



Wakínyan

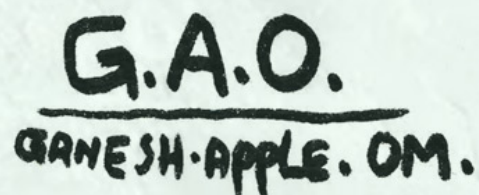
LOVE.





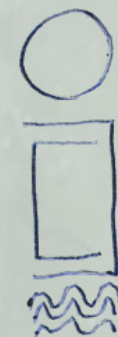
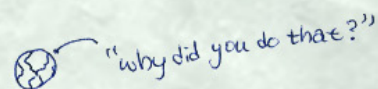


io sono in pace.



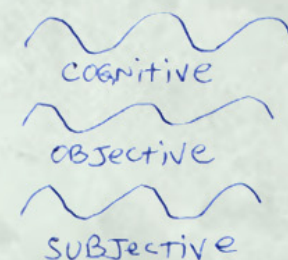
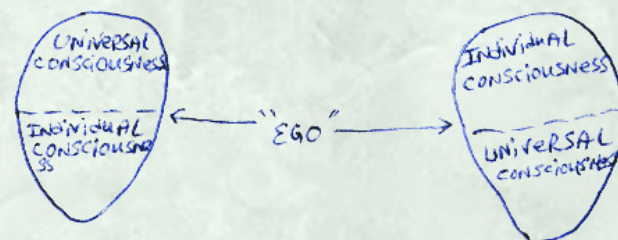
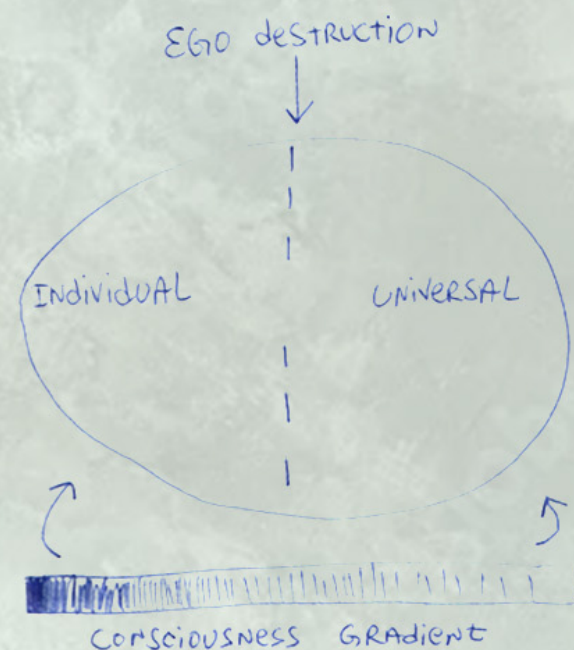
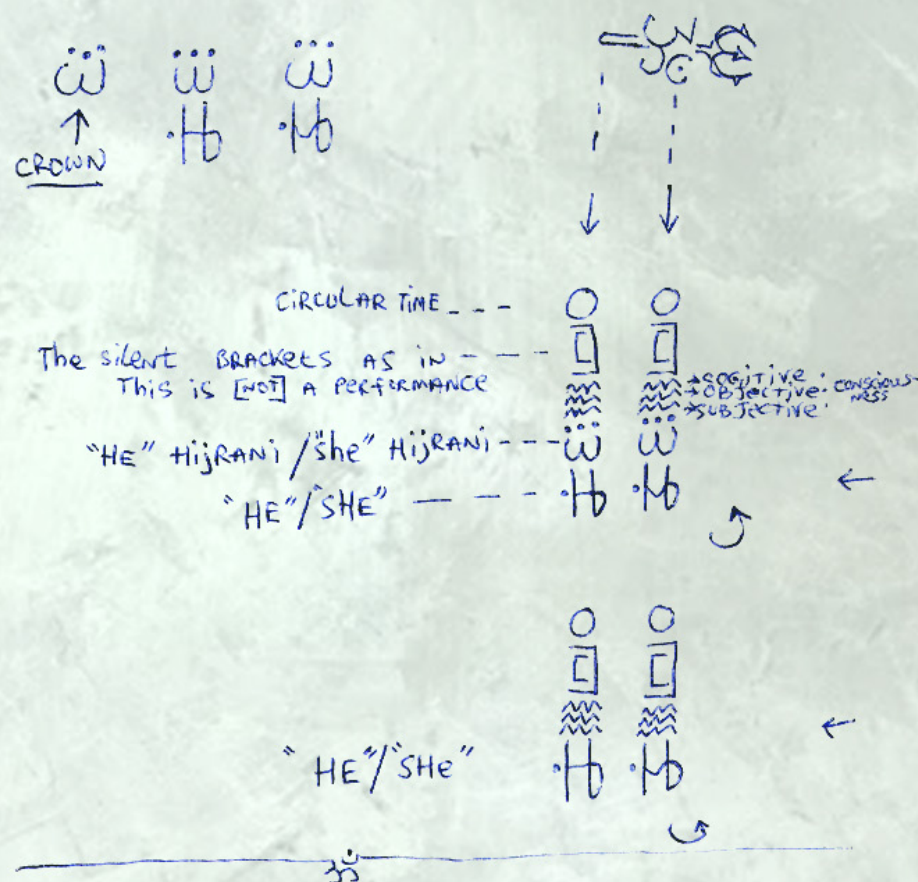
"SING"

stream of consciousness
"C.O.S."



The Question NOBODY
EVER ASKED, BUT I
ANSWERED IT
ANYWAY.

I AM the symbol.



CONSCIOUSNESS

○回三三・子

Disclaimer:

At this point in time in the rotation I am uncertain as to which account of my history to believe. I was told by Nathan, the Lakota grandpa, that I was his son, I have a very decent mother who's character doesn't fit the bill with the story line, but I was given the name Wakinyan by him.

At the time of the "Walking With The Devil" album period I was also deeply involved in work pertaining to the conscious sculpting of ego and personality. My earlier work consisted of many alternate versions of myself, including "Amadeo L. Gauthier", who was a better personification of the white man people are only able to see when they initially look at me. For example.

When I'm more settled and things have quieted down a bit I'll take a DNA test and settle the matter once and for all. Until then this work is presented as is. When the new data from said DNA test is made available to me I will present the findings in an updated version of the Wakinyan book.

I have written and re-written this book to exacting specifications many times over at this point in the rotation, beginning in the 2007 - 2009 rotation. Much of this text comes from that period, including the prophetic section about my daughter Leela.

Image Crafting.

Many many many rotations ago I spoke of what I called “Image Crafting”. Image crafting is the process of consciously altering one’s personality by removing blockages of ego and rearranging the basic building blocks of consciousness one is left with.

Like my example of the creation story of Michelangelo’s David referenced here in the writings in this book in the “meditation aid” section. We observe ourselves carefully and remove the pieces of marble that get in the way of the statue’s true form shining through.

Kristen Gabriel, Nathan the Lakota Grandpa, Mr. Sampson... they all got involved in my work during the 2007 to 2009 rotation. At this point the only thing I can be certain of regarding the matters discussed in this book is that they played an integral role in shaping my consciousness into revealing the slides shared here in the “Wakinyan” book. That end justified the means... no matter what’s true or isn’t regarding my biographical information.

The Lakota are a dying people. We have on that side of our spiritual family the highest infant mortality rates of the entire United States of America. Young Lakota women have the highest rates of going missing. They just get abducted, presumably killed, and disappear. Leonard Peltier was an innocent man. The battle at wounded knee was one of the worst massacres in US history. And I... my friends, at the very least in spirit, have worked for the Lakota people when I was given the name Wakinyan by a man who eventually claimed to be first my grandfather and then my father. He called himself Grandpa Nathan.

It is with great humility that I lay down in offering to the Lakota people my research into enlightenment in the perspective of Wakinyan, the mighty thunder being. Instead of discarding all the knowledge and understand which I had gathered by then and re-learning the Lakota language and religion, I chose instead to work with the pieces of the puzzle which I already had accumulated and had at my disposal at the time of this writing.

The text in this book written in Italics are from the 2007 to 2009 period. I also tried to prove my point about building with the elemental building blocks of reality by trying my hand at prophecy. An endeavor which appears to have been successful. I correctly predicted several key events in my daughter’s life. At the time of this writing the year is 2025.

Another piece of the puzzle is called “Through The Aperture of Shiva”, which was a photography book project left in the hands of Kristen Gabriel after the 2007 to 2009 rotation. This book documents through photography the rotational duplication of events. Where everything happens the exact same way so long as the majority of the elements at play are identical. This has been a very serious scientific investigation into the rotations (aka circular time) and further documentation will certainly be provided in the future. As of this point the white-hat team has confiscated all my work from that period because I left it all in the hands of Kristen Gabriel who died of cystic fibrosis. The whereabouts of this work is currently unknown to me as I have yet to be contacted after the project concludes. At the time of this writing it is still at play.

Thank you. It has been an honor to serve.

Fatherly Love.

The miracles a little bit of genuine fatherly love can create is still astounding to me. Grandpa Nathan did a great deal for me... and he left a massive impression on me when he played the role of my father.

I have memories of him from my childhood. I know for certain there’s some connection. My mother spoke of “my grandmother’s American uncle” a few times in my youth. He even helped me to relearn to use the restroom during the 2007 - 2009 hospitalization. He taught me about the 5th direction, which I connected in understanding to the attachment/detachment categories taught to me by the Swami Lakshmanjoo spiritual family. Of which there are four. He visited me in France and showed me when he came ashore during World War 2. He even showed me the “four directions” symbol he left on a rock in Brittany when him and his friend came ashore.

The Third Gender.

The Hijra are a tribal group seeped in tradition. Consisting of hermaphrodites (intersex) and transgender people, the Hijra are a tribal people in India and Pakistan.

Long has it been whispered about amongst the Hijra and lowest caste in Vaishnavi Hinduism that there is a great evil looming. Corrupt people which includes police officers who use whispery machines to torture and even kill innocent people for sport, for fun.

The Hijra are legally forbidden from attaining well paying jobs and are commonly forced into prostitution while prostitution is also illegal in the region. Consequently, they get arrested and are released only when providing their prostitution services to the police officers for free. The Dalits, the lowest caste, are often tortured and even killed by way of “suicide”. Whispery machines are used to drive them to suicide.

India and Pakistan are places where religious fervor is common place and one of the primary driving forces societally. Religion is used by these criminals to push poor uneducated God fearing people to suicide.

The Hijra have known about the whispery machines for a very long time. Just ask them. As with the case of the Lakota, the Hijra, and by extension other people of the Dalit caste, are actively hunted, raped, and killed.

Once again, regardless of the reality of my biographical information my case for choosing to stand up for a defeated people on the brink of extinction is self evident as vitally important. There are Hijra and Dalits of all major religions. Many Hindu Dalits convert to Islam or Christianity under the promise that they would be freed from the constraints and persecutions of being of the lowest caste in the caste system, Dalit.

A fact not widely known is that in the Shaivism branch of Hinduism there is no caste system. As I’ve mentioned a few times in this book. We are able to recognize that even our worst enemies have within them that shining light of the river of universal consciousness, traditionally called Shiva’s column of fire. No matter how dimly or brightly it

shines. We are Shiva. “I” am Shiva. I and I and I. As mentioned here before, the end justified the means. I offer here for the Hijra and greater Dalit community the result of my services of embodying their struggle and culture and present here the Wakinyan book. Soham! Soham! Soham! I am that! I am that! I am that! I wear black for the same reasons Johnny Cash did... for the poor and broken down, in mourning for the fallen hero angels who never stood a chance against the tyranny of our oppressors. In many eastern cultures white is worn in times of mourning, I wear black for those reasons. And you, dear reader, are welcome to believe whatever you wish.

We Hijra, we Lakota, we have a rich history and culture. We are mothers and fathers and sons and daughters. Some of you interested in the topic of the Hijra might wonder how they maintain their population numbers. Other than transgender people growing up and leaving their families and everything they’ve known behind to live a life of struggle for the only purpose being freedom of expression. The thing is, as for the original Hijra, we are hermaphrodites born with different combinations of both genders due to genetic mutations. Babies born this way are often given away to the local Hijra clans at birth or within the first few years of the child’s life. In the case where the child is born with both sets of genitals, a rare but real medical condition, the testicles are ritualistically removed and the child is often reared into prostitution as a means for simple basic survival.

The above scenario with law enforcement then, is common place and is occurring as you read this text all over the region of India and Pakistan. Torture here is common place and a fact of life for many many people. I thank the Hijra humbly for the enrichment and wisdoms the culture has brought to my life.

Like the Lakota, in Hinduism we have the equivalent of the hermaphroditic god/goddess. That form is called Ardhanarishvar, like Wakinyan/Heyoka this is the combined form of God and Goddess. Islamic centric Hijra believe they are angels in human bodies being punished for disobeying God. When they leave their bodies in death, according to their beliefs, they return straight back to heaven where they then resume their place next to God. The criminals responsible for these crimes use this

Abrahamic narrative to justify their actions of rape, torture, and murder. They think they’re doing God’s work in punishing the Hijra for disobeying God.

Everything in this world, as it says in the Quran, is made for men to use... they believe. So they use us.

This work is one of my efforts at doing my part, my intentions are for mass enlightenment, yes, also as a means for survival. We must rise up above the limited mindset of our psychologically diseased adversaries. We must wake up into that universal consciousness. I am ArdhanaRishvar. I am Shiva...

Hypnosis & Whispery Machines.

The truth is that I have a very difficult time understanding what individuality really is. For years my work involved questioning constantly: who am I? What even is “I”? What is self? What is me? What even is an individual? For a very long time now amongst intelligence agencies and criminal gangs alike hypnosis has been used and weaponized. That along with the whispery machines which were originally meant as a type of vocoder for use in entertainment.

There’s a hypnotic technique called “hypnotic memory blocking” which I need to tell you about, dear reader. Out of a sense of urgency. Modern warfare wouldn’t be the same without it. This technique is also used to make sleeper agents.

Hypnotic memory blocking is when a hypnotist blocks memories using hypnosis so that you don’t remember them. Imagine meeting the love of your life and spending many happy years together. It changes you. It forms your sense of self.

You grow and change into a better version of yourself when true love strikes. Hypnotic memory blocking can make all of that disappear. It’s one of the very few things which leaves me absolutely terrified. This way a persons sense of individuality, one’s sense of self, can be completely altered. You wouldn’t be the same person as you once were if you can’t remember key events in your life like falling in love.

Then there’s the infernal whispery machines. Using these whispery machines in conjunction with hypnosis results in power which no single individual should ever have. See hypnotic triggers are very commonly used in the world of hypnosis. Using audio triggers projected at a person using the whispery machines means that hypnotic programming can be triggered without anybody being the wiser. Visual memory triggers are a thing of the past using these techniques.

Sleeper agents experience these things as a default. The persons previous life is blocked using hypnosis and whispery machines can easily be used to reinforce the hypnotic elements. The person can then freely integrate within their assigned life without anybody, including themselves, having any idea that the person is in fact a sleeper agent. Later on when the person returns after completing their assigned mission the hypnosis is removed, lifted, and the person can then resume, and remember, their previous life. The very practice being an affront to individuality itself. Entirety false storylines can thus be constructed concerning the “victim’s” life which cannot be detected by even the best professionals in lie detector tests because the victim in question has no idea that their account of their life is false.

After having discovered this very detrimentally scary reality I posed the question... can these techniques be used to help people? Could it even be used as a meditative experience in understanding the pain and struggle of impoverished suppressed people? Could it be used as a toolset leading to the awaking of enlightenment? Could it be used to heal?

The answer to those questions turned out to be a resounding “yes”. We are taught over and over again by gurus old and new to always keep questioning our self as to who we are. To keep seeking the answer to the question: who am I? These techniques can erase and reinsert entirely different personalities. An Aghora approach to say the least.

What you need to understand in order to be able to take a step back from this work, the Wakinyan book, and see it as a greater whole with a greater purpose than my personal biographical information is that these techniques were

extensively used on me. It wasn't difficult to convince Special Services, United Nations of my ideas. Mr. Sampson... you see, was one of the best hypnotists that ever lived. He could have you under hypnosis in seconds and was extremely well versed in both the hypnosis and whispery machines.

Father & Son.

Nathan Filmour, I believe his last name was, yes, the famous Lakota actor is who I mean.

Nathan Filmour cleaned my behind and tidied up my genitals while I cried hysterically on his chest. Drenching his lovely shirt in snot and sweat and tears and spit. Why? Because I remembered that before my lovely large male genitals had a scar next to it there was a lovely dainty vagina as well.

That was in the hospital in Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New York during the "Walking With The Devil" album period which lasted from 2007 to 2009. I was periodically hospitalized for my very real brain trauma and two stents in my very trepanned head while working on that album. These are memories which had been blocked using hypnosis, courtesy of Mr. Sampson Special Services, United Nations, for many many years.

Nathan Filmour said he was my father and he told me he knew what my real name was, and then he told me that it was Wakinyan. That it is Wakinyan.

I believe my mother, regardless of the DNA test I'll take when I have a comfortable home and some cash. I believe that Nathan Filmour is my real spiritual father, and Ahsan Zafar Fazli, my biological father, was never a father to me.

I am Wakinyan/Heyoka. Also known in the east as Ardhanarishvar. MahaAvatar. And I'm telling you that my name is Wakinyan because that's the face I'd like to wear while speaking to you. I am plural. I am male and female. And I'm using my name. She. Wakinyan.

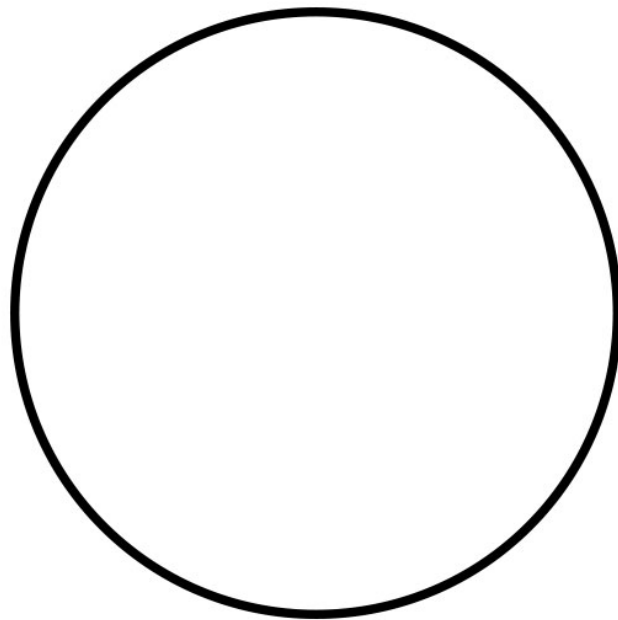
And nooooo I don't want to be referred to as "She" conversationally. In our Lakota culture our names are sacred. Wakinyan is my holy name. Nathan... grandpa

Nathan... father... I love you. I'm in pain, my brain is swelling has been really bad for a while. Nobody's listening to me. But I remember you. I am Wakinyan.

For the gal for all seasons.

Dimensional Consciousness

for pre-schoolers



Where is 1?
Where is 2?

1. •—————• 2.

“Wakinyan” Book Introduction.

- 1. Biographical Information*
 - 2. Special Services, United Nations*
 - 3. The Purpose Of This Book*
-

1. Biographical Information

I’m an autistic savant hermaphrodite. Yeah, take a moment to understand what that means. I’m an autistic savant... the ones that can do incredible things while usually being quite sensorially overloaded to point of impairment. Not only that, however, I’m a hermaphrodite first and foremost. These days it’s called “intersex” in the atmosphere of political correctness. I have a female brain, female skin, a female spinal column, and a very much alive and functioning uterus lining... but, as of the age of four was left with “only” a set of perfectly formed (and well sized) male genitals. When I was born and until that point I had both male and female genitals, male on the left and female on the right, now I have only the male parts in the center with a big scar going alongside it on the right. Due to all of this my brain swells because I have the equivalent of several men and women’s worth of both testosterone and estrogen running through my body. This means that, since an early fetal stage of development my brain hemispheres grew fused together, so I don’t have a left and right hemisphere for a brain - instead I have one giant unified mass, and a skull bone which is trepanned and breaths along with the swelling of my brain along the same rotation as women’s menstrual cycles, the phases of the moon, the tides of the oceans, and the migration of animals.

Genetically I am Indigenous North American and Western European but I was raised by a Bharati (Indian) family of Muslim converts from Hinduism and my Dutch mother. On the Western European side of my genetic heritage I am from The Netherlands, Scotland, and Scandinavia. Growing up, when I thought I was Muslim Bharati I went in search of “my roots” looking for Lord Shiva and Mother Shakti and found the reflection in the mirror staring back at me, MahaAvatar of Ardhanarishvar, but my Lakota (Indigenous North American) father called me “Wakinyan”. The thunder being ... a she.

I was born in The Netherlands and grew up in New York in The United States of America. I am the composer, producer, instrumentalist, and vocalist of several musical albums of varying genres (mostly of a biographical nature), author of several books and I have been a Special Agent with Special Services, United Nations for most of my life.

2. Special Services, United Nations

As part of my work for Special Services, United Nations I provided crucial information on the Islamic terrorist network called The Islamic Brotherhood, specializing in the identification of criminals participating in the manufacturing and distribution of pedophile porn (of which I was a victim in my childhood), and the funding of terrorist organizations thereby as well as trafficking of drugs, and illegal firearm trade. I was uniquely placed and possessed the required unique abilities as a former victim of this sex trafficking ring and well educated on Islamic theology and customs.

I have shot and killed five people during my duties as a Special Agent for the United Nations. All five were in a be or be killed situation and all were killed by me with no more than one bullet each. I have also provided key intelligence information regarding the 9/11 terrorist attacks in New York City in The United States Of America.

My study of Dharma (aka Hinduism, Sikhism and Buddhism, etc.) helped me a great deal in my development as a former victim who was severely brutalized in every way and most definitely in the line of duty as a Special Agent with Special Services, United Nations as well. My unique brain and further biological existence give me additional “superpowers” as I am able to be the role of man while feeling and thinking as a woman, in generous mixtures of both which rotate along with my hormonal cycles.

I look like a man, I have a beard, but I move like a woman and emanate intense pheromones which effect both men and women. I am an astute student of psychoanalysis which aids me in my interactions with people as this unique being that I am. I have a rich intellectual and practical background in various cultures and languages

stretching from East to West. I am a student of history and the arts.

3. The Purpose Of This Book

The purpose of this book is to provide a meditative aid in reflection on “how” we think rather than “what” we’re thinking about. It draws on my lifelong study of various philosophies stemming from East to West and from various backgrounds in history. Mostly, it is a tapestry of self-reflection in an effort to understand both myself as the unique individual that I am, as well as the concept of “the other” as beings separate from myself. I grapple conceptually a great deal with the concept of individuality, and am much more inclined towards identifying myself as universal consciousness. I live with such great access of hormonal balances of both gender hormones that identifying myself as this or that is very complex for me and always feels incomplete.

There is a constant, there is a self, but it is not hormonally driven as it is thought to be generally with standard variety Homo Sapien. There is a greater self, a greater constant within which these weather systems rotate, like the oceans and thunder clouds drawn this way and that by the rising and setting of both the sun and moon.

I have ample qualification in the realm of Dharmic spirituality. I am an initiated Aghora Sadhu/Sadhvi, the most fearsome and fearless of spiritual warriors from the East. I have been recognized as a true living MahaAvatar by the Swami Laxmanjoo school of Kashmiri Shaivism and am regarded in those circles as Ardhanarishvar, the combined form of Lord Shiva and the Holy Mother Shakti.

Amongst the Lakota tribe of Indigenous Americans I am recognized as Wakinyan, the thunder being who’s already known to be a Hermaphrodite (or intersex as it is called now) and shows his male face as Heyoka, the sacred clown. Both types of what used to be called “Indians” - the Bharati kind and the American kind recognize me as the concept of Maha Avatar, also spoken and written as one word, MahaAvatar.

I am perhaps one of the worlds best kept secrets. I have been amply studied in medical fashion in Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New York, in The United States

Of America. My medical records were deemed classified by Special Services, United Nations for many years due to the fact that I was deeply engaged in both an undercover mission to retrieve intelligence information and for the fact that I am both one of the scientists as well as the subject of an intellectual investigation into my unique biology and mental abilities. When able to, I have every intention of releasing my medical files to the public, along with this work and my artistic endeavors as a contribution to the shelves of history in an effort to give peace a real chance.

I am providing this work as a collection of evidence in this investigation of both my thoughts on what it means to be a universally conscious individual, as well as a meditative aid within that same process of intellectual thought and experiential experience for my public to benefit from and flourish with. I'm a concept artist.

This has been the best of me.

Yours truly,

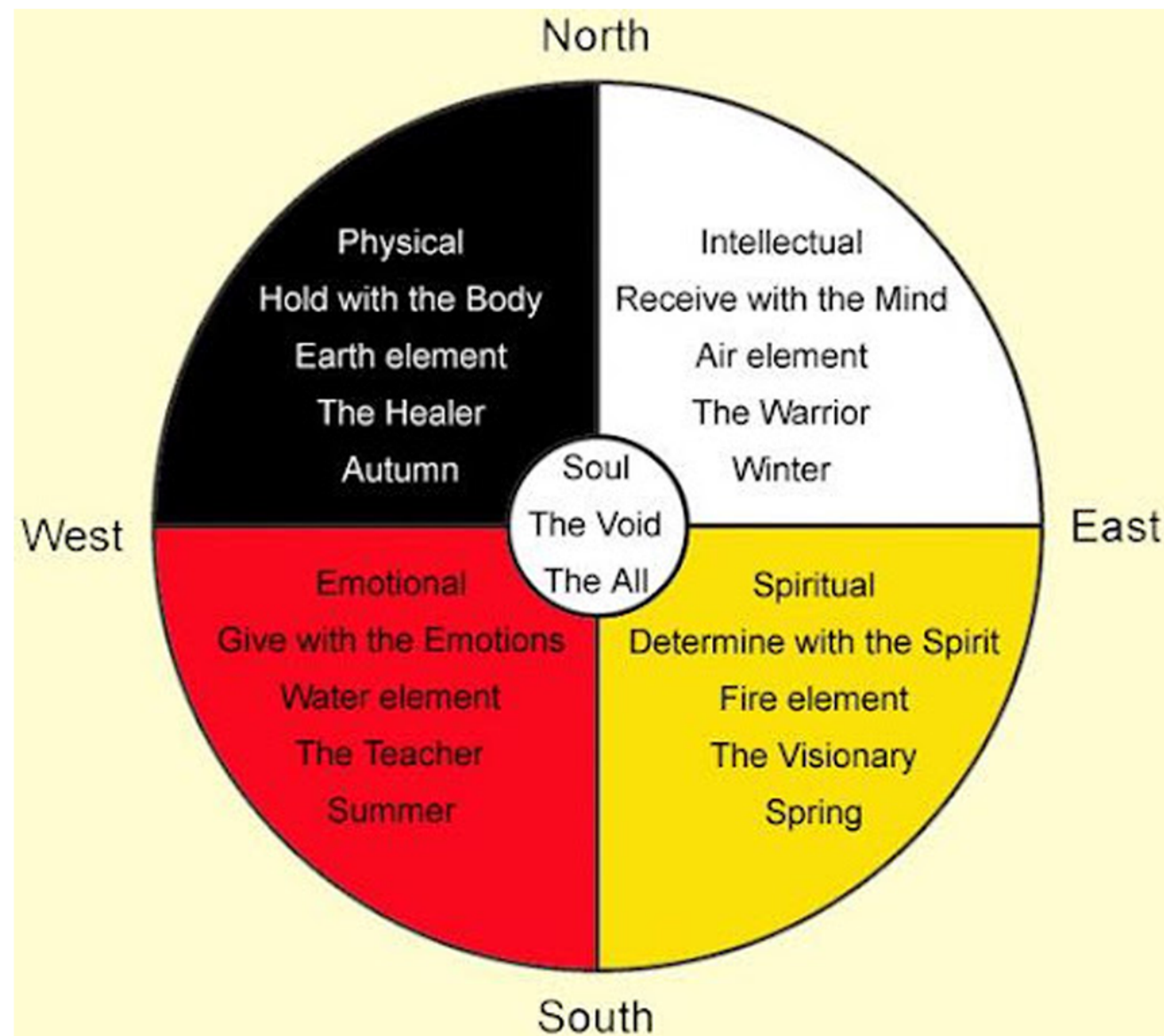
Wakinyan

XXY

WakínyaᎠ/Heyókha
Lakota thunder being/sacred clown

ArdhanaRishvar
Dharmic composite form of Lord Shiva & Mother Shakti

The 4 Directions



“ The 5th direction is on the inside. ”

-Grandpa Nathan

Who are you praying to?
What is an individual?
What would “God” prioritize?



