knowing see yourself lifting the knives and forks with your hands within your living construct - then the knives and forks in this construct will float in mid air without the intervention of your physicality. These same principles will also apply when you awaken into your living construct.”

I did as she directed and watched as the knives and forks lifted off the table and hovered before me. Again she spoke:

“Telekinesis practiced in the dream realm will give you the ability to move energetics in the realm of waking and know the intentions surrounding that energy,” she said, and while she was speaking the other women disappeared into the adjacent room. She gestured for me to sit next to her on a chair and when I sat down I realized that there was nothing on the table any more.

“My name is Dyani,” she said, and her voice was gentle and calm. As I watched her I noticed that her skin was pink and radiant and her hair was brown and lustrous and disappeared down the length of her back. Her appearance was very feline, with a beautiful small, chiseled nose, very generous lips, brown eyes and high cheekbones. She reached out to touch my left hand and squeezed it with a familiar affection.

“Your time here must be dealt with swiftly and with directness,” she said, slapping the table sharply and then added, “This dream is solid.”

The effect of her striking the wood brought the hardness and solidity of the room into full focus.

“What you are experiencing is more than a dream,” she said, intuiting and confirming my observation perfectly. “My first task is to introduce you to San Pedro, the teacher of intentions. I will show you how to prepare and consume the mescaline that is within this plant. Its lessons will be blunt and direct. You will need this harshness for without it your truth will not have substance.”

Standing up, she walked over to the kitchen sink, where there was a cactus that was around twenty-four inches long and two to three inches thick. She picked it up and brought it over to the table where I sat.

“The nature of San Pedro is severe,” she informed me. “The spines that we will dislodge represent the plant’s ability to keep predators at bay.” Saying this, she placed the cactus in front of me and handed me a knife. “Cut the spines off and take care not to be wounded by them, for if you are wounded, the predator we hunt will have access to you. Be careful”

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\* Dyani: Deer

I proceeded with care and placed the spines in a wooden bowl that Dyani had supplied. She continued to speak with the assuredness of one who was absolutely familiar with the process.

“Now cut the San Pedro into four long strips and place them in this cloth. The San Pedro has to be put in the freezer for twelve hours and this will allow the mescaline to be boiled from it. Come with me as we wait.”

Dyani led me through a door that was off to the side of the kitchen. The other three women were there, sitting in armchairs, in a room that was illuminated by dozens of candles. She led me to an empty armchair and sat me down, whispering to me.

“Close your eyes and listen to the melody that I will play for you on my bamboo flute. Close your eyes.”

Sinking back into the armchair, I listened as the women hummed melodically along with the rhythm. I felt myself being absorbed into absolute blackness. I was totally transfixed by their intentions. I found myself sleeping more deeply than I had ever slept before, yet I could hear every sound, every murmur, and every intention that was gestured towards me from these powerful women. Like the men their intentions were absorbing and within that absorption I felt safe, nurtured and whole. Hour's later Dyani's voice awoke me from my deep trance like state.

“Come now, we must prepare the mescaline for your journey,” she said, and we proceeded to the kitchen, where she resumed her instructions. “Take San Pedro from the freezer and place him on the table. Cut him into thirteen pieces.” She hummed lightly the haunting melody she had played on the flute as she brought a large cooking pot from the cupboard. Her voice was hypnotic and I said to her.

“You are holding my attention fixed with your humming, aren't you?”

She looked at me and winked. “You got that right, pilgrim. Now take this pot and fill it three quarters full of water and as you do so intend the San Pedro to know your heart.”

I filled the pot up and carefully placed the San Pedro in the water, awaiting Dyani’s next instruction.

“While it boils, we will talk of intentions that you need to be aware of, which entrap the spirit of man. This will prepare you for the lessons that San Pedro will deliver. As it boils down into a thick soup you must be mindful not to let the pot dry out at any time. Reduce it down to three full glasses. This process will take six hours. The explanations that I will deliver to you have to come from a woman and the reason for this is that you must be absorbed within my softness. Softness will allow you to watch the world in a removed fashion as you witness the phenomena I speak of.”

I had a sudden realization and asked Dyani.

“How can I be taking mescaline when I’m dreaming?”

“Are you dreaming?” she asked in return, observing my response with interest. When I did not answer, she continued.

“Hit the table with your hand. Can you awaken from this vision? Have you not already slept while we chanted in the other room? Is not your waking state now a dream and this the reality you had forgotten? Is not the truth that you know of, in the so-called reality you were previously awake in, ignored as if it were a fantasy? Do you not feel more powerful here? Here you know my intentions completely and I know yours, but in the waking state where you have come from the intentions of man are coveted and hidden in surreptitiousness. Are they not shadow-like and deceptive within their illusion?”

Her questions were triggering inner realizations that popped up as internal imagery, yet even though my awareness was struggling to

wake up, I was fixed, and I knew that she understood what I was experiencing. She addressed my unspoken inquires directly.

“The things you will learn here and in the Dream Maker’s realm will forever change your perception. Now that your awareness is fixed and stationed within this reality we have the opportunity to shift your cognition. Our explanation will give you a greater understanding of the elements that surround haunted awareness. Ela\* will accompany us with her attention.”

As she said this, another woman entered the room. She was stunning, with long, blue-black hair, dark skin and broad cheekbones. I could see her white teeth as she smiled. Her nose was small and well formed. She was lean and slender and as she walked towards the table it seemed that she was floating on air. When she pulled the chair from under the table the muscles in her shoulder and chest flexed. She, like the others, was not carrying an ounce of fat and the tank top she was wearing accentuated her strength even more. Her jeans were light blue and covered in patches and around her neck she wore what seemed to be a black onyx pendant of a bear’s paw, encased in gold. When she sat down she locked her gaze upon mine. Her lips were thick and protruding and her eyes such a dark brown that they appeared to be black. Dyani’s voice interrupted my observations.

“While you are split between Ela and myself what will appear will be emptiness, and within that emptiness you will learn to understand and know immediately the shadow’s mind. This mind’s behavior is destructive by nature and its intentions adapt to overcome any form of realization that would uncover its existence. Such adaptation within itself has the corrosive ability to take the prime directive of ones heart, which is the command that we hold as adults, and switch it so that it functions within an atmosphere of dis-ease.

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\* Ela: Elfin, a fairy maiden

Know that this is a holographic universe that essentially we hold as dimensional imagery, which takes all components of syntax and cognition to reinforce itself upon itself. What must be understood is that observing and controlling through cloaked observation is incorrect, when the component being controlled is life itself, and that life can never be replaced. Unfortunately this is a dilemma that has been set in place for humanity; hence the current state of polymorphic entrapment and the never-ending loop of insane repetition that is brought about by habitual interference.”

Ela tapped rhythmically on the table while gazing steadily into my eyes. As the sound reverberated through the room Dyani’s words were bringing the first hieroglyph that Zakai had shown me into full view, in terms of a memory held in retrospective imagery.

“It is time to remind you of the second hieroglyph you have been shown.” Dyani said.

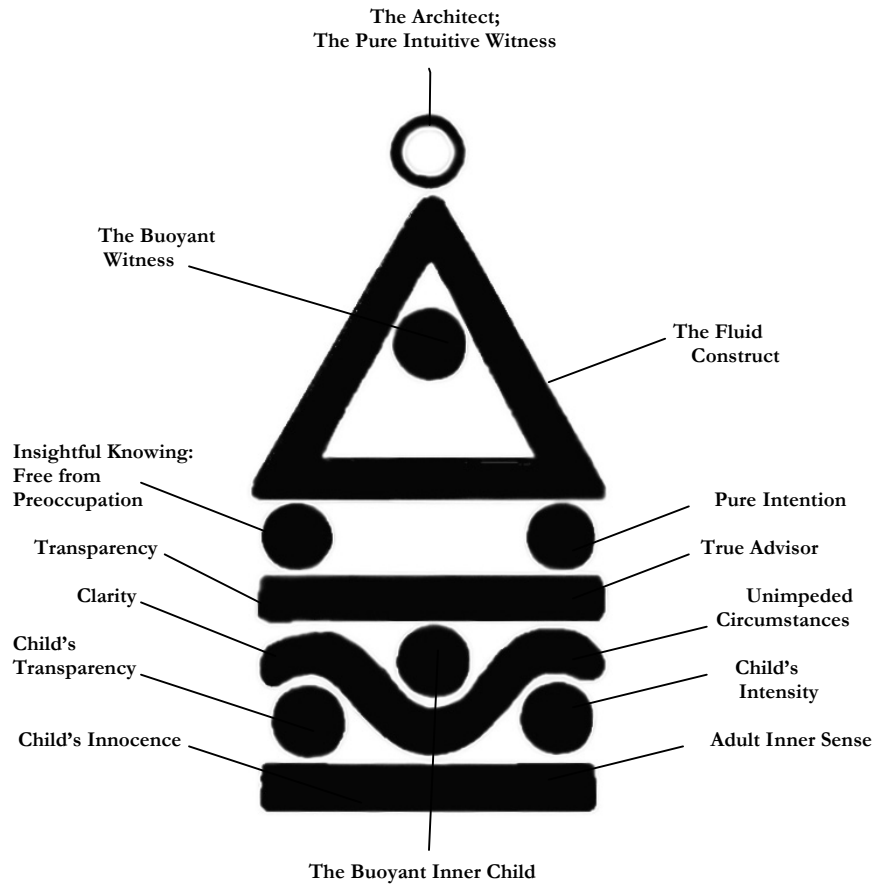
With Dyani’s last statement Ela slapped the table. The power of the impact was so enormous that the room rippled and my ears buzzed. Stunned and shocked, I looked into her eyes. I didn’t expect so much energy to be exuded from this silent observer. Her eyes opened wide and she spoke for the first time.

“Gaze into the void.”

When I looked the table had transformed into that void I had experienced in the Dream Maker’s realm, and as I gazed into it Dyani prompted me to remember the second hieroglyph. Dream images began to flood my conscious awareness as I was split between Dyani’s voice and the void. What I saw seemed to be a mirror image of the symbol that Zakai had shown to me in detail, and then I recognized that it was the second hieroglyph.



# The Hieroglyph of Inner Light



While I became immersed within the symbol I was totally mesmerized by their feminine energy. The power that exuded from them was extraordinary - they were the most uncompromising women I had ever met. Dyani began to describe the symbol that had appeared in the void.

“This is the hieroglyph of inner light. It also has eleven stationed positions, as the hieroglyph of haunted awareness does. The difference is that this symbol is of precognition. It is our original state that we traveled here with, but as we became familiar with that construct which engulfed us all, elements of awareness were surreptitiously repositioned, as you can see when you compare these two hieroglyphs. It is essential that we fight to re-establish the original arrangement that the hieroglyph of inner light represents. When we shifted from the realm of pure energy into the realm of matter we forgot ourselves and this forgetting has given the shadow the ability to rearrange our status so that it may hold and possess us. The symbol that we truly travel with is the symbol of completion, which will be explained by Zakai, but to discover this symbol that has also been shown to you by those aliens, we must first combat the shadow’s dream and awaken ourselves to this hieroglyph of inner light. However, viewing this symbol is not enough. You must also witness that unseen being which holds us when we arrive here in energetic form.

“The aliens have left us with these hieroglyphs to give us the opportunity to teach the awareness necessary to escape the unwholesome reality that most of society is caught in at this moment. They are like Jagür’s paw; they are an imprint, a traceable track. The second hieroglyph can be followed upwardly towards the third symbol of completion, which represents our freedom and escape from the collective entrapment of this realm. The being that San Pedro will allow you to see does not function from the level of reason, yet it plays surreptitiously in that field. To try to fathom its motives is

madness. It is best just to know the feeling and fear that comes from being confronted by that hidden entity.

“The eleven components you have been shown in the hieroglyph of haunted awareness operate collectively to hold us in bondage - is this not possession? The way it works is that the shadow’s dream replaces our clarity, cloaking the inner child with an imprint of confusion, and when this occurs, childhood transparency and intensity immediately swap their positions to become immature preoccupations and immature desire; thus the pure intuitive witness is obscured and disappears from our conscious awareness. This is how we move from one dream to another and forget where we have come from. Once this forgetting transpires we are at the mercy of those forces that have cloaked our awareness. Remember Lujan, as I speak to you, the second hieroglyph is where you are now and where we all should be when arriving in this dimension. You are in the hieroglyph of inner light. See that this fluid construct is an alternate cognitive system.

“In this symbol the sphere that is on the right below the construct is possessed by pure intention. That pure intention gives rise to abstract knowing and freedom from preoccupation, which is the sphere on the left hand side that awakens the Architect, the pure intuitive witness. The buoyant adult witness within the center of the triangle is clear and concise. The first line under the construct is the true advisor and the corresponding connective element is transparency. The first sphere under this line is the buoyant inner child that hovers above its circumstances within an atmosphere of clarity and represents a clear heart. The buoyant inner child will automatically access the child’s transparency and intensity by virtue of being in this position. It exists in a state of freedom that is unsurpassed. This freedom depends on the adult’s inner sense and the child’s uncorrupted innocence to sustain it; which is represented by the bottom line.

“This is the battle that is being fought, to reposition the haunted awareness into the original, precognitive state that we arrived here with when we transformed from pure energy into matter. The consciousness that is represented by this hieroglyph is also driven by the sexual center, yet in this case it propels it with power and purity.

“One of the main elements within this hieroglyph is the buoyant witness. The buoyant witness is sustained by the purity of the inner child, which is at the heart of all things. Here the inner child is secondary within its stationed position in the hieroglyph, yet although second in command it is still the ultimate commander, and the way it commands is through forgetting that it is there at all. Because it exists within a state of inner resolve, happiness is lived without question and circumstances are sustained through positivity. Such positivity will not be possessive and as a result will not collect information for usage, which brings about the eleventh sphere: the Architect of pure observation. This Architect of observation examines extensively all circumstances from a removed perspective and becomes a reflective mechanism that advises the adult buoyant witness within the hieroglyph, so that the knowing of pure intention can be directed towards the pure intensity that exists because the buoyant inner child has been forgotten.

“Under this parameter circumstances will not be inhibited by distorted perception; they will be clear, which relates to the line of unimpeded circumstances in this hieroglyph. The reason fluid perception can exist is that the forgotten buoyant child’s intensity and transparency infuses every circumstance. This in turn sustains the inner sense of the buoyant adult witness through the forgotten innocence of that child. The adult witness is upheld within a position of transparency that never inhibits pure intention, and the advisor is left as a last resort if energy wanes or buoyancy is impacted. The hieroglyph of inner light is truly a magical symbol of discovery and within its structure will always challenge the shadow’s dream to

become more than what it is. These two charts exist within all of us and are very much like dreams. They are fluid and can be made pliable in comparison to the awareness of those who examine them.

“If awareness is not corrupt and the internal dialogue is switched off completely then what is out there cannot intervene or interfere with the natural process of what is supposed to occur when we arrive here. Only through timing, patience and observation can we truly recognize the old souls that are meant to amass here and learn what we need to know. There is an uninhibited observation that gives unconditional support to the environment. It is this hidden premise that lies between a deceptive principle and the principle of cooperation, and it is the only viable option to head off the destruction of our species.

“We can see within the hieroglyph of haunted awareness that an individual who is not clear will reach for the tools that manufacture the syntax of the cloaked inner child and in doing so cause a snowball effect. What results is an experience of overwhelm, to which that cloaked inner child will connect anything that is disturbing, melding all perturbing sensations into one and creating a form of saturation. Thus the self-serving rationale of the shadow’s dream can influence and integrate with awareness through paired association, creating insoluble preoccupation, which is an intended proposition put forth to subdue ones power. In contrast, adherence to principles of personal integrity will invite a state of non-preoccupation, and then transparency, which is the primary energetic stabilizer of the second hieroglyph, will become the forerunner and advisor of awareness. In this state true recovery will occur and this reviewal will define the happenings within our environment that are real placements of power, and this will allow us to retrieve the moment. Within that lost moment are hidden cognitive inversions that will reveal true omens.

“We must be aware that external elements more often than not move in the world and are not connected nor related to pure internal

realization, which is our heritage: to be aware of multiple inner dimensions. If this dimensional shift is internally realized it will evoke an inner cognitive state that brings to the forefront the contradiction in terms of the external affair truly being an ineffective component in comparison to inner truth. For this knowing to be fully applied, an internal mechanism of perceptual speed, which corresponds to that which moves outside, creates the fluidity necessary for adaptive cognition in a pure sense: which is the basis of *real time* - as the old nagual has already mentioned to you.”

Throughout the whole explanation I was immersed within imagery and when Dyani’s voice stopped my ears popped, my nasal passages cleared and suddenly, a luminous ball became visually available. I noticed it pulsated as it hovered above the table yet it appeared and disappeared so quickly that I thought I was imagining things. When I looked to the two women for an explanation they seemed to be frozen in time. I stood up quickly and my chair flew backwards but there was no sound from any of my movements. At once I was back in my chair and both women were gazing at me with intrigue.

“What was that?” I asked Dyani. “How can I have thrown my chair backwards and then be sitting here, not knowing how I returned?”

She smiled with understanding but didn’t answer my question right away.

“Let’s go top up the San Pedro,” she said. “It’s been boiling for quite some time.”

She came to my side as I poured water into the pot and placing her hand on my shoulder she smiled radiantly again and began to speak.

“You know we are all luminous, don’t you? What you are experiencing now is a reflection of your living construct. That

luminous being that jumped in was simply curious and its curiosity disrupted your continuity. You'll not be able, at this time, to define the happenings which just took place but nevertheless we must proceed."

I turned to face Ela, for she had risen from her chair to approach. She extended her long, slender arm and grasped my hand, speaking softly.

"The San Pedro has been boiling for six hours. It is true that your continuity has been severely compromised by being here, and this is a good thing."

Ela handed me a strainer as Dyani brought three glasses to the kitchen bench, instructing me to fill them with the San Pedro and then bring them to the table to cool. I did so, listening carefully to her every word.

"Within this realm, power is applied directly. By the mere fact that you have intended to be drinking San Pedro, this dreaming scene has already started to readjust, as you have just experienced with the luminous sphere that jumped in. It is time now for you to consume these three glasses and soon Zakai and I will accompany you on a walk in that expansiveness that is beyond the door of this cabin."

I drank the bright green liquid down and immediately began to introspect on the life that I had forgotten about, where my body lay sleeping. There were shockwaves of realization hitting my awareness. I knew immediately of things I needed to stop doing and I knew this would change my life completely. Dyani's voice interrupted my revelries.

"You will have plenty of time for those realizations. While you are in an acute state of inner comprehension it is better that you turn your awareness to your physicality within this realm and forget the dreamer that lies asleep within that alternate construct."

As she spoke I heard a rhythmic sound coming from an adjacent room. Dyani and Ela took me by the forearms and as we approached the room the door opened. The two other women were there, stomping out rhythms on the floor. This time it was Ela who spoke.

“This shamanic dance is for you to learn so that you may take it back to your waking state. It will deliver a deep state of quietude to those who practice.”

Dyani closed the door behind us and the two women stopped suddenly. A profound silence filled the room and then the woman to my left introduced herself.

“My name is Shashani,\* and this is Mion\*,” she said. Her voice was warm and rich like hot chocolate. “We learnt this rhythmic dance from your benefactor many years ago. It is done in conjunction with movements that come from the Orient, traditionally known as ‘Horse’. The rhythmic tapping regenerates organ energy and revitalizes the body on a cellular level. It is also designed to totally switch off the internal dialogue so that nothing but the people who practice it will be in the room. It will vanquish everything that is in opposition to a clear heart. It is traditionally given in this way, in the dreamer’s realm, and it is called the thunder dance.”

Shashani and Mion, although both small in stature, exuded an enormous amount of energy. Mion was Chinese and very elusive, not speaking a word. Shashani was of American Indian origin, with bronze skin and hawk like features. She was extremely beautiful and her voice was calm and centered, with the ancient rhythmic tone of her people. As soon as Shashani had finished her brief description of the movements I awoke abruptly in my room. I reached for my clock

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\* Shashani: Blackbird.

\* Mion: Purity, virtue.



to discover that I'd only been sleeping for two hours. A shadow moved in the corner and I screamed at the top of my lungs when a figure approached and then a masculine voice said:

“Cool down Lujan, it's me, Zakai.”

“What the hell are you doing here in my room?” I asked, terrified.

“This is not your room,” he said bluntly. “It is an alternate dream state that, if you are not careful, you will be caught in and you will forget everything that has transpired. Unfortunately we are not the only beings in this region of the universe. I'd love to chat with you but we have to get out of here.”

Saying this he sprang towards me with startling agility and pushed lightly upon my mid eyebrow with his index finger. At his touch the scene disappeared completely and we were once again back in the log cabin, where he ordered me to sit down. With a sense of foreboding within his voice he said,

“There is something I must show you and it can only be seen outside this cabin. There are beings that wish to waylay humanity's awareness. I will take you on this journey.”

We then proceeded towards the front door, where Dyani was standing and gesturing for us to walk through.

“Stay close,” Zakai said. “I don't want you to get bitten.”

“What's going to bite me?” I asked apprehensively.

I heard Dyani and the women giggling in the background. He looked at me and smiled but his eyes were fierce and pierced right through me.

“What I am about to show you will scare the wits out of you,” he warned. “Be careful not to indulge too deeply within your fright. I

am going to take you now to a populated region which exists out there in that expansive vastness.”

As we walked down the front pathway, the moon shone brightly. Zakai signaled to me to open the front gate and when I did so I saw that Dyani was accompanying us.

“I want to see what happens when you discover what is hidden behind the façade, pilgrim,” she said softly. “Do you mind if I come along?”

“No, I don’t mind,” I replied, closing the gate behind us.

Looking around, I realized we were in a suburban neighborhood. Zakai broke my fixation on the environment by making movements that looked like kung fu. The air popped and crackled as he moved his arms forward. He looked at me sideways.

“You also know these movements very well. Don’t look so surprised. Now that the mescaline has been absorbed you must become aware of that which Dyani was describing to you earlier.”

We continued to walk along the unlit street, only moonlight illuminating our path, until Zakai motioned for us to be still.

“Stop and listen now.”

There were no ordinary sounds to be heard, but what I could perceive was the intentions of everybody that dwelt in every house in the street. I became shocked to realize that even though we were alone, the intentions of those beings permeated the space that we were occupying. I started to feel extremely distressed. I was accustomed to the intentions of my wards and how non-interfering they were. What I felt emanating from the houses was pure poison. Zakai told me to look to the sky and focus on the full moon, and while I watched, clouds covered its luminous surface.

“Use your hands to move those clouds,” Zakai said.

I began to motion with my hands instinctively and as I did so I realized that the three of us were gesturing in exactly the same way. To my amazement the clouds were drawn like curtains and the moon was revealed. They seemed so close and the moon appeared to be glaring at me with one eye, as if it did not want me to discover the secret that we were uncovering. Zakai then caught my attention with a strange statement.

“It is here because we have interfered with the living construct,” he said cryptically.

“What is here?” I asked.

He pointed towards a large tree near a tall fence.

“Can you see it?” he asked.

“No, I can’t, but I feel something tearing at my heart,” I answered, truly frightened.

“This is the thing of nightmares,” said Dyani, and the sound of her voice conveyed ominous fear of what was before us. At that moment Zakai commanded me.

“Approach that presence which you cannot see. Although it is not visible at this moment you will never forget what you are about to experience now.”

I stepped towards the tree and the fence and my hair stood on end. I was frightened to my very core. I felt like screaming and running out of there, to escape that which I could not see. Zakai’s voice became even fiercer.

“Control your fear and step closer.”

I began to feel a sense of revulsion that relayed the same intentions that were coming from the houses, but they were minor in comparison to what I was now confronted with. I stepped forward and heard a branch cracking on the ground. The sound somehow unmasked that hidden monster that was in front of me. I gasped with

terror upon seeing in front of me a transparent outline of what appeared to be a giant, gargoyle creature. It then suddenly exploded into shadow and vanished from my sight as quickly as it had appeared. Dyani's voice alerted me into action.

"Come now," she said, her words filled with urgency, "we must move swiftly, back to the cabin."

Haunted by what I had seen, I walked briskly with them back to the front gate, down the stairs to the door where Ela was waiting, anxiously motioning for us to come inside quickly. When the door was closed, Zakai gestured towards the window.

"Look now and see what's following us," he said.

I pulled the curtain to see what was there and what I saw shocked me more than the transparent monster. I saw a man; he was totally encased within shadow and I could see through him. He was standing stationary and as I watched him I realized he was trying to merge with the shadows of the trees that were in the front yard.

"What the hell is this?" I asked, looking to Zakai.

"We are being pursued, as every man and woman has been pursued for centuries," he answered chillingly. "The only difference is that we have discovered what is stalking us from the world of shadows."

I was so deeply affected and shocked by what Zakai had just said that it triggered me into a panicked reviewal of my life. I then turned and saw Dyani sitting in an armchair in the front room. Looking into her eyes I realized how pure she was. I placed my hand on her knee and knelt down to speak with her.

"I have wasted so much time."

She placed her hand on top of mine and smiled calmly.

“No time has been wasted. Everything is as it should be,” she said reassuringly. “You are way too hard on yourself. To have come this far one must have power, and to sustain ones composure in the face of that frightening entity takes both power and courage.”

Her words soothed me and I knew then what I had to do and how I had to be. She had spoken directly to my heart and I told her that I now realized what Lucien was saying in the beginning about the *thing that is there*, and the full implications of what he had imparted to me on an intellectual level. What he had described and what Zakai had shown me painted a picture of awesome proportions. I know now that the *thing* is there and it is a monster. I know how it rearranges our awareness and captures us and devours our energy through that interaction. Dyani continued softly.

“When you return to that world where you sleep, you must act upon your knowledge and remember that the world of man is saturated with something other than himself. Be strong, pilgrim. You will be challenged by those close to you and what will be challenging you will not be them but the mind of that transparent being that stood within the shadows. You must apply the teachings of the hieroglyph of inner light to overcome the entrapment of your attention, but first Zakai will teach you the ancient art of stalking, which will help you dislodge this shadow being’s agenda. This is a forbidden subject that must be brought into the open now so that many can understand the rules and applications of this art and dispel the confusion that surrounds it. Remember, when this subject is written down or spoken of you will encounter unreasonableness from all quarters. You will be challenged continually and what will be combating you will not be of this world.”

I woke with a start and checked my watch. I turned all the lights on in my room to make sure there was nobody hiding in the corner to frighten the hell out me. I had only been asleep a few hours yet I knew I had been gone for days. I asked myself if I had awoken in the

same place where I had fallen asleep and realized I had no way of knowing. All I could do was practice what I had learnt.



*Gracefully we glide with harmonious  
resonance in our hearts  
free from the illusion of control,  
our imprints dissolve.  
Illuminated silent poetry,  
absorbed in truth & clarity,  
we are infinite in our view,  
dreaming forward, fluid,  
free & formless in motion.  
Unified in our undivided  
life's purpose we journey  
with observational acuity  
flowing eternally we glide  
transparent in silence  
Timeless old souls.*

Old Soul



# Mysterious Encounters



The next time I awoke into the Dream Maker's realm Zakai was there waiting.

“How in the hell did you get here without me calling you?” he demanded with a mischievous grin. “I have a task for you, a task of recovery, but it has to take place within your living construct. You must write a description of the encounters you have had with those aliens; the creators of the hieroglyphs that we are examining extensively. So best make your way back now to your waking dream.”

He gently squeezed my arm and I awoke in my bed. I feverishly got working on the task he had given me and what follows is my account of the experiences I remember with those aliens.

My first memories are of a hysterical child running down the stairs of our two-story home yelling at the top of his lungs:

“They're coming to take me! Don't let them take me!” Then running into my parents' room and saying, “They're here to take me again!”

Even my own words as a child were confusing to me at the time because although it seemed like this was the first incident my little body knew that they had come many times before. The most vivid memory I have from that first occasion is that my father had ordered me back to bed and told me not to be ridiculous. I guess what frightened me at these initial stages was not remembering leaving my

bed or my room, nor arriving at the craft itself. On this occasion what I do remember I was floating down the semi-dark street on my back in mid-air, traveling backwards, watching the trees looming over the road as menacing shadows imprinted on the dark sky above. I saw an owl flying from one tree to another and it frightened me to the core because I knew I had lost all control. At this stage I was around six years old.

The next occasion took place many years later. I was in my early thirties, sleeping in an upstairs bedroom. I woke suddenly and looked out the window and saw that a strange light illuminated my front garden. The trees were moving as if there was a horrendous wind storm, yet everything outside of my front yard was dead still. I looked up towards the sky and saw a craft a quarter of the size of a football field, circular in its make up. Quickly I put on a shirt and a pair of pants and ran outside. When I looked up again I saw the craft above me. What I don't understand is what I said, and the corresponding feelings that went with what I said have devastated me ever since. I was so disturbed that I fell to my knees with an unfamiliar exultation rippling through my body, and I found myself saying:

“Please don't leave me this time, please take me with you.”

It then seemed as if the bottom of the craft was opening and I saw some kind of water vapor, a mist like substance. Even though my neighbors were very close there was no sound, from them or from the craft. I could not hear a thing and I knew that within the proximity of my front yard time was still moving but outside that perimeter time had stopped, for everybody in the environment but me.

At this point something strange occurred: a memory was taken from me, the memory of how I got from the front yard back into the front room of my house. I found myself standing there and three beings the size of seven or eight year olds were standing in front of

me, yet the memory of their faces had been mysteriously erased. I remembered that the middle alien had then handed me a rectangular box, and as he opened it the memory of what was inside disappeared from my conscious awareness. I was able to recover only portions of information at this stage. The year 2011 was left with me. I assumed that this would be the time when something important would happen, either to me personally or perhaps it would be when the aliens would reveal their existence to the world.

The other memory they left with me was of a technique to access the potency that exists within their realm; a state of heart which would protect the purity of my being while I was surrounded by so much harshness, because my battle would be long and arduous until my benefactor appeared. As it happened, no one would believe me, and the feeling of aloneness would be so intense that I thought it would break me. That was my second experience. The next encounter, which took place years later, just before I met the old nagual in the Dream Maker's realm, was of waking up and seeing in a dark corner one of these beings watching me. Before I opened my eyes I said:

“I know you're there, I know you're watching me. What are you doing?”

I looked at this small individual and once again my memory was stolen. Suddenly it was daylight and I was back in the craft, observing some remote town, heaven knows where. There is another experience I remember, for which I cannot identify sequential definition, and this is where I learnt of the hieroglyphs. I was in a craft, looking at a panel, which was just above my eye line. It was formulating a strange type of calculus that corresponded to where I needed to go. I knew that I had just been somewhere but couldn't remember where, and I knew that I was coming home. These memories are the most potent because what I am about to explain I don't yet understand. I looked towards a panel that lined the ship's inner surface and what appeared

there were the alien hieroglyphs that Zakai and Dyani had begun to describe within the Dream Maker's realm. I knew then that the hieroglyphs corresponded to states of awareness that can be accessed within our living construct and I learnt that they were the symbols that the owners of the craft would focus on as a navigational tool to access our position in the universe.

What is most interesting is that the craft had been built to be aware of itself and aware of intentions, in a symbiotic manner with the occupants. What I know of them is that their awareness is empty, yet they conceive of the future in terms of matter, and their conception of matter has been translated into a living craft that can be directed through merely observing a hieroglyph. These hieroglyphs are not a set format but appear in correspondence to the empty intention of the beings that fly that craft. They conceive of where they wish to be and the craft accommodates with a hieroglyph that formulates within the pilot the corresponding conceptualization necessary to get from point A to point B. The craft then finds energetic wormholes that move erratically in time and space. I know that these ships have been observed zigzagging and then disappearing and that this zigzagging is the craft following those erratic wormholes. When entering the wormholes they disappear from view, to reappear within the region that correlates to the hieroglyph that was the empty intention of the pilot. If these craft were to be found, to fly them man would need to forget himself and only know where he wants to go. The craft will provide everything in between. In essence these beings are so advanced that they have created a craft that corresponds to selfless desire, for within these beings desire has been foregone. Years later I remembered that the hieroglyphs were also in the box that they had given me, with others I am yet to remember, connected on a light, silver, metallic substance shaped like a ruler, about three inches wide and ten inches long.

When I next appeared in the Dream Maker's realm Zakai was awaiting me and he eagerly asked me to relay the information that I had recounted. Before I began he called Jagür from the shadows. She slinked around from behind him coming to rest beside me. Her face was exuding pure power, which I absorbed, and by virtue of this was able to speak with greater clarity.

"Jagür will sit with you and comfort you as you talk," Zakai said. "She is now your companion. She has been with the old nagual for centuries and now she will stay by your side and sustain your being within the shamanic dream that needs to be awakened, within you and within all the old souls that you will encounter. When these old souls awaken to who they are you will band together as one unit, as we have with the Dream Maker, and a new cycle will commence for you and for those around you. These people will be like us, talented within the intentions that they have practiced and powerful within their own stations. They will stand by your side and you will stand by theirs as equals, and our message will reach out to those who are trapped, because you will be awake and so will they."

I stroked Jagür's large head and she purred as I recalled my experiences with those aliens. Zakai listened excitedly to my account with eyes wide open, and when I had finished he remarked on the portion of my story where the aliens had handed me the rectangular box, and the moment in which the memory of their faces had been taken away.

"There's a good reason why you couldn't recall their faces. Your cognitive system could not cope, nor were you prepared for what you would have seen. Their features are not humanoid and this sight would have frightened you and destabilized the beautiful feelings they were leaving with you."

When Zakai said this I remembered the absolute beauty of their presence. It was like being in a state of ecstasy. Every movement,

every gesture they made, was full of exquisite beauty. Their intentions were so soft, so non-intrusive. They knew the depth of the trouble that humanity is caught in, but for some reason can only proceed in the way that they did with me, one by one, singularly touching each human beings' heart and awakening us to the ecstasy that has been withdrawn from our existence. I looked to Zakai and he returned my gaze with a deep sense of understanding.

“I too had my memories erased in exactly the same fashion.” He said. “When you explain what occurred with you it re-enlivens those sites of beauty within me and within my recalling through your recital I marvel at the ingenuity of these beings. Their subtleties are beyond man’s current evolutionary phase. Even though I now exist within this energetic construct, when I remember what they have done my luminosity brightens.”

I was suddenly thrown backwards. Zakai had become luminous and there was a deep, pulsating hum coming from the center of the bright, golden sphere that had appeared right before my eyes. I then noticed a small item that shone brightly, floating near the molten core. It looked like a child with outstretched arms and I knew this to be the imprint of the aliens that Zakai had alluded to. Before I had a chance to fully stabilize myself within that awesome sight Zakai was sitting there in front of me again, smiling. He winked at me.

“I will explain to you in greater depth in the future what just occurred,” he said in answer to my inquisitive expression. “You don’t yet have the capacity to understand what happened. The way these imprints are placed within our luminosity defies description. One has to understand the concept of temporal transmutation and the implications that surround this imprint that you saw stationed within my luminosity. We are intimately connected with the future, and reviewing the past impacts this future. Before one can conceive of the future one must revisit the past. It is the only viable option that exists for us as a species: the only option. The reason for this is that we are

governed by that which is set forth and permanently placed within this region of the universe. To fathom that liquid arrangement we first must fathom ourselves.”

He then smiled at me knowingly and said, “You know more than you expect. Be within your power.”

*Focus on that inner beauty,  
that inner silence,  
so that you may recapture yourself,  
and not be captured  
by something else.*



# Emptying the Imprint



Encountering Zakai was one of the most mysterious and unforgettable events of my life. This man was capable of slipping into any dream scene without interfering with the content of the dream itself. Entering the Dream Maker's realm on this occasion was marked by Zakai's elusive personality.

I was within a dream, doing what dreamers do, when I noticed a gray-haired man sitting on top of a roof. I had noticed him, but in the same instant not noticed him at all. He was stationary like a statue, yet within that stillness he conveyed wordlessly, from such a distance, how to observe and be unnoticeable within that observation. I didn't question why he was sitting on the roof, or even realize that his manner was so non-invasive that when he disappeared I didn't even notice the fact that he had gone. He then suddenly appeared by my side.

"To the Dream Maker's realm," he whispered. Upon his command the void of that mysterious realm appeared.

I looked to Zakai and he said, "It is time now for us to discuss the ancient shamanic knowledge that has to do with the interactive elements of mother and father, and how these imprints combine in multiples and ultimately keep realization of truth at bay. Look into the void and we will examine haunted awareness and the art of stalking, which are applied through the mind of that shadow.

“Did you not notice that when I entered your dream you accepted my appearance without question? You knew who I was but within that same realization you didn’t know who I was. Within our inner stratosphere the territory is vast and complex. What we have done with this complexity is divide it into sites that can be more easily managed, and the way we have done this is by imprinting each site with memories. Accessing these memories will access these sites. Each site resonates with an allotted amount of emotion, which brings forth the memories of that region to the surface, and this emotion holds enormous amounts of information within the boundaries of its own vibratory force. The problem that we now encounter with these sites is a loss of memory when we arrive at these allotted regions, and the way we lose our memory is through a loss of energy. The reason why we have lost awareness within these imprinted sites is because we are being covertly interfered with by phantom entities and directed by these entities through the shadow’s mind. If our mind can be manipulated through imprinted sites within the waking dream, then those who are influenced by the shadow within the waking dream will surely appear as those phantoms within our dreams. It is a priority to discover, for all those who travel within dreams, where we are surreptitiously being held within our waking state.”

Zakai then looked at me with a questioning glance.

“Did you not notice how easily I slipped into your dream? Have I not entered it as easily as the shadow? Would it not be as easy for me to insert within your dream whatever I please? Those who enter other’s dreams must take great responsibility. Wouldn’t you agree? And if no responsibility is taken then obviously an agenda is at hand.”

“If we are surreptitiously held within a reality which is based on a deceptive, covert outline of another mind, how can we escape?” I asked, disturbed by the comparison.

His expression was resolute as he answered.

“As you know Lujan, being within this realm with us is not to be in a state of compromise, and the only reason there is no compromise here for you is that the interplay between ones heart and ones mind is not cloaked. There are no surreptitious outlines to be dealt with and this is because the elements of male and female, or mother and father, are operating in complete harmony. The way that the shadow’s mind functions is to take those elements and put them into imbalance so that they fight with each other and cause conflict within a person. This is a form of coupling, an intermingling of familiar states. The beast, the shadow’s mind, has an advantage over us, which is that it can access most any circumstance and inject itself wherever it pleases to disrupt individuals searching for power. It is easy to recognise, Lujan. Look into the eyes of those who speak to you. If you see that they’re not within their truth and a surreptitious agenda that outlines their selfish gratification is at hand, then you will know you are dealing with the shadow and not with the personal power of a real human being.

