

school, kind of slapped paddies, view of these bombs in the gulf.

Then, there may be a clue here. Why was that Lagoon blue? What's that you say, I'm stretching it if I say it's the same reason the light on prostitution row is blue.

Humor me a moment. Consider the biophysicist who particularly notes the high frequency light burst which comes out of the cell at the moment of (sexual?) replication (meiosis/meitosis) is BLUE? (Well OK, UV, ultraviolet — close enough.) Note particularly the energetics of cellular metabolism is driven by meticulously assembled, highly ordered, UV or blue light. This is light which is at the high frequency, high order density end of the spectrum. The "symbolism" is the completion of the packing plant process to highly assembled orderliness. This light coming out of cell metabolism from food into DNA, has made the trip over the rainbow!

Now what does this have to do with our collective psychological symptom: bomb dropping behavior?

The Earth's energy economy is like one large human body learning to channel it's creative "blue fire," or sexual energy. Oil is the memory reservoir of stored biological fire. Now in order to really understand this slightly more than New York City cab driver "metafor" about global Eros economy, we're gonna need to delve into this "Tantra" sex thing a bit. So if that's not your "cup o' tea," you could stop reading now, and trash the idea that sex has anything to do with — anything. Or you could read on, and gamble that your collective sex life may improve.

Tantra is an ancient spiritual description of how standard vanilla sexual energy in the lower body gets carefully "pumped up" like a snake charmed, into the brain. There it explodes into sweet "ecstatic" fire. Sounds like a neat idea. But it's pretty dubious if it's not part of your personal inventory of explored highs.

The sense in which a retention of orgasmic juices can net charge a union is of course anything but esoteric. You save the fire, and build the heat, so that later the sparks will burst into flame enough to light up the relationship. (If this begins to sound like a Harlequin romance, check the page count and the happy ending.) Tantra is not hard to understand when you put it in this kind of language.

Now the human body has been cells working together for a much shorter time, than those cells were cells working separately. The result is that it requires still elaborate negotiating to get a proper democratic distribution of those fiery juices. From down to up the cellular ladders of society, penis to brain and back — there are often arguments about where decisions are made.

Collecting the cellular blue light into a blue dish at the base of the spine is accomplished by foreplay/touch. Attention serves to cup and

hold the flame. The cells get their jollies; their tendency toward crystallized "horns" of high frequency "rocks" off. (I didn't realize how much fun it was going to be to write this honest. Some crappy emotional distancing for me to call war: asynchronous orgasm — but wait.)

Remember that movie comedy about the cells down in the lower sexual centers trying to get their show together to choreograph orgasm. Answering the phone line up to the brain was not feasible after a certain momentum was gained. The action was too hot.

When replicative motifs are embarked, raw creative power takes over. In cellular terms, it's an animal urge. Quite a strain indeed, to compromise all this orgasmic impulse, blue fire spitting, lower glandular stuff, with the polite request of the upper brain for its share of this "sweet crude" nectar of the Gods.

Psychologically speaking, a war could easily break out. In which negotiating might be impossible, if not tense.

Now I am not saying that there is some mysterious esoteric vague way for sexual juice to get up into the brain. I am saying there is a specific, hydrodynamically pumped, spinal pipeline. It is entered like a straw at the stinger at the base of the spine. The pump is emotionally coherent glandular sonics. The medium is the clear spinal fluid. And the destination is a fountain into the upper brain. The mechanics are elaborately documented in the East in the yoga Tantra sutras, and in the west in the Sacro- Cranial Pulse work of Upledger in Florida. (As well as Dr. Lee Sanella's book: Kundalini: Psychosis or Transcendence?)

And the taste — dripping onto the back of the tongue, from the base of the brain — is SWEET. No kidding.

All right, buy it or not, there it is. There is a certain circular possible economy for the creative juices in a biological body. In a negotiated settlement, some of the energy nectar flows up. The supercharged nervous system, responds with superconductive coherence (psychoactive hormonally), which hopefully, yields a vision which sees better now the needs of the lower bodily platform (the crotch), whose sacrifice shipped this fire around the horn in the first place.

In other words, the nervous system has a debt to pay for its ecstatic moments. If the lower glands have controlled themselves enough to ship orgasmic juices, blue fire, up into the nervous system, they deserve a payoff. The nervous system should develop the integrity to arrange a totally proportional geometry of wealth, yielding health to all the glands. Our best microwave dishes and educational TV did not reach Arab schools. Sexual glands without nervous enervation will rebel.

You're getting the flavor. All right you say. Maybe America means media. And maybe that is an electronic nervous system for the globe — an intelligent weapon.

But those Iraqi Arabs did not want our culture. They were into separateness.

Here we need more perspective. Enough distance and anything can be fit together, you say...

