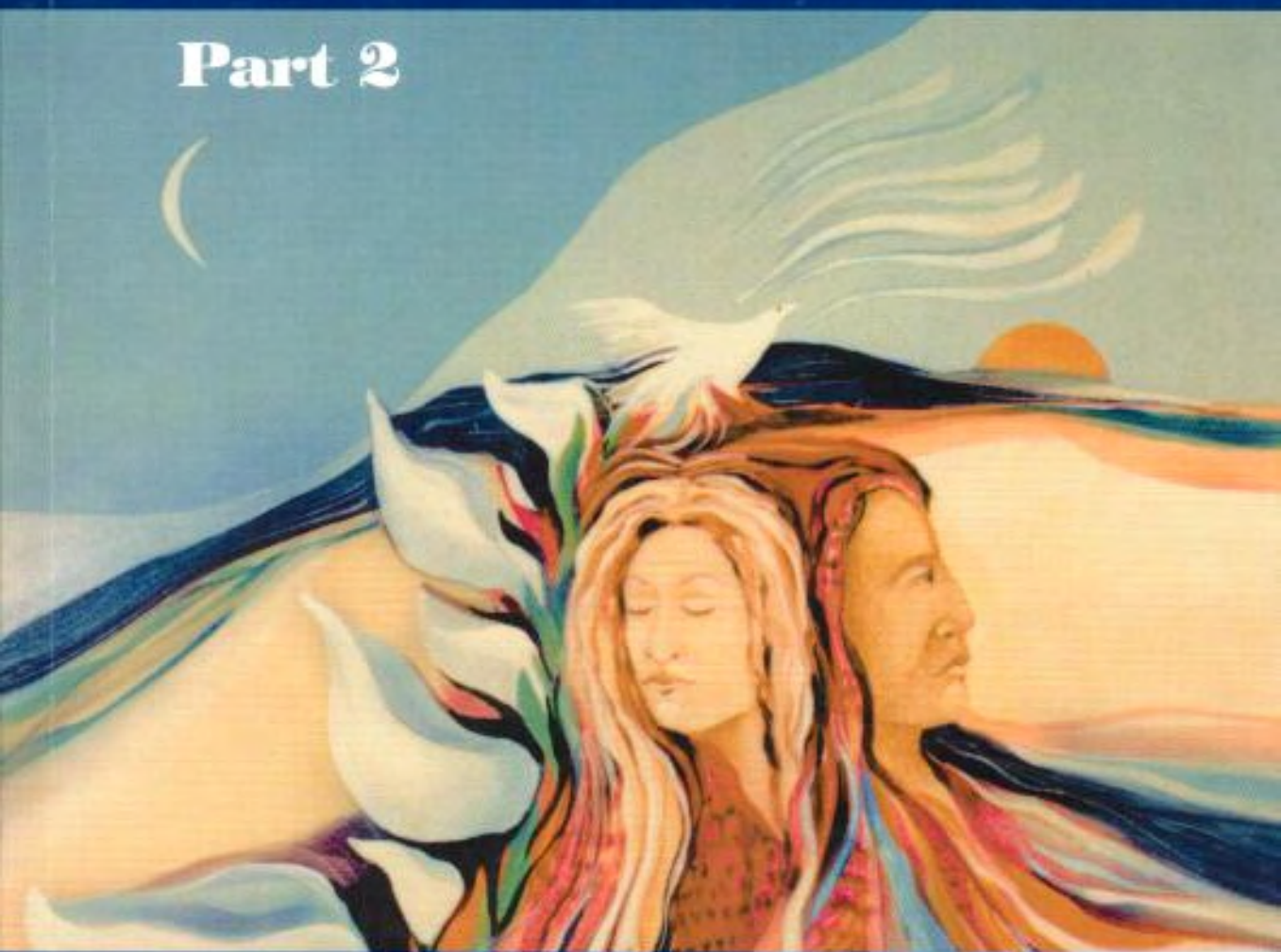


The Ozawkie

Book of the Dead

Part 2



*Alzheimer's
isn't what you think it is!*

Elmer Green, Ph.D.

The Ozawkie Book of the Dead:

Alzheimer's isn't what you think it is



by

Elmer Ellsworth Green

PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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OZAWKIE BOOK OF THE DEAD:
Alzheimer's isn't what you think it is!

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SEVENTEEN PROPOSITIONS

As said in the Foreword, one reason for listing the underlying states-of-consciousness PROPOSITIONS at the front of this book is to establish a framework of ideas and language so the reader will know what is being referred to when I quote Alyce's words from my Journal.

It isn't necessary to believe or accept as likely any of these ideas, but it is necessary to have them in mind, at least as intellectual concepts, otherwise the significance of what Alyce said, and her experiences, may not be understood.

Key words which appear again and again throughout the book are here underlined. For meditators, these are useful "seeds" on which to focus intuition.

* * *

1. Every human on the planet has two "souls", an immortal SOUL and a mortal soul.
2. The SOUL is an immortal spiritual entity who brings Light into the world from the Domain of Light, the Planetary Superconscious, focusing the "Light of the SOUL" into the Darkness of Matter through a High Self, the soul's "guardian angel."
3. This SOUL is our True Self, though we may not be aware of its existence until the very moment of the body's death.
4. The mortal soul, often called the astral body, and which we usually think of as "ourselves," is the conscious and subconscious amalgam of emotion and thought which makes decisions and conducts affairs in our daily life.
5. The soul is a transient synthesis of two kinds of subtle matter, emotional substance and mental substance, and these substances are as real as physical substance, though less dense.
6. The personality is a transient synthesis of three kinds of matter, physical substance, emotional substance, and mental substance, body and soul.
7. From the moment of the creation of the soul and its physical body by the High-Self/SOUL, and until their death, the High-Self/SOUL remains associated with the soul and its physical body.
8. After the personality's loss of its physical body, its still-surviving self, the soul, the astral body, finds itself in a domain called, in Tibet, the after-death bardo.

9. This bardo consists of many gradations (densities) of emotional and mental substance into which the *soul* “rises” like a balloon until it reaches that level in the Earth’s emotional-mental atmosphere which corresponds with the density or subtlety of its feelings and thoughts, conscious, subconscious, and superconscious, during its just-completed life on earth.
10. In a more rarefied level of substance “above” the bardo, in a superconscious place and state called Heaven, the immortal *SOUL* has its abode.
11. At the time of physical death, the *soul*, in a rare circumstance, consciously sees the *SOUL* as a Luminous Being, or as a White Light, from which the Love of the Christed Self streams forth in blessing, benediction, and welcome.
12. If the *soul* approaches and blends with the Light of the *SOUL* in full consciousness, that event signifies transfiguration, Unity with the Divine.
13. If the *soul* becomes engrossed, however, in bardo dreamscapes instead of blending with the Light of the *SOUL*, its “upward” progress stops, and it remains in the bardo until it yearns for the Light, at which time the *SOUL* absorbs from it its mental and emotional refinements, the moral developments of its past life, whatever is fit for Heaven.
14. This process of absorption of mental and emotional refinements by the *SOUL* is followed by a second death, the death of the mortal *soul*, in which the *SOUL*’s last remaining connection with the previous personality is severed.
15. The *SOUL* then empowers its *High Self* to assemble (create, inspire, cause to be born) a new personality in which the tendencies and traits of the previous personality are leavened by whatever *High-Self/SOUL* attributes and skills that previous personality developed.
16. This development of *High-Self/SOUL* attributes and skills in successive personalities and *souls* through repeated cycles in Earth and in the bardo, is the *SOUL*’s training program in Earth School.
17. Graduation from Earth School comes when the *SOUL*’s final *soul*—fully-conscious, transfigured by the Light and fit for Heaven—merges with its Creator, the *SOUL*, and thus, with The Father.

And, as the Bible puts it: That’s when the angels sing.

* * *



Chapter 6

ELMER: INNER LIFE

Begin with a very thorough and careful, even though it may be painful, analysis of your own prevalent mental attitude toward life. Follow that with a careful analysis of your mental attitude toward other people, and then follow up with a very careful examination of your attitude toward self, and after this has been done, inquire of your own self concerning why this attitude, and how, and by what process it has been allowed to take possession of the mind.

After that, go into the Silence. Retire to the inner sanctuary of your deepest and most reverent consciousness and consider carefully the statement that God made [humanity] in His own image and likeness, and continue that contemplation until there suddenly dawns a full and complete and growing consciousness of the reality of the fact that God's perfect image is inherent in [you], and that the entire business of thinking and living and acting and creating is to bring that image into fullness of manifestation, in and through yourself—spiritually, mentally, morally, and physically.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

A few weeks before Alyce's body died, when she no longer could "find words," she mentally called me to her when I was in an out-of-body (OB) state and draped me with her physical body, like a suit of clothes. She did that, she explained, in order to tell me through "psychic identification" what was going to happen to her body, and how she felt about it. That was not a vision dream.

Details of this event are part of the next chapter, but in advance of that, it is useful to outline the development of my own inner life, telling how it was that Alyce's problems in the bardo were something that I could observe, and help her with—and explain to the reader how psychic identification works. In addition, since the originally-planned book called VISION DREAMS was melded into AVIZ, much of the present chapter will include particular dreams which evaluated inner development for me, and which, on occasion, guided me through outer-life events.

Please note, again, that my use of the expression vision dreams does not imply that these experiences were "dreams" in the sense of self-manufactured imagery coming from the

subconscious, or “unconscious” as Freud would have it. What I call vision dreams come from transpersonal levels, the *High-Self* level of Mind of Me, or above. And again may I say that such vision dreams have an indescribable ring of truth, and are almost never incorrect in their usually-symbolic depiction of future events.

Ordinary dreams, however, what I call bardo dreams, came from various levels of me which were below *High-Self* awareness. And, I learned from experience that their predictions were usually incorrect if they came from fearful E2-levels of me. And, they were often incorrect when they came from lower-E3-levels of me, but never incorrect if they come from E4 levels and above.

The reason “precognitive” E2 dreams were usually incorrect, at least in regard to my personal self, was because I took these dreams to be warnings of what might occur if I didn’t take countermeasures, either in my internal life or in my external behavior. My “precognitive” E3 dreams were more correct than “precognitive” E2 dreams because less often did I feel a need to change a possible outcome by setting up a contradictory train of thought or action.

High-Self precognitive dreams, on the other hand, I usually held in mind as useful, interesting, and important possibilities, and as a result of this reinforcing mental action, their probability-level was increased—and they tended to materialize in one form or another, on occasion down to picayune details. For instance:

HONEYWELL

After I’d worked in the Engineering Department at Minneapolis Honeywell for about a month (starting Jun42), several thousand fire-control telescopes were sent to the company by the Department of Defense because many weren’t hermetically sealed below the eyepiece, and under rapidly-changing conditions of temperature and humidity their lenses got foggy. That is, the scopes leaked.

The Head of Engineering, Henry Dever (who a few years later wrote a letter that helped me get into graduate school), called an all-engineers meeting to solve the problem and I, at the back of a group of about 50, said nothing until a dozen suggestions had been weighed and rejected, and then I proposed a solution. Henry was interested and said okay, test it. A few days later, after the idea proved workable, procedures for sealing metal-to-glass junctions in telescopes were changed throughout the Fourth Street plant.

Ignorant neophyte that I was, I expected at least a pat on the back, which I did get from Henry, but there were three levels of management between me and him. That was the beginning of my on-the-job human-relations training.

My immediate supervisor, I later discovered, apparently saw the way I solved problems as a threat to him, and a year later, when I was technical director on a telescope-assembly line of 100 people at Honeywell's Lake Street plant, I had a detailed vision dream which indicated that soon I would be severely criticized and possibly held back from a long-overdue salary increase.

This was unsettling. Working 70 hours/week on the average, I was earning about \$300/month, and this wasn't enough to pay bills with four healthy young children. [I had to borrow \$75 from a bank to pay a milk bill, and got a lecture from the banker on not being a wastrel! Alyce's brother-in-law, Nilmer Lunneborg, a Hudson auto mechanic, cosigned the loan request.] Little did the banker know that I often saved five cents a day by not drinking milk at lunch, so Alyce and I could waste 50 cents a month at the Oak Street Movie Theater.]

In the dream, I saw my supervisor making a list of things he felt would undermine me. In particular, he was noting the times of my 2-or-3/day trips between the Lake-Street assembly plant and the Fourth-Street parts-manufacturing plant, and in the dream he turned this list over to higher management as proof that I was using company time for personal purposes, and should be reprimanded and held back salary-wise! THE END.

* * *

Startled from sleep, I pondered this strange dream, the likes of which I'd never had before. Was it true? Or was it a creation of my lower mind which resented the pickiness and obstructionism of my boss? In doing what I thought was technically best, I had said to Alyce, I not only had to fight the enemy, but also had to fight my supervisor.

Not knowing if what the dream indicated was factual, I decided to be on the safe side and act as if it were true. So, every time I left one plant to go to the other, I stopped at the front-office secretary's desk and asked her to write on her daily calendar the exact hour and minute I talked to her. Secretaries thought I was odd when this continued day after day, but I explained that for a certain reason, I was identifying myself to them and making a paper record, with them as verifiers. And I kept a notebook with all the secretaries' names, and dates and times.

Within a month I was called on the carpet by second-level management (I was fifth-level) and told that fourth-level management had produced a list of peculiarities in my behavior which indicated that I was not a good employee. Asking to see the list, I was impressed to note that it was what I'd already seen in the vision dream. I immediately told Paul Hake that I could refute every item on the list, and pulled out my notebook with the names of all the secretaries who would vouch for my departures and arrivals, etc.

Paul was genuinely astonished, and coming out from behind his desk he put his arm around my shoulders and said, “Keep your shirt on, son. I’m sure we can work this all out.” Oddly enough, he was the one who, a short time later, signed papers agreeing to my request to transfer from Honeywell’s Engineering Department to the Aeronautical Department—which event started the long chain of outer-life synchronicities described in Chapter 5.

* * *

In other words, we can neutralize, or let stand, or enhance the probability of future events seen in dreams, by using imagination (visualization) and action to accomplish what we want.

* * *

The phrase, “a self-fulfilling prophecy,” is often used in the media as if it applies only to negative events, but I’ve learned that if the self-fulfilling effect of visualization is used positively during lucid dreaming and later in action, instead of just going along with the dream, the future can be shaped more to ones liking.

Everyone can do this, starting in the dream state, though they may not realize in advance of developing LUCIDITY and SELF RELIANCE in dreams, that when they are in that state of consciousness they can have a shaping effect on the future. Whether awake or dreaming, however, it’s important to begin visualizing the future in a positive way if we want positive synchronicities to occur. If this sounds like magic, it’s because it is magic, of the real kind. The Kosmos responds to what we want out of it, though there are some provisos. Here’s an example.

BOB HERMAN

Bob, a physicist who worked for me in ’56, when I was Head of the Assessment Division at NOTS, wanted to order a \$100K digital computer to solve some of our guided-missile data-reduction problems. I, however, thought that our analog equipment was adequate, and felt that what he really wanted was a new toy for his Branch. And when I laughingly accused him of being tired of old playthings, he said:

“If I were to talk with Dr. Highberg about this, I think he’d agree with me!” Ivar Highberg, a mathematician, was Head of the Test Department and was my boss. Very interesting situation, and it occurred to me that this might be an opportunity for Bob to test an idea that we’d been talking about for a couple of months. Namely, “The Kosmos responds to what we want, if we know how to ask it.”

So I said to Bob, “If you were to secretly go over my head, that naturally would create a sticky

problem, and since I think the analog computer is doing an all-right job, I might tell Highberg that you didn't need your new toy. But, I'm willing to go along with his decision if you can arrange it without going around me."

Then I outlined how. First: You must have the idea down cold. [No problem there.] Second: You must really want what you are asking the Kosmos to get for you (with all your heart and mind, it says in some of the old texts). Third: You visualize a meeting in which Highberg comes up to you in some non-official environment, and in a friendly way asks how you are doing. Are you pleased with your job? And then, with enthusiasm, you can tell him about this "wonderful" new computer that you've just learned of, and how good it would be to have one for speeding up your Branch's work, etc. And if he says "What does Elmer think about it," you can say something like, "Well, we really haven't had time to sit down and hammer out any details, but he might go along."

That was in the morning. After lunch Bob came into my office in Michelson Lab and said, "I tried what you said, and it didn't work."

When I asked what happened, he said he'd visualized going to the bank, and while he was waiting his turn Ivar would step up next in line and say, "Hi Bob. How's everything? How's the job going?"

But, Bob said, "When I went to the bank, at noon, he didn't show up. So I went out and came in again, and he still didn't show up."

That "trial" gave Bob and me a chance to talk about how one "asks." First, the Kosmos doesn't work in time and space like we do, so you visualize a meeting with no specific time or place specifications. After all, Ivar might have been to the bank five minutes ahead of you. There are hundreds of possibilities. Maybe you and he will meet at the gas station. Who knows? Don't specify the place or time. Just specify the basics, namely, a meeting and a conversation.

Late in the afternoon, Bob burst into my office in great excitement and said, "You won't believe what happened! I was sitting at my desk [in an office with several other desks] and no one else was there. Ivar came in the door and slowly walked to the middle of the room without looking at me, and then stopped and rotated, clear around, with his eyes running along the top of the walls. And then he looked down at me and said, 'I don't know what I'm doing here, but now that I'm here, what do you want?'" Wow, that was a good one!

I asked Bob if they'd talked about the computer, and he said yes. And, he added, Ivar agreed with him. So I asked Bob to wait a minute while I ran up to Ivar's office to get his version. And sure enough, Ivar had bought the story about "our need for a digital computer," and felt that I'd agree. I did.

* * *

In regard to talking with the Kosmos, Jesus put it thus: Luke 11:9 “And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. (10) For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.” Another version of this is, Mark 11:24 “Therefore, I say unto you, whatever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

Too bad, though, that Luke and Mark didn’t explain some of the methodology’s problems and provisos.

* * *

You may remember that I mentioned Invocation in the FOREWORD, with very little explanation, and also on the second page of Chapter 3 in speaking of the “descent of the Eagle,” and also in the second paragraph of Chapter 2. Now I can add: Visualization, correctly done, is Invocation, and when Invocation is coupled with will (volition, determination, intention) synchronicities break loose. We must remember to be akarmic, though, or we’ll become involved in bardo-level reactions.

Incidentally, I find the above Biblical verses interesting partly because I noticed them in different phraseology in The Tibetan’s writings and in Aurobindo, in advance of searching for other correspondences. I had a clue of what to look for, of course, from memories of Sunday School in West Duluth, but didn’t really pay much attention to the details of what Jesus said until starting on AVIZ.

* * *

Concerning invocation: When we train clients out of migraine, hypertension, alcoholism, or drug addiction, using biofeedback, the effective part of the therapy is Visualization Training (that is, specific Invocation) coupled with Volition. Generally speaking, biofeedback instrumentation, the electronic machinery, merely shows the client what happens in the body in response to invocation and volition.

This combination of “asking” and “being willful” may seem contradictory, but it’s only paradoxical. That is, we must do both, asking at a high level and then working at a low level. Someone put it this way, “God helps those who help themselves.”

Much like the biofeedback situation, the cosmos (which is the MATRIX), is the Kosmos’ living feedback machine which shows us, through positive and negative synchronicities, how so-called “accidental” events in life are often the consequences of our own mental and emo-

tional processes. And after reaching a *High-Self* level of unity within ourselves (alignment, integration, “power”), there are no “accidents” in life, everything is related to *MOM*’s (Mind of Me) training program.



DREAMS

A few additional thoughts about precognitive-dream accuracy, before moving on. As indicated above, the higher the Source of information from within Oneself the more accurate the precognition. Turning to Figure 1, Page 517, and analyzing consciousness from a psycho-physics point of view, think of the following metaphor:

The Mind of a psychic (a tea-leaf reader, or whatever) who has “intuitive” awareness only up to the topmost sublevel of E2 can integrate only 14 simultaneous differential equations of substance, one for each sub-level in E2 and E1, and therefore the predictions of that particular person do not include the effects of forces from above the E2 level.

Consciousness at the highest sublevel of E3, however, namely the *High-Self* level, can integrate 21 simultaneous differential equations.

And the *SOUL*, from its highest sublevel in E4, can integrate 28 simultaneous differential equations, etc., etc.

As every engineer knows, the more equations you can integrate in describing a given situation, the more accurately you can estimate what to do (if you are building a bridge), what will happen (if you are a meteorologist), and what will develop in human affairs, if you are a Teacher.

Since the personality’s creativity comes from the *High-Self* level, and above, integrations from that level of consciousness are more closely in line with the Kosmos than those made from bardo levels. Even if you’re unfamiliar with the concept of integrating differential equations, I’m sure you know what I’m driving at.

The reason Nostradamus’ predictions were often correct was because he was integrating from a moderately high level in the field-of-mind diagram. The fact that he missed on some things shows that he was unable to take into account (integrate) some of the creativity of E4 Levels of Earth Mind.

Interestingly, creativity, being unpredictable, is equivalent to an “indeterminate” factor in an equation (meaning that the function can not be given a fixed value). From a mathematical point of view [perhaps someone would say “from a quantum-mechanics point of view”], the future is always open for creativity to change the equation of “reality” in unpredictable ways, regardless of how “high” the viewpoint might be.

That, of course, was Aurobindo’s contention when he said that every prakriti has its purusha. That means that every state of substance (prakriti), no matter how self-organizing it may seem, is open to change by creative (“indeterminate”) forces coming into its level of operation from its higher-level connection (purusha) in the field-of-mind diagram. As I interpret Aurobindo’s ideas, God (Brahman) is “indeterminate,” thus the future of the Kosmos (Brahma) is a process rather than a thing. Interesting, fascinating, amazing, open-ended. And, it corresponds with what The Teacher told the study group in Minneapolis.

* * *

Concerning ordinary dreams as contrasted with vision dreams, I experience ordinary dream imagery whenever I close my eyes for a few seconds and turn my attention inward, looking at the back of my eyelids. A stream of images automatically appears. Figures of people and places begin popping into mind from subconscious sources as if projected by a video tape onto my inner image-making screen. The tape, however, is my own mind, conscious, subconscious, and superconscious. That is one of the things I learned from The Teacher during Mindfulness training.

Long before Mindfulness training, though, at about age 15, I began to discover that ordinary non-vision dreams came from sub-conscious levels of consciousness. And somehow, in me, probably because of curiosity and constant attention, the usual gap between the conscious mind and the subconscious mind became so thin that on occasion both realms of awareness could be seen from either side. I was spellbound when this first happened. That is why the movie “MATRIX” (which I saw in Jan00) was, to me, a metaphor of how it really is in the cosmos.

As inner-outer awareness continued to develop in me, during a period of 21 years, ’38 through ’58, I learned to discriminate between the sources of my dreams. Some of these sources are listed below, not because I’ll elaborate on them later, but to indicate the way I believe it is with every human on the planet, whether they know it or not.

* * *

As mentioned earlier, Freudians, especially psychoanalysts, think of dreams as coming from the subconscious (Freud’s unconscious). Jungians and Assagiolians, however, see dreams as coming from the subconscious and the superconscious (which together comprise the Jungian

unconscious). And I, much like Jung and Assagioli, see dreams as being able to come from all levels and “regions” of the Planetary Field of Mind in Figure 1. That is why I drew the human cylinder as extending from the lowest physical level to the highest spiritual level of cognition, namely the top sublevel of E7. Incidentally, that place in the diagram, in Miranon’s terminology (Monroe, 1994), is Level 49, 7 sublevels times 7 major “planes” of consciousness, E1 through E7.

The reason I drew a flat top and a flat bottom to the human cylinder was because, according to the Ancient Wisdom, there are both higher and lower states of consciousness and substance than the 49 indicated. But, as The Teacher said, those things need not concern us at present. “Just take Our word for it that those states of Mind exist,” He said.

* * *

In my own life, I find that dreams come from sources at many levels of Fig. 1, and some of these sources are conveniently thought of, objectively, as Selves.

1. The Conscious Self, the ego, an amalgam of awarenesses from many parts of me, which is in touch with the everyday world.
2. The dense Physical Self, an intelligent anthropoid creature, with a brain.
3. The etheric Physical Self, the so-called healing-energy body, which on occasion can separate itself from the dense physical. This Self definitely is not the “astral” OB body of Theosophy and Anthroposophy, which I call the *SOUL*.
4. My “past lives” as men and women, sensed as a Man and a Woman in me, who are always with me as emotional linkages to the cosmos, past, present, and future. These “beings” are part of the astral OB body of me, that is, part of the *soul*.
5. An Emotional Self, a part of the *soul*, a feminine-type being whom I didn’t fully recognize as separate from my past-life feminine Self until the Nineties, and whom I now recognize as the entity who is called the Astral Judge Self by Monitor (Grady and Grady, 1998).
6. A Mental Self, part of the *soul* of me, a masculine-type being who became my gung-ho enthusiastic ally when I convinced it at UCLA that the Akashic Library could be read by *MOM* for our mathematical purposes.
7. A *High Self*, whom I was aware of day and night after meeting The Teacher in ’38, even though I (as a personality) had problems accepting its advice on occasion.

8. A *SOUL* (the Lotus), whom I was aware of occasionally before '58.
9. A Monad (the Jewel), whom I was not consciously aware of before '46.
10. The Teacher, whom I first met at age three, as described below.
11. Other Teachers, many of whom are part of The Teacher's group.
12. Planetary dark-side Beings who apparently considered me a threat, and who interfered in my life whenever I gave them an "opening," though after '61 they mostly gave up.
13. Bardo humans, whom I counsel on occasion, much as Bob Monroe reported (Monroe, 1994).
14. Earth-side humans, for whom I occasionally am a counselor in their "dreams," and am sometimes aware of in my own simultaneous "dreams."
15. The archetypal Earth Mother, nowadays called Gaia.
16. Archetypal gods and goddesses.
17. Angels at various levels in the Seven Heavens.
18. Numerous elemental and deva creatures at various levels in the field-of-mind diagram, including individual organs of the body, which, in me, are components of the Golden Rock Man, described in Chapter 7.

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LUCID DREAMING AND OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL

Different from Alyce, my orientation toward psychic phenomena when I was a teenager was basically as a researcher. Intrigued by science since the age of 10, and having also experienced a number of ESP events by the time I was 16, I grew up feeling that the physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual worlds were a continuum which people usually weren't aware of. For me, continuity between the inner world and the outer world seemed as natural as different stores at a mall are natural and, at age 16, when out-of-body (OB) travel began to occur, I was eager to explore the Kosmos.

[Incidentally, the fact that I was familiar with out-of-body travel since high school was not something I mentioned to many psychiatrists with whom I worked in the Menninger Clinic ('64-'94). Some might have thought I'd be an interesting case.]

Having also become a lucid dreamer by age 16, I was aware of the fact that I was consciously seeing a dream terrain while I was dreaming, and learned that if I willed it, I sometimes could change the dreamscapes and events more to my liking, or even make myself "wake up" on occasion—though the latter was usually difficult. OUR DREAMING MIND by Robert Van de Castle (1994) is an outstanding source of information on this subject.

Lucid dreaming, incidentally, is excellently discussed in Carlos Castaneda's TALES OF POWER (1974), and though he was criticized because his shamanistic teachers, Don Juan and Don Genero, were later found to be composites of many people, what Carlos described paralleled in many ways my own experiences. [In regard to "validity of sources," I'm reminded of The Teacher's comment that no ideas, except those which I verified in my own life, were of great value.]

More importantly, having had ten or so accurate precognitive dreams by the time I was 23, there was no doubt in my mind that the very-obvious "physical world," whatever it really was, and the not-so-obvious "other world," were on-line together, so to speak, in some as-yet-not-explained way. And the underlying question was, "What are the physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual mechanisms which make it possible for 'precognitive knowing' to come into my mind?" Put in another way, "Who was I, who on occasion could see a future event in detail?"

I puzzled that "I" question for years until, in reading THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE GREAT LIBERATION (Evans-Wentz, 1954) I found the following explanation. By observing every event of consciousness as it occurs in yourself, advanced Lamas say, you come to a better and better understanding of what you are not. And then YOU, who are still there as an "observer" after the mechanisms are understood, regardless of how subtle or mysterious they may have seemed at first, can say, "I am not that. Therefore, I am I, the Eternal Observer." What a paradox!

In other words, every person on the planet is SELF authenticating. There is no "outside" evaluator, or scaling system, like a Kosmic Entrance Exam, that tells you who you are. Simply—YOU are—and it is you who will learn who YOU ARE. This, also, is the East-Indian metaphysical position of Vedanta.

French philosopher and mathematician Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am," but better would have been, "I observe myself thinking, therefore I am."

* * *

Summarizing in another way: Despite expectations in “cognitive neuroscience” of reducing consciousness to combinations of molecules—in my view, as an experiencer who has studied both Eastern and Western philosophical systems, there is no way for the observer and that which is observed to be either the same thing or related only in an epiphenomenal way.

Interestingly, T.H. Huxley (1903), explained that epiphenomenalism sees mental life as merely “the steam above the factory.” And that idea, as previously noted, seems to be the favored view of many scientists today, merely because they lack experiential knowledge of the bardo and are encased in, armored by, their own elaborate thoughtform structures, bio-mental helmets, so to speak, through which they glimpse and experience only a thin slice of the Kosmos.

As I understand it, there will always remain a mystery about OURSELVES. And that, to me, is both satisfying and motivating. Satisfying because the Kosmos seems to be a Becoming, about which we can never say, “That’s all there is.” In other words, we’re not self-organizing biological computers, as reductionists would have us believe. Instead, we are programmers of partially-self-organizing biological computers. To me this is motivating, because there will always be another chapter coming up in the “never-ending story.” We’ll never get bored, and at the same time we’ll never feel that we can’t influence the “future.”

* * *

During the first five years of my OB experience, the novelty was engrossing and the experience fascinating, and it wasn’t until I talked with The Teacher in ’38 that I began to develop a more mature perspective concerning travel in the bardo. And, in fact, since ’39 all such journeys have been orchestrated for my Conscious Self by *MOM*. But in earlier days, being immensely intrigued with this “new” aspect of experiential reality, I often experimented with psychic phenomena and OB travel, somewhat like Robert Monroe (1971).

Unfortunately, as I did this I became so fascinated with the bardo and its unique terrains and psychological conditions, as explained in Chapter 5, that I almost flunked out of college. Advanced Calculus wasn’t half as interesting as books by mediums (channels), who sometimes in Swedenborgian detail described their adventures in “heaven” and “hell.” Nowadays however, I give OB travel through new “landscapes” (during lucid-sleep states of consciousness) about the same amount of attention as in driving through a European city in a car. There are always interesting things to see, but I seldom become involved in local details unless someone in the mindnet has called me to that place for advice, or help. Regarding calls for advice, Bob Monroe’s final book, *ULTIMATE JOURNEY* (1994), has several accounts that matched mine over the years. That, in fact, is why I’ve referred to him so often.

* * *

PERCEPTION

At age 15 I read with fascination Troland's book called MYSTERY OF MIND (1926). And to what he wrote I added my own experiences, thus gradually forming a view of the Kosmos in which all psychological and parapsychological phenomena were part of a grand perceptual domain that had different regions, each of which was capable of being observed by changing ones focus of attention. In a way, this development of skill in focusing attention is one of the side effects of Mindfulness Meditation. More on this in Chapter 8, Theta Brainwave Training.

I didn't learn until I was a graduate student at the University of Chicago that such a concept as "focus of attention" was verboten amongst scholars because there was no "operational" way of defining attention. How ridiculous, as if physics and psychophysics were operational in exactly the same way. Fortunately, both my character and my knowing were formed before I arrived at the University of Chicago, otherwise I might have been programmed by priests of science in the Department of Psychology.