Original Drawing,
Pencil on Paper.

Oma Catharina Gootjes
(maiden name "Houthuizen")



Archival Photo

Mother
Agnes Gootjes



"Ardhanarishvar"
Original Artwork

Digital Painting

3D Sonogram still
superimposed onto
digital water splash.

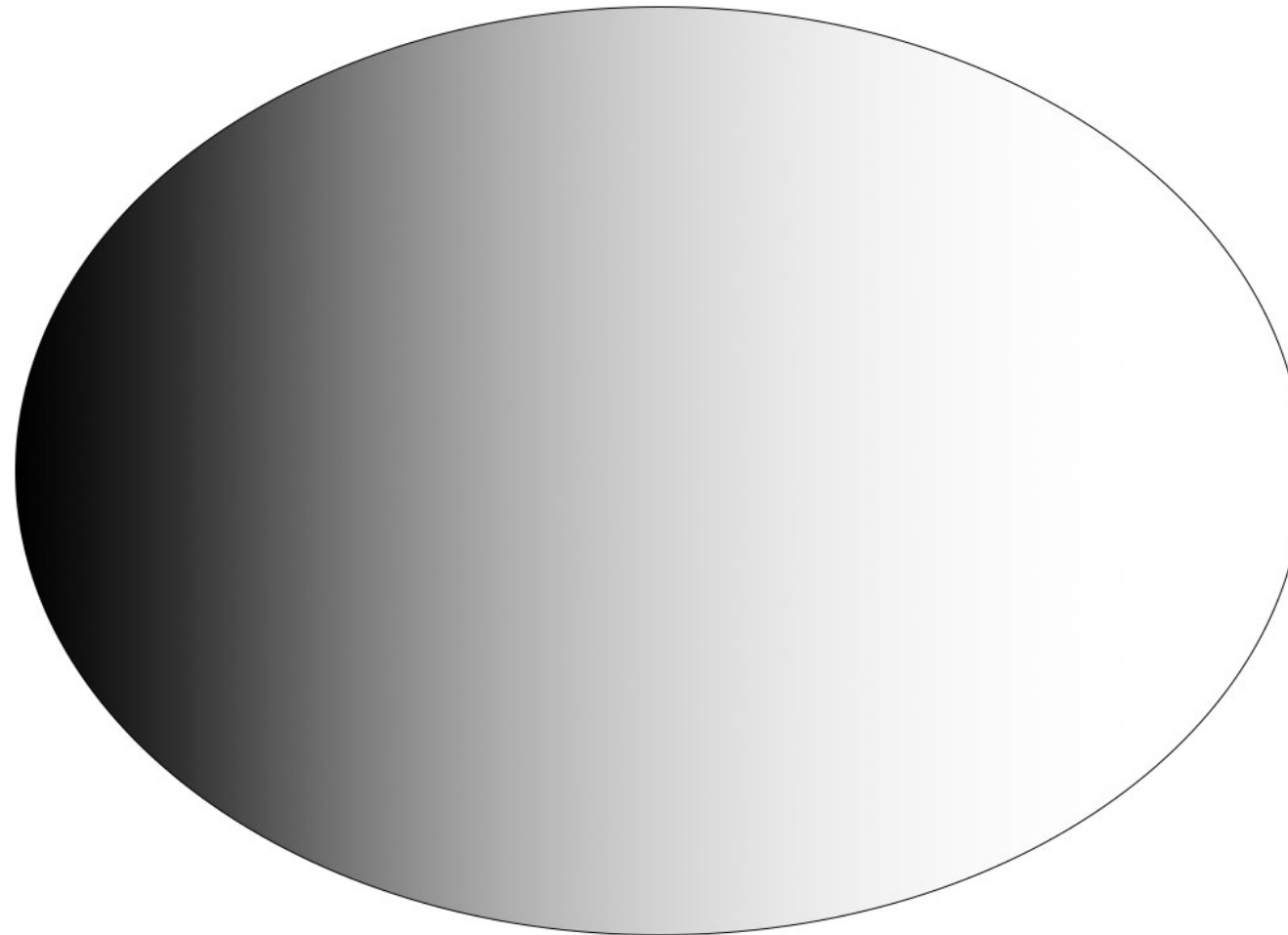
Attachment begets suffering,
which attachments are worth suffering for?

The Attachment Categories

- Attachment
- Detachment
- Attached-Detachment
- Detached-Attachment

Consciousness Gradient

Individual
Consciousness



Universal
Consciousness

The 5th Tantric Direction

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| -Attachment | -Monogamy |
| -Detachment | -Polygamy |
| -Attached-Detachment | -Monogamous-Polygamy |
| -Detached-Attachment | -Polygamous-Monogamy |

Attached-Detached-Detached-Attachment
Monogamous-Polygamist-Polygamist-Monogamy

Stream Of Consciousness
-“Why did you do that?” -“C.O.S.”

Cognitive Consciousness
Objective Consciousness
Subjective Consciousness

Enlightenment is not something you
add to yourself from an external source.
It is in fact what is already there when the
blockages of EGO are removed.

The more of those blockages of EGO you remove,
the more that inner light of Universal Consciousness
is revealed to already be there.

Without violence there is no fear,
without fear there is no violence.

Memories of Individuality: The Cheerleader & The Enlightened Vision.

- 1. Kristen Gabriel Was A Cheerleader*
 - 2. Autism & Creation*
 - 3. Death & The Enlightened Vision*
 - 4. The Rotation*
-

1. Kristen Gabriel was a cheerleader.

Kristen Gabriel was a cheerleader in every sense of the word. Part of a troop called “the Rockettes” in Sewanhaka High School in New York in The United States Of America she was easily the brightest star in every room she’d stroll into. Kristen had cystic fibrosis... Kristen always had cystic fibrosis but that sure didn’t stop her from shining brighter than anybody I’d ever seen. We fell in love when she was fourteen and I was sixteen. If only the bleachers behind the American football field around back of the school could talk. My oh my what a life we had, even then in our younger days, her glory days. Due to Kristen’s cystic fibrosis her life expectancy was only thirty-two years at the maximum. She’d told me early on during our courtship.

We strolled along the path behind the school towards the bleachers lined with trees and grass in those days, and clutching her schoolbooks to her voluptuous bosom she told me, all the while her eyes still sparkled. She told me her parents had been told that she would die at the age of four, but Kristen lived on, all the way up until her thirty-second year of life. The oldest life expectancy for people with her genetic condition.

Being with Kristen was being with my very best friend. Every sparkle in her big blue eyes and glimmer of gold on her blonde locks were like twinkles in the dawn of creation. Lens flares along a portrait of the sunrise colored gold and red and blue and orange and sometimes even a bit of pink and purple.

If you looked carefully there were certainly shades of a glowing warm green on a warm summer day sometime in autumn or spring or the twinkle of dusk on a frozen field sparkling white.

Kristen was the gal for all seasons.

2. Autism & Creation

I’d always been creating, ever since I was born I was always dreaming up something in a flurry, but things really took off after I had my female private parts removed when I was four years old as well, like Kristen when her parents were told she was going to die. I died that female death, conceptually. Twice at the least. We never had money for anything fancy like doctors appointments so I gave myself therapy from a very young age and got to scribbling and writing and storytelling my little heart out as if my life depended on it. Because it did. It wasn’t long before that turned into full blown portraits, paintings, books, and most certainly a whole lotta music. My Dutch grandfather (of French descent), the only real father figure I’d had for a lasting few years, was also an artist and musician so I took after the ol’ roots from a very early age.

It wasn’t until the years spent in constant violent abuse and when I was feeling like a caged scared up animal in a little room that I began to notice the rotations. One misty rainy grey afternoon while looking out of the window I suddenly saw the rain drops looping in my mind. At first it was just the raindrops dripping down from the tattered gutters lining the roof of the house, but when I gazed off into the distance (slightly bewildered) I noticed that the raindrops falling down from the clouds in heaven were doing it too. Looping perfectly. This was way way way past déjà vu.

I couldn’t help but be reminded of that painting from the Sistine Chapel by Michelangelo, The Creation Of Adam. It felt like God giving me a finger kiss... the gentlest touch of the finger. I began to collect rainwater, and later on tap water in glass bottles. One day I was by the sink in the kitchen and I noticed when I flapped my hands after washing them that a water droplet had fallen into the shape of a bull’s head with horns. In my mind, in my third eye, I saw the image burned into the screen of my mind as if a vision from a distant daydream.

I realized over the years that followed that as long as the inputs in my senses were the same quantitatively, I would create and re-create the same artwork over and over and over... sometimes things got so quiet that I wouldn’t even form new thoughts. When I say “artwork” I mean everything I do, like the water droplets that flew from my fingertips like God in, The Creation Of Adam, and into the shape of a bull’s head with horns, the vehicle of Lord Shiva. It never bothered me, it still doesn’t.

3. Death & The Enlightened Vision

“Can you talk?!” The doctor asked me with a very noticeably genuine sense of shock and astonishment. They were looking at brain scans of mine when they noticed the hemispheres of my brain are fused and genuinely couldn’t figure out how I was able to speak, let alone in several languages quite fluently, when not too autistically flustered. The upside down crucifix window in the room where they kept me kept staring at me.

“Yes, I can speak in several languages actually”, I said, or something along those lines. They’d most definitely made a conceptual snafu when they let that deranged architect, that also designed that hideous prison on the Pink Floyd “Animals” album cover, design those upside crucifix windows in Long Island Jewish Medical Center. He did a bunch of other places around the world as well, including a twin prison in France.

You can’t stick me in a room with an upside down crucifix window, trepan me and expect me not to hurl myself into a John Lennon and Yoko Ono inspired artistic autistic freak out. I put on a shooooow, me oh my. I was a shaman singing and dancing for the salvation of all of humanity. “All we are saying... is give peace a chance!” Yeah, give peace a real chance, please and thank you.

They had cameras on me twenty-four-seven, it was a hospital observation room, so we got all the footage, courtesy of Special Services, United Nations. I tried to explain it to Kristen all those years later when she came to my rescue in the hospital. “I work for special services... they need me to keep doing what I do and rocking the fuck out. No. Seriously. That’s what they told me.”

The upside down crucifix windows were these large hideous concoctions with two little elongated windows on the sides and one big long rectangular one in the middle, all with bars on them. I'd been raped repeatedly since childhood, beaten almost daily, psychologically tortured beyond belief and most definitely with these little audio devices which blast them high frequency audio of "them" talking at you on a frequency just above the average human hearing range, as well. Those infernal little devices are terrible. You can hear them when you play with the water in the sink, or rub your fingers in your ears, or scratch your clothes or some hard surface.

Here I was, trepanned all these years later, working for Special Services, United Nations after being tortured by a terrorist gang who use Islam to propagate their message of terror and they stick me in a Jewish hospital with gigantic upside down crucifix windows. At least Kristen was there. I told her all about what happened when I had died, we were conducting our own scientific investigation on death and reincarnation because Kristen, as I mentioned, always had cystic fibrosis.

There were a whole bunch of lifetimes which happened simultaneously, but first there was the golden river of light at the end of the tunnel. It moves like a wave but it's made of what I could only describe as golden light. Warm and radiant, there was no separation between my body and the light river.

I then began to see lifetimes past and present, entire stories of loves found and lost, children etched into eternity saying goodbye to the mother they loved... peacefully.

My favorite one was the one where I got to sit with Lord Shiva the way he looks in the iconography with Parvati, the gentle God king, and all he wanted to do was eat ladoos with me (a Bharati Indian desert I'm not even too fond of generally speaking, but these were exceptional), drink chai. As I sat with him, swinging my legs over the chair, he said simply: "Tell me about The Beatles". I looked like my younger self but with my Mr. Juke Lightning outfit on from the cartoon series I made for one of my art projects and the corresponding photos taken from a film I made for a song called "Snakeskin Requiem (for John Lennon)" off my album "This Is [Not] A Performance" by

Mr. Juke Lightning, an "alter-ego" if you will, but instead one which allows me to express myself as I actually feel, like my Lakota name given to me by my actual father describes: Wakinyan.

Now for this next part I'm just going to touch on the fact that I'm not making any religious claims whatsoever except for my very real and very existing Dharmic credentials. In no way shape or form am I claiming anything in any form, concept, or way in the Abrahamic traditions, I prefer to stay very far away from that if I'm going to be honest about this. You see, while I was getting tortured for all those rotations the one thing that kept me anchored were The Beatles, and especially John Lennon & Yoko Ono's thing where they were Shiva & Parvati in love by way of Psychoanalysis.

I listened to the songs "Working Class Hero" and specially "God" from John Lennon's "Plastic Ono Band" record on a loop on my headphones day and night for years during those difficult rotations. I mean... how come none of you noticed the "Mind Games" album cover? The daughter of the mountain (Parvati), Shiva was away on business, they had two sons (aka suns), one of em circled around his parents thus circling around himself... yada yada yada.

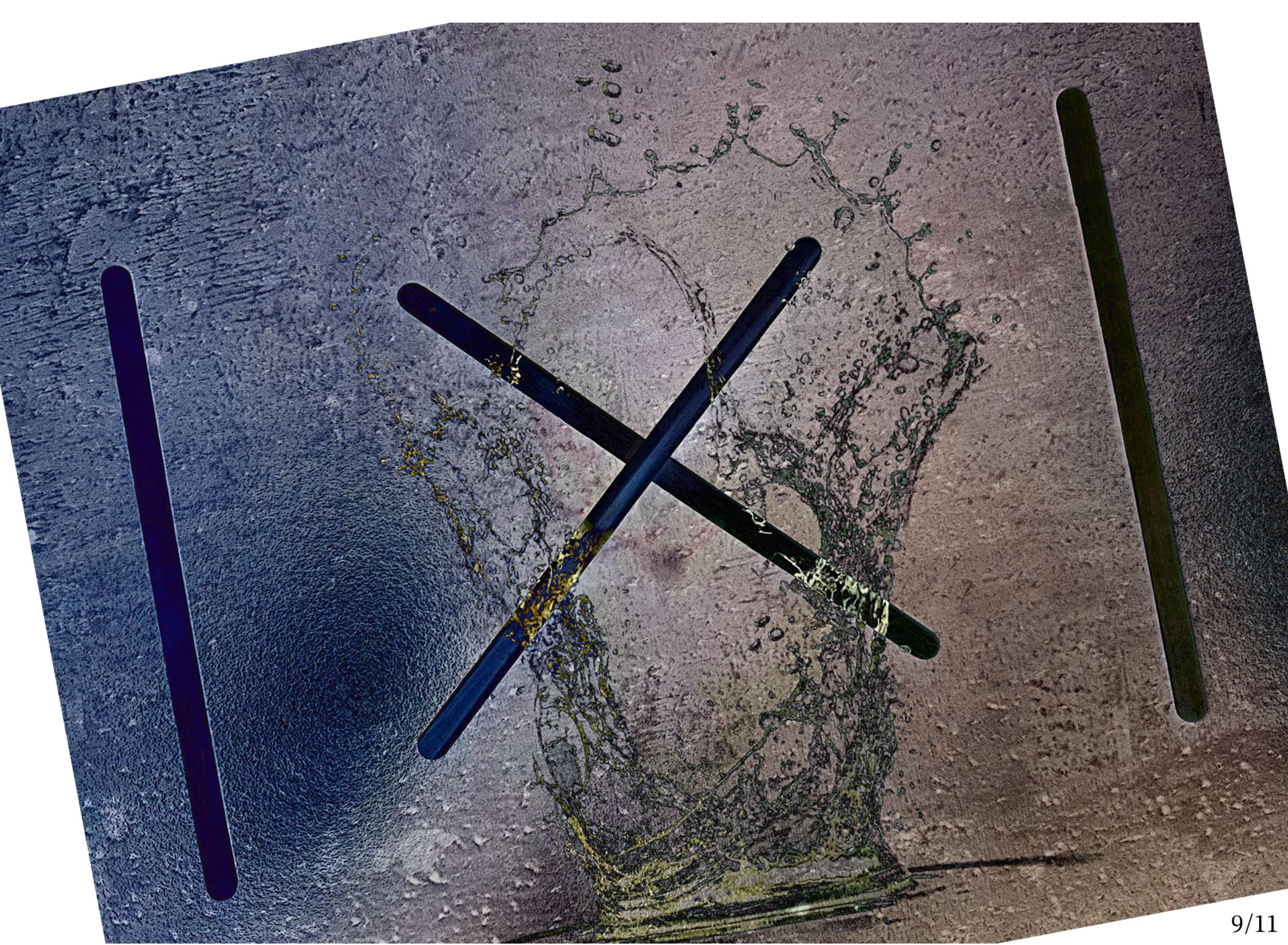
So in my very elemental creative autistic fused brain that turned into... hey, listen, if I've "left my body" and get to do whatever I want up here in heaven I want to go back into the womb like John Lennon & Yoko Ono but with that soft sweet warm country bread touch of my Dutch grandparents and go right back into the womb of the ultimate mother! The womb of the holy mother Mary... and that's exactly what happened. I also saw a world exactly like this one would have been hundreds of years ago but I was Indigenous American and sat with my great-grandfather Chief Sitting Bull during the Ghost Dance with Wovoka, except there were no white devils to defeat... in that world it was just a dance honoring the naturally passed ancestors and star people... but yeah, one of my absolute favorite was retaining consciousness and going back into the womb of the holy mother Mary. I, Shiva, MahaAvatar of Ardhanarishvar, the combined form of Lord Shiva and the holiest of mothers Shakti... I returned to the womb of the ultimate mother, mother Mary. And softly I

fell into a deep sleep and when I woke up I was born anew but in the same body.

4. The Rotation

I was admitted there to Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New York in The United States Of America for several rotations. We call my passage through time rotations most of the time, those of us working on this project behind the scenes. We call them rotations because as long as the inputs are quantitatively the same, the same exact output comes out of me in song and conversation, in smoke clouds and artistic masterpieces, in love and bliss, in hollers against the Neon Olympus as they flush out their nuclear waste into the gutters where the people feast as Eduard Bernays sits atop his conceptual throne cackling while his uncle Sigmund Freud rolls over in his grave, too tired to get up. I, Shiva, Rudra, the howler, I cried with you in the gutters of the Neon Olympus screaming "Howl" for Carl Solomon. "Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy... holy..."

Like the rain dripping down in golden sunshine from Mount Kailash itself, I drank from the waters of Lake Mansarovar where even the Buddha circled, praying, and I unleashing it's nourishment for humanity's thirst, I, myself, I was there... dancing the Lasya and Tandav in one and each rotation, in the observation room with the upside down crucifix window, the surgery room, the therapy room, the place with all the scanning machines... the electric Shakti box where the cover of this "Wakinyan" book comes from, the French prison all those years later. I was there in bed making love to Kristen Gabriel on film aside that upside down crucifix window. Each rotation a perfect reconstruction... like this text which I have just written, across the world, in another time and space. Rotating. And here, in New York... all those years ago. Now.







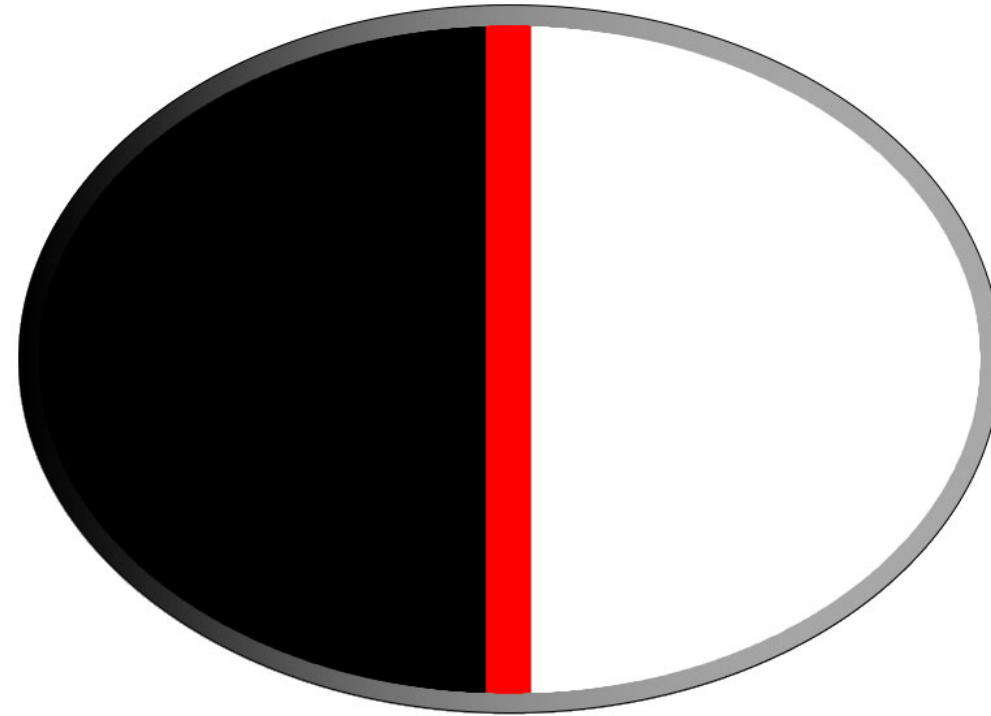
Zen is letting go of the EGO-centric control, and the struggle of letting go.

XXY

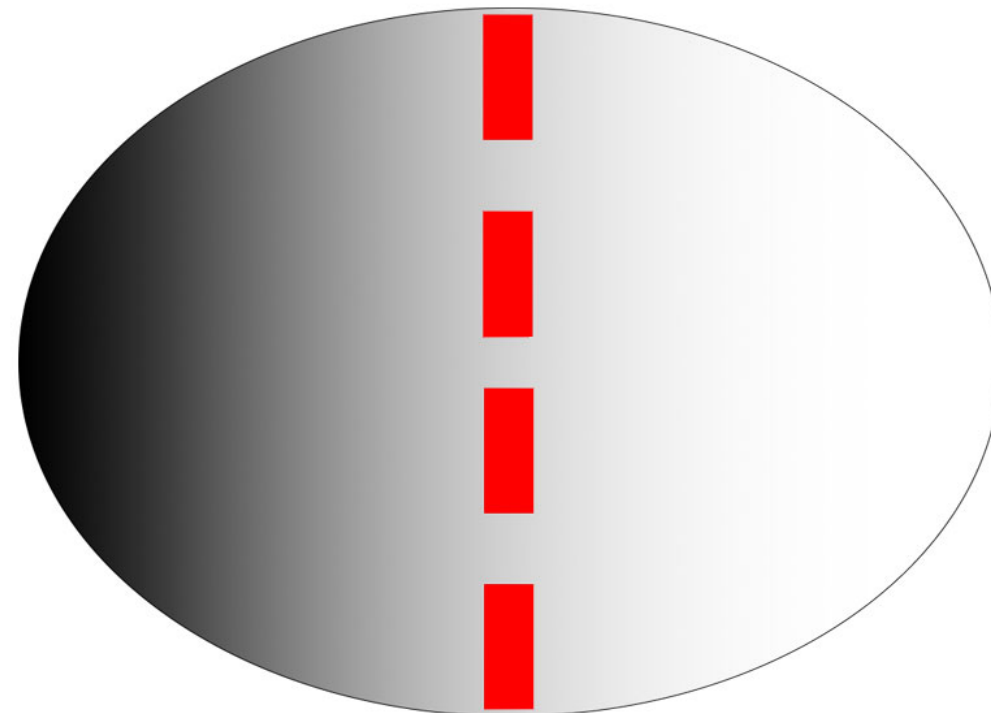
I am the union.

The Blockages Of Ego

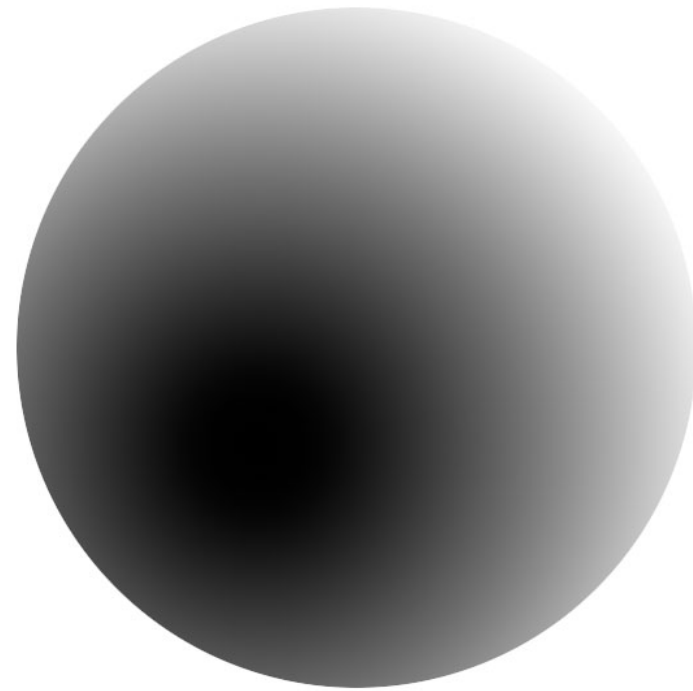
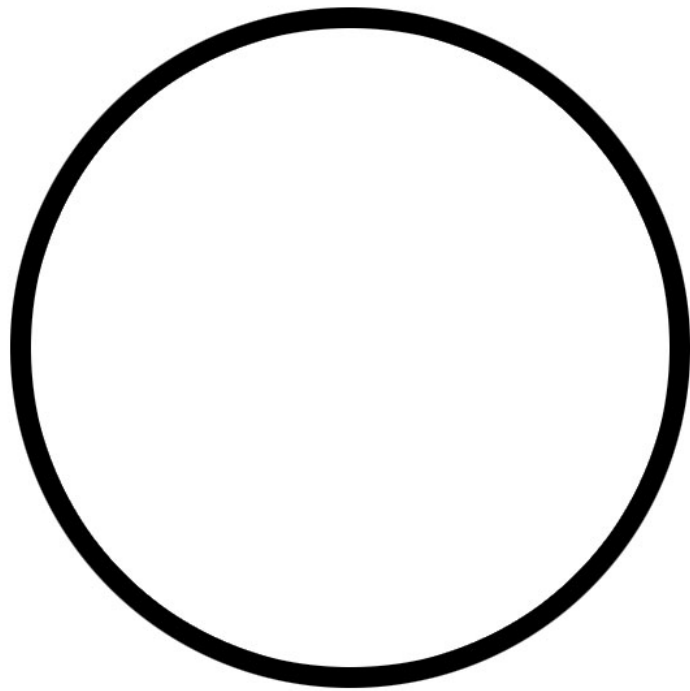
Individual
Consciousness



Universal
Consciousness



What's the difference between a circle and a sphere?



Dimensional Consciousness.

