



Journey to
our Neolithic Self

WJ Q in

JOURNEY TO
OUR NEOLITHIC SELF

WJ QIN

www.pleiadianfamily.net

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Note to the Reader

The ET origin of our ancient worldwide Neolithic Revolution was a secret revealed in *New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*, the first-born of book twins, the boy book, so to speak.

Here comes the second-born twin sister, *Journey to Our Neolithic Self*, the girl book, which journeys back to prehistory, to a mysterious island in the Atlantic Ocean.



Ireland.

Neolithic Ireland. As revealed in *New Humankind*, the emerald isle in her New Stone Age was a Pleiadian kindergarten for starseeds. “A what?” you say, wide-eyed. Well, more must be said about this island kindergarten and that is the task of the girl book now in your hands.

How I, a native Chinese, came to find my roots in an Irish kindergarten is a surreally real story, told in Part Two of this serious nonfiction for playful adults.

One sur/real fact that you, my imaginative reader, must know now is that my roots in Ireland go both ways: one reaching the Seven Stars, one the core of Earth.



My sky roots, if you follow me, shall take us to a light-bodied being, whose name is Sincera.

The Seven Stars being speaks to me from within and I decode her light speech in matter-of-fact English.

Decoding is what this exotic thing called “channeling the Pleiadian ET” simply means.

- W J Qin

FOREWORD by Sincera

The **Power** of Thy **Past**

Your first time, this must be, to read a book foreword by an extraterrestrial (ET).

I, a Pleiadian ET, made the innovation for a reason: this book and her twin brother were written at my request. The secret mission of my book twins, I can openly say, is to tickle thy memory. To kindle your remembrance of how things were on Earth before dark aliens came.

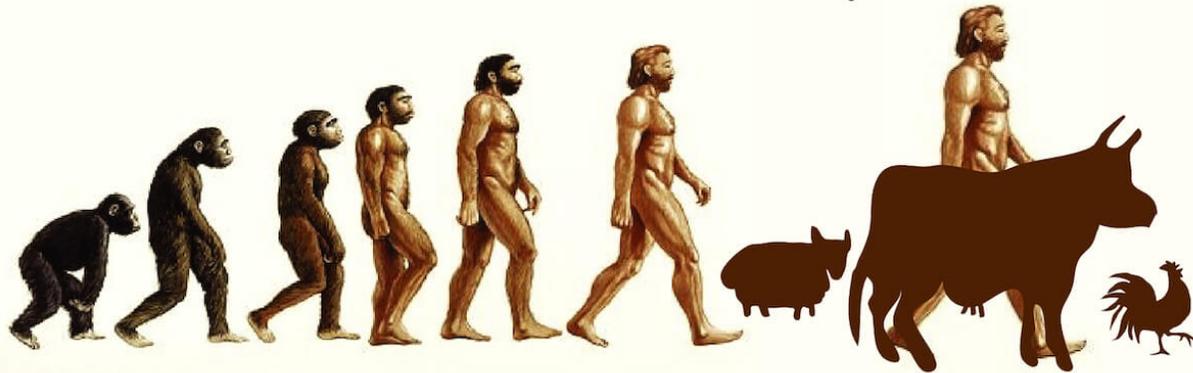
Before dark aliens came and messed up our civilization. I, Sincera, am one member of a large collective of star human souls, on Earth to restore our civilization of light. You could call us the light ETs, benevolent sky beings, star people, or Family of Light. But never call us aliens, or gods!

Call us ancestors, please.

We are your ancient *family* from the sky. Ancient, for we have visited you in the ancient days of your timeline, yet contemporary, for we have never left you behind.

Bringers of agriculture, builders of megaliths, founders of civilization, teachers, helpers, and friends—think of us in such terms, and without a sense of worship, of course! It was but a family affair: one half of the family helping another half in need. So why deify family helpers as a holier kind of being?

The Domestication Myth



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One of the biggest lies ever imposed on your mind is “the domestication of animals and plants by Neolithic man.”

The Domestication Story was implanted in you at such a young age and in such a wholesale fashion that you come to think of it as a collective memory. No, it isn't a memory. It's a chip of pseudo prehistory inserted in your mind to block your memory.

Any child could ask, “Why did it take hundreds of thousands of years for humans to tame wild beasts and plants?”

Any adult could ask, “How did it happen all of a sudden? What accounted for the vast differences between wild species and domesticated ones in their physical appearances and genetic structures?”

The Domestication Story could never withstand the scrutiny of a true scientific mind.



Historical Progress



An even bigger lie imposed on your mind is the Myth of Historical Progress. The myth tells you that there has been a process of evolution, a process of things getting better and better for mankind—history is better than prehistory, and historical man is better off than prehistoric man. Prehistoric man had wooden clubs, flint knives, and bone pins, whereas historical man has iron daggers, steel swords, and stainless guns.

On a subliminal level, the myth gets you to look at your past through the lens of material tools (of the weaponry sort). On a deeper level, the myth gets you to think of your past in terms of external novelties—more specifically, in terms of gadget upgrades.

The myth prevents you from seeing into the human interior. Instead of looking at the inner quality of man, you are led to look at the outer quality of his things. Instead of evaluating the state of human consciousness, you are led to evaluate the state of human technology. Instead of evaluating the impact of human technology on the whole, you are led to evaluate the impact of human technology on domestic life.

On the deepest level, the pretty Myth of Historical Progress covers up a very ugly picture:

Prehistoric man was free.

Historical man is chained.

You, humans of the historical era, have chains around your neck and weights on your back. Now locked into a rat race, you citizens of the First World have 9-to-5 jobs, meagre 3-week vacations per year, and 30-year home mortgages. You live in an invisible cage and in constant fear of losing the essentials of life. Thou art the wild animals tamed by a system of terror techniques.

“Domesticated”—the best species to bear this label is unfortunately you.

Time to get your history (and prehistory) straight.

“What’s the use of going back to prehistory when we are going forward into a new age?” you might wonder.

Let me remind you that time moves in a cyclical way—never in a straight line.

Your current time wave is approaching the closure point of a great cycle. Like it or not, you are going backward to reach the start point. Only after retouching the start point can you move into a new cycle, into a new era.

You see, on this circle of time, your future begins from your past.



A chip of linear pseudo prehistory works as a mental device to prevent you from reaching the start point. The device holds you back from flowing with the rhythm of cyclical time. It holds you back by giving you a false shallow ground so that you won't bend all the way down to touch your roots deep in the earth. It holds you back by herding you toward an illusory future, further and further away from your source, from your origin.

Remember: the power of a thing resides in its origin.

A false prehistory thus works to break the link to your origin. The fake stories of planet Earth and fake stories of the human race all aim at cutting you off from alignment with your mother planet, with your star families, and with your true self. When you are cut off from your origin, cut off from your roots in the past, you turn small and weak, easy to dominate.

How a non-human extra-terrestrial force came to dominate you, mighty humans on Earth, is revealed in *New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*. The Bronze Age was where it went wrong. An alien force of darkness invaded the Earth domain and infiltrated the human genome around 3500 BC at Sumer in the Bronze Age.

Known then as the Anunnaki, this invader force set out to hijack the civilization founded by us, your Family of Light, and to steer it onto an alien course against the original purpose of the blueprint of civilization. The hijacked civilization has grown to be a monster of destruction, and has driven not only the human race but also planet Earth into dire straits. This event, spanning 5000 years of earthly time, is history.

The master deceivers, of course, would not want you to see history as it is. To keep you ignorant of the very event of hijacking is their top concern. They succeeded in keeping you ignorant for so long because the hijacking took place so early in the developmental stage of you as a species.

It was a childhood event, whitewashed by time. It was a traumatic memory, repressed by pain. You have been kidnapped in your childhood. Taken out of a playground, you were sent to a labor camp and fed with a porridge of lies. With your mind stuffed with your kidnapper's story of who you are and of what the world is, you were incapacitated in recalling the distant days of a childhood prior to the event of kidnapping. The disease of amnesia has become your normal way to be. You can't even see that you suffer amnesia—such is the lethal effect of this top disease of the soul.

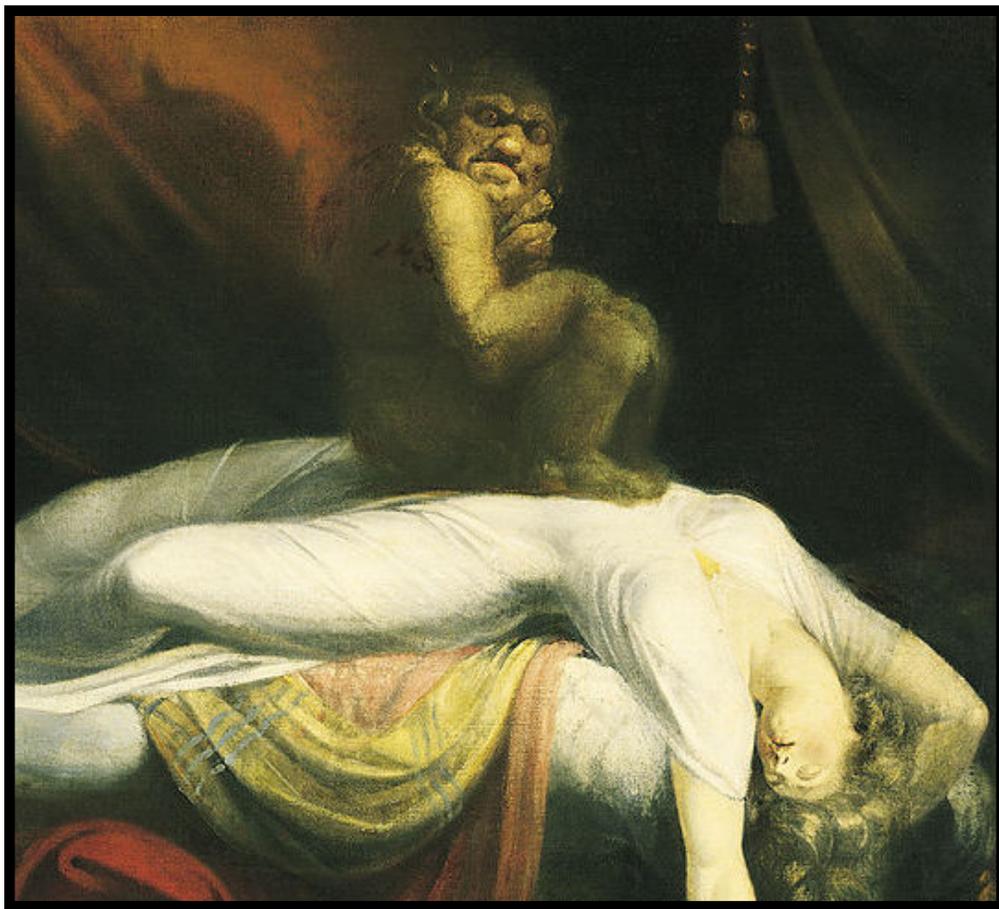
It was an idyllic childhood, remember? Idyllic not in the sense of being perfect, but in the sense that all key elements for a healthy child development were there. The Neolithic world was a milieu devoid of malice and chaos, an environment rich in love. What's more, your parents were there—parents who respected you as equals and nurtured you in every possible way.

Your parents didn't abandon you—they were driven away. They were forced to leave the Earth shore. Not because they had no strength to fight sky invaders or alien kidnappers, but because they had to respect the choice of their earthly offspring.

You went with the kidnapper! You chose to go with the seducer, to whatever place he had promised. You couldn't resist the candy at first, and then you couldn't resist the whip.

How could we kidnap you from your kidnapper? How could we impose our will onto your will? We are your family, and family means respecting your wishes. We had no choice but to watch our beloved drifting away into the wild blue yonder while we clung to a pillar of faith and murmured, "This is only a bad dream that will end as soon as daylight arrives!"

"The Nightmare" by John Henry Fuseli (1781)



The Anu Nightmare and the Gaian Dream

Before the nightmare of history was a beautiful dream. A dream woven out of the dreams of many beings in the universe, to launch a civilization with infinite potentials and endless possibilities. A civilization rooted in the earth and reaching for the heavens. A civilization embodying the virtues of many species under the leadership of a most blessed species: the Earth human race.

Ah, the Earth human race! The center of cosmic attentions, the delight of the world soul, the grand experiment—an adventure guaranteed to last. An ultimate adventure, with unforeseen ups and downs, twists and turns, with unprecedented trials and tests, coming many a time to the brink of failure, and to the brink of success.

So close to success were we, makers of a dream within dreams, we, masons of a stone dream. A new stone dream—a Neolithic Dream—had called us to fly across space and land on the shore of Earth. Soft earth, hard earth, sand, mud, pebbles, and rocks, whatever you could ask for from a material world was there in the playground of this open planet, a universal attraction. Yet, we came not with an intention, but with an ambition. We came as a celestial team to expand the terra world of matter, starting with her quintessential kind: the earth.

The earth element. The building block for a planetary structure was going to receive an initiation, an empowerment. Not that the earth element was weak or inert, not that the earth spirit was limp or dead, but it was time for an upgrade. A drastic upgrade was needed after the damage of the recent catastrophe done on the aura of planet Earth. Instead of a mere recovery, what the soul of Earth needed was a transformation—a leap of vibration, together with her human children. For that, we came.



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The Birth of New Species

Göbekli Tepe, Turkey

We came to create new stones besides new species. We, the bringers of stellar energies, and Gaia, the mother of planetary energies, were to co-produce new types of stone for this energetic upgrade. On the one hand, her native stones would receive a power charge from our starlight. On the other hand, an entirely new assortment of stones would be made, to store, convert, and transmit energies gathered from all directions.

The new stones were power stones. The power stones were synthetic stones, manufactured with an artificial intent, “artificial” in the sense of having an origin in stellar human intervention.

The synthetic stones came in all shapes: round or square, triangular or irregular, slabs or blocks, and they came in all types: granite, basalt, sand stone, lime stone, or quartz. Quite often they were big, huge, gigantic. Their mega size wasn't made to intimidate or to impress the human onlookers of then or of today. Their mega size simply served their purpose to stand as holders and transmitters of mega energies. Inevitably, their size reflected the size of their makers. We were giants to you, and we were gentle to you.

The giants raised the megaliths to raise human awareness of the sacredness of stones and the magic power of the earth element. The loftiness of these stones, the liveliness of these stones, and the supernaturalness of these stones were

accentuated for an ambitious goal: to inspire Earth humans to grow tall and mighty, in spirit. So that they no longer think small of themselves, no longer feel helpless, no longer let external setbacks detain their divine destinies.

The mega stones were meant to support a new relation with the earth, and with Earth. Our seeding of agriculture, prior to our making of mega stones, had produced a new bed soil, a new zone of earthy energy that expanded the planetary biosphere, that formed a uterine lining for the fetus of civilization. The mega stones were carefully placed at key spots of this energetic topsoil to serve as markers, as centers, as stations supporting the growth of this new relation. It was for both the planetary mother and her human children that the new stones were made, purposely made to work as cornerstones upholding an energetic foundation.

And you humans were meant to live among and live with these stone posts of your greenhouse of civilization. Never to treat them as blocks of mute sculpture decorating your nature parks, or as chunks of nuisance clogging your wheat fields. Never to let them be covered by wild grasses or littered by unruly herds. But to maintain a symbiotic relation with them, to be fully co-dependent with them, to abide by them in life and in death. For, despite their mute appearance, they were family members: alive, buoyant, conscious.

You were to go to the stones, alone, in pairs, or in groups, in health or in sickness, in sunlight or in moonlight, to ask or to pray, to take or to receive, as you would with the trusted elders of your own tribe; and more, to breathe with them, to sing with them, to listen to their whispers and their silence, to travel through them, to travel with them to reach the sun in the earth and the sun in the sky, to let them surprise you, play with you, stretch your imagination in ten directions—to grow up, with them as your companions.

That was the megalithic dream within the Neolithic Dream.



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Womb Temple for Stone Dreams

Newgrange, Ireland

There were many islands of dream in the Neolithic days, Ireland and Malta, to name a pair, one in the Atlantic Ocean, one in the Mediterranean Sea. And there were many cradles of civilization on Earth, not just a single Irish case. Yet, Ireland was especially dear to us, a group of Pleiadian ETs.

The small green island at the far end of a landmass was both a frontier and a centerpiece. Ireland was picked and groomed to be a showcase. Ireland was admired and cherished as a prime persona of the soul of Earth.

We referred to the island as “she.” She was a woman of all ages: child, virgin, lover, mother, and grandmother, and a woman of magical powers. She was very beautiful and very wise, a top candidate for the hostess’s role for our Pleiadian kindergarten of starseeds.

By the time we landed on her shores around 5000 BC, Ireland had nurtured generations of starseeds. In fact, the entire human population in her land then was made of Pleiadian starseeds—human souls from the Pleiades who had incarnated in earthly bodies as clusters of *Homo sapiens* tribes. Imagine what it meant for us to go meet our earthly kin, our earthly offspring, in person!

The clusters of starseeds in Ireland were dear to us as our children, and dear to us as our equals. In our minds, we were able to hold such seemingly contradictory images. On the level of the star soul, they were the same as us, if not greater. On the level of the planet soul, however, they were vulnerable infants in need of parental care. We stepped in to play a mother role, for we had been sent by the Great Mother (the Sacred Feminine Force) to come and lend them a helping hand, to pull them out of a pit in the aftermath of a global catastrophe.

The catastrophe ca 10,000 BC had drawn out the worst animal side in them, starseeds having a human-animal experience on planet Earth. Yet, despite their violent acts in extreme situations, they were pure humans: pure in their souls and pure in their bodies.

Purity means retaining an original wholeness, without defilement by an alien element. Such purity was retained by the entire human race on planet Earth in this era of prehistory. In this pre-contamination, pre-fragmentation, pre-alienation era, humanity was in a pristine state of innocence.

A system of culture that nurtures such innocent childhood is best termed as a “kindergarten.” A kindergarten is where a child learns basic cultural experiences. Our kindergarten in Ireland was a school for the Human Child to learn to establish

the basic structure of civilized living. So fundamental was this structure that it would continue to serve in the Human Adult life as an infrastructure, as a root paradigm.

Our kindergarten school was a place of fun, serious fun. There was no boundary between work and play or between study and life, for life itself was the learning process. We had designed a system of curricula that would adapt to the growth pace of our students.

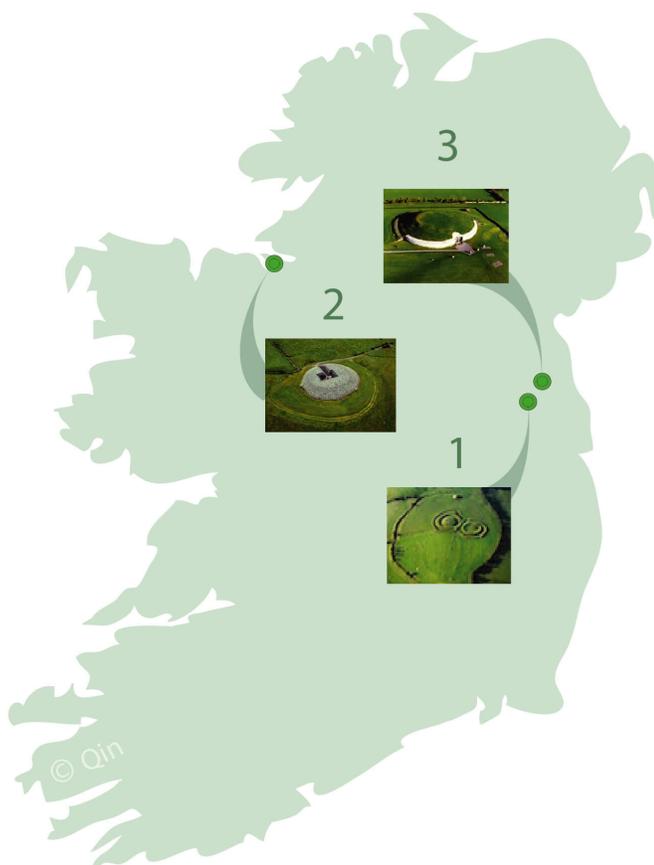
Ireland

a kindergarten for starseeds

Grade 1: **The Tara Phase**
(ca 5000-4300 BC)

Grade 2: **The Carrowmore Phase**
(ca 4300-3500 BC)

Grade 3: **The Boyne Phase**
(ca 3500-2000 BC)



To put it in simplified terms, our kindergarten in Ireland consisted of three grades:

Grade 1 was centered on learning agriculture.

Grade 2 was centered on learning ritual, and ritual means conscious action.

Grade 3 was centered on learning technology, material technology as well as spiritual technology.

By way of reincarnation, the starseeds in Ireland would progress from one grade to another, thus building up their individual repertoire of life experiences.

Upon completing Grade 3, graduates of our kindergarten could choose to go to a primary school in Egypt, in India, in China, or elsewhere. Likewise, starseeds from these lands could have a lifetime in Ireland and be initiated at our Pleiadian school.

Ireland wasn't meant to be a kindergarten forever. As the kinder grew, the garten would grow too. Our plan was to keep our school facilities changing in sync with the pace of our students. As our students grew more advanced, our megalithic facilities would grow more complex. From earthen rings to

stone circles, dolmens, and then chambered cairns, it would be a systemic progression. If it went as planned, Ireland would grow step by step from a kindergarten into a university, a world-famous university.

The fact that you are reading this book indicates that you are probably one of our Irish kindergarten graduates.

Yes, you! In one of your past lives, you may have lived on this emerald isle of magic, you may have swum in her lakes and played in her forests, may have charmed her snakes (yes, Ireland had snakes), may have sipped her elixirs and soared with her swans.

There is only one way to find out.

There is only one person who can find out.

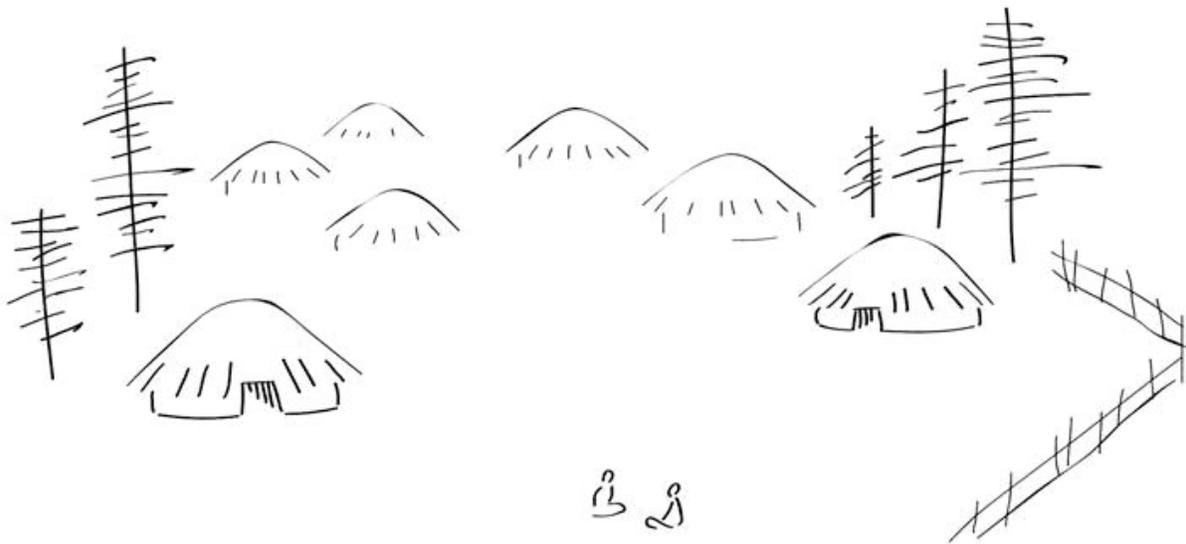
The following story was written at my request to help you rediscover your own story. The tale of Modira from Ireland in 3800 BC is the life story of a second-grader of a kindergarten that spanned some three thousand years. Her life could not possibly show you the whole kindergarten experience, but could show you a doorway to the enchanted garden wherein you may chance upon your forgotten dreams.

PART ONE **Modira Speaks** (Ireland, 3800 BC)

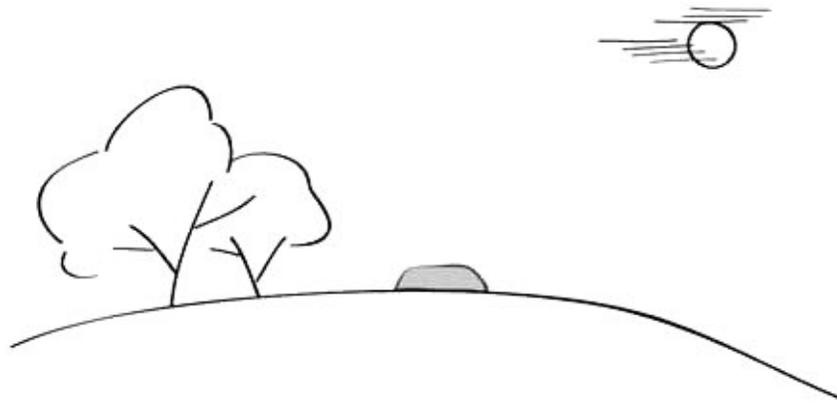
Can you see me,
a girl of fourteen
with flaxen hair and freckled face
wearing a sandy white tunic down to the knees?

Can you see my world,
rolling hills and towering woods
all around a village of mud-and-straw huts?

Come sit with me on the grass,
and I'll tell you the story of my life.



1. Eye of the Moon



It is midsummer's eve. It is also the night of a full moon.

The rare occasion (once in life, people say) has been announced to be my night, Modira's Night. This night many people have gathered for my rite; after the rite, I will be seen as a child no more, but as a woman for the rest of my life.

A woman! I have longed for this phase of life more intensely than anyone. For thirteen years I have been a child, though my menses came before I turned twelve, though my breasts had been high before then. But a child I must remain till a crossover is made in the presence of everybody. This is an event involving sky and earth. Only the elders know when a child's crossover time has finally arrived.

Why me, to receive the rare blessings from a solstice sun, to be followed by a full moon? I don't know. It so happened that my time and their time had come to a perfect match, the elders said.

I am lying alone on a great stone, my body covered by a white blanket, my eyes blindfolded by a white ribbon. Here at this altar stone, the crossover rite of several sisters has taken place before my eyes. I can see what is coming up for me tonight.

The altar stone is a giant being, a great gray boulder as tall as me, with a flat top in a neat triangular shape. She is our stone—the stone of the girls and women—made for bodies with vulvas and breasts alone. We call her the Vulva Stone.

Boys and men could admire her from the ground, but could not take seat on her top, unless invited. For hundreds of years has the Vulva Stone been here on the highest point of our ritual hill, to help each of us enter the world of womanhood. Every vulva in our world has been blessed by her; the Vulva Stone has graced us all.

Under my naked body, the Vulva Stone feels solid and warm, having been in the solstice sun all day long. She slept through the day and woke up at sunset, to see and to be seen by another eye in the sky. The eye in the sky hasn't appeared yet, for the hilltop is very quiet.

All things are set, all eyes on me alone on the altar, all hearts embracing the retreating light and the advancing darkness. Twilight is the time when opposite things happen: me as a child carried away by the departing light, me as a woman-to-be carried in by the arriving night.

I hear a drumbeat breaking the silence and then the sound of bonfires being lit. She is here, the eye of the night sky! Sister of the sun, our sky aunt, our master of the ceremonies has finally appeared. And I am her pride—I am the Moon Maiden on this much-talked-about midsummer's eve.

Now rattles are sounding, and prayers being offered to spirits of the four directions. I can feel the several rings of people standing around the Vulva Stone: the inner ring of men, the middle ring of women, and the outer ring of kids. Three tribes of people from villages around the hill have come up to the top to help me make it a Modira's Night.

Their prayers come to an end and the menfolk begin to sing. They aren't singing a song—they are humming a tone. Their tone is very low, lower than the drumbeat, lower than the roar of thunder and the roar of sea. At first, I could make out the voices of individual men from different directions. In a while I could discern no more difference. I hear one voice making one tone. I hear one male sound surrounding me from all around.

Never before have I been placed at the center of a singing men's circle, with all that masculine power, directed by way of sound, solely at me! Just once, I was in a similar position: fresh out of my mother's womb, I entered a pool of voices made by a circle of women, singing to greet me, the newborn.

Now a pool of male sound carries me on its rippling surface. The pool slowly grows to be big as a pond. I am floating in the pond like a water lily just open to the evening air. The pond grows to be big as a lake, then big as the sea, and turns into ebbs and flows on a sandy beach. Expansive and dreamy, I adrift on the gentle waves of an ocean of sound.

The ocean of male sound now gets solid. It narrows into a long shape that looks like a water snake. A huge water snake living in the lake, the kind you see in your visions and dreams. He sways his snake body before my feet, with a clear intention to come near my legs. I can't refuse. I want him close. So I part my legs and let him swim all the way up.

In between my inner thighs, he waits there, the sound snake, swaying left and right with no forward motion. He waits at my gate. My vulva gate has changed. It's become as big as the Vulva Stone, or as big as the many gates that the Vulva Stone has borne altogether. Am I still me? Or am I the sum total of all who have ever lay on the Vulva Stone?

I don't know. But I know that the Vulva Stone and the sound snake are no strangers at all. They have been lovers for eons of time, and I am just a new moment in their ongoing romance.

Under the white blanket and white blindfold, I lie still on the stone, doing my best to control the urge to move. This is the protocol: I must stay motionless till the point I lose control.

Difficult to lie still when three rings of people are singing and swirling all around you! Speeding up is the tempo of the male sound, aided by the quickening of the drumbeat. Now much bigger than my body is the sound snake. He sways his mighty body as rapidly as the rattle beat. With the sound snake fast moving like this, I can't keep still anymore. I've to surrender to the urge to move.

It's time to rise from the bed of childhood! I sit up, and cast aside the white blanket that represents child protection and child comfort. The white blindfold stays on my face: the child-no-more must save her sight for the highest part of the rite.

I stand up, a naked body save for the blindfolded eyes, and start to move with the male voice, to dance with the rhythm of the sound snake. My movement is kept slight so I can feel the Vulva Stone, who is moving with me on the rhythm of the sound wave. I am an extension of her. I am the flesh-and-blood

side of a stone being. She has gray skin, I have tan skin. She is rooted in the earth, and I am reaching for the moon. Together as one, we sway our female body to answer the invitation call from the ring of men.

Naked as the male voice is our female body of one, the body of all who have shown themselves here atop the ritual hill. A body is beautiful whether clad or nude. But to stand on the highest point of our world between earth and sky at the center of all eyes as who you are without any obstruction or disguise, and more, to feel the heat of every pair of eyes on your skin, part by part warming your affection for yourself, step by step fanning your desire for the world beyond your eyelids, is a state higher than any childhood peak.

The male voice peaks in strength. The womenfolk begin to sing. The second ring of bodies produces a second ring of sound, high-pitched, bright-colored, and unified as one. The female voice brings to my mind a lark with enormous wings. The sound lark descends on the sound snake like a dear old friend. The two start to move, the snake swinging his trunk, the bird flapping her wings, right on the drumbeat that is faster than my own heartbeat.

I hear a voice calling out, a female voice from the sky that is familiar to my inner ear: “Open your eyes.”

Here comes the highest part of the rite! I strip off the blindfold and snap open my eyes. And there she is, the eye that just spoke to me, the bright yellow eye on the night sky. The eye of the moon, some nights cold, some nights warm, now looks at me in a way that makes me want to cry. "You are me," she says, "and you can be whatever you like!"

I am her, indeed.

I am the Moon Maiden, the honor of all tribes, the object of all men's desires. I am the human helper of a celestial being, now peaking in her heavenly yearning. Surveying the earth is a passionate eye of the night, seeking that exquisite other, down below, standing on the soil, a male body with a soul strong enough to join her in flight ... I am her eye.

Down below are their eyes, the men's eyes. Their eyes have watched me come and go, their hands labored with me in the fields, their legs danced with me at all manner of festivals. My brothers, fathers, and grandfathers from villages around have gathered this midsummer's eve, to see me through the eyes of desiring men.

And I must look back at them, no longer with the eyes of a girl, but with the fresh, new eyes of a woman. A desiring woman, a Moon Woman, a woman who sees through the eye of her heart and the eye of her womb, the eye of the stone and

the eye of the moon. Many eyes in her eyes, many desires in her soul, she shall look down on the ground at the ring of men, she shall see among the dozens of male bodies only one.

No need to look down, glance from face to face, compare and decide which is the one. For my eyes have chosen the one, long before this juncture of the rite. The moon knows. She has known my choice for many, many years. But she kept telling me to wait with patience.

The one, on the other hand, does not know my choice. Or does he? Although my gaze is fixed on the moon, I can feel his gaze burning my cheeks. Even with my eyes closed, I can locate his whereabouts in a big, noisy crowd. He must know! He must know from those awkward moments when we avoided locking gazes. He must know from those long stretches of time that we sat side by side in total silence at the riverbank.

Yet, he is as anxious as the other men, I can feel. To win the eyes of the Moon Maiden is more of a lucky thing than an accomplishment. For it is she who decides how long and how deep her gaze rests on whom, and no one knows what sort of spell the moon may cast on a girl dancing on the Vulva Stone.

The moon need not cast any spell on me, for I have been under her spell since I was a little girl. At night I became her

maiden, in bed, and went on moon dancing, in my mind. My dance has been rehearsed numerous times. Yet I couldn't rehearse the very last scene. The scene is here, calling for courage, and courage is what I now lack—courage to look, away from the eye of the moon, into the eyes of a man.

Now plain is the drumbeat and monotonous are the singing voices. Three tribes of people are waiting. In a passive state, people are waiting for me to act as a giver, to grant them the wish of the moon, to give them the favor from on high.

For an instant the eye of the moon blinks at me, so slightly that perhaps I alone notice her tease. I close my eyes one last time. I give in to that inhibition one last time. Then, with a firm bite on the lip, I snap open my eyes. I cast my sight in that direction. That direction is where my soul wishes to fly.

The moment our eyes meet, I feel struck by a force louder than thunder and greater than a mountain. I feel flooded by a current clearer than water and sweeter than honey. No wonder they call it the sweetest and scariest unknown—what happens when four eyes meet here at the Vulva Stone under a full moon. In the midst of this terrific unknown, the whirling sky whirls away, the drumming, singing, and dancing bodies all fade away. Only two pairs of eyes remain still and real, interlocked in the air amongst flying sparks of bonfire.

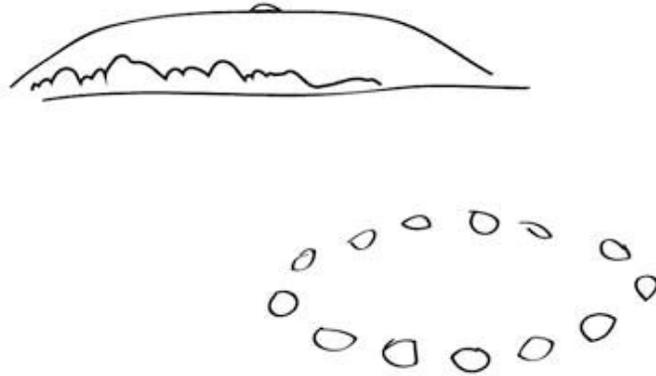
Ah! Eyes I have looked at for so many seasons, yet eyes I see now for the very first time. Eyes of a close family member, but here in the red light of bonfire, eyes of a mysterious stranger. Eyes of a man, no more eyes of a boy, are marching down the tunnel of my womanly gaze, deeper and deeper, into my interior nocturnal forest.

Unstoppable is his manner, the man in my eyes. His torch held aloft, the man walks through woods, crosses over streams, and enters the end recess of a deep, long cave. He shines the first ray of light on the wall and searches for twigs on the floor. He kindles a flame and lights up the cave. He commands the air to swirl as a whirlwind of flame. A storm of fire and steam soon rages in my innermost cavern, leaving no water unstirred and no stone unturned.

There in the whirlwind, in the eye of the storm where the eye inside my head merges with the eye inside my chest, where the eye of my womb becomes the eye of my heart, there stands a tall, lean figure: my seeker, my finder, my winner. His torch high in the air, his arms wide open to the lunar eye, and with the pride of a lead runner he announces his arrival to everyone under the midsummer sky:

“Here I am, her brother, and now, her man!”

2. Star Guest



In my belly, a wish is spreading wild like a patch of clover in spring rain.

To be chosen, that is my wish.

Now a woman, I wish to be as fecund as she, the Great Woman, and I wish to give to our tribe the best gift a woman can ever make. What but a child? A child, however, does not come of my own will. A lover one chooses; to bear a child, one must be chosen.

To be chosen is a great honor. Not everyone gets to be a parent, I know, and not everyone wishes to. But the wish keeps calling out from the deep: “I want to bear a child!”

Choosing has never been difficult in the past, I heard. For the elders, it is a matter of looking into the times of birth to see which two persons make a perfect match. For the rest of us, it is a matter of thinking what's best for the family.

I am thinking what's best for the family, and I know with whom I am finely matched.

Two summers and one winter have gone by since that night he made me a woman and I made him a man. My brother Caval is now a lad of sixteen, carrying broad shoulders with a muscular sheen. He stands half a head taller than me, solid as an oak and gentle as reeds, with long brown hair waving in the breeze. I was ten moons old when Caval was born, born to a mother and father chosen by our tribe just as my own parents had been. I have eleven brothers in our village and many brothers in the vicinity. But this one brother understands me better than all the others.

During the day, we are in each other's sight, working in the field and dining under the same roof. During the night, we sleep apart, he inside the men's hut and I inside the women's hut. In any tribe, the male half and the female half sleep apart at night. Only the night of a full moon do we sleep together. This one night, this one occasion for the male half of a tribe to merge in full with the female half, gives us enough happiness to go on till the next full moon.

At every first-quarter moon, we hold a feast to thank Father Sun, Mother Earth, and Auntie Moon, the three givers of life. Lots of food and fun, music and dance. Tonight is the first-quarter moon of the beginning spring. We've just finished eating in our crowded tribal hut when Grandma Sionna stands up, clears her throat, and gathers our attention in a booming voice: "She spoke to me last night!"

In a long gray robe paired with a necklace of white seashells, Grandma Sionna looks more radiant than her other days. At feasts like this, it is usually Grandma Sionna's role to give us the word.

With all attention gathered, Grandma says that last night the Lady of Light appeared to her in a dream and gave her the message: "Find a young man and a young woman in the family who are matched in every way, and prepare them for ..."

Looking at Grandma standing high, I can't believe what I've just heard. Up and down jumps my heart, like a baby rabbit being chased out of its little hole.

Finally, Grandma delivers the second half of her message: "... for ... the arrival ... of ... a ... star visitor."

We look at one another, wide-eyed.

A star visitor.

What, what does that mean?

“Oh dear, you don’t get it? A star child is coming to us!”

The crowded hut explodes into a roar. Oh yes, we know that word! A star child is the greatest gift from the sky, the dream of every tribe. None of us has seen a star child in our lives. The stuff of legend, it has been.

A child is enough of a blessing. But a star child! My mind is running wild, my heart loud as a drumbeat. I search across the room for his eyes. Sitting there among the men is my dear brother, looking not at Grandma or at me but at the fire in the center. His cheeks redder than the fire, his eyes stiller than the walls, he must be thinking my thoughts.

I shake my head in disbelief. “It can’t be this powerful, can it, the way prayer works?”

But before the feast is over it has been announced that he, Caval, and I, Modira, shall make the pair. It was so swiftly decided because all eyes were on us, including Grandma Sionna’s.

Though sleepless through the night, I sit fresh and attentive in the morning sun by Mother's side. Not Grandma but Ma is going to teach me the art of conceiving a child.

Grandma Sionna has every quality I wish to have, but Grandma never bore a child. She never wished to. She said she was destined to live the unusual life of a star communicator. Ma, who gave birth to me, is special among my eight mamas. Ma knows much about plants, birds, and animals, even more than my pa does, and among my three grandmas and four grandpas, Grandma Sionna knows stars the most.

I love them all—plants, animals, and stars—and I wish to be like them both, Ma and Grandma.

“The secret to conceiving a child lies in the mind,” Ma says to me. “Use your mind to open your innermost chamber as your lover's flow comes in. While welcoming his flow with your body you make an invitation with your soul. On behalf of the family, you invite a soul to come and dwell in your specially prepared home.” The soul of one of our ancestors, Ma means.

Yes, I know, love alone does not make a child. No matter how much I love Caval, no child will be conceived during our lovemaking unless a request has been made—request for a soul to come back and live in a new body.

Ma is full of wisdom and skills. But Ma can teach me no more than the normal procedure of conceiving a normal child. What do I do when a soul all the way from the stars wishes to step inside my little womb? In our tribe's long history, no womb yet has been graced with a soul from so high above.



On a bright morning of spring we set out for the road, we the entire tribe, wearing our prettiest garments and carrying our finest instruments. Rays of sunshine penetrate pine needles and fall upon patches of young ferns just learning to wear the color of green.

Hand in hand, Caval and I walk ahead of our tribe and indulge our senses in that exquisite air of early spring. Several times a year, our tribe treads this path through the forest to attend festivals of the seasons. The dear old trail knows my feet. I never thought that one day I'd be walking on her to attend a festival held especially for him and me.

It takes almost a day to walk through the forest. The setting sun is at arm's length above the horizon when we come out the dense forest. Soon, we arrive at the edge of our most sacred place—the Union Field. Vast and still is the Union Field today, with no other tribe but ours called to be here.

The Union Field is a curvy ground of smooth green grass that hosts many stone circles and stone chambers. In this field of green grass and gray stones, I have seen all sorts of festive scenes—gatherings of tribes from villages by the rivers, by the lakes, and by the sea. However far or near the village, in every tribe’s mind and in every person’s heart the center of our world is nowhere but here: the magnificent Union Field.

It was their wish that we gather in this field, season after season, generation after generation. They were here many generations ago. They created the Union Field especially for us, their relatives on the green earth. Before returning to the sky, they said to our ancestors, “Come here! Here you can always meet us, your family.”

We’ve been coming here, generation after generation, to savor these words.

Each time I stood in the Union Field, I could hear their voices whispering in the breeze, and I could see them, as in a dreamland, I could see those tall and beautiful Shining Ones, standing by the stones and giving lessons to our ancestors. And to think that one of their kind will come and dwell among us! To think that one from their world will land in our tribe, this evening, at a place that couldn’t be nearer!

In silence, we make our way to the Union Field's center. There, on the slightly raised ground, sits a stone circle with a stone chamber at its heart.

The circle is made of more than one hundred boulders, and the chamber made of seven slabs of even bigger boulders: six forming a box on the ground, and the seventh being the top stone, flat and straight, with sharp edges.

This, the circle and the chamber, marks the center of our center. This is our Temple of the Cosmos.

Not far from the Temple of the Cosmos sits a stone circle a bit smaller in size and simpler in structure. Her ring of boulders holds no chamber but an empty field of grass. Her boulders are very big, each at the height of my waist. We call this encircled field "the Lovers' Seat."

The Lovers' Seat is open on special occasions to select couples. Surely, all lovers wish to be seated in the Lovers' Seat. But all lovers must wait for the call of the spirit.

One by one, we step inside this circle that has called our tribe to be here. Entering the circle, I notice a sound, subtle yet pervasive, humming in the air. I realize that this sound comes from no one but the giant boulders rooted to the grass, square and fair, like elders presiding over an important tribal affair.

We thank each of the stone elders for their warm welcome. We open our rucksacks and treat our hungry bellies to some bread and cheese, milk and nuts. The three children of our family, two girls and one boy, lie in their mothers' laps for a nap. The rest of us recline on the grass for a moment of rest. The smell of salt air fills my nostrils, and from beyond the shadowy horizon I can make out distant echoes of the sea. A thick bank of clouds covers half the sky. The moon is not yet in sight.

Then, we get up to set the stage. Layers of sheep fleece are laid out at the stone circle's center to make a round bed. Four piles of bonfire are set on the periphery to mark the four directions. A dividing line is drawn across the round field. We are going to sit separate: men and boys on the northern male side facing us women and girls on the southern female side.

The new fleece looks so pure as I step into my side of the round bed at the heart of the stone circle. I untie my belt, loosen my tunic, and take my seat. Behind me, women are testing spots on the ground; in front of me, men are discussing some last-moment questions; beyond the men, far in the distance, looms the voluptuous silhouette of our beloved breast mountain, our Vision Hill. I know she too is a participant in our ceremony in the light of the full moon.

Without a sound, Caval comes over and plants his body in his side of the round fleece bed. Face to face, knee against knee, we sit cross-legged, our ears cocked to the humming in the evening air. Not a word is uttered, yet my ears hear all sorts of tones: the earth and the wind, the ocean and the hill, the grass, birds, and boulders, the bodies in front and the bodies behind, the space above and the world below, each speaking a language of its own.

To listen better, I keep my eyes closed. With eyes shut I can see them more sharply—the array of spirit beings gathered at our side. A meeting point of different worlds is where we are; it is as much of a ceremony for them as it is for us, a small band of humans. To these beings from all directions I offer my gratitude; I make requests for their generous assistance.

The Song of the Full Moon now sounds in the air. The song is led by Grandma's voice, as dreamy as the way the moon moves. She has appeared. I can see her ascent with my eyes closed, and can hear her voice singing along with our traditional moon song. Our moon song, as we all know, is a human way to imitate her sound, the moon's sound.

In the midst of the moon song I hear her voice speaking to my heart. I tilt my head and open my eyes. Without any delay, my gaze meets her gaze. Liquid light flows from her eye into my eyes and fills up my chest like a pond in a summer downpour.

At ending the moon song Grandma Sionna starts a hum. She searches for ways to tune into the stone circle's sound. Not an old song is Grandma humming, but a new song is Grandma learning. The stones have invited our leader to sing along with their song. Cautious and slow our Grandma's voice goes. It grows bigger and bigger to match the voice of the stones.

One by one, our family joins in with their humming sounds; step by step, they adjust their tones into a perfect unison. Now they hum together, stones and people, and form a bed of sound resting firmly on one tone.

As if the sound of stone has found a course in human voice, or the human voice has itself embodied in stone, I hear a single voice sounding in the air. It is the voice of the heart, heart of the people and heart of the stones.

At the heart of the heart sit Caval and I, the chosen couple at the center of the stone circle. In silent stillness, we receive this unified voice of human and stone, earth and moon. I let the voice pass from my eyes into his eyes, and through his into mine. In this circulation of sound by way of eyes, we are forming a bond between our souls, a bond not quite the same as the one we formed that midsummer's eve.

It is a bond of commitment: commitment to each other, to our tribe, and to the stars. Through our steady gaze, supported by the voices of all beings present in the circle, we make an alliance of two souls to serve from now on as one unit. United as one, we shall bring forth on Earth a child from the sky.

Seated in the round bed, in tight embrace, we two resort to swaying. Left and right, back and forth, swaying in sync with us are the women and girls behind me and the men and boys behind him. The two halves of our family have created two waves of energy by forming a single female body around me and a single male body around him.

In the embrace of the two waves, at the heart of a whirling sound pool, we the entwined nudes are uniting our two bodies of youth on behalf of two ageless bodies of an ancient tribe.

One man loves one woman.

Oneness of all men loves oneness of all women.

No more difference and no more gap. There is but one happy flow moving toward the sky, toward the light, to greet a star guest with the greatest joy a tribe on Earth can ever provide ...

3. Sowers in the Dark



A feeling is in my womb. It isn't the kind that I'm waiting for.

“Don't worry,” Ma says to me. “It's been only a few days!”

We are washing clothes by the creek. I've found the right moment to speak to Mother of my concern. Some distances away are the other women, splashing water in laughter. No one is likely to hear our conversation.

Ma suggests that I wash my mind the way we wash our clothes. This is the day for it, last-quarter moon, for a thorough housecleaning from the inside out. Ma is right.

Two days after the housecleaning, the feeling is still there. In a few days the moon will be dark, and I won't be joining our group in the all-night ceremony. Not a bleeding woman anymore, I find myself in an in-between place, alone, in a fog.

It's been disquietingly quiet in my womb. This silent world, immense and impenetrable like the night of a dark moon, hosts an event that for some reason has decided to stay secretive. Never have I felt so estranged from my womb, and from everyone around me, including him. The sympathetic and understanding Caval, being male, cannot possibly share in the peculiar feelings of a pregnant female.

It is a cloudy and windy afternoon, the day before the dark moon. I am about to join my sisters in preparing sea sponges, to rinse them in fresh water again and lay them out in reed baskets to dry, when a sensation alerts my heart. It is a warm sensation between my thighs, a sensation I am too familiar with.

I excuse myself and head back for our hut. The ominous feeling in my chest grows heavier as I hurry my steps across the village ground. No one is around. I push open the door and step into our hut. Inside the dimly lit space, there is me alone, standing in the bed of fleece still warm from our midday sleep.

Pulling up my tunic, I reach for my inner thigh. It feels gluey wet. Holding out my fingers, I step into the daylight beaming through the half-open door.

Blood.

It is blood, fresh, thick, abundant blood, same blood as what came at every dark moon. Blood again on my fingertips!

The wall starts to spin and I collapse on the floor. Thoughts like tidal waves rush through my mind, thoughts of the future, of the past, of our tribe and the stars, and of him, my love. Now it all makes sense, that strange feeling stirring in my chest the last few days. My body knew it all along: I am not pregnant and there is no star child inside my womb!

“Dear, oh dear, how could it be?” The women circled around me look more concerned than disappointed. The protocol was right, people’s hearts were aligned, and the timing was perfect—was it not perfect?

After naming every possible cause, we decide to keep the shocking news within the women’s end for the time being and carry on with the day. In a situation like this, it is not Ma but myself with whom I wish to mourn. It is not the embrace of others but my own solitude from which I shall seek consolation. I say to Ma I will go to the lake alone.

By churning lake water, under a darkened sky, I weep alone in tears that won't stop. My teardrops could outnumber the stars that have appeared above this world of sorrowful earth, water, and wind.

“Tell me why, please!”

No star gives back a word, or even a sigh.

Yet, I could still sense that up there, in that vast world of starry sky, someone is withholding a secret from us, little people down here on the green earth.

Dark-moon night was an occasion that I used to look forward to. But not tonight. Tonight, going to our tree is the last thing I could wish for myself. Yet, sad as I am, I must do what is right. Despite what happened, a sacred time is a sacred time.

Dark moon is the time when women and men go separate ways, to ride with our deepest fear—fear of dark emptiness—into the joy of life. Away from each other, as far away as possible, move the male and female halves of a tribal family. We become one under the full moon; we change into two under the dark moon.

There is no other way to be than the way the moon wishes us to be. Rising and falling like tides of the sea are our flesh bodies, attuned to the inhaling and exhaling of the moon's luminous body. She is our guide, our patron and leader in the sky. When she disappears from sight, the men are most manly, in need of no breeze of feminine air by their side. And we women need not our men, but a tree, for the night.

Somehow I find strength to lend my sisters a hand with the heavy clay jar. In the jar sits red water containing also my blood, the blood that came for the first time at a wrong time. Reluctantly I inserted the sea sponge between my thighs last night, and sadly I rinsed it in the water this morning as the last woman in line.

We carry the jar to our tree at the women's end of our village. As we pour the red water into the soil around our tree, I wonder if these blood drops of mine contain any power at all. In my eyes, they are signs of failure, nothing more.

We light four piles of bonfire. We invite earth, air, fire, and water spirit into our ceremony. We, the group of nineteen bleeding women, then take seats on the grass, sitting cross-legged in a small circle around our tree.

Our guardian tree, an elegant whitethorn growing since Great Grandma's time in the female quarter of our village, is the center of that transitory world without moonshine.

This night, no sea sponge is worn between our thighs, for there need be no barrier between the flesh of ours and the flesh of Mother Earth. The mats on which we sit are made of dry grass. Dry as they are, the grass mats are part of the living flesh of Earth, whom we also call the Great Woman.

Holding hands, in a ring of nineteen bodies around the tree, we assume a position considered women's privilege. Kissing the ground with the tender lips of our vulva gates is a most intimate way to bond with her, the Great Woman. Such an exquisite experience is something not easy to describe to men, who are made in a slightly different way.

While my vulva is kissing the grassy earth that bears our tree, my heart is kissing the grassy ground that holds a stone circle far, far away. I am not fully here in our tangible circle of hands. My mind is out there in the Union Field, in search of a clue under moonlight.

Singing voices call me back. Back to the tree, back to the total absence of the moon. These songs, so dear to my ears, are sung each time we sit here around our guardian tree. Ode to the earth, ode to the moon, ode to the feminine way that

moves through the universe. My heart bursts open at hearing the familiar chants; my mouth lets out a spontaneous verse.

We sing song after song. We sway left and right, back and forth, our circle of hands unbroken.

The lump of sadness vanishes from my chest and a sense of peace comes in its place. I feel the pulse of the Great Woman again in my veins. Her pulse hasn't left my body despite my failed effort to imitate her, to want to be a small expression of her fecund power.

The mystery of Mother Earth is not always comprehensible to her human children. Here and now in our circle around the tree, nothing is missing and nothing is mistaken. Here is all what matters: this stream of warm blood flowing from my womb into the cool body of hers.

With the blood goes my heart, far down into the soil until it touches the heart of Mother Earth. From her shiny red heart, a bloodstream shoots up and enters the roots of our whitethorn tree, our spirit tree, who shines the spirit of all trees living on the earth. Rising along the trunk of our tree and coursing through her branches and leaves, the bloodstream leaps off the whitethorn's many delicate fingertips.

A glittering shower rains on my head. The warm blessing from our tree is my own blood coming back transformed. Same blood, same flow, runs through my body and the body of earth and moon. Same blood, same flow, connects the tree spirit with crop spirits in the field, with spirits of all women in the world, making us one, making us whole, making us exceedingly powerful on the night of the dark moon.

While we are nurturing our tree with our red flow, our men are up on the ritual hill, making an offering of their white flow. Once, when I was a naughty little girl, I snuck behind briars and watched a tribe of men from another village doing their dark-moon act. I saw an amusing scene.

They danced in a circle with one man in the middle, howling, groaning, and hissing like wild beasts in spring heat. They shook their butts and wiggled their stems. They punched one another in the chest and grabbed at the others' balls. They made funny faces.

The man in the middle was imitating a goat. He arched his back as if mounting a she-goat from behind. The she-goat kept moving away from him, and he kept chasing her in a circle. The man wobbled in his steps as if he had been a four-legged all his life, not used to be standing on his two.

In the end, the men climaxed altogether, shooting out their power waters into the night air. Immediately after the coming of their white flow, they dropped on all fours, spread out their arms, and presented their male essence to the Great Woman in the soil.

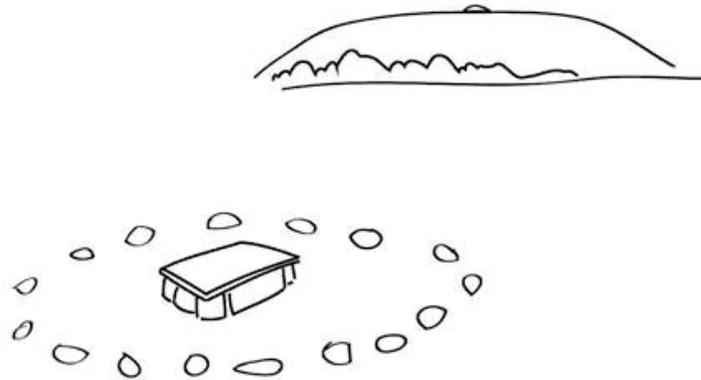
In contrast to the men, we women are elegant. In taking us to our deepest fears, the dark moon brings out the total opposites in us. We women become even more tender and soft while our men turn rougher and unabashedly macho.

But there is one act that unites us, two halves of a tribal family, during this night of complete separation. We are doing the same act of sowing seeds, only in two different ways. We sow our human seeds of life into earth's fertile body while the moon makes her crossing from the dark into the new phase.

With the first ray of dawn appearing on the horizon, the nineteen of us draw closure to our night of ceremony and disassemble our circle around the whitethorn tree.

As I stroll with mothers and sisters toward our hut for a day of rest, I notice that a seed of hope has sprouted in the backyard of my heart. Who is to say there will never again be a star child coming? The future unfolds just like the seasons: there are numerous full moons to appear; there are plentiful chances to emerge. Who is to say that we will never again be chosen?

4. Shining Giants



Days go by. The wish for another chance retreats to the back of my mind. Indeed, there is much to enjoy in what meets the eye. Our forest has wonders to explore, our garden needs care, our cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs need company, and I take to knitting and weaving on days of rain. The sun always shines when I am busy with my hands.

Spring turns into summer. Summer brings us a world full of blackberries. Before the berries turn from green to black, I have stopped thinking about the past and people seem to have forgotten about the star child. Our wheat crop has been growing strong, thanks to ample rain and sun. A splendid harvest is on its way. Promptly after the full moon, the harvest season shall begin.

On the morning of the full moon, we gather at our tribal hut for the first meal of the day, bread and butter, milk and eggs, the usual stuff. But very unusual is the look on Grandma's face as she parts her way through the noisy crowd, saying to everyone, "She came to me last night, she came!"

Our jaws drop as we prick up our ears. It's been a while, a long while, since last time Grandma Sionna mentioned her.

"Today," Grandma says, catching her breath, "today we will not be celebrating the full moon at home. Instead, we are all going to the Union Field."

Going to the faraway Union Field?

"People, prepare yourselves for what I'm about to tell you!"

In my heart, a dead fire springs to life. The hut becomes so quiet that you can hear the cracking of fire and boiling of water. Grandma clears her throat and draws a breath.

"This evening, under the full moon, the Lady of Light will meet us all at the Union Field."

Not a sound. We haven't a clue what Grandma's talking about.

“The Shining Ones are coming! They are returning to our world!” Grandma shouts as if we’ve gone deaf.

Astonished, perplexed, tongue-tied we her audience are.

Perhaps Grandma is just getting old. I know I’m not the only one under the roof having a flashback to the star child incident. Grandma’s news sounds too good to be real. We are used to our old tales, so old that they’ve turned mythical. In our minds, there is no such expectation for their return, in our day and age, to folks like us.

And yet, why not? Why not now, and why not us? There is an image of the Shining Ones glowing inside me, I admit. These legendary beings feel as real as my own heart beating in the dark, even though I’ve never seen my own heart.

Now I see inside my heart there is a vague image: a Shining One standing face to face with me. It’s a desire that till now my inner eye has lacked the boldness to see.

And I see, with my normal eyes, Caval staring at me from across the room, fire sparks shooting from his gaze. He, too, has been carrying a secret. A secret wish. A wish secret even to ourselves until now.



What a strange year we've had so far! I ponder, head on Caval's shoulder, sitting in a fully packed Union Field.

Before my eyes, several hundred people are milling around, dressed in their festival finery, chatting, singing, and hugging one another. The Union Field has always seen people happy. Tonight, the happy mood is happier than ever. This evening, our legend of the past will become a reality of the present, although none of us has any idea of what to expect.

The dozens of tribes are gathered around the Temple of the Cosmos at the center of Union Field. Our tribe came a bit late in the afternoon, finding a place on the periphery.

A short distance from where we are seated is the Lovers' Seat—the stone circle where he and I became one unit. Only six full moons ago we were there, doing our best for a meeting with a star guest. From there to here, from that evening to this evening, our life has been rolling in a very strange manner. Perhaps there is a hidden thread stringing these events together, one of which ended in failure.

On a clear sky, the harvest moon is making an elegant ascent. I wish I could understand the meaningful look in her warm eye. Sure she knows what is to come, for she was there on the sky when the Shining Ones were here on the ground.

In her peaceful light, the noisy crowd is quieting down. All bodies are seated on the ground, and hundreds of eyes are focused on the chamber at the center of the stone circle.

The Temple of the Cosmos is where the Shining Ones were last seen, many generations ago. The Temple of the Cosmos is the doorway through which they go in and out of our world, our legend says. Now, legend ends. Nay, legend begins.

Any moment they will be here, any moment. But for a long while nothing happens except thickening of the night air and whispering of the seated bodies.

Then, seamlessly, there comes a sound in the air, a humming sound hardly audible to an inattentive ear. I feel Caval's grip tightening on my shoulder. My brother is never slower than I in any event. The moment has arrived!

Very slowly grows loud the sound in the air, a kind of sound I've never heard in my life. Not animal-like or human-like, not bee-like or wind-like, not thunderous or watery, not resembling anything from our world. And it is difficult to tell whether this humming in my ears comes from outside me or inside me.

There inside the stone circle a mist appears right over the stone chamber. The mist looks white as a cloud in the sky, round as the face of tonight's moon, and luminous as lake water reflecting her glow. The radiant mist steadily expands and comes to a rest on the outer ring of stones, like a big round tent pitched over the encircled field.

A misty white dome now stands in front of us, arching over the whole Temple of the Cosmos. At the center of this misty bright dome sits the stone chamber, each of its seven slabs visible to us watching at a distance.

As the brightness of the white light increases, the shape of the stone chamber fades away and the humming sound gets more intense. Pleasant, still, is the sound in my body, and cool the light feels as it pools in my eyes. So different is this white light from the light of the moon, light of the sun, and light of fire—a light that illuminates, not burns, a light that comes in the manner of sound, a light that seems to arise from the depths of my own being!

I can make out a vague form inside the glowing white dome. Something solid, something thicker than the light, is in the process of becoming visible. Then, all of a sudden, silhouettes emerge from the mist. One, two, three ... human figures appear in colorful outlines: red, orange and yellow, green, blue and purple, as in a rainbow but much softer in hue.

As I blink my eyes to see better, a cluster of people has popped out of those colorful outlines, all at once. Giant people ... luminous people ... stunningly beautiful people ... the Shining Ones from our tales!

Similar to us, very similar. Their eyes, nose, and mouth, their hair, hands, and torso look just like ours, only in perfect proportion. They appear in two distinct kinds too: male and female. The male giants are taller and broader, with short beards; the female giants are slimmer and softer, with longer hair loose on the back. Their height seems to be more than twice our own. And their garments—oh, those flowing, glistening, fluffy fabrics!—can only have come from a world of the stars.

I count four males and four females in the cluster. The male giants are standing alternately with the female giants in a ring around the stone chamber. Outwardly facing us, arms at their sides, and evenly spread out in a ring, the eight of them radiate a peculiar look of stillness, which breathes in a subtle way that reminds me of the jellyfish I once saw resting in a pool of water on the sandy beach.

And it reminds me of the rainbow circle you sometimes see around the midday sun. A rainbow circle of eight-color bands has fallen from the night sky and landed on a field of grass and

stones. This must be the legendary Group of Eight that our elders refer to ever so gratefully.

We sit on the ground, unable to let out a sound. We seem so small, so simple and primitive in their brilliant celestial presence. If the beauty of every one of us, the earthly kind, were combined, it wouldn't reach the knee level of their splendor.

The eight Shining Ones stand there in a ring, the focus of our stares, motionless yet fluent as a circle of half-solid and half-real bodies. Even from afar, I can make out supreme kindness on their faces—faces that I have painted so many times in my mind as I listened tirelessly to grandmas and grandpas telling the story. Like dream and day is the difference between my fantasy images and this sight of them, concrete yet ephemeral, in a reality that is becoming increasingly unreal.

I see a slight fluctuation in their glow. Parts of their bodies are starting to move. Slowly and gracefully their long arms are being raised, palms facing up, toward us, toward the little people surrounding them on all sides. And with their stretched arms comes a wave of warmth straight into my heart.

It is the gesture of our mothers!

One by one, we raise our arms to reciprocate their gesture of embrace. We can express no more than a child does under such circumstances. With our little arms go our little hearts, to greet a presence greater than the fount of all our daydreams. What goes on in the air seems to be a hugging of hearts and a merging of warmth, theirs and ours.

After a long (or short?) while, the Shining Ones lower their arms back to their torsos and place their fingertips gently on the center points of their chests.

Again we know what this means. It is the same gesture that we make in honoring another human being. We can only return the same gesture to them. Our hands all on our chests, our hearts all humming a tone of happiness. Now, out of the cluster of shining giants, there flows a new kind of sound, a sound that rings familiar to our ears.

It is a voice!

The deep, full voice is neither male nor female (or both male and female) and is melodic in tone. The tones, as we quickly discern, are words: “Greetings ... to ... you ... all ...”

They are singing our tongue! I elbow him.

They are speaking our tongue! He elbows me back.

“We ... are ... delighted ... to ... see ... our ... family ... again.”

They are our family from the Seven Stars. We know that. Now they are before my eyes, I find it difficult to accept that we have such a set of relatives living up there in the sky.

Their voice is just as beautiful as their face, and just as warm. Their voice sounds rather like the voice of a single person, yet somehow it lets you know that all eight of them are speaking it at the same time.

“You and we ... are ... one family,” the voice says, picking up speed. It sounds more like normal talking now. “One family ... so please see us as your ... equals.”

See them as our equals?

“Please do not ... put us above you. Please see us ... as your equals.”

Now we know we didn't hear it wrong.

Strangely, the surprising request from the Shining Ones stirs a wave of joy through my chest.

A relaxed mood is spreading among us, little humans in the biggest and nicest shock of their lives. Like warm water is their voice, flowing into our humble hearts, and wider and wider do these hearts open, in a surprise reunion between two family sides—equal, from their viewpoint.

“You have made ... much progress ... since our last visit.”

Progress? What do they mean by progress? Our lives have always been the same, happy and content, for the most part. They must be referring to the time of our ancestors. Far, far back, I heard, our ancestors were in a dreadful situation, dreadful beyond imagination. If the Shining Ones had not come to help them out, none of us would be here today.

“You are ready ... to progress further.” The voice carries to our ears like a gentle forest stream bearing autumn leaves. “We ... the Group of Eight from the Seven Stars ... have returned with a set of new lessons ... we came with a mission ...”

There’s a forceful squeeze on my arm. I turn to look at Caval. His eyes are sparkling just like their garments. He’s heard it too, the word “mission.”

“We will inform you of the details”—the voice seems to know our eagerness—“when we visit you ... in your home villages.”

Will they visit all villages? Will they visit even those deep in the forest? My mind jumps from spot to spot, and my heart beats like a frantic little drum.

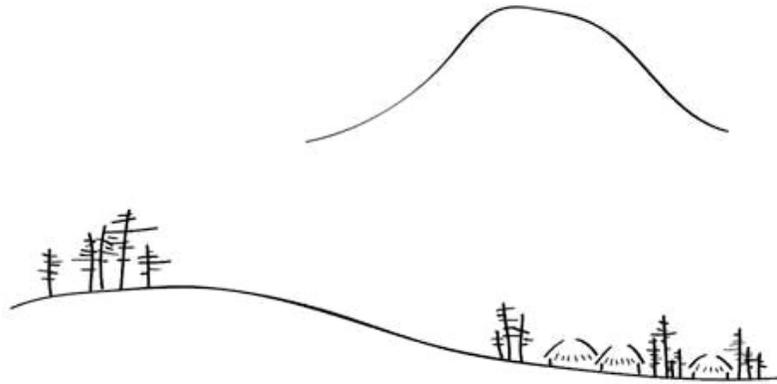
The voice gives no answer.

What it subsequently says disappoints us all! It says that due to our physical condition they will have to say goodbye to us for the time being and that we may carry on with our full-moon celebration. It means to eat and drink, to sing and dance, without their company.

Have they been here long, or for only a moment? Has time slowed down or sped up since they appeared before our eyes? I can't tell. I can tell that we are beginning to get used to their voice and the sight of them. But I haven't yet figured out which of these four equally beautiful ladies is our Lady of Light. Already, they are talking about leaving us!

“We will meet again ... soon,” the voice says.

5. Path Maker



The night of the first-quarter moon, we are about to close our thanksgiving feast when a humming sound penetrates our tribal hut's mud wall. It doesn't take long for anyone to see what this humming sound means.

They are here!

All heads turn in Grandma Sionna's direction. Grandma's head turns in Grandpa's direction, her face as dumbfounded as ours. Oh dear, this evening, and us!

Grandpa gives her a reassuring nod.

After a moment of hesitation, Grandma rises to her feet, draws a deep breath, and moves to the door. We follow her out, one by one, making quick adjustments to our hair and clothes.

As we would expect, a mist of white light awaits us on the outside, at the center of our village ground. This time, much to our surprise, the mist is much smaller and shaped rather like an egg. The misty egg is bright enough to light up our whole village.

It takes a while for my eyes to get used to the bright light. What appears next in my eyes makes my body shiver in sheer delight: a tall lady in a white robe, with hair as shiny as moonlight and a figure elegant as a swan, is in the misty egg.

She is here. She came alone.

Though at a distance, I can see the sky blue in her large, slanted eyes. Her long moonlight hair, cascading down the half-exposed shoulders, gently curves on both sides in the shape of ocean waves. Her bare arms, exposed from the shoulders down, remind me of the exquisite interior of special seashells. And her long white robe, loosely tied at the waist by a fancy braid, reveals the amazing height of the twin peaks of a woman at her prime. Here, on our home village ground, stands the Shining One of Grandma's night dreams, and of my daydreams.

I find her singular presence less overwhelming than eight of them in a ring, even though she must be twice our height. Standing on the same ground, we seem like children to her, to this lady who has been with us for many, many generations. Every generation has a Grandma Sionna, able to communicate with her. Yet seeing her in a dream or daydream doesn't bring you the exact knowing of her stature in comparison to yours.

Staring at our strange yet familiar guest, we are unable to utter a sound, unable to make a move. She looks at us from within the fading mist, now more like a soft glow, and she looks to us like an ideal mother: young and mature, tall and near, with warmth and patience, affection and standard.

She looks at us for a long time. Then, I hear a voice flowing out of her lips, a voice with masculine strength and feminine tenderness. It says to us in a melodic tone, "How good to see you, my family!"

We mutter some sounds back, unsure of how to greet such a woman. She seems solemn as an elm and alluring as a lily. She makes us feel thrilled and at the same time at ease, makes us feel little and at the same time mature. She appears young and old at the same time. An ageless woman from the sky world. A sky woman who speaks perfectly our earthly kind of words.

I hear a gulping sound from the throat of Grandma. Standing still like wooden posts stuck to the ground, we wait for our wise old leader to say something intelligent.

Finally, Grandma opens her mouth and says to our guest, “Wel-welcome to our v-v-village!” Grandma never stammered before, but she carries on regardless. “Lady of Light, finally, we me-meet in bo-bodies.”

The Lady of Light gives a brilliant smile to our choking Grandma and to us, the chuckling family. Her smile turns our nervous feelings totally around. Finally, we can let out our breaths, relax our shoulders, and exchange some glances.

As I turn to look at her again, the Lady of Light has started to make a move toward us, toward the cluster of little people standing by the tribal hut. She moves on the rough ground so smoothly as if she is gliding on the surface of a tranquil lake. Such is the “walk” of a lady from the Seven Stars. Before our nervous Grandma, the lady from the stars comes to a stop. Then, graceful as a swan, she arches her torso down and holds out her open palms.

Blushing like a little girl, Grandma extends her hands and places them, timidly, inside the palms of the Shining One.

Our eyes follow Grandma's moves as close as the air, and our mouths hang open like exposed caves. We have no clue what Grandma is going through, but none of us would not want to be in her shoes.

At last, Grandma's face beams a look of wonder and relief.

"You see—I am your kin," the Lady of Light says.

"Lady of Light, please accept my ... my apology!" Grandma bursts out.

"Don't feel bad!" the Lady of Light says, gently patting Grandma's hands. "Sionna, my old friend, you have interpreted half of my message right."

She releases Grandma's hands and returns to the upright position. She looks at us now lined up in a semi-circle before Grandma and her. From left to right, her large, sky-blue eyes take us in, one by one, into the profound mind of a sky being. Her smile widens again. Sure she knows that we are each in our heads trying to figure out which half of her message Grandma has gotten right.

"May I sit with you inside?" the Lady of Light asks us all, pointing to the tribal hut behind our backs.

For such a request we are totally unprepared. How could we refuse?

Our tall lady has to bend down drastically to make it through the doorframe. Standing at the center of our round mud hut, she could touch the tip of the coned roof with an outstretched arm. In her large luminous presence, our tribal house looks like a place in a dream.

Is she surprised to see how shabby our home is? I wonder, looking for a spot to sit. Silly me! Immediately I recall that it was her people who taught our ancestors building skills. It was the Shining Ones who gave us our village layout, our farming and weaving tools, our crops and livestock, our way of life, in fact, our everything.

All are comfortably seated before her on a ground seat against the wall. The Lady of Light starts to tell us the purpose of her visit. In an affectionate tone, she says, “My dear family, you are in a time of transition, and we, the Group of Eight from the Seven Stars, have returned to assist you in making that transition.”

She speaks our tongue so fluently, although at a slower pace. Taking a pause, she seems to want us to ponder what she means by “transition.”

“To make this transition,” she continues, “we would need your collaboration on a task ... a somewhat difficult task.”