* * *

Gradually, as a teenager, I discovered that the kamanasic realms (the bardo), and the physical plane, too, have a "virtual reality" type of existence. By self-analyzing my dreams, rather than reading books about dreams, I learned that perceptions arrived independently from four mostly-subconscious sections of myself, namely (1) the physical body, (2) an emotional "self," (3) a mental "self," and (4) a spiritual SELF. And perceptions, after they arrived from the various "sections," usually were mixed together like a salad, with a generous portion of memory added, before being offered to the Conscious Self as fact.

Unfortunately, in normal "wide awake" life this putting-together of "a perception" usually takes place in milliseconds, and non-rational likes and dislikes are immediately justified to the Conscious Self by the always-on-guard ego so that no feeling of being irrational is detected—no matter how "stupid" the idea or impression may be.

The above may seem complex, but actually it's simple. Everything we perceive is a mixture of sensory inputs from all levels of our being combined with our previously-formed memory of facts and ideas. And the amalgam is worked over and screened by the subconscious before being presented to the Conscious Self. It's as if the Department Heads of a factory get together and decide, in advance, what the President of the company should be told about conditions down below before he or she, the relatively-ignorant "boss," is given any information.

* * *

Believable? Unbelievable? For decades, psychologists and others have studied control of perceptual phenomena by the subconscious mind, and to put it bluntly, in most people perception works as I have described. How else, for instance, can we understand that the Polynesians who met Captain Cooke could not, at first, see the huge tall-masted sailing ship anchored in their own bay, right in front of their eyes. The fact was, at a subconscious level such a shocking out-of-this-world object could not exist, so the subconscious deleted the visual input from perception.

Odd phenomena of this kind were studied in detail in the Nineteenth Century in an effort to understand the “mysterious and unbelievable” effects of hypnosis. The truth is, hypnosis is neither mysterious nor unbelievable. It’s mechanisms are transparent when examined from the perspective of the *High Self* and the *SOUL*. Namely, everything that is perceived below the level of the *High Self* is a composite touch/taste/smell/audio/visual/emotional/mental/memory picture that has been filtered through the subconscious for conformity with what is already believed to be true, before being presented to the Conscious Self.

And, if the subconscious has been convinced by a hypnotist (or by a science professor, or by a priest) that a normally-visible object is not there, then the hypnotized subject (or the physics student, or the divinity student) can’t see it, any more than the Polynesians could see Cooke’s ship. It’s interesting to consider this psychological fact when pondering primitive religious movements. To what extent are these religions subconscious creations, “projections,” like the Greek gods, put together by humans to rationalize, and make more acceptable, the seeming inconsistencies and injustices of the world?

A word of explanation here. The fact that the Greek gods were “projections” does not mean they weren’t real. A thought is real in mental substance. And a thought that is held by thousands of people, especially a religious thought, takes on a thoughtform reality which then can become a living god, capable of influencing everyone who accepts it. More on this interesting subject in Chapter 9.

In modern parallel, digital computer techniques created the alien creatures of Star Wars, and also some of the human-appearing Agents of MATRIX—but an analogous process is going on inside of us all of the time, day and night. And, we are so familiar with our own perceptions that we don’t question what they really are. The truth is, nothing that we perceive is actually the way it appears to be.

Hard to believe? Take a tree, for instance. “What is a tree?” Every biologist knows that a physical structure called a tree is an organization of cells, which are organizations of molecules, which are organizations of atoms, which are organizations of subatomic particles, which themselves are continuously-fluctuating energy fields—and the visual system by means of which we

see the “tree” is a narrow-band energy-analysis device which responds to only a tiny bit of the electromagnetic spectrum. So, whatever the ultimate reality may be, what we “see” as a tree is a mental creation based on a thin perceptual slice of what really is.

MOM, on the other hand, perceives the life-force within the form of the tree (the purusha within the prakriti), and can also narrow the attention focus at will to perceive what our kamanasic soul “sees,” and, if desired, can perceive what our physical brain “sees.” In other words, as previously said, the higher our “focus of attention” rises in the bardo (in the field-of-mind diagram), the more versatile and broad-band our perceptual ability becomes. So, if we wish to get to the root of perception, and find out what is really real, the first step is to invoke *MOM*’s wisdom and knowledge, and let the sensory chips fall accordingly.

* * *

Before leaving the subject of limited perception, I’m reminded that one of the physicians in the early 17th Century who went to see William Harvey’s demonstration of the circulation of blood pumped by a dog’s heart, reported that the demonstration was remarkably convincing, and that he would have believed it if Aristotle hadn’t said it wasn’t so! In a not much different way, many scientists 200 years later denied the possibility of the Wright brothers’ flying machine—because of prevailing aerodynamic theory.

ASIDE: From a psychological point of view the most interesting book I’ve seen on how theory shapes belief, in scientists, is Richard Milton’s *FORBIDDEN SCIENCE* (1994). In it he reviews many “rejected” scientific innovations, such as the flying machine and the light bulb, and explains how, since “seeing is believing,” many scientists are literally prevented from seeing by their own subconscious. More on this subject in Chapter 11’s discussion of “fear,” and how that particular psychological blinder determines to a significant extent in most people, not just in scientists, what is perceived.

ANOTHER ASIDE: Concerning what is “seen” by psychiatric patients, many can’t discriminate between physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual perceptions and, consequently, project their perceptions onto the physical world, as onto a screen, and describe their bardo-type perceptions as coming from objects and from people “outside” themselves in the ordinary world. This is the reverse of hypnotically “blotting out” what is there. It is the “filling in” of what isn’t there—at least “isn’t there” in the physical world.

For psychiatric patients, as with Alzpers, bardo realms are often “seen” as dense-physical realms. And since psychiatrists themselves seldom have direct experience of subtle-energy states of reality, it is easy to understand why psychosis is difficult for them to unravel. Also, it is easy

to understand why, from the modern medical point of view, putting the brain into a chemical straitjacket is the easiest and cheapest way of dealing with psychotics.

* * *

In coming years, after psychiatrists and psychologists have had a bit of experiential training in bardo dynamics and perception (hopefully in graduate school), new treatments for mental illness will be less focused on chemicals for hobbling the brain, and more focused on asking the patient's *MOM* for help in the development of lucidity and Self Reliance.

Interestingly, this latter procedure, contact with *MOM* (which can be done through Theta Brainwave Training), has proven useful in self-eradication of alcoholism and drug addiction (Fahrion, 1995), even though *MOM* is seldom openly discussed during training sessions.

RETURNING TO MY EARLY EXPERIENCES: To further explain how I knew where Alyce was in the bardo, and what she was experiencing when Alz scrambled her perceptions, it is useful to describe my formative experiences.

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THE TEACHER

Though remembrances are not numerous from Virginia, Minnesota, a striking event occurred when I was three years old which created the most vivid and indelible memory of my life—and even today, it seems as bright as when it happened.

I was sitting in one of those old stuffed-leather armchairs with my back up against one side, my right shoulder somewhat turned against the back of the chair, and my feet straight across the seat, not quite touching the other side. What a comfortable chair, I thought. And then I remember thinking, with great self awareness, “This isn’t such a bad place after all.”

That thought had hardly crossed my mind when the opposite wall of the room began to brighten with a golden hue, and as the gold increased in intensity the curtains over the windows, and the windows, too, and all the furniture of the room, vanished. How surprising—and interesting. I’d never before seen such a thing. Even the ceiling and the hanging light fixture disappeared in the gold light.

As I gazed in wonderment at this transformation, I became aware that about 100 feet away, beyond the upper corner of the room, which was approximately 300 up and a little to my left, a

group of men were gliding toward me. They were dressed in shining soft-white belted robes. In a few seconds they arrived in the golden room and stopped a few feet away. The leader was a tall figure with a black beard. He wore a white turban or long headgear of some kind that came down to his shoulders along his cheekbones. A circular band of material held it in place on his forehead.

Looking down at me, he smiled, and said some words that have remained forever engraved in my mind, "We are here. You are there. And you have been successfully planted." Astonished, I said nothing. Merely watched as the group and the golden light slowly faded, and curtains, windows, and walls reappeared.

That event produced a deep knowing in me that: (1) Other worlds existed. (2) They were populated. (3) People there were concerned with what happened on Earth. Also, I knew, deeply, that I "belonged" to an enterprise of some kind, and would have something to do.

Following that experience, years passed without a single additional occurrence of that kind. In other words, I was planted, and then allowed to grow up in a normal way, suffering the pangs and tribulation, and joys, of my karma, learning to live in the world like every person.

During those growing-up years, however, the above event remained vivid in memory as an experience-that-underlay-everything, even though I didn't "think" about it. And, my early meeting with The Teacher wasn't revealed to anyone until my Junior year at the University of Minnesota, when in consequence of a second contact with Him, described in Chapter 5, I told my mother about the first one, and later told my dad.

* * *

MOM

As I have mentioned, the meeting with Dr. Erwood in '38 was the beginning of weekly discussions with The Teacher. And eventually, after I asked *MOM* to be my guide, It arranged all useful coincidences, and on occasion examined the akashic records at my request, especially, as mentioned, when I needed information in math and physics while in graduate school at UCLA, and later in math and psychophysics at the University of Chicago.

My descriptions of those educational experiences with *MOM*, making use of the Akashic Library, were not for drawing attention to myself as a personality, but to the *High-Self/SOUL* unity, and to the mind-web resources which are available to everyone on the planet when they learn to "interrogate the superconscious." I applied myself diligently, of course, to tasks The

Teacher outlined in '39, but perseverance aside, the credit for coincidence-control belongs to the *MOM* level of Mind, which all of us share, consciously or unconsciously.

In other words, all of us, right now, at the beginning of the Third Millennium, are in the same boat—and the *MOM* of every one of us is ready and willing: (1) to guide us to the Lotus-level of awareness, (2) to get information from the Akashic Library whenever the Outer Self needs it, especially for transpersonal purposes, and (3) to arrange synchronicities so that probabilities of plans for being of service, are maximized.

No guarantees, though, for our “trajectory,” as Ilya Prigogine (1997) might put it, resonates with those of other people, and their synchronicities and ours must fit together into a seamless whole, similar to the way in which he describes non-determinism in physics, chemistry, and biology. Surprisingly, the old adage, “As above, so below,” can be reversed, “As below, so above.” The Kosmos, Itself, is integrating—and we can help, starting with ourselves.

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Concerning the kamamanasic (emotional/mental) aspects of my early development, it took from '38 to '52, ages 21 through 35, for me to understand the ways in which the “shadow side” of my personality was making every effort to block the alignment of my *soul* with my *SOUL*. The dark side of me feared the transformative effects of knowing and understanding. It was afraid of the Light of the *Soul*.

But however stressful the truth might be, I, as a Conscious Self, wanted to understand what had been going on in my life over the years. And finally, after 14 years of self-observation, what nowadays would be called “self-analysis in a Vedanta mode,” my life began to make sense, coming together like the pieces of a complex jigsaw puzzle, showing how I was embedded in, and psychologically related to, both the cosmos and the Kosmos. I was “trapped” in a psychological matrix of some kind which extended from earth to Heaven [Sub-levels 1 thru 20 in Figure 1].

And at long last, in '53, during a 12-hour car trip from China Lake to Sacramento to visit my mother, Marie, who had founded the Life Science Church, I excitedly outlined to Alyce the entire pattern and meaning of changes in me over the years. Fortunately, in addition to being compassionate and caring, Alyce was also the world's best client-centered listener.

Having at last understood what was going on in me, I was surprised, as you might imagine, when Alyce read aloud, as we drove back to China Lake, the entire book by The Tibeta₁—a book we'd owned for a couple of years but had never gotten around to reading—called GLAM-OUR: A WORLD PROBLEM (Bailey, 1950). I discovered that his explanation of how kamamanasic forces of the subconscious manipulate our Conscious Self partly through control of what we perceive was essentially the same as what I had outlined just two days earlier!

[AN ASIDE. As previously mentioned, in '63, after completion of graduate school, when I taught an undergraduate course in psychology at the University of Chicago, I discovered that Carl Jung had solved this same puzzle. And just as in my life, it was experience rather than speculation that led to his knowing (Jung, 1961).]

My *SOUL*, I then began to understand, was conducting a training program for my *soul*—and in my case experience and knowing preceded thinking. Apparently from *MOM*'s point of view, it would not have been useful to have me read *GLAMOUR* in advance of direct experience.

Oddly enough, the same thing happened with Aurobindo's book, *THE SYNTHESIS OF YOGA*. At least three times at China Lake I began reading it, and each time after 75 pages or so, I put it down, unable to continue. Alyce, however, had no such problem. Later, in '60, immediately after finishing "prelims" at the University of Chicago (Preliminary Examinations on all psychology courses of the preceding two years), I read Aurobindo's books all day, every day, for a month, and remained continuously in a blissful state of transcendental consciousness during that time. In other words, *MOM* felt that I was "ready." I mention this to reassure others who have had similar experiences. When guidance is turned over to *MOM*, beneficial synchronicities include not only what to do, but when to do it.

For many people, the experience-first procedure may not be necessary, but for me, being determinedly self-guided, it has been highly useful, primarily because I tend not to believe anything unless I can experience and know it for myself. I generally remember what I read and hear and am told, but such information is stored in my mental library largely without pros or cons, until I have time to "identify" with it and evaluate it for myself.

Once, however, when I raised a question with The Teacher about something He'd said, which I felt I couldn't evaluate for myself, He answered, "Until you reach the level of awareness from which you can judge this properly, you will just have to take Our word for it, and act as if it were true."

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BEING *IN* THE WORLD—AND *OF* THE WORLD

Concerning personal experiences and vision dreams, some of the dark-side description below is for me the most difficult part of *AVIZ*. How can I talk of myself and my run-of-the-mill human problems without introducing a focus on my personal self, and on things which I never previously

mentioned except to my children, mostly in my private Journal. And how can I talk of critical personal events which I didn't even tell them, things parents don't discuss with their children.

On the other hand, since the youngest is now more than 50 years old, what difference does it make. They all probably know a lot more about people than I did at their age. In explaining myself, therefore, I've included immediately below an excerpt from my Journal to them, with added square-bracket inserts, mailed 2sep99.

29 AUGUST 1999 (SUNDAY)...[Dear P,D,S & J (Pat, Doug, Sandra, Judy)], Worked on AVIZ for 3 hours, but a kind of proactive inhibition, resistance to what lies ahead, is making it difficult. Drank a couple of MBs [Milwaukee's Best] to escape, and then slept for 2 hours before I could start going again, at 10pm. I know what the problem is. Some part of me, the physical self I'm almost sure, doesn't want me to tell about my growing-up years and the struggle it made to escape from my control, as it did several times (in High-Self vision-dream explanations) soon after I resigned from the Delta Upsilon fraternity in Minneapolis. I quit the fraternity in my Junior year for emotional/mental/spiritual reasons, but the body was displeased with that turn of events. And bodies, on their own, aren't really very wise.

My present task [writing about myself in AVIZ] is simple, but doing it isn't. No one I know of, except me, had a spiritual advisor when they were 3 years old. So how am I going to convince many readers, perhaps most readers, who may be interested in the things I write about, that it could be worthwhile to apply to themselves and to their own loved ones the general insights I gained over the years. They may say that I'm unique, and feel that they shouldn't be expected to have the ideas that I did. But thinking that way would be unfortunate, because in the end we all have the same destination, the bardo, and the same goal, to merge with the SOUL.

The problem is to explain that I was as regular as "regular" in my personality as I grew up, but since I also had a measure of SOUL awareness from the beginning, the struggle to evolve in the direction I chose was considerably more strenuous than in the average person. How to explain that convincingly, and maintain privacy at the same time, is what bugs me.

Hmm. As I wrote that last sentence I began to get an idea of how to do this. Very neat. What a relief. The problem of persuasion-of-normalness has been bothering me, subtly, for several weeks, and now I know how to handle it in way that furthers what I'm trying to outline in AVIZ.

It often surprises me, even after much experience, how talking about a problem from a rational detached point of view can open the mind and solve problems. And now that my problem is solved, except for the day-to-day writing, I can more easily discuss the ways in

which the collective unconscious, the pantheon of gods, guards itself against losing a slave, like I was. Between the ages of 21 and 35 I had a dozen vision dreams about this conflict, but in writing AVIZ couldn't figure out a productive way of discussing it, until today.

* * *

As previously mentioned, when I became a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity at the University of Minnesota in '36, wine, women, song, and gambling became a part of life, and soon I was a regular guy. [Was it J.P. Morgan who said, "Never trust a man who won't take a drink?"] I became quite "trustworthy."

But then in Oct38 I had a "horrendous" vision dream in which it seemed that I might be in danger of dying.

FIRST SCENARIO: I was a happy-go-lucky young man who was exploring a wilderness of tumbled boulders on the side of a mountain. Not a bush, tree, or blade of grass grew there. Suddenly, as I glanced around to find my way, I saw a giant serpent coming toward me. About 70 feet in length, it had its unblinking eye fixed on me. I was to be its next meal. Desperate to escape, I turned and began running between the boulders. But the snake was quick, and soon I was trapped in a cul de sac of rocks too big to climb over. The serpent advanced until its head towered above me, and opened huge jaws, wide enough to take me in a single gulp.

SECOND SCENARIO: But instead of grasping me, it froze for a moment, then turned its head to the left and slowly began moving away through the jumble of rocks toward a flat area of the mountain. Astonished, for I'd thought I was done for, a COMMAND from somewhere came into my mind. "Follow the serpent." I obeyed, not knowing what was going on. [In the movie MATRIX ('99) the command to NEO, who actually is you, and me, was, "Follow the white rabbit."]

THIRD SCENARIO: As I dutifully followed the serpent it began to shrink, and before we'd gone 100 yards it was no more than half its original length. By the time it was about 12 feet long, but still dangerous, we came to the edge of a circular gravel-filled depression about an acre in size on the flank of the mountain. This shallow dip was smooth compared with the boulders and rocks from which we'd emerged, and the snake, about 10 feet in length as it slid down the slope, was heading toward an igloo made of stones, the only structure in the area.

FOURTH SCENARIO: I was standing beside the curved wall of the igloo as the snake, now about six feet in length, approached. It went into the entrance, and then coiling in spirals filled the entire opening from bottom to top. Then it turned to solid rock, fitting the entrance perfectly, with barely a seam.

At that moment a knowing came into my mind. "When the serpent takes its place, and the

igloo is complete, you will have finished your life-after-life task. THE END.

* * *

Now wide awake, that knowing gave me a feeling of dread. It was as if I must die in order to comply. I phoned Dr. Erwood and made an appointment to speak with The Teacher. When I told Him of the dream, and my feeling that I must die, all He said, very quietly and compassionately, was, "You won't die."

As we talked, it gradually became clear that what would die in me was slavery to the sex drive. Sex would go through a transmutation.

In a man that prospect is so tied up with ego that it had, in me, the emotional feeling of having to die. [Incidentally, except for Alyce, I haven't inquired how women feel about this issue, the elimination of normally-mandatory sex behavior.]

* * *

As a newly-married vibrant young man, the concept of transmutation of sex, as you might imagine, raised a powerfully-disturbing question. "Does physical love have any purpose other than propagation of the race?"

After I'd thought about the serpent dream for a week, I asked The Teacher that question. In answer, He paused two or three seconds, and then said, "Yes."

That pause was instructive. I'd learned in three years of conversations that whenever He hesitated in giving an answer, it was because the question concerned an intricate subject which, in relation to me, would need much explanation.

The Teacher, knowing very well that, in me, sex was the only thing of the world that I was fascinated by, trapped by, continued with words to the effect, "Men and women, as opposite poles of etheric energy, when married are much more creative than their individual energies would indicate. The densest manifestation of this is in the propagation of the race. But beyond that, the etheric energy of women energizes men to be creators in the world of business, science, politics, art, literature—everything."

I, however, very much fearing what He might say next, told him that I was very much in love with Alyce, and....

Knowing what I was trying to say, He said in effect, very compassionately, "Love has physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual expressions, all of which are right and appropriate. The only thing to guard against in physical love is excess. Moderation is the golden mean. Excess always leads to disgust."

And perhaps noting a lessening of anxiety in my "aura," He added, "Your physical and emotional love for Alyce is natural and proper." And then after a slight pause, he said, "Even for Jesus there was one who was fair of face and form."

For me, His last words blew away many worries. I understood then that transmutation of sex energy might be a goal for me, but its immediate accomplishment was neither reasonable nor expected. Also, I knew it wasn't possible.

And later The Teacher said that Alyce and I would work in the world with magnified effectiveness because of our transmuted energies. "To put it in electrical terminology," He said, "she will be the 'dynamo' and you will be the 'motor.'"

* * *

Over a period of weeks, I discussed this subject with The Teacher several times. In one conversation on the individual kundalini strengths of men and nations, with regard to one particular nation He said that some time ago it became so enamored of sex and intrigue (2nd and 3rd chakra behavior), in the monarchical and ruling-elite class that, in His exact words, "It could neither walk into a good fight, nor out of a bad one!"

And He added that if every human would do what the Teachers of the world advised, the entire human race could be regenerated in two generations. By that, I discovered through questioning, He meant that if humanity would apply the Law of Love to every activity, and at the same time transmute sexual energies into *SOUL* energies, Earth would become a "sacred planet" in less than one hundred years.

* * *

Concerning my own efforts at regeneration, in those days the archetypal goddess whom I call Anima, using a term from Carl Jung, wanted me as one of her "chain gang" followers. But because of psycho-biological processes which I would learn, the normal male etheric-energy creativity, which in part consists of the production of billions of sperm over a life time, would be transmuted into androgynous etheric/emotional/mental creativity.

In other words, kundalini energy, rather than being blocked without transformation, as in many celibate priests, instead would be liberated, and the released “serpent power” would go upward through the body without being sidetracked to produce sperm.

In short: “saving the sperm” is a tantric energy-control method of allowing the magnified (turned on) kundalini to “rise” through the nervous system to the heart chakra without becoming sidetracked in sex. Specifically, during sex no sperm are used. More on this yogic methodology later.

* * *

This accomplishment, The Teacher said, would finish the task which my *SOUL* had undertaken. That was the meaning of the serpent turning to rock. That kundalini-control procedure would “close” the last remaining opening in my etheric energy structure.

Put in a general way: From the energy point of view, human evolution is the evolution of the chakra system so that Jewel and Lotus energies can work in the world without physical or emotional distortion.

Strange? Not to Jack Schwarz. He knew all about this transmutation, and had succeeded, even when he was first married, in following his Teacher’s tantric instructions. Swami Rama, who talked with me about his problems with this issue, called the transmutation process the “sublimation of sex.”

* * *

These ideas may seem strange to Westerners, but every genuine yogi understands. Swami Rama, regardless of his problems, spoke with me about the sublimation of kundalini (the conscious control of sperm production) in order to become Master of oneself. This was his goal, he said. And when we talked of the Right Hand Path of Tantra as compared with the Left Hand Path (which includes among other things the development of “sex magic,”), he said that no one he knew in India who had taken that Left Hand path had become a Master of the Wisdom.

On the other hand, Jack Schwarz was already advanced in control of sperm-generation when he was 20 years old. As explained in the section below on Tantra, he learned from his Teacher that if he lived a normal life, getting married, raising a family, etc., but otherwise “saved the sperm” he would be able to live without needing much sleep or food, and his physical body would be relatively indestructible.

* * *

To me, it’s interesting that the three most accomplished yogis I’ve met, Dr. Erwood, Jack Schwarz, and Swami Rama, all told me the same thing about “saving the sperm,” and The Teacher gave me specific instruction in how to tell the body to comply with my wishes. And

when I followed His advice, and succeeded, some of the same mind-body phenomena, as mentioned above in others, appeared in me, too.

* * *

Tantra, the methodology of transmutation, which is practiced by the esoteric adherents of all religions, has many aspects, but the only one which The Teacher felt I needed to focus special attention on was serpent-transformation—not to kill the serpent, but to make it take its proper place in my life.

In symbolic Biblical terms, in every human the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge must be transformed to the fruit of the Tree of Life. Put in another way, humans are propelled from the Garden of Eden (the Lotus level of Fig. 1) into the bardo, where they learn to transform knowledge to love-wisdom. And then, on graduation from Earth School, they return to the Garden and begin a conscious journey through other levels of reality, the Void.

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SEX AND HORMONES

If psychologists, or psychiatrists, or biologists, or anyone, should say to you that there's no scientific reason to believe the sperm-saving theory mentioned above, tell them of research done at the University of California, Berkeley, reported by Alan Alda on the PBS Scientific-American Frontiers program called "Never Say Die." Biologist Cynthia Kenyon, in studying aging processes in nematodes, a tiny earthworm whose biological inheritance is much like our own, has shown:

1. If a specific hormone which tells a cell when it is time to die, is blocked through mutation (modification) of certain neuroreceptor sites on cell walls, the cells live twice as long as normal, and so does the entire creature. Specifically, each cell's "fountain of youth" chemicals, as Cynthia called them, last twice as long if the hormone molecules are prevented from attaching to the cell.
2. Also, Dr. Kenyon found, if the creature's reproductive cells were removed, that procedure had the same effect of doubling the creature's life span. The reason was the same as above. If a specific sex-related hormone, which normally tells a cell when it is time to die, was blocked from acting, the worms lived longer.

3. If already-mutated nematodes had their reproductive cells removed, the normal life span was quadrupled.

Fortunately, I recorded this Scientific-American program from PBS and was able to transcribe the conversation between Alda and Kenyon. After Cynthia explained to Alan about the time-to-die hormone that is blocked in the mutated nematodes, he raised questions.

ALAN: Why would nature arrange it that way, if it's going to lead to an early death? Is there some advantage to this nematode, this individual nematode, in dying in two weeks, instead of what you can arrange, four weeks?

CYNTHIA: We don't know. We don't know why the worm has its own Grim Reaper inside of it. This is essentially the Grim Reaper. It's cutting the life span short [in] the one. And we don't know why that is. Evolution must have selected for it.

After a bit more conversation:

ALAN: [To the viewer.] Cynthia has discovered a second life-span regulation system in nematodes. This time, by disrupting cells used in reproduction. She delicately knocks out the cells using a tiny laser.... Worms with reproductive cells destroyed also doubled their life spans. And the mechanism is just like the first system Cynthia discovered. In this case the worms no longer make a second kind of messenger hormone, again resulting in more youth chemical being made inside the cells. [To Cynthia.] So what happens when one worm has both life-span systems blocked?

CYNTHIA: They live twice again as long. In a human it would not be 90, or 180, but 360 years.... You're doubling the doubling of the life span.

ALAN: [To the viewer.] It's likely that all living things use these same hormone messengers to regulate life span.

* * *

Now if I'd been there with Alan and Cynthia [having had four years of bio-science background at Chicago, including neurology, genetics, species development, and ethology (the study of comparative behavior in animals, and humans)], I would have reminded Cynthia of something she knows much better than I, but which on the spur of the moment she didn't think of saying to Alan. Namely:

In the development of a species, an individual is of little significance. The goal of evolutionary development is not to prolong the life of an individual, but to better adapt the entire species to the niche (the section of the world) in which it lives. Consequently,

since mutation is passed on by reproductive cells, as soon as that job is done, the individual is no longer of much value and must "get out of the way," leaving its descendants to mutate and reproduce, and then die and get out of the way in turn, etc.

In certain species of spider, for instance, the female, as soon as she's impregnated, eats the male. After all, the male isn't needed by the species for anything at all after he's deposited his sperm, and there's no use in passing up a good meal which will nourish the eggs.

Thus, the Grim Reaper hormone is useful in getting the individual creature off stage. Nature doesn't care about individuals. It's only the species which is immortal. END OF COMMENT.

* * *

With humans the situation in regard to limited life span is somewhat different. Since each human personality has a *SOUL* that is working in the world on a particular lesson, the individual is of importance only for a limited period of time, until specific problems have been faced. And humans, as Cynthia and Alan suggest, also have a Grim Reaper hormone which turns off the "fountain of youth" chemicals in the cell. As the human species developed, this turn-off signal was useful because it speeded up the genetic selection process, just like in other creatures.

But now that individuals are moving toward *SOUL* awareness, the Grim Reaper signal is not as important. Creativity is taking a turn, so to speak, on a higher spiral.

What I'm getting at: If reproductive second-chakra hormones in men (and possibly the third-chakra hormones in women) are transmuted for fourth-chakra use, the "fountain of youth" chemicals in our bodies will last longer. That's what Cynthia and Alan were talking about, I would say. That's what yogis have said for centuries. And that's what the Tantra of the Right Hand Path is used for.

Scientists, of course, don't think of what the *SOUL* wants ("What were we born for?") but only what the individual personality wants.

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YIN AND YANG ON EARTH

In female bodies, I have learned, the creativity problem is quite different from in males. A woman's physical-etheric energy generally manifests in a secondary way in sex drive, and in a primary way in the physical, emotional, and mental production of families, which activity in men is usually of secondary interest. In caricature, men produce sperm and women produce families.

KUNDALINI PROBLEMS: Using Eastern terminology, average males may have kundalini (etheric energy) distortions within the second chakra, often involving control and manipulation of sex partners. Average females, on the other hand, may have kundalini problems within the third chakra, often involving control and manipulation of children and families.

Therefore, by alternating from life to life between male and female bodies, the *SOUL* learns how to use "energy flow" in the second and third chakras in moderation (as The Teacher put it), and direct the eventually-magnified energy of the kundalini to the fourth chakra, the heart chakra, in which control of others is relinquished and transformed, in both men and women, to kindness, compassion, and love.

* * *

For a modern view on the subject of chakras (power centers) in the human subtle-energy frame, I suggest taking a close look at Caroline Myss' book, *ANATOMY OF THE SPIRIT: the SEVEN STAGES of POWER and HEALING* (Myss, 1996a), and her video workshop (1992), and also her cassette tapes (1996b). As a psychologist and medical intuitive, Caroline's experiential on-line "view" of the seven-fold chakra structure of the human body corresponds closely with that of clairvoyant healer-and-teacher Rosalyn Bruyere (Bruyere, 1989, 1994), who also, as well as Caroline, was a copper-wall research participant.

* * *

Incidentally, the "as above, so below" idea from the Ancient Wisdom, as I have experienced it (and as described by yogis), is reflected in the human "chakra structure."

The 6th chakra, located in the etheric body in the region of the forehead, just above eye level, within which "Intelligence lies sleeping," is a reflection, called Light, of the *High Self*, which is usually referred to as the 7th chakra.

The 4th chakra, located in the etheric body at the heart level, within which "Compassion lies sleeping," is a reflection, called Love, of the Lotus, which occasionally is called the 8th chakra.

The 1st chakra, located in the etheric body at the base of the spine, within which “the Kundalini lies coiled,” is a reflection, called Power, of the Jewel, which is sometimes referred to as the 9th chakra.

Interestingly, in Alyce’s development of the “chakra system,” Love was first, Light second, and then Power. The development in me, however, was Light first, then Love, and lastly Power.

This Power, of course, does not mean power to manipulate the world as a sorcerer for personal goals, but Power to transcend the bardo by transformation of the lower 20 sub-levels of the personality. Ordinary shamanistic-sorcery abilities may, or may not, be apparent in an advanced student. But positive synchronicities become the way in which the Kosmos responds to the student’s needs.

* * *

The goal in both men and women, as said above, is to guide the magnified kundalini to the fourth chakra, the compassionate loving heart (the *SOUL*’s primary focal point in the human energy structure) which Jesus and others demonstrated. When this guidance of energies progresses properly, without side-tracking into chakras two or three, as I was shown in a series of vision-dream progress-reports over the years, a person’s powers as a creator in the physical/emotional/mental domain of the fifth chakra can safely be released by the Jewel through *MOM*—without creating karmic reactions or entanglements. Put in another way, everything done with “diamond light” from the Monad, within the agency of the *SOUL*’S “golden light,” is akarmic. Put in a third way, when the Jewel works through the Lotus to make changes in the bardo, the process is akarmic.