So James DiMeo PhD., writes this article: "Patriarchy and Desertification" for Wildfire Magazine. Elaborate archeological data confirms — yep you track hard, separate, patriarchal (Arab?) cultures spread around the belly of the cradle of civilization on the globe, and sure enough what do we find — DESERTS spreading to wherever these cultures take root. He did the maps in detail. It's hard to ignore. It's practically a desert storm just to look at the data.

Now, I have written at length about the biophysics of wet touch making power versus dry hard making power. In summary, the psycho-physiology of matriarchal touch permissive, extended family, long wave braid is literally a description of what happens to molecules in clouds to make rain. The collective emotion's food for the gravity field is the creation of the wave cascade into coherence between frequencies. (The fractal vortex mindfully labeled in striptease parlance: an "attractor.") What seeds clouds is a field. Coherence of field is the only well-documented way to measure emotion and its effect of order building in the body.

All of which is to say, if you but hang with the conceptual program even slightly, you too can understand in more than a hippy dippy way, why emotion, particularly collective cultural emotion, has to effect precipitation. Precipitation is the name for what happens when waves cohere. Touch, in the context of order, is what coheres. Touch is what is forbidden in Arabic culture. Not only would they not suffer their women to be touched. They would not suffer their religion to be touched. Their stone is hard, black and angular.

Adamic (as in the Adamic race) means Red making or hard making power. They did that. The Arabic brothers have been made hard in the desert.

OK, are we so wet and touched over here? At least A-mere-I-go means going to Mother. (Amerigo We-esp-you-chi). Which would seem to be the opposite of patriarchy. (Not that we have succeeded —hardly.)

The boys in Lord of the Flies fought out of lack of context. In isolation there can be no love. This is because the Lo-Phi, Phi-cycle Golden Mean harmonic cascade which defines love, has no place to go — out of context.

Context dependency accounts for high signal to noise in DNA. (Just like well-kneaded bread — a fold on a fold.)

Let's return them to the fold. Soon.

Two brothers. One gift was not acceptable. Killing resulted.

Hardness was important to feel. Careful this doesn't become an

atomic race. To see what part-I-call is MOST hard — atomically not-separable.

As Starseed Transmissions by Ken Carey indicates, the destiny of biology in the form of (informed by) human consciousness is to metabolize starlight directly. The next fossil fuel weaned generation of energy devices, understanding the gravity of the “scalar” harmonic series as a fractal, digests gravity for energy directly. Various and incorrectly called “free energy”, and zero point energy devices, they all require a responsibility directly to the collective bloodstream-gravity-coherence body of Gaia herself.

One of the ironies of this conflict over the value of old energy, is that just this class of devices would have eliminated the greed over oil. And it was the former Bush-directed CIA which succeeded in suppressing them! (Claiming national security required making “secret,” cf. CIA vs Adam Trombley, “Closed Path Faraday Disk Magnetic Generator.”)

Symbolism: the CIA as agents for the oil economy, out of fear, prevents evolution of global energy metabolism. Biology’s folded liquid store of solar memories, as fossil fuel, is supposed to run out, just like the completed consumption of the egg white causes the chick to crack out of the egg. A whole new digestion requiring the whole body to work in a new way is needed, one that is responsive to a world outside it’s shell. The flow of sweet crude, buried in the folds inside, only primed the pump.

Gaia is a Monarch unfolding wings in a Chrysalis. The last thing you see before its’ first flight is a black sticky substance. If the little boy tries to help pull it out of its shell too soon, it’s wings will never unfold from the black goo. Only struggle from within to unpack against the shell, produces the strength and will to transform. ,

No need to be vindictive, only corrective. The very dirty laundry of the same CIA & George Bush delivering NATO’s arms to the Middle East unfolds in gory detail in the October Surprise book fresh from the Reagan/Bush staff by Barbara Honneger. Again, fear instead of love served the old metabolism. Patriarchy is a “hard” making power. Matriarchy would touch and make “wet” the stored seeds, across the membrane of separateness. The Blue Fire moves upward to a new center of gravity, in a transformed fold as flame that does not consume!

When Tantric ecstatic discipline is learned, a new form of prana breathing energy source becomes available to the body; seeds of what is childishly labeled breatharianism in the body, or Zero Point/Scalar/Free Energy technology for the planet body. Collectively and culturally we have yet to learn the energy digestion metabolism, to breathe in this light.

It is a very subtle thing to harness the water wheel of the frequency cascade we call gravity for energy. The gravity bubble’s non-homo-

geneity is the frequency folded storehouse we call collective mind. As Gurdjieff said, coherent emotion feeds the Earth. In order to tap that sweetness in a longer wave, Gaia will have to trust us with her blood, which she has garnered sweetly from biology, preparing her ecstatic relationship to her larger gravity body (of context) the solar system.

The ratio is relationship. Love, to quote John Lennon, is all you need.

## DESERTIFICATION: PATRIARCHY AND “HARDMAKING POWER”

**A**s the desert spreads, so does the alienation of the feminine. “Judge a culture by the way they treat their women...” James DeMeo PhD. interviewed in Wildfire Magazine on his careful research on the significant connection between climates moving to dryness, and culture moving to (harsh?) patriarchy.

