

HANDBOOK OF THE GODS

Bookmarked and set up for download from [Antology.info](https://antology.info) in 2023. No editing has been done on it.

HANDBOOK OF THE GODS

by

R

**© 1977, 1990, 2008. Raymond Kemp
Published by Rion Press
California U.S.A.
All rights reserved**

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

A couple of summers ago, i and my family went on a touring vacation. We covered territory in the U.S.A., England and the Carribean.

I mention this because, as you will see from what transpired, I prefer not to have exact locations publicized for the 'amateur detective'.

Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I have always been interested in Archeology, and Paleontology. Nothing startling has ever come from my amateur work in these fields af course, a few minor finds- a Roman Villa in Malta, and a paper on the first coin operated slot machine, which can be seen some two thousand years later at the Acropolis in Athens. These are about the extend of my finds, just enough to keep my interest going.

This particular morning I had left the family shopping, and hiked out in the countryside.

Ignoring the roads, I was just following my nose' as it were.

The sun was shining in a blue and cloudless sky, as I sat there on a convenient rock admiring the view and following the flight of several birds and they chased invisible targets above the trees.

As I twisted around, following their flight patterns, I felt the rock upon which I had been sitting, shift under me, not in a rolling movement which could have been caused by an off balance, but rather in a twisting, pivotal motion. Surprised, I investigated and found that the whole rock, some six feet in diameter, and over four feet high, could actually be spun around slowly by my leaning my weight against one edge.

I was able to turn the rock three complete revolutions, when it suddenly tilted **up hill**, revealing a small chamber in the ground below.

This chamber apparently, was cut

into the rock strata itself, some three feet deep, and contained within it a box, which at first sight I thought to be of Gold.

When I lifted it out however, it was amazingly light. By it's size I had expected it to weigh about twenty pounds or more if it were Gold, and at least needing a two hand lift if it were made of even a lightweight alloy.

When I lifted it out, I found that it needed only one hand, and no effort at all. Like an object under water, or like an object in space, once it started to move it seemed to want to continue it's motion.

Momentarily non-plussed by this phenomenon I clumsily let go of it in mid air, and for a moment it seemed to just sit there weight-less before slowly gliding to the surface of the ground.

Closer examination revealed a simple, featureless surface on all sides.

With no apparent openings or seams.

I pushed, poked and prodded with no result, but as I turned it over in my hands for the umpteenth time, it suddenly came apart, diagonally, as though it were made of two pyramidal halves.

Inside, were some fifty or so pieces of what again appeared to be gold foil, the largest such sheet being about five inches by nine, with rough edges on the two adjoining sides and smooth, seemingly cut edges on the other, opposite sides.

I remember that one thing struck me as I looked at the contents, although they appeared to be of different size, they were all of the same proportion.

(I learned much later that this proportion was that which is known as the "Golden Section", an almost mystical standard of perfection of a

plane, much treasured by the early Greek architects).

The laws of Treasure Trove, differ in many parts of the world, but the laws pertaining to illicit removal and smuggling of artifacts, are remarkably universal and at best I would be hung up for months in red tape and governmental inquiry.

I decided therefore to photograph everything immediately, and as a size reference I used a pen that I had in my pocket.

Photographing the foil pieces, I noticed that at certain angles the sun caught the surface reflecting, or highlighting, I could not be really sure which, a set of markings, in a script the like of which I had never before seen.

Fortunately, as well as my 35mm camera I have a habit of carrying a polaroid camera with me, so as to take a 'test sjot' of a view or a building that I want to detail. Using

this , I was able to find the angle that best showed up the writing, and by the time I had finished I was confident that I had captured any and every marking there was.

Photographing the cache itself, I discovered in a recess that I had not previously noticed, another larger sheet of the foil, this time rolled as is a scroll, but without any tie.

As I rolled it flat to photograph it I discovered yet another property of the foil.

Like some of the modern plastics, it seemed to have a memory, one could easily lay it flat and without curl on a flat surface, but by smartly tapping one edge it would reform itself into a tight roll.

I must have spent a good three to four hours before I had finished and replacing everything as I had found it.

As I started to close up the cache by twisting the rock there was a sudden

Deep rumbling sound. I jumped back and watched as the rock slowly and inexorably turned and sank into the earth until it was almost level with the surrounding hillside.