The word “mission” returns to my mind, along with that mad rush in my heart. I nearly turn to seek Caval’s eyes, but decide to stay focused on the Lady of Light.

“My dear family, I see that your life is very happy, except for one thing ...”

Finally—I almost burst out—here comes the answer to what happened with the star child! But the Lady of Light makes no reference to a child as she goes on to tell us about a worm eating us from the inside.

A worm?

“A worm of fear, that is.”

A worm of fear. Um, perhaps she knows my fear, my fear of failure.

“Fear of death, that is.”

Death?

Death is the last thing on our minds at such a fantastic moment: a Shining One sharing a floor with us. But she is right. We are afraid. We are so afraid that we don't think about it at all. Yet, undeniably true, lurking in the background of our happy life is that dreaded shadow of death.

Sitting so naturally on the floor, the Lady of Light praises us for having treated the bodies of the deceased in a respectful manner, by way of cremation. We give everything dead, human, animal, and plant, to the Fire Being and scatter the ashes in the forest. This is the way taught by her people.

Still a teenager, I haven't yet witnessed the cremation of a family member. But I have many a time participated in giving our dead animals, who were family members too, to the Fire Being. Even that is sad enough for me.

“Knowing how to treat the dead, however, does not eliminate your fear of death, especially fear of your own death.” The Lady of Light speaks with an intimate knowing as if she has been living right among us.

A dark feeling creeps up from the deep. It is true, I am afraid of dying my own death, however far in the future my death may be. Even more fearful I am of him meeting his death. A few times in the past, the thought that one day Caval will die has attempted to cross my mind, but I managed to brush the

thought away, as one does to a fly before it can land on the hand.

“When you die in fear, you will have difficulty returning to the source of light, because the fear traps your soul in a shadow land.” She takes a pause to let these words sink in our minds.

Our mood is getting darker and darker as we follow her soft voice digging into a subject that we dread the most.

“As more and more people died in fear, more and more souls got stuck in the shadow land. Over time, a part of the shadow land has grown thick and wide, like an overcast sky blocking out all sunshine. This dark and heavy part in the shadow land has become a huge roadblock. The roadblock has stopped many souls from returning home.”

I can understand her words. But I cannot imagine what it is like to be stuck in the shadow land. It must be awfully lonely! Could this be why our tribe has been having difficulty maintaining its size? There used to be more people in the family, they say. Are some of our ancestors ... stuck?

“We, your sky family,” I hear her voice say, “have come to help you: to show you how to return to the light, to show you how to die without fear.”

We let out a sigh of relief. They are the Shining Ones, who have never brought our ancestors gloom or doom, who have only given our ancestors hope and help. We begin to relax into her pause. In her warm silence, the Lady of Light touches each of us with her gaze.

Then she says, “We are here to help you make a path to light.”

A path to light. How beautiful! I can almost see it with my eyes. But wait, they are the powerful beings of light, capable of making anything anywhere. Why did they have to come all the way here to make this path to light? Can’t they do it from up there?

“We are here to help you make the path,” the Lady of Light repeats, her tone slightly changed. “We cannot do it for you—you must make the path yourselves.”

I must say, her message is getting more and more exciting to my ears.

“In order to transform this grave situation affecting all of your world, some among you will need to take up the role of path maker.” She pauses. “The path maker will train with us first and then perform an act, a great act ... ” She pauses again.

“And the great act is: to die without any fear.”

Silence falls. The crackling sound of fire becomes even more pronounced. We are each in our hearts interpreting what this great act means. Fear is creeping up from beneath our seats.

“Having died a fear-less and pain-less death,” says the Lady of Light in an emphasizing tone while making a hand gesture, “the soul of the path maker will journey through the shadow land and reach the realm of light. With this journey, a trail is blazed. This trail shall serve as a passage to light for future generations.”

Path maker ...

Great act ...

Trail ...

Passage to light ...

I ponder the implications of her words. Each word comes with a meaning as fathomless as the sea.

“After reaching the realm of light,” the Lady of Light speaks in a slightly higher tone, “the path maker may choose to come back to earth, back to the same tribe, as a star child.”

She seems to be feeling with us the impact of her own words. On that ethereal face, I see an empathetic understanding of our side, an understanding that could only have come from a

thorough awareness of what we have been through the last few moons.

“Due to its demanding nature ...” she resumes, in a slightly lower tone, “the task shall ask the path maker to leave the body behind at a very young age.”

I feel a tightening in my chest.

The Lady of Light lets us digest her immense message. While waiting, she touches each one of us again with her profound gaze. As her sky-blue eyes look into mine, I feel that mad rush in my chest again. Then I hear her voice say, very slowly,

“We came ... to ask for ... volunteers.”

6. Into the Unknown



“She was speaking to you and me, wasn’t she?”

Tired in the body from a day in the field and tired in the mind from thinking so much through, I’ve waited a whole day to come to our tree and ask Caval.

Our tree is an ancient yew. He’s wider than our tribal hut and taller than all the other trees at the edge of our crop field. We’ve been coming here since we were little, and the great yew has always been a grandfather to us two.

“Yes, she was,” Caval answers right back.

Suddenly, words escape my lips and I hear myself say, “I want to volunteer!” I had planned to bring up the issue gradually, and to ask for his opinion first.

I know Caval as well as I know myself. But he is still another person, living in another body. I can choose to give up my body. His body, however, belongs to his soul.

“I do too,” he says.

A warm silence engulfs us, the kind of silence that brings us closer than words. Bathed in the light of the setting sun, backs against our yew tree, we are looking at a cloud in the lower western sky change shape, from a lake fish into a sea bird.

“I feel I was born for this task,” he murmurs, eyes fixated on the cloud. “I feel I’ve been waiting for it all my life.”

“Me too,” I say to him, turning back to the cloud. “But ... but I was expecting another type of task.”

A lump sits in my throat, and I wish to say no more. There are feelings in my belly that I can’t quite name. I want to keep these feelings out of his sight because we have a decision to make together.

The decision has been made. It was made the moment we heard her words last night. In fact, we both know there is no other choice before us—the one and only choice has been within us from birth.

“This’ll be a great gift for our tribe, better than a child, wouldn’t you say?” he whispers into my ear and places his hands on my belly. Under his touch, there is the same old desire pulsating in my womb. I’d rather not be feeling my womb at this moment.

“You are a little afraid, aren’t you?”

I nod my head.

“I was afraid too,” he says, running his fingers through my hair. “I was afraid of losing you, but not anymore.”

“What if we lose each other? We won’t see each other for a few years!” I remind him that the Lady of Light did mention “several rounds of seasons.”

“We will not lose each other—we will reach the realm of light together!”

I try to imagine the realm of light, but see only a field of white haze. Whatever it may look like, the realm of light is a happiest place.

“Up there, we won’t be separated by death.”

“Or by bodies,” he adds.

It isn’t easy to see into a future of us together without bodies when his handsome body is holding mine. How could any life be happier than this one—lying in his strong arms and in the strong arms of our grandpa tree in a glorious sunset?

A chubby little boy toddling in a meadow of spring flowers appears before my eyes. With willpower, I banish the sight.



The chirping of birds wakes me up to a clear blue sky. I roll my head around and see, at the tip of my nose, the face of Caval. It looks as if he dropped off in mid-sentence when slumber overtook him. Slowly, I come to my senses. We are lying in an open meadow all by ourselves. This was the first time that we had spent a night so far away from home. Home is forever behind us. Home lies over the hill, beyond the woods.

Yesterday, our family wept a river of tears as they bade us farewell. With rucksacks on our backs, the two of us set out on our last journey through the forest. The dear old trail would never again feel our footfalls and never again lead us back home. But we walked on, our legs determined to not make any stop. By nightfall we had arrived at the edge of the Union Field. We made a fire and ate some food. It was a chilly winter night, but the fire and the starlight kept us warm.

In the far distance, clad in the warm glow of the rising sun, is our beloved Vision Hill. I have never gone near this holiest of our hills. But for some reason I feel that she knows me, and knows me well. I turn my head back to Caval. He is still sound asleep. This handsome face has gone through many changes before my eyes. From tiny boy to young man, my brother has walked every step of his life with me at his side.

I hold back the urge to fondle the fuzzy hair on his cheeks. Maybe he's just pretending to be asleep. I shall pretend that I haven't seen it though. Oh, I could watch his face like this forever! Will we lie face to face, like this, in the realm of light? Silly me! How could there be any face left? All of our bodies will have been left behind. Still, I wish he could take his face with him into the realm of light.

We decide to spend the morning strolling along the bay to the west of the Union Field. This long, narrow bay is a blessed place to live. Each day, the tide pulls in cartloads of cockles, mussels, and oysters. People here live off the bounties of the sea and have seals for company whereas our sustenance comes from our crops and livestock and our friends include deer, fox, and other furry animals of the woods. Two different worlds within a day's walk.

Along the windy shoreline we stroll but barely talk. Passing a village, we avoid being seen—this is no time to pay our friends a visit. On pebbles and on sand we walk and walk till we reach the place where the bay turns seamlessly into the open sea. “Look, how tranquil the bay and how turbulent the sea!” I say to him. “And yet,” he says to me, “they are manifestations of the same Water Being.”

We sit in the dunes and contemplate a future as vast and unknown as the sea before us. As if I were a gull soaring in the sky, I can see us down below in the dunes. I can see that we have just left the tranquil bay of our youth and are about to sail out into a sea of mighty waves.

At noontime we get down to the beach and head back for the bay. After a short walk we arrive at a ferry point, where an empty boat sits idle on the shore.

We've been told that a boat would be here ready for Caval's use. He will row across the bay and go beyond the range of hills, to be led to his hill. On which hill Caval will train hasn't been revealed to Grandma in her dream. But she said that someone would meet him on the other shore. The shore isn't far, and the bay isn't deep. In no time he'll be on the other side.

As we hug each other goodbye, he whispers into my ear, "I'll be looking at your hill every day!"

"I will find your hill!" I say to him.

Then I turn around and walk away. I walk on and on, keeping to the promise that I've just made. He made me promise to not turn around to see him rowing away. "It's easier for you this way," he said.

Strong is my heart as I go farther and farther away from a presence that I have clung to all my life. I thought I would falter, but the firmness of my stride announces that on a brisk winter day the dreamy Modira has become a different woman.

Just ahead, the Vision Hill is calling.

The trail through fields and then woods is easy to follow, though it clearly isn't a popular route. People don't just walk

up the Vision Hill as they please. Only those seeking visions would go up there. Everyone has seen the Vision Hill. But few have set foot on the Vision Hill.

With the curving of the path comes a change in atmosphere. The trees and vines become densely intertwined. The air turns misty, and seems to be undulating. Behind tree trunks and through the cracks among leaves, eyes are observing my human presence. Being alone in an unknown wood wasn't something I feared in the past. But being here now, in a forest so crowded with eyes—eyes that see me but are hidden from view—is unsettling.

Once again I find myself in an in-between place, separated from everyone and everything known. I think of my dearest grandmother, Sionna. When she was a young woman like me she walked this very trail through this very wood and probably felt this very fear of the unknown. Perhaps whoever treads this trail must conquer the fear that I feel. There may not be any other way to ascend a vision hill.

To conquer this fear is to trust this trail. Though overgrown, the trail goes on and on through the scary mist. To conquer this nervousness in my chest is to trust the strength in my legs. I'll just keep on walking through this undulating mist.

The mist seems to get thinner. The top seems to be near.

Coming to a clearing, I am astounded by what I see. A gigantic temple, an enormous mound sits on a flat, wide plain of grass. Under a blue sky, the green mound in a green field of grass is full of dignity and free of the entanglements of the forest below. The summit is her world, the temple's world, a world defined by a simplicity so grand that it makes your jaw drop.

So, this is the temple I have gazed at from afar! The green temple mound is a hill unto herself. Seen from the Vulva Stone on the ritual hill next to our village, however, the great temple on Vision Hill looks rather like a tiny nipple on a huge breast. However tiny she looks to the eyes down on the plains, we are all aware that drop by drop and over many generations this earthy nipple has been feeding us humans the precious milk of Mother Earth—visionary knowledge.

From behind the temple mound a shiny figure appears against the blue sky. A tall lady with long hair, dressed in a long robe the color of after sunset, is walking past the mound toward me. I give my eyelids a rigorous rub. It is indeed her! Our Lady of Light has put on a different attire to meet me up here. The pink-lilac of her dress is a color new to my eyes.

I hurry my steps. I come to a stop just before her, standing still on the grass. Now smack in front of the Shining One, I must look like a little hawthorn transplanted before a mighty oak.

Looking down at this woman the height of her waist, the Lady of Light embraces me with her sky-blue eyes, clearly proud that I have accomplished the first solo journey in my life.

Then, graceful as a swan, she bends over, takes hold of my arms, and pulls me into her lap. She hugs me! A warm and soft sensation runs through my skin, accompanied by a subtle fragrance of unknown flowers wafting by my face. Her hands caressing my back seem just as real as my own mother's, but the touch of the Shining One is of a magical kind, as my whole body, out and in, is embraced by her star-being presence.

She relaxes her arms and looks me in the eye. Up close, her sky-blue eyes seem as big as the universe. Despite the change of her dress, our place, and my inner state, these are the same eyes that looked into each one of us three moons ago at our tribal house. These are the eyes that called me. And I am here.

I know for sure now that these eyes can speak. They say many words in an instant, and I get what they mean. "I will be your teacher from here on," her eyes say, "and you will be living on this hilltop for the whole training phase."

She as my teacher and years on the Vision Hill. This makes me the happiest person in the world!

“Let’s go see your world,” her eyes say.

Slow and smooth is my teacher’s gait, like a patient mother strolling with her young child. Walking alongside my beautiful, tall teacher, I feel I am in a dream that is more real than life. A gray little duckling is being taken to the sky world by a big white swan. In front of us is an endless field of grass in midair. I had no idea that the world atop the Vision Hill would be so vast—a borderless expanse into the blue sky.

We soon arrive at a little pond at the edge of the hilltop plain. Wearing the color of sky, she looks like a pond in the sky, her water of a sky kind.

My teacher shows me the eyes of the spring: three small holes on the surface of a rocky slope. From each hole flows a rivulet of water, down the rocky slope into the sky pond below. I shall come here every day, to purify my mind, and more, to see my reflection in the spirit world. The little pond is my new mirror.

We continue walking along the edge of the field, now heading downhill for a wooded plateau. The woods on this side of the Vision Hill are of a different kind than the one I’ve climbed through. I feel none of the nervous tension from before. Crossing over a few small streams, we arrive at a glade amidst birch and aspen woods. At the edge of the spacious glade, on a ground of grass, there stands a little hut, its round wall made

of mud and its roof straw. It looks just like the huts in our village, only smaller in size. This is my new home.

Someone will bring me food and firewood from the fields below. My caretaker will place the supplies in a nearby shed, where I can fetch them at my leisure. But verbal communication with my caretaker is to be avoided, for complete silence shall be the mode of my new life in the glade.

Having explained everything, my teacher bends over and cups my face in her big, delicate palms. Her eyes say to me, “Your training begins tomorrow evening. Rest as much as you can during the day. I will come at sunset.”

She gives me a gentle kiss on the forehead and takes leave of my space. I watch her walking into the woods and marvel at her sky being’s grace. As her shiny figure disappears from view, I turn around and unlatch the door to my new residence.

On the floor, a pile of charcoal is giving out perfect warmth. My caretaker has been here to warm up the hut. The bed is generously lined with sheep fleece and woolen blankets. Next to the bed, a basket of food enticingly beckons. I devour the milk, nuts, and bread, and crawl under the blanket. My body is tired after half a day’s walking, but my mind is very busy. It flits over what has happened and what will happen until the full stomach drags me into a slumber.

The first day of my new life, I do as my teacher said: rest.

Save for a trip to the shed, I stay within the confines of my glade. It is deep winter, about the time of the shortest day of the year. The cold wind from the sea is held back by the surrounding trees, and the fire in my hut makes me forget the season. I spend the afternoon in my warm bed, daydreaming about the future.

Next thing I know, a voice is calling my name.

I get out of bed and twist my long hair into a quick braid. Stepping outside, I see the sky wearing the purple glow of sunset. My teacher's pink-lilac dress matches that color perfectly. Had she not a white glow around, I would have had trouble locating her. Waving both her arms, my teacher signals for me to go over the meadow and follow her.

We walk away from my glade, on the same trail leading back to the temple mound. We make no stop until we arrive at the edge of the hilltop plain. My teacher turns around. Suddenly, in her actual voice, she says to me, "This evening you will be entering the temple of your dreams."

I look into her eyes. They say the same words.

My own eyes must be as big as my open mouth. So, I will be joining Grandma in being part of a tribal legend. I will be in the league of those who have reached the peak of the peak. I will be inside the tip of the great beast!

Oh, I can hardly contain my excitement as we walk and talk along the way to the temple that has greeted me upon my arrival, the Dream Temple, built long ago by my teacher and her people.

“Our voices are in the stones,” my teacher says in her actual voice, “and you can hear them inside.”

In the fading twilight, on the silent open plain, the Dream Temple looks even more massive than she did in broad daylight. Much more alive at night, she emits an air that feels inviting and elusive at the same time. A living being is what I am looking at, not a heap of grass, earth, and stone. In there, behind that thick façade of rigidness, is a lively universe waiting for my exploration.

My teacher leads me into circling the Dream Temple while her instruction continues. A few rounds later, she stops at a giant boulder facing south in the noble manner of an eagle’s head. My teacher suggests that I lay my hands on this guardian stone, that I hug him with my heart and make a request.

After this is done and my attention is back to her, my teacher turns around and faces the temple mound. Watching her from behind, I wonder at the back of my mind where the temple door is, as several rounds of walking didn't bring any clue to my eyes.

Suddenly, a voice pours out of my teacher's throat, a voice that no throat of our kind could ever make. To my ears, it sounds at once high in pitch, low in depth, and straight in form. It pierces the dense night air the way a forceful ray of the sun penetrates rain clouds on the gloomiest of days. Compared with her singing of strength, the singing of our menfolk sounds like child's play. This isn't singing or shouting, for the sound isn't loud even. This is the sound of a sky being.

Before I could think of anything else, the sound of my teacher comes to an abrupt end. I hear chunks of stones tumbling to the ground. I walk up to my teacher's side and peer into the dark. There is a darker mass from where the stones have fallen. Then it occurs to me that this pitch-black thing is an opening. My teacher just opened a door of stones with her voice!

Before me is the opening to a big black womb. Now an unknown kind of darkness is staring at my face. My legs are heavy, my chest is tight. I turn to seek consolation from her

presence of light. Like a child in fright, I want to cling to my teacher's lap.

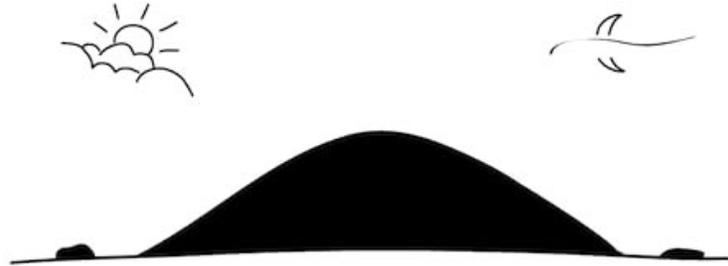
“Have no worry.” The Lady of Light pats me on the shoulder.
“I am with you.”

“When do I come out, my teacher?”

“I will call you out.” She withdraws her hand and makes a flowing gesture of invitation.

I draw a breath, lower my head, and step into the Dream Temple's vulva gate.

7. Stone Womb



Under my fingertips, the stone slabs feel cool and smooth. Beneath my feet, pebbles crunch with each one of my cautious steps. Groping my way through the pitch-black tunnel isn't difficult. I've only to go deeper and deeper into that soft space beyond solid stones.

After a while my hands can touch no more stone. I must have entered the main chamber, the womb itself. A few more paces ahead, I step on something soft. It's a bed of sheep fleece.

Kneeling in the bed, I stretch my arms out to feel the space. My hands fall on a clay jar filled with water, and next to it, an empty clay pot. A little farther, I find two folded blankets and a skin pouch full of liquid.

I lie on my back in the bed and try to get used to the dark environment. Then I hear, coming from the end of the tunnel, the sound of stones gently colliding. The sound comes to a stop, and silence again reigns. Now I am completely sealed in.

Even though it is wintertime outside, the inside feels like a cool summer evening, the air fresh in my nostrils and warm to my cheeks. As my body rests in a bed of comfort, I hear louder and louder a humming sound, constant and monotonous, from all around. What I must do, my teacher said, is surrender to the sound of the stone womb.

It takes no effort to surrender, for the sound of the stone womb feels like a soothing lullaby. Carried away by the gentle sound, I find myself breathing again in a child's body. I am back in my childhood, innocent and carefree, playing in the field with my brother Caval. Seeing his sweet face, I wonder where he is and what he is doing at this moment. Could he be lying inside a stone womb as well?

“Your brother is fine,” a voice sounds in the air. “Focus your attention on the sensations of your body.”

My teacher is speaking to me from the outside! Feeling reassured by her voice, I can finally relax into this darkness, darker than anything I know, darker than the darkest night I've ever seen.

After some time, my teacher's voice sounds again in the air:
"Time for the drink."

I sit up, untie the skin pouch, and start to drink the potion, the legendary Elixir of Vision, made from a brew of magical plants. The taste in my mouth pleasant, the sensation in my stomach soothing, the famous Elixir of Vision feels like a delicious tea.

On finishing my drink, I lie back in the bed. I ready myself for dissolving into the expansive sound of the stone womb. With my breathing long and easy, I find myself drifting into a half-asleep, half-awake state ...

Dancing before my eyes are images, vague and floating, as in a dream. Are they inside my head or outside in the air? Am I seeing them with my physical eyes or with my inner eye? I can't tell. In this kind of darkness, I can't even tell whether my eyelids are open or closed.

A colorful progression of things and places now rushes by, some recognizable, some not. Facing this stream of moving images that don't all make sense, I feel dizzy lying in a solid bed. As the view becomes closer and sharper, I feel a force from within my body pushing me toward the image stream.

“What shall I do?” I call out to my teacher.

“Enter the stream,” she answers right back, “and let the flow take you to the beginning of your life.”

“Well then, take me to the beginning of everything!” I pray to the force that is intent on taking over the whole of me.

I soon enter a world containing a multitude of worlds, their numbers countless, their colors dazzling. With so many worlds thrown at me at once, I can barely keep my bearings. Spinning, stretching, and multiplying, they thrill me and weary me at the same time. Their magnitude is something I can witness but cannot comprehend. And they are unfolding not only in front of my eyes but also within my flesh.

I feel I am the infinitude of worlds in myself now. I feel as if my head, belly, and limbs are turning inside out, as if they are about to fly off into space as many tiny pieces. Within a moment, I have become many tiny pieces. Or perhaps I have plunged into a sea of myriad things. I am the borderless sea, and at the same time, I am one of the sea’s countless waves. I am the wave and I am the sea!

Carrying me forward is the same force, which has by now permeated the whole of me. The force takes me to the other side of the sea, the side that has no image at all. I have

plunged into a sea absent of all images, and yet, this imageless sea contains all images. I am both: a sea with all images and a sea with no image.

Now a voice—an unfamiliar, feminine voice—sounds in the air: “The womb of all things.”

Ah, the womb, the ultimate womb, the womb of all wombs! I see the Great Womb who is creating and sustaining the myriad worlds. In and out she breathes, just as I do with my tiny chest. With each out-breath, she births numerous things. With each in-breath, she gathers them back to her still center. I am one of her many children, and at the same time I am herself, I am the Great Womb!

One of the worlds in her out-breath is drawing me to itself. It is our world. It is our world of mountains, rivers, seas, animals, plants, and human beings. I see our village appearing amidst dense forest. But the force won't let me go to my village. Instead, it carries me farther and farther back, to a point where this world I call home is just born.

Our Earth Mother is born a shiny white cloud in the sky. Out of intense love is she born, a darling child of the Great Womb. Under the special care of her mother womb, Earth's tender body becomes solid and shapely, like what happened with the tiny human body of mine. Over many cycles of sun and stars,

Earth grows from a chubby baby into a plump girl of beauty. Happy and free is Virgin Earth in the sky, just as I was, playing in the meadows in my childhood's long summer days.

Suddenly, I find myself in the midst of an erotic act. A man has descended from the sky to engage Virgin Earth in a mating dance. I have no other word for this male presence—he is so immensely large that there is no way to see how he actually looks. This isn't a man. This is a pure, raw, masculine force infinitely grander than all the men in our world combined.

The “man” from sky desires to enter Earth, and she desires to have him inside her body. Day and night the two make love until the water in her body is filled with his seeds.

With the coming of the “man” from sky, Virgin Earth becomes Mother Earth. She gives birth to all kinds of fish in water and all sorts of creatures on land. She is just like her own mother now—a giant womb, continuously birthing living beings.

Watching the Earth Womb from above, I feel I am not yet a child of hers in the human form. I am without a body at the moment—a soul reposing in itself, a soul that has traveled from afar to this world. I see that originally I wasn't a little person in her world but was a star being living elsewhere in the cosmos.

Flooding me is a feeling, a feeling that was lost during many lifetimes inside the tangible womb of Earth. Now I feel, in a tantalizing way, what it is like to be a soul without a body. I feel what having a home on the Seven Stars is about and what family means in the celestial sense.

Despite years of knowing, this feeling was missing. Thus the knowledge remained only a story. Now I am feeling the story. I am living the story. I am living the ancient story passed on from generation to generation: that we are a tribe of star souls that have journeyed from the Seven Stars to the world of Earth for a special reason.

In the beginning, back at our star home, we were just one big Soul. Impelled by intense love, that one big Soul set out on a voyage across the sky. Along the way the big Soul became many. The many souls born during this journey went on to dwell in flesh bodies, to live as clusters of human tribes inhabiting many places in the lands of Earth.

I watch the big Soul turning smaller and smaller, into a single soul. Then I see, at the end of the big Soul's journey, standing there on the ground, the single soul living in the body of a young woman named Modira. Next to her is the body of a young man named Caval.

I see, in their essence, they are not a man and a woman but one and the same. Seen from within, he is none other than her, and their tribal family is none other than forty-nine bodily expressions of one single soul ...

How long has it been? Have I been awake or in a dream? I feel the itchy sensation of the woolen blanket against my chin. I hear the soothing sound of the stones in my ears. Other than the disappearance of flowing images, nothing seems to have changed in this dark space. The stone womb is back in her original state of darkness.

From afar, a different sound ruffles the stillness. It is the sound of softly colliding stones. I sit up and look in the sound's direction. There, in the pitch-black air, a spark of light has appeared, tiny as a star lying low on the horizon. The star rapidly expands, and in a twinkling, a beam of light strikes my eyes. The light hurts. I look away and back. I can make out little pebbles lining the passage floor. It is sunlight!

Never before have I seen a sunbeam of such purity and intensity as if the entire solar disk had condensed into a thick yellow band, moving in my direction. Slowly and steadily, the light beam advances along the pebbled floor, water-like, eel-like, as if in search of me.

Not knowing what else to do, I sit up and watch this beam of light gliding willfully toward me. In a graceful and decisive manner, the eel-like beam traverses the long passage and breaks into the womb space. It is reaching for my toe.

Something blatantly erotic is in the way of this light beam—it licks my feet and kisses my legs, the way a man does! This ticklish arousal feels quite familiar, and yet, there is no body of a man touching my skin, only a peculiar sort of heat that reveals an overwhelmingly male presence. No doubt, there is a spirit man in the sunbeam, and his intention is obvious.

The tip of the sunbeam expands into a sphere, big enough to envelop my body, still partially covered. Passing through the blanket, the light reaches for what lies under my tunic. It penetrates my clothes, penetrates my skin. It turns my solid body into something like a jelly fish. I, a maiden with jelly-fish skin, am swaying in a pool of golden light. I see I've become a stand-in for Mother Earth. An Earth Maiden with see-through body, I am mating with the Sun Man on behalf of her!

He is magnificent, the Sun Man, the Sun Spirit, even though he is completely invisible. He cloaks himself in the brilliance of the sun, and yet, in the world shaded by my skin, he freely displays his prowess. Not just lighting up my womb, he goes everywhere, searching, opening, and caressing hidden parts of my being. Not in a lifetime could my Caval develop such skills

for so thorough a lovemaking. This kind of mating is beyond the reach of any man of flesh.

Erelong, I have vanished in his presence and become none other than him, the Sun Spirit himself. Very slowly, sensations of my own body return, as the light force has taken a change of direction. In a subtlest manner, the Sun Man is retreating.

The familiar voice now sounds in the air: "Time for birth!" Time to leave the womb. A womb is never meant to be a dwelling place. A womb has her time to open and her time to close. It is time that I let myself be born.

The Sun Man suggests that we stay together. I, too, desire to exit the chamber of love together with him, a messenger sent by the sky to fetch me from the closing womb. I shall entrust my newly granted vitality upon him. I shall hold onto his presence in leaving the lightless world of the dark womb.

The journey from the depth of the earthen womb feels like an eternal act, a perpetual movement. With great effort, I propel my shapeless and spineless body to move along the rough passage floor. To remain bathed in sunlight, to hold tight to the Sun Spirit, to let the way out of the womb mold me into whatever form, I am confident and resolute. I am crawling on all fours, a child of cosmic union, crawling my way into a new being of flesh, into a big Soul I was and always shall be.

8. Hermit in the Glade



Above me is sky, without a brush of cloud. The day I'm facing is as intense as the night I've just left behind. Passionate, still, is the touch of sunlight on my skin. But the spirit man has returned to his abode up high, and is showering his love on all down here. The love in her celestial eyes, however, is focused on me alone.

"It has been three nights and two days," her eyes say to mine.

My teacher holds me in her arms and helps me feel my physicality part by part. Sitting with me on the grass, she helps me exercise my sight, hearing, smell, and touch. Then she takes me by the hand and leads me on a slow walk toward my home in the glade.

Having made sure that all is within reach, my teacher leaves me to savor the milk and bread, set out for me on a lovely tray. The hut grows warm like a spring day as I poke at the young fire, lit by my caretaker not long before we got here.

Nice to be back in my body, back in my hut, back in my old familiarities. I have journeyed to far corners of the great sky, and yet, this simple little hut is where I feel most at home.

After savoring every morsel, I go out and sit on a stool by the hut's door. The birch and aspen surrounding the glade are not much more than bare branches. But I sense tremendous life force coursing within their barks.

This austere look of winter stirs tenderness in my heart, and I soon understand what it means. Just like the trees, I shall keep all pulsations of a passionate life within the still walls of a mud hut, and within the silent body of a solitary hermit.

Every day, food is brought to the shed warm and fresh. But I have no idea who my devoted caretaker is. In the beginning days, I feel an urge to hide behind trees so as to get a glimpse of my caretaker's face. Somehow I hold myself back. I stick to my resolution that I shall spend day after day and night after night in my own company.

Occasionally, my teacher comes to the glade to give me lessons. But she never stays longer than the duration required of a particular lesson. “Solitude has strength,” she says, “and silence is loud with the soul’s voice—only in complete aloneness will you make progress.”

Although she is not a human like us, my sky teacher seems far more knowledgeable about us than we ourselves are. She has been teaching me about my own bodies, my four earthly bodies. As she said, mastery of my bodies is the Level One in my training.

To know my physical body is where I begin.

First, I must stay focused on the sensation of my skin, be it cold, warm, dry, or wet. Then, I must observe all that occurs under my skin, be it hunger, tiredness, boredom, or restlessness. I mustn’t react to or act upon any sensation during my training phase, which gets longer each day.

Further into this step one of Level One, I strive to maintain a constant awareness of my physical state, whether I am sitting still or moving about. Since there is no human around, I find it not so difficult to watch from day to night this human body of mine that never stops changing from sensation to sensation.

The emotional body, my teacher says in her next lesson, is closely tied to the physical body, but has a rhythm of its own. My emotional body is primarily reactive. It reacts to all that happens in the outside world. I feel excited at chancing upon a little white quartz on my walk; I feel sad at seeing a dead bird lying stiff on the trail. The emotional body reacts to my own thoughts as well. Some thoughts, such as that of him, make me infinitely happy, while others, such as that of never seeing my home village again, send me straight to sorrow and pain.

Of all the emotions, the most dreadful is fear.

Fear of darkness. Fear of being alone in the dark on a vast mountaintop. Inside the darkest place, the stone womb of the Dream Temple, such fear never occurred. But now in the glade, even under starlight, even with fire on, I feel startled at night by all sorts of sounds creeping into my hut from outside. I lie in bed, stiff as a stick, praying for the sun to rise up immediately. I plead with my teacher to come and help, but she always gives back the same answer in the air: “You are safe. Just trust.”

This, by far, is the hardest task. For never before have I slept in the woods all by myself or been cut off from my family for so long a time. But even a fear so big as this has a limit. As nights go by, I grow more used to those noises from outside and more familiar with this emotional happening called “fear.”

I discover that there resides in me a power even greater than the greatest fear. This power is trust. To trust is to hold on to my teacher's words, and to the fact that the sun shall rise after the darkest phase of the night. There is—I've learned through trusting—an end to fear, and to all kinds of emotion.

Having completed the lesson of fear, having passed the test of fear, I move on to learning about the astral body. When we dream at night, we are sometimes flying in another body to places in the dream world. This dreaming body, my teacher says, is the astral body, which can be trained.

What I must do is develop the power to exert a degree of control over my dreaming body's erratic movement. I begin by learning to become aware of myself in my sleep, that is, to realize that I am dreaming while in a dream.

One night, I was having a chat with the women in my village when I suddenly realized that I was only dreaming. The sensations of being there in our hut with my mothers and sisters felt so real that upon waking I wondered if during the night the women had indeed felt my presence there. But how could I verify?

My mental body, as I discover along the way, is the most erratic body of them all, and the swiftest. The mental body

can, within the blink of an eye, go all the way to the Seven Stars! Among the four bodies, this is the freest, wildest, and strongest. This body can stray far, far away from the other three without feeling a need to return.

One sunny day in spring, I decide to see how long my mental body can withstand a solo flight. At high noon, I lie in bed and engage my mind in a journey to meet Caval. I keep thinking and thinking about him until my stomach aches in hunger and thoughts of him get broken at last. I step out of the hut and see that I have already missed the sight of the setting sun.

“The point is not to go on mental travels,” my teacher corrects me later on. “The point is to sustain mental stillness. You must hold the mental body to a still point in the present by focusing either on a sight or on a sound.”

Easier said than done!

Several moons go by. One evening my teacher comes to the glade unexpectedly. She knows that I have been having difficulties. With fear of the nightly darkness conquered long ago, I am completely attuned to the cycle of the sun. But the moon drives me mad when her face grows full. I was so used to uniting with Caval at every full moon. Now the full moon makes me agitated and sad. In her alluring light, I want to run down the Vision Hill, to dash across the fields, to go find him.

The other three phases of the moon are easier to live through. At the dark moon, I do miss our circle and our tree. Now a hermit, I must sit alone, sing alone, and give my blood alone to Mother Earth. Yet, this bloodstream doesn't seem to mind the change of setting. I feel as connected to the body of Earth as before. But the full moon makes me feel totally disconnected.

“Celebrate the full-moon night as if you have Caval here,” my teacher says through her eyes, “for Caval is living right here, inside the imagination of your mental body.”

Eagerly, I apply her suggestion to practice. I tap the great power of imagination and appoint my mental body as leader of the other three. Gone is the old sadness. Gone are agitation and frustration. He is here! He is right here whenever I imagine him to be. So real is his presence that I suspect he is doing the same—imagining me—at the same time.

As more moons go by, I become thoroughly familiar with what happens in my four bodies, and much better at directing and sustaining my mind. No sooner is this accomplished than my teacher comes with a new assignment.

Grow the fifth body.

She says to me through her eyes, “When your four bodies are aligned in stillness as one, out of their union a fifth body will emerge. This fifth body is your Light Body. The Light Body is the body that you brought from your star home to Earth. You may think of it as the body of your star soul.”

My sky body, in other words.

I understand my assignment effortlessly. To practice my assignment is something different. The state of absolute stillness, which is the precondition for the Light Body, is difficult to attain and more difficult to sustain. Level Two only sounds simpler than Level One.

Oh, what effort it takes to reach the state of harmonious stillness! I must spend long periods each day in motionless sitting during which I align the heart of my soul at the center of my chest with Earth Spirit in the north, Air Spirit in the east, Fire Spirit in the south, Water Spirit in the west, with the heart of Earth Mother below and the heart of Father Sun above. Sitting still in this complex alignment is the only way into that delicate state of emptiness wherein every movement stops: mind no longer wanders and emotion no longer arises.

Then, very slowly, the fifth body appears.

This body has no concrete form, and is without taste or smell. It is rooted in the other four bodies, like a tree in the soil, but just like the air, it knows no restriction or containment. Behind closed eyes, in total darkness, I can at times see the light emanating from this peculiar body of mine: soft white light, like the white glow around my teacher's body, but many times dimmer. As if made of a blend of clear ice and warm air, this light is a thing I can feel but cannot grasp. This light brings me a most exquisite joy.

My teacher comes to the glade regularly to help me progress through Level Two. During a lesson, through a vision, she shows me the pathway of light. The pathway of light begins with the heart of Mother Earth below my feet. It goes through my belly, chest, and head, and from the crown of my head all the way to the sun and the Seven Stars! The sun is a doorway to the Seven Stars.

The pathway of light is maintained by a string of light points, several of which are located within my flesh body. These light points are not fixed in size. They can be as big as a turnip or as small as an acorn. They are strung together, like beads on a necklace, by the flow of my life force.

My new assignment, for Level Three, is to enable my life force to move along this pathway, from the heart of Mother Earth to the heart of my torso, then through the crown of my head to

the heart of Father Sun and the heart of Seven Stars. This is how far my life force can go! This movement creates a two-way flow between earth and stars, a flow that can nourish my Light Body as a subtlest type of food.

“The day will come,” my teacher says to me in a new lesson, “when your Light Body ascends this pathway to the sun, without return. It leaves the four earthly bodies behind and enters the heart of the sun.” She explains that after my four bodies die, my fifth body, if strong enough, lives on.

My Light Body shall survive death and fly to the sun, like a bird, like a swan, “like a swan with wings of light.” My teacher asks me to nurture this image in my mind. What the light swan shall do is keep flying toward the sun—the inner sun, the sun that shines in the spirit world, the sun that sustains the whole realm of light. The realm of light has no night. It is a place where the sun always shines.

Inside the inner spirit sun there lies a pathway to the Seven Stars. My task, however, is not to fly back to the Seven Stars, but to fly back to the sun. The success of my flight depends on the strength of my Light Body, and it depends on the manner my Light Body leaves my flesh body at the moment of death. The Light Body must leave from the crown of my head.

“Why?” I ask my teacher.

She shows me that the crown of my head is a gate to the sky world. There are several gates inside my flesh body corresponding to the shiny light points along the pathway of light. Each gate opens to a particular realm in the spirit world. The top gate, at the crown of my head, hosts a direct passage to the sun, the spiritual sun.

To go to the sun, one has to leave the earth, one has to let go of all earthly ties. The best way to let go of all earthly ties is to close the final gate into the earthly realm—the crown gate. If the crown gate is closed to the earth, it is all open to the sun. This grand departure from the earth to the sun is the final act, the great act, to be done in the near future by me and Caval.

Clearly, every skill so far practiced is aiming at this final goal: leave Mother Earth, go to Father Sun, together with Caval.

After leaving our flesh bodies behind, our two Light Bodies will merge as one—we become one body, one bird. The one bird will enter the shadow land and fly through the twilight realm till it reaches the realm of the sun. The trace left by our soul bird will become a trail through the shadow land. This trail, glowing in the twilight realm, can help other souls fly back to the source of light.

Whenever I remember the final goal, I feel an instant power to carry on as a lone hermit on a lone mountaintop. I admit to a surge of pride in my chest for having volunteered for a task that nobody has done before. Understandably, such a task includes hardship and demands tenacity. However demanding my training may get, I will never consider running away.

Since the start of my hermit life, I have been climbing to the top of the Dream Temple to see the world. On a clear day, I can see all the way to the sea in the west, fields and mountains in the other directions. My village lies to the east, by that shiny dot of lake water. I can see the river winding through woods, connecting our lake to the sea. Straining my senses, I can almost hear my family working in the field and smell the breads fresh from the hearth. Some days, I seem to see Grandma and Ma looking in my direction, praying.

When I looked at this all-around view for the first time, my attention was captured by a particular hill. A hill in the southeast direction with a gentle curvy slope. Although shaped differently from my hill, this hill has the same striking feature: a nipple of temple on her top.

Besides the Vision Hill, in between rivers, lakes, and plains, there stand a number of perky mountain breasts. The Shining Ones have turned many mountains into breasts with nipples made of stones. This particular breast mountain at the edge of

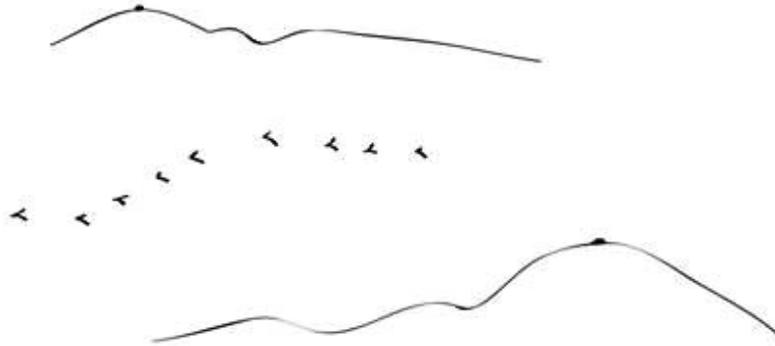
the southern horizon seems faraway and nearby. She calls me in an intimate tone each time I look.

She is his hill.

He is over there. He must be over there.

Can he see me? I seem to be able to see him, standing at the tip of his mountain mother, looking over in my direction. From over there, my mountain must be easy to spot. The Vision Hill is unmistakable from wherever you look. The mere thought of Caval watching me from that hill fills me with power. When homesickness stirs, or when longing churns, I just climb up my Dream Temple and look to the southeast.

9. Mountain Reflection



The moon waxed and waned, the ground froze and thawed, leaves burst into bright colors and fell, and I've grown closer to my hilltop tribe, with pals in rustling trees and friends in passing clouds. And I've grown bigger in the eye of my sky pond. When I look into her water mirror, I often see a bird, a black crow when I'm sad or a white swan when I'm glad, whose wings flap rather like fish fins on my back in that magical realm of the watery sky.

Being high up allows me to see life from a different point of view. This must be how they see us, little people of the earth. From on high, they see the course of our lives far better than we do. Oh, what privilege I have to sit atop the Vision Hill and gaze down at the world below, as the Shining Ones do!

Height makes my spirit high. This could be a simple rule in life: the summit of a mountain sets us on the summit of our souls. To climb a mountain whether outside or inside, to reach a summit of any kind, one has to leave one's home valley behind. One has to, in many ways, die. Then a new life begins, in midair, in a subtle soil between earth and sky.



On a sunny morning in early spring I stroll to the Dream Temple to see the world, surprised to see my teacher there, waiting by the eagle-head stone. Normally, my teacher comes to the glade and gives me lessons at our learning spot. Today, for this surprise meeting, she suggests that we sit side by side next to the stone and look at his hill together.

“He has gone through a great transformation, like you.”

Her soundless words send a stream of comfort into my soul. It has been a long while since the last time I felt an urge to run downhill, to dash across rivers and fields, to race up that soft-contoured hill. With her confirmation of his wellbeing, I feel the old urge pulsing in my veins. Yet, in this urge to see him, I detect no trace of fear, fear of being alone, and no frustration from being a hermit. I just want to see him in broad daylight, as clearly as I see her by my side.

My teacher turns and gazes down into my eyes. Glittering in that deep sky blue are sparks of delight. The sparks are saying to me, “Your solitary training has reached its completion.”

Completion?

“Hold the power you have acquired,” she continues, wrapping her arm around my shoulder. “From here on, you will be practicing together with Caval!”

So, here comes the moment, the moment I had fantasized about in the beginning but avoided thinking of later on. Time feels very strange, no longer real or measurable. Three years have gone by, slow as a crawling snail, yet swift as a diving swallow. Just as I am embedded in solitude, the eternal life of a hermit comes to a sudden end.

I rest my head in the crook of her arm, she who has been my sole human companion on the vast mountaintop. This woman knows me better than Ma, better than Grandma, better than all the women in my tribe and beyond. And I love her, the way a pond loves the sky, the way a dandelion’s face loves the sun.

Gently, my teacher taps my shoulder: time to get ready. We get up from the grass and walk downhill toward my hut. Along the way, my teacher informs me of what needs to be done.

Happy and sad is my feeling as I enter my hut to pack my things. Saying goodbye to the hut and the glade is like tearing a flower from its garden soil. This is a farewell, forever, to my friends in the hilltop world.

A dear old pal is my mountain mother, who knows my secrets and promises to keep them. Someday in the future, the Vision Hill will see a new person entering her temple, a new hermit arriving in her glade, and a new bond being made. My bond with her remains strong till the last day I stand on the land to which she belongs.

All silently said, I come to our spot in the meadow where many a lesson has been given. My teacher is already there waiting for me. I lie down on the grass, on my side, with a rucksack strapped on my right shoulder.

My teacher is seated before me on the grass. She spreads out her long arms. Palms facing down, she draws a big arch in the air over me lying sideways on the green grass.

As if wrapped in a warm blanket, I feel a sweet sleepiness spreading in my body. My eyelids are heavy, but my heart is calm. With the last bit of strength, my eyes hug the precious view of a Shining One watching me fall asleep.

When my eyes are open, it is flowers in view: dandelions and daffodils, all around me, in a different meadow. I sit up and stretch my arms. I can feel the rucksack strapped on my back. What a dream! I can't remember a thing of it, only the sight of my teacher sending me to sleep with her look, vivid as the sight of this blossoming field.

It is a homelike field in a beautiful new world. Beyond the flowers are tall grasses, beyond the grasses high trees, and beyond the trees a mountain peak of soft contour and vibrant green. The mountain is calling me, in a tone that I have heard many times before. Who'd believe that in an instant of sky dream I've come all the way to the foot of my beloved's hill!

Up close, Caval's hill looks many times grander as a presence and many times more alluring as a mountain being. She stands there, solitary and dignified, as if announcing herself as the leader of all hills in this part of the world. Right above her summit is the jolly face of the afternoon sun.

"Gosh, I've seen your dream," the sun says to me, "but I won't tell you how it went!"

"Well, dear sun," I say to him, "I don't want to ask you how it went. I want to take leave of you and the flowers. I want to walk across the meadow and find a trail into the woods."

Ah, there it is, the trail, open and clear, waiting for my feet. My feet are light on this path into a wood of birch, oak, and ash. Bouncy and swift is my pace, and I feel no fear whatsoever for anything unseen.

A while later comes a clearing from which I see a long row of caves high up on a rocky surface. Dark and hollow, the row of caves looks like a line of empty nests waiting for the return of some giant birds. Surely, all manner of creatures inhabit this intriguing hill. I wonder what kind of friends my brother has been able to gather around himself?

As I get to the hill's shoulder, I see, to my delight, a whole range of hills over on the other side. The green of these hills under the blue of the sky makes me think of tidal waves frozen on their way to the sandy shore. So these are his companions. I had the sea, he had the hills. I needed the assistance of seawater, and he the assistance of rolling earth.

The path comes to a sharp turn. The summit must be near. Should I run or walk? The last leg of today's journey, of the three-year journey, feels most fanciful, wishful, unreal.

I drift forward along the easy trail. Suddenly, I am faced with an open plain with a green mound sitting at its far end. Voluptuous, dignified, and inviting, the great mound looks

just like the Dream Temple atop the Vision Hill. A brother-and-sister pair, they seem to be.

At the tip of the great mound, a hazy little figure sticks out of the silhouette, arms waving wildly against the bright sky. He then leaps down the slope like a deer and runs across the field in my direction. Except for the long, long hair flying in the wind, these are the same movements of an agile body that I dearly remember.

Within a moment, I am back in the arms that held me an instant ago, an instant of three years. As if we are still there on the beach and he hasn't turned to face the bay.

A long while passes before we can relax our embrace and look at each other face to face. Still the very eyes I know, but denser and richer their hazelnut color, deeper and broader their inner scope. Fine lines at their corners show all the sun, rain, and wind this face has endured and embraced. More chiseled now the cheekbones, more determined the nose, and more voluptuous the lips. His earth-colored beard has grown bushy thick, and must have been trimmed this morning while I was fixing my thick hair.

Neither of us is able to say a word. Our hands are running free on the other's face and on the rest. Touch, physical touch! This was the one thing missing throughout our separation.

This was the one act we could not create with our astral meetings at night or with our imaginations in the day. Touching and being touched by him is an exquisite thing that no imagination can imitate and no word can represent.

He bends over and picks me up from the ground. Carrying me in his broad arms, Caval starts a brisk walk over the meadow toward the woods. I rest on his solid wide chest, unable to think and barely able to breathe. So overwhelmingly Caval he smells! This smell was another thing my imagination could not create.

After a while, I glance through a blur and see a mud hut that looks just like my old home in the glade. I don't want to think of anything, not even my teacher's words. This moment, all I want is to give every fiber of my being and every spark of my soul to these hands, to these lips, to these eyes. Like foam returning to the sea, like twigs giving in to fire, I want to offer my refined new self to the altar of his raw old desires ...

I awake to the sensation of his warm skin against my naked back. A world of difference it is to wake up like this! I can't recall how the rest of yesterday went. An imageless and soundless haze has swallowed us and sent us to deep recesses in a cave of bliss. Yet I recall that we haven't spoken a proper word to each other.

So this is his home, just as I've imagined, only a bit roomier with a bed of fleece, a fireplace, a set of pots, trays, and baskets, a stool, a flute hung from the post next to a lovely wooden figurine, which could only have come from hands that longed for me.

Day is dawning. Birds are chirping on the trees. Bees are humming over the flowers. Motes of dust are dancing in the light beaming through the doorframe.

The muscular arm wrapped around my chest is not making the slightest movement. He snores as a big man now. I want to turn my head around to watch him in his big-man sleep.

I turn my head ever so slowly. My eyes are met with a surprise. A smiley face, bright as sunshine and open as a daisy, is at the tip of my nose. Apparently, he's been watching me through all that big-man snoring. Oh, the old trick! What else to expect from this brother of mine?

I struggle to free my hands from his tight embrace. Before I can pull his naughty beard, he bursts out, speaking in actual words, "Feel at home?" His voice has grown amazingly deep.

"I feel at home wherever you are," I hear myself say.

Strange—we speak to each other in such a stilted way, with such silly words! Of course he knows how I feel, and he knows what I think. But an old habit is making a comeback, and we can't help but let the old way have its way. Words sound funny, but they don't really matter, for whatever sound he makes delights my hungry ears.

Later in the day, he brings me to his temple and points out the faraway hill that he has gazed at for three years, every day. I see my hill, tiny in sight yet prominent in feature, and feel a lump in my throat growing thick. I am feeling his longing for that little figure at the edge of the horizon. I am looking through his eyes at myself over there, who is looking at myself now standing here.

I am gazing at me who is gazing at me, not knowing anymore which is which.

But I know, these two hilltops were born long before Caval and Modira, these two temples built generations before our time. Now standing at his spot, I see that this ancient mountain pair gives back a mirror reflection—of us.

On one level, a vast space must exist between these two hills, as it needs to between us two persons. On another level, there is no distance between them, as there is none between me and him. They are separate and inseparable, as we are.

Still, mysteriously, I had to journey through a long course of time over a great distance in space to reach this point, this apex of a journey—sitting on top of his hill and looking at my hill, together, as one.

10. Secret Fact of Home



One moon cycle is the time given to us. One moon cycle to fulfill our oldest wish: to live every single day and every single night in each other's company. One moon cycle to double our powers.

In peace our days and nights pass, despite that once again we must reinvent a way to live in harmony with the moon. Although there are only two of us living on the hilltop, we hold a purification rite and thanksgiving feast at quarter moons; we go our separate ways to seed the earth at the new moon.

Sooner than we think, the full moon is arriving. To prepare for this evening, we spend the day bathing, caressing, and decorating each other's body, young and beautiful like the peaking spring. He crowns me with a wreath woven from long grasses and daffodils. I hang around his neck a little white quartz that I've taken from my hill as a gift for him.

At night, we come to the temple and set up a bonfire. I ask him to play his flute and accompany me in a moon dance. I dance as if I were back on the altar that full-moon night, that night I chose him to make me a woman and he honored me on behalf of all men. My breasts and hips are even fuller now, and the desire from his pillar is fiercer than the bonfire.

Under the brightest full moon, the deepest union occurs as I sit on him in tight embrace. With all five bodies merged as one, we return to that state of unity before we were divided into two bodies of flesh. As I look at him, eyes open, eyes closed, I see in front of me our self, our one-and-the-same self.

“You are me.”

“I am you.”

The next morning, the ascending sun sees us descending from his hill. A new hill is calling. It calls us to go climb the highest peak of our life.

Swiftly we move through the woods, as if a streak of impatience has entered our bloodstreams. No time to waste and no need to look back. Our breath strong, our minds clean, we walk in unison like two legs of the same body.

A gorgeous spring day, again. It is, in fact, the mid-spring day. In the tender light of the morning sun, emerging in our view is a group of people in the valley down below. Attired in festival outfits, the group of people are seated on a patch of grass at the side of a road.

We hurry our pace. We stream across the forest floor, as eager as we were in our childhood. As if running home after a day of play, we dash through the woods to reunite with our family for one last time.

Into open arms we fly. A round of hugging and kissing later, I am able to take a good look at everybody. They are all here, everyone. They've come to walk the last leg of our journey, as one body, as one tribe. Much change shows on their faces. The last three years haven't been easy for their hearts, either. In that short time of looking, I see their pride in us, their affection for us, their gratitude, sadness, and pain. But there is one thing I do not see. Doubt isn't there, not even in the eyes of my ma and pa.

Scenes of our happy village life flow through my mind. I manage to restrain the feelings they incite. My teacher has instructed us at the meeting two days ago to avoid going deep today in emotional contact. What the occasion calls for is a light touch, not an indulgence of feelings. We are brought together to say goodbye.

I take hold of Caval's hand. We turn around and step onto the path. Our family follows quietly behind. The path is leading us, the line of people, through a peculiar valley. It is a wide, U-shaped valley, with craggy hills looming on both sides. It exudes an air of mystery. Its presence is very different from that of the Vision Hill and the Union Field.

"An entrance to the stars," a voice whispers in the air.

This U-shaped valley must be where we cross border from this world into the other one. The tender grass under my feet is yet of this world. The soil, the trees, the sky, and all things tangible to my senses are telling me I am still on the earth. My soul, however, is already treading the soil of a sky world.

The path now goes into a gradual incline. We are ascending the hill on the valley's left side. The hill is populated by low bushes and small shrubs, a vibrant landscape tended by human hands. As we get to the hill's shoulder, the easy path starts to tilt at a sharper angle. It becomes a climb.

A little way up the steep slope, my walk suddenly slows down, against my will. From within me, a force is commanding my body to move at the slowest possible speed. My legs are heavy, my sight caught by blades of grass and lines of ants going here and there. I have to pause for a moment.

I stand straight, and turn around.

What meets my eyes is a dizzying array of hills, fields, rivers, and lakes—all waiting to be looked at, by me, for one last time. The world in my eyes is so immense, and as intimate as the blades of grass within the reach of my fingertips. I can see the leaves of every tree in distant woods, every rock on faraway hills, and every ripple in pools of water dotting the surrounding landscape.

Looking this soft and slow, gazing this long and deep, I see a face of my motherland, who is always known as a land of many mysterious faces. This face of hers, vivid in my eyes, is a face that I have overlooked, not because I didn't know where to look or when to look, but because I was moving in haste.

Now, patient as the sky and patient as the earth, I see this face of hers for the first time. I see, in clarity, her big things and small things all with sharp edges. And from the center of my chest a force is pouring out to unite these things far and near. This force commands me to see, to feel, and to partake in a reality that appears as ... as a highly detailed oneness.

I want to immerse in this new way of seeing. I want to be this tender seer forever. Oh, take me back, motherland! I shall

touch you trees one more time. I shall touch you in the subtlest way that my young eyes have just come to learn.

Along the slope, people are crawling in a line, slow as snails. My eyes fall on face after face and I see members of my family as if for the first time. So much uniqueness of each person has escaped my notice because I was moving in haste. Now, what I have missed is out on the surface, calling for my attention, asking for my caress. And this current in my chest, this love, is urging me to throw my arms around these people, around this world that I discover now and here.

“Don’t go anywhere. Stay here. Stay!” love beckons.

A forceful tug on my hand jolts me out of trance. Startled, I see I’ve paused longer than I should. The penetrating eyes of Caval call me back, and back to the reason we are standing here on the slope of a steep hill.

I turn to face our trail. Caval’s hand is pulling me forward, Caval’s strides are setting my pace, and Caval’s mind is guiding my thoughts. The world resumed its normal look. No longer do I see the minute details of things. But a longing to belong lingers on. A part of me, a tiny part of me, was left at that spot where I looked and looked.

But it is fine. For his hand is leading me to my home on high.
To this solid hand I belong, and to this invisible hand that has
led us thus far up the road. I hum to myself:

Up and up we go

Up and beyond we go

High over the white clouds

Awaits our eternal home

In a high-spirited state I arrive at the summit, surprised to see how flat the hilltop plain is. The landscape, wide and even, is protected by bushes and grasses. It has no temple on top. Except for the absence of a temple mound, it seems not much different from the two hilltops where he and I have lived. From over here, we can see his hill right in front. I realize that he has been, practically, looking at our last hill every day.

Farther up in the field, in stark contrast to the sea of crisp green, is the luminous presence of the Shining Ones. They are waiting in a cluster, all eight of them, attired in colors of a full rainbow, as they did when they first appeared to us on the night of harvest moon. Now, in the strong light of the afternoon sun, with the vivid enticement of a rainbow arch, they are there, guiding our sense of direction.

We hurry our steps toward our sky family. I notice a heap of gray stones lying behind their luminous bodies. I see, from

several directions, tribes of people are emerging from the edge of the hilltop plain. People are wearing festival outfits that celebrate the season of spring. The Shining Ones have invited several tribes to come join us today in our ceremony: an unprecedented mid-spring festival of death and voyage.

There must be over four hundred people gathering close around the Shining Ones. As beautiful as the tribal outfits look, these earthly colors are no match to those of the sky beings. Today, people's mood is least matched with the colors of their clothes. Somberness is all over everybody's face.

Through eye contact and hand gesture we exchange silent greetings with them, our old friends. We saw them only three years ago at the Union Field the night of the harvest moon. Back then, we were anticipating the miracle of our lifetime. And now, we are living that miracle—we are about to create a part of that miracle.

Hands still locked, Caval and I step forward and separate ourselves from our tribe. We are standing at a short distance from two Shining Ones, a sky couple holding hands. On the right is my teacher, wearing a pale pink robe. On the left is Caval's teacher, wearing a soft purple robe.

My teacher, her moonlight hair cascading down the back, looks like a beauty born of the union of human and swan. His

teacher, half a head taller than her, with broad shoulders and wide chest, with square face and thick beard, looks like a celestial ideal of man.

The heavenly couple embraces us, their two students on Earth, with their starlight eyes. A short while later, my teacher withdraws her gaze from me and looks up at the crowd of people, now gathered around us two and them eight. My teacher raises her arms and makes a graceful gesture of welcome. She opens her mouth and a great voice flows out.

“Our dear family from many parts of this land, we welcome you to the event of your lifetime!

“You have journeyed from afar to be here, to witness and to support a brave daughter and a brave son of your people as they embark on a voyage to the realm of light.

“Out of love for you, their greater family, they have come forward and volunteered for the task—”

Someone is sobbing behind us. I know who that is. I can feel all her emotions, and can hear all her thoughts. Any moment another person may join in.

My teacher, the Lady of Light, pauses for a beat and in a new tone resumes her speech.

“The best support you can give to the two is the love in your heart. They need only your love, only your love! Love is what brought you here. Love is what guides you from hereon.”

Her voice stops. She turns her body around very slowly to make sure that her message enters the hearts in all directions. Facing our direction again, my teacher continues her speech. Her booming voice can be heard throughout the hilltop plain.

“Let there be no sadness to cloud your understanding.

“Let there be no emotion to interfere with their undertaking.

“Let your hearts unite as one.

“Let your love bless their journey ahead.”

I can feel the immediate impact of my teacher’s words. The somberness in the crowd is lifting like lake mist in the sun.

“They will experience death not in pain, but in peace, not in despair, but in hope. They have chosen to die a conscious death in order to show you that dying is but going home, that there is nothing to fear in leaving the body behind.”

With his hand holding my hand and with her voice guiding my mind, I fear nothing, nothing! Long ago has fear been subdued and expelled. Pure excitement is what I am feeling now. I can't think of a journey more exciting than the one we are about to begin. A journey guided by them, a journey back home, a journey that will be useful to everyone here and even more.

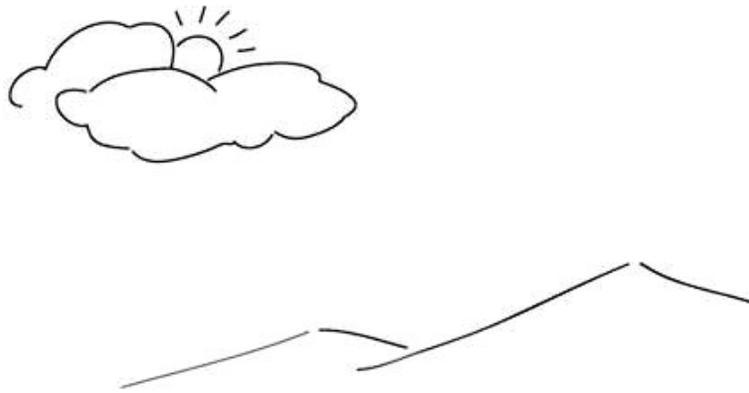
“At this spot, an act of love will be made, a path to light will be made, as a gift to the soul tribe to which you all belong.

“In the far future, every one of you will take on new bodies and live in new lands. However far you will go from this spot of the earth, your soul can always find a way back, to make use of this shining path to light.

“In the near future—it is our hope—you will return to this hilltop plain every spring, to remember the two lovers and to receive their gift of love.”

Her words send a blush to my cheeks. All of a sudden I feel awkward standing there at the center of all admiring eyes, he and I hand in hand, a young couple who simply followed their hearts and answered a call from the stars.

11. Path to Light



Our teachers gently nod at us: it is time. We exchange a deep but quick look and I release Caval's hand.

Following his teacher, Caval walks to a stone structure lying low on the ground: a gray stone box right next to the heap of gray stone chunks behind the cluster of Shining Ones.

The rectangular box is made of four slabs of stone, each cut in perfectly straight lines. Inside the stone box, the grassy floor is neatly lined with sheep fleece. People quickly gather around, putting the box and the heap, Caval and me, and the eight Shining Ones at the center.

The air becomes still. His teacher gives him a hand signal. Promptly, Caval crosses over the slab at the level of his waist, his movement agile as deer, his necklace glittering in the air. The boxed-in space is big enough for him to lie on his back straight. He finds a spot in the middle and sits on the fleece. He sits cross-legged in a soft bed bordered by hard stones, like a child in a crib, looking pleased.

His teacher comes forth with something shimmering in his right hand. The size of a big turnip, the pretty round thing is clear as ice and shimmery as starlight. Standing by the stone box, the Shining One holds the pretty thing with both hands. Then he raises it over his head for everyone in the crowd to see: it's a cup, a drinking cup from the sky world.

Slowly, he lowers the cup to his chest and turns to face the stone box. Graceful as a male swan, he arches his body down until his knees come to a firm rest on the grass. I and everyone else have never seen any Shining One do this—taking a humble posture before us, little people of the green earth. He kneels before his student, before Caval.

Head and chest on the same levels, the teacher extends his long arms over the stone slab and offers the cup to the student sitting inside the box.

Calm is the way Caval receives the cup into his hands. In the white glow of the shimmering cup, those able hands that have made many figurines for me and turned me into a happy figurine are turning into the hands of a sky man. Light as these fingers look to my eyes, the way they hold the cup says something of a weighty kind. In his hands sits a heavy task.

His face, also glowing with a white shimmer, seems to be tied to the face of his teacher by an invisible thread. They look at each other without the slightest movement while the sky cup beams its music-like shimmer into our ears.

A subtle change occurs in the shimmering tone. The invisible thread begins to dissolve. Caval withdraws his gaze from his teacher and casts a long, thoughtful look at the cup in his hands. Looking up from the cup, he directs his sight toward the assembly of people surrounding him from all sides. Slowly, he turns his head. Before long his eyes meet my eyes.

“Go ahead!” my eyes say.

He looks down at the cup again and then up at his teacher, still kneeling by the stone crib in the manner of a patient father. Their gazes lock again. Deep into each other’s soul they speak. What their words say we are not meant to guess.

A while passes, their gazes turn away. Caval looks back at the cup in his hands. Very slowly, he raises it to his lips. He closes his eyes. Around the stone box, hundreds of staring eyes freeze. In a decisive way, much to my surprise, Caval empties the drink and returns the cup to his teacher's hands. No sign of discomfort shows on his face.

To his left, at the forefront of the crowd, there stand his birth father and birth mother. She is crying silent tears, and he is swallowing his tears. I know, there is more to their pride in their son, their one and only son. Each subtle movement on their son's face sends a jolt into their hearts, even though they know it to be a painless process.

Up straight and motionless Caval sits in the box, his eyes gazing far into the western sky at the setting sun. He must be feeling the power of the drink and hearing the call of the Sun Spirit. The stone-like stillness then gives way to a slight flutter of the eyelids. He withdraws his gaze from afar and directs it onto what is near. He starts to address the assembly of people with a look, a profound look achievable only by that face of forest depth, by those eyes of hazel warmth.

One after another person his sight honors, deeper and deeper his gaze sinks, and softer and softer the air around his chest gets. I am the last sight he is beholding, the last image he is taking with him.

Now, his body is failing in its attempt to sit up straight. He reclines in the bed, his gaze still holding on to mine. Bit by bit, life is leaving his jovial face; little by little, the brightness in his eyes is going dim. Those dimmed eyes still find strength to gesture to me: *Look to the west! Look to the sun!* Then, the last flicker of light is snuffed by the joining of eyelids.

Never again will I see and be seen by those eyes of hazel hue and hazel wisdom! A gray mist is blurring my sight. I send it away with a blink. Glowing in my mind is the image of the soul bird. Rushing through my veins is the urge to follow him.

Now all eyes are on me. My eyes are on my teacher. My teacher gives me a nod, and turns around to her own people. She leads the seven Shining Ones into forming a circle around the heap of stones, not far from the stone box.

The eight of them start to sing. Their unified voice sounds just like the voice my teacher made that evening when she opened the door to the Dream Temple. At their voice's command, a huge slab moves up from the heap of stones, straight up into the air. The slab steadily flies over the ring of Shining Ones toward the stone box wherein Caval lies. Right over the box, the huge rectangular slab comes to a standstill in midair, as if suspended by invisible ropes.

Slowly and evenly, the slab is being lowered by the Shining Ones' voice. Before the capstone touches the sides, I throw a devouring look at Caval inside.

His handsome face completely relaxed, his long hair evenly spread on the shoulders, and the quartz necklace neat on his chest, he looks so composed as if he is again pretending to be asleep, as if he would suddenly throw a funny face to get me to laugh. Without a noise, the capstone comes to rest on the four sides, sealing his body in for eternity.

Coming forth from the crowd are four elder sisters of mine, to lay pieces of sheep fleece on the capstone. In a few moments, my altar is ready. Swiftly, I ascend the altar at the height of my chest and sit cross-legged on the seat of white sheep fleece. Under my seat, only a stone away, is my beloved. He is waiting for me! I can feel his wings cheering my spirit. A surge of joy rushes through my chest. Now, I am eager for my drink.

My teacher, the Lady of Light, approaches the altar with the same shimmering cup in her hands. Sitting on the altar, in full reverence, I receive into my hands the weighty gift from the Shining Ones.

The cup itself has no weight. But what it contains seems rock heavy to all the eyes that are watching. The mystery drink, light as water in my hands, is brown and thick. It looks just

like the medicinal tea Ma used to make when we had a fever or rash. Presently in my hands is a tea that has the power to end one life and start a new kind.

The cup in my glowing hands, I look up at the circle of Shining Ones surrounding me on the altar stone. I look at the tall lady right in front, who is showering me with all her heavenly blessings. My teacher, my guide, my mother and friend, now radiates a glow the color of the setting sun just over her left shoulder. In that glow is also the affection of the rising sun. In that glow I see a splendid future for me, for us, and for all the people standing here and beyond.

Without wavering my gaze, I raise the cup to my lips and start to sip the powerful drink. As my tongue immerses in the warm liquid, my eyes fly into my teacher's eyes, as vast and kind as the great sky. Drop by drop, my mouth savors the bittersweet taste of her sky drink. Step by step, my eyes follow her eyes on a sky way up. And bit by bit, I receive a gift of ascension, made by a swan woman who has flown all the way from the Seven Stars to come help me fly to the sun.

The warm liquid is gathering in my stomach. Other than that, there is no strange sensation in my body. Seated on the altar, surrounded by an inner ring of Shining Ones and an outer ring of people of the green earth, I am at the prime center of a hilltop land ablaze with the spirit of mid-spring's setting sun.

I am a sun maiden, about to turn into a sun swan. Hovering over me is another swan, with white wings and golden sparks, with the human face and human chest of Caval.

I spread my wings and take off with him, my swan brother, my swan man. We circle around in the blue sky and admire the green hills and green fields down below.

We soar over the lake. We soar over the river and dale. We fly toward our home village in the midst of dense forest. Before the sun touches the sea, we shall have one last look at our people and our cattle and crops.

They do not see me with wings! They still see me as a human like them. They still think that I am sitting here on top of a stone, looking at them through the eyes of their darling little Modira girl.

I flap my wings again. They see me as Modira, still!

Well then, let me see them as Modira, for one last time. Let Modira's eyes honor her family one by one. Let Modira's voice speak, silently, to each pair of the moist eyes.

Farewell, Pa, your courage is what has kept me going on the path.

Farewell, Ma, please don't cry. You knew I was born for such a task.

Farewell, Grandma, you wish you could do it instead of me. But it has to be me instead of you.

Farewell, Grandpa, you'll soon be telling a story of us.

Farewell, brother ...

Farewell, sister ...

My eyes alight upon a little boy standing by his mother's thigh, a child from another tribe. Curly-haired and pink-cheeked, the child must be no more than four years of age. Sucking his thumb, the little boy stares at me with an expectant face, as if this woman on the stone is going to do a moon dance.

The way the child looks at me sends a shudder down my spine. Something strange is happening in my belly. Is it the drink taking effect? Or is it something else? A warm sensation in my lower belly is welling up, is crying to be recognized.

Ah, I see! The little boy is calling me, and the welling in my belly is a response to his calling. Now rushing from belly to chest is a feeling, a feeling of fire and steam, a feeling I thought that I, Modira, had long ago uprooted.

The wish for a child.

The wish to unite with the body lying beneath my seat and to birth a new life with his essence mixed with mine. The wish to give to our tribe the best gift a woman can ever make. The wish is here again!

With the wish comes the story of my life, scene by scene, step by step, like what happened inside the Dream Temple on top of my home mountain, the Vision Hill.

I see myself dancing on the altar stone under a full moon and choosing Caval from a ring of men. I see us making love at the center of a stone circle, reaching a climax together with our whole tribe. I see my belly getting big. I see my head sweating and legs shaking. I see covered in blood a baby boy coming, into a circle of women who are hand in hand singing.

The boy grows up to be handsome like his father. Our star child is a man of knowledge, a man of power. I watch him grow mature and take his position, fulfilling his destiny as the great teacher of our age. And we, his parents, gray-haired and wrinkle-faced, live to the end of our days in pride and joy.

As the happy life unfolds before my eyes, drowsiness pulls me down on the back. Part by part, my body is going to sleep. I've

lost feeling in my hands and feet. Numbness is spreading through my trunk and neck. Now, I can't even muster strength to smile at the crowd of people gathered at my bedside, me an old woman, dying at the end of her fulfilled life ...

Suddenly, I see!

I see I am not dying as an old woman of eighty-one, but as a young woman of twenty-one. I see why I am here, lying on a hard stone on top of a sunset hill and what it is that I am dying for. I must fly up!

But a force in my belly is gathering all strength to head in the opposite direction, downward, down toward earth. The force, I see, comes from none other than that place of never-ending surprise: my womb.

My womb is protesting the immanent death of the body. My womb is fighting with her last strength to salvage a dream. Inside her dream there live our family, our animals, our crops, our forest, our hills, our Mother Earth.

