Thank you for your interest.

This section is unfinished.

Like every human being on earth, I trace my ancestry to Africa, though I have lived most of my life in the USA. So You could say I am African American.

All my work since my teens has been to some extent autobiographical. In recent years my particular concerns are with the neglected, the very old and the very young, with animals and birds who live lives far from power and wealth. The nursery, the nursing home and the no man's land of nature are where I have been mostly occupied these last 5 or 10 years. I am interested in those which this society perceives as failures, outsiders, wasted or lost.

You can find various writings and paintings of biographical interest in these chapters, as follows:

For a general idea of who I am and a few places I have loved and lived see:
Here is a portrait of one of the most amazing, favorite people in the universe. My beloved daughter. She is shown with a father Pileated Woodpecker feeding his baby. She was born not too far from this place, which I call Heroes Wetland, not too far from Cleveland Ohio, where I have lived many years.

For a portrait of my wife and I in 2001 see

I spend allot of time these days caring for the very young and very old. It is hard work to care for those who need so much. Such work is usually done, in most societies, by women. As a man, I am lucky to have been able to do this work. I understand much more now what women must go through. I also understand much more now how patriarchy works and how important it is to oppose it, wherever it occurs.

For a few poems about my mother, who suffers from advanced Alzheimer's Disease and who I have cared for many years, see:
http://www.naturesrights.com/Portraits%20and%20Elegy%20about%20my%20mother.asp

Me Mom and my baby in Eureka, California, where we live.
Mom died May 23 2007
I wrote a poem about her death
see
http://www.naturesrights.com/Portraits%20and%20Elegy%20about%20my%20mother.asp

Self Portrait with Deer at Dawn
Frithjof Schuon: Child molestation and Obstruction of Justice

I have changed my mind and decided to put some of the evidence about the Schuon cult on the Internet. I have hesitated out of fear of the fact that the cult has maliciously prosecuted many of their critics in an effort to intimidate and silence freedom of speech. But I think it is important this information be made public at last. What follows are selections from research conducted by me over a seven year period, 1991-98. I quote materials that are copyrighted within the guidelines of US law which states that one may quote copyrighted material for "criticism", "comment" and as part of "research". The following is the result of research, and to criticize and comment. Much of the research was done by me during projects involved with getting my Master's Thesis in history completed. The following information was also gathered as part of an effort to build a legal case against members of the Schuon cult. I am not seeking now to pursue a legal remedy. I would much prefer a non-legal solution be found. The copyrights of the cult members do not supersede the right of the truth to be known, since the truth involves an obstruction of justice and the corruption of minors. Copyright law cannot be used to silence those with information about felony crimes and misdemeanors. Nor do copyrights of members of the cult constitute sufficient legal ground to stop public access to information germane to proving criminal and civil wrong doing. Everything I have written here is true to the best of my knowledge. If anyone can show me that what I have written is factually untrue, and their case seems reasonable and uninspired by the cults tendency to lie, fabricate and falsify I will accommodate what they say and change my text. Frithjof Schuon was the head of a religious cult centered in Bloomington, Indiana. He died on May 5th 1998. Some of Schuon's more well known disciples are Huston Smith, the author of The World's Religions; Joseph Epes Brown, the author of The Sacred Pipe, Hossein Nasr, Martin Lings and Rama Coomaraswamy. Schuon has, or had, four wives. Their names are Catherine Schuon, Barbara Perry, Sharlyn Romaine and Maude Murray. The latter, apparently, was "spiritually divorced" from Schuon and has been thrown out of the cult, as of 1995.

On October 11th 1991, Frithjof Schuon, the leader of an international religious order, was indicted on the felony charge of child molestation. committed under "cult pressure and influence". The indictment, passed down by a five member Grand Jury, headed by Lucy Cherbas, stated:

"that Frithjof Schuon... did perform fondling or touching [on three girls] 15 years of age, 14 years of age and 13 years of age, respectively, with the intent to arouse or satisfy sexual desires of Frithjof Schuon, in violation of I.C. 35-42 43. [And that] said persons were compelled to submit to touching by force or imminent threat of force, to wit: by undue cult influences and cult pressures, in violation of 35-42-4-8."

The case was mysteriously dropped, and the assistant prosecutor who handled the case, David Hunter, was fired. This despite the unanimous indictment of the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury tried to reconvene and investigate the head prosecutor, Robert Miller, because they suspected him of corruption on various grounds. Lucy Cherbas told me she hoped to reopen the case against Schuon: she was sure he was guilty. David Hunter claimed to me repeatedly that they case had been dropped for "political" reasons, and he said he suspected that the cult had engineered this behind the scenes, possibly through bribery. But let me make this clear. My effort was to expose Schuon as a fraud not to put him in jail. I was led to the child molestation charge by the prosecutor, the police Sargeant Richardson, Rama Coomaraswamy, Wolfgang Smith, Scott Whittaker, Mary Ann Dummer, my mother among others. Please notice that the Grand Jury thought there was enough to convict Schuon in 1991. That is not nothing... There is a lot more evidence now that there was in 1991. Schuon would be convicted of the crime were a case brought now and he were still alive. But again, to convict him was not my aim. I was...
concerned to expose a fraud. It is enough that he is known as a polygamist and a pretender and a man who abused his power, did harm to children and was not at all what he claimed to be. When I helped bring the case in 1991 I knew that the cult people would all lie in court. I knew I would probably lose. But I felt it was essential that Schuon be exposed and a court was the best way to do it. I knew the cult would attack me viciously and try to destroy my credibility. But I thought that by exposing this man I would help many people see through the lie of his claim to holiness. Many people did indeed leave the cult and Schuon is largely discredited now except among a shrinking circle of fanatical followers.

New evidence has been forthcoming since 1991. There is now enough evidence not only to prove that Schuon is guilty of the felony crime of child molestation but also that Michael Fitzgerald, Sharlyn Romaine, Michael Pollock, among others conspired to obstruct justice on Schuon's behalf and with Schuon's advice and encouragement. The purpose of airing this evidence is not to convict a dead man. But merely to supply history with a record of true events.

Molestation was not my main concern. Telling the truth was my main concern. This is reflected in the documents I have gathered. Yes there were young women molested by Schuon. As I show below, it has been proven beyond a reasonable doubt that Frithjof Schuon did molest or fondle inappropriately, a number of young women at Primordial Gatherings in 1991. What Schuon did was not a horrible thing in the sense that there was no penetration: he did not rape or murder anyone. Unable to get erections at age 84 he felt a need to press his penis against 30 or 40 women all of whom gave him their bodes in an act of worship and veneration for a man who had serious delusions of grandeur, delusions, moreover partly create and sustained by the very women who embraced him. It was a pathetic event, more than a terrible one. It is true that there was not sufficient evidence to convict him in 1991, but it is clear that there were young women who were molested in a cult environment, under cult pressure, and in order to fulfill the megalomaniac needs of a cult leader. The parents of these kids were complicit in corrupting their children. My concern was to be a witness about this. I was not out for revenge or motivated by malice, greed or any of the low and base motives attributed to me.

What follows is a small selection of some of the evidence for this case.

I recorded in a privately distributed book called "the Account", in 1991 the following description of the Primordial Gatherings, which are the private events or ceremonies in which the molestation of young girls occurred. I wrote:

"In the basement of Sharlyn Romaine's house there were] Indian singers singing Indian songs; Schuon, with genitals exposed, goes into the center of the Indian Lodge. The women circle around him clockwise, shoulder to shoulder. From the center towards the periphery, Schuon goes up to each woman in turn and gives them a kind of embrace, pressing his chest against the abdomen of the women. In another dance, he puts his hands around their hips and backsides. In yet another dance he sits on his bench to the side of the lodge and as the women circle the lodge, each woman, as she approaches a few feet from Schuon, directly in front of him, stops and does a 360 degree turn, giving him an opportunity to look each woman up and down, back and front".

Some of the people present at this event besides Schuon and his "wives", were Keith Arbogast and his wife, Stanley Jones, Roger Gaetani, Mr and Mrs, Furi, Hernan Cadavid and his wife, Jeffery Wilsey and his wife, Mr and Mrs Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Patrick Casey, Mark Perry and his wife, Michael Pollack and family, Barry and Rebecca MacDonald and many others, nearly all of whom live in Bloomington Indiana and are disciples of Schuon and members of his cult. You can see the compound like gated area where most of the cult resides by looking up the following address.

http://maps.yahoo.com/

Plug in Schuon's address: 3700 Inverness Farms Road, Bloomington, Indiana. (Most of these houses are in semi-proviate developments that extend the urban sprawl around Bloomington, some of them built by Michael Fitzgerald, a right-wing developer and disciple of Schuon, who is one of the financial engines behind the cult. Other companies in Bloomington that are run or related to members of the Schuon group are Consultech, Sunrise Publications, Lotus, Abodes and World Wisdom Books. These houses are decorated in what Schuon's third wife, Maude Murray, rightly called the excessive style of "spiritual materialism" that Schuon encouraged. Schuon originally designed wall paper for a living and never lost his need to do interior decoration. The cult members tended to follow his dictates as if he were Martha Stewart's effete twin brother. The large house next to Schuon's house is that of Stanley Jones where many of the gatherings occurred. But there were also gatherings at Fitzgerald's house, with is next to Jones house and at the McDonald's house, which is next to the Schuon's house on the opposite side. Sharlyn Romaine's house is next to Fitzgerald's house and that is where I saw Primordial Gatherings. The Primordial Gatherings described by me and others took place at different times and were observed by multiple witnesses in the houses of Jeffery and Deborah Wilsey, Barry MacDonald, Sharlyn Romaine and the Schuons.

