

CHAPTER TWO

Memory Recall

There it was. My first major good old fashioned slap to the head moment. *WHAM! BAM! HOLY SHAZAM!*

It's what I lovingly refer to as the clusterbomb awakening. Essentially, all that was and all that would be came back to me in a flood of revived memories and renewed awareness that would have left the average joe running for the hills. I use the term clusterbomb awakening. However, truth be told, it was more along the lines of a para-familial or meta-genetic clusterfuck that tore my skull open, dropped trough and took a giant dump in my cranial cavity. In the awakening, all the paranormal dreams I had from childhood into my teens came back to me, hitting me like a fifty-foot tsunami and leaving me the wonderful task of sorting through it all for days after.

There was a time afterwards – I have no clue how long it was – when I went into a state of isolation. I cut myself off from everything and went through a massive upheaval in terms of personal identity and self-exploration. In sorting through the wreckage, I was able to put the pieces and the childhood dreams back together in proper sequential order. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I can hear the retorts coming out of left field. *'You can't remember your dreams from childhood. That's impossible. That's bullshit.'* Hey Sherlock, why don't you pull your head out of your ass for five minutes and learn how to deduce what's really being said here. They weren't dreams. They were memories. Schmuck!

In the memory recall, all the extraterrestrial experiences from childhood became apparent as if they had just happened in the last twenty-four hours. What came of it was the understanding that my family bloodline has always been involved in the paranormal with regard to the galactic community and extraterrestrial intervention. As for me, I was brought to the realization that my brother Rob and I had been directly

involved in alien contact scenarios since birth. In the years that followed, I would come to the understanding that there had been and always would be a dynamic difference between extraterrestrial contact and the constructed scenarios of alien abduction phenomena. Respectively, one represented the conversation while the other represented the lesson learned. Such conversations and lessons would eventually result in the education and awareness of how to take a stand against the mechanisms of psychological warfare.

Overall, there was a constant and pervading sense throughout all the surfacing memories that some type of sheltering element was always there. A mother figure of some sort, highly protective, that watched over me constantly and fiercely. And I do mean fiercely, as in take no prisoners, eat shit and die. There was something about this presence that made sense. In subsequent experiences, I would learn that both Mom and Grandma were connected to this somehow as well. The realization was evolving that there was a definite female principle and feminine energy running throughout these revelations as a golden thread. Unfortunately, I could never really get a good visage of the presence within the memories. It always stayed within a silhouetted background of implied gestures and mannerisms as if I was hindered from seeing this presence in my formative years. However, one of the most jolting revelations came upon the heels of the initial awakening and isolation period.

“You ... I remember you! How do I know you?”

I kept repeating those words over and over. Mentally, it was all I could muster at that point as the mysterious presence revealed itself. Known from then on as the Crone, she began a series of open dialogues that became enmeshed in the following years with my time at Old Westbury College. These dialogue exchanges are collectively referred to as *The Conversation*. Between you and me, the verbal tango of rhubarbs, squabbles, smack downs and objections serves as a much better name for these dialogues. I got some pushback from the marketing bunch on that one, something about it being too long. Oh well, whatever.

In my later years, I understood the Crone’s abstracted form of childhood contact to be necessary so as to avoid doing any severe damage. Remember, a child’s mind represents a fresh new blank slate with alpha waves that serve as a direct tether to the paranormal, supernatural, metaphysical and universal. This is something that needs to be handled with precise timing as any error in judgment could lead to a relapse into one’s previous lifetime. Too much memory recall at too

early an age, combined with the heightened levels of alpha waves in the child's brain, leads to a detrimental effect on the mind. It becomes a violation of reincarnation and its relationship to the human condition and psyche as it exists on Earth.