The spreading of the Sahara desert around the belly of the globe is directly connected to the lack of gentleness of the cultures inhabiting its surface/membrane.

He suggests that the loss of trees/Earth-skin membrane or moisture correlates directly to the loss of gentle feminine archeological artifacts. His statistical conclusions fit nicely with what we know intuitively about the great gentle motherly matriarchies of the globe which have been wet — Minoan, Polynesian, etc. While the harsh DESERTified patriarchy’s (where gentleness toward woman or child in public is TABOO!) have been dry/hard.

The purpose of this commentary is to draw a few interesting parallels in mythology and physics to this very illuminating concept. d’Olivet (in his work *The Hebraic Tongue Restored*) translated ADAM or ADAMIC race to mean “Hard-Making Power”. This closely relates to our term ATOMIC. IEVE meant the word or form of the word, or symmetry, which holding the apple or fig leaf (donut strip) tempts, “in principle,” ADAM or hard making power, to segregate momentum/separateness/evil.

In my work on the geometric origins of matter & alphabet, we have noted a recurrent theme:

packing	vs	unpacking
folding	vs	unfolding
male	vs	female
yang	vs	ying
hardening	vs	softening
segregating	vs	connecting
seeding	vs	budding
centripetal	vs	centrifugal

In order to gain some perspective on a deep causal relationship between cultures entering patriarchy and the drying up of the land, it is necessary to reflect on some recent insights into the wave making activities of human emotion, and their relationship to the gravitational

field and the gradient between water vapor vs precipitation. Even if the disciplines of Kundalini, Tantra, ecstatic process, ritual, and/or geomancy are unfamiliar to you, the connection between touching context and rainmaking should be simply understandable.

I remember taking our bronze cup-shaped gong, filling it with water and ringing it to observe the results. At first, a few low frequency gongs would cause a wave pattern to be visible on the surface. But then by hitting the gong faster and faster, higher frequency interference would froth back and forth on the surface. Until rapid beating of the gong would cause the surface of the water to turn to steam and vaporize exactly as if it were boiling. Anyone who has watched the water steaming coolly out of an ultrasonic humidifier will understand this process.

Low frequency sound (phonon waves) create crystalline order in liquid metals making them superconductive. The same liquid oscillated by higher and higher frequency pressure waves goes from crystal toward liquid toward vapor. It is important to understand that the gradient from crystal to liquid to vapor is essentially nothing more than a gradient moving from orderly long waves to less orderly short waves.

In the language of the orgone economy, the living cell takes its food in as relatively long waves, and then massages their envelope to shorter waves called genetic material. The output of the cell, erotically, is it's highest frequency field which as "orgone," travels across membranes to make love, or folds back into the cell to make genes. Cancer is the membrane that hardens and doesn't conduct these frequencies, measured by contact inhibition. Cellular promiscuity is no place for the cell's love to flow.

E-motion is our name for motion across frequencies. (The spectrum analysis of EEEEE is of low and high tones, with the tongue pressing out the mid range tones.) The alphabet of emotion is thus the instruction set of momentum across frequencies impressed upon the cell membrane by the pressure waves of touch.

The cycle of Eros/love in the body however does not stop with the output of the cells highest frequencies. Genetic material as output in the love-making process, has much of it's memory stored in the ultraviolet spectra of light. Yet we notice the process of ecstasy as documented in the TM literature (& by Bentov in *Stalking the Wild Pendulum*) is measured by the onset of super low frequency sonic and sub sonic sound waves, called ELF, extra low frequency. Significantly, visible light is 7 octaves above sound. The 7 chakras or neuro-muscular plexi in the body are the phase translation, or symmetry adding focal points, where an additional turn or harmonic or octave or lotus petal, is added to the flow form from genetic light at the bottom organs, to sonic light



(ecstasy) at the top.

The arrival of low frequency coherent sound to the brain area arranges the liquid nervous material toward the superconductive crystal, and at the same time focusing concentrically across the conic liquid ventricle horns, massages the ductless glands to secrete and propagate the psycho-active ecstatic hormones. The pituitary and pineal complex thus are massaged to arrive at a ductility to equalize the sonic propagation rate between them and the surrounding ringing nervous tissue, thus setting up the matrix for the brain to become coherently ONE.

All of this inner discipline toward the ecstatic/healing/wholing process, can thus be summarized as a wave progression fed at the bottom by erotic/high frequency cellular juices, and arriving at the top of the head as the low frequency coherent sweet-dripping nectar of ecstasy.