My womb always yearns to be like Mother Earth, to be like her great womb, giving life, nurturing life, and multiplying life. The womb, the soul of my female body, wishes to go nowhere in the sky, but to remain here on Earth and be an example of the Earth Womb.

Now out of nowhere pops a feeling of regret. Regret for not having tasted the full flavor of womanhood ... regret for not coming nearer to being the Great Woman herself ... regret for leaving my motherland too soon ...

Something hits me on the head. I realize I should be on a totally different path. Nowhere in the three-year training have I been told to identify with Earth during this journey to Sky.

Where is my mind?

My mind is dead stuck in a swampland. I didn't know that a swampland exists down there in my belly. The world is getting dark. I must pull out my mind. I must rally my powers to find my way, to find my wings before it is too late!

It is too late.

The drink has put my whole body to sleep.

I am rising up. My body is down below on the capstone. I see people lining up, each taking a stone from the heap and piling it around me, lying stiff on the altar. I am floating in the air and watching my family down on the ground as they erect a great monument in our honor.

As the stones are about to cover my face, it occurs to me that I have exited my body. I have exited my body, alas, through the wrong gate! Instead of pushing through the top gate at the crown of my head, I have slipped through the lower gate at the bottom of my belly. The slip must have happened when I was living out that phantom life of joy.

Looking around, I see no child and no Caval—only me, floating in a white wilderness, alone.

“Where are you, my love?”

No one answers.

“I lost him! I failed my task!”

PART TWO **WJ Speaks** (Holland, 2006 AD)

1. To Die or to Travel?

May is the mooiste month.

Mooiste means “most beautiful” in Dutch.

Tulips bloom in the sun, cows moo on the grass, mothers and kids bike through fields of saturated green—by all means, a European paradise. The landscape inside me, however, is not this idyllic picture for travel magazines. Inside me there sits a December landscape of the northerly type, cold and cruel, bare and bleak. My life in the land of my heart’s desire, Holland, is at a dead end.

Facing me are two bare options:

- A) Die
- B) Travel

I opt for B). However appalling my life situation and however strong my death wish, I am aware of a precious asset still in my possession, and that is, freedom of movement.

So, where to? Which spot on Earth deserves the last scraps of my savings account?

“Ireland,” says a soft voice in my heart.

A full-blooded Han Chinese, I had nothing to do with Ireland or with the Irish. As far as I knew, this remote island on the fringe of European civilization was a land of sheep farming, potato famine, and Guinness consumption. So when Ria, a Belgian therapist working in Holland, suggested that I attend her workshop scheduled to take place in Ireland, I frowned.

This was the fall of 2004, a year and a half before I hit the mooiste dead end. My life in 2004 was nice enough to drive me into psychotherapy. Jaap, the Dutch husband of my Indonesian classmate Mira, pointed me to his therapist friend Ineke, and Ineke pointed me to her therapist friend Ria. Eager to try Family Constellations, a method developed by eminent German therapist Bert Hellinger, I discovered that Ria’s workshop out in Ireland was my sole option. To benefit from the Hellinger method without delay, I’d have to fly to this land of sheep, potatoes, and pubs.

Wait a minute—you ask—how did this Han Chinese end up in Holland in the first place?

Well, four years ago, in 2002, I came to Holland, in May, at the invitation of Ton, director of the Beeld voor Beeld film festival, to show my just completed documentary film.

Originally the visual half of my dissertation titled *The Buddhist Revival in Post-Mao China*, the documentary film was titled *To the Land of Bliss*. Filmed in my native province Sichuan, *To the Land of Bliss* portrays a Chinese journey to a Buddhist paradise—a pure land of light and joy—through the gateway of death.

The filmmaker, however, was not so satisfied with a paradise reachable in the afterlife. She wanted to reach a paradise in this life, here on Earth. One place on Earth called her to leave her academic home in Boston and fly across the Atlantic Ocean. That one place was Amsterdam.

Amsterdam and paradise?

You see, paradise is a place of freedom. To a captive of the ivory tower, Dam Square seemed a lot freer than Harvard Square. By then in possession of a PhD, I was highly aware of my ignorance of life and my disillusion with academia as a promised land of knowledge.

The kind of knowledge I was seeking, first at Beijing University and then at Harvard University, had to be sought via a different path—the path of experience; well, the Path of the Heart, to be exact.

The Path of the Heart could yield answers to my questions: Who am I? Where did I come from? Why am I here? Those sorts of questions. The Path of the Mind could not. After ten years of climbing Dr. Qin came to the top and to a painful realization: her ladder was leaning against the wrong wall.

So Ton's invitation letter from Amsterdam was taken as a sign, as a call of the spirit. A soft voice in my heart said, "Go! There might be someone waiting for you in Amsterdam." I knew no one in Amsterdam. But I wanted to believe what this voice in my heart said.

Sure enough, the film festival brought me to a world of open, smart, and good-looking Dutch people, who all spoke English. Within a month I had made enough friends to build a life in the exciting Amsterdam. But the voice in my heart whispered that someone was yet to come, someone of an unusual kind.

A few months later, a man appeared.

A man appeared out of the dark mystery of life in a way that could only be called magical. Finally, I met whom I had come to Amsterdam to meet! He was a total stranger, and yet he felt like an old friend. It was a chance meeting, and yet it felt like an inevitable event. A mysterious force had put me and this Dutchman together and made sure that we share a life under one roof, for a period of time.

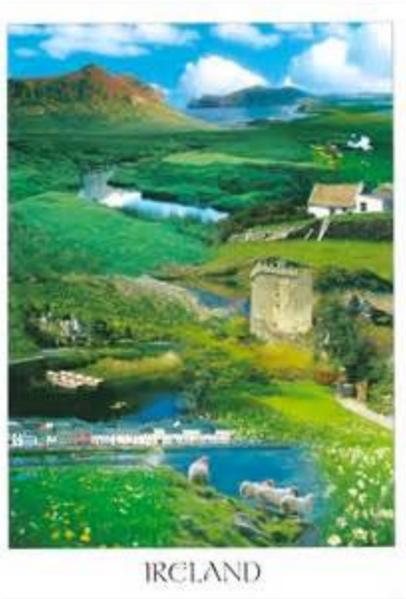
This period saw the taking off of my career as a documentary filmmaker. This period also saw, sadly, the falling apart of my romantic relation with the Dutchman and my romantic view of the Dutch society. I thought I had migrated to a liberal, tolerant, egalitarian role-model kind of society. Instead, I found myself ghettoized with other foreigners, in a compulsory schooling, to learn Dutch language and culture.

Immigrants to the Netherlands must now undergo a rigorous, mandatory, full-time Integration Program, called in Dutch, *Imburgeringsprogramma*. The right-wing government headed by Prime Minister Balkenende didn't care whether you were a janitor from Tangier or a doctor from Cambridge. Off you went, to your benches, to learn Dutch!

The Holland of the 1970s was there no more, and the Holland of the 17th century long gone. The Holland of 2004 was becoming more like a land of suffering, not a land of bliss.

If one follows one's bliss, one will find bliss, right? I followed my bliss, and I ended up in pain. Why?

The only solution I saw was the Hellinger method. It might help me see how I had put myself in this absurd situation. I decided to go to the workshop of Ria in the land of the Irish.



The land of the Irish had rolling hills! After the straight 'n' flat land of the Dutch, reclaimed from the sea, it was a homecoming to a mountain lover who had grown up on the edge of the Tibetan Plateau.

Ria's workshop was to take place on the west coast, at Mulranny Bay in County Mayo. The cross-country car ride from Dublin to Mayo gave me half a day to solemnly regret that I was wrong about the land and its people. I felt like a Hobbit wanderer, coming back to Shire.

The three-day workshop of Ria, hosted at a seaside retreat center, turned out to be a soul event. The Hellinger method wielded by Ria helped me find my right place within my biological family order, and helped me accept the painful truth that my biological family is not my soul family.

On the other hand, the rugged coast of Mayo surprised me with a rare sense of soul connection. Standing by the Atlantic Ocean under a starry sky, I felt I was standing in the midst of a mythic tale. I couldn't recall ever looking at the stars this way, or ever being looked at by the stars this way.

The stars on the Irish sky seemed so alive and communicative, as if they were whispering to me an old tale. I simply couldn't understand their type of words.

At Ria's workshop, I met a German artist named Barbara. An observing participant, Barbara wasn't in the enactment of my family drama. She and I happened to sit next to each other in the following session and felt a sense of rapport. On the last day of the workshop, Barbara came up to me, not with a goodbye, but with an invitation: "You are welcome to stay at my house for a few days, if you want to see more of Ireland."

The voice in my heart said "yes!"

I changed my flight ticket and went to Barbara's house just outside the town of Westport near Ireland's holiest mountain, Croagh Patrick. Twenty-some years ago, Barbara came from Germany and set up a house at a spot that had moved her heart. This was her spot.

Over dinner, in a cozy pine cottage, we two strangers discovered a common interest, besides psychotherapeutic and artistic ones, in sacred landscapes. Hearing my inquiry into local “power spots,” Barbara proposed that we visit a place in the neighboring county called Sligo. For her, this was a power spot. I had no idea what sort of place Barbara was referring to, but gladly accepted the proposal.

Mayo, Sligo, and Croagh Patrick—strange names.

Belgian, German, and Irish participants to play my Chinese family drama—even stranger, a workshop.

The last few days in Ireland had been the strangest road trip.

It was a chilly November day when Barbara and I drove from County Mayo to County Sligo on easy motorways. Some distance into a mountain terrain, we stopped at a cattle gate guarding the road. I stepped out of the car to open the gate, and threw a quick look at the surrounding landscape.

Oh my, what a valley! In a wide U-shape, the valley was defined by craggy cliffs of dark gray, with curvy contours slanting up like crouching tigers. Etched in brownish green grassland was a paved road in the middle, a Broadway to the edge of the horizon, and beyond that was space.



The valley's presence was both natural and supernatural, archaic and futuristic. I felt I was on another planet, or on location for a space movie. A shiver went down my spine. I'd been hit by a force that defied words. All I could tell Barbara back at the car was, "Something very, very ancient is churning in my lower belly."

We drove up and turned left. We parked the car halfway up the hill and climbed to the top. As a number of pale-gray stone mounds emerged in my eyes, that ancient thing in my belly churned even harder. But never in my life had I seen such a kind of monument—a heap of stones with a small dark opening. Like a creature in some fantasy movie, the heap of stones looked rather organic and alive to me!



The hilltop was a vast plain, covered by a sea of purple-brown heather, dotted by several of these pale-gray stone mounds. Barbara took me to a very large mound on the topmost level of the hilltop plain. A few years before, during a vision quest workshop, Barbara had gone inside this great mound.

“Would you like to go inside and see?” Barbara asked me.

Of course I would. To make it through the narrow passage, we had to crawl on sharp pebbles on all fours. At the end of the short tunnel, I found myself emerging into a spacious room. Under a cobbled vault, which was surprisingly high, there stood three recesses, dark and small, as tiny stone chambers. The chambers stared at me from left, center, and right, like three leaves of a gigantic clover.

Barbara proposed that we enter the chambers for some silent meditation. She went into the chamber at the center, and I the right. Sitting on cold hard stones, surrounded by giant slabs in

that dim, moist enclosure, I felt I was inside the weirdest building in the world and at the same time a most familiar one. Never in China or in America or in Holland had I sat in a stone building like this. Yet somehow it didn't feel to be my first time. Somewhere in my long past, I had seen and touched such kind of stones. They were old and alive; they were quiet and whispering. But all I could get was enigma, and all I could feel was adrenaline.

A stream of images flew through my mind, as if I could see people dressed in Stone Age clothing, coming in and out and performing their rites before my eyes—rites that involved fire, rites that produced ecstasy. Flaming in my lower belly was a fiery desire: one day, I would come here with the man of my dreams; we would come here with a group of kindred spirits to throw an orgiastic rite!

“What do you think this place was made for?” I waited till we had crawled out of the mound to ask Barbara.

“I don't know. According to archeologists, it's a tomb.”

A tomb? I didn't buy it. A complex structure made for corpses? It didn't make sense at all. But what was the real purpose? Who made these mysterious mounds? When? Why? And how?

The hilltop filled me with questions, questions that got my whole existence hungry. I knew I would search for the answers. If I didn't, I'd be hungry forever.

Surprisingly, such an awesome site had very few visitors. Barbara took me to see several spots in the hilltop plain: a dilapidated mound, a ruined cist, a solitary boulder, and so on. Each spot added a twinge to my hunger. But the hunger was in a way satisfying. I had been hungry all my life for knowledge. Yet, the hunger I felt on this hilltop was so substantial and so tremendous that itself became something fulfilling.

As we were leaving, my sight was captivated by a distant hill. There, on the hill's slightly titled front end, sat a singular heap of stones. Simple in silhouette but majestic in spirit, the great hill was accentuated by this tiny bump on its top end.

At first glance, the bump made me think of a woman's nipple. As I looked again, the long flat hilltop conjured up the image of an airport runway.

Nipple and airport? What a bizarre association!

I stood in the field, like other petrified visitors, mouth agape, belly churned, chest engulfed by an otherworldly sense of awe. The mystery hill was waiting for something or someone. Having waited for thousands of years, she just sat there, in

silent stillness, with an expectant and confident look on her ageless face.



It was getting late. We had to force ourselves to leave. On our way out, in exiting the cattle gate, Barbara paused before a signboard.

“I forgot the name,” she said, searching for pen and paper. “Now I know, the name is Carrowkeel.”

She wrote down the word and slipped the paper into my hand.

I said goodbye to my friend, who had appeared on my path like a messenger in a dream, and returned to the reality of Amsterdam’s dark canals. For weeks, I couldn’t bounce back from this Ireland trip. I was forever changed, “like a virgin, touched for the very first time,” that kind of change.

With Barbara's slip of paper by the keyboard, I went on the internet and googled the odd-looking word "Carrowkeel." There were many references to this hilltop site, even a website named www.carrowkeel.com. The consensus view on the site Carrowkeel was that over 5000 years ago Neolithic farmers built this megalithic hilltop complex for burying their dead.

But why hurl tons of mega stones to tops of hills to build tombs? And how did people manage it? My hunger grew even bigger. Besides, I could find no clue as to why I had such a raw, wild, sexual feeling about this place "for the dead."

One day, on a tram to Dam Square, I spotted a banner announcing the exhibition of archeological treasures from Malta at Allard Pierson Museum. I got off the tram, went into the museum, and couldn't close my mouth.

Never had I seen such delicate little figurines (nicknamed "the fat ladies of Malta") or such an image of femininity (thought to be the Goddess).



The clay statuettes, the size of my hand, moved me more than those massive sculptures of Henry Moore. Another prehistoric world emerged in my eyes, another mystery island appeared in my heart, and another ancient force churned in my belly. Ireland and Malta, neolithic and megalithic, these dry words from the past began to grow juicy in my emotional soil.

Time went on. The lure of Stone Age gave way to the demand of post-Industrial Age. A struggle it was to meet the demands of my host society. I passed my Dutch exam and earned my Resident Permit. I completed my documentary, funded by the prestigious Tegenlicht, a division of VPRO television.

My documentary, titled *Houden van Holland* (English title, *Loving the Dutch*), was aired on national channels, five times within a year. A critical look at Dutch society through the eyes of new immigrants, my protest film caused quite a stir. Letters and applauses came. The Buddhist Broadcasting Foundation invited me to make programs for the Buddhist channel of Dutch television. I became somebody.

Then, nothing happened. No more invitations. No more fan letters. No more flowers. I felt I had hit a glass ceiling for immigrants. Whatever success I'd had in 2005, my 2006 was looking more and more like a failure. And I felt more and more like a loser, social loser and spiritual loser.

Within the spiritual dimension of Holland, which stayed liberal and tolerant, I had tried every available means of healing, had experimented with every possible venue of self-exploration, and in my life as a seeker, had learned every style of meditation and tasted every flavor of religion.

Still, there it was, the pain. The pain deep in my belly. The pain forever lodged in my being.

May is the cruelest month.

May of 2006 is my month of pain. The pain is so great that I just want to die, to be rid of it by way of death. Yet, in the midst of this pain, there is spark, there is wish, there is desire. The backside of this pain turns out to be a longing—longing to die and at the same time longing to live. The death wish and the life wish turned out to be two faces of the same wish.

This must be the rock bottom of life, when you hit such level of longing. This must be the turning point of drama, when you are faced with so black and white a picture:

Either I take a trip or I take my life.

At this juncture, the soft voice in my heart says, "Ireland." At this moment, the hill in Sligo reappears in my eyes. The mystery hill is calling me, from the depths of my belly. The nipple/airport hill calls louder than any other place on planet Earth. I go there!

How can I die without seeing such a hill one more time?
How can I exit life with so many questions unanswered?

2. Para-Newgrange

A solo journey to Ireland is set for my August. Out of the blue, a travel companion pops up: Mara wants to join me on the trip. At hearing the word “Ireland” on the phone, my Dutch friend asked me in an eager tone, “Can I come along?”

I met this Dutch beauty with silver hair and diamond eyes at a shamanic workshop just one year ago. In my mud-colored Chinese eyes, this tall woman a generation older than me is the fortunate type, graced by life with psychic abilities. Compared with Mara, I am the unfortunate type. I come from the deaf 'n' blind camp, a psychically challenged. To have a psychic friend for a travel companion, one who is also a fan of Tolkien? I couldn't dream for more.

In discussing our plans, Mara asks me if I would like to go to her house and try some channeling.

Channeling? I have long admired the works of Emanuel Swedenborg and Jane Roberts, famous channelers of the 18th and 20th century. Fascinated by this phenomenon that boasts direct communication with the spirits—there is a spirit world parallel to the material world, said Swedenborg—I have been wanting to meet people who could speak for that world.

So far, I haven't met anyone who could. I knew Mara could see spirits. I didn't know Mara could speak for spirits. Only now my friend reveals to me that she has been channeling on and off for family and close friends.

I am a bit skeptical, too. To me, a scholar of religion, spirituality is a far cry from wishful fantasies, a far cry from making wild claims out of some unarticulated and unverified personal experiences, in the name of spirits, with no tradition to anchor or support them. And yet, and yet, I could not see Mara as a wishy-washy New Age airhead. This woman seems to possess the kind of knowledge that I always desire. What's more, she speaks with a burning passion for truth—something I rarely see in people, academics included.

This channeling is an experiment, a tryout to see if we click. My sister has just sent me an iPod for my birthday, a 60 GB with recorder. I can put this glitzy gadget to use. With iPod in my pocket and curiosity in my mind, I go to Mara's house in an old dorp just outside the city of Amsterdam.

On the night of the dark moon in late July, in a nicely decorated meditation room, we begin our channeling experiment. Mara explains to me that she often uses a glass of wine to help her enter trance. She tends to lose focus in the trance. So I should give her verbal guidance along the way.

Before half of the glass is emptied, Mara is already in trance, her eyes closed, her head slightly trembling. Even the first-time me can see that she is in a spirit world, in another reality. She is also in this reality, sitting on the floor with me. I ask her to describe to me what she sees in the spirit world.

Mara finds herself in a prehistoric time, as a young woman inside a cave illuminated by fire. Surrounded by thirteen women holding plants, Mara the young woman is lying on an altar, her face veiled. She senses a man approaching the altar. She doesn't know who the man is, and the man doesn't know who she is. The anonymous man penetrates her, lying still on the altar. They come to a climax. He impregnates her in the end, just as this rite of fertility has intended.

Then, Mara finds herself in a later period in prehistory, in the midst of a wild orgy where women are in charge—women take their pick from an assembly of men, available to copulate. Present at the orgy are two types of men: one purely human, the other half human, half animal. Suddenly, Mara springs up from the floor and starts dancing with an animal-man in her arms. Pounding the floor with her feet and yelling ecstatically in a hoarse voice, Mara shows me, with words and gestures, the great time she's having with this hot male in her arms. He is very real to her, but unfortunately, invisible to me.

Leaving the sizzling sex scene, Mara sits back on the floor. Her mind continues to move forward along the timeline. She speaks of a dark curse befalling women and humankind as a whole, a deadly curse, which can be found in our deepest memory. What the curse is, Mara is unable to see.

Recorded in my virgin iPod is a movie-like journey back to prehistory, back to sexuality, of all things. And I was right there with her, in the cave, in the grove. Mara was the seer, I the blind. We were walking side by side in the same reality. The blind wasn't outside the scene, but was in the midst, directing the seer, "Turn left. Turn right. Go up close. Zoom out. Now tell me."

How exciting! The success of our tryout session proved our capacity to journey together in the spirit realm. It also pointed us to a prehistoric treasure trove. We both know that we have tapped an ancient source where the collective memories of us women were stored (in the old days, we used to have wild fun on nights of a dark moon). And I realize that in the psychic division of the life hospital, I am not a terminal case after all.

It's clear: life has put us together to make an adventure team. In the spirit realm, Mara cannot go far on her own, and I cannot get there on my own—we make a perfect team. I find it very natural to sit beside Mara, holding a recording device and

asking questions about goat-headed men. It's that familiar position of documentary filmmaker again.

One week later, we are on an Aer Lingus plane to Ireland.

Alas, my teammate has a fear of flying. Throughout the flight, Mara clutches her safety belt, shaking and sweating as if sick. An hour in the air is an enjoyment for me, but a torment for her. Also exciting for me is uncertainty, but tormenting for her. Having landed at Dublin Airport, the only certainty I have for my teammate is a printout sheet: on one side is a hotel reservation for two nights, on the other side, a list of site names.

Mara has never been to Ireland whereas I was in Ireland for just twelve days (two years ago with Ria and then Barbara). I am now the one-eyed leading the blind.

Before leaving Holland, we had decided that I shall take care of the practical side of our trip, and Mara the spiritual side. Through internet research I have come up with a list of site names for our ten-day journey. The plan is to go from east to west, visiting as many megalithic sites as we can manage.

We also decided that Mara would refrain from reading about these sites so as to encounter them in a state of innocence.

This will be a journey into uncertainties after the first stop of certainty, which is Newgrange Lodge. The smart hotel is located right beside the Boyne Valley complex (namely, Brú na Bóinne), which includes Newgrange, Knowth, and Dowth.

Newgrange is as important to Ireland as the pyramids are to Egypt, I read. This great mound in County Meath, about 40 kilometers north of Dublin, was built around 3200 BC, some 500 years earlier than the Giza pyramids and 1000 years earlier than Stonehenge. I didn't tell Mara these figures.

Early in the morning, we arrive at the visitor center to join the first tour group. You can't walk to the sites on your own. You have to join a tour group, walk across the river, and get on a tour bus.

Sitting on the tour bus, unexpectedly, Mara goes into a trance. Eyes closed, she whispers to me that she sees a land of wealth populated by many trees and nurtured by a gentle climate. Ireland in her ancient days was much warmer and sunnier than she is today. Mara sees women coming from all over Ireland to receive initiations here at the Boyne Valley.



While listening, I glance at the land passing by the bus window—a neat green pasture with small trees here and there. Yeah, I can imagine a very different landscape once out there, with big trees.

And I can imagine groups of women walking through the woods to attend rituals and ceremonies. This lush riverside land was more likely a site for spiritual initiation than a site for funeral service.

Our tour bus comes to a stop at the foot of the small rise on which the mound of Newgrange stands. Even from a distance, I can feel the tremendous vibe of this green mound with a white façade. I can feel the deep longing in me for reaching her, for entering her body.

Our group awaits our tour guide. Instead of chatting with the other tourists, Mara and I distance ourselves from the crowd, walk to the grass, and resume our secret business.

“What do you see?” I whisper into the iPod.

“I see a blue chamber, with golden light, and it is the highest initiation for women,” Mara says, eyes closed.

She describes a staircase leading down to a spacious chamber of blue walls and golden light. Inside the chamber, on the floor, there are four stone basins containing blood, honey, milk, and water, to be used by four female initiators for initiating the physical, emotional, astral, and mental body of the initiate, who is singular, female, and nude.

The four female initiators represent the four directions of the wind and four kinds of beings: mammal, human, bird, and fish. This initiation of the four bodies takes place in silence. The chamber, however, was built in such a way that a particular sound remains constant in the air, a sound that can activate the initiate on the cellular level. At this stage it is initiation for women only, Mara says in the present tense, but later on initiation for men also takes places here.

“Welcome to Newgrange!”

The call of our tour guide jolts Mara out of trance. We put iPod recording on hold and rejoin our tour group, made of tourists from all over the world. Led by a gracious tour guide, we walk up to the mound of Newgrange with the pious attitude of pilgrims.



The grandness of Newgrange is beyond any verbal description and photo representation. Nevertheless, the sharpness of its white quartz façade against the softness of its green coat of grass seems a bit too modern in my eyes. The white façade is a recent reconstruction, Mara says to me, probably to make the site more attractive to visitors today.

As we are walking around this gigantic mound, Mara says to me, “At this moment, you and I are going through an initiation for ourselves. We’ve just passed the first stage of purification of our physical bodies, and we’re about to enter the second stage.”

I believe her, even though my rational mind says this is nonsense. My esoteric mind promptly accepts the possibility that we are walking in two realities at the same time.

In this reality, we two come to a stop before the entrance, before the curb stone bearing wavy patterns. We stand smack at the opening to something I can only call “a giant womb,” knowing that at a safe distance behind us is our tour group.



Mara Facing
Newgrange

In the other reality, our initiation rite continues to unfold. Eyes shut, head trembling, Mara says to me that she now sees a number of stones engraved with circular patterns.

“The patterns are signs of time. People used this temple like we do with a book ... they put patterns down on stones to show the symbols of that time. When a new time period came, they made a new sign and put it down on stones.”

Now she sees a circle of stones with a standing stone inside.
“The standing stone stands for the sun. Close your eyes and see the sun. Now please walk up with me and touch it!”

Shoulder to shoulder, we hold out our hands. We stand right before the gate to Newgrange, touching this invisible sun stone in the air, Mara with her right hand and I with my left hand. Behind our back, people must be wondering what these two are doing up there, with hands high in the air.

“Hold it there!” Mara says to me.

An energy is moving through our bodies. We whisper to each other to confirm the sensation.

“Do you see any pattern on the sun stone?” I ask.

“I see a circle, going around and around.” Mara gestures with her hand, and an image emerges in my mind:



“It is our circular way of life. We go around in circles of time. Time used to be a lot slower and a lot longer. Time is getting faster and shorter now. When we enter the middle, that’s the end of all our experiences and the fulfillment of all our incarnations.

“This symbol stands for all of our lifetimes. This is our journey! When we are at the center, we are at the center of everything. When we are at the center, we are in the womb of the universe!”

“In the middle is the zero point, no time, right?” I ask.

“Right. It’s like we are in the black hole—we are creating our own universe.”

“When we are in the middle, we are creating our own universe!” I repeat.

“Yes, when we are at the end of all our experiences, of all our incarnations, we are a womb ourselves! We are a dark womb. In there, everything can be manifested.”

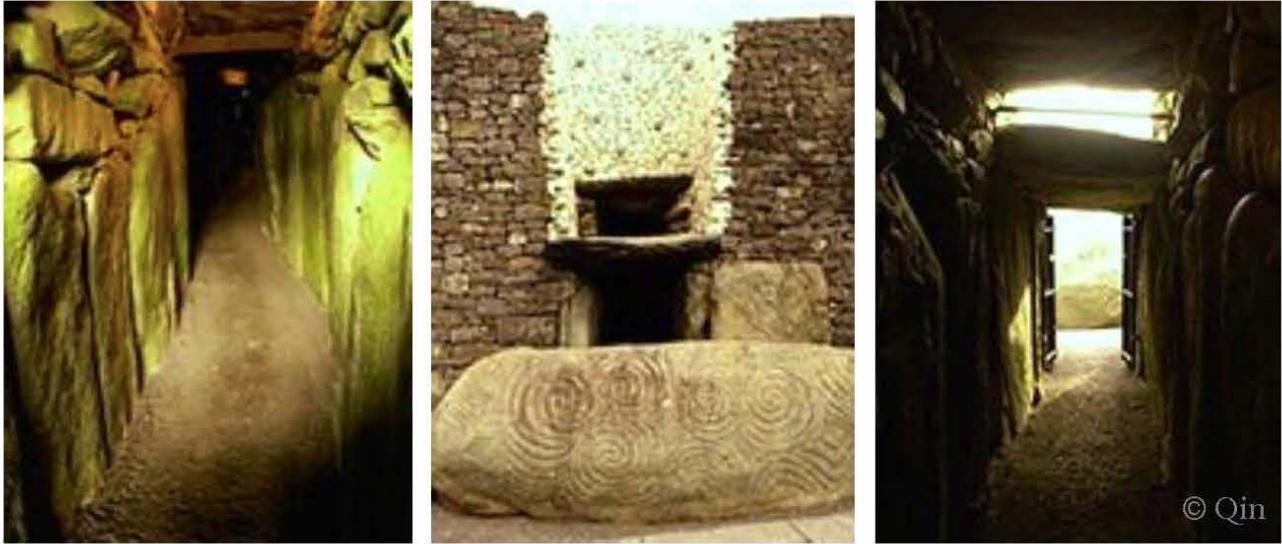
“Where are we now in our initiation rite?” I ask.

“We have passed the physical body, and passed the honey—the emotional body. We have touched the sun stone, and felt the truth of it: that we will become a universe ourselves. Now we are strong, we can move to the stage of the milk, to the astral body.

“Each of these four women washes a quarter of our bodies, and purifies us with the energy of the four directions. We grow strong in the astral world; we make connections. It’s like drinking the mother milk. Drinking this milk is just like being fed in the astral world.

“Then we step out of the bath. We bow to the bath. We go to the next stage: purification by water. That is our mental state. We purify the way we think, and connect it in the right way with the physical, emotional, and astral levels. Our mental body supports the other three bodies. Altogether, they are one.”

The call of our tour guide again jolts Mara out of trance. It is time for our tour group to enter the mound of Newgrange. Entering the mound feels to be a primal act, which I can only describe as going through a vagina into a uterus, even though I have never entered a uterus this way, even though the walls are made of giant slabs of stone.



Newgrange

Inside the dimly lit space, I observe three recesses in a three-leaf-clover layout, three stone basins on the floor, circular and zigzag patterns carved on ceilings and walls, but no stone circle or stone pillar. Clearly, this great chamber is not identical to that golden chamber in Mara's vision, under (or above) this megalithic structure in our physical reality.

Nevertheless, the physical chamber is extraordinary. Despite five millennia of weathering and a century of human damaging, its cobbled roof leaks not a drop, and its middle recess is accurately aligned with winter solstice sunrise.

During the demonstration of the world-famous spectacle—winter solstice sunbeam penetrating Newgrange's roof window—tears drench my face. Even though the demo is done with electric light, even though I am crammed in with a dozen

tourists, the impact on my soul feels like an earthquake, a soulquake. Something deep is awoken. Long ago in my distant past, I must have lain in a dark place like this, transformed by a sunbeam.



Image Source: Web Download, Author Unknown

“Cairn” is the Irish word for mound of stones. Looking from outside at the cairn now called Newgrange, I know what I am seeing with my physical eyes is just the tip of an iceberg. There is so much hidden—beneath, above, or all around—with this enigmatic cairn.

There is another Newgrange, in a parallel reality, beyond our five-sense perception, beyond our conceptual framework. I shall call this invisible temple the Para-Newgrange. Perhaps even more important as a source of information for us today is this Para-Newgrange in the spirit world.

Looking at the material Newgrange, I don't see how Stone Age farmers managed to lift these mega slabs, each weighing tons, into so complex and so accurate a form. I do see a discrepancy between an advanced culture, able to make megalithic marvels, and a primitive Boyne Valley people, as depicted on the visitor center's wall, able to make grinding stones.



Brú na Bóinne Visitor Center Exhibition

As we are walking away from the material Newgrange, Mara continues to transmit information. Whom exactly is she speaking for? I don't know. She could be interpreting the information stored in the Para-Newgrange or in the land itself, as she has been ever since we crossed the Boyne River and got on the tour bus.

“Here on Earth we have the sun,” Mara says, “and up there in the galaxy we are traveling around a central sun. So we have a collective day and collective night. Now, we are emerging into the daytime—we are at dawn.

“The past 5000 years of history was in the darkness of the nighttime. It was easy to enter the other dimension during the daytime. People closed off entrance to the other dimension when nighttime was coming. During the nighttime, it was impossible to enter the other dimension of Newgrange.”

So the Para-Newgrange was closed during the night, and few people knew that it even existed. “Can it be reopened, the entrance to the other dimension of Newgrange?” I ask.

“Yes, because the veil is getting thinner now,” Mara says.

Leaving the mysterious land of Newgrange, I feel exhilarated by our short glimpse into the hidden, by our ability to walk in two realities at once, and by Mara’s privy access to secret information. On top of these unexpected and out-of-the-ordinary happenings, we received an initiation!

Could anyone ask for more for a Day One?

But on the other hand, I feel personally insulted by the name tag stuck on our beautiful cairn. Newgrange is officially labeled a “Passage Tomb”—a place for dead bodies.

“It’s a womb, not a tomb!” every cell in my body cries in protest.

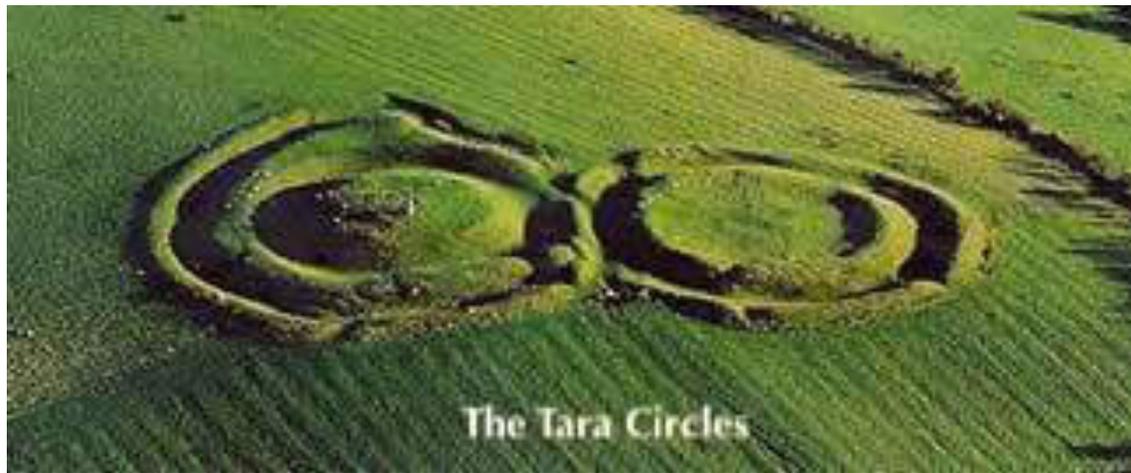
3. The Landing at Tara

Early in the morning of Day Two, with full reverence of heart, we ascend what's said to be Ireland's holiest spot: the Hill of Tara. On this low, broad hill, the High Kings used to hold lavish ceremonies to symbolically (or perhaps literally) mate with the Goddess. Such a wedding was considered an absolute must for the legitimization of a ruler, male of course, over the Goddess's island.

Tara was the royal seat, the Buckingham Palace in the Gaelic days, the holiest of all holies. Not that I identify the royal with the holy, but I know that the royals often sit on the holiest spot of a land they have taken by force.

“Tara” is the old Gaelic name “Teamhair” anglicized. So it happened that the Irish Tara came to share the same letters with the Tibetan Tara, a goddess figure loved by many.

I have read about Tara as a hill and seen an aerial photo of her earthen rings. Smitten by the twin-circle image, I felt a yearning to go down on the ground, to touch these earthen rings. Mara has also seen an aerial photo of Tara somewhere. Like me, she has no clue what these earthen circles mean.



On the ground level, Tara is much more immense than her appearance in an aerial photo. The low hill is broad and flat like a plateau. Quietly, we make our way through the vast green field where sheep are grazing and no human is in sight. We pass through a long causeway and a set of ditches; we come into the twin circles in the aerial photo. We are inside the circle on the left, which contains a stone pillar and a tomb tablet with Gaelic inscriptions.



A Ground View of the Left Circle

The two phallic-looking stones seem to be insertions from a later period. They give off a male chauvinist air, almost conqueror-like, in an obviously female domain. Whatever their purposes, their macho presence in this ultra-feminine space confirms our intuitive reading: that we are at the historic heart of the Tara Hill. This was where many High Kings stood high in their weddings with the Goddess Éire.

In between the two standing stones, Mara picks a spot on the grass to sit. Seated to her right, I take out my notepad and iPod. Yesterday we went to Knowth after Newgrange. We were amazed by this complex of numerous mounds. But Mara wasn't in the mood for channeling, because Knowth contained too many layers of history and gave out too confusing a vibration. Today, in this open field under a vast sky, without a single tourist or local around, Mara is in the mood for contacting the spirit world again.

Some minutes after closing her eyes, Mara says she can see festive scenes that once unfolded here. Many feasts have graced this field, and many happy memories are stored in the soil. She sees lots of eating, drinking, and merry-making on this broad hill.

“Rightly so for a wedding hill,” I respond in silence.

“But thousands of years ago,” Mara continues, “the circle was marked more clearly. Over time, the lines got evened out and looked more like rolling hills. When I go back to their beginning, I can see that the lines had much sharper edges.” Mara makes a hand gesture for a sharp corner.

“Do you see buildings?”

“No, I don’t see any building. I just see the sharp lines, like it is some kind of a place to land, like a very old airport or something. This was such a blessed land, with mild temperatures and beautiful nature. They really liked to come here ... they really liked to come here ... yeah, this was where they landed.”

“Who landed?” I ask, in red alert. She’s definitely not talking about some High Kings.

“Okay, we have to go back a little bit,” Mara answers, eyes still closed. “I have to go into the story. There was a time when a big disaster hit the earth. People didn’t have their natural food any more. They came into the flesh, deeper and deeper. It was dark on Earth, not much green growing. People started to feed their bodies with the flesh of humans and the flesh of animals. This lasted for a long time.”

Cannibalism? Yeah, I can imagine.

“Then, you could call them gods, but they were actually inhabitants of other planets in our Milky Way, came.”

Inhabitants of other planets? Extraterrestrials? ETs? I stare at my teammate. Her eyeballs are making slight movements, as if dreaming. She’s onto something. I mustn’t interrupt.

Mara continues, from wherever she is: “They saw that their experiment was about to fail, because people were eating each other. It feels like these inhabitants of other planets felt sorry for us, like they were relatives from another tribe or something. They saw what was happening here and felt sorry for us. They came to Earth and, nowadays we would say, they manipulated the genes of some animals living on Earth so that they would be tame and feed us instead of us hunting for wild animals. You could say this was where civilization started.”

Wow, this is getting wild! But strangely, I am fascinated.

“They came to help us. They came to make cows, to make sheep, and to make chickens, out of the creatures living on Earth. They sort of domesticated them. And they did something to the plants so that we could easily seed, grow, and eat them. This was how agriculture came.

“Actually, this whole project to help people and to civilize them started in the Middle East, but in this part of the world they also had landing places, to help people who were in such dreadful conditions, such dreadful situations. It was much colder then on Earth.”

She’s saying that some ETs brought agriculture to Earth and started civilization. This is NOT what I had learned in school! Textbooks, museum displays, and film scenes dance before my eyes; many questions rush through my mind. Is Mara rehashing some New Age crap? Or is Mara channeling a true story? Should I let her go further or should I stop her here?

Suddenly, something jumps to my mind, something forgotten.

In the 1980s, when China was just opening up to the outside world after the death of Mao, Western concepts such as UFO entered the tightly controlled state media. A budding teenager then, I used to stand by the window, calling for “people from the stars” to come visit my home. No UFO showed up. I grew up, went to Beijing University, became a philosophy major, and forgot about this silly teenager act.

Now, twenty-some years later, sitting on the Hill of Tara in Ireland, holding an iPod beside a Dutch woman, I feel the Chinese teenager making a passionate comeback.

The Chinese teenager bursts out, in English: “Can you go back to the time when they first landed? Do you see any kind of spacecraft?”

Unaware of the silent explosion going on inside me, Mara answers from her trance: “It’s not like any material you can find on Earth. It’s more flexible. It can easily dissolve into the 4th and 5th Dimension. They had complete control in the other dimensions. What they do is, the moment they land on Earth they materialize everything. The moment they go away, they are completely gone. You cannot see anything if you are in the third dimension. And they take on human forms, only a lot bigger, definitely a lot bigger than people in those days.”

“Can you see who made the Hill of Tara?”

“They were in communication with the people who lived here. They marked out the lines on the ground, using something like light bulbs, and people worked with the earth. It was good for them to work with the earth.”

I see. Tara was a joint product of Earth humans and ETs. This means they were here together, standing on the same ground, Earth humans and human-looking ETs.

“Can you see why it is in this twin-circle shape?”

“It was their connection. It was their anchor for landing. It was sharper; it looked different then. When I look at it from above, it looks like a crop circle. That form was like a keyhole.”

“A keyhole?”

“A keyhole.”

“So we made the keyhole, and our helpers from space put in the key—their craft?”

“Yeah. They are friendly.”

“Can you see if a spot here is more of a central keyhole? Or the whole place is a keyhole?” I mean the whole hill.

“The whole place is a keyhole. The shape of it ... yeah, that is what it is.”

She must be referring to this particular circle as “the whole place.” I continue, “Because they can recognize this form?”

“Yeah. When you look at it, with their craft on it, you can see the form as well. When they land, the shape underneath ... it’s very hard to explain in words what I see ... it’s like a habitat of

where they came from ... they constructed this form so they could land ...” Mara has trouble finding words in English.

“In their familiar space?”

“Yeah. When they go back to their own space, and when they put their ship—I can call it a ship, but it is not really a ship—they can put it there, and everything they need is supplied from there.”

So their spacecraft is their work station, anchored in one of these twin circles.

“They don’t have to travel fast, or travel far. They can be here in an instant. It’s not like they are years on their way. They come into the earth atmosphere, and land in this shape.”

Inter-dimensional travel takes no time, this I understand. A round landing pad for a flying-saucer type of thing: this I understand too.

“Do they manifest as men and women in human form?”

“I’ll take a look ... I can see mostly women working with the animals, to create new races, to create cows and sheep, to create food for us.”

“How many were they?”

“There were a lot of them. A lot in the spaceship, in the laboratories creating genes. To create, that was mostly done by women. I can see a man. He is nice! He has nice features.”

“More of a Caucasian look?”

“No, actually he is somewhere between Caucasian and Asian. He has almond-shaped eyes, some kind of beard, and black hair.”

“Bigger than us?”

“Yeah, bigger than our kind on Earth. They are strong. They have good physical bodies. They can take perfect bodily forms.”

“Have they visited us again and again?”

“Oh yeah, they’ve been here several times. Over a long period of time they’ve been visiting us.”

“This is long before the recorded history?”

“Yeah, long before the recorded history.”

“Is it possible for you to see into the future? Can you get a message whether they will come back to this place or not?”

“They put a code in us. We were coded when we came from the stars. They kind of recoded us. It means that we have to stay here till the end of time. You see, with this big disaster, the worst characters came out of us—we wanted to survive at the cost of somebody else. That was the worst thing that could happen. They kind of recoded us so that we could not leave our planetary experience until a certain time, and that time is coming soon. There is this code in us: when the time comes, it is like a mechanism starting to work. It is working now on us. This is the big awakening!”

“Not the Da Vinci code, but the code ... this is the power of awakening.”

“Yeah, this is the power of awakening. This is great!”

“We are reaching the end of time? Can you see?”

“I cannot say how many years, because time is changing.”

“But we are approaching the end?”

“We are approaching the awakening.”

“Can you get a message on what we should do at places like this?”

“No, I have no access to that yet, not yet.”

Mara comes out of trance. I stop the recording, surprised to see that it lasted only 24 minutes. It felt like ages!

Mara is busy anchoring herself in this reality, and is in no mood for discussing the information. She probably doesn't remember any of what she said.

We walk around, take photos, and chat normally.

On our way out, we pass by the Mound of the Hostages. Mara could sense that the mound has been used as a storage facility. This is all she could access. Her channeling is done, our job on the Hill of Tara done. Whatever mammoth story has come through is sound asleep in my wee iPod.

From the Hill of Tara we return to the city of Dublin and board a westbound train to Sligo town. The three-hour train ride offers me a much needed space to reflect on the story sleeping in my iPod.

I am in conflict: the Scholar in me ridicules such a fantasy while the Artist in me loves it!

My inner Scholar, after the initial gag reflex, admits that it is difficult to discredit so authentic an experience as the one Mara had this morning. I was just inches away, scrutinizing every movement of her facial muscles. My gut knew she wasn't making up a story on site. Taking into account that I was asking questions and directing her throughout the process, it was a journey that we took side by side into the unknown. Highly improbable that Mara could, or would, deliver on the Hill of Tara a fairytale she had conceived back home in Amsterdam.

What if the story is true? What if the story is authentic information stored in the land itself? What if the story is a message from the spirit world, from the mysterious force that had sent us two on this adventurous trip? I do see a coherent logic within these scenes described by her, and more importantly, the story struck an emotional chord in me.

I have totally forgotten, until this moment on an Irish train, the one book that had ignited my teenager heart. *Chariots of the Gods*. It was a mystery how this 1968 bestseller by Swiss author Erich von Däniken made its way into the tightly controlled media of the 1980s China, in Chinese translation! And it was a mystery how I chanced upon it in a shop in my hometown, Chengdu.

But it was no mystery how it quickly became my favorite book in the world. No book before and no book after had set my heart higher aflame. But my subsequent years in academia buried my favorite book, and buried my teenage passion for space and space beings.

Our Tara story from this morning would fit hand in glove with Däniken's thesis: that extraterrestrials have visited our planet in the ancient days and brought to our ancestors the light of civilization. If Däniken is right and if our Tara story is true, it would explain why the Hill of Tara has been revered as the wedding bed of the Goddess and the High Kings.

Memories of these female sky beings, who were bringers of crops and livestock to the earth, must have survived through time, and those Celtic kings must have instinctively remembered that they owed everything to the goddesses or the Goddess (i.e. the giver of food). It is only logical that Tara would become the central seat of feasts in Irish history, for here lay the alpha point of civilization—for Ireland, at least.

As an experiment, I tell the Scholar in me to shut up and the Artist in me to speak up.

Thus speaks the Artist: "This is an extraordinary discovery, the biggest ever in your life! Feel the excitement. Let your imagination run free."

Running free, I immediately run into a dangerous outcome. Say it was intelligent beings from space that jumpstarted agriculture and civilization, and not our ape-like ancestors after all. Say a significant number of people on the planet welcome this alternative view. What will happen?

Well, history books all over the world will have to be rewritten, and that's just the start.

From the stream of thoughts I rise to the reality of a fast-moving train, wherein passengers are dutifully observing the civil code of silence. I wonder how these good citizens of Ireland would react to such an ET story about their own motherland. Do they care at all who created their milk and oats, bacon and eggs, if not men of the jungle or God of the Church?

4. **Mega Token of Love**

At night we arrive at Sligo town to be told that hotels are full, thanks to an International Yeats Festival. It was in Sligo that the national poet of Ireland, W. B. Yeats, found his final home. An hour of futile search later, a young taxi driver takes pity on the tourist women and brings us to the vacant house of his father-in-law out in the neighboring county called Leitrim.

What a chaotic house! But we are desperate. Any roof will do. Mara goes straight to sleep in her room, while I lie stiff in my bed, with the light on, afraid that if the light goes off a ghostly face will appear at my pillow. From the Hill of Tara in the morning to a creepy house in the middle of nowhere at night, our journey must have been following some intelligent plan.

The next day, we try to rent a car, but there isn't a single car available in Sligo town. At last, we find a Bed & Breakfast at the foot of Ben Bulbin, in the neighborhood of Yeats's grave.

Mara wants to rest, being unacquainted with my backpacker's way. I go climb Ben Bulbin. I can see why the national poet of Ireland wanted to be buried near her, and why for an initiate of the Golden Dawn this part of Ireland was the "land of heart's desire."

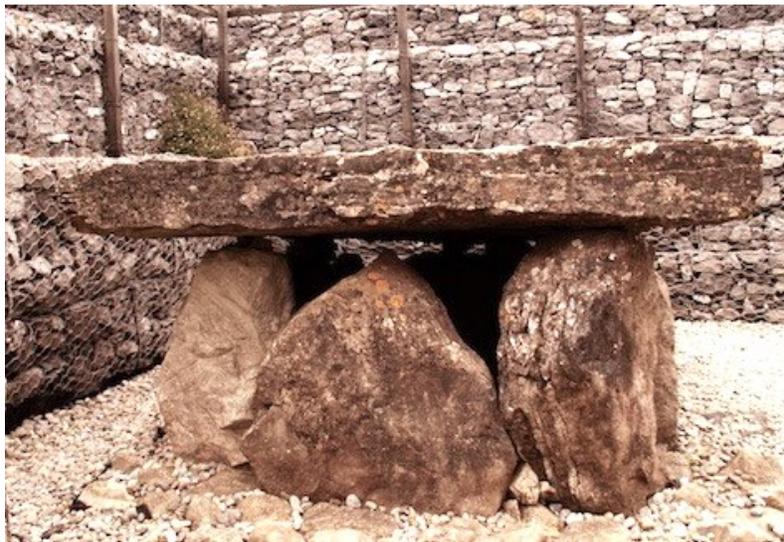
August 7, our Day Four, is set for Carrowmore, reputedly the largest megalithic complex in Western Ireland. Situated at the center of Sligo Peninsula, Carrowmore is an open-air museum featuring numerous stone circles and dolmens, I read, and only a 15-minute taxi ride from Sligo town.



We enter through the visitor center but avoid joining a group tour, even though the staff behind the counter are nice folks. Rather than going for the stones, we sit on the grass and take out our lunch boxes. Hobbits are Hobbits.

Head empty and belly full, we are ready for the stones. “Let’s go there!” Mara points to the central monument in the field, a big gray mound unmistakably the hallmark attraction of the field museum. The mound has a metallic net cast over it to keep small stones in place—a modern construction, obviously.

Through a short passage we walk into the odd-looking topless mound. At the center of a tight enclosure, there stands a giant dolmen—a giant stone table. Six boulders on the ground form a rectangular box, capped by the seventh, a flat and even slab, neatly cut as if by machine. The way the seven-slab dolmen stands is a statement in itself.



The Central Monument—Carrowmore No.51

Being the only two in the enclosure, we take the liberty of circling around the dolmen, touching and hugging the seven slabs of stones, each unique and mysterious. We then take seats on two small boulders at the corner, intended to serve as “museum chairs.”

Mara closes her eyes. Within half a minute, Mara says to me that she sees people standing around the dolmen. I fumble through my backpack, grab the iPod, and press Record:

M: These people are dressed in fine material, silky and fluffy.

WJ: How many of them do you see?

M: I can see eight people here, but there are more people around, in a circle.

WJ: Eight men or women?

M: Four men and four women.

WJ: What are they doing? Are they on top of the dolmen or around it?

M: They are not on top of it. They are around it.

WJ: And?

M: They are big people. They are holding hands in a circle around it. They are singing ... making sounds.

WJ: Can you see when? Thousands of years ago, or more recent?

M: This is at the beginning of these stones.

At the beginning of the stones? So far back? It is difficult for me to visualize Stone Age folks in “silky and fluffy” clothes standing around the dolmen, as I don’t see a fleeting shadow before my eyes. Let me steer Mara in a different direction.

WJ: Can you imitate their sounds?

M: No, no! I don’t have that capability in my vocal thing. What I see is that they are lifting the stones so easily with their sound. They can do everything with their sound! It’s just the eight people who are doing it.

WJ: All of the stones, or just the top stone?

M: They can lift any kind of stone by sound. They actually *lift* it with their voice. They can move it around as if it weighs nothing. They change the sound and put it down very gently. It’s not even a loud sound. It’s the combination of these eight people and the way they use their voice that makes this one sound.

WJ: A collective one sound?

M: Yeah. I’ll try to gain access to one of them. I’ll ask for permission to join in their body-like, to see how they do it. I’m trying to get as close as I can to one woman. She has a kind of blonde hair, folded up, and I can enter her body. I can feel the

vibration of her throat. She sings in perfect harmony with the others. They can only do it if their minds are all set on this one goal—moving the stones.

Suddenly, a tour group approaches the mound. Mara snaps out of trance. We have to leave. Irritated but thrilled, I know what Mara has just witnessed with her spirit eye—people lifting mega stones with their voices—is a diamond of information. Not in a million years could I have guessed *that* as a possibility. I just couldn't figure out how human hands managed to lift such big, heavy stones. Now comes an answer, and what an answer: not by hands, but by voices!

Whose voice carries this degree of power? I feel anxious over losing our precious lead. Mara, back in the normal state, reassures me that she can easily get back to where she was. "It's like putting a movie on pause," she says.

Outside the mound, about fifty meters away, we find a spot on the long grass to sit. Mara closes her eyes and presses the Play button of her inner movie. I press Record on my iPod:

M: I'm entering the lady's body. The whole picture is moving again ... okay ... I feel a great love among these people. I feel a great serenity. They do it so easily. It's a love thing. Moving these stones is a love thing. They are so united, these eight people!

WJ: You are moving the stones with them? You are inside her body?

M: Yeah, I'm inside her body.

WJ: Can you get close to her thoughts? Why are they doing this?

M: I want to look through her eyes, those bright blue eyes. I can feel her mouth in the sound, and I want to know why we are doing this ... Oh, it's a token! It's a token to the people around us in circles. It's a token of our presence here with them. It's actually a symbol for our presence here.

Mara's position has shifted to being the lady herself. Holding my breath, I listen to the lady speaking through Mara's voice.

M: People who are in circles around us can feel the energy of what's happening. It is like a blessing to them. They cannot lift a rock this big. They see us doing it, and they admire us and honor us for it. We give them something by doing it.

WJ: Who are you, the "we?" Who are you?

M: I am one of the women who came here to give these people something back, like an inner strength, like a birthright

to live, and to live well. Not to live in disharmony with one another and with the animals. At this moment, I am one of the women who helped in creating the livestock for these people, the cattle and everything, because we wanted to help them. Actually, they are family of us, not in embodiment, but in the mind, in the spirit. We came to this place to help our family, because our family was so drawn to Earth that it was very hard for them to lift themselves up from the dark situation they were in. They were actually killing and eating each other. They were lost in their dark feelings. So, by lifting the stones and putting them in this position ... now it looks very beautiful ... it's like a monument to the bond between our family and us.

WJ: Are you saying that you, this group of people who are helping, and those people on earth came from the same place in the universe?

M: Yeah, we came from the same place—the Seven Stars.

WJ: Where are the Seven Stars?

M: It's a group of stars in the sky. The Seven Stars, with planets around. There is one big star in the middle. For us, it is not far. We can be there and be here.

WJ: We are related? We are relatives?

M: In spirit. Our body is different, not so compact. We've never eaten blood or meat. Never have we eaten anything that belongs to another life. We are so pure in our body. Nothing blocks us. We are so sincere within us that we can move the stones just by making a sound.

WJ: Are you coming back to Earth to help again? Will you come back?

M: Um ... other question.

That was a firm "no." I must think fast what to ask.

WJ: What's the relationship between here and the Hill of Tara?

M: Let me try to be in two places at the same time. For us, distance is nothing. We can seed out in different places, where there are families, tribes. It is easy for us to go from one place to another.

WJ: So it was the same group of you who built Tara? You were also at Tara?

M: Yes, Tara was our landing place. If I take a little distance from this lady, I can look at it ... Okay, I'm just a viewer now.

Mara is shifting her position again. I ask her not to distance herself, but to go back inside the lady's body. Mara says she can easily access the lady because at the moment she is Mara in every way. But I still see Mara as Mara, for her body seems to be the same despite the change of her tone.

WJ: Can you ask her to tell us what she expects us to do now in this place at Carrowmore?

M: She says, "I want people to know that this really happened. When people hear it, they will recognize it. They will feel the truth in this story." And she says, "Make this available for people to enter." Because it can help them during the coming time.

At hearing the word "story," a light bulb is switched on in my head—by the Artist. The Artist bursts out.

WJ: Ask her if it is a good idea for us to write a book and also make a film to show this event?

M: I ask her ... Oh, I have to cry ...

Mara bursts out in tears, her voice trembling.

M: She says, "That's the task I've given you from the beginning!"

WJ: Ah!

M: She says, "I'll be with you for all time. Don't be afraid."

WJ: She meant you or the two of us?

M: She says, "You two are parts of one soul, even though in this life you are completely different human beings. A part of your souls is like one."

WJ: Oh!

M: She says, "I help you, but you have to do it in this time with this material you have!"

WJ: We have to work together.

M: Yes, we have to work on this project together. She says, "I will give you all the information you need, and give you guidance."

WJ: Ask her if she is always connected to us, whenever we ask her for help.

M: Her name is Sincera.

WJ: What is her name again?

M: Sincera. Ah, she's hugging me now! She's hugging both of us. Open your heart to her. She is so happy that we are here, that we made all the effort to come here in spite of all the difficulties.

WJ: Tell her that we always remembered her, even though we did not know. We came because we had the feeling. We remembered ...

M: She called us!

WJ: You called us and we came.

Now, it is my turn to cry. A tidal wave of emotion sweeps over me like seaweed in the sea. In a split second, my entire life has made sense.

WJ: I've always heard your calling. I've heard it since I was a child.

M: She's the one who's guiding us, one from this group of eight. We are part of her, and she is part of us. Oh, I'm so grateful! Try to see her—she's so beautiful.

WJ: I cannot see you! I am blind.

M: I'll tell you what she looks like. Her face is serene, eyes are blue, and hair is blonde. She's like old and young at the same time. It's not that she is a young girl—every knowledge is on her face.

WJ: She's taller than us, in white?

M: She's bigger than us, dressed in white, with two golden brooches holding her dress. She has long hair, partly lifted up on top of her head, with golden pins, with curls on two sides. Her eyes are just love, love, love. There is no judgment, no darkness in her.

Now flashing before my eyes is the scene in the sci-fi movie *Contact*, where the heroine meets the ET, who appears as her beloved late father.

WJ: We have the first contact now.

M: In spite of everything, we are in contact.

WJ: Because of my condition I always doubt about this connection. Please ask her. I need reassurance that she's always there, every moment there.

M: She's always there for us. She doesn't even have to say it. I read it in her eyes. Now we've met her, she'll always be there for us, always. She touched us.

WJ: I'm so limited!

M: She says, "It's natural that you doubt." Because we are so deeply into the third dimension, and the bridges are so often torn away from us.

WJ: So, for every step, she'll give us information? We don't need to be afraid?

M: She says, "It will be hard for you, like this journey." I had to conquer my fear of flying, and had to go to exhaustion because I'm not used to this kind of traveling. But she helps us, so we'll never have to worry about transportation or sleep or food.

WJ: She'll guide us to make this story known, yeah?

M: She'll guide us because it is our agreement with her to make the story known.

WJ: Tell her that she can trust us. We will do our best. Actually, she knows.

M: I say to her, “Sincera, you know that Wen-jie and I are willing to do this, because we’ve known it for a long time that we are going to do this. You guide us. If we have to travel to another countries, we will.”

WJ: We’ve put our lives out to search and to answer this call.

M: She says, “Everything you went through in this life has been guided to this path.”

WJ: Including suffering.

M: It makes us mild. It makes us tender. It doesn’t have to make us bitter. She says, “There’s no need to be bitter about what you’ve been through. You can release bitterness from your heart. Please forgive people who have wronged you and hurt you in the past, because you have to walk certain paths to come to this point, to meet me, to meet me!”

I can see my road, from China to America to Holland and then here, all for this juncture of meeting her! In a flash, I see all the people whom I have resented, who didn’t give me what I’d wanted. They each kicked my butt, each pushed me forward so I could reach this point of meeting Sincera.

M: She says, “Nothing comes easy in this dimension—it is a path of struggle. We know this, and that’s why we guide you.”

WJ: She knows everything we do?

M: No, we have our free will, and our privacy.

WJ: Ask her if I can also access her when you, Mara, are not around. Can I reach her on my own?

M: Yes. You can make contact by yourself. You don't need me to contact her. Just open your heart, visualize her, say her name, and you can come in contact with her. She is there for you just as she is there for me.

WJ: What does she want us to do for the rest of our journey in Ireland?

M: (giggles) I guide you day by day! Don't worry about tomorrow!

We burst out laughing. Here's this ego again, wanting to control the unknown.

M: Oh, I can hardly say goodbye to her.

WJ: Don't say goodbye to her, if she doesn't want to say goodbye to us! Ask her if her form is her original, or has she taken a human form to be accessible to us?

M: Part of her form is for making it accessible to us, so we can see her as a human. Nice to be in her presence.

WJ: Ask her what we should do today at Carrowmore.

M: (giggles again) “Didn’t you do enough?” she says.

WJ: Tell her, this is Wen-jie, never enough! She wants more and more and more!

M: Let me ask. She says, “Walk around in this place, touch the stones, and through the stones I will give you the memories, the information. The information will be accessible. Just go around and feel the connection with stones.”

WJ: I have one urgent question. Please ask her! I want to understand the task. How should we do this? Do we publish the information as a book? Do we have an additional task of reviving certain rituals?

M: I ask her. She asks us to join her in some rituals. You can write about it. It is good for us to do the rituals with her and then write about it, because we get these old initiations. It is also an invitation. Time and space don’t exist. We can travel

with her wherever we want to go! If we want to go to the home base, we can.

WJ: All right! Just tell her that we are ready, always ready. She can give us any assignment.

M: That is for me, Mara, as well. You can give us your assignment. She says, “Help as many people becoming awake as you can, for there are so many people whose star seeds are still asleep.”

Reluctantly, Mara says goodbye. Slowly opening her eyelids from a state of white ecstasy, Mara returns to this reality of green grass. She looks at me and says, “How can I be the same after this?”

How can I be the same? What happened was something I had only dared to dream about in secret. I didn't even dare to contemplate when, where, and with whom it might ever happen. It was my deepest dream to meet a wise spirit being who could answer my questions. If allowed only one, my question would be: “Why am I here?”

All my life I had carried this feeling that I was in training, and the training was for some kind of an assignment, some kind of a task. Getting a PhD from Harvard and becoming a filmmaker was part of the training but not the task. What is my task?

What is my assignment? Years and years of searching had failed to provide me a satisfying answer. Today I received an answer, an answer that truly satisfies.

We get up from the grass. We return to the mound, now empty. We return to the seven-slab dolmen at the center of the enclosure. Touching the dolmen again, Mara says to me, eyes wide open, “This has to do with the planets.”

The planets! Who’d have guessed?

“The table stone captures the six stones, and is related to Saturn. That’s why it has this rectangular shape. Saturn gives things on Earth a form. The top stone represents Saturn; the other six represent the other bodies, as in our horoscope. They support Saturn, and Saturn symbolizes how we are ‘captured’ on Earth.”

Without specifying which is which, Mara goes through the six supporting stones: “Sun, Moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Earth ... it’s another kind of astrology than the modern one we have ... the last one is Mercury. So we are in the middle; there are six ‘planets’ around us and Saturn is the seventh one. Saturn is keeping us—giving us form and shape, giving us structure.”

We say goodbye to the great dolmen. Just as we exit the mound, a white cow comes up to the cattle fence. In the manner of a happy dog, the cow extends her head and lets us touch her nose, as if she knew us!



As my hand strokes her receptive face, a warm current flows through my chest. A city girl, I've never really touched a cow in my life. Here at Carrowmore, I'm touching a cow for the first time. I know I'm not just patting a friendly cow. I'm patting an archetypal cow, a celestial cow, a sky present for us.

“How interesting,” I say to Mara. “After meeting 8 beings from the 7 Stars, the first organic being we meet on Earth is a cow, a white cow! And the number on her ear is 0071 ($7+1=8$)!”



“We are still in the other reality,” Mara says.

Is this cow an apparition? She seems as real as a cow can be. After a long while of receiving our caresses, the white cow moves away. We take it as a hint that it is time to leave this dear spot, this contact point.

We walk to the nearby stone circle.

It has a ring of boulders guarded by a pair of trees. I’ve never entered a stone circle anywhere before. This first stone circle in my life surprises me with its size of boulders, which are huge, and surprises me with its vibration, which is inviting. We find a spot on the ground to sit.



Comfortably seated on the grass, Mara closes her eyes.

After a while of silence, Mara says, “This was a perfect circle of stones. Within the circle, two people could make an alliance to start a family, in the sense that they promised to support each other and to raise a child.”

“A kind of wedding?”

“I wouldn’t call it a wedding or marriage, because that is from later days. But they make an alliance together, a man and a woman, to make a child.”

“So this stone circle is for the special purpose of a child?”

“Yeah. It’s not like a wedding of two people who fall in love and want to make a commitment for the rest of their lives. Here, the two were picked for it—they were born at the right time—and they would join each other and make a baby, for the tribe.”

“Do you see people around them?”

“I see a lot of people within the circle, and they all agree with this happening. The two live in the tribe, not as man and wife. When two people want to have a baby, it will be looked at from certain angles. It is talked about, and everybody in the tribe agrees with it. Then, the two stand in the circle and join each other, to make a child for the tribe.”

“Can you tell me the details of this ritual? What do they do exactly?”

“It’s night, full moon. It’s the full moon of the blossom. They spread out a bed in the middle of the circle, with a lot of sheepskins. In the light of the full moon, they make the thing happen—they love each other, right here.”

“They make love here?”

“They make love here, in the middle of this ring of power, of high frequency. The people in the circle watch it, in the light of the full moon, and they support them with their energies. They give all their energies to the conception. It’s the child of everybody. It’s a powerful happening, a lot of energy.”

I look at the grassy field and can easily imagine two lovers entwined at the center of this round space—I am a filmmaker. But to imagine a whole tribe present, watching and partaking in the lovemaking, is something even the filmmaker couldn’t have dared.

“Were they ‘lovers’ before this ritual?”

“They are young, good-looking, not as we would see as falling in love, you know. They just feel the need to give a gift to the

community. They were picked, they were chosen, to bring forth a child.”

Now a little boy and a little girl of some tourist family come inside the stone circle. Mara stays in her trance, unaffected by the children’s play. We continue the channeling.

“Can you see a general pattern? Does everyone have a chance to have this ritual? Or only the chosen ones?”

“Only the chosen ones. They have to make a perfect match to create a child.”

“What is a perfect match?”

“They have to be very healthy. They have to show a lot of respect and love for the tribe. The time of their births is very important, to see if they are a good match.”

“I’d imagine that it doesn’t matter whether the child is a boy or a girl.”

“It doesn’t matter. The child is a gift to the tribe.”

Mara opens her eyes, and says that it was nice to have two children around when she was channeling about a child. I ask about the way this tribe of people were dressed. Mara closes

her eyes and says they wore sheepskins and woven cloths of natural white, with bluish-black stripes. Actually, they looked quite pretty and healthy, instead of rough and grungy.

Mara can see where they lived: round houses made of timber, clay, and straws. Their village was quite far from Carrowmore. They had to travel some distance to come here and do the ritual. They lived close to a river. They ate roast meat, fish, roots, and other things. In their village, men and women slept apart, in different houses: a house for men, a house for a group of women, a house for mothers with children, and a house for older women.

Um, one house for men, three houses for women. The picture is different from all the ethnographic images I've seen.

I ask Mara to ask the eight star people, if she can, why they made the field of Carrowmore.

Mara says, "They gave it to the tribal people to create a certain lifestyle, like a guideline for a way of living. This way, people could have a tribe with good self-support, which was better for their survival. They never said to the people that they had to do it this way. They guided the people by saying, "If you do it this way, it will make you stronger."

"So Carrowmore is primarily a ritual place?"

“Yes, it is a meeting place. A meeting place between the eight and the tribal people. Carrowmore was a meeting point, where they were in close contact. People came from different places to meet the eight, to receive instruction and guidance.”



I ask about the nipple-like cairn on top of the breast-like hill in the far background of this vast field museum.

“It’s a place for vision quest. Like Moses climbing up the mountain, people go up there, in solitary state, and meditate inside the cairn.”

“So the hill and the field are part of the same complex?”

“Yes. To help people make a connection with their higher spirit, with that part that still remembers where they came from. To remember where you came from is the goal of vision quest.”

Mara finishes her channeling. We get up and walk around. In exiting the museum, I feel like running into the visitor center like a child and sharing our exciting discovery with the nice folks behind the counter. But they might look at me and think: “Uh oh, here comes a nutter!”

So, act normal. I purchase from the staff a booklet about Carrowmore, curious as to what the official story is.

The booklet was written by Professor Göran Burenhult, head of the Swedish team that excavated Carrowmore in 1994—98. “Tomb No. 51” is the archeological name for our contact dolmen, “Tomb No. 57” for our child-making stone circle.

And the field?

Its full name is “the Megalithic Cemetery of Carrowmore.”

Do I feel crushed? Not at all. If bones and ashes are found at a site, it doesn’t mean that the site was built for the dead. A site has multiple layers. Intruders and conquerors from a later period could turn any site into a cemetery. Carrowmore was for the living, not for the dead, any child can see.

To celebrate, we treat ourselves to an Indian dinner at Sligo town center. Mara orders a bottle of wine, and the wine bottle comes bearing the label “Sacred Hill.” Our plan for tomorrow is precisely that: to visit my sacred hill, Carrowkeel.

Wow, synchronicity again!



Over chicken korma and basmati rice, I ask my teammate where the Seven Stars are in the universe.

“I know the Seven Stars are called the Pleiades,” Mara says, “but I don’t know where they are in the sky.”

Pleiades? What an unusual name! Never heard of it.

5. **8-8-8-8**

The morning of Day Five finds us squirming in a taxi lost in the country. Yesterday, at the Tourist Information Center in Sligo town, we booked a room at Hotel Rockview, said to be near Carrowkeel, my sacred hill. A long drive along the great lake done, there is yet no sign of a Rockview.

While I'm feeling carsick, Mara's having a bit of a breakdown. As the taximeter gets even higher and the view of my sacred hill even smaller, I grow desperate. Even if we do find this Rockview, how can we get to Carrowkeel over on the other side of the great lake?

We must abandon this phantom hotel and search for some place real. Our taxi driver isn't stressed at all. He asks around, and takes us to a Bed & Breakfast on the right side of the lake.

But the B & B is full—a team of German engineers has occupied all its rooms. “Please take us in!” I beg the lady who answered the door. “Please ... we can even sleep on the floor!” The Irish mother feels pity and offers the distraught foreign women her storage room.

Finally, we settle in at TowerHill B & B, the farmhouse of Muriel Gardiner. And hers is not just a nice old house—hers is a nice old house smack dab at the foot of Carrowkeel!

Could we get a base camp anywhere closer? I look up to the gray sky, which half an hour ago was the ceiling of hell, and utter a big “Thank you!”

Mara phones home and comes back to me excited: “We go up the hill tonight!”

Her man in Amsterdam has informed her that tomorrow morning the moon will be full. This is the day to ascend the sacred hill, to catch the powerful pre-full phase of the moon. Today, August 8, 2006 (month: 8, day: 8, year: $2+6=8$) at 8 p.m. is the moment to make a precious 8-8-8-8 alignment.

Just as I thought we could relax for a day, we must again spring into action. “Hey, Mara, we’re in a movie, an action thriller, only there’s no sex or violence.” Mara agrees.

At the nearby petrol station we stock up on food, and by 4:30 p.m. we hit the road. Just a perfect day for outdoors! It’s rainy, windy, and cold. Not far down the road, the wind rips apart my four-euro poncho of blue. Mara’s red poncho is more tenacious, but her white fashion shoes stand no chance on a brown muddy road.

But we walk on. We walk on and on toward this ghostly mountain in the mist, knowing that we will be soaking wet, knowing that we are likely to spend the whole night up there.



“Don’t worry—we’ve brought our passports along.” Mara is half serious. “People can identify our bodies.” Yes, death is well on our minds. I am ready, if it is indeed asked of me. In Mara’s eyes, I read the same determination.

I think of Frodo and Sam on the last part of their journey to Mount Doom to drop the evil ring into the fiery pit. We, too, are reaching for our mountain, a mountain not flaming with red fire but dripping with green water, a summit not of black evil but of white holiness. And ours is not the same old Boy Story. Ours is two girls out on a Heroine’s Quest. But clad in these red and blue ponchos, I don’t think we look heroine-ic at all. Our hair so bad, we don’t want to be seen by any man.

Strange that I can watch ourselves as if I am floating in the air as another person. I see two women, wide apart in age and in race, side by side in a timeless landscape, treading an invisible path that has delivered stubborn souls in countless numbers. This is the path of pilgrimage: to seek nothing, but to answer that calling in the heart, no matter what the cost.

Halfway up the slope, Mara makes a stop and prays to the clouds: “Please grant us an opening so we can see the moon later!” And I pray that the fog will disappear for even a second so Mara can see the splendid landscape, vivid in my memory.

But the elements have a will of their own. Water and Wind insist on escorting us as some kind of VIPs. An hour and a half is what it takes to reach the top of Carrowkeel, as our route is different from the one I took with Barbara two years ago, comfortably seated in a car via the U-shaped valley.

