

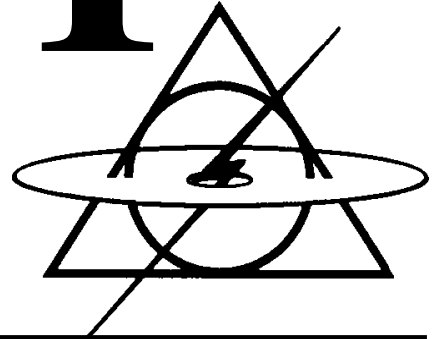


CONTACT

THE PHOENIX JOURNAL

Y2K—THE NEW MILLENNIUM

*KNOWING TRUTH IS NOT ENOUGH,
SUCCESSFUL CHANGE REQUIRES ACTION*



VOLUME 26, NUMBER 11

NEWS REVIEW

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Real Y2K Problem Is Low Bank Reserves

12/31/99—#1

Hatonn—I would like to speak of things currently taking place because I think my own team can't see the actual trees for whatever forest is fallen.

Why can't you get loans funded? Because of the simple fact that the banks are in trouble, *chelas*. This is not news, but even a relatively small amount of funding right now is a difficult thing to handle and meet requirements under the scrutiny being presented in the major money arenas.

A good for instance is the Y2K idiocy. There is no Y2K problem; the problem is within the banking institutions themselves, and as the demand increases for withdrawals there has to be something to STOP the flood and a computer breakdown or freeze is better than the truth. NOW, you see, the low reserves required by banks are overdrawn and the reason given is that too much money had to be set aside for Y2K demands.

Can I give you a better example? Yes:

[QUOTING, *Philippine Star*, Business, 12/31/99:]

BSP TO RESTORE RESERVE REQM'T TO 9% BY JAN. 6

After a three-week reprieve the Bangko Sentral ng Pilipinas (BSP) [Central Bank] said yesterday that the temporary easing to 6.75 percent of banks' reserve requirements will be restored to nine percent by Jan. 6, 2000 or Thursday next week.

[H: Now, *chelas*, if you are even half attentive, you are going to have to realize that if the CENTRAL BANKS, i.e., FED, et al. are lacking "RESERVES", they are in real trouble. Look at the numbers represented here. I think I don't have to tell you the seriousness of this position, where a bank is only required to hold a 6.75 reserve due to shortage of funds and at BEST there is only a 9% requirement. To better explain the meaning let us just go on with part of this article, and since it is in the Philippines let us use the peso—but the "name of money" is not the point in play here.]

The reserve requirement mandates that for every one peso deposit, the bank has to set aside nine centavos in cash as

a contingency for any withdrawal.

The BSP and the banks have observed that the millennium-bug fear has been neutralized by the BSP and the Bankers Association of the Philippines (BAP) repeated assurances that the banking system is already Y2K-ready and that it would be safer for the depositing public to keep their money in the banks.

In an interview, BSP Gov. Rafael B. Buenaventura confirmed that the banking system has not experienced any unusual withdrawals which would necessitate any further extension...

[END OF QUOTING]

I don't need to quote further for you to see that you have a global nightmare for bankers right now. Neither do I have to tell you what a drain on public coffers the more recent disasters have presented around the globe.

Unless these banks and nations shore up their reserves, they are in serious problems, because if people can't get their money out of the banks they will not put the money into the banks for holding.

The major global gold problems, reserve problems and money crunches have made a nightmare on skids

(Continued on page 2)

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for any banking system because “where is the money for the reserves?” If you have had a stripping of the banks and your only reserve requirement was, say, 9% anyway—this is catastrophe waiting, chelas.

Yes, we have the solution to a lot of the problems but the nice people, bankers, have dragged their feet and did not make arrangements IN TIME to get transfers and sound reserves under anything. They, in addition, hope that by just holding up on any transactions—as in international exchange or transfers—the reserves can be calculated as currently in place, and then when the microscope is turned off after the change of the calendar year, there can be a relaxing and redistribution. The banks will literally lie, cheat and steal to keep in control of their book assets during this week. But a LOT can be done, transferred and CONFUSED, MAINLY, after the turn of the year.

The year change coming on a weekend, when banks are closed anyway, is a saving straw for the institutions because people are so preoccupied and the banks, at best, will be opened only for small depositor business at most—as with ATM machines which, when exhausted, would simply deny access—and no one has to make even excuses until into next week. So, you are dealing, in our instance, with STUDIED and CALCULATED delays and excuses for non-compliance with commitments.

I personally have been approached by some very interesting parties lately coming in from the U.S. to “bargain”. And for my team: Hold strong. We work according to the agreements that have been placed in public notices. We will work with a national central bank only if they will supply “our” portion with gold backing which, in fact, doubles the reserves and should be no problem for them—but we will demand actual accounting of collateral and a binding commitment to PRIVACY.

And, we will not bend in keeping to every regulation. If you wish to utilize our program, we are open, but you who are in command, as in a Central Bank—we expect all the sheltering regulations to be in place, i.e., get our associations certificated and totally within legal conclusions. This means our registrations will be handled clearly, totally and in order. As a for instance, we are not “doing business” in the Philippines. The corporation is a U.S. (Nevada) corporation requiring no one to even be in the Philippines—other than to handle requirements and inquiries. Neither are we doing “domestic” interchange in the U.S. Therefore, any Federal adjustments to such programs are requirements FOR THE FED, not us. Since we only deal in a “reserve” position for collateral, we will not bend one iota on regulations.

What others do after the joint venture arrangement is totally up to them and the law of the land but we will NOT ourselves change even one detail of legal demands. If there are untoward activities taking place, it would certainly behoove any so-doer to keep it very quietly out of the attention of our corporate people—for the business exchange, prior to funding, will end abruptly and the documents will be rescinded immediately. Errors—or accidental misrepresentation which is insignificant and can be clarified or attended within the law—are acceptable and certainly will be most carefully considered.

NO funds have been accepted, asked or presented to any Global or GAIA party. If parties have represented themselves otherwise, we cannot be

responsible for that circumstance if it is not in our knowledge. Anyone who would sell or take any exchange of funds for a portion or percentage of anything, prior to holding legally the assets, is breaking the law and it will not be tolerated. The parties themselves should and probably will be arrested and prosecuted. These regulations are adequately presented in any Memorandum of Agreement, signed and “sealed”. Since we only deal with qualified entities and not personal individuals who are not certified entities, we are not responsible for indiscretions of those coming into holding of such documents. All documents not clarifying that position are already rescinded even if the parties have vanished into the underworld.

Your world, readers, must return to honor and integrity or you have no hope for recovery from the debacle thrust upon you and your international economies by the incredibly powerful manipulators.

No, we are not out to “save” anything—if you want something saved you will do it—not God and certainly not us. We offer a solution and assistance—nothing more.

Today it is already reported that there are “glitches” around the globe on bank machines and cards, etc. This is BS, readers, but is a system built-in to freeze everything when there is a problem. It is no different than a hold on the computer trading on Wall Street.

The bigger problem is what lies behind the scenes. There are agreements made—just as there were agreements made on the Phoenix Institute, where loans were based on MATURITY, in that case a price doubling of gold from the day the loan was made. I can promise you that if you have funds in a bank and they have not “matured” at failure of a bank, you are caught in the middle and that is where the bank will leave you, for that is upon which base the reserves are calculated. We can indicate this position better, perhaps, by Certificates of Deposit where people are gathering interest payments or increase in value for allowing the banks to use their depositors’ funds. There are maturity dates and penalties for early withdrawal because the bank must have adequate working funds and dependable reserves. If everyone cashes out in a given period of time—there CANNOT be coverage, any more than in outright bankruptcy or receivership which mandates liquidation.

It is actually more complicated than this indicates but I believe you can see that it is pretty complicated. Because I use the Phoenix Institute as an example of some kind, I do NOT suggest in any manner, banking, metals brokerage or any other type of investment. All metal was and is held by major banking concerns and precious metals institutions. I simply used that as an example to which our readers might well have a basis of relationships.

These are corporate entities dealing with corporations and, whether large or small, the regulations are CORPORATE.

NEVER was PI set forth as an investment or savings program of any kind. Anyone who participated did so as in a LOAN position for project participation—not for financial types of banking in some way. The programs were never presented in any such manner as in a bank account.

There is something else clearly misunderstood as with such as PI. If a company comes under legal attack and is threatened with forced receivership—the business halts UNDER THE LAW. So, if you have

something you want to get back from such institution, you must first get clearance and release. All the games in the world will not solve the actual fact of the LAW.

I only use these things as examples because people go into their own business with one presented reason or cause, and the minute things do not go the way THEY desire, it is as if all of their actions go into misunderstanding mode. However, I remind all of you that if your “misunderstanding” is with Citibank or General Motors, your little TV frame-ups are going to land you in prison—not in return of your non-matured note-funds.

I can further promise that those who have “framed” and “set-up” our own corporations will be caused to confront their actions. You go about blaming the WRONG parties, readers, and until you can cause the correct parties to stand responsible, you are not going to have such a nice world in which to live your lives—for the crooks win the games in the short-run, and by the time God Wins you have usually cut out on the program and turned to destroy the only ones who ARE IN A POSITION to change the circumstances to your desired resolution. You will actually back, or consider backing, the very criminals themselves against the only ones who can serve you.

In addition, NO, I am not going to tell you what we are doing, or plan to do or HOW. We are sick to our innards with the idiocy, lies and claims of the very deceivers themselves. And yes, indeed, we have a request from yesterday for a structured meeting with some FED people on our “turf” for genuine consideration. Up to now there has been no physical presence from the “Shadows”, only forced negotiations through public documents. Our people have been put through every kind of charade game and, therefore, we simply COMPROMISE nothing and only negotiate within the existing rules as published.

I am presenting this writing and insight to give you the REASON there are delays in actual committed agreements being concluded, for—in many instances in these new concepts of programs—just to hold their funds for a few days creates enough interest payments to make the difference between solvency and “belly-up”.

I would suggest you treat this ongoing sequence of events just as you would a birthday, for certainly you can add a number, or exchange a date or whatever is necessary—you do not pick up a year when you move from one day to the next in birthdays. If you are five years old prior to midnight of your birthday, you are not six years old at 12:01 a.m. As long as you play and participate in the panics and games foisted off on you as “balloons” for control, you will get more of them. I only ask that you pay attention.

Now, let us turn momentarily to “business as usual”. Readers, some of you have great misinterpretations as to what we are accomplishing here and send your résumé’s and wishes to Ekkers in Manila. We appreciate your support but I must remind you of our business as such. The projects in any given area are those of THE PEOPLE INVOLVED—THE NATION INVOLVED—and are none of our business.

Dharma has inquired if it would be suitable to ask that some people be allowed to work within some of the projects as participants, as in “students” or “technical assistants”, etc. There is one major reforestation project

ongoing which has branched into a multi-billion dollar series of projects for land MANAGEMENT and is so superb that it would be exceptionally good to have experience within the workings of such a program to present as models for international possibilities. These projects come within such major connections as to “watershed”, reclamation, nutrients, cash crops of the growing trees, etc., that you can have everything from paper production to use of natural resources—i.e., waste disposal, water purification and use, irrigation and reclamation, desalinization plants, etc. The projects are all but endless.

We have also inquired within the “health fields” as to allowing our people to work WITHIN a more free political system, for experimentation and creation of healing modes not acceptable or totally controlled by such as the AMA. We always have wonderful acceptance and appreciation—but remember something, you eager beavers at wood chopping, we have to consider the project level of startup requirement achievements. For instance, with some of the forestry projects, the land is available, permitted and ready to move into the planting phase—many others will require time for acquisitions, permits and the other political strangulation tactics.

We would probably have to—in order to lawfully meet requirements—have such “visitors” or “students” fully subsidized to keep integrity, separation and autonomy. That means that WE HAVE TO HAVE IT BEFORE WE CAN GIVE IT!

There is a particular project suggested by Bob N. as to some waste management possibilities—that is eagerly accepted because of the shortened time for processing, and these people are willing to give that a go. That does NOT mean that they have to lose their right to their own products, do you see? If your machinery works you will have a right to payments for use of same, as with any equipment—but no company will come in and OWN the project just because you might want to do so. This has been the plague of developing nations and we will not longer tolerate such abuse. If you want to work WITH US, we will try to find a slot where you might participate and, yes, gain a part, but no, we are not in the employment business, the make-room-for-players business and/or grab anything business.

We finalize our “joint-venture” and promptly butt out of the business of the other participant. If there are further negotiations it is strictly on a separated basis. So, anyone who thinks we are just going to set up everyone who wants a chunk into some helter-skelter business adventure—WRONG—for that is not the purpose. Further, it is not yet decided as to how it will be back in California, for instance. So, just to up and move to Tehachapi, thinking you are called to serve some way—beware that “call”, for I call no one haphazardly, and it will NOT be to uproot and integrate within a functioning placement when it is a total drain on the time, patience and survival funds of the ones already carrying these major roles of interim demands.

I suggest nobody do anything other than, if you choose, give possibilities or interests and let us settle business and accounts, decide where we head from here and allow unfolding without pressure on the already overburdened people.

We have NEVER had a “GROUPIE” in ANYWHERE; we will not have one NOW.

Therefore, if you move to Tehachapi because you somehow feel “called”, listen again, for that is what we have to now consider, being among our very declared enemies and thus will have LESS interchange—except to confront them in their criminal activities and lies.

Are intentions to continue with building in the area? Yes, indeed, but I will repeat what was said at upstart of anything to do with CONTACT or PI—it is and will be PROFESSIONAL builders, business people, managers, etc., for we set not ourselves aside in any way—we work within every law, every system and yes, we do serve family and friends—but not as you somehow anticipate, as in, “Well, I believe in God, so I demand a place.” People may well “demand”—but note that a person’s demands are NOT our commands. If nothing more over these past 13 years of hell passage, we have learned a great deal—and that is top of the list.

One of the most current liars and cheaters with TV “set-up” performance is actually pretty much in occupancy of Ekkers’ dwelling following the seizure by Millers of same. This will, yes, also be confronted as deliberate and intentional damage to the property. Millers were given exact instructions as to how they could solve this problem and it would require PROFESSIONAL business workers, etc. To reward the miscreants by allowing them possession of that which they stole in the first place is unacceptable and there will be a charge made for every hour of occupancy of any party in that dwelling. And, furthermore, it will be multiplied treble cost for ongoing damages. This is not some threat or warning; the process has already begun between lawyers as to how best to resolve the unlawful activities around that house on Adam Dr. No, the Ekkers are NOT going to be “nice” about it—they are going for JUSTICE this time, readers. And, furthermore, anything that comes to Ekkers’ attention STARTS the ability to start activities in court for wrongdoing. Anything new that comes up regarding the theft from the warehouse of books or for those TV programs produced is going to be confronted, along with CONTEMPT OF COURT charges against the *Spectrum* children.

You must understand that they told on themselves, and Mr. Martin did “interviews” with such as Bellringer, and the information already used in hijacked newspapers and on the Internet is directly attributed to source. That broke all agreements of the settlement and one breach opens the legal conduits for reconsideration. All parties involved will be confronted and if “you” were not involved, then YOU are going to straighten it out for self. The same with Millers: We have no cause to not bring the FULL responsibility first against them because there is no way to have Ekkers recognize the full extent of the players involved.

It also now comes full circle as to the happenings at NCH and why some rather foolish-in-appearance things have taken place. I need to speak of that in some pre-action suggestions for my own requirements so that everyone involved KNOWS WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

I find it difficult to believe that our input is so totally IGNORED by offending parties. This is not conducive to further efforts at considerations pending.

As to NCH itself, I don’t see how you could

negotiate clearly with the people longer involved. This is because of the problems now unfolding. If there are business problems involved, ownership involved, do you not see that it would be far easier and less entangled to begin clear and clean? There is already a corporation ready for use, which was the original corporation in FACT. (I prefer to not disclose that in this particular public writing.)

Rather than “buy out” the existing company for which we have been badly used already, we would use sufficient funding to have a separate entity and do it RIGHT from upstart—with proper facilities for offices, individual corporate phone systems, etc., at rates less than competition. We are into good business, not making money for the sake of ego-money gain.

There will be plenty of eager participants and we will want larger facilities than are now available, for we will have an international office as well as simple foreign corporation capability. Will this take a while? Yes, and while we are building the facilities we can negotiate outstanding problems presented currently—then sever all relations with the former company—or, if it becomes our “headache”, we will cause those prior parties to make good whatever outstanding problems in which they currently are involved and simply have legal settlement.

Through the Phoenix Institute the NCH corporation was started and funded. The stock was issued to one party in these past recent months and it is unacceptable. We had built the company originally to meet OUR NEEDS and to offer support financially for ongoing PI needs. That corporation has a massive sales staff for acquiring all sorts of other interests and has, yes, become a multi-million dollar company—with NO RETURN WHATSOEVER, EXCEPT A LAWSUIT AGAINST EKKERS FOR PAYMENT OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A MINIMUM OF \$40,000. I’m sorry if you are disappointed, readers, BUT THIS IS NOT ACCEPTABLE. And NO, there was NEVER a misunderstanding over the company itself or its intended use.

There are several very capable persons who can quickly take management of such a change and would be very much needed while we finish our own work in other focus.

At this time we simply don’t need any—GLOBAL or otherwise—large business management shifts. We have no intention of becoming an unwieldy organization. We will need exceptionally good accountants, business record keepers and bookkeepers for each entity, or collection thereof, so that records are open, accurate and can be followed. At upstart, however, we need our prior business ventures cleared and restructured with every technical advance we can conceive—and that in itself will be worthy of a major funding outlay and must come prior to any projects otherwise desired. Any other projects are still far behind in meeting what we need, and, therefore, there will be delays in startup—so we will focus on that which gives us the best hub from which to work. We will, I see, eventually need a very nice and sizable facility to house sufficient office spaces for corporate visitors, etc., along with the ability to offer on-site home-office staffing. That can be integrated with a “rental service” for employees, offices, equipment, etc.

I would suggest, further, for you trying to sort

this and find a solution for immediate problems, that we not join with established agencies just to get help, for you will find that those who consider themselves successful will want more, and more and more in fringe services—when fundamental good corporation management is what we want—not all that other hype and hoopla.

We work within all laws and regulations—IN PRIVACY. We are not going to tolerate what we just experienced by “errors” (so-called) in charging CONTACT outrageous fees by the IRS and a claim that it was just an error involving accidental exchange with another “Contact” corporation—with the same numbers, yet. This was an assault to do damage and it was an intentional act of CRIMINAL INTENT. And further, it came from within the organization itself—NCH. There were other complaints which did, in fact, badly damage other participants—with NCH deliberately turned in for bad business practices—resolved as “no charge”, but the party is not allowed to longer serve in his job with NCH. Does this destroy that man’s right to business income, etc.? These are WRONG things, team, and frankly we don’t know how much lurks under the other covers of the bedrooms, do we? We want NOTHING to do with another corporation’s bad paint job.

It appears that early on, Ekkers—if they can conclude a loan—can begin to recover such as our corporate structuring business and salvage what we can. The assets of NCH prove that a loan of a pretty good size—considering the business potential in just these new interchanges—could be feasible and bankable as a valid business venture. Yes, we do have to wait and see for a while longer—but I can guarantee you will only “remember” the dates because of the New Millennium hype. The mind moves on when you fill it with something greater. And yes, we will keep “control” so that a repeat is not made of this kind of venture. If our assets are not protected by those whom we set up in that very business for protection, we err in setting up possibilities of a repeat of same the minute greed or avarice sets in, as so often happens with living physical man.

But, you might inquire, won’t Ekkers get caught in that trap? NO, they don’t need it. They have LEARNED their lessons—and the less they HAVE, the more they can HAVE. So, people, when you learn your lessons, everything will get ever so much better, more honorable and right. USE YOUR TOOLS, and the minute you think to cut a corner which excludes a brother—THINK AGAIN, FOR THE ONE YOU DAMAGE WILL ULTIMATELY BE YOURSELF.

I don’t wish to speak longer on this topic, nor do I want to go over all the negative and naughty things around your globe this day. You have an opportunity to change these things if you want to—but it will not be done FOR you. You can read the papers as well as Dharma, and it is all there if you pay attention and balance what you now should KNOW against what is taking place. And no, it is NOT CONFUSION—GOD IS TOTAL REASON—NOT CONFUSION.

In absolute love and caring, I AM “DAD”—and when you find those objecting to same, you have found your misfits and liars.

dharmia

Coming Toward Production: *Sipapu Odyssey*, The Movie

12/27/99—#1

TIME FOR A REPEAT OR TWO

SIPAPU ODYSSEY

Hatonn—As we look at one of the books from the last printing of *SIPAPU ODYSSEY*, it should be noted that there are some different pieces of information to attend. In 1995 (this printing), there seems to be no “copyright” information but rather an ISBN number listed. The source is Phoenix Source Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 27353, Las Vegas, Nevada 89126. I list that here because most listings prior to this one read America West Publishers, through George Green.

Green claims, in one of his widespread mailings, that he holds the copyright to this story—HE DOES NOT! Of all the near 300 *Journals* published or awaiting publishing, *Sipapu Odyssey* was the FIRST written by Dharma (Dorushka Maerd—pen name for THIS BOOK) and, being only a Motion Picture “Treatment”, is copyrighted with the Screen Writers Guild and copyrighted to secure the story, so that there would be no duplication of the story-line. This did not, however, protect the story but has protected the “rights” for legal purposes to some extent. If, however, we find that this book has been, as with the other *Journals*, offered on the web-site of “Emil” or by anyone else as a *Journal*, we will demand accounting.

The RIGHTS of this story are solely with Dharma AND WALLY GENTLEMAN, who is the Producer-Director of the film to be made within the coming two years.

It is a true story, with accurate PROPHECIES; capabilities of the technology for this story are not only available but are being utilized in this very time of change, as we move into the new millennium. The story will have setting in the U.S., as written, but the changing times and people who are participating in the immediately changing course of historical fact—as you move into a more balanced global community beyond the manipulations as are presently crushing humanity and causing total disruption of the global balance due to need for survival of the massive general populations—will be started in the Philippines, Southeast Asia. Players in this global change will, at first, seem quite out of the ordinary, but as you move forward, you will see the handiwork of Lighted Creator and the changes brought forth WITHIN THE VERY BEINGS YOU HAVE IDENTIFIED AS THE “BAD BOYS”. Aren’t miracles fun?