Incidentally, the archetypal physico-emotional third-chakra “mother,” sometimes referred to as the Spanish, Italian, or Jewish Mother, exemplifies the feminine intrigue with “earth”—an archetype which eventually must be transcended—during which transcendence, among other things, “the family is set free.”

The archetypal emotional-physical second-chakra “father,” sometimes thought of unflatteringly as a “rooster,” is often described as a warrior on the battlefield, or racetrack, in business, politics, etc.—which archetype also must be transcended—during which transcendence, among other things, “the sex partner is set free.”

* * *

Concerning male-female similarities and differences, according to The Teacher and The Tibetan, Aurobindo, Steiner, and many channeled Teachers who have answered specific questions:

1. Every human tends to alternate from life to life between female bodies and male bodies in order to experience, and eventually synthesize, at the densest level of consciousness, both the archetypal warrior and the archetypal mother aspects of the androgynous *SOUL*.
2. In male bodies, the so-called “polarity” of the dense-physical self, the three lowest sub-levels of E1 in Fig.1, is “positive” (yang, willful and forceful), and the so-called polarity of the dense-physical female body is “negative” (yin, accepting and nurturing). That may be more or less obvious, but what isn’t obvious is:
3. In female bodies, the polarity of the etheric-physical self, the four subtle-energy sub-levels of E1 in Fig.1, is “positive” (yang, willful and forceful), and the polarity of the etheric-physical male body is “negative” (yin, accepting and nurturing).

In other words, men may have greater physical strength, but women have greater subtle-energy strength. That is why in most churches, to the best of my knowledge, women outnumber men as healers. On the reverse side of the feminine coin, the Mata Haris of the planet know exactly what they are doing when they bend men into pretzels, while their victims think they are having “their way.”

4. In the E2 level of Fig 1, and above, all bodies are androgynous, regardless of how the people therein choose to cloth themselves when appearing to their left-behind relatives. As previously mentioned, Jesus made this androgyny clear. Matthew 22: “(29) Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err.... (30) For in the resurrection [the “after life”] they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God in heaven.”
5. Our task in life, as a divine, ever-radiant, transpersonal *SOUL* is to bring all the subconscious yin/yang parts of our being-body, mind, and *soul*—first to consciousness, and then to unity. In religion, this is called “saving ourselves,” but in the Ancient Wisdom it is called “saving the substances of which we are made.”

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THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

Shortly after Alyce and I were married, 6jun41, one of our beautiful young friends (whom I call Darling) became entangled in a family situation in which her mother had arranged her marriage—a very stressful and distressing situation for Darling, whom Alyce was counseling. When I very much wanted to help, too, in some way, I had a powerful vision dream about my inability to be useful.

FIRST SCENARIO: In a dreamscape that had the appearance of a long hallway, I saw Darling about 30 feet away, weeping. I started forward to comfort her.

SECOND SCENARIO: Suddenly a tattered slippery figure, clothed in shiny black, like oil-cloth, with pieces of ripped flesh falling from his bare arms, leaped from the side and stood directly before me, blocking my way. Tauntingly, he said, “Go back! You can’t help her, You’re as rotten and weak as I am. You’d be sexually involved!” And he sneeringly continued, “Who do you think you are, anyway? You’re no better than I am, no matter what you say.”

THIRD SCENARIO: Angry at this interference, and brazen effrontery, I tried to dodge around. But this “creature” was very quick, and countered my every move. Finally, in exasperation, I grabbed him and tried to wrestle him to the floor. But he was my match. I became exhausted and was unable to get past. THE END.

* * *

Neither Alyce nor I could decipher that dark-side dream, except for its obvious meaning, that something would prevent me from helping Darling, but Dr. Erwood knew exactly what it meant. And when I asked him who that “creature” was, he said, with no elaboration, “Maybe it was yourself.” What an interesting, but nerve-wracking, idea.

* * *

It would take a book to describe my ensuing years of confrontations and Kafkaesque combats with this Being and its Dark-Side allies [many of these trials taking place on the top of tall buildings, as in MATRIX], but I knew immediately when he said it, that in some strange incomprehensible way, Dr. Erwood was not wrong. This creature was part of me. At the same time, however, the question went through my mind, “If that is me, at some level, then who am I, who sees it as if it were a being outside of me?”

The Darling episode was my first dark-side combat. An eventual episode, previewed in my Journal entry of 23oct91, is described in Chapter 13 under the heading, GILGAMESH. However, about 95% of the useful change in me came about before, and at the beginning of, gradu-

ate school in Chicago. After Jan59 I lived mostly on an inner-life plateau, until Alz made its appearance. And then my final confrontations began, not about sex, though, but about frustration and anger at not being able to control what was happening in life.

In The Tibetan's terminology, the creature who blocked me from helping Darling was The Dweller on the Threshold, arising from my subconscious in self defense because I was developing dangerous "spiritual tendencies." I was moving in the direction of its life-after-life opponent, the *High Self*, called the Angel of The Presence by The Tibetan. And the situation with Darling, whom I didn't see again, had provided the Dweller with a good attack, namely, the possibility (accusation) that I would become sexually involved with Darling.

THE CONTEST: As a Conscious Self who through Mindfulness Training had become "turned on," so to speak, I had become both the battle ground and the prize in a struggle between two parts of myself, The Dweller on the Threshold and The Angel of the Presence.

ASIDE: This struggle, incidentally, was also Franz Kafka's problem (Kafka, 1937), though his closest friend and biographer, Max Brod, understood nothing of it. In addition, though Kafka wrote from his dreams, which were almost the same as mine (though mine were 25 to 30 years later), he didn't understand why he was on trial. And when he visited Rudolph Steiner to unravel the dream puzzle, Steiner was unable to help. In fact, they clashed. Kafka died of consumption in '24, one month from age 41, without solving the puzzle.

I didn't learn of Franz Kafka until '62 when a movie about him, "The Trial" (with Anthony Perkins and Orson Wells) came to Chicago. And then I was astonished. How could anyone have had all my dreams? I went to the University library and got everything written by Kafka that had been translated into English, and found that his short stories and two of his books (THE TRIAL and THE CASTLE) were constructed straight from his dreams (according to him). It was then that I realized that my dozens of dreams, like Kafka's, were essentially "progress reports" on the archetypal "burning ground" contest between the Dweller and the Angel. Interestingly, it was I, the personality, who had to fight the Dweller. It was my burning ground. The Angel, toward whom I was powerfully drawn, merely stood by—and waited.

* * *

The reason I said "possibility" of becoming sexually involved with Darling, is because the Dweller knew very well that I, being recently married and deeply in love with Alyce, probably would sublimate whatever sexual attraction I might feel for beautiful Darling. And this sublimation, though small-scale in comparison with what I had in mind for the future, especially after talking with The Teacher about the serpent, would tend to strengthen me, the Conscious Self, against the Dweller's hope to block me from transcending its power in the bardo, which was the slum home where it had felt safe for ages—safe in the densest, most unenlightened

level of my physical/emotional/mental amalgam of skandas. [See definitions of “permanent atoms” and “skandas” in Chapter 3.]

The Dweller’s motto, in every human, is “Resist all change. Better the darkness and Hell one knows than the Light one doesn’t know.” What I’m implying is that the Dweller in each of us isn’t evil, any more than a six-year-old kid who brings a gun to school to shoot someone, is evil. Our problem is to dis-identify with the Dweller, identify with the Angel, and then help the kid grow up.

The Dweller’s hope: If the Conscious Self could be turned away from *MOM*, the Dweller would be able to maintain its own safety in Hell. Paradoxical? Yes. Understandable? Not at first. However, by not turning away from *MOM*, by not accepting the Dweller’s argument that I was a “born loser” (as Kafka had done), by taking up the challenge to fight, I finally found out who I was. The last stage of this wasn’t reached, though, as I said above, until Alyce and I went through the transpersonal crisis precipitated by Alz. For me, though, the final Gilgamesh episode lies ahead.

* * *

The reason I think of the Dweller in the third person is because it, which seems to be our personal inside enemy, is the androgynous “Agent of the MATRIX” in each of us. It is that section of our Being which we, as part of our *SOUL*’s Earth-School on-the-job training program, have agreed to “save.” Interestingly, some parts of the Dweller we literally transform and absorb and take with us into transpersonal domains. Other parts we enlighten and liberate. Another part, the dense physical self, we bring to the Light to show it “the way,” then turn it loose to evolve in its own journey toward the Light. This “turning loose” issue I didn’t understand until the vision dream about Gilgamesh summarized it.

* * *

Put in larger context, the combined Dwellers of everyone on the planet comprise the “collective subconscious” of humanity—and that collective subconscious is the planetary MATRIX which our *SOULS* are helping bring to the Light. The movie “MATRIX” in large part had the story metaphorically correct, except that at the end, where humans were presumably set free, they still existed as encapsulated creatures in the innards of the “machine,” that is, in the bardo.

The actual “freeing event” would consist, of course, in individuals coming to “consciousness of the ‘real’ world,”—thereby launching themselves, even as Morpheus, Trinity, and Neo did, on a course of SELF RELIANCE. And that is what The Teacher taught me during my years of Mindfulness training.

The fact that it me took 21 years ('38 through '58) to reach the fourth-chakra level in which synchronicities became the norm—and then an additional 7 years ('87-'94) to arrive at “the great renunciation” (as The Tibetan calls the giving up of the last threads of the bardo)—is not important, for I arrived soon enough to help Alyce bring her Dweller to the Light, before leaving it behind. In Kafka's symbology, the top room of the tower in THE CASTLE had burst off and its occupant had escaped upward, but the tower itself still remained as part of the castle.

* * *

Though I was able to help Alyce, I wasn't more advanced “spiritually” than she. Actually, she “got there” ahead of me. But despite her Light and clarity, I intellectually knew more. To explain: Alyce had identified herself with her Angel of the Presence by '46, but as I previously mentioned, she wasn't a dreamer, and didn't believe that in her mind a subconscious remnant of the Dweller really existed, despite Freud, Jung, and Assagioli. But helped by Alz, and me, she finally became aware of that part of herself, and transcended it.

* * *

Different from Alyce, I had The Teacher's guidance in the Tantric Method of The Right Hand Path, for males. And though the release and correct channeling of the kundalini took 21 years, I knew consciously what was going on in me, because I was the wilful transforming person. Alyce, however, was aware of what was happening in me only intuitively, at least at first. Interestingly, when we began living continuously as “brother and sister” in Chicago [and intermittently thereafter], changes took place in my physical and mental “energies” that surprised even me.

One of these manifestations of “energy” was mentioned in the previous chapter, where in the last 10 days of work on my dissertation at Chicago, I slept a total of 20 hours, and continued to feel physically energized thereafter. Interestingly, during the four years previous to that, my need for sleep had gradually decreased from eight hours to six, to four, to three, and finally, as I said, to two. After graduation, though, my sleep hours gradually increased to about five or six hours per night, but regular sleep never again became necessary. On occasion, when I wished, I could work at something for 24 hours or more without losing concentration, getting sleepy, or getting tired.

* * *

Years later, in talking about this biological energy phenomenon with Jack Schwarz and Swami Rama, individually, they agreed that the kundalini energy, after its magnification, can revitalize the cells of the entire body in two or three hours of rest per night. And in Jack Schwarz' case, the energy supply was great enough to make unnecessary the consumption of more than three or

four hundred food-calories per day, without losing weight. In lectures he jokingly would say, “All energy comes from the sun in the first place, so why do we have to depend on ‘middle men,’ plants and animals, for food?”

Oddly enough, this same view was held by yogis whom Alyce and I met in India. They also said, as do most modern psychics and clairvoyants, that *souls* who inhabit the “mansions” of the bardo absorb their energies directly from the “atmosphere.” For more information on this most interesting subject, SETH SPEAKS has many pages of commentary (Roberts, 1985).



THE ANIMA

In four vision dreams the Anima appeared as the archetypal feminine being who “controls” all males. Their second-chakra sex energy, however expended, is an offering of “life” to her. The Anima is not a dark-side being, but instead is a goddess whom men tend to worship, even though she is a bardo Being. Male animals are not of much interest to her because they are unconscious puppets who, with little kundalini flow, merely follow instincts on occasion. Human males, however, are something much better. And some of them, because of sex addiction (hormone addiction), become dependable big batteries, to use one of Morpheus’ symbols from MATRIX.



Incidentally, if you choose to think of sexual tendencies in humans as “instincts,” you are not wrong. But when I asked MOM, “What is an instinct,” I got a startling insight about instincts being gods and goddesses who control humans from the bardo. I didn’t fully understand this in a biologic way until ’59 when I studied (absorbed, integrated) one of the most important books of my life, LEARNING AND INSTINCT IN ANIMALS (Thorpe, 1958).

This book, written by a Cambridge ethologist, was the first synthesis of European observations of animal behavior in the wild with American observations of animal behavior in the lab. When Thorpe discussed the mechanisms through which PERCEPTION “triggers” physiological responses in animals, I finally understood, neurologically, how a magazine advertisement of a scantily-dressed female on the hood of a Dodge truck generated a sexual impulse in a male, namely me.

What I finally understood can be compressed into a few sentences. Reaction to a perception depends on the structure of the brain that perceives it. A chicken responds to a chicken archetype because it has a chicken brain. The brain is like a TV set that is tuned to a certain band of channels, such as chicken channels, but the programs are not in the brain. The programs come from the living immortal species archetypes which live in the bardo, which are activated in the body by specific perceptions from the environment, or by specific self-created visualizations. This is exactly the reverse, of course, of the reductionistic point of view.

* * *

George Bernard Shaw, I understand, made an insightful comment on “perceptual triggers” when he said, “Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.”

Be that as it may: In biologic terms, the brain is a receiver of digital pulses that come from sensory detectors, and when those nerves are caused to fire by a perception, a machine-like body response follows. That’s why some men watch pornographic movies. Others, however, can get the same pornographic effects by using their own visualizations. A non-productive use of creativity.

Interestingly, as my dreams later indicated, every time an animal responds to a perception, a small burst of subtle energy goes to the bardo archetype that lies behind that particular pattern of neural firings, nourishing and reinforcing it, both in the bardo and in the brain.

Morpheus’ statement in MATRIX that humans were batteries for the overall program which supplied them with perceptions, such as the image of “the woman in the red dress,” is exactly what I learned when I integrated Thorpe’s ethologic knowledge with my inner-life vision dreams. The “instinct” archetypes which control humans, and which have immortal life in the bardo, are part of the Planetary Collective Subconscious, which is the real MATRIX. No wonder Earth is referred to in the Ancient Wisdom as a non-sacred planet.

Thorpe’s book was not easy reading, but as I gradually absorbed the scientific picture of how perception controls behavior, that understanding PLUS my volition made it possible to take final control of my perceptual-response behavior and literally destroy or mentally manipulate every image that I didn’t want. More on this below in the discussion of Tantra. The result of this was that the “bursts” of subtle energy which supplied Anima with life force when I was 21 years of age, were brought under my control by age 42, and used to accomplish what I visualized, rather than what advertisers, and Anima, wanted.

* * *

The first Anima dream took place in Wrightwood, in late '46, not long after Alyce escaped from the Animus, who is the masculine archetypal counterpart of the Anima.

ANIMA DREAM #1. FIRST SCENARIO: A strong tall woman, dressed in a smart gray pants-suit outfit, appeared at the head of a procession of men who were handcuffed to a long chain that went down the line. Accompanying her was a man, dressed in a similar way, who was leading a long procession of women chained together just like the men.

This imposing woman came up to me in my yard at Wrightwood and said that she had come to add me to her chained-up string of followers. And she snapped chains around my wrists and began to shackle me to the long chain, adding me to her collection.

SECOND SCENARIO: With arms chained, I violently protested, saying that she was making a mistake, for I was just at that moment beginning to make significant progress in the transformation of second-chakra sex energy into a transmuting stream of energy through the body. I wasn't one of her people, I insisted.

THIRD SCENARIO: She looked at me for a moment, then gestured, and the chains fell off my wrists and I was free. She looked a bit surprised, but without another word turned and went off through the trees. The Animus and his followers accompanied her. THE END.

That was a simple straight-forward progress report which served to encourage me. I noticed that *MOM* always congratulated me, one way or another, when I reached a definite point of achievement. Smart move, for it always made me visualize more intensely what I wanted to have happen along the same line.

* * *

Sometime in '52, at the Naval Ordnance Test Station.

ANIMA DREAM #2. FIRST SCENARIO: The Anima and Animus appeared on a flat gray field with no surroundings. The man stood aside while I took the woman in my arms and kissed her. But it was a ruse on my part, for instead of kissing, I blew my breath into her mouth.

SECOND SCENARIO: The effect of this was to make the Anima faint, and as she fell backwards I lowered her to the ground, with a slight feeling of regret. The Animus meanwhile, merely watched. He and I had no connection. THE END.

Topping off the symbology of the dream, I eventually learned that the "breath" represented the energy of the Divine Being (the Jewel) when it comes into the domain of the personality, that is, into the bardo and the Earth.

* * *

That was a progress report. To me, it was especially interesting because during the previous year, 1jan51-1jan52, I had meditated every night for an hour or longer, falling asleep with my back against the wall of our bedroom at 62A Rowe (China Lake), where we slept in twin beds, with a visualization of a beam of diamond-white light coming down from the Jewel, through the chakra above my head (the *High Self*, the tunnel) and stripping from my “chakra system” and body all “heavy” particles which attached me to “earth,” especially in those neural structures which responded to sex dreams and to external second-chakra imagery, such as seductive women on billboards.

Some of this meditative visualization was symbolic, of course, but the “light” became intense enough for me to feel it as a pressure at the crown of the head, and eventually as a skull cap, and in later years it would occasionally come down around my entire face during meditation.

One consequence of this year of diamond-light visualization was a disruption of the structure of the prostate gland, and I visited a NOTS physician to find out that I didn’t have cancer. He didn’t know what I “had,” and was puzzled by my symptoms, but to be on the “safe side,” he said, I had to go through a course of antibiotics.

A second consequence of the year’s visualizations (which demonstrated perseverance more than anything else, I believe) was that a Teacher, a tall young man, visited me on 1jan52 and gave me additional instructions on etheric energy control. What I saw, at least in symbolic imagery, was a living dam made of what appeared to be green spider silk. When curious as to the exact nature of this web, I paused and stamped on it, the Teacher turned and warned me to not tamper with the structure and said rather sternly, “I said to ‘follow in my footsteps!’”

* * *

Sometime in '53. at the Naval Ordnance Test Station.

ANIMA DREAM #3. SINGLE SCENARIO: Same gray surface as in DREAM #2. The Anima and the Animus stood there as before. This time, however, I was an observer as well as a role player. I, the role player, picked up a baseball-sized rock and threw it at the Anima. It hit her in the head, and she fell to the ground. I then turned away, without regret, and a cartoon-like balloon appeared over my image. “Good-bye, forever!” it said. As before, the Animus merely watched. THE END.

* * *

Not much symbology there. The dream, however, was not so much a progress report as a prediction. Apparently *MOM* wanted me to hold that image in mind, possibly to help solidify the future, because it wasn't until '59 through pondering Thorpe's book, as described above, and willing my perceptual-response neural mechanisms to change, that "good-bye forever," became an option, like everything else in my life, such as sailing.

One thing I learned was that the phrase "good-bye forever" meant, at least in my case, that the Anima would never again be my master, not even in my dreams. This was a crucial step. When I finally became the master of my own imagery, the instant a sex dream began to appear I would come into a lucid semi-awake state and turn it off. The effect that this turning-off of imagery had on the body's sexual-response mechanisms were consistent with words from The Teacher which accompanied the final dream of this series.

* * *

But first a definition: According to Webster two of the meanings of the word hermetic are: (1) made airtight by fusion or sealing, and (2) not affected by outward influence or power; isolated.

And in esoteric terminology, a hermetic marriage is one in which the pair square themselves with the divine law and allow no energies to escape. That is, they become a married pair whose kundalini expressions are governed entirely by the heart chakra, rather than by either emotional or sexual "instincts." They tend to become a pair over whom neither Anima nor Animus have power. They become hermetic in Ancient-Wisdom terminology, and are self-authenticating, self-controlling, self-reliant, and their use of physical, emotional, and mental energy transcends archetypal expressions. Thus, individually and together they demonstrate a hermetic marriage, wedded together and wedded to their *SOULS*.

* * *

Precognitive report:

ANIMA DREAM #4. FIRST SCENARIO: Alyce and I were working together on the platform of an empty, abandoned Greek amphitheater. We were conducting a subtle-energy experiment in which the second-chakra energies of a hermetic marriage were being used to generate a kind of electricity with which we could make things happen in the world. This energy seemed to be generated mainly by Alyce, whereas I was the one who determined how to use the electricity in the world, and initiated applications.

SECOND SCENARIO: As Alyce kept the energy flowing from some sort of device, or caldron, down on the platform, I began unrolling from it two spools of silver-colored wire (like the "living quicksilver" energy of Swami Rama, referred to in Chapter 5), and climbed the seats to

the top of the amphitheater, which was the flat top of the hill into which the theater was built, carefully unrolling the spools as I went.

THIRD SCENARIO: At the top, I looked back and signaled to Alyce that all was well, then unrolled the spools about 15 feet further, out onto the grass. Kneeling on the ground, I clicked the two wire tips together to make certain that current was available, and got a satisfactory spark.

FOURTH SCENARIO: As I knelt there, starting to visualize how Alyce and I might use this electricity, the first thought that crossed my mind was, "The mental relay?" The next thought was, "No, something else." Just then a shadow came across the ground, and I looked up to see the figure of a Greek goddess approaching. I recognized her—the beautiful magnificent Planetary Anima! About ten feet tall, perfectly proportioned, and wearing a gracefully-draped ivory-colored robe, she glided about five feet above the ground in my direction.

Astonished, I merely watched. Then she stopped and began looking first to the left and then to the right with a puzzled expression. And finally she looked down, and with a gradual look of recognition, saw me.

FIFTH SCENARIO: As she glanced down, a flash of anger came across her face and she began to descend. I then realized that she was planning to destroy me, or damage me in some way, or interfere with the electrical experiment that Alyce and I were conducting. I quickly sprang up and ran with the wires to another location, stopping behind some large boulders where I felt she couldn't see me—and then began to work again with the "electricity."

SIXTH SCENARIO; My escape was short-lived, however, for even though Anima was slow moving, she was determined to catch me. Slowing gliding over the earth, she soon found me, and this time there was no uncertainty in her intention. I was stealing her energy, she felt, and she was going to put a stop to it. Again, I got up and ran away, thinking, "You are so slow-moving and ponderous. Compared to you I'm a flash. You'll never catch me no matter how hard you try. I'm just too quick."

But she found me again, and again.

SEVENTH SCENARIO: Becoming highly annoyed by her pursuit, I decided to find a place where I'd be totally out of sight, indefinitely, and located the broken-open basement of an old Greek building and went down into a far corner, hoping to never see her again. It was a vain hope, eventually she came along searching this way and that, until again she saw me.

This time I thought, "It's more than I can handle. I'm getting tired, and I can't shake her." But just as that thought went through my mind, The Teacher's voice said, "It's all right. She'll soon adjust to the new balance of power" And I was instantly back in my physical body, in bed. **THE END.**

* * *

And—I was pleased to note—within a few months I was totally free of anima-triggered dreams. This meant becoming aware of every dream and non-dream mental process so that no “corner” of the mind was hidden. The “light” of attention, so to speak, could be turned everywhere. Subconscious became preconscious. That means, everything could be brought to consciousness at will, like calling up a memory. No longer were there any totally-secret pockets of resistance blocking *MOM*’s plans. The important part of this increase in awareness was that whenever I detected a thought or feeling of which I didn’t approve, I could modify it, destroy it, or absorb its energy.

This is exactly what The Teacher talked about with me in ’39. And finally, through getting control of second-chakra behavior, instead of letting the Anima have control, the energy from the Jewel (reflected from the base chakra as the serpent-fire) was directed up to the “heart” and “head.” My visualizations then got a boost of creative energy.

Jesus obviously knew about this psycho-physical situation, for He explained, Matthew 19:10-12. “His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry. (11) But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, except they to whom it is given. (12) For there are some eunuchs, who were so born from their mother’s womb: and there are some eunuchs, who were made eunuchs by men; and there are eunuchs, who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven’s sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.” [Underlines added.]

Jack Schwarz and I were two of those who “received” this instruction, and were able to comply.

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TANTRA OF THE RIGHT HAND PATH

Tantra, by definition, is a set of disciplines, rituals, or practices in esoteric Hinduism and in Tibetan Buddhism for controlling ones life in the world, and especially, as interpreted in the West, for controlling male and female mind-body energies. The Right Hand Path refers to disciplines and practices which lead one from the bardo to the Light of the *SOUL*. Contrariwise, the Left Hand Path, leads to the aggrandizement of the personality. It by-passes the Fourth Chakra (by-passing Love and Compassion), and if followed to its conclusion, leads to a complete break between the personality, at Sub-level 20 of Fig. 1, and the *High Self*, Sub-level 21.

Incidentally, because the Causal Body (comprised of Sublevels 19, 20, and 21) is immortal, those individuals who become conscious in the causal body, but separate themselves from the *High Self*, also are immortal. These severed causal-levels Beings, known in Theosophy as the Dark Brothers, are not, however, eternal (according to Aurobindo and The Tibetan, and The Teacher), and must die when the present life cycle of Earth comes to its conclusion.

The Dark Brothers, much like the various Mafia lords on the surface of the planet, are parasites in Earth's collective subconscious, and like all parasites they die when their host's energy is turned off. That is, they will die when humanity as a whole chooses to go with the Planetary Angel of the Presence rather than with the Planetary Dweller, of which they remain as a mental part. Eventually their substance dissolves, evaporates, back into the causal substrate of the cosmos. Isn't it interesting that the great multi-millennia world drama is Earth's transpersonal development?

* * *

Concerning tantric discipline, what I learned from The Teacher was that thought control was the key to every modification of mind, emotions, and body. Literally, I did what He suggested in the two paragraphs quoted at the top of this chapter. In essence, that was the tantric method He told me to follow. Strenuous battle with recalcitrant parts of the psyche and soma (mind and body) resulted from attempting to follow His recommendations, but as I eventually learned from reading The Tibetan, I was merely following the age-old archetypal path of escape from "instinctive" physical/emotional/mental programs.

Put in another way, "escape" is when the skandas are clarified to the degree where they transmit MOM's Clear Light without adding colors. This is the meaning of the name, "Gandalf the White," in Tolkien's epic trilogy of Frodo's transformation (human transformation) called THE LORD OF THE RINGS (Tolkien, 1985). Frodo's engrossing adventures are highly recommended as bedtime reading, for Tolkien's ideas tend to program the subconscious bardo world into which the sleeper is projected nightly, and aid the process of self-confrontation.

* * *

In addition to "thought control," there was a second-chakra energy-control process which The Teacher recommended, and which a hermetic couple can use. Specifically, transform the physical sex energy into etheric energy hermetically. The two lovers visualize the sexual energies of their bodies "being transformed into a blessing, each to the 'highest of the other,' and then separate without consummation." This procedure, according to The Teacher, was taught in ancient India as a way of converting physical creativity to mental creativity, and had the effect in the male body of telling it to quit making sperm.

This may seem impossible to most biologists, but little do they know. I followed The Teacher's advice and results were as predicted. It took 21 years, but so what. Time isn't important. Results are what count. Some chess players take 20 years to reach mastery over the game, and some writer's take 30 years to accomplish their goals. What a person excels at depends on what he or she is interested in.

The fact that chess and writing are mental activities, while transformation of second-chakra energy is said to be physical, is a difference with no meaning. The Kosmos is MIND. Every change in the Kosmos is done in MIND. I learned from The Teacher that all mental/emotional/mental energies in humans and in Nature are permutations of the one basic energy of the Kosmos, whatever the name given to that FORCE in different religions.

* * *

One of my friends who was a Buddhist nun for 16 years, until her *MOM* told her to go back to college and then get married and have a child, asked me how I convinced the body to do what I wanted. From direct experience with austerities she knew the difficulties of "visualization control." I explained that I'd learned that the body is much like an intelligent animal. And I, being psychologically-minded, conditioned it not only by following the hermetic marriage method, but also by setting up a calendar-controlled schedule of rewards and punishments.

Such objectivity is obnoxious from the body's point of view. It wants everything to be spontaneous, at least in terms of sex. That's more exciting. But if one's volition is involved in sequencing sex in the direction of hermetic energy control, what a bore! In the long run, however, the body complies, just like any Beagle.

If someone insists, incidentally, that mature sex activity is one of the necessities of life—that's obviously nonsense. Breathing, drinking, and eating are necessities, otherwise the body dies—but sex is optional.

* * *

Some very-unusual psychological processes and precognitive-dream events accompanied my tantric training program which I'm including here as an indication of what can happen when magnified kundalini, the great serpent of my '38 vision dream, is diverted past the lower chakras.

For one thing, the Anima bombarded me with perceptual synchronicities that at first were nerve-racking, and finally hilarious—before she gave up. For instance, at the Naval Ordnance Test Station, from '48 through '50 I couldn't open a magazine "at random" without it instantly

showing a photo of the most provocative female figure in the magazine. [Perhaps I only imagined the synchronistic effect because of my heightened awareness. This would be a difficult subject to run a controlled study on.]

In addition, there was nowhere that I could look without having the subconscious trying to force me to see a phallic (sex) symbol of some kind, male or female. Having learned from *MOM* how to shift to “the observer” point of view, however, I merely watched this tortuous process for a couple of years (it felt like torture), and then it gradually faded away. Images became themselves again, rather than the Anima’s symbols and “persuasions.”

* * *

THE KOREAN WAR

The second effect of tantric training, in precognitive dreams, was a bursting through the outer wall of the subconscious in Fig. 1 into the lower levels of the planetary field of mind. As I experienced it in '48, the bardo contains much detail about the future of the planet (what I call the akashic image of the future). And possibly because so much world emotion would be tied up in specific future events, I tuned in on the Korean war, when North Korean communist troops would cross the 38th parallel into South Korea, two years in advance of the actual event (25jun50). In 10 or 11 episodes, about a month apart, I saw each chapter of that war unfold, right to the very end, which was the establishment (27jul53) of the “Demilitarized Zone” between the North and the South.

In one of the first chapters of this series of dreams I was identified with a soldier who was wounded, and then picked up by a medical helicopter, and after amputations, was sent home. Once I was killed and rose out of my (his) body and saw that it was dead. On occasion I was a sergeant, or a lieutenant, fighting a battle for a specific “hill.”

In a most surprising episode, toward the middle of the series, I was a reporter who interviewed a Chinese general wearing a Russian fur hat. He was massing armament on his side of a river in the north [on the Manchurian side of the Yalu River in North Korea, it turned out]. He explained, with a finger on a map, how he intended to conduct his campaign in driving the enemy from north to south, and when I asked why he didn't cross the river immediately and prevent the enemy [which were UN forces, predominantly the U.S. army, as history shows] from taking over the north country, he gestured at piles of clothing, guns, ammunition, and rows of tanks, and said that he'd accumulated only half enough, and would be delayed until supplies arrived.

Then, when our commander [who turned out to be General Douglas MacArthur], insisted on sending American troops far to the north, to drive the enemy across a river border [the Yalu

River] and, partly for ego reasons [I identified with that feeling in him] wanted to extend the war into the Chinese general's territory, I saw the debacle that followed. My buddies and I were overwhelmed and killed. Thousands of Chinese soldiers wearing padded winter clothing came charging across the hills. Following a long retreat through icy winter, I eventually was part of see-saw battles in the south. And, finally, the original border between the North and the South was re-established [later called the DMZ]. After much fighting, we were back where we'd started.