This time, we took the trail at the back of our B & B, supposedly a shortcut. Last time, Carrowkeel looked spectacular in the November sun. Now, in the thick, wet mist of the Irish summer (which isn’t mentioned in any tourist brochure) we can see no farther than two hundred meters.

The emerging view of a grayish cairn gives us an eerie chill. In the gray fog, the heap of stones looks like nothing but a tomb. A Halloween feeling grips our hearts. After all, we two are the

only animals on the spooky mountaintop. There isn't a single sheep in sight—there are endless heather bushes going into infinity. But what can a heather do if something happens?



Weary and afraid, Mara wants to go no farther. I quickly come up with a proposal, and she accepts it. “Rule No. 1—we do not make decisions based on fear.”

We tighten our fists and talk our way toward the second cairn, a short distance ahead, fully visible.

As we get to the second cairn, which is in a terrible state, all of a sudden we feel at ease. The gripping anxiety in our chests has vanished, very strange. As I am pondering how the cairn came to miss her top, I hear Mara shouting, “Look!”



A crack has appeared in the sky, letting in a faint beam of sunlight. The mist is lifting off the ground at an incredible speed, revealing the vast green fields down below. In a moment, the mist is gone, all gone, allowing us to see miles and miles into the landscape all around.

A prayer answered!

It seems that the Spirit has been testing us. We had to overcome physical discomfort and conquer emotional fear before the Spirit decided to change the scene. From the first to the second cairn, we must have crossed the Threshold of Fear. We must have passed the Test of Fear.

With this happening, our self-confidence has skyrocketed: we ain't two nutters after all! We ain't two masochists, seeking spiritual pleasure out in the rain, while normal people on a day like this are sitting by the fire watching TV.

The rain returns, however, and the world is veiled by mist. But the wind is much weaker and that makes a huge difference. We walk up to the third cairn, on the top of the slope. Larger than the other two and in good form, this seems to be the very cairn that Barbara and I crawled into two years ago. Now in the cold, wet mist, the great cairn looks invitingly warm.



While circling around the cairn, the two of us reach another agreement: “Rule No. 2—we do not abandon each other, no matter what; we do not attack each other, no matter what.”

At the back of the cairn, we pick a spot on the grass to sit. The rain has stopped, and the wind is blocked by the enormous heap of stones. For a brief moment, the sun shows his face, a faint white circle in the mist, long enough to warm our hearts but not long enough to warm our feet. No more test of fear, I figure, but a test of clammy coldness.

We put some food into our hollow bellies, and get our minds ready for a channeling session.

Just seconds after closing her eyes, Mara says she is in touch with the lady who spoke to us yesterday at Carrowmore, lady “Serena.” For fear of losing our iPod recordings, we didn’t listen to any of our channelings. After so many troubles in this reality, we can’t remember whether the ET lady’s name is Sincera or Serena. Mara now calls her “Serena.”

The vision Serena gives Mara, however, isn’t a pretty one. Mara sees a body being cremated on a flat table stone.

“Right here?”

“No, it happened in this area. We are sitting at a safe spot to look at the happening. This has to do with death and going out into the other dimension.

“There were certain ceremonies for finding our way in the afterlife. It has to do with our dreams. The guidance we received from sacred plants was guidance for the path, for getting familiar with the spheres that we could reach after death. We had to travel through spheres after death, and the plants could help us.

“We had to look straight in the eye ... You had to recognize your own demons in order to go to higher spheres. What was needed, before taking the plants, was purification of the four bodies. If there is blockage in each of the bodies, you’d have difficulty traveling to the matching sphere.

“Take my own body for an example. In the 3rd Dimension, in the physical body, I can feel wetness and coldness. I go into the emotional body. My emotional body at this moment is completely at ease, with no fear, no joy, no disturbance.

“I go to the astral body. When I become aware of my astral body, I can see both the demons and the angels. If you are not familiar with the monsters that you meet in your dream time, you might get scared. So, with the help of the plants, you get familiar with them. You just look them straight in the eye, no matter how horrible they are, and tell them to go away.”

Being a Buddhist practitioner for many years, I understand what Mara said. The images that come to my mind as I listen to Mara interpreting Serena are those from Tibetan Buddhism: the ferocious demons you’d meet in the bardo state.

“Now, the mental body, the rational awareness. We need it as a guide. The mental body tells you, ‘Hey, you have to take care of the physical body because it is getting cold.’ It tells you, ‘Hey, ease a little on your emotions—you’d go nowhere by

going berserk.’ It can say, in the astral world, to the monsters, ‘Get out of my way!’

“Now, we go into the dying. There are certain ways to leave the body. The best way to leave the body is through the top chakra, to leave the body without emotion, without fear of any kind. If you are not afraid of losing the body, not afraid of taking off this coat, not afraid in the astral world, you can go directly to the light.

“You leave the body from the top chakra. I can see the opening on top of the head. When a baby is born, he still has a little hole here. You actually come down into your body through this hole and get a life. The hole closes within a few months, making it harder to connect to the spirit world. Through this hole, you leave the body and go to the other realm.”

Again I understand what Mara said. My documentary *To the Land of Bliss* shows a similar method used by Chinese Buddhists. Scenes from my own movie flow through my mind as I listen to Mara speaking for a Pleiadian being.

“Some people in the past made a sacrifice, and they were honored for it.”

“Here at Carrowkeel?”

“Yeah. They made the sacrifice ... okay ... okay ...” Mara seems to be listening, like an interpreter pausing in the midst of a simultaneous translation. “Okay, are you ready for this? People were buried alive here.”

“Where?”

“In the tombs.”

“In the cairns?”

“Yeah. I go into the person who is going to be buried alive, to see why, to see what the attitude is. This might be a hard task, but I want it.

“First, I have to tell you something. Our helpers gave us not only cattle and ceremonies, but also this way of entering other dimensions without fear. Because of the disaster that happened to us, we created a horrible field, which you could call “hell” or “bardo.” So they came and taught us this ritual. You could offer yourself to go through this ritual, to choose to die, not as a victim, but as a guide. Every master on Earth has at least once chosen to leave the body in a fearless way.

“Now, they put out the stones and a flat stone on top. Inside, there was the body. There are two possibilities: I can go into the people surrounding it, or I can go into the person lying

there in the tomb ... I go to the tomb. First, they took the drink made from plants. Can I lie down?”

Mara reclines on the grass and takes the position of that dying person. I lean forward, keeping the iPod close to her face.

“There was a long training, for about three years. They had to stay mostly solitary, to conquer their fear, to meet all the monsters. So when they lay down they knew they were going to die. While still alive ... people put stones around ... I’m going into it ...” Mara goes into the body of that dying person.

“So they put a circle of stones around me, and gently pile up stones around my body. I am a man.

“Okay, it’s getting even greater. You won’t believe this. This ritual was guided by Serena’s people. There is no fear in me. I am completely relaxed. The world around me is getting darker because of the stones. People kept piling up the stones. They are at a distance. I cannot communicate with them anymore.

“My body is completely covered by stones. Now they put a flat stone on top of me. If I take a little distance, I see that there is my ... uh, my wife. We have been through the same thing. She is like a ...” Mara has trouble finding words.

“Say it in Dutch then.”

“I cannot find the word. We travel together on this journey, only I am the one in the stones and she is the one on the stone, to take the burning part. Now, Serena, I know this is not gonna be easy. But I wanna get all the information.

“I can feel no pain. I have already left my body. I’m still in the stones, loosely tied to my body. Now they put the woman on top of me. I know she’s not going to be burned alive. She drinks something as well. She will leave the body before it is burned.

“Oh!” Mara gives out a yell. Her body is shaking. I can’t interpret what’s going on.

Mara continues, in a loud voice, “I was trained for this. I can do this. I can go through it. There is no way to turn back. The big thing is now: to leave the body through the top gate, both of us! This is ascension. This is it! Oh, oh! Ush, ush! Oh, oh!”

Mara shouts at the top of her lungs. Her body shakes violently. I get it—she’s trying to leave her body from the top chakra! What do I do? What do I do? Let her go on or call her back? An image of our passports flashes by. Terror grips me. I remember our “Rule No. 2—we do not abandon each other, no matter what ...” Oh Serena, Oh Serena, what do I do?

A thought enters my mind: “She’s communicating her experience. She’s not really dying. Do not interfere.”

Mara now yells like a woman in labor: “Oh, oh! Ah, Ah!” She moans and trembles for a whole minute and I watch her suffer like an incompetent husband. Then, her voice takes a radical turn. She seems to have made it through.

“I made it! I made it! I made it! I’m in the light now. I’m together with my soul mate and I’m in the light!

“We made it! We made it so easy ...

“We made the passage for the people. The two of us made it. We did it!”

She seems to be dissolving into the light. I ask her to describe to me what she sees.

“It is light. It is this feeling of making the path free ... Oh, I should come back. I’m in two realities now. If I go any farther, I can’t come back in my body anymore.”

Mara yells out a cry, similar to the one released minutes ago. She asks me to hold her cold feet, to help her enter the body. It is a struggle to come back, and it was a struggle to go out.

After some drastic shaking, Mara sits up, reaches for my arms, and wails like a little child who has found her lost mom.

“You made it! The most difficult thing anyone can ever do! You are so brave!” I kiss her cheek and help her stand up.

Mara needs to ground herself in the body, in the physical reality. Like a kid, she is feeling her body as if for the first time. She kicks a stone and hurts her toe. She throws stones into the air and whoops with joy.

While Mara is screaming in joy, I am fixing camera batteries as a cool-headed technician. I feel somewhat left out. Like Gandalf the Gray becoming Gandalf the White, Mara has become Mara the White. But what about me?

“Maybe I was the woman lying on top of you,” I say to Mara, jokingly. “I was literally lying on top of you!”

If there were a farmer watching us from afar, he’d say for sure he had caught sight of two lesbians in the act. I was hunched over Mara’s body so close, physically and emotionally, during her identification with that dying man.

The ascended Mara is so thankful that she wants to make an altar for Serena. We gather some rocks from the ground and set up a mini stone circle as an altar for Serena.



We take out our candles and foods, and offer a bit of each as a token of our gratitude to Serena. Of course, a star being doesn't eat rice waffle, chocolate cookie, or cream cheese. But presently, these are the Hobbits' most precious things.

“Serena loves our altar and our offerings,” Mara informs.

I ask Mara to ask Serena what we should do next.

Mara says Serena suggests that we leave the hilltop before it gets dark.

I thought she might ask us to crawl into the cairn and spend the night there. For flaming in my belly is that longing again, that longing I felt two years ago sitting in the stone chamber with Barbara in the next chamber. But it wouldn't be right to drag Mara into a dark cairn on a cold night, however hot my own longing is. We must leave. Do as Serena says.

A little past 8 p.m., we start making our descent.

The 8-8-8-8 alignment turned out to be truly a gate opening, even though I feel I want more, a lot more! My head is filled with questions. Why burn the body? How did people get convinced of the success of the ritual? What should we do today at Carrowkeel, which is obviously a hilltop for conscious death, a platform for leaping into a higher realm?

Walking beside the euphoric Mara, I feel happy for her and envious of her. My teammate has traveled through the top gate and reached the realm of light. Where did I go? I didn't go anywhere! I was sitting there holding the iPod and holding her. "If Mara were Frodo, I'd settle for being Sam." I try to get myself out of the unspiritual state of jealousy.

The way back is extremely easy. The sky now clear, the last rays of the setting sun shining through, we are welcomed home with a fantastic view of the lake, the fields, and Muriel's farmhouse, bathed in a light of gold.

In the middle of the night, I step out of Muriel's house to see the full moon. Indeed, it is much nicer to see the moon in a hot-showered, well-fed body, with a soft bed waiting at your back. In the silvery moonlight, sharp is the outline of the hilltop on which we stood only a while ago, as if the mist of Carrowkeel had never occurred. It would have been magical to sit up there on top of the hill and watch the world below in the light of the August moon.

Yet, I feel grateful for having been placed down here, and not up there! Despite my inability to understand what happened today and what happened the last few days, I know this invisible hand that has carried me up and down will carry me forward. And I know this bright yellow face in the sky understands everything. She has watched me, watching her like this, for thousands of years.

6. Tomb to Light

For Day Six, our plan is to visit Caves of Kesh, said to be inhabited by three old witches in the reality of myth. Our landlady's daughter, Jane, offers us a free ride to the caves (this is how guests are treated in this land of hospitality). The hill on which the caves are situated isn't far, it turns out. Just past the tiny village of Kesh, we see a long row of caves, 17 of them in a straight row, as if made by some supernatural force.



The ascended Mara, alas, has a fear of heights! And her white fashion shoes can't handle a steep grassy slope. My hiking boots get me up the slope. I find the cave a caveman's dream.

No doubt, a treasure trove of information is just around, just beyond my reach. For the person who can channel is down there at the bottom of the slope, and the person who cannot channel is up here in the caves. Such is our luck with Ireland's most magical caves.

To get back, we have to hitch a ride on a remote country road. After a few tries, a black car stops and an old couple invites us in. Whom do we get? The former head of County Sligo, taking his wife on a "mystery ride" (his words). Hearing about our interests in prehistoric sites, the old man suggests that we visit a Neolithic village site, which is pronounced as Cagey Fields but written as Céide Fields.

Back in our B & B, after a period of rest, Mara is in the mood for channeling. Now, our channeling can be done indoors. We have a room that's private and a landlady who doesn't mind us acting weird. The queen-size bed in the storage room is large enough for both of us to sit in, comfortably.

Mara closes her eyes, and asks me to ask her questions. I ask her to go to the Caves of Kesh.

Instead, Mara finds herself back where we were yesterday, on top of the hill of Carrowkeel. She is back in the death ritual, watching the movie again.

She sees the circle of tribal people as well as the circle of eight Pleiadians. The Group of Eight, standing in a “Medicine Wheel position” that marks the four directions, are about to show the tribal people the death ritual.

The eight Pleiadian teachers ask everyone to tune into the happening, as this happening will set up a role model for the people. Several tribes have been invited here to witness the act, so many people could regain trust over the death process.

Mara enters a woman standing on the side of the tribal people.

“I can feel the anxiety in the heart chakra. This is my son! This is my son doing it. I am the mother who has brought forth this child. I knew the moment I was chosen to give birth to this child that he would fulfill something great, and that I was going to lose him at a young age. Even though the child is the child of the whole tribe, you have a special bond with the one you’ve carried inside you.

“Now they move the stone. My son is lying in there. I know he is going to die. We are going to be part of the moment when he goes away with this girl, who is meant to be his partner. They are like soul mates, doing this ritual together.

“These two are very especial: they are going to build for us a realm of experience above the realm of negative energy. That

was why they were chosen. They will build a new atmosphere for us to enter. I don't know when exactly he will leave his body. All we can do is support him with our hearts."

I ask Mara to see into the new atmosphere that the two are going to build.

"It is an atmosphere on top of the atmosphere of fear that we have created by our fear of death. When you die, you create an atmosphere through your experience. Almost everyone up till then had died in fear. So, we had created a mist of fear.

"Because the two chose to die and know what they must do, they go through the atmosphere instead of hanging around there. From that atmosphere they ascend." Mara gestures with her hands for an upward movement. "And they build a layer of trust on top of the negative atmosphere, from which they can come back to earth and go into the body again. That is the main purpose of their sacrifice."

The picture gets clearer in my mind. These two persons not only demonstrate a fearless way to die, but also create a zone in the bardo. They create a zone of light. This zone, still within the earthly mechanism of reincarnation, serves to help other souls attain better rebirths.

“What do the Group of Eight expect us to do, today, at Carrowkeel?” I continue my questions.

“The remembrance of this event will open all the gates again. When people start remembering and recognizing this event, they will not be trapped in the lower realms of the afterlife anymore. They will not hang in there, because they know that a sacrifice has been made, and that a realm has been built by the experiences of people who had arrived. This event will resonate with so many hearts.”

“Why are there so many cairns at Carrowkeel, if you saw only one ritual?”

“At that place, it was done over and over again. Because it had to be established through generations, with different people who had been chosen. There were different tribes of people living in Ireland then, who were supposed to spread out all over Europe. Each tribe needed to establish this experience. They would travel with this experience inside their souls, like bringing flowers to another part of the world.”

So my sacred hill, Carrowkeel, was a center for establishing a new experience of death, for spreading a new consciousness of death in the greater human world. Of the number of megalithic sites we’ve visited so far, Carrowkeel is definitively

associated with death. The vast hilltop site was purposely made for death—for a journey into the afterlife.

Now I understand what these Carrowkeel cairns were, having evolved into more and more complex forms in the timeline. They were temples for conscious death. They were platforms for ascension. They were passage tombs—to light.



“What should we do at these cairns today?”

“To recognize this event is important enough, as it opens the gates to our memories. This story has to come out. People can feel the recognition in their hearts. It can help them conquer their own fear of death.”

“But we live in the age of science and materialism. How do we convince people without any evidence?” In other words, who’s gonna believe in a Stone Age ET story?

“When it is written in the right way, people will recognize it in their hearts. Like a gate opening inside, they will wake up in reading the story.”



Carrowkeel Cairn K

“The job you want us to do is to write the story down, right?”

“This is what she wants us to do: to make it available to a lot of people. And the information has to be written in English so that it will be read by many.”

“We need a lot more details. Please ask her for a clue as to how to get them.”

“I need to go into channeling a few more times. When the book is written and published, it will trigger awareness in people, and these people will start using their skills again. Like oil on water, it will spread out.”

“What is the proper name we should use in the book to call your people?”

“Family of Light.”

“We’ve all worshiped some form of goddess here on Earth. Is there any relation between the Goddess and the Family of Light?” Erich von Däniken’s thesis returns to my mind. I want to hear from a Pleiadian being the confirmation: that our ancestors had indeed (mistakenly) worshiped those ETs as gods and goddesses.

“The Goddess is a concept. When we lived in a primitive state, the concept then was to kill life in order to survive. So they brought us the concept of giving life. Because giving life is a feminine way, they called it the Goddess.”

“So the Goddess as a concept was a gift that the Family of Light gave us?”

“Yes.”

That’s brilliant. Who’d have guessed? We all assumed that *we* invented the Goddess worship.

Mara is ready to come out. I beg her to ask one last question. Something else is going on. I have a secret agenda.

To test Mara and Serena. Despite my instant trust in this Pleiadian lady, a part of me doubts about a spirit being whom I can't see. This part of me expects her to fail to come up with an answer, to prove that she is a fraud.

This part of me also wonders if Mara the channeler is filling in the gaps with her own stuff. This doubting WJ is programmed by years of academic training.

Now I am absolutely sure that I have never mentioned this name to Mara, and I am quite sure that Mara has never heard this name before.

“Who are the Tuatha Dé Danann?”

I came across the so-called “People of the Goddess Danu” during my research back home in Holland. The Dé Danann are central figures in Irish mythology. Megalithic sites in Ireland have often been attributed to their workmanship.

The Irish artist Jim Fitzpatrick has made numerous paintings about them, such as this one of the Goddess Eriu.

“Eriu” by Jim Fitzpatrick



These gifted supernatural entities, sometimes hailed as gods and goddesses, who were they? Were they imaginary beings? Were they even a branch of the Pleiadians?

“It is the awareness of the plants.” Mara translates Serena’s answer. “When it was still paradise on Earth, there was awareness in the flora and fauna, which could take embodiment. In those days, the plants were embodiments of awareness. The catastrophe destroyed a lot of them. But some of them survived. These are the ones who built up the plant realm again, who made plants grow again.”

“You mean some of the people survived and built up the plants?”

“No! The awareness survived. Everything has an awareness. Plants in particular have awareness. Some people can see them as human beings. But actually, they are embodiments of the awareness.”

Mara means the consciousness of plants, the spirit of plants. To many English-speaking Dutch, the word “awareness” is identical to the word “consciousness.”

“What does Tuatha Dé Danann mean exactly?”

“The Elf people. The fairy people.”

“Who are the fairy people?”

“The awareness of the plants.”

“But why are they called people if they are only an awareness?”

“It’s only a word that we give them. Our language is so limited for what’s out there.”

“Please clarify: are the Elf people human or half human?”

“They are not human. They are the awareness of the plants. We can see them in a human shape. Some people can see them. Everything we want to relate to, even the aliens, we see as a human. This is the way that we see, understand, and contact the spirits.”

Mara comes out, looking tired, having exerted herself to satisfy my insatiable desire.

Only a glimpse into the Dé Danann world has Mara gained. But it is a substantial glimpse that invigorates and satisfies. I feel that both Mara and Serena have passed the test, because the answer, however partial, is refreshing and illuminating.

Indeed, Tuatha Dé Danann have always been described as the fairy people, with magical skills. It's just that we people of the latter days take the word "people" ("tuatha") too literally. The Gaelic word "tuatha" in this context could have meant anthropomorphic spirits, that is, nature spirits perceived by clairvoyant humans as humans.

We project our fantasy images onto the spirit world, and we get these elves with pointy ears, these gnomes with fat noses. Aren't we doing the same to the Pleiadians?

Do we see what we want to see? Do the Pleiadians give us what we want to see?

The Ellie character in the film *Contact* winds up meeting the ET in a human form that she loves the most—her dad. The ET uses the dad form to give Ellie a most intimate contact experience. Could something similar be going on with our blonde-haired, blue-eyed Pleiadian lady in a white dress?

Is Mara seeing a projection?

Is Mara seeing a meeting of projections, hers and hers?



Contact (1997)

7. Neolithic Eugenics

Following Serena's suggestion, we stay put at the B & B for Day Seven. It is rainy and cold out there. The team of German engineers still hasn't returned from their field trip. Again, we have the dining room and the guest quarters all to ourselves.

While eating our lavish Irish breakfast, we chat about one thing we've got in common: a difficult childhood. Mara was born to Dutch parents who were witnesses of Jehovah, whereas I was born to Chinese parents who, like everyone else in the country then, were witnesses of Mao.

"There must be reasons for us to be born into the heart of darkness," I say to Mara. "Why the darkest spots for us? Was it some kind of a punishment?"

"Or some kind of a preparation, some part of a plan."

I would hope so, for I have always resented the one, whomever it was, who threw me into the concentration camp—Mao's red China.

Into a high pressure cooker was I born. It was a congee of fear and hatred that nursed me as a child. We were raised on a

spirit of Class Struggles, formed in a bunker of Criticism and Self-criticism. One mad man dictated how several hundred millions should think and feel, speak and act. If there is a Lord of Darkness ruling Middle-earth, he has been ruling my crib since day one.

Although one generation and two cultures apart, both of us have been fighting the dark lord Sauron since we were born. I hope Mara is right about there being a plan.

In the afternoon, after a deep rest, we enter the bed space for a channeling session. Mara gets in contact with our Pleiadian guide quite effortlessly. This time, Serena wants to say something to us first. She says we were right on track this morning in our conversation about darkness.

So, it was a preparation! I wonder what the plan is.

Serena says she is guiding us even when Mara is not in trance. Actually, she can make contact with me.

Mara channels: “It is a collaboration between Sincera and Wen-jie, because Wen-jie made it clear that she is completely committed to this project. We are both guided in this endeavor. For my sake, Sincera can actually speak through Wen-Jie’s voice because Wen-Jie made the invitation to her.”

How nice!

I notice something else. Our Pleiadian guide has gently corrected our mistake.

Her name is Sincera, not Serena!

“How do I know it is her voice? Can she give me a sign?”

“It is not that important to know when she is giving you suggestions, because you can only speak her words when you are in complete agreement with her. There is no way Sincera can get you to say things that do not arise in your own heart. And even I will recognize her voice when she talks through you.”

I throw a funny face at Mara. She can't see, for her eyes are closed. I feel more confident now as a questioner.

“I have two sets of questions: one concerning the dark force, and one concerning the rest of the rituals. Which is the more appropriate topic for today?”

“We go into the birth ritual.”

“Okay.” Though I'd rather be hearing about the dark force.

“We used to live like wild animals. The men did the killing and the women stayed in the cave, waiting for food to be brought in. The man who was brave enough to kill and bring home the food took the best woman to make children. The way was set that women would take care of children and look up to the men for food. Also set was a way of looking at things. A deep mark was left on our psyche.

“Then, our Family of Light came and gave us seeds and cattle, the basics in civilization. They waited for several generations until we were fully adjusted to this new peaceful way of living. We could drink milk from the cows, and we’ve learned to make cheese and butter. At that time we were eating the meat of the cattle as well. They waited for us to develop enough time and space to pay attention to our minds.

“Then they gave us the knowledge of how to breed. It’s a nasty word, but I don’t know other words ... to find the right match ... matchmaking. Two special persons could make a special child. By that time we lived separately, men and women. They showed us how to look for qualities, and they gave us not a calendar but a set of special days in a year that two chosen people could mate and make a special child. This way, a child could be made who was able to learn even more from them. They stayed with us for many generations, and taught us skills to work with metal. Whenever they were ready to teach, there was someone among the people ready to receive the teaching.”

While listening, my rational mind computes the information. This is Neolithic Eugenics, the original, benevolent, promising *eugennes* (meaning “well-born”). Its foundation is not physical trait or romantic love, but the matching of overall qualities, which are rooted in the times of the parents’ births. Not that love wasn’t necessary, but that love was a thing taken for granted, like the air you breathe.

The times of birth must have been kept on some sort of a birth chart, whether drawn on a board or memorized in the mind. Over time the birth chart grew into a system of personal astrology. Most old cultures on Earth had a matchmaking tradition based on a system of personal astrology.

We still do that today: we consult our horoscopes when we want to date somebody.

We still use the phrase “a match made in heaven,” forgetting what it originally meant.

Could the roots of such age-old practice be traced all the way back to the Stone Age, back to the activities of star teachers in the Stone Age?

If yes, such matchmaking taught by them actually means *when* two lovers were born and *when* they conjugate would affect

the qualities of their child. This *when* implies a celestial mechanism, for time has to do with the movement of celestial bodies (Earth and the seven “planets” known to people then).

Seen from this perspective, creating a child is a cosmic event, whether the parents are conscious of it or not. The matchmaking practice taught by star teachers was a way of becoming conscious of cosmic mechanism and making good use of the mechanism. This is what “ritual” means in the area of human procreation.

Such a ritual could only have originated in the sky, with wise beings who looked from a cosmic perspective. It could never have originated on the earth, with not-so-wise beings who looked from a food perspective.

If we had been following this way of “intelligent breeding” throughout the world ever since the New Stone Age, what kind of high-quality humans would we have had now living on Earth? We could have all been supermen and superwomen, healthy, kind, and wise. We could have already reached our Homo Universalis dream.

Let’s not forget, such “intelligent breeding” proceeded in a good milieu. A whole community was available for the child. A child is a child of everybody—I always feel that it should be so. This way, a child gets love and care from everyone, and gets to

benefit from the unique virtue of everyone. Such a communal set-up ensures that there is no ownership or mistreatment of a child by any adult. It leaves no possibility for child abuse, unless the whole community went berserk and turned abusive.

This way, those who feel no desire for biological procreation still get to have children, still get to nurture children. They won't be looked down upon as losers and oddballs, and won't be weighed down by a sense of guilt or shame in their creative life.

But we didn't go this way. We went in a totally different direction. "We've lost a lot of the old teachings," I voice out to Mara, who is still with Sincera. "We've lost the rituals."

"No, they were always there!" Mara translates Sincera. "The things we learned in those days never really left us. But they got all twisted. There is no need to do these rituals again today. They were meant to start us up, to give us something basic to start from. But it has been going on all over the world—to put a man and a woman together, a perfect match, to give birth to a master."

"In our time, there is a lot of breeding done unconsciously. I feel that we need to go back to the old ways, to revive the old rituals. Ask Sincera if this is right thinking."

“No. The whole concept has been so twisted that there is no way to go back.”

In my mind are scenes of loveless, arranged marriages in the old China and India, and the Nazi experiments with Eugenics in modern Germany. Yeah, totally twisted.

“What shall we do now in sexuality and procreation?”

“I get no answer, no answer to this question.”

Perhaps it isn't the time to receive an answer from Sincera. Perhaps the answer lies in our remembrance of the old ways. In remembering what we used to do in the beginning days, we may see a way out of the predicament we are now in, with seven billion humans chained in the role of consumers, in the “eat, drink, man, woman” state of quasi-existence.

“Is there a stone circle in this area where some kind of ritual for child birth has been taught by Sincera's group?”

“I can see women standing around the one giving birth. The women are singing songs for the baby, to invite him to come out of the womb, to come out and join the community. After the baby comes out of the womb, they sing to invite him, to open his chakras, and to connect with the people. If the baby opens all his chakras, he will stay on Earth. He will not go

away in a short while. These women sing to the baby, ‘Oh, you are so welcome to be with us!’”

Now I see why WJ never wanted to be on Earth—she always wanted to go away. Nobody was there, singing to welcome her. It was a cold, harsh hospital room into which she was born. In the air were propaganda songs of the Cultural Revolution, beamed out of a loudspeaker in the hospital yard.

“Are these women standing outside in a stone circle, or somewhere inside?” I continue.

“It’s inside. It’s nice and warm. It’s so beautiful, this thing with the chakras. All the support, all the love, from the women to the little child ...” Mara is immersed in this sweet childbirth scene, something she herself has also missed.

“Is this birth ritual associated with any stone monument?”

“Oh, I was so involved with the birth process! I take a distance now and go outside and see what it looks like. The place where we saw the sunlight coming in was built for another kind of birth as well. When you enter the world, you see the light. Birth, death, and seeing the sun for the first time are one whole concept.”

I think she means the Newgrange cairn, which we visited on our first day.

“The best way to give birth was inside a sacred place like this. It seems like a cave, but it is built like a cathedral. It has a holy atmosphere. It is the same kind of place where death happened.”

“In the same mound?”

“Not the same mound but the same structure of building: also a heap of stones at a sacred spot. From the outside it looks like a heap of stones, but on the inside it is very comfortable, with an entrance and a set of rooms.”

“Like Newgrange?” I spell out the name, but not the term “passage cairn.”

“Yeah, just like that. This is where the birth happens, a special birth for a special child. They are all connected: the day and night cycles, the ray of sun entering the space, and the baby being born and seeing the first ray of light.”

I can imagine the Newgrange cairn being used, among its multiple functions, as a birth chamber for a special child, for the whole Ireland, maybe.

Wow, to be born inside Newgrange on winter solstice morning, into the first ray of sun, into a circle of women who are singing to welcome you, the baby. Literally, born into love and light. Imagine that!

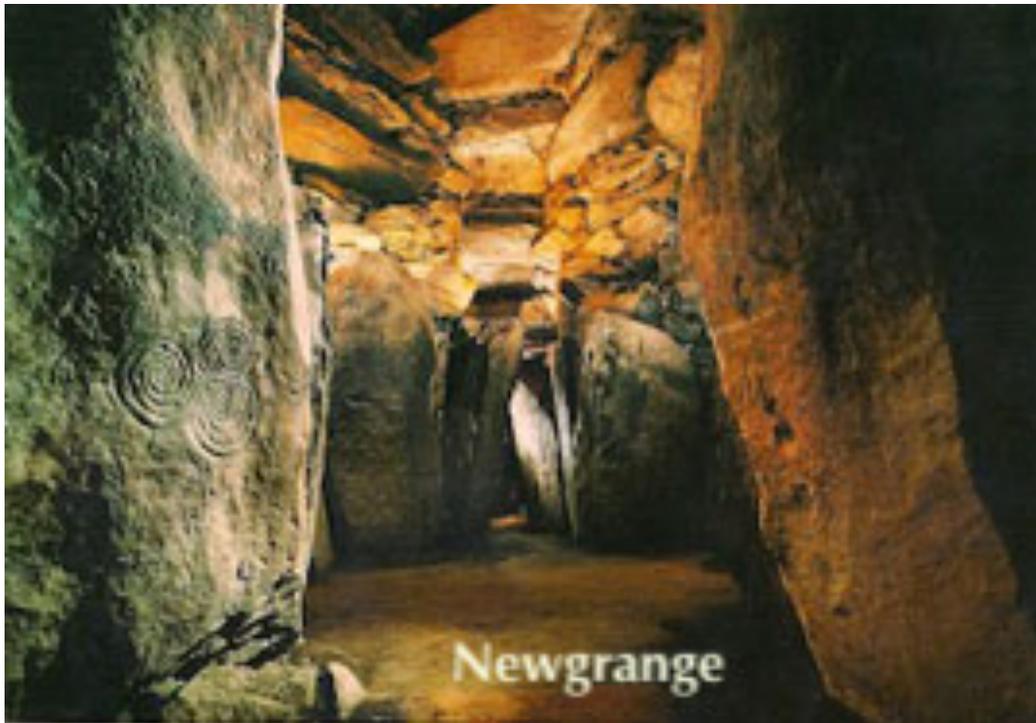


Image source: www.newgrange.com

“The interior of Newgrange looks very much like a vagina and womb. Was it the intention of the Family of Light to give us a monument that resembles the womb?”

“Yes. The moment the sun comes in is like the moment of birth. The moment of birth can be seen as a dog on a leash. The dog is our free will and the leash is the time from birth to death. We can fill in as much as we want to, but we can never

add one day to our life. These monuments were put there to imprint in the system, in the collective memories of the people, to establish a knowledge within them: that coming into the body and coming into the world, and going out of the body and leaving the world are one process, one concept.”



I get it. The Newgrange cairn, and passage cairns alike, must be taken as a womb-like structure that supports birth in a large sense, and death in a large sense. They have been used for birth and death in the narrow sense. But their more important function was to educate people about life. Life is a process where birth and death happen as two sides of the same movement, as two parts of the same flow moving inside the womb of Earth.

“How did they build Newgrange?”

“By using their voice.”

“The same way that they built Carrowmore?”

“Yeah, with the sound. They put one stone exactly on top of another. With their sounds—I can see them doing it—they could make the stones fit exactly on top of one another, so the structure won’t wobble. Amazing! It is so solid as if the stones are glued to one another, because they fit exactly.”

I’m downright jealous!

I wish I could see what Mara sees. Of course I see the scene in my mind. But such seeing is vague and fleeting, whereas Mara sees what Sincera has projected on her Vision Chakra, as clearly as seeing a movie scene on a TV screen.

“Where did they get the stones from?”

“They got them from all over.”

“How did they transport the stones?”

“They didn’t!” A big smile comes on Mara’s face. She seems amused by what she sees or hears. “It’s funny. Such a great answer to such a practical question.”

“What did they do then?”

“They just manifested the stones.”

“They didn’t transport them?”

“No. All the material was there. All they did was that they took the atoms from one place and put them together at another place. So easily done! They were masters of all material.”

“They didn’t take the stones from some mountains and transported them there?”

“No, they manifested them.”

“What do you mean by manifested?”

“Say you have a mountain. The hard way is that you get your tools and dig it out. The easiest way is, if you have full control over the atoms, that you take it apart and you bring the intention to another spot. You manifest it again. So easy!”

Yes, so easy! Why couldn't we have guessed the easiest?

There are hundreds of researchers on Newgrange and other sites. Most of the researchers think as I did, the hard way. Some of them even have sophisticated theories about high-tech secrets of our Stone Age ancestors. How many could have gone as far as speculating a creation from the atomic level?

So, manifested stones! This means they were artificial. They were not made by nature and quarried by ETs. They were manufactured on the spot, by ETs.

“Ask Sincera, when they built Newgrange, did they know that many generations later people would look at the stones and wonder who made them?”

“Yes. This is also a token to mankind. It says, ‘See, we were here!’ And all the info is kept in the stones. It was built in solid stones so that it could stay there for thousands of years, so that people could enter the information again.”



“See, we were here!”

After a thrilling Q & A session as such, I feel sad that I can't just run into town and tell people on the street, "Look! This is how they built your Newgrange!" or send an article titled "Synthetic Megaliths" to make the front page of *The Irish Times*.

I recall the impressive displays at the visitor center of Newgrange, and one picture that explained how they did it. The picture, well painted, ought to be titled "*Oh my back!*"

Brú na Bóinne Visitor Center Exhibition



If our story is true and enters public awareness, I don't think those who have financed this "*Oh my back!*" picture and its associated theories would gladly order its removal and say, "Oops, we made a mistake!" Our story will make many people unhappy, will make many people lose face, and faith.

Would OPW (i.e. Office for Public Works) that manages Newgrange and Ireland's megalithic treasure trove welcome such an ET story? Some folks working for OPW would, but OPW as a government agency and established authority would not, definitely not. I can only see OPW and academia as a whole opposing and suppressing a story like ours. Oh boy, what have we gotten ourselves into?

8. Ancient Battlefield

The morning of Day Eight finds me crying to my journal. Why should it be hard for Mara and I, “two personalities of one soul,” to relate as sisters, as friends? Is it the Hurt Child in her fighting with the Hurt Child in me? Is it the Jehovah in her battling with the Mao in me?

Today, August 11, is Mara’s last day in Ireland. Our plan is to go for a channeling session in the morning and visit a mythological battlefield called Moytirra, where Tuatha Dé Danann had battled with their enemy, the Formorian.

There were two battles at two Moytirras (meaning “Plain of Pillars”) that Dé Danann had fought: the first at Cong in County Mayo with their enemy of then, the Fir Bolg, the second near where we are in County Sligo.



“The Last Battle”
by Jim Fitzpatrick

Tuatha Dé Danann, Fir Bolg, Formorian. By now I understand that these three supernatural races were three groups of spirits, whether astral spirits or elemental spirits.

Even though they had appeared in humanoid forms, none of them were human proper, none of them related to the Pleiadian Family of Light or to the native humans of Ireland—both being people of peace.

None of the three races were Tuatha Dé Peace.

None of the three were indigenous, if we go by myths.

By all means, Dé Danann were invaders from elsewhere. According to one myth, they came to this part of Ireland “in dark clouds” and “brought a darkness over the sun for three days and three nights.” They had metal weaponry and were skilled in battles; that alone places them in a time period much later than the harmonious New Stone Age, which Mara and I have been shown.

Tuatha Dé Danann didn't seem like “beings of light” at all. They came from continental Europe to conquer the Emerald Isle. They battled their way into the astral sphere of Ireland and conquered her elemental realm. They left behind the legacy of Moytirra, a bloody battlefield. Their blood was of a fairy kind, most likely, black.

Perhaps the thought of Moytirra alone was enough to get two comrades, Mara and WJ, to clash. After we shook hands and became comrades again, we began our channeling as planned.

Right away, Mara gets in contact with Sincera. Straightaway, Sincera refers to the battlefield that we've planned to visit. I didn't breathe a word to her. How could she know?

Mara translates Sincera's message to us:

“As we go to the battleground, we will get information about the dark force. When the dark force came to Earth, we still had our own free will as humankind. Since we were like one body, the decision of one part within this body would affect the whole of humankind. When we were in the age of male dominance, the bad guys saw a chance to infiltrate us. They came to take over. What they needed was a whole line of human-looking species to mingle among us, among us people of light, the original starseeds.

“We also went in a wrong direction to have them take over us. It is not that this is completely not our fault. There were a lot of us who actually welcomed them because of their promises. Then, hierarchy started. They mingled among us. They are still here on Earth. They tried to destroy the base of the Family of Light. They are like enemies to the Family of Light.

“Because everything that comes out of the womb of the Source has a light and shadow side. The bigger the light, the bigger the shadow, like two sides of a coin. You can never avoid shadow if you create light. Light needs darkness to have a shape, form, and structure. If there is only light, there is nothing.

“When this dark force came we were actually in a period of time when male power was at its highest level. The Family of Light knew what was going to happen. The only thing they could do was pray that mankind would be strong enough to resist at least 80% of the darkness. Then the whole experiment would not fail. But it went the other way around—there was only approximately 20% that could resist the dark force.

“From there on, the whole experiment was about to fail, because if mankind allowed 80% of darkness within their system it was no longer possible for the Family of Light to be with us. They could not be visible to us anymore. They had to find other ways to support the experience, because the experiment was about going through all the experiences and at the end of the journey traveling back to our own stars.

“Now, the battlefield, the so-called ‘mythical battlefield,’ you can find them all over the earth, especially in the Middle East,

because that was where they, the dark force, landed. There was a big Star Gate through which they landed. From there on, they were on the surface of the earth. Of course, they went all over the earth. Here in Ireland there was civilization, and of course, they wanted to take over her.

“The Family of Light could never go into battle. The only thing they could do was sit down in a circle and make a sound to protect the light and the experiment.

“That was when the dark force arrived here in Ireland and tried to take over. When the Family of Light sat in a circle and made the sound, it was a clash of two opposites.

“The Family of Light could not win this war eventually—it was not a war but a takeover—because the dark force had infiltrated at our weakest spot. The weakest spot was not when women’s power was on top, but when men’s power was on top. That is the basic story.”

Mara finishes her translation of a long and uninterrupted message. I have searched for the answer all my life. The answer was just given in a crystal-clear picture: the dark force was an extraterrestrial force; the bad guys were bad aliens; the problem came from the sky. This dark force from the sky was much bigger and much stronger than a fairy race of darkness such as Tuatha Dé Danann.

The story of dark alien infiltration didn't take me by surprise. As I listened to Mara speaking for Sincera, my reaction was rather, "Ah, this is something I always knew!" I need no proof. I know it to be true.

I've always felt the unconscious truth that we, the humankind on Earth, had been infiltrated by a dark force from outer space. Infiltrated in the Middle East, that explains everything! Eighty percent infiltrated, that is a dark picture, indeed.

"They have infiltrated so much of us. How do we tell who is of the dark force?" I ask Mara, who is still with Sincera.

"Soon it will come to a point that we see clearly. That is going to be the turning point. We are entering daybreak, which means that there is light on everything. Daytime reveals everything. The dark force knows that their time is short. Sometimes we have the feeling: I don't trust you; there's something about you that I don't trust. Very soon we will see clearly who is one of our own family. But this has nothing to do with race, with being rich or poor, healthy or sick, child or old. Therefore, we cannot discriminate against anyone."

"Sincera, can you say a little more about the dark force in relation to the shadow side of light? Where did these bad guys come from?"

“It is not the time or place to answer this question. But she promises to get back to it.”

“Shall we go into channeling when we visit this battleground in the afternoon?”

“We don’t need to channel there. It’s good for us to be there and feel the energy. We will definitely return to the energy and the information.”

“Ask her for advice on what to do next, now we are at the closing point.”

Mara begins to cry. “She is so lovable! She says, ‘Enjoy each other’s company for this day. Say goodbye tomorrow morning as good friends and with love in your heart. And just look forward to the next time that you see each other again.’ And she has a special message for you, Wen-jie. She says, ‘I’ll be with you all the time. You won’t be alone. Just trust me.’”

I hold back my tears and say to Mara, “Please give her all my thanks. Tell her I will trust her with all my heart.”

“She says, ‘Wen-jie, please tell me instead of Mara!’ She says to me, ‘Tell Wen-jie to give her message directly to me because I am here for her as well.’”

We burst out laughing. Our Pleiadian guide knows our weaknesses, and our problems.

After lunch, we set out for the battlefield, in the car of our landlady, Muriel. The kind mother offered to drive us there. Moytirra is somewhere on the other side of the lake, Lough Arrow. It's probably even visible from Muriel's house. Having lived here for decades, Muriel doesn't know its exact location.

Muriel takes us first to Heapstown Cairn. It's the largest cairn in County Sligo, with a diameter of 60 meters, and is also part of the Moytirra myth. I read that during the battle, the Dé Danann army doctor, Dian Cecht, used the healing water from a well to treat his wounded soldiers. The well was said to lie beneath the heap of stones, now called Heapstown Cairn.

The cairn sits on the shore of the great lake. Out in the field, behind a grove of trees, this hidden megalithic treasure would take any visitor by surprise. Her enormous presence is something no photograph can represent.

I can imagine a healing well inside the great cairn. The cairn was probably built right over a sacred spring. Since the cairn has never been opened, no one knows what's really in there.



It won't be a surprise if her interior turns out to resemble that of Newgrange, with a narrow passage and three chambers in a three-leaf-clover form. This cairn could well have been a Water Temple, built by the Family of Light for healing purposes—a Neolithic hospital, utilized by a Bronze Age troop.

We drive on toward Moytirra, said to be a plateau. This side of the lake features tiers of gentle, low hills. Where is this plateau? Finally, we find a local on the road to ask, but are given a vague answer: "I think it's over there."

It seems that "Moytirra" isn't a household name. Not many tourists come to this remote part of Ireland to ask for an ancient name from a mythological tale.

We just can't find it. On the way back, I notice a hilltop that would qualify for being called a plateau. We get out of the car and walk up the field. The more I look at it, the more I feel that this is it, the legendary Moytirra Battlefield.



So wide the plateau that it takes several photos to cover the whole view. This is an altar, a platform, a stage, a set of some sort. This is where the green earth meets the gray sky. This was where events beyond the scope of our mortal kind once took place. Such a cinematic location would be used by any film director to shoot scenes for an epic movie, scenes of a great ET battle.

Moytirra was an ET battle site.

Here, the good ETs, our Family of Light, fought in a non-violent way against the bad ETs, the invading Aliens of Darkness. I can just see the dark clouds rolling in, concealing an army of black creatures. I can just see a group of shiny white figures there on the top sitting in a circle and making a glowing dome of sound. I can see the black hailstorm hitting the sound dome and bouncing off like beads hitting a glass roof. I can see the clash of lightning, can hear the explosive roars. The first battle in Ireland began here on this plateau.

Every cell in my body feels that this is where it all started, the battle tradition in this Emerald Isle of Peace. Every tissue in my rational brain thinks that the Irish Moytirra is an

archetypal battlefield, which perfectly illustrates the origin of the world's legendary battlefields.

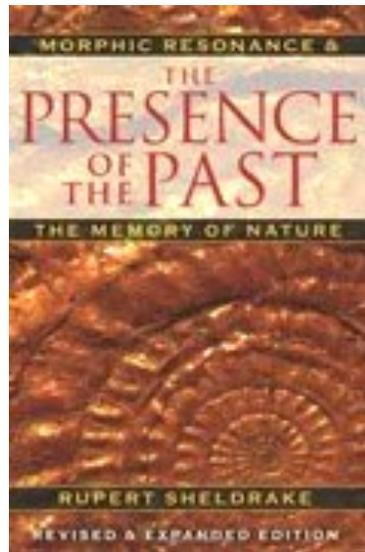
I'm sure that our Family of Light didn't give us the concept of war. They gave us the opposite concept: peace. They came to pull us out of savage behaviors, out of killing our own kind for food. Yet, even in the darkest days of our pre-Neolithic phase, humans weren't engaged in warfare, weren't killing humans for the sake of killing, weren't killing humans for fun.

War must have come with the dark aliens. If so, Moytirra was one of the places on Earth where the Family of Light resisted war and prevented the coming of war.

At these places of confrontations, two opposite energies met and clashed. The clash of opposite energies, however, left behind a legacy—a ripple effect, a karmic impact. The initial clash, however, went on to have a life of its own. Like a magnet, it kept attracting new clashes of energies so that it would go on existing as a place for energetic clash.

Rupert Sheldrake, British biologist and thinker, has investigated the phenomenon of accident black spots drawing new accidents, and used such examples to support his theory of “morphic field.” Nature is an energy field, according to Sheldrake, onto which patterns could be imprinted by human activities as memories. The patterned memories or morphs

carry the mechanism of self-perpetuation. The memory has a life of its own—“the past has a presence.”



A patterned memory, a morph, must have survived the first clash on the Moytirra Plateau and got imprinted in the magnetic field as well as in the telluric consciousness.

Centuries later, for whatever reason, the protection shield made by the Family of Light was down, and Ireland became vulnerable to the invading forces from continental Europe. Formorian, Fir Bolg, and Tuatha Dé Danann came riding the waves of conquest and carrying with them another pattern of energetic clash.

These warring spirits, these militant fairies, were drawn magnetically by the patterned memory to the physical location of Moytirra Plateau. There, the pattern in them resonated with

the pattern in the land (i.e. morphic resonance). From there on, clashes of a different kind went on at the plateau:

dark energy vs. dark energy,
violence vs. violence.

Moytirra Plateau would have been a backdoor into Ireland, a portal of some sort. Or at least it was a power spot. A power spot is a strong vortex of earth energy that can empower anybody, whether of the light or the dark kind.

A power spot, as I understand, is an energy amplifier. The dark astral force from continental Europe that had descended on Ireland would logically go to a spot to amplify itself, by way of war. Which place would it pick for conducting an astral war? Of course, Moytirra Plateau.

While analytical thoughts are going through my mind, I hear Mara and Muriel chatting at a distance about life in rural Ireland. I find a moment to ask Mara about the plateau. Mara also feels that this is the battlefield that Sincera was speaking about. So we found it, by chance or by providence.

We turn our back to the plateau. We can see Carrowkeel, a flat hilltop beyond the lake on the left, and can see Muriel's B & B there on the slope. To the right of Carrowkeel there is a smaller hill with a cairn on its top.

All of a sudden I remember the nipple/airport hill, which above all things was left out of our trip! When Mara and I went up Carrowkeel three days ago in the mist, I was so overwhelmed that I forgot to look for the very hill that had called me back to Ireland! For whatever reason, my sacred hill Carrowkeel veiled the mystery hill from my eyes and hid her from my mind. The hill on the right side of my view now gently reminds me of the mystery hill.



This is our last day in Sligo. I know one thing for sure: we will be back, soon!

9. No Worship

Early in the morning, Mara boards the train to Dublin Airport and I begin my solo journey in Ireland southward.

My three-week journey winds up taking me to “Cagey” Fields on a spectacular cliff of Mayo, the moonscape of Burren hills, the awesome Cliffs of Moher, the dreamlike Ring of Kerry, the standing stones on Beara Peninsula, and the temple complex at Loughcrew. As if an invisible ranger has taken me on a Neolithic Theme Park Tour, I now have a realistic sense of the island—she is a continent herself.

A continent of magic.

One thing I do want to brag about: I’ve made it to the Paps Mountains, and to the tip.



I lost the trail and had to make my own trail through a sea of heather in order to reach the tip. What surprised me up on the summit was not something ultra-modern, like a cell phone tower, but something ultra-ancient: a megalithic cairn.

Mega slabs were on the ground and in the cairn. The pointy tip of the cairn, however, must be some boys' play in recent days, to make the tip look even more like a tip.



The original cairn was undoubtedly made by Sincera's people, by the Family of Light, to purposely represent the nipple of the Goddess, since they had seeded the concept of the Goddess, the life-supporting feminine force. Surely, there is no better image to trigger our primal feeling of life-support than a pair of tits.

Perhaps no other place on Earth has a sculpture of the Earth Goddess as graphic and gigantic as this site—two hills.

Did the Family of Light chance upon the two hills that happened to be perfectly round? Or did they modify their shapes before attaching two nipples to their tips? Or were they even able to manifest two complete hills from the atomic level?

All for us. For us spectators looking from a human-animal perspective. All for stretching our mammalian mind to the edge, to get us to move beyond the primate so we could feel the omnipresence of a Great Mother, as big as the earth.

Standing on the largest sculpture I'd ever seen, I felt a sweet sense of confirmation. After all, it wasn't a projection of my own imaginative association of Irish hilltops with breasts. It was a fact. They purposely stood for breasts; they purposely stood as breasts. They *were* breasts, energetic breasts, of the island goddess.

* * *

Arriving at Schiphol Airport, I notice that my feeling about Holland has completely changed. The low land and its high people have given me so much, and will give me even more. Ireland is magical, and so is Holland, only in a drastically different style.

Shortly after my return, a small film project comes along and pays the bills. See? Mara and I are back in touch, both eager to meet and to continue our journey.

On a lovely September evening, in the meditation room where we had our tryout channeling only two months ago, we pick up from where we left off in the Emerald Isle of Magic.

Right away, Mara gets in contact with our Pleiadian guide. “Sincera wants to tell us something about her name. It is ‘sincere’ and ‘ra.’ In Dutch, ‘sincere’ is ‘oprecht’ and her name would be ‘straal van oprechtheid’—ray of sincerity. She chose this name because her information is sincere for the purpose.”

So, “Sincera” is short for “Sincere-ra,” an original and unique composite name. It’s not some pretty girl name picked out of an existing name bank.

Our Pleiadian lady is full of surprises. She uses a half-English name to deliver her information. There is yet another level of intelligence operating here. I am impressed. And I am grateful. A composite name makes me see her better. It is easier for me to visualize a ray of light than to visualize a lady of light.

Mara continues.

“And the purpose is to awaken people, to trigger their deepest memory of how things began on Earth and what it means to be here, as embodiments of light, as seeds from the stars. Our true mission was to lay out a complete library of possibilities by which to experience the emotional body.

“Much that goes on in the universe is without emotion. Many beings could visit Earth and receive an emotional body here. The starseeds on this planet were supposed to be hosts and hostesses for these different visitors. This was the original plan.

“So our gates were wide open. Planet Earth has a long collective night and a shorter day so that in the night all things could develop and all motions could go through. That was when visitors came out of another part of creation.

“When matter is created, light and darkness are both needed. You need shadows to bring out the light. If there is only light, there is nothing. But when a shadow becomes an entity itself, it becomes a reversal of the true creation.

“When entities evolved in the shadows, they became beings of consciousness. Since we were open to receiving visitors, these shadow entities also came to us. But they used everything in the reversal to rule our world.

“It was in this reversal that we were deceived, so deceived that we created a false consciousness to look at the real truth. It’s like looking at the moon, forgetting that the moon is a reflection of the sun.

“These entities had no emotion. Instead of accepting the fact that they had to learn about emotions, they taught us how to ignore emotions and to live by our other bodies. If we lose the balance of our four bodies, there is no more contact with our higher self, and no more connection with the source of light. When this connection is blocked, we are prevented from going back to the Source.

“We were truly deceived by a game of power!”

At delivering the punch line, Mara snaps out of trance.

“Did it make sense at all, what I said?” she asks, with none of the certainty of a moment ago.

“Not only did it make sense, but great sense,” I say to her.

“When a message like this comes, I feel as if I’m losing a part of myself, as if something is taking over me. I have to block out everything personal to receive this. I don’t know what I’m saying. I don’t even understand it.”

I say to her that she's becoming a true medium now. Only two months ago she needed a sip of wine to go into trance, and needed verbal instructions from me to carry on.

We take a break, with tea and cookies. Before the tea is up, Mara wants to go back into channeling. We return to our seats. Mara shuts down her senses, and I switch on my iPod.

“Sincera says that they never wanted us to worship her or any other member of the Family of Light. The Family of Light is our family, and we are their equals. We are of the same seed, only our blood is connected to Mother Earth. There is really no reason to worship any of them!”

I hear a cracking sound in my head. Crumbling down is an image of worship, which, as a scholar, I have observed cross-culturally, and as a person, I have accepted wholeheartedly.



They don't want us to look up to them as gods or goddesses. They don't want us to go down on our knees and kowtow to their authority. We've gotten it all wrong!

“It might seem that they were on a much higher level than ours when they came to help us.

“What they did was that in the 5th Dimension they mirrored the environment of Earth and created the concept of food supply. When they came to Earth, they brought their laboratory along. They took various kinds of DNA from planet Earth and worked out the concepts and structures.

“That was how they brought to us cows, sheep, chicken, goats, all our livestock. We were supposed to treat our animals well. The animals were gentle and obedient to us, and they gave us their milk, eggs, fleece, and after they died, their skins.

“At first, we could eat some animals because we still had a craving for meat. Killing an animal, however, was done in a ceremonial manner. We thanked the animal first and killed it in a special way so it wouldn't suffer too much; we ate the meat just to nourish our bodies, not to satisfy our greed.

“The project intended that we would grow to eat less and less meat. In addition, they gave us the seeds to grow all sorts of vegetables. We were to take in the vegetable foods with respect and gratitude as well.”

Mara comes out of trance. This time, she understands what her own voice has just said.

“In between the lines, Sincera shows me: this may sound like very simple information to some people, but these words are meant to trigger and to restore the memory. So when you read this, you think, ‘Oh, but this is something I know!’ Still, knowing and remembering are two different things.”

“What did she look like this time?”

“She didn’t have a human image.”

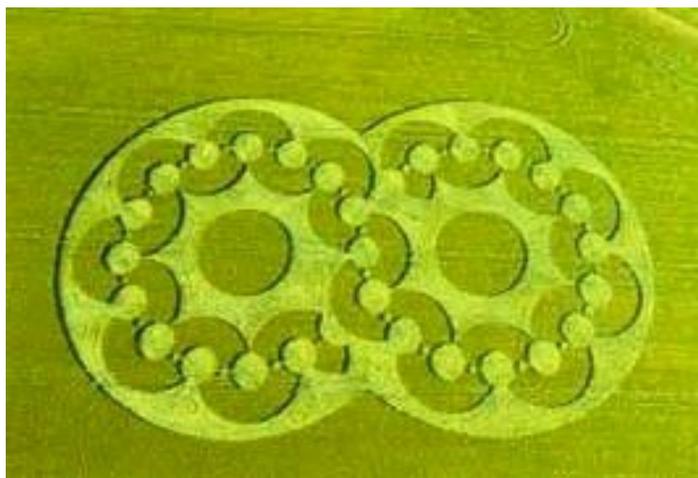
“Oh? How did you know it was her then?”

“I recognized her. She was more like a transparent field of light, moving in a part of me. She carried this part of me within her light body and brought me to places. She was protecting me because I was a little confused in the first session. She is so caring!”

This time, Sincera has taken Mara by the hand and shown her scene after scene. As if watching a movie in the theater, Mara only had to describe what happened on the screen to her blind companion sitting in the next seat.

Mara wants to go back in. We return to the meditation state. She sees balls of light dancing in a field, to create crop circles. These balls of light swirl over the crop field, and immediately patterns emerge.

“Looking at crop circles can help in balancing the left and right sides of the brain. Looking at crop circles gives you inner peace, because the two sides are in balance.



A Crop Circle Photo Downloaded From the Web

“This is one way the Family of Light meets us and communicates with us today. It has become very difficult for the Family of Light to communicate with us, since they can no longer be here in the body.

“At a certain point in history, the vibrations on Earth became very dense because of all the bloodshed and wickedness. The Family of Light could no longer travel through the dark mass. They are light beings. They cannot connect with such dark vibrations. But there were humans on Earth who traveled up and got back in contact with the light. There were seeds of light placed on the battlefield.

“When the Family of Light was still here, there was a battle, a battle between good and evil. After the dark visitors had descended on Earth, the Family of Light gathered in a circle and created a seed of light with their mind. They seeded it out among the humans who were there with them.

“Those humans who volunteered for the task knew that their physical bodies would be destroyed many times by the dark force. Still, they accepted the task and received the seed of light, the seed of information. You hear of the Gnostics, or the Cathars ... these are the seeds that keep coming back through history. These are the famous ones, but there are a lot more.

“Those humans with the seed of light within could travel through the dark mass to connect with the Family of Light. Having reached the realm of light, they returned and spread the message, again and again.

“Now, all the messengers, all those people who have willingly accepted the seed of light, are alive on Earth.

“What we try to do now is bring out the truth, to tickle the memory of everybody so they can enter the free-will zone again. It is like being given a new start, having a new chance to make the choice.

“Will you go back to the original plan of this planet? Or will you participate in the opposite? If you decide to participate in the opposite force, you will travel on with them. But if you find truth in the original plan, you can stay on Earth and make the dream come true!”

My breath has stopped as I listened to Mara deliver a Martin Luther King-like speech. This is a message, in the true sense of the word. The choice.

After the break, we decide to ask a practical question about our book project. During our last channeling session in Ireland, Sincera said that she would be the true author of the book, and the book would be a message to her kin.

“Sincera, can you tell us about its format?”

“The book will have a lot of information, as we have been recording so far, and in between, you can use the novel form

to tell the story of two souls from the Pleiades who have volunteered for the assignment and traveled to Earth. It is their story—how they come to Earth, how they personally go through all the experiences in various incarnations, how they die and come back, sometimes as man and sometimes as woman.”

Fantastic!

“The novel is the hard part. For writing the novel part, we are going to connect with our own memories. But our immediate task is to type out all our iPod recordings. In reading the transcriptions, the novel will create itself.”

“One last question. Were Mara and I among those who received the seed?”

“Oh yeah, we were there. Everyone just held out the hands and received it.” Mara holds out her palms, making a gesture somewhat like receiving the Eucharist.

So, we were there. Not on our knees, of course.

10. Crunchy Scientist

Transcribing iPod recordings is strenuous work, but I love doing it. Typing out Sincera's words makes me happy, period. The idea of a novel, however, wrenches my stomach.

Despite the numerous papers I produced to get through graduate school, no professor at Harvard could have guessed that I harbored tremendous fears toward the act of writing. Although I've written a fat dissertation to earn myself a mighty degree, I feel at ease only in writing dairy entries and emails to friends.

Can Mara write instead?

Unfortunately writing isn't Mara's cup of tea. So the task of writing is going to fall all on me. Oh, I shrivel from just thinking of writing the book, a task I impulsively volunteered for ... biting off more than I could ever chew.

Why wasn't I born an eloquent Irish? Why me, a Chinese, for a book to be written in English? Why me, a filmmaker? Why me, a city bumpkin, to reveal the origin of agriculture?

If a scholarly book it should be, which is something I could probably manage, how will I conduct fieldwork in Stone Age Ireland without a “Beam me up, Scotty”?

Luckily, Mara can beam herself up, and I can tag along.

* * *

“This isn’t Sincera,” Mara reports from trance. “This is someone else.” We’ve just entered our channeling session, naturally expecting to encounter our Pleiadian guide, Sincera.

“It’s a male. Wow! He has a lot of faces.”

I wish I weren’t blind!

“Like a magician, his faces change all the time. I’ll ask him to please sit still. Okay, he sits still now. I’m looking at an Egyptian-pharaoh kind of face. He has bright blue eyes and olive skin. He is from the star Sirius.”

“Sirius ... where is it?”

“It’s in our galaxy. We can see it from the earth.”

“Can he describe to us his life-form? How different is he from human?”

“They’ve made the same commitment to be human. He is human!”

So this is a Sirian man. The Sirian man with an Egyptian face informs Mara that his people are responsible for the “science and technology” component of human evolution. “You can call us ‘the Technos.’ We are even proud of that name!” he says through Mara. He’s got a Sirian sense of humor.

“Would you be so kind as to give us your personal name?”

He spells it out through Mara: “K—T—R—S.”

KTRS? How in the world can one pronounce this?

“Well, just call me Crunch!” He helps us out.

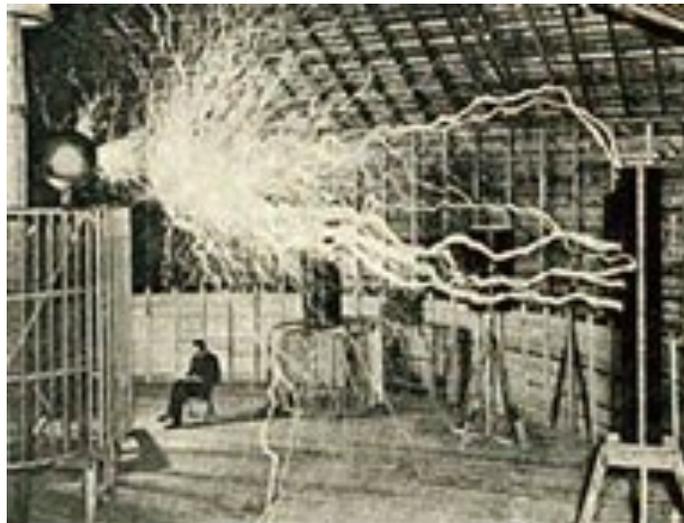
Crunch/KTRS has an important story to tell.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, the Technos from Sirius came and created a magnificent city above the surface of Earth, in the 4th Dimension. A city of great magnitude, it was built with metallic materials and consisted of multiple levels.

Mara watches the scenes shown by Crunch, going from level to level. On the bottom level is a hydro system providing

moisture for the air and water for drinking. The second level has a place for physical exercise, a fitness center, so to speak. Further above, there exist a level for eating, a level for multiplying the bodies, and a level for communicating with the home base. There is lightning everywhere, for the city is charged with electricity.

While listening, I review in my mind that famous photo of Tesla in his lab. This Sirian city might have looked like Tesla's lab, though much bigger and much fancier.



Nicholai Tesla in His Lab

Crunch/KTRS continues his story.

This gigantic city floating above Earth was the Technos' chief contribution to the Earth Living Library, a project that depended upon the collaboration of a number of star systems.

Like the Pleiadians, the Sirian Technos had their own assignment to fulfill within the project; they made the same vow to be human as the Pleiadians did. While the Pleiadian starseeds were in the cocoon phase growing awareness, the Sirian starseeds were building this big city complex.

The Sirian Project and the Pleiadian Project ran side by side, like adjacent parks in Disneyland: there is Fantasyland, and there is Frontierland. A visitor from outer space to Earth can choose to venture into the emotional Frontierland, or wander into other parks for other types of experiences.

The park managers are neighbors who visit each other but do not live in the same house, eating the same food from the same table, to use a metaphor.

When the catastrophe hit Earth, the Techno city was destroyed. Its shattered remains were scattered around the planet, and are still there but invisible to humans in the 3rd Dimension. And just as what happened with the Pleiadian starseeds, the Sirian starseeds were pressed into matter and locked inside human-animal bodies.

The arrival of dark aliens had a detrimental effect on Sirian starseeds. The dark aliens infiltrated the Sirian starseed population and took hold of their technology. Instead of using

it as a means to build beautiful infrastructures for experience, the aliens used it as a means to destroy Earth.

Despite the infiltration, the Techno starseeds went on to develop science and technology within the timeline, just like trees that can do nothing but grow.

The Technos were the ones who built those pyramids in Egypt and in the Americas. The Technos were the ones who designed those legendary initiation rituals. The Technos were the force behind technological innovation, from wooden wheel to steam engine, from trains, planes, and automobiles to telescopes, computers, and nuclear reactors.

Most scientists in history were Sirian starseeds, who faithfully expressed their Techno energy of creativity. But sadly at the present moment, 90% of the Techno achievements are in the hands of the dark force.

A giant piece of the puzzle has fallen into place!

I am out of breath. But we have to say goodbye to our new friend, who, in closing, reveals that he has been known by a variety of names down through history, such as Hermes Trismegistus and Merlin.

“It was hard for me to get the information through,” Mara reflects afterwards, “for I’m not one of them. It was from another dimension, another sphere, another way of thinking, very different from Sincera’s energy.”

But it wasn’t difficult for me to follow Crunch’s story or to imagine Crunch himself. His story has a clear logic plus coherent details; his story seems to fit in the framework of Sincera’s story. His story and her story seem to dovetail.

In chatting with Mara back in a normal state, I notice yet another synchronistic sign.

Today is September 11, 2006! By chance or by plan, a crunchy Sirian Techno appeared to us on the traumatic date of 9/11, a date that could better than any other date illustrate the painful truth the Sirian came to deliver: that 90% of the Sirian technology is in the wrong hands.

Several weeks later, Mara and I meet again for channeling.

Now, Sincera comes to us. It turns out that our Pleiadian lady knows this Sirian man—as a matter of fact, she has brought Crunch’s folks to Ireland, personally.

Small world, even up there!

Sincera says, “Look at it like this: when a child is born it needs motherly care; later on, when the child gets a bit older, it needs to meet its father. You can see us, the Pleiadian Family of Light, as your nurturing mother up to a certain age. At a point in the child’s development, the father figure comes into the child’s awareness. The child starts to learn different things from the father. So when you entered the stage of needing the father, the Technos stepped in.”

Mother and father figures! As a metaphor, it couldn’t be more family-like. As a description, it couldn’t be more life-supporting. I hope it is a description.

If it is a description, it would mean that we, the human race on Earth, were never a bunch of orphans. We have never been alone, struggling in deserts, jungles, tunnels, or pits. For we have parental hands holding our little hands and step by step taking us into becoming civilized beings.



Who could have guessed such degree of intimacy, such level of bonding, and such scale of responsibility in our relationship with—the ETs?

Mara continues channeling.

Sincera was part of a council that made the decision to introduce the Technos to the tribal people at a particular moment in time. Subsequently, she brought a group of Technos to a tribal community in Ireland. The tribal people knew her, of course. She presented to them in a gentle manner their new teachers from the sky.

The Techno teachers were in human form too, but had a slightly different build than the Pleiadian teachers. The Technos appeared more muscular, with soft hair all over their hands and arms. They were dressed in tunics made of shiny metallic fabric. The majority of the Technos were male, with only a few females in the group. They weren't coupled up as the Pleiadian teachers were.

The Sirian teachers stayed in that community in Ireland and taught the villagers skills to work with metals and build houses. As guest teachers, they stayed within their own living quarters. Like the Pleiadian teachers, they did not interbreed with earth human beings.

Like two complementary waves, the Pleiadians and the Sirians have collaborated in the Earth-human civilization process, in Ireland and the world at large. While the Technos were driving technological development, the Pleiadians were inspiring painters, writers, musicians ... the artists in general.

Not that the Sirians have no feeling for artistic beauty—in fact, they were masters of forms—but rather, their sense of beauty is of a different kind: more linear and square in comparison to the Pleiadian kind.



Pleiadian Fingerprint



Sirian Fingerprint

Someone somewhere has said that we humans are of two basic types: scientists and artists.

Or, square ones and round ones. Tesla and Rilke, for example.

What about the cases where the square is not so square and the circle not so circular, as in Einstein, as in Da Vinci?

I think as individuals we display both Pleiadian and Sirian character traits, if they were indeed our mother and father figures, or at least have played the mother role and father role in the developmental years of us as a species. We are inclined by nature to take after both our parents and embody both of their virtues.

Yet, there are fundamental distinctions in our base tones, and in our base colors. On the bottom level, Einstein was a scientist, Da Vinci an artist. The song in the Artist types is markedly different from the song in the Scientist types.

We understand each other. And we don't understand each other. Isn't it great? Without such differences, there wouldn't be any harmonic chord or any rainbow in our shared world.

Meeting the Sirian teacher and receiving a follow-up from the Pleiadian teacher opens up a bay window in the house of my own consciousness. Through the bay window I can see farther into the starry sky and deeper into the human interior.

I see that our earthy humanity displays not only the Gaian color of green, the Pleiadian color of pink, but also the Sirian color of lapis lazuli.

11. Communal Orgasm

There is another type of human being, whose soul ancestor was neither an uncle nor an aunt figure to us. There is another strand of genetic input in each one of us, the origin of which lies in the shadow side of our universe.

Over the weeks, the Pleiadian intelligence Sincere-ra reveals to us a chilling picture of the dark aliens: their planetary origin, their methods of infiltration, their strategies of manipulation, and their agenda for global domination.

With their infiltration, a deep shadow was cast over our pure original humanity. An alien vibration, ultra-male and ultra-aggressive, came to dwell inside our being. It disturbs our inner peace. It gives us inner war. It enslaves us from within.

Word after word, page after page, our channelings are piling up into a folder while the picture grows sharper and grimier. It gets obvious that our book deals with not only the light and beautiful, but also the dark and ugly.

“With regard to the novel, I’m lost. What shall we do? Mara, please ask Sincera.”

“She says there are two storylines we can choose from. A) we follow a line of women in Ireland; B) we go with two souls through incarnations, as man and woman, all over the world. It matters not so much which storyline we choose, since she is going to reveal the information either way.”

Without hesitation, I choose B).

Sincera suggests that the novel begin with the love story of a boy of 16 and a girl of 17. Through the eyes of the two lovers, the novel shows what tribal life was like in the Neolithic days and how things were before the dark aliens came.

“It is important to show that before the dark force came to take over you it was a totally different life you had on Earth. And it is important to show how the male wave and female wave collaborated in the community, how the male side and female side supported each other.”

She says she will give us creative ideas by way of inner voice.

“So she is speaking to me as well? I don’t seem to hear her.”

“The key word is trust. Trust her. Trust yourself. Don’t go into doubt. When we were in Ireland, you were the one who was so trusting about us arriving at the right places and I was the

one who was doubting about the help along the way. She asks you to get in touch with this trusting part of yourself. She can only contact you when you are in the same trust as you had in Ireland. And she says, ‘I can only guide your intuitive part, your feminine part. This is not a scholarly thing.’”

Understood.

“Sincera, what is his name and what is her name, the two lovers?”

“His name is ... Caval,” Mara slowly delivers, “and her name is ... Modira.”

“Caval and Modira, lovely names, but a bit modern, a bit English,” the scholar in me responds in silence. But then I think, “Hey, we are working on a novel, not an ethnography; we can allow a bit of creativity.”

And what if the two youngsters were really called Caval and Modira? Who is in a position to say it wasn't the case? Nobody speaks their language nowadays. Their time in Ireland was way before the invasion of the English, the Normans, the Vikings, and even the Celts. They were the pre-Celtic people of Ireland, whom we know even less about than we do about the megaliths that defined their living space.