Regarding Primordial Gatherings: Stefan Lambert, at the request of Aldo Vidali, wrote the following notorized affidavit describing these Primordial Gatherings on October 9, 1992:

"In June or July of 1991 while visiting Bloomington, Indiana, I was invited to several "Primordial" occasions initiated by Mr. Frithjof Schuon of Inverness Farms, in which the following was observed. In these gatherings both women and men appear semi-nude and dance alternately, although occasionally in mixed mode, to Plains Indians chants and drumming. The participants assume the configuration of a circle at the center of which stands Mr. Schuon in a semi-nude state crowned with a feathered war bonnet or a horned headress of one kind or another."  

"During the women's dance, Mr. Schuon invariably embraces each woman in turn encircling their upper bodies with his arms, momentarily pressing them to himself while the women's husbands (a minority of the women and of the men were unmarried) stood in an outer circle as spectators to this enactment. At no time during the occasion did Mr. Schuon extend his attention in any specific act or gesture of presumed "blessing" that may have been appropriate for the men's culture."

"In one small gathering of four couples which I attended, the women were completely nude and performed dances which were approximations of various Far and Middle Eastern dance forms. Then to popular East Indian devotional songs, Mr. Schuon -- standing as above described, but without American Indian vestimentary, rather in the presumed regalia of an East Indian "raja" -- embraced each woman in turn, pressing them to himself in full body contact by first clasping them about the upper torso and then about the buttocks."

Mr. Lambert also writes, in "my concrete experience in these occasions amounted to no more than a man indulging his taste for and preoccupation with women." He concludes, "I claim the right to make these judgments as one who has been closely and intimately associated with the group for more than twelve years, even at its upper echelons, and who has since severed all relations exactly because of the evidence of its spiritual bankruptcy and the consequent machinations that result to obscure this fact". Lambert and I have never spoken of these matters in any way, so our accounts and independent
corroborate each other, as regards the basic description of how the Primordial Gatherings are arranged and organized.

Directly corroborating both Lambert's and my accounts of Primordial Gatherings, is the account of Sharlyn Romaine, Schuon's forth "wife". In her Text "Veneration of the Shaykh", she states that in considering Schuon "one is faced with an Avatari phenomenon... with a prophetic figure with a spiritual manifestation of major import". After stating that members of the cult have an "obligation" to venerate Schuon she continues:

"What could be more natural and fitting than that this understanding and therefore veneration, be expressed in a manner corresponding to the eminence in question: and moreover, than that heaven itself would aid us in determining the manner of this darshan, as it has, in the beautifully and manifestly inspired ceremonies which are an aid in effectively conveying the guru's barakah, which is a marvelous gift of the spirit to his faithful disciples, infusing them with something of his very being, transmitted to the disciple in a manner more intimate and direct than words.

Romaine is using the word "darshan", which is a Hindu word that refers to the contemplation of a saint, in a way specifically adapted to the needs of the Schuon cult. When she says that Schuon's 'blessing' or 'barakah... "is transmitted to the disciple in a manner more intimate and direct than words", she is describing what happens at the Primordial Gatherings, confirming the descriptions of Lambert and myself. She is also describing the spiritual power which Schuon claims he derives from the Virgin Mary. Romaine used similar language in her Text, co-authored by Schuon, "The Message of the Icons", where she describes that "beginning with her adoption of our Shaykh... the Blessed Virgin has chosen a most intimate way of revealing herself. One could even say that she is her revelation... one is irresistibly attracted to her and she in return enters into one's heart, the viewer and the image are one". Schuon's body is supposed to be his revelation just as the nude virgin's body in Schuon's paintings of her is supposed to be her revelation. Schuon unites with the women at Primordial Gatherings, just as the virgin united with him in his vision. All this is nonsense of course, but this is how the cult justifies Schuon's bizarre and sexual rituals. This is implicitly an admission and description, phrased in the coded language of the cult, of the sexual nature of the Primordial Gatherings.

In the following quote, Maude Murray, Schuon's third wife, has written about the Primordial Gatherings, further shedding light on how they are organized and proceed. She is describing "secret" gatherings, which are more restricted than those I attended, at which 40 or more people were present. She writes as follows:

"at secret primordial Gatherings, no one was present but Schuon, Catherine Schuon, Sharlyn Romaine. Rebecca and Barry Macdonald, John Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Garcia Varela and Barbara Perry" [the 2nd 'wife']. The women were naked... the men wore loincloths, except for Schuon, who wore a 'free' loincloth, that is one... could often see him naked... Sharlyn did some lovely Hindu.. American Indian or Balinese [dances]. Rebecca would do a more static kind of belly dancing, emphasizing hips and stomach and breasts... Schuon would do the Primordial Dance... The only real objection anyone could make to these gatherings in my opinion, is that Sharlyn [Romaine] would sit for long periods with her legs apart and in front of the Shaykh who would meditate on this position with the rest of us present. Rebecca did this somewhat... too.

Jesus Garcia Varela, a high ranking inner circle member of the cult, had been investigated by the Louisville Police in 1991 for nude photos of his 2 young daughters. He escaped prosecution of this episode by claiming that it was a common practice in Spain to visually record a girl's puberty. This is an unlikely story and not why the photographs were taken. They were taken to accord with the fashion and imperatives of Schuon's doctrine of Sacred Nudity which was then reigning in the cult. Srg. Richardson told me that he felt that the Varela's daughters had been coached to lie to the police in Louisville. They also had been coached to lie to the Press. Murray admitted to me in 1991 that the Varela's lied to the Police. The same girls were coached to lie on T.V. about their involvement in Primordial Gatherings. All three of the girls, and some 20 or so cult members who testified before the Grand Jury for Schuon were coached by Fitzgerald, Romaine and others to lie. Maude Murray writes in a letter to me that the entire group "were told to lie" to the Grand Jury. It 's standard procedure in the cult to cover up facts compromising to the "hierarchy" of the cult. and to lie to outsiders and "profane" people about the nature of the cult and its activities. There are many documents where Schuon counsels cult members to dissemble and obscure their group affiliation. In Schuon's Memoirs he states that the "habit" of "dissimulation" developed early in his life.

On Dec. 4th, 1991, Dr. Ronald and Sarah Bodmer made out an affidavit in which they stated that they attended a gathering at the Schuon residence in the fall of 1989. "during which certain followres wore little costumes showing the inferior part of the women's sex and the superior part of the penis and scrotum of the men. The dance took place while Frithjof Schuon was watching. A thirteen to fourteen year old boy [the son of Michael Fitzgerald] was watching and so was little Mary Elizabeth Casey [then aged 3 or 4]": Bodmer claimed he had watched a Gathering at Jeffrey Willsey's house at which there was nudity and young children present. I wrote in my "Account" that Michael Fitzgerald's son was present at the Gatherings. Why didn't the Grand Jury take notice on this fact? The boy, then perhaps 14, had been made to watch his mother and her sister, Jennifer Casey, dance nude for Schuon at one of the Gatherings. Bodmer's evidence is direct evidence of the involvement of children in the Gatherings, as is my own.

Not only was the son of Michael Fitzgerald present at some of he gatherings, but the daughter of Roger Gaetani was also present. She was then 15 or 16. But Maude Murray has corroborated my evidence that she was present and must have embraced Schuon. Murray writes that at a Primordial Gathering: "I saw [Roger Gaetani's daughter] in the dance circle around the Shaykh... I do not recall seeing her hug him but she must have done so as all the women in the circle always did".

Aldo Vidali reports the following about this girl: "On March 4, 1989, I visited Frithjof Schuon... at his house at 3700 Inverness Farms Road Bloomington Indiana. I was received in the study upstairs. As we were talking there was the sudden entrance of [Gaetani's daughter], a fifteen year old daughter of members of the Schuon cult. She was completely nude."

There were other under-aged girls that at the gatherings and embraced by Schuon. I testified in Court in 1991, that I saw Schuon embrace the daughters of Mr and Mrs. Jesus Garcia Varela, and the daughter of Mr and Mrs. William Wroth. Schuon embraced these girls in the same manner he did the older women, about the torso and buttocks and in full body contact, pulling their bodies against his own, pressing his penis area against their pubis. They were part of a circle that included 15-20 nude and semi-nude women. Schuon was wearing what has been called a "free" loin cloth, which exposes Schuon's genitals when he moves. These events occurred on two separate occasions. I said in 1991 that I was sure that one of the occasions was May 17th 1991, the other was earlier in the year. March 27th. But I told the police that I was unsure of the earlier date. There were other alternative dates at which these girls might have been present. Murray writes me that my dates may have been mistaken. One of them may have been and i said so at the time. Murray writes me that on a different date, the events I described "certainly did" happen. In any case, I was not trying to prove the dates were correct, but that these events did indeed occur."
Murray admits that the young girls were involved in the gatherings but says a number of times that they wanted to do it and did it of their own volition. She concludes that Schuon is not responsible therefore. She writes for instance in an earlier letter that the involvement of the children, that "no one of us ever thought of [what] the legal age of a child is... Some of Schuon's disciples were apparently under this age and were present at [Primordial Gatherings] and wanted to hug him... it was their choice and their age was an accident". She blames it on the child by saying that "it was their choice" and excuses Schuon. This is typical of cults to blame their victims for harms actually committed by the cult leader. She goes on to explain that:

"when I was less than nine years old a friend of mine took me home and we children played naked in a shower with the naked father. I'd never seen a man stark naked and... Now, if I had a mean soul, I could very well have gotten that man accused of child abuse. It is very likely that he hugged me when he was completely naked -- but no one ever dreamt of protecting oneself from child abuse in a situation like that. This is very analogous to the Indian Day [Primordial Gatherings] in that all disciples and children of disciples are like the children of a spiritual master [Schuon]."