No further efforts on my part could persuade any movement whatsoever.

I made no mention of this event to my family, and waited until I returned home to develop the film.

Remarkably, although the pictures turned out to be pretty clear and sharp, the writings can not be seen. It is though the properties of the originals has continued over onto the pictures. It is not a matter of imagination, some people have seen the 'scratches' and others looking at the same pictures do not, describing only that they are 'pictures of gold foil'.

There are even times when I can not see the markings myself, yet at

Other moments they are almost vividly clear.

Because of this it took me months to painstakingly copy on to paper the collection of sigils, that I came to name simply 'the writings'.

After that task was complete, then came a long series of letters and calls and visits to various universities, and museums in an effort to obtain some clue that would enable someone to translate them, or at least get the script identified, but all to no avail.

True! At one time I thought I had managed to make progress when an eminent professor of antiquities sent me his report that after months of study he had established that the writings were from extra terrestrials, and that they came from Mars, and that he knew one of the writers personally.

I also described the hillside to a friend of mine who was visiting that

that area, asking simply that he get me several photographs of it. When he returned with the pictures I was able to positively identify the location, but no rock was visible anywhere.

Time passed, and I had almost given up on the project when by chance I received a visitor to my office as a part of normal course of business.

It happened that he had been looking over the material and had left the open file on a side table beside one of the visitor chairs.

It is my habit to record my conversations with clients (with their permission), since we often make preliminary decisions covering many aspects of their needs, even at the first meeting. In this way I can refer to the details of the discussions without having to take notes at the time, thus enabling me to concentrate on the client without having to concern myself

with trying to remember what may be important out of the many things we might discuss.

In the middle of the interview, my visitor glanced at the open file beside him. Doing what is called in the entertainment world as a 'Double take', he picked up one of the polaroid pictures.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, adding "Have you been Home?"

Somewhat at a loss, I ignored the second question, and started to tell him a much edited version of the circumstances of my find.

I could have told him anything or nothing, for he paid me not the slightest attention, reaching for picture after picture, sketch after sketch, comparing drawings and photos, all the while keeping up a continuous stream of mumbling, as people sometimes do when they are deeply engrossed.

Suddenly I realized that he was not just mumbling, he was Reading!

Back and forth, picture to picture, examining the drawn copy and then back to a picture again, all the time oblivious to me and the environment, yet, now I realized it, reading softly to himself.

"Doing a translation as he goes", I thought, as he would refer back to one of the items, change a word and then continue, or rephrase what he had just said.

I watched and listened in fascination tinged with awe, not understanding a word, yet taking notes whenever I could as he put more and more phrases together. Gibberish it may sound, but to him it was apparent that the items had understandable meaning.

By the time he came to the large scroll I had recovered my equanimity enough to turn the gain control on my recorder up to full,

Realizing that his earlier words may not have been picked up, since I usually have the control set for across the desk onversation.

My intercom buzzed. It was my Secretary, who had managed to make the connection on a transatlantic call I had been trying to make all day.

I decided to take the call in the outer office so as to not disturb the client, still absorbed in my papers. In truth, I could have probably stood on the desk and screamed in the middle of an earthquake, without attracting his attention.

Cutting short my call, I returned to my office, only to find that no trace of my visitor remained. I had not been away more than two minutes, and was in full view of the door the whole time.

Gone too were my photographs and papers.

The notes that I had taken earlier in the interview, were still in my hand, as I had carried the tablet with me.

Since that time I have tried through normal business channels to reach my client, but there now exists no Company name, no Phone number, no trail of any sort that can even prove that he existed.

I have the recording made at the time, but as I feared, the first part of that tape is barely

Audible. The latter half, where I had turned up the volume was so distorted as to be unintelligible, until I had a friend of mine in a recording studio run it through his bank of electronic filters, and thus capture a great deal of it, even though at best we have only got an estimated, less than fifty percent of the tape in an audible condition.

What follows then is at best fragmented, incomplete and in

many ways unsatisfactory, being based entirely upon those sections of the tape we were able to hear, and the hastily scribbled notes that I took with me to the outer office. *

Thus I can make no claim for its validity, or completeness, but as I read the manuscript that you are about to read, I am plagued with the nagging question What if?

