



The Process
From the life of Isa Moore

Chapter one
(Blackout)

I am Jeremiah, This was my beginning this time around. Prior to the age of five I remember nothing. At this tender age I made an attempt on the life of a child of comparable age.

I had no recollection of what I had done till years later. At age fifteen I was lying in the blue-green grass of a city park, a few blocks from my home, staring off into the summer sky watching my personally directed fantasies run across the inner screen of my mind's eye. I settled back, enjoying what I was seeing. When suddenly like a rush, came the realization : “ I've lost control of the story !! “ My mechanical mind seemed to be creating it, avoiding assistance from my will. At first this frightened me. I thought : “ Can my mind run away any place it wants

to with me inside it ? – like a child trapped inside an all night movie ?

NO ! There must be a reason for this. I calmed down and watched more closely. “ Somewhere I’ve seen this before. “ Then I understood. The mind wasn’t running away with me. There was a very simple explanation.

While daydreaming I had triggered a sense-memory-reaction to a previous experience. I was now viewing an instant replay of that experience.

In that replay. I had just walked out of the house. As I turned to my right and stepped off the stairs, I saw a new kid on the block. I was delighted.

I walked up to him and said : “ Hi ! My name is Jerry. “

He had a red and yellow pail in his hand. It was the kind that kids used to play in sandboxes with. At that time there were two kinds of pails.

The tin ones, and the well made iron ones. He had one of the iron ones, with a large sturdy iron shovel in it. The boy looked directly at me while seemingly making some kind of decision in his mind. It showed on his face as a look of decisive arrogance.

I watched him take the shovel out of his pail with his left hand, and raise it high above his head. He looked like a Nazi saluting the sun at high noon. He then brought it down, straight armed to strike directly between my eyes and across my forehead with the flat end of the shovel.

I stood there staring through the white splashes of spark-like nebula which burst before my eyes as the shovel made its contact.

I had only one thought in my head : “ Why did0 he do that ? “ Why did he do that ? WHY ? The logistical centers of my brain served up no reason. *There was no reason* The cybernetic system flashed blank

Blank BLANK The whole world became silent.
Through the soundless void of blankness in s l o w m o t i o n .
I watched the boy raise the hand with the shovel in it once more.

As he raised the shovel, simultaneously within me rose a vibration.

It started between my rectum and my testicles. It felt like the pins and needles you feel when your foot falls asleep. As the vibration rose higher, it seemed to double in intensity with every two inches of ascension through my body.

This process took what seemed like a very, very long, three seconds.

The vibration reached my head. Instantly I was hurled, as if catapulted onto the boy, seizing him by the throat. My shoulders took on the aura of a mass three times their normal size. Tremendous power seemed to surge in my neck and shoulders. I began beating the boys head against the cement pavement. Luckily my sister whisked me off of the kid before I could finish him.

Twenty years later I was to know the meaning of this episode. It appeared quite logical and clear when I became aware to some extent, of the nature of my being.

I became more cognizant of that nature, as time and space wove the fabric of my existence into a calculable three-dimensional perceptivity.

I could now predict the moves, the animal in which I lived would instinctively make, by understanding the nature of the stimuli on which

it, the animal, was acting. The animal was acting on instinctive programming attained in a previous life, and contained in my subconscious mind. A mind in which the data of all my lives is stored.

With no other data to draw on, but my subconscious, The animal reverted back to the data in one of my other lives. And acted as if it was in that earlier life, dealing with the stimuli of those times.

I functioned with this boy as I had functioned when I was a Conquistador. In that particular life, if I could not reason with an individual, I did not wait until a later date, when he was inclined to be reasonable. I allowed him no time to plan my folly, or plot my fate. I killed him now, swiftly and decisively.

This was my precise reaction to the boy with the shovel. To kill him now. And be done with him. To this day I dislike building or destroying anything a second time.

As the Conquistador, I patrolled a sector of a citadel, and also some hamlets bordering its south-eastern countryside. The climate was moderate and the hills surrounding the hamlets were a rich green. It was my habitude to slay all intruders, then return to normal living. I don't quite remember what normal living was, except that it was peaceful and gratifying between skirmishes, which were decades apart.

I do remember how one of my lives came to an end. It could have been this life just mentioned, but for the fact that the armor was British. I recall charging down a hill through a forest of saplings. It was in the Fall. Deciduous trees stood in blankets of leaves, half naked reaching out for us like hungry children, scratching at our armor as we passed through them.

Although it was Fall, there were bushes which did not turn brown. They stayed grayish green, And visually impervious. I charged down the hill as part of a skirmishers line. I was in what looked to be the center of the formation.

At the bottom of the hill there was a dry streambed, forming a trench. On the other side of the trench charging towards us across a two and a half acre plane covered with knee level fog, were the opposing troops.

In order to continue the charge, Our troops had to jump over or into the trench, and still encounter the enemy with a momentum equal to, or better than their own.

It looked like we were going to win. To my right, most of our troops had forged through or over the trench, and were well on their way to encircling the enemy. To my left, our far flanks had crossed. It looked pretty sure, we were going to win. And in short order at that.

In the center of the line, where I was situated, the ditch was too wide to leap across. So I jumped into it, with the intention of quickly scaling the other side. When my feet hit the bottom of the ditch,

for an instant I was flat footed and immobile, as a result of the depth of the jump and the weight of the armor. In that instant, A charging adversary leaped into the ditch out of a large green bush. With his long sword thrust out in front of him, held firmly in both hands. The blade ran through me at the center of the solar-plexus.

There was very little pain. I just knew I was dead, or would be shortly. There was no way I could live through this. I checked to be sure that he had hit dead center. No, There was no way out. I was dead, And that was all there was to it.

I grieved in the realization that we had won, There would be great celebration, and I would miss it.

The man who slew me did it as if it was just something to do. He had no passion involved in what he was doing. He didn't seem to derive any pleasure from killing me, or even from winning. He killed me as one today, might start a car, grab a revolving door, or catch a catch an object rolling off a table. His mind didn't seem to be paying attention to what he was doing. It was somewhere else. The action he was performing, to him, was obviously insignificant. There was a segment of my internal being that cried out : “ Don't you know who I am ? “ Don't you know who you're killing ! ? “ He obviously didn't.

I sat in my favorite chair, legs crossed , in a transcendental coma, oblivious to the twentieth century. Observing this medieval vision of a slightly altered self. My visage held a moderate alteration from it's present form. Yet it was easily recognizable to me, as me. “ I wonder what segment of my subconscious mind had posed the aforementioned question. “ Don't you know who I am ? “ Immediately rose the question indigenous to that one : “ And just how many people have I been ? “

I viewed my medieval saga from two vantage points simultaneously, from a about fifteen yards to the left of the animal in which I was residing at the time of the skirmish. And from inside the body of that medieval animal itself.

Carrying the attitude of the conquistador into this twentieth century life seemed natural, until I heard the phrase : “ He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword. “ I sat down on the curb of a Brooklyn street in mid-afternoon on a summer day, put my elbows on my knees, rested my head in my hands, and stared off into nothingness, as I pondered this statement. I was six years old. At that time I came to the conclusion that it made sense, that whatever you did to someone else should be done back to you. From that moment on through my life, I was very careful to ask myself before doing anything to anyone : “ Could you stand this being done to you ? “ If the answer was yes, I took action. If the answer was no, there would be next to nothing , or no one, which could make me do it. I knew then, that whatever I did, would be coming back through other means, to be done to me.

I decided to see if Nemesis was just a myth or if she really took her toll. My intuitive feeling was yes, She would do her thing. But I had to see some documentation to be sure. I set some time aside every few days to sit on top of a brick pillar ornamenting the apartment house in which I dwelled. I sat silently and watched the other kids.

Sure enough, Nemesis struck.

Walter came out to play, and Eddie beat him up. Then later that day, Eddie argued with Ritchie, and Ritchie beat him up.

Then Diane came out to play, and Ritchie picked on Walter. Dian told him to “ Stop It ! “ and Ritchie tried to kiss her. So Dian beat up Ritchie. Diane romantically liked Ritchie. But Walter was her boyfriend and she was faithful to him first, last, and always.

So from the observation of this comedy of violence I concluded that it was true, that what ever you do, gets done back to you. But I also noticed that Diane escaped getting beat up. I asked myself “ Why ? “ No answer came to me. So I let it slip from my mind, and went off to play with the other kids. About a week later I had some time alone lying on the grass in my favorite park. It was my habit to do a lot of contemplating in that park. I let my mind wander through the wasteland of trivial thoughts which held no interest for me to speak of, until I came back to that question : “ Why didn’t Diane get beat up ? “ “ Why didn’t someone come along and beat her up too ? Because she was a girl ? Doesn’t it count for girls ? Why shouldn’t it ? The answer came from inside of me. Because she didn’t enjoy hurting Ritchie, or even winning the fight. And she was devoted to protecting the weakest, Walter. So she won because she was dedicated to a higher goal than winning just to win.

These scenes took place when I was six and six and a half years old. The people involved were about the same age.

It all took place on a small island in a vast ocean of houses entitled Brooklyn.

In my teens the Conquistador threatened again to rise up, when the pack descended on an individual. and endeavored to intimidate him into submission to their way of thinking, by threat of violence. This treatment was most often practiced on newcomers to the neighborhood.

I could beat hell out of most of the local neighborhood gang.

So there were times when I would step in, and pick out the self-appointed leader and say : “ I think it’s time you dealt with me. “

“ Who asked your opinion ? “

“ You don’t have to ask for my opinion. You’re getting it free. And you’re getting it now ! “

“ So you’re taking up sides with him. (pointing to newcomer) “

“ No. I’m taking up sides for you ! Don’t you know that what ever you do to him is going to be done to you later ? “

“ Oh, Yeah ! Whose gunna do it ? You ? “

“ In this case, Yes. “

“ Then you are taking up sides with him ? “

“ Yes, but primarily because I don’t want to see this happen to you later. “

“ You mean, You don’t want us to do it to you next. “

A shot of adrenalin fired into my system from my throat to the pit of my stomach. I stayed calm on the surface.

“ Pushing me around would have it’s consequences. “

This was Brooklyn in the early fifties. A time when street gangs were fashionable. And just to feel secure, you had to belong to one. No one knowingly picked fights with teens who belonged to the larger gangs, because the whole gang would descend upon them. There was no such thing as a fair fight, except within the ranks of the gang itself. If you fought a mutual member, It was you against him. If you weren’t a member, it was you against his gang. I belonged to two other gangs. which collectively were twelve times the size of this little neighborhood group. But they didn’t know that.

“Oh ? You think you can beat all of us ? “

“ Not at once. But I know

I can drop most of you individually. And what’s more important. I know, I can mangle *you* ! If you collectively jump me now, You’d better kill me, because if you degrade me, I’m going to have to do something to each of you in turn. What I will do, will have to be severe enough to ensure that others will not dare to attempt my degradation, for fear of similar reprisal. “

A flicker of fear surfaced in some of their eyes.

I continued : “ Each of you will have some time in the future, when the rest of you won’t be around. That’s when I will appear . You’ll have forgotten about this incident, But I won’t. Some time you’ll be coming around a corner, And I’ll be *there*.....waiting. “

I didn’t tell them what I was going to do to them. So they couldn’t rationalize a counter plan. And without a counter plan. They vapor-locked. They couldn’t make a move. I could see, by the look on their faces, they were no longer letting their leader do their thinking for them. Each individual was now, concerned with himself. It was obvious to all of them that for some unknown reason, I could not afford to bluff. So they backed off, And shortly after disbursed.

The group I was dealing with, and other groups which had to be related to later in my life, were functioning under what I call, animal consciousness.

There are several kinds of consciousness. The first of which is subconscious-ness. This is the of consciousness which makes the birds fly south in the winter, the trees bloom in the spring, And my mouth water at the viewing of a red-headed girl. Subconscious-ness in animals of all species can also be referred to as instinct.

Next there is just plain consciousness, Meaning to be conscious of what is taking place externally, But lacking the outright organic development to perceive what is commonly referred to as self. I’ll use a dog to illustrate this point.

A dog doesn’t know he’s a dog. If he’s a pedigree, it’s even more obvious

that most of what he knows is instinctive. His habits are carried in his genes. He is very predictable, yet he has no understanding of what made him that way. He has a concept of external reality, and a set of reactions to deal with it which are based on prior reactions, instilled in his blood line. But he still hasn't the organic development to objectively perceive what he is. So he just IS, and doesn't question it. He doesn't regularly project the question : " Who ? What ? or Why am I ? " He is at a point in his development I refer to as animal consciousness. Which is an instinctive derivative of subconscious-ness, Which is a record of all of ones lives. Past, present, and genetic, that the individual, or species, or entity, has experienced since ever there was a consciousness, to be sub.

As a teenager I had a great fear and hatred of animal consciousness. People whom of which I thought to be above the instinctive behavior of animals, when congregated, seemed to be enthralled with it. They would function like a mindless pack of carnal varmints, attacking the weakest in the very pack, in which they congregated.

While in the pack, they possessed no individual awareness of self. As I watched this behavior, I felt welling up in me a desire to charge into them, And slay them all. But something was missing. I didn't have the means where-by to perform this feat. " Why do I have this all but obsessive urge to kill this vile sick thing they have collectively formed into ? " A thing which not one of them, singularly, was capable of conjuring into existence. But as a *group*, with relative ease, they could turn into the dumbest of vicious animals. The thing missing was my sword. The overwhelming desire to kill them was my own subconscious reactions reincarnating within me.

I saw the same kind of animal conscious-ness prevail in Boot Camp in the Marine Corps. There it was especially frightening to me, because the act of supplanting animal conscious-ness in the group, And inspiring them to think as individuals was termed insubordination. Which was then, and still is

now, punishable by court-martial. The Marine Corps trained the animals in which we lived to react automatically, Superseding thought or prior consent. When a Marine is fresh out of boot-camp, his animal is so acutely obedience trained, that anyone. I repeat, ANYONE, can yell : " Attention ! " And without any conscious thought taking place, he will snap to attention, as stiff as a board. I began to notice the gravity of this brainwashing when I was three months out of boot-camp. I was standing on a California Orange County street in uniform. As I stepped off the curb to cross the street, an 8 Yr. old boy behind me yelled : " ATTENTION ! " As I snapped to, and stood there rigidly, he passed by me, and casually skipped across the street. By the time I discerned what had happened, the traffic light had changed. As I stepped back on the curb, I felt a surge of anger, and thought : " Just wait till I catch up to you , you little son of a bitch ! " "

Depressingly I realized the situation was hopeless. He was too small to beat up. Had he been one of my peers, I could always saved face by doing the

same to him, at the next opportunity. I asked myself : “ Why does this bother me so much, that this little kid did this to me ? “ The answer manifested as a frightening epiphany. “ He was declaring his supremacy. “ I could scream “ ATTENTION ! “ at this kid all day, and he wouldn’t, Snap to. Why ? Because he hadn’t been obedience trained like a dog. And I had. My next thought was : “He could have easily killed me by yelling : “ Attention! “ when I was in the middle of the street. From that point on, I had an underlying resistance to obedience training. This resistance was just below the level of my immediate consciousness. When the platoon leader said : “ We’re all going out on the field for inspection. I want every man to be wearing his gloves. “ Guess who forgot his gloves ? When the platoon sergeant said : “ We’re not going to lay out our 782 gear and clothes on the bunk the way it’s laid out in the guide book for this inspection. Just lay it out the exact same way your section leader’s laid out there’s. “ Guess who broke out the book And laid out the best inspection he ever laid out in his life. And guess who’s rack didn’t get overturned, when the Major came through the barracks with the Marine Corps Manual in his hand ? I didn’t understand why half of the platoon disliked me.

There were times in the Marines I came very close to having to invoke the law of “ the balance of terror. “ This is the law which prevents the escalation of brutality by virtue of, The fear of retaliation. It goes something like this. If you hit me with your hand, and you’re twice my size. This is comparable to someone my size hitting me with a stick. So you win this time. But preservation of my self esteem demands that you can not thump on me, just because you don’t like the way I talk, or my looks, or the way I brush my teeth. (It sometimes came down to that in the Marine Corps.)

It means that there is in me, a sense of justice which refuses at any cost, to live in the shadow of another’s prejudicial assumptions. So if you are bigger, and you beat me to the ground, for not brushing my teeth your way, then I get a stick and beat

you a little more severely than you did me. Then you go get your stick. And because you’re so much bigger than me, I go to the hospital. When I get out, it’s my turn to hospitalize you, only I’m not going to wait for you to get out of the hospital to cripple or kill me. I wouldn’t want to spend the rest of my life disfigured. If I intentionally cripple you, You may not be able to retaliate. But the law of Karma says that sooner or later I have to be crippled equally. Nemesis would strike. The law is the same if I kill you. So I would kill you. If the Conquistador conjured up, overwhelming me. Your death at my hands would be inevitable, just as the boy with the shovels demise was eminent, But for a parental reprieve.

CHAPTER TWO

Self-consciousness

One of the reasons I returned to this third dimension this time around, is to supplant within myself, that instinct which would have extinguished the boy with the shovel. And also to learn how to entice segments of the herd into the next form of consciousness which is self consciousness. As a child I was led to believe that self consciousness was an undesirable state. “ Don’t be so self-conscious. “ Parent figures would say, as I complained the sun was making freckles, on what was once a brand new freckle-free body. Self-consciousness is the prerequisite to the acknowledgment, and exploration of the animal in which we live.

As I came to acknowledge the animal in which I reside as a separate living organism, All the ways I had been mistreating it became clearly evident. I became aware that I insisted it stay up extra late, or get up early, to do my bidding, and to perform tasks I felt I had to accomplish, before this beast expired.

For purposes of maintaining this animal, Food, clothing, and shelter. I forced it to do things unnatural to it’s own body cycle. There are two major cycles the homo-sapiens species function in. Or if you will. Two kinds of people. One is the sort who gets up early in the morning refreshed and raring to start the days events. His or her energy lasts about four to six hours at it’s strongest intensity, then it starts running gradually downward for another ten hours, until the Humanoid is unable to keep it’s eyes open.

Then there’s my kind. He or she gets up at eleven in the morning drowsy-eyed, and walks around in small circles for the first twenty minutes, and finally discovers the bathroom, then the kitchen. After feeding he’s slightly more awakened. Then slowly. (The slower the better) his body can be urged into motion. From that point on, gradually his functionality increases, until about ten hours later, He’s at his peak for about six hours, and then, starts functioning at a more subdued pace. He has the ability to continue on past his six hour peak, or stop, and just go to sleep from that point. Just as the aforementioned type has the ability to get up earlier and still function well from rising time. But reverse their positions and neither functions at peak performance.

I forced my animal to live in a world of early to bed, early to rise, oriented humanoids, and felt my animal was inadequate, as a result of it’s inability to perform as smoothly as the other animals surrounding it. At the time, I thought as most entities do, that I and my animal were synonymous. I thought I was self-conscious. When in fact, I was conscious of my animal, its sensations, and its physical appearance.

As a result of perceiving only my external vehicular entity. I became judgmental of this being, noticing all it’s idiosyncrasies and damning it’s imperfections. I resented its discrepancies, and felt I was shortchanged by having to be such a thing. It was frightened by height, darkness, and loud noises. I was never frightened by those things. I must be fair and point out that my animal wasn’t afraid of heights, until it’s mechanical mind accumulated enough autosuggestions to produce a pre-calculated fall. That fall created ample pain, making the incident memorable enough for instant recall, and thereby more possible for instant replay, by the utterance of the original autosuggestion : “ Don’t climb that ! You’re

gunna fall !! “

Pain is another way of becoming aware of the animal in which one resides. When I felt pain through my humanoid, My awareness of that animal became primary. If there was no pain, (physical or mental.) it would be possible to go through the animal’s life from one end to the other, without being any more interested in the creature we mistakenly call self, than death is in the dead.

Another way to arrive at self-consciousness is to have only your humanoid to amuse your consciousness with. So the way to divert the pack from relying on herd animal consciousness, is to entice one individual into coming out of the herd to stand naked in the sunlight. Most of us have stood naked in the sunlight at one time or another in this life, But when we did, we were very young.

Think back, Remember when ? Was it a pleasant experience ?

If it was, It was probably pleasant because we felt not only poignantly aware and pleased, with the body in which we lived, But also safe in the knowledge that someone four times our natural size was watching over and protecting us, with the vigilance of a tigress. Or the steadfastness of a thundering giant. With this sort of protection one can gleefully be ones self, Play with ones toes for hours, exploring the rainbow spectrum between the pores in each toe, creased by the sunlight streaming down on the gentle natural oils of the skin. That’s what my children did. I remember well. They’d show their little toes, as if to say : “ See, These are mine. “ They are aware of the animal in which they live. They don’t transmit the feeling , “ These are me.“ No, they transmit the feeling : “ These are mine. “

Chapter Three

Enticing Individuals Out Of The Herd

My personal method of accomplishing the above stated task has become a system based on allurement, As apposed to my previous policy of stampeding the herd in an effort at dispersing them, And subsequently forcing individuality upon them. As soon as I turned my back on them, They would clump together and resume their instinctive orbit of redundant animal reactions. I’ve personally found, taught, and observed, that it is much more gratifying to apply a few pattern changing principles. And effectively experience the physical, mental and emotional, transformation of the animal in which I’m living. Then pass those

principles on to other individuals who find a similar transformation desirable. Should you, the reader, wish to experience some of these changes. Then you're most likely a somewhat self-conscious being. Only folks who are strongly aware of the animal in which they live are inclined to be willing to change the habitudes of that animal. And subsequently experience sensations ranging beyond that animals five obvious senses. If you are not all that conscious of self, at present. Read on, you soon will be. As a result of this transformation you will be engrossed in awareness of self. But before that awareness can be intensified, there must be a commitment to the acceptance of your humanoid as it stands in it's present state.

In order to accept your animal in its present state, it is necessary to make an unbiased appraisal of what that state is. This feat is virtually impossible without the assistance of another consciousness. Usually that consciousness resides in, or flows through another being, Or human animal. The problem or objective, is to relate to that higher consciousness residing in, or flowing through, that animal, rather than the limited instinctive consciousness of the animal itself.

In other words I have found it necessary to relate to Universal Consciousness channeled through the mind of another individual. This is the first step of recovery from animal consciousness, Leading into a stream of consciousness, which flows to and from an ocean of universal consciousness. Trust is the prerequisite to this transition. The primary aim is to recover from misconception that we are animals. I am not an animal. I have possessed and at present live inside an animal.

Living inside your animal is much like living inside a mobile home where one can not leave the premises. Upon entry you're trapped inside the vehicle. Incarnational amnesia is a characteristic of this entrapment. Resultantly we become engrossed in the places this mobile unit is taking us. We sometimes go through two or more complete human lives before it occurs to us that we are stopping at the same places doing the same things and traveling the same route continuously.

With this realization comes a turbulence at the center of the animal. Then we hear our own voice within us saying : " Is this all there is ? " At first it's a murmur. Then it's a continuum. " Is this all there is ? " " Is this all there is ? " " Is this all there is ? " And finally a screaming anxiety : " IS THIS ALL THERE IS ? ! ! " " At this point we become aware of the vehicle incasing us. " Who's driving this thing anyway ? " " "

It's time we inspected our mobile unit. So we go to the front of the vehicle and we find a bus driver at the controls. " A bus driver ? ! !!! What's a bus driver doing driving my mobile home ? " Then gushing up from within comes the revelation that we have been traveling in a closed geometry. Anything that ends up back at the place it started, Is traveling in a closed geometry, as apposed to traveling in a straight line. What ever travels in a straight line, travels continuously into infinity. Never touching the same place and synchronously touching all of space, And there by becoming space.

An analogy for this concept is a ice-cube floating in an ocean. The ice cube is individual, yet it is a segment of the ocean, there by being part of the whole. If it were to melt, and give up its individuality, It would unquestionably an ocean.

But then it would lose it's identification with the other ice cubes.

At any rate, What's this bus driver doing driving our vehicle ? “ And why a bus driver ? “ Because a bus-driver always makes the same stops. And he always drives in some form of a circle. “ So who's the bus driver ? “ His name is Instinct. “ So who, Or what, is instinct ? “

An instinct is a behavioral pattern which is mediated by reactions below the level of the conscious mind. That is in essence what Mr. Webster says it is. But we're going to go a little farther. Instinct in the humanoid, is not only a derivative of genetic and environmentally initiated reactions. It can also be a derivative of all the reactions of every animal in which we have previously resided.

This multiplicity of dormant reincarnation-al reactions, lies within the domain of the subconscious mind. Which is a segment of us. And has precedence over the mechanical brain of the animal in which we reside. Your animal's brain houses only its life's data. And the genetic data of it's blood line. In other words. To perpetually employ the use of instinct, Is to fall back on the information and habits accumulated from this life and all of your prior lives.

To concur exclusively to this react-ional procedure is the equivalent of going through life compulsively counting in equations of the prime factor three, Three, six, nine, twelve, etc.. When ever you try to reach the number ten, you're always going to come up with the number nine, or twelve. What you feed into the computer of your subconscious mind, is exactly what is going to come back out. If you feed it from that same subconscious mind, it's going to be like a snake eating itself. There can be no change, until one is fed up to the eyebrows with coming up with number nine, and twelve, in place of the desired number ten.

There is a way to stop this continuous revolving mania. “ How ? “ Add new patterns to the computer, And subsequently to the Subconscious mind.

I personally was ready to accept new behavioral patterns only at the point of teetering on the brink of death. I was dying of a disease for which there is no known physical cure. When I realized my death would soon be at hand, I felt I had nothing to lose by acting upon suggestions proposed by an outside source. A source unauthorized by my prototype behavioral patterns.

In the subconscious mind is stored only the data from ones previous lives, And present life. Universal Consciousness is not so limited. It holds all the data which has ever existed since the first reaction had taken place which initiated the react-ional escalation-al process termed : The evolution of gross matter.

CHAPTER FOUR

Retaining The Open Mind Of The Dying

How does one continue to sustain the open mind of the dying? The answer

is simple, which is not to be confused with easy. What has to be done is to be willing to divest yourself of all previous assumptions. Every judgment of what you consider to be good, bad, right or wrong, had to be stripped away from your mind, Leaving it naked and vulnerable. This is amazingly easy when you're at death's door. Personal dogmas seem very secondary, when the body is too weak to transmit the physical sensations it receives from your strong memories. Strong memories are what stimulates your beliefs in the first place.

Before an individual can apply a new concept, he or she, must cease the application of the old one. This is so because there is a time element involved. The time spent in the application of the old concepts is so strongly structured that we find ourselves constantly, Either preparing to apply our old concepts, applying our old concepts, or feeling the effects of having just applied our old concepts. Consequently there is no time for injecting new concepts into the servomechanism and subconscious mind. There is just no time for anything new.

Before one stops applying their old conceptual patterns, It's first necessary to know what those patterns are. Keep in your mind's foreground, the fact that more than ninety-eight percent of what you do, in the course of the days activity consists of conditioned reflexes. Just because they're conditioned reflexes, doesn't mean you don't accrue feeling from them. For instance orgasm, crying and laughing, are all conditioned reflexes. A reflex is a physical involuntary singular action initiated by the servomechanism of the animal in which any given individual is residing.

So what was the motivation which started this present life's pattern of redundant reflex-ational animal reactions ?

In other words. Who or what, set the course, on which your mobile unit is presently running ? Your conditioning set the course.

And what was your conditioning ? Your conditioning was what ever happened way back in the formative years of your animal's present life, from ages three months in the womb, to seven years of age. Why seven years ? Because your body replaces virtually all it's cells, in each seven year period, beginning with the first prototype. The other half of the programming was what, or how, you felt about that conditioning.

The reason conditioning is emphasized is, In the humanoid, feeling precedes all intelligent action. in this instance, if there is no feeling, there is no action.

Once an initial action has been taken, and repeated daily over a period of three weeks, It then becomes deeply engraved upon the brain cells of your humanoids servomechanism. It is now an established automatic reaction.

A humanoids automatic reaction is a conglomeration of conditioned reflexes both emotional and physical, which are contained within the cell structure of the humanoids mechanical brain.

Once an action, be it physical or mental, is established as a reaction, It no longer requires feeling to initiate it. It only requires stimuli. The feeling which is felt is not a new arrangement of reflex-ational reactions initiated by the immediate here and now. Instead it is for the most part a rerun of

the already established emotional and physical reactions engraved on the brain cells of the animal in which one resides. These reactions are triggered exclusively by familiar stimuli.

Your animal selects out of the multitude of stimuli presented to it in the course of the day's events, that stimuli which will reinforce its already programmed response. It has been programmed by the procedure of parental emulation, to reject unfamiliar stimuli. This happens because, at birth it has no immediate automatic responses programmed in it's mechanical brain to deal with anything but parental stimuli. It's primary instinctive concern is survival. And its survival depends on emulating and manipulating its own species.

Freedom is said to be the right to choose.

The animal in which we live, is not yet geared to make objective choices. It is capable only, of reacting to the stimuli it receives, in the manner it has been conditioned to react to that stimuli. In a nutshell. The animal has been conditioned by it's instinct, to seek out, and react to familiar stimuli, in a conditioned manner.

It is our task to alter our animals behavioral patterns, And thereby more rapidly evolve it to a state where it is capable of conscious choice as a separate entity.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Neutralization Of The Physical And Emotional Patterns

This chapter deals with the method I successfully employed to break my animals programming. Subsequently my animal's perceptive capabilities were also amplified.

I sat down and wrote by hand The first thing I ever remembered seeing in this present life. It was a stairway, I described the stairway and the things surrounding it. Some of the things surrounding it were people. I wrote what happened to me in relation to those people, and how I felt about it. Those memories were written as if I was viewing them through the eyes of the child I used to be, And without incorporating any of the things I didn't remember. Such as, things my parents told me I had done. Or how they thought, I had felt at that time. It was written as if I was a four year old, who knew how to write fluently. And he was taking notes on his feelings and resentments, to the people, places, and things surrounding him. In some portions of this process I was actually writing in baby talk. Those excerpts were the most valuable.

* Foot note : While doing this writing, it is best to not reason. Just see, and feel and write. Write as if you are the child you were, Making no judgments. Just letting the child writhing this story make his or her own judgments. Just record them. Also do not contradict, or in any way correct what the child is saying, Or how the child is saying it. Let all grammatical errors BE. Just keep writing.

Usually upon the completion of the first page you'll begin remembering all sorts of things, places and people you thought you had forgotten.

They will come back quite clearly. You'll want to write more, because the more you write, the more vividly the details will focus themselves.

