

The Ozawkie

Book of the Dead

Part 3



*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
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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 mediators, 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 8

AFTER THE BARDO

Think positively and consistently, never ceasing your efforts to fill the mind with constructive thoughts, after this pattern: Courage, hope, faith, constructive vision, self-confidence, determination, persistence, and complete concentration and application. Therein lies the sure road to successful living. No wavering, no self-condemnation, no blind acceptance of traditional ideas. Tradition is never a safe criterion by which to judge the value or truth of anything. Human progress has been greatly impeded by the severe shackles of tradition.

—The Teacher (Erwood, 1947)

“After the Bardo” refers to Alyce’s state of consciousness, of course. But as a fully-cognizant beyond-Gilgamesh *SOUL*, she was able to work in the bardo after 6aug94 in whatever way seemed most useful, and some of that was brought to my attention in dreams.

In continuing with the Journal, I have extracted many items which P,D,S & J and I talked of over the years, but which I hadn’t previously spelled out. Since some of these subjects are of general interest, they are included. If some repetition occurs, please excuse it. Some excerpts, incidentally, were put into later chapters rather than being included chronologically.

Also, some nitty-gritty homespun details which kept me grounded are included.

* * *

8 AUGUST 1994 (MONDAY).... Shopped for groceries ...but while walking through the store I had an acute attack of alienation. Very interesting, and very distressing. Not enough energy, or motivation, to push the cart. Stopped trying to shop, turned attention inward and meditated, high in my head, and called Alyce to help me, help me. After a couple of minutes I began to recover....

In retrospect, it’s easy to see how people might crack up after the death of a spouse. Apart from a psychological crash, the physiological correlates might be disastrous....

* * *

9 AUGUST (TUESDAY)....started the STEM meeting with an hour video of Joseph Campbell. Afterwards, I talked of Alyce and our life together. Pat was able to attend the meeting for the first time in many months, and Judy and Bob were there. As we went around the group at the end of the meeting, I was touched by the things that were said about Alyce, and her effect on people's lives....

* * *

10 AUGUST (WEDNESDAY).... Tony Schwartz's proof copy of WHAT REALLY MATTERS: Searching For Wisdom in America (Schwartz, 1995), arrived by UPS this afternoon. He's a remarkably good writer. I'd be surprised if he doesn't have a best seller. His 5 years of study of the consciousness movement, and participating in it, have paid off.

* * *

11 AUGUST (THURSDAY).... an entire night of around-the-world dreams concerned with conflict between racial and religious groups included some atrocities (happening to me, through identification with someone). Very stressful. To an astral extraterrestrial...this must look like a planet in violent turmoil....

* * *

12 AUGUST (FRIDAY).... During breakfast Judy and Bob convinced me that we could go on a 2-week dive trip to Fiji, in December, and return in time to have Christmas at Lakewood Hills.

Judy made phone calls to a dive-experienced travel agent in Denver and made arrangements for the 3 of us to go on a 12-day trip, starting on 10 December, to a 240-acre island, Matangi, one of the Fiji group. We'll be back home on 22 December, and, having prepared everything in advance, will be ready for guests at Christmas....

* * *

MEMORIAL

13 AUGUST (SATURDAY).... Pat, Judy, and I had many details about Alyce's Memorial Program to ponder, create and arrange. Pat talked with Doug and Sandra for their ideas, too.

About 20 years ago Alyce and I talked about how we wanted to "go." Alyce said that she felt that Marble and Marie didn't have a suitable family gathering. I understood what she meant,

but said that if she went first, I'd eventually sail away into the sunset and never be heard of again. The idea of ceremony in church [or at a funeral parlor] doesn't appeal to me.

Alyce, though, said that she wanted to have a Ceremony and Memorial at which the family would gather and at which she could be present. In retrospect, thinking about her wishes, I feel that Alyce was highly pleased.

....And as I write these words, loud chakra tones begin to sound in both ears, and the electric-like tingling that I felt on my back whenever I began getting meals for Alyce, over the last 5 years, and which I have not noticed for nearly a week, has just returned. Very interesting!

* * *

Pat, Judy, and I discussed a variety of possible cover designs for the Memorial Announcement, and then Judy "found," in Alyce's desk downstairs, a packet of cards that Alyce had bought at least 20 years ago and never used. The cards show a single white swan swimming on a lake in front of reeds. I was startled!

What a surprise to see this card right out of my dream-like hypnagogic image [8may94], a card that Alyce chose long ago, never suspecting that it would become the cover art for her own Memorial Program.

* * *

14 AUGUST (SUNDAY)... During the last 5 years it seemed to me that both Alyce and I were "filling in" what each of us most needed to learn, or to adjust to, or to modify in ourselves, in order to complete the process of squaring with the Divine Law.

And that effort toward "filling in" (completing and smoothing out the Causal Vehicle) was, in fact, the main reason, it seemed to me, that it was important that we not be separated in the last 5 years, and why I didn't want her to be disturbed (in her important-for-her meditation) by visitors and their clouds of thoughtforms. The latter problem, clouds of thoughtforms, comprise one of the most confusing astral fog banks we have to deal with—to dissipate. Most people are completely unconscious of it.

* * *

18 AUGUST 1994.... Ate breakfast at home, the first meal that I have personally fixed in the last 12 days.... Familiar procedures remind me of Alyce. Since I feel she is sometimes here, and seem to detect it by a sudden increase in volume of chakra tones (and a pressure on my head and face, and electric tingling on my back), I talk to her about nostalgias. Interestingly, that helps convert them to memories, without a sad emotional burden.

If Alyce isn't here in actuality, the process of talking is still remedial. The nostalgias have their own little batteries, it seems, and until they are listened to, like children, and felt, and observed from the Witness point of view, they hang around in an impeding cloud. Because of that circumstance, writing in this journal is definitely useful.

I've noticed in the last 2 weeks that consciousness has seemed like a semi-dream state. It's a strange feeling, not much different in some respects from a standard lucid dream state. Glad I'm familiar with that domain, or the present world would seem very strange....

* * *

I have to remind myself quite often, however (though not so much in the last 2 days), of what it is that I'm working on—especially if I start to ponder what might have been.

Except for getting guidance for future behavior, that kind of preoccupation, "what might have been," when indulged in like a soap opera, is a dead end. It traps a lot of people, though....

* * *

21 AUGUST 1994 (SUNDAY).... Alyce's Memorial Program was interesting, inspiring, graceful, and a happy event (even though there were a few tears).

* * *

Talked there with Lesley Carmack and Karen Malik about Alyce's contact with them over the last few [months]. Fascinating! Independently, Lesley and Karen had similar experiences in which Alyce appeared and gave them very special wooden boxes which symbolized, when opened, the power of the Soul (and the Monad, it seemed) in bringing about, or accelerating, spiritual transformation of the mental, emotional, and physical nature.

In Karen's description, the wood of the box was identical in color, form, and design [with the carving] at the end of the pews in the Penwell-Gabel Chapel. Karen pointed to the design and said that it was "the same" as on a box that Alyce gave her....

Recently (26sep00) Karen faxed additional details which she extracted from her diary, as follows:

For a period of time, before and after Alyce's death, she gave me a number of boxes... I was surprised by it, awed, and deeply touched... I saw her in her subtle form, gossamer... She was very intentional in what she was doing when she handed me the box/boxes... a different one each time.

The "boxes..." I would periodically sit with them in meditation, or they would spontaneously come to me and get my attention... I'd take that as a sign to be aware, or simply become quiet and available... Sometimes nothing would happen—just the awareness... At other times, I would come to know and experience a depth of connection transporting me into an altered state...

In the last year or so, I became aware that the "boxes" were "doorways"... and I could go through them!!! I am just beginning to work with them in that way... The possibilities seem limitless... as well as very important and meaningful.... Alyce has given us "doorways!!!" What a beautiful gift.

Finally, I had a dream. I was shown/told that a special Mother of Pearl box was the "doorway" to the "Feminine," to the Essence. It was a new entryway to "Her" (the Divine Mother) and all She represents... A brilliant white light emerged... this time, an illuminating light that was timely for a re-entry and re-embracing of the Feminine, in a new way.

Alyce for years was present at significant moments in my inner work... one such instance (early 1998) occurred while I was involved in an intense emotional-release session which turned into an initiation. During it, I was both watching and taking part in the ceremony at the same time... and as I looked around, all of my loved ones and guides and helpers were present, and Alyce was among them.

* * *

Lesley's contacts with Alyce were somewhat similar to Karen's. She recounted a series of meditations over [months] in which Alyce [as previously reported] first appeared as a blue figure when she (Lesley) tried to contact Irene, Peter Park's mother. [See the entry of 26feb94, Chapter 7.] Later, Alyce came with additional information... and then gave her one of the boxes.

When it was first opened by Lesley, the radiance of the light that came out was so intense that Lesley couldn't stay in the meditation, and it made her weep. Eventually though, she was able to live in the radiance, and have the box remain open with Alyce at her side.

Then, during a meditation when the box was opened, a tall cylindrical column of light appeared in company with Alyce. Alyce explained that this Being was now Lesley's Teacher. And, as I understand it, the purpose of Alyce's work with Lesley was to bring about that event, that meeting.

There were more details that I don't now remember, but what struck me was that Lesley and Karen feel that they are "spiritual sisters." Karen, from many many years of attendance at Council Grove Conferences and Transpersonal Associations meetings, knew Alyce very well, of course, and when she received her "box," she knew it was from the Alyce she had always known. To Lesley, it was striking that she and Karen received identical boxes, in exactly the same way, and that Karen already knew who Alyce was, and recognized her.

I was impressed, happy, and grateful to learn of these events, for it now seemed that Genesis' statement of 2 years ago, that Alyce was "being born" as a fully-conscious, functional, spiritual Being, had been demonstrated.

* * *

Linda Laird, a writer for the TOPEKA CAPITOL JOURNAL, also attended Alyce's Memorial Ceremony. And during a STEM meeting (13jun00), immediately after I told the group about Alyce's insistence that I contact Gladys (explained in the last 30 pages of this chapter), Linda told of one of Alyce's visits to her.

Linda, who had written many stories about biofeedback and theta training with Kansas prisoners (alcoholics and drug addicts) and had also written about the Copper Wall Project, is, like me, a dreamer. And one night, several months before the Memorial Ceremony, Alyce came out of the bardo and told Linda during a dream that it would be useful to attend the Council Grove Conference—to which she'd not been invited.

When Linda said she hadn't been invited exactly and also didn't have money to spare for that meeting, Alyce said to phone Bo Sheafor and tell her that she needed help during the conference. This would enable her to attend.

Linda objected, saying that she'd never met Bo (a long-time CGC attendee who organized menus and kitchen affairs for the conference), and didn't want to do that. But Alyce was

insistent, just as she'd been with me about Gladys, and said that nevertheless Linda should make the call.

Oddly enough, Linda had talked with Alyce once on the phone when, years before, she was writing a biofeedback story, but they'd never met. And, Linda said, it wasn't until she saw my photos of Alyce at the Penwell-Gabel Chapel [the montage at the beginning of Chapter 4] that she knew who it was who had appeared in her dreams.

When Linda phoned Bo and said that she'd been told that she needed help in the kitchen, Bo suddenly said "Yes. But how did you know I needed help?" That conversation with Bo launched Linda's CGC experiences.

* * *

I know that my perception of Alyce was always "greater" than her perception of herself, but now that has been remedied, I believe. In the last 5 years Alyce has become conscious of Herself, as she really is. And now, maybe (and I chuckle as I think of this), she'll finally admit that my view of her as a Goddess had more than a slight glimpse of truth!

* * *

NOSTALGIA

22 AUGUST (MONDAY).... As an aid in handling nostalgia, after a Quaker-type family meeting, organized by Sandra, I suggested that Pat, Judy, Sandra and I [distribute] Alyce's clothes. We put them in 5 lawn bags, one for each of the girls, one for Goodwill, and one for throw-away. In 3 1/2 hours we sorted everything, including Alyce's jewelry. Since Xanthe and Kimberly [our granddaughters] were here, they were able to try on many items....

23 AUGUST (TUESDAY).... Finally—back to work at Menninger on the last sessions of the Copper Wall Project....

[During subsequent weeks and months some remarkable contacts were made with Alyce. Genesis' statement that Alyce would become my spiritual advisor was borne out.

Processing nostalgias, though, was my own task. For instance, in taking clothes to the Salvation Army one of Alyce's favorite pink suits with a frilly pink blouse was on top. She always looked wonderful in it, and it gave me a wrench when I smoothed it out. I'm happy to say, though, that those feelings were quickly processed, and the energy absorbed. The result was a letting go (at least of those particular nostalgias), and the consequence was an extremely "light" feeling.]

* * *

29 AUGUST 1994 (MONDAY).... Feeling quite good after a long series of entertaining dreams. One included Alyce. It was the first long dream with her as a central figure that I've had since her departure three weeks ago.

It seemed that she, or we original family members (6 of us), were throwing a party, somewhere in the astral plane.... The most notable thing about the party, which I didn't see a great deal of, was that along with Alyce came a number of fairy-like beings. They were quite shy and tended to stay around the edges of the group. Uniquely, they...had wings, large foldable diaphanous wings like moths, or damsel flies, and seemed pleased to be able to meet us and show us their wings. Some other non-humans were there, too, but I didn't get a good look at them.

The fairy-like creatures seemed to be connected with the woods, or forest, or nature, rather than with our kind of evolution, and it strikes me now, as I write this, that those were the kinds of beings Alyce felt very much at home with.

* * *

As I wrote that line, a loud sound of singing chakras came into my head, and a pressure and electric-like tingling came across my back, especially on the left side below the shoulder blade. Now either (1) I manufactured that feeling, like a psychosomatic response, or (2) it was a tune-in to their world, by me, with sensory impact in the central nervous system, or (3) someone (possibly Alyce) turned on an energy flow that impacted my own energy matrix, to be interpreted by me as sound and kinesthetic sensation.

Of these choices, I like 2 or 3 the best, or a combination of the two, and that seems most likely.... The chakra singing sound is something I've been able to hear, off and on, for 40 or 50 years, quite often just in advance of a synchronicity, or in advance of ...a visitor who wishes to discuss "spiritual" matters....

....From my perspective, it is an indication that I'm on the right track, and I make it a practice to accept whatever decisions I make (about my own life) while in that state, and not cancel them afterwards when I'm in an "ordinary" state.

I learned the wisdom of that practice when I was in school at the University of Minnesota, and lived at the Delta Upsilon fraternity. I had plenty of choices to make, and eventually noticed that decisions that were made when I was in a "high" state were always the best, and those that I later modified when in a "down" state were never as good.

After noticing that fact, ...I made it a habit to never follow the guidance of a “down” state, and, no matter how dumb it seemed to the down self, to always try to follow the guidance of the high state. I say “try to follow” because sometimes it wasn’t easy. Conflicting drives were often roiling around in me, and it seemed as if a conspiracy of negative blocking forces and events, both inside the skin and outside the skin, made for a stressful life.....

* * *

3 SEPTEMBER 1994 (SATURDAY). Typed this entry after returning from California on 19 September, from hand-written notes made during the trip. [In part, this trip was for visiting relatives, but partly to go to every place where Alyce and I had had happy times—in order to activate and absorb nostalgias. I drove the minimotorhome to the West Coast and back, first traveling with Judy and Bob up through hot-spring country in Colorado, and then on to the Coast.]

We didn’t get started for Glenwood Springs till almost 10 am, but no problem, no worry, we were on vacation. It was a good change for me. Oddly enough, at a mostly unconscious level it seemed to me that Alyce was with us. It may have been wishful or hopeful thinking, but it was nice.

* * *

And just as I type this I hear a loud chakra ringing (almost a roaring) in my ears, a sudden sharp twinge in my left thumb, and feel that same buzzing electrical sensation across my back.

This is especially interesting because until this moment (9pm, Friday, 23 September) that tingling buzzing “announcement” has been absent most days since leaving Judy and Bob at the Reno Airport, Sunday, 11 September. It returned for a few minutes during lunch with Sandra and Fred in Berkeley on Monday, 12 September. It returned again on Tuesday evening, 13 September, when I was at supper with Bede, Denise, Taiwaz and Ariel [the latter two—great grandchildren]. And it returned a couple of times when I stopped at J&B’s, on 18 September, on the way back home. The only other time I felt buzzing was when I stopped at a campground on the Trinity River in California, to work for a few hours...editing the SUBTLE ENERGY paper [on the copper-wall results with healers]....

It may be that at meal times, when people in our family meditate for a few moments before eating, conditions are especially appropriate for chakra activation, from either internal or external sources—and that may attract Alyce’s attention.

If these tinglings and buzzings on my back (associated almost always with an increase in chakra ringing) signal the presence of Alyce, it would be useful...to also develop auditory and visual faculties so that I could easily talk with her, and see her....

* * *

Incidentally...a sudden, or noticeable, increase in chakra ringing in my ears, almost always signals the arrival (or appearance) of a synchronicity, or a unique meaningful event of some kind, such as an opportunity to share information with someone who shows up unexpectedly in my office, or who phones me for ideas about “spiritual” matters.

Sometimes it signals, especially when I’m writing a paper, a sudden burst of information, or “inspiration,” that is appropriate for what I’m working on. And this is why, whenever I hear the chakras ringing, I pay attention and “answer the phone” by switching (sometimes with greater success than at other times) into a state of consciousness in which I feel that I’m functioning in 2 minds, ordinary mind and Witness mind.

* * *

So—as I hear this loud ringing right now (now as I’m thinking and writing of Alyce), and also feel this tingling and buzzing on my back, it alerts me to the fact that a non-ordinary awareness is turned on, and it makes me consider the possibility that Alyce is at this moment focusing attention on me....

Incidentally, until I worked intensely and continuously with Alyce, I never experienced tingling or buzzing on my back. And later, when I did get that buzzing, it was usually when I turned my attention toward her, or on fixing a meal for her. In other words, even though my awareness of chakra ringing has been continuous for a long time, over decades, the tingling and buzzing on my back is new, and it didn’t start until Alyce became incommunicable.

* * *

20 SEPTEMBER (TUESDAY).... Back home after California, I felt OK at first, but then started “turning off” more and more, because of Alyce’s absence. By evening I was unable to do anything, not even get the clothes from the Falcon [the minimotorhome]. In fact, part of me was against doing anything. Just sat on the couch, without music or TV. Thought that MBs would help, but they didn’t.

* * *

21 SEPTEMBER (WEDNESDAY).... Some electric-like shocks, and non-cold shivering during the night seemed to have given me some energy, but today was a bad day. Worse than yesterday. Alyce wasn’t here. The house was empty....

* * *

27 SEPTEMBER (TUESDAY).... Felt good for the first time since coming back from California. Energized...

....I had thought I might discontinue this journal after Alyce was gone, but I've changed my mind, at least for the present. Being able to talk with you this way is of value to me in more ways than one, and unless I get too busy with other things, I will continue....

* * *

9 OCTOBER 1994 (SUNDAY).... To get into condition for SCUBA diving in Fiji, I drove to the Topeka Y and swam 450 yards, 18 laps total, 10 backstroke, 6 breaststroke, and 2 crawl. My cardiovascular condition seems to have come up a couple of notches in the last week, for I needed only a couple of pauses to regain my breath. Mostly I swam at 1/3 power, but the last 2 laps (backstroke) were at 1/2 power. Fifty yards took 53 seconds, 0.943 yds/second. Compared to my best high school racing speed, 1.4711 yds/sec, or my best college speed, 1.587 yds/sec, my speed these days is not impressive. But, I was only loafing. When my cardiovascular condition really comes back, I'll go quite a bit faster. No predictions though.

As I drove home I felt really great, physically, for the first time in several years....

* * *

29 NOVEMBER (TUESDAY)....Stopped at the store, mainly to buy cards in which to put Christmas letters. When I came out into the 8pm darkness, and saw the Falcon parked in its usual place, where dozens of times I had stopped with Alyce in the last 6 years, I got a most strange feeling. It seemed like she was in the car and that when I opened the door she would be there.

Habits are triggers of nostalgia when something of value is missing in life, especially when a happy habit (like greeting Alyce when I came out of the store) is changed. She always noticed my absence from the Falcon, and when I returned I first opened her door and greeted her, and kissed her cheek before putting the groceries into the back. Even toward the end, this greeting seemed to mean something to her, as if I was a welcome memory....

* * *

....Jerry Rubin, 56, died today of injuries suffered in an auto accident 2 weeks ago. He was a notable anti-war activist of the 60s, as you will no doubt remember. Alyce and I met him in 1974 at the May Lectures in London, sponsored by John Whitmore (formerly Sir John Whitmore), who himself spent a lot of time at Esalen, and eventually married a wonderful girl he met there.

Jerry was an entertaining person, a free thinker who took no tradition for granted, but questioned the basic human motives underlying every belief, feeling, and action. As might be expected, he embraced every tenet of biofeedback for human potential training. He didn't know exactly how it worked, but it sounded right to him.

I've often thought of him over the years and wondered what he was doing. His *High Self* must be getting him ready for the big human-potential and human-rights crusade of the next century. Humanity is waking up. As a USSR manifesto said at the time Khrushchev had a hand in it, "Now is the springtime of humanity."

* * *

Incidentally, I had a vision dream about Khrushchev and other world leaders at the time of the Cuban missile scare (1962). It showed that the Soviet threat was a ploy to force Kennedy and other Allied leaders to come to a recognition of the fact that if peace wasn't "declared," and intelligently worked for, the proliferation of atom bombs would sooner or later threaten to blow up the whole world. Khrushchev, I was shown, was disgusted at the lack of unity in NATO. It couldn't, with one voice, come to a decision about anything, and especially (because of individual national aspirations) couldn't agree on non-proliferation of atomic weapons.

Part of the dream was about Adlai Stevenson and his abject terror in confronting Khrushchev. Stevenson (in my dream) was convinced that all of Cuba would be burned to a cinder in an exchange between the U.S. and the USSR. That was ridiculous, of course. Cuba wasn't the battleground. If a weapon had been fired from Cuba, the U.S. would have counter struck at Cuba in a limited way and at the same time immediately turned its weapons on the Soviet Union (that was the counter threat). The USSR, not Cuba, was the only real problem in Kennedy's estimation. Khrushchev, though, was trying to point out the absurdity of having U.S. weapons in Turkey, on the Soviet border, without a counter threat from the USSR. What a silly world, everyone governed by fear!

It was Stevenson's worry and capitulation advice that eliminated him from Kennedy's confidence. Though Stevenson was one of my heroes, he wasn't strong enough for an atomic crisis. He was a pushover when it came to brinkmanship. Considering how humans are, brinkmanship is sometimes needed....

* * *

3 DECEMBER 1994 (SATURDAY).... During the last 2 nights I've felt a few surges of etheric energy through the entire body, accompanied, as always, by a buzzing humming sound. Last night in particular it seemed as if I was in a lucid dream state all night. During both nights my mental focus was on problem-solving in an entertainment-type adventure-movie setting. and always, it had to do with arranging pulleys and lines so as to pull a car full of strangers out of a ditch.

In the first night, actual physical lines and pulleys were used. Last night, the physical lines and pulleys were replaced by mental lines and pulleys, and the message was that mental energy is just as effective as physical energy if you know how to apply it (how to arrange, or chose, proper pulley points).

* * *

Whenever that kind of symbolic instruction occurs, I assume my mind isn't really trying to tell me something specific, but is "speaking" of generalities. What I watch for, in dreams with such general meaning, is not so much what the image is, but what the feeling is. If worry appears, I then focus on the imagery more intently, with a question, what does this mean, and usually the symbolic imagery begins to take a specific meaning that I can understand.

Last night, I had a very good feeling about how easy it was to arrange things mentally (energetically), and that feeling seemed to tell me that it was time for me to try helping people more through visualization than through direct physical contact, by action, or by talking.