* * *

Strikingly, the above episodes involved the squalor of war, the dirt, the stench, but no acts of heroism, or self sacrifice for a buddy— only negative things. And in every scene, off to the side I saw the black hooded figure of a dark brother (a *DB*) standing there silently like a Darth Vader, apparently waiting to see if I would give an opening to attack me personally. And from this conjunction of war and *DBs* in my dreams, I began to understand that war was a favorite way of releasing huge energies into the bardo, which could then be used by war-lord archetypes and by *DBs* for their own purposes, namely, inducing more of the same, whenever and wherever possible.

* * *

THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE

The *DB* seen in the war scenes above was my third conscious meeting with him, or them. The first (outlined below) was a puppet-slave vision dream in early '46, about the time I became a graduate student at UCLA. This was two years after a life-summation dream in Boise, Idaho in which I saw what would happen to Alyce at the end of her life (see Chapter 7), when she and I rose through the exploded-off roof of a hut perched on the pyramid-shaped roof of a house.

FIRST SCENARIO: I was a young man who was successfully integrating his life energies (he thought), and was walking in delight along the sandy shore of an ocean.

Curving palm trees were some distance away, no dangers were in sight, and I congratulated myself on having come so far in putting my life together, and having been a student of The Teacher, and having read enough of The Tibetan to know where I was and who I was. This world was mine to explore and enjoy.

SECOND SCENARIO: Suddenly a hooded black-cloaked being emerged from under the trees and came running down the slope at me. Tremendously frightened by this sinister figure, I turned and ran. But it was useless. He caught me in a few strides and threw me down in the shallow water [the astral levels of the bardo] and separated me into two beings. One part was

my Conscious Self, who'd been so pleased at having met *MOM* and various Teachers, and the other part was the Dweller-side of my *soul*, which also inhabited the body. What a disaster.

THIRD SCENARIO: Working quickly, this *DB* attached cords to every part of me, so that soon I was strung up like a puppet in a marionette show. And then, after adding a single energy-control rope to my midsection, he handed the cords over to my "lower" self, saying words to the effect, "This is our creature. Do not let him escape." And then he turned and went back into the forest.

FOURTH SCENARIO: The Dweller puppet-master whipped the cords and I was forced to rise and stagger along in the shallow water. I, however, knowing that he couldn't detect what I was thinking, suddenly turned and tried to grab him, like I had done before when I had tried to go to Darling's aid. But all he did was twitch the energy-control cord and I collapsed like a dropped puppet, full of pain, almost losing consciousness. And he despidngly said, "Get up. And do not try that again. You are mine." What agony.

* * *

The above puppet-slave vision dream preceded by about a year the first of the Anima dreams in Wrightwood (in '46), in which my wrist chains came off.

* * *

Before the second of the Anima dreams (at NOTS in '52), in which I blew my breath into the mouth of the Anima, the following vision-dream event occurred. It marked a turning point in my effort to become SELF-reliant, no longer a slave of either a *DB* or an archetypal goddess.

FIRST SCENARIO: The puppet-master Dweller and I were still moving along in shallow water, only this time it was at China Lake [which actually is a lake a few inches deep every five or six years after winter rains]. As we moved toward the housing area, huge clouds began boiling overhead and then there began a deluge of an intensity which I'd never imagined outside the tropics. The Dweller began to look worried as the water level rose to our knees, and I, alert for a chance to escape, began to hope that something drastic would happen.

SECOND SCENARIO: Soon the water was waist deep, and then a raging flood came down the lake, far above our heads, and both of us were tumbled head over heels in a maelstrom. Fighting to reach the surface and desperate for air, I came up still attached to the Dweller. But when I caught a breath and looked around, he was just beginning to surface, and was almost unconscious.

THIRD SCENARIO: Grasping the control cords out of his hand, I quickly reversed all the connections, and he became my puppet. And then, as the water receded, I changed the energy-control cord from manila line to steel wire, and said to the Dweller, in effect, "You are now controlled by a steel connection which under no future circumstance can be taken away from me by you or any of your allies. From now on you will do exactly as I say, and do it immediately."

FOURTH SCENARIO: Motioning to the Dweller to lead the way, I steered him up out of the water like a chained dog, and we began walking toward the housing area. I was worried because Alyce and the four children also had been caught in the flood.

As we hurried along, the Dweller became tired and indicated that he needed food and a few minutes to rest. I agreed to that, but when he became slightly too rambunctious, eating and drinking with gusto, I twitched the steel control wire and he shriveled momentarily. That, I said, was to demonstrate how my control worked, and for him to remember that even though I would allow him to be a "normal seeming" person, and allow him his basic needs and enjoyments, he shouldn't think for a second that I wasn't in complete control. [There is more on this subject in Chapter 13: Gilgamesh.]

FIFTH SCENARIO: Arriving at 62A Rowe just as the flood began to recede from that area, my first concern was for Judy, for she was only nine years old, and as the youngest one caught by the flood, she might have been swept away before Alyce could catch her. My worries were groundless. Judy had caught onto a huge rock as the waters swept over, and had held on. When I asked if she was all right, she said, "Of course," with a grin. The others, too, had survived without trouble. THE END.

* * *

In meditating later on the above dream, the flood seemed to represent a planet-wide dispensation from the Planetary *SOUL* (the Fellowship of Light). It was a release of energy and turbulence for everyone. It just "happened" at a time in my life when I needed an infusion of energy to counteract the enhanced power of the Dweller, with his puppet strings.

More importantly, there was no way that the *DB* could help the Dweller after the flood. I not only had gained strength, but had installed a *DB*-proof control wire that was in the hand of my *High Self*, so to speak.

* * *

Incidentally, according to The Tibetan the physical body lives as an integrated unit in ordinary life because sufficient energy is released by the Jewel (through the chakra at the base of the spine) to keep the organs of the body functioning. This energy makes physiologic, emotional,

and mental action possible inside of the composite envelope which we call ourselves. In other words, every human being, however much a beginner in the *MOM* sense, is already an expression of the Jewel within the Lotus.

On the other hand, when magnified kundalini is released, physiologic and state-of-consciousness changes of the non-ordinary kind I've described often take place. If this release of kundalini is triggered by any level other than the *SOUL*, says The Tibetan, there is danger that the psyche or the nervous system will be damaged by the flood of etheric energy.

Sometimes, however, such a flood, even when released by the *SOUL*, causes what is called, by Christina and Stanislav Grof, a "spiritual emergency." In order to help people whose bodies and minds have become the battleground of conflicting forces (somewhat as described above) Christina founded in '80 an organization called the Spiritual Emergence Network (SEN), originally named the Spiritual Emergency Network.

This group has helped hundreds of people in the last 20 years who have thought that something had gone wrong with their minds and bodies because of a "spontaneous release of kundalini." If a person you know should need such counseling, SEN can be reached at 1450 Mission Street, Fourth Floor, San Francisco, CA 94103, Ph. 415-674-5500, Fax 415-674-5555.

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A word about *DBs*: One reason I mention their existence is because many individuals who experience a "spontaneous [non-volitional] release of kundalini" have released enough energy into the bardo to come to the attention of a *DB*. Fortunately, such individuals also come to the attention of the Fellowship of Light and are then given protection against the Dark Side, as I was by The Teacher, until they are strong enough to combat the *DBs* on an equal footing, as I did at China Lake.

Therefore, said Aurobindo, their existence can be ignored until the time comes when they are permitted (by your *High Self*) to intrude into your dreams. In other words, it is appropriate to know that these beings exist, but they are not worth a moment's concern unless they come to your attention, as happened to me.

The Tibetan discusses them, too, and says that in combat, no *DB* is a match for a Teacher, or even an enlightened meditator, but whenever the Teachers and the *DBs* meet, as often happens, the Teachers are not allowed, by the Planetary Logos, to destroy the *DBs*. The reason: Even as in my case, they are the testing and proving ground of *SELF* reliance. Isn't that interesting? They form part of the shadow side of the Planetary *soul* (not the Planetary *SOUL*, says The Tibetan) and have their temporary (immortal but not eternal) place in the Scheme of Things, even as our own Dweller has a place in our development.

What I'm implying in the above two paragraphs is that there is no need to worry about the Dark Side of the Force in advance of being confronted by it. Nevertheless, it is useful to know that it actually exists. And consequently, if people tell you that they are having problems with Dark Side forces, do not scoff, but instead consider putting them in touch with SEN. SEN is in a position to help people discriminate between combat with a genuine negative force and "normal" mental disturbance of the kind psychiatrists usually deal with.

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THE DIAMOND LIGHT OF THE JEWEL

Before continuing chronologically, I wish to mention a significant consequence of following the Tantra of The Right Hand Path, namely, getting help from *MOM* in invoking the "diamond light" of the Jewel. This light is the *DB*-proof "steel-wire" energy-control cable which I attached to the Dweller.

MOM's own light, whenever it manifested, seemed to be of a golden hue, which is called, by Monitor, "The Golden Light of Grace" (Grady and Grady, 1998). Its virtue is that, when invoked, it can enter karmic situations as an "indeterminate factor," ameliorating (modifying, gentling) the consequences of previously-loosed causes. Since a connection with *MOM* is everyone's birth condition, the Golden Light of Grace can be invoked at any moment, night or day, as protection and blessing, for others and for oneself.

The "diamond light," however, does not always seem to act like a blessing. It can literally rip off "dense" substance from ones physical/emotional/mental self. Fortunately, the option to use this energy is not available before ones heart is dedicated to *MOM*, after which event there is no danger of a person becoming a loose cannon. In my case, as mentioned in Item 9 of the "dream sources" listed above, not until '46 did the Jewel's energy begin to enter my life as an option. I had earlier become aware of its "power," though, in a '39 vision-dream event.

FIRST SCENARIO: In a lucid-dream state, I was lying in my rooming-house bed shortly after leaving the Delta Upsilon fraternity. Suddenly, I was shocked wide awake by a bundle of "white electricity" that shot through my body in about 1/20 of a second, from above my head, and out through the toes. This bolt of light, which was about 10 inches in diameter and 24 inches in length, had the effect of galvanizing every muscle, it seemed. It felt like electrocution.

SECOND SCENARIO: Startled beyond measure, and while trying to calm the muscles and gather my thoughts, a second bolt followed the first. This sequence continued, every three seconds or so, until a half dozen of these lightning bolts had shot through me. THE END.

Whatever the cause of this peculiar event, it at least got me out of bed and to school on time.

* * *

I had been living for many weeks in a mind-body state that was torn between pulls from the Dweller and attraction toward the *High Self*, and felt that the above event was probably related to my not-integrated condition. Unfortunately, leaving the fraternity had not eliminated wine, women, and song from my life. Instead, after an enthusiastic surge toward “spirit,” the conflict in me had resumed, more intensely than ever now that I had presumptuously challenged the dark side.

A close friend from high-school, John Edward Feran (who died over Europe in '43 while piloting a B-17), had moved to Minneapolis with his folks in '39, and he and I had joined an existential study group which was doing its best to combine physicality and spirituality. Perhaps you know of such things. That was more impossible, I eventually learned, than trying to break through standing waves in an open canoe, without sinking.

* * *

Calling Dr. Erwood, I made an appointment to talk with The Teacher about my experience with the bolts of lightning. After I had described the bursts of light, He said, in effect, “We used that way of clearing from your aura some accumulated dross. This energy must be used sparingly. If it were turned on full force, too long, every molecule of your body would be resolved into its constituent atoms. The body would be destroyed.”

Oddly enough, there is a well-documented phenomenon called “spontaneous combustion” in which the bodies of people disappear from within their clothing (Benford & Arnold, 1997). Perhaps The Teacher was referring to such a thing, but since His focus was on the *High Self* and its task of “clarifying” the mental, emotional, and physical bodies, I didn’t pursue the subject. As a budding physicist, though, I understood very well that high-frequency high-amplitude vibration could shake anything apart. Food for thought. “Spirit” is not simply a “hypothetical construct,” as graduate-school psychologists are programmed to believe.

* * *

The second time this diamond light turned on was quite different. Apparently the body had changed, to some degree, in being able to withstand its shaking-apart force. The energy this time, though, wasn’t from The Teacher, but from my own Jewel within the Lotus, and was

perhaps less intense than The Teacher's "force." Interestingly, this occurred shortly before my first Anima vision in which I did not accept her chains.

Alyce and I, taking a three-day vacation from the children, left Pat in charge of the family at Wrightwood and drove down toward San Diego, exploring that part of Southern California for the first time. Since we were inveterate campers, at twilight on the first night we drove up onto a mountain ridge east of Mt. Palomar and found a place to stop in a far-off-the-road field.

It was a gorgeous summer night, and at that elevation the stars were as brilliant as we'd ever seen. Lying on the front seat, with my head on a pillow by the blocked-open passenger door, I fell asleep, and then wakened in an OB state.

FIRST SCENARIO: I was standing in the field about 20 feet from the car. A soft wind was blowing toward me from the north, and the stars were brilliant sparkles in a black velvet sky, clear down to the horizon. I was surprised at how far I could see over the earth in all directions without turning my head. Wherever attention was focused, I had perfect visibility.

SECOND SCENARIO: Then I noticed that in the bowl of stars above me, one was slowly moving from south to north, gradually approaching zenith from a place in the sky behind me. With attention riveted on this point of light, I wondered what it was. How could a "star" move? But then, to my great surprise, it stopped moving at the exact zenith. Amazing.

THIRD SCENARIO: For a few moments this star hung motionless in the sky above, and then it began to grow in size and brightness. The brightness became so intense that nearby stars faded from view, and I thought, "How wonderful, I'm seeing the birth of a nova, a once-in-a-lifetime event." Fascinated, I watched the brilliance of this diamond point of light increase until nothing could match it. And then I noticed something very odd, not only was it becoming continuously brighter, but also it was increasing in size.

FOURTH SCENARIO: Spellbound, I watched the star grow into a brilliant disk, then suddenly realized that it was neither a star nor a disk, it was a beam of light coming down upon me from the zenith. And I also saw that it wasn't simple light, of no noticeable substance, but instead was filled with particles which would impact my whole body.

Alarmed, but unable to move, I watched as the diamond light became a cylinder about five feet in diameter, flashing down upon me like a searchlight. But unlike normal light, it penetrated all of me and went down into the earth, sweeping with it everything that was "loose," everything that wasn't an integral part of me.

FIFTH SCENARIO: This process continued for five or six seconds, then suddenly it ended and I was back in the car, lying on the front seat, and feeling quite strange. I took a deep breath

and it seemed that I had a lot more room inside, as if emptied of thoughts and emotions which had been part of me, which I had been carrying like a bag of rocks. Interesting. Gratifying. Thank you. THE END.

* * *

Compared with '39, the light this time lasted about 10 or 15 times longer than the total of the previous flashes. And on thinking it over, I realized that in a few years I had changed enough so that the diamond light was more tolerable. Also, I realized, or was informed by *MOM*, it had become part of me. Or, more correctly, perhaps, I was becoming part of it.

* * *

Except for certain meditations in which I enclose both myself and others in a visualized cylinder of diamond light, only on two occasions in "real" life have I felt it useful to visualize the diamond energy for a specific right-at-that-moment purpose.

Once was in an office building in downtown Boise, when one Sunday morning, in '44, the minister of a Unity Church meeting seemed to be "taken over" during a visualization procedure which he called "surrender to God," becoming an "empty vessel," as he phrased it, becoming "totally open to the spirit." When "God" took over, this minister began making inflammatory separatist anti-racial statements with great force.

Guessing that something had gone wrong, especially since some of my best friends were members of Unity, I began visualizing the beam of light which The Teacher had employed on me, coming down upon him. My thought was to straighten out his thinking, but astonishingly he suddenly stopped speaking and keeled over on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Wilson and I, both of us sitting in the front row, rushed forward to help him. We took his head in our hands and meditated, and in a couple of seconds he began to stir. "What happened," he asked.

Interestingly, he hadn't the slightest memory of what he'd been saying. When he sat up, and seemed to be okay, we helped him to Mrs. Wilson's chair and she finished the ceremony for him. Later, when she and I compared notes, she said that she had visualized the same energy that I had. But whereas I had "seen" nothing (as usual, since the day The Teacher "helped" me by turning off my wide-awake psychic faculties), she had seen a dark cloaked figure standing behind the minister. It was facing away, looking out the window down the street, and she realized it was an "enemy," to be combated.

The minister, incidentally, went to his physician the next day for a medical exam. Nothing was wrong. And the doctor said, "Maybe it was something you ate." What we think, however, may be more crucial to our physical well being than what we eat!

Eventually Mrs. Wilson and I became good friends. She was a long-time student of The Tibetan, and gave me a copy of *A TREATISE ON WHITE MAGIC*. Though the book was new to me, I was astonished to find how closely it meshed with my experiences, and also with what I'd learned from The Teacher in Mindfulness training.

* * *

The second right-at-that-moment visualization of the diamond light was in '47. Alyce and I had gone down from Wrightwood to visit my mother, Marie, in Los Angeles. And she, being interested in mediums, had asked us to attend a Sunday service with her at which "a spirit guide" was raising funds from Los-Angeles parishioners for a temple to be built in Egypt. She felt that something about the situation was "not good," and wanted our opinion.

The meeting was held in a dismal section of the city in an abandoned store, the windows of which had been backed by dark curtains to prevent the curious from peering in. At the door we were greeted by a "guard" who let Alyce and me enter only after Marie assured him that we were okay. We found folding chairs toward the center of a group of about 150 people. No children were there, I noticed.

After the usual hymns, including "Nearer My God to Thee," and "In the Sweet By-and-By," the medium came out from behind a curtain onto a small stage and said a few words, which I felt were quite good, and then he sat in an arm chair and went into trance. Soon the great "A" began speaking. What he outlined for Egypt, where God first came to Earth, he said, would start a spiritual revolution that would sweep the planet, and Los Angeles was being given the honor of initiating and contributing the founding money to this movement. And as he talked, I got an icier and icier sensation, one which I recognized from previous dark-side encounters, as being "not good."

Feeling that what was good for me might also be good for the medium, especially since my experience in the mountains near Palomar, I visualized two cylinders of diamond light, one for him and one for me, and then a connection of light between us, from heart to heart.

After a minute of this visualization, the medium's voice began to go up in pitch, and he began to stutter. After a pause, he began speaking again, but in a falsetto voice. He stopped—for a long minute. And then he said, in a still-twisted voice, "Opposing forces in this audience are making it impossible to maintain contact. The meeting is adjourned." And the medium slumped back in his chair.

Everybody stood up, and as Marie and Alyce and I moved toward the door we got glowering glances from people who stepped aside to let us pass. I was happy to get back to the car, but the mood of the “temple” was not easy to shake. Later, Alyce said that as soon as the “guide” began talking, she felt a heavy weight descend on her. Pulling white light into herself and making a surrounding bubble of it, the weight went away. But then, she visualized another bubble of the same light and sent it to the platform, to surround the medium. Interesting parallel.

The next morning Marie told Alyce and me that she’d been pestered during the night by hideous threatening figures who jabbed her with hat pins, saying, “We’ll fix you!” Finally, in desperation, she called The Teacher. Then, when a gold light came into the room, she was able to sleep, peacefully.

* * *

SOLAR ANGELS

On a more cheerful note, just before leaving China Lake in ’57, a progress-report and “futures” vision dream indicated what had been accomplished toward my goal of alignment with *MOM*, it also told me where Alyce was in this process, and showed how Teachers viewed the world and its troubles.

FIRST SCENARIO: I was in a narrow valley that ran between a range of high mountains on one side and high hills on the other. This valley was my workplace in the world, and I was busy clearing away brush, carrying on my normal activities. Suddenly, out of the bushes came a huge male lion with a large halo of a mane (the Solar Angel symbol). And as I watched, another giant lion came out, a female. I was frightened. Was I going to be attacked by dangerous animals?

[Possibly you remember the scene in “The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe,” where Mr. Beaver says in answer to a question about Aslan, the Lion-King of Narnia, “Of course he isn’t safe, but he’s good.” We tend to have a feeling of danger whenever we become conscious of both the Angel and the Dweller in us—at the same time.]

Then the male lion looked straight into my eyes and said, “Follow me,” and started off through the brush. When I hesitated he turned and said, “Come.”

SECOND SCENARIO: We started up the mountain. I followed as best I could through the bramble and over shale-covered slopes. The two lions seemed to be following a narrow path that led back and forth toward a high shoulder about half way up the mountain. It was a long climb, but eventually we came over an edge of the shoulder, quite close to the bulk of the mountain and there, to my astonishment, was a series of terraced gardens, gradually descending

like formal Italian gardens. The lawns, paths, trees, shrubbery, and flower beds were balanced and symmetrical from one side of the terraced shoulder to the other. The vista was magnificent. One could see far away to other mountain ranges. The balmy atmosphere was fragrant with peace, tranquillity, beauty, austerity, and wisdom.

The male line motioned with his head for me to follow, and began descending through the gardens toward an end terrace overlooking the valley. As we walked together, for by now I felt comfortable beside him, I asked, rather unbelieving, "Do you live here?" And he answered, "Of course, this is ours."

[Isn't it interesting how many Saints (*SOULS*) of East and West, are pictured in ancient texts riding lions (*High Selves*)? It is also interesting that Hindu mythology refers to the "higher" abode as the land of the Manes, and refers to Solar Angels having haloes like lion manes. Correspondingly, The Tibetan says that our *Higher Selves*, Level 21 of the field-of-mind diagram, are literally constructed from the substance of Solar Angels.]

THIRD SCENARIO: As we descended toward the edge of the terraced gardens, I saw a group of people looking out over the valley. Alyce was there with two of the Teachers and three or four other people whom I'd not seen before. I now realized, as I approached this group, that the lions had been sent to bring me to this place.

As I joined the other humans, a violent storm came up over the valley. We were just above it in tranquil sunshine and peaceful air, but the rage of the storm, the lightning, thunder, and rain and ferocious wind—appalled me. I turned to one of the Teachers and said, "Won't this destroy the earth?" He smiled, said no, and showed me the valley as it would be after the storm.

It was beautiful spring-summer. The air was clean and pure, no pollution hazed the air. White clouds drifted through a blue sky and on the earth a man was turning the land with a horse-drawn plow. He was happy and pleased with life.

The knowledge that came with this image was that humans would return to a simpler life after a time of great turmoil. Values would change. There would be an appreciation of Earth [now we might say Gaia], an appreciation of relationships, rather than things. The pressure of competitive cooperation [as The Teacher referred to selfishness in business] would be gone, and a different distribution of the earth's produce would nourish all humanity. THE END.

[Concerning technology, I do not believe that the horse-drawn plow of the dream meant that humanity would go back to the horse and buggy. The Teacher, during a conversation one day about mind and machines, remarked that in the next century airships "as large as a city block, and carrying 2000 passengers," would be "floating from continent to continent." I later felt that He was telling me that scientific development would not stagnate, in spite of world troubles, but would move into a new matter-energy domain.]

* * *

Interestingly, the impression I got from the lions was that they were not much interested in me, as a person. When we reached their level on the mountain, though, they seemed more friendly, still austere but not so aloof.

Also of interest is that the lions lived only halfway up the mountain. This is in keeping with the fact that the causal level is about halfway up the transpersonal diagram. The *SOUL* and the Monad (the Lotus and the Jewel) live higher up, but descend to the *High-Self* level to communicate with us students. All these levels of the psyche exist simultaneously, of course, and our consciousness [which The Teacher calls “Mind in action”] fluctuates up and down (back and forth) through them.

What is difficult, of course, is staying at the *MOM* level of mind where adversity is seen as opportunity, and love and joy are always present.

* * *

AND DO NOT BREAK THE LAW

Having developed by '57 a measure of SELF RELIANCE in the light/love/power trinity, my 20 years of preparatory training ended—just when Alyce and I were planning to leave the Naval Ordnance Test Station to go sailing—before enrolling at the University of Chicago. Reassuring to me, about a month before we left China Lake The Teacher appeared in a vision dream which indicated that I was ready to begin the task to which He had referred in '38.

FIRST SCENARIO: I walked down out of a pine forest into a semi-populated area in which there were a few buildings. A shovel was on my shoulder. With stakes and balls of string, I marked off a large area of mostly-empty grassland, perhaps 20 acres, with the instruction in my head that now it was time to build an enterprise (innovation, school) in which, eventually, spirit/mind/body energies could be studied and taught—including experiential multidimensional training of the kind I was familiar with.

SECOND SCENARIO: Driving the shovel into the earth with my foot, at the left corner of the rectangular area, I turned over a piece of sod, and then moved a few inches to the right to turn another piece. And as I did that, my “consciousness” moved aside and “myself” who works in the world became the blade of the shovel, and The Teacher was using it to turn the ground. Behind him were other Teachers who would also be part of the enterprise.

And as that flip in perspective took place, The Teacher gave me a look ahead “down the field” at what was planned. One thing I remember clearly was that a building on the far corner of the land was in the way and would be demolished. He indicated that this would be inevitable as humans obtained a more-correct view of the cosmos. Then, as we stood there, looking toward “the future,” He said some words which, similar to those I heard at age three, have remained inscribed in my mind.

“Go forth now. And do not break the Law.” THE END.

* * *

The part of His instruction which made me ponder was, “And do not break the Law.” What Law was He referring to? Was it the Law of Goodwill? The Law of Love? The Law of Grace? The Law of Right Action?

ANSWER: All of the above—subsumed under the all-encompassing Law of Cause and Effect. Goodwill, Love, Grace, and Right Action are Causes (forces) that originate in the Monad and *SOUL* of a human, and it is these Causes, and others from transpersonal levels, which if implemented in ones life, tend to bring about those Effects which the Planetary *SOUL* is in process of implementing.

Another way of putting it: Visualize good for the planet. Love the planet. Bless the planet. Work for the planet. A tall set of commandments which, if followed, would hasten our conscious blending with the Fellowship of Light.

In useful parallel, perhaps the life force of mosquitoes will be transmuted and blended with the life force of bumblebees. That, at least, would be a step upward.

* * *

And now, in studying The Teacher’s statements in *THE GENESIS OF HAPPINESS* (Erwood, 1941) in regard to “the Law,” I return in memory to Mindfulness training, and realize that the LAW of Cause and Effect was referred to again and again as the Law. Consider His words:

One of the most important of all realizations is that which enables [humanity] to place natural interpretation upon the phenomena of the universe. To state it differently, that which enables [a person] to realize there is nothing supernatural or extraordinary about the creative processes.

In no single instance do they ever violate the law of cause and effect; neither do they contradict the principles involved in all growth and progress, and this is just as true of God as it is of [a human].... Back of everything that is done in the Divine

order, is the concept, the thought, or the distinctive pattern which has its origin in and has been shaped by the mind. It is not sacrilege to say that God must think before He can act. It is in no sense irreverent to declare that God's thought must precede His action or His out-picturing in the universe (p. 15).

The true Oriental is not a fatalist, as many people imagine. He is not a slave of the idea of foreordination, believing that every happening of his life was foreordained in the inherencies of things and therefore already beyond his control or direction. He knows that what is, now, is the outcome of what has been. It is variously designated as the law of cause and effect, sequential operation, or the Law of Karma,—and most people today realize that the word Karma means nothing else but the law of cause and effect, so he knows that today is the child of yesterday, as has been said, and tomorrow the offspring of today (p. 40, accent added).

There has been too much time and energy wasted in pointing out the defects, the shortcomings, the wickedness of the human family. There has been too much energy expended in denouncing men and women because of the blunders which are the fruits of ignorance of the law. The time has come when there must be inaugurated a new spiritual order in practice, which has its foundation in the precepts and teaching of all of the Messiahs and Saviours of the ages (p. 58).

Interestingly, the above ideas are the same as those expressed by the Dalai Lama in his many lectures and writings (Dalai Lama, 1972, 1997).

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As mentioned in Chapter 5, when Alyce and I “went forth,” so to speak, outer-life events became a series of positive synchronicities, and gradually I began to understand that in living by the Kosmic law, regardless of consequences feared by the Dweller-side, Life would take care of itself.

Our task was to live it. And in line with that idea I had a vision dream just before we reached Barbados in the Daphne, in which I saw that professors on whom I would depend at the University of Chicago, would go out of their way to help me learn their “science of experimental psychology.” And with two non-influential exceptions that is what happened.

Later, when one of my psychiatrist friends at Menninger, who seriously studied and practiced Transcendental Meditation, became aware of my “inner life,” and asked how I managed to get through graduate school without alienating professors with bizarre ideas, I explained that the day I registered at school I had a conference with all the parts of my psyche and essentially said, to whomever was listening “in there:”

“Keep your mouth shut for the next four years. Learn everything you are told to learn, perfectly, from their point of view. Then repeat back what you have been told, exactly, without interpretation. And under no circumstance, indicate that you are evaluating every piece of information and every idea in accordance with its fit into Nature as you see it.” And that, incidentally, is my advice for all Harry Potters and Hermione Grangers.

* * *

The instruction worked beautifully, but if I'd enrolled in Divinity School, or in a Department of Philosophy, where individualistic non-scientific, but rational, evaluation is sometimes asked for, I may have had a problem. In a Department of Psychology, however, in which “mind” was considered (on the whole) to be a piece of brain, the only things of importance were measurable facts. Deduction and inference within a framework of what could be measured, of course, were permitted and encouraged.

For me, having been educated first in physics, experimental-psychology's reductionistic orientation was a natural. Only when it was necessary to use the word “attention,” in my dissertation, did someone in the Department of Psychology begin to suspect that I hadn't been properly indoctrinated. But that dissenter, a junior Associate Professor, was over-ruled.

* * *

TO BE A RESEARCH SUBJECT—OR NOT TO BE

There was only one crucial moment in graduate school which could have become serious, but a vision dream warned me against involvement.

FIRST SCENARIO: The dream showed me lying on a table in my shorts, covered with body electrodes which led to a polygraph. I was being studied for physiologic responses to groups of visual stimuli. And when in reaction to certain perceptions my body “floated” above the table, the professor became much interested. I was a very interesting subject.

SECOND SCENARIO: I was unable to terminate and extricate myself from this psychophysiology investigation. And when I tried, the professor demanded that I continue as his research subject if I valued getting a degree. Brr.

* * *

Two weeks later this professor's chief graduate student, who ran his physiology lab, told me that every student in the professor's class was requested to be a subject in his perceptual body-response investigations. When could I be scheduled? Being forewarned, however, my every

free minute was taken up building electronic equipment for the students of my professor, Duane Neff, who was tracking auditory signals through cat brains, and not a single moment was available.

This caused a flurry of anger, but it soon blew over. And later when I asked to see the perceptual stimuli which were being used, one set included photos of nude women! Just what I didn't need. That was a narrow escape, for blood pressure, respiration rate, galvanic skin response, and brainwave patterns were coming under my control. I was my own best subject, I realized, and didn't wish to have to explain, or lie, to a hard-nosed reductionist, about the yogic self-regulation methods I was using.

* * *

And since right then I had finally succeeded with the Tantra of sperm turnoff, and was almost exploding with etheric energy, beginning to develop eidetic imagery as a side effect, in which textbooks were becoming pages which I could call up from memory, on occasion, like on an internal computer monitor, I was perched in a difficult-to-maintain psycho-physiological state. To be someone's experimental subject at that time would have been a problem.

As previously mentioned, what I had learned from Dr. Erwood and The Teacher is that there is no mental-emotional state which isn't accompanied by a correlated physiologic state. And turned the other way, there is no physiologic state which isn't accompanied by a correlated mental-emotional state. This closed bardo-type equation of Nature, (which I later termed the "psycho-physiologic principle,") when coupled with open-ended transpersonal "volition," the source of which is indeterminate, is what makes so-called "impossible" physical/emotional/mental self-regulation possible! How would I explain that to someone who believed that there was no such thing as "mind" apart from self-organizing brain?