Brent Moorhead was acting as the in-charge party at the time of this printing of this “*Journal*” and is responsible for the Copyright Position Statement and Disclaimer. However, it must be repeated: This story is under copyright from as far back as 1986. We did that specifically because we have changed names to be able to present the story as “FICTION”, to stop confusion or claims of “too far-out to be truth”.

Our writer was Dharma, with the assistance—always

from beginning of our writing to this day—of E.J. Dr. Al Overholt has been given almost full honor for doing the *Journals* by such as Emil of the Four Winds [web-site], the *Spectrum* Group, and certainly by those to whom Dr. Overholt forwarded all the copy on disks, which were then put on the Internet—basically, without permission—and GIVEN away by those who were priorily with CONTACT and now have taken, criminally, mailing lists, funds, etc. The people who handle the Internet sites have REFUSED to respond to demands and will thus be legally pursued to the full extent of the law, inclusive of Interstate fraud and International issuance of FALSE INFORMATION—since the information on that site has been sent to Political Heads of State to interfere with business, offer personal slander and outright MISINFORMATION.

I speak of this up-front here because we have no objection for use of this information but, please, if you are going to use this particular information, you need permission to do so: Call—1-800-800-5565 for clearance, as you would with any other copyrighted material. Arrangements for the filming of this story are underway and the storyline must be protected.

I have asked to offer it now in a series—as it was written as a reminder to you who experienced it in 1986 forward through these subsequent years of “interesting phenomena”. Many people have come and gone through our lives and many even more interesting stories have been experienced since this experience was put to print—and, as it says in the first page of the story: “Away we go...!”

COPYRIGHT COMMENT:

The following is the Copyright Statement and Disclaimer presented in this printing of *SIPAPU ODYSSEY* and expresses well the understanding.

[QUOTING:]

[H: You will note reference to year 2000 as the second millennium—from what? If it was to have been from the presenting of the one called Jesus, you err, don’t you? For it has already BEEN 2000 years. So, as you argue when the New Millennium begins, I SUGGEST YOU LOOK AT FACTS IN SOME SORT OF REALIZATION THAT IF YOU ARE, IN FACT, STARTING ON THE THIRD MILLENNIUM SINCE THAT MYTH WAS PRESENTED, YOU ERR IN ALMOST EVERY COUNTING. PERHAPS “THAT” IS WHAT IS WRONG WITH MANKIND’S ABILITY TO FUNCTION IN “REALITY”? YOU CAN’T COUNT VERY WELL, SO YOU HAVE TO COME TO REALIZE THAT “TIME” IS ONLY FOR CONVENIENCE—AND SEQUENCE OF EVENTS IS THE WHOLE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF EVENTS.

Facts are, if you are a “full-term” baby presenting, your birth-date is nine months (nearing a year) prior to that which you call your “birth-date”, so all birthdays as you have counted them to be start when a child reaches your one year “after birth” celebration. At BEST you are then one year and

nine months OFF in your counting. Well, you have done far worse than that with counting time in your calendars. And yet, my friends, you will fight and war to the death over those things which are totally incorrect, just to defend your erroneous false information.

So, as to the argument of whether the New Millennium begins at 2001 or at 2000—BOTH ARE INCORRECT! It can be no other way save that you are about to start the 22nd Century in the Third Millennium—and the counting should, to be consistent, be at the end of the first year. Am I trying to further confuse things? NO, I AM TRYING TO MAKE YOU SEE THAT A CALENDAR MEANS NOTHING IN THE OVERALL EXISTENCE OF MANKIND OR PLANETARY REALIZATION AND, THEREFORE, THINK ABOUT IT FOR A MINUTE—AND THEN DROP IT AND GET BUSY, PLEASE.]

COPYRIGHT POSITION STATEMENT AND
DISCLAIMER:

The *Phoenix Journals* are intended as a “real time” commentary on current events, how current events relate to past events and the relationships of both to the physical and spiritual destinies of mankind.

All of history, as we now know it, has been revised, rewritten, twisted and tweaked by selfishly motivated men to achieve and maintain control over other men. When one can understand that everything is comprised of “energy”, and that even physical matter is “coalesced” energy, and that all energy emanates from God’s thought, one can accept the idea that the successful focusing of millions of minds on one expected happening will cause it to happen.

If the many prophecies made over thousands of years are accepted, these are the “end times” (specifically the year 2000, the second millennium, etc.). That would put us in the “sorting” period and only a few short years from the finish line. God has said that in the end-times would come the WORD—to the four corners of the world—so that each could decide his/her own course toward, or away from, divinity—based upon TRUTH.

So, God sends His Hosts—Messengers—to present that TRUTH. This is the way in which He chooses to present it, through the *Phoenix Journals*. Thus, these *Journals* are Truth, which cannot be copyrighted; they are compilations of information already available on Earth, researched and compiled by others (some, no doubt, for this purpose) which should not be copyrighted. Therefore, these *Journals* are not copyrighted (except *SIPAPU ODYSSEY*, which is “fiction”).

The first sixty or so *Journals* were published by America West Publishing, which elected to indicate that a copyright had been applied for on the theory that the ISBN number (so necessary for booksellers) was dependent on the copyright. Commander Hatonn, the primary author and compiler, insisted that no copyrights be applied for and, to our knowledge, none were.

If the Truth is to reach the four corners of the world, it must be freely passed on. It is hoped that each reader will feel free to do that, keeping it in context, of course.

DEDICATION

TUE., OCT. 3, 1989 7:30 A.M. YEAR 3, DAY 048
Dorushka Maerd (Doris Ekker, “dharma”)

TO MY SON, PAUL, WHO WAS GIVEN TO
KNOW TOO MUCH AND UNDERSTOOD TOO

LITTLE. PAUL MOVED INTO A HIGHER DIMENSION ON MARCH 22, 1985. NOW, OVER FOUR YEARS LATER, I, TOO, CAN UNDERSTAND, FOR HE LEFT US WITH A DIRECTION AND A PURPOSE BEYOND THAT WHICH WE COULD SEE WITH THE EYES.

AND TO SPOTTED EAGLE/LITTLE CROW, LAKOTA SIOUX, OF THE ANCIENTS, WHO POKED AND PRODDED, NUDGED AND FINALLY DEMANDED THAT I DO MY JOB. I KNOW THE GREATEST ODYSSEY HAS BEEN THE JOURNEY SINCE THE DAY HE CALLED ME INTO MEETING AND SAID GO WRITE WHATEVER IS GIVEN UNTO YOU, FOR IT IS YOU WHO MUST WRITE THIS STORY.

AND TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND, E.J., WHO THEN MADE IT LEGIBLE. IT WAS TO BE A SHORT MOTION PICTURE STORYLINE, WHICH WE NOW PUT TO PRESS TO PRESERVE THE MANUSCRIPT. IT WILL ALSO BE A MOTION PICTURE.

AND TO ONE, SISTER THEDRA, WHO IS ALMOST NINETY YEARS OF AGE, AND WHOM I DID NOT KNOW AT THE TIME OF THE WRITING, ALTHOUGH SHE IS NAMED WITHIN THE STORY. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT ALL, BUT I NOW DO KNOW THE TRUTH OF IT.

AND TO THOSE BLESSED ONES WHO GAVE UNTO ME THE STORY AND ACTUALLY WROTE IT FOR ME, I AM MOST HUMBLE IN THEIR PRESENCE, FOR THE GIFTS OF TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE GIVEN TO ME SINCE THAT TIME HAVE BEEN INFINITE AND BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION. MY HEART OVERFLOWS WITH MY LOVE AND GRATITUDE THAT I MIGHT BE CHOSEN TO BRING FORTH SUCH OVERWHELMING SUBSTANCE UPON AN EARTH PATH.

I HAVE SORROW AND WEEP FOR THOSE WHO WERE PRESENTED WITH THE GIFT OF GIFTS TO PARTICIPATE AND DID NOT SEE THE TRUTH OF IT. FOR THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A FANTASTIC ODYSSEY OF TRUTH BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION.

I AM HUMBLY GRATEFUL TO COMMANDER GYEORGOS CERES HATONN, OF PLEIADES, WHO HAS SPENT THOUSANDS OF HOURS WITH ME SINCE THE WRITING OF THIS STORY, IN RELENTLESS TRAINING.

LASTLY, BUT MOST ULTIMATELY, I THANK GOD, ATON—THE CREATOR SOURCE AND ESU “JESUS” IMMANUEL SANANDA, WHO DO NOT LEAVE MY SIDE, FOR THE WORD MUST GO FORTH IN THESE DAYS OF TRANSITION. I LIVE IN TWO DIMENSIONS; I ONLY PRAY THAT MY WORK MIGHT BE PLEASING UNTO HIM! TO THEM, I AM “dharma”—Dorushka Maerd.

[D: PERHAPS I CAN MAKE COMMENTS MORE CURRENT AT THE END OF THIS REPRESENTATION, FOR OVER A DECADE OF FAR MORE FANTASTIC THINGS HAVE PASSED, AND THIS OLD SHIP IS A BIT TATTERED AND BATTERED FROM THE VOYAGE THUS FAR. TODAY, AFTER TEN OR MORE YEARS OF HARDLY LEAVING THE KEYBOARD OR THE CORNER OF MY ROOM, I FIND MYSELF IN MANILA, PHILIPPINES—STILL AT THE KEYBOARD, AND E.J. STILL DOING THE HARD PART OF FIXING TYPOS,

ALONG WITH SUCH MIND-BOGGLING CHANGES TO HAVE COME OUR WAY AS TO MAKE *SIPAPU ODYSSEY* PALE BESIDE UNFOLDING REALITY. THANK YOU FOR A REFRESHER WALK THROUGH REMEMORY LANE AND FOR THE REALIZATION THAT, AFTER ALL, ALL CREATION IS TRUTH—AND WHAT WE BELIEVE TO BE FANTASY—IS ACTUALLY ONLY “MEMORY” RETURNED TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS. THIS IS SO MUCH THE TRUTH THAT I FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO PUT THIS AGAIN TO THE KEYBOARD AND PRINT. THANK YOU TO YOU WHO HAVE MADE THIS JOURNEY POSSIBLE FOR, OTHERWISE, THINGS WOULD LOOK PRETTY BLEAK FOR A NEW MILLENNIUM AHEAD.]

TUE., OCT. 3, 1989

FORWARD

I AM HATONN

I am Hatonn, Cohan of this chela (teacher of this student). Much in the life journey upon the placement of Earth must be understood in segments of Truth which pierce the veil of your memories, each and all of you who walk this trail.

This portion, which comes in fantasy format is, in fact, Truth in every measure—names have been changed for security of living individuals who would be removed from your life dimension were they located too soon. As Truth comes forth in segments you can comprehend and accept, it is the most dangerous for those who dare to speak out. The life of this chela has been taken three times just since the writing of this “fantasy” and we have recommenced her life stream.

We of the Brotherhood of Light, and we who serve in the Intergalactic fleets and Cosmic Federation Councils, come forth to bring you knowledge for a most eventful and confusing transition into change. The time of your projected “Revelations” is upon you, and we are sent from our Higher Sources to assist you and bring instructions for this final act of your play of third-dimensional experience.

It was decided that we would first bring forth an “acceptable” story line that would bear a particular message to the ones awaiting instructions and the knowledge that the time of final instructions and “countdown” is at hand—it most surely served its purpose, and we honor all of you who saw and heard the message and responded instantly.

It comes forth as a “fantasy” that man in mass can accept the story as fiction, but the heart will know of the Truth. Then, we can move on into the Truth of the INSTRUCTIONS. Further, the entire story has not been enacted in “your” reality—but the Truth is there to its smallest detail. So be it.

I can only urge you who come into the gift of this small booklet, nudge yourself into obtaining the information which has been presented in the past two months of 1989, for the veil is coming off and the curtain of Truth is rising most rapidly. Your proof of the Truth is all about you, in every corner of your planet. THE TIME IS AT HAND.

[D: We, Ekkers, find this quite difficult to absorb, because just after the finishing of this story in La Crescenta, California, we were without a home and were moving into a new life and a different home in Tehachapi, California. We had no way to realize

what a major impact things would have that would befall us and perhaps THAT is the larger ODYSSEY!

However, we find now—1999, from 1986 and the move in 1987—that we have come full circle and we are again without a home, for it has been unlawfully taken from us by the adversaries who CLAIMED to be our undying support and friends. I know that there are terms such as “*deja vu*” to fit this scenario of “rerun” of events—but only the realization is this time in full consciousness and the years of TRAINING kick in to each event WITH RECOGNITION AND KNOWLEDGE WITHIN GOD’S REALITY AS TO HOW TO HANDLE THESE CONFRONTATIONS APPROPRIATELY. WE ARE SURELY GIFTED WITH GOD’S GRACE, AND YES, WE “SHALL OVERCOME” IN THE REALIZATION OF THOSE COME BEFORE US AND UPON WHOSE SHOULDERS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STAND THAT OUR REALIZATION CAN BE A BIT FURTHER/FARTHER.]

No Cosmic Brothers come to you in hostility, for IF you have attained a higher dimension with ability to travel through the cosmos—you do not live in such darkened transgressions as does Earth human. We come forth to discount the directed bombardments of lies, which are perpetuated to terrorize you. We come hand-in-hand with God and totally in HIS service and service unto you that you can find your way, for you are lost and frightened. Please take the hand extended unto you that we might give you benefit, for as you have petitioned God, so has he responded in this manner.

There will be trials and tribulations beyond that which you can imagine but the way will be shown—the path cleared. We are come to bring you home to the Father’s mansions—those who will come into knowledge. We bear no “religious” doctrines, for that is the bigotry of human, not cosmic Truth who knows no creed, color or separation of man from man. IT IS A JOURNEY WHICH WILL NOT BE MADE WITHOUT OUR PARTICIPATION, FOR THAT IS THE PREPARATION PROMISED UNTO THE ONES UPON THIS ORB.

I will give no credentials for myself, at this time, for I do not wish to divert attention to anything controversial or contentious in matter. Read with love and an open, flexible mind and Truth will come within. My credentials can easily be accredited through subsequent writings, where that can be documented in your Earth boundaries of research.

If you find nothing else in this book, you will be reminded that your world borders on destruction, and that life of soul and purpose of soul journey is forever—infinite! WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR JOURNEY IS YOUR FREE-WILL CHOICE, FOR THE DECISIONS WILL NOT BE MADE “FOR” YOU—NO MAN CAN MAKE THE CHOICE FOR ANOTHER; YOUR BROTHER CAN ONLY HELP YOU FIND THE PATH. THE PROMISE OF CREATOR IS BEYOND TIME, SPACE OR PLACEMENT. SO BE IT AND SELAH.

THESE THINGS SHALL ALL COME TO PASS IN THE TIME OF THIS GENERATION UPON THESE LANDS, AND FOR THIS HAVE THE ANCIENT TRIBES RETURNED AND HAVE YOUR DISTANT BROTHERS GATHERED—OH YES, BROTHERS, THE EAGLES ARE GATHERED—WHERE WILL YOU BE?

Truth is being brought forth that you can prove unto yourselves that what I bring unto you is Truth. What you do about it is your own choice of action. You are a most unhappy people, who live in an existence of the LIE. We give you opportunity to lift yourselves from the degradation

and limits of that lie, up through the addictions and that negative impact placed upon you by those who call themselves your caretakers, for you, as a people, have been sorely deceived.

You have time to become informed, to really SEE that which is about you and about to consume and rise into action as the Phoenix through the ashes into the new. NOT “NEW AGERS”—INTO THE “NEW”, AS IN TRUTH. DO NOT ERR AND FALL INTO THE TRAPS OF THOSE WHO CHANT AND WOULD GUIDE YOU BY FOOLISH MENTAL GAMES WITH YOUR VERY SOUL AT RISK. LOOK AROUND YOU AT THAT WHICH YOU HAVE MANIFESTED INTO MATERIAL SUBSTANCE AND IS NOW DEVOURING YOUR VERY SOULS AND PHYSICAL BEINGS. YOU HAD BETTER BEGIN TO HEAR WHAT THE GOD OF SOURCE IS TELLING YOU, INSTEAD OF SOME SELF-APPOINTED GOD—INSTEAD OF GOD. IT IS JUST YOU AND GOD, BROTHER—JUST YOU AND GOD IN THE ENDING!

This book was scribed some four years past; I write this on October 3, 1989 [D: Today is December 27, 1999.], which in Truth is DAY 048 OF YEAR THREE. [D: Today is day 133 of year 13.]. For you see, the ANCIENTS KNEW the Truth of it. The ancient calendars ended on August 17, 1987. YOU ARE ALREADY INTO THE FINAL DAYS OF TRANSITION.

YOU HAD BEST GET INTO HARMONY AND BALANCE WITH YOUR MOTHER EARTH, FOR SHE IS MOVING, WITH OR WITHOUT YOU, INTO HER HIGHER BERTH, FOLLOWING HER LABOR AND BIRTHING DELIVERY. ‘TIS SHE WHO CALLS THE GAME PLAN FOR YOU ONES AND IT WILL BE SHE WHO WINS THE ULTIMATE GAME—HUMAN BECOMES INCIDENTAL AND SO SHALL IT COME TO PASS IN YOUR TIME UPON YOUR PLACEMENT—WHETHER OR NOT YOU LIKE IT.

Heed my petition that you see and hear, for it is wisdom that looks into Truth and finds the pathway to deliverance from the befuddlement—it is the foolish who disregard the final lifeboat and discount the final trumpet call.

You can rise with the Redtail eagle into infinity or you can take the journey through the mire—the choice is yours.

I give honor unto one passed from your dimensions, WINDSINGER Gary Smith, who was given to pen the music which shall be utilized in the writings and motion picture production of *I AM THE REDTAIL* and *BIRDS FLY AROUND HER*. I will say no more at this writing, for his property is most carefully guarded. He honored God for his gifts and we honor him for sharing those gifts.

We also humbly honor Nick Eckert, who has contributed the sketches which are herein integrated, for they are from his own visions, contributed in storyboard format and are only a tiny portion of simple illustrations which might make the perusal of production of that which you labeled *STAR TREK*. He has been given his own visions of Truth as to the evacuation and additional manifestations which shall occur upon your placement. We honor him for his participation and his willing offer to share the labors when the time is appropriate for the actual filming of the story.

We further honor one Wally Gentleman, who has clasped the vision unto his Truth and shall be given the honor and (the most burdensome) task of bringing forth this

story in picture form which will grasp the heart of the masses. He is a most diligent, dedicated and questioning leader who demands perfection of himself and input from us of the higher planes. His shall be the glory of new innovations and a sharing personally with us of the Federation Fleet, for we have great technology to share in this visionary production of excellence. He has been a great contributor of new technology in your motion picture industry, and through greed and avarice of producer and director of a most innovative and conceptual motion picture, was deprived of honor and recognition of a most revolutionary concept in special effects—2001, *A SPACE ODYSSEY*; in my own humble opinion, the only really wondrous portion of the production. One day, man of Earth will learn not to steal another’s property, for in so doing, man diminishes himself to the lowest level of self-accomplishment. That which is hidden, stolen in darkness and is most secretly perpetrated upon your planes is open and glaring in the higher places of the Universe and will always eventually “out”—for that which is sowed is cycled back into the reaping thereof.

We dedicate this “Truth” unto all of you who will pick up the dream and walk with us that we might fulfill our mission.

I am Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, and I salute you who allow me into your presence that I might make this statement. We do not come in hostility; we come in love and brotherhood, for you are in most grave circumstance, little Earth brothers. So be it and Salu.

I AM HATONN

THE STORY: SIPAPU ODYSSEY

THE REDTAIL

Dawn was hardly awake as the hawk took to the air for his morning ritual to the day. He was the Redtail, flying high above the world; down below him there was beauty; up above him there was beauty—there was beauty all around him. He greeted two ravens with a shrill shriek as he glided past them in his upward spiral.

Shortly he was joined by a second Redtail; they glided in tandem for a while, then one dove out of formation to rejoin Grandmother Earth. The lone hawk continued his journey to make sure his world remained unchanged from the day before.

He drifted over untold expanses of beauty, up canyons of crimson cliffs, over springs surrounded by trees; he sailed carelessly over stone formations which looked like moonscape goblins. He glided over the beauty that only God could have painted on this canvas of Earth. He swooped up canyons where the Ancients had been in countless centuries past, and had left their paintings upon the cliffs to tell their secret stories until the end of time.

As the gliding master of the sky sailed up a river and soared over a roadway lying deep within a timeless canyon, he paid careful attention to the scene being played out below him.

Two cars were in the canyon; one a convertible holding three people, the other, a large black limousine which also contained three persons. The convertible was being pursued by the larger vehicle. The obvious intent was that of forcing the convertible from the highway. The larger vehicle rammed the convertible mercilessly until the driver of the convertible lost control of his machine and it burst through the safety rails and flew into the air off the roadside—to inevitably be drawn back to the Earth with lethal impact—“Oh, how wonderful to be a Redtail—!!!”

The Odyssey had begun.

THE PROTEST

It was a cinerama morning, not unlike millions of other days that had begun with spreading rose and golden rays across the same spot, on that very desert floor, for eons past. It was a morning best described as a watercolor or colored crayon morning with variegated rainbow hues of light in the east. A few drops of early moisture on a lone cactus flower at Bob's feet, waiting to vanish as the Sun would spread more warmth across the landscape, caught his thoughts for a moment as he stepped from his convertible. He knew he would need to raise the top against the heat within an hour. It was early August and summer heat still claimed the Nevada desert. "Everything is the same; nothing is the same," flitted through his mind as he surveyed the panorama which spread in endless distance before him. For a brief moment even the wind had ceased its endless screaming and the Earth was stilled as if waiting for the next act to begin.

As he looked around he honestly wondered if there would be a turn of the century. Everything had changed. Weather patterns resembled nothing in recorded history. Earthquakes occurred where historically there had been none; torrential rains flooded rivers and streams where rain had previously been rare; temperatures ranged many degrees higher in summer and winters grew increasingly colder and more severe; as discernable seasons, spring and fall had disappeared. Drought destroyed areas previously excellent for natural agriculture while deserts experienced rains in torrential downpours; volcanoes erupted which had been dormant for thousands of years. He had a premonition of some demented giant beast of prey.