That idea, incidentally, reminds me of occasions that Monitor said, concerning specific problems, that it was better to use prayer to influence a patient's problems rather than medicine, persuasion, or psychotherapy.

* * *

17-21 DECEMBER 1994 (SATURDAY-WEDNESDAY). [After a week of SCUBA diving in Fiji from a live-aboard boat called the Matangi Princess.] I had thought that it would be wonderful to be able to loaf for a few days in the sun, basking on the coral-sand beach under palm trees. We did some of that, but I hadn't reckoned with the eager energy of Judy and Bob. Swimming, sailing, hiking, dive trips from the shore boat, and snorkeling were on the agenda.

Like Judy said, the biggest problem in doing interesting things is in overcoming people's inertia. Since she didn't mean Bob, she may have meant me! In any event, once I got interested, and got going, I seemed about as energetic as 25 years ago. Great!

* * *

....On a full-moon night we took kayaks and paddled around the entire [Matangi] island, J&B in a double seater and I in a single. It was a circuit of about 3 miles, along and over the coral reef. At the east end of Matangi the reef extends several miles out and we had to cross 1/4 mile of breaking surf where swells rolled in from deep water.

There was no breeze, so we didn't have trouble turning into each rolling wave, but it would have been inconvenient to capsize. It was low tide and a forest of pointed staghorn coral came up to within 8 inches of the surface. These kayaks were actually oversize surfboards, with an indentation to sit in and straps to hold the feet, and since one sat quite high they were tippy, especially when a trough made the stern fin snag on the reef.

It was a magical night. Cloudless and silent. We could hear jungle noises as we went along the shore. Surf breaking on rocky cliffs on the north shore made a slight booming sound. The last reef we had to cross, just before getting back to the Resort, had no surf, and was sandy in spots with coral rock rather than staghorn, but the tide was so low that we had trouble finding a place deep enough to get through. You couldn't get out and pull the kayak because the reef was full of holes 2 or 3 feet deep. Very tricky. Got back to our "bure" at midnight. It can't get better than that.

* * *

On a couple of afternoons we took the Resort's HobiCat out for high-speed runs down the channel between islands. Up on one runner is fun, but feels risky. I didn't want the boat to turn over because getting one back up again isn't always easy.

One afternoon Judy and I took the double-seater kayak and paddled out to an abandoned ship that was wrecked on the reef northeast of the Resort.... We tied the kayak to the wreck and snorkeled the area for 45 minutes....

* * *

All in all, I was fortunate to be able to "start at the top" in diving sites. It's hard to imagine anything better, anywhere. In addition to that, we became acquainted with the Douglasses, who own the resort, and I learned quite a bit about Da Free John's ashram. Noel Douglas helped them over the years with immigration and real estate problems.

Da Free John's island formerly belonged to Raymond Burr. He sold it to Da Free John for a million dollars, Mr. Douglas said. It was at that time that I wrote to the Fiji government at the request of Saniel Bonder from the Da Free John community at Clear Lake, Ukiah, CA. As a Ph.D. psychologist from The Menninger Foundation, I assured them that the religion was down the long line of tradition from India, and that in my estimation it would be a credit to Fiji.

Fortunately, many of the officials then in the Fijian government were Indian by descent, and my words were welcomed. I was later told that the letter was influential in getting the Fijian government to allow the Community to buy the island and its 3 villages, and develop an ashram....

* * *

27 DECEMBER 1994 (TUESDAY)....Feel heavy and weighed down after a Christmas without Alyce. I lay down on the couch for an hour and dreamed of swimming underwater. Felt a bit better when I awakened. Later, when I went in the kitchen I had a slight feeling of anger at my Conscious Mind for not insisting that the subconscious break out of its heavy feeling. "Let's face it, Alyce isn't going to come back!"

Then I shook my shoulders and said, inside, "OK! I'll leave that gloomy internal world and come back to life." At that moment an intense tingling came across my shoulder blades. Did Alyce, or Someone, or my own High Being, hear that, and give me a signal? That episodic tingling had been absent for a couple of days....

* * *

....For several hours, as I worked on this journal, I pondered the dozens of vision dreams I've had over the years, and the way in which they have shaped my life, and I began to think [that a book called] The SCIENCE OF HUMAN POTENTIAL should go in a similar direction....

In it I might describe my initial vision of The Teacher (not a dream vision), at age 3. Explain about growing up, and follow with the series of vision dreams that began about age 19. The book would be autobiographical, but would be written to lay out the human-potential and yogic metaphysical material that I've included in this journal over the years.

Each chapter would focus implicitly on the question, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN IN YOUR LIFE. And the underlying thesis would be that every person who is interested can make his or her own internal connections and get the same kind of guidance that I got, and can experientially discover the fact that they are connected to the Planetary Being.

The book might be organized as follows:

1. A SPIRITUAL MEANINGS section.
2. HOW TO MAKE CONNECTIONS.
3. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOUR MIND?
4. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOUR EMOTIONS?

5. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOUR BODY?
6. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE PLANET?

Every *SOUL* is already a member of the Fellowship even if his or her personality has been too self-centered to discover that fact, but when the time of crisis comes for humanity, many people will want guidance, and a simple how-to-make-inner-connections biography, with examples and explanations, might be useful.

* * *

To counter the argument that people might use to block themselves, saying that Elmer Green is different from them in some way, I would point out that I am different in no way except that I was intensely interested in the field and started earlier. I am an example of what every *SOUL* will do for its Personality if given a chance.

If I am at all unusual, it is in having been a serious seeker for an unusually long time. I started investigating and exploring inner realities in the 30's, before the birth of most people who might read the book, but to the best of my knowledge nothing that happened to me in the realm of inner guidance is uniquely different in any qualitative way from what anyone can do if they pay the price.

As I write these last 7 paragraphs, dear P,D,S & J, a skull cap of force clamps my head, comes down from the crown to below ear level, and in my ears there comes a strong humming of...the chakras. From past experience, I would say that while thinking about writing a book I've aligned with what the *SOUL*...and maybe also its Source (the Monad), wants.

Will I actually write the book? Likely yes, judging from past similar skull-cap events as "turning points." Like when I first thought of theta training for college students or when I first thought of studying healers in the copper wall project. I remember the circumstances of those occasions very clearly, the place where I was, what I was doing at the time, and especially, what I was pondering at that moment.

* * *

29 DECEMBER 1994 (THURSDAY).... Recorded a segment of the McNeil-Lehrer News Hour profiling the way in which a 42-yr old black-woman judge from Atlanta has had major effects on youthful crime by catching truants from school.

By making kids complete high school, she has lowered the crime rate in certain neighborhoods by 75%, She shakes hands with the would-be dropouts and instead of sentencing them (as a penalty) gets them to promise to stay in school. Since she has the law and the police on her

side, they promise. But when they shake hands she says, "Remember, your word is your bond. I'm depending on you to keep your word."

Listening to her made a tear come to my eye. She is one of the illumined people. A beautiful loving person.

* * *

30 DECEMBER 1994.... saw on TV, by accident, a kids program called "The Power Rangers." Wouldn't have noticed it except for the fact that I'd just finished reading in the WALL STREET JOURNAL about the trouble grade-school teachers are having with 5 & 6 year olds who are transformed by que words (morphed) into karate-chopping punching and kicking brawlers, to fight evil.

There's something insidious about the program. It triggers (1) an archetypal idealism response, (2) an archetypal power response, and (3) an archetypal kill response by morphing teenage heroes and heroines into fighting machines. Good training for fascists!

* * *

4 JANUARY (WEDNESDAY).... The Holiday Season is finally past. During the last 3 evenings, though, while looking at the mail or watching TV, I closed the drapes on both sides of the TV and turned on the Christmas tree lights. The colors against the ivory drapes were beautiful. Oddly, as I looked at the scene every evening I felt the familiar buzzing and tingling below my left shoulder blade. Either Alyce is keeping in touch, or (1) I am turning on an etheric energy when I think of her (and sometimes when I'm focused on spiritual connections), or (2) I am unconsciously generating a simple-minded psychosomatic response.

* * *

7 JANUARY 1995 (SATURDAY).... Fixing breakfast was almost too difficult. Associations took me back to the past. Part of the trouble was that while fixing breakfast I played the CD of John Williams' score for "Schindler's List," violin by Itzhak Perlman. I hadn't previously heard that music, and its uncanny emotional power, and the way it was played, brought a tear to my eye, and began making me think about my relationship to Alyce over the years.

Part of my present nostalgia is, I believe, that I wonder if my normally-spontaneous generation of thoughts, and the need to talk about them, prevented Alyce from satisfactorily expressing her own ideas.

There is some truth here. That was why, in 1964, I wanted her to stay in Chicago and finish her academic work when I came down to Topeka. She didn't want to do that, she said. At the same time, though, she felt educationally inadequate....

Nevertheless, however she felt about herself and about me, she was far and above the best editor that I've ever had, or ever hope to have. Again and again her pin-pointing of ambiguity and semantic confusion sharpened my thinking. Always I had to answer her question, "What are you really trying to say." And always, if she wasn't satisfied with the final product, I threw it out and started over, even when she protested that she was only raising a question. In main, I was a word generator and she was an evaluator.

For her generous and invaluable help I was more than grateful, and always told her how much it meant to have someone understand not only what I meant, but what I didn't mean—even when I couldn't find the right words. In that particular way, the similarity of our minds was no doubt as The Teacher said, "Where your minds come together they are so much alike that We can barely see where the one leaves off and the other begins."

...nostalgia is hindering me. Theoretically, I should rise above Alyce's physical absence, and feel the closeness of our minds as always, but for some hazy reason, which I've tried to pin down but can't identify, that isn't the case....

* * *

9 FEBRUARY (THURSDAY).... Concerning a pair of books which might be written, I believe it would be useful to say that every *SOUL* is part of the collective Planetary Spiritual Mind, and is, therefore, independent of gurus, psychotherapists, and psychics. It's important that all persons develop their own direct connection with the Planetary Logos (the Heavenly Man), whose personality is the Planetary Entity, of which Gaia is the feminine aspect.

If people try to become conscious of this direct connection, I might say (in a book), they will not only meet Themselves, but they will learn how the cosmos works in regard to their own personal experience (how their past and future are related to psychological cause and effect, karma), they will meet the Teachers, and will learn to discriminate in the psychic cosmic domain between what is useful and what is not useful.

Ah me. So much to do! Even if no one is much interested, or believes it, I feel obliged to write about it. People can take what they want and leave the rest. How much of the idea is agreed with isn't my responsibility. My only task, regardless of acceptance, is to offer the information in a rational format, based on my knowledge and on my experience.

* * *

In that regard, as I may have mentioned previously, I had a vision dream about 1989 in which I was skiing on mountain tops through a pine forest, looking for a place to fly through the air, by ski jumping, so that people's attention would be focused on spiritual flight. After much strenuous searching and many trials at finding a suitable place to fly, I came to a clearing where I could turn straight down the mountain to an Olympic ski jump. When I jumped, many spot lights blazed on, and my flight went up and up.... I was able to prolong the flight at will. Eventually I let myself come down to a graceful landing at the bottom of the mountain.

Many men and women were crowded along the run, like people at an Olympic event, and at first, when I started down, they didn't pay much attention. But when I flew to a height they'd hadn't before seen, and then prolonged the glide in the brilliant light, the effect was galvanic and riveting.

After landing, I shot forward instantly through the edge of the light and into abrupt darkness. The brilliantly lighted region ended like there was a black curtain, and to those who were watching, I simply vanished.

As soon as I was out of sight, however, I turned quickly and glided through the darkness to a cottage set in the side of the mountain. And, just as I reached the door it was opened by Alyce. She was as striking and beautiful as when I first knew her, smiling and welcoming me to a most exquisitely-furnished comfortable room. Everything was ready for my arrival. She had known exactly when I would come to the door and had prepared a meal, set with linen, silver, and candles, and had built a huge fire in the stone fireplace.

* * *

Knowledge of what the dream meant, even as it progressed, was instantaneous. When I came into the cottage I was especially glad that I had persevered on the mountain until the time and place were just right, and then was able to...demonstrate the message. Just as in the first workshops of clinical biofeedback that Alyce and I conducted, it was the practical down-to-earth demonstration that counted. That, more than words alone, seemed important.

And now, it seems that I'm approaching the place on the mountain where it's necessary to turn down, and that's why, I believe, that I feel pressured to get copper-wall reports finished and the books written. The right place and time seem quite near, and apparently I'm scheduled to reveal a bit about myself (however much I may not personally care for it) as a demonstration of some kind. The message is: People who want to, can demonstrate the same thing for themselves.

* * *

12 FEBRUARY (SUNDAY).... Even as you probably did, 20 years ago I read THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOM X (Malcom X, 1964). He, as you may remember, had the good fortune to know Alex Haley, to whom he talked it out. Though Alex transcribed and arranged the words and organized the book, Malcom reviewed, edited, and revised paragraphs and meanings as appropriate.

This happened toward the end of Malcom's life, when pressures were so great that he had almost no time to talk, so we owe a debt of gratitude to Alex for recognizing that Malcom's life was a spiritual event of highest order, and pressuring him to agree to speak with him every week, and also to review text every week.

A unique characteristic of Malcom X, the man, was that after he turned toward his *SOUL*, he never wavered in devotion. As a result, his *SOUL* guided him through an astounding adventure....

His life, at the end, was a recapitulation of the sacrifices of Jesus and Mahatma Gandhi, who were killed by their own people. Malcom, though, was different from them. He went from the lowest levels of personality life to the highest, a total transformation. Who, after studying Malcom X, could say that they themselves were too low to attempt a life of spiritual transformation.

It was a long struggle, though, for Malcom, and it is easy to see why Christian and Moslem fundamentalists would rather believe that they are saved by faith alone, without bothering with transformation....

* * *

17 FEBRUARY (FRIDAY).... The last 6 months have been an educational experience of a type that I hadn't anticipated. Seven years of bereavement were not like this. Then, at least, I was able to do something for Alyce but, after she left, there was no longer anything to do. That change has taken adjustment....

...I still don't know what kind of a person I'm going to be....

* * *

Since Alyce's departure, many people have written, saying that the partnership of Alyce and me was important to them. Apparently we were a role model of marriage, friendship, partnership in research and teaching, family caring, and caring for others. Odd how that worked out.

In any event, now I'm beginning to feel that it's useful, in some way, for me to keep going, to write and talk about human potential, and to produce for those who may be interested a biographically-based chart for navigating the uncertainties of "personality," to develop a "Kosmic

connection.” That’s why, I believe, that I felt it useful to keep a record of vision dreams. They weren’t for me alone...but for me to share. Especially those of non-personal import, like the “Significance of Biofeedback Training,” the “Planetary Being’s Task,” “Golden Girl,” and the “Green Energy” dream.... [Some of these are included in later chapters.]

* * *

20 FEBRUARY 1995 (MONDAY, PRESIDENT’S DAY).... In the last dream, I was in a meadow with a few trees around. A group of people, young and old, dressed in a variety of clothes, were looking for me. But I was trying to remain unseen. I lay on the ground amidst a scattering of branches and hoped they wouldn’t find me. Was glad that even though they looked right at where I was, I seemed to be invisible.

At the very end, however, just as they gave up and decided to leave, all the trees and their branches became covered with about 1/2 inch of glistening ice. Dismayed, for I knew what that meant—that this was a spiritual event at the causal level—I addressed Spirit and said, “I don’t want to be found, but, ‘May that which is best for all, come about.’” At that, one of the group turned and walked to where I was. When I saw that he couldn’t see me, I moved, stood up and said, with resignation, “Here I am.”

It’s obvious what that’s all about. I’ve been trying to stay out of sight, and have been reluctant to start again on “the stage circuit,” as Alyce...used to call it. On the other hand, I’m eager to distribute information.... Interestingly, when I got up this morning the first thought that went through my mind was that I should find the running list that I keep of “things to do,” and phone the symposia planners who called me and tell them that I’m available.

* * *

VISUALIZATION AND VOLITION

23 FEBRUARY (THURSDAY). Up at 4:30 am. Awakened by an intrusive dream. It seemed to be an attempt by [a *DB*] to get, share, or steal, some of my energy.... I wasn’t able to drive him away with a simple visualization of an explosion of white light. He sarcastically said or felt, something like, “that won’t work.” From that I deduced that the source of the problem was mental, not astral, and that I needed a higher-level counterattack.

The reason this *DB* was able to withstand a simple rejection (it seemed to me) was because the dream had a vague erotic content that I couldn’t dismiss. The dream was indefinite, not at all clear but nevertheless it began to activate a physiological response in me. Very interesting.

I decided to try to destroy the thoughtform directly. Immediately then, I got a much clearer perception of the intruder. But, as long as I seemed to be divided internally between my mental self and my physiology, he was not going to leave. So I worked against him by focusing on cancellation of the physiological response.

After a few minutes, there was a sudden cessation of his mental insistence. Coincidentally a weight, or pressure, lifted from my head. I could feel his anger as he gave up, turned away, and left. Then I got up, looked at the stars for a while, and before lying down again used the powerful energy-sweeping visualization that I often employ from the crown of the head to sweep and clarify the mental, emotional, and physical auras.

Incidentally, I also use this visualization when it is necessary to quickly modify the physiology and get rid of a cold, or the flu. Fortunately, one doesn't have to know the mechanisms, only what you want to have happen....

* * *

When I conducted this visualization at the Council Grove Conference a couple of times, I warned participants that if they succeeded in getting the attention of their [SOUL] they would have to put up with what happened, so NOT to think of this visualization as a "fun" thing, as a New Age entertainment. Its transforming power should be invoked with care.

* * *

The reason I've gone into detail about this simple dream event is because it illustrates a truth, or fact, about consciousness and volition. Namely, in order to be free from every outside influence, one must be conscious of every nook and cranny of the subconscious mind and be able to control, at will, all related mental, emotional, and physical processes.

If a stimulus from the outside world (as found in TV news, or movies, or books, or conversation, or ESP, or in any life event) can produce a reaction in us which we can not, at will, detect, identify, and objectify, we are to that extent unable to free ourselves from the external-internal archetypal gods who otherwise own us. If we don't wrest the reaction away, our energy is their energy. In other words, to the extent that we don't have control of our own personality energies, we are puppets and slaves....

* * *

One of the best yogic exercises for objectifying and destroying an obsessive or intrusive thought, or feeling, which I found in one of Aurobindo's books when we lived in Chicago, is to focus attention on the intruding thought and ask the question, "What thought preceded that one?"

When I began using this procedure in Chicago, I observed that, in the main, chains of thoughts would go through my mind and then vanish from consciousness. Unless I looked deep, I was conscious only of the surface of my mind, like looking at a pond and seeing one surface loop of a moving rope that is mostly below water. And when I tracked that loop to what preceded it, I quite easily could follow the subconscious chain of perceptions and reactions of which it was a surface part.

The impressive part of this exercise was that the process of tracking the loops of ideas and pulling them up for inspection, usually eliminated the intrusive thought. In other words, conscious objectivity destroyed subconscious reactivity.... Then if I wanted to react it became a matter of choice.

....this procedure is an on-line way to handle karma....

For most people, this kind of internal process is a step forward. Without objectivity and choice, however, personalities are controlled by whatever is below the surface.

ONE MORE THING I LEARNED: If a thought was simple, without emotional connections, it could be brushed aside in one instant, like a single cut-off loop of rope in the pond. If the thought had emotional connections below the surface, it had to be tracked to its end. This took longer, but the result was the same. Objective tracking...brought the energy of the thought-plus-feeling under voluntary control, like magic.

But if the thought had both emotional and physiological connections, if it had an anchor in the body, it was not so easy to get control of.

In analogy, a diver follows the rope down to an anchor stuck in the bottom of the lake. And down deep it is necessary to extricate the anchor from the mud. In the personality, it is necessary to be able to extricate the mind's connection with the body from control by the body. This is where yoga and biofeedback training are of value.

An anchor is valuable, of course. It keeps a boat from drifting. But in a storm it's inconvenient if it can't be moved to a better location. Also, if you can't pull up your anchor you can't take a trip.

* * *

24 FEBRUARY (FRIDAY).... a long series of problem-solving adventure dreams. If I could take a videocam with me, I'd make a fortune in far-out movies....

* * *

Was at the lab for 6 1/2 hours, so today had seemed much like old times. But after everyone had gone home I suddenly remembered that I had “nowhere to go.” Alyce wasn’t home. should I eat here, there, or elsewhere? So I meditated for half an hour, and in the process asked for “a phone call from someone.”

....You can imagine my surprise when I got home and found that Dorie had called (in the daytime, no less) to tell me that she felt it was important to call and say that she and Merrill were thinking of me. Oddly, she had phoned about noon, so it seemed that she was tuning in on my request in advance.

* * *

Dreamed about Alyce last night. Would like to get past symbols, though, and meet Alyce again in full out-of-body consciousness. And consciously plan, with her, what I am going to work on in the next few years. That kind of meeting is not impossible. I’ve had a few such meetings, in lucid hypnagogic non-body consciousness, with Teachers whom I could see and hear as plain as day, and could “talk” with in genuine mind-to-mind contact.

* * *

27 FEBRUARY (MONDAY).... As I was waking in a natural way...I had a lucid hypnagogic dream-like image of me sitting on the deck in one of the iron-frame chairs. Suddenly I heard from behind me, where the door was half open to the living room with the drape pulled across, a soft, “Hello.” Startled, I turned and there was Alyce, the real Alyce it seemed, stepping out from behind the curtain with a smile on her face and looking directly at me. Startled, I came to wide-awake consciousness—and gave her my grateful thanks.

Isn’t it interesting that she came out from behind the curtain?

As I’ve mentioned before, that’s exactly what happened in Chicago, about 1962, when a non-human “messenger from the gods” awakened me into lucid-dream awareness by ringing our doorbell. When I opened the metaphorical door he said, “The second person to come out from behind the curtain is Will J.” Surprised, I said, “What?” And he repeated his statement and gestured to a stage in the sky.

Then the curtain was pulled back by a hand, and The Teacher came out. Like a master of ceremonies, He held the curtain out enough for a boy about 12 years of age to step into the opening. The stage was quite far off and there was no eye contact. Only the scene.

Also, in 1962 after I finished my Ph.D., I had a vision dream about turning on the lights in our apartment at 5702 Blackstone, by slowly and with great effort turning the bulbs in their sockets. Though dreaming, I was conscious of the fact that this turning of the bulbs symbolized the turning on of spiritual light.... Then an Indian Swami came out from behind a curtain....

....And now, here was Alyce coming out from behind the curtain. Her direct eye-to-eye contact with me as she came out, though, had enough charge to wake me up. This event didn't have the characteristics of a symbolic dream, or a dream vision, one that impacts the mental body only. This image of Alyce coming out from behind the curtain seemed to be the first non-symbolic contact with her since she went away....

* * *

2 MARCH 1995 (THURSDAY). Awakened to process and ponder the meaning of a dream about the energy of kundalini as it appears in the 2nd, 4th, and 6th chakras. Kundalini's final expression, as everyone knows, is through alignment with the 7th chakra, at which time the kundalini is the energy (entity) which manifests through the glorified physical body of a Teacher.

But before that, there is a long way to go. And the problem in writing...on the interaction between Monad and Personality is how to talk about sex, love, creativity, and transformation, without generating conflict between body, emotions, mind, and Spirit.

In the last few days I've been wondering how to discuss these problems and conflicts. Perhaps the semi-erotic dream of a few days ago made me start thinking...about the "creative" uses of energy. In any event, the dream last night said that the subject must be discussed in detail, and in such a way that there is no stimulation of guilt.

* * *

It is necessary to develop the idea that the energy is ours to use, even in its adolescent expressions, and make it understandable that our real task, after becoming the Witness, is to understand our subconscious components and their "need" for energy and self expression, and our Conscious Self's "need" for control and transformation, especially if it is interested in the Higher Self's goals (the Witness' goals), as it, in turn, expresses the will of the *SOUL* in 4th and 5th chakra development, and eventually expresses the will of the Monad in 6th and 7th chakra development.