This is another direct admission of the involvement of children in the Primordial Gatherings. But Primordial gatherings are not the same thing as giving a child a bath or shower. Schuon's motive in these gatherings was power and self exaltation and he was using children to achieve this. The crime that Schuon committed against children was to subject them to his delusional spiritual control and cult pressure that - in the minds of the parents - had deprived them of their own bodies. The children in the abuse, the crime is primarily a crime of exploitation and power, which used sex as a pretext. The primordial Gatherings were not about sex, primarily, but about serving the power needs of Schuon. It is a crime, in other words, that is not only about sexuality but about Schuon whole philosophy and the cult he has created to embody his beliefs. Schuon's guilt of this crime, in other words, brings into question his entire philosophy, his 'system', and his cult. In another letter, Murray is somewhat more hesitant about admitting that the young girls embraced Schuon. She writes

"maybe, (I'm not sure) the Shaykh pressed some girl/women just below adult age -- to his bare chest. If he did (it is quite possible) then it was because many women wanted to be close to him and went up to him for this in a kind of dance. It is normal for women to want something like this in respect of a saint -- just as it is normal for girl children to hug a grown man. Even if I scour my conscience, I cannot attribute any blame to the Shaykh for this, no matter what the facts were.

If one reads this passage carefully, she begins with uncertainty as to whether or not Schuon did anything with underage girls. But by the end of the passage she not only implies that underage girls were involved, but that she cannot blame Schuon for it. These are important admissions of the involvement of underage girls in the gatherings, which, taken together supply direct evidence that corroborates mine, Bodmer's and Lambert's evidence. Murray admits that the that the cult lied uniformly to the Grand Jury about the charges against Schuon to cover up for Schuon. She writes: "The main disciples of Frithjof Schuon had to lie to protect him. Fine. But then they had to lie again -- and again... until finally everyone knew they were lying and no one could trust anyone to tell the truth" She goes on in the same letter to say that "some disciples of Frithjof Schuon -- having common sense -- lied a few times for good reason... there were lies in Court under oath and on T.V." It is clear she believes that the lies to the Grand Jury were justified. She writes that she does not blame the members of the cult for lying to "protect a saint". She reproaches them for continuing to lie after the initial lie. In any case, Murray's admission that they all lied in Court under oath is implicitly an admission of Schuon's guilt, but at the same time she cannot bring herself to question the righteousness of her cult leader, even though he has had many people lie under oath to protect him from prosecution for his crime. This is not usual that members of cults are unable to see the leaders culpability and wrongdoing even when it stares them in the face. Typically cult members who have been thrown out of a cult blame themselves and deny the depravity of the cult leader, even though it is obvious.

Murray also admits lying about Schuon's marriages: "there were many lies about these marriages... Everyone began to lie to freely about [the marriages] and also about little things- that I became quite alarmed. Also the disciples broke promises and made illegal financial deals such that I became more and more aware of the moral and spiritual degeneration of this group". She also tried to confront Schuon about his lies and complains that Schuon "refuses any comment about all the lying under oath and all of the illegal and inhuman things his disciples have been doing". She also admits:

"We lied in the hearing about polygamy and broke many legal rules to protect Mr. Schuon. Our lawyers cost us hundreds of thousands of dollars and we lied to them to... I had been told to lie as we all had".

In another letter Murray further admits, "there were lies under oath and on T.V. ...I lied too. The Jury knew we were lying -- they even knew we would lie before we got into the court room". Over twenty people were forced under cult influence, to lie to Grand jury under oath, to protect Schuon. Murray indicates that Michael Fitzgerald and Sharlyn Romaine orchestrated this conspiracy to obstruct and subvert justice. Murray gives evidence that helps to show that Schuon must also be implicated in this conspiracy to subvert justice. Murray claims that Schuon lied on TV and elsewhere. She writes that Schuon "lied pretty easily". "The Shaykh's idea was that telling the truth to shysters was stupid, unrealistic and moralistic". Schuon wrote a letter to a French man in 1991 which according to Murray "was full of lies... [and] was read and approved by the Shaykh in my presence". She repeats what she said in an earlier letter to me that "the Shaykh lies and has others lie quite easily". He lied in court under oath, lied to the Jury, and led a spiritual community in a very expensive lawsuit that was won, but with a substrata of lies". Murray reveals that Michael Fitzgerald "took charge" of the cult in 1991, and on Schuon's behalf, orchestrated a conspiracy to subvert justice. In a film she made
for Schuon called "Colors of Light", she reports that Michael Fitzgerald, "took charge" and "led the entire group to lie in court under oath...and to our lawyers" to protect Schuon against the charge of child molestation. She also claims that Schuon's 4th wife, Sharlyn Romaine, assisted Fitzgerald in the obstruction of justice. She writes that Romaine "engineered this thing... which was for lying to the court". Murray says of Romaine, who is Schuon's 4th wife that "I actually think she would murder someone if he [Schuon] gave the slightest reason for it". In 1991 the case against Schuon was mysteriously dropped because justice had been obstructed, against the will of the Grand Jury, who correctly tried to oppose the dropping of the charges. It is now clear and can be proven, I believe, that Schuon, Fitzgerald and Romaine and perhaps others led the cult in a conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Murray claims that evidence was "fabricated" by Fitzgerald and others in order to get Schuon off the hook. Murray writes that Fitzgerald, who has been the principle mind behind the obstruction of justice, claims to be a lawyer, but, she also claims he "was disbarred in Colorado for trickery and income tax evasion". Schuon is dead now and so cannot be prosecuted, but Fitzgerald, Romaine and perhaps Pollock, as well as the parents of the children involved could be charged with the conspiracy to obstruct Justice. If this is not possible or desirable, then at the very least the truth should be disseminated about this cult. Acting on Schuon's behalf, Fitzgerald, Romaine and Pollock are ultimately responsible.

Beginning in 1992 Fitzgerald, Romaine, Pollock and other members of the inner circle of the cult initiated lawsuits that extended the effort to subvert justice by actively seeking to legally persecute, maliciously and without cause. those who have tried to tell the truth about Schuon. They tried, and failed to initiate lawsuits against me for copyright infringement. In 1992 they began a series of 3 malicious lawsuits against Aldo Vidali clearly intended to bankrupt and ruin him. Vidali writes that he "was disbarred in Colorado for trickery and income tax evasion". Schuon is dead now and so cannot be prosecuted, but Fitzgerald, Romaine and perhaps Pollock, as well as the parents of the children involved could be charged with the conspiracy to obstruct Justice. If this is not possible or desirable, then at the very least the truth should be disseminated about this cult. Acting on Schuon's behalf, Fitzgerald, Romaine and Pollock are ultimately responsible.

The cult has sued most of the people that have sought to provide evidence of their corruption. Maude Murray was sued by the cult on various pretexts as well. They forced her to sign confidentiality agreements to prevent her from using their names in public, denying her freedom of speech. They also sued and muzzled Rama Coomarawamy for sending nude pictures of Schuon around, as well as nude photos of Schuon about to have sexual union with the nude Virgin Mary. As guilty parties, they are paranoid of any mention of their names in public. . The new evidence indicates that members of the Schuon cult conspired to subvert and obstruct justice on Schuon's behalf. What subverted justice in 1991 was ability of Michael Fitzgerald and other members of Schuon's dangerous organization to use their considerable financial and legal resources to harass, subvert justice and maliciously prosecute anyone who questions the cult leader or his representatives. The cult has lied about these events and promoted Schuon under false pretences for years. This needs to be widely known. It needs to be known that now there is enough evidence to show that Schuon was guilty, his writing and art hide corruption behind it, and his cult was a dangerous organization that should be avoided at all costs.

There were many victims of this cult, but all those who have been hurt can take solace in the fact that the truth about this man will become known. Many people helped me to put all this information together. To them go the praise and thanks

**Note in 2007**

I wrote the above in 1998. It was put up on a French web site for 7 or 8 years. My essays were taken off this site a year or two ago, at my request. In any case, after nine years no one has ever successfully disputed any of the the evidence presented here. It is true and represents many witnesses besides myself, all of whom recorded their testimony independently of the others. The Schuon cult tries to paint the picture of an elaborate conspiracy against them. Actually those against them have merely told the truth about them, separately and without conspiracy. Their paranoia comes from thier constant need to lie and dissimulate. They merely accuse others of that which they are guilty.