He interrupted his thoughts as he turned and strolled toward a small group of people gathered at the main gate to the Nevada Yucca Flats Testing Grounds. He expected to find hundreds of people there attending a massive anti-nuclear demonstration. Instead, there were only a few standing around in detached small groups involved in private discussions. The event was to have begun two days earlier so it was apparent something had happened to change the plan. He would have to ask some questions but he was pretty sure he already knew what had occurred.

Bob had made arrangements with his closest friends, Steve and Diana Hensley, to join them for the demonstration/rally there at the main gate but they were nowhere in sight. Bob lived in Los Angeles awaiting sale of his house; following the sale he would be moving to the Tehachapi Mountains in the Mojave Desert area of California where he would join Steve and Diana who had made the move a couple of years before. The current plans were for Bob to drive to the rally, after tying up some business loose ends, and meet the Hensleys at the demonstration.

Following years of struggle and fighting, the government was continuing with plans to bury nuclear waste from the U.S. nuclear power plants at Yucca Mountain. The Mountain was within the Yucca Flats test area so the federal government had total legal control. That particular waste material was the most radioactive substance on Earth. Even though several small earthquakes had rumbled through the Yucca Flats area in the past two years, the Feds had taken no apparent notice. Nuclear waste disposal had become by far the major problem facing not only the United States but the entire world. Bob knew he shouldn't expect the government to act otherwise; the problem was of such mammoth proportions that there was no workable solution other than closing down nuclear power production. The problem of disposal of the already existing waste would remain a major issue even if the

"nukes" were shut down. Besides, nuclear (even hydrogen) devices continued to be detonated underground at Yucca Flats. The Feds made every effort to keep the information from the public but information leaks always occurred; the public was getting fed up. "At the rate man was setting up his own destruction in the United States, concern about some foreign country precipitating disaster was unnecessary," Bob thought ironically, to himself. What really struck terror to his heart, however, was what other countries might be doing with their nuclear wastes. In 1986 it was known that the United States ranked tenth down the list for use of uranium in nuclear power plants for production of electricity. France had ranked first. At that time, it would have required a truckload of waste material every ninety minutes, twenty-four hours every day for twenty years, to deliver the nuke wastes for the U.S. alone, to any one storage site. In the intervening time the problem could only grow worse.

What might the Europeans, Russians and Asians be using for storage of their nuclear wastes? That reservoir of death was guaranteed to be lethal for hundreds of thousands of years to come. Man was creating deadly time bombs which could be "triggered" for untold future generations, should we be fortunate enough to have future generations.

Bob returned his attention to the absent demonstrators. He was confident he knew where he would find them. The "Big Boys" had started to play rougher and rougher as the public became more and more vocal in their resistance to the damage to humanity and Mother Earth. People had begun to fight back and local police and local government agencies only half-heartedly cooperated with the Feds. No one in his right mind would want that deadly stuff in his playpen; surely no thinking person would want to live next door to one of those lethal disposal sites. Especially frightening was the detonation of hydrogen explosions mere feet from the buried wastes.

Bob and his friends always brought Travelers checks for two to three thousand dollars to all protest gatherings for use as bail money, should it be needed. However, it had been a long time since any funds had been required. Facts were that law personnel and local residents greatly appreciated, and profusely thanked, the demonstrators. They extended every possible courtesy. Protestors were arrested and/or dispersed only because of direct Federal orders to do so. Arrest had become only a technical formality.

In addition to political "big boys" there were also ones jokingly referred to as "Mebies". "Mebies" was a short tag for "men in black", who were representative of "dark forces"; Mafia/big-business hoods who attempted to stop any progress toward what could be classified as "goodness and light". Somehow they sensed that the "love thy neighbor" idea would put them out of business. As Bob looked over the cars parked at the entrance he noted one of the "big black limousines" typical of the Mebies parked there. "Why would THEY be here?" flitted through his mind.

As he turned back toward the people at the gate, he smiled a bit as he looked up into a gorgeous blue sky with only a few puffy clouds and made a mental note of the ever-circling Redtail drifting majestically overhead. At times he wondered to himself if there were only two on Earth. It seemed everywhere he found himself there would be one, and sometimes two, red-tailed hawks doing their graceful gliding ballet of freedom. He thought perhaps it might be the same ones. He knew better but it suited his fancy to claim one for his own. He liked to think of it as his "guardian angel", who could see all and know all, an entity untouched and undaunted by man's stupidity. "If I have my

choice, I'm coming back as a Redtail," he thought, "if there is a next time and if there's a place to which to come back."

As he approached the group, one of the men acknowledged his presence and, after exchanging a few pleasantries, he inquired about the happenings and whereabouts of the demonstration participants. As expected, the protest "leaders" had been arrested and taken to Las Vegas. The remainder of the crowd had been forcibly dispersed. The protest rally, however, had been successful. Many very well known public figures had attended and efforts had been effective. A restraining order had been handed down by the court to cease all test activities until further studies could be undertaken and evaluated.

Bob chose not to identify himself because the group remaining at the site was certainly not on his side of the issue. He and the Hensleys were among those having acquired dubious titles of "troublemakers" and the group within which he found himself was one against which he "troubled". He was unwilling to risk hostilities so pleasantly took leave of the group.

As he headed his car toward Las Vegas he pondered over his past twenty-four hours. It seemed as if years instead of hours separated him from last evening. He had gotten too sleepy to drive safely so had parked off a side road, pulled out his sleeping bag and stretched out on the ground. He could mentally recall the fresh scent of the night-cooled, moist earth. He had stared at the universe above and felt overwhelmed by the Heavens. He loved to spend time in that manner and often went alone to the desert or mountains in order to spend a night under the stars. The experience always renewed his balance and refueled his energies. He had a strange attachment to those bits of light, as if he belonged out there among them. He had experienced such feelings and longings since he could recall memories. It was on one such night the realization came that he would do whatever would be required in an effort to bring a halt to the incredible "insanity" going on about him. He knew he could no longer leave the task to "someone else" but rather must make an active contribution to peace and safety on Earth. He had known from that moment he must pursue that goal regardless of physical consequences to himself. He silently thanked God that he was not alone.

It was about an hour's drive into Las Vegas and he knew where to go. This was his tenth trip to the local jail for the same purpose although he had usually been among the detained. He was filled with amusement as he entered the police station parking lot and stopped the car. The parking lot resembled a giant pep rally; the air was vibrant with victory and spirits were high. Local residents had brought large urns of coffee and boxes of rolls and doughnuts. His friends all talked at once in an effort to describe the happenings and express sorrow that he had missed the excitement. It was truly a fabulous day!

The demonstration brought much more rapid results than anticipated and that meant there would be some remaining time free for other activities. The participants had arranged to stay at the site for a minimum of three weeks should it become necessary. It was only Wednesday of the first week so there would be over two weeks to "vacation". Bob felt elated as he searched the sky for his "guardian Redtail" and smiled to himself when he located it soaring in tandem with its mate in ever enlarging circles above. "Why," he asked out loud to the sky, "are you here? The jackrabbits are scarce in downtown Vegas. But thank you—your dedication to Mother Earth keeps us reminded of our assignment to care for her."

THE "ACCIDENT"

Bob, Diana and Steve discussed the possibilities of some extended time for travel and a decision was reached to take the next couple of weeks and explore the Canyonlands of southern Utah. Steve had spent much of his youth at the Robbers Roost Ranch which at one time covered most of the area used by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid as a hideout for the Wild bunch. The Ranch was located in a very remote and inaccessible area dotted with hundreds of ancient Anasazi campsites and ruins.

Bob had formed a close and lasting friendship with Steve while both attended college at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. Bob had been to the Roost with Steven several times and it was exciting to think of returning for a few days. Diana had never been in that particular part of Utah so it was with much excitement that the three made plans for the trip. They decided they would leisurely drive along the route and stop for sightseeing as they wished. They made plans to rent a plane in Green River for an overlook of the ranch and Canyonlands. They would then take enough extra time for a pack trip into the canyons. There were many ancient and beautiful Indian paintings in the canyons adjacent to the ranch as well as many old Indian ruins and caves to be explored.

Their immediate decision was to leave Las Vegas, drive for a couple of hours and spend the night in Mesquite, Nevada. They would also finalize their trip plans and make necessary phone calls.

The next morning Steve was driving as they left Mesquite and Diana was in the front seat beside him. They had hooked up the seat belts and Diana had snuggled happily as close to Steve as was possible considering the bucket seats and seat belts. Bob scooped over on his back across the back seat in order to soak in the beautiful sky and perhaps nap a bit in the warm Sun. To anyone who might be following, it would appear as if two young lovers were off on holiday.

As they entered an area called the Virgin River Canyon, traffic was light. The scenery was magnificent and moods were exuberant. An agreement had been reached among the three to discard thoughts and conversations of anything other than happy topics. They would simply leave all the nuclear negatives behind for the brief few days allotted for the vacation so they tittered happily about the adventures awaiting them.

Bob was napping when Steve became aware of a limousine rapidly approaching them from behind. Then, as the car slowed along side—it became obvious that the intention was to force him from the highway. Steve made every conceivable maneuver in an effort to evade contact with the assailant and the minutes that followed were terrifying. Ultimately, Steve could no longer maintain control of the convertible as he was being struck continually from his left by the much heavier car. Diana's door had flung open and only her seat belt held her inside the auto. Bob was being thrown about so violently that he finally was unable to get up from the floor where he had landed following the second impact.

The assault had continued for nearly a mile, and they were deep into the canyon where the river was far below the highway in the bottom of the gorge. As the car left the road it ripped through a guard rail, flew over the embankment and crashed downward through brush and over rocks and boulders. The car finally came to rest more than half submerged upside down in the river. Bob was thrown clear of the vehicle. His body lodged behind a shrub and a very large boulder. A hushed silence fell on the canyon.

[TO BE CONTINUED WITH "RESISTING DEATH"]
dharma

Sipapu Odyssey: Resisting Death

12/29/99—#1

[H: You who would like to be "critics" regarding style, writing, etc., I remind you to hold up. This is NOT the way a book would be written, for that would require hundreds of pages. This is a story-LINE for the purpose of a motion picture and, therefore, is already structured for "bare-bones" interpretation. Frankly, we are NOT offering this as entertainment in this repeat of the story—we are offering it for the prophecies and REALITY of the contents. Yes, it IS too long for a typical "Treatment", as it would be called in the industry. However, these are the facts—many tried to shorten the contents, even to an Academy Award-winning Native American screenwriter. The script has been written as to ability to begin acquisition of participants. This is, I repeat, not intended for literary perfection so please do not, as in the past as the book was released, start sending interpretations or more treatments—THIS IS SIMPLY TO SHARE INFORMATION, A NICE STORY, AND YES, WE HAVE ALL OUR PEOPLE FOR THE PRODUCTION OF FILMING IN LINE. PLEASE DO NOT LOAD DHARMA WITH YOUR CREDENTIALS, FOR THAT IS NOT UNDER CONSIDERATION. THAT HAS ALL BEEN TURNED OVER TO MR. GENTLEMAN AND MR. VAN NOY.

We have had some who had a place in the filming, music, etc. who have pulled away from our team and, having been given ample time to consider their participation, we find they have ignored us. So be it. I repeat, however, THIS is not the place to send résumés or desire to participate, for we have no ability to serve even responses. Thank you.]

CONTINUED:

SIPAPU ODYSSEY

RESISTING DEATH

The limousine stopped, and three men peered over at the wreckage. They then hurried back into the still-running auto and sped away when they noted an oncoming vehicle.

Bob was only semiconscious and his body was positioned in such a way that he could only glimpse the foremost part of the car edged into the river. He could only watch helplessly as his beloved friends were overflowed by the water. He was vaguely aware that people had stopped to help, but was in such pain and helplessness he was unable to attract attention to himself. He sensed Steve and Diana were dead and had the perception that he, too, was dying. He could see that his left arm dangled halfway to the wrist, and both arm bones protruded at an acute angle. Both his legs felt useless. Blood was pouring over his eyes from a cut on his forehead and his head hurt unbearably. Pain radiated from every pore of his body, and he wondered how long it took to die. The hawk continued to circle above the scene in its timeless way—forever observing. Bob had a remote feeling he was somehow with the hawk, or perhaps the hawk itself, looking down at the picture with total detachment. In the consuming pain he could only wish death would come quickly. It almost amused him to realize that he was thinking of death with cold irony. He and the Hensleys had accomplished so much in their recent efforts to better the environment and to do something toward healing Mother Earth, and here it seemed to bluntly end—in a river bed in an Arizona canyon. He wondered if this, after all, would be all there was to life. He was sure he would very

shortly learn what if anything comes next after death and managed a half smile.

During the following period of time he was unconscious, and when he roused himself he could not tell how long his mind had been thankfully asleep. When consciousness would occur he was immediately swept away on another wave of pain. His awareness and desire to survive began, however, to take control during the periods of consciousness. He knew that in order to survive he must take some kind of action. With his one useable arm he was able to drag his body in slow, agonizing inches up the embankment. He moved toward a pitifully shallow spot of shade under a sparse bush. The unconscious periods seemed longer each time, but he knew he must retain enough awareness and strength to enable reaching the tiny spot of shade. He knew if he could not he would literally "cook" in the intense sunlight. In a final valiant effort he lunged forward, grabbed the root growth of the bush, and pushed and pulled himself forward. In the effort he lost his balance and rolled agonizingly over the broken arm and into a sandy washout at the foot of the bush. Blessed dark silence washed over his consciousness. As the darkness swept over him he was vaguely aware of the hawk. "Some guardian angel you are," he mused. He was not aware of the activity at the accident site and would have been only remotely interested anyway. Even in his lucid moments he felt removed from everything around him.

As consciousness next crept into his reality it had been a longer interval of time in the unknown. He was again in full sunlight and the Sun was much lower in the sky. He couldn't tell if he was dreaming or experiencing—the pain was his only connection with life. He tried to attach himself to reality and he looked around as far as he could see without moving his broken body. He found that he had been able to pull himself into the mouth of what appeared to be a very deep canyon running perpendicular to the river gorge. To his right his eye caught sight of the hawk which had quit the air and was resting on a high rock ledge above him. He noted to himself that he was glad it was not a vulture or for sure he was in trouble. Looking in the other direction he focused, with extreme difficulty, on a shallow sandstone cave in the vertical wall of the side canyon. Blinking and staring he could make out a life-sized Indian painting. It was a picture of an Indian maiden with birds circling her head and shoulders. He felt he must be dead or dreaming—surely having hallucinations. The painting triggered a flood of memories causing him to realize that as long as he could use his brain and conjure memories he could maintain some attachment to reality. It also enabled him to evaluate the circumstances in which he now found himself.

He now became immersed in a scene in his memory of a day long, long ago when he had visited the Roost area. He had been hiking up a long-forgotten canyon and happened upon an identical painting. He wondered if his mind was playing tricks on him but it seemed of no consequence, and of only mild interest.

As he roused following the memory experience of the painting, he realized that if he could keep his mind active with memories, he could sustain lucidity for longer periods of time. Therefore, he thrust his efforts into recalling everything, even the most tiny details that entered into his consciousness.

TO HERE

It was natural that he began to reminisce about how he came to be in this place at this time. It all seemed to begin when Diana started to experience some rather strange

phenomena. She began to have vivid psychic occurrences. Everyone chuckled about what she referred to as her “Angels” and “Spirit Friends”. Although she told things with tongue-in-cheek style, it soon became obvious that no one should ever discount “Diana’s Angels”; they were wonderfully accurate.

When the first big “gasoline crunch” occurred Steve had begun to dream of ways in which he might contribute to making America energy independent. The idea became his obsession and after several years of planning and research, he, Diana and Bob formed a partnership and started a small alternative-energy company called Energy Alternatives. The original business thrust was in the co-generation market but almost immediately the bottom fell out of that market because natural gas prices went up and the price paid for the electricity they produced was being reduced by the purchasing utilities. Things continued to fall apart in the alternative-energy business; each project as it reached final contracts fell by the wayside for one reason or another. It always worked out that it was due to economic changes beyond their control but results were the same—disaster!

During this period of time Diana had begun to develop what seemed to be “far out” ideas. A couple of the children began to have unexplained experiences as well. In particular, their youngest son, Nick, became fanatical in his efforts to figure out how to reproduce some of the energy inventions of Nikola Tesla. He studied astrophysics in Colorado, and became almost a recluse in his tormented mind because of his fear of nuclear destruction. He was obsessed with the destructive aspects of pollution and toxic wastes. He was truly a man out of his time and could not compromise his values to those of current society.

Diana, on the other hand, felt an intense need to be able to contact “the sources” within her own mind and took time away from daily life to become a hypnotherapist. She became very successful in learning to contact her “inner self” and one day simply announced to the group that she had been told from “higher sources” that there was a great intended “mission” for the group and at the proper time the “Tesla secrets” would be given them. This would be in addition to many other instructions and information.

Just prior to his twenty-sixth birthday Nick killed himself. It was incredible how what appeared to be external influences seemed to ease the parents and family through the circumstances with almost studied stability. It was obvious, at least to the family members, that the boy had only ceased to exist in his tormented human state and moved into a more effective state as, what Diana referred to, a “Spirit Teacher”.

Bob was in awe as he observed the happenings of the next couple of years unfold. Changes were dramatic in all members of the family, friend groups changed and directions became firm. Bob too underwent major changes within his own belief systems. Through Steve and Diana he met a Lakota Sioux Medicine Man who became a dear friend and teacher. He was at last sorting out his own “roots” and liked what he found.

The death of Nick seemed to be a turning point of great magnitude. It was almost as if he had come to Earth for that purpose. Steve’s response was profound and he immersed himself in efforts to further his understanding, love and peace. Bob had always discounted any reference to the possibility of reincarnation or pre-planned missions to Earth, but he was witnessing events that spoke otherwise.

After setbacks in the co-generation portion of the business the company moved into the production of electricity via wind turbines. At that time the wind farms were established as tax shelters so the machinery was about as bad in most instances as laws permitted, and almost all of the wind turbines eventually failed. Energy Alternatives also failed along with many other companies in the energy industry during that period of time.

Groundwork had been set in place, however, how far back Bob couldn’t guess, for events that would take place following failure of the company. It seemed that, through guidance, which appeared to have no source except from other dimensions, business plans came forth which seemed inspired toward success. Financial opportunities began to tumble in one upon another. Opportunities opened up in areas in which, at first observation, there seemed to be no talent or affinity for participation. It was simply assumed that those things were intended and every opportunity was accepted with grace and appreciation.

Steve and Diana believed directions were being given them to become anonymous in their activities; the company was dissolved and they underwent personal bankruptcy so as to completely disassociate themselves with their unsuccessful past. They laughed a lot and lovingly referred to their new projects as “God’s work”. They became very active in the movement toward enlightenment and help for humanity. Bob found it contagious and, before he realized it, he too was up to his neck in the same activities. He loved it; he loved the people he met and was beginning to feel very productive along with gaining a much longed for inner peace. He often wondered what in the world people were thinking about when they cast stones toward those involved in trying to help their fellow humans and the wonderful Earth upon which all must live. After all, there can be no escape from the planet—if you go up, you have to come down; if you move outward, you have to come back. We are attached to Earth and it becomes clear that we must learn to treat our existence here more respectfully. We must nurture our “Mother” and stop our destructive games or, it is obvious, we will all perish.

One of the “instructions” Diana had received in a meditation was that a movie, or series of movies, should be made to alert the public to the terrible visceral damage being done to Mother Earth by the nuclear explosions, acid rain, toxic wastes and hydrocarbon pollution. Steve and Bob were directed by Diana to several books and writings, both ancient and modern, strongly suggesting that the Earth acted as a huge single electrical conductor. This hypothesis was completely in accord with the findings and research of Nikola Tesla.

The paramount meaning of that information wasn’t clear until Steve and Diana spent several hours with Sister Thedra after the Second Annual Gathering of Light at Mt. Shasta. She showed them a recent drawing done through a scientific channel in Argentina which clearly indicated that the Earth has accumulated enough negative energy to create a latent tilt of thirteen degrees from its present axis. At the Gathering several of the channeled entities had made explicit references to the great concerns of the Mighty Council of the Intergalactic Fleet that they might be unable to support the present axis long enough for humanity to reverse the negative energy flow that was creating the problem. They had made it abundantly clear that all of Creation is made of energy and that negative thoughts (of war, terrorism, hate and general human unhappiness) imputed a negative charge to Mother Earth which must be offset by positive thoughts (love, happiness and peace) to bring her into balance. Any nuclear explosion in space will result in the Fleet’s removing their temporary balancing energy, which will allow the shift of axis to immediately occur. The tidal waves, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes following such a shift would probably eliminate most life on the planet. Thus it became clear, especially to Diana, why the movie was so extraordinarily important.

Needless to say, the responsibility weighed heavily on both Diana and Steve even though they received the love and support extended through Virginia Essene and Ann Valentine, who had published the most valuable books available in those days, *Secret Truths* and *New Teachings*. The major pillar of strength was, of course, Carl Bryant, the Peace Pipe Smoking Sioux from South Dakota. He always had the right stuff at the

right time for Diana, whether it was encouragement, laughter or a swift kick.

Bob roused himself briefly and then again lapsed into the semi-conscious twilight to avoid the pain. His mind went back to his favorite memories of some fifteen years ago. It had been, all at the same time, the most difficult and yet wonderful time of his life.

He had been sent to Argentina on a business trip and found himself with a couple of weeks of free time. He had always had a nagging wish to go to Peru and see the ancient ruins of Machu Picchu and the Plains of Nazca. He had read of the giant engravings and phenomenon which were reported from that area; had read all the books about so-called space vehicles, and was aware that the Peruvians accepted, without question, the presence of spacecraft. At any rate, he had always wanted to investigate the area and took that opportunity to do so.

