



Extraterrestrials known as the **Weavers**



Extraterrestrial known as **Aesop**



The **contextual field** is associated with the collective mind and moves in a clockwise motion around the earth.

This field is connected to the extraterrestrials I refer to as the **Weavers**.



The **conceptual field** is associated with the collective imagination and moves in a counterclockwise motion around the earth.

This field is connected to the extraterrestrial I refer to as **Aesop**.





The Dance of Time and Space

This image depicts both the **contextual field** moving clockwise and the **conceptual field** moving counterclockwise and their position relative to earth.

The Contextual Field

- 1) The contextual field is fundamental to and inseparable from the collective mind.
- 2) The contextual field is associated with time and moves in a clockwise motion around the earth.
- 3) It is a matrix. However, it is naught comprised of 1's and 0's.
- 4) It is comprised of the alphabet and contains the song of every word ever written.
- 5) The closest words I have come across to describe this matrix would be the **akashic records**.

Characteristics of the contextual field moving clockwise

Time
Masculine
Mind/Linear
Metamorphic
Vivid
Language
Story
Everything

[Religion]

The Conceptual Field

- 1) The conceptual field is fundamental to and inseparable from the collective imagination.
- 2) The conceptual field is associated with space and moves in a counterclockwise motion around the earth.
- 3) It is the template that holds the contextual field in place.
- 4) It is a creatrix
- 5) My nickname for this field is **The Land of Myth and Naught**.
- 6) The conceptual field is also known by indigenous cultures as simply *The Dream of The World*.
- 7) It is sentient.

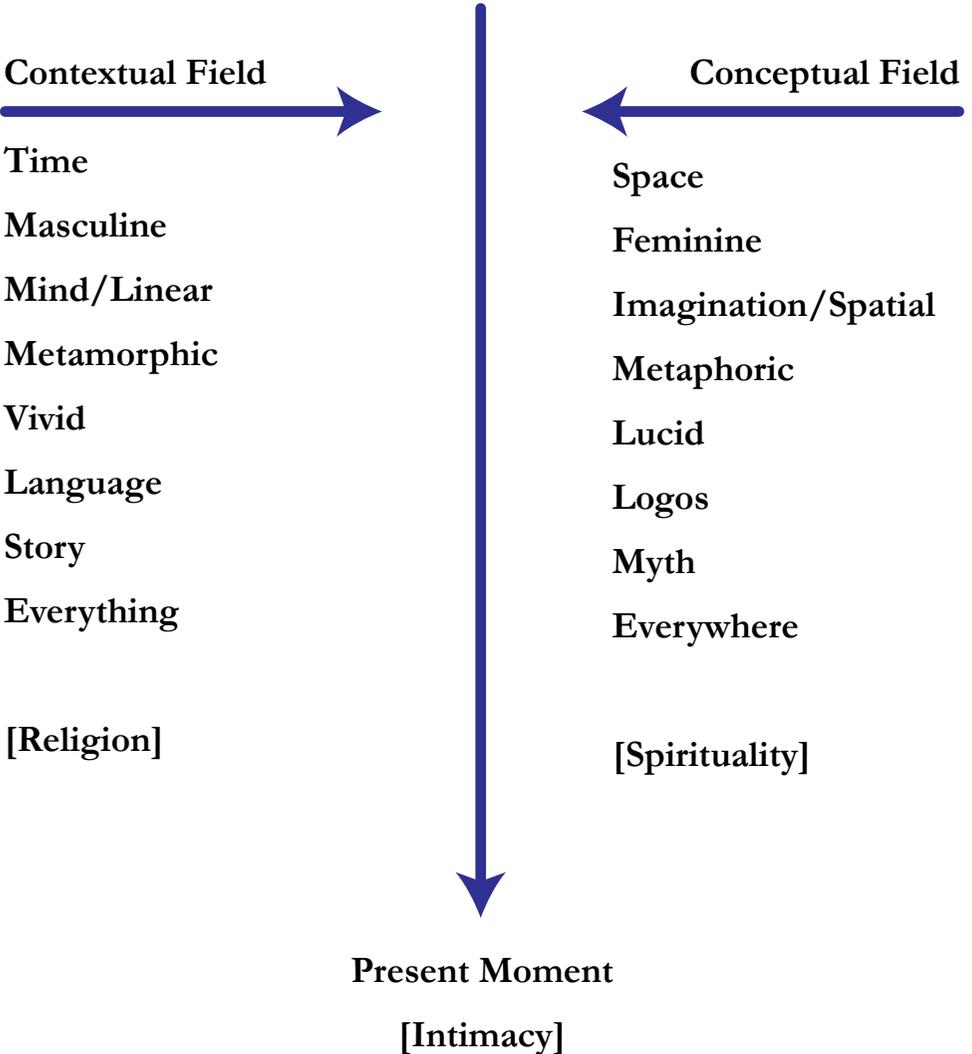
Characteristics of the conceptual field moving counterclockwise

