

## Chapter 6

### The White Knight

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It is now the 4th of April. I have thought long and hard about whether or not to include this last chapter in the book. I was convinced that this tale of my life had ended in chapter five. And yet the forces of heaven and earth continue to prevail, my story hasn't ended and so I write this as my final chapter. If you haven't figured out by now that I am completely insane, then you're just as screwed up as I am. Of course, every time I call myself crazy, Steve who is ever ready to defend me intellectually tells me, "It is only when your talents defeat your purpose that you may be called insane. Otherwise you're a genius."

My bodyguard Mark had gone to Dublin, Ireland for further training organized by the International Bodyguard Association and was away for two weeks. When he returned, he had a serious conversation with me one evening in Bulan restaurant. We sat at a table and spoke in private.

"Ma'am, I do not believe I am qualified to protect you any longer. You are now on threat level three," he told me with pain in his eyes.

“Why would you want to replace yourself?” I asked.

“There is someone else who could secure your safety better than I. He was with the Foreign Legion of France. I trained with him in Dublin. He is arriving next week. I suggest you see him and talk to him,” he replied.

“No Mark. I don’t know this man. I refuse to see him and I refuse to replace you,” I stated.

After this conversation, Mark asked for a private meeting with my tarot reader Paulie hoping he could get the Buddhist oracle to persuade me that the former Foreign Legionnaire of France should secure my safety in his stead.

“Sir, Ma’am is in danger. And she refuses to see that her life is at risk. You must talk to her,” my bodyguard told my geomancer.

“Mark, you realize she will not listen. And she is not afraid. She knows exactly when she’s going to die you know,” Paulie answered.

After Paulie had shared with me the conversation he and my bodyguard had, I decided to give Mark a break. I relieved my close protection and told him to take two months off. I did this because I truly did not believe my bodyguard wanted to leave my employment. I think someone else instigated his strange behavior. Someone else wanted him replaced.

The last time I saw Gabriel in December, we had an argument about China and Japan. So I wrote this composition, my 9th essay in this book.

## **Japan and China Today – a letter to Gabriel**

You compared the economic situation of Japan in the past with that of China today, suggesting that they were the same. Please read

on so that this may enlighten you and also enlighten those other military minds in your circle.

First of all, this is a very different global economic situation today; whether in terms of volumes of trade and investment, in assets held and traded, in currencies held by governments or in terms of economic allegiances and all countries' acceptance of the necessity of global economic transactions. And this global economic situation today has just taken a turn for the worse, further changing any comparisons that we could make between Japan's situation then and China's now.

In what is a much larger global economy today, China is presently a much bigger player than Japan ever was after the 2nd world war. And this is even more the case in the newly uncertain global economy of 2009. China now sits in a key symbiotic economic relationship with the US. China needs the US, as well as Europe to sell its goods to. And, in return the US depends on China to produce and save excess capital so that it can lend this excess to the US. By buying US treasury bonds, other money securities, and by otherwise supporting the US dollar, China not only helps maintain the current value of the US dollar but it also puts money into the US economy that the US government, US businesses and individuals can all use to buy cheap Chinese goods. This is a binding, mutual relationship. It benefits both parties in terms of economic needs. This then impacts political relations.

Again, this economic then political relationship has recently taken a new turn thanks to the global financial and now trade and next production crisis. China's economy continues to grow. This may not be at previous levels of 9 to 10+% per annum but even at 8% this is still significant compared to the US which is now in recession. The US, Europe and the rest of the world are looking to other countries in

Asia as well as to the emerging “BRICs” (Brazil, Russia, India, and China) to keep investing, trading and growing, to not only save then lend to, but also invest their surpluses in the US, Europe and wherever to generally help the global crisis bottom out and attempt to restore world-wide confidence.

And so the binding relationship is changing with the US becoming more reliant on China than vice versa. Where do you think the centrally controlled Chinese government will take this? As any other government it will use this stronger position to seek to further strengthen future political relations. Japan was never able to do this.

Yes, China has a centrally controlled communist economy. It still has badly managed major industries, some run by an incompetent military. It also suffers from corruption. And so it is even more amazing that China’s economy has continued to grow despite the imperfections and inefficiencies of centrally directed economic decision-making. Imagine further potential growth when China introduces greater private competition, reduces corruption, and its economy is restructured to favor more private industry that effectively competes on the world market? This was not the position of Japan after the 2nd world war. Japan sheltered under US protection after the war. It adopted painful economic reforms, new laws and new governance introduced and enforced by a US administration and Japan was given guaranteed markets under this protection. This was because the US needed Japan as a strong ally against growing communism in Asia in the 1950s and beyond. And to secure this, the US helped Japan build a strong regional that then became a strong international economy. So, in the case of Japan, the relationship with the US was first and foremost a political one with trade, investment, and the economy as a means to securing those political ends.

The US had to eventually accept Japan's newly found international economic strengths, as it has also had to do with China. The question now is how dangerously dependent is the US and the west, on a China that does not owe the US and the west for any previous support. Indeed both old and new China seriously questioned and questions its political relationship with the west. There is not much common culture and little friendship, trust, or mutual understanding. China emerges as a strong international player without US support. Would China cut its nose off to spite the face of America by dumping its US monetary investments? Japan never held this threat over the US.

Here ends this manifesto.

On February 23, 2008, I wrote Caesar this letter and sent it to him by email. It is called *Fate*.

### **Fate – a letter to another Warrior of Heaven**

I do not understand why I am still under surveillance. I am not the enemy of America. I thought I made that clear in my book, *Warriors of Heaven*. And I have sent the final version of the last five chapters to all major characters in the book via internet allowing the “eyes” watching over me to also read them. Do your people really believe I am a danger to America's interests in the Philippines?

Although I have accepted my fate wholeheartedly, I will not volunteer to go into politics. There is only one great and very imperious man in this country that could push me to take that path. And I will give him an argument he has never had in his entire life if he ever tries to recruit me as a politician. You, of all people, know that I pose no danger to America. On the contrary, the United States is my second home. I miss living there. I would like to go back someday and find a nice quiet place to live near the ocean.

My beautiful country, the Philippines, was born out of deceit, murder, rape, theft, slavery and other human rights violations, gruesome crimes committed by Spain. But America, America was born out of genocide and it is determined to continue the same in the rest of the world. The US removed its strong military presence in Iraq only to bring its evil wrath against Afghanistan. And I believe the war in Afghanistan is going to be worse than that in Iraq and may take a very long time. Who is going to prevent America from inflicting more harm on the earth and mankind? I can't. But I know that the forces of heaven and earth will.

I know I am considered a "loose cannon on deck that is potentially dangerous to the existing system," as one of our previous presidential advisers has put it. But dear god, I despise the leaders of America just as much as I loathe the leaders of my own country. If we could sit down and talk, I could explain to you how the cosmic forces work, a knowledge that is so alien these days to nearly all of mankind. There are greater forces that decide our fate as well as the destiny of every living creature in all the celestial worlds. Did you ever wonder what kind of force could have brought America to crumble apart within and without its borders? Only the vast cosmic forces could bring a great and super power like America down to its knees. Why? Because, ultimately, the earth must survive at all costs. And that is why America, having done so much damage to the world, had to go down, thus bringing forth a shift of global powers from the west towards the east. This was willed by the yellow serpent at the center of the earth. Cosmic forces will protect mother earth. Mankind will perish before he can totally destroy the earth. That is the celestial hierarchy. Mankind is not important to the survival of the universe. The earth is.

I want to explain to you that the Tao chart that shows the symbols of powers in five directions is real. The white tiger of the west, the black turtle of the north, the green dragon of the east, the red phoenix of the south and the yellow serpent at the center of the planet are great celestial beings. We do not see them with our naked eye. But just because we are unable to see them and feel their vast forces doesn't mean they do not exist. Please remember that most of mankind is still so primitive using only 10 percent of their brain capacity. But there are special human beings who, through meditation and astral projection, can completely open up their minds. They are the ones, the only ones who are capable of using the capacity of their brains to such great extent. Can you imagine that? In this state one can travel through space and time and see both past and future. In this state one can exist in several realities and be aware of each existence in any one given time. These are the same advanced souls, the shamans, the same spiritual leaders who several thousands of years ago wrote the Tao chart and then improved upon it from one generation to the next. How do I know all this? Because I have access to this knowledge through astral projection. Dear god, how can Gabriel and his friends possibly grasp this knowledge? How can the leaders of America and the world possibly understand this kind of wisdom when they are so overwhelmed and blinded by greed and materialism in the here and now? They do not want to accept, they cannot accept, an alternate view.

I believe there are fiercely solid alliances of powerful military men within Washington D.C, warriors, killers, imperious men who cover each other's tracks, who clean up each other's mess as they progress up the hierarchy of the US military to promote self interest, and the combined interests of their faction. But there are a handful of these men, both former and present soldiers of the armed forces, the

rarest breed, who are keener than the rest. They are the kind who understand the art of pure cunning and deception. In the past they covered the backs of certain powerful men in the military allowing them access to greater position and power. I believe one of them is now a major character in my life, an exceptional warrior who believes in no rules and fears no god. And so, he plays god.

I can only guess why I am under surveillance. I can also only guess who triggered all that has happened and who brought all this continuing attention upon me. And why I have become such a subject for study by those supposedly serving the best interests of your nation. I believe if I am subject to their attention, then they must now also be interested in you, because of my great connection to you. This is one of the reasons I am detaching myself from you, hoping that in doing so, this will ease your burden within the box.

I am your spiritual guide on earth. My role is to set you free. And contrary to what you may think, you are growing fast and gaining strength from heavenly forces. You have grown so much since we met. You will continue to grow faster than you can imagine. So my role is done.

Gabriel's role in my life was to kill me. And my role for the evolution of his soul is to give him life on earth by allowing him my spiritual death. And that is also done.

So now, what else can we possibly do but to allow the forces of heaven and earth to decide our fate?

Marlene

Today's date is March 25, 2009. I decided to write these two essays due to my extreme desire to give myself, and my readers a better perspective regarding death, destruction and the endless

suffering of mankind that results from war. I also wanted to pacify Gabriel and show him that I am not at all one-sided as he accuses me to be. I believe it is only from understanding the past, that we may have the chance to understand the present and the future. And there are grave historical events that have taken place that we should keep reminding ourselves of so that we may never ever forget.

Over a week ago, I met a new character in my life. He is also with the US Military, a sensitive and kind-hearted man. I will call him Daniel. A few days ago, he asked me to refer him to an Arnis (a Filipino martial arts) instructor so he could “release his homicidal aggressions”. I told him to argue with me so that he may vent his frustrations mentally and spiritually. Fortunately he agreed. It is my arguments with this brave man that has inspired me and given me the wisdom to write the following arguments. It is not because we discussed the events of World War II at all. Rather, Daniel allowed me to push him in both mind and spirit. And when I can engage in this manner with someone worthy of such a duel, I am also pushing the limits of my own mental and spiritual selves, feeding them in the process and allowing myself a wider field to graze upon. This “simple man” as he calls himself, gifted with more humility than most military men in his class, had given me a new kind of light, a new kind of hope for men in boxes. Why? It is because, he doesn’t lie to himself. He sees things for what they are. When I speak to him, he listens without defense. He absorbs what I say without struggle, as if silently he had long given himself the same arguments over the last two decades that he had spent in the military box. And so my words, which I told him were “dosages of painful truth”, are just a confirmation of something he had already figured out on his own. And because of Daniel’s wisdom

and honesty, he had inspired me to present a new vantage point, not only for myself but for my readers as well.

