GNOSIS
Volume 2

Chapter 1 – commencing with … the Squabble

„A book in 10 days“ … I did not think it possible, at first, when this … idea … popped into my head. But then eventually more than just ten days had passed; And I was willing to assume that maybe there was something to it. And then it were pretty much ten days until I wrapped it up. And now we come to the second part.
Should I have wrapped it up where I did? Should I not have written Part 7? Was I misguided by my own idea, or some random fluke? Was it Prophecy? Or … should I have written it back when the idea popped into my head? So, did I wait for too long? Too much? Too little?

Well … I suppose it’s not much of a *book* at this point.
But this is what’s gotten into my head – what’s loosening my *tongue* – at this point.
So … that’s that.

Starting with something real. Something concurrent. „A book in 10 days“ – although it may just have been a brainfart. It got back into my mind – and I could not write about it but casually. It’s in my head – it puts me in the now – and doesn’t impose anything in terms of mystery or mysticism, comes with no demand to think or ponder the deeper truths of reality; And so this Chapter comes without the cognitive stasis of … that. Maybe to serve as commentary.
Was it neccessary? Was it helpful? I don’t know. It just happened. So, it was *possible*. Whatever *that* means. And I suppose I can see the good, or the need in it. At least if there so is an Extensive Introduction into a thing; It might be good to also have the thing. Although … I would take this way of thinking as a fragment of the unenlightened world I live in – which seemingly only exists to impose aggravating demands upon me.
„I shouldn’t express myself this way“ – well, which is exactly why it feels so good to do so!

Quite frankly: I don’t see a point to any of this. To me, doing any of this is just … I don’t know. A symptom of weakness I suppose. Or rather: A lack of motivation, a lack of goals, a lack of commitments – and so I’ll just do the next best thing. If I feel like it. And for all I care; That’s the trick!

For the last few days I’ve stepped back into the world of the living, at least a little; And already I’m discouraged again. The Alps are the hottest place in Europe right now, it is searing hot outside, *the Internet* … ugh, or what parts of it I tend to look at, is still full of garbage and opinions and interests that trigger an urge of defenestration within me; And thus, I presume, now count myself to *those* people. Those that I, just a few years ago, would look at with a bit of sadness and shock. Not that they had given up – although a part of them did.

What are we doing?
You see things unfold; You want to talk to someone in control, to change things, to steer things around; But what do You find?

I suppose that classically this is not a subject matter one would count unto the matters of Gnosis. But these days, if You asked me, Gnosis is the only thing that could help us band together against … whatever „that“ is. That what we find there. That which seems all too comical to be taken seriously. Too *idiotic* to be real. And under normal circumstances I would restrain myself from using words such as *idiot*, but … these aren’t normal circumstances and what word *should* I use? Previously, a few Years ago I would have looked at the American one; But nowadays we have our own – and I’m baffled by it. Like … how?
Regarding the American one there are reasons thrown about. „Personality Cult“, „Charisma“, „Brainrot“, … things that make it comprehensible how a Democracy could have produced that result. But yea, overall it’s just a game of whack-a-mole. They keep coming; Eventually You give up because You also still have *real life* to deal with; And that’s where they get You.
And it really all has a way of tickling out the worse in You.

And I don’t quite understand what I am still doing here. I’ve given up – and I suppose if enough of us do; There’s again hope … somehow … in that. To not participate in this nonsense and let the fools be fools.
It’s a nice fantasy; But in reality we all already have given up in one way or another; And that did not in fact lead to any kind of unity.

[Sigh].

Oh treacherous hope. Oh ye poor sheep.

For here is the problem as I see it: Anywhere, where people are seriously trying to do something good, to do the right thing; They will look for support – and there they will be, agents of demise, trying to inject themselves, to usurp, to distract, to sabotage. The idea, as good as it was or could have been, will then be lost. And the thing meant to proliferate co-operation and good spirits would then be a den to bicker and complain about anything good anyone might ever do.

