

Afterburn 2012



A Novel by
Martin Dunn

OVERVIEW OF AFTERBURN 2012

AfterBurn 2012 is a science fiction novel. The story is about the struggles and survival of the people at the Burning Man experience held yearly in the Nevada Desert at Black Rock City, stranded there by a catastrophic event. The time is late summer 2012. The stories premise is of the partial cessation of all electricity planet wide for an undetermined time caused by a Super Nova event (cosmic transformation) of the star Sirius and the production of a Gamma Ray Burst (GRB) strong enough to cause a planet wide Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP). A planet wide EMP would disable all unprotected computers and most cars made after 1986 with computerized fuel injection systems. Unprotected radio transistors and the worlds entire power grid would be disabled. Older cars would work but very few newer cars would be fixable. Many people will leave and try to return to “civilization”. While others stay and struggle to build a utopia there in the desert while the societal machine we all used to live in crumbles. Cooperation with each other and the environment will be essential to survival. Besides character and conflict development the story includes information and interaction with the Pyramid Lake Paiute Tribe, the surrounding landscape and the local inhabitants of Gerlach, Nixon NV, Surprise Valley, etc. Cosmic Geometry, the power of sound and the musical inspiration of various artists including SpectraSonics founder Eric Persing, Lia Scallon, Leroy Osman, Paco Alarcon, and Stockhausen will be explored. Star consciousness and various theories about the star Sirius and its influence on human mythology, native cultures and spiritual advancement are featured. The various cosmic radiations from this stellar event (the ascension of Sirius) will also have the effect of heightening people’s paranormal abilities slowly over time. The star Sirius is prominent in many native peoples mythology. Examples (to name just a few) include: The Egyptian goddess Isis/Sopdet manifests as Sirius the most important star of their stellar pantheon aligned with the pyramids. African Dogon peoples inexplicable ancient knowledge of Sirius as a trinary star system. Hopi Blue Star Kachina Prophecy of the coming of the fifth world when Sirius turns blue. Man’s true nature as a light being and a child of the stars along with personal enlightenment are realized through this story. Included throughout the novel will be the teachings, ideas and writings of contemporary and past sages, enlightened thinkers and spiritual leaders such as Pythagoras, Gurdjieff, Lao Tzu, Jesus, Wovoka, Carlos Castenada, Ramana Maharshi, Shakespeare, Joseph Campbell, Omar Khayyan, Zacheria Sitchin, Daniel Pinchbeck, Timothy Leary, Robert Anton Wilson, etc. All of these ideas will be woven into an entertaining, dramatic, exciting, spellbinding, thoughtful, enlightening and fun story. The sequel will be AfterBurn 2022.

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Chapter One Welcome Home

"Home - is where I want to be
But I guess I'm already there
I come home - - she lifted up her wings
Guess that this must be the place" — David Byrne

"Welcome Home" said the naked man leaning into the window of the SUV. His deeply tanned skin, long white hair and the lines of his ancient stoic face were completely ingrained by the omnipresent dust blowing across the limitless desert basin. A strong wind gusted through the welcoming gates and across the visitor center parking lot where new arrivals, those without tickets, were standing in line. The burners quickly donned their dust masks and goggles in the intensifying brownout. The greeters at the gates stayed completely nude without protection or adornment. Impervious to the dust and wind, the power and harshness of the high desert Nevada sun.

"Thank you", Martin replied showing his ticket. "Namaste brother" he smiled, his eyes wandering to the naked woman working as a greeter in the next lane over. "Sister you are a Goddess" he thought, watching her divine body as she stretched out and pointed to the bell above her head for the newly arriving Virgin to ring. Her dark red, wind swept hair, transformed by the sacred dust into the color of warm bronze gently stroked by devoted human hands for hundreds years. She reminded him of Anais. He gently washed the thought of her from his mind. Instead playing the John Denver song "Ain't it good to be back home again" on the jukebox inside his head. As the bell rang everyone cheered along the gates, including the burners still waiting to get through to the gates in thier idling "death machines".