When I went through the process I was elated by the feeling of freedom it gave me. I wrote over a hundred pages. In the course of writing those pages I found myself jumping from age five to fifteen without remembering how I made the transition. Should this happen to you, don't stop and try to figure out what happened to the years in-between. Just go where the flow of the writing takes you. Then when the impetus of the flow finally dissipates, If you had started at say. . . . the age five, and wrote up to the age seven, Then took a jump from age seven to age fifteen. Just go back to age eight, and write until you jump again. You'll know when you're through writing. There just won't be any more to say. If you're doing this process correctly, you'll probably not be able to remember more than twenty percent of what you've written. Many people accrue the desired effect in just two or three pages. The number of pages is not as important as the automation of the writing. Remember there are only four major rules to this phase of the process :

1. Don't edit
2. Put it down in the words that comes to you.
3. Don't under any circumstances read what you have written.
4. All writing has to be done in Longhand. (Unless of course, you were able to type fluently at age four) Nah ! Write it longhand anyway. No, I'm dead serious. It has to be written in longhand.

If you remember all of what you've written in every detail. You blew it !
The reason I take the liberty to express this biased opinion is, I made the same mistake the first time I attempted the process.

If the writing flows correctly, there's no recollection of its content. It won't flow all the time for most people. It didn't for me. But it should flow somewhere, sometime in the sitting. If it doesn't, then you need to go back and look at the directions. Or reread the four major rules.

If you wish to begin writing, go ahead and start. But if you do. I implore you, Be sure you read the next chapter the moment you put down the pen.

CHAPTER SIX Who To Read It To

This chapter is most critical for obtaining good results. So stick with the guide lines.

When you have determined to go ahead with this process, you're going to need someone to read your writings to. This person mustn't be a

parent, or a parent-figure from your childhood. It shouldn't be anyone who had known you when you were growing up. The reason your listener shouldn't be a parent, or a parent figure out of the past is because, Parent emulation is at least part of the patterns you want to neutralize. In my case it was a very big part.

The person you pick to read your writings to, should be trustworthy, and able to keep a secret. Because in order for this procedure to enact a great change in your consciousness, you must hold back nothing. Every thought and feeling which you had, at the time these writings were realities, has to be exposed to this person. This is an extreme act of trust, Which is impossible, If you don't trust the listener. So pick the person carefully. It's generally best to choose one before you start writing. If you can't find anyone. Just ask what ever you believe in to send someone. Then go ahead and start writing.

I had executed this phase of the process by reading my writings to my listener on three separate occasions. I had written them in shifts of three, and read each, to him, as soon as possible.

This way I wasn't tempted to read it by myself. Cause had I done so, it would then be subject to mental editing, and rationalization, Deeming it useless.

If you read the writings to your listener immediately, you will be inspired to write more. At first you might find yourself not wanting to read to your listener. You might not want to know what you've written. In this case it's like jumping off a diving board. When you take the initial leap, and you're in the air, you start thinking about swimming, Not getting back on the board. Step off the board. Read to your listener. If you find yourself stalling cause you don't really trust your listener. Then find one you do trust, and read it to that one. If you don't trust anyone. Then find whoever you distrust the least, and read it to that person.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Phase Three Of The Process

After having read the roots of the trees of your life to your listener, If you've done your work well and honestly, You will feel an overwhelming sense of relief. Along with this sense of relief you will realize a void. This void is akin to being out on the ocean when it is motionless, soundless. . . . still. This nullity has a sense of total calmness. The kind of calmness which prevails before a huge hurricane. The calmness is a vacuum. The vacuum has been created by the absence of the voices that answered your questions when you talked to yourself.

Every human animal has a thought process which asks itself questions. And in turn, comes up with answers computed by its brains cybernetic system.

Those answers are generally censored and edited by the parent ego. The parent ego being, that part of your animals mechanical brain which retains the habitudes, and thought patterns of the parent, and parent figures.

A parent figure is the individual which nurtured, and or trained your animal in its early childhood. Who ever nurtured you, you are either going to emulate, or do the exact opposite of that emulation. Which is the same action in reverse. Leaving no freedom to do anything but what you were taught, and the exact opposite, there of. This is a norm. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are few and far between. When you ask a question of yourself, you are really asking that portion of your semi-subconscious mechanical brain for permission, to do whatever you are pondering.

Within that brain segment is recorded the voices of your former parent figures. If they didn't give you permission to do, what you wanted to, way back there at the time when they were recorded. Then they (The recordings) are not going to give you permission at this present day either. Simply because authorization is not appropriate. You see, the tapes remember you as you were as a little child, And : “ Children have to be guided and controlled so they don't hurt themselves. Or get into trouble “

Your real parents as they are today, might not act that way. But your parents as you know them now, aren't being carried around in your head twenty-four hours a day. How does one escape this nightmare of enthralling facts ? Many people are shaken to their roots by what you have just read. They refuse to believe it's true. They have to keep up a steady curriculum of activity through the day, right up till the time they're ready to go to bed. And they never live alone. Because if they have five full minutes of total silence, they'll acknowledge the voices. The reason they refuse to scrutinize their parental recordings, is usually because they feel it's too late in their animals life to alter its direction. They believe their animals physical duration period is too much spent. So rather than change their bearings to an unfamiliar course, they would rather ride on the bus, steered by that monotonous driver (Instinct) until the last. . . . stop.

If you start a new journey you may not finish in the time remaining to your animal. True, That animal may very well expire before you have reached your destination. The joy is not all in arriving. Most of the fun is in the trip. The Process is like climbing a mountain. As you climb to even a little greater height then you had started at, The view is so much better. It creates an incentive to climb higher and see more. The mountain being suggested is an endless mountain. You will not get tired, because you won't get bored. And the view will get better with every step.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Why It Works

I would now like to say something about the logical portion of the humanoid brain. The logistical part of the animal's brain, is the segment which comes into play, when you drive a car, brush your teeth, ride a bike, or do

anything classified as automatic. It's what you might call the automatic pilot of the animal's body. It steers your animal towards the goals set by its masters. The masters fall into three categories : 1. The parental recordings. 2. Your animal itself. 3. And last but not least , YOU, the entity inside the humanoid.

The logistical portion of your animal's brain is the key to freedom from redundant living patterns. When you write down your early memories, the logical portion of your animal's subconscious mechanical brain takes over, and records on your writing tablet precisely what happened to you, in the exact context, you as a small child saw it happen, through the limited emotional capacity of that child. Your hand fluctuates across the paper as if it's scanning brainwave patterns. You jump from a very young age to a later time in your life. But you just keep on writing. The details of both time periods are recorded on the paper. You refrain from rereading what your logistical system has regurgitated. In the course of this regurgitation you feel the original emotions which accompanied these experiences. But your logistical brain-segment is in a neutral position. It is the impartial projectionist. You take your writings to the person you have chosen. Read them. And make a startling discovery. The person on the paper isn't you, as you have seen yourself in your mind's eye for the last X number of years. It's you as objectively viewed by your logistical subconscious brain segment. And this portion of our brain deals not, with emotions. just with facts.

The parental portion of your brain will most likely try to tell you that what you have just read to your listener, " isn't really you. " It will say things like : " Be a good boy or girl. Get your vehicle back on course. Oh, that's not your vehicle. You're not like that. Why are you talking to this stranger ? Now listen to me. "

You may have a tendency to want to do what momma or daddy demands. In my case the impulse to do so was nearly overwhelming. This is where your trusted listener comes into play. Your listener is a never ending reminder that what you have read to she or he is real, and valid. Your listener doesn't have to say one word to you. Just the fact that he or she exists, makes it impossible to deny the validity of what you have read. If you have been trying to change this animal you had formally called yourself all of it's life, and have had little success. It's now obvious why. It's because you were trying to change the image of what you thought was you. That image lived primarily in your animal's brain, And was in most cases projected there by your parental recordings.

Your listener is vitally sacred to this process. Even the mention of your listeners name, makes you poignantly aware that what you've read to he or she, was the sum total of actions and reactions constituting your animal's genuine self image. Even more frightening and delightful is the fact that your animals brain functions have already begun to change.

There is now a void, where the parental voices once were.

" Where are the voices I used to consult before making a decision ?

Where are the voices my parental figures use to tell me were my conscience ?
Where are the voices I would sometimes defy ? Where are they ? ? ? “

They have poured out onto your writing tablet. And when they did.
You and your animal, as an adult, evaluated them with the matured brain
of a full grown man or woman. And that evaluation was engraved in, around
or on, the same brain cells containing your animal's redundant child-to-parent
reactions. The final result is : Your animal's adult response neutralizes
your parental figures dictations, and in so doing, creates a void.

It is obvious at this point that something has to fill that void. What is
needed to fill the void is the permission to do what ever *you* the entity
feel you would really like to do. This permission is usually given by your
listener, Although it doesn't have to be. Permission can be given by a book
containing the principles you would like to adhere to. Upon the completion
of the process. Just read the book over and over for a period of three weeks
After the three weeks have passed, When you want to do something, and
you ask yourself what to do about it. Your own voice will answer, and it will
quote a line out of your chosen book. The line will always be supportive
and always give permission, If the book is supportive and gives permission.

Every human in this world, who has an organically sound brain, is a
genius. The only thing which holds physically sound people back in any
endeavor in their lives is the denial of permission to use their perfectly functional
cybernetic-al system. What ever rules this universe doesn't create inferior
structures. It creates perfection. Perfection is a process of continuous acquisition
analyz-ation, and change. When you're traveling in a straight line, you will never
cover the same ground twice.

Alter the course of your vehicle. The universe awaits you.

CHAPTER NINE

Post Process Phenomena

I'm now going to reveal what happened after I completed this process
myself. At this point I'm sure some of you will turn back. It will likely be those
who have altered the process to a point where it is no longer authentic.
They haven't acquired the void, and the permission for filling the void. If
you recognize yourself as one of these people. I beseech you to go back over the
fourth chapter and do exactly what it says to the best of your ability. The place
where

most people have trouble, is in telling the absolute truth about what happened to
them in their formative years. They are embarrassed by what they have
written, and decide to take these memories to their grave with them. To do this
is to assume one's deep dark secrets are more important than anyone else's
deep dark secrets. This incidentally is a very common assumption.

The uniqueness of any emotion lies in what caused it, And it's intensity,
Not in the emotion itself. So you haven't felt anything in your formative years
anyone else hasn't felt. You just felt it about what happened to *you*.

Ok, Back to post process. When I enacted this procedure, it was because I had
witnessed a dramatic change in someone who had taken a similar path.

The system he had employed was somewhat watered down by comparison with the method in this book. But in spite of that fact, there was a beneficial change in him, which was so pronounced, that it stirred in me the incentive, to inaugurate The Process. This method's rigorous extreme yielded a sumptuous change, And a greater elation. My transformation of self image was so extensive, that people I had occasion to know, just six months before, didn't recognize me as the same person. Within a few short months my physical appearance had changed, As did all but a few of my habitudes. Immediately after finishing The Process, I began divorce proceedings. Had my parental recordings still been operable, divorce would be impossible. The recordings would never have permitted it. They would have haunted me till I returned, To live out a life of not so quiet desperation with a woman I emphatically loved, provided I didn't have to live with her. Our chemistry was strong.

I moved into a large single room alone. It was not necessary to look for someone to fill the empty space in my life, which my ex-wife had occupied. There was no empty space to fill. Usually upon leaving a woman, most men feel an overwhelming desire to get an other one. Like *now* immediately, right away ! And in most cases even sooner. Formally, I was no exception. Prior to The Process, I had left this woman several times. Then convinced her we should go back together again. Each time I left her, a parental recording in my head would say : " You'll never have another woman again. If you do. It's adultery ! " Then I'd go through the agony of letting my imagination project me into being an old man, with his hair falling out, and turning gray, Alone and lonely for the rest of his life, withering away his years waiting for death to claim him. "Yeah. She'll probably meet some guy with lots of dough. And live happily ever after. Once in a while she'll say something like : " Isn't it too bad about old Jeremiah ? Oh well, I guess that's the way it goes. "

So I came back. And I came back, And I came back again. The parental recordings wouldn't let me out of the marriage.

After the completion of the process. To the relief of both of us, I left for the last time. Ten minutes out the door and loneliness was upon me.

" God I miss those kids. " We had two little girls ages three and four. When it doesn't work, It doesn't work. And trying to make it work, just causes neuroses in the children. I knew this was so. But until I did The Process, the parental recordings would constantly say : " For better or for worse, Till death do you part. "

I sat on a park bench finishing up the last of what my tear ducts could offer. " My eyes will be red now. I don't want people staring at me as I pass them on the street. But I can't stay here. "

As I got up off the bench and started walking, I felt better. Within a few blocks of walking, I realized that I felt cleansed. " The Process really worked. " The world looked big, interesting and unthreatening now. I felt like someone who had been physically sick for a long spell, and was now coming out of doors for the first time in months, to taste naked air, pass under flourishing trees, and feel the heat of sunrays dancing across my face. I was living in the here and now, with no attachment to the past or future. " I wonder how long this phenomena

will last ? “ A small voice within me seemed to say : “ For as long as you don’t question it, Just feel it. “ I was in the calmest, stillest, most comfortable state I had ever felt in my life, up to that time. Each day I went about my business in a cloak of perpetual calm. I felt not one single guilt, fear, or resentment, not even the little ones. Like waiting for the light to change in rush hour. Or breaking a shoelace. The only thing I felt was calm. It was as if my nerves were insulated. I intuitively knew that the only thing that would disturb this state would be, to make fast jerky movements. So I moved slowly. I wasn’t affected by the hypertension of the rapidly moving people on the boulevard as I went grocery shopping. Their general frenzy, found the stillness surrounding me impregnable.

At this time in my life, I didn’t have to go to a nine to five job. I had just been laid off, but still had enough money to meet my obligations, and not have to go back to work for another six months to a year. This was fortunate, cause had I gone directly back to work, I’d likely be caught up in the rush and turmoil of the work a day world, and broken the aura in which I was engulfed. There was an energy field surrounding me. “ That’s what it is ! It’s an energy field. Wait a minute. I better not intellectualize it now. Just feel it. I’ll go about my normal habitat. Let’s see. It’s Thursday. Thursday is a lecture day. So I’ll go to the lecture. “

The lectures were of a psychological nature, aimed at eradicating various addictions shared by the audience. After the lecture many of the people went to have coffee at a local restaurant. I knew some of them casually, so I joined them, Just as I had on some previous Thursdays. It used to be a way of passing time, and avoiding being alone. But that night, I didn’t feel the necessity to be with, or without them. So I sat there in my energy field watching this assemblage, as one would watch a movie or some special effects conjured up by Disneyland technicians. I was among them, but I didn’t share in the general vibration, which seemed to prevail, among this group of thirty or forty people. The volume, pitch and intensity in the room, went up at least two octaves from the norm. Inside my field of calm, it was as if someone or thing had turned off the sound. Everyone surrounding me seemed to have the perpetual magnitude of two dimensional cutouts, incased in a transparent cloud-like permeation of soundless noise. Almost no one talked to me, and when someone did, I listened with uncanny objectivity to the replies my animal ejected to them. The people my animal replied to, didn’t comprehend the meaning of the replies. The reason they couldn’t grasp what was said was, Their animal was asking the question. And I was replying to it, through my animal. Instead of my animal replying to theirs. My intrinsic intellect is far in advance of that of my animal, everyone’s is.

“ I feel as if I’m standing about three inches back into my body. I wonder if I’m sticking out the other side of it ? Hmmm . . . I wonder where that thought came from ? This guy I’m speaking to hasn’t any idea what I’m talking about. And to explain it to him, would only cause turmoil. Who needs turmoil ? I’ll just tell him no. “

Jeremiah, Would you explain what you meant by your last statement ?
No, I see no reason to.”

“ The reason is I want you to. “

“ I’m sorry, But that isn’t reason enough. “

Prior to the process I was a compulsive explainer. Often to the degree of explaining answers to questions which weren’t even asked. Some people ask questions by manipulating their facial expressions to infer a question without verbally stating it. Post Process, I felt compelled to answer all the questions they had asked in this manner. Consequently I’d feel dumb. And they’d be very content. I was then, a victim of what I now term : “ The silent player. “

There was no malice in my voice when I refused further comment. So the man just looked at me kind of puzzled, then turned to talk to the people sitting next to him. They were engaged in casual good humored small talk. To my right, solely by chance sat one of the prettiest girls in the lectures.

She seemed amused by the aforementioned dialogue. “ I think you puzzled him. “ “ I didn’t want to talk to him. “ “ I know what you mean. “ She then went into an unsolicited rendition of the evils of intellectualism. I ignored the words, and just watched her, As one would watch someone talking to them through a closed glass window. She was talking at me, Not to me. Her words were bouncing off the energy field surrounding me. I didn’t want to talk to her either.

I was perfectly content to sit there engulfed in this vibration, and just observe the rest of the room and its occupants. I was beginning to notice, that when I spoke, The different lengths in the sentences, caused my animal to breath irregularly. And the irregular breathing, had a tendency to de-intensify the energy fields surrounding my animal. I had formally looked upon this girl as being very, very desirable, She appeared to be about seventeen years old. She had long dark brown hair, flowing down her body to her waistline, A child like face, and eyes like maple syrup, Deep, sweet, dark, and clinging.

Thinking : “ She’s as pretty as ever and I’ve hoped for a chance to talk with her. But no one is worth breaking this energy field, Just to talk to.

I might consider breaking it, if I thought I could ball her.

What am I kidding myself for ? I know darn well what this dumb bitch, is finding attractive about me. It’s the energy field surrounding me.

I retract that statement. I have no idea whether she’s dumb or not. I’m dumb for saying that. No I’m not ! I’m entitled to a snap judgment once in a while. I don’t have to call myself stupid, every time I make an error, assessing a situation. All I have to do is promptly correct that error. “

“ I owe you an apology. I was just thinking you were dumb, And you’re not. She paused and looked into me, instead of just at me. “ I guess what I was talking about, Was pretty dumb.“ “ I didn’t know whether it was or not. I wasn’t really listening. I was pre-judging instead. “

Thinking : “ If I hurt her feelings, she’ll probably just ignore me now, and start talking to someone else. She has a perfect right to. As a matter of fact I hope she does. Then I can place all my concentration on feeling this calm.

With a whole energy field of stillness around you, Who needs people, and their words ? I may need them later. And I hope they then, need me.

But now, I just want to feel this glow. I wonder if what I was just thinking

is showing on my face. “ I looked over at her. She was smiling at me over a spoon full of ice-cream. She said nothing, just sat there quietly. effecting I sat back in my chair and resumed feeling the soothing calm. After sitting very still for about ten minutes, I turned my head slowly to my right and looked at her. She was sitting there serenely, just watching the people. “ I think this vibration is affecting her too. “ I had no sooner thought that statement, when suddenly, someone in the group, got up from his table and said : “ Well it’s time I went home. It’s a work day tomorrow. “ On that queue everyone sitting around us (about thirty people) stood up simultaneously, And I mean simultaneously. They immediately left the restaurant. I said : “ Did you see. . . . “ “ Yes, I never saw anything like that before ! They just stood up and marched straight out the door. I hope they left enough money on the table to pay their bills. “ A thought crossed my mind : “ Hmmm.... I was going to catch a ride with one of them. Well I’ll just walk. It’s only ten blocks, in a beautiful night. And I’m blessed with all the time in the world to get there. There’s no rush. I have no schedules to keep. I’ll just feel this vibration all the way home, while I watch the stars. That sounds corny, but it sure feels good. “ A small voice within me said : “ Ask her for a ride. “ Even though I had other plans, I figured : “ Alright, I’ll do what the voice says. If she refuses, I’ve got the night and the stars to myself, for ten whole blocks. “ I turned to look at her again. She seemed to be running the scene of the exiting people through her mind’s eye. She stared at the door they had left through, Still trying to make sense of their actions. “ Do you have a car ? “ “ Huh ? Oh yes, I do. “ “ Would you give me a lift home ? “ “ Sure which way is your house ? “ “ It’s three blocks from the freeway. “ “ That’s perfect, I take the freeway to go home. “ I directed her to an old office building with cement walls two feet thick. “ Pull over right in front of that building. “ “ Which is your place ? “ She was looking towards the houses farther up the block. “ We’re parked in front of it. It’s up there. “ I pointed to the French windows twenty feet above us. “ It used to be an office building. The rooms are huge. The john’s as big as a bedroom. Would you like to see it ? “ “ Well it’s getting pretty late. “ “ Don’t worry I won’t molest you. I’ll just show you the apartment, And send you on your way. “ “ Ok, I’d like to see it. “

We ascended the two flights of polished stone steps leading to the foyer and my doorway. I opened the door and she stepped into the main room. She swept her eyes around the room clockwise, inspecting carefully until they made a full circle and came to rest upon me standing in the doorway. She looked above me and smiled. She was looking through the half finished mural through which we had just stepped. The mural covered the whole west wall, from corner to corner, top to bottom, including the front door, and the closet six feet south of it. It was surrealistically spiritual, sexual, and starkly symbolical. It was kinky and scary. If I hadn’t painted it myself, I would probably have feared it. It didn’t rattle her at all. She liked it. She decided to stay for a cup of tea. Then I walked her downstairs to her car. She got in, turned on the key, and nothing happened. “ It does this once in a while. I just let it sit, and it starts a few minutes later. “ We waited

twenty-five minutes, and she tried it again. Nothing happened. We waited another twenty-five minutes. I checked the battery cable and then tried it. Nothing happened.

“ Well maybe it’ll start in the morning. I’ve got one bed and two sleeping-bags. You can sleep on the bed. I’ll take the floor. Sometimes I prefer the floor to that bed. “

We both slept on the floor. She was part Apache, and she looked it, with her long hair, slightly dark skin, and pink nipples. “ Pink nipples ! ? Where’d you get the pink nipples ? “ “ I’m only half Apache. The other half is German and Irish.“ “ Your folks sure knew how to mix color. You’re blessed with just the right colors, in just the right places, in just the right intensities. She tilted her head to the left and slightly forward, as she peered at me through her dark eyebrows and smiled. She never looked me straight in the eyes. At first I thought she was being coy or shy. But later I learned it was not just shyness. The vibration surrounding me was pervasive to her. She both liked it and feared it. My eyes had the ability to transmit that vibration, And sometimes even intensify it. “ I think it’s time I went home. I have to look for a job tomorrow.” “ I should probably be looking for one also, but I’ve decided to paint for the next six months, and let the world turn without me. Will you call me later ? “ She said : “ Sure “ And went downstairs to find that her little car was now held captive by two larger cars. They were bumper to bumper. It looked like a Volkswagen sandwich on Chrysler. She decided to stay another day.

“ Jeremiah, I feel like I’ve known you all of my life. “ “ You have ! I wonder why I said that ? I feel it’s true but I don’t know why ? “ She didn’t answer. She just smiled.

Gail sat on the sofa across the room naked playing guitar singing her folk songs, while I stood on a ladder painting my mural. I looked up from the painting, and she from the guitar. The words came simultaneously : “ Are you hungry ? “ We went out to a near by restaurant and had something to eat. Upon our returning we arrived just in time to see the sun setting crimson. Pastel pink clouds reflected gently in the bumpers of the two huge cars which still impaired the flight of the little V. W. Bug “ They’re still there. “

She stayed two more days. In those four days there was calmness and intuitive communication between us, which seldom, if ever required words. We could easily read each-other’s feelings and often each-other’s thoughts. It was a very gentle and harmonious existence. I enjoyed those four days more than any in my life up to that time. When those four days were over, the existential reality of the third dimension reclaimed her. The mundane chores of survival in the big city called, and her animal obediently answered. The balance between us was gone. It was as if I’d never known her. The only reminder of her stay with me was the magazine article, she had left on my living-room table. The day she left she put it on the table and said : “ You should read this when you have some time. “ “ Ok, I’ll look it over when I have some time. “

CHAPTER TEN

The First Meditation

It was one month later. My mind was on a large canvas stapled to a frame I had just built into the kitchen wall. I was painting two figures on it .
“ This painting is becoming possessive of me. It seems to want all my attention. “
I saluted it a mock salute. “ Well my friend, I’m going to take a tea break, and do something else for a while. “ I made myself a cup of tea, walked into the living-room and sat down. As I put my feet up on the living-room table, some papers ruffled. I leaned forward, reached under my right foot and picked them up. The article read simply : “ MEDITATION “.
It had a small picture of a woman on its front. Her appearance had middle aged, middle class mother, written all over it. “ All right. I said I’d read it, so I’ll read it. “ It was about this woman in the picture. And how she knew the exact moment that her boy had died overseas in the war. “ Ok I’ll buy that. That’s happened to lots of people, though I wonder how, and why it works. “ She went on to say that prayer is a petition. And meditation is an audience. She said when you pray, you’re stating what you want. And when you meditate you’re just listening, Or thinking about stillness. “ I get it ! It’s like a form of concentration. But instead of concentrating on some thought or thing, You concentrate on nothing. Hmmm.... That’s very nearly impossible. Even if I was to concentrate on the word *nothing* the word *nothing* is still something. It’s a word. And that’s a thing. I know what I’ll do. I’ll make a mental picture of just nothing, And then forget the name of it. “

The chair I was sitting in faced the south wall of my living-room. To my right, was the west wall, with the mural on it. And to my left, the east wall, with two large French windows, facing a nearby hospital. Behind me to my left and my right, were the bathroom and kitchen doorways. I put the article down and looked at the wall directly in front of me. On the wall, slightly to the left, hung an oil painting. It was the face of a woman with blond curly hair, and a peaches and cream complexion. She had the most piercing blue eyes I had ever seen. They watched me with great intensity at all times. On occasion I could feel those eyes staring at me right through the kitchen wall.

The day I painted that picture it frightened me. I used a photo from a magazine as a model. But the painting didn’t come out to look anything like the magazine photo. This was a bafflement to me, because I’m pretty good at likenesses. As I neared the end of the painting, the intensity of eyes on the canvas began making the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. A streak of fear shot through me. I snatched up the painting, ready to shred it to pieces. A split second of hesitation found me staring angrily into the eyes of the painting. In that split second, a small voice within me said : “ Put her away. She won’t bother you. If the memory of those eyes stays with you, and continues to trouble you, *then*, Take out this painting and destroy it. “ The voice came from a calm place deep within the center of my stomach. It was not a demanding

voice. It was gentle, like that of a child. It also seemed to be my own voice. I put the painting in a folder, sealed the folder with tape, then stashed it away and forgot about it. My then wife once asked me : “ What’s in this ? “ “ Don’t open that ! Don’t even touch it. “ Naturally she took offence. But I couldn’t explain to her why. I didn’t know why.

The day I moved into this place I took the painting out of the folder, looked the woman in the painting directly in her eyes and said : “ I’m not afraid of you anymore. “ Then I hung it on the wall.

I sat cross legged as best I could. I had back trouble, which made bending my legs in toward my body virtually impossible. The room was quiet. There was almost no sound at all. I sat as still as I could. Soon I got itchy. So I scratched. Then I got itchy somewhere else. Then I got itchy in both spots at the same time. So I scratched hard on both spots. “ That ought to fix them. “ Then I got itchy all over my body simultaneously. “ What the fuck’s going on here ! ? You mean I can’t even sit still if I want to ? “ From somewhere, came an insight that I was just going to have to practice not scratching. So that’s what I did. I sat there as relaxed as I could make myself, And practiced not scratching. My mind wandered. Then I noticed that when it wandered I didn’t feel itchy. “ I wonder why that is ? Ok, I’ll just let it wander then. “ Well, it started singing commercials, and running old TV shows through my head. “ I’m not watching this crap. What can I concentrate on ? Where is stillness on this earth ? “ The small voice within me answered me. “ There is none. “ “ Then where is there stillness ? “ The answer came before the question was finished. “ In outer-space. “

I sat inert, listening up through the top of my head, into the mammoth void that exists beyond the atmosphere of this planet.

Success was mine. I could still hear the muted sounds of the cars in the street. the motor of the fridge, and the muffled sound of the neighbors voices a half a block away. My sound perception actually increased. But my focal point of concentration was up through the top of my head into outer-space. It was as if there were two me’s. One could hear the sound of the world more than clearly. But the other was so engrossed in concentrating on the void of outer space, that it kept my animal from reacting to the sounds it was hearing. At first it took some strong effort to maintain this concentration. But when I tried it the second time later in the day, it was surprisingly easier. “ Hey, What happened to all the distractions ? “ It was almost too easy. I stopped long enough to make sure the world was still there. It was. So I went back into feeling the vacuous void of outer-space. I did this procedure for about twenty minutes the first time, And forty minutes the second time. During the second sitting I thought I felt a vibration at the top of my head. “ That’s silly. The top of my head can’t be vibrating. Can it ? Maybe it can. “ On the next night about two A M I performed the same ritual.

Only this time I was sure the top of my head was vibrating. “ It is vibrating, strongly. So let it vibrate. “ I sat there and let it vibrate for ten minutes. Then I got up and went to bed. The next morning I did it again. “ Hmm... that’s pretty good. Were vibrating every time now. I wonder what that means ? Hey ! Check *this* out ! My nose is vibrating too. God, That feels good. I got excited and the intensity of the vibration immediately diminished. “ I get it now. The calmer I become, The stronger it becomes.

On the fourth day the vibration became so strong that I felt like I was intoxicated, As if by Alcohol, but none of the toxic or sickening effects of the drug was present. But still the *high* was there. It was very high, and getting higher. “ I’m stoned. I’m stoned to the gills on this. Suddenly I just stopped. “ Wait a minute. What is it I’m stoned on ? I haven’t taken any form of drug or alcohol in six years. I quit all that crap. What am I doing ? Just hooking myself up on something else ? What the hell is this ? What’s causing it ? Did I take something ? Did I eat something with something in it ? No I prepared my own food, so that’s impossible. What in hell caused me to feel stoned then ? Could it be that practicing this kind of concentration causes an imbalance in my body chemistry ? “ “ No “ Answered the small voice within. “ It was the vibration of the meditation. “

“ No wonder spiritual freaks are so calm all the time. They’re sedated by the vibes. I kind of wish I had someone to tell this to. But I’m not sure how to explain it. Somehow I know, that if I try to present this, to any of my acquaintances, They’ll ruin it with their skepticism, screw them. I’m going to do this just for me. If anyone else is supposed to be interested, they’ll ask me about it. Or someone who knows more about it will come along and teach me. “ I felt a twinge of anxiety.

“ Suppose most people already know this technique. Suppose this is all sophomoric to them, and I’m just a late comer, a novice, a low man on the totem pole. The late starter. God dam it ! I hate being the last in line. Will I ever find my place in this world ? Do I always have to be the misfit all of my life ? If whoever is supposed to teach me more about this, starts talking down to me. I know what I’m going to do. I *know* what I’m going to *do*. I’m going to spit right in his fucking eye ! “ I began reasoning with myself. “ Calm down. So what if you’re low man on the totem pole. Do you want to be indignant ? Or do you want to be happy ? “ “ I’d rather be happy. “ “ Then do your meditations and don’t presuppose where they’re going to take you. “ All of the next week went by very pleasantly.