For example, I would recommend taking a gander at what happened to a certain child known as Issa. You know this child. In fact, many of the people you know refer to him incorrectly as Jesus Christ. However, his real name was Guru Master Prophet Issa the Krist. His childhood represents what happens when certain non-terrestrial adversaries get a little too motivated and show a child too much in their formative years. Issa's entire childhood was almost permanently ruined by a bunch of arrogant, pompous imbeciles from Planet 10, so to speak. His father Joseph, being an established minor prophet in his own right, was very intuitive and knowledgeable on these matters. Joseph realized the only way to salvage this botched scenario was to take his son away immediately, then bring Issa in contact with his own circle of Hindu gurus, Buddhist high lamas and Egyptian adepts and teachers. If it wasn't for a well known Indian prince named Guru Master Ravana Ji, the whole damned operation would have gone up in smoke and one of two very bad things would have happened with Issa. He would have either committed suicide or he would have become his own worst nightmare, an anti-Krist. This is why the Sisterhood handles many forms of awakening. They serve as a celestial midwife between reincarnation, sexual reproduction and sociological evolution. This is done on behalf of the member societies of the galactic community so as to avoid such mishaps in the awakening process.

To get a handle on the nature versus nurture issue and to better understand how it relates to that thin red line between teacher and assassin, I recommend reading *Good Omens: The Nice and Accurate Prophecies of Agnes Nutter, Witch* by Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman. It's dark comedy at its finest, serving as a modern day testament to what happens when the shit hits the fan as a child's loving parental upbringing collides head on with his intended destiny to take over the world. The Sisterhood doesn't screw around with things like this. Their stringent code of protection and methods of awakening are what led to some serious political upheaval, nearly resulting in the complete genocide of their communal members under the Ari-an Empire's iron handed agenda in what came to be known as the Hybrid War.

By the way, the next time one of these bible-thumping inbred rejects tries to sell you on the bogus idea that Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam,

Judaism or Paganism represent false religions, try to remind the imbecile in question that if it wasn't for those so called false religions, there would be no such thing as the fabricated pale-skinned freak that these demented nut jobs refer to as Jesus Christ. If you think I'm kidding, go have a nice long talk with some Judaic, Egyptian and Hindu scholars and theologians. They know all about the Issa scenario. And if you're lucky, they might actually be inclined to talk with you about it, too. Good luck with that one. After all, if you could get any one of them to spill the beans, you'd be guilty of aiding and abetting the criminal and inconvenient truth that extraterrestrial intervention is the foundation and creator of all religious faiths. Just make sure you have a bottle of scotch, bourbon or beer available for yourself when you finally come to terms with that little factoid. It's time to grow up, ladies and gents. It's time to put away childish things and get a grip on reality.

This brings us to an interesting point in the chapter, nature versus nurture and my own personal experiences with such issues. When the dialogues first started and the paranormal experiences came to the forefront, I already had a powerful support mechanism in place, my family. There was no reason for substance abuse, suicidal tendencies or massive full scale agendas to take over the world. None of this ever entered the picture. Ultimately, it should be known that my family, that being my parents and my brother at the time, is what truly made the difference as it separated me from the rest of the abductees, contactees and experiencers. My concerns over this recognizable difference grew as the months and years went by. I noticed my friends, acquaintances and contemporaries within the diverse paranormal arenas were not doing so well. They were either divorced, ostracized and alienated, aging rapidly from illness, acquiring sudden bad health, unemployed and paranoid, marginalized by character assassination, socially depraved and incarcerated, hauled away by the men in white, threatened by the men in black, dying by unknown causes, tarred and feathered, burned at the stake or run out of town. You name it. It happened. I experienced none of the above. Why? What was going on here? Granted, many of them had tremendous success with the sales of their books and public recognition both nationally and internationally, but this only made it that much more difficult for them to function in life. There would always be that incessant reminder that they never had the support mechanism for which I was fortunate enough to grow up with. By the time 1999 rolled around, I was already feeling a deep separation from the rest of them as I found it more and more difficult to associate within their circles of acquaintances.

While they were sitting around commiserating in some asinine bitch and moan session, I was yelling about why you need to get up off your dead lazy ass and do something with your life. Any such polarized differences were mainly due to the fact that many, if not most of them, would see themselves as a victim of these experiences while I was speaking out in a very spirited, relentless and political manner, taking the whole thing to another level due to the educational experiences I was having with the Crone and the Sisterhood, as well as the more liberal upbringing, understanding and open-mindedness of my own immediate family.