The greeter didn't ask Martin if he had burned before. It was apparent by the far-out paint job on his 96 Jeep Grand Cherokee that he had been burning for more than one equinox. His greeter, waving him through, never smiled but his eyes sparkling crystal blue, shone with the welcome of a mother having not seen her blessed child for many lifetimes. Stark and dazzling the naked man stood, staring ahead, appearing to be formed purely out of the harsh environment surrounding them. Entirely at one with the annihilating dust. Elemental. Timeless. Pure man, pure dust, together creating form, space, consciousness and light. A testament to the power of pure life.

Martin waved to the other greeters as he drove through the first set of welcome gates. The next gate was yet another mile down the bumpy road of dust. Rolling his window up to keep the dust out that he knew would soon consume him he sighed. The dust. Without people here there would be less dust. The dry Black Rock Desert lakebed naturally formed fractured patterns of infinitely varied geometric pentagons evolving and displaying the mystery of Phi and organic evolution. Eternally computing yet never solving. The irrational procreation of sacred geometry. "As above so below." Without people, their vehicles and footfalls to disturb the vastness, the undefeatable wind would blow invisible. His jeep, already beginning to match the color tones of his greeter and the surrounding landscape, was taking yet another beating. He drove slowly keeping to the five mile an hour speed limit, which was strictly enforced by a harsh scolding from next set of greeters. The final gate was just a short distance before him. A small dust devil danced with its larger brother beckoning him onward. "Aheeah eekay. Ashatana ah eehnay. Eehah wa hokana hay." he said out loud to the world around him. He was in no hurry. This final stretch was one of the many delights of Burning Man and he wanted make it last while savoring the anticipation of being among his brothers and sisters once again for another autumnal equinox. Now after the long dog days of summer he was happier than he had been since his last burn two years before having not come the previous year. He drove slowly and read the signs posted every 50 feet along the entrance roadway.

Where you are now
Where you shall be
Where you once were
Is missing
No thing
Everything is this
You are
The creators
Here
Play now
In your creation
Here
Learn now
In the present
As the dust
Your past
In the road
Behind you
As the dust
Your future
In the road
Before you
All is beauty
Being centered
All is beauty
Dust in the wind
Not a bad song
For everything
Your names
Are words

For nothing

What you will

CREATE

Shift happens

So be it

You are it

Relish

Catsup

Mustard

In It

You are it

Everything is this

Here

You will find

Your exulted desire

Already knowing

Forever being

Doing destiny

Fate awaits

Your foot falls

Strike the Earth

Opening now

Your hearts

For the Stars

Calling and gathering

Your Harvest Home

Chapter Two Return to Black Rock City

"Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company." —Mark Twain "Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company." —Mark Twain

"Hello handsome" said the Gypsy handing him his welcome packet. Her baubles and bangles spread golden beams of reflected sunlight into the surrounding atmosphere. Her third eye, exquisitely painted on her forehead, reminded Martin to keep his attention divided. Her breasts gloriously bare. "These people are beautiful", he thought.

"Thank you my gypsy queen", he replied tossing the packet to the floor of the jeep. The small packet contained a booklet of scheduled events and activities, the survival guide and a large map of Black Rock City and The Playa. He rarely planned out his adventures preferring to go wherever his eyes carried him and allowing "synchronicity" to guide him to the people, places and adventures he was sure to have.

"Well" she languished, "The City is starting to fill in. I love Mondays".

"Ya, I know, me too", said Martin "It's mellow. You can really feel the energy shift come Friday when all the rich party kids get here".

"Ahh it's OK" she smiled, "That's the hook to bring them to the light". Hmm thought Martin unsure of how he felt and how to respond, "Namaste".

"Party on" she genuflected and smiling waved him into Black Rock City.