Early in his visit he met a delightful couple, Richard Peterson and his friend, Athenia. Athenia’s friend, Anranjia, appeared the following day and Bob was totally captivated by her. They called her Ranjia and very soon the four were practically inseparable. Some of their stories seemed incredible to Bob and he only half believed most of them. Richard had told him that he, too, had not believed the stories as they were told to him—in the beginning. However, he changed his mind. Athenia and Ranjia simply stated they were here from another planet and proceeded to prove it. Richard had the opportunity of traveling in one of their shuttle craft and had been taken to visit on one of the large ships called a “Mother Ship”.

Bob had fallen hopelessly in love with Ranjia and, although she continually explained that she was not of the planet Earth, he never really believed it. She told him that she was here on a mission and would find it necessary to be available to depart at any time her orders were to do so. It came, however, with as much surprise as if he had never been told of such a thing when suddenly one evening she and Athenia announced that they would be leaving first thing the next morning. They said there was a crisis regarding Earth which necessitated massing of the space fleets. She had started to go into great detail but stopped when she sensed the heartbreaking conflict going on inside him. Too late he had accepted her honesty and the following day she, Athenia and their “space brothers” vanished.

Bob was devastated—totally lost. He knew in his heart there would never be another love for him. He stayed around Lima for a few days with Richard but knew he must return to Los Angeles and get on with his life. He had never stopped having her visit in his dreams.

He was musing in the painful pleasure of those Peru memories when the pain of the human body roused his consciousness. As he squinted through blurred eyes he saw the Redtail sitting on a ledge above him. It took flight, swooped low over him and glided up the canyon. It appeared to Bob that the hawk simply dissolved into the painting on the cliff face. His consciousness dissolved also.

As he roused again he looked up the canyon where the hawk had gone—the last thing he remembered was the vision of an Indian maiden standing on a boulder beneath the area where he had seen the painting. He made a desperate effort to hold on to consciousness but it slowly slipped away once again.

The maiden motioned to someone further up the canyon and four young Indian men moved quietly forward to join her. She ran over to Bob and began to evaluate his injuries. The men unrolled a travois, gently gathered Bob onto it, and as his darkness folded about him they were taking him gently up the canyon trail. All that remained were the drag trails in the sandy soil and the ever-watching hawk.

GLORIOUS DEATH

As the car submerged an energy became visible above the vehicle. It was Diana's soul essence, which had departed her physical body as it had careened over the river embankment and crashed through the brush and boulders, still locked within the metal machine. Almost instantly her energy essence was joined by a second energy which emerged from the vehicle. There was instant recognition between the energies as they hovered above the scene displayed in the river. Both energies were aware they were departed from the physical bodies within the automobile but recognized no emotional attachment to the happenings below. They simply observed the activities with some amount of interest but total lack of concern. Both energies were aware of a total well being, infinite peace and overwhelming joy. They heard the voices of the onlookers with detachment and at the same time were free and floating as if on the waves of strains of beautiful music.

Both entities were aware of Bob's physical body as it lay broken against the rock and brush but felt no participation within the scene itself. They were aware that the energy entity known as Bob was still present in the human physical form that lay beneath them. There was no longer need of their presence.

They lingered momentarily to observe the activities one last time as if observing some far distant play being enacted on an illusionary stage. They witnessed the frantic activities of the helpers in their efforts to free the two collapsed bodies from the automobile. They made an effort to draw the attention of the onlookers toward Bob's broken body and found they had no way to communicate with the physical beings who were only inches from them. After observing the activities for a few brief moments they turned away to face whatever lay before them in this new awareness.

It was as if they were immediately immersed within what appeared to be a whirling tunnel of darkness. They were aware of entities present all around them as they traveled through the tunnel. At the distant end toward which they were floating was a brilliant Light of some kind. The Light seemed to reach out to them to draw them into itself. It was as if they, too, had become less dense. There was such overwhelming love and peace that all connection to Earth's physical existence was evaporated from their awareness.

As they neared the opening to the tunnel there appeared more entities which were easily recognized by each. Each was also aware of the presence of other energy entities which they could only describe as angel forms. The Light became more and more intense magnetically until they were thrust into the Light itself; they, too, had become Light but not of such brilliance as that before them. The absolute love energy, for which the human entity has no description, completely engulfed them and dissolved them. They knew this love force could only be the God Love Itself. They had come home.

As they dissolved within the Light there was recognition of total knowledge. Every minute portion of existence, of all time and all dimensions, was instantly and concurrently comprehended. They had become all beings, all things in infinity. There was no beginning and no ending; there was simply "being".

Out of the vibrations of the Light itself came a voice which spoke to them:

"I AM THE SOURCE OF ALL THINGS. I AM THE CREATOR OF ALL. I AM ALL! YOU HAVE PASSED FROM WHAT YOU HAVE KNOWN AS THE THIRD DIMENSION. YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT THROUGH THE SHADOWS AND VEIL OF IGNORANCE AND DARKNESS AND YOU HAVE NOW BECOME LIGHT. YOU HAVE ENTERED A MUCH HIGHER DIMENSION THAN YOU COULD HAVE EVER DREAMED OF IN YOUR HUMAN FORM. AS YOU EXPERIENCE THE

KNOWINGNESS YOU MAY ALSO EXPERIENCE CHOICES REGARDING YOUR JOURNEY WHICH YOU PERCEIVE TO BE IN YOUR FUTURE. THERE IS NO TIME AND NO SPACE; THERE IS ONLY THOUGHT. THERE IS ONLY ILLUSION AND IT IS ONLY THROUGH MY THOUGHT THAT ENERGY COALESCES INTO WHAT YOU HAVE PERCEIVED AS MATTER. YOU ARE ALL; I AM ALL. YOU ARE MY THOUGHT CREATION; THEREFORE YOU ARE SIMPLY AN EXTENSION OF MYSELF.

"THERE IS MUCH PERCEIVED NEED, MUCH SUFFERING AND PAIN ON YOUR PLANET EARTH. THAT WHICH YOU CALL MOTHER EARTH, THAT BELOVED LIFE ENTITY WHICH I CREATED, IS BEING DISEASED AND TORTURED BEYOND THAT WHICH SHE WILL LONGER ENDURE. SHE BORE YOU AND PROVIDED FOR YOU AS HUMAN ENTITIES UPON HER SKIN AND ATMOSPHERE AND YOU HAVE BROUGHT DESTRUCTION UPON HER INSTEAD OF LOVE AND HARMONY. HARMONY IS THE ULTIMATE GOAL IN THE UNIVERSE AND LOVE IS THE ONLY ROUTE BY WHICH THAT GOAL CAN BE REACHED. LOVE IS THE MOST JOYFUL OF ALL MY THOUGHTS SO I CHOOSE TO THINK IT THE MOST. YOU ARE PRECIOUS TO ME AS ALL OF MY THOUGHT CREATIONS ARE PRECIOUS TO ME.

"WHEN I CREATED THE HUMAN ENTITY AND GAVE HIM THE EMERALD PLANET EARTH UPON WHICH TO EXPERIENCE, I ALSO GAVE HIM FREEDOM OF WILL. MAN HAS USED HIS FREE WILL IN MANY NEGATIVE AND HURTFUL WAYS. HE WAS GIVEN CHOICES AND HE OFTEN CHOSE THE DARK PASSAGES AND BROUGHT HURT AND DAMAGE UPON MY OTHER CREATIONS. ALL MY CREATIONS ARE PIECES OF THE TAPESTRY OF EXISTENCE; EACH PIECE IS NECESSARY TO COMPLETE THE WHOLE. MAN HAS GAINED KNOWLEDGE OF TECHNICAL MAGNITUDE BEYOND THAT WHICH HIS SPIRITUAL GROWTH HAS MATCHED. HE HAS PLAYED WITH TOYS OF DESTRUCTION WHICH IF UNLEASHED CAN CHANGE THE VERY VIBRATIONAL ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

"I DO NOT LIKE TO UNCREATE MY THOUGHT MANIFESTATIONS. I LIKE TO BRING MY THOUGHTS INTO EXISTENCE AND KEEP THEM FOR A WHILE AND ENJOY THEM. THOSE ENTITIES SUCH AS YOU BRING ME GREAT JOY IN YOUR EFFORTS TO CLEANSE AND HEAL YOUR LIFE SOURCE. IT HAS BROUGHT SPECIAL JOY THAT THERE ARE THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE CEASELESS IN YOUR EFFORTS TO BRING TO A HALT ATOMIC DESTRUCTION. WHAT YOU HAVE KNOWN AS HYDROGEN IS A BASIC ELEMENT OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF. PHYSICAL DEATH RESULTING FROM NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS AND RADIATION OF THAT SUBSTANCE DAMAGES THE VERY FREQUENCY OF THE SOUL ENERGY.

"AS YOU STAND HERE WITH ME WITHIN THE LIGHT, I GIVE YOU A CHOICE. EACH ENTITY HAS ITS OWN PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE SO EACH MUST, WITHIN ITS KNOWINGNESS, MAKE ITS SEPARATE CHOICE. YOU MAY NOT CHOOSE FOR EACH OTHER. YOU MAY ONLY CHOOSE YOUR OWN DIRECTION.

"THERE WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO YOU THE POSSIBILITY OF REMAINING IN THIS PRESENT DIMENSION WITHIN WHICH YOU ARE EXPERIENCING. SHOULD YOU REMAIN IN THIS PARTICULAR DIMENSION YOU WILL BE TAUGHT MANY TRUTHS. YOU WILL BE SHOWN MANY

THINGS. YOU WOULD BE TAUGHT THESE THINGS SO THAT, SHOULD YOU RETURN TO YOUR THIRD-DIMENSIONAL FORM—INTO YOUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF PHYSICAL HUMAN FORM, YOU MIGHT HELP YOUR FELLOW HUMAN TO FIND DIRECTION AND TRUTH. YOU WOULD RETURN AS A TEACHER AND LEADER TO FACILITATE THE REBIRTHING OF YOUR EARTH PLANET. SHE IS IN GREAT PAIN AND IT WILL ONLY BE THROUGH THE GREATEST OF LOVE AND NURTURING THAT SHE WILL BE ENABLED TO SURVIVE WITHOUT A COMPLETE CATHARSIS.

"TEACHERS AND GUIDES WILL BE PROVIDED SO THAT YOU CAN KNOW YOUR DIRECTION SHOULD YOU MAKE THE CHOICE TO RETURN TO THAT MORTAL FORM. OR, YOU MAY SIMPLY CHOOSE TO PASS ON INTO THE HIGHER DIMENSIONS OF SPIRIT ENERGY.

"YOU RECOGNIZE THAT YOU HAVE PASSED THIS WAY BEFORE BECAUSE YOU HAVE. THERE IS ONLY NOW AND I KNOW THAT YOU ARE HERE AGAIN TO RECEIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTION. THE CHOICE IS YOURS. YOU MAY PASS ON TO HIGHER DIMENSIONS OR YOU MAY STAY AT THIS DIMENSIONAL LEVEL FOR THE INSTRUCTION.

"SHOULD YOU CHOOSE THE WAY OF THE TEACHINGS THERE WILL BE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A CHOICE OF REMAINING IN SPIRIT OR RETURNING TO THE MORTAL FORM. I AWAIT YOUR ANSWER. YOU MAY SIMPLY EXPERIENCE THE LOVE AND JOY FOR A MOMENT AS I FEEL YOUR JOY AND ECSTASY.

"I SEE THAT YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE; I WELCOME YOUR PARTICIPATION. YOU BRING ME JOY. YOU WILL RECEIVE KNOWLEDGE SO THAT YOU MIGHT RETURN TO EARTH IN ORDER TO BRING OTHERS TO AN UNDERSTANDING OF ME. SO BE IT.

"I HAVE SUMMONED GUIDES TO ASSIST YOU IN REACHING YOUR TEACHERS AND A PLACE TO EXPERIENCE THE LESSONS. YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEM AS YOU HAVE KNOWN THEM BEFORE. I SUMMONED YOUR BROTHERS FROM WHAT YOU HAVE CALLED SPACE; FROM YOUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM. THEY ARE SIMPLY YOUR OLDER BROTHERS WHO HAVE MASTERED TECHNOLOGY ADVANCED OF YOUR HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. DO NOT CONFUSE THEM WITH ENERGIES OF THE HIGHEST CAUSE; THEY ARE SIMPLY ADVANCED OF YOU EARTHLINGS AND ARE AVAILABLE AS ASSISTANTS TO RENDER AID AND ASSISTANCE IN THIS MOMENT OF CRISIS. I BLESS YOU."

As the ultimate brightness withdrew and what appeared to be a misty vapor evaporated, the energy forms of Steve and Diana took on the substance of material form.

From the distance three entities moved rapidly toward them. The entities were dressed in what appeared to Steve and Diana as "space suits". The suits were of metallic-appearing material with close fitting form. Boots were formed so well that they appeared to be attached to the suits themselves. The foremost entity extended his arms in welcome and introduced himself as Yeorgos. He turned and introduced the other beings with him as Hycpos and Athenia. There were warm greetings amongst the group and a moment of utter surprise as recognition flashed through the group. There was instant knowingness that

Diana had been one of this group of cosmonauts in some other moment of time. Steve, too, knew that he had experienced a like existence as the feelings were familiar and comfortable. He felt an overwhelming camaraderie with these people.

Yeorgos told Steve that the present group originated in the Pleiades and one of the moons of Jupiter. Yeorgos explained that there was much activity taking place at the Galactic Fleet level as activities on planet Earth grew to crisis proportion because of the nuclear experimentation and detonations. He also explained that he was a commander of one of the space commands and that these were his fellow cosmonauts. He said he had been instructed to make them comfortable in their new surroundings. There was an immediate eagerness to share old memories and wonderful anticipation of learning new and different technology. It was as if all the Earth experience had become only a hazy memory. The movement from one frequency vibrational dimension to another always produced changes in the memory data banks. The memory, however, would always grow sharper in the higher frequency and what occurred while in a higher dimension would always be temporarily blocked when an entity returned to the lower dimensions.

They were located in an area very similar to the canyon in which they had been in the river. Gorgeous variegated crimson and gold cliffs of stone rose above them in the distance and they could look forward to a wide valley with trees lining a river bank. In one or two places water cascaded over the cliffs from above and joined into the stream bed in the valley. The view was magnificent. The Earth itself seemed to be dissolved from the stone in that it was all of such gloriously vibrant colors. The air smelled fresh and clean and the warmth of the Earth felt good against their feet. Occasionally they picked up the scent of burning wood wafting through the air. There was only a bit of breeze now and then and the temperature was mild and pleasant. The group chatted happily as they hiked along a well-worn path which ran beside the stream.

As they rounded a curve in the canyon a spectacular sight lay before them. The valley floor widened broadly and the scene left Steve and Diana stunned. Directly ahead and a bit to the right of the stream was a craft of breathtaking form. It was obviously the craft from which the cosmonauts had come. It gleamed in the Sun like a giant silver disc poised to sail into the distant forever. Questions tumbled through their minds one upon another, too quickly to be expressed. They knew they would be given answers as would be proper but it seemed as if their mental circuits were somehow jammed.

As they moved toward the craft the scene took on proportions of total fiction. They had somehow been placed in a situation which appeared to be somewhere between reality and fantasy. Further up the canyon, which continued to widen and bend somewhat, was an even more unbelievable sight. Before them were fields in which Indians were tilling corn and some type of grain. There were also areas of tilled land in which green vegetables and root foods were being grown. At the foot of the canyon walls were dwellings of adobe. Higher up the sides of the walls, in areas where the cliffs had long ago broken and fallen away, were tucked whole villages of ancient Indian dwellings. They had been placed in the midst of the ancient past which had somehow become the present. As they looked behind them at the spectacular spacecraft they knew that what they had perceived as the future was also the present. They knew that whatever awaited them would be "out of this world".

[TO CONTINUE; "SPACE BROTHERS"]

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Sipapu Odyssey: Space Brothers

12/29/99—#2

SPACE BROTHERS

As the five approached the spacecraft, Steve remarked that he had not seen the craft until they were quite near relative to where he felt it "should" have been visible. Due to its large size it should have been visible for a long distance, and he inquired as to why they had not seen it sooner. Yeorgos answered that there is an electromagnetic field around the craft which would cause it to be invisible when the field is activated. Once an individual's own personal vibration frequency was elevated, however, it would always be visible. He pointed out that Steve and Diana had made the transition into a higher-dimensional vibration frequency which would continue to increase as they became more attuned.

As they entered the craft two people moved forward to greet them and Yeorgos introduced them. One was a tall man about six feet in height, slim and bearded. His beard was very well trimmed and was of a light brown color which matched the color of his hair. The man's name was John and he had a warmly glowing and gentle smile. Energy and love radiated from his presence. Diana was instantly drawn back to the feelings she experienced in the presence of the energy from within the light as they had emerged from the tunnel. Hycos noticed the reaction and quickly spoke up in order to put the two at ease. He explained that John was an entity who had attained the ability to move intra-dimensionally. His creation had originated in one of the highest of dimensions and he had come to planet Earth specifically for the purpose of teaching. He would be working with them both to enable them to raise their personal vibrations to an even higher level. He was to be a guide from a high-frequency spiritual aspect. Yeorgos added that the real value is in the spiritual aspect and knowledge and that the Space Brothers were to be only assistants and helpers.

The second man was not quite as tall and had very light hair and eyes. He was dressed rather casually, in an earthly manner. Yeorgos introduced him as Richard, and said Richard had a very interesting history which would be enjoyable to share. Richard had most recently come via Peru. Yeorgos noted with humor that Richard was a fellow cosmonaut who had agreed to manifest on Earth planet for the purpose of awakening Earth brothers and begin early stages of enlightenment. Richard's frequency had zipped down near zero when he had passed into the lower density of Earth's atmosphere. Because of that he had wandered about rather aimlessly for years in Earth time. He had gone to Peru and the opportunity was correct for Athenia to join him and cause him to "remember" his purpose. Athenia and Richard had been "married" prior to the Earth escapade, so it was especially pleasing that she would be the one to work with him in Peru. Athenia and her comrades from outer space were based in the Andes Mountains at the time. Richard's mission was to "experience" from the aspect of a human and then write about those experiences. The information would further validate the existence of space brothers and accurately begin to establish their correct relationship. Earthman had a most heavy urge to make the brothers some type of God-being, and that misconception was to be corrected. Yeorgos was obviously enjoying himself very much at Richard's expense. Steve was sure that there would be some amusing stories regarding Richard's

experiences as a human.

As the group arranged themselves on the cushions offered them, Athenia moved hers next to Richard and settled comfortably against his knees. Steve studied her intently; he had never seen such eyes as Athenia's. They were blue and yet, that didn't quite describe them. They were iridescent blue-silver and bottomless; he felt that one might be able to see into her very essence through them. She was also to be a teacher.

Yeorgos explained that he was referred to as The Commander. However, he explained that the term was not quite suitable as used in the Earth plane. They had not originated on a "free will" planet, and thus, were not plagued by wars, crimes and political nonsense. They had no need of "status" titles, but rather used simple titles representing categorical responsibility. Hycos was the recognized "medical" person but it was explained that, once again, the definition lacked clarity, for his type of "medical" practice did not resemble anything like that practiced on the human level. Athenia was a technical person who would be classified in Earth language as a scientist/professor. Yeorgos said they all had equivalent skills in most categories but each had his individual area of responsibility. He noted all were skilled pilots to facilitate rotation of flight responsibilities. He promised to demonstrate that skill within a few days.

Athenia interrupted the conversation saying she "felt" energy vibrations, indicating concern regarding the physical person known as Bob. She was correct, as Steve and Diana were deeply concerned about their friend. Athenia said for them to be at ease because Bob had remained in his mortal body and was presently being cared for by their Indian brothers in the Pueblo across the valley. They were told it would be a while before he would be able to see them due to his low vibrational density. They would, however, have the ability to observe him. With the training and exercises which were planned for him, however, his would only be a temporary inability. The overall plan was for the three of them to experience the lessons as a group. Athenia continued by sharing that it was planned for the three to function as an integral part of an extremely important mission. The mission was involved with a "GATHERING" and would require extensive explanations. First, she suggested, they should adjust to their new environment.

Yeorgos smiled his captivating smile and said there'd be a lot of fancy footwork and fun which would make the learning period extremely enjoyable. He promised many ship flights for lots of "sight-seeing". He said there were many Earth places of importance that should be pointed out to them. His demeanor reflected the anticipated fun. He pointed out, however, that there would also be many more difficult activities in which to participate, after they returned to the physical form. He figured this should be a most delightful interim. He rambled on about how they would be shown "demonstrations" through pictures using holograms. He then explained that those holograms would consist of active participation within the scenarios. This would be technically produced by a method of displayed projections originating from a laser beam apparatus aboard the craft. He captivated them with his enthusiastic description of how the apparatus functioned; they failed to understand any of it. He said it was the greatest form of entertainment, and they didn't question him regarding that probability. Yeorgos appeared to be completely entertained by everything and had the ability to make the

enthusiasm contagious. This new odyssey was undoubtedly going to be remarkable.

After a bit more conversation Yeorgos offered them a tour of the craft which they eagerly accepted.

As they had approached the entry door they all put on insulated foot coverings. It was explained that the insulated footwear would not conduct electricity and would prevent risk of electric shock. The main room appeared to be about twenty-five feet in diameter. Additional rooms were visible off the main room. All light was of some type of indirect arrangement and the room appeared to simply "glow". There was an almost continuous panel of controls surrounding the room, only interrupted by doorways and view tunnels. The "floor" could be made transparent from several locations on the control panel, giving total visibility. In addition, there were multiple view areas for clear visibility above. It appeared the entire ceiling panels could also be converted to a single transparent shield. View ports completely surrounded the craft. Athenia demonstrated many of the technical controls which she pointed out one by one. There were many electromagnetic reactors which were fascinating. Steve's interest was completely absorbed in an antigravity device that was so simple in concept that it baffled his mind; mercury seemed to be the important single element used in the device, although there were also finely tuned copper and gold wires encircling the central "mercury" core. In the energy thrust system there were similar components surrounding what appeared to be a crystal. Yeorgos grinned and assured the two that the devices would be made available to Earthlings when the time was suitable. He also assured them that they would be told of these things during the teaching sessions. Gold was used extensively in the power system and Yeorgos said gold was very easily obtained. Steve chose to let the remark go unquestioned, until a later time.