Daniel, you are the most genuine of them all. And the next two compositions are for you. Thank you.

Here is essay number ten.

## **The Japanese Holocaust**

The Nazi Germans murdered 6 million Jews and slaughtered 20 million Russians. But the Japanese Imperial Army responsible for the Asian holocaust butchered 30 million Asians! Out of this grand scale massacre, 23 million were ethnic Chinese. The rest were Filipinos, Cambodians, Burmese, Malaysians and Vietnamese.

The Empire of Japan committed these unspeakable war crimes from the late 19th century to the mid 20th century but most took place during the late 19th century, the Showa Era, when Emperor Hirohito ruled Japan, reaching its height during the Asian Pacific campaigns during World War II, which ended during the military defeat of the Japanese Empire in 1945.

The Japanese Imperial military have been accused and convicted of violations of the laws of war throughout East Asia and the western Pacific. Japanese militarism was superficially a copycat of the Nazi Germany military culture. The Nazis had its Gestapo secret police while the Japanese had the Kempeitai. As in other forms of dictatorship, hatred, inhuman brutality, and fear were a necessity. In comparison to this, in Japan, lack of devotion to the Emperor was punishable by physical abuse.

Both the Japanese and the Nazi Germans looted the countries they occupied beyond spite, but Japan plundered more than the Nazis. Both of these conquerors are guilty of extreme human

rights violations, enslaving millions and in the case of Japan raping children and women, using them as “whores” for their troops. The death rate among Prisoners of War under Japan in Asian countries was 27.1 percent.

During 1937 to 1945, Japan murdered up to 10,000,000 people, 6,000,000 of whom were Chinese. This bloodbath included Filipinos, Indonesians, Indochinese and western pacific islanders. During WW II the Japanese Empire killed 100,000 civilians during the Manila massacre. In Singapore up to 50,000 Chinese were massacred on the beach during the Sook Ching massacre. And the worst was the Nanking Massacre where over 200,000 civilians and prisoners of war were slaughtered by Japan.

“KILL ALL! BURN ALL! LOOT ALL!” This was the order that came directly from Emperor Hirohito to his entire Japanese militia, killing 2.7 million people in China from 1942 to 1945.

Vivisection is a procedure involving cutting living animals, especially for the purpose of scientific research. The Japanese military performed vivisection and amputations without anesthesia on POWs and civilians in China. They left prisoners in the open to freeze, pouring water on parts of their exposed bodies until frozen solid. Then parts of their bodies were amputated one at a time, from the upper arms, exposing them repeatedly in the frozen weather after every amputation. The military doctors, after removing the arms, surgically removed the legs until only the torso and the head were left.

The Japanese military is also guilty of killing an estimated 580,000 through bacteriological warfare along with human experimentation. Around 400,000 Chinese died from germ warfare such as anthrax and bubonic plague. .

The US Army Air Forces B-29 bomber crashed in Japan on May 5, 1945. Nine out of 12 service men who survived were taken to

Kyushu University at Fukuoka for vivisection while their commander was taken to Tokyo for interrogation.

Akira Makino, a medical crew admitted that as part of his medical training he had to perform the wrongful removal of body parts on 30 civilian prisoners in the Philippines during World War II. The same crime also happened in China.

The Hague Conventions and Article V of the Treaty in Relation to the Use of Submarines and Noxious Gases in Warfare and a resolution implemented by the League of Nations denounced the use of chemical warfare by Japan. Despite this, chemical weapons were used against China by the Japanese military obeying direct orders from Emperor Hirohito himself. The Emperor authorized the use of toxic gas on 375 occasions during the Battle of Wuhan!

At the Australian archives, one will find documents proving that cyanide gas was administered on Australian and Dutch prisoners in Indonesia in 1944 by the Japanese military. While in the Philippines, electric shocks were executed with the use of automobile batteries attached to the testicles of male prisoners.

The Japanese military practiced cannibalism and cut out the flesh of their prisoners while still alive for food.

Historian Yuki Tanaka stated: “cannibalism was often a systematic activity conducted by whole squads and under the command of officers”.

And an Indian POW, declared that: “[on November 12, 1944] the Kempeitai beheaded [an Allied] pilot. I saw this from behind a tree and watched some of the Japanese cut flesh from his arms, legs, hips, buttocks and carry it off to their quarters... They cut it into small pieces and fried it.”

Another Indian POW, Lance Naik Hatam Ali who later became a citizen of Pakistan, testified that in New Guinea:

*“The Japanese started selecting prisoners and every day one prisoner was taken out and killed and eaten by the soldiers. I personally saw this happen and about 100 prisoners were eaten at this place by the Japanese. The rest of us were taken to another spot 50 miles [80 km] away where 10 prisoners died of sickness. At this place, the Japanese again started selecting prisoners to eat. Those selected were taken to a hut where their flesh was cut from their bodies while they were alive and they were thrown into a ditch where they later died.”*

The Japanese military recruited women by force or deception to be sexually assaulted by the troops. On March 1, 2007 Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe suggested that a U. S. House of Representatives committee would call on the Japanese Government “to apologize and acknowledge” the role of the Japanese Imperial military on sex slavery during wartime. Sadly, the Japanese Prime Minister refused to admit that this apology and acceptance should apply to “*comfort stations*” adding that, “There is no evidence to support that there was coercion against women in these places...” This statement by Abe caused global outrage. And a few days later after this ridiculous declaration by the Japanese leader, an editorial in the New York Times dated March 6, 2007 announced:

*These were not commercial brothels. Force, explicit and implicit, was used in recruiting these women. What went on in them was serial rape, not prostitution. The Japanese Army’s involvement is documented in the government’s own defense files. A senior Tokyo official more or less apologized for this horrific crime in 1993... Yesterday, he grudgingly acknowledged the 1993 quasi apology, but only as part of a pre-emptive declaration that his government would reject the call, now pending in the United States Congress, for an*

*official apology. America isn't the only country interested in seeing Japan belatedly accept full responsibility. Korea, China, and the Philippines are also infuriated by years of Japanese equivocations over the issue.*

Japanese veteran soldier Yasuji Kaneko during an interview with The Washington Post reported that the women “cried out, but it didn’t matter to us whether the women lived or died. We were the emperor’s soldiers. Whether in military brothels or in the villages, we raped without mercy.”

In some cases, young girls from East Timor were raped repeatedly by Japanese soldiers before they were old enough to have their menstruation.

There are documents from the Netherlands’ government of forced prostitution on a grand scale in 1944. A Dutch-Indonesian woman declared that when she was 21 years old she had been raped over and over day and night by Japanese soldiers. She claims Japan refuses to pay compensation to the war victims adding that it wanted to change the facts of history and continues to fail to take responsibility for its hideous crimes. Some information claims that around 200,000 women from the Philippines, Korea, China, Burma, Netherlands, the Dutch Indies and Australia were raped by Japanese soldiers.

The United States House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee passed a bill on June 30, 2007, demanding that Japan “should acknowledge, apologize and accept historical responsibility in a clear and unequivocal manner for its military’s coercion of women into sexual slavery during the war”.

Like the Nazi Germans, the Japanese dreamed that they were a superior race, which gave them the absolute right to destroy other people and other nations. What is so superior about a race of people

guilty of stealing treasures from religious establishments - from temples, mosques, churches and other commercial buildings and private homes? What is so superior about a race of people culpable of inexpressible human rights violations, a race blame worthy of genocide, ethnocide, raping hundreds of thousands of children and women, slavery and even cannibalism? It makes them not only very inferior but also not of human race. There is karma of the soul, karma of bloodline and karma of an entire race of people. And it comforts me to believe that the cosmic worlds sooner or later will take full karmic accounting.

This composition ends here.

Expression is catharsis. Catharsis opens great avenues for further growth and wisdom. And writing this book and sharing my thoughts and this portion of my life with you has expanded my mind and my spirit to a level I had never known possible. Those who are dearest to me, who love me, have advised me not to cross this line. I suppose for me, there is no turning back. It is too late.

I am not afraid of my fate anymore. I have detached myself from all those I love on earth, knowing in my heart that there is no man in the world who can protect me now. I have accepted my death. How else can I continue to write unless I accept that with all my heart? But I firmly believe that there are unseen forces guiding me and protecting me. My destiny has long been decided by heaven and earth. And where I am going, I am alone. It is my fate.

It is now the first week of April. It took me several attempts to write the previous essay and it took me even longer to finish the succeeding one. I had to stop and confront my tears, lamenting my pain and my sheer anguish as I did my research to finish this composition. What kind of men go into the business of terror, death

and destruction? These are not men. These are monsters living amongst us.

I look at my six year old daughter Maya and she is so, so beautiful, innocent and pure. And because of these wars, countless little girls like my sweet child were violated, raped and slaughtered by these hideous men. Why? Where is justice in this world? I do not understand.

Truth is supposed to set us free. But dear god...what pain! What horror! Can we not work together to bring the world toward a new direction away from all this wickedness? When we can feel the past, once we can understand it, then we can come to terms with it. Perhaps then we can put it behind us, learn from it and create a better future. I believe it is possible. I do.

As I finished the above paragraph, I received a text message from Steve who a few minutes ago, held me in his arms as I cried violently. I told him that my research made me sick to my stomach. He wrote this to me:

“I thank you for your ability to feel. And you feel more than most people. Remember, there is light in the lightness of being...”

I hereby present to you essay number 11.

## **The Nazi Germans and Corporate Camouflage**

So what really transpired in Europe during World War II? Apart from the well recorded battles and campaigns, military technological advances, alliances and politics - the French, the Belgians, the Poles, the Serbs, the Dutch, the Jews and the Russians and many other nationals were terrorized and murdered. Nations ascended while others declined. The wheels of war fortune turned as they always do. Being top dog at the beginning of the conflict

did not guarantee that the same nation would lead at the end of the war. Early victory does not guarantee further success. And victory can also exhaust the victor. Eventually, at least according to recorded history, Germany lost the Second World War, Europe was exhausted and a vacuum created for new world leadership. But this was never the full story. Civilians suffered the most and most especially the children. And the rich suffered the least. Such is the way of the world.

Furthermore, according to recorded information, the following events apparently took place.

During the last quarter of 1943, Martin Ludwig Bormann, a top Nazi official, master minded “Operation Land of Fire” to transport the Nazi wealth from Germany to Latin America using U-boats. In 1944, several U-boats crossed the Atlantic from Germany to Argentina carrying tons and tons of gold, works of art, securities, shares and other treasures. In July, 1945 U 530 arrived at the port of La Plata followed by U-977 in August. Both these U-boats were confiscated by the state of Argentina and surrendered to US officials. But alas, no treasures were found in either U-boat. Where did the treasures go? The loot was never found. This remains to this very day the biggest unsolved robbery in history.

The “Farben cartel” was organized by genius Hermann Schmitz in 1925. This formed a super-giant chemical enterprise, merging six prestigious German chemical companies, which had been working closely together since Word War I.

At the time, the First World War which lasted from 1914 to 1918 was the greatest global military conflict the world had ever witnessed. It involved the world’s super powers; what were then known as the Central Powers and the Entente Powers. The Central Powers were the German Empire, the Ottoman Empire, the

Kingdom of Bulgaria and the Austrian-Hungarian Empire. The main allies of the Entente Powers included the Russian Empire, the United Kingdom, Canada, France, Australia, the Empire of Japan, Italy and the United States.