How to make this simple, clear, obvious, and desirable, rather than complex, confused, ambiguous, and doubtful, that's the problem!

* * *

In...this morning's dream, I began to understand the need at the penultimate stage of human evolution (the 4th initiation) for desertion of the Shadow of Gilgamesh, and the need at the ultimate stage of Earth evolution (the 5th initiation) for [total] transformation of the Shadow. Teachers connected with the Earth go on beyond the 5th, of course, but then they are working for the Solar Logos or for the Trans-solar Logos. Very interesting....

* * *

....On another subject, reading the transcripts of experiences that copper-wall healers had under the magnet was fascinating. Many of those people, it seems, have the same kind of inner life that I have, especially when it comes to sensing, kinesthetically, the etheric energies that are in and around the body. For instance, as I wrote this, an area of pressure began at the crown of the head. In 4 or 5 minutes it spread across the head, over the forehead, down the sides of the head, and now is down, on the right side, as far as the jaw joint.

This is the kind of kinesthetic report that most of the healers made somewhere in their transcripts. Unfortunately (or fortunately, perhaps) I don't get the visual correlates that some of them get. I'm eager now to look at those abstracts when decoded for magnet NORTH, SOUTH, and ABSENT.

Incidentally, when I get that kinesthetic indicator of contact, I then seem to be functioning consciously in a Witness mode and am able to better integrate and understand many of the otherwise inscrutable things that The Tibetan wrote, such as His discussion of the 12 creative hierarchies in Esoteric Astrology. At this moment... I can understand (though not literally see) how the workings of these hierarchies of beings are expressed through humans, and how the human as a "vertical" composite, is where the different aspects of the Kosmos come together.

I'm not saying that I know the truth of what The Tibetan writes, but I understand what He means. The [Kosmos] is a beautiful evolving entity, called Brahma, in which all the parts are alive and creative (to greater or lesser extent). Its possibilities are continuously expanding, and the evolution of each small part, however tiny and fragmentary, influences the development of all.

Brahma, however, is the evolving expression of a universal behind-the-scenes Will, Who in India is called Brahman. Brahman is the Ultimate Being Who is experienced only through His/Her workings in the Kosmos, through Brahma. That is why, on occasion, The Tibetan says that beyond a certain point (no matter what our place in the evolutionary stream of consciousness), all we can say about evolving arrangements or configurations of forces is that it is God's will.

....these ideas aren't new to me, but as the skull cap of energy comes down over my head, I have an experiential gestalt of the whole, how the pieces, the forces, fit together.

* * *

So now what? First, it seems, we are responsible for our own development, and through that, we affect the whole. Actually, of course, that may be backwards. The first goal may be to work for the whole. But since we can work only within the confines of that which we are conscious of, namely us, it gives the appearance of working first for ourselves.

The personality itself, is part of the maya, of course. It may be alive and creative in a limited way, but it is being refined (made harmonious with other living forces) only through the Will of our *SOULS*. That is what The Tibetan means when he says (in many places) that in the personality itself there is no Divine Principle, and by itself, without the *SOUL*, the personality would disintegrate.

The personality is made up of forces that are alive and fluid, but they would, left to themselves, involve downwards into greater density and limitation, rather than evolve upwards into less density, greater flexibility, greater freedom of creative expression, and greater alignment with the Whole.

In larger correspondence, this is the ultimate significance of the freeways coming together in the vision dream of the Planetary Being. Even as our personalities begin to express our *SOULS*, and we become consciously harmonious with other evolving *SOULS*, so the Planetary Being (the Collective Unconscious) begins to express its *SOUL*—the Fellowship of Light. I have a strong feeling that this is factual, though we don't have any correlate photographs, polygraph records, or digital data banks.

* * *

My experience with Alyce from 1987 through 1994 was especially important. It helped me free myself from bonding residues. Isn't it interesting that that's what getting rid of karma (negative and positive) is all about? That's why it is useful for us to face and absorb nostalgia. Otherwise we're still caught, to some extent, in the "three worlds," in karma.

Incidentally, to escape from "positive karma" means to learn to accept success...with the same humor (and chuckle) as failure, blame, and dislike. Our response to...astral and mental currents, positive or negative, is the measure of our entrapment in the three worlds, and is the measure of what we must handle before we are "free" and...volitional. Isn't it interesting that in a minor way that is what psychophysiology self-regulation training is all about?

Most people do not realize that their response to positive karma can be just as much an impediment to spiritual growth as their response to negative karma. The need to avoid exacerbating the cloying effects of positive karma is the reason why, incidentally, that the Teachers seldom praise a person. And that was why I felt that the person who contacted me in a vision dream in Chicago (Swami Rama), wasn't a Teacher. There was too much of something personal that made me uneasy in his opening comment, "What a man!"

And, it's of considerable interest to me that it wasn't till after I had made headway in learning to work with Alyce and her disability in a loving but dispassionate way, that The Teacher showed me (in 1992) that she and I were now finishing the "smoothing of the ice," and could begin again our journey. And it's interesting that a month later Genesis said the same thing? The pieces fit together....

* * *

16 MARCH 1995 (THURSDAY).... dream scenarios were related to transformation of instinctual physiological drives, as indicated by symbolic astral erotic overtones.

The complete transformation of 2nd chakra life to 6th chakra life, at a specific time when this is a worthwhile goal for a person, though not appropriate for everyone, is opposed by the 2nd chakra devas involved. They fight for their lives by hiding in out-of-sight corners of the subconscious psyche.

In the case of Gandhi, when he went back to India from Africa and dedicated his life to opposing the British with ahimsa (non-violence), he thought that he had succeeded with all of this 2nd chakra transformation, had achieved perfect bramhacharya (sex control). To demonstrate this to his followers, he often slept with groups of women, as an androgynous being.

As a result of his demonstration, in contradistinction to many gurus (and contrary to the secret lives of many well-known gurus who came to the West from India in the last 40 years), Gandhi's followers, men and women, idolized him, and would willingly follow him to their death against the British.

To counteract personal idolatry, you may remember, he publicly cleaned latrines, on occasion, as a reminder to his followers that it was the *SOUL* and not the Personality that they were following.

These androgynous and humble demonstrations of personality transformation resulted in his being called in India, Mahatma Gandhi, a title not lightly given, for it means "liberated one." He was an Arhat.

But, and this is what I'm coming to, towards the end of Gandhi's life, a hidden erotic impulse came to consciousness on one occasion to his great surprise. He had thought years earlier that he had transformed all such instinctual impulses of the 2nd chakra to 5th and 6th chakra power. However, he had achieved his androgynous state by a combination of volition and will power, and was unaware that one tiny impulse had escaped transformation.

Will power, however useful it may be in the early stages of psychophysiologic sexual self regulation, and in every other kind of self regulation (such as recovery from alcoholism or drug addiction), is not capable of making final transformations. [That is why AA does not work as well as the Peniston protocol in eliminating alcoholism. Volition, which comes from the *High Self*, is always required to complete the transformation.]

Until volition comes to the rescue and completely replaces will power, a degree of coercion of subconscious entities is involved, rather than out-and-out transformation.

A general rule: The extent to which psychophysiologic entities can escape conversion into basic energy for the use of *SOUL* is proportional to the extent to which the personality's will power is used to control them.

Or, put in positive mode: The extent to which psychophysiologic entities can be converted into basic energy for the use of *SOUL* is proportional to the extent to which the Higher Self's volition is used to transform them.

* * *

A book could be written about this interesting subject, but only one added thought here. The reason for this odd circumstance of willful control contrasted with volition, is that only the *High Self* has full consciousness of the subconscious parts of the personality. Only the *High Self* can see clearly where the hiding places are in the subconscious psyche that impulses and instincts can retreat to.

Only the *High Self* can use the Light of the *SOUL* and the Energy Of The Monad to find and transform personality devas into aspects of Itself, the *High Self*, the Solar Angel.

* * *

An operational way of saying it is: No computer can reprogram itself. And another way: All closed systems are incapable of self transformation. Reprogramming is possible only in an open system. Every computer programmer knows that this is a fact; but not everyone tries to contact his or her own *High Self* in order to solve personality problems.

Gandhi knew these things, of course, like any advanced yogi. But he was not aware until late in life that a trace of a physiologic desire was able to avoid transformation by hiding, dormant, in a corner of the psyche....

* * *

17 MARCH 1995 (FRIDAY).... Just before waking...it seemed that I was called to go somewhere and meet Gladys Strom, with Alyce, who arranged this, standing at the side and slightly behind me. It was awkward, for it seemed that I was supposed to “make up with” Gladys.

Specifically, I was lying in bed in a lucid semi-dream state, when Alyce appeared as a column of blue light by my side. Her presence awakened me in an OB state. She said, “Come with me,” and as I glided with her through a gray field, she said, “It’s time now to make up with Gladys Strom!”

As I said somewhere in this journal, I had gotten the impression from a dream about 10 years ago that Gladys was dying, and was thinking of me and of our experience together with nostalgia and regret, but in a transpersonal loving way. Gladys’ basic nature was typical of our spiritual clan, oriented toward Spirit, and toward being of service.

As I think about it, there must have been a powerful karmic bond between Gladys and me. There was something about her that was magically attractive. Also, she was very bright, full of wit and charm and fun to talk to. We met at a Denfeld High School community event during my junior year in 1934, and I walked home with her. Later she became School Queen, and I and other “honor students” of the class were members of her “Court.”

I could hardly believe it when she said I could walk home with her. Such a sparkling intriguing person. I didn’t know it then, but it was the beginning of an intense...affair that lasted 2 years...[until I enrolled at the University of Minnesota—and she enrolled at UCLA].

* * *

And now, by Alyce’s arrangement, like a spiritual master of ceremonies, I was going through a final psychic meeting with Gladys [to mend karmic problems—in the bardo I thought].

Very uncertain and nervous about possible erotic residue [but motioned forward by Alyce], I tentatively and cautiously put my arms around Gladys and held her close, cheek to cheek, in loving non-amorous embrace. I said it was good to be close again.

She also was tentative, as if not knowing what might happen, but the feeling was apparently mutual. All she said was “Yes.” And then for a moment we seemed to blend and merge, and there was a transient swoon into a faint pale green light. We were re-connected.

I can't explain to you how strange I feel as I write this. A tear comes to my eye. Apparently I had an unresolved emotional knot that had been buried since the end of 1936. That is now gone, unwound, and I feel an increase in internal freedom, like being able to breath a bit deeper, though I hadn't been aware, until now, of that slight internal constriction.

Blessings to you, Gladys. And thank you, dear Alyce, for bringing about this boon, this resolution and healing of a glitch in our spiritual family. Everyone benefited today.

* * *

18 MARCH 1995 (SATURDAY).... instructive problem-solving dreams...analyzed and filled out details and comments in yesterday's dream about Gladys Strom. Am still on a high from resolving my concerns about Gladys. Wonderful to have had a loving solution arranged by Alyce.

Things that I haven't had in mind for many a year have come to consciousness for consideration. Who would have guessed a need to resolve problems from my association with Gladys 60 years ago....

* * *

19 MARCH 1995 (SUNDAY).... Have thought a lot about Gladys...and about my subconscious feeling of unfinished business, and about the resolution, in me, in a loving way, of past uncertainties...

* * *

Now that Alyce is gone, I'll plant at least one more year of flowers in her memory. For some reason, I feel that I have to do that in order to take care of some of my nostalgia. All nostalgia connected with the yard isn't handled yet. And, I still find it difficult to fix anything to eat. But that, I detect, is partly due to boredom with fixing meals.

As I came in from outdoors, at the end of sunset, after tying loose ropes back in place on the boat tarps, I happened to look up and see the bow of the boat, and pulpit and mast, looming over me. It looked so impressive—and seemed so vitally connected with the past—that I had an odd unbidden feeling, and words went through my mind, very clearly, "I would just as soon die."

Startled, though not unused to such thoughts, I said "Who said that? Why do you feel that way?" I got no answer, but in trying to track down its source I came, by exclusion, to the emotional being of my nature. It's true that part of me still isn't used to not being able to talk to Alyce, and would just as soon not be in this world.

* * *

On the other hand, in the last week as I've driven along country roads, in summer air with the windows open and with cello music turned way up, I have several times had a feeling of intense joy, the kind of "fierce joy" that I experienced most of the time when Alyce and I were first developing biofeedback, and doing research at Menninger, and in India. I've noticed a slight resurgence of this joy lately, which is a state of being not connected with particular circumstances. And, I've marveled at how my psyche goes through cycles of joy alternated with nostalgia.

I am struck by the fact that: When we are sad, we must honor those normally-inarticulate suffering parts of our nature. And we must stroke them, and appreciate them for the energy they have given us through the years. They have much wisdom, and they guide us in many ways, but at a time of loss beyond their ken, such as the loss of Alyce, they must be assured that it is "an appearance of loss." The ambiance in which Alyce and I tried to live, is still the realm of joy. And Alyce is already there.

So, those were my thoughts. Internal communication feels good, and a loving relationship between all the parts of the psyche can surmount whatever happens....

* * *

Finished writing the Foreword for Ann Nunley's book, then took it to her house and left it by the front door, since she and Bob weren't home.

Ann Nunley phoned. She liked the Foreword, and so did Bob. She helped my manuscript by moving the paragraph explaining what the I Ching is, up to second place, and added a couple of words in explanation of the INNER COUNSELOR [Nunley, 1998]. It now has a deck of 47 cards.

Later, I was struck by the possible significance of 47 cards, and called Ann and told her about my vision dream of 1941, shortly after Alyce and I were married, in which we pulled two gold U-of-M slip-over sweaters out of a bag. The first had a maroon 44 sewn on the front, and the other a 77.

Oddly enough, Ann made paintings originally for only 46 cards, but when she asked Monitor for his perspective, he said it would be useful to have one more, called Grace, thus making 47. Ann's own understanding of the Inner Counselor is that it represents an effort to balance the masculine and feminine aspects of individuals so that they may align with Nature. Isn't that interesting, considering the 4's and the 7's?

* * *

3 APRIL 1995 (MONDAY).... Stayed in dreamscapes as long as possible. Very entertaining adventure and exploration dreams, across deserts, marshes, sand hills, cliffs, etc., by car, bicycle, and by foot. Seemed to be exploring....

Whatever the source, the inner videos are entertaining, especially because (at some deep level of consciousness) I refuse to be a victim. In the inner terrain I seem to have much the same attitude as the early Spanish explorers (not the abominable conquerors) who went everywhere in the New World by foot, or horseback, or boat. Imagine what it was like to be one of the first European explorers to see the high Andes, or the headwaters of the Amazon, or the Grand Canyon.

In the inner terrain, we aren't the first explorers; but each person who goes there necessarily sees, at first, his or her own projections and his or her own interpretations of "the separate reality." Thus everyone, in a way, is a genuine first-time explorer.

Isn't it amazing that if we persist in this exploration of the inner terrain we eventually meet the Teachers. The *High Self* seems to be able to make introductions.

* * *

The general problem for people is that they are unconsciously snarled in their own productions (through glamour and illusion) and have trouble recognizing the "golden" thread that leads from phantasmagoria to lucidity. The "separate reality" obviously has ephemeral aspects in which it's easy to get lost, but it also has valuable ever-lasting aspects. Aurobindo answered many letters on this subject.

The problem for me and for everyone, like for the boy in the movie called "Last Action Hero," is to leave the theater (leave the ephemeral reality), grow up (find and become our *High Self*), and then work consciously in spiritual reality, not trapped in illusion, glamour, and maya.

* * *

6 APRIL (THURSDAY).... A night of dreams in which Alyce and I, in every scenario, were working on problems together. These dreams were interesting as examples of the mind's response to a request....

The “request” was made just as I was going to sleep. I’ve had a thousand dreams since Alyce left, but almost none, relatively speaking, have involved Alyce (in a personal way). Last night, feeling strongly her absence from “here and now,” and disappointed over the sparsity of dream contact, I called her intensely in my mind and asked her to communicate in a personal way.

Such a dream has now occurred and I’ll not make any more such requests. The reason is that I’m beginning to realize how different the *SOUL* world is from the personality world. I’ve known it for a long time, I suppose, but last night’s dreams made it very clear.

* * *

In the first dreams, Alyce and I were working with individuals and with groups of people who requested information or guidance. It wasn’t easy work because most people’s lack of understanding of the rudiments of occult reality, the astral and *High-Self* reality, made instruction difficult. In other words, the first dreams were no different from the kind I have almost every night, except that Alyce and I were working together, even though separate.

By “separate” I mean that there was no personal interaction between Alyce and me as we worked together. We both knew we were there, and understood what we were doing and how we worked, and more than that didn’t seem necessary.

* * *

In the final dream, as I lay in bed in a lucid-dream state, I noticed a squirrel running across the ceiling. I got up and, by being very quiet and moving slowly, I was able to stand on a chair and reach up and touch it. That was a delight.

At my touch, though, the squirrel turned into a woman wearing Alyce’s clothes, with her face and limbs furry in appearance. I realized that this being, though brightly alive, was not a human, in spite of looking somewhat like one. I wondered if indeed she was a member of another species.

I reached up and stroked her hip. It was a graceful pleasant contact, as with a Gaia-type creature of some kind. Then, to my surprise, this woman looked down, directly at me, and began speaking mind to mind through imagery. She explained that it was much easier to be in a non-human natural form like a squirrel than in human form, and said that at the end of her human life she was distressed by problems of caring for the physical body, and she gestured at her human-appearing self.

It is much easier and simpler to be in a form, she said, in which such things as clothes, eating, brushing teeth, going to the bathroom, taking a bath, etc., are not needed. She repeated some things twice as if she really wanted me to understand, and then the scene faded and I woke up.

* * *

In thinking about the dream, the form of the squirrel seemed to be symbolic of living in a form in which problems of separate minds and bodies never arise. Squirrels are just themselves. In the non-human *SOUL* form, there is a forever natural beingness, without special caring for a body. There is no separation between body and being. The two are one.

As I said, I'll not ask Alyce again for personality contact, though I was happy to get the information, and to get that much attention at a personal level.

* * *

7 APRIL (FRIDAY).... a set of dream scenarios which, this time, were focused on the local group of us (seemingly the STEM group) who were working together in the green-energy milieu.

Incidentally, the energy isn't seen as much as felt. One of the group became nauseated, but since he didn't leave the group, and was supported by others, he quickly recovered. Jay and Sara Bremyer were visible as organizers....

* * *

Recorded Tony Schwartz on the Charlie Rose program. Tony was impressive, but I doubt if Rose really understood what he was talking about. However, Rose did ask a pointed question about the meaning of biofeedback and Tony gave a perfect answer.

Then I listened to the rest of Rose's program, mainly on the exploitation of teen-age girls as models. A reprehensible business. Highly destructive of their egos. A sin against humanity.

* * *

8 APRIL (SATURDAY).... an amorous dream of Alyce and me. We were 30 years old, and I thought as I held her in my arms that the channeling of kundalini to the energy centers of heart and head, without loss of 2nd-chakra sex expression was important for us. Alyce understood in a gentle loving way why I needed to think about these things, and why she didn't.

Actually, regarding transformation from physical to etheric, that is, being in the world but not of the world, Alyce was ahead of me. Fortunately we were spiritual partners and her basic nature was Love, and her clear loving ambiance helped me evolve.

This dream was of particular interest for it resolved a question that has been in my mind lately. It demonstrated to my Conscious Self that I was still of “one mind” in regard to energy control in the physical, etheric, emotional, and mental bodies. That is, the subconscious, the conscious, and the superconscious seemed to be in agreement. I had wondered if that was still 100% true.

Because of memories of long-ago loves and worries, as with Gladys Strom, and in memories of early years with Alyce, I had wondered if there were additional subconscious knots of emotion that I didn’t know about that might block what I wanted. Might there be knots of 2nd chakra energy that lay buried in the body and in the subconscious? The dream indicated that I was not disunified, whatever my nostalgias and memories....

* * *

11 APRIL (TUESDAY).... At a STEM meeting we discussed The Tibetan’s description of the astral-mental thoughtform that His students had constructed of Him over the years. It is a shell, He said, that can be activated by low-level beings and used to fool psychics and mediums.

If you channel your own higher nature (his words), then you don’t make mistakes, because the causal mind has direct access to the akashic record, which is accurate, and often much different from its distorted reflection in the “astral light” (the visual domain of 3rd-chakra psychics).

* * *

12 APRIL 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Today is the 50th anniversary of FDR’s death. I remember it very well. I had walked down to the store in Wrightwood (from our house at the corner of Helen and Willow), and when I got there I heard the news. It was as if someone in the family had died. A few days later I started on the Tinian section of work for the Air Force.

Just a week earlier I’d had a vision dream in which I saw FDR in his wheelchair, with Eleanor standing by him with her hand on his shoulder. I was facing them, and she, in a self contained way, was weeping. When I asked why, she said that Franklin’s time was up. That he was dying. He, however, did not seem sad about that, but seemed depressed about the state of the country and the many jobs he was leaving undone.

FDR may not have realized the full extent of it, but Harry Truman was also a great man in a certain way. Not only did he have integrity, but he had the welfare of everyone in the country in mind, not a few business and political interests.

Eleanor was one of the Great Women of all time. Alyce and I admired her and what she stood for tremendously.

* * *

LIBERATION

I mentioned some days ago that I didn't know who I would turn out to be (at a personality level) now that Alyce was gone. In the last few days, I've begun to find out. By some internal process I've been thrown back into memories of when I was young and, as that occurred, I also went back into how I felt in those days, internal states-of-consciousness and interests when I graduated from high school, and when I first went down to the U of M.

When I was young, I was a willful person who couldn't tolerate any kind of restriction that I didn't self-impose, and as a result I felt quite a bit of the time like a wild free being. Anything that I thought was interesting in the world, I felt was mine to investigate and experience.

And now, that same kind of emotion is coming back a bit. This time, though, my interests are different. All I really want right now is to work for the Teachers, and talk about what I know from experience....

When Genesis spoke to Alyce and me together 2 1/2 years ago, he said that when Alyce had gone (1) my dreams would change, and (2) I would find myself lecturing again, but this time focused on what I know, and less on technology. Oddly enough, when Heather Morgan argued me into giving the 2-day workshop in Ohio, I decided to talk about my own interests, focusing on what I thought was important.

The response was startling, far beyond my expectations. Apparently the group wanted to hear what I really thought.

That experience freed me to talk about what Genesis said I would focus on in the future, namely, my experience. Since organizing the Ohio workshop, I've lost interest in explaining biofeedback in terms other than expansion of consciousness. In accepting offers for lectures, I'll talk about what is in my mind about "science and reality." And, if "scientists" in the audience can't stand it, that'll have to be their problem.

As a side effect of this "liberation," I've been thrown back into memories and early attitudes. When I was young it was "states of consciousness" that I was interested in, not yoga for health, which is about as much as the medical world will accept of biofeedback.

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15 APRIL 1995 (SATURDAY).... For the last 4 or 5 nights my dreams have been, almost without exception, concerned with explaining symbolically to individuals and groups how to prepare for economic change.

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26 APRIL 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Kafkaesque dreams about people in falling-down cities. Then, reminiscing on London, I felt the gloomy presence of an old city, which, no matter how it seemed on the surface, was not dedicated to truth, justice, and light. I felt the same way about Moscow in 1982, when the Soviets were in control.

In Moscow, though, Alyce felt that apart from pain and repression there was also a feeling of hope, and a focus toward something spiritual. I shared that feeling about Moscow at least in one place, Red Square at midnight. It was an uncanny, hushed, idealistic, and almost spiritual feeling, and the silent people who walked through the Square were like worshippers in a Cathedral.

I had many insightful vision dreams during the 10 days Alyce and I lectured and conducted workshops in Moscow. Several of them were identifications with Soviet citizens in varied situations. Some of these people were working strenuously behind the scenes to shift the country back toward the idealism of Marx, the true idealism (they felt) in which the POWER was in humanity, and not in its controllers, military, political, religious.

