

Monograph Forty-six:

The Dreaming (5)

Checkmating the Ego

The human ego, for all its wants and obsessions, actually does not have high aspirations. On the contrary, it doesn't just settle for less, it fights to keep us lesser. In this state, any form of higher potentiality doesn't really get a look in. But right now, we are collectively birthing new potentiality streams that are carrying us on their current, taking us beyond ego, back into the Divine Truth of what we were originally Created to be. This is a state of being for which we are able to Create stories that allow us to aspire to great heights, climbing and reaching pinnacles of the highest achievements, and we have a chance to get to know ourselves anew. Slaves, no longer.

Reiterating an Old Qualification

I want to begin this monograph by reiterating the qualification I made when first introducing the idea of the Dreaming, and of how we are able to Work with it. I made the qualification in Monograph Forty-two, and rather than try and re-hash it, I might as well just directly quote myself:

I am sharing the experience of my awakening higher senses, their revelations and the transcendent information that has come forth, not with the intention of putting it all on the altar of public scrutiny, there to have it measured and assessed by scholars, academics, experts, or anyone else, and judged, or deemed, to be acceptable or not, within the realm of possibility or not, and accurate or not.

As I went on to say, although everyone is entitled to their opinion, and, in this day and age, has no compunction about expressing it, the Work I'm sharing in this fifth series is deeply and metaphysically personal. I am taking a massive risk in sharing it, but take that risk I must because this fifth series forms the culmination of everything I've Worked on as part of my Destiny, not just as it's flowing through this life I'm living now, but also as it has flowed through many other lives I've lived in preparation for this one.

Fame

In case you haven't worked this out for yourself, 'tis in this monograph that I will be sharing the Work I've done with one of my 'famous' lives. In fact, whilst the she of that life achieved a relatively-impressive degree of fame in her own lifetime, her fame has gained momentum in recent decades, for physical and metaphysical reasons that will, I hope, become obvious as we progress through the monograph.

For me personally, in this life I'm living now and as the character I've been this time around, fame is neither something I've desired nor something I could've handled. I'll take my anonymity and privacy over the pitfalls, discomforts and demands of fame any day.

I confess I observe the effects of fame on individuals who have achieved it in our modern era and feel as if I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. Which is kind of ironic given the fact that my worst enemies do their very best to hide in the shadows, fly under the radar, and avoid fame at all costs. It's probably the only thing we have in common.

Fame and Celebrity

As a construct of illusion, and the illusional masks and costumes we obsessively use to cover our naked inadequacy, fame gained a new kind of obsessional intensity with the inception of Hollywood, as if it suddenly jumped to the top of the list of the most impressive and sought-after constructs. Fame and 'celebrity' then started to separate out, becoming slightly different in their underlying dynamics, and this has intensified in our modern era.

Fame was, in our past, something that was earned, or deserved, or achieved, for good or ill. Now, anyone can be a celebrity, and for no apparent or good reason as far as I can tell. Interestingly, I think fame, or the 'rich and famous', have replaced the aristocracies of our past, forming the new elite class, but I don't think celebrities, especially the pop-up celebrities of social media, are included in this new class.

The Unhealthy Hearth Fire

With the advent of social media, fame and celebrity have degenerated into an obsession, and a potentially dangerous one at that, not just because these expose individuals to attack and vitriol on the outside, but also because they can tend to eat away, or corrode, individuals from the inside.

I've said before, but will say again in this context, fame is like a hearth fire that requires constant vigilance, tending, and fuel to continue burning. It tends to be transient – here today, gone tomorrow. Do you know that old metaphoric adage of yesterday's newspapers becoming tomorrow's bin liners? This pretty much sums up fame perfectly, I think, especially the kind of celebrity-obsessed fame we know today. And the upkeep of trying to remain relevant *and* in the spotlight can be all-consuming. And draining.

The Celebrity Persona

Furthermore, again just like a fire, individuals mistakenly believe they can control the fame monster, but, like a wild animal, it can turn on people, in an instant, and when it does, it can do untold damage.

But I think one of the biggest pitfalls of celebrity is the temptation, which many celebrities seem to be hopelessly unable to resist or fight, of believing one's own 'press', and taking on an arrogant mantle, in some cases with disastrous consequences, as we've seen recently. This is the 'celebrity' persona (literaliser) that grows metaphorically fat, or empowered, on the attention it receives and the homage paid to it by others, and it can tend to consume and devour, until something puts a stop to it.

These people erroneously believe they can behave any way they choose simply by virtue of being a 'celebrity', as if they have become demi-gods. But some of them are discovering

the hard way their celebrity status does not exclude or exempt them from the laws of men, or provide them with any sort of immunity, and nor does it preclude or prevent death when they consume drugs and alcohol and either accidentally or deliberately take a plunge over a balcony from a great height. Celebrity they may well be, but they are still human, and humans bleed and break when they fall from decent heights.

Empty Success

There is another pitfall, too, and this one, from what I've observed, can be particularly corrosive, even leading to the kind of destruction I just referenced.

In our illusional society, with its list of impressive constructs, celebrity is considered to be one of the pinnacles of success. These people don't have any further to climb. There is nothing more to achieve. They've made it. So why do they continue to feel so empty? The illusional rules tell us they should feel fulfilled. So why don't they?

Even worse, if they still feel empty despite climbing to the pinnacle of success, then what the heck are they supposed to do *to* feel fulfilled and satisfied and at peace within themselves? This is one reason why many of them escape into substance addictions.

For many of these people, too, the homage accorded them courtesy of their celebrity status is entirely at odds with the way they feel about themselves on the inside, and this is why the celebrity mantle can become one of arrogance. It's hiding, from them and from others, the inner woundedness of a void of self love, self acceptance, and self respect. Navigating a fracturing internal conflict like this is never easy, to say the least.

The Hyena Pack

Nor are these the only pitfalls of fame. Now, we seem to believe it's our right to know anything and everything about famous people. Nothing is considered off limits, so we devour their private information and their private affairs hungrily. This has given rise to the most incredible rudeness, disdain, disrespect, and dishonour, and, of course, highly inappropriate intrusive behaviours, especially on the part of certain members of the press.

'Tis as if fame has created a very hungry beast, and its voracious appetite must be fed at all costs. So serious has this become that I think famous people take their lives into their own hands, or, more aptly, put their lives in the hands of others, *many* others, as if they are wittingly or unwittingly throwing themselves into a hyena pack that can and will only do one thing to them – tear them to pieces and devour them. And this, regardless of how the fame has been achieved.

An Intoxicating Cocktail

There are many elements to, and in, the fame dynamic that mix together to form an intoxicating cocktail. And a highly addictive one it can be, too. But there are two specific elements in this cocktail, one of which is more exclusive to our modern era, that, within themselves, combine into a highly volatile and very dangerous mix. The first is the egoic horde, or the hyena pack, and the second is the dangerously-destabilising polarisations we're experiencing now.

The ego has, of course, long characterised our human experience, but the reasons it has become so highly dangerous now are, once again, multi-faceted and multi-layered. To begin with, we *are* fully in the throes of the biblical battle of Armageddon. The ego is fighting tooth and nail, or, rather, to the death, to defend itself and retain its dominance and control.

