

FREEMASONRY'S CULT ABUSES

HUMAN AND GAY RIGHTS CONTROVERSY



JAMES ROBERT WRIGHT, 32°

Freemasonry's Cult Abuses:

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By James Robert Wright 32°



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To these kindred spirits, know that I am eternally grateful to have you in my life.

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I would also like to take a moment to remember the innocent victims of the Norway massacre whose lives on this Earth were snuffed out sadistically and tragically by an agent of the Swedish (Scottish) Rite.

—James Robert Wright 32°

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Introduction

“Every Masonic Lodge is a temple of religion; and its teachings are instruction in religion.”

(Morals and Dogma, p. 213)

The following is a personal accounting of my experiences as both a man and Mason. At 28 years of age, after five humble years of ‘good performance’ as a Mason within the procurement of my thirty two degrees and with great loyalty I found myself on the payroll of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, and a member of the Administration in Dallas Texas as the Special Assistant to the Secretary-General. To put this in perspective, they say there are currently approximately five million Freemasons within the continental United States alone; one million alone residing in Texas. I was one of perhaps two hundred maximum in these United States actually getting *paid to do it*. When faced with and trying to move forward on a very large accomplishment such as this, the first thing I learned was that I had suddenly become a public figure and consequently the constant subject of criticism. My “masters”, as it were, were constantly pressuring me to divide my time into three equal parts—something simple in concept yet perversely twisted by their mechanisms and political constraints. This division of time meant that I was to be a stellar foot soldier to them in my actual vocation at headquarters, secondly I was to act as a poster child of a Mason within my own Blue Lodge—endeavoring to help the greater cause of recruitment by *desire*, and third—to keep my personal life totally cut off and private and to act as though I was something I wasn’t.

What seems like a good idea at the time, I wholly believe for each and every person, we learn it turns out not to be.

What started out a dream come true turned into a nightmare. The exposure to the top was one of the most disturbing and traumatizing experiences of my life, and certainly a series of events and attitudes I had never experienced before nor thought I would. I dedicate this book to my Grandmother, widow of a Mason herself, whose love and spirit I inherited. She taught me to always stand for truth, care, dignity and rights above all other things, people, clubs, governments and organized religions included. This is my story.

It had never occurred to me just how truly dangerous involvement in Freemasonry could be. After I had been insidiously exiled from my job in August of 2010 with the Supreme Council, I thought that my connection to these men was all over with...I was wrong.

Due to the extreme suppression of my sexuality I had experienced at their hands which I had never in my life dealt with being openly gay, I felt the best therapy for me in lieu of their abuses would be to spend some time around “my own kind” by going to some nightclubs and dancing, something I had not done in so very long while under their tutelage. Being out one night in November 2010, I got hit on in what seemed to be by chance by a random guy, and a nice guy at that. He asked me out to dinner the following night, and

I obliged him. We had a nice time, and after dinner as we were walking to our cars, we stopped by his first, and he seemed to be having battery issues as his car would not start. He asked me if I would give him a ride home, and I said yes. This is one of the worst mistakes I have ever made.

Once upon Interstate 30 in Dallas, supposedly heading toward his apartment, a strange silence fell over him, as he looked at me and said “you’re going to keep driving east out of town.” I got a strange look on my face, and turned and said “what for?” That is when the first punch landed on my face. My immediate reaction was to slam on the brakes and veer to the shoulder of the freeway. He then said in a sinister tone “this is for the Scottish Rite...you are going to keep your fucking mouth shut, understand?” A second punch. I pulled out my cell phone to dial 911, and he poured his bottle of water on it and shorted it out. I said “get out of my car now,” and he replied “no you’re going to drive”. I unbuckled my seat belt and made for the door handle and the third punch came.

He reached down and grabbed the shifter and put the car back in drive, grabbed my right leg, and slammed my foot on the accelerator and we lurched forward back onto I-30. He grabbed the wheel and started jerking the car between two lanes, saying “how about I just make us wreck right now?” And I replied, pleading, “no, please I’ll drive just stop

doing that” and the fourth punch landed on my shoulder blade. Over the next hour, I would be held hostage and driven East out of Dallas City limits to God knows where.

As we continued further away from civilization, I began thinking to myself that if I didn’t do something to outsmart this guy, and soon, there was no telling what my fate might be that night; whatever it was I did not want to find out.

As luck would have it, up in the distance we were approaching a large, well lit and busy gas station, one of those with about thirty pumps, and I was relieved to see that amount of human activity considering it was now midnight. I knew this would be my opportunity to act; when the timing was right I veered the car off the side of the freeway at 70 mph and threw the emergency brake and bailed out of the door, totally stunning him, and I immediately started screaming “help, help this guy is trying to kill me,” and (God bless Texas) these two young cowboys climbed out of a late 80’s model GMC pickup and came running over and opened the passenger door and pulled him out of my car and gave me the chance to escape.

I quickly got back in the car and as I was pulling both doors shut, locking them, fastening my seat belt and putting it in gear I glanced in the rear view mirror to see him break loose from them. He jumped on top of my car and started punching the driver window, and at this point my adrena-

line was pumping so hard I quit caring for his safety, and I floored the accelerator and sped off with this madman on top. I came upon a red light, ran it, and made a sharp left turn and flung him at least fifteen feet into a guardrail. I got back on the Westbound side of the freeway, phone broken, beaten up, car damaged, shaking from the most intense fear I had ever experienced. Eventually, I made it home after what seemed like an eternity.

The next day I decided I had to know the truth about what had happened, why he would say what he did about the Scottish Rite, so I called a friend at the Dallas Police Department I had made from my days working Dispatch. He performed a background check for me. The name the guy had given me, Tony (with a last name) turned out to be his correct name, and the record showed that he had multiple convictions in Tennessee for prostitution, and was definitely not from Texas as he had said.

In other words, it was now clear to me this guy was 'for hire'. Meeting him was one big staged setup. I had a newfound hatred for my former love, Freemasonry.

Preface

FOR AND EMPHASIS ON BROTHERS

It is extremely important that the reader, whether a Mason or not understands that my intention is not to cast all of Freemasonic Blue Lodges—and all of its members in a negative light. Freemasonry is the worlds oldest Fraternity. It is the remnants of the most ancient of things. It is as they typically define it, a rich and beautiful set of moral lessons designed to take a good man and make him better. It is totally innocent in its fundamental roots and teachings, and is consequently filled to the brim with fine gentlemen, true good Christian, Jewish and Muslim men whom each

strive together to enrich the communities in which they live. Its basis makes it a success unparalleled by any other organization ever perhaps minus only the Vatican.

I can endlessly debate with myself over “if I had it to do over again, would I?” However at the end of the day I cannot deny that Freemasonry did enrich my life, it did teach me profound and invaluable moral and life lessons, it did bring me true harmonious life friendships with men whom I would have otherwise remained at a perpetual distance with, and my job there did give me skills and knowledge which I would have otherwise never had access to learn. Based on that I must therefore conclude that yes, I would do it over again...with one differential—I would have never accepted the offer to join the Administration. That in turn could cause me to question next okay; well with that said is ignorance bliss then? The answer to this is no, it is not, we must be aware of our surroundings and know how best to lead ourselves through a safe, happy, and prosperous life. So my end result is that of a paradox—had I not have accepted the job, I wouldn’t know what I do. But I did.

So - I am choosing to take that knowledge and apply it in the form of a book so that I might possibly educate with it and affect people with information so that nobody ever, ever has to go through what I did. As my therapist very poignantly put to me in a session regarding my depression after

the fallout with the Supreme Council, as a gay man would I have ever applied for a job at the Republican National Convention? Would I take a job with a Baptist church or perhaps with a trucking company in a rural area? Though this made sense to me, it simultaneously made me feel my first dose of sympathy for the place in months, because as forward thinking as it is, this just simply should not be the case behind the scenes.

I understand as well that there are more liberal and forward thinking jurisdictions of Masonry in the US and the world, however down here deep in ‘Mason Country’, the “Valley of Dallas” being the proud largest in the world, I was directly exposed to the top bosses of all of it as the Scottish Rite Cathedral in Downtown Dallas is the hub of commerce for Masonry in the South-Central Sector. Perhaps had I been staffed in a smaller Valley out West (toward the more liberal viewpoints) I might have been safer in my surroundings. That was not the case though, as I was now swimming with sharks.

It is also important for the Masonic reader, or someone thinking about petitioning a lodge to understand that if Freemasonry is an educational system and charitable organization as they claim it to be, then we can compare it in concept much to a University. The Scottish Rite after all does subtitle itself “The University of Freemasonry”. So then, to those

who have been to University, let me ask this: do you stay there your entire life? Do you keep taking the same courses and the same tests over and over, passing them every time, year after year, until you die of old age? Do you continue to attend fundraisers for your Fraternity one or more nights out of the week for the rest of your life? Do you keep volunteering yourself at the disposal of all the various sub-groups and clubs on campus every spare moment of your adult life? Absolutely NOT. It is my observed and educated opinion on the matter that Freemasonry would be leaps and bounds above what it is today if it would retrofit itself back to its ancient heritage of a “University of Philosophy” and its students graduate and move on and apply the acquired knowledge to their lives and enjoy them. Of course you should go back for class reunions and important issues involving the future and well-being of your alma mater. In the meantime, you’ve just been taken as a good man and made better, and you need to take that empowerment home and lead your life and spend quality time with your family and love your significant other and succeed at your job and love yourself. No University would ever tell you years later that you were no longer viewed as a good student simply because you were not willing to give your spare time and money to the campus anymore, long after your graduation. Freemasonry should be extremely ashamed of itself for doing just that to its

adepts. It should be ashamed for each and every overexaggerated minute it selfishly insists on keeping a Brother away from his life or his work or his life's work. More importantly, any man whom seeks to abuse the Masonic system for his own egotistical glory and gain, all the way falsely preaching its virtues never practicing them himself should not be a member and should leave that evil way of life in the trash can of history before it consumes him and possibly his friendly neighborhood Blue Lodge or the Political System itself. These are the sharks with which I have swum.

Like today's contemporary prodigal Mason, I have always been attracted to the more mystical and philosophical ways of educating yourself. My Grandfather was a high profile 33rd Degree Mason; the original media-mogul of North Texas, founding both the first television station, news radio station and newspaper for Dallas/Fort-Worth. At 24 years old and feeling rather lost and ungrounded in the world I thought well hey, this is perfect for the kind of discipline and guidance I need now. He being a former Dallas Valley Chairman himself, it felt both special and natural for me to end up holding several Officer titles in Blue Lodges, becoming a 32nd Degree Scottish Rite Knight Mason and winding up a former paid employee of the Supreme Council like him. To make it feel even more natural, through my Grandmother's side of the family I trace my ancestry back to the Wiseman Clan of

Scotland in the 12th century, where the majority of the men were actual Knights Templar whom fought in the Crusades. I knew going into the deal that Freemasonry claims much of its material to the Templars, so this seemed like the perfect way to get in touch with my sense of self.

Again, I believe Freemasonry can still be this instrument or vessel, however when poisoned from the top down with such vile human traits as bigotry, ego, greed, indentured nepotism and servitude it simply never will be. This is what all of the confidential “breakout strategy sessions” both locally and in Washington D.C. fail to realize. This is what the “good ol’ boys’ Lodges” cannot understand at their Officers Meetings. To myself and others simple human rights and dignities are never questioned, but sadly in the world many do question them and even sadder to me still Freemasonry, claiming to be working ultimately toward freedom, human liberty and equal rights is quite actually letting the issues fall by the wayside in the interest of keeping the machine running without deviation from an imposed course.

To the reader these issues I am naming could bring up all sorts of radical questions I am sure, such as “So is all the stuff you read on the internet about these guys true? Do the ‘nuts with the cardboard signs’ have it right?” In a sense, YES. No, I don’t mean the evil scary men are sitting around drinking blood and sacrificing children—that stuff is complete

rubbish. They are however conducting horrible and abusive attitudes and paradigms into the energy of the system itself, and seeking to dominate and confuse with it for the betterment and detestable self-preservation of themselves—yes, that much is true, and as the saying goes *I would swear to it on a stack of Bibles.*

I will forever be haunted by the faces and voices of the ones who I saw doing wrong and even more so the ones who were doing wrong by me and subjecting me to what is none other than ritual abuse. Despite experiencing and seeing others subjected to what is none other than a disgusting and rampant persecution of gays, I was expected to keep up the charade and keep on the game face and go about my daily routines and interactions as if nothing was wrong, but there was plenty. Because it is Freemasonry we are talking about here, then it is applicable then to suggest that by virtue of its vast sweeping networks and constant source of favors-on-tap between members, that it is able to and has gotten away with tyrannies like that of oppressive regimes. Because of so many “oppressive regimes” it has seen from coast to coast, the Fraternity has lost countless members over the decades, almost always in the under- forty age-bracket.

Within the vast membership of Freemasonry you have the eldest faction of membership with the potential to wreak their havoc of hate and bitterness on those under them in

title, just as readily available as the good men to be mentors to young adepts who are pure of heart, whom can genuinely educate and influence a younger man's life for the better thus forming an indestructible and very special bond. It is a tragedy that there are those who choose darkness over real light; hate over love.

Light is what the real Mason is in search of. He has that desire to learn from very special and wise men how to be that better man himself. The real Mason is trying to figure out how to be happier in his life, how to be more successful at his job, how to handle life with a higher maturity, how to better love and protect his spouse, how to better raise his children, and how to meet his maker with masculine grace, poise and accomplishment. Does having real masculine grace mean promoting hateful policies toward those who are different from you? Absolutely not. A real man stands up for the truth, he stands up for his Brothers and the widows and children and all the rest of the chivalric ideals of our society. A real man sees what he wants and he takes it in an honest and admirable manner. A real man is not afraid to fight for what is right even though it may not be the consensus of the group at that time, and he is most certainly not afraid of the group itself. Real men don't lead double lives, one minute preaching these ideals on red carpet stages and the next abusing and battering those around him once the doors close and

the public eye retires for the night. Real men protect those who need protecting, not those who abuse the system and demand it of their subordinates. Real men **deserve** the honor of having the title of “Sir Knight” bestowed upon them during that beautiful 18th Rose Croix Degree. These are the real men who find real *light*.

This is the message I seek to educate with. This is the knowledge I learned from a rare high profile position from “the top of the pyramid” itself. This knowledge I am not afraid to share with the world and would challenge any Brother to contradict me with, because I am not seeking to violate any “oaths” or “obligations” here, anymore than the Fraternity’s leaders quietly do on a daily basis. I do not seek to dabble in baseless conspiracy theories either; my wish and intention is to inspire truth and thus, my hope is, **positive change** so that if even just one person is better informed and thus better guided from where they sit, my effort was not in vain and my unfortunately negatively acquired knowledge might be transformed into something positive and good and therefore consistent with my personal belief, that everything happens for a reason.

As far as I am concerned, these corrupt and disgusting men have already done their worst to me, so they therefore do not scare me. I have been followed by their minions, I have had my email accounts and Facebook profile and various other private things compromised and intruded upon.

I have endured their slander and threats with strength and poise few others do.