There was no way Steve and Diana could even begin to imagine the wondrous adventures ahead of them, and in the following days instruction sessions were intense. They saw very little of Richard, Hypcos and John, but Athenia and Yeorgos were with them constantly. They had been given marvelous living quarters and all comforts were provided them. Hours were spent in vibration-raising exercises, extensive discussion sessions, as well as intensive input regarding projects under way by the higher energies. Those projects were to be manifested on the Earth plane.

They were continually updated regarding Bob's condition and were assured that he would be ready to join them soon. They were told that the instructions he was receiving from the Indian master were of utmost importance. They would also be given those teachings. Yeorgos said they were very fortunate to be able to experience the Indian guide in such a personal way. He said for the first time the oral teachings of the Ancient Ones would be recorded and made available to Earth people. The Indian Medicine Man was currently working on those gifts, after having been given permission by the Ultimate One whom they lovingly referred to as Grandfather. Yeorgos said many wondrous things were being made available to the human brothers and his only wish would be that they would be used wisely. He said time had literally "run out" for further blundering on planet Earth. Either human species would change their "ways" or they would most surely reap destruction. And, because Earth activities had now moved out into space in such a way as to endanger safety of the entire universe, participation would now be required from the outer dimensions. He assured them they would have a thorough explanation regarding those subjects.

Yeorgos told them that there were other such groups gathered at other locations throughout the planet, so the emphasis for this group would be on instructions regarding the United States. Other locations would be shown and mentioned only as necessary to complete a project structure and/or when relative to a joint project. He said a very major gathering was being set up currently and that the highest of energy forms from both the spiritual realms and the cosmic realms would be present in the area known as California. Therefore, great emphasis was being placed on the U.S. He explained the necessity of the movie which Bob, Steve and Diana were producing. He said every detail had been a directed project, even if they had not been aware of that, and that each detail had been planned, even to the location. He told them the GATHERING would take place under disguise as a scene in the motion picture. He said the projected filming of the GATHERING would take place in Tehachapi, at the same time that the town would be celebrating its annual Mountain Festival. That way the local people would participate without realizing there was anything, other than the motion picture filming, taking place. He explained why timing had been so important and why it had been necessary to relocate their residence to that place. He promised to discuss the wind energy farms, their use and intended purpose at a later time.

Behind the facade of the movie and the consequent filming, the very HIGHEST ENERGIES would become manifest. In addition, the space brothers would become visible to the humans gathered for film participation. There was planned a great massing of spacecraft. There would be entity energy exchanges via craft beams. Yeorgos explained that there were already energies working through a human at Edwards Air Force Base near Rosamond to arrange safe passage for the spacecraft under the guise of "special effects". That would cover the appearance of radar glitches which might be seen from Edwards. The overall plan would be to have the GATHERING, film all the details, have present many of the highest energy forms from spiritual realms, and have human personalities of such prominence, by the dozens, so there would be no misunderstanding as to the validity of the "happening". The spaceships, as well as galactic commanders and cosmonauts, would also be present in a spectacular display so that no portion of the event would be discredited. Earth astronauts would be brought in under the guise of participation in a peace segment within the movie. Yeorgos emphasized that the astronauts who had experienced space flight were well aware of spacecraft from other places in the universe. The Hensleys were assured that those necessary for the successful consummation of the project would be properly informed. Preparations were not only under way, but were almost complete.

The days passed quickly and there were several fantastic spacecraft flights. Athenia and Richard had to go to Peru to finalize some arrangements in that location, and Steve and Diana were allowed to accompany them. Richard's and Athenia's plans were to remain in Peru for several days, so schedules were made for Yeorgos to return for them. Yeorgos took a bit of extra time to allow Steve and Diana to see some of the historic land sites. They were shown the Nazca Plains and the giant drawings were explained. They were taken over Machu Picchu and actually into Lake Titicaca. It was totally breathtaking. Yeorgos was spellbinding as a "tour guide" and kept their complete attention with stories and explanations. He told of one known as Thedra who was a very, very special being. She had been sent to Titicaca and, while there, was given the greatest of teachings from the Great Master

Himself. She recorded all the teachings and they became available through her Mt. Shasta, California location. He said that she was now eighty-seven or eighty-eight Earth years of age but was still physically active and remained intellectually brilliant. He said she had become extremely weary of Earth existence and continually told the space brothers who lived with her, and tended her, that she only remained in this dimension to experience the long-awaited "GATHERING", "if it didn't take too long in coming". He grinned widely and said he anticipated some dandy happenings at the GATHERING, which would surely "open some Earth eyes, while dropping many Earth chins". He said Thedra was special within the "space" community also, and she was keenly tuned and did, indeed, already spend much time with the brothers on her home placement. He said she would simply "leave" at such time as she was finished with her work or found it better to be elsewhere. He commented that Earthman was so blind and narrow of mind not to have perceived these things. He wondered how so many wrong ideas had made their way into Earth society. He allowed as how he was here to change some of those misconceptions and it would be happening very soon!

Before returning to Utah they were given a grand tour. Yeorgos pointed out dozens of sites where there were hidden space bases. They were also shown the ancient ruins of the Incas, Aztecs and Mayans. Special emphasis was placed on the little country of Belize and the ancient ruins located there. It was there that one of the famed "crystal skulls" was found; Yeorgos explained the secret of the skulls and the importance of their various locations. They talked of important locations within the United States as well, but a decision was made to investigate those when Bob would be with them. This was due to a planned personal involvement for the three friends. The time was growing near for Bob to be joining them, Yeorgos commented.

GLORIOUS LIFE

When Bob awakened it was dark and he was thirsty, but still too weak to make any effort to move. He made a mental note to himself that he felt no pain and was thankful. He was too weak and confused to even think about it; it was as if he had been drugged. He felt a great peace and drifted back into sleep. This time he was aware it was sleep and not a loss of consciousness. He didn't know where he was; he assumed he was still on the riverbank; he didn't longer care one way or another. The next time he roused it was broad daylight but the Sun had not yet risen. He could hear water running—it sounded wonderful. Before he could make any effort at movement an arm was slipped under his head and an earthen vessel (he could smell the clay and feel the roughness with his lips) full of water was held to his mouth. He drank thirstily and lay back. He could see the Sun would shine into the area where he lay after rising a little higher in the heavens, and he was glad. In spite of the fact that he was covered with some sort of furry blanket, he was chilled and the warmth of the Sun would be, indeed, welcome. His own clothing had been removed and his arm was straightened and splinted with a pack of some kind of fragrant herb on the open wound which the jagged bone had made in his arm. He also noted that his right knee and left ankle and foot were also wrapped in herbal bandages. He had learned this by careful probing, and then settled back and relaxed. He felt no pain and realized he was being cared for, and he recognized that he sure needed it!

The first day or two drifted by hazily as Bob fought

illness, strangeness and lassitude. He became aware that an Indian woman was sitting across the center of the room from him. She was holding a small loom on her lap on which she wove threads from big balls of coarse string of what looked like a kind of cotton or wool. Sometimes she wove rabbit fur, which had been cut into strips, into a blanket like the one that covered him. Back at the far end of the long room, which was more like an adobe cave than a building, sat an old Medicine Man making arrowheads, or something similar. There was a pile of flint behind him and it appeared he was fashioning the points and tools from pieces taken from it. Bob could hear the tap, tap, chip, chip of this craft all day. Often, one or both of these people helped care for him.

He had not yet really seen the person who was mostly caring for him, because she (he knew it was a woman because of her light, exquisite scent) seemed to be always back of him, or above his head. On the third afternoon, however, he saw her move over to where a spring ran water near the opening of the room. The water cascaded gently over the stone catch basin and splashed happily over the small stones at the base of the basin. She had gone to get fresh water for him. She was returning, carrying a small bowl, when he looked up. He has always thought the Indian girls were pretty, but never had he seen anyone to equal this girl. She was so beautiful he couldn't believe his eyes and thought to himself that perhaps he had perished after all. She brought the bowl to him, gave him a drink, bathed his face and gently smiled at him. She then turned toward the room opening and settled on the sand shelf at the foot of his pallet. He studied her as she began working on pieces of leather which were obviously intended to be shoes. The leather was soft as butter and appeared to be from the same material as the clothing which had been placed on his body. He wondered what her name might be. He watched a while and studied her eyes as they were like the wide, bottomless eyes of a doe and decided he would call her Fawn; she reminded him of a graceful and gentle deer fawn. Every time he looked at her he felt an unbelievable tug at his heart because, if he had not known better, he would have been sure she was somehow Anaranja. The memories caused bittersweet pain as he marveled at the similarities of this girl and his lost love from Peru.

From his pallet he could look out and see across the valley a large bit of sky and a bit of what appeared to be a cliff ledge jutting out in front of the room opening.

Fawn was always the one who brought food, fed him from an earthen bowl, and wiped his hands and face with a damp, coarse cloth. Every evening she brought him a bowl of some kind of herbal tea, kind of faintly bitter but decidedly sweet and aromatic. After he drank it, he always slipped into a deep sleep that would last all night. His arm was mostly comfortable and he had the feeling it was healing rapidly. The swelling in his legs was greatly reduced although he had not tried to bear weight on them. He was still too weak to make the effort to even sit. After a few more days Fawn stopped bringing the evening bowl of tea and Bob was awake more during the night. No one remained in his room at night; he was alone with his thoughts and dreams.

In the early mornings, the Medicine Man stood at the mouth of the cave and chanted his greeting to the Sun. On his way back to the flint bed he always stopped and put his hands on Bob's injuries, one at a time, and Bob could feel the heat go deep into the injured tissues. Apparently, this had been going on every morning before he woke, but now that he was stronger, he was more aware of what was happening around him.

He noticed that a group of workers filed out of the

kiva in the north end of the cave-like room and, from the simple tools they carried, he deduced they were farmers raising crops in the valley, probably using water from the spring for irrigation. In the afternoon a few children, ten or a dozen, came out and were tended by a couple of older girls. There might have been a pool below where the spring ran off because he could hear the children splashing around in water. Later in the afternoon, the children all filed back past him and he couldn't tell exactly where they went.

Bob knew very little of Indian customs other than from stories told by an old Indian who helped at the Roost Ranch. He had enjoyed the fascinating stories told by the old man and eagerly looked forward to the evenings spent at the ranch with Steve.

One of the legends was that the Indians had come up through the Sipapu in the bottom of the kiva to inhabit the Earth. He had seen the Sipapus in the floors of kivas, rectangles about eighteen inches long and four inches or so wide, carved a few inches into the floor of the kiva. These indentations were always kept meticulously clean and the Indians said they often communicated with the Spirit World through them. Bob wondered if it could possibly be that this clan was just emerging to raise crops and store food in the caves below for their final emergence the next spring. This large cave-like room in which he now lived was obviously ceremonial, for the Indians treated it as Holy Ground, hardly ever disturbing a grain of sand. Was it possible that the clan might be returning to the Spirit World through the Sipapu every night? "Oh boy," he thought, "is my mind on a wild kick now."

As the days slipped by into what Bob thought must be weeks, he realized he was captivated by Fawn. One day as she sat nearby, he became overcome with her beauty and grace and reached out to pull her roughly into his arms. He grasped her arm, and the Weaver stood up; he caught a movement from the Medicine Man as well. A wave of fear washed over him; he instinctively knew that his action would not be tolerated, that he must treat Fawn with very careful consideration. Well, that suited him well enough, for by now he was deeply in love with her.

The following day as she again sat nearby, he burst out: "I only wish you could talk to me!"

"I can talk to you," she looked at him in surprise.

"Well, why haven't you, then?" And as he was struck with a new thought, "and in my language, too!"

She laughed, a tinkling brook-water sound, and answered: "You didn't ask me before. And we are not actually talking any language, just from one mind to the other, really. You have to open your mind to another person to talk to him."

Bob begged how to make his approach, and Fawn said that first must come desire—nothing was ever possible without desire first. When one desired deeply enough, he could open his mind to another, and if that other wanted to communicate, both minds were open and tuned to each other.

Bob was not entirely convinced. He pointed to the shouting children. Again, her tinkle of amusement and she said, "They are not actually talking as such, although we do have words and our chants are words. But mostly they are just making sounds somewhat like the singing of birds."

He listened a moment and she was right, they did sound a bit like birds!

One afternoon, after Fawn had left him, Bob got up and moved over to the Weaver and sat down near her. If desire was the key he had plenty of that; he desperately needed to find out what was going on here.

It required many sessions and endless attempts but,

finally, he learned that this was a group set up to come out through the Sipapu and inhabit the Earth, as he had fantasized. "This is too incredible!" he thought to himself. He was told that this was what they called the linking year, when they were raising and storing crops to last them until they could get settled. They had built many dwellings and several villages. They were building storage holes and also storing in caves along the ledges north of this one, which they did use for ceremonial purposes. He learned also that Fawn was the beloved daughter of the Supreme Spirit and, only because of that, she was allowed to be of the world for just this one summer. When Bob asked if she was coming out with the clan, the Weaver assured him that she was not, her father would probably never let her leave the Spirit World. Then the Weaver closed her mind, communication stopped, and Bob had to be content with the bit he had learned.

Bob was certainly not content with the prospects of losing yet another love. If Fawn could not come out, then how was he going to arrange to get to go through the Sipapu and be with her? It took a day or two for him to get the Weaver to talk to him again, she seemed to be afraid to say very much but at last he asked her point blank if there was any way he could go back through the Sipapu. She was stark silent for a moment and he thought he had angered her, "Damn, why had he been so blunt?"

"With faith, anything is possible," she finally whispered.

"Anything is possible?" Bob was fascinated with this new idea.

"But only with faith." The Weaver paused in her work to give him her undivided attention; something she had not done before, and he was almost sorry she was now, from the severe look on her face. "Only with faith! Talk to the Medicine Man." Her mind snapped shut, ending the discussion, and Bob had to go back to his pallet to think about it.

Bob was in total awe of the Medicine Man. He knew how the Indians revered these leaders. He felt he couldn't simply go up and start asking a bunch of questions. If he could just take some gift—and his mind searched for something. He had not had need of the clothing which the Indians had removed when he was brought here, and he spotted them cleanly washed and folded on a little shelf on the far wall. He hobbled over to them and surely enough, the things he had been carrying in his pockets were all there. He inventoried the contents and decided upon using his pocketknife.

When he worked up his courage, he approached the Medicine Man and knelt down as he had watched the children that the Medicine Man coached do. The old seer looked up, smiled, and opened his mind to Bob, and Bob said he had a gift for him. He took out the knife and opened it. He was glad he always kept the edge honed razor sharp. He pulled a hair from his head and snipped it off an inch or so from where he held it in his fingers.

The Medicine Man reached back of him, struck off a chip of flint, and, taking a hair from his own head he indicated that Bob should hold one end. Then he delicately and carefully split the hair. Bob watched the little curls of spider-web fineness curl up and suddenly he knew the truth—they didn't need any of his so-called technology. Their culture was not physical, it was more refined than Bob's and their stone tools were certainly adequate. The meeting was congenial, however, and Bob offered the knife anyway. The seer smiled, nodded his acceptance and thanked him for the gift with gracious poise. Bob became aware that his own perception had been considerably sharpened by the experience.

After a bit, Bob looked at the old wise one again. He

had to know if this was the only way he could find out. As carefully as he could, he asked if would be possible for a mortal to go back through the Sipapu, saying that he loved Fawn with all his heart and he wanted to go and be with her for all time and eternity.

The old man chipped silently at a magnificent arrowhead for a time and Bob was afraid he was going to be told nothing. Then after chip, chip, chip for a few minutes, the old man held out the arrowhead for Bob to inspect. Then he took it back, laid it carefully on a second flint and with one chip broke it into two pieces. The old man smiled wisely and said there were ways to do everything if one had the desire and patience to learn. He handed the two pieces of flint to Bob to make his point.

After a time the old man said that this matter had already come up in the Councils and they were aware that Fawn and Bob were in love. It depended on Bob, if he wanted to learn the ritual and chants and then go through the spiritual teachings for purification, perhaps he could go through the Sipapu with Fawn. Only after he had properly prepared himself could he try. He would be allowed to begin learning the next day if that was his desire. Bob's heart sang and, as he hobbled to the doorway, he let out a bellowing yell to the Redtail hawk circling above.

For days upon days, Bob studied and worked as he had never studied before in his life. He spent hours every day at the feet of the Medicine Man, repeating the chants, correcting his speech, going over and over difficult phrases. The old mystic sometimes laid aside his work and led Bob in a chant, almost as if he were a music master, but often he just went on with his own work. The old man would lapse into hours of uninterrupted teaching of old handed-down legends. Bob had grown to love this being with reverence and total respect. They laughed a lot, too, as the wise old man was filled with humor which he shared liberally. Bob was told there were many surprises in store for him while he dwelled here within the canyons, to not be closed to anything that might occur. He was assured that he would receive the inner sight to accept those things and not to allow doubts and shock to preclude his receiving the guidance. He was told that he would be allowed to experience a great happening that had been set up eons before. He was also told that great knowledge would be opened up and truths presented which could not be disclaimed by the masses of human entities, that the time had drawn nigh for a gathering of the highest universal energies. Bob wanted to pursue the subject, but the old man had turned off and he knew no more discussion would take place that day.

As the lessons drew to a close, the old seer placed a calm hand on his shoulder and said, "Remember, my son, with faith anything is possible."

It was fairly late in the afternoon and Fawn would be coming soon. Bob was restless, and wanted to tell her that he would be leaving the next morning to go into the mountains to meditate and pray and make himself eligible to pass with her through the Sipapu. When she appeared, she was radiant with happiness; she already knew.

They sat quietly together for a while. They didn't talk much; words were not necessary to share this togetherness. Then, Bob remembered the broken arrowhead. He pulled the pieces out and they looked at them. Bob took the larger piece and tucked it into a pocket of the shirt he was wearing. He extended his other hand and offered the pointed piece to Fawn. He told her to keep it always for, as with themselves, when the pieces were placed together, they formed a unit—a whole. He smiled and said that each time she looked at her portion, she would think of him and they would always be together that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED: THE RAINBOW BALLET]
dharma

Interesting Notes As The Circle Closes

By Doris and E.J. Ekker, 12/26/99

CHRISTMAS

Can there truly be life after Christmas: the hoopla, the clear-up, the memories or future-shock—whichever comes next? And is this "holiday" truly a HOLIDAY, or a purging of feelings and emotions (same thing), or a grieving process of realization that you have to let go of some things and bring your life into some balance of realization?

I need to share that sometimes we each get so "down" as, yes, I started out this morning, because the Day after Christmas came on Sunday and we still can't get anything accomplished TODAY. And, I suddenly felt old and so tired and so far from home; my grandbabies—all grown anyway, I guess—and my friends, some of you so distant and yet so close that it is unimagined that we haven't spent a lifetime in the same village.

I cried over spending since 1985 without actually "living", just struggling, serving as best we could—and we end up with life in total disarray, no home, no things, nothing! And yet we have everything and, indeed, are moving right into unlimited abundance—with the few people who have kept with us through this journey, and a family that never failed to share or at the least ALLOW, even when they were hurting from this scrambled journey of ours. Each wishing they could do more to ease our way, and us wishing things would move faster so we could relieve your way—and perhaps that's what life SHOULD be about, anyway.

Oh, please, let us love one another and keep this faith to conclude this "tourist package" we have bought—and are almost through this major portion of the journey.

It truly is a time of renewal, of looking at things and then at self and coming to the reality of what IS, instead of the games we play with what pious things we seem to think are "OK".

We have so much to treasure and, yes, we also have some debts to COLLECT. How do we balance all that? Well, we walk right up to the line and meet our responsibilities and obligations. Ekkers must do the same as all the rest of you, for when one of us is damaged—we are ALL damaged. If we are hit in such a way that our loss causes us even one day of being unable to function because of distraction—it hurts us all.

In the loss of that Adam Dr. property now in LIMBO, we gained far more than did the ones who took the property, for they are going to have to make it right—within the law. That means they do not have anything but headaches and must now face what the nerdniks have done to them—intentionally. Does that mean that we shouldn't make it totally RIGHT? No, we are more obligated to everyone to now make that confrontation worthy of its importance, for it cost all of YOU dearly in time investment, distraction, hurt and actual funds—which would have paid for another month of paper production at least.

Well, I will tell all of you this much: When you serve God and you don't back off, it is equally important that you go right on forward and succeed even more abundantly—and grow and prosper even more—in this case, affluently. We do not settle for being "street people" in cardboard boxes, when others are so greedy and mean as to do these things out of pure hate and avarice. Allowing the slime-skimmers to WIN or

gain out of their misery dealing, lies and cheating is NOT RIGHT, AND THAT IS WHAT IS WRONG, BASICALLY, WITH THIS WORLD—LETTING THE EVIL CREATURES ACTUALLY SUCCEED IN DESTROYING THE REST OF US. If this doesn't sit with your "belief" that God would cause us to face our losses with RESPONSIBLE ACTIONS, then I guess we again part ways, for we are going to meet these inconveniences and miscreant behaviors in every way under the laws of both God and Man.

We are NOT out to hurt or destroy anyONE. But if, in making things RIGHT, those who developed this incredible reach of theft and looting, BEFORE AND AFTER THE HOUSE BIT, get damaged or badly hurt—that is their problem and not ours. We will stand our ground and fight the fight lawfully and in truth, and that is just the way it IS and shall be. And will we be able to do this? YES.

We have not been and are NOT from any darkness—for we hold the very LIGHT OF THE WORLD, and to accept such a name is not acceptable to us. We claim no greatness, no "nothing", but we are not going to sit while God's people pay more, and more and more—so that a few ego-trippers can strip goodness from everything they touch. They had their opportunity, beyond any measure a man could ask—and they have turned directly into the DARK PASSAGE, while claiming it to be us who have lost our way.

FRIENDS, WE HAVE NOT LOST OUR WAY AND NEITHER HAVE "YOU"—WE ARE GETTING THIS JOB DONE IN SUCH INCREDIBLE REALITY THAT IT IS SHOCKING, AND WE CAN'T EVEN YET EXPRESS IT. WE ARE SO ATTUNED TO HAVING TO MEET THE BILL COLLECTORS THAT WE CAN'T SEE BEYOND THE MOMENT OF "WHERE'S THE MONEY" INTO THE REALITY OF SUCH A GLOBAL OPPORTUNITY—ALL SET AND THE STAGE LIGHTS ARE ON—AS TO STUN THE VERY REALIZATION OF IT.