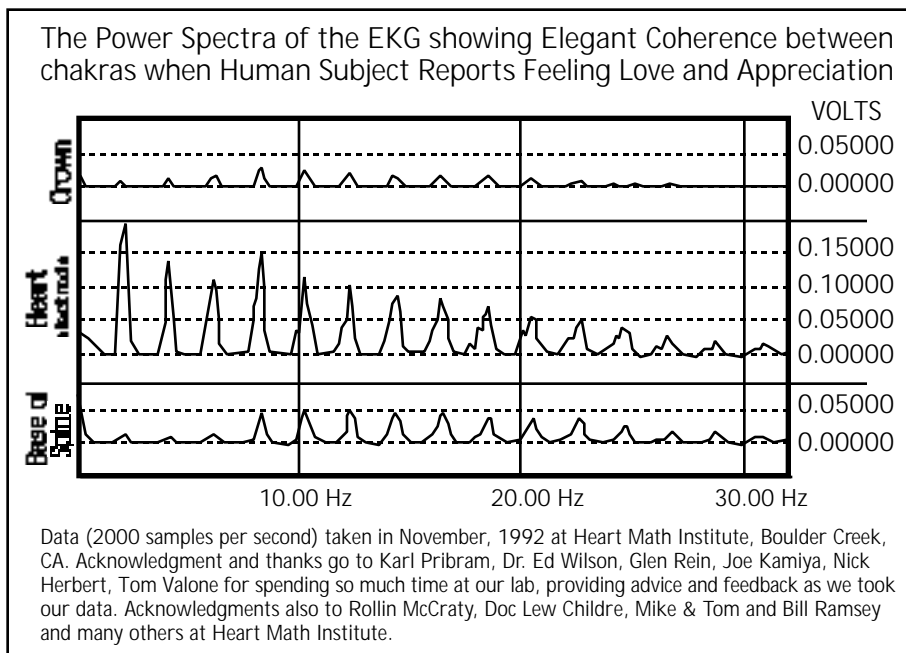
This description is identical with the Yogic description of Tantra. It is also confirmed in Kundalini: Psychosis or Transcendence by Lee Sannella MD. Additional understanding of the spinal liquid path for the harvest of sonic sweetness up the glandular ladder, is "Cranio-Sacral Pulse" (John Upledger Institute, Palm Beach, FL.)

Let's return then, to an overall sense of what we have described. The short waves become more and more nested, woven, embedded in the long. With each envelope, with each embedding of the longer wave, more and more compassion and context and touching is interwoven, connecting biology with its larger whole.

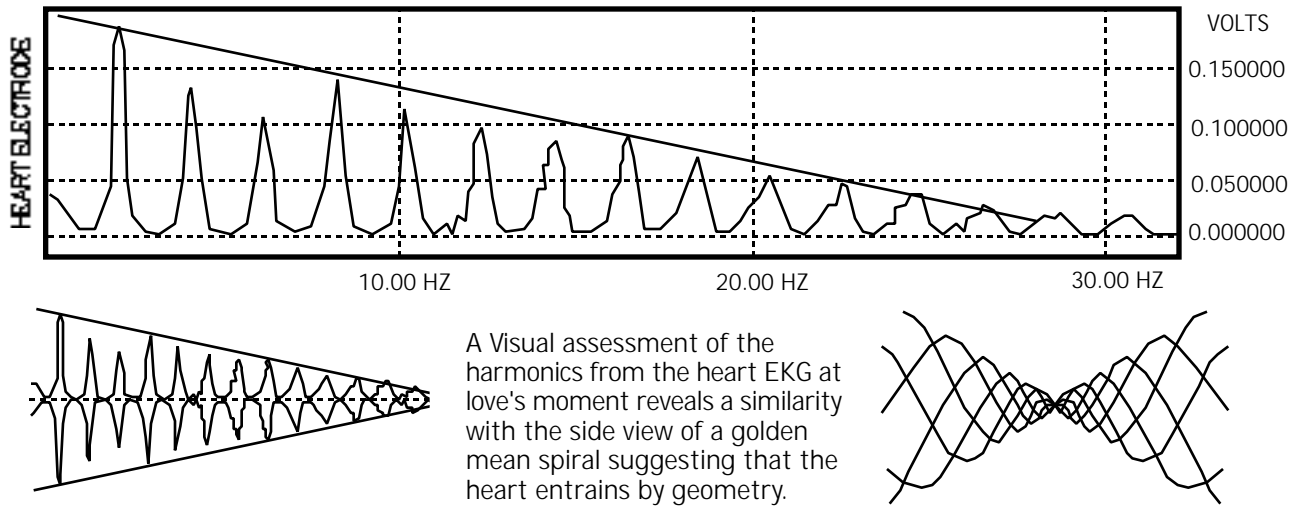
If the above picture were in 3D, sine waves would be do-nuts. The nest of the little ones embedded in the longer waves would be a braid.

Recall that the braided adding of context dependency was the mechanism, described by Jeremy Campbell in Grammatical Man, Information, Entropy, Language and Life, which permitted high signal to noise ratio information storage in DNA.