In regard to physical correlates of states of consciousness, my body had become, over the years, a reflector of what was going on in me transpersonally, as well as emotionally and mentally. Consider:

* * *

BEING SICK MAY BE A SIGN OF PROGRESS

When Alyce and I went to England to pick up the Daphne, we took along a dozen metaphysical books to dig into, mostly by The Tibetan and by Aurobindo. But life became so complex with motorcycling, working on the boat, and sailing, that not until we were becalmed for many days in the middle of the ocean did I take time to read anything except navigation tables and

sailing adventures, such as the all-time classic, *SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD* (Slocum, 1900). [Which I haven't yet become tired of, even after six readings. As an expression of goodwill, wit, and adventure, every paragraph is a gem. And, said Slocum, he was joined by the pilot of the *Pinta*, who came out of the bardo on occasion to accompany him, and help him survive tough situations!]

One day while becalmed, I realized that I had not only neglected Aurobindo's books, which Alyce had been studying, but I'd also been skipping my meditations. And feeling "heavy" at that moment, surfeited with European-style food and wine for six months, living the "good life," so to speak (at least the wine and song part), and being very physical as a result of almost non-stop action, I decided to read some of *THE LIFE DIVINE*.

I read for an hour before turning out the light, then sat up and leaned against the hull by the bunk, visualizing for half an hour the chakra just above the crown of my head (the *High Self/SOUL* connection) and asked that it transmit through the body the diamond light of the Jewel, the light which I'd used at NOTS on occasion to bring the Dweller under control when it was becoming too restless. Then I went to sleep.

* * *

[As mentioned under the subheading *DIAMOND LIGHT OF THE JEWEL*, when I visualize a cylinder of light coming down from the stars and passing through me into the earth, like x-rays, I feel an electric pulsing in the body.]

At 3am, though I wasn't due on deck for my "watch" until 8am, I woke with a terrible abdominal pain. I made it to the head (the boat's bathroom) just in the nick of time, and then was the sickest I've been in my entire life. Recurring vomiting and diarrhea for 20 minutes made me regret my visualization of sluffing off unneeded cellular material.

But then I recovered—completely—perfectly. And, oddly enough, never felt better in my life. What a contrast. Light as a feather. In the morning, though, I noticed that my weight had changed by only four pounds. I'd gained 12 pounds since leaving China Lake, going up to 149, and now was beginning to return to "normal."

* * *

Complete return to normal weight didn't come about, though, until the Winter Quarter of '59, when I again used the cylinder of light for a few minutes every day in order to finish the sperm turnoff process. This time, the cleansing consequences lasted a month. First, I was "sick" in a very strange way. And second, my recovery correlated with complete sperm turnoff, which I

continued for the next five years, after that relaxing to allow the Dweller a bit of leeway again, occasionally.

The “strange” sickness consisted of a burning internal pain, a bit larger than a baseball, in the lower abdomen. It started when I began the cylinder of light visualization, and became worrisome because I began to sluff off, with diarrhea, filmy sections of physiologic tissue.

[In '70, Stan Grof asked me if I knew about this kind of gastro-intestinal (GI) problem resulting from meditation, and when I said yes, he described what I had experienced. And from his own internal medical questions on the exact nature of this peculiar process, he got the impression (information) that “past-life physiologic and emotional karmic patterns are stored in the lining of the intestines!” That would make sense, of course, for every physiologist knows that the gut is literally the visceral brain (to use MacLean’s words). And if you change your basic emotional state, the gut must comply.]

* * *

Alyce became worried about what was happening, and she wanted me to go to the Health Service, but I said that everything was under control and that, whatever was going on, I wanted it to continue until I recovered in a self-induced way. If I took drugs to stop the process, which certainly wasn’t affecting my mind or emotions, then the problem might come back later at a more inconvenient time. And, I added, my study of medical books had convinced me that it wasn’t a tape worm, and even if it were, it was on its way out. So not to worry.

The main problem with this “sickness,” which bothered me only in the morning, was that I had early-morning classes. And since I sat in the front row in order to hear better, as well as see the blackboard without obstruction, it was highly inconvenient to have to dart away because of a GI-tract problem.

So, I called a meeting of my Selves and explained the situation, then told the Body Self that I appreciated its cleansing action, but that I wanted total GI immobilization from the minute a class began, on the hour, until the bell rang 55 minutes later. It could take care of its GI needs only during breaks between classes, I said, and would maintain total quiescence during classes, etc.

Interestingly, the body got the message and complied, GI-pain lasted for only five minutes at a time, between 55 and 60 on the clock, better timed than the elevated train. And after a month the entire problem went away. I was “cured.”

* * *

PROGRESS REPORTS AND STAIRWAYS

The most striking vision-dream episodes of Inner Life before my second year in Chicago were progress reports. Under the heading SOLAR ANGELS, above, I mentioned one of these, a dream in which lions conducted me up the mountain to where they lived, where Alyce was watching the world situation with members of The Teacher's group. On three other occasions, however, I got progress reports (presumably from *MOM*) in which I was hunting through empty houses and buildings for "a way up and out."

Most worrisome to me, in each dream in which I saw the goal—which was to join the others under my own power, without having to be sent for and guided—at the very end of the dream a Teacher would warn me that time was running out. A storm was coming and if I didn't reach the garden (the Garden?) before the flood, I might be swept away and have to repeat my struggle in another life!

It goes without saying that I didn't want to repeat this ordeal, and I didn't want to lose contact with Alyce by being a laggard.

To make the story short, eventually I realized that the houses and buildings of my dreams represented the intricacies of my own personality. At first, while perfecting the Tantra of the right hand path, the furniture and rooms of these houses were on the shabby side. Later the furniture became elegant, and as beautiful as any part of The Mother's House. But that wasn't enough. I still had to find a way out.

* * *

Toward the last of such progress reports, about '82, I realized (in the dream world) that upward was the only way to go, not round and round in these houses, and I then found a door in the topmost level of a beautifully-organized house, which opened onto a sunshiny landscape. There I emerged with gladness and joined Alyce and others in an overview of the world. It was a celebration. I happily accepted their congratulations.

Then, as we slowly walked along the ridge of a hill, it was clearly seen that the planet was a stage, just as William Shakespeare had said, in which humans could work out their lives, experiencing the Law of Cause and Effect, and learning through the application of free choice (trial-and-error learning) how the Law worked. Rain and waterfalls, and crops, etc., were all parts of the stage operated by the behind-the-scenes agency called Nature. But commerce, education, science, making a living, religion, etc., were functions of humans. This was Earth School.

It was primarily from these dreams that I shaped the Seventeen Propositions of AVIZ which, as I've said before, summarize the way in which the big picture integrates, for me.

* * *

Interestingly, my progress was symbolized by finding and climbing stairways. And from a simple close-ended biological point of view, that is how Darwin, and later Freud, saw it. Creatures first evolved physically, then emotionally, and then mentally [the Garden of Eden story], but at that point Biologic Theory comes to a dead end, and Transpersonal Theory (which I think of as “reality theory”) takes over.

In my case, as I moved through less gloomy, more airy, more beautiful houses, looking for stairs which led upward, I gradually learned to glide through rooms and up stairways, and in the very last vision-dream progress report, which was the most interesting of all, I was accompanied by a Teacher.

FIRST SCENARIO: We glided up the final flight of stairs of a large building, a skyscraper, and came out in sunshine on a flat roof. This was the “top of the world,” the final level of earth.

[In the field-of-mind diagram, I’d say it was Sub-level 21, the causal body (*High Self*) at the top of E3. And when I looked around, I saw that this roof was level with the “mountain” from which Alyce and I descended in a ’41 vision dream (described later in this chapter) to dance in the world.]

SECOND SCENARIO: The most remarkable thing to be seen from this roof-top, however, was a broad shining stairway that came down from the clouds, but didn’t make contact with the roof. Many human Teachers and shining Angels with “wings” (which weren’t real wings, but were glowing radiances from their bodies) were going up and down the stairway, each engaged, it seemed, in a task of some kind.

[Perhaps this stairway was Jacob’s Ladder. Genesis: 28:12, “And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.” Incidentally, I’d heard of Jacob’s ladder in Sunday School in the Twenties, but didn’t look for it in the Bible until 7mar00.]

As we glided toward this stairway, the Teacher who accompanied me said that since I was floating above the roof, it was possibly to go up the stairs and explore other levels, but it wasn’t appropriate for me to do so at this time. He wanted me to see the stairway, he said, though I would remain on earth, working on tasks that I had accepted. THE END.

* * *

The most interesting feature of this stairway was that the lowest step didn't touch the top of the building. Between that step and the roof was empty space. The stairway was attached to heaven but not to earth. The space below the bottom step represented a gap between heaven and earth which could be transited only by beings who knew how to do it. [Does this knowing "how to do it" refer to "volitional quantum-dynamics coherence" in the body, as has been suggested?]

* * *

In the field-of-mind diagram, this gap is the space between the upper end of the tunnel at the top of the "conscious," and the base of the Lotus. This is the Swan gap which Alyce and I learned of; the Swan-Boat gap of Lohengrin in Wagner's opera; the Paramhansa ("Beyond the Swan") gap of Yogananda. Above this gap is the Lotus, the *SOUL*, which is "the way" (the TAO, the path, the stairway) to the Jewel, the Monad.

Interestingly, you do not receive a diploma on Graduation Day from Earth School. Instead, you are received. You are the diploma which is received by YOURSELF. And after Graduation Day YOU have the ability to transit the gap between heaven and earth at will. YOU and you become ONE (a rearrangement of NEO, please note), and YOU continue a Life of "spiritual" consciousness. Never again is there a loss of SELF-IDENTITY. No more wandering in the bardo without knowing who YOU are. And in that sense, there is no death.

Was this what Jesus was trying to get across in the language and conceptual framework of His time? It seems reasonable to me, because Patanjali, Zoroaster, Lao-tse, Buddha, and Socrates, His predecessors, said essentially the same thing.

* * *

PLEASE NOTE: To be technically exact according to The Tibetan, Figure 1 should be modified slightly to show that the gap above the top of the tunnel (the roof of the building) to the base of the Lotus (the bottom step of the stairway) lies between Sub-level 21 and Sub-level 22. If the diagram were drawn that way, however, the gap, which is experientially significant but diagrammatically tiny, would be difficult to see.

However, if I were to redraw the diagram, I'd raise the base of the Lotus a bit so that it didn't come down into the causal level. When I made that figure, it seems, I was being a bit poetic rather than strictly factual.

ALSO: According to The Tibetan, the Jewel (our Monad) is located in E6 of the diagram, rather than E7. He says that the highest level of human awareness, Sub-level 49 (7x7), represents a higher "*High Self*," which is connected with a higher, "*SOUL*," etc. Interesting correspondences, but something I haven't consciously experienced.

* * *

Back to the gap: In Roger Zelazny's scifi symbology (Zelazny, 1970), the gap is called the Chasm of Chaos. It separates the City of Amber, (which is a mixture of astral and causal sub-planes), from the next higher level of consciousness, the Lotus, which in five AMBER books he says little about. For Zelazny, a Unicorn was the creature who took the role of the Swan, but it isn't clear in his books what the Unicorn was trying to tell the nine Princes of Amber, who were the competitive controlling magicians of the three bardo worlds, physical, emotional, and mental.

Julian May, on the other hand, focuses directly in her books on the gap between the "top of the world" and the "first step of the stairway," but nowhere in her stories about the Galactic Milieu, does she mention that idea specifically or allegorically. Nevertheless, in her most remarkable book, JACK: THE BODILESS, she explores most of the issues involved in human transformation, starting with Jack's natal integration of his Selves, establishing his *DB*-proof (Fury-proof) "steel" energy-control cables.

May's themes about the possibility of Galactic Unity, and humanity's fear of crossing the gap toward Unity, are fascinating and, in my view, on target. If you enjoy ideas that direct the mind toward "reality," as well as offer breath-taking adventure, I recommend her five-volume series about Earth and the Galactic Milieu, starting with SURVEILLANCE and ending with MAGNIFICAT (May, 1987).

* * *

More on the gap: Some additional ideas similar to those outlined above were put into the Indiana-Jones movie called "The Last Crusade." In order to save his father's life, Indiana, though fearful, steps out into empty space (crosses the gap, the abyss) to find the Water of Everlasting Life, everlasting as long as one does not attempt to take either it or The Holy Grail across the Divine Seal inscribed on the floor of the temple. When The Holy Grail was taken across the Seal, or started to be taken (great symbology here), the temple was split through its center by an abyss, and only four men-of-goodwill survived—riding off on horseback into the sunset. Beautiful scene.

The idea behind that story, as well as the theme of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," has a correspondence with Zelazny's and Julian May's ideas. And in Star-Wars movies, the gap is made explicit. It is the difference between Obiwan Kenobi and Darth Vader, the contrast between the Dark and the Light Side of the Force.

In all of the above stories and movies, and in Hinduism's Tantra of the Left Hand Path and Tantra of the Right Hand Path, the gap from Causal to Buddhic is the difference between personal use of the force, and transpersonal-only use of the force. Interesting parallels.

TO DANCE IN THE WORLD

As reported in the section called *THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD*, not long after Alyce and I were married a vision dream about my inadequacies gave me a rather blunt view of myself, about things to work on in my life, what to change. Fortunately for my good cheer, that dream was followed by another which gave a happy and entertaining preview of our life together. It concerned coming down [from the rooftop], after dedication to *MOM* levels of ourselves, to work in the world.

This precognitive view gave me a set of images which I thereafter kept fresh in mind through thick and thin, whether battling the Dweller and the *DBs* at China Lake, or following the Tantra at Chicago. At the time of the dream, in '41, I didn't know what the symbolized "facts" would eventually be, but since the dream had the ambiance of The Teacher and a feeling of "reality," I kept it in my thoughts as an indication of how the future would unroll, regardless of vicissitudes along the way.

FIRST SCENARIO: Alyce and I were beginning a floor-show for men and women who were dressed in elegant evening wear. These people, in a large hotel ballroom, were seated at tables set with beautiful linen and silverware, candles and flowers. Crystalline chandeliers gleamed above, and the floor between tables was smooth and polished. There was a stage off to the side where we began our performance.

SECOND SCENARIO: (As entered in my Journal, 27may91, describing for P,D,S &J my '41 preview of life with their mother.) "Alyce and I were walking side by side through a drab landscape. Our clothes were tattered and disheveled and we were weary and tired. As we went on we came to a hill which, as we looked up, we saw was really a mountain whose upper reaches were hidden in clouds, or in fog. It seemed that our journey, or way, led up the mountain, so we began climbing. Soon we were out of sight. We were invisible in the fog."

THIRD SCENARIO: "A short time passed, and suddenly we were seen coming down the mountain. But what a transformation in appearance and in energy. We were now a striking couple. Alyce was dressed as a ballet dancer in a pure white silk costume into which were sewn, along every edge and in patterns, strings of pearls. I was dressed in close-fitting jet black silk with white collar and cuffs and with diamonds along every edge and in patterns. It was as if our life together was a story in which the first part was quite ordinary (like Jack before he got the magic beans). We were supposed to show that the mountain experience was transforming and led to a different role.

“When we reached the level ground at the foot of the hill we began a very beautiful and intricate dance and ran out onto a ballroom floor. As we began this dance the lights dimmed and spots came on. Alyce and I, as in a ballet, had our own dances that interwove in a matched pattern. Alyce had the sustaining fluid motion of the ballet, and I had the pauses and, on occasion, the brilliance of intricate and fast rushes to catch up with the continuity of the rhythm.”

FOURTH SCENARIO: “We whirled between the tables and around the groups of diners, and after a while vanished out the door of the ballroom. As I saw these things happening, and felt the exhilaration of dance, it came into my awareness that Alyce and I would play roles designed to draw attention to what we represented. First we were nobody, and then we were somebody. And that was supposed to represent, apart from the content of the dance, human potential that was there for all. It was only necessary to climb the mountain.” THE END.

* * *

In the above vision dream there were four separate-but interwoven aspects: (1) Climbing the mountain—working toward “transpersonality.” (2) Coming down the mountain to the world—to fulfill our assigned tasks. (3) The content of the dance—conferences and societies, studies in India, helping to establish self-regulation training as a psycho-medical option, etc. (4) Yin and yang dancing, together and yet apart—illustrating an aspect of human potential.

The “yin and yang” aspect of the dream was especially meaningful to me over the years, and now that I’m writing about Alyce and Alz, I wish to share some yin-yang insights which, oddly enough, were elicited by Chopin’s music.

Still quoting from the Journal entry of 27may91:

“I hesitate to tell my dream about Arthur Rubinstein, but aside from an ad hominum content it had characteristics of a factual psychic event, the kind that over the years I have learned to recognize.

“About three years ago (in ’88), shortly after Rubinstein’s death, I spent about a month (three hours a week) reviewing Chopin’s “Fantaisie Impromptu.” Many years ago I found that it was not easy to learn, for it consisted of a 3-note line in the left hand and a 4-note line in the right hand. Obviously the fingers get together once a bar, but most of the time they run at their own independent tempos. After I semi-perfected it (several years ago), playing it became one of the most impressive altered-state musical experiences I had experienced. When I performed it well, the experience gave me goose bumps.

“Well, as I began playing the left hand and the right hand separately, three years ago, in preparation for putting them together again, after 20 years of little practice, I began to hear something new. It was as if the right hand (left cortex) was playing to, and for, the left hand (right cortex).

"It was a complex and beautiful dance and I could see that the spasmodic brilliance of the right [hand] was sustained by the power of the left in maintaining continuity. And it struck me that that piece, above any other I knew of, revealed the intricate yin-yang relationship of the masculine and feminine energies in humanity, and in all of Nature. In fact, I felt that the Fantaisie Impromptu told, in a certain way, the story of Alyce's and my life together.

At this point I described to P, D, S & J the ballroom dream, Then:

"To get back to the Fantaisie Impromptu, as I played the two hands together and listened to the music...I was thrown back in time to the dance of diamonds and pearls. As I thought about it, I became quite excited about the fact that Chopin, whether he thought of it in an intellectual way, or not, had truly understood the yin-yang relationship and, through his music, was able to tell the story to everyone. (It also reminded me of my conversation with The Teacher in which He said that in our life together, Alyce would be the dynamo and I would be the motor.)

"I was so energized by this insight that I ran upstairs from the piano and went into the bedroom, where Alyce had just slipped under the covers for the night. I enthusiastically told her of my interpretation of what Chopin had done in his Fantaisie, how the yin and yang were apart and together at times, and how the sustaining strength of the one gave the other a chance to become "figure against ground." We talked of this a minute or two and then I got ready for bed.

"Shortly after falling asleep I awoke in a lucid hypnagogic state and saw someone coming to see me. To my surprise, it was Arthur Rubinstein. He hadn't been on the other side very long, and I got the impression that someone had brought him specifically to listen to my discussion of the Fantaisie Impromptu.

"He said he'd never realized how the two hands played to each other in the masculine-feminine way. He was turned on by the insight, and laughed and said, "You are unusually perceptive!" I took that as poetic license, but I notice I didn't forget what he said. Anyway, after we talked a minute or two I asked if he would play for me, and suddenly he became reluctant and said, "Oh no. Oh no," and smiled and walked away.

"Well, whatever the facts about Arthur Rubinstein, the Fantaisie Impromptu nevertheless is indeed as described. The episodic brilliance of the right hand is beautifully contrasted and given background by the continuous smooth non-episodic left hand, like diamonds and pearls."

* * *

Incidentally, in Chopin's piano music I've noticed that the notes give structure, whereas the delicately-manipulated intervals between notes give meaning.

Also put into the Journal were the following comments. Pure opinion, of course, for beauty is in the ear of the listener.

"For Chopin, the older Rubinstein was the best, in my estimation, of the well known performers, far better than Horowitz...though for the general range of piano music it is hard to imagine anyone better than the early Horowitz... Rubinstein's early Chopin performances were not good. He played too fast and didn't seem to know what Chopin was thinking or intended... As years passed, however, he began to get it, and finally became the greatest...."

* * *

FROM CAT BRAINS TO MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY

Many vision dreams after '59, too numerous to mention, gave me progress reports on dissertation research, and advice on people to work with at school, but one in particular was noteworthy, it showed me working with Ward Halstead, even though Dewey Neff was the professor in whose graduate group I had worked until prelims were finished, Jun60. After that it would be necessary to devise a Ph.D. research project, and with that, there was a problem.

The reason I'd chosen Neff in the first place was because his group was the most brain-oriented, in the sense that every student worked only on tracking sensory signals through animal brains. And in order to do that correctly it was necessary to learn, in depth, where all the brain's transducing nuclei were located, how they interacted digitally to produce analog "information," etc. Our field was called "The Neural Basis of Sensory Discrimination." That was what I wanted when I left NOTS, and that was what I got.

But after two years of electronic-development and electrode-design with Neff's students (for which I was paid \$100/month from his NIH and NSF grants) I was fed up with animal research.

I became so appalled at how animals were surgically implanted with electrodes (by non-skilled graduate students), and cared for between experimental sessions, and then tested (until they were "sacrificed"), with sockets in their heads connected to polygraph devices for tracking sensory "clicks" in subcortical nuclei—that I decided to switch from Professor Neff to Professor Halstead. He, at least, was studying the psychological correlates of "natural" brain damage, in humans, with a battery of perceptual tests (Halstead, 1947).

* * *

But when I asked Neff for a release, he said “no way.” I was his. And if I tried to switch, he’d block it. Interesting situation.

By that time I had “tuned in” on the animals to such an extent that it was not possible to continue. So I called The Teacher and said that I was very sorry, but if Neff insisted on my doing brain research with animals in order to get a Ph.D., I would have to drop out of school. I couldn’t stand the animal pain any longer. Possibly I could start over again at some other school.

Then, suddenly, the problem blew away. Dewey Neff called me into his office and said that he’d decided to move to Boston and take a commercial job with the auditory firm of Bolt, Beranek, and Newman, and he wanted me to join him because of my knowledge of electronics. He would see to it that I got my Ph.D.—and also, I would earn good money. After prelims, he explained, the University did not insist that I be on campus very often—and everything would work out fine!

At this news my heart leaped. No way, I said, my wife and two daughters were enrolled at the University and I wouldn’t ask Alyce to quit school and go to Boston with me. Dewey argued a bit, but within two weeks he was gone. And when I approached Ward Halstead and said I would like to be part of his group, he welcomed me.

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One dream about a school event was amusing. It wasn’t a vision dream, though, merely a simple worrisome precognitive dream—and I wondered if it would really happen. It did.

In this dream I had finished my dissertation, the Department of Psychology had approved it—and then I saw that a University official in a glass-walled office would disapprove because of non-compliance with a University regulation. But, in the dream I quickly handled that problem, whatever it was, returned to the glass-walled office, was approved, and beat the deadline.

The problem turned out to be a glitch. I’d hired a typist to make my 190 pages look good, and when I took the manuscript to the thesis-publication office, which I discovered had glass walls surrounded by a dozen desks, the publications official, without whose written approval no one could graduate, quickly riffled the pages and found that a page number had been used twice. If they weren’t renumbered and returned in 24 hours, he said, I’d have to wait three months until the next graduation ceremony to get my diploma. That’s real power!

The typist was highly embarrassed, and neatly erased and retyped the numbers, and I beat the deadline by two hours, just as the precognitive dream had indicated. If I had been more alert, though, I would have looked at the page numbers in advance and short-circuited that event.

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While in Chicago a series of four instructive vision dreams came from a Teacher who, as a young woman, functioned in an archetypal Kosmic role, in contrast to the archetypal cosmic role of the Anima. In three of these vision dreams I could see her very clearly, wearing a white shiny garment that seemed more like light than substance. In retrospect, I feel that she was an embodiment of that aspect of the Divine Mother (of Hinduism) which guides masculine and feminine kundalini energies as they begin their transformation, which in poetry is called “the flight to the heavens”.

[Interestingly, the cosmic Anima and Animus are absorbers of energy—whereas, for both men and women, the Kosmic feminine goddess mentioned above is the supplier of energy!]

MENTAL CHILDREN INSTEAD OF PHYSICAL CHILDREN

FIRST SCENARIO: (Jan59) I seemed to be seated at my desk at 5702 Blackstone, our home address while at the University of Chicago. And then, while I thought about the possible mind-body consequences of sperm control, a young woman whom I couldn't see, but who I knew was there, approached and gave me an image of myself sitting at my desk with a physical child on my lap. This child, who looked like a small edition of myself, I thought was quite handsome. He would eventually have a good future in the world.

SECOND SCENARIO: The woman smiled and I heard an echo of a voice saying, “Not that. This.” And with those words the child on my lap vanished and a long series of mental children, boys and girls, began emerging from my forehead, one after another, and going off into the world. I was pleased with them.

The woman then said that the Tantra was converting physical creativity to mental creativity, and the effects in the world would be greatly multiplied.

A countering thought went through my mind, though. Many brilliant thinkers also have had many physical children. To that she answered (in thought, not in words), that nevertheless, those people would have had greater impact on the world if the energy (kundalini?) had not

been wasted. And in this, her thought was definitely associated with the idea of making things happen in the world through “synchronicity control.” THE END.

* * *

We humans could think of the production of a physical child as a kind of “synchronicity,” of course, but what this woman seemed to be saying was that it wasn’t the idea alone that influenced the world, but also the power of the creator of the idea to shape events in a fortuitous way (“coincidence control”) so that the underlying thought would come forcefully into the world mind. As I understood her thoughts, the ability to influence the future (“synchronicity” again) was correlated with kundalini working in the Kosmos, not just in the cosmos. In my case, she was saying, this ability involved the Tantra. Complex interesting idea.

* * *

I haven’t learned that Shamans around the world, except for Orientals, know much about this mind-body way of influencing the cosmos, but some American Indian medicinemen, though, such as Mad Bear, apparently do.

Be that as it may, I’ve had the feeling that in my case (1) precognition in dreams, (2) synchronicity control (of whatever degree), (3) awareness of normally-unconscious “selves” of my psyche (and getting their cooperation), (4) communication with Teachers and others, (5) OB experience, etc., have been augmented by following the Tantra.

Regardless of possibilities, one thing I know for certain is that when I turned the serpent to stone, the DBs lost their psychic influence over me, not just in dreams, but in normal living.

* * *

THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME

The feminine master of ceremonies in a particularly meaningful vision dream of late ’63, not long before Alyce and I left Chicago, seemed to be the same Woman-of-Light who was not visible to my “eye” previously. This time she was clearly seen. She was the Keeper of the Flame. I know of no better way to describe her.

FIRST SCENARIO: Through learning to control my own innate energies I gradually moved up, level after level, on a set of platforms that represented the world. Each level was about a foot

higher than the previous one. After ascending seven or eight steps, spread over much “time,” I came onto the top platform and was met by the shining Goddess who was the Keeper of the Flame.

SECOND SCENARIO: She greeted me with a smile, offered congratulation on my reaching this level, then turned to a tall translucent structure of some kind, like an elevator shaft, and with a hand gesture made a two-foot-wide column of diamond light appear. The source of this light wasn’t visible overhead, but it seemed to be Kosmic energy of a very pure form, much like the bursts of light The Teacher had used on me in ’39, and which I was acquainted with from the ’46 vision dream in Southern California.

Then she asked, without trying to persuade me, “Do you wish to enter the Light now?” And she added, “This is your destiny.”

THIRD SCENARIO: Awed by the incredible brilliance and intensity of the Light, and fearful for my “identity” [Who would I be, if I were totally transformed?], I shook my head, turned and hastily ran down the platforms to ground level. There, I identified momentarily with the Dweller. I didn’t want to give him up, didn’t want to lose his sexual connections, even though I experienced him as an opponent, an obstacle, a drag, an anchor. Another paradox.

[In retrospect, I can see that in a moment of fear for my “identity,” I allowed the terror-filled Dweller to drag me back to earth.]

FOURTH SCENARIO: Again with a smile, as if she knew all along that I would reject total transformation, even though I had come “to the right place,” the woman gestured again and said, in thought, “You have a busy future.”

And with that gesture the scenery changed and, (many years ahead in time), I walked along a sidewalk past a long row of polygraphs and electronic devices, whose purpose I didn’t [then] fathom, and congratulated an engineer [who later I recognized as Rex Hartzell, Head of Bio-medical Engineering at the Menninger Foundation] on the many instruments he had designed and built. And in reply he said, “I was only following your specifications.” As I continued walking, I wondered what those specs were, and what the machines had been built for.

FIFTH SCENARIO: The scene shifted. My involvement with machines came to an abrupt end, and I began working in an entirely different field, one in which men and women were intrigued by the idea that mind had an effect on Nature. In this new field of study, it appeared that a research question, to which I would object, would focus on, “How can we more effectively manipulate other people’s lives through “synchronicity control?” THE END.

* * *

GOLD

About a month after the above vision dream, I had another in which the same radiant young woman appeared and showed me that the jar of gold which represented me and my energy-control work, was one-half full.

What she explained was that in the years of graduate school, during which I channeled kundalini energy toward academic and associated synchronistic goals, I'd accomplished about one-half of the physiologic transformation that is needed before the dense physical body, itself, can be apported, that is, moved "instantaneously" from one physical place to another, through "dimensions" beyond time and space.

To the ordinary personality consciousness, which is mostly "unconscious," this possibility may seem unreal, but actually it is only unusual. As I see it, Jesus' walking on the water involved moving in a way not constrained by normal time and space.

* * *

In fact, "not constrained by normal time and space" is a characteristic of "miraculous healings" which every day confound physicians who don't consider the possibility of quantum-dynamics probabilities which can be selected by Mind. Macroscopic coherence (such as an "instantaneous" healing) is often thought to be "impossible," by scientists, but theirs is a theoretic position, not one based on observation, such as watching a cancer which took years to grow, shrink away in a few days. Such an event was reported by Nobel Laureate (Physiology and Medicine, 1912) Alexis Carrel in *MAN, THE UNKNOWN* (Carrel, 1935), whose book I read during my freshman year at the University of Minnesota. Carrel's observations were made during an ocean voyage to France with one of his patients, on the way to Lourdes Cathedral as I remember it, to get a "healing."

If this seems unlikely, all I can say to budding Nobel-prize winners in Medicine is, "If you really want to know, don't quibble. Investigate—with your mind open to the possibility that an unlimited matrix of probabilities can be sorted through by the *SOUL*, like a box of slides, and then be projected into time and space—if you know how to get the *SOUL*'s attention."

* * *

Will J. Erwood, in '39, told our Minneapolis study group of a "miraculous event," which occurred not long after I'd attempted to photograph the "materialized" bodies of Teachers (see *MATERIALIZATION PHOTOGRAPHY*, Chapter 5). I wished that I'd been with Dr. Erwood with a movie camera, to make a record of what he said he saw.

Nowadays, however, more impressive video events than Will J. described can be manufactured every day by morphing in computers. The crucial difference, however, is that computers, no matter how intricate, make images inside of time and space, whereas the Mind (not the brain) can make images outside of time and space. And later, when these “outside” images are projected into space-time, into “solid reality,” we call them “miracles,” or synchronicities. As I said, such events are not impossible, only unusual. The basic question is, what is really going on? Whatever the fact, as The Teacher said, it must be in total agreement with natural law.

* * *

The future of subtle-energy and energy-medicine research, no doubt, will include investigations into the differences between “possible” and “impossible” probabilities. For instance, one of the impossibilities which The Teacher spoke of was the idea that God was a “fixed” Mind, rather than a “becoming” Mind. That’s a metaphysical impasse.