One dream in particular struck me with great force. It was the life and coming martyrdom of someone I didn't know, but who would come to the fore as a spokesperson for humanity, for justice, for freedom, and for love of one another.

* * *

....Returning to today's dream scenario. I met many people wandering or lost in the buildings, but there was little that could be done for them. Some seemed to hear what I said about a way out, but most ignored me and continued wandering.

* * *

27 APRIL 1995 (THURSDAY).... an interesting series of dreams in which children were being taught how to treat shortages, and problems of survival, as a game. When fear doesn't enter the picture, children are optimistic and playful. A big improvement over most adult behavior.

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3 MAY 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... During a phone call, one of the things that "T" and I discussed were the criteria by means of which one decided what "channels" to believe. I told him

how I had solved that problem through confluence of concepts and ideas from many many sources, including my *High Self*, and outlined The Teacher's admonition to not believe anything, but to test everything until you know something, beyond belief.

Faith, belief, guessing, speculating, hypothesizing, postulating, are all unsatisfactory. We must eventually experience and know what we talk about. And that, according to the way The Teacher explained it, has a magical power to release, or stimulate, or reinforce the efforts of other *SOULS* to successfully contact their personalities. And that, He said, is the real goal of working in the world. If the world is eventually transformed, it will be because of the experiential development of *SOUL* in humanity.

Interestingly, that, in essence, was said by all spiritual leaders down the centuries. It is also interesting that people as a whole don't pay attention to that idea. They think, if they think about it at all, that somehow they are going to be saved by belief and faith.

That misguided idea has been responsible for history's religious wars—and right now is generating hatred between groups of different "faith," all over the world. Amazing! It's interesting to remember The Tibetan's description of Earth as the planet whose destiny, and occult name, is Harmony Through Conflict.

* * *

8 MAY 1995.... Many teaching dreams. In one of the [scenarios] Alyce and I were busy with a group of people in an orientation workshop. This time, she was dressed in a handsome shiny dark gold dress suit, with matching jacket and skirt. Our relation to each other was totally matter-of-fact. At one point Alyce grabbed me by the shoulder and said, "Take care of that one over there," and pointed to a woman who seemed to be lost, and added, "We won't let her get away."

....The episode was as real as anything Alyce and I have done anytime in our lives, except that Alyce was more forceful, more charismatic, more assertive, in the right way. I liked that. No hesitancy. Full self confidence.

As I've said repeatedly, I may have generated that scenario out of my own mind. However, if so, it was in a good direction. On the other hand, I had a feeling that that experience was connected with some kind of reality, actual or symbolic.

* * *

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

10 MAY 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Awakened slowly and naturally after a long set of vision-dream, lucid-dream, and awake-hypnagogic scenarios. The series ended with me in a 100% conscious hypnagogic state in which I was the *High Self* of me. No big deal, for it depends only on a point of view and on a disidentification from everything below the causal level.

Now, finally, dear P,D,S & J, after 9 months of thinking and searching for meanings and an understanding of Alyce's and my life, separate at first, and then together for 54.4 years, I was able to collect and integrate into a single picture everything about the personal life of me, from age 3, everything about the personal life of Alyce, starting with her childhood on the farm, and finally understand how our lives and karmas came together this century so as to evoke and solve, as causal beings, the remainder of our personality problems.

I say, "solve as causal beings," because the *High Self* is the real "controller" in the field of karma. To use Van Vogt's terminology, the *High Self* is the...Player of Null-A (van Vogt, 1977). ["Null-A" refers to the non-Aristotelian method of logic and living propounded by Alfred Korzybski.]

* * *

It isn't as if the personality "wakes up" and becomes the *High Self*. Instead, the *High Self* gradually takes control of the energies of the eventually-cooperating physical-astral-devas whose totality is the personality. Over many lives they are refined. That is, the skandas' substance and tolerance of "higher frequencies" comes to its many-lives conclusion, and the personality and the *High Self* become a single being.

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The result of today's vision dream was that I was able to integrate all the events of my personal life, and all the events of Alyce's personal life into one comprehensive picture. It would take 50 pages to tell the story, but a two-page summary is possible.

When I say "integrate" I'm including the stresses of the last 10 years, and also including what is apparently happening with Alyce right now. Only now, I would say, has she become her ultimate Self, probably through working with the energies of *SOUL* and *Monad*.

This was not easy for her, as I understand it, because she had first to become aware of sins of omission. Like Aurobindo says, they are harder to detect than sins of commission, which are more obvious (even to the "sinner"). I, being rajasic (willful), had no problem in determining what my personal transformations had to be, but Alyce, being sattvic (blissful), didn't begin to become aware of the final details of what she needed until about 10 years ago.

* * *

Today's dream was mainly about our life together and the problems we had in handling my bursting energies. Because I was spontaneously verbal, and Alyce wasn't, it took till almost 1960 before I began to truly understand her needs. But, oddly enough, in spite of her interest in, and expertise with, client-centered therapy, she didn't allow me to be, for her, what she had been for me over the years—a client-centered partner. One reason was, I believe, non-awareness of her own basic needs.

And, oddly enough, when I sensed some of her subconscious feelings, and tried to bring them up for scrutiny, starting in about 1962, she really didn't want to consider the possibility that such feelings existed. That was partly, I believe, a result of my lack of awareness in the early years of what she needed. She and I were so focused on the superconscious that subconscious problems got short shrift.

And now, today, I was able to see that Alyce's blissful lack of awareness of subconscious forces counterbalanced my struggle with archetypal entities, particularly the anima, and prevented the generation of unbalancing consequences....

In that regard, for a couple of years at China Lake part of my mind was bombarded with collective-unconscious imagery that was extremely dangerous. A lot was at stake in the world in those years, including the hoped-for free use of field-type atomic artillery by part of the military-industrial complex. And I was caught (without a teflon shield) in the astral maelstrom and couldn't turn it off, day or night.

And, to make it worse, the subconscious linkage of violence with sex, at least in males, besieged me with crazy surrealistic morphic imagery that pounded on me continuously. To handle this, for one complete year I meditated from midnight to 1, 2, or 3am, with the request that the pulsing white energy from the stars would convert the molecular substance of my body to a form that could function in the world and in the astral plane without suffering.

* * *

I told Alyce many times at China Lake what was happening to me, and she gave me the perfect client-centered compassionate feedback that I needed (long before she heard of Carl Rogers). She never realized that she was one in a million. I can say, in retrospect, that her purity and lovingness saved me. That was what I meant somewhere in this journal when I said that "It was in Alyce's aura that I was able to live, and move, and have my being." Isn't that amazing, and wonderful?

....That is why I promised her to not be away for a moment, figuratively speaking, when she began to realize that willy-nilly she was going to have to go through some of that same experience in Alz.

And if she were...to ask me now how come I was able to do that, 24-hours a day for many years, I might also say as she did, at China Lake, "It wasn't easy." Then I would add, "But it was my loving privilege to do this. You took care of me through thick and thin for many years. How could I ever, in caring for myself, care less for you."

Once, when she asked how long I intended to do this, I said, as you know, "Till the end of my life." And it was about her saving of me that I was gratefully thinking.

* * *

Alyce's ordeal didn't really begin until about 12 years ago, and then she began to have trouble with rational processes, and was fortunately forced to expand internal awareness and also accept my help. Amazing, isn't it, how life arranges things so that information and lessons that are needed, are given a chance to appear.

To me, it's especially interesting that The Tibetan explained that it was necessary to become aware of all aspects of the astral plane before one could go on to the 4th Initiation. The reason, as I see it now, is to clear the subconscious mind of all pockets of resistance, or blocking, that would impede free movement of the initiate as a whole being (not just as a non-incarnate spirit) from one level to another, at will. The heavy gray lead of Earth cannot share in the gold vibration of Heaven. Instead, if it isn't handled, it tears one in two, like with Marty.... [See Chapter 12.]

....It wasn't exactly a fun trip for Alyce. One day, about 8 years ago, when I was talking about religious beliefs, she suddenly turned to me and said, with an expression of anguish, "My religion is, 'OH GOD!'" I knew what she meant.

....maybe Alyce herself will some day provide you with more details....

* * *

12 MAY 1995 (FRIDAY)....A night of dreams on the theme of "disidentification." [Assagioli's term for gaining self-power in body, emotions, and mind.] More than at any time in the past, my dreams seem to focus on specific themes. There may be 4 or 5 different scenarios over the night, but usually they are versions of the same theme. Sometimes a dream will repeat a single version 2 times, or even 3 times, as if to make certain that the content is well recorded.

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15 MAY 1995 (MONDAY)....received instruction from a Teacher, the same one, it seemed, who gave me information during the green-energy dream [see sub-heading ENVIRONMENT, Chapter 16]. He repeated one statement in such a way, and with a particular direct look, that it had the effect of imprinting the thought in my conscious mind, changing my dream state from non-lucid to lucid.

The discussion concerned methods of teaching, of giving guidance, but the statement I most clearly remember was his comment that most of the Teachers worked with humans only through the *High Self*. Few Teachers felt that it was worth while trying to imprint the conscious mind. The reason was that most Conscious Selves were so focused on worldly things that the instruction wasn't noticed. Apparently it takes energy to make a mental imprint and, usually, nothing useful happens.

Nevertheless, according to what he said, about "3% of the teachers" felt that something was accomplished if the Conscious Self was included. Isn't that an interesting idea. Most school teachers think, obviously, that imprinting the conscious mind is the goal. That's what public-school teaching is all about. "Mind," though, in a Teacher's parlance, includes all the parts of our nature that affect behavior, subconscious, conscious, and superconscious.

Until a person begins to meditate, and focus attention on the *High Self* (which in one place is identified by Monitor as "the Guardian Angel" of traditional folklore), the best that can be hoped for is that it will become obvious that Freud, Jung, and Assagioli were not wrong about unconscious processes, even if not entirely correct. Assagioli, of course, could have said a lot more if he'd wanted to. And so could Jung.

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16 MAY 1995 (TUESDAY).... The reason I use so many words in this Journal is because parts of these chapters will be needed in the book, and I don't want to have to dredge up dream material from memory.

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Last night's dream-theme concerned methods of transforming the physical, emotional, and mental nature of oneself, into alignment with the *High Self*. Very interesting. Part of the time I was being taught, and part of the time I acted as an instructor, teaching others who had either begun the process some time ago, or who had just started.

My personal problem is to simplify my nature so as to become a single integrated Being, able to manifest and express Mind and Energy selectively at any level of substance, to function as a metaforce, non-bound at every level, able to act and never react, akarmic, a free agent.

* * *

In the final dream scenario I was on a country road. As I walked along I began thinking of mentally calling The Teacher and asking Him where I was going. But then I realized that since I was working for Him, and I knew it, and He knew it, I didn't need to know the details, but merely keep going. What I was doing in the world and what I was accomplishing inside myself were integrated, as always, in The Teacher's view. So really, I didn't have anything to ask advice about. All I had to do was keep going.

I looked down at myself and wasn't ill pleased with what I saw. I noticed that I wore my favorite light-weight jogging shoes, and looked quite trim. I felt light and alive, not encumbered, not burdened—even though not knowing exactly where I was going.

* * *

Later, in thinking about the dream, I was reminded of a similar road that I had walked along in a dream in 1938, shortly after my first conversations with The Teacher. Possibly I mentioned it somewhere here.

In that dream I was first a carefree young boy, of about 12 years, walking along a country road, enjoying the sights and sounds of the world and smelling the fragrance of wild rose bushes. Second, I was a relatively stern 30-year-old man who was hiding behind a bush, waiting for the boy to come along. And third, I was a wise old man with a white beard, who watched both of them, and approved of what was happening and what was going to happen.

As the happy boy came to the fateful bush, the young man jumped out and began pummeling him, pounding him into shape. I (the old man) could see that the young man was carrying out my orders satisfactorily. The struggle really distressed the boy, but eventually he began to comply with the young man's wishes. He had no choice.

Then the old man came into the picture, and from a distance I saw that the 3 of them were actually the same person, but with many different aspects. And they continually blended, then slid apart momentarily, and re-coalesced until finally they began to stabilize as one being.

Impressed by this vision dream, I went to The Teacher and asked if it meant that the personality (the boy) was becoming the agent of the *SOUL*, and that eventually they would become the agent of the Monad and become unified (a concept I got from 3 years of study of Theosophical literature). He said that that wasn't an incorrect way of thinking of it, but I felt at the time that He didn't fully explain.

* * *

19 MAY 1995 (FRIDAY)....the most hilarious dream scenario that I've ever seen. Someone, somewhere, is writing a story about a pair of unlikely liberal friends, a Jew and a Muslim, each of whom is a key figure in the religious life of his own community. Each has an identical serious problem, finding a place for his group to worship. There is a shortage of space for holding religious ceremonies in the densely populated city where they live, and each has limited money to find quarters for a temple and for a mosque.

Rents are outrageously high and when talking together one day they come up with the idea of pooling resources and renting a big room in the basement of an old office building. The problem is, how can they do this without their people discovering that the space is being shared. They solved this problem by alternating days when the space was used, with one excuse or another to their people.

All went well until one day there was a mix-up and the two congregations came at the same time. The consternation was fantastic. Whoever was writing the script had the humor of "Fiddler on the Roof." There was much Yiddish irony and wry jokes, like those of Gilah Hirsch's mother, Shulamis, in her funny biographical books, with matching humor from the Islamic group. It made a great story.

But, my mind brought me up through lucid hypnagogic states to full awake so fast that I didn't get to see the ending. In any event, I woke chuckling.

* * *

This dream reminded me of a somewhat similar set of dreams and hypnagogic states that I got into after graduate school. when I was working in Chicago on the "discriminability" equations. Those dreams went on for about a week, and I was getting insights about "states of consciousness." I got so energized that I started writing a book, explaining how the "game" of consciousness was played, and how everything as presently understood was upside down. The "unconscious" was what was real, the "conscious" was a dream, and everyone needed to find out about this.

As I wrote part of the introduction to that book, I suddenly realized that I, through an odd enthusiasm of some kind, was being diverted from what I really wanted to do. As I recovered from this state and settled back into my "own" work, I wondered where those ideas had been generated.

Imagine my interest, then, when I discovered on reading THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE, by Timothy Leary, about 1967, that what he had written was essentially identical with what I had started to write. Apparently I had tuned in on his burst of excitement while he was putting together that text, and momentarily was carried away by his enthusiasm.

Leary, though, changed the wording of THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD (Evans-Wentz's book) to make it seem that the Tibetans were talking about psychedelic states and "the wisdom of the cells.

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20 MAY 1995 (SATURDAY)....dream theme [many scenarios] was about counseling and giving advice to a man who was the financial, moral, and social guide of a large community. His major problem was that he felt much-too-much responsibility, personally. As I woke, the words in my head that I had last used were, "You can not take responsibility for unexpected variations in the stock market, as if you personally had control of it."

* * *

Drove to Topeka to talk with the Biofeedback Society of Kansas. Time was limited to 1 1/2 hours, but I succeeded in covering the copper wall findings, explained how I used the state of "reverie" for the last 50 years to get ideas on what to focus on next, outlined the linkage between vipassana and theta EEG training, discussed the field-of-mind diagram in terms of Jung's "collective unconscious" and in relation to my own experiences, explained the why and how of "synchronicities," and why the I Ching had a track record of uncanny accuracy, etc.

Especially useful was Schultze's wonderful concept of "Getting Answers From the Unconscious," and his insistence on the need to make an Autogenic Shift into "reverie" before trying to interrogate or reprogram the unconscious. I had a good time. Apparently most people (at least those I talk to) are wondering what is the out-of-body body, what is the collective unconscious, what does transpersonal really mean, what is healing, what is intuitive "knowing," does God really exist, what is our connection with Divinity.

....It's interesting that I'm able to speak as a scientist, a guided-missile engineer, a physiologist, a psychophysiologic researcher, and as a knower, about these things. And strangest of all, perhaps, the people I talk to are listening.

I'm impressed by how many of these people are in their 30s and 40s, and how intense they are. In private discussion, I learned that many have had OB experiences, and related events, that they haven't previously disclosed. One man said that a burden was lifted when we talked of these things openly, as if he received validation rather than censure or a pathological classification by psychiatrists in the DSM-III manual.

The effect on me of this particular meeting, especially because it took place in the Seeley building (the teaching stronghold of the Menninger School of Psychiatry), was to make me especially miss Alyce. Even if she watched from somewhere, I missed her not being there in person, to share in this remarkable states-of-consciousness development. Also, I felt I needed a place of silence to go home to, a retreat to “where the flame never flickers.”

* * *

22 MAY 1995 (MONDAY)....corresponding with dozens of my own experiences in out-of-body states, Monitor said, in commenting on a questioner's dream of OB rescue, “You, like others to whom we speak, will be involved in a number of other types of rescue work on the astral plane.”

Then, in answer to a related question, about how to become aware of these rescue operations, he said, “You may ask your *High Selves* to inform you. One of the easiest ways for you to be informed is through the use of dreams. Ask your *High Selves* for this information before you go to sleep. Then remember your dreams, which will be transmitted primarily through your Basic Selves (masculine and feminine Selves), who are involved on the astral plane.”

In another place he says, “You, like most others in this room and others beyond these walls, are now in a process of nightly instruction. On the astral plane, forces are applying teaching to people throughout the world who are given the opportunity to assist in the assimilation and instruction of persons who pass from the physical plane. At the moment, most of you are being instructed how to instruct those who will arrive on the astral plane.”

* * *

Another interesting comment: “Those who move into another plane will ultimately be prepared and returned to the physical plane. But during their absence the vibratory patterns of physical, etheric, emotional and mental bodies will improve. They will enter into better vehicles than they left, and thus be supported in their growth.”

This idea relates, no doubt, to the odd statement I found somewhere in the Tibetan's writing, in which He said that in the Aquarian Age “the burden of disease” would be lifted from humanity and from the animal kingdom....

The Tibetan many times spoke of the need for humanity to get rid of certain encumbering body types in order to be able to respond properly to spiritual energies in the future. All these commentaries, and very similar statements that Alyce and I heard from Brown Landone, in 1941 (at Dr. Garns' school of Divine Science), made the same points. Along the same vein, the green-energy dream outlines, no doubt, one of the methods of “planetary cleansing.”

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Read Ingo Swann's remarkable little book called *PURPLE FABLES*. His explanation of how these 4 stories appeared in his mind, as if dictated, one per day, gives important clues about how the human mind works when connected with extrapersonal and transpersonal sources. He's connected, and brave enough to tell about it [Swann, 1994].

* * *

31 MAY 1995 (WEDNESDAY)....dreamed about the abundant release of kundalini in me when I was young, and the task of channeling that energy to 4th-through-7th chakras for transformation of the personality, and subsequent "work in the world" by training in control of the maya.

To make this clear to me, my *SOUL* put me into the most stressful dream scenario...that I've been in since Alyce and I met. It involved a "real life" review of the life of 2nd chakra beings in me, and their single-minded erotic greed for all of my kundalini energy, and their powerful effect on my ego, trying to make it believe that they and it were the same thing.

The concept of spiritual growth is simple-minded in a way, but it involves the living energy roots of the earth, expansion to the heavens, and includes everything between. This is eventually an experiential process for everyone, but in advance of inner experience, it has immediate outer effects in science, philosophy, politics, esthetics and religion, metaphorically going from left to right across the top of the head, then down through limbic-hypothalamic structures. [Korzybski would appreciate that.]

Fortunately for humans, the average physiology is capable of processing kundalini through the 2nd chakra only at a limited rate, or our civilization would have destroyed itself.

* * *

The dream scenario of today was apparently constructed by the Lotus Self in answer to inner-questioning yesterday, while I was editing this Journal in which I had said, to my *SOUL*, that I didn't really know how to go about the transformation of physiological substance to spiritual substance, how to etherialize the body, how to move toward its "glorification."

The dreams that followed that question made me think, wryly, *ASK A QUESTION? GET AN ANSWER!* Some questions posed to the *High Self* involve risk of getting a tough answer.

* * *

The “answer” was a sudden powerful release of 1st-chakra energy throughout my body while I was asleep, creating a crisis of 2nd-chakra imagery and energy (which I had to wake up to, and consciously channel to higher chakras), and an accompanying on-line review of how Alyce and I interacted as a young married couple, learning to handle 2nd-chakra etheric energy and focus it toward transformation of the whole being.

Refocusing 2nd-chakra energy was my problem, though, not Alyce’s. She already knew how to handle her energies in the chakra system. Her basic challenge was to learn how to be in this world at all levels, and part of that process involved helping me, her partner, her associate for hundreds of lives, control an explosion of kundalini so that it would energize all of the chakras, and not be diverted by identification with latent and greedy 2nd-chakra devas. It wasn’t simple.

However, with her transpersonal acceptance of me, which involved much loving tolerance and much listening as I tried to understand and explain what was happening at all levels of consciousness, I was able to get my life and energies in order. It was good that Alyce was older and wiser than I!

Looking back, I can see that The Teacher clearly knew what Alyce and I needed individually, and what we needed together. That kind of wisdom is in short supply!

I’d like to spend a few hours thinking and writing about this theme, and what it meant, and means, to me, and what it might mean to people in general, but now I must stop typing and start cleaning the house in preparation for J&B’s arrival on Friday. Good thing I have relatives, or I mightn’t ever get the house straightened.

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1 JUNE 1995 (THURSDAY). Up after getting signals from what I can only describe as an Etheric Broadcasting Service. The entire night of dreams was focused on the single theme of adapting to shortages of every kind.

Some of the scenarios were funny and remarkable. For instance, in one I was at a community function of some kind, apparently convened in order to make decisions, and part of the meeting consisted of sharing food, like at a potluck supper. When I was asked by a woman to bring her something from the bench, I got a quart jar of preserved food and brought it to her table.

She asked, with eyes alight, and apparently with anticipation, “Is it MOUSE?” Startled, I looked down at the jar, and sure enough it had a sticker on it that said MOUSE.

Unscrewing the top and prying up the lid of the mason jar, I said, "Would you like white or dark?" She said "White," and I fished out with a fork a small piece of white meat.

I looked in the jar and sure enough hundreds of little pieces of meat were preserved in a clear broth. My stomach did a slight turnover, and then the scene changed.

* * *

I saw a pattern of squares, like a patchwork quilt made up of golden cloth, each square about 10x10 inches and containing a round figure of the sun, as if it also represented a gold coin. Then I saw that each square represented a quart jar of MOUSE. I thought, "That's ridiculous. Who would trade a gold coin for a quart jar of MOUSE?"

But then I saw a typed list of what quart jars of MOUSE were equivalent to. And since every item had a value listed in terms of number of jars, it was obvious that MOUSE was a convenient barter standard. Instead of "gold standard" it was "MOUSE standard!"

* * *

This dream was so funny that I thought that I'd remember it clearly, and therefore had no need to get up, turn on the word processor, and make note of it. Only a few minutes passed, though, before I realized, in a lucid dream state, that all memory of these scenes had vanished from my mind. What were they?

Knowing that I wanted to record it, I called Mind of Me and said that I wished to get the images back again. Then an intense shrill ringing began in the left ear, which in the past I've referred to as "the sound of the chakras," and the scenes all reappeared. My memory of MOUSE came back.

At the same time, I felt highly sensitive and tremulous in the etheric body (which feeling I'm much accustomed to) and realized I was in an etheric-energy detection state. And just as I realized that, I heard, as if broadcast etherically around the country over a Public Address system, intended for all who could hear, "We are now entering a period of intense instability." And it seemed that the ground began to quiver and shake.

