

Chapter 4

The Drug Lord

Marcus has disappeared. I have not seen him since that evening in November 2007 when he came to Bulan with the colonel. I wonder what he has done this time. He called me once, before I went to England in July, only to tell me that I could no longer use the old mobile phone numbers to contact him. He gave me a new cell phone number but told me that unless I hear his voice at the other end, then it is not yet active. He has not called since.

Marcus what have you done now? Marcus is a man who has taken care of, and protected me. This is true, yet at the same time he has brought disaster into my life. He is both my glory and my curse, all in one. Have you ever had a full on love/hate relationship with anyone? Well, that is the kind of relationship I have had with Marcus. Sometimes I wish I hadn't said yes to that toast of champagne, so many years ago when he was delirious during that tragic afternoon. God, if I had wanted to, I could have killed him then! Damn.

After my husband Robert passed away, Marcus came to Massachusetts where I lived. We had lunch at a hotel in Worcester. He offered to take me on vacation to almost anywhere in the world

I wished to go. I told him I didn't feel it was right for me to be traveling with him abroad so soon after my husband's death, since I was concerned with what my in-laws may think. He told me that my passport didn't have to be stamped at all. No one would know I had traveled. I didn't go.

A few years later I had dinner one evening with Marcus and confronted him with something that has perpetually disturbed me with regard to my husband's death in Bangkok. I asked him face to face if he had something to do with it. He looked me straight in the eye and said no. But I've always had my suspicions and have wondered ever since if he had choreographed it. A man like Marcus could look you in the eye and lie with a straight face. But I am one to talk. I too can do the same if I wish. I went to the Eric Morris acting school in New York. I also took drama classes whilst in college in Massachusetts. My acting professor Ann Marie Shea was so impressed with my work she had me video taped in class during our acting workshop, to keep on file in the college library. I should also mention that I have appeared on stage and screen. I was the bad girl in a Japanese action movie in the mid 1990's. I also played a small role in a Dutch epic made for television around the same time called "In the name of the Queen", where I played an Indonesian girl. Because I was trained to act on stage, I don't think I did very well on film. I have always hated the sound of the clapper. I stopped auditioning for foreign films for reasons too long to say at the moment, for they are not a part of the reason I am writing this book. Though I repeatedly hear my mother's voice instructing me to tell you more about my personal life. So, this time, I will tell you a little more. In the early 1980's I worked in New York briefly with the top photographer at that time, Allan Braveman. I say briefly because I had to move to Massachusetts. He photographed the

world's top models and created photos for the world's most popular magazines such as Cosmopolitan, Vogue and Penthouse. I worked with Allan briefly as a print model. I am too short to be put on the ramp amongst all those tall catwalk models.

One day in 1981, Allan called my home in Connecticut to tell me that the editor of Penthouse had seen my photograph displayed in the front of his studio in New York. Allan was excited to tell me that the editor had offered to have me pose nude for Penthouse. I declined the offer. Why? Because I'm sure my older brother Freddie would have disowned me permanently and would have never let me come back to the Philippines. Such were the morals of the time; photographs of me naked would have dishonored his name. Well, times have changed since.

Going back to Marcus, I can't help but wonder if he has had anything to do with the events of my life since last I saw him, asking the colonel over and over... "Have you ever known anyone so perfect?" As these words repeat in my mind, I also remember an incident that happened in the year 2004. I met an American woman named Molly who graduated from Harvard University and who was working here in Manila. I loved her free spirit and great mind. She and I got on so well together because, like me, Molly is so positive about people and the world. She is free. She is a writer and she offered to document my life story. I mean the portion of my life I am free to discuss and that can be sold to Hollywood. She believed my life to be so unique; that Hollywood would never have encountered such a story. Through her connections it would be extremely feasible to turn my life into a movie. She and I met several times in my home to discuss the book. We also met near her home at the Starbucks coffee shop in Makati along Tordesillas Street.

One morning, I received a phone call from Molly. She said she had been run over by a motorcycle, crossing the street in front of her condominium. She had been immediately taken to the emergency department of Makati Medical Hospital, and it was here she was calling me from. After this phone conversation, I never heard from her again. I called her cell phone and her landline several times and left messages. She never returned my calls nor responded to any of my messages. As others in my past, she simply vanished. And so I asked myself, “Marcus, you son of a bitch, did you give this woman an offer she could not refuse?”

I should also tell you that in November of 2007, Steve, my partner, received very strange emails that made me feel he was being threatened. Rather, I should say, our relationship was being threatened. At this time I realized that everything I write in my emails is read and analyzed by “others”. So I sent “someone” a message stating that if Steve were to have an accident, and I would of course be unable to prove foul play, or if anything were to happen to him and he died in the process, then I swear, I said, I would go back to Howard Marks and continue my affair with him. My instinct told me this would protect Steve. That whoever is after me, whoever it is trying to “herd” me, the last thing they want is for me to live in Europe. The trick worked. The emails harassing Steve stopped. My instinct told me this would really screw up their plan. But as the man said in those quoted messages in my essay “The Hunt”, I am like the air. I know only freedom. Do you have any idea what it is like to have freedom of mind and spirit? I would not exchange it for any amount of money, title or position this world has to offer. So how does one control air? How does one control the spirit that is so in one with nature, connected to the spirit world and the cosmic universe? How does one control someone like that?

When I told the old lady seer about this comparison, she barked, “You are not only like the air.” “You are also an avalanche waiting to happen that will forever change the course of history.”

“You are a sleeping giant,” she added.

“And not even the US government could stop you from fulfilling your destiny. It is Heaven’s will. Your name will resound through many generations to come. Your name will never die. In spirit you will live forever in the hearts of people. You are not human like the rest of us....”

Like my mother Barbara, my partner Steve keeps telling me to tell you more about myself so you are better able to understand my story. So I will tell you about a recent incident with the staff of the Philippine National Museum. But before I can recount the Museum story, I will also have to give you a little more of my background; my accomplishments, as my mother would say.

As I said earlier, I have traveled to 35 countries. The more I see of the world, the more I love the Philippines. Those Filipinos who have traveled to some parts of the world on package tours and who do not find beauty in the Philippines are more than unfortunate. They are lost. These Filipinos have a diseased colonial mentality. They are the primary reason for this country being poor. These are the same Filipinos who either refuse to, or who can’t speak Tagalog or any other language of the Philippines because they are ashamed of their mother language, they are ashamed of who they are. Too many Filipinos, even those belonging to the elite and the upper class, teach their young children to speak only English. So we have all these half-baked young Filipinos blubbing in poor English who can’t speak or comprehend Tagalog or any other ethno-language. Their parents robbed these Filipinos of decent speech and vocabulary. Why did their parents do this to them? Why would Filipinos behave

in such a way? It is because during the Spanish colonization, the lying, stealing, raping, murdering, inhumane, greedy and barbaric Spaniards treated these Filipinos' forefathers as slaves for almost four centuries.

So today, these Filipinos with colonial minds still think like slaves! They behave like slaves. These are the Filipinos who insist on speaking to each other in English thinking that in doing so they give themselves an air of superiority and self-importance. Can you imagine how pathetic this is? These poor Filipinos think that to speak English will give them status! And to speak English with an American accent will give them an even greater status! How sad. How stupid. How shallow and superficial these people are. How insecure they must be. How colonized their minds are. These are the minds that continue to be raped and violated by colonization. In my opinion Filipinos who do not love the Philippines and who do not take pride in being Filipino should leave the country and take permanent residence elsewhere. Or better they should go to the US and clamor for that American passport like so many other Filipinos have done in the past. The Philippines is better off without these colonized minds!

Our art and culture is so rich. Our art and culture represent the soul of our nation. Therefore our soul as a nation is also rich. But it is our identity, our soul, that essential part of our nation, of our race, that has been violated and damaged by hundreds of years of colonization - the Spanish colonization and now by America's Imperialism. Filipinos with colonial psyche represent the diseased and dependent minds and spirit that was and is still the aim of first Spain and now America. Most Filipinos from older generations are the prisoners of these colonial times. With such attitudes, our country is psychologically sick and cannot progress.

This is why I decided to write this book, for the younger generation of Filipinos. You are the future of our country. You are the hope of this beautiful nation. And as the older generation dies, you, a new breed will rise, a new generation of Filipinos free from colonial mentality, proud of your art and culture, proud of your country, proud of your Asian race!

When I came back to the Philippines, after living in America for 11 years, I was disgusted to find that the art community had also been infested with a colonial mentality. Almost all the painters worked only in oil, the European medium. They also copied the works of European masters instead of looking within themselves for the inspiration to create their own images, their own art. Rather, they were shadows and slaves of European Art. Because of this I vowed to alter the future of Philippine art by publishing books promoting the Asian medium of watercolor, which to me is the most challenging medium of all.

The world as you know is changing fast. We can only sell to the world what we are good at. We must defend who we are. We must promote who we are and love who we are. And we are Asians. We are Filipinos. We are not Americans! We are not Europeans! We cannot excel in any global competition by copying the west. Asian art and culture has absolutely no equal! Asian philosophy and wisdom has absolutely no equal in the world! So why should we copy anyone else? We can only progress if we denounce the past colonial mentality of Filipinos. We can only succeed as a nation once the deranged existence of colonized minds is absolutely eradicated from this blessed land.

Who are these Filipinos with colonized minds? The minds of most of the older generations of Filipinos are colonized. Many who belong to the “elite” are colonized. Far too many Filipinos are colonized.

They are permanent victims and slaves of the system, a system that controls them and abuses them. These are the Filipinos who go to the extreme measure of injecting chemicals such as glutathione through their bodies simply to have whiter skin. Caucasians in Europe and America spend so much money in tanning salons to get color on their white skin whilst many Filipinos who have beautiful golden brown skin are intravenously pumping chemicals in their bodies to look white!

These are the same Filipinos who insist on speaking to each other only in English, especially in public because they do not wish to be identified with “the common people.” The masses in the Philippines speak English poorly as they are not well educated. So the English language has sadly become the status quo for shallow Filipinos. To this day, I hunger to go back and walk the grounds of the University of the Philippines in Diliman, Quezon City. Why? Because it feels good for me to be amongst the energy of free minds. Sometimes I ask Steve to take me to a restaurant in U.P., just for me to be surrounded by Filipinos - who like me, speak Tagalog with pride and honor. The mindset of the psyche one will find in U.P. is like that which one will find at the University of California in Berkeley. These minds are freer than most. These are the same minds that will assist in setting the Philippines free.

Think of this—as a Filipino, where is the honor in your ability to speak English, a foreign language, when you are unable to speak your own native tongue? As a Filipino, where is the dignity in speaking English with arrogance and self-importance if you can’t speak your mother tongue with pride?

I speak Tagalog, Ilocano and English. There are many ethno languages spoken in the Philippines. There are over 80 languages from north to south cast over our three archipelagos, Luzon, Visayas

and Mindanao. The reason I write this book in English is because our official language Tagalog is not widely spoken nor understood in many parts of the country. English is a practical choice for the written word. But when given the choice between English and Tagalog, I prefer to speak Tagalog anytime. The truth is that those Filipinos who insist on speaking English, especially when they are in public, are also those who cannot speak it well. Oh for the day when Tagalog is so revered in spoken and written form that Filipino writers will take pride in publishing in perfected Tagalog.

Can you not see who you are? Can you not feel my spirit and courage? I have found success, peace and contentment despite such pain and tragedy. I remain whole despite all my losses, despite the horrors I have experienced. That is who I am – strong and unyielding. My body has been beaten, my spirit broken. But I rise again. I come back to life. Every time I fell, I rose again and each time I fell, each time I rose, I became stronger. That is the courage of the Filipino woman. That is the spirit of the Filipino people. That is also who you are.

Our forefathers faced over 400 years of colonization, rape, violence, death, destruction, and ethnocide caused by Spain and now we face America's Imperialism. And how many natural calamities and disasters have we confronted causing the death of countless Filipinos? Think of the monsoons, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, mudslides, and ferries that have sunk. We see death and hunger everyday when we drive through our cities. We also continue to face calamities and disasters caused by those same public institutions that have promised to protect us. Only recently, there was news of the mass suicide of entire families because they have nothing to eat. All my life there has been endless war in Mindanao with Filipinos killing each other, an evil scheme created by institutions.

