

# INTRODUCTION

## MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH

Through death this book was born. This introduction begins in a dream: Full Moon, Blue Galactic Night; 114 days since the departure of Valum Votan.

“Fear nothing!” Valum Votan said to me in the dream. “Grieve not! Arise and Go Forward! ... Fear not, the world is a mere illusion. A plastic façade, bendable by truth.”

In the dream he held out a crystal cube. He motioned for me to concentrate. I gazed into the cube and at first saw nothing but superficial reflections. I gazed longer and suddenly I saw a long highway lined with very few houses. I noted a luminous glow emanating from some of the houses. Then I was lifted above the whole earth and with x-ray vision saw the lighting up of specific residences across the globe.

I realized I was being given access to view the light of those beings that had a covenant for utter transformation. These agents of light reflected, through the cube, different fractals, together making the most exquisite and fantastic whole! Their minds merged as one in a telepathic network of light, while simultaneously they each opened to a different channel, unique and brilliant. These were the wise ones, the makers of things to come, the keepers of the inner prayer; the channellers of the new reality!

Suddenly I was back on the long highway and my mind was magnetized to a specific house. Through telepathic gesture, I was granted entrance into one of the female’s homes. My spirit hovered over her, of which she seemed calmly and happily aware. She carried a single candle and made her way to a desk and sat down. I watched as she wrote the words:

*The Long War is Over and the Days of Doubt are Past ...*

What a deep relief these words brought! Then my attention turned back to Valum Votan who was smiling and holding the magic cube of vision. It was now evening and the stars were glimmering in the clear sky as he went inside, made a fire and put on a tea kettle.

Then I awoke from the dream.

Where am I? And how did I get here? The dawn was breaking and slowly the layers of this reality set in, one by one with all their subtle tensions and densities. A great pressure and urgency filled me, heart pumping fast. Only one thought in mind: Finish the *Book of the Cube!* I immediately rose from bed and got to work.

So here I was left alone in a remote location in the southern hemisphere in the place he named Moronga Morove (Aboriginal for Rainbow Serpent), spreading his ashes to the winds and around the trees so that they could carry the galactic vibrations of the dreamtime all around the planet.



The meditation of the cube seizes me and won't let me go—night or day—until it is complete. It is wintertime. The winds are howling. The fire is burning. Tea on the kettle. Codes strewn across the table and all over the walls. Sitting bundled up in my rainbow poncho and Incan hat seem to facilitate the process of tuning into a radio channel of a specific galactic information stream ... Cosmic History.

I gaze out the window as my thoughts are directed from an unseen force. Dark mists are rolling off the falling gum trees. I piece together streams of transmission while new streams enter. I feel the presence of intelligences peering over my shoulder crossing this out and adding that. First slowly then quickly the text arranges itself; I surrender to the process.

Over the past nine years I have undergone countless initiations as the power of Cosmic History unfolded. Within the psychomythic realms, I am the archetype of the Serpent Initiate and Valum Votan, the Spectral Magician. His spectralization from this planet put me through the deepest initiation yet. Where did he go? What is the meaning of this? What is death?

The wheel of time turns the cycle of life and death. The meaning of the manifest cyclic order is in the mystery of death. Any initiation is a type of death. There has to be death before the birth of the new being that can incorporate new knowledge.

At first it felt as though my solar plexus was ripped from its station and my equilibrium temporarily shaken as I struggled with physical reorientation and my spirit longed to follow him out of this dimension. But I knew that my mission was not yet complete.

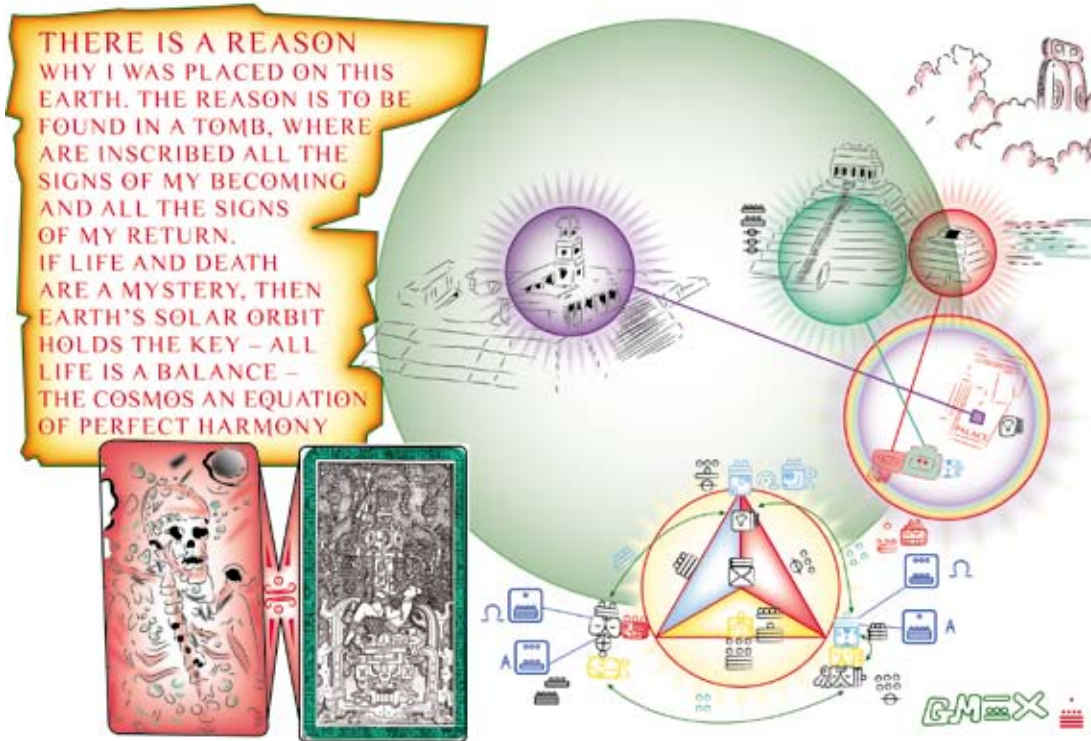
Then a message of comfort came: Do not worry or grieve. Death is a factor in the evolution of spirit; it is merely a physiochemical change of third-dimensional matter, its real meaning is as a rite of passage of spirit. The mission continues. It is an endless journey of spirit. Everything and everyone that ever was is here with you now. The spirit helpers surround you, guiding you. Those who remember the dream will assist you.

