



CHRIST said: love thine enemy.

**CHRIST'S Enemy was SATAN and
SATAN'S Enemy was CHRIST.**

Through Love enmity is destroyed.

**Through Love saint and sinner de-
stroy the enmity between them.**

**Through Love CHRIST and SATAN
have destroyed their enmity and
come together for the End.**

**CHRIST to Judge, SATAN to execute
the Judgement.**

HUMANITY is doomed.

H If we are part of humanity, identified with humanity, in sympathy with humanity, we are doomed.

If we attempt to save humanity from its doom, we shall fail, because humanity has chosen its doom and has shown its unwillingness to reverse its choice.

Our only valid course of action is to detach from humanity, climb out of the quagmire of its lies, its hypocrisy, its blind desire for its own destruction, find our own truth and create our own destiny.

But is it enough to break the links on the surface, to rebel against the superficial manifestations of a deeply rooted corruption? Is it enough

to say, "I am not one of you?"

How deep is our conviction?

If the world is to blow itself up, shall we escape the cataclysm by removing ourselves to an island?

By no means. Although we have no link with the mainland above the level of the sea, the link is strong and permanent below, and if we think the water separates us effectively, we deceive ourselves.

So it is with our links with the human race. We can protest and separate ourselves, act differently, openly reject the normally accepted values of humanity, but how deep does it go?

No very. Below the level of our conscious cries of revolt, lurking in the

hidden depths of the mind, powerful and deep-rooted, are links as solid as the ocean bed, that bind us to the human predicament.

Consciously we are detached. Unconsciously we are part of, identified with, immersed in, submerged by the futile tragedy of the human game.

It is our futile tragedy, whether we like it or not, because unconsciously we have made it ours.

If we are to break the links we ourselves have created, we must dive down into the depths and find them, bring them to the surface and examine them, know them, understand them. For as long as we keep them hidden, and as long as we pretend to ourselves that they are not there, as long as we on our island imagine we have severed all contact with the mainland, the links will continue to bind us, and at the end, far from finding that we are free of the agony of man's destruction as a

race, we shall find ourselves part of it, as horrified to see his image crumble, as dismayed to discover the hollowness of his vision of himself, as the most convinced conformist.

For at that time all superficial differences will vanish, all conscious disagreements will cease to apply, and what will emerge will be the basic realities, the basic agreements, the basic identifications. And if we have let these remain as we originally created them within ourselves, there will be no escape. Humanity's doom will be our doom. Humanity's damnation of itself will be our damnation of ourselves.

We shall be like men who invest in the beginning of a project, sink all they have in its original creation, and then forget they have a stake in its success. When all looks black and nothing can be done to avert catastrophe, they opt out, but because they have forgotten, they fail to break the ties that bind their fortune to the fortune of the project. So

that when the end comes, they find themselves inextricably involved with the disaster.

So we must break our links, sever our ties, plumb the depths of our unconsciousness, and cut the bonds with which we've bound ourselves.

And there isn't much time. The distant rumblings that are heralds of the End have become a mighty roar closing in about us, piercing our eardrums and causing the very Earth to quake beneath our feet, so that very soon even the blindest, numbest, most oblivious of us will no longer be able to shut out the sound of it.

By then the whole world will be stricken by the sound of its own approaching doom. Every man will gaze in horror at his fellow man, and see his own fear reflected back to him.

And by then we must be free if we are ever to be free. By then the bonds that bound us must be broken, and we must stand above the terror of the End, aloof, detached, a part of something new.

For with every end there is a new beginning, and if we are not of the End, then we shall be of the New Beginning. Either we shall be the ashes of the Phoenix, or his resurrection from the ashes. And if we care about the death of the Phoenix, then we shall be his ashes, but if we are detached and see the cycle of which his death is but a part, then we shall be his resurrection.

And those who care for the human race, those who would preserve it in all its hopeless degradation and irreversible decay, they shall die with it, they shall feel the burning disappointment of the latter days, they shall feel despair, they shall know the horror of a lie exposed too late, they shall feel the fires of destruction within their souls. And they

shall die because they could not die. They shall be destroyed because they would not be destroyed. They shall suffer agony because they would not feel agony. They shall see the utter devastation of their race because they would not see it.

For he that looks for salvation in the world, looks for a glowing ember in the sea. He that clings to the coat-tails of mankind and seeks to be carried up to heaven in its wake, shall find himself in Hell.

For though we are in this world, we shall find no truth in the bounds it sets itself, no right within the rules by which it lives. We must be of another world, another set of laws, another code, a world where black and white are seen as what they are, not merged into the lie of murky grey and swallowed blindly, and then forgotten.