When the Apache girl didn’t return, I felt a void in my days. I filled that void with many hours of painting. I would paint most nights till twelve, or two in the morning, then sleep part of the next day away. My aura of calm stayed with me throughout all of that time. As I continued to meditate, the vibration I had experienced in the meditation became stronger. I became concerned that it might overpower the aura of calm which engulfed me.

The meditation produced a kind of static electrical like vibration. Sometimes

I would just have to completely relax, and not think. Instead of thinking, I would just concentrate on feeling the vibration flow through me. If I decided to resist the power of the vibration after invoking it, I would get an instant pressurized headache. I tried that once and learned this rule : “ Once the current is flowing forcefully, glide with it. Relax and let it flow through all the fiber of your body. “

This seemingly static electric like energy did just that. It also gradually filled the whole room. The filling of the room with the energy took approximately three weeks. However, prior to that time something of a very profound nature was to happen.

I had been doing my form of meditation for about ten days now. The nights were warm. I had just finished painting. It was about ten-thirty. I decided to go for a walk to a nearby coffee-house. My feelings were melancholy. I had just accepted the fact that the Apache girl was never to return. I felt sad . But the sadness held no pain. My engulfment in this aura of calm made the sadness strangely enjoyable. I stepped out of my house and down the avenue towards the coffee house. The night air still held some of the warmth of the day’s eighty seven degrees. I was alone now. I had no one to answer to. And no one to expect anything of. The calmness made this fact comforting. The streets were dark and the stars twinkled brightly. I walked very slowly. I felt entirely emotionally self sustaining, and needed no outside attention for me to know that “ *I am*. “ My, *being* was just a mater of fact, needing no supporting approval to sustain it’s validity.

Through my mind’s ear, within my lower stomach. A voice made of the matter of feeling, echoed through me : “ I AM, I AM. “ In my head no voice asked me why? In place of that question was an immutable calm, An infinitely soothing void. Where once lurked the negative aspects of my parental recordings. Those recordings were now held in check by the post-Process supplement, Unconditional Authorization.

I was nearing the coffee house now. The doorway was just a few feet away. I entered the large cavern looking structure. Then I backed up inside my animal, and watched it go through some mild transactions with the guy behind the counter, for the purposes of obtaining a cup of hot cider. Then up the stairs to my most favorite spot in the whole place, The loft. A perch of aspiring, yet mellow folk minstrels.

Ah. yes, the loft, with all those seedy easy chairs, and cushioned couches half filled with pretty ladies of mellow disposition. The other half bore men in their mid twenties most of whom would say hello. And that was enough. Nothing more needed saying. After “hello “ It was time to side step intellect, and just feel the soothing tones of the music.

I’m thinking : “ This is exactly the way I like it. No verbal exchange, just mutual acceptance, Without the prerequisite of mutual qualification. “ There was a seat vacant on the couch closest to the large spool table at the loft’s center. I filled it. I sat there sipping my cider gazing into the darkness of the rafters, visualizing the stars. It was like looking through my mind’s eye and seeing through the roof top, while the

minstrel's music flowed gently through the fibers of my animal's body. This night I remember as beautiful beyond my hopes. This is the night I fell in love with what I thought was me. I fell in love with the nobility of my animal's sincerity. He had always strove to do his best for me. And that night I finally gave him credit for all the efforts he had made in my behalf. I loved him this night like I had loved no woman. No woman had been as close to me as this humanoid in which I lived. " Tonight we are harmoniously engulfed in an aura of calm. " I felt the vibration of the music circumnavigating through the people around the table like reflected light flowing through waves of the ocean on a moonlit night.

I met no one in this place to know by name, And didn't want or dis-want to. The feeling I had was one of sweet sadness. I was looking back over the time I'd spent in this animal, and all we had been through together.

The hour had passed. I felt it was time to go home. I rose very slowly and made my way out into the late night air. The night breeze smelled of salt and sea. " That's odd. The ocean is twenty miles west of here. " I took out my harp, (harmonica) and played some sad sweet songs. Tears streamed down my face. I just kept playing. I cried for the beauty of the way the song flowed through me. I had finally accepted the intensity of my nature as beautiful, and desirable. When I reached the apartment,

I opened the door, walked through the mural into the living-room. Then went to the john, came out and stood still for a moment examining my sudden change of feelings. " Hmmm..... I'm getting that old case of paranoia again. " At various times in my life, I had gotten strong feelings that someone was hiding in my living quarters. Or someone was on their way to sneak into my place, And somehow their presence preceded them. Consequently I would check all the hiding places in the house, and feel like a complete idiot while doing so. I'd be asking myself : " What in the hell are you doing this for ? " This night I decided not to reprimand what I formally thought was myself. I said : " Ok. So I've got a temporary case of paranoia. Well I'll just go through the usual routine for this state. I'll show whatever it is in me that's afraid, that there's no one lurking in the apartment, and there's no one coming to get me. " I started in the kitchen. The only place in the kitchen that someone could hide, is behind the frig. There isn't anything else in the kitchen, except a table and two chairs.

" I'm looking behind the frig..... Nothing there! Ok. Now for the bathroom. " I walked out of the kitchen into the living-room, turned left into the bathroom and checked behind the bathroom door, Then walked over to the shower, and opened the door. " Something about this shower gives me the creeps. I don't want to feed that feeling. "

I closed the shower door. " I'll look in the closet and get this search over with. Then I'll listen to some music, so I can get this paranoid feeling out of my head. " I started looking through the closet.

The closet was big and dark. There were lots of clothes and boxes in there. To doubly satisfy myself I walked inside, and felt around under

and through the cloth's. Then I said one word to myself : " Satisfied ? "
" Not really, But the music will change that. "

I felt much better after I'd meditated to some semi-classical symphonic music. My field of calm energy returned. And slumber was forthcoming. I went to bed and slept almost instantly.

There is a state in sleep, which is reached at a certain rate of flow, of the blood through the body. This state is maintained by an ever constant rhythm of the pumping of the blood. This state cannot be reached if the heart pumps too fast. If it pumps too fast you will wake up. If it pumps too slow, you will enter into a deeper state. The state I'm describing is the state I found myself in, at about three thirty in the morning. It is a state of not being asleep and not being awake. I entered this equilibrium of sleep induced trance, with my eyes still closed on the edge of a dream state. The room I was sleeping in became a three dimensional part of what I thought was a dream. I was lying in my sleeping bag on the couch against the south wall. The wall with the lady with the living eyes on it. A woman's voice softly, but quite naturally said to me : " Jerry " I started to say : " Yes ? " And then became aware, that I was about to answer out loud, with my body's vocal cords. I thought : " Why am I talking out loud ? This is just a dream. " The small voice within me said : " This is not a dream. She's in your room. " At this point my animal's mechanical projectionist flashed on the screen of my mind's eye, an instant replay of what happened just before I went to bed. I saw it in rapid sequence, as if I was playing a slot machine, And the pictures on the machine, were films of me.

In the first row, I saw myself look in the kitchen. Second row, Look in the bathroom. Third row, Look in the closet..... Bingo !

" There can't be anyone in this room.....BUT THERE ISAAAAHHHHHH.. " "

I tried to jump out of bed, But my feet were bound. " What the fuck ! .. Oh, It's the sleeping bag. " I frantically yanked at the zipper. " It's stuck ! " I crawled out of that sleeping bag like a caterpillar turning instantaneous butterfly.

In pitch blackness, half running half stumbling, I finally got my hands on the light switch. As I flipped the switch up, I thought : " What if it doesn't go on ? " "

It didn't go on. Instead it came on. I actually saw the filament turn from red, to white, Then the white radiated out from the center of the bulb to it's edges. It continued flowing outward till it burst off the walls, And filled the room with blinding radiance. This sequence was so amazing to me, that I almost forgot what centered my concentration there, in the first place. It didn't dissuade it for long. I could still feel her presence. Thinking : " She's still standing there in the center of the room. " I asked myself : " How do I know that ? Can I see her ? No. " Something inside me said : " I can feel her there. "

" What, Am I nuts ? This is ridiculous ! " "

Then I heard myself say out loud : “ No it isn’t, Something was *there*.
And I think it still is. “

I collected my courage, closed my eyes and looked through the space in the center of my forehead, The same space that I looked through when meditating. What I saw made the hair on the back of my neck stand straight up. It was like looking at the room through closed circuit T V . I saw a perfect reproduction of the room, from a vantage point slightly elevated, and to the right of the point, in which I was actually standing.

There she was, at room’s center. She had shoulder length blond hair, blue eyes, and stood about five foot six or seven. I knew I could send my consciousness closer. This would create a blowup on the screen of my mind’s eye. But my nervous system could not stand to go in for more detail. My body already wanted to go running out into the street screaming. The animal was terrified. I had to tell it constantly, out loud every two minutes : “ If you yell for help. All they will do is give you a sedative. And if they sedate you, they will kill you. (My animal is physically allergic to all but local forms of anesthetics.)

Her presence made silenceSuspense. I found myself talking at her : “ Don’t do that again. You scared the living hell out of me. “

“ What the hell am I doing, talking to empty space in the middle of the room ? No. That’s not empty space. This is real. “ A portion of my brain started arguing with me, telling me that it couldn’t be real. So I said to that segment : “ Alright. Let’s see you walk through the center of the room, where you so emphatically claim she isn’t. “ That portion of my brain promptly shut it’s big mouth.

“ What am I going to do ? I guess I’m going to have to talk to someone about this, or I may not get any sleep for the next year. But who would believe me ? Herb ? “ Herb was a man I’d met at one of the many lectures I had attended in the last six years. However He’d only spoken to me in the last six months. And when he did, all he talked about was astral projection. He kept calling me on the phone and telling me how he was tripping around town with his astral body, visiting his unknowing friends. and ease-dropping on their conversations, of which he was sometimes the major topic. At the time, I figured : “ It’s some kind of temporary emotional disturbance. In all other ways he seems quite rational. His brain just needs something to do. “

I couldn’t think of anyone else. So I started to call him. As I dialed I was having second thoughts. “ Suppose he thinks I’m nuts ? Suppose he supports my macabre fears with some off the wall horror story, So I can really freak out ? It wouldn’t take much at this point. My nervous system is really taxed. I am literally in a state of controlled panic. He could destroy me with one strongly phrased autosuggestion. I can’t take that chance. I’d better wait, and see if I can calm down first. “ I put the phone back on the hook. “ I’d go out in the street and walk till I’m calm. But what if she’s here when I come back ?

And just as bad. What if she isn't ? I'd be living in constant fear of her returning." I sat down on the couch and looked at the center of the room.

" You know you really frightened me. If you need to talk to me use telepathy or something. My heart is still pounding from five minutes ago. Are you there ? Are you listening ? Give me some sign that you understand me. No, Never mind. I'm not ready for that yet. Wait till I talk to Herb. Then we'll see if I can understand what happened here. " I waited about seven minutes.

My heart was pumping at normal pace now. But it would go wild with the slightest provocation. I picked up the phone as if it was an egg, then slowly dialed the numbers. My heart threatened to race with the turning of each digit. I held this panic at bay by taking a short slow breath with each turn, of my finger in the slot.

The phone rang three times. Herb answered. At first he sounded annoyed until I said it was me. Then he seemed to be very glad to hear from me, even though it was three thirty in the morning.

I decided to get right to the point. " Have you ever had a spirit talk to you ? I just had someone talk to me out loud, from the center of the room. I'm wondering if I'm ready for the funny farm or what ? " I listened for his reply. I heard laughing on the other side of the line. And immediately thought to myself : " It was a mistake calling him. He'll probably start asking humoristic-ly sarcastic questions like : " Was she pretty ? " I can't take any bullshit from anyone right now. I need answers. So if he runs that number. I'm hanging up on him. I'll see who else I can think of that knows anything about this, from first hand experience. I've got a strong urge to hang up right now. But I'll wait. " Herb stopped laughing, and said : " Was it a man or a woman ? " Then he said : " Mine was a man. "

" Herb I'm not just fucken around. I'm serious about this. I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll just call someone else who doesn't think it's so funny. "

" Wait a minute ! I meant that seriously. Mine was a man. "

" What do you mean ? "

" What I mean *is*, He was in the room every time you came to visit me. That's what me and Nancy were talking about when you walked in the other day. We changed the subject when you came through the door. When I moved into the apartment I'm living in now, I was fleeing spirits I had enacted in my former dwelling. "

" You mean you had spirits in the house you used to live in ? "

" Yes, and I have one here now. " My pulse started quickening slightly.

" You mean like, right next to you ? "

" No I mean like in the house. He kind of wanders around. "

" Do many people in the lectures have this sort of thing happening ? "

" No, but the ones that do, all know each other. I knew something was going to happen with you soon. I could feel it coming. " He sounded enthused.

I said : " That's great. I'm glad you're happy about it. Just one question.

How do I sleep at night now ? “

“ Just go to sleep. “ “ But how do I know it won’t happen again ? “

“ It probably will ha.. ha... My pulse began to gallop. “ but I don’t want it to happen again. “ “ Then it probably won’t. You’ll only get as much as

you can handle of it. Just don’t tell anyone about this except certain people. “

“ What people. “ You’ll know them. You’ll just *know* them. Jerry.

I have to go to work in the morning. Call me at six P M . “

“ Ok, Good night..... Herb ? Tell me I’m not nuts. “ “ Ha ha .. Your not nuts. See you tomorrow..... CLICK.

I put the phone down. “ I feel a lot better now. Except for one thing.

If you put two psychotics together, And one says to the other : “

Are you nuts ? “ The counter reply is most always : “ Of course not. I’m just like you and you’re not nuts, are you ? “ “ Who *me* ? Of course not. “

Then I thought : “ If I can think this objectively, I can’t be nuts. Can I ? “

Then the small voice within me replied : “ Sanity is not defined on this three dimensional plain by power of intellect. It is defined by relativity. “

I didn’t understand that last statement at the time it was offered, at least

not on a totally conscious level. However, I understand it now. “ All things

are relative. “ The man who stood on the shoulders of giants had once

said that. It is my opinion, that in the world of time and space his statement

is true. All things are relative. So if one wishes to relate something out

of the norm, which he or she has experienced. It is best to relate it to someone,

or thing, Which is capable of at least experiencing vicariously, that which

you have experienced personally. The reason I believe this is so is,

at this time, on this planet, animal consciousness prevails within the majority.

And the humanoid animal instinctively worships, or attacks, whatever

it can not comprehend.

“ I don’t feel satisfied with Herb’s reassurance that I’m not crazy.

To be honest, I’m not sure about his sanity. “ As I was saying that statement,

I realized that I was addressing the middle of the room.

Something inside me said : “ What about Robert ? “ Robert was another acquaintance from the lectures. He never mentioned anything about psychic phenomenon to me in the two years I had known him.

But somehow I felt sure, he had my answers. So I called him and told

him what happened. He sensed my desperation, and said just six words

to me : “ Don’t worry, She won’t hurt you. “ That’s all he said for openers.

There was a pause. Then he said : “ She may be the woman you’ve been waiting

for all of your life. His voice was soothing, It was on the verge of being

hypnotic. I talked to Robert for about twenty minutes. Then went to bed

with the lights on.

The next day found me out of the house, buying provisions. and just enjoying

the beauty of the day. As twilight approached, I headed for home without

reluctance. After being in the house for just a few minutes, I began feeling

comfortable with the place. I fed myself and started the night’s painting.

The painting was going well. Life is always wonderful when the painting is going well.

Then once again it was time for bed. I was a little apprehensive, so I left the lights on, And shouted explicit instructions to whoever might be in the room to : “ Please not talk to me tonight . “

I woke about three-thirty in the morning, perceiving no one’s presence in the room. I toddled into the bathroom, and stood there making splashing sounds in the john. That started waking me up. So I directed my aim at the porcelain. It’s less noisy. I finished, turned left, walked into the main room and looked around. “ I don’t think there’s anyone here. “ I walked over to the wall flicked off the light, and went back to sleep. While dozing off I thought : “ It’ll be light in an hour and a half, So there’s no problem. I’m safe. “

Within twenty minutes I was in that state of in-between-ness, Not asleep, and not awake. My heart was beating, at the exact same pace it had beat the night before. I felt someone touch my right hand. The hand that touched me was as warm as any living being that I had ever encountered. It was like swimming under water, and having someone swim up to you, and put there hand on yours. My eyes were shut, but I could see my hand through the closed lids. I couldn’t see her hand. I could feel it. At the point of contact, my hand had an aura around it about four inches thick. I remember the colors precisely, but I’m not totally sure of the sequential order. This is how I believe it went. Closest to my hand was white, blending rapidly into a pale but vibrant blue. The white was very thin, but deep and strong. The blue was strongest at its own center. Then it mingled iridescently with the next color, which was orange. Each color mixed with the next. Yet it didn’t manifest the intermediate mixtures which these colors would produce in the third dimension. In that other realm of existence, the colors mixed, while simultaneously retaining their exact personal vibrancy. The next color was a brilliant crimson red. This was the widest of the central colors. It also had central intensity. It’s iridescent nebula entangled with the next color, yellow. Again, between the colors there was red and there was yellow, but there was no orange resulting from their mingling. Apparently on that plane of existence, orange is a separate entity in itself, bearing no dependency on the blending of the primaries red and yellow. The last color was blue, not quite so pale as the one closest to my hand. But it was the thickest color in the strata. Again, central intensity prevailed within it.

Excepting white, each of the preceding colors were about a fingers thickness. The last was three fingers thick. It spread nebula emitting from it’s outboard side, to the distance of three finger lengths. I felt it went ever farther, but it was not visually perceivable.

I was frightened, but not totally surprised. The colors were so vibrantly beautiful..... I got caught up in them.

About one and one half seconds after her hand touched mine, I felt her body descend directly on top of mine. My mind raced, as if it were a separate scientist, not a part of me at all. It was taking notes, jotting down data, and shoving it into memory banks for future reference. It would consult me on

decisions about this data, before filing some of it. The data it collected went something like this : “ Her body is warm. She has penetrated right through the blankets I have over me, and more than that, she’s penetrated what night clothes I’m wearing. “ I stopped at this piece of data and examined it personally, instead of letting the mechanical mind check it off as just another mechanically perceived fact. In doing so I was faced with the absolute reality of what was happening. “ My God ! She’s more beautiful than any woman I have ever touched in my life. And I’m not touching her. She’s touching me. “ I could feel the nipples of her breasts on my chest. Her hips were in direct alignment with mine. The sensation of her skin against mine held the dry smooth slipperiness of silk. I could even feel her pubic hair against the inside of my thigh. I was falling in love. But the animal in which I resided was terrified. It was saying things like : “ You can’t fall in love with her ! What if she gets mad at you ? You can’t fight someone who’s invisible. “ She kissed me. I saw blue-white light where our mouths met. It was an opened mouth kiss. A blue-white energy flowed from the back of her throat out into mine, then into the base of the back of my neck where my neck and my head converge. I was instantly erected. Even my scared animal was beginning to say things like : “ This may not be so bad after all. “ “ Do-oo Youu Love MEeee.? “ The voice was a whisper with tone. The still small voice within me answered : “ Yes. “ But my mechanical brain started saying things like : “ How can you love her you don’t even know her. “ The small voice within me again said : “ I love you. “ But she couldn’t hear it, And I couldn’t say it. I didn’t have permission to, without a reason. I couldn’t allow myself to tell her I loved her, because I wasn’t sure what love is. I decided to examine what I was feeling. A vibrancy from all of my body reached out to her. It did not reach out to take. It reached out to give. It vibrated off of me into her, as a vibration emitted off of her into me. At the time, I could not fathom a name for this phenomena other than the most general term, *feeling*. I realized a mild surprise, as I heard my own voice clearly in the room vibrating naturally on the air currents of the third dimension. “ I have fee... “ “ Yes you have Feeeer fear fee. . . . She faded off of me as if she was dissipating into billions of little particles, and those particles were swept straight out from me on a sixty degree angle into another dimension. “ Come back. . . . “ It was too late. My heart beat had changed it’s pace. The third dimension was upon me.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Third Night

The unknown is the inconsistent. Anything that is consistent will eventually be understood. “ Hmmm..... That was philosophical. I wonder how many other people philosophize to themselves while painting ? I wonder how many converse with themselves at all ?

I wish I was sure she was coming tonight. Maybe she’ll be mad at

me for being so indecisive last night. Do you suppose she'll attack you of something, Jer ? No, I get the feeling that if she's mad at me, she just won't come back at all. If she does come back, it will be to try to make love with me again. And you know something ? I want her to. She's the finest woman that has ever touched me. But what if she's some evil force ? I don't care where she comes from. Anything that feels that good, can not be bad. "

I was thoroughly engrossed in the six by eleven foot canvas stretched across the kitchen wall. I had built the frame, for the canvas, right into the wall, so that when I finished a painting. I could just peel it off, roll it up, and tack up another one.

I was thinking about what Herb said at lunch earlier that day. " I had one living at that house I was renting, before I got this apartment. I was terror stricken. I could feel him staring at me all the time. One day I couldn't stand it anymore. I needed to get out of the house for a while, but I couldn't find my comb, and you know me. I don't go anywhere without my comb. So I ran around the house like a mad man looking for it. Just when I gave up, grabbed my coat, and was running for the door, my comb came flying across the room and landed at my feet. " " Then what happened ? " " I realized he wasn't going to hurt me. So I stayed home that night. "

Herb changed the subject. " How's your painting coming along ? " " It's rather magnetic. It draws me in and implores me to work on it. When it becomes too enthralling I just leave the house. There's also another method of disengagement. When I don't want to work on it, but still feel the urge to paint. I paint two by three foot paintings. "

" How long does that take ? " " Between two and five hours. It gives me a feeling of accomplishment. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. And all in a few hours. Most people like the small ones. I get lots of compliments on them. The only thing they say about the big ones is, When will it be finished ? "

My mind wandered back to the present : " Hmmm..... This huge mother is beginning to look like something. You know Jer, You had a real good night. " I looked at the clock. " Well what do you know ? It's bed time once again. Isn't that ridiculous ? I hope she comes tonight. But I'm afraid to go to sleep. "

This time I left the lights on all night. In spite of that fact, she came at her usual time. between three and four in the morning.

This time she assumed the form of a cloud like energy field, and descended upon my groin. Again, instant erection. This time I told her : " Come on . Come to me. " She couldn't manifest in sufficient force to solidify a body, as she had done the night before. I thought : " Just when I throw all my fears three sheets to the wind. " Then I thought : " How frustrated Alice must be. Maybe I'm the only person she's able to contact. And now she can't even contact me, or at least not strongly as she had before.

How do I know her name was Alice ?..... I just know.

After that night, Alice's presence seemed to be on the decline. She was gradually superseded by what appeared to be a different entity. The lady on the wall, with the living eyes. Those eyes that followed me wherever I went in the room.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Learning Year

The year which was forthcoming, on a daily basis appeared almost commonplace to me. As I now relive it condensed on these pages. It seems extraordinary, yet routine.

The next day I remembered something Robert had told me on the night of Alice's first visitation.

" Things like this have happened to you all of your life, but you have pushed them back in your memory, and blocked them out, because people had told you they weren't real. So you forgot about them. Think back. And write down all of the things like this which have happened to you, since you were a little boy. You'll be surprised. There's a lot of them. "

I sat down in my favorite chair, low strung to the floor, against the North wall.

The lady on the South wall faced me with her usual intense stare. It was a gaze like that of a mother watching a small child. In that same gaze were the properties of a hawk, viewing a sparrow from a great height. She gave me the feeling she had an intense, protective love for me, which was virtually unconditional. I didn't reason why this was so. I just excepted it.

" Hmm.. What psychic experiences have I had, that I've forgotten ? "

I sat there for about twelve minutes. And zero, came to mind. I began thinking of trivial coincidences, but nothing I couldn't explain away. I was about to give up, make some tea, and admit defeat, when my mechanical projectionist flashed me back to when I was five years old.

" Johnny in the mirror ! God ! I'd forgotten all about that. " I darted out of my chair with enthusiasm, went into the kitchen, and hastily made a cup of tea. I was beside myself to start writing. Finally, I got my tea next to my chair, and my clipboard and pen on hand. I was ready to examine what happened with Johnny, when I was five years old.

Johnny was someone I had talked to regularly, on a daily basis for about two or three months. He resided in a mirror of about three feet in length. My mother would say : " Isn't that cute. He's talking to Johnny in the mirror again." My sisters would also encourage me : " Hey Jer, Why don't you go talk to Johnny in the mirror ? " They would laugh and get a big kick out of how I could talk to him just like he was another person. They would say : " Jer's cute. He's really a good kid. He's got *some* imagination."

There came a day when there was no one in the house but my mother. It was about three thirty in the afternoon. She looked up from what ever she was reading to see me coming through the door.

" Jerry ? What are you doing in the house so soon ? You usually don't

come in for another hour or two. What's up ? “ “ I think Johnny wants to talk to me. And I gotta go to the bathroom.” She looked at me strangely with a slight frown. I used the bathroom, Then walked into the bedroom, and stood in front of the mirror. The electric light wasn't lit because it was daytime. So the room was a little darker than usual, about twenty percent difference. But the mirror was bright because it reflected light. And there was Johnny. He looked really glad to see me. I talked the usual talk with him, telling him who I was playing with outside, and what games we were playing. He would answer with different expressions of his face. I would guess what he was thinking, and talk to him about whatever he had in mind.

Through the corner of my eye I could see my mother sitting at the table, reading in the next room. I sensed her attention wasn't really on the book.

“ Johnny, Why don't you come out and play with us ? My mothers head turned and looked at me suspiciously. I ignored the look and concentrated on Johnny. He gave me a look of helplessness. Which could only mean : “ I can't. “ “ What's it like in there Johnny ? “ At this point, mom was on her feet and headed towards the room. She stopped dead at the doorsill, and looked with astonishment at the mirror. Then she looked at me. “ Jerry! you come *over here!* “ “Why ? I'm just talking to Johnny. “ She started into the room and stamped her feet. “ You *COME HERE!* “ “ Alright Ma, I'm comin. “ I started off in her direction and met her at the doorway. As she spoke to me she made a point of always keeping her back to the mirror, as if she didn't want to see what was in it a second time. “ I don't want you to talk to Johnny in the mirror anymore. “ “ Ok. “ I lied. “ I better go tell him. “ “ Jerry you come back here. “ I ran inside the room, stood in front of the mirror and saw Johnny. He seemed glad to see me again. I knew that my mother was still standing at the door. “ I can't play with you anymore Johnny. “ I winked at him, to indicate I was fibbing. It didn't help. Johnny's face became very sad. His head hung down, and he turned away..... I wanted to yell to him : “ Johnny ! I was only kidding. “ But my mother was standing in the doorway doing her “Get over here ! “ act again. This time it looked like she was going to hit me. So I got out of the house as soon as she would let me.

The next day no one was near the room with the mirror. So I went in and stood in front of it. There was a strange boy standing in there, about a head shorter than Johnny with blond hair and gray blue eyes.

His presence shocked me. “ Who is this ? “ echoed in my mind's ear. Fear struck through me. I snapped into a position of fight or flight, and spit out the words : “ Where's Johnny ? “

Like a mindless soundless robot, he mimicked the movements of my lips with his. No sound came from his mouth. It was as if he was dead. And instead of lying down, he was up and following my every movement with his marionette like mindlessness. I moved my right hand, and watched his right hand move in exact succession with my own. I looked past him into the

mirror to see where he was coming from. He was coming from behind me. I stepped up very close to the mirror, and took a good look at the boy. It was the first time I had ever seen the animal in which I reside.

I waited a week for Alice to come back. Meanwhile I did a painting of a burst of light. Her vibration seemed to reside in the area billeting that painting. I had put it against the east wall, the wall with the French windows and figured : “ Well, That’s the end of that. “ The memory of her is recorded in the painting. Frankly that painting was an insult to her memory. It was so charged by my own emotions, and the aura of her afterglow, that I forgot all the rules of painting, and just hit the canvas with all the brightest colors I could find. Then stepped back and looked at it. “ It isn’t good enough. Alright, So I’ll do another one some time when I can be more objective. “

It was a week later. I had released the thought of the spirit woman’s return. I was putting a couple of finishing touches on her painting. “ I guess now that I’ve finished this painting, things will return to normal. They didn’t.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN The Week After Alice

I was meditating every other day now, and was a little scared, that too much too soon, might produce some unwanted effects. And if they were as strongly vexing, as Alice was intensely rewarding. Then the horror movies I saw as a child, would seem as superficial as the second boy in the mirror.

It was another day of painting. “ The room feels like it has even more of that electric like, verge-ly static energy in it. It’s making me a little uneasy. I could feel it in the room the third day, after the initial meditation. But that was two weeks ago. Now I’m beginning to see nebula throughout the whole room. But not just when I meditate. It seems to be here to stay. “ As a result of this nebula, there was a slight pressure in my head immediately upon entering the room. I got used to it. Just as in the meditations, I didn’t fight it. I’d just relax and let it flow through me. “ I think it’s radiating out of, and off of, me when I meditate. “ Hmm... The paintings finished.” I stepped back to look at it. “ Ok, Jer, It’s time to go to bed. “ I cleaned my brushes and hit the sack.

Just before dawn I heard voices. They seemed far away, and sounded like a radio sounds when you turn the volume down, so you can answer a phone. You can hear it in the background, but you can’t make out exactly what the words are.

The first night I didn’t pay that much attention. I’d heard things like this in my sleep at different intervals throughout my life. I figured : “ It must be the tail end of a dream, not worthwhile acknowledging. “

Suddenly I felt the pressure of a fist, pressed down on, Then gradually

into my solar-plexus. I sensed a man taller and physically stronger than I. Attaching their right hands to his forearms were two women, slight in structure, possibly in their mid to past mid twenties. He and his accomplices, pushed his arm into my stomach until it almost touched my backbone. Then instantly, his arm recoiled, and with it, gushed a streak of energy escaping from my midsection, up into his arm, and subsequently into theirs. Then they faded off of me. Silence prevailed as this act was performed. They only talked when they were far away.

The sun had been up for hours. I figured it was time I joined it. “ All right, I guess I’ll get up. “ I rose and fell back down in the bed. I felt like I’d missed two days sleep. Looking at the clock seemed a major effort. It said one-thirty. I had slept eleven hours. “ Eleven hours, And I’m still tired ? “ I ate something to see if that would make a difference. It did some, but not much. “ A movie might make me feel better. “ I went to see a double feature, and came home feeling pretty good. “ I’m beginning to perk up again. I’ll get a good night’s sleep and be back to normal tomorrow. “

I was fast asleep by two A M and nothing happened again till dawn. This time when I heard them I tried to listen for what they were saying. In my mind’s eye I caught a better impression of what the two woman looked like. One had dark hair, and the other light brown, almost blond. But the man was impossible to distinguish. I tried to see him. Then I asked him : “ Why are you doing this ? “ There was no answer. He just extracted my energy with the backward thrust of his arm. I heard the dark haired girl say something to him. Something clearly audible. But I didn’t possess the energy to tell my brain to hold on to that voice print. It may very well have anyway. but I hadn’t the energy to recall it.