And yet despite all these tragedies, the Filipino people continue to count their blessings. The Filipino people continue to give from the generosity of their hearts. The Filipino is resilient. The Filipino is unyielding. The Filipino is enduring. The Filipino is strong. We smile. We give. We are a peace loving people and we are hospitable. We give because our souls are rich. And the foreigner continues to take. The institution continues to take from us.

How can anyone compare the courage of the Filipino to Americans who freak out in response to hurricanes such as Katrina and Gustav and now Ike? We are not Americans! We are Filipino! There is no comparison, not one!

Yes. We are Filipino. We should be proud. We were born in the east where the sun god rises giving his blessing of light and life towards this part of the earth. Life begins in the east. Remember that. Remember that civilization began in the east, in Sumeria, Babylon, in Egypt and China. And now as the world turns and world powers continue to fight for dominance, the power of civilization returns to its cradle. The new world returns here to the east, where it belongs. We must rise to this occasion. We must prepare for this change. We must learn to have faith in who and what we are as a people. We must believe in ourselves.

We were blessed with so much natural wealth. We are one of the top three richest nations in the world in terms of natural abundance. We should not be counted as poor. But we are made poor and held poor by the institutions that are allegedly protecting and promoting us. They have betrayed us. The institutions betray both you and I.

I have spent 11 years of my life publishing books to defend and promote our art and culture, the soul of our nation. And I vowed not to be defeated. I will create change for the better for my country and my people.

I do not want to live my life worrying about the size of my house or the brand of my car as many people do. I do not wish to donate my body to science fiction projects as have many wealthy Filipino women whose bodies and faces have been surgically cut and pruned and tightly stitched back together to look like zombies - a perfect specimen for a “Frankenstein” horror movie or “Alien vs. Predator.” These women’s interest in reading material does not go beyond the entertainment or the lifestyle sections of the daily newspaper, recipe books and home and garden magazines. These are the same women who go to the gym with full make-up and jewelry only to pretend they are exercising. The younger masculine counterparts of these women, since older men are rarely in fitness centers, are the male pussies (and I don’t mean homosexual) who go to the gym with their loud mouths and pompous behavior yelling at each other like sexually frustrated jocks. These men spend more time posing in front of mirrors, staring at themselves wondering if their developing physique, could possibly compensate for their total lack of balls and mind. These are the same citizens who desperately clamor to belong to “high society”, another box. This specific box, this particular prison, harbors a different kind of damaged mind. The existence of most of these personalities is absolutely worthless even with all their material possessions.

I do not belong to any of these containers. My mind and my body belong to the earth. My spirit and my soul belong to heaven. What is heaven to me? It is a place with the perfect balance between good and evil, between yin and yang. And it is within your reach even now as you read these words. But you will never find it if you are a prisoner of the box, of any box.

I want my life to matter. I want to do something worthy in my life, something worthy for the future generations of Filipinos.

We are not poor. We are rich. Given the proper love, care and management, this country can once again become the top nation in Asia. I believe this with all my heart. But this change is only possible through a cultural awakening. We can only do it through our art and culture, our identity, the soul of our people. Change must come from the cultural community. It is only through this source that we can revive the spirit of our nation. Together we can re-instill national pride. And from there we can work our way to the top. It is possible. It can be done. We can do this!

Above and foremost we must have faith in ourselves. We must stop looking to the institution to save our future. The government doesn't owe you anything. The government will not save you and your family. The institution will not feed your children, nor will they pay for their education.

But you can save yourself and your family. Poverty is no excuse. I grew up poor and went to public schools. This didn't stop me achieving my goals. It is our spirit that is of the utmost importance. This is why we have to heal the spirit of our nation. If your spirit is strong, you will have the power to achieve.

Imagine these following two children. One child is from a very wealthy family and is pampered, over protected and weak in spirit. But this child goes to a very expensive private catholic school. The other child comes from a very poor background, hungry and deprived, physically abused and battered and is poorly educated. But the latter child has my strong will and spirit. Who do you think will succeed and prosper? I say the latter will go further in life, like me. Why? A child who is strong in spirit cannot be defeated. Even if that child has been beaten and beaten down to the ground. Each time he was down, he got up again and again and again, and every time he rose he became better and stronger. As has the Philippines.

And the child who knew hunger will clamor for more out of life. As has the Philippines. It is the taste of hunger that will power him or her to great success, but only if their spirit is like mine. Therefore, it is the spirit of our nation that we must address, that we must heal. We must learn to believe in us. We must stop looking to the foreigner for answers. We must stop idolizing the foreigner. We cannot look to the west for answers. The west is crumbling apart. We must idolize who we are. It is the only way for us to succeed.

If Japan could rebuild itself after the horrible bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we can certainly rebuild our nation. But didn't Japan uphold a "no war policy" after the Second World War? On the other hand America engaged in the business of war, in the business of death and destruction. Hence, America has fallen into the hands of death and destruction. You reap what you sow. This is the law of Karma.

Now I'm ready to tell you about the National Museum.

On July 28, 2008 I received an email from some very brave people from the Philippine National Museum, which stated:

"Please download the attached. We are proposing a petition to make you chairwoman of the National Museum if you will agree."

The petition will include over 3,000 signatures encompassing names of top artists from various fields, including National Artist Napoleon Abueva, renowned sculptor Fred Baldemor, former art director of Ayala Museum Elmer Gernale, the designers of the Philippine's paper money and some of the Philippine coins, Angel Cacnio and Rody Herrera, and the president of the Art Association of the Philippines, the biggest organization of artists in the country, Buds Convocar.

The proposed petition addressed to the President of the Philippines stated:

July 10, 2008

Your Excellency
President Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo
Malacañang Palace, Manila

Dear Madam President:

It is our honor to endorse to you Ms. MARLENE AGUILAR, a woman who has dedicated her life to defending and promoting Philippine art and culture through her books. We appeal to you that Ms. Aguilar be appointed Chairwoman of the National Museum.

Since 1997, Ms. Aguilar has used her own savings to publish coffee-table books that immortalize the achievements and talents of Filipino visual artists. Her first book, “The Philippine Coral Reefs” won the European Art for Environment Award and was endorsed by the United Nations. She has already published ten books with citations and awards, both locally and internationally. She has another five books currently being finalized and she plans to publish another 8 titles over the next five years. Her advocacy in promoting Filipino artists, and her passion to bring about a renaissance through Philippine art and culture, is not only felt all over the Philippines but also globally through her extensive social networks.

We strongly believe that by appointing Ms. Marlene Aguilar as Chairwoman of the National Museum Board of Trustees you will not only show your administration’s concern for the Filipino people but also your administration’s concern for our cultural heritage. With Ms. Aguilar’s vision and leadership, we anticipate that the Board of the National Museum will become more proactive, the museum’s door will be open to all Filipino artists, and therefore

the museum will be more attractive to art benefactors and other supporters of our culture and heritage.

Your administration can count on our continuing concerted efforts to make the Philippines one of the leading nations in Asia. As Ms. Aguilar puts it, “always through art.”

Thank you.

After receiving this email, I sent messages to my closest friends asking their opinion. I also sent emails to Commander Gabriel and Commander Caesar for their insight.

On August 29, 2008 I sent Caesar this email:

“I fear if I cross this line, there will be no turning back. I’ve been crying in my room not knowing what to do. I fear that if I go towards the direction heaven is pushing me to take then it is possible I will lose myself in the process. How do you become a part of a corrupt institution and still find freedom of mind and spirit?”

“What I find admirable in you is that no matter what came your way, you have protected the part of you that is innocent. That is the part of you that helps give your dark side balance. What if I lose that part of me in the process? What happens then? Sometimes I feel I am not as strong and capable as the seers say. Although I am enlightened and strong, the other side of me is the exact opposite. What if in the process I lose my balance? If I do, I lose myself altogether.”

On August 30, 2008 he replied:

“Because you have no agenda, you are the perfect person for the job. Maybe this is the position of influence that is part of your destiny.”

I emailed him the same day immediately after reading his message. I wrote:

“How does it feel to be alone? How does it feel not to reach out to anyone and express oneself with freedom? How does a man allow part of himself to live and terminate the other part? How do you achieve this? How does a man allow part of his spirit to live and execute the other part? I do not know how to do this. I believe this is what many men like you have had to do in order to survive the institution you serve.”

“If to become part of the institution means to imprison my mind and spirit and lock it away in a casket, then I do not want it. Is it possible to have freedom of mind and spirit and also become a slave to the institution? Is this possible at all? Help me.”

He replied the following day on August 31, 2008. He stated:

“I don’t think you have to worry. You would never allow yourself to become institutionalized. That will be your greatness.”

The same day I replied, I said:

“I’m still in conflict with regard to the museum ordeal. This thing is like you walking into my life. If I cross this line, so much will change. There is no turning back. The people from the museum said, “Marlene, all the staff from the museum are with you on this one. We pray that you will accept this petition. You are our only hope.””

“What do I do? I feel like I’m entering a whole different world I don’t know much about and there is so much politics involved. And I am certainly not a politician.”

Caesar emailed back and said:

“Accept the petition. This position will bring you to greater things.”

Gabriel’s reply was very simple:

“Take the damn petition or I will call you a “virgin” like you call us!”

In another email Gabriel said:

“Anyways I think you are making a mistake by not taking the petition. If you will not take a job within the system then you can criticize all you want but have no legitimacy. If you want the organization to improve then you must get to a position where you could change it. I hope I am making sense.”

The seers gave me the same advice.

The old lady seer said, “I do not remember a time when someone like you who grew up poor and was educated in public schools gained the respect of the elite and the intellectual Filipinos. This petition is an honor. Anyone would be more than happy to accept it. So stop sabotaging your future and prolonging your destiny. I don’t care what you say or what you do. You will sit in a position of influence. You cannot run from this.”

Paulie said with regard to this petition, “Please, stop running from your destiny. Why are you being so difficult? Unless you accept your fate, everything is on hold. There will be a Philippine renaissance. You know this. The older seers see this. You are crucial to this change. Why will you not accept your fate?”

“I believe that I was born to free my people from ignorance. How can I deliver if I do not have that freedom to give? I can only impart liberty to the people from a point of absolute freedom and independence. If I join the institution, I would have imprisoned a great part of who I am. Then I am lost. I can’t do that,” I said.

And so, though I am ever so grateful and honored, I do not know if it is best for me to embrace this petition.

During this period of my turmoil, my British bodyguard showed me an email that was sent to him by his mentor in Europe. This man is considered to be a hero in England. We will call this “man of the hour”, this warrior and new character, Chris, which

is actually his true first name. He has given me permission to use it.

I would like to assure you that the message below is genuine. This is the actual message from Chirs to my bodyguard:

“I have done some research on Marlene Aguilar (I have to admit I knew nothing about her before). She is a very interesting lady with very strong opinions. No doubt she has many friends and I have a great deal of respect for her.”

“She will also have many enemies and is in need of serious security considerations - particularly when she travels both in the Philippines and abroad. Who is currently in charge of her security? And are they up to the challenge of looking after a person so well liked but with dangerous enemies? A fine balance has to be struck so that she does not become a prisoner to her own security.”

“I have attached my CV which you may like to pass to her together with my compliments. I will be available from either January or April next year.”

Chris’s warning concerned me because he is not the kind of man that would come to such conclusions without good reason. I couldn’t believe he said I needed such serious security consideration. He also warned me to be careful traveling in and out of the Philippines. I decided to write Gabriel to ask his opinion.

On Saturday, August 16, 2008, I wrote to Gabriel via email and said:

“Please read the email attached which bothers me. This was emailed to my bodyguard. It concerns me because I know about the man who wrote this. He is considered a hero in England. I met this person briefly a long time ago. And I respect his mind, his spirit and his courage. Knowing the kind of man he is, I cannot ignore his advice.”