This is the knowledge I am going to breakdown and analyze, because the paradigm inside the world's oldest Fraternity must shift, otherwise it is going to wither and die, which is an unsettling thought to me because of how much influence it has and has had on civilization. If it withers and dies, it will certainly not be pretty, but unless it rejects its bad ways, as one of my most favorite phrases states, "God does not like ugly" and these lofty men will finally be held accountable to the universal karma that they delude themselves into thinking they can cleverly escape by strategic acts of philanthropy...yes, they really think it, and no, it will never happen. Anybody who subscribes to what is good and what is right will see their thinking for all the perversities it contains. If you wish to successfully navigate these waters and not endure a shark attack then you must absolutely learn to discern from real right and wrong, and that knowledge must come from within you passed down to you from our creator.

This is the point of my story. I am the Former Special Assistant to the Secretary-General in Texas of the Supreme Council, and I am about to give you a crash course in Freemasonry and try my best to map out the functions of the system and how and where it is flawed.

Chapter 1

SO I'M GOING TO BECOME A FREEMASON, AND BE AN ENTERED APPRENTICE

The first lesson that Freemasonry taught me was the simplest one of all, that I was actually quite “normal” and not as peculiar as I thought myself to be despite such a cold and sterile childhood in one of the wealthiest families in Texas. Like the majority demographic of the modern day young and newly made Mason, I discovered that many other young men such as myself had both privilege and culture yet confusion and distress at the same time while growing up on into the early twenties of life. I was discovering also that what I believed in and the way I felt about certain things such as

religion, politics, people skills and what to do with my spare time also were not such a rarity as I once thought. Now I felt connected; *understood*.

I grew up in a family rich both in assets and Masonic heritage. By the time I was getting my driver's license at sixteen it was clear to me that I did not fit into the attitudes or parameters of my family's erratically imposed sense of Gnostic Christianity, and it was even clearer that I did not fit the mold of the attitudes at all the country clubs in Dallas that I had grown up inside of. To me that split personality life of we say one thing in public yet we do another in private had become increasingly disgusting, and for the life of me I could not understand why anybody would bother to behave that way, other than to gain somehow from it. Upon these personal revelations came a sense of faithlessness, as though God had dealt me a flawed hand on purpose for his own sick sense of humor, and in retaliation I was no longer going to acknowledge him; rather give him the cold shoulder as I had been taught very well to do as a child growing up in a deranged over privileged family. But the more I was learning and the more attitudes I was experiencing in my own travels, I was beginning to retract my harsh judgment and was realizing that there was more out there than just what we have been taught or what we have even bothered to listen to.

I began getting closer to the more mystical things, like many teens who identify themselves as alternative, and was opening myself up to such exposures as the gay and lesbian community, the new-age community, and more importantly the more disadvantaged people that I had been instructed for so long to stay away from—mainly, people who had been handed harsh judgments from the type of people who raised me. Intent on my disdain for my family, I felt that this sort of self-exploration would not only serve me well but that it would also send the shockwaves and upset back home that I craved so badly for the negative people I'm related with to experience.

My exploration of the mystic and esoteric would frequently and for long periods of time plateau however, because just as soon as I thought I had found something with some substance to it, in the fashion of an attention deficit disorder I would quickly find something else better and therefore essentially drifted around from that age of sixteen, well on to the age of twenty four.

One night after some idle net-surfing, I came upon what I believed was the next most fascinating thing I had ever heard of, *Freemasonry*. Suddenly the few shallow bits and pieces of it that I remembered as stories from my childhood came flooding back, and I began to sense that this wasn't just some random silly thought, that I was beginning to take control

of my life, and this would be the most logical next step to continue to come into my own and to swim, rather than sink in life. All the time I had grown up I knew there was a Masonic Lodge within walking distance of my family's main house, so it seemed like the most logical place to begin my inquiry into this Freemason business, as any relatives or friends of relatives that were Masons were long dead. I made a mental note to write down the name of the Masonic Lodge near the house the next time I drove by it, as I had never paid much attention to the name on the building. So I did. I got home, pulled up a search engine, input the name in hopes of finding a phone number and did, and so I placed a very nervous phone call and to my relief nobody answered so I just left a brief voicemail giving them my name, age, phone number, that my deceased Grandfather had been a Mason and that I was now interested in becoming one. I hung up wondering whether they would even call me back.

Surprisingly, early the very next morning my phone rang. The man calling identified himself as the Secretary of that Lodge, and he briefly explained that he got my message, was pleased to hear it, and that they would be having their Stated Meeting that next Tuesday night, and said that they would be more than happy to have me come by to have dinner with them at their building and meet the guys there and learn more about them. "Absolutely!" I replied, as this

was exactly what I wanted so badly to hear. I had made an intelligent decision I felt, and now it was about to take me somewhere. Like so many young men, when you feel lost you ache to belong to something greater than yourself, and now that moment was less than a week away. All week leading up to my meeting with these Masons, I figured I should educate myself as much as possible on Masonry as to not go in and ask a stupid question, yet I found I was having a hard time finding information. It seemed everywhere I looked on the internet, all I was finding was bizarre information about conspiracies and evil and control etc, and immediately I felt a sense of sympathy for them because I felt that I could personally identify with that from people always having spun rumor about me or my family back in that cold and sterile upbringing I mentioned. It was clear to me at that point that I was just going to have to go in uninformed and let them take care of doing all the informing. If I was to up and ask a “stupid” question, than it would just have to be that way. It is important to note at this point that everything that was about to start unfolding for me happened no differently than it does for anybody else joining and advancing through a Masonic Lodge, well on until my recruitment five years later to work for the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction.

Next Tuesday night came, and I had counted the days with excitement. The 6:30 dinner engagement was drawing near and I got all dressed up in one of my best suits, put on some jewelry, and I went. When I pulled into the parking lot of the Lodge building, suddenly a strong sense of intimidation came over me. Good God I thought to myself, look at all these nice cars and the men dressed even better than me getting out of them. I dragged my heels up to the front door and opened it and walked into a room of upward glances curious of this new person coming in the door. I was met immediately with great care and camaraderie, and was ushered around the room to meet people, shake hands, have a quick tour of their building and all the interesting and beautiful objects and artifacts and works of art inside it. We sat down to dinner, and I felt extremely honored that the "Worshipful Master" or the man-in-charge of the place by term election took it upon himself to personally administer my first question and answer session regarding the place. He began to explain the order and functions of the Masonic Lodge to me.

It seemed that I had just walked in the door of the most wonderful place on Earth. Over the course of that hour over dinner, the Worshipful Master explained that Freemasonry was the father of all Fraternities on the globe. "Civilization had been molded" by Masonry all throughout history, he was explaining. This ancient and honorable group had evidently

been responsible for democracies and human rights since the inception of recorded time. I found myself surrounded by very diverse yet seemingly similar valued men, and for the first time I felt like all those years spent confused over my religious affiliation were not in vain—evidently, all along I had been “Christian”, it was just that I was “Unitarian-Universalist” in my beliefs, and that it was more than normal to feel like as the phrase goes that *I didn't need a church and a priest to have a connection to my God*. Apparently all I needed were the teachings of this Masonry stuff, and then I would be well educated enough to walk between the rain-drops of dogma. This was not only an excellent selling point for me; it was also the point in which my mind was already made up.

Dinner concluded and the Masons had to go into their Lodge Room, a place which I was not yet allowed because obviously I was not yet a Mason, adding to the mystique. Before leaving though, my phone number and e-mail address had been jotted down by half the guys there, and it was explained to me that I would have to fill out their formal application, called a “Petition” (which I did on the spot) and then that night they would rush me in under a vote to get me set up for an “Investigation Committee” to check me out. All seemed fine, as I felt I had nothing to hide. What happened next was the investigation committee, consisting of

three Masons, would each independently come to my house to interview me about my life story in short fifteen minute intervals. Obviously they wanted to check me out, see where I came from, what I did, what I'm all about, etcetera. In the meantime, the Worshipful Master had contacted me again and had invited me to have breakfast with him at a very in-vogue little bistro in my own neighborhood.

As we were eating our eggs benedict and sipping our coffee, he was basically giving me the same spiel he had at the Lodge building, just this time a little more personalized. This time though had added incentives, as he explained that many Masons throughout history were influential and successful men, and how good it was to have such men in your personal network to rely on in trying times. A picture was being painted that evidently, according to him, there were those in human history who had made something great of themselves, and those who hadn't, and this place right around the corner from where I had grown up was just the place to bump me to the front of the line. The story just kept getting better and better.

The investigation committee three came and went; they were very pleasant and courteous, however they were a bit curt in their visit and I recall thinking then that they were probably pressed for time, as there were others that they had to go investigate besides me, and this was all being done in

their spare time. This is when I first began to understand their concept of “charity”. The vast sweeping majority of Masonic Lodges in the world all revolve around some form of philanthropy, as had been previously explained. It seemed as though these guys were constantly busy in their committees and communities, and it seemed very admirable. The month moved ahead and the small-talk concluded. I was summoned a second time to breakfast with the Worshipful Master. At this point he said that everything was looking favorable for me, and then he asked me something I will never forget. He said “based on everything that has been explained to you, do you see any reason whatsoever that you think this may not be the right place for you?” I was stunned by his level of care, and responded with “well yes, there is one thing. Based on everything I’ve seen so far, I get the impression that a large amount of your membership seems to be conservative-Republican (while chuckling) and would I have any kind of problems in this environment being that I am openly gay?” He did not pause for a moment when he replied like a machine “absolutely not”. Perfect then, this seemed like a good deal and I would be a total idiot to pass it up, right?

They had to convene at their Stated Meeting the next month, and when they did they voted ‘yes’ to let me in as a candidate for the Mysteries of Freemasonry. A date was

picked at their convenience, and I got the phone call letting me know which night and what time to be there for this undertaking. When the time came I was ready with great anticipation. They explained that I was about to undergo my initiation ceremony, and that I was going to be placed in the hands of the “Master of Ceremonies” and he would prepare me for the initiation. I was led into a small room adjoining the main Lodge room. At the last moment before you become a Mason, you are told the following: “Mr. (your last name), somewhat of your motives, in applying for admission into our Ancient and Honorable Fraternity, we have learned from the declarations contained in your petition, over your signature. It now becomes my duty to recall to your memory some of the more important promises and declarations you have made therein, and each of which, we find, you have answered in the affirmative: (1) You have promised, upon your honor, to strictly adhere to and be governed by the Constitution and Laws of the Grand Lodge of (your State), and the By-Laws of this Lodge. (2) You have sincerely declared, upon your honor, that, unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, you freely and voluntarily offer yourself as a candidate for the Mysteries of Masonry. (3) You have seriously declared, upon your honor, that you are prompted to solicit the privileges of Masonry by a favorable opinion conceived of the institution, a desire for

knowledge, and a sincere desire to be of greater service to your fellowmen. (4) You have seriously declared, upon your honor, that you will cheerfully conform to all the ancient established usages and customs of Masonry. (5) You have seriously declared, upon your honor, that you firmly believe in the existence of God; the immortality of the soul, and in the Divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. You are again reminded of these solemn declarations, because they constitute important considerations upon which the Lodge acted, in looking with favor upon your request to be admitted a member among us. In order that you may not be misled as to the character or the purpose of the ceremonies in which you are about to engage, the Lodge addresses to you these preliminary words of advice: Freemasonry is far removed from all that is trivial, selfish and ungodly. Its ceremonies are by no means of a light or trifling character, but are of profound significance and deep solemnity. They have existed without material changes from remote antiquity. Its structure rests upon the indestructible foundation of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Immortality of the Soul. Our ancient and honorable Fraternity welcomes to its doors, and admits to its privileges, worthy men of all faiths and creeds who possess the indispensable qualifications. Freemasonry is, in one of its major aspects, a beautiful and profound system of morality, veiled in

allegories and illustrated by symbols. Its grand purposes are to diffuse light, to banish ignorance, to promote peace and happiness among mankind; to relieve distress, to protect the widows and orphans of our brethren, to inculcate a wider knowledge concerning the existence of the Grand Architect of the Universe, and of the arts and sciences connected with His Divine laws. In fine, the design is to make its members wiser, freer, better ad consequently happier men. These purposes are accomplished by means of a series of moral instructions taught according to ancient usage, by allegories, symbols, types, figures and lectures. With this brief and general explanation, is it still your desire to proceed? (You answer yes, and then the Master of Ceremonies says) As a preparation for the mystic rites into which you are about to enter, you will now be asked to divest your mind and conscience of all mental prejudices and superfluities incident to a material or worldly life; and to remember that selfish aims and vanities, if present, are not in keeping with the reverential spirit which a true seeker of Divine Light and Wisdom must manifest when he enters upon the path of true initiation. I will now leave you in the hands of true and trusty brethren, who will attend to your further preparation and see that you proceed as all others have done who have gone this way before.” Sounded mighty fine to me, and within the next hour and a half, I was initiated.

One can assume based on the aforementioned that the evening took on a much similar tone in its solemn and mystical proceedings. Needless to say, I was stunned and amazed by this “Light” I had just received, and it was explained to me after my first Lodge meeting that I would be paired up with a mentor to teach me my Degree work. Having said that, the first red flag I saw shot up when everybody there despite their jovial disposition seemed rather reluctant to offer me that service. You see, it was explained that Masonry had a history of being taught orally, “mouth-to-ear”; that none of its teachings had ever been written down in text as this was to preserve its secrecy from those undeserving of its light. Figuring that I probably had a short while to wait on a mentor then, I went ahead and made my way to my car and right as I was putting it in gear about to drive off, the man who would become my mentor approached me out of slight personal disgust that nobody had offered to take me under their wing, and so he did. It would turn out that this man, my new mentor, Kevin, would prove to be one of the few “true and trusty Brothers” that I would be crossing paths with. As it turned out, he lived practically down the street from me, and in addition to that was self-employed as a work at home carpenter, so it would be more than convenient to expedite the process of learning my work by hanging out with him as frequently as I liked. I did just that, and we shortly forged a

strong friendship and I quickly began to learn the painstaking work of that of an Entered Apprentice. To put this into perspective for the non-Mason, imagine one actor having to learn every line of any given piece of theatre, so that he could readily recite it at a moment's notice for the remainder of his life.

As I returned to the Lodge for the next meetings on the calendar, I quickly learned that the warmth and giving nature of the crowd had rapidly diminished. No longer was I a guest in their facility, I was now an Apprentice in their Fraternity, and was tasked with various works such as serving them their dinner, cleaning it all up, etcetera. Wanting to excel I took on extra roles as well, such as acting as the maid service, coming up to the building once a week to clean, vacuum, dust and scrub, cycle the dishwasher, keep furniture neatly arranged, those sorts of things. All of this I was very happy to do because I had been made to now feel a part of something so special, that to not do those things would be short-changing myself of the opportunities within. Among my peers at that time there were three other Apprentices, and of the four of us there were two (myself included) that were there to do all these tasks, then the other two whom seemed never available at all because of family or work issues. My next observation was that despite their seemingly lackadaisical attitude, they were receiving no more or less of

a treatment than I and the other hard working Apprentice were. What was I to make of this, did it matter that I was doing all these things, did they care at all that I was showing a hard work ethic? My naïve conclusion was yes.