In contrast, our main problem, right now, is to differentiate between facts and theories, without being handicapped by an iron-bound world-view espoused either by science or by religion.

* * *

Returning to Will J.’s “miracle:” He took a few days after one of our weekly meditation classes to visit a friend in Wisconsin, a man whom he’d referred to only as Francois. Francois lived in an isolated forest cabin and never went anywhere except by OB travel, Will said. He worked as a counselor on inner levels, and except for Will, the only people he had close ties with were American Indian medicinemen.

When Will J. returned from Wisconsin, he told us that after a couple of days of conversation, Francois said that his work was finished and he’d be leaving this planet, but he wanted Will to sort through, and dispose of, as he saw fit, some books and manuscripts which he’d gathered over the years, and which he didn’t want others to look at.

Then, Dr. Erwood said, while Francois was leaning against the side of a doorway, he laughed and said, “It’s time to go now,” and began to fade. In no more than two or three seconds, Will said, only a faint outline was visible, through which the other room could be seen, and then he was gone.

When Will finished describing Francois’ disappearance, the group shared with him the fact that during the meditation session two week earlier, The Teacher had told us that Francois would make his “transition” during “the instrument’s” visit to Wisconsin, but not to mention it in advance of his telling us.

* * *

Apparently our prior knowledge of Francois' transition redoubled the effect it had on Will J. The event became really "real."

A week later I had a dream in which I saw Will as a young man, almost a boy, totally rejuvenated. And when I told him of it, he said that not until we told him that we knew of Francois' transition in advance, had it occurred to him that he, himself, might go through such a process.

Though he had seen The Teacher appear and disappear, he said, he had always felt that the world of the Teachers was so different from ours that the only way for him to get there was in an out-of-body state. But now he was beginning to think of the physical transition, which Francois had demonstrated, as a possibility for him, too.

To me, not having seen such a de-materialization, but having tried to photograph full-body etheric materializations in red light, and having talked with The Teacher about such phenomena several times, what Will J. described seemed no more surprising than an "instantaneous healing." In other words, it was some kind of engineering fact that pertained to the way Mind could transform matter.

* * *

About Francois' manuscripts, Will said that he burned most of them in the cabin's fireplace. They contained the "names of forces" which wouldn't be good to release, he said. Only the Indians to whom Francois legally willed his cabin, were aware of most of these bardo (my word) beings, and Will felt it was better to destroy the records than take a chance that, when he himself died, a would-be magician might get the papers and decide to use these "entities."

* * *

Interestingly, Will J. went through a Gilgamesh episode, but didn't arrive at Francois-type "coherence" before his body died (after a simple hernia operation). From my point of view, Will's *MOM* chose that route out of the world as a easy way of terminating, when it felt that more could be accomplished at another level. Interestingly, to paraphrase The Tibetan, psychophysiologic coherence often follows Gilgamesh, but usually not until the next life.

Incidentally, "coherence," as I use the word, means quantum coherence, as in a laser, but how this could be a "literal" fact in apports, either of objects or humans, is beyond me. Interestingly, according to The Tibetan, if the student stays with the planet after graduation from Earth School (after the Gilgamesh experience) this Francois-type state of Mind is the next step in transformation. If a person leaves the planet after Gilgamesh, however, trans-terrestrial options may not include that particular transition.

* * *

THE SERPENT AND THE CROCODILE

A few days after the vision dream about the gold, I had another in which a young woman (who seemed to be the same one as in the previous dreams, dressed in the same way), told me that it was a Law of Nature that “the greater always absorbs the lesser.”

FIRST SCENARIO: Swimming for survival in the open ocean [the astral plane], I found a floating luggage trunk to climb up on for safety. Then I noticed that not far away a serpent [representing in me the sex aspect of kundalini] was also swimming for survival. Suddenly a large crocodile appeared, swam toward us, and swallowed the serpent. That was scary.

SECOND SCENARIO: At that moment the young woman appeared, floating in air, and said not to be alarmed. What was happening was in accordance with a Law of Nature. “The greater always absorbs the lessor,” were her exact words. Don’t be upset. Everything will be all right. THE END.

* * *

Later I wondered why she told me that. I already knew that eventually “the Spirit absorbs the Personality,” that is, the *SOUL* absorbs the *soul*, so what was she saying that I needed to know? When the pressure of graduate school was at an end, and Alyce and I moved to Topeka, it began to make sense. The Goddess was alerting me, in Chicago, to a future conflict in Topeka in which the second-chakra life of the body would feel unfairly treated.

She was telling me not to be alarmed, or upset, at the thought of “final death” of the serpent, for there was no such thing as death, there was only transition and reemergence in a more inclusive form. Naturally, certain parts of my being, to which I was linked, might not feel that way, but that was their destiny.

* * *

Alyce intuitively understood this. I had at first assumed in graduate school that my transformation was finished, but she felt that in Chicago an element of “crisis will power” was involved which, unbeknownst to me, produced a transformation which wasn’t ever-lasting, and that the Dweller wasn’t fully converted.

In retrospect, I can say that the greater-absorbing-the-lessor dream gave me information about a process, rather than an event. And being a person who now had energy to burn, so to speak, it

was necessary while relaxing “will power” to finish a genuine second-chakra conversion so that the energy would be 100% mine, permanently, under totally-relaxed conditions.

This needs explanation. If it takes 10% of a person’s psychic energy, expressed as “will power,” to exactly neutralize a craving (food, sex, coffee, tobacco, gambling, speeding, alcohol, drugs, or whatever) then the craving which it blocks also represents exactly 10% of that person’s psychic energy. What this implies is that 20% of a person’s psychic energy is “tied up” in internal stress and counter-stress. No argument.

So, if a 10% craving power can be converted to *MOM* power, by controlling where the kundalini goes in the multiplex chakra system, a 20% gain is made in usable energy.

Fortunately, by the time Alyce began to slip into the bardo, I had no significant un-transformed personal problems left to solve, and was able to function in a 24 hour/day caring mode without becoming unduly stressed. In other words, from a personal point of view, I was essentially “clear” inside, and my energy was *MOM*’s, not the Dweller’s.

* * *

Returning to the dream: It’s interesting to consider the “serpent” and the “crocodile” symbolically. On pages 544-546 of *THE [Egyptian] BOOK OF THE DEAD* (Budge, 1994) I found (14mar00) the following words as translations of printed strings of hieroglyphs.

*“Chapter LXXXVII: THE CHAPTER OF CHANGING INTO THE SERPENT Sata.
The Osiris Ani, whose word is truth, saith: I am the serpent Sata whose years are infinite. I lie down dead. I am born daily. I am the serpent Sa-en-ta, the dweller in the uttermost parts of the earth. I lie down in death. I am born. I become new, I renew my youth every day.”*

* * *

Now that is really interesting, for in males the sperm cells are the only cells of the entire body which are capable of an unlimited number of replications. All the other cells of the body, it has been discovered by biologists, have a fixed number of times they can replace themselves. Fifty to 100 regenerations is their limit. This is part of the Grim-Reaper effect discussed by Alan Alda and Cynthia Kenyon under the heading above called *SEX AND HORMONES*. In other words, in men “I renew my youth every day” is true only of sperm cells.

In women, what is renewed every day, I believe, so that they can function as “dynamos,” is their supply of etheric energy. Menopause, from this point of view, is a burst of freedom, regardless of what pharmaceutical houses might wish you to believe, and regardless of negative cultural conditioning.

Then comes the crocodile.

“Chapter LXXXVIII: THE CHAPTER OF CHANGING INTO THE CROCODILE-GOD. The Osiris Ani, whose word is truth, saith: I am the Crocodile-god (Sebak) who dwelleth amid his terrors. I am the Crocodile-god and I seize (my prey) like a ravening beast. I am the great Fish which is in Kamui. I am the Lord to whom bowing and prostrations are made in Sekhem.... And the Osiris Ani is the lord to whom bowings and prostrations are made in Sekhem.”

Budge adds,

“The Papyrus of Nebseni has some interesting variants, and its text...reads: Behold, I am the dweller in his terrors, I am the crocodile, his firstborn (?). I bring (prey) from a distance. I am the Fish of Horus, the Great One in Kamui. I am the lord of bowing in Sekhem.”

* * *

Interestingly, the Horus of ancient Egypt corresponds to the Jewel of modern Tibetan Buddhism, and the “Fish of Horus” (who swims in the waters), corresponds to the Lotus, the living being who acts as the Jewel’s agent for work in the bardo (the waters).

Thus, the meaning of “the greater always absorbs the lessor” seems clear, at least in my case: the Lotus absorbs the creative energies which otherwise might be expressed in sex. The transpersonal absorbs the personal.

And in THE SECRET DOCTRINE it says (Blavatsky, 1971), “...the Crocodile of the Sacred Nile is the vehicle of Horus, and Horus himself (Vol. 2, p. 577, underline added).” Also, “...the crocodile was ‘the Seventh Soul’, the supreme one of seven—the Seer unseen (Vol. 1, p. 220).” And, “The crocodile is the Egyptian dragon [spirit] (Vol. 1, p. 409).” See also an illuminating review of Egyptian mythology in FREEMASONRY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS (Hall, 1937).

The “dragon,” please note, was the symbol of Ancient China which represented “spirit,” as contrasted with human personality, which was enmeshed, trapped, in the world of the ancestors, the bardo. Dragons aren’t “safe,” of course, any more than Aslan of Narnia was “safe,” for they upset the lower-level status quo.

The Ice Queen of Narnia must give way to spring. And that is the ultimate dread of the shadow entities of our own psyches, who are afraid to come out of their private hells, no matter how frozen and unpleasant those hells may be.

* * *

* * *

In the week before leaving Chicago for good, 27jan64, shortly after Alyce met Gardner Murphy in Topeka, three precognitive dreams gave me interesting information. The first was a one-scene video showing me driving along an almost empty freeway, through cornfields, from south Topeka to the Menninger hill. (This turned out to be I-470, and in '64 there was nothing much along the highway but cornfields. Now West Ridge Mall and a thousand stores and houses line the interstate.) The accompanying message was, "despite complications of moving, and going to California for a month, you will meet Gardner Murphy on the day you promised, 9mar64."

* * *

The second dream had two symbolic parts:

FUTILITY OF ARROWS

FIRST SCENARIO: Alyce and I were leaving by train from Grand Central Station, downtown Chicago, for the very last time. Never again would we be trapped in a structured "mindset" such as in a university.

All was well on the train until we reached the vicinity of the University of Chicago, in South Chicago, about 57th Street South. There a group of midgets appeared with bows and arrows and tried to shoot me, to prevent an escape from Chicago with "dangerous" ideas.

Interestingly, the Associate Professor who tried to block my degree, was highly displeased that I was allowed to get away with the concept that ones "focus of attention" (horrible horrible idea, implying that there was a "self" in there) determined whether or not a sensory stimulus was noticed. He and others were shooting the arrows. But they had "found me out" to late to stop the train.

* * *

[Since every child on the planet knows that "where you turn your attention" determines what you will notice, one would think that a university professor would, too. But the theoretical position was that every child and layman was wrong. There are millions of clicking relays in your head (called neurons), developed and organized by your DNA, and made operable or inoperable by impacts from the environment, and there is no such thing as "attention." Everything is Stimulus and Response. That's all there is. Interesting blind left-cortex point of view.]

SECOND SCENARIO: This train was running along the track to the future, and the arrows bounced futilely, with clicks, against the train's windows. And, I was told in thoughts, no matter what these archers or those in the future tried to do, Alyce and I were safe from destruction and would complete our job. Objectors were snipers who wouldn't succeed in stopping the train, now or ever. Entertaining. Reassuring. THE END.

* * *

ALYCE AND THE BURNING GROUND

The third dream was a genuine precognitive vision dream, showing the situation with Alyce and me at the end of her life, after our work together in the world was finished. Incidentally, in regard to "our work," it wasn't expected that we would do everything. All we had to do was get the ball rolling. That was the meaning of Alyce's vision dream of '47 (see Chapter 4) in which she saw the two of us "putting our shoulders to a small boxcar filled with apples to start it moving down an orchard track."

FIRST SCENARIO: At first I was working with lab equipment in a cave. Then it became time to leave that place. Turning around, I saw that the cave was an isolated hole in the wall of a huge semi-circular black precipice in which there were hundreds of similar caves, like swallow nests in a black mud cliff.

* * *

Every cave had its own scholar, I saw, and each one had made his or her own world by scooping out a tiny bit of rock, burrowing into the earth. No "swallows" were flying, though. Their backs were turned against the open sky and their attention was focused on what was right before them.

SECOND SCENARIO: I walked to the front of my cave, two or three hundred feet above the base of the cliff, and marveled at the industry of the thinkers who surrounded me, each narrowly focused and isolated, and saw that freedom lay in the open sky, and in distant lands where green fields, orchards, and simple family dwellings were visible—where relationships were more important than ideas.

THIRD SCENARIO: Spreading my "wings," I launched myself from the cliff into open air, and then noticed that I was gliding downward with great speed toward the earth. In some way, aided by visualization, this speed made it possible for me to level off above the treetops, and now my wings vanished, and I continued to glide southward toward a town and a building where, I understood, the future would unroll.

And when I arrived, Alyce was already there.

FOURTH SCENARIO: We spent many years in highly-rewarding work, which passed in a flash, and then it was time to leave. Alyce and I left the work area hand-in-hand and began walking along avenues through the town.

Passing many rows of neat simple homes with lawns and trees, we walked toward the border-line street that marked the town's limit, beyond which there were only uncut prairie fields of tall grass. We were leaving the city for the "wilderness" in search of a Teacher whom Alyce knew, but hadn't seen in person.

FIFTH SCENARIO: As we passed the last houses of the avenue we were on, I could see our prairie destination across the street ahead. But at that moment Alyce glanced to her right and noticed the very last house of the block. She dropped my hand and began walking rapidly toward it.

* * *

Surprised, I ran after and grasped her hand, saying that she should ignore that house. But without a glance at me, nor a word, she shook free of my grip and kept going. Nonplused, I tried to follow her into the house, but an invisible barrier restrained me. This last house concerned Alyce alone, I was told. It was impossible to intervene. There was nothing to do but wait.

SIXTH SCENARIO: Suddenly the entire house burst into flames. Alarmed, I tried again to go into the house, to rescue Alyce, and again was "told" that this was her problem. Just wait.

Before long the entire house had burned to the ground, and Alyce was still standing there, in the midst of smoking charred embers. I was surprised—and she was astonished and looked with wonder at her unscorched hands. She was dressed in tatters from the fire, though, and I saw that she had become older. She was definitely a "senior citizen."

Going into the smoking ruins, for I now was "free" to move, I took Alyce by the hand. She smiled, and together we walked out of the house and across the street to the prairie beyond.

SEVENTH SCENARIO: We were looking for the Teacher with whom Alyce had been associated but whom she couldn't describe. Searching in all directions, we saw at least a dozen Teachers standing here and there in profile, dressed in garments from many different lands. We knew they weren't appropriate for us.

* * *

One of these Teachers I have a particularly good memory of. His clothes were right out of The Arabian nights, with jeweled turban, flowing sash, tapering pantaloons, and beautiful gold-embroidered turned-up sandals with bells over the toes.

But where was the Teacher we sought? Suddenly we spied him. He was dressed like an American business man in a standard blue suit with white shirt and tie. (I didn't notice if the tie was red.) We walked directly to him, and he welcomed us. THE END.

* * *

You can imagine my consternation in pondering this dream.

First: Why would Alyce, who I thought was already standing with the Teachers, have to go through a burning ground before she met one of them face to face at the end of her life? Second: What could there possibly be in Alyce, that the burning ground might find necessary to burn away?

Details of Alyce's burning-ground experience are the substance of Chapter 7, but short answers to the above questions are:

FIRST: The Alyce whom I saw in vision dreams standing with Teachers, was the *MOM* of Alyce. And, as a *SOUL*, she was able to stand with the Teachers because her personality had already intentionally shifted all of its energies to the Lotus level. Consequently, her *SOUL* no longer had to focus attention "downward" into the three worlds to help the *soul*.

In my case, I much more slowly shifted my personality energies to *MOM*. In fact, my *SOUL* wasn't totally free from paying attention to the three worlds until I found the upper door of my house (my personality), and could then come up and stand with Alyce and the Teachers under my own power, so to speak.

SECOND: Oddly enough, what needed to be burned from Alyce's psyche, before the *soul* could merge with the Light of the *SOUL*, was the idea that there were no subconscious forces in her mind. Before Alz appeared, she believed that no subconscious inclinations of any kind influenced anything that she thought or felt.

She was interested in "spirit," not in "mind," and if a question came up concerning why she had a certain attitude, or opinion—which question I sometimes raised—instead of tracking down the source in herself through Mindfulness, she would meditate only on what she felt to be transpersonal goals. And if I persisted with the question, she'd become angry, and feel that I was the cause of the trouble. You can imagine what happened when Alz began to appear on the scene.

* * *

The problem for everyone's *soul*, in merging with their *SOUL*, is willingness to give up all mistaken ideas and attitudes, that is, give up all illusions and glammers, humbly trusting that *MOM* will tell us what to give up. In my case, being a dreamer, *MOM* could easily get my attention. In Alyce's case, not being a dreamer, she didn't believe that what was happening in Alz could possibly happen to her. Tough situation—for both of us.

AN ASIDE: Isn't it interesting that religious fundamentalists around the world see the "burning ground" as "hell," rather than as the purification process which enables a *soul* to merge consciously with the Light of the *SOUL*?

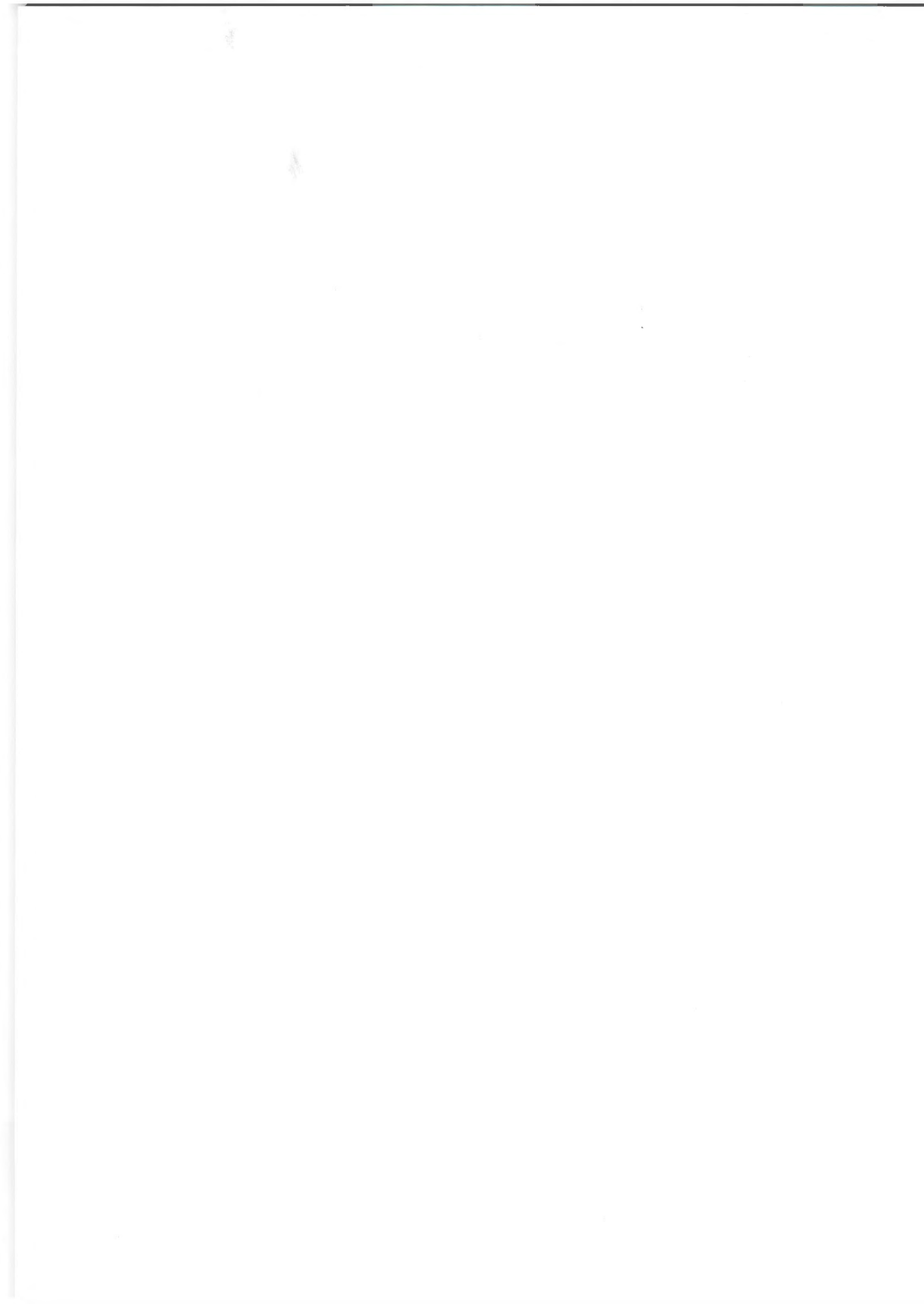
The reason for this misperception is that fundamentalists everywhere are trapped by the Planetary Dweller's effort (the Ice Queen's effort) to maintain the status quo. Change is the one thing that our Dwellers fear. They prefer to remain frozen (figuratively speaking) than risk melting. For if they melt, then who will they be. The fact that "the greater always absorbs the lesser," is no consolation to the "lesser." It consoles only the "greater" during the transformational struggle.

From that point of view, of course, the commonly heard expression, "Go to hell," has a special meaning. It could be a blessing, even as the diamond light is a blessing.

* * *

The Teacher whom Alyce and I finally located in the prairie, consciously for Alyce for the first time, though a long-time acquaintance of hers at superconscious levels I later discovered, was Genesis. Of that I am almost certain. Reasons are given in the next chapter—which I've named "IN THE BARDO."

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Chapter 7

IN THE BARDO

The force back of the universe is mind. The controlling and directing power in humanity is also mind. Conscious, intelligent thinking is the key to all accomplishment regardless of who or what is involved. Every plan, design or purpose in life has its origin in mind. Nothing has any reality or actual existence in so far as man is concerned until it is observed, recognized and acknowledged mentally. This is the reason consciousness assumes such great importance in the life and affairs of men and women

—The Teacher (Erwood, 1941)

In order to keep myself grounded while Alyce moved further and further into the bardo state of consciousness, and to keep P,D,S & J (Pat, Doug, Sandra, Judy) informed, in '89 I began keeping a Journal, recording (1) the events of our life, (2) how we were individually responding to the Alz challenge, (3) what my dreams told me, (4) and how finally it all came together to substantiate a Boise vision dream of '44 concerning what would happen at the end of our lives, and also substantiate the Chicago vision dream of '64 in which Alyce went through a final burning ground before consciously finding a specific Teacher.

Though the Boise dream was mentioned in Chapter 6, it is useful to describe it now in detail. Then as you read my excerpts from the Journal you will see why I was insistent (when Alyce was in hospitals for three weeks recovering from femur-socket repair) that her physical, emotional, and mental Selves be treated by nurses as if she were fully conscious.

Incidentally, the Boise dream about “breaking out” through the roof occurred 19 years before I read Kafka’s *THE CASTLE*, in which the top of the tower had burst off, and 21 years before reading Carl Jung’s *MEMORIES, DREAMS, AND REFLECTIONS*, in which he saw (in a dream) a tower on an island in which the top was blown off and streams of electric energy shot out.

My point: The message for every human is the same. Namely, everyone on the planet, sooner or later, will experience the “towering” event. That’s what it means to be human and at the same time be made in “the image of God.” Also, as it says in the beginning of *A COURSE IN MIRACLES* (Schucman and Thetford, 1975), the experience isn’t optional, only it’s time is optional. If, like Cipher in *MATRIX*, an individual feels that “ignorance is bliss,” the time may be delayed, but nothing more.

WHERE THE FLAME NEVER FLICKERS

In my room at Hotel Boise I had just finished reading the *TREATISE ON WHITE MAGIC* which Mrs. Wilson had given me, and was pondering the wealth of ideas The Tibetan had outlined to Alice Ann Bailey, when it occurred to me that though Alyce was more devout than I in the “religious” sense, psychic information seldom came to conscious levels in her mind. What did that imply in terms of “spiritual” development?

The Tibetan had said that spiritual development and psychic awareness weren’t necessarily correlated until after the Fourth Initiation (the Gilgamesh detachment process, I eventually learned) but what exactly did that mean for Alyce and me, individually? The Teacher had told us shortly after we were married that we had entered, enrolled in, the Hall of Wisdom, but what did that imply?

Then one night the following indelible vision dream answered most of the questions.

FIRST SCENARIO: Alyce and I were underground, in the basement of an abandoned gloomy house. A rusty furnace was in the middle of the dismal space and we were alternately chasing each other round and round. Sometimes she was after me, and sometimes I after her. And though we were intensely attracted each to the other, it was a continuous seesaw of jealousies, angers, desires, spurnings, coming together, separating. This series of events, I understood, as an observer, represented hundreds of lifetimes, each of us appearing in both male and female bodies.

SECOND SCENARIO: Finally a day came when I, tired of this endless process, desperate to find a way out and wanting something better, realized that it was necessary to go straight up. Then, just as I was being caught for the umpteenth time, I floated upward. The ceiling broke apart and I found myself standing on the ground floor of a strange house.

Looking down through the broken floor, I saw a surprised look of awareness and knowledge come across Alyce’s face. She became very quiet—and looking up began to float. In a few seconds we were standing together hand in hand. It was a beautiful moment. Gone were the days of round and round. We were in the living room of a house we hadn’t previously been conscious of, and there was a world to explore.

THIRD SCENARIO: Opening the front door, we went out into a land of fields and trees and began walking toward a hill far away.

[As I understand it, the decision to go toward a spiritual hill represents what The Tibetan calls the First Initiation. It is a state of consciousness which develops after a person becomes interested in climbing the “mountain” of ones SELF to find the *SOUL*.

Obviously, the first move is to get out of the basement. That is the initiating event. After that *MOM* begins to take a more-than-DNA-programming interest in the personality, and synchronicities rather than coincidences begin to appear in ones life.

Incidentally, in advance of the First Initiation we humans are unconscious creatures of the bardo. After the First Initiation, we are conscious of being creatures of the bardo. And that consciousness poses a problem which isn't resolved until the Fourth Initiation. Namely, how to extract ourselves from the food chain, i.e. the energy-consumption chain which nourishes the archetypal gods.

* * *

As I have experienced it, and as The Tibetan explains it, the “burst of insight” which comes with an Initiation is a glimpse of what will be accomplished by the time of the next one.]

FOURTH SCENARIO: Suddenly Alyce wasn't with me, and ominous shapes appeared at the edge of the forest. Wolves. As they loped toward me I began running toward the hill, on which I saw a bungalow with a four-sided pyramidal roof. [The squaring-with-the-divine-law idea again.] The eaves of the house extended downward to about eight feet above the ground and I realized that safety lay in getting up on the roof.

FIFTH SCENARIO: Reaching the house about 100 yards ahead of the wolf pack, I jumped up and caught the rain gutter. Then to my horror found that I couldn't pull myself up. I was far too heavy. Dropping to the ground I stripped off a heavy leather coat, and then discovered that I was wearing many leather coats, of different designs and colors.

[Fascinating symbology. Today (10apr00) I searched for references and found the following: Genesis 3:21. “For Adam also and for his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.” And in the *METAPHYSICAL BIBLE DICTIONARY* (Unity, 1931) it says, “The Hebrew word is *chithanoth*, which signifies not only coats, but body-like; an embodiment; expression of bodily form; assimilation of corporeal body.”

And the metaphysical meaning of “coats of skin” was given as, “The body of flesh. Man was connected originally with the spiritual-body idea, but when he took on personal consciousness, that is, when he no longer was sufficiently light (innocent, simple, pure, refined, coherent) to remain in the Garden of Eden, he was given ‘coats of skins’ which, under divine law, corresponded with the quality of his thought world. When spiritual thought becomes supreme in

consciousness, the coats of skins will give way to the manifestation of the spiritual body, which is the immortal body that was spoken of by Paul. Corruptible flesh is the manifestation of corrupt ideas in mind. 'Be ye transformed (changed in form) by the renewing of your mind.'"

That last sentence sounds remarkably like The Teacher's instructions to me during Mindfulness Training.

Concerning "transformed," I found that the above reference came from Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Romans 12:2. "And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."]

SIXTH SCENARIO: Hurriedly I discarded my leather coats and leaped up again, and to my astonishment was so light that the jump carried me far up on the roof. What a relief!

[Interestingly, the Second Initiation involves the decision to discard the "coats of skin." It isn't the corporeal body that is dropped. Rather it is the illusory glamour world that begins to be discarded. This process signifies a profound shift of interest toward the *SOUL*, which is the "immortal body spoken of by Paul." Naturally the physical body is affected by this mental and emotional process (purified, cleansed?), but that transformation is not of primary importance at this moment, at least not in my case.

The leap to the roof of the bungalow represents the Third Initiation. In The Tibetan's lexicon, this "event" correlates with the first diamond-light evocation from the Jewel in assisting the *SOUL* in its transformation of the *soul*. In other words, once the leather coats were discarded I could leap to the roof of the building as a semi-enlightened *soul*. Interestingly, the energy which removes the coats is the consciously-invoked Diamond Light of the Jewel.

In '44, however, I didn't know what these symbols meant. In addition, the landing on the roof lay almost 10 years ahead in time, not to take place until Wrightwood and China Lake, when the Dweller's role in my life was reversed—and I took charge.]

SEVENTH SCENARIO: Then I saw that a small windowless hut with a single door had been constructed at the very peak of the roof. I was happy to have escaped from the wolves, and curious about this hut, but suddenly noticed to my consternation that a wide stairway had appeared, extending from the edge of the roof to the ground, and the creatures who had followed me were coming up.

But miracle of miracles, they weren't wolves, they were smooth-skinned humanoids, and then they became human. And at each step they became slimmer, more graceful, more beautiful—and their eyes, looking at me, glistened brighter and brighter.

Not a word was spoken though. They were mute. Most surprising, as these beings came up the stairs a tiny light appeared within the center of each chest and brightened continuously, and these tiny lights began sounding a clear beautiful humming note, which grew louder and louder.

I, overwhelmed by the crowd, was pushed back toward the hut.

[Since all humans are part of the mind net called the Collective Unconscious (which includes both sub- and super-conscious, as indicated in the field-of-mind diagram), it is easy to understand that every individual who reaches the roof exerts a pull upward (like a raised knot in a fish net) on other *souls*.

The Teacher first explained this mind net linkage to me when He said, “An injustice done to anyone on this planet is an injustice done to you.” This was heavy-duty information, for it meant that as enlightened beings, we must care for one another. Isn’t it interesting that justice is one of the primary attributes of Love?

There is a double significance in this mind net idea. Every knot of a net which pulls “up” is pulled in the opposite direction by lower knots. That, of course, is why I first saw “wolves” rather than humans coming out of the forest. The wolves are the Dwellers who will pounce on anyone (psychically, of course) who begins to escape from the archetypal gods, their masters, for whom they are Agents.

As indicated in MATRIX, as long as you stay in line (in the chain gang) you are ignored by the gods. Your transformational troubles begin when you decide to find a “better way,” and decide to go “up.”

Related to these ideas, I’m reminded of a comment made by Mark Twain about 1904, “The skin of every human being contains a slave.” And these slaves are the Dwellers for whom we are ultimately responsible. But until we *SOULS* take charge, their masters are the archetypal gods, the immortal bardo beings who maintain control through what we “conscious” humans call instincts and cultural conditioning.