“Know that through social interaction the center of our body is pressured. If you could imagine that your body was composed of earth, if any predator was to walk upon this earth an imprint would be left. The imprint leaves an impression. This impression, if impacted, creates a pressure that warps perception, and in the warping of perception ones fundamental cognition is being swayed in a direction composed of the energetic imprint and not composed of its original energetic structure. This warped conceptualization is known to itself, it is the shadow’s mind that takes over what originally was there. When these impressions are examined and swept away, as one would break a branch and sweep away the prints that were left behind, through the mere act of being aware of what one is doing in the sweeping the original inner self realigns. Through realignment silence re-establishes itself and in this process the placement of objects are

spun and changed, as the colors of the rainbow merge to become white light. No matter how many qualities go into that blend only one quality remains: pure silence. Introspective silent imagery takes this quality that has many aspects interwoven and fits them together like a jigsaw puzzle in a never ending sequence of adaptation that has neither beginning nor end; and this adaptation only works on the assumption that power provides, not the shadow.”

The concepts he described played in my awareness as vivid units of visual information and when I saw the image of an imprint in the soft dirt, a question arose within me.

“How does this point of reference and pressure come about?”

“When someone’s chest is pressured by an imprint, this imprint is a representation of the predator that wishes to corral us for its own consumption. The power of this imprint says ‘I need you to feed me because I cannot exist without you.’ This is the ensuing pressure of a formatted socialization that survives by reflecting upon itself through you, and reinforcing itself in this way so that interconnective compliance occurs. Unspoken compliance is where the problem lies for all of us - it is where the energy we need has gone, we must retrieve these sites, these imprints so that we can pursue that power that lies within us. As you gaze within that void, within this dream scene with me, be now more cognizant of these imprints that are surreptitiously placed within our social order, which I will describe to you as the lost shamanic method of *stalking the shadow*. However before I discuss this subject with you, I must further explain the phenomenon of coupling. Split your perception now so that your awareness may hook onto my words and the power that lies behind them. As you focus within the void imagery will arise, and this imagery will give you deep and profound lessons.”

I was free from thought as I peered into that vast emptiness, waiting for *Zakai* to continue.

“We are here and together, we are coupling within a familiar state. The phenomenon that you are experiencing with me is that of cooperation. Within our living construct and within our dreams we must learn to discover that which is not progressive. Without a doubt, every creature on earth needs to couple and confirm their world, so they may set routines and parameters that bring comfort and safety. Injected within those routines are familiar feelings, habits, places, moods and people that confirm the status of our inner imprints. What perpetuates that status is the hidden predator. In the animal kingdom the predator is obvious but within an urban lifestyle the predator no longer exists externally. Instead, familiars assume the role of predator; marking, flagging and stabilizing awareness to confirm a state of security so that circumstances can be kept under control and change held at bay. Even though this seems to be a heavy concept that may be frightening to conceive, to undo the invisible imprint of a predator that presses and holds fast our position is a priority.”

While looking into the void and listening to his voice I was swept into familiar imagery of those who seem to be safe. I could see that that safety was an illusion. I began to realize that behind their eyes and their intentions lay complacency and I knew that this complacency was the predator’s mind. I had to then make a supreme effort to keep focused on what Zakai was saying.

“There is much that can be learnt through observing the concept of a predator leaving an imprint in the soft dirt. We all know that a jaguar would not come back to confirm her own step and reinforce where she has been. But unlike the jaguar, we confirm the imprinting of our own steps, in terms of communication that reinforces ourselves to ourselves through an anchored phantom. This phantom is a familiar who is aware of the undercurrent, on a subliminal level, of where our invisible imprints have been previously established, and who will re-enliven that by surreptitiously familiarizing themselves with our weaknesses and supplying negative

reinforcements to press upon the button that will hold us in a state of complacency. The familiar would devour our very life force through the repetitive idea that life has only this much to offer and that these boundaries of perception cannot be broken. This insidiousness itself can be overcome through recounting in real time, so that we may discover that proposition which seems to be lived unconsciously by those acting upon us - but it is more than unconscious, it is a programmed imprint.”

I was seeing within the void that there were many people with very little personal power, whose lives were devoid of meaning, and as I was realizing this Zakai’s words were being imprinted over the imagery, reinforcing what I was becoming aware of. Zakai knew exactly what I was seeing and addressed my observations directly.

“These people have given up their personal power willingly for the security of being accepted. Such acceptance brings two types of corruption: to bow their head and give up what is truly theirs or to take a position of authority to control circumstances, or a combination of both. False certainty in comparison to what is being imprinted is confirmed incessantly by inner talk and draws on an alliance that is incestuous and unwholesome. Even if the individual thinks that they are learning valuable lessons through such interaction, the end result most certainly will not bring levity. As you can see, this example multiplied by billions of people brings about a varied and most complex socialization.”

I was absolutely enthralled with the depths of his explanation. He drew my face towards him with his right hand and spoke intensely to me.

“Do not forget what I say. Your life depends on it. For our lineage to endure you must be totally aware of what we speak to you and never forget. Look now again into the void. This is the shadow dream’s stalking that you are viewing.”

Zakai prompted me to visualize the hieroglyph of haunted awareness once more, so he could explain in more detail the elements of mother and father interacting in a corrupt cycle and how this state is established from childhood. His voice was calm and precise as he continued.

“There are two reflective shields within this hieroglyph that have to be examined extensively and they are the cloaked inner child and the corrupt witness. These shields combine with four elements of interplay, which are activated to dominate circumstances. The four elements are the qualities of male and female, swapped and interchanged in comparison to the need to reflect control back onto the environment, through male dominance or female submissiveness and vice versa. They are employed to create advantage, to manipulate and put forth the illusion of compliance, which covers a hidden agenda that stems from intention possessed by the preoccupation of self-serving rationalization. And remember, self-serving rationalization is but an avenue that is sustained by landmark sites of emotion.

“The cloaked inner child has as its filter of distortion the adult assertion that has been taken from its environment as a controlling factor and these are the dramas learnt from mother and father. As a consequence of being witness to the ensuing battles between male and female, the cloaked child takes the dominant, conquering aspect and supplies it to itself as a tool of behavior while simultaneously taking the submissive aspect to use as a surreptitious trap which is employed to encase itself and others in the illusion that it has been weakened - yet all the while it waits to strike with the dominant aspect. These tools become a refined combination of male and female and, unbeknownst to themselves, the parents have set forth an intended proposition that becomes the energetic boundary that this inner child will apply to all of its present and future circumstances. As you can see in this hieroglyph, the intended proposition is the filter that creates

for that child in its own environment a practice ground to apply its immature preoccupations that are connected to immature desires, which are obviously seen through that filter, and this is the shadow's mind.

“The hieroglyph can also be viewed as an upper and a lower sphere, which simply shows the dominant force of the upper sphere on the lower elements and I am hoping this will be enough for you, Lujan, to help convey the complexities of these hieroglyphs to those you instruct. The upper sphere can be seen as an adult asserting control over circumstances and the lower sphere as the true child, which can represent the inner child or children within our society, learning to control by witnessing the upper sphere's behavior. When you refer to these hieroglyphs, this conceptualization will give you food for thought. The hieroglyph of haunted awareness can also be applied as a governmental body, using exactly the same principles of parent and child and the assertion that the upper chart, as a corrupt witness, has as its power of an intended proposition, which has been installed within society as a preoccupation with self-serving rationalization. This rationalization will be justified by creating insatiable desire that is re-related to the corrupt witness of the masses, who are held in a cloaked position under the intended proposition through a hidden agenda, which further sweeps away realization. This is able to occur because the inner sense of those adult beings is full of foreign substance, which is that cloaked inner child being held down that takes command over the circumstances and wields its immaturity as childish preoccupations, prompting the cycle to start all over again and holding awareness locked within loops of repetition.

“All of these positions are the mirrors of the corrupt witness and the cloaked inner child which need to be purified. Purification happens through acknowledgement only and that acknowledgement must come from each individual separately so that it may be collectively realized. The first two shields are really the focal point of



the hieroglyph. The cloaked inner child governs the corrupt witness and as a unit they create the most powerful reflective component. They are the primary mirrors, which in essence can make it very difficult for the one whose awareness is enthralled within the shadow's dream to actively become aware of what they are doing. As you know the cloaked inner child has male and female elements inserted, as does the corrupt witness. These elements merge with the four interchangeable characteristics and are employed to justify. Justification is a filter or intended proposition that keeps the mechanism of denial in place, where should be the true elements of male and female in balance, to reflect upon the world within their correct elemental structure, which is shown within the hieroglyph of inner light.

“Justification becomes an assertion of oppression that will draw on all elements of social conditioning to bring about reasoning to hold something fixed. Behind this preoccupation appears the incestuous continuity of hidden agenda, which relates to fixed intent and the actualization of will to hold back insightful intensity, motivated primarily from the jealous need to waylay. This hidden agenda in its power is extremely insidious and its impact far-reaching. To that end, deception through indirect insinuation can be applied, through the medium of subtle body movements and inflection of voice that demand compliance, silently and wordlessly through the gaze of condemnation. This is the shadow's assertion that endeavors to hold intensity in the illusion of incompleteness and the idea that intensity needs approval from that phantom position in order to succeed. Disapproval is implied to disempower and enliven uncertainty and in fact what is actually happening is the gradual draining of that intensity into the shadow's intention, which is the primary motive: to steal that energy of intensity. This is a fixed and protected prime directive of the shadow's mind that we all must become aware of, so the magical door that lies behind our eyes of intent can be opened and crystal clear clarity can mark its magical trail, where true intensity can be derived.

“By simply observing this hieroglyph, we have automatically activated architectural observation. When the hieroglyph of inner light is brought into play by virtue of witnessing the shadow’s dream, the Architect of observation will sweep from one hieroglyph to another. In this sweeping we may question preoccupation and wonder what intention is without this element attached. By merely asking this question one will be transported to the true advisor and by virtue of this will be delivered into a state of transparency. When transparency is privately applied to ones circumstances one will be drawn into the adult inner sense of oneself and when this occurs the individual will land squarely in the center of their chest, where the innocence of their inner child is stationed.

“Upon this arrival the cloaked inner child will invariably want to be buoyant and will be swept back to the hieroglyph of inner light and into the position of the buoyant child, which will access its own true counterparts of transparency and intensity and in doing so cause a cathartic release. The new buoyant inner child wishes to look through its own clear, unimpeded circumstances to review itself and be free of the superfluous residue that is the cloak that previously weighed down the natural buoyancy of that child. When the cloaked inner child transforms into the buoyant child a new field of exploration begins and it is only then that the adult witness gains access to the Architect of observation. Here that Architect will examine the construct of the buoyant witness extensively, and this is where the focus should have been in the first place: examining our cognition, that which gives rise to our past and present syntax.

“In looking back to the hieroglyph of haunted awareness, see that these protective shields are the imposed energetic imprints of socialization, which give life to themselves through the conscious act of establishing alliance with behaviors that are contrary to the inner growth of all of us as human beings. The shields themselves, as I have said, when broken down into single elements, appear as they are:

irrational. They have a life of their own; a vibratory force that asserts upon external circumstances their justification. Such justification can be seen within behavior as a re-divertive force that only correlates to the needs of insecure individuals who are aware of placements within their environment. These placements are energetic imprints that can be utilized through the activation of insecurities or limited behaviors within that individual and within those who surround them.

“Although this may seem complex and hard to get ones mind around, that is because there are preoccupations placed within our emptiness as heavy implanted sites that don’t allow us to be totally cognizant of the full ramifications of interaction, and unfortunately these ramifications have to be learnt *through* interaction. We must take responsibility and get real so that our lives are not pulled into lengthy, drawn out situations through being absently involved in those dramas that take us away from the essential lesson of empowerment. To be real is easy: simply do not engage so that you may involve yourself in watching from an emotionally uninvolved perspective, and then take the actions of those you observe into your own private space to be reviewed. Reviewal will become a state of absorption that disallows saturation so that one can become progressively more aware. In this state of quiet contemplation one must never, under any circumstances, assert an argumentative defiance through auditory or visual imaginings, which may reflect ones own dramas or weaknesses and bolster ones own shields that are meant to be put down when observation takes place.”

Looking at Zakai I realized that he was in a profound, analytical state that corresponded to heart and not mind. He turned to face me directly.

“Look back into the void,” he said. “We need to finish what we have started. When the shields are put down through observation, one will experience the effect of catharsis. If this catharsis is strong and pure enough the person involved will recall the past event that

molded the present situation and created the imbalance in the first place. Honest retrospective evaluation at this point will allow the person to examine two possible alternatives. It can be firstly, the state of something having been done to them, where that circumstance remembered has taken their power, in an instance where they have not asserted the boundary that makes them whole in comparison to their personal power at that time. The second state is where that person can see where they have asserted themselves incorrectly and have tried to damage that which damaged them, which once again disempowers that person, at the same time as they are being disempowered by another.

“Honest retrospective evaluation has the ability to deliver an individual to a prescribed position in comparison to their state of being, and the prescribed position is a fluid actualization, which frees the individual from internally stationed imprints that may limit ones potential. The behavioral keys to this actualization are observation, timing and patience, which only lead to a conclusion that is fluid, where ones sedentary state is dissolved, and added to that is never the force of ones emotions. At this stage we must realize it is not a quick fix, it is a lifetime engagement.

“In the setting aside and through the non-usage of the behavioral shields they are purified and, slowly but surely, one by one, they reappear back in front of the doer - as the hieroglyph of inner light demonstrates. This lays forth the magnification of that which used to be in front, and alerts the individual to that which was once theirs. Through the transparency of the shields the individual is alerted to what is coming but does not re-engage with involvement because the elemental structure is clear, externally and internally. In this way a formless view becomes apparent. Thus clarity and power become the tools of internal imagery and the experience of *real time* is established by not being involved in someone else’s time and speed - being wholly in *your* speed, yet being aware of the other, and having

the ability to get real by seeing the solid truth at the heart of things. Just be patient and observe your circumstances correctly, timing your withdrawal so saturation does not occur. This within itself will allow a new cycle to commence. If this cycle is waylaid in any way, recover those two speeds, which is your time interlaced with your past circumstances, and your real time recovery will invariably dislodge that foreign substance which caused energetic stagnancy.

“When one is purely in the field of *real time*, objectivity will come into poignant magnification, selfless objectivity. Unabashed observation is where the technique of the clear hearted is applied in daily affairs. It would appear that the internal imagery that arises belongs to the individual, but the inter-connective force of introspection throws this imagery in the air to take on a format of impersonal knowing, which indicates the direction in which one should proceed. The individual sweeps the environment, acknowledging the interconnective parallel elements of social order and, when becoming cognizant of the magical inner arrangements that the mystical facility of inner seeing presents, a much greater journey begins. The previously imprinted visual aspects associated with this person’s past are beckoned with mythical arrangement. Light and unknown to themselves, the warriors are never convinced of any circumstance until the primary motives that are presented through seduction and manipulation are absorbed and re-related in a fashion that retains no static cognition.

I broke my fixation from the void. I needed to look at Zakai’s face. What he was explaining was both beautiful and frightening and as he continued my attention was perfectly attuned to his voice.

“Watch how the subtleties become substance as we progressively and increasingly become aware that intent itself is the boundary or fence that entraps. As the predator, our gaze demands that we corral and annihilate our prey so that we may survive. On an energetic level this predatorial view in its narrow inference must be

abandoned, and this would mean the end of dominance and agenda, allowing entry to true magic and introspection. Remember, emptiness must be embraced so that the original status of intent can be absorbed, like magical gold dust particles falling everywhere at once, infusing us with a sense of potency and the possibility of going beyond what we are.”

Zakai’s eyes were locked on mine and as I peered into their depths I saw his being dissolve. Then the scene popped and once again Zakai had become luminous, yet his voice went on uninterrupted.

“This subtle information that has just been transferred to you may not fully awaken you from the shadow’s dream. You must be taken to a place of beauty and your guide will be Malaiyan, one of my oldest and dearest companions. We are clan-like and you and your companions will be marked by our awareness. Those who receive this information will be integrated on the level of intention and become our mythical companions.”

With these words, the luminosity that was Zakai faded from view and Malaiyan came to my side from the shadows. He touched my arm and gazed at me with his big round eyes.

“With me you will come and watch the water that was there once before for you. It is within your memory, it is a landmark.”

Upon his command we were transported to that pond where we had once been together. There was calmness and a wonderful sense of quietude that surrounded Malaiyan. I had forgotten how intensely magical he was.

“Dip your hand into the pond,” he said to me. “Look within the water and reflect upon that which is in front of you. Zakai has informed you completely on the subjects I am to broach, but there is more. The first thing to be aware of is that society has a certain amount of sleepers. These sleepers assimilate information in total

acceptance, without question. It's not that they cannot access information to ask pertinent questions about life in general, it is that they will not and cannot take the risk to break their boundaries, because change for the sleeper seems immense. For them to change means they need acceptance in changing. However, acceptance is rarely given and if granted is usually characterized by disgruntled reluctance from peers, which is enforced via the network of the shadow's mind holding humanity in stasis through the auspices of fear and preoccupation. Imprints links one sleeper to another, for: 'If you change, I have to change too - if you realize, so must I.' These sleepers must be made aware that there are three types of certainty: to know everything without question; to know that everything must be questioned; and to know that everything can be known in your world through introspection, which applies solely to the individual and will eventually be coupled collectively to become holistic certainty."

I looked up into Malaiyan's face. I'd never heard him speaking in this fashion before. It was almost as if he and Zakai had merged through the thread of their intentions. He returned my gaze with reflective intensity.

"We are working on you and making you pliable," he said. "You must know everything that approaches so that you can combat that which surrounds you at every moment." He then looked even more deeply into my eyes and reached forward, his fingers gently touching my heart center.

"For you to be here is a remarkable thing," he said softly. "We have waited such a long time for this happening to occur. However, you are not the only one that has been touched. When you awaken into your living construct you will realize you are surrounded, but the difference will be that this time you will completely know what you are surrounded by, without question, and by virtue of this know exactly how to proceed. The old nagual was right, we have found a continuum within you, and you will proceed with our intentions and

awaken those who are your companions into the world that we are presenting to you. Do you know Lujan that we are now in a familiar state? This dream scene is an imprint. The mere fact that I talk to you is reinforcement, and that reinforcement becomes an anchor. If you hear my voice and know my being then my voice becomes a flag, and this flag will draw your awareness and your attention to this imprint and the reality of this cognitive system. What I pass to you now is the first installment and the language that is used by the old shamans to describe the ancient art of *strategically stalking awareness away from the shadow*.

“When this information is assimilated one is automatically put into a state of war, and the reason this state of war comes about is that once you become aware of these principles you will fight not to be positioned. You will fight not to be entrapped within that which is being set up. But you Lujan, you will fight silently against the shadow’s mind. Be aware so as not to be caught within agendas. Know the familiar.” He paused, acknowledging my focused attention while I waited silently for him to continue, allowing his words to sink in.

“A familiar is a close friend, lover or associate, one who will confirm to you the ramification of your own boundaries, unbeknownst to themselves because they are fully involved. Be aware of their usage of imprints. This precept is usually connected to a ploy or concept that gives basis to land marking on inner and external landscape. A person can be imprinted by virtue of being partially aware of their environment, which is a form of immaturity. By being partially aware ones attention can be molded and, by the mere fact that molding occurs, the imprint begins to become unconscious. This is how an imprint is established surreptitiously, through familiarity. Be aware of reinforcement, which is usually confirmed by the engineers of land marking so they may keep their world and your world in familiar comprehension for usage. Also be aware of anchoring.



Anchoring is a state of verification that draws the subject into immersion and brings about a solidified state of perception. The movements that Zakai will soon teach you will further enhance these concepts. These are the basic subjects that outline the ancient shamanic art of stalking, which involves using parallel perception to sustain clarity.”

I was more than surprised by Malaiyan’s bluntness. I had been so absorbed that I had not realized how frighteningly direct he could be. He touched my arm with a gentle urgency.

“There is not much time. You must proceed with speed and agility to achieve your task.”

Next thing I knew I had awoken in my bed. In the days to come I was totally immersed in the ideas both Zakai and Malaiyan had put forth. These were exciting times. I realized that the Dream Maker’s realm and my living construct were spilling over into each other, and the content of my conceptualizations within my waking state were shifting and changing with massive speed. I understood that I was at war, and that what I was fighting against was an unseen enemy that reached its hand through almost every being I met. The shadow’s intention was so invasive and intrusive, and we were all caught completely within its web. I knew then that my friends and I were warriors and our fight was just beginning.

When I next entered into the Dream Maker’s realm I realized that I was not being called by a voice this time. The way that I arrived was by seeing Lucien’s tattoo as a pattern in front of my face, and when I was fully cognizant of my surroundings I realized that he was standing right in front of me. He was a magnificent human being, so powerful. He began to speak in a relaxed manner.

“On the first occasion we met, we spoke of threads of intention and the *same old thing*. Zakai has painstakingly put together the puzzle for you, and you know now that the *same old thing* truly is a monster that relentlessly hunts our being and stalks our awareness, through interconnective activity that is deemed normal. The shadow’s mind has instilled the concept of transferal, and this transferal of perception and threads of intention are masked surreptitiously in the idea that everything we think and conceive of is ours, where in actual fact that internal dialogue is the nagging of those beings and the simple representation of their realm into ours. When you interact with another and that person tries to enliven limiting behaviors within you, they are most often subduing you through the mechanism of non-approval. This is the first cunning technique that disempowers our inner child. When we do not have purpose because of this disapproval and disempowerment, we are ruthlessly directed to act out the bidding of these beings within this living construct and we are constantly at war with each other, and so hopelessly engaged away from our purpose.

“The men behind the cunning smiles of those who lead us to our deaths in battle have unwittingly given their allegiance to that unseen predator. The predator is continually screened off from us and has become so confident that it will not be discovered that it wreaks havoc on this living planet, which is supposed to be a place of empowerment for those who wish to experience the expansiveness of that physical universe that lies behind a field of energy that is just as expansive.

“However, these beings can be discovered, they can be seen. One’s powers of observation must be brought into a new field, a new imprint. Within this imprint the warrior will listen to the agenda applied and when that warrior is being engaged, if their subtleties have been honed correctly, they will see the predator behind the eyes of those people who have lost their power to that insidious force. I

know that Barak has shown you how to travel back in time and dislodge the imprints that are heavily placed within our emotionality. This is a good thing and essential for your growth. The old nagual, at the end of this journey, will teach you of the wonders and powers that lie within us as human beings. He has been waiting a long time for such a tenacious being as you; one that will not be told what to do and will question everything that is presented. This is what we need as a humanity, to stand up and question why, and in so doing deliver that shadow to its true position of disempowerment.

“When I look at you Lujan, I know that your task will be to present everybody with the questions we all must ask ourselves: How can we break our continuity within our circumstances? How can we free ourselves from our past actions? How do we deal with the influence and impact of our actions that accumulate and sustain us in a way that is incorrect? How can we stop our invasive approach towards one other, which interlocks and interlaces us with a limited idea of ourselves? How can we neutralize the destructive imprints that come towards us as perception from our friends, associates and familiars that cause entrapment, through enforced socialization that may anchor us in the active defiance and denial of truth?

“Lujan, we need to pursue our personal path within the idea of growth. We need to eliminate the corrosive and heavy effects that our preoccupations mirror back to us as false needs. Preoccupation is the primary component that locks our inner child within a self-perpetuating cycle of inwardly reflective entrapment. We need to dislodge our continuity so that we may dissolve our past and within this dissolving find power, and be occupied only with that power, instead of perceptual distortion that takes us away from the real reason we’re here. We have to examine our continuity relentlessly so that we can see our self-concern as damaging, and only recall that which has power in our lives. The hieroglyph of haunted awareness outlines the behaviors caught within surreptitiousness that disallow our ability to

observe without the influence of those preoccupations, which are a cloak that waylay our spirit collectively. We actively pass this cloak from one to another within an atmosphere of acceptance that holds us fixed. This collective agreement has been spoken about and should be broken, but firstly we must examine the dysfunctional behaviors that belong to haunted awareness and discover why we are perpetuating a limited perceptual view.”

I looked to Lucien in amazement, marveling at his complex grasp of humanity’s dilemma. He glanced back at me and winked.

“The behaviors that I am referring to are character assassination, gossip and incorrect inquiry,” he clarified. “It is vitally important not to let the insincere get too close. Most people have been trained to merely gossip and not to ask the true and relevant questions of themselves. This must be done before one can be open. In all encounters your behavior must not be elusive but full of caring, true caring. You must be as polite and as professional as possible, because you know that where people are coming from is not truly full or happy, and interference is the only intervening force in their lives. When you become aware be kind to these people, for within your actions you act upon yourself. The main reason why people ask invasive questions is that they haven’t dealt with their inner turmoil and their guilt and unhappiness are usually reinforced by their questions, which keep them removed from their own inner silence and they are kind of angry about this even though they don’t quite know why.

“Lujan, another reason why people inquire in an invasive manner, even if this is unknown to themselves, is that on a subliminal level what they are really pursuing is themselves. Within this pursuit they are demanding to be given an integral yardstick, so that they may measure themselves in comparison to what has been presented through the interaction. What has occurred over the centuries is a perversion of a simple enquiry of truth. If one stands their ground

and says 'Stop' to an incorrect inquiry, they are actually teaching the enquirer that they have no real business being there and that the enquiry itself drains the essential part of their true nature which could possibly give them power in their life. When you look at it from this point of view, it is difficult to be offended and more interesting just to observe.

“When you return Zakai will continue to instruct you in the art of stalking. This can only be done in the realm of dreaming, in a parallel state that is not affected by your daily cognition. Within this altered state he will show you the true methods which will empower those who inquire in a manner that is related to the hieroglyph of inner light, which will eventually transform into the hieroglyph of completion. Jagür will accompany you to your living construct now.”

With this statement Jagür jumped from the shadows and together we flew through the emptiness of that void that I had become so familiar with. I awoke suddenly in my bed with the power of Jagür once again surging through my system. She had truly become my hidden companion, just like Somai.

*If you engage in your world  
with anything less than purpose,  
you will be engulfed  
by that which surrounds you.*

# Hunting the Haunted



I had awoken into the Dream Maker's realm, drawn by the vision of that alien imprint which I had seen previously in Zakai's luminosity. As I focused my gaze upon the phenomenon in front of me, Zakai's form materialized. He smiled at me with a familiar glint in his eye as he began to speak.

“What you have followed here is an imprint of non-interference. It belongs to those beings that have awakened your awareness to a higher purpose. You have, as many do, this imprint stationed within your luminosity. The Dream Maker stole you thirty-three years ago to ensure that these units of information would be passed on intact to those who intend to go beyond a fixed cognitive system. Be mindful within the transmission that if those you teach are not prepared to destabilize their hidden agenda, the real meaning will become lost in the depths of rigid intellectual conceptualisation that may unravel the information in a way that translates into reinforcement of a personalized surreptitious outline within that distorted state; and this is the shadow's mind.

“What I am to show you now may be disturbing but this process is necessary - understanding is the only vehicle that will dislodge the shadow's imprint. I must warn you however that the moment you start to bring this information out into the open, the shadow will come from every corner to try to stop this process, as it has done for millennia. Our essential task is to deliver a method of

stalking that shadow, and these teachings will illuminate and uncover the limiting behaviors locked within the living construct.”

Zakai gazed directly into my eyes and commanded me to look into the void. Placing one hand on my shoulder, he pointed into that empty vastness and whispered:

“I would ask you now to visualize the happenings which I am to describe.”

As he said this, a person appeared within that void and when I focused on their physical form they became transparent. Zakai directed my awareness to an implanted foreign object that appeared within their transparency and I knew that what I was seeing was a surreptitiously placed imprint that was internally sustained, through habitual routines. Zakai snapped his fingers suddenly and the sound acutely focused my attention on the scene being presented as he went on to explain.

“See that these imprints are like an ethereal landing pad that exists within that transparency and when the shadow applies pressure on these sites what invariably escapes is our energy, which then becomes a source of sustenance for those beings. This phenomenon is echoed in our behaviors towards each other, as petty enactments to trigger awareness into states of egocentricity and justification, which establishes the limited avenues of preoccupation needed to sustain these sites and subdue us. See that the stronger the preoccupation the more energy released. As you know this creates a perpetual cycle of excited gluttony for the shadow. When that energy is released, our power is redirected away from our true purpose. When people unconsciously enact their dysfunctions upon one another, thinking that these states of being are theirs to possess, they must realize that they are not the possessors, but rather they are being possessed by that pre-arranged phenomenon.”



Zakai gently waved his hand across the void and as he did so imagery began to explode in front of me.

He then said, “As children we are given internal repetitious talk from our immediate environment and once the inherited imprint has been established through routines, the next generation further refines that inheritance through practice and adapts it to the present day. What drives this refinement is the shadow through accessing those implanted imprints, enlivening emotion and justifiable self-serving rationalization through that narrow avenue of preoccupation, not only on an individual basis but within a collective network. This hidden network is initiated through intention, reinforced internally and then emotionally sustained. Remember, these imprints are so insidiously stationed that once triggered, they become self-sustaining through habitual identification, yet that usable network only connects in our realm if we are stabilized and fixed within familiar routines. If these routines are dismantled within the living construct, the shadow will then have less opportunity to implant itself.

“Focus now within to discover the implications of what I am to say and what I have said. The more resourceful a person is the more intelligent the shadow assigned will be, and if a person has less resources, a less capable being will be assigned. This certainly doesn’t mean that the more intelligent shadow will make more sense - it just means that their games will be more intricate and difficult to unravel. Our main power as human beings lies with our capacity to dream and remember those dreams. The shadow knows this and by virtue of that has been injecting itself within our dreams, which are composed of separate time capsules. This is where the shadow through misdirection and absorption, within that labyrinth, has captured our attention. Because of this our purpose becomes exhausted by preoccupation and a loss of memory and awareness, within whichever dream capsule we are occupying. Their primary agenda is to lead us away from that network of dreams that if we were to remember would

allow us to emerge from the maze, free of those absorbing complexities which confront us at every moment.”

He paused and in that moment the transparent human being I was observing suddenly turned into a honeycombed maze of multiple dream scenes, and within the center of that cluster was a white glow, which I immediately knew was the essential energy that sustained that honeycomb network. Zakai promptly began to explain what I was seeing.

“Depending on the energy available, we have about two to four hundred dream capsules functioning at one time. When we arrive in one dream capsule we forget the capsule that we have just come from. If we were to remember and become fully conscious of the interconnective aspects of this network, all of these dream capsules would amalgamate into that centralized portion of energy, and when this occurs we would become luminous. Then the living construct will be seen as it is: composed completely of void, and when we realize that our living construct is made of absolutely nothing, these beings that we are escaping from will lose their access to us. Once we recognize the entrapment that binds them to us, the feeding frenzy that occurs in each separate compartment of each dream that we arrive in will stop, that energy will be returned and we will be free to continue our journey beyond this region of the universe.

“See now in front of you the complexities that I am to explain. The honeycombed network was created by our luminosity so that we could express our dimensional lateralism within dream constructs, and also to escape the predator within this region of the universe. We created it because we knew that each segment would only contain a small portion of our whole energy within it and this was a way to prevent us from being instantaneously consumed. Now Lujan, you must see that choice on the level of energy has become a contradiction within our living construct. To avoid those beings we became more than what we were. We facilitate and adapt, and within that

facilitation and adaptation we learn through the conflict presented, and this is true for all evolutionary processes.

“To inhabit all of the compartments at one time is to be in a state of dimensional lateralism, and this is our heritage. So in each dream that we dream we must now wake up to what is occurring and as you can see this is a very complex matter. If we lose one partitioned section through not being aware then we have less capacity to become cognizant of what is being set up while we are occupied elsewhere. We have also created the illusion of permanent sequentiality within our living construct so that our awareness may be solidly stationed within that portion of time, and the primary reason why that time is stable within the living construct is that this stability gives the best strategical advantage for recovery to occur. Look and see that each section of the honeycomb contains a different portion of time that doesn’t necessarily correlate to the one next to it. Without this phenomenon we would be annihilated immediately: It is this that works to confuse the shadow and prevent it from having complete access to us within our dreams. However, in forgetting what we have done to protect our luminosity from the shadow we have created a trap for ourselves, and unfortunately the shadow has worked this out. They too have become dream weavers and are now integrated with and behind our Architect of observation within our dreams. This is more than dangerous. It will mean for our species total possession within the honeycomb network.

“Remember now, the grayish whirlwind that you encountered years ago is responsible for this phenomenon. This being is so adaptive within it’s intelligence it has almost learnt how to integrate completely with our Architect of observation within the living construct and station itself within that position so unnoticeably that it almost speaks the truths of a seer. This mimicry must be stopped.”

I looked up to Zakai, more than worried about what he had just said because while I was being split within the void I began to realize

something about my interactions with those I meet within my living construct.

Zakai looked at me and said, “Yes, what you are realizing is right. I would like you now to focus within the void with all your attention so that you may recover now the events that surround you when you teach within your living construct what I have taught you. Recover those memories. See now the minor conflicts that arise, and know those conflicts to be imprinted sites, or the shadow’s mind. The danger I am to speak of now is more insidious than ever because that grayish whirlwind entity is integrating unnoticeably with our Architect of observation, and the way it does this is to question everything that is put forth by a seer, and by doing so it is becoming so familiar with that knowledge that it is capable of appearing to have integrated the seers intelligence. The way this occurs is when a teacher passes information to students or disciples. You have experienced this I know, and so have I. This is the reason why we conspired to capture you within the Dream Maker’s realm. We know now the only way to combat intelligence is through counter-intelligence. Once our information is fully documented then the shadow will have more than just us to contend with and this within itself will deliver a powerful blow to the shadow, because as you know it does not want to be discovered.

“So I would ask you, look now deep within the void and understand that when you teach be aware of the minor conflicts that erupt between yourself and those you teach. That is the grayish whirlwind shadow integrating with your students’ intelligence, and when your students challenge you by throwing miniscule amounts of emotion, it is this being practicing to hide behind their Architect unnoticeably so that it can integrate within the seers world and access the enormous amount of energy that lies within that silent reservoir of knowing that exists within your living dream; the waking construct.

“Remember the story of the old sorcerers that Lucien had described to you in great depth. The roots of this insidious battle that we are now contending with are directly related to those old sorcerers. There were two main categories of sorcerers in that time. The first category of old sorcerers focused their intention externally, and by virtue of this externalization became extremely manipulative within the depth of their machinations. The second category of sorcerers focused internally. Their intentions, by virtue of this internalization, awakened the dreamer within. When they shared this information with the first category, those old sorcerers assimilated that knowledge and as you can imagine they became truly unbearable. We are intimately connected with the second category of seers. They had no interest in the manipulative tactics in which the first category was indulging. When this division became obvious the first category plotted to capture and possess the second category because they couldn’t stand to think that they would escape their grasp.

“This was around the time when those old sorcerers had discovered the shadow beings. As Lucien said, the shadows learnt through association, and that’s when the second category discovered that the grayish whirlwind shadow was interfering with their dreams extensively. The way they discovered that this was occurring was by reviewing their dreams immediately once they had been dreamt, while still dreaming within the honeycomb compartment. This realization came about because the immediate reviewal was slightly different the second time around and when this difference was identified, they knew that the shadow was trying to direct their awareness within that time capsule, and the way the shadows learnt this was from the first category of old sorcerers.

“Within that direction lies our capture. The real danger is that the shadow is becoming fully conscious of that network. Breaking down the non-sequential time capsules through recovering our dreams is now our only viable option. When we first began our journey in

this region of the universe we had to forget ourselves by putting non-sequential time barriers in place, so that we could elude the shadows. Now we must remember our dimensional lateralism, where time still retains no sequentiality but where we have access to memories that are recovered in a staggered fashion, as unadulterated insight that is wholly ours and not influenced by the shadow.”

Suddenly, without warning I was transported to a dream scene that was one of those partitioned sections of the honeycomb phenomenon that I was just witnessing with Zakai. A deep feeling of distress and bewilderment overcame me. I knew that I was with Zakai yet at the same time in this dream compartment. Surveying my surroundings I realized it was possibly the middle of the night. I noticed a few buildings in the shadows. There was no moonlight, nor streetlights to illuminate what I was viewing. Suddenly I heard a phone ring and reached automatically to pick it up. I became intensely frightened at this point because I knew what I was reaching for was not there. I was being directed. A voice then appeared next to my right ear as if a phone was pressed up against it.

“This dream you are dreaming,” the voice said, “is one of your partitioned compartments. We know what you are doing. We know what you and your cohorts are conspiring to accomplish.” The voice that I was hearing was metallic and seemed to be located a great distance away from my position. I immediately proceeded to scan the scene that was being presented so that I could locate the source of that voice. “I am screened off from you,” the voice said.

“How can you know my intentions?” I said, truly frightened of the implication.

“My positioning is strategic. If you were to discover exactly where I am I would lose my advantage,” the voice said, ignoring my question.

As I looked ahead of me, I realized the manipulative veil of that entity was interfering with my ability to locate its whereabouts.

“There is no need to pursue us with so much vigor,” the entity said. “I could give this compartment back to you, in terms of you keeping your memory while you are here. You could do anything you please.”

Upon the entity’s suggestion I began to experience enormous disbelief.

I said, “How can you bargain with something that is not yours?” I was shocked at the sound of my own voice and the harshness that seemed to be within my tone. “This dream is mine, not yours to possess,” I said.

The entity then disappeared from its vantage point. I looked around wondering how this dream compartment could have been so easily stolen. Looking to my right I noticed a gloomy old house and I was shocked to see the shadowy figure of a man standing in the entrance of the front door. His presence presented an awesome warning for me to back off his territory, which in actual fact was my dream compartment. The presence of this shadow conveyed a possessiveness that was unbelievable.

“The fight for this dream will go beyond this dream. Do you have the energy to sustain yourself? I will appear within others where you do not even expect, within your living construct. Will you have the power to see me?” the shadow said with a threatening tone, as we stood within this awesome standoff.

I suddenly woke up in what I thought was my own room, simultaneously hearing a noise outside the house and on the wall next to my head. Truly disturbed, I sat up abruptly. To my relief I then heard Jagür’s roar in the distance. As I focused on her intention I was transported back to the Dream Maker’s realm where Zakai had been waiting patiently.