In the interim I was continuing to forge an amazing platonic relationship with my mentor Kevin as though we were long-lost best friends reunited. I was beginning to travel around to different lodges and take in other crowds as well. Now I was beginning to forge friendships at other Lodges as well. As far as I could see the Fraternity seemed to be very uniform, and even though Blue Lodges may differ in location they are comprised of similar personalities and cliques. This stability in the system was always given a very refreshing tone though, so it never really got a second thought in my mind. Now in the State of Texas, the Grand Lodge laws differ slightly from state to state, based on which I was of the understanding that I had the time frame of a year to learn the work of this Degree at first, then the more I made myself known to different authorities and the more my mentor raved about how quickly I was progressing, it was made obvious to me that these “laws” had plenty of room to bend. It was made crystal clear to me that I was in a rather strategic position to make my own Lodge look very good in front of others, and that the rate at which I was learning was paramount to that of a “good Brother”. I had no problem

with this, as I am always partial to expediting any process. This would mark the first time of many to come that I was made to desire being a good ‘poster-boy’, and again, my native conclusion was yes.

In just a matter of one month, I was ready (and naturally nervous) to go and display the fruits of my hard labor by reciting my work at a Stated Meeting. Despite the occasional nervous twitch, I did so very naturally and verbatim, not jumbling or missing one single word, and I received my first applause from my Brothers. I received my first wave of rave reviews, and for the first time, eyes from a higher level were upon me. I was being “passed to the Degree of a Fellowcraft”, and in near record time. I was now addicted. Like dope dealers, they knew it.

Chapter 2

DRAWING THE FELLOWCRAFT DEEPER INTO THE BEEHIVE

Much like the previous Degree of Entered Apprentice, the young Mason now finds himself back at a precipice much like the one before. Having successfully passed the first, now you are informed that you will again, need to report to the Lodge at a certain time for the Fellowcraft Degree. I was excited by my own success and overwhelmed by a full blown desire of acquiring more *Light*, so it becomes prudent in the mind to wish to advance further. Having made it this far, I and the other Apprentices who came in at the same time as me were by this time fully versed in names, faces,

and the face value powers in the community of those names and faces.

At this point, any Apprentice who may be a little down on his luck has been granted the benefits of nepotism, and has probably been offered a job working in another Brother's office, or if you are self-employed you have probably had a whole new clientele base flung at you. It was interesting to me to take note of the self-employed Brothers who were under this umbrella, because it was obvious that they were becoming increasingly pressured to put "Masonic contacts" on a higher 'level' than their own. Who was to question this though, because where one might argue it is a bad position to be in or a conflict of interest, at the end of the day the imposed mind set was one of great valor, because if a higher level Brother was assisting you in your vocation, giving you leads, contacts, anything, then it was only respectful of you to elevate his interest above others' and glorify it to the rest of the lodge. Anybody deviating from this unspoken rule was quickly becoming more increasingly isolated, and the talk at the Lodge water cooler was usually something like "well you know he isn't *really* that reliable". It was clear you needed to know where your loyalties were, and to not let them falter. But enough of that for now, as it was time to get this next Degree underway.

Like before you repeat the same pattern, you are put into the hands of the Master of Ceremonies, and he helps you prepare your mind and your costume for the closed ritual about to ensue. You are prepped by knowing you are finally about to learn more about this letter “G” you see everywhere in the logos, that square and compass adorning every door, plate, piece of jewelry, etcetera. The feeling of belonging to the ‘in-crowd’ starts to take over the psyche, and you are obviously left very solemn and obedient by that in the interest of continuing forward with this deal, like all these other larger than life personalities around you have. If ever the thought of “what might they do to me inside?” comes over you, rest assured, it is nothing because clearly everyone else around you that did it is still standing and not maimed or scarred, and believe me, these men don’t want any negative publicity or lawsuits on their hands were they to want to enhance things, shall we say. In my later position I would hear rumors of other Jurisdictions, mainly foreign ones, where things do get carried in to the extreme, such as Mexico. Being that I have never travelled to one of those menacing foreign Lodges though, I cannot personally substantiate that. Nevertheless, you are informed of these rumors almost as if you are to be afraid for some reason regardless. It is important for them here to begin instilling a sense of fear in you for these oaths and obligations you are taking in your Degrees,

because if you don't feel that fear, than they fear you might, say for example, out at a bar with non-Mason friends one night, after throwing a few back might begin to reveal handshakes or passwords you have learned, and this of course is considered the biggest Masonic cardinal sin of all.

As the night progressed, I noticed how unlike the first Degree, this Fellowcraft business was turning out to be a bit more detailed and a bit more informative of the one before it. The ritual itself concludes, and for the second part (in all three Blue Lodge Degrees) you are then sat down for a University styled lecture with accompanying slide-show. Depending on the Lodge you belong to and whether it is cash-rich or not, some guys might find themselves seeing these new and mysterious images in black and white on a 1970's slide projector, or perhaps you are viewing it in the latest greatest high-definition digital circuitry they can afford to show off. Either way, every Mason receives the same lecture and sees the same images.

Contrary to what they tell you, the most important images you will see on this night are not the "mysteries of the letter G", ***spoiler alert***, all they tell you is that it stands for "God" and "Geometry" and "Grand Architect of the Universe". It is a bit of a letdown, because they told you this when you first walked in the door, before you ever became a Mason. What is of interest is when they begin to explain

a bit more in depth of some of the images that decorate the building itself. For example, when you walk in the door of the Lodge room, you pass through two large pillars on either side of you, each with globes on top. It is explained that one represents the Earth, and the other the Celestial Sphere of the Cosmos. Makes sense, after all it is this so called Grand Architect that designed it all. At this point your lecturer becomes “Captain Obvious” when he begins to explain these mysteries as being the five human senses, and the five orders of architecture—those being Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite. Having passed high school biology and later taken a course in interior design in College, I was not learning anything I didn’t already know.

The anti-climactic evening continued more as it was explained that the magic behind all of this are the seven liberal arts and sciences, those being grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. You are not necessarily having these re-defined for you; you are again just simply having the obvious stated to you. For example, when touching on arithmetic, they simply tell you that “this teaches the powers and properties of numbers, which are variously affected by letters, tables, figures and instruments. By this art, reasons and demonstrations are given for finding out any certain number whose relation or affinity to another is already known or discovered.” Really? So you just

gave me the basic board of education course description for elementary school mathematics, that's fantastic...*note my sarcasm*. They realize how dismissive this must sound, so the emphasis gets placed then on the Grand Architect having to have these things to enable him to construct his plans and execute his designs of the Cosmos.

They will go one step further to tell you that the importance of studying these ridiculous and shallow concepts is because you need their value to "effectively polish and adorn your mind", and that Geometry itself is the complete foundation of the Fraternity. In conclusion the emphasis is summed up as you need to "conform". Conform, conform, and conform, the more you go the more you will hear this word. What the new Fellowcraft Mason is unaware of at this moment is that this emphasis is necessary to begin integrating you into the symbol and mind set of the "Beehive" which is later to come in the Master's Degree, but this is important because what is actually happening is you are being analyzed from those in charge of just how willing to conform you are. Without this, they would be totally and utterly powerless to keep you interested.

In my time spent in Masonic Lodges, I have personally witnessed the Degree of Fellowcraft approximately forty times. The ultimate tragedy of this Degree is its superficial marketing. You see every time a Degree is performed within

Lodge, immediately following it the Worshipful Master will tender the floor to the group, each member getting a turn to stand up and offer his own words of reflection or encouragement to the Candidate. In the Fellowcraft Degree there has always been a common mind set and thus, verbal instruction to the Candidate which suggests that “this Degree is very beautiful, and though it is short, your time studying it should not be.” I heard this for my Fellowcraft and every one I saw after it, but why? This is because the Fellowcraft Degree is in fact the shortest Degree in Freemasonry, therefore its work the smallest and thus quickest to learn. They advise you not to overlook its symbology or to underestimate its importance, yet given the breakdown of it, there really isn’t any. At this point is where another conflicting timeline of Masonic history is generally offered as an explanation to temper the possibly bored Candidate, saying that originally the Degree of Fellowcraft was the highest in the Masonic Lodge, and that the Degree of Master Mason was written and implemented later on.

Or was it? If you accept the most common explanation by your Masonic handlers or the paid Masonic apologists in the employ of the Supreme Council, that Freemasonry dates back to the Stonemasons Guilds of Europe in the Middle Ages “as a way of organizing and protecting their trade secrets” then you find they have contradicted themselves in

the explanations that they are about to begin offering in the higher degrees. There is a famous quote by General Albert Pike, officially referred to as ‘The Father of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry’ that has seen much fanfare in the conspiracy genre of books and websites, which states “Masonry, like all the Religions, all the Mysteries, Hermeticism, and Alchemy, conceals its secrets from all except the Adepts or Sages, or the Elect, and uses false explanations and misinterpretations of its symbols to mislead those who deserve only to be misled; to conceal the truth, which it calls *Light*, and draw them away from it.” (Morals and Dogma, p. 104-105) This is beyond any shadow of doubt absolutely true, and from my experiences from these moments upward, this would ring true again and again for me. The authoritative Masonic debunkers will publicly brush this off as “symbolical or allegorical” yet this is about as baseless as their claims that the Degree of Fellowcraft will educate you in the mysteries of the letter “G”. As for now, it was time to put the ‘game-face’ back on, because I had successfully passed the Degree and was now being scheduled to be *Raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason*.

Chapter 3

RAISING THE MASTER, AND TAKING HIM BACK TO THE SALES FLOOR

Albert Mackey, 33rd Degree Mason and author of the informative “*Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*” (1873) states that “In a circular published March 18, 1775 by the Grand Orient of France, reference is made to two divisions of the Order, namely, Visible and Invisible Masonry...by ‘Invisible Masonry’ they denoted that body of intelligent ad virtuous Masons who, irrespective of any connection with dogmatic authorities, constituted a ‘Mysterious and Invisible Society of the True Sons of Light’, who, scattered over the two hemispheres, were engaged with one heart and soul in

doing everything for the glory of the Great Architect and for the good of their fellow-men. By ‘Visible Masonry’ they meant the congregation of Masons into Lodges, which were often affected by the contagious vices of the age in which they lived. The former is perfect; the latter continually needs purification.”

Having made this much progress in Blue Lodge thus far, it is a fair and accurate statement that I was well on my way to being one of the ‘Adepts’ or ‘Elect’ of Masonry. Essentially what has transpired parallel to the work performed over the previous two Degrees is the function of a recruiter; their system has tried and tested all the men that came through its doors to be initiated, and separated the ones who are serious from the ones who are at this point, already fed up. I mentioned earlier that conformity would be a central theme in this undertaking, and that is now getting ready to shift into top gear.

The Degree of Master Mason is unofficially referred to amongst Masons as “the most fun Degree” and this is absolutely truthful, because as of yet the young Mason has been watching the same mundane movie rewound over and over again. Now however, the journey begins to take on a more interesting tone as my handlers jokingly tell me that *“this is where the phrase being given the third degree comes from”*. Incase this is too cryptic, let’s get cozy and literal. So far

the forms and ceremonies that one has taken part in up to this point are confirmed as rather boring, because as this Degree begins you find yourself getting to play the central starring role of the Masonic legend of Hiram Abiff, Master Architect of King Solomon's Temple. Hiram, "the Widow's Son", was the possessor of the most advanced knowledge of architecture and design at the time of construction of the Temple. King Solomon employing him as such, he finds himself immersed in the job of ancient world power broker suddenly, and Solomon quite simply is looking to build an edifice so magnificent that when completed will stand unparalleled as a monument to Solomon's supposed divine authority to rule.

Soon though, Hiram Abiff becomes the victim of tragedy. Because his skills are so highly revered and his mastership unrivaled, Hiram soon becomes the earliest recorded 'local celebrity' and thusly the first major known victim of man's selfish greed and ego. As we continue we learn that a dubious plot gets forged to rob poor Hiram of his arcane knowledge, by force if necessary, and so three of his apprentices turned ruffian take it upon themselves to go and execute these careful plans. Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum hide after hours in dark corners of the Temple, waiting on the naïve Hiram to leave work for the night, and when all is clear they confront him. Upon confrontation, they demand of him to divulge "the secrets of a Master Mason" which they as

apprentices do not yet know. Long murder scene short, he refuses each of their demands and upon doing so each delivers a total of three fatal wounds, and they hide the body in the rubble of Solomon's Temple and attempt to leave town. Such is the case for anybody high profile that goes missing, Solomon dispatches his finest men in order to locate Hiram and whoever did whatever to him. They manage to locate his body and the three ruffians that did it, and then the story turns from a courtroom drama to science fiction. As Hiram Abiff was a Master Mason, as was King Solomon, Solomon performs a ritual with his counterparts over Hiram's dead body, and in the end successfully manages to resurrect him from his fatality. This resurrection then becomes the centerpiece of the Degree, teaching the candidate that if he ever feels threatened or is ever in actual distress, to signify his distress to his Brothers and, in theory, they will fly to his immediate relief.

It is important to note that as the candidate, you are filling the role for the night of Hiram Abiff, and it is you that will be theatrically killed, your body stashed, and then ritually resurrected by means of the “grip of a Master Mason.” This grip is also known as “The Lion’s Paw.”

This Degree proves to be far more entertaining and interactive than its two predecessors, so it is correct to suggest that the tagline can be “the most fun Degree in Masonry”.

The rest of the Degree moves forward exactly as the previous two, all with new handshakes, passwords, oath and obligations to learn, however now the candidate who was just immersed in the interactivity has had his brief moment on the stage and now finds himself being directed right back to conformity as the lecture begins. This is centralized and solidified by the idea and imagery of “The Bee Hive”, or rather *beehive mentality* as I like to say, which they proceed to define as:

“An emblem of industry, and recommends the practice of that virtue to all created beings, from the highest seraph in the heavens to the lowest reptile of the dust. It teaches us that, as we came into the world endowed as rational and intelligent beings, so we should ever be industrious ones; never sitting down contented while our fellow creatures around us are in want, when it is in our power to relieve them, without inconvenience to ourselves. When we take a survey of nature, we view man in his infancy more helpless and indigent than the brute creation; he lies languishing for days, months and years, totally incapable of providing sustenance for himself, or guarding against the attack of the wild beasts of the field, or sheltering himself from the inclemencies of the weather. It might have pleased the great Creator of heaven and earth to have made man independent of all other beings; but, as dependence is one of the strongest bonds of society,

mankind were made dependent on each other for protection and security, as they thereby enjoy better opportunities of fulfilling the duties of reciprocal love and friendship. Thus was man formed for social and active life; the noblest part of the work of God; and he that will so demean himself as not to be endeavoring to add to the common stock of knowledge and understanding, may be deemed a drone in the hive of nature, a useless member of society, and unworthy of our protection as Masons."