“Why is this man saying I have dangerous enemies? Why is he offering to secure me? What is going on? I have written essays critical of America’s wars. But my God you of all people should know I am not anti-American. I’m anti-war! Someone told me I might start a revolution because I will eventually rally my own supporters attracting young Filipinos, college students clamoring for a better government, a better Philippines. Are they crazy? I hope my life will stop war! Not create one. At the end of the day, I hope my life is dedicated to life and peace not death and chaos. Heaven help me.”

“I have omitted his name on purpose. Please give me your input. I feel it’s getting out of hand.”

The next day, Sunday, August 17, 2008, Gabriel sent me this message via email:

“Okay I’m a little beat at the moment and have to catch another plane. Oh well... it’s the life I have chosen. You’re right about what you have written about me. Sometimes it’s hard to face the truth.”

“Anyway regarding your concerns, first if this man thought you were really in any danger, he would have made himself available now and not next year. Do you need security? Maybe, I’m no expert but there has to be something that other people would want to harm you for.”

“Yes you speak out, but so do a lot of other people. It’s when you become a threat to the other party that you have to really worry. I still think you should have taken the other job as the chairwoman of the National Museum but who am I to tell you what to do. As long as you vary your routine then you should be okay. Be observant of things happening around you and if you feel uncomfortable.... then move along.”

So Gabriel says when I become a threat to the “other party” I should really worry. Does the “other party” mean the US? I tend to generally believe that is what he means. So does it mean he doesn’t believe I am upsetting the Americans? If so, which faction? There are different factions influencing and ultimately directing US politics, the US government, and other US powers.

How can I possibly ignore the warning of someone like Chris? A small portion of his impressive CV includes this:

“I am a former British and Rhodesian Army Special Forces soldier with a degree in Law. I have operational experience in Northern Ireland, Africa and the Middle East with over 20 years experience working in the commercial security.”

“I have been involved on Special Forces training as a contract officer in Uganda, firearms training for the Greek Police and militia training in the Philippines. Close protection operations and instructing in the USA, France, Spain, the Philippines and the United Kingdom.”

What is happening to me? In the meantime, all my emails are attached with what they call “html codes.” Even emails in my drafts folder get these codes. My yahoo email account, which I use to communicate with Gabriel, has been permanently disabled. All emails coming into my other yahoo accounts come in as attachments. When I asked a computer technician about this, he said it is because all my emails are being filtered and read somewhere else before they are forwarded to me. He added that over all the years’ computer technology has been around, he has never heard of this kind of incident happening to anyone else. I also asked another friend of mine who is a computer genius. She said the same thing. At this point, I am unable to open any of my email accounts from my office computer. But I can access to the same yahoo accounts by using

another computer. When I am on-line, sometimes my email does its own “sorting”, the mouse moves on its own.

There are instances when I cannot delete any email from my “i-manila” account, which I have had for over nine years. Nothing like this has ever happened before. Alwin is also getting html codes embedded in his emails. Paulie cannot discard my emails to him from his yahoo account. I instructed him to delete all my emails as soon as he had read them. So he deleted my emails and also removed them from his trash bin only for them to return the next day. It takes Alwin one week to receive my emails. Sometimes he never receives them at all. I sent him Chapter two of this book over a week ago through my yahoo account. He hasn’t received it. Finally I had to give him the hard copy. I can no longer email Alwin any of my essays from my “i-manila” email account. The essays bounce back saying “delivery stopped”. I sent Steve the museum petition over a week ago via email from my yahoo account and also from my “i-manila” email account. He has never received it

I received emails from someone anonymous through one of my yahoo accounts. This person uses the initials J.V.

These are some of J.V.’s messages:

“I am your protector.”

In another email he said, “Protect reason....Gaia...”

And in another he wrote, “You are not alone....”

Then he said, “C and S are trap doors....”

By the letter “C” he meant Caesar and by the letter “S”, he meant Sam, Colonel Sam. Why? What does it all mean? This person also disclosed aspects of my life in his messages that are too private for him to know, making me believe he had access to all my email accounts. Some of this information was too close and personal;

there is no possible way he could have known this unless he had access to all my email accounts.

I have a client and friend whose name is Ann Cabal, someone very astute with information technology. One day I asked her to check the html codes in my emails.

After doing so she said, “Your emails are being filtered and decoded for hidden messages. They travel someplace before you receive them. And this is not cheap. This is paid on a per transaction basis. You must be very important to these people for them to spend this kind of time and money on you....”

Around this time, I sent one of my essays - “*Men in Boxes in the Name of Peace*”, via email, to a former CIA agent with the initials L.C. asking for his insight. He is a fan of my brother Freddie and sometimes goes to his live shows at the Hobbit House in Malate, Manila.

After reading the essay he sent me a text message, which said:

“Marlene, I have read your essay. This will get you into trouble. Is there anything I can do?”

When I read L.C.’s comment I thought, oh well it’s too late now. I wonder what it is I said in that composition that should put me in danger? I must have touched the wrong chord. Then I wonder how L.C. would react to the other essays I’ve written regarding America’s position on international affairs.

So far, my bodyguard is concerned about my security. Caesar is concerned about my security. L.C. who is a former CIA agent is concerned about my security along with Chris. Marcus is gone. I understand perfectly why Marcus is gone. If I saw him in person, I’d be able to see through him. Sometimes when you ask a person a question and that person doesn’t answer you may think he didn’t answer. But to me, silence is an answer. I am able to read what is not

being said. I can read the thoughts of human beings most of the time unless that particular person is very good at hiding his thoughts.

Hans, the former FBI man is gone. I've heard nothing from him although I have attempted to make contact. Did someone tell him to stay away from me? For some strange reason only Gabriel doesn't seem to think I'm in danger. I wonder why? What is the devil up to? But how can I think Gabriel is guilty? I only met him in March and the strange occurrences in my life started in November last year. What is going on? What can I possibly be doing that could attract such attention from these people. And why would they try to bribe Paulie to snitch?

During one of his frequent visits to my home, Paulie said, "Maybe those watching you are concerned about where you are going. Maybe they are paranoid about what you will write later since some of them know you from your past and they are aware of the abilities of your mind. What if you start writing for the people? What if you start writing for the masses? The National artist Napoleon Abueva, has compared you to the warrior queen Gabriela Silang. One of the VIPs from the Asian Development Bank called you a female Che Guevarra. Maybe they think you are "*komunista*". You stood up to the representatives of 30 countries from international institutions including the UN, WB, ADB..., and told them in public that "they do not have the balls to do the right thing for the poor and by your country the Philippines." Maybe they are afraid you will become like Khomeini or Gandhi or Che Guevara. Maybe they are afraid you will talk to the masses and spark a revolution."

"During the time President Joseph Estrada was ousted, you said yourself this country will have to face either a dictatorship or a revolution. And an eminent Filipino senator talking to you on the

phone, whose own mind you admire completely, agreed with you. Maybe that is why you are under surveillance,” he added.

“Dear God. I hope my life will stop a bloody revolution, not create one. There is already so much suffering in this world. What we need is a mental and spiritual revolution that will spark a Philippine Renaissance,” I answered.

“And I am not a communist. I do not advocate any political agenda. Government is like religion. It’s an institution. What matters are the leaders running the show, not the label or name of the institution. What does it matter if you change the government from a US Federal system to a parliamentary system and then to communism, if it’s the same corrupt and limited minds running it?”

“But if communism is to be defined as a form of government granting equal rights for all people, rich and poor as Che Guevarra believed it to be, then by all means call me a communist,” I added.

So if that is the concern of those watching me, then here I am. I am talking to you. And if I should perish doing this, then it is heaven’s will. If what I am here for is to help you see the world through a better perspective then here I am. I hope that through this book I will impart a portion of my mind and my spirit upon you. After all we are all connected. We share one planet, one universe. We can decide to work together for the preservation of our people, our countries and the earth or else we can all be doomed.

As I mentioned earlier, a foreign man, who I believe to be American, took Paulie. I sensed it. I felt it. I saw it in my mind. And so I warned Paulie. I do not have much leverage to counter the supreme forces these people have. I am only one person, one woman. Like the foreign man who took Paulie declared, he has access to the satellite; he has access to our computers and our phones. But I do have one thing satellites do not have. I have the gift of sight.

After Paulie's incident, I predicted their next move. I told my closest friends that the next thing these people would do was set me up -or else my partner Steve or my son. This act would weaken me and put me in a state of confusion. This is and would be part of their game, part of their homework. What would I do when faced with disaster? Who do I call? Do I panic? Do I fall apart? Who do I call for help? Which of the top military men would I trust to reach out to? I believe these are questions they needed answers for. After a few weeks what I dreaded happened.

One peaceful morning as I sat in my garden, I received an overseas phone call. They had taken my son. Oh god. I wish I could tell you. God I wish I were able to share with you what they did. But I will never be able to relate the whole story. I can only share fractions of my life with you. The morning I received that tragic news, I thought any other mother would have died on the spot or ended up in hospital, catatonic and unable to deal with the terror she faced.

After that brief talk with the man who called me that morning, I sat in my garden grieving in silence, wondering what I should do. What should I do now? How do I save my son from this misfortune? At first, I wanted to strike back as hard as I could. I wanted to retaliate and hurt someone badly. I thought of using my connections abroad to counter this demonic deed. Again, I reminded myself, you can't fight evil with evil. No. I will not. I will step back and use my mind, my spirit. All of this was decided by heaven. I must have faith in heaven.

"All your enemies will fall...for heaven will pluck those who get in your way..." the female augur told me again and again. I must have faith in heaven. I must contain my fears and use

my mind. I must stay calm. In order to save my son, I must stay calm. It is me they want. I haven't lost yet.

My son is under 24-hour security. He was held due to a complaint that was fabricated so they could detain him and take him as their prisoner. My son took DNA tests and volunteered to take the polygraph, the lie detector test. He was interrogated for many hours for something he didn't do. This event occurred at the end of July. It is now September 20, 2008. My son has been detained for over two months now.

In early September my son's luck changed. I had a conversation one night with a very manipulative military man asking him point blank if he had something to do with the strange events happening in my life. Within 24 hours after my conversation with this US official, the complainant who criminally charged my son, out of the blue admitted that he is innocent and that he didn't do anything. Guess what? My son is still being held under 24-hour security. He is still under detention. You see this tragic incident is a clear message to me from these people who believe they have power above all men. They are saying, if I do not behave myself exactly the way they require me to act, then they can harm those I hold dearest.

I emailed my son and told him this:

"I would like you to see this experience in your life as something suspended in space. There is no time. Think of things to do that will keep you busy and that are also enjoyable for you. I think after this period, you are going to be on the other side of the coin, where you will have no spare time at all. Believe me, this is what I see happening to you. So this horrible situation you are in is like a break, a breather. You know what I mean. So stop wanting to get out. Stop struggling and let the forces of nature do their work.

There are greater forces beyond our control. I'm asking you to find some patience and humility to bow down to the celestial forces at this point in your life. If you don't, you will harm yourself. And you will end up hurting me as well. You know I don't ask for anything from you. I only want your happiness. I'm asking now. You must do this one for me. Take this fall with humility."

"I don't hate these people. Believe me, if I were them I would probably do the same thing."

"Our souls now are more entwined than ever. If we don't play this right, they will own me. So please be patient. I love you."

My son has his mother's spirit. I believe it will work out for the best in the end. I have to think that it will. What choice do I have but to look at the positive aspects of life? After all I am Filipino, always trying to look at the brighter side of the coin.

On September 8, 2008 I sent Gabriel a text message.

"I want to talk to you now," I said.

"I will text you tonight when I'm free to talk. Okay?"

"Okay. Thank you," I replied.

At past 10 pm that evening he sent me a message saying he was "free and standing by."

I called his mobile phone.

"Have you read chapter two?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What do you think?" I asked again.

"I like it. I don't agree with some of the things you say but hey, it's your book," he said. "The Americans are not as bad as you portray us to be. In Basilan, there was this little girl who had a cleft palate and a member of the medical group took her to a clinic and fixed her problem. So there is this girl who is going to live a happier life because of our good deed."

“That is some consolation considering the hundreds of thousands of deaths America is responsible for in Iraq and Afghanistan. But I don’t want to argue with you. That would be pointless,” I said.