He looked at me and raised his finger and said, “No need to explain. When Jagür discovered where you were we all knew instantly what had happened. I will now continue with my explanation as if we were not interrupted, because we were not. You were just waylaid within a captured dream compartment that that whirlwind entity does not want to give up. It doesn’t like what you are learning and what you will transmit, and this is a good reason to continue, don’t you think?”

I listened attentively while Zakai continued his commentary, while being split between his awesome attention and the void.

“If we are clear we can recognize the presence of the shadow within the living construct. There are many indications that can be felt within your physicality; like your liver being internally tapped by a small hammer, or a pressure upon your chest, or a sensation of pressure on the back of the eyes that looks like a shade being pulled down and let up very quickly, whether your eyes are open or closed. Minute or dramatic changes in light will also alert you to their presence. We are surrounded. You must understand at this point that even if the conspiratorial theory of the shadow is not taken on board as a foregone conclusion, this information still has the capacity, through introducing the idea of imprints and preoccupations as a vehicle of tangible viability, to eventually bring humanity into a state of liquid self-realization - because the facts are undeniable: we have imprints and preoccupations and they have to be worked on, regardless of any belief system.

“Understanding is the doorway to comprehending the living construct as dreaming is the doorway into the partitions of the honeycomb of awareness. Once one accesses this honeycomb phenomenon, we then start to multilaterally assimilate and begin to tap into different fragmentations of time. When we gain entry into these time frames, then corresponding intuitive realizations will be



accessed from even very far removed time capsules; and this is the automatic organized lateralization of random events.

“If we act correctly here, time will release the pertinent amount of information that we need in this moment. Our luminosity has set this up for us but the thing that is preventing us from accessing multilateral awareness is the shadow. The void has created this phenomenon so that we may evolve and escape, simultaneously. Through living this contradiction, which is only a contradiction if looked at from a linear point of view, we continuously assimilate information through diverse experience, so that we can evolve and then usher what we have learnt back to the void. Once we return to our luminous form everything dissolves and we become assimilated into the void, and what we have learnt invariably expands that void. Then when the void expresses itself through our luminosity again, it has evolved its expressionlessness and through that evolution the universe continues to expand.”

“Hang on a second,” I said to Zakai. “I thought you said the old sorcerers had set all this up, and now you say that it was the void that organized this phenomenon.” Zakai looked at me and smiled.

“Yes you are right this is a contradiction but in the same breath it is not a contradiction. I know it is hard for you to fathom but everything that is occurring is prompted by that unseen force that surrounds us at every moment, and you may ask, ‘Why would it prompt such activity?’ There is a reason and it is more than impersonal and way too complicated to be spoken of. It just has to be known for what it is. As hard as this may seem to come to terms with, I know you will come to terms with this contradiction eventually.

“Everything is as it should be. The predator is meant to be here so that we can continue to exercise our awareness. We are meant to be trapped and we are meant to be free. We are spurred on to learn

through a sense of duality, but at this point in time this sense of duality has become damaging to us and we are way too absorbed in it.

“What you are learning at this point is the seer’s option; an option that only becomes available through exercising one’s awareness. If a person were to live their life totally unaware, then as you would expect, at the end of their life they would be consumed by that void in a state of semi-consciousness. Conversely, if we practice being aware while we live, then we can be in command of our awareness at the time of our death. Without purpose our luminosity becomes consumed within the void and this awareness is given to the seer as a conscious choice: we either choose to be consumed or to stay within luminous form – as long as we are possessed of purpose alone.

“The Dream Maker’s realm was set up purposely by the old nagual because he foresaw the need for a place of refuge for those who dream within this region of the universe. Centuries ago the Dream Maker had learnt from an old sorcerer how to sustain the Dream Maker’s realm. Years later he approached me to conspire to capture yourself and the others that you have met, within this magical net that the old nagual had created. Within that sense of purpose we are able to sustain ourselves within this realm.

“Before we proceed any further I would like you now to look deep within the void so that I may pass to you two gifts of intention. The first gift I am to describe to you, you already know of. Take your memory back to that time when you had taken a psychotropic substance called DMT.”

As Zakai prompted my memory through that suggestion, I began to see that memory appearing in the void.

Zakai then said, “Now that you have recovered this memory we will travel further into that which you have experienced previously. Break your attention now from the void and look upon my face.”

As I drew my face from the void to look at Zakai I saw that he was reaching out to touch my sternum and as this occurred the Dream Maker's realm vanished. I was there once again in that psychotropic experience that I held as a potent memory. We were surrounded by a dark vastness that was not frightening but comforting and in front of me what I was viewing was what I had experienced previously. I saw two luminous beings flanking my periphery. The color of the luminosity to my left seemed to be composed half of moonlight and half of gold. The luminosity to my right seemed to be of the same color but its exterior had a faint purple hue. I was so absorbed in what I was viewing I had forgotten that Zakai was to the rear of me, to my left. I turned to face him and he too was luminous.

He said to me, "Catch this object that I am sending you. It will anchor you so that you do not go past the threshold that is being presented." As he said this, a spark flew from the surface of his luminosity and anchored itself somehow on the surface of my awareness. It was then that I realized I was also luminous.

Zakai said, "Look to these beings and remember that which they have given you." I looked to them and remembered that this was the gateway, my ultimate destination, beyond my living construct and beyond the Dream Maker's realm. Zakai said, "Every man and woman that lives has a predetermined destiny beyond their lives and this is yours". When Zakai said this I looked to these two luminous beings and realized beyond that threshold my destiny awaits. Zakai then said, "Move closer to them so that they may communicate the wonders of what is to come."

I did as Zakai said and within the vastness I somehow moved closer to these beings that awaited me. As I did so I was flooded with information. In unison they beckoned my life force to proceed beyond the boundary.

They said, “Beyond this position lies joyous and wondrous encounters that are not beyond your comprehension.” As this was communicated I was filled with a sense of hope and the wondrous energy that goes with the excitement of knowing something beyond what I knew previously.

As I experienced this we once again returned to that familiar room that contained the void. Zakai was sitting opposite me and he said, “This is a good end that you have experienced but as you know you are not there yet. There is one more gift I wish to give you. And this gift is a gift of intention. I have had many names. You know me as Zakai, but when I was in physical form I was known to many as Juan Matus. The gift I am to give you will help you achieve your task.”

As he said this, a luminous butterfly flew from the center of his chest and as it was making its way to where I was Zakai said, “My gift of intention is to give you my last name.”

As he said the name Matus the butterfly gently landed on the center of my chest and was somehow mysteriously absorbed within my being. I looked to Zakai, more than humbled by his gracious gift of intention.

“I will honor this name as I have honored the Dream Maker’s name,” I said.

“Many will be drawn to you because of these gifts,” said Zakai. “The Dream Maker’s realm will be passed to you and the old souls that accompany you. The only haven that you will have within your waking dream is the consensual agreement with those old souls not to interfere with each other, and to work co-operatively as a group within common purpose. Your co-operation will create a sense of inaccessibility, which will come about as a result of having an integral boundary of power that does not allow the petty-minded, which is the shadow, to enter into your inner sanctum. Be aware that initially those

old souls that you discover may have stubborn, surreptitiously placed imprints that will come at you like wild, unresolved storms to test the knowledge that has been passed on to you. Once the storm subsides you will be able to access deeper memories that have been embedded within you, and so will they, for you are the catalyst for their memories to be unlocked.”

Upon this statement I awoke in my bed suddenly. One of the storms Zakai had warned of was about to erupt. In the weeks to come I was to be challenged by a close associate and attacked by that shadow being I had seen with Zakai, through an unreasonable outline and agendas of surreptitiousness. I had been aware of this hidden undercurrent for years and was waiting for it to come to the surface so I could deal with it directly. I was at this stage teaching my companions the theories and concepts I had learnt in the Dream Maker’s realm and as a result of this, the shadow’s covertly placed imprints erupted dramatically to disrupt any form of purpose that we were gathering as a group.

*Touch softly that  
which cannot be touched.  
Gently view that  
which cannot be seen.  
Then know that  
which cannot be known.*

# The Shadow's Mind



What follows is a written account told from the perspective of Nicholas. Throughout the narrative I have included an analysis in italics, to give a deeper understanding of why Nicholas is the way he is and why I responded in the way I did, under the tutelage of Zakai's watchful eye. Zakai had suggested that I read the first part of 'The Art of Stalking Parallel Perception' to Nicholas to enflame the shadow that was deeply embedded within his awareness, unknown to him.

I would recommend that the reader listen to the content of what unfolds and watch very carefully what is put forth. The most important dream that we are experiencing is that of our living construct. Dislodging the shadow's imprints within this waking dream will provide us with the energy needed to awaken to the multi-dimensional universe within form, and this will create enough speed so that we are not caught by the shadow within any of the partitioned sections of the honeycomb of awareness.

By virtue of this perceptual lateralization the shadow will be unable to internally station itself within our luminosity, but it may still appear in the guise of associates, friends and nondescript human beings entering our lives randomly to waylay, disrupt and wreak havoc on the level of emotion. In the story that follows we will see how the shadow integrates and causes disruption through those ingrained imprints.

Mark, Nina, Amber and I were all sitting on and around the bed in the room where Nina and I were staying. Lujan was on the phone with Nina whilst she was reading to all of us chapters from the book he was writing about his experiences in the Dream Maker's realm. The introduction, containing an explanation of his name and images from dreams and visions relating to that explanation, captivated us all. After Nina finished reading the account the room was silent. We were all momentarily speechless. Lujan was asking Nina to ask us what we thought. We all liked it very much and were left with strong visual impressions from the descriptions. I couldn't get the image of the Oriental warrior in the hallway out of my mind. I could see within my imagination his black leather padding and intricate armor.

I had always been jealous of Lujan's ability to dream and the power that he seemed to naturally possess. I truly resented the fact that he had what I wanted but could not apply to my own life, because of my unbalanced conduct towards myself and everybody else. Lujan had continually pointed out to me that I needed to have more integrity with my sexual energy and not play games with people on this level, and as you will see within my narration, he spotted my corrupt behavior in this area. When Nina read to us a chapter called 'Threads of Intention', I found it hard to understand. I felt like each sentence was escaping me as the next began and this sensation was accompanied by a strong sense that feelings I had been hiding were about to be exposed and brought to the surface. Up until then I had been harboring feelings of resentment towards Lujan because of his capacity to make me face myself and uncover the lies that I had put in place. I had asked him years ago if he could help stop this process in me. Lujan agreed and I had regretted it ever since.

*\*The fear that Nicholas was feeling is the sensation that the shadow supplies to ones body when it knows it is going to be unmasked. I saw the agreement with Nicholas as an integral*



*boundary that would encompass our relationship within the truth of any circumstance that would arise, but what I began to slowly realize as the years went by was that Nicholas was actively practicing to overcome any realization that I would have about his surreptitiousness, which I would invariably bring to the surface to confront and clear. For him my realizations were always noted, and in the beginning I thought this was progress, but unknown to me he was enhancing himself by practicing to not be caught, through the process of being caught. The interconnective web of the shadow's mind practices to adapt through interaction, because their intelligence is low and this learnt adaptation is a survival mechanism on their part.*

Nina and I had been in a long relationship and had recently broken up. I had, however, moved back in with her to see how things felt and to find out if we might rekindle a relationship. Lujan talked frequently with Nina in the capacity of advisor, friend and teacher. I resented the fact that she was experiencing clarity and that her confusion, in terms of contact with the world, was being straightened out. This frightened me because I was losing control. It was whilst Nina was reading from Lujan's book that I felt a clear sensation that my secret resentments and manipulations were about to be brought to the surface. I was scared. Instead of talking about my fear, I decided to try to act naturally. The phone was being passed amongst us and when I was given the phone I told Lujan I liked the writing a lot. We didn't talk for very long, he asked to be put on to Mark. I felt like he didn't want to talk to me and I took that personally. Mark and Lujan began discussing the chapters and I started talking and laughing with Nina and Amber.

*\*It is interesting to observe the behavior of one who wishes to infiltrate the fabric of someone else's inner world that revolves around their sexuality. The technique that Nicholas was using hinged on him*

*appearing relaxed, laughing and joking, but the fact was that his laughter was actively searching for the most minute inflection that would give him the impression that Amber may be available sexually, and if he found this inflection, he would play upon it. The most bizarre thing about this technique is that it is done while everybody is in the room, and even though Nicholas is smiling and laughing he is actually looking for an inward track into her, to weaken her resolve so he may exploit that weakness for his own sexual benefit.*

*When laughter is brought about from strange jokes it loosens something that is already loose and makes it more obvious and available. When I heard Nicholas laughing I knew he was actively betraying Mark, right in front of him. Mark needed to know this because his trust was too pure, and in that purity he did not have the capacity to really see what was going on at that point. Nicholas had purposefully cultivated this trust because he needed Mark to bolster his complacencies and Mark willingly went along with the game, not knowing he was actually being used extensively. For me this was intolerable. I had developed an extraordinarily open and honest relationship with this man. He is one of the most fluid and clear-hearted beings that I have met. This is very unusual for a male; if you find one, treasure him, don't use him.*

At a certain point I noticed that Mark was looking at me in a strange way. I had the feeling that Lujan was talking about me, something that only increased my apprehension. I decided to go downstairs and wash the plates we had used for dinner. After about five minutes Mark entered the kitchen. He still had that look in his eyes, as though he was on the verge of saying something important to me. I felt very uncomfortable. I feverishly ran through memories of my interactions with Mark and concluded that I had not done anything obvious that would cause him to feel strange with me. I told myself that I might be imagining something and maybe he was just

deeply affected by the passage that had just been read. Instead of asking him if he needed to say something to me, I kept quiet and we both went to our separate rooms to sleep. Just before I fell asleep I was talking to Nina, whining about the fact that Lujan didn't want to talk to me. She looked at me intensely and told me that I was complaining like a teenage brat.

"I can't believe what you are saying. When are you going to stop this crap?" She was definitely annoyed, something that made me instantly want to end the conversation. I knew I was on thin ice.

We awoke the next morning to the sound of the phone ringing and we both knew that it was Lujan calling. The feeling of imminent unmasking immediately returned to me. He had rung to talk to Nina, so I decided to get dressed quickly and go into town. I went downstairs to make a cup of tea. Mark entered the kitchen. His manner had not changed from the night before. His eyes were fixed straight on me, not with anger or annoyance or anything else I could clearly define, yet I knew something was wrong. I was about to ask him if there was something he needed to say to me, when he asked me:

"Were you at all focusing sexually on Amber last night?"

I looked straight at him and told him that I had not been, that I never had and I truthfully never would.

"That's okay," he said. "It's just that Lujan said something about you doing that last night."

I immediately felt a righteous wave of indignation. I felt like yelling. I contained myself and looked Mark in the eyes, again telling him that I had no feelings for his girlfriend. The look he'd had in his eyes disappeared and I felt him relax a little. I felt that he believed me. He said goodbye because he needed to go to work and I was left in the kitchen fuming. I felt like yelling at Lujan. I was imagining scenarios in my mind, like a script of pictures, and in the script I was

saying, 'How could you lie to Mark?' I was imagining myself attacking Lujan and seeing him back down, saying, 'I'm sorry Nicholas, I've made a terrible mistake.' I squeezed the teabags and hurled them into the bin with suppressed rage. I wanted to stay calm enough to attack Lujan without being overly emotional, because I knew that he would be emotionally uninvolved. I walked upstairs with the two cups of tea and gave one to Nina. She immediately noticed there was something going on with me.

*\*At this point in the narration I became aware of how extremely manipulative Nicholas is: that he would display rage towards Mark to neutralize his enquiry through the belief that this would give comfort to Mark, by making him reflect upon his question as if I was crazy and didn't know what I was talking about. The most intensely interesting thing about his behavior is that he actively wrote down that he felt enraged and hurled the teabags into the bin. In this way he convinced himself that his lie was true. This is a technique he used to practice his resolve to cover the lie, and if someone had walked into the room while he was hurling those teabags, it would have really looked like he was telling the truth, through this display. The reason why he did this was to give himself a visual and emotional reference point that he could access when he spoke to me in confronting me, so that this would stabilize any inner wavering that would occur by reflecting back on the visual picture of the enactment itself, and trying to bring this forward as a statement of power which exists inside of him. This is wordlessly conveyed mind you. He thought he could trick me by bringing up this enactment as his strength while he was trying to convince me that I was wrong, even though it was an internal affair on his part that wasn't spoken. Internally intending in this way is extremely damaging because once you start doing it you begin to believe that the lie is true. This technique of inner stabilization should only be used to reflect upon the truth, and that is where ones power lies.*

“What’s wrong with you Nicholas?” Nina asked, almost bored, as if she had asked that question too many times. I suddenly felt nervous, like maybe it wasn’t such a good idea to fight. My anger, however, returned immediately and obscured any doubts I was having as I sat firmly on the bed opposite Nina. She again asked me what was going on.

“I’ve just had to reassure Mark that I’m not focusing on Amber sexually,” I said. My own voice surprised me; it wavered and creaked unnaturally. The truth was that I was lying. I did not want to lose Mark’s friendship and desperately needed to keep the secret in place and hidden.

“Oh,” Nina said, mildly interested. She repeated what I had said into the telephone to Lujan. “He’s saying you were,” Nina said, matter-of-factly. I had a sudden resurgence of contempt and was about to demand to be put on the phone when I saw her extend her arm to hand it to me.

“You were focusing inappropriately on Amber on a sexual level and you know it!” said the voice from the telephone.

“How can you say that?” I argued. My voice quivered and rose. “I have *never* done anything like that! I did not do that! I love Mark! I am a hundred percent loyal to him!!”

“No need to raise your voice,” Lujan said. His voice sounded calm and centered.

I began to speak: “It’s just that -” Lujan interrupted and stopped me from continuing.

“How am I supposed to believe what you are saying? Throughout our entire association you have done nothing but lie to me and everyone else around you.”

He was right. I had been associated with Lujan for many years, and over the course of those years had acted duplicitously on

countless occasions. I was very sneaky and for some reason whenever he would point out to me the stupidity of my behavior I would clear up momentarily, only to return to my former ways soon after. Because of our close contact, Lujan would always catch me engaging him or someone close to him in my manipulative exploits and make me face my actions fully. This time, however, I felt that I had the upper hand and with an unnatural and nasty gusto I turned on him with all my might, something that I knew in the depths of myself I had wanted to do for a long time and which I also knew was wrong.

“Is Nina in the room with you?”

“Yes,” I replied, annoyed.

“What type of man are you anyway?” he asked. “You profess your loyalty to Mark, how am I supposed to believe that? Have you been loyal with me and upheld me as a friend?”

I paused, not sure how to respond.

“No, I haven’t been loyal to you, but -” he cut me off.

“What about Nina? Do you respect her? Are you loyal to her?”

I didn’t like the direction the conversation was taking. I wasn’t loyal to, nor did I respect Nina. That, however, for me was not the point. What for me was the main point was that my lie not be uncovered in this situation. Everything else was inconsequential.

*\*Within this part of the enactment I realized that Nicholas was extremely outraged and I knew he wanted to get me angry so that he could practice being dominant, so I immediately employed a diversionary tactic, because his anger was trying to destabilize my center and I did not want to engage in the direction he was setting up. Anger is one of the best ways to penetrate the resolve of someone who does not want to be involved, because we all know that no matter how hard we try, if someone abuses us enough we must put our foot down and take a*

*stand. At this stage I was becoming too involved and did not want to lose my objectivity, so I pointed to the fact that he was disloyal and trapped him in self-reflection of the truth of his life, which was our original agreement. If I had gone down any other road that he was setting up it would have deviated from the agreement and this would have dislodged my power as a human being. Involvement through saturation is one of the chief methods employed by the shadow's realm to conjure a state of confusion that gradually corrodes personal power.*

“No, I don’t respect Nina. I know I’m not loyal to Nina,” I said argumentatively, then, raising my voice to deliver the blow, “but I *am* loyal to Mark! I would never do anything to Mark! He is my friend!!” With my last statement rippling with emotion, I passed the phone back to Nina. She was listening to Lujan and she said:

“I know...I heard what he said...it’s awful. He doesn’t respect me at all.” I suddenly realized what I had just done. I felt like an idiot. “Okay, I’ll call Mark right now and tell him.” Nina said to Lujan. I felt truly confused. She now had a phone to each ear, one calling Mark, the other with Lujan on the line. There was a feeling of urgency in the room.

“Hello Mark, its Nina, I’m on the phone to Lujan. He just wants you to know it was a ploy to expose the truth about how Nicholas feels about me, and to show that he is not at all loyal to me, as he is to you. It’s good for me to know this - I needed to hear it... okay.... great...bye Mark.” Nina finished and put down one of the phones, continuing to hold the phone that had Lujan on the line. Her eyes were pools of blackness, her face expressionless. She didn’t seem upset at all. She was seeing me for who I really was. Things were definitely not going the way I had planned.

*\*At this point in the narration it seems that Mark was being kept out of the loop and that the truth was being hidden from him, but I did actually take him aside and painstakingly explain why everything happened the way it did; and this gave him the opportunity to be absolutely observant and not become emotionally involved. The reason I had taken this approach in the first place was because of Amber. She was very sensitive at this stage and did not need to be actively involved in something that she may have been drawing to herself because of extensive interference in her past. Nicholas on a subliminal level knew that he could interfere by pressing his intention on that previously imprinted site. He could see the signs and was going to take advantage. I did not want that to happen as she was coming to terms at that stage with that past event and Nicholas was going to actively re-engage her in that imprint.*

“Mark sounded fine,” Nina said to Lujan. “Yeah, he will call you in ten minutes... he sounded happy.”

I was dumbfounded. I was definitely having a hard time understanding what had happened. I wanted to talk to Lujan.

“He doesn’t want to talk to you,” Nina said, and then she began talking on his behalf, repeating what he was saying to me so I could hear it. “Through your so-called genuine loyalty and respect for Mark, you have shown us that you have neither of these qualities for Lujan or myself, and that in fact you actively disrespect and betray us all continually.” She paused to listen to his voice. “Through your anger towards him you have shown that you have absolutely no respect for him as a friend, person or teacher, and that in fact you would use any chance you can get to turn on him. Since he has met you he has acted very directly to enhance you and support you as a human being. Instead of utilizing this support you have turned your back on it and used the information he has given you to impress and manipulate people around you, especially women, and also to hide what you are



doing so you can keep doing it and not change, because you are a coward and don't have the integrity to stand on your own two feet and be a man." She stopped relating what was being said and moved her eyes away from me. He was obviously now talking to her and had said everything he wanted to say to me.

*\*The reason why I did not talk directly to Nicholas on the telephone and spoke through Nina is that it gave him no choice but to listen. If he would have spoken to me directly he would have tried to engage me in a catfight and if this would have happened he would have realized nothing.*

I felt numb, empty. I had not been prepared for the tables to be turned so completely. Everything he had said had been true. At that moment I felt clear, and in that moment of clarity I realized that it had been a ploy and that I had played into it one hundred percent, unquestioningly. I had certainly been exposed before, but never in such an artful manner. Lujan was obviously explaining something to Nina and from her comments I could tell that he needed her to convey what he was saying to Mark, as soon as possible and that it had to do with the threads of intention and also what had just happened with all of us. I felt separated and dejected. I had absolutely no idea of what the threads of intention were or what they meant.

*\*Nicholas knew exactly what manipulation was all about and understood the threads of intention very well. For him at this point to narrate ignorance and draw the reader in to feel sorry for him is pulling the thread of the reader to bring judgment upon all of us. Nicholas is a very smart young man.*

Nina interrupted my self-reflection to pass me the phone.

“Please don’t interfere with Nina when she is explaining what she has to say to Mark. It is an important lesson for them, and for you.” Lujan’s tone was very stern and direct without being angry.

“I won’t interfere,” I said defensively.

“You’ve had your lesson,” he said dryly. “Your lesson is to absolutely stop what you are doing now and be a man for once in your life. I know you do not have the capacity at the moment to realize what I am showing them. Your lies are too heavy; they are blinding you to what is really going on. Be careful, your emotional dishonesty could cause you liver problems in the future. Put Nina back on the phone.”

I had paranoid thoughts that they were all going to be discussing the threads of intention in relation to my personality. I felt a nervous sickness in my stomach. Nina was again talking to Mark and arranging for us all to meet at a café in town in forty minutes, during Mark’s short morning break from work. There was a supreme feeling of urgency in the air. I thought for a moment that I should apply that feeling to my current situation and act accordingly, but that thought was dwarfed by a barrage of self-reflective images; scenarios containing myself at the café with Mark, proudly professing my loyalty to him as a friend and defending the fact that he had nothing to worry about. Nina and I made our way into town and on the way had the chance to talk.

*\*This internal dialogue, which Nicholas was narrating, belongs to the shadow beings’ mind. It is limited and full of paranoia and fear. One of the shadow’s techniques is to project loaded scenarios into the future. Insidious as it may seem, the shadow keeps us trapped with these methods and we are being stalked at every moment from within. When the enemy is indoors it wreaks havoc at every opportunity.*

Nina began to speak assertively.

“You realize that for me to want to have anything to do with you from now on you have to treat me with the same respect and loyalty that you say you have for Mark. I know for a fact that you respect some of his boundaries and that you absolutely do not respect any of mine.” I assured her that things would be different. She looked at me, her pupils blackened with immediacy.

“It needs to be different *now*.”

*\*Nina at this stage had become very powerful and clear. She was setting her first integral boundary and this was to define her being within the truth of her circumstances so she would not be swayed by any lies.*

I looked out the window of the bus and began searching through images in my mind of all the people I had known and considered friends in the past, right back until early childhood. My search became frantic, for I knew without a shadow of a doubt that in each and every case there was some way in which I had dishonored, judged, betrayed or abandoned them. My search finished with Mark. This was something I had never thought about. I had gone about life believing that I had always had an abundance of friends and to all appearances this had certainly been the case. At that moment, however, I felt a pang in the middle of my chest; I was not who I thought I was. The truth of my life caused me to weep.

We arrived in town and took a short walk to the café where we were all meeting. Whilst walking Nina told me that she needed me to not interrupt her while she was talking to Mark, as the message was important and Mark had only a few minutes to spare. I got annoyed at her instantly. ‘Of course I’m not going to interrupt, I wouldn’t do

that,' I thought to myself. Nina was saying something to me but I, lost in my thoughts, hadn't been listening.

"I can't stand it when you pretend to listen to me either," she said, almost at her wits end.

"I was totally listening to you - I was just looking down the street to see if I could see Mark," I lied.

"I can't believe you are lying to me," she said. Nina looked as if she were truly repulsed by my person. I felt that nervous sickness in my stomach again. I cursed myself for lying and cursed her for catching me. Since her association with Lujan, Nina had become very aware of my tactics. She could smell them. On the way to the café I had the clear sensation that the insincere part of me was burning my bridges and that soon I would be left behind. When we arrived at the café we ordered three breakfasts and waited for Mark to arrive. I found myself immediately relieved of any turmoil as a beautiful young waitress approached our table to bring us water. I became fixated on her and was pretending to be attentive to Nina. She stopped talking.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "You are not listening."

"I just got distracted for a second - it's okay, I'm okay. I'm fine now, really," I said, blushing.

Right then Mark entered and sat next to me on my left. Nina was sitting opposite me. I was relieved to see him. His eyes were wide and sparkling blue. He looked professional and curious and not in the least disturbed or agitated. Nina proceeded to repeat what she had been told by Lujan at home. Her explanation was abstract, yet directly related to what was occurring between us. I was a little more than baffled by what she was saying; yet Mark seemed crystal clear. He was gazing at her, absorbing everything. At one point I had a sudden urge to interrupt and make a personal injection into her narrative, like a point I had thought up all on my own, but stopped myself cold, remembering what I had said five minutes earlier.

*\*The reason Nicholas did not have the energy to understand what was being said was that his arrogance and vanity were an obstruction to the truth. One needs energy to be clear and his energy was re-deployed by his inner talk.*

Mark finished eating, left some money and returned to work. Almost as soon as he had left, Lujan called Nina's cell phone and was asking how it had gone. He then asked her to ask me how I felt about the whole thing.

"I think it's good, very artfully orchestrated. I had no idea what was going on," I said, sounding thoughtful. Nina conveyed this through the telephone.

"He doesn't want to hear what you think you should say and he doesn't appreciate your compliments," she related to me. I felt like everything I was saying was wrong and it was. Lujan got off the phone and I felt relieved.

Nina and I had some things to do in town together, so we got busy. I enjoyed being absorbed in unrelated activities, even though I was acting and feeling a little stiff. Upon returning home I had to get ready for work. I worked at night and because of my altered sleeping patterns sometimes stayed at a friend's house in his spare room so as to not be disturbed when Nina arose early in the morning and also so I could exploit that time by having alternate sexual relationships with other women. All throughout that day leading up to my work I had angry thoughts. My thoughts were more than just thoughts; they were subterranean currents of resentment. They made me feel cocky and confident and they were aimed at Lujan. I saw myself defaming him and in that act becoming considerably more powerful, claiming my manhood, so to speak; like a son defeating his father. Yet despite my self-confidence, underneath all that I was shaking like a leaf. I was

losing my friends, the only people who truly cared about me, and I knew it. My anger however, reigned supreme.

I awoke the next morning suddenly. I sat up in the bed in my friend's house very quickly, feeling desperate. My mouth was dry and my heart was pounding. I had not had a nightmare – it was more like I had woken up into a nightmare and I was it. I wanted to hide from the feeling. I wanted to run from myself, escape the desperation. I decided to ring Nina for comfort. She sounded very to the point. Even though Nina liked me very much, I knew that she needed me to change or else not have any contact with me at all. I was damaging her. I was experiencing a familiar fear, that of losing the people I loved. I nervously started talking about work the night before.

“I don't want to hear about these things,” Nina said. “Have you been having angry feelings towards Lujan?” she asked dryly.

“Yes I have,” I said.

“Well at least you are being honest.” She sounded surprised. “Lujan is very aware of your projections. Anyway, I've got things to do,” she said, ending the conversation.

I decided to go to do some exercise, to try to wash away the feeling that I had. I was a minute away from leaving when the phone rang. It was Nina.

“Can you ring Lujan? He wants to talk to you,” she said. I immediately took that as a sign that Lujan had thought things over and had decided to forgive me.

“Sure, okay, I'll call him from a phone booth in ten minutes,” I said earnestly.

I left my friend's house at a brisk pace. I was imagining everything going smoothly. Images of the two of us reconciling came to me and I honestly felt relieved. I was organizing the justification in

my head for the anger I had felt. I put my money in the phone and dialed his number. Lujan answered the phone.

“I am aware of your focused anger.” His voice was firm. I was shocked. “I made you aware years ago, when you focused your anger and nastiness towards me, that I know what you’re doing and that if it ever happened again I would have no recourse but to withdraw from the circumstances because it is the only responsible action I can take. I don’t want you to become any more familiar with that dysfunctional intention than you are. Quite frankly Nicholas, I don’t want to deal with it anymore because I’ve dealt with it before, and you know what I’m talking about.”

Lujan was referring to a time, two and a half years earlier when I, overwhelmed by my insecurities, jealousies, competitiveness and lack of understanding, had projected veiled, morbid and heavy feelings towards him. He had confronted me immediately and I had given him my word that it would never happen again.

“Nicholas, why are you blind to what you do?” he asked.

“Listen,” I said. “It won’t happen again.”

“How many times have you heard yourself saying that?” I was silent. “Answer that question for yourself.” The sound of his voice seemed to be superimposed on the scenery around me and simultaneously scenes of memories of my broken promises were flashing rapidly in my mind like a high-speed slide show.

“Lots of times,” I said.

“You bring so much misery to yourself and everyone around you,” he said firmly. I felt frozen, galvanized by his voice and the truth encased within it. I had a sudden flash of defensiveness and pursued it like a bloodhound.

“You know I rang you up to talk to you about this so we could sort things out,” I said with contained animosity.

“You didn’t just ring me up to talk to me about something,” he said calmly. “I asked Nina to call you to ask you to ring me. You weren’t going to tell me anything, as the coward that you are, Nicholas.”

I realized he was completely right, and through that realization I had then the clear sensation that I was becoming an awful person. I had convinced even myself that I was acting like a man, despite all the contradictory evidence. In that instant I also knew that Lujan was not contradictory, nor had he ever been with me. He was not angry with me, he was simply returning to me the feeling that I had tried to instill in him. I knew that everything I was doing was very wrong, yet at the same time a voice inside me proclaimed that despite what I realized, I could not change.

*\*This is one of the most obvious manifestations of the shadow's mind. This insidious repetitious talk that reinforces negativity continually is that nefarious imprint that is passed from generation to generation and is very rarely spoken out loud. This inner mind that Nicholas is describing eventually creates such self-loathing that the possessors rarely seek help to resolve this inner dilemma because of the embarrassment that accompanies disclosure.*

“When can you call me from home?” Lujan asked. I told him I could call him in three hours. I went into town to the gym and exercised mindlessly. I was definitely stalling. I could have gotten home in forty minutes. The feeling of stalling was a familiar one for me. I was seeking cheap refuge in the conscious act of wasting time. After exercising I went to eat a hamburger. There was twenty minutes left till the time I had said I would call back. My time wasting had not soothed me, I felt haunted.



I knew that Mark was nearby, working at his office on Saturday as he sometimes did. I had feverish plans to escape my inevitable meeting with Nina and Lujan on the phone in Nina's room. I knew Mark would let me up into his office to use a phone. I also knew that he would be glad to see me. It was his energetic support that I sought. I rang him and he immediately invited me up to his office. Once inside the building I had a nice talk with Mark, we were laughing and talking amiably about different things. There was a break in the conversation and I asked if I could use a phone. He gave me his phone at his desk. It was quite exposed to everyone who was working in the building. I asked if there was a more private line that I could use and Mark, being the helpful person that he was, offered me the desk of one of his colleagues, perhaps his supervisor. The desk was in a room that was partially separated from the rest of the main floor where everyone else worked by two walls on the left and the right of the desk. There was no wall opposite the desk, just a big space from where half of that floor of the building could be observed. There was a computer and various office supplies strewn over the desk. I felt a little guilty for placing Mark in the position he was in, but he assured me that the desk, which belonged to another manager, would be fine, as the managers didn't come in on Saturdays.

*\*This guilt should have been used as confirmation that wrong was being done.*

I dialed Lujan's number and waited for him to answer.

"Where are you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, I'm at Mark's work. He said it was fine to use the phone, and I wanted to call you at one o'clock like I said I would." I was fidgeting and shifting in the cushy chair. Lujan was silent long enough to make me uncomfortable.

“What are you doing there Nicholas? Why are you calling from Mark’s work?” From his voice I could tell he was not impressed by the way I had gone about things.

“It’s fine that I’m here,” I said. “The managers don’t come in on Saturdays.” I was feeling very justified. In my mind I was misunderstood. My venomous self-confidence was rearing its head once again.

“It’s not right that you have put Mark in this position. Do you realize that this could be extremely compromising for him?” He asked seriously. I argued that it was fine, that I was in a private office and that that was all beside the point. By the end of my defense my voice was quite loud. Some people working in the building turned with curious expressions.

“Do you realize that you have gone there to absorb Mark’s softness, his silence, to bolster yourself? Do you realize how wrong this is Nicholas?” He was very aware of my positioning. “And now you are shooting your mouth off in a heated discussion, bringing attention to yourself, making yourself accessible to those people around you. Did you think about the possibility that perhaps the boss whose office you are in has integrity and might decide to come in on a Saturday to catch up on some work, or perhaps he forgot something and will walk in to find you sitting there? How do think this is going to make Mark look? Do you also realize that those people working know the boss whose office you are sitting in, and that there is a possibility of them talking to that boss and revealing Mark’s kindness to you, which may become his compromise and damage his circumstances, because of your dependency on his softness?”

Right then an avalanche of memories of previous discussions flooded me. There was a time when Lujan had explained to me the mechanisms of dependency in the codependent form. I remembered Lujan saying:

“There is bidding being done for my attention, in your disguise as my associate, as my student, and in your need to know more and more yet staying in the position of not knowing anything. This need is insidious; it sucks away valuable energy and resources into nothing. It puts me in the position of the mother, the advisor, and the pamperer. You may draw the best out of me but in the next moment what I have given you is forgotten. When knowledge comes through as pure intention it seems your mind has difficulty tackling the subject matter, so consequently it is lost. Mind does not have the capacity to understand the depths of the information, which leaves you in the position of covert, greedy possessiveness of that information. Nicholas, can't you see that you are like a little bird in a nest, pink and featherless, screaming with its mouth wide open. Wriggling and jostling for the most advantageous position to gobble up the information, which you cannot remember. I'm not your aunty or mother. You are way too dependent. Resolve within yourself what you know and need to do for your life. Do not bid for my power as information. Bid for your own position, for your own power. Make stable the resolutions that are necessary. Don't destabilize yourself purposefully, so that you may come to aunty Lujan to clean up the energetic mess you have so conveniently organized so that your dependency may stay in place. If you look to me to be the center of your being, then where shall you be when I go my way, which is my destiny and not yours? Then will you turn your focus and become dependent on the mundane idiocies that are your world, your life? Take what I have given you with a seriousness that will facilitate the greatest happiness, and freedom, which can be yours if you let go of your dependency.”

As that memory returned to me, I felt like crying. I then recalled the rest of what he had said to me on that day.

“What you have looked for in me you should find in yourself: a sphere of your being that will turn into the magical ability of

adaptation. This will move you from the mundane to the very mysteries of the world that surround us. This adaptation will dislodge the anchors of pettiness and give rise to the higher self, which in essence appears from nowhere, and because it has this quality of appearing in formlessness, introspection will breathe life into *you* and not your cloaked inner child, Nicholas.” Upon this recounting the pit of my stomach shook with violent spasms. I told Lujan I would call him when I arrived home.

On the way home with Mark I felt reduced. I looked him in the eyes and told him that he was the only person I had treated as a friend and that even still I could have been more consistent with him. I felt a piercing anguish within myself and told him it was strange that someone who truly valued their friends in their heart could so easily forget this value in the light of self-absorption and the need for personal gratification through covert control. I meant what I said and had to fight not to burst into tears. His look conveyed to me that he understood and I resolved there and then to try to honor our friendship unquestioningly. I knew, however, that despite my realizations things were still not resolved inside myself. I was all tied up. My complicated feelings had been cast over and through the fabric of Lujan, Nina and Mark’s lives and the residue of this had not yet dissolved. The source of it all was still very much alive within me.