As the lecture continues they proceed to make the claim that Pythagoras was a Master Mason, and that his discovery of the Forty-Seventh Problem of Euclid is a direct result of the synthesis of regular everyday intelligence combined with 'Masonic' knowledge of arts and sciences. Next, and for the first time *openly*, they admit to the symbology of the rather infamous Illuminati "All Seeing Eye", and describe it only briefly as "Whom the sun, moon and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart and will reward us according to our merits." As things conclude for the evening, I was finally presented with my own lambskin Apron "the badge of a Mason" and my own Masonic Edition Holy Bible, "the great light in Masonry", I was congratulated, and I went home.

Now what has just happened is purely and simply put, indoctrination. This is the point in the system when those who might have been thinking about calling it quits finally do, and when the ones who wish to press on even further get those chances. I feel it is important to now take a moment to step aside from the overview of the ritual to analyze what is going on here at face and dollar value. As I previously mentioned, the journey thus far has been...to put it nicely, rather boring. All along the way since I felt the first curiosities and inclinations of looking into Freemasonry, I felt rather let down each step of the journey with the seemingly gross lack of revelations, hidden knowledge, and repetitious promises of things to come.

Under normal circumstances, when you are a Master Mason and have been, you must pay dues to your Blue Lodge in order to be a “member in good standing”, and this is possible in two ways. One, you can pay the annual amount to the Lodge usually by the last calendar day of the year for the next, or you can “endowel” your membership, paying a much larger fee one time only for a lifetime membership. These amounts vary by Lodge and by State, and endowments are typically in the thousands of dollars and are in effect out of price range for most young men of the Fraternity. Paying your dues yearly varies in price between differing Lodges but usually hovers right around the one hundred

dollar range, at least in the United States, thereby making it more affordable to the under-thirty age bracket. This though is only the going rate for those who as I said are already Masons, because the pathway to becoming one is riddled with these fees.

Allow me to establish an average for the sake of discussion. The majority of men who enter into a Blue Lodge as an Apprentice who work diligently toward the rapid acquisition of their Degrees takes for most people, the time span of about two years. It is supposed to be paced out to about a year for study per Degree, but that would be if the interest was in educating and not making money and keeping high numbers. Masons are constantly encouraged to rush to the finish line, as I did, but why? If it is more advantageous for them to learn the real substance, why race? The ‘sales floor’ of Freemasonry is very universal in these quiet qualities, which can on one part explain why some Blue Lodges are cash rich while others are not.

When advancing from one Degree to the next, you are responsible for paying the “Degree Fees” for each one, and that number is usually calculated to be the same as annual dues themselves. Each time that Degree is achieved, your previous dues card is discarded and a newer one issued with your new ranking listed upon it. By the time a man enters into a Masonic Lodge, passes his Entered Apprentice

Degree, his Fellowcraft, his Masters, and then pays dues for the first time as a Master Mason, he has paid them roughly one hundred dollars (averaged) per item, and this process alone counts for about four hundred dollars of the new Master Mason's non-refundable investiture into their society. Should the candidate take longer than the majority dedicated to expeditious arrival at the rank of Master Mason, he will have to pay his annual dues without the option of endowing at that time, bringing the amount he spends even higher for his yearly dues card declaring him to be a member in good standing, and thereby able to attend Lodge. Should the candidate take even longer than prescribed to achieve each Degree ranking, he will run into logistics issues because the Grand Lodge laws which supersede local Blue Lodges come into play. Once the timer of one year has expired and that next Degree not yet reached, he will have to start all the way back at the beginning and redo the entire thing. This is particularly inconvenient for men who have heavy work or family obligations, and equally inconvenient for the promotion of the beehive mentality. In any event, dues must always be paid by the end of the calendar year, regardless of where you are. It is by that rule that it becomes fiscally advantageous for a candidate to rush through his work, and moreover to keep him from asking himself the 'why'.

Also at this point of now being a Master Mason, you are told that you are now finally “allowed” to wear all the beautiful jewelry, clothing and accessories, it having been previously “illegal” to do so as an Entered Apprentice or a Fellowcraft. The Lodge will be happy to direct you to their own gift shop should they have one, otherwise to the nearest Masonic merchant whether in-person locally or web-based. It is also at this time that you will begin to be indoctrinated into the realm of donations, all in the name of philanthropy and ‘your good name’.

Money is not all that keeps the Fraternity functioning. Out of the approximate five million Masons within the continental United States, 99% of their overall workforce is volunteer. The volunteer work will metastasize in the higher appendant bodies such as Scottish and York Rite, however on the local Blue Lodge level there is always plenty to be found. Take into consideration that of the wide variety of vocations within any given Lodge’s membership, Lodges are in a very unique position to pull in tradesmen of virtually every profession. If you are a plumber or an electrician and something should go wrong at the building, they will most definitely call you for a heavy pressured hand-out. If you work in financial/capital management, they will contact you for advice with investments. If you are an attorney, you will be hounded for free legal advice, and so on. This all can be

attributed back to the beehive mentality, and it reminds me of what I began by saying, that would a college request these things of its graduates long after their matriculation expired?

So there is no misunderstanding, I am not suggesting that volunteer work is bad or donating to charity is inconvenient, quite the contrary—it is what the place is supposedly built on. However, there comes a time within your own personal life management when you must know your boundaries and know when to say “no”, and failure to conclude this will only result in a sacrifice of your own time, resources and nerves. Rest assured there will be plenty of pressure from your peers and handlers, yet it was my own observation that the same men who always do the intrusive asking are simultaneously the ones who themselves could be well served to *practice what they preach*. I found the men inside my Lodge to be highly guilty of the *give an inch, take a mile* conundrum, and in a case such as mine, the only option in the end for my own blood pressure was to branch out from this, and pursue the higher appendant bodies.

The decision of what to do next in the end you could say was a bit of a coin-toss. Now that I was a Master Mason I was being approached from all directions by members and representatives of the “Big Three” which consist of the York Rite, the Scottish Rite and the Shrine. This is where Freemasonry starts to get very confusing and difficult to

follow. There is an official law in all of Freemasonry, no matter which Lodge or what body, that they are forbidden from recruitment. The official slogan about becoming a Mason is “2B1 ASK1” (to be one, ask one), however I have never seen more of a culture of lawlessness when it came to that. All around me petitions to join were being handed out hot off the copier all the time, members were constantly bringing friends or their sons or nephews in to try and talk them into it, and should somebody ever question their motives nine times out of ten the question gets thrown back onto the person asking, as to say, why not? For myself the final decision of where to go next came down to a sense of honor and belonging to my Grandfather. I would follow in his footsteps and petition to join the Scottish Rite, and I would soon become scheduled to attend their next “reunion” and by doing so, become a 32nd Degree Knight-Mason... of course I had no real concept of what that would mean. I just *wanted* to do it, it felt *right*; that was the bottom line to me then.

Chapter 4-32

EGYPTOLOGY, THE PYRAMIDS, AND THE BEST DAMN PYRAMID SCHEME OF ALL TIME

“*Order ab Chao*, Order out of Chaos, and *Fiat Lux*, Let there be Light, are cornerstone mottoes of the Scottish Rite and themes particularly important to it. The immortal bard Shakespeare asked, ‘What’s in a name?’ The name of the Supreme Council reveals history, tradition, glory, and accomplishment. It should, therefore, be treated with dignity and recorded with accuracy. The official, full name of this Supreme Council is: ‘The Supreme Council (Mother Council of the World) of the Inspectors General Knights Commanders of the House of the Temple of Solomon of the

Thirty-third Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States of America'.” [Forms and Traditions of the Scottish Rite, Second Edition, p. 7, 11]

The Scottish Rite of Freemasonry in size and scope literally dwarfs its Masonic counterparts. I had trekked down the path towards ‘Light’ with much determination like so many of my peers, and was greeted with a sense of relief that the hard part of the work seemed to be over with my Lodge business. What I mean is that I was quickly learning that there was quite a difference between regular Blue Lodge and the larger broad sweeping administrative nature and function of the Scottish Rite, and no longer would I be having to worry about endless and painstaking memory work, like that of the previous three Degrees, which I shall briefly explain.

In the Scottish Rite, you never have just one “candidate”. Petitioners are put together into large class sizes, and scheduled to attend their seasonal “Reunions”. At a Reunion, the membership convenes to work as a group and put on in theatrical one act play format, all the Masonic Degrees numbering from four to thirty-two (twenty nine in total). A Reunion typically takes place all day long, starting early before sunrise and ending around dinner time, over the course of three consecutive Saturdays, (or in some Valleys an entire weekend) with a fourth and final “capping ceremony” concluding the

event. Where in regular local Masonic Blue Lodges, whose authority is under the Grand Lodge of the State in which they exist and goes no further, the Scottish Rite Cathedrals in the major United States cities are all formed under State “Orients”, much like their Grand Lodge counterparts, however this authority continues upward to the ‘federal’ level under the auspices of the Supreme Council. There are two Supreme Councils, no reason given, divided into the “Northern Jurisdiction” and the “Southern Jurisdiction”. The Northern Jurisdiction is responsible for the Northeastern States that were originally the thirteen colonies, and the Southern is responsible for the other 37.

When the class of candidates enters, they are immediately thrown into sensory overload by the grandeur of the architecture, artwork and Egyptian/Sumerian/Annunaki motifs of Scottish Rite Cathedrals. In Dallas, the proscenium of the stage where the Degrees are performed is a replica of the front of the Temple of Karnak at Thebes, showcasing the winged disc of the Annunaki as its centerpiece. By comparison to a Blue Lodge whose membership is on average in the range of one to two hundred, Scottish Rite Valleys tend to have average member bases of four thousand plus. At the Scottish Rite, within those walls as you walk through the corridors you are surrounded by towering bronze and marble statues, display cases of the finest antiquities, and curiously

enough more Egyptian and older relics. By having these gargantuan membership bases, Scottish Rite Valleys have been able to afford these types of surroundings steadily for the past one hundred years, however as time progresses and attitudes and good intentions falter, so does the affordability of jaw-dropping gauche décor, with the plight of the younger membership.

Before in Blue Lodge as I was about to learn “the deeper mysteries”, it was now obvious to me at this point in time that had been a façade, reminiscent of Albert Pike’s words that I mentioned early on which I cannot stress enough, “Masonry, like all the Religions, all the Mysteries, Hermeticism and Alchemy, *conceals* its secrets from all except the Adepts and Sages, or the Elect, and uses false explanations and misinterpretations of its symbols to mislead those who deserve only to be misled; to conceal the Truth, which it calls Light, from them, and to draw them away from it.” (*Morals and Dogma*, p. 104-105) because now I was staring face to face with relics and symbols which were clear to me through my own independent studies were Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Annunaki, Templar and even yes, Illuminati and Luciferian in nature. As the Faustian 18th Degree opens up and the gates of hell are opened and the actor playing the candidate on stage is led around on a fun tour of the landscape, it was as if it could not be more obvious that these men were serious in

their beliefs and that the public relations spiel that “Masonry is not a Religion” was a complete farce. This organization was most definitely exploring the far boundaries of faith and spirituality and the sorcerer Masters were full blown professional ritualists centering their proceedings around invocations to Egyptian Gods and Demi-Gods. Suffice to say at the conclusion of that 18th Degree, you are then decorated as a Knight Rose Croix having taken your tour of hell, and formally Knighted as such.

A true operatic performance is being put on and I’m not even in the Arts District of Downtown, I thought to myself. I was amazed at the scope of the work involved; I having an education and background in theatre was marveling at the massive concerted effort being coordinated over time to put together these one act plays with such precision that I was truly entertained and taken aback by the splendor. The finest modern technical equipment is used and educated men in backstage craft are employed as volunteers to pull off a truly dignified and avant-garde production, and I was thoroughly impressed by it as an audience member.

Back to the subject at hand, a “higher education” in Freemasonry is the subject of the show. This is the reason the ‘class’ is seated in the auditorium devoting three consecutive long full days to Aristotelian dramatics while being out of pocket approximately two hundred dollars for it in most

States. With that said, where are these elusive mysteries? Where are all these secrets of this secret society that you are now in the higher levels of? Where are the concise explanations of these ancient tall tales and riddles you are hearing all the while being subjected to daunting symbology and mysterious overtones?

As the show goes on we reach a Degree such as the 30th or 'Knight Kadosh' and a melodrama ensues as the actor on stage representing the "you" of each audience member, is led through another very Faustian type tale as the gates of hell are opened and the candidate is tempted with knowledge and power, etcetera. From a control booth the lighting operator projects an image of Jesus Christ on the Cross, the popular Roman Catholic depiction with the word "INRI" atop Jesus, and you are informed that this is one of several of the higher level passwords and secret ineffable names of deity, when again no real new knowledge is learned at least from my perspective having stage managed Faust itself for advanced theatre in high school.

Let me be clear that no 'hidden knowledge' or secret arcane wisdom was being divulged at this point. Like all the Masonic Degrees before, a show is put on to draw an audience, captivate them, and wanting them to become programmed to come back for another show and even bring a friend. As each Degree concludes the oath for it is given

en masse, and again the Beehive mentality is employed as the group is directed to rise from their chairs and kneel and read aloud via oral tutorial Shakespearian worded oaths which at the time being given no newcomer could have the slightest clue about its true meaning or implications. Implications saturated with such myths legends and symbols of Egyptian, Sumerian, Babylonian, Annunaki and Illuminati descent are shoved into your head faster than you can process them...if you are awake.

In the event a Master Mason potentially interested in the Scottish Rite claims he can't devote three consecutive Saturdays to this enterprise, they have carefully crafted a solution for that to keep the gears turning, by offering a one-day marathon of what they have titled the "terminal Degrees". These, according to the mandates of the Supreme Council are the crucial Degrees to the education of a Scottish Rite Mason; those Degrees being the 4th, 14th, 18th, 30th, 31st and 32nd. Whether you attend the proper three day or the marathon one day reunion, the show culminates in the 32nd Degree called "Master of the Royal Secret". This Degree once again invokes heavy melodrama as you are explained the theories and functions of the old Knights' Encampments and the 'Round Table', and great luxurious care is given to take the time to properly Knight each candidate present. After all the time divested into Freemasonry, I was so

excited that I was about to witness the climax of this “Royal Secret” and learn why I was being proclaimed a “Master” of it, and as it turns out, this big Royal Secret is “*Equilibrium*”.

Equilibrium...really? No deeper explanation of your symbology, no further delve into the foggy and often dismissed origins of the craft? Equilibrium? You’re telling me and every single other guy that has ever done this that after all this time, money, work, charity, care, hope, excitement, anticipation and Fraternity that I need to have *Equilibrium* in my life, which will make my life better, case closed, end of story. I turned and looked at my friend and Brother going through the same reunion as me, seated to my right, and whispered, “What the hell”?

Despite the once again anticlimactic letdown of hope for enlightenment, after it was over I left with a sense of pride that I had just “graduated” in the same room in the same honors as my Grandfather before me, however that aside I was still bewildered that after all this time, I had yet to really learn anything profound or arcane or super-secret enough to challenge my beliefs or educate me beyond that of the average citizen. Yes I had just witnessed bizarre rituals and countless questionable actions such as necromancy and drinking from skulls under the guise of innocent theatrics, but I hadn’t learned anything or felt as though I had been “a good man made better” as the worn-out mantra goes.