*Editors note for the 1989 Edition.

Since the earlier edition was published, the author came across a previously missed Polaroid picture.

Through the advances in the past ten years in various technologies we have been able to get a fairly good, though partial translation of the script and have reproduced it in this edition.

FROM THE TAPE

{<->~J|<>R-++/\..^^:~|<O--<-<-

Greetings Brother God.

You asked why this segment of the Universe is looking empty thjese days, well let me try to explain.

In the beginning.... Or to be more exact, just prior to the beginning, there was, or were, some 'Human Beings'. They had been well created by we Gods, and we were pleased with what we had done.

Of course, like anything created by a committee. There had been long arguments about what should and what should not, go into a 'Human', and there was that dissenting opinion as to the exact shape and anatomy, best needed.

This was resolved rather wellby creating two models, a Man, and a Wo Man, both of which were Hu Man.

Anyway they were givne an environment, (for some reason they seemed to need one – I guess to have somewhere to keep their bodies), and we made that from an old leftover Planet in that Sol System that some of us had used earlier.

We stocked it with all sorts of other life forms brought in from ever y area of the Universal playing fields, since there were no real indigenous specie to that planet originally.

'Human Watching' became quite an occupation among us, in fact with some of us it became a pre-occupation since, as we had all had a hand in the original creation, each unto his own whim, no one God was ever exactly sure as to the source of some particular attribute thatany individual human displayed.

I must admit that this randomness in teir beaviour exactly fitted the precepts of what constituted a Game, fifty percent random, fifty percent Predictability, an ideal situation actually, and those of us who took and later compared notes, had a great deal of enjoyment when one particular behaviour action was finally traced and identified as to who had created it.

I recall the pleasure that I Nfelt when the team of watchers identified my contribution. I had named it 'Persistance', though it was at first mis- identified as 'Stubbornness', and we had a celebration that day, among the suns that you wouldn't believe... but that is another story.

As time passed, or, knowing what a stickler you are for exactitude, as time arrived created, we noticed more and more that the humans,.. (and by this time they had multiplied, certainly beyond my expectations), were demanding our attention and advice.

At first it was simply an appeal as to the rules, since one of the aspects of being human was that they were not to know what the rules were, only that the rules did exist, and the appropriate god would respond and give advice asked for.

Sometimes however the appropriate god would not give the advice asked for, but the advice that was actually needed, but that did not seem to be too popular.

Besides, we noticed that if we gave advice, or even direct contact with any one particular human more than once, then that human set up some sort of a concept that the communication line was private and privileged, and started to forbid the humans around him or her to ask any questions except through the 'favoured one', after payment of an appropriate fee of course.

At one time a bunch of these guys actually set up a whole area of the planet and insisted that all humans had only played on the field but once, and so they had better be good (whatever that was) and only act and behave according to the desires of the leaders or they would have to go and sit in a fire forever. On the other hand if they did everything right then they could get together and sing songs and play weird instruments on a cloud, for the rest of the time.

I may not have got that quite right, I wasn't really that interested since it seemed such a crazy game, but I must agree it did seem to be popular for some reason.

I do recall though that }|-<->□[~|-|, on more than one occasion had stepped in to rescue some human who had been so badly damaged by his fellows, as to be almost useless.

They even ill treated people's bodies to such a degree that they could no longer operate them, not that it really mattered I suppose, since all that human had to do was to go find the nearest body building human (that was one of the functions of the Hu Man type), and take up residence as soon as the new body was ready to survive in that environment.

All in all this replacement system was not a bad one, especially since these humans played a real hard and rough game and needed to take a time out from time to time.

In fact the only flaw I could see was that they seemed to think that when they picked up a new body that way, then they had to remember to forget all that went earlier.

But I regress. What really disturbed most of us, was the way in which they kept on asking for advice, and even demanding our personal intervention. I mean, well really, anyone would think that they had no personal responsibility at all.

Og I know, they called this aspect Worship or something, and I don't know who among us gave them this attribute, but it really was unfair.

Actualt I felt so strongly about this that, about a gigasecond ago, I lodged a complaint at the convention, just after one of us had really bought this intervention thing, and caused half the damned planet to be put under water.