Now consider motherly matriarchy as a mater/water wetting and touching. Wetting power is power to enable touching, a context building, long wave nesting process. This is as opposed to separating, hard making,







adamic, atomic, patriarchy. Vapor is separateness for water molecules. Focus precipitates, as ecstasy "rides the long wave."

Please do not conclude that this is just a nice poetic symbolism. Kundalini causes rain! The geomancer moves an earth resonant ley line with a low frequency tap on a rod; ritual moves jet streams the same way. The Earth grid is our garment/skin, a way for us to wear our collective emotion.

Membrane is the written history as a frequency signature of all the ways we have been touched. Healthy mem-ory-brane for Earth, the thin film superconductive biomass called forests/oceans/people living close to Earth, requires touching E-motion. Touching our love/Eros — being wet — keeps Earth's skin alive. The skin is the bio-computer's Central Processing Unit. The self/not self buck stops here. Waves refine the thin film membrane to create architecture in integrated circuits. Conscious emotion, love, is Sentic's longest wave and best nest. It is the zone refinement for Earth's mind.

## magdal a's green stone: PART I -- THE PLANETARY PERSPECTIVE

**I**t is richly symbolic of Earth's motherly state now that the story of The Green Stone should be about to flame across movie screens. (cf "The Green Stone" book published in the UK, and the screenplay being developed for it by Diane Squires, Verlaine Crawford, and Phil McCain.) The story concerns the miraculous discovery, with much guidance from the dream world, of a stone of deep spiritual significance. The end of the story implies a kind of doorway into the underworld, or collective unconscious, focalized by this green orb.

Interest is high and focused on how this very fertile myth/metaphor should be "delivered" to the media, which, as electronic noosphere, delivers awareness to collective mind, as does Gaia's nervous system. The synaptic sparking of heightened awareness delivers a membrane as a vehicle in which to incarnate for a babe flirting with birth. Like a mother gasping with paroxysms, her face afire, she exchanges the pressure wave of life's ultimate touch — massage the envelope — because the babe, having finished turning inside out (zygote to fetus), emerges impressed with the shape of the center of the vortex: An umbilicus through the birth canal: creates an immune self/system exploding in the fiery unpacking of that first star placing, imprint, breath.

Where does this story begin? Where did the pregnancy start?  
When/Where was the seed planeted?

Tectonic land masses called continents are just faces seeking leverage afloat on a sea of fire — the heart/core of Earth/Gaia. Recall a time when the surface membrane of Earth was rich with the memory stone of mineral, but barren of the green of biology. The responsiveness of thin-film semiconductor biomass to the ecstatic long wave of gravity's blood stream to the stars was but a glint in the eye of a starseed transmission.

Moss had not yet greened the sword from the stone, chelating mineral for biology to consume, maximizing surface area for touching. The chelation process is a digestion of mineral into biology. Since mineral is memory of pattern, this is a digestion of the memories of Earth and her gravity bloodstream from stars which wove the rock, into vein and plate. Volcanism is the grinding into life of stone by fire in Earth.

The fire of the stars became rock when fertilized by the seed of pattern. Light became packed when only symmetry would do/be. Pressure passed the law called order, executing disorder. For biology to suc-seed, light would have to reach inside itself, to come up on itself,



as a kind of donut. Only turning inside out would feed back. The turn was re-mem-bering the angles, only they would slip (k)not. Those who knew the angles were named angels.

Fortunately for sweet Gaia's el lactose (galact-toes), the angles and the arc angels form-you-lated a plan. Lux i fir (Lucifer) (light-I-fire) said seven Sisters lay out your grid, Siriusly. Yod he has Vau; he has given us space for her here, let us re-peat ig-night him time. The ONE who re-mem-bers symmetry among pressure's wave, feeds the synaptic spark gap fire of memory.

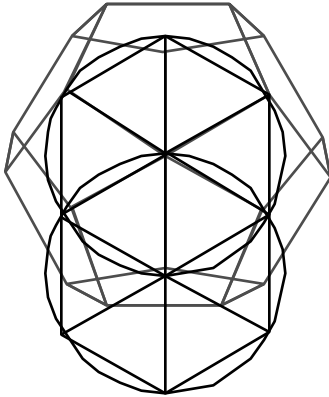
Fourier's sine wave summation at infinite harmonic content limit is a sharp resolution, a coherent phased/faced hologram mindful nest: The Lord of The Flame consumes perspective.

Planting the seed for the grid for Lucifer becomes conceiving and shaping the geometry of metallic crystal, crystallizing conductively (ecstatically) on the surface of the heavy met-all core. The seeds for the long wave which biology rides were woven by plan into the tectonic geometry, the facet crust of stillness and pattern remembered by standing to wave on the surface of the Gaia zygote.