When Martin had first started going to Burning Man it still started the Monday before Labor Day weekend. Labor Day "The working mans holiday" was first celebrated on Tuesday, September 5, 1882, in New York City. Planned and supported by the Central Labor Union it grew in popularity in America's industrial centers until in 1894 Congress passed an act making the first Monday in September of each year a legal holiday. The first proposal of the holiday stated that Labor Day should be "a street parade to exhibit to the public the strength and esprit de corps of the trade and labor organizations of the community, followed by a festival for the recreation and amusement of the workers and their families." In other words keep natives happy and the masses asleep. Moving Burning Man to later in the month was a decision of the organizers in 2009 to keep the experience true to its anti-capitalistic roots and it certainly made the pagans very happy. The event still went Monday-to-Monday but centered on the autumnal equinox, which might fall any day of the week. The man still burned Saturday Night to attract in all the haves with their privates planes, deluxe motor homes, fancy buses and golf carts for a blowout weekend celebration, but the real spiritual power rituals took place on Sept 21st-22nd, "the time of second harvest, the point of Libra, the feast of Avalon, Mabon". These celebrations were orchestrated and attended by the true burners, pagans, healers, shamans and enlightened participants unnoticed by the rich kids and the serious party goers. The transition of summer to fall has been called by many names; "The roots of Mabon, the Harvest moon, the festival of Dionysus" such celebrations stretch far back into human antiquity. In Greek mythology, autumn begins as Persephone returns to the Underworld to live for half the year with Hades, her husband. "Harvest Home" was known as the point in our solar cycle when the forces of light and dark were equal before winter took her deathly hold. The equinox was celebrated by our ancestors, and still is by native peoples today, as a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing for the gifts of our bountiful Earth Mother.

He drove slowly into Black Rock City up 6 o'clock Street towards center camp. Burners walking and riding their bikes in colorful and sometimes bizarre attire waved and smiled seeing his art car. Martin cheeks were becoming numb from smiling since he had woken up and driven out of San Francisco that morning. "One great thing about coming to Burning Man is when you walk out your door your already there." Complete relaxation and the feeling of coming home expanded his being. Billowing canopies, canvas pyramids, geodesic domes, sculpture gardens and more sights than could be taken in while driving a car lined the sides of the dusty two-lane street.

Music came from every direction washing over city like the broken wave patters formed by speedboats on a lake. Intermixed with the structure and sound people mingled everywhere regaled in clothing, costumes and body paint that reflected their inner dreams, desires, conflicts, hopes, fears, Gods and Demons. Most everyone enjoying each other, the art, the spaces and the spirit they were creating through. Thus Black Rock City took form through the participant's self-expression, consciously growing within the community of Burning Man.

His first job was to choose a camp spot. In previous years Martin had participated in various theme camps, building projects and volunteer organizations. The year he had worked for the survey team plotting the city streets by planting orange flags along the intersections had been memorable. The serene feeling of camaraderie while working with the other volunteers, many of whom had taken extra time off their jobs in the "default world" to come here and work for no pay, was extraordinary. Those wonder filled days as the city slowly took shape while endless horizon dominated the few scattered burners forging a temporary city against the immense, empty, wilderness attempting to swallow them. The bonds they formed through the hot, busy, desolate, dusty working days and the quiet restful nights, before the coming onslaught of ecstatic participants, were forever buds that refreshed and flowered anew whenever they met from then on. Being part of a theme camp was another type of gig altogether. Then one had an entirely different set of roles to play based upon personal relationships and the commitment to get a specific camp set up. Getting the job done and realized. Not always, but often, theme camp dramas erupted and arguments ensued over "who did what" and "what went where". Personality reigned supreme generating "second force" in ones opposing companions. These were perfect situations for Martin to observe "internal considering", within him and others, thereby affording his higher Self the perfect conditions to try and practice "external considering". "Just keep your attention divided" the words of his teacher reminded him. This year he came alone and unattached. He could go and camp wherever his intuition led. No committee or considering only happenstance as his guide.

He turned right on Fulfillment Street and headed away from center camp. This year's theme was "Enlightenment" and as always the streets were named in ascending alphabetical order laid out in concentric circles radiating outwards from "The Man" perfectly centered in the middle of the playa.

The streets for this year's event were named:

Awake

Bliss

Clarity

Delight

Ecstasy

Fulfillment

Grace

Heaven

Illumination

Joy

He figured he would camp around 4 o'clock and fulfillment. It was quieter out in the "suburbs" of the city. Far enough away from the large rave camps lining the main promenade along the circumference of the playa, for his earplugs to dampen down the constant heavy throb of techno trance music that flowed like blood through the city streets pumped by the simultaneous beat of fifty thousand human hearts. The pulse of sound rebounding and resounding, echoing upon itself, then fountaining into a chaotic, cacophonous, over stimulating, overflow of vibration attacking him from every direction. It got to be too much at times. That's when he headed for the relative quiet of the playa or inserted his earplugs and took a nap.