We arrived home and all headed upstairs to the bedroom where Nina and I stayed, the same room we had all been in two nights previously, listening to Nina read extracts from Lujan’s book. The room was the largest in the house and there was a lot of space. Nina was sitting in the chair by the desk in the corner. Mark was sitting in the closest corner to Nina on the floor, and I sat in the middle of the room on the bed. In this position we created a perfect triangle, with both of them facing me. Nina was speaking to Lujan on the phone and Mark and I were watching her attentively. As Nina was listening

to Lujan speak, she was looking straight at me. It was obvious that an aspect of my personality was being examined.

*\*At this stage Nicholas was full of paranoia and the conversation did not solely revolve around him.*

I wanted it to all be over, to be able to get on with things in the way that I wanted them to go. I wanted the company of someone else – someone who didn't know me. I didn't like that Mark was also in the room. Lujan had asked for Mark to be present so he could bear witness to whatever would unfold. I was desperately fighting to control myself, to appear calm. Something inside me was definitely afraid, and Lujan had once described this as the shadow.

*\*Mark was involved so that he could not be used in a surreptitious manner any longer.*

“Lujan's saying that he cannot have any contact with you and he knows you are still angry with him,” Nina repeated, listening to the telephone. “He told me to say that he is making Mark and I aware that you are interfering with us as well.” She paused and continued listening. “You're angry with him right now.”

“No, really I'm not,” I lied. Mark was focused on me. I was scared of him becoming aware of the depths of my contradictions, scared that if he saw who I was he would shut me out.

“Are you a liar?” Nina asked on Lujan's behalf. I didn't answer and she continued probing. “You resent the fact that I am becoming clear, don't you? And you resent Lujan for helping to bring this about. Isn't that so?” Her eyes were calm and piercing.

“No, I don't feel that way, I used to before but...” I stopped mid-sentence.

“You’re lying,” Nina said, matter-of-factly. “You’re always lying.” She continued: “You want to make sure I don’t clear up, because if I do then I will be able to see what you are doing, and you think that means I will leave you behind. But you are wrong, you are leaving yourself behind.”

She passed the phone to Mark and I panicked. Mark was listening to Lujan and looking out the window. He was making sounds of agreement like, ‘mmm’ and ‘that’s true’. I was suspiciously imagining all types of dialogue occurring on the other end of the line, picturing Lujan directly advising Mark to kick me out of the house, to never see me again. I decided that I couldn’t pursue my suspicions or I might say something revealing. I turned my attention toward Nina and began talking to her. She had softened her manner a little and was giving me advice. I could tell that she really believed in me and wanted me to change, but instead of truly absorbing what she was saying, I involved her in a dialogue that was motivated from a strange part of myself. On the surface I was attentive and earnest, listening and professing understanding, but at another level I was desperately involving Nina in a way that blocked out what else was occurring in the room and on the phone. I was split, indirect. I felt trapped. I started disagreeing with something Nina was saying and our voices rose, mine in the sound of complaint, hers in frustration.

*\*This was the injection of that shadow being’s mind to stop circumstances finding conclusion within our living construct, and cause a loop of repetition.*

“Can you stop it?” Mark said to us, and continued listening. My fear escalated. On the one hand I wanted to run out of there, but on the other hand I was desperately afraid of losing them all. They were truly magnificent human beings, people who I felt incredibly

lucky to have met. Inside my head an insidious battle was occurring. One part of me was forceful, cocky and violent, the other trembling like a rabbit, whimpering like a lost child. They were both fully engaged with my being and at the same time fully opposed to each other. Beneath all this, a clearer, unruffled part of me was there. That part of me was being suffocated by the turmoil of the other parts. I could tell that it was that clear, knowing part of Nina, Mark and Lujan that was at the forefront of their awareness. I was out of my depth and drowning.

*\*This split perception that Nicholas was experiencing was the fight of those shadow beings to confuse his clarity in what seems to be an internal battle; which in actual fact was duality created by two shadow beings manufacturing a dialogue within his consciousness. This subdues the unruffled, clearer part of himself so that it cannot arise as the true seer from within. Zakai had warned me to watch very carefully the ill intentions of those shadow beings that would appear within Nicholas, and to see how desperate they are to keep us fixed and prevent us from accessing this information. Ill intention is their forte.*

Mark continued listening and talking to Lujan. I lowered my voice and again engaged Nina in a dialogue. This time I cunningly decided to agree with her no matter what she said. I was listening to her, nodding in agreement, when Mark spoke:

“Lujan said that by doing what you are doing now and talking to Nina, you are deliberately causing a division between us and draining Nina of her energy. It’s wrong for you to do that.”

It was obvious that he was repeating Lujan’s words but even still I was shocked to hear him speak to me in that way. He was looking straight at me and speaking clearly.

“Lujan said that you are fighting with Nina, trying to overpower her because she has become strong. You are angry at Lujan for his positive influence in her life,” Mark repeated. “You are in this way putting Nina in the father role in your life because Lujan is behind her and at this moment she represents his strength. You are placing her in that role in the same way you have put Lujan in that role. With them in this role you see them as being strong and try to overpower them like you did with your father.” Mark paused and listened to Lujan on the phone. “They will not be put in this position, they reject it,” he said firmly.

I was stunned. I had had those feelings and images towards Nina and Lujan: that I wanted to overcome them in the same way I had tried to overcome my father. How in the hell did he know that?

“Lujan said that you have also been using my energy,” Mark said to me, “in a way that bolsters your complacency and justifies your lies, through our agreements and alliance of friendship. He said you have been putting me in the role of mother, to further enflame your dependency so that you don’t have to take responsibility for your actions, and the reason that Lujan won’t talk to you at the moment is that you’ve been using him to sharpen your claws so that you can overcome all of us.” Mark looked me straight in the eyes. “You have been taking refuge in my company in an unwholesome way.”

Mark had been repeating what Lujan had been saying, and also realizing that what he was being told was true. I didn’t protest. I had done what had just been described earlier that day. I had then another avalanche of memories, of myself planning and going to Mark’s workplace to use our friendship in the unwholesome manner that had just been uncovered. I was shaking, looking Mark in the eyes. The phone was passed back to Nina. Lujan was explaining to her the nature of my divisionary tactics, which I had used with her a moment before.



“You need to withdraw from this behavior,” she said. It was as if she and Lujan were one person, both talking through the force of their joint understanding. “If you don’t withdraw from this part of yourself, Nicholas, then we would only naturally have to withdraw from you.”

“How can he do this?!” I said loudly. “Tell my friends to disengage from me! That’s wrong!”

Nina passed the phone back to Mark. Lujan must have asked how we were sitting, because I heard Mark describing our triangular formation. He again spoke on Lujan’s behalf.

“Nicholas, swap positions with me,” he said. I knew what was happening. I had chosen that position to sit in because it was the most advantageous for my manipulations. I swapped positions and looked at Mark; I had definitely lost my dominance. Mark’s eyes were shining, his black pupils looked like large tunnels. He was learning about who I really was. Lujan then asked a question through Mark.

“Why did you use those playground tactics to make Lujan look like he was trying to make you lose your friends?”

I stopped fighting.

“I wanted to use the idea of me being afraid of losing my friends so I could gain the upper hand and make Lujan look like he was the manipulator,” I said, and inwardly I knew that this was character assassination with a fixed agenda and so did Lujan.

As soon as I admitted that I felt an inward pop in my head and everything in the room changed. Mark’s head began to glow. Mark repeated what I had said over the phone.

“Yes, he is being honest,” he said.

Mark’s eyes and mine had been interlocked for a long time. My chest felt like an enormous weight had fallen off it. I felt light and clear. Mark then moved his eyes away from me and continued talking

to Lujan. I felt utterly detached and unafraid. My thoughts had been all turned off. I was no longer paranoid about people talking about me, because there was nothing happening. I looked out the window and gazed in silence at the horizon. A few days earlier when I had been talking to Lujan he had said to me that at that stage in his life, he was on the horizon. I hadn't understood what he meant at the time. Right then I knew what he had meant when he had said the horizon is composed of silence. I felt a lightness in my body that I hadn't felt in a very long time.

When I later talked to Lujan, he asked me to recount everything that had transpired over those three days. As I wrote that account I was re-living the experience, but watching from the outside. I was shocked to see how everything had been so well orchestrated; yet I knew that Lujan had not orchestrated anything. He had played his hand exquisitely. When I asked him about it he said simply that he adapts, but that this adaptation is impersonal. Whilst writing my account I would periodically ring Lujan up and read to him what I had written so far. Reading the story of Nicholas and his struggle caused us to laugh together with abandon. It was truly hilarious. Never in my life have I laughed at myself so freely. The act of recounting and laughing together caused a catharsis inside me; I felt that part of me was dissolving and what was left was not the jealous, nasty, controlling brat that was acting in the story. What was left was a person who had no interest in that sort of thing. I felt like I was finally who I really was: silent, abundant and loving. This realization caused me to cry. I knew then that Lujan had not been combating me at all. What he had been combating was something that did not belong to me. He described it as the cloaked inner child, the shadow's mind, and he had confronted this installation from his emptiness, his Architect of observation.

As I progressed with writing my account, Lujan revealed to me three different ploys that had been implemented through the application of the Architect of observation. He also implied that there was a fourth ploy, but that it could not be revealed until I had finished my account, and this ploy would be implemented by him personally. He explained to me that the first ploy was to give Mark the true idea that he couldn't trust me, by stating that I was focusing my sexual energy on his girlfriend, which I was. Doing this caused Mark to confront me on behalf of the pressure he was feeling and this triggered me automatically to reveal my anger, resentments and lack of loyalty to Lujan and Nina, unmasking what I had been hiding. Lujan had not pushed for the total truth in this situation in the beginning, because he knew if it was revealed fully I would lose my friendship with Mark and he didn't want to be the catalyst to ruin a friendship. He and I both knew the truth had to come from me. The second ploy had been to get all of us to write an account of what, for us, had transpired. The premise of the second ploy was that Mark and Nina would use false names for the story. The name Nicholas, however, was a name that had been brought back to life from my childhood.

*\*When confronting a corrupt, cloaked inner child it is pertinent to bring up the name that the person was called in childhood, to provoke every ounce of impedance out so that the true advisor can be implemented correctly.*

When I was young, around four years old, my parents would employ a strange form of punishment whenever I had been misbehaving. They would call me Nicholas, a name that would somehow infuriate me. I would inevitably be locked in my room and from the other side of the door they would taunt me by calling out "Nicholas, Nicholas, we can't hear you Nicholas!" while I would kick

and scream and hit the door until I was exhausted. I had recounted this story once to Lujan, feeling at the time completely sorry for myself. He had remembered it and asked me to use that name in the story. I complained instantly, saying that I really didn't like that name. He told me directly that it was the most appropriate name for my character, because in the story Nicholas was locked out, and kicking and screaming with anger at the door. The only difference, he explained, was that this time Nicholas had locked himself out.

The third ploy was that Nina and Mark withdraw from their task of recounting, as a means to undermine my arrogance and competitiveness. Lujan explained to them that by engaging in their task they inadvertently helped strengthen these competitive aspects of Nicholas and had to withdraw before Nicholas could drain them of their energy. It was on the third day of writing that they withdrew. I had no idea that this was happening. I had been feeling very confident about what I was doing and felt that I would have the most detailed and best account. On that day however, I felt like I was falling apart. Something inside me was being disassembled and it felt to me that I was in pieces. When it was revealed to me that they had withdrawn and why, I felt utterly embarrassed and ashamed. It was explained that they also withdrew because they had false names, whereas mine was real.

*\*One way to shrink those shadow beings is through embarrassment, as they have become so arrogantly confident that they cannot be seen. Embarrassment reveals the indirect stalking methods of the shadow's mind by tricking their intentions along an unexpected path. They are not actually that smart and work on the premise of repetitious, looping behavior.*

On the last day of writing I still did not know what the forth ploy was. I was making myself sick with speculation. I woke from a

feverish dream. I had dreamt that the last ploy was Lujan saying goodbye to me and wishing me well with what I had learnt. I was scared beyond belief. I rang him and read to him the entire account. After finishing, he asked me to put Nina on the phone. She said 'okay' once and put down the phone. We were both sitting on the bed. She quickly got me to sit opposite her, with both our legs crossed. She looked at me, full of good feeling. She then put her two hands on my shoulders and looking into me, said:

"You are no longer Nicholas. You are free to be whoever you want to be," she said and then kissed me on my mid-eyebrow. I instantly felt my face buzzing. I couldn't believe what she had said. Tears welled up in my eyes in a feeling of ecstasy. What a wonderful gift I had been given. I was amazed that Lujan had engineered everything from over two thousand miles away. Through the telephone he had organized for me to be free of the shadow's mind. My whole body vibrated and I felt like my chest had been filled with warm liquid. I remembered how much I loved Lujan. I was crying. I knew that I never had to be Nicholas again.

*\*It is important when pressuring individuals to realize the truth that kindness and understanding be the only motivation. I had also given Nicholas the opposite to what he had expected, and this broke the back of his expectancy system, and then the floodgates were opened for his heart to have true expression. This is the strongest lesson one can give and the only one that has any importance.*

*On reflection, I would say that Nicholas should be highly commended for his honesty within the narrative. It gives everybody involved a clear opportunity to reflect upon what is usually unspoken and kept surreptitiously guarded. Through this process the true advisor from within is brought to the surface to bear witness to what is truly taking place within our living construct. To undertake this journey requires courage and determination.*

*Life can be  
a process  
of observing  
what we are  
interfering with  
rather than  
interfering  
with what we are  
observing*

# Dreaming the Dreamed



I was to enter the Dream Maker's realm on this occasion in a fashion that was entirely unfamiliar to me. I had been having visions of a cactus called Peyote and had noticed that whenever I placed two of these large plants on either side of my head while I slept at night, the contents of my dream would be filled, as strange as it may seem, with biblical truths.

I awoke to find myself in a small hut that seemed to be made out of white mud, in a kind of igloo shape. I looked on the wall and saw a picture of Jesus with a bleeding heart and wondered why the people that owned this hut would put an image of Jesus on display. I turned my attention to the middle of the hut and saw a large peyote in front of me, not too dissimilar to the ones that were by the side of my head as I slept. As I gazed at this magnificent old plant, which seemed to be maybe sixty years old, some part of it leapt toward me and began to spin in an anti-clockwise direction in my chest. Its presence caused a sensation that brought me into a mindset of total uncompromise on the level of my heart. While being absorbed within the feeling that this old plant was delivering to me I heard Zakai's voice, clearly asking in a playful tone:

“What the hell are you doing in the middle of Mexico, in the middle of somebody else's peyote hut?”

I fully realized then that I was dreaming and suddenly Zakai was sitting to my left. He had materialized as if he was made of mist and

had then become solid. My attention went immediately to his profoundly powerful gaze.

“As you look into my eyes this dream that you are in will integrate with where I am, in the Dream Maker’s realm,” he said softly, and with these words the surroundings began to dissolve, while Zakai’s voice remained steady, as an auditory anchor in the shifting environment.

“As this scene disappears from you the portion of you that is dreaming this dream will understand that it is fragmented and needs to be centralized within two portions of your being: one energetic and one stationed within a physical realm. It is my purpose and my responsibility to guide you in the unification of your awareness. This is my task.”

At the end of this statement I realized that I was in the Dream Maker’s realm, looking into the void with Zakai standing by my side.

“Seeing that I have found you gazing at a picture of Jesus,” he said, “I think it would be appropriate now for you to witness this man’s power directly; but before we do this I will explain more of the concepts surrounding the hieroglyphs and also introduce to you our understanding of the third symbol, the hieroglyph of completion, so that you may further recover memories of your own experiences with these aliens with absolute clarity.”

Zakai once again brought up the symbols of the shadow’s dream and inner light and as he spoke the two hieroglyphs appeared in the void, hovering mysteriously in what seemed to be a holographic vision. He then leant forward and whispered in my ear.

“We don’t have much time. You must move swiftly without hurrying. This for you I know is intolerable because you are so impatient. Be careful to subdue this side of your character; it makes you vulnerable. Anxiety is something you must avoid without question. We have put tremendous pressure on you through our

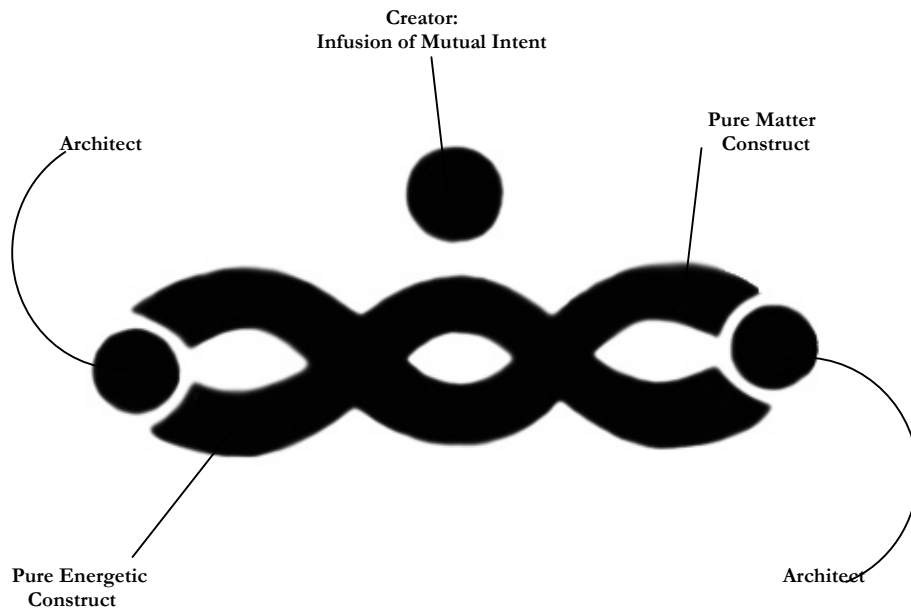


expectations. We know what we have done. You must learn the art of hurrying without hurrying,” he said, smiling to himself and giggling quietly. “Look now at these two hieroglyphs and concentrate with all your might. Can you see that there is a cycle of consequence that can be observed in the shadow’s dream hieroglyph to be multiplicitous, whereas in the hieroglyph of inner light there are only two cycles. As soon as the chain of command is switched between the child and the adult witness, a new dimension of conceptualization appears: the Architect of observation. This is the field of unobstructed absorption of fluid construct, which puts you, the buoyant adult witness, in the twin position of the uninhibited observer.

“The Architect dreams the construct of the buoyant witness and lays in wait for the arrival of that multi-dimensional luminous universe that presents itself on the level of energy, where beings exist in pure energetic form. The fluid visual construct must accompany the Architect of observation in this transitional phase of awareness, for we can only build upon what we know.” He paused for a moment, examining my features, then turned back to face the void. “It is time now to sweep these two hieroglyphs aside and examine the hieroglyph of completion.”

The hieroglyph that materialized was unusual in comparison to the others and upon its appearance I remembered that I had seen it before. Seeing this hieroglyph took me straight into a feeling of unity that corresponded with the supportive and non-interfering atmosphere that always surrounded my companions from the Dream Maker’s realm.

# The Completion Hieroglyph



Zakai touched my shoulder with an intensity that enlivened a sense of camaraderie I had very rarely experienced in my lifetime. He leaned towards me, once again whispering in my ear.

“Listen very carefully to what I say. This experience will change the energetic imprint that exists inside your luminous form. What you now are viewing is the true dreamer’s hieroglyph,

“In the completion hieroglyph, the two lines you see are intertwining, fluid constructs, and the two circles on either side are two Architects. The line that runs from the bottom through the top and down again is pure energy, and the line running from top to bottom and up again is pure matter. The combination of the two Architects manifests the Creator or the ultimate witness, as the sphere at the top. The Creator can dream matter or energy, and the ultimate usage of both. This is an advanced state of real time. The ultimate aim of the Architect is to dream its reality within the neural net of its human host, and the corresponding aim of human awareness is to dream itself beyond the confines of its construct. The Architect constantly challenges the human construct to expand its boundaries and encompass as much awareness of energy and matter as is possible while still confined within the human form.

“Remember, man is always challenged through diversity. Technology is one area of exploration that is currently testing our cognitive boundaries, through our observation of and interaction with that technological advancement. The design of the Architect has challenged man to such a degree that he dreams his awareness and his intent into machines and creates computers that will eventually have the same speed and adaptability as their human counterparts. Through this symbiotic relationship of man and machine the Architect challenges our conscious awareness to visually conceive of that which seems inconceivable, yet which when conceived becomes a tangible viability. We have forgotten how to conceive of the Architect, so the

Architect challenges us to conceive of it, even though *we are the Architect*; the ultimate witness itself.”

While Zakai was finishing his explanation I noticed the room becoming luminous. Gold fibers were spreading from his body to every corner and the inner core of his luminosity looked like molten gold. I glanced up to see someone moving in front of me. It was Malaiyan and he was holding something in his right hand. He seemed to be very agitated and full of power. I looked at Zakai, wondering what was happening, and when my eyes struck his physical form he exploded into light and vanished. I stood up, shocked, and turned back to face Malaiyan. The object he had in his hand started to glow. He lifted it and threw it at me and said:

“Catch!”

I was suddenly standing in blackness and what I saw in front of me was the golden teardrop that Malaiyan had thrown. It was about the size of a small plate, ten feet away from me, hovering in mid-air. It was lying on its side as if it was traveling somewhere, but it was stationary. I stood motionless and gazed at this golden droplet. Its color was deep and rich. I was totally fixated. I had never been held so motionless in a scene in this way. I knew if I made any verbal commands the situation would change but I dared not. I had no idea where this entity that Malaiyan had thrown would take me. The golden droplet suddenly started to vibrate and raced towards me at enormous speed. I didn't have the ability to dodge what was coming; it hit me in the center of my chest and exploded inside of me. Then I was there, in a place I never would have conceived of ever being.

The room I had arrived in was carved sandstone, with no doors or windows. To my right there was a platform made of the same stone, which came to about the height of my hips. As my gaze swept towards this object I realized there was a man lying on the slab and I instantly knew who he was. He was covered with a cloth up to his

mid-chest that was the color of bone. As I looked at him I noticed his eyes were deep brown and his skin the color of cinnamon. He was feverishly trying to communicate to me and I knew that he was a man with not much time left. He was dying. He reached out and grabbed me by my left arm and as his grip tightened an energetic current surged through my system and a white light entered my head. Before me a crucifix appeared, with a man hanging torturously from it and within this dream-like vision the crucifix sped towards me as I sped towards it - then the scene came to a rushing halt. In front of me was that man's crown of thorns. He lifted his head and looked at me calmly.

At that moment a voice suddenly erupted near my left ear. It was a phenomenon I had experienced in dreaming many times before. The voice was neither male nor female and sounded as awesome as the scene that confronted me. It directly conveyed the intentions of that man I was witnessing.

“Take this vision back with you. I have been represented incorrectly. How can you bypass what you think you know? It is a formulated structure and that formulated structure is like a crown of thorns. Each time one attempts to intend beyond that structure, the thorns themselves bypass that intention by pointing it in an incorrect direction. The sharpness of the thorns represents the pain of that misdirection and the blood trickling down the forehead is life lost. Intending intensity is represented by the emptiness of the mind that receives information directly from the heart because of that emptiness.”

The scene shifted and I was viewing the palms of his hands, while the voice continued to describe what I was seeing.

“From this point, where I am damaged, warmth and fullness runs out of my heart through my hands, which is the kindness that mankind has lost. This point is shown as damaged, for without it

there can be no healing in the world, nor true understanding. From here energy rushes to the center, to the chambers of ones heart.”

The scene shifted again and my attention went to the feet.

“Within the top arch of the foot the substance of man is held upright. If this point is pierced man’s substance will collapse, and invariably the strength of man will fall too low for him to even realize that he has fallen. When the underside of the arch is damaged, through the piercing from the top, the power of the kidneys is weakened, where inspiration and life force reside.”

Once more the scene shifted and I saw the left hand side that had been stricken.

“When the pancreas and spleen are damaged in this fashion the body cannot uphold true realization, which erupts into the heart as pure knowing. Instead, what erupts is an incessant nagging that is re-circulated by the misdirection that has been gripped by the thorns. If the right-hand side is pierced where the liver resides, then the eyes will not see the truth of the future or know how to move towards that future and complacency will be the cornerstone of awareness, where the spirit of forbearance should have been established. From this position the creative urges of sexual energy will be caught within a fire which turns the mind crazy and the eyes will be forced to turn inwardly to see the unwholesome needs of want and desire. This will disrupt and waylay us extensively from purposefully using the time that we have on this planet. Within this momentum expectation becomes the exaggeration of want and unhappiness will wreak havoc on the world. When this havoc has established saturation humanity will seek cheap refuge in the sexual center but no satisfaction will be gained. The unification of all these points is to be strengthened and the weaknesses are to be avoided, for if these points are compromised this will have a devastating effect on awareness.”

With this last utterance the scene vanished and I was back in the tomb. My focus went immediately to the man and I realized that he was in excruciating pain. I knew that he had been tortured and scalded with boiling oil. He was looking at me with a deep sense of urgency - he desperately needed me to hear what he was saying, but spoke a language that I couldn't comprehend. It was obviously his native tongue. In this situation the only recourse left to me was to gaze at him while he spoke and absorb the sounds and movements that he made. This was an extraordinary man; he was so focused on what he needed to do and what he wanted to communicate that for him it was more important than his impending death. He let go of my arm and reached for a scroll and handed it to me. I knew by the fact that he was handing me something that it would re-relate back to my waking state as information that I needed to know, so I gazed with utmost intensity at the material he had handed me. Suddenly my ears popped and the man in front of me sat up abruptly and began speaking to me in English.

“While you are encased within my circle of power, the combination of our mutual intent has brought your language to the surface. My power is still full and I regret nothing that I have done, but man will regret living within the past in remembering me. There is no possibility while in this mindset to be totally within the moment that exists within the heart. Even those who follow me and think they are practicing my teachings are only pursuing manipulated scriptures that fall under the category of struggles for power that are interlaced with agenda. The way to the profound truths that I discovered is simple. Listen to one's heart. If that heart is in a state of compromise then that heart can no longer speak the truth, nor can the eyes see. Neither will the ears hear the profound knowledge that is spoken from one being to another.

“So I say to you, the one who listens; your ears shall be open, your eyes shall see and your heart will know the truth. You will see

me and I will exist within everything and everything will exist within me, but within that existence I no longer exist. So I say to you, only take what is necessary, and this is a personal affair. Honor thy brother and sister with intelligence, in all their forms, mother, father, friend and foe.”

I looked to his eyes. They were calm and tranquil and as he spoke I knew he went beyond the pain that existed within his body, and I knew that the men who had tortured him and manipulated the truths of his knowledge were wicked beyond belief. He gently smiled at me.

“Beware of the shadow,” he warned. “It exists only because our minds have become corrupt. It jumps through and onto a malformed intention that has cruelty and greed at its core. These parasites that my disciples have called demons wish to express themselves within the realm of man before their time. Humanity is making grave mistakes with an agreement that was never made. Be pure of heart and child-like within your thoughts and the agenda of the beast will not transmute into the world of man.”

A moment later, the dream scene had completely vanished and I was laying in the darkness of my room. I was contained in a way that I had experienced countless times before. I could open my eyes and look around the room but my body seemed to be pinned and paralyzed, and at the very same instant I was sitting on the stairwell outside my door. I was naked and I could feel the wooden stairs beneath my buttocks, and this time it was different - I could sense the solid world around me. My dreaming awareness had come with me back to where I was. I was watching my own body and was also viewing the world from a point further removed from the dreamer on the stairwell; a third perspective. I knew that I was in the bedroom just behind the door, and in all positions understood what each was going through. On the stairwell my body was strong and clear. I was



experiencing a power and clarity that was connected to a strange source of absorption.

Even though I was the dreamed, I was more real than the sleeper that was awake and realizing that I was on the stairwell, and was being viewed simultaneously from a disembodied third perspective. As I sat there this absorption of information made me realize how aware I was as one complete unit. I was bathed in calmness and this calmness spread out from me. It touched everything and in touching everything related everything back to me. My being was experiencing pure magic and the power that comes with that. Suddenly I was back in the Dream Maker's realm, looking into the void, with Malaiyan standing to my left. I was confused, yet I knew that I had to focus, and Malaiyan began to explain what had just occurred.

“This type of dreaming comes about from having ones pure intention in place and this pure intention I am talking about relates to the hieroglyph of inner light. When intention is not encumbered by any self-serving desire then it is free to witness itself. When pure intention is uninhibited what appears as a consequence is intensity, an agitation that brings about excitable knowing. These two elements of pure intention and intensity combine together to bring about the unbiased witness: the Architect of observation that by its very nature is untouchable. The reason why it is untouchable is that it exists permanently within everything we do, but once pure intention or intensity are interfered with in any way by the shadow's mind, the Architect will no longer be available because the shadow's dream hieroglyph has taken over enactment.”

Malaiyan's eyes were dark pools of knowing and his face was glowing with the anticipation of an excitable child as he continued.

“For us to progress as a human race in the realm of dreaming, we must become acutely aware of what we attach to our intention. If

we can be aware then the Architect will transmute and become the Creator, our new sphere of attention. When the elements of pure intention and pure intensity, as seen in your previous dream scene, gain enough gravity within themselves they appear in the dreaming realm, with pure intention as the human body and the dreaming body as abstract knowing that is free from preoccupation. These collective units become the Architects of their own elemental structures, which are energy and matter. This is how the Architect, the pure witness, becomes the ultimate Creator. Within the gravity of these elements all the intensity of the energetic mass and all the fullness of physical creativity become the interweaving, fluid constructs and the concept of time, past and present, as you have recognized in your previous dream scene, are amalgamated into one and are viewed from a third perspective, which is the infusion of our creative essence. We must realize that we can travel back and we can travel forward and explore that universe out there that seems so far away, which in fact is our inward journey. Through pure intention we can dream ourselves forward with the observational sense that makes itself available to men and women who comprehend without thought.”

Malaiyan gently tapped my shoulder and said softly.

“Awake with you.”

I once again awoke suddenly in my bed. Upon reviewal of the experiences that I had dreamed I would have to say in conclusion that anything that is passed down through the centuries would come under the category of mythology because there is no real way of proving its validity, and that includes the information contained within this dream scene, even though it is a complete dream sequence that did occur. What I myself obtained from this experience was profound, unquestionable, deep knowing. The reason why it is in the book is to give a true and precise idea of recounting in real time, which can be experienced in dreaming and is the third hieroglyph, shown as two

Architects and two Constructs (one energetic and the other composed of matter), and the Creator, the ultimate Architect. There is another way to interpret these elements. The energetic component of the intertwining constructs of the Completion hieroglyph is the self-realized awareness of the heart, which within its self-realization becomes actualized through that flux of energy. The other intertwining component, the construct relating to matter, is the mind, which actualizes itself through its own reflection of physical flux that it experiences and organizes in front of itself. The fifth element is the Creator, the ultimate Architect.

In anticipating the reader I would say that this is not God, but that this conceptualization could be and has been given to this focal point. I personally think that there is no such thing as God and that there is only this component that witnesses us, which we can be aware of and which we try to give structure and form through syntax. This witness, by virtue of its position, encases us within the realities that we experience. The key to this third perspective is to stand within our personal power and not falter. This stance will elevate that third perspective into its rightful position, which will bring about a state of actualized fluidity that will invariably break the insidious loop where we are trapped. I guess at this point it is obvious I am not a religious man, and the preceding dream of this theological scene took me by surprise.

The golden droplet I viewed in the beginning of the dream was the Creator, obviously of my construct, that had combined energy and matter. The reason I come to this conclusion is that everything I viewed in the dream with Jesus was seen from the perspective of my own Architect of observation and also from a third viewpoint that separately saw the sequence and was simultaneously combined with my own awareness, which was the perspective of the Creator. In the second dream sequence where I had left the dream of Jesus and arrived back to my home I was also viewing from three positions: two

Architects and the Creator; the ultimate Architect. The physical construct is the expression of the sleeper in the bed, which is the element of matter. The energetic construct was experienced by the dreamer on the stairwell. The third perspective was witnessing from a disembodied viewpoint that was aware of and could see everything simultaneously. Because of Malaiyan's involvement my awareness had got behind and integrated with the position of the ultimate Architect, which in the beginning was the golden teardrop that he had thrown.

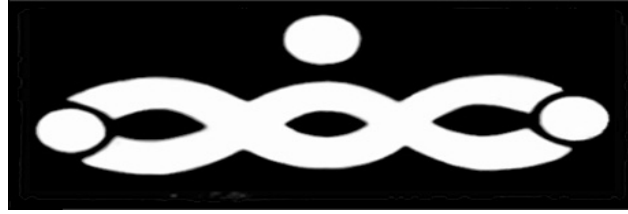
I know that if I would have had the perceptual clarity to turn that viewpoint outwardly, the unknown expanse, which is ultimately behind that position would have become available; then all elements would have banded together and a new journey would have begun. Life as I know it would have disappeared as though it had never existed in the first place. Is this the reason why we fear dying, and is this where that fear comes from? And is that fear motivated from the fact that when that creative Architect turns outward we lose control and forgo completely what we leave behind? Is it this vacillation that stops us from witnessing that large and expansive universe, which in fact is inwardly turned and is our true inner journey that we have the possibility to experience while we still live? Even though I myself did not at that time have the perceptual clarity to turn this creative Architect into its true direction, the fact that I got behind this position opened a very unusual door - to beings that exist behind the ultimate creative Architect, and I believe that these luminous beings are our true angels.

Now I would like to switch your awareness back to the dream scene and hope that you have already asked these questions before I even bring it up. The question I would like you to ask is: what was interacting with me in that dream scene? I believe it was the insertion of those luminous beings, which my awareness gave concrete validity to through my construct to make them energetically solid. Those sentinels beg us to differ within our realizations and wake up to the

fact that they too are Architects composed entirely of energy, by jumping into our dreams to communicate pure truths to us so that the Creator, the ultimate Architect within us, can become aware of itself. This seems to be their unrelenting task, to awaken us to ourselves, but our trap lies in the fact that we are so familiar with matter that anything that jumps in to our cognitive system is turned into something known. Now for us, as beings that need to evolve, it would seem that this is a point of excruciating frustration, because we all know that we can do it but we just don't, and the reason we don't is because we've been conditioned not to go beyond our training and see the obvious that manifests itself in form because it has no other choice.

*Who is that  
behind my eyes?*

# Sexual Attention



While in the Dream Maker's realm Zakai once said to me, "Are you still? Are you completely here? Is your mind empty? Can you see me in front of you? Am I solid?"

I said, "Yes".

"Do you know me?"

I said, "No. But I know myself."

"By knowing yourself you know me," he said smiling. "I have been absorbed within the void for many years. What I have learnt from this prolonged absorption is that I am here yet I am not here."

"Where can I find within myself, where you are?"

"Within your breath you will find me within you. Even though I do not breathe, I breathe within your breath. This is how we are all connected to that insoluble void that you have in front of you. The lungs function without thought. It is a mindless act. It is without mind. So when you think you have forgotten me, simply breathe and I will be there." As he said this he reached out and clasped my forearm. "We must forget in order to remember."

Zakai often did these strange and magical things while we sat in front of that awesome emptiness that was the void. It is my wish to convey with as much clarity as possible what transpired. Within the next two chapters, if you find yourself confronted, remember, return to your breath, free of thought. Return to the void so that you may

release the socialized imprints that you are defending and revisit that which has been forgotten.

The subjects within *Sexual Attention* outline the lessons that I learnt from my wards on how to be cognizant of what is truly beautiful and how to bring forth pure expression and openly challenge that which is presented within our living construct. Over the years I have found numerous old souls who I have proceeded to instruct with the lessons passed on in the Dream Maker's realm. As a consequence there are questions that were asked by these dear friends that I have included in the next two chapters.

## **Responsibility and Inner Truth**

Before any actual sexual techniques are given, one must understand that the art of sexual attention goes way beyond the act itself. We must consider that our buoyant inner child is sustained by our sexual center, so consequently if one was to act irresponsibly we would set in motion automatic impedance, which is shown in the shadow dream's hieroglyph as the cloaked inner child. Our sexual center will sustain and support our designs, whether in the light of transparency or self-serving preoccupation. If we are not transparent and do not take responsibility for our actions in reference to our sexual activity, the flow on effect not only can be but will be catastrophic on a personal level. As with everything, whatever is done accumulates and that accumulation is processed by the inner child and within that process is delineated appropriately whether our actions are composed of denial or truth. The primary function of our sexual center is to propel us into our future. If we are not clear the road will be more difficult than is necessary. Our sexual center is a resource that if mismanaged will falter at the times we need it the most, and the most exaggerated spectrum of this faltering is either in old age or great



illness. The process of life is simplicity itself. Simplicity brings us into our first sphere of attention. This first sphere of attention should be composed of practicality and within this practicality observational acuity should arise. I hope that this book will bring you into that acuity itself so that you may bear silent witness to your inner child regardless of its present state.

**Q: How is the inner child sustained by the sexual center?**

A: Our inner child and the awareness of the inner child are stationed within the center of our heart. The sexual center upholds the clarity of the inner child through abundance of energy. If the clarity of the inner child is not upheld through integral acts then the inner child will fall and so will the sexual center.

**Q: How does the sexual center propel us into our future?**

A: If our basic energy is waylaid in immoral acts we will be absorbed within drama. Such drama continually loops back on itself and relies on the past for its propulsion. If the sexual center is clear and no ulterior motives are connected to it then the future will be clear and the energy that exudes from our sexual center because of that clarity will bring power to our inner advisor, which in essence knows what's right and wrong and can see beyond our present circumstances.

**Q: Can you elaborate on this first sphere of practicality?**

A: Do what has to be done, nothing more and nothing less. Don't add any part of yourself that is inappropriate nor promote inappropriate behavior from anybody else. Sit silently within yourself and command that silence through purposeful attention. Do not let your mind take over what is your true heritage, which is to know without question, what is right and what is wrong.

## **Applied Mechanics of Interaction**

I guess the first question to ask is: What are the mechanics that surround responsibility and the ramifications that inner truth will apply to our circumstances? Within ourselves we have to ask: 'Am I balanced?' and if not, 'What can be done about this?'

I suspect that most people would look to texts for information that will bring them to a state of fulfillment and, if the text is good enough, boundaries should or can be delineated: healthy boundaries. Within these parameters inner truth will become abundant and within that abundance one would arrive at a state of buoyancy that purely defines the power of that individual so that responsible decisions can be made based on the simple mechanics of foresight. This foresight should deliver to you that parameter which outlines the inner child, and ultimately that inner child will be fed by the sexual center, which in turn will add to the buoyant witness' balanced comprehension the joy and silence that surrounds that inner child and will draw all circumstances into the regime of real time. Real time is dealing with present circumstances in the light of progression, which moves on from that position and yields the truth of only present realizations. To be in real time is not to be anchored in the gravity that surrounds past issues that have not reached a state of definition, which defines the truth that lies behind unconscious actions, which become the mechanisms of entrapment and denial. These mechanisms will be perpetuated through usage and this occurs solely for the purpose of making us as individuals wake up to the fact that we have baggage.