“America gives the world so much money. We give more aid than any other country in the world. Does anything come for free? No. Your country, the Philippines gets so much aid from the US.”

“But that is the point. We don’t need the money. Grants and loans come with a curse of death. US Aid is a drug. It feeds addiction, not independence. And the governments that receive the money are its “pushers”. These loans ultimately are not pro-poor but pro-corrupt government.”

“But your government wants the money and is happy to accept it anytime! So is that the fault of America; that your government takes the money and runs with it?” He declared, still proud.

“You are right. It is the leaders of my government that can decide how they will use this aid. What you are saying is that it is the “pushers,” the governments, who are to blame and not America who is the Drug Lord. So you are saying hang the pusher, but not the Drug Lord.” I stated.

US Aid, aid in general, is like a drug, like “crack” or “shabu”. It makes countries weak and dependent. It is a form of control, not assistance. But most people, including you, my readers, do not understand the reality of aid. Whether loans or grants - whether this is given to poor countries by the US or by the World Bank or by the Asian Development Bank, the money is all coursed through your government. So if your government is corrupt, who do you think benefits from these loans? The last to benefit is the people. The last to benefit is you.

To bring this down to ground zero in a language you will understand, imagine this scenario.

On a chessboard you are the pawn. You really do not matter to the king and the queen. You are inconsequential, you are just a number and you are dispensable. So consider America and international organizations such as the IMF, the UN, the World Bank and the ADB as the King and Queen. The rooks or castles are the governments of Nations, the knights and the bishops are their emissaries... The king and the queen and their rooks, knights and bishops work with each other, sometimes competing, to defend and protect their institutions. And you, the people, the pawns are servants, slaves, prey. You are nothing to this greater game.

You see for as long as you don't know such evil exists, you will not matter because you are ignorant of the truth. And I tell you this because this knowledge will set you free. And freedom is power. With this information and with this freedom, you are no longer unimportant. Knowledge will protect you, the truth will give you power. Knowledge makes you important and together, you, the people are a great power to be reckoned with!

And so the older seers foretold, "I will achieve wisdom and omnipotence above all and I will free my people from ignorance. Thus I will ease their pain and their suffering...."

Gabriel is saying that America isn't to blame because your government is willing to prostitute itself to the evil of aid. He is saying that you should condemn your government, the drug pusher, but not America, the producer of the drug. It is like Satan being America working with Damien, your government.

And so as America creates the havoc of war, death and destruction all over the world, destroying the earth at the same time, Gabriel says you should blame Damien, but you should never blame Satan, Damien's father.

On September 10, 2008 I sent Gabriel a text message saying, “With regard to our conversation last time about the girl with the cleft palate and your comments on US Aid, I’m emailing you my reply today. I’m sure what I’ve written will crack your balls!”

And this part below is my personal note to Gabriel, which of course he can dispute as he wishes. Furthermore, I will print his argument in this book. Why? Because I don’t believe that any position is so absolute that it cannot be questioned. In the end it is up to you, the readers, to make your own judgment.

To Gabriel I wrote on September 10, 2008:

“Imagine this...I represent America and the governments who take aid from the US. You are the people, the innocent masses. I tie you and abuse you physically, mentally, torture you until you cry and howl in agony. I inflict unimaginable pain upon you sucking your blood slowly. But I have to make sure you’re not dead because then I will have no one left to torture. I need you to sustain my evil existence. So I show you some petty kindness by throwing you crumbs of bread here and there to support your miserable life. You see I’m not so bad after all because once in a while I show you compassion. But with this small gesture of generosity, you must applaud me endlessly and tell me what a “great” person I am. You must honor me with your praises because I am truly your benefactor.”

“Ultimately, this is why men like you cannot trust another human being completely. You know you are not worth trusting. You know what you are worth. Your ability to trust another human being completely equals your ability to trust yourself. I can trust another human being totally, like I have trusted you, because I know that no matter what happens to me, no matter what comes my way, I know I will be able to pick up the pieces and be “whole,” claim my

inner balance and my inner peace. This is something that is more valuable to me than any possession or power this world may have to offer. And this is something men like you and your country will never ever comprehend.”

It is now September 19, 2008 and I have not heard from Gabriel. He hasn't debated my position on US Aid.

Gabriel is one of the most intelligent US military men I have ever known. I have met other men in uniform like him with higher ranks who have only half his intelligence. And yet this first class military officer, like you, has no idea what aid is about. Let me tell you the facts regarding aid that is coursed through institutions such as the governments of the US, Australia, China, Europe, and Japan, and also the World Bank, the UN and the Asian Development Bank. The information below is available for public consumption through the Internet. Search for globalissues.org, then click on 'US and Foreign Aid Assistance'.

1. Aid is a foreign policy tool to support the donor and not the recipient.
2. The donors may donate many dollars but this is so low compared to what they can afford (as a percentage of “GNI;” that is the value of the country's annual production of goods and services). The US's aid in terms of percentage of their GNI has almost always been lower than any other industrialized nation in the world.
3. Out of 21 countries in “quality of aid,” (see how global issues define this) the US is the lowest next to New Zealand. The top 5 donor countries that give the world the highest

quality of aid are Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway and France. Please see the chart below:

Quality-adjusted aid and charitable giving/GDP (%)	
Country	Quality-adjusted aid as percent of GDP
Source: <i>David Roodman, An Index of Donor Performance</i> , Center for Global Development, April 2004 If you are viewing this table on another site, please see http://www.globalissues.org/article/35/us-and-foreign-aid-assistance for further details.	
Sweden	0.5
Denmark	0.48
Netherlands	0.45
Norway	0.4
France	0.23
Belgium	0.21
Switzerland	0.21
Finland	0.19
United Kingdom	0.19
Austria	0.15
Germany	0.15
Canada	0.14
Ireland	0.12
Australia	0.11
Italy	0.11
Portugal	0.1
Japan	0.09
Greece	0.07
Spain	0.07
United States	0.07
New Zealand	0.03

4. The countries with the lowest share of “Phantom Aid” (again see global issues for a definition) are Sweden, Luxemburg, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway and UK. The countries with the highest level of “Phantom Aid” are US, Australia, Spain, Austria, Portugal and France.

5. The US reneges on its commitments. The US has withdrawn its dues that were promised to the UN, the largest body working to grant assistance in various ways to developing countries. Former US President Jimmy Carter describes the US as “stingy”.

“While the US provided large amounts of military aid to countries deemed strategically important, others noted that the US ranked low among developed nations in the amount of humanitarian aid it provided to poorer countries.”

“We are the stingiest nation of all”, former President Jimmy Carter announced at the Principia College in Elsau, III.”

-Who rules next? Christian Science Monitor, December 29, 1999

6. Aid, Militarism and War

“Credits for foreign militaries to buy US weapons and equipment would increase by some 700 million dollars to nearly five billion dollars, the highest total in well over a decade.” (This shows how aid benefits the donor and war, and not the poor countries and alleviation of poverty.)

“As in previous years, Israel and Egypt are the biggest bilateral recipients under the request, accounting for nearly five billion dollars in aid between these two countries. Of

the nearly three billion dollars earmarked for Israel, most is for military credits.”

“This militaristic aid will come “largely at the expense of humanitarian and development assistance.”

7. Aid is tied to benefit the donor. Njoke Njoroge Njehu, director of the “50 Years is Enough” campaign said that the money being allotted for HIV/Aids in Africa is also a form of subterfuge. She stated that Washington is demanding that the continent’s governments purchase anti-Aids drugs from the US instead of buying less expensive generic equivalence from South Africa, Brazil or India.

“For every dollar the US puts in the World Bank, an estimated two dollars goes into the US economy in goods and services.”

“Among the big donors, the US has the worst record for spending its Aid budget on itself -70 percent of its aid is spent on US goods and services. And more than half is spent in the middle income countries in the Middle East. Only 3 billion dollars a year goes to South Africa and sub-Saharan Africa.”

Jean Bertrand Aristide, Eyes of the Heart; Seeking a Path for the Poor in the age of Globalization (Common Courage Press, 2000, page 13) -Monterrey: US Will “Seek Advice on Spending Aid.”

World Bank, March 21, 2002

8. US against World Human Rights

“Even now, with the issue of the International Criminal Court, which the US is also opposed to, it has been pressuring other nations on an individual basis to not sign, or provide

concessions. In that context, Aid is often tied to political reasons.”

Now is probably a good time to present to you my 6th essay, “US Aid and the Nazi Germans”.

US Aid and the Nazi Germans

Not long after the Second World War, flush with the successes of the US Government’s post-war “Marshall Plan” in Europe, the new world order of United Nations and Washington DC development agencies turned its attention to the development of the rest of the world. This new regime looked to continue to supply the financial and technical solutions to development in the southern hemisphere in the same manner in which this had worked to restore Europe. The emphasis was, and still is largely today, one of supply, but to whose gain?

One of the first major concerns for development was agriculture. To foreign eyes the agriculture of the poor was obviously backward and unproductive and it could be readily boosted by foreign know-how, technology and capital. The new World Order created and justified immediate solutions to developing agriculture for poor developing countries. What conceit. This supply took the form of direct and directed support for national marketing agencies, cooperatives, other developing government run commercial agriculture and fisheries agencies, supported by subsidized national research, extension, training, and financing schemes and other subsidized production such as tractor hire schemes. It is strange to look back over the past forty years at all this good intent and reflect on the fact that so little of this vast effort led to any lasting benefit.

Take for instance those tractor hire schemes, conceived of as a shared, cost efficient and effective means to power small farms owned by peasants. However there was little if any examination of recipient peoples' skills, their governments' maintenance budgets, domestic policies and political support (or lack of support) for those tribal areas selected by the donors, or even the ability of the farmers to pay for the hire of tractors.

In the 1960s and 1970s the communal tractor hire workshops throughout Africa, Asia, the Caribbean, Latin America and the Middle East became parking lots for lines and lines of dead tractors supplied by the USA, UK, other European countries, to be joined later by tractors and tillers from Japan, China and Korea. Built to last 20 years or more the machinery ran out of spares, maintenance, and even fuel within just a couple of years. There may never have been the political commitment or ability to pay for their operation. Though difficult for the concerned developed world to comprehend and accept, in my opinion, those poor farmers didn't need the tractors at all.

Billions of dollars were poured into hasty so-called "modernizing" of the agriculture of "the third world." Did anybody ever ask the farmers if they wanted, could use, and could pay for this assistance? No. Such studies did come, later on. Yet too late to redirect assistance and embarrass the aid givers who suffer from permanent conceit and cultural ignorance. How vast the distance is (much greater than the miles) from DC to a developing country. And it was only later that the suppliers of good ideas were to start learning - as they may be still learning, that a long history of cultural practices, social relations, and political relationships would little bend to the heavy expectations of foreign financing, foreign skills and foreign machines.

It is not so much what is needed, but what is effectively demanded that is the important issue. It is not what can be supplied but the very local process of change and how change comes about that is important. And it is people, not machines or money, which make lasting change, and people who must demand it. This now decades' old lesson is still being learnt and re-learnt by the agents of development today; that is, the foreign governments and the international development banks. Many may not care to learn. There are other developed countries of course whose "aid" is driven by international diplomacy, by trade and military endeavors that may not care at all how their aid harms development.

International aid continues with first world countries imposing their cultural fabric, and social and political expectations on the so-called "poor" of the world. Little does the conceit of the first world understand or want to understand the dynamics and the strengths of the cultural, social, and political fabric of the "poor." In this fabric lies the soul of the poor that has endured and protected these countries for centuries. Aid in such circumstances has too often caused more harm than good, not only disrupting, but destroying "old ways," old relationships, even abilities to live and subsist in some of the most difficult of natural circumstances and in some increasingly impossible political circumstances today.

Unfortunately development agencies still do not grasp the necessity of understanding a people's culture before they design their loans and other assistance. Do they really care just so long as the giver's existence is justified, just so long as diplomatic relations are secured, UN voting aligned, strategic denial continued, and any debt repaid? Such aid has created a new dependency. Again was this the intent? Is this but a new form of colonization and oppression?

Thus, so many of the projects of the development banks and foreign governments have been failures because of their ignorance of people and their cultures. And so development banks and foreign governments do not fight poverty, they create it.