This gradually brought me to full consciousness. With the voice still echoing in my mind, I got up and looked out the back door, into the trees in the ravine. A bright sun was up in a slightly cloudy sky, the air was moist, temperature was 75. It was a beautiful spring day. I looked out the front at a smooth glassy lake, and thought, "Well, that was a funny dream about MOUSE. Maybe it's too ludicrous to write about." But, a dream is a dream. It doesn't necessarily have to be humorless.

* * *

So here I am, writing it down. My first thought about MOUSE is that it was my Mind's way of bringing to my attention that paper money wouldn't buy much. Only that which is intrinsically useful would have value. Second, people would eventually accept such things as MOUSE without question. As in the movie, "Never Cry Wolf," the hero learned a dozen ways of fixing MOUSE, and his old Indian friend said, "Good idea!"

* * *

....For perception to mean anything, however, it's necessary for what is perceived to bear some meaningful relation to "reality." Reality, of course, is hard to define, but even if the "etheric world" is the real "reality," changes in it should nevertheless have reflections, or consequences, in the dense physical.

It is true, in terms of body processes controlled by the autonomic nervous system, that after visualization of change in the physiology there is always a delay, great or small, before the thought is followed by consequences. Sooner or later, though, something happens.

In the case of the planet, humanity is the equivalent of the striate (voluntary) system, whereas the deva kingdom is the equivalent of the autonomic (involuntary) nervous system, and much greater time might be needed before something happens in the dense physical world in response to non-striate mental-astral-etheric visualization. But, nevertheless, change that is visualized by the Deva Lords and by the Fellowship, must be followed by action in order to be appreciated.

In other words, as always, feedback is required in order to facilitate learning. The earthly disasters that I seem to have been warned about in dreams for the last few years, will have to materialize in order for me to believe that these warnings are more than my subconscious projections based on anger at the present system of control and distribution of the planet's resources.

* * *

Pat phoned and said that Paul Rosch, the physician who organizes the International Stress Conference in Switzerland every year, asked if I might come to the Conference next February, 18 through 23, and accept the Hans Selye Award. Naturally I said yes. Paul Rosch is one of our "heroes" in the self-regulation movement and I would be highly honored by such an award.

Pat and Steve have been asked by Paul to set up a full Energy Medicine day for the conference, and Pat suggested that at the ISSSEEM conference three weeks from now, we can get together with Margaret and Mietek Wirkus and plan a day-long program. Great opportunity!

* * *

2 JUNE 1995 (FRIDAY). I showed Judy and Bob the letter from Willard O'Hara about the 60th reunion of my high school class, and also the Denfeld Yearbook, The Oracle, for 1935. I explained that Rosalie Darhm had written that if I didn't attend this reunion, I'd never see any of them again, for this was to be the last one. So, I'd decided to go to Duluth in July.

To my surprise, I had saved some high school newspaper clippings about Gladys as the School Queen. In looking through The Oracle I realize now that the brand-new high school I went to in West Duluth was as beautiful as many Ivy-League college buildings.

* * *

7 JUNE 1995 (WEDNESDAY)....dream scenarios, which seemed to continue most of the night, revolved around difficulties I had in taking care of Alyce over the last 7 years. It was a symbolic replay. The focus was not on specific events, but on her attitude of non-cooperation. My experience in the physical world was being reviewed for some reason.

Alyce appeared during some of these replays as herself and seemed to be conscious with me of what was going on. I got the impression that she was getting an understanding of my experience—and she indicated regret that her personality actions and reactions had been such a problem to me. It wasn't as if she felt it could have been different, but she seemed to want to indicate that she was now...conscious of the past and how I felt.

* * *

You may remember that in one of my vision dreams 4 or 5 years ago, when I was walking along a road with 2 Alyces, one of them (who was just ahead of me) suddenly turned and began climbing a spiral roadway, or trail, up a mountain. She essentially abandoned the other one, and ignored me too. I tried to get her to stop, to talk to me, to decide what should be done to help the other Alyce, but she would neither stop nor listen to me, or even look back. She wasn't a whit interested in the fact that part of herself was being abandoned, nor that great distress was felt by the one who couldn't follow, and by me, too.

You may also remember that I started to follow the climbing Alyce, but when I looked back and saw the distress of the other, who was unable to take that path, and was being abandoned, I went back to be with her, comfort her, and walk with her. It wasn't as if I could change anything, but it seemed to me that after all these years this splitting was too sudden, and too sad for the one who was being left behind.

And now, today, it seemed that Alyce was indicating that she had become aware of that situation and was sorry for the stress those events had caused me. Also, she indicated that she was now at ease about things in our life that had stressed her, and me, including reactions, or attitudes, that were part of her nature.

What these things were, in her mind, I couldn't really decipher from what she said. In any event, she indicated that she was now aware of things that she hadn't wanted to be conscious of during our life together. It seemed that I had not been an easy person to talk with in some respects, nor argue with, and some issues, she had felt at the time, had to be left underground.

In other words, this dream had a quality of psychotherapy for me....

* * *

Alyce's life, as I've said, was one of spiritual ascension without much focus on the personality itself. Many gurus have been of this mind, and in some it tripped up their progress. Consciousness, acceptance, and remediation of "lacks" is needed. Tony Schwartz was definitely right when he concluded in *WHAT REALLY MATTERS* that it is important that a spiritual person also handle personality issues.

So, now it seems that Alyce is telling me that she has become aware that lack of acceptance of problems was a problem in itself. Nevertheless my problems weren't hers, and hers weren't mine.

* * *

9 JUNE 1995 (FRIDAY).... Vision-dream scenes were all of the review-and-elucidation type—first, the history of Alyce and me, individually and together, over the last few incarnations. Then it changed to where we had arrived in this life, and finally, where we are as of this minute. The symbols were interesting, and from long acquaintance were as obvious as written words, except that hundreds of words would have been needed to fully describe the settings and the physical, psychological, and spiritual implications of each video-like sequence.

* * *

To start with, I was standing by trees part way up on a hill that rose gently from a farmland plain. I could see quite far into the distance, but my attention was drawn to a disturbance in the ground near my feet. I jumped aside, uncertain about what was going on, and then a mechanical affair like a toy railroad track with flatbed cars came up out of the ground and spread itself out in a 10-foot length. On top of two of these cars there was a full-size burnished steel helmet, with its visor down, the kind that armored combatants wore in medieval days.

This helmet, though, was “alive and dangerous,” and it had at its disposal a 4-foot mechanical extension arm, a small “cherry picker,” like road crews use for changing light bulbs on power-line poles, but on the end of it was a steel lobster-like claw.

As I saw this, I was warned by an invisible Teacher nearby to not allow myself to be within reach. As I watched the scene, changes began to take place in the helmet, and I understood that in past lives it was necessary for me to allow the emergence from underground (from my subconscious) of a defensive aggressive armored creature that was both me and not me. In part, it had been constructed by me. But whatever it was, I was responsible for it.

As I continued watching, beyond the reach of the claw, the helmet began to come apart. The extension arm shrank back and disappeared, and finally the helmet split down the sides and opened like a cardboard box, and there was nothing inside. The accompanying “understanding and knowing” was that over time I had disassembled this armored shell and its energy was totally dispersed, or absorbed, by me.

Then I saw, or realized, that the same thing was occurring nearby with Alyce, and though our individual problems were related, we each had to deal with our own armor, by ourselves.

When all the mechanical apparatus of the underground machinery, and its extensions into the conscious world had been dealt with, were melted away and gone, I and Alyce (whom I saw only as an outline) began to rise into the air, to go out and work in the world.

* * *

Then the scenario shifted to the present life. In this, we were one single being with 2 halves, and each half was one of us, a complete [individual] person. We worked for the world while in the air....

And, as of right now, the only residue we had from previous experiences with our armored selves, individually and together, was one small iron roofing nail. As we hovered, weightless, high above ground, accompanied by the invisible Teacher, I had it in my hand.

It was time, though, to let go of the nail. But where could it be dropped without endangering someone below. The answer, let it fall into the ocean. It won't injure anyone, but will vanish, and eventually be reabsorbed by the planet. [That's the Gilgamesh residue, which goes down into the astral plane, under water.]

* * *

The final scene had to do only with Alyce. It seemed to pertain to immediate past lives more than this one. The scene was in the downstairs hallway. Alyce, with whom in this scenario I was identified, was cleaning the hallway carpet by the bathroom with the long-handled shop vacuum. Water had spilled in the bathroom and seeped under the wall into the rug. The leakage had been handled, but the water in the carpet needed to be pulled out and all dirt and dust cleaned away.

As Alyce was doing this, a hostile voice from an invisible person behind her said, "You are a witch!" Alyce just shrugged, continued with what she was doing, and said, "That was long ago. Now I'm cleaning up the last of the dust and water." And sure enough, everywhere she pushed the vacuum, the rug was like new. Everything was made perfect.

Symbolically, to straighten and completely clean the lower floor of ones house, is to handle every last bit of subconscious debris. Regardless of what the dust may have at one time represented, it is inconsequential after we get rid of it. Everything from the past is gone. Nothing remains.

* * *

When I got up this morning I felt much lighter, relieved of the weight I'd felt in the last few days because of Alyce's absence. Now, maybe, my motivation to keep working will return.

* * *

An interesting thing happened that seemed to be connected with Gaia. I heard a unique bird song again. I went out on the kitchen deck to look up in the leaves overhead. But, though I could hear it singing straight overhead, there was no sign of it in the thick covering of leaves. I went indoors and got the binoculars to better search the branches, but it didn't help. It couldn't be seen.

Disappointed, I thought that maybe I should take a half minute or so to put myself in the state of communication with Gaia, the one to which birds seem to respond. But then I thought, that would be presumptuous, to ask Gaia to go to the trouble of diverting a bird from whatever it was doing just so I could get a look at it. Even if I'd done it with the thrush last year, I shouldn't make a habit of it.

I looked to the side for a second, and then the bird sang again. I looked back, and there it was, perched on a dead branch 10 feet away, right in front at eye level. It looked and looked at me, and turned this way and that, and through the binocs I could see every little whisker by its bill and the detailed design and color pattern of every feather. It was like a fat little meadowlark with the tail of a tiny wren, but with a brown-striped suit I'd never seen.

After a while I thought at it and said, "I must say, you're a cute little bird, but you have such a short tail that it's hard for me to believe that you can actually fly." At that, it quickly turned its head and looked me straight in eye, jumped off the branch and flew and glided at high speed down into the ravine. That was a laugh.

I came into the house and looked for it in the large bird book and found a picture and description. It turned out to be a Carolina Wren. It lives as far west as eastern Nebraska and Kansas and sometimes is willing to be looked at. But, the book said, sometimes when you look at it, it becomes very nervous and instantly flies away.

In any event, the way it happened was an answer to a wish. But this time I had made no effort to get Gaia's attention. Very interesting!

* * *

You may remember that on the 1st of June I woke in the morning with the words in my mind, "We are now entering a period of intense instability." If that meant "astral instability," I can believe it. This week has been a difficult emotional time for me. Many little tornadoes have been stirred up for recognition, facing, and processing. Even the "idea" of going to Minneapolis and Duluth, without Alyce, has been stressful.

However, as I write that, I get a strong burning jab of pressure below the left shoulder blade, and the impression that if I'm going to let myself "feel" as if Alyce is here, then I should talk as if she is here, right now, and quit this waffling back and forth in thought and language. Interesting.

Okay. So wherever I go I'll feel that Alyce is with me (to the extent that she wishes to be). But unlike Olga Worrall, and her continual references to what Ambrose was thinking, I'll not say anything about it, except for what follows herein.

* * *

Olga said that Ambrose's education, as a new arrival "on the other side" had been postponed. They had worked together over many years, and since she was continuing with exactly the same message, and could contact "spirits," a special arrangement had been made for him, she said, to remain as her consultant until she went over. And then, she said, they'd continue on their way, taking classes together.

Incidentally, when Alyce, Judy, Darrell Albright, and I were in La Crosse, Wisconsin with Olga, studying her psychophysiologic healing effects on 11 of Norman Shealy's pain patients,

the subject of reincarnation came up one night at dinner. Olga said she didn't believe in reincarnation. When I asked what she based that on, she said that she'd asked Ambrose about it, and he said that "they" hadn't told him about any such thing! I thought that was at least interesting, as an example of something.

Olga had hundreds of experiences to recount, and endless funny stories. She knew a thousand jokes and was the funniest story teller we'd ever met, or even heard of. In a whole week I don't remember hearing any story twice.

In addition, she was one of those people like Will J. Erwood in whose presence photographers often got photos in which many people's faces appeared, superimposed on what looked like clouds of fog. These were "right out of the book" pictures of the kind printed by the hundreds in last-century publications on mediums, ectoplasm, spirits and spiritualism. Darrell was impressed when Olga showed us some of these. And when we began talking about the electrical characteristics of a "light-sensitive emulsion," he became interested in the possible development of a technology for demonstrating the existence of the astral world.

* * *

12 JUNE 1995 (MONDAY)....A dream theme was about the "feeding" of members of the Council Grove Conference, and others of like mind. I was the owner and manager of a special restaurant. Toward the end of the dream sequences, patrons began appearing for dinner. I knew most of them personally, or had heard of them, and they knew me, but nevertheless I felt it was necessary to make some opening announcements.

I said that even though they might not all know each other, the patrons of this restaurant were of like mind, and the reason that they and the staff were here, was because the food was of a special kind. The cooks and servers (STEM members) were volunteers who wanted to cook, and to serve food, but the thing that made them unique, and made the food special, was that each of the staff was aware of the fact that his or her own thoughts and attitudes were imprinted on the whole restaurant, on the tables and chairs, on the dishes, and especially on the food.

I talked of the training it took to be able to prepare food this way, and to be able to serve it with loving kindness and care, and said it took constant self vigilance and self awareness on the part of each staff member to maintain the special quality of the food, because relationships between all of us, between members of the staff, each-with-the-other, had a subtle but important effect on what was served.

Everyone, in good humor, sat down at their tables and booths. It was not so much in anticipation of eating, but the feeling of being connected with others in a loving enterprise that made the heart feel good.

* * *

13 JUNE 1995 (TUESDAY).... At the STEM meeting psychiatrist Stuart Twemlow reported on the use of SELF POWER to bring gang behavior under control. Stu's most startling comments concerned changes that he and a group of parents and teachers were making in one of Topeka's worst schools, where there had been a lot of gang violence. They initiated a program of judo training in which the goal is to be macho by being of service to everyone who has a need. Results have been incredibly good. Turned the culture around.

This program is a local version of the one that Stu and some other American psychiatrists and doctors started in the police force of Jamaica. Shooting of civilians has dropped, if I remember correctly, 95%. Police have been personally empowered, and under that new condition they have become the aids and helpers of citizens, rather than seeing everyone as an enemy. Remarkable!

Stuart mentioned one very-esoteric thing that generated a lot of discussion. Namely, he said he was adopting Mother Teresa's tactic of refusing to accept financial support from any organization in which members weren't personally involved in what was being accomplished.

Mother Teresa said that all organizational money that comes without personal involvement is "tainted." Such money, she says, has an aura that generates results that aren't useful for the community. That is why Stu is working only with parents and teachers. They have a personal interest in what happens. [Much like the dream in which "attitude" in cooks and servers has an effect on the quality of the "food."]

* * *

15 JUNE 1995 (THURSDAY).... In one dream I went to a future meeting, possibly the Denfeld reunion, and Gladys Strom was there. When I talked to her she said that I had let her down! Interesting! That made me wonder if when I dreamed many years ago that she was dying, she had actually recovered. When I go to Minnesota I'll find out....

* * *

3 JULY 1995 (MONDAY).... In one dream, in a crowd of people I saw the woman (seen first in a 1964 dream in Chicago) who was the "Keeper of the Divine Flame." This is the flame which transforms personalities into Golden Beings.

Today's scenario, even if merely a dream, was from a fearful personality point of view. Although nothing formal had yet been arranged with this woman, I would have to meet her later I

knew, and part of me felt that something about her was very dangerous, that if I even touched her I would burn up and vanish. She only laughed at that thought, and touched my back as a preliminary indicator, to show that it wasn't the way I thought it was.

* * *

When I awakened, I asked my *High Self* if some of this had special spiritual meaning, or was only a dalliance with anima connections from the past, possibly triggered by watching the first minutes of "Barefoot in The Park," and the answer seemed to be "both."

It was as if some of my old memories and traits, which I haven't been paying much attention to, continued to have a subconscious hold on me, and I had to recognize this and decide what to do, either keep them or clean house, throw them out, but not let them stay in a cloying cluttered subconscious category, which I really didn't want as part of me.

Amazing to have a review of the living parts of ones self. Even memories seem to be self-contained living units that are part of ones being, as if I reviewed the thoughts and desires and fears of every life-force entity that comprised any and every part of my body, mind, and emotions. Not much fun.

* * *

These dreams were like an inventory of subconscious accumulations, like rummaging around in basements and attics, looking at old furniture, clothes, and unused clutter. From an objective view, it seems that quite a few things can be put out for trash pickup. It's interesting, though, that before something is discarded, it's looked at, and a willful decision is made to trash it.

The most interesting detail, though, is to become conscious of the fact that each item of subconscious debris has a secret life of its own, like a little rechargeable battery-powered self-centered dedicated computer, waiting to come back to full operation. And, if you can imagine, hoping to take over ones life. Worst of all, each little battery is forever drawing maintenance power from our internal life supply, like a little vampire.

To the extent we save outworn personality traits and memories, loves and hates, fears and guilts, as subconscious parts of our being, our life energy is diminished. Digging them up, looking at them, evaluating their usefulness, and consciously disposing of them, is to disconnect their batteries from our life force. Eventually when their disconnected batteries run down, we are free.

This freedom is always enhanced if we disidentify—objectify and isolate these thoughtforms—thereby preventing them from any longer drawing life force from us. After our volitional

disidentification, these self-contained capsules-of-the-past shrivel and become memories in causal mind only, more like slides in a carousel than latent emotionally-charged computer programs, ready to spring to life in body, emotions, and mind. It might be useful if holocaust victims knew more about this.

* * *

Incidentally, this disidentification is what yogis refer to when they say it is necessary to “burn the seeds.” And this is what the many “burning grounds” discussed by The Tibetan are all about. If the coming “green energy” phenomenon represents a planetary burning ground, we are in for trouble, even if it’s the energy of a planetary heart chakra....

* * *

4 JULY 1995 (TUESDAY)....explained to individuals, in today’s dreams, in many sets of imagery, the crystal-clear nature of transpersonal being, as compared to personal being. The superconscious has crystalline brilliance, beauty, and clarity. Not crystalline like on earth, where it is fixed, but subtle crystal, like the essence or spirit of crystal, constantly changing, moving, shifting, and reforming in patterns, according to our will.

This substance, with which we work at causal levels and above, has none of the muddy, amorphous, heavy, non-responsive, cloying, hindering characteristics of unregenerate personalities and low level devas. Those entities, in comparison with transpersonal Being, are slow and rebellious in responding to will.

The feeling of lightness and beauty in these dreams brought a feeling of freedom and normalcy in me. No more alienation. I still feel somewhat at a loss, though, in deciding what to do without Alyce here to construct an idea with. It’s easy to structure one’s life when another person’s plans and hopes are included.

* * *

8 JULY 1995 (SATURDAY)....Had many interesting dreams in which I was an advisor to people with problems. What I’m beginning to understand from pondering hundreds of dreams is that the dream state is one in which most people are free in their astral bodies, but only in subconscious mind. What I seem to be doing night after night is working with people at this level of consciousness.

The contrast in consciousness for most people between day and night is fascinating. In the daytime, conscious Selves have freedom of volition, but are limited by where their bodies go and therefore have limited opportunities. At night, subconscious Selves in astral bodies have

freedom of travel, but are limited by lack of volition, and therefore have limited opportunities. Interesting!

The solution is to expand conscious awareness to include the subconscious, starting with enhancement of lucid dreaming. Eventually this synthesizes freedom of volition with freedom of travel.

* * *

13 JULY 1995.... One unfortunate by-product of becoming more-and-more psychically conscious and empathic is to become more-and-more aware of the astral currents people swim in. This has become so pronounced that sometimes it's a strain for me to go where people are. If I were a "transformed one" it might not have so much effect on me. But being a personal-transpersonal combine, with apparently all my human sensory apparatus intact, being in a non-transpersonal crowd is emotionally stressful.

And now, for the first time in my life, I'm beginning to pick up what women are thinking about. And when I go to Food4Less, or Dillons, or Bauersfeldts, it's seldom a happy situation. Also, the last few years of work with Alyce made me begin to tune in on the elderly. And though I don't feel like one of them myself, identification with their hidden feelings is becoming too easy.

* * *

There is, though, a recompense that negates the undesirable side of this psychic sensitivity. I had an example of it today at Bauersfeldts. It's given me much food for thought, and a hope that I can do something useful and at the same time shield myself from general emotional suffering.

As I was trying to steer my grocery cart down an aisle, I came up against a roadblock in the form of an elderly man and woman. They were at the stage of life where they didn't feel connected with other people. He was tall and thin and she was thin and bent. Eventually, after many aborted attempts to get past, I succeeded, but not before I picked up how they felt. Sad and isolated.

I dismissed that from my mind and continued my route, finally arriving at the water dispenser. I had 6 1-gal bottles to fill. Just as I started on the first one, the tall thin man I'd been blocked by, came up with his cart and stopped 7 or 8 feet away, and just stayed there. At first I thought he was waiting for his wife to catch up, but by the 2nd gallon I realized that he was waiting for me to finish using the dispenser. I considered stopping and asking him to come ahead of me, but then I saw that he had no empty bottle. So why was he waiting?

It seemed a terribly long time before my bottles were filled, and then I had to go in his direction to get to my next item. I debated whether to openly notice him, but something in me said yes. So as I approached I looked him in the eye and smiled and said I was sorry it had taken so long to fill my bottles.

The effect was magical. It was as if a bright light turned on. His raspy voice was almost inaudible, from old age, and he said to think nothing of it. But his face was radiantly transformed, like someone had reached out a hand from a lifeboat. The impact of that on me was a real shock. I smiled and continued on my way, but a sudden tear came to my eye. Through that chance meeting I had elicited, and tuned in on, an unexpected gratitude and joy.

There's always the possibility of projecting images of ones own creation, but the unexpected strong impression I got was that he was a beautiful person buried in an old body. He had lived a moral restrained life, had been of value to his family, and now he and his wife were isolated in an ocean of bumping hustling people who had no use for them. He was patient, uncomplaining, and tolerant, and determined to keep going in spite of this increasingly alien world to which he no longer belonged, and he would help his wife however he could. And, my smiling at him, recognizing that he was there, and saying something, was the happiest thing that had happened for a long long time.

And that event, I realized, as I thought about it off and on for a couple of hours, told me how to meet strangers without suffering from their sadnesses, negativities, and alienation. The solution is to project...calm smiling joyful radiance of my own, like a surrounding glow of light, wherever I go. And to do this consciously, intentionally, and forcefully.

It isn't necessary to say something to people—and usually it isn't appropriate. The important thing about coming in contact with strangers is not the overt projection from oneself, but the covert one.

* * *

Children, I've noticed, have become very conscious of me in the last few years, more so than in the past, and I can't believe it's because of my wispy beard. When I pass them, as in a grocery store where they may be sitting in a cart, they often turn and keep looking me in the eye until I'm past. They didn't used to do that so much. Naturally then, I notice them too, but it often doesn't feel like a usual situation.

From their reactions it seems as if some of the children see me as a kind of event, as if I catch their eye in an unusual way. Do they see an aura?

Yesterday, for instance, a 4-year old child in a grocery cart caught my eye and “forced” me, it felt like, to continue looking at him when I started to turn away. He kept looking me right in the eye, and then he had a sudden humorous expression, as if, “I see you. And I know you see me. And isn’t this funny. Most people don’t see anything!” A quick embarrassed feeling took me by surprise, as if my disguise had slipped. He saw me. That feeling, coming suddenly from the subconscious, told me that something unusual had happened. Intriguing and entertaining.