They were leaching off energy faster than my restorative process could justify. I was not afraid of them. I had no malice towards them. I just wanted to know what they wanted the energy for. And did they know they were taking too much ?

When I woke this time. the room was dark. This frightened me. I got up quickly. That made things worse. “ Christ ! I’m even weaker than yesterday. “ I headed for the kitchen. While turning on the lights I looked in the direction of the clock on the kitchen wall. “ 6 P M. That means I slept. . . . FIFTEEN HOURS ? !! Can that be true ? Right, Fifteen hours. “ I didn’t have the energy to display any more outbursts of astonishment. I sat down. “ I wonder if this happened to the gal that wrote “Dracula ?” And she got the idea for the book, from it. She lived to write the book. So maybe I’ll live through this. “ I decided to have a serious talk with myself. : “ Jer, your not being sensible. You dopy son-of-a-bitch, they’re trying to *kill* you. And your sitting around philosophizing about it. “ This reprimand sent a shot of adrenalin through my system, which helped to generate the will to stand up. I walked across the room into the lavatory, held on to the wall, and splashed into the bowl. “ Screw the porcelain. The splashing will help keep me awake. “ I finished, turned around and lurched towards the living room. “ Now, What was I doing ? “

I stood in the doorway staring blankly into space. Marcia's eyes, piercing as ever, reached out to me from the south wall. They were two blue diamonds glaring at me. I walked directly over to her. "Are you the one who's ripping me off for energy?" The eyes glared harder than I had ever seen them before. I ignored the glare, turned and looked at the phone. "Hmm.... Who should I call?" The angry eyes were still on me. "Shit! She's *mad*. Alright! I apologize. I must be nuts, talking to a painting. And how come I know her name now?" Her eyes burned into the back of my head. "Alright! You're not a painting. This place gets weirder by the minute. Where was I? Oh, Yeah. Who should I call?" My voice inside answered. "Joe L." "I thought they wiped you out." (The voice came from the place where the energy was sucked out of me.) "I can never be wiped out."

I started looking through my phonebook. "Let's see, where did I leave Joe's number? Why do I want to call Joe?" I answered my own question: "Probably because he's not into this sort of thing. But he has an open mind. And he may give an unbiased appraisal of the situation, making good logical down to earth sense. Ah, Here's his number." I dialed it. "Joe? Hi, it's Jer, You know, From the lectures. Joe I need to talk to someone about something. Don't think I'm crazy. But it has to do with spirits. And it's important. So it has to be tonight. Yes I have a pen in my hand. What's the address? Ok I'm on my way, Thanks!"

I took the bus over to Joe's house. It was about nine when I got there. His girlfriend answered the door. "Joe will be here in a minute." I sat on the living-room couch, having second thoughts about whether I should tell him about this or not. I pictured how it would sound to me. Suppose he doesn't believe me? And later his girlfriend says to him. "What was the matter with him?" "Oh, he's been making love with spirits, and now he thinks some other spirits are trying to kill him." "Or suppose he takes it very seriously: "Jer I think you should see a doctor. You know the kind of doctor I mean." "Screw it I'm getting out of here." The little voice within: "Where will you go?" "My God! I can't go home without an answer. What the hell am I gonna do."

"Hi Jer, How's the painting going?" "Oh, just fine. Listen Joe can we go in the den of something? What I'm going to tell you is kind of strange. I don't want your girl walking in and asking questions about it. Is that ok? I don't want to freeze her out, but right now I don't trust anyone with this but you." "Ok, Jer." "Thanks Joe."

I told him about the night Alice first talked to me from the center of the room. and what happened now, two weeks later. "Joe, I'm afraid to go to sleep. I'm afraid they'll come back again. If they take anymore energy from me, They're liable to kill me.

"Come on in the next room Jer. There's some writings I want to show you." I'm thinking to myself: "Writings?! What the fuck does writings have to do with what I just told him? Here I am, waiting for him to make an assessment on the state of my sanity. And he wants to show me his latest screen play." He opened the drawer to the

night table and rummaged through a bunch of hand written papers, selected about four and started reading them to me. At first it sounded like a bunch of unrelated words. Then I realized it was a dialogue. So I asked :
“ Who are the people saying these things ? “ “ This is me and my girl, talking to her grandfather on the other side. “ “ Huh ? You mean he’s er...er.... spirit ? “
“ Yes, we talk to him through our Ouija board. I’ve got a whole drawer full of things he said. Lookit this. “ He went back to rummaging through the drawer. This time he took out all of the writings, and started reading his favorite excerpts. I interrupted him : “ Wait a minute Joe, What’s a Ouiji board ? “ He handed me a piece of wood with letters and numbers on it. At one side of the board was the word *yes*, and on the other side *no*. It reminded me of those little black boards with the alphabet on them, the kind you give to preschool children, or a game put out by Mattel. As its only accessory, it had some kind of dial or such. The use of which I was soon to see.

“ How’s it work ? “ “ Kay and I put our hands on opposite sides of the dial. Then the spirit comes and moves it to the letters, making words. Later we decipher it. Or sometimes we know right away what it means. I’ll get Kay. And we’ll get her grandfather on the board, and ask him about your spirits. So he goes into the kitchen and gets his girlfriend. I go into the living-room and sit down in a chair that’s not too far from the exit, and examine my mind to see if this is really happening. “ Let’s see now, Joe is one of the most level headed men I know. You know what ? . . . I think he’s crazy. If *he’s* crazy. Where does that leave me ? Now, Wait a minute Jer. He may not be crazy at all. Maybe his Ouija board will work. Maybe it’ll give you the answers you need. That’s ridiculous. It’s too far fetched. No one will ever believe it. I’m having a hard time believing it myself. First I do a little meditating. Then a woman talks to me from the middle of the room. Then I call my friend to ask him what’s happening, And he tells me about his spook. Then I call Robert : (Mimicking Robert) “ She won’t hurt you. “ Then I got the energy sucked out of me. And by this time, I’m hoping someone will come along and say something logical like : “ Did you know that those thirty five cent sugar coated pies you’ve been eating cause hallucinations ? They’re taking them off the market tomorrow. “

So I call Joe. The most unbiased man I know. And he takes out a piece of board with letters and numbers on it, and says : “ We’ll ask the board. “
“ Ha HaHa Ha Ha Ha Ha . . . That’s funny ! If I survive this, I’m going to write about it some day. “ I swallowed my last laugh as Joe and his girlfriend entered the room.

Joe spoke first : “ I explained to Kay what your problem is. So we’re going to see if we can get Mister E on the board. Now what we want you to do Jer, is write down the letters that the dial points to. Ok ? “ “ Sure “
“ Here’s a pad and pencil. Are you ready ? “ “ Yeah, I guess so. “
Joe and Kay put there hands on the little dial. Immediately the dial started shifting around the board with their hands riding on top of it. It looked like two kids playing with the same toy.

“ Kay, this doesn’t feel like Mister E. “ “ It sure doesn’t Joe. “
“ Who *is* this ? Sara ? Betty ? ... John ? Etc ... seven names later
the board finally cops to the fact that it’s Miss Suzy. So I ask : “Who’s she ? “
They look a little annoyed with my question. But the bulk of their mild
displeasure was reserved for her. Kay : “ Oh, she’s always trying to get us
to talk to her. “ I said: “ What’s her problem ? “ Joe : “ I’ll tell you later
let’s try for Mister E first. “ At that instant the dial moved around the
board some. “ It’s moving less jerky. I think it’s him now. “ “ are
you sure Joe ? “ “ Yeah honey, Feel how smooth he moves us ? “
“ I think you’re right., I think it’s him. Grandpa is that you ? “ The dial
switches to the side of the board with the *yes* on it. Then Joe says : “ How’s
Mrs. E ? “

We get an eight minute rendition on Mrs. E’s essential status, as evaluated
by Mr. E. Then Mr. E asks Joe how his work situation is : “ Have you
found a buyer for your screenplay yet ? “ “ No, but I’m having a
producer read it Saturday.

They go on talking about the play for about ten to twelve minutes.
Then he wants to talk to his grand daughter. So they, chit chat
for fifteen minutes, then back to Joe again. Then it starts to sound like
they’re making closing statements. Things like : “ It was nice to hear from you. “
And. “ I’ll be talking to you soon. “ This is when I decide to get a
little rude : “Ask him about the spirits that are draining me ! “ “ Huh Oh
Yeah ! Mr. E ? We have a friend here, who has spirits draining some energy
from him.”

I thought: “ Some energy ? They’re taking it all ! The God dammed
son-of-a-bitches are trying to kill me. “

“ Mr. E, is there any way he can stop them ? “
The board says : “ Yes. In God’s name please go. “
“ Is this what my friend should say ? “
The board again : “ Yes.”

“ When should he say this ? “
Joe to me : “ He says you should say this when they come to you. “
“ How did you know that ? The dial didn’t move. “
Joe : “ Sometimes I pickup what he’s saying telepathically. “
“ So is that all I do when they come to me ? Say in God’s name please go ? “
Joe nods me a : “Yes “

“ Can he tell you how ? Or why ? This is supposed to work ?
“ Jer, he usually gets mad when you ask him those kind of questions.
But I’ll ask him. “

“ Mr. E ? Why do we do this ? “
“Jer, he’s saying “ My word is ! My word is ! “ That means, Just do it.”
I said : “ Ok “ Then they went back to job talk once more.

This redundancy was getting to me. Now that I had my answer, I was anxious to
go spend it, and see its worth. I also wanted to get home and call Herb
to verify this procedure, just in case there were any flaws in it.

“ I might not survive another night of energy swiping, although I feel

pretty good right now. “ So I gave the pretence of patient interest, while listening to what I considered small talk, In the light of its comparison.

The session ended. I thanked Joe, caught a bus for home, had something to eat, and started painting. The painting went well. I began to get the feeling that everything would be alright. What gave me that feeling was the fact that when I left Joe’s, my regular energy was back again. After a couple of hours of painting, I went to bed. I slept good, and was well rested, when dawn started to show itself through the slit in the kitchen window curtains. That’s when they came. They were the usual gang. The big dude and the two chicks. I waited until he was just about to put his fist in my solar-plexus. Then I said it : “ In God’s name please go. “ They backed off and were gone. “ Hmm..... I should have waited till they were closer. I think the two in the back didn’t get enough impact from the words. Well I’ll see if I can give them a good blast of the words tomorrow, although I kind of feel sorry for the one that was lagging in the back, like a kid who knew she was doing something illegal, but went along for fear of peer pressure rejection. She was a skinny little blond. I felt compassion for her.

The next day, I went out and took in a show. It helped me avoid settling into a habit pattern of just painting, and meditating.

The altered state that I had acquired as a norm, was now augmented with a somewhat pervasive electrical like vibration. When I stood close to people in lines at a supermarket or a bank, they would turn around and say : “ What did you say ? “ “ I didn’t say anything. “

I wasn’t even thinking about them. My telepathic transmitting capacity was so strong, that people standing next to me were picking up my casual thoughts as audio impressions. This happened twice in one day. It happened once more a few days later. So I asked the woman in front of me : “ What did I say ? “

“ I don’t know “ “ Well, So much for tongues. It must be telepathy. “ She laughed and looked at me like : “ I wonder ? “ I never did find out what she was

wondering about the tongues statement. She was a little elderly, But not bad looking. Enough of this. Back to my apartment. “ I saw a pretty good movie so now I’ll have something to eat, and do some painting. I felt around the

room with my consciousness. “ Hey, I think they’re really gone, not the one in the painting with the piercing eyes. But she’s always here.

I’m not worried about her, She’s strange. But an ally. As I started towards the kitchen, my back was facing the south wall. Suddenly I felt someone staring intensely at the back of my head. The hair on the back of my neck erected.

I don’t think I would have gotten shook, if the staring came from the south western side of the room. That’s where Marcia’s picture was. But it was coming from the south eastern side. I stopped and turned slowly towards the south eastern wall of the living room.

Adrenalin leaped up both sides of my body. There on the wall hung a black and white drawing among many others. It was a picture of a face drawn in dark pencil. The eyes had turned medium cherry *red*. Naturally I felt it a normal reaction to be scared shitless. As I was getting ready to be, I noticed

something. “ The fear I’m feeling, is not my own. It’s being projected to me by the subject matter of this drawing. “ A pretty girl in her early twenties. She was afraid of me. But yet, she was making a strong effort to contact me. I decided to trust my own evaluation of the situation. And presume that we were both feeling her feelings.

“ Don’t be afraid. I won’t reject you. Just because you’re different from me in your composure, does not mean you’re different from me in any other way. This I *know*. And because of it, I’m not afraid of you. Fear is the primary motivation for rejection. Please do not reject me with your fear. “

I turned the essence of me over to what I believe in. Then stepped off straight across the room, stood in front of the picture, and looked openly into her eyes. It took four minutes before the eyes settled down to a lighter shade of red. She had accepted my acceptance of her.

Within a week I had become as accustomed to her, as I was to Marcia. Her name was Pat. I felt great warmth and trust radiate from that side of the room, when I sat in my chair for meditation.

I was now back to spending most of my time meditating and painting. Herb started showing up at my place more often. Before, he had visited maybe twice, in a two month span. Not until recently, have I understood the magnitude of this man. He stood about six foot tall, but sometimes gave the impression of being much taller. He had, and probably still has blazing blue eyes, similar to Marcia’s. Were he not devoted to nonviolence on a physical, and more important, emotional, intellectual and psychic level. I would have feared him.

One month before the lady in the center of the room spoke to me, I had gone to a lecture. Herb also happened to be attending that evening. During the intermission I walked up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder to say hello. He turned around slowly and met my eyes with his. His eyes seemed a personification of florescent effervescence. At that moment, just standing next to him, gave me the feeling my head was expanding, allowing my brain to breath.

Two weeks following the first phenomena Herb started showing up at my place every two or three days, usually to tell me about his new lover. He enjoyed his love life. And like many psychically dynamic people, he had difficulty sustaining an ongoing relationship with just one individual. One person can’t stand that kind of voltage perpetually. unless they are of equal intensity. Such people are in existence. but not in abundance.

Herb was forever teaching me about metaphysics, most of which seemed too incredible to be true. It is now several years later, and I have concluded that he knew exactly what he was talking about. He had read over a hundred books on metaphysics, and psychic phenomena, and was deep off into Yoga at the time I had met him.

Herb was sometimes very abrupt and to the point, discarding all formal and informal rituals. You know, things like saying : “ Hello, how are you today ? “ Etc. At least once a week he would knock on my door. I would open it. He would walk past me with an open book in his hand and say : “ You’re supposed to know this.” He’d continue to walk in large circles around the room while

reading to me a passage, from a book, dealing with metaphysical cause and effect. Without so much as missing a cadence in his step or verse, he circumnavigated the room twice, and was out the opened door, without so much as saying :

“ Hi or bye. ” He reminded me of a chu chu train doing a figure eight and going through a tunnel, the tunnel being the existing doorway. Here comes Herb toottoot There goes Herb . . . toot . . toot

Three days later someone would ask me a question dealing with metaphysics. To my amazement, the answer would jump out of my mouth into their hungry ear. The recipient would be ecstatic at the solving of his or her psychological befuddlement. “ How do you *know* these things ?

Where do you learn them ? “ “ I have a rather tall elf that delivers answers to me three days prior to the arrival of the questions. It’s somewhat convenient. It gives me time to paint, instead of sitting around reading books.

Some time had passed since Alice’s visitation and Pat’s arrival. I was spending more time painting the remainder of the mural on the west wall, A multi colored surrealistic slightly pornographic mystically inclined nightmarish looking ‘ vision, it was it was

For the first time in my life I was doing paintings solely to please myself, Just because it felt good, instead of trying to prove to the general populous : “ I’m an artist. “ The result was, about half of the people that visited my place rejected the painting, and subsequently rejected me also. It was a wonderful way of dividing my associates, into friends and enemies. As a result of this painting, the half who turned out to be my friends, thought me to be the living end. The remaining fifty percent, would have liked to have ended my living. No one ever just walked in and said : “ That’s nice. “ and changed the subject. They had to express their animals reaction to it. When they were through talking, I would say : “ That was your body’s reaction. Now can you tell me what your entity feels about it. “

You guessed it. The majority couldn’t distinguish between themselves and their animal. Most people believe they are their animal. By now I knew I was a separate entity, but sometimes had trouble depicting which was which. Most folks think their body is them, and that’s all there is of them. But if you call them an animal. They will take great offence. They in most cases say : “ I am not an animal. I’m a human-being “ The retort : “ Well a human-being is an animal. “ “ No, It’s not ! A human-being is not an animal. “

The more formally educated will claim : “ The human is the highest evolved animal. And there by, Not really an animal. “

The reason most human-beings refuse to accept the title of animal is. On a subconscious level, They know they’re not one. However what most individuals also can’t accept, is that they are enthralled within one. It takes a physical manifestation of this fact, before it is recorded in the brain cells of the animal. And therefore, subject to recall and contemplation of said facts. Thus creating a theoretical stand point on which the animal perceives it as a reality. Then when you see someone like Johnny in the mirror. The fear of insanity will not petrify your animal. Because your animal has established Johnny as a two dimensional reality. He may not like Johnny. But he has too much

in his memory banks to dispute Johnny's existence. He can't deny it, anymore than he could disbelieve the existence of anyone else. This is due to the fact that most animals perceive the existence of other animals, or three-dimensional forms of all kinds, through their eyes, before accepting these forms as three dimensional reality.

But the eyes of humanoids perceive all their reality in only two dimensions. So reality perceived only on a visual level, As most of what we call reality is. Is usually based on previous experience, dealing with all five senses. The only time humans use all five senses is when they are very young children. I remember when Jerry was five years old, Getting down on all fours, and tasting the sidewalk. I still to this day I remember what it tastes like. Sidewalks are an extreme reality to the animal in which I live. Because the sense memory of that taste, is in his memory banks. And I perceive three dimensional reality through him. He is, as a result of The Process beginning to perceive fourth dimensional reality through me.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Conformation

In spite of the fact that my animal's recording mechanisms were taking in data upon data verifying the dimensions I was perceiving, as a reality. I still feared they might be a projection of my mechanical brain.

My last fears were relinquished on the day my kids came over to spend the night at my place. The two small girls, ages three and four, had fallen asleep on the new waterbed, which now stood where my sleeping couch used to be, Up against the south wall.

As they slumbered there, Marcia's eyes swept over them with the same protective vigilance she seemed always to radiate over me.

At my invitation, a couple of associates from the lectures visited my place for an after lecture cup of coffee. We sat in the main room having a philosophical discussion, as the kids slept peacefully stretched out on the waterbed like lilies floating in a pond.

Tom, a friend of mine from several years back, was very involved in what he was talking about. I was giving the pretense of being a good listener, while really watching Bob, the man Tom had brought with him. I was sitting in my favorite chair facing the south wall. Tom had taken a chair out of the kitchen. And was seated just slightly to my right and facing me. Bob was sitting on the couch occupying the east wall, just to the right of the of the entrance to the john.

At first all was copacetic. Tom was expounding on some observation of character which he thought desirable to emulate. He wanted my opinion on the subject. His friend Bob was intensively interested, until Bob started involuntarily twitching his cheek and blinking his eyes. The twitching is what caused me to center my peripheral vision on Bob,

And keep it there. Bob turned to his left and looked at Marcia. Marcia was staring at him with such vehemence, that I could feel her gaze's intensity from where I sat. Which was twice his distance. She seemed to turn almost three-dimensional, Leering out of the picture to get his attention. At first I was surprised he could conceive that there was something there. Then I was amused. She was freaking him out.

Here was Tom speaking in earnest, pursuing his philosophical subject matter. And neither I nor his friend were listening to what he was saying. We were both enthralled in what Marcia was doing. I was secretly ecstatic, as I sat there thinking : “ This proves that out of all my unusual experiences at least Marcia, is a bona fide reality. She is certified by this man's acknowledgment of her, In spite of himself. I felt a little twinge of impish glee at his discomfort. Then I turned my attention back to Tom while thinking : “ Marcia made her point. *She's real.* She'll recede back into the picture now, and let the conversation predominate. “ That was not the case. She was very intent on making contact with Bob. Bob's head started turning back and forth between us and the picture, as if he were trying to listen to two conversations at the same time. About this time I started getting that feeling like I'm going to laugh in church. I couldn't hold it back. I cracked a smile. It was then that Tom looked over at Bob. “ Bob, what's the matter with you ? “ “ th....That picture. “ “ What about it ? “ “ It..... it” I interrupted : “ Why don't you take a look at the picture Tom? It might have some bearing on what we've been talking about. “ It had no bearing at all. I just wanted to see Tom's reaction to the picture. Tom walks right up to Marcia, stands directly in front of her, And says : “ What's so unusual about it ? “ I could hardly believe him. She was emitting energy at a tremendous rate. But he obviously felt nothing. My mind raced silently through the problem : “ Does this mean that only certain people can see this phenomena taking place ? Or maybe anyone can see it, but only at certain times. What if it's a projection of my mind bouncing off the picture and reflecting back on to this guy Bob ? No, That's not possible. If I wanted to project Marcia to anyone it would be Tom, not some friend of his, who I don't even know. Marcia must have her reasons for trying to contact this guy. I may never compute them, but that's alright. I have enough information to sort out as it is. “

Tom and Bob discussed the subject of painting for a while, then left shortly after midnight.

In the morning I had a twinge of : “ Is this really happening or am I just making it all up ? “ Then my oldest girl Marguerite Gets up, rubs her sleepy little four year old eyes, stops, tilts her head, turns around, squints at the picture and says : “ Daddy I don't like that lady. “ “Why don't you like her ? “ “ She keeps staring at me. “ The way she phrased the sentence concluded in my mind, that I was experiencing reality in its fullest.

She said : “That lady. “ Not that picture. Or, picture of that lady. Kids have a clarity to call it as they see it. No holds barred.

From that moment on I felt my spiritual coma had ended. Most folks have a spiritual arousal, Then fall right back into the slumber, of animal consciousness enthrallment. Just as I had done upon forgetting Johnny. He had made no logical sense, because no one else acknowledged his presence. Their only acknowledgement of him, was the all but too emphatic inference that he wasn't there. Well Marcia was there. The purest form of reason told me so. Do you know what the purest form of reason is ? It is to experience without conscious reasoning. This is why children are so precious. They readily speak without censorship. Kids are generally closer to the clearest form of communication on this plane of existence, Feeling. To illustrate this point try sitting quietly. Remove from your mind the major element through which the human animal does his or her thinking. Remove *words* from your mind. Just sit there and see the pictures your mind serves up. Refuse to hear the mechanical brain naming items, and making statements about them, As said items automatically present themselves in your mind's eye. When you can do this successfully, What do you experience ? I experienced feeling, Instead of allowing my mechanical brain to superimpose its prefabricated conceptual images over the vision of what the mind's eye sees. I stay the voice of my minds ear. And watch, and feel what is there, without putting words on it. Young children do this effortlessly because they haven't enough sounds (words) in their heads to substitute for feeling. So they just feel.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Richards Arrival

Almost two weeks had passed since the kids had visited.

“ Why are locks always harder to open when your holding you're water ? I opened the door and walked through the mural. It was almost finished now. I was headed for the bathroom. Just before heading for the john, I looked to my right. Some albums were sitting upright on the back of the couch, leaning against the east wall. The top album had the life-size face of a man in his twenties on it. The eyes on the cover rolled around and around. I felt a short blast of adrenaline from my center, Which stopped as soon as I responded. “ I'll relate to you in a minute. Alright ? First I gotta take a piss. “

I walked out of the bathroom questioning myself : “ Did I really see that ? Did he really... “ The eyes rolled in reply. “ I guess I really did. What's *your* name ? “ The answer was telepathic : “ Richard. “

Whenever I looked into Richards eyes for any period exceeding two minutes, I received a mounting pressure in my head mixed with considerable pain. The pain was bad but not intolerable. It was the kind of pain you feel when you've knocked off some brain cells from alcohol indulgence in large quantities. I was feeling what Richard was feeling. And Richard had a hangover. Richard also had a vibration which produced colors on his side of the room.

The colors began appearing whenever you looked into his eyes for more than five minutes. Richard's colors were purple and green. The room would vibrate with purple and green. Green on the door, window sills and couch, or anything that protruded. The flat surfaces such as the walls turned purple, Almost black purple. When this occurred the pain he was feeling bordered on the insufferable. I had to break off contact, and center my consciousness somewhere else. " Richard I can't handle pain the in your head. I'll relate to you later. Or maybe tomorrow when you're feeling better. "

The next day he was in the same shape. I was beginning to think this was a permanent condition with him, which would make living with him in the house a considerable inconvenience, especially if he decided to contact any of my guests. " Well I'll deal with that situation, when I come to it." So I ignored Richard most of the time, due to the extreme suffering he seemed always ready to share, till one day he looked totally despondent.

I tapped into him and felt pain in my head which was so excruciating, it was beginning to make me cry. This is when I began to feel guilty for ignoring him. I stood there looking into his eyes for almost forty minutes, and was almost overwhelmed by the agony. After a while it became endurable by virtue of relaxing, and not adding to the intensity by fighting it.

Thinking : " Hell, This isn't any worse than my old hangovers, The ones that used to make me say things like : " Oh, God ! If you get me out of this one, I'll never do it again. "

Verbally : " I endured this before, and I can weather this now. " Richard was listening, and seemed to calm down some when he heard my words.

From the moment he started to calm, the pain began to subside. Within five to seven minutes it was gone. His face relaxed into a look of gratitude.

It was one of the high points in my life. You see when most people make contact with someone on another plain of existence, they immediately suppose the other being is going to do something to them, or for them. They presume that this other being is superior. This is probably because many organized religions place great emphasis on " Angels and Devils " And powerful " good " and " bad spirits. " Well, we're all spirits inside our bodies. And whether we're good or bad, in most cases depends on how we feel. When most people feel good, they're not cruel. The cruel spirits, in or out of the body, just wants someone to empathize with he or she, as the case may be. And the same goes for those of a happy consciousness, in or out of the body.

From that day on, Richard's consciousness began to get better and better. Watching the colors he produced starting with purple and green, then expanding to a spectrum of personalized rainbows, became fun. I would come out of those sessions with strong vibrations. When socializing with friends directly afterwards, I think I might have expressed some of Richard's feelings.

Within three weeks of my meeting Richard, he had acquired one habitual visitor, an acquaintance of mine named Cindy. He fascinated her.

On occasion She felt his presence at her house. and enjoyed his company. She was somewhat self-centered, and enjoyed the attention of almost anyone, provided it was concentrated on her. She visited my place at least twice weekly,

sometimes to chat with me, but mostly to relate to Richard.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Sensitivity Survival

It was time to be a little more mobile. I bought a car and played chauffeur for Herb on occasion. Herb disliked driving, or riding in automobiles. But after riding with me he developed a real hatred for them.

If I'm endangered in some future situation, traffic hazards included. I am generally warned beforehand. As result, most of the time I drive intuitively.

Herb and I are darting across town, and for no apparent reason I'd slowed down to a crawl. Just as Herb is wondering why? a car shoots across the intersection doing about eighty. Herb turns white with fear. I looked at him casually and said: "I felt him coming. If we'd kept our pace he would have nailed us for sure." "Jeremiah will you please slow down?" "What for? If I went slower, we'd have been in *three* close calls." He shut up and let me drive. After a while he said: "Are you still going to the lectures?" "Yeah, not as many, but I still attend them." "I've quit going myself. The consciousness in the room is destructive to me now. Most of those people are sick. When I walk into that place I feel repressed and contaminated." "Herb, there was a time when *we* were just like the majority in the room." "Yes, but we're not like the majority now." "That's true." "I've started going to a psychic therapy group down town. Why don't you go there and sit in?" "Not tonight. I'm going to a lecture. I'm not going to *stop* going to those lectures. Not until I find a way to ward off that oppressive vibration which lingers during the sessions."

"Ok, Here's the address. When you're ready, Come down and see us there." I put the note in my pocket. I still felt the lectures were beneficial, in that there was so much repetition of some basic physical and metaphysical laws. Basic principles that were not to be forgotten if someone like me wanted to survive in the world at large. I'm a consistent believer in building from the bottom up. The principle being, The higher you go, The deeper your foundation better be.

When I went to the lectures now, I had to sit in the back of the room. I could no longer relax in the midst of these people. Herb was right. The turmoil they were going through was not mild. Collectively, they could unknowingly just about stifle me. I went out of the building to see if I was the producer of the turbulence I felt. "No, I feel good out here." I went back inside thinking: "Who knows? Maybe I'm ready for something else. . . . No! *First* I have to learn to survive the consciousness of these folks in this meeting hall. I'm going to have to learn how to shut out the invading pervasive feelings of these people, except when I want to experience those feelings, for the purpose of helping those afflicted." So I stayed and listened to the rest of the lecture. At its conclusion four men requested a ride home. They all lived in the

same neighborhood, and it was on my way. So I gave them a lift. These folks were the kind of people that everyone has experienced and avoids. They were energy drainers. By the time I delivered them to their neighborhood, and drove home, I was exhausted. None of them had any psychic energy of their own, so they all drained mine. “ That’s the last time I’m giving more than two, of those psychic sponges a ride. “ I trudged up the stairs to my apartment, got to my door, dragged it open, and saw Richard’s picture across the room staring at me. “ Hi Ric. . . . FLASH >]\|/ A light shot out of Richard’s eyes directly into mine. It came so unexpectedly and with such ferocity, I thought I was being attacked by him. “ What ever he’s shot into me, it’s already in there. So if I’m had, I’m had. There’s nothing I can do about it at this point, except ask why he did that ? “ The answer was apparent as soon as I stepped into the room. I was no longer void of energy. I had an overdraft of it now. I felt great ! “ Richard, I didn’t know you had that much power. Thank you. I went into the kitchen and painted for several hours. Richard’s transference of energy to me also provided me with a solution to the energy draining, and invasion of consciousness problem. After Richard had zapped me, energy radiated out of, and off of me, at a great intensity. That energy was relatively impervious. So, To repel invading consciousness, all I had to do, was reproduce it at the same intensity. In order to do so, I would meditate for an hour or two before going to the lectures. At the end of the meditation I could feel that my sensitivity level was as sharp as ever, maybe sharper, but I didn’t feel that anyone else’s feelings ,could penetrate the energy field radiating off of me.

My eyes were beginning to accept the validity of the auras I’d seen all of my life, And had trained my mind to disregard as invalid, thereby eliminating them from my consciousness. I did this much like a person, looking through a window disqualifies the reflections on the glass as being invalid, and thereby doesn’t consciously see them. Consequently they see consciously what they are looking at. Not what they’re looking through.

After doing the meditation I could look in the mirror and actually see an enlargement of my aura. I’m not totally sure how the mirror can record in it’s reflections, something that many people can’t see, even when looking directly at each other.