At the end of the day I was rather disappointed by the experience overall, and decided that I would not take part in any of the countless activities available at the Cathedral. I decided I would get more involved in my Blue Lodge nearby my house, concentrate there, and let Scottish Rite wait a while until I was more aware of its appendant functions and thus more able to take it all in.

It is interesting to me how during the 19th and 20th century Scottish Rite Reunions, candidates were each given copies of the infamous “Morals and Dogma” by Albert Pike. For obvious reasons they no longer do so, and the book itself is out of print. Scottish Rite Valleys keep copies on hand, and non-Masons can sometimes get lucky and find a copy at their local used bookstores. When you open the cover, the first line of text you are greeted with under the title and publisher, is rather daunting as it reads “ESOTERIC BOOK, FOR SCOTTISH RITE USE ONLY; TO BE RETURNED UPON WITHDRAWAL OR DEATH OF RECIPIENT.” You better believe that the Supreme Council feels this way about this book, because it is true what the conspiracy theorists say, in that it is riddled with Luciferian Doctrines, perhaps the most noted “The true name of Satan, the Kabalists say, is that of Yahveh reversed; for Satan is not a black god, but the negation of God...*It is the instrument of Liberty or Free Will.*” (p. 102) And “LUCIFER, the *Light-bearer!* Strange

and mysterious name to give to the Spirit of Darkness! Lucifer, the Son of the Morning! Is it *he* who bears the *Light*, and with its splendors intolerable blinds feeble, sensual, or selfish Souls? Doubt it not! For traditions are full of Divine Revelations and Inspirations: and Inspiration is not of one Age nor of one Creed. Plato and Philo, also, were inspired.” (p. 321)

Over the next year I joined a second Lodge that I had taken a liking to, which was located at the Scottish Rite Cathedral. I remained active in my mother Lodge and held various titles throughout my ‘tenure’ there, but became rather apathetic toward the people in charge there because it seemed as though they really weren’t fond of having me in positions of importance or limelight because these men did not wish to openly endorse somebody openly homosexual, and as a result they tried convincing me to repeatedly remain as “Junior Deacon” year after year; meanwhile all the people before and after me were naturally “running the chairs” as they call it, meaning moving up one seat in power in natural progression per year by elections to ultimately be the man in charge of the Lodge, the Worshipful Master.

Because of this perfunctory and homophobic treatment I was receiving at an increasing rate at my mother Lodge, I decided to get more involved in the newer Lodge I had joined, as it was made up of a much younger and open mind-

ed crowd, still not perfect in my personal opinion, but much better than what I was used to. Being around this Lodge at the Scottish Rite Cathedral drew me closer to the Scottish Rite itself, and by that presence I quickly began attending the regular Stated Meetings there, which I had slacked off from doing thus far. Much like how their Reunions dwarf Blue Lodge Degrees, Scottish Rite Stated Meetings dwarf Blue Lodge Stated Meetings because again they have the money, luxury and manpower to pull off impressive theatics and formal dinners which would captivate anybody frankly. I settled into a basic routine of attending Stated Meetings and for the time being felt just sort of *content* in my Masonic work. My everyday life was certainly much more exciting than any of this.

My very best friend in the world, Barbara, I have known since I was a sophomore in high school. Our lives have always had very uncanny parallels and intersections. She was once engaged to marry my cousin David; she lived for a time in my family's home, and her Grandfather just so happened to be a member of my mother Lodge, even though I didn't know that about him at the time of joining. Matter of fact, he had been out of town on holiday the night I was initiated as an E.A., so it wasn't until later I realized this. Coincidentally, my mentor Kevin lived four doors down on the same street from her Grandfather, who was his mentor. In February of

2010 tragedy struck our lives, as Barbara's Grandfather died suddenly and without any warning signs, peacefully in his sleep. As our Masonic teachings had instructed, I immediately went into Knight-mode to tend to my friend and to see to his grief-stricken widow. I notified the members of our Lodge and I arranged his memorial service to be held at our Blue Lodge. The Lodge put on a very heartfelt public ceremony as they always do, and it seemed for the first time that the Masonic networks and their teachings of chivalry and service had finally had a practical application in my life, and I applied those teachings directly and it felt marvelous. My only complaint about the memorial service for Barbara's Grandfather is that all of the dim-witted egotistical drones were tripping over themselves all trying to take the credit for it, when it was I who organized the thing—another insult.

The next month came and with it so did the annual "Dinner of Remembrance" at the Scottish Rite, a very formal dinner meant to honor and remember all the 32nd Degree Brethren that had died the previous year. I thought it would be a nice idea to get Barbara's Grandmother out of the house in her time of mourning to see the sort of honorable presentation they would be sure to give, and in the meantime have a little fun and show my best friend around the gauche oversized marble building and tell Illuminati jokes. I had known all along that eyes were always on each and every young and

promising Mason, but this night would be an incredible exception for me. Dressed to kill and with a gorgeous woman at my side, I was observed very heavily during the evening. Toward the end of the night the newly appointed Chairman of the Scottish Rite, or “Sovereign Grand Inspector General’s Personal Representative”, coincidentally the same man who was the Worshipful Master the year I was initiated as an Entered Apprentice, approached me on the grand staircase and told me to give him a phone call the next day, that he was “very interested in my background and talents” and “had a job offer for me”. Me? I was overwhelmed with excitement, what could this elusive and powerful man want with me? He actually thought so highly of me as to approach me and even say something so nice? I was truly impressed, and called him promptly the next morning as directed.

The Chairman explained that because of the backup of administrative workloads in the offices of the Cathedral and the Supreme Council, that a new position was being conceived nationwide and they were going to do a test run of it Dallas and that I, if I wanted it, was the perfect person for the job because of my background in a combination of theatre, marketing, and emergency police and alarm dispatch. This position was being named “Special Assistant to the Secretary-General”, and I was given the run down in the following document as follows: my role would be:

Role of the Special Assistant to the Secretary-General

The role of the Special Assistant will be to “provide coherent and strategic leadership support, to work effectively to strengthen existing Dallas Scottish Rite Bodies’ and Supreme Council coordination mechanisms.” In addition, the person will be responsible for executing the orders of the Secretary-General, as well as smooth diplomatic dialogue about internal initiatives and Scottish Rite Bodies’ Administrative roles.

About SASGs

The appointee will stand as a Special Representative of the Secretary-General at his behest. Assistants of the Secretary-General serve at his discretion at the level and title designated by him. An SASG is designated under his Secretary-General (but should also be supportive of the Assistant Secretary and Chairman) and serves as Technical Director of the Cathedral, in accordance with any Supreme Council or DSRB by-laws or mandates.

The SASG can serve either on a full-time basis or “part-time,” depending on the requirements of the position, as determined by the Secretary-General or Supreme Council.

Special Assistants represent the leaders of an impartial international fraternal service organization and must remain loyal only to the Dallas Scottish Rite and Supreme Council and their mission - not to the other Valleys or any York Rite Jurisdiction. The role of the SASG should evolve into the “highest DSRB authority on-call 24/7, combining diplomatic and managerial skills.”

SASGs may be assigned to specific tasks or have a thematic focus, “assigned to raise awareness for major problems of an administrative nature and help the DSRB Executive Board develop relevant solutions.”

It is the Secretary-General’s duty and discretion to appoint (and depose) SASGs. The selected candidate must be capable as a spokesperson and advocate for Freemasonry; a “voice for the Fraternity”. The SASG must also possess an advanced technical knowledge of office, computer and theatrical systems.

I was in a state of shock and awe of the scope of what was being offered to me. Finally, it felt like destiny was taking hold and a much larger life plan was unfolding before me. I accepted what was approached and offered, and was told that in order for them to be sure that the right person got the job, that I would have to volunteer for my first thirty days, the reason given being that “they didn’t want somebody coming in that simply wanted a job, or would be a ‘yes-man’; (they) needed brutal honesty and devout loyalty in this position”. Being that I was still enamored with the illusions of the craft, I viewed this as a small sacrifice to make, and made it. I worked for one month as a volunteer, and at the end I was led into a meeting and informed that I “had done well, and will now be collecting my paychecks from the Supreme Council”. I viewed this as a glorious compliment, and began to settle into my position.

The first thing that had to occur now that things were official was that I would have to be privately briefed in the more intimate matters of the position. So one morning after arriving to work I was seated in the large, dark Gothic library in the building and the Chairman and Secretary-General began to describe to me all the ‘do’s and don’ts’ of the job. First and most important issue: privacy and confidentiality. Anything I was to be a part of or privy to was to be kept private by default unless directed otherwise. I was only to give information to the Secretary-General first, Chairman second, again, unless directed otherwise.

Secondly, I was to be the on-call “Intendant of the Building” (named after the Eighth Degree) whereby I would be the point of contact for the nine Blue Lodge tenants renting rooms from us, I would conduct the majority of the Museum tours, be the last person to close and lock up at night, be the point of contact for private rentals and parties, the point of contact for the various alarm companies, as well as catering crews, any Brother Mason wanting access to the building, and virtually anybody else that approached the door or rang my cell phone at whichever hour they pleased.

Third, I was to assume power over the technical systems of the Auditorium, the great theater where all the Degrees are held and where the Valley meets when they go into Session. One part of the reason I had been approached for

this job was my education and background in technical theatre, so even though I hadn't done it in a while (because I had grown tired of that industry) I had not forgotten it. I came in, assumed that old role I remembered as Technical Director back over, and got the Auditorium and all of those computerized light and sound systems cleaned up, debugged and running smoothly. The volunteer Masonic stage crews had a horrible reputation for in-fighting and high turnover rates, so these systems were in quite a state of disrepair and abandonment so I would spend many hours debugging and reprogramming the various boards and channels and electronic dimmers. The counterbalance weights on the fly-rail which operates the scenery were the only hardware in the place in proper working order, and this was only because none of the scenery had ever been changed out since it was hand painted and installed one hundred years ago. Only London, England had a matching set.

Fourth, I was to operate the inner Office of the Secretary-General. Should the receptionist be busy or at lunch, whatever, it was my responsibility to pick up the slack and make sure phones got answered; security cameras were watched, etc. While the receptionist was in, my main focus in the office was to work on any administrative or clerical task that the Secretary-General gave me, no questions asked. I was to operate sales and inventory in the gift shop, and reorder

merchandise as needed. I was to be the last line of defense in keeping the Secretary-General secured, and I was usually armed. Should the need ever arise I had specific instructions of how to evacuate him through a secret paneled door in his office down a private staircase to a door hardly anybody knew about in the basement, that led back up to the street on the South side of the building, where you could have a car waiting to speed off. Lastly in the office, whenever a high-level meeting was scheduled (which means Masonic or political) the non-Masonic wait-staff would be dismissed and I would be brought in to serve drinks or take dictation.

Fifth and perhaps most dubious, I was to report on all the dealings of all employees, Brothers and guests, even the Chairman himself, to the Secretary-General. This was to be kept totally private and I was encouraged to eavesdrop on conversations both on foot and on the building intercom system. Anytime I was to hear word of any unhappiness or discontent within, it was to be reported to him immediately so he could mitigate any possible problems or damage as quickly as possible. I was reminded that they “are in the business of information” and that information was “crucial” to them being able to make good decisions for the Scottish Rite.

Sixth and final, whether I was working late after the Secretary-General’s departure or if he was out of town or home sick, I was his Representative and would therefore

stand in as “Acting Secretary-General” for the duration. I was authorized to make decisions myself within the context of questions I already knew the answers to, but if I was ever the slightest bit unsure of a correct answer, my instructions were to briefly excuse myself to a quiet room, call him, and get it. He made it clear from day one that he was “the BOSS and nobody else is” and he “would not tolerate an assistant that overruled him on a decision in his absence”. I never did. He would later tell me that my loyalty, sympathy and research abilities were my strongest, for whatever that is worth.

Suffice to say, I would soon be transforming into a *workaholic* to keep up with all the demands of my handlers, and pulling down anywhere from 65 to 90 hours a week. I don’t mind working hard so I didn’t mind doing this; however the first noticeable problem with the bigger picture arose when I was told that despite my long hours, yes I would be making overtime except I would not be billing them for anything over 75 hours. Why though? The answer was put as plainly and simply as was possible, “because *YOU* are a *Mason*, and you still have to *volunteer* like everybody else. You are not above anybody here”. Easy words coming from two independently wealthy men back to the ‘beehive mentality’ I spoke of. This rule of no over-billing and only going home to sleep, shower and change clothes would

become the centerpiece and main mechanism of all the abuses that were gearing up to be dealt unto me.

My mood began with great enthusiasm, like the proverbial kid in a candy store; I now had full carte blanche access to the hub of commerce for Masonry in the South. I spent my first weeks learning the nooks and crannies of the hundred year old palatial Masonic palace, the placements of light switches, alarm panels, all the associated climate systems etc. I was amazed that around every turn there were wonders of antiquity beckoning you to admire them, be it the 72 (number of Goetic Demons, interesting to note) glimmering chandeliers in the ballroom, the towering spooky gothic library, the grand staircase that puts *Gone With the Wind*'s Tara to shame, or the auditorium adorned with Annunaki and Egyptian hieroglyphs.

In this stupendous edifice erected by Masons, the marble halls and statues seem to come alive with the natural light, stained glass, towering statues and giant grandfather clocks chiming the Westminster tones every fifteen minutes. Every day at work brought new discoveries of rooms, closets, secret passages, vaults, the catacombs beneath Downtown Dallas, and a wide assortment of jaw dropping antiques. Just passing through corridors in the normal course of business, I typically walked through glass French doors of an average height of twelve feet. Opening the actual proper front doors

to the building was generally a two-person job, to put it all into scale.

The office staff appeared to have all the essential skilled professionals on hand necessary to run the “largest Scottish Rite Valley in the world”, from the Secretary-General and Chairman of the Board, to myself, the two receptionists, a print shop operator for the constant publications, and a public relations woman on deck to always promote the “Library & Museum Inc.,” portion of the enterprise. The staff I came into consisted of some of the sweetest souls I have ever had the pleasure of working with, and interestingly enough though they all had connections to Masons, none of them were, except for myself, the Chairman, and the Secretary-General. Supposedly, this was the case and point of my being brought on board to this position of mine.

With a warm reception and a seamless integration into my new position, I was at that ‘on top of the world’ feeling at this point in April of 2010. The staff preceding me had been more than gracious in showing me the ropes, and I felt as though I was ready to go straight into the proverbial trenches of the Administrative management of the Scottish Rite. Though my career there would always have its ups and downs, my first down was felt just one week into my employment. I arrived for work at my usual time, around 10:00 a.m. on a Monday morning, and it seemed there was a

bit of drama brewing in the inner office. I was informed that one hour before I had arrived, the Librarian, a 33rd Degree Mason whose position there was volunteer, had exploded and yelled at the entire office staff about my having been brought on board. He was particularly despondent because according to him “we don’t need **faggots** touching those priceless books,” referring to the vast collection of material housed in the large Gothic library on site. As soon as I learned of this inappropriate outburst, I brought my disgust to the attention of both the Secretary-General and Chairman, whom were very dismissive of it saying that “to start problems with him would be starting problems with the York Rite, where he holds a high position”. I was unable to process the logic of this, as it had already been made crystal clear to me that the Scottish and York Rites are totally separate entities, and any interference between is strictly prohibited by precious Masonic Law. More importantly to me, I was appalled at the disregard for any care toward Federal workplace laws concerning discrimination and sexual harassment. This was only the beginning of the Librarian’s complaints and saboteur attitude and parlor games. On a side note, seeing as how this man was a volunteer, and so purportedly irate with the fag in the building, I personally suspect he was a FAG too. Usually the ones that scream the loudest are. This conflict felt rather daunting regarding my first and second primary

job functions, one being to keep this conflict ‘swept under the rug’ or in other words doing my best to ignore an in-your-face bully, and second, being an ‘Intendant of the Building’, the man in charge of the Library was already totally opposed to my very being, which felt ridiculous regarding my ability to do that part of my job to the best of my abilities.