His very first year had taught him to avoid camping at the other end of the city around 9 o'clock and Promenade. That year, having decided to go to Burning Man for the first time just a few days before, he drove to Black Rock City in the company of a kid needing a ride that he had found in the rideshare section of Craig's List. This kid, Juan from Columbia, was a graduate student in astrophysics at UC Davis so it was easy enough to stop for him along the way. Cruising over the Sierras, past Reno and into the high desert the kid told Martin his story of being arrested one year prior for inciting the "Sterling Riots" in an apartment complex near the University.

“Perfect”, thought Martin, “I have a Columbian, anarchistic, astrophysicist as my wingman.” He shared one of his own “on the wrong side of the law” stories and assured Juan it would all work okay if he kept his nose clean and showed “the proper respect” to the authorities. “Do what I say, not what I do” were his own fathers words of wisdom. When they saw Black Rock City for the first time they were speechless. Appearing first as a mirage in the desert glare and then as an oasis materializing onto reality from another time and dimension. “Wow” they simultaneously exclaimed. Martin felt every nerve in his body tingle, every cell rejoice. “These are my people. My tribe”. He knew it instantly.

After ringing the virgin bell before passing through the gates he was very unsure of which way to head. He decided to get on the windward side of the camp thinking the dust would be less pervasive. They set up camp in a clear area behind some large geodesic domes facing out onto the playa. After a quick camp setup and a little struggle with a shade canopy that required the assistance of their welcoming neighbors to erect, Martin quickly mounted his bike and rode out onto the playa. “This is heaven,” he thought as a beautiful woman rode by him wearing cowboy boots and lingerie. “Despite the dust and bad disco music.” Spread throughout the vast desert playa ringed by distant mountains he saw or rather experienced; Artwork? Sculptures? Exhibits? Structures? Toys? Games? Lights? Sounds? Spaces? It was indescribable. This was pure art for art sake on a much grander scale and higher level than he had ever experienced and he knew it with all the immediacy of his creative being. How can you label a yellow submarine large enough to contain ten people with cushions and windows totally empty emerging from the desert floor while you stand alone pondering, not a single person within 300 hundred yards of you. You. Isolated with three giant horses sculpted from the torn pieces of old tires. You. Looking out over an eternal lunar space encompassing an unimaginable and transitory landscape created by the imagination of 30,000 people? How can you recall the knowledge that each bicycling entity you see in the distance is a bouncing thought form traveling to the next energy center of a larger being? How do you describe the feeling to your friends of riding your bike in endless circles around a Stonehenge of carpeted refrigerators, each the pedestal of an alternating man and woman all wearing black and white dresses having a friendly conversation, while the immense crescent of the city far in the distance comes alive with a never before witnessed splendor of light and sound in the fading desert sunset? It can’t be done. When you tried, your friends got a glazed look and their eyes, followed by something like, “Wow that sounds neat”. After a few attempts he gave up stating, “It’s surreal, like riding your bike through a Dali Painting and that’s doesn’t begin to describe it. You gotta go”.