The message is the people. Unless development banks and other international development agencies consider the need of the people first and foremost and not the need of their own corrupt governments, aid will continue to fail.

To ignore demand is not just an oversight. To ignore a people's social and political relations is not just a slight, and ignoring a peoples' culture not only dishonors them, it is a crime against their soul. And so today, the world is becoming increasingly jaundiced and even hostile to such aid. And so today, those who continue to ignore people and to impose supply are despised. According to today's leadership it is the US Government, which in 2006 granted over \$23 trillion of aid to the world, and by association, it is Americans, who must carry this cloak of dishonor.

It is this cultural blindness and arrogance that has also harmed America's international relations. The US military has failed over and over again to understand that culture is sacred to its adherents as it blindly attacks and enforces its presence on foreign soil. Again, to dishonor culture is a crime against the soul of any race, of any people. Today, thanks to the legacy of the Republican Party and Bush's administrations, the rest of the world hates Americans. Today, Americans are frowned upon like the Nazi Germans before.

This essay ends here. Is this why I'm under surveillance? Is it because I speak out and I seek the truth?

On September 1, 2008 I spoke to my mother Barbara Ivler on the phone. She is a Jewish American. My first husband was also Jewish. My mother had read an early draft of my essay, "US Aid

and Nazi Germans.” She said she “thought I was anti-American by comparing Americans to Nazi Germans.” I insisted that I am anti no race at all. I criticize my sons for their bad behavior. I criticize my friends too when I do not agree with their actions. This does not mean I care or love them any less. It doesn’t mean I hate them. And how can I possibly be anti-American? Some of the people I love most are Americans. My sons are half American!

The Nazi Germans were terribly hated by the rest of the world during and after the Second World War. Ever since, the word Nazi has left an eternal mark of death and horror in the minds of men. Today, Americans are seen by many as the enemy, as were the Nazi Germans. But whereas the Nazis killed Jews and other minorities-America is now threatening the life of every living thing on earth, all of mankind – in fact - the entire planet!

I find it heart-breaking how most Americans who have been indoctrinated to fear terrorism have absolutely no idea that it is America terrorizing the rest of the world.

This book that I’m writing would not have been possible if the two great warriors, Gabriel and Caesar had not come into my life. Caesar is supposed to give me life, the other warrior, Gabriel’s task is to inflict death upon me. This death is a spiritual death.

“The second warrior powered by dark forces will inflict harm upon you. He will cause your death. You cannot escape this pain. You cannot run from his wrath. In return, he will learn to admire you, for in his mind, he has never imagined such a woman like you existed, armed with courage like his, armed with the mind and spirit of a superior warrior like him. And in the end, he will choose to protect you. It is heaven’s will,” the seers foretold.

I told Paulie during one of our meetings that I have tried several times to meditate, trying to see my connection with Gabriel in my

past lives. It was so difficult to open the doors to the past to find our link, our connection. All I could see in my meditation was infinite darkness. And in this black abyss, I could see Gabriel wearing a long dark cloak, walking toward me carrying my lifeless body dressed in a soft sheer white flowing gown. All I could see was my death in the arms of Gabriel. I could see the same image of defeat repeated over and over again. After several attempts of inner searching, I told myself, so be it. Let Gabriel have his triumph. Let him kill me in spirit. Let him strike me and inflict upon me his strongest blow. If that is what has to be done, then I will help him speed up the process. I will just have to change personality again. And so it happened. I died. In spirit, I died.

Below is the letter I sent Gabriel after my spiritual death.

My Dear Warrior,

“You have changed me forever. You have gifted me with something I could have never acquired from anyone else, death. And for that I am forever grateful to you. I only hope I gave you something just as good in return.”

“Please forgive me for helping you kill me. I told you, I needed you so terribly to protect me. It is true. Everything I ever told you was true. Why should I lie? All I needed was your compassion and kindness. But compassion and kindness is something you do not know how to give. What benefit would it serve me to lie to you? We came into each other’s life for a very important reason. I am helping you to get through what needs to be done between us because your time with me is limited on earth. This is why I pushed you to kill me. It had to be. It was written in the cards.”

“I realize how important it is for you to feel in power and in control. I see so much in you, more than you can imagine. I know

within the deepest part of you that you care for me and need me just as much as I needed you. We needed each other to grow so we could face the destiny that awaits us both. Except you hide. You hide from the other realities of your life. You have judged me so wrong. When I cry and show you my weakness, it never means I am defeated. It only means life has become more interesting for me. And in order for me to feel this way about you, for you have overwhelmed me, you cannot possibly be human! No man touches my mind and my spirit.”

“My dear warrior, you will never meet another human being like me. My spirit is the greatest challenge to men. The seers say that the ultimate challenge for a warrior is to learn to dance with his dragon. I am your dragon. So do not judge me harshly. Whatever happens to us, we can only grow from it. So continue to kill your dragon because it will give you power and control. I am the willing victim. But know that I could never inflict the same harm upon you. And from each death you inflict upon me, and from the pain you inflict upon those I love, you take within you my life. And this life, this part of my soul shall forever be with you. It shall own you. The spiritual life you took from me, which I willingly gave you, shall live in your heart. You will never break free from me now. But I will escape you, because you gave me death. In return I gave you life. That is our destiny. My karmic debt is paid.”

Thus, some of the prophecies of the seers have come to pass. Karmic debt between two souls is about an exchange of energy. The seers said the reason Gabriel will cause me death is because there is karmic accounting between us, which had to be settled in this life. It is what I owe this warrior from another time, from another life. It had to be settled to achieve harmony amongst the three warriors that make up what the seers call Trinity. And so it has passed.

A confidante advised me that it would be difficult for you to understand the above letter to Gabriel if I didn't explain the meaning of it further. In the first battle Gabriel and I fought, he confronted my strongest persona, the warrior personality. This warrior personality can mutate into something so complex because she has access to the five other personalities I have. Men of power, with an intense dark side are attracted to this personality because she is so strong and powerful. Men like Gabriel want to catch this woman, like hunters in the wild who hunger to shoot down the wildest deer. So that first psyche war was fought and decided between Gabriel and me.

After this battle, it was my turn. So I created a spiritual conflict between the two of us. I pushed him as far as I could, drove him to the edge, causing him to cast his fury upon me. And when he attacked me with his most ferocious blow, I took his cruelty with an open heart and an open mind. He killed me. I died. I died only to have new life. I have never done anything like this before. But Gabriel, the devil on earth, is the worthy foe. I knew that to try to avoid this death would be futile. It had to be. And so Gabriel won that fight. I believe I won the battle.

The second battle was entirely different. You see Gabriel had promised to protect me. All my life, when a man told me he loved me and would protect me, I asked myself the question—which part of me does he love? Which part of me does he want to protect? What about the rest of my personalities? Would he love them? Would he protect them? I believe the part of me Gabriel found admirable and attractive was my warrior personality. And it is this personality he also wished to protect. But, as foretold, he also had to kill me. It had to be done. So I changed into another personality, the kind he would not understand, the kind he would not admire nor want to protect. I showed him my weakest side, the child in me that is

needy, wanting, crying and forever afraid. To make a long story short, Gabriel wouldn't know how to deal with the part of me that is so purely helpless. And so he denounced the child and condemned it. It was the child in me who faced the wrath of Gabriel, the needy part of me. Hence, he killed me spiritually. He killed the child.

This is why I can say that just because I'm on the ground, weak and crying, doesn't mean that I am defeated, not at all. The battle has only become more interesting. No matter what happens to the child in me, and it is only the child in me that falls, the rest of us can pick up the pieces and rebuild.

Steve, my partner and my best intellectual defender, told me it has taken him all of our ten years together to come closer and closer to understanding the complexity of my psyche. And yet, he says I continue to grow at a very fast rate. And for this reason he always has to catch up with me. He says that my past relationships with other men did not work because they failed to grow with me.

Steve wrote with regard to my several personalities:

“The man for Marlene must be of free intellect. His love for her must be the truest and full for all who are Marlene. He must have the physique and fitness of a stud with an honest heart. His spirit must align with all that he is of the earth. But most of all he must have a mind, a great mind, a free mind, a mind to interpret and to reinterpret, to hold all else together. There is not one Marlene but many.”

“I believe we are all of many personalities but for most of us, most is hidden. We fear whom we are and we are taught to so fear. We allow the institutions of the church and state, of education and work to decide whom we should be. Directed by these institutions we suppress who we really are. We are taught to be afraid of our dark side and our innate abilities. Our abilities to believe and to

see remain dormant. And for most of us, these institutions win. They rule over our freedom. Now, whilst our many personalities are contained for most of us, for others this is not so. I believe that those who have experienced the personal, emotional, mental and spiritual torture of a battered childhood, it is those children whose many personalities have not only been reinforced but forced to live at a much higher intensity, like Marlene's."

"How does one contain several personalities within herself? Let me introduce Molly, Maria, Mariana, M, Meilee and Marlene..... And I would have described each of these personalities but Marlene has stopped me."

"Marlene is not only comprised of six different personalities but her personalities are constantly inter-acting and mutating, into many textures and hues. Her personalities are more than most, and more than most likely to attract others, both men and women. But let me also say this, the one Marlene, is the one to control all others. And what a mind she has to be able to do this. She takes the idea of multiple relationships to a new meaning for all those who are Marlene, embracing a life of ever changing relationships, not just of serial monogamy but of parallel relations in parallel dimensions."

I have absolutely no idea how people whose minds are locked inside the box, enslaved by the institution, can begin to understand what Steve wrote about me. But hey, like this book's cover said, I did not write this for those whose minds are caged by institutions.

Prior to what Steve stated above which he wrote September 21, 2008, in June he sent me an email where he wrote:

"Who is the perfect man for Marlene? He must have a mind as wise as an enlightened guru, a physique as fit as a professional stud, the bravery of a mythical warrior, the honesty of a saint, and the

patience of Gandhi. But most of all, central to all, he must have a great mind, because that controls all else. And I should know by now. I have been with her for ten years. But I'm still learning."

Here below are Steve's most recent compositions, written ten years after we first lived together.

To Hold Marlene

*There are those men with courage who will stir Meilee.
There are those with the sexual intensity to stimulate Mariana.
Few have the sensitivity for Molly to trust and awaken.
Rare also are the men who commit to the goodness
of mankind so to twin with Maria.
And few men's spirits will explode with that of M.
But who also has the mind? Who has the mind that would read,
experience, then analyze, to interpret and learn, and then to set
down mankind's direction? That is the mind, the only mind that
will hold Marlene's. For it is that mind, as Marlene's mind, that
commands all others and compels them to grow, more and more
and more.
And for you, I have grown as yet I will.*

Vampire

*You open men's souls
Slice through their fragile, studied shells.
As you would entrance, entangle and entrap.
Thus consume.

Consume to learn, to grow and groom.
Consume, set fair challenge to your groom.*

*And soon they lose themselves in you.
This no distance for the learned mind.
Beyond the listing, fresh mind grows.*

Heavenward

*The Gods that played us,
Heaven bore.
Raven souls, far,
shore to shore.*

*Lives lived soul-less,
truest poor.
Of burnished heart,
that loved you more.*

*Lives lived loved,
richer yet.
Full beating heart
as loves full set.*

*Look not beyond but search within,
to inner peace
a sentence, then....
returned, heavenward, learned.*

Eyes on You

*The devil has his eyes on you,
lords, ladies, and labyrinth too,
time drawn, away.
Polly? Molly?*

*Beauteous memory and
cruel ravages of time.*

Candlelight

*Stay the feeble candlelight.
I watch it flicker and endure.
Should I?
Power to choose,
to say goodbye.
Or live some more.*

As I write this chapter I am getting feedback from people I have asked to read chapter one. Like I said, I have done this in order to gauge whether I am understood by the people I want to reach; that is, the younger generations of Filipinos whose minds are so far apart from the older generations. The psyche of younger Filipinos is more “new age”, more global and far wider in perspective, less colonized. They have greater reach. I have also shared chapter one with some members of the diplomatic community, well at least the cool ones, the ones of exceptional mind and character, seeking their insight because I also want my message to reach other parts of the world.