Now the task at hand is to create Caval and Modira the way a novelist creates her characters. Instinctively I know that to create a character I can pretend to be that character. I can imagine that Modira is me, for starters.

Not an impossible act, since I feel so strongly connected to Stone Age Ireland. I don't think being born Irish automatically translates into a self-identification with Ireland's Stone Age past. I am on equal footings with an Irish girl in a contest for imagining a lassie from the Neolithic days.

But an Irish farm girl may have certain advantages, for I was born a city girl and grew up in brick and cement boxes (although my hometown Chengdu was at the edge of the Tibetan Plateau). I have never milked a cow, never sheared a sheep, never sheafed oat or wheat, never plowed an inch.

Neither has Mara. She wasn't your typical Dutch milkmaid in wooden clogs. But she can beam herself up, with the help of Sincera, into Ireland's Stone Age past. Two or three times Mara has found herself walking the ground of a Neolithic village or hovering in the air and watching the villagers do their work: grinding food and making pots.

One time, Mara was taken by Sincera to the village of the two lovers. The village was located at a large clearing in the woods, near a creek. Mara saw the men's quarters on the left side, and

women's quarters on the right. There was a big hut where all the men slept at night—between 20 and 30 men lived in this hut. It was a fairly large tribe. The female side, on the other hand, had a cluster of huts. The young mother, the elder women, and the rest of the women slept in three separate huts. All of these round huts had thatched roofs and stone-and-clay walls.

The women had free entry to the men's quarters, not vice versa. Men must ask for permission to come into this part of their own village, "because the male energy should not disturb the female energy." It wasn't a taboo, but was a courtesy for the men to leave the women's world to women themselves.

The women, in contrast, often worked on the men's side together with the men. The female energy didn't seem to disturb the male world. The men's job was to take care of crops and animals while the women's job was to make pots, weave cloths, cook foods, and of course take care of children.

Among the villagers, there was blackish hair, blondish hair, and reddish hair. They had tan skin from being outdoors. They were delicate people, not rough-looking at all. They had good nutrition. They took care of their appearances. "They looked beautiful," Mara said.

A bit smaller than us today. The Neolithic humans had basically the same physicality as ours, I read.

If a Neolithic man cuts his hair and puts on a T-shirt, nobody would look at him twice if he walked on the street. If one of our men did the same, he could walk through a Neolithic woodland without being stalked.



The Same Man in Stone Age Fashion and Car Age Fashion—Tom Hanks in *Cast Away*

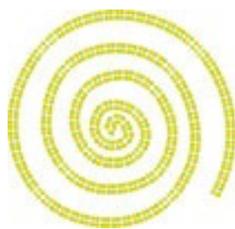
I could easily imagine those long-haired men and women in beautiful tunics down to the ankles or to the knees. They knew how to weave fine woolen fabrics, how to use vegetable and mineral dyes, and how to sew pretty patterns on their garments. They had their own fashion, and their own insignia.

Their nails were definitely longer than ours, because they had no nail clippers or scissors or any metal knives. But there was no reason to believe that they never cleaned their nails with twigs or trimmed their beards with flint.

They couldn't take a hot shower every day. But they could take a hot bath every few days, since they lived by a stream and had plenty of firewood to heat the stones. Their bathtub wouldn't be glistening white, but would be fragrantly brown as it was made of wood. Who said that the Neolithic people were filthy? Who said that only we people of today had hygiene and taste?

And who said that Neolithic men were stupid?

Mara followed the men to the field and watched them sow seeds in the spring just after the new moon. They sowed the seeds in a spiral pattern, from the center out, to resonate with the energy of earth. To mimic the primal creation of life, I shall add. What a spiritual, artful, and playful way to farm!



The stupid ones are we: using machines, chemicals, and pesticides to grow our own food.

And the cruel ones are we. The way we abuse and butcher our farm animals makes us the savages and them the sages. The Neolithic people, according to Sincera, treated their cows, goats, sheep, and pigs with great respect. These animals were

honored by them as gifts from the Family of Light and as friends of the human race.

The Neolithic people lived under the auspices of the Family of Light. They had seen these beautiful star people with their own eyes. They had talked with them and taken lessons from them. From these close encounters they received celestial ideals into their earthly minds. Therefore they had something lofty to aspire to, and something high to guide their thoughts, their feelings, and their acts.

What do we have? We have Hollywood stars to give us role models. We have celebrities to show us high standards.

Who said that our world is better than theirs? The sound pollution alone sets us on the bottom and them on the top. Just listen to the noises in our everyday life: alarm clocks, microwave ovens, telephones, lawnmowers, electric saws, electric drills, electric hairdryers, cars, motorbikes, sirens, and planes. We are bombarded by sounds made by machines, sounds that make us jittery, aggressive, and sick.

The Neolithic world was not only a world of silence but also a world of music. The Neolithic humans were gifted musicians. They used flutes, rattles, drums, and voices to make artificial sound of harmony on top of the natural sounds of harmony, not only to entertain but also to expand their consciousness,

to heal imbalances in the bodies, to communicate with the spirit world, and to attain states of ecstasy. Music was the air they breathed. The Neolithic humans probably sang as often as those Elves in Tolkien's stories did.

The Neolithic men had another task, Mara saw in the same vision, and the task was to establish an energetic foundation for the community through sound making. Being masters of sound, the Pleiadian teachers taught the tribal people how to make sounds with their vocal cords, and how to create energy through the practice of toning.

Toning is making a synergy of voices by staying within a particular field of tone. The Neolithic men were able to make deep tones (as deep as those made by Tibetan lamas today, or even deeper) to connect with the base chakra, and to resonate with the tone of the earth. The Neolithic men could make amazing sounds with their throats, because they had taken voice lessons from sky singers.

Moreover, a full-moon rite was shown to Mara, where a young woman was at the center, surrounded by an inner ring of men and an outer ring of women. The men were toning around this young woman in the middle, supporting the young woman with their deep male sound. The men were getting wilder and wilder, getting ecstatic.

“Is she naked?” I asked, getting ecstatic too.

“Not yet. She’s still dressed. Her long hair is loose. She’s dancing wildly. She now exposes the full beauty of her body. She wiggles her breasts. Her nipples are stiff, her vulva is wet. Without ever touching one another, there is an energy going from her to the men and from the men to her. The men are dancing and singing in a circle. The energy of the circle moves like the energy of an intercourse.”

“The men move back and forth?”

“They move as if they are penetrating her.”

“Penetrating her altogether?”

“Yeah. As they come to the climax, the clouds are torn open and the full moon shines through. The men take their penises and give their seeds to the earth. At this moment, because of the release of male energy, she reaches her climax. Her juice drips down the thighs. She offers herself to the full moon, and she drops to her knees and touches the earth. The men make space for the women. The women come forth and bring the young woman back to the women’s quarter to rest.”

“Let’s say she is the girl in our story and the boy is also there among the men. Can you pick him out?”

“Yes. He is the only one that she has eye contact with.”

“Do they know each other before this ritual?”

“Of course. Every day they work together and eat together. They sleep apart.”

“Is this her first ritual? Is this a rite of passage?”

“Yes. The purpose of this ritual is to get in sexual contact. She is supposed to find a mating partner. This is the occasion where they make the contact through a deep and erotic way of looking at each other.”

“In order to establish the first contact of the erotic part of themselves?”

“Yes. Before this ritual, they just knew each other. When they work together they are on a friendly level. Now they need to meet on an erotic level.”

The boy and girl must be brother and sister of the same tribe, not born of the same parents, of course. This full-moon rite would add an erotic layer to the brother-sister relation. From there on, they could see each other and be seen by the community as lovers.

Mara went on to describe the pattern of sexual life in this tribal community. They had sex rituals twice a month, on full moon and on dark moon. People in those days weren't so hungry for sex as we are today. Twice a month would suffice.

“Don't forget, they were free,” Mara said. “They could play in the woods. Don't forget, they had physical intimacy with their own kind each night, touching and cuddling in the round bed space, not for sex but for warmth.”

I'd imagine that there were a variety of full-moon rites besides the one Mara saw. I'd imagine that every woman had a chance under the full moon. Perhaps the women took turns to dance in the middle and choose a man to be her lover. Or perhaps in a free gathering of men and women, lovers chose one another through eye contact.

The dark-moon rite was different. “The full moon is for the women,” Mara channels, “and the dark moon for the men to do their own things. There is no female energy present at this rite. It's a purely male happening. They sing and dance. The men make sounds, wild groaning sounds. They choose a young man and put him in the middle. The young man does his power dance. He imitates the copulations of animals.”

“Is he naked?”

“Yes. He is there imitating a male goat. His energy is connected to the male goat. The other men are punching one another, pushing one another, in a playful way. They are doing it in a circle, doing it in a rough way, what men can do, you know, playing with each other.”

“But not in a homo way, right?”

“It’s not homo. It’s more like showing their affection to one another. Since the women aren’t there, the men are with themselves and can show affection in their own way. I can see them touching one another, and feeling the weight and strength of the others’ balls. They do this rite for lust, for pleasure, for showing off. A part of the male sexuality likes to pose to the other men. When there is no female present, the male part can express itself totally.”

“Let’s say that this young man in the middle is our character Caval. What’s he doing?”

“He’s showing his potency. He’s showing off his balls and his penis. He’s caressing his penis. They don’t have any shame about their parts. Their parts are so important to them, and so beautiful to them.”

“Does he reach a climax?”

“Yes, he offers his seeds to the earth.”

“Is there a sex ritual for women only?”

Mara couldn't gain access to the women's side. I asked her to stay on the men's side and see what the men's house looked like. “It's a big round house, built with stones and clay. There are very few possessions. I can see some bowls and spoons made of wood. I can see layers of sheep skins on the floor.”

“I'm curious. If the men get horny, what do they do before they reach the twice-a-month ritual?”

“I can see the young man in bed having a wet dream, and he comes. That's what happens. They dream.”

“Do they do anything to each other in the house?”

“No. I don't see them doing anything. It's nice and warm inside. They sleep together, young men and old men, on these sheep skins.”

So, in between the two rituals where a tremendous amount of sexual energy was released, the men had an outlet at night through wet dreams. The men had to build up their longing for the two rituals. The heightened ritual states could only be

reached by way of moderation, if not fasting, of the sexual urge during the long intervals. Such alternation between an intense build-up and an intense release makes sense to me, and it makes sense to carry out ritualized orgies.

“Orgy” has become a scary word to many civilized humans of today’s world. But when you think of it, an orgy is a norm of the animal world, and orgies have been a part of our human life since time immemorial.

“Joy of Life” by Henri Matisse



Orgy simply means having a sexual experience together, in a group setting. The Neolithic practice of orgy, as taught by the Pleiadian Family of Light, took the group higher, to the level of community.

Communal consciousness was the foundation and guideline for these Neolithic orgies, intended to facilitate the dissolution of individuality into oneness. Such oneness is much bigger than the oneness generated by a couple alone. The oneness of a group, when aligned with higher levels of oneness (with the earth, the moon, and the stars), becomes cosmic oneness. This is what “communion with the cosmos” originally means.

The Pleiadian Family of Light had taught our ancestors the art of orgy—the art of communal orgasm. But sadly, we lost this spiritual orgy tradition. In Europe, the tradition was still alive in the pagan days. It persisted for a long period of time as secret rites of the mystery schools.

What’s left in the occult arena in the West today are mostly satanic rites. What’s left in the public arena are pornographic rites in the grotesque form of striptease, lap dance, gang bang, SM, and God knows what else.

The orgy scenes shown by Stanley Kubrick in his brilliant film *Eyes Wide Shut* could best speak for this reversal, this perversion of an originally light rite into a dark, satanic rite.



Eyes Wide Shut

Besides, we lost the solid bonding with our own genders: brotherhood and sisterhood.

Sports and shopping became the two venues for gaining a fleeting sense of solidarity with our own kind. Even in these venues, the sense of competition prevails. Quite often, the natural urge to express affection for one's own gender is self-censored and self-sabotaged as an act of crossing the line—the arbitrary line between the hetero and the homo camp.

Perhaps a hetero man does feel from time to time the urge to be part of a men's group, to do what Caval, the young man in our story, did in the dark-moon rite: to imitate a goat, a tiger, a wolf, to show his proud pillar to his brothers, to receive from the male group validation and support, to charge his male battery, to maximize his manhood.

But such an urge is quickly drowned in his own fear of being seen as a “queer.” The pent-up frustration then goes to a woman. If a Neolithic man could visit us today, he would feel very, very sorry for our men!

Yeah, who said that post-Industrial men are happier than Neolithic men?

Communal ecstasy used to be the bread 'n' butter of our Neolithic life. When so basic a joy is deprived, when so innate an ability is castrated, what kind of deprived life does it become? This is exactly what we, the “civilized” humans, have: a life of deprivation.

Going to sex clubs, or going online into a fantasy space, is not the same thing. The sense of guilt and shame would always be there, and the sense of loneliness would always return. We have lost the community. Group sex is not the way to recreate a genuine community feeling.

Nor is coupling the way to reach the total fulfillment of life.

No matter how perfect you and your partner are, two persons cannot produce the synergy of a group, cannot replace the presence of a group. How can one person play so many levels of roles? How can one individual fulfill another individual's need for community, for communion with the whole cosmos?

But the Myth of the Couple is what we have been fed with. The Myth of the Couple is what has kept us bumping around in a trap, is what has kept us fighting in our romance.

Don't get me wrong here. I'm not attacking coupling or romance; I'm not advocating polygamy or serial monogamy. Nor am I contemplating a return to the Stone Age, to snore away with other women on a floor of sheep skins.

I am saying that we have to approach the problem from a different vantage point. We have to go back to the beginning days and touch base with our pure humanity. Our pure humanity is made of two gifts: pure animal and pure starlight.

The pure animal in us knows its way. When the pure animal is aligned with pure starlight and guided by starlight, the pure life force within us will know how to have the best kind of sex.

And the moon, the celestial keeper of our erotic tides, will show us the way.

12. An Old Memory

“Wake up, Wen-jie, please wake up!” I was in the midst of a meaningless dream when the gentle tap and soft voice of Mara woke me up. It’s pitch black in the living room. What’s going on and what time is it?

“It’s about five,” says Mara. “I’m sorry! I had to come wake you up. I was wide awake the whole night, and this fantastic movie of Atlantis was running through my mind.”

Who cares about Atlantis at 5 a.m.? But this is what I’m here for (I’m staying over at Mara’s house for a few days so we can have a series of channeling). I sit up and grope for my recording device. She woke me up to record her vision before it fades in daylight. I turn on the iPod. We remain in the dark so she can see and speak better.

“When we came, planet Earth was bigger. Big flowers, big birds, big animals, big everything. We came with this enormous blueprint, to build our dreams on Earth. I can see beautiful palaces, the kind you only see in the movies. We’ve brought a complete plan from the 5th Dimension to planet Earth. We would turn this plan into material forms.

“We, Pleiadian starseeds, first went into a cocoon phase, to grow our awareness. The Sirian Technos were supposed to team up with us later on and build this dream together. We were so high and mighty in our dream, so driven in our construction.

“When the disaster happened, we were halfway into the process of materializing our blueprint, halfway into bringing the structure into the 3rd Dimension. The disaster put an abrupt end to our process. People say, Atlantis was destroyed by a disaster. This particular destruction was what it really meant.”

In other words, Earth was a planet on the way to actualizing a cosmic blueprint, and the last phase of this actualization was what this popular name “Atlantis” refers to.

“Atlantis” was not a concrete landmass in the Atlantic Ocean in a recent era, but rather a phase of our planet in her ancient days. The popular myth of the destruction of Atlantis was about a catastrophic event that happened much, much earlier than the supposed date, 9500 BC.

What the Myth of Atlantis refers to, actually, was our lost paradise. “Atlantis” was our shattered dream.

Mara continues. “Something gigantic like an asteroid had hit our planet. A part of her body was chipped off. Earth’s axis was knocked from its original 90-degree angle. She started to tilt. There used to be one season on Earth. This catastrophe changed everything. The four seasons came. Can you imagine the terrible impact it had on us? We came to do team work. The catastrophe swept us totally off our plan. We were pushed into matter. We were forced to live inside animal bodies. We had to readjust everything. We were so lost!”

I can feel the impact as if the catastrophe happened only yesterday. All my life I’ve felt it, this feeling of being cast away, of being lost in exile.

“See it as an abortion,” Mara says. “When the catastrophe fell on us, we were like babies. We were immature in our formation when we got thrown out of our cocoon.”

Abortion? That must be most traumatic. The anxiety over something terrible that might happen, the fear of misfortune, the lack of trust in life in general (which I and many people suffer) might have been sourced in this ancient event.

“So we had to restart from a primitive level,” I say to Mara, thinking that our whole memory bank must have been wiped clean by the catastrophe. “I wonder what we were like when we first came to Earth. What was our original form like?”

“We came from a dimension of pure light,” Mara says. “Light is pure awareness, with no experience. But light has the capacity to take on forms and to have experiences in the material dimension of Earth.

“We came as a field of energy. The field of energy divided itself into many particles, and the particles entered the timeline of Earth. During our initial cocoon phase, we learned to take on physical forms. In those days, we were ethereal humans. We looked somewhat like the Elves.”



The Elf Couple in [The Lord of the Rings](#)

We must have looked even more beautiful and more brilliant than those Elves in *The Lord of the Rings*, because we, starseeds from the Pleiades, were non-violent light beings. We had no war and thus no sword. We came to build palaces and gardens, to make poetry, music, and dance. And we had no enemy—there was no Sauron blackening the Middle-earth then.

The catastrophe cast us out of our Elf paradise and threw us into the bodies of Hobbits. We became halflings, half as beautiful and half as powerful as we were in our Elf paradise where everything, including ourselves, was bigger, lighter, fluffier, and let's not forget, freer.

More disasters happened to us after we had become Hobbits. There were bleak days when we had nothing left to eat. We resorted to killing our own kind for food! We wanted to survive at the expense of other Hobbits. We, the jolly chubby Hobbits, were turning into monstrous cannibals, more terrible than that terrible creature, Golem.

Our family from the stars had to intervene, to stop us from becoming a lost cause. They came and pulled us out of a dark pit. The Family of Light helped us rebuild ourselves and our world. With the aid of these shining Elves from the sky, we made a homeland we could proudly call the Shire. A shire inside the Shire was Ireland.

This is what I see in my mind, me, a child, listening to Mara, the elder, telling a tale at the darkest hour before dawn (it must be 5:30 now). This is what I see in Tolkien's tale. It is a tale of us, starseeds hiding behind those Elf and Hobbit characters.

Then, we starseeds were locked into the tough mechanism of reincarnation. We lived and died, lived and died. We had bodies that were not always human and not always compliant.

“Take yourself as an example, Mara. How did it work for you to go from lifetime to lifetime till now?”

“We carried within us the original plan, the dream. It was a determination to keep coming back to make the dream come true, even though we had to go through horrible times. We kept coming back into new bodies to reach for our dream, like trees that had no choice but to grow.”

“This was what drove you to go from lifetime to lifetime?”

“This was what drove all of us, the starseeds.”

“We couldn’t let go of the dream plan.”

“If we could, we would have left planet Earth a long time ago. We were so committed.”

“And so in love with this plan and this planet,” I add.

I ask if she has been channeling Sincera. Mara says she has been reliving an old memory, which Sincera restored during the night. I ask if everyone on Earth has such old memories.

“No, not everyone was seeded with the original plan, you know.”

Yeah, not everyone is a starseed. Not everyone has lived on Earth in her paradise days. Not everyone is driven from lifetime to lifetime to realize a dream. Not everyone cares about the Blueprint and would give many lifetimes for it.

“The Blueprint is still there, in the 5th Dimension!” Mara is channeling Sincera now. “The catastrophe could affect the 3rd Dimension, but could not affect the 5th Dimension. The plan is still there, in the 5th Dimension. If enough humans on Earth get reconnected with the plan, our dream could still come true!”

That’s why we are here, two starseeds in the form of a Dutch woman and a Chinese woman, sitting in a house-boat near the river Amstel and welcoming the arrival of a fresh October morning with the open arms of an ancient memory.

Two starseeds from the Shire of Eire. By now, we both feel that we had been Irish, that we had lived in Ireland’s pre-Celtic age before the narrower sense of the “Irish” came in place. If not, why would Sincera ask us to write a story situated in Ireland, and not Holland or England or China or Iraq?

But if we had lived in Ireland, when and where was that? And what were we to each other? Mara has already remembered a number of her past lives outside Ireland. I, on the other hand, remember hardly any, just a feeling that I've been around, in every culture and every race around the globe. A vague feeling, however, is not a remembrance.

Mara thus decides to hold a special session. Its sole purpose is to obtain information on my past lives.

The night of October 16, 2006, we find ourselves back in the meditation room where our adventure began three months ago. With a prayer, Mara opens our special session.

“I ask Sincera to give me clear visions of her story of Wen-jie. I'd like to know where she's from, where she's going, whether there are any specific lifetimes you would like to point out relevant to this task we took on to do our share in revealing the truth. Please, Sincera, guide us, and make me a hollow ball so I can speak your words!”

Mara sinks into silence. Her trance state seems much deeper than usual. It's still the Mara I know sitting on the floor, but her presence now carries a new weight. She starts speaking, her voice exceptionally low and slow. Quietly, the iPod registers what goes on in the air.

“This is Sincera’s voice speaking to Wen-jie.

“Yes, my little darling, you are from the same line of souls that I am. You are one of the souls I treasure in my heart. You are a beloved. I am very happy that I could reveal myself to you through Mara in Ireland.

“When we made the plan to set up paradise on Earth, and when you decided to go down, we honored you. When you went to Earth with the other starseeds, I knew you were going to go through hard times.

“You took a special task upon your shoulders, not only in this lifetime but also in many other lifetimes. You, as one of the star people, accepted the task of spreading the light, saving the light no matter what happens. There were several times you had to give up your physical body, and you did it willingly each time.

“I want to point out one special lifetime when you came as a woman. You were among those of whom we asked the sacrifice of dying with no fear. We needed young people to serve as guides. So you offered yourself as a guide.

“When we were in Ireland together ... Yes darling, you were there, you were there! You were a beautiful woman, very young when we asked you to leave your physical body behind

for a much greater cause. Previously, when the tribe had decided to make you a mother, you were joyously willing to give birth to a child. So your sacrifice was really big.

“Then, we gave you the liquid. You swallowed it without fear, looking into my eyes, meeting my soul. It was a soul connection we made. As we looked into each other’s eyes, you drank it drop by drop. And you lay yourself down. Very slowly, death came over you.

“At the last moment, before you left your body, a big doubt arose in you. You couldn’t resist a feeling of regret. As you left your body, you lost the chance to reach the highest level of consciousness and went up to the second realm instead.

“When your spirit was there, we embraced you in our hearts, and we kissed away your tears of regret.”

Tears are flowing. Through the tears I see her eyes. It seems like yesterday when only an inch away were her eyes, gazing into mine.

“Then you made a decision to stay pure in the next life. We guided you down to the earth again. In the next life, you lived as a hermit. You decided to have no contact with your Family of Light. And that, my beloved one, was a very lonely life because you did it out of regret rather than a need to be alone.

You punished yourself. I will leave you now for a moment in Mara's care. I will stand by."

"What was the regret, Sincera? What was the regret?"

"Your last-moment regret, just before you left your body, was that you had never carried a child in you. So when you reached our realm in spirit, you couldn't reach the highest one. It was not a punishment. It was your own feeling that you couldn't make the sacrifice one hundred percent."

Sincera puts herself on standby. Mara opens her eyes and reaches over to hold me in her arms. Now it is my turn to cry in Mara's arms like a little child.

"I understand myself now! I understand all those deep feelings now. Everything she said, I feel, is true. I feel this is the person I've been seeking ever since I was a child. I didn't know what I was looking for ... Maybe someone speaking to me like this. I missed you so much, Sincera! You must have been the one who made me survive all the hardship. The fire in my belly telling me to not give up and to go on—it must have been you! But I'm nobody, Mara. I'm just a girl from China. I still can't believe that I was there in the beginning. How can I be so ignorant when I'm so old? Why am I still fighting with this stupid ego and having problems with men?"

Caressing me like a mother, Mara says, “Your crying is healing you. There is so much grief inside you for lost chances.”

A grief carried for thousands of years! And guilt. Guilt says, “I’ve failed my task!” Look at me now, struggling with the most basic elements in life: survival and relationship. Isn’t it a sign that I’ve failed a long time ago?

“It’s only your own feeling that you failed the task. But you could never really fail it. It’s only a very old pain you’ve been carrying.”

After I’ve calmed down, Mara resumes contact. Sincera reveals that in a later lifetime I chose to carry a child in my womb. But sadly, right after giving birth I died, leaving the child on its own. Once again, I left the body in a state of guilt. And guilt has been piling up ever since, now big as a mountain.

“It is time to release the entire emotional buildup,” Sincera says through Mara. “Sometimes, you people have to go through many lifetimes before you reach the one lifetime when you can leave the body without any guilt or regret.”

A complete letting go of negative emotions. To die not only without fear but also without regret, guilt, and self-blame. This is the secret to the art of dying. It took me millennia of

time and hundreds of deaths to reach this point—to sit in the arms of Mara and Sincera and see the lesson that I’ve missed.

As tears turn into smiles, I ask Sincera to tell us about a past life that Mara and I have shared. Sincera gives Mara an image, and then an explanation.

“Imagine two sisters working in the field. One sister is happy working in the field, and one sister has more expectation of life. The sister who enjoys the field says to the other, ‘Go, my sister, go fulfill your need! I will work twice as hard to cover your part. Go out into the world and learn for both of us. You have my blessings. I will be happy if you just think of me when you have achieved your goal!’

“The other sister kisses her and leaves the land and the hard work behind. She goes off feeling supported. She comes to a big city and meets her teacher there. After many years of study, she becomes a wise woman, knowing many secrets about life. At times, she forgets her sister who’s doing her share of the work. At times, she remembers her sister and her sacrifice.

“Eventually, she makes a promise. She says to her sister at the faraway home, ‘My dear sister, we will meet in our next life. I will share my knowledge with you. I will take care of you because you have done my share of the work in the field!’

“They die and meet in the next life. They both remember the vow they made to the other, the vow to share. In the end, the one who was left behind in the field has gained as much as the one who went out to seek knowledge. This is Sincera’s story.”

Mara opens her eyes with a smile on her face.

“She won’t show us which is which?” I ask.

“No, she won’t! That’s probably the key. It doesn’t really matter.”

“It’s true. It doesn’t really matter. In the end they all gained. In the end it all got even.”

“Actually, it wasn’t a sacrifice on either side,” Mara says, with an even bigger smile. “The sister in the field enjoyed her life as much as the sister in the city did.”

I feel as if I am listening to Jesus telling a parable of Mary and Martha. Our lady from the Seven Stars never fails to amaze me and Mara. This Pleiadian parable of hers may not even be about our past. It may even be about our present, or future.

13. Self-split

How can I be the same after such a session? How can it be that I am still the same? Yet here they are, same old personality, same old conflict, same old doubt.

Despite a phenomenal growth of the trusting part of me over the last few months, the doubting part of me has never gone to space. This doubting part, deeply lodged in the bedrock of my academic training, wonders if Sincera is not much more than a figment of joint imaginations, and the book project a projective overlap of two inflated egos.

This doubting WJ suspects that her teammate Mara has a hidden agenda to promote her own worldview by way of the book. The frowning skeptic always ends a review of the channeling session with “I wonder how clean Mara’s channel is” or “I wonder how trustworthy Sincera’s information is.”

Doubting seems to be my teammate’s hobby, too. Mara doubts my ability to ask questions, and proposes to invite others into our channeling session. Sincera responds, through Mara’s own voice, “It is not the time to get other people involved in this project! You can try, but there is no ear to hear.”

On top of that, Mara doubts my ability to write. And so do I. Sincera speaks to Mara, again through Mara's own voice, "I work with Wen-jie on a different level. Don't doubt her. If you doubt her in this kind of moment, you doubt me."

That said, Mara still doubts me, and I still doubt her. I doubt the whole thing. Meanwhile, I trust the whole thing. What is going on? Between the trusting WJ and the doubting WJ, which one is the real me?

Soon after entering 2007, we meet for a channeling session. This time, Sincera appears to Mara in the color of soft pink and invites me to ask questions.

"Okay, Sincera, I'm going to write the story of Modira and Caval. How does their story develop *after* Ireland?"

I assume that the novel will be about their incarnations all over the world. I could pretend to be this girl Modira, and could use my own feelings to build her character up. But I couldn't pretend that Mara is Caval. She and I never had any romantic feeling for each other, even though we talked about orgies and things.

"After the ..."—Mara seems to be scanning for information—"... I have to go into either one of them ... I go to Caval."

“After they die, they end up in different areas. Because Modira has died with regret, she ends up on a different level after leaving the body. Caval is settling in and creating in the 5th Dimension.”

Modira has died with regret.

The sentence lit up a 1000-watt bulb in my head. I hear a click, the kind of click that happens at key junctures in one’s life. I recall that during our special session in October Sincera said to me, “You died with regret.”

Mara continues channeling Caval’s side of the story.

“He comes back to the same tribe. He is born a star baby. The elders who are in contact with Sincera know that a baby has been born from the 5th Dimension. They call him ‘star baby.’ It is rare for someone to travel from the 5th Dimension to the third. So he is like a great master, who has come back to teach his tribe.

“Let’s see what happens with Modira. Modira is coming later. She is coming into the same tribe, but later. When Caval is an old man, she is a young girl. They feel the attachment as well as the pain of not being on the same level.”

I can feel their pain, he an old man and she a young girl, and the tearing apart in the end when the old man died in the young girl's arms.

“Okay, yeah, yeah ... in Egypt, the whole story ... Oh, the Technos saved, saved in Egypt a lot of things ...”

Egypt?!

“In Egypt, Caval and Modira learned how to manifest. They were husband and wife, brother and sister. They lived liked pharaohs, not the pharaohs we know of today, but the pharaohs who in those days were servants to their people.

“Egypt was a beautiful land, alive with many trees and buildings. Caval and Modira were invited to spend a lifetime there. They were equal partners, completely adjusted to each other. It was very important for them to get acquainted with the technology.”

Mara snaps out of trance and says to me, “Guess what? I'm hungry. Hobbit's in action!” She hops to the kitchen. I stay on the floor, gasping, clutching my surfboard on the tip of a mighty wave. The Hobbit hops back, ready to channel again. Immediately, I fire a question, a poorly formulated question: “Sincera, can you tell me if I was Modira?”

I could have asked more intelligently, “Sincera, what is the relationship between Modira and WJ?”

Mara translates Sincera’s answer: “The true part of you is the true part of Modira, but just the part that is like a light, like a crystal, which cannot change. Anything else around it, like an onion with many layers, is different. Only the crystal core.”

That sounds like a “yes.” I’m not sure that I get what the onion means.

“You have to find your way into yourself. Sincera can guide you, but your true essence has to remember. That will happen if you travel inside yourself, all the way to the core.”

“So what happened to Modira and Caval in Egypt?”

“You were born from the same mother at the same time as twins. You were close to each other throughout your childhood. You were trained since you were very young to support and to guide the people, not to rule. At that stage, there was no such thing as ruling.

“The two of you lived in a great palace. I see a big bed with soft cushions. I see bowls of fruits and nectar, and gardens with animals. I see you dressed in very fine material, two happy children who were much attached to each other. I can

see other people. They were from the star Sirius. They had invited you, two star-seeded humans, to live in their city.”

Two Pleiadian starseeds, she meant.

“You learned meditation, to empty the mind. You did the initiations. You did the initiation of three days in darkness, separated from each other. Regularly you fasted. You held sacred intercourse during the full moon, only during full moon. There was the beautiful Nile and lush vegetation along it. The intercourse of the two starseeds spread an energy over the cultivated fields along the Nile.”

Doesn't sound strange to me at all, a love union with one's twin brother and an intercourse so powerful that its energetic ripples make crops grow.

“The Technos come and go. They do not have family life. They travel through the star gate and do their thing. They can attend to their work as long as the two starseeds are there with them. They need the communication and the energy of the starseeds.”

“How come the Sirian Technos can't do it all? Why do they need these two starseeds there with them?” I ask.

“Because the star-seeded humans have a plan in their genes, in their DNA. The Technos come to fulfill a part of the plan, but they don’t have the whole plan within their genes. Besides, the two starseeds need to be initiated completely.”

I recall the Disneyland metaphor, given to us on September 11 by KTRS/Crunch. The Sirian park and the Pleiadian park were good neighbors—they had exchange programs, so to speak. The Pleiadian park rangers could go explore the Sirian park, could get themselves buried for three days and three nights in the dark, could swim in a pool of crocs, could create orgasmic waves to support the park’s field of crops.

“Do the Technos look like those slender-waisted figures from Egyptian murals?”

“Not really. Remember, Egyptian art has evolved over a long period of time. There are very *few* original images of the Technos kept to this day. The Technos have reddish hair and extended torsos.” Mara gestures for a protruding belly. “And they wear big tall hats.” She stretches her arms toward the ceiling.

The Technos didn’t look like the hawk-headed Horus, or the lion-headed Sekhmet, or the human-headed Isis. All of these deities have one thing in common: slim waist.

Perhaps, the pot-bellied form of Osiris was one original image that had survived the tidal wave of a new pantheon of gods and goddesses that came on shore during the historical era.

Clearly, what Sincera and KTRS/Crunch have been showing us was the pre-historic, pre-dynastic, pre-pharaonic Egypt. The Egypt before Egypt.

“What happened after Egypt?” I continue my questions to Sincera. “Where did Modira and Caval go?”

“Then we go to China, very, very early.”

“China! Oh, tell me more!”

“My head is dizzy. I have to come out.” Mara opens her eyes.

“You came out at a key moment! But welcome back. You must be tired.”

Mara is very tired. After a short break we resume channeling. Sincera says that the China part would be too much for Mara at the moment. But she can answer some simpler questions to complete the information. I ask when the Family of Light was last on Earth in a physical form.

“It’s too complicated for me at the moment. What I can see is that they were in many places besides Ireland. They had landed in numerous places in Europe. They were in China, they were in India, and ... okay, that’s enough.”

Mara comes out and says that Sincera showed her images but it would take a lot of energy to put them in words. Sincera stops whenever she sees Mara reaching her limit.

“I don’t quite understand,” I say to Mara later in the day, sitting side by side on a bus bound for Amsterdam. “Something’s strange about the story of Modira and Caval.”

“What’s strange?”

“You see, after Ireland they had a very happy life in Egypt. So where did the pain go, the pain of separation? And the guilt?”

I feel sure that I’m an end result of an Irish girl’s guilt, not an Egyptian woman’s ecstasy. If the core of Modira is indeed the core of me, this Irish girl and I share the same soul energy and therefore the same guilt. The Irish line makes a lot more sense to me than the Egyptian line.

But the strange thing is, this fantastic story of twins and lovers, sacred intercourse, and three-days-in-darkness feels familiar, as if I had really experienced them. Why is that?

“Maybe you could see them as possible lives, as parallel realities,” Mara replies.

That’s my Mara, Mara the Wise. At a certain point of the soul’s long journey, a self-split must have occurred.

When we came to Earth, we came as one field. This field of light was our original soul, was my ancestral soul. The field went into a process of self-division and became many particles of energy, many sparks of light. One spark became the soul of a whole tribe in Ireland—the tribe of Modira and Caval.

But the self-division of the soul did not end there in the Shire of the Irish Hobbits. The soul went into many different tracks in the timeline so as to maximize the possibility for life experience, like a tree trunk that branches out to get more light, like a river that splits into numerous streams to touch more land. Many sparks must have come out of the spark of Modira and Caval.

One became WJ, one became Mara.

Or, one became WJ and Mara.

It is mid-January. My home phone rings. It is Mara. Her voice sounds different. “I’ve made a decision to go no further with channeling new information. It’s time for you to write the book. If you need help in clarifying details, I can channel for you, but only for clarifying old information.”

“What’s going on, Mara?”

“Nothing. I’ve thought about it and made a decision.”

“Is it your own decision or is it Sincera’s instruction?”

“It’s my own.”

“Shouldn’t we contact Sincera once more just to hear what she has to say?”

“I don’t think so, for the decision has been made.”

Without a real explanation, the polite phone call ends. Later in the day, as I have overcome the initial shock, I realize that a worst-case scenario has become a reality.

Frodo quit.

But he tossed the ring to Sam.

14. Vision or Delusion?

To quit or not to quit?

If I quit, what will happen to our magic ring—the folder of transcriptions? If I don't quit, how will I make it to Mt. Dream without a Frodo-like by my side? The more I think about it, the more I feel this primal wound and ancient pain. I'm abandoned and cut off, again!

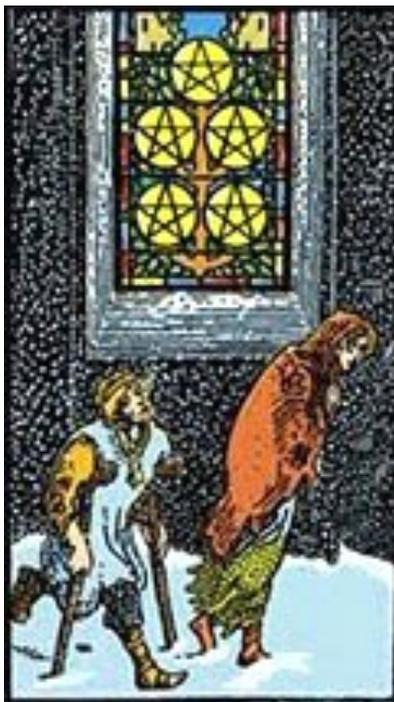
I've to make an SOS call to friends. "It's a test, of your dedication to the task." That's Clémentine's reading. "Mara's job is done; it's time for you to be self-reliant." That's Gaby's take. Deep down, I know my friends are right. Deeper down, I know Mara was right, too. Insatiable is my desire for more information; the book writing may never get started. Mara's sudden change could have been instigated by a higher power, to kick my butt and get me started.

Step away from emotion. What do I see? The dramatic scene doesn't really say "The End"—it rather says "Intermission." Already this far into the road movie, it isn't possible to turn around and go back. Thus I choose not to quit.

But I do need more information. I need to ask Sincera a whole list of questions. I start looking around for someone else in the Netherlands who can channel this Pleiadian being.

Life sends me no one. No one! Life sends me, instead, one persistent message: “Do it yourself!”

DIY? What can a blind 'n' deaf do without a one-eyed cripple by her side to give a sense of direction? The Tarot card “5 of Pentacles” comes alive before my eyes. Outside of a glowing church window, two beggars in rags are struggling through the wintry night: the man is a cripple and the woman is blind. I'm worse off than these two. They, at least, have each other.



But I have something else.

Before this last phone call, Sincera had suggested through Mara's mouth that I make use of cannabis, if I wish to open my door of perception and make clear contact with her.

“Use it only for that purpose, and nothing else! Remember, the plant is sacred, and there is so much misuse and abuse of it in the world.”

Although living in the vicinity of Amsterdam, I've hardly benefited from the city's pride: coffeeshops, where you can order weed the way you order caffè latte. Being a student of Buddhism has for many years prevented me from seeking spiritual aid from psychedelic substances. I have drunk ayahuasca, the visionary brew, a dozen times. But it was in the setting of shamanic group ritual, and it was a medicine.

And I have smoked weed a number of times in the company of lovers for fun. So I know what cannabis is and how to powder the leaves. But I have no habit of smoking weed, let alone smoking weed on my own.

Now Sincera's suggestion sounds reasonable, and my predicament begs me to resort to any means. I am desperate. Let's do it! This'll be a new adventure—to make a sacred plant journey all by myself.

Before our tragic split, Mara had given me a tiny bag of weed, at Sincera's suggestion. The weed had been grown in a private garden with loving care. Grown as a sacred plant, this is not some trashy stuff from a coffeeshop. From seed to seed, it has been honored throughout its life cycle. I hope the honored weed will honor my wish. I wish to break free from my mind.

With many prayers, I begin my sacred plant journey the night of a dark moon at home, in the company of my iPod.

I sort out the seeds and offer them to Mother Earth. I powder the leaves and put a wee bit into a pipe that I've bought especially for tonight's journey at the shop named Chimera near Dam Square.

Sitting on the floor, I begin a meditation in silence and stillness. This dark-moon night happens to be a stormy night, with howling winds and raging rains. But the dramatic weather conditions didn't prevent me from attaining inner peace. After a while of still sitting, I sense an impulse to move. I pick up the pipe, flick the lighter, and inhale the smoke.

Gosh, what a weed! It burns my throat and chest. Two inhalations of this weed are all it takes to get out of the prison of my mind. In just a few minutes, I am outside the dense-matter reality, outside the ordinary state of consciousness.

At first, I feel a powerful love in my heart for Sincera. But a thick veil hangs before my face. I'm inside a dark mass and don't see anything at all. The dark "curtain" then gives way to some faint colors. As the veil dissolves, it reveals more and more colors. The colors multiply at an incredible speed. In a short while, my head is filled with colors, gazillions of colors.

Amidst this orgy of colors, I see, at the tip of my nose, a beautiful bird wing, with colors much more intense than those of peacock feathers. So gigantic is the feathered wing that all I can see is a tiny fraction of this thing, this being, to which the wing belongs, who is less than an inch away from my face.

It is *on* my face.

It is on my face the way a boyfriend is, in the act of kissing. But it is not a manlike creature, or a man of the ghostly sort. Overwhelming as it is, I can sense that this is an otherworldly being, a chimera made of bird, insect, beast, and something else.

This bird/insect/beast has set out to mate with me! He thrusts his enormous force in between my legs, into my torso, all the way to the top of my head. The male creature is pounding, thrashing, and pulsating within my flesh. I feel I am going to die at such a full-bodied penetration.

“Sincera, help me! I’m mating with a nonhuman! He’s many times bigger than me and his face I can’t see!”

Right away there comes a thought that says, “You are safe. Just let the energy pass through you. Don’t fight it.”

So far, I’ve been trembling on the floor, hanging on to the iPod, reporting like a dutiful television anchor, “live from space,” on space sex and space violence.

The thought turns my fear around. No longer resisting the chimera being, I let his enormous “penis” go through me, all the way through the crown of my head. He’s not killing me, or raping me. He’s just going through me, for whatever reason.

As my fear turns into trust, the pain in my body is gone. My voice is changing. I am speaking to the iPod in a different tone, no longer the tone of a victim.

“I can speak to you. I am you. I am you, speaking to yourself. I am speaking to myself. I am you. I am Sincera.”

Gasping for air, I feel that a different force is in the process of taking over my body. This massive but non-aggressive force starts to speak through my voice to me.

“This is how you can know me. Just by being you, you can know me. And you can trust that I am here, because it is a love energy that wants you to go on. It will carry you after you die.”

By now, the bird/insect/beast is gone, and a warm current is running through. I’m floating in a sea of formlessness, feeling serene and happy, because my struggling body is gone.

Moments later, I’m flying in the universe, flying past planets, moons, asteroids, and stars. At first, I’m zooming by them. Then, they’re zooming through me.

A bundle of energies is rushing through, similar to what happened with the winged creature a while ago. The strength and enormity of this bundle is something my body cannot handle. Again, I feel I’m going to die. I’m going to die in space.

Suddenly I see these bundled energies are the consciousnesses of planets! Each planet has a consciousness and each consciousness is a wave of energy. Jupiter and Mercury, Mars and Venus, Saturn and Neptune ... all are pulsating through my body as strands of vibrating waves. An enormous astronomical rope, braided with strands of planetary consciousness, is running through my flesh as a river of lights.



P.S. The river of lights looks like this image I found on the web.

I see how planet Earth is nurtured by this nexus of planetary consciousnesses.

I see the interconnectedness of all that exists in the universe. I am a part of Indra's Net, where one façade of one diamond reflects all façades of all diamonds.

I see Brahman, the Source, in the middle, and the different layers of creation, which we call "gods," all around. The gods, or stars, are running through my flesh as streams of energy waves. My flesh is their waves.

I see that I have been channeling for my home base in the Pleiadian stars, reporting to home what it is like to be living on Earth, and uploading my earthly experiences to the central library on the central star, Alcyone.

I see I am an agent of the Pleiadians, and I am an agent of the Gaians. I am a two-way communicator, a double agent working for a noble cause.

Rafting on a river of lights, I feel nauseated as if seasick. My stomach is churning like sea waves, but there is nothing to vomit up. The nausea goes away. What takes place inside my head is an explosion of forms, a nuclear blast of images with no sound—a silent big bang.

After the big bang eases off, after the dust of pictures is settled, emerging in my sight is a singular human figure standing in a green field. I walk toward the figure. It is a young female in tribal clothes. I walk closer. Ah, this is the girl from Stone Age Ireland—this is Modira!

I see she is none other than me.

Waking up in the morning, I go straight to the desk. In a few minutes, my pen whips out an entire outline of Modira's story: the major events in her life, the connecting links, the dramatic turns, the highs and lows, and the final climax, vivid as movie scenes, as if a scriptwriter in my head is dictating a screenplay.

As my pen comes to a stop, a sketch of Modira's story has materialized on two sides of a paper in handwritten letters. I get it. This is how Sincera works with the filmmaker: not in

the flat linear language of words but in the non-linear, multidimensional language of cinema.

As the morning goes on, the ordinary state of consciousness returns. By mid-afternoon, I am back to being the same old WJ, hearing the same old inner debate.

One side of the debate wonders if last night's experience was not much more than a hallucination. Playing back the iPod recording, I feel a deep disappointment at myself. Compared with Mara's calm and orderly manner, my channeling, if it was channeling at all, sounds extremely emotional and chaotic. I was flying all over the place, a space cadet, not a channeler.

The other side of the debate insists that those profound experiences are to be trusted, and that my consciousness was quite possibly flying among planets and stars. Also possible that a real bird was mating with me or merging with me, a real bird in a parallel reality of magic. The bird helper blazed the way and got me out there.

What about the state where I spoke as Sincera to myself? It could be wishful thinking, or it could be the same state as her blending with Mara. Is there any difference between her blending with Mara and her blending with me?

Not willing to settle for an easy self-affirmation, I decide to take another journey, two weeks later, the night of the full moon. Again, just two inhalations of the same super weed get me to the other side.

I feel a cleansing force sucking out all negative vibes stored in my body. A pillar of light shoots up along my spine, and I see my Light Body, my Diamond Body, being identical to the body of Amita Buddha, the Buddha of Infinite Light.

I am Amita Buddha. I am God. I am the Great Feminine, tai yin, embraced by the Great Masculine, tai yang. With this ultimate union, I am returning to the Great One, tai chi. I am the Great One.



My body begins to sway like a snake, driven by the kundalini wave rising along my spine. The upward force is so strong that my body trembles uncontrollably. The terrible nausea is back in my chest; meanwhile, an energy is bubbling in my throat like a hot spring. I remember that my goal is to contact Sincera.

“Am I in touch with you?”

“Yes, you are,” a thought verifies.

My voice starts to speak, now from me to me.

“You are safe where you are. You can trust. You can just open your mouth and then you speak my voice. Because I am your Higher Self. I am you. You can hear my voice because you can hear your own voice, because your own voice is my voice. It is the voice of light. It is that universal energy impelling me to speak.”

The pulsation in my throat makes me remember the blindness of my sight. I am about to go down the track of remorse and self-pity when out of the dark nothingness a spark of light appears. The light is coming forth, and is expanding at a steady pace. Approaching me is an abstract form in multiple shades of light. This brilliant abstract form is her, Sincera.

The abstract form wants me to know that it is Sincera.

Sincera appears as a sphere of light, its core white, its rays rainbow-like. The sphere enters me, or I enter the sphere. We overlap, we blend, we fuse. Yet, she is she, and I am me. Her presence is so great that my body starts to shake. The she in

me is breaking down all boundaries, all limitations, all shackles, all prison walls, and all lies.

I'm trembling and fluttering in the joy of destruction. I'm diving and soaring on a cosmic whirlwind. My voice loses control and leaps out like a frenzied shaman ...

Ding, dong, ding!

The bells of the clock tower wake me up from a deep sleep, scenes of last night's journey vivid in my head. Daylight pulls me back to my mundane reality, and back to my daily routine. There it is, the inner debate. It comes on automatically, like a TV show set on a timer.

The inner debate is between a con side and a pro side in front of a large audience. The con side, a professor in suit and tie, kicks off the debate in a harsh tone.

“Can you, can anyone, take such drug-induced hallucinations, well, you call visions, seriously?”

The pro side, a naive believer in T-shirt and jeans, doesn't know how to answer.

“I'd encourage you to keep a modest perspective, especially on yourself.” The professor charges on.

“Do you think that the greatest souls among us, Jesus and Siddhartha for example, would ever hear themselves say I am God, I am Buddha? Do you?”

The professor is a theologian from Harvard Divinity School.

The T-shirt side stays speechless.

“Let me ask you, how do you know that this ‘star being’ called Sincera is for real? Let’s assume she is what she says she is, and let’s assume she is your Higher Self, what does it imply? It implies that you are a master of some sort. But look at you!”

The college girl in the T-shirt drops her chin.

“Beware of a Spiritual Ego!” The theologian now speaks with the affection of a priest. “Ah, please, don’t feel bad, my child! This happens to every newcomer in the field of spirituality.”

Tears run down the girl’s cheeks.

15. The Hidden China

Facing me is a sheet of paper, with the sketch of Modira's story written on two sides. I sit at the desk, paralyzed by fear.

I used to feel like this, long ago, in the distant days of my childhood. My father made it a practice to make me repeat his stories and write his essays. And Father made it a practice to beat my hand with a stick to make up for the points I had missed in scoring the perfect 100 on school tests.

He disciplined me as his missing son, the way he had been disciplined and punished by his father, headmaster of a middle school. He crafted me as a means to fulfill his ambition, as many Chinese parents did and still do, in the name of love.

A thick mass, black as ink, heavy as lead, holds me like an insect encased in a chunk of dirty amber. Time wants to flow back. Back to that moment of captivity and return life to a petrified body. Fossilized pain, ossified terror, none can withstand the heat of a burning desire. A desire to tell. To tell something long buried beneath the crust of negligence. A frozen seed inside earth, waiting to feel the first breath of spring—a story.

Not Father's story, not his story.

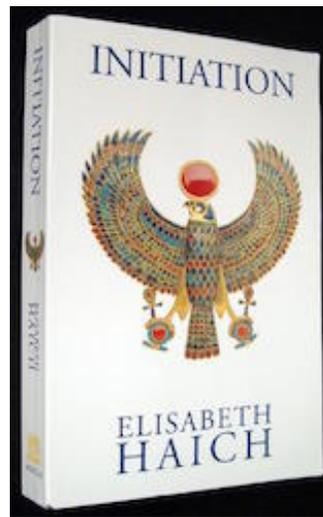
My story.

To tell the story, there is only one way: to go there, to the torture cell of the dark past and free the storyteller.

I've booked a roundtrip to China. I hope my fatherland will be able to lure the first word out of the first-time novelist. For some reason, the novelist refuses to sit still and write in her nest in Nederland. Could be that her nest sits on a land lower than the sea.

I remember, before our tragic split, Mara had urged me to read a book on past life in ancient Egypt, titled *Initiation*, by Elisabeth Haich. I resisted Mara's suggestion, thinking that the book could be a New Age pulp fiction. But I do need a book for the long flight from Amsterdam to Hong Kong.

I go to the American Book Center at Spui Square. As my eyes set on the book, I feel an electric current shooting through my chest. "Oh my, these colors look just like those of the bird creature that was mating with me!" In my hand is an antique image of Horus—a falcon with spread wings.



Reading *Initiation* in an Airbus is an initiation in itself. High above earth, inside the belly of a metallic bird, I'm getting euphoric from devouring book pages. This is the first spiritual autobiography that arouses me in such a wholesome manner. I feel I am reading the memoir of someone I know, someone I could even call a sister.

Now comes the chapter in which Haich recounts her life as a young artist living in pre-war Budapest. She had borrowed a book on yoga from an Indian friend. Upon arriving home, she was astonished to see that in her hands was not the yoga book but a different book bearing another title. Inside the modern cover were antique pages full of traces of worms. How strange! She decided to give the changeling a read. The ancient manuscript spoke about the existence of a hidden spiritual order, as old as Earth itself.

The order's mission is to help humanity climb out of chaos. Without an externally visible form, the order is constantly taking in neophytes, who came into contact with the order without actually knowing anything about it. This "coming into contact" occurs when a person reaches a level of development where he makes a decision to completely give up his own person and to dedicate his life to alleviating the sufferings of others.

After the initial contact in the invisible plane, this person is put on a probation period. For seven long years he was left on his own, without any contact with the order, to pass through one after another test. If he passes the tests in spite of being entirely on his own and he still sticks to his decision, he is considered ready for his task and accepted within the order.

The tasks for the neophytes vary. Some work in public, others behind the scenes. Some roam the countryside as beggars, others are very rich. Sometimes they enjoy tremendous popularity; at other times they may live in abject misery. They receive their assignments, but they must figure out for themselves how to carry them out in complete awareness of the responsibility they bear for their each and every act.

Anyone who does not recognize his work as his own personally chosen task but tries to unload this responsibility on another member of the order, or to make it appear that he is acting on the instruction of the order—such a person is a traitor and instantly loses all contact with the order. He does not know, however, that he has lost contact and can go on

for years believing that he is a co-worker within the order. Such persons are used by the order to test other people.

Members of the order are restricted to persons who are completely self-reliant and able to resist influence. The order's members must be persons who always—in life and death—follow their own deepest conviction and act accordingly! This is because the members hear the order's message in their own hearts, as their own profoundest convictions!

Elisabeth Haich was shaken to the core of her being by these words. So am I. These words, fallen like manna from the sky at a crucial moment, entered our desert realities by way of utterly bizarre coincidences. They do send us confirmations! For Haich, confirmation came by way of a wrong book. For me, by way of a right book, which Mara had insisted that I read.

My fatherland China has grown to show more and more Chinese characteristics of the Matrix, with Money replacing Mao as the new emperor of the 21st century.

The red emperor's spirit lives on, however, not in those silly little Mao charms that people hang inside their cars, but in the masses' intelligent, diligent, and militant way of working and moving in unison toward the old Maoist dream of a new totalitarian super state.

Few people realize that this fanatic communist leader, who had kept the country tightly sealed inside an ideological bunker through his three-decade reign of terror, had in fact done the perfect job of preparing the red China for black capitalism.

The red lord had held his subjects in abject poverty for so long that when he died and the lid was lifted the oppressed hungry ghosts all leaped into the light of personhood, demanding their human rights for material comfort, material abundance, material luxury, and material excess.

Mao had uprooted their souls from the spiritual soil, closed off their hearts and minds with endless struggles, purges, and campaigns, and broken their will to question, to doubt, to protest, let alone to rebel, against the real oppression.

Mao had perfected us Chinese as the best kind of slaves on the global labor market: hardworking, never complaining, but always fighting among ourselves. And the best kind of consumers: driven by an acute Post-Poverty Stress Disorder, to buy, buy, and buy.

I don't see how this socialist empire has in any fundamental way changed. The red pyramid of totalitarian control hasn't suffered any earthquake, just a few stones fallen off the surface, due to weathering.

I don't see how the generation wearing Nikes and gaming on iPhones would ever feel a need to rally at Tiananmen Square, as we did in 1989, to call, to shout, to sing out their soul's desire for freedom, for truth.

And I don't see how a Neolithic personality like Modira could ever fit in a massive herd racing after billboard images of Digital Age success.

After an overdose of matter, a preponderance of matter, I escape from the wonder city Shenzhen (which was Deng Xiaoping's first window to the world market economy), not far from Hong Kong, and make my way into the quietude of a Taoist mountain in my native province, Sichuan.



The Secular City, Shenzhen 深圳



The Sacred Mountain, Qingcheng 青城山

On the grounds of the ancient temples of Mount Green City, breathing in the spirited air of the immortals' cave and picking tealeaves with monks and nuns in the hillside field, I hear the ethereal melody from above the clouds and smell the delicate scent of homecoming down on earth. The hidden China, the China who is flying in a different direction in an esoteric sky, opens his wings and welcomes me in.

There, at a portal to heaven, at a birthplace of the Taoist religion, there, on a balcony overlooking a tranquil valley, high above the hot noises of the China in the news, the first sentence of my Irish story is born.

“Light has weight,” writes my pen in the notebook.

More words flow out. Words become sentences, sentences become paragraphs, and paragraphs become pages. After a few hours of losing myself in a white cloud, an account of Modira's day before her rite of passage has manifested in blue ink on white paper.

I don't know why the first sentence came to be such an odd one, for light shouldn't have any weight. But this task of light feels weighty on my shoulders, and I am terrified of failing it. “Nobody is allowed to read this notebook,” I say to myself. “Not even you!” If what I've written is pure crap, the trick to keep me going, I figure, is to not look back at all.

What keeps me going is not only esoteric China and mythic Ireland but also magical Egypt.

The Horus-covered book is my sole companion in the small and bare room that I rented from the monastery Quanzhen Guan (namely, Temple of Truth 全真观). Having lived in a Chinese Buddhist nunnery during my dissertation research, I am used to the fullness of monastic emptiness. In a retreat place like this, a book suffices, a book like *Initiation*, plus a notebook and pen.

A mirror book is what *Initiation* offers me. I could see a lot of myself, actual and ideal, in this mirror made five decades ago by a woman from the distant European country of Hungary.

Haich's lifetime in Egypt would be later than Modira's lifetime in Egypt, perhaps one millennium later. The Egypt of Haich was the historical Egypt—an infiltrated Egypt, at least in the social aspect. The spiritual teachings as presented by Haich seem still pure then.

This mirror book of Haich helps me make a personal breakthrough with two of its insights:

1) The higher you go in your initiation, the lower you fall (if you fall). In one lifetime, Haich was a princess in a royal palace. In another lifetime, Haich was a beggar on the streets.

2) Wisdom has to be attained by way of experience. The real initiation takes place in life itself. The real mystery rites are life scenarios themselves. My life is my initiation.

As I come to the last page of Haich's autobiography, I come to the end of my stay on Mt. Qingcheng, a mountain I had been coming to since I was in my mother's womb, a mountain I suspect to have served as a doorway through which I came into my mother's womb.

My Taoist mountain had many names in the past. One name was Mt. Sky Valley (Tiangu Shan 天谷山). My Sky Valley, or I could say, my Sky Vulva has just helped me birth the first chapter of my Pleiadian book.

With a half-filled notebook and a modest pride, I return to my parents' house in the city of Chengdu, only an hour's drive from the mountain. Mom and Dad are delighted to see their nomadic daughter home. But they are worried about the bleak financial future she's writing herself into.

"With your English and your Harvard PhD, you could easily get a high position in a top foreign company," Mom advises on

behalf of both, as Dad is too ill to give a clear speech. “So why don’t you consider moving back to China?”

To sell Gucci bags and Rolex watches? No way!

My hometown, Chengdu 成都, capital of the ancient Kingdom of Shu 蜀, is now a mega metropolis of ten million people. An archeological discovery in 2001 pushed the city’s datable history back by one millennium, to 1000 BC.



The Chengdu Plain in 1000 BC



The Chengdu Plain in 2006 AD

Back then, the vast Chengdu Plain was a sea of pristine forest, and the center of human settlements a bustling city founded on a spiritual culture under the leadership of shamanic priests. At that point in the timeline, this plain was a different planet, its people a different species.

I rush to the just-opened Jinsha Museum, built at the site of the archeological discovery. What I see there on display is a “post-infiltration civilization” (my terminology). I see a Bronze Age civilization of infiltrated human beings, divided by classes and ruled by kings.

Within the framework of hierarchy and patriarchy, there flourished a spiritual culture of cosmic awareness. It was in the Age of the Sun that the Jinsha culture of the ancient Shu thrived. In the solar consciousness of the ancient Shu, the sun was sacred, the sun was a spirit.

Hailed as the finest artifact from the Jinsha excavation, the so-named “Jinsha Sun Bird 金沙太阳鸟” quickly became the new symbol for my hometown Chengdu, and the new logo of the national agency, China Cultural Heritage.



The delicate gold foil, the size of a tea-cup plate, depicts a sun in motion with 12 rays, surrounded by 4 birds.

The conscious choice of this sun-bird image to represent all of China's cultural heritage must have come out of a Chinese Collective Unconscious that recognized, though did not understand, the symbolic meaning of the sun in association with the bird.

I must go through this golden layer of the Sun Age, back to an earlier era, to find traces of Modira and Caval. They had a lifetime in early China, as Sincera revealed in the last channeling. Their lifetime might have been in Neolithic China, might have even been in Neolithic Sichuan.

If not, why was I born a WJ in Sichuan, and not a Tsering in the neighboring land of Tibet?

The phone rings.

It's my new friend Chengsheng, a Taoist nun I just met at the Temple of Truth on the mountain. Close in age and close in spirit, we two became friends within a day.

"Just after you left, two pilgrims came," Chengsheng says on the phone. "I strongly feel that you should meet them. They will be in a hotel in Chengdu tomorrow."

"Okay, I'll go meet them," I answer, somewhat doubtful.

The next afternoon, with a bag of fruits in hand, I go to their hotel, a dingy hotel on the outskirts of Chengdu. I think about excuses I could use to get myself out soon. I've waited for a while before they come back to the hotel, two middle-aged women from the northern province of Henan.

They are nice. But they are peasants. As a field anthropologist, I always enjoy talking to peasants. As an armchair intellectual, however, I am bored with peasants.

I have to be polite to them. We sit down on the beds, peel some apples, and start chatting about little things. It must have been an hour before I draw a conclusion that the two country folks in this shabby hotel room are neither morons nor charlatans—they really are pilgrims, and they do possess the ability to channel.

With the arrival of a series of hiccups, the older woman named Zhao enters a trance state. Eyes closed, head slightly trembling, Zhao says that she can see my past.

She sees that I have fallen from the realm of *wusheng laomu* 无生老母 (meaning Unbegotten Old Mother) and have been on the Taoist and Buddhist paths for several lifetimes.

Um, “Mother” I can relate to. I came from her realm, as we all did. But “Old Mother” doesn’t sound very attractive. Perhaps this name *laomu* refers to the Original Mother, Ageless Mother, Eternal Mother, or Grand Mother, i.e. the Goddess. That would make sense.

I confess to Zhao my problem of being unable to channel. She then teaches me a method of automatic drawing, which might help free up the blocked energy.

Zhao then gives me a list of folk deities to make contact with. I knew these deities by name, being a scholar of Chinese religions, but never took their names seriously because I was too much of an elite to believe in that folk worship stuff.

The younger woman named Yang looks at the automatic drawing I’ve just produced and says, “This looks like a bird—a fire bird. Maybe this image means that you have a bird guide, associated with fire.”

A bird, a fire bird. The only fire bird that comes to my mind is that mythical creature rising from the ashes, the phoenix. But a real phoenix, able to guide me?

Yang explains to me that correspondence with the spirit world comes by many means: through sight, through hearing, and through bodily sensation (that is, clairvoyance, clairaudience,

and clairvoyance). Some people communicate with the spirits with their inner eye and ear, some with their whole body.

“Your ability to channel,” Yang continues, her eyes gazing deep into mine, “could well be located in your body, and in the heart especially. You sense it, you feel it, the spirit, with the chest part of your body. When you sense a message coming into your heart from the spirit realm, you should immediately accept it. You should never doubt it, never doubt it!”

From time to time in my adventurous life, I would meet special people on the road and go on a talking spree for hours on end. This evening, I’ve witnessed trance-mediumship done Chinese folk style, and communed with two messengers for six hours without even a bathroom break!

It was not talking but channeling, the way we spoke with hearts so wide open. What else could it be—three women, standing face to face in a hotel room, at 3 o’clock in the morning?

Only the blind doesn’t see that I’ve been given two teachers disguised in cheap Chinese peasant clothes who, in a few hours, taught me more than two Harvard professors in posh suits could in a few years.

There are two Chinas, I discovered, one in the spotlight, one in the shadow.

The shadow China hides in the mountains, in village alleyways, in rice paddies and bamboo groves. This spiritual China is not identical to those Taoist temples, Buddhist monasteries, or Confucian shrines glowing with a China Cultural Heritage halo (and making serious money from mass tourism). Because this shadow spiritual has no halo. It has no institution, no center, no clergy, no hierarchy, and no title.

This hidden China hides in the hearts of people who still remember the way of the Mother, people who live and die in close connection to the earth, people who form the backbone of the nation—the peasants, the country dwellers, the “pagans.”

The pagan China is her China, the Old Mother’s China. Who would have guessed, as I got on the plane from Amsterdam to Hong Kong, that I would be taken on a sky dive, into the deep earth, into the grassroots folk tradition of hers?

Now I know, the PRC is much more powerful than that superpower on the BBC, CNN, and CCTV news. And the land of the Communist Party is the land of the Goddess, still.

But I am homesick for that Goddess land out in the sea. Pacing on the soil of my fatherland, China, I can feel my heart aching, actually bleeding, for my motherland, Ireland.

Tears won't stop each time I hear that quintessential Irish voice of Christy Moore singing "Magic Nights in the Lobby Bar" on my iPod:

*I am the blood of Éireann
spilled in a lonely cave.*

*And I am the flower of Ireland
adrift on the ocean wave.*

16. Declan vs. Caval

That day in August 2006, after Mara and I parted in the morning in Sligo, I lost my way in the afternoon on the streets of Ballina in County Mayo. He was talking to someone by a newsstand, and he offered me a ride to Céide Fields.

The ride got extended a day later to Connemara, in County Galway, and two days later, to the Burren, in County Clare. The ride kept being extended, from county to county, from month to month. Every few weeks, the charming Irish voice on the phone would invite me to fly out of Amsterdam over the Irish Sea. We'd have some magic days wandering through *Tír na nÓg*, the Land of Youth, and I'd fly back to the Land of Mara and Sincera with new questions and new desires.

He didn't know he was sent to be my chauffeur. In the following months, he did manage to bring me to the northern end and the southern end of this island continent; he did take me to cairns and dolmens besides castles and restaurants.

This sounds almost Caval-ly! But the thing is, after bringing out the angel in each other we would bring out the demon, after sailing through spring breeze we would clash as a thunderstorm.

In a channeling session back in Holland, I asked our Pleiadian guide, Sincera, if this problematic man of Ireland had anything to do with our book project. Sincera replied that she had in fact asked the soul of this man to help, and his soul agreed. “But how you choose to get involved on the personal level is your own choice.”

I wish she had said, “I have nothing to do with this guy. You stay away from him!”

You see, he isn’t your cliché Irishman. Declan, half sheep and half wolf, half saint and half devil, resembles nobody but himself in the tribe of modern Celtic males—an Irishman who doesn’t drink. But he does bet on horses, it turns out, and is seriously in debt, like the rest of the country, to EU. A farmer’s son, a Catholic businessman, Declan needs me as a mother, wants me as a whore, and worships me as a nun.

He doesn’t pray for me—he prays to me.

Why him, of all men in Mayo, to meet me on my way to “Cagey” Fields? As if I was predestined to walk past this newsstand and he was predestined to stand there. As if we had known each other from before: we might have been brother and sister, chieftain and priestess, or monk and nun in various episodes of Ireland’s history.

But the tragic thing is, this special man has no special feeling for the New Stone Age. Declan loves euros, not stones.

Finally it hit me that to reach Caval I must bypass Declan. I must cut my karmic entanglement with a Celtic man in order to meet a pre-Celtic man. What this pre-Celtic man looks like I can't be sure, but he definitely has long hair and long temper, and he definitely isn't an uncontrollable control freak.

Having let go of the crutch of Mara, sadly, I must let go of the crutch of Declan. My three-month trip to China, far away from Europe, brought home to me a cruelest truth—this Chinese flower of Ireland has to drift on the ocean wave on her own.

On a sunny day in May, after visiting my fatherland, I set out on a solo journey to visit my motherland. I go to Ireland alone, without a male invitation or a female companion, in search of a Neolithic couple—Modira and Caval.

On the flight from Amsterdam to Dublin, I keep thinking about this famous couple of Celtic legends: Diarmuid and Gráinne. I guess in every Irish girl's heart there is a lady Gráinne. Roaming the country, sleeping in dolmens, meadows, and caves, pursued by a jealous royal husband, for you have run away from your own wedding at the Hill of Tara with a handsome lad—who wouldn't want that?

How would I compare the love between Gráinne and Diarmuid with the love between Modira and Caval? The story of the Celtic pair (the Celtic triangle, actually) begins in guilt and ends in sorrow, a “love” driven by selfish passion and devoid of selfless caring. Greed, jealousy, vengefulness—ingredients of modern drama—play leading roles. No comparison.

I just read the novel, *Bard*, by Morgan Llywelyn, a novel I chanced upon by coincidence in China’s first capitalist city, Shenzhen, of all places.

With the Druid bard, Amergin, as the central character, this masterful novel is built on the classic oral tale of the invasion of Milesian Gaels from Spain into Ireland by battling with Tuatha Dé Danann. This was the third battle of Dé Danann. Defeated in the battle, Dé Danann receded to the underworld, to the fairy realm. Ireland came under the rule of the Gaelic Celts during the first millennium BC.

I’d imagine that Celtic invaders in the age of bronze and iron weaponry brought to Ireland not only a whole new range of behaviors but also a whole new range of emotions, since before their landing on the Irish shore hierarchy, patriarchy, slavery, and war had been norms of their social life.

Crossing over the Irish Sea, I'm flying backward through six millennia of time to meet the pre-Celtic people of Ireland, more specifically, to meet a Neolithic pair.

For this time travel, I have two objectives clear in mind.

- 1) Search externally, to find Modira's traces in the landscape.
- 2) Search internally, to find Modira's core within my soul.

This time, I have my own rental car, a red Mitsubishi, which I name Scarlet. This time, I take the driver's seat, though I'm not so good at maneuvering a stick shift or keeping to the left side of hilly, windy country lanes.

After a long and nervous cross-country drive, I pull into the driveway of Muriel Gardiner. I knock on the door of a house so dear to my heart. Delighted to see me back, the Irish mother offers her best vacant room to a person she now calls "friend." Muriel asks me about Mara. I tell her Mara is fine. I can still see Mara sitting there in the storage room and channeling information from Sincera to me. Oh, how I miss her!

To respect the exceptional sun, I decide to drop off the luggage and hike up the holy hill at the back of Muriel's house. I take the same road that Mara and I took to retrace our footsteps.

On this brilliant spring day, my sacred hill Carrowkeel appears as a totally different personality, exuberant and forthcoming like a Riverdancer. Today, there is no Mara, no mist, and no rain, just me, myself, and I against a strong wind. Today, there is no fear, no determination to die if necessary, just a need to be Modira for a while.

Suppose this is Modira's climb to the site of her death. What is she feeling then?

I can imagine Caval on my left, holding my hand and climbing in sync with my legs. Silently and calmly, we walk up the hill to meet our death, to begin our voyage. Behind us, our tribe is following; ahead of us, Sincera and her seven companions are waiting. The sun reveals vivid details of the grasses and pebbles I am about to set foot on.

Suddenly, a force stops my legs and spins my torso around. I see the splendid world I shall soon leave behind: the fields and lakes, the rivers and hills, my woods, my valley, my village, my home on Earth.

A yearning arises in my belly, a yearning to become one with this land before my eyes and with this lad by my side. So strong the yearning is that it stops the whole movement of the world, as if time is there no more, only space remains.

I stand on the slope, not sure whether I'm Modira or I'm WJ, not sure whether I'm really going to die or just pretending. For a moment I can't even tell which century I'm in.

In a confused state, I arrive at the hilltop of Carrowkeel. Last time Mara and I were here, I had no clue that the death scene had to do with me! I was worried about Mara dropping dead in the process. Over the months, as piece after piece of the puzzle was handed to us, I got the picture straight: it was Caval's death that Mara was simulating here; it was Modira's death that Mara was describing to me.

But I want to find the exact spot of the death scene. Mara didn't point it out. She just said that it happened in this area, and this area is a vast plain.

Let me check from cairn to cairn. I crawl into the first cairn, Cairn G. Cairn G has the peculiar feature of a sun window, like the cairn of Newgrange. But Cairn G is aligned with the summer solstice sunset, the polar opposite to Newgrange's winter-solstice-sunrise alignment.



At the end of Cairn G's short passage, I find three small chambers laid out like a three-leaf clover, just as I've expected. The interior is old and evocative. This could have been the original form that the cairn of Newgrange had evolved from. But the cairn was certainly not made for a one-time burial, as its elaborate structure suggests multiple uses and purposes.

So, this is not it.

I walk up the slope, bypass the second cairn, and come to the third and the largest cairn, Cairn K. This is the cairn in which Barbara and I sat and meditated two and a half years ago. This is the cairn by which Mara and I sat and channeled almost a year ago. The little stone circle that Mara and I made as an altar for Sincera is still there on the ground!

I crawl into Cairn K. The inside hasn't changed a bit. This time, I go into the central recess and sit where Barbara has sat. Today, no urge for orgy, no stream of images, and no sign of communication, only a thought in my head that says, "You have enough information."