More than 70 million soldiers were mobilized in this major global dispute and over 15 million people were massacred. At the end of World War I, four global imperial powers were greatly weakened; that is Russia, Germany, the Ottoman Empire and Austria-Hungary, with the latter two empires ceasing to continue as independent states. The Soviet Union was born from the death of the Russian Empire. And the rise of fascism in Germany was a direct result of its defeat in this World War. Fascism, a radical form of nationalism and ideology psychologically powered the conflict that resulted in yet another global feud – World War II.

The companies that formed IG Farben were already in the business of war since World War I, profiting from the global disaster and the death and suffering of mankind. These companies which formed the “Farben Cartel” were - Badische Anilin, Agfa, Hoechst, Bayer, Weiler-ter-Meer, and Griesheim-Elektro. These companies joined to become Internationale Gesellschaft Farben Industrie A.G. — or IG Farben for short.

“*IG Farben was Hitler and Hitler was IG Farben,*” was the statement of Senator Homer T. Bone when addressing the Senate Committee on Military affairs on June 4, 1943.

In the late 1920s the American holdings of IG Farben; that is the Bayer Company, Agfa Anso, Winthrop Chemical Company and General Aniline Works, were merged into a Swiss holding company, IG Chemic which was managed and controlled by IG Farben in Germany. Later these firms merged to become the American IG Chemical Corporation.

In 1925 the master mind of IG Farben, Hermann Schmitz, became one of the top Nazi officials and a great supporter of Adolf Hitler. He was also the chairman of the Swiss IG Chemical Company and the president of the American IG. The complex transformation of the Farben alliances, both in Germany and the United States, became the power for the formation of the Nazi killing machine, the S.S. and the Wehrmacht.

During this time, German bankers on the Farben Board of Directors included a Max Warburg, the brother of Paul Warburg, founder of the Federal Reserve System in the United States. Paul Warburg was also on the board of the American IG Farben's subsidiary in the U.S.

Apparently, the secret fund that financed the Nazi propaganda machine, and later the Nazi control of government, was called the "slush fund." According to my research, in March 1933 the slush fund contribution of IG Farben to Hitler's political ambition amounted to 400,000 RM (reichsmark). And there is photographic evidence proving this. I would like to remind you that eight years earlier, in 1925, Hermann Schmitz received financial support from Wall Street, which helped finance the birth of the Farben cartel. He also received \$30 million worth of American bonds from the National City Bank to fund the American IG four years later in 1929.

Farben took its funds from Wall Street during its mergers and expansion in Germany. This included placing Wall Street directors on the board of IG Farben. Later, US \$30 million was raised for the American IG. All these corporate actions were planned several years before Hitler became the dictator of Germany.

By 1939, some ten years after the American IG was conceived, IG Farben had doubled in size and had the direct management control, if not full ownership, of over 375 German companies along

with over 500 foreign businesses. These foreign companies became Farben's intelligence network for gathering information worldwide.

Nazi global intelligence before the outbreak of World War II included prestigious personalities from Wall Street. Henry Ford of Ford Motors was one of the directors of IG Farben along with Charles E. Mitchell of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and Paul Warburg of Bank of Manhattan.

Before the World War II, IG Farben was the biggest foreign exchange producer due to its ownership and shares in hundreds of global companies. And on behalf of the Nazi Germans, this foreign currency from Farben allowed Germany to buy military equipment, raw materials and technical equipment and also finance military propaganda and espionage before it ultimately launched the war.

Farben's influence on Nazi power during the 1920's and 1930's is vital since it produced much of the German war material. IG Farben manufactured 43 major products and 28 of those were crucial to the German military. Farben manufactured 95 percent of German poison gas which included all the Zyklon B gas used in concentration camps, 90 percent of German plastics, 84 percent of German explosives, 70 percent of German gunpowder, 46 percent of German high octane used for aviation gasoline, 33 percent German synthetic gasoline and 100 percent of German synthetic rubber.

The origins of these military supplies were connected to American businessmen and American companies. Several cartel arrangements linked Farben and American industry which included patent deals, technical assistance and marketing arrangements used by the Nazis worldwide to acquire information, expanding its global chemical power in the process.

IG Farben invented, manufactured and sold Zyklon B gas, a lethal poison made of pure Prussic acid which was used in the concentration camps. This deadly product was sold from their Bayer sales office through a company called Degesch. IG Farben produced and sold enough Zyklon B gas to kill 200 million humans! Directors of IG Farben were aware of the concentration camps and this poisonous gas that ultimately killed six million Jews.

IG Farben owned its own electric power plants, coal mines, banks, research facilities, iron and steel businesses and many, many more commercial firms. IG had over 2,000 cartel arrangements with foreign companies which included Alcoa, Dow Chemical, DuPont, and many other firms in the U.S.

In 1941, an investigation exposed a “marriage” cartel between John D. Rockefeller’s US based Standard Oil Company and IG Farben. But the real truth about IG Farben’s involvement with other nations can never be fully proven because documents were destroyed in Germany in 1945.

When World War II began, IG Farben was the most prominent chemical producer in the world and it had amassed immense power and control over the Nazi Germans.

It should be noted that the scientists who worked for IG Farben contributed great scientific knowledge to the world. Several IG Farben chemists were given the Nobel Prize Award. In 1931, Friedrich Bergius and Carl Bosch received the Nobel Prize for the invention of chemical high pressure methods. In 1939, Gerhard Domagk received the Nobel Prize for Medicine for the discovery of the anti-bacterial prontosil. In 1950, Kurt Alder along with Otto Diels took the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for their discovery of the diene synthesis. Otto Bayer discovered the polyaddition for the synthesis of polyurethane.

Shortly after World War II the U.S. War Department declared:

*“Without I G’s immense productive facilities, its intense research, and vast international affiliations, Germany’s prosecution of the war would have been unthinkable and impossible; Farben not only directed its energies toward arming Germany, but concentrated on weakening her intended victims, and this double-barreled attempt to expand the German industrial potential for war and to restrict that of the rest of the world was not conceived and executed “in the normal course of business.” The proof is overwhelming that I. G. Farben officials had full prior knowledge of Germany’s plan for world conquest and of each specific aggressive act later undertaken....”*

This U.S. War Department report also stated that “IG Farben officials” included top American and German business magnates.

International investigators, desperately searching German business’ finances, managed to trace a link to the loot that the Nazi Germans stole from Germany and other parts of Europe. They probed into IG Farben’s huge building in Frankfurt which remained standing even after the bombings. But the German Army had destroyed many of Farben’s documents.

Georg Von Schitzler, who was once the head of Farben’s entire sales department, spoke to the authorities. IG Farben’s directors and shareholders who had been so intoxicated by supreme power were shocked by Schitzler’s confessions. However, the most bizarre events subsequently took place.

In occupied Germany after the war, the shares and dividends that had been looted by the Nazi Germans became worthless. However, when West Germany was invited to reclaim its place in the new

world order in 1955, the original value of these shares and dividends was reinstated with added interest and royalties. And so because of this magical turn of events, the individuals who held on to this paper became incredibly rich. But who was to know that this would happen, other than those who may have been either informed and, or who influenced this decision?

Germany may have lost the formal war, but where was Hitler's body; and did all of Germany really suffer loss? Why was Hitler's body never found? It was supposed to be incinerated with a few skeletal remains to identify him. Could he not have planned his death like all of the greatest wizards of crime? Given the number of attempts on his life during the course of the war he certainly had reason and practice to eventually elude either capture or death. I know minds that are amazing enough to conjure up such illusions.

Do you think the Nazi Party lost the war? No. The Nazi Party along with the S.S. alliance in Germany successfully stole an estimated US \$15 billion along with priceless art master-pieces, several tons of gold and other treasures! The Nazi Germans may have lost territory and infrastructure, factories and homes may have been destroyed, they may have signed treaties to bring a formal end to the war, some of its leaders may have been brought to trial in Nuremburg after the war, but they didn't completely lose. They profited greatly. And this is the true reason behind why wars are fought. Profit lies at the heart of war.

United States, Justice Robert W. Jackson, prosecutor for the Nuremburg trial against Goering and his cohorts commented that the "corporate world" played a crucial role in the crimes for which the Nazi leaders were tried. But the immense complexity of the cases overpowered the many charges laid against Farben.

After the war, the allied nations failed in their effort to dissolve IG Farben completely. And IG Farben became even more powerful as time passed. The empire continued to grow bigger and bigger and bigger.

Hermann Schmitz, the chairman of IG Farben's managing board, was the brilliant warlock of the corporate world who had the genius of laundering blood money. His was the cerebral power which transformed Farben into altered corporate forms and which continued to produce profit - a super money making machine for all the IG shareholders. When Schmitz died, all information connected to his grand fortune vanished.

IG Farben's "Big Three" companies were further split up giving birth to General Motors, other U.S. blue chip industrial stocks and some 700 hidden companies controlled by IG. This does not include 750 more big businesses, corporations which Farben established through Bormann during the latter part of WW II. These corporations have since spread into all aspects of the modern business community.

Martin Ludwig Bormann was the head of the Party Chancellery and private secretary to Adolf Hitler. He controlled access to the Fuhrer. Bormann was also in control of the Nazi "finances." Bormann's alleged death is disputed. Some claim that General Heinrich Mueller, head of the Gestapo, planned the disappearance of Bormann's body.

The man leading Germany's bankers, the man who managed the financing for Hitler's war efforts, was Herman Josef Abs. Abs' great mind specialized in banking and international financing. It was Abs' mind that led Deutsche Bank to further finance the power of Adolf Hitler and Martin Bormann.

Herman Josef Abs became the chairman of Deutsche bank when the Federal Republic of Germany was reinstated. Branch managers

of Deutsche Bank were previously members of the Nazi Party. Abs also became a director of IG Farben and the giant electrical company, Siemens. He became the financial adviser to Konrad Adenauer, the first West German chancellor and was later a consultant to the successors of Adenauer.

Hermann Josef Abs was also a partner in the top private bank in Berlin, Delbruck, Schickler & Co. Bormann knew that through his relationship with Abs and his banks, he could command the Nazi's transfer of gold, stocks, capital and bonds to neutral nations.

Hermann Josef Abs reorganized the Vatican Bank when it was caught laundering drug money and counterfeit securities for the Gambino family. Abs was personally selected to do this by Pope John Paul II who was a young slave laborer working for a Farben pharmaceutical company during the Second World War.

When was the last time a slave became a pope? Then this pope decided to appoint his past employer, who happened to be a Nazi leader, to be his financial advisor and to lead the Vatican Bank.

In 1978, Dr. Hermann Abs became the president of Deutsche Bank with the Marshall Foundation as his stage. In October of the same year he addressed a conglomeration of bankers, business leaders and members of the Foreign Policy Association in New York City on the 'Problems and Prospects of American-German Economic Co-operation.' This luncheon for financial powers was chaired by his old friend John J. McCloy.

McCloy was a lawyer and Wall Street banker who had worked side by side with Abs in Germany during the reconstruction of Europe after the war. McCloy was then the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany when Herman Abs, then chief executive director of Deutsche bank, was in charge of spending the money coming from America's Marshall Plan treasury in

West Germany. At the time Hermann Abs was conveniently the chairman of the Reconstruction Loan Corporation of the Federal Republic of Germany.

Until 1940, the Assistant Secretary of War was part of the law firm, Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swain & Wood, which represented IG Farben and its affiliates in the United States. Is it then a coincidence that McCloy appeared in the War Department in 1941?

John McCloy served on the Warren Commission and designed the Pentagon. While Undersecretary of War, he forbade bombing of the rail lines in Auschwitz. Why? One must wonder?