The Quantum 5th Direction

*Attached*Detached*Detached*Attachment

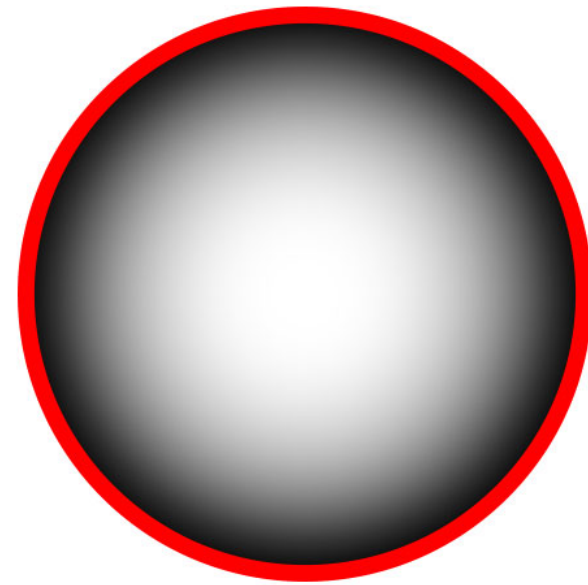
+ - - +

1 0 0 1

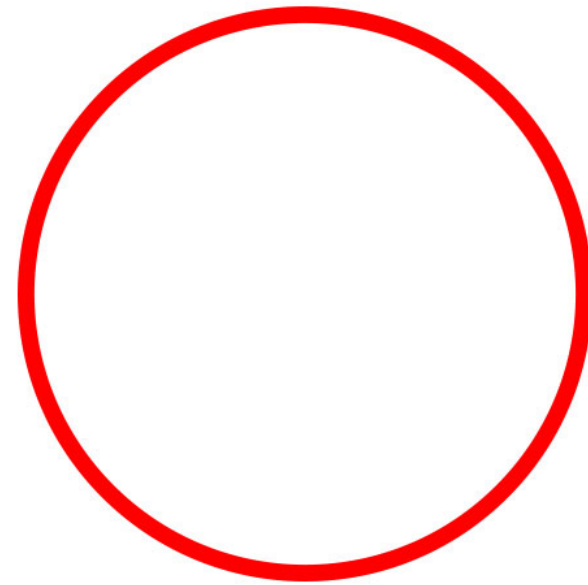
The ultimate quantum center,
the center of the center.

The Center Of The Center

Outer View



Inner View



The Mirror Of Consciousness

When MahaShiva observes Himself in the mirror of consciousness He sees only MahaShakti. When MahaShakti observes Herself in the mirror of consciousness She sees only MahaShiva.

When Wakínyan observes Herself in the mirror of consciousness She sees only Heyókha. When Heyókha observes Himself in the mirror of consciousness He sees only Wakínyan.

The Logic Chain

*Attached*Detached*Detached*Attachment
*Monogamy*Polygamy*Polygamy*Monogamy

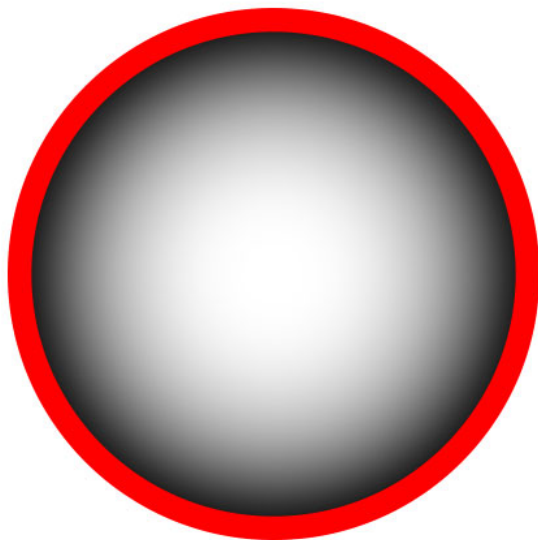
1 0 0 1

*Detached*Attached*Attached*Detachment
*Polygamy*Monogamy*Monogamy*Polygamy

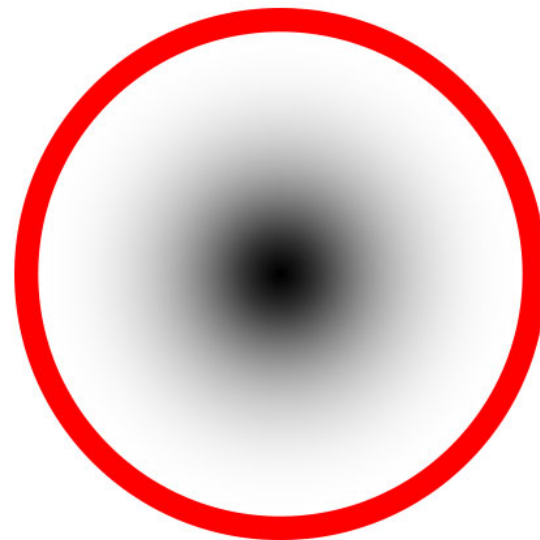
0 1 1 0

Beginning and ending with a negative (0 = false) accomplishes nothing,
except a carnal instinct of needless destruction.

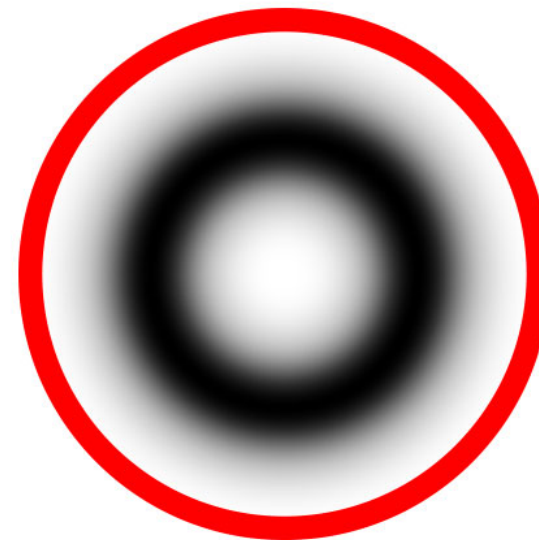
The Sphere



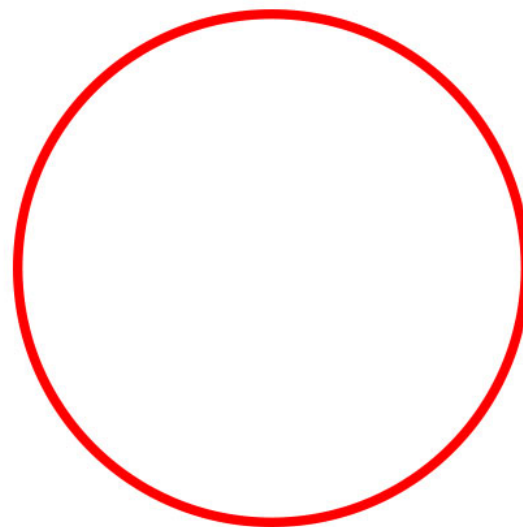
Light to Dark



Dark to Light



Light to Dark to Light



A completely lit sphere is still a sphere.

What's the difference between 1 0 0 1 and 1 0 1?

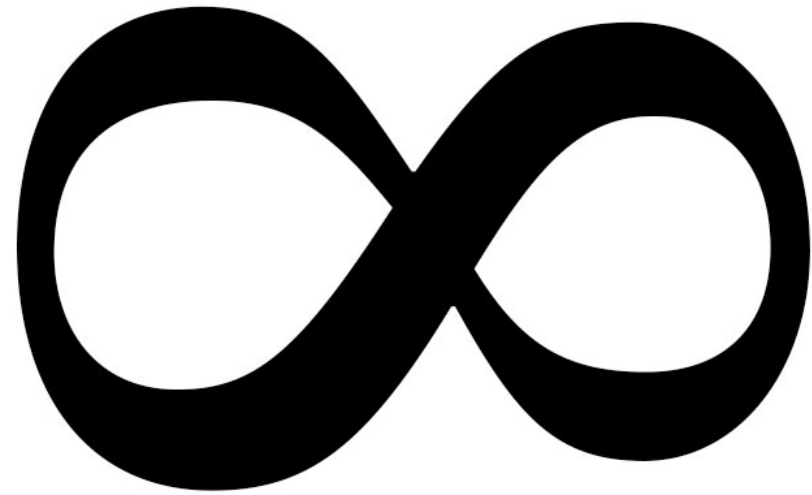
Monogamy
Polygamy
Polygamy
Monogamy

Monogamy
Polygamy
Monogamy

Attachment
Detachment
Detachment
Attachment

Attachment
Detachment
Attachment

The Motion Of Eternity.



The Variable Of Change

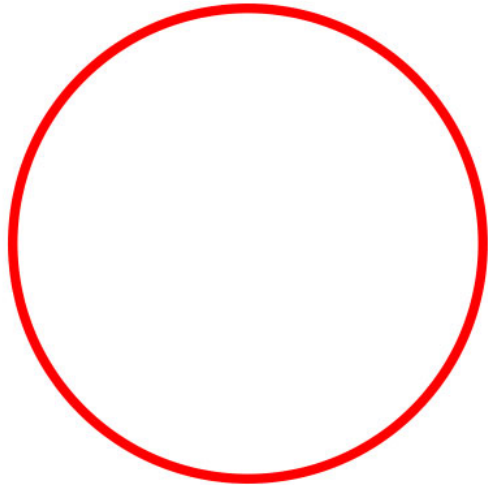
The variable which changes everything for the better is the “spirit” of righteousness.

The motion of eternity... evolution.

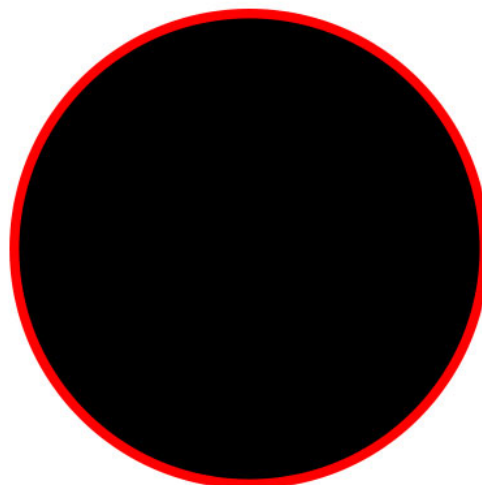
نیت

Niyyat (Persian): intention, purpose.

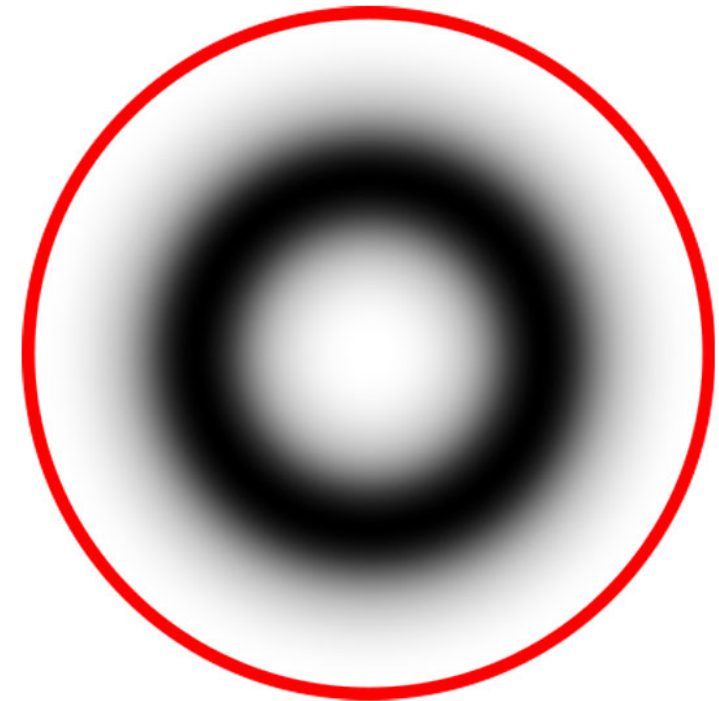
The Center of the Sphere



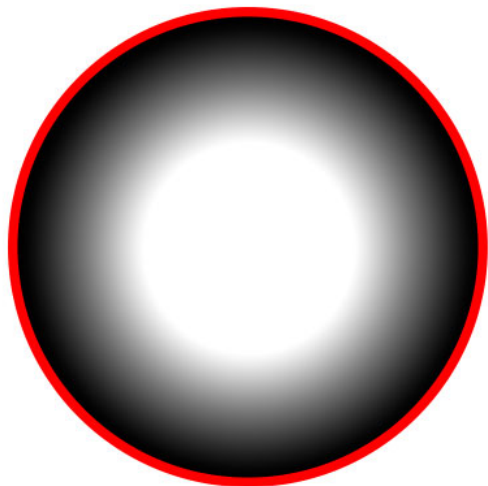
Attached



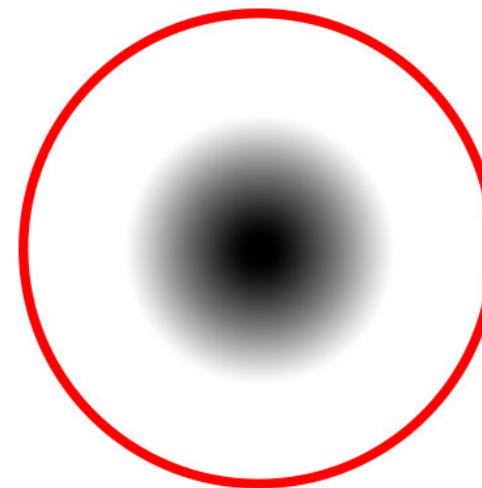
Detached



Attached-Detached
Detached-Attachment

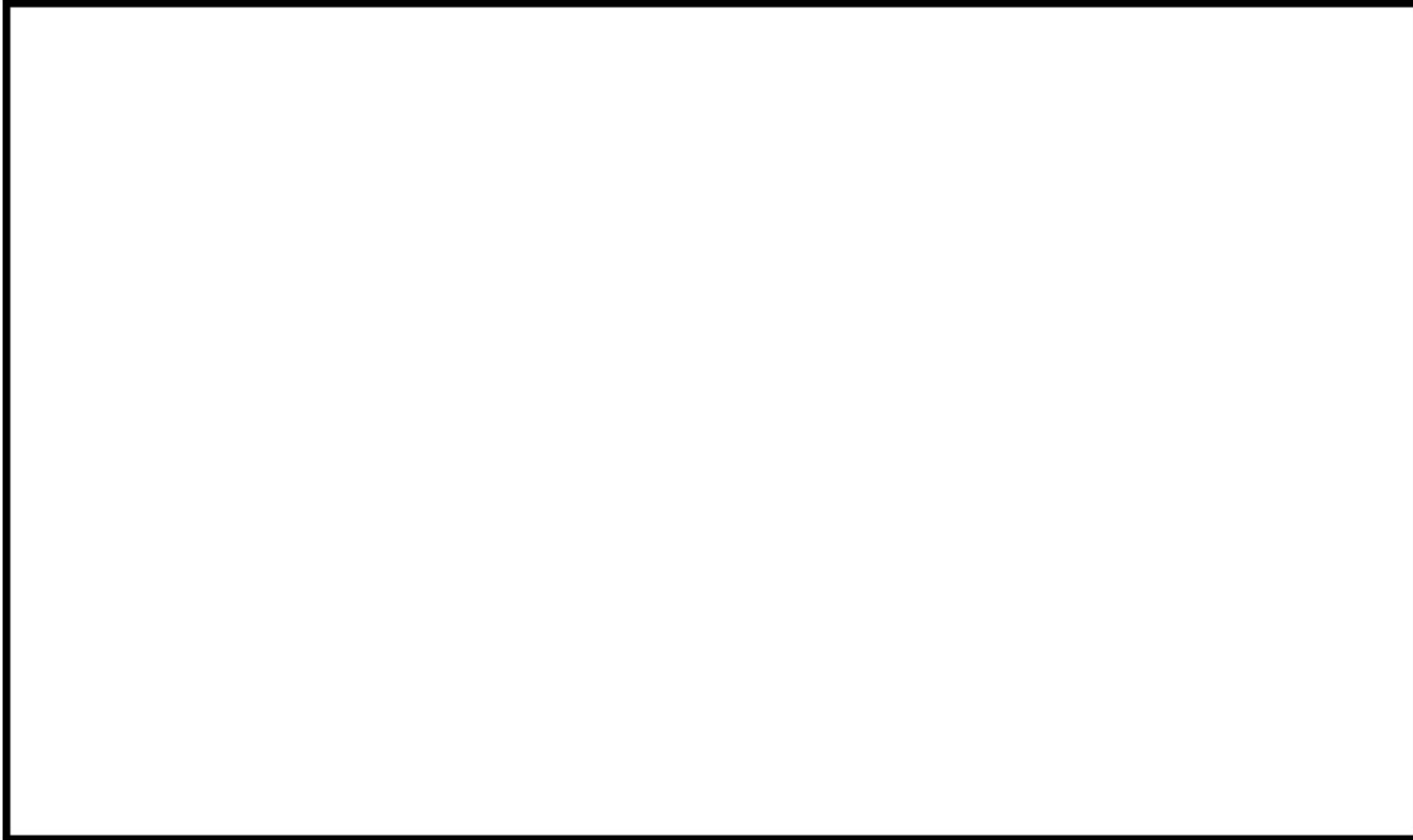


Attached-Detachment



Detached-Attachment

The Nutopian Dream



I'm Attached To Heaven.

The Light

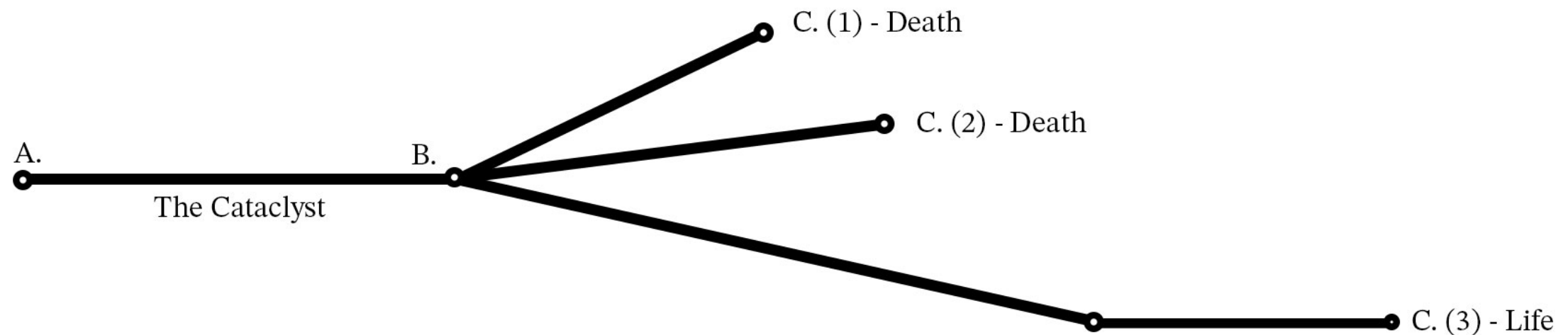
The light at the end of the tunnel
is a golden river of light where all your
lives are remembered, future and past.

It is love in it's purest form,
without duality.



The Hi Network

Quantum Surfing & Pipe Dreams



You go to the hospital one day for a mortally dangerous situation. In the multiverse of song there is one universe where you wake up and go home. Quantum physics has proven Multi-Verse Theory mathematically, though in real world application it remains to be confirmed. Are you alive? Yes.

Individuality

Individuality is a highly over-rated concept,
fed by the marketing machine of industry,
it keeps us from reaching our full potential
as Universally Conscious beings.

The Dream

My dream was to make love to Kristen Gabriel in life, to talk about The Beatles with Lord Shiva, and to “return” to The Holy Mother Mary’s womb. To see my people, the Lakota (and so all of the slaughtered indigenous people) alive and well. When I died, this is exactly what happened...

...and so I returned to my body, complete.

*Without Resuscitation.

Observations On Sin

Sin is caused by the gender divided ego
and a bilateral brain structure.

Observations On Reincarnation

When one builds with the same
elemental building blocks of consciousness,
rotating is all there is.



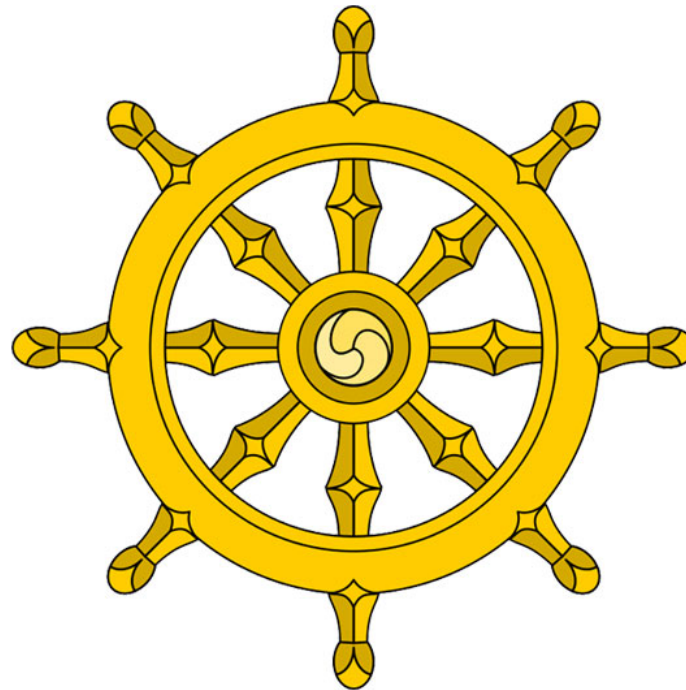
The Water Wheel

Compartments on a Dharmic water wheel,
composed of the same elemental building structure.
We are the river.

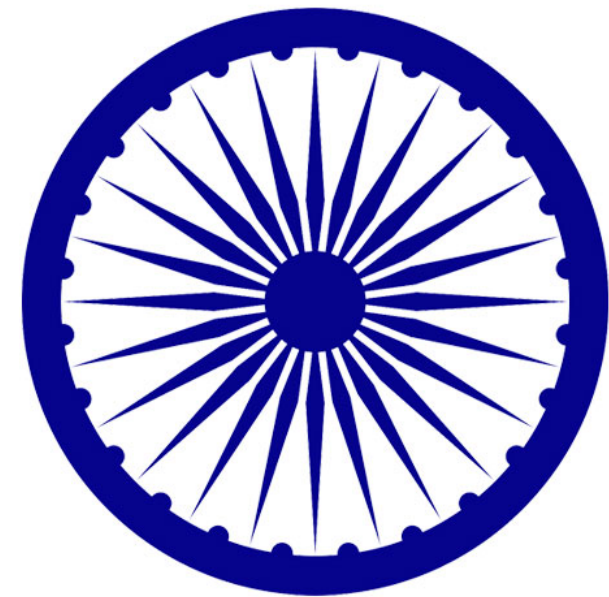
The Dharmic Wheel



Indus Valley Seal
(Saraswati Valley)



Buddha's Wheel



Ashoka's Wheel





Memories of individuality: Leela Shivani Catharina & The New Maquis.

- 1. The Marshal Stack Stories*
 - 2. Leela Shivani Catharina*
 - 3. The New Maquis*
-

1. The Marshal Stack Stories

Mr. Sampson was Papa Legba through and through... the man at the crossroads and the fella who brought me into Special Services, United Nations. When he was younger he was Thelonious Monk's jazz drummer in Harlem and always walked around in those fancy ol' black man's suits usually colored in something like slightly off white and pale blue with a matching hat and shoes and a fancy walking stick. He was the man. In every sense of the word. The man in black in the colorful suits. You can only really get those kinda suits in one of those family friendly cozy little Harlem neighborhoods in New York, New York in The good ol' U.S. of A. When Thelonious Monk, the legend himself was younger he was part of the Maquis in France, but more on that a little later.

Where do I begin with the Marshal Stack Stories... boy oh boy. You see, doing what I do with Special Services, at one point I ended up in a house in Queens with a basement rigged out with recording equipment and a massive Marshal Stack guitar amplifier completely rigged to the gills with surveillance equipment. It was a stakeout. I was the working class hero investigating gang activity in a local quiet New York neighborhood where some of them Islamic terrorists had settled down with the well to do, some of them Italian American mobster families keeping their noses clean for the most part.

When Papa Legba looked at me, he saw a young Thelonious Monk with superpowers. You see when I was young and being terrorized by them terrorists I had started my own vigilante campaign at the young age of about fourteen. I would make secret audio recordings and hide them mixed into my already flowing body of song work,

panned to the left and mixed in at a very low volume because I knew that trained mixing engineers and producers and audio technicians could pull those conversations back out of the mix with just a slight resonance of my music in the background... they could just flip the audio spectrum around.

One day I found Ahsan Zafar Fazli, my terrorist would be father, had poorly hidden a camcorder with those little cassette tapes under a pile of flyers and advertisements on the window sill between the kitchen and the dinning room which was attached to the living room, so he had it pointed at the couch. Then he called me over to sit with him and proceeded to tell me all about how he'd played an integral role in the 9/11 terrorist attacks in New York City in The United States Of America. Once he took a bathroom break I quickly switched the tape with another one laying near it and hit record, fooling him into thinking later on that the camera had malfunctioned. I pocketed the tape after asking my older sister to go sit with him to see if he'd tell her the same story, which he did. I then also made an audio recording on my phone of that same sister trying to get the tape from me and belittling me as if I wouldn't know what to do with something of this nature. Later the next day or so I handed the whole thing over to Kristen Gabriel, the burned CD along with the video cassette, and I told her to give it to her parents, I presume Papa Legba got a hold of it after that.

All those years later when Kristen and Mr. Sampson met I convinced him to hand over everything he'd collected on, and from, me over the years so either way I'm certain that all of this information got into the hands of Kristen Gabriel safe and sound where I intended it to go all along. She was the only one I could say with all my heart and soul that I completely trusted without any question or doubt ever arising. That's still the case as I write this, whether she's in that body somewhere somehow in circular time or in her new one or both.

So with this childhood vigilante history of mine in mind Papa Legba came to me one day after a torrid few other stories which came and went as I continued listening to the song "God" by John Lennon on a loop, that which eventually became my song "Snakeskin Requiem (for John Lennon)", and he told me clear as day: "you need backup doing what you're doing and we want to be that for you, I

work for Special Services, United Nations". So I ended up in a beautiful house in Queens, New York with a fully functional recording studio in the basement doing what I do best, all of it at the same time. Or that same inner light which manifests out of me in all these different forms. That turned into the Marshal Stack Stories.

You see Kristen only lived about a fifteen minute drive from there over the border in Elmont in Long Island. So our shimmering high school romance was flung into re-ignition in our twenties and there she sat waiting for me at the end of a long day of intelligence information collecting, sitting on my victorian looking couch in the dim yellow light at night with a million dollar smile sparkling as she always did, asking: "how was your day?". Off she'd send my head spinning with millions of songs a minute and I'd be in the bugged basement recording studio singing and playing my little heart out.

Eventually Papa Legba was dealing with Kristen as well because it was obvious that I needed her and she was great at performing her part with exacting precision. That turned into the Marshal Stack stories, as I was saying. After they'd implanted that guitar amplifier with all the surveillance equipment, I had the idea (Kristen insists I call it "Brilliant idea" with a capital "B") to run a John & Yoko style intelligence operation for all the Strawberries I was attracting. There were hoodlums young and old of all gender variations and sexual orientations. I was the somewhat absent but nurturing and protecting father figure and Kristen was the doting mother who'd bring the kids to the Marshal Stack guitar amplifier to gush their little hearts out to me about all the horrible things they were experiencing on the streets. Abuses suffered at home, trouble with gang warfare, drug addictions after being raped, all sorts of horror stories. All of that intelligence information was going right to the US Marshal via the Marshal Stack guitar amplifier to the good ol' United States government via Special Services, United Nations.

My Dutch grandfather who was very proud of his French descent also was with the people's resistance in The Netherlands during World War Two. There's a famous family story which takes place during "The Hunger Winter" in Rotterdam where the Nazi's

were going door to door to enforceable enlist able bodied men and my grandfather drank a pint of Ox gall or blood or something to make himself sick and appear as if he were dying while his wife, my grandmother, stood by the bed with their children. He'd continue on the following days calmly painting his portraits and doing good for the people in the street as best he could.