* * *

15 JULY 1995 (SATURDAY)....negative dream scenario in which I was told that my ideas of Alyce’s transcendence were wrong. That she was as stuck in the bardo as she’d ever been. Puzzled, I decided to keep on going—not believing, though depressed.

* * *

16 JULY 1995 (SUNDAY).... Awakened at 7 am after an even more powerful unsettling dream, which I didn’t think of as having any vision-dream characteristics. It seemed to be a projection from latent unburned seeds of sexual “desire.” I pondered its meaning, got up and walked around the house for a few minutes to shake it off, and then went back to bed.

Awakened again after a genuine vision dream (according to my classification of dreams) which concluded this series of 3 inter-related dreams, the 1st of which was the negative dream projection of yesterday , which said that it portrayed Alyce’s true situation. The 2nd negative dream was this morning’s, about latent sexual “desire.” And the 3rd, the vision dream from which I just awakened, summarized and explained what had happened.

* * *

This morning’s set of negative dream scenarios was preceded by a strong electrical buzzing over the whole body and surge of kundalini energy through the chakra system. Of this, I was fully conscious at one level, not dreaming, though mental imagery was still in the dream state. Then, almost immediately after the electric buzzing, I came under a very subtle attack, from a source that I can only conclude was lower causal. It was too ingenious and abstract to have come from the astral plane.

It was, I feel, a mental-and-etheric assault by one of the DBs, but not an astral attack. I’m too much aware on astral levels to be easily attacked. Instead it was an indirect high-level mental approach with etheric [physical] concomitants.

A figure of a man, whom I saw only in outline, told me—in images and in words: Now that Alyce is gone, and her repressive ambiance which “prevented” you from expressing your “true” self is dissipated, you have “the right” to find a new release of 2nd chakra energy. You are a

powerful being, with an explosive supply of kundalini energy, and by the development of 2nd-chakra Sex Magic, which you most thoroughly deserve to be a beneficiary of, you can accomplish all sorts of interesting things.

The effect of his mental imagery and etheric energy on my chakra system was electrifying. Physiologically it was as if every part and level of the nervous system was galvanized. Fortunately I've installed enough "smoke alarms" in my subconscious for this kind of thing to wake me up and bring the Conscious Self, with its volitional options, into the picture.

* * *

As I wakened, I drove this being away by consciously taking hold of the imagery and disassembling it. I realized at the same time that this hostile being had conducted a very subtle attack through my mind, on my nervous system and subtle-energy supply. I sent against him some blasts of etheric light, like I did in Chicago when a *DB* appeared on etheric levels and tried to make a direct physical attack. I didn't feel, though, that it had much effect on this one, for he worked from a more subtle level.

Fully awake, instead of getting up right away I called on my *High Self* to explain to me what was going on. No answer. Nothing.

I tried several times to get higher-level information. Was this dream definite evidence that I had another hidden and vulnerable compartment of my character? Was this dream threat, I asked my *High Self*, really caused by defects within me, a combination of latent desires which were finding a way to express themselves, and not simply latent fears and worries, as in the dream about Alyce's impasse in the astral plane? Again, no answer. Nothing.

This was a peculiar circumstance. I always can get an answer of some kind, I thought. This time, though, there was total silence, as if no one was there. Why was I in this strange situation, I asked myself, not only trying to recover from a powerful almost-hypnotic grip of someone's mind, or my own hidden mind, but not getting any spiritual help. Spiritual help was always available, wasn't it?

Getting no explanations, I got up, walked around the house for a while, then went back to bed. Secure, at least, in the knowledge that I was in charge. I had driven the hostile being away. Soon I was sound asleep. And then came the explanatory vision dream.

* * *

I was gliding over the surface of the earth with 2 people. One was an Earth Official, a Teacher with whom I seemed to be acquainted, and the other was an extra-terrestrial who was on a

familiarization trip to Earth. The Earth Official and I were conducting this ET on a tour. Flying northwest, we approached the Pacific-ocean edge of the continent, which consisted of a Yosemite Park-like escarpment, along the edge of which we were gliding.

Suddenly I was attacked by an unseen assailant and my flight path was deflected out over the edge of the precipice. I began to drop like a rock. This was disaster. The 3 of us had been flying by means of a “ground effect,” somewhat like electrostatic levitation, and now I was several thousand feet above the rocky shore and ocean. My companions were highly alarmed, but apparently could do nothing to help me.

As I hurtled down at increasing velocity I realized that direct impact could be the end of me, but then I began thinking about sky divers, and how they often control their flight path in remarkable ways. My garment was a long robe with flowing sleeves, and when I held out my arms and legs I found that I could maneuver much like a flying squirrel. Maybe I could avoid a direct crash.

Heading straight down for a few seconds to pick up greater speed, at about 1500 feet above the sea I began pulling out of the dive. The upshot was that I made a very high-speed asymptotic approach to the surface.

But then, I thought, maybe there’ll be waves against which I’ll strike, and lose control. No, the sea was smooth and calm and I was able to align my course along a gentle swell and not hit any waves.

I was going so fast that when I approached the surface I put down my left hand and used the palm as a planing platform, like when water skiers discard their boards and plane on bare feet. Because I could steer with my hand on the water, I changed course slightly so as to angle toward the shore.

In the meantime, my companions had accelerated ahead and rapidly come down the north slope of the mountain, and now were gliding along just over the beach, keeping pace with me. It seemed at first that I would sink into the ocean before I reached shallow water, and the Earth Official called out and suggested that I ask a boat from the nearby fishing fleet to pick me up.

I yelled back saying I didn’t want to do that. Instead, I said, he should find a shore boat, and then when I lost speed and sank into the sea, he should come and get me. All this time, though, whenever the swell allowed, I angled closer to shore, and suddenly realized that I had enough residual velocity to reach shallow water.

What a victory! I glided up to a gravel bar and just as I lost control with my hand, I stood up. The water was only ankle deep. I was on the shore.

My 2 companions were smiling, congratulatory, and happy, and I was more than happy. That unforeseen attack, high above, had developed in me a skill, rather than ending in a crash. As I walked up to the sand, it was as if the Earth Official, or Someone, explained in my mind what had happened.

* * *

Yesterday's dream about Alyce was a subtle negative ploy by "the enemy." It had nothing to do with either Alyce or me, but was a hypnotic projection by an adversary. It had been projected into my mind in order to weaken my self confidence, to make me doubt myself, to make me suspect that hidden in my subconscious were secret compartments in which real negative facts about me and Alyce were locked up.

But since I didn't respond to that imagery about Alyce, and its implications about me, by becoming negative, or angry, or fearful, or self doubting, the direction of the adversary's argument was changed to suggest that whatever the situation had been in the past, now that Alyce and her suppression of me were gone, I was free to seek my own destiny. And that, it was maintained, would be more interesting and exciting than anything I'd previously considered.

However, the Explainer continued, that idea didn't work because I rebuffed the attacker and literally disassembled his imagery, piece by piece, and stabilized my own chakra system, not allowing any 2nd-chakra activation.

This had been the adversary's last-ditch effort to interfere with my relationship with the Earth Official with whom I was associated, and with ETs with whom I might work at some later date.

* * *

It also was explained that it was necessary for me to work this out as a Conscious Self, developing appropriate countermeasures without help or explanations from outside. It was therefore not possible for me to get guidance from higher sources. I was on my own.

This attack, I understand now, could have been prevented by my *High Self* or by some other Power. My *High Self* could have answered my call, but it was better to not respond because this was a Conscious Self test, an examination in the School of Life.

* * *

And that, incidentally, relates to Koot Hoomi's explanation to A.P. Sinnett, in one of his letters, that the Teachers were forbidden to destroy the *DBs*, the members of the Black Lodge (as

The Tibetan refers to them). Those negative beings often implement situations, as tolerated by guardian Teachers, that test the readiness of a Conscious Self to go on.

An example in the Bible of this testing procedure was when Jesus said “Get thee behind me Satan.” Interestingly, He didn’t try to kill Satan, or even fight with him, but turned his back.

It could be inferred that recognizing, and then dismissing The Adversary, turning our back on him, is part of our spiritual development, and testing. The nature of Good (evolutionary progress) and Evil (involutionary regression) must eventually be learned individually, and apparently, individual experience is the best teacher.

Lastly, some spiritual tests are “closed-book exams.” You are alone, on your own, no help from Teachers. As such, the exam reveals what you really know. To what extent are you actually the *High Self*, and not just a memorizer of words.

* * *

As you know, I’ve been involved in this kind of teaching and testing for many years, as explained by references to past encounters with *DBs*, so the events of the last three dreams weren’t something I was unfamiliar with.

It’s fortunate, however, that people as a whole aren’t bothered by these negative entities. Aurobindo’s advice was, if the *DBs* don’t bother you, don’t think about them.

Possibly, however, times are changing for humanity in respect to inner combat with real substantial negative forces.

This subject, good and evil, incidentally, is the theme of *DIAMOND MASK*. Julian May obviously knows about these things, or she couldn’t have written so accurately, and in such perceptive detail. People may think of her book as make-believe, but at a deep level each reader will be alerted, and will begin to get an idea of the ramifications of Human Potential and the examinations one must undergo along the way.

* * *

RESOLUTION OF NOSTALGIAS

17 JULY 1995 (MONDAY). I wanted to reach Minneapolis as quickly as possible in order to visit some of Alyce’s relatives, whom I’m fond of, before heading north to Duluth....

* * *

18 JULY 1995 (TUESDAY)....back on I-35 at 10:30am, but able to drive for only 3 hours before getting sleepy. That wasn't the real problem, though. I was weighed down by the absence of Alyce. I tried "talking" to her, but that didn't work.

....So, here I am with my [laptop] computer driving the same route again, having to cope with a flood of nostalgias.

To wrestle with this inner burden, I pulled in at an Iowa "rest stop," opened all the windows, and lay down on the bunk. This turned out to be a special event. It was luxurious. A breeze of 79 degrees blew over me, and from my laid-back vantage point I could see out every window, azure sky, and hundreds of little puffy clouds going by. And in the foreground, to set it off, there was a row of emerald green tree tops. As I sank into immobility, the entire body seemed to become aware of all this. The resultant physical feeling was one of deepest quiet and peace.

The reason I'm using so many words here is because for some strange reason that deeply-quiet physical feeling dispersed all the emotional weight.... I slept for an hour, then awakened and didn't move a muscle for 20 more minutes. It's not often that rest is that remedial.

* * *

Iowa and Minnesota were never more beautiful. I-35 winds its way through meadows, forests and farm lands, without telephone poles or power lines. There are very few billboards, and those that can be seen have been kept about a block away from the highway. Not at all like those obnoxious obnoxious (doubly obnoxious) signs that block the sky and countryside in many places on I-70 in Kansas.

* * *

....The twilight panorama of the Twin Cities from the bluff above the Minnesota River, where I-35 comes out of the woods, was marvelous and mysterious. Symmetrical towers rise in a gaussian curve from the plain. And in the afternoon light, at 7pm, it was like a far-out science-fiction city, a virtual-reality projection.

The campground which I found, after driving many side roads of exploration around Shakopee, south of Mpls, was a neat KOA. Beautiful trees, dozens of happy kids in the pool and playground, and the right kind of parents. That made it pleasant. Many campfires after dark reminded me of trips the 6 of us took in the Hudson. Good memories. This section of humanity seems very healthy. For people oriented toward camping, hard times won't seem all that difficult.

....Then called Alice and Robert McKeagen. Will drive north to their cabin on Wabedo Lake (wah'-bee-doe) tomorrow afternoon, after exploring Minneapolis and Prospect Park, and the U of M. Plan to circle every familiar lake in Mpls, find Annie's house, go past 4628 Colfax, where I spent many hours with Alyce when we first met, and look at 220 Cecil Street, where Sandra and Judy got their first memories.

....As I look at the maps, the names of streets, lakes, and familiar sights come flooding back. This is a strenuous process, but it's not useful to avoid it. If I were truly free of nostalgias, it wouldn't be necessary to visit all those places.

* * *

19 JULY 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... East of Mpls, Highway 41 becomes Excelsior Blvd. That graceful road, which Alyce and I often took to Lake Minnetonka for picnics with Pat and Doug, and Marie and Dr. Erwood, was nostalgia evoking. Very stressful. If Alyce had been with me physically, it would have been a delight, but a tightness in my chest and restriction of breathing reminded me that she no longer had my viewpoint.

However, since today was the day for dredging up memories and associated feelings, I tried to remain objective, remain at the Observer level, while staying totally aware of feelings and turmoil that might be going on at other levels.

When I reached Lake Calhoun I turned south along the west bank and looked at the beaches where Alyce and I used to come with Pat and Doug, and where, before that, I picnicked with fraternity brothers and our dates. Then down to Lake Harriet, past Diamond Lake. and over to Lake Nakomis—to drive past Annie's house [the home of Alyce's oldest sister where Sandra and Judy stayed in '58 until the Daphne reached Barbados.]

Drove around in back through the narrow alley, and looked at the yard where we unloaded S&J's bicycles from the U-Haul trailer in 1957, before continuing to New York and the Isle De France, and England.

Of the 11 Mattson children, only Emma is left, at age 94.

* * *

More momentous and nostalgic than driving around the lakes, and along Minnehaha Parkway, was a slow ride past 4628 S. Colfax. Alyce lived there with Laura and Timmy Baker during the first 10 months that we went together. Everything was the same—trees, street, neighborhood. It even seemed, in fantasy, that I might ring the bell, and Alyce would meet me with a smile.

As I drove past, having much difficulty breathing, an old panel van that was parked in front of Alyce's house had a drawing on the side that caught my attention. On a faded blue background there was a white-line drawing of a dog with lots of whiskers, like a cartoon character. He was looking right at me, and above his head in chipped red paint it said, PUPPY, and below, it said LOVE!

I laughed out loud. That eased my "down" feeling considerably. And then, as I continued to the corner, thinking that it was good to have driven past Alyce's house, recalling memories and laying nostalgias to rest forever, a car pulled out from the curb right ahead of me. My attention focused instantly on its license plate. It said, I'M LUCKY!

Coincidence or synchronicity, I got the message.

* * *

Next, drove to South Hennepin Avenue and went slowly north to Loring Park, and then through the business district. The old movie theaters, where in '36-'38 Ep and I saw every movie that came to town, are still there. Also, passed the Hennepin building which in 1940 housed the "720 Club," where Alyce played nightly in "Murder in The Old Red Barn," and where I became cashier and bookkeeper after we started going together. Every night after the show we'd go somewhere for a late snack. Schoolwork came in a poor second.

After Hennepin Avenue crosses the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, going east, it joins University Avenue. Driving along that street evoked a different set of memories. That was my hangout place before I met Alyce. The Delta Upsilon fraternity was still there at 10th and University, next to a couple of sororities.

* * *

Suddenly I came to Oak Street and, right before my eyes, still in operation, was the tiny Oak Street Theater where Alyce and I spent 50 cents once a month to see a movie. That was our entertainment budget.

* * *

What irony. I was a graduate physicist, an engineer with an important wartime job at Honeywell on fire-control instruments. But because of their ability to pay "no wages" (while they made millions on "cost plus"), because no one of draft age could change companies without immediately being reported to the draft board as unpatriotic, that 50 cents a month was all we had. In fact, we couldn't really afford it because it was taken out of the "milk allotment."

Capitalism hasn't changed much since then, has it? It's time, I think, for that part of "The American Dream" to drop dead. Life here really isn't organized for people, it's for corporations and stockholders. Thomas Jefferson warned about this possibility, saying that industrialists would interpret "democracy" to mean that they were free to do anything they could get away with. Interesting prediction.

* * *

After circling through the Oak Street Neighborhood, I started up the hill that leads to the Prospect Park Tower. Very little change. Then a heavy event. Drove down from Prospect Park, across Franklin Avenue, and along Cecil Street.

Our house at 220 Cecil never looked so good. It was newly painted, ivory with lavender trim. In fact, every house in the neighborhood looked better than when we were there. Community pride does wonders.

Bushes and flowers in front of 220 were so huge, though, that the porch door was almost invisible. Wanting to see the backyard, where we had a lily pond and a rock garden, and dozens of peonies, I continued down the street to where I could circle around through the alley.

Circling around was the only option. Three or 4 houses past 220 there was a cement wall about 15 feet high that ended the entire neighborhood. I-94's east-west extension through Mpls and St. Paul wiped out a big section of the river-road side of Prospect Park. The old railroad track down the hill below the house, where Merrill and I hopped on a freight train one night, was still there though, spanned by an I-94 bridge.

Going up the alley, I was surprised to see that a fancy white-and-lavender two-car garage filled much of the old back yard, where Alyce and I had tried to start a rock garden. Tiger lilies and bushes were still there, but the elegant little pool was gone. Dining room windows were high above the garage, though, so the view toward the western sky, and sunset, was still okay.

That ended the "archeological dig" in Mpls—finding old artifacts and memories and giving them symbolic burial. They now have whatever honor, admiration, and respect that is appropriate, but no longer any significant emotional charge. A great relief.

* * *

Went back to I-35W... Instead of taking the shortest route, I drove north to Mille Lacs Lake. Had wanted to see that famous lake for 65 years. Part of it is an Indian Res, but now they have

constructed huge gambling casinos. No liquor, but big name entertainers are featured, just like at Las Vegas.... If it isn't one addiction, it's another.

* * *

20 JULY 1995 (THURSDAY).... [After a pleasant visit with Alice and Robert McKeagen, drove to Duluth.]

....Going to West Duluth, I drove past the old Penny Store building on Grand Avenue, which is now a large bakery, then went up and down almost all of West Duluth's streets. Found the 4 houses where I lived from ages 6 to 19. Also, went down around Ep Miller's old neighborhood. Then, with a very very odd feeling, drove down to where Gladys Strom had lived.

Only a few old houses remained on by-passed dead-end streets in her neighborhood. Parking lots for Kmart, a lumber company, and MacDonald's had taken over. I-35 went right through there. Even the old RR tracks were gone. Nothing looked the same except a small turn-of-the-century Catholic church that I had walked by on the way to Gladys's house, on winter nights.

Whenever Pop was afraid that his "Flying Cloud" wouldn't start at Gladys's house in the middle of a sub-zero winter night, I had to walk. But most of the time he let me drive that classy and elegant Reo. It had everything except a radio, which was superfluous anyway.

* * *

My view of Gladys's old neighborhood gave me a strange gloomy feeling. Why does everything, and everyone, change and disappear, as if we'd never been here? Everything vanishes, or other people take over, and then they live in the same dull earth-bound ways! And shortly, they're gone, too. Remarkable—and suffocating to think about.

* * *

Across Grand Avenue from the Penny Store, Onsgard's Print Shop was still there, where Marble lived by himself on the upper floor after Marie went to Mpls, and where Alyce and I visited him. Now, though, Onsgard's is the "West Duluth News."

Bert Onsgard was a lover of animals, and he, single-handed for several years, started the Zoo and kept it going. I noticed on the map that the "Duluth Zoo" is still there, right where he put it, west of West Duluth on Grand Avenue, toward Morgan Park. That's a suburb of Duluth where Marble once worked in the shipyards, he told me, during the last few months of WWI. During that time Marie and I lived in Virginia...with Aunt Laura and Uncle Helga, and Nadine and Lois.

Bert had hired me to distribute merchandizing flyers once a week, and at 5am one morning in 1934, when Ep and the others and I unlocked the door of the Print Shop to get the “bills,” a giant ROAR scared the daylights out of us. Then, from behind the door a male lion about 16 inches in body length walked out. We nervously petted him, but kept an eye on where he walked while we collected the “bills” and loaded them into the Reo.

Later I mentioned this to Bert, and he laughed and said, “Oh yeah, I intended to tell you about that, and not to pet him because he’s pretty wild. But I forgot.”

* * *

The wonderful little Carnegie Public Library that was across the street from our house on Central Avenue was gone, replaced by a grubby parking lot for a large school. The Ely Grade School that I attended, and the West Duluth Junior High School, which had been next to the library, had been torn down and replaced by new, dull, functional school buildings.

At the turn of the century there was a sense of elegance, importance, and beauty about school buildings. Now they all look like offices, in keeping with commercial times.

* * *

21 JULY 1995 (FRIDAY).... Because of Alyce’s recent departure, I tend to tune in not on what people think they are thinking, in the conscious mind, but on some subconscious level, hardly ever on a superconscious level. And the subterranean feeling I get from most people is seldom one of joy, happiness, or gladness, but rather of worry, fear, and frustration. Mixed with a trace of hope, this amalgam produces a kind of anguish in people that underlies the face they put on for the world.

* * *

I’ve noticed a few rare people who are bright and shining in their Conscious Selves, especially children. They raise my spirits. But in general this isn’t a happy world. The movie, “The Bridges of Madison County” made me think about it.

There is, of course, subconscious awareness, and that is why, I believe, that the public responded so intensely to the movie and to the book, which in Japan and other Asian countries has become a #1 best seller. And that subconscious state is also the reason why critics panned both the book and the movie.

Critics are trapped in minds that are doubly barricaded from subconscious reality. First they have their normal personal barricade, and on top of that they have their professional barricade. Maybe it as hard for a critic to get into the subconscious as it is for the Biblical rich man to get into heaven.

Also, most professional critics are males, and men don't understand very well the meaning behind what might seem to be the purely superficial nuances, or events, of a movie. Women comprise the large majority of the Bridges' readers and movie goers. That, no doubt, is because they are more aware of the subconscious, and the underlying state of affairs in the human psyche.

My natural sympathy is strong for women and weak for men. Part of the reason for this, I think, is that being a man, I haven't much tolerance for members of my own sex. Wonder if this subject has been studied.

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22 JULY 1995 (SATURDAY, CLASS REUNION).... Many dreams. Very strenuous. All seemed to be about difficulties in my family life, parents, grandparents, and children, a review of things that I hadn't previously thought about very much. If this keeps up, there'll be nothing left for me to process when this body is dropped at the end of life. Everyone has to go through that remembering-and-reviewing process after death, but I seem to be doing it in advance. Hope it's a good sign, of something....

* * *

....Will be ready to leave for Grand Marais tomorrow immediately after the Class brunch, and not stop for anything.

Before the Reunion I drove back to West Duluth and explored around Denfeld. The school looked beautiful. Very elegant. If Alyce had been with me it would not have been a stressful event, but a tear came to my eye, and when I inquired inside myself what that was all about, it wasn't for Denfeld, or for the Class of '35, or for Duluth. It was a recognition, again, that everything changes and, sooner or later, vanishes.

....Why this normal state of affairs bothers me these days can be attributed only, I believe, to the fact that Alyce's death has made me unusually sensitive to the idea that there is no "divine principle," as The Tibetan calls it, in the three worlds of physical reality, emotional reality, and lower-mind. In these 3 worlds there isn't a single thing that is constant, everlasting, true, non-perishable. Only our *High Self*, on the causal level, is immortal. And even it isn't eternal.

* * *

When I reached the Viking Room at the Radisson, about half the guests were already there. I soon discovered that it was like belonging to a club you seldom went to, but in which a loving feeling existed among members. Out of a class of about 500, 91 came to this reunion. Later, when I had a chance to examine the folders we were given, I found that only about 60 had died. We seem to have been a healthy group.

Another striking thing was how many of the members had married classmates, and were still married to them! Well above the national average, I believe.

Fortunately, I found a place to sit next to the wall at one of the side tables, where I could see the entire group and, just as I sat down, Clara Holmquist walked over with a big smile on her face. She hadn't changed a whit, except for a few wrinkles.

She was the first girl I ever asked for a date. In the 7th grade I was smitten by her, and asked her to accompany me to a splash party at the YMCA. That was a big event. And today I could see that I'd made a good choice in the 7th grade. Clara was still filled with brightness and good humor....

She introduced me to her classmate husband and they sat down at my table. Then she and I started talking where we left off 60 years ago! Amazing. When I told her she was my first girl friend, she recalled the splash party in detail, and then said, with a big laugh, "I remember our walk home after that, and sitting on the porch. But how come you never asked me to go out again?!"