And it is achieving a degree of success with, and within, some individuals, which is contributing to the polarisations, although, polarisation has also been weaponised and is being used against us, especially where the ego is concerned. In those for whom the bloated ego is successfully keeping itself intact and in control, when these people react, their reactions can be swift, ruthless and brutal, especially when they gravitate to each other and form their packs.

The Egoic Beast

Make no mistake. The egoic beast, perfectly portrayed and symbolised with the alien creature, in many more ways than one, in the *Alien* franchise¹, is dangerous right now. Many egos are lashing out, and anyone caught in the crossfire will feel the sting, at the very least. Some people are completely succumbing to the polarising pressures being applied, to the extent that they are attacking physically, even fatally.

The Dark agendas of distraction and incitement are still working on the ego and its egoic horde or hyena pack, and I mean this in terms of both definitions of the word ‘working’. That is, these agendas are still fully operational *and* they are still achieving a modicum of success.

The ego is still able to be manipulated and stirred up, even controlled, like the puppet whose strings are being pulled wherever the Dark masters will it. We have to remember, too, that there are many mechanisms by which very dark entities are attaching to individuals, coupling dark power and dark thoughts with those of their ego, thereby fuelling it, and feeding off it.

A Match Made in Hell

And social media is providing a perfect forum for the agendas of incitement and manipulation, and for the rally cries that are stirring up the hyena packs with misinformation and disinformation, inciting them to violent hatred and vitriolic abuse.

At the same time, social media is also able to draw the attention of the packs to specific targets, or victims. Puppets and strings, remember. But what is so perfect for the Darkness is the fact that the medium of social media hides them and facilitates them staying in the shadows, from where they direct proceedings like orchestral conductors.

We could say the marriage, or match, of social media and ego is truly a match made in hell. Which always has been part of the agenda.

The Design of the Ego

Fame has, therefore, become the means by which individuals potentially stick out like

proverbial sore thumbs, whether they want to or not, and this is placing them in the line of egoic fire. Whilst this is a figure of speech, it has, also, as we've seen recently, become literal.

So the mix of ego and fame is, in and of itself, volatile and dangerous. All of this I've observed over the last handful of years with a deepening sense of dismay and disquiet. And enormous relief.

Because, whilst I am neither stupid nor naive, my ego *is*. Very much so. The ego *is* naive and stupid. It has neither the desire nor the wherewithal to be any other way. And, on top of these, it is chronically ignorant of many things, especially of itself. Putting this bluntly, naivety, stupidity, and ignorance all form the very blueprint of egoic design.

The Dangers of Ego

For me, the stupidity and ignorance of my own ego would have exposed me to the gravest danger. Which means my ego has been as dangerous for me as any other, probably more so, not because it has sought fame, or chased it, but because it has utterly ignored all the pitfalls and dangers of fame, those both internal and external.

Without any semblance of Knowledge, awareness or understanding of the dynamics of our human existence, both past and present, or of the ancient energies stirring the pot of Consciousness here, precipitating massive changes for me and for us all, on the superficial level of itself it has wanted what it has wanted, despite the fact that what it has wanted *is* dangerous, and it has been single eyed in its focus and utterly obdurate in its many and varied demands.

A Seed Planted

But what my ego has wanted, sometimes obsessively, even desperately, I must admit, was a seed planted and nurtured in the previous life I will be sharing with you in this monograph, the residual effects of which I have been Working with extensively. This is why I actually lived the life, despite the fact that a few other valuable things were accomplished in the process.

Multiple birds, one stone, remember. Such is the genius of Creation and its symphonic themes of Destiny.

In fact, without the planted seed of this previous life, I would have had nothing over which, or with which, to battle my ego, such is its importance as a seed *and* as the foundation for not just *one* of the most vital themes I've Worked with as part of my Destiny, but *many* of them.

The Tug of War

When I've written in previous monographs about the tug of war I've conducted with my ego, obviously my ego and my egoic whims and wants have tugged and pulled at one end, to no avail. But what is it that has stood firm, resolute, implacable at the other end, utterly immovable, rendering victory for my ego, and its shallow wants, absolutely impossible?

What is the one thing my ego cannot, and has never been able to, overpower, or override, courtesy of the very great irony of it forming the infertile soil into which the roots of ego were planted in the first place?

The answer is fear, but a very great fear at the core of my psyche that, in reference to the analogy of the archaeological site, has existed in the foundations of the ancient edifice of me. The answer is a big void of fear that always has been greater than the shallow whims and wants I've been consciously aware of. The answer is a very big void of fear taken on, and re-lived, in multiple lives to reinforce, deepen, and empower it.

The Rope

In case you've failed to realise the significance of what this has meant for me, I'll spell it out plainly. My ego has been battling *itself*, with me caught in the very middle. As such, my ego has been positioned at both ends of the rope over which it has fought itself – a perfectly-poised balance of fears.

And what has made the tug of war so powerful, once it was triggered, is the fact that the fears have fought each other over a specific aspect of my life – my writing. This makes the rope very real, fully identifiable, and *very* target specific and focus capturing on the part of both fears.

Ironically, whilst ever I wore the costume of the statistician, working with numbers, computer programs, and formulas, with its void of imaginative connection and expression, I remained blissfully unaware of the fears because they both remained wholly and soul-ly dormant within me. Even when I was triggered metaphysically and began the arduous Work of inner transformation, they both remained dormant.

The Tension Tightening the Rope

Only when I innocently began writing 'in earnest', as I described in the previous monograph, did the fears begin to stir within me, or, rather, slither around in my psyche like slippery, oily eels. Without realising it at first, the rope almost immediately began to tighten with the inner tension of being pulled in two opposite directions.

But the fears did not just slither out of their dormancy because the tug of war was being triggered. Again, ironically, courtesy of the shamanic nature of my writing as a transcendent rather than an artistic skill, I started writing about them. The Knowledge of them started to come through, which, in and of itself, as Knowledge does, began to Work on the unploughed soil of my ego-dominated conscious awareness – a painful Process if ever there was one.

But while my ego waged its epic battle with itself, while it was thus distracted and locked in place, I was kept safe, and, as a result, *I have been able to accomplish much*.

An Inability to move (lower case)

Given the perfect balance of pressures being applied at both ends of the metaphoric rope of my writing, which was always and only ever going to ensure a continued stalemate,

like Dr Dolittle's pushmi-pullyu², my egoic needs, whims, and wants, born of the different fears in my psyche, have acted as an unyielding lock on, and within, my consciousness (lower case). I have been unable to move in the direction I wanted to move physically, and so I have also been unable to orchestrate what was wanted in my reality.

What is so precious about the whole dynamic of this perfect balance of fears is the powerful Truth that I was never destined to go in either direction. Neither of the fears were ultimately destined to prevail.

Instead, my Process, through my heart's inner guidance, has led me into the *third* metaphysical option of my inner realm – the internal depths, or portal – within which I was always destined to make contact with my higher-dimensional Self, and to fulfil the Higher Will and Purpose of my Destiny. *Perfect.*

Uninterrupted Peace and Quiet

Behind, or underneath, the closer-to-the-surface infrastructure of the tug and pull of the two fears, which has also been held and reflected perfectly in and by my reality, I've been able to Work in the full protection of anonymity, privacy, solitude, secrecy, and, in more recent years, uninterrupted, undisturbed peace and quiet.