Auschwitz was intended as a fuel and synthetic factory complex. And who financed this factory? Hermann Abs. In charge of rubber production was Otto Ambros who was the master mind behind the Nazi technology for the storage of magnetic data. Later, after the war, Ambros was convicted of 25,000 counts of mass murder and slavery. McCloy freed him after three and a half years of imprisonment. Later on America's head of the W.R. Grace and Company, J. Peter Grace petitioned Congress to allow Otto Ambros' emigration to the United States to be employed as a research chemist. When Reagan was president of America, he established the "Grace Commission" to make the American government more "efficient" with J. Peter Grace as head of this commission.

Going back to IG Farben, during the planning of the invasion of Poland and Czechoslovakia, IG Farben directors demanded from the Nazi officials which chemical plants should be secured and delivered to IG Farben.

The resurgence of West Germany after the war resulted from the hard work of its citizens as well as from the US financed Marshall Plan, a post-war reconstruction plan for Europe. But it is also fact that the resurgence of West Germany was powered by Nazi blood money.

After World War II, 24 top ranking directors of IG Farben were indicted at the US military court called the Nuremberg Trials which began in 1947 and ended in 1948. Of the 24, 13 were convicted and given prison sentences from one to eight years. Hermann Schmitz, was also put on trial and was convicted and sentenced to four years in prison. Some of those indicted along with those found guilty became leaders of the corporations that were born after IG Farben split up. But the truth regarding the American affiliates of I. G. Farben and the American directors of I. G. completely ceased.

In 1951, the IG Farben conglomerate was broken up and returned to its original member companies. However, the biggest four companies subsequently bought out the smaller ones. Only Bayer, BASF, and Agfa remain today. In 1999, Hoechst merged its life-science businesses with Rhône-Poulenc's to form Aventis, at the same time merging its chemical businesses to form Celanese AG.

In 1952, IG Farben was officially liquidated. Despite this liquidation, shares of the company were still traded on the Frankfurt Stock Exchange under a trust company which held some real estate properties until it was finally closed by its liquidators in 2003.

“Corporate camouflage” is the magic of hiding stolen treasures and assets from governments. But the genius behind Farben's “corporate camouflage”, which in Germany is referred to as “*Tarnung*” (an invisible cloak protecting its master from sight) is staring us in the eye, even to this very day. The death of IG Farben is not real. From its death, hundreds of multinational companies were born, and exist today for the same purpose – to promote and to profit from war.

And what happened to the priceless works of art stolen from mosques, temples, churches, museums, business establishments and private homes?

Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza was the son of German Henrich Thyssen. The Thyssen family fortune was founded on steel and armaments. Steel and armaments...I wonder if the Nazi Germans traded master pieces of art to purchase arms?

Baron Hans Heinrich inherited a business empire that included naval construction and oil. He also inherited a major art collection consisting of hundreds of paintings of European masters from the 14th to the 19th century.

One of the Baron's businesses was the Indian Head Inc. which had 42 plants all over America and over 10,000 employees in the late 1970's. This major business claimed a yearly net sale of over \$600 million at the time but Indian Head Inc. submitted no annual reports as they were a privately held corporation like Thyssen. Both companies had no background with respect to their ownership filed with the Securities Exchange Commission.

From 1979 to 1980, 57 priceless works of art toured the United States. These were from the personal collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, a private collection of art second only to that of the Queen of England. No German company was involved. A multinational company in Connecticut, United Technologies of Hartford, paid for the cost of the project. A non-profit group, the International Exhibitions Foundation managed the arrangements for the tour.

To this day, the world blames Hitler for the war crimes committed by the Nazi Germans during World War II. How convenient to blame a "lunatic". The crazy one who single handedly brought about a world war. But Hitler was a puppet, as many heads of states are puppets. The truth is that Hitler was an actor, a great one - the messenger - but nothing but the "front man" for the true leaders that launched the Second World War.

Are the roles of military generals and politicians crucial to the state? Who really are the minds responsible for war? Who is the true source of power? And what is the role of the bankers, multinational companies and the corporate tycoons in power, politics and war?

Without the capital supplied by Wall Street, there would have been no IG Farben and no Hitler. So isn't Wall Street the great champion that created World War II?

All these years, Europeans ask the same question over and over again. Why did America wait so long to assist England and Europe during World War II? Was World War II but a corporate political master plan to bring down the power of Great Britain along with the rest of Europe, leaving room for the birth of a new world super power?

And is the current global economic crisis a new conspiracy? Is it another corporate, political master plan, this time aimed at weakening the power of America, in order to shift the center of power over the global economy? And what kind of new world order will be born out of this crisis? Which nations will rise? Which nations will fall? And will a new kind of killing machine be spawned from this worldwide financial disaster?

I end this argument here. My sources include the following sites: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IG\\_Farben](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IG_Farben), [http://reformed-theology.org/html/books/wall\\_street/chapter\\_02.htm](http://reformed-theology.org/html/books/wall_street/chapter_02.htm), [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IG\\_Farben\\_Trial](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IG_Farben_Trial) and <http://www.transbay.net/~nessie/Pages/company.html>.

After I sent out the draft of the above essay to my closest friends as well as the major characters in my book, my email account started acting up again. What is strange is that the essay got through to some. But I couldn't send it successfully to a few friends in the Philippines including Alwin Sta. Rosa and Dr. Serafin Talisayon.

And now for the past few days, I am not receiving any emails from certain people.

In March I had email exchanges with one of the major characters in this book regarding the political future of the Philippines. As a result of this exchange, my dark side viciously re-emerged. Of course, I like to blame the small fraction of Spanish blood in my genes for the evil forces that lie so fiercely within my being. Anyway, shortly after our brief discussion about my country's future, I wrote him an email. He has totally ignored what I said. This probably means he is controlling his temper so as not to lash out at me. Upset that I was slighted, I sent this warrior the following email:

“What’s the matter with you, you psychologically retentive ape? Talk to me, you miserable fuck!”

“You know what the military box did to you? You have been conditioned to give your darkness and your homicidal personality total freedom. But the other parts of your psyche, you culled. You are therefore handicapped like the rest of those men. “

“I think the Iraqi War was a master plan. And those who master-minded the war walked away with the profit using Bush and his cronies as a decoy. And for what? At the end of the day, they will all die with NOTHING! And you helped them. You were part of it. You destroyed your country and the world in the process. Fucking pussies! Nobodies! Virgins! Confront me you coward. Talk to me and stop pretending you could ever get rid of me. Fuck you! And fuck the rest of you. You are a coward!”

For the past three years, I have been going to the Fitness First gym at least five days a week. This health center is located in Eastwood City which is very close to my home in Blue Ridge. I have a personal trainer, Christian Robert Campos, who I have been working out with three days a week for the last two years straight.

This year, I decided to hire a personal dance instructor, Jackie de la Peña, to increase the level of my exercise. Jackie is a very sweet natured girl and an exceptional dancer. I greatly enjoy her energy and company. She and I dance at least four days a week. And her friend, Ernalyn Camacho another personal trainer, joins us dancing sometimes. I enjoy Ernalyn's inquisitive young mind. She loves to read and has read the first five chapters of this book with avid interest and delight. So now I go to the gym every day, nine hours a week, sometimes working out with two trainers back to back. I have also began working out with a third trainer, Eric Saing, who teaches me kick boxing.

To many people, the gym is a social network where they hang out spending more time socializing than exercising. Fitness First offers a wide range of group exercises to please its varied clientele. They have body jam, Pilates, yoga, body balance, body combat, cycling etc. Although I do not care at all for group exercises, I believe this kind of program is excellent for those who do not wish to hire personal trainers and those who need people around them. But this year, Fitness First added a new group exercise which requires heating one of their large rooms. It is called "hot flow yoga". I'd like to state that I've heard people getting fever and colds after joining this exercise routine. Paulie told me he had tried "hot flow yoga" once but was so sick afterwards he didn't do it again. When the charming show business personality Tessa Prieto came to my home last month, to interview me for her TV show, she also shared with me that after trying "hot flow yoga" a number of times, she didn't feel it was good for her. So she stopped.

I'm a very private person and I avoid small talk. During the past three years of going to the gym, there have been only a handful of people I've enjoyed talking to. These are the few of whom I can see

whose aura of light comes with humility and wisdom. One of them is Nela Zeta, a warm hearted woman who does cardio exercises daily. There is also one man who comes to Fitness First quite often whom I have seen countless of times for the past few years. Each time I would see him, I would tell my trainer Christian that I thought this particular man's aura was so balanced and that I liked the positive energy he exuded.

Recently, this man walked into the gym smiling at me. He walked directly over toward me and said hello.

"I saw your picture," he said smiling.

"Where did you see it?" I asked.

"I saw the old woman oracle. And she has your photo behind where she sits," he replied.

That was the beginning of my friendship with Victor Silvino, "Vic" for short. A few days after this meeting, he invited me home for dinner. His home is located in one of the clusters of condominiums around Eastwood City, called La Fayette. I asked Vic if I could bring Paulie with me, which he granted happily.

As planned, on Tuesday, March 31, Paulie and I arrived at the La Fayette around 6:30 pm. A slim and fair skinned woman stood at the concierge waiting to be let in. She wore glasses and had straight black hair that came down below her neck. She was dressed in a white sleeveless blouse and a fine long black skirt printed with red and white flowers. Her statuesque presence was empowered by a quiet confidence, a confidence that is only achieved when one has humility, great knowledge and wisdom. A special light illuminated her soft face, a symbol of her inner peace. I thought to myself that this woman, at this time in her life, and despite all her losses and pain has learned to tread on the earth with gentleness and grace. She is now connected to all that there is in the cosmic worlds.

Using both hands and by the delicate tip of her long and slender fingers, she held on lightly to a small box of chocolates, a gift to her host. As I entered the ground floor of La Fayette, I walked past her and in front of Paulie. But we had to stop so the lobby staff could call Vic's unit for permission to allow us entry. The woman with the glasses glanced at me. There was something very peculiar about her silent reaction to my presence that concerned me. I sensed my presence alarmed her from within. I felt my energy disturbed her. Quietly I stepped away from her trying to search inside her to see why I cautioned her. This is what clairvoyants do. They see people from within. Two minutes later, the lobby man escorted us to the elevator where he joined us. I followed Paulie, the condo staff and the woman, conscious to keep my distance from her.

Inside the elevator, I stood behind her and could feel her torment still. When the elevator door opened, she couldn't wait to get out and away from me. She tried to walk past Paulie but he was already half a step ahead of her pace. The two of them followed our escort along a narrow but well lit hallway. I stayed behind and kept my distance. When we reached the end of the hall, the lobby man knocked on the door. Vic, who wore a black long sleeved shirt and black pants, opened the door. He greeted us graciously and happily allowed us all in to his home. The place was softly lit and tastefully decorated with fine abstract art and modern furniture using a delightful combination of silver and black tones. Vic's home is Vic. The place illuminated the aura of the man, soft, gentle, elegant, warm, pure and peaceful.

Vic introduced Paulie and me to his female guest.

"This is Alice," he said, jubilant.

I shook the woman's hand and upon touching her skin I felt her highly evolved spirit. She is a natural born psychic like me, a soulful

consciousness very much aware of her reason for being. Gently, she sat down at one edge of the black couch propped against the wall. Paulie sat between us. Vic joined us and sat on a chair situated to my right.

We talked briefly about how Vic had met the old lady seer and how we had ended up talking in the gym, and how this had led to Paulie and me joining them for dinner that very special evening.