Keep in mind that while my peers and associates were dicking around with who's who in the upper echelon of the paranormal and scientific elite, I had already adopted people like Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr. as part of my own public platform thanks to, in part, the advice and wisdom of my good friend Arta Smyth. It should be noted that as an artist, pro-feminist and civil rights advocate, Arta set me on the straight and narrow with an excellent working knowledge of the issues and history surrounding civil rights and women's rights. It's because of her that my understanding of alien abduction phenomena was advanced by leaps and bounds with regard to the Good Old Boys Network and their transnational corporatism. Believe it or not, prior to meeting her, I had no friggin' clue what the difference was between right wing or left wing politics, liberalism or conservatism. Of course, it didn't help matters for people involved in the UFO/alien arena when their own dingbat spacey comrades on the metaphysical and new age side of the aisle (stuck up, aristocratic, spoiled hooches living off their husband's Masonic Wall Street bank roll) decided to marginalize the UFO, paranormal and supernatural middle class with small-minded labelism, public censorship and obtuse acts of disassociation. I guess these spineless effeminate Prima Dona types in the new age metaphysical arena never heard of the Suffragist Movement. So here was the final conundrum. The paranormal gang couldn't relate to me anymore and the metaphysical bunch wanted to shove me in a closet. Okay, I'm done. I took my daily dose of Fukital and said goodbye to the entire gambit of bullshit and bigotry. On January 1, 2000, I resigned from everything and everyone, refocusing my efforts on doing my own thing again. Yes, there was always the desire to go back to the artwork again. However, by this time I had already found a new and interesting direction to go in creatively that would allow for a more personal perspective, free verse poetry.

The late Nineties had brought me in contact with a highly eclectic mix of exceptional and creative individuals. This included artists,

sculptors, writers, poets, actors, musicians, psychics, healers, empaths and spiritualists, feminists and philosophers, experiencers of all types and conspiracy economists who knew their history backwards and forwards. Among them were also quantum thinkers and theoretical physicists. It was one hell of a decade. By the time I came out of it, my brain felt like a wad of jello being scraped across the hot summer pavement. This is an example of how the member societies of the galactic community interact in your life via extraterrestrial intervention and your karmic sphere of influence. The Crone was quite busy with me in the Nineties.

It was 1997 and the leaves were especially colorful that autumn. I was in dialogue with the Crone again. It was during this exchange that she professed something a little disturbing. She stated that there might soon come a time when she could no longer be there for me. “Umm, is this optional? Can I say NO to that statement? It’s a limited time offer, right? I can decline the offer, yes? Let me guess, there’s no Worry Free Guarantee in this contract. Son of a bitch.” This was one of those highly caffeinated throw-yourself-through-a-pane-of-glass moments and she was not kidding. I would be turning twenty-seven in December of that year. I had been soaring through my twenties with a strong foundational support from my own immediate family and close friends, as well as the Crone and others in the Sisterhood. Their influence and connection to the galactic community was remarkable and not to be taken for granted. Now it seemed as if a huge section of that platform and support was being taken away. She had always been there. Now what? Seeing the look of despair on my face, the Crone interjected.

‘You have nothing to worry about. The loved ones you care about will remain protected by the others. As for you, you will remain untouchable, regardless of what happens to me. The more deceptive elements that you have encountered, as well as their associates, have been warned to stay away from you. Any reprisals against you will be met with serious repercussions.’

‘It is necessary that you continue on your path with your creative endeavors and the downloaded information. More importantly, you’ve inherited a silver tongue from your grandmother. Use it! Speak out publicly and aggressively. Be relentless in your assault upon those institutions that would enslave the body and imprison the mind. Be unflinching in your resolve to get the job done this time.’