The main underlying riddle for semi-aware humans is, as I see it, “How do we know what it is that we are not conscious of?” A way out of this bind is outlined in Chapter 9: THETA BRAIN-WAVE TRAINING.]

EIGHTH SCENARIO: For fear of being crushed, I quickly turned and went into the hut. On closing the door and turning the lock, I found myself in total—absolute—silence. Strangest of all, Alyce was sitting there in a straight-backed chair with a baby cuddled in her arms. And beside her on a small table a single candle was burning—and the quietness she maintained was so profound and deep that the flame didn’t quiver. *MOM* said to me, “Observe. The flame never flickers.”

[This profound SILENCE was referred to by H.B. Blavatsky in her little gem-of-a-book called THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE (Blavatsky, 1973). In this deep silence the voice of the *SOUL*, the “humming” of the light within the heart, can be heard.

The significance of the baby didn’t become clear to me until the Nineties. Literally it meant, for Alyce, becoming conscious of the Light of the *SOUL* while still in the bardo, and then becoming the LIGHT, being reborn in spirit before the body died. In other words, she became the *SOUL* before discarding the body.

That process—*soul* merging consciously with the *SOUL*—is called the Fourth Initiation. After that, the essence of the lesser is no longer simply absorbed by the greater at the end of a lifetime. Instead, the LESSER joins the GREATER, never again losing its individuality. Like a molecularly-conscious self-organizing cup of water poured into the ocean, the *SOUL* can be everywhere and in every thing, large or small, at will. This is the ultimate IDENTIFICATION.

After the Fourth Initiation, says The Tibetan, it no longer is necessary to return to Earth for karmic reasons. The “seeds of karma (an expression from ancient writings) are burned.” That process, of course, was symbolized in the burning-ground vision dream in Chicago. Following that burning, which turned out to be the Alz experience for Alyce, she was free to consciously align her continued work with that of a Teacher.]

NINTH SCENARIO: Then the walls of the hut began to bend inward and I realized that pressure from outside was crushing our refuge. As the walls slanted inward I tried to push them back. But it was no use. Slowly the walls bulged further inward and I despaired of saving us. And during those moments, Alyce said not a word, only smiled—and the flame never flickered.

[Most interesting to me in retrospect, the hut in which I found myself with Alyce is the “tunnel” of Sub-level 21 in the field-of-mind diagram. In this tunnel (the stem of the Lotus) the flame never flickers. That is, the “light of the *soul*” which you bring with you as an offering to the “Light of the *SOUL*” never flickers. This means that you are a conscious unblemished totally-sincere aspirant, offering your life and talents to the Life of the *SOUL*.]

TENTH SCENARIO: Suddenly the roof of the hut burst off and golden light poured down, just as I’d seen when I was three years old. But this time, instead of spiritual beings coming down, Alyce with the baby in her arms, and I, rose into the light, ascending into an ambience in which angels and cherubs and other beings began singing a Hallelujah Chorus, not Handel’s, but one similar. THE END.

* * *

Wish I could have recorded the music. If I'd been Handel I would have put it on paper, for it was clear in mind for almost a week. The gist of the music was that Alyce and I were graduating from Earth School, and were being welcomed to Sub-level 22 by the angels of the Seventh Heaven.

[Of particular interest to me is the fact that Alyce completed her Gilgamesh liberation when she discarded the physical body during Alzheimer's. For me, however, the final step lies ahead: I still have things to do in the physical world.

* * *
* * * * *
* * *

What follows here, and in the next chapter, are excerpts from my journal—written to my family in explanation of Alyce's and my experience with Alz. Approximately 2700 pages of day-by-day events (and commentary) are compressed into these pages from the original text. You will see that I am here sharing with you, the reader, words that were originally written for my children's eyes only. I have added some words [*italicized words in square brackets*] as notes or explanations for you.

* * *

One other point: You have already read some of this material, but in explaining my dreams to P,D,S & J (in the Journal) different arrangements of words are used, which may be useful.

Once I asked Dr. Erwood how he prepared a talk for a mixed audience (at all levels of age and education) and he said that first he tells them what he's going to tell them, then he tells them, then he tells them what he told them. So, please know that my redundancy is intended and, I hope, of value in clarifying some moderately out-of-this-world ideas. Also, I'll use the Journal format, for I believe it helps in the blending of "physical" and "non-physical" reality.

* * *

10 MARCH 1991. Dear Pat and Steve, Doug, Sandra and Fred, Judy and Bob:

In the Journal below, I have recorded and discussed many details of Alyce's and my life so you will know some of our past, and understand what is happening now. Also, I have included some other relevant information that may be useful. I do not know how the transpersonal process with Alyce and me will work out, but I shall print these pages and send you a copy.

But first a request: I would appreciate it if you did not allow anyone, other than those named above, to read your copy of this journal, and not any of our grandchildren, either, until both Alyce and I are gone. After that, you can use these pages in any way that seems appropriate....

[Obviously I've changed my mind. But that, please note, was because of instructions I received from Mind of Me (*MOM*) and from a Teacher. He said, as mentioned previously, that I should tell everything that might be useful to someone.]

The dates given below are the dates that the Journal entries were made.

* * *

8 MAY 1989 (E's dream). Alyce and I were planning to meet two people, a husband and wife, whom we honored for some reason. They were coming from the east by plane, possibly from Great Britain. The plane was in transit and would stop for only a few minutes in order for us to meet them. We had prepared a one-page document for sending to a few friends (such as some of the CGC people) and thought it would be nice to give them a copy. The paper seemed to be a joint statement about psychophysiologic self regulation and was in the nature of a position paper. It was signed, like a letter, by both of us.

When the plane was to arrive we went to the paved landing area, which was an open stretch of land with no buildings, no airport, no people or cars—just the two of us were there. The plane was large, like a 747, and seemed to be completely full of passengers—at least I knew that fact in advance of its arrival. It came from the east and landed toward the west, the direction of its journey.

* * *

When the plane came to a stop near us, a long covered gangway came down on the right side, ahead of the wing, and a slim member of the crew, seemingly a lieutenant, wearing a uniform-style white shirt with shoulder bars, descended and stood at the bottom of the stairs. He was followed by the man we had come to meet. He was tall and had a cordial, wise way about him.

We greeted each other with smiles and gracious words as if we had been long acquainted. We seemed to know each other though we had not met in this way before. His wife was waiting on the plane, he said, and asked us to come up for a few minutes to meet her. I took the paper we had signed from a pile of fifty or so and gave it to him, as well as an extra unsigned one so they would have two.

Alyce's eyes sparkled and she quickly followed our visitor up the stairs. Lagging behind a bit, I asked the official at the steps if it was all right for us to go up for a few minutes. He said, "Oh yes, but you should know that there will be a 'borning' when you get there." He said this in a

very definite way, looking into my eyes as if to impress me with an important fact. I had already sensed that someone was to have a child at the moment we arrived, but his statement brought it sharply to my attention.

I hurried after Alyce. It was a long way up. When we finally came to the passenger compartment it was full of people whom I could not clearly see, for a powerful energy began to be felt through my entire body, an electric-like tension was in the air. As I walked down the aisle the energy become increasingly strong. I thought it was some powerful electric effect associated with the birth. I had not sensed this kind of thing before (in connection with a birth) and felt it probably was noticeable for two reasons, first because the birth was significant in some unusual way, and also because I was in a particularly aware state of mind.

I did not reach the seat where our visitor's wife was because as the birth tension down the aisle became more intense I began to "black out." The scene faded and I came to consciousness [in bed] almost paralyzed with "electric energy." From past experience, my returning to full consciousness in such a way was a sign of significant meaning. Pay attention, it said....

* * *

At first the dream's meaning was not apparent, but when I rose in the morning (at 5 am) it seemed more obvious, though exactly what was to be born from this transpersonal event was not... clear. I can think of three possibilities. (1) Alyce was to be born on the *SOUL* level, and stay there. This seems unlikely. [This, however, is what it turned out to be.] (2) Alyce was to be reborn (regenerated in some way) and come back down. (3) Most likely, the "borning" referred to a dream I had (in Boise, long ago). [This, also, was correct.]

In that dream (which was one of the most meaningful I have had) I obtained (or was given) a review of our hundreds of lives together, starting below ground in the basement of a building. At the end, after many interesting episodes...I was on the roof of a small house at the peak of which a tiny hut had been built.

When I opened the door of the hut and went in, Alyce was there, sitting beside a small table and holding a baby. A lighted candle on the table was the only illumination. Its most striking characteristic was that the flame was absolutely motionless. It never flickered. The stillness of the room was incredible compared to the chaos outside.

Later, as the walls began to be crushed from the pressure of living beings outside, the roof of the hut exploded and we were bathed in a brilliant golden-white light in which we rose into a realm of singing and rejoicing. I felt at the time that the dream represented a change in consciousness that would occur at some later time, though perhaps not accompanied by any obvious change in physical circumstances.

* * *

ALMOST A YEAR LATER

20 APRIL 1990 (E's dream). I was not truly asleep. It was more like a hypnagogic semi-awake dream.... I was trying to find my way through a "jungle" of buildings. It was not simply a 2-dimensional way but also 3-dimensional. The impression was one of being lost in a 3-dimensional "funhouse"

.... After many episodes, a person with whom I was associated, a girl, implied that we could meet later after an escape (and after a successful termination of the present problem). It seemed...that after something was accomplished I would be able to find a stairway that led straight up, in two sections.

One of two girls whom I became aware of, signaled to me that the goal had been accomplished, and she set off through the maze of scaffolding...to leave the area. QUESTION: Were the two girls two aspects of Alyce? One was confused and the other seemed to know what was going on....

* * *

8 MAY 1990. As time passed...since my 8 May 1989 dream,... I have had a growing feeling that the two people Alyce and I were to meet at the airplane were our own *SOULS* (the so-called Lotus beings). Quite definitely they [were not] strangers. They were more like seldom-seen relatives whom we held in great esteem.

This impression of mine may be supported by a dream that Alyce recently had, and told me about at breakfast [today], oddly enough, exactly one year to the day since my dream on the same subject.

ALYCE'S DREAM. At breakfast [she] seemed sad, with a tear in her eye. When I asked what the problem was, she said she dreamed that a plane was coming from London and that she would have to leave me. It would be the end of something. The dream was confused and not clear, she said, but the plane was supposed to arrive at 4am and she did not know if she had time to get ready. I asked if it meant she was to leave this planet. She said that was uncertain, at least to her. Then, she added that it seemed that she would have to die and become a child, and she didn't know if she wanted that to happen.

The comment about becoming a child startled me.... [A] child represents a rebirth, an emergence from the old being.

QUESTION: Is this the child that Alyce held in her arms in my dream (at Boise, Idaho, 1944)....? If so, Alyce's dream may have symbolized transformation, but not necessarily physical death.

COMMENTARY: I believe I mentioned to Alyce, a year ago, my own dream about the plane from the East, but she has not seen the above text. In any event, it is striking to me that exactly a year passed since my own dream on this same subject. Also, she said the plane was from London. I had felt it was from England. She said she had to change to a child. I was told that a "borning" would take place....

* * *

18 JUNE 1990 (A's dream). Alyce awoke from sleep and put her hand on my shoulder. It seemed that she had just had a dream about more (or continued) activity in her life. She said, "I was stunned to learn that I was to start over again." And then, "Where are the children? We must look after them."

I answered that she was still in the dream, and that "starting over" did not mean taking care of children again, at least not in this life.... We talked for several minutes and it seemed to me that a psychological change was beginning...in Alyce....

Yesterday she began reading (aloud) [at my request—with a hope of bringing her to consciousness in the bardo] the book by Stewart Edward White called, *ACROSS THE UNKNOWN* (the sequel to *THE BETTY BOOK*), and found it accurate, and interesting. So, again... [White, 1936].

* * *

19 JUNE 1990 (A's dream). When I awakened Alyce in the morning to say that breakfast would soon be ready, she looked both startled and puzzled and said that it seemed that she had just had another child. This seemed quite real for a few minutes, she later said, but after breakfast when I asked for more about the dream, she said it seemed to be more like a story she was reading, or involved in, rather than a dream of an actual event in her life.

* * *

28 JUNE 1990 (A's dream). When I (E) awakened at 7:30am, Alyce was gone from her bed. Since she didn't return in a few minutes, I looked through the house. She was downstairs, thinking about "what to do." She had had an "awake dream" just a few minutes before. A tiny baby was by her side. When it disappeared she rose and walked through the house, to think.

* * *

30 JUNE 1990 (E's dream). About 7:30am I dreamed that Alyce and I were going up a steep hill in the snow. The path wound back and forth so that forward movement was not extremely difficult. The trail sloped sideways, however, so that we were almost sliding downhill. In addition, Alyce, going ahead of me, became so tired that she had to lie down.

I slid her along, then, as best I could, remarking to her that some of the footholds carved into the snow and ice reminded me of Itzhak Perleman who, it seemed, was also concerned (or associated) with this path. Then, suddenly, I didn't see Alyce, but there was a baby about six months old, not quite old enough to stand, sitting there, clad in diapers. The child was very much awake, back straight, head up, looking keenly forward with focused attention. The scene lasted only a second, before I woke up....

* * *

2 JULY 1990 (E's dream). I seemed to be in a hospital room. Two nurses were there, chatting and gossiping about various things, and the subject of discussion turned to that of Alyce returning to this room, her own room. Apparently Alyce had just undergone surgery on her legs.... Soon the door opened and other nurses brought Alyce in on a gurney and put her in the hospital bed. She seemed to be recovering from anesthesia and was incoherent when trying to speak.

I was irked by the way the nurses were talking, as if Alyce could not hear them because she was mostly unconscious. And I felt they were not careful enough in moving her body.

[This event actually happened ten weeks later.]

I woke up at that moment with the feeling that the dream might have a meaning, for it was sharp, clear, and impactful, but I could not think of any way in which Alyce's legs could need surgery, so I thought it might be symbolic of something else, or possibly an evidence of my own worry about Alyce.

* * *

10 SEPTEMBER 1990 (A's dream). About 8am Alyce woke up and said to me, with a very puzzled expression (snapping me out of hypnagogic reverie), "What am I doing here? I am supposed to be dead." Questioning brought out the idea that she was actually more on "the other side" than on this side. I pointed out that while at a certain inner level she was in the "other" world, as long as she had a physical body she was also in the physical world—and that it might be possible to be in both worlds at the same time.

[What is happening is that as Alz deepens, Alyce's psychic awareness is suddenly developing. She is being forced, against her brain's will, to become conscious of dozens of psychic things which I had spoken of over the years, but of which she had no previous awareness, nor interest.]

* * *

18 SEPTEMBER 1990 (A's experience). To provide a context of this experience, I should say that for two days Alyce had been off and on in a very unhappy emotional state. She wept occasionally about the terrible task of trying to integrate her life, and about the fact that she switched from knowing who I was to not knowing who I was. And during periods of "knowing" she was overcome by the anguish of not being able to maintain a continuous state of consciousness.

We talked at length about the fact that I saw her only as a *SOUL*, as her True Self, no matter what events occurred in mental, emotional, or physical realms. I reviewed our "twin *soul*" status (according to The Teacher, and according to my memory of past lives), and pointed out that I would carry on with my "housekeeping" tasks indefinitely, that there was no way of getting me to stop, for that was what I most wanted to do, that to consciously find a Teacher was our only joint concern, that if she went over to "the other side" then that would change things, but in the meantime I saw her as my Divine Partner having a problem in the three lower worlds. And I wanted her to realize consciously that in my life she was the Only One, that she was my Dearly Beloved, no matter what.

I mention this to establish the context for what happened next.

* * *

Alyce had an "experience" rather than a dream, for it took place in "full" consciousness. We were at the end of a very busy day in which we went to the bank, to the grocery store, and to the lab to pick up the mail.... It was 7:30pm. Alyce was reading aloud [at my request] a pamphlet by Will Erwood called 'Man's Spiritual Powers' (a verbatim transcript of The Teacher's 1926 talk on mediumship to members of a spiritualist study group).

After ten pages Alyce became tired and closed her eyes. At the time I was getting dinner and listening to her on our headphone walkie-talkie, and when she stopped reading I came to where she was sitting on the davenport, and asked what she would like to have happen next, and complemented her on the skilled and graceful way in which she had read The Teacher's message.

Suddenly she began talking with closed eyes in a carefully controlled syntax (a great surprise to me, after having often listened during the day to disconnected phrases). The phrasing was

eloquent, her voice low and beautifully modulated. She told me it was possible to communicate at “this level,” even though normal communication was not working properly. She spoke of her physical strength, saying that it was quite good, but limited, and that it would be necessary for energy to be conserved.

Nevertheless, she continued, the door did not have to be closed. In fact, it could be kept open for further conversation, if we could stay at this higher level of consciousness. She said that her emotional and mental state was often confused at present and that the anguish she and I were feeling could have an element of laughter, gentle laughter, if we did not take the sadness too seriously.

In fact, she said, we were planning to watch a TV movie in a few minutes and it was appropriate to enjoy what we saw (Haley Mills in “The Parent Trap”) as long as we did not let her get too tired. That if she became tired it would be a good idea to stop, and rest.

I said that I was planning to record the program, and that we could turn it on again tomorrow, but she said that it was not advisable to do that, as it would be difficult to reconnect with what went before. The best thing, she said, was to not continue, not to try to reconnect. Just let it be.

We talked for a few minutes of philosophical and spiritual things, and it became apparent that I was speaking to Her, at a Lotus level, [the *SOUL* level], that she was channeling her own transpersonal transcendental [SELF].

I said that I was grateful for the opportunity to talk with her in the realm of “meanings,” and that I recognized that she was speaking as her Divine Self, or as a channel for her Divine Self. She acknowledged that this was the case....

But, she said again, it was important not to tire the physical being, but allow it to build up gradually its ability to focus and concentrate. It would be slow, she said, but rewarding in the long run. And, she added, we should not be too distressed by emotional disturbances that occurred. They should be seen as temporary troubles.

[In retrospect, who was it that should be allowed “to build up gradually its ability to focus and concentrate?” Did SHE mean the “physical Self?” The brain?

At first I thought that SHE might mean the brain, for I was hoping that Alyce as a personality would come back to physical consciousness—and then make her transition to *SOUL* in full brain consciousness. But as Alz deepened and Alyce’s ability to speak became almost impossible, except during channeling-HERSELF sessions, I realized that SHE had been speaking of her “*soul*,” not her “*body*,” as the one who would focus and concentrate.

Regardless of the Light, Love, and Will of her *SOUL*, Alyce's *soul* was trapped in the bardo because it still had a brain, and that *soul* had to develop its ability to "focus and concentrate," just like a new-born child—in the same way that a lucid dreamer, like myself, learns to focus and concentrate in the bardo while still connected to a brain.

Obviously, an Alzheimer or stroke victim, or anyone in a coma, is a special case which offers the relatives and friends on earth a unique opportunity to be of assistance by talking to, reading to, and encouraging the semi-conscious *soul* to "focus and concentrate," and listen, in deep quietness, for the Voice of the Silence.

To my way of thinking, these "facts" are important reasons for a personality to develop first the ability to dream, and then to move on into dreaming lucidly. In other words, it's useful to become conscious in the bardo before we lose the body. This was something that hadn't interested Alyce—until her long-drawn-out transit of consciousness from body to *SOUL*, via the *soul*, made it possible (mandatory?)]

* * *

We talked in this fashion for about ten minutes, and then she thanked me for recognizing her as Herself, and said that even though we could continue to talk in this way, it was necessary for me to finish getting dinner ready, that we would have to return to regular consciousness and "carry on."

* * *

I was astonished at her comprehensive perception of the physical, emotional, and mental situation, and was especially impressed that she could switch subjects and tell me that it was time to return to the normal way of being.

She added one thing that reminded me of previous conversations with Alyce in her usual state of consciousness, and that was a reference to the "fact" that she would be functioning, at least at first, as a child. This should not be too distressing, she said, if we took it with a measure of laughter and lightness.

A couple of times she paused in her conversation and said, to my astonishment, "Have you any questions?" The first time she said that I was speechless, and couldn't think of anything appropriate, but the second time I asked if she was planning to stay here for a while longer, or to move over to the other side. At that she had chuckled, and that was when she talked about it not being necessary to close the door.

In all of this I was struck by the similarity Alyce showed in her speech, her careful accurate concise way of talking, to some of the other Teachers whom we have heard lately, namely Lazarus and Yahveh on video, and Genesis [and Monitor, whom at that time I hadn't yet become aware of], and to The Teacher....

It wasn't the depth of understanding alone that was impressive, but also the compassion, the gentle loving kindness that emerged. I have felt that quality of underlying Love in all the Teachers, and it seems to me that their outstanding common characteristic is a loving nature. Goodwill and Compassion seem part of them, whatever their specific individualities and tasks.

* * *

26 SEPTEMBER 1990 (WEDNESDAY, but written on SATURDAY, 20 OCTOBER). At 5 am, not being sleepy, I arose and began working on letters at the word processor. At 5:30 I heard a thump and thud in the bedroom (the door was open), and Alyce cried out in pain. I found that she got out of bed to go to the bathroom and in the semi-darkness had tripped on a cushion which was leaning against the wall. After some discussion about what to do, I lifted her to the bed and she went to sleep for two more hours.

For Alyce, Wednesday was unusually difficult for the pain of moving about (on two crutches left over from a skiing accident) kept her lying down almost all day.

On Thursday morning I noticed that she was too hot. We discussed getting some hip x-rays. I called Dr. Bradley Marples and he arranged for Alyce to be admitted to Stormont Vail Hospital. On this day I did not allow Alyce to stand but instead arranged a chair on a moving dolly so that I could take her to breakfast, and later down the stairs (with the help of a rope winch) and then transferred her to the station wagon without her having to use much effort except with her arms.

X-ray images revealed that the ball of the left femur was broken off. Surgery was planned and Dr. Kenneth Gimple became the doctor in charge. Soon Alyce had a private room (630S) at Stormont Vail and I was given a rollaway cot to make my nights more comfortable during the week we spent in that hospital.

Surgery took place Friday morning and by 1:30pm Alyce was back in her room. The nurses were there, gossiping, and I asserted my prerogative of asking them to not move Alyce without my explaining carefully to her in advance.

They complied agreeably, but seemed to feel it was rather odd to talk to Alyce while she was still under the effects of the anesthetic. Nevertheless, they accepted my word that she could hear us (or humored me [24 hours/day]) and from then on, until 17 October when I took Alyce home

(after two additional weeks at the Kansas Rehabilitation Hospital [KRH]) I controlled most of the conversations and other schedules that Alyce was subjected to.

In all, I worked with about 30 nurses in three weeks and essentially became part of the hospital staff, doing most of the chores with Alyce. [For two to three hours each afternoon, someone from our group at Menninger, usually Pat, came to sit by Alyce's side (sometimes to read to her) while I went out for dinner and to get a thermos of coffee and food supplies for the next 22 hours, or made a quick trip home for clothes and books.]

There were a few bumpy times with nurses at the first meeting, but all quickly accepted my presence, and when Alyce and I checked out of KRH some of the nurses showed a loving kindness for Alyce and me that was truly touching. I left three copies of BEYOND BIO-FEEDBACK at KRH, two with individual nurses, and one for the nursing staff of "2 West."

In retrospect, I was impressed by the skill and cooperativeness of the nurses of both Stormont Vail and KRH. They were professionals with heart. In fact, the same could be said, also, of the 5 physicians who worked with Alyce, though they saw Alyce for only a few minutes each day.

* * *

On 17 October Alyce and I returned home in the station wagon. She climbed the steps to the upper floor with a bit of effort, and then began a rest phase that lasted for most of 36 hours. The hospital experience had not been restful at all, at least not for me, though Alyce was able to lie down in bed most of the time.

* * *

The second and third days at home were a psychological nadir. Alyce was unable to focus on what was occurring though on both days we went for a car ride and I bought groceries, and met Peter Parks at a gas station on Highway 24 to give him some papers.

Last night [20oct90], before Alyce went to bed, we had an hour-long discussion about what would happen if she did not make a real effort to regain consciousness and come out of the "altered" state in which she seemed to be. I got her attention finally, by pointing out that I could not function much longer as more than a caretaker of a body, if she did not become more cheerful—less negative, less gloomy and suspicious—more positive, more cooperative and kind, and accept the fact that it was her memory and not mine that was playing tricks and giving false impressions.

After about half an hour of such conversation, Alyce came into a state of consciousness that seemed about half way between normal and transpersonal and soon was able to talk cogently about the situation.

We talked about living and dying, about what might possibly happen if she allowed herself to die without getting into a more positive frame of mind, the difficulty we might have in making contact if she did not establish, before leaving, a proper psychological atmosphere. I pointed out that her own *SOUL* would not be able to help her personality if she [as a *soul*] refused to give up a chronic negative attitude, and that if she stayed in that attitude until death, I might have trouble finding her, that we might not see each other for a long time, perhaps not until another life.

Alyce then came and sat beside me on the couch and took my hand and said that she used to have a positive loving nature and that she did not know what had happened.

I then talked about her Gemini nature, one side of which she had not fully recognized, and the fact that any unrecognized and unconscious negative reaction to a life event must be brought up and handled before death or it can become (perhaps will become) a determining karmic factor, and shape the next life in ways that might more happily be avoided.

I spoke of the possibility that a chronic shortage of blood to the cortex was forcing her into awareness of previously non-recognized feelings and that now was the time to fight for positivity, and pointed out that cheerfulness was essential. Negative and suspicious feelings would not then have access to her emotional energy.

Then we had a frank discussion of all sides of our own personalities. It rekindled my hope that she would come back to awareness of “reality” in such a way that we could continue reading together, and talking. I also said that it was not necessary to make a gain suddenly but that, if she would keep fighting to establish a constructive attitude, we could keep going.

* * *

21 OCTOBER 1990 (SUNDAY). What will happen now I do not know. It depends on how Alyce has recorded our conversation in deep consciousness. Last night’s long talk may not be readily accessible to memory. It seems clear that, as The Tibetan and others have said, it is necessary for us to become 100% conscious of every nook and cranny of the unconscious in order to become the master of the lower-case gods and archetypes that otherwise control our lives.

With full consciousness of the many aspects of our own psyches, or with the ability to get conscious information about any level (even though we may not look “in there” all the time), we can intervene in our own lives, change our natures, write our own scripts. Without our conscious participation, the scripts of our lives are written by karmic agents, and we remain the

puppets of the gods. Hopefully, now, [Alyce and I] can together begin an upward movement in awareness and control of states of consciousness.

* * *

23 OCTOBER 1990 (TUESDAY)....(E's dream). I was climbing a mountain with a companion I knew was there, but whom I did not really see. Dozens of other people were trying to climb this same mountain. Getting to the top seemed to represent something of spiritual significance, though what that might be was not clear. Most of those near me, as I climbed and scrambled over talus up to snow-covered brush, were Israelis. As I reached the higher levels the going became very difficult and risky. At one point it was necessary to leap across a snow slide and with churning feet grab for brush and branches on the other side.

This was a long dream, but finally the mountain rounded off and I came to the top with no one around except a companion who apparently had been with me all along. This person seemed to be someone I was particularly associated with.

At the top of the mountain was an arch, about 20 feet from end to end, about 10 feet high, about one foot wide, a foot thick at the ends and tapering to about 3 inches at the center. It was constructed of gray metal or plastic. We climbed up and stood on top of the arch, surveying the scene in all directions.

[This represented, I believe, our reaching the hut, the top of Sub-level 21 in the diagram.]

It was a moment of exultation. We had done it! After a few minutes we started down the mountain, to go back to the usual world again. We passed the people still climbing and soon were at a lower level in which there were shops and crowds of people going about their own daily business. It seemed like coming into Jerusalem and walking down the Via Dolorosa. In any event, I clapped my companion on the back and said that having reached the top of the mountain and come down, we were in a different life, and to be of good cheer. That ended it.

* * *

COMMENTARY: When I woke up at 8:30am, the dream revolved in my mind and the strongest impression I had was the feeling of accomplishment. But what, I wondered, did it mean for Alyce and me. Was she at a turning point. My own "trend toward purification" has seemed obvious (eventually having had to give up, with equanimity, "everything" of great personal value, and transmute all tears), but what did it mean for Alyce....

* * *

26 OCTOBER 1990 (FRIDAY).... After dinner Alyce kept up a continuous conversation until bedtime. Part of the interchange was very good, meaningful at a theoretic and philosophical level. Alyce went to bed at 9pm, but at 11pm began talking while lying in bed. I talked with her for a while, but her conversation, highly animated, was mostly about “dream” images.

At 1am, when I went to bed, she began talking again, and in part seemed to be reading something, though what it was was unclear for the sequence of words was not appropriate for any one idea. Finally, I asked her to go to sleep again, but she wanted to stay awake and talk. Eventually she slept for an hour or so, but then woke up again at 3am and began laughing about some joke that she had been told. I was quite tired by this time and just had to sleep as best as possible, with the night-stand light on.

* * *

27 OCTOBER 1990 (SATURDAY). Alyce woke up and had breakfast at 9am, but was physically very shaky and had a hard time balancing. After breakfast she slept in her reclining chair in the library until 1pm, and would not awaken. About 3pm I insisted that she wake up enough to get dressed and go with me to the grocery store. I had the feeling that she was using no volition at all, nor recognizing its need, and my own feeling was one of great frustration and anger. Since almost nothing had been eaten for two days, I spent much time talking about the need to eat, and drink, and breath, if we were to carry on conversations of important matters.

.... To bed at 9pm after two hours in a chair with her eyes shut. I was bothered by the fact that by 1am she had not changed her position an inch. I tried to get her to shift position but nothing succeeded. All night she lay in one position, on her left side, and said nothing until 8am.

* * *

28 OCTOBER 1990 (SUNDAY)....I was unable to get her attention in order to explain that I wanted to go out to cut the grass, and hoped she would feel OK if she awoke and no one else was here. But she did not understand, so I spent the time writing these notes, and working on papers that have accumulated.

* * *

[From this point on I'll skip most of the repetitive confrontations and problems of Alzpers, and try to include only what is significant for understanding Alyce's developing awareness of the bardo and the *SOUL*.]

* * *

31 OCTOBER 1990. (Alyce's experience, or dream). I arose at 5 am and began working on Technical Note #1 (for the Copper Wall Project). Late in the day Alyce wanted to talk. She said that while resting on the bed she had a very good and informative conversation with "her."

Soon I began to believe that Alyce was referring to Her, for she said that She gave her instructions on how to gain back her ability to focus attention. Namely, by continuously trying, just like washing the hands many times during the day, again and again. And it was important to make it "fun" all the time, even though it was difficult.

This emphasis on fun and perseverance impressed me for both of these things had been lacking in Alyce's normal reaction to the problem. In fact, gloominess and worry and sadness have predominated, mixed with stubborn resistance. As Alyce talked to me she again was able to speak with perfect grammar and voice modulation, and good focus of attention. Again, it was impressive....

* * *

1 NOVEMBER 1990 (THURSDAY)..... Before going to bed Alyce remarked that it was somewhat presumptuous of that elderly white-haired woman to "pick her up" like that. Though a very nice person, and very refined, it was not appropriate for her to interfere in her life.

To me, this sounded suspiciously like the ego complaining of the Ego's actions. ["Ego" with a capital E is The Tibetan's term for the *High Self*. A lower-case "ego," is the "self identity" of the personality, and is the Conscious Self part of the *soul*.]

Then later, as I was covering Alyce with the blankets, she began talking about "her," and then she began chuckling, and said, "It seems rather ludicrous to talk that way, when actually 'she is me.'" But in a few minutes that insight had slid away....