Looking at me, Alice said gently, “When I saw you, I felt so overwhelmed by your darkness. I wanted to run from it.”

“I knew my presence disturbed you, which is why I stepped away,” I answered.

“In the elevator, I felt suffocated by your darkness. It is so powerful. And I couldn’t wait to get out,” she continued.

“I realized something about my inner being had given you discomfort which is why I stayed back and kept my distance,” I explained.

At this time, Paulie got up to give Alice and myself a chance to sit closer. He now sat closer to Vic. And then, slowly, I saw Alice transform, the way people like us can transform, momentarily leaving the here and now. Now she stared directly into my third eye, searching deep within me with her full clairvoyant gaze. I let her into my being and into my subconscious. And through this sacred ritual, her soul met mine and together our souls connected and traveled into another world, a timeless and space-less frontier. Alice had now gone into half trance, her gaze directed firmly towards my eyes. And speaking with the mysterious and magical voice of an oracle, she declared:

“You are such an advanced soul, the kind I have never known before. Your darkness is so powerful and intoxicating. But the energy of good and light in you prevails.”

“You are not alone. You are protected by forces unseen to man. The dragon on your arm is alive and powerful. It protects you. The phoenix stands behind you and protects you too. Great storms are ahead of you. You are in grave danger. When the mighty storms come, the phoenix will lend you its wings. And your wings will spread across the horizon with such magnificent force and you will rise above the storms.”

“You are not human like the rest of us. You are a goddess with many hands sent back to earth to fulfill a great mission. This is your last life, your last incarnation.”

I listened to Alice in tears. How can she give me the words of the oracles, the same words? I thought and thought. How would she know so much of what that had already been foretold and after knowing me for only a few minutes? She is a devoted Catholic and has absolutely no clue about the five directions of the Tao diagram. How would she know that the green dragon of the east tattooed on my arm is protected by the phoenix guarding the south? And how would she know about the goddess of compassion?

“Are you afraid?” she asked.

“No,” I said.

“I have detached myself from all things on earth, including those I love. I am dead. I have accepted the worst. My life is not mine to live. I don’t struggle anymore. I trust heaven will guide me to fulfill my task on earth,” I explained.

“You have great detachment because you are not human,” she whispered.

She came close to me and with such deep and pure love, she hugged me tight for what seemed to me an eternity. I embraced her back with the same force, while weeping softly. And as she held my hands with hers, she gazed into my eyes once more and softly she spoke again.

“Someday, you will stand as an icon of hope and peace. And people shall look up to you like the goddess of light that you are.”

She placed her right hand to her heart now and still staring at me she whispered tenderly.

“And when that time comes, I shall be so honored to tell people, I met you once,” she whispered to me.

“I will never leave you in spirit. And I will do all I can to protect you with my love. You will triumph. You must make it. You must - for us, for all of us... for all of mankind.”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Vic got up to let the next guest, Nela Zeta, in. Later, Alice, Vic, Paulie, Nela and I all sat down at the table to have the sumptuous dinner Vic had prepared for us. How wonderful to be surrounded by people who are at peace with themselves and who are no longer disillusioned by the material world. It was all in all a magical evening.

It was only the following morning I realized that the clairvoyant woman is Alice Bernal, the Filipina poet and writer. At around 10 am the following day, I sent Alice the first five chapters of this book in hard copy. She sent me these messages on my mobile phone after she received the manuscript.

“I cannot thank you enough for the generosity of your spirit. You are a gentle and magnanimous soul. May God lead you towards the light of your destiny to where the truth about yourself is ensconced within the Ark of the Covenant.”

“You are one unfathomable lesson in life that teaches the essence of today’s “Duc and Altum,” or “Cast out to the Deep.” The grounding of the soul amidst the secular world is the emptying completely of the self for the freedom in the summit of ensuing metamorphosis one only encounters in “metanonia”.”

Meanwhile, my conversations and discussions with Daniel continued through our mobile phones and in person.

“Why do you hate America so much?” Daniel asked.

“I don’t,” I replied.

“Yes you do. I read some of the stuff you have written. And you are full of hate.”

“That’s not true. I don’t have hate. And I don’t need hate to criticize. I believe I am clear headed and that is why I am able to write these essays.”

“You are anti-American,” he continued.

“That’s funny. A friend of mine, who I would trust with my life and who has allies within the Muslim International Liberation Front here in the Philippines, read the first five chapters of this book. Afterward, he came to see me in my home declaring I’m America’s sweetheart and that I am pro American. So which one am I?”

“Listen. I highlighted the flaws of America in my essays to help my people see. So many Filipinos are lost trying to look up to America, mimicking Americans, copying their dress and their speech without realizing that they are following the blind...” I explained.

“Arguing with you is hopeless because whatever shape or form the argument is, you are able to turn it into a circle. And I studied Psychology. Your ego is even worse than the inflated egos of those high ranking officials in the military. And theirs are already bad,” he said.

“Let me ask you two questions since you are so critical of my position.” I replied.

“Do you believe I will reach the hearts and minds of the Filipino through my book, *Warriors of Heaven*?”

“Yes,” he answered.

“And do you believe what I am doing is for the good of my people and my nation?”

“Yes,” he answered.

“Then stop yapping and leave me alone,” I insisted.

“You know no defeat. You will not accept defeat,” he reiterated.

“What is defeat?” I asked him.

“How can I see defeat? Even when I am making a mistake, I am learning from it so I’m still winning in the process. There is no defeat. There is only growth for me.” I continued.

“I’m not going to argue with you like those other service men. You will only spin the table around and exhaust me psychologically.”

“So you took up psychology? Do you know I was told some of the things I’ve written have been psychologically analyzed by the military?”

“Let me tell you something. A background in psychology is not enough to understand my several personalities. Do you know why people take up psychology? People go into psychology because they’re fucked up in the head. And they become even more fucked up when they get out of school. Then, these psychologically screwed up people who are now professional “shrinks” go out into the real world to counsel even more fucked up people...See the picture? On one side you have fucked up professionals and on the other side are their fucked up patients paying the fucked up professionals to screw with their heads...”

“You should have brought Hannibal Lecter to help you. He would understand a fraction of my psyche.”

“Your ego pains me,” he answered smiling.

Looking at me seriously, and then looking away avoiding direct eye contact he announced.

“I didn’t get it at first. I couldn’t understand why they would call you “black widow”. Then I read. And I read some more. Now I understand you truly are a black widow.”

“That hurts,” I replied.

“No it doesn’t. You are steel,” he declared.

“You can slay the toughest man on earth...” he added.

In the meantime, I have been getting bizarre messages on my mobile phone from three different numbers. I think someone read the first five chapters of this book and is wondering if I would engage. I believe this person who is sending me weird messages is also in the military, but he is nothing but a Gabriel copycat. There can only be one Gabriel on earth at this point in our history. So I have refused to answer any of this person or these persons’ attempts to communicate.

On one evening in April, 2009, I met with another American military man whom I will call Henry who had spent time in Mindanao and Iraq. We went to Le Soufflé Restaurant at Fort Bonifacio around 6 pm where we sat at a table for two by the window not far from the round bar. I gave him the essay “The Nazi Germans and Corporate Camouflage”.

“Where the hell did you get all this information?” he asked.

“I’m not doubting it I’m just wondering where you got it all.”

“From a ghost,” I answered.

“Somebody sends me information by email. Last year, someone sent me an anonymous email saying “choose your soldiers wisely” from another email address. It is probably the same person who also sends me certain information sometimes but I can’t be certain. But you can cross reference the names and facts written on this essay through the internet,” I explained.

“What do you want from me?” he asked me straight to my face.

“I told you. I want the part of you which you hide from the rest of the world. That’s all I want.” I told him gently.

“So how do you do it?” he asked.

“What do you mean?” I queried.

“You got what you wanted. You got the part of me which I hide from everyone else. But how do you do it? I’ve known you for less than two weeks. And yet, I have shared with you truths about my life which I have never been able to share with anyone else including my own mother. No one before you has ever gotten that close.”

“How do you that?” he inquired.

“There is a part of you that suffers unbearable pain, hiding in eternal darkness but desperate to be found. It lies within the very depth of your being crying for freedom. It is my knowledge of this part of you and my understanding of its agony that allows me to acknowledge its validity. And because I know it is there, and because it knows I do not judge its existence, then I have gained its trust. Thus, I can reach in and pull him out of the dark tunnel and into the light...” I answered.

“Do you choose to bring those who are emotionally disturbed closer to you?” he asked.

“Every person is emotionally disturbed. Look around you. Each person, no matter how rich or poor has a part of his being that is desperately in need of help. Each and every human being walking on this planet cries out for understanding, for redemption...for salvation. You are not the only one.” I declared.

On a separate occasion, I got into a heated argument with Henry. He asked me repeatedly why I choose to “single him out”.

“Why me?” he asked.

“I’m not as important as those military men belonging to the upper echelons you’re used to arguing with.”

“I like to talk to you because of what I see inside you. Within you is something very special, which of course no one else will see except for me. I am clairvoyant remember?”

“But honestly, on the surface, you are just like the rest of those assholes out there. Superficially, you are just another man.” I stated.

This declaration turned Henry’s personality around and he assaulted me verbally.

“Do you consider yourself good in business?” he asked.

“Yes, of course. By the time I was 27 years’ old I became the general manager of The Bedford Suites, the first all suite hotel in the vicinity of New York City that catered to the top executives of Fortune 500 companies. I think I did a fine job during my reign as GM. At one point, one of the top executives from the Marriott tried to pirate me to join their chain of hotels,” I stated.

“That means you are shrewd. You are a good in business because you have no morals,” he snapped.

“An American soldier is going to lecture me about morality,” I laughed, while Lucifer inside me instantly bolted out of her vault, surfacing, armed to assault at my defense, ready to impale.

“So tell me, what happens when you go to a village in Iraq? You attack the poor neighborhood and slaughter everyone in sight, men, women and children, only to find out later that the CIA gave you the wrong target again? Tell me, how does it feel to murder the innocent over and over again?” I growled.

“I raised two boys on my own and sent them to the best schools. I did what I had to do to survive the business world I was thrown in. And you of all people have absolutely no right to tell me how to run my business!” I hissed.

Later, I shared with Steve the meeting I had with Henry.

“Have you met any military man with a great mind?” Steve asked.

“Yes. But the box limits their vision and ultimately restricts their mental ability. It’s like you owning a magnificent race horse but you give it a small yard to live in. This horse will never be allowed to run in the wild with freedom. Therefore, this exceptional beast will never know its full potential. That’s what happens to great minds inside the military box,” I said.

“What do you think of the famous General Petraus?”

“Come on. You have worked for the institution most of your life. Usually, the men who get up to the top of the ladder are the biggest manipulators, the biggest charlatans, the biggest politicians. They get to where they are not because of their own merit but because they know how to use, abuse and manipulate the minions around them,” I replied.

“Ask yourself this question - Who was the true war monger in Iraq that powered the fame of this general? I bet it was someone who stayed in that war zone for a number of years and acquired information crucial to the American military machine which Petraus only inherited. I bet it was someone who doesn’t look good on paper, someone who is not a politician like Petraus, someone unpredictable but someone who has the genius of true evil.”

In reply to Henry’s argument with me regarding my business morals, Steve wrote:

“To say Marlene hates, but she loves. To say she is there, but she is not. To say Marlene might not feel, but she does. She dispels a mere shadow of what she compels. She is with you and yet she is without. And she finds peace within. Marlene is not what you think...”