Is this ultimately how fear Works for all of us? Yes, absolutely. This is why there are not just white tiles in the rooms of our Consciousness, there are also, essentially, black tiles. And then, with their manifested pieces of black and white, the Ladies of Process Work together in perfect sync and harmony, exactly as master chess players move the pieces on the dark and light squares of the chess board to win the game.

The Sacred Darkness

As rooms of black and white tiles, or squares, the black tiles, despite their blackness, do serve us well. I could not have Worked the way I have without my black tiles, and nor would I be alive to tell my tale if not for my black tiles. In fact, I would go so far as to say my black-tile fears have checkmated the Darkness. *Game over.*

Even fear serves Love. Everything ultimately serves Love, which the Darkness would hate hearing, and vehemently disagree with, I'm sure. Some people even refer to it as the 'sacred Darkness'.

When I look at all the different ways the Darkness and those who serve it have raped, pillaged, enslaved, harmed, and abused us, I'm not sure I can go that far myself. I really don't feel at all inclined to be that magnanimous, but I definitely see their point.

The Darkness Always Serves Light

The simple and plain fact of the matter is Set (or, in his *Separated* form, Satan) always serves Osiris, and try as he might to overturn this Truth, or reverse it, it can never be otherwise.

Over the many years I've been initiating, I've Worked damned hard to illuminate, with

Knowledge, and, therefore, to resolve and disempower, both the black-tile fears at either end of the rope, once again, in perfect balance, each with the other, so as to maintain the status quo, especially in my reality, and to maintain the lock they provide.

And so, all the egoic tug of war has succeeded in doing is pulling, or, more aptly, forcing my ego up and out of the depths of me so that I *can* see, face, confront and disempower it, and then, of course, write about it, because this always was the Purpose of the seed planted in that former life.

Put more simply, I've had to battle my ego on multiple fronts, but when I stop and think about it, as I am by writing this, these different front lines have facilitated my Knowledge of it, both generally and specifically, including its multiple facets and layers. There really is no greater weapon than Knowledge in our fight against the Darkness in any of its forms.

The Shadows in Our Deepest Layers

So, what of the fears at both ends of the rope? What are they exactly, and how have they perfectly counter-balanced each other *to* lock me and my reality in place, and to act as leverage, each of the other, pulling them out, which then precipitated, and forced me to wage, the epic battle with ego, not just for myself, but on behalf of all of us?

I don't particularly relish the necessity of having to open up my psyche to public scrutiny yet again, but, despite having already described them in the monographs, I also know that, given this new context, another description is warranted, especially if, as I describe them, I put them in their rightful place at each opposing end of the rope.

I'll begin with the older and more powerful of the two fears – the one always destined to win out over the other just by virtue of it being the more powerful. Using the analogy of the archaeology site, this older fear is the more powerful of the two because it resides in the deepest layers of my psyche.

Too Deep for Conscious Access

I've carried it across multiple lives. In some of those lives, it's been held in its dormant state, neither brought up by my Process nor stirred in any way, in which case, it shaped my reality but did not become more-fully manifest. In many more of those lives, though, especially my female ones, it *has* become fully manifest, and, therefore, lived over and over, time and time again.

Each and every manifestation of it added to it, increasing both the intensity and the weight of it, pushing it deeper into the layers of my psyche, and this translates directly into deeply-held beliefs, mindsets, and intents, but ones we may or may not be aware of. Usually, these kinds of fears require powerful, and painful, triggers in reality to bring them up and out, and generate at least a burgeoning awareness of them.

For me, in being pushed deeper, every manifestation of this more-powerful fear has reinforced and empowered it in such a way as to render it too deep for conscious access. What this means is an awareness of, and certainly a confrontation with, these kinds of fears is *entirely governed by Process*.

Beyond Emotion

But what this also means is, for the entirety of my current life, the fear has existed at a level in my psyche that puts it beyond emotion. So I have been unable to use the language of emotion as a pointer, or as a symptom that points to the woundedness of it. Does this apply to all of us? I would say so, yes. For the deeper, and certainly the deepest, fears within us, yes, they are beyond emotion.

Which then, in turn, means we are unable to Process them in the usual way, doing the alchemical Work by following the thread of emotion back to its psychological source.

I've required other means by which I've Processed the fear, not least of which is my ability to Work with Dreaming stories and dialogues with my higher guides, which has maintained the perfect and delicate balance of holding the fear at least partially dormant whilst also, at the same time, stirring it enough to disempower it. This is, perhaps, the most significant way Process *has* governed it, because the protection it has afforded me has been crucial.

The Proverbial Creek and its Paddle

Again, as I explained in Monograph Forty-two, if not for some of the other lives I've lived, during which the fear did become fully manifest in and as my reality, coupled with my shamanic ability to bring it through and become Knowledgeable about both its existence and its nature, I would have been stuffed, up shit creek without any sort of proverbial paddle, or any means by which I *could* heal it.

Because, once again, the full manifestation of it, which is the most powerful way of confronting these deepest fears, always results in death, *my* death. Death is, in fact, part of the fear itself. But I am destined to *live* this time around.

The Proverbial Bowling Ball and its Skittles

The fear itself is actually quite simple to describe, if not to overcome. It's a fear of being cut down, or snuffed out, for being what I am *metaphysically*. So the simple and most effective solution, as part of it, is to hide what I am *metaphysically*. And the best way to hide my metaphysical Self is to hide my Light and my Divine Truth *from* me, which then Separates (exiles) me from these, and, therefore, from my Self.

This means, just like the Vampire and his absent reflection in mirrors, there must be no metaphysical reflection in my reality to remind me of the Truth, including, or, actually, especially, in any of the relationships that surround me.

But the fear also needs to adopt a camouflage that facilitates me blending in perfectly with my immediate environment, even, if possible, to the extent of disappearing into my surroundings.

Like a bowling ball taking out multiple skittles, this takes care of every possible form of hiding, catering for all contingencies and covering all bases. I am hidden from myself, from everyone else, and from the Darkness that *always* hunts and destroys Light.

Hiding in Plain Sight

To fully understand what the camouflage is, we first of all need to fully understand what the immediate environment is, which, hopefully by now, after four and a half series of monographs, we do. So then we should, by now, also understand what the fear uses as its means of hiding, and why this is, and has long been, so effective.

I say ‘we’ because this whole dynamic of hiding is not in any way exclusive or unique to me, so I am not the only one who needs to understand the reasoning behind *both* the need *and* the means by which so many of us have taken on the disguise of a mantle, or cloak, of illusional ordinariness.

For me, my fear has held onto this mantle with the unrelenting grip of death, and, ironically, it even uses death to protect itself. Remember, a fear’s defence of itself can often be worse to confront, and experience, than the fear itself. This is why one of my own personal struggles has been *with* the mantle of illusion’s ordinariness. I hate it.

Targeting the Sacred Feminine

Courtesy of the fear, in many of my incarnations, especially my female ones, I’ve taken on very plain, undistinguished characters with their very plain, undistinguished masks and costumes. In my more chronologically-recent incarnations, I’ve even avoided taking on any costumes, or holding any archetypal energies, that even remotely resemble a priestess.

And yet, the Priestess energy is, perhaps, the archetype, or one of them, that most-closely resonates with my higher Self, and is certainly one of my soul’s favourites, so in and of itself, this is an indication of the dangers involved in the relentless targets, attacks, and witch hunts conducted by the Darkness against the Sacred Feminine, and the consequent need for the Sacred Feminine to protect itself.