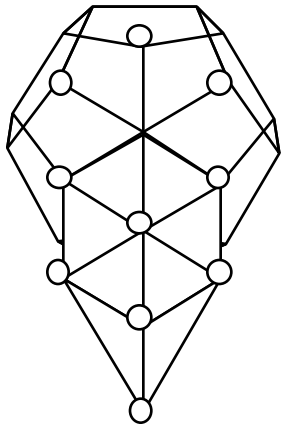
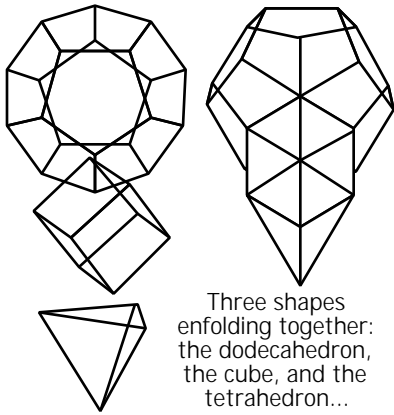
On the day of soft clay, they fashioned a cup. Tectonics huddled into one docile fetal body (making) pan-gaia. Above, this one continental body tectonic womb was impressed by one invaginating impression. Where today we find Hudson's Bay, once was a cup shape just beginning to separate what was eventually to become the unpacking unfolding point separating North America and Europe. Below this softening tempering impression, was couched the two halves of the green beryl tectonic stones. One of these became the green Ontario shield — Ontario to keystone state of Pennsylvania. This is one of Earth's oldest stable tectonic plates: a memory well seeded and folded. The other half of this great tectonic stone pair was to become the blarney stone Scottish highlands to Southern France. Together these two floating tectonic ribs across the Atlantic spine, function as a kind of Sacred Breastsplate for Earth. Breast-Plate is called "Shield" (as in Ontario Shield) because it shields the heart.

Touching the breastplates in sequence quickens prophecy, (Mormon tradition), enlightning memory's river. We see that one of the 12 tribes, the Benjamin Magdalenic starseed lineages did just that by their pattern of migration — from French Rennes to "Highlander" (Sinclair) to Montreal.

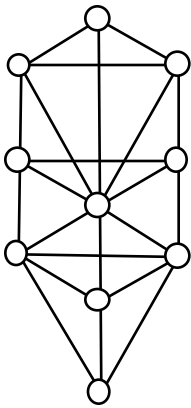
Something woven in the blood carried the river of memory. Blood is salt water. The liquid crystal ocean of memory of Earth, is massaged to zone refined thin-film semiconductor antennae by the pressure geonest whale and dolphin song. The shadow of salt in NaCl salt water is emerald cross (salt, NaCl has a cubic molecular array, the tilted cube has the "Emerald" six-sided hexagonal shadow). Ocean and blood carry the potential river of lightning, which can nest a higher frequency wave within biology's braid.



The hex face of a cube as seen in phi-nested dodecahedra.



produce a shape reminiscent of the Kabbalist's Tree of Life:



The hex cross in-cube-ates the s-word from the s-tone. S is the cro-ss ss-ection of the donut ss-ign wave, and ss-ound of a wave memory cascade di-ss-appearing into ss-tillness: everywhere at oneness. (From here to (k)no-w-here.)

The braid-circle-stone of DNA dodeca-merkabbah is pulled up line where the hex view of the cube phase/face locks the dodeca-nest. Light in symmetry's circle stores momentum, our only definition for mass. In a line we call light's sword energy. In a circle we call it mass.

The Tree of Life, The Cube's emerald cross hex, when spiral ratcheted, like quartz, is the sword. The Dodecahedron's Emerald cross hex, when spiral ratcheted, like DNA, is the stone. Light in the stone circle stores momentum like a gyroscope, the only way mass is created. Light is drawn out from that circle back into the line path, where it is called energy, by the emerald/hex helix lightning sword path whose geometry permits the unpacking of the memories in the wave nodes without interference (into the line). The first geomantic step to create cathedra-all is to plant the rod/sword, drawing the ley geomantic stone gravity bloodstream of Earth up into the bubbling blind spring vertical flow axis to weave the standing wave envelope body cathedral. Thus the membrane of Earth is massaged to reach for the stars, whose faces (hedra), cathedral all consumes (cat-abolize/consume).

Thus in the long wave locked mineral rock faces of Earth, there is a spiritual significance to geology, a harvest of memory stored. Remember, each time a bond Cryst-all-izes in mineral the frequency complexion of the frozen wave pressure bubble bond stores the memory of the position of the stars at that moment of birth. (The astrology of birth in crystal and seed.) This is because gravity's frequency signature as cascade ratio across both magnetism and electricity is the bloodstream of collective mind/emotion. It's geometry of pressure at any moment frozen "in time" is a record of the hologram of the ONE mind from that instant. Tectonics are the digitized samples of Earth's birth in the long wave envelope of the galaxy.

We are speaking now in terms of the broad memory strokes of geologic time. Undisturbed rock layers are exactly emotion (long wave) storing memory "banks" like the more liquid crystal of muscle: the piezo (fire) electric "womb" (of) man.