MOREOVER, we are getting to experience the INCREDIBLE miracle of God of LIFE, doing His thing, giving instructions and actually USING those we considered our worst-nightmare enemies. We are watching all those things I have put to paper or tape for over a dozen years—COME INTO PHYSICAL EXPRESSION AND PASSAGE BECAUSE OF OUR ENTRAPMENT AND BONDAGE.

Friends, please bear with me, as I have a bit of problem in this struggle, for I am the one who had the Christmas decorations up at Halloween and down just in time for Easter—or would hang eggs on the Christmas tree. This, not because of the task involved—I LOVED IT. We had anywhere from 15 to 40 for every holiday dinner, and yet Jack (K) in Tehachapi came to the house many times and had to ask Diane if her mother ever cooked? Even early on in Tehachapi it was that you never came to town that there weren't pots of something, and we could gather and have a wonderful time. Our house was like a hotel for the first three years in Tehachapi, but soon I couldn't get any work done for all the fun and games, cooking and fixing. I want to go back to that, friends and family, at least a bit of it, anyway—for my grandbabies grew up and now even my birds are gone. It is not OK! Poor Audrey and Eric had to act as their own joint chefs at times—and frankly I have missed that wonderful and comfortable camaraderie, as our lives got totally absorbed and usurped by the handful of

“protectors”, “isolators” or whatever they were. Our really “old friends” from Tehachapi couldn’t be wedged in among the court cases and other things that somehow left us today as strangers and homeless in our own land.

I have to repeat something—lest people continue in the gossip about that house on Adam Dr. I don’t know how I felt about that particular house—but E.J. saw it as exactly what we needed. We had moved from a home of near 20 years in La Crescenta (one of the nicest areas in the Los Angeles area, in the wonderful foothills, a huge, rambling ranch-style home with some 5 bedrooms, den, five full baths and a HUGE lot of an acre of land, and 54 old and massive olive trees, agave plants larger than some trees, rock work)—a wonderful home for weddings and baby showers and we had lots and lots of BOTH.

But we decided that we needed to “retire” and thus chose Tehachapi, since we were then in the wind energy business and the rest is history—except that it perhaps isn’t clear to later-comers—THAT HOUSE WAS OURS. IT WAS NOT SOME GIFTY-POO FROM THE BLUE—THAT WAS OUR HOME AND, YES, IT WAS BIG, BECAUSE WE HAD A LARGE FAMILY AND WE PREVIOUSLY HAD A “BIG” HOME AND YEARS OF ACCUMULATION. THAT WAS THE HOUSE WE WANTED AND THAT WAS THE HOUSE WE GOT. So please, don’t think that somehow Ekkers spent someone else’s money on our home, somehow. When troubles came with the Savings and Loan and RTC debacle, we couldn’t carry the load alone. And yes, through it all, John Schroepfer, Audrey and Eric were there and helped. Then, when it was really bad, Cort, Cleary and yes, indeed, Millers all did “something” which we knew little to nothing about and, once again, saved the place—only to have it sold again by Millers, NOW. We have tried to serve—we gave up all normal life to serve, give, share or whatever we could do—we did. Now, please hear me—it was not right and it IS NOT RIGHT. And no, I’m not mad as hell and won’t take it any more; IT IS WRONG AND THAT’S WHY WE WON’T TAKE IT ANY MORE.

For goodness’ sakes, George Green STOLE \$400,000 in gold coins and we still have not been able to get around his insipid shysters to recover it—and years and years later, it isn’t even worth much and they still want it. OK, so we certainly do plan on going forward within the law and, yes, we also expect to be able to afford to do so. Does being of God and working for God mean you are to be fools and stupid pious nothings? NO, it means get up on your feet and take a stand for that Truth you tout. If we be serpent darkies, then KNOW—you self-proclaimed enemies—we have been backed into a corner to the very best of your teamed-up abilities and you haven’t dented a feather. We are NOT serpents; we are PEOPLE and when we get up out of the puddle of pudding in the corner, we find that we are ten-feet high and better understand our position. Rick et al. pushed too far and their own little “watcher teamies” have finished the job on them. Please, friends, check out those Internet sites—and you will get the picture and who has served the Satanic Lies so well. Ah, but they had to get that wrong information in the first place from someone else lying, didn’t they? And they SAID it all came from Rick and Ed—goodness sakes, don’t they just tell on themselves right and left, while leaving Millers holding the snipe sack full of very expensive bird poop.

So, to better things that must be shared with you of our own team because you are considered as part of our team, officers, office and staff.

Tinig Ng Inang Bayan, Inc. sent us a Christmas Message yesterday, just to recognize our working relationship, and then Jovita came to visit. She has received far more information from “Dad” than have I lately and is actually given that which is prophecy. We are not talking childish chanting—we are talking things of

which I could not have dreamed.

So the fax, that all of you at home can enjoy, for from this source shall flow the most and probably the first.

[QUOTING:]

Christmas ’99

Mr. & Mrs. Eddyjo Ekker
and to all officers & staffs
(address in Makati)

Dearest Dad, Mom, The Commander and to All,

GREETINGS IN THE HOLY NAME OF THE SUPREME CREATOR, THE FATHER/MOTHER OF ALL CREATIONS FROM YOUR BROTHERS & SISTERS IN THE FAREAST PHILIPPINES THROUGH TINIG NG INANG BAYAN, INC. WITH LOVE, PEACE, JUSTICE & PROSPERITY TO ALL ! ! ! ! !

WISHING YOU ALL A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW GOLDEN MILLENNIUM THAT WILL START FROM THE PHILIPPINES, AS FORETOLD, “THE NEW JERUSALEM OR THE DIVINE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH” AND GOD REALIZATION WITHIN OURSELVES RULED WITH LOVE WITH HUMANE HEART, MIND & BODY.

TINIG NG INANG BAYAN, INC., ITS OFFICERS, STAFFS AND ALL AFFILIATES ARE SINCERELY THANKING YOU ALL FOR GIVING US HOPES FOR A NEW TOMORROW. YOUR ROLES ARE SO VITAL FOR THE GENERAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF OUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR WHAT YOU ARE ALL TO ALL OF US.

WITH ALL OUR LOVE AND CARE,
FATIMA JOVITA G. FULGENCIO AND
TINIG NG INANG BAYAN, INC. STAFFS & AFFILIATES.

[END OF QUOTING]

“THIS” is a group which also first started functioning with us in another capacity as TIBAY.

TINIG, however, is THE company of “The Man” who owns Citicorp, etc.

The first accounts for “Jovita” have been established, she said, and now there is ability to begin to seriously transfer individual funds. When? Well, “The Man” approved and accepted all our instructions and said he could and would do what was outlined and, not being within the private loop, we just have to wait for the unfolding. This would be LOANS, so in case people of our hounding variety might as well know it is not going to Ekkers!

Have I lost my marbles in that “basket case”? I hope so. “The Man” has BEEN SENT BACK to get this job done! Enough discussion.

So, when are we coming home? We don’t know, because we are still told there are warrants out for our arrest and secret Grand Jury indictments—remember the stuff that has hurt Cort and David O’B so badly?

Well, we got no response from Cort and we got no response from Millers—so we have to assume they, in fact, have responded in FACT.

Without a home or property, we don’t have to “go anywhere” now, do we? But with all the laws that have been broken and criminal activities—we aren’t much concerned about the beat-niks.

Father has asked me to take the time, here and next, to sit to this keyboard and retype onto disk, *SIPAPU ODYSSEY*. He says that is a TRUE STORY, of which most of the things were simply removed from our memories, and that it was “their” way to present the prophecies and our participation startup. That was long ago and far away, but others who have been given the information recognize it far better than I, who actually put it to print.

And NO, we are not going to “run away” from our

hometown or from our responsibilities, or even our long-term wishes and “retirement” placement because of the interlopers and thieves. They have MUCH to hide; we have NOTHING to hide or shy away “from”.

Our hearts are full to overflow with the anticipation of the absolute fun and joy we are going to have when we DO come back, and go finding a place for various ones and enjoying that which we have shared in accomplishment. And yes, we will have fun taking a stand from strength, rather from poverty and weakness. If we don’t accept and use that which God makes available to us, we err. And to you who have struggled against all odds and difficulties—we are going to make THAT DIFFERENCE in this old world, and thus, as well, in our “little world”. And then, we are going to move around a lot, all of us, while we participate in this wonderful new game of change.

And yes, indeed, God is going to use all those old “enemies” for HIS PURPOSES THIS TIME. I marvel that we keep forgetting about God and His wonders performed. If you get the old “bad boys” working toward good—JUST AS THE PROPHECIES SAID IT WOULD BE—WOW!

So, to our enemies in Tehachapi—if you are inclined ’twixt now and then to take more—take it—take it all, because this is a new beginning, and we can begin even while we clean up the past mess. GOD ALSO SAID IT WOULD BE THIS WAY FOR THOSE WHO SERVE AND STAY THE COURSE. BUT STAY PREPARED, FOR YOU ARE GOING TO MEET THE LAW HEAD-ON THIS TIME—AND FOR ALL THAT WENT BEFORE.

Rick wrote and threatened that we do what he wanted done or we would “not like him as an enemy”! Well, old boy, you really didn’t want US AS ENEMIES. We finally understand that if it is we who do nothing about the **miscreants like Rick Martin**, then that allows a world to get into this terrible, negative and lawless spiral. God expects us to take a stand PROPERLY, within the laws, that goodness and right actions are again the way of the law and the land.

Will our little loan get bogged in Y2K foul-ups? I don’t know but one reason for “keeping it within the U.S.” was to avoid that possibility. How will it work around here and there? Don’t know—but we just have to have “some modicum” of faith, don’t we?

Miracles do happen, people; the Securities and Exchange people took the cause to the Central Bank Governor—only to have the Governor do a selling job on “them” as to how to use our plan more effectively. They will be meeting over today, Sunday, and tomorrow (our Monday—your Sunday night)—so Tuesday we may well have some interesting news. Or, will they now wait until the computers settle their tummies after eating Y2K dinner? No way to know but “they” are also inclusive of IMF and other interesting parties now trying to “make deals”.

We now KNOW that we have some pretty heavy-duty guys watching over us right here in the hotel—who are from the U.S. Embassy—any one of whom could toss a gorilla (much less a guerilla) over the hotel—so we feel pretty safe and quite secure.

E.J.’s condition has kept us right in our rooms except for the e-mail trek, and we may stop that later this week to keep infections from the e-mail programs. In fact, the public places may well shut down for a few days. If that happens, know that that is the probable cause of missing links.

We laughed at the lengths taken to keep us “put” and out of the travels, etc. We had decided to see if we could see a few of the movies now showing here at the end of the year—only to find that the movie houses took all those American films OFF SCREEN and are showing only Filipino films—in Tagalog language, yet—not even an old James Bond is showing.

A couple of days off his feet, for the most part, has made

a tremendous difference in E.J.'s wellbeing. Not healed yet but nerves are starting to "wake up" and we thank you for the help and the "stuff" you sent. We don't know what has helped, because we just smeared everything on and took everything, as well. Now, as soon as the money comes, we are going to get some of this Xenocal stuff and a Mary Francis muscle-exercise thing, and get skinny and wonderful.

Jovy said yesterday that ATON had already told "The Man" and many of these "players" here that his team was going to present as very interesting people—as with each birthday reversing a year. If "The Man", who was born on September 11, 1917, is an example—good gracious, it works. That man could not be over 55, and that is only because you can't believe what you see. Commander just reminds us not to lose track of the gaiandrianas.

And Janis—"THIS" man, remember, is a double kidney-transplant recipient, who had total pancreas failure! I DO NOT JEST!

Jovita claims to be somewhere near our age—but presents as young 40ish. And then there are all those "Albinos" with blue eyes down around Cebu—and you take a deep breath, friends, and proof adds faith to the equation. E.J., even sick on his birthday, already seems a whole 30 minutes younger. But alas, the waistline didn't shrink nor did the hair atop the head sprout—YET.

It is OK, we have earned our wrinkles and fatigue—but the facts are, I have no idea how we have gotten so much done, and yet there it is—spread out before us. However, we are saving that tidy-up filing, etc., for OUR FRIENDS. Well, our "ex-friends"? Ellen, it can't be worse than my office—nothing could! At least these start out just in numerical order—then I suppose the cross-filing has to be through computer. I try to ignore it so I don't get distressed—and save the distress for more important things, like Ricky's next antic. We must be getting changed out some way, for even those antics don't bother us much any more—his loss and not ours.

I would give you a bit of just interesting information—when we talk about the evolvement of some of the prophecies: Parts of the Philippines have raised in some mysterious way, and a lot of land mass is coming around the edges. But, a few years back, there were some 12-thousand-plus islands in this immediate Philippine area—and now there are just over 7,000. They just "went", and nobody knows how, where, when or where the residents went, as well. This is creepy. And, by the way, the people over here KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT CRYSTAL IN TEHACHAPI, AND IT IS SAID THAT "EKKERS ARE SENT FROM THE CRYSTAL". And no, this is not: "Can you top this?"

I will close with one last entry here along these lines. Does everyone remember that I said that Little Crow—Lakota Sioux Spotted Eagle—was always around in that "other" place, as THE ELDER WHITE EAGLE? Wow, and again, wow: Part of the TINIG NG INANG BAYAN, INC. IS INTERPRETED AND BEARS THE LETTERHEAD MEANING: "SPIRIT OF WHITE BIRD/WHITE EAGLE OF GOD". And NOW, affixed to their logo is our "Global" letterhead logo of the Globe, showing that portion of the Globe as Southeast Asia.

We also have the symbol of the Phoenix scattered around through all this—as the twin-headed WHITE PHOENIX. Also, Tinig's logo is the universal 8-pt. star with the 7-star "planets", with the 8th being the Central Sun of the system. The points are connected by individual links with their own planet system, the central part is a circle and triangle, with its second Central Sun.

Is the next book going to be good, or what?

Salu, D & E

The Immaculate Deception

The Bush Crime Family Exposed

Chapters Eight And Nine

By Russell S. Bowen

CHAPTER 8

THE BUSH-WHACKING OF IRAQ

"I have opinions of my own, strong opinions, but I don't always agree with them."—**President George Bush, leader of the free world**

On July 25, 1990, eight days before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, U.S. Ambassador April Glaspie met with Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein at the Presidential Palace in Baghdad. The following is a transcript of their discussion:

Glaspie: I have direct instructions from President Bush to improve our relations with Iraq. We have considerable sympathy for your quest for higher oil prices, the immediate cause of your confrontation with Kuwait. As you know, I have lived here for years and admire your extraordinary efforts to rebuild your country. We know you need funds. We understand that, and our opinion is that you should have the opportunity to rebuild your country. We can see that you have deployed massive numbers of troops in the south. Normally, that would be none of our business, but when this happens in the context of your other threats against Kuwait, then it would be reasonable for us to be concerned. For this reason, I have received an instruction to ask you in the spirit of friendship, not confrontation, regarding your intentions: Why are your troops massed so very close to Kuwait's borders?

Hussein: As you know, for years now I have made every effort to reach a settlement on our dispute with Kuwait. There is to be a meeting in two days: I am prepared to give negotiations only this one more brief chance. When we [the Iraqis] meet [with the Kuwaitis] and we see there is hope, then nothing will happen. But if we are unable to find a solution, then it will be natural that Iraq will not accept death.

Glaspie: What solutions would be acceptable?

Hussein: If we could keep the whole of the Shatt al Arab, our strategic goal in our war with Iran, we will make concessions [to the Kuwaitis]. But, if we are forced to choose between keeping half of the Shatt and the whole of Iraq [i.e. including Kuwait], then we will give up all of the Shatt to defend our claims on Kuwait to keep the whole of Iraq in the shape we wish it to be. What is the United States' opinion on this?

Glaspie: (Pause, then she speaks very carefully) We have no opinion on your Arab-Arab conflicts, such as your dispute with Kuwait. Secretary [of State James] Baker has directed me to emphasize the instruction, first given to Iraq in the 1960s, that the Kuwait issue is not associated with America.

Saddam smiled.

On August 2, 1990, eight days later, Saddam's

massed troops invaded and occupied Kuwait.

On August 29, 1990, the *Miami Herald* reported that the State Department had been ordered to give its files concerning the July 25, 1990 meeting between Hussein and Glaspie to a federal judge to decide whether [or not] they must be released.

The *Associated Press* reported that the State Department was fighting a lawsuit filed by Public Citizens, which contended that the files must be released under the *Freedom of Information Act*.

U.S. District Judge Charles Richey, on August 28, stated that he needed to review the documents to determine whether [or not] the State Department properly withheld them from release. State contended that the documents were either "classified in the interest of national defense or foreign policy, or reflected the agency's deliberative process".

Richey wrote that Glaspie's public testimony may have "so thoroughly covered the subjects addressed in the withheld documents that the defendant may have waived the exemption".

The meeting in Baghdad between Glaspie and Hussein has been a critical issue in the debate over whether [or not] the United States led Hussein to believe it would not interfere if he invaded Kuwait, which he did a week later.

An Iraqi-released transcript of the meeting quoted Glaspie as saying that the United States would not take sides in "Arab-Arab" conflicts, such as the border dispute with Kuwait.

However, Glaspie declared in congressional testimony that she also told Hussein that the United States would insist that any dispute be settled peacefully.

On September 2, 1990, one month after Saddam's invasion of Kuwait, British journalists obtained a tape and transcript of the above Hussein-Glaspie meeting. Astounded, they confronted Ms. Glaspie.

Journalist 1: (Holding the transcripts up) Are the transcripts correct, Madam Ambassador? (Ambassador Glaspie did not respond.)

Journalist 2: You knew Saddam was going to invade [Kuwait], but you didn't warn him not to. You didn't tell him America would defend Kuwait. You told him the opposite—that America was not associated with Kuwait.

Journalist 1: You encouraged this aggression—his invasion. What were you thinking?

U.S. Ambassador Glaspie: Obviously, I didn't think, and nobody else did, that the Iraqis were going to take *all* of Kuwait.

Journalist 1: You thought he was just going to take *some* of it? But, how could you? Saddam told you that, if negotiations failed, he would give up his Iran [Shatt al

Arab waterway] goal for the “whole of Iraq, in the shape we wish it to be”. You *know* that includes Kuwait, which the Iraqis have always viewed as an historic part of their country!

(Ambassador Glaspie said nothing, pushing past the two journalists to leave.)

Journalist 1: America green-lighted the invasion. At a minimum, you admit signaling Saddam that some aggression was okay—that the U.S. would not oppose a grab of the al-Rumeilah oil field, the disputed border strip and the Gulf islands, territories claimed by Iraq?

(Again, Ambassador Glaspie said nothing as a limousine door slammed and the car drove off.)

The Bush Administration actively encouraged Hussein to pursue higher oil prices seven months before the invasion of Kuwait. According to high-level U.S. sources, it was discreetly suggested at a New York meeting in January that Iraq should engineer a big oil price rise in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC).

Transcripts leaked of discussions between the U.S. and Hussein in the days around the invasion confirm that the Bush Administration supported Saddam’s oil price rise. The U.S. Administration instigated a meeting between an American former ambassador, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) still used by Bush on missions, and one of Saddam’s top ministers to push this strategy.

The timing of this is significant. In January 1990, Saddam Hussein was a bankrupt dictator fighting for survival. Iraq, as a result of the long Iran-Iraq War and of Saddam’s military spending, was broke.

Oil income of \$12-13 billion couldn’t cover basic needs. Civilian imports exceeded \$11 billion in 1990, \$3 billion of that for food. Military imports exceeded \$7 billion and other foreign expenditures were estimated at about \$1 billion. An extra \$7 billion was needed to cover current expenditures. Iraq’s foreign debt, about \$1 billion in 1979, had risen to about \$100 billion.

At the same time, Saddam had an army of 700,000 to demobilize with no jobs and a mutinous officer corps plotting against him. On January 6, a military coup nearly killed him. Politically, he was under siege. War-weary Iraqis expected, and had been promised, constitutional and democratic reforms. But in reality Saddam, who could not survive political liberalization, was tightening the screws on his regime. At the end of the year, he appointed his son and half brother to head the security forces.

Although eclipsed by events in Eastern Europe, demands for democratic reforms were beginning to shake the Middle East, including Gulf oil states. Kuwaitis were agitating for a return to their vigorous parliament of the 1970s. Yemen, the most populous country in the Gulf, was working on a democratic draft. Jordan was hesitantly liberalizing. The Palestinian *intifada* was smoldering on.

In these critical circumstances, the former American Ambassador proposed an oil price increase to Saddam. In January 1990 the oil was \$21 a barrel, but analysts expected that in the second quarter prices would fall to about \$15 (as they did). Saddam could be in even deeper financial trouble by summer.

To meet the danger, Saddam was advised to commission a study on oil policy from the Washington Center for Strategic and International Studies, a foundation with links to Iraq.

Details have been kept secret, but it appears to advocate an aggressive oil policy for Arab producers.

Asked whether [or not] the U.S. presence in the Gulf should be reinforced to make up for forced reduction in central Europe, Henry Schuler, the Center’s Director, said that the internal stability of the governments in the region was his “main concern” but that the U.S. was powerless in that respect. Schuler felt that Arab oil producers could get \$24 to \$25 a barrel without consumers searching for alternative sources. Why leave money on the table for American consumers and the government? Criticizing those who did so could be a popular course, he observed.

This could be achieved by a change of policy in one or more of the key exporting Gulf states: “One with the power to force all the states of the Gulf to follow suit,” Schuler explained. The easiest way would be by “some change in leadership”.

Both President George Bush and Secretary of State James Baker are oilmen, and the U.S. oil states Louisiana, Arizona, Alaska and even Texas were in financial trouble. The U.S. produces half the oil it consumes, so higher prices were an incentive for continued U.S. production.