And I don’t know what it is. I have my own ideas – and feel that they end up succumbing to just the same. But why? I wonder. Have You not listened? So I’m not sure anymore; What I was looking at; And assume I have to explain it all over again. Somehow my mind then gets lost in all that – and then, what’s left?

Abstract Art!

That’s what this is. Some maybe … . Some could be … . Some „yes, I can see it!“. Sure, practically it doesn’t really do anything … - and for so long *the cogs of my mind* also just wouldn’t turn for me to even have an idea regarding *what* to even write about. „Haven’t I written of it all already?“.

„Not like this!“ – „Not like that!“ – gnnnrr … whatever … „Just leave me in Peace then!“
Or talk to me like normal people!
„But no! You can’t write about it like this in a book that would assume the reader to be living long past Your lifetime!“. But I didn’t write of it in a book. I’m just saying. „But Say it like … in a book!“. JESUSHCHRIST … Can You believe it?!

This was not in vain – but in agony!

For I hold the sign! It is given to me as a part of my being. And should I be condemned to Yet another lifetime; You should be able to find me still! Should the need arise, or the will be given.
But so I had a dream – and it got me to think. Then I had another one – following the same tune. „I should write about it!“ I thought, but the spirit to do so eluded me. And just earlier I went to sleep; Woke up to images stirring thoughts entirely separate from those – but to comment on them made me think to comment on those; And so as guided through fate I am here to write about both.

The 40 Thugs

The first two, which here come as one, at first had me wake up on a desolate earth. As though mankind had long since perished – there were vast open landscapes with untended fields; And eventually I came upon an abandoned village. Over time more people came in; And we started to rebuild, settle and live. But as the dream came to its end – a pack of men, like 40 strong, came from over the hill; Bent on taking what we had thought to be ours – where we had been … together just more than 20.

And as I laid there waking I was disturbed by it. What could we do? What could be done? But to just leave it be …

In the next I found myself with some new-found friends. We were like four or five in total and found some decrepit place to call our own. We settled in, without much purpose but visions of

how to shape the place. Then woosh – things started to look good; But then also came an attention that seemed somewhat odd. First some mail – „how would it get here? Who knew I was there?“ – and then a familiar face. The one moment I was as I think I had been in the dream. Harshly rejecting their presence. But they then would cry, saddened and distrought, like „how could I be so mean?“. I softened up, welcomed them in – and in the next scene a whole crowd tagged along. At first it felt good – for just before the place was rather desolate and empty; And now full of life. Happy people. Jolly people. Friendly people. I walked around, saw some folks rummaging around the filled up pantry; But eventually some cracks started to show. The roof of the building was somewhat loose, some walls were missing. But the place was full, filled to the brim – and all they did was be there and talk. At some point I got tired; And looked for a place to rest. And then I came into what may have been the living room – and barely found a spot to lay down.

Thus, let me tell You now, here – in clarity and without prejudice: This is the thing to be avoided! And I see, for the dreams tell it clearly, that it may not be as simple as to „heed the Word“. But it is the very reason why I feel like ‚resistance with force‘ is an integral part of the equation.
And what other word now to use here, but „they“? „The Locusts“ – or „Alibaba and the 40 thugs“.

Consider it – and know that when I speak of Democracy; I don’t want the voice of the few be drowned out by the many. Eventually then, where Gnostic Unity is found, the true Home can finally be built. Where the few and many need not be at odds with one another.
For those who heed the word will find it – and they will know each other apart from „them“ – and that’s the first thing that I care about. But – sigh – how many obstacles are there that first have to be overcome?

The Bebop

What I woke up to this morning was more like simply a mood. Finding myself in a fictional place in a more or less distant future. I had a somewhat mundane Job – and from the looks of it I would spend most of my time in the darkness of my own privacy. But within this darkness, virtually speaking, were circles of Light. Places where I could go … and *be myself*.

And apart from what „the Locusts“ might say; I’m not comfortable with the idea of exposing all of our places to the public. Certainly not those where do as we might among ourselves. Where we have trust and familiarity. *Love* – perhaps.