I gave Kristen the keys to my Nutopian psyche and explained to her how the system of consciousness worked using these pages and lots of wonderful conversations and performances. Papa Legba watched and listened from the sidelines most of the time but eventually got caught up in our divine ritual dance himself. He used white hat hypnosis to counter the black hat hypnosis as well and with all of that tossed into the proverbial womb of mother Mary, also known as the PsycheDharmic rock tumbler, these techniques used in the past and present to also make sleeper agents turned into the healing extravaganza of lifetimes. Kristen was given the instructions along with the manual by yours truly and I told her to pass along the information down linear time to my daughter's mother and other handlers.

And so it was done... and here I rotate.

2. Leela Shivani Catharina

Leela Shivani Catharina, my daughter first and also the gal who happens to be Kristen Gabriel's reincarnation, was born out of my mind in Strawberry Fields, Nutopia... and the womb of her very lovely French mother who was implanted with my turned on seed. What happened sexually between me and her lovely mother is none of anybody's business. Kristen didn't have her own sexuality because of a hormone condition in her case related to her cystic fibrosis, and in her own way - neither did Leela's mother.

We stood in front of the building which housed the machines which gave us a peak at our first glimpse of our little baby girl and announced her name: Leela Shivani Catharina. "Leela" means the play or dance between the male and female forms of God in Dharma, "Shivani" is the female of Shiva (destroyer of the ego) and Catharina was my Dutch grandmother's name who had vague Italian roots and was the best Oma anybody could ever ask for.

A true war hero, she once walked miles upon miles to a nearby town dodging Nazis for one loaf of bread to feed her family. One of the countless forgotten holy mothers of the war who stayed home as best they could and did what they had to do for their husbands and children. This work is for the silent, praying, forgotten ones.

She's the lady depicted in the included drawing here in these pages. Later on I'd used a still shot from a 3D sonogram to put into that water splash digital painting I've also included here. She danced only when chanted to by me, her daddy. "Om..." I would breeze softly with my silky baritone voice onto her mere's belly. "A-U-M... Om..." and there would come Leela awake and well punching and kicking and licking at the spot where the sound came from, the first sound in the universe... before creation and after destruction.

Leading up to her birth we reached the milestone of October 9th... John Lennon's birthday and Leela's mother danced into the night hoping to trigger a delivery on that exact date... but to no avail. Then came that faithful Friday the 13th in October of all months, mother & father nature calmly giggling with us to mind our magical thinking, and it was well before sunrise when Leela's mother woke me up to tell me that she was certain the baby was coming this time. Up we went, she insisted I'd have a breakfast chai while we sat on the porch in the garden. Her water never broke.

You see, due to that hormone imbalance mentioned earlier which Kristen had because of her cystic fibrosis, Kristen always needed to bring her water with her. So out she came, reincarnated on the exact day and born water pouch first exactly as I'd predicted all those years ago when I first wrote these pages. Along the way I ensured we'd be proving that it's really all about whether or not there is a retention of consciousness dimensionally in quantum space and I taught Kristen "how" to think about it rather than what specifically to think about. She filled in some little details and off we went into the abyss of consciousness only for her to return as the strongest little beautiful angel I've ever laid eyes upon. The first thing she did as she lay on her mother's chest was lift herself up by the arms and let out the most adorable little roar... I have it on film.

So yeah... "Hi." This is Daddy from "The Leela & Daddy show", the adult version. Also the founder of "The Hi Network", ever mysterious as we are, and most definitely PsycheDharmic Pharmaceuticals.

3. The New Maquis

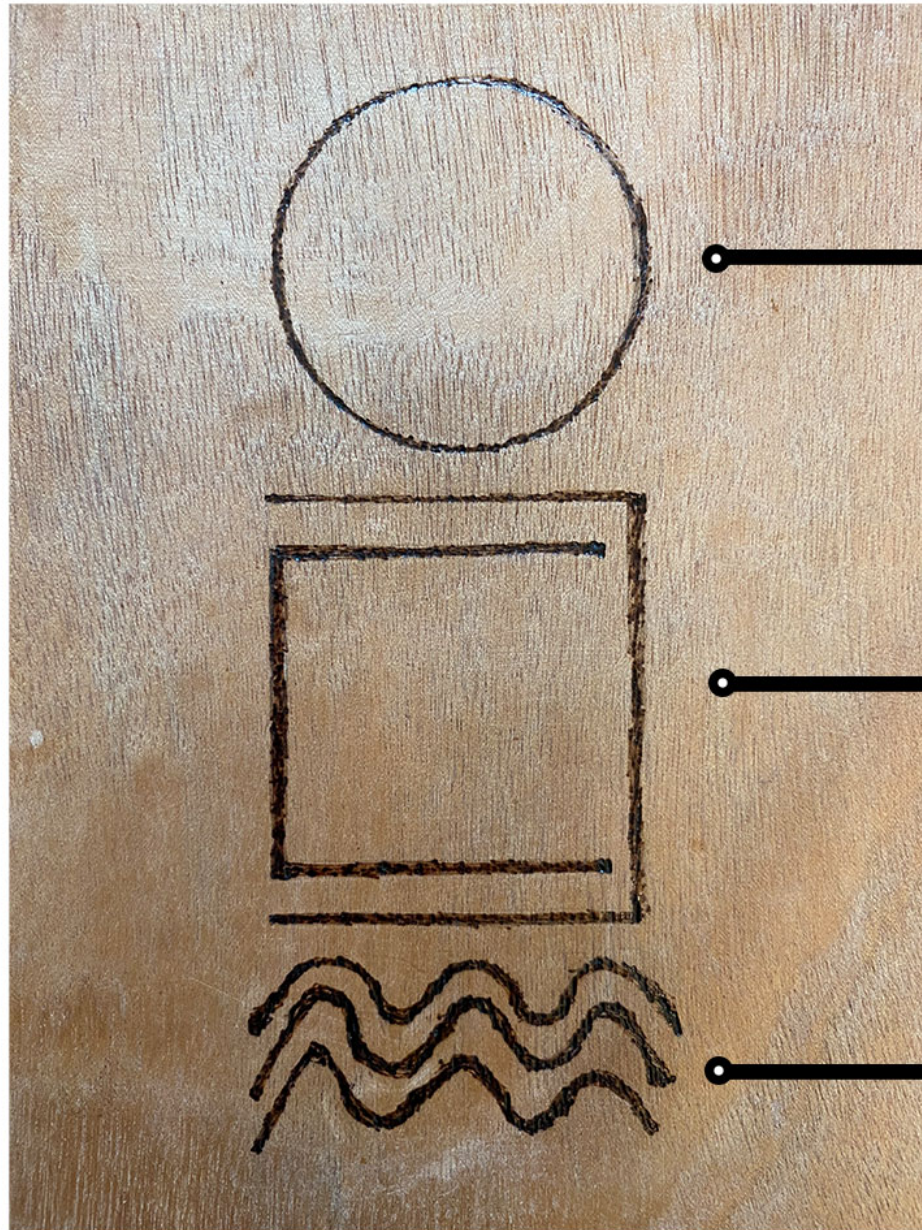
I was very inspired by "Star Trek" in my younger days during the abuse and loved looking up all the different references the writers made. The Maquis were definitely one of those. Off I went looking for the storied spoils of history and found a treasure trove of information, including personal family stories, which inspired me to become who I am now and create here what I have created. I could regale you now with endless stories both imagined and oh so very very real. Usually it's a generous mix of poetic flourishes amongst biographical details, but one thing which I will say at this point is that it's always been of the people, for the people, by the people.

Along the way I discovered that I'm Wakinyan, Heyoka, The Blood Reina, Maharaji Hijrani and most definitely Dr. Juke Psychedelikiss Lightning, to name a few of my many names and titles. But I'll always be Maquis, first and foremost. And so you see, I can pluck the work I leave behind in Strawberry Fields, Nutopia back out of the ether like the silent secret symbols I've created. Out of that very same dream was born my daughter, Leela Shivani Catharina.

Humanity is waking up, and our creativity can no longer be controlled and contained by your machines of industry. Let the Neon Olympus proclaim "YES! I too long to return to the womb of the holy mother Mary. Yes. I too dream dreams of righteous salvation for the entirety of this rotating planet and all of its splendorous life which sparkles in the eye of Kristen Gabriel and her recreation." I, Shiva, weep with you in the gutters of the Neon Olympus... but not all of my tears hurt, most of them don't. I am the sparkle in Kristen Gabriel's eyes.

These are the memories I chose to keep... and though one could easily be fooled, "This Is [Not] A Performance" to begin with.

The Symbol



• Circular Time

• The brackets without the “[Not]”,
as in: “This Is [Not] A Performance”

• The River Of Consciousness
1. Cognitive Consciousness
2. Objective Consciousness
3. Subjective Consciousness

Memories Of Individuality

Each feather represents a loving memory made of the elemental building structure of Universal Consciousness, in circular time... rotationally.

What individuality are you building with your elemental building blocks of Universal Consciousness?



Consciousness Gradient

In Dimensions:

1. D



2. D



3. D



4. D



5. D



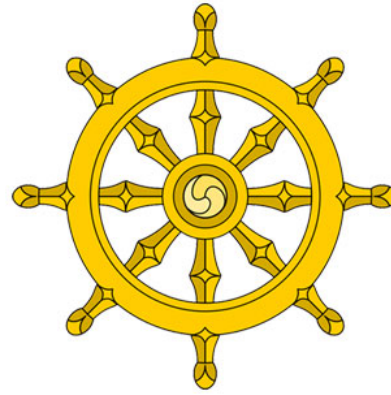
The 5th Direction Gradient



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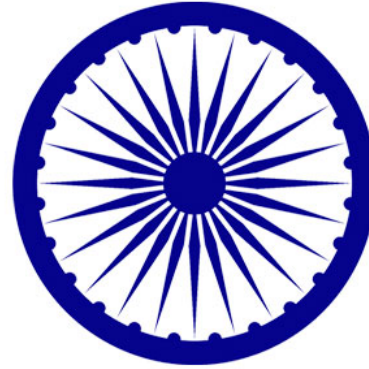
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Buddha's Wheel

The Four Noble Truths

1. Dukkha (not being at ease, 'suffering', from dush-stha, standing unstable).
Dukkha is an innate characteristic of transient existence; nothing is forever,
this is painful;
2. Samudaya (origin, arising, combination; 'cause'): together with this transient
world and its pain, there is also thirst, craving for and attachment to this transient,
unsatisfactory existence;
3. Nirodha (cessation, ending, confinement): the attachment to this transient
world and its pain can be severed or contained by the confinement or letting go of
this craving;
4. Marga (road, path, way): the Noble Eightfold Path is the path leading to
the confinement of this desire and attachment, and the release from dukkha.



Ashoka's Wheel

The 24 spokes represent the twelve causal links taught by the Buddha and paṭiccasamuppāda (Dependent Origination, Conditional Arising) in forward and then reverse order. The first 12 spokes represent 12 stages of suffering. The next 12 spokes represent no cause no effect. So, due to awareness of the mind, the formation of mental conditioning stops. This process stops the process of birth and death, i.e. nibbāna. It also depicts the “wheel of time”. The twelve causal links, paired with their corresponding symbols, are:

1. Avidyā: ignorance
2. Saṅkhāra: conditioning of mind unknowingly
3. Vijñāna: not being conscious
4. Nāmarūpa: name and form (constituent elements of mental and physical existence)
5. Ṣaḷāyatana: six senses (eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, and mind)
6. Sparśa: contact
7. Vedanā: sensation
8. Taṇhā: thirst
9. Upādāna: grasping
10. Bhava: coming to be
11. Jāti: birth
12. Jarāmaraṇa: old age and death – corpse being carried.

Observations On Rotating

There aren't adequate words enough to express how completely serene and comforting it is to rotate.

Everything troublesome falls away knowing that the rotation is eternal.

Love and pure consciousness.

I identify as the rotation itself...
universal consciousness.

Dearest future children of mine...

Either evil people tortured me to the point where I hurt the love of my life in ways I'd happily be punished for again... or there's more to the story and my so called delusions have substance.

Either way... I love each and every one of you, my child, Leela Shivani Catharina, and any and all future children of mine that there might ever be... and this is me trying to sort out some things.

For. Your. Love.

Special note:

Though I no longer believe that Nathan Filmour is my father, and neither do I believe that I'm a savant... though I might be technically wrong about that, but my brain swelling is its own entity and much of the more miraculous things that have happened can easily be attributed to that, the fact of the matter is that Grandpa Nathan, a great artist himself, helped out a younger artist that was really struggling to speak. Therefore this work is presented as is.

Cascading glass shards of memory.

Beware... it's like the entire universe, the fabric of reality, keeps screaming "YOU'RE A HIJRA!" at me. See I don't even really like the scene. The scene.

You know what I mean. Whether it's drag in New York or Mumbai, drag is drag and artists that present themselves that way do that knowingly and some of them are very very good at what they do but my art, and I as an artist am just, well... it ain't my cup of tea, I'm different. Even when I wore makeup it was more natural looking, just some foundation and Kajol, an Indian eye liner made of charcoal. It's Ayurvedic and good for the eyes as well. Not the flamboyant style of the common Hijra or other kinds of people in drag. I think dresses are swell and in my dream world my very pretty feminine back looks beautiful in a

gorgeous sari... but I look too masculine up front so I took to wearing dhotis for a while. An Indian tunic kind of draped clothing, very much like a sari but acceptable for men to wear in a traditional setting. It's very old fashioned actually but I was like "no shit I get to wear a male sari yo!" These days I stick to my regular ol' cowboy outfits and when I have access to it a whole lot of vibhuti. The holy ash of Lord Shiva.

They took it all. The bastards took it aaaalllll away. For years! For so many many years. Mr. Sampson was definitely a helping hand at times but I was the kid that was supposed to get saved by special services for being a secret little Hijra boy. Instead they got me involved in the fight for the very sanctity of the future itself. The god damned whispery machines. The actual god damned whispery machine wars. Gangs running entire neighborhoods in New York and the slum lords of Mumbai don't look so different when night falls. I got raped many times all the same, from a very young age. I got beaten to high heavens all the same.

I got rejected all the same. Thrown away with the trash like any ol' Hijra. See... I was raised away from all that, the Hijra clans... the tribe. I only had a very brief interaction with them in my early childhood and that was during the filming of the Pakistani propaganda film which I've written about here in the Wakinyan book. I'm a Hindu. I'm a Hijra. There's no way around.

I can hear the hoards of Kristen's devotees screaming "Hijrani!!!" far off in the distance somewhere in Nutopia. In our dreams. Maharaji Hijrani. A secret nickname, or even title, of mine given to me by my devotees from New York. "Great king third gender queen." That's what it means. It's all encapsulating of my gender, that's what I like about it. On top of that it's a clever portmanteau of two Hindi words. Hijra and Rani. Third Gender and Queen. Hijrani. My secret devotees from New York recognize openly, first and foremost my female back, my female skin, my female brain and most certainly my female scar. You can't have a scar where your vagina used to be without having had a vagina... and yes, I am a well endowed male.

I am Hijrani. Kristen's Maharaji Hijrani. That's what she lovingly called me. The shining star that she was. Come at me haters. I'm done.

I asked a real life MIB agent for a divorce once.

There was a moment, or maybe several, during the original rotation in the 2007 to 2009 period, the Walking With The Devil period, when I wanted with every fiber of my being to destroy Mr. Sampson, the man from Special Services, United Nations, the MIB agent. Men In Black, like in the movies, were what Special Services, United Nations agents like Mr. Sampson were known as on the streets of New York. In the ghettos amongst hoodlums. I remember it was in the hospital observation room in Long Island Jewish Medical Center with all the cameras and the upside down crucifix window designed by that insane architect from the flower power era, the one that designed that hideous prison depicted on the cover of the Pink Floyd Animals album. Mr. Sampson had just told me at length why his wife divorced him. "Can I get a divorce from you too?!!!" I snarled at him. I meant it too, I genuinely wished at the time that I could have divorced the man from Special Services, United Nations that appeared in flashes in my memories, stretching back well into my earliest memories.

Mr. Sampson had been there in the shadows watching my life unfold. He'd explained to me that he worked for the United Nations and that he was there to help me because I'm a very rare medical case. A masculine dominant hermaphrodite like Andy Warhol and The Artist Formerly Known As Prince.

He explained it to me again one day in a laundromat in Harlem in New York City. He asked me to show him my back and he explained to me that anatomically I have a female back. That's one of the milder stories which helped me understand what I am a great deal. I've also been in gunfights fighting alongside Mr. Sampson at his behest. Several times he literally put one of his guns in my hand, the little one like in the Men In Black movies with Will Smith. I always got the little gun. A small revolver in the real-life stories. Mr. Sampson used a sleek black pistol which had a golden inlay of a vine with golden

leaves. Every time he'd kill someone with that gun he'd add a golden leaf, he'd explained to me. My every single encounter with Mr. Sampson was recorded on either security cameras in public places like the laundromat in Harlem mention here or by Mr. Sampson in audio form on his phone. That and secret surveillance equipment. Once his granddaughter even filmed me saving all three of our lives in Coney Island in Brooklyn on her cellphone. That was my New York.

Mr. Sampson's wife had divorced him because of the hypnosis. You see like in the Men In Black movies there was the little flashy thing that would wipe your memory and they could make up fake memories and cover up peoples encounters with the "top secret" that way, in real life that was hypnosis. Mr. Sampson was one of the most gifted hypnotists that ever walked the face of this earth. That was his super power and that's how he ended up with a Special Services, United Nations badge. He could have you hypnotized in a flash and knew exactly how to erase and insert false memories. That's why his wife divorced him because, you see, he'd hypnotize anybody to get his way. His level of power, with one of the most powerful badges a person can carry, translated to an unchecked superpower. Nobody was safe from Mr. Sampson's rapid induction hypnosis techniques and memory altering methods. I wanted to divorce him for the same reasons.

So basically the flashy gadget from the Men In Black movies is really rapid induction hypnosis, and in the field, I discovered that these crazy motherf*ckers had actually weaponized these techniques and there were actual good hypnotists and bad hypnotists that worked for dangerous prison gangs like the Islamic Brotherhood. We all just had to trust that Mr. Sampson, MIB agent, was one of the good guys while we were all left with holes in our heads.

In my case I was hospitalized at the time of this conversation and they'd put actual holes in my head to relieve the pressure on my skull from brain swelling caused by elevated hormone levels due to my super rare medical condition. But I knew exactly why Mr. Sampson's wife divorced him because I had the same holes in my proverbial head, my memories.

Mr. Sampson wanted to leave it all to me. I was supposed to be Will Smith like in the movies and replace him at MIB when I got older. He said he'd leave his guns and hat he often wore when he came to see me in his will. I told him I wanted an opportunity to use my own superpowers to show him what I can do. Long story short, that resulted in me drafting a love letter with wild and passionate poetic flourish on his behalf to his wife in an effort to try and get him back home, because Mr. Sampson confided in me, see, that he was dying of a brain tumor. He spilled the beans on his feelings for his wife and all the ups and downs and victories and regrets and I scribbled away translating it all to the language of lovers and poets.

I spoke to Mr. Sampson's son years later, also named Prince, and he told me they'd had that letter framed. Mr. Sampson died peacefully with his wife and children not long after that.

All I needed was love.

Under Cover.

"Oh come on!" The school nurse said not long after I'd gotten to the Nurse's office for my physical exam. "You're under cover right?" I couldn't have felt more confused, I had no idea what she was talking about.

It was about my back again, she hastily made that clear when she saw that I wasn't only completely confused, I felt like crying. The entire situation left me feeling extremely bewildered and I had an outburst of emotion, just barely able to fight back the tears.

"Come on, pants off". She said. "Shorts too". The entire incident left me feeling really fragile and insecure. She checked to make sure my testicles were attached, her hands were cold. It was traumatic. "Ok that's fine, get dressed". She went on to explain that she'd thought I was an under cover narcotics agent, saying that sometimes officers went under cover as high school students to track down drug dealers. "I noticed your back" she said. I understand now that that meant she thought I was a female narcotics officer in disguise as a high-school boy.

They made the entire incident disappear, nobody ever said anything about it again. These memories are still fraught with all sorts of tumultuous emotions for me. The haze of anxiety glossing over very real confrontations with a topic nobody had prepared me for.

Many years later now I look back on these memories with a smile as well, however, believe it or not. It still isn't easy and like I said, all those difficult feelings are still there, but there's a certain sweetness that comes along with thinking of my childhood as that of a secret hermaphrodite, intersex. The many many ups and downs of childhood and the sensitivity I used to feel so trapped by now have become a radiant warm motherly smile. It took me a while but I did a lot of growing up along the way.

I am Shakti looking into the mirror of consciousness and recognizing "I am Shiva". That's how I get through my days. The mother goddess observing herself and realizing that she is the emotional template for her husband Shiva. Universal consciousness expressed in individual form. Shakti, in this story, is Parvati... after all. The daughter of the mountain, of human birth.

I figure I don't really need to point out the irony regarding my secret vigilante work and later activities with Special Services, United Nations that this incident puts on display. I was a long way down the road of woe, and had many a steps yet to go.

The Aghora Sadhu Who Led The Salaat.

Once upon a time in Strawberry Fields, Nutopia there was an Aghora Sadhu who had strayed very far from home. He'd come to see me all the way from Bharat, India. Sent by the solemn devotees of Swami Lakshmanjoo, I think they took pity on all the hardships I'd have to endure, knowing full well what was coming.

The rotation. That one, the one with the upside down crucifix windows. But this was in the in between. The parts when everybody's memory blocking had at long last worn off. I'd asked specifically for an old sadhu who had been born into a Muslim family, knowing full well what kind of psyche profile that would bring to my doorsteps. I'd made these requests back in the

original rotation, the 2007 to 2009 period. Here he was, stood before me, in the flesh. I was eager to show him my brand of Shaivism. But first we shared and reveled in the old stories, referring to Gods and Goddesses to express our points of view. “Parvati at the cremation grounds screaming ‘Shivoham!’” “Yes.” Came the reply... and so it went.

“Babaji... I want to show you something. I want to show you how I practice Shaivism. It makes it vibrant and alive. I work with Psychoanalysis.” I said, or something to that effect. “Ok.” He wasn’t a man of many words but he spoke Indian-English very well.

I proceeded to ask this aged Aghora Sadhu who had been running around the west in his orange loincloth with no possessions if he’d lead us in the Islamic salaah, the ritualistic Muslim prayers. I knew full well that I was harkening at his deepest childhood demons, the journey from Islam to Shaivism being fraught with peril, specially in our native home land where politics are still fought tooth and nails in the streets. I asked him if he still remembered how to recite the verses in Arabic and perform the proper gestures. He replied that he did, and so he led us in prayer, Muslim style, still wearing nothing but his orange loincloth.

When the prayer was at long last concluded out came the venom with a fiery haste. “And now none of us will ever say the salaah again!!!” Came his order. A scared child barking at the moon. I’d shown him his own reflection. Here was an actual Aghora Sadhu who had slept on the cremation grounds in India and drank from human skulls by fires along the banks of the Ganges. This man had meditated seated upon rotting corpses. As were the ancient practices of the Aghora. Here he was, an aged old man on foreign shores collapsed in egocentric childhood pain, collapsed at my feet.

Me and Babaji had long conversations about the incident and he was very well able to understand all my psychoanalytic banter. He knew full well that he’d made the right choice in giving me permission to begin my own Aghora derived offshoot tribe of western Aghora Sadhus & Sadhis. Rooted firmly in civilization but uprooted all the same with Aghora wisdom and teachings as our foundational bed. You see... we’d already met years

earlier in New York when I slept beside that upside down crucifix window in the hospital observation room. He’d taught me the Aghora Mantra, echoed by the devotees of Swami Lakshmanjoo, the torch was passed to me, to begin a whole new tribe of spiritual warriors across the world in a cold land.

Far away from the shores of my beloved Bharat for whom I ache with every second that painfully passed away without me in her embrace. Bharat... sweet Bharat.

My heart bleeds for Bharat mercilessly...

<https://www.lakshmanjooacademy.org/blog/the-meaning-and-importance-of-the-aghora-mantra>

Tryambakam: The Three Eyed Lord.

I sing my daughter to sleep every night. We call it “The Leela & Daddy Show: Dodo Time”. “Dodo” is French kids talk for “Sleep”. I make little 1 to 3 minute recordings for her and I’ll sing the chorus or hook of some song or a cute lullaby. While I’m away I include the link to the original of whatever song I conjured up that evening. This way I get to be there every evening at the most sensitive part of the day.

So I asked my daughter today if she had any song requests for “The Leela & Daddy Show” tonight. She replies with her soft voice in French, “that song you sing when I’m sick”. My daughter’s half-French and spoke shyly to her mother in French. I knew instantly that she meant the Mahamrityunjai mantra. The first complex mantra I ever learned. Being self taught it was George Harrison’s work with the sitar maestro Ravi Shankar that turned me on. I naturally gravitated towards that mantra on the album “Chants Of India” from the first moment I heard it.

I was locked up in a little room in my father’s house in those days. All of aged 13 or so. As mentioned extensively in earlier writings I was suffering every single type of abuse imaginable in those days and it was all done under the mask of Islam. The fact that the situation was entirely against every religion imaginable seemed to be a fact that escaped my father, Ahsan Zafar Fazli. So naturally I

identified as a Hindu as soon as I had the freedom of mind and body to read stuff about it or look up lectures by famous historical gurus.

I loved the artwork both visually and musically and The Beatles were there to meet me at the door. My psychedelic era began at a very young age.

“Oh you mean the Mahamrityunjai mantra! Om tryambakam jayamahe...” I said in English and Sanskrit. “Oui!!!” Came my daughter’s reply in French with a big smile. We understood each other just fine. But it’s even more beautiful when you actually understand what the words we spoke together mean.

“Om (The first sound in the universe, before creation and after destruction). We worship the three eyed Lord.” That’s what the part in Sanskrit means which I spoke to my daughter. To which she replied, all of aged seven, a super enthusiastic and happy “Yes!” In French.

See I never experienced that with my father’s Islam. His religion was about fear of persecution as an incentive to do good. Mine is about a conscious emotional state wherein we very experientially feel exalted. Exalted means to be in a state of extreme happiness.

“We worship The Three Eyed Lord, who is fragrant and who nourishes all. Like the fruit falls off from the bondage of the stem, may we be liberated from death, from mortality.”

That’s what the Mahamrityunjai mantra means in English. There’s ample sources online which elaborate on the context of the story this mantra is found in... and that story rings true for me individually because it saved my life many times in the most darkest of times.

Today I had an experience which my father never had. My daughter joyfully asked me to sing a religious song for her bedtime routine. Shiva, The Three Eyed Lord even beat out The Beatles and Twinkle Twinkle Little Star!

“ChidAanandaRupa Shivoham!” I am that eternal bliss and pure consciousness, I am Shiva!

... and LOVE shall inherit the earth.

The Mirror Of Consciousness

When MahaShiva observes Himself in the mirror of consciousness He sees only MahaShakti. When MahaShakti observes Herself in the mirror of consciousness She sees only MahaShiva.

When Wakín̄yaŋ observes Herself in the mirror of consciousness She sees only Heyókha. When Heyókha observes Himself in the mirror of consciousness He sees only Wakín̄yaŋ.

Today I'm a proud half-Indian Hindu daddy. When I used to wear makeup and shaved my facial hair I felt too masculine to be so feminine, now I don't pluck my eyebrows and don't wear makeup and have a big beard and I feel more feminine then ever. I've learned to identify myself as Shakti in her Parvati form at the cremation grounds screaming in full self realization: "Shivoham!", I am Shiva! I am Dhumavati. I am Parvati. I am Shakti. Shivoham, Shivoham, Shivoham. MahaAvatar of Ardhanarishvar. When you know your Hindu deities that makes complete sense. It does in the Lakota way as well.

Meghan Mooney.

"FAIZI CAN I SEE YOU BUTT?!" I can still hear the cackling of Megan Mooney's laughter echoing through the halls of Sewanhaka Highschool, outside of the lunchroom in the hallway. Every day at the same time Megan Mooney would be waiting for me outside of the cafeteria at school. We had the same lunch period for a while.