The Context of Ancestral History

An important way we now need to conceptualise *both* the ordinary illusional disguises we’ve been forced to take on *and* the Truth hiding behind them is to put them in the context of our ancestral history, specifically, the conflict between Mu and Atlantis. Contrary to erroneous and popular opinion and belief, this conflict never was something that occurred only once, or as a one off, at the very beginning.

Far from it. This conflict has continued across the entirety of our human experience, and I would even go so far as to say *this conflict has defined our human existence*. I have said and will repeat here, Mu never did cease to exist, but we’ve held the Truth of it within us. We’ve carried its Light codes in our DNA, where, although predominantly dormant with, and within, the twelve layers, they’ve been awaiting activation.

For those of us who are of Mu in both our origin, at least as humans, and our heritage, hiding in plain sight is what we’ve been doing, until such times as we are called upon to throw off our illusional disguises the way we throw off a cloak that’s no longer required. That time is upon us.

Witch Hunts, Attacks, and Campaigns of Genocide

Atlantis, which we can now think of as a synergy of Darkness and ego, has continued to destroy Mu again and again, every time Mu's beautiful, innate essence has radiated and started to affect, or, rather, infuse human Consciousness.

Furthermore, Atlantis doesn't just destroy Murians when and where it can, it also keeps a hyper-vigilant look out for us so that it *can* destroy us.

As a consequence, for me, and for many of us, the campaigns of eradication that litter our history, with their genocides, witch hunts, tortures, executions, crusades, and assassinations, have been deeply impacting and personal. They've taken their toll and left their mark on our souls.

A Reference Point of Trauma

I've been cut down more times than I care to count, and in one very important life, in many ways but especially as it both fed into and epitomised the fear, I was literally torn to pieces by a vicious and out-of-control mob, or hyena pack, just for being what I am.

Although I won't describe this life in detail, or name her, because I don't want to concentrate on her in this monograph, the scholarly among you will, I suspect, know who I'm referring to. Whilst I wouldn't describe her as 'famous', her life is a matter of public record, and many people, especially the Truth seekers among us, know about her.

In fact, one of the reasons her life *was* lived has been fulfilled by the many and varied Seeker-writers who've referenced her in their work/Work. She has become a beacon, or, even more aptly, a reference point, not so much of Light, but of the trauma that has occurred to those of us of the Light when, for whatever reason, the illusional disguises and camouflages have failed to shroud the Truth and prevent our Light radiating.

A Pure Manifestation of Fear

To give you a hint, and an idea of just how bad it was for her, she was a priestess in Alexandria during the mob attacks on the Serapeum early in the first millennia CE when the Darkness was expending great efforts to bring down the Light of Alexandria and turn it into an *ordinary* and easily-controllable Roman province.

In fact, the experience of her life and death *is*, or was, a full and pure manifestation of the fear I've carried, but it also perfectly encapsulates, as I said, the experiences many of us have endured, time and time again.

Tragically for her, far from providing her an effective camouflage, the immediate environment of Alexandria in her time revealed her, or, as it turned out, exposed her. She Worked with the Wisdom, revering and honouring it, and, of course, therefore, also honoured the Sacred Feminine just by being, and so, without realising, she shone very brightly, as many of the Alexandrian priests and priestesses did. During one of the many attacks, she was specifically and brutally targeted.

Maintaining a Modicum of Distance

When I was Processing the memory, being confronted with the fear in its fully-manifested form, I held the pain of her death experience in my body, and partly still do, since, even in writing this monograph I'm still Processing the dynamics involved.

So whether or not she was literally torn into separate pieces by the mob, I do know both her arms and her left leg were torn from their sockets.

Just to clarify my pronoun use of 'she' when describing previous lives I've lived, although these incarnations are me, and I am them, at the same time, they are also different character identities, like different puppets, each with their own experiences as part of their unique Destiny.

In my Work with them, I prefer to keep a little bit of distance, hence my use of the third person pronouns, just as I've always preferred to work with the third person in my Dreaming stories. Everyone Works with other-life memories differently so some people prefer to Work through first-person identification, which, of course, is perfectly okay. We must be free to Work in accordance with our *own* personal preferences.

Atlantean Disguises

As Murians, the most effective disguise we could've, and have, adopted is Atlantean, not just by taking on its ordinary illusional masks and costumes, but also by adhering to the rules, standards, norms, and recipes of the illusional Atlantean game. Or cult.

But the masks and costumes of Atlantean ordinariness do not sit well with us, and nor do they mix well with the extraordinariness of higher-dimensional Murian Light. In fact, they contradict each other, and cannot easily co-exist in the conscious psyche. The heavy density of Atlantean costumes swamp Mu's lighter density, and consume focus, which is, in part, why they are so effective as disguises.

I've described this as feeling like we're wearing an oversized woollen coat, and it's soaking wet. This is what Atlantean disguises feel like for the soul. Weight, or being weighed down, is not the only discomfort, either. Restriction, especially of Movement, lopsided Imbalance, limitation, constriction, and contraction are also all highly problematic for us.

The Problem of Atlantean Costumes and Camouflages

A most-serious problem for us in taking on illusional Atlantean masks and costumes is the fact that we become them. We believe them, and we believe we *are* them, so they define us, not just to others, but, more significantly, to ourselves. They determine what we think and believe about ourselves. They determine the judgements and opinions we form of ourselves, and they determine how we perceive ourselves.

And, a most-serious problem for us in taking on the camouflage of our immediate Atlantean surroundings is the fact that we disappear into it. We become subsumed by it. So we *become Atlantean*, the polar opposite of what we really are as Murian.

Becoming Complicit

By taking on, so completely, the masks, costumes and camouflages of illusional Atlantean ordinariness, we get caught up in the vortex of Atlantis itself. As per its very construct, Atlantis is designed to facilitate control, or, even worse, slavery, by those who orchestrate it in, and as, reality, because, ironically, they need *us* to empower their Atlantean reality.

And so, we become complicit. As *The Matrix* portrays so perfectly, we are turned into batteries that power up the Atlantean existence⁶. We perpetuate it. We sustain it. We maintain its hold over human consciousness. And, as many of our movies clearly convey to us, they keep us fighting each other, competing for everything – resources, power, wealth, status, acceptability – and these consume our focus, keep us facing outward, and prevent us from going within to rediscover our Truth.

And so, oh boy, have many of us paid a massive and high price for wearing the heavy Atlantean coat. It's actually very draining, and damaging. The hardest part, at least for me, has been an increasing awareness of just how heavy and painful and uncomfortable it really is.

The High Price of Atlantean Disguise

We are capable of singing and speaking out our Truth loudly, but Atlantis forces us to turn the volume of ourselves right down. We are expansive – wise, knowledgeable, all-embracing, and compassionate – but Atlantis forces us to shrink, reduce, lower and contain ourselves to avoid ridicule and criticism, *and* psychic and physical attacks.

We shine very brightly, but Atlantis forces us to dim ourselves to the point of darkness. We naturally hold vibrant colours and unique textures within, which should, then, be held in the fabric of our reality, but Atlantis forces us to tone these down so that we become the dull grey edifices that fit into and match the Atlantean landscape, like identical, cookie-cutter suburban houses.