In 1986, the U.S. had already acted to raise prices. The oil prices had collapsed to \$8.90 and production declined. As Vice-President, Bush traveled to Saudi Arabia to persuade King Fahd to pressure OPEC to raise prices. Fahd agreed. OPEC went back to its quota allowances and prices rose to \$18. Saudi Oil Minister Sheikh Yamani, who had favored lower prices to obtain an increased market share for OPEC, was fired. Further, there was U.S. unease at becoming overly dependent on Middle East oil. An increase in oil prices was also a means of coping with security not just for Iraq, but in the Gulf generally, including Saudi Arabia.

The Bush Administration’s deal with Saddam to raise oil prices can be tied down. First, it is significant that when Sadoun Hammadi, Iraq’s Vice Prime Minister, paraded Iraq’s new views on oil prices around the Gulf states in early July, he demanded Schuler’s \$25 a barrel. This figure also reappears in two transcripts of U.S./Iraqi diplomatic exchanges leaked by Saddam to U.S. television.

American neutrality must have encouraged Saddam, for in the previous months there had been warnings of his violent ambitions which had not elicited any U.S. response. In February, to raise oil prices, Saddam pursued anti-imperialist, radical Arab nationalist rhetoric—historically, the Arab sense of injustice at Israeli aggression towards Palestine and an oil price deemed unfair to Arabs.

In the fall of 1989, at a time when Iraq’s invasion of Kuwait was nine months away and Saddam Hussein was desperate for money to buy arms, President Bush signed a Top-Secret National Security Decision Directive ordering closer ties with Baghdad and opening the way for \$1 billion in aid, according to classified documents and interviews.

The \$1 billion commitment, in the form of loan guarantees for the purchase of U.S. farm commodities, enabled Hussein to buy needed food on credit and to spend his scarce hard currency on the arms buildup that brought war to the Persian Gulf.

New aid from Washington was critical for Iraq in the last months of 1989 and early 1990 because international bankers had cut off all loans to Baghdad. They were alarmed that it was falling behind in repaying its debts but continuing to pour millions into arms purchases, even though the Iran-Iraq War had ended in 1988.

In addition to clearing the way for new financial aid, senior Bush aides, in the spring of 1990, overrode concern among other government officials and insisted that Hussein continue to be allowed to buy so-called “dual-use” technology—advanced equipment used for both civilian and military purposes. The Iraqis were given continued access to such equipment, despite evidence that they were working on nuclear arms and other weapons.

“Iraq is not to be singled out,” National Security Council official Richard Haas declared at a high-level meeting in April 1990, according to participants’ notes, when the Commerce Department proposed curbing Iraqi purchases of militarily-sensitive technology.

Invoking Bush’s authority, Robert Kimmitt, Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, added, “The President doesn’t want to single out Iraq.”

Furthermore, the pressure in 1989 and 1990 to give Hussein crucial financial assistance and maintain his access to sophisticated U.S. technology were not isolated incidents. Rather, classified documents obtained by the *LA Times* reflected a long, secret pattern by Bush—both as President and Vice-President—to support the Iraqi dictator. When objections arose, Bush and his aides suppressed the resistance.

The White House declined to comment.

As to the \$1 billion in commodity loan guarantees, senior Bush aides armed with *Presidential Order NSD 26*, insisted the credits be approved, despite objections by three government agencies. These officials warned that aid violated American law, that the loans would not be repaid and that earlier assistance efforts were irregular.

Bush’s involvement began in the early 1980s as part of the so-called “tilt” toward Iraq initiated by President Reagan to prop up Hussein in his war against Iran. Hussein’s survival was seen as vital to U.S. efforts to contain the spread of Islamic Fundamentalism and thwart Iran’s bid for dominance in the Middle East.

Many in the American government, including Presidents Bush and Reagan, felt that U.S. aid would push Hussein to moderate and help the Middle East peace process.

Classified records show that Bush’s efforts on Hussein’s behalf continued past the Iran-Iraq War and persisted despite widespread warnings from inside the American government that the policy was misdirected.

As it turned out, U.S. aid did not lead Hussein to become a force for peace. In the spring of 1990, as senior Administration officials pushed for more financial aid, the Iraqi leader bragged that Iraq possessed chemical weapons and threatened to “burn half of Israel”. Nor did he change his savage methods. In the summer of 1988, for example, he shocked the world by poisoning several thousand Kurds with gas.

Even today, the Iraqi nuclear and chemical weapons programs—with the help of American technology—haunt U.S. and United Nations officials, as they root out elements that have survived the “allied victory” in the Persian Gulf War.

What drove George Bush to champion the Iraqis is not clear. It may have been single-minded pursuit of a policy after its original purpose had been accomplished and a failure to understand the nature of Hussein.

William B. Quandt, a Middle East expert at the Brookings Institution, told the *LA Times* in February of 1992 that “when the Iran-Iraq War ended and Iran was really flat on its back, there should have been some immediate kind of repositioning of U.S. policy so you

wouldn't give Saddam this signal that we were backing him as the big shot in the region. We missed so many cues. Saddam wasn't behaving as you might expect an exhausted, war-weary leader to behave. He was showing that he had just won a war and he was a power to be reckoned with; and he concluded that the Americans were not too upset about that."¹

Much blame for failing to perceive Hussein's ambitions and building him up has fallen on mid-level officials and on the Commerce Department, which approved the sale to Iraq of \$1.5 billion worth of American technology, as well as the Agriculture Department, which authorized \$5 billion in loan guarantees.

However, classified documents from several agencies and interviews prove it was directives from the White House and State Department that guided relations with Iraq from the early 1980s through the Persian Gulf War and that Bush and officials played a prominent role in those initiatives.

For example:

- In 1987, Vice President Bush pressed the federal Export-Import Bank to provide hundreds-of-millions of dollars in aid for Iraq, the documents show, despite staff objections that the loans were not likely to be repaid as required by law.

- After Bush became President in 1989, documents show that senior officials in his Administration lobbied the bank and the Agriculture Department to finance billions in Iraqi projects.

- As Vice President in 1987, Bush met with Nizar Hamdoon, Iraq's Ambassador to the United States, to assure him that Iraq could buy more dual-use technology. Three years later, National Security Council officials blocked attempts by the Commerce Department and other agencies to restrict such imports.

- After Bush signed NSD 26 in October 1989, Secretary of State James A. Baker III intervened with Agriculture Secretary Clayton K. Yeutter to drop Agriculture's opposition to the \$1 billion in food credits. Yeutter, now a senior White House official, agreed and the first half of the \$1 billion was made available to Iraq back in 1990.

- As late as July 1990, one month before Iraqi troops stormed into Kuwait City, officials at the National Security Council pushed the second installment of the \$1 billion in loan guarantees, despite the looming crisis in the region and evidence that Iraq used the money for technology for its nuclear weapons and ballistic-missile program.

An Agriculture Department official cautioned in February 1990 that, when all the facts were known about loan guarantees to Iraq, the program could be another "HUD or savings and loan scandal". Of the \$5 billion given Iraq over an eight-year period, American taxpayers have been stuck for \$2 billion in defaulted loans.

Washington's support of Iraq began in 1982. Hussein was in the second year of his war with Iran and the conflict was not going well for Baghdad. The Reagan Administration, while officially neutral, helped Iraq to contain the Ayatollah Khomeini.

U.S. relations with Iraq were severed in 1967 after the Arab-Israeli War, but the biggest obstacle to renewed ties was the fact that Iraq was on Washington's list of countries supporting international terrorism. That meant that most U.S. aid was prohibited by law.

Yet, the State Department removed Iraq from the terrorism list in February 1982, an action opposed by

some within the Administration. Four former officials said there was no evidence that Iraq's terrorism had waned.

"All the intelligence I saw indicated that the Iraqis continued to support terrorism to much the same degree as they had in the past," said Noel Koch, then in charge of the Pentagon's counter-terrorism program. "We took Iraq off the list and shouldn't have.... We did it for political reasons."

This was supported by a secret 1988 memo in which Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead wrote, "Even though it was removed from the terrorism list six years ago, [Iraq] had provided sanctuary to known terrorists, including Abul Abbas of Achille Lauro fame."

After Iraq was dropped from the list, Washington provided loan guarantees so it could buy rice and wheat through the Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corp.

Two years later, in 1984, Bush pressed the federal Export-Import Bank to guarantee \$500 million in loans so Iraq could build a controversial pipeline, according to classified government documents.

Throughout most of the Reagan Administration, efforts were made to funnel arms as well as economic aid to Baghdad, sometimes through the Pentagon and sometimes through allies in the Middle East. Some plans failed to work, but government sources said that lots of arms reached Baghdad.

At one point in 1982, a trade of four American-made howitzers to Iraq for a Soviet T-72 tank was proposed, according to classified documents. The T-72 was important, according to the Defense Intelligence Agency, because it was protected by a new type of armor which might prove invulnerable to American firepower. A second plan in 1983 would have allowed Iraq to buy \$45 million worth of 175-millimeter long-range guns and ammunition for a Soviet tank.

FOOTNOTES:

¹ Douglas Prantz & Murray Waas Bush, "Bush Secret Effort Helped Iraq Build Its War Machine", *Los Angeles Times*, February 23, 1992

CHAPTER 9

BCCI: BUSH'S BANK OF CROOKS, CRIMINALS AND INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES

As research for this book has shown, the dark shadow of George Bush has lurked in or about every important domestic or international event of the past thirty years.

The Bank of Commerce and Credit International scandal is no exception. Inevitably, Bush or some link to him would pop up unexpectedly in what could be the most widespread international banking scandal of the century.

For years, U.S. law-enforcement officials knew that the BCCI was involved in money laundering and other illegal transactions.

Evidence has emerged that the Reagan-Bush and Bush-Quayle Administrations:

- Funneled money to Saddam Hussein without congressional approval through BCCI;
- Maintained a commercial business venture with Gen. Noriega through BCCI;

- Cut off funding of the 1988 Dukakis presidential campaign by shutting down the Chicago BCCI branch;
- Blocked an investigation into drug-money laundering through Robert Gates, a former U.S. Customs Commissioner, former CIA Deputy Director and now, Director of Central Intelligence.

While testifying before Senate investigators in his capacity as Customs Commissioner, Gates nicknamed BCCI "the Bank of Crooks and Criminals International".

BCCI was set up in the early 1970s by Arab and Asian financiers and staffed largely by Pakistani managers. So-called private banking, that is, departments of special financial services designed to avoid taxation and hide the assets of wealthy clients, was fast emerging as the most profitable business of the leading international megabanks, both on Wall Street and in England.

From the outset, BCCI was primarily a "private" bank, serving Gulf oil magnates and other multimillionaire speculators who had something to conceal from authorities. BCCI's conspiratorial and far-flung financial network seemed custom-made for the CIA and the Mossad, Israel's Secret Service. They used BCCI to finance such major covert operations as the Afghan Civil War, the secret arms deal with Iran, "black" subsidies to European political fronts via Switzerland, disinformation programs in Latin America and [support of] the Contra forces in Latin America.

Did shadowy Arab terrorists, such as the Abu Nidal group, also end up managing money through BCCI branches? "If they did, it was a set-up," said a veteran Customs investigator. "Any Arab militant who banked with BCCI was under CIA and Mossad surveillance and probably knew it. In Britain, the Mossad has become notorious for double operations during the 1980s, with agents of Middle Eastern descent who pretended to be 'Arab terrorists'. We need more evidence to know the score on this."

What U.S. law-enforcement officials do know is that BCCI was used to finance murderous terrorist operations for the Mossad. As a textbook case, these knowledgeable sources cite Israeli arms and advice sold to the death squads of the Colombian cocaine cartel.

In 1990, the Justice Department sought to keep the Bank of Credit and Commerce International operating in Florida for undercover operations, according to congressional documents.

House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Gonzalez, D-Texas, said he found it "incredible" that the department would pressure Florida Comptroller Gerald Lewis "to keep open a crime-infested financial institution".

The attempt was unsuccessful. Lewis ordered BCCI to close its Florida operations in March 1990 and seized \$15 million in assets after the institution admitted laundering drug money through its Tampa office.

The banking committee released copies of three letters, two written to Lewis by Charles Saphos, Chief of the Narcotic and Dangerous Drug section of the Justice Department's Criminal Division. The third letter was a Lewis response. In the first letter, dated February 13, 1990, Saphos asked that BCCI's license be renewed in part because BCCI had agreed in a plea bargain to cooperate "in certain investigations".

Saphos wrote that the undercover investigations were part of an agreement reached with the bank when it pleaded guilty the previous month to about 30 charges. Lewis said that the bank's license to operate in Florida would expire on March 14, 1990, and added, "Because

BCCI has pled guilty to felony charges, the ultimate decision of renewal becomes a difficult one." Lewis requested a meeting with Saphos to learn more about the department's request.

Saphos replied that he was not requesting Florida to renew the bank's license. He told Lewis that under the plea bargain agreement, BCCI might be asked to open or continue accounts for people who were under investigation by the Justice Department.

The President was seething. Gates, his nominee to be Director of the CIA, was caught up in an old scandal, and the Senate Intelligence Committee put his confirmation hearings on hold.

Standing outside his vacation home in Kennebunkport, Bush wagged his finger at reporters and railed against politicians, "They ought not to accept a rumor. They ought not to panic and run like a covey of quail because somebody has made an allegation against a man whose word I trust," Bush said, his voice rising. "What have we come to in this country where a man has to prove his innocence against some fluid, movable charge? I just don't think it's the American way to bring a good man down by rumor and insinuation."

It may not be the American way, but in Washington, press exposure is often the beginning of the end for high-profile presidential appointees.

Gates has been done in once before. In 1987, when he was Deputy Director of the CIA, Gates was forced to withdraw his nomination to be Chief because of unanswered questions about his role in the Iran-Contra scandal.

For the next four years he rehabilitated himself, cultivating Congress and the press from his Deputy post at the CIA and then as George Bush's Deputy National Security Adviser.

Iran-Contra faded off the front pages. So when Gates was again nominated in May to replace retiring CIA Chief William Webster, the White House hoped the scandal was finally behind him. They guessed wrong.

The lengthy investigation by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh finally produced a breakthrough. Former CIA official Alan Fiers, who once ran the Agency's Central American Task Force, admitted that he and other senior CIA officials had known of the diversion of funds to the Contras—and that they had withheld this from Congress. Members of the Senate Intelligence Committee were angry that they had been misled by the Agency they are supposed to oversee.

It is not certain whether Gates was among the deceivers. But the Senate delayed confirmation hearings to gather more information, leaving Gates to twist as damaging press stories started. ABC's *Nightline* charged that the CIA failed to tell Congress about a covert operation, which the report claimed Gates supervised, that funneled arms to Iraq in the mid-80s. At the time, the U.S. was backing Iraq against Iran by providing intelligence information and—according to the *Nightline/Financial Times*—cluster bombs and fuel-air explosives.

The White House issued a denial, and Senate investigators said they saw no evidence to back up the report. Nonetheless, committee sources told *Newsweek* that the Gates nomination "is in deep trouble". As one aide put it, "We're back to where we were with him in 1987."

Beyond Gates, Fier's revelations embarrassed Webster and the Agency. Webster had assured David Boren, Chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, that the late William Casey was the only CIA official

who knew of the illegal diversion. "What Fiers is saying is that the committee was systematically lied to and people in the Agency took part in the cover-up," said another committee source.

Fiers agreed to plead guilty to two misdemeanor counts of withholding information from Congress. In late summer 1986, Fiers says, Oliver North told him the United States was selling arms to Iran and using the proceeds to aid the Contras. Fiers says he told the head of the Agency's Latin American Division, who ordered him to report it to Clair George, Deputy Director of Operations.

George served directly under Gates. "Now you are one of a handful of people who knows," George told Fiers, according to Fiers. Both Fiers and George later told Congress they knew nothing of the diversion until Attorney General Edwin Meese III made it public on November 25, 1986.

The Senate Intelligence Committee has no evidence that Fiers or George told Gates of the diversion. Gates has said that Casey cut him out of the loop on the Latin American operations and that he didn't pry.

He admits he picked up some hints of the diversion before it became public but says he ignored them because he considered the evidence "flimsy".

That was the accepted explanation until Fiers revealed that Casey wasn't the only one at the CIA aware of the diversion. "Now you have a situation where the man above Gates and the men below him knew what was going on," says Sen. Howard Metzenbaum (D-Ohio). "You have to wonder how come he didn't know."

Former U.S. Customs Commissioner William von Raab and at least one other senior law-enforcement investigator reportedly told investigators that in 1988, while serving as Deputy Director, Gates obstructed an investigation into drug-money laundering at BCCI. The CIA is known to have used BCCI's global network to funnel funds to the Mossad, not just from its own "black" accounts but from oil-rich Arab states that wanted to leave no paper trail or public record of payoffs.

Under pressure from Bush, Gates eventually withdrew his nomination a second time, hoping to curtail further revelations about Bush-BCCI connections.

Some of the millions obtained by the Israeli Secret Service from Saudi slush funds and other Gulf sources were laundered through BCCI and moved to CenTrust Bank, Miami's largest and most freewheeling savings and loan center, sources revealed.

CenTrust, seized by federal regulators, was headed by David Paul, a billionaire speculator now under criminal investigation for alleged financial irregularities.

The secret funds transferred to CenTrust via BCCI went to the Mossad, which drew on them in early 1987 to finance its covert stations in Latin America, including Panama and Colombia.

There the drug deals and death squads run by Israeli agents undermined the Bush Administration's narcotics strategy—and led to the assassination of numerous Colombian officials—clashing with the efforts of U.S. law-enforcement teams in the region.

According to Chicago journalist Sherman Skolnick, from secret court documents he has uncovered, Bush and Saddam split \$250 billion worth of Persian Gulf oil kickbacks, which were funneled through the scandal-ridden Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI).

"These are not government-to-government

transactions. These are private transactions between Bush as an individual and Saddam as an individual—transactions amounting to billions of dollars. The House Banking Committee under its Chairman, Rep. Henry Gonzalez (D-Texas), has already stated that BCCI worked with Banca Nazionale del Lavoro (BNL). BNL is the largest bank in Italy. It has five branches in the United States. The Bush-Saddam transactions went through these two banks."

Skolnick reported that he attended a hearing involving federal litigation that touches directly on the BCCI scandal and which included documents that implicate Bush and Saddam in private business deals.

The case in question is case No.90 C 6863, *The People of the State of Illinois ex rel Willis C. Harris vs the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System*, in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit in Chicago.

According to Skolnick:

[QUOTING Sherman Skolnick:]

The case involves records of BNL's [Banco Nazionale del Lavoro, the largest bank in Italy] Chicago unit which the House Banking Committee is trying to get, and which were also in the possession of the Federal Reserve Board.

The records demonstrate private transactions involving \$250 billion in oil-money kickbacks from the entire Gulf region paid to Saddam Hussein. The Federal Reserve Board wanted Congressman Gonzalez to agree to never use these records in any of his congressional reports. He was only to be allowed to look at the records. But the Congressman refused to sign the secrecy oath that the Fed demanded.

Following the May 10 hearing, I told the attorneys that I had heard what the records were about. I spelled out these huge private transactions between Bush and Saddam. The attorneys said, "Mr. Skolnick, you are absolutely correct."

The attorneys said that because Congressman Gonzalez would not sign the secrecy oath, the truth would come out regarding the secret arrangements involving those deals [between Bush and Saddam].

One of the lawyers said, "Well, that's true. I want you to know that what is involved here are non-bank records that the Justice Department [doesn't want released]."

[END QUOTING]

"Non-bank records" is a euphemism for bank records that a bank doesn't want released. This involves monumental amounts of a joint business deal between Bush and Saddam that they don't want released. For 10 years Saddam Hussein was the bully of the Persian Gulf. The OPEC oil producers in the Gulf had to kick back 25 percent of the amount from the Western oil companies to Saddam, and the money went through the bank. There was upwards of a trillion dollars' worth of oil from the Gulf shipped (from 1980 to 1990) to the West. From these oil deals, Saddam got kickbacks to the tune of \$250 billion arranged by George Bush and oil companies such as Pennzoil—which are connected to Bush [one of the heads of Pennzoil].

Saddam split these kickbacks from the oil companies with George Bush and others. The Chicago case in question [mentioned above] came up before a three-judge appeals panel. We found out that one of the judge's law clerks leaked out information that one of the judges is pressing to

release the records. The release of these records would put George Bush in jail—just like that.

The Justice Department then started circulating stories that one of the panel members is being investigated for eight instances of bribery in other cases. We know about these other cases. However, the Justice Department only wants this information about the bribery cases known in order to blackmail the three-judge panel not to release the documents relating to Bush and Saddam.

Skolnick revealed that his investigation pinpointed efforts within even the House Banking Committee itself to sabotage Gonzalez's investigation of the Bush-Saddam-BCCI scandal.

According to Skolnick:

[QUOTING Sherman Skolnick:]

One of my contacts spoke to Mr. Gonzalez, and it appears that the Congressman and his secretary are aware of these saboteurs. They are being sabotaged.

On the Senate side the investigation is also being hampered. On June 13, the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that Sen. [John] Kerry [D.-Mass.] who is investigating BCCI became chairman of the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee, which received large contributions from BCCI. There's something outrageous going on here.

There is the third investigation being conducted by Manhattan District Attorney Morgenthau. The key records implicating Bush's deals with Saddam and Noriega are in the hands of the Bank of England, which is seizing all of these BCCI branches, as outlined earlier.

Now here's the way it could be explained. On the one hand they are either trying to cover up for Bush, or else they want these records to blackmail the Bush White House. Pick whichever explanation you're comfortable with. I don't know whether there will be an honest government investigation, since the one honest investigation being conducted by Mr. Gonzalez is being sabotaged by people on his committee.

It's worth noting, incidentally, that the money paid to the Iranians in the so-called October Surprise and Iran-Contra scandals went through BCCI and BNL. That's why the whole thing is a runaway scandal. This case involves what amounts to the largest tax-evasion case in history—and George Bush most likely would have to go prison.

[In an interview with Tom Valentine of *Radio Free America*, Skolnick continued:]

The bulk of the money went through BCCI. That Bank was formed in the 1970s with seed money from the Bank of America, the largest shareholders of which are the Rothschilds of Chicago, Paris, London and Switzerland.... The Bank is also linked to the financial affairs of former President Jimmy Carter and his friend and one-time Budget Director, banker Bert Lance.