‘There will be others, mentors and teachers, who you will cross paths

with. You already know a few and you will meet many more. They will help you in thought and wisdom and give you clarity on what I have started with you as you follow this path in life. I ask that you listen to them as such individuals will raze a conditioned mind. For you, such contact would mean bringing more of the downloaded information to the surface, henceforth a renaissance of global awareness towards your human family and its ancient lineage among the stars. They each have a piece to this jigsaw puzzle which some of your wiser ancestors referred to as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

'Should you find yourself approaching your darkest hour, you will find friends and allies in the most unlikely of places for we have been and always will be everywhere. More importantly, there is your brother for he is your one true friend and ally, the eyes in the back of your head. Born under the fourth zodiacal constellation in the northern hemisphere, he will become the man-at-arms and your guardian.'

'Remember that you have your mother's golden heart. You are the advocate, the voice for those that have no voice, the sword for those that have no shield. This is why you have been called back to this kingdom, your solar system. You are the torch and the lance of Mother Earth, the paintbrush and the pen, laying the foundation for others to follow in generations to come.'

As it turned out, this dialogue became the driving force behind *SAGA: A Cold Winter*, a mini-epic story that poured out of me that same winter of 1997. Written in five parts, *SAGA* centers upon the character known as Mother who serves as a symbolic gestalt overlay representing my own mother and grandmother, as well as several other female influences including the extraterrestrial presence of the Crone herself. It would soon become the signature prelude to a much larger body of creative writing. It should be noted that although the inspiration for such a prelude came from the Crone, the influence for how to actually write it came first and foremost from the modern day free verse poet and writer Peter Rimbaud. Walt Whitman himself should also get a tip of the hat due to the fact that I was working at the Walt Whitman Birthplace State Historic Site and Interpretive Center in 1997. It's quite apparent that my style of writing ended up looking like a Rimbaud-Whitman hybrid of sorts, which is exactly what was needed for a major breakthrough. This style of poetic prose became the perfect fusion between the paranormal and cosmological themes I began to write about on a personal level, allowing for such things to be expressed from the perspective of metaphor, symbolism and meaning.

Around late spring of 1998, I received a mysterious phone call from an anonymous number in the late evening from someone or something that gave no name or description of who they were. “You have what you need to write. The painted canvas becomes the written word. Use it and get it done.” Click. End of discussion. What the hell was that? Initially, the voice on the other end sounded human, possibly female due to having a higher pitch, but carried what I can only describe as an electronic backdrop of some sort that quickly dominated the audio. It had a tinny, static quality as if the voice itself was being pushed or projected artificially over quite a distance either to possibly camouflage or translate the actual source of transmission. After overcoming that initial WTF moment of confusion and stunned silence, the infamous words from *SE7EN* came to mind.

“If John Doe's head opens and a UFO flies out, I want you to have expected it.”

For shits and giggles, I dialed *69 and was met with a nice fat busy signal followed by a strange gurgling hiss of dead air. Of course, what else would it be? Why would I even expect someone to answer under these circumstances? What would have been the consequences if someone actually did answer the call back? With my luck, the phone would have melted in my hand and pink elephants would have landed on the roof with dancing hippos and flying cadavers. Maybe it was better that the caller was anonymous. “Don’t look a gifted horse in the mouth”, as my grandmother would say. The paranormal shenanigans and supernatural synchronicities of my bloodline had just delivered a solid sucker punch at which point I decided that Murphy’s Law could kiss my ass in Macy’s window. Regardless of the outcome, it was the actual message that stood resoundingly clear. *An Experiment In Humanity* would serve as the meat and potatoes for the better part of this new collection of writing I wanted to accomplish. Yes, of course, another slap to the head as I recalled what the Crone had stated at an earlier time. Combine the different forms of creative expression. Now it made sense. The paintbrush is the pen. The painted canvas and the written word became one in the same. However, the nuances in the delivery of downloaded information could not be ignored. Whereas the artwork could be used to hit people over the head with a sledgehammer, the written word would be used to empower others like myself on a personal level to know that they were not alone, that they were not outcasts and that they needed to get up off the couch and move like they had a purpose in life. The time, she is a-ticking and in the land of the fee and

home of the slave, we simply have no more time left. Becoming its own solemn declaration, *Legions of Light/Armies of Darkness* came on the scene as an experimenter's manifesto in 1999 while serving as an ultimatum for others to stand up and take account of themselves. I have noticed over the years that the spoken word can be fiercely ignored while the written word lingers upon the fringes of one's socially conditioned mind. It feeds upon the diseased brain of the average joe like a leech siphoning the rotten flesh of a festering wound. Eventually, the wounded mind has no choice but to reject the diseased pattern of thought and claim a renewed sense of awareness, a new paradigm of understanding.