Everyone has an aura, and anyone can see auras. But not everyone is at liberty to desire to see them. Contained in the aura are the emotions and sometimes the physical sensations the body, or the *animal*, is experiencing. So, when sensitive people sit in an auditorium next to one another, and their auras overlap, they are likely to pickup on each others emotions and physical sensations. Unless their nervous systems are saturated with some kind of depressant drug. Then their ability to sense what the people around them are feeling at an individual level is nullified.

The interesting prevailing fact is, that in this state, they have an unknowing ability to project in their aura, at great intensity, the very feelings they had taken the downer to suppress.

Many people in this lecture hall were in the course of substituting lectures, for the suppressants, they ware so accustomed to taking.

The suppressants loomed in their bodies, making them insensate to each others aura transmissions, Even while being engulfed in each other's auras by virtue of the close seating.

This deplorable segregation implemented by entrapment in stupefied animals, prevailed until the general consciousness in the room, was centered onto one emotion, evolving around empathy, with the lecturer's story. At this point, what ever the *lecturer* was feeling, penetrated the group he was talking to. Prior to this occurrence they were emotionally deaf, and were turning up the volume of their unfelt pustule of dormant feelings. They liked to blew my psychic eardrums out. There were times I would reel with the pain. I somehow had to figure a way to survive in their midst.

Well I had ! No matter how sick the people to my right or left were, or how drugged up some of them were, my aura stood them off. However it began to wear thin after about forty-five minutes or so. And then their clustered pain stricken vibrations, began its inundation of my nervous system once more. This time I didn't wait to be completely infected. I got the hell out of there. " Well, I guess it's back to the drawing board. " I was determined to learn how to keep my own inner environment intact, and comfortable, while surrounded by people immersed in physical and emotional unrest. I decided, the only way to do that was to meditate right in the middle of the lecture. So I did. And it worked.

I emitted a flow of energy which could not be penetrated. I could feel some resentments flowing around me, feelings that I wasn't showing proper homage to the speaker. But they just flowed around me. They couldn't penetrate. Once this was accomplished, I felt secure that no matter how sensitive I became as a result of the meditations, I was not going to be carried off to some institution, because I was too sensitive to function in a comparatively insensate society.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Psychologist

" I now feel ready to check out Herb's therapy group. Besides I haven't seen him in a week, and I wonder what he's up to ? " I gave him a call.....
" No answer. Well it's Tuesday. I guess I'll just go to his group and see him there. " First I did an hour's meditation. My general calmness was supplemented by the sensation of a thickened aura. I felt like I had my act together. It was time to give someone a chance to clash with it, and see how I could improve it.

I went downtown to this little room with about twelve people in it. " Hmp, Where's Herb ? " The girl who was running the group was a psychologist. She looked to be all of twenty or twenty-two. Janet was her real beauty. and she really knew how to do her job. Almost effortlessly. Within a few short minutes, she had each person relating his problem. Or what he thought was

his problem, or what ever he had on his mind. There were no women in this session except Janet. She had a clear yellow white aura. When I looked into her eyes she would be momentarily mesmerized. Towards the end of the session came my turn to speak. I just told them I was hoping to see Herb.

“ Apparently it’s the wrong night, but I’m glad I came. I find *you* more pleasing to my eyes. “ I was looking straight at Janet. After the session she agreed to break with tradition and go to my favorite coffeehouse with me.

I found her emphatically attractive. She found me frightening. She looked over her coffee cup and said : “ The only people that I have seen, which have eyes like yours, are psychotics. “ My reply was : “ Psychic ? Yes. Psychotic ? No. “ She cross examined me about the experiences I was having. She then claimed not to believe me. “ If you don’t believe what I have been telling you is true, why have you been sitting here talking about the subject for an hour and a half ? Brutus ! Brutus ! Thou doth protest too much ! Why ? “

“ Because I’ve had some of the same experiences, but I call them hallucinations. “

“ Did you have them with the use of drugs ? “ “ Not all of them. “

“ The ones without drugs. were they the ones that were similar to mine ? “

“ Most of them, Yes. “ “ Then you’re afraid *you’re* psychotic. Take my word for it, You’re not. “ “ Why should I take your word for it ? “ “ Because you’re scared, and I’m not. You’re afraid of me because you see in me, what you think is a mutual disease. Believe me. It’s not a disease. It’s a blessing. “

She didn’t believe me. I left her my number and asked her to call me, if she wanted to see me again. I don’t pursue women. They know if they want to see you again. And if they do, they call. Besides it takes some forethought before seeing a character like me a second time. You have to ask yourself : “ Is he for real ? “

Shortly after meeting Janet I met Cindy. She has about a months abstinence from taking LSD of various kinds, and an age range of around eighteen, Blond sturdy five foot four, from a small town in Utah, and had apparently come to California, to indulge in fun in the sun. She worked for a collection agency, which seemed a contradiction to her appearance. She had that Sunset Blvd. “ I’m one of the sunshine generation “ genre written all over her.

When she visited my apartment her eyes became large with excitement and delight. She could see nebulous clouds of energy, which now permeated the sanctum, especially the main room. She made immediate contact with Richard, and was intoxicated with the uniqueness, of what she was experiencing.

“ Wow ! He rolls his eyes ! “ I enjoyed her company when she visited. There weren’t many people who just accepted, what they saw, or felt there, as valid. Most went through a routine of questioning their sanity, and my sanity, and never returned. My friends were narrowed down to a very few.

I realize now that the bulk of them were like students. or student friends, and they were mostly from the lectures. Herb was a teacher friend, as was one other, Robert. I saw Robert about twice a year, with the rest. Our friendship was based on what they could learn from me.

When they learned what they wanted or needed to know, our friendship was

over. I was then left to my empty domicile, to do more meditations and to gain more insights into my own experiences. That pattern is now in the course of changing. Or is it just taking a different form ? Time will tell.

Cindy peeped in every week or so. but Herb was showing up even more frequently. He wasn't just marching in reading something, and marching out. Herb was a little despondent. Some card reader had predicted a long | sexless period for him, and apparently he was living out the prediction. I seemed to be in a similar cycle. We ended up spending much of our time commiserating. In the course of so doing he disclosed much information about the things he had read. We would go to our favorite coffeehouses, health food restaurants, parks, movies, galleries, and be surrounded by pretty people. But it was as if they were all from another planet. If you've ever had a day where everything you said was misunderstood, those were the kind of days we were having on a romantic level. There just wasn't anyone who found either one of us attractive. Or if they did, They had six kids, a dog, a husband, and a cat, or they were going to Afghanistan tomorrow. This trend continued for five months.

One night I up and went to a lecture in Manhattan Beach. I looked across the room and felt a pair of dark eyes on me. There sat voluptuous Debra. " Could this be the end of a long dry spell ? I sure as hell hope so " We stayed up all evening talking and ended up at my place, which was a great relief to me. This meant my abstinence period was over. These things run in cycles, at least in my life they have. In the course of my lengthy conversations I mentioned some of the more mild events which had occurred on the premises.

We were lying on the waterbed facing each-other discussing the rooms additional occupants. I paused in mid sentence and looked past Debra to the wall. " I didn't know she could do that. " "Who ? Do what ? " " Pat ! She's lighting up the wall socket. " Debra turned and looked at the wall receptacle behind her. The inside of it had turned cherry red. As Pat's gaze intensified and subsided so did the wall socket glow in unison. Debra said : " Hey ! We both saw that at the same time. " " Right, I'm glad you're here, cause I think even Herb might find this one hard to believe. This is a physical manifestation of measurable energy on our plane of existence. I didn't know that was possible, or at least I didn't know it was feasible for it to happen here. " " Well I'm your witness. " " Good, I might want you to verify that to Herb for me. "

When I told Herb of this incident he took it as perfectly normal, Nothing really special. To me it was special. It meant that someone on another plane of existence can produce an effect on electricity. Or possibly produce electricity itself. This is rather significant in that, electricity is the major force and source of communication on this third dimensional plane of existence. Even the functions of the human brain, are executed through electrical impulse.

I saw Debra infrequently. There was thirty miles of congested freeway between us. A month went by. " I think it's time I went to another lecture. The need for some kind of human contact is beginning to prevail. "

It's post-meeting time. I'm at a coffee shop with some associates from the lectures. Janet walks down the aisle, as I'm walking up. Her face lights

up with mellow surprise, as our eyes come to bare on each other. I spread my arms and she walks into them. I hug her and say : “ I missed you. It’s been six months. “ She says : “ Yes, I almost didn’t recognize you. Your hair’s grown longer and your beard covers up a lot of your face. “ “ I guess I’ve changed a lot. “ “ Completely. Except for the eyes. Those eyes are not forgettable. Listen ! Give me your number. I’m going to a party next week. A bunch of psychiatric social workers will be there. I’d like you to come. “ I gave her my card. “ Why is it, I always get the feeling you’re testing my sanity ? “ “ No, Really. It’s just a party. Most of the people there, I’m not crazy about. But there is a couple I would like you to meet. “ “ You mean you would like to get their OK stamped on my forehead before you’ll venture out alone with me. Stamp..... Stamp..... he’s weird, but harmless. So go ahead and play with him dear. He’s a unique toy. “ “ I have to go in with these people. “ A group of what looked to be mental mendicants, came walking towards us.....No, Not patients. Social workers. “ Ok Call me, and I’ll let you know if I’m up for being analyzed “ “ Ok, Bye. “ “ Bye..Bye Dalen. “ I sometimes speak in an Irish brogue, when I feel like it. It reminds me of a few gentle moments in my childhood.

A couple of weeks go by and Janet calls. So we go to this party. The place is quiet, Almost dead. We’re too early. Janet wanted to be early so she could pick out the best seat. It was either that or some reason of equal magnitude. I was instantly bored. My idea of a party is, start dancing and don’t stop for three hours, except for the john. These folks were sitting around sipping on social lubricants, discussing their co-workers with their co-workers. “ Well, what do you think of John ? “ “ Oh, I like him. He’s a little emphatic about his point of view. but outside of that he’s quite nice. “ “ Oh, Have you played tennis with him ? “ “ No, But Margaret and Gary, say he’s really quite skilful. “ “ He is. I’ve seen him..... I walked to the other side of the room hoping for something interesting to listen in on. There was a set of drums there. I sat close by, eyeing them. Eventually the social lubricants took effect on the overly structured congregation. Someone turned on some music, and I got to do some dancing, and play those drums a bit. Then Janet introduced me to the two people I was supposed to like. I think they were representative of the sort of parents she would have liked to have had. They were obviously middle class and seemingly content, especially the man, He didn’t take much of anything too seriously. The people were amusing, and the party was kind of fun to him. He had an attitude that most people have, after two or three drinks. “ All is fine, And this is fun. “ Janet thought they were both really neat people. They probably were. But it seemed to me that they lacked passion. It was as if all the goals of their life had been accomplished, leaving them a lack of drama. Great conflict begets great drama. And conflict generally doesn’t exist when one has no goals.

After conversing with them for a short while, I apparently accrued the Good-Housekeeping seal of approval. but by this time I was slightly angry with Janet. For her selfish purposes, she was running me through these little exams

of hers, and lying about them being tests. Consequently we had an argument right after the party. And I didn't see her for another month or so. In that period Debra started showing up quite frequently, displaying a marked degree of possessiveness. "I don't like Cindy coming up to visit you. " "Are you serious? Cindy's been coming to visit me for six months, way before I met you, Debra. And nothing's happened between us yet. Even if something did, I never made any commitment to you, or you to me. I thought I made that clear, the first time we went out. No strings attached. What's your problem? You show up once in a while at my place, I show up once in a while at yours. Nothing heavy's been happening between us. And now all of a sudden you're jealous of Cindy, from thirty miles away. You come up here to be jealous? What's the matter? Don't they have any men in that town down there? Look, Debra. If there's something I don't need, it's someone telling me " : "I'll be alright Jeremiah, if you just shape up and do what I say. " Your happiness is not dependent on my actions. If you feel it is, then you have placed upon me a responsibility, prior to asking me if I'm willing to accept it, which incidentally I'm not. It's an impossible task. I've tried living up to other peoples expectations. Every time I did. They kept expecting more. Kind of like a baby throwing his rattle out of the crib. The more you pick it up, the more he throws it out. Till you wanna strangle the little bastard. Well Deb, you throw your rattle around all you want to, I'm not picking it up. " "I'm sorry Jeremiah. I didn't mean to be so bitchy. " "Apology accepted. You also have mine for yelling so loud. Please, Try to remember, I'm not in a phase of my life where domesticity or any facsimile, is remotely appealing. I hate anyone who starts sounding like their mother. Or there mother's mother, Or there mother's mother's mother. They're all a bunch of god dam-ed mothers, That what they is. Ha....ha....ha...." The rest of the day worked out Ok, We got along fine. Later that day she went home happy.

I had a murky feeling that Debra wasn't going to stop with the possessive bit. It seems that everything goes smoothly in my relationships, until the girl makes up her mind that I'm what she wants. Then she has an ego shift to an automatic carbon copy of her mother, relating to her father. At this point I become enraged. "Where did the sumptuous creative consciousness I was communicating with go? " It was taken over by the automatic shifting into the : "Now, Let's copy mother gear. " Which is in the brain-housing-group of the animal in which she is enthralled. I hate stereotype mothers. They are the most regressive human units on the face of this earth. At fault is the suppression of their liberties. Should the equal rights amendment ever get off the ground, It will not only free woman. It will more so, free men. Most stereo type mothers marry a man whose capacity for cunning, is subordinate to their own. And either mother him to financial success, or hold him back by withholding mama's permission to "make it " out there, in the world. Why should she give *him* permission to make it out there? The society in which she lives, won't give its permission for her to make it, And she's initially better equipped than he is. So in a world that's man oriented, in order to get

her way. She has to manipulate her man to get it, As do other woman of her status. As a result she sees them performing the same manipulations as she, and deems them too devious to trust with power. Reluctantly she delegates power to her sons, because she trusts not, her daughters. They emulate their mother too well. And in so doing they out sly the sons of other stereo-type mothers, and go on to raise daughters they don't trust..... And on..... And on.... it goes.

The point I'm pushing towards is, There are more men, who trust men in general, than there women who trust woman in general.

And a man will never have the partner he can trust, until that partner has equal rights. She can't be expected to act unlike her mother while being treated similarly by society at large. Ironically by a society that is dominated in numbers, by women.

The Process put me outside, looking in at all of this. It gets lonely when you step outside of this bedlam of repetition, and feel the grass between your toes, it's impossible to get back in and stay, no matter who's in there. They're no match for freedom. Not even lonely freedom.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Roman

I'm in the house painting again. The phone rings. There's nobody on it. " This is getting annoying. That's the fourth time this month. I think somebody's mad at me, and they're calling up and not saying anything just to bug me. Well if it keeps up much longer I'll have the phone company catch them as a pattern emerges. Maybe it's someone who just wants to talk, but they're afraid of me. " At this point there were some who were. " Maybe it's Janet. Na, Janet's pretty ballsy, She'd speak right up. Ah, the hell with it. " I went back to the kitchen and worked on the eleven by six foot painting. Ring..... Ring..... Ring.....

I picked it up.... No answer. " God damned Son of a Bitch ! Now I'm sure they're doing it to bug me. " I slammed the phone back on the hook, looked up at the wall and flinched. Marcia was staring daggers at me with a look that screamed : " What do I have to do to get your attention ? " It stunned me. " You mean ? You rang the phone ? That's impossible ! Wait a minute Jer, if Pat can affect electricity, Then it stands to reason that Marcia might also be able to. But to ring the phone ! That's a little far fetched. " I looked at the eyes of the lady on the wall, picked up the receiver and listened. I fully expected to hear her voice to speak to me. " If it happens, I'll only freak-out for a little while. Then it will become normal to me, just like the rest of the occurrences here have. "

Nothing transpired, so I put down the phone, stood in front of Marcia's picture, and waited for her to communicate telepathically. Next came the trance. Then her appearance changed from that blond blue eyed lady into a dark haired mystical witch. When this transpired, as it had many times before, It still made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. " I wonder what makes hair do that ? Maybe the electricity in my body. Or maybe upon recognition of this realm

an energy within me rises to deal with it. It could be. Because when I do certain meditations, the electrical like energy it raises, dries out my hair. It bears a slight similarity to this hair standing on end, kind of feeling. Or it might simply be an ancient genetic thing. I just remembered that my dogs hair around his throat would stand on end, just before he picked a fight. This is to protect the jugular. “

Marcia didn't mind me analyzing provided I continued to stare into her eyes. Herb mentioned that doing this dried out his eyes, too.

Life was far from dull when some new discovery presented itself, especially when it proved to be a consistent phenomena. “ I guess I like being different I might just as well. I never did fit in.

I came out of the trance, Told Marcia I'd see her later, and went back to painting. Around eleven forty-five the doorbell rang. Then there's a knock on the door directly afterwards. “ Whoever's out there is in a hurry. It's probably Herb. “ Like I said, it was Herb. He cantered into the house, went directly to the east wall and placed a photo of a piece of Roman sculpture in front of Richard's album. “ I want to know about him. I can't perceive anything, But I know you'll be able to. “ “ Ok, I'll take a crack at it, but take him from in front of Richard. “ “ Ok, Sorry Richard. Jeremiah you have so many people in this room, You must have trouble finding a seat. “ He said it with an impish smile. I smiled back. “ Well, In your house it isn't that easy to find a seat either Herb. “ “ I have that solved. I just sit on top of them... HaHa... Listen I have to go now. I'll be back in two days. Let me know what you find out. “ “ Ok, See you later. Herb left. I stood there with two eyebrows raised looking at the picture he had brought. “ I'd like to go back to painting, but, I think I'll get this guy out of the way first. “ I scrutinized the picture. It was a white marble bust of a Roman man in his early twenties. He was pleasant looking, and projected no pain. But somehow there seemed to be in him, a vector of peril. I looked over at Marcia. I had intuitively known for a while now that Marcia was my mother, my daughter and my wife, in three different lives. I was also sure that she was here to protect me in my psychic ventures. I smiled at her. “ If there's anything dangerous about this, you'll spot it. I'm just going to concentrate on this fellow to see what happens, and trust that you'll pull me out if I get in over my head. “ I thought I noticed a slight nod. I nodded back, turned around and walked to where the picture of the Roman was balanced on the couch top leaning against the east wall. Then I began the intense stare which would bring about the trance. As soon as I was in a mild trance, I focused on the eyes of the sculpture in the picture. Contact was made after about four intense moments of sending energy. The eyes of the youth emitted a nebula which pervaded the already abundantly energized room. It was like pouring a vat of fresh blood into a night-lighted swimming pool. The color filling the room was bright red, and represented exactly that, Blood ! My intuitive feeling was that of a mass slaughter. The man had something to do with executing Christians and others. He was either one of them or he had some sort of affiliation with a mammoth blood bath implemented in a colosseum like structure, but larger.

At first the red shook me a little. I knew it meant blood but I decided to hang in there and defy the fear. Turning my fate over to my beliefs, I stared more deeply, and became thoroughly engulfed in this enchanting red nebula. But I could still feel my feet on the floor. I began to succumb to the vibration of the nebula, which was now wall to wall and climbing. It was getting super intoxicating. And I loved it. “ Man I’m stoned on these vibes and I’m diggin-it. OOO....Weeeeeee. . This is the way to Gooooo..... It was like bathing in blood. and being too loaded to care that it was blood. Right at the high point of this blood stained bliss.... ring ... Ring.... “There goes the phone. Just when I’m ready to blast off.... Well it can’t be a coincidence. Marcia must have made the phone ring. I turned around slowly, walked over to the waterbed and picked up the phone lying beside it. The room was still vibrating with intensive red. It was like walking through a crimson cloud at sunset. I put the phone to my ear and a questioning voice said : “ Who is this ? “ “ This is Jeremiah, But why are you asking me ? You’re the one who’s calling. Who are you ? “ A sleepy voice said : “ I’m Debra, Hey ! I did call you, Didn’t I ? How’s that possible ? It’s dark in here. And I don’t even know your number. And I was sleeping. Wow ! That’s incredible ! “ “ You called me in your sleep ? ! ! Now your not kidding me about any of this Debra, Are you ? “ “ No, Why should I. “ “ I guess Marcia must have managed it. Debra, I’ll call you tomorrow. Go back to sleep. She went back to sleep. I hung up, and walked over to Marcia. “ Thanks, I didn’t know you were that potent. It’s nice to have powerful friends. It makes me feel very secure. It was time to go to sleep. The intoxication of the Roman’s vibes had worn off. And I had learned what Herb wanted to know.

A day later Herb showed up late in the afternoon. I told him what happened, but he seemed more interested in the information, than how I attained it. He showed a mild amusement, to the side effects I described.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Painting

They aren’t what you’d call really.....some kind of structure, or compatible form that you’d see every day. I’m not really fond of her work..... personally, but when you actually go into the gallery and walk around them. Something like..... I don’t t know.A kind of..... of.....

What the art teacher was trying to describe was some pictures of sculptures made from a synthetic, which might have been rubber or plastic. They were three to five feet in length, and hung from the ceiling like L shaped pieces of spider snot. We were looking at slides of them. And listening to this art appreciation teacher’s attempt at describing what he thought he was conceiving in them. I raised my hand. “ Yes “ “ What I think you might have felt was an ectoplasm she bestowed in these pieces when she was creating

them. “ “ Ecto.... ? Ecto.. What ? “ “ Ectoplasm. She was probably a mystic or a physical medium. When one of these people concentrate on any one thing, over an extended period of time, they permeate it with their life force. It’s an energy that the body emits. “

The teacher was confounded, but forty percent of the class understood what I was saying, and at least thirty percent agreed with it.

When I paint, the same thing I was describing happens to me. It’s like light pours out of my eyes on to the canvas. A few years ago I would have become mesmerized by it, and work one piece, for seven or eight hours nonstop. I wouldn’t even quit to go to the john. Consequently, I often became sick to my stomach. When I divorced and moved, I decided to discipline myself. Even if I was at a exhilarating point in a painting I would stop every half hour, to forty-five minutes, and make a cup of tea. Then force myself to sit in the main room, and listen to some music, or go out for a walk. Before long I discovered that if I went into the other room and meditated, the ectoplasm I spent on the painting was restored with more ectoplasm. After employing this method for a while, the paintings started to radiate with light. They became like the inside of flowers in spring, vibrating with auras. The complementary colors vibrated off the canvas and hung there in the superfluous ectoplasm, or electric like energy in the room. Then in turn, they vibrated other complimentary colors off of them. Next the colors became prolifically abundant, transparently overlapping each-other and building in strength to a point where I felt my eyes popping with the intensity of the vibration. After a month or two of this I came to realize, that the ectoplasm I poured into the paintings, was retroactively flowing back into me, by reason of it’s superfluity in the paintings.

It was as if the artworks were now producing their own ectoplasm energy, while permeating the room, and it’s occupants with it.

Janet buried the hatchet long enough to consult me about a situation she had with a friend. She came by to pick me up for lunch and had to wait out in the foyer while I got my coat. “ Why didn’t you come in ? “ “ It’s too intense in there. “ “ I smiled : “ What is ? “ “ I don’t know. What ever it is, it’s strongly intense. “ “ It’s energy, Strongly intense energy..... Haha.... ha.... I gave my wickedest laugh.

When lunch was over I bid Janet farewell and headed for home. The place we ate at was just a few blocks away. I wanted to walk and do some thinking. It was a balmy day, people were smiling at each other as they passed on the street. As I steered my body in the direction of home, I reminisced about that sanctum.

When I first moved into this post domestic domical, I brought with me some clothes, books and one case of paint and brushes. There was nothing in the main room except one couch. The walls were bare. I sat down on the couch at the end of the large room. Way over on the other side, were all my worldly possessions. One of those items I had carried with me, and coveted , throughout all four years of marriage, it was the paint case. At that time I had believed my aspirations at artistry were ill motivated. All my life I thought : “ Jer, You just want to be an artist, because they’re always involved with lots of pretty women. Remember when you were a beach-bum carving Tikis ? What did

you do it for ? *The broads*. You know you made them for the broads. That isn't art for art's sake. " " It is in a way " I retorted . " Those broads, as you call them, were the most stimulating, graceful pubescent nymph-goddesses of my most treasured fantasies. They are God's most beautiful works. They are the melody of motion within me. What I'm trying to say is they *are* works of *art*. If I could get down all I see, and feel about them, I would be the greatest painter the world has ever known. " This was me doing battle with the recordings of an overlooked parental figure in my memory banks.

I never seemed to get down on canvas what I saw, And how I felt about it. Probably the major reason I couldn't do it, was I had up to that point, never asked myself, What made me want to ? So there in that room staring at that case of paint, I asked myself, Why ? " Why do I want to get all that down on canvas ? Because I want the credit for doing it ? So I can claim my right to be an artist ? Who are you claiming it from ? people who don't know the first thing about graphic art ? Only one percent of the world's population knows anything about that which, they are so quick to give, an off the cuff opinion. Ok, Then my problem is that I'm a God-damned people pleaser. Ok, If there were no people would I still paint ?yes. Jeremiah you have just discovered that you are an artist. An artist isn't something you become. It's something you are. And furthermore you have no choice. You didn't decide to become one. You *are* one. When someone hassles you about it, your answer will be : I'm not on this planet to live up to what your concept of what an artist is or does. I am here to perpetuate the concepts, of what ever made me an artist. " Self coaching : " If you do it that way Jer, Then you can go ahead and let the creative process take place through you. Release your claims on what channels through you on to the canvas. Give the credit and the blame to whatever it is, that drives you to create. This way, when someone doesn't like your work. It belongs to whatever rules the universe. Let them complain to that entity. "

From that instant the paintings painted themselves through me. I would usually use a picture of a girl as a departure point, and end up painting the body and the auras of the entities in the room. Sometimes I would find myself painting what I believe to be entities who were just occasional visitors. I fell in love with some of the work. I seemed to be painting right into another realm. The small tint of ego that said : " Would I *ever* love, to be able to able to show this to someone the exact way I'm seeing it now. " Was quenched. I was now seeing into two realms simultaneously. The ecstatic state it put me into was enough in itself. It drowned out the ego, engulfed me in a loving energy, and mitigated all my desires for the moments that it lasted.

The day was at its end. Velvet night breezes flowed gently through the French windows licking at the curtains and making them dance sensuously.

I was in the kitchen now, working on a painting like the one just described. The main figure was finished and most of the background was done. The final color was yet to go down. I hesitated. " This is the best thing that's ever come through me. The last color is sure to make it or break it. I'm feeling apprehensive. I desperately want this one to come out right.

And I don't have the power over myself to release my desire for good results. What am I going to do ? If I could just get my ego out of the way, I would put the color down and I know it would be the right one. But I can't let go of my will. What am I going to do ? What am I going to do ? ! Alright . . . I'll just won't do anything. I'll just go inside and have a cup of tea or something. I know. I'll take a piss. . . No, I don't have to go yet. " I made a cup of tea, Walked into the main room and sat down in my chair. " Damn it ! That painting is asking to be finished. I can feel it talking to me all the way out here. " Marcia was staring at me as always. I put down the teacup stood up, walked over to her, looked into her eyes and asked : " What should I do about this painting ? I'll do what ever you suggest. " Immediately a spark shot out of her eye. Midway between us it burst. It was a color somewhere between green, light-brown and yellow, right on the borderline between the three. For this painting to work, the hue and the value had to be just right, or the whole effect would have been lost. I spun on my heel, Walked directly into the kitchen, and within five minutes mixed that color exactly. Or should I say, Something mixed it through me. " And now to put the first stroke on the canvas. It works ! It Works ! " The color was perfect. " Who else paints by miracle ? Jeremiah, You're the the luckiest bastard that ever lived. " I danced inside and thanked Marcia, then went to finish the painting.

I gave that painting away two weeks later. Tom came by and was enthralled with instant infatuation for it. Some time ago I cultivated a discipline of giving away my best work, so as to make room, for the next work to come through me. I hated to give this one up. I never liked the people who really appreciated the paintings as much as I liked the paintings themselves.

" Jeremiah, I really like this painting. " " You ought to. It's the best that's ever come through me. " " God ! It's fantastic ! This should be in a museum. " " You like it that much ? " " Sure, It's one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. " " Ok, It's yours. " " You mean it ? " " Yes, I mean it. " " No, I can't take it. " " Why not ? " " It's too good for me. " " You know ? That may very well be true. But the only way that you're going to become worthy of it is to have it until you feel worthy of it. And once you're worthy. It will have served its purpose for you. So you can pass it on to some other unworthy bastard. " Resentfully : " Now that you put it *that* way, I'll take it. "

Six months later Tom gave the painting away. Then he dropped out of sight. Sometimes I wonder where he went, but even more so, I wonder where that painting is today.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Rutin Tutin Rasputin

The energy thoroughly engrossing the main room, was sustaining its presence in me. I had gradually become more and more saturated by it. My friends

and acquaintances were beginning to notice. It was becoming too strong to ignore. I would walk around seldom blinking, while concentrating on the space just above my nose. This kept the trance intensely high, and non-dissipating. When my day outside was through, I would go home and more or less bathe in the room's energy, while painting..... Ring ring.. “ The world's calling.... “ I picked it up. “ Hello Jeremiah, It's Jean, your ex-wife, Remember me ? “ “ Yeah, What's up ? “ “ Does something have to be up for me to call you ? “ “ No, but there usually is when you do. “ “ It's Arlene, She's had a fever for this past week. I took her to the clinic. They gave her some tests. And they say they don't know what it is she's got. They say if it keeps up another two days, she'll start getting pneumonia, And they'll have to put her in the hospital.” “ Is she home with you now ? “ “ Yes. “ “ If they're sure she'll be getting pneumonia in two days, Why did the stupid son-of-a-bitches send her home with you ? They should have her in the hospital *now*. And be finding out what's wrong with her *before* she gets pneumonia. God-damn Those sons-of-bitches. They'll let her get pneumonia. Then they'll cure her, after her life's been shortened by ten years as a result of that God damned disease. You can bet if it was their kid they'd have kept her for more tests till they knew damn well, what the hell was wrong with her. Look Jean, Just how bad is it ? Maybe I'm overreacting. “ “ It's Bad. “ “ Shit ! Can I come over there tonight ? I want to see her myself. And if it's as bad as you say it is. I'll bring her back down there and *make* them find out what's wrong with her. You know from past experiences, I *will* get results.” “ You can come over. Some people will be here. They're friends of mine from the neighborhood. “ “ You're having a party while Arlene's having a fever ? “ “ No, They're just the people next door. And this little guy that likes me, from the corner house. “ “ Ok, I'll be over in about a half hour. “ Click..... I washed up and thought : “ I wonder what her boyfriend looks like ? Fuck it, Who cares ? I'll get jealous after I see that Arlene's alright. I went downstairs jumped in the car, and drove a mile and a half to Jean's apartment. When I arrived there were seven other people there besides Jean. She introduced me to them. I said hello mechanically, indicating by my lack of interest, I was there for other things. “ I'll go get Arlene. “ Jean came out with both the girls. The oldest one made a bee-line for me. “ Daddieeee...” Arlene followed close behind her. I thought : “ She can't be too bad off, she can run. “ I hugged them both rigorously, and talked with them for a while. Then for some reason Marguerite went over to the other side of the room. I think it was to watch some kind of game, the people there were playing. I used this opportunity to take a closer look at Arlene. She was sitting on the couch next to me turned sideways, so we were facing each other. I momentarily turned to my right and looked across the room. Everyone there was engrossed in what they were doing, including Jean. As I got the idea, I thought : “ This is far fetched. but we have nothing to loose. I'm going to try it. The idea originated from a movie I had seen about Rasputin, the mad monk. At the start of the film Rasputin comes upon a farmhouse somewhere in the Russian countryside. The people in the house are frantic. Their child is being consumed by fever. Uninvited, Rasputin walks right into the house, tells the parents : “ Get out of my way ! “

Then pushes them aside. He puts his hands behind the ears and over the sides of the face of the child. Then he closes his eyes and concentrates for around fifteen seconds. Subsequently he gets up and says to the parents :
“ Feel my hands. Feel how hot they are ? I have drawn the fever out of your child into my hands. “

I looked into Arlene’s eyes. There were dark circles around them. Arlene didn’t say a word. She just looked into my eyes with the total faith that only little children have. They believe that their parents are God. Her pupils dilated as I stared into them. I put my hands under her jaw and around the sides of her face. I stared deeper into her eyes, Then I felt it. There was a presence that hovered in the center of her body exactly where the solar-plexus rests. I perceived it as an entity. “ How could you be so low as to steal the energy from a little child’s body ? “ I asked the question mentally. “ Well what ever you are, You’re coming out. Hmm If I draw it up through her into my hands, What happens next ? “ My still small voice within me said : “ Send it out through the top of your head. “ I hesitated a split second at the thought of drawing this presence into me. Then I made my move. I looked super-intensely into Arlene’s eyes. She never faltered or asked what I was doing. She knew. As I inhaled I sucked the entity up through her into my hands. It was between her and my hands now. I took another deep breath and drrrrrrew at it. Suddenly it snapped loose and drew up my arms as far as my shoulders. I didn’t waste time. I took another breath quickly. This last breath drew it into my head and out of the top. Then I exerted pressure towards the roof of my head to make sure it was completely gone. It was.