Mark Sedgwick published a book in 2004, Against the Modern World, which advanced the thesis, partly derived from my work and conversations with me, that traditionalism is a a far right movement with some relation to post World War II fascism, but that it is not a fascist movement per se, but a far right form of spirituality--- a sort of "spiritual fascism". I write about this in this essay


Sedgwick wrote me in 2004 that both he and his publisher, Oxford, were threatened by the Schuon cult with legal harassment. Rather than face the mafioso tactics thrown at him by the Schuon cult, Sedgwick's backed down and published a rather weak assessment of Schuon's, polygamous activities, criminal actions, visions of nude Virgins and delusions of grandeur. But despite that the book has some merit as an expose of the reactionary spirituality of the traditionalists. You can see reviews of Mark's book here

[http://www.aucegypt.edu/faculty/sedgwick/against.html](http://www.aucegypt.edu/faculty/sedgwick/against.html)

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**Evidence 2 :**

**Primordial Gatherings and Schuon's books:**

Schuon's Vision of the Virgin is one source, and perhaps the most important source, of his belief that he is a manifestation of

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the Logos or a prophet, avatar or a man "not like other men". It took me about a year to find out about this vision. It was consistently portrayed to me as an important mystery, the deepest secret of the brotherhood, and I wanted to know what the vision actually portrayed. My interest was not in the sexual content of the vision, but rather to know what this man, Schuon, consistently portrayed to me as an important mystery, the deepest secret of the brotherhood, and I wanted to know what the Logos or a prophet, avatar or a man "not like other men". It took me about a year to find out about this vision. It was understood if one can gain access to Schuon's paintings, which picture him with the nude virgin Mary behind him, with her genitals shaved, about to give him her sex. The result of this vision is described by Schuon in his Memoirs as follows: "If one wants to know if he is guilty or not guilty of the crimes for which he is accused, one should read his writings about them. I cannot be exhaustive here, so what follows represents only a selection.

Schuon said that if one wants to know if he is guilty or not guilty of the crimes for which he is accused, one should read his books. In 1991, at the time that Lambert and I witnessed the events described, Schuon wrote articles which describe his view of Primordial Gatherings. In the writings from 1990-91 Schuon describes himself and his role in the Primordial Gatherings, in slightly veiled prose, as the "deified man, who is therefore the chosen vessel of God on earth. Therefore, Schuon can press his naked, or near naked, body against the holy women, so that it is the chosen vessel of God on earth. Therefore, Schuon can press his naked, or near naked, body against the holy women, so that it is the chosen vessel of God on earth."

As will be noticed, Schuon is here describing in his usual abstract and coded language the circling of the women and his "union" with them in the Gatherings. The "union" Schuon describes here is described by Romaine as "more intimate than any other union described in the literature of his vision."

In a footnote to this passage, Schuon speaks of the unveiling of the Queen of Sheba and of the Virgin Mary. The virgin's veil "could be called 'Solomonian' or 'Krishnaite'. The Prophet, that is Schuon himself, has the ability to find the Liberating and beatific essence."

"The movement is circular like the revolution of the planets: another example is the Sun Dance around a tree representing the axis 'heaven-earth'; the movement is alternatively centripetal and centrifugal like the phases of respiration, which takes us back to the dance of the gopis with its two modes of circumambulation and union, precisely. (The Play of Masks pg. 42)"

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In another book Schuon points out the Arabic word for "mercy" has its root in the word 'rahim" which means womb, and this corroborates the interpretation of Rahmah [mercy] as Divine Femininity. "This relates back again to Schuon's vision of the Virgin mercifully comforting him with her sexual parts. But it also relates to the Primordial Gatherings. Schuon speaks elsewhere of "the Divine Beauty manifested in earthly beauties". The essence of the 'prophet' has a feature, which Schuon writes, "could be called 'Solomonian' or 'Krishnaite'. The Prophet, that is Schuon himself, has the ability to find the Liberating and beatific essence."
naked body, against under-aged girls in the Primordial Gatherings because Schuon's desire is god's desire and he is Primordially innocent, even if he breaks the law. Schuon can do this, he thinks, because the women are not women, but examples of Divine Femininity. Their individuality, and thus their human rights, are dissolved in abstraction or essentializations. They are reduced merely to archetypes or symbols. Schuon exploits real women by ignoring their reality and seeing them only as symbols. This is a pathology of a remorseless psychopath.

The purpose of the Primordial Gatherings is to join Schuon, who is the Logos and the Holy Spirit to the 'Divine Feminine'. All of this is supposed to result in "healing" and "salvation" for those who embrace Schuon. In the words of one of the cult's songs, Schuon is the "All - Holy" and the "All Holy is a healing for the wombs". In the words of the second wife, Barbara Perry this means that, "the radiation of the Avatariic body (i.e. Schuon's body) heals the wombs", and she interprets the word "wombs" to mean "souls". This peculiar hierarchical and demeaning attitude towards women as being merely manifestations of "archetypes" and thus only secondarily individuals with rights, is explained by Schuon as follows:

"A distinction should be made between a polygamy in which several women keep their personality, and a princely pantogamy on which a multitude of women represent femininity in a quasi impersonal manner; the latter would be an affront to the dignity of human persons if it were not founded on the idea that a given bridegroom is situated at the summit of human kind. Pantogamy is possible because Krishna is Vishnu, because David and Solomon are prophets...It could also be said that innumerable and anonymous harem has a function analogous to that of an imperial throne adorned with precious stones; A function that is analogous, but not identical, for the throne made of human substance - the harem, that is - indicates in an eminently more direct and concrete manner the real of borrowed divinity of the monarch.(Esoterism. pg 133) (emphasis mine)"

In other words, in Schuon's mind the Primordial Gatherings in which he treats the women as a harem is "not an affront to the dignity of persons" because he is "situated at the summit of human kind". The women in the gatherings are like a "throne made of human substance", an especially disgusting image, recalling Nazi lampshades made of human skin. Schuon is a "monarch" as he claims in other documents and the harem of dehumanized women is suppose to prove his divinity. He reduces women to the image of a "throne made of human substance" in order to exalt himself. He claims to be the "summit of the human species" and arrogate himself the rights of a tyrant who can turn people into objects to glorify himself. Schuon continues the above passage by saying that his own preferences are not indicated by what he has written, but this is merely an evasion or the result of what calls in his Memoirs, his "inevitable and habitual dissimulation" which he was forced to practice from an early age. Memoirs, pg 50) In other words, its the world's fault that Schuon lies, since he is the last great prophet. Being perfect, "in every respect", any blame attached to him must belong to someone else. Anyone who criticizes him is therefore and axiomatically guilty. "The Fuehrer is always right", it was said of Hitler. Schuon claims to be infallible on almost everything too. For Schuon, there are no real women, there are only symbols of women, and women in fact are embodiments of Schuon himself, in disguise. As he says, "the opposite sex is only a symbol, the true center is hidden in ourselves, in the heart intellect" (Essential Writings pg.394) Schuon's theory of sexuality is hierarchical. The deified man has sexual rights the "ordinary man" does not have. Schuon has four wives and a harem in Primordial Gatherings and he can do this because he is a monarch and an Avatara. I am dwelling on this because to prove the legal case against Schuon, it must be proven that he pressed himself against young girls to satisfy his desires. To prove this, one must enter into the fantasy world where Schuon's desires cannot be like other men's because he is "not a man like other men".

Schuon has publicly denied that he has had any desires. He said, in a public relations video, made by inner circle members, Michael Pollock and Michel Fitzgerald, that "it is psychologically impossible that a man like me could have a passionate pleasure", and he says soon thereafter, "to ask if I am guilty or not is a waste of time... read my books, look at my books to see if I am guilty or not". Yes. Read Schuon's books carefully and you will see that this is a man with serious delusions of grandeur. Schuon's sexuality was closely connected to his delusions of his own magnificence. It is this that made him able to violate the human rights women and young girls and this that enabled him to counsel members of his cult to obstruct justice and he to a Grand Jury.

This is exactly the point: Schuon's books indicate he is guilty.

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French Translation of the above essay

Les Assemblées Primordiales et les Ecrits de Frithjof Schuon.

La Vision de la Vierge de Schuon est une source, et peut-être la plus importante, de sa croyance qu’il est une manifestation du Logos ou un prophète, avatara, ou encore un homme "différent des autres hommes".

Cela n’a pas plus d’un avantage que l’on ne me parle de cette vision. On me la présentait systématiquement comme un mystère important, le secret le plus profond de la fraternité, et je voulais savoir ce qu’était vraiment cette vision. Mon intérêt ne se portait pas vers le contenu sexuel de cette vision, mais plutôt vers ce que cet homme, Schuon, qui devait être mon maître spirituel, était réellement. D’autres membres de la secte m’avaient rempli la tête avec des superlatifs concernant la grandeur de Schuon. En devenant plus sceptique, je voulais apprendre la
vérité concernant cet homme. Maude Murray, troisième épouse de Schuon, m'a donné des explications. Schuon ne définit pas le contenu précis de sa vision dans ses Mémoires. Il dit seulement que la Vierge Marie l'a "approché intérieurement sous une forme féminine" et que "la consolation jaillissait de la féminité primordiale". Il conclut en disant "qu'il ne serait pas décent d'en dire plus". Il y a beaucoup d'autres références à cette vision dans ses écrits, je les ai consignées ailleurs. Mais la vision elle-même est comprise le plus clairement si l'on a accès aux tableaux de Schuon qui le représentent avec la Vierge Marie nue derrière lui, les poils de son pubis rasés, prête à lui offrir son sexe. Le résultat de cette vision est décrit par Schuon dans ses Mémoires de la façon suivante: "En route vers le Maroc en 1965, souffrant d'asthme et malade à en mourir - ceci par certaines causes d'ordre moral - il y eut à bord du navire... un contact bénin avec la Céleste Vierge. Et ceci eut pour résultat immédiat le besoin presque irrésistible d'être nu comme son petit enfant; depuis cet événement je marchais nu tant que possible, en fait, presque tout le temps... c'était comme si le contact avec la Vierge avait sanctifié mon corps... Quelques années plus tard - pendant l'été de 1973 - ce mystère me visita encore une fois, et cela en connexion avec la conscience irrésistible que je n'étais pas un être humain comme les autres... il faut distinguer, dans l'homme sanctifié, les enseignements de la Vérité et une radiation qui émane du corps; et ceci est applicable à tous les degrés de participation au Logos."