Third, in assuming power over the Auditorium, or Masonically referred to as the “Session Hall”, integrating myself as Technical Director was also proving to be rather difficult. Up until this point, the various complex technical systems of the auditorium had been haphazardly managed by a high turnover rate of volunteers, and the volunteers in charge of the auditorium and technical committees had quite a reputation for disliking outsiders, their median age being approximately 65. As I came in gung-ho and excited to update and debug systems, I encountered a lot of resistance. The attitude seemed to be the typical ‘well what does this kid know’, never taking the time to actually inquire. Any time I would make a change, suggest a different methodology, anything at all, the complaints and the vile, putrid homophobic rants would pour in to the office and then I would have to stop what I was doing to explain and justify every single thing I was doing, something I felt was a complete waste of my time. Besides all of which, I had a formal education in these matters, where these homophobic

volunteers did not. This was only the beginning of my realization that each facet of Masonry is guilty of having ‘too many chefs in the kitchen’. Once more, I did my best to overlook it and go about my business.

Fourth, operating the inner-office of the Secretary-General was where I would find the most solace I would be able to in my tenure. The office itself generally ran very smoothly, and the more names and faces of both Brothers and Officials that I became familiar with, the more they sought me out over time in preference to the Secretary-General. I suppose this was because I could give instant answers and results, whereas my boss would have to take longer on approvals on larger issues, waiting on a vote, and waiting on funds to clear, etc. Over time I would build quite the rapport with the nine Blue Lodge tenants in the building, and quickly found myself being included as a guest in all sorts of Lodge dinners and activities predominately amongst the younger crowd of Brethren. This was the highlight of my office work. From time to time sensitive high-level meetings would transpire, so I would be summoned to either accompany the Secretary-General in his car on location somewhere, or I would be kept in a closed door meeting to wait tables or take dictation. Usually after a hard days work, we would finish off with a nice glass of scotch in the formal Parlor, and reflect on the days events and strategize the next day.

Most dubious to me was my fifth directive, reporting on all my Brothers whether good news or bad to the Secretary-General. It had been made clear to me from the beginning that he “is the boss” and therefore, following his line of logic, must be kept abreast of all conversations, activities, visitors, movements, and Blue Lodge itineraries. This task actually came rather easily to me, because I had multiple offices inside the building on the various four floors, and a lot of my time was spent travelling around between duties. In doing so, I was fully encouraged to stop and invite myself into meetings or conversations which I really had no business in. I was never met with resistance, matter of fact I was treated as a sort of sovereign and even referred to by several as “the 800-pound gorilla in the room” meaning that I myself was becoming a daunting figure to many of the lower-level Masons conducting business there. Now that I just found funny.

I would hear all the latest gossip and rumors, sometimes concerning myself. This is the point where I first started to take notice of a growing movement of the bigoted discontent mainly among the elderly Brothers, over, as it was commonly phrased “a **faggot** running the place”. Most of the time I would let that sort of diatribe roll off my back and not get

to me emotionally, however I was unaware then how this anti-sentiment would continue to grow to dangerous proportions.

I continued to follow my orders, always gathering more and more information for my boss, being his “eyes and ears” as he would say. Situations would arise where two Blue Lodges were coming to blows over perhaps the booking of a room on a particular evening, and I would be brought in to mediate it and issue a final judgment. I tried my very best to remain impartial, and to give each of my Brothers an opportunity to voice their side of a debate. As time went on, this part of my job became more of a burden though as people were starting to take advantage of my time and generosity in this regard. Little did they know I was funneling information back to the Secretary-General; everybody thought when communicating with me we were doing to “on the square”—a Masonic phrase for a confidential conversation. More and more I felt as though I was being torn between right and wrong. My boss could have cared less about my emotions on this matter...it was either follow orders, or tender my resignation.

The most deranged incident of this conflict of interest came in a rather interesting situation. It was no small secret that the Scottish Rite Cathedral was plagued with spiritual or ghostly or otherworldly turbulence, whatever you want

to label it. The fact is with my own eyes I would witness objects physically moving on their own on the security cameras. At night when I would close the building, walking the four floors each approximately ten thousand square feet, it would take about twenty minutes thereabouts to shut off all lights, lock all interior doors etc. I would always start at the top and work my way down, and by the time I was down to the ground floor lights would flip back on upstairs. The fact was it was impossible to keep all the lights off in that building, I would just try to do my best.

Anybody spending time in the building after dark knew about the noises, the footsteps echoing in the marble halls when nobody was there, the voices, the slamming doors; in essence there really was no limit to what you could witness after dark in there. One Brother, our Chancellor of the Knights of St. Andrew was standing on a ladder changing a light bulb on a chandelier when some unforeseen force grabbed him by his shoulders and shoved him to the floor. Other Brothers would report being grabbed on their arms, hearing pianos playing in empty rooms, all the usual ghostly phenomena.

Not only was all of this going on, but then I discovered that backstage behind the auditorium (or the Masonic named 'Session Hall') there was a false platform about twenty feet in the air where a coffin was kept with a real corpse inside. When I first heard these rumors I didn't believe it, then

I got a couple inquisitive Brothers together and we went to investigate for ourselves. Sure enough, we got a ladder and got on this platform, found a very haphazardly constructed coffin with an unsecured lid, which I thought strange. We opened the lid and low and behold there was a real mummified corpse laying inside. I was so mortified by this, as were my companions that we immediately fled that entire floor, and from that point on I had a very difficult time going back into that area, which of course was difficult in keeping with my duties, as I was the Technical Director of the Auditorium, and responsible for all those various systems inside.

I voiced my concern to the Secretary-General and Chairman together. They smirked and laughed, and asked me “what is your problem?” I replied by saying that I had a major problem with being around a dead body, and they told me that it was all part of the Scottish Rite rituals, and therefore nothing to worry about, that “that’s just the way it is”. No gentlemen, this is not a Bruce Hornsby song. They went on further to say, whether this is the truth or not, that the corpse in question belonged to a Brother who died in the 1920s and evidently stipulated in his last will and testament that his body was to be mummified and donated to the Dallas Scottish Rite for use in the 30th Degree of Knight Kadosh. According to the Scottish Rite about the 30th Degree, “Of all the Degrees of the Scottish Rite, we should consider this one

of the most important. Lives of great men, as the poet has said, remind us we can make our lives sublime—if in death there is life.” —Interesting.

I confirmed with the building’s superintendent, who was rather reluctant to discuss it, that for years they had been bringing in on a time-table of every six months a crew of morticians late at night (so curious eyes wouldn’t see) to “freshen up” the corpse. “Freshen up?” I asked, yes, he said they have to inject fresh fluids into it periodically to help keep it from rotting and to keep the smell minimal. Having learned this, I now knew why in the back corridor behind the auditorium on the third floor, every morning when I arrived for work in the summer, and would start my day by going and starting up all the central air systems in the building, why there was always a scent of death/rot in that one specific corridor. Made perfect sense now, however unsettling it was.

I continued to brief my boss on the ongoing spiritual turbulence inside, and one day he and his superiors on the Supreme Council got the idea to bring in one of these scientific “ghost crews” to bring in all their equipment and see what information they could gather. Their hope at the time was that this crew would end up debunking several items of interest, however suffice to say they got exactly what they came for.

This directive was classified top secret, and I was designated as the person who would have to be there that night to allow them access and monitor their activities. This ghost crew had no specific name, it was a group of people some Masons, some not who were organized by one of the Valley Officers, and he himself was in charge of their work. Out of respect for him, I am not going to name his name or position. What I will say is having brought all the modern instruments in, the cameras, both regular and infrared, the temperature monitoring devices, the digital recorders to track EVP “Electronic Voice Phenomenon”, by the time the late night concluded about 4 a.m. they had put together a mountain of evidence supporting the claims that yes, this building was plagued with the paranormal.

The climax of this event happened of course on the fourth floor, the most active one, the one the sweet ladies on the cleaning crew refused to go on for obvious reasons. It was about 2 a.m. and they were conducting a séance in the main room in the center of that floor known as the “Music Room”. I ventured in there to take a seat and see for myself if they were going to be able to produce any results. The various psychics and mediums were doing their thing, calling out to whatever entities might be there, asking for signs to acknowledge them etc. Nothing was really happening, other than a few mysterious noises here and there from different

parts in the room. At this point, everyone was gathered on one side of the room. Across from us on the other side, there was a small café table where somebody had set down a flashlight. I was becoming rather bored with the results of this room in particular when it was the one we had the highest hopes for, so I decided to chime in myself and play medium, and I said out loud “In the beginning there was nothing. And God said, Let there be Light.” Immediately, the flashlight on that table clicked itself on and pointed right at me. I froze in terror, and the other people in the room took back over and asked ‘it’ “if we are disturbing or angering you, show us by turning the light back off.” It immediately clicked back off. This caused a bit of a panic, and everybody grabbed up their equipment and notes and we went ahead and wrapped up the event and called it a night. It was just getting way too out of hand.

This all occurred on a Saturday night. The group’s leader phoned me the next day on Sunday to schedule a time the next day on Monday to come in a present his evidence to the Secretary-General. I made the appointment and notified him; he said that would be fine as he was expecting a briefing. Monday night came and the Brother came in with his evidence, and for the first time I was asked to leave the office, as this was going to be a private meeting between the two of them. My last task was to get a line out to the

Supreme Council in D.C. for a conference call, and transfer it into his office on my way out the door.

I went and worked on other tasks for about an hour, and finally heard the large French doors to the office unbolt and open, and I made my way down the grand staircase to meet with the Brother having finished his briefing. He looked somber and almost broken; I asked what was wrong? He said that the Supreme Council was “very distressed with the evidence gathered, and ordered it destroyed on the spot”. I was taken totally aback—I said “but why?” He replied that the photographs, video and tape recordings were all so overwhelming, that they ordered it all be immediately destroyed. The Secretary-General did so within the context of their meeting, by which I mean seized all his documentation and destroyed it himself. It was also ordered that this never be spoke of again. This Brother was not in a place to argue, as he also derived his paycheck and livelihood from the Scottish Rite, and therefore was fearful that disobeying them might cost him his job.

Though this order came down, I still maintained my own private communication with him and his paranormal group out of my own curiosity. In one email, he writes:

Sent: Monday, May 10, 2010 9:51 AM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com
Subject: Re: SRC

Bro. Jay,

Thanks for the research and findings. I'll check into the Phillip name, but I don't recall us employing a "Phillip", but he could have been a short-timer like a Fellow from back in the 50s. The report on the lady reminds me that I've not looked at the Parlor video yet. Thanks. I could take a guess at the malignant "brother" there, but I don't want to mention names even after death unless they reveal it to me first.

Bro.

Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T

And another:

Sent: Monday, May 10, 2010 10:02 AM

To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com

Subject: Re: SRC

Thanks Jay then I am correct about what I am getting around those stairs that lead up from the Blue Room, I get a strange feeling about that small door at the top of the stairs that is locked although it might lead to nowhere, I feel that it has something to do with that malignant spirit the medium might have been talking about. I don't think that the spirit is a past mason. I don't know why, but I think that it something to do with some foul act that occurred...maybe even foul play...

And:

Sent: Friday, April 30, 2010 12:36 PM

To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com

Subject: Next visit to the SRC

Team,

I like to work off of a Lunar Calendar if possible for the “active places”. Our next Full Moon on a Saturday night is October 23rd. The weekend before All-Hallows Eve. Now this time period has historically & currently coincided with or around the Scottish Rite Degrees. This could be a very good time to revisit the SRC. Let me know your thoughts; then we'll again ask Bro. Steve for permission. And of course have our own Member; Jay, be our Official Rep.

This would really only have to be a 1-night PI. I have the camera cables on spools now and will soon have the IR Cams in a padded case. Set-up / Tear-down will be a lot quicker now and we're familiar with the hot spots. Even if a wedding reception is scheduled... we'll be there after the place is cleared. We can set-up around 9:30 or so and hunt until we get tired or “things” get quiet.

Also: so far on the Saturday night audio of the Crystal Ballroom, I have a ton of different movement sounds and a few vocalizations. Camera didn't show any movement, but the room really needs 3 Cams minimum. I have audio back-

up for our Choir Room video of the “contact” we made on Friday too. I got 1 faint apparition pic and good audio of the Green Room “corner rustling”.

Whatever ya’ll caught that needs other eyes, ears or opinions; please send to the Group.

And:

Sent: Friday, May 07, 2010 1:01 PM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com
Subject: Re: More hard evidence from SRC

Its very cool! You ought to carry a digital recorder on you at night. You might pick up some names or comments. When you’re alone just talk to them like they are there.

I was very disappointed by this decision to silence us, and for the first time it hit me like a ton of bricks, just what the hell had I gotten myself involved in? How deep does the bizarre activity and living breathing human behavior go? Is it safe to work here? *Am I in any danger?*

Time went on and I tried my best to ignore what was around me. The dead body, the drinking from real human skulls in the Scottish Rite Degrees, the constant ghostly upheaval, the domineering attitudes, I had to set those things aside and remember that I had a job to do. Best method of

achieving this is to behave like an addict and immerse yourself in your work as a ‘workaholic’ so my mind wouldn’t wander with the constant weirdness surrounding me.

August was approaching and the Secretary-General announced he would be taking his vacation time and leaving for personal reasons to vacation with his family in Oregon. As we had certain protocol to follow, this meant I would be spending the month of August as “Acting Secretary-General” and thusly was given over his keys, passwords etc (that I didn’t already have) and was told to move my workstation into his office. This was all rather seamless, and his final night in town came. We were closing the building for the night and he approached me and said “let’s go up on the roof and have a drink before we go home”. So we did. We went up and each had a scotch and admired the Dallas skyline and talked for a few minutes. During this time I was taken a bit by surprise, as he went on to say that he “was beginning to love me” and that I “was like a son he never had” and he gave me a long hug and asked me while hugging, “does this make you uncomfortable?” I replied with a “No”, and he went on to laugh it off and said “okay well I had to ask... you know this could be viewed as sexual harassment in the workplace”. I thought to myself, what a strange thing to say, but thought he was just being a bit silly and shrugged it off. We closed up and left, and the next morning he departed for

Oregon and I arrived at work for my first day as “Acting Secretary-General”.