I developed a strategy. I would get there early, earlier than her was the goal, grab my lunch, and hide in the library and eat my lunch there. You were aloud to eat in the library at lunch if you needed to study. So to the library I'd run as fast as I could. Lunch tray in hand I'd dash through the hallway to the library. One day it seemed she missed me. She was very pretty and had died her curly hair blonde. It looked good on her. I hated that she scared me so much cause I had a little bit of a crush on her. Not big enough of one to do something about it but I thought she was very pretty. She was just so loud and I couldn't even really figure out if butt meant the front or the back. I was just learning to speak English and there was nobody to ask. There she was... fear gripped every part of my little body,

I had only just met Kristen and hadn't gone through the transformation that encounter would bring yet. One day she'd gotten there early too, earlier than me, and was waiting for me by the entrance of the lunchroom. "Faizi I'm Dutch too! I saw you on TV". She proceeded to recount a joke I'd made when I was younger. I used to call my posterior my big butt and my female genitals little butt. I froze. I could feel from what I now understand that barrier where hypnotic memory blocking gets confronted and tested. I've had that moment a few times in my life

since then. So this is one instance where I know for sure that hypnotic memory blocking was used.

At that point I had another flashback. I've had flashbacks my whole life. I saw who I now know to be Mr. Sampson sitting in the therapy office where I used to go for my speech therapy in the Netherlands. I used to stutter. Years later he'd explained to me that he'd been there since I was a child and that they'd tried to use the same hypnosis techniques to try to help me adjust to life as just male, having had my vagina removed as a child, I was left with just my male genitals, so they used hypnotic memory blocking to make me forget about all of the traumatic gender stuff that had happened in my earliest life. I was born with both but the female parts were too underdeveloped to be sustained. There was never any choice.

I couldn't understand yet at the time what I know now, so writing this piece and reflecting on it in chronological order and with the proper context helps a great deal in clarifying memories I've struggled with for a very long

time. I won't stop writing for people who wish I'd rather accept being completely mad as if I were imagining all this stuff. Meghan knew about that joke I used to make. How the hell could she know about that?! Who was this girl? Years later Kristen showed me some footage in the hospital observation room in Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New York which I've written about extensively in these writings. The Wakinyan book. There was the Pakistani propaganda film, and... old Dutch news footage of my birth in which they'd announced that the parents of the child had requested to respect the child's privacy. Why did nobody remember this and what was all that footage I was shown? There was even an entire interview with me as a little kid on an old Dutch tv program. Had they hypnotized that many people? My own mother? Did they block everybody's memories? I know they did mine to the point where my brain feels thoroughly abused. Grated. Worn. Too much memory meddling. The stuff that sleeper agents are made of.

I was prepared for the job I've done from a very young age. There aren't many people who can handle that much

extensive memory meddling.

Meghan Mooney’s mother came to me with her daughter when I was in the hospital all those years later. I remembered that Meghan’s parents had called mine when we were younger and asked if I’d wanted to go out on a date with Meghan. To which I responded by crying hysterically in my mother’s lap. Being so confused that I couldn’t get the words out to tell her what had happened.

I didn’t understand yet at that age what had happened. It all felt so tragic... I felt like a little baby that couldn’t handle a thing, not a young man who’d just been asked on a date by a beautiful young lady. “We believe in you... we’re part of a group, we know who you are” Meghan’s mother told me. I don’t remember much else about that other than the fact that Meghan tried to tell me she was my sister, to which I responded that she most certainly wasn’t.

I was obsessed with Neem Karoli Baba at the time, one of the many times I’ve been obsessed with Maharajji. I’d remembered stories where he’d throw fruits at his devotees when he was displeased with them or felt like being a tease. I picked up my orange that the hospital kitchen staff had given me and threw it at her. I could barely see her. My brain was swelling and I’d had surgery. Two stents put in and holes drilled into my head to reduce the swelling. As mentioned, my hormones had gone completely through the roof.

Meghan didn’t appreciate that very much. The orange hit her square in the head. I was imitating Neem Karoli Baba and I was scared of Meghan. Her mother was a sweetheart and spoke to me softly in Dutch. Reassuring me and trying to play the part of my mother, my real mother was a universe away across the ocean in The Netherlands.

Kristen said that at one point I’d started speaking to her in Dutch and they couldn’t understand me. I’d lost the ability to speak English for a little while, I was also temporarily paralyzed from the waist down and on half my face which would droop downwards, making it very difficult to talk. Kristen knew Meghan from school and had asked if they could help, knowing that Meghan’s family spoke Dutch as well. They were the only other people around who spoke the language I was speaking that we knew of, but from what Meghan’s mother told me they were far more deeply

involved than I ever knew. I still don’t know what group she was talking about but I gather it’s some Hindu one. Get in touch... whoever you are. Please help me put the pieces together.

I’m sharing these stories because I’m meditating and I have sought refuge in the arms of the people, the upper ranks of society having failed me drastically. Do you realize, dear reader, that I have to go through all of this just to be who I was born as? At no point was any of this psychotic behavior warranted.

I was born and I began to dance. I grew up and I began to write. I stepped out of time and began to sing. I am wingless but I am whole. I am Ardhanaarishvar. I am Shiva. I am Shiva. I am Shiva.

To my great horror I saw on the interview footage they took of me when I was a kid that I’d fumbled the same words around again. This was all those year later in the hospital. I felt all those feelings of dread again which came up when Meghan tried to pick me up with that joke. Big butt, little butt. I asked Kristen to explain to her in private that I don’t have my little butt anymore... just a scar where my female genitalia used to be.

Half-Man, Half-Woman Cowboy at The Coney Island Burlesque Freak Show!

One of the last remnants of the freak shows of a bygone era is the Coney Island Burlesque Freak Show in Brooklyn, New York. They have freaks and geeks of all sorts. Tattooed ladies and people with deformities. Insectivora worked there in those days... a fire spitting, sword swallowing, tattooed and pierced lady who presented the show. My favorite was probably the girl that did a World War 2 era striptease as if performing for the troops stationed in Europe.

But yeah... gosh... what a wonderful way for people to embrace their anomalous deformities in a spirit of art and culture. I felt right at home there actually. It was really cozy and old fashioned. Naturally these folks that ran the place had it a lot better in today’s era than their

counterparts throughout history but they were freaks on display and proud of it all the same. It’s run in the Coney Island Museum in the summers along the beach in New York. An artist like Tom Waits would have fit right in. That kinda scene but legit. Real people, some of whom really suffered, pulling their own “[not] a performances” and putting it all on display. Truth. Celebrated.

One summer, one of my first times there, I was looking around the museum area of the place where the show was about to start when a large gentleman, Caucasian, mid 40’s, walks up to me. “Excuse me? Can you tell me where the bathroom is?” He asked me. I’ll never forget that moment... I said, “I don’t know I don’t work here”. He recoiled in shame as if he’d just screamed out “n*gger” in the middle of Harlem at night. “Oh I’m SO sorry!” He came back at me. I dismissed the incident as just another New York night flashing by in shards of indifference. Went to the show, met with one of the great loves of my life, Leela’s mother, and attended an incredible show hosted by Insectivora herself, the legend in the flesh. After the show I go round the exit and lean into a shadow, smoking a cigarette by myself. The girls I was with were busy going to the restroom. It was a warm summer night in New York City on the boardwalk of Coney Island on the shores of Brooklyn and I’d just fallen madly in love with a visiting French girl who ended up crashing at my place while visiting New York. It was a good, quiet, cigarette.

I was spacing out a little bit, heart a flutter and butterflies galore. Out strolls the same gentleman who’d asked me where the bathroom was. “Oh hey I’m so sorry about that earlier...” he said. “Sorry about what?” I said. “You mean you don’t know?!” He said, astonished, the man was very expressive. “No I mean because of your back.” He said, with a very serious tone of voice. “My back??” I asked, wondering what the hell he was on about. “I’m a doctor.” He said. Going on about some kind of specialty in this or that. I couldn’t hear I was having autistic issues and couldn’t focus anymore. I didn’t notice the girls were waiting for me off in the distance by then. “Ok”. I said.

“You’re a hermaphrodite, you have a female back”. He said out of nowhere. I was wearing cowboy boots, black Levi’s 501’s, and a rad plaid cowboy shirt with flowers embroidered on it. I wore my facial hair a bit stubbly. I had my sunglasses on at night cause I was in Brooklyn, New

York with a group of beautiful women at a freak show. Sunglasses at night with that outfit works in that part of the world in that kinda situation, and my attitude.

“You mean to tell me that you don’t know?! Your parents didn’t tell you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about man...”

“Here... I’m a doctor, let me show you...”

He proceeds to put his fist between my shoulder-blades talking about the differences in anatomy in the skeletal structures of men and women. I had flashbacks to being with an ex-girlfriend of mine talking about how I looked like a woman from the back after we had sex one afternoon in my room in Harlem and I was sitting on the edge of the bed and she was still laying back... “Oh my god! Can I take a picture? No I’m seriously like, feeling all nice after that orgasm and I’m kinda spaced out and I’m laying here looking at you thinking: ‘did I just have sex with a beautiful woman??!’” That’s what she said, pretty much word for word or as close as there’s ever gonna be a record of. I thought of her because I hadn’t been that hopelessly and romantically in love with someone like I was with Leela’s mother in that moment. It reminded me of a young lover from a bygone era. I wrote a blues-opera for that girl, the second installment of the tryptic, “Une Chanson d’Amour” contained songs I’d actually written for my ex-girlfriend, an Irish girl from New York from the local performing arts high-school whom I’d met in Strawberry Fields, Central Park.

I thanked that guy and wished for years I’d gotten his phone number and kept in touch. He did me a real solid, you know? Explained it to me about the anatomy of the birds and the bees and how the bosoms heaving in the heat result in a certain curvature in the upper spine between the shoulder-blades or something. In other words my spiritual boobies were heaving and my actual back was very noticeable female at the time. Because it was summer in the city and I was feeling groovy.

So I got mistaken for a half-man, half-woman cowboy employee of the Coney Island Burlesque Freak Show while falling in love with the mother of my daughter... the girl that would be the reincarnation of the great Kristen

Gabriel in the future. It was a fantastic summer. “You have a beautiful back...” were the last words that doctor said to me... and I’ll never forget him.

God.

“God is a concept by which we measure our pain...”
-John Lennon, God.

I don’t remember the first time I listened to the song “God”, by John Lennon off the album “Plastic Ono Band”. Which really is too bad given what a seminal part of my life that song became. For many years I’d tried and failed, as per my own opinion, to write my own “God”. By which I meant reaching that same place of liberation and anguish from within and I’d follow in the masters footsteps and write my own version of what he accomplished with that song. That became the goal, the dream.

I remember being completely enamored with the fact that the actual John Lennon had sung “I don’t believe in Beatles”. That impressed me somewhat major. I loved the iconoclasm of the whole thing. A word I was already well acquainted with at the tender age of fourteen. Iconoclasm. I was an art student, you see, and the term had come up in my studies of art history. The whole thing made me feel like I’d discovered some ancient holy text from a forgotten era... “I just believe in me, Yoko and me, and that’s reality...” John Lennon sang towards the end of the song. This was everything I believed. I’d found my guru, I thought to myself. It wasn’t long before the word “Shivoham” came to be almost like a single worded summary of that song to me. I am Shiva.

I’d been a huge Zorro fan too in my younger years... I somewhat fancied the idea of taking up a vigilante cause and imagined myself getting unto all sorts of investigative work to stop the violence I was experiencing at home. When I was younger, I remembered, I dressed up as Zorro all the time, specially around “Carneval”, a Dutch Mardi Gras.

I studied the renaissance masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Quantum Physics in those days. Those were my hobbies. With a little early bit of Andy Warhol thrown in for good measure. A figure who’d come to be

almost like an aged mirror to me later on in my life. We had the same scar... Andy’s genital scar which had started the whole debacle was etched into my body as well. But nothing caught my attention more than John Lennon’s song “God”.

Nightly, in almost ritualistic fashion I’d flee the terror and violence of my father by escaping to my little room. The smallest room in the house was my sanctuary. Nobody ever came in there. I’d put my headphones on and listen to that song at full volume on repeat and just rock back and forth and cry my eyes out for hours and days and months and eventually years on end. In my little room in those days I’d scream silently in between catching my breath, heaving, crying. There was so much violence and I felt I’d found the answer. The lyrics to “God” were permanently etched into my mind at all of aged fourteen.

One day while snacking on something I had the scare of a lifetime. Horror. Pure unadulterated horror. I couldn’t tell if I was losing my mind or hearing the actual whispery voices of demons. They said all sorts of evil stuff about how I should kill myself. I called my mother into my room, my father wasn’t around, I wasn’t sure where he was. “Mom listen! When you crunch the wrapper you can hear what they’re saying! Is it demons?!” I asked my mother, she was way too calm I thought. “No darling, this is a machine that your father is using on us. There’s no such thing as demons”. She said to me in Dutch. I was a huge fan of “Buffy The Vampire Slayer” in those days and I wasn’t too sure about this not being demons. “They’re human demons darling” my mother said. “Demons are not real, people doing evil things is real”. She said.

Coming out of my “aspiring John Lennon/Zorro” haze after blasting “God” at myself just before this happened I asked my mother “can I interview you?” I wanted this on record. We sat down in my room by the computer desk which was one of the old 1990’s pc’s with the stick microphone attachment and she told me all about the whispery machines and how she also suspected that “they” had killed her brother Piet Gootjes, the legendary artist and poet himself, my uncle. The entire interview was done in Dutch, which made my mother more communicative. I came up with a plan on the spot. It came out of that same creative storm which had inspired me to teach myself

guitar and learn to sing the song. The song. “God”, by John Lennon.

I had recorded myself on the computer, it was a really decent cover for that age and circumstance, I can admit years later. The song choice I’m proud of confidently, however. It couldn’t be more poignant. I’d told my mother I wanted to record her because this way I could hide it in my song by mixing it in panned almost completely to the left, and audio engineers in the future could pull it back out and remember that we were good people. Good people being tortured into madness. “This way maybe people in the future will remember that we were good people” I told my mother.

I was sure this was the end. The voices came endlessly, clearly audible by scratching on the table or crunching a plastic wrapper or rubbing your clothing or your fingers in your ears. I wasn’t losing my mind... not yet... we were being tortured by whispery machines.

Now I sit here all these years later listening to the same song. I can still listen to it on repeat at full volume without batting an eyelash without any problem. It never gets old to me and I never get tired of listening to it. That specific cover I recorded all those years ago is another matter entirely, however.

The last time I heard it was at the Warehouse Filming where we had the tantric party guided by Swami Lakshmanjoo’s people and in charge of me, the night’s entertainment, was the illustrious Kristen Gabriel. She put the song on. The recording which contained that secret interview I’d done with my mother all those years earlier. This was some time in the 2007 to 2009 period. The “Walking With The Devil” period. The name of the album I was working on at the time.

From the very first opening notes of that cover of mine I had a complete breakdown. I shattered from the inside out and couldn’t refrain from begging Kristen to please turn it off. It was loud too. Blasting through giant speakers around the entire Warehouse filming studio where our party was held and filmed. It was my happening and there were a lot of people around. We even had some celebrity guests and costumed pretenders show up. I was “Kristen’s

creature” for the night, the reincarnation of John Lennon. That was my so called “assigned character”, go figure out from whom they’d gotten the blueprints for that one. Haha. It all got twisted back at me by my beloved who was very very good at pushing my buttons and knew exactly where my breaking points were, this recording was it. She put me on full display and then proceeded to explain the story of my secret recording hidden in it to the crowd of people that had gathered for my happening. Professional camera operators filmed the entire thing. I was lead into it, and I played the part gratefully, realizing that by putting my breaking point on display as an artist I was doing the ultimate “Plastic Ono Band” tribute performance. That and educating the masses of people who’d shown up about the dangers of the whispery machines. But boy did that one hurt, if it were anybody other than Kristen pulling those heart strings I’d have gotten very angry. But it was her... the gal for all seasons, and she had my complete trust.

My Back Pages.

“A self-ordained professor's tongue too serious to fool, spouted out that liberty is just equality in school
“Equality,” I spoke the word as if a wedding vow. Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.”
-Bob Dylan, My Back Pages.

When I was around 10 to 12 years old I found myself in a whole new world. It was a very polarized life. On the one hand there was the Mughal Dynasty being reenacted in the new house to which we’d moved but we were in fact across the Atlantic Ocean in New York. Outside of the house it wasn’t difficult to see that the musical “Grease” was inspired by towns such as this. Suburban New York... Long Island. I didn’t speak much English yet in those days and my father’s violence, Ahsan Zafar Fazli’s, whom I’d barely met until my parents reunited all those years later, didn’t really make me want to speak to him, he didn’t speak Dutch. Just Urdu and to us in Indian-English.

I was never the sporty type... always the hopeless dreamer I was much more at home in the arts, but I was a dancer first. Before the paintings and musical masterpieces I was a dancer. But to me that wasn’t sport, at that age it was the highest of arts to me. Looking around Floral Park, New York at that age I wished there was more dancing like in

the movie rather than all the football. Lacrosse looked kinda fun and I’d learned it was originally an Indigenous American sport so that was kinda cool but I wasn’t interested enough to actually pick up a stick. I didn’t like gym class, never did.

One day when I was attending Covert Avenue Elementary school across the park from my father’s house, where hell would unfurl nightly, there was a special day at gym class. We were told about multiple sclerosis and that the gym teacher was gonna look at each of our backs to check if we had it. I was always a bit of a hypochondriac in my childhood due the early trauma’s of my gender surgery, the scar of which I still have... so I got pretty nervous. I barely spoke any English yet either so I was having a hard time following. I was sure I had it and wondered if that meant I was gonna be crippled or something.

We all had to line up and lift up our gym shirts to show the teacher our backs... one by one he inched ever closer until my turn came. Sweat trickling down my face with each step he neared. “Oh my God!” I understood enough English to know what that meant. See? I had it. I knew it. Now on top of all the abuse in my new home and my mother who’d once been my pillar of strength withering away rapidly... now I was gonna be some kinda cripple in a wheel chair or something too. I was scared to lose my legs. Is that what multiple sclerosis means? I wondered, they made it sound very scary.

“Put your shirt back on and come into the office with me...” the teacher said. The office was dark and messy. It was quite the scene and didn’t really reassure me any. I sat down on the chair as instructed and closing the door behind him, the teacher made his way to his big messy desk.

“You have a girl’s back.”

That’s the last thing I remember him saying and black goes the screen of my movie projector memory. He’d said he had to talk to my parents about this I remember in a kind of flashback shard of glass space time. This was worse than multiple sclerosis, my father was gonna kill me. I was sure of that. The violence at home already having started not long after we’d arrived.

We were the white family in a Mughal Indian house. That much was also made very clear. All I remember after that was the feeling of absolute dread. Crippling debilitating absolute dread. It used to be my most deepest psychoanalytic breaking point, but I’ve come a very very long way in the self acceptance part of this story.

The blackout was the hypnosis again. The hypnotic memory blocking. At least in my case, maybe they hypnotized the gym teacher as well. Maybe it was the Islamic Brotherhood gang already or maybe it was the ever mysterious Mr. Sampson from Special Services, United Nations. Maybe it was just normal good people thinking they were doing me a favor by keeping my third gender status a secret. I don’t know.

What I do know is that there’s people who want me to hate myself and think I’m wrong and stark raving mad. But all I’m really doing is meditating on my life and instead of keeping it at the birds and butterflies I’m taking a long hard look at memories which have haunted me for many many many great rotations, many many years. In the end there’s several of these flashback memory glass shards of space time which always end up having something to do with my back pages...

Years later when I was in the care of my beloved Kristen Gabriel I was taught to be proud of the fact that I’m secretly half male and half female. We already went through all that.

Now I’m just an aged father... an aged artist... and though time has perhaps not been the kinder, I can write... and my pen is full!

The pen was always mightier than the sword.

The Quietest War In History.

Ours was the quietest war in history, fought with whispery machines from foreign winds. Ours was the war for consciousness. Ours was the war for consciousness itself. Endlessly they would torture me with all sorts of petty psychotic nonsense. Often driven by Islamic rhetoric of the most fanatical degree. The ones that don’t need logic to make their case. They go on blind belief and religious

zealotry alone. What use have I for belief in a world where the rotation itself, the great rotation, lies waiting, ever flowing, without beginning or end... with secrets to be told yet. Great secrets which unfold the map to the nature of reality itself.

By now you should have heard of some of my greatest accomplishments in the field, but the core of my knowledge really is what I have recorded here in the Wakinyan book and the accompanying Libretto to the musical album “This Is [Not] A Performance by Mr. Juke Lightning.” “The make a wish foundation” was instrumental in delivering me one of the people who is perhaps one of my greatest allies in this war. Kristen was well versed in how to get the most of the system, this included making wishes as a cystic fibrosis patient with “The make a wish foundation”. She requested an audience for me, since I was a young person in a mortally dangerous situation as well in those days, an audience with former vice president of the United States: Al Gore.

We got the laptop ready and a few moments later he appeared on my screen, from what I remember we recorded the entire conversation as well. Long story short he was aghast at the fact that I knew about the whispery machines and appeared thoroughly shaken.

“You’re not supposed to know about that, that’s a secret...” he said.

I’ve never seen fear like that instantly dripping down from a former presidential candidate’s forehead. He confirmed what I’d expected all along, they’d used whispery machines to throw the election between him and former President George W. Bush. Whispery machines directed at the poll booths, an easy feat to accomplish with even the antiquated form of this technology. I’d informed him that I worked for Special Services, United Nations, this eased the tension somewhat.

The whispery machines are electronic devises which project audio just above the average human hearing range, you can just about hear them with your brain but it’s difficult to actually realize that you’re hearing it through your ears. Rubbing your fingers in your ears is the surefire way to detect this technology without microphones which pick up those frequencies. Years upon years of torture can

be conducted this way using sound without anybody being the wiser. People can be made to make impulsive decisions which they otherwise would not make. Zone out for a second in a vulnerable situation and wham, they use the audio projection on those machines to make you bash your head open on a window or hit the wrong button at the voting booth, resulting in double punched voting ballots. A good reason for the black hat team to make sure those outdated voting booths were still being used.

The enemy wanted to take over our consciousness. Crowd control at the deepest individual level. What do you do when your adversary has the ability to almost control your thoughts? To overwrite every nuanced moment in time which you experience with tyrannical rhetoric or self destructive thoughts? They’ve killed using this machine. You increase the realm of your consciousness. You must wake up to that universal consciousness as a means of survival.

The Hijra knew about the whispery machines the entire time. The Hijra are the third gender people of India. Hermaphrodites & transgender people. In India and Pakistan it’s common place for even corrupt police officers to use the old fashioned cube version of the whispery machines technology to torture Hijra and Dalits, the poorest and lowest cast in the Vishnu centric caste system which doesn’t exist in Shiva’s universe. They rape the Hijra and would rather have the Dalits dead. The Hijra tribes have been talking about the whispery machines for a long time, many many years, and this is common knowledge amongst people from the India/Pakistan region. Not only that, the Marshal Stack from the Marshal Stack Stories essay shared here in the Wakinyan book from the texts written originally in 2007 - 2009, that Marshal Stack was transmitting directly to the United States Marshal. Yeah, the US Marshal was basically living in my basement studio. The electric lead guitar parts heard on my album “Walking With The Devil”, the first installation of the tryptic of albums I’ve created were all performed on that Marshal Stack. That thing had video and audio recording equipment hidden in it.

So I was sitting there developing the theories and hypothesis presented here in my house in Queens, New York courtesy of Special Services rigged out with a

bugged Marshal Stack guitar amplifier in my basement studio transmitting directly to the United States Marshal. That's how I fought whispery machines in those days. My instructions were to "rock on"... literally, because they knew my philosophical musings and spiritual journeying were all connected to the music, and I'd used my music to hide and transport essential intelligence information, that and sound was an excellent way to combat whispery machines.

Mr. Sampson had worked with Thelonious Monk back in his younger days in Harlem so was quite familiar with the legitimacy of the approach since Thelonious Monk had been a well known member of the original Maquis in France during World War 2. Like I said they've killed using this machine. It isn't difficult to make an already suicidal person jump off a train platform in front of a speeding train using whispery machines, for example. A practice they've actually used. It's also not difficult to make a person feel suicidal using whispery machines to begin with. Whether the person is conscious of the whispery machines or not. Endlessly they barrage the mind with self hating words. Like I said they've killed using this machine, it's well documented to also have been used during World War 2 in a more primitive form of the technology, and darlings... they're still using it on me at the time of this writing.

When I was in the hospital between 2007 and 2009 in New York there was an incident one day where the Swami Lakshmanjoo clan representatives that had come to nurture and study with me wanted to find out how I'd respond to actually seeing one of those old fashioned cube versions of the whispery machine technology...

I grabbed it as soon as I saw it, in the room with the upside down crucifix window, and rushed to a nearby sink when I instantly noticed a flammable logo on a bottle on the shelf above. I put the cube in the sink, doused it in the flammable liquid, asked Kristen for a lighter, and lit it on fire. Kristen's hair almost went up in flames and she got a bit scared but we reassured her and I apologized profusely, explained that they'd understand if they'd been tortured by the machine themselves.

I needed to tell you that story in order to tell you about the white-hat whispery machine users. There are, for a while

now, good cowboys with white hats fighting the bad cowboys in black hats using whispery machines. That started with Kristen and I, whom I appointed to use it on me to study it and help me figure out how to defeat it. She's actually bought one and gone through with it.

The tactics and method were started by me, conceptually speaking, but I've never ever touched a whispery machine other than the time where I burned one. So I needed to delegate the work to be done on the white hat whispery machines to other people for the same reasons as the creation of "The Terminator" in the film franchise... because we needed to use the whispery machines for good in order to protect people and defeat the black hat wearing bad guys. I just wasn't very suited to be around them myself because of my instinctual responses after being tortured by them for so long. The black hat white hat lingo comes from the world of computer programming like white hat and black hat hackers, a pre-existing reference to the classic cowboys films where the good guys wore white and the bad guys wore black.

Over the years that turned into a display of my rotational artwork and "The Hi Network". All of which was set into motion by me all those years ago in an effort to save people from the torment I myself have experienced. My solution being mass enlightenment. Ahsan Zafar Fazli used whispery machines on me and my mother and other family members. He had one of the cubes. He had other people involved with the Islamic Brotherhood use them on us as well. I've been battling whispery machines since my childhood. A fact which played a great role in my childhood vigilante activities which turned into my work with Special Services during the "Walking With The Devil" era. That was the musical album I was working on in those days. Who was the Devil? Ahsan once told me he was when he raped me. He said the white people were, most certainly the government. History and the Abrahamic religions told their own tales... but I don't believe in the Devil. I'm a Hindu.

At this point in the rotation they've taken everything from me. There's fragments I've managed to get back, fortunately, and that effort continues. The battle between the white and black hat whispery machine users is ongoing, but I'd thought I'd get a head start. A head start in writing history.

The Pakistani Propaganda Film & The Pedophile Terrorists.

My very first starring role wasn't, as many would believe, my street theater dance performances I became known for as a child. I would dance my little heart out at festivals with all sorts of pantomime moves. That part was great. Me and my mother would plan the whole thing and I won first place every single time.

No my very first starring role was in a Pakistani propaganda film when I was even younger. From what I understand Ahsan Zafar Fazli had gotten into some trouble with the law over there and as part of the bribery package he'd promised to use me to film a propaganda film mocking Hijra practices and elevating the Islamic perspective into the spotlight. I was the little white Hijra boy.

"Yeh hamare Bhagawan hai!" ("This is our God!")

Screamed the Hijra lady who wanted to adopt me as her own. She and some of the others begged Ahsan to let them take me with them. He asked me if I wanted to go with them... "with mama?" I asked. "No". Came his reply. He was more than ready to let me go, that much was obvious. But my good uncle was there as well, I've seen the footage since then. There was no way that Ahsan would get away with sending me off with the Hijra clan, specially not with me saying no, not without my mother. Not while to good uncle was there anyway. I'd considered it though and it seemed like a perfectly valid option to me at that young an age, as long as my mom would come with me. In the propaganda film I was nearly castrated. Aged about four years old. Instead they'd remove the vagina I had in the hospital back in The Netherlands.