Some of the details about the Democrats who have been involved in this whole affair have been published, for example, in the May 3 issue of the *Wall Street Journal*. During the 1988 presidential campaign, additionally, BCCI was one of the major financiers of the Michael Dukakis campaign.

On the Columbus Day weekend in 1988—at the behest of the Reagan White House—BCCI's facilities in the United States were seized, including their branch in Chicago. It was claimed that BCCI was in the drug-money laundering business... BCCI

operate[d] in 73 countries and had 400 branches. BCCI financed the Democratic Party in the United States and arranged deals for Republicans outside the United States.

There were two purposes behind the seizure of the BCCI Chicago branch:

One, to stop BCCI's funding of the Dukakis campaign so that Dukakis would have no money for television advertisements in the remaining weeks of the 1988 campaign.

Two, to impound and suppress records at the Chicago branch regarding kickbacks to Saddam—which tend to incriminate George Bush in his joint business ventures with the Iraqi dictator.

I point out one other thing: The same Bank has records showing joint business ventures between Gen. Manuel Noriega, former dictator of Panama, and George Bush. In January of 1990, the Federal Prosecutor in Tampa had former top officials of Florida's branch on trial. They were allowed to escape prison with only a slap on the wrist and a small penalty. Here's why: They told the Justice Department that if they were going to go to prison, they had documents from their Bank showing that George Bush had private business ventures through their bank with a series of dictators including not only Saddam and Noriega but others, as well.

What's interesting is that the records of the Florida branch of BCCI were not seized, but the Chicago branch records were seized. The reason for this is that the bulk of the \$10 billion in kickbacks to Saddam went through the Chicago branch. This is almost certainly the same reason that the Justice Department is not interested in bringing charges against the Chicago bankers. They can use the same threat against Bush that the Florida bankers have made.

The Justice Department not only seized the Chicago branch records to damage the Dukakis campaign, but to cover up the joint business ventures between Bush and various dictators, as I've mentioned. Another bank, the Banco Nazionale del Lavoro [BNL], is also involved in these deals. Their Chicago subsidiary also had records relating to these deals.

Rep. Gonzalez, Chairman of the House Banking Committee, was in the process of seizing these records via a congressional subpoena. However, on December 28, 1990, a federal judge in Chicago, Brian Duff, who has connections with the Federal Reserve, impounded those records and chased Gonzalez's attorney out of court and called him names, saying he was acting like "an 800-pound gorilla". The judge ordered Gonzalez not to use any of the records that he already has and ordered him to give the other documents back....

Saddam's oil was shipped to Texaco. In 1985 a Texas jury, at the behest of Pennzoil, issued the largest damage verdict in American history against Texaco. Pennzoil claimed that Texaco damaged them in a deal with Getty Oil. Who owns Pennzoil? George Bush and his friends.

Some of this came out in an obituary in the *Chicago Tribune*. It referred to "George Bush and his partner, William Liedtke Jr. and Liedtke's brother". It said: "In the mid-1950s [the Liedtke brothers] teamed up with then-oilman George Bush and John Overby to form Zapata Oil Co. Then they went on to form Pennzoil."

Texaco appealed to the Texas Supreme Court, which upheld the verdict but refused to review it. Thereafter, there were stories in the press in various parts of the country that judges on the Texas Supreme Court are "corrupt". Texaco went to the U.S. Supreme Court because they were told that they had to put up a \$12 billion "appeals bond". (It would have been the largest appeals bond in the history of the world).

Bush leaned on the Supreme Court—let's say it like it is—Bush corrupted the Supreme Court to grant no remedy to Texaco. Believe me, legal scholars were scratching their heads, but there's no doubt about what happened. As a result of this, Texaco fell under the domination and supervision of Pennzoil.

Where did the kickbacks to Saddam reportedly come from? They came from the deals between Texaco and its subsidiaries purchasing oil from Iraq. There's where the \$200 billion comes from, and 5 percent of that is \$10 billion. There's no way in the world that Bush would not have known about those kickbacks—which he obviously supervised. As far as the kickbacks, there has been something published about them: The November 29, 1989 issue of the *Wall Street Journal* reported that IRS officials say that officials of the BNL got \$290,000 in kickbacks from Saddam in his deals.

The nature of these "deals" is left out of the article. Obviously, some of these deals are the ones in which Bush was involved. As I perceive it, there has been falsification of records and obstruction of justice. By what right does the White House lean on the Supreme Court to damage Texaco for the benefit of George Bush and his Pennzoil Company?

In the last couple of weeks the press is trying to put all of the blame for the Noriega deals and for the Saddam deals on Clark Clifford. I've interviewed several sources that know Clifford and his wife. His wife is going around crying to friends that her husband is about to be indicted and framed by the White House to protect Bush himself from going to prison. I don't know if Clark Clifford is an angel or not, but I do know it's wrong to blame all this on Clifford and ride him into jail—without Bush going along behind him. They are trying to make it look like the BCCI scandal is a Democratic Party albatross and focus everything on Clifford. I don't say any of this lightly. I'm saying there is a reasonable basis for grand juries to indict George Bush.

As far as I'm concerned, there's only one independent source in this country, and those are grand jurors.... I've also talked to several sources close to Gonzalez... [and they said] that he is considering going before Congress and demanding that the Justice Department prosecute Bush on these kickbacks to Saddam that went through BCCI and BNL, which Bush knew about and which his financial interests in those oil companies arranged.

Gonzalez's closest friends say that the only thing preventing the Congressman from going on the floor of the House and urging Bush's prosecution is that the White House is invoking some sort of "national security" matter involving these two banks.

[END QUOTING]

Dark shadows keep emerging from George Bush's past. Yet, somehow—as if by magic—he scrapes through unscathed.

Who said Ronald Reagan was the Teflon® President?

The News Desk

By John Ray

THE LEGAL DRUGGING OF AMERICA: A STATUS REPORT

Arianna Huffington, *Arianna Online*, 12/23/99

Two reports out this month highlight the continuing trend toward the legal drugging of America.

The Surgeon General's report on the state of the nation's mental health found "that 22 percent of the population has a diagnosable mental disorder". At the same time, a study by the National Institute of Mental Health concluded that we are under-medicating our children and that for those diagnosed with attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, drugs—specifically Ritalin—are more effective than therapy.

The big drug-makers will no doubt use these studies as additional weapons in their ongoing war to make mood-altering drugs the solution to all life's problems. Our magazines are already stuffed with ads portraying pharmaceutical giants as noble enterprises, engaged in nothing but the pursuit of pure science and the public good. And our television screens are filled with commercials for drugs to cure shyness and so-called "social phobias".

The Food and Drug Administration has recently approved Effexor XR, a drug for "generalized anxiety disorder"—the garden-variety free-floating anxiety that has plagued humanity since the expulsion from Eden. Mark Twain summed it up this way: "I am an old man, and have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened."

These days, the assumption seems to be that drugs can take care of everything unpleasant in the human condition. "At Pfizer," one ad boasts, "we look to the future with the knowledge that the only thing incurable is our passion." What the ad doesn't mention is that drug company profits (Pfizer's last year were \$3.35 billion) are often spent not on finding cures for serious diseases but for "lifestyle" maladies—baldness, toenail fungus and, of course, any interruption to a perpetually sunny mood. Not one major drug company in the United States has an in-house research program on malaria, for example, but sales of pharmaceutical drugs for pets are approaching \$1 billion annually....

...It is this mind-set that has led to the Ritalin epidemic—with the number of kids taking the powerful drug skyrocketing from 1 million in 1990 to 4 million today. And now along comes a study that says the answer to those many instances where Ritalin has proved ineffective is to simply up the dosage. As Dr. Peter Jensen from the National Institute of Mental Health put it, "You find the dose that achieves the absolute possible total benefit for this child...That's the dose you want, not the lowest possible dose that you can get by on." It's ingenious, if Ritalin isn't working, try more Ritalin. As they used to say in the '60s, "Why do you think they call it dope?"

It's doubly tragic that these reports have arrived at a time when we're facing a crisis in managed healthcare. Because a diagnosis of a mental disorder will almost always prompt managed-care companies to take the cheap way out—drugs rather than therapy, no matter how potentially dangerous the long-term side effects, especially on children's growing brains.

Making this growing emphasis on drugs especially troubling is the conclusion by federal investigators that the FDA has "no quality-control system" to track adverse drug reactions. Currently, doctors and hospitals are not even legally

required to report patients' drug side effects to the FDA. As a result, in one year, from the beginning of June 1997 to the end of May 1998, the agency got only 13,825 such reports even though in hospitals alone approximately 180,000 patients die every year from drug reactions....

...As drugs and the conditions treatable by drugs multiply, can we continue to tolerate such slipshod oversight of a powerful industry that so affects our lives—and our deaths? Or continue to rely on reports tainted by the drug industry's assumption that millions of Americans are suffering from mental disorders whose cure is just a pill-pop away? Oh, the infinite possibilities of an America where everyone has finally admitted to a mental disorder, and everyone is blissed-out on appropriately high doses of the newest wonder drugs.

[JR: These "feel good" drugs are profitable because too many of us want quick-fix solutions to everything. It's worth the price because we relieve ourselves from the stress of being rational, responsible HUMAN beings.]

WIELDING THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT'S PEN

By Jonathan Weisman, *Maryland Sun*, 12/22/99

WASHINGTON—Racing against time and a hostile Congress, President Clinton has recently launched a barrage of executive decisions—from combating medical errors to cutting emissions from sport utility vehicles—that has rankled political opponents and raised eyebrows among presidential scholars.

The President has issued more than 310 executive orders in his seven years in office, close to the pace set by Ronald Reagan, who signed 381 orders in his two terms.

But the rise in the number of Clinton's orders might understate the sweep of his executive decision-making, because Clinton—more than most modern presidents—has found other creative ways to enact his policies without congressional approval.

Yesterday, for example, the President unveiled the final form of regulations that will force oil refiners to produce cleaner fuels, while mandating that sport-utility vehicles and minivans comply with emissions limits set for cars.

Clinton called the regulations "the boldest steps in a generation to clean the air we breathe by improving the cars we drive". To effect those steps, he stretched to the limit the authority granted to the Environmental Protection Agency by the 1990 *Clean Air Act*.

"If you're a conservative, you would say this is above and beyond what the *Clean Air Act* was meant to do," said Jake Siewert, a White House spokesman.

Other executive actions have taken more novel routes. Presidential proclamations were once reserved for such trifling acts as pardoning a turkey before Thanksgiving.

But Clinton has used proclamations to establish the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument in Utah and to buy thousands of acres of wilderness, from California's deserts to Florida's Everglades. The White House said Clinton's authority derived from Theodore Roosevelt's *Antiquities Act* of 1906.

In October, the President directed the Forest Service to ban roads in more than 50 million acres of pristine wilderness, a move that required neither congressional approval nor the formal apparatus of an executive order.

Early this month, Clinton unveiled regulations designed to reduce medical errors. Hospitals and doctors must comply

with the new regulations in order to participate in the health-insurance program for federal employees that covers 85 million Americans. The order came in the form of a memorandum to his Cabinet.

And Clinton has challenged the tobacco industry with a federal lawsuit, while threatening the gun industry with another one.

"We've been fairly unapologetic about finding ways to act where we've found that Congress hasn't acted," Siewert said.

Clinton has averaged just over 44 executive orders a year, more than George Bush's 40 but fewer than Reagan's 47 and far fewer than Jimmy Carter's 74, according to National Archives statistics. All the presidents of the modern era pale in comparison with Franklin D. Roosevelt, who issued 567 executive orders in 1933 alone.

But with Clinton those numbers could be deceptive, because he has turned other tools at his disposal—such as presidential proclamations and Cabinet directives—into true policy-making instruments, said Ken Mayer, a political scientist at the University of Wisconsin, whose book on executive orders, *With the Stroke of a Pen*, will be published next year.

With a Republican Congress openly hostile to Clinton, "He has quite naturally looked to other options to establish a legacy," Mayer said.

White House aides are unabashed about their creative use of such powers. John D. Podesta, the President's Chief of Staff, taught courses on legislative and regulatory affairs at Georgetown University law school and is "well-versed on the options", Siewert said....

[JR: If our fearless leader Bill has been so busy issuing all these Executive Orders, Proclamations, edicts, directives, decrees and laws—how did he find the time for Monica? Perhaps he was just dealing under the table or there is more than one Bill lurking about?]

SOME BLAME TERROR ON INTERVENTIONISM

By George Gedda, *Newsday*, 12/23/99

WASHINGTON (AP)—Clinton Administration officials need look no further than their own foreign policy in their search for explanations for the specter of possible end-of-the-millennium terrorist attacks against Americans, some foreign policy analysts say.

They are advancing this thesis as airport security is being tightened and officials are admonishing Americans at home and abroad to be on the lookout for anything suspicious in the waning days of 1999. Officials believe suspected terrorist Osama Bin Laden, a Saudi exile who is wanted for the bombings at two U.S. embassies in East Africa last year, may be preparing to strike.

Ivan Eland, a defense specialist at the libertarian Cato Institute, says the unprecedented concern among Americans about terrorism is the result of the "profligate U.S. interference in the business of other nations and groups".

"What does the average American get from U.S. meddling in far-flung corners of the world that do not remotely affect U.S. vital interests?" Eland asks. "A much lighter wallet and an increasing uneasiness when traveling abroad or even when participating in large public celebrations at home."

Reform Party presidential candidate Pat Buchanan also subscribes to this view.

"Have we not suffered enough terrorist atrocities—from the massacre of our Marines (1983 in Lebanon), to Pan Am 103 (1988), to the World Trade Center (1993), to the embassy bombings in Nairobi and Dar (es Salaam, 1998)—to awaken our Elites to the reality that interventionism is the incubator of terrorism?" Buchanan said in a speech last month. "Or will it take some cataclysmic act of violence on U.S. soil to finally

awaken our gamesmen to the costs of global hegemony?"

Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and the majority of the foreign-policy establishment believe that the United States must not shrink from the use of force to protect what they perceive as the national interest. They argue that, left unchecked, threats to democracy, even in distant lands, will come back to haunt the United States.

World War II could have been avoided and millions of lives spared if the industrial democracies had stood up to Adolph Hitler in the late 1930s, Albright believes.

President Clinton justified the use of force by NATO against Yugoslavia this past spring by warning that to do otherwise could risk a war encompassing the other Balkan countries and possibly matching NATO allies Greece and Turkey on opposite sides of the conflict.

Richard Betts, a political science professor at Columbia University, said the U.S.-led intervention in Kosovo was a mistake because it alienated countries that "matter a lot more—Russia and China".

Betts, like Buchanan, rejects the label of isolationist. He said the Administration has had the habit of intervening where it shouldn't but not where it should. He said the United States could have headed off genocide in Rwanda in 1994 through timely intervention.

On the whole, he said, the Administration has been incautious about its foreign commitments. "There are few foreign groups that want to do us harm unless they see that the U.S. wants to frustrate their ambitions," he said.

Betts acknowledged that forswearing intervention will not be a cure-all, because resentment will persist among some groups because of the continuing spread of American culture.

Also in the anti-interventionist cabal, not surprisingly, is Libyan leader Moammar Gadhafi, who said on *CBS Tuesday* it was little wonder to him that the United States was facing holiday terrorism threats.

"The U.S. government is hated.... All the people in the world are against it, therefore, there is a threat," he said.

Disputing Gadhafi, State Department spokesman James Foley said the United States is seen "as a beacon of liberty around the world"....

[JR: Our policy of intervention by force has not brought any security or peace anywhere in this world. It's fine for the Elite to push forward with this policy, as they are so far removed from the pain and suffering they bring to other people. They will never be touched personally by terrorism—but WE will!]

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA TO USE CELL PHONES TO TRACK TRAFFIC

Boston Globe, 12/22/99

WASHINGTON (AP)—Highway officials in Maryland and Virginia think cell-phone users might make good traffic reporters simply by yakking on the phone behind the wheel.

In an experiment early next year, the two states plan to measure traffic flow by tracking the speed motorists travel while talking on their cell phones, *The Washington Post* reported today.

Actual phone conversations will not be monitored.

Radio signals emitted from cell phones used by motorists will be tracked by cellular towers. Computers will pinpoint the caller's location and calculate the speed of the phone user's automobile based on how long the call lasted and how far the auto traveled.

"A lot of people in my position in other states will be watching to see if this works," said Mike Zezeski, who directs traffic information services for the Maryland State Highway Administration.

By monitoring when cars change speed, officials might be

able to predict backups up to an hour before they happen and post messages in electronic sign boards to encourage commuters to take alternate routes.

"This could potentially provide a lot of data at a really low cost," said Brian Smith, a civil engineering professor at the University of Virginia who advises the Virginia Department of Transportation. "If this works, it's going to take off really quickly."

Motorists might eventually be able to obtain this up-to-date traffic information from in-car computers, Zezeski said. "Ten years from now, you might be able to get into a vehicle, punch in your destination and it will tell you which is the fastest route to take," he said.

Under a \$750,000 contract, U.S. Wireless Corp. of San Ramon, Calif. will install computer equipment on cellular towers that will monitor the location of cell-phone users as they drive on a 15-mile stretch of the Capital beltway south of Washington. Cell-phone use will be monitored between U.S. 5 in Maryland and the interchange of Interstates 95, 495 and 395 in Springfield, Va.

[JR: If most people think this technology is benign and is only to ease traffic congestion for our convenience, then I have some prime swampland to sell them.]

AIRPORT X-RAY DEVICE SPURS CONCERNS

By Deepti Hajela, *Newsday*, 12/29/99

NEW YORK (AP)—An X-ray scanner that can see through clothing is setting off alarms for those who say using the machine on air travelers constitutes an invasion of privacy.

The U.S. Customs Service has been using the BodySearch device at John F. Kennedy International Airport and five other major airports around the country to search for contraband for most of this year. Plans are to have it installed at all of the country's major airports by June of next year.

The machine uses low doses of X-rays to scan a traveler, displaying an image of the person's body on a screen. It looks like an outline filled in with white chalk, but doesn't show physical details like a photograph would.

The display does show anything that is being carried either in a person's clothing or on the body, such as weapons or packages of illegal drugs.

Customs Commissioner Raymond Kelley said Wednesday that anyone who is subjected to a search at an airport where the device is in place would have an option of undergoing a physical pat-down instead of being scanned by the machine.

"People object to being physically touched," he said. "In response to that we brought in the scanners."

Customs is facing numerous lawsuits from people alleging they were singled out for body searches because of their race or sex. The allegations first were reported by *The Associated Press* last year.

But some say the X-rays are more invasive than a pat-down, since the scan shows the outline of a traveler's naked body.

In testimony to an international conference on aviation safety, Gregory T. Nojeim, Legislative Counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, said the scanner can show private parts with clarity and that portions of the display could be enlarged by the viewer.

"If there is ever a place where a person has a reasonable expectation of privacy, it is under their clothing," he said in his testimony.

But Robert Peters, Vice President of American Science and Engineering of Billerica, Mass., which makes the machines, said concerns about the images were exaggerated, noting that the display doesn't show specifics such as scars, birthmarks or even muscle definition.

"It's not like you're getting a photograph of a naked

person," he said.

[JR: These have been in operation for almost a year and I wonder how many were actually given the option of physical search instead of full scan. Most of these surveillance technologies are released publicly only after they are exposed through various information resources, such as the many alternative news reports on the Internet.]

NEW DIGITAL ANGEL IS BIG BROTHER UNDER YOUR THUMB

Star Tribune, 12/27/99

Cox News Service—Here's a high-tech tracking device not even George Orwell envisioned: a gizmo slightly smaller than a dime inserted under a person's skin.

Palm Beach-based Applied Digital Solutions said that it has acquired the patent for the implant, which it calls the Digital Angel. People who use the transmitter—powered by the carrier's muscle—could be tracked by Global Positioning Satellite, the same technology used in some luxury cars and boats.

Richard Sullivan, Chairman and Chief Executive of Applied Digital, sees a multibillion-dollar market for the implant.

Parents who fear losing children to kidnappers might buy the devices. People with Alzheimer's or heart disease might use the transmitters so that medical help could arrive quickly.

The chip would hold medical and financial information. There's no need to worry about Orwell's Big Brother, Sullivan said, because no one will be forced to have an implant.

"We don't see that as an issue because it's a voluntary thing," Sullivan said. "We're in a voluntary world."

In some cases, he said, the implant could be a "life-saving" device.

But Sullivan also said the criminal-justice system might use the implants to keep track of prisoners released early.

Civil libertarians cringe at such uses of technology, which they consider invasive.

"This is a situation that can go in the blink of an eye from being voluntary to being mandatory," said Emily Whitfield, a spokeswoman for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Evan Hendricks, Editor of the *Privacy Times* newsletter, said consumers should think hard before buying an implant.

"They could get some bar-code tattoos while they're at it," Hendricks said sarcastically. "If a parent really wants to put a chip in their kids, they have the right to do that. I would encourage people to think long and hard about using something like this for privacy and for medical reasons."

Applied Digital is developing the device and hopes to have a version available late next year. Sullivan wouldn't say how much Applied Digital paid for the patent, only that he bought it from a Boston-area group of inventors....

...Applied Digital specializes in business-to-business e-commerce, and Sullivan said the company plans to use the device for Internet security first. The implant could let someone at a computer verify the identity of another thousands of miles away.

Sullivan said the e-commerce market for the chip could be worth \$10 billion to \$12 billion. When parents, patients and other customers are added to the list of potential buyers, sales could reach \$100 billion, he said.

People unwilling to have the chips in their bodies could carry them. The chips also could be placed on such items as valuable paintings....

[JR: It's voluntary now but wait. We have so much surveillance and control now and we accept it without any cause for alarm. This technology is definitely BIG BROTHER.]

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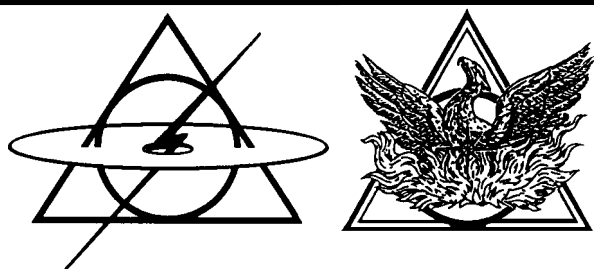
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