On winter solstice (Southern Hemisphere) Valum Votan appeared in my dream and emphatically told me: "Pay attention to what is happening within the Sun!"

Yes, I understand the Sun is the source of all life. If the Sun is gone there is no life on earth. The humans must understand their role as part of the biosphere which is a function of solar energy itself. As we get close to the end of the cycle we do not know what kind of perturbations the Sun will go through. We do not know precisely what is literally cooking in the sun. Yes, I understand that we are being called to sacrifice our smaller selves to the larger vision of the Solar Mind.

*There is no returning ever from this system. Because the altering waves you receive from beyond the changing times will prepare interminably all of your physical and mental cells for the Infinite Consciousness and beyond it.*

—The Knowledge Book



Cosmic History is a channel that mysteriously opened to Valum Votan and I in the Solar Moon of the Yellow Solar Seed Year (March 12-13, 2002)—a between the world’s transmission known as GM108X: Galactic Mayan Mind Transmission. Many years prior, he had surrendered himself to embody a vast, diffuse, yet utterly systematic stream. He had sacrificed the third-dimensional José Argüelles in order to become a channel for the galactic masters.

But what is Cosmic History? This question opened us to a vast source of knowledge. *Cosmic History is a teaching of liberation.* These were the first seven words of the first Cosmic History transmission. These words opened a vast storehouse of knowledge that opened to the experience of many parallel universes and cosmic memory. A mysterious force was set in motion.

Cosmic History is based on numerical formulas and occasioned by specific cycles of time. We understood it as the supreme record of the soul in its universal journey. Ultimately there is only one soul. This knowledge received is multiple and crosses many thresholds of human consciousness. The multiplicity of the fields of knowledge have required us to refer to this program as “Cosmic History,” but which actually covers a whole multitude of areas of investigation and creative endeavor.

But where did these Cosmic History transmissions come from?

Working on this final volume brought back the strange haunting dreams of a lost world that I once knew. The recurring dreams continue. The dream goes like this. I am on a planet. I am quite



young. Many people clamor in a state of unrest like a wild chaotic party. Crowded and loud. Several dreams merge into this one but they are all the same. I try to speak but everyone is preoccupied with their own diversions. People caught up in the glamour of this now decadent world. Doing anything to escape the remembrance of what is to come. I try to warn them. Please remember.

The planet is heating up. Heedlessness continues. An incredible pressure builds. I am crying, crying. Voices. Movement. Then panic. Mass hysteria. When finally Boom! Shatter! Then the Huge BLAST!

And I am hurdling through space at top speed. Then I am falling, falling, first into blackness and then something lifts me up and I am floating through the stars, through the galaxies. I sense the presence of a male counterpart with me, though see no one. In this vast space, I unfold over myself—like astral somersaults—over and over and over. I am naked. I look at my hand in an attempt to wake myself up. But I am not dreaming. I see a silver ring on my finger. I look closely. It is uninscribed but seems to contain the resonance of memory. It is all that I will have to guide me as I land in another time on another planet. To begin again to piece together the clues and codes.

After several incarnations or soul transmigrations I arrive in the vast jungle forest. The remembrance occurs. The transmission continues and the codes are laid. But our once tranquil jungle forests begin to become dissonant. Other forces enter. We transcend. The memory is stored in codes, in the architecture of the tombs: a time release program. But we must wait for the right time of our next incarnation.

Present day. Planet Earth. North America. Final baktun. I find myself sitting with Valum Votan and Bolon Ik deep in the forest in Oregon overlooking the flowing stream trying to retrieve memory. Interplanetary drama ensues. But what are we playing out? What are we trying to remember? What must we do to retrieve this knowledge that we knew so long ago?