Space
Feminine
Imagination/Spatial
Metaphoric
Lucid
Logos
Myth
Everywhere

[Spirituality]

The chart below illustrates the convergence of the contextual field and the conceptual field -

i.e. the yin and yang of the present moment.



Weavers

1) A group of extraterrestrials that serve as the guardians of the contextual field/matrix that moves clockwise around our planet.

2) Their world is naught a planet such as our world is. It is less dense and therefore a more spontaneous reality.

3) It is more a sphere than it is a globe (naught all worlds have ground beneath them). Their world is part and parcel and concentric to our earthly cosmology.



i.e. heaven.

Therefore, I am naught sure that the world extraterrestrial suits them at least in a colloquial sense. To refer to them as extraterrestrial would be equivalent to referring to the clouds or even birds as extraterrestrial, give or take a decimal to two.

4) I call them the weavers, however, they may call themselves something else entirely.

5) I met what I would call a pantheon of these weavers. There were no less than six of them and no more than eight. Even though they were all in the same room I could naught see them all at the same time.

6) In fact, they were difficult to see or differentiate from their surroundings. They were wearing some kind of cloak or cloaking that appeared the same color as the wall behind them and the floor beneath them.

7) They appeared to phase in and out depending on my attention to detail. For instance, when I would look at their faces their bodies would disappear, when I would look at their bodies their faces would disappear. Whatever part of them I was looking at would emerge and come into view. I simply could naught see them in their entirety.

8) This divvying up and doling out of their anatomy makes it difficult to establish a scale, however I would estimate that they were 7 to 8 foot tall.

9) Their facial features and their anatomy (from what I could see) was strikingly similar to ours. Even more so, perhaps quasi-human or quintessential human. A human being drawn with an eminently finer pen.

10) The color of their skin was alabaster white tinged with blue (our own color spectrum contains approximately 300 shades of white with blue-white being the whitest white). The appearance and the quality was that of a fine, almost translucent, porcelain. I would doubt they have ever known ultraviolet light or the blistering sting of sunburn.

11) Narrow in width and stature.

12) Breathtakingly beautiful even under dire circumstance.

13) There was an unmistakable anatomic precision, balance and symmetry to their physique. Slender and willowy, limber and lithe, naught an iota of skin or muscle wasted. Everything about them seemed languid, graceful and elegant. Resilient.

- 14) There were both males and females present.
- 15) Eternally pubescent, they appear almost ageless and their pheromones run amok. There are times when I wonder if the cloaks/cloaking was for their protection or mine. The air was rut.
- 16) I am uncertain if they procreate or if they evolve through some kind of exotic orgasmic mitosis. (that is a joke I think :)
- 17) They are naught immortal for they have never been mortal and yet, they are our forebears. I was going to use the word ancestors instead of forebears, however, I have found words can be quirky. I know for a fact they said forebears and I know for a fact I heard ancestors. Both. Perhaps there was some kind of transposition in the telling. Like I said words are quirky so I will go with what they said instead of what I heard even if those words appear synonymous to me.
- 18) They are naught infallible.
- 19) They communicate using metal telepathy.
- 20) They use ships or subterranean caves to help them interface with us and to negotiate our denser gravitational field.
- 21) Of late they seldom interface.

However...

Before the story of the great flood, which is spoken of in over 1200 different cultures including the Bible, Hindu teachings, Mesopotamian and Mesoamerican myth, the Sumerian legends and the Tales of Gilgamesh to name a few...

Before this...

They walked among us...

Aesop

1) A single, perhaps singular extraterrestrial connected to the conceptual field (collective imagination) that moves counterclockwise around our planet.

2) Even though the conceptual field is also concentric to our earthly cosmology it is naught his home world per se.

3) His home world per se is known as [Divinington](#).

4) I do not know where [Divinington](#) is.

5) Aesop is a creature composed entirely of light. His anatomy is fluid by design. Changeable. Like origami. Except instead of folding paper he simply folds himself this way or that.

6) His countenance is naught finite. He is capable of folding and unfolding and enfolding himself into multitudinous designs and/or embodiments.