(Extrait de l'essai "La Nudité sacrée" qui fait partie de ses Mémoires.)

Le besoin de Schuon d'être nu le plus souvent possible est à la base de sa création des Assemblées Primordiales, pendant lesquelles il essayait d'amener les membres de sa secte à l'imiter et à le confirmer dans sa folie de son importance transcendante. Il serait utile d'ajouter aux preuves concernant les Assemblées Primordiales des preuves issues des écrits de Schuon lui-même à leur sujet. Je ne peux pas être exhaustif ici, donc je ne présente qu'une sélection.

Schuon a dit que si l'on voulait savoir s'il était coupable ou non des crimes dont on l'a accusé, il fallait lire ses livres. En 1991, lorsque Lambert et moi étions témoins des événements décrits, Schuon écrivait des articles qui décrivent son opinion concernant les Assemblées Primordiales. Dans ses écrits de 1990-1991 Schuon se décrit lui-même et son rôle dans les Assemblées Primordiales, en prose à peine voilée, comme "l'homme déifié, qui se trouve donc au centre... par rapport à la multitude des hommes ordinaires. Les 'croyants' sont comme les gopis dansant autour de Krishna et s'unissant à lui, pendant que lui, le 'moteur immobile', joue de sa flûte salvatrice." Le symbolisme sexuel de la 'flûte salvatrice' n'est pas très difficile à reconnaître, ni la référence à la définition Aristotélicienne de Dieu comme 'moteur
immobile'. Il dit que les gopis s'unissent à Krishna, et c'est une référence à ce que Schuon fait avec les femmes lors des Assemblées Primordiales. Fentendais régulièrement la conversation de Schuon en 1991 et il élaborait ces analogies des Assemblées Primordiales avec ses épouses, en particulier avec Murray et Romaine. Dans le même essai, dans une note, Schuon compare les Assemblées Primordiales implicitement avec les circumambulations des pèlerins autour de la Kaaba à la Mecque, qui, prétend-il, s'effectuaient originellement nu. Ils continue en multipliant les analogies, comme pour épuiser toutes les possibilités de s'exalter lui-même et son rituel Primordial au-delà de toute limite.

"Le mouvement est circulaire comme l'est la trajectoire des planètes; un autre exemple est la Danse du Soleil autour d'un arbre représentant l'axe entre le Ciel et la Terre; le mouvement est alternativement centripète et centrifuge comme les phases de la respiration, qui nous ramènent à la danse des gopis, avec ses deux modes de circumambulation et d'union, précisément." (Le Jeu des Masques, p. 42.)

On remarquera que Schuon décrit ici dans le langage abstrait et codé qui lui est habituel, le cercle des femmes et son "union" avec elles lors des Assemblées. Cette "union" décrite ici par Schuon est décrite par Romaine comme étant "intime au-delà de toute description verbale". Dans le même livre, Schuon remarque que "la sexualité est déterminée par le [un mot manque] qui constitue la prérogative masculine comme l'atteste la forme théomorphe de son corps." (Ibid. p. 49). Il continue, dans le même passage, en disant que "le corps humain lui-même, non sous quelque forme diminuée, est un symbole-sacrement parce qu'il est fait à l'image de Dieu: c'est pourquoi il est l'objet par excellence de l'amour. Le corps invite à l'adoration par sa forme théomorphe elle-même, et voilà pourquoi il peut être le véhicule d'une présence céleste qui est salvatrice en principe." (Ibid. p. 89.) Schuon établit ici une notion hiérarchique des corps, le sien, bien sûr, étant un "véhicule supérieur "d'une présence céleste", et non un corps "sous une forme diminuée". Lors des Assemblées Primordiales Schuon croit qu'il offre le salut aux femmes en les embrassant avec son "corps théomorphe". Tout ceci semble très logique à Schuon et aux membres de la secte, qui d'une façon ou d'une autre se convainquent que cet homme âgé est réellement le "Centre en tant que tel", comme Krishna, la Kaaba, le soleil au milieu du système solaire, l'arbre de la Danse du Soleil et d'autres superlatifs.

Le style de l'écriture de Schuon cache sa vie personnelle derrière des abstractions chargées et des généralités étincelantes. Je sais que les passages cités se rapportent à des développements spécifiques pendant l'histoire des Assemblées Primordiales parce que j'étais là-bas, et parce que j'ai discuté de ces choses avec ses épouses. On m'a dit que les
Assemblées Primordiales remontent aux années 1950 pour leur forme la plus rudimentaire, mais les références antérieures aux Assemblées Primordiales sont obscures par manque de références personnelles. Les références antérieures aux Assemblées Primordiales sont moins grandioses quoiqu'elles tendent déjà à la grandeur délirante des années plus récentes. On peut reconnaître les rationalisations habituelles de la "sexualité primordiale" dans l'extrait suivant, écrit pendant les années 1970:

"La Femme est dévoilée - dans certains droits ou dans certaines danses rituelles - avec le but d'opérer une sorte de magie analogique, le dévoilement de la beauté par une vibration érotique évoquant, comme un catalyseur, la révélation de l'essence libératrice et béatifique."

Dans une note auprès de ce passage, Schuon parle du dévoilement de la Reine de Saba et de la Vierge Marie. Le voile de la vierge "s'ouvre par compassion". (L'Ésotérisme comme principe et comme voie", p. 61-62.) ceci est une référence évidente à la vision de la Vierge de Schuon. Dans un autre livre Schuon remarque que le mot Arabe pour "compassion" a pour racine le mot "rahim", "qui signifie utérus, ce qui confirme l'interprétation de Rahmah [compassion] comme Féminité Divine." Ceci se rapporte encore à la vision de Schuon de la Vierge qui le réconforte par compassion en employant ses organes sexuels. Mais cela se rapporte aussi aux Assemblées Primordiales. Schuon parle ailleurs de "la Beauté Divine manifestée dans les beautés terrestres." L'essence du "prophète" est une propriété qui, dit Schuon, "pourrait être qualiﬁée de 'Salomonienne' ou de 'Krishaïte'." Le Prophète, c'est-à-dire Schuon lui-même, a le pouvoir de trouver i "concrètement dans la femme tous les aspects de la Divinité Féminine... l'expérience sensorielle qui, chez l'homme ordinaire, produit un gonflement de l'égo, actualise, chez l'homme 'déifié', l'extinction dans le Soi Divin. (En face de l'Absolu, p. 221)."

En d'autres mots, les femmes ne sont que des symboles et le désir sexuel mène un homme comme Schuon aux symboles de dieu, puisque le désir de Schuon n'est pas comme le désir des autres hommes, puisqu'il n'est "pas un homme comme les autres." (Mémoires.) De même, lorsqu'il désire une femme, ce n'est pas un acte ordinaire puisqu'il n'est pas un homme ordinaire, mais un "homme déifié". La sexualité de Schuon prouve à lui-même son importance transcendantale. Il est au-délà de toutes les lois, et est le vaisseau élu de Dieu sur terre. Donc, Schuon peut presser son corps nu, ou presque nu, contre des filles mineures lors des Assemblées Primordiales parce que le désir de Schuon est le désir de Dieu et qu'il est primordialement innocent, même s'il désobéit aux lois. Schuon peut faire ceci, pense-t-il, parce que les femmes ne sont pas des femmes,
mais des exemples de la Féminité Divine. Leur individualité, et donc leurs droits humains, se trouvent dissous dans l'abstraction et dans les essentialisations. Elles se trouvent réduites à des archétypes ou symboles. Schuon exploite des femmes réelles en ignorant leur réalité et en les voyant comme des symboles. Le but des Assemblées Primordiales est de joindre Schuon, qui est le Logos et le Saint-Esprit, à la "Féminité Divine". Tout ceci devrait produire la "guérison" et le "salut". En citant les paroles d'un des chants de la secte, Schuon est le "Tout-Saint", et le "Tout-Saint est une guérison pour les utérus" [a healing for the wombs]. En empruntant les mots de sa deuxième épouse, Barbara Perry, ceci signifie que "la radiation du corps Avatarique (c-a-d celui de Schuon) guérit les utérus" et elle interprète le mot "utérus" par "âmes". Cette attitude spécifiquement hiérarchique et méprisante envers les femmes, assimilées à des archétypes et donc seulement accessoirement des individus avec des droits, est expliquée par Schuon de la façon suivante:

"Il faut distinguer entre la polygamie où plusieurs femmes gardent leur personnalité, et une "pantogamie" princière où une multitude de femmes représentent la féminité de façon quasiment impersonnelle; celle-ci serait un affront à la dignité humaine si elle n'était pas fondée sur l'idée qu'un mari donné est situé au sommet de l'espèce humaine. La pantogamie est possible parce que Krishna est Vishnu, parce que David et Salomon sont des prophètes... On pourrait aussi dire que le harem innombrable et anonymes a une fonction semblable à celle d'un trône impérial décoré de pierres précieuses; une fonction qui est analogue, mais non identique, car le trône de chair humaine, le harem, indique d'une façon éminemment plus directe et plus concrète la divinité réelle ou empruntée du monarque. (Ésotérisme, p. 133.)