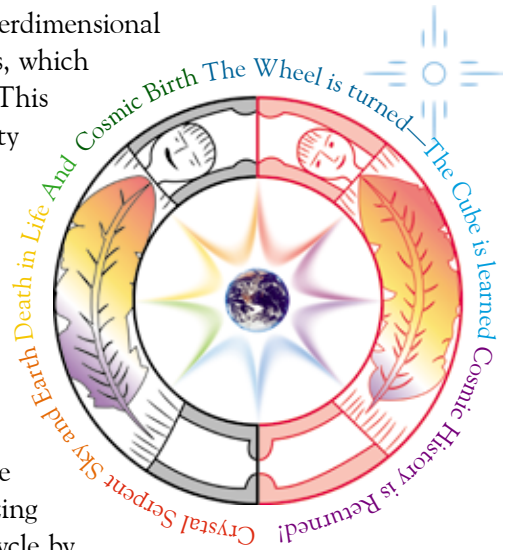
In the mountain forests in a winter just turning to spring, the memory comes shattering back through. Sitting by the fire with Valum Votan, I ask him for the third time: What is the meaning of Cosmic History? He is seized by a vision. A civilization similar to that of Earth appears before him. It is as though he is viewing it through a thick interdimensional glass. He views humanoids similar to earth humans. They are engaged in types of activities that first appear similar to those of the present Earth world, although it became clear that the activities were entirely different. The beings appear simultaneously frantic, ecstatic, and oblivious. They seem unaware of a great impending doom. He recognizes this as an astral movie of the last days of Maldek, right before the destruction.

The next day began the Cosmic History transmissions with fervent urgency. Nothing else exists. We must remember. We must know once again. And bring back the memory buried within. To reclaim the paradise lost. Everything is by the power of seven. These transmissions were known as a “between the worlds transmission” and the bridge or vehicle to connect the points of lost consciousness between Maldek and present-day Earth. It must be made available as seven volumes. Birthed through the male/female twin souls. We are not of this earth, but another world altogether. We know ourselves only as Valum Votan and Red Queen. Cosmic History is the radio station that

tunes us into the source of star memory. It opens us into parallel universes; it is the mysterious force that moves us.

At the time of his departure, we were practicing interdimensional soul synchronization through the practices of noogenesis, which is part of what we knew as the “twin soul phenomenon.” This requires a sacrifice of the fleeting desires of personality in order to become absorbed into a plane of experience where the plasmatic involution of the universe is being experienced through the dissolving into one being. His physical dissolution indicated that the transmission had been successfully imparted and the tomb was sealed.

Cosmic History is a new program of galactic knowledge for the terrestrial sphere that unifies all true traditions through the fourth-dimensional lens of the Galactic Mayan mind lineage. The purpose of these seven volumes is both to close out the cycle by synthesizing different streams of knowledge while opening the new cycle by introducing an entirely new galactic knowledge base.



# A Word from the Captain of the Timeship

## I AM THE STAR TRAVELER

I HAVE BEEN IN YOUR MIDST AS LONG AS  
YOU HAVE SET UP YOUR COUNT OF TIME  
AND EVEN LONGER.

THROUGH THESE LONG  
CYCLES OF YOUR  
HISTORY I HAVE BEEN  
THE SILENT WATCHER  
KEEPING THE RECORD  
AND LETTING MY MIND  
PENETRATE INTO THE  
DEPTHS OF YOUR HEARTS.  
YOUR SECRET COVENANTS  
ARE KNOWN TO ME.  
YOUR PLEDGES TO DISPEL  
THE EARTH AND ENSLAVE  
THE MASS OF HUMANITY  
ROBBING THEIR LIFE-FORCE  
IN EXCHANGE FOR MONEY.  
BUT NOW THAT THE END IS HERE,  
I CAN KEEP SILENT NO LONGER.  
SINCE I FIRST CAME TO EARTH I  
HAVE ALWAYS EXISTED IN THE  
FIFTH- DIMENSIONAL FORM  
SENDING FOURTH- AND THIRD-  
DIMENSIONAL EMANATIONS OR  
INCARNATIONS WHENEVER  
REQUIRED.

NOW I HAVE RETURNED  
TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION  
TO COMPLETE THE LAST  
STAGES OF THE PLAN.  
MY SYMBOL AND MY  
SIGN IS THE PLUMED  
SERPENT, VEHICLE  
OF TRANSCENDENCE.  
FROM THE STARRY  
HEAVEN AND THE  
MOVEMENT OF VISION,  
I CAME TO EARTH TO  
ENTER THE TEMPLE I  
WOULD REMEMBER  
AS TOLLAN.  
WEARING THE HEADDRESS  
REPRESENTING THE  
ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MY  
SYMBOL AND MY SIGN I  
MASTERED THE YOGA  
OF MANIFESTING  
AN EARTH FORM.