With *SAGA: A Cold Winter* serving as its opening prelude, *Legions of Light/Armies of Darkness* was perceived at once as something written in a manner that no one thought possible while going after subject matter that hit very close to home with an unrelenting and scathing perspective on controversial topics and the human condition. Although its cryptic stanzas and free verse dynamism gave birth to evident layers of symbolic meaning and metaphor, its main focus was to send a message to others in the paranormal community. With regard to Mother Earth and the member societies of the galactic community, the book was telling these people to take responsibility for what's been placed on their shoulders and to realize there is a reason why they are here. To borrow a term from Frank Herbert, the sleeper had awakened. It was time to target the twisted theocratic fear-based police state that had contaminated the United States of America, poisoning the well with its own heinous religious dogma. It was time to expose the fraud it represented with a proper understanding of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Racism, Sexism, Nationalism and Xenophobia. As one reviewer wrote, "It reads more like a diary of powerful personal insights or a versified new gospel for the 21st century." People were reading the book and waking up to an alternate reality they had no idea existed in their daily common everyday lives. Originally exposed by the artwork in the political sense, the disconnect between the profane and the mundane was now being erased altogether by the book on a personal level. A permanent bridge of understanding had been created between the causal nature of the paranormal and its direct effect on our stunted mythological perceptions of reality. 2005 saw a brand spankin' new second edition officially published through AuthorHouse with an updated introduction and an expanded section at the end. Once again, everything changed with the onset of Winter as the seasons transitioned into 2006. The relative silence that existed in prior years erupted with piss and vinegar running through

my veins. Enough with the cutesy-tootsy crap about peace, love and harmony. That's the kind of inane, brain dead, limp-dick garbage that gave birth to plantations, reservations and concentration camps via the harmonious collective mentality of self-censorship. Face it folks, peace and tyranny are only about two inches away from each other, especially when the road to peace is paved by the corporate constructs of tyranny.

“In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies,
but the silence of our friends.” – Martin Luther King, Jr.

Crossing paths with some of the mentors and teachers the Crone had spoken of, I came to a major turning point in my life at the close of 2005. I couldn't put my finger on it exactly but the trees seemed to vibrate on a different frequency now. They had naturally become barren, going from Autumn to Winter, but now they carried a supernatural presence, like conduits or sacred barrows where the recycled atoms of those long dead were reaching out through the quantum physics of Mother Earth. Converging paths of ancient knowledge were making themselves known to me as two key hallmarks of the Temple of Solomon began to come together. One was the Robert Morning Sky Hopi Cosmology and the other was the exhumation of Noble Drew Ali's Moorish Legacy. The cosmology of the galactic community had merged seamlessly with the historical sagas of civil rights and economic slavery. Keep in mind that there is absolutely no way to separate them. If you talk about one, you have no choice but to talk about the other as well. This was the year I came out of hibernation and began a verbal campaign against the economic systems of Repto-Sirian Fascism, the likes of which had never been heard before. The Corporate Titans were put on notice. They would feel the wrath of Mother Earth upon my silver tongue as the Lamp of Illumination delivered an avalanche of forbidden knowledge. Remember, these are the same establishment-based pharma-pimpin' sluts who let Mom rot away after battling cancer for four years. They killed my mother and they didn't even give a damn. Well guess what? I didn't give a shit anymore either. You want to play that game? Fine. Two can play. I had Mother Earth, the Ankehes, the Sisterhood and the galactic community on my side. The white masonic pro-reptilian elite couldn't touch me nor could they do a damn thing about it without getting their asses handed to them. The setting maul of Hiram Abiff was held high in the air as a sign of defiance against the transnational corporation and the pharmaceutical multinational. The magma of Earth's contempt had finally come to the surface. The flaming sword was now her messenger and I was on fire.