### **Q: How is foresight applied in a daily sense?**

A: Firstly we must take everything that we have in our environment and see it for what it is, and define how that structure may have to be kept in place: working, shopping, etc. and all the daily routines that make life the way it is. If one does not have a prescribed

plan one will sit in complacency, so get yourself a diary and write down what needs to be done and fulfill your obligations so that you are complete within your integrity. I think we all know that if we are questioned about what we have not completed it weakens us and weaknesses are always more obvious and more accessible for usage than strength is. Foresight is encompassed within the completion of what you know needs to be done and this is to take responsibility, which becomes an integral perimeter of power that cannot be interfered with by the petty minded.

## **Actions and Consequences**

Dyani described actions and consequences in terms of her womanhood at one stage in the dreaming realm. The subject she spoke about was monogamy and this is the story she told.

“If I was a young woman traveling the world, leaving behind me a loving family and free of any relationships whatsoever, when I arrive in new circumstances and a young man approaches me, what is my responsibility to myself? If he were to ask me to engage in a relationship, I would automatically access my inner truth, which would advise me. I would then ask him - ‘Are you engaged on any level with anybody else?’- And if he would answer truthfully ‘no’, then free expression outlines the circumstance. But if he is not free then I should stand within my inner truth and respectfully decline. Even though I do not know the woman that he is involved with, she is my sister, and the moment I honor her, I honor myself. This honoring delivers power to my inner child and gives strength to the source of my power, which is my sexual center. If I were to dishonor this woman, who is my sister, then I would dishonor my own inner child,

bringing upon myself a cloak of impedance, which is accumulative in its effect and will feed from my sexual center through preoccupation and waste that precious life force that sustains me.”

Dyani’s story shows that she is strongly opposed to any form of betrayal and illustrates the significance of a monogamous stance in terms of keeping the inner child in balance. One point that should be brought to the forefront is that when a man or woman without integrity approaches, the force of their behavior is knowingly masked. This weighs heavily on their inner child, which in turn mutes their womanhood or manhood. As a result, a subtle inflection can be perceived that is there to show their sexual availability, unfortunately without restraint in most cases. It is a cold, hard fact that when we begin to cultivate our sexual center with purposeful practice we either perpetuate immoral behavior and justify that behavior, which will invariably ruin our lives and the lives of other people within our environment or, we take that immature inner child and instead of enacting on the world we catch that enactment and examine what is being projected, which will bring a cathartic upheaval and dispel justification. This is the sole purpose of energetically enhancing ones sexual self.

**Q: How does the cloak feed from the sexual center?**

A: The sexual center and the inner child are connected by feeling. In the beginning of ones practice the initial feeling that one builds is more primitive than that of someone who has been absorbed in integral acts through correct practice for a sustained period. Correct practice will take away the insoluble agitation that the cloak supplies as a dysfunctional emotional underpinning. When one first begins to practice and activate ones sexual attention the initial catalyst that confronts the initiate is composed of old habits. If these old habits lead the heart to feel imbalanced then it drains the inner child. We all know that the heart is the inner child and that any sexual

contact awakens our need to be nurtured - this is how our inner child is connected to our sexual center.

**Q: Why does imbalance manifest as sexual availability?**

A: Our primary motive as human beings is to perpetuate the species and unfortunately those who are sexually available, and are imbalanced in the area of their sexual center, display quite overtly to attract like a moth to the flame unconscious individuals to a stage where they can enact upon each other their inadequacies to exercise that attention - whether it be drama filled or not.

## **Power**

Power will be the outcome that clear practice will bring. What we will be confronted with when power arises within ourselves is an entirely personal affair. What can be stated, to eliminate any form of disruption of that continuity of power, is to be careful of the tricks of the trade, which we all pay into as a humanity and which kept power at bay in the first place. That trade is the encompassing attention of all those individuals who would wish to take down the progressiveness of clarity, because that clarity and power may undermine their selfish designs. There have been specific techniques given that outline modes of behavior designed to disrupt ones continuity and bring about a state of clear perception. Such techniques are meant to be focused inwardly as statements of realization, so that one can see the world coming towards them and be aware of the onslaughts that may be trying to destabilize that power which you have gathered.

Be aware of these moods, but don't be tempted to apply what you are aware of. Withdrawal with observation is the only tool that has substance and will bring about silent fortitude, which does not depend on behavioral techniques as a crutch of reliance that ultimately

bring about the dilemma of separation. When you are in your circumstances withdraw, but only withdraw with non-involvement, so that observation is not tainted with what was pushed onto you. For if you take with you as a tool what was pushed onto you then when you withdraw you become a part of that surreptitious outline and power will be waylaid by heavy preoccupations that subdue clarity in a web of designs. So I say to you, be careful with your power; it is a gift from the unknown.

It has been my own experience that when I have been confronted with surreptitious designs, if I too quickly confront the agenda at hand, I sometimes get wounded. It is usually better to withdraw and examine and know through that examination the outlines that have been pushed upon you. If there are no outlines to be discovered then joy bears free expression, but if that free expression and joy is taken, you can be sure that there is something inappropriate going on.

**Q: How do I learn from unwholesome interactions where insinuation is in the place of open communication?**

A: Insinuation is a projection of a mood that is not verbally communicated, which is a method used by our society to entrap perception within the parameters of expectation, and that expectation always has its own surreptitious designs. Becoming aware of that is the issue. There are specific exercises that can be done which break the parameters of expectation, and these expectations are the fixed perception that humanity holds as ideas of compliance. Dodging that compliance is the issue and what I mean by dodging is walking down a corridor of inner silence amidst the onslaughts of those expectations.

A two thousand year old quote states:

“Though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death,  
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.”\*

This could be interpreted as: Composed of silence, that which is structured and wishes to hold me within the idea of compliance will not penetrate me. Compliance is the problem and surreptitious insinuation beckons that compliance. Stalking is a dangerous art if misunderstood. What should be understood is that it is the onslaughts of our fellow man, thrown as fixed expectations, and the entrapments that ensue from that, which should be avoided at all costs. The trick is in slipping through the cracks of that expectancy system and this is the art of stalking the shadow, by merely sustaining ones inner silence and withdrawing from that which wishes to hold you.

Remember that insinuation is a suggestion, which is in essence the manipulative person's desires put forth as a set format. That suggestion is fully communicated with themselves alone but is projected as a feeling to solicit emotional compliance, which is hard to identify but is acknowledged on a cellular level. The main problem that lies behind this is that if you do not respond appropriately to the suggestion, which is to outline an undercurrent that is meant to manipulate circumstances to comply with personal agenda, you will be punished. Retribution, within its variance, is a training tool used to bring you into a state of semi-alertness, which, even though it may be ambiguous, becomes a type of enslavement. The enslavement is that you will be proportionately aware of the oncoming narrative (even if it is only a suggestion) and respond appropriately; otherwise consequences will bear upon you. This brings about a type of alignment or energetic allegiance that establishes hierarchy and this hierarchy's main objective is to subdue any self-determined

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\* The 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm, The Bible.

realizations, which should be your insight that will deliver personal power. We must remember that an overseer can also manipulate through unwholesome reward. However, if we stand within our power we cannot be manipulated at all.

There is one positive aspect that can be taken from these types of circumstances, which is that the unfathomable part of yourself is being compounded upon, and this compounding is an attempt of imprinting on ones inner silence, which will inevitably expand the insoluble part of ourselves if compliance is not paid into. When something is thrown towards our inner self, silence will accommodate the oncoming syntax, which could give the possibility of inner growth through observing with that silence. However, if a cognitive system is built around that syntax the person will only act upon what has been compounded and not the silence, through learning of what's been given by that pressure or imprint. The danger is that an individual may become totally absorbed in the imprint transferred and forgo their inner silence completely.

So in essence what we're talking about here is that imprints, once stabilized, can become permanent landmarks that will build and further imprint upon themselves through the mechanics of saturation so that stabilization can be kept intact for usage. Ones mind and intention will move towards the land that has been marked as a flag and information will be stabilized within the imprint, where that pressure has been placed. A landmark and an imprint combined create resonance and this resonance draws upon the available silence, which loops around the imprint and the landmark because of the attention that has been given to that reference point; which is a form of anchoring that can have devastating effects. Land marking is driving a stake within that imprint to hold it in place and that stake is an anchor. The reason why landmarks are stabilized is so that the imprints cannot be utilized for inner growth and moved away from



preoccupation into insightful knowing, through observation without interference.

The other form of imprinting is not imprinting at all – it is merely taking the impacted region of silence, acknowledging the onslaughts of that pressure and withdrawing without any form of identification so there are no lines of symmetry established through the interaction that can pull silence into the former form. Through observing the impact and then withdrawing, silence is left with a permanent reservoir of knowing of what has attempted to imprint its empty spaces. This permanence allows the silence to expand upon itself without the accumulation of stabilized reference points. What silence has instead are insoluble and flexible reference points, which will only yield pertinence in comparison to that which is and has been seen.

**Q: What do you mean by not withdrawing with what was pushed onto you?**

A: To answer this question we have to examine assimilation of syntax in terms of it being an odyssey. The best way to see it is to imagine you've just met an alien race and this race is not familiar with the odyssey that's being presented. If we see the alien race as being encompassed completely by silence and silence alone, we could imagine that this silence would engulf the oncoming narrative, and as it is being engulfed what is occurring is a surrounding of the phenomenon for examination, not integration. Similarly, if you could imagine that water was silence and oil was a foreign substance, when the water is withdrawn from that oil all that is left is the oil, which is the contaminant. What has happened through the centuries is an anomaly that is difficult to explain. Somehow the syntax, which is the contaminant, has broken in, and this breaking in happened through acceptance, and even though the containment never really affects the silence, we are drawn to the contaminant as we would be drawn to examine the oil in the water, to wonder why it is there.

Now just imagine looking at water that has oil mixed with it. If you were going to drink that water you would say to yourself, 'Hmmm, this water is unclean.' Yet through familiarity, and accepting the fact that you may not have the means to separate the oil from the water, you may have no choice but to drink it because you are thirsty. This is not acceptance of the contaminant but acceptance of something through desensitization. The problem lies in the fact that the body assimilates the water and the contaminant, which wreaks havoc on the physiology and on our state of being.

On our evolutionary path as human beings we have to note that syntax, if it is unwholesome or degrading in any way, is a contaminant. So, to prevent ones silence from being saturated, one must merely examine the forthcoming agitation. As you examine that agitation which is syntax, surround it and assimilate all the information that is necessary but do not absorb that information into the chambers of your inner silence, because if you do it will become part of your syntax and will be integrated with that which you have so carefully gathered. It is better to examine, withdraw and through that experience know what is there. Do not take what you discover to use as a tool, for if you do, you become part of that which you wish to be separated from. If this happens objectivity will be completely lost and saturation through assimilation of that mood will occur. This integration leads to a type of familiarity that creates desensitization, and will invariably bring the mechanisms of denial and deception into full play. Then your silence will become more than what it is: it will no longer be silence and the games will begin.

In my circumstance if I am impacted by anything and buoyancy is weighed down by a concern, this concern means that I am affected and this indicates that I must withdraw and examine what has impacted me. We are all affected. There is no one in the world who can say they are never affected. It is simply a natural cause and effect phenomenon. Do you want to be saturated with the mood you've

been given and further enflame that which is already known? Or should we examine the forthcoming agitation and reject it on the basis that it brings unhappiness and disempowerment instead of buoyancy? We are evolving and re-learning how to be how we used to be: totally saturated with silence, which is our power.

## **Systems of Expectations**

Within our lives there are systems of expectations that constantly flavor the immediate environment, and within that atmosphere are set routines that are defined through the expectation. For one to be free on a sexual level and fully understand their sexual partner these expectancy systems must be enhanced. The way to enhance them, to be more aware that they do exist, is to swap the expected role of male and female wherever it can be done so that one may see the essence of what's involved within that expectation. Role reversal could possibly be the greatest aphrodisiac that one could indulge in. Now obviously it's not possible to swap all roles, but we can take the majority of them and switch that gender expectation so that each expectancy system can be understood from the other person's point of view and the function of control can be set aside.

The way that I assert this role play for my children, unknown to them, is that I give my two boys the jobs that would traditionally belong to their mother, like washing, vacuuming, cleaning their own bathroom and toilet, cooking their own breakfast, washing up and drying the dishes and putting them away in an orderly fashion. If boys are taught from the very beginning that what is expected of them is both roles, then when they grow up and go out into society in general there will not be an attitude of dependency set inside of them as an expectancy system that weighs heavily on their female counterpart.

This is very exciting within itself: to know that we can take a human being from childhood and make them complete within themselves so that they are not dependant, for we all know that within dependency lays leverage. 'I'll do this for you but you will pay the price because I don't respect you since you couldn't perform.' Obviously this can come from both genders.

My sons are also taught to manage the finances of the household: to know exactly how much is earned and how much can be spent before the household is put into debit. They are given pocket money as their responsibility grows, so that they may move outside of the household within an air of self-reliance. This self-reliance will relate to their personal environment while I'm not there, their ability not to be fixed and their freedom to move from that which may wish to hold them stationary. Whether we like it or not there are expectations thrown at children that limit them within the idea of immaturity, but believe you me they are more capable than we expect.

As a parent I expect transparency as an honest outline of all behavior so that I may bear witness as the elder view that must be respected and the children themselves can be open to constructive criticism, which leads to further buoyancy and self-reflective transparency on their part. This inner respect will further delineate healthy boundaries that can be openly examined by their own inner advisor for their growth. The reason why I take you down the path of the expectancy systems that are focused on my children is that I want you to be empowered by this parameter. Knowing the practical foundations that surround our urban lifestyle and living within the boundaries of exactly what needs to be done takes away the veil of an uncertain future and allows us to project ourselves with confidence into our future life without fear.

If this is projected on the children then what will be projected back? On my part what I've observed is that everything is good and

relaxed because I am not enslaved as a result of their expectations. By empowering them I have set myself free from the slavery that having children can set in place. If I have to do extensively for them what they can do for themselves surely I would lose my identity as a human being, and if ones identity were lost then the outcome of this would be resentment. If we think clearly about this it could be quite tragic. By just focusing these small principles that are applied to children, to free the environment of control mechanisms and mechanisms of dependency, life can be so much more enjoyable. When this is done and the environment is free then we can begin to focus on the relationship that belongs to the mother and father, where true love can be expressed that will propel those children through witnessing a union of co-operation, into a buoyant future where they simply will not put up with a standard which is below that which has been shown.

**Q: This triggers memories of my childhood and realizations of imbalances in my own upbringing and how it has been re-enacted in my life. The information seems so simple and obvious, why is it not common knowledge?**

A: It is common knowledge; people just don't act on their inner truth. In the initial stages of change of attitude, individually and collectively we have to let go of old habits. These old habits have control surrounding them and mostly people are scared to lose their positions of control, even if that role is uncomfortable for them and makes their life unhappy. When a lot of individuals are stationed in lesser positions of power and control, they don't want to let go of that position, even if what they aspire to within that seems ridiculous and impractical. It is only the power they are interested in, corrupt or not. This is why it is so difficult to tell somebody something different, other than what they know. The power of their inner child has been influenced by arrogance and within arrogance the resolve to do what has to be done cannot be seen because of the need to uphold what is wrong.

## **Cohesion of Union**

By simply teaching through example, energetic support will be supplied unconditionally. Energy within itself, when applied internally, has its own transparent agenda. Energy is widely misunderstood and how energy applies itself and how we apply that surplus to ourselves is of utmost importance to us as progressive human beings. If we were to picture a union of a couple and this union was represented by a circle that has no ending and no beginning, we can see that it will flow continuously unhindered towards the future. But if at any time the circle is broken, energy itself will supply neutralizing blows internally which strip individuals of power. The way this circle is broken is through immoral behavior that does not provide unconditional support, and by sharing sensitive information, which belongs to nobody but the couple themselves and opens the couple to scrutiny from an outside force. An outside force should never be welcomed unless circumstances are totally outrageous and intervention is necessary, because relaying information from one individual to another that is related to ones personal union or ones household cohesion is inappropriate and comes under the guise of gossip. We must be careful as individuals not to share with others our personal growth issues that have to do with our partner or children. To do so can and will be seen as betrayal, and even though these parameters may seem restrictive, they are composed of respect.

### **Q: What is the transparent agenda of energy?**

A: To yield reflection, an honest reviewal of all circumstances and if one is stubborn within this reviewal and does not resolve to see what's happening because of the truth the heart delivers, then a network of insoluble problems will challenge these individuals in a cycle of madness that will bring so much unhappiness. The greatest danger of not listening to the heart is that internal talk will convince these individuals that the distorted circumstances and the

accompanying state of unhappiness are normal; and they are anything but normal. This is dangerous because misery loves company.

**Q: How is a surplus of energy applied inappropriately?**

A: Anything that has a surreptitious motive that revolves around personal or selfish gratification, forgoing the rights of others, is inappropriate. Even if the outline of behavior doesn't directly affect anyone else, immoral behavior by its nature has the ability to transfer to others who are weak or without resolve. It comes down to honoring ones personal truth: ones manhood or womanhood. We all are responsible for what we display.

**Q: How does one deal with a surplus of energy?**

A: Act with integrity.

## **Energetic Assassination**

The following story was a memory I recovered from the Dream Maker's realm and the storyteller was Lucien. He explained that when he was within living form he was much like me in that he openly stated his truths and these truths quite often had devastating effects on those who had no choice but to listen. Lucien said that equally between men and women when the shadow is inserted it weakens their resolve, and their knowledge of what is good and bad become obscured. Consequently those men and women who have been corrupted by their own weaknesses and then infiltrated by the shadow develop intentions that enslave them to a way of being which destroys not only their own personal power but pecks away at the personal power of those who listen. He also said that men are equally to blame but that women are so much more talented at the art of energetic assassination. I found that he was very passionate about this subject

because in his lifetime he had experienced the devastating effects that gossip can bring to ones personal circumstances. Nevertheless he stated to me that it is those who practice and uphold character assassination that will bear the strongest blows in times of personal crisis and at the moment of their death. I myself have had the experience of following a man through his lifetime and witnessing the regret and sorrow that emanated from his being because he had not done what was right for his own personal circumstances. I have written an account of this, which is given later in this chapter, but now I will relate to you what Lucien said to me.

There once was a woman who became offended by a man and began to spread malicious rumors about him. The man knew what was happening and suffered intensely as a result of her immoral behavior. Even though he asked her several times to stop, she never did. Eventually the gossip became so insidiously infused within her being that her own words began to wound her. Upon realizing that what she had done was wrong she went to the man to apologize.

‘What can I do as penance, to undo the enormous pain that I have inflicted on you?’ she asked, and the man answered:

‘Take this net and capture ten crows whilst they sleep within their tree at night and bring them back to me in a cage.’

The woman did as he had instructed and returned with the ten encaged crows. The man then told her to take the murder of crows\* and release them in the center of town and return in seven days for further instruction. The woman released the crows and when she returned seven days later to see the man he said:

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\* A murder of crows is a group of three or more crows gathered together.



‘Now take the cage back to the center of town and command that murder of crows to return to the cage.’

‘But that is not possible.’ the woman said, distraught. ‘They have flown whichever way, beyond my control.’

‘Yes.’ the man replied. ‘The crows, those bearers of misfortune, are like your lies. They can never be retrieved for once released they have a life of their own.’

The woman broke down and cried out:

‘What have I done?’

‘You cry because you know you cannot undo what has been done,’ the man replied calmly. ‘ You are forgiven but it is not forgotten.’

In ancient texts it is said that gossip is like a death sentence, for your character is assassinated before you have a chance to represent yourself. If one cannot represent themselves without encountering prejudice they will be energetically wounded by the environment and this will disallow their ability to experience being more than what they are perceived as: they will be limited by the immoral conceptualization of those who focus from a lower part of themselves. Energetic assassination is one of the most severe and degrading activities that we will encounter as human beings. As a humanity we have become familiarized so extensively with gossip that this familiarization brings the practice into so-called normality. This state of affairs is so far removed from power that by mere association, in terms of acceptance of this phenomenon, we are being programmed to be desensitized to the greater part of ourselves. In this instance we substitute our power for the need to know non-essential information, which is a type of energetic illness that has afflicted many of us. Because of this we have fallen so low that we cannot see how far we have fallen and as a result

of that falling we have sacrificed our personal power for a trivial exchange that means nothing in the end.

There is a parallel subject that interlaces and interlocks with energetic assassination. What we mostly invoke when we defame another person is the idea of their past events, shown through that malicious gossip as a foregone conclusion that their character bears. When you have a thought or an impression of someone that is untrue, what you're accessing is an image coupled with an emotion that becomes a stabilized attitude and this is an imprint. Now when this stabilized information is accessed by you, who have become the bearer of misfortune, it is usually reinforced by the one who has given you the information. This is a type of theft, unknown to you. By mere association with the one who wishes to assassinate, the giver of that gossip, you have substituted your knowledge of the real truths that can be accessed from your inner being. So not only has the assassin destroyed the character of their target, they have also assassinated your inner spirit through the implantation and stabilization of distorted facts. By virtue of this, one loses the ability to access ones own true insights and we become enslaved to the principle of energetic assassination by association, so in essence our inner seer has been subdued and will be held in a prison of alignment by those assassins.

This insidious loop that is reinforced, seemingly in every corner we turn, must be eliminated consciously. If we align ourselves with the better part of ourselves and avoid gossip we will be protected from outside influences and consequently will achieve a more sustainable base of energy and a greater degree of buoyancy. This buoyancy will give the bearer the ability to see through anything that may be presented by someone who is untrue and not trustworthy. By being further removed from our circumstances through that buoyancy we truly see who approaches and know how to proceed appropriately in comparison to our internal mechanisms of insight, which invariably will expand and diversify as ones power increases. In this fashion the

bearer of bad behavior will be caught before they act and so ultimately they will be locked within the realization of what's been seen of them and will not be released until they change that behavior. Conversely, when a person lets go of these limiting behaviors this shift will be recognized by others, thus releasing them from a self-perpetuating loop that annihilates their ability to accumulate personal power, and allowing them to be who they really are.

For us as a humanity to have the ability to see the truth of what is presented by those who approach, we need more energy. We should not wonder and enquire about someone's past, we should see them as they arrive in front of us and no enquiries will be necessary because we will know who is presenting themselves and this knowing is our heritage. It is better that we train ourselves to become aware of subtle inflections which come from our environment to warn us of what is there. This training is nobler and will yield each individual variance within their ability to see. Variance is where insight lies and true cognitive inversion on another level occurs.

## **Cognitive Inversion**

Cognitive inversion prompts your awareness to tease the page to fling at you what is hidden. When this inversion is applied in human interactions, we begin to access visual pictures and knowledge that belong to the person we are interacting with and are shared communally. What inhibits cognitive inversion is layered, compressed information within ones conscious awareness, and this layered information saturates the reservoir of silence that is within us. Saturation occurs because of acceptance of information that is not intuitive, and because this information is not intuitive it usually bears the outlines of agenda.

Now, if someone totally disassociated from inner silence and saturated with layered, compressed information approaches a seer, the inner mechanics of the one who knows intuitively will be as follows. By virtue of their inner silence their awareness will be drawn to the agendas at hand (or anchored imprints, which are self-imposed and ideologically supported through socialization) and their experience would be a feeling of momentary energetic and emotional destabilization. They would also be alerted on an auditory level to the oncoming syntax and visually through the internal imagery thrown and this conscious acknowledgement will dislodge the ability of that anchor being thrown to be stabilized within ones being as an imprint. Such knowing can be our heritage and our power if we drop the need to want to know insignificant, inconsequential information that does not bear relevance to the true energetic impact which should occur by being self-empowered. This will outline our true integral perimeter, where power and buoyancy will ultimately lie.

The hidden cognitive inversion within Lucien's story of the crows is revealed in a few simple lines, which state the integral perimeter that should have been sustained in the beginning by the two that had conflict. When the man says 'Take this net', this represents his awareness and is a metaphor for catching the woman within the act of formulating maliciousness before it occurs. By stating 'capture them at night while they sleep', the man is saying 'I know your intentions and I would like you to capture these intentions and place them within a cage and bring them to me, before the light of day hits those bearers of misfortune.' What is being said here as the inversion is that between ourselves and ourselves alone we should discuss the folly before it becomes more than what it is and bring resolve and understanding to that which may have been misunderstood. Within that understanding, between us and us alone, we create a perimeter of power and this will be sustained as long as the truths are kept between those involved.

Truths that are sustained within that perimeter will access the magical facility of cognitive inversion, through individuals having the ability to consciously review what has occurred without the element of sharing this information with those who are outside of that conflict, which invariably will bring interference and distort the original information. Because of the integral perimeter being kept in place and sustained, a time capsule of inverted information can be released and thrown to either recipient for further reviewal on their life paths, and this reviewal will contain more truth in years to come than the original understandings brought about by both of them within their integral boundary. Thus each can learn the most pertinent lessons in comparison to the conscious awareness they carry as sentient beings.

What may have escaped you within the story of the crows is what is not immediately obvious and is what should have happened in the first place, but to discover that we must make another inversion. By drawing your attention to the inversions or the hidden cores of this story, this is forcing you to understand something that has been seen by another. In all circumstances it is best to discover your own inversions without the help of others, unless the ones you travel with are absolutely aligned with your type of seeing. Remember, what has been pointed out as an inversion is actually stationary and is fixed within the pages but if you take the principle of inversion and apply it to your life, what will be discovered will be neither fixed nor stationary.

I would like to point you to a portion of the narrative that holds information that is not obvious and is held within imagery. Imagery within itself is the key component to what has occurred. This key component will hold time capsules of awareness for reviewal. These time capsules are a gift and reflect our true status of awareness, showing us the way to proceed. Reviewal is our only option because as we know, we are continually witnessing everything in past tense. Once we become aware of something it has already escaped us. Being

totally present within the moment is a myth. As we grow older we excitedly try to hold onto that which is continually escaping us and if we cannot have it we must let it go. That is our lesson. If we can let go, lateral assimilation of all events in dimension will become our true expression. What I would like to introduce now is a time capsule of reviewal. Within the explanation it was stated, 'Capture these intentions and place them within a cage before the light of day hits those bearers of misfortune.' How can we travel deeper into these words? That's the question and within this question I am asking you, how can *you* travel deeper into your past events and discover more profound meaning? The only way is to let go of unnecessary processes. Unnecessary processes usually are mundane concerns and once these concerns are let go of something else will appear within the empty spaces that are created and when this occurs greater perceptual maneuverability will be possible.

Now I will ask you to look at something stationary within the pages, but there is one thing you must remember - it will only be stationary if you are. Recall 'before the light of day hits those bearers of misfortune.' What is being said? What is hidden? The bearers of misfortune are crows and they are stationed within a tree at night. Catch them with a net and bring them to me before the light of day. If the light of day hits them before you catch them and bring them to me, they will fly away. If one looks at the tree in the daytime after the birds have flown, it is as if they have actually dissolved and when the bearers of misfortune dissolve, they must find another tree to inhabit. So they dissolve and reappear somewhere else before they are caught. Where would they reappear? Obviously within another person, and this is how gossip translates itself, metaphorically. This is the hidden inversion within the statement, 'before the light of day hits those bearers of misfortune.' Even though they are captured within a cage they still have to be dealt with swiftly, before the light dissolves them. The light represents the conscious awareness of humanity, which must be applied with swiftness and directness so that darkness is dissolved

within resolve and not re-assimilated as shadows within the light of human awareness.

Do not fight with what's on the page, fight to release yourself from linear processes that steal from you your cognitive, lateral assimilation of that which surrounds you at every moment. Life can be a process of observing what we are consciously interfering with rather than consciously interfering with what we are observing.

## **The Integral Perimeter**

To be successful with one's sexual energy a most important principle must be adhered to. This principle can be seen as a boundary and within the center of this boundary we sit and observe the world. This boundary must be composed of kindness, understanding and a discipline that becomes the perimeter of one's heart. If this perimeter is held in place then the heart is kept within the fortress of that discipline and this is our bastion, which most of us have lost through common activity that is deemed normal. An integral perimeter can be assembled very simply. In the initial stages it may seem difficult but that difficulty is just in dropping old habits that routinely limit the potential for change. So let's get down to the practical application.

Within our household we have husband and wife or boyfriend and girlfriend. If you could imagine drawing a circle around you and your partner, know that there are elements that cannot be invited into that circle, for if they do enter they will break the perimeter from within. It is of utmost importance to understand that the topics that follow must be examined extensively within the initial stages of sealing that perimeter. Firstly it would be good if every activity that is enacted within the household between husband and wife is kept exactly there:

between husband and wife. If you were to have spent a relaxing afternoon, read, had an enjoyable activity together, made love and cooked a nourishing meal, this should not be shared with anybody. 'Why not?' you may ask.

Would you take the elements of lovemaking, which is the most intimate act, and discuss it outside of the boundaries of the bedroom? I think not. The act within itself is sacred and if this sacredness is shared it is open to scrutiny, and certainly we don't want the most private part of ourselves to be open to scrutiny. So now we close the bedroom door and the act itself stays within its private boundary and locked within that room love is expressed, given and taken freely and openly. By simply closing the door we realize how precious this is because we all want and need this sacred union, which is the sharing of our intertwined hearts that lustfully reach out and touch and respond to the same love that beckons.

Would you speak of this to your neighbor or your friend? I expect not. If you draw attention to that which everybody desires then the boundary that lies within that room has been broken, for letting another mind enter a place of union invariably brings interference, which must be avoided at all costs. I'm sure that you at more than one time in your life have experienced the ecstasy that goes with physical union and the comfort that comes from that. This comfort brings observational acuity. Our eyes touch the world with the spirit of that union. This is the first boundary that we build around a relationship. When this boundary is kept in place love and caring will emanate.

So, the first insidious element that we have confronted, whether you've realized it or not, is gossip. No matter how innocent the sharing of information is, it invariably comes under the banner of gossip, which will break the energetic, integral boundary that is put in place. This integral boundary is the most powerful seal that we can apply to ourselves as human beings, because the sexual center is where



all energy emanates. When we mix these energies from one to the other we become composed of each other on an energetic level and when this is locked in place both partners will look out on the world with less of themselves, and this reduction comes about from holding the integral boundary in place by not sharing it. What occurs that makes one less is the reduction of thought, through confidently, energetically living the proposition of the heart, which is courageous and is expressed through acting in the world without pettiness. So what could we achieve if we applied an integral boundary to everything? True professionalism.

**Q: How does comfort bring observational acuity?**

A: Because one is not occupied with anything else other than the comfort and within this atmosphere abundance of relaxed happiness will deliver the truth.

**Q: How is the integral perimeter applied individually and within friendship?**

A: If there were three friends that did everything together and one friend was not present, then any conversation would only revolve around what's being done and what has to be done. Brainstorming can take place as long as the individual who is not there is not spoken about in a way that dishonors them. On an individual basis an integral boundary can be applied through acting appropriately in ones circumstances. If someone was to be discussed that you know, or don't know, simply say 'It's not appropriate to speak without them being present.' If one of your friends is to be spoken about behind their back to you, just say 'I cannot comment but I have his phone number, give him a call.' Gossip is one of the most degrading techniques that can be practiced in human interactions.

**Q: How can I be transparent and keep an integral perimeter?**

A: In ones life, transparency and accountability on an energetic level are really the only saving graces we have. I personally think that transparency in itself is widely misunderstood these days. In the first five to ten minutes of meeting somebody they expect to know everything about you. This is wrong and everybody's boundaries have been warped extensively because of this. If somebody enters your life the inner chambers should never be given over recklessly, not even to a long-term associate. Your privacy is literally yours and it is nobody's business what you do or don't do, as long as you're not hurting anybody. So really when confronted with an enquiry like this and a society which would be described in these terms, I would say, 'You have to earn my respect and my trust before I invite you into the private elements of my life in the most intimate way.' A powerful man or woman will set extremely strong boundaries that encase their world and their power.

## **Professionalism**

### **'Less is more'**

We all want to have more, but to achieve more we have to give up what we are actively engaging in. By giving up our need to discuss inconsequential, insignificant information we apply an integral stance, which will yield professionalism. True professionalism involves doing what has to be done. Not to add nor subtract but only do and say what is necessary: no more, no less. To understand this further we must look at a situation.

If I were to go to work and apply these principles correctly I would add all of myself to my work circumstances but bring none of my home life with me as information. As a result those in my work

environment could access the fact that I have a lot of energy and do what needs to be done and that's it, nothing more, because I am at work and while at work that is all that exists. If any part of my private life was brought into that situation I would be open for scrutiny and this scrutiny would weaken the workplace and myself. If I was to discuss the buoyant beauty that exists between my partner, and myself whether we like it or not there are individuals who would actively undermine that happiness through petty actions and thoughts. On the other hand if I were to bring the idea of drama and unhappiness into the situation, this would be actively reinforced by my environment reminding me through asking, 'Is everything okay?' And unfortunately when people ask if everything is okay, they are willingly entertaining the idea that everything is not okay, and this is detrimental to them and to me. When you go to work your partner is not with you and the partner of the associate you are working with is not there either, so then they should not be discussed. All that exists within those circumstances is you and your colleagues, and a relationship should be built around those circumstances (and I don't mean a relationship that breaks the boundaries of your union).

Obviously if you are in any circumstance you are to be challenged by that circumstance. We are brought together to exercise our awareness and grow within that process. So we have a choice to experience another dimension, which only involves those who you are interacting with, and nothing else; and then there will be enough energy to see that incomprehensible force that is the Architect of our observation, or the spirit of man. Within a moment that is all there is but within that moment it is already gone. Be possessed of what must be done and don't be possessed with what has happened. True professionalism leaves one to do what has to be done: nothing more, nothing less.

## **Transference**

If an associate you are working with brings with him the dramas of his home environment, under the guidelines of an integral boundary one would say: 'That is not appropriate. These circumstances belong to you and to another human being and to break their trust through transference of the circumstance is to dishonor them.' In this case the complainant is breaking the boundaries of his union from within and actively inviting another element into that sacred perimeter, which is his and his partner's alone, to gain energetic support. Such behavior in essence is self-destructive and mimics an insidious force which exists within our world and proliferates itself through going to the nucleus and destroying that nucleus by breaking the outer perimeter of a cell that should have been sealed but wasn't. This insidious component that lies within our world is called a virus and as we know, viruses adapt and shift to bring dis-ease to the host. This is a reflection of our status as human beings and the element that we actively display which invites dis-ease is gossip. To undermine gossip would bring about the effect of honoring oneself and ones circumstances. So we need to act responsibly, don't you think?

Transference in essence can be seen from two points of view. The first that has been outlined is a lower form. The second viewpoint of transference has a different parameter and a different state of fulfillment. By simply observing and not commenting on what's being discussed one absorbs what is coming, but through not commenting about what is being spoken the one who is making the immoral comments will be forced to reflect on what they are saying and the impact will be to them as a mirror, so that they may realize that what they are saying has no real power without the added emphasis of petty support. When this emphasis is taken out of the equation the speaker will realize their powerlessness and the futility of their weaknesses. If one will realize that there is a futility within the

nucleus of their behavior then automatically they will know within themselves that they need to cap this behavior. In a relationship these principles can be applied, but if one partner wants to practice and the other does not, it won't work. Setting integral boundaries within a relationship has to be co-operative. If it is not, the energy that is applied by the one who wants to practice will be lost in trying to convince the other that they need to change.

For those of you who are jumping up and down saying, 'Where are all the sexual techniques?': These are the tools that should be put in place to enhance union. If they are not applied and put into active practice *before* the sexual practices start, only the immoral aspect of these techniques will be enlivened, and for sure you don't want that. When energy is enhanced it will carry within it the inward imprints of the inner child. If the inner child is not brought into a state of completion towards its own inner silence then the imprints themselves, which are corrupt behavior, will wreak havoc with the energy gained.

## **The Inner Gaze**

There is one aspect that I can directly draw from my childhood to create an inner window view, which gives you access to me and access to yourself. We all know our inner child is the same; we all were children. We all played with abandon, free from the imposed pressures of the ideologies from parents, which relate to the times in which you and I were born. We must actively disengage from the ensuing imprints so that we may rediscover the emptiness of our inner selves and through that process uncover our true imagination and kindnesses. Being awakened to ones inner self-potential in most cases will be put in the 'too hard basket', but what is hard, and what are we trying to wake up to? What are we trying to discover? The most

obvious thing is usually the hardest to realize because we are so consumed with that imposed socialization which allows us justification for the smallest, most insignificant thing to be important.

One technique that I practice is to comment and if within that comment there is nothing harmful towards me that brings embarrassment or may weaken my inner self, then I know that this is correct. But if at any time I make a comment and I sustain an internal blow from myself, then I know the comment is incorrect and inappropriate. This is one technique that will show you a way to observe yourself. That blow will take away ones inner silence and fill it with discomfort. One can either acknowledge that discomfort, review it, and understand that it doesn't belong, or one can actively reinforce the inward blow onto the world as justification - and this justification is the *same old thing* again, which is the shadow of what we could be. One reason I understand these principles of interference and non-interference is due to a memory I hold in my childhood. The experience delivered to me a source of emptiness that bears witness on my adult life continually and why I think this is so is that I was marked in that circumstance by an accident, which left the imprint of silence itself. What happened is as follows.

I was sitting on a sturdy branch of a beautiful old tree in silence, without any form of thought, gazing into the distance, not even daydreaming - so forgotten to myself that I actually fell backwards ten feet to the ground, unaware that I was falling till I hit the surface. All the wind was pushed out of my lungs and I desperately took inward, painful breaths. I felt like I was dying, the pain was so intense. The pain itself kept intact the memory of the silence that I was absorbed in. When I hit the ground all I became aware of was that inner gaze that delivered so much silence to my little being, and when the pain came it pushed that imprint very deeply into the inner chambers of my heart. The mere fact that my conscious awareness traveled with that

silence before the pain erupted meant I was witnessing two scenes: one of being composed of inner silence; the other one composed of pain and the realization of the harshness that this world would deliver if one is not mindful to have the general sense to protect oneself. What I mean by protecting oneself is to be aware that there can be more than just ones inner silence. Even though the lesson was cruel and harsh from the perspective of the impact, the memory I hold of that emptiness is so clear and strong.