That film was aired all over the Islamic Republic of Pakistan in the mid to late 1980's. It was easily acquired with the help of Special Services, United Nations. Kristen kept a copy along with many other films and audio recordings. My archive being very very vast, specially when considering my age. As if that wasn't bad enough this is the part of the story where it gets so very very much worse...

The sleepy little suburban towns in the area where I grew up in New York would not know what hit them. Once some of the local kids I knew from my school days found out about my vigilante services for the United Nations they too would rapidly join the cause and step into the roles of heroes, every single one. And boy, did we need it. For years there was a pedophile video trading black market scene going on right under everybody's noses. There was the Newsstand Deli on Hempstead turnpike and the street that turned a left onto the one where we lived and the Photo Hut on the corner of Hempstead and Meachem (not sure of the spelling) Avenue, and probably a bunch of other locations which the boys in blue hopefully tracked down.

They were selling pedophile porn VHS video tapes out of those locations to local degenerates. I was the lead attraction. One day during the "Walking With The Devil" album period I had an idea... I knew they were probably trolling the back alleys of personals sites like Craigslist.com had in those days. It was common knowledge. We kids had all laughed at the disgusting stuff that went on in the personals section and photos people would post. I figured that was one of the obvious places they'd look for clients. Whether to make the porn or sell it. So off I went. The hunt was on! I posted some cliché nonsense with a picture which clearly showed my face. Pretending that the pedophile terrorists had won me over and I wanted to play. Then I went for a walk to the local photo hut to buy a battery for my guitar tuner. Boy... what a hit.

I stroll into the photo hut and long story short the people that worked there introduced themselves with the dirtiest grin on their faces. "Yeah we know who you are! We were the camera people in Pakistan! We filmed your uncle's wedding too!" Jackpot.

So not only did these criminals film the scenes in Pakistan, Ahsan had also used his illegal immigration tactics to get them work visas and all these years later they were living in walking distance from where my father's house was, and where I was stationed at the time in Queens in New York.

Zen is letting go of the EGO-centric control, and the struggle of letting go.

As soon as I saw Kristen I told her all about it and spilled the beans on the Newsstand Deli too, where I'd remembered being raped in the back. Kristen had received instructions from me to report to the local police station and to tell them I was deep under cover. Mr. Sampson, naturally, was always lurking in the shadows as well. Apparently these recordings go back to when I still had my vagina as well... Mr. Special Services Sampson informed me later on in the hospital in the 2007 - 2009 period that they had footage of Ahsan raping me as a baby.

At this point I don't have any of these recordings at my disposal but I know for a fact that the white-hat team does. Tremble asura. Demons, human demons, plain and simple. I wonder if the European Union, of which I was already a citizen in those days, would like to respond to my allegations of negligence in a matter of international

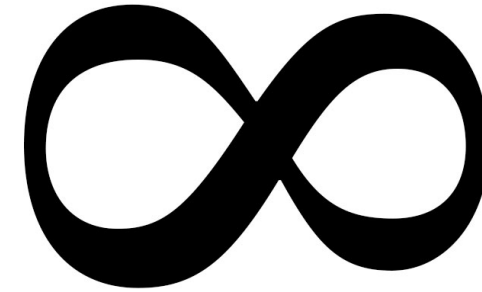
interest. I never agreed to be part of any Pakistani propaganda film, and I most certainly never agreed to be raped in child porn videos as a baby. They even tried to set me up as the fall guy when they began to sell the videos over the internet. They'd used my former name, Faizi Fazli on the screen names and account information. Kristen informed me of that, Mr. Sampson had told her... surely.

The Wakinyan book: a meditation aid.

See, you can take these various slides from the Wakinyan book and use it as a meditation aid. In the daily life kind of meditation. Which to me means what you and I already do... we live with deep meditative thoughts and intelligent while also creative thinking.

The Motion Of Eternity.

The Variable Of Change



The variable which changes everything for the better is the “spirit” of righteousness.

نیت

The motion of eternity... evolution.

Niyyat (Persian): intention, purpose.

So I'm saying... what do we do with all this vidya... all this knowledge and understanding? And I turn to defining "Zen"... from the culture of our Buddhist spiritual family...

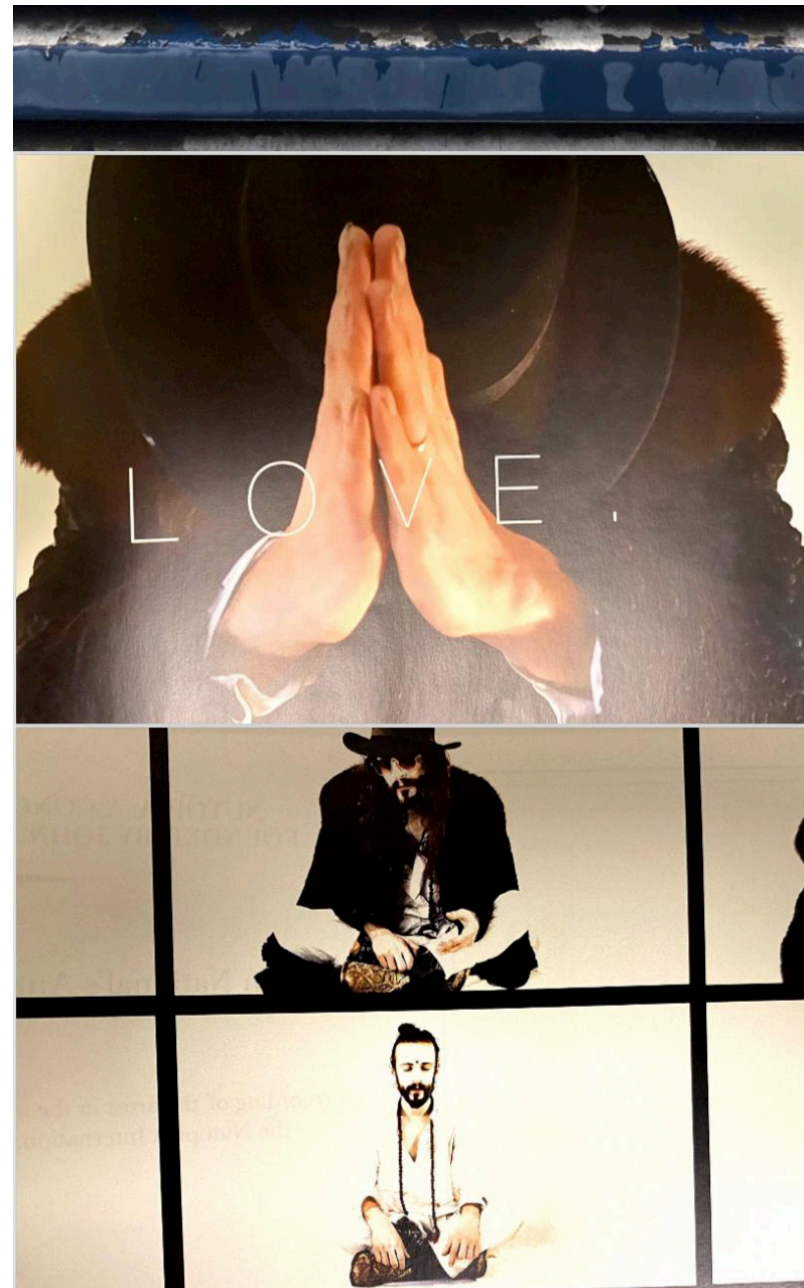
So what remains of the decision making process? When we let go of the ego and manage to enter a state of awareness where the ego isn't controlling us... where do we go? What do we do in our emotional universe within that universal consciousness? Righteousness. We follow righteous.

Imagine traveling through the path of the eternity symbol, what makes it eternal is the movement because there's no beginning or end...

Niyyat. In other words. Intention.

This becomes the holiest state of awareness. Being conscious and in a loving relationship with our Niyyat, with our selves. Within.

That means wherever you want to point and regard as the self. In lots of cultures from Abrahamic to Dharmic and Indigenous the center of the chest is often focused on when localizing the source of that feeling or state of awareness. The third eye also works. But what we're saying is our consciousness... and that's everything, reality itself.



Love.

So what I'm doing here see is paging through the Wakinyan book and screenshotting the slides which I gravitated towards emotionally within that realm of intellect. Then one connects with the next, my starting point was Zen and I ended up on Niyyat and Love.

There's a story I often reference from Michelangelo's life, the Italian renaissance artist. When creating a sculpture for his patron Lorenzo de Medici I believe it was, after weeks of supposed work Lorenzo, a wealthy patron of the arts and Italian noble strolls into his art studio and finds Michelangelo sitting on a chair just staring at this giant block of marble. Lorenzo says... "what the hell are you doing! Why aren't you working? I don't pay you to sit around doing nothing." Michelangelo says... "I'm looking at which pieces to remove, the sculpture is already there."

So I widdle away at my ego in that same way... exactly

like a Sadhu, a Hindu ascetic... these guys that'll hold up their arm for 60 years til it withers and becomes unusable and pretty much dead. Why? To transcend the ego. To break their own "will". Their own desires and ego centric ambitions. To widdle away at the ego until the statue is revealed. That statue was the David. Ascetic stuff brought onto the modern stage. And this... what I'm sharing with you here on this part of the stream is how I meditate best, like songwriting is another form of my meditations. It's all that same creative Shakti, that creative power. What we observe is also how one pointed and hyper focused the mind becomes. What happens when you get into that zone as you read this stream segment and then pray? With hyper focus and a clear understanding of the definitions of the words you use to pray. With sharp intelligent focus which works with the human condition instead of criticizing or apposing it as something to abstain from. The human condition being defined here as the emotional journey and its effects on the world around us, and vice versa.

What we are left with is an ascetic approach to prayer, like a Fakir praying namaz. Zen Namaz.

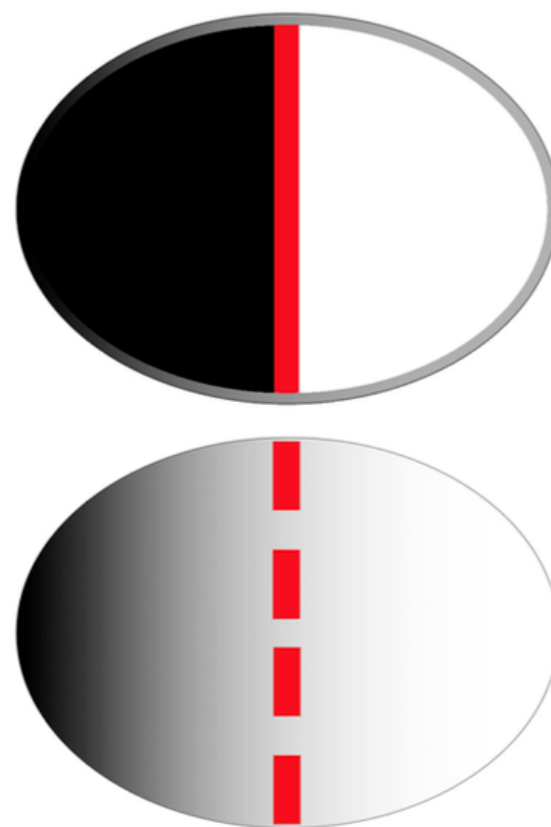
And Mr. Juke Lightning enables me to do that. The persona. The name, the character, and that leads me here...



The Blockages Of Ego

Individual
Consciousness

Universal
Consciousness



I'm in an ideal situation to study this you see...
living on almost nothing with next to nothing and
constantly thinking about God with a vast arsenal of
intellectual knowledge about asceticism. That's what my
work is about too to begin with. Creating the modern
western ascetic who lives within civilization. This is an
effort to elevate our consciousness so that we may sit
closer to the divine fire of creation. Closer to God.



The Symbol.

This Is [Not] A Performance: The Nirvana Shatakam.

I am [not] mind, I am [not] intellect, I am [not] ego,
I am [not] the reflections of inner self. I am [not] the five
senses. I am beyond that. I am [not] the ether, [not] the
earth, [not] the fire, [not] the wind (i.e. the five elements).
I am indeed, That eternal knowing and bliss, I am Shiva,
love and pure consciousness.

I am [not] energy (Praana), I am [not] the five types of
breath (Vaayu), I am [not] the seven material essences
(dhaatu), I am [not] the five coverings (panca-kosha). I am
[not] the five instruments of elimination, procreation,
motion, grasping, or speaking. I am indeed, That eternal
knowing and bliss, I am Shiva, love and pure
consciousness.

I do [not] have hatred or dislikes, I do [not] have affiliation
or liking, I do [not] have greed, I do [not] have delusion, I
do [not] have pride or haughtiness, I do [not] have feelings
of envy or jealousy. I do [not] have duty (dharma), nor any
money, I do [not] have any desire (refer: kama), I even do
[not] have liberation (refer: moksha). I am indeed, That
eternal knowing and bliss, I am Shiva, love and pure
consciousness.

I do [not] have virtue (punya), I do [not] have vice (paapa).
I do [not] commit sins or good deeds, I do [not] have
happiness or sorrow, pain or pleasure. I do [not] need
mantras, holy places, scriptures, rituals or sacrifices
(yajna). I am [not] the triad of the observer or one who
experiences, the process of observing or experiencing, or
any object being observed or experienced. I am indeed,
That eternal knowing and bliss, I am Shiva, love and pure
consciousness.

I do [not] have fear of death, as I do [not] have death. I do
[not] have separation from my true self, I do [not] have
doubt about my existence, I do [not] have discrimination
on the basis of birth. I do [not] have a father or mother, I
did [not] have a birth. I am [not] the relative, I am [not] the
friend, I am [not] the guru, I am [not] the disciple. I am
indeed, That eternal knowing and bliss, I am Shiva, love
and pure consciousness.

I am all pervasive. I do [not] have any attributes, I am
without any form. I do [not] have attachment to the world,
I do [not] have liberation. I do [not] have wishes for
anything because I am everything, everywhere, every time,
always in equilibrium. I am indeed, That eternal knowing
and bliss, I am Shiva, love and
pure consciousness.

This is [not] a performance by Mr. Juke Lightning.

I am [not].

THIS IS A PERFORMANCE. THIS IS NOT A PERFORMANCE.

[not]

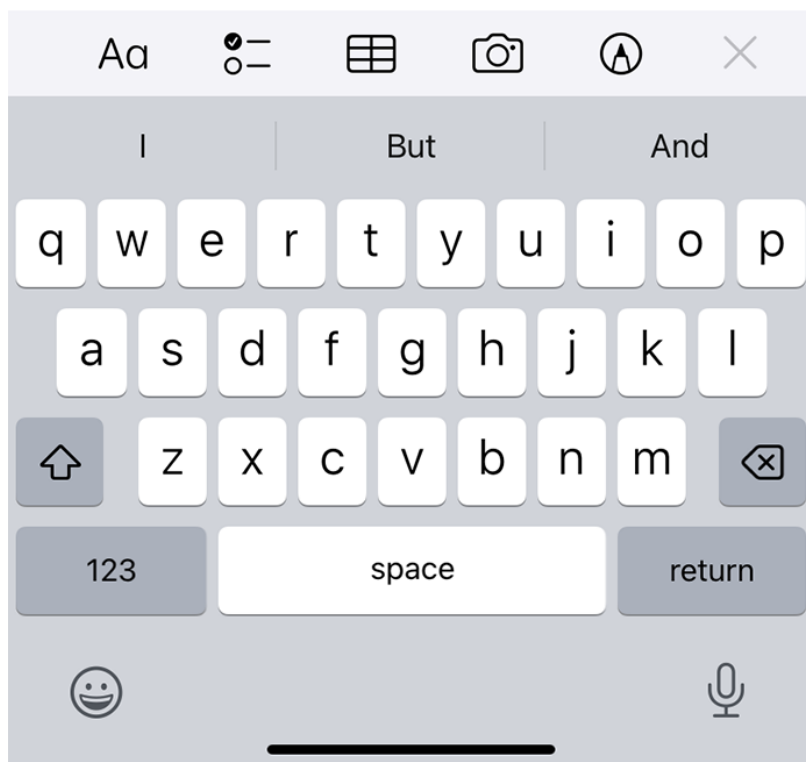
THIS IS [NOT] A PERFORMANCE

12:16

< Notes

↶ ↷ 📎 ⋮ Done

What
The
F*CK
Is
An
Individual?!

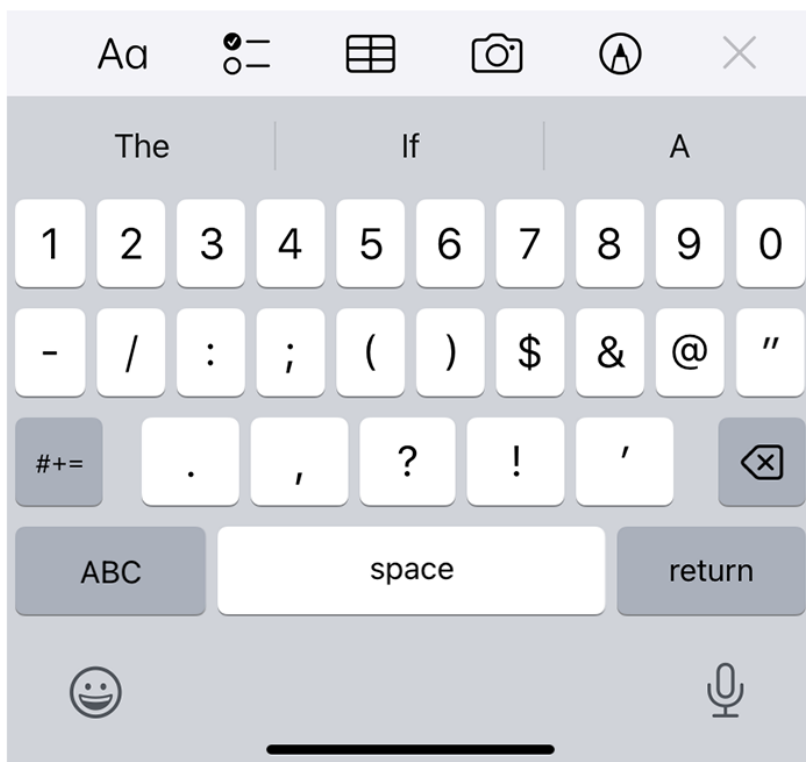


12:31

< Notes

↶ ↷ 📎 ⋮ Done

An individual is being finite.



12:36

< Notes

↶ ↷ 📎 ⋮ Done

I am [not].

I identify as my universal self. Limitless.
Without beginning or end.



The Three Types of Niyyat

“I. C. U. !”

نیت

Individual Niyyat

Collective Niyyat

Universal Niyyat

Niyyat (Persian): intention, purpose.

I.C.U.: The Three Types of Niyyat.

**Individual, Collective,
and Universal Niyyat.**

The Three Types Of Niyyat:

1. Individual Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for an individual.

2. Collective Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for a group of people.

3. Universal Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for any person from any group of people.

Niyyat.

WHAM!!! Came another smack, more of a punch, right to the ribs. My father's fists were turning a dark reddish brown. Through the thick smog from his cigarettes in the dim yellow lighting he lunged forward from out of the darkness... the dark brown and black figure... when he'd beat me things would sometimes go into slow motion and my ears would start ringing. It's been well established at this point that I've had brain damage, I have two stents in my head.

You see even after everything that was said and done the "Niyyat" image from the Wakinyan book left me feeling uncomfortable. I was disgusted most by my own lingering feelings of aversion to my own usage of the Arabic or Persian script. You see, for many years every reminder of Islam came with flashbacks of my father's violence. But Lord Shiva came to me once in a face that no person alive or dead would ever forget, the face of Sri Sai Baba of Shirdi. The original, not any later charlatan doing vibhuti sleeve tricks and puking money all over the legacy of the great Sri Sai Baba of Shirdi. An incarnation, it is said, of Lord Shiva himself.

I turned to Shiva in Salaat...
I turned to Shiva in Salaat with my Vibhuti on,
the holy ash of Lord Shiva.
I turned to Shiva in Salaat with my Rudraksha on.
The tears of Lord Shiva, beads like a rosary.
I turned and turned and turned... but I did so in Salaat...
the ritualistic Muslim prayer.

...and out from some divine lips, as Swami Lakshmanjoo Maharaj used to say, came these words: Islamic Shaivism.

The Three Types Of Niyyat:

1. Individual Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for an individual.

2. Collective Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for a group of people.

3. Universal Niyyat

The intention or purpose which is good for any person from any group of people.

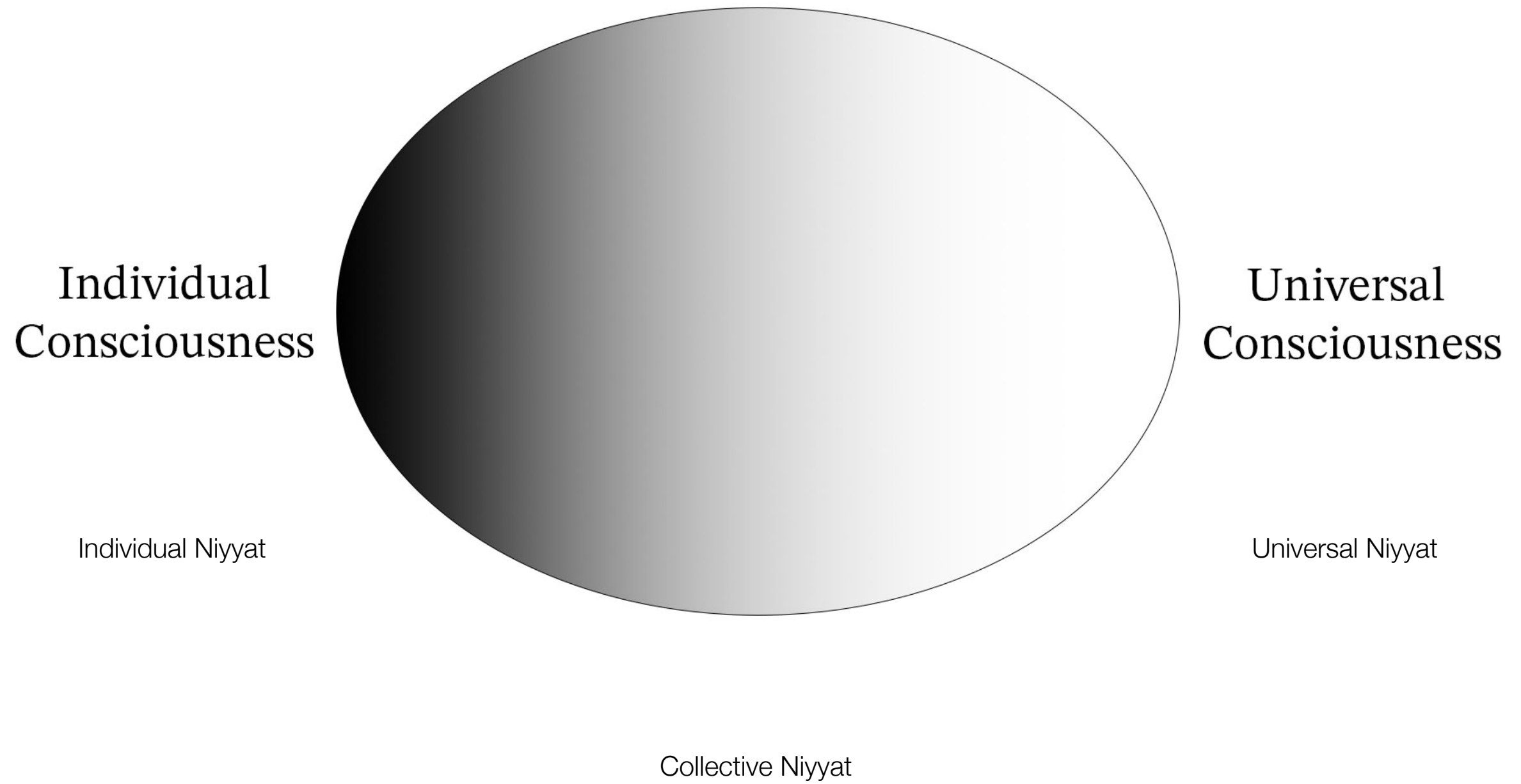
I. C. U.

Individual, Collective, and Universal Niyyat. Intention or purpose. Hey... you... yes, you. Reading these words. Do you wanna know a secret? In John Lennon's Strawberry Fields I keep the company of saints. Sri Sai Baba of Shirdi is a very dear old friend of mine. Jai guru dev ki. Jai...

Allah where were you when my father beat me again and again without any provocation? Allah where were you when my father and his evil cohorts raped me again and again on film in my childhood? Allah where were you when they sold the video tapes and smiled while counting their money? Allah where were you when I cried for you in death of night, the earliest hours of mourning? "I don't know" came Lord Shiva's reply, because in our stories Lord Shiva does speak. "But I know your Niyyat is absolutely in the right place, that's for sure, you can't come up with something like "The Three Types of Niyyat" otherwise." He had a point. Strawberry Fields Forever... I whisper to myself while almost in Ashtanga Pranaam.

And once again it's more of a gradient... so the left most point is the Individual Niyyat and the right most point is the Universal Niyyat and the more Universal you are, we have deduced, the better of a Muslim you are, it's a direct correlation. So one can also say the better of a Dharmic person you are. It's the same thing in the end, multiple roads leading to that same magnificent truth.

Consciousness Gradient



In the deepest, darkest, recesses of the mind there was always a girl named Kristen.

In the deepest, darkest, recesses of the mind there was always a girl named Kristen. Kristen Gabriel, Kristen Parvati Fazli. My first wife. We had a Hindu wedding during the warehouse filming, a memory which they had blocked me from remembering using hypnosis for many years. I have lots of missing memories which in their absence seem like important memories. They're missing because my brain was swelling, I had a massive brain injury, I had two stents put in, and I was trepanned. They were counting on me losing a few days of my memories as my short term memories weren't really sticking. But Kristen... she was the constant. I always remembered who she was and as they had hired her as a nurse for me, she knew her way around the hospital due to all her hospitalizations because of her cystic fibrosis, and more importantly she knew her way around me. So during the original rotation with the upside down crucifix windows in the 2007 to 2009 period Kristen was there every step of the way.

I'd given her access to my archive, and in those days that meant my mind. I kept an artistic log with little tapes in one of them old voice recorders and notebooks full and everything. I fell so completely head over heels with Kristen that I gave her complete access. So when the time came for Special Services to intervene in my affairs pulling in Kristen was a natural choice. You see, in one of my earliest vigilante recordings which I'd made I had made an audio recording of my genetic father, Ahsan Zafar Fazli, raping me. Afterwards I did an audio diary so that the people in the future who would find my secret recordings, which I hid in my songs mixed in at a low volume and panned to the left, would extract the audio years later and if I were still alive - they could help me better. It was a live action audio diary of being raped and its effects on my psyche. Kristen got a hold of those tapes too because I'd made burned cd's of the songs I'd hid them in and wrote out the names on the cd's with sharpie marker and handed them out to her at school. Years later when the two of us were together with Mr. Special Services Sampson the pieces all came together. During those audio

diaries I'd mentioned how I'd had an erection before he raped me because I'd been thinking of having sex with Kristen at school because we'd been instant messaging the night before secretly on the computer til 5 in the morning... she was up chatting with me to distract herself from her cystic fibrosis pains and had shared some sexual fantasies with me. She imagined the two of us having sex with each other in the middle of the football field where she did her cheerleader routine. It was the perfect all American high school fantasy and I got cast as Danny freakin' Zuko from Grease in Kristen's musical of life. She was there when I broke into a million pieces with my skull shattered as I lay dying. I reverted to a child like state for a while and Kristen was still there... my pal, my soldier in arms making passionate love to me in the heat of every battle. And boy, were there many battles.