At first everything seemed business as usual, yet with a bit more freedom. I was keeping him abreast of all relevant information via phone and email, but I was free to make a lot more of my own decisions and set my own hours. With him out of the picture, the now obnoxious faction of homophobic Brothers who despised me from the inception of my appointment for my sexuality descended on me like deranged vultures. Suddenly every day I was the subject of lewd comments, insults, harassment, and it was getting worse and worse each day. I would continuously voice this concern to him in our briefings, and he would always tell me to ignore it and continue “letting it roll off my back” as I had been doing. Easier said than done though, considering the momentum this was gaining. Very quickly it became obvious to me that my boss had unwittingly sort of been a protector, in that he had been shielding a lot of this hate from coming to my attention. I admire him for that, however honesty is always the best policy and I don’t think keeping me in the dark so to speak was advantageous for my employment there.

Each and every day it worsened, until finally the bigotry crept into our office. The Librarian unleashed pure hell upon me, making claims that the Chancellor of the Knights of St. Andrew and I were having sexual relations inside the

building. It was an easy claim to make for a bigot, as we were the same age and both somewhat attractive in an obvious sort of way, however he was straight and engaged, and this all seemed so ridiculous to us both. Not only was it causing me problems, but it was causing him problems too. I continued pleading for help to my boss and he kept reassuring me help was coming, but it just never did.

In lieu of help not coming, I made the decision to take my complaints to somebody who was now back in town (he had been in London) and could be of help—the Chairman. I emailed him a long briefing of the situation, and the next afternoon I received a reply to phone him after I closed the office that day. I closed, and picked up the phone and dialed him. What happened next was something I never saw coming, and this would mark my last day inside that building. This was Wednesday, August 18th, 2010.

The moment he answered the phone he exclaimed in a booming voice “Jay what the HELL is wrong with you?” I was absolutely stunned, and had no clue whatsoever would prompt such a dubious question. I replied “umm...Sir, what do you mean?” He said “I mean this slanderous libelous email you sent me. Do you have any idea of the damage you have done?” Again, I was totally stumped and at a loss for words as to whatever he was referring to, and said “Sir, that email was sent to you and you only, and everything written

in it is factual.” He began screaming with the phone muffled, and I was unable to determine exactly what the words were coming out of his mouth. The clarity of his voice returned and he repeated himself saying “I have never in my life seen such slanderous filth, and have you any idea the damage this email will do?” “No, Sir, I don’t know what ‘damage’ that email could do seeing as one, it’s the truth and two, it is private between you and I.” “No,” he replied, “you are making serious accusations against very esteemed Masons and if I find out one word of this is the least bit inaccurate, your little sissy ass is grass buddy, do you get me?”

By this time, both fear and anger were simultaneously rising in me, and I said “*Brother* Chairman, everything in there is factual and frankly I am getting sick and tired of putting up with all this homophobic abuse around here, its totally un-Masonic and has no place inside this building.” That is when he really started bellowing, and he replied “Goddamnit Jay I am getting real sick and tired of you being a sissy little **faggot**. Grow up and get over it. Just who the hell do you think you are anyway?” I said “Buck, I believe myself to be a twenty eight year old Mason, employed by this Valley and trying my damndest to do my job the best I can, if people would let me get on with it and stop with all the high school teasing, bullying and harassment. That is who I think I am.”

His screaming subsided for a moment, and he got very slow and serious in his tone and then said “Jay listen very carefully to what I’m about to say. This is MY Valley, and it is MY duty to see to it that things such as this ‘email’ of yours are dealt with properly. You better believe I’m going to make some phone calls and explore the validity of it. Until that time, answer me this, just what the hell do you do around here anyway?” I was so angered by this question, as if my average of 80 to 90 hours a week without question or vacation wasn’t good enough, so I said “Buck, you know good and well what I do here, I’m here all the time, I spend many nights here as a result, I am your on-call go-to-guy 24/7, and frankly, I do your job as well because YOU are never here.” He replied by saying “Jay, you better shut up, reign your ego in a few notches and remember that this is just a job, and if you sidestep me on this, I promise your ass is grass, you get me? You’ll be history you little bastard, I’ll see to that.”

On that note, I hung up the phone. I couldn’t take anymore. I blacked out. When I opened up my eyes I was laying on the floor of the office and five minutes had passed. I sat up and started crying uncontrollably. I immediately climbed back up into my desk chair and sat down, picked up the phone and dialed my boss in Oregon. He had been difficult to get hold of so far eighteen days into his vacation,

understandably, but this time fortunately he answered, and I immediately told him every word and detail of what had just happened. He let out a long sigh, and started making excuses for this jerk. He said “Jay, you know Buck has been under the same stress as us, and he just got back in from London two days ago and is getting over the flu.” “The flu?” I remarked, “Steve...The FLU? You think its okay for him to speak to me this way because he has the freaking flu?” He let out another sigh and said “look, let me call Buck real quick and see what he has to say about all this, and I’ll call you back in five minutes, okay, I promise. Go outside and smoke a cigarette or something, I’ll be right back in touch with you.”

Five minutes later exactly, my cell phone rang outdoors and I answered it, and said “Well? What did he say?” Steve said “well Jay he didn’t have much to say, he did sound rather angry and all he really said was that he was furious with you and is trying to figure out what to do with you.” This made me even angrier, and I said “Steve, this is totally unacceptable. This is ILLEGAL treatment for a human being under Federal workplace laws, is it not? I haven’t done anything, it’s these stupid bigots that have been ganging up on me since the day you left and I can’t take anymore of it. I’ve never dealt with this kind of sick shit to this degree in

my entire life, and I'm not going to start now." Another long sigh; then he said "Jay, listen, your health and your peace of mind are the most important things right now, so listen very carefully. I want you to go home, forget about this incident for right now, let me deal with it, okay? You have been overworked and overstressed, and so I am placing you on administrative leave until I return on September 1st because obviously like you said, people are ganging up on you, and evidently I need to get back to Dallas to get these guys under control." As he was saying this I was sobbing the entire time, however it seemed like a good enough response for the moment, so I agreed to it and he said "now I have to get off the phone right now, I'm about to walk into a restaurant but I will be in touch with you tonight by email, okay?" "Okay." I said.

We hung up and I sat still crying for another ten minutes or so, and the reality of the situation began to hit me. It was obvious these guys were out to do me some sort of harm, so I went downstairs to the print shop and grabbed a couple empty boxes, and went back upstairs to gather up my personal items from my desk, because I felt that while on this 'administrative leave' and the way these guys were acting toward me, there was no telling what they might do with my things, so it would probably be wise to take them with me until I return. The point here is I planned on returning.

That night I was so distraught I decided I had to get away from everything and have some serenity and some peaceful surroundings, so I drove out of the city to my family's lake house and decided I would spend the next three to five days there, depending on how I felt as time progressed. Exhausted, I immediately went to bed once I arrived, and I woke up early the next morning. I phoned three close friends of mine and invited them out to the lake to hang out, and they obliged. My friends, one being a 32nd Degree Mason himself all arrived about two hours later, and so we just chilled out and went out on the lake. The peace and quiet would not last long though, because literally as soon as we were on the water my phone started ringing uncontrollably, non-stop. It was the Chairman. I refused to allow myself to answer his calls, and just sent them all to voicemail. After all, my boss had emailed me as promised that same morning, and within the email gave me strict instructions not to communicate with anybody from the Scottish Rite, Buck especially, until further notice.

My friends, not yet knowing what had happened kept remarking how ridiculous it was the way my phone was ringing non-stop. Finally I ended up just shutting it off completely, and decided I would just listen to whatever voicemails were adding up later on when I had the mental capacity for it. The day wore on, we enjoyed ourselves and the sun and water; it

was a rather beautiful day outside despite my personal problems. We eventually docked and returned back to the house and I cooked sole for dinner, and around 10 p.m. they left, and I sat for a little while and collected my thoughts. I got my phone, turned it back on, it said I had 15 voicemails, and so I sat down at the kitchen counter and dialed my voicemail.

Upon listening to these voicemails, and the rest of the communications that were about to ensue, it was a clear conclusion that this odious and deranged man, and obvious total fraud of a Chairman Buck would prove to display an erratic spectrum of emotions, everything ranging from begging to threatening. I could go into detail about what was said, but rather than do that, I will let his written word speak for itself. Before I go into that though, it should be made clear at this point that I was under order by my boss, Steve, the Secretary-General, to NOT communicate with anybody from the Scottish Rite, the Chairman (Buck) included.

First, the proof of my directive from my boss. Again, to be clear, the Chairman was not my boss.

From: Steve Gooch [stephenegooch@]
Sent: Wednesday, August 19, 2010 2:23 AM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com

Dear Jay,

I am sorry you are so distressed. I appreciate your loyalty to the Scottish Rite and your efforts as my assis-

tant. Please try to subdue your passions until I return to Dallas. Keep your head about you and do not confront Buck. Be as pleasant as possible. I do not want you to make yourself physically sick over all this; it is better that you should stay home than for this to happen again. Computer and phone problems along with the time difference are impeding my communications. I will try to call you tomorrow.

Keep the faith.

Steve

Then, we have:

**From: Steve Gooch [stephenegooch@]
Sent: Saturday, August 21, 2010 6:29 PM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com
Subject: Facebook**

Jay,

Please remove your Facebook pictures of you in the Scottish Rite Cathedral as soon as you possibly can. They were sent to Buck and he forwarded them to me. Needless to say he is extremely unhappy and has been trying to reach you. I told him I would attempt to contact you and assured him you would comply with this request.

I recommend again that you do not communicate with anyone at the Scottish Rite.

I will call you later tonight.

Steve

And a third time:

**From: Steve Gooch [stephenegooch@]
Sent: Sunday, August 22, 2010 5:31 AM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com**

Jay, it has been another sleepless night for me and probably for you too.

Thank you for taking the pictures off Facebook. Please do not do anything rash about your masonic memberships until we have a chance to talk after I return to Dallas. Keep away from the DSR and the employees; contact is toxic for you. You need to attend to your health and well being.

I am so sorry all this has happened. I am just too emotional to talk now, but I will call you when I am able.

Now, with all that laid out, allow me to now show you what the Chairman had to say. This is a continuous email with replies, so I will lay it out from start to finish:

**From: Buck Howard [Buck.Howard@dallasscottishrite.org]
Sent: Saturday, August 21, 2010 5:22 PM
To: Jay Wright
Subject: Trying to reach you...**

**Please call me
Buck
Sent from my iPhone**

**From: Buck Howard [mailto:buck@]
Sent: Monday, August 23, 2010 8:06 AM
To: 'Jay Wright'; brownjayr@tx.rr.com
Cc: 'Steve Gooch'; 'Stephen Apple'
Subject: your resignation**

Jay: I have made numerous attempts to communicate with you over the weekend. Regretfully, I have received no communications from you. Steve Gooch has received email or texts from you, but I was hoping to be able to meet with you for a few minutes. Now it's the beginning of a work week and we have duties and responsibilities at the Scottish Rite which must be attended.

With regret, I must inform you that we accept your resignation from the Valley as an employee. We now regretfully believe this decision is in your best interest as well as ours.

It is VERY important that we communicate in a formal way. Your resignation is in need of a brief exit interview so that we can debrief each other and attempt to offer some assistance to you. This is in YOUR best interest. You have keys in your possession which are our property,

and we may have some items in our building which may be your property.

Further, we must require that as of now you remove from all of your social networking, email and voice mails all references to being an employee of the Valley of Dallas, as this is not appropriate. I believe you have already agreed to take down photographs on these social networking sites which are also completely without authority and definitely inappropriate.

We would like to stay in touch with you, and this brief meeting can go a long way to assist you in your next employment as well. I urge you to communicate with me or Stephen Apple, Sr. or Steve Gooch as soon as you can.

Sincerely,

Buck Howard

Chairman, Valley of Dallas

-----Original Message-----

From: Wright, J. R. [mailto:brownjayr@tx.rr.com]

Sent: Monday, August 23, 2010 12:22 PM

To: 'Buck Howard'; 'Jay Wright'

Cc: 'Steve Gooch'; 'Stephen Apple'

Subject: RE: your resignation

Brother Chairman,

I was under a gag order quite literally from the General Secretary to not communicate with anybody from the DSR until his return back. I was told that I am on a leave of absence until this moment in time. I believe I am breaking his order right now by responding, but I also believe you are forcing a response so here it is.

Any keys to the building that were in my possession are now safely located on Mr. Gooch's kitchen table at his home. I can send you a photograph of this, or perhaps if Brad Billings is back in town, he can swing by and collect them. I removed my personal property from the Cathedral for the interim, so there wouldn't be any question to its safety in my absence.

I have not been in the business world as long as any of the men involved in the Valley administration, on this email list, so I am having a hard time following the logic of one "boss" telling me to stay home, rest, and wait, while the other one is telling me I either have to come back immediately—or else.

I am going to continue to rest and follow my orders from the General Secretary. Mr. Gooch—I tried staying quiet but this response was, as you can see, forced out of me.

Jay Wright

From: Buck Howard [buck@]
Sent: Monday, August 23, 2010 1:20 PM
To: brownjayr@tx.rr.com
Cc: 'Steve Gooch'; 'Stephen Apple'
Subject: RE: your resignation

Jay: I am glad to hear from you. At no time did you have instructions from Steve Gooch or myself that you could not communicate with me or Steve or Stephen Apple for that matter.

Your resignation is accepted. All the Executive officers have agreed to this, and I undertook the authority of my office in my communication to you.

Please call me about setting up an exit interview. As I have tried to explain to you, this is in your best interest. How about we meet for coffee later this afternoon? You name the time and place?

Thank you,

Buck

Now this seems a bit contradictory, doesn't it? On the one hand I seem to have the full support and backing of my boss, and his instructions to "keep away" from the Scottish Rite, Buck in particular. On the other hand, I have Buck telling me I have violated something or another, and therefore he accepts my "resignation". Let me make it clear,

that at no time did I resign from my employ by the Supreme Council at the Dallas Scottish Rite.

To demonstrate that I was not the lone cowboy experiencing this neurotic domineering ogre of a man, the following is an email to me as “Acting Secretary-General” from our office receptionist:

From: @dallasscottishrite.org>

Sent: Tuesday, August 17, 2010 2:17 PM

To: Jay Wright <Jay.Wright@dallasscottishrite.org>

Subject:

Silent and slightly hostile is the current workplace feel from the eastern side of the room.....

Director of Membership Services

Dallas Scottish Rite Library and Museum

500 S. Harwood

Dallas, TX 75201-6210

Seeing as how this definitely was turning into an overly hostile work environment almost overnight, and not knowing what to do with being pulled in two different directions with conflicting information by the Secretary-General and Chairman...I decided I would follow my Grandfather's advice (he being a former Dallas Valley Chairman himself)

and “go straight to the top” as he would say. Nervous and scared, I **anonymously** wrote Ronald Seale, the Sovereign Grand Commander (the “Top Guy”) at the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. This is what I wrote to him and his secretary:

From: Master Mason [mailto:mason.3571@hotmail.com]
Sent: Friday, August 20, 2010 10:17 AM
To: Fran Johnson
Subject: Distress in a SR Valley

Most Illustrious Grand Commander,

I must apologize to start for writing to you anonymously. I do so because I am very scared and confused right now, and I don't know where else to turn. I write you in what for me are the gravest of circumstances. If this is somehow a violation of some Masonic chain-of-command protocol, I am unaware of it, and apologize for that as well.