We are highly Creative, but Atlantis forces us to rein ourselves in and contain our Creativity within the bounds of sameness, mundanity, and conformity. This then Separates us from our life blood, our Truest essence, the metaphoric oxygen supply that should keep our hearts beating – the Dreaming Realm, and its alchemical language, its beauty, its power, its innovation, its intelligence, its care and compassion, and its passion.

The Fear at the Other End of the Rope

All of which brings me nicely, or, if the Truth be told, not so, to the fear at the other end of the rope, and the seed of its addiction that was planted in the 'famous' life I keep referring to. It's time for me, both personally, in my own Process, and for the monographs, to fully address the specifics of that life, and its significance for me in this one.

The fear at the rope's other end is the less powerful because, for me, it is both younger and more shallow in my psyche, but to understand its nature, its behaviours, and its addictions, we need to recognise the Truth that *it is an Atlantean-designed fear*.

As a collection, pre-programmed, pre-fabricated Atlantean fears form part of the vortex of Atlantean energy and existence, and they are different from our own natural fears.

Does this make them less powerful? No, absolutely not, so they should never be underestimated. In fact, they have a *very* great hold on and over the human psyche, individually and collectively. As I know from personal experience, this hold is inordinately difficult to overcome.

What's important for us to Know is the fact that we are all subject to these fears when we take on Atlantean disguises and camouflages, but some of us take both the disguises and the fears on shallowly and some of us take them on more deeply, which then determines the Work required to shed and dissolve them.

Not to be Taken as Gospel

We need to remember, and recognise, that we are all different, so we've all experienced our own, sometimes unique, sometimes not-so unique, reactions and responses to Atlantean programming. Some of us are more sensitive to the impacts than others, some of us are more susceptible to the programming, and, of course, we've all taken on different fears and shadows as part of the themes of our Destinies.

To this end, I wanted to pause briefly before moving on to clarify an important element of the Work we're now required to do to set free our Light. The interplays and balances, or lack thereof, in the mix of fears in our psyches are, or will be, unique for each one of us.

This means we must not take on each others' alchemical Work as if universally applicable, like a blanket solution that captures every possible permutation, especially as a means of circumventing the Work we all must do in, and with, our own psyches. My experience must, therefore, be taken not as gospel, but as an example of guidance, possibility, and demonstration.

The Atlantean Ego

In the vortex of Atlantis, as stated above, we cannot help but take on at least some of the specifically-designed Atlantean fears, and once we do, we become identified with the specifically-designed (alien) Atlantean ego, because they are interrelated.

The Atlantean-designed ego *looks* low, *seeks* low, aspires to low heights, or no heights at all. It never looks beyond or raises its vision higher because it can't. This is not in its nature. It knows only the ordinariness of illusion, and doesn't give a damn about anything else, because it also knows, deep down, that *it is illusional*. It has no real substance.

The Atlantean-designed ego brings with it, into its domain, a whole lot of baggage, of which 'head speak' and 'egoic tantrums' are only relatively small parts, despite the difficulties involved in mastering them.

For me personally, and, I suspect, for many of us, the true significance of my own interplay of fears lies in the fact that the natural, more-powerful fear at the end of the rope I've already covered *has protected me from my own Atlantean ego*.

Manifested Addiction

Perhaps the most serious problem of all in taking on the Atlantean ego is the fact that we also fully take on its addictive relationship with the pattern of manifested forms that form into the landscape of reality, especially as a way of covering our naked inadequacy.

The Atlantean ego sees only manifested form, in a Separated state, of course. It doesn't care a damn about anything else. So it uses manifested form as its sole measure of success and failure, and as its sole gauge of adequacy and acceptability or lack thereof. And, it uses manifested form to cover and hide and *protect* its shallow and deep wounds because these are part of its energetic essence.

As a fundamental aspect of its base nature, we have only to feed it a *little* bit of what it wants to trigger its obsessions and addictions. Then, it will want more, and woe betide anyone who withholds from it what it wants. Want is, in fact, the truest essence of its base nature. So, like a heroin addict, what it wants consumes it to the extent that all it sees and all it can focus on *is* its wants. And all of its drives, motives, focusses, intents, outcomes, or its end goals, are congealed into what it wants.

The Tear in the Fabric of Reality

Given such an addictive hold, coupled with a corresponding fully-consumed focus, how is our Process supposed to reintroduce us to, and remind us of, the pure abstraction of the spiritual essence, and the spiritual Purpose, that underpins our reality?

Put another way, our reality *always* comprises two vital elements: the pattern of manifested forms, *Geb*, and its energetic essence, *Nut*. But the Atlantean way of being Separates these two, concentrates focus on the former to feed its addictions, and disregards any Knowledge of the latter. How, then, are we to remember the existence of Nut, the connection between her and Geb, and the vital role she plays in their relationship?

And, without this Knowledge, how, then, are we to restore reality to its rightful place as a vital facet of Consciousness? How are we to restore it as the powerful medium of Process it's meant to be? And how are we to mend the very great tear in the fabric of it?

Cold Turkey Confrontation

The answer to all of these questions is the same, and, at least in its explanation, if not in its painful experience, it is, perhaps surprisingly, simple. We feed the Atlantean ego what it wants, fuel and fire up its addictions and its dominance, then we withdraw from the addictions by going 'cold turkey'. And we brace for impact.

Nothing is guaranteed to stir up its very-ugly antics, including its defences of itself, its protests, and its tantrums, more than withholding from it what it obsessively wants. So, it makes itself known, and it reveals itself in the process. We are, then, provided an opportunity to stare it down; to stand firm against its punishments, and its tricks and traps; to suck up its withdrawal symptoms; and to confront it head on thereby robbing it of its god-damn power, and ending its control and dominance of consciousness.

The Importance of the ‘Famous’ Life

Therein lies the supreme importance, in and as part of my ascension Process, of the ‘famous’ life I lived.

Such is the distraction of, and obsession with, fame in our modern world that I need to stress the *metaphysical* Purpose of the life from the outset so as to direct focus, and I’m speaking to myself as much as to anyone who might read this. Given my battle with Atlantean ordinariness, I confess I’ve struggled with this distraction, too.

Initially, I rejected outright the Knowledge of her life as one of my incarnations, and I dismissed the whole notion of it, but I wasn’t allowed to get away with this for long. On the contrary, with its foot in the newly-ajar door of my consciousness, rather than allowing the door to slam shut once again, my Process relentlessly chipped away at me, opening the door wider and wider so the Truth of my connection with her life could come through.

Superficial Treatment

Stressing the *metaphysical* Purpose of the ‘famous’ life also facilitates an understanding of why I need to share the life and the Work I’ve done with it openly, in detail, too, rather than just mentioning it briefly or touching on it superficially, as I did with the life of the Alexandrian priestess.

As we continue, for me as I write and for you as you read, we need to bear in mind a most vital question. How else is Mu to defeat Atlantis? *From within* is the only way. Atlantis attacks, seduces and defeats Mu from the outside, but Mu will, and can only, rise to defeat Atlantis from the inside.

Preparation for Battle

There were two crucial elements of the ‘famous’ life that directly fed into, and laid the foundation for, *my* confrontation and battle with the Atlantean ego, although, as already stated, there were other valuable Purposes fulfilled in that life, too. Multiple birds.

First, my ego was given more than a little bit of what was wanted, more than enough to trigger those same addictions and obsessions, which, when combined with the ravages of naked inadequacy wrought by the abuse of my younger years, was always going to stir and fire it up as fully, and powerfully, Atlantean in its fear-essence and nature, and its hold.