When he returned to his camp it was quite dark and Juan had ridden off somewhere on his own adventure. He ate some fruit and some water and decided to take a nap. The music, which had continued to grow in volume since they had set up a camp, was now quite loud so martin inserted his earplugs and crawled into his tent. After a short time he realized it was hopeless. The bass of the several different rave tents surrounding him traveled through the ground conducted by his bones into his inner ear. There was no sleeping through this riot. Road weary and exhausted he contemplated his choices. Not really sure of what to do he got on his bike and started riding around the city. Everywhere bikes and people were lit up with glow sticks and wands, moving and spiraling towards him through the dark streets. Back on the playa he spent a hour watching a thirty foot mechanical dragon being ridden by it’s dragon master walking it slowly along swinging it’s neck and chrome dragon head while making it spit out great spurts of fire from its mouth. Fire was everywhere. Spinning in fire dancers hands and spurting from fire breather’s mouths. There was fire shooting from the tops of mutant vehicles and flying through the air from various pyrotechnic art installations. A tandem bike with a flaming mechanical man pedaling on the rear seat blazed past him. He gazed in awe at giant neon tubes swinging in unison and breaking into wave patterns of streaming light. Fascinated he watched “Tesla Man” atop a slow moving bus conduct a symphony of lightning bolts. Lasers beamed from several points around the playa continuously playing across an alien panorama of a surreal waking dream on this sleepless night. Exhausted he returned to his camp. He was in a war zone. After several agonizing minutes in his tent with the earplugs crammed in as far in as he could get them, he gave up and climbed into his jeep. Even with the windows rolled up the sound was agony. He was right in the middle of several rave tents. Now he knew what those geodesic domes were for. Now he knew the duress of “shell shock” in a battlefield foxhole. After an hour he began to lose his sanity and started to scream at the sound and the world around him to no avail. Realizing it was a hopeless battle he mounted his bike once again and retreated to the far reaches of the playa. He had spotted several couches earlier in the daylight laid out in a “Tiki Lounge” encircled

with large plastic palm trees. There were no reference points in the pitch-dark outskirts of the playa for him to fix on. Praying he headed in the general direction of his nocturnal salvation. “Ka clunk” the cranks of his bike locked almost spilling him onto the dry cracked playa floor. His pedals would not turn and the bottom bracket was shot meaning his bike was beyond repair with out a bike shop on hand. Disheartened he began the long walk back to his camp pushing the disabled bike beside him. Returning to his camp defeated, dusty and totally oppressed by the sound and situation he realized that though he was in heaven he was experiencing hell in the moment. He made his decision to leave right then. In fifteen minutes he had thrown his gear into the jeep and left all his water and food next to Juan’s tent. The kid was resourceful and could get a lift back to Davis. Martin drove home after just 15 hours at his first Burning Man knowing he would return better prepared.

Now here again in Black Rock City eight years later he was totally at home.

Chapter Three Camp Life

"I grew into an adult, who grew into a child, who grew into a family." —Navy Pakpour

"Hey Martin", he heard someone yell as he rode slowly along. He looked over to see Dragon a long time friend waving at him. "Where you camping at man?" "Right there next to you if that space is free." Martin replied. "Ah I dunno. That's roped off by our neighbors in those two RVs. Let's ask him", said Dragon. Martin hopped out and gave Dragon a bear hug, not easy as Dragon topped his 6'2" frame by several inches. The two large men stood in the dusty street admiring each other. The sun shone golden on Dragon's lustrous baldhead. "It's great to see you man" said Dragon grinning from pierced ear to plugged ear. "It's been too long my brother" Martin replied. They held each other's gaze for several moments, the city growing around them. "Let's see what the neighbors got to say", said Dragon smiling and leading the way. The owners of the large luxury RV were setting up their grill along with a nice bar and the rest of their camp. They looked like your average strait american's from anywhere white USA. They were with another couple in another RV. Their temporary homes formed a nice little courtyard with a shade cover stretched between them. They had a deluxe shower and all the comforts one could want. "Hey friend", said Dragon "can my buddy here, park along the other side or your rig?" "Sure, why not" the guy said. "Hi my name is Martin", said Martin sticking his hand forward. "John Cipetti" The new neighbors shook hands. "Come over for a drink if you like after you get setup" "Thanks I'll probably do that" said Martin.

Dragon helped Martin to back his jeep into the vacant spot so his front end would face the street. It was a perfect fit. There was just enough room for his shade canopy and tent to set up in the rear of the jeep. The large RV beside him would act as great windbreak and protect him from the morning sun. "Ah, this is a perfect spot" he said to Dragon getting out from behind the wheel of his jeep for the last time. "I love your ride man" said Dragon admiring the jeep. "You drive that around everyday day in the default world huh?" "You bet, it wakes people up on my way to work in the morning and I have a little bit of Burning Man with me all the time" Martin said. "How many years you been letting people paint on it?" "Since right after I it bought about dozen years ago". "Well it sure is good to see you and have you around" Dragon said. "We got some catching to do. After you get you get your camp set up come over and I'll tell you what's been happening." "OK see you later Dragon, thanks brother" Martin started to unpack his camp.