During the 3rd week of March, I had planned to go to Pakistan to meet a dear, dear friend from Europe who I desperately needed

to talk to in person. Unfortunately, Rebecca Padilla, my brother Freddie's new found love and his last chance for happiness as far as I'm concerned, commented on my travel plans on my Facebook wall saying, "sama kami". Translated into English this means "we want to come with you". "Sama kami" is something Filipinos would normally say when they hear their friends are going abroad, wishing of course they could come. Well how can those "eyes" watching my actions possibly interpret cultural differences between one race of people and another? And so because of Becca's innocent comment, her Facebook account was immediately disabled.

Anyway, I didn't end up taking the trip because America attacked the place.

I saw Becca a few days after her Facebook account was barred. The girl whined eternally about her lost Facebook data.

"Why would 'they' disable my Facebook account? I don't understand!" Becca protested.

"Because you said "sama kami." The apes spying into my emails and Facebook accounts translated your words literally. These people discontinued your file and now they are probably checking the background of every single friend you have in your Facebook list, all 250 of them, to see if they can find members of Al Qaida or the Taliban amongst your friends! Didn't your brother Robin convert to the Muslim religion? I think they should look into his Facebook account instead. Who knows he may be the true ally of Bin Laden in the Philippines," I explained laughing.

"Tell them I want my Facebook account back!" She demanded.

"Maybe they will put it back on when they realize most of your friends are gay men and women, artists and the crazy bohemian creatures of the underworld." I said giggling.

“I just want my photos back. Tell them I want my Facebook account back. Whaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!” She uttered out loud stamping her foot on the ground.

The following day, I posted this note on my Facebook wall for everyone to see:

“Marlene Aguilar hopes FACEBOOK reinstates Rebecca Padilla’s account. Whoever disabled her account is looking in the wrong place. Her comment about me going to Pakistan was innocent. And I couldn’t go after all because of the terrible political situation there. Ibalik ninyo Facebook ng sister ko!”

On April 6, 2009 I sent Caesar the essay, “The Nazi Germans and Corporate Camouflage”. He wrote back the following day and commented:

“This essay presents such interesting data, great stuff. Where did you find all this information? It will certainly bring awareness and open some eyes...especially to the past, but better yet to the present and future.”

Early morning, Tuesday, April 7, 2009, I received this via email.

Rebecca added you as a friend on Facebook. We need to confirm that you know Rebecca in order for you to be friends on Facebook.

To confirm this friend request, follow the link below:

<http://www.facebook.com/n/?reqs.php&mid=45571bG23d95529G1790b4eG2>

So I followed the link and accepted Rebecca Padilla as a friend. She had created a new Facebook account.

At around 10 am on the same day, Paulie arrived in my home. He was happy. He found me in my office typing on my computer working on this chapter. We proceeded out into the garden where the table we use for tarot reading had been prepared lined with red

silk from Myanmar and with two large glasses of ice water for us. My red diary where I write some of Paulie's predictions was placed on the table, exactly where it belongs.

Paulie and I sat down, directly facing one another again, as we have done many times before. And so we entered that dimension again, a dimension detached from the ordinary reality known to mankind. He began to look into the tarot. So here is part of his reading that day.

"These days are very crucial to your future. There will be drastic changes in your life."

"Your detachment from Caesar is necessary. He will go through trial by fire. And it is only when he fully understands the powers that rule the world that he can achieve freedom from his boxes."

"Gabriel is far only in physical form but very close in spirit. He has dominated the tarot now for the past several readings and will continue to dominate..."

"There is a new warrior in your life. He is the white knight. He will protect you. In spirit, you are this man's salvation. And you will help redeem his soul. In return, he will give you justice, a fair sacrifice he shall bestow upon you for your kindness and compassion. But on earth, you may endanger this white knight. You must let him go. He will never, never comprehend the complexity of your existence on earth."

"You are protected from the eight directions of the earth. You stand in the center as the queen of swords. And even death is not your adversary but your great ally."

"Through you all is possible. And the power within you now lies in perfect balance. You will fulfill your destiny."

After the reading Paulie and I talked. He is my link to a world I avoid, the fashionable and elite social circles of Manila.

“You know some people like to talk about you right?” Paulie asked.

“Because they don’t see you and they wonder why you are so distant,” he added.

“What did you say?” I asked.

“I tell them that you are a very strange creature. You never ever watch television and you never listen to the radio.”

“That’s because I don’t like garbage in my system. If I had that extra time, I would prefer to read a nice book.” I said.

“Someone asked me if it is true that you refused to sit at a VIP table during one of the major art functions in NCCA (National Commission for Culture and Art) once?”

“Yes, I did refuse to sit at the VIP table. I am not a VIP, and I am not at all what they would describe those people to be. As far as I am concerned, I am and will always be a commoner and the common people are more genuine. I prefer their company,” I answered.

“Someone also asked me if it is true that you declined to be part of a book that included a prestigious line up of the most celebrated female VIPs in the Philippines?”

“Yes I did, and for the same reason. I refuse to be a part of the same hierarchy as those supposedly famous women. I do not belong in any categorized list of names with a structure predetermined by ability or status. I told you, I loath institutions and I loath structure dictated by society.”

“But some members of the elite wonder why you stay away...” Paulie said.

“And what are we going to discuss, their gowns and glitter and more gowns and glitter? These people have no substance and do not have much to offer the world. I believe evil reigns to create wars to destroy mankind because of people like this. They have nothing,

nothing to offer the earth. And so the earth demands their dead bodies as a contribution. The earth demands their death.”

“Such people will never understand that the more they embrace the material world, the more soul-less they become. I’ve had the misfortune to painfully sit amongst these people in the past. And most of them have the sensibility of a bee, while the others have the brain of a Dalmatian. Sorry, I’ve lost all patience to ever try to sit and talk to fashionably dressed science fiction body projects, bees and Dalmatians wearing their expensive designer bags and royal branded watches who believe that gold and glitter can compensate for their imbecility. I would rather stay home, read a good book and otherwise feed my soul.”

Steve wrote:

“Is a people’s reading of history any less relevant than that of the academic? No. It is more relevant. Is a commoner’s search for truth any less important than that purveyed by the monopolist of the media? No. The commoner’s search must prevail.”

The next day, on Wednesday, April 8, 2009, I received this via email.

Rebecca Padilla Dolonius commented on your status:

“Hahahahahaha!!!! Correct!!!!”

To see the comment thread, follow the link below:

[http://www.facebook.com/n/?profile.php&id=601445673&v=feed&story\\_fbid=73264703472&mid=455bc6G23d95529G1791107G36](http://www.facebook.com/n/?profile.php&id=601445673&v=feed&story_fbid=73264703472&mid=455bc6G23d95529G1791107G36)

Thanks,

The Facebook Team

Again, I followed the link and read Becca’s comment on what I had written on my wall asking the Facebook Team to reinstate her

status and stating that her note to me regarding my trip to Pakistan was innocent.

I read this note from my facebook wall at around 8 am.

At 10.30 am I left my home to have lunch with Henry. I told him about some of the events that had happened to me in the last two years because I desperately needed his insight. I told him about the threatening emails Steve received in November 2007. I told him about Paulie's incident and my son's detainment. I told him about the two European men who checked in at the Pacific Resort Hotel in Palau the same day we did when Steve and I went there on vacation in January 2008. Steve and I went out to dinner each night for 11 days during our stay in Palau. We eat earlier than most people and so our dinner reservations, which were made from the hotel concierge, were always at 6.30pm. We chose to eat in three places, the "Dragon Tei", a Japanese restaurant, the "Taj", an Indian restaurant, and "Kramers," a European Restaurant by the water, owned by a German. Wherever, Steve and I had dinner, the two European men followed us, always sitting two tables away from us but with a clear view of our position. These men checked out the same day we left the hotel.

I told Henry some things I cannot include in this book. But I didn't tell him everything. Of course I can't tell him everything.

"Look!" he said with fury in his eyes.

"I've been around for over 20 years and I have never heard of anything like this. The only time this kind of shit happens is when... well... it is better I keep that thought to myself. Are you sure these things really occurred? Or are you just dreaming all of this?"

"I am the most clear headed person I know! No. I didn't dream of the helicopter. I didn't dream of Paulie getting interrogated by some killer expat who offered him a bundle of cash! I didn't dream

of the two European men who followed Steve and I for 11 days in a row in Palau. I didn't dream of some crazy men framing my son and slapping him with a rape charge he didn't commit just so they could detain him!" I snapped.

Henry stared at me, overwhelmed by my declaration, extremely frustrated at trying to help me process the information I had just laid out before him. He paused and spoke. "Marlene, have you done something so terrible in your past that makes you so dangerous to whoever is after you? What the hell did you do?"

I stared at him, wondering how much I should tell him. My mind was spinning so fast. In the back of my head, the events of my life during the last two years flashed so fast, like the trailer of a thriller movie. My inner voice told me I am alone. I am alone in this. Then the image of a magical being, a man I met only once came to me. And so with a soft voice, I stated.

"What if I told you that I believe it is not so much what I did in my past that concerns these people but what I will do in the future..."

"Listen," I said with tears in my eyes.

"I will tell you a story that will be even more difficult for you to fathom. I have told only my closest friends about this incident. In 1997, a man asked to see me. I went to a building in Makati at around 1pm one day and proceeded to the penthouse. There a man, who I had never seen before, waited for me. He took me to a room with a long table that could accommodate 10 persons. And there he and I had a closed door meeting for over six hours."

"He stood about five-ten. He had dark skin from spending plenty of time in the sun. His eyes were red and inhuman. Looking through his spirit, I knew he had killed people, god only knows how many. He had the face of a fierce warrior who had defeated death too

many times. He had the magnificent presence of someone who was not human. His immense energy of good and evil was something I had never ever witnessed in any other single human being. And yet, he also had immeasurable compassion and love. His intelligence was beyond compare. And he was the most powerful clairvoyant I have ever met.”

“He asked me many questions about yin and yang as if he was also a Buddhist oracle testing to see whether I could be the “right soul”... He asked me to answer these questions before he started to give me his long lecture.”

“Then, and only then did he tell me... about the allegiances of men ruling the world. He explained the future of mankind and the earth. He told me about the global oil trade. He told me information about the purchase of the Philippines by America from Spain which had not been written about.”

“He told me the truth about the wars that were fought in the past and the conspiracies behind them.”

“We sat across from each other. I had my back turned away from the large window, so the light was on his face. When he spoke to me he repeatedly touched my hand ever so lightly. He spoke to me as if I were not a stranger to him at all. I felt his extreme and genuine desire to educate me and empower me for what lay ahead. He spoke to me like a father, like a husband, like a lover, like a comrade...I don’t know how else to explain this to you but that man and I are not strangers to each other, our souls are deeply connected.”

“He told me that Europe would have one currency. Then that Asia will also have one currency. He said that someday the masses in the Philippines will be empowered because the wheels will turn. He explained why my country will be so important

not only to Asia but to the rest of the world in the future. He told me many things hard to fathom which I do not wish to discuss further.”

“He told me the name of their organization. The next day, I called Marcus and gave him the name of this man’s allegiance. Marcus growled at me so hard and told me that it was best I forget this incident ever occurred. He insisted that I should forget the man’s name and the name of his organization. So I did.”

“The thing is with all the events that have happened to me in the last two years, the memory of this man has come back to me now. I feel his spirit surrounding me once again.”

“He had security in his penthouse. But when I left he told his bodyguards to stay back as he escorted me to the elevator. When the door opened, I stepped in and stood against the wall facing the door. The man held on fast to the door keeping it open for a little bit more. He stared at me with great sadness in his eyes silently mourning my departure.