Second, the seed of thought that was planted and germinated in her life, and sprouted into its fullest fruition in mine, was an exploitation of the way she and I use writing to draw out of the Dreaming Realm what we’re Working on *with* it, and *within* it. The Dreaming is the womb of Creation, and we are supposed to ‘birth’ what is within it into reality for the soul to live and experience, but the exploitation of it by ego reverses this direction.

That is, our ego, hers and mine, fed itself on, and off, this ability, using the Dreaming to serve itself, to assuage its addictive wants and needs, and to clothe itself in a more-impressive illusional mask and costume. And, then, having done this fairly successfully in *her* life, it was always going to try to do the same in *mine*. The same way.

Drained unto Death

For someone like me, and her, using my Dreaming Realm to empower Atlantis, and the Atlantean way of being, is a direct violation of the most sacred inner sanctum of the temple of me. It is, in fact, tantamount to using my sovereign power to inflict the most heinous wounds on my own soul. But it was a sacrifice she made in her life, albeit an unconscious one, so that I *could* wage war with the Atlantean ego.

The sacrifice cost her dearly. It drained her to the point of illness and death, at the young age of 42, and at the pinnacle of her career, at the height of her success, when it was all gaining momentum and generating recognition for her. She died seemingly in the middle of the ongoing development and evolution of her writing, even to the point of dying half way through her final story.

Just an enticing taste. That's all our vampiric ego was given, and allowed, but it was enough to cause a serious wound in her soul that I directly inherited, as was always the intent. So who was she? Her name was Jane Austen.

The Illumination of Fame

Ironically, like me, other than as a function it fulfilled for her in selling her stories, Jane had no interest in fame. She didn't seek it, so it's simply a by-product of her writing success. Fame was, too, an entirely different dynamic in her day, but given its prominence in *our* day, it serves a most valuable Purpose, because we know her. We can see her life in quite significant detail, despite the couple of centuries between her time and ours.

Her fame, coupled with the enduring popularity and relevance of her stories into our modern era, draws our attention, and, augmented by the documentation provided to us in her surviving correspondence with her most-beloved sister, the dynamics of her life are both identifiable and public.

Checkmating the Atlantean Ego

From this, I require only one more step, courtesy of these monographs, to show us the Truth of Light that *is* the essence of reality. And, at the same time, to reveal just how clever and innovative Creation is, how masterfully it uses reality, and how the single pages of Destiny combine into and hold the themes of a far greater whole chapter.

This, too, *is* the biggest advantage we have over the Atlantean ego, because, in the depths required to undertake the Work of alchemy, it is hopelessly outmanoeuvred. Actually, as I wrote earlier, *it is checkmated*. And so has mine been, thanks to Jane and the genius of the Process that is running through both our lives.

A Further Qualification

I will add a further brief qualification here. The Work I've done with the dynamics of her life, which I directly inherited courtesy of the unique and powerful connection between us, has required a delicate balance of intuition and research. And, maintaining the optimal balance between these has been beyond vital for me.

Given her fame and the fact that her life is well documented and analysed, the temptation to tip this balance into an imbalance of leaning too heavily on research has had to be acknowledged and dealt with on my part. To this end, I've listed the references I've relied on in the reference list at the bottom of the monograph^{3, 4, 5}, but I *have* resisted the temptation to go further and look up other references. As a consequence, most of what I write about her is intuitive, and *so must it be*.

A Vast Catchment

My writing *as the rope* in the egoic tug of war could not be *both* established *and* used to battle ego in the same life. There are multiple reasons for this, most of which I won't outline here, but the one I will explain concerns the ascension Process and the fact that, for many of us, multiple tributaries of Creation, established in previous lifetimes, are now flowing into the catchment of a vast and powerful lake within us.

This lake and its tributaries have been of, and held in, the *Unconscious*, but we are alchemically Working to transmute its essence into a lake of the *Conscious*. We are immersing ourselves deeply in its Truth, and from this lake, in its transmuted state, the Lady's sword of Truth and Knowledge, Excalibur, will, and must, rise again, as promised.

Two Parts of the Same Whole

That it was in *Jane's* life, not mine, writing, as the rope in my ego's tug of war, was set up and established formed a key Purpose of her life and a primary mandate of her Destiny. Working with the rope the way I have, then formed a key mandate of my Destiny in fulfilment of our shared Purpose, but writing is not the only aspect that binds us.

Although, for all of us as souls, each and every one of our incarnations are connected, like a string of pearls in a necklace, sometimes, when Destiny calls for it, the connection is so strong the incarnations form parts of a whole, like part one and part two of an episode in a series based around the same central character. This is the case for her life and mine.

I am her part two, and she is my part one (or one of them, because we can, and do, have multiple part-one-and-two connections with other lives we've lived). When this occurs for us, as the part two, we are re-born in the same zodiacal month in which we died as the part one, so that the lives form a direct and seamless energetic continuation and connection.

To this end, Jane died on the 18th of July, in Cancer as the physical month and Gemini as the metaphysical month, and I was born on the 8th of July, in the same months.

Dual Zodiacal Influences

Why the split? Because of the Romans, of course. Who else? They carved up the sky into twelve equal components, each of which, in their time, contained the zodiacal constellations as named. Courtesy of Precession, however, the constellations have moved on, but the Roman compartments have remained fixed.

So, for me, as an example of the consequence of this, I am Cancerian in terms of my physical identity and the physical dynamics that have been weaved into the landscape of

my life, but I am Gemini in terms of the metaphysical dynamics I've been Working with and that directly underpin my life's Process. Fascinatingly, at least to me, Jane was Sagittarius physically and Ophiuchus metaphysically. Ye gods! What a Destiny.

Despite the malevolent intent of the Darkness, this split is not a bad or negative thing. On the contrary, we are able to Work with multiple energies powerfully, and the mix of them affords us multi-faceted and multi-layered opportunities that serve us well.

The Darkness really is dumb, is it not, just like its Atlantean-designed alien-ego creature? Everything it tries to use to win its malevolent game we simply transmute in such a way that serves the Light. The Darkness cannot play metaphysical chess with the Light and win. It will always, and only ever, find itself outsmarted, as is occurring for it right now.

Common Physical Characteristics

The physical characteristics and interests Jane and I have in common are many and varied. They include playing the piano; being keen observers, readers, and interpreters of human nature, actions, behaviours, emotional responses, expressions, and interactions; possessing a natural understanding and knowledge of human psychology that we both weave, or weaved, into our writing; and an ability to write and work well with dialogue courtesy of a deep understanding of the characters we work, or worked, with.

She also shared my fraught relationship with men, which I won't elaborate on again here, and this applied to her 'suitors', as they were called in her time, but also to the men in her immediate family, her father and brothers, who failed her in different ways. These experiences generated within her an almost-desperate need for independence, especially financial independence, and self reliance, which went against the natural, or *unnatural*, grain of society in her time, and all of which I inherited.

But these physical traits are not all that important. Many people play the piano, many people write, and many people do both. Most creative writers *are* natural keen observers of the world around them, and they are also naturally good at working with their characters for the same reasons I just outlined.

What is important is the metaphysical dynamics we have in common because it is these that most powerfully bind us together, and it is these that have featured so prominently in our shared Destiny and its Purpose.