After eight years of burning had it down to a science. He quickly untied his canopy, table and chairs from the roof of his vehicle. The canopy went just off the back of the jeep which he propped open leaving his coolers handy and forming a little kitchen area. He laid a large carpet underneath canopy and put his tent up facing it and the open end back of the jeep. He pumped up his king size air mattress with a hand pump and tossed in into the tent with all his bedding and a few sleeping bags. A pillow from home was a luxury he always tried to travel with. Large bottles of water in the corners of the tent helped to keep it from blowing around in the steadily increasing wind. The dust was already coloring and enveloping his gear and his body. He had hated it his first time but now he welcomed it as a vehicle to transport him away from the limitations of the default world and everyday physical reality. The dust was like meditation. "It is meditation" he thought, "you can't think about it or it doesn't work", "And here I am thinking about it." He laughed and his head jerked to the left sharply as his body twitched with a flow of energy up his spine stopping his thoughts. Holding still as his thoughts reformed themselves he steadily kept his attention divided. His mind pictured his teacher and the school in the mountains.

He still had to secure everything with multiple stakes because the unpredictable and ever changing winds had to be respected. He also had some large tarps to tie over everything forming a large cozy cave if he pulled the flaps down. Taking a break, he grabbed a cold beer out of the ice chest and wandered into Dragons camp.

Chapter Four
The Playa

"I will entice you into the desert and there I will speak to you in the depths of your heart." —Hosea 2:14

Chapter Five Burn Baby Burn

"To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life." — Robert Louis Stevenson

Chapter Six The Song of Sopdet

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Then are dreamt of in your philosophy." — William Shakespeare

"Certainly, the creation of the Heavens and the Earth is greater than the creation of mankind; but most men know not."
— Holy Qur'an, Sura 40:57

Sopdet sings. She sings on the winds of eternity. Her song harmonizing with the dream chorus of all her relatives born of the original impulse. As a great great grandchild of Neith "She who gives birth to The Absolute", her song and the songs of her siblings echo upon the face of the deep. Awake. Transforming pure consciousness, space and vibration into light, sound, energy, matter, inorganic and organic life. Lila—The Play of Creation. Gods sing. Children sing. Sopdet "She who shines in dark" sings. All her relatives are singing.

"The Dual Image" of her central being pirouettes creating tremendous stellar tides and rays to the delight and discomfort of her brother/lover/self Ra "He who perfects". His love song always steady and unflinching is the bass note adding clarity to her undulating aria. Together they dance in tandem, their physical distance spiraling, expanding and contracting periodically. The song of Sopdet and Ra harmonizes with a third voice. Three forces are needed to evolve. Space/Matter/Energy. Brahma/Vishnu/Shiva. Father/Son/HolyGhost. Mother/Daughter/AscendedSpirit.

Yes. Here. Now. Nebkhat "She who keeps the house" synthesizes the song of Sopdet/Ra from her 7th dimensional orbit. She is the ascended mother/sister/self of Sopdet. Their three songs, the song of Sopdet/Nebkhat/Ra together grow a new ascending octave on the scale of duality. This new branch of life and the young beings living within it yearn to return to "Oneness", reaching towards the perfect love, light and ecstasy of their creator/ancestor/selves. "To all my relatives", Sopdet/Nebkhat/Ra sing and dance together birthing planets, loving and sharing many children and grandchildren. The waves of their omnipresent love undulate through time creating patterns of destiny and frequencies of fate. The ten thousand things of the Tao.

Yes. Here. Now. The constant flowing crests and troughs of cosmic radiation are increasing in amplitude and wavelength.

Yes. Here. Now. The long awaited time of vibrational transcendence from Si to the Do of the 7th dimensional octave approaches her.