First, I would like to share with you the input of Hans Van Rijn, a Dutch man who loves jazz and also loves to read.

This is what he wrote:

September 9, 2008

Hi Marlene,

This is cool. The third paragraph that you selected for the “flaptekst” (now there’s a Dutch word for you... meaning book cover), is a gem that has been resonating in my mind since I started

reading chapter one of your book yesterday. Like a piece of a good melody and some bad rhythm that refuses to resolve. This is where you wrote:

“...Did you ever ask yourself how you could appreciate true happiness without knowing pain? You can't. To understand hate, you must understand love. To understand life, you must understand death. What makes you so sure you are sane if you do not know what insanity is? How do you know what is good if you don't know evil?”

Because more than just the substance of your writing - which is beyond my “critical” assessment anyway - I just believe you. And what makes the devil resonate, is the way you manage to swing the language in parts of the prologue, where the message is so strong that it lifts itself beyond boundaries, where something universally human is shared - mind over matter.

Like your presence, your writing is uplifting, energizing and very positive. That's the feeling that your book also generates. You didn't write to vent or preach or confess but out of a need to clarify and somehow make sense of it all. So as a reader, you're never a witness to a lament. The reader feels like he is listening to somebody playing the blues. The book is your own experience, your own thoughts and your own wisdom. If you hadn't have lived it, it wouldn't have come out like it did.

As the jazz musician, “Bird” (Charlie Parker) said to (Thelonius) Monk:

You run deep, my sister. Please play on!

With respect!

Hans Van Rijn
Governance Specialist
Asian Development Bank

The next comment below is the insight of an exceptionally bright young lady who graduated cum laude from the University of the Philippines in Diliman, Quezon City. Her name is Miraflor de los Santos. Mira is the wife of Carlos, one of the best trainers at ‘Fitness First’ in Eastwood City, the gym I exercise in five to six days a week. He is a very good friend of my personal trainer Christian Campos and it is through my fitness instructor I met Mira and Carlos during another party held in Bulan. I want you to know it is her input that matters most to me as she represents the readers I want to reach.

She wrote:

“Thank you for including me in your mailing list and for sending me an advance copy of an excerpt from your book. It’s quite overwhelming for me to see your work in its raw form. I am so deeply honored.”

“Your style takes the form of an organic, less-structured, and a less-conventional flow than is the usual form of storytelling. This is most welcome considering that the subject itself is something quite delicate and extraordinary. Your effort to painstakingly present your story in a manner which is less painful, indeed just a breeze for the simplest reader like me, really paid off.”

“In this day and age it is not easy to tackle politics, or beliefs for that matter, without the dangers of some misinterpretation or otherwise not being able to connect and convey your thoughts to the reader. And I didn’t feel any difficulty in understanding your story. Considering that I first ran through the material during my lunch break, one of the most gruesome of hours, and not during a more relaxed time or mood, I am sure your story will be enjoyed by the general Filipino public.”

“I couldn’t help but retain a few simple metaphors as I read your story. I somehow associated it with the cliché, “love and cook in

reckless abandon.” I also thought of the film, “Saving Private Ryan.” I remembered the story of our national hero Jose Rizal.” All-in-all, it was quite a handful I must say, and all in one sitting, but I did feel for what was being relayed.”

“Thank you for this honor. Also let me tell you that I got goose bumps reading about your sensitivity to things that have yet to happen. But, again, this was not that surprising for me. I have never doubted such phenomena. Except that this made me think about how huge a task this must have been for you to handle. And I am sure that only you, with such an amazing disposition, strength, personality and other abilities, only you could handle such subjects and present this to your readers in such a clear manner.”

“Ma’am Marlene, you give us “*Pinay*” (Filipina) ladies a lot of pride. You and your book prove that a “Pinay” can never be shallow. This is simply not written to be so. May the gods bless you and good luck with your work.”

On the other hand, here is a comment from a Filipina who represents the minds of the older generation, which is very different from Mira’s comment and Hans’ input. This is what she wrote:

“Hi Marlene! Thank you for forwarding the 1st chapter of your book. I am flattered.”

“Before my very eyes, you stripped yourself naked and revealed your deepest understanding of yourself. You aptly described the various facets of your being (past and present), your beliefs and your profound and fervent love for our country. You are really a brave and passionate woman who can evoke emotion from even the most guarded and cautious individuals.”

“I like the balance between your appreciation and dislike of the various global forces affecting us as a people.”

“On the other hand, you mentioned facts and figures, comments and insights from excellent sources. As I write this reply, the US is reeling from a very serious financial crisis.”

“Now, I want to ask you if what you are writing is a living memoir? Pasensya na tinanong mo ako for inputs. I am intrigued and excited to know more about the book. I would like you to know where I am coming from and I would like to set my parameters in my critique. I am not a journalist. I am a CPA and am trained to be thorough and organized and that is how I will share with you my thoughts.”

“I feel the topics in Chapter one are too lumped up. I would appreciate knowing more about you by actually reading several chapters giving more details in each significant topic you mention. Example:

Chapter 1 - Who are you? This chapter should describe who you are as a person: where you were born, who your parents are, your siblings, where you lived, how you grew up, where you were educated, when and how you fell in love, children, and how you developed your beliefs, religion etcetera.”

I am truly grateful to the individuals above who have read the earlier chapters and who have given me their insights. The people who have read the first chapters of this book also included my dear friends Paulie Caoili, Alwin Sta. Rosa, Celeste Chua, Carol Pineda, Daisy Garcia and Kristina Wood, my graphic artist Alex Pascual, my brother Tony, my nephew Jerguz, my niece Sasha, my bodyguard Mark Hauser and Armin Bauer of the Asian Development Bank and his beautiful, compassionate wife Petra. I would like to add that I send each chapter to Gabriel and Caesar to read, dispute and comment on as soon as I finish writing them.

The first two comments above were written by minds that are free and outside of the coffer. The last comment was written by

a mind that is trapped inside the box, a container that demands structure, boundaries and containment. People detained in the box are control freaks. They live to impose absolute control on their families, especially their children. Earlier in this book I wrote, “And how can you believe you are in total control of your life when you don’t know what it’s like to be out of such control?” So let me ask you this question. If this person is a slave of the box, who do you believe is running her life? You see, she has no idea that she has absolutely no power over her actions. The casket owns her life completely. And those people who truly have no command over their lives are the same ones who dictate and impose authority on others. People who are control freaks are the biggest prisoners. They don’t know freedom at all. Therefore, they can’t give it to anyone else.

I wish for you, my readers, to know that I am talking about my innermost thoughts and fears, and my arguments with some of the most dangerous military minds of America. And some would request that I’m supposed to talk about my parents, my brothers and my sisters? And where I went to school? If this were how my mind functioned, if this was my orderly manner of thinking, then I would never have survived the world of Marcus. I would be dead by now! Can I not tell you the story of my life from July 25, 2007 to the present day without giving you my bio data? I am not applying for a job or a passport. If I tell you about my parents, my family, my religion, and where I went to school, do you think that would show you who I really am? It won’t! The best part about me, and this story, has nothing to do with my family, nor my place of residence, nor my education. These things are so superficial and absolutely trivial with regard to the terror I have faced and am facing now.

This book is not about my family. But I will make you a deal. How about if I ask every single member of my family to write their

own story, to write their own book? And they don't have to talk about me. This way they can tell you all about their life until you're bored out of your mind.

This book has nothing to do with my parents, nor my brothers and sisters. This book is about a portion of my life. It is about me, despite my family, despite my government and despite religion and the dictates of society. My family doesn't even know half of the things I've mentioned in this book. I repeat. I am free. I am independent.

Like I said, there are only two kinds of people in the world—those whose minds think outside the box and those whose minds are slaves of the coffer. I say again, I am free. I therefore hate institutions and structure. This book is a measure of courage, of wisdom, of mind and spirit. And such things cannot be quantified by dwelling on my or my family's background! Such courage, wisdom and spirit are all not possible when your mind is a prisoner of consortiums.

Why is it so difficult for the older generations to see that I refuse to be put in the box? I hate institutions and I hate structure. My mind and my spirit are free from such restrictions. And please don't try to find structure in this book. I have absolutely no training in writing. My brother Freddie Aguilar is a musical genius and he never once took music lessons in his entire life. It is my mind and my spirit that is writing this book. So please do not try to squeeze me in a small coffin, my mind and my spirit are too vast to contain. My mind and spirit have escaped the limitations of structure a long, long time ago. And that is why I have peace and contentment. Inner peace is not possible if you are a slave of the institution. And that is why so many, many people are unhappy! They have allowed this life, their life to become a prison sentence!

Let's go back to Gabriel. I realize now, September 21, 2008 how much more dynamic this book is because of the inexplicable shades of color only the devil on earth could give this book of essays.

On July 20, 2008 I received the email below from Gabriel. He wrote:

Marlene,

“First off, I'm not mad at you. I enjoy the sparring. I just hope you don't get mad at me. Here below is a paper written by Ralph Peters, a right wing military guy, which he wrote in 1997. I have read a lot of his work and he seems to get better than 50% right most of the time. Again don't close off your mind to what he says but look at it from his point of view. Then look at your arguments and see how they work out. This was written 11 years ago so some of his points may not look like they are panning out but life is not a 100 meter dash but more of an endurance race.”

Don't begin to believe the “50% right most of the time” crap analysis of Gabriel. That is not true at all. As you will read below, Ralph Peters is far from being right - thus, the death of America.

The following day, I replied to Gabriel and said:

Overall, this writer is attempting to justify the US killing other people so that they can promote US culture which he sees as the most important, the most powerful and the most desired culture of all. The problem with America is that it doesn't understand that it has no real culture to speak of! Just because a kid in the Middle East watches the film “Rambo” and enjoys it doesn't mean he is going to abandon his Muslim heritage. We go back to the same cultural blindness that is so endemic in most Americans. Wealth is pointless without true substance. And substance is

something most Americans do not have since they do not have the deep-rooted culture of Europe and Asia. A nation without depth of art and culture is a nation without soul. That is America and Singapore. Ultimately, this writer is making apologies to justify the American killing machine.

I will write an essay to counter this one. Give me some time. By the way, are you really buying all this? It is painful for me to think that you are. Or is this your homework and you're just trying to trick me into doing it for you?

He emailed me immediately, the same day and stated:

“Ha! No it's not my homework unless you consider me trying to assimilate you..... Marlene come over to the dark side. NO I don't believe everything I read but he wrote that in 1997 and I look at some of his points to see if they are running true. He is also one of McCain's advisors. That should set you off. But I look at other things that he says and judge each one separately.”

On the same day, July 21, I wrote Gabriel a separate email saying:

“Well, I've read Ralph Peter's paper and it is even worse than Robert Lieber's essay. There is only one thing you can do with it. Burn it! But since I need practice in learning to be patient towards trolls in suits, then I will attempt to answer it with another essay. I bet this man is another product of Harvard University. Just like other academes - Men in Boxes in suits, picture perfect for a coffin. These men with boxed, limited minds are educated beyond their ability to process information, totally anal retentive, paired with tunnel vision - academes, virgin men who would piss in their pants at gun point!”

“Do you know why I call these Men in Boxes, virgins? Because these men of such limited minds do not know how to use their dicks.

I do not care how many times they think they have attempted to have sex! Unless they know how to use their dicks with freedom, it doesn't mean shit. They are and will always be virgins to me. Why? Because these men have been mentally and spiritually castrated at birth!"

In one way I was wrong about Peters. He is not an academe. He doesn't belong to the academic casket. He belongs to the military coffin, the kind that murders people. Peters' box is the one partly responsible for the death of America's economic power. Although these two boxes differ from each other, their members share a similar level of self-importance and tunnel vision. These institutionalized minds are responsible for the death and destruction of mankind. These are also the same minds that are threatening the very existence of mother earth. Therefore, these are the minds endangering all life on this planet.