For the public there is Church. And events perhaps. The exceptions – all things considered – for this is for those who are not yet a part of us. So let me – [*sigh, rolling with the eyes*] „again“ – introduce You to this thing I call:

The Monastery

The Monastery is the Headquarters of the Guardians. As simple as that. The Guardians are like Agents, Watchers, Caretakers … people dedicated to watch upon our Sacred Unity; Thus institutionalized and bestowed with privileges. They are there to tell who is a part of the whole and who isn’t. They are simply the logical consequence of this problem; And therefore the logical – and subsequently historical or traditional place for where the knowledge, the wisdom, the competence, the integrity and such, of these matters, reside.

Though the Priesthood would be found all throughout; And the means to Unification equally so; This is the backbone, the official ground zero, and the basis from which we can connect with those beyond our own. The critical part is to have one that is pure; Rather than one that is a den of thugs. And thus there is You!

For while the Guardians are there to say whether or not You are a part of the Whole; You are also there to say whether or not those who impose themselves as Guardians are worth the clothes that they wear. For once You heed the word – and You got baptized and have entered

the Ninedom – then You Yourself already are as much as a Guardian. This! Until You find a Monastery that is truly one; Where then You decide if You want to become a part of *it*, or not.

Then, Monastery to Monastery – the web can grow – and with it the parts that are connected with them. And if now two Guardians meet that cannot confirm one another; Then well … something is not right.

If You know Your Guardians, You know the fold. And from the fold, our own democracy will grow. And then, inevitably, at the end we find our leaders – from the whole – unto the whole.

If You however find Yourself a part of something; That talk of Gnosis, perhaps even my work, but make no motions for You to be unified – then You are being deceived; And You may easily tell by how it all comes together – and by what must logically follow.

For I'm the Exalted

Who can deny it? And on what grounds do they stand? Other than by *having*; Where I am but alone? „But why am I alone, with nothing?" I cry out to You, „is not what they have rightfully mine?". Maybe yes, maybe no. But to those who worship God; And pay their tithing in support of the whole; For the ministry of the Lord to be done; I should say: If it is MY God's, then it would also be mine! And would You now rather have thiefs come in and take it away?

„Nay!" they would say, speaking of human rights and laws. „Then Leave!" – I say, for it is not the House of God that You are worshiping in!

Would not *the first Monastery* be mine also?
At least: Where else should I be?

For yes: As we come together and start to invest, as resources flow in need of being managed – that's where the robbers would try to be – ready to speak lies of how the exalted are them, rather than me!

Yes they may ‚have' – and that makes it easy for them to speak of a home, of community and more. But now that every cent, every penny You give – is for the building of that; Which once is to be; And at some point was not!

So let it be me – I say, to watch over it. It's easier to say it so. You may do as You please; And You may trust that it will be good – with me or without. But why? I must wonder – do I need to be here, to argue with myself, justifying my own rejection? Is it not crazy? Is it not sad?

For where else would I be? For am I not HIS – and is HIS House not mine?

So why must I be bere; As cast out from my own Home? To then here find words that help You justify why it has to be so; Why we have to remain hidden; And the Light locked away.

But yes – sigh; All beginnings are difficult – a saying goes. „What if this?" – „What if that?". Like, is the Ninedom even real? Or does it not sow discomfort and mistrust? Yay, if it is a fluke, then we would accuse each other over nothing. But if it isn't – then who are You to speak of the Light when You Yourself did not receive it?
Is it just for self; Or do we connect? It is the last mystery, the one bridge yet to clear. And until then, Yea, even more … why cast me out? For if there is no such bridge in the first place … what else have You got?

Yes! A confused Prophet in deed. One supposed to talk to people who would in turn not talk to her! One who's left to guess as to what it is that people care about – while to her it comes as no surprise! For robbers have infested the domain – and unless You start to truly Care about the Light … the rule remains with those that came barging in with what had already been before!

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