I am a young man, a 32nd Degree Mason, and am in the employ of one of your Valleys of the Southern Jurisdiction.

In the past month, due to some ridiculous and needless circumstances, I have fallen victim to homophobic bigotry, intimidation, hypocrisy, and verbal abuse at the hands of one of your SGIG Personal Representatives.

As I said, I don't know where else to turn. I feel as though I have reached the end of the line. The fact is, I relied on my SGIG Personal Rep. for help, and all I got was verbal abuse. It hurts me both Masonically, Spiritually, and professionally.

If there is nobody else to turn to for help, and as sickened as I am at the Fraternity by what I have experienced here lately because of my sexuality, I suppose I have no other choice than to just get as far away from it, demit from the Fraternity altogether, and move on with a new life with Freemasonry and the negativity I'm enduring behind me.

If you can be of help to me, I would like a chance to talk to you in person, and explain to you the absolute breakdown of any good sense, management or Fraternalism in my Valley. I love my Valley so very much but as things stand right now, I am being openly slandered and abused, and I'm to my breaking point of throwing in the towel and being done with it.

All your important faces in Masonry, such as my SGIG Personal Rep., tell the world how we're all so wonderful and thoughtful and caring and loving and chivalric and honorable, but in the past two months I see slim to none of those qualities greasing the gears as they turn behind the scenes at my Scottish Rite Valley. Masonry was supposed to take me, a good man and make

me better, not make me into a basket case and backstab me every chance it gets.

My General Secretary has tried helping me, but he himself has met nothing but futility with our Personal Rep... though I dare not say anymore about that as he is a good man and I would never speak for him out of respect.

A Distressed Worthy Brother,

Widow's Son

To my surprise, he emailed me a response back within four days. It said:

Subject: RE: Distress in a SR Valley

Date: Tue, 24 Aug 2010 11:45:46 -0400

From: FJohnson@scottishrite.org

To: mason.3571@hotmail.com

Dear Master Mason:

I have your anonymous email. I can't help you without specific information on which to act.

Fraternally,

Ronald A. Seale

Sovereign Grand Commander

Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A.

So, with a response like this, I felt confident that I could reveal my identity to him and the identities of my abusers. I did in short, and I never received any response back. The same original anonymous email was also sent to at the time Grandmaster Orville O’Neal, of the Grand Lodge of Texas; however I received no response period from him or his office. They wouldn’t have been able to do anything about my employment, however they could have in theory stood up for what was right and bring Buck and his like minded foul mouthed bigots up on ‘Masonic Charges’ which would therefore compromise Buck’s employment. None of this ever happened. It was totally swept under the rug.

Back to Morals and Dogma, it is even more ironic to me how these men Buck and the other miscellaneous bigots permeating the organization subscribe loyally to every ounce of material the Fraternity writes or issues. On that note, Albert Pike goes so far to say “Reversing the letters of the Ineffable Name of God, and dividing it, it becomes bi-sexual, as the word *Yud-He* or JAH is, and discloses the meaning of much of the obscure language of the Kabalah, and is The Highest of which the Columns Jachin and Boaz are the symbol.” (*Morals and Dogma*, p. 849) To the non-Mason, the “pillars of the Lodge” have a dual meaning; Boaz is the password of an Entered Apprentice Mason, and Jachin is the password of a Fellowcraft.

So reversing God's name makes him bi-sexual we are to conclude? Does the hypocrisy ever end with these people?

These same men are the ones whom every time they are around subordinate Masons, always say "now Brother, remember the teachings of this Degree or that Degree" ... funny; how quickly they forget the teachings of the 7th, titled 'Provost and Judge' which states: "On all accounts, therefore, let the true Mason never forget the solemn injunction necessary to be obeyed at almost every moment of a busy life: 'Judge not, lest you yourselves be judged; for whatsoever judgment you give to others, the same shall in turn be given to you.' Such is the lesson taught to the Provost and Judge." (*Scottish Rite Ritual Monitor & Guide, Second Edition*, p. 223)

At this point I had reached the end of my patience and vigor for all of the inconsistencies, perversities and abuses of this Fraternity. I emailed the Worshipful Master of my Lodge, Northern Star #377 Texas, and informed him and the other officers that I would not be returning back. Considering how much they placated me while I was SASG, I found I received no official sympathy or support from anybody, at least 'on the record' because frankly, they had bigger asses to kiss.

Chapter 33

CONCLUSION: IS “WHITE-CAP” SYNONYMOUS WITH “DOUCHE-BAG”?

When it comes to any organization, be it a religious one, a political one, a corporation, a private club or a ‘secret society’, I believe that the leaders, however much they want to believe so, do not have any sort of “diplomatic immunity” over their subordinates. This attitude, when in practice, absolutely sickens me and should sicken each and every person dealing with it—as opposed to supporting or enabling it.

The following is the Master Mason’s oath, perhaps the most pertinent oath in Masonry, Scottish Rite be damned,

and I shall highlight in boldface (no pun intended) the items which are constantly disregarded by the “good men” in charge who become consumed by power and ego, such as my handlers did. You kneel before the altar, hoodwinked, with both hands upon the Masonic Holy Bible, and say the following:

I, (full legal name) of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and this Worshipful Lodge, do hereby and hereon sincerely and solemnly promise and swear, as I have here to for done, with these additions: that I will not communicate the secrets of this Degree to anyone, except it be to a true and lawful Brother, or within the body of a just and legally constituted Lodge, and not to him or them whom I may hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be, after strict trial, due examination, or lawful information.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will stand to and abide by the constitution, resolutions and edicts of the Grand Lodge of (State taking oath), or any other Grand Lodge under whose jurisdiction I may be.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will stand to and abide by the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other, Master Mason's Lodge of which I may become a member, so far as they come to my knowledge.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will answer and obey all due signs and summons, handed or sent me from a Master Mason's Lodge, or from a Brother Master Mason, if within length of my cable tow.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will help, aid and assist all poor and penniless Master Masons, their widows and orphans, so far as their necessities may require and my abilities will permit, they applying to me as such, and I deeming them worthy.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will keep the secrets of a Brother Master Mason, when communicated to me as such, murder and treason alone excepted, and these left at my option.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not defame the good name of a Brother Master Mason, neither before his face or behind his back, knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not be at the making of a Mason of an old man in his dotage, a young man in his non age, an atheist, a libertine, mad man, bondman, womanizer, or a fool, knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not sit in a clandestine Lodge, nor hold Masonic communications with a clandestine Mason, nor with a suspended or expelled

Mason knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not cheat, wrong nor defraud a Master Mason's Lodge, or a Brother Master Mason, out of the value of anything knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not in anger strike, nor spill the blood of a Brother Master Mason, knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not violate the chastity of, nor hold unlawful carnal communications with a Brother Master Mason's wife, widow, mother, sister or daughter, knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not communicate the word of a Master Mason (MAHABONE) in any other manner than that in which I shall hereafter receive it.

And I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not give the grand hailing sign of distress, nor utter the words accompanying it ("Oh Lord, my God, is there no help for the Widow's Son?") unless I am in actual distress, or real danger, or for instruction; and should I see the sign given, or hear the words accompanying it, I will fly to the

relief of the Brother giving the same, should there be a greater probability of saving his life, than losing my own.

All of which I solemnly promise and swear to keep and perform, without the least equivocation, mental reservation or secret evasion of mind, binding myself under the penalty of having my body severed in twain, my bowels taken thence and burned to ashes, an the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not remain, among men or Masons, trace or recollection of so vile a wretch as I, should I knowingly or wittingly violate or transgress any part of the Master Mason's obligation, so help me God and keep me steadfast.

With that now laid out in writing, the first thing my antagonists would say is "you've violated your oath!" However, I don't believe I have, because I no longer subscribe to or believe in that oath. The leaders of the Fraternity be they the Secretary-Generals, Chairmen, Worshipful Masters of Blue Lodges, Sovereign Grand Inspectors General, Grand Masters or the Sovereign Grand Commander himself, quite literally pick and choose which part of the Masonic oaths *they* follow. Of course, they will never admit to this, but it's the truth and I have clearly evidenced that. From my point of view, what is good for the goose is good for the gander, or rather, it's time for them to shut their <expletive deleted> mouths as they are unfit for their jobs. I do not like fake,

I do not fancy people whom bring others down for their own entertainment or ritual, and I most especially cannot stand the select few who actually delude themselves into thinking that they have achieved some form of apotheosis, when in fact they have no real grasp of the esoteric material of which they manage. It is laughable that these Brothers publicly proclaim themselves “good Christian men”...nothing could be further from the truth.

It is probable that they would even go further in response to my claims by playing the role of *victim*, claiming I suffer from some sort of personality disorder or childhood trauma. This is the cunning practice of all the leading Masonic apologists, such as S. Brent Morris in Washington D.C. whom you may see pumping more falsehoods into History Channel programs about Masonry. This “call ‘em crazy” technique is truly their favorite, because it can discredit the validity of the testimonies of those compelled to “blow the whistle” on entrenched corruption, because “hard evidence” is extremely difficult to gather and organize because these abusers are scattered throughout the ranks and anyone considering speaking out is most assuredly daunted, harassed, and effectively silenced. If that doesn’t work, they will then go all out and hold a “Masonic Trial” which is nothing more than an attempt to drag one through the mud in public based on superfluous charges against their character. This verbal,

emotional and ritual abuse, such as I encountered and others as well is one of the largest Masonic “conspiracies” alive and well today. They simply fall back on the protection of this international “Brotherhood”. These are the Masons, the 33rd Degrees, who wear their white caps with pride.

Though I was never brought up on Masonic Charges like most would be (because of the mountain of evidence I possess to counter that scenario) I can no longer subscribe to my oaths or the Doctrines of Freemasonry. As I stated in the beginning, there are tons of truly good men in your friendly ‘round the corner Blue Lodges, even some working charity for the Scottish Rite...sadly though, good men rarely seem to strive for and successfully accomplish “rising to the top” because they are unwilling, such as myself, to engage in acts of evil and throat-cutting to achieve it. All the “good men” I call Brothers are either in the same boat I am in, or they have simply just stopped attending Lodge, or found it contradictory to their beliefs—and the majority of these guys are married heterosexual Christians. Consequently, the wrong ones always get the titles. “That which we say to the crowd is ‘we worship God’, but it is the God that one adores without superstition. To you, Sovereign Grand Inspectors General, we say this, that you may repeat it to the Brethren of the 32nd, 31st, and 30th Degrees. The Masonic religion should be, by all of us initiates of the high (a.k.a. ‘honorary’)

Degrees, maintained in the purity of the Luciferian Doctrine." (*Occult Theocracy*, p. 220)

And, as I stated in the beginning, I believe everything happens for a reason, a.k.a. *The Celestine Prophecy*. Based on these horrible experiences of mine, I wholeheartedly believe the reason to be that somebody needs to sound the alarm on this; somebody from the inside. It is my sincere hope that other Brothers out there who are experiencing similar abuses read this and feel empowered to stand up and proclaim that they will not take it anymore. The world as well needs to stand up and say they will not accept this anymore either. From my personal experience I can guarantee you that the ones abused by this group can strike fear and confusion into the minds of the dubious egocentric bigoted masters. They are left to wonder, why is he strong, where does he get it from, what is he going to do with that strength, why do people (other Brothers) support him? The best way to dismantle a personality is to isolate it; don't let them. Is this the *real* need for all the secrecy?

"The very word "secrecy" is repugnant in a free and open society; and we are as a people inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths and secret proceedings. We decided long ago that the dangers of excessive and unwarranted concealment of pertinent facts far outweighed the dangers which are cited to justify it. Even today, there is little value in opposing the threat of a closed society by imitating its arbitrary restrictions."

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Address to ANPA, 1961.

Appendix

THE REST OF THE SECRETS; FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL REFERENCE

Listed below are the other two “Masonic oaths”, both of which have not yet been referenced. I feel it is advantageous for them to be seen and understood, so that there may be a better understanding of two things. One, how the Masonic system is supposed to function; by virtue of the actions of its members, and two, what is going on in the heads with these guys and why so many injustices are allowed to happen. It is these oaths that by hearing them and taking them, really and truly *every* Mason is daunted. Enough, frankly, is enough. I can ensure the reader that these are exact and verbatim, as

I was “certified in the work”, these are recited from memory as “nothing in Masonry is written down” and only taught one generation to the next via oral tradition...but enough about secrets; I believe human knowledge belongs to the world, so it is my pleasure to bring you:

The Oath of an Entered Apprentice Mason:

I, (full legal name), of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and this worshipful Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, erected to God and dedicated to the Holy Saints John, do hereby and hereon sincerely and solemnly promise and swear, that I will always hail, forever conceal and never reveal any of the secrets of Ancient Freemasonry to anyone, except it be to a true and lawful Brother, or within the body of a just and legally constituted Lodge, and not to him or them whom I may hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be, after strict trial, due examination or lawful information.

I furthermore promise and swear that I will not write, indict, print, paint, stamp, stain, cut, carve, engrave, inlay or enamel the same upon anything moveable or immovable, under the canopy of heaven, capable of receiving the least bit impression of a word, syllable or letter, mark, figure or character, that may become legible or intelligible to myself or any other person, whereby the secrets of Freemasonry might be unlawfully obtained.

All of which I solemnly promise and swear to keep and perform, without the least equivocation, mental reservation or secret evasion of mind, binding myself under the penalty of having my throat cut from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by its roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea, a cable-tow's length from shore where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty four hours, should I knowingly or wittingly violate or transgress any part of the Entered Apprentice Mason's obligation, so help me God and keep me steadfast.

The Oath of a Fellowcraft:

I, (full legal name), of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and this Fellowcraft Mason's Lodge, do hereby and hereon sincerely and solemnly promise and swear, as I have heretofore done, with these additions: that I will not communicate the secrets of this Degree to anyone, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or within the body of a just and legally constituted Lodge, and not to him or them whom I may hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be, after strict trial, due examination or lawful information.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will stand to and abide by the rules and regulations of this or any other Fellowcraft Mason's Lodge, of which I may become a member.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will answer and obey all due signs and summons handed or sent me from a Fellowcraft Mason's Lodge, or from a Brother Fellowcraft Mason, if within length of my cable-tow.

I furthermore promise and swear, that I will help, aid and assist all poor and penniless Fellowcraft Masons, so far as their necessities may require and my ability will permit, they applying to me as such, and I deeming them worthy.

And I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not cheat, wrong nor defraud a Fellowcraft Mason's Lodge, or a Brother Fellowcraft Mason, out of the value of anything knowingly, nor permit it to be done, if within my power to prevent it.

All of which I sincerely and solemnly promise and swear to keep and perform, without the least equivocation, mental reservation or secret evasion of mind, binding myself under the penalty of having my left breast torn open, my heart and vitals taken thence and cast as a prey, to the vultures of the air and the beasts of the field, should I knowingly or wittingly violate or transgress any part of the Fellowcraft Mason's obligation, so help me God and keep me steadfast.

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