Before I give you my composition reacting to Ralph Peter's frame of mind, I would like to share with you another essay I wrote entitled "*Communist America*." Now you must be saying, no wonder she's under surveillance. Essay number seven, here we go:

Communist America

A communist country can be defined as a country with a large functioning, but not necessarily effective, government apparatus, where personal freedoms are infringed by well endowed government intelligence services, with very large military expenditures, where the proletariat are numbered and numbered to be watched and processed. Additionally, a communist country can be defined where the masses are fed by "opiates" of mass leisure products, and where the country's government ignores international treaties, international development

institutions and even international human rights and justice.

The United States of America has a federalized bureaucracy that reaches into all aspects of its citizens' lives. A CIA, FBI, homeland security, patriot act complex is licensed to search into every aspect of its citizens' lives.

The United States of America has the world's greatest expenditure on war and a social security numbering system that is the only entry to citizenship, bank accounts, all form of daily transactions, to credit - to existence. It prides itself with Hollywood, domestic TV and print media that promote ignorance of anything non-US, anything foreign, and that endlessly feeds its society with ignorance, the "opiate" of the masses.

The US has a Government that has refused to recognize and that has reneged on international treaties and commitments, including the commitment to international justice. Witness America's rejection of the International Criminal Court, its rendition procedures, the illegal incarceration of captives in Guantanamo Bay, illegal and inhumane mistreatment of prisoners at Abu Ghraib and the refusal to recognize treaties of the United Nations. Doesn't all the above describe the USA as another communist country hiding from real democracy?

I sent this essay to Gabriel, Caesar and Chris.

After I emailed the composition to Gabriel, I also sent him a text message the same day, September 3, 2008 at around 1pm, which stated,

"I sent you something via email that will certainly put you on fire!"

Eager to strike back at me he responded, "Good. I'm looking forward to getting my hands on a computer, standby for my rebuttal!"

Later that evening I sent another text message to Gabriel.

“If you don’t refute my essay, “Communist America,” then I will have to assume that you agree with me.”

He answered, “Hey. I’ve been so busy with work. Plus don’t forget I need to eat breakfast, lunch and dinner. Give me a chance to get my hands on a computer.”

Here was his answer to my essay which he sent via email.

“I read a book about a Soviet pilot that defected to the US by way of Japan in the 1960’s or 1970’s. His plane was a Mig 25. He did have one thing to say that made sense. He broke away from his derrieres and ended up in a slum somewhere in the US. And there he came to believe that the Americans had perfected the Communist model because you don’t have to work and the government pays you. He was right. So yes, we are communist to some extent.”

“The rest of your writing is bullshit. If half the things you talk about were true in any other country we would never hear about it. But since the US is so open then it is always out there being attacked. And we recognize most treaties although Abu Ghraib was a problem that was out of control. But it was no worse than a college prank whereas what does the other side do? You never hear about that or any outcry about it. Bullshit to your essay I say. AAAAAAhhhhhhhhh!”

I replied with this,

“And so you continue to be a slave to the institution - my god this military way of brain frying is a very dangerous thing. Everything written in that essay is based on facts! Are you trying to tell me to sympathize with America just because others don’t complain against the atrocities of other countries just as much? That’s a stupid argument. You are saying that because the US recognizes

most treaties then they can say fuck all with regard to the other human rights laws! That is what you are saying aren't you?"

"America is the guilty party. And just because there are other nations who are just as evil but are not as popular doesn't make America any less guilty! You are hopeless. And the action of one desperate virgin Soviet pilot whose mind has also been pickled by the military as a basis for your argument is pitiful considering the long lists of inhuman rights violation the US is facing with the UN!"

Caesar replied to the essay via email on September 5, 2008

"When you look at it that way, it would appear so."

Chris' reply giving a British perspective has both depth and humor. He was in the Balkans when he commented via email on September 6, 2008 and stated:

"Thanks Marlene,"

"I noticed other similarities when I worked for a member of a royal family in the States. Everybody in America has things like a washing machine; microwave, TV, car... mostly locally produced and of very poor quality but everybody has one. The rich people of course have Italian washing machines, German cars and Japanese TV's."

"Perhaps rather than another communist country hiding behind democracy, the United States of America should be described as a communist country where communism works!!! Ha ha ha!!!"

Chris

Finally, I am now going to present to you my next essay in this book, my reply to the essay of retired Lt. Colonel Ralph Peters who is the advisor of presidential candidate John McCain on national security affairs. If you thought Lieber's quotes were painful to read,

let me warn you, reading Peters' writing must be like having sex with "Gollum", the beast from "Lord of the Rings".

Here is my 8th essay, "*Hollywood and America's Killing Machine*":

Hollywood and America's Killing Machine

What a frighteningly narrow, horrifying, shallow mind is revealed in this essay. Unfortunately the mind of Ralph Peters represents countless military brains that make up the framework of Washington DC that is in charge of America's war mongering. Is this the fullness of mind that sits behind the finger on the button of the world's greatest nuclear arsenal? If this is so then we are all doomed. All life on earth will perish. Peters' essay makes the simplistic assumption that more dollars simply equates to more muscle, justified to kill in the name of an American "culture of materialism and convenience." The assumptions behind the essay's reasoning do not stand the test of the ways of the world and its peoples. So what does America know about the rest of the world?

Maybe the US is just not interested in understanding the world, including its own backyard. Is the writer just a US apologist, justifying the American killing machine, justifying the American Government killing non-Americans and all in the name of culture? Google "culture" and you don't find much discussion of killing.

I have always believed, as many others, that if a man wants to contain his mind and if he doesn't want to think for himself, the top two kinds of institutions that would imprison and confine his brain would be to either join the military or the church. The intellectual handicap of Ralph Peters proves this.

And so his handicapped mind, detained forever in the military box, writes without mortification:

“Yes, foreign cultures are reasserting their threatened identities—usually with marginal, if any, success—and yes, they are attempting to escape our influence. But American culture is infectious, a plague of pleasure, and you don’t have to die of it to be hindered or crippled in your integrity or competitiveness. The very struggle of other cultures to resist American cultural intrusion fatefully diverts their energies from the pursuit of the future. We should not fear the advent of fundamentalist or rejectionist regimes. They are simply guaranteeing their peoples’ failure, while further increasing our relative strength.”

“It remains difficult, of course, for military leaders to conceive of warfare, informational or otherwise, in such broad terms. But Hollywood is “preparing the battlefield,” and burgers precede bullets. The flag follows trade. Despite our declaration of defeat in the face of battlefield victory in Mogadishu, the image of US power and the US military around the world is not only a deterrent, but a psychological warfare tool that is constantly at work in the minds of real or potential opponents. Saddam swaggered, but the image of the US military crippled the Iraqi army in the field, doing more to soften them up for our ground assault than did tossing bombs into the sand. Everybody is afraid of us. They really believe we can do all the stuff in the movies. If the Trojans “saw” Athena guiding the Greeks in battle, then the Iraqis saw Luke Skywalker precede McCaffrey’s tanks. Our unconscious alliance of culture with killing power is a combat multiplier no government, including our own, could design or afford. We are magic. And we’re going to keep it that way.”

Dear God, how did such a dysfunctional mind end up a Lt. Colonel of the US Army in charge of the lives of countless American soldiers? How did such a destructive, evil mind end up advising Sen. John McCain on national security affairs, a possible future leader of America? No wonder America is doomed.

Has the author ever tried to really put himself in the shoes of a Muslim child or an African native, a nomad or a Thai woman? Does he really believe that the American Hollywood “culture” is paramount and that just because the “Rambo series” sells then their adherents will ignore all other aspects and elements of so many different cultures? Does he think that just because people from other countries listen to the music of Madonna, these cultures must therefore be inferior? The same Muslim child who may avidly watch a Hollywood action movie will, once the movie is over, go to prayers, read the Quran, continue to dress in traditional dress, look forward to the hajj, or to playing soccer. The author greatly overestimates the potential impact of TV, video, video games, and other American entertainment that he shamelessly refers to as “culture”. He actually believes that this American lifestyle is the most desired, most important humanitarian achievement of all. Doesn’t he understand that what he refers to as “culture” is what has contributed to the decay of America’s society? He greatly underestimates peoples’ need for individuality, for individual cultural attachment, no matter how outdated, uncompetitive or un-American; but at least different, not American and definable as one’s own culture. Peters has absolutely no idea what the depth of true culture is. How could he? He’s never had it.

Without penitence, Peters continues:

“The foreign twin is the Islamic, or sub-Saharan African, or Mexican university graduate who faces a teetering government,

joblessness, exclusion from the profits of the corruption distorting his society, marriage in poverty or the impossibility of marriage, and a deluge of information telling him (exaggeratedly and dishonestly) how well the West lives. In this age of television-series franchising, videos, and satellite dishes, this young, embittered male gets his skewed view of us from reruns of *Dynasty* and *Dallas*, or from satellite links beaming down *Baywatch*, sources we dismiss too quickly as laughable and unworthy of serious consideration as factors influencing world affairs. But their effect is destructive beyond the power of words to describe. Hollywood goes where Harvard never penetrated, and the foreigner, unable to touch the reality of America, is touched by America's irresponsible fantasies of itself; he sees a devilishly enchanting, bluntly sexual, terrifying world from which he is excluded, a world of wealth he can judge only in terms of his own poverty."

And Peters goes on:

"Culture is fate. Countries, clans, military services, and individual soldiers are products of their respective cultures, and they are either empowered or imprisoned. The majority of the world's inhabitants are prisoners of their cultures, and they will rage against inadequacies they cannot admit, cannot bear, and cannot escape. The current chest thumping of some Asian leaders about the degeneracy, weakness, and vulnerability of American culture is reminiscent of nothing so much as of the ranting of Japanese militarists on the eve of the Pacific War. I do not suggest that any of those Asian leaders intend to attack us, only that they are wrong. Liberty always looks like weakness to those who fear it."

The writer paints a highly simplistic, black-and-white, impression of culture and seems to imply that cultures are competitive and that they are also static. The truth is that culture is multifaceted,

it is dynamic, it absorbs, it adjusts, and it is extremely varied. It is in song, it is in dance, it is in beliefs, it is in dress, habits, rules, norms... Authentic culture is imbedded and so deeply rooted, the fruit of thousands of years of people's existence. Culture is people. It is alive. The writer fails to understand all of mankind's need for a cultural identity that is not only ascribed to varying, changing and very complex norms, rules, beliefs and much more - but that also, very importantly does not ascribe to aspects of other peoples' cultures. We need not only to declare that we are Filipino but also that we are not American, or African, or whatever. AND we need to know who we are not. And we are definitely not Americans!

Does the American or any culture justify not only knocking on the door of other societies, but also knocking down the door and then camping in the neighborhood? How would America react if that were to happen to the US? Is the author really seeking in this essay to justify genocide? The European immigrants in the US, the white men, first annihilated the American Indians; does he now want to exterminate the rest of the world?

In his dark perspective of American reality Peters states further:

“Most citizens of the globe are not economists; they perceive wealth as inelastic, its possession a zero-sum game. If decadent America (as seen on the screen) is so fabulously rich, it can only be because America has looted one's own impoverished group or country or region. Adding to the cognitive dissonance, the *discarded foreigner* cannot square the perceived moral corruption of America, a travesty of all he has been told to value, with America's enduring punitive power. How could a nation whose women are “all harlots” stage Desert Storm? It is an offense to God, and there must be a demonic answer, a substance of conspiracies

and oppression in which his own secular, disappointing elite is complicit. This discarded foreigner's desire may be to attack the "Great Satan America," but America is far away (for now), so he acts violently in his own neighborhood. He will accept no personal guilt for his failure, nor can he bear the possibility that his culture "doesn't work." The blame lies ever elsewhere. The cult of victimization is becoming a universal phenomenon, and it is a source of dynamic hatreds."

The writer refers to a "cult of victimization," writing about non-Americans as the victims. This may or may not be the case. But, if you look a little closer this essay seems to hide the real direction of that victimization which is that he sees America as the victim, the victim of terrorism, the victim of trade barriers, and the victim of anything non-American. The man's mind is inside a coffin.

The essay is full of many sweeping generalizations. Not all of which have much substance, either in extending understandings or in just being plain correct. He says, "There will be no peace." So what? There has never been peace. Mankind has always reverted to war to impose its will. He states that: "It is a truism that throughout much of the 20th century the income gap between top and bottom narrowed." Many economists and other social commentators and plain statistics would completely disagree. Others argue that inequality has increased and continues to increase.