En d'autres termes, dans l'esprit de Schuon les Assemblées Primordiales où il emploie des femmes comme un harem ne sont pas "un affront à la dignité humaine" parce qu'il est "situé au sommet de l'espèce humaine." Les femmes dans les Assemblées sont comme un "trône de chair humaine," une métaphore particulièrement dégoûtante, qui rappelle les abat-jours de peau humaine des Nazis. Schuon est un "monarque", comme il le prétend dans d'autres documents, et le harem de femmes déshumanisées doit prouver sa divinité. Il réduit les femmes à ne servir que de "trône de chair humaine" afin de s'exalter lui-même. Il prétend être "le sommet de l'espèce humaine" et s'arroge des droits tyranniques qui peuvent transformer des gens en objets et qui doivent le glorifier lui-même. Schuon continue le passage cité en disant que ses écrits n'indiquent pas ses propres préférences, mais ceci n'est qu'évasion, ou le résultat de ce qu'il appelle dans ses Mémoires sa "dissimulation..."
inévitable et habituelle", qu'il a été forcé de pratiquer dès son plus jeune âge. (Mémoires, p. 50.) En d'autres termes, c'est la faute du monde que Schuon ment, parce qu'il est le dernier grand prophète. Étant parfait, "à tout point", toute faute doit nécessairement appartenir à quelqu'un d'autre. Toute personne qui le critique est donc axiomatiquement coupable.

"Le Führer a toujours raison" disait-on d'Hitler. Schuon aussi prétend à l'infaillibilité dans presque tous les domaines. Pour Schuon, il n'y a pas de vraies femmes, il n'y a que des symboles de femmes, et les femmes sont en fait des incarnations de Schuon lui-même, en déguisement. Il it que "le sexe opposé n'est qu'un symbole, le centre véritable est caché en nous-mêmes, dans le coeur intellect." (Écrits essentiels, p. 394.)

La théorie sexuelle de Schuon est hiérarchique. L'homme déifié a des droits sexuels dont l'"homme ordinaire" ne jouit pas. Schuon a quatre femmes et un harem dans les Assemblées Primordiales, et il peut faire tout ça parce qu'il est monarque et un Avatara. Je souligne ceci parce que pour établir un dossier légal contre Schuon il faut prouver qu'il s'est pressé contre de très jeunes filles pour satisfaire ses désirs. Pour prouver ceci, il faut entrer dans le monde fantasmatique où les désirs de Schuon ne peuvent être comme ceux des autres hommes parce qu'il n'est pas "un homme comme les autres".

Schuon a nié publiquement d'avoir eu des désirs quelconques. Il a dit, dans une vidéo de relations publiques tournée par des membres du cercle intérieur, Michael Pollock et Michel Fitzgerald, qu'"il était psychologiquement impossible qu'un homme comme moi pût avoir un plaisir passionnel", et il dit peu après "c'est une perte de temps que de me demander si je suis coupable ou non... lisez mes livres, regardez mes livres pour voir si je suis coupable ou non." Oui. Lisez soigneusement les livres de Schuon et vous verrez que c'est un homme souffrant de folie des grandeurs. Voilà ce qui l'a fait violer les droits humains de femmes et de jeunes filles, et voilà ce qui lui a permis de conseiller aux membres de sa secte de faire obstruction à la justice et de mentir à un Grand Jury.

Voilà exactement où j'en voulais venir: les livres de Schuon indiquent qu'il est coupable.
WRITINGS ON KNOWLEDGE/POWER AND MYTH

By Mark Koslow

This section of the website is unfinished and in process more chapters to follow. These writing were done between 1992 and 1998, roughly. These writings are explorative and are concerned mostly with areas that relate in one way or another to human rights. After 1997 I became much more concerned with nature's rights, and a sort of citizen science akin to social history. I am not done editing most of these. So there are many mistakes and things in need of correction. Please forgive these and notify me if there are errors of fact.

Various Historical Studies of Knowledge and Power

Deconstructing the Great Books

Inside out of Plato's Cave

St John and Apocalyptic Gnosticism

The Transition from Medieval to Modern and the Role of the Eucharist

Christianity, Cannibalism and Capitalism

(Toward and Anthropology of Knowledge/Power)

Empire of the Intellect and Its Victims

(This is a book length work, about 290 pages)

Unraveling Sufism and other Transcendentalist Chimeras

(Vision fo the Veil)

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Traditionalism, Spiritual Fascism and the Pathology of Power

1. THE INSANITY OF RELIGION:
Spiritual Fascism of Rene Guenon and His Followers

2. Black Elk, Joseph Epes Brown and the Schuon cult

3. The Emperor's New Clothes
   a. Frithjof Schuon's Primordial Gatherings (short version)
   b. Sexual Delusions of Grandeur: Photos of Frithjof Schuon
   c. Frithjof Schuon: Evidence of the Cult leader
   d. Frithjof Schuon's Primordial Gatherings (long version)

Heidegger with the Nazis

(see essay above on Rene Guenon for a short discussion of Heidegger and Nazism)

LINKS

Two of the best writers unafraid to employ critical thinking towards right wing traditionalisms of various kinds are Victor and Victoria Trimondi see their site at:
http://www.iivs.de/~iivs01311/index.html
Portraits of My Mother

Me, Mom and my baby

Barbara E. Gormley Koslow Davis
(June 24, 1925- May 23 2007)

My Mom died in Eureka, California on Weds. May 23, at 10:15. She stopped eating and drinking 5 days before she died. My wife and I spent most of her last days with her and helped her through the difficult last hours when she was having trouble breathing and threw up blood. She was peaceful at the very end, as her breath slowed and then softly stopped and she let go. But the doctor was mistaken to say she left us "so peacefully". The last 5 days of her life was a horror. We had 'Hospice' help us and unlike the some of the nursing home staff, they were warm. The female chaplain did not mind being kind and loving to a couple of compassionate atheists like my wife and I. She helped care for the baby as Barbara was in her last hours. That was very kind indeed. We flew back to Cleveland with Mom's ashes and buried her next to my Dad.

It was the end of years of loving care of her, as she declined into the complications and losses of Alzheimer's. It was very hard on me, the caretaker, but I did the best I could. I would say it was one of the hardest things I ever did to care for Mom when she had this disease. Yet it was deeply satisfying. I am proud to have cared for her, perhaps because it was difficult, but also because I loved her. Her death was profoundly moving experience. It was so beautiful to be with her in her last moments, to cry over her going, and to hold her in her final suffering. It was very upsetting of course, but I was glad to be there for her. She was deeply loved as she parted from life. No, let me correct that, she did not "part" form life, as if there were something that continued into another life. Her death convinced me that there is no life after death and that this is a good thing. We are here on earth to live on earth. There are no gods: It is up to us. There is no life after death: it is this life alone that matters. To be with Mom as she died was to honor her life and to share her final moments in profound intimacy. To share in someone's death is one of the most intimate events possible in our animal lives. I know this form spending the final hours with dying animals, as my mom's cat, who become my cat, had died a few weeks before Mom. I shared Mom's last breaths with her. I felt the last of the warmth leave her body as she ended her existence as a living being and returned to matter. I watched her legs turn purple. It was not a spiritual experience but a profoundly earthly one.

I kissed her face all over as she breathed her last breaths. She was profoundly important to my life and I shall always miss her.
What follows is the poem I read over her grave which I wrote in the nearly two weeks after her death in California and the burial of her ashes in Ohio.

Elegy for Mom

Part 1
(Mom speaking)

Goodbye air, goodbye breathing,
Goodbye mouth gasping for breath,
Goodbye blood thrown up on the sheet
Goodbye son hovering over me
Wishing I would not die.
Goodbye living, goodbye life
Goodbye to the front tooth I lost as a girl
Goodbye to my first white dress
And the low cut red dress I wore for my husband
that hung in the closet for 30 years.
Goodbye to the flowery red Moo-moo
I wore during the years I was pregnant
when I had my last baby in 1960.
Goodbye Wellesley College
and red lipstick and fingernail polish and
high heels and politics.
I loved talking about politics.
Goodbye to roses and azaleas
and all the gardens my green fingers loved.
Goodbye favorite couch
Where I tucked my legs under me
and read so many good books.
Goodbye consciousness and existence.
Goodbye to the kittens for whom I made
labyrinths out of books when I was a kid.
Goodbye Mei Lin, my favorite cat,
who died the day of the seizure I had two weeks ago.
My brain is collapsing from within
and I'm sliding into absence.
Goodbye all the men who loved me
Clay Ragsdale and Dave Davis and Chuck
Goodbye especially to Jerry Koslow,
the one I loved the most
Who I lie next to in death.
Goodbye dawn and Long Island
And memory and the day I met Jerry
at a basketball game when I was 14
and we went to Scoops soda shop
and I loved him my whole life long.
Goodbye to his blue eyes and our children
And all the days I was lonely or happy
Or lost in my mind to a disease
I never knew the name of.
Goodbye to the oak trees I loved
and had to cut down in the front yard
and our dear white dog and
Goodbye pain and sunlight
and my hazel eyes.
Goodbye everything and everyone
and silent stars and the rarity of breathable air.
This precious life breathing out
with this my last breath.
my last hour, my last minute
this is all the life there is, this last hour last minute
my breath slowing to a stop.
Goodbye earth and
goodbye dear son who watched out for me
so long, so long
so long Mom.