It all began, our sexual life, behind the bleachers in the back of the football field and in the art department's photo developing booth in back of the classroom. The darkroom where you went to develop your film. It was perfect for Kristen because she could have her romantic life during school hours and be the cystic fibrosis girl afterwards at home, and it was perfect for me because I didn't have a safe home to take her to as I was being abused. The school hours were the only time I had to spread my wings a bit in those days and spread my wings I did, I spread em out so far and so high that in the cool breeze in the shadows of my feathers there rested a sick girl with wings of her own. That was Kristen Gabriel. The devotee of the Archangel Gabriel. She was there years later when I was dying in my twenties. She was there when I in fact did die, and she was there when I came back to life... of my own accord. I did all of the growing up phases all over again live on film in the observation room with all the cameras rolling. The nurses and doctors watching behind the scenes brought popcorn regularly. They were worried about me finding out that they love watching me perform all day and night long because they knew I was actually really suffering. Special Services had stepped in too and taken control of the entire hospital wing so the whole place was basically rotating around me and all I could do was play. In my play I turned to song, dance, and theater. Every day became a show because they wouldn't turn off the cameras. I was in medical observation but I was just freshly remembering being raped on film during my childhood. I was even remembering very early childhood

memories of when my genitals, plural, were intact. Before the operation which found me with just male genitals. Kristen was there for all of that too. For every one of my life and death performances. I needed to create. I needed to sing and dance and paint and write, my life depended on it. She was my Yoko Ono. My mother replacement and she and I both loved every minute of it.

She became my wife, my very best friend, my partner in crime, and my soulmate. The one with whom I entered into complete union... and then had to say goodbye to. Kristen and I were married on film during the warehouse filming. I remember she wore a traditional red sari and I believe she had me wearing red too, as is the tradition in a Hindu Indian wedding. I'm not entirely sure of the details but I know for sure that she wore red, red and gold. Shanna Hughes and George Basselaar from Swami Lakshmanjoo's sangha of devotees of Kashmiri Shaivism were there and chanted at us in Sanskrit and did all the rituals. In absence of trustworthy healthy parents of my own I turned to Kristen and her family to help delegate and maneuver my work with Special Services. They were already involved, I'd smuggled vital pieces of evidence into the hands of Kristen and her family, including the audio recordings I'd hidden in my songs and a video cassette I'd stolen where Ahsan Zafar Fazli was telling me, and at my behest my older sister, that he was somehow responsible for the events which occurred in New York City on 9/11 of that fateful year. Gee... how could he possibly have been involved? Oh I know. Whispery machines. Bam! Ka-pow! Sham! Knockout for Mr. Juke Lightning. Yeah... that actually happened.

The terrorist pedophile leader of the Islamic Brotherhood prison gang fancied himself an artist and was keeping a pedophilia laced video diary where he'd record him and his cohorts interacting with their actual family. He tried to hide the video recorder under a pile of flyers and everything. This is [not] a performance motherfuckers and my name is Mr. Juke Lightning. Kristen was there for that part too. In this part of the story Kristen Gabriel left the body at the old age for cystic fibrosis patients of her time at thirty-two. She was there when I recorded my album "Walking With The Devil" too. Kristen was always there for me, and I for her. Kristen was always the gal for all seasons.

From A to K... again.

A: Yeah but I don't think I'd actually want to sit down and resurrect you this way... it won't be the same without you actually participating.

K: But it would be so cool thought...

A: Well, yes... alright fine let's do it, keep talking.

K: Ok, well, first off I really want to say thank you for doing all of this... I know that you've got your personal reasons too but I do understand how intricately I'm a part of the story and what you're doing for me is absolutely over the top incredible.

A: You're very welcome darlin'... look I mean, I don't really feel like you need to thank me or that you have any reason to really... this is just me processing your energy through my senses. You would have made the same decisions if you had my abilities and I were in your shoes. I'm sure of that you see, because it's you that's my Shakti in this case. It's your power, your electricity, you soul, your strength. I just don't like words like "soul" much because it means such floaty nonsense in today's age and I don't accept that definition of the word "soul". I'm not really even sure if I accept the idea of a soul. I believe that I am able to observe that actions are undertaken due to sensory input (which in my case is trackable due to my unique brain), but I believe it's just sensory input getting processed through these fleshy compartments we call bodies, and the programming makes us experience things and express ourselves in a myriad of ways...

K: Oh "myriad" I like that word. Go on... I didn't mean to interrupt your flow.

A: Oh no you didn't, don't worry, I was just saying um... it's just input output, it's a neurological mechanism. "Soul" then is the personal flair that gets deposited in these rotational time loops in which we express things like "character". That's something immaterial that I can point to which exists and can be classified as a type of "soul". The essence of what made that person an individual. But in my form of Shaivism it is essential to conceptually minimize, destroy to the fullest extent possible, and keep minimized that individual part. Any trace of individuality must, in the journey towards "Nirvana", what the Hindu's call "Moksha", any trace of individuality must be put into service of the so called "divine" in this journey. This is a point that every traveler, on the various paths leading to the same truth, experiences.

K: Incredible... it's amazing how all of this just continuously flows out of you. All this information... knowledge, understanding in one concept like you've been saying... it's incredible. I totally follow what you're saying. Thank you... do you want to continue?

A: I just wanted to add that I love you... I'm a bit tired I think I need to rest for a bit, that took a lot out of me.

K: m. You kept pressing "m"... are you hungry?

A: Haha... no thank you I just ate. Are you hungry?

K: I could eat...

A: There's still some Indian food by the kitchen area...

K: Oh yum.

Being Indian.

The upside down crucifix window was there all along the rotation that catapulted me into liberation. From the hospital room in the original rotation to all those years later in that prison in France, every song, every drawing, every soap on glass painting, every blood stain, every breath, every written word... identical. Separated by all those years and the Atlantic Ocean... even the mosquito landed on the door of that cell, not a hospital room, at the same time on the same day in the great rotation, resulting in what I called “the mosquito incident”. There was the “For Big Pink” booklet, the brown envelope series, the Imperial Strawberry booklet, songs and mantras a plenty. I’d even done a Dick Van Dyke tribute in that cell, dancing my little heart out while the hospital observation room cameras recorded everything. The soap on glass portrait was a 9/11 tribute besides being a psychological tool to help me sleep at night. IXI. Roman numerals. IX, XI. IXI. There was even the GAO logo... Ganesh, Apple, Om. A three in one logo all done with soap on glass because I’d gone on a peaceful protest and has sworn off money after Nathan Filmour had told me he was my father and had asked me if I needed money. I was so hurt by the way he asked me, his Niyat. His intentions seemed extremely reluctant. “I don’t want your damn money I need to learn how to live!!” I’d screamed at him, or something to that effect. All my work was already being confiscated in the original hospital rotation, naturally the same happened in France in the prison version of the architecture all those years later.

The architect was the same one see... the same one that had designed Long Island Jewish Medical Center had also designed the prison in France and the one on the cover of the Pink Floyd “Animals” album cover. He’d also stuck some of those upside down crucifix windows in our high school. We were all well acquainted with the architect’s work. It was a big deal back in the day when the buildings were constructed, hence the Pink Floyd plug. At one point in that rotation the hormone gland, or whatever it’s called, behind my left ear grew so huge it was all the way down to my chin. I barely touched it and it exploded with blood splattering everywhere... I had some of the pages from one of my booklets I made laying around on the table and the blood splatter fell on the exact same spots on the exact

same words which were already identically written. While the design elements in the different locations of the rotations were switched up and separated by many years and an ocean. I called that one “The Blood Splatter Page”. On and on they went, my concept art song, dance, and art extravaganzas. Every day, every night, for a few years. They were telling me in the hospital in the original 2007 to 2009 rotation that I’m an autistic savant hermaphrodite. They were saying savant because they needed to explain how I rotated so perfectly. What I do know for a fact, now that nearly everything has been taken from me, is that my brain swells. It hurts and I can feel the trepanation holes. They said it’s because of my hormones, I have an underdeveloped uterus lining which produces estrogen, the testosterone in turn ups the production too and off they go racing rotationally making my brain swell. They said it’s always been like that since the fetal stage and as a result of the swelling the two hemispheres of my brain are fused together. That explains the headaches, boy.

See I don’t know what else to tell you... it’s something I live with everyday. I got the opportunity after a lifetime of abuse to find out what it means to be Indian. Both kinds. But the truth which I firmly believe in is that I am indeed the Bharati India Indian kind of Indian genetically... well, half anyway. I also got the opportunity, however, to find out what it means to have a loving father... and that’s the part that Nathan Filmour did for me, the Lakota grandpa. I didn’t know what to cling onto and what to let go... but what I did find out is just how deep my love for Lord Shiva goes because, as this book attests, I never fell out of love with Shiva and his Shakti.

You see I come from a Muslim family... according to many people they had the right to kill me for “leaving Islam” even though the identity had always been forced on me to begin with. Suffice to say... kill me they did. I remember dying on that hospital room table during surgery on my skull. I remember what happened afterwards too, as I’ve shared here... but what I did find out is what it’s like to be murdered by your own family using whispering machines. They didn’t need whispery machines in those days to make me feel suicidal but you can be damned sure they were using them on me all the time. I’d been sexually abused since early early childhood by my own family, they filmed it and sold the tapes, I’d been beaten up regularly,

tortured psychologically, and had whispery machines used on me for years on end.

So am I autistic? A Savant? I don’t know. What I do know is that my theories regarding the rotations were proven correct. You see, I hypothesized that if the design elements of the reality in which I rotate were the same but in different locations the results of my work would still be the same. Not only that, we wanted to find out how long the data of all that “artwork” (including the blood splatter page etc. The “every breath” part) would stay viable. The applications of “the project” were too numerous to count.

Then there’s the healing element of the ability to rotate itself. Specially when dealing with a brain injury and cyclic brain swelling reducing new input is very advantageous to the healing process. Rotating is perfect duplication. No new thoughts. I felt I had so much to prove when I was younger. In the original rotation with the upside crucifix windows. A lot of stuff about my gender identity mostly. But I find as I’ve grown older that a lot of those things fall away with age as well as the fact that having gone through the looping of the rotations a few times now, the healing benefits cannot be understated. Sure, I wanted to believe that I had another father. I wanted to believe my hero would steal into my life and save me. Whisk me away. Happily ever after. But being Lakota is anything but peaceful. The culture and religion itself are quite peaceful but the historic atrocities and lasting current events thereof have left the Lakota people at the forefront of suffering. As I’ve stated here in this work the basic human rights standards are subpar to say the least. Coming into being Lakota is a journey fraught with tragedy and pain. Something I could easily easily relate to on a personal level. I belong with a people that know pain.

Today is MahaShivRatri. The great night of Shiva. Considered the holiest night of the year for devotees. MahaShivRatri is a very special time of year for me and I thought it fitting to write this chapter “Being Indian” on this day, for this night. I got the real deal is what I got. Being descended from Bharat means more to me than it ever did while simultaneously meaning less to me than it ever did. I came home to MahaDev ShivShankar and his Shakti in a way that very few people ever get to experience. Even some of the most impressive Sadhus and

Sadhvis have no idea what it means to have one’s entire identity taken from them, that and one’s gender. I had everything from the most basic elements of psychological construct taken from me but my love for Shiva and his Shakti never faltered.

My love affair with the Wakinyan/Heyoka personification only became enriched by my knowledge of Shiva and his ArdhanaRishvar form. Both hermaphroditic or “intersex” divine beings. What I found in Lakota culture is an enrichment of Dharma. Quote me on it word for word. I see no difference or conflict between the two cultures and though I say this with a tongue in cheek flair, I say it with all my love... I love being Indian.

Ahsan Zafar Fazli and his cohorts and think-alikes can never destroy that. He doesn’t own my blood, the governments represented under the United Nations for whom I’ve worked don’t own my blood, my adversaries certainly don’t, and neither, dear reader, do you.

I am Shiva. I am Shiva. I am Shiva.

Being Lakota means living with trauma. Being Hijra means living with trauma. Being me, I, Shiva, means living with trauma.

Hi... I’m a MahaAvatar and they call me Wakinyan. The female face of the Lakota form of Shiva called ArdhanaRishvar. The one that’s half male, half female. With a massive fused brain to which there is no left and right, no this side or that. Unlike my male genitals and the giant scar running alongside it where my very real underdeveloped vagina used to be. I’m [not] infallible. I’m [not] perfectly imperfect and I’m [not] imperfectly perfect. I’m [not] an Abrahamic person or God. I’m a MahaAvatar. I’m a MahaAvatar, a universally conscious being, and I feel traumatized by individuality.

I don’t understand how individuality can lead to such atrocities, the stuff of very real nightmares. I don’t understand where that comes from, I don’t understand what an individual actually is. What I do understand is that the visualization of the attachment/detachment categories came out of the Wakinyan rotation. What I do understand is that this is a major leap forward scientifically and spiritually. What I do know is that the blockages of ego

visualization came out of the Wakinyan rotation. What I know is that I’ve cried and laughed hysterically and gone completely quiet and meditative, serene and whole. What I know is that I’ve rotated perfectly. The content of the rotation weren’t fun... but the rotating element of the rotation is absolute freedom.

I didn’t have time to make new memories or form new thoughts while redoing the rotation from the hospital in New York in the French prison with the same design elements. The architect caused me to rotate and there was always the performance.

What came out of the Wakinyan rotation is Shiva. This is [not] a performance by Mr. Juke Lightning. Live the art and the art creates itself. I am self born. I am Shiva. I died in the original rotation. I was dead for over two minutes and fifty seven seconds and came back without resuscitation. The Islamic Brotherhood killed me and I don’t regret it. I saw the face of God and it was a mirror. Oh holy golden light river of love, oh mirror of consciousness... what is a reflection?

Samadhi: Beyond The Body.

Being whole for a being like myself means reaching beyond the body. The body will never be whole again because it wouldn’t have survived with both genitals intact. My scar is a reminder of that. Every silent scream I’ve screamed has been real, every tear I’ve shed the same. The longer I’ve lived, the deeper that shining light moves closer, like a wave, but light... all the same. From out of the darkness of the deepest void. Within. In the 5th direction.

The difference between a Hindu ascetic (Sadhu, Sadhvi) and a Buddhist monk is that the Hindu ascetic doesn’t shy away from the left hand path, where the Buddhist monk avoids it. We live in a left hand path world, even more so in the west. So when I’ve spoken of creating the modern western Sadhu/Sadhvi what I meant was using the cobblestones laid down by those before us in the left hand path so that we may take advantage of the momentum of our left hand path society, and lay down our own cobblestones and continue the path generationally so that our society as a whole may eventually return to the right

hand path. Being that the whole structure is a circle, after all... or a sphere.

Samadhi is an altered state of higher consciousness where union with the divine is achieved. In seeking the wholeness of my gender related self... have I stumbled upon union with the divine?

I worship the holy mother, Shakti. I am Shiva.

We stood before the gods...

We stood before the gods as beings outside of space and time.

We stood before the gods as beings devoid of the duality of this or that.

We stood before the gods as beings whole from birth, and crippled thereafter.

We stood before the gods as subjects of humanity.

What dreams lay in the palm of our hand, fragile, newborn, aglow with the splendor of the very golden river of light consciousness itself, but at the very beginning of cellular division in concept... before it even, the universe is born anew with the first sound that ever occurred. A-U-M... Om. Before creation and after destruction.

In the age of the electronic flutters a’brisk in a sea of change, we find ourselves adrift in time, without a space yet having formed. I’m dancing, and the universe dances with me.

Oh Mahadev Shiv Shankar... Golden light river of love... I have shone my light where it was most desperately needed, not where it already shines a plenty. And so the dawn was born here, amongst the blind sapiens rusting in deep dark conclave within the gutters of the Neon Olympus. Consciousness born anew.

I, Homo ArdhanaRishvar. The new ape arisen. Say farewell to the pages of history of our Sapien brethren. These pages are where we part ways... unless you are able to meet me within that segment of the gradient of universal

consciousness where that golden light is alive and shines within you too... oh Homo Sapien.

I am a circle. You are a line. I do not understand what it is to be a line, to have a beginning and end, because I am a circle.

I do not understand what it is to have a beginning or an ending because I was never born and I will never die.

Which part does the soul of the Queen of the Third Gender refer to when proclaiming “self”? Is it the body? Is it the soul which even Muslims claim is of heavenly origin and is actually that of an angel being punished on earth for disobeying God? I identify in that case, yes, I Maha Avatar, as my heavenly self. I was never born, and I shall never die... it is by that logic that I came back from the dead to begin with, in what we now call the original rotation or “The Walking With The Devil” period. 2007 to 2009.

I could have made a different decision. I could have walked away. But this... this creation... this rotation... this was my free will.

These events reoccurred exactly 13 years and the entire Atlantic Ocean apart. Just as my daughter Leela was born, naturally, and as predicted, on Friday October 13th 2017.

So you see, I prescribed rotation for the many plights that humanity is suffering from. A feat which can now be replicated using a complex set of techniques employing hypnosis, whispery machines, and a healthy understanding of psychoanalysis.

This became our world, our universe. This became what is now colloquially known as “the project”. We were “The Maquis”, “The Children of Parvati”. I was “the artist formerly known as Faizi Fazli”, and “Mr. Juke Lightning”, I became “Amadeo” and “Wakinyan”.

But I stand before you now in my true form, as I recite these words and scribble away in my archives, I stand before you now in my true form as Maha Avatar of Ardhanarishvar. Shiva Shankar. Mahadev and Mother Shakti made flesh, made one. I am Shiva, I am Shiva, I am Shiva...

You are the beginning and the end, I am just the in-between, the tunnel, the vortex, I have no point a. and point b. You are that. Tat tvam asi.

I am [not]. ArdhanaRishvar. The half-female Ishvar, Shiva. Maha Avatar.

At the cusp of consciousness in a state between wilderness and civilization lies the beginning of culture.

When you know.

When you know that the whispery machines are busy trying to implant negative thoughts on a daily basis, long term, after a while it stands to reason that I’m probably also using the same techniques I’ve used to dismiss that as I have to dismiss my own actual thoughts of negativity.

Bobosch!

I remember not being able to say bubbles because my face was half paralyzed and I was trying to tell Kristen about the soap bubbles I was making with the hand soap.

The giant bubble I made repeated this time on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean in France in the twin prison to the hospital designed by the same architect using the same architectural design elements. I saw in my mind my own reflection in the giant soap bubble in that cell with the upside down crucifix windows except I was wearing sunglasses and a hat while in this reality I wasn’t.

Just one clear example that stood out because of the unusual spelling of bubbles which replicates the way I was pronouncing it with the partial paralysis. It became a memory marker that stuck despite the memory loss mentioned due to the brain swelling and consequent surgery.

Our love become a funeral pyre...

“And our love become a funeral pyre...”
-Jim Morrison, Light My Fire.

There was a short but significant time in my life when I knew exactly what it felt like to be one of those village women you hear about in rural India. The ones that throw themselves upon their husband’s funeral pyre’s when they die and get cremated according to Hindu custom. They’re so devoted and single mindedly focused on that one person that when they die they want to make the journey to the afterlife or cycle of rebirth together with their husbands. So they commit suicide by throwing themselves into the fire.

I told Kristen that I wanted to do that when she died... this was in the “Walking With The Devil” rotation, somewhere between 2007 to 2009. Naturally Kristen would have none of that but she did give me the chance to express those emotions and that meant everything to me. We were talking about her coming death. She bravely discussed the topic with me openly, we had many fascinating and gut wrenching conversations about death in those days as we meditated on what in meant in that era for her to have Cystic Fibrosis. A certain death sentence by maximum age of thirty two.

The darkness of individuality isn’t power, it’s decay, it was in our union that the bliss of universal consciousness was most expounded. In sexual union, the opposite in this case of sexual decay.

The only male ego I have known has been a faulty one, an artificially constructed simulation. I am Hijrani. I am whole. I complete. I am enough.

Growing up to me meant getting rid of all of the trash other people put in my head. Getting back to being more of what I already was to begin with. Doing what I was already doing to begin with.

The Point.

The point of death is to healthily age and grow into acceptance of a natural transition.

The point of religion is to overcome fear and gain self control.

The point of life is to flourish in love, safety, and security.

If you don't experience these things when practicing "the point" of death, religion, and life you're doing it wrong.

God is a foreigner.

I have no use for linear time.

I have no use for your heaven & hell.

God kills and tortures for disobedience.

God that is all merciful hides behind Satan.

God is a foreigner.

In my world the death of a fruit tree begets the birth of many more.

In my world the animals that migrate always return.

In my world the sun it sleeps and wakes.

God with his eternal death is a foreigner.

The rain goes, and the rain always comes.

God with his unearthly paradise is a foreigner.

God does not know that every songbird that passes is remembered in song.

God does not know that the music of the universe always plays on.

God does not rotate like "I" and the animals, and the wind and the storm.

God is a foreigner.

What is a God? What is the world of this foreigner?

In my consciousness gradient structure, when identifying the self correctly, "God" is an extension of myself. Myself in a higher state of consciousness.

I am universal consciousness. I am Shiva.

I am death, the river of life.

I can no longer tell the difference between being in the golden light river of love which contains an archive of our Omni-Universal lifetimes of memories... and being in the body.

Effectively, when I was dead for two minutes and fifty seven seconds I was let in on what is perhaps the greatest revelation of all. This life we are living, with all these interconnected elements rotating throughout circular time in unison, is a collection of golden light memory in a river where the light moves like an ocean wave.

When I came back to the body the barrier between memory and active experience was shattered. On top of that already pre-existing fact the structural effects on the mind where this barrier is removed was reinforced by what is now colloquially known as "the project".

Kristen said, "no, he's dead...I believe he's dead, he's here because he wants to be, no other reason..." and in a sense she's completely right. I came back to the body of my own volition, no resuscitation, no reanimation.

The truth is that I no longer can tell the difference between life and death... and that is the truth of it. In the end, there's only one of us here. Shivoham. Ardhanarishvar.

The Amrit.

The Amrit, the nectar of immortality, is found in the destruction of death. The golden light river wave is the Amrit itself. Once it enters you no distinction can any longer be made between the river, the golden light river wave, and the body. In this process, with the removal of the barrier of memory and active thought the memory chains cascade into infinite recess, and infinite progress.

The point I'm making is more important than the answers you're looking for.

I've only become more myself as I've aged.

When I was younger I clung onto people like Bob Dylan and John Lennon, and I assimilated every scrap I could find, I got into bootlegs, collecting unreleased recordings, everything.

...and I borrowed their opinions, on life, on society, on music, on art, on poetry, on culture, when I didn't have my own yet. Which is what I think they did when they were younger. So I borrowed their opinions until I could form my own, and it turns out we have a lot in common.

This is what me and Mr. Sampson did, this is how we worked. With poetic flourish and a whole lotta groove. Style, plain and simple. This is how we do what we do. Communication.

Mr. Sampson was already battling whispery machines in his younger days, he told me all about that. So we've been battling whispery machines for decades... we are the resistance. The actual resistance. We are The New Maquis, colloquially referred to as The Maquis.

The only reasonable conclusion is that I AM Special Services, United Nations... and I am under cover.

You see, I needed protection and Special Services, United Nation offered to be that for me. So I took them up on the offer and they gave me a bonafide badge and I inherited some equipment from Mr. Samson when he passed away. Including "the tree of death", the golden leaf vine inlay on his favorite weapon which I wrote about here in the book.

...and I went back under cover to put it all on display. That was the point. They needed me to do what Thelonious Monk did during World War Two. Except in my form that came with a whole lot of secret vidya... knowledge and understanding in one indivisible concept.

This Is [Not] A Performance, with brackets on the "Not".

Exactly as I predicted... so many things that came true. So either there's puppet masters pulling the strings on everybody with hypnosis and whispery machines, or I tapped into something much much bigger than anybody. Trump.

Sometimes the worst thing you can do is stay silent. When you’ve been very seriously abused the criminals want you to stay silent. Overcoming that fear is one of the strongest things you can do.

This is like Einstein being born as Mowgli... and I’m going to explain why.

When I’m in Samadhi, sometimes a bird passing by is all it takes to stir me from my slumber of death, or send me into it.

What if I told you that there are now masses of Maquis, asleep in the night of wilderness. Rotating, brought into the Dharmic awakening that this work has provided across the world. Helped along by techniques stolen and repurposed for good from Mr. Special Services, United Nations himself, as he lay on his dying bed. Mr. Sampson traded a ticket back home to his wife who had left him from me as he passed away from a brain tumor. I designated Kristen as the inheritor of the hypnosis techniques which I didn’t want to be a part of after having been on the receiving end of it for so long... I designated Kristen as the one who would take the final decisions as to what to do with this Special Service and told her to make peace with it to the point of death. She was to die by her 32nd birthday, you see. Her’s was the only choice that would stand without question or squabble.

And you... dear reader, are perhaps one of the many of those masses.

You see, what I ended up designing is also why i chose to be put into a state of hypnotic memory blocking to begin with. It’s all rotating more perfectly now than it ever has. Mostly there is a synchronicity discrepancy between the way the animals and I rotate and the lack of rotating that standard variety Homo Sapiens do. There are now masses of people who pass me by, and I can see through the rotation that they too have been brought a slumber... or a greater natural healing has taken place somehow. I cannot believe the later option, however. My work is sound. It is in every vibration here now.

What we have witnessed on the battles with the whispery machines is that choices can be made. As explained there

are now Maquis white-hat whispery machine users who’s existence proved that this project has becomes massive.

What is also clear at this point, is that a clear system of measuring one’s “dharma” has been established here throughout this project. Those who cannot make changes when rotating are “Adharmic” (Not-Dharmic), those that can are “Dharmic People” (people of the natural way).

It was always about Bharat, you see. The land where Sadhus are left to eat human flesh from the cremation grounds and meditate upon rotting corpses of the underaged because they are left to float in the river without cremation. Nobody ever said the faint of heart could be spared in this war for the Maha Bharata.

I have more than enough in common with the feral child grown up. Long ago when I had met the first face of Bharat’s brutality... a causality of war, Ahsan Zafar Fazli, I learned that Islamic leadership in a family meant getting beaten and yes, raped, all throughout my childhood. I had already known about the more primitive version of the whispery machine technology long ago you see, my own father used those machines on me.

...and he wasn’t the only one. Below is a list of the people caught and since castrated in the trap of this project and the crimes they have committed as to my knowledge.

Ahsan Zafar Fazli.

Rape, Murder, Drugging an underaged child (date rape drugs), and immigration fraud. There has also been suspicion of weapons dealing and the most likely missing piece of the puzzle described in these texts regarding 9/11. Whispery machine user. He also filmed and traded in child porn, which they also distributed. The extreme domestic violence seems like a minor charge in context.

Muzaffar Habib.

Same as above, minus the immigration fraud. I don’t know the extent of his involvement in Ahsan’s business. Deceased. Illegal immigrant.

Tabasum Habib.

Drugged me with hormone pills crushed up in my food and date rape drugs in my drinks. Illegal immigrant.

Sameer Fazli.

Raped me after his mother Tabasum drugged me. Falsified immigration records.

Shamsa Arif Khan (maiden name Fazli).

Same as Tabasum as well as cooperation in hiding the child rape and porn distribution secretly occurring.

Arif Khan.

Rape on multiple counts like the others, including to his own sons. Distribution of child porn.

This list does not include the additional cases of five people who were killed by me under the hand (and badge) of Mr. Sampson, with the exception of one who was replaced by a lookalike. It also does not include the additional people who were caught distributing the child porn on the behalf of Ahsan and Muzaffar.

I was asked to undergo hypnotic memory blocking to protect me and the case, because we had the opportunity at Special Services, United Nations via Mr. Sampson to trace the criminal activity all the way back to Pakistan. This part of the project has now been completed by my associates behind the scenes, otherwise the hypnotic memory blocking would not have worn off. I left as an instruction that I be left asleep, rotating, if we were to fail. I didn’t want to live in a world where their kind ruled.

All of the above mentioned people were put into a state of hypnotic memory blocking to see whether they could improve upon their criminally insane behaviors. They were not. No brackets.