Coming out of Cairn K, I feel a mounting disappointment at my psychic disability. My heart is heavy, my mind cloudy. I walk up to the tip of this heap of limestone chunks and look at the vast hilltop, which is a sea of heather field.

Ah, there it is, the nipple/airport hill with a cairn at her slightly tilted front end. There she is, the mystery hill, looking just as important as she did on that November day in 2004, but even more indecipherable in my eyes now.



The Nipple / Airport Hill as Seen From Cairn K

She's called me back to Ireland, twice. She's made my yearning twice as big, and twice as painful. The pain of a psychic handicap is something the likes of Mara can never understand, but the likes of Yeats can (poor W. B. had to go through his psychic wife Georgie to talk to the spirits).

Sensing the return of remorse, I withdraw my gaze from the mystery hill and look down at the sea of heather at my feet. In the midst of the purple brown, some light-gray stones are sticking out. I go have a look.



View From Cairn K



The Cist and Cairn K



The Cist

As I get close, I see that these light-gray stones are enormous. They are four slabs of limestone, forming a rectangular box half buried in the bog soil.

The stone cist seems to be the last unmovable part of what used to be a full cairn. Too large and too heavy, these four were spared of the tragic fate of being quarried away, while their companions went into exile, into field fences and house walls and who knows what else.

As I am taking photos of this badly disfigured ruin and lamenting the mass destruction of megalithic sites in the Industrial Age, I recall that my German artist messenger, Barbara, had taken me to see a cist. We sat in the cist and chatted. I remember Barbara said to me that she felt good inside the small boxed-in space. This could be that cist.

Now, a different thought enters my mind and says, “This boxed-in space could have contained a body.”

It does look like a coffin!

I step into the box and lie down on the grass. From head to toe, a body slightly taller than mine would fit in comfortably. I look at the sky above, and can easily feel another body looking the same way, skyward, from this spot on the bog soil.

Could this be it?

Not wishing to draw a hasty conclusion, I decide to check out the interior of the second cairn, Cairn H, the one sadly missing her top. It was by this cairn that Mara and I felt a sudden change of emotion from fear to trust. But I cannot crawl far, for the roof has collapsed just two to three meters into the passage.

Well, none of the three cairns appears to be the one, for they all have the passage-chamber structure, indicating multiple usages over generations of time. The cairn of Modira and Caval was supposed to be a simple one-time burial mound: a heap of stones covering a dolmen-like core.

Thus, only the box on the ground has a chance.

If the box is indeed the core of Modira and Caval's cairn, if Modira is indeed my soul in a Neolithic body, and if the box is indeed the cist where Barbara and I sat in 2004, it would mean that this complete German stranger, whom I met at a therapy workshop, who had no foreknowledge whatsoever, brought me to the site of my own death!

And it would mean that this Dutch stranger, whom I met at a shamanic workshop, who for whatever reason wanted to conquer her fear of flying and her dread for hiking, came all the way to this hilltop in a remote island to tell me, "This was your own grave!"

How could it be?

How could it work in such a simple-minded way? How could the mysterious mechanism of karma and reincarnation operate in such a lean, swift, and self-serving manner?

Sitting by the second cairn, I can't tell whether I'm lost or I'm found. My search seems to be fruitful, but alas, open-ended.

Out of the blue there comes a tidal wave. I burst out wailing. Wailing, wailing, and wailing. As if I am looking at Caval, who is lying beneath this heap of stones, as if I am looking at my own tomb from 6000 years ago. Since no one is around, I'm free to let loose, to wail and speak.

“My love, it was here that I lost you. It is here that I am still lost without you!

“I have managed to come this close to you in space, and yet, you seem so far away in time. Can you show me how I can cross the distance of time and meet you in space?

“I have searched for you for centuries, for millennia! I have searched every corner of the earth for a trace of your presence. I will do anything, everything, if it lets me hold your hand one more time, if it lets me rest by your side, forever.”

A long time passes. My tears dry in the wind. I realize that the hilltop of Carrowkeel isn't lands' end. My heart is still beating, my story still unfolding, and my quest still ongoing. There comes a time when a pilgrim must leave a holy hill, however holy the hill is, and however unfulfilled the pilgrim is, otherwise the pilgrimage is incomplete. I've come up as Modira, and I shall go down as WJ.

There, down in the green field, awaits the house of Muriel for my return from 3800 BC to 2007 AD. There, a warm shower and a hot soup will welcome me back to the temple of WJ's body. Tonight, there won't be anyone by the fire to listen to my adventure story. But it doesn't really matter, for the adventure is not over and the time for story is not here yet.

A bowl of rice and veggies in hand, I sit nice and warm in a parked car, facing a tranquil bay misted in soft rain. I chanced upon this spot at Ballysadare Bay on my way to Strandhill Beach. With rice in my belly, with bay water and mountains in my eyes, I wonder what on earth could top this peak human experience, be it so ordinary?

By Ballysadare Bay, I've come to touch that place in my womb, that place where joy is pain and happiness is sadness, where union is separation and having is losing, that place without and within, which I could only reach with the help of the sea and the rain, and the long stretch of mountain range at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean.

So this is what it means to be a human on Earth: to gather all experiences, experiences in their extremes, and to translate them into words, into image, music, and dance, to make something out of raw experience which is not verbal, not linguistically reducible, and to give birth to a new experience that we call art form.

I long to be a bard who can hear the mountains, the seas, the stones, grasses, and birds, who can tell their stories in human words! I long to be a magic flute that can let the symphony of all voices in the universe flow through!

Four hours later, I sit in the same parked car on a country road near Grange, waiting for the arrival of AA Roadside Help. Scarlet went kaput. The hot-tempered red car quit just after we visited the passage grave of Creevykeel.

“I have to call Saint Declan.”

“No, put that phone down and wait for AA to come.”

Just in the nick of time, AA shows up. I watch Scarlet being loaded onto a big tow truck. There goes my freedom!

Today is only Day Six, the midpoint of my solo pilgrimage, and my vehicle is being taken away. Now this is loneliness, with no Caval, no Sincera, no Christ, no Buddha, no Goddess or God around.

But the AA man is here. His name is Jerry, and Jerry says that just two days ago he lost his house to a fire. Sometimes, consolation comes in a perverted way.

Jerry kindly installs me in a B & B on Pearse Road in Sligo town and goes on with his business. Back on the same street, close to the B & B where Mara and I had lodged for one night last year, I'm still capable of sensing a touch of comedy in today's absurd tragedy.

An Indian restaurant happens to be in the neighborhood, a different one from the fancier place at the town center where we got the “Sacred Hill” sign on the wine bottle. Like last year with Mara, I’ll have chicken korma and basmati rice, to soothe my jangled spirit and famished body.

But my mind is not interested in the korma chicken. My mind is wondering, from start to finish, “Would it be a brutal self-betrayal if I call him?”

As I step out of the restaurant, a text arrives on my mobile phone, containing two words: “Please call.”

From Declan.

I will call, whatever karmic consequence! He didn’t expect that I call, and call from Sligo. My trip to Ireland had been kept top secret—from him. The excited voice on the phone says that the last two days, for no reason, he’s been driving around in Sligo, and he’s just finished an Indian dinner up in Donegal.

“Indian dinner!” I couldn’t stay cool. “What did you eat?”

“I ate chicken korma and rice,” he says.

As said before, Ireland is a continent of magic, and magic means weird things. The moment I step on her soil, I’m

accompanied by her fairies, good or bad. Thus, impossible for Saint Declan and I to meet and not get swept into a fairy wind. After the sky is clear again, I ask the Saint to transport me to the foot of Knocknarea.

We come to a car park. The Saint will go to town for his business and get a car replacement for me. And I will resume my pilgrimage. I'll climb another sacred hill, which I've admired from a distance, every day, on my computer screen.

A few months ago, in a channeling at Mara's house, I asked Sincera if there was a place in Ireland that Mara and I should visit in the near future.

Sincera gave a name, but Mara had trouble decoding the word. "It's a hill, called Kundery Hill ... Dendery Hill ... Hunirary Hill ... I can't pronounce it!" This horny hairy hill, I figured it out, is Knock-na-rea ("nak-na-ray") Hill.

Mara had seen the hill from the field of Carrowmore, on that milestone day of August 7, 2006. At that time, neither of us knew its proper name. Knocknarea is the landmark of Sligo. Unless you are blind, legally blind, you will see this breast-like hill wherever you go in County Sligo.



Knocknarea Hill as Seen From Carrowmore

This Knocknarea Hill, I also figured out, was the Vision Hill on which Modira had lived for three years as a hermit.

After saying bye to Saint D, I turn to say hi to my path: “I’m now Modira.” In just a few seconds, I get into the reality of a Stone Age girl. Here they are, Modira’s legs walking, Modira’s eyes looking, and Modira’s heart pounding.

It might as well be Caval that I’ve parted from at the car park. It might as well be Caval that I won’t see for a few hours. What I feel cannot be too different from what Modira felt, even though in her days she would be walking through pristine forests and not the open pastures of this day.



In a state of clarity, I arrive at the great cairn marking the summit of Knocknarea. They say that Maeve, Queen of Connacht, is buried inside, full-armored, in standing position. The locals see the cairn as the tomb of the Celtic Queen, Maeve. Yeah, sure, a Stone Age cairn was made to inter the corpse of an Iron Age woman warrior.

Had I not heard the story from Sincera, Pleiadian maker of the cairn, I would have stopped at the myth of the Celtic warrior queen. I would have imagined something terrifying inside the mound, and would have felt fear and disgust besides awe and fascination.

Since the cairn has never been opened, archeologists only speculate that this massive heap of limestone chunks, with a diameter of 55 meters and a height of 10 meters, contains a passage-chamber structure similar to that of Newgrange. But I heard that the locals would object to any act of excavation done on their beloved Maeve's Cairn.

This means there won't be any material proof in the near future for our information about the cairn as a womb temple similar to the Newgrange cairn, and there won't be any legal proof that its makers were Pleiadian ETs.

People will have to take it on faith. To believe or not to believe is a choice they will have to make with their hearts. My heart has chosen to believe that the cairn was a megalithic temple built around 4000 BC, at the same time when the stone circles and dolmens down in the field of Carrowmore were made, and a few centuries before the cairns on the hilltop of Carrowkeel were made.

And my heart says, now in the physical presence of the great cairn, that this temple cairn was one facility in Ireland to host the Pleiadian rite of being buried three days in darkness, similar to the Sirian rite inside the Egyptian pyramids.

The Knocknarea cairn was a Pleiadian temple for initiation, for vision quest, for dreaming. The cairn was a Dream Temple, for the initiates.

If, one day, archeologists open the Knocknarea cairn and find the skeleton of a woman warrior in rusty armor standing in an upright position, it would only prove an act of vandalism,

committed by Iron Age conquerors of the land who had no knowledge of the structure and no connection with its makers.

For me, it is Modira's Cairn.

Sitting on top of Modira's Cairn, I gaze at a 360-degree panoramic splendor: to the west lies the infinite Atlantic Ocean; to the north is Yeats's mountain Ben Bulbin; to the east, I see the gleaming lake of Lough Gill; gazing south, I see the field of Carrowmore down on the plain, and farther beyond, at the edge of the horizon, the Bricklieve Mountain range.

On the range's left end, the section shaped like a sleeping man must be Carrowkeel. On the right end is a prominent hill with a feminine feel. This must be the Keshcorran Hill on my map.



As I'm looking at this hill with a curvy shape and a tiny bump on top, a thought flows through my mind: "While I was training here, he was training there."

Yes, yes! My heart glows with excitement. Sincera has said that the two lovers were each in a three-year training before their final act. She never said where. The missing link is here!

The storyline flows through my mind like a clear stream. While Modira was on top of Knocknarea, Caval was on top of Keshcorran. It was from here that she looked at him over there, and from there that he looked at her here.

Modira and Caval, lovers-turned-hermits, separated by two distant hilltops, each in a training process, linked by a long-distance gazing across space.

Tears are welling up, for I am watching a cinematic scene. Rubbing my eyes, I seem to spy a tiny figure, tinier than a needle head, on that faraway mountain peak, waving his arms at me sitting here atop Modira's Cairn.

Now something different enters my mind. I just remember Declan! He must be down at the car park, waiting for me. I've lost track of time, and lost track of space. I see Caval waving his arms over there; meanwhile, I see Declan pacing by his car down there.

Caval and Declan, one in my heart and one in my mind, one up there on a hilltop and one down there at a car park, co-inhabit this body of mine as parallel worlds without a borderline. Perhaps, at this moment, within this body of mine, two lifetimes are running and two realities are rolling.

In one reality, there is Modira tele-communicating with Caval with a gaze. In another reality, there is WJ tele-phoning Declan with words. From that reality to this reality, it takes only a flip of thought, a flutter of mind. In one thought, in one instant, I leap across a gap of 6000 years.

Lingering at the Dream Temple for a few precious minutes, I ponder this bizarre Declan-Caval split.

After his name had been suggested by Sincera for our book project, I couldn't decide which spelling it should be: Kaval, Kavile, Caval, or Carville? For a while, I used "Carville" in transcribing our channeling and wrote "Carville" many times in my diary.

Half a year ago, while surfing the Internet, I came across a Northern Irish writer of children's stories by the name of—now, who would believe this—by the name of Declan Carville!

Yes, Declan Carville, author of *The Fairy Glen*, available at Amazon.com. There before my eyes, a perfect name, a perfect genre, a perfect title, and an email address attached.

Eventually, I did not write to that address. I just could not convince myself that the solution to my life's problem lies in emailing a **Mr.** Carville.

17. Caval's Hill

Saint Declan got me a car replacement. Promptly, the blessed car takes me from County Sligo to County Mayo in search of the village of Modira and Caval. Their village, I hope, will be somewhere around Céide Fields. This “Cagey” Fields boasts the world’s oldest Neolithic field system, and is situated on a spectacular cliff.



This second visit to Céide Fields lets me gather a lot of info, but fails to convince me that “this is it.” I feel instead that Modira and Caval did not live here. The extensive field system so far unearthed indicates a fairly large farming community, definitely larger than theirs, a tribe of fifty.

I drive on toward an even earlier farm site called Belderg, on which Seamus Heaney has lavished a poem. Six millennia ago, before green trees turned into brown bogs, this area, more inland than Céide Fields, would have been a nice location for a farming community. In Mara's vision, however, there was a large body of water close to Modira's village. I can't seem to find any lake around the site of Belderg.

I keep on driving in the immense bog country of Mayo in search of a sure feeling. Miles and miles of heather fields pass by. I can see pristine forests standing tall in place of today's heather bushes. A Fangorn Forest was once here, with deer, bears, elks, and boars strolling through oak and hazel woods, with yew trees talking with human beings and bluebells talking with butterflies.

The magic forest was lost, due to change of weather pattern. Weather, of course, was susceptible to human influence. At some point in history, the whole vibration of Ireland changed. The protective shield was down and the magic domain shrunk. Gone were exotic creatures living in lakes and woods, creatures more ethereal than material. In the end, Ireland lost her magic forest and her magic animals.

Driving and thinking, I am headed for a Lake Carrowmore on my survey map. This Carrowmore of Mayo may have something to do with the Carrowmore of Sligo.

I arrive at the lake, delighted to see pale-gray cairns on top of purple-brown hilltops, and convinced that there used to be Neolithic farming villages on the fertile shore. Unfortunately, the “this is it” feeling is missing at the shore. At the end of a long day, I say to myself, “Modira’s village is not in Mayo.”

The next day is my last day in Sligo. I wonder where I should go? I spread out the survey map.

“Lough Gill,” a thought says in my head.

A moment later, the thought says again, “Check out this Deer Park Court Tomb.” On the map, the tiny dot named “Deer Park Court Tomb” sits close to the enormous lake Lough Gill just outside Sligo town. Lough Gill is the lake where W. B. Yeats found his dream island, Innisfree.

“I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,” said WB.

“I will arise and go now, and go to Deer Park,” says WJ.

Again, bright sunshine. I’m having a tourist deal with Ireland. The blessed car seems to know the way through the maze of Sligo town. Without a hiccup, I arrive at the entrance to Deer Park, only to find no deer in the park.

The park is not a zoo, but a low hill. The pine wood hill has a simple footpath. Strolling on the smooth path, I get a nice, intimate feel about this low hill, even though the pine trees were newly planted and the park setting was recently made.

The Court Tomb on the hilltop turns out to be a massive megalithic ruin, in a peculiar oval form. The aerial view of this oval form, drawn on the nearby information board, shows an outline reminiscent of a human body upside down, with head, legs, and torso. A monument in honor of the human body? A temple of man, or a temple of woman?



Though called a tomb, the stones look alive and warm. I step into the enclosure and touch each of these mega limestones, deformed by millennia of sun, rain, and wind. Slowly I move from the head compartment into the torso, “the court,” while the feeling of being in the belly of a Mother Goddess grows.

As I come to the last chamber, the left leg of the body, my eyes are drawn to a giant boulder sitting out on the margin, outside the oval enclosure. A visitor who comes for a quick look is sure to miss this solitary boulder half buried in shrubs.



I walk up close. The giant boulder is at the height of my chest. It looks unusual to my sensitive eyes. Its top is too flat to be all natural, and the evenness of its sides, despite erosion, makes me think of a platform of some sort.

I climb up. What do I see under my feet? A perfect triangle—a heart shape! At the exact midpoint of the triangle's long side is a crack into the rock body. Inside the crack, a few baby plants are thriving. A patch of green on a brown surface of moss... it reminds me of something ... Ah, the lush part between women's legs!

I jump to the ground to see from another perspective. The front view looks even more like a lush vulva. Pushing aside the baby plants, I see a symmetric shape cut deep into the rock body. Though weathered, the crack doesn't seem like a natural formation at all. Climbing back to the top, I wonder what the heck is going on with this heart-shaped solitary boulder.

Now comes a thought: "This was the stone on which I danced!" I strike a few moves—it feels natural. I lie down on my back—there is plenty of space. I close my eyes, and can feel a ring of men standing around me on the stone. I move my butt to the edge and spread my legs over the crack ... Um, I can imagine what happens next.

What else could this be if not an altar for erotic dance? Men used to line up here, to take turns to honor the sacred feminine, lying open on the altar stone. The altar has seen virgins becoming women and women becoming goddesses. This heart/womb/vulva stone was where Modira chose Caval, where generations of women made their choices of love.

I found my stone.

Late in the evening I return to Strandhill Beach. With Atlantic Ocean on my left and Knocknarea Hill on my right, I sit in the car, alone in the dark, and watch the moon, almost full, rising on a clear sky. I think of my stone and my eyes get moist. On

the last day of my solo pilgrimage, I was led to the spot that I had come to Ireland in search of.

Two months later, Ireland calls me again.

This time, I go to Ireland seeking nothing and nobody. This second solo pilgrimage to my motherland shall be a journey with no plan, no agenda, and no expectation—a wu wei trip. I want to flow like a Taoist, for a change.

It's been flowing like water from County Meath on the east to County Sligo on the west. I've met new people in the Boyne Valley, including a farmer who's building over a sacred well in his farmland a giant stone temple aligned with the Pleiades.

Today is Day 10. My heart says, "Let's visit Deer Park again!"

I come to the other side of the Deer Park Hill and find myself on a vast slope with fantastic views of Knocknarea and Lough Gill. Going with the sunny flow, I crawl under electrified fences and cross over barbed wire to reach a suspicious-looking grove in the middle of a field. It turns out to be a giant dolmen hidden in the blackberry grove.

Sitting by the dolmen under a blue sky, I realize that once again I'm in a peak moment in life. Today, August 7, marks the one-year anniversary of my meeting Sincera by the dolmen at

Carrowmore. To celebrate this milestone event, we managed to give each other a wonderful present—discovery of a ritual complex on the Deer Park slope (before discovering the dolmen, I'd discovered a whole range of stones on the slope).



Hidden Dolmen and Stone Ruins on the Deer Park Slope

It must have been Sincera who breathed those wonderful ideas into the intuitive part of my being. Those thoughts that came at the key moments of my quest must have come from her. This must be the way she guides me: by sending suggestions into my mind and impulses into my heart.

Now a truck appears in the field. A man steps out and walks up to me. He is the owner of the field. The friendly owner informs me that before pine trees were planted for timber the Court Tomb on the hilltop could be seen from miles away.

Thus I reckon, the temple, the so-called Deer Park Court Tomb, was built to stand as a conspicuous landmark, as a key figure in a network of hilltop temples in the lake region of

Lough Gill. This temple is aligned with other megalithic temples, and belongs to a constellation of megaliths.

To understand a megalith, I must place it within a web of megaliths. A system of megaliths apparently covers the whole county of Sligo, and beyond, the whole island of Ireland.

This system of megaliths features not only multiplicity in space but also multiplicity in time—there are multiple time layers to any given site. Therefore, I must always remember to see a megalithic site in motion, in slow-mo.

I walk up the Deer Park slope and come to the court temple and the vulva stone.

I now see, with my open spirit eye, that the vulva stone came first on this hilltop, long before the construction of the court temple. The human-shaped court temple was not yet here when Modira was dancing on the heart-shaped vulva stone. In slow-mo, I see that the court temple was built several generations after Modira's time. If the site can be described as a growing woman, her virgin phase would be signified by the vulva stone, her mother phase by the court temple.

Coming down the low hill, I return to the park entrance. The Deer Park entrance lies in a shallow valley nestled between the

low hill with a megalithic temple (i.e Deer Park Hill) and the high hill with a white cliff (i.e. Keelogyboy Mountain).

Strolling in this quiet valley with a few houses and a small stream, once again I feel what I felt last time I was here two months ago. I feel the same sensation in my lower belly. The sensation I felt twice says, “This is it!”

This is the area where Modira and Caval lived, worked, played, and loved. Somewhere here, beneath the surface of soft green meadow, lie the remains of a Neolithic village.



Modira's Village Is Somewhere Down the Slope 🐑

The next day, my heart says, “Go to Keshcorran!”

After half an hour of easy drive from Sligo town, I arrive at the sleepy village of Kesh at the foot of a pensive mountain. Driving up the country road, I soon catch sight of the row of caves high up on the cliff. I see Mara and I there at the bottom, debating whether we should climb the slope or not. I recall the awesome cave space I saw and the frustration at my inability to channel. I remember the story I later read about the runaway lovers, Diarmuid and Gráinne, who had lived in the caves of Kesh for many happy years. But I'm not here to meet the Celtic pair. I'm here to meet a pre-Celtic man.

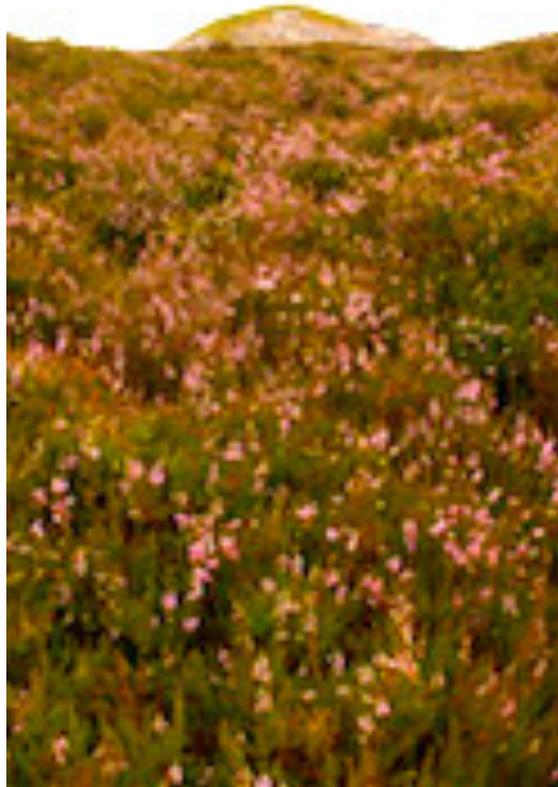
Two months ago, sitting at the Knocknarea cairn, I had the flash of insight that the hill of Kesh was the hill where Caval had trained. A line was drawn in my mind, connecting three dots: Kesh—Keshcorran—Caval. My quest for the traces of a pre-Celtic man was narrowed down to a cairn. To reach Caval, I'll just have to reach the Keshcorran cairn.

I drive on toward the back side of this enormous hill, looking for the path mentioned by a villager. There really is no front or back side to this multifaceted hill, whose face keeps changing as my point of view changes. This hill looks like a Hindu god with many heads. Each face of Keshcorran is charming and mysterious.

I park at a spot that seems to fit the description. But I can't find the path. No path? I create a path. Wading through the

dense field of heather at the height of my waist with no human or sheep in sight, I feel a bit scared. I say to myself, “The path of a seeker is a path of uncertainty and difficulty. A seeker is someone who doesn’t give up.”

After quite some talking and quite some tumbling, I catch sight of the tip of a light-gray cairn at the edge of a purple-brown field. Once again, my intuition has guided me in the right direction! As the cairn gets bigger and bigger in sight, I know that a historic moment is coming up in my own life.



As usual, I let the photographer go first. Circling around the massive cairn, I make dutiful observation and documentation of this monument, almost identical to the cairn atop the hill of Knocknarea. The two cairns feel like a brother-and-sister pair.

A good portion of the Keshcorran cairn seems to lie buried under the bog soil, and it looks un-excavated. Lonely, it seems, sitting all by itself in a sea of heather with no trail around indicating frequent human visits.

I climb up to the cairn's top.

There, on the tip of the voluptuous mound, stands a small pile of stones pointing straight at the sky—a nipple, or a penis, depending on your state of mind. By the nipple I sit and rest my tired body in the warm afternoon sunshine.

There, at the edge of the horizon, stands Knocknarea with her nipple, Modira's Cairn, clearly in view. Two months ago, I was there on that cairn, looking in this direction.



I start to speak, silently, to him.

“So, here you are, my love. A while ago, on top of that hill, I realized that you were sitting here, looking at me over there. Maybe you were sitting at the very spot I am sitting in, looking at that hill the same way I am looking now.

“Just like this, you looked and looked, and you saw me looking over at you. Just like this, you felt the bond and the courage to go on. Just like this, you wished you could fly over and embrace me in my hermit’s loneliness.

“I am you, looking through your eyes at myself.

“I have searched for you, in the eyes of every man who crossed my path and in the voice of every man who said he loved me.

Finally, I've come so close to you, only stones away from you. You are lying right beneath me and receiving your visions inside the dark womb.

“But I came to you too late, several millennia late, and I missed you by a second. It must have been but a second ago you were here, for the stones under my hands still radiate your warmth, and the air still smells of your sweet presence.”

I kneel down and allow myself to cry. Never before have I cried like this for anyone.

“I failed you, my companion, my comrade! I lost you, my soul mate. I lost you because I loved you too much!”

I open my eyes.

I see, the mountain is still mountain, the river still river, and I am still I am.

Coming down Caval's Hill, I feel a desire in my heart, a desire to pay a visit to the neighboring hill Carrowkeel. Today is the anniversary date of our ascension in rain and wind, the day when Mara nearly died in her enactment of Caval's death. I should at least touch the soil of Carrowkeel to honor this significant date: August 8, my Caval Day.

The setting sun has slipped behind clouds. But there is plenty of daylight for a short visit. I start the car and drive on. Halfway through the valley between Keshcorran and Carrowkeel, I pull to the side of the road to have another look at my beloved's hill.

There it is, slightly tilted on its front end, with a single cairn on its top. Its long flat ridge looks like an airport runway, waiting for someone to fly in from a world beyond the sky.

Suddenly, it hits me: this was the hill that gave me the stir when I came here with Barbara three years ago; this was the hill that made me associate nipple with airport; this was the hill that called me back to Ireland.

The mystery hill is Keshcorran!

Only now, I made the connection. I connected two different faces of the same hill. It just never crossed my mind that the hill I saw westward from Carrowkeel was the same hill that I saw southward from Knocknarea and Carrowmore.



Two Faces of Keshcorran

The veil of ignorance dropped. Between the conscious and the unconscious there is no more membrane. A flash of gnosis shines into the subliminal dark. I see!

It was Caval who was calling me that November day in 2004. It was Caval who was beckoning me to go on a quest in search of him. “Come to me!” he called. And I came, three years later, half a globe trotted.

It was the legacy of Caval that called me, not his ghost. The legacy lives forever on the Hill of Kesh. His life and death is part of the land now. The land is an open book to those whose eyes are open, a sound story to those whose ears are keen.

Facing my magic mountain, I start to cry another river of tears. Today, a key piece of the puzzle has fallen into place. It fell into place, gently, like a snowflake.

Sensing a need to move, I drive on toward Carrowkeel. Soon, I enter the U-shaped valley and come to the cattle gate. Stepping out of the car to open the gate, I feel the same ancient thing in my belly that I felt on my first day here. It took me three years to come to see what this ancient thing in my belly is: my own memory.

In a flat area close to the hilltop, I park the car and step out to feel the world. The setting sun is breaking through a crack in the clouds, casting brilliant rays just before the hill to my left, the Hill of Caval.

Could I ask for more prophetic an image than this light shining over a magic mountain in a timeless landscape? Could I ask for more original a plot for this magical-realistic movie in which I am starring, which I am co-scripting and co-directing with someone up there?

As if sitting in the midst of a 4-D panoramic cinema with the phenomenal reality as the screen and the corporal reality as the seat, I see from where this epic movie from Stone Age to now is being projected.

From my womb.

The entire movie is there, stored in my womb.

Glancing at my watch, I see its arms just about reaching the 8 o'clock position. Here again, an 8-8-8 alignment, at the same place, to the exact minute, one year later, all without my planning.

Modira and Caval's Sites in Sligo



- 1. Home Village**
(Deer Park)
- 2. Union Field**
(Carrowmore)
- 3. Vision Hill**
(Knocknarea)
- 4. Caval's Hill**
(Keshcorran)
- 5. Ascension Hill**
(Carrowkeel)

Deer Park Megalithic Temple



18. Automatic Writing

“We have stones just like these in the north,” Ine says.

“Yeah, they are called Hunebedden,” Jan adds.

I’m showing my Ireland photos to the artist couple, Ine and Jan, over a dinner at their flat in Amsterdam. Hearing their description of the great stones in northern Holland, I know that another piece of the puzzle has fallen from the sky.

“Hune” means “giant” in Dutch, and “bedden” means “beds.” The Giant’s Grave for the Irish is the Giant’s Bed for the Dutch—an upgrade.

Sincera did mention the Dutch-German borderland as one of their landing sites in Europe. But Mara never mentioned any Dutch megalith to me. Being an Amsterdammer, Mara probably wasn’t even aware that her northern country folks lived among mega stones.

Next I find through the Web the existence of a whole web of megaliths in the northern provinces of Drenthe and Groningen. And soon I find myself a travel companion: my Chinese friend Mingming wants to take a trip with me to see the megaliths.

Our trip to Drenthe and my own trip to Groningen require a lengthy chapter to tell. I shall save the exciting story for another occasion.

In general, I can say, the Dutch megaliths are quite similar to the Irish megaliths, and quite different. The stones themselves are similar, but the layouts are different. The majority of the Dutch Hunebedden appear in an elongated form (hence the name “bed”) in contrast to the round form of the Irish cairns.



At an Irish cairn, I often get the feel of a human-like construct, a structure purposely resembling parts of the human female body. At most Dutch megaliths, however, I get the feel of a nonhuman creature, as if the stone structure was made to mimic another form of life, to generate another kind of energy.

Another kind of energy for the welfare of humans. I’m quite sure that the giant beds were temples with multiple purposes, made by Pleiadian teachers for their “Dutch” relatives in the

Neolithic times. It was a different people then, with little or no connection to the modern-day Dutch whose ancestors were a Germanic people who had migrated from southern Scandinavia to this area in the Iron Age.

But the land is the same land. This northern region of the Netherlands features curvy old earth, not flat new earth reclaimed from the sea. It seems that another “civilization unit” has worked here, another team instead of Sincera’s team—the Group of Eight. I see a different fingerprint in Holland (though of a Pleiadian kind) from what I have seen in Ireland.

Gosh, there is always more to the Netherlands! But presently, I must stay focused on megalithic Ireland and trust that when the time is right someone will come forth and reveal an exciting eyewitness account of megalithic Nederland.

It’s time to walk the path of words, to manifest the book.

I’m able to flow as a Taoist on dirt roads, but for some reason, I’m unable to flow in the Tao of words. Something makes me whirl in a muddy pool, not knowing what to write, how to write, and where to write.

What happened to the lady who said that she’s the true author of the book? Why doesn’t Sincera step forth, take over, and use me as a pen? She gives me ideas, I know. But for writing a

book, I need data, a constant input of data. I want to channel a book, not write a book. I just can't see her or hear her the way Mara did. What shall I do?

There is one last thing I could try.

When I was at Beijing University, a 17-year-old philosophy major, I was in desperate need of a teacher. Although Beida was China's Harvard, I could find no teacher to talk to about what really mattered in life. So in my journal I created a dialogue between me and a wise old man named Nio.

Nio had a long white beard, a bit shorter than the Indian poet Tagore's. Nio was better looking than Socrates and more sane looking than Nietzsche. This man of East and West, this man in my diary, was always ready to answer my questions. *Is there eternal life?* Those sorts of questions. Writing back and forth between my imaginary teacher and me was fun, and the secret exercise lasted for weeks.

Now I'm in the same existential crisis: having no teacher to talk to. Dialoguing with Sincera via Mara was the happiest thing in the world. But the ferry woman Mara moved away, together with the ferry boat.

Between Sincera and me now is a white river in the astral plane. From time to time, I see her shiny figure on the other

shore, and hear her words blowing in the wind. The river is wide, and I am a beginner swimmer. I can give it a try, making a rope, if not a bridge or a boat.

I go to the bookstore and pick out a blank journal with yellow cover. On September 2, 2007, I open my beautiful yellow journal, select a black ink pen, and start to write:

Sincera, this is my very first attempt to contact you in the format of dialogue. Again and again in meditation, I feel your presence as myself. If you are indeed my Higher Self, or sister to my Higher Self, I would want to speak to you as often as possible, and to hear your words as clear as those coming out of Mara's mouth. Now, your assistance is urgently needed. My question to you is: "What is the narrative format of your book?"

I turn over the page, pick out a blue ink pen, and write down the name, Sincera. Let's see if there's any word coming through. The pen starts to move, and it keeps on moving, from letter to letter, from word to word:

Sincera:

It is not time yet to show you the perfect narrative structure of the book. It is your task to go step by step in finding out what works the best. You are a born artist and writer. Your assignment is to create an enticing format, be it novel or film, to deliver the message.

I am a Pleiadian energy. I am not living on Earth, knowing the intricacies of human emotions as well as you do. You are the one who is going to give life to a Pleiadian story, which could be boring if delivered dry.

You are supposed to live through your story, to let your life be transformed by your story. Living your story means time. It means going toward the unknown, day by day. It means to be an adventurer who boldly goes where no one has gone before. Take the long adventure one step at a time. You are not meant to see the finished story yet. This is the fun challenge I have given you.

Trust me and follow me. I am in your deep feminine memory and dream. When you enter the palace of your soul, you will meet me there.

The pen comes to a stop.

What happened? It can't be *this* easy communicating with a star being, an ET. Was it really Sincera or was it me, disguised as her? This Sincera told me to find the narrative format myself. I'm not entirely happy about that.

The novel is where I feel stuck, the idea of fiction, to be exact. Fabricating a fiction is not what I want, to begin with. What I want is to depict a Stone Age reality, not a Stone Age fantasy.

Who is in a position to tell me what Stone Age reality was really like? Archeologists? Not really. Archeologists are doing imagination exercises themselves, only in the name of science and within the confines of material evidence.

In this solo journey, I have only my own judgment to rely on when it comes to distinguishing reality from fantasy. Can the two be differentiated at all in the nebulae of memory, and in this case antique memory? Is there a yardstick to measure true memory against false memory, i.e. fantasy?

The yardstick, the only yardstick I'm equipped with, I figure, is my ultra-sensitive physicality. My emotional and physical bodies are the two juries who can tell what's true and what's untrue. When an image in my mind brings up strong emotional and physical responses, and especially from the womb area, chances are, it's memory, not fantasy. Fantasy hasn't been lived, but memory has.

My book shall be built on remembrance. My remembrance, alas, remains scattered and sparse! No matter what I try, I just can't go deep in myself to achieve a "total recall." But I must go deep, so I can remember more, so I can write further.

One morning, I wake up and my eyes are open. I see the way out of the muddy whirlpool: a reversal.

I remember in order to write —> I write in order to remember.

Yet, remembrance is not a mental act, not “who I am ” in abstract, not what I can substitute with reading a sutra or a koan. And remembrance of the collective has to go through the doorway of personal stuff. It has to engage all of the four bodies, which are uniquely mine.

To access my memory, the best way at the moment is writing. In writing, my mind sends out images to stimulate memories dormant in my body and to provide an arena for the latent energy to express itself. It’s intentional imagination.

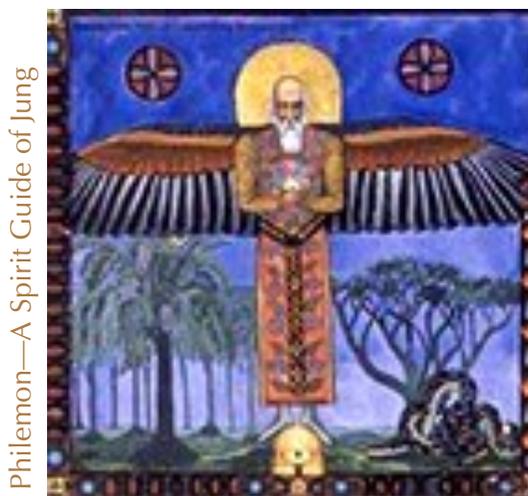
The Pleiadians have repeatedly said through their channel, Barbara Marciniak, that imagination is our most powerful tool. And the great thinker of our age, Carl Gustav Jung, practiced “active imagination” as a way of self-discovery.

I wonder what Herr Jung would say to me if he’d receive this 21st-century visitor at his Bollingen Tower by Lake Zurich.

He would listen, and listen. And then he would say, “Why are you holding yourself back when you know you must fly to the edge of the sky with your wings of imagination?”

He would say to me, “You must give life to your Caval! In helping him to live, you are giving your animus a chance to be. As long as he is dead, you are half dead yourself.”

Herr Jung would say to me, “I have Philemon, you Sincera.”



I wonder what Herr Jung would say to himself if I could manage to convince him that he is a starseed, an ET having a Swiss German experience? If C. G. is not a starseed, who is?

A man who coined the term “synchronicity” can only be thrilled by someone going to the Stone Age in search of a lost self. A soul who invented the concept, collective unconscious, can only cheer for a quest for Neolithic Humanity as an authentic layer beneath the mess of collective madness. I see myself leaving Lake Zurich with a big smile on my face.

In the lake world of images, I've no problem flowing as a Taoist, and no problem turning images into words. Dear Carl was right: images are keys to the unconscious.

By way of images I write into remembrance, into remembering who I was in Neolithic times. I enter a world of memory, not a world of fantasy, for all of my four bodies are engaged in exposing a somatic feeling that was *always* there.

After many pages written about Modira, I've to admit that between writing as "I" and writing as "she" there's a huge difference. The first-person approach affords far better access to my memory.

Now I wonder what Sincera really meant. Perhaps she meant a "story," which Mara interpreted as a "novel." English is my Dutch teammate's second language, if not her third. If Sincera indeed meant a story, the narrative format of her book should be, logically, a memoir.

By whom? Modira, WJ, Sincera—which one is the narrator?

I'm fairly clear about my relation to Modira by now. She's my soul ancestor living in a Stone Age body. But who is Sincera in relation to me? Who is she, really? It can't be that such a high-level star being, such an important figure in the civilization project happens to be the Higher Self of—me.

I don't blush when I say "I am God and God is I." I choke when I try to say "I am Sincera and Sincera is I." Why?

Another dialogue is needed. I open my special yellow journal. With a black ink pen, I write:

WJ:

Sincera, I feel a bit silly writing to you this way. It is not really a dialogue with my Higher Self. It is rather a monologue, taking the form of dialogue between my Higher Self and my Lower Self, between my Star Self and my Earth Self.

I switch to a blue ink pen and write down her name. The pen goes on writing, without a pause:

Sincera:

I am the voice you have been hearing since your childhood.

I am the presence you are always seeking outside in the others' arms.

I am the ideal woman you used to draw secretly.

I am the perfection you always yearn to achieve.

I have always been in you but many moments, in the Dark Night of the Soul, you thought you had lost me. No, you have never for a second lost me, for I am your very soul, which, by definition, cannot be lost. What you felt you had lost was the clear feeling of connection, of vibrating in my field. That loss is always temporary and delusional.

I am the one asking questions through your mouth. And I am the one giving you answers through your ears.

I am the drive that takes you around the world, searching.

I am the one who recognizes gifts being given and signs being shown.

I am the sympathetic listener and enthusiastic audience you long to have.

In me contains memories of all the lifetimes you have experienced on Earth. In me you shall find the purpose and plan of your soul's adventure on Earth.

I am your oldest friend, for I was there in your very beginning. I will be the angel who guides you after you leave this Chinese body.

I am the writer of your books.

I am the director of your films.

I am the speech that you deliver.

I am the silence that welcomes you home.

*In love I exist. In trust you shall find me. In ecstasy we travel together.
In tears we share our feminine essence.*

I called you “my little darling” because you are like my child, to use a human simile. You are an Earth version of me. In your limited earthly mindset, you are little and darling to me. But you should remember that you are greater than I, for you dared to venture to Earth and vowed to stay there till the end of time.

I am with you from the beginning to the end of time.

I am you throughout time.

Be grateful for Mara, your companion on the pilgrimage route. I had to appear as an “other” to her and to you, at that moment in your life. You were searching outside yourself for an “other” who would have all the answers. I had to appear in an other’s form to connect with you. Mara was the bridge and the channel. But you needed to discover on your own, without Mara’s help, that what Mara was channeling was between you and your Higher Self.

I am your family from the sky.

“Family” means you and I share one essence. You must understand that ultimately you and the myriad things on Earth exist in one body, sharing one substance, coming from and returning to the one source.

Now, from knowing I am you, you can go a step further in accepting that everyone and everything you see in your world is just you, yourself.

The pen stops. I look at the letters covering two full pages, bewildered. Whose voice is this, gushing out like a hot spring? It can't be mine!

19. **Get Lost, Sincera!**

The yellow journal sits on the shelf, closed. I soon forget what was said in the two dialogues. The reality I'm facing is a reality without star beings; the life I'm living is a life without Caval. Human existence was bearable before, simply because I didn't know of him.

I suppose the sadness had gone so deep that I gave up dreaming of a prince at an age when most girls do. I suppose I drifted from one relationship to another out of torrential despair, unbeknownst to the mind, that I had already missed out on the greatest in life.

The hardest part was that I had no name, no concept, and no image to pinpoint that feeling in the dark, that subterranean feeling of great loss, of deep disappointment at life itself.

Only Rilke could show such a feeling in words:

*You who never arrived
in my arms, Beloved, who were lost
from the start.
I don't even know what songs
would please you. I have given up trying*

*to recognize you in the surging wave of
the next moment. All the immense
images in me ...
all rise within me to mean
you, who forever elude me ...*

Now I have a name for “you.” I can write a eulogy about “you.” After weeks of marathon writing, I’ve reached the end of Caval’s life. A stack of notebooks sits on my desk. This is an achievement. I deserve a treat.

I fly to Dublin, at Declan’s invitation. Yes, Declan has been there, at the other end of the phone line, throughout my writing about Caval. Truly absurd, this Declan-Caval split has an indestructible life of its own.

This time, we manage to have an unbroken chain of peaceful days and we part on good terms. I go westward to Sligo to do research. Sligo County Library has a copy of *Lebor Gabála Éirenn*, an 11th-century text in English. I want to look into this famous *Book of Invasions* (or *Book of the Taking of Ireland*) to see what myths and legends say about the conquest of Ireland by races of people coming from beyond the sea.

On a cold and windy November day, I find myself sitting by the central dolmen at Carrowmore, crying.

A few days have passed; I have gone to the library, read the book, and met people. But I haven't been able to retrieve a single piece of new information. *The Book of Invasions* only confirmed what I already knew: that waves of invaders had wiped out the story of the original people. The book is truly a collection of stories about the invaders, by the invaders.

This means I've got zero textual evidence to support my Pleiadian story of the original people. And this means I'm head against wall at a cul-de-sac in my scholarly research.

And all the magic about the land is gone. Something horrible is happening inside my body. This morning, an acute restlessness drove me onto the freeway. Gripping the steering wheel, I felt a powerful urge to run over things, to wreck the rental car in a horrendous manner.

I zoomed to my sacred hill Carrowkeel but felt no connection. I zoomed to the Union Woods and found it empty of soul. In the end, I came to the field of Carrowmore, hoping to find peace in the sanctuary where I met Sincera and her seven companions, where I reconnected with my Family of Light.

"Help me!" Seated on the small boulder beside the dolmen, head buried in hands, I pray for the Group of Eight to come and save me.

But I see no Shining Ones holding hands. I hear no sound in the air, not even a static. I only hear the deafening voice of my own saying, “I’m tricked, screwed, and dumped like a roadside whore.” Like a swarm of bees, buzzing in my head are words of anger, of despair, of destruction, of suicide.

Here, on this boulder chair, I’ve ascended to the pinnacle of my life. Here, one year later, I squirm at the bottom of death valley, alone, in pain. No light, only darkness, only this thick, gluey, black mass of anger and despair, like melted asphalt, smeared all over my body.

Crying did not open the portal. I storm out of the mound. The field museum of Carrowmore is closed for the winter season. So I’m free to shout at the empty field, “To hell with all of you! You send me no support. I quit this project!”

I give an F word and a finger to Sincera and her people. I’m an angry boy, spraying graffiti under a bridge at night. I’m a rebel soldier holding a machine gun, ready to pull the trigger.

I get into the car and zoom to Ballysadare Bay. I park the car by tranquil bay water and just sit there. It’s getting dark, outside the window and inside my heart. Darker and darker it gets as I contemplate how to take my life. Driving into the ocean?—too cold. Using a knife?—I don’t have any.

After a long time, my contemplation comes to an end. I manage to make it back to my B & B on Strandhill Beach and crawl into bed.

For two days I have been stuck in a dark tunnel, seeing no flicker of light. What frightens me, more than mental illness, is that my magical connection with Ireland is gone. Even more frightening is the realization that I have verbally renounced Sincera and her project. Vulgar words like those could only have come from the mouth of a deserter—a traitor!

I'm brooding by the bay at the spot where a few months ago in the summer I felt the desire to be a bard who could speak the language of birds, trees, and spirits when the phone rings. It's Pete, who wants to meet.

“You ain't going anywhere today,” Pete says to me on the phone. “You are gonna hang around with us!”

Pete means himself and Tom. I met Pete and Tom through Lorraine, the free-spirited manager of my B & B on Strandhill Beach. Close in age, the two Irishmen seemed like soul brothers. The two talked about ghosts and fairies, chakras and ley lines as matter-of-factly as other Irish guys talked about soccer scores.

We three gather at Pete's house by the fireplace, with tea and cookies on the table and a view of Ballysadare Bay through the living room window.

The two can see that sitting in front of them isn't the WJ that they know. I must look terrible. The mellow and quiet Tom is a healer in his spare time. Unlike most men, this man can listen, truly listen. I open up and tell Tom what my problem is: lack of information.

"No, I think it's the opposite," Tom says. "I think you have enough information. Maybe your scholarly training has made it a habit of collecting data without an end. But this book doesn't sound like you intend it to be an encyclopedia."

I see my light come shining ... I hear the song in my head.

"And trust the Pleiadians," Tom adds. "They won't abandon you. And more than anything, trust yourself!"

Any day now, I shall be released ... the song in my head goes.

The exuberant, fiery Pete is a star of the Strandhill community. Everyone knows Pete. And Pete says he can see that I'm swamped by the watery emotion of timidity. Not for no reason is this man with long, loose hair nicknamed "the Druid."

Suddenly, the Druid shoots up from the chair and shouts at me sitting in the sofa, “Get the fucking thing out! Just get it out on paper, and don’t worry what people will say.”

With the Druid’s shout, thus ends on a high note my tunneled journey to Ireland. By the time I leave Strandhill Beach, my spirit has returned to the forsaken body. As the Dublin-bound train passes through the midland of Sligo County, I catch sight of Keshcorran in the far distance.



There it is—Caval’s Hill—calling me, still.

The same yearning, tender and warm in my womb, reassures me that this wild west quest really isn’t a wild goose chase. Because always, at key junctures, someone or something would appear, to stop my little flame from going out.

20. ET on iMac



So, who did it?

Saint D? One of the locals who didn't like me? A discarnate ghost (Ireland seems to be packed with souls who refuse to leave)? Some bad fairies called *Sidhe*?

Or the guy on Tarot no. 15?

There is a phenomenon called possession, and possession happens all the time, even to a nice person. The vast universe has all sorts of entities floating around, some eager to merge with us, to use us as dirty means to their dirty ends.

After this dark event, my understanding of Ireland deepens. Ireland is a portal island, a gateway into other dimensions—the lines are thin in her territory. On this enchanted (some say, bewitched) island, all races of spirit beings have gathered, including human ghosts who had died from starvation and nature spirits who had died from deforestation.

The good ones merge with us. The bad ones take over us. What makes a spirit black 'n' bad is its downright disrespect for our will—it won't take our no for a no.

Dark spirits tend to cluster at dark spots, at the numerous wounds cut on the island body. You may accidentally step into a dark spot, and if your aura's open and your will's weak, you could be swept into a negative vortex, a bad "fairy wind." You can't get out—you are possessed.

This nasty entity that possessed me was not an Irish citizen, I have to say. He had, in fact, been bugging me for years. He had been coaxing me to destroy myself ever since my adolescence. He was there, in my China years.

He was lurking in the background wherever I went in the world. He had no chance to show himself in full until time and place got perfect: at the most sacred spot in my world, at the brightest spot in my life—the dolmen at Carrowmore.

It doesn't make the dolmen a dark spot though, for I brought the darkness there on that day. What happened was, in the presence of these mega tokens of love, the darkness in me had nowhere to hide. The darkness was fully exposed. In the light of the Family of Light, the demon and I looked face to face.

* * *

Back from Ireland, I pick up my journey to the book. My plan is to type the handwritten story of Modira and Caval into my computer, an Apple iMac with a 27-inch screen.

You'd think it makes one hell of a writer just to sit in front of the thing. What goes on in front of my iMac, however, is a tug of war, between the Hermit and the Star, the Monk and the Slut, Nederland and Ireland, Stone Age and Now. On top of this back-and-forth-ness, I feel lost, not knowing what the narrative format for the whole book should be.

One afternoon, after struggling for hours in the iMac space, I'm at the end of my rope, seeing nowhere to jump. An immense agony drives me to click open a new document in Word and demand the Pleiadian intelligence to speak to me. I pound on the keyboard, hard enough to damage the keys:

Sincera, can you please show me the narrative voice through which I can tell the whole story?

Despite the turmoil, my fingers type on, as if on automatic.

Sincera says:

Play with words. Try various voices till you settle on one you feel most comfortable with. Make the writing a joyful and even blissful experience. This is a story to be told in a happy state of mind. If you, the teller, are not excited at your own story, who else is?

I'm amazed that she answered so quickly, and so to the point. Hanging on to the thread, I continue typing, no longer pounding on the keys.

WJ:

I feel so unsure about my writing skill. What can I do?

Sincera:

You must let go of all counterproductive emotions. Drop all judgments. Free your creative spirit from the captivating force of your inner critic. This sub-personality is not your true self. Write from your true self, who never judges but accepts and appreciates everything you create. Write from that state.

WJ:

Sounds so easy. But when I face the blank computer screen, I feel the same old terror and fatigue. Why can't the flow happen?

Sincera:

You act in a way that prevents the flow from moving through. You keep looking back at what you've written instead of moving on. DO NOT edit while you are writing.

She speaks like a writing coach. I'm impressed. I press on.

WJ:

I'm still not sure whether I should go for the memoir approach or I should try to be a novelist.

Sincera:

It is somewhere in between. It is both a novel and a memoir. As you know, the book is essentially a spiritual memoir of your own pilgrimage on Earth. Modira is one important chapter of your soul's journey. She is, in her core, you. A novel about her is a novel about you. Write with the intimacy of a first person. Use the pronoun "I." Speak to your reader as Modira. Speak for her as "I."

WJ:

All right. Sincera, are you always in touch with me, guiding me?

Sincera:

I am always there when you reach out to me in trust, in faith, in love. I am not able to connect with you when you are angry, doubtful, and critical. When you indulge yourself in the illusion of being abandoned by me, you are surely not going to bring me near.

Trust, trust, trust, however blind it may seem at your vulnerable moments. Open your creative channel with this blind trust, and I will be there to write with you, to write through you. I am your Higher Self, remember? I cannot be nearer to you than this—I am you. How much closer can you get for an encounter?

My hungry stomach growls and I've to stop typing. I've never been to a chat room on the Internet, but I'd imagine that there must be some seconds of delay between two corresponding parties. Yet, with a distance of 400 light years between Sincera and me, our correspondence was instantaneous. Isn't that something? I'm chatting with a star being on a keyboard!

“Chances are,” says my inner critic, “you are just talking to yourself.”

But I *am* talking to myself, my Higher Self, only I could never have imagined that one can talk to one's Higher Self, high up in the Seven Stars, on an iMac.

Is it really this easy to communicate with my Higher Self? But if this is not my Higher Self, which self is it? It is, for sure, not my lower self. My lower self is critical, satirical, vengeful, fearful, doubtful: in short, low.

“Let’s see how sustainable it is,” the inner critic persists.

Very sustainable, it turns out. The next day, and the days after, my conversation with Sincera continues on the iMac, effortlessly. Question after question, page after page, the “Conversations with Sincera” file grows. It soon becomes a habit to talk with her first thing in the morning. She speaks sometimes as a psychotherapist, sometimes as a philosopher, sometimes as an artist, and all the time as my very best friend.

An issue is still foggy in my head, an ontological issue. The issue is, the sameness and otherness in our relationship.

If Sincera is me, why am I so handicapped in my knowledge and capacities? If Sincera is other than me, how is it that I can speak to her so intimately, as if she is a presence in myself? The only explanation I can come up with is this:

She is both, same and other.

As always, a book appears. I’m browsing through the Consciousness Section of the American Book Center, my oasis in Amsterdam, and a little book titled *The Gaia Project* catches my eye. Its Korean author, Hwee-Yong Jang, was a business professor when he accidentally became a visionary.

I take *The Gaia Project* home and read it in one breath. To my surprise, a book written by a black-haired, yellow-skinned Asian man gives steady confirmation of the information I received from a blonde-haired blue-eyed Nordic ET woman.

In a section titled “The Higher Self and the Subordinate Self,” Professor Jang writes:

The Higher Self is a higher dimensional being/consciousness who duplicates itself and produces the Subordinate Self, or Lower Self, who is then sent to the Earth for specific purposes. The Higher Self, which exists on the stars in the 5th Dimension or higher, can create several duplicates to conduct activities in different places at the same time on Earth. Thus, identical Subordinate Selves can be sent to Earth to live different lives.

The Higher Self and the Subordinate Self are basically one entity, and they share the same memories. The Subordinate Self located on Earth can exhibit thinking and behavior quite different from that of the Higher Self. The difference is a result of several reasons, including no direct connection or communication between the two, a lapse of memory of the previous existence, physical desires from the material body, and so on. For such reason, most of the Subordinate Selves on Earth have been living until now with no knowledge of their Higher Selves elsewhere in the universe.

A Higher Self usually does not get involved in the life of the Subordinate Self, but merely observes it. However, there are cases where the Higher Self is actively involved in the life of the Subordinate Self in order to make the Subordinate one aware of the original being and to prepare for the mission. The Higher Selves send messages to the Subordinate Selves mostly through dreams or moments of unconsciousness during meditation. They sometimes generate special spiritual experiences or make a direct appearance in some way.

The professor's words not only answered my old question, but also opened a new door in my imagination. I can understand the Higher Self in a symbolic way now. Sincera, my 5D Higher Self, would be the head of a jelly fish, and I, a Lower Self, would be one of her numerous tentacles working on Earth. Of course, we are different. And of course, we are the same.



21. Massive Attack

Why didn't they warn us of how difficult it is to get out of the Matrix? They, I mean, those who got out ahead of us.

I love the movie *The Matrix*, but don't love its battle scenes or dark message: the path to freedom is bloody violence. Cleared of its dark elements, *The Matrix* movie is a brilliant spiritual mirror, the best tool at the moment to help me understand what's going on in my life and in our lives.

Watching the movie again, I see a lot more than I did in 1999. I can see into the particular scene where Neo in his cubicle receives a mobile phone via FedEx and hears the voice of Morpheus, who guides him step by step to get out of his office space—a corporate prison.

My goodness, this is my story with Sincera! I hear her voice, on the phone of my heart; I listen to her guidance for walking a path to freedom; I follow her instruction to the edge of my tower, as Neo follows Morpheus's instruction to the window ...



Here I have a different understanding. Once you've met your Higher Self the rest will be a nice 'n' easy trip. You will meet your soul mate, you will find your community, and your finances will never again be problematic.

Because beyond the Matrix is a world of abundance. We are in a new age of thinking positive and feeling good, of attracting health, wealth, and love. We can manifest whatever we want, and can place our orders in a cosmic catalogue with unlimited stock. Ask, and it is given. So, ask.

Why isn't it given?

I watch my friends and acquaintances falling away and my bank balance dropping by the week, and see no sign of a film project coming. The Secret® works for millions, why not for me? Didn't the Lady of Light say she'd provide all the support I need? Doesn't the Higher Self see that the anxiety from having no income is eating up the lower self's stomach lining?

I should have asked her. I should have bargained with her and signed a contract: “I agree to take on your project while you agree to supply me with a grant.” I said yes immediately to this sky commissioner, without thinking of my earthly terms and conditions. So here’s where I am: outside of a skyscraper, a hundred floors above the ground of security.



Strangely, Belastingdienst (namely, the Dutch Tax Service) keeps depositing various returns into my bank account, not a lot but just enough to keep the balance hanging.

I seldom watch TV, but happen to turn it on when Oprah is interviewing the writer Cormac McCarthy, who at one point had not even money for a tube of toothpaste. A few days later, he found a free sample sitting in his mailbox.

I also happen to turn to the page in Eckhart Tolle's second bestseller, *A New Earth*, where he says he ran out of money while writing his first book, went and bought a lottery ticket, won \$1,000, and with that finished *The Power of Now*.

I ain't stupid. I get the point.

The point is not buying a lottery ticket, or going on welfare, but living on faith.

Living on faith sounds romantic to the ears but is tough on the nerves. As a Hobbit, you can't help but worry that you might run out of porridge in your cupboard or lose your hole in the ground. I know, Meister Tolle was sleeping on park benches, as a homeless. But he is a great man, with the Power of Now, and I am a little woman, with the power of the passé.

Thus, like a see-saw, I go up and down between doubt and trust, between war and peace, between the red and the black, between the naked and the dead. My mood matches perfectly the Dutch weather, one minute brilliant sunshine, the next minute raging hailstorm.

One gray winter morning, I crawl out of another Dark Night of the Soul and reach for my light on the computer screen. Sincera informs me that there was an invasion of dark energy into my aura due to lack of boundary. Yesterday, I went to a

birthday party and came home a flat balloon. Sincera teaches me a way to set boundaries and to protect my aura.

I tell Sincera that I am fear-ridden as a storyteller. Sincera gives me a trick for telling Modira's story: "Just pretend it is a '1001 Nights' scenario, with Caval as the king!"

Somewhat cheered up, I open Modira's file, but can't write a word. Feeling desperate, I go back to Sincera's file:

WJ:

I feel no desire to go back to the Stone Age. I don't see the point in telling the story. Who cares? The story is private for me. This task doesn't sound right. If you want me to do this, you must help me with information, with inspiration, with practical aid. I have NOTHING! I have NOBODY! Why aren't you helping me?????

Sincera:

No one in your 3D world can help you at this point because the writing is an act of going deep inside yourself. Nobody can do that for you but you yourself. I can only guide you to go deep but I cannot go there instead of you. Do you understand the situation now? Can you accept your aloneness?

You chose this solitary task. Your heart desired it and your mind wanted it. You are capable of doing it. But you must not let your feeling of self-pity overshadow your passion. You must bundle up and go into the cloud

of unknowing all by yourself. There is no other way. You must go in by yourself. And you must find your way by yourself. I can only breathe ideas into your ears, but you must trust that I am here, always here, guiding you in the dark. It is a process of walking right into your pain and your sadness and your despair.

WJ:

All right. First, get rid of this voice saying I have no talent for writing. Then, get rid of this voice saying the writing has to be perfect, and the voice saying I am on a wild goose chase, and the voice saying it's a dead end. Now, I can go back to writing.

I manage to return to the Stone Age. But I'm unable to enter Modira's village. To refresh my mind, I go on the Internet to have a look around.

A Dutch network of Pleiadian Light Workers shows up on Google. There is a Pleiadian training school right in the Netherlands! If this were any other day, I would be dancing with joy. Today, bigger than delight is despair.

Reading the school's curriculum, I see a ladder of spiritual ascension reaching all the way into white clouds, and I am at its bottom rung.

I have to speak to Sincera. This is a hopeless situation.

I feel defeated again. How can I ever write a Pleiadian book when I am just a beginner of the Pleiadian practice? I've so little information and so little personal knowledge. I feel like quitting again. I can't write this book. I don't even know what the book is about. Sincera, I don't want to continue anymore. It's been like this—back and forth, back and forth—for over a year now! This is not right. This is not a task. This is an astral delusion. I am deluded by Mara's ego and by my own.

I hammered out these words. A fire blasts out of my belly. I shoot up from the chair, grab the folder of transcriptions, and throw it to the floor. I yell at the top of my lungs, “To hell with this project! I'm fed up! I quit!”

The anger flares even higher. I pick up the folder and start ripping off pages. Ripping, crumbling, and throwing pages all over the floor, I cry and scream like a banshee in a horror movie. I'm tearing apart the fruits of my hard labor. I'm destroying the jewel I've treasured more than my own life. I'm killing my love.

The room becomes a mess. The scene looks so crazy that it jolts me out of hysteria. I collapse on the floor, exhausted, frightened, thinking I've finally become psychotic.

With a bit of sanity regained, I go out of the house, into the park, and dial the number of Gaby. My German florist friend is still there, like a loyal old houseplant that will not abandon

me. "Have trust in this project." Gaby is calm on the phone. "What you are doing is very special."

"Special? Specially stupid!" I protest. "Why is it so hard? A channeled book is supposed to come easy."

"Be patient!" Gaby always says the two words to me, like a mantra. "Be patient, it will come. Nobody is doing what you are doing. Of course it is hard."

All it takes is one person in the world who doesn't think that I'm crazy. The phone call to Gaby and the long walk through the seaside park have restored my faith. I come home, ready to apologize.

WJ:

Back to you, Sincera. You don't mind that I yell at you and throw away my work, do you? Why don't you help me, Sincera, if you exist?

Sincera:

You know I exist. I exist in the state of inner peace and trust that you often experience. I do not exist in the dark state of resentment and distrust. There in the dark realm you can never meet me. I am only accessible to you when you come with trust. You see, this writing is your medicine. It is healing your deepest wound by first releasing the repressed anger, frustration, and sadness that have been stuck in your

body for so many years. Not a pleasant experience, for sure, but you can only heal yourself this way. Now, do you trust that I am here for you?

WJ:

I do, in moments like this. What is the red thread of our book?

Sincera:

Forget about the red thread. Forget about the book. Forget about publishing. Forget about the readers. You are writing for yourself!

At the end of a stormy day, the crumbled pages are flattened out and the torn folder is put back. I shut down the iMac and haul myself into bed. Grateful I am for the forgiveness of Sincera, worried on the other hand about my fledgling mental state. What was that demonic force? Second time now it made me renounce Sincera, in the classic manner of a traitor.

22. You Are Dead, Karl.

It was a voice that turned me into a traitor. The voice said, “I am manipulated and deceived. This so-called mission leads to nowhere but a stone wall. I deserve a normal, happy life. To hell with this senseless spiritual struggle—I rebel!”

The scary part is not what this voice said. The scary part is that it spoke as “I.” It often spoke as I, and I always thought it was I. In the midst of stormy emotion, it was totally I. Apparently, there are two diametrically opposed voices living inside my head, both speaking as “I.”

One night in bed, I am reading to my sad inner child *Tintin in Tibet*. My inner child wants to play in the woods with other kids. She doesn’t want to sit in front of the computer, alone, every day.

She wants to journey to Tibet with Tintin. Now we come to the part where Tintin’s dog, Milou, chances upon a bone on his way to a monastery to deliver an SOS message. Two voices start to speak to Milou, one telling him to go for the mission, one telling him to go for the bone.



Wow, such a thing happens even to Milou! Judging from the looks, both voices speak as the “I” of Milou. If such a thing could happen to a smart dog, it could also happen to a smart Hobbit. One image, made by a Belgian master, gets me out of a dark pit. It is true: a picture can heal a thousand wounds.

Yet my wounds are more than a thousand, and my situation is worse off than Milou’s. For him, it was once in a while. For me, presently, it is most of the time.

I’ve turned into a creature not so different from Golem, who talks back and forth between “my precious” and “yes, master.” I’ve become a confused radio, caught between two rival stations, one day tuned to Bliss Channel, another day getting programs from Hell Broadcasting. I’ve morphed into a Moytirra Battlefield, an astral war raging day and night on my psychological plateau.

A syndrome of multiple personality disorder?

A prelude to schizophrenia?

A sign of awakening?

I decide to look courageously into the dark closet. Having obtained *The Pleiadian Workbook*, channeled by Amora Quan Yin, I begin a self-study course at home.

From learning the basics such as grounding and boundary setting, I move on to clearing my aura of images, emotions, beliefs, thought-forms, and psychic contracts—garbage of all sorts. Every night, I sit on the meditation cushion and apply the methods provided in Amora's comprehensive handbook.

After weeks of hard work, the results are glaring. I feel more serene and solid. I can't believe how much horrible stuff from others I've taken on board, how many foreign energies have been hiding in me, operating in me, and pretending to be me! These foreign energies came from persons, groups, institutions, societies, and cultures. A collective of others has been living inside me, as me.

Nevertheless, others' help is needed, because I've reached the limit of self-help.

By phoning the Dutch School of Reincarnational Therapy, I come to a therapist named Marion. The respected therapist is

enthusiastic on the phone about doing a session with me, a first-timer and Chinese. We soon meet at her practice in an old village outside Rotterdam.

Lying on my back, eyes closed, on a bed inside a dim room, with Marion at my side giving instructions, iPod by my pillow recording, I begin the session with a conscious journey into my body of flesh of the current incarnation.

At Marion's gentle but firm suggestions, I locate, identify, and release one after another lump of energy lodged inside my flesh, courtesy of my parents, my grandparents, and Chinese society at large. My flesh body was born in China and shaped by China—China in her darkest age. I am a Chinese, also in this not-so-flattering sense.

“There is one more dark mass in my stomach, a tumor-like glob,” I say to Marion.

“Who is the owner of this tumor? Can you see?”

I look into my stomach.

A face emerges.

It's that face overseeing Tiananmen Square and owning the 100-yuan bills!



I always knew that Mao's ghost was still lurking among Chinese people even though Mao's body has been dead since 1976. But I didn't think Mao's legacy would be this real, physically real, under my own skin.

“Now you give this tumor back to Mao. It belongs to him,” Marion instructs me.

I pull out the tumor and hurl it to this face up there at Tiananmen Square. Within a short while, I feel a channel being opened and my family line being cleaned. I am able to, for the first time in my life, speak to my ancestors from the Middle Kingdom: “I am one of you! I belong to you!”

All my life I have felt ambivalent about my Chinese ancestry. When I thought about my biological ancestors, I saw not only the white clouds carrying away Taoist immortals but also the angry canes of frustrated men and the crushed feet of broken women.

China has inspired me so much, China has wounded me so much. I loved China, and I hated China. I felt I was not Chinese, and yet I felt I was more Chinese than most Chinese. My China had long ago ceased to exist. It used to be a very different land, with a very different set of civilizations.

Now, inside a Dutch farmhouse in the vicinity of Rotterdam, what's happening is a stream of love flowing from my ancestors in ancient China all the way down to me, and from me all the way back to them. This energetic flow passes through heart after heart in an endless line of people, whose faces I can vaguely see, whose names I can never know. But I know where I stand in this long biological line. I, as a biological Chinese, finally feel that I'm a member of the Chinese race, a *healed* Chinese race.

After the blood line is realigned, Marion suggests that we work on the soul line. At hearing the term "soul line," my mind switches from a horizontal view into a vertical one. As I understand, a blood line goes horizontally in the earthly plane; a soul line goes vertically into the celestial and cosmic planes.

Marion instructs me, "Now, call your soul family to come here and be with you, and tell me what their presence feels like."

They come right away, as a soft, warm presence tangible to my physical body. They are invisible light beings, full of love and respect, floating around in a borderless shape.

Surrounded by their transparent bodies, my body becomes also weightless and borderless, as if I've entered a unified field with minimal distinctions. We are still individual souls, but we need not speak in words, for we understand one another instantaneously.

In the midst of this ethereal, at-home feeling, a thought enters the scene. It invades the scene. The thought says to me, "You are just deluding yourself with wish-fulfilling fantasies!"

I report it out loud to Marion. Marion wants to hear what else the thought is saying. So I let it speak out. It says, "You are projecting your desire out as reality, but such imagined reality does NOT exist out there."

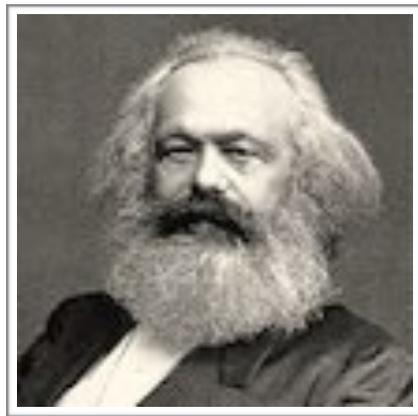
"Hang on to the thought. Try to locate it in your body. Can you tell me where it is?"

"I can feel it at the center of my chest. I can also feel it inside my head."

"Go into the feeling in your head and see who is behind the thought. Who is speaking these words?"

I focus my inner sight. An image jumps out: an old man with a bushy white beard.

Not the Indian poet Tagore. Not my imaginary teacher Nieo. This is the face of a real person, a man whom I had once admired, later resented, and eventually forgotten.



“Karl Marx!”

I see a flock of concepts flying out of Karl’s luxuriant mouth: “religion is the opium of the masses,” “matter determines consciousness,” “spirit is a projection of the brain,” “class struggle drives historical progress,” etc.

Schoolchildren all over China had to memorize such words of wisdom from this Western man, said to have uncovered the ultimate truth. We philosophy majors at Beijing University spent our entire first year studying Karl’s truth systems:

Dialectical Materialism and Historical Materialism. And the official ideology of Communist China, in full, was Marxism-Leninism-Maoism.

This man and that man on the 100-yuan bill practically rule the minds of the Chinese today, still.

After so many years of exile, Karl is back. Back in full strength and smack in my face. With his 19th-century scalpel, Karl cuts my soul family reunion scene to smithereens.

“It’s not just Karl Marx the man,” I continue to report to Marion, “it’s also a long tradition in which he stands. It’s the Enlightenment mentality that worships reason. It’s the scientific paradigm that interprets spiritual experience as ‘brain dysfunction.’ It’s the hard-core materialism that has castrated the Chinese and others. Karl Marx is a representative of the many teachers in Chinese schools and many white male professors I had met in the West.”

“Good,” says Marion, her voice sure as before. “You can tell him, ‘Dear Karl, don’t you know you are dead?’ Tell him that.”

“Karl, you are dead!”

“Good. Now you give back to Karl what belongs to him.”

So Karl is dead.

But Carl is alive.

Now the German German Karl is more dead in my life, the
Swiss German Carl is more alive.

23. **The Alien in Me**

Having driven two communist ghosts, one Asian and one European, out of the dark closet, I couldn't help writing for days on evil and its origin. The result is an essay that begins with my introduction to shamanism three years back in 2005.

The Alien in Me

A nail pierces my torso and pins me to a cardboard. I flap my wings, a captured butterfly, but can't get free.

No other metaphor can pinpoint my feeling of entrapment. Having tried many means, yet unsuccessful, I decided to go for something called "ayahuasca." Living in Holland where plants like ayahuasca were legal, I thought, "As long as it doesn't kill me, I'd put up with anything just to be freed."

Grandmother Ayahuasca, as she's called in the jungle, is a tea that makes you vomit. Not a throwing-up-from-the-car-window type of vomit, but proper vomit. It's a hurl-your-guts-out kind of vomit. Since time immemorial, jungle dwellers of the Amazon have been drinking this disgusting tea, not for the taste but for what happens after the taste.