2 NOVEMBER 1990. Alyce had talked a lot in her sleep during the night and at 6am she got up without calling me, and bumped into the closet door. It made a lot of noise and startled and worried me, for I had an image again of her falling. She did not fall, however, but said that it was necessary to find the baby. I soon convinced her that there was no baby for her to take care of, at least not in this physical world, and I said I was sorry for being irritated with her getting up in the dark and not waking me....

* * *

8 NOVEMBER 1990 (THURSDAY)..... Much disorientation, but as I tucked Alyce into her reclining chair after breakfast, covering her with the lap robe from Marie, she suddenly said, "I thank you and bless you." It was a nice moment. Orientation was not much improved, but the

entire day was much better than the previous four days. Alyce looked at three of The Tibetan's books in the morning, and maintained a good attitude the rest of the time. About the books, she said that she used to study them carefully, but now was having a difficult time unraveling their meanings. Nevertheless, she held them in great respect.

* * *

14 NOVEMBER 1990.... After about half an hour she said that she had gone into a very quiet state, which she held continuously without stray thoughts or emotions. She wished to continue this, which she did for another half hour....

* * *

18 NOVEMBER 1990 (SUNDAY). Alyce woke up about every hour...and felt that something must be done. Just as I was waking for the fifth time...as I turned toward Alyce, I had a pure sharp hypnagogic flash of a small boy, about 2 and a half years old, nicely dressed in a coverall, eagerly starting to run somewhere—like a little boy in a supermarket for the first time. It was an attractive and energizing image, and it seemed to be Alyce. This is the third time I have seen this boy. The first time was when he was in the snow, up on the mountain. The second time was about two weeks ago, when the hypnagogic flash (again, as I was turning toward Alyce upon awaking), showed the boy, about one year of age, dressed up and eagerly looking somewhere....

[The most interesting thing about Alyce's and my long series of child images was that at first the baby was tiny, in arms, then was six months old in the snow,... then was a year old—and by 18nov90 was about 2 1/2 years old. Apparently, Alyce's *soul* was gradually coming to consciousness as the brain continued to decline.]

* * *

22 NOVEMBER 1990 (THANKSGIVING DAY). Judy and Bob took over operations in the kitchen, and I focused attention on Alyce's activities. [Then Pat and Steve, and Peter Norris arrived.] Alyce was in a good mood, and although not certain of what was happening, she realized that we were preparing a special meal, at a special time, to be eaten with special people.... Alyce told me that it was a very good day. In fact, Alyce handled the whole day with great success, so it was the best time we had for at least four months....

* * *

24 NOVEMBER 1990. Breakfast at 9:30am was prepared by Judy. During the meal, Alyce wore the Listen-Aider headphones. It seemed to help with understanding what we were talking about. An animated discussion developed at breakfast on Nietzsche, Husserel, and other

philosophical figures, and gradually I began talking of The Teacher and His suggestions to me concerning lifework, and other matters. In all, we had almost 2 hours of transpersonal discussion, during which Alyce sat with no restlessness, and with response on occasion that showed that she was following the conversation. I was impressed, again, that as soon as a conversation turned to transpersonal matters, her disorientation and restlessness disappeared.

Finally, when we cleared the dishes away and I took Alyce to her reclining chair, she said that it was an important morning. She spoke to me...about the meaning of our life together, and talked of the need to keep focused on spiritual dimensions. She spoke of our own relationship down the years, and I must admit that I had a tear as she came to Herself for some minutes of discussion. Not until 3pm did Alyce begin talking in free association, without connections....

* * *

25 NOVEMBER 1990 (SUNDAY). Judy and Bob loaded their car while I prepared breakfast. At 10am I roused Alyce and she came out to eat with us. Again, J, B, and I had a stimulating conversation, this time about Steiner, John Lilly, Stan Grof, Aurobindo, and others, and Alyce (wearing the earphones) stayed focused the entire time, and on occasion made cogent comments. Again it seemed that she was able to move into Herself, or close to Herself, when the focus of conversation was on transpersonal issues....

* * *

26 NOVEMBER 1990. Alyce is uncertain about whose house this is. In the afternoon she read aloud from INITIATION: HUMAN AND SOLAR. I was impressed that she read quite easily for an hour. In all it was a good day in terms of attitude (peaceful and pleasant) and focus of attention, though much disorientation....

* * *

27 NOVEMBER (TUESDAY).... While I fixed supper Alyce read for more than half an hour from INITIATION: HUMAN AND SOLAR. After supper she rested for a while, and then came out from the library and began a continuous conversation consisting of what seemed to be free association. Her eyes were bright and she was quite animated. I responded as best as possible, but this activation was inconvenient, for I was unable to begin editing the Becker interview. Perhaps Alyce sensed my mental isolation, for she stayed near me, talking continuously for a couple of hours. Much of the time we sat on the couch, and when she became tired she said she wished to go to bed....

The reason I am giving this detail is because editing...took more than 8 hours, during which I worried that Alyce might notice my absence [from the bedroom] and become anxious. When I went to bed at 7:30am, Alyce woke up, looking fearful and alienated.

* * *

28 NOVEMBER 1990. Alyce got up [half an hour later] and began walking around the cold house without socks, slippers, or robe. I made myself get up and go downstairs to lock the front screen door—just in case.

When I tried to suggest (very politely), that she might feel warmer with socks and a robe, she said that she was going to be as aloof from me as possible, to quit making suggestions, and to not follow her at all from one room to another.

So I complied, but I began breakfast anyway, and eventually asked if she wanted something to eat. After breakfast she seemed much better, and was quite cordial as I helped her get covered with a robe in her recliner. Outstanding vocal Christmas music by Kathleen Battle, which we listened to at breakfast, seemed to be a big factor in restoring Alyce to a moderately good mood.

This transpersonal music brought a tear to the eye, Alyce said. Toward evening, however, the great feeling of alienation returned and we called Pat. She did her best to reassure Alyce. Much disorientation remained, but the alienation diminished....

* * *

2 DECEMBER 1990 (SUNDAY).... she said she was too tired and sleepy for breakfast and I could come back later. For some reason, this triggered off a heavy, frustrated, tired feeling in me, and I sat on the bed and told her that without her help in doing the things that had to be done every day on this planet, I would prefer dying and letting Pat and others care for her. In fact, lack of cheerfulness on her part, and much suspicion of me, and opposition to what had to take place every day, was beginning to finish me, I said, and I didn't know whether I would be able to continue living. I could die, I said.

These words had a profound effect. Alyce suddenly came to consciousness and put her arms around me and began to cry. She said that life was such a burden and she realized that it was extremely difficult for me. She immediately got up and got ready for breakfast, which was cheerful and pleasant, though she was not well oriented. I was impressed that deep feelings were well understood and could be responded to in appropriate ways. The same is not true of superficial feelings....

After supper Alyce was very much disoriented. She said clearly a couple of times, however, that we were coming to a change in our lives, and that she could not stand to continue the way

it was, being of no value in any way. I pointed out that we weren't working in the old way any more, and that our task was to come to consciousness in such a way that we could be aware of all dimensions of existence at will, by a focus of attention.

She agreed, but said it seemed too complicated for her. Later, just as I was saying good night at 8pm, she said, in a very cogent and clear way, and with a bit of humor, that we had to be prepared for "a new life" not far ahead. Hmm. At 11:30 she got up and said that the little boy had been there but she couldn't see him now and, if he came again, she hoped he would behave all right.

* * *

4 DECEMBER 1990 (TUESDAY).... About noon we viewed a box of slides in which the end of the 1948 trip [from California to Minnesota] was included. The unusual photo of the two of us by the lichen covered rock (by Lake Superior) seemed to be especially meaningful. Projected color slides seem to have better memory-enhancing power than anything we share except reading AAB's books, but in a much different way from the books....

.... When she put her head on the pillow she told me that she had had a conversation with the little girl who is around her once in a while, a girl who is old enough to carry on a conversation. Alyce said that the child had said, at one point, about something... "I could do that better than you do," and Alyce laughed at that remembrance.

[Now the child, who at this moment is a girl, is growing up.]

* * *

5 DECEMBER 1990.... Alyce seemed to be in a dream in which I was some kind of impostor. She kept pushing at me, until finally I was so tired of this that I yelled, "Wake up, wake up, wake up," and she answered, "I am doing the best I can." Food for thought.

[From '49 to '90 Alyce and I slept in twin beds, but in '90 I pushed them together and bought king-size sheets and blankets. This was essential because I had to remain continually alert, as best I could, for any movement, in case she should get up, wander away, and hurt herself. In fact, I tied a string from my wrist around her waist so that if I were too deeply asleep, I would still be wakened. Eventually, however, she became unable to get up by herself, or even turn over in bed, so the string was dispensed with.]

* * *

6 DECEMBER 1990.... At the beginning of a slide show she asked why I was showing her these pictures. I explained that it might help in the problem of differentiating between the various levels of consciousness in which she seemed to be immersed. That seemed to make sense to her.... And she remarked that it was wonderful that all four of the kids might be able to see us at Christmas time....

* * *

....Alyce (in a dream) thought that little bombs, like hand grenades, were being thrown, that people were being blown up, and that it was a bloody mess. I turned on all the lights and we looked around. Finally she agreed that it was a dream.

[Were people in the mindnet thinking about 7 December 1941?]

* * *

8 DECEMBER 1990 (SATURDAY).... the slides I showed of our backpack trip in the High Sierra (for 13 days) seemed to bring back some good memories.... Several times she asked me about the little girl that we were taking care of, and where was she?

....she again felt it was necessary to think about the little girl. I said that it might be a spiritual child, but that it was not in the physical world. She felt bad about that for a while, but when I explained that I was not saying that it did not exist, she felt better and went to sleep....

* * *

11 DECEMBER 1990.... Alyce is becoming conscious on other levels while she still has her physical body. If eventually she is able to extend that consciousness downward to include the ordinary world in a better way, I will be much impressed. In any event, the change she is experiencing is real, and instructive....

* * *

12 DECEMBER 1990.... on the way to the library she looked around the living room, dining room, and bedroom, and then turned to the library with a tear in her eye. I asked what was the problem, and she said that this was an awfully ordinary way in which to spend her "last day."

Startled, I asked her if she meant that she would die today. Her answer, however, was, "No, I will not die." But as we talked it seemed to me that she was recognizing the end of an era, or "time" in our life, and it made her feel sad. Although she did not know me by name, Alyce gave me her prayer and blessing....

It was touching to reassure each other. I talked of the many things we had done, and accomplished, and how those things fitted in with the dreams of spiritual development for humans, that we had had in 1940. It seemed to be a short moment of clarity for Alyce.... She thanked me again for helping, and again...indicated that an end had been reached. During this episode, it seemed that two levels of consciousness were intermingling, for several references were random thoughts about ...how much better it was in this world when people were kind to each other....

* * *

24 DECEMBER 1990. Pat and Steve came at 3pm, and Peter and Doug showed up at about 5pm. There was quite a bit of talk that Alyce could not follow, but she was pleased that she could see so many of the family. Christmas Eve was a success. All went well. Overnight, only Judy and Bob stayed at the house.

* * *

25 DECEMBER 1990 (TUESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY). Judy and Bob went to the airport in Kansas City at 3pm and picked up Sandra, and by 5:30pm all were re-gathered for dinner, a very nice time. Alyce greeted Sandra with recognition, but the great confusion of voices made it difficult to follow any one conversation. Nevertheless, by the time all had gone home, except Judy and Bob, Alyce felt that this had been one of the best days that had occurred in a long time.

* * *

28 DECEMBER 1990 (FRIDAY). Breakfast at 9am, and much interesting conversation with Judy, Bob, and Sandra, until J&B started for home at 11:30am. Alyce was alert and animated by the group, though not always able to hear the conversations to her satisfaction. Her hearing aid worked well, so communication was quite good.... Alyce felt quite pleased with the family gathering of the last few days and mentioned it to me when she went to bed.

* * *

1 JANUARY 1991 (TUESDAY)..... Alyce and I had some very definite arguments about doing the things that are necessary for living in this world. She feels, at least part of the time, that eating, dressing, etc., are totally optional for her....

* * *

3 JANUARY 1991 (THURSDAY). I had told Alyce that today we would go to the lab and see Pat and Steve, but she refused.... Finally I said, in no uncertain way, that if she did not cooperate

I would not fix any breakfast.... At noon we called Pat, who argued with Alyce for 15 minutes without avail....

Alyce said she would read while I fixed supper, but after five minutes stopped and said she wasn't going to spend the rest of her life reading to me....

I reminded her that I worked for her like a servant, or slave, and if she really thought she was loving and kind she could demonstrate it by doing something for me for a few minutes. And, in fact, I didn't care if she ever read to me again, since I already had heard the material 5 or 6 times, but that she was doing it for her own mind and brain. And if she really wanted to stay on this planet in any productive way it would be necessary for her to quit letting her mind fool her with nonsense and non sequiturs.

Her argument went from one thing to another like a slippery eel, and finally I said to stop talking, quit letting her mind do anything, or say anything, and listen to me.

I talked for at least 10 minutes about the spirit, the will, Mozumdar's admonition to develop the will, and said that if she would try to control the mind her spiritual will might be able to help her. But as long as she let her mind evade the truth (and we had a long discussion about truth), her spirit would be powerless to help.

Finally, I began contradicting every false statement and idea, every twisted argument and non sequitur, and after a time she began to quiet down and listen. I called on her spirit to give some aid, put my arms around her for moral support, and she began to act in a more normal fashion....

* * *

4 JANUARY 1991.... After breakfast Alyce rested for 45 minutes, and then came out and asked if we were going to look at slides today. This was a surprise to me, for she has not been remembering them, or that we even have them. Whenever I had asked if she would like to look at slides she seemed to feel that somehow I was forcing her to do something. So, I was much impressed by the apparent change in awareness and orientation....

[Apparently, straight talk is sometimes useful, even with Alzpers.]

* * *

5 JANUARY 1991 (SATURDAY).... Pat called and agreed to come out to the house so I would be free to go to the lab and sort through the papers, files, and mementos in Alyce's office.... Steve came to the office at 3pm, and we worked till 6:45, getting the sorting about half done. It was not easy to do all this without processing dozens of memories. Alyce had many many grateful patients....

* * *

10 JANUARY 1991 (THURSDAY).... About 4am I had a very powerful hypnagogic semi-awake dream about Katharine Hepburn. [Apparently it was Alyce, who had been an actress for several years as you may remember, and for whom Katharine Hepburn was one of the greatest.] It seemed that she was dying, or ready to die, or was already dead and in her astral body, and was lying over the edge of a small circular stage about ten feet across and a foot high.

Her head and body were barely connected and she was practically unconscious. In fact, at first I thought she was dead, but then she moved and I pulled her body onto the platform. That brought her to life, somewhat, and she began to try to return to normal.

This did not seem possible to me, however, as it appeared that the connection between the head and the body could not be repaired without a “miracle,” and that death was inevitable and proper....

[I took her by the hand and tried to get her to come with me, and abandon that stage.]

She would not relax and let go, however, and in a mostly unconscious condition kept trying to return [to the stage]. I knew that I was actually in an out-of-body state, and also knew that she [in a self-created bardo milieu] now had to leave the body in order to move on in consciousness, so I spoke loudly to her saying, “let go, let go,” but she would not, or could not, listen.

At the same time I was semi-aware of Alyce beside me as a glowing luminosity which I could not quite see. [The *SOUL*.] The two of them did not seem to be necessarily the same person. [The *soul* and the *SOUL* are not the same. One is mortal and the other is immortal.]

In any event, Katharine did not listen and instead kept struggling to sit up. I said “let go,” a couple more times, louder and louder, without effect, so I decided that a startling phrase was needed to get her attention, and I shouted, “let go, let go, I love you, I love you,” a couple of times.

At first I thought it might work, might bring her to consciousness so she could get out of that very undesirable condition, but instead she raised herself up on her elbow and said in a very cool, conscious, and collected voice, with a bit of humor, “Good show!”

I gave up then, and turned away with irritation at my failure and her refusal to let go.

The echoing shouts of my voice brought me to full consciousness....

.... Being in the energized in-between state of consciousness, I was still aware of Alyce beside me as a luminous glow. Suddenly, at 4:30am, about twenty minutes after the “dream,” I saw (though faced away) that the glow was brightening and moving, and knew that Alyce was going to get up.

I turned just as she was beginning to stand by the side of the bed. Before she could move away, I jumped up and came around to her side and asked what was the matter, and she said that she had suddenly become aware of a baby beside her, and it startled her so much that she jumped up. That idea faded quickly, however, and she said no more about it before getting back under the covers....

.... I pondered, only momentarily, the possibility that I may have tuned in on Katharine herself, for that kind of thing happened to me on occasion. For instance, to name only a few: Similar experiences were associated with Gardner Murphy (when he almost died from a burst appendix), Will Menninger the night he died, John Kennedy the night before he died in Dallas [of a “crocodile bite”—as The Teacher, who was present in the vision dream, explained it to me. In other words, JFK’s death was a spiritual sacrifice, even as was the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.], and Ingrid Bergman shortly before she died (I recognized Ingrid at that time as a member of our Lotus “clan,”)—overcome with sadness at the desertion of her Italian director-lover.

* * *

11 JANUARY 1991. Having been activated by the hypnagogic dream, I was no longer sleepy, so I got up at 5am and wrote the above notes. Then I began to get Alyce’s clothes ready. She took one look at the red checkered western shirt with the pearl snaps and said, “That is certainly not very elegant for my funeral.” So I asked if she meant that she was planning to die today, and she answered, rather acerbically, “Don’t joke. You know what we are trying to do.”

So we had a long conversation about dying without fear, but she said that she was very much afraid to let go. It reminded me of a conversation with Gardner Murphy. He could not tolerate the in-between fringe state of consciousness, he said. It made him nervous and uncomfortable, so he always forced himself to stay wide awake when he went to bed until he dropped “vertically” into unconsciousness.

I said to him that the in-between state was where the hypnagogic imagery was, but he said he didn’t want to know about it. And now Alyce, who is very much like Gardner in certain ways, is forced into this in-between state by a [brain] deficiency.... Her comment some time ago that she was floating between two planes, and that it was frightening, made good sense in this Gardner Murphy context.

* * *

Then Alyce said that she was terminating, leaving permanently, and even though she knew that that was inevitable, she was afraid to relax for fear of losing hold of the present.

We talked about that, and I reminded her that she was alone only in the process of letting go, but not in the subsequent scenario [which would be the world of the *SOUL*].

She said she knew that, but was afraid anyway.

We talked about fear as being the only real enemy, and she said that this time she was going to go first and was overcome by the sadness of leaving me alone. I said that that was not the real reality, for she would still be there, somewhere, but she answered by saying that even if it were true, it would not be the same, and then added, "You seem to be bearing up under this much better than I."

I replied that perhaps the reason was that she, not I, was the one who had to do it. How I would feel if I had to leave first, I did not know. But, no matter how philosophical, I would be lonesome without her. However, my internal vision would not desert me, I was sure, and we would be in contact, some way.

For a long time she held my hand and once or twice stroked my shoulder. It was sad, and cheerful at the same time.

Alyce then said that it was too bad to die without her friends around. I explained, however, that people usually die alone, and then their friends gather for the funeral. And even if she were to die this very day, the funeral would not be for several days. And when that happened, we would all get together and talk about her life, her accomplishments, her contribution to the planet, and it would be a joyous occasion rather than an unhappy mourning....

* * *

12 JANUARY 1991 (SATURDAY).... she was quite upset. She said she had had a scary dream while sleeping in her reclining chair. I put her at ease as much as possible, and asked questions about the dream. Her recounting was not sequential, but here is the substance, as far as I can reconstruct:

She had many pictorial reviews of her life, images of every kind, starting with early childhood days on the farm. Events and circumstances that made her happy, or fearful, were brought to the fore. Then it switched to the scariness of leaving home as a teenager and going to live with her sister, Hilma, in Valley Falls, SD, and starting high school there.

The next scene Alyce talked of was in Minneapolis, though there may have been many others, from the way she spoke. In Minneapolis she enrolled in the MacPhail School of Drama, and at graduation became an actress with a Minnesota stock company, and eventually with a Chataqua traveling company. There were many challenges and some very stressful and fearful times. In all these images and scenarios, she said, it was stressed to her that facing the unknown was always fearful, but nevertheless she had left, or turned away, from old images and moved ahead into new life episodes.

And that is what was needed now. She said that she was told that it was necessary to drop the images of this life, or put them away, like slides, and move ahead. Nevertheless, she said, she was overcome with sadness to leave it all behind. And also fearful. It made her feel sick in the middle, she said.

* * *

.... Toward the end of dinner, Alyce switched into a semi-transpersonal mode and began talking (in a very precise and cultured way) of the difficulty of raising children so that fears are not created, so that they unfold their unique potential under real living conditions.

I responded with how she had actually done that with the four children and, whatever the problems along the way, all of them were Somebody, not repressed non-entities....

* * *

13 JANUARY 1991 (SUNDAY).... One thing that remains constant is Alyce's immediate concern for my welfare if she bumps me, or her fingernail accidentally hits my finger, etc. She is a most caring person. I may have previously written of an example from one of my hypnagogic dreams about her concern for a sparrow that fell to the ground, and the Teacher who smiled and said, "She'll always be that way."...

* * *

14 JANUARY 1991 (MONDAY).... When Alyce came from her rest at 11am, she said she felt quite odd and rather dizzy. I had her sit down again in the reclining chair, hooked up the Listen-Aider and we began talking about freedom to move in the astral body. She said that in general she had fear of this happening because she would not be in control.

I talked about swimming, as an analogy. And about going for a car trip, and how it was necessary to not be afraid to get into the car. We talked of an Autogenic phrase that might be useful, namely, "I am free in my astral body, and am comfortable and relaxed."

I added that in the present situation, in which she was between two worlds, it was necessary to give up fear and begin to trust the Divine Mother to take care of her, that she had many friends her were there to help her, but that if she didn't let go and start flying, they would not be able to help her, just as it was not possible to help someone learn to swim if all the time they held on to the dock with tight grip.

After about ten minutes of practice alone with this, I suggested another Autogenic phrase, as follows, "I am free in my astral body, and floating." I [explained] that her memories were not in her physical body, and becoming free in the astral body would be a step in the direction of recovering them. What we are talking about, here, is a training program for psychoastral self-regulation, a training in psi awareness and control.

* * *

Since Alyce has finally recognized, or decided, what she wants to do (to move into the next world consciously), I am generating a new set of Autogenic instructions. The first two were concerned with EMG quietness, and warmth in the arms and hands. The third, which was put together by Alyce for our first research subjects, in 1966, focused on inner quietness, the mind being quiet.

What I am now constructing is a fourth focus in which the person's consciousness becomes free from personality connections and awareness and is focused at the True Self level. Alyce and I have talked about it, and she has agreed to do it two or three times each day in 15-minute trials.... The title of the new set is Autogenic Phrases For Transpersonal Awareness.

* * *

15 JANUARY 1991 (TUESDAY).... At Alyce's morning rest I used the following Autogenic phrases.

- My body, my emotions, and my mind are quite quiet
- I feel a deep stillness settling through all my awareness
- I draw my attention slowly to the center of my head
- All is still, and quiet
- I turn my attention upward and slowly rise toward the crown
- A point of golden white Light appears, shining from the crown
- the Light begins to fill me with joy
- I float upward toward the Light and a door opens above

-Golden white Light floods my being, brighter and brighter
-I rise through the crown into the Light
-I am filled with joy and gladness
-I am Myself, a Divine Lotus, a spark of the Divine Being
-I am buoyant and free, residing in the Light till it sends me back
-I am buoyant and free

When I asked, after an hour of rest, how she had felt physically, emotionally, and mentally during the phrases, she said that she did not really feel at ease....

....after supper we had an argument about whether I was helping or hindering. I got quite angry and reactive.... I believe that I will have to develop a 100% (instead of 90%) release of what might be called normal expectations of behavior and interpersonal relations. Total detachment seems necessary, and difficulties will have to be treated the same as in any objective task....

* * *

19 JANUARY 1991.... Alyce has refused to use, or let me use with her, the transpersonal Auto-genic phrases I developed a few days ago....

* * *

20 JANUARY 1991.... She reluctantly agreed to get up in the morning, and said with anger (because she was being imposed upon), "I'm dying, you know," as if that made all other considerations superfluous....

* * *

22 JANUARY 1991.... Pat came to the house and cared for Alyce while I visited Dr. Thomas Leonard to get my ocular pressure tested. On 30 November, when I had my eyes examined, the pressures were: Right, 24, 25, 23; Left, 29, 28, 27. On 10 December (after I practiced a visualization for eye-pressure control about ten times) the pressures were: Right, 20, 24, 21; Left, 21, 18, 22. On 20 December: Right, 21, 19, 19. On 22 January 1991: Right, 18, 19; Left, 18, 20, 24.

I asked the technician why she made only two measurements of the right eye and she explained that if neither of the first two readings was as high as twenty, they didn't do a third. Next time I will ask her to get the third reading anyway, for it will be useful statistically.... Tom Leonard had gathered some papers on glaucoma together and copied them for me. They have many details that non-medical people usually are not aware of....

* * *

23 JANUARY 1991.... unpleasantness from Alyce before breakfast made me quite sad, and Alyce very quietly detected this and began doing and saying a number of things to let me know how much she appreciated my help and kindness, and how much she regretted any unpleasant episodes. Later, in the library, as she was getting ready to rest, she hesitantly said, "Elmer?" When I answered, she said, "Now, and forevermore, for all time, I will know that you are Elmer." And then she put her hands around my face.

All the rest of the day Alyce was especially considerate, and even though free association dominated her thinking, she seemed at the same time to know what was going on....

* * *

24 JANUARY 1991 (Thursday). About 8am Alyce woke me from a sound sleep by sitting up and beginning to talk about dreams. She said a sharp pain in her head had awakened her. I convinced her to lie down again for a few minutes, which she did, and I put my hand on her head and began meditating. She kept talking to me, though, of all kinds of dreamlike things. With about two-minute silences breaking up her conversation, she continued this until almost 9 am, when I got up and said I would get breakfast....

Just before getting up I had begun thinking about Alyce's unusual state of energization, and wondered what could have caused it. An odd hypnagogic image then popped into my mind. Equal and opposite spirals around a central vertical core appeared and began to pulse from the bottom upward with a faint pick radiance. The core area, or channel, was more white. The image came with the knowledge that kundalini was somewhat activated, and it was affecting Alyce's imagery. Interesting.

.... After her rest she read one of Stan Grof's books for an hour, part of the time out loud, with partial understanding it seemed. Then she read for a while from Slocum's book. Then, just as we began to eat lunch her energy waned and her face became flushed. I began to worry, for she seemed totally out of touch with what was going on. Eating helped, however, and she began to come back....

* * *

27 JANUARY 1991. After 4am Alyce had a series of awake dreams every twenty minutes or so. She would sit up and talk about something. Usually it took me two or three minutes to get her attention so she would lie down again.

About 6am she reached over and grabbed my wrist with one hand and pushed against me with the other. Her grip was powerful and I could not make her let go. I tried to get her to relax her

hand, but after quite a bit of talk on my part, while she continued a monologue designed to keep me under control and soothe me, [then] she said in a very clear way that she was unable to make her hands obey.

We talked about this for a minute or so, and I told her that she had to talk to her own unconscious and tell it what she wanted to have happen. The grip didn't lessen, but I convinced her to let her hand and my wrist come down to the bed so that the hand could relax. Gradually it lowered, and when it was all the way down, the hand grip began to relax. So I let myself go back to sleep under those conditions. After about half an hour she was asleep enough for me to take my hand back and cover her up better....

* * *

28 JANUARY 1991.... Taking care of Alyce without her actually being in mental contact with me has been rather depressing, and lonely, and that seems in the last few days to have reduced my interest in getting things done. Fortunately I was able to finish my part in editing several articles for the first issue of the ISM journal. In some respects, since editing does not create the basic material, I am able to function quite well.

* * *

29 JANUARY 1991.... We watched the President's State of The Union Address. Much to my surprise, Alyce's focused attention never wavered, and it continued on through Thomas Mitchell's commentary for the Democrats.

Finally, we listened to some of the network commentary, and then turned the video off. We were sitting side by side on the couch, and when I turned to Alyce the expression on her face was remarkably intent, thoughtful, intelligent, and beautiful. She was her old self, and it gave me a turn. It was a wonderful moment, and I said, "May I tell you something?" And she replied, "Perhaps not. You would have to be very careful, for I am in a delicate state right now." And I said, "All I wanted to say was, 'I admire you.'" At that she laughed and said, gently, "You can say that."

It was the Alyce who had always been my best friend and editor. She had read every sentence of the many papers I wrote and if she questioned anything, I changed it as often as necessary to make perfect sense to both of us. Over the years I learned how to do this without debate that inhibited what Alyce had to say. In main, I was the word generator, but her awareness of meaning, logic, and semantics supplied a perfecting critique.

The Teacher's comment, that our minds were so much alike, though opposite and complementary, that it was impossible to see where one left off and the other began, was best

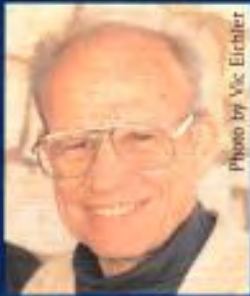


Photo by Vic Eichler

Elmer Green received a Ph.D. in Biopsychology from the University of Chicago. He began his career as a physicist at the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake, California where he worked in optics, electronics, and computing. He is perhaps best known today as the father of clinical Biofeedback and as the founder of the Voluntary Controls Program at the Menninger Clinic. He and his wife and colleague, Alyce, co-authored "Beyond Biofeedback" and for twenty years they lectured and conducted workshops on the theory and practice of Biofeedback Training in the U.S., Australia, Canada, India, Great Britain, Holland, the then Soviet Union, and the Philippines. They co-founded the Council Grove Conference for the study of the Voluntary Control of States of Consciousness, the Association for Applied Psychophysiology and Biofeedback (AAPB) and the International Society for the Study of Subtle Energies and Energy Medicine (ISSSEEM).

In the last seven years of her life Alyce had Alzheimer's. During these years, Elmer and Alyce explored the realms of consciousness beyond Alzheimer's and death, and in the process discovered how we, too, can experience these mysterious and transformative realms.

Part 1 — What this book is about.

"Every human on the planet has two souls, an immortal *SOUL* and a mortal *soul*...if the *soul* (at the death of the body) approaches and blends with the Light of the *SOUL* in full consciousness, that event signifies transfiguration, Unity with the Divine." And that is what this book is about.

An Alzheimer's patient is a person who approaches death so slowly that family members can help that person find the Light of the *SOUL*, and merge with it consciously, and thus be transfigured for entry into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Part 2 — A description of what Alyce and Elmer experienced.

Alyce, as she progressed through Alzheimer's, began living in two worlds at the same time — the "normal" physical world and the "afterlife" world which, in Tibet, is called the bardo.

Alyce was a meditator but not a dreamer, and this development of double consciousness was a psychological shock to her. Elmer, however, was a "dreamer" who was familiar with out-of-body travel. And he was able to meet Alyce in the bardo and assist her in achieving fully-conscious transfiguration before her body died. Her *SOUL* and her *soul* became one.

Part 3 — Learning to enter the Yogic state of deep stillness.

Alyce, radiating the Light of her *SOUL*, even before her body died, becomes an "Angel of the Light" and begins working as a spiritual Teacher. She conducts orientation classes in the bardo for meditators, dreamers, and newly-arrived *souls*.

The effect on Elmer of these pre-death adventures in the bardo is to stimulate "vision dreams" in which it is seen that spiritually-oriented people around the world serve as a "group channel" through which the Light and Love of Divinity is focused by the Fellowship of Light, the spiritual Teachers of all times and lands.