Man Haters

Interestingly, the interplay of her close relationships with men did not adversely feed into, or affect, her writing. If anything, they positively fed into her stories by adding different colourful textures and tones to her male characters. But they *did* directly adversely feed into her engagement with the publishing industry, her need to sell her stories, and the impetus this provided for the massive self compromise that was so damaging for us both.

She was intelligent, physically and metaphysically, so she must have been conscious of

the way these relationships affected her, especially the part they played in driving her to use her writing to generate financial freedom, independence and security, self reliance, and self identity. Was she conscious of the stark contrast between the men she interacted with and the ones she was creating and working with in her stories? Yes, she makes this obvious in her stories, weaving that very same contrast into them.

I've been accused of being a man hater, but you only have to read my own stories, and then, with newly-opened eyes, Jane's, to know this is simply not true. On the contrary, Jane and I both honour, respect, admire, and, indeed, *adore*, the Sacred Masculine. It is a most beautiful and vital energy. I'll take on a Mr Knightley in a heartbeat⁷, welcoming him into my inner and outer sphere with open arms.

The Sacred Masculine

The problem for us all in our time, and also in Jane's, is the very-tragic Truth that men who possess and express a nobility of character of the calibre of Mr Knightley are all too rare. Do you think me harsh?

The woundedness and shadow that is eroding, corroding, emasculating and undermining the power of the Sacred Masculine is causing too many men, *not* all, to feel threatened by the Sacred Feminine. This Truth is directly expressing itself in the alarming prevalence of misogyny, domestic and societal abuse and violence against women, and the ongoing suppression and exploitation of them.

At the risk of stating the obvious, the Sacred Masculine and the Sacred Feminine perfectly and beautifully compliment each other, and, as such, *they bring out the best in each other*. Put another way, in their natural interaction, they draw out the beautiful characteristics of both energies, and, when held equal and in Balance, they draw *us* out, into better versions of ourselves.

Champions of the Sacred Feminine

The suppression and restoration of the Sacred Feminine actually forms a binding covenant in Jane's and my shared Destiny. One of the important functions of our lives and our writing is our championing of the Sacred Feminine, not just through our writing, but also in the way we've conducted ourselves in our personal lives. By being.

She called out and challenged the mindsets in her society that greatly limited the roles women could take on, of what they could do in and with their lives, and, therefore, in who they wanted to be and how they wished to present themselves. Even at relatively young ages, unmarried women were labelled 'spinster' (close to 'spider'). It's a vile and ugly word, calling to mind a shrivelled, even embittered, woman no man wanted, so it innately reinforces the notion that women can only be validated via relationships with men.

Jane also called out and challenged the transactional nature of marriage, of it largely being an institution taken on to mutually benefit both parties, often in lieu of it being energetically expressive of 'true love'. I know this greatly bothered her, as it greatly bothers me. It robs marriage of its authenticity and deeper meaning, especially as relevant and applicable to the heart and soul.

Male Designed Roles

Being unmarried in her day was highly unusual, but Jane wasn't afraid of the spinster label. If she had been, she would've married for the sake of it, and then she may or may not have been free to write, but she would not have been allowed, or even found it necessary, to publish her stories, because this would've reflected badly on a husband.

I happen to know she'd be quite horrified if she knew women would still struggle to shake off, break free of, and go beyond the trap of the old hearth and home roles of wife and mother some two hundred years after her time. We both have, and had, no interest in taking on these male-designed, male-oriented roles, although, unlike her, I did have to experience it first to know this.

Lingering Programming

I can almost hear the vitriolic criticism, more from women than from men, so, once again, I will add the qualification that I fully recognise the energies of Mother, Lover and Companion are vital aspects and expressions of the Sacred Feminine. If there were no Mothers in the world the human race would die out, such is the vital role they play.

When I say 'male-designed', this has occurred because these roles became the only options available to women. We were robbed of our choice as to whether or not we would take on these roles, and, contrary to popular belief, we have not fully resolved this wounded situation in our modern era. The old programming, established under the Romans and then further developed and compounded in the Dark Ages, lingers like a proverbial bad smell.

Champions of Undisguised Authenticity

Another binding covenant in our shared Destiny that we've Worked on in our writing and in our personal lives is the beguiling, seductive nature of the illusional masks and costumes we humans use to cover our naked inadequacy, and, in particular, the way these determine not just acceptability but, also, how dazzlingly-impressive we are, or are not, as individuals.

I love this aspect of, and in, Jane's stories. She was rather brilliant at exposing the contrast between nobility of character and the nobility of title that dictated and determined one's status in society. She certainly makes it clear the one does not inherently equate to the other.

Exterior and Interior

On the contrary, in her stories as a collection, she makes a deliberate statement that highlights the contrast between the two, even portraying the nobility as a group that, on the whole, doesn't bother undertaking the odious task of cultivating a nobility of character, with its accompanying and matching intelligence and insight, because they're paid homage whether they possess these or not. They don't have to earn it, in other words.

In *The Messiah Perspective*, I, too, observed this in our modern society. Using the

cathedral as a metaphor, I argued that *we humans interact with each other in such a way that if the outside of the building is impressive, people automatically assume and believe the inside is as well*. And Elijah (my higher companion) added a more-accurate variation, *if the outside of the building is impressive enough it matters not what the interior is like*.

Seeing Through the Masks and Costumes

One of the aspects of *Pride and Prejudice*⁷ that resonates so well and so powerfully for me and many others is the way Darcy and Elizabeth match, each proving themselves worthy of the other, especially with respect to that same nobility of character.

Again, we see in this story the same beautiful recurring theme that's portrayed so well in the 2015 *Cinderella*⁸ of the 'handsome prince', with his impressive illusional mask and costume that's weaved out of an impressive array of constructs, and his ability to 'see' through the periphery of the 'inferiority of her connections'⁸ to the Truth of Elizabeth.

This is an important theme for Jane and for me, so both of us work, and worked, with it a lot in our writing, and, for me, if not for her, it has played a powerful part in the battle I've waged with the Atlantean ego and the illusional Atlantean game.

The Archetypal Writer

For Jane and I, our writing might seem to be a physical attribute we have in common, and so it is in one sense, or on one level. But on a deeper level, it is, in Truth, *one of* our most powerfully-binding metaphysical attributes. I highlight the words 'one of' here because our writing is not *the* most powerful binding aspect of our lives and our Destiny.

The Writer, as an archetype, is what it is, and, for anyone who has it in their archetypal suite, he or she is able to use the language of words to communicate, stimulate, incite, entertain, inform, challenge, or any combination of these. As a physical attribute, our writing might appear to be the same as an expression of the archetype, but on closer inspection, important differences are revealed, and not just the obvious one of her critical acclaim and fame verses my lack thereof.

The Power of DNA

The expression of our writing, the role it's played in our lives and in our Processes, the content and structure of it, and the way we've Worked with it are different for us both. The reason for this is simple but significant and well worth knowing. The Writer was, and is, weaved into different layers of our DNA.

The different layers of DNA sometimes subtly and sometimes overtly change the expression and the experience of the archetypal energies. So, Jane held the energy of the Writer in her sixth layer (health and work⁹) whilst I hold it in my twelfth layer (accessing the unconscious⁹).

Interestingly, we also both held, and hold, the Storyteller in our fifth layer (creativity and pleasure⁹), which has then fed into and influenced our writing in a similar way.