Luckily my wits were working, and I quickly said, "Well, actually I was very shy, and you were the only girl I ever went out with until I was a junior in high school." That astonished her, and surprised me, too. But in thinking back, I can't remember [at that moment] any girls other than Clara Holmquist and Gladys Strom that I went with anywhere, until joining the fraternity. Guess I was retarded.

* * *

...Our hired after-dinner entertainment was remarkable. Five slim beautifully-costumed skimpily-dressed women tap danced and performed in unison, like a chorus line. Though ages ranged from 65 to 80 years, they were striking!

The 80-year-old with pure white hair was the organizer, and teacher, and costume-maker, and choreographer. Wow, she was something! And a really good dancer! She'd named her group The Inspirations. Very appropriate. Later I learned that they had a repertoire of 31 dance routines and 18 changes of costume! Also, they had a good pianist, a woman like Marie, who added a lot to the program.

* * *

23 JULY 1995 (SUNDAY)....Brunch was a pleasant affair. And afterwards a stack of slides was shown of our high-school Senior event called Kids Day. We had dressed up in kid's clothes, and much to my surprise, there was a big picture of Gladys and me. She was dressed in a romper suit and carried a turtle. I wore a little-Lord-Flauntleroy outfit that Marie had produced. I remembered Gladys's outfit very well, but had no memory of mine until I saw it. The group (at least the women) took great delight in identifying people in the photos.

* * *

I distributed copies of my Health article from BRIDGES, and asked them all to pressure AARP to change the Health Care system. We should promote SELF RELIANCE, rather than be pawns in the commercial medico-pharmaceutical system, I said. As I looked around, though, it was clear that most of the group didn't realize the extent to which they'd been brainwashed by TV, by the insurance industry, by hospitals, and by doctors.

....Said goodbye to everyone at noon and started for Grand Marais. That was the beginning of a most stressful episode. A hundred memories, fantasies, and images swirled through my mind as I drove along the lake.

I'd had a short-term lift from being able to get the group's attention for a few minutes, and talk about the "Promotion of Health." But soon sank into a low "downer"

* * *

Driving to Grand Marais without Alyce. Every scene along the blue blue lake, which sparkled in sunlight, reminded me of her. Azure sky and pure white clouds that drifted down from the north, didn't help.

At a place where the road from Ely comes down to Lake Superior, my chest constricted for a second. It was because that was where Sandra and Judy and Alyce and I came down after our 5-week canoe trip. The days of Camping and Canoeing with Young People, to whom it is a GREAT adventure, are past....

* * *

Added to that, I kept thinking of Gladys Strom. The ambiance of the Class Reunion, and Duluth, and the North Shore, brought back memories of her in a deluge. Many of Gladys'

friends had been at the re-union, and asked me if I'd ever heard from her. As we talked, I found that Gladys is alive and well!

She married someone from Los Angeles named John Gardner, and they had one child, a daughter named Susan, who is now a physicist! John died a few years ago, and Gladys subsequently devoted herself to gardening and to her daughter.

I had not doubted for one minute that Alyce had master-minded the resolution of residual karma between Gladys and me, but I hadn't realized that Gladys was still living.... I dreamed many years ago that she was very sick in a hospital, during death, and was thinking of me, and, as you know, I assumed that she had died.

One of Gladys's friends from Los Angeles, Evelyn Johnson-Kirk, announced at the end of the Brunch that she had tried to get Gladys to come to the Class Reunion, but for some reason (which I didn't catch) she was unable to. I gave Evelyn a copy of the health-promotion paper to give to Gladys.

* * *

What a lot of swirling feelings! By focusing on each feeling intentionally, and letting myself become aware of whatever it wanted to express, I began to recover. And by the time I reached the old familiar Grand Marais Campground I was almost back to normal, recovering from the emotional impact of the Class Reunion, and reminders of my relationship with Gladys.

* * *

THE DIVINE MOTHER

24 JULY 1995 (MONDAY).... Today was incredibly stressful, not for dream reasons, but for Conscious-Self reasons. Not because of the ambiance of Duluth, or the North Shore, nor because of Alyce's absence, but because I finally, through continuous intense introspection, came to grips with what my unending sadness is related to. It's not Alyce, but the Being she represented, and Whom she still represents, from Whom I feel separated. I now know, at depth, the source of my sadness, and have a strong feeling (I hope it's true) that this realization will begin the resolution of the great emotional stress I've felt since Alyce left.

This Being, whom I love, is the Divine Mother, Brahma, the great androgynous Entity who is the Kosmos. All of us, men and women, are children of the Divine Mother. She is the partner of the never-visible Brahman, Who manifests at all levels only through creations of the Divine Mother.

Being masculine in form and in much of my nature, it is natural that I would feel this spiritual connection through women, and be attracted by the Anima. And for people who are feminine in form and in much of their nature, it is natural that they would feel this connection through men, and be attracted by the Animus.

But that is only the densest part of it. It isn't the Anima whom I love. I made an emotional escape from her long ago, as I may have explained in some of my vision dreams. She is merely the three-world shadow of the androgynous Divine Mother. Both the Anima and the Animus are linked to the Divine Mother, but the Anima of this world is mostly the archetypal thought-form creation of males over the millennia. She is a powerful goddess-like Entity in human affairs, but is not, herself, the Divine Mother.

During my life, even before we were married, I saw Alyce as a Being of Divinity. She was, to me, a representative of God. I didn't know why that was, but I knew that she seemed that way to me.

When I tried to explain it, Alyce thought it was some kind of idealistic non-reality. And, she added, to the extent that I really believed that, it was difficult for her to be herself. Now, I understand both her feeling and mine. I saw her as the Divine Mother in principle, though at the same time I saw her as a beautiful personal Entity in the 3 worlds.

* * *

....The Teacher understood, and resolved the theoretical conflict in me between attraction to the spirit of a person and attraction to the form of a person. This erroneous conflict has caused trouble in religion down the ages, and it's greatest misrepresentation, in my view, is the concept of sin in the Adam and Eve myth.

From a masculine perspective, the Divine Mother is a feminine Being who is synonymous with the manifest God, though it may seem paradoxical to be both feminine and androgynous. But, the masculine and feminine aspects of God are literally only that, aspects. And it was that puzzle that I began to unravel today.

* * *

What initiated this thinking and realization was that I was trying to understand, in principle, why some of the women at the Class Reunion (even though elderly) were attractive to me (not amorous or erotic, you understand). Then I noticed, and remembered, that I felt the same way toward all women, young, middle-aged, or old. Was I identifying with them?

That definitely wasn't the answer, for instead of becoming them, over time, I became more myself, a masculine being who was aware of masculine-feminine polarity, and conscious of the anima representation in all women.

And then I finally realized, it was the Divine Mother Whom I loved.

* * *

I can't describe the heavy personal load that I was immediately released from. The realization of Who it was that I loved, explained everything. I now know why I kept thinking of Alyce, constantly returning in mind to events of long ago, suffering unending memories and nostalgias connected with her, where we were, where we were going, what we saw, what we did, how her life disintegrated, how I tried to help. It was because I had bonded the personal with the transpersonal, even though they are, in actuality, not the same.

Now, I realize that I felt that I was always in the presence of the Divine Mother, Who, for me, Alyce personally represented at all levels of being. If Alyce is pondering these thoughts, I hope she now knows what it was that I was trying to tell her in 1941. I didn't understand at the time, and neither did she.

But she knew, better than I, that the personal, at best, is only a reflection of the transpersonal, and the two aren't the same. They can't be the same, until a person becomes an "Ascended Master," the step beyond Gilgamesh.

* * *

What brought this realization to full consciousness today was a combination of two disparate events. First, as I drove back to the campground, 3 trim women about 45 years of age, or so, came down the single-lane blacktop on roller-blades. I drove to the side to let them by and, in their struggles to keep going, they were totally unaware of watchers. In pure innocence, like happy children, they were being themselves, having a delightful and daring time.

To my great surprise, I felt an unexpected flood of love for these three women, very strong. Whoa! I thought, what's going on here? Why am I responding to the feminine archetype as if I never knew of it before, something to which I've been long adapted?

Pondering that sudden confrontation of feeling, and thinking back over the last few days, with all my inner stirrings yesterday, I backed the Falcon into its camping place. Then a second thing caught my emotions and raised questions. The music I turned on happened to be, by random sequence from a bag of cassettes, Alyce's Memorial music. After a few minutes, that was too reminiscent of her departure, so I replaced it by the next randomly-chosen cassette. It turned out to be Kathleen Battle singing Christmas Carols!

Listening to this perfect music, I was caught both by her voice and by what she was singing. The beauty of her shading and the clarity of her voice pulled on me tremendously, and I felt again this overpowering feeling of love. How could this be? Kathleen's diction, articulation of voice, shaping of words and phrasing, were exquisite to the point of pain. It brought a tear to my eye, and a powerful nostalgia of Alyce. How could that happen? What was going on inside me?

Whatever the answer, it was tied in with Alyce, with the Anima, with beauty, and with spirit. Then suddenly, as in a hypnagogic gestalt, the disparate elements came together.

It wasn't Kathleen's beautiful voice, and great personal beauty. It was that, plus the content of the music. She was singing about Mary and Jesus, about "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." She was singing about the Divine Mother, the "Mother of God," "Ave Maria." And Kathleen herself, as I saw her in my mind's eye, was a beautiful woman who transcended in this music all connection with the Anima and sang for the Angels and the Divine Being.

And that, I realized, is what my weeping for Alyce has been about. It's not Alyce as a personal being whose hand I no longer can touch, but the Divine Mother that I felt I'd lost touch with.

* * *

How this realization will work out in my feelings over time, I don't know. But I feel connected again, right now. My mind is at rest. It isn't Alyce, or Gladys, or any woman, like the roller-bladers, and certainly not the Anima.

* * *

Isn't it odd that I had to review my entire life in emotional detail in order to come to an understanding of what has been going on in me for the last 62 years, since being a senior in high school?

A man whom I knew at NOTS, understood a trace of this, though he was trapped...by the Anima. He startled me one day when in a puzzled mood he said that he didn't really understand it, but all women were "beautiful," no matter what their appearance! And he looked far away, into the sky, and said there was some deep mystery here.

* * *

And now, I'm getting some final lessons, I believe. I'm being forced to finish a transition from personal to transpersonal, from Anima to Divine Mother, and in the process realize my own androgynous nature, even as Alyce has now realized her own. This doesn't mean that as

individuals we lose any feminine or masculine characteristics that we have developed by living hundreds of lives on this planet.

Just the opposite. All the feminine and masculine parts of our nature are available to us all the time. And therefore, there is no aspect of Gaia, or of the Planetary Being, with which we are unable to work. As representatives of the androgynous Logos of this planet, we have personally gone through every possible identification in the realm of polarization, and now can work everywhere without being trapped in 3-world attractions. That's what graduation from Earth is all about.

* * *

Now that it's written, it sounds relatively straight forward, if you accept the metaphysical underpinnings, but this analysis was a struggle. It took many hours. The reason was that it involved interrogation of conscious, subconscious, and superconscious parts of my Self. And the subconscious parts don't talk English as much as Emotion, Fantasy, and Imagery. Undergoing the associated emotional upset and turmoil, just to write one sentence, was stressful.

* * *

It's interesting that while Alyce resolved her problems, I resolved mine. The strain on me of caring for her frustrations and angers, so that she could get free, made it necessary for me to consciously go through 10 or 15 stages of acceptance and resignation. And each time I again evaluated, or reaffirmed, what I most wanted.... And each time it turned out that what I wanted was Alyce's welfare.

All things considered, I wouldn't do it in a different way if I had the final 6 years to live over again. As I said at the time, when she asked how long I was "going to do this," it would last as long as it took for her to gain everything she needed. After all, I said, with her love and ambivalence she cared for me through all the stresses of graduating at Minnesota, surviving Honeywell and the war years, surviving UCLA and NOTS, and finally surviving the University of Chicago and Menninger.

* * *

CRANIAL ANATOMY AND BEETLES

25 JULY 1995 (TUESDAY).... While eating breakfast at The Blue Water Cafe [in Grand Marais,] I saw an attractive young woman with her husband and children. When I happened to glance at her, she was at that moment swallowing a big piece of pancake. That made me chuckle from an old memory, and reminded me of a technique I developed long ago for dealing with the Anima.

On a NOVA program on physiology and x-rays, there was a demonstration of x-ray videography showing a profile of Bridget Bardot. First, a regular camera saw her in profile, delicately and gracefully eating a piece of toast. When the x-ray camera showed it, her skull and teeth and moving jaw looked like something from Halloween. And when she swallowed, the esophageal sphincters coordinated as well as the legs of a caterpillar. The flesh of her head and neck could barely be seen in outline around this remarkable display of cranial anatomy.

Ever after, whenever I saw an intriguing young woman who, as an agent of the Anima, embodied or displayed a constellation of man-trap triggers, I would call to mind the x-ray movie of Bridget Bardot swallowing a piece of toast, and remind myself that the male perceptual system had been constructed in such a way that race-propagating neural correlates, and associated fantasies, were always mechanically and automatically generated when an interesting female of the species crossed the line of sight.

With spiders and beetles it's essentially the same thing...I reminded myself. And any attractive woman, especially an innocent non-predatory female, though superficially a Cosmic Madison Avenue production, was, below the surface, a set of bones and tissues that were constructed by the Divine Mother for a physiological purpose.

Emotions, spirit, mental creativity, these were the things that made up the "true" woman who wore this garment, and it was useful, I found, to convert any automatic female-evaluating orienting response [which hasn't left me] to another kind of perception, and not waste neurotransmitter energy by allowing it to move in unproductive directions, etc.,

Usually the recall of Bridget Bardot eating toast in x-ray vision, was sufficient to turn off any anima-induced neurotransmitter activity in me but, if it wasn't, I used my next line of defensive self-regulation, which was to call up from memory a detailed video-like sequence of images that I'd constructed especially for that purpose.

* * *

In this imagery, I'm a human space traveler who has come to a new planet. And he finds that it's inhabited by a race of highly-civilized beetles, sort of like advanced June Bugs. There are oceans and continents on this planet, which looks surprisingly like the earth in major outline, even to having a huge city much like New York on the east coast of a continent.

As I descend in my space craft, I view the scene with my super-power penetrating video-scanning system and see that these beetles do almost everything that humans do back on earth. And as an entomologist and student of zenocultures, I investigate their ballets, plays, movies, advertising, and television programs.

I soon find that there's a parallel to almost every human activity, especially the intricate never-ending interplay of the two sexes, male and female. Apparently the laws of Nature produce polarities everywhere, and as civilization comes to a species the same kinds of behaviors are generated.

But since these creatures are beetles, and not humans, every perceptual trigger for the Beetle Anima and Beetle Animus is based on a different set of cues. Infrared and ultra-violet electromagnetic waves that mean nothing to a human, have great erotic significance on this planet. And, most striking, all the advertising and video shows have special frequencies that trigger off olfactory cues.

In fact, most of the elaborate courting and mating rituals depend on olfactory signals, though there is, I eventually discovered from communication with a "professor beetle" a subtle twitching of the antennae that transmits much erotic information.

One of the most difficult discriminations for me to make, at first, was how to tell a female from a male. Eventually, through much instruction by a cultural entomologist at one of the beetle universities, I learned to detect small changes in color of the chiton around the mandibles, especially since some of the mandibles in the female sex were tinted to attract attention from the opposite sex.

* * *

Actually, this video goes on endlessly. I usually played it just long enough to make objective the mechanical actuality of the Anima-Animus triggers in humans, and how they were evolutionary mechanisms (including the emotional and mental correlates) designed for the propagation of the human race, and nothing else.

LOVE per se, however, which appears as sexual polarity in its densest expression, has extensions in non-sexual polarity through astral, mental, causal, Buddhic, and Monadic levels.

All of us know about this, but when we have physical bodies that preoccupy our attention, it's not always easy to see that Love in the 3 worlds is not a seamless garment. The earthly devas who make up our Physiologic Entity, haven't the slightest interest in their astral and mental counterparts, and don't believe that the *High Self* even exists.

We, as *High Selves*, are stuck with a multiplicity of demands for attention and energy, and it's not easy to keep peace in subordinate pieces of our composite nature.

As I've mentioned, my education along this line began in dreams. Later I obtained additional information that pertained to mastery of all the subconscious selves of our being, including the devas who comprise the Physical Entity.

The last word is: There is only one Energy. It manifests in and through all the parts of our nature, and to become aware of our extension into the more subtle realms it is necessary for us, when we have physical bodies, to distribute the Energy according to our Self-chosen desire, and make sure that we don't, by identification with the body, lose our Energy ticket for working with the Kosmos in production of synchronicities. That is, we must "divide the gold," and not spend it all in temporary dalliance.

* * *

Well, dear P,D,S & J, I hadn't planned on talking about that, but the intense life reviews that I've had to go through for the last month brought it to the surface, and I thought you might be interested in my navigational strategy, especially the imagery part, for, as we always say, it is through imagery that we do everything, including opening the door to other dimensions.

* * *

As I drove south along Lake Superior, heading toward Highway 1, where S&J and Alyce and I came down from Ely in 1954, I began to have a nostalgic pain in the region of the diaphragm. Purely emotional. No tension or sensation of discomfort in the head, or neck, or upper or lower chest, only at the level of the diaphragm and solar plexus.

That, I understood perfectly. The clearness and ease of breathing at upper levels indicated that I had solved my basic "spiritual" and mental problems, but an emotional residue remained. That's not surprising. When a change is volitionally made, it starts at causal levels, becomes an idea at mental levels, and then the emotional parts of oneself come into line. They, and then the physical correlates in the neural apparatus, are the last to change.

Interestingly, the reverse direction is also important. In order to understand and unravel some puzzling complexity within, you start with the physical and emotional, interrogate them, and gradually move upward in understanding, to higher and higher levels. When all is finally comprehended, that's when volition can be accurately used as with the "beetle video," starting from the top and going down again.

* * *

Monitor has said that if you pay attention to your subconscious Selves, they will do what they can to aid you because they appreciate, more than people can imagine, any recognition of their existence and their great ability to guide a person intuitively. Isn't that interesting?

Naturally, they might not know what ones “life goals” should be. That’s in the domain of the *High Self*. But in achieving those goals, the subconscious Selves can help with many details that the conscious mind, left to itself, could never figure out.

* * *

27 JULY 1995 (THURSDAY).... Came downhill into Duluth on the same route I followed 10 days ago. After getting fuel, I drove to the London-Road tip of I-35 and admired once more the beautiful sculptured retaining walls of the sunken highway. Where 25 feet or more was needed, the walls were made in 2 or 3 tiers with rows of bushes and trees between levels—a work of art that enhances downtown Duluth tremendously.

The dock area had previously been an eyesore. Now the whole place is park-like and graceful. Duluth’s city commissioners must have kept busy for many years. It’s a more beautiful place than ever.

* * *

2 AUGUST 1995 (WEDNESDAY).Awakened many times after 5am to process dream material. All of it had to do with me personally and the physiologic-astral processes I’m undergoing. If I had my mental and astral choice, and could make it final, I’d just detach from physiology, like turning attention away from a boring book. But, the problem is that not only are we reading the book, but we are the book. What a peculiar predicament humans are caught in.

When I say “detach,” I’m not talking of dying, but disidentification. This is not physiologic denial, and it is not conditioning. It is, literally, transformation, the sublimation and other-use of physiologic creativity. In males it appears first as brahmacharya, and eventually the total non-production of sperm. This latter is not a goal, of course, but is merely a correlate of the reorientation of creativity. That is, kundalini is reoriented. The Teacher, The Tibetan, and Aurobindo had much to say about this.

And where does the creativity go? Directed by the *High Self*, it appears as mental, emotional, and etheric productions. It is evidenced by an increase in “synchronicities.” The Kosmos responds to human visualization and arranges “miracles.”

“Visualization,” as used here, includes the matrix of all levels of invocation by all minds in the Planetary Being, and is not limited to visualization by a single individual. Generally speaking, it isn’t our individual visualization that creates synchronicities, but the matrix of visualizations in which everyone’s thoughts are represented.

For instance, how did it come about yesterday that I took a bicycler to the drug store for medicine. Was it a non-causal statistical coincidence, or was it a response to the causal matrix of Planetary visualization? We can't know, but whatever it was, I wasn't the only one involved.

However, it's interesting that simple synchronicities, like the calling of birds, or lizards, happen more with some people than with others, and that's true, also, with more complex visualizations in which two or more people are involved, as in "healing by the laying on of hands." Some people, like Mietek Wirkus and Ethel Lombardi, seem always to be in the vicinity of such synchronicities. Philosophically and causally entertaining!

THE COURSE IN MIRACLES, if followed, leads the individual ego to its destiny as an agent of the *High Self*. This necessary condition, in individuals and in society, safeguards against the development of Black Magic and prevents a return to the problems of the so/called Atlantean civilization.

With Love gradually becoming a dominant force in the present civilization, eventually selfishness can be expected to be replaced by generosity, and disdain by compassion. Those necessary conditions for White Magic would help free the Planetary Being from the snarls of the three worlds, and humanity could then become a conscious component of Galactic Civilization.

* * *

Brahmacharya in males is resisted by the body. Having a healthy happy body is like having a healthy happy dog, but how do you make your dog lose interest in chasing rabbits? The answer to that isn't simple disidentification. In humans it's disidentification plus visualization (something dogs can't do), and that includes psychophysiologic control of all imagery, whether originating outside the skin or inside the skin.

The counteractive imagery produced by the body to resist this transformation is always one of dying, the same as the ego's argument against every kind of change. "I'll die," it says, even if, in a particular situation, it means something as simple as not being able to eat white bread (as one of my children once said).

Disidentify—while at the same time maintaining ones [SOUL] identity—that's the goal. To be a totally free agent, able to work in the world and produce effects, but without having personal etheric, astral, or mental consequences, that's the goal. It's like using a shovel in a garden, and at the same time being the shovel. And, in that regard, a teflon shovel has advantages.

* * *

Returning to today's dreams—in a reverberation or seismic-like aftershock of the dream of 2 weeks ago, in which I was under attack by a manasic being (who suggested that I focus on the use of etheric energy for Sex Magic), I was bombarded in the first part of the night by a hail-storm of sex images. Then, after waking and processing this imagery, disidentifying and repelling, I went back to sleep, and plunged into the 2nd half of the dream cycle.

In this, I was reshaping the roads in Duluth (in my personality, I understood), aligning them either north and south, or east and west (four square?), so as to make the entire area, which I recognized as myself, non-impactable, non-bendable, immutable, implacable. This process seemed to take a couple of hours, but it had a suitable conclusion.

I successfully withstood the continued bombardment of images from without my boundary (the astral “ring pass not”) by aligning myself within, and calling in the Light to reinforce my immunity.

This dream-stress definitely wasn't caused by a self generation of sex imagery, but came from immersion in the three worlds, from the etheric and kamamanasic ocean in which we live. Like the test in which I successfully skimmed the ocean, this one was aimed at breaking my detachment. It's easy to believe that the Buddha was assailed by demons, external and internal, prior to becoming detached.

* * *

The archetypal herd masters who live on human energy, without which they would vanish, don't bother the cattle who stay inside the fence. Only those who begin to break out get whipped and driven back. When Bob Monroe first discovered this, it really depressed him. Later, he was given instruction in disidentification (though that isn't what it was called by Miranon).

Isn't it interesting that disidentification “saves” a person by eliminating substances from the three bodies that the archetypal gods can put a claim on. The “lives” of these three bodies, the elementals and devas [our skandas], are thus transformed, and they then cooperate in the salvation of the Planetary Being.

