

**TEXT OF
I LOUISE**

Different chapters of the book

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26. The Power, which Power?

“I went to Washington to relax a little.

—Alfred, Alfred, the rain is calling you— I heard telling me.

In the middle of that bright interior rebirth, I saw the Evil as a decidedly remote possibility. A not at all negligible power of conviction, you know, but easy to deal with if one is established in a situation of well-defined purpose. Everything, of course, considering the uncertainty of whether we are treating with an already established existential settlement, consequence of a substantial change, or, on the contrary, with one of those transitory determinations taken in exceptional moments, when one firmly decides to be better from now on. To engage decidedly in a universal cause that keeps away from egoism and coldness. Hard to know, to say the truth. Indeed, but this time it seemed a deep change to me, one of those irreversible facts that affect the very foundations of the being.

—Was it that sinister claw, the raging flames of a purifying fire, or the decisive conversation with the Count of Saint Germain? — I asked myself without finding the answer.

Something had happened, I felt very transformed.

—Kumbha begins to worry. Alfred seems to want to disown his principles. The influence of the French alchemist that became a Minister of War has been very unfortunate, and fatal Kumbha’s claw as to wake his patriotism. I already warned you that it would be worse, Khara, Alfred grows with misfortune. No matter how complex the adversity, he always finishes recomposing the circumstance in his favor to take the maximum profit from it. His spirit is too agile. His ingenuity makes him extremely flexible. We should make him vulnerable with ambitious proposals that act directly on his impulsivity and his lack of reflection— says prince Aksha to a Khara who can’t believe what he is seeing.

I walked to the stairway that ascends to the sitting statue of Abraham Lincoln, accompanied by the echo of remote drums. There,

immobile like a rock, without saying a word, with the serene look of those that believe that above any credo or religion exists the Infinitude. White and solemn.

I intuit that something in the roots of the human nature doesn't allow its true nature to bloom. By what strange curse we deny ourselves with such insistence? Some say because we are idiots.

—Ignoring oneself is a way of denying oneself— says Olivia.

—Clearly, a man that gives his wife a wedding ring with the inscription *Love is Eternal*, participates in an order of things that goes much further than the human we know. Somebody for whom exists a context that transcends his own, with which to connect to elevate himself to a universal dimension— I said to myself seeing him so serene, petrified, so white, so tender.

—Aksha, all this is intranscendent. The real danger of Alfred is that to be more human he is capable of transforming the whole humanity if necessary.

—It's peremptory for him, Khara. His destiny is to make the human more humane, to bring the human species back to the dignity that corresponds to it, that will allow it to accede to the heights. The pact of Rama seemed an unthinkable trick, an incredible joke that made us all laugh, only Alfred knew with precision where it would end. Now, you see it: apart from feasible, almost realized. And, if this were not enough, the patriots of this nation start waking in him the forgotten taste for heroism and deeds. Remember, Khara, that Alfred was a hero of the greatest we have ever known. Would it be so strange to think that he might become a liberator or leader again? Do you believe that the idea of fighting the enemies of humanity should be exceptional for him, no matter how exaggerated it might seem to a common mortal? Did he perhaps not defend bigger causes right in front of our eyes? He can and he needs to, that's the danger.

To win that battle would mean a definitive step forward towards freedom, lose it was going to mean a huge retrocession towards indignity. Losing a battle in defense of freedom always supposes the ignominy of many years of suffering. The fatality of the enslavement imposed by some tyranny.

—An increasing dominion over the technology of transformation without us being authentically free, will have the consequence of more subjugation and new forms of enslavement. History is clear enough about that— I said to myself.

He should alert the power immediately.

¿Which power?

¿Who is the power, after all?

The idea vanished instantly just thinking of it. Nobody had the necessary power to deal with the power that had presented the combat. Other Laws were required, none of the kind a Government might decree and approve. No Government has enough universality to fight this challenge: the action executed from the Invisible.

—The Governments lack the required knowledge. Knowledge is Power. Unfortunately for us, Knowledge never was any Government's priority. We can't deal with a challenge that may change a Government without anybody noticing. It requires other weapons, other armies, design another frontline. A war is going on under the surface. Fought on the level of the invisible: rather than an ally, the established Power is a lost front. We always stray where we less expected. There always is an enemy with more advanced plans to attack than our plans of defense. This time the immaterial, the invisible: the worst. Yes, the worst. With difference. So many years wasted in making intelligent bombs, and so few trying to tear the veil of the invisible. Again, the enemy has beaten us with its strategy of death— I said to myself.

—*Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.* You already heard the illustrious John F. Kennedy say.

The friendly voice of President Abraham Lincoln, like of flesh and blood, reclined in his armchair. I felt joy and comfort. What could still surprise me?

That President Lincoln would talk to me in a conciliatory tone? I needed to speak with the President, with anybody, no matter whom, and explain to him the worries of a citizen concerned with the serious problem that threatens his country, and who has nobody to turn to.

—The President is the innocent reflection of the nation. What defines and obliges the country is the quality of the collective consciousness of its citizens, not what the President decrees. When the President signs a law, he limits himself to reveal what the collective consciousness already decided before. What he signs was already Law before it was drafted. Though lately many might take the President for the splendid Fairy Godmother that will fix the country with a few touches of her magic wand. Or are convinced that

dictators may be removed and put at moment's notice, and democracies restored by an act of will, with weapons, simply because they favor the economic interests of a few.

..... *And continue*