Yes. Here. Now. The dance of Satis "She who runs like an arrow", once distant and dominated by the masculine energy of her father/brother/self Ra, is returning to the bliss of her mother/sister/self "The Dual Image" of Sopdet. For Sopdet/Nebkhat the second interval inherent in all processes under the law of seven is bridged by the outside shock and rapid return of her daughter/sister/self Satis. The returning dance of Satis also serves to bridge the first interval between notes of Mi and Fa of the 6th Dimensional octave of her father/brother/self Ra.

Yes. Here. Now. Satis leads her son Sopdu "He who wars" into the cosmic arena. Sopdu, son of Sopdet/Nebkhat/Satis and Ra, is sacrificed into the blazing bosom of his mother/sister/self igniting her ascension to 6th dimension.

Yes. Here. Now. The illumination of Athor “She who loves” the daughter/sister/self of Sopdet and Ra is also enhanced by her brothers surrender into grace.

Yes. Here. Now. Athor, dancing within the glory of her father/brother/self Ra, ascends into the 5th dimension radiating pure unfathomable joy as the cosmic energies and power of the Feminine astral forces gain momentum balancing the heretofore-dominant masculine radiance of the divine siblings song of heaven.

Yes. Here. Now. The brother/selves of Athor, Geb “He who supports” and Heru-deshret “He who wears red”, are free to move into the 5th dimension released now from the masculine dominance of their father/self Ra. Sopdet “She who shines in the dark” sings blue/violet.

Yes. Here. Now. Within her complete self, and partially for Ra “He who perfects”, transcendence into the 7th dimension is nurtured by the destiny of their father/self Asar “He who manifests”. This is in accordance with the evolution of their grandmother/self Nut, “She who carries All Suns”. Orchestrated by will of their great grandfather/self Apophis “He who consumes All Worlds”. Soon the Starseeds, grand children of Sopdet and Ra, “fragments of The Absolute”, will be quickened into the 4th dimension. Eternity and prophecy realized in fulfillment of itself.

Yes. Here. Now. Sopdet sings blueviolet in the sacred darkness.

The Algonquin Song of the Stars

We are the stars which sing,
We sing with our light;
We are the birds of fire,
We fly over the sky.
Our light is a voice.
We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.
Among us are three hunters
Who chase a bear;
There never was a time
When they were not hunting.
We look down on the mountains.
This is the Song of the Stars.

Hopi Blue Star or Blue Kachina Prophecy

"The Fourth World shall end soon, and the Fifth World will begin. This the elders everywhere know. The Signs over many years have been fulfilled, and so few are left.

1. "This is the First Sign: We are told of the coming of the white-skinned men, like Pahana, but not living like Pahana men who took the land that was not theirs. And men who struck their enemies with thunder.
2. "This is the Second Sign: Our lands will see the coming of spinning wheels filled with voices. In his youth, my father saw this prophecy come true with his eyes -- the white men bringing their families in wagons across the prairies."
3. "This is the Third Sign: A strange beast like a buffalo but with great long horns, will overrun the land in large numbers. These White Feather saw with his eyes -- the coming of the white men's cattle."
4. "This is the Fourth Sign: The land will be crossed by snakes of iron."
5. "This is the Fifth Sign: The land shall be criss-crossed by a giant spider's web."
6. "This is the Sixth sign: The land shall be criss-crossed with rivers of stone that make pictures in the sun."
7. "This is the Seventh Sign: You will hear of the sea turning black, and many living things dying because of it."
8. "This is the Eighth Sign: You will see many youth, who wear their hair long like my people, come and join the tribal nations, to learn their ways and wisdom.
9. "And this is the Ninth and Last Sign: You will hear of a dwelling-place in the heavens, above the earth, that shall fall with a great crash. It will appear as a blue star. Very soon after this, the ceremonies of my people will cease.