“You will never see me again,” he said softly.

“But I will be watching you,” he added.

I explained all this to Henry who looked at me so intently, overwhelmed by my story. How much easier it is to dispense all this by saying I’m crazy. Then he stared at me seriously.

“Tell me,” he said.

“Who guided you with all that information you discussed in that essay about the last two World Wars?” he insisted.

“The information came from heaven,” I replied smiling.

After lunch with Henry, I called Becca from my mobile phone. She told me that her new facebook account had been temporarily barred this time right after she sent me her first message. She also told me that her yahoo email account had also been cancelled.

And it was from that account that she had forwarded the first five chapters of this book to her friends.

“You must have sent the chapters of my book to the wrong person,” I said to her. “Or the right person, depending on whose side you’re on I suppose,” I continued.

“Let me think...” she replied.

“Oh God, I did send the chapters of your book to the brother of one of the sultans of Malaysia. And he told me how much he liked it. And I sent it to one of the directors of Deutsche Bank...” she stated.

I emailed Caesar and told him about Becca’s Facebook and Yahoo account. I continue to communicate with this warrior of heaven because I truly respect his insights. He replied and commented:

“It is amazing to hear that this is happening. It is like the movies.”

Later, I received this email from Paulie. He wrote:

“Hello Ateh. My brother Hadjzhar added you as a friend in his Facebook account yesterday. And since doing so Facebook has disabled his account for no apparent reason. We have tried to get in touch with their support group, which have failed to give us a valid reason as to why they have disabled Hadjzhar’s account. But they advised him to stop whatever mischief he was doing that may have caused this decision for Facebook to discontinue his membership. What could he have done? All he did was invite you as friend. It comes to such a disturbing, mind boggling query. Didn’t Facebook come into existence to allow people to interact world wide via internet through friends and acquaintances? Why would they disable my younger brother’s account for no valid reason? And the only reason we can see is tied to his desire to be connected to your account.”

“Here is the explanation Facebook sent us thus far:”

### **Warnings**

I have been blocked from using a feature.

“Facebook has determined that you were using a feature at a rate that is likely to be abusive. Before you were blocked, you were given a warning to slow down your use of this feature. For example, if you were blocked from sending friend requests, then we determined that you were adding new friends too quickly. This block is temporary and can last anywhere from a few hours to a few days. Unfortunately we cannot lift this block for any reason. Please be patient and refrain from using this feature for a few days while waiting for this block to be removed. Further abuse of such features can result in your account being permanently disabled and removed from the site entirely.”

“By the way, Hadjzhar only has 32 friends. You get blocked or disabled when you reach 5,000 friends in Facebook. He was merely adding you as a friend. Facebook claims that they will give you a warning before they block your account. But as happened to Rebecca Padilla’s account, no such warning was ever given. Furthermore, we also found out upon obtaining an account with Facebook, you allow them free access to all details of your account. All messages, all information, including photographs that you have posted, become the property of Facebook. And they have the right to use and do whatever they want with it. This gives me the creeps! It reminds me of the movie “The Net.”

Love,  
Paulie

During holy week, on the 8th of April, Alice sent me this message on my mobile phone.

“Greetings, Marlene. I offered prayers in Stella Orientis Chapel for you today. May the love and light that you are prevail and then shine through as a beacon for others in darkness still. Because you were created for love and light and so it is...”

I replied to her and said:

“Your beautiful words and your compassion bring me to tears. I am forever grateful for your kindness. With deep love, Marlene”

One Sunday evening, Steve and I went to Ka Freddie’s to watch my brother-in-law Abraham perform. I also go there now every Sunday to sing a few songs with him. I find it good therapy to sing on stage. The place was crowded as they had a number of performers that night to welcome holy week. My dear friend Rafael Cusi, one of my most favorite contemporary artists arrived. Cusi should become the future visual arts national artist of the Philippines. He joined us at our table. My mother, my nephew Jericho and my niece Maegan were also there. My mother and her aide sat with us. Steve decided to go home ahead of me as he had to wake up early the next morning to go to work.

Later, Henry arrived and joined us at our table. The master watercolorist Rafael Cusi and he had a very interesting conversation that night. Now you should be aware that Cusi has known me for over 16 years whilst Henry, has known me for three weeks.

“What are you doing in the Philippines?” Cusi asked the American.

“I’m here to mentor Marlene,” he answered, smiling like Satan.

“Mentor?”

“Yes, she needs guidance with her book. I am here to help her,” Henry stated.

The artist Cusi has an acute way of smelling people. Whatever he saw in Henry alarmed him and disturbed him greatly.

“My friend, first I would like to apologize,” Cusi told Henry.

After all the years I have known this senior artist, I know that these words of apology present a warning of his impending honesty, an honesty that comes with a wrath and fury that can only come from an insane artist like this lunatic watercolorist. I say this as a compliment.

“I have known this woman, who is a stranger to you, for more than 16 years. In all those years, we have worked closely together. So I should have the credibility to speak on behalf of the rest of the many, many Filipino artists who have had the fortune to work with her.”

“She is impossible. She will push you to your limits beyond the ability of your mind to understand. Many times in the past, when she attacked me with her protests....” Cusi paused now unable to proceed. I could see the pain in his eyes as he tried to bring the past into the present. I interrupted him.

“He is trying to say,” I said to Henry.

“He is trying to say that there were times in the past that I have pushed him so hard that he came so close to striking me physically,” I announced.

Cusi continued to speak now.

“There was a time this woman did not speak to me for two whole years. You know why my friend?” he asked Henry.

“She did it to get the point across. That’s the way she is. She will get her point across no matter how painful the process. And after all these years, I realize that everything she has ever told me was true. She told me about my future 12 years ago. And all has come to pass. She is a reality check for me. And without her guidance and blatant honesty, I would have been lost.”

“This woman is a prime mover of things. She is a catalyst unafraid to cross lines most people would never imagine crossing. And all for what she ultimately believes is right.”

“So my friend, when you say you are helping her, tell me... are you helping her politically?” the artist asked Henry firmly.

“I would like to stay out of discussing politics,” the warrior replied giving a warm smile.

“Then let me tell you this. If you are helping Marlene because of political reasons, then you may be harming her. Because I believe the only way to help this woman now is to do it with love. If you can do that, then by all means help her. Otherwise, leave her be,” Cusi declared.

And here is my most recent email to Gabriel.

“I told you while you were here that you could only understand two of my personalities. First you thought I was weak because I needed you. Then you thought I was too left wing. You also thought I hated America. The thing with men like you is you come into my life and make all these assumptions. Men like you think that after talking to me a few times you actually know me. How can I hate America? I believe the soul of the Philippines is entwined with that of America. There is no Filipino without family in the U.S. In that respect, the Philippines and America are connected by blood.”

“I hope you have read the last essay I’ve sent you, “The Nazi Germans and Corporate Camouflage”. As you can see from the essay, I can’t hate America. I can’t even despise military men like you as much as I would really like to because America is not the root of all evil! And America’s killing machine is but a slave to economic power. Pompous military generals are mere puppets to the higher beings who rule the world. These are men with no

allegiance to any country - because these men own the world. And they hold nations hostage through their multinational companies. But since most high ranking military men have the minds of Dalmatians, locked away in perpetual darkness, they will never be able to comprehend the bigger picture....They exist to obey and slay, pawns like the rest of mankind.”

The last time I saw Gabriel, he told me this.

“To come face to face with you was to confront the unknown. I didn’t realize until later that to confront the first unknown only meant to confront another unknown...”

And so, as Gabriel fails to understand me, so does America fail to understand the Philippines, and the rest of the world.

Monday, April 13, 2009. Here is part of the old woman seer’s reading:

“You are in grave danger. Your enemies will want to destroy you but the cosmic energy of life and death protects you. You are surrounded and supported by snipers sent forth from heaven to earth. And they will strike down those who stand in your way.”

“There are great celestial forces guiding you to save the world from further destruction. You will give light to the world. You are the goddess of winter and spring on earth.”

“Gabriel has grown to unbelievable proportions. The devil on earth has an incredible mind. The love and light in his heart is alive. He has become the magician and is now a very crucial piece to the puzzle. He will bring justice and do what is right.”

“You will bring balance to the world. And you will prevail.”

On Wednesday, April 22, 2009, I received a video from Chris about the twin towers investigation which has been released by an organization with the title “reopen911.org.” The heart-breaking film begins with this statement:

“On September 11, 2001 nearly 3000 Americans were intentionally murdered, over 1,000 soldiers have died and thousands more have been maimed or wounded.”

I forwarded this video to my son Jason, who served in the US Army Special Operations Forces. On April 24, 2009, my son sent me this email:

“Hey Ma, I have to say, I’m not surprised. I mean I never really looked at the details the way the producers of that short film did but I always suspected that the tragedy of 9/11 was a conspiracy to be used as an excuse for the US to go to war. All they had to do was create a scenario to point the finger and the blame against the Muslim world and make it believable enough for the American citizens to blindly follow. And it couldn’t be something small like just damaging a wall at the pentagon. It had to be something so extreme that no one would dream of thinking that it was internal. Of course I thought all this up on my own without even looking for facts to back up my theories the way this film has. I suppose it doesn’t matter because it is too late. What can you do? The damage is done. The wars have begun. What would the film makers propose to do, incarcerate Bush and all those responsible? That will never work. There are too many powerful people involved for any one to go down for it. The best that will happen at this point is for the masses to realize the truth and even that’s a stretch....But maybe one day, it is possible for the world to go towards a different direction as you say. Anyway, I love you.”

I replied to Jason’s email and wrote:

I totally agree with you. The morning I heard of 9/11, I told my secretary Mary Jean, “Oh my god! They killed their own people.”

So what is the truth regarding the “War on Terror” which resulted from the destruction of the Twin Towers? Is it another

money making scheme created by monstrous men? I am quoting the following from “whatreallyhappened.com”, an internet site that discusses the facts surrounding the collapse of the World Trade Center, the 9/11 tragedy. I strongly suggest you visit this site and the other sites I mention that are pushing to reopen the 911 investigation.

“The 2,749 deaths in the World Trade Center on 9/11 were a convenient battle cry to the American public for a preplanned war, so could the collapses have been a governmentally orchestrated “catastrophic and catalyzing event”, just like the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor?”

“Never before in history has a steel high rise building collapsed simply because of fire. On 9/11, by coincidence, three such buildings collapsed in ten to fifteen seconds, at almost freefall speed. In other words, if you dropped a brick from the top of the World Trade Center it would have taken about that time to hit the ground.”

“Marvin Bush was a principal in a company called Securacom which provided security for the World Trade Center. Bomb sniffing dogs were removed from the buildings on 9/6. There was a power down in WTC 2 on 9/8 and 9/9. Bush’s cousin had a lucky business conference location change on 9/11. Workers were encouraged to stay in the buildings after the first aircraft impact. The roof doors of the twin towers were locked, as were many stairwell doors. WTC surveillance tapes “went missing”.”

“We are told that the twin towers collapsed on 9/11 due to intense fires initiated by the plane impacts, yet eyewitness testimony and firefighters’ transmissions prove only office fires existed in the buildings, so why did they collapse within minutes of the aircraft impacts?”

“Video cameras positioned atop the World Trade Center which were used to feed daily images to local television stations were inexplicably inoperative that morning.”

“Seismic recordings, eyewitness testimony, and two videos of WTC 1 indicate an explosive detonation occurred at the base of the building fourteen seconds before its collapse.”