Part 2 (me talking)

Goodbye mother, Mom,
my oldest dearest friend.
Goodbye to your cold forehead
---my warm hand looks so red
strok ing your blue forehead--
as you lay under
a white blanket in the funeral home.
I bought flowers for you and put them on your chest
but they are too bright against the chalky pallor of your skin.
I miss your living skin
and I am sorry of the crystals on your forehead
since they just took you out of the funeral home freezer.
Goodbye Mom.
Goodbye to helping you walk so painfully
down those nursing home halls
---so many nursing homes---
where I visited daily,
and all the dear drained faces of the other patients,
some of them loved you
even though you did not know--- or did you?---
and the underpaid aides who also loved you
despite your illness,
al said how special you were.
Goodbye unsanitary halls
and sagging heads in wheel chairs
and waiting for nothing and neglect.
Goodbye Alzheimer’s and Nursing Home accountants
who exploited your weakness.
Goodbye good and bad doctors and nurses
and health care that doesn’t care
and stole your money and your carpets
and left you with nothing but a sheet
to burn you in a cardboard box in a crematorium
and never came to visit you when you needed it most.

Goodbye mother,
34 years since the love of your life died in 1973.
24 years since you lost your second husband
And gave up on men, fearful of another death.
“I just can’t go through it again” you said
Goodbye Mom, who wanted to die so long
she learned to love life and
held to it with so much will
who wanted us to help her walk---
just a few weeks ago---
the two of us holding her under the arms.
Goodbye to her eyes and holding her hands
and rubbing her shoulders
wheeling her wheelchair
outside to sit with flowers
and sun on her face---
and how happy she was eating a chocolate-chip cookie,
the baby laughing beside her.
And all the days I pressed my forehead against hers
And she shook her hands with glee,
when she heard me say
"Mom, its me, Mark"
---when she was no longer able to see-----
and I insisted
" there was still a person in there"
hardly anyone else seemed to recognize her, as she lost the ability to talk and walk and I fought dragons for her right to be a person, to keep her alive---- fought dragons to stop those who tried to harm her and I who don’t believe in dragons fought them day after day for 7 years, without hope of thanks or treasure but because I loved her.

Goodbye Mom, from your son who you breastfed And introduced to the universe And for whom you made sandwiches wrapped in the the waxed paper of the wonders of childhood and brown paper bags carried with a love of life you gave me. And how many times you defended me and stood up for me and helped me though school and never asked me to say thank you or asked for the same in return. How gladly you gave and how I gave back and how good it was to have this love that was simple and mutual.

Goodbye Mom, who didn’t want to die as you died and whose eyes went blind while still seeing and whose hand reached for me out of death and held on to mine and I held on as long as I could. Goodbye Barbara Who only days ago reached out for your granddaughter’s cheek and touched it with the tenderness of the red roses petals you loved Goodbye Mom, whose hand reached for me out of death and I held on and didn’t want to let go and your breath slowed down and suddenly your last breath, in and then out and you were no more you simply stopped and I kiss your face all over. I kiss your face, I kiss your face.

June 2007

Factory Farming Our Elders
Mom's death on Weds. May 23, at 10:15 was the culmination of years of caring for her. She stopped eating and drinking 5 days before she died. My wife and I spent most of her last days with her and helped her through the difficult last hours, just as we had helped her though the years before. The progress of her Alzheimer's was made considerably harder by their negligent care and we bravely faced each crisis that was created by the nursing home industry. It was not easy and took a huge toll on us both emotionally and financially. But we went though it because of this woman who we cared about daily. She had always been good to us, and was part of our little family. I would say we went though hell for her, but I don't believe in hell. We went though the "hell" that humans create in their greed and malice.

A recent essay published in the the New York Times) "At Many Homes, More Profit and Less Nursing" September 23, 2007) talks about corporate nursing homes and how they exploit elders by cutting back on staff and nurses and providing less care. The article points out how Warburg Pincus and the Carlyle Group bought out Habana Health care in Tampa, Florida---- as well as 49 other nursing homes---- and proceeded to cut out nurses and cut back on help and food and other services. The article states that at least 15 people died at Habana due to negligent care, according the the families of those who died. In addition,

"Last year, Formation sold Habana and 185 other facilities General Electric for $1.4 billion. A prominent nursing home industry analyst, Steve Monroe, estimates that Formation's and its co-investors' gains from that sale were more than $500 million in just four years."

This sort of corporate analysis is interesting and shows the corruption at the top. Exploiting and killing old people is very profitable. But it doesn't tell us much about the real suffering that corporate greed causes at the bottom, namely to the people who have to live in these nursing homes. I do not approach this subject merely as an academic writing an essay about a social trend, but as a son whose mother was abused by this system. My individual struggle was not an abstract struggle for "social justice" but an actual struggle to keep my mother from getting scabies again, or having her head bloodied or broken in yet another fall onto the unsanitary floors of a dirty nursing home. It was a five year struggle that I often lost. Only my wife helped me and at the end no one said thank you.

I cared for my mother in various nursing homes for the last 5 years and for some years at her house prior to that. One of the worst was the one where she died: Pacific Healthcare, in Eureka California, which is owned by Skilled Healthcare Inc. They own over one hundred homes. They try milk profits for investors by cutting back on nurses, aides and whatever else they can take from patients to give to stockholders. It is the usual strategy.

Mom's suffering was deep and long and profound. I learned how horrible and exploitive the care of the elderly is in this county. For five years I had to fight, almost daily, for mom's right to dignity. They overmedicated her, to the point of utter apathy and inaction, forcing her to be wheel chaired. They over medicated her with other drugs, causing falls. One such fall resulted in her hospitalization. I fought to get her off those medications. Later she had another fall caused by neglect. They simply did not have enough staff to watch the patients, many of them with advanced diseases and dementia, so they neglected to buckle mom's waist belt in the chair. By this time she could no longer walk or talk and she was unable to stand on her own, so by leaving her unbuckled they left neglected care that they knew she needed and she fall out of the chair strait onto her face. She had a stroke and could not use left hand much less her two hands together to do anything, much less undo a buckle, but the nursing home director said she took the buckle off herself. They lied to prevent a lawsuit. If I could have I would have sued them. Here is a photo of her after this fall, in the fall of 2006, which resulted in her being unable to open her
is a photo of her after this fall. She still was unable to open her eyes for a few days due to the blood that pooled around her eyes making them black.

On another occasion the nursing home took her off medications too fast, causing a sudden crash in blood pressure. Again she had to be hospitalized.

Twice they gave her scabies, a horrible skin parasite, twice. Both times they treated her for scabies on my request but denied that she had them but the scabies went away. They did not want it known the home is infected with scabies, so they treated it but denied she had it.

I had to struggle to be sure her diapers were changed. I often had to help change her because if I didn't it would not happen. I knew that if I did not visit her nearly everyday her care would deteriorate even further than the abysmal care she received with my careful monitoring of how she was treated.

We should all be ashamed of how the elderly are treated, but few are willing to look at the truth about it. She was a good person who cared about people who do not have power, which is most of us. She was very smart and well read and loved gardens, animals, art and music. I miss her conversation. She was a joy to talk to. She graduated summa cum laude from Wellesley College, gave birth to six kids and had two husbands. She needed me and I cared for her and I will miss caring for her. I loved her deeply. Before she died I kissed her face and hands and told...
will miss caring for her. I loved her deeply, before she died I kissed her face and hands and told her how much I loved her. My wife did that too and she was surrounded with love. I don't think I'll ever quite get over her loss.

In the course of caring for her I learned all about the nursing care industry. I have learned enough, in fact, to conclude one thing: The nursing care industry needs to be abolished and rebuilt from_the ground up, it is the most corrupt and unethical system I have ever witnessed.

The care of the elderly in the United States is not dissimilar to the meat industry, the chicken or cattle industry. They are all organized on the same corporate principles of efficiency and deflecting risks onto the innocent. The corporation that exploits the elderly do all that they can to cut costs in order to serve stockholders profits at the expense of the elders they claim to care for. They cut costs by medicating patients into an oblivious state so they can hire fewer aides and nurses and thus make greater profits. They even encourage aides not to come in, because they make money when aides don't show up to work. It is not a care "industry" at all, but an industry that does all it can to avoid caring for their patients, while charging them as much money as possible. In the meat industry the risks and expenses are put on the land, the pig, chicken or cattle. Excrement is spread into rivers or on farm land, causing damage to ecologies. In the elder factories called nursing homes, the risk and expenses are put onto the patients themselves or their families. The patients suffer from various forms of neglect. The lives of the elderly are preserved as long as possible so they can continue to bring in money for the Corporate officers. The family of patients are expected to pay out the nose, and when they family is bankrupt the government is supposed to pay the exorbitant costs for substandard care. My mother's care cost 4500 to 5500 dollars a month, on average. In 3 years her fortune of over 300,000 dollars went into the hands of various corporations.

The aides that actually took care of mom on a daily basis were over worked and pay low wages, 8 dollars an hour being an average, which is not even a living wage. So what nursing homes do is they underpay workers, and give patients bad, cheap food. The cut costs everywhere they can, always in their interests and not in the interests of patients. The patients get substandard care, The one watchdog is the federal government, which restricts and regulates the homes in various ways. But the fines are so little they are not a deterrent to continued abuses. The "homes" go ahead causing bed sores, causing patients to fall due to overuse of chemical restraints, or other forms of negligence…..

I did everything I could to defend my mother against this unjust system of care. What happens is that I would call the Ombudsman after Mom fell or after the scabies outbreak--- every state requires there be an Ombudsman to field complaints about nursing homes--- but the ombudsman does nothing, or they call the state Medicare agents who watch nursing homes, but they don't do anything either. They go out to the nursing home and investigate but the nursing home knows so well how to cover up and lie in concert, nothing is learned, nothing discovered, no real evidence is gathered. I went through this process repeatedly, but got no real help. So I wrote poems about Mom's hardships and her death, as follows.