If love is what we seek we must know hate. If joy is what we pursue

then we must find agony and feel it. If harmony is our ideal then strife and conflict we must serve to find it.

No pendulum can swing only in one direction. And if we have run away from pain, then we have denied ourselves the rights of pleasure. And if we have hidden our faces from the hideous facts of war, then we have taken away the gentle harmony of peace from our experience. And if we have shut our eyes and ears and hearts to ugliness, then we can never know the sweetness of beauty. And if to be safe we have cut ourselves off from the black side of truth, if we have linked ourselves with the mass decision of humanity to see God and the Universe as all loving, all forgiving, and all light, then we have checked for ourselves the pendulum and denied ourselves the white side of truth as well, settling for the meaningless compromise of the middle road, the lie with which the race has sealed its doom.

And we have set our own seal upon that general seal, and by agreement linked ourselves with the fortunes of humanity.

And if we leave the seal we leave the link, and if we leave the link we go with the rest, and if we go with the rest we die with the rest and are bound for eternity to the lie we clung to for security ; no longer in merciful ignorance, our awareness dulled by the anaesthetic of our own suppression, but in stark and agonising consciousness of the twisted inverted nature of the code we stand by. Like a man who is blind, and lives surrounded by the most hideous ugliness imaginable, and then suddenly one day he can see, and the horror of what he sees is unbearable, and he cannot change it and neither can he become blind again.

So before the End, when all accounts are settled and the shackles that still bind us because we have not had the courage to break them

asunder, are fixed forever, before the time that must soon come, when the choice is no longer ours and the game is done, we must make the choice that still remains, whether to join the throng and throw in our lot with humanity's lie, whether to be one of the self-deluded optimists who see the race rising towards a magnificent destiny on the wings of scientific progress, who see centuries of hatred and violence that show no signs of abating as no more than the unfortunate driftwood floating on the surface of our civilisation, and who see man as a pillar of strength and wisdom, plotting his path unerringly towards ultimate fulfilment, whether like the ostrich to hide our heads in the sand and hope the Day of Judgement will pass us by, or whether to open our eyes and see the race of which we chose to be a part, see it in all its helpless futility, careering blindly and irrevocably towards its doom.

And if we choose the last, then we must lay bare our souls before us, expose our own futilities, our own lies, our own distorted agreements

that at present bind us to the destiny of man, and rip the lies to pieces and be free.

And to do this we must go to the root of the lies, the basis of them, we must find the point at which we chose to invert the truth in order to be safe. We must find the first rejection, the first distortion, the first denial of what we knew. We must know ourselves, reach deep down into the very core of our being, grasp whatever we find there, though it be the foulest and most hideous manifestation of Hell, and bring it out for our ruthless scrutiny.

And when we know the nature and extent of each cretinous lie, we know the key to its elimination. We know the truth behind it, and in the face of such knowledge no lie can continue to exist. But so long as we remain in ignorance of the lie, the lie remains and clings like a limpet, unrelenting.

And when the day comes and the human race begins the final phase of its disintegration, then shall those who have clung to the lie through self-imposed blindness and ignorance, know the truth behind the lie; but not because they sought it. And they will try to separate themselves from the lie, which now in the light of truth becomes like fire to their souls. And because they have not sought to know the lie and cast it out but have clung to it, now shall it cling to them, and they shall not be rid of it, though it give them the ultimate anguish and they cry for mercy. For theirs is the heritage of man, and they shall carry it with them into eternity.

But those who have found the lie when there was still time, and have seen the truth behind it and thus destroyed the lie, they shall go on, not in the blinding agony of doomed humanity, but to the new cycle of the risen Phoenix.

And a new creation shall begin. New laws shall rule the players of a new game. New worlds shall be created.

TRUTH is the awareness of reality. Facts are nothing; they are the material of statisticians. Reality is the nature of a being; the will, the purpose, the knowledge, the experience of a spark of consciousness created by a God to fulfil a function.

Each being is a separate entity, and yet a part of Him who gave it its existence. Each being has a nature all its own, yet all are centred on the will of their creator, like spokes that radiate from a hub. And each has truth within its grasp, through knowledge of itself.

And the wheel turns and the spokes flash fire in the sunlight, and life begins.

And there is movement, a pattern, a time of evolution, a cycle, a sequence. Each phase follows from the last and prepares the way for the next. And in the motion of the wheel there is no lie, no grating of a

harsh anachronism. Logic permeates the smooth passage of time, and logic is inexorable.

The wheel spins and revolution follows revolution, and the sequence is precise like the movement of the stars. And the hub remains, and the spokes branch out and circle it. And change is manifested only in the flashing spokes.