Oh he had a rational excuse about it, said that the minor god he had put in charge of weather, had forgotten and left the water running too long, but still, as I said then, and I still believe, this worship thing is only going to lead to more and more dependence on us, and this violates the original game which was to create an entity that was self rekliant and immortal (except for the damaged vehicles) and of free will.

I had to bow to the opposiiton though when they pointed out that if you give them freedom of will then they can choose to worship or not as they wish, but I still feel that we should nor encourahe them by constant intervention.

Much of this is academic now anyway, in the light of recent discoveries.

You remember Ø-|{{<->, and his 'sence of humor' thing?. Well at that same conference we were discussing wheather or not he had put any of it into the human equation, some said yes, but others felt that if he had, then it wasn't working very well. So we asked him to state clearly if he had used this in the game set up.

Turns out that he sure did put it in, and how!

Apparently, right at the beginning, he placed a ringer into the whole game. He substituted our humans, replacing them with volunteers among lesser gods.

Oh the bodies and the trappings were all there as we had designed it, but the actual entities that we have thought of all this time as humans, were in fact volunteer gods just playing the part of humans at his invitation!

When this got out it created such an uproar that could be heard over most of the galaxies. As a matter of fact it blew up a couple of them, and for the first time to my knowledge there was a demand for a formal vote to examine the Golden Book, the handbook of the Rules for any game, so that we could check out the validity of this move.

That is when we found the rest of the story. It turned out that not only had our friend switched the players, he also tore up the Golden Book, and scattered it on the bedamned planet, among the lesser gods themselves, who are now masquerading as humans.

As far as I can determine there are no Humans at all on that planet. They are all gods, pretending to be Human, and what is more, if we now want to find out whether the move complied with the rules, we have to go through the same process!

We have to ignore ninety nine percent of our natural knowingness, jump in and be Human, according to how we think a Human is supposed to be, and while there, 'being human', locate the rules, reassemble them, and then decide whether the game is now being played as we had originally set it up.

You really must admire old Ø-|{<->, he has certainly made a game out of a game within a game hasn't he?

The potentials for getting mixed up and confused, in the game, are almost infinite.

I mention this because I am leaving shortly myself. It was agreed that we should not all go together, and I must state that it does seem to be a difficult task since none of those who have already left have reported back at all.

No one has said which 'point one percent' of knowingness one may keep, so I have arranged to retain recognition or awareness of the rules when seen, and the ability to put them into one storage place and recall where they are from lifetime to lifetime. This last is essential, as the current trend on that planet is to promote that thing that will shorten their lives best.

In their communication system they even promote what is the disease of the year, and how effectively it is ending their lives, so I need to retain the consecutiveness of self awareness necessary to complete my task.

I think I can get this whole thing cleared up in a couple of hundred lifetimes, and in many ways I am quite excited about the game to come.

If you care to join me I would love to have you along. Bring this with you, and then we shall recognize each other; I have keyed my recall to it.

See you soon then in whichever here, or there, that we create in which to meet.
Affectionately ~- ⤵<>|-| <</>

THE TRANSLATIONS

Editors note
This is a fair reproduction of the 'lost' polaroid. It has been com generated, and the translation is on the next page.

$$\begin{aligned} & //\{ \emptyset \leftrightarrow |l|-| \} \quad * \infty \leq \neg - \dot{f} \propto \infty \propto \\ & - \circ \pm p \leq \infty \pm \} \quad * \infty \\ & \leq \leftarrow \rightarrow \sim \end{aligned}$$

**OF COURSE MIND READING IS
POSSIBLE –**

DON' T WE ALL READ

OUR OWN MINDS?

**It is usually not a matter of
what you believe,**

**It is the ability to suspend your
dis-belief, that is important**

**You cannot learn that which you
do not already know.**

**You cannot hear that which you
have not already heard.**

It is impossible

is only valid, if you add data

already decided as being unalterable

**Never confuse an Organization
with it's Product**

**They are on a different time and
Space continuum**

**Add to TRUTH ---
and you have taken something
away from it.**

Imagination..

Without it there is no Reality

Trying to be Human is Difficult

**Your very nature cries out
against it**

Must we forget so much?