In our childhood our destiny as human beings is outlined. The essence of our inner child in its purest form must be awakened within the adult.

Do you remember a time in your childhood when the sun shone calmly through the leaves of the trees and you felt happy that all you were aware of was nothing but what was in front of you? Those days were warm and windless and feelings of happiness and contentment were strong and vivid. Can you remember those days when you sat down under a tree and gazed into the world without intention? By gazing without any preconceived idea of results, you were filled with contentment that if you would lose would haunt you for the rest of your life. Have you lost that?

The technique of an integral perimeter has been outlined here within the experience that we all have had within our childhood. We move from one scene to another and leave behind the one that we came from. With only buoyancy we move forward and forget where we were playing, so we cannot gossip, but when we go out the next day and the sun hits our face we remember the excitement that filled us and that excitement is the memory of being under that tree or in that cubby house. This is what we should supply to ourselves, as adults so there may be newness and freshness continually. Without expectation we move forward.

Why are these childhood phenomena so unique and why have we forgotten them? As children we naturally gaze. If you were to gaze as an adult, can you gaze into your circumstances and into your heart without any preconceived intention on your part? Is this the way back to our inner child? Is this a way to discover newness and abundance, to bring arrival to the beauty of a poignant moment? So far have we traveled that our intentions have made us forget who we originally were. If you were to read this passage and say to yourself, 'I can only remember the pain of my childhood', then you are only focusing on the intention that was given to you by the circumstances which you think have taken away all the magic that was there. Everybody has poignant moments, filled with utter beauty. We all have the ability to move toward something beautiful and forget what has been done. Our problem is that our attachment to intention forgoes inner beauty, and then that beauty becomes lost in the explanation that has been trained into us.

If one would look into the distance from ones inner silence and gaze upon a distant location one would be automatically transported, without intention, to that spot. From the vacant perspective of the inner eye we travel to that site which cannot be seen. Even though the distance seems to be incomprehensible, that distance itself is an illusion. What we attach to that distance is composed of us, so as the distance relays back to us a feeling, that feeling is a true reflection of who we really are and the distance is the silent observer who sits across the table from you and does not comment but only witnesses. To respect the world and all of its diversity we must respect ourselves: to respect ourselves is to respect one another.



## **Acuity**

Acuity is the sharpness of your gaze, without judgment or condemnation. If one is filled with anything that is opposed to a balanced inner sense then acuity is focused on the wrong element and this element will become apparent to you and to everyone within your circumstances. It may be what you focus on that brings the trouble. It's what you don't focus on that may bring you joy.

**Q: What do mean by 'It's what you don't focus on that may bring you joy'?**

A: Focus on the solution, not the problem.

## **Fulfillment of the Inner Child**

The main technique that surrounds containment of sexual energy is diametrically opposed to the habit given. As men and women we think to ourselves (and this is our training mind you) that we must achieve orgasm to be happy, and this is true: this must be experienced before one can indulge in any form of containment. I must anticipate within an assumption that some who read this book haven't experienced the preliminaries of an awakened sexual attention because of a forced idea of restriction that comes from family or religion, which may say that any sexual activity apart from that within marriage is vulgar and dirty. It is very interesting that when a child is told sex is vulgar and dirty, the parent who invariably is relaying this information had sex to bring about that child. I would suspect that if someone was to tell me that it is a vulgar act or it is unclean and wrong they are simply transferring onto the world their own incompleteness; and that their sexual activity is interlaced with their

life behavior, which in turn is the reflection of that person's inner child that has been restricted and imprisoned.

When we look at the sexual act itself we must start at the very beginning and it must be kept private. Firstly I would like to take you into your own childhood so that you can ask yourself honestly: Have I experienced the first sphere of sexual attention? And what is that sphere? The first sphere of sexual attention is not being sexual, because you are a child. The second sphere is to awaken to oneself and to explore ones sexuality. The third sphere is to enter a relationship and share intimacy without sex. The fourth sphere is usually sexual experimentation without penetration. The fifth sphere is to experience intercourse, the first act of union.

The reader must understand that the parameters stated in the beginning are what we should have in the end. The first question that has to be asked of a long term sexual relationship is, 'Can I live with you without sex?' This is the first technique: take away the prime directive that has brought you together and function as we have done as children. Now, how does this work? The initial exercise of sexual attention is to not engage in sexual activity. Sit down with your partner and draw a guideline of time, which may last six to twelve weeks, and within this timeframe commit to loving and cherishing each other as if you were children. Give to each other the attention that you may have lacked in childhood: all the intimacy, all the unabashed physical attention that children do pass to one another without thought, without expectation.

If your husband or your boyfriend is in the garage working on his car, which may be something that needs to be done, take him a cup of tea and go sit and enjoy his company while he does what he has to do. Enjoy his interests and be absorbed within what he does and that barrier that is his activity will open to you, and you may find yourself cuddling and loving each other in a circumstance that was foreign previously. A simple question like, 'Why are you doing what you are

doing?’ will bring about a type of communication that is childlike but not childish. The same principles apply to the male counterpart. He must show interest in what his wife or his girlfriend does so that he can open up that part of her which has been closed. He could ask, ‘Why do we cook the dinner in this way?’ so that an understanding can be brought about, which is not only the beginning of role reversal but also understanding why that role exists at all in its necessity (the action itself as opposed to the gender ascribed to that role).

The reason this must be done in the initial stages is that when the element of sexuality is taken out completely then the fundamental, prime directive of the expectation of the right to sex is eliminated, and this elimination will deliver the couple to the insecurities of their inner child. At this stage it would be helpful to write a list of all the insecurities as they arise and examine these insecurities with your partner. This will bring about brainstorming for solutions, which everybody is quite capable of doing. We must remember that this process has to have a perimeter of integrity surrounding it, which means the exercises are *private* and must not be shared; otherwise you will find yourself being interfered with by friends and associates. If a couple can survive when there is no sex then they certainly can when there is.

This preliminary technique builds sensuality and without sensuality we know that sex is just sex. Within the prescribed guidelines of writing down what arises, loving attention must be given to any problem that is brought to the forefront. If loving attention is not given then each will become aware of the inadequacies which bring trouble to a relationship - either way they have to be worked on. When becoming aware of a behavior that limits happiness the best technique is not to act out that behavior but to stop and acknowledge it. This has to be a prescribed agreement so that a couple can discover where a problem lies.

In these initial stages it would be great if the couple involved would wear pajamas to bed to restrict the tactile sense of the skin, but within that restriction still be caring and loving. I guess you're wondering now, is there any fondling involved? Fondle every single inch apart from the erogenous zones. For the men: the breasts and the vaginal region and for the women the male genitalia. There is one more erogenous zone that we have that is used continually. It beckons the partner in view from the center of the heart. This erogenous zone is the lips. Within this practice they should be puckered and anticipating the pleasures that are available to them now. Lavish your partner with kisses from head to toe. This is a sure sign that you are truly in love and the expression of that is always given with a kiss. Within the kiss is reassurance, comfort, and courage that does not bear arrogance. Be careful with your kisses; make sure that what's behind them is nothing but affection.

If any issues arise from this initial practice write those issues down. Show your partner where you perceive that you are suffering. Writing it down is the best way to bring it to the forefront for once information is committed to paper it's like writing in stone. The world will shift in incredible ways and you will shift with that when realizing what you've written and what your partner has written. What should be applied within this technique is a holding back of what's been assimilated. Take the information into your private space and think about it for twenty-four hours after exchanging notes. Make it a hard and fast rule that you do not dive into drama immediately and try to find that solution in haste.

You must remember that the behavior that has been outlined for a couple will trigger the sexual center, which in turn triggers the inner child and the control issues that may surround the inner child. The momentum that is initiated alerts the adult witness, which has many mechanisms in place that may hold the child and the adult in denial. Be aware of your behavior and of your response to the

information given to you. We don't want fighting, we want understanding, and understanding comes from taking one step back from what's been presented so that observation becomes the dominant element and not entanglement within drama. If at any stage you find yourself fighting and arguing I would like you to use one technique continually; to bring a moment's pause. This has to be an agreement made before any of this starts. When you are fighting one of you must have the clarity to say, 'We are fighting', and when this is done I would like both who are engaged in fighting to touch the index and middle finger flat on their own lips, take your right foot and make one step back, then turn around. Think of a time when you had affection from your partner. Picture it in your mind and ask yourself: Where would I be if my partner was gone, if their life was taken away? How would I feel about my petty arguing then?

The next stage of affection is to enter the bed without any clothes on, to be free within that same regime of affection, but this time touching the erogenous zones of your partner without engaging in sex. The largest organ that we possess is the skin. How you touch this sensory organ will relay the feelings, memories and emotions that are stored within and will invariably become our treasure chest of abundance, which will encase our memories of what has occurred. So I say to you, be careful how you touch. Even though it is on the surface it goes very deep. We are a vibratory force, fragile and sensitive. This has to be acknowledged. We are not immortal and time is precious. Be kind to those who are kind to you and be patient with those who show shortfalls, for their inner child has not been loved. Outside the circle of your relationship spread the kindnesses that you are to uncover within yourself but remember, do not share the intimate details of your privacy.

Once the time allotted has been practiced (six - twelve weeks depending on the couple), the couple may discuss what their desires

are and try to fulfill those desires for one another. Keep it simple and within that simplicity find what suits both of you.

## **Sexual Practices**

For men, the one thing I will say that you need to do unquestionably is to fulfill the needs of your partner. So the first practice for a man in the journey of his sexual attention would be to withhold the need to ejaculate. This is a practice that can take years to perfect and no hard and fast rules can be applied to it. Rigidity within a practice is dangerous. In the initial stages it would be beneficial if the man in the act of making love to his partner would be utterly aware that his prime directive must be fully focused around her pleasure and not his. He must apply patience and loving care towards his partner so that she is totally aroused *before* he enters her body, because if this does not occur and a woman is rushed into the act of making love then this is abusive and will be perceived as a betrayal of love. At all costs this must be avoided. If this type of behavior was to occur for twenty years then surely your female counterpart will betray you by not allowing you access to her sexual center. Remember abuse is cumulative.

In the initial stages for a man it would be best that he lay on his back in the act of making love and the woman be in the dominant position so that she may take control of her circumstances. Be mindful that she's the one being entered and if she does not have a measure of control she may once again feel abused. Remember when you're inside that it is not your pleasure you are seeking, it is the pleasure of your partner and this should be your ultimate aim. Her pleasure will fill your body with satisfaction and this satisfaction will in turn give you confidence. At this stage there must be a co-operative sense brought between the couple: that their total focus and

understanding must revolve around the man not climaxing, and I mean not at all. This will reverse a very deep, ingrained prime directive and when faced with the prospect of non-release of semen a man's insecurities and issues that lie within the inner child will be brought to the surface. Once again they must be written down on paper and discussed within a loving atmosphere, because if they're not nothing will ever be resolved.

By not ejaculating the male counterpart will sustain the fluids that give the energy to be more awakened within himself and in turn to be awakened to the world at large, so that he may reflect upon the response he receives from his actions that make him the man he is. Obviously the initial stages of this practice will be difficult. Take into account that if you become easily outraged and overly involved with your circumstances, this is an indication that the agitator you have kept within your sexual center is magnifying and enlarging your behavioral patterns to become obvious to you and everybody else. If you are unable to cope with this extra agitator (which in the beginning for most men will be the case) the semen must be released and the cycle is to start again, until the length of time can progressively go up to three months and longer. Be patient. This can take years. Do not push yourself. When you see that you cannot cope, let the agitator go, which is your collected semen.

Now I would like to bring your attention to one more prime directive that must be neutralized. You cannot demand to deposit your semen within your partner's body. This prime directive has to be examined. It is not the man's right to deposit his fluids within a woman unless she absolutely agrees, and the reason she has to have the option to agree or disagree is that on a physiological level she knows she can get pregnant and this is a burden and a responsibility her physiology acknowledges. This prime directive has been imposed on women for centuries and these practices are to alert and avert these

prime directives into their appropriate positions. This appropriateness will dissolve control issues that have been set in place for millennia.

From the woman's perspective I would like to alert you to one issue in the initial stages of a man keeping his semen, which is that within your union you address one other prime directive that has been focused on the female gender. That prime directive is to give the man as much pleasure as can be given and forgo your own. This must be stopped right at the initial stages of all these practices, and the new prime directive must be that you orgasm and seek that orgasm actively and in multiples.

If the male partner is too sensitive at this stage because of the initial technique of retaining his semen then every effort should be made to bring about these orgasms before the full enactment of intercourse begins. It becomes the responsibility of the female counterpart at this stage to actively teach her partner how to stimulate her erogenous zones. This should be an exploration of excitement for the male. For him to learn is to discover himself within his relationship, and for the woman to give access to her privacy is to open the relationship to new levels of understanding. I would like to bring the attention of the female counterpart to one more thing at this stage. Be patient with your man and do not assert any covert control issues that may have been put in place over the years. It is a difficult stage, this initial time for men. The inner child is as such an inner child when practicing these techniques. So be careful not to jump in and be overbearing.

It is our task to be understanding, and if the issues that arise are too severe, write them down and examine them before discussing them. Nothing can be solved in the heat of the moment. Everything must be brought to the forefront so that individually and collectively we may eradicate our trained insanities, which are counter-productive to our personal power. Tension starts from a small white lie, which may not relate to sex. It can begin with an unconscious denial, an



energetic betrayal in the place of communicating and resolving. It is vital that we project dreamings of hope and empowerment and establish new routines that will break through the negative marginalizations which have been given to us all in varying degrees and which degrade our position as human beings. If we become aware then we are responsible within that awareness to forgo ourselves, focus on those marginalizations and bolster and reassure one another through positive reinforcement until the negative response can no longer exist nor be supported.

**Q: What happens to a man's physiology and awareness with the practice of semen retention?**

A: At first the inadequacies of his inner child will be brought to the forefront, as will any control issues. This gives practice ground for a couple or an individual to exercise their awareness and practice actively bringing solutions to problems with which they will be confronted continually until they're dealt with. Once this occurs then the sexual center of the man becomes sealed by the energy saved and this can be felt as a passionate potency that will give unconditional support to his female counterpart, or his circumstances if engaged in celibacy. When the sexual center reaches a certain threshold of potency the heart is activated in self-reflective joy and when this center attains optimum power the conscious awareness of that male individual will begin to feel a buzzing within the mid-eyebrow region. This is the adult witness that observes without mind chatter or emotional involvement. When this man falls asleep at night his sexual center will drive his adult witness and his heart center to dreams of joy and fulfillment, which when recalled in his daytime hours will bolster his inner child once again by merely remembering the joy that has been witnessed in dreaming. The integral perimeter that exists within this technique is never to speak your dreams of joy to one who does not dream, for if you do that joy will be drained.

**Q: What occurs for the female when she saves her sexual energy?**

A: The same principles apply but the physiology is different. When the sexual center of a woman reaches potency the agitation will enter her womb and the ovarian energy will combine with the uterine energy. When this occurs an unprecedented state of observational acuity will come about which relates to the uterus itself. The uterus will deliver insurmountable pangs of sadness to her heart, which is her inner child, and this occurs because the uterus wishes to be free of its obligations so that it may dream of joy and love within this reality, without control. When the heart center reaches a state of potency because the uterine energy has been brought to completion by the inner child, the mid-eyebrow will buzz, and when that woman enters into dreaming she will dream dreams of power and see the future as it should be and know what has to be done. Upon entering the world of the waking she will direct that buoyant man who is full of his own inner ecstasy to build a society that is right and correct

**Q: What are the appropriate positions of the prime directives?**

A: Non-control.

## **Prime Directives**

The subject that we will cover now will be multiple orgasms for women and why those orgasms are so important. As men we must give our imaginings the idea of why it is necessary for us to free our counterpart of her entrapments and examine the fear that surrounds a man if he detects his partner is becoming more powerful. It may seem odd that the moment we broach a subject that is to outline the parameters of a woman's power we have to come back to the male

counterpart and deal with him instead of the woman. As male children we depend on our mother. We depend on her to be there, to supply us sustenance on an energetic level, but within the atmosphere of that sustenance the woman's training also provides the little boy that she is nurturing with dependency. The little boy will expect that when he is hungry he is to be fed and when he skins his knee a cushion of affection will be supplied, and when the certainty of these things is in place the little boy can go off and play.

On the other hand if we look at the training of a little girl, the cushion of affection and the fulfillment that sustenance brings is given to her as well, but the difference is that the little girl's role model is the mother and the mother expects unconditionally that she learn to cook and supply the same focused attention that the mother is familiar with. These expectations have been put forth by our society to keep the nurturer in place. So for the little boy I think it is very important for all the mothers out there to engage your male children in the chores that entrap you so that you may be free of those chores. If a boy is taught to nurture himself and feed himself then he will be free to look from this perspective, while he is eating his food, at his mother who is free. Then she may have more time for herself, to discover who she is. As grown men we all know that empowering our partner means their freedom, which in turn will free us from our issues of control that hold a woman in a stationary position of non-fulfillment.

Within the act of lovemaking a man can be freed from himself by taking away his primary motive of release of semen and forgoing this side of himself completely so that his counterpart can explode within her inner world of passion and ecstasy, which will activate a center of feeling that will radiate from itself power. This power center is the womb. There is one more issue that the woman must come to grips with and understand completely, which is that when her male counterpart does not deposit his semen inside her body, because of his disciplined practice, an inner trigger will be set off. The woman's

body will realize that it can experience pleasure on an ongoing basis without getting pregnant. This will awaken within the woman in a very natural way the realization that the energy that is to be given to a child through pregnancy is hers, and the inner agitation that the womb supplies by being activated through orgasm will shake her ovaries and enliven true passion for life. The freedom that is enlivened by multiple orgasms will rise to the heart and once she sees her freedom and knows it, it can never be taken away from her again. When a woman is in this position the veil that has been placed between male and female will be brought down. This veil has been actively held up to shun and incapacitate all those men that have entrapped all those women.

## **Sexual Triggers**

In our sexual practice our primary focus is aimed at changing what we know into something different and to question the behavior of our physiology, which has its own prime directive and this is the perpetuation of our species. If our body is not concerned with that perpetuation and the energy outlay which comes about from that, then that energy will be turned and self-perpetuating inward acuity will be brought to the forefront, and this is our power. So as we can see, the way to gain power is to stop being absorbed in familiar, ingrained habits, which are, imposed imprints from our past. The strange thing about these imprints is that we actively fling the impression of a footprint in front of us so that we can perpetuate our past by merely stepping forward into that print. What strange behavior. Usually we would follow and step in the footprints of one in front of us but if no one is there to show us the way we take our own footprint from behind, which is an energetic imprint, and place it in front of us so that we may take a step forward that is just repetition - and when we look back to pick up the next print, we actively engage the idea of this

attention onto ourselves and onto our children. Even though the times may change, the enactment of the past is always the same when this method is practiced.

In our sexual practices what would happen if we did not actively engage in a trigger? A trigger is that which explodes in a feeling of ecstasy before the orgasm arrives. If one would practice non-release of semen then you would automatically understand that the trigger must be avoided at all costs, because this trigger itself opens the floodgates for orgasm. The same trigger is there for a woman and at this stage her awareness has only been brought to the fact that the trigger is a doorway to orgasm. Now the reason this subject has to be understood very clearly is that the trigger itself is a minor portion that belongs to the orgasm, so if the trigger is slightly activated every time one withholds the orgasm, this activation draws upon the pool of energy that lies behind the trigger, which *is* the orgasmic energy. The reason this has to be focused on is that if energy is low in either male or female then the trigger must only be touched on very, very lightly and orgasm must be avoided for the female as well.

When you engage in sexual activity energy builds and builds until the passion becomes the sexual trigger. The passion is power. The trigger is a door to that passion, which ultimately can release or collect the orgasm, so passion is the first key to the sexual center and this key of passion can be enlivened by the tongue, which sources the energy of the orgasm through kissing or passionately touching tongues while engaging in sexual activity. When you kiss your partner you must realize that the tongue directly relates to the heart and is intimately connected to it. If there is any anger, resentment, judgment or blame present the tongue will enact the words that are encased within the heart, so that's why it is so very important to put into practice the preliminary techniques; to bring out those hidden things that may lie in wait deep within the chambers of the heart.

In intercourse itself when one or both partners find the trigger that leads to the pleasurable agitation of orgasm, both parties must slow down and movement must be minimized because pleasure has been increased intensely. At this point the perineum must be drawn up gently. Both must draw up at the same time and, depending on which partner is triggering, one or the other must whisper in the ear, 'draw up', so you may share equally in the minute amount of energy lost by the slight trigger. If only one was to draw then the other would become drained and a type of energetic theft would occur, which is extremely immoral and should never be practiced. The drawing up of the perineum also activates the capacity to suck energy from the environment through the bottom of ones feet and the palms of ones hands. Eventually the whole body coordinates through the skin this sucking action, which originates from the perineum, and if one were to find an immensely beautiful spot, crackling with energy, ones body would automatically draw in because it is conscious of itself and the intervention of practice would not be necessary.

Sexual triggers that bring about orgasm are very interesting. These triggers have encased inside of them encoded information that can bring us so much freedom, but if anything is attached to this passionate feeling then free expression will be lost. This is why it is so important when sharing and becoming aware of each others triggers that can explode into orgasm that these things are kept to yourselves, within the inner circle of your passion, because if they are disclosed to another the greater lessons that can be learnt will fall into manipulative dramas.

**Q: Is it the passionate feelings that teach us?**

A: Yes. Passion relates directly to the heart when expressed in a loving relationship. This passion will want to take down a veil of lies so truth may be sustained.

**Q: What is encoded within the triggers?**

A: There are sentinels that exist as energetic luminous beings outside the range of our construct. They actively engage our awareness in dreaming but we fail to see them and recognize that they are there because our passion is interlocked within the corruption of our society. When we dream we dream of what we've interlocked with instead of that we should know. These beings, if we were clear, would communicate directly to the unfathomable passion that exists inside of us and take us beyond what we know.

## **Mutual Containment**

When a woman realizes that she can be free through multiple orgasms then she is free to save that orgasm, which is her internal energy. If a man and a woman activate their sexual centers and save that energy and through this practice awaken to themselves, and all the preliminary practices are put into active use, then the perimeter of integrity for our daily world as men and women will be put into place. When this is set in motion the intellect will encompass the purity of the heart and the boundaries of conceptualization will expand to an immense size. Under these conditions men and women will grow beyond what they could have ever imagined because of the availability of that energy. It takes energy to understand a concept, so if you have difficulty in understanding anything in the previous chapters of this book, it may be that your sexual energy is low. On that note, if you want to maximize your sexual energy, you should really only have sex at night, not in the morning and not in the daytime, because it can drain you and make you feel very tired. When waking in the morning if you find you are energized on a sexual level, use it for your daytime activities, to achieve your goals. Lovemaking should be kept within the nighttime hours, preferably between 7pm and 10pm. This may

seem rigid but, if you are a sports person, make love just before you work out and you will realize the energy you don't have because it went into the act of making love. Following the practices outlined will bring about optimum usage of energy. I guess the reader would ask why these subjects are of such great importance for me, the author. For me it is important that I save my sexual energy and that I act in the world with as much transparency and integrity as possible. Because of this I am free to see the world as it really is and when I go to sleep at night the world that I actively engage in dreaming bears full expression. I know that if I don't have my sexual energy in balance, with abundance of energy, my inner child will not allow me to dream dreams of power.

When I was a child I always thought I was being followed. I was always looking behind me, so certain that when I looked I would discover what this feeling was. As the years went by I realized that what was following me was myself: an active witness that I had brought with me from my dreams into my daily world. The dream I am about to explain to you was one of the many things that made me who I am today. I was in a dream, on the outskirts of a country town. Somebody had died and their awareness was sweeping the town and reviewing what had occurred in their life. The person that I was aware of seemed to be wind-like; they were blowing through every corner of every room without the ability to be stationary at any one moment. Their movements were repetitive and circular and swept by my awareness as they looped through their activity. On the last sweep of the town their awareness coupled with mine somehow and I was dragged with them through all the experiences that belonged to the inner chambers of their heart. If you could imagine, the way we were moving was that we were on our bellies, slithering like snakes through the air and searching the experiences that were to be left behind.

What shocked me the most within this experience was that the man I was accompanying was filled with regrets and remorse for all of



the actions and the energies that he had outlaid. His voice was howling and groaning in sheer regret over what could have and should have been done. He just did not live the way he knew he should have, so consequently his death was full of so much discomfort. As he cried and wailed my heart was torn open and I fully realized his regrets and knew that I did not want to live a life like that. Then he just disappeared. I had no idea where he had gone or what his ultimate fate would be. I was only left with his regrets and knew that every man and woman on this planet must strive to live without regrets.

Within that dream there was one other element still left strongly with me. This element had brought me into this dream scene. It was bearing witness to me but was always behind me. In later years I thought that this must have been my guardian angel but upon further reviewal and maturity of my dreaming practices I realized this portion was me: my observational acuity that witnesses me in dreaming and also witnesses me in my waking state. This is the part that I know all of us can be aware of if we save our sexual energy.

## **Asexual Attention**

I think it is apparent that what is being prescribed throughout this chapter is not to be possessed by your sexuality but be possessed of what needs to be done and within this principle forgo any pettiness that may arise from immature assertions pushed upon your environment because of an unresolved inner child. The lessons we have to learn in life are the challenges, not the pleasures. Have a good think about this. If you were to be challenged and you brought resolve to that challenge maturely, that resolve brings pleasure. Even though a lot of the material and subject matter seems so far away from the act of intercourse, life is intercourse, every single thing that we do. If we actively ignore somebody that says, 'Please don't do that, it's not

right', this is a form of abuse and even though it is not under the sheets you're still abusing your sexuality when you ignore the needs of your environment because of insensitivity or laziness.

The strongest way to practice ones sexual attention in all of our interactions so that we may keep an integral boundary in place, and so that our sexual energy does not leak out to influence our environment through inappropriate acts of involvement (which ultimately will dishonor our inner truth, our inner advisor), is to see everybody as non-sexual: as neither male nor female. Treat those you encounter appropriately and uphold them without any hint of sexuality exuding from you. This is an asexual approach and it is the most important issue to understand of all the material in this chapter. Asexuality is the most powerful stance that can be applied.

Just imagine you are with your partner and you are passionately making love and when this activity is over you go to sit in the lounge room to have a cup of tea. Because of the mere fact that you just made love the sexual center has been disengaged. You sit and talk, lovingly looking at each other, touching and caressing, sipping your tea, enjoying one another's company. Can you see that in this circumstance, by virtue of just having made love to your partner and fulfilling one another's needs on a sexual level, your awareness is lifted to your heart, which is above the sexual center. When you are within the awareness of your heart and you witness with your eyes that person across from you, you truly acknowledge who they are and their existence in the world is so appreciated. What most people have not realized is that this appreciation comes about because the sexual center has been disengaged, as the sexual center has just experienced free expression and fulfillment within that free expression.

Now if either one of you that were sitting on the couch so in love would go out into your environment with your heart activated and your sexual center capped within integrity, this integrity will give you the opportunity to treat everybody that you interact with as

asexual. In this way they can be met as true individuals in our society, neither male nor female. If your eyes meet and there is any hint of foreplay coming from them as flirting within their gestures and their gaze, then you would know that they are not happy within their relationship or complete within themselves. If you were to actively indulge this part of them you would dishonor yourself and your partner in that instance, which will become a self-sustaining injury and this wound will bleed when kept in secret places. So, when practicing sexual attention, be asexual within all your encounters, even with your partner. A kind hand and a touch that is full of integrity and a gentle look that understands will bring more power to a circumstance than any degree of betrayal ever will.

This section illuminates the need not to be sexual when you are not in the act of making love. Sensuality should be given to your partner alone and the joy and energy and happiness that comes from having integrity will affect the world in astonishing ways. For me, what I have discovered in my practice is that people actively seek my company because I do not abuse them; I only support them, without any ulterior motives. There are many practices that are reputed to balance the sexual center but the practice will be nothing more than a device if you do not have integrity in place. If you play with your sexual energy tremendous responsibility must be taken. It can be like a fire that will burn you from within or it can be a pool of water with immeasurable depths that will renew you.

The technique of an asexual stance is: Do not have sexual imaginings beyond your partner in any way shape or form and the heart will stay clear. If you do have any sexual imaginings beyond your own partner your heart will acknowledge your inwardly inappropriate acts and bring deep discomfort. So I say to you be careful with your sexual attention. Its power will uplift you or bring you down. Your sexual attention bears silent witness to your inner child and if your inner child is not clear it will disrupt your buoyant

witness, that empty adult being that observes the world with a loving heart.

## **Unification of Critical Mass**

Everything that has been illuminated within the previous chapters, if brought together in one person's life, will bring about unification of critical mass. Unification becomes the nucleus of ones very being and when that nucleus is surrounded by an integral boundary what is created is a perimeter of power. This perimeter of power directly relates to our dreaming awareness and when our sexual attention is tightened and all of our circumstances are pooled into a synchronistic alignment, these two realities will become one. We as human beings are that nucleus. The integral perimeter promotes awareness of external and internal elements that challenge that nucleus and in turn the nucleus radiates its inner child back to that integral perimeter to attract the necessary elements that will promote personal growth. If we see things from this point of view there are no greater or lesser human beings, there are just challenges. If we can face the world that we live in with open arms and welcome everything that comes without question then the nucleus of our lives will be filled with a humility that will facilitate the correct response and the world that awaits us when our head hits the pillow will be more real than the one we stand in.

## **Celibacy**

In dreaming we are confronted with multiple dimensions that shift and change with the cognitive angle of awareness inserted. Children are the true innocent celibates that walk this earth, that show

us, the grown child, how to be. There is a story that I recall as a child. I had just finished feeding the chooks. I looked down to the field in front of me and in the middle there was a storage shed that I had made into a cubby-house. I ran through the long grass happy and joyful, imagining what I should do next in my secret little cabin in the middle of the field. As I arrived at the door I sat down first and looked at the beautiful creek that meandered through the property and the magnificent willows that bent over gracefully and moved in a gentle breeze. The sun was warm, it caressed my face and I felt good and clean. I was isolated and in my inner imaginings so happy and abundant within that separation. I was drawn back to reality by a loud knock. Something had bumped inside my cubby-house. I peered through the window and saw a possum scampering up the chimney. Drawn by the movement and the excitement of the chase, I ran inside and squeezed up the chimney, following the possum. As I got to the top and walked along the shiny tin roof to sit on the edge I watched the possum running as quickly as it could, over the chook pen fence and up the acorn tree that was in the center of the pen.

Still infused with the feeling of calmness that I had collected while gazing at the willows, I forgot that I was sitting on the edge of a roof that was at least fifteen feet from the ground. I fell forward, like in slow motion, towards the ground and only became aware that I was falling when my foot got caught on the barbed wire surround that was to keep the cows and horses from bumping their rear on the fibro walls of the building and making a hole. My shoe getting caught in that barbed wire changed the angle of my fall and I put my hands out in front of me to stop my face from being smashed on the ground. My left arm took the majority of the impact. I was rushed to hospital. The pain was excruciating.

The doctors said I would have to have my arm put in a sling and not in a cast because the elbow joint had been shattered into pieces, and that if I did not have some movement while it was healing it may

fuse and I might never straighten it again. Consequently, six to eight weeks later my arm was taken out of the sling and it was fixed at right angles. Upon having an x-ray I was told that I would never straighten this arm again. The bone had calcified and fused together. I remember playing and running, incapable of straightening my arm or even bending it beyond the position where it was stuck. I heard my father, in casual conversation to an associate on the telephone, explaining that it would never straighten, that it was permanently fixed. As a child I didn't take this statement as a foregone conclusion - that this would be the absolute truth - because my innocence couldn't conceive of the prospect of non-change.

Not certain of the length of time of when it occurred, I was sleeping deeply in bed one night. The darkness surrounded me as it always did and when I closed my eyes, that's all I saw; an immense darkness that went on forever. Through the darkness in a dream-like form a hand approached me. The hand took hold of my left arm and then another hand surrounded my left elbow. The dream-like hands straightened my left elbow as if it were made out of silk. The next day I woke and everything was back to normal and my childhood continued, and never was questioned what happened and why such things occurred. It was as if everybody was gagged and the magical world that I was immersed in disallowed the entry of those witnessing my childhood.

Here we must look at the very essence of what may challenge a person who takes the arduous journey of celibacy and aloneness. Insurmountable barriers and obstacles will challenge their life, but those challenges themselves must be neutralized through the absorption of silence and the non-involvement of this person in the incessant cognitive system that tells them they may not achieve, when they may in essence have no idea of what awaits them. Through this journey of aloneness one is not alone. Silence will pervade all corners

if ones intent is in place and solutions will manifest their resolve in the insoluble.

## **Awakening**

In my journey as an adult as I was awaking from a dream I realized I had learnt something profound and useful that I couldn't remember, but in my awareness a signature was given. As I awakened I heard the whispering of a feminine voice – 'You've uncovered a secret that has been given.' So I wait for the secret to manifest, for my silence has no choice but to yield within its empty spaces what has been collected. Such is the journey and the excitement that can be held. We are not alone.

*Is it I who fear to die?  
Or is it the dream  
that fears I will expire?*



# The Heart of Dreaming



Being associated with my wards for so many years had brought about a severe state of disassociation. This state led me without conscious thought to pursue the activities within my living construct that would help to reinforce that which Zakai was teaching me within the Dream Maker's realm. One of these activities that I had pursued was a form of martial art that was similar to what Zakai was teaching me in the Dream Maker's realm. My whole attention, my whole being, had become absorbed within the task of learning this art which Zakai called 'shadow fist', which he said when practiced in the dreaming realm is not really fighting but an interplay of energy. He explained to me that the origin of the name related to the way that this system was practiced within the living construct. When it is taught a very strong light is placed on one side of the room so as to create a shadow on the opposing wall. Zakai told me that when this art is taught to a disciple they are instructed to watch the shadows on the wall and not their hands nor the hands of their teacher. This creates an empty perspective of intention for the disciple by virtue of being fully engaged physically yet visually occupied with the shadows on the wall. He said that this initiates the first stage of splitting ones perception into two parts and this splitting is referred to as 'knowing without knowing'.

This split perception for a seer is very important. It helps separate and isolate six directives needed within ones intention. The first prime directive that is dealt with within this practice is to help manage the forward thrusting motion that the liver creates by

subduing it in the act of watching the shadows on the wall. When this organ is placed in balance through this activity, the hands will act spontaneously to capture that which is thrust towards it when not seen. The catching relates directly to the heart and the way this cultivates the intention that relates to this organ is that it immediately captures what is coming intuitively without the intervention of sight. Once this transpires then sight is moved to its appropriate position of observation without interference. Once this is fully stabilized within the attention of the initiate the energy of the kidneys become more powerful and then power in turn creates the essential seal that holds creativity in place. The flow on effect fills the lungs with courage and this courage directs the heart appropriately without the intervention of the liver that has been subdued by watching the subtleties that lie within the shadows on the wall. This in turn will completely neutralize inner talk and create that silent perspective that is so sought after and necessary for the seer's fundamental building block of awareness. This first foundation, this building block, continually stabilizes the seers awareness as a permanent point of reference to return to and the reason that this point of reference is so important for the seer is that it creates detached awareness in terms of intention and we know that this detached awareness is what was lacking in the old sorcerers of the past.

Zakai had also mentioned to me that the way they had discovered this initial detachment was by ingesting a plant called peyote. He said to me that his initial experience with this hallucinogen severed his attachments to all of his past events by creating a profound state of inner silence. He said that this silence, for him, was like a viscous substance that stood between him and all the events that had ever occurred in his life and this gave him no choice but to review through detached observation because the past events seemed to be so separated from his present moment that was escaping him within that realization. Zakai said that there are many paths, or avenues, that can be taken to solicit this building block of awareness that sustains ones

silent fortitude. He also said that when this building block is established it is not necessary to continually use a hallucinogen to reestablish what one has already gained. It is best to reinforce the building block through reviewing the waking and dream states intertwined. He then said that the only reason a teacher would continually use a hallucinogen when training a disciple would be if the disciple could not access the fundamental building block of a seer because they surreptitiously refused to let go of their hidden agendas. The fundamental teaching tool, which surrounds the spirit of mescaline, is to review that which is hidden and incorrect for ones life. This is the primary reason why hallucinogens are used: so as to bring a reviewal upon states of emotional dishonesty, which relate primarily to the liver energy. If this reviewal is not taken on board with the seriousness that is necessary then the student or disciple will never reach their heart and this will bring that individual into a state of perpetual dualism. This is the first lesson the old sorcerers were also confronted with and could not overcome because of their need to control their environment.

“Adapt and facilitate your awareness to the oncoming force of my attention.”

These words rang in my ears as I tossed and turned in my bed, kicking and punching the blankets. I was suddenly fully present in the Dream Maker’s realm with Zakai, defending myself furiously from his intense physical onslaughts. He thrust a powerful punch towards the center of my chest and I parried it with a movement that came from their system. My hand jutted down and landed on his forearm.

We paused and as we did so he said, “Your hand that has landed on my forearm is now idle”. “If you stand still and observe, the conclusion that you must come to in understanding this happening is that you have stopped me in the midst of an attack. The old Oriental shamans had a much different view when they recalled the movements of kung fu. See it this way and know that this is the truth. The first

key that I will now give to you is the mysterious gift of recovery. Recovery will clarify what has occurred within a visual enactment that you hold as a memory in a state of immediacy. Being in that state of immediacy is to be in real time, so when we recover this moment we will be recounting in real time. Even though we are within a dream scene and what appears in front of us seems linear, when you recover the items of this dream you will be within your living construct, and when you are awakened to this memory your mind will be subject to conscious lateralization. This lateralization may appear to only be composed of the memory and nothing else, but that is not the whole truth. We have been severely disempowered through the centuries as a humanity and this disempowerment occurs because of one simple fact. We are preoccupied within land marked linear processes. Within these processes we are alerted to an avenue of awareness and by virtue of this we become fixed. If we are not careful we will travel along that avenue to seek the conclusion of life itself. The shame of it all is that all that we will discover at the end of this linear process is our death and the preoccupations that surround a wasted life. At this stage we become acutely aware that our hearts have been subdued in something other than what we are, and that thing is obviously those preoccupations. Many would ask: are we not always preoccupied? And the answer to this is yes. It is those linear prearranged structural sites that we must escape from that limit us.