This problems is so deep that only a huge systemic change would address it. Abstract talk about social justice and "parecon" just doesn't touch the facts of what real people suffer in nursing homes. Few people want to hear about the problem much less organize to deal with it. It is not a sexy leftist cause like opposing Bush's war or cheerleading for Hugo Chavez or complaining about democrats, however worthy these pursuits might be. In my experience, no one wants to take care of the elderly, especially if they have a dementia like Alzheimer's. No one wants to deal with the fact that these people lie in their own excrement and get diseases from other patients because sanitation is so bad in these places. So the result is that the state allows abuse on a huge and national level, but local DA's will not touch it, Medicare does the absolute minimum to protect these people, and business has found multiple ways to skirt the law and neglect and abuse these people to their profit. In my personal experience nursing home industry gets protection from Medicare/Medicaid. So government is allowing the abuse and fleecing of America's elders.

But maybe poetry and photography says more than academic prose to protest this issue. Here is a poem I wrote about my mother while she was in the nursing home.

**WHISPERING TEAR**
She is locked inside this mirthless house
her life is loss, lost mind and home
lost her two spouses.
I alone am witness to the gruesome ways
her dignity is abused, day after day.
All her life savings gained fair and square
did not go for her bad life care.
did not go for her bodily care
with all her money gone and nothing to show
but an empty mind
she is exploited by nursing home CEO's
who commit the legalized crime
of stealing from the innocently sick--
stealing wax from the candle's wick--
and suck from these elders unjust wealth
and leave them bloodless and steal their health
and ride the freeway in a velvet Mercedes
while in her wheelchair she sits in feces.
The Nursing Home smells like shit
but everyone pretends not to notice it.
Cared for by Mexican aides who are afraid to say
what really goes on, put upon,
overworked, given little pay
exploited by a system
that profits from bedsores
and cares little if they fall
on the shiny floored halls
and break their hips or crack their heads.
If patients are dead
the CEO's can't collect Medicare
so they keep them barely alive
deny that scabies are everywhere.
And so long as no courts are notified
or they are sued because the patient died
they cover up, neglect, ignore the gloom,
pretend life is a suburban family room.
Happy Acres, Sunset Home,
palsied hands, skin and bone
Peonies, Roses and Begonias
all is a pose
to hide the preventable pneumonia,
dripping from my mother's nose.

My mother's head sinks in her hands like an old shoe
Her lost thoughts do not know what to do
the idea of going from her mind is gone
She sits without knowing why she longs
for what she cannot begin to say.
Her hands are not sure where they should move
Her face seems inside a plastic glove
they use to clean up her smelly mess.
Its such a shame they cannot guess
what a wonderful person once there was
her mind wrapped in layers of gauze
who now in a wheelchair sits
prone to panic and speechless fits
drugged for the convenience of the nursing staff
she has forgotten how to laugh,
how to cry,
how to know
what is high, what is low
her mind is a silence filled with racket
and kept in a chemical straitjacket
restrained even from expressing her pain
she does not remember how to speak my name.
She knows my hands by how they touch her face
and her hand in my hand I let her place
a hint of the person who once was free
but now is a whispering tear of memory.

2006
Below is an earlier poem about my mother, who I cared for on a daily basis and who had advanced Alzheimer's disease, written in 2002.

The painting goes with the poem, as will be clear if you read the whole poem.
My mother loved the sea
Especially the Atlantic off the Long Island of her childhood
but the Pacific too, wild and rockier.

Blowing sand in the dune grass
and the cry of white gulls
across the blue horizon
her lonely heart sought a land of love
even as she longed for the sea.

When she was a child, she said,
her father hovered near her
when she waded into the waves
and her brother told her too,
"Don't go out too far"-----
I stood watch over her too, in my turn
as she waded out too far
into the waters of dementia
and held her back with loving hands
giving her a few extra years of Freedom.
Those who should have thanked me
for the care of her
never did
and the ocean began to close over her head,
the day her four ungrateful children
seized her from her house
and began drowning her in nursing homes
with chemical lobotomies.
I have been trying to hold the ocean back ever since,
But the waters begin to overwhelm her
Her eyes murky with medications
and her speech like talk underwater.
She is suffocating under their "care"
And I am trying to give her air.

They hired medieval doctors in modern white coats
full of their own 'expertise' and so 'up to date',
who apply chemical leeches to her brain
in an effort to bleed her back to health.
The nursing home 'industry' corrals her into
a pretty prison for human cattle.
They prefer their patients drugged into oblivion
easier to 'manage', they say,
and have destroyed her personality
while they take all her money
and keep her penned with other living corpses
wandering the halls aimlessly
looking for their lost homes
and homelessly stripped of their dignity.
Someday their stories will be told
in narratives like victims of the slave trade
and the abuse of the elderly for profit
will return to haunt
the houses of the greedy and ungrateful.

Imagine, what kind of people
want to drown their own mother
in a sea of drugs?
Are these the same people---
of the same mentality---
that drown the earth in chemicals?
These are the people that harm animals
these are the people that hurt the innocent.
I have no relation to them-----
they are none of me.
They knocked her down.
They knocked her down like an animal in the road and I alone see the panic in her eyes like a wounded deer run down and I run my fingers through her hair and hold her head against my heart. I've done all I can to stop them.

Imagine stealing your own mother's heart and leaving her alone to wander in her own lost mind voiceless as a ghost with no hands. They are already counting her money and sift through her objects planning for the day she dies.

A True Romantic, she lived for love, like "Moonlight Serenade", Frank Sinatra, The swing of Benny Goodman, and the songs of Nat King Cole and Harry Belafonte.

If she weren't so shy, she might have been a singer because she has a good voice. She was smart too, smarter than her two husbands But she suppressed it As many women of that time did.

Her grandfather wrote a book about important "colored" people in 1933. "Who's Who in Colored America", He traveled all over the south, on trains, talking to the people, gathering information. Far ahead of his time, and her brother loved Jazz and philosophy and both had a spark of their grandfathers forward seeing humanity.

I admired her concern for social justice education and democracy And how she would stand firm Against the most repressive republicans. I loved her liberal and caring spirit her acceptance of not always following rules, her generosity her feisty refusal to submit her love of animals and her regard for the weak. Whatever her faults, and there were a few. She was one of those rare things A good hearted human being.

A large part of her died when my father died. That was 1973 And I thought the ocean would overtake her then But she fought her way out of it. and I helped her. It took her years to recover. I was left to care for her grief when her second husband died too since her other children mostly ignored or abandoned her. Once again she fought back the invading sea.

Some who I knew criticized me for loving her too much But I will never apologize for loving her good heart, her generous mind and her love of love and life. She was not only capable of exalted ecstasy but of the deepest grief.
but of the deepest grief
and in a culture that cultivates
drugging the range of human feeling
I loved her wide scope and ability to ride
the troughs and crests.
Besides, she lost her husbands,
she was alone, and I felt compassion for her.

Even when I moved away for a few years
I did not leave her
and missing her conversation
called her often.
She was not just my mother
but a friend of my heart
A lifetime companion.
We loved and cared for the same white dog
And she stood by me
When I was attacked
And faced my sufferings with me.
I faced her sufferings too
and learned how to soften her grief
making some peace with her sorrows.
She never quite got over the loss
of the man she loved
and the ungrateful neglect
of some of her other children,
especially the cruel malice
of her oldest and youngest sons
and the happy-face hypocrisy
of her daughters
who smiled sweetly as they betrayed her.

She loved gardens
And gave me a love of plants
And put a little green in my fingers
Teaching my hands the feel of soil.
When my father died
She condemned roses
And I doubted she would ever regain
The gardeners joy in life.
But it returned.

I stayed with Mom and Mother earth
And my siblings resented it.
She gave me the gift or understanding
and they hated what I came to know.
She gave me gifts and I gave her time
Lots of time and attention
running my fingers through her hair
caring for her as she lost her mind.
I became virtual father to the earth that bore me
caretaker of the ground from which I came.
They were jealous of the garden we made.
They were lost in
a landscape they did not understand.
They were lost to me, and to her
and they put her in a chemical straitjacket
so she couldn’t feel flower petals anymore
or even recognize my face.
I now clutch flowers alone and
hold bird feathers to my eyelids for comfort.
I dream I see her flying
and I see her good heart
still glittering behind
her vacant and wounded eyes.

Imagine stealing your own mother’s heart
and leaving her alone
to wander lost from her mind.
to wander lost from her mind
voiceless as a ghost with no hands.
I have become the memory of her broken heart
I am the hope of all that she loved.

Blowing sand in the dune grass
and the cry of white gulls
across the blue horizon
her lonely heart sought a land of love
even as she longed for the sea.

My mother helped me to weave
a coat of Many Colors,
not like the one Joseph wore,
in the Bible,
not ponderous with Patriarchy,
and religious delusions,
but a simple garment I wear my heart in,
made of the light of soft sunrises
and evening primrose.
It is a coat of earthy rainbows
the color of hummingbirds,
green transparencies,
an abalone shell,
and a white dog turned pale blue
by twilight.
My siblings hated the coat
and wanted to destroy it—
jealous as Joseph's brothers.
If I can help it
I will not let them bloody it,
or throw me in a well.
And if I can
I will drag her from the waters
they are trying to drown her in
and let her stand on the shore
holding an abalone shell
if only for a little while longer
so she can see the sea
from a clear distance,
once again.