An exercise in Futility:

Worshipping that which you fully understand

Second exercise:

Understanding fully that which you worship.

**One of these has to go
It is your choice**

Of course a Creation can be greater than it's Creator.

How else can a Creator grow?

**It will be said
that all roads lead to Rome.**

**What will not be said
is that the same roads
lead away from it..**

All things are as Real

as you have previously agreed

that they exist.

There is little value

in studying one' s God

while remaining ignorant

about one' s fellow Man.

**In the physical universe
there can be no predictability.
If the particles are not set up as
Random,
Then sooner or later a Totally Fixed
pattern would develop,
and all things would stop.**

**You of course, can predict this –
since you are not of that Universe.**

Never fear tomorrow -----

You havn' t finisshed

messing up today, yet.

A little knowledge

may be dangerous –

but a little belief ---

is devastating

The time factor

between Cause and Effect

frustrates the being

who has just discovered that he IS

Truth is a many faceted jewel –

-- seek first, the whole jewel

**If Ethics, implies Penalties,
(or rewards), then it is not Ethics –**

it has degenerated into Morals.

and that is only one step from Law.

**Complexity, is merely
many simplicities in juxtaposition.**

**Complicatedness
requires at least one simplicity
to be unnoticed**

Truth is original

thus there can be

no original writings

about truth

**A problem
can only exist**

**because a Solution
was first created**

Whatever you do

YOU DO IT!

There are always Alternatives

they depend upon

your grasp of Time and Space

Belief,

is below Faith in the scale of things

(Neither allow for observation)

The Complaint of a Spirit –

**"It shouldn't have happened
that way" !**

The answer is –

"WHY NOT" ?

**Other people are in your Universe,
only and solely because you allow
them to be so.**

**Why then do you complain of other
people?**

**You can create the Future,
you can create the Past –
Because
You have already
created the Now.**

**The harder thing to do,
is to Observe the Obvious.**

**Since that requires that you
actually Look.**

Time
is not necessarily
consecutive moments.

It could be – Alternative moments.

Basic Beliefs

are the Building Blocks

of a reality.

**How dare you pretend
that you are not Immortal**

What insufferable egotism you have.

If you are looking at it, it is real.

it may not be TRUE

but it is real (to you)

Reality is ! ---

(But it doesn't have to be)

Observe a small baby.

He recently lost all he had –

**his Wife, his Family, his Fame and
his Possessions.**

and above all

**He now has to figure out
how to operate his new body !**

TO BE – or NOT TO BE ...

**(just make up your mind
and proceed)**

But what if None of us

**were
~~are~~/ Human?**

Earlier editions used 'are', but with the computer translation it apparently should be 'were'

Either way it is food for thought. / Editor.

**If it really is
impossible to understand:**

**Maybe it is because
there never was
any Understanding
in the first place.**

**You cannot judge a subject
by it' s practitioners
or by it' s Organization**

They are simply not the same.

The subject is senior.

If it is unknowable,

then it can not affect you.

If it is knowable,

then you can affect it.

**The only problems you have,
are those that you are not Having**

**Do you have the problem, or does
it have you?**

**If you are reading this then you
haven't learned it yet**

**The motto of a Technological
Society –**

I can' t do it.

(But i can build a machine that can)

**What could you get for a cup of water
from a desert traveller?**

**What could you get for that same cup
from a drowning man?**

**and why would you ask for anything
from either?**

Never study a Philosophy

unless you are willing to Create one.

**It is better to remember
than to learn**

Of course it is Best

to Know and to Unknow.

Help –

**to be valid,
may only be that
which enables another to re-create**

**His Now
his Past
and his Future**

All else is interference

**Never give a child
A small toy –**

**or you will create
a small mind.**

Be true to your own goals

But first,

be certain

**that they are
in truth, you own goals**

Faith –

is a substitute for Certainty

Have faith by all means

But beyond that, is being certain

**Of all the attributes of Upset
protesting it's existence
is the most damaging –**

**since it pre-supposes impotence,
and continues a condition
already decreed, unwanted.**

The Planet Earth !

**It has been
An Experiment
A Rest Home
A Park, a Zoo, and
A Penal Colony**

What Next?