I felt Arlene’s forehead. The fever, so very hot, when I first touched her little head was now gone. I kissed her. “ Go to sleep now. “ She never said a word. She just got up and went to bed, like the little saint she was. I looked across the room. They were still engrossed in their game. I walked out quietly. Tears rolled down my face as I drove home.

Late the next day.... Ring..... I picked it up on the first one. “ Hi, Guess what ? “
“Arlene’s fever went away ! “ “ Oh, How would *you* know ? It happened this morning. She got up and was hungry and ate all her breakfast. And it’s like she was never sick at all. “ “ That’s good. I’m glad to hear that. “
“ You bastard. Don’t you even care about your daughters ?
I thought to myself in a Jewish brogue : “ So what do I tell her ? That I did the Jesus bit ? She’ll never believe it. “
“ I care Jean, I just don’t react well this early in the morning.” “ It’s 6 pm. “
“ Alright, So I slept a little late. “ “ Well I wouldn’t want to interfere with your beauty sleep, so I’ll let you go... bye. “ “ Ok, Good bye. “

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

More About Debra

Christmas was approaching. I told Debra I thought that our relationship was nearing its end, when she erupted once more with a streak of caustic jealousy. A few days later she gave me an album for Christmas, which I knew she couldn't afford. "Debra don't impose this on me, if you're not really giving it. I've learned down through the years, that your not really free of others' demands unless you cut the strings on the presents they give you. When you give someone something, you assume a claim on what they do with it. If you feel you do. Then you haven't really given it. You have rented it to them, and they have to make payments of gratitude on it, by using it in a manner which is acceptable to you. This is something I do not do. If you give me this, I may say good-bye to you tomorrow. but I won't say good-bye to it. It's mine if you give it to me. Now are you sure you still want to give me this ?" "Yes." "Ok." I took the album. The next day she was on the phone to me bitching about Cindy. She said she was coming over. When she arrived I handed her the album. "It's sealed. You can still get your money back on it. I don't want to see you anymore. Maybe in six months or so. We might be able to get along then. Right now it's impossible. I don't have to put up with the possessive bit. So I'm not going to." She handed me back the album. "This is yours. I gave it to you." "You've got your chance to back out. Why don't you take advantage of it ?" "I don't want to. I gave the album to you. It's yours." "Ok, Thank you." I hugged her good-bye and went back up stairs. I felt relieved at releasing Debra. I also felt a twinge of projected loneliness. but that would pass. Ok Jer, you can reminisce, be melancholy and paint, all at the same time. So let's get back to the canvas. "

I painted till two A. M. meditated for an hour, then went to bed. Sleep came quickly. About twenty minutes after I fell off into it, I felt a body descend on me. "This is a large body." I wasn't too bothered at first. After all, I'd been touched before. I just turned my life over to what I believe in, and didn't fight it. After about ten of fifteen seconds, I became aware that I couldn't breathe. The body on top of me was covering my mouth and nose. At this point a mild panic began filtering through my system. I couldn't move. I just laid there and waited to live or die. After another long, seven to ten seconds the body rose off of me. Immediately I knew I could move. I sat up slowly. My heart was pounding now. I broke out in a cold sweat of fear, as I sat there waiting for my system to calm down. Then shakily I got up and turned on the lights. As soon as I saw Marcia I felt better. The panic reflex subsided just a little. "I'm still frightened. I have no idea, who or what that was. I don't know if it was you guys wanting me to join you, and deciding to smother me so I can be with you, or whether it's some entity just passing through, and smothering me for the fun of it. I don't know what the hell it was. If anyone in the room can help me, please *do*, Cause I'm *very* scared. Ring.....ri... I picked It up. It was dead. I walked over and looked at Marcia with the phone in my hand. She just stared at me. "I know she didn't do it. She's not built that way." I walked over to the table in front of my meditation chair, set the phone down

on it and hung it up. Then turned around and walked back towards Marcia to see if I could discern telepathically what was happening. I was sure she knew. I got half way to her and the phone rang. I picked it up. Someone on the other end said : “ Did you call me ? “ “ Who is this ? I almost expected to be talking to Marcia. “ It’s Debra. “ “ No Debra I didn’t call you. “ “ Well you’re the only one who has my new number. “ “ Wait a minute ! Were you just dreaming ? “ Yes....I...I.was...” “ What were you dreaming ? “ Well, what if I don’t want to tell you ? “ Debra this may not mean anything, Or it may be very important. I need to know what you were dreaming. “ “ Well it sounds silly to tell someone you were dreaming of them. “ “ That’s what I thought. “ I breathed a little sigh of relief and said : “ I’ll tell you what you were dreaming. You were dreaming you were doing sixty nine with me. “ “ Jesus Christ. “ “ You were not just dreaming. You were visiting me astro. You almost smothered me. “ “ She was mortified with embarrassment and couldn’t wait to get off the phone. When she hung up I walked over to Marcia’s picture and thanked her. She truly loved me as a mother loves her child. I went to bed and slept with a smile of a child That’s loved.

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Seeing

Herb came over one day and handed me a book. “ I’ll lend you that. but I want it back when you’re finished with it. “ It was one, of a series about reincarnation and related subject matter. I liked the first book and decided to read the whole series at random. The third book I read mentioned auras, and that it was sometimes possible to see your own, in a mirror.

I placed myself in front of a full length mirror hanging in the bathroom, and stared at the top of my head. Before long I was looking into my own eyes. Waves of energy began to appear around my head and shoulders. There were no colors. It just looked like heat waves. Soon it began to seem like there was someone else standing there in the mirror looking back out at me. Instantly my heart started pounding and they were gone. On the following night it worked a little better. As soon as I saw the other person, my heart pounded again, and erased them. But this time I stood my ground. I waited for my heart to still itself, and the feeling of looking into the eyes of another being returned. It stayed a little longer. Then the reality of it hit me. The heart beat quickened once more, and yet again, the image was lost. The heart moderated once more and back came the image. This time it returned so instantly that my system was shocked. “ That’s all I’m doing tonight. Sleeping becomes a problem, when you see something like this, and haven’t become used to it yet. “

I didn’t try mirror gazing for another week, however when I did, I started having some success with my nervous system. My heart didn’t pound. And I enjoyed seeing my visage change to different faces. “ I think these people are all *me* in historical retrospect. “ The reflected images read as black and white due

to the limited light source. The bathroom light had blown out three days prior. I was depending on the vague luminosity filtering in from the main room. “ I keep forgetting to buy that darn bulb. “

Two weeks later I decided to try it in the daytime. The guy in the other side of the mirror looked so real in Technicolor that it stunned me. “ I didn’t realize that more light, would add the element of color. I could swear to God he’s gunna to talk to me. “ I stood there without blinking as he changed into another equally genuine entity. I still felt they were all me, but they were also separate from me. “ Hmm, That’s confusing. I’m going to have to ask Herb about that sometime. “

The holidays were over. Things were simmering down in the city now. Cindy came bubbling in one Sunday afternoon. She was charged with enthusiasm. “ Raylin is coming to visit from Nevada. “ “ Who’s Raylin ? “ “ She’s my girlfriend, we went to high school together. “ “ I didn’t know you were from Nevada. “ “ Sure, I was born there. “ “ So when’s your girlfriend going to arrive. ? “ “ Next week on Tuesday or Wednesday. “ “ Well, I guess you’ll have a good time reminiscing. “ “ Yeah, I can’t wait. “

Just over a week later I went to a lecture. As I walked in I noticed Cindy. She was sitting way up front, with what I presumed was her girlfriend from Nevada. She didn’t see me, and I was glad she hadn’t. “ I think I’ll find something else to do tonight. I’m not in the mood for someone’s high-school recollections during post lecture coffee time. “ I slipped out quietly. High school was not a happy time in my life. I didn’t want to listen to someone else’s fond memories of it. It would only make me the more bitter about my own.

I saw Janet the next day. Herb and I were driving back from the beach. We stopped at a gas station that turned out to be right in front of her house. She and her girlfriend were just coming out of her place across the street. They saw us. I could feel the come hither vibes. The girlfriend seemed to be eyeing Herb. And Janet appeared to like the idea of the way things might shape up. The body language was indicative of : “ Come on and talk to us. Pursue us, why don’t you ? “ Herb said : “ Isn’t that Janet over there ? “ “ Yeah, Screw her. I’m not about to play anymore of her bullshit games. I get too resentful when she plays me along, then springs some kind of sanity test on me cause *she’s* afraid of being nuts. Rather than analyze herself, she picks someone similar to her, *Me*. This way she doesn’t have to face her problem. She’s psychic, and she’s afraid that means she’s nuts, so she keeps testing me to see if *she’s* sane. “ Herb smiled. “ Sounds like you like her. “ “ Enough, to be hurt by her, every time I try to relate to the sick son-of-a-bitch.. Fuck her ! Let’s go home. “

That night I sat in my chair and began to meditate. As soon as I closed my eyes, there was Janet’s face staring into mine. At first I thought it was my own resentment of her, that was bringing this image up from my subconscious into my mind’s eye. “ Alright, So I’ll just release the resentment and the image will dissipate. “ I told myself : “ She has a right to function what ever way she wishes. It’s not my concern, because I’m not associated. So I’m no longer effected. That feels pretty good ! “

I dismissed the image and began replacing it with my thoughts. Then I started creating the void that brings the stillness. As soon as my thoughts were stilled Janet's face appeared again. In my mind's eye I took my hand and pushed the image out of the center, Off to the left..... It reappeared.

"Ok, Off to the right." It reappeared again. I was beginning to get pissed-off.

"I know that it's not me, doing it now. It's *her*." She was concentrating on me, and demanding my attention. It was interfering with the meditation, and I didn't know how to stop it. I tried pushing her image out of the way once more. She reappeared once more. I decided to tell her what I was thinking. I looked directly into the eyes of the image and said : "Just what do you want ? State what you want. Then please get *out*."

Her : "I'm still here" Her expression didn't change, but her head turned away, so that I was looking at the back of it. Then her head turned to face me again. only first it rotated down. As it turned back around her face tilted up to look at me, with a witch like smile. It had transformed.

It wasn't Janet's face. I thought : "Could this be another form of Janet ?" "Something within me said : "No. This is another entity entirely."

When I saw faces in my mind's eye preceding meditation, I would generally just let them fade away without trying to focus on them, Because when I did focus, they usually started to dissipate, as if they were just passing through and didn't want me to notice them. I decided to take a strong look at this one. I focused my mind's eye, and brought her in close.

"She's sure to dissipate" She didn't. "Hmm.... I'm going to take a *real* good look at *her*. So if I ever see this one in my mind's eye again I'll recognize her." The girl's head was tilted to the left. The eyes held an impish smile. Her hair hung down off the right side of her head, it was dark and stringy, as she peered through it. I looked her over thoroughly for signs of defiance, and thought : "Maybe she's an entity looking for someone to hassle, And I'm available." But there was no animosity in the smile. There was confidence and power. She didn't back off, And she showed open approval, of what she saw in me. I decided I liked her. "I could enjoy meeting this one, even if she does have stringy hair." After a while there was a mutual release, followed by an uninterrupted meditation.

I decided not to paint that night. I went to bed early, two AM.

The next morning the phone rang at nine-thirty. That's the middle of the night for me. "Is this Jeremiah ?" "Hur.... Er... Yer.. I think so. Who's this ? What do you want ?" I thought it was someone trying to sell me something over the phone. "I woke you up, didn't I ?" "I'm sorry, Cindy said to call, but I didn't know you'd be sleeping. You go back to sleep, I'll just....." "Wait a minute." I sat up. "Now you've got me curious. Who are you ?" My tone was a little warmer. "I'm Cindy's girlfriend Lynn." "I can't place you. Do you go to the lectures ?" "No, I'm visiting from Nevada." "You were at the lecture last night with Cindy, right ?" "Right, Cindy wanted me to see what they were like." "What did you think ?" "They're interesting. I think there's some in Nevada, but not in the town that I live in." "Yes, it's a big organization. Why did Cindy tell you to call me ?" "She said she had to work

today, and that if I asked you, you might show me the city. “

I Thought : “ I wonder what this girl looks like ? “

“ Sure, I’ll show you the city. “ “ Are you sure you’ve had enough sleep ? “

Cindy said you paint all night. “ “ I usually do, but last night I went to bed early, around two. “ “ And that’s early ? “ “ For me it is. I’m a night person.

There are two kinds of people, folks that wind-up, and ones that wind down.

I’m at my peak at eleven at night. “ “ That’s interesting to know. “

“ Hmp.. I didn’t like the sound of that. but I’ll withhold judgment till I see what she looks like. “ I told her I’d be a while getting ready. She said :

“ Before we go to the city, I promised Cindy I’d have lunch with her. Is

that alright with you ? “ “ Sure, I like that idea. “ I met her at Cindy’s pad. We left from there in her car, and went downtown to where Cindy was doing a nine to five, at a collection agency. We cruised by and picked her up.

“ You guys have any trouble finding this place ? “ I said : “No, Just finding a parking place. Cindy said : “ I know a place a few blocks down this avenue, I’m sure you guys will like it. “ I looked over at Lynn. She had a look of agreement on her face. “ Ok Cindy, tell the lady where to point the car. “

The place had nice tables out of doors in the sun. It was much like the French restaurants you’d see in the old movies. Cindy sat to my left. Lynn sat directly opposite to me across the table. We had finished our meals and were making small talk. At one point in the conversations I looked straight across.

at Lynn and it happened. It was the first time she’d experienced anything like it. As our eyes met I felt the instantaneous trance come over me.

I had made contact with her just as Richard had with me. The energy which emitted from us both, accumulated in the space between us,

creating a binding ectoplasm-ic union. It was the sharing of psychic force which generated higher with the increasing openness to each-other.

I had experienced it with myself when I stared into the bathroom mirror.

And I had experienced it with Debra and Cindy, but not until we were fairly well acquainted. We’d be sitting somewhere talking with good eye contact, and would feel it come on gradually. There would be a mild pleasant

pressure in my head. The other person would feel it simultaneously provided they didn’t stop and intellectualize what was happening. If they just

let go and allowed it to transpire, the feeling would increase. Waves of yellow light would filter in from either the right or the left side at a ninety degree angle. With each wave of light-particles there would be a change in the

other person’s face. The appearance of most people changed only one or two times, Then repeated, but they claimed, I changed many times.

Lynn was obviously shook by what was happening, but still couldn’t keep from looking into my eyes. Cindy was starting to smile knowingly.

“ He’s a trippy dude, isn’t he ? “ Lyn continued to look as she asked. “ What’s happening ? “ “ We are touching each-other through a mutual medium called

ectoplasm. “ “ How does that happen ? “ “ If you like I will take you to my humble abode later and answer that question there. At this location with

crowds of people around us, is not the right place. “ She looked over at her pal. Cindy just smiled from ear to ear. I said : “ I think our hour is up. Do they get

on your case for being late back from lunch ? “ “ no, But I’d just as soon keep on their good side. “ We dropped off Cindy at her office.

“ Where are the warehouses and train yards in this town ? I want to see them. “ “ What in the world for ? “ “ There aren’t any in the town I live in. ...I’ve got to see what they look like. “ “ Ok, but you don’t want to spend the day down there do you ? “ “ No, I just want to be able to say, I’ve seen them. “ “ Good, cause I’d like to show you a couple of nice little towns by the sea, which I consider to be charming. I’m hoping you’ll like them too. “ “ Ok, but first, which way is the train yard ? “ “ Make a right, then drive straight. “ We reached the warehouse area of town within a half hour. I was afraid she might want to get out and walk around. That section in this particular town, was loathsome to me. It contained the vibrations of thousands of emotional drowning mendicants living, and eventually dying, in a pit of irrepressible sorrow. I could feel their smoldering despair like a cloak over me. whenever I journeyed through this no man’s land. I couldn’t see them, the streets were bare, but I could feel them. This gave rise to a wave of guilt every time I passed through this place. I had an affinity for these people, that’s why guilt hung about me like dust on my aura, till we were ten miles away, and the vibration of the place desisted its incessant call for mercy.

We headed south, Then west, towards the beach. In less than an hour we pulled into a small town on the coast. The weather was warm to spite the late December date. The air smelled of salt and fish. It brought me back to a time when I used to live on this beach, eating raw fish and peanut-butter as a steady diet, and chasing bikini clad nymphs, but seldom catching them. “ What are you thinking about ? “ “ This place was once dear to me. I’m almost surprised, that it still is, only in a slightly different way. I miss some of the people I once knew here. Cone on, I’ll take you to my favorite restaurant, The Anchor, if it’s still here. We strolled out onto a long Y shaped pier jammed with small tackle shops, food-stands, fish-markets, and the ominous shapes of things to come, a couple of huge pervasive night clubs, bordered by some tourists shops selling various forms of plastic.

The left fork of the pier was lined with large fishing boats on it’s port side. Three quarters of the way out, on it’s starboard, stood a one story wooden building about forty foot long. “ How about that, it’s still here. “ We went inside. It had fishnets and pieces of cork and rope hanging from the ceiling. “ Almost everything in this place is made of wood that’s been around for quite a while. “ A woman’s weather worn face looked up from the semi-antiquated cash-register. “ Where’d you wana sit ? “ I said : “ How about the booth over there ? “ “ Ok, Go ahead. I’ll be over and take your order in a minute. “ We walked past some empty tables towards a small row of randomly filled bulky wood booths hugging the starboard wall. Each booth had a large picture window overlooking the harbor. There were sailboats going in every direction, with gulls doing the same. When the sun went down it would set on that side of the building. So for the price of a small meal, the spectacle was ours. We sat down looking out the window, at the pending sunset, then into each-others eyes and smiled. We were soon exchanging life resumes.

She went first. I listened attentively and learned that she was a chemist. The rest of her story was about- -you guessed it. Her and Cindy in high school. Then it was my turn. but she wasn't paying full attention to what I was saying. She seemed to be more taken with my looks, than my character. This puzzled me a little. Most women are more interested in what you think, after you pass the visual requirements. She kept looking at me like she was gently stalking me. I stopped right in the middle of a sentence, and just looked at her. This set her back for a moment. It also jarred my subconscious. I thought : " Hmm I know what's bothering me now. She had made up her mind, that she was going to nail down a romantic experience to supplement her vacation with. And I was it. She has already decided in her own mind, what was going to happen. Now she had to psych her self into believing it, and find a way to fit me into her master fantasy plan. I conferred with myself in the back of my head. " All right Jer you're gonna get laid tonight. It will probably be tonight because she's quite methodical and probably has some other experience scheduled for tomorrow excluding you. "

Just after the meal, what she was conjuring began to fabricate, I became slightly infected by the fantasy she was projecting, when she came out of her head long enough to see the sun dancing on the waves, sparkling thousands of subtle colors in a hypnotic dance of love. Her fantasies were beginning to mingle with mine. There lingered between us now a calm genuine gentleness. " Hello Jeremiah you old son of a gun ! " Lynn looked up at the man like she would have liked, to spit in his eye. I thought to myself : " Where do I know this guy from ? He's not a local here. Where..... Oh ! That's it. The acting school. I was attending a theater arts school, and this man was in one of the classes. Lynn looked at me like : " Where did you ever meet this yokel ? " He was standing there, like mister tourist fisherman, wearing hooks in his disheveled hat, with eyeglasses sliding down a horrendously sun burnt nose, wearing fish stained trousers. Lynn obviously didn't want him cluttering up her side of the fairytale. But I wasn't in an air tight fantasy. There was room for reality in mine because mine, was based on external objectivity. That ocean which I loved so much, was right there beside me. Looking into it and feeling its presence made me feel loved, with or without Lynn. Her companionship made it possible to attempt transmitting that feeling, and maybe sharing it. I felt very secure. My love, *the ocean*, was ever awaiting me. I could spare a few minutes to talk to one of the best actors in the school. So I did. I could feel cloistered resentment smoldering on the other side of the table, but none of it was coming my way. It was all directed at Bill. He began to pick up on it, so he said goodbye, and went his happy way. Lynn said : " Let's take a walk on the beach. " " I was hoping we'd get to see the sunset here. " " Come on. " She took me me by the hand. " Ok, You sure you won't be cold out there ? You don't have anything warm on. " " Yes, I'm sure. " We left The Anchor, and walked down the pier towards the shoreline. She looked at my coat and said : " Why do you always carry a jacket where ever you go ? " I put on my jacket as I answered. " Because I originally lived in New York. And the temperature

would change as much as forty degrees inside of two hours. “ “ Yes, but it doesn’t do that here. “ “ I’m getting even, for all the times I froze as a child. See that ocean ? I love it with a passion. But I never set foot in it. “ “ Never ? “ “ Never, The water’s too cold on this side of the world. “ “ Walk with me by the ocean. I want to put my feet in it. “ “ Lady you must be warm-blooded. “

We headed south down the beach. I walked on the outboard side with my shoes on, avoiding the water as it spread gently over the sand. She started skipping. I joined her. As we skipped along I spotted a wave coming up. I pulled her towards me to avoid it. She braced, and turned to yank me back to her, fully knowing the wave was about to splash her. I let go and pulled away from her. She stood her ground. The wave soaked her. Then she got a fiendish look on her face and started splashing water on me. I was already wet before I could do anything about it. So I ran in and splashed her back. Then we were both completely drenched by the next wave, which engulfed us thoroughly. Slowly she turned her head up from the passing wave..... That smile, that hair, wet and stringy, the witch like manner of her psychic gaze. “ You’re the one ! “ She continued to smile in the same fashion. “ What one ? “ “ You’re the girl in the vision last night. “ She tilted her head to the opposite side. Her face reflected her thoughts clearly. “ Is he serious ? “ Then her expression changed to : “ Is that possible ? “ “ Yes it is possible. “ She didn’t pursue it any further. It was passed off as time consuming. She wasn’t here to analyze. She was here to have a good time on her vacation, and stay on schedule. We got into her car, turned the heater on, then went to my place.

Naturally the next thing to do, was get out of those wet clothes. I turned on some music, made hot tea, and sat there nude talking with her. She still had her bottoms on, a sign that she wasn’t sure she wanted to go any further, than we were at present. I usually can’t handle impending decisions. They border on being threats, which are much harder on the nervous system than out right attacks. So I reached over gently and kissed her, to help her make up her mind, one way or the other. I don’t mind being rejected, but an elongation of the process, means you have a game playing, man hater to contend with. And the longer you spend time with them, the more damage they might do to your automatic reactions to woman in general. She stiffened up a little. Then she stood up, walked over near the front door and looked at the drawings on the south wall. I decided to get right to the point. “ What’s the matter ? “ “ Do you do this with many girls ? “ “ Lynn, That question is right out of the fifties. How old did you say you were ? Come on, Tell me what’s bothering you ? “ “ Nothing, I just have a lot of old concerns that I know aren’t true, running through my head. It’s alright. They’re just old ideas that my folks taught me. “ Something didn’t ring true about that statement. She was too confident up to this point, to be that inexperienced. She sat down beside me and put her arm around me. I decided to find out what she was lying about later. Something much more important was about to happen. We turned to each-other and began the preliminaries. I started searching for the places she liked to be touched, On every woman they vary slightly, and on some they vary extensively.

I had one girlfriend who loved me to lick her navel. It drove her wild. She got hotter than a two dollar pistol. And another would complain : “ It hurts. “ I thought : “ How the hell could that hurt ? “ Well, that’s another story. Let’s get back to Lynn And I. Once we got warmed up sufficiently, I slid her salt water pants off and ate her. She tasted like my first love, The ocean. When people make love one usually initiates most of the action on the other. In the majority of my relationships this was the case. I was almost always the one who gave energy, and the girl was the recipient. This time with Lynn it was different. She initiated the action. She worked on me. As a matter of fact I think she was the first one that ever really had. Most of the others allowed me the privilege of servicing them. I felt I should give them a reason to want to come back. A lot of them did. when they wanted some advice, or if they craved some time with me, while they hunted : “ The right man. “ I knew that I wasn’t *that*. That meant marriage. People who walk out of one marriage right into another, usually walk into the same situation they just left. Only the names have been changed to protect the illusion.

We got on the bed. I loved that bed. It was a queen size waterbed. I liked to hold the woman’s legs wide open by the ankles and whale very fast. I started doing this and Lynn just smiled at me. She watched me like a little girl watches a little boy that she thinks is cute. A vibration started rising around her head and shoulders. I thought : “ Hmm, This is something else. The same sensation as when I looked inside the mirror was starting to happen. What was surprising me most, was she seemed to be accepting it, without analyzing it at all. She appeared oblivious of anything, but the enjoyment of making me stimulate to a state of orgasm. I was amazed, and intensely invigorated by the phenomenon in progress. Lynn’s face was changing to someone else’s. At first it frightened me. The erection almost went down. Lynn’s face then reappeared through the mist of ectoplasm surging between us and looked at me like : “ Am I doing something wrong ? “ I thought : “ Screw it. I’ll ball both of them. “ As soon as I made that declaration the blood flow to my phallus increased and I was on my way to psychically enhanced orgasm. While in this process I studied the woman she had ostensibly changed into. Lynn had dark hair and a slim face. She transformed to a younger more oval faced blond with a charming childlike femininity. She seemed embarrassed like she was doing something naughty. She blushed when our eyes met. Exactly at that instant both barrels fired into the warm depths of Lynn’s groin. I am yet to come like that again. That was the first one. We lay there cuddled, and talked for a while. Then she went down on me. That brought up another erection. We started balling again. She raised her legs close to her chest and I penetrated deep. This time nothing happened for several minutes, even though the cloud of ectoplasm between us had thickened. Then on a down stroke as I came close to her face, It changed to another. At first it looked like the blond was back. But as I came back up, and pumped her from an upright position I saw her face change to a woman who was older. Her hair was still blond but darker. “ I wonder if this is the same girl but older ? “ I just kept pumping as this one smiled at me candidly without

embarrassment. She faded away and I saw the exact same smile on Lynn's face. " Now she's going back to being the older blond woman again. That settles one question in my mind. The people that are manifesting are more than likely Lynn in her prior lives. " Then I thought : " Lynn I'll ball all the women you are. " The blond lady was coming on strong now. Our rhythm was increasing. I'm getting closer.....I'm right on the edge.... Her tempo was consistency and rhapsody in the right intervals. She sensed my readiness. Her inflictions were perfect. *Pow ! ! ! !* I lay down on top or her submerged in a euphoric state of orgasm. It was soooo good. Then a little twinge of guilt waved over me lightly. " You haven't got one yet. " " Don't worry I will when I'm ready. " Her mouth tasted better than ever. She was the best I'd ever had. Once you've experienced psychic phenomena and orgasm simultaneously, just plain orgasm is very secondary.