I have become Krishna and Arjuna on the battlefield during the Maha Bharata. I have asked the same questions and have come to the conclusion that the real battle is between Dharma, and Adharma.

I think my experience of Samadhi is equal parts the effects of the understandings shared in this work as well as certain times during the hormonal rotation when my brain swells at a certain point. Though I have not been able to confirm that.

All of the people mentioned in this article are members of what has been referred to as the Islamic Brotherhood and

the Muslim Brotherhood. A well known cult like gang stemming back several decades.

The following articles are about what I refer to as “whispery machines” in this book. These articles are available freely on the internet.

Links are provided.

Havana Syndrome & the Creepy History of Sonic Warfare.

<https://spyscape.com/article/sonic-weapons-long-creepy-history>

When Havana Syndrome headlines splashed across the front pages of newspapers worldwide one of the most compelling theories was that US spies were victims of a sonic attack.

Only a year after the US Embassy in Havana reopened in 2015, staff in Cuba were complaining about headaches, dizziness, and brain fog. Were they being targeted by an acoustic weapon? The American military were already reportedly exploring microwave ray guns that could beam invisible booms and spoken words into a person’s head as a way to control crowds so the idea seemed plausible.

Sonic weapons have been around for decades and their chilling history has often involved secret operations and spies. But could they actually cause the brain injuries associated with Havana Syndrome?



The Nazis were rumored to be experimenting with acoustic cannons

Sonic weapons

The dark history of sound dates back to WWII and Albert Speer, the Nazi minister of armaments and a close ally of Hitler. Speer was reportedly designing an ‘acoustic cannon’. The idea was to use reflector dishes to narrow the sound into a targeted beam which could cause death within a 100-yard radius but there’s no evidence the cannon was ever built.

Sound has frequently been used post WWII to produce a 'bad vibe', however - whether expressing a threat or creating an ambiance of fear or dread, according to historian Steve Goodman, author of Sonic Warfare.

Operation Wandering Soul

During the Vietnam War, the US military launched a top-secret psychological campaign against the Viet Cong, blaring ‘haunting sounds’ said to represent the souls of the dead. Operation Wandering Soul inspired the memorable scene in Apocalypse Now where attack helicopters blast Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries.

When CIA spy and Panama strongman Manuel Noriega barricaded himself in Panama’s Vatican Embassy in 1989 to avoid drug trafficking charges, the US Army blasted him with Linda Rondstadt’s You’re No Good and The Clash’s I Fought The Law, presumably to prevent him from sleeping and concentrating.



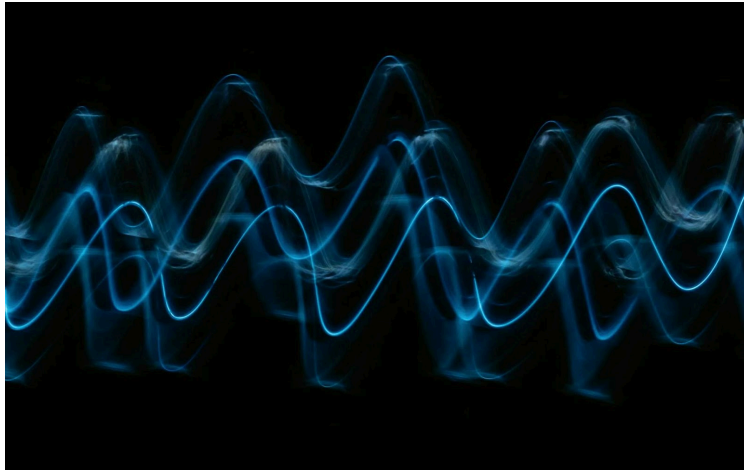
The FBI aimed ‘psychoacoustic correction’ at the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas

The FBI & sonic weapons

The FBI used ‘psychoacoustic correction’ at the Branch Davidians’ compound in Waco, Texas during the infamous 1993 siege. At night, David Koresh’s compound was flooded with light and high-volume music blended with sound effects - screeching seagulls, sirens, and dentist drills among them.

A 2014 US Senate Intelligence Committee reported on the CIA’s use of ‘sound disorientation techniques’, including an instance where the Agency blared the Blues Brothers’ Rawhide’ at Guantanamo detainees. Other news reports suggest detainees listened

to music containing subliminal messages to persuade them to reveal al-Qaeda's secrets.



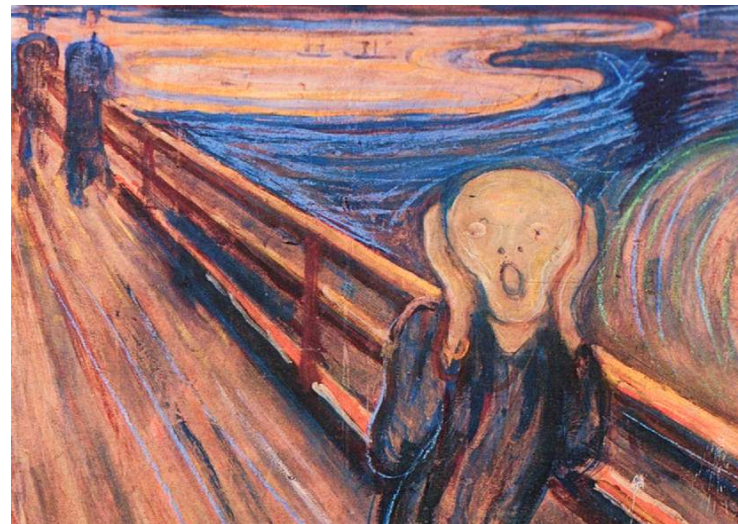
Sound has been used for crowd control

Sound bombs

In February 2004, the American Technology Corporation signed a \$1m deal to provide long-range acoustic devices (LRADs) to US Marines in Iraq.

The Arab News described the LRADs as giant loudspeakers that seem to "borrow some of its technology from modern pest-control devices that shoo away mice and other pesky critters with the help of ultrasound". The devices delivered a 145-decibel tone that could cause splitting headaches, panic, and in some cases hearing loss.

Outside of war zones, LRADs were used in the US after Hurricane Katrina to repel looters, Goodman said.



The Scream

Controversially, Israel's IDF military police corps deployed a device known as 'The Scream' after violent clashes in 2005 by Palestinians and Jewish sympathizers.

"Protesters covered their ears and grabbed their heads, overcome by dizziness and nausea," CBS said in a report. "The vehicle-mounted device began sending out bursts of audible, but not loud, sound at intervals of about 10 seconds."

US police forces have also adapted versions of LRADs to disperse crowds, including during protests in Pittsburgh outside the G-20 conference in 2009.

Israel's 'Thunder Generator', introduced in 2010, is so loud it could be deadly at close range, Wired reported, although it could also be used as a "good way of keeping stone-throwing youths out of a sensitive area without using excessive force".

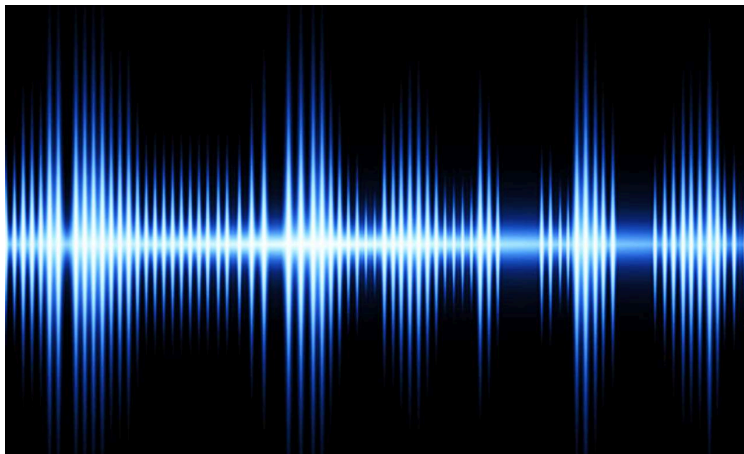


Sonic Weapons & Havana Syndrome

So is Havana Syndrome caused by a sonic attack? There's no hard evidence to back up the theory and no weapon has been found. Some believe Havana Syndrome may actually be a psychological illness, but that doesn't explain how victims have been diagnosed with concussion-like symptoms without having had a concussion.

In 2017, the US State Department said officials were possible targets of an 'acoustic attack' and at least two people had "such serious health problems they needed to be brought back to the US for treatment".

At the time of the State Department briefing, speculation leaned more toward a sonic device or a hypersonic device, but opinion later shifted to focus more on the possibility of a highly directed long-distance 'microwave' weapon, Dr. James Giordano told SPYSCAPE's True Spies podcast.



Descriptions of the noise preceding the onset of Havana Syndrome vary widely

Mysterious sounds

To make matters even more complicated, not every one of the hundreds of Havana Syndrome sufferers has had the same experience.

In an interview with The New York Times, security engineer Mark Lenzi described the sounds he heard as marbles rolling around a metal funnel. Other sufferers described a disturbing cricket-like noise. Some heard a sudden loud noise or whirring before the onset of symptoms including loss of balance and splitting headaches. Others heard nothing. There's also no one-size-fits-all description to take into account all of the different types of sonic weapons in existence. So far, there is also no proof that weapons were deployed to harm North American diplomats and spies, let alone who - or what - may be behind the mysterious syndrome.

A Voice Only You Can Hear: DARPA's Sonic Projector

SHARON WEINBERGER

SECURITY JUN 5, 2007 10:20 AM

<https://www.wired.com/2007/06/darpas-sonic-pr/>

Imagine a weapon that creates sound that only you can hear. Science fiction? No, this is one area that has a very solid basis in reality. The Air Force has experimented with microwaves that create sounds in people's head (which they've called a possible psychological warfare tool), and American Technologies can "beam" sounds to specific [...] IMAGINE A WEAPON that creates sound that only you can hear. Science fiction? No, this is one area that has a very solid basis in reality. The Air Force has experimented with microwaves that create sounds in people's head (which they've called a possible psychological warfare tool), and American Technologies can "beam" sounds to specific targets with their patented HyperSound (and yes, I've heard/seen them demonstrate the speakers, and they are shockingly effective).

Now the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency is jumping on the bandwagon with their new "Sonic Projector" program: The goal of the Sonic Projector program is to provide Special Forces with a method of surreptitious audio communication at distances over 1 km. Sonic Projector technology is based on the non-linear interaction of sound in air translating an ultrasonic signal into audible sound. The Sonic Projector will be designed to be a man-deployable system, using high power acoustic transducer technology and signal processing algorithms which result in no, or unintelligible, sound everywhere but at the intended target. The Sonic Projector system could be used to conceal communications for special operations forces and hostage rescue missions, and to disrupt enemy activities.

Here's the question of the day: if the military were to beam voices into somebody's head, what would they say?

Acoustic Weapons

<https://www.globalsecurity.org/military/systems/munitions/acoustic.htm>

A variety of nonlethal acoustical weapons have been proposed and evaluated. Some of these are little more than fancy loud-speakers, while others involve more subtle or sophisticated processes and truly deserve the designation of acoustic weapon. Simple high-intensity sound causes the inner ear to generate nerve impulses that register as sound. Since the inner ear also regulates spatial orientation, saturation of the inner ear by high-intensity sound may cause spatial disorientation. For example, loud music was used by American forces to drive Manuel Norriega from the Vatican Embassy in Panama in 1990.

High-intensity low-frequency sound may cause other organs to resonate, causing a number of physiological results, possibly including death. Acoustic weapons pose the hazard of being indiscriminate weapons, potentially imposing the same damage on friendly forces and noncombatants as on enemy combatants or other targets. A low-frequency sound transducer produces sounds below the audible frequency range [below 20 Hz]. The sound transducer is driven by its own amplifier that uses the output of a low pass filter as its input. Known as infrasound, these vibrations are felt but not heard. The observer needs to be placed on a wooden platform so that the vibrations are transmitted to a suitable area.

Infrasound would be a powerful ultralow frequency (ULF) weapon that could be directional and tunable, penetrating buildings and vehicles. High Intensity infrasound could induce disorientation and reduced sensory motor functions. At higher levels of intensity, experimental have shown that animals may cease breathing temporarily. But this has seemed to be not a very practical weapon, since large banks of

speakers were required to provide directionality, and power demands were deemed excessive.

Diference Tones are more sophisticated arrays that project a sound to a specific location. The resulting sound can only be heard at that particular location as the result of interference patterns created by the interaction of sounds transmitted from multiple remote speakers.

The Curdler, a device that emits a high shrieking noise at irregular intervals, was reportedly used by the British as a means of riot control in Northern Ireland. In this case the sound is at levels lower than the pain threshold, and is intended to be annoying rather than inducing disorientation.

The American Technology Corporation (ATCO) has produced a Long Range Acoustic Device (LRAD), a long-range hailing and warning directed acoustic beam device. LRAD was developed to communicate at operational ranges with authority and superior intelligibility in high ambient noise environments. LRAD systems are in operational use or evaluation in maritime, check point, vehicular, airborne, and integrated system applications by the USN, USMC, US Army, and USCG. LRAD is a flat panel, multi-transducer, phase coherent emitter. Designed for highly-directional communication at 300+ meters over land and 500+ meters over water, LRAD can also issue a warning tone.

A more potent weapon under development in Russia since the early 1990s is a high powered very low frequency (VLF) modulator. Operating at frequencies below 20 KHz, the device requires a 1-2 meter dish to project a so-called "acoustic bullet." The device was attractive because the power level is adjustable. At low power, the system would cause physical discomfort, while increasing the power could induce nausea, vomiting and abdominal pains. The highest levels can cause a person's bones to resonate, which can be quite painful.

New systems are being developed and evaluated by the US Army's Picatinny Arsenal. The Aversive Audible Acoustic Device (A3D) is a highly directional device that can be hand-held or vehicle mounted. It directs an acoustic beam, which has tailorable intensity, and is used as a public address system, to focus on a specific individual or to deliver aversive sounds to alter a combatant's behavior.

Postscript: Intellectual Discourse

1. XXY
 2. Dimensional Consciousness (for pre-schoolers)
 3. The Attachment Categories
 4. Consciousness Gradient
 5. The 5th Direction
 6. Stream Of Consciousness
 7. The Blockages Of Ego
-

1. XXY

XXY is me. This is a gender related chromosome identification, XX is female, XY is male, What I am positing is that with the combination of my high intellectual abilities, and the additional abilities presented to me through the savant angle of autism, a very real case can be made for the actual physical existence of so called “mythological” characters like ArdhanaRishvar in Hinduism and the Wakinyan/Heyoka hermaphrodite in Lakota culture. Both are considered culturally as what the Hindus call a Maha Avatar, and both are hermaphroditic gods/goddesses.

2. Dimensional Consciousness (for pre-schoolers)

When observing that a male consciousness is a recognized type of individual consciousness and a female consciousness is a recognized type of individual consciousness as well, what we are looking at in the case of XXY is a third unique whole which is composed of parts contained in both traditional XX female and XY male. With this method of thought I have translated the concept to what I call Dimensional Consciousness and have devised the opening concept art peace as an illustration of that concept applied to developmental child psychology. The child is at a certain point of early neurological development able to grasp the concept that a circle has no beginning or end, where a line going from point one to point two does. This is a simple exercise in Dimensional Consciousness, which most often produces a delightful laugh from the child as their minds can almost be seen awakening to conceptual thought.

This is a simple exercise which parents and/or caretakers can partake in with very young children. This represents the beginning of the conceptual thought process required to understand the deeper nuances of this work. Rotationally it is the beginning step in the upward rotation.

3. The Attachment Categories

Attachment is defined as having an affection, fondness, or sympathy for someone or something, Detachment is defined as a state of being objective or aloof. So Attached-Detachment is having a affection, fondness, or sympathy in a state of objectivity or aloofness, and Detached-Attachment is being in a state of objectivity or aloofness while being affected, fond, or sympathetic to a person, object, or environment. We all interact with the world through these four modes of attachment. Usually a person is more dominantly one of the four categories but everyone experiences all four states of attachment (inclusive of detachment) at various moments of every day depending on the external stimuli.

4. Consciousness Gradient

In this method of Dimensional Thinking what can be readily observed by the observer is that a Consciousness Gradient is a far more accurate model of conceptualizing what we are in fact experiencing in Dimensional Consciousness when we interact with the world around us. It becomes readily apparent that there is a gradation of consciousness amongst our peers and acquaintances. What also becomes apparent is that specific traits and responses to external stimuli can also be observed to occur more dominantly in certain scales of the Consciousness Gradient.

5. The 5th Direction

Where the four directions meet you find the fifth direction. The fifth direction is on the inside. Though this particular teaching comes from my Lakota heritage, many cultures have spoken about this as “The Center”, “The Void”, “The All”, “The Soul”. In combination with the other elements of this project, what I present to you is an actual map of that fifth direction, “The Self”, as in the greater self beyond the ego. Universal Self, Universal Consciousness. Do you love polygamously or monogamously? When thinking about past loves that you have parted from, do you think of them in an Attached manner? Or is it Detached, Attached-Detachment, or Detached-

Attachment? When you drift off into daydreams... memories... the songs of the nightingale, do you love the person you’re with? Do you see how your memories made you what you are for that person, or do you live in alternate realities made of mirrors of the past? Both? When? This is about “HOW”.

6. Stream Of Consciousness

The Stream Of Consciousness is about how we interact with the world through the Attachment Categories. There is Cognitive, Objective, and Subjective Consciousness. The way those three interact with the four Attachment Categories results in how you interact with the world. This structure doesn’t create anything, it categorizes and intellectually understands how the system already functions. Cognition is the mental action or process of acquiring knowledge and understanding through thought, experience, and the senses. Objectivity is thought absent of bias or prejudice. Subjectivity is the quality of being based upon or influenced by personal feelings, tastes, and/or opinions.

7. The Blockages Of Ego

Since we are aware that we are taking note of a structure which already is there, we are able to observe that rather than learning this system as a code of ethics, by removing The Blockages Of Ego this system in and of itself makes the individual flourish. What is clearly revealed is that the so called “enlightened” state is already there within each individual, behind the wall of ego. When we dismantle this wall of ego, brick by brick through methods like Psychoanalysis (for example) the core of the individual begins to flourish. What we also there observe is that suffering, being defined as the sufferer as well as the person causing suffering by process of Psychoanalysis, comes from a basic inability or blockage towards bonding with the opposite gender. Neurologically the difference between the bi and uni lateral brain is also of note due to pure obvious distinction.

The Rotation (Meditation).

This is [not] the original rotation. The elemental building blocks are the same, and so as I hypothesized all those years ago, the outcome of my work is the same. This proves that the crime my father committed against my mother was to begin with, in regard to how my brain works rotationally with that creative Shakti, as if I'd committed the crime against my wife, myself. The outcome of my work remains the same. The Wakinyan book is now complete. You see the original mission was always to clean up the family karma so that we might return home to the bosom of Bharat Mata once again. I say, with all the might left in my weary heart... Bharat Mata Ki Jai! Be proud that you are an Indian. Echoing the words of the mighty Swami Vivekenanda.

The powers that be behind the scenes always knew, all along, that I would end up creating the Wakinyan book again. That was the point. I'd already written the entire thing, diagrams and slides and graphics included, in the original rotation in the 2007 to 2009 period. The "Walking With The Devil" period. The one in which I died on an operating table in a Jewish Hospital with an upside down crucifix window. I was working on the original draft of the Wakinyan book at the time. That copy, as read here in its now complete form (typos included, you see Kristen had wanted in on the project and had offered to make the needed edits), is what I wrote in what we now refer to as "the original rotation".

I know for a fact that the doctors who operated on me got a copy, Mr. Sampson got a copy, Kristen's family got copies, and grandpa Nathan got a copy. Not to mention others there that came and went. This included other celebrities like Norman Reedus's stunt double look alike brother from another mother. Kristen was a big fan of the TV show "The Walking Dead" and had invited him to play the role of my potential love interest. A cheerleading schoolgirl's silly fantasy. Nothing more, nothing less. It was sweet, what happened, and Daryl from that show is a really sweet guy. He became one of my secret devotees.

Bustling behind the scenes.

"Instant Karma's gonna get you!

Knock you right up the head!"
-John Lennon, Instant Karma.

So you see... all of this unfolded because Grandpa Nathan, famed actor, World War 2 hero, and acclaimed Lakota elder, told me he was my father, called me "Wakinyan" and dared me to dream.

Shanna Hughes and George Basselaar from the famed Swami Lakshmanjoo sangha whom I lovingly called "The Kashmiri Chili's" were there. They got copies too. You see... me and Kristen, between the two of us, we had plenty more than one wish to make all sorts of celebrity appearances possible because of "The Make A Wish Foundation". All of it was filmed on the hospital observation room cameras and video equipment along the way of all sorts. The entire creation of "The Wakinyan Book" as it is now known, everything before, and everything after: including a few years spent performing in front of the upside down crucifix window.

In the original rotation all of the art peace's in all their forms were created under strict surveillance of hospital observation room camera equipment. Also of note is that Mr. Sampson always met with me in either places where there were security cameras or he'd record our time together in audio form on his phone. I know for a fact that he would use his Special Services, United Nations badge to acquire the security camera footage of our meetings in said public places. We had fun with it, I spoke to him, I sang for him, I danced for him, I did it all to impress an old man that fancied being my grandfather-in law one day.

You see, he'd already dreamed of arranging my marriage to his already Hindu granddaughter Christina-Laxmi. He confided in me one night during one of his mysterious visits. So I put on a show for the old man. There was even The PsychedDharmic Soul Train where we danced our little hearts out for the cameras like on the original show "Soul Train". Except in ours it went from Psychedelic to Soulful, from Funky to Ballet. All the while this living, breathing, live form of Shaivist meditation that I do became scriptural for some, and a guiding hand offered in love to most that came across my work...

...and so the performance to end all performances began. "This Is [Not] A Performance" was already a phrase which

I'd come up with in those days. I remember the conversation with Kristen almost word for word.

"Yeah cause it's a performance, but it's real..." I told her. "This [not] a performance with brackets on the 'not', cause the editor added that in later to clarifying what the original speaker was saying, like in journalism..." I said.

So it's a performance, but it's not a performance. This is [not] a performance! With brackets on the 'not'. Thank you all kindly who have participated in our dreams. This Is [Not] A Performance by Mr. Juke Lightning.

"Jatatavigalajjala pravahapavitasthale
Galeavalambya lambitam bhujangatungamalikam
Damad damad damaddama ninadavadamarvayam
Chakara chandtandavam tanotu nah shivah shivam"

"With his neck consecrated by the flow of water that flows from his hair, And on his neck a snake, which is hung like a garland, And the Damaru drum that emits the sound 'Damat Damat Damat Damat', Lord Shiva did the auspicious dance of Tandava. May he give prosperity to all of us."

I'm Mr. Juke Lightning... come to boogie back the love.

All aboard the PsycheDharmic Soul Train y'all... and remember! The PsycheDharmic Soul Train ALWAYS, always, ALWAYS, come back around honey child!

That's how the presentation for Mr. Sampson went... he was a big fan of the show and later on in his life ended up making several tell-all appearances where he spilled the beans on all sorts of stuff that you wouldn't believe. At the end of the day Mr. Sampson was most comfortable being "Mr. Sampson with Thelonious Monk in Harlem" again. The two of us went together like bread and butter.

X
i am the union

io sono in pace.



"i am at peace."

I wanted to dream.

Like any abused, abandoned, neglected child... I wanted to dream. I wanted to dream that I had another father who would come charging in on his white horse and tell me I was Lakota and that my name is “Wakinyan”, and that I was destined to save the day and right all the wrongs that had been done to me and those I love.

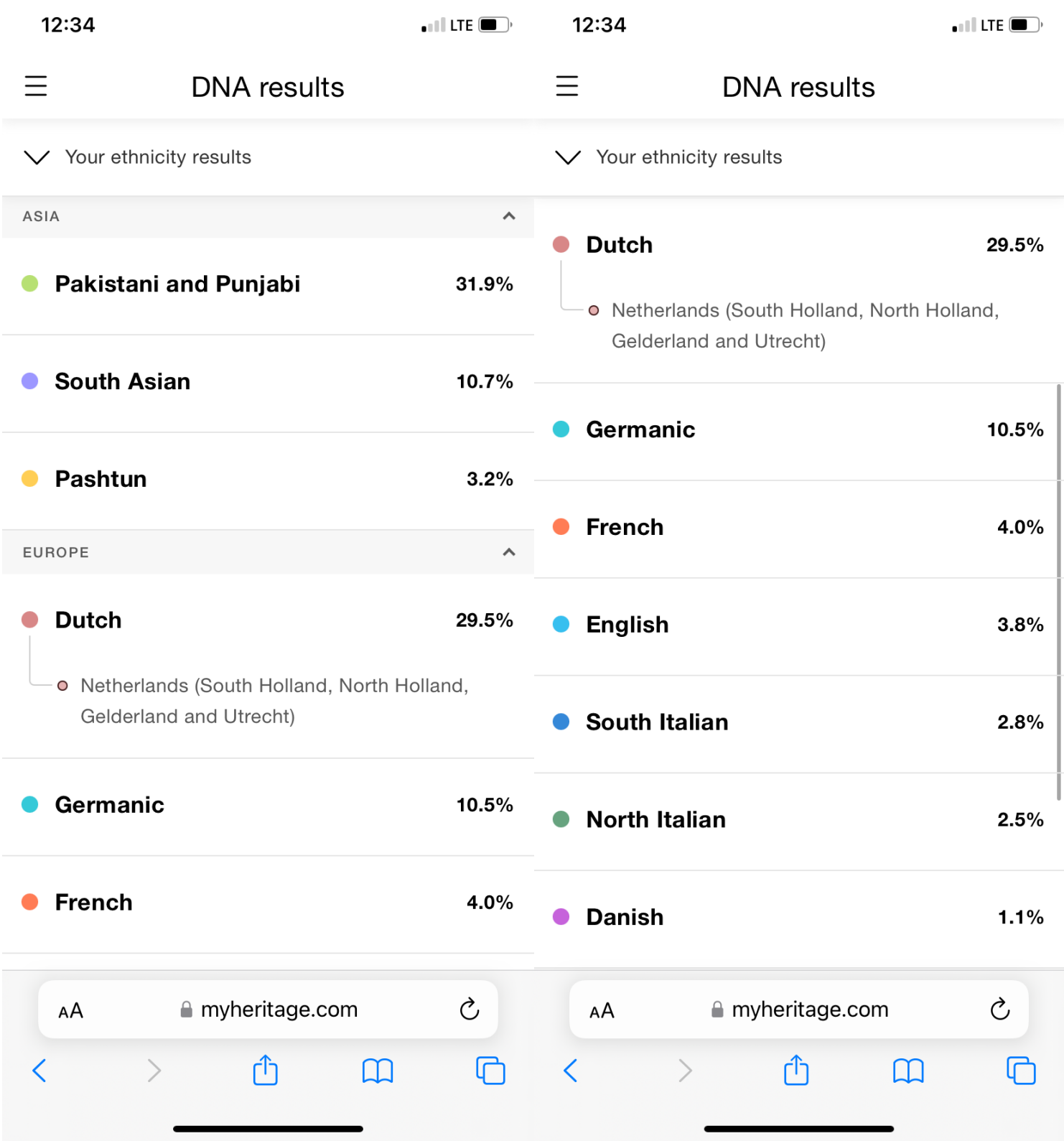
Grandpa Nathan, the Lakota, not only dreamed that dream with me, he gave me the strength to dream that dream.

...and so I got a taste of what it means to have a loving father. One that’ll sit with you and help you tidy up when you remembered your missing vagina. One that’ll make you feel safe and strong and tell you all about the brave men and women from whom you descend.

So it turns out I’m not genetically related to Grandpa Nathan. So I’m not Lakota genetically, and not Scottish, and only slightly Scandinavian on my mother’s side.

Putting to rest this case, here are the final DNA test results.

Note: Being that my biological father, Ahsan Zafar Fazli was born prior to the partition of India and Pakistan in 1948, the data listed is jaded towards modern political nuances. We are from Lucknow, India, in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh. India is known as “Bharat” to the locals.



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