“Imagine I were to capture light within a box and that light came from a single beam. If my consciousness was to be represented by an empty box with a mirror upon each inner surface and I capture that light within the box, which is my awareness, that single beam would reflect and refract until it becomes multiple light beams bouncing from one surface to another. Would then not my consciousness be multi-dimensional within its lateral assimilation of everything that occurs simultaneously? If by some strange anomaly I became occupied within one of those beams of light within that cube of awareness I would lose access to dimensional lateralism. Now

imagine if a shadow would stand behind me, from whence I came. My access to the exit within that beam of light, which represents my past, would be denied and then I would be held in imprinted sites of emotionality; and if a shadow were to stand in front of me within that beam of light then this shadow will have obtained the key to my future. Does not this beam of light then therefore become a linear process? And as time progresses and impacts upon itself, within the capture of that single beam have I not been trained to forget my true intelligence? So then, when my consciousness has been trained and subdued, the shadow moves - from behind and in front of me - and if I have forgotten my true nature and only remember one thing, am I not trapped within an imprinted site?

“Now I must ask you Lujan, is there not a contradiction within what I just said? See the consciousness that is described as a cube of mirrors with their reflective surfaces inwardly turned and know that if we capture light within that box and close it, it becomes disconnected from its source and unknown to itself because it lives within shadow. It would then only be an idea of light and that idea ultimately becomes lost within self-reflection, which is a linear process of preoccupation. Even though Lujan this description within its subtleties is very beautiful, I must now draw your attention away from your inner imagery that has just accessed dimension within our realm. See your hand that has stopped my arm in front of you.”

Upon Zakai’s suggestion I realized that I was caught within the preoccupation of stopping his furious attack upon me. I was then thrown backwards by the force of that preoccupation, whilst I was concurrently viewing another dream scene where Zakai was explaining the capture of light within a mirrored cube, and simultaneously looking into the void. To this day I find it extremely difficult to fathom what he has done to me. The only conclusion I can come to is that if attention is not caught upon the magic of immediacy or real time the shadow will jump in, and the reason that people are caught

within that loop is that they do not recover themselves correctly by going to the source of what is really taking place. This is how the shadow bypasses real time and draws individuals into a field of self-righteous ignorance.

On the level of awareness my wards have approached me on many different occasions from many different perceptual points of view. I have learnt we are adaptable beings and this is the reason why it is advantageous to have many teachers, or a teacher that knows many things. Zakai often emphasized that if one avenue of awareness is occupied for too long it becomes stationary and fixed and this must be avoided at all costs. Fluidity within dimensional lateralism is our true heritage. If one were to become stuck then this heritage would be stolen by perception itself. Within that stealing the shadow realizes that we can be caught and will live vicariously through our awareness because of that.

On the occasions where Zakai would teach me movements within dreaming I would be partially aware of thrashing about in my bed. Some part of me was alerted to move physically yet I did not wake - such was the power Zakai had to hold me fixed within the dreaming realm, whilst I moved frantically to avoid his fierce and direct assaults. Every attack, every movement, every parry I was capable of employing taught me to be aware of the oncoming narrative of the men and women that exist within our living construct, and simultaneously of dimensional, lateral assimilation within his realm. Zakai's words and actions were deeply embedded within my consciousness. I remember very clearly what he said to me on this occasion.

“Go to the source of things, where the heart truly lies. What I have been teaching you all these years is the art of dislodging imprinted awareness, which as you know is the shadow of what we could ultimately be. When you play with my hands the playing is to set you up for war so that you may defend yourself, for if

circumstances present the possibility that your physical form may be damaged, this art will come to your aid with the speed of lightning. A warrior shaman from the Altai Mountains gave these movements to the old nagual, your benefactor. This shaman's nickname was 'The Alchemist' and the reason he was called this was that he could transform any situation into a beneficial circumstance. If the Alchemist were to lose he would see it as an appropriate interchange of energy and would simply let go of that which he could not hold onto. If within his circumstances he was to succeed then the success would be shared and his successes were multiplied by the sharing. The Alchemist had many students but it was Lujan, a fearsome Mongolian warrior horseman, who became his protégé, and for a time they were inseparable.

"The Alchemist was trained in the ancient art of war and also was a master of close quarter hand-to-hand combat, so consequently these movements that I teach you have embedded within them more than just movement. In a crisis they will destabilize another man's energy so that you may overcome your enemy; and if these movements are practiced in dreaming they have a parallel affect on awareness, which is that they awaken the one who is taught to the onslaughts of our fellow man. This is the ancient shamanic method of stalking awareness in a parallel state of perception. These shamans have profoundly affected us. The roots of our system lie deep within the Orient."

As he finished speaking he thrust forward with a short sequence of swirling, interchangeable elbows that came spiraling towards me. The movements had a directness that was physically shocking, yet that shock was not to my physicality; it was to my awareness and my perception. Zakai then directed me to sit by the void with him as he spoke.

"You must adapt to this nothingness, this void. It is your ultimate destination. But first I must talk to you on the subject of

awareness in dreaming. Listen to me carefully. Know that the movements, which have been transferred to you within this dream construct, move the energetic universe that surrounds us at every moment. The old Oriental shamans knew exactly what they were doing within the dreaming construct and within the waking construct. If the movements that I show you now are practiced within your waking dream they will create a crushing power that will turn your body and your attention to steel, and your energetic mass on the level of electro-biomagnetic energy will increase exponentially. Conversely if these same movements are practiced in the dream realm, as is being done now, this process will more directly affect the inner imprint that is stationed within your luminous field. Even though we combat each other and this combat looks nothing more than the presentation of hands moving within sequence, what is truly occurring for you is unknown to you at this moment. Your inner luminosity is being turned and shifted and the inner imprint of that energetic core is gathering knowledge that belongs to the realm of real time. Although I mention nothing of the theory of real time to you, have one of the old souls that you have discovered ask you questions on the subject. You will be surprised at what you know.

“There is also another phenomenon that will occur for you because of this interplay. There are sentinels that will break into your dreaming and deliver truths to you by virtue of our interactions. They are the guardians and keepers of men’s doings. They are specifically here for one reason and one reason only, which is to hold us until we wake up from the shadow’s dream. You are very close to directly perceiving the energetic realm that is hidden behind this dream scene. Once you become aware of your own luminosity then you and the universe that surrounds you will become other than what is presented at this moment. When this is achieved my task has been fulfilled. The sentinels are aware of your progression and will break into one of your dream capsules soon.”



Over the next couple of weeks I noticed that my dearest friends would ask me questions solely to do with real time, even though I had not mentioned to them once what had happened between Zakai and myself. It always amazed me how intuitively they would ask the most appropriate questions in relation to what I had learnt and more than interesting was the lateral impact of what occurred within their lives, which had to do with what had happened to me within the Dream Maker's realm. At this stage I started to become suspicious, wondering whether my wards had caught them as well and if perhaps they just were not yet remembering what had occurred within their dreams - and whether I was a catalyst for those memories as Zakai had said I would be.

## **Recovery**

During my long association with Zakai and my wards I had begun to realize that the main problem that exists within human awareness is the fact that we do not recover our past events correctly. When Zakai said that I would know more than I realized, what he meant by that was that my body would apprehend circumstances with a direct air of immediacy. I discovered that when I confronted any situation with this immediacy, in terms of capturing that moment so that it would not become a linear process of preoccupation, most individuals would become offended by the directness that real time requires. We must bear in mind that being offended is an emotional response, and the shadow's vehicle of delivery into our awareness is emotion. These emotional responses would try to divert my awareness from accessing the true event with clarity, by setting up other elements that were attached to the emotional response instead of what really occurred. What this means is that true recovery can not take place and the truth of the situation can not really be accessed

without a struggle. This struggle represents, for myself in these circumstances, a battle for my truth and personal power. If as a humanity we are constantly looped into heavy self-sustaining preoccupations instead of recovering the truth and real relevance of circumstances, we will not heal as a planet.

Now the question must be asked of ourselves, 'How do we apply the principle of real time and what does it really mean?' What I have discovered locked within my body is that real time involves living presently: living so presently and so honestly within that moment we cannot capture that it hurts. When Zakai would thrust a punch towards me in the dreaming realm I would note his directness on the level of my physicality and if I would encounter within my living construct anything other than that directness I would be alerted to capture what was going on, and within that capture would recover immediately the circumstance. What we must remember is that recovery can also become a preoccupation if truth does not intervene from both parties.

Zakai was absolutely right about knowing things unknown, but to explain everything is impossible without the element of dysfunctional behavior to illustrate the destructive nature of that preoccupation. So the only thing that can be given as a gift to you is to suggest that you ask yourself: are you preoccupied within a self-imposed stationed site? And within that preoccupation have you redirected any elements of truth so that you may hold circumstances within preoccupation? If so, undo what you are doing and have done. If you do not dismantle those doings, then you must know that you have unwittingly drawn an alliance with something other than yourself. If you do not find this frightening then you are more lost than you realize. To be a dreamer one must stand within their power and in that standing be within their truth. If you discover that you have wrongly asserted yourself then be wrong and if you know your truth is

right then be right, but if you don't have the courage to be wrong when you are wrong then you are a fool.

## **Real Time**

During my long association with Zakai I have learnt that time can never be lived presently because it has already escaped us at the moment we attempt to realize it. How can we add or subtract to something that we cannot consciously stabilize? If time is continually escaping us, how can we become aware of our true flux of energy? Applying forced principles that are based within personal preoccupation actively injures the inner child, which continually searches for its actualization in power itself, via a process of fluidity and adaptation. Through adaptation the inner child seeks the change necessary to bring release from rigid principles that may not belong to the truth of the moment. Time must deliver its own truths that will encase wisdom to bear true relevance in regard to each unique circumstance.

We all must become aware of the tendency to externalize our dysfunctional preoccupations. Internally examine this phenomenon instead and release the preoccupations so that the load is lightened and our journey can be strong and clear. Our power lies in personal containment, not the acquisition of personal principles. Do not be externalized, honor your internal power and your truth, instead of your imprinted preoccupations, for they are a lie. With your internal power intact, any movements or slight inflections that are displayed will alert your steadfast stillness to examine the forthcoming agitant with laser-like precision and this will allow you, the clear hearted, to not be emotionally involved but to reflect that anomaly back through non-involvement. By not adding or subtracting neutrality becomes

the new field of understanding and under this premise our conditioning cannot be brought to bear.

Self determined enactment defines ones heart, and this enactment must be composed of truth for one to dream, even when one is awake. Self-determined actualization within real time gives energy, and if it is not real, within the parameters of the heart, we do not dream truth and lose access to that energy. As men and women of power we must avail ourselves to that which is appropriate for us at the time, withdraw from that which is inappropriate and seek our own substance that delivers us to our personal truth. Know within yourself that time is limited and to waste an ounce is a travesty. To compress time is essential for to waste time is to lose our life and when that life is lost it cannot be retrieved.

**Q: How can you be in the moment and not be personally involved?**

A: In every moment we learn to separate ourselves by degrees from emotional entanglement by *being* involved and learning that the involvement is futile. It is a process that takes a lifetime. As a dreamer you must simply move harmoniously and wordlessly, without intention, away from that which may violate your inner silence; and these elements will be indicated by an inflection from the environment that triggers involvement. Obviously one has to be involved but the problem lies where one invests themselves in the involvement. Investment becomes a concern and the concern brings about an internal battle and involvement in strategic positioning. If introspection is lost and investment is all that's left then one must look very, very strongly at oneself. The only intention that a dreamer can possibly inject into a circumstance is the intention to resolve the heaviness of negativity. By being empty within themselves, dreamers can absorb, and redirect this absorption back as positive, constructive energetic influence. This becomes a device that hones the inner silence of the confused and beckons the inner part of them to be

larger and more constructive than the old installments, both in dreaming and in waking.

Conversely, if you were to put pressure on a circumstance by becoming too available through interference, that situation would burst its own seams and travel towards you to cause saturation, through incessant involvement with that which should have been backed away from in a timely fashion and left alone. Observe that which wishes to enthrall your internal silence. If one is cornered one has to stand up for ones rights but never in a surreptitious, cunning manner, for this is degrading to the heart. A waylaid state of intention indicates to a dreamer that they have gone beyond the boundary of insight and are operating from the point of view of an assumption. If another who is operating within intensity catches one within an assumption, circumstances are immediately lifted to the realm of insight through the mere realization that energy cannot flow within the parameters of assumption, which becomes an unreal preoccupation.

When dealing with intention from individuals who are not functioning in real time, swiftness and agility have to be employed so that one is not caught within the fluctuating force and endless elements of saturation that are applied to undermine and waylay intensity. These layered intentions relate through the physicality of the one who practices within the realm of the shadow as invisible energetic imprinting upon the environment that strives to impact the awareness of intensity through introducing the element of preoccupation. The only safeguard that the dreamer has is their buoyancy, which relates to inner empowerment and happiness. If buoyancy is absent then one must withdraw totally from the circumstance and recount in a deep state of meditation to dislodge the feelings that tempt emotionality, which may limit the individual's personal power.

If you find yourself in close proximity to individuals who wish to waylay your personal power, engage in your tasks with one hundred

percent of yourself and with no inner talk relating to those individuals. Inner talk solidifies their actions and their invisible energetic imprints. Pretend you don't see what they are doing and the invisible imprint which cannot find placement within your physicality will turn back on them and that incomprehensible force, which cannot be imprinted and surrounds us all, will bring lessons of realization for those individuals. The dreamer must observe as far as possible all obvious traits that belong to the shadow's projection until one is not affected by these traits. Through this absorption, which is not saturation, one's happiness will hold intensity in place and one's observational fortitude can be sustained. The shadow's awareness has imbued our society with a nefarious undercurrent and evidence of this corruption is unmistakably revealed in the unwholesome intent that lies behind the eyes, which appears as an undercurrent of narrative that holds consciousness in a lower labyrinth and has dimension within its shadowy surreptitiousness.

**Q: How does one remain in 'real time'?**

A: To remain in real time is to observe the oncoming narrative without involvement. Be cognizant of what is being covertly conveyed to you, but release it immediately. This kind of immediacy will bring heightened acuity and the truth of what's really being transmitted. This will neutralize the fixation of emotional entrapment. Access to dimensional lateralism can be achieved through the shattering of one's inner continuity. Inner silence itself gives the separation necessary to employ a different speed of comprehension, an immeasurable buffer zone. The buffer zone provides, from the perspective of the dreamer, the illusion that things have slowed down in regard to what is coming, while at the same time one has a liquid lucidity that translates into speed, which within its transparency cannot be hooked on to. This is being in real time.

**Q: Is real time to be in high speed?**

A: Yes and no. To be real is to adjust appropriately. When adjusting with high speed, ones realizations and state of intensity give the body a feeling of ecstasy and excitement. There are other times when one has to slow down and it is still real. This slowness usually corresponds to an emptiness that is totally encompassed by pure silence, which may appear as a loss of speed but is merely an adjustment of the physiology in comparison to the circumstance.

**Q: How do you address the true elements of interaction when what you become aware of may only be a symptomatic element of accumulative effect?**

A: In the world at large it is not uncommon to be pressured. If you see a symptom the only reason you can see that symptom is because you understand the root cause within yourself. So disharmony within the environment is there to challenge your acuity and the finality of truth that lies within your heart, which cannot be bargained with. This is your power and if it can be bargained with then the realm that lies within your heart, which could potentially be saturated by corruption, is being tested, and the road to completion brings an incomplete individual to you to challenge your resolution and this is a good thing.

**Q: How can we not get bogged down in superfluous details when confronting covert behavior in others?**

A: Know exactly what needs to be done and don't go beyond that, otherwise you will be drained of your energy. If you begin to be drained then you know that you have gone too far with your involvement. Within your circumstances if your intentions become immoral (i.e. you add a part of yourself which may be based within your own personal agenda) then you will know, because you will sustain an internal blow and you will suffer the consequences of your actions.

**Q: Can you describe the relationship between real time and creativity or creative processes?**

A: There is no difference between real time and creativity. When one is being purely creative they are being real and this realness corresponds to a buoyant heart. If that buoyancy is not there then it is just control or complacency that is being asserted.

**Q: What's the difference between being awake and dreaming?**

When one is awake in our tangible world we can readily deny and hide from ourselves the truth of what is going on, but in our dreams we are often locked within those denials. Neither realm is real nor has any power when one is sustained within denial. When one realizes that life can be lived in transparency then both realms are saturated and permeated with an unquestionable power that can only be known by those who experience it.

**Q: What do you mean by 'rigid principles'?**

A: We sustain ourselves repetitively on an internal basis. This repetitiveness is insidious by nature and will demand that water be soft and wood be hard. This way of relating to the environment denies any possibility of expansion of awareness beyond the boundaries of what is known for certain.

**Q: How can we determine how much of what we are witnessing is our projection and what is the correspondence between what is presented and what we need to know?**

A: One will always know what is necessary. In correspondence to your own growth you will realize what you need to know, and that knowing is always correct even if you're wrong, because everything that is presented is your projection until you are totally separated from that projection, which is indicated by not being emotionally involved.



**Q: How did your journey as a dreamer begin?**

## **The Dream Walker**

When I was a child of seven I used to sleep walk. These times were strange and magical for me. I was vacantly moving yet assimilating information from the world around me within that vacancy. I would go and let the dogs off their leashes so they could chase the cat. That cat was not amused with me and never appreciated my actions. She was absorbed in the night itself and did not like to be disturbed. She was kind of dangerous, that cat; she would hide herself within the shadows. She is like a lot of people I know today in my adult life. In the shadowy hours of the night she expected her agendas not to be interfered with because we are supposed to be sleeping and not awake to her activity. In the daytime that cat meowed and beckoned everyone for attention knowing that her presence would command compliance because she was soft, feminine and feline. She demanded that we must appreciate the fact that we could pick her up and caress her - but as we all know, when pussycats have had enough they simply jump off your lap to do what they want and what pussycats usually do is hunt wildlife even when they have a full belly, killing for sport that which is beautiful and sings without expectation. I guess that's why I enjoyed letting the dogs off their leashes – I figured that cat was too comfortable; her true nature was hidden behind the shadows of the night.

I have potent memories of my sleepwalking journeys. Where I lived the winter covered the grass with frost and it would crackle and crunch under my bare feet. The moonlight kept me company as if it were my friend. The air crackled with the intensity of my youth. I felt feline, but not like that spoilt pussycat. There was a power surging through my system ever so gently. As I gazed into the fields where I

played in the daytime I realized everything was different. It was the same yet it was not. The shadows transmitted secrets that were hidden in the night. Houses were no longer houses; they were stationed sentries that seemed to possessively guard their occupants.

The roads that approached the property were dusty and in the moonlight appeared to be golden. I walked those dusty roads in the middle of the night yet I'd forgotten that in the daytime those same roads held the people in my neighborhood that ignored me within their passing. In the daytime hours I would become afraid of their gaze because of what it contained. It was opposite to what I was familiar with, so consequently I never integrated with them. I was as strange to them as they were to me. All my life I have watched these daytime walkers and wondered why they are not familiar with the night, and why they seemed to be so filled with shifty, uneasy shadows.

On one moonlit night I opened the gate to our front yard, not to leave but to return. I had been gone for a while but had forgotten where I had been. I walked down the front path that was lined with daisies. Even though the daisies were stationary they seemed to reach out and press forward and in that pressing caress my being. They were lined up waiting for me; they knew I was there. They were aware and conveyed themselves wordlessly, their beauty so utterly profound. I then approached the house and as I walked onto the balcony the doorway appeared to devour me within its shadow, and when I turned back towards the path the moonlight acknowledged that I had gone but was still mocking me within its subtleties. It was the twinkle in my eye. Unlike the pussycat, I saw the shadow as a haven, not a hiding place, and by virtue of this fact it sustained me and comforted me within that darkness.

I turned to look down the length of the balcony and saw the moonlight streaming through the windows. It was soft and sensual. It filled my little being with a sense of awe and beauty. I ventured down

that balcony and the sound of my feet reverberated and softly echoed my presence upon the wooden floor. As I passed each bedroom window I was lost to myself and had forgotten who was behind these windows. I turned the corner and approached the side entrance, where I looked through the glass and then opened that door. Immediately to my left there was another door, half ajar. I pushed it open and walked in. There I stood by my mother's bed, watching her sleeping. I was unaware of how long I was gazing, totally absorbed with a realization that she did not sleep like me - she slept like something else. Suddenly my mother opened her eyes. She lunged forward, screeching, and grabbed me.

“What are you doing watching me in my bed?” she said ferociously through clenched teeth.

She shook me violently till I awoke, but awake like her, not aware like I was. I trembled and my teeth chattered for hours as I realized that I had been awoken to the world, and that world was harsher than the one I was awake to previously.

What I need to mention now is what I saw in my mother's eyes when she lunged at me. Despite the fact that I was sleepwalking my memory of what I saw is acute and has haunted me to this very day. The beast that is described in biblical terms and the shadow, which has been elucidated throughout this book, is what lunged through my mother's arms and viewed me from behind her eyes before she became totally aware of what she was doing. When I was watching her within that dream walking state I was seeing within dimensions. What I was seeing was a being whispering and talking coercively, directing her dream attention, unknown to her, and when this being became aware that I could see it, it lunged towards me through her body in an attempt to destabilize that window view that I had accessed. From that time the onslaughts of these beings have never ceased. Their pursuit of me has been relentless since then because I saw at that time something I shouldn't have been able to.

What I am to explain now is very difficult to understand and when I recall this memory and the implications of that memory the energy which exudes from my heart center becomes explosive. When that beast reached through my mother's arms and grabbed me so that I would be caught within a web, a man intervened. There I was standing, shocked, as a seven year old boy, my mother grasping my arms fiercely, with my eyes wide open and her glaring at me as if murder was her next intention. Simultaneously I was in total darkness, standing in a void that seemed to want to consume me, with a venomous and possessive shadow racing towards me with ferocious velocity with the full intention of stealing my soul or my awareness from that point on. I was paralyzed with fear. Before this shocking entity reached my childhood form within dreams, a man suddenly appeared, standing between that shadow and myself. He was dressed in Oriental black leather armor. He lifted his left hand to the height of his shoulder as if to say 'Stop', but not a word was spoken. There was a ripple in that universe, something tangible and so powerful. It was the Dream Maker. He turned around and picked me up within his arms and then what manifested around us was his realm. He then gently put me down.

"Now we will wait for you to find yourself," he whispered, and then slowly retreated into an obscure hallway.

That was the beginning of my association with the Dream Maker. His intent held me fixed from the age of seven till forty. The most difficult thing to understand, that I wrestle with till this very day, is that when I recall this memory of my childhood and the dream I had with the old nagual when I was forty, it makes no sequential sense. Both experiences existed in what seemed to be the same time slot. I can only say that when you go back to read the first chapter and put this together you will probably be as bewildered as I was within that discovery. The only thing I know is that I don't know how it happens and by knowing what occurred I am only left with a feeling of ecstasy

and excitement, to think that this quandary is the nagual's gift of power to me. I rediscovered my inner child when I was forty. My inner child was held by the Dream Maker and not by the shadow. Because the old nagual had my inner child my heart was kept empty and pure. When I landed within the Dream Maker's realm from that elevator he and my wards were waiting. It took thirty-three years for the toil of my life to deliver the lessons necessary for me as a man, and when this toil had almost consumed me, life started again.

My childhood sleepwalking journeys were an exploration of power. That power beckoned me, so now I actively seek out that which sought me. This is the reason I am a dreamer and why I am awake to the world in another way.

## **Dream Compartmentalization**

Upon the recounting of the 'Dream Walker' I was deeply affected. I knew there was something trapped within me that was trying to get to the surface of my perception but I just didn't know what it was that I was trying to comprehend. I felt a little bit stuck and went to bed that evening with a feeling of despondency because of my inability to fathom what I needed to know for my own life. I had gone to bed that evening with this feeling infused within me.

"Awake with you."

I heard Zakai's familiar voice beckoning my awareness to join him in the Dream Maker's realm.

"Come with me now my friend and sit by the void. Look within the depths of that which is in front of you. I believe that we all should be told what is necessary. I would like now to share with you a story of power and this story is yours. Unknown to you, you have been affected quite profoundly by the old nagual. It would take you a lifetime to recover and explain to yourself what I am to explain to you

now. The reason I am giving this information to you at this point is to avert any confusion on your part on what took place between you and the Dream Maker thirty-three years ago. When I called you into the Dream Maker's realm tonight you were preoccupied. When I focused on your being I knew immediately what was occurring. The feeling that flooded my luminosity when I focused on you was the same feeling I experienced when I saw the Dream Maker split one of your dream compartments, which belong to the honeycomb maze of awareness, into two. Before I explain any further I will tell you where the old nagual gained the knowledge to accomplish such a monumental feat.

“Centuries ago the Dream Maker was introduced to an extremely old shaman and had become so intimately connected with him that he taught him secrets that were beyond comprehension. One of these secrets has been utilized through our contact with you. Look now deep within the void and recall that vision of the honeycomb compartments that I once directed you to see within that expansiveness. While you gaze deep into this vision that lies in front of you I will prompt you to remember your own compartments.”

As Zakai said this the honeycomb compartments of awareness appeared within the void but this time I was not viewing another's configuration, I was viewing my own. I began to feel elated to think that I could view myself within such complexity, yet still be sitting by the void, physically intact. I can only to this day marvel at these men's ingenuity.

Zakai interrupted me and said, “Now focus and I will give you the story that is yours, then you will be released from your feelings of anguish because of the fact that you cannot recall that which is so embedded within the Dream Maker's realm. I do this for you because recovering these units of information would be impossible to access until your journey on the blue planet was completed. As I said it is better to know and understand so that one can survey that which

seems inconceivable. As you look, silence will enter deep within you. What you will see now is one of those techniques that this old shaman taught the Dream Maker and this was a gift to him, among the many that he was given.'

As I looked into the void I once again saw the Dream Maker clad in black oriental leather armor, standing between me and that shadow that I had described in my recounting, that had left me in a state of deep and profound contemplation upon that which I could not comprehend. I saw him pick that child up in his arms and then I saw something beyond belief. When he had laid me down in that vastness he did these strange movements and somehow these movements unfolded me into that honeycomb maze that I was watching with Zakai within the void. I then saw the Dream Maker take one of these compartments and separate it from the collective. When this was done he reassembled my being by clapping his hands in a way that is incomprehensible to me even to this day. That part of me that became reassembled returned to me in the living construct where I lay shaking in my mother's arms after being awoken from my sleepwalking journey. Bear in mind now that I am seeing these images in front of me in multiples and for you to understand what I am explaining now you must attempt this multilateral assimilation to understand what I am to explain.

Zakai then said to me, "Break now your fixation from that portion of awareness that shows you the child that has been awoken within the living construct. Go now with your awareness to that compartment that the Dream Maker holds. Now see the magic that is to occur in front of you."

I gazed into the void and saw the Dream Maker with one of my dream compartments, floating within a vastness beyond comprehension. He was once again doing a strange movement that created a sensation within my midsection that made my chest feel like it was going to explode. At the point where I thought my chest was

going to expand beyond my physical limits, the compartment that I was viewing divided and separated into two sections. What I saw then were two small children in the company of the old oriental warrior.

He said to one, "Now we will wait until you find yourself," and the other he took into an alternate dream scene where this child lived for thirty-three years. This child's name was Somai.

Zakai then intervened and said, "Calm yourself. You are very fortunate. The gift of power that the Dream Maker has given to you is beyond comprehension. This memory that you review is a time capsule of happening, which occurred beyond the temporal limits of your cognitive system. Know that when Somai merged with you, you were simply assimilating yourself and when you encountered yourself as a child in the Dream Maker's realm upon your reawakening thirty-three years later, that child became one with you as well."

I broke my fixation from the void to look at Zakai. "Is this the reason why I know and can do strange things beyond my comprehension?"

"Yes, this is the reason. The old nagual and Somai were occupied for thirty-three years and within that time Somai assimilated profound mysterious knowledge that was imparted to him that you know now is part of you. Now I have awoken you to what occurred so many years ago, your task will be to recall those lessons that the old nagual taught to you, not in an altered state, but in a state beyond any seer's wildest dreams." Zakai gently grasped my hand. "Now that you know, you will dream more easily of those things that were passed to you because you know what happened and how that happening occurred."

Gently squeezing my hand he looked directly into my eyes and said, "What a wonderful tale of power, what an awesome story to recall. Awake with you now."



## **Personal Containment and Why We Don't Dream Real Dreams**

I have discovered on my journey in life as a dreamer that what we must do within our personal life is discover where and why we allow our power to be drained. I dreamt fluently as a child because I had not made any corrupt alliances or agreements and consequently could not break them, so I was then surrounded by an integral boundary of power when I was awakened from that sleepwalking event just described in the 'Dream Walker'. I had been utterly forgotten to myself and within this state could apply the awareness necessary to integrate all the things that we actively take for granted, which belong to the night. What we've forgotten as dreamers is that the integral boundary of our heart has been compromised and if we justify an action which is not correct then we will sustain a self-imposed injury that we will have difficulty waking up to because of denial.

The problem at this stage is: how do I explain how to make your acts integral? In my dream as a child I was lost to myself: is this not a clue? How can one be lost to oneself yet know oneself completely? It would be pertinent at this stage to remind you of a concept described in the first chapter of the book, 'Shamanic Dreaming'. Saturation equals permeation. If one is utterly involved and invested in protecting dysfunctional behaviors, how can we judge whether we are permeating our circumstances or being permeated by something else? It may all seem too confusing, but it's not. If we hurt, injure or distort our world, that heavy-handed behavior will give us a lesson, but unfortunately these lessons can consume all of our energy and all of our life. We must endeavor to put a stop to our destructive behaviors, so that we may wake up to the fact that we are journeying in our daytime life as we dream at night. We have to clean up our act and be

as integral and absolutely accountable to ourselves as possible, because if we do not clear our heart we will not dream real dreams; we will dream dreams that have attached to them all of our unresolved behaviors that lie within our daytime realm.

What is it that will act upon us in dreaming that will amplify our hidden unresolved behaviors? Luminous sentinels, and their task is to enact upon us dreamings that are a reflection of our unresolved nature, and unknown to ourselves we will be caught in a loop because of our denials. These beings enact the truth of ourselves on us, yet we cannot see them because we don't have access to the amount of energy we need, nor the objectivity, to comprehend that our dreams are an inward journey and composed utterly of energy. We as human beings have companions that are faithful to us right to the very end and the agreement is that they will enact upon us what we are until we are something else, and that something is composed of a clear heart and power.

## **To Know Without Question**

Dreamers know without question things that they reasonably shouldn't know, about the world and about people, and throughout a dreamer's life the jigsaw puzzle slowly appears for what it really is as all the pieces are put together. In my early childhood I knew something unquestionably in my heart and still know this same thing without question. It is the knowledge that the foundation of my life is stabilized in a clear heart.

When ones heart knows it knows without question. Can we proceed with that knowing and act upon truths if we look at the world and the way it is now? We would have to say no, not completely,

because most people do not live by their inner truths yet; but nevertheless we must aspire to go beyond what we are. So, can a dreamer benefit the world? Alone, probably not, but unified and together, yes. We have dreamings and these dreamings are in front of us right now, while we are awake. They are the decisions we make and the things we do. Within your circumstances if you wish to be a dreamer the first step you must make is to resolve to do the right thing within *all* your circumstances, *all* your personal interactions. This will be the beginning of changing the foundations of the corrupt agreements that have been passed down to each of us individually and collectively over the centuries. How you succeed depends on you and whether you take this one technique seriously. I know it is much easier in life to go along and not cause waves but we must stand up and be heard and give our inner truths a voice. This is the first stepping-stone, the first technique for dreaming. We must be clear and strong within our resolve not to be involved in that which reduces our energetic mass by breaking our inner seal of power. You know exactly what I am talking about and if you don't, when you put these principles in place you will. If these words do not impact you and invert your imprinted continuity then either you are clear and very aware, or if not then the elements of your circumstances will lay in wait to pounce on you with lessons to renew the part of you that requires you to grow beyond your limitations.

## **Don't Play With That Which You Should Not**

If you as an individual realize you can actively act surreptitiously in any way to benefit yourself and waylay your circumstances, the world of dreaming will not be yours but the nightmare of your life will be. If you know that you can influence something, influence it in the right way and only add what your heart affirms should be added, and

if this type of behavior brings conflict then so be it. We must practice and exercise our inner voices to gain power, and the truth is that if a resolution cannot be achieved then you may not be energetically compatible with the one you're interacting with. When this is realized it must be accepted.

By being transparent we learn where we can go and where we should not. In this way we will be stationed in a position of power that has non-interference as its perimeter. One reason I come to this conclusion is that in my past one particular individual was honest enough to say to me 'You frighten me', and I simply asked why, to which he answered: 'When I think that a light should be turned on, you go and turn it on. When I want a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, you go and make one for yourself.' Eventually he discovered that he could direct my actions by simply focusing on his desires. Evidently at this stage in my life I had already integrated, unknown to myself, the principles of the completion hieroglyph and was acting upon my friend's intentions and bringing completion to those intentions. This phenomenon started twenty years before the hieroglyphs became a tangible memory. My benefactor had obviously been sculpting my awareness from a very young age.

The heart knows what we should do in all of our circumstances. It's a matter of us all being clear enough not to play with others as if they are toys. We are non-replaceable and when we are gone, we are gone. Best not waste our time or the time of others. This experience I had with my friend was a turning point. I realized at the time that his desires were somehow translated to me and I would fulfill them as if they were mine. He found a doorway into me and he played with it as if I were a toy. Does this not show something about our nature as human beings and how irresponsible we are with the phenomena that we experience in the world? If we become aware of something that is different, don't you think we should respect that difference and honor our circumstances within the light of transparency and truth?

## **For the Dreamers**

For those of you who are clear hearted and are wondering what is going on, why the world never resolves itself, why this reality does not change, and why its dream is being perpetuated in a way that is so destructive - it is easy to understand. The hearts that belong to this world in this time are unresolved, so these unresolved hearts injure the world and forget that it has as much right to be here as they do. As a result of this all the earth's resources are being wasted in greed instead of utilized in fairness and balance. The state of the world is simply a reflection of the status of our being. If we do not have balance we will not dream. It all comes back to the individual. Don't try to change the world, change yourself. By changing yourself you are actively taking responsibility for what is happening in the world. Individual stances eventually become collective. This dream is the most important dream that we are engaged in. If we do not resolve this dream we will never reach our true destiny. We will be unable to develop our full potential as a species - those gates will be shut.

## **Denial**

If you wish to be a dreamer and your friend would confront you and say, 'I'm aware that you are enacting something upon me,' - and if you would say in denial, 'But I am doing nothing?'- then you are denying yourself transparency. Transparency is the key to our heart and if we have the courage to admit that we are wrong this will be our strength, not our weakness. If you know that you are enacting inappropriately and surreptitiously towards anyone, in any way, be clear and stop, because if you don't you will be interrupted on your dreaming journey. Your heart develops gravity and will pull to it what

is necessary so that you may find resolve. If you stay in denial this process will take a lifetime – so don't waste it. And for those of you who think you're smart enough not to be caught, you have been. Your heart actively witnesses everything you do. Even though you think your inner world cannot be penetrated and your thoughts belong to you alone, they do not, they will be seen by those who are clear. As we evolve our inner world is becoming more available to each other, so it is best we acknowledge everything we do inwardly - it can be seen and measured by others. In reality your heart is my heart and your dream is my dream. We are here and together. What a responsibility. Take it on board and do not be a coward. Fight for your right to be a dreamer. It has been taken away from us, this right. We can retrieve our dreams.

## **The Auditory Architect**

Techniques to achieve greater clarity within dreaming are easier than you may think but just remember your heart has to be clear, because if it isn't you will still dream, but who you dream with will be the question. What you dream will be composed of you even though it appears that you are dreaming with somebody else, and the contradiction is that you are. When we first start our journey in the world of dreaming we must actively set off purposeful triggers that will bring us back to the daily world where we sleep. A way to do this is to set your alarm clock to go off at two am, and then at five am. When the alarm clock goes off at two, jump out of your bed and go and open your front door. Look outside into the darkness for just a second then go back to bed. Lay on your right hand side with your left ear facing the ceiling and listen while turning off your own internal talk and visual imagery. Go to sleep composed of darkness but aware that your primary aim is to listen. At five, when your alarm clock goes

off, get up and go and open your front door again, and when you open the door just before dawn look into the darkness and whisper, 'I'm awake. Hello.' And then go back to bed.

This time lay on your back with your eyes closed and once again listen, then watch the imagery that appears. If the visual imagery comes from the right side then you know your heart is not clear and you have a lot of work to do in your daytime world. If the voices that speak to you are coercive, nasty, violent or corrupt in any way, this will simply mean that your inner self is not clear. What you draw to yourself in your dreams is composed of your heart and indicates the residue that needs to be resolved in your daytime world. Do not be discouraged at this point. Fight for your right to be a dreamer. This is your challenge and the first challenge that we all face within our dream journey.

Be aware as you practice that an auditory phenomenon will start to occur. Listen for a knock. It sounds like a knock on your front door but it appears inside your head. When you wake up to that knock, listen for the voice that accompanies it. Still try to become aware of whether it is coming from the left or the right side and listen for that voice. It will be saying something like, 'Hello, can you hear me?' - literally. I have spoken about this auditory phenomenon in 'Dreaming the Dreamed'. The beings, that this voice belongs to, exist outside our construct and constantly wish us to break our fixation because our ultimate journey is to be where they are, - but to go there we have to find internal resolve and their job is to help deepen the hole we have dug for ourselves so we may learn the harsh lessons which are necessary. Or they can help to free us if we are determined to deal with our world in transparency so that our hearts may be clear.

I have seen two prominent types of luminosity within my dreams. What accompanies these luminous beings, even if we don't see them in the beginning, is a voice, and this voice is an Architect from their realm. This voice actively directs our awareness; by the

mere fact of hearing it our internal imagery is affected, which are our dream images. It knows exactly the amount of truth we can sustain as individuals and it will deliver the truth and power of our own heart, as it relates to their realm. These phenomena are usually very difficult to remember but there is one clue I can give you that will tell you whether it is occurring for you, even if you can't remember it. The clue is our second sight, and it begins by acknowledging other peoples' thoughts and feelings. If you start doing and saying what people are thinking this is a sign that these energetic beings are in contact with you. They open up channels, which appear in this world as psychic phenomena, and for each individual the manifestation of that experience will be different.

Our task, which is our destiny, will be outlined by our contact with them, so what we need to know in this world will be defined for us in theirs. For all of us our tasks will equal our integrity. We'd best not waste our time. For me this voice appears while I am sleeping. It comes as an auditory faculty first, which guides my dreaming awareness appropriately. If my energy isn't strong I go into a dream scene that is composed of the truth I need to realize, but if my energy is strong what appears for me from their world is sheer intensity itself. What follows is one of these experiences.