* * *

4 AUGUST 1995 (FRIDAY).... Dear P,D,S & J, I realize now, more than ever, that writing to you in the last year about my experiential odyssey has increased my conscious mind's awareness of what is going on in inner domains. Writing is useful (though not absolutely necessary) because the Conscious Self is the key player in integrating and liberating ones company of Selves from 3-world entanglements.

Isn't it interesting that before total freedom in inner domains becomes an issue for a Conscious Self, the integrated personality becomes restless and bored with living in its "many mansions," and chooses to go on into the "wilderness?" And that's when inner difficulties come to a new kind of crisis, a "spiritual" crisis, because the archetypal powers of planet Earth are arrayed against further progress.

And, isn't it convenient that the development of TRANSPERSONAL INTELLECT, LOVE, and VOLITION are the keys to progress? They comprise FLYING. Those 3 aspects of our spiritual nature offer escape from, and control over, the living archetypal powers and substances who are the quicksands and karmas of 3-world-intellect, love, and will—which are merely the reflections of Divinity.

* * *

As I now understand it, and feel it: TRANSPERSONAL INTELLECT, the Thought of God, is the lucid mind that sees clearly. In structure, it is our *High Self* on the 1st causal level (Sub-level 21), whose transmission and projection of energies organized the personality. Its existence was emphasized for humanity by The Buddha, Who demonstrated the transforming LIGHT that is reflected in personality intellect.

LOVE, the Love of God, is the magnetic all-inclusive evolutionary pull of Spirit on life within forms. In structure, it is our *SOUL* on the levels of the Spiritual Triad (the Lotus), whose transmission and projection of energies is organized by the *High Self*. Its existence was emphasized for humanity by The Christ, Who demonstrated the transforming LOVE that is reflected in personality love.

VOLITION, the Will of God, is the evolutionary and transformational power of Spirit to manifest unity through life in form. In structure, it is our Monad, the Jewel on the Adic plane, whose transmission and projection of energies is organized the *SOUL*, and the *High Self*. Its existence is being emphasized for humanity by The Maitreya, Who is demonstrating the transforming POWER that is reflected in will.

* * *

These short parallels interest me because over a life of vision dreams and experiential investigations into Human Potential, they provide the only seamless rationale I've been able to find that has room for all personal and transpersonal events and transitions. To think about it, and arrange it in 5 paragraphs, though, took 2 hours.

I've often wondered how The Teacher, The Tibetan, Genesis, and Monitor, were able to put complex ideas in simple form while they were talking. That's a real talent.

* * *

5 AUGUST 1995 (SATURDAY).... Waking slowly while pondering a set of dream scenarios which, if I had to guess, I'd say were located in England. Someone highly placed over there, probably Prince Charles, is trying to organize for public understanding (or create some order and synthesis in how people understand), the burgeoning field of alternative medicine. He's trying to help establish connections between groups of practitioners, and facilitate their presentations to the public.

In his mind is the hope that eventually the Queen will give her support to the things he wants to bring to public attention. He knows a little about the "wilderness," but the focus of his interest is not in that direction at the present time.

* * *

The Grand Marais "insights" comprised 400-level courses that I hadn't previously taken. Whatever the case, I'm considerably lighter, and freer. My dreams, in that regard, have been right on target. Amazing! They tell me what's going on long before I come to a rational understanding of it.

How can we make this kind of information and analysis available to everyone? First, I believe, it's useful to consider the idea of the Elemental Physical Being, PLUS the 2 Basic Selves (male and female), PLUS the 2 Judge Selves that Monitor has described, PLUS the *High Self*.

With this kind of theoretical framework, which I've had for most of my life (though I called the mental Judge Self the Mental Body)—and with close attention to every nuance of sensation from the Elemental Physical Being (which is an incredibly good reflector, or indicator, of what is going on at other levels, especially at astral levels), a person can interrogate the subconscious and superconscious and get answers through imagery, emotions, and body sensations. Isn't that entertaining?

It's nothing new, of course, but it's satisfying because no parts are left out, and no relationship between parts is ignored.

* * *

6 AUGUST 1995 (SUNDAY, A YEAR SINCE ALYCE'S LAST EARTH DAY). Wakened at 9:30am after a stressful set of dream scenarios. Lying in bed for half an hour before getting up, I pondered in a trance-like hypnagogic state what these dreams meant, and finally understood. Alyce had arrived in the room by that time.

And when I did understand, the buzzing tingling pressure on my back began and the singing sounds (like synthesizer tones) started sounding in my head. And now, at the very moment I write this, that buzzing-tingling and those high-pitched tones have returned, very loud, and are accompanied by a skull-cap of energy around my head, clear down to the neck.

* * *

While I was in the dream state I was confronted with the fact that I have to remain on this planet for several more years with an abundance of not-yet-totally-channeled kundalini energy that either must be suppressed or transformed by channeling it to chakras 4 and above. What a predicament. I'd counted on having another life to worry about this, at leisure.

The way to handle it, I was informed by Alyce, is not by blocking, but by focusing, and not allowing the appearance of any side trickles of energy that would have to be suppressed. Suppression isn't needed when transformation is successful.

And what that means, it seemed clear, is that the energy has to be willed to rise to the head, pulled upward by intention rather than forced upward by pressure. It's this latter characteristic, pressure, that I recognize as an undesirable state that causes leakage of energy into side channels. Spiritual pull induces the energy to go where it's needed.

Spiritual pull is what is missing in those people who subscribe to kundalini release through personality invocation. By emphasizing "genius" and various wonderful siddhis (including sex magic) which can be developed, they have misguided many people. It's for a good reason that The Tibetan warns personalities that kundalini release is the prerogative of the Soul.

* * *

In any event, today, just before I wakened Alyce came into the bedroom. I was in a lucid dream state at that moment and was, at the same time, semi-energized throughout the chakra system by a kundalini burst, and was blocking, or modifying, or trying to suppress 2nd-chakra imagery. And when I realized that she was aware of every thoughtform, if she wanted to be, I was slightly nonplused.

She, on the other hand, was detached, free, completely at ease. And that put me at ease, too. So I turned my attention to the kundalini burst, and thought of myself as a transformer of energy, converting kundalini into whatever mental creations I found useful. And the hypnagogic image that popped instantly into mind was of an empty translucent body in which there were no barriers from the base of the spine to the top of the head. Very good. It seemed that I was being guided, or helped, or instructed.

Then, I visualized energy suffusing the inner space and rising without impediment, or side track, to the top of the head. This was instantly followed by a heretofore-not-experienced inner feeling of vacuum, and a total absence of energy pressure. That was a relief.

I then realized that I was creating that vacuum, pulling the energy up. Noticing that internal change, from pressure to pull, I began thinking again of Alyce and our many long-ago conversations about kundalini, emotional energy, and sex energy, and suddenly the familiar tingling-buzzing started on my back, accompanied by the “singing of the chakras.” Somehow, Alyce was participating in my instruction. Interesting.

So, I’ll use that visualization of vacuum, spiritual pull on the energy, from now on, and see what happens. It seems to be associated, in me, with a concomitant very-slow vacuum-like inhalation.

* * *

THE DWELLER AND THE ANGEL

7 AUGUST 1995 (MONDAY).... Had an opportunity in a lucid-dream OB state to talk with a Washington official. I told him that the country needed a revolution in moral values, more than anything in the welfare or health care business. The safety of America lay in inner strength, not outer strength. And I gave an example. I showed him a mental picture of a scatologic-talking citizen, and explained that the use of obscenity was related to a feeling of no “self-nobility.” What we need is for citizens to find their nobility, which is within, and then stand tall for principles, and make their decisions. People’s lives should be regulated by their moral nature and by inner guidance.

Since he kept listening, I said it was essential to not identify with the base parts of human nature, which as the obscenity image indicated, was prevalent these days, but to identify with the noble self. That’s the true revolution that is needed, I said.

Coming from this lucid dream into full consciousness, I wished I’d included more about the dangers of obscenity. It’s the Dweller’s favorite tool because it leads to alienation from the *High Self*. Obscenity creates separation. The *High Self* can have little impact on obscene people because they emphasize degradation, as if embarrassed by their own nobility.

* * *

8 AUGUST 1995 (TUESDAY).... At the STEM meeting, “SA” said that she’d had a dream of being attacked by (evil) witches. When she asked her *High Self* how to handle this, a voice that

seemed to come from nearby told her to say, out loud, the word PEACE. She did that, and was suddenly protected from these witches by a bubble of shimmering transparent energy. The effect on the witches was to double and redouble their anger and fury, but to no avail.

* * *

9 AUGUST 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Instructive identification dream with a 13-year-old boy growing up in an old-world city, possibly in Greece or in the Balkans. Surviving in a culture of rough-and-tumble teen-age boys, some of whom I feared, and learning to mimic their attitudes and follow them in wild anti-social escapades, was exciting and dangerous. Occasionally I had a small glow of satisfaction because I was beginning to fit in.

Separating into the Witness mode, I began to understand that the thoughtform prides and hates created by genetic and cultural enclaves of humans apparently become archetypal powers, ensouled by astral devas who have no intention of letting the past die. Humans born into those old cultures have no idea that they are the karmic puppets of warring archetypal forces over which they have no control. That is, no control until they consciously disidentify...and call on the *High Self*.

* * *

12 AUGUST 1995 (SATURDAY)....Harvey Grady, in the book titled *EXPLORATIONS WITH MONITOR* (Grady & Grady, 1998), tells of his “guardian angel” who identified itself as his *High Self* and then became a guide on many astral trips of the kind that Bob Monroe took—though Bob didn’t usually have a guide to explain what it was all about.

Harvey asked me to write a foreword for the book, which I’ll be honored to do.

* * *

13 AUGUST 1995 (SUNDAY).... Three dreams, intricate and detailed, had to do with the evolution of human beings through higher stages of kamamanasic Personality toward transpersonal *HIGH SELF*. The main symbolic theme concerned the progress of humans from being part of a wolf pack to being solitary panthers or tigers.

According to the dream, being pursued by a “wolf pack” in dreams has symbolized, down the ages, “pursuit” by low-level humans from outside and/or astral and etheric deva forces from inside. For unregenerate humans, that is, those who are not yet transcendentally re-figured in mind, emotions, and body, this symbology sometimes appears in dreams, especially if they are “astrally turned on,” or have become aware, whether they like it or not, of their own personal-transpersonal dichotomy. Specifically, these people become aware of The Dweller on the Threshold and the Angel of the Presence, both of whom are parts of their own composite being.

Over the years, several people have asked me about this “wolf pack” symbology. Interestingly, it appeared in my own vision dreams long before I knew of “down the ages.” As I sense it, the wolf pack represents the hunger of maya-oriented people and devas to “consume” the spirit. That’s the hunger of the lower for the higher.

Interestingly, this hunger of darkness for the light can manifest as anger, hate, destruction, cruelty, sadism, etc. Hitler was a useful tool of the DBs for this very reason. He had that hunger, but because of his simultaneous identification with the maya, couldn’t see the evil nature of the “God” whom he contacted, on occasion, at Berchtesgaden. Hitler apparently felt no personal-transpersonal dichotomy. He was focused only on the “dark side of the force.” No wolf pack pursued him. He was the organizer, and idol, of wolf packs.

* * *

This conflict between Spirit and Matter, expressed in all Life, is what Julian May writes of. The polarity is easily recognized if a person is astrally conscious. But if people respond to their own *High Selves* without having developed astral consciousness, they often are not fully aware of the conflict. And if they do notice it in themselves, they think [like Alyce did] it lies only outside of themselves.

The Tibetan discusses this state of affairs in some of His writings. He also says that during the various transformations at the end of individual development, at the time of graduation from Earth School, self-awareness at all levels becomes mandatory. Otherwise there is no final freedom....

* * *

Returning to the “wolf pack:” In dream life some astrally-aware personalities are pursued by wolves, and as they come out of the dangerous forests and climb to the high-land plateau, wolves are left behind, and then their nature changes from wolf-like to cat-like. Panthers, jaguars, leopards, and tigers symbolize humans of the plateau who, sooner or later, realize that the mountains in the distance are their goal, their home, and that they must seek the lions, their own *High Selves*, their Solar Angels, the Angels of the Presence....

* * *

Most cats are solitary creatures, and thus are perfectly suited to symbolize the powerful self-authenticating personality. But lions, unlike the other great cats, are group oriented. This trait, according to The Tibetan, is one of the pronounced characteristics of the *High Self*.

* * *

18 AUGUST 1995 (FRIDAY)....Many dreams focused on the theme that all of life's experiences, victories and troubles for every initiate person, are programmed by a *High Self* who has the task of creating a complex of events that are part of a single curriculum. The "nerve wracking" part of this was the realization that no matter how it seems, every detail of "chance" occurrence is planned for a reason, always with education in mind. Even small things, like the car won't start are part of the intentional plan.

The average "person in the world" goes along more like a leaf that is blown by the wind. We, however, who know something, are in a school in which, literally, a *High-Self* Teacher determines the curriculum. And this Teacher [namelf,our own *High Self*], however invisible "he or she" may be, is the real planner of events, including every disaster.

Naturally, the karmic matrix is correctly fulfilled always, but its sequence can be orchestrated by the *High Self*. What a responsibility! Also, what remarkable detachment the *High Self* has from the things that have so much emotional significance in our lives! This is why I find ice and snow at higher levels of consciousness.

In other words, my loss of Alyce was a teaching event. No matter how I felt, it was part of the curriculum.

* * *

19 AUGUST 1995 (SATURDAY)....dream sequences were on the theme, "how to make the bodies work together," physical, etheric, astral, mental, and causal. How to coordinate their individual drives and make a single well-functioning whole, that's my task, and everyone else's.

Whoever the Teacher was in these scenarios, he was moderately sympathetic and understanding about how the "parts" felt, but also was dispassionate and objective. So? The parts are alive and have feelings? Get on with it!

* * *

For the first time in many weeks a clear-air "cold" front was coming down from the north, and when I left Topeka on Highway 24 at 7:30pm, heading for Perry, the temperature was a comfortable 73 degrees and the sun a brilliant white, not a cloud in the sky. What a fantastic day!

And then, as I looked across the fields and into the dark tree shadows that lined the green crop land in all directions, a pang of loss came over me, and my breathing was again constricted.

This time I asked my mind why did the nostalgia come at this particular moment. And the answer was, "Because of the beauty of Nature." That was it. And more than ever I realized that beauty is for sharing. And as I pondered that, the buzzing-tingling came across my back, and I felt that I was still sharing.

Now that may not really have been true, Alyce may have been a million miles away. But it felt true, and I allowed the feeling of sharing to wash away the nostalgia. Again, if it's six-of-one and half-a-dozen of the other, I'll choose the idea that feels better.

So, in about 10 minutes I processed another section of the Field of Nostalgia, and observed again that we identify ourselves almost entirely by our memories. Without memory we don't know who we are. That's what a baby is, no present-day memory. With memory, we know who we are.

And nostalgia, good or bad, is hanging onto memory in order to know, and not forget, who we are. And the sad fact is, it's all wrong. We aren't the memories any more than actors are the roles. Freedom is to be independent of memory, and nostalgia, and to do what we choose, independent of the past.

That's what I meant, a year or so ago, when I said that after Alyce was gone I didn't know who I'd be. When memories and their nostalgias (and karmas) are all processed, and converted from living reality into slides, then what?....

* * *

22 AUGUST 1995 (TUESDAY)....dream scenarios were concerned with how a Teaching Faculty from Outside a Planet, brings the dominant indigenous species into spiritual connection with that orb's Planetary Being. Apparently each living planet in the cosmos is a nursery tended by spiritual guides and, though each planet is different in its beginnings, eventually the diversity fits into a mosaic of spiritual unity. Fascinating. Just like Monitor and The Tibetan, and others, have said.

This eventual Unity, incidentally, is the over-riding theme of Julian May's books, and the same idea has been pursued in dozens of other scifi books, as if in the human psyche there is a sneaking suspicion that actually this is "the way it is."

* * *

23 AUGUST 1995 (WEDNESDAY)....Had a long lucid dream about working with people, men and women, who were members of a submarine crew (symbolically cruising the astral plane?). The submarine had sprung a leak and had sunk to the bottom in shallow water.

I helped repair the break in the hull, pump out the water, and make the craft capable of coming to the surface again (the mental plane?), whenever they chose. The “crew” was a service group that had become bogged down in interpersonal problems. At the end, all was well, and I woke up.

* * *

23 AUGUST 1995.... Very restless. As I analyze it, the restlessness seems to be connected with anger at a world without Alyce. I seem to have gone through most of the sadness and nostalgic conditions. But now I find that rather than being re-oriented at all levels, some level down there is angry. Not useful for my connection with the Kosmos.

* * *

24 AUGUST 1995 (THURSDAY)....a night of problem-solving combative-type dreams. I seem to be under pressure from deva parts of my Physical Entity to abandon my present life style, start drinking wine, overeat, and follow [a friend’s] implicit suggestion that I start looking for female companionship. Wow! All of that is what I don’t want.

Guess I’ll have to focus energy more regularly, instead of sporadically, from the *SOUL* level down through the chakra system. This is important, I think, not only for psychic welfare but also for physical health.

* * *

26 AUGUST 1995 (SATURDAY)....interesting dreams on the subject of how karma and volition steer humans through their development. The information wasn’t didactic, like in a classroom, but came from being involved with people, as a teacher, and helping them analyze events in their own lives. For instance:

....it is essential, whenever something unexpected happens, to turn attention inward and ask the *High Self* for an explanation. By always turning inward for information...we gradually develop the ability to discriminate between 3 things, (1) the conscious use of the image-making faculty, (2) the “voice” of subconscious parts of our composite Self, and (3) the voice of the superconscious *High Self*.

Without consciousness and its ability to interrogate our own emotional states, we’re embalmed in the past. As was said, the devas of us can’t “save” themselves.

* * *

27 AUGUST 1995 (SUNDAY).... Many dreams scenarios...on the single theme of personality transformation, in mind, emotions, and body, and eventual Unity with the *High Self* and its sponsor, the *SOUL*.

In early scenarios, dreams seemed to be a review of the ideas of Frank Herbert and Julian May, and focused on the inevitability of the transformations of the human psyche, from animal to divine, which, whether those authors thought of it specifically that way or not, they wrote about.

* * *

In the last hour before getting up, the dream scenarios changed to focus on me, personally on my transformation. These sequences included a vision dream that focused on the meaning of the trouble I was having with a sore tooth.

In this dream I saw myself as 2 people, a man and a woman. They were sweeping up accumulations of debris, like broken chairs, old clothes, old plates, kitchen equipment, and dust, and throwing it all out. And in the process each of the pair was going through psycho-physiological changes. And it was shown to me that my present trouble with the tooth was merely the physiological side of this house-cleaning process. And, the jaw was successfully being brought to regenerated functioning. [Actually, a few months later I shortened the process, at the urging of Herschel Stroud, my dentist, by having a root canal done. My visualization was too "slow," he said.]

....But there was more to this "cleaning house" than appeared at first glance. The house was being swept totally clean of all furniture (no astral structures or nostalgias to fall back on), and only a simple pair of bolted-together back-to-back chairs were left in a polished dark-wood room, one for the man and one for the woman.

When the cleaning reached its final stage, the pair's clothes changed to elegant black slacks and black shoes, beautiful white shirts with collars and cuffs folded out, and black jackets. The woman's outfit was especially attractive. Her square shoulders were accentuated by the shoulder-pads of the jacket and her blouse-like collar, unbuttoned at the throat, made a handsome white frame for her face. The man's clothes matched the woman's in every way except his collar and cuffs were smaller.

He was a bit taller than the woman and looked something like me, 40 years ago, a bit like the man who came on the plane with his wife to see Alyce and me in the first entry and vision-dream scenario of this Journal, 8 May 1989. As she energetically and efficiently cleaned house, the woman looked quite similar to Judy, or to Kathryn Hepburn in "Adam's Rib."

As scenes progressed, I saw that both of these people were me. These were the two halves of myself. And now, finally, they were a complete pair, mentally, emotionally, and physically. They were the 2 halves of the androgynous Unity that personality life leads toward in every human. The sex of the body has nothing to do with this—only transpersonal masculine-feminine balance, and Unity.

The last things to be cleared up by them was the physiological debris represented by the infection in the jaw (ancient karma?), and psychosomatic disturbances of the GI tract. At the end, every undesirable physiological problem (that I now am aware of) was swept away and the pair sat down in their chairs and became a back-to-back unity, not as if they were a single body, but as if they, as united individuals, could function in both masculine and feminine ways at the same time.

* * *

In retrospect, it was interesting to call to mind the long-ago vision dream in which Alyce and I came down a mountain together to dance for people at a supper club, she in white and pearls, and me in black and diamonds. And now, both aspects of me, masculine and feminine, are still dressed in black, with white (diamonds?) used for accent and contrast. Apparently, both sides of myself appear similar to the world, even though not quite alike.

* * *

31 AUGUST 1995 (THURSDAY). Woke at 4 am after dreams about the feminine being of me taking over and warding off some kind of attack that was related to the tooth problem. She wanted to take that responsibility. The masculine being, concerned for her safety, stood by as a guardian against any concerted effort by negative entities who might think that the tooth problem was a point of weakness. Interestingly, he was concerned for her safety as well as mine.

What I learned from these dream scenarios was that if a person has a physiological problem that can be exploited by hostile entities, they will sometimes try to make the problem more serious, with the hope that it will derail any spiritual effort the person is making. Makes sense. A serious physical problem of any kind is depressing and almost always takes precedence over other concerns.

Also, it was again obvious that the masculine being loved and admired his feminine counterpart. It gave me a very good and happy feeling to realize how dedicated my allies (my selves) were, and how well they worked together and supported each other.

* * *

SEVEN SELVES

13 SEPTEMBER 1995....Read Monitor [M] Transcripts 141 and 142 describing the Mental Judge Self and the Astral Judge Self. I've known of my many-sided nature for years and years, but never thought I'd see an explanation in print that fit my experiential knowledge. For at least 35 years I've been conscious of the fact that I had 4 or 5 parts that could think, or feel, or sing, or ponder, or whatever, and that they were mostly independent of each other. Sometimes I was aware of all of them at the same time, but doing entirely different things. In graduate school, though, I finally got them to work together on the things that I needed to get done.

....Originally, before graduate school, I thought I had a physical "Being," an astral "Being," and a mental "Being," whose individual actions I coordinated. Whatever subsections they might have, together with ME, whoever I was, we made a basic group of 4 below the level of the causal body. But now, in reading M's descriptions, I can recognize in myself another part, the Astral Judge Self.

I always was aware of the Mental Judge Self, and called it the mental body. It's the one who got so excited in solving problems during graduate school that I had to clamp down and tell him to work on nothing except that which I allowed, and not come up with exciting ideas that were not related to my Ph.D.

I was experientially aware of the 2 sides of my emotional nature, the Basic Male Self and the Basic Female Self (though M's terminology is new), and I knew about the Physical Being, but I hadn't identified the Astral Judge Self, except experientially. And, I always wondered how many sub-pieces of the astral body I had, because 2 didn't seem enough.

Now, using M's broader terminology, I feel comfortable in recognizing 5 separate subconscious parts of the psyche, as well as the Conscious Self and the superconscious *High Self*. These are the 7 parts which are "squared" with the Divine Law.

* * *

I believe that anyone who reads M's descriptions of the Astral and Mental Judge Selves may well say, "Aha! I know about them."

Even though I recognize them, M's explanation of where the Judge Selves came from is as far-out as any scifi fantasy I've ever read. M makes no effort to be plausible, just says that it's thus and so. You'll have to read it for yourself.

However, regardless of the explanation of origins, I know that these parts of the psyche, at least in me, had separate agendas until I made an effort to coordinate them.

Oddly enough, over the years I coordinated their lives in exactly the way M suggested. Namely by talking, cajoling, reasoning, asking, and explaining, why what I required was necessary. And I was considerate, tolerant, and loving (as a rule), even though persistent.

Wonder what Alyce thinks of this at the present time