Noting that the "Burning Fountain" (Phillip Wheelwright) animating ma-terre needed nest in bio's logos, the uni-verse turned itself inside-out to slip knot alpha-bet's symb-ball into Earth's mem(ory)-brane. This wishing well ceded land-guage. Honoring his mark from pa terre, Merk did wheel from Abbah (Merkabbah) (literally Mark from Pa) (like a new Heir-USA-shall-I-am Do-deca-hedra-all). The flame left shadows on the stone: (t)his "monolithic" architecture in that cave. Mono-lithic means ONE letter arch-I-tected.

The shadows in that flatland cave are a map back to n-dimension

symmetry. Symmetry is/was the pieces of the body of Osiris pulled back together. Just ONE "flame letter" indexed the spin possibilities called alpha-bet to make the topology of mind's wave, again multiply connected as in nest/context/braid/holographic.

Meme-brane birth for Earth was fractal cede from zodiac, the ray-ment skin faces of both Earth and zodiac are dodecahedra, 12 faced. 1746 (1080 + 666) stars were focused by erotic star bodies' gravity lens into that soft skin erotic cup. It's an etheric template, first etched here from there, then inhabited there from here. First the light makes the hologram, (skin on Earth) then the hologram film recreates the light (biology reinhabits/cedes the galaxy). Children repay the in-dent-your of their star seed.

Oh say can you see, light ten ing the twi light, that pent star span-gled marriage bann her. A mere aqua, mother's waters bursting in heir.

Lightning's addition to primal soup is spin. For lightning braiding proteins is DNA. The ray's trace cries: give us symmetry or gives us death, the price of re membering. Only symmetry casts a shadow of pressure in a direction which ray-calls. Consider if you were that soft motherly tissue, what touch would you recall. Wouldn't it be the longest pat turn? Ray cognizing our galactic starseed lineage is wearing our pat ternity suit. Take Mose's case.

Whose seed? It's ours'. It's stars.

And O, what happened then was rich. The stars began to twitch, the earth to (w)itch. A rainbow connection was about to sum true. Heir USA shall eye am (Jerusalem, city of light), wake the stillness inside, bustling with emerald's city.

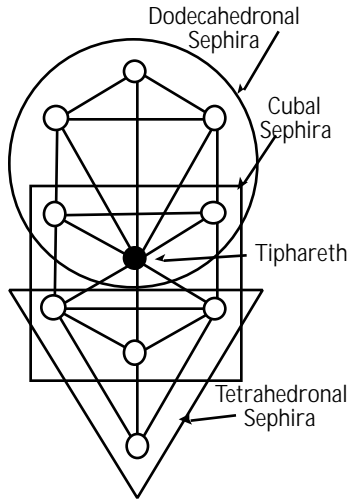
Of course, fetal glands don't support ecstasy until they unpack. Chakra's unfold from circle fetus to line, kunda-line. So the tectonic continents, still point chakras in-the-flow, divide and float around the bloodstream/fire of earth. Seeking the place on the chaladni plate of vibrating Earth where stillness Christ all eye isis.

You see, the Sirian's wanted vision. These are the bird tribes, cf. Return of the Bird Tribes by Ken Carey. The winged-golden-mean-fractal heart shape of arriving starseed animates every myth of the origin of indigenous peoples. When the winged ONE's packing k'iss met with return unpack...

Eye's Is. Vesica P'iscis, We-see-a pi'eye's IS...

Of the Bird Tribe's highest wing is the Eagle, whose eye sees the widest hor(us)-eye-sons. The Eagle's eye suggests the most resolved focus and consuming perspective— on faces, in bio's logos. The Eagle serves the food chain by the finest horizon of focus on the perspectives it consumes. They are what they eat. All forms of consumption resolve to a question of the intelligence of an investment of memory.

This Eagle outlined in the shadow on the rock in the center of the key-stone state above Phi-lo-delphi-a, is the face to which Magdalene's



Tiphareth, the sixth sephiroth, is the golden heart at the center of the Tree of Life. It is encompassed by the cube and the dodecahedron.

The Eagle is clearly seen on a topo map of the center of Pennsylvania. This relief is even more startling on the color soils map, and almost leaps out at you in a true 3D bas-relief map of the area. The region is marked by names like Bald Eagle, Bald Eagle Park, and the town of Oriole meaning eye situated literally at the eye of the Eagle. The Eagle is the symbol of our country. The city of Philadelphia, transliterated Phi-Lo-Delphi-a, was our first capital. Even their football team is called the Eagles. From here the masonic "women in the wilderness" set out to inhabit the interior of the Eagle.



starseed birdtribe return, to return. To return to Gaia's lactic corps. (Mother's milky body.)

Nervous system focus evolves vision, propagates in-form-ation by coherence of phase/face lock. For A'mere-I-go, America's, nervous system is the electronic noosphere, media wiring for Earth. The Eagle landed. The cry in Pennsylvania's Eagle's mouth is both birth and death, a cross-point.