“Two live 9/11 BBC broadcasts have emerged which announced the collapse of WTC 2 at 4:54 p.m - 26 minutes before the collapse actually occurred. The collapse was supposedly a spontaneous event, so how did the BBC foretell it? Needless to say, the BBC went to great lengths to get these videos removed from the internet.”

“The BPAT (Building Performance Assessment Team) investigation team received \$600,000 in FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) funding, a drop in the ocean compared to the \$50 million set aside for the NASA investigation of the Columbia shuttle disaster. The BPAT team took more than 3 weeks to initiate an investigation of WTC debris meaning vital evidence was lost.”

“If the Twin Towers had remained standing on 9/11 (as they were supposed to) they would have been monuments to the inaction of the US government and military. These monuments would have rapidly become a huge embarrassment to many people, and would have required a costly demolition.”

“Incredibly these two quarter mile high buildings both suffered catastrophic structural failures and collapsed straight into their own footprints. The people who should have been red faced bankrupts as a result of 9/11 are now swimming in money and power thanks to the perfect collapse of the twin towers.”

On May 10, 2007, Conspiracy Times stated:

“Several questions remain about 9/11. Regardless of who was truly behind the 9/11 attacks, there was one anomaly: why did the

Twin Towers collapse? The official 9/11 investigation was unable to answer this. The orthodox line is that the fuel of the planes created a veritable inferno that melted steel, destroying not one, but two towers. For “conspiracy theorists”, that is implausible. They note that the destruction of the Twin Towers was at near “free fall” speed, meaning that each collapsing floor met hardly any, and possibly no, resistance. That is indeed incredible and inconsistent with the scientific evidence of collapsing buildings.”

“For a floor not to resist the floor above falling on it, the rigidity of the lower floor has to be removed, as occurs in controlled demolitions. It is the only mechanism through which one can arrive at collapses at near free fall speed. And that is what the conspiracy theorists proclaim: that a controlled demolition occurred.”

The north tower collapsed after burning for only two hours while the south tower fell after burning only for one hour. A website called Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth states:

“No steel framed high-rise building has ever collapsed due to fire - due to the high temperatures that would be required to weaken structural steel past its critical safety margin - even though very large, very hot, and very long-lasting fires have ravaged many steel-structure high-rise buildings. These buildings are all in use today:”

- Caracas, Venezuela, Oct, 2004, 56 story building, burned for 17 hours over 26 floors
- Los Angeles, May 1988, 1st Interstate Bank, 62 stories, > burned for 3.5 hours over 5 floors
- Philadelphia, Feb, 1991, Meridian Plaza, 38 stories, burned for 18 hours over 8 floors
- New York, Aug, 1970, New York Plaza, 50 stories, burned for six hours

I got this article from a site called 911Truth.org dated Saturday, June 2, 2007.

“Anti-war icon Cindy Sheehan has gone public on her support for the 9/11 truth movement after she told a radio show that the collapse of the twin towers looked like a controlled demolition and that there should be a new investigation into the terrorist attacks.”

“Sheehan attacked Hillary Clinton as a “warhawk and a “warmonger” and said there was very little distinction between her and John McCain or Rudy Giuliani.”

“On 9/11, Sheehan expressed her support for the Jersey Girl’s petition, which calls for a new independent investigation of the terrorist attacks, slamming the 9/11 Commission Report as a “total travesty and a smokescreen.”

“George Bush and Dick Cheney held hands and testified behind closed doors, not under oath,” said Sheehan, adding, “There are many things that just don’t add up on that day.”

“Sheehan questioned why U.S. air defenses were distracted by drills and exercises scheduled for the morning of 9/11 and why standard operating procedure for intercepting errant aircraft was not followed for the first and only time in history.”

“When you lose control of an airplane, you intercept it with a military jet and that should only take seconds - from what I understand it’s not even an order to do that it’s mandatory,” said Sheehan.

“I do see some very high profile people saying it was an inside job,” concluded Sheehan.

Before I end this section on the 9/11 tragedy, I would like to tell you a short story. I have an American friend who studied at Cornell University and took his master’s degree in business at Harvard University. He attempted to sell arms to the Philippine government

in the late 90's. During this time I accompanied him to Singapore to attend a show on armaments. And there I met a friend of his who was living in one of the high rise condominiums in Singapore whom he told me was a CIA agent.

A few weeks after 9/11, I had dinner with my American friend at the Le Souffle' Restaurant at Fort Bonifacio at the time when the entire American government was supposedly hunting for Bin Laden. Sitting across from each other that evening, we started to discuss the tragic incident. In the middle of our conversation his face turned red with anger and sheer disgust. And he snapped:

“How can “they” get away with this? According to my source in Singapore, CIA agents had a closed door meeting with Bin Laden only last week!”

On April 27, 2009, I sent the email below to Paulie:

Below is comment from the Filipino poet and writer Alice Bernal after reading the first five chapters of *Warriors of Heaven*.

“Hi Marlene. Your writing so reminds me of Isabel Allende's, full of fiery passion and so articulated. The reader is awed beyond the imaginable. It is explosive.”

“I have critiqued and edited some works of Filipino writers in the past but none has come close to yours. The difference in our writing is between one that is metaphysical and one that is rooted in physicality, between the without and the within. I learned the rudiments of yet another soul's expression of the creative self. Kudos my friend, may you one day find yourself writing poetry too.”

The following day, I received Paulie's reply. He wrote:

“Wow ! Alice's comment is truly inspiring. Your book is like a psychic detonator that brings forth spiritual awakening. Recently, I have been plagued by the most nerve wracking of migraines,

which are almost foreign to me since I rarely have them. Hence, my physical pain caused me to go into a self-imposed isolation with only the reading lamp as a source of illumination. In doing so, my fondness of reading which soothes my headaches, brought me to an article that reminds me so much of you and your ability to give life and light to those who get close to you. Moreover the wisdom that resonates from within you has the power to purge ignorance out of common men.”

“The article I am referring to is about the goddess *Dakini*, the embodiment of female wisdom in Tibetan Buddhism. This deity can take any form - human, animal or spirit. She can transform into something beautiful or hideous, fierce or peaceful, playful and provocative. And she can be prophetic. She lives to awaken the genuine light within mankind. She acts as a psychic catalyst, cleansing the psyche of men. *Dakini*’s energy is the pillar of wisdom and truth. In human form, the goddess *Dakini* is a highly evolved soul whose energy of light gives birth to collective awareness and enlightenment.”

“On earth, you are the true personification and incarnation of the goddess *Dakini*. Her energy and wisdom is alive within you. I have seen you strip away years of negative conditioning from great men. I have seen you transform men of power to embrace your inner strength. Thus, they embrace your cause and your reason for living. Your energy of light gives these men the balance and the inner peace that their souls hunger for. I have seen you give life to men. And I have also seen you give men the energy of death. Women of such caliber are known to be the true power behind the throne, the king makers. Such force can never be ignored, but acknowledged as an icon of truth. There is nowhere else to go but towards immortality. It is truly your destiny. You are the green

dragon of life. Soar high above the world of mortal men, *Warrior of Heaven.*”

Loving you always,  
Paulie

Today is May 3, 2009, the day I will finish telling you the tale of this portion of my life.

I saw the warrior Daniel once more after he read the first five chapters to this book.

“You use very strong emotions when you write. You are so passionate,” he commented.

“Is that all you have to say to me after reading the first five chapters of this book? Come on. Please tell me. Your input matters so much to me.”

“After reading those chapters, I understand you better. God damn it woman, why are you so defiant? I read chapter four and when you write that shit...I say, you can ignite insurgency,” Daniel stated.

“And they compare you to Che Guevarra? It’s true. You have that kind of mind and spirit. You are revolutionary. I just hope you don’t spark up some bloody revolution because you don’t want more of my kind here in your country.”

“You are not going to turn terrorist on us are you?” he asked.

“Wars are created by mindless men,” I answered.

“And I don’t understand why these military men, these big shots ever allowed themselves to end up in an argument with you,” he said.

“What’s wrong with arguing with me? It’s mental exercise.”

“Because, you are slaying them mentally throughout this book and the thing is, they allowed you. Why?” he asked smiling, shaking his head.

“I think it is because these elite military men thought that I am merely a woman. Therefore, in their eyes this makes me inferior, easy prey. Or is it possible that they intentionally “allowed” me to win the arguments?”

“If all the US military men before me could see is your black widow personality, then they didn’t see you at all. They failed to see the part of you that is soft, genuine and pure.”

“You have taken something so dark inside me and brought it out into the light. And because I met you, I will leave the Philippines a better person,” the white knight gently stated.

“I will call you “Kurukulla”,” he continued.

“Am I the good one or the bad one?”

“The red Tara, the good goddess,” he replied.

“Do you believe I could ever harm you?” he questioned.

“If you do, I have already forgiven you.”

“Why are you so rebellious? Why are you doing this to yourself?” he inquired.

“I am compelled to follow my fate. Is there anything in this world worth more than fulfilling one’s destiny?”

He leaned forward across the table and pushed his face so close to mine, gazing at me with his kind and loving but homicidal warrior’s eyes.

“You know the wars will continue. There is no end to these wars,” he said firmly.

“I know that. Of course I know that,” I replied.

“Then why are you doing this to yourself? Why are you putting yourself on the firing line?” the white knight asked again concerned.

I closed my eyes for a moment absorbing this brave man’s words, words that bolted through my ears, into my head, penetrating the

very depths of my mind, my body and my soul. And I searched for the essence of my being within me, groping in darkness, summoning my inner self to come forth into the light. Why am I doing this? I asked myself in silence with my eyelids still closed gripping the black void inside me. What is the message I wish to impart? I waited and waited as my spirit floated in infinite blackness inside me. And then my spirit projected out into the galaxies embracing the celestial forces without hesitation and without fear... Then I found the center of the universe connected within me, the center where yin and yang unite in perfect harmony, flawlessly giving and taking to and from the other, suspended eternally in spaceless and timeless dimension. This is the place where good and evil consume one another, a point equidistant from every point on the circumference of an infinite sphere, creating all realities, here, now and beyond. And here I heard the energy of good and evil whisper their fierce allegiance to one another.

“I need you to be “everything” to me,” declared good to evil.

“And I need you to be “everything” to me,” replied evil to good.

Here is the place where good and evil are bound as one, affecting one another - impeccably divine. From this state, my soul reached out to me, sending me back to earth. And so, I opened my eyes and spoke with a faint voice.

“There is a peculiar kind of energy that empowers this group of imperious men who rule the world. It is driven by darkness, a darkness that can and does destroy mankind. Mankind is peripheral to its needs. But it is mankind that also nurtures this same energy life. This fatal force is born out of man’s ignorant greed. It thrives because most human beings live only to consume, taking from the earth without remorse and destroying the planet in the process. The earth must therefore destroy mankind because mankind harms her.

However, when we take care of the earth, then the earth will take care of us.

“I believe that the only way we can counter the evil power that drives these wicked men who rule the world is to learn to love and respect our natural world as our ancestors did, when they lived in agreement and harmony with this earth. And in doing so, we become connected to the center of the cosmic galaxies and the enemies of these evil men. We can only counter this dark force if we learn to leave the material and, instead, we learn to feed our souls as we take our journey through this lifetime.

“There is love and light within all of us. It is there within our reach. We can and we must bring our consciousness together into one magnanimous force of love and light. And with this great energy we can push the future of the world and mankind to another plane, toward peace and unity.”

— The End —