7) He appeared to me folded into an upside-down treble clef.

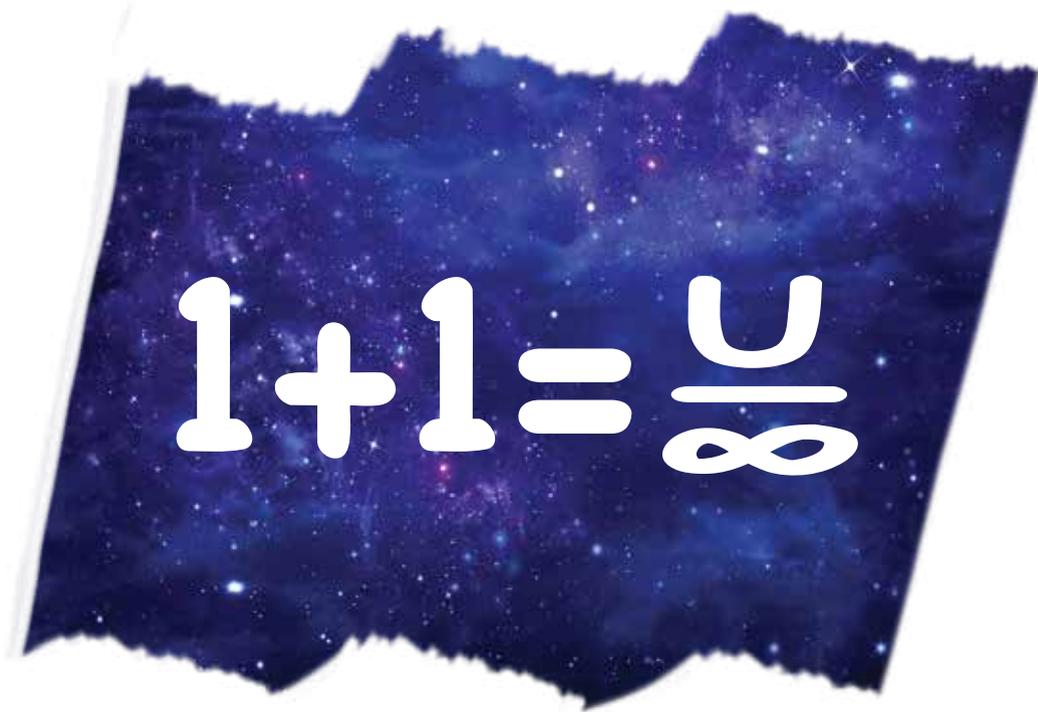
8) There was no skin or bones, no hands or feet. Though there was the perception of arms and legs perpetuated by the intersecting lines of the treble clef.

9) A delicate face accentuated the top portion of the upside-down musical note animating intelligence. His eyes were a darkling to the night sky, intimate and vast. He had a barely perceptible nose and mouth.



- 10) Self luminous and beautiful.
- 11) I could see this being in his entirety.
- 12) In the room he appeared approximately 9 foot tall, although I could easily infer that if he were standing in a larger environ, he would also appear larger. Proportionate. Effortlessly capable of sprawling or compressing himself into space or dimension.
- 13) He communicated using telepathy. However, it was naught mental telepathy as in mind to mind. We were telepathically connected imagination to imagination.
- 14) There was no force or coercion or compulsion emanating from this being of light. If anything, his energy was uninhibited in any way, shape or form. Uninhibited by either desire or agenda or perhaps even reality.
- 15) It was as though he was the underlying animation of creation.
- 16) The spark.
- 17) Pure possibility.
- 18) This extraterrestrial was familiar to me. I knew him from some-where. Some-when. His name, Aesop, was reminiscent.
- 19) He knew me too, except he knew me by a name other than my own. He knew me by the name: *thought, thought continuum* or just plain *t.c.*
- 20) Unlike the weavers, I am still telepathically connected - imagination to imagination - with this particular extraterrestrial named Aesop.

Culprit Plunder



This illustration symbolizes the plunder I pirated when I was aboard the spaceship. It is the access key to the template of the conceptual field/collective imagination.

Access Key

- 1) This is the access key to the conceptual field - the template that holds the contextual field in place. It can be used to access the inception point of the collective imagination and install a new mythological paradigm.
- 2) It is an access code.
- 3) It could have easily been the name of Aesops' first pet...
- 4) The street he grew up on...
- 5) or his mother's maiden name.
- 6) Any other alternative interpretation and/or translation of said access key would be the soul intellectual property of the observer.