The writer of this essay should really attempt to take some note of centuries of peoples' adaptation and other trends. Globalization is not new. The world has adjusted to trade and investment and other cross-cultural experiences for thousands of years. But what of other trends not covered in the paper? Climate change is upon us, even if America ignores it. The rest of the world does not. Much of Europe,

the Mediterranean and Asia had to adapt to Roman militarism some two centuries ago. This did not mean that all of Europe, the Med and Asia became Roman and still are Roman. Much of the benefits of the Roman Empire, its infrastructure, coinage, language, and law, remained after the “civilization.” But this did not destroy culture. Many other highly individual cultures remained and continued long after the Roman Empire crumbled. All culture is alive, not just that that poses as the shallow pop culture in America.

In stating that: “There is no effective option other than competitive performance” the author greatly underestimates: 1) the impact of culture and cultural adaptation that reduces competition in all countries, including the US; and 2) is he aware of how highly inefficient the US economy, as all economies are? Consider the large size of US Government. Consider the inefficiencies of the US litigious society. Consider the costs and inefficiencies imposed by the social ills that are endemic in the US - alcoholism, obesity, drugs, and crime. Does this make the US the most competitive nation? The US subsidizes agricultural produce, steel and many other products. The US protects its industries with tariffs and with non-tariff barriers. Just as all other countries do. These are public choices akin to culturally imposed reduction of competition. The US has chosen to be just as inefficient because of its “culture” as has any other nation.

In the meantime he says, “The average American can look forward to a longer life-span”. Where? I suppose the average American can look forward to a longer life span in jail since the US has the highest rate of incarceration in the world. He says, “Americans can look forward to a secure retirement” - most Americans do not have health insurance and urban crime beats at the walls of all gated communities. Additionally, Peters says, “Americans can

look forward to free membership in the most triumphant culture in history.” What the hell is he talking about? I suppose this is true provided you are not unemployed, now 6% of the population, or otherwise materially dissatisfied.

Peters adds:

“In the military sphere, it will be impossible to rival or even approach the capabilities of our information-based force because it is so profoundly an outgrowth of our culture. Our information-based Army will employ many marvelous tools, but the core of the force will still be the soldier, not the machine, and our soldiers will have skills other cultures will be unable to replicate. Intelligence analysts, fleeing human complexity, like to project enemy capabilities based upon the systems a potential opponent might acquire. But buying or building stuff is not enough. It didn’t work for Saddam Hussein, and it won’t work for Beijing.”

I agree with Peters when he writes that, “Our information-based Army will employ many marvelous tools, but the core will still be the soldier, not the machine....” This is so true! But look at that teenage, poorly educated, world-wide-ignorant, culturally impotent, grunt in the US military. Does the American soldier have any ability beyond his machines? America may win the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq but America is woefully incompetent when it comes to winning the peace. The American war machine is not equipped to win any peace. *Ipsa facto*, can even the American economy for ever afford to maintain a permanent state of war in Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran, North Korea....”? No!

America’s economic power is crumbling apart. Is it too late? No. All America has to do is divert its enormous funds directed to war, causing havoc and destruction in Afghanistan and Iraq, towards financing its banks and businesses at home and its financial crisis

will be solved. But will the Men in Boxes in Washington allow this? Of course not. Do these men have such humility to accept they made a grave mistake? No. Unfortunately these men do not possess such wisdom and humility.

Does the author really believe, as is implied in his essay, that American culture is the only free culture on earth? Is the US citizen free when hounded by lawyers, government rules and regulations, and heavy subliminal advertising, to produce hamburgers on stilts and face-lift-dedicated Barbie doll housewives? Free to be fat, otherwise over-consume, to serial kill and otherwise abuse others. How simple and wrong to consider Muslim religion as “conservative if not tyrannical and uncompetitive!”

When I travel to a place with skyscrapers, shopping malls, fast cars and fancy technology, I see a people with lost souls. But when I travel to a remote place forgotten by time and the progress of civilization, I see a people in one with the earth blessed with humility, peace and contentment, connected to their very spirit and soul. The peace and beauty of this feeling is invaluable and incomparable with anything else. There is nothing on earth that can replace the connection with one’s soul.

The writer Ralph Peters like so many others in the American military puts ultimate value on the same superficial entities prevalent in American day-to-day life. These values have ripped mankind of its soul. And then he defends the need for the American war machine to kill mankind and destroy the earth while in the process of forcing, promoting and injecting the rest of the world with the same sick, cancerous lifestyle that has powered the degradation of American society.

The military and the dollar battlefields are not the only, nor are they the most important, battlefields of mankind. The US may win

the race to be the world's greatest trillion dollar nuclear threat. America may win any open field conflict of competing war machines. But no nation can win any race to cultural domination. America will never win the hearts and minds of any other nation.

The United States of America is a nation born of genocide. European immigrants first exterminated the body and soul of the indigenous American Indians thus creating the "home of the brave". They then sought to create a killing machine, the likes of which the rest of the world could never have imagined. In this modern day they pride themselves with having the greatest nuclear arsenal that threatens every single microcosm of life on this planet. Now the new America and its killing machine seek to commit the same hideous crime against the rest of humanity - genocide. But will heaven allow this? I do not believe so.

Below is the bio-profile of retired Lt. Colonel Ralph Peters of the US Army, but before I give that to you let me state this:

Julius Caesar (44BC to 100 BC) did not only have an imperious military mind, he was a fine orator, writer and poet. He had eloquence in language, both in spoken and written form. Some of the very best literary compositions written during this period, in Rome, were composed by Julius Caesar. He was victorious while acting inside the box, but he was also free. This freedom is what made him omnipotent.

The American soldiers of today, who are members of the US military elite, have a very poor command of the English language. Just like most modern military men, Ralph Peters writes in English like an ape and speaks it like a baboon.

Here is Peters' bio-profile:

Former Lt. Col. Ralph Peters is a graduate of the US Army Command and General Staff College. He also holds a master's

degree in international relations. In the last US elections Peters was the adviser of US Presidential candidate Sen. John McCain on national security affairs. Prior to this he worked at the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence, where he was responsible for future US warfare. He has also served as a Foreign Area Officer for Eurasia. He has traveled to Russia, much of the previous Soviet Republic, and former Yugoslavia, to central Europe and Turkey, Pakistan, the Far East, and to Mexico and South America. He has published on military and international concerns. Avon Books recently published his sixth novel, "*Twilight of Heroes*".

This is my bio-profile:

I was born in the Philippines. I grew up poor with a rich soul, along with total freedom of mind and spirit; armed with a burning passion for life, with humility, wisdom and a brave heart. I have traveled to 35 countries.

Marlene Aguilar

July 23, 2008

The day I sent out this essay to my closest friends via my "i-manila" account, my computer was disabled for four days. In the meantime my Webmaster couldn't access my website. The technicians couldn't fix my account saying that it was beyond their control, like my emails.

Gabriel and I saw each other for coffee soon after I finished this composition. This time we met at the Starbucks coffee shop near Corinthian Village right across from the Mormon Church.

"Why are you so happy? I've never seen you as joyful as this," I said.

“I got an A,” he replied smiling like the beautiful child Damien from *The Omen*.

“What do you mean you got an A?”

“I submitted that essay you wrote, “Hollywood and America’s Killing Machine”. They gave me an A!” he announced still smiling.

“I knew it...you tricked me into doing your homework,” I answered smiling back.

“You know those men you describe as trolls in suits,” he said.

“Oh, please can we talk about something else?”

“No. Listen...those men...there is a club of powerful military men. It is very difficult to become part of this organization because the criteria are very difficult to fulfill. Some members are still enlisted. Others are now in Washington...” he explained seriously.

“Ralph Peters does not belong to this faction. We do not like him. Nobody retires as Lt. Colonel. It means no one wanted to promote him further because many members of the military believe he’s so full of shit.”

“Many years ago he said, follow the oil trail and that is where we will bring America’s wars,” he continued.

“Why would he say such a thing?”

“Like you said Marlene, we are the biggest consumers in the world. We need oil to sustain the needs of our people,” he replied.

In silence I thought, Dear God. If John McCain wins, they are going to bring their war to the Philippines.... in Mindanao. Is this why that man spoke to Paulie asking him to bring them to the right contact, the person who will represent their best interest...so that death can be avoided? But is it me they want? Or is it my brother Freddie who is so endeared by both Christians and Muslims?

I stared at this man horrified trying to look into the future asking

myself the same question over and over again. What happens to us? What happens to the Philippines if a large-scale war erupts in Mindanao? What happens if my beloved country becomes another Iraq or Afghanistan? Dear God, help us. No. No...

“You know I know other US military men...but I believe unlike the others, you will not use me to benefit your cause,” I stated.

“But I have already used you,” he answered with a smile.

“That’s okay. I allowed you. It’s different. You know what I mean....” I told him. “Do you know what I think of military men?”

“If a man wants to contain his mind in a small box, if a man does not want to think for himself, then there are only two kinds of institution he should join, the church or the military,” I said sneering.

Gabriel immediately clenched his right fist and pointed it so close to my face.

“Ggggrrrrrrrr!” he growled. “I wish I could punch you right now!”

Recovering from our banter, he said proudly, “Men like me join the military because we are patriots.”

“There are many others who are also patriots; artists, journalists, others from different professions, but they don’t join the military. So you are saying that the American patriots who join the military are the kind that needs their mind contained in the box!” I declared.

He clenched his fists close to my face again attempting to contain his frustration, growling at me like a wolf. You should know I’m very good at provoking men and pushing them to the edge. I had excellent practice with my father from the time I was a little girl. My father beat me for having a strong will, free mind

and spirit. In return I pushed his mind to insanity each time we had a confrontation. He beat my body but he could never temper my mind or my spirit.

“One of the emails I forwarded to you has the name of the military faction I mentioned. You should never mention the name of this faction in your book...” he warned.

Of course I will heed his warning. But why did Gabriel forward me the email that was sent to him by his organization, with the faction’s name on it, knowing I couldn’t mention it in the book? If it were a secret then why would he include the name in his email to me in the first place? Was it a mistake? I don’t know...but a man like Gabriel never makes this kind of mistake.

He finally emailed me back with his usual touch of humor replying to my position on US Aid on September 22, 2008 saying:

“Hey. Yup you did chafe my ... It seems anything I say will end up ... oops! I guess this will be chapter four. Plus depending on when you publish this book or maybe someone who you send it to for review will then release it. The rope tightens ...”

I’m afraid I have to be very careful quoting Gabriel henceforth. Hmmmm...I wonder if he had somehow gotten himself into some inconvenience by engaging with me.

Before I could close this chapter I received an email from my son who is still detained. He sent me an earlier email this morning saying that part of him cannot accept that these people may be using him as a bargaining power over me. Therefore he has contemplated killing himself to defy them. No word has been added or omitted from these email exchanges between my son and I.

He wrote:

“Some days I feel fine. Some days I feel like everything is ok. Some days I think of nothing else but destruction and killing myself. The

thought of being used as a bargaining chip makes me feel all the more rebellious. It makes me feel like shooting myself in the face only to spite those who think they can control my every move...”

In reply to this email I wrote back to him and said:

“Thank God I have the strength to read all of what you just sent me. I wonder if your father had the same thoughts, because there is nothing within my psyche that would allow me to kill myself or inflict pain upon myself. I hate it when you talk about harming yourself. I wish you wouldn’t because you will end up hurting me the most and those who love you. I need you so please contain your temper. I love you.”

He emailed back and stated:

“I’m sorry I worry you. The truth is we both know how strong you are and we both know that you will be able to move on from any experience no matter how traumatic. That is not to say that I’m going to go ahead and put a bullet in my face. I’m just saying I believe that you could deal with it. In fact I believe it would make you stronger. I do love you and do not wish you any more pain or discomfort in your life than you already have chosen for yourself. All I know is that I will be out of here one day dead or alive. I miss you. I love you.”

Today’s date is September 22, 2008.

In tears I end this chapter.