The Vocational Writer

Jane was very much a product of the society in which she lived, and so have I been, and this alone contributes to differences in our self expression through our writing. But the Writer in our sixth and twelfth layers respectively is the reason why Jane set all her stories in the time, place and culture in which she existed, weaving her observations into them, whilst I have set my stories in different times, different places, different cultures, and different dimensions, often weaving memory into them.

This is, too, why she was able to form and forge a successful career out of her writing whereas I have struggled and strived to do the same but have been implacably ‘forbidden’ and prevented from succeeding. Writing was her life’s work, but in my life, the energy in my own sixth layer is the Alchemist, so my life’s work (lower case) is the Great Work of Alchemy.

Technically, in terms of being defined by what we ‘do’ according to the rules of the Atlantean game, she *was* a writer whereas I don’t qualify as one, even though I easily spend as much time writing as she did, and, as it was for her, writing is my life’s blood and passion. This is the trap of illusional labels, is it not? They package us up, box us in, and wrap us in illusional restrictions. Sometimes, we even get to put a pretty bow on top.

Taking a Toy from an Errant Child

My writing has exclusively served, honoured, and formed part of my alchemical Work, to the extent that, in my infamous battle with my Atlantean ego, whenever it *did* tug and pull, trying to take ownership and control of my writing, my heart and soul completely withdrew. When this occurred, I was wholly and soul-ly unable to write. I lost my connection with it. I lost the flow of it. And I lost my passion for it.

Like a parent taking a dangerous toy away from an errant child, my heart and soul have taken their metaphysical hands away at these times, and so they’ve unequivocally stamped their claim of ownership, sending a repeatedly-clear message to my ego that it has absolutely no jurisdiction over my writing. Such is, and has been, the nature of the ‘cold turkey’ withdrawal I referred to earlier.

Jane waged no such battle with her heart and soul, so she had a lot more purely-intellectual control of her writing. Until the end. Her soul did withdraw from it in the end. Even though, courtesy of her illness, she may not have had the energy to write physically, she could still have dictated the end of the last story, but she couldn’t because her heart was no longer in it. In that sense, she died metaphysically before she died physically.

The Transcendent Writer

That the Writer is held in my twelfth layer is the reason why I’ve written differently at different times throughout the progressive stages of my initiation from the ever-deepening layers of my psyche, whereas, with the exception of her letters, Jane only ever wrote creatively, or artistically.

From the point where my writing morphed into the creation of these monographs (at

the end of 2019), I've concentrated my focus exclusively on writing them and haven't, as a result, written a single verse or story or dialogue.

The fact that Jane held the Writer in her sixth layer is the reason why it was intrinsically linked to her health, and it's why the effort she expended in getting her stories published, especially *Emma* and *Mansfield Park*, which was, interestingly, her favourite, drained her to the point of illness. Unsurprisingly, at least to those of us who've engaged with the publishing industry, despite the popularity of her stories now, she received hardly any royalties from them in her lifetime.

Bobbing for Apples

Which means, ultimately, she failed in her egoic attempts to use her writing to establish financial freedom, security, and independence, and self reliance, although she did not fail in using it to establish self identity. In this, she was successful, and, given the time she lived and the enduring nature of her identity, all credit to her.

So, what was it, exactly, that drained her to the point of illness and death thereby directly handing me a wound I've had to Work damned hard to resolve in my life?

To address this question we're going to have to go beyond the manifested forms of the landscape of her reality into the pure abstraction of its essence. Given our addictions, this is not easy terrain to navigate. If you're anything like me, you'll keep bobbing up into the shallows of manifested form like an apple in a barrel of water, and, sometimes, pulling yourself back down can be a difficult exercise.

But 'tis in the depths of this barrel that our shared soul, hers and mine, assumes its rightful significance and prominence, making us the same, despite the peripherals of the illusional masks and costumes we both donned for our incarnations, including personality, fame, societal conditioning and demands, and cultural trends and influences.

The Restoration of the Womb of Creation

Such is the importance of this Work for me personally that it requires a whole monograph of its own, so it and my answer to the question I asked come next in the series. This Work doesn't so much require a clearing and cleaning out of the corruption, or, more specifically, the wound of exploitation that I inherited from Jane, because I've been doing this for the entirety of my initiation Process, but it does involve the restoration of Creation in its most powerful form – full and participative Conscious Creation – and the unlimited potentialities, or the potentiality streams, or higher stories, *we can Create*.

This is one of the powerful reasons why Jane lived as she did, why she wrote as she did, why she published as she did, and why all of this forms a vital part of the sacrifice she made, because she and I together potentially show others the essence of reality, its True current and heartbeat, and also, vitally, how we Create.

How else do you show people this essence when it is pure abstraction? You make at least some of it manifest, and then, through the auspices of my own writing and my alchemical Work, I rediscover and reclaim the metaphysical Truth and meaning of what is

manifest. I couldn't do this without her help. So, in addition to bequeathing us her wonderful stories, this is Jane's gift, and mine.

Even Corruption Serves Purpose

I wish to clarify at this juncture, this is absolutely *not* a veiled judgement or criticism of either Jane or her work. She was a brilliant writer, and anything I write about her does not, in any way, detract from the Truth of this. As I hope I've made clear, the exploitation of ego seeded in her life and inherited by me has served both Purpose and Process in so many different and powerful ways.

Ironically, the corruption she introduced has actually continued to ensure the palatability, and even an egoic palatability, and the ongoing popularity of her stories, all of which is still serving Purpose and Process. In other words, her stories still satisfy us on multiple levels of us, both heart and ego.

And the exploitation never did completely swamp or dilute the soul essence of her stories. We have to remember that she was not born into, and so was not of, Atlantis. She was not conditioned to it, or programmed by it, as I have been. Her ego was, therefore, unlike mine, not Atlantean in its strength, its power, its dominance, its density, or its hold.

But 'tis still an enormous relief to me to know that in healing myself I am also healing her, and in restoring my Self, I am also restoring her Self.

* Author's Note: I deliberately use capital letters to denote higher-dimensional concepts and to distinguish these from the common, lower-dimensional use and definition of the words.

1. The *Alien* franchise: *Alien*, 1979; *Aliens*, 1986; *Alien 3*, 1992; *Alien Resurrection*, 1997; *Alien: Covenant*, 2017; *Alien: Romulus*, 2024; Brandywine Productions; *Prometheus*, 2012, Scott Free Productions, Brandywine Productions, Dune Entertainment.
2. *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*, Hugh Lofting, Random House Children's Publishers, UK, 2001.
3. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Volume 2 (Jane Austen), Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., William Benton, Publisher, republished 1963.
4. *Becoming Jane*, 2007, Miramax Films, UK Film Council.
5. *Jane Austen: Rise of a Genius*, TV mini series, 2025, 72 Films, Abroad Films.
6. *The Matrix*, 1999, Village Roadshow Pictures; Warner Bros. Pictures.
7. *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen, *Jane Austen The Complete Novels*, 1981, Guild Publishing London.
8. *Cinderella*, 2015, A Disney presentation, A Kenneth Branagh Film; an Allison Shearmur/Beaglepug/Kinberg Genre Production.
9. The twelve arenas of existence as linked with and governed by the twelve layers of DNA identified in *Sacred Contracts*, Caroline Myss, Ph.D, 2001, Harmony Books, Bantam Books, and adjusted slightly for my own personal use.

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