This Must be the Place (Naive Melody)

Home is where I want to be
Pick me up and turn me round
I feel numb - burn with a weak heart
So I guess I must be having fun
The less we say about it the better
Make it up as we go along
Feet on the ground
Head in the sky
It's ok I know nothing's wrong . . . nothing

Hi yo I got plenty of time
Hi yo You got light in your eyes
And you're standing here beside me
I love the passing of time
Never for money
Always for love
Cover up and say goodnight . . . say goodnight

Home - is where I want to be
But I guess I'm already there
I come home - -she lifted up her wings
Guess that this must be the place
I can't tell one from another
Did I find you, or you find me?
There was a time
Before we were born
If someone asks, this where I'll be . . . where I'll be

Hi yo We drift in and out
Hi yo Sing into my mouth
Out of all those kinds of people
You got a face with a view
I'm just an animal looking for a home
Share the same space for a minute or two
And you love me till my heart stops
Love me till I'm dead
Eyes that light up, eyes look through you
Cover up the blank spots
Hit me on the head Ah ooh

– David Byrne from “Speaking in Tongues” The Talking Heads

On New Years Eve 1999 nothing happened.
We were watching the wrong calendar.
When the power goes out what will you do?
Where will you go?

You will go but only where your feet will take you.
You will try but only to survive.

NOTES:

Characters:

- Martin- Main Character and (Hero) midlife, loves sailing and the water, artist, musician, storyteller handsome but overweight and out of shape lonely, hasn't had sex in 3 years. Once a hot guy now has let himself go to pot. PreBurn occupation – Computer graphic instructor trying to break into the art world, interested in sacred geometry, Gurdjieff, lived at Ramana Ashram for a short time, struggles between his knowledge and inability to do. Open hearted, generous, strait and somewhat prudish about sex has never cheated on a woman. Has problems maintaining relationships.
- Brenda- Martin's main love interest PhD in Biochemistry left the straight world to work as a tantric sex therapist
- John- Gerlach local rancher/sheriff/family man pioneer stock
- Simon- bad guy with guns/rapist
- Darleene- PreBurn social worker, PostBurn organizer of medical needs and emotional stress (some people just walk of into the desert)
- Goravina- beautiful young woman raised by Krishna's
- Ralph- pierced Indian medicine man who becomes Martin's teacher of shamanism
- Das- East Indian scientist and chakra worker
- Trent- Poet and dig musician
- Daniel- Writer- Author of Breaking Open the Head and 2012 The Return of Quetzolcoatle
- AJ- computer networking genius/astronomer who discovers the cause one starry night in a major constellation (3 months after burn) out with girl in desert in charge city security
- Roy- Lighting genius/musician
- Fred- Resident of Maui, artist philosopher writer, political specialist and organizer
- Anais- waitress traveler, love interest, devotee of Ramana Maharshi ecology expert
- Lisa- Lawyer preburn, helps to figure out post burn societal rules and implementation
- Hall- Artist, very wealthy, very effected by post burn lack of amenities, best friend of Martin from NC
- Star
- Amber
- Glen
- Roy- lighting and electrical specialist, PhDs physics
- Georgia
- Jade

Research Projects- local landscape, history of Gerlach and first settlers/pioneers and the Paiute, Wovoka, Hopi Blue Kachina Prophecy, (get tape recorder!!!!!!!) Native American I get to go to the reservation!!!!!! Super Nova and EMT pulse. Gamma Ray Bursts, Astrophysics SIRIUS!!! Dogon knowledge of the stars,

Random Thoughts:

- BM theme for 2012- The Solar System and galaxies
- Burned moved to equinox global warming?
- I got the juice back on

Propane
Tesla Man

Slang- dusters
Burner
Pre burn
Post burn
Electro Magnetic pulse invisible
Flaw to urban area
One cannot survive alone

Suspended anticipation

QUOTES

“If your going to send someone to save the world make sure they like it the way it is.” – Vin Deisel

“We didn't bother to compute the odds for our galaxy, because 0.15 percent seemed low enough.”
Krzysztof Stanek quote

“In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.” – William Blake

“The most sublime act is to set another before you.” – William Blake

"Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company." – Mark Twain

If you're going through hell, keep going. – Winston Churchill

Parting is all we know of heaven and all we need of hell. – Emily Dickenson

"The mind is its own place, and in itself, can make heaven of Hell, and a hell of Heaven." – John Milton

"How well I have learned that there is no fence to sit on between heaven and hell. There is a deep, wide gulf, a chasm, and in that chasm is no place for any man." – Johnny Cash