But while each spoke remains pure, bright, unsoiled, undamaged, only a flickering oscillation of light marks the passage of time. Overall the pattern stays unchanged - even within the wheel.

Only when a spoke is dulled, is bent, breaks off from the central hub, becomes entangled with its neighbour, twists itself into grotesque shapes, then begins the change, not in the motion of the wheel for that goes on with the inexorability of logical sequence, but within the wheel

itself. The light is distorted. No perfect patterned regularity in the flashing oscillations, but a limping, awkward, rhythmless, nightmare of distorted images.

The wheel continues unaffected. The spokes devolve. They have lost reality, discarded it. So that within the wheel exists no truth but a jumble of conflicting lies.

Such is the creation of the human race. Each spoke the image of a living lie. Each being lost, blinded to the nature of itself.

The passage of time is inexorable; the orbit of the planet round the sun, relentless. The laws of evolution are indestructible.

But men! What parodies of God's original creation, what strange unrecognisable manifestations! What dreadful apparitions! Grotesque

nightmares! God in His Heaven shudders at the ghastly sight.

Is this the race He spawned? Is this the army He created? Is this His brood? His beloved creation? Is this the thing He fashioned in His own image, instilled with the burning fire of life? Is this what He placed upon a richly fertile world? Is this the precious work upon which He bestowed His love?

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?" He cries.

For the lie, like a treacherous cancer, has taken root, and man has embraced it. And the world has become the lie. And the lie is the world, and the world is the lie, and man is lost in his own blind worship of the lie.

Yet beyond the caverns of the mind is truth. For truth is the knowledge

of reality, and behind the lie of blindness, the darkness, the ignorance, the twisted images, is light.

And light is knowledge, because by light we see, and by seeing we know.

And far beyond the tortuous blackness of the lie, is the dazzling brightness of the truth, the vast open spaces of the soul; where all is clarity; where the logic of the creation is manifested in the perfect harmony of function and will, purpose and emotion, vision and reality; where there are no blank walls or tiny crevices, no dead end passages or paths that circle on themselves, no gaps too narrow to pass through, no partings of the ways, impossible choices, confusions. Nor are there the terrors of mysterious sounds, deceptive, echoing, seeming to come from above then from below, distant then close at hand, ahead, behind, then all about us. No lurking sound of footsteps in the dark, no hideous visions that appear, then disappear, no doors that are, then are not, or lead to

nothing, no sudden precipices and no fantasies of death.

None of the horrors of the lie. For here, in perfect knowledge of what is, is life, the spark of consciousness that exists at the core of every being and is limitless, yet is confined ideally within the limits of what is no more nor less than its complete reality, its natural state.

A being that is boundless is bounded by its very boundlessness. One that is bounded by the perfect bounds, the bounds that harmonise with the nature of its existence, is truly boundless.

But lost within the lie we are nothing; chaff blowing in the wind. We are the twisted members of a broken down machine; meaningless, worthless, having no part with truth and the ultimate game. Buried in the catacombs of self-importance, self-protection, and the fear of death, we cease to matter, become vulnerable, and live the very death we

fear, the death of our existence.

For within the confines of the lie, what else would follow but a paradox, an inversion of what seems to be? He that seeks to save his life shall lose it. He must, for if he feels his life is forfeit, already he is in the bosom of the lie, therefore his life is not life at all, but death, and if he seeks to preserve it he remains in death.

For life, true life, the spark of consciousness, is indestructible, except by the self and the Creator. So where there is life there is no need for protection, for there is no fear of loss.

But man is in the bosom of the lie and he is afraid. He wanders blindly in the darkness of his fantasies. He creates hope and then destroys it. He casts light upon the dingy walls that hem him in, gazes at them for a while, seeing an image of the light of truth, and then plunges himself in

darkness again. He holds a mirror to his face and says; "I exist, for I can see myself". He touches his flesh, so that it calls back to him; "You are real, because you can feel". He gives himself pain, then pleasure, and then pain again, and says: "I am alive".

He hears others near him, cannot see them in the murky light and the twisting passages. He hears their groans, their hollow laughs, their short lived cries of satisfaction, and their shrieks of agony and terror as some hideous new fantasy rears itself before them. And he says: "We are all alive". And he turns another corner.

He is lost, and double lost, because he thinks he is not lost but found. And the world and all its horrors and grotesque distortions is his tomb, because he sees it as a carriage to salvation, and grimly stays aboard.

FEAR in the heart of man, Fear in the blood of man.