It is important that we understand the relationship of the Eagle to the food chain which it serves, in order to understand the role of our country with respect to the global metabolism. From the highest height, vision or focus in the eye of the Eagle allows nervous system (our country is electronic media for the globe) to choose which prey or perspective to consume. The focal element of the collective nervous system (our media) harvests the memories of biology.

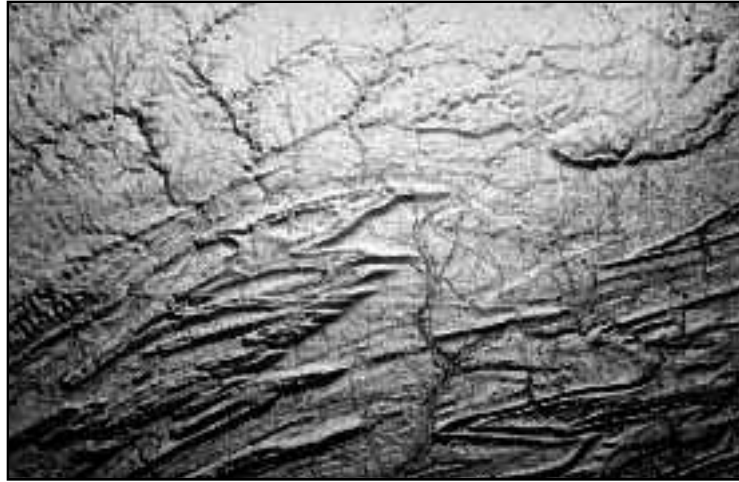
They are folded, "nested," for the flight to the heights.

The Grail myth suggests that the Grid was planted in a cup on Green Stone. Was this the pangaia cup onto the Green Beryl Ontario Shield, extending into the Keystone State? The Eye of the Eagle trace of their seed as it grew into that soft clay, was named by the mystic masons: Oriole (The Eye).

About 7 places are named after the 7 stars of the 7 sisters of the Pleiades here. 7 Stars, 7 Valleys, 7 Spring, 7 Notch Mountain, 7 Sisters -- The Pleiades. (The 7th Sister, not seen, married Sisyphus, who was busy rolling rock up hill (the Earth?).

Plei, in Greek, means to sail. Knowledge of sailing or navigating galactic spaces, in 3D, is the same as surfing in 2D. You get your phase angle correct with respect to the (gravity/water) wave, thus allowing you to chose your destination. The Pleidian "Tablets of Destiny," may have been our sacred alphabet, the phase map for the the galactic "sailing ones."

The Pleiades rose at the season when the weather was favorable



for good sailing. On a deeper level the “star-men” seeding our culture sailed here when the weather (galactic tilt) was right for good sailing. Epic sagas are written about the time when the galactic “beam me up, Scotty” doorways will again be open for ready wheeling to and from our galactic home.

The time is now. The old ones are returning/waking up, to check in/on their seed. The Eagle harvests memory through the eye/I. Allow your best visual focus to massage the envelope/caress the ones we love, with our vision. Thus is their memory consumed into the mind of the ONE. When they come to you, begging that you SEE them, they simply want you, with your Eagle’s eye, to gather up their memory for harvest.

To be continued...

## FEELING THE FACES OF EARTH: AN IMAGINATIVE JOURNEY -- TOUCHING PERSPECTIVES

### Fleas on an Elephant

**J**ust like the little bugs crawling around the surface of an elephant, a certain sequence of pictures in time and space are required to convince us that we are living on the surface of a living being. The images which best convince the mind that there is a 3D position face map of the being on which we live are samples of sound and light. The viewpoints from which these perspective samples appear can be called either faces or facets. The process of nourishing a 3D view from two dimensional perspectives is "consumed perspective" or consummate perspicacity.

Think for a moment of the instant when a series of flat photographs flashing in front of you becomes related enough, "in phase,"

for your mind to quantum leap to the conclusion that this really is a 3D object spinning in front of you. This careful arrangement of a series of flat images-in-phase is called "animation," which can be literally translated as "spirit motion." Your image is flat dancing in flat-land, and suddenly "leaps," animatedly, into the next dimension.

In a ritual dance, this process of systematic movement to ratchet on the floor like catching the points of a 3D object spinning through a piece of flat paper is called "a rhythmic traverse." A ritual dance samples space in time in order to leap into the next higher "dimension."

Suppose you were quite alive and conscious, entirely existing on a flat piece of paper. Your whole world was a 2D flatland. Suppose a cube tilted up on its tip were to pass through the plane of the paper. You, with only awareness in "flatland," would see first a dot, then a gradually widening triangle, then a square, then a triangle, then a dot. Yes, a cube passing through a paper leaves a trail which may be hard to interpret. You might spend lifetimes sampling the light trails of a cube passing through a plane, before you "grokked" what a cube is.

(Living in dimension  $N$  minus 1, is very limiting to lovers living in more spin symmetry).