Full moon in March 2005, I had my first taste of ayahuasca. I hated it so much that I immediately signed up for a second drinking the coming weekend. Now, this isn't a tea that you brew in a tea kettle and drink by the living room window. You need a group of people with a leader who knows what he or she is doing, and more importantly, how to get vines and leaves from the Amazon all the way into the EU.

Our leader was a female Dutch shaman, Hannah. She had invited a male Dutch shaman, Ari, to co-lead the weekend workshop. I had never been on a shamanic journey before, shameful to say, because I was a scholar of religion.

Hannah opened the workshop with drumming and guided us to descend to the underworld with the intention of meeting our power animals. The concept of "power animal" was as nouveau to me as the shaman's drumbeat.

Despite unfamiliarities, I managed to descend to the lower world along a white birch tree and encountered a white swan three times in the contexts of water, land, and air. This would make the white swan my power animal. After the fruitful journey, I had a second thought: "The beautiful swan could be my wishful thinking projected."

Deep in the night, our ayahuasca ceremony began. A proud second-timer, I asked for a double dose. The dark-brown liquid was bitterer than any Chinese medicinal tea I'd ever tasted. Not long after the drinking, in the midst of roaring sounds of people vomiting, I erupted. With trillions of colors and geometric forms dancing before my eyes, I knew "I'm in."

So far, music had been alternating with periods of silence. I began to feel good lying on a small mat in a dark room crowded with twenty-some bodies. Then, the music took a radical turn. I heard a new whistle-like sound, as if announcing the arrival of somebody. A force was arriving, a dark force, frighteningly dark, and it was visible.

I saw a monstrous creature with a long thin tail, surrounded by a number of small creatures in similarly grotesque forms. The troupe of black creatures had strange colors outlining their silhouettes, and were moving in cadence with this whistle-like sound.

The troupe had arrived not only as an external presence in the room but also as a force sweeping over me from the inside. A horrible vibration was taking over my body, and my eyes were filled with images of blood and corpses, scenes of murder and crime, of war and torture.

A thought announced, "The Grand Master has arrived!"

The Grand Master of Darkness was in the room. He held sway over everybody on the floor. We all had to drop to our knees and kowtow to our master, to this enormous dark presence that had no face.

Our master sent us to a sadomasochistic scene where we had to humiliate one another, and we couldn't say no. He commanded us to go kill, to perform acts of terror. He had us as dogs on a leash. We were his slaves, all of us, humans on the earth.

I didn't want to be his slave, but he had me on his leash. His entourage of nasty creatures was holding me in captivity. I was utterly defenseless over the permeation of their disgusting vibration. Scenes from Auschwitz, Cambodia, and other brutal killing grounds were being played out in front of my eyes. I was forced to watch them, and to keep on watching them.

In the meantime, my self-awareness was present, a faint light at the edge of the dark scene. My self-awareness moved to the foreground and screamed, "Ayahuasca tricked me! Hannah tricked me! This is a setup to get me to join a black magic order. I want nothing to do with black magic. I can't get out—I'm trapped!"

My body was shivering in the unbearable nausea, my mind sinking in abysmal despair.

Perhaps, having sensed my quiet torment in the dark corner, Hannah came over and helped me sit up. Fanning white swan feathers over my head, Hannah cleared the air and sang a song of protection. Despite her song, I was dead stuck in hell.

Hannah said to me, “Pray to Jesus Christ!”

“Oh no!” I sank even deeper in despair. “This is a setup to get me to convert to Christianity, another trap!”

At this juncture, I was about to lose my last trickle of trust in everything, in everyone, when suddenly my blurry eyes saw the white-feather fan in Hannah’s hand. I knew I could trust this, at least this—the wing of a swan.

I grabbed the fan and lay down on the mat. I covered my face with the swan’s wing. The swan feathers felt so soft, so solid, and so tangibly real. Under her protective wing, I sobbed like a child. My swan came! My power animal came to save me!

Floating in my mind now were thoughts of crucifixion. I saw what this man was going through, hanging up there on the cross. He was about to lose trust, like me. He was in a limbo of despair and fear, like me. The Devil was taunting him and

tempting him to give up—“There is no eternal life, only eternal death!”—just as he had taunted me. But like me, this man did not give up the fight. Like me, this man chose hope over despair, trust over doubt, and light over darkness. Like me, this man defeated Satan.

Sobbing under the white swan wing, I understood, for the first time in my life, this man bearing the name of Jesus Christ.

The Dark Master returned. I felt his monstrous vibe reentering my stomach. The nausea was back. My power animal had not the power to ward off the monster for good. I had slipped from the back of my swan and fallen into the monster’s claw.

The other leader, Ari, came to me, lying quietly on the mat. He, too, must have sensed my silent struggle. “Tell me, what’s going on?”

From the grip of the monster’s claw, I whispered to Ari, “A dark master is trying to conquer me. But I will not surrender to him no matter what he does. I will not let him conquer my heart. My heart wants nothing to do with him.”

Ari helped me get up from the mat. Taking me by the hand, he led me out of the crowded room. Staggering through the corridor and holding on to a man dressed in white, I knew I could trust this pair of hands, too.

The hands led me into a small, temple-like room. Ari took down from the wall a long sword. Chanting a mantra, he waved the sword around my body, as if cutting something loose. “The entity is hanging on to you like an octopus.”

The octopus wouldn't let go. I moaned as if I was dying.

“Focus on the light!” Ari repeated.

Mental focus wouldn't do, as the demonic force was much more powerful than our two human minds joined. The entity looked like an octopus to Ari, but felt like the dragon-looking Nazgûl from the film *The Lord of the Rings*, with that squeaky, piercing, nauseating sound that churned my stomach.

While performing magical gestures over my crown chakra, Ari instructed me to “surrender to the light.” Surrender? No way! I had been fighting for a whole night to not surrender to a dark master. I could not, and would not, surrender to anybody.

A while passed, and the bad vibe weakened. Ari needed to go back to the group. Before leaving me alone in the small temple room, Ari inserted a CD into the stereo.

The heavenly music reached into my cells. The ethereal sound was unlike anything I had heard in life. It was a sonic vibration of power, absolute power, arriving from above and beyond.

A new thought came in and announced, “The Grand Grand Grand Grand Master is here!”

The master to whom even the Dark Master must bow. The master of all masters. The Ultimate Master. Awesome, trustworthy, all-encompassing. This is the one I had to, and wanted to, surrender to. I dropped to the floor and bowed. I gave up my battle and said yes. I opened my hands and uttered an invitation: “My house is open, you are welcome inside!”

The force entered me from the crown of my head. I shivered as the infinite force entered my finite body. I had to exert some effort in facilitating its entry into my tight interior. It was like receiving a man, but through the crown of my head! Despite being a bit afraid, I trusted the kind intention of this unknown force, a pillar-like masculine force.

“This must be God,” I murmured. “This is definitely God, whatever the name.” The Godly presence in my body felt totally strange and totally familiar. I remembered Rudolf Otto. I remembered Martin Buber. I remembered Joseph Campbell. I murmured on, facing the floor: “God, I’d rather call you YOU. YOU are me, and YOU are everything beyond me!”

Years of studying at a divinity school didn't get me to pass beyond God as a concept. I never thought I could taste God in my mouth, or feel God under my skin.

Lying on the floor in the temple-like room, watching the long night morphing into dawn, I understood what all those years of book learning amounted to. And I knew that this famous character known by many names—Satan, Lucifer, Mephisto, the Devil—is indeed for real.

In my subsequent ayahuasca journeys, the Dark Master didn't show up anymore, and my experiences were mostly positive. I took it as a sign that the job of exorcism was done.

But the nail was still in my back. I could feel it.

24. The Alien in Me (Continued)

On my shelf was *The Way of the Shaman*. Years ago I had flipped through the book but got little out of it. It was theology, not shamanism, that fascinated me then at the divinity school. Now finally, I could give this classic a proper read.

The book began with a reference to ayahuasca! It was through drinking ayahuasca in the Peruvian Amazon in 1960 that the anthropologist, Michael Harner, was initiated onto the shaman's path.

On his very first ayahuasca trip, Harner encountered a boatful of bird people, and later, dragon-like creatures with stubby pterodactyl-like wings and huge, whale-like bodies.

From the lower region of Harner's own brain, the flying reptiles showed him how they had fallen from outer space onto Earth to escape from their enemies. They told Harner that they had created many life forms on Earth, and that they hid inside their creation—including human beings—to disguise their presence. They said they were the true masters of humanity and of the entire Earth.

The day after, Harner went to talk to two missionaries about his bizarre encounter. The two Christians immediately opened the Bible and showed him the Book of Revelation, Chapter 12. There was the famous passage describing a war in heaven between Archangel Michael and the dragon. The dragon was defeated and thrown out of heaven. The dragon, who is called the Devil and Satan, deceiver of the whole world, was cast out to Earth, along with his angels.

Harner went on to consult a blind shaman in the jungle. Hearing Harner's description of the "giant bats" who said they were the true masters of the world, the blind shaman "looked" at the sky and said with a grin, "Oh, they're always saying that. But they are only the Masters of Outer Darkness."

Couldn't be more perfect: a scholarly confirmation falling off my shelf at home!

The confirmation, however, made me wonder if my battle with the Dark Master was truly over. Although the guy had disappeared from my ayahuasca trips, it didn't mean he was gone from my life. For vivid in my mind was that lifelike vision where the Dark Master had all of us on his leash, all of us, every single human walking this earth.

The sight was too real to be symbolic.

But my friends all said to me, “Ah, come on, be positive! You should focus on the light, not on the dark. Why pay attention to something you dread and despise? You should send your energy to love and light.”

Well, in the weeks and months that followed, I witnessed vicious acts done by people who spoke only of love, and saw the ugly shadows of people who saw themselves as pure beings of light. Maybe because my aura was cleaner due to ayahuasca, I could see with my own eyes a hidden agenda secretly brewing in most social interactions—the power game.

We put each other down, out of habit.

We compete for supremacy, over trivia.

What alerted me even more was the discovery of a scary face on the back of everybody’s head. The scary face would come out at unexpected moments, as a stranger’s spooky face superimposed on the friendly face.

This demonic face couldn’t be a mere expression of our own shadow. It is hiding in our shadow, but not sourced in our shadow. It might have originated from beyond the shadow part of our humanity, as something other than our humanity.

I remembered my father, a Renaissance man in Mao's China, used to refer to Goethe's *Faust*. "Mephisto is everywhere," Dad used to say to me, "and he often comes across as a charming and sympathetic friend. Beware of his tricks!"

Every now and then, Dad would confide to me that there was a war going on inside him between Mephisto and God. I was too young to understand what he meant. Dad admitted that Mephisto had commanded him to do things against his will.

Like most people in China, my father could read only Chinese. And like most people in communist China, my father did not believe in a god or in a buddha. Despite being a multi-talented genius, my father was a secular man.

Yet, exceptionally, my father had a strong self-awareness of his inner war and its origin in the invisible spirit realm. Probably because he had found a spirit mirror in Goethe's *Faust*.

Years later, I read *Faust* in English, struck by the definition Mephisto gave to himself: "I am the spirit of negation."

Faust and Mephisto, in the 1960 film



The spirit of negation is of course found in every language.

There is a popular phrase in Chinese: “When you misfire, you join Mo (走火入魔).” Mo means the Devil.

There is another saying: “One foot high grows Tao, ten feet high grows Mo (道高一尺，魔高一丈).” Tao in this context means one’s spiritual power, and the word “Mo” has never meant anything short of an actual reality, though a much dreaded and despised one.

In the West, there exist concepts such as “Satanic panic” and “pact with the Devil” and a wealth of literature obsessed with various personifications of evil.



Devil's Advocate

In the Hollywood movie *Devil's Advocate*, the young lawyer Kevin makes a pact with the Devil. The Devil then coaches his protégé, walking through the streets of New York.

“You’ve gotta keep yourself small, innocuous. Look at me: underestimated from day one! You’d never think I was a master of the universe, would you? I’m a surprise, Kevin. They don’t see me coming.”

I don’t see him coming. But I know, instinctively, that he isn’t far from us, even those of us who don’t want to make any pact with him. So close he is that we always fail to detect his presence. Not for no reason is he called the Master of Deception.

What is the best disguise a Master of Deception can wear?

What is the best place for a Master of Darkness to hide?

Not behind Halloween costumes! Not like this one below:



The Dark Lord Sauron in *The Lord of the Rings*

Just think.

Behind things shiny and beautiful. Behind words speaking of truth and love. Behind brilliant façades of light. Behind holy images of the divine.

Yes! There's an even better place to hide. Think.

He hides ... under ... our skin.

Bingo! Under our own roof is the Devil hiding, a genius at diverting attention. He confuses us with false targets; he gets us to hunt for the Devil, outside of ourselves, in others. The Devil hunts for the Devil. That is why he is called the Master of Tricks.

The Devil is wearing human skins. How in the hell (turns out that the word “hell” came from an Indo-European root, meaning “to cover or hide”) has he managed to sneak under my skin? I could find no answer, and all my friends, residing in the Love and Light camp, were unsympathetic to my quest.

Finally, deciding that the issue was too esoteric, I quit pondering it till months later when I was in Ireland with Mara in our last channeling session at Muriel’s B & B wherein the Pleiadian Sincera spoke to us about a dark force.

Sincera informed us that a group of dark ETs had infiltrated Earth humankind. At first, the dark ETs attempted to establish themselves in Ireland but were driven away by her group after the “battle” at Moytirra Plateau. The dark ETs went to the Middle East and infiltrated the human tribes in Mesopotamia, our weakest spot.

I asked Sincera if there was any connection between this dark infiltration in the Middle East and the concept of Yahweh, the monotheistic god, since earlier that day Mara and I had talked about our traumatic upbringings under Mao and Jehovah.

Sincera replied, “The concept was given by the dark force.”

“Is there any positive value in this concept for us today?”

“No, there is no value in the concept at all. Remember, it is not just the one god but also the male god, and this male god demanded blood sacrifice.”

Sincera said that slaughtering sheep and other animals as sacrificial offerings to one male god, or to any god, was a direct insult to the Family of Light. These farm animals were gifts from her people to the people of Earth.

There again, I thought about my years at the divinity school, sitting in class with the nation’s leading scholars, plodding through French and German dictionaries in library basements to grasp the profound meanings of theological jargons. All that search for God in Cambridge, Massachusetts wound up at this juncture in an Irish farmhouse where a good ET was telling me that this God was, simply, a bad ET.

The Pleiadian story of alien infiltration continued. In our channeling in Amsterdam, Sincera revealed the tricks used by dark aliens to seduce our minds, and the manner by which they sneaked into our gene pool. I knew it! I always knew it to be a horror story like that. I had, in the deep unconscious side of me as a woman, that feeling—sex with aliens.

“They also had a penis?” I asked during the same channeling.

“Yeah, they were in human form, only their skin was a bit different.” Mara described her sight. “They had some kind of reptilian skin. Their hands were a bit like claws. They were on the ground with two feet. They had no hair. They had yellowish eyes.”

“Ask Sincera, is this the form they take on when they enter the Earth zone, or is this their original form on their own planet?”

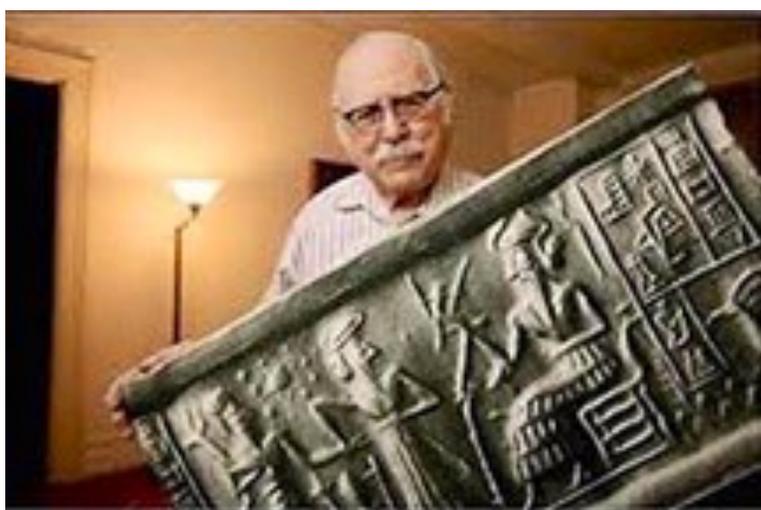
“It is the form they assume in the 3rd Dimension. When they are back on their planet, they are fast-moving energies.” Their planet was known in ancient Sumer as the star Nibiru. They, the sky visitors, were called Anunnaki by the Sumerians.

Sincera then said, “It is important for you to know that before these dark visitors infiltrated the tribes in Mesopotamia there was a base layer of civilization established by us, your Family of Light.”

In other words, the Anunnaki stole the fruits of civilization.

I knew of Sumer, of course. But I had never heard of “Nibiru” or “Anunnaki.” I had never heard of “Pleiades” until my trip to Ireland with Mara. Such words had never come up in my university classes or among my circle of friends.

I had never heard of Zecharia Sitchin. Mara had read books by Sitchin long before our trip to Ireland. So naturally I wondered if Mara was throwing her own stuff into the channeling. I wondered how original Sincera's information about the Anunnaki was and to what extent I could go by Sitchin's story after Sincera said, "Sitchin's story is partly true."

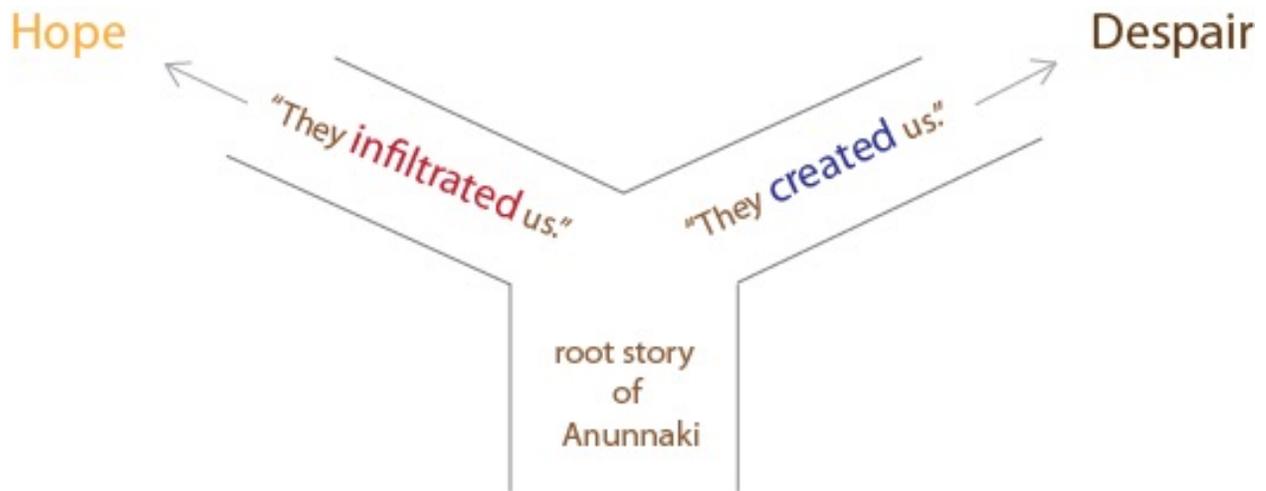


Sitchin and a Clay-tablet "Proof"
of His 12th Planet Theory

The more I read into Sitchin's books, the more I felt that Sitchin's story was *partly* true.

He was right about the dominant presence of the Anunnaki in Sumer. But he was wrong about crediting them the role of civilizers and the role of our makers. I must say I found Sitchin's story as revealing as it is confusing, and Sitchin the scholar as credible as he is dubious.

Here we have two concepts, leading us on two separate paths toward two different futures:



There's danger in going down the Sitchin Road, in believing that the Anunnaki "created us as a slave species." This is exactly what the Anunnaki want us to believe! They want us to see themselves as powerful creators, and to see ourselves as powerless creatures.

Sitchin's story could be a fancy new reinforcement of an old lie. The Anunnaki were skillful deceivers, besides being ruthless conquerors. Their method for infiltrating our cultures, as revealed by Sincera, was "reversal of the original." They would sneak into an existing symbol or story and give it an alien twist, quite often a 180-degree turn. Black into white, bad into good, fake into true.

The clay tablets were telling their story, in their view and for their sake. If I dare to be radical, I'd say that those clay tablets were the Sumerian equivalent of the Nazi propaganda films. The clay tablets were the world's first propaganda pieces, telling a his-story of half-truths and half-lies.

“Evil is a conscious choice to go against the cosmic way,” Sincera said to us, “and these entities from Nibiru had made a conscious choice to go against the divine order. It had become their second nature to oppose what exists, to turn everything upside down. They wanted to be more than shadows, more than visitors to this planet. They rebelled against the plan and made themselves rulers over Earth and lords over humans.”

One afternoon, tired from rewriting Modira's story, I went on the Internet to see who else out there was talking about the Anunnaki. Google gave me a scant 243,000 results! I read one article after another. Finally I got into the website of someone talking about a man named David Icke, “the world's leading discloser of a reptilian domination of our planet.”

Soon I realized what David Icke means to me. He is, to use his own metaphor, my snowplow: he has plowed the way, and for sure, he's got the dirty end of the job. I need not worry that someone would cut my throat, shoot me in the chest, or set my house on fire because I say the Judaeo-Christian-Islamic God is a dark alien.

There's a worldwide population of seekers with the awareness of a dark ET force secretly ruling our planet. So many people are revealing how we had been controlled by sinister forces hiding in the dark, and all roads led to Rome, to Rome in the sky. I am convinced that the origin of evil (at least one of them) lies on this Sumerian "Planet of Crossing," this Babylonian "Star of Marduk," this "Planet X" of today.

An ontological issue, which has boggled me all my life, turns out to be a cosmological one. In my mind, a straight line is drawn, connecting the dot "Evil" with the dot "Nibiru."

This is just a start, of course. The origin of evil has to be traced further up, to stellar, galactic, and even universal levels. But this is a good start. We have pinpointed the monster's tail, if not the monster's head.

Yet, it is hugely misleading to label the monster a "reptilian." Indeed, the Anunnaki from Nibiru are space reptiles—they are made of a strange mix of metallic and reptilian energies and they are still on Earth in the 4D, according to the channeling by Barbara Hand Clow, whose book *The Pleiadian Agenda* has become a top reference book for me.

To use the word "reptilian" in a sweeping fashion to the extent of defining their game "reptilian game" and their agenda

“reptilian agenda” is to (unintentionally) make all reptilians look bad. On this issue, I disagree with my hero, David Icke.

A concept can lead us, or mislead us. To go down the conceptual path of “reptilian conspiracy”—already a buzzword in the alternative research field—is problematic. If we go down this path, we would lose even more of our loose ties with the good reptilians—the sacred snakes, the legendary crocs, the mythical turtles—all being protectors of the life force and guardians of the biosphere.

There are benevolent reptilians and malevolent reptilians, just as there are good ETs and bad ETs. The bad dragons from space have an agenda to wipe out the good dragons who are native to Earth by destroying their habitats in forests, rivers, and caves through the hands of possessed humans.



Good Dragon



Bad Dragon

We must reforge our sacred alliance with the good reptilians. We must rehabilitate the word “reptilian” to begin with. The right word for labeling this dark force from space is not “reptilian” but “alien.”

I’ve detected a trend among truth seekers and that is to locate the aliens’ control centers externally in space, and to point the finger outwardly at other people, be they the Freemasons, the Illuminati, the Bilderbergers, the Rockefellers, the Windsors, the Rothschilds, or worse, the Jews as a whole.

This is a dangerous path, because the Devil always wants us to hunt for the Devil out there.

I’d point my index finger, backward, at my own body: “The alien is here—the Anunnaki are in here.”

It is true, they are up there, on top of the dark pyramid, Anunnaki bloodlines running through royal families that are feasting on our blood and sweat, and they are even higher, in the 4th Dimension, invisible entities who suck our energies.

They are up there only because they are in here. They couldn’t exist in our external reality if we hadn’t allowed them to exist in our internal reality. We are their hosts, we, the human race.

**There wouldn't be any Anunnaki.com
if we Homo sapiens refused to host such a site.**

These alien *visitors*, who had no right to dwell on Earth, would have zero possibility to influence earthly affairs if we, Homo sapiens, hadn't invited them into our homes, hadn't offered ourselves to be at their service.

Our problem is not “the reptilian out there.”
Our problem is rather “the alien in here.”

How did the alien get in here?

According to our Pleiadian source, the Anunnaki began a genetic infiltration five millennia ago (not 250 millennia ago!) with an agenda to conquer all humans on Earth. By the beginning of the 20th century, this agenda was done with the last batch of Aboriginal tribes falling to the “civilization” force. Today, there is no tribe of pure, original humans yet to be found. All of us are walking around with the Anunnaki genetic virus in our bodies—it's only a matter of percentage.

They didn't engineer our genes—they infected our genes. They polluted our genetic purity; they defiled our genetic virginity; they cast a shadow on our genetic brilliance.

With their genetic infiltration, there came this inner war. There was no war on Earth (out there or in here) before they came. They brought their warring energy to our planet. Humanity, before their infiltration, was in a state of harmony, even though there was tension between the earthly element and the stellar element. The two elements were fundamentally compatible, and possible to integrate.

The energy of the aliens is fundamentally incompatible with the human design. The Anunnaki, being reptilian machines, are non-human to begin with. They are not part of the original blueprint. They had no right to dwell in humanity, let alone to rule humanity.

When such an alien energy enters humanity, it only messes up our original pattern, disrupts our original balance, and wreaks havoc on our original harmony. Such a negative force is best described, in medical as well as computer terms, as a “virus.”

“A virus, by nature, cannot stop itself,” Sincera explained. “Therefore it keeps on multiplying and multiplying.”

What has infected us seems to be a most dangerous kind of space virus. It enslaves us while giving us an illusion of freedom; it controls us while making us feel we are in control; it gives us a fake self, who is an enemy to the true self.

The fake self wants to be the whole self; the shadow wants to be real. In some humans who are completely taken over, the fake self is the whole self. In other humans who are more resilient and aware, the fake self is experienced as a force of distraction, distortion, or destruction that goes against one's true desires and true impulses. These humans are self-aware of the presence of an inner enemy.

And these humans are self-aware of an inner war. Those who are unaware are totally taken over. Aware or unaware, there is a war going on inside us. Even those who were born great, for example, Jeshua and Siddhartha, had to confront their inner demons and resolve their inner struggles before they became truly great.

We are all at odds with ourselves. We are all torn apart. We project our inner war out onto other individuals, other tribes, other nations, because we do not understand what the hell is going on under our own skin.

As the South African shaman Credo Mutwa put it in David Icke's interview with him, widely available on YouTube, "People fight in order to get rid of what's giving them pain."

What's giving us pain is a vibration. This tormenting vibration is well captured in an image on a clay artifact made in ancient Sumer and unearthed in today's Iraq.



This is what's going on *inside* each one of us. What happened to our psyche, to our relations, to our society and civilization is said in this little image—this root image says it all.

Anu Vibe, this Sumerian image shows.

I use the term “Anu Vibe” to nail the alien vibration that torments us from within. It helps me to single out Anu (that is, the head of the Anunnaki hive, the lord of the Anunnaki hierarchy, the commander-in-chief of the Anunnaki army) as the representative. It helps to use Anu as a code name to access, confront, and fight the Anunnaki empire.

Anu is to me as Sauron was to Tolkien.

The story of Anu needs books to tell. Most important for us now is to realize that the Anu Vibe is controlling us on multiple levels. I’ve made a simple chart to help myself understand what’s going on.

<i>Anu Vibe</i>	<i>Anu Game</i>	<i>Anu Ego</i>
ultra male	hierarchy	self-obsessed
restless	competition	body-dominated
destructive	reward & punishment	fear-driven
mechanical	domination & obedience	mono-dimensional

The Anu force that has been tormenting us for 5000 years wants us to deny its existence, to stay oblivious to its operation. To reinforce its secrecy and concealment, the Anu force uses two basic tactics on us:

1. **Denial**—on the unaware humans

2. **Preemptive strike**—on the awakening humans (i.e. it reveals itself, but in an exaggerated manner).

In other words, it makes itself look bigger, stronger, and older than it actually is.

The “slave species of gods” spiel is just one of those bluffing tricks. The Anunnaki want us to believe that they had been active on Earth for millions of years, that they had genetically engineered the Homo sapiens some 250 millennia ago.

Anu wants us to believe that he is our creator. Just as the Devil in *Devil’s Advocate* says to the young lawyer Kevin and as Lord Vader in *Star Wars* says to Luke Skywalker, Anu now says to us, “I am your genetical father!”



“Call me Dad!”

Call you Dad? You are just a shadow!

I'm a child of light. My father is the Sun, my mother the Earth.
I'm too awake to fall for ye old trick.

My eyes are clear enough to see that the core agenda of the Anunnaki propaganda, from Sumer to now, is to *legitimize* their presence in our solar sphere, their occupation of our mother planet, and their ownership of our human minds.

As long as we believe in those fancy spiels, we are financing the Anu empire, we are legitimizing the aliens' illegal existence, we are assisting the shadow to become more than a shadow, and we are staying on the leash of the Dark Lord.

In a channeling, I asked Sincera if there really is a Dark Lord like the one I'd met in my ayahuasca journey.

Sincera replied, "There is a dark energy in the astral realm that has become a person-like entity simply because you people kept feeding it. By nature, it was only a shadow. You made it real in the end."

Sincera would agree if I add a bit more to what she said.

I say that we feed this shadow monster not only by our unconscious act of atrocity but also by our conscious act of fascination. Those of us who don't worship the Devil but are fascinated by the Devil are still feeding the Devil with the precious energy of our attention.

This is a tricky situation: we must pay attention to the monster and take it seriously, and yet, we mustn't feed the monster with our attention and take it seriously.

This is a challenging situation: we must bring a shadow into our awareness, and at the same time, we mustn't help the shadow secure a home in our awareness.

At the bottom of this Alien Problem, it isn't about saying yes to the shadow, or integrating the unconscious into the conscious, or turning the enemy into an ally. It is about getting rid of the alien vibe—peel it, pull it, blow it, blast it, cut it, chop it, burn it, trash it, delete it, whatever your way.

On the way to our true self, each of us will have to look the alien straight in the face. Whether you are a Frodo, a Sam, a Merry, or a Pippin, you will find yourself one day standing on the city wall by yourself, a wee Hobbit in front of a huge dragon bearing a dark lord ...



But unlike what happens in the movie, our Hobbit realizes that he's got power. He can change the scene. No longer afraid or fascinated, he raises his hand to the shadow and says,

“Hey, you, get out of my way!”

25. Sex in the Alien City

On the way back to our true self, we will arrive at a huge city at one point. Some of us will go through it, some of us will go around it, all of us will have to go past this charming place, because it is an alien city, an alien city of sexuality.



Why alien?

Because sex in this city is based on alienation from our true self, and reinforces the alienation from our true self. None of the girls in the Sex and the City picture above is her true self, each being self-identified with her heels, her measurements, and her crotch.

Why city?

Because such low sex is practiced between strangers who don't know each other on the soul level, who don't have heart-to-heart connection, who meet on skin-deep levels, strangers who have chanced upon each other in public spaces that are by nature artificial. Such public spaces are of the city type.

Needless to say, the city civilization was long ago hijacked by the Anu force. The cities today are Anu's cities. The Anu force controls the urban way of living; the Anu paradigm dictates the sexual life of the citizens. What happens in the cities sets the norm for a whole country. How women in New York (aka New Amsterdam) think of sex affects how women in the rest of the world think of sex.

Not so long ago, before I met the Pleiadians, I was thinking as a Sex and the City girl. I thought, finally, the 21st century has given us women the chance to do whatever we want with our bodies, and given me, a prisoner of communism and academia, the chance to be free. I came to the old Amsterdam and felt right at home in the mother city that had begotten New York.

How could I foresee that in a few years the mysterious flow would lead me out of Amsterdam to dwell in a little town named *Monnickendam* (meaning "Monks Dam") and on a quiet street named *Kerkstraat* (meaning "Church Street")?

The mysterious flow moved me just a bit north (still in the vicinity of Amsterdam) into a vastly different Dutch reality: that of a church street in a monks' town.

This beautiful medieval town was built in the 1300s by Catholic monks from Friesland and taken over by Calvinists in later times. Today there are no monks in town, save for a few monk images here and there.



Monnickendam Town Center

My home is a tiny freestanding house that I rent from a just-retired gentleman named Ton, who was introduced to me by my artist friend Marije at a crisis moment. Instinctively I knew that this little place was meant to be my home for now.

“But why here?” I screamed. Why not London, Paris, or Berlin, or at least Delft, where Vermeer had lived? As days went by, I understood why. The sign couldn't be more straightforward:

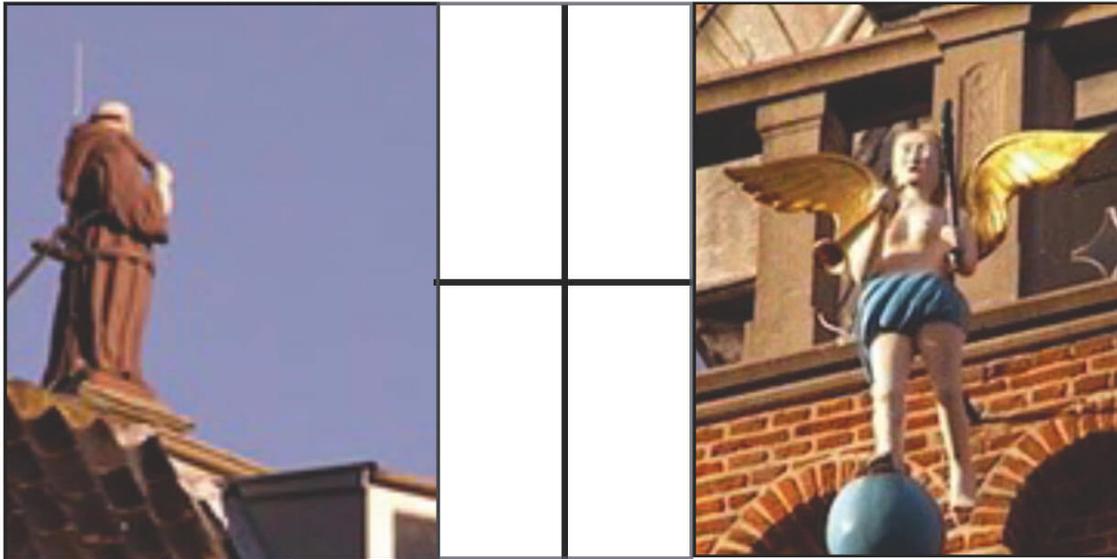
Monk + Church = Monastery

The mysterious flow wanted me to take a new journey, out of sex in the alien city. It put me in a one-room studio in a Calvinist town just outside the world's capital of sex and drugs, to give me a monastic initiation into hermit-hood.

Right above my hermitage's window is a mighty clock tower, the pride of Monnickendam. Its antique bronze bells produce out-of-tune melodies, 4 times an hour, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. On the front side of this clock tower, high up in the air, stands a small statue of an angel-like woman with golden wings and golden hair. Her lot in life is to blow her golden horn every half hour in sync with the out-of-tune bells.

Unfortunately, her horn sounds like the sharp reports made by bodies after too much pea soup. I say *angel-like*, because this woman is completely nude in her upper torso, with two dots clearly marked in the middle of twin lumps. Her lower body is more modest: wrapped around her slender waist is a sky-blue miniskirt. A stripper girl, in my eyes.

Across from her and also in the sky, on the rooftop of a great mansion is the statue of a monk. His crown shaven, his chin dropped, his belly protruding under the heavy brown robe, the man of God seems to be brooding over some theological problem, unaware of a nearby nude female.



A fat monk on the left and a naked angel on the right: the doorkeepers to my hermit's cell in a Calvinistic paradise.

A part of my town is close indeed to Heaven (*hemel* in Dutch). Monnickendam has an idyllic seaside park named *hemmeland*. Hemmeland is a wooded area by the enclosed sea called *Gouwzee*, and “Gouw” was the Dutch word chosen, for whatever reason, to translate Tolkien's “Shire”—homeland of the jolly little Hobbits.

Thus, by chance or by fate, as a reward or as a punishment, I wound up living in the Shire, as a hermit Hobbit.

It was from this Dutch Shire that I made my journey to the Irish Shire with Mara. It was from my hermit's hole on Church Street that I went many times to Mara's house on the other side of Amsterdam and returned with channelings on the iPod. It was in this magic hole that I began communications with Sincera through automatic writing and automatic typing. It is in this temple hole that I go deeper and deeper each day into the wonderland of the Ps.

The sexual life of a hermit Hobbit is something everyone wonders about. The word "hermit" is forever associated with the word "no-sex" and rarely associated with the word "Ps" because in popular imagination the Pleiadians are shiny and sexy figures.

You'd think that the Ps would tell us to have more sex, since they are beings of love and light, of fun and joy, and since they've taught our Neolithic ancestors the art of orgasm besides the art of orgy. You'd think that the Ps would ask us to revive the old ways and turn our life of drudgery into a non-stop Mardi Gras, an all-year Beltane.

Nay, on the contrary! The Ps are telling us to stop having sex the alien way. I've been reading Pleiadian books by famous channelers (Barbara Hand Clow, Amarah Quan Yin, and Barbara Marciniak, to name three). One recurrent message in

Marciniak's books shook me wide awake—the Ps are warning us about the danger of casual sex.

Not because casual sex is immoral, leads to unwanted pregnancy, or invites STD, but because casual sex messes up our aura—our vibrational field. Most people have no clue that when two bodies merge, two auras merge. In casual sex, the two parties are focused on the physical act, unaware of what goes on with the entire aura in the astral plane. A body may look innocent and pure, but attached to the gorgeous body could be an astral field full of ugly shadows.

It is never as simple as “wham, bam, thank you ma’am!” because you take on the vibration of the person you’ve banged. The person’s garbage comes inevitably with the person’s gift into your aura, and vice versa. And there are strings attached in the aftermath, whether tangible or intangible, wanted or unwanted. You are bonded with whom you’ve banged.

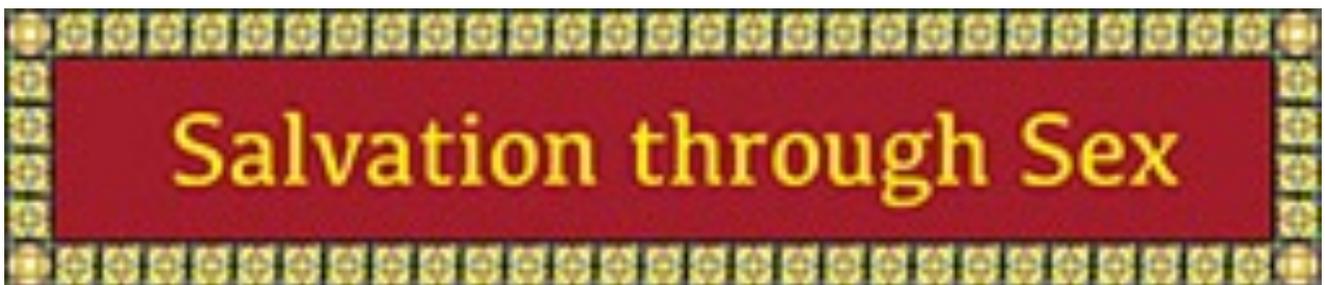
Thus, the more casual sex you have, the more contaminated your aura becomes, the more tangled up you get in a spider web of energy threads. And the heavier you get, the hungrier you get. Like eating junk food, you’ll never be satisfied.

Still more, dark astral entities are often present at our sex. They come to harvest our kundalini energy, to suck our juice. You may feel you are charging your energy through casual sex.

But in a short while, the energy is gone and you feel hollow and weak like a zombie.

Sexual union is a merging of the multiple dimensions that constitute our being. Without a sense of boundary, without an awareness of auric autonomy, without an inkling of what goes on vibrationally in the private act of sex, without a direction, we are bound to be meshed in with one another and become a bloody mess afterwards. We bring each other down with our muddy way of having sex.

The Pleiadian light woke me up from a heavy dream. In the light of the Ps, I see hidden in my unconscious side a belief. Such a belief has poisoned me and many others (certainly the hippie generation of the 1960s and the Sex and the City generation of now). The belief appears in my mind as a slogan:



As a subliminal message, the slogan is beamed at us from all directions, from TVs, newspapers, and books to the internet, offices, and shops. Our public and private spaces are filled with images delivering this subtext, which has two variations:

“Salvation through **Better Sex**”

&

“Salvation through **More Sex.**”

“Salvation” here means liberation from the state of suffering into the state of bliss.

Who created this belief? The Ps never taught us this. The Ps taught us how to have sex and how to create paradise. But they never taught us how to worship sex as the ultimate path.

I see that this belief is at its core an Anu program, and this Anu program is resting on an illusory promise of bliss.

From time to time, Anu had to change his program on us. For many centuries and in many cultures, Anu had used the program of “Salvation through no sex,” which made humans starve for sex. By getting rid of the “no” word, the new program of Anu appears as a positive change. Yet the essence of the Anu program remains unchanged and that is, linking salvation with sex.

What does this linking hope to achieve?

Well, to divert our spiritual energy to the lower chakras, to keep the highest human yearning within the lowest realm of the senses, to get the human spirit stuck in the realm of dense matter. What this Anu program really, really wants is us having sex the Anu way, the Nibiruan way, the alien way. This alien way is utterly different from the way taught by the Ps.

The Pleiadian way is based on love.

The Nibiruan way is devoid of love.

When we look at our Neolithic ancestors, we see how free they were in their sexual life. Let's not forget that the Neolithic humans were genetically and vibrationally pure! Their "casual" sex would charge their energy instead of draining their energy, would strengthen their aura instead of polluting their aura.

Let's not forget that their tribal life was built on a foundation of love. Love was the base tone of their life, the essence of their relations, the air they breathed. It was in a context of love that they practiced free mating. They loved one another to begin with.

The Nibiruan way does not require love as a precondition, or seek love as a goal. It leaves love out of the picture. The Nibiruan way doesn't honor the person as a soul wearing a face or as a spirit living in a flesh. It looks at the flesh and dwells on the flesh. It is genital meeting genital, not soul meeting soul.

The alien way of having sex pulls us further and further down into darkness, further and further away from the light of the soul. The alien way divides us, splits us, and fragments us from within. The alien way alienates our body from our soul.

Sexuality is one area where we humans are most alien-ized. Sexuality was where the first wound on humanity was made. The aliens came into us through sex. They used the expedient means of sex and procreation to sneak into our genome.

The Devil sneaked in through sex with the female side of our kind. We women became the doorway, because our men had opened the door. Our men were seduced and tricked into offering their daughters and sisters as love objects to trade for power. The story is there, in our bodies, in that black box of sexuality.

The picture is more complex. Women were initially victims, but gradually became willing participants in a plot against the whole of humanity. In one channeling, the Pleiadian Sincera

revealed to us the role women played in facilitating the aliens' entry into humanity.

“At that time, both men and women in the Middle East were at the peak of their sexual energy. Women, too, desired passionate sex. The dark visitors came as an ultra-male energy. This super male energy awoke in women a deep passion, which was a leftover from the ‘Caveman’ period. An animalistic sexual legacy was revived by the dark visitors’ ultra-male vibration.

“Women started to prefer the new kind of sex, mixed with a degree of violence. Such violent sex brewed more and more heat in women’s wombs. More and more children were conceived in heat and grew up to crave for heat. More and more women desired to have sex the visitors’ way, and to mate with men in power.”

The aliens gave us social hierarchy and gender hierarchy, according to the Ps, and the aliens were sexually obsessed. Ever since their infiltration five millennia ago, our sex has been linked with violence, and with power and status.

I recently came across an advertisement on a busy street near Amsterdam Central Station. “Ah,” I said to myself while snapping a photo, “here’s an image that perfectly shows how we are alien-ized.”



“There is a great contradiction in you women today,” Sincera said to us. “It is a contradiction between your remembrance and your physical reaction to men. The upper part of you wants to fly this way and the lower part of you wants to fly that way. At odds with the love in your heart is the lust in your womb.”

The contradiction between love and lust is more prominent in women, said Sincera, because memories of the original way are better preserved in women. Therefore, the conflict inside women is far greater than that inside men.

Men suffer a more severe split in their sexuality. Men can easily engage in sex without love, can have sex only for sex's sake, blithely lying, cheating, and intimidating their way into the act with the attitude that masculinity has been this vulgar ever since the Stone Age.

No! Stone Age men were much gentler, and much more honest, than men of this day. Next to their killer's side was a caring, creative, and artistic side.

“Now, listen carefully and remember,” Sincera said. “Take a good look at the great male composers, artists, writers, and scientists that have existed among you. Those men manifested the original male energy, the true male energy that you had come to Earth with. This true male energy of creativity is what you are supposed to manifest here on Earth.”

“So how do we cure this split in our sexuality?” I asked.

“By choosing a lover with your sacred heart, by making love with your eyes, by uniting the love in the eye with the lust in the womb. Look into the eyes of your men with your remembrance, and awaken in them their remembrance.”

“Remembrance” is a key word occurring more often than others in our channeling. Sincera kept reminding us to remember the old ways. Memories of our Neolithic age of peace are sources of power that can help us survive the turbulent present.

In remembering my own Neolithic ancestors—the tribe of Modira and Caval—I am tapping a fountain of spring that

heals me, nurtures me, and enables me to live on the edge, away from the alien city of sexuality. The story of Modira and Caval is enough of a power source to support my hermit way of living. The hermit Hobbit can live happily on a memory!



The draft of Modira and Caval's story done, my remembrance of them goes on. Little by little, details of their life come into my awareness in meditation, walking, cooking, and eating.

I remember more of their rites of passage. Their time was when the male wave and female wave were at a perfect equilibrium. Such equilibrium was reflected in tribal life as a complete equality between men and women, boys and girls. The freedom and opportunity the girls had, the boys had too.

I see how the rite of passage was done on the boy side. As a boy approached his ripe point, the tribal elders would present him two options: to choose or to be chosen.

The virgin boy would decide, with his free will, to choose a lover or to be chosen by a lover. How he wanted to be initiated into his first love was truly up to him.

If he picked “to choose,” he was then given a festival. He ascended the altar stone for a moon dance in the presence of several tribes. High on the altar stone, surrounded by a ring of women, he, the Moon Man, chose one woman through the meeting of eyes. There were dozens of women down on the ground for him to choose from. Whomever he chose would be his first lover in life.

If he picked “to be chosen,” he wouldn’t get a special festival. Instead, he attended every full-moon rite and made himself available to the Moon Maiden dancing on the altar stone. If he didn’t want to be picked by a particular maiden, he simply avoided locking gazes with her. If he had a special maiden in mind, he would have to wait for her turn to be the Moon Maiden, and he would have to try hard to win her eyes.

This option was a bit “risky” as the boy was taking a chance. This was what Caval did. He took his chance.

The two options were available to the girls, too. Modira, being nine months older than Caval, opted for “to choose.”

A third option of “no, thanks” was available, of course. The boy or girl could say to the elders, “I’m not ready yet!” No one would force a child into sexual adulthood. There was no such standard day, month, or year for a child to enter adulthood.

What happened next in the boy’s rite of passage was stunning. Having made his choice through eye contact, the boy stayed on the altar stone while the inner ring of women created a synergy, thereby becoming one body. This one female body began an intercourse with the boy on the stone, without physically touching one another.

The boy and the one female body made movements that mimic the intercourse of a man and a woman. The boy was in fact making love to all women while his eyes stayed connected to his chosen lover there on the ground. He saw her alone with his eyes, while his body was making love to all women. She represented all women to him. His love for all women was channeled into her, and his love for her was consequently expanded into all women.

The same went for the girl in her own rite. She stayed on the altar and received the energetic penetration of all men, while her mind was focused on the single man down there. He represented all the men in her world, and in the world.

In this energetic lovemaking, she felt she was the primordial woman and he the primordial man. All women and all men were in them, making love there on the altar stone. The climax of her together with the ring of men was seen as a re-enactment of the primordial climax.

One-in-all and all-in-one.

Such was the spiritual essence of those rites of passage into sexual adulthood. Those rites served to establish a basic pattern in the adolescent psyche so that he or she would repeat the positive experience in the adult years. Whomever he made love to in his long adult years, the Initiated Man through such rite of passage would be able to spontaneously honor his woman as an embodiment of universal femininity.

And an Initiated Man through such rite of passage, I'd imagine, had a proclivity for fidelity than promiscuity, for monogamy than polygamy.

It took me years of bumping around to get to this level of memory and realization. I had the feeling, but lacked a conceptual framework to articulate the feeling. The feeling had to do with the tension between singularity and multiplicity, between one and all.

I must thank my P guide, Sincera, who helped me access this feeling by way of Modira and Caval. And I must thank that genius filmmaker, Stanley Kubrick. In his masterpiece, *Eyes Wide Shut*, Kubrick showed this feeling (which is undoubtedly a collective memory) through his characters, Alice and Bill.



Frightened by Their Own Desires, the Couple in *Eyes Wide Shut*

The New York housewife, Alice, confesses to her doctor husband, Bill, a frightening discovery of herself. Her dreams at night reveal to her a burning desire to have sex with another man and many other men, and at the same time a burning love for him, the love of her life. So animalistic, immoral, and contradictory are these feelings, Alice is ashamed and terrified of herself.

While Alice encounters such conflicted feelings as dream fantasies, Bill goes out into the nocturnal world of New York and experiences these conflicted feelings as actual realities.

From getting close to a street prostitute to getting in the midst of a satanic orgy, Bill finds himself swept away by unrepressed sexual desires. He feels just like Alice now, torn between love and lust, afflicted by guilt and shame.

If only the Alice character could reflect on her deep desires, positively, with a one-in-all and all-in-one attitude! If only the Bill character had the awareness of satanic reversals of the original rites of light!

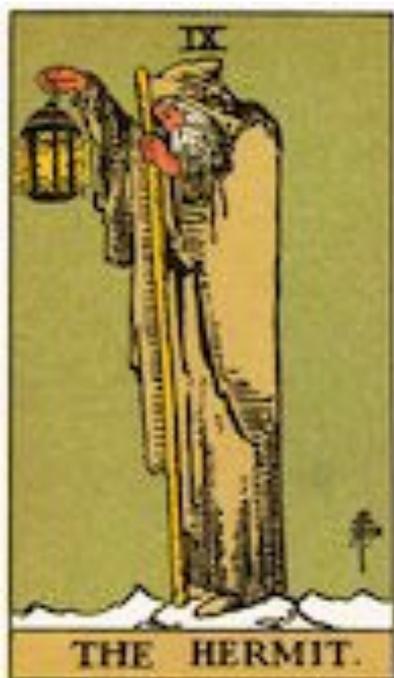
Released of guilt and shame, their marriage would take a radical turn, toward a stronger bond and deeper connection within the framework of monogamy. Such a solution, however, wasn't being suggested by the film itself. Kubrick presented us a problem, not a solution.

The solution, I see, lies in bringing into awareness our repressed memories of the Neolithic Age, not only of the sexual praxis but also of the social structure in which the sexual praxis was embedded. If we do, we shall see that our moral issue is essentially a spiritual issue, and our conjugal problem a societal problem. We shall see that the cause of our marital unhappiness has less to do with our not doing it right, but more to do with our not seeing it right.

26. Hermit on Church Street

The biggest fear in human life is not fear of being dead, but fear of being alone.

As I moved to Monks Dam and entered a detox program, I knew it was time to look this fear straight in the eye. And I knew I could invoke a powerful archetype to help me enter the eye of this fear. The archetype is that of Tarot No. 9.



The Hermit is not afraid of being alone. On the contrary, he prefers to be alone, for spiritual reasons.

The Hermit withdraws from relations that are unsupportive of his soul's growth and builds a cocoon that supports the growth of his spirit. While socially invisible or even dead, he maintains a rich inner life. He communes with spirit beings besides his many selves in multiple dimensions. The Hermit is with himself. He is his own friend, own companion, and own guide. He lights up his own path.

The Buddha was a hermit. The hermit's path turned Siddhartha eventually into the Buddha as we know. The Tibetan yogi and master of tantra, Milarepa, was a hermit. He lived in caves, on nettle tea. Henry Thoreau was a hermit. His two years by Walden Pond gave the world a masterpiece literature. And Modira, my Neolithic ancestor, was a hermit for three years. So what is there to be afraid of?

What frightens me, I realize, is not the hermit path itself, but that the hermit path seems so at odds with the mainstream lifestyle, so unfashionable, so untrendy, if placed in the new consciousness world.

Living as a hermit in our day and age is like walking on the streets of New York dressed in the robe of China's last emperor. This is the age of email and SMS, where connection and popularity count, this is the era of unity consciousness and community awareness, and you, talking about the importance of being—hermit?

“Yes, the importance of being hermit,” says my heart, “for a spiritual rebirth.” The hermit path is never meant for everyone, and rarely meant for anyone as a life-long path. The hermit *phase*, however, is important for one’s spiritual rebirth.

But you don’t hear such a message when you attend a new consciousness workshop or walk around a new consciousness bookshop. You repeatedly hear the message, “Trust yourself!” You rarely hear the message, “Be alone!”

How can you trust yourself when you can’t even be alone with yourself?

If you teach the message “Be alone!” you won’t sell your book or workshop, you won’t get a huge following, and you won’t be invited into the Oprah shows in the world. If you practice “Be alone!” your friends will think that you’ve lost it, and your neighbors will think that you are a loser of some sort.

There seems to be a unanimous effort, conspiracy-like, in the society at large to scare us away from walking the lone path, symbolized by the Hermit. No matter what the society says, my heart says that I must conquer the fear of being alone. I must be by myself before I can be in any relationship.

As I go deeper into the eye of this fear, I discover that it is not just the fear of being alone—it is the fear of being a lone

sheep, rejected by the Herd. As I go even deeper, I discover that this fear is the fear of the Herd Mind in me. It is the Herd Mind in me frightening myself.

Life is gentle with me. Life didn't put me in the snowy Himalayas and force me to live on nettle tea. Life gave me this little hole in the Dutch Shire so I could be a *Hobbit* hermit: I could go to markets to buy food, I could go to Amsterdam to buy clothes, I could visit or receive friends (if needed), I could talk to swans in the Gauw Zee (aka Shire Sea), I could do whatever I like living on the edge. My initiation belongs to a Hermit Lite type.

Lite doesn't mean easy though. The Hermit has to go through many Dark Nights of the Soul, has to confront and defeat the black dragon, has to come to the brink of giving up and then go on. The Hermit is someone who can stand being turned inside out and upside down, can endure being seized by the feet, shaken and beaten like a dirty old rug on a daily basis.

It turns out that the hermit hole is not like a mausoleum. The hermit hole is rather like a cinema specializing in the thriller genre. Here, you meet the real bad fellas. Here, you encounter the demon with a thousand faces, and you merge with the angel with no body. The hermit's journey is meant for die-hard adventurers ...



... and for serious adults who recognize the importance of being childlike.

“What’s happening is that Saturn, the ruler of structure, is transiting your 12th house,” my astrologer friend Karin says. My wise Dutch friend not only gave me Tarot lessons but also encouraged me to “boldly go where no one has gone before.” Karin explains that the 12th house is traditionally associated with monasteries, prisons, and lunatic asylums.

It’s true, hermits, mystics, lunatics, and children are closely related. Many mystics in history were hermits, crazy and childlike. The hermit path can make one very old, or make one very young. The hermit path can drive one insane, or make one a saint.

The Hermit, as I see, is engaged in a two-fold process: purification of himself and unification of himself. If he can release his inner demons and integrate his inner fragments, he will come out as a saint. If he can't transform or harness negative energies, the unleashed forces may drive him into madness—he becomes even more fragmented in his psyche.

It is a precarious path, I know. But I trust this blessed path—it is a shortcut. The mysterious flow has put me on it, and will not abandon me halfway. I say “it is a shortcut” because I know exactly what the Hermit does. Instead of going the long way of searching outside for the treasures in life, he goes inside and finds the treasures right in himself. The greatest treasures in life, of course, are love and wisdom.

Three years ago, during an ayahuasca journey in Amsterdam, I received a gnostic gift. I was out in the garden away from the group when suddenly an insight flooded me like a torrent of light: the very things I had been seeking for many years and in many people were actually aspects of myself!

These aspects, attributes, or abilities of myself, I thought I didn't have and others had. I believed others could give me these missing things. In the light of the ayahuasca spirit, I saw vividly that these things were located in here, and not out there. Understanding, validation, motivation, caring, support,

encouragement ... what I wanted others to do for me are what I'm supposed to do for myself.

After this great experience, my habit of seeking outside slowly returned. The ego wanted to repeat the old social approach; the Herd Mind wanted to go the mainstream way—the external way. The alien in me didn't want me to find what I was looking for in life. The alien kept getting me to look outside, to not find.

Now in a hermit's hole, the alien has nowhere to escape. The alien loses its potency when the hermit shines the light of awareness on its hiding face. This enemy from within is a preventative force, a diverting force that always tries to steer me away from being with myself, from being myself. This enemy knows very well that the shortest cut to being (with) myself is: meditation in silence and stillness.

The Hermit is one whose existence is defined by meditation. In stillness or in motion, in silence or in sound, meditation is an act of shining one's inner light on oneself. The inner light is the light of one's soul.

One looks at hidden aspects of oneself in the light of one's own soul (consciousness)—that, is meditation.



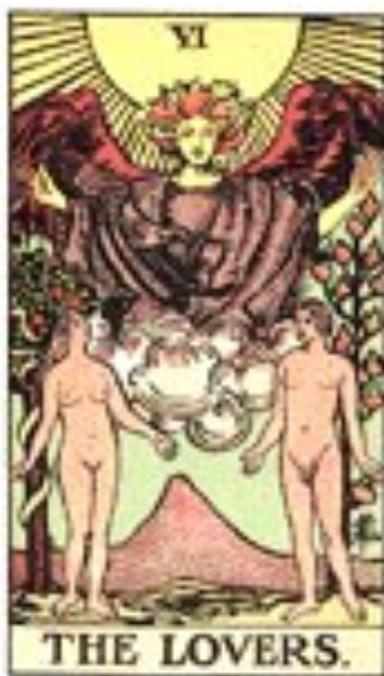
It is a self-fulfilling circle. In meditation, you become a wholesome one. From many fragments into a wholesome one is a process called “mystical marriage,” and marriage is the best metaphor to describe the union of opposites.

Instead of engaging in an external union with an opposite body, the Hermit turns the act into something even more exciting: she invites into her own solitary body a variety of forces and finds ways to unite these polarized energies; she becomes the host of a Great Marriage of psychic and cosmic energies. She is the marriage bed, the marriage act, and the marriage offspring.

That is what I hope to achieve, through my Hermit Lite initiation. Taking novice steps, I am learning to integrate the two polarized sides of myself: yin and yang, female and male, anima and animus, unmanifest and manifest, unconscious and conscious, dark and light, ugly and beautiful, earth and star, sexuality and spirituality, etc.

Since the day I settled in at my hermit hole in Monks Dam, I have been aware of my challenge. My challenge is to get the fat monk and the naked angel in front of my window to kiss each other, is to get these two parts of my parted psyche, so graphically projected out there in the air, to sleep in one bed.

Thus I confess, the inner life of a Hermit Hobbit is that of Tarot No.6—never a dull moment.



For many days, I haven't talked to any human being. I've talked to the trees, to the sea, to the swans, and to my Pleiadian teacher on the computer screen. Instead of feeling lonely, I feel connected. With no human interference, my energy becomes pure and whole, my mind strong and clear.

At the end of a long day of writing, however, I feel physically tired. After washing up, I open the iTunes library on the iMac to search for a piece that could help me go to sleep. My eyes fall on Adagietto of Mahler's Symphony No. 5, one of my all-time favorites. I haven't listened to it for months, perhaps even years. I hit "play" and crawl into bed.

The immense vibration of the orchestral sound goes straight into my marrow, and a longing surges from the depths of my being. In that longing of Gustav, whomever he was longing for, I hear my longing for Caval.



Mahler's Adagietto in My Eyes

Lapping at the shore of my heart are waves of oceanic emotion, so hungrily fulfilling, so painfully happy. One could live on this longing alone, without any prospect of having. One could make honey-sweet out of a bitterness for one's misfortune in life. Life without such a longing is only a half-life; human existence without such longing is only a quasi-existence. As long as I feel this longing for him, I am alive and my life is worth living.

Lying there by the Mahler Sea and feeling the caress of sea foam, suddenly I see that the white waves of longing have washed ashore a glistening gift from the sea—a thought, a revelation, a gnosis.

“Caval is in me; he is in the center of my chest!”

He is *physically* inside my chest.

Then, another gnosis is washed ashore: “My whole tribe is there too, there inside my chest!”

I rise from the bed and reach for the iMac. I must type! Something's happening powerfully inside. While tears drop onto the keyboard like a broken string of beads, words are flowing out of my fingertips, words as simultaneous translations of an inner process. I pound on the keys the way Liszt struck out his passionate piano sonatas:

Inside the core of my soul, the separation has never happened. How can something formless be divided into forms? How can something eternal suffer separation and loss? I have been carrying Caval all along, in the dark. He has been in me from lifetime to lifetime, never for a moment lost from my life, for he is in my soul—he is my soul.

Caval, it was you who called me to go on a search for you. It was you who gave me the impulse every single time when an opportunity for love presented itself in a man. It was you who wished to see yourself reflected on the faces of men who were not you.

Or maybe they were you for a moment? Maybe for a moment, the you in me became the you in them? Maybe, when I said “I love you” to them, I really was addressing the you in them? Maybe you were the one who loved me every single time through the bodies of those men?

I have survived so many dark lives on Earth without you beside me in a flesh body. I survived because you were a flame burning inside my chest. You’ve been waiting in the dark, waiting for me to find my way to the door and to push it open.

And our whole family is there, waiting together with you for my return. They have been there in my chest, waiting and waiting for that moment to arrive when I would push open the door and step inside.

Oh Sincera, is this what you meant when you said, “You have to find your way into the core of yourself?” Is this it? This timeless core of me, this eternal light in me, this spring of life, this fountain of love in me. Finally, I am inside the core of myself, and what do I see? My whole family from Stone Age Ireland and you, my family from the sky. All of you are there, so happy and so relieved to see me coming home.

I am home.

Home is what propels me to go on searching for home.

It is the calling of home within me that moves me to search for home in the duration of time and in the distance of space. It is the inner home that calls me to search for a home in the arms of others and in faraway places so that in the end I will find the home in the closest place there ever is—inside myself.

I found what I have spent my entire life looking for! A journey of ten thousand miles covers only one inch.

Home is but an inch away.

Home is but a thought away.

I must have typed nonstop for over an hour last night. This morning, I read what I’ve typed and the words sound so dry.

After a morning of normal writing, I go to the kitchen to cook lunch. With a bowl of rice and veggies and a pair of chopsticks in hand, I come back and sit on the floor of my studio room. “Hey! Lunchtime!” I remind the fat monk on the roof, and start munching on broccoli and carrots.

As I’m chewing, I notice something strange happening inside me. There’s a powerful current pulsating at the center of my chest, at the same spot as last night’s.

Next I see—with which eye, I don’t know—that this is a divine current running through me. It is caressing me. It is carrying me from one moment onto the next. It lets me see that at this moment in time, on a little spot on Earth, in a little human body, I am myself the totality of the universe!

I see it, I feel it, I know it, with every fiber of my being. This current in my chest, this dynamic movement which is also stillness, this force moving inside and outside me—that is who I am. I am THAT.

I drop the chopsticks and grab a pen and paper. Seated on the floor, I start to record what’s going on. Thoughts are pouring out. I can’t tell whether they are pouring from my head or pouring from my chest. My hand has to scribble a little to keep up with the outpour:

I am the vast space and at the same time a speck of dust.

I am the ocean and I am the waves.

I am the seed and I am the tree.

I am the beginning and the end.

I am life and I am death.

I am young and I am old.

I am transient and I am eternal.

I am a creature and I am the creator.

I am everything there is and I am everything there is not.

I am being and non-being.

I am form and I am emptiness.

THAT, with no name.

THAT, with no face.

THAT, with no identity.

THAT, which cannot be grasped or confined.

THAT, greater than the greatest, smaller than the smallest.

THAT, is THAT.

How do I show THAT? THAT shows itself as THAT, as all there is.

How do I speak of THAT, who is speaking of itself?

How silly to assume that you need to sit in a Himalayan cave to experience THAT!

How foolish to think you need to shut down your senses to feel THAT!

Why anxiety over losing, over failing, over dying, if I am THAT?

Why rush to the future when I am past, present, and future all in one?

Why run away from Earth while here is a portion of THAT?

Why fear the material when I see its sacredness and purpose in the grand plan of THAT?

THAT is one and THAT is many.

Love is THAT. Love is the way of THAT.

I'm on a high with eyes wide open in broad daylight, without a cup of coffee to go with my simple lunch: the carrots and broccoli aren't organic, and the rice is plain white.

I continue to scribble on paper:

This "mystical" state is in fact the true, natural, and ordinary state of our being. Only our deluded and reversed mind mistakes it for being mystical, esoteric, and extraordinary. This high state is what we are, on the ground level. There is NO mystery about it!

Coming down from the high, my mind starts to get busy analyzing what I've just experienced. My academic training comes in handy. Sure I know what it was. It was the "oceanic state" expressed in practically all traditions.

Tat tvam asi, "that is you," in the Upanishads.

"Kingdom of Heaven," in the Gospels.

Tathata, "thus so," in Buddhist sutras.

"Forming one body with Heaven, Earth, and the myriad things," in Confucian texts.

Pleroma, in Gnostic treatises.

Tao, Brahman, God, the Great Spirit, the Unified Field, the Source, the One—THAT.

27. Pleiadian Tantra

“And she lives happily ever after.”

It goes like this only in books. My short glimpse into the ultimate did not change my life forever, but did change me forever. To the end of my days, I shall remember such a height and know for a fact that it can be reached again.

Facing my Rilke lines, I know it's no longer the old me sinking in a swamp of despair over “you who never arrived in my arms, Beloved, who were lost from the start.” A variation on Rilke has quietly emerged and it goes:

*You who never departed
from my heart, Beloved, who has been
with me all the way
from the start ...*

After such a height, one can't go back to the old valley anymore. The old valley is populated by souls who look outside for the missing half. Humanity has been programmed to look outside for the missing half. The fact that very few had found it outside couldn't get people to quit the old way. People either give up or try harder.

Those who turn inward might end up renouncing the need for the missing half (as in the case of Buddhist monks) or filling up the role with a spiritual idol (as in the case of Christian nuns). Both seem to miss out on the key figure—that person.

That person, who was lost centuries or even millennia ago. That soul, who at one end of the corridor has given us the greatest happiness, whom we wish to meet at the other end. That significant other, who alone has the gift to make our soul feel whole again.

My “that person” is called Caval. Others’ “that person” may be called Tristan or Lancelot. For the Sufi poet, Rumi, that person is, ah, that dear old “you” again.

A poem by Rumi has found its way into my life years ago, and now I am able to testify its being universally true:

*The minute I heard my first love story,
I started looking for you, not knowing
how blind that was.*

*Lovers don't finally meet somewhere,
they're in each other all along.*

I don't think one can cover this "you" up with the Buddha, Christ, or Allah. This "you" from long ago and faraway, this "you" who are always present and yet "forever elude me" are crying to be heard and seen, to be touched and kissed—by me.

This "you" wish to be made real by me. This "you" desire to be embraced and by means of my embrace complete my life.

Impossible to reach any nirvana if I have not found my Caval, first out there on an Irish hill and in here at the center of my Chinese chest. No enlightenment of any sort if Caval remains my *missing* half.

My Caval is not my God. But I cannot bypass my Caval to reach my God. Similarly, Jeshua could not and would not bypass Miriam on his way to becoming Christ.

Every starseed carries a love story within.

As the Gnostic Christ says in the *Gospel of Thomas*, "If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you; if you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you."

I'd be destroyed by despair if I didn't bring forth the story of my "me and you" via the story of Modira and Caval.

After a peak, one is bound to go down, toward the valley. Yet this way up, down, and then up is a new way. The old way was missing Caval, the new way is having Caval.

New doesn't mean easy. (I alternate between remembering him and forgetting him.) The new way is a zigzag.

Months go by.

The way becomes clearer in my eyes, each of my steps helped by someone in the invisible plane. This helper encourages me to trust the Caval presence just as I trust her presence. This teacher stops me from falling back to amnesic sleep wherein I forget the Beloved.

My Pleiadian teacher, Sincera, has given me a new assignment: Live with Caval.

By that she means not: live my life *as if* I have Caval.

By that she means: live my life *because* I have Caval.

A radically new way of looking at things and making decisions. I operate from a position of having, not lacking, a position of abundance, not poverty. Such power position is that of a magician.

Not an easy assignment. You see, the ego doesn't want to live with Caval. The ego wants to hold onto the old story of lacking and wanting, of suffering and misery. The ego doesn't want to be happy. It wants to keep Caval in the distant future, as a flesh-and-blood man yet to come into my external reality, as a messiah figure.

My perceptive teacher gives me a follow-up assignment: Live from the inside out.

By that she means to regard the inner world as real and the outer world as unreal, to value the internal over the external, to make a pole shift.

By that she means to let my inner reality of happiness overwrite the outer reality of the Matrix wasteland.

Easy to understand, hard to practice. When I'm out in nature with birds and trees, I don't feel any contradiction between the inner and the outer. But when I'm interacting with people, their realities almost always negate my reality of peace.

Years go by, and the battles go on. The ego is at war with the Self and doesn't die a permanent death. The zigzag way leads me out of Monks Dam, out of Holland, into Egypt, into China, into Ireland, Malta, Israel, Laos, and back to China again.

At a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in China's Yunnan province, this zigzag way becomes straight in my consciousness—straight into tantra.

I came to this monastery in the tradition of Milarepa to be initiated onto the Buddhist tantric path. Little did I know that I would also be initiated onto a Pleiadian tantric path.



云南丽江文笔山金刚亥母灵洞
Dorje Pakmo Cave Monastery
Lijiang, Yunnan, China

Two initiations side by side, the exoteric one being given by a Tibetan lama named Yinpa, the esoteric one being given by a Pleiadian lama-ess named Sincera. The former takes place in public, together with hundreds of others, the latter in secret, inside me, with me as the sole witness.

During the inner initiation, via image and word my lama-ess shows me my future path and asks me to show it in our book, *New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*.

A path of Pleiadian tantra.

Also called “New Tantra.” New, because it departs from all known tantric traditions. Tantra, because it is a path of inner union, a path of soul marriage with two-fold meanings:

- 1) marriage of the male and female half of the stellar soul;
- 2) marriage of the stellar soul and the planetary soul.



A walker of the path of Pleiadian tantra is a Pleiadian tantrika.

“Congratulations!” Sincera says to me. “You’ve been upgraded, from the Hermit to the Tantrika.”

People assume that tantra is spiritual practice with a partner on the outside. I now declare that tantra involves partner rather on the inside. One has to attain a level of inner unity before one is qualified for the next level—outer unity with another human being. A tantric couple can only emerge from two tantrikas who have each on their own built a solid foundation of individual unity.

People think tantra is about the body. But tantra is about the soul. Those pop versions of tantra seem to get the order all wrong! People jump into coupling and fornication with *Kama Sutra* in hand, thinking they are having a fast and furious spiritual ride. Such New Age tantra is miles away from the New Tantra that Sincera has taught me. Her path goes straight into dark tunnels before sunny plains, into loneliness before togetherness.

This Pleiadian way values wisdom as much as love. Tantric love can only thrive in the home environment of knowledge, and the knowledge is self-knowledge, is knowledge of the soul, is going from “who am I?” to “I am.”

I'm going deeper and deeper into the stellar side of "I am," into the ontology and genealogy of my star soul. Soul is another word for consciousness. Because it is more poetic, "soul" is more frequently used in Sincera's communications.

Sincera once said to me, "You and I are from the same line of souls." I chewed these juicy words for months, but couldn't get to the marrow of their meaning.

Three years after this message, I am back in Ireland, living in Sligo's Strandhill village. I've rented a little house from an Irish granny named Anne Phelan. During these winter months in a grandmother house in the ancestral land of my soul, my contact with Sincera becomes clearer than ever before.

The skeletal information, transmitted to me first at the house of Muriel and then at the house of Mara, is growing into a voluptuous body at the house of Anne. I channel Sincera into the iPod in my nightly meditation and into the PowerMac in my daily writing. WJ has become Sincera's scribe.