Fear like a cancer grows and envelopes the being. It swells to indescribable proportions, till nothing else is visible and all is terrifying, all is a horrible nightmare, and there is no chink of light through which even a ray of true hope might pass.

Fear has the upper hand, rules all and carries the day.

Man is the servant of fear whom he worships with greater reverence than any God. Fear has his way with him to the ultimate extreme. Fear can destroy him quicker and more agonisingly than anything else. Fear is his master and encompasses the Earth.

Man is driven by Fear to God. Man is driven by Fear away from God. Man is driven by Fear into the stale limbo of nothingness that is neither

God nor anti-God, but un-God.

Fear is the all-controlling element; the whip, the snare, the spur that cannot be denied.

And Fear feeds on the lie. For without the mystery of the caverns of the lie there can be no Fear.

In the all-pervading light of truth Fear cannot exist, cannot find a foothold. Knowledge is the enemy of Fear, ignorance his greatest ally.

And ignorance is father of the lie.

And in the labyrinth of the lie that ignorance has built, stalks Fear. He is everywhere lying in wait, lurking in the shadows, in the walls. His whispers echo from one chamber to the next, and pierce the very

souls of all those who wander through the narrow twisting passages of self-deception.

And hand in hand with Fear stalks Guilt, his blood brother, and each echoes but the other's cry, and both speak the same message. But Fear is the king, the master, and Guilt the next in line.

And sometimes Fear lurks in the back of the mind, unseen. But his effects are no less treacherous, as the mind responds unconsciously, and absurdly plunges yet deeper into the caverns of the lie, seeking respite from the threat in the very place where the threat is spawned and fostered.

And there *is* no respite. For the deeper the being delves into the lie, the greater its mystery and ignorance; the greater its fear.

And as it drives further into the murk of the lie, the presence of Fear grows stronger.

And often Fear crashes into the consciousness of a being. The being feels him, knows him, and runs again even further into ignorance and the lie. And the being shuts its eyes and shuts its mind and hides its stricken head. And Fear passes once more into the back of its mind and continues his work in a sphere where he can operate without disturbance, and drive the being slowly but inexorably, and quite unconsciously towards its doom.

MAN, make no mistake. The world is not your footstool
but your grave.

For in it the throne of judgement is the lie, and upon that
throne sits Fear, and beside that throne stands Guilt.

And while you seek to conquer the Earth and bend it to your will,
master the laws of nature, rule the atmosphere and cram the whole
structure of the world into a miserable pattern of your own invention,
Fear dictates your every move.

The lie is upon you, around you and within you, and unconsciously you
grovel in the blindness of its all embracing aura. And Fear is your
master.

Fear, the ultimate destroyer, the final death, the all enveloper, the

torturer, the spreader of anguish, the crawling cancer of the mind the heart the soul, the inexorable disease that defies all antidote.

For when you chose to reject your God and rule your own destiny, when you entered the portals of the caverns of the lie, Fear came to you to keep you in mind of the God you had rejected; fear of death, fear of pain, fear of failure, fear of the great unknown beyond the grave. But far from using Fear to remember your God, you used Fear to increase your rejection of your God, to force more blindness and ignorance upon yourself, to negate your emotions, cloud your awareness, and bury your knowledge of your God and your creation by Him beneath a solid crust of self-deception and hypocrisy.

And now comes the moment when the lie is exposed for all eternity; the lie you have built around yourself out of your fear, and thus perpetuated the fear. For deep down the truth remains; it cannot be dest-

royed but only submerged.

And your fear you have used to foster the lie, and the lie creates more fear.

And the spiral goes outwards, farther and farther from the core of knowledge. And your fear grows greater and the lie more tortuous and monumental. And finally you are lost for ever in the dark caverns of the twisting labyrinth of falsehood.

And when the End comes and all is revealed, all lies are swept from the Universe, so that only the core of stark reality remains, that is the moment of truth, the moment of inescapable knowledge.

And if that moment finds you detached from the lie, free of the ignorance of blind rejection, having journeyed back through the tortuous caverns

of the mind to reach the truth through knowledge of what really is; if that moment finds you in the light, truly separated from the ties that bind humanity to its doom; then, though the world shall be buried for ever beneath the smouldering ashes of the Phoenix, you shall be a part of his resurrection. You shall rise with the new epoch and be reborn with the new creation.

But if that moment finds you alienated from all reality, suspended outside what is, a floating agonised anachronism, then that shall be your fate for all eternity. Only the pain shall stay with you. The dubious comfort of your home made lie will have gone, and with it the presence of Fear. For where there is already the ultimate anguish, the final fulfilment of the ultimate nightmare, what is there left to fear?

So be it.