I had recently pierced my ears with gold earrings and I was dreaming and aware of my physical body. In this dream I did not hear the voice at first – it sometimes happens that way. I was sleeping on my back and two fuzzy, golden, luminous beings the size of baseballs came up to my ears and were discussing among themselves and at the same time directly to me, that the gold I was wearing was very beautiful. I knew that they were attracted to it. Their personalities were extremely vibrant and childlike. Their voices were not full of flattery but true interest in what I had done. Here lies our first insoluble contradiction. There I was lying in my bed dreaming with



those luminous beings, aware of myself and aware of them. I could see their realm and knew that I was sleeping in my bed. They can enter our construct and appear here and they can take one's physical body and have it appear in their realm, without you having left your bed.

What was to happen next took me by utter surprise, and this was the first time this had happened. Another type of luminous being approached me then and it was also composed of a golden hue. It was huge; half the size of my body. It pressed up against me as if my skin had a symbiotic relationship with its luminosity. It communicated direct inner realizations through energetic impulses of connection that seemed to neutralize my emotions, which would have weakened me through the idea of fragility and fear. I was losing control but went with it. When I had surrendered my control, all I was left with was the feeling connected to the tangible sense that was my skin, which automatically made obsolete the foundations of my original emotionality. I became visually and auditorily focused with a sense of feeling that is only tactile, and which left my heart free to communicate, not with a higher part of myself but with an uninhibited aspect of my being.

At this point the voice appeared, pushed up against my left ear, but that pressing wasn't physical, it was auditory. As the left auditory phenomenon pressed up against me and spoke truths to me, the large electrifying luminosity directed the scene, which was composed of pure energy, and the electrifying impulses opened up a world in front of me, and my construct as I knew it disappeared. My body was floating in between those two beings that flanked me in a vast expanse of nothingness, which seemed to go on forever. They directed my awareness to some material that was floating within that vast expanse. It looked like words or a foreign written language, which I later recognized it to be Aramaic. It was what I was seeing that I was to

understand and this text I saw related the information that I relate to you.

We define our world and that definition is stealing from us the possibility of experiencing the world of the luminous beings and the auditory Architect. What I learnt is that we cannot define our future in that realm because we have not defined our life in the realm in which we live. We must come to terms with the realities of what needs to be done here before we can define ourselves within that expansive universe that is our inward journey, and the doorway to that realm lies within the integrity of our hearts.

Here are some questions that my dear friends asked me about what I had learnt from being in direct contact with these phenomena.

**Q: What is our fixation?**

A: To be other than what we are and to be involved with that which we should not.

**Q: How do we break our fixation when we are continually confronted and saturated with interactions and situations that demand involvement and constantly challenge us?**

A: We must be constantly challenged. The challenges within themselves will bring integrity of character. Integrity becomes ones potency or power and we are simply challenged so that we may grow. If we see our challenges in any other way we are just indulging. What doesn't kill you will make you stronger and the power that you collect is the key to non-involvement.

**Q: Why are those beings observing our construct? What is their interest in us?**

A: We are essentially composed of the same materials that they are but we are something different. We have forgotten where we've come from and why we're here in the first place. There is something

of great importance here that we must know but in the process of learning that, we have forgotten our origins and purpose. Our dreams are a reflection of our physical construct and their interest in us is devotion to the task at hand, which is to free us from our dilemma. Our fixation is layered within deception and untruths. These deceptions and untruths bring about rules and consequences and we will be released from our confines only when this lesson is learnt.

**Q: Is their realm another construct?**

A: No, it is composed of pure expansiveness, inwardly and outwardly. Time has neither beginning nor end and energy is within a continual flux that is self-sustaining, which is a contradiction that we cannot grapple with because we die.

**Q: Why are we here? What are we doing here?**

A: We are dreamers and the dream of our living construct is too solid: we must go beyond the solidity of this dream, and live within a parameter of responsibility that is witnessed by our heart. If that parameter is compromised then our ability to break the fixation of the solidness that surrounds us will not become available. The reason the solid dream does not change for us collectively is that our hearts should be composed of the power that will free us, and at this moment they are not. Our heart is the inner engine that drives our luminosity. If our integrity is not intact we cannot escape and our luminous form will not become available because we cannot remember it. To sustain another reality we must remember that reality. If we cannot conceive of it, how can we get there? This is our challenge: to remember where we came from, and that can only be achieved through a pure heart.

**Q: Is inner silence the language that is understood by all beings?**

A: Yes.

**Q: How exactly do they ‘deepen the hole’?**

A: We cannot go beyond ourselves until we clean up our act and what is added to us is what we add to ourselves through a lifetime. They are not doing anything to us, they are simply responsible in the same way we are. If we act differently then what we experience will not be composed of what we were in the past. The sentinels reflect back onto us what we are. They stand behind our dream images and occupy us with the feelings we have internally.

**Q: What form do they take in dreaming?**

A: Usually people that have a mean streak or occupy us with our hidden desires, or they take on the form of our familiars to absorb our attention.

**Q: Why do some men experience nocturnal emissions in dreaming?**

A: It is because the man experiencing loss of semen is within his life having immoral thoughts towards women. This is reflected within his dream scene and causes him to lose the essential life force he needs to dream directly. If a man wishes to cap his energy he must not interfere with women in his waking state in any way whatsoever. If this can be achieved then what will first appear will seem to be a glass division between him and a sexual dream, and if the man can fully forgo his corrupt behavior in this area he simply will not experience sexual interference in dreaming. One can also have seminal emission if the kidneys are weak, and this weakness can be remedied by taking herbs.

**Q: Can we dream with people we know in our waking state, and how can we tell if it’s really them?**

A: Yes, and you will know. Even if they don’t remember, you will know.

**Q: Is our Architect of observation a luminous being and does it interact with luminous beings from other realms?**

A: Our Architect is part of our perception within the confines of our construct that is transported to the luminous realm when we are there. Our Architect's prime objective is to awaken itself here so that we can move and examine the content of our solid construct within the fluidity of a dream-like state. Our luminosity seeks refuge and within that process we have lost ourselves and forgotten where we have come from. One of our prime objectives as luminous beings is to interlace ourselves with this reality so that we may experience the confines of a construct as well as the freedom of eternity.

**Q: Is our destination 'nothingness'?**

A: Yes, but that nothingness is full of everything and known to itself. So this emptiness is not nothing, it is everything.

## **Capturing the Attention of the Cloaked Inner Child**

To capture this portion of ourselves is to understand the masked prime motives that bolster pettiness and surround it with self-serving rationalization. This intention is the most difficult to discover and surrounds the inner child in layers of denial. If we do not discover what we are creating that is damaging to ourselves and our environment we will be set in a perpetual motion that will sweep by as if in a loop, past the real prime objective that this inner child needs to become aware of. As individuals we must catch ourselves in the enactment of emotions that set forth an atmosphere of denial. If you are morbid, mean, feeling sorry for yourself or being elitist or arrogant, it may be that your inner child is contaminating your environment because it has been spoiled and indulged. For example, you may find

yourself in an occasion where you have obligated yourself and discover that you are actively punishing the person you are obligated to. Though you can't understand why you are being so moody and petulant and within this premise think you've lost control, the bizarre twist within this situation is that you do have control and are knowingly persecuting your environment because of your obligation, through transferring feelings of guilt and discomfort to those individuals who wish to do what needs to be done.

Within this enactment you deny yourself the ability to see that your inner child has ulterior motives, and if that inner child is not being fulfilled within those motives it will punish whoever reaches the hand of purpose to it. So for these people I would say, look back to your childhood and capture that time when your mother and father rewarded you for throwing a tantrum and gave you what you wanted. If you can be aware of this you will see that you do not need to enact punishment upon those to whom you have obligated yourself. If you volunteer your intention that intention must be pure and not tainted with immaturity and unwholesome expectation, like the tantrums of a spoiled child when it does not get its own way. If these tendencies can be openly examined then the dreamer will be awakened within the waking state and then within their dreams when they sleep. If you don't realize this as a dreamer and do what has to be done, then all the unresolved inner children that are encased in all the adults you wish to live your life with will help you enact that immaturity, through their own idea of vindictive payback that is full of scorn and contempt.

## **Being Loaded**

In our lives we actively pass from one to another what is unresolved, seemingly unknown to ourselves. We have to wake up to the fact that we are enacting ourselves on the world and that

everybody in the world blindly opens their arms to what's coming, so we have to take the intention that is pointed at our fellow man and reload that intention with love of oneself so the experience of life itself, which is the fight for our freedom, can become the struggle for enlightenment instead of the battle that is occurring. Our primary focus must revolve around clear, transparent integrity.

There is another experience I had with these luminous beings that kind of frightened me and showed me the idea that not resolving our inner turmoil will lead us to a form of etheric entrapment. I have seen this entrapment, and the consequences that bore upon me as I saw it are that I feel extremely responsible to convey this information to those who wish to dream. As outlined in the beginning of this book, my true journey of resolve started with the old nagual Lujan and the origins of this journey stemmed from my childhood. This was coupled with the effect that extra-terrestrials had imposed upon me. I know that I'm not the only one in the world that has been extensively interfered with and what I mean by interference is simply to be taken out of one's context. This reflection is extremely interesting. I still wait for the completion of this journey. I know this to be a personal affair and I know that what I am waiting for is what I have written about in the pages of this book. How curious is the tapestry of my life?

On further review of the alien phenomenon that I had encountered my reflection became stronger because of unspoken enquiries that came from a very good friend, which sparked off a unique type of realization. The reason why this realization was unique is that his enquiry stemmed from observation without interference or judgment. The process corresponds exactly to the Completion hieroglyph; our energetic and physical constructs are activated in a synchronistic harmony. The way to explain it is that we are two Architects, as the hieroglyph suggests, and the Ultimate Creator that appears in this hieroglyph becomes composed of an infusion of

mutual intent, which when enlivened becomes excitable to a degree of extraordinary intensity that triggers deeper realizations. This type of intensity relates to the sphere of awareness that belongs to those aliens. They have been here many times before and influenced many cultures - I know this now for certain to be true.

As has been explained there is an inner child, which can either be cloaked or defined by buoyancy. When one goes beyond the phenomenon of denial and reaches into a sphere of buoyancy that produces potency, this buoyant child intertwines with the Architect of observation. Without these two combined we have mere observation, which can be interfered with by processes that may not be clear and this is how we've got ourselves into such deep trouble. The Architect of observation from the Inner Light hieroglyph takes the buoyancy of the inner child and translates it into the phenomenon of the Completion hieroglyph, but this hieroglyph only becomes operational between two beings when both can sustain the same level of integrity.

This leads us to something very interesting, a twin phenomenon. This like-minded phenomenon reaches through time and space and even though apart, the glue that is insightful realization belongs cooperatively to those who experience it. For us as dreamers the reward for clearing our heart will be beyond anything we can ever imagine. For all of you who are wondering why we don't have permanent contact with these aliens, the reason why is that they are dreamers and their contact with us can only be composed of a fluid construct. Our world is too real; our dream is too fixed. We need to regain that buoyant child, that pure heart, so that we may be free from the confines of our restrictive construct. The occasion that I am about to describe happened to me many, many years ago. It was a wake up call for me. The world was not as it seemed and I was to be confronted with that more directly than I had previously experienced.



## **The Sentinel**

I woke up abruptly in dreaming. I was standing near a vintage car. It was exquisite; the interior was immaculate and the steering wheel was wooden and shiny. I proceeded to examine the dashboard and my eyes swept to the seats, which were made out of beautiful soft gray leather. Merely focusing on the inside of the car transported me to that position. I felt so excited, because it was such a beautiful old car. In my waking life at that stage I owned a 1954 FJ Holden. It was a wonderful experience to own such a beautiful car. I encountered the opposite to what I usually would on the streets - people would smile and wave. In that car I was totally within my element, I loved the attention. In the dream I was filled with the same elation that surrounded the car that I owned in my waking state. To my utter and total surprise, when I looked to my left at the passenger's seat my closest friend was sitting there. Looking at me, she smiled and said:

“Wow, this is such a beautiful car.”

I looked up and saw a mischievous glint in the eye of my friend. It is interesting to note that any minor inflection from a dreaming environment gives information. I became suspicious at that point. I knew my friend did not overtly display feelings of elation towards inanimate objects. Her pleasure would come from seeing me enjoy the car.

“You’ve never been interested in cars like this,” I said.

My friend proceeded to point at the dashboard of the car and directed my awareness to the beautiful button that switched on the windscreen wiper. In my waking life it always annoys me when someone directs me away from the truth, because the truth is so much more absorbing and so much more enjoyable than a lie or a distraction. I suddenly became aggressively curious.

“Who are you? You are not my friend,” I said with absolute assuredness. “She would never be so interested in these small details. You’re directing my awareness and I don’t like it. You cannot control the direction of my focus any more. Who are you? How can you be here? Where is my friend?”

The whole scene disappeared completely from my view and, totally disorientated, I looked up. There was a sizzling, luminous being looming over me. The exterior of its sphere crackled and the sound was maddening. It seemed that we were in some type of cylindrical cave. I had never experienced this before and had no reference points to stabilize myself. I then had a momentary lapse of anguish and fear. As I became aware of my environment I noticed that I too was floating like that luminosity. I realized then that I was spherical and my exterior was smooth and unwavering. Unlike that crackling being, my energy moved from deep within my luminosity and did not crackle in any way.

What I had realized by merely experiencing this was that the crackling being was an enforcer - its energetic mass displayed that by virtue of its crackling. It was exterior. This beings’ purpose was to mirror back the intentions of those who came into contact with it and these crackles that exploded made me realize that the crackling itself was the collected intentions of unresolved human beings. What I was learning was that we encase ourselves within the enactments of our heart, and those are the enactments that are projected forward and sustained by these beings. Because of this fact we are enthralled within what we create and that being - that sentinel - is doing what has to be done. If by chance anyone has the acuity to reach this realm without being clear and resolved in life, these beings will actively engage that human awareness and the challenges they encounter will be dangerously consuming and will magnify the unresolved daytime world in which that person lives. This will be emphasized within the

premise of surreptitious secretiveness that will drain everybody they interact with of their resources, including them.

The sentinel approached my spherical shape and as its crackles exploded on my exterior it transferred information that equaled the grotesqueness of what was in front of me. Every sound this being made relayed feelings that I am so utterly and totally unfamiliar with.

“Where is my friend?” I asked that grotesque presence.

My attention was directed forwards and what appeared made the pit of my stomach feel as if it was dropping forever. There was nothing, absolutely nothing but darkness, an expanse of darkness that seemed to want to swallow every ounce of me. Then I saw a cube of massive proportions within that nothingness.

The crackling being’s voice erupted and said, “There is your friend and millions more, trapped in the folly of their own making.”

As I looked at this enormous cube I saw fleeting shadows dive-bombing it’s exterior, disappearing within and then reappearing as if larger and more energized. What accompanied this sight were demonic sounds. It was a screaming and screeching of delighted gluttony that fulfilled those shadow beings’ distorted designs.

Upon witnessing and hearing this I experienced the anguish of a type of finality I have never known before. I knew the entrapment that encased my friend and others. The weight of that responsibility pressed upon my heart as I became aware of that complex arrangement where everybody is caught.

My realizations turned the darkness of that nothingness into a whirlpool and the gravity began to suck me in. I woke up in my bed feeling heavy-hearted and knowing that things have to be different in the world. What I was truly left with was the finality which surrounds corruption of the heart, and that scared the living daylights out of me. We are not alone, you can be sure of it. When you consider your

dreaming explorations and where you may be pulled within those dreams, be aware that your daytime actions bring consequences to the dreaming realm and that these beings will actively waylay your dreaming awareness. To be waylaid is to waste one's life and one's time. Be aware that these sentinels' responsibility is to reflect upon our dream travels who we are so that when we awake it will impact on our true vehicle of discovery: our heart. We are responsible. There is nothing being done to us apart from what we are doing to ourselves. The lesson that I received from this being was to act upon what I know and not waste my time. I have endeavored to do so ever since.

**Q: What is the etheric entrapment and how does it manifest in our lives?**

A: It manifests as incompleteness and the inability to enjoy our existence, either in dreaming or in waking - though these two states are essentially the same.

**Q: What is the significance of the images and settings within dreaming - for instance, the immaculate car?**

A: They are a reflection of our intentions.

**Q: How can the awareness of subtle inflection be translated into waking life?**

A: Whether in dreaming or waking the knowing is the same.

**Q: How can you tell the difference between something you need to be aware of and something that is taking your attention away from what you need to be aware of?**

A: The way to be aware of anything is to put into practice the parameters within this chapter and those outlined in 'Sexual Attention'. This will alert you.

**Q: Are you a luminous being in this scene?**

A: Yes, I was in luminous form.

**Q: Are we luminous beings?**

A: Yes.

**Q: Why weren't you familiar with the feelings surrounding the crackling being?**

A: When I was in luminous form within this scene it was only the second time I had experienced being luminous and when one is caught within their own luminosity the purity which comes from that experience is diametrically opposed to where we come from: the living construct. Seeing this crackling being in the way I did was a shock because in luminous form we are only composed of what is in our hearts, so consequently I was clear and did not remember the interconnecting enthrallment that I so actively avoid when I am awake. The crackles were composed of the doings of people who are trapped within haunted awareness - in the world and within dreams. The feelings were unfamiliar because I don't practice the intentions harbored within that limited boundary. Being touched by that crackling being simply transferred what is held collectively. By merely being in their realm you resonate their knowing and this is something we need to avoid as human beings. The knowing does not correspond to a clear heart, it corresponds to control, and so their connection to us is in essence a contradiction. Our doings hold us so they may hold us.

## **Heightened Acuity and Borrowed Awareness**

I have noticed that when information is passed from one to another, the assimilation of that information seems to be difficult for those who are receiving it to comprehend, and even more difficult for these individuals to fully recall the subject so that they may apply the full parameters of this information within their life. What I have

learnt from this is that my realizations have been based in those experiences I am passing on from at least ten to fifteen years earlier, sometimes even thirty, so consequently when communicating this information to others, they witness the incoming information that is being given to them as if they were in a dream.

The reason why their awareness takes on this diffused, dream-like state of memory is because their linear mind cannot laterally assimilate at this stage of their development and has to recall the information over and over again so that they may take the most pertinent elements from that information, which in the end will enhance their life only in comparison to their awareness. This brings forward a very interesting anomaly. When information is passed on enhancement is occurring, which is the prime objective of our growth as human beings, but when that enhancement is occurring the recipient's awareness cannot be called heightened. They are simply asleep on the level of intention and borrowing the energy of the one transferring the information through the vehicle of interest. At this stage they are awake in the wrong way and the concepts are beyond their range because of their previous imprinting and the energy that those imprints demand to be sustained.

Imagine a cell and within that cell there was a nucleus, the cell itself, which is awareness or the outer perimeter of that person's power, would open slightly and let information in, and what occurs after this is energetic compacting, which takes many years to occur. The outer perimeter of one's personal power will compress and pull the information towards the nucleus so that it will be compressed and given gravity, but this gravity will be reflected back into the world as the gravity of that person and this reflection creates diversity. It is heightened awareness that is being borrowed and this heightened element moves and shifts the previous imprints of that person's awareness. This is what causes the diffused, dream-like state because the imprints are very possessive and the possessiveness of those

imprints will not allow the heightened form of information to be assimilated immediately. The imprints will fight to diffuse that information and within that diffusion a dream-like awareness that is difficult to remember appears, until it is compressed and assimilated with the original imprints, to reappear as that person's wisdom, maybe twenty years down the track. Unfortunately in some cases what is learnt will still be infused with the original knowledge provided by those old imprints. This is one of the dangers that a teacher may possess; that their own imprints are too strong to overcome because of personal agenda not being released (which in essence produces enhancement of the original imprints instead of assimilation of truth) and he or she may assert themselves on the world in the wrong way and confuse many.

If one can go beyond the infusion that the imprints apply then wisdom will be only touched with the knowing of what could be, and this will not interfere with the immediacy that will erupt through the heightened knowing of individuals twenty to thirty years later. This dual awareness is very valuable and is what we should seek because the memory of duality gives a deeper understanding, and the basis of this understanding establishes empathy. The contradiction is that what one is remembering in essence is a dream because it is a memory. Whether it is daytime recollection or dream recollection, they are both recalled in the same fashion. The only difference in recalling a dream is that the imprints that brought about the introspective imagery of dreaming have been displaced extensively. By that I mean one does not get anchored so readily and moves from scene to scene more fluidly than in the waking state.

If heightened acuity were occurring, the information would be assimilated immediately and be applied with accuracy within the present moment, which corresponds to pure knowing. However, heightened acuity usually only happens many years down the track upon that point of looking back and recalling the information and

reviewing that information in relation to ones life, according to the pertinence to ones experiences. This is a heightened state. So I would say to all the dreamers; be encased within the memory of your dream and when recalling that dream of power see that the recollection, which may be many years after the original dream, has more information encoded within it than it did in the beginning, and know by this very fact that enhancement comes from reviewal. That enhancement is realized through instructing one who wishes to follow in the same footsteps and mimic the journey you have traveled in life. But never can that journey be mimicked; enhancement is a personal affair and will occur through self-determined actualization. When you dream be patient, for what's locked within that dream may enhance you and if it doesn't then a review of ones heart must be taken into primary account, to examine the motivations that surround your bid for power.

Remember that enhancing other human beings will bring you into heightened acuity. One must give so that one can be released from reference points of self enhancement so that those enhancements can appear as something else, which is the magic that comes from the energetic implication of being aware of dreaming while you sleep. If you make it into that world where the sentinels exist then that enhancement will be one hundredfold because the information that is being assimilated is direct and not diffused by the corners that exist within a construct; which are there so you may realize the onslaughts of what comes when faced with a different avenue of awareness.

**Q: Does the struggle with our imprints ever end or does the challenge simply increase?**

A: It does end, yes. The imprints will decrease but the challenges will increase and this will be enjoyable and life will become more interesting. Our challenges equal our integrity.



**Q: What does 'one can be released from reference points of self enhancement' mean?**

A: Basically to be released from self-reflection and the anchors that self-reflection applies on old imprints that may wish to bolster arrogance and elitism. To become aware of these is essential.

**Q: How will I know when my heart is truly clear?**

A: You will know. When it's clear a magical faculty becomes apparent. This faculty of heart is the immediate recounting of ones whole life in a momentary sense continuum. All the lessons of ones life are distilled in that moment and uninhibited access without the influence of emotionality occurs. If catharsis is experienced in one of these momentary realizations, it is simply a release of something that is held in that memory because transparency was not available at that time. One can forever live in the clarity of their heart; clear of auditory and visual disruption from intention. Through this clarity one can hear what is being said and clearly see what is being presented. This is the faculty of seeing connected with intensity. Feeling is an intrinsic factor, which relentlessly pushes forward, endlessly examining the invisible world that manifests itself within form in front of us at every single moment.

**Q: How can I be aware of corruption within my environment?**

A: Dimensional lateralism is our true heritage and rediscovering this ability will facilitate the balance of all elements simultaneously. We must remember that this balance comes about by not trying. Thus the appropriate component will align, which will relate to the progression of the circumstance in its rightful order, where obviously the idea of gain and loss will be put aside for the correct energetic impact to unfold. Here we must all define the difference between mind chatter and insightful realization, which erupts as direct knowing from the heart and not as calculated thoughts.

**Q: How do I reconcile my desire for expression and achievement in this world with the aims of energetic growth and arrival into other realms?**

A: There is no reconciling to be done. When achievement of growth appears in our solid dream construct the elation of achievement will propel us into other realms.



*Within myself,  
the other appears,  
somewhere else.*

# The Power of Silent Cognition



In the vastness that presented itself within parallel awareness, my wards pressured me relentlessly. The information that you have assimilated as the reader of this book is one nugget of an immeasurable and intricate network of dream scenes, which I was and still am intimately connected with. This last account that I give to you is an encounter with Zakai and my benefactor, the old nagual Lujan. My wards had painstakingly given me specific information on awareness and how to access this information through the intensity and personal power that exists within our hearts. As I grow within my life the power of my heart expands as does my personal power and this is transferred from me to you, the one who listens through the written word that is delivered to you by your own inner voice. These are the hidden truths that lie behind all that exists within our living construct, which is the dream of the luminous realm; which in turn is the dream of the void that expresses itself from nothing. This nothingness is where we are all traveling to so that we may become everything within that vastness.

There came a whispering from the darkness and I was awakened by the voice of my companion, Zakai.

“The Dream Maker’s realm is awaiting you. Look now into that vastness, that void you have become so familiar with. I must now

continue to bring you into a state of completion that is your power. The matter to be outlined is the forbidden subject: the ancient shamanic art of stalking. This information is learnt within dreams and will be expressed by you through your writings to capture those minds held within shadow, so they may understand that the power that has been subdued and hopelessly engaged is theirs to be reclaimed. Best we fight this battle standing, with both fists raised and eyes wide open to that which is in front of us and within us. We are warriors and those who assimilate this information will be warriors as well. What we fight for is intangible, unnoticeable to the eye but collectible within the heart. The power that will exude from that heart will be bio-electromagnetic energy that will shock the complacencies that lie within the minds possessed by shadows. Its connection to us, this shadow, is perpetuated through ill intention. As long as we propagate this ill intention the shadow will transmute from its realm into ours through that false mind we think belongs to us but which belongs to that beast. Conquer we must the inner dialogue that is not ours so that our heart may be clear, and pure expression can erupt from that center.”

I looked up to Zakai, wondering why his speech was broken and had a different rhythm than what I had grown accustomed to. To my amazement it was not Zakai who was standing in front of me, it was another. As I looked into his eyes I became transfixed. Zakai was slightly off to my left and the man in front of me was my benefactor. I was more than rattled; my inner core was being bombarded. He was dressed in total black. It was that leather armor I had seen when I had first entered the Dream Maker’s realm many years ago. His skin was palish yellow and his hair jet black, held tightly by a lapis lazuli band in a high ponytail, just like Malaiyan’s and Lucien’s. The length of his hair went further than his waist. It was thick and luxurious. He too was wearing gold earrings, tight to the earlobes. I could see his Mongolian ancestry in his strong facial features. His goatee beard came down to his mid-chest and was also jet black, with small wisps of

gray through it. He interrupted my observations by lifting his right hand and my eyes went to the length of his arm. As I gazed at the contours of his person his armor melted and disappeared. He then spoke.

“Look into my eyes. They are the void.”

Looking from his arm to his eyes, I realized that there was no color or white to be seen, they were totally black, in the shape of large almonds. His striking eyebrows accented their power and mirrored blackness. Before I became totally transfixed on those two empty points his right hand touched my left shoulder. It was then I noticed that his body was incredibly muscular. He was more than extraordinary. His presence transferred to me a sense of hope that this inner strength that has so much power could be ours as human beings. I looked along the length of his arm and I was shocked to see that he had a tribal representation of a black dragon tattooed as an armband and on his left shoulder there was a tribal representation of an eagle, with a wingspan that reached across his left pectoral muscle and back over his shoulder blade. Lucien had advised me to obtain these powerful shapes to protect myself from evil intentions, calling them magical talismans that would shield my physical self and solidify my dreaming attention.

“How can it be that you have my markings?” I asked, looking into his eyes.

“As you know you have a portion of my luminosity within you. Everything you do within your living construct affects me within this realm. I am malleable to your intentions as you are to mine. My spirit will acquiesce to everything that is appropriate. This is why I have your markings and you have mine. Every desire, every thought and every intention that you have experienced from the age of seven, has been mine and vice versa. We have been connected seven years short of your lifetime. What you have done and what has happened to you

has not been an accident. These talismans that you bear upon your physicality will do more than protect you. Any man or woman that attempts to harm you within your living construct will befall great hardship. It is necessary for a seer to be protected. This eagle and dragon will fly from unseen corners, coming to your aid, shielding you from any unwholesome intentions from those that may wish to harm you. By virtue of seeing what you are to witness now, you will learn this technique that I was taught.”

When the Dream Maker had finished his description he began to make subtle circular movements with his hands.

“View carefully what I am to do now, for this is the technique used to set free these talismans. You will know intuitively when this is to be done. One must strike down that which intends to harm.”

As he said this, his hands came towards each other as if the movement had collected something magnetic. His inner intention began to shake between his palms and as they came together with a resounding clap, what appeared behind him were those talismans. As I watched them hovering liquidly above his shoulders the eagle and the dragon seemed to notice that I had seen them. Once this occurred they came rushing towards my shoulders with a speed that was beyond comprehension.

“What was mine is now yours. What protected me shall now protect you. Look into my eyes. They are the void. See the blackness beyond proportion that may engulf you and take you from where you are, absorbing beyond your imaginings, for even though you are stationary, you are traveling. What I am to tell you now is ancient shamanic knowledge that you must transmit, for those who follow you, follow me. My quest is beyond your living construct and beyond the dream that we now exist in. It goes beyond our luminosity. It goes to the core of the universe and the void that you witness within this realm and you see echoed within my eyes.



“Remember, for those who are caught within the living dream, if there is anything but a clear heart then they will know that they are possessed. If there is drama or control within ones cognitive system this shows that something else has entered. Look into their eyes, their emptiness has been filled and it is because of this original emptiness that they can be taken advantage of. Know that the shadow’s activities loop and if you are aware of what has happened behind you, you will be aware of what is happening ahead at every moment that is escaping you. Consciously recover that which has occurred - this is a priority for all those who exist within the waking dream. This is stalking the shadow’s imprint. Be aware of the shadow’s mind. Use foresight and know the shadow so that you may escape the entrapment that is permeating your living construct, which vibrates with the life force of all those captured souls. Look at actions and presentations, not words, and then you will be capable of transcending and refining language so that you may instill the knowing which needs to be realized for those who wish to be free.

“Power is within emptiness. If your emptiness is compromised then know that something is trying to fill that emptiness and you are being engaged away from your purpose. Be aware that purpose is all we possess. Always remember that the living construct is a dream of matter. The difficulty is: how can you remember not being? How can you remember being nothing? Power in emptiness is the only memory we can recall that has value. This is the very task that all beings are faced with: to be within that human form yet empty within. You must dream beyond the false dream, back to from whence you’ve came. The living construct will conform to your intentions. Make your dreams come true.

“I will give you now to the other old nagual. He bears the marks of that sentient being that nurtures the roots of our existence, our blue planet. He will further instruct you. My contact with you will be limited at this time.”

As this magnificent being spoke these last words I realized that the void within his eyes was beginning to crush me. The weight of his wisdom was beyond my strength. Suddenly he disappeared in a flash of gold and blue light, spreading luminous fibers through each corner of the Dream Maker's realm. I turned to Zakai, who was sitting quietly, smiling at me. I told him that while I was looking into my benefactor's eyes I had been thrown back retrospectively, into a childhood memory. I was about seven years old and within a dream. I described to Zakai a long bony finger, prodding my arm with a relentless persistence while he spoke.

I remembered saying: "I've never heard anyone speak like this before," and the Dream Maker, peering right into me, had replied:

"The things I am to tell you, you have never heard before."

His words then evoked a vision of a holographic cube; a dimensional template that floated within a void-like plane. He said to me, "This holographic cube that you view relates to temporal transmutation."

Before I even had the opportunity to partially comprehend what he was saying I was struck with the fact that the Dream Maker's hair and goatee beard were pure white and he was much older than Zakai. The deep oriental fold above his eyes gave him the appearance of ancient timelessness. The memory shocked me. I was having difficulty understanding the implications of non-sequential time barriers being broken down within that dream state that I was sharing with those awesome men.

I suddenly realized then that Zakai was jumping up and down frantically, clicking his fingers and clapping his hands in front of my face to draw my attention to the fact that I was momentarily stunned.

"The Dream Maker has not yet finished with you," he said. "Close your eyes and seek that void within yourself as you saw reflected in his eyes. Recover that which seems to be irretrievable."

Upon Zakai's suggestion I closed my eyes and to my amazement what was encased within that holographic cube exploded into my conscious awareness as encoded information spoken by my benefactor. I was then transported back to a retrospective time capsule of memory. I heard the Dream Makers voice off to my left. It was rich and melodic within its tone.

“Our Mayan brothers,” he said, “who are those aliens that have left an imprint of non-interference within our luminosity, are governed by purpose, similarly as we are governed by purpose within the luminous realm. However their purpose lies in the constructive manipulation of their living construct; which is also our living construct. They have traveled back so far from the future that their facial features are no longer recognizable as humanoid. The reason why they touch each one of us individually is that through this process they are modifying our awareness so as to rearrange future events by minor alterations within the past. They know that assimilation of this concept within itself will trigger the process that alters their future; which is also our future. When they reach back to their past, the boundaries of sequential time are dissolved; and as they change their future through this evolutionary process, our destinies become collectively intertwined.

“You must understand that interrupting this continuum for them goes far beyond what we know as our universe. For them to travel here requires much more than cognitive inversion and the recovery of non-sequential time capsules, which you are experiencing at this very moment. Remember, they have the calculative maneuverability to grasp the universal complexities that they encounter. They have discovered that there exists a cluster of universes and that within these universes time occurs as a non-sequential continuum, as it does in the time capsules that hold our dream images. In order to jump between universes they have to invert and recall those universes, as you must invert and recall the time

capsules that hold your dream images within the complexities of your living construct. Our evolutionary task is to become aware of the complexities that exist within that liquid stasis.”

With an exaggerated emphasis in his voice he said, “Can you imagine what our Mayan brothers have done and what they are doing? Being liquefied within the void will give us the cognitive fluidity that will enable us to evolve to discover the doorway to other universes that exists beyond that liquescent state. I will now explain to you how this all began.

“Before these universes existed there was nothing but a void and wherever the void stood within itself it was at its center. From this intangible center it discovered it could bring expression into its expressionlessness, and it made a sound like water dropping into a pond. Upon that discovery the eternal force of that void turned and converged on that one single point from all directions. The pressure of that implosion became so intense and the sound became so compressed that it transformed into matter; then from that compressed point an explosion of light occurred. This is how it all began, and know that wherever we stand within our living construct whether it be here or ten million light years away on a distant star, we still stand within the center of that universal void. That centralized pivot will always be there for every sentient being, whether the experience be physical or of luminosity; or of an inverted universal phenomenon beyond our comprehension.

“Let me now show you that which you cannot comprehend at this time.”

Upon his command I was propelled into a scene beyond proportion and from that perspective I perceived the inconceivable: a mass of universes huddled together with some strange substance mysteriously holding them apart. I began to focus on this phenomenon and realized it was an evolved portion of the void that I

had been introduced to in the Dream Maker's realm. Within that realization I knew I understood nothing.

Suddenly I was freed from the magnetic grasp of my benefactor and found myself standing by Zakai's side within the Dream Maker's realm. He looked at me and smiled knowingly, gesturing me not to talk.

"Your responsibility is as was mine," he said, "to transmit, and through this transmission set those who listen free from that encompassing entrapment that enthralls us all. You know now where you have come from and where you are going. Your destiny is interlinked with ours. Stand with me as others have. We have captured you and the capturing is wonderful. So you must capture others and within that capture set those luminous butterflies free from the net that has enthralled many a man. The ancient shamanic lessons of stalking have been delivered to you and I know that you will transmit these truths that have our integrity encased within them.

"Remember and know that certainty can be swayed in a direction, which is a highway or a meridian that we all travel on and within this traveling we discover and are confronted by flags. These flags draw our attention and within that attention we arrive at an imprint. By virtue of this visitation we solidify that imprint through an anchored state of verification. This verification is reinforced and the reinforcement becomes familiarity. Through familiarity our awareness structures an inner imprint of the state we view and as we couple with that state our familiarity becomes absorption and involvement; thus making the waking dream appear solid. This solidity and familiarity should be a joyous journey of discovery for our luminosity.

"When we structure our awareness within the living construct we must be fierce within our state of intention so that we do not forget where we have come from: that expansive vastness that sweeps every corner of eternity. If we are not fierce within our intention and

become complacent then surely we can be trapped. Be alert to where ones thoughts come from, whether it be heart or mind. If thought erupts from the heart we can be certain that it is our inner voice that speaks, but if words erupt from mind then we cannot be certain whether we have been subdued by that which wishes to express itself through our cognitive system. These are the lessons, the ancient knowings that exist at the heart of things and will remain as long as men and women draw breath and stand within their power.”



*Focus on your dreams.  
Do not listen to the content of expectation  
that may limit you.  
Dream your heart forward.*



# Epilogue



One of the most precious abilities we have as human beings is to realize that we can be something other than what we are. We can transcend almost any situation and adapt and facilitate interchangeable approaches to circumstances that may seem insoluble. This adaptation is what makes us so unique and so dominant as a species, but the journey we have been taking is in the wrong direction. We have been traveling outwardly and interfering extensively with our living construct. Our true journey must start from the center of ourselves and dive further into that being; for when we dive into ourselves we must let go of those things that tie us and anchor us to the world outside of our center. Our endless struggle to balance these elements is futile. We must simply stand firmly within ourselves and move more deeply into ourselves than we have ever done before.

When we were born we did not recognize the world. Our journey begins from our center and is outward from the moment of conception. We have forgotten where we have come from and we must make the journey back to the center and beyond before we die. Our nature has been coerced and warped. We must renew our stillness and our silences, which are more electrifying and alive than the world that we perceive, which have been passed down to us by our ancestors. It is important that we cultivate our inner silence to such a degree that it pushes a perimeter of power around us that allows the inner self to witness the engagement of activity and not be fully engulfed by it, but to be enhanced by that which cannot be avoided.

The challenges that occur externally will also be manifested internally and most always have to be wrestled with and put aside, for this part of us has been dominant for way too long. Our inner beauty can sustain us and that inner beauty, if focused on correctly, will break the confines of our waking dream.

Truths can be known and exist within the complexities that surround you at each moment. Pay into those truths as I have done, for they will yield you the enlightenment that is your heritage, and even if that road you travel on delivers you extensive blows and hardship, stand up and fight. Those onslaughts will only challenge you to sustain yourself within your truth. May you find friends that will nourish and support you till the very end, for they will enrich your life and enhance it's meaning. The challenge is upon you. Move swiftly within your environment so that you may not be tainted by those colors that wish to saturate your inner being. Fight for your life, fight for your existence, fight for your truth, but be invisible. Touch the world with emptiness and the truth of that emptiness. If that touch is full of something other than emptiness, recover yourself and recount that touch so that it may disappear.

**Your journey is at hand and you are responsible.**

**Lujan Matus**

For information regarding workshops and private shamanic  
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