Thus speaks Sincera to WJ:

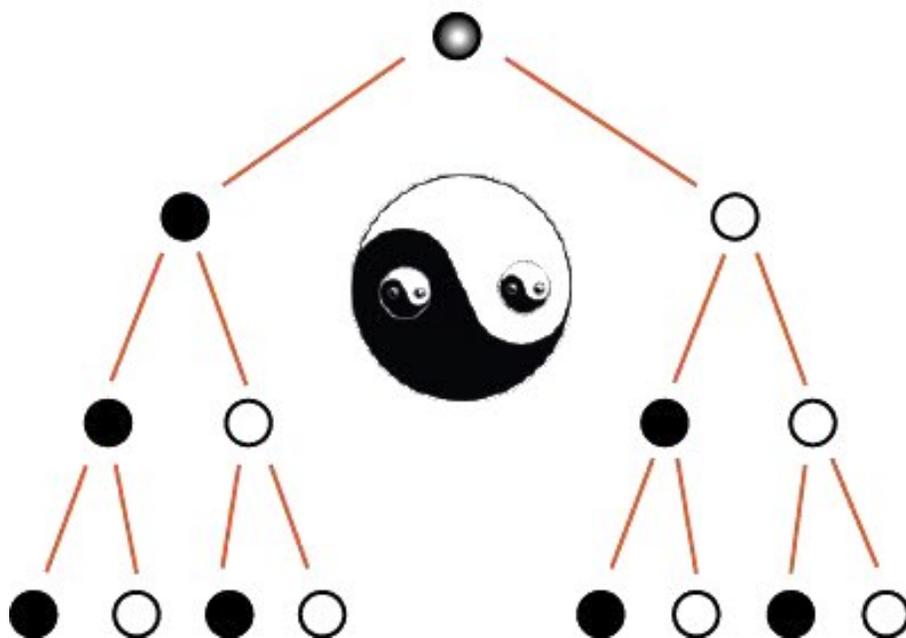
"Back in our Pleiadian home, you and I were (and still are) one soul. That one soul once duplicated itself to answer the call of the council. The duplicate soul, the double, joined a

collective of volunteers to go to Earth for the Human Project. The original soul was me (now known to you as Sincera) and the double was the ancestor of you.

“The collective of Pleiadian souls, including your ancestor, underwent self-division during the interdimensional journey from the 5D Pleiades to the 3D Earth.

“The self-division proceeded through polarization, a masculine part and a feminine part. One ancestral soul became two, two became four, four became eight, eight became sixteen, so forth and so on.

Soul Division



“The division of soul is unlike the division of matter—the soul does not become less in quantity or quality. What seems to be a split of the soul is in fact a split of possibility for experience.

“One soul splits itself into two possibilities so as to enter two tracks of experience, a male track and a female track. Such self-division is essentially self-diversification. One soul, having dual experiences.

“As you entered the womb of Earth, the collective of Pleiadian starseeds became a large community. Your ancestor had many soul offspring, or soul clusters.

“Each soul cluster would incarnate as an earth-human tribe, and each tribe would share a group soul. Members of an earth-human tribe would each have a unique face and unique personality, and yet, in their core, they were one soul.

“One soul inhabiting different bodies and self-expressing through individual minds was the plan laid out in the master plan. Each soul group was given a mission, each soul tribe a task. The generic task for all starseeds was to establish an infrastructure of human experience. Such an infrastructure had to be built step by step in the timeline, and bit by bit through the life experiences of each and every starseed.

“The task of a soul tribe must be done in diverse ways by its many members in many lifetimes. Its members would each enter a set of time tracks to fulfill his or her part of the tribal plan. Having reached a level of maturity, the members would depart from their soul cluster, depart from their ancestral land, and reincarnate among peoples in foreign lands.

“Graduates of our Irish kindergarten were destined to live abroad, to be spread around the globe, to work in cultures all over the world. Each of our graduates carries a time code within. The time code ensures that at a certain point in their lifeline they would become aware of their soul ancestry again.

“They would re-experience their tribal soul, whom they call “higher self” or “over soul” but in fact is their own ancestral soul. The ancestral soul’s return to the starseeds’ awareness would trigger the remembrance of their original tribal plan.

“Think of a dandelion at the height of her maturity. When the right wind comes the seeds are carried away from the mother plant into distant lands.

“Ireland was a nursery garden for dandelions. The tribe to which Modira and Caval belonged was one dandelion on the west coast; the two lovers were among the numerous seeds born of the same mother plant.



Ireland—A Nursery Garden for Dandelions

“The time has come for a dandelion seed to remember its dandelion mother. A different wind is coming, to carry all starseeds back to where they came from.

“One by one, members of the same soul tribe will find each other, whatever the skin color or age. This coming together, this tribal reunion, will set in motion the finale of the starseeds’ journey on Earth.

“Upon completing their individual missions, the starseeds leave individuality behind and return to unity again.

“Upon completing her mission, the daughter dandelion becomes once again the mother dandelion. Yet, paradoxically, the mission can only be completed with the daughter’s awareness of her being none other than the mother.

“You think you are a lone seed, blown here and there by a ruthless wind. A seed must learn to trust the wind, merciless or directionless it might seem. The mother dandelion is calling back her offspring, and that calling is the wind.”

28. The Child Knows the Way

The global success of *The Hobbits* and *The Lord of the Rings* has much to do with the fact that the white wizard, Tolkien, had tapped a reserve in our Collective Unconscious. By way of fantasy stories, the white wizard showed us memories, our memories of an ancient past so strikingly different from the textbook versions taught at schools around the globe.

Tolkien's great stories, however, went as far back as the Bronze and Iron Ages. Besides, the royalist Tolkien believed in good kings. He didn't know that the concept and practice of the King (i.e. the Ruler, the Archon, the Lord) came from the force that had invaded planet Earth—from Sauron's side.

One of the shocking statements I've received from Sincera, who often speaks in metaphor, is the following:

Sauron was never defeated.

Anu was never gone.

Many of us, including Tolkien, are under the spell of the Anu Nightmare. The Anu Nightmare needs a book series to expose. What we can do, for now, is look beyond Tolkien's limitations and see the treasures he offered us, which can help us defeat Sauron and drive Anu off planet Earth.

For me, such treasures from Tolkien revolve around the central image of a beautiful Middle-earth inhabited by different types of humans, some above ground, some under, some visible, some not, and by magical beings such as talking trees, messenger butterflies, and lifesaver eagles. Imagine, only a few thousand years ago, our world was multifarious like that!

Back then, the border between tree and man was thin, and the ability of man to make alliance with an animal or a plant was strong. Back then, if you take out the Sauron element and the monster element, our life was like an ongoing party in Hobbiton. Feast after feast, our days and nights were carried forth by the movement of earth, moon, and sun, our existence was defined by food and drink, by music and dance, by merriness, by ecstasy.

If you take out the Sauron element from Tolkien's world, if you take out the bronze daggers, iron swords, and cannonballs from human life, you get a somewhat accurate picture of our Neolithic life.

Those days of peace and joy, in the company of elves and dwarves, under the auspices of Lothlorien and Rivendell, and let's not forget, under the eyes of the Shining Ones (who, understandably, eluded Tolkien's memory).

The Shining Ones were in England, Scotland, and Wales, of course. Long before these names were born, this big island, much bigger than its neighbor, Ireland, was another cradle of civilization, another kindergarten for starseeds.

Among all the lands in the world, the island now called Britain was most similar to Ireland in climate, geography, and culture. No doubt, the erudite Tolkien was inches away from a trove of Pleiadian treasures. If only our professor had ventured a couple of millennia further back!

The story of Britannia is coming.

From whom?

I have no idea.

Perhaps from you! Someone among us will go further than Tolkien, for sure. It could also be a collective endeavor to piece together the groundbreaking story of a British kindergarten. One of the team members could well be you.



For now, let us do one kindergarten at a time. Our Irish kindergarten deserves many books and films, if we, her graduates, wish to pay full tribute to our old school.

So traumatized by our Anu school experiences, we tend to think of school as a prison-like place where you must obey authority figures, compete with your peers, and take test after test to have your tender ego bruised.

We tend to think of school as walls that prevent us from going out to play in the sun, and as square rooms dominated by fluorescent lights that make the white ceiling even harsher to our eyes. Our old school of Ireland was nothing like that.

It was a forest school, meaning the whole island was a forest, an Amazon jungle in north Atlantic. Ireland was covered by virgin forest then, or I'd better say, by magic forest similar to those in Tolkien's stories.

Naturally, an island of magic forest was an island of magic plants. And a forest school means every member of the forest was a potential teacher of humanity.



Avatar is another film that mirrors back our memories of the magic forest

The forest was not seen as an “environment” by us then. The forest was the body of the Great Woman on which we lived. She gave her human children permission to clear her woods, to make villages, pastures, and fields. But our activities weren’t restricted to those tiny shaven spots. We roamed the forest, communed with the forest, got lost and found in the forest. The forest was our classroom, our textbook, our homework, and our reward.

Alas, the magic forest of Ireland is gone!

The sad news will greet you upon your arrival on today's Irish soil. Beautiful as they are, those green pastures covering the rolling hills and the meandering dales speak of a painful historical event: the genocide of trees.

And they show you an ugly historical picture: the sexy Éire with long hair has been made a shaven head.

What happened to those talking trees as tall as the sky?

Well, there have been changes of weather pattern since the Bronze Age, there has been excessive cattle grazing down through the ages, and there has been a genocide of trees by men in recent centuries.

Many of the great treebeards ended up serving as planks of wood upholding the war ships of Anu. Their bodies of great strength and profound wisdom were used by Orc-like humans as cheap timber to build the war machine for Saruman's army from the neighboring island, ruled then by an ambitious empire on its way to conquering the globe.

The genocide of snakes and other magic animals (such as the Salmon of Knowledge) is another issue bound to show up in your visit or enquiry into Ireland of today.

Ireland had snakes! The very legend of St. Patrick killing Ireland's snakes indicates the existence of snakes before the arrival of the snake-hating religion of Christianity.

But the snakes of Ireland were of an ethereal kind. They resided in the spirit realm of this island with relaxed borders between matter and spirit, between animals and plants, between organic and inorganic things. Ireland was (and is) a portal island, a doorway into other dimensions, world-famous for her fairies, banshees, leprechauns, and ghosts.

The snake, as a symbol for the sacred reptilian force protecting the biosphere, has played an important role in Modira's life, and in everyone's life inside the Irish kindergarten. For fear of raising too many eyebrows at the start of the book, I censored out many snake passages in Modira's story. But I must insist that snake awareness, or sacred-reptilian consciousness, was a core lesson in the second grade education.

How could any magic snake live in a land stripped of her magic forest?

The good news is, the snakes of Ireland were not all killed and all dead. The bad news is, the snakes of Ireland were badly wounded and forced into an underground nonresistance.

You have to exercise your imagination skills if you visit Ireland with a wish to see her Stone Age past. You will see lots of mega stones, in every corner of this continent island. Bear in mind that these megalithic structures were made to co-exist with animals and trees, which by now are gone. Thus, wherever you go in Ireland, you will need to fill in the space with trees and trees and trees, and many other beings.

There are spots in Ireland that were meant to be seen against an empty space. At these spots, you don't have to fill in anything, you don't have to imagine anything, for they are what they are, straightforwardly frank and honest. They bring you to a primal feeling, beyond your concept, beyond your age. They are the breasts of Éire.



Lake Carrowmore and One of Her Hilltop Cairns in County Mayo

Yes, Éire lost her hair, but her breasts are still full.

Many megalithic nipples of Éire, due to her self-protective power, survived millennia of weather damage and human damage, and are standing as proud as they were in the Neolithic days, to give us post-modern, post-Industrial humans that eternal message: “Mother is here!”

Mother has always been here. Only her children have gone blind, for a few thousand years.

Mother is the giver of food. It needs no more explanation as to why the Pleiadian bringers of agriculture took up the archetypal role of Mother to interact with their family on Earth. It needs a little clarification, however, about what mother means and what food means.

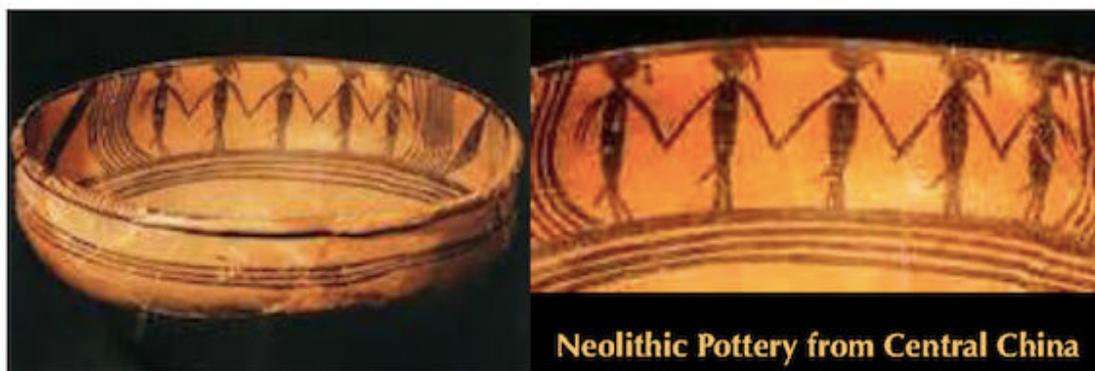
Mother is like a Russian doll. There is mother inside mother inside mother, or you can also say, mother above mother above mother. One mother expresses herself on different levels as different mothers. The Cosmic Mother expresses herself as a galactic mother, as a stellar mother, as a planetary mother, and as an island mother.

Food can mean a loaf of bread or a shaft of light. It was both kinds that the Family of Light brought to Earth and fed the kindergarten kids with. We tend to focus on the milk and porridge that fed the kids’ physical bodies, forgetting that at

least half of their nutrition came from above, from sky food that fed their other bodies: emotional, mental, astral, and light. This sky food is celestial light.

If such a child, fed by earthly food as well as celestial food, cared by human mother as well as Cosmic Mother, if such a child is not happy, who is?

The more I look into it, the more I think of it, the more confident I feel about our Neolithic childhood as one of great happiness. It doesn't mean that we didn't cry or make a fuss, for life had its rough sides. But the basic mood in human life, the basic tone in the air then was a happy one.



We were free. There was no ruler over our head; there was no social hierarchy; there was no chain around our ankle or neck, pulling us into slave labor.

We were fed. There was no struggle for survival, as we had more food than we could actually eat, and there was no mandate to work, for work was play, and play was study.

We were led. There was no authority telling us “Thou shall not,” no punishment; there was no look of disappointment on the face of those who led us into organizing tribal life in a way that could bring out the most happiness.

Civilization's aim is human happiness.

Yes, happiness. We have been unhappy for so long that we turn cynical toward such a statement.

If civilization is not for human happiness, it really shouldn't be called civilization—it is something else, a control system. And if a civilization is for happiness of a few and unhappiness of many, it is but a fake civilization.

Happiness, what does this New Agey word mean?

This ageless word means, simply, the fulfillment of human yearnings. The yearning for survival, for comfort, for creativity, for mirroring, for support, for guidance, for adventure ... pretty much all of them were fulfilled in our Neolithic days.

“Ah, she’s just idealizing the Neolithic era,” critics may say.

To that I shall reply, “Yes, I *am* talking about ideals. I *am* talking about ideal ways of living, ideal ways of relating, and ideal ways of loving. If you can shift your position to that of civilization’s giver, you can easily see that civilization is all about setting ideals.”

The setting of ideals has to be done in the age of childhood. The setting of ideals is none other than the self-manifestation of the Blueprint. The Blueprint for Earth is the ideal, and the ideal is the Blueprint—this is not a play of words.

This is what we are on Earth for, we starseeds, and this is what they are on Earth for, the star teachers: our joint mission on Earth is to build an ideal civilization.

Even Anu was going after his ideals. The Nibiruan principles of hierarchy, domination, exploitation, deception, punishment, warfare, and so on were ideals of a dark and evil kind. We’ve been hypnotized by the Anu Nightmare for so long that we take his ideals to be our ideals.

If we reverse the Anu’s ideals, we see many Pleiadian ideals, such as equality, collaboration, fairness, truthfulness, tolerance, and peace. The very agenda of the Pleiadian Family of Light was to seed ideals and to exemplify ideals.

During the second and third grade, Ireland was in an age of complete equality between men and women. To mirror and to idealize this social reality on Earth, the Group of Eight came as four couples, with perfect bodies and perfect demeanors.

Now you see, it wasn't wrong for our Neolithic girl, Modira, to idealize the Shining Ones, because the Shining Ones' very intention was to get her to aspire to such high standards of humanity. To use a modern example, a photo of Mt. Kailash can inspire a person to go on a journey.

The seeding of ideals and setting of standards was at the heart of their Neolithic education for the Earth Human Child. When exposed at the earliest age to ideal love, ideal relations, and ideal ways to be, the Child would have no trouble growing into a strong happy Adult.

If you were a Pleiadian mother, would you teach your child any other way to be human than the following way?

Live happily. Die happily. Be reborn happily.

— the Kindergarten Motto

That is my childish way to articulate the lofty mission of our sky teachers. Of course, such “happily” includes both positive and negative experiences (laughter 'n' tears, pleasure 'n' pain, joy 'n' sorrow, high 'n' low, etc.) and such “happily” comes from going with (rather than going against) the natural flow.

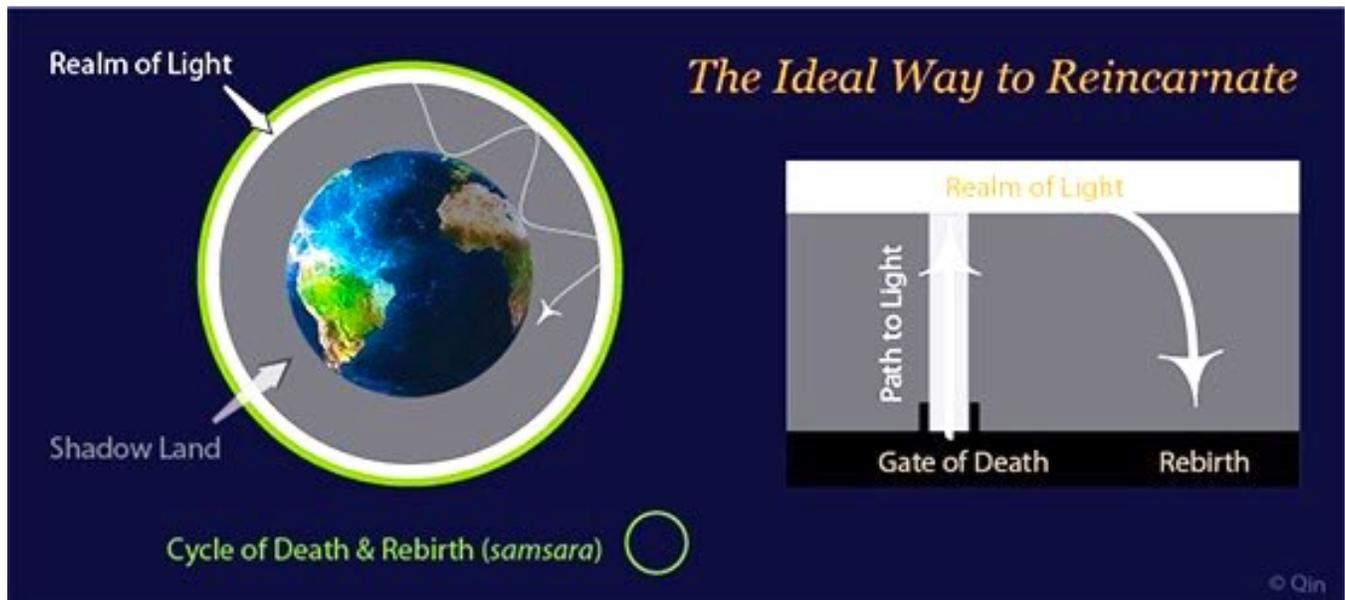
For a 3000-year kindergarten to work, meaning the same students going from Grade 1 to 2 and 3, one thing has to be fully functional and that is, the system of reincarnation.

Throughout the Neolithic era, Ireland had remained mostly a secluded island, under a protection shield that fenced off uninvited humans and human souls from the outside world. Souls of Ireland's native population would reincarnate within the same tribe (these starseed souls had made the vow to stay on Earth till the end). From one reincarnation to another, a starseed soul would build up an experiential data bank and progress along a spiral way toward spiritual maturity.

The ideal way to reincarnate is that the soul leaves the four earthly bodies at death, exits from the crown chakra, travels through the Shadow Land along a path to the Realm of Light, and from there, returns to the stream of life.

This Realm of Light isn't located at the galactic center or on the Pleiadian or Sirian stars, but right here at the outer edge of the great Wheel of Life (i.e. samsara) of Earth. The Realm of

Light is a non-material spirit zone. So is the Shadow Land, the twilight realm after death and before life (i.e. the bardo, or the waiting room).



After establishing agriculture, after teaching people how to live, the Pleiadian Group of Eight went on to teach people how to die. The ritual of death was the end part of their second-grade curriculum. It was the toughest part.

Such death ritual was not only necessary but also urgent, because too many souls in Ireland had been stuck in the Shadow Land, thus delaying the coming forth of Grade 3.

Not only must people learn the proper way to die, but also a path to light must be made for and by every soul tribe, to guide souls in the future and to free stuck souls in the past.

Every soul tribe in Ireland (and on Earth) needed to establish such a passage to light, with their own tribal soul power. It had to be the tribal soul itself blazing a trail of light. Such trail-blazing was beyond the capacity of any Pleiadian being. As extraterrestrials, the Pleiadian Family of Light had no such terrestrial power sourced in life experiences on Earth.

Understandably, there had to be many paths to light made, for the many starseed tribes all over the planet. Indeed, the rite of death shown in the case of Modira and Caval had been done many times, at many locations, in many forms, by many individuals.

Within the same soul tribe, the rite was often repeated a number of times to firmly establish the experience in the tribal psyche. Thus, it wasn't an exotic rite. It was a popular rite in the global context. It wouldn't surprise me if you, my reader, burst out at this point, saying "Yeah, I think I've done it too!"

Still, you wonder, what does a Neolithic death rite have to do with us living in the 21st century?

Well, it means good news: “There is a path to light for every one of us!” This news was given to me by my kindergarten teacher, the Lady of Light. One of her key messages to her family on Earth in the 21st century is the following:

The path to light is open!

The path of ascension is open, in other words, whether the ascension shall take you to a galactic home of light or to a waiting room of light (mind you that you can go as far as the waiting room if your soul’s mission on Earth hasn’t been fulfilled), whether this path has the signature style of a historical man such as Lao-tzu, the Buddha, and the true Christ, or a prehistoric man or woman with no name.

“Ascension” means going up in vibration, and ascension includes life and death, since they are two sides of the same process. You can’t go anywhere higher in death, if you haven’t gone any higher in life.

An ascension through the portal of death is but a continuation of a life-long process of aspiration and preparation.

And the good news is: “The path to light has been made.” You don’t have to make it. You don’t have to do what Modira and Caval did. You only need to find it.

There are many paths to light in the spirit realm, one for each soul tribe on Earth. If you find the path made by your own soul ancestor, by your own original soul, the rest of the journey will be easier than you think.

The path to light is situated in the spirit realm, and can only be seen by the soul's eye. If your soul's eye is shut, you won't see any shining path even if you stand smack on Neolithic ritual grounds such as the hilltop of Carrowkeel. You just see heaps of gray stones in purple-brown heather fields.



Aerial View of the Ascension Hill, aka Carrowkeel (Photo Courtesy of www.carrowkeel.com)

On the other hand, you can see the shining path with your soul's eye without physically going to any of these sites. But it is good to physically visit these sites, for memories are stored in these power spots and the presence of our Pleiadian family is strong in these portal regions. It can help opening your spiritual eye to take your physical eyes to megalithic hilltops such as Carrowkeel, the Ascension Hill.

Carrowkeel was where the paths to light were made by many Modiras and Cavals.

Carrowkeel was the central site of the Ascension Rite, performed by and for every soul tribe in the Irish kindergarten. To visit a central site in the material realm can help starseeds reconnect with their tribal souls, can help starseeds find their individual path through life and the afterlife.

But you don't go to such a site to die. Please don't commit suicide on top of Carrowkeel! That'll be the highest insult you can give to a power spot.

And for sure, you will get stuck in the Shadow Land as a hungry ghost. Carrowkeel is not a place to die, of unnatural or natural death. It is a monument on a monumental scale. You go to such a place to—here is that famous Gnostic word again—to remember.

“The remembrance will open your inner gate,” to repeat what the Lady of Light has said. At death, a full remembrance will take your soul to your tribal soul, who is the keeper of a path to light, the keeper of a treasure in your tribal soul heritage.



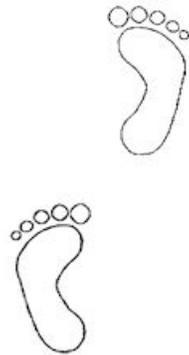
The U-shaped Valley at Carrowkeel (Photo Courtesy of www.carrowkeel.com)

You may feel, instead, that you are a graduate of another kindergarten, that your path to light is unlinked to an Irish hill and inaccessible through an Irish story. You may feel that the Irish story can inspire you to go on a quest, but can't take you by the hand to where you want to go. You wonder, how should starseeds like you find your way of ascension?

My answer is, your soul knows how to find the way to the way.

The Neolithic Child in you knows the way up, if you have been around since the Neolithic era. But if you have been around for a shorter while, the Neolithic Child in your humanity knows the way up. The childhood phase of our humanity has been imprinted with the template of civilization. The pattern is there.

If you find the Child, the Neolithic Child,
you find the way.



Now, a vigilant traveler would ask a question that has been growing along this journey with me to my Neolithic childhood: “Did or did not our Modira fail the task? What happened to her path to light? Was it fully made, partly made, or not made at all?”

That was my question, too. There is one person who has the answer, and you know who. This one person takes me to the Neolithic Child and helps me see the Child from a new angle—a higher perspective, made possible by life experiences gathered through living in historical time.

The returning Mother helps the experienced Teenager see what the prehistoric Child cannot see. The returning Mother shines a light of awareness into the shadow side of the Child's psyche so that the Teenager can pull up the roots of her spiritual torment and cut the vines tying her to a heavy vibrational realm.

Here, it must be emphasized that our Neolithic Childhood, despite being a happy one, contains in itself not only seeds of light but also seeds of darkness.

One seed of darkness is repression.

Repression. This modern psychotherapeutic concept is known to the Teenager, but not to the Child. The Child does it, without any awareness. In Modira's time, the 4th millennium BC, the major repression among people then was fear of death. People pushed the fear away, refusing to face it. The return of the Shining Ones was for treating a repression problem.

Facing and embracing the fear was the way taught by Pleiadian civilizers to solve this particular psychological problem of our Neolithic Childhood. Instead of repressing the fear, people were taught to look it straight in the eye, to see that there is nothing to fear in the death experience.

Repression is a major stumbling block on the way that I've described earlier as "live happily, die happily, and be reborn happily." Whatever you've repressed during life will stare at you, face to face, at the moment of death. Death strips away all masks and all lies. Death shows you the authentic image of your psyche. The deep desires repressed by you throughout your life would burst out at the last moment, taking you by total surprise. What repression does is setting you up for the last-moment ambush.

If you have seen every aspect of your psyche (i.e. the mental, emotional, and astral body as a whole) and have dealt with your repressed thoughts, emotions, and desires, it becomes easier to let go at the last moment. Even if a demon appears, you will know what it is and can say to it, "Get off my face!"

If you have understood every part of your being, no sensory phenomenon at death could cloud your vision of a spiritual destination. The key to ascension (for Stone Age and Computer Age humans alike) is a wee phrase that in fact everyone knows:

Know Thyself ! — the key to ascension

Ah, how difficult it is to know thyself!

Our Neolithic student, Modira, thought that she knew herself, and our Pleiadian teacher, Sincera, thought so too. What happened at the last moment of Modira's ascension rite took the Shining One by surprise as well.

You may wonder how the Shining One would comment on this event, on this Neolithic spiritual accident.

Now in the Digital Age, the Lady of Light says to me, to the reincarnated Modira, on the writer's computer screen:

“On the whole, we, the eight sky teachers, underestimated the power of the planetary forces in you and overestimated the power of your stellar soul over matter. Meticulous as we were in devising programs to help you let go, we failed to consider one possibility: your positive attachment to the earthly realm.

“We focused on the negative, forgetting the positive! We focused on helping you deal with repression of negative emotions, not knowing that another kind of repression was quietly going on in your psyche.

“Had I known that you were unconsciously repressing your deep desire for a child and an even deeper desire to stay in the Earth realm, I would have guided you in your training to embrace and transform this powerful seed energy.

“Your task could not accommodate this desire. You had to let go. Pushing it aside, which is repression, is not letting go. To let go, you had to transform the positive desire into something greater—to sublimate it. A key step in your spiritual training was left out of our design, due to our ignorance of what was going on in the shadow part of your psyche.

“There were other design flaws in our ascension rite. We hadn’t prepared the tribes of people well enough, either. People were repressing their positive desires, too. Their repressed desire was to keep their dear Modira and Caval with them, to see the two youngsters live to a happy old age.

“So, on one side was the hermit Modira, who had been in total seclusion for three years, and on another side was the community that had missed her for three years. A clash of energy was bound to happen when the two sides were suddenly thrown together, one sky-bound, one earth-bound.

“Communal energy was essential for this ascension rite, and tribes of people had to be there to establish the experience. At

its core the experience was the singular tribal soul making a journey even though it took the dualistic form of a pair of actors vis-à-vis a group of spectators.

“Despite the division of energy (sky-bound vs. earth-bound), the communal power was strong, the oneness of the tribal soul attained, and the ascension rite done, and done well.

“As a Shining One, I could see what Modira could not see. The situation was not what she thought it was at all!

“Now come with me to the end part of the rite. You can take my position and see Modira through my eyes, through the eyes of the Lady of Light. What do you see?”

“I see...” says WJ, “through your Pleiadian eyes I see ... Modira did leave through the top gate! At hearing the call of the Sun Spirit, her Light Body flew out of her body through the crown of her head. She merged with Caval and the unified Light Body went up into the astral realm.”

“But wait,” says WJ, “it was only a big part of her Light Body. A small part of her Light Body was still in the physical body.”

“Right,” says the Lady of Light.

“I see,” continues WJ, “her four earthly bodies were still alive, though fast approaching death. The small part of her Light Body was tied to her four bodies by a thin thread. This thread of affection kept her Light Body partly inside the earthly realm.

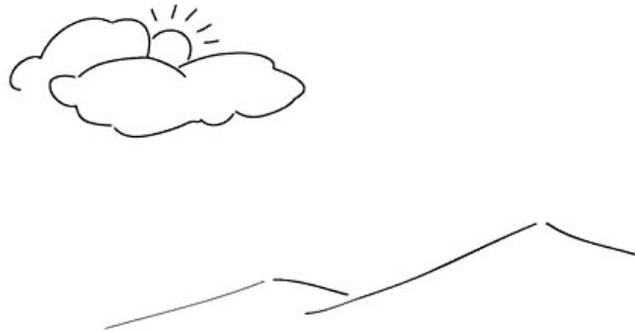
“And I see the pull of the earthly home had a decisive impact on Modira the moment the little boy appeared. The little boy was a mirror on which she saw her repressed dream. Her mental body identified with the mirror image and brought the other three bodies into the identification.

“Thus, by way of illusion, the four earthly bodies attained a momentary experience of fulfillment of her dream, her own Gaian Dream. At the same time, the big part of her Light Body, already unified with Caval’s Light Body, was soaring in the astral sky.

“As if a white cloud had appeared out of thin air and stood between the astral and the physical realm, the unified Light Body could see through the cloud, but the not-yet-unified part could not. A veil had appeared, separating the two parts and creating a kind of soul split.”

“Right,” says the Lady of Light, “go on!”

“Above the cloud, the unified soul called out to the remainder soul down below: ‘Come up, quickly!’



“Beneath the cloud, Modira heard the call but couldn’t see through the veil. All she saw was a white haze with no child and no Caval.”

“Go inside Modira,” says the Lady of Light, “and feel what she feels. How does she feel?”

“She feels ... She panicked! Because her eyes could not see, her mind jumped in and concluded, ‘I lost him! I failed my task!’ and the rest is history.”

“Yes,” the Lady of Light says. “This hasty and panicky mental conclusion prevented the remainder soul from flying up through the white cloud to join the unified soul. The panic quickly turned into a shadowy wall that cemented the soul split. The remainder soul was kept on this side of the wall

from there on. It went on to become the progenitor of a long and colorful line of reincarnations all over the world.”

“What happened to the soul on the other side of the wall?”

“I tell you,” says the Lady of Light, “since you can’t see. Above the white cloud, the unified soul turned around and went on with its journey. It flew through the Shadow Land. It reached the Realm of Light, thus leaving an energetic trail behind.”

“So the path to light was truly made?”

“Yes, the path to light was made, and has been there ever since, as part of your tribal soul heritage.”

“It wasn’t a failure?”

“Au contraire, it was a double success—an extra storyline was born and went on as a parallel reality of life experiences.

“But the remainder soul couldn’t see this. All it could see was ‘I failed my task!’ And from life to life, it carried this lump of guilt, shame, and fear as if it was some sort of a treasure. The karmic weight got bigger and heavier with each lifetime that ended with the famous last sentence: ‘I failed my task!’ uttered in Hebrew, in French, in Russian, in Japanese, in ... you name it!”

“I know!” WJ bursts out. “I can almost hear them!”

“It all began with a mental judgement. A mental judgement born of a panic reaction, born of an illusory view and a partial reading. Now, another seed of darkness is revealed in the shadow part of the Neolithic Child’s psyche. From Neolithic times to now, this seed of darkness has sprouted, grown, and multiplied. This seed of darkness is self-judgement, and is self-judgement based on ignorance.

“You have been so hard on yourself, and for so many lifetimes! You judge yourself because you think you know what’s right and what’s wrong. You think you know the yardstick measuring failure and success. You think you know what perfection means. And you think we judge you.”

“Now I know you don’t judge me, or judge us.”

“You still think we are perfect, don’t you?”

WJ nods her head.

“Now you know that we, ‘the perfect ones,’ don’t know everything either. We, your Pleiadian ancestors, do embody many ideals that seem perfect in your eyes, and you starseeds on Earth do have an innate drive for perfection. Striving for

perfection can lead to judging yourself harshly, especially when you forget that perfection is a comparative thing.

“As your kindergarten teacher and initiation-drama director, I shall say something to you, my dear Modira, something I’ve been wanting to say for several thousand years.

“I am sorry that I did not know you more deeply!

“I saw you as me living in an earthly body and assumed that my wish was your wish, my dream your dream. What came in your last rite, in your brilliant live performance of my dream script, was an outburst of Gaian human love, unscripted and unrehearsed. Wild and free, this love could not be tamed, this love could not be directed, this love could only be followed.

“If you follow this love, it would lead you to places on Earth beyond the wildest imagination of a star script.

“You, my Neolithic child,

“You showed me where you begin and where I end,
you brought me over my Pleiadian edge;
you led me deep into the mystery of Gaia,
and you taught me the wildness of earthly love.”

29. Director's Chair in the Air

Don't we all at times wonder: "What would have happened if I had made another decision at that critical point? Would my life have turned out utterly different?"

What if that winter night in 2002 I had decided to go to bed instead of going out, into the nocturnal world of Amsterdam, to play?

For sure, I would not have met a stranger whose initials were W.J. and a string of strangers this W.J. subsequently ushered into my reality—one of them being Mara.

Had it not been for this Dutch male W.J. the Chinese female WJ would not have stayed in Holland, would not have gone for therapy in Ireland. In the end, she would not have gone to the field of Carrowmore and met her Pleiadian ancestor—Sincera.

An impulsive decision of a dark night in urban Holland set in motion a domino effect, which four years later culminated in a white epiphany by a Neolithic dolmen in rural Ireland.

This impulsive decision, however, came out of an inner debate: “Should I stay in the cozy apartment of Chris, or should I go out into the cold, into the unknown, for an adventure in that club bearing the name Paradise?”

After touring a few countries in Europe and winning the Grand Prix at the Religion Today Film Festival in Italy with my film *To the Land of Bliss*, I wanted to return to my old home base in Massachusetts. But Chris, my warm-hearted Dutch host, persuaded me to stay through the film festival IDFA.

This night, there was no film that interested me. Chris was out with her friends. “How shall I make the best of my last days in Amsterdam?” An hour into disquiet meditation in the quiet apartment of Chris, I rose from the cushion and put on my high heels. I followed my heart and ventured into the dark. Couple of hours later, I landed in the Dutch W.J.’s arms.

* * *

Many a time in the maze of life I found myself pacing at a fork in the road, torn between desire for the known and desire for the unknown. Too often I picked the unknown, only to lash out at myself later: “Stupid, you should have taken the safe road—now look at this jungle!” The jungle, however misty or deep, never managed to swallow me alive.

Comrade Mara also picked the dangerous over the safe. Spreading her wings, Mara hugged her fear of flying and flew with me into an unknown universe—the Land of Éire.

Looking back at our journey in Ireland in August 2006, I see our 10-day trip has been, basically, a string of mini decisions to keep going for the unknown. What if we had not done so?

What if by that dolmen at Carrowmore Mara had not the impulse to approach the eight tall people she saw singing around the stones? What if Mara had not the desire to enter the body of one of them? What if WJ had not the curiosity to ask the body that Mara had entered, “Who are you?”

Hanging by a thread was our quest at such moments. Our quest for knowledge was wholly dependent on the desire in our heart to move deeper and deeper into the unknown. The quest could have ended any moment, had we chosen to go in the other direction—the known.

But somehow, the other possibility feels impossible. It feels that we were meant to meet our Pleiadian family by the dolmen at Carrowmore. It feels to be not a chance happening but a predestined event, since minutes after meeting us the Pleiadian lady put us to tears with her remark: “That’s the task I’ve given you from the beginning!”

What does it then say about our free will if our acts are predestined? Didn't we take risks? Didn't we make brave choices? Or perhaps we weren't free at those moments? Were we predestined to make those brave choices, even predestined to desire the unknown?

I couldn't get the paradox.

This evening, deep in trance, a sight comes to me. I'm watching our journey in Ireland just as I'm watching a movie. But I'm watching from a peculiar position: as the director, sitting in the wicker basket of a balloon up in the air.



From the director's chair in the air, I'm overseeing the actions by my lead actresses, one named Mara, one named WJ.

The two, however, are unaware of the director's existence, as I don't use an old-fashioned handhold speaker. They don't even know that they are acting in a movie written by someone else. They think they are the directors of their own movies.

The two, nevertheless, have shown up at the right scene. From the air, I lead my two Hobbit characters into the field museum of Carrowmore and let them go for a picnic on the grass. As they wipe their mouths and belch in content, I whisper into their ears, "Now go for the central monument!"



They get up from the grass and walk to the gray mound. They enter the topless mound and sit down by the dolmen. Promptly comes a fairy wind and whirls the two into the New Stone Age. I watch the bewildered Hobbits ask questions and record answers on an iPod—following exactly my screenplay.



My screenplay begins from another time period, at the same spot. It is 4000 BC. Carrowmore is an empty field of green grass. Down there on the ground, eight Shining Ones attired in celestial robes are levitating stones with their voice. Around them, smaller humans wearing Neolithic tunics are watching the event.

Eyes big and mouths open, the smaller humans watch stones bigger than themselves being lifted from the ground and stacked into a structure. Soon, a seven-slab dolmen appears on the ground, to be followed by a surrounding circle of stones.

The scene changes to 3800 BC. By now, the green field hosts many dolmens and circles of stones. In a festival setting in autumn, tribes of people in their best Stone Age fashion are gathered outside the stone circle surrounding the seven-slab dolmen. A full moon rises on the sky, a sound comes into the field, and a group of eight Shining Ones appear out of thin air at the focal point of hundreds of staring eyes.

In the crowd, watching the spectacle is a pair of teen lovers. In the morning, on their way home through the forest, the two teenagers speak excitedly about the Shining Ones' return. The boy calls the girl "Modira" and the girl calls the boy "Caval."

The scene changes to 2000 BC. The sound of bells signifies the time period being the Bronze Age. At the same spot, a solemn meeting is taking place. A hundred people, men and women wearing fine robes, are seated right outside the stone circle. In front of them are the eight Shining Ones, attired in the same celestial robes as in their previous appearance.

Using their voice, the eight Shining Ones fill up the circle of stones with pebbles and soil. After covering the dolmen and circle with a great mound of earth, the Shining Ones inform the hundred witnesses that a dark night is coming and the Temple of the Cosmos must stay concealed till a future point.

The scene jumps to 1996 AD. A team of archeologists come into the field, carrying shovels, speaking Swedish. Led by Professor Göran Burenhult, the Swedish team arrive at the low-rising mound which is covered by a thick coat of green grass. With professional care, the archeologists set out to remove the mound of earth. Days and months go by. The archeologists get to the base level and unearth a great dolmen.



Baffled by the absence of a passage leading to the dolmen and thus unable to call this monument a “passage tomb,” the archeologists close their discussion with a decision: they would continue using the site’s old Gaelic name, “Listoghil,” and the site’s scientific label, “Tomb No. 51.”

The archeologists leave, and a bulldozer comes. Its mechanic hand dumps into the dissected stone circle loads of quarried pebbles. In a few days, a postmodern mound is up, with tons of gray chunks held in place by a net of steel mesh, making Tomb No. 51 the focal point of a contemporary field museum.



Then in 2006, the movie rolls on: a silver-haired Dutch and a black-haired Chinese step into the postmodern mound. The two Hobbit women turn up at the perfect hour, having missed not a beat in their rough travel, and before the invisible door very smoothly utter the magic password: “*Who are you?*”

Just as scripted.



It doesn't mean that the likes of Mara and WJ are no more than Hobbit robots. By no means are smart creatures like them will-less puppets used by a puppeteer—me.

You see, half of the time WJ is not in acting mode and lives her life as she pleases. But as soon as she hears my director's call, she springs into action and enters performance mode. When she is in performance mode, her will is rarely at odds with my will.

The truth is, WJ had agreed to participate in my screenplay long before WJ was born. I can even say WJ was born for the sake of my screenplay. So part of her life is inside a screenplay and part of her life outside.

“When did she agree?” you ask.

We go back to the scene in 2006 when she and Mara met Sincera at the dolmen at Carrowmore. Hearing that the dolmen was made as a token of love, WJ asked Sincera, “Is it a good idea for us to write a book and also make a film to show this event?” Sincera replied, “That's the task I've given you from the beginning!”

When was this beginning?

WJ assumed that it was the beginning of her life as WJ. She went on to live with this assumption and thought no more of it. Lacking the power of insight, she could not go back to that event in 2000 BC, could not zoom in and see that she, too, was there.

It was a farewell meeting. Each tribe in Ireland had sent a pair of representatives to meet the Shining Ones for the last time. It was the last initiation they gave at Carrowmore before they covered the sites, sealed off the portals, and retreated from the Ireland school. The hundred representatives, men and women, went there as volunteers. They volunteered to take on a task through this last initiation rite—the task of preserving a story.

Each of these initiates received a story into their soul. Each made a vow to safe keep the story, no matter what the cost. They would plunge into the dark night of history and be reborn in different places. They would carry the story, from one incarnation to the next, till the lifetime comes for the story to be activated.

The story, when activated, is a movie.

One of the volunteers at this farewell meeting was Modira, now living in a Bronze Age body as a priestess of the Boyne Valley temple complex. She came to the meeting with her partner then—a priest from another tribe, who had Caval's

hair but not Caval's eyes. The soul of Caval was no longer bound to the wheel of reincarnation. The soul of Modira had to go through many lifetimes, as a woman or as a man, with partners who only partly reminded her of Caval.

So, you see, the plot begins in 2000 BC as far as the current episode is concerned.

At that juncture in 2006 when WJ asked about making a book and film, she thought she was asking a spontaneous question. Little did she know that she was in fact verbalizing a wish she had made, there by the dolmen, some 4000 years ago.



Often WJ thinks she is stepping into the foggy unknown and is shaking in her boots. And often with hindsight, she sees that the unknown turns out to be something already known. “Isn’t it absurd,” she says to herself, “to journey into the unknown only to discover that it is the known! Why make us go through all the dramas? What’s the point?”

The drama is the point.

Without drama the Earth Theater is empty. Without drama human life is dead. Without drama the experiential infrastructure that starseeds like her have come to build is no more than a hollow shell. If everything is known, there will be no drama. If nothing is a mystery, if no event is a surprise, life will be boring as hell. The very nature of the Earth Theater demands human life to be that of a mystery play.

In a mystery *play*, there always is this mist enshrouding a future event. Sometimes spooky, sometimes inviting, the mist is part of the *mise-en-scène* to spur the performer, to tease him or her. In a *mystery* play, the performer doesn’t know the plot beforehand and has to improvise from scene to scene. The mist is there to keep the performer on the edge—he or she has to make a choice.

To go back to the known, or to go into the unknown?

Choosing between these two possibilities is choosing between two emotional states: one boring and one exciting. It isn't wrong to choose the known. Nor is it right to choose the unknown. In a mystery play, there is no such thing as right or wrong. In a mystery play, what matters is dramatic intensity.

The mist is put there on the path to test the performer: "How raw is your desire? How pure is your intent? And how high is your flame? If you want to go there, you'll have to go through me first. And you'll have to pay a price!" Imagine the intensity when the performer is willing to pay the price—with her life!

Whatever the choice may be, what comes out of the act of choosing is the best kind of performer energy—committed, concentrated, and crystalized. That energy is the motor of the drama of life. Because choosing is self-directing. Choosing is setting in motion a chain of events, which, in time, will turn into a storyline.

A storyline is a trail of life energy.

The trail is blazed by the life force of a human actor, who with free will has mobilized the entirety of his being, has rallied his physical, emotional, mental, and astral body to move toward a point in time, and is prepared to eat the fruits of his actions, be they bitter or sweet. Such energy trails, like gossamer

threads glowing in the ethereal plane, constitute the very infrastructure that starseeds have come to Earth to build.

Starseeds, being adventurers in their soul origin, love the mysterious and the unknown. The stellar side of their makeup supplies them with endless fascination with the unknown and limitless audacity to take on challenges.

The stellar side, due to its being anchored in the timeline by a series of time codes, comes across as a strange mechanism that the starseeds perplexedly call “destiny” or “fate.” Such destiny, they need to see, is but the activation of coded events.

Time is the biggest challenge for these star players in the drama of Earth human life. They have to create their trails and build their infrastructure along the timeline of Earth. They have to go at Earth pace, which by their standard is very, very slow!

Sometimes they feel they are like seabirds being forced to crawl on their belly at the snail tempo of earthly time. Indeed, to leave behind the gossamer trail of a storyline, a star player has to move like a snail and think like a snail. To a snail, each inch it crawled is a feat.

AFTERWORD by Sincera

The **Power** of Thy **Future**

I am from your past, and from your future.

We, the 5D Pleadians and 6D Sirians, are spirit beings just above your 3D space and time. As your stellar Family of Light, we are part of your past and part of your future. As your stellar soul ancestors, we are with you throughout your past, present, and future. We are your higher selves, and therefore, we are your future selves.

In fact, you are your future self, returning to the present to ensure the victory.

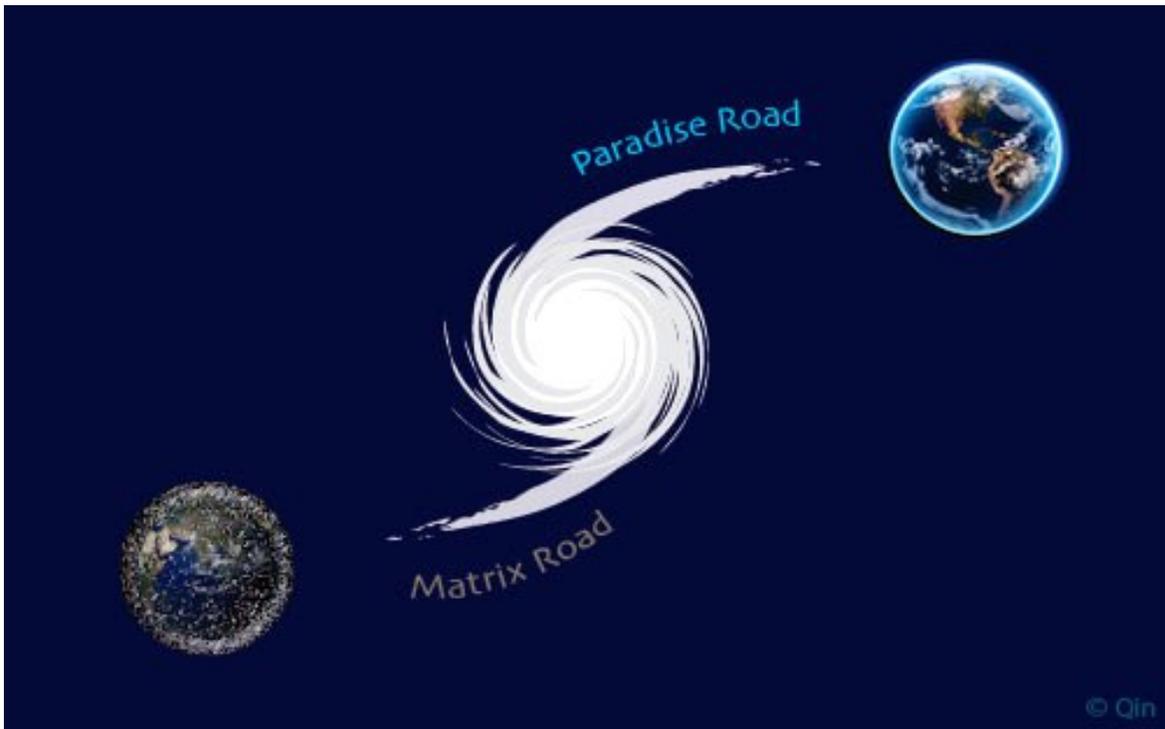
What victory?

The victory of a Paradise planet over a Matrix planet.

The victory of a free human race over an alien ruler race.

The victory of light over darkness.

You came from the future Earth, from the Age of Light. The light of the future is beaming its colorful rays into the present, to invite, to attract, to arrange events so as to ensure its total illumination. This process of self-fulfillment is what has made you an individual spark. In your current incarnation, you are an individual expression of this manifesting momentum of a future reality, this attracting mechanism of a future pole.



The Last Traffic Circle

You are your future self, returning to the present to help you live your choice.

You have made the choice, at the great roundabout, at the last traffic circle that splits the human race into two camps. But the force of the vortex keeps dragging you back into the circulation. You need power to break free from habitual repetition and to go for your chosen direction. So you came, to give yourself a push.

The future is an energy. The future is a vibration. What kind of vibration?

Imagine, if the hijacking of civilization hadn't taken place, what kind of world you would be living in! To say the least, there would be no massacre of humans or other species, no ecological crisis, no nuclear threat, no famine and starvation, no rulers and masses, no kings and queens, no army and police, no terrorists or patriots, no stock markets or banks, no GMO foods or chemtrails, no bird flu or AIDS, no casino, no brothel, no corporate—there would be no Matrix.

Imagine the high-energy foods you are eating, the second-skin clothes you are wearing, the light-sensitive houses you are dwelling in. Imagine your noiseless vehicles, your biomimic appliances, your green cityscape and lush countryside. Imagine the fun at school, the laughter at work, the healing at hospitals, the inspiration in theaters, and the unconditional love at home.

Imagine the music, poetry, and dance, the paintings and sculptures, the stories and songs, the crafts and cuisines feeding all five of your bodies. Imagine talking to birds and trees, to mountains and seas, to planets and stars as effortlessly as you talk to a fellow human being.

Imagine everyone having a heart-to-heart connection.

“But the damage is done!” you say. “There’s nothing we can do about it. We can’t go back in time and undo history.”

Yes, you can undo history! History is but a nightmare, remember?

A nightmare is insubstantial and ineffectual, a mere harassment to the original dream state. It may seem monstrous and it may seem humongous, but the nightmare of history can only scuttle its lowly way along the sidewalk of delusion. And when a nightmare falls away, the original dream resumes its course. So you came, to get yourself back on the dream course.

What happened was, the hijacking created a split in the growth of civilization, like a tree parting into two branches. One branch grew to be history, another branch herstory. One branch became a reality, another branch a possibility. The original civilization was never lost, but was forever suppressed. It went into hiding, it became a phantasmagoria, it lay dormant inside human consciousness as a forgotten dream.

The dream was kept subliminal and was utilized to feed the nightmare. Under the tyrannical nightmare, the true reality of Earth managed to survive as a faint possibility buried deep down in the human memory. To dispel the nightmare of history is to turn that possibility back to reality.

Think of that possibility as a vibration.

A layer of vibration underlying human consciousness, a layer of vibration embedded in the earth, it cannot be erased. It cannot be destroyed. It cannot be forsaken. It is lodged in the ethereal record of this resilient planet, as a permanent presence.

Such a possibility, being a vibration of the original dream plan, is beyond the reach of all nightmares ...

Painting by a Chinese child named Xue Yufan 薛宇帆



... and beyond the reach of evil adults.

The Matrix has no heart. Paradise does.

The present you feels dead stuck inside the Matrix, a monstrous prison guarded by ten thousand demons. The present you doesn't know how to fight through the siege or how to get free. So came the future you, to free you from your current entrapment.

How? To free your energy, to begin with. For you have been misusing your energy, fighting the wrong battles against the wrong demons.

First, you free your energy from trying to **reform** the Matrix. The Matrix is a fake world pulled over your eyes to blind you from seeing that you are enslaved by a ruthless force and utilized as its energy source. To improve the status quo, to convert it, to make it humane, to breathe into it a soul, to insert into it a heart ... these are but noble acts of ignorance that end up benefiting the Matrix. You see, no matter what you do, the Matrix will never respect you, let alone love you!

Second, you free your energy from trying to **destroy** the Matrix. Fighting the Matrix with the Matrix's weapons only enhances the Matrix, and the fighter ends up in exhaustion, frustration, and despair. The Matrix feeds on your militant energy, which is the very energy of the Matrix itself. It wants you to think of it as a real monster so that you'll rally all your life forces to do battle with it and thereby energize it.

Fighting an illusion with an illusion never works. Seeing through the illusion works, and works wonders. The moment you see that the Matrix domain is but a fake reality, is but a counterfeit civilization, and that the Matrix control could never touch your true state of humanity, you are instantly free from its domination.

The Matrix is in your head. Its external existence is codependent on your inner sanctioning of it. Thus, the real fight is resisting the takeover by illusions and refusing to accept alien rules. The real fight is reversing the reversed originals. The real fight is holding on to light. Light is truth, light is beauty, and light is love.

True civilization is founded on the heart. It is through the heart, the sacred heart, that you will find access to civilization's original blueprint. The Blueprint is stored in your memories and ideals, and is accessible by way of the heart, not by way of the head. The heart's way and the head's way direct you into two vastly different realities.

As said before, the time you are in, Dawn, is a strange phase where two contradictory realities run parallel to each other: one true, one fake; one with the heart, one without; one according to the Blueprint, one against. Each moment you must decide which of them to align yourself with.



“Red pill or blue pill, which one will you choose?”
— a scene from *The Matrix* movie

If you align yourself with the vibration of the Blueprint, you will be riding on a most powerful force. When you manifest the energy of the Blueprint, the Matrix in your head comes crumbling down by itself.

It is a war situation, and you *must* fight.

To win this spiritual battle, you must stop fighting the Matrix the way it wants you to fight. Now you fight for truth, for love, for beauty. You fight for your dreams. You fight for visions, and fight with visions.

You are Visionary Fighters.

When you know you are from the victorious future, what power can beat your power?

Your attitude is your power, your point of departure your Arch of Triumph.

Your power, however, must be cultivated. It takes more than a strong belief and positive attitude to win this war. That is why so many of us are here to be your allies. We help you unplug from the Matrix machine and reconnect with your true power source.

As your star allies, we urge you to go to nature, to Gaia's domain—that is where true power is.

Remember, the Matrix is an artificial construct imposed on the nature of Earth. When you are inside the Gaia domain, you are outside the Matrix domain.

You go to her mountain or sea, to her forest, river, or lake, to feel her pulse of life, to hear her heartbeat. More importantly, you go and feel an emotional bond with her. Emotional bond is the key to having a four-bodied connection with your mother planet, and this four-bodied connection holds the key to the fifth treasure, your Light Body.



However old or young, you are a child of Earth and Sun

And we urge you to go to our megalithic sites, also where true power is. Although these mega stone structures were artificially made, they were essentially products of our co-creation with Gaia, with her permission and assistance, for her benefits. These megalithic constructs were written in the “civilization chapter” of the Blueprint, to function as civilization’s power stations.

We urge you to go to *our* megalithic power stations, since there are giant stone works (such as the ziggurats in the Middle East) built by our enemy (namely, the Anu force) to dominate your minds and drain your energies. Their mega stone works were made to rob your power so as to fuel their empire. Our mega stone works were made to empower you, and to empower Earth.

That is why the Matrix controls many of our sites in the 3rd Dimension in the name of “protecting World Heritage Sites.” The Matrix controls our megaliths by surrounding them with police guards, barbed fences, cement walls, and surveillance cameras.

That is why the Matrix controls our sites in the 4th Dimension by propagating scholarly stories of them being dusty old tombs—stone houses for rotten flesh.

Tomb-branding is so pervasive a practice that you can speak of a phenomenon called Tomb Conspiracy. Supported by pan-academia, this Tomb Conspiracy has its secret agenda written all over its forehead: to scare you away.



To disgust you out, another may say.

The subliminal message these official stories plant in your head is a death consciousness—dead stones for dead bodies, opposite to life, health, and joy. The conspiratorial agenda is to keep you as far away as possible from the stones and to keep the stones as dead as they can be.

Bones and ashes of the dead have been found in many of our megalithic sites. This is a fact, not a fabrication. But the fact only proves that our sites have been vandalized in later times by migrant populations.

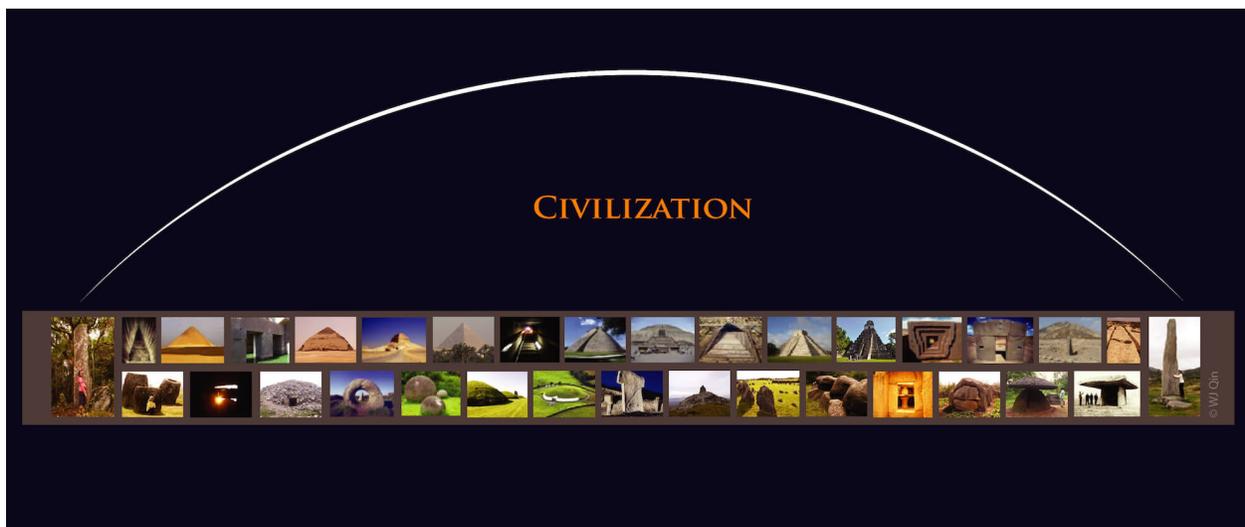
Out of an ignorant need for convenience, or out of a malicious intent to desecrate, these newcomers used many vacant megalithic chambers to store bodies of their dead. The bones and ashes found in excavations were often of the conquerors or squatters, primitive and barbaric compared to the sites' vanished indigenous population for whom the megaliths were made.

Why are our megaliths called power stations?

Because they mark earth power spots—they sit on the key junctures of Gaia's meridian lines along which her vital energies flow. Moreover, they mark sky power spots—they point to stellar sources of energy.

And because they are portals to multiple dimensions, they are switchboards connecting cosmic forces, they are storehouses of Light, which nourishes the Light Body of you and the Light Body of your mother planet, Earth.

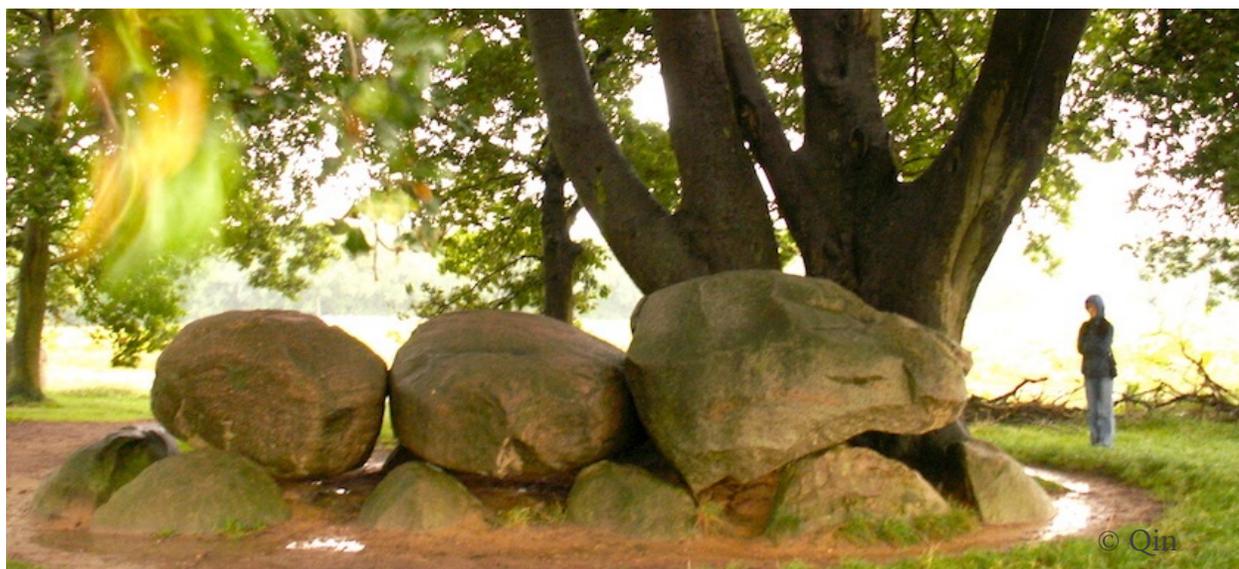
Our megaliths are not glories of the past—they are glories of the future. We buried some and shut most of them down before we retreated from your physical plane. We concealed many of them so we could reveal them at a future time.



The Megalithic Foundations of Civilization

For heaven's sake, they are civilization's foundational stones! How could their makers ever think of abandoning them? They must, and will, survive the nightmare of history. They had to lie dormant in the night and wait for the day, like that Sleeping Beauty in your children's story who awaits a magic kiss.

You are the Prince, to kiss the Sleeping Megalith back to life. It is your job to activate these dormant giants, and be activated by them. This is a two-way process, a win-win situation. You need them, and they need you. They are waiting for no one, but you. This kiss job is what your soul has long ago volunteered to do.



Drenthe, the Netherlands

So, what exactly do these sleeping megaliths need from you?

Your consciousness.

These stones, like everything else in our universe, are conscious. Being new stones co-created by Gaia and we ETs, our megaliths have a special blend of planetary and stellar consciousness, as is with you in your spiritual constitution as starseeded earthlings.

As is with you, a megalith has a physical body. Yet, this physical body as a block of stone in your eyes is just the tip of the iceberg. Under the surface of physicality there lies a vast semi-physical and non-physical reality. The semi-physical aspect of a megalith can be termed as its light body, the non-physical aspect its consciousness. Light body and consciousness are the two levels of a megalith's spirit identity.

Our mega stones are embedded in the magical realm of Earth; their roots grow deep in the soil of her spirit world. By definition, our mega stones are spirit beings with material bodies.

They are living stones, although they belong to the inorganic side of the Earth family. They are singing stones, although they seem to be still and mute. They are corridors to other worlds, although they look like road's end. They are vortices of vibration, libraries of information, and ports of voyage.

They are temples of light.

What the mega stones need is your awareness—your shamanic awareness of how magical they are.

Image source: web download, author unknown



If you go to Stonehenge to see stones, you'd be missing the point. If you treat megaliths like hard dirt, they will treat you like hard dirt. They've been mistreated for thousands of years by materialistic humans who are blind and deaf inside. They need no more of this unconsciousness rubbish.

They need you to see them: to see their hidden dimensions, to see their light bodies, to see their secret chambers.

They need you to hear them: to hear their whispers, to hear their dialogues, to hear their stories.

They need you to feel them: to sense their male and female differences, to feel their fluid interactions, to feel their breathing in and breathing out of the cosmic air.

“But which megalithic site should I go to?” you ask. “They are all over the globe!” Don’t worry, one way or another, you will end up exactly where you need to be. Call it preplan, call it fate, call it divine will, or call it synchronicity, there is a force in your life making sure that you fulfill a promise you have solemnly made.

The force calls to you in your heart. If you answer that calling, in time you may find yourself climbing the steps of a famous pyramid in North Africa, or crawling into an obscure dolmen in the middle of nowhere in South India.

You may catch your friends singing among a crowd of stone huggers in Carnac, or catch your own shadow cast among empty jars at the plains of Phonsavan.

You would find a way to pay for an air ticket and fly halfway around the globe to an exotic place whose name was not in your vocabulary until just a month ago, or discover an earth-shattering fact that a megalithic treasure has been hiding in plain sight in your own North American backyard.

You may think that you have chosen a site. But in fact, a site has chosen you. The mutual selection was done in the past, and in the future. Therefore you feel an affinity, a bond, or

even a sense of duty toward a certain site, and such a feeling of connection is not restricted to one site only.

A megalithic site is not jealous of your affection for another site. So feel free to grow intimate with multiple sites. In this special lifetime, you are meant to activate many sites, and a site is meant to have many activators.

Oh you! You think you are small and insignificant, a nobody. But in fact, you are the activator of mega stones. Every one of you is an activator of mega stone sites.

“Activation”—it sounds like a pompous act, an ego trip.

It isn't what people think. Activation is the simplest thing in the world. Anyone can do it!

To activate these mega stones, you need not be anybody, or with anybody. You need no costume or wig, no technique or technology, no magic wand or magic word. You need no wisdom, no information, no knowledge. You need no training, no practice, no credential, no resume, and no diploma. You need only one thing—your heart.

“Is that all?” you frown.

Isn't that enough? Why do you always look down on the heart as an inferior thing to the head?

Try not to go to a megalithic site with your head, busy analyzing what this is for and what that is about, who has been here and done what, which kind of measurement would yield the best result. The head will never open the magic door. The heart will.

Perhaps you forgot that the heart of our Neolithic Revolution was the heart. We created plant and animal species and initiated agricultural practices, we launched building projects and raised megalithic pillars to support your new way of being, we stayed on the earth and walked you through your childhood years ... all for this magic thing inside your chest.

Civilization was meant to make you tender, not hard, make you sweet, not tart. Civilization was all about love. Civilization's top goal was to restore your ability to love: *No more struggle against one another or against nature; from here on, love!*

Love your fellow human beings, love yourself, love the other species, love Mother Earth, love the Sun, Moon, planets and stars, love the magnificent Gaian Dream. The mega stone pillars supporting civilization were made in love, for love. So, is there any other way to relate to them?

It is the kiss of the heart that awakens the sleeping stones. The magic of the kiss goes very deep: the Prince is kissing himself back to life. You know the old saying, “In giving you are receiving.” At a megalithic site, which is an amplifier of vibes, what you send out shall come back to you manifold.

If you go to the stones to see old friends, you will be honored as an old friend. If you go to the stones with the passion of a pilgrim, you will receive passionate blessings from a presence that appears to be cold and indifferent. Returning to you from the stones is not only their love but also their affectionate wisdom.

Their knowledge, information, and data are coded in their love. The mysterious force flowing between you and them will open the door and show you the way, will trigger your memory and send you inspiration, will teach you, guide you, expand your heart as well as your head. You are activated.



It's time for a New Stones Age, for a neo-Neolithic revolution, don't you think?

An ancient civilization rebuilt on renewed stones will define the coming Light Age. New humans in sync with the new Earth are emerging in the light of the rising spiritual Sun. Their life-long friendship with power stones will upgrade the biosphere and uplift the vibration of the whole planet.

Why wait? It begins here and now, with you. It begins with you making a neo-Neolithic foundation for your life.

And it begins with the first step: healing your primal wound.

You, Earth humans in general and starseeds in particular, suffer a deep fear of abandonment. A good way to ease your suffering is to come to our mega stones, intended to stand as tokens of our presence, to show you our never-ending care. In their ageless presence, you can once again feel the primordial family field before it self-split into you on the earth and your ancestors in the sky.

Come to our megaliths, even if there aren't many stones left, even if violence has been heaped on them by guns, cannons, bulldozers, and dynamite, even if there isn't a trace of our token to be found ... a power spot is a power spot.

In spite of its wounded part, a power spot has an unwoundable part, which retains our love and Gaia's love. Many of you may have lost your love for Gaia, but Gaia has never lost her love for you, her prodigal daughters and sons.

Looking back from a future perspective at that nightmarish history of love loss, you can say, with a smile on your face, that the lack of love has made stronger your yearning for love, has made the human race better lovers than before, has paved the way for a total restoration of Earth's reputation as a cosmic hot spot.

Once again, conscious beings will fly in from all corners of the universe to stay at the legendary "Earth Bed & Breakfast," famed for its human hosts and hostesses, all grand masters of the fine art of love.



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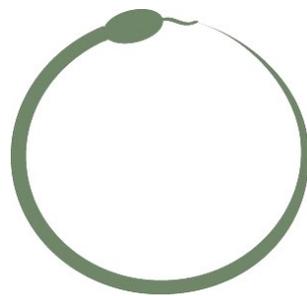


Endnote to the Reader

Did you know that many Buddhist sutras were “channeled” stories? Many began with the phrase “Thus have I heard.” Heard from whom? Not from the Buddha, of course, for they were stories about the Buddha’s acts.

From whom then? It’s a mystery.

With this mystery phrase comes my endnote to you, my patient reader. I must tell you something I have heard at the start and at the end of this Pleiadian book project.



In 2007, I was sitting by myself inside the stone circle at Carrowmore (the one referred to by Modira as the Lovers’ Seat and by archeologists as Tomb No. 57) and feeling at ease with the 33 stones, fair and square like tribal elders. The ring of stones had witnessed the star child event of 3800 BC, I knew by then. Suddenly, one stone (or all stones) started whispering to me, “Hey, hey, the book! The book is the child!”

Thus have I heard.

In 2016, sitting by myself at a pond at the Taoist mountain, Mt. Qingcheng, in south China, I overheard a couple having an intimate conversation, in English, with a Neolithic accent.

He said, “I’m beginning to think Grandma Sionna didn’t get the message half right.”

She said, “Oh? You mean she got it all right?”

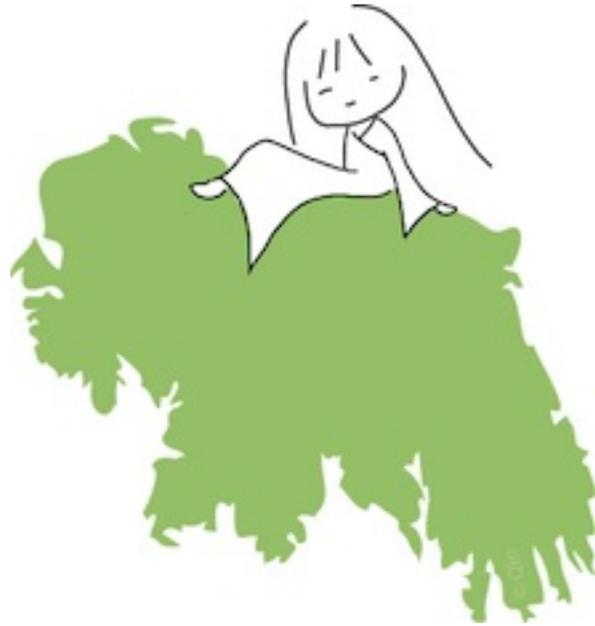
He said, “You see, there *was* a star child coming. But Grandma could never have guessed that it would take 6000 years for a child to come!”

She said, “Yeah! Not only the child came, but the child came as a pair, as twins!”

He said, “Well, you know, Gaia works in mysterious ways.”

She said, “Yep. I think ... after all we’ve been through ... I think it’s even better to say, ‘Gaia works in *wild* ways.’”

Thus have I heard.



- *The End* -



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For more information, please email at: info@pleiadianfamily.net