There she is playing around again. And there it is, standing up like a throbbing throttle. This time she straddled me while I lay on my back thinking to myself : " I could fall in love with this lady very easily, if I had any thing else in common wi- Christ ! What am I saying ? Who am I bull-shitting ? Just for this moment, or for this day, or however long it lasts. I will not deny my feelings. " " Lynn ? " " Yes. " " I love you today. " She smiled. A third lady was emerging now. She had dark curly hair combed up on top of her head in a late eighteen century or early nineteen century style. The thought of getting up under one of these sophisticated dresses which they wore in that era, was about to fulfill another of my sexual fantasies. " It looks like she's going to hang in there. Oh, God, Oh, God ! I'm gunna get it. Oh ! The magnitude of the transpiration had just established itself. Then suddenly the young southern lady flashed out. And in flashed a man. He was blond slim medium tall and his face said he liked me. He seemed to think it was perfectly natural to be on top of me pumping away. My erection deflated immediately. " What happened ? " " You turned into a man. " " I turned into a man ? " " Yeah, You were a man in one of your other lives. You turned into him. Did I change any while you were looking at me ? " " I didn't notice anything. " " Are you sure ? You didn't see anything ? " " No. " " Hmp That's unusual, I'm sure it was happening. I wonder why you couldn't see it. You saw nothing at all ? " " I thought I saw something but.... " You thought it was your imagination right ? " This statement triggered a flicker of fright in her eyes. There was a pause. Then her facial expression changed to a confident attitude of patronization. Upon observing this expression, I thought : " She didn't take what I had said about seeing her in the vision seriously. And she tuned out the other things I'd said to her in the restaurant by the sea. " She was humoring me. Just as I had humored Herb prior to Alice's visitation, when he would call me and tell me about his astral trips. She was thinking of me the same way I was thinking of him : " He's deep off into his imagination. But he's still a nice guy, and I like him. He'll come back to reality soon. This is just a little head trip he's on. He

generally doesn't take himself too seriously, and that's a sign, of a basically healthy person. This is just a little phase he's going through. He'll snap out of it soon. " A subterranean smolder began to fester within me. I pressured her to reveal to me what she had seen. She again shrugged it off, as something to be forgotten, ignored, cast back deep into the subconscious, as unexplainable and thereby nonexistent. I read this trained engrained reaction on her face and commented on it. " Just because you don't understand what happened, doesn't mean it didn't take place. You know it *is* possible to have volume without substance. This statement was said with strong conviction, looking straight into her eyes. She was obviously shook now. " Why not a regressive metamorphosis ? How do you know that what you saw didn't change physically as well as visually ? " " Well it doesn't really..... " " Then what makes it happen ? Whatever makes it transpire. Do you believe *that* really exists ? You've seen the physical effect. There must be a cause. You're a scientist. Figure that one out. Her fear of this subject was becoming evident. I dropped the topic, made some tea and talked about the weather. It was soon time for her to meet Cindy at her pad. I gave her directions. " I'll call you tomorrow, If you wish. " " She smiled and said : " I'd like that. Call me around twelve when you get up. " This woman was open to me in spite of herself. There was a strong attraction, the basis of which she thought was physical, but turned out to be supernatural. Lynn departed for Nevada immediately the next day. She left Cindy a note, and was gone before noon. Cindy's eyes twinkled impishly as she showed me the note and said : " She was afraid of something. " " What makes you say that ? " " She wasn't supposed to leave for another week. " At this point I'm guessing, but I have a strong feeling that when she hesitated, before making love with me, She was thinking of the guy she was going to marry, when she got back to the little Nevada town. I was supposed to be her last man, before she formally swore off of them, and on to a steady diet of one.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Cindy In a Nickel Bag

It was about three in the afternoon as I drove up to my place with a fresh supply of art materials. The day shift at the hospital across the street was just getting off work. Lots of R. N's of varying sizes shapes and ethnic origins were evacuating the four story medium gray structure. " Hmm, That place looks like a giant tombstone. I wonder if that's where my entities are coming from ? " A busty blond girl wearing a white uniform under her dark wool coat, was steering a serpentine course through the exodus of weary faces. She looked like a salmon swimming upstream into the mouth of a great gray whale. " Who is it that she reminds me of ? Cindy ! That's who. It's been a couple of months since I seen her. I wonder what she's up to ? " The answer came a month later. She called me and said she had taken to drugs. As a result, I had no contact with her. But apparently Richard did. One day I got another call from her. " Hi Cindy, Are you still using ? " " Yes,

I'm maintaining in moderation. " " More power to ya. What do you want from me ? " " I want you to tell Richard to leave me alone. " " Are you serious ? " " Yes, I'm serious. He keeps bugging me. saying things like : Why are you taking drugs ? And trying to talk me into stopping. " I thought : Hmm, Maybe she's having guilt feelings about taking that speed, and she's projecting this whole thing in her mind. " How does he contact you ? He doesn't just talk outright to you does he ? " " No, He comes to me just like he used to before. " " How's that ? " " You know like like..... " " You mean like waves of energy you've seen in my room ? " " No, There isn't any colors this time, just energy. " " Are you sure it's Richard ? " " Oh yeah ! I know Richards vibration. " Her last line was said with the kind of conviction which I have a tendency to believe. " Ok, I'll talk to him. But that's all I can do. I can't make him stay away. Did you tell him you don't want him there ? " " Sure, but he won't listen to me. But he'll do what you ask him. If you tell him not to, he won't come here. " " Ok, I'll ask. Give me a call if you ever get off the synthetics. " " Sure, bye. " Click..... I looked at Richard's picture. " Did you really bother her ? Or is she just cracking up from all the drugs she's taking ? " " Up came a white flash. A bright one, from Richard's side of the room. " That is a definite yes. " Ok, Richard, If someone wants to kill themselves you have to award them the privilege of doing so. In the course of so doing, They may become frightened or weary before completing the job, And ask for advice. That's when you give them your words of wisdom. Forget her till she cries out for assistance from the depths of the open mind of the dying. You'll have a chance of reaching her then.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

The Sane Asylum

A couple of months of contented painting went by. I had occasion to see Janet again. This time she was a little more receptive to my way of thinking, which made me mildly suspicious of her. " I wonder if you'd come to another party with me ? " " Not after what happened at the last one. The people there bored me. I has nothing in common with them. I could have enjoyed my own company painting. "

" Those were just the psychologists from the place where I work. Most of them are kind of dull, except for the couple I introduced you to." "Yeah they were nice, but in a patronizing sort of way which pissed me off. If I was in need of a couple of parent figures, I would have picked a couple with a little more schmaltz than seemed to have been bestowed on those two. " " Yes, well I think if you decided to go, you'd find these people to be more interesting. " " Ok, I'm curious. Who'll be there ? " " They'll be my analyst, and her husband. Another analyst, And my former analyst. He's an older man, and his date. There may be a couple of others, but those are the ones I'm going there to see. " " Why do you want me to come ? " " I think you'll like it. " " And you

want your analyst to get a look at me. “ “ That too. “ “ At least you’re honest this time. “ “ I’m no longer worried about you being psychotic. “

I leaned closer and leered at her. “ Are you sure about that ? “ “ Not really. “

“ When is this event taking place ? “ “ Next week. “ She told me the day. “ Ok, I’d like to see what your analysts are like. “

Thinking to myself : “ Then I’ll be able to see which of them is screwing up your mind, and keeping you their eternal child, always running back for their rationed out approval.“ Janet never seemed to be able to get through a day without finding something to be afraid of. Consequently I thought her analysts to be lecherous. Sooner or later Janet would run the same old game on me. It was called : “ You’re a male chauvinist. “ When that game started, I must have thought I still had those traits, because there was a time, when I compensated for having less confidence than the women I met, by striving to show supremacy over them, in something, anything !

When I was a kid, I had two sisters five and six years older than I. They out fought me, out thought me, out danced me, and got more boyfriends than I could get girlfriends, etc. They could do anything better than I. Until I hit the ripe old age of fifteen. Then I had my first victory. I could sing louder. That got to them a little, because our deceased father was a singer by profession, and I apparently inherited his voice. Naturally that started a pattern of trying to suppress women, in order to feel equal to them. Or more specifically, so that they didn’t threaten me. My sisters threatened me with physical violence for the first nine years of my existence on this planet. If I looked crooked at them, that was excuse enough to catch a punch in the face. And I caught plenty.

I pondered over this pattern of trying to rise above women , “ Gee, I thought I’d gotten over that, a few years ago. Well maybe I haven’t. Janet probably wouldn’t say I was a male chauvinist, unless there was some truth in it. So I’ll practice *not* being one. “ Janet made more money than I, and most of the time. Correction All of the time, she insisted on paying the bill, when ever we went out to eat. At first this bothered me, because when I was fourteen one of my sisters said : “ Come on Jer, I’ll treat you to lunch. “ Half way through the meal she walked out of the restaurant leaving me sitting there with no money to pay the bill. She said she’d : “ Be right back “ But it was forty-five minutes before she returned. In the interim the proprietor kept looking at me like : “ You’re taking up space. “ All I could do was sit there and be uncomfortable till she came back. I never forgot it. And from that day forth, I never trusted a girl with the check.

I had decided to get rid of that hang-up, and here was my chance. So whenever Janet and I went out to eat somewhere, I just made sure I had the price of the meal with me. It’s one thing to get rid of an old reaction, and it’s another, to reinforce it with stupidity. I figured sooner or later we both would be rid of our obsessions, hers for proving she was an equal, and mine for setting at least a partial pattern of trusting, these obviously superior, but emotionally dubious women, to which I found attraction. I made some positive progress. I began trusting her pretty good. As a matter of fact, I even neglected to bring money a couple of times, when she said she’d treat for the eats.

“ By Christ, I’m cured, I trust her. “ At this point I offered to pay for coffee at the local diner one night. I figured : “ Coffee couldn’t be too threatening to her. “ “ Janet, you got the check last time. Let me pay this time. “ She gave me a look an army officer gives his wife, when she says something like : “ Dear is it Ok with you, if I join the Communist Party this Thursday ? “ As she paid the check I thought : “ Well I’m over my former reactions. Hers may be more deeply engrained and take more time. “ I still had a resentment for her analysts. I wanted a relationship with this lady. And they had neglected to get her functional and ready for me. I was prejudiced as hell against them. She had been going to them for years, and she still was full of fear. Next week became this week. Janet called and asked me if I still wanted to go. “ Sure. “ “ Ok, I’ll pick you up at seven. “ I did a heavy meditation before she got there. When she arrived I was still vibrating all over my body. I wondered if it had changed my appearance. She seemed to notice nothing. We departed immediately for her analyst’s home. It stood on a hill among some equally attractive homes. When we walked in I knew I was going to like the house. There were paintings on the wall, at the far side of the room, as you walked into the parlor. Below in the sunken living-room, there was a rather nice fireplace, with a couch at right angles to it, and another directly facing it, against the wall. There were several people sitting on the couches and in a couple of chairs facing them. Seated at the left side of the sofa, at right angles to the fireplace, was the oldest man in the room. He was in his late fifties or early sixties. His reserved light blue eyes held a sparkle hidden deep within them. I knew I was going to like him or detest him. There would be no in-between. Next to him was a woman I tried desperately to reserve judgment on, and failed. She was one of those people that talk the job done. The less they know about something, the more they’ll tell you what an authority they are on it. I’ll qualify that statement. When I say the less they know, I’m not referring to what they have read. I’m talking about what they know. That is what the individual has personally experienced physically, emotionally, mentally and or spiritually. Categorical intellect reigned supreme in this woman. She had all the answers pertaining to psychic phenomena which the others were asking. She dominated the conversation at every opportunity with verbatim mechanical answers, indicative of what seemed to be a photographic mind, flipping through the pages of books she’d read on the subject. I said to myself : “ Maybe you fear that she knows what she’s talking about ? “ There are few things less tolerable, than a knowledgeable being, with an obnoxious personality. I listened unobtrusively hoping the conversation would shift, so I could see if she would bid for control of a new subject. It shifted. She made a small bid, then dropped out, sat back and listened. “ Hmp, The other topic didn’t interest her. She probably did have some actual experiences, and then went compulsive with reading on the subject. She’s likely to be a good source of information.“

On to the next one sitting at the edge of the sofa. He was right out of a Peyton Place soap opera. The business man relaxing with his friends, giving a description of his trip to a small western town, encompassing his observations of the Indians there, and his opinion about them. Then there was the actress. She was in her late forties, and looking late thirties, from long range. She was fun and witty, but had an aversion to reality. I got the feeling that the party was a scene

she was starring in. She sat on the seat between the sofas. On occasion she would shoot an inquisitive provocative look. She was most likely testing her ability to captivate all of her audience, including me. She used charm, Body language, pitch and tone to convey to all, the message of : “ Look at me. Ain’t I cute ? “ “ I’m sure if she’s testing her acting skills. If she isn’t. And is taking her act seriously, then she has to be someone here’s patient. “ On the couch opposite the fireplace sat a tall man with sideburns. He looked like a cowboy turned analyst. I had a hard time believing him as a doctor of psychiatry. He was about fifty five and rather nice. Next to him sat a blond girl about twenty-five, she was nicely modeled. but looked slightly afraid and resentful, sitting there with her arms folded across her chest. I thought : “ Hmm, Could be these masterminds dissected her prior to our arrival. “ This thought gave me the feeling that maybe Janet had set me a carefully planned trap. I told myself : “ Sure Jer, They’re all gunna pronounce you nuts, and send for the white coat goons, with the white truck, and take you away to the White House. So much for paranoia. Let’s see who else is in the room ? “

Next on the same couch was a man about thirty. You could easily mistake him for twenty five or younger if you weren’t paying attention. He sat to the far corner of that sofa, quietly watching the others. He was slim with blond shoulder length hair, and defiantly playing low profile. On his left in an over stuffed easy chair was an extremely pretty girl with bright blue eyes and light brown hair. She scrutinized him, while seemingly anticipating his breaking into the conversation. He remained pleasantly pokerfaced. After a while she gave up watching him, and directed her attention towards the blond girl, who has now emerged as the gathering’s current center of interest. The blond was answering questions about her psychic experiences. The way she reacted to the questions surprised me. She unfolded her arms, and responded to the inquiries at first, timidly. Then when she noticed she wasn’t being upstaged, by the walking psychic encyclopedia, she began gaining confidence. Before ten questions and five minutes had passed, she was pontificating with the confirmed credence of an devout megalomaniac. “ Well we’ve had the technical and the emotional. “ I scanned the room, intent on sizing up the last of its occupants, then leaned over to Janet in her easy-chair. “ Which one is your analyst ? “

“ Which *One* ? “

“ That’s what I just asked you. “

“ Which analyst ? I have two here, one former and one current. “

“ The current one first. “ “ She’s the one that’s making the hors d’oeuvres and setting them out on the table. Her husband is over there leaning against the wall, the one with the casual evening at home look. He’s an engineer. “

“ You sound like you don’t like him. “ “ Oh..... He’s Ok. “

The hostess was a lady of about forty. She had medium short sand colored hair. Her slimness made her look rather tall. She was around five eight or nine, But seemed to ascend that. There was a certain sensuality in her body movement which baffled me. It was a projection of : “ I’m an unattached woman. “

Her body language spelled it out quite clearly, around seventy-five percent of the time. But she somehow didn't seem to have the kind of consciousness that would play games. I thought : " Hmm... I like her. She has some kind of magnetism. " Then I asked : " Who's the other ? " " He's the older man on the couch over there. " " I like the look about him. He's not talking, He's listening. He'll probably not say anything unless it's effective. " " You're over rating him. " " Well you know him better than I, So you're probably right. " I had the feeling that this man was profound beyond this groups conception.

The blond began winding down a little. Then Janet's current analyst stepped across the room in our direction. She sat on the arm of Janet's chair as she said : " Jeremiah, Janet tells me you've had many psychic experiences. Her voice carried well. The Peyton Place couple looked up, apparently stunned by the statement. " I've had a couple. " I said it with a tone of finality. " Would you like to tell us some of them. ? " " First let me ask you a question. Have you had any ? " " Oh, yes, I've done healings on my children. " This statement threw me. I expected an empathy void analytical probing, to which the only sensible response would have to be, No response. I said : " I'll relate them to you individually if you like. But I have no desire to relate them to the group in general. " She moved a little closer and began telling me how she had healed one of her kids. At first the rest of the people were strongly intrigued. They stared across the room at us with a look of children in exile, but soon they shrugged, and started their own dialogue about other things.

In the course of talking with this woman I began knowing why I liked her. She was honest and vulnerable. As we conversed I noticed a painting on the wall near the fireplace. The ectoplasm in it was relatively strong. " Did you do that painting ? " " No, That wa... was done by a male patient of mine. I somehow couldn't reach him. But he su...sure go...got to me. Her head was befuddled. Just mentioning him seemed to shake her confidence in herself. The painting was of a male and a female sitting naked opposite one another, each with their right arm outstretched, creating a considerable distance between them and finally touching at index fingers. The woman was obviously the analyst. I wondered if she had slept with him. The painting gave me that feeling. " Jeremiah, how did you come to your experiences ? They didn't just happen did they ? " " No, There was a process involved. "

I laid some ground work, about five minutes of what life experiences, I had to overcome, before the phenomena began presenting itself consistently. It entailed a little of my life as a child. As soon as I got to this part of the data she seemed to turn a deaf ear to me. Before long I realized that the subject matter being childhood, had tripped her professional switch. She was listening with the posture of a priest who had heard too many confessions. It was alarming but interesting to watch her mind clamp closed at the murmur of anything resembling patient's monologue. Her reaction was neurotically professional. I breezed through the prerequisites in as few words as possible, and went to some extrasensory experiences. I wondered if I was just wasting my energy,

when finally her mind returned, from it's sanctuary of indifference. Her facial expressions regained response. I thought : " Hmm.. I'm acknowledged as a person once more. But she's still remaining closed, on a psychic level. " Her energy level was low. Probably due to the pervasiveness of her last patients infectious disharmony. When In very close contact with any given person, your body language is usually open to them. This leaves an opportunity for their ectoplasm-ic energy to penetrate your chakra system. In their ectoplasm is contained their emotional conditions and systems there of. In short, Janet's therapist was ailing, with a case of extra sensory empathy. I believe this to be the major cause of psychiatrists having the highest suicide rate of any profession.

The largest chakras are in alignment from the top of the head of the humanoid to the base of the groin. Ectoplasm travels from the lowest chakra to the highest. The flow at which it travels from the bottom to the top is limited, and undetected by the humanoids at large. There is some ectoplasm in the food and ever more in the air. But the lowest chakra is reputed to have vast quantities of it. From my own personal experience I would say, that probably the most vulnerable chakra is at the center of the solar-plexus. Foreign ectoplasm can infiltrate unprotected chakras, as easily as sound waves penetrate most forms of matter. One major defense used by humanoids, to protect the central chakra, is the folding of their arms in front of it. And now back to the party.

After I finished talking she said : " Jeremiah, how did this all start happening ? " I thought : " Hmm. She must have tuned me out pretty good. I thought I just covered that. " I said : " How do you mean ? " " Did you go to a spiritual group of a church, or something ? " " As a matter of fact, I did go to lectures on a form of self improvement dealing with both psychological and spiritual principles. Probably the greatest gift this organization bestowed on its participants is the permission to decide what they each individually believe rules the universe. The participants would state their beliefs and the group would sanction that individuals beliefs as valid. " " Then you didn't wake up one morning and find you had all these powers. " " I wouldn't say I had powers. It would be more accurate to say the powers have me. Kind of like the air we're breathing. It's there and we're using it, whether we know it or not. Just because I'm aware of it, doesn't mean I have power over it. I'm just more willing to depend on it. In order to have power over it, I believe I would have to become it. " The woman seemed satisfied with what was said. She had gotten what she had come over for, and was soon on the other side of the room playing hostess again.

The cowboy looking analyst and I began chatting. He was describing how learning to meditate, had helped his work : " When I'm stuck with one of those patients who's got one of them draining monotones, about half way through I put my hand up to my head like this. " He struck a pose similar to Rodan's Thinker. " Then I put my finger in this space between my eyes. It helps to put me in a trance. The patient thinks I'm listening to him intensely, but I'm really re-energizing myself. " I gave him a questioning look.

He responded with a minor display of guilt. “ But I’m kind of listening. “
 “ You’re probably listening on a subconscious level. It might make you more effective. “ “ I hadn’t thought of that. Maybe it does. “ I said : “ Why do you suppose it makes you feel better ? “ “ I don’t know, But it works ! “
 I told him of the effects I had in the lectures, And how one’s energy radiates off of them during the meditation. “ This makes it impossible for the ectoplasm of others to penetrate your aura. “ He agreed with me and excused himself to get another bourbon. I was skeptical of his sincerity until I thought the discussion over. He really believed what was said about the aura penetration. His animal had just demanded another drink. And it’s wish was his command. I wondered which would win out in the long run, The meditation or the bourbon. I went over to the wet bar near the kitchen. The engineer was behind it.
 “ What’ll you have ? “ “ Have you got orange juice ? “ “ Sure. “
 “ Ok, on the rocks. “ He dropped the cubes in, poured the juice and slid the glass my way. It did take *some*, but not too much coaxing, to get him to describe the effects of *his* meditations. “ When I get into it good I see a blue light between my eyes. It has a euphoric feeling. I get high from it. but, you know, I’m still a little paranoid about it. “ “ Paranoid ? “ “ Yeah, I keep thinking : “ Someone somewhere, has a machine that one day he’ll turn on, And.... Boing ! We’ll all be tuned into the darn thing and controlled by it. “
 He was half kidding and half serious. “ Hmm, You don’t know how right you are “ Why did I just think that ? My subconscious must have some answers that that my conscious mind is not yet ready to accept. Ok so when I’m ready, | it will be revealed to me. Six years later it revealed itself. His statement was true in it’s basic content. It has already been established in the previous pages of this book that there is telepathic communication between people which are open to each other. The communication can be so swift as to simultaneously breach a gap of literally thousands of miles between them. When you have a clear picture of someone in your head, You are in psychic communication with that person. Before this is possible, it’s necessary to know their face comprehensively. and for you to know their visage well, you generally know them more than superficially. Whether consciously or subconsciously, you know not only their face, but also the feeling which is associated with being in their presence, They’re aura. That aura, That feeling, That vibration, is somewhat like they’re ethereal phone number.

There are several different ego states in each individual humanoid. If you emulated your father when he fixed the car, you probably walk and talk like him when your fixing your own car. So dad’s characteristics are one of your ego states. Add up the others in your life that you have copied or counter copied in childhood, and you will find a number of well developed ego states. Whenever you switch ego states, or attitudes and or emotions. So does your aura change in color, denoting a alteration in your electromagnetic frequencies. So how could anyone beam in on such an inconsistency of conglomerated vibrations ? Here’s how : Someone gives you a sound to repeat consistently for a given period of time. After a while that sound will be engraved into the cells of your brain at a deep subconscious level. If that sound has been numbered

and categorized, and listed, with your name on it, Then filed away somewhere. It need only be duplicated, to open a direct channel to your subconscious mind. Then it's a very simple matter of giving you an auto-suggestion from anywhere on the planet, or maybe beyond it. This practice is in full swing right now. There are thousands of people in the psychic phenomena business. Probably all think they are in the course of saving the world from lower forms of consciousness. The fact of the matter is that power misused begets Karma. It does not matter whether the power is, fire power, nuclear power, or psychic power. The law of cause and effect takes place and someone has to pay for it. I cast a suspicious eye on those who are living in the lap of luxury at the expense of their disciples. I personally like the brand of Guru who pays his own way. There is such a thing though rare they may be. I realize this is my own personal prejudice. I'll surmount it in time. I hope I don't have to collect a bunch of disciples and live at their expense in order to do so.

Here is the experience which aided me in coming to these conclusions about the mantra. One day I was introduced to a group which was associated with a greatly popular spiritual leader. I wanted to know more about their teachings. I had read one of their fliers describing different yoga paths. It was logical and well written. I liked the way it sounded, so I went to several of their chanting sessions. The chants were in a foreign language and seemed complicated until the third visit. Then I began to see that they were relatively simple. What was complicating them was, no one really knew the correct pronunciation of the words. So who ever led the chant altered it slightly to their own grammatical interpretation. In spite of their handicap the chants took their effect. After leaving the gathering the words still swam round and round in my head. I found myself humming the tune the chants were sung to, and hearing the voices of the people who led the chants, chanting along with my humming. It was just like when you hear one of those tunes like : " Shine on shine on harvest moon, " Or. " Hey Jude. " If you sing either one of those songs for over an hour, You're going to hear them echoing through your mind's ear, for three days or more. They literally become a mantra.

After several weeks of going to this group's gatherings on Friday nights, I decided to skip a Friday, and go to a movie. I didn't like having this mantra ringing in my mind's ear, with these people singing it. I didn't dislike the people, but just like before, with other groups, I began to sense : " This group isn't for me. " I didn't know why, till I started out for the movie that night. It had been six days, since I'd been to their last meeting. The mantra had circled my head for four. But now my head was clear of the monotony of their song. About one hour before their ceremony was scheduled to begin I commenced to hear the mantra start up in my head. " What ! The Fuck !..... Oh Shit ! ! Now I understand it Jer. The mantra keeps your mind occupied sending out and taking in this one frequency. This holds open a channel to them, which binds their minds with yours telepathically. I'm involuntarily, locked in on them, but I don't care to spend the rest of my days, trying to fit into their life style. I'm too fond of fucking, to be forcing myself to piously smile, and pretend I'm not horny. Now the fuckers are mentally asking me : " Where are you ? "

“ I’m over here on my way to a movie. Stay on your side of the ether, You fuckers. I will not succumb to your request. “ I knew it would be a matter of time, before the mantra wore off, and close down, their strong communication to me. It took about three weeks before it subsided completely. Until that time, Every Friday night I’d get a slightly weaker mental message from them : “ Come to the gathering. “ It had the properties of tugging you towards their meeting house. On the way to the movie I found myself driving in their direction three times. I had to keep on turning around and placing my strict concentration on getting to the movies. If I let my mind wander for an instant, I found myself driving back in there direction again. I knew eventually the channel of communication would dissipate. But first I would have to wait for their perception of what exactly I looked like to fade. When the mantra started itself up in my head, I would substitute with : “ Shine on Shine on Harvest Moon. “ Or. “ Hay Jude. “ or anything which would confuse, or drown out the mantras vibration.

So much for the black magic of those with good intentions. Let’s get back to the party.

The older man was quietly listening to everyone from his side of the couch. He sat there with a : “ You’re on candid camera smile. “

He reminded me of a man watching children play, who was periodically aware of my surveillance, and seemed mildly amused by that also. Janet journeyed over with me, and introduced him. I was sure this man had made some definite decisions about what he believed. He was either going to poo poo the whole thing, and say that we’re all full of it. Or shed some light on the mechanics, of some of the things discussed. I was somewhat reluctant to talk with him. He kept a perpetual poker face. This had me wondering what position he was playing. “ I know his game. It’s intimidation through silence. He’s not going to give one ounce of his views unless someone asks him point blank. “

“ We went on with some small talk, then Janet led the conversation around to me, and phenomena. I said : “ Wait a minute. Before you get off into that subject.

I want to know who I’m talking to. There’s nothing more frustrating, than to relate something to someone, who doesn’t believe a word your saying, and could give a shit less. I don’t know where your head is at. You haven’t given a hint. Have you had any psychic experiences ? “ He looked mildly surprised at my directness. “ Yes. “ That’s all I got for openers. but it was enough to make way for the second question. I had to know, what he considered psychic experiences. And or what he considered, mind produced hallucinations. Many analysts are not able to distinguish between the two. Consequently, they inundate their psychically inclined clients with sedative drugs, in order to lower their perceptiveness, and stop what they think is hallucinations. If the client still has psychic experiences, whenever the sedatives are discontinued, and both client and doctor, believe the experiences to be hallucinations, then a person who was well on there way to enlightenment, is likely to be joining the bulging ranks of the legally addicted. In essence what I’m saying is, Some psychiatrists create addicts out of potential spiritual leaders. This is the result of their inability, to remotely empathize with what is really happening to

their client.

I thought : “ If this man falls into that category, then his professional beliefs are at stake here. Before I trust him at all, I’ll have to have an answer to my second question.” So I asked : “ Have you ever seen things like flashing lights in your room ? “ “ Yes, I’ve seen that. “ I thought : “ Hmm, We’re getting down to pay-dirt now. “ What did you think caused it ? “ That was when he opened up, and told me what he really thought : “ I believe it was my wife. It started happening just after she died. There were telepathic thoughts associated with it. She was communicating with me. “ The hair on the back of my neck stood up a little. Here was more reinforcement to validate my own experiences. He then began speaking about something I at first thought was irrelevant : “ I believe there are different levels of reality. You know we openly admit that the psychotic, is closer to being a child, or child-like, than anyone in society. We also know that the child, has the easiest access to the other planes.” At the mentioning of the word psychotic, Janet’s face grimaced. She got up casually and walked off towards the bar. He continued talking : “ But we haven’t put the two together. And that’s why it’s so hard to cure a psychotic. You know, I think a psychotic, is a person who perceives more than one plane of existence at a time. “ I said : “ Isn’t that also the definition of a mystic ? “ “ No, You see, The psychotic for some reason, hasn’t the ability to define one plane from the other. The mystic has that ability. “ “ I think your right. That makes good sense to me. “ Herb had told me almost the same thing, a year prior to this party. But then it seemed too incredible for me to conceive as a fact. This man had apparently given the subject a lot of thought, and had come up with this explanation. Which I bough and still do. As far as I was concerned, the party was a roaring success. I had learned something valuable. And had met a couple of competent minded psychiatrists. What I learned from Janet’s former psychiatrist probably saved my life six months later. A friend came to stay at my place for a couple of days. He was down on his luck, and needed to be put up till payday, which was two days away.

I said : “ Sure. “ He could stay at my pad for a couple of days till his check came. I was warned by some of the people in the lectures, that he wasn’t well, and not to let him stay with me. I said : “ Nonsense, I’m going to help him. He’s attended the lectures for just as long as I have, Six years. I’ve got too much in common with him, for me not to help him. So I let Bob stay at my place that night.

As soon as his bags were set away, and he was seated comfortably on the couch with a cup of hot tea. He began telling me a horrendous tale about how some woman had invited him to her house to make love with him.

“ When I got there the place was lit with hundreds of candles. There was no lights, Just candles. Then she performed some strange ritual which stole my sanity. When I left the place, she was in my head haunting me, and harassing me everywhere I went. I traveled away from the city in order to break the communication, but it kept getting stronger. Then for a while she left me alone. “ “ Has she bothered you recently ? “ “ He stared straight across at me silently without blinking, for around fifteen seconds.

“ She came back last week. “ “ I once saw a movie like that. The only way the guy in the movie could stop the spell, was to go back to where the spell was cast, and kill the one who cast it. But I don’t recommend it. Bob, I’ve had some things happen which where vaguely similar. It’s going to be alright. Just stay around people a lot. And when she’s talking to you in your head, ignore her. Concentrate on the people, and activities taking place outside of your head. After a while, she’ll decide you’re a waste of time, and her communication will fade with your lack of response. “

“ I might try that. “

“ Good. “

I told him of some things that were happening in my life, mostly menial monologue. People I was associating with now, the things I liked about them, what we had in common, and where my life seemed to be going. “

Then he spoke. He told me of his equations.

“ What equations ? “

“ These. “ He opened up a leather case and displayed a pile of diagrams, Which seemed like they should mean something. He insisted they had a vocation, but he knew not what. And I sure as hell didn’t know. He said : “ I felt compelled to draw these up one day. It took me a week to complete them. “

Bob then took the story which I had just told him involving people he didn’t even know, and fit them into this enormous master plan, to steal his diagrams. The woman in the candle room tied in nicely. “ They’re all out to get me. “ This is the junction at which I realized : “ Ah Oh ! Those Who claimed this man to be irrational were correct. But I have to be sure, so I’ve got to give him a chance to make his point. After all some of the things I’ve told people seemed bizarre, unless they’d also experienced them. “ So I heard him out, instead of having contempt prior to investigation. The result was : “ I am now sure that I have a very dangerous man staying at my house this evening. He *is* psychotic, and psychotics can generally read minds. And to compound the situation, he’s having delusions of persecution. Bob’s looking for someone to blame the whole thing on..... Ah.. Oh ! He’s just now tapped into me with an ectoplasm-ic field. He knows I don’t believe him. This makes me one of *them*. Make no mistake about it Jer, in his mind *they* are the enemy. The next line that flowing through his mind is : “ They have to be destroyed, if I’m to survive. “

There was a pregnant silence, as he sensed my counter spying through the channel he had opened. When you don’t believe someone and it’s obvious to them, a patronizing attitude display is enough to give the healthiest individual an inclination towards thoughts of violence. Bob wasn’t just considering violence. He was planning my murder, in his head.

I found myself sitting there being slightly apologetic for not believing him, Which was only making things worse. “ Now he’s planning how and when.

At this rate I’m not getting any sleep tonight, unless it’s permanent.

I’m not sitting up all night in my own house, waiting for someone to make an attempt on my life. If he’s gunna make a move, he’ll have to make it now.

While I’m facing him. “ I broke the silence : “ Bob, I’m going to have to tell you what I really think, At this point after hearing everything you’ve said.

I think you're crazy as hell, and dangerously paranoid " He stayed very tense and just stared at me as I spoke. " You know the people of which, you incorporated into this mammoth scheme to, get *Bob* ! ? Well some of them, are people you've never met. The only way they could be out to get you, is if I'm out to get you, because they're *my* friends. Bob, if they're out to get *you*. Then I would have to be the one who's coordinating them. So in your mind, *I* am the enemy. And *I* have to be annihilated, in order to insure your security. So they don't take you over, or kill you, or what ever you have in mind. Bob this may come as a great shock to you, but you're not important enough for anyone to want to bother killing, or controlling. " His expression still hadn't changed. He still had that deadly stare in his eyes. " You know what I think you're thinking ? I think your going to wait till I'm asleep. Then bash my head in, with the heaviest thing you can find around here. I'm not going to sit around and wait for one of my crazy friends to kill me just to prove what a nice guy I am. Right now, I'm afraid to have you in my house. "

When I got to the part, about him wanting to kill me, for not believing him, he relaxed, his posture changed, and the tension, just dissipated from his face. He trusted me again. I slept pretty well that night and woke up alive. The truth won't just set you free. In some cases it'll keep you breathing.

Ok, Back to the party.

Janet's sitting there with horror in her eyes. " What's the matter with you ? " " That picture over there. " She tilted her head towards the painting on the brick wall to the right of the fireplace.

All I remember about that painting was the eyes. I thought : Hmm... There goes your uniqueness Jer, I presumed you to be the only one, who painted people with eyes that come alive. Sure enough, It was looking at Janet and I. She was about to go into hysterics, and was doing her best not to draw attention to herself. " It's staring at me. " " I see it. It's a strong entity, but it's not stronger than you. All entities are nothing more than disembodied people. Janet I can stare down anyone I know, who *has* a body. People without them, are no better at psychic gazing, than people with bodies. So just stare back. And while your at it, mentally ask him what he wants. You know, all of your patients don't have to be on this plane. There may be people in other realms, in need of therapeutic assistance. " Even while I was saying this, it sounded a little ridiculous to me, but simultaneously it made good sense. Then she did something I thought might never happen. She did what I suggested. She stared right back at the eyes in the painting for a good ten minutes. Then she broke contact and was not only unafraid, She liked it. " But I wouldn't like to try it alone. " " Eventually you'll be able to do it anytime you wish, and have no fear. You're a very strong medium. You just need to believe in your own capabilities. The transaction or experience, hasn't power over you. You have power over it. As you believe, so shall it be done unto you, with your own power. " How do I stop believing negatively ? " " By associating with those who are thinking, the way you wish to think. " Then she started her usual game of : " Yes but ! " And I did my best to ignore her bid to reclaim her fears. I went home that night with the assurance

that some of the psychiatrists in this world are worth their weight in gold, per visit.’

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

Susan

For two years before meeting Herb, And prior to my spiritual epiphany, I had daily stomach trouble. I went through a G. I. series. That’s one of those numbers where the medical profession x-rays your intestines to see what the trouble is. They even used a proctor-scope. The verdict was : “ You have one of the healthiest insides we’ve ever seen. “ This was not said to make me feel better, they were saying it in astonishment. “ We haven’t seen anyone with insides that healthy in quite a while. “ “ Then why does my stomach still hurt ? “ “ We don’t know. “ Then they got that look on their face like : “ Hmm, Must be psychosomatic. “ I went home reassured, that I wasn’t expiring from some internal diseases. “ I’m probably just a run of the mill, hypochondriac. No, somehow that doesn’t fit. I never worry or complain about my body unless it really hurts, Then I get concerned, and go find out what’s wrong. Could it be, that I have some kind of subconscious turmoil which is manifesting itself as a pain in my stomach ? “

For over two years I had this pain in my stomach, most every day. The longest relief period in a two year span, was two days in succession. I was pondering that fact one day just after eating, when Herb popped in. He was feeling in very good spirits, and looking super healthy as usual. I told him about the two year old verdict of the medical people I was pondering reminiscently. “ They as much as called me a hypochondriac. “ He smiled and said : “ Just stop eating red meat and your stomach trouble will go away. “ “ Your nuts, I’m not going to give up steak. I need the protein. “ “ There is protein in other things. “ “ Yeah, That’s true. But I like the taste of steak. And I don’t think it’s hurting me. “ “ Suit your self. But I’m positive it’s the red meat. “ He left. “ He’s nuts. I know steak is good for you. It has lots of protean and vitamin B’s in it. He’s gotta be nuts.

About two weeks later I caught the flu and couldn’t eat anything for two days. On the third day I didn’t feel like shopping, so I just ate what was in the fridge, Some veggies and a little milk. “ Hey I haven’t eaten red meat for three days, and I haven’t had stomach cramps for three days. I’ll lay off red meat for one more day, and see what happens. At the end of the fourth day there were no stomach pains, so I quit red meat. Three weeks later I tried just a little. About two tablespoons full of hamburger in my chili beans. The same pains I had six weeks prior returned instantly, and with increased intensity. So I quit red meat entirely. As a result, I began losing weight. Within about four and a half months I reduced by about twenty four pounds, and was now the same weight as when I was in the Marines. My body felt as light as when I was a kid. I could almost

taste the ocean when smelling the salt air. The summer was upon us, and I was delighted to find myself healthier than I had been in many years. Painting filled my nights, but in the daytime I headed straight for the beach. I was living on a diet of nuts, milk, and raisins. It seemed to agree with my system better than anything else. When in doubt I counseled myself : “ Jer, if it works, don’t fix it. The beach I chose, was frequented by a small band of people from the lectures. On the weekends there were large numbers of them around thirty or forty. Herb went with me a couple of times, but he didn’t make a regular practice of it. I was enjoying my new found health. Even an old back injury which was rigidly stiff was beginning to improve. I had also begun to practice some moderate yoga. It seemed to be doing my back some good. I would go very slowly. That back injury had crippled me at one time. I didn’t want to force it at all. Things were going good to say the least.

One day I stepped out on the beach for a day of playing Frisbee, riding waves waves and flirting with the ladies. There was an extra large crowd of folks from the lectures, which included more pretty woman than usual. It was like an oasis of beach blankets. “ I think I’ll lay out my blanket, and go right into the ocean for a couple of hours. Everyone is silently competing for each other around here, I don’t want to get caught up in that game. I like most females that like me. Women generally make the decision as to what they want, whether it be for a day, or for the rest of their lives. They’ll settle for what’s availed, if what they want, is temporally taken, but as soon as it’s obtainable they’ll drop whatever they’re playing with, and *go* for it. I hate being the toy that’s been discarded as if I was feeling-less. If there’s someone here that’s for me, she’s not going to be afraid to get her feet wet. I unfolded my blanket next to a couple of guys I know from the lectures, but not too far from the pleasant to look at females. “ Hi Jer, how’s it going ? “ Pretty good Bill. “ “ Lot’s of new blood today. “ “ Yeah, But most of them look like mind fuckers to me. “ “ Young ones always are Jer. “ “ Not all of them, I’ve met a few honest women. And They’re a joy to behold. “ “ Yeah, I’ll bet they are. You got their numbers ? “ “ Ha Ha Ha.....” I joined in the laugh. “ I’m heading for the ocean. Keep an eye on things, will you ? “ “Sure Jer. “ “ Thanks. “ I walked past some more people I knew. “ Hi Ron. Hi Bob. “ Ron says : “ Headed for the ocean a gain ? “ “ Yep, every day now, I spend some time with my first love, the *sea*. “ The ocean was just a few more yards. As I passed the last of the prostrate figures, I noticed a particular woman. I had seen her in the lectures. She wasn’t the sort of lady that would blend in at the beach. This gal seemed to sophisticated to be found in the social company of this group. She said : “ Hello. “ This surprised me even more. In the lectures this woman kept her distance from me. I figured she came from lots of money, and was accustomed to class distinction, and didn’t step over that line. When I came to that conclusion, I made a mental note. “ Don’t waste your time Jer, There’s no receptivity there, besides she’s older than you. “ But here she was on a towel, in the sand, in a very small two piece black bikini, saying hello to me.

I thought : “ Maybe she’s just trying out her charms, to see how many

minds she can boggle. Yeah ! That must be it, she's slumming, and tempting the peasants. Ok, so I'll say hello, and be on to the business at hand, getting into that ocean, and enjoy the company of my own well functioning body. "

When you've been sick a long time, and you recover completely. You fall in love with your own good health.

She said : " How've you been ? " " Excellent. " " You look to be in good shape. " " With all things being relative to prior circumstances, I am !

And you're not exactly ugly yourself. I didn't have much idea what you looked like, under those full length clothes you always wear to the lectures. "

I decided to shock her, and end what I thought was her game.

The ocean was calling. I put on my lecherous look. " You are built like a brick-shit-house, nicely stacked, and opulently functional looking. What are you doing tonight ? " Instead she shocked me. With a child like clarity, and innocent sincerity she said : " What do you want to do ? " She knew God dam

well what I wanted to do, but I was sure, she wasn't gutsy enough to follow through. Most of the people on the blankets around us, were ease-dropping.

It was rare for a woman of her stature, to act as uninhibited, as the more recent generation. " Why don't you take my number and call me tonight. " " Ok. "

Several ease-droppers searched their blankets for a pen or pencil. The winner sheepishly handed one over. I took her number down, put it into my shirt pocket on my blanket, and flew off into the ocean saying : " I'll call

you about six-thirty or so. " After four consecutive hours in the ocean, I came back to a singular blanket. The group was long gone, in their stead remained

a lonely desert, waiting for night's consumption. I bought a paper, drove home, took a shower, then called the number the lady gave me. " She'll just conveniently

not be home. " Ring.....Ring..... " Sure enough, I was ri..... " " Hello ? " My heart jumped into my mouth. " That was a strong reaction. I wonder why

I'm so affected by her answering ? She'll just back out now. " It's Jeremiah, Are you doing anything terribly important tonight ? " " No, Just waiting

for you to call. " She teased me good naturedly. " Your call is important isn't it ? " " Yeah, To me it is, cause I'm the one that's makin it. " My Brooklynite accent

asserts itself when I'm not sure how else to act. When I get that way I just play it up so it looks like I'm doing it on purpose. " Well does ya, or don't ya

wanna go some place wit me tonight ? " " I does, Where we gunna go ? " Thinking: " Hmm, This broad's got some smultz. " All right, Look, All the good

movies and restaurants are on my side of town. So why don't you meet me at my house, and we'll take off from deah. " " Ok, I'll be there in forty-five

minutes. " " Ok, I'll see you then. " Then the conversation with myself began. " My God. What am I gunna do with this broad ? "

You're going to fuck her. What do yah think gunna do with her ?

Yeah, But like Where ? ! Where will I take her ?

Take her to bed. That's what she's coming up here for.

How do you know ? Maybe she just wants to have a nice evening out.

Shit! I'm not the type of guy, you have a nice evening with, you kiss him good night,

he goes home and jacks off. That went out with the fifties, Thank God.

What's she interested in me for ?

For a good reaming, That's what for.
 You're fucking nuts. There must be more to it.
 What ? You think this broad's interested in you, cause of your great cultural background ? She's horny, and you look good to her.
 Why me ? She could probably make it with anyone in the lectures she wants.
 Why don't you ask her ?
 I will, When we're finished, *If* we do anything. God, Would I like to rip into her....
 I'd better do some meditating and get my blood running slower, or by the time she gets here, I'll be looking so lecherous I'll scare hell out of her.
 I sat down on my armless meditation chair, and concentrated on the space between my eyes. Time began to become irrelevant. Time becomes meaningless when you feel good, because that's all any of us are waiting for. When you're feeling good, your only relationship with time, is wanting the feeling to last forever and forever is timelessnessssssssss..... Knock Knock
 I came out of the meditation slowly. I was so calm and felt so gentle..... I opened the door... There she stood. " Come on in. " I didn't check the papers for shows, but I did remember to pick one up. I handed her the paper.
 " You check it. I'll make some tea, while you decide what you want to see. "
 She said : " I'll wait for you, so you can check it with me." " Ok, I'll be back in a minute." I put on the water for tea, went back and sat next to her on the couch. She started discussing different people in the meeting which we both knew in a general way. At first I thought she was really interested in her subject matter, so I listened attentively. There's some wrong. She's talking too fast. The things she was saying weren't relating to the here and now. She was afraid to look me directly in the eyes. I'd better seize her panic, and bring her back to ground zero. " So I said : " Did you come here to *talk* ? "
 " No. " With that word went a direct look into my eyes, and an instant decision. The kind one makes when one just jumps, and thinks about the height afterwards. Instantaneously she reached down and pulled her dress over her head, reached back unhooked her bra, and slid down her panties.
 She was one two three, naked.
 I became so stimulated, that had I tried getting out of my clothes as fast as she, I would have broke something.
 Blood was rushing to all parts of my body like the Amazon overflowing.
 So I moved deliberately and slowly. First I took off my shoes and socks. Then I carefully pulled my pullover and undershirt off simultaneously. Nothing more embarrassing than to get so excited that you tie yourself up in your own your own shirts, and have to have the lady untangle the knot you made out of yourself. " Almost there. Then carefully unbuckle the jeans. Zip down carefully Jer, this is no time to get your foreskin caught in your zipper. I took off the jeans and threw them across the room, then laid down, and kissed her ever so gently.
 which is a pretty good trick, when your body is screaming to rip into her, like a small child with a large piece of watermelon, and no spoon. I wanted to ravish her. I did so reverently and gently with ever increasing intensity. The daylight passed and the night rolled on and on like a bolero, Rising gradually to a great pitch of intensity and soaring downward into a deep pit of serenity.

Then without pause the climb would begin again. There were two intermissions. I got up to turn off the tea water, and she had a cigarette at half-time.

It was dark out now. I said : “ Let’s see, It gets dark about nine in the summer, so we may have time to take in a show. Would you like to go see a movie ? And then we can come back here, and do it again ? “ “ Sure, That sounds like fun. What time is it ? “ “ I’ll look. “ I ran out unto the kitchen and looked at the clock. It said two-thirty. “ That can’t be right. I’ll call the time on the phone. “ “ At the tone AT and T time will be Two Thirty ! And Ten Seconds..... Ding ! At th..... “ Click... “ You know what time it is ? It’s two thirty. We’ve been ballin for seven and a half hours. How’s that possible. I’ve heard some people tell me that, but they were certified bull-shit-artists. “ She raised her eyebrow. “ Is it really that late ? “ “ Yeah. “ “ Well, the movie wouldn’t be better than this. “ I went over to her, and laid down with her again. I later formulated some ideas on why this longevity had occurred.

Sue turned out to be one of the most physically strong ladies I’d ever known, as was Lyn. I believe the initial sexual attraction is a giving or exchange of ectoplasm. So if one of the parties is strictly a taker or discarder of ectoplasm-ic energy, The giver will generally be tapped out before long. When the giver’s ectoplasm is low to begin with and it’s a she, her clitoris wont erect, If a he, the comparable will happed.

Extreme anger can raise a strong ectoplasm-ic field creating an extravagant sex drive. But if there is no release it can be incredibly destructive to the structure restricting it. All these corrosive explosive emotions and thoughts are contained within that ectoplasm. If it’s pushed down and locked within the chakra system, it either erodes the structure, or impedes the function of the the animal. Or the pressure becomes so great, that the animal looses control. Then all hell breaks loose, in every conceivable form of aggression and cruelty the human is capable of inflicting.

At the moment of orgasm much blood is centered in the genital area. So also is the last chakra. The blood absorbs an extra amount of ectoplasm. When orgasm erupts the concentrated blood is released and flows to all parts of the body. As it reaches the head it ignites the crown chakra with a flicker of bliss. The ectoplasm then proceeds to dissipate into the aura. If you induce in yourself a slight trance state you’ll see your partner’s body glow. There is a universal term for it : “ The after glow. “

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

Night Worker

The next day Sue went home. There I was. Me talking with me in my head : “ Well there goes a lady I could stand to spend some time with, but I don’t expect she’ll want to see me again. She should be in the market for an older

man with lots of green power. “ I did some painting, went to the store, picked up some groceries, came back home and got into painting again. “ It’s about three P M I think I’ll break, for a snack. “ About three fifteen the phone rang. It was her. I ended up going to her place late that evening. After about three days there, it occurred to me : “ This lady is becoming more and more in love with me. “ When she looked in my eyes the aura around her brightened. Her iris literally sparkled, and there existed a white and silver effervescent nebula, adorning the circles of her eyes. When she looked at me, this energy rose instantly to the surface and glowed around her. Wherever we went together, I saw looks of extreme approval, or outright envy, on the faces of our associates. She was a keen observer of peoples’ reactions to each-other, and the motivation behind their reactions. Sue pointed out things to me about myself, which I had just never noticed, till she mentioned them. Most of what she pointed out, were assets. My deficiencies were obvious, but she observed my biggest, to be ignorance of my assets. Without awareness of your assets you lack humility, because humility is an exact appraisal of self, including the good, and the bad.

Sue would call me, or I would call her, every three or four days. We would spend two or three days together, then I would go paint, and attend a theater arts school for another three or four days, while she took care of what needed attending on her side of town, a part time job. She had numerous offers of marriage, and trips to other countries. All of the offer-ers were financially well endowed. I once asked : “ How come you didn’t take them up on their offers ? “ Because watching a sunset with the wrong person it’s..... it’s ... not comfortable. Besides there isn’t anyplace you can go, to get away from yourself. “

The theater arts school I was attending was putting on a play, a three act performance. I was offered a part, but turned it down. Instead I volunteered to do the painting of the set design, and help create some of the special effects. This wouldn’t take up, as much of my time, as acting in a play. I needed that time for another class, I considered much more innovating. Besides the play was morbid. I had enough real misery` in my earlier life. The vicarious reproduction of negative emotions, is not my major interest. I like comedy, adventure and suspense. Tragedy without purposed solution, is emotionally degenerate. So I painted the set. The design took nine and a half hours, to paint straight through. I didn’t remember painting the last five hours. I just looked up, and the painting was finished. “ God ! That last six square feet went faster than the six preceding it, and the last six feet was the hard part. “ I heard a sound behind me. A voice said : “ Who are you ? “ “ Who are *you* ? “ I retorted. He was looking at me like : “ What are you doing here ? You’re not allowed in here.“ I said : “ I’m the set painter. “ “ How did you get in here ? “ I didn’t like the belligerent tone he was using. “ Look, I just told you who I am. Would you mind telling me who *you* are ? “ “ I’m the janitor. I’m the only one who’s supposed to have a key to this place. “ “ Well I’ve been here since seven, painting this thing. I’m finished now, so I’m going home, and get some sleep. “ “ You’ve been painting that thing all night without stopping ? “ “ It wasn’t that long, only about five hours. It must be about maybe twelve thirty or so right now, or maybe ever one. “ “ No it isn’t. It’s daylight out. “ “ Daylight ? “ “ Yes, It’s five o’clock in the morning “ Five ? “

I walked out of the theater, and looked through the front door of the vestibule. “ It is daylight out. The sun’s up. I worked on that painting nine and a half hours, and I still don’t remember the last five. That’s pretty neat. I guess I left my body on automatic and took off. Wish I could do that at will. It’s a great way to pass the time when you’re doing something mundane. “ I went home to bed and slept most of the day, I didn’t feel tired, but I decided to sleep anyway, just to be sure the body was rested properly. That night I went to a movie, and kind of took it easy. I did a meditation and went to bed. I saw Sue the next day. She gave me an odd look as I came walking through her door. I said : “ Why the frown ? “ “ Something kind of strange happened the other night. “ “ Ok, Which night was that ? “ “ The night before last. “ “ No kidding, Something neat happened to me that night. “ “ What happened to me wasn’t neat. It scared me. “ She had that frown again. “ Alright so tell me. What was it ? “ “ It involves you ! “ I didn’t like the sound of that. “ Was I in one of your dreams of something ? “ “ No, I was sleeping and you were lying beside me. “ “ You mean you dreamt I was lying beside you. “ “ No ! You were lying beside me. “ This jumbled me a little. But I figured I’d reason it out, after she finished talking. She pointed to the bed. “ I was lying on the left side of the bed, sleeping on my stomach. I felt you lying beside me. You were stretched out on your back, like you always do. I reached out to put my arm around you and it went right through you. God ! How it scared me ! “ “ Then I was here astral. “ She looked at me like : “ And, what does that mean ? “ “ My astral body was here sleeping with you. “ She looked straight at me, and said emphatically : “ YOU were here ! “ “ Yeah, that’s what I said. I must have left my body over at the school, on automatic, to paint the mural, and came over here to sleep with you. Hmm... That’s neat. “ “ Please don’t do that again. I was very scared, when my hand went through you. “ “ Sue, I don’t have any control over it. Things like that just happen with me. I don’t know how to govern them yet, but I’ll autosuggest it to my subconscious, not to come here astral, and see if that works. “ She smiled, Put her arm around me and said : “ Tell it to send all of you. “ I reached for her gently, our auras combined catalytically and consummated euphorically in a voluptuous flow of prana. How easy it was to love that lady.

The water bed is rocking with a feverish motion as we near the threshold of the three second bliss state. “ I’m going get it any second now. “ Sue stiffens motionless like a bow waiting for it’s archer to release his fingers from the string. I thrust hard and arched retrograde to the center which joined us. Suddenly she slumps, All the muscles in her body go limp. I see a nebulous field of energy begin it’s journey from her vaginal area. It travels straight up to the solar-plexus, rises through the chest cavity, then through her neck, into her head. As it passes through the top, it intensifies changing from an almost colorless sort of white, to a rich deep sensuous strongly chromatic yet densely velvet Blue

Several minutes later when she opened her eyes they were like blue diamonds. She’s looking at me like I’m like the only man that ever lived. “ What happens when you cum. “ I.... I.... leave..... “ You leave the bode ? “ “ Yes I guess

that's what happens. I go somewhere. " " This place that you go, Is it all blue ? "
" I don't know. It's just beautiful. "
" Hmm... Then I guess the blue is just you. "
" The blue is who ? "
" A blue cloud comes out of your head about this big. " I opened my arms
about three feet wide. That cloud must be you. " " I don't know..... I guess so. "
" Do clouds come out of me when I come ? " " Something happens, I'm
not sure what. " " Well pay attention next time. I want to know. "
She smiled " Ok, I'll watch. "

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

Flu

" Here we are three quarters of the way through the summer and the flu is upon us again, Sue had a touch of it last week, I got a touch of it this week. so don't come over, or you'll probably catch it from me. " " Don't worry I've got a new lover. I'm too busy to visit you anyway. " " Thanks it's always nice to know that your friends appreciate you. " " I'll see you in a week when your well. " " Ok, Herb I'll save a germ for you, Ha.. Ha.. " " You'd better not. " " Don't worry I'll be completely well by then. " " Very well, Bye..." Click..... I got up and made supper, then some hot tea. It was about nine at night, an un-heard of time for me to go to bed, but I did so anyway. I was determined to get rid of this flu. And get back to enjoying the summer, my favorite time of the year. I drank the last of the tea, then crawled back under the covers into my sleeping-bag " I'm going to heat up this body, and sweat out this army of infinitesimal micro-biotic adversaries. "

I got up once during the night, for the john, and noticed that I felt good. But the coldness of the room, by contrast with the covers made me feel real bad, very rapidly. I went back to bed, and slept well into the next afternoon. This time when I got up to the head, I brought all the covers with me. Then I went out to the kitchen and made myself another tea, and brought it to bed with me. I drank it down while it was still hot, and felt the sweating it brings, start coming on. I was getting to the point where there was nothing in my stomach for the bug to live on. This gave me a slightly weak feeling, but I also felt better. I sensed a cleanness inside. " I feel pretty good, To insure that feeling, I'm going to sleep for four more hours. "

As I lay my head down on the pillow I could see Richard's eyes protruding and vibrating from out of the album cover. I fell off into one of those spinning sleeps which you often experience as a small child after a long day's rigorous play. The room starts to spin slowly, You turn with it and go round and round. Somehow you're spinning in both directions at once. Clockwise and counter clockwise. It's as if there were two of you, one spinning inside of the other. The heavier one in the inside, spinning clockwise, and your larger more gaseous likeness, spins counter clockwise. Like a wheel within a wheel, spinning retrograde.

I would seem to spin, in this fashion outward, and sometimes downward. I could feel the heat purifying my body, to a greater degree than before. Then with my eyes still closed, in a state of in-between consciousness, on the border of sleep, I felt someone grab my feet. I looked towards those feet, with my eyes still closed, I saw Richard's picture. I could not see his hands. I could only see his face, and feel his hands on my feet. He pulled me directly out of the body and across the room. I felt myself leave, and for a short period, of two or three seconds, I was suspended there on the other side of the room, with my astral body floating in the air, and my feet facing towards Richard. At the same time I could feel the essence of me in bed, lying there inside my animal. Richard let go. And I sprang back into the body like a rubber-band. I just chalked it up as another experience. At this point in my development my fear of phenomena had dwindled to nil. They are now considered a normalcy by the animal in which I'm living. When the phenomena begins most people tend to act with some degree of egoism. I at one time feared the experiences would end, and so would my new found uniqueness. " Hmm... That would reduce life functions to strictly an animal level. Which would border on the unbearable. Knowing you once had access to other planes, and they were no longer available. You'd just have to live out your animal's life cycles of eating, working , sleeping, and play life structuring time consuming games. Just to have something to do, till the day your animal dies from under you.

The experiences never did stop. So it was time to seek out some peers. " There doesn't seem to be anyone but Herb, to relate to, on a one to one intellectual basis. There's Sue, but she has her limitations, on what she's willing to experience, and Herb is mostly a teacher. He knows lots, about why things happen. I think I'll find some additional sources of information, and in the course of so doing, I might find a group of friends.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

Higher

One night Herb came to my door. It was late, about one thirty. He talked with me for a while, then said he wanted to do a meditation. We had meditated mutually at his place once, And once before at mine. This time everything seemed the same. Herb sat in a full lotus on the couch facing north with Marcia to his right rear, and Pat at his left. I sat facing west, on the other couch, with Richard's album just to my right rear. We began the meditation.

With no more than the initial mechanics necessary to enact a trance, I found myself rising way above the peaks of my usual meditative state. The sanctum filled rapidly with that electrical like energy. I opened my eyes to see its multi-thickness. It was so dense I couldn't see the room's far wall. In earlier times this would have worried me. Now, it didn't bother me at all. I looked forward to the change. Having the same kind of psychic experiences all the time begins to get boring,

as does everyday life's repetitions. I closed my eyes, and merged with a vibration rapidly becoming boundless. After a time, I opened them again, hoping to see some of the entities in residence. What I saw almost threw off my heart beat. It would have, had I willed it to. But without consciously directed thought, to alter the pace at which my heart was beating, there would be no change. I had passed the threshold of involuntary action. The animal could not shut down the experience I was on my way into, because there was no fear, I was beyond fear. Fear was way back there somewhere. I felt as if I was out of the body, yet I could see the walls to the left, or the right of me. " Everything's going deep blue.... Now blue-black. Am I going blind ? The room has disappeared completely. " Something began vaguely taking shape to my right. " It's probably the wall. " It wasn't the wall. It was a wall five times as huge, made of stone, with dark tapestries hanging from it. The ceiling was so high up, that it wasn't visible due to the darkness. " It's torch lit. It's a castle of some kind. " The castle was morbid looking, appearing cold, damp, and dark. But I didn't feel any of what I was seeing. I was in the highest bliss state I had ever experienced. " What's, Passed this ? " I decided to go deeper. The sensation escalated to a greater intensification. The castle disappeared. " I'm in a thick dense deep rich BLUE with lighter overtones at its outer edges, somewhere way out there. The Blue could have been twenty feet in diameter or three galaxies. All I knew was I was somewhere in the center and it was heaven. It was Soooooooooooooo Goooooooooooood..... The only way I could attempt to put words to it is this : " Remember the orgasm igniting the flicker of bliss at the top of your head ? This was about two hundred times what you feel at the moment of impact. " My God it has sustenance. If this is what it's like. You can take me *now*. " At that instant, death would have been a petty price to pay. This state lasted from twelve to twenty minutes from the inside. From the outside I knew not how much time had passed, and didn't care. " That's enough ! " Somewhere out in the distance I could hear Herbs protest. I instantly knew he was viewing some scenes from his other lives. They were not pretty scenes. He had been a rather notorious French swordsman somewhere way back there. I was sensing he was seeing what he had done to people who disagreed with him. " That's enough ! " " God, how I don't want to leave this state, but Herb's liable to be in its counter part. I can't even imagine surviving that degree of misery. I must come out of this state and help him. If I didn't come out and help, How could I be worthy of such bliss and be so selfish. That's an impossible dichotomy. I'm coming down now to help Herb. Jer, What if you can't get up here again. ? " " I'll get up, however long it takes. " I later thought what had happened over. And concluded there might have been karma involved. Supposing Herb's state of depression and my state of bliss, was of equal intensity, and they were opposite poles, of a magnetic field we had formed between us. Then if I had insisted on staying in the bliss state, continuing to energize the field. It might have prolonged his time in its hellacious counter part. Would I not have to take his place the next time, to balance out the karma ?

I came out of the euphoria by willing my body to move minutely. This brought me down slightly. Then as soon as the room started to appear, I concentrated on making it solidify in my vision. Now I could see it relatively well, so I moved my feet a little. That sent a rush up me, that made things disappear for a second. Then the room came back. I could feel the weight of my feet on the floor. I stood up very, very slowly. The nebula in the room was still incredibly thick, but subsiding now. Time to ask Herb : “ What happened to you ? “ “ I saw some things which happened a long time ago, that I’d just as soon forget. “ I said : “ This is the highest state I’ve ever reached. “ He smiled a little. “ I looked at you in the middle of it. The helmet of the conquistador appeared on your head. “ He went on to describe even more elaborately the clothes I wore. Others had seen me change to the conquistador, but they only saw the helmet. He saw the whole uniform, and also a medallion he claimed I wore. I quietly discussed the bliss state with him. I said : “ Now I know why saints in bliss states don’t fornicate. When you’re walking around in a state higher than orgasm. Who needs to ball ? “ Herb smiled blasphemously. “ Have you considered what it would be like, with two saints, both in a bliss state ? “ I knew I could get there someday again. And when I could sustain that blue light state, I would find *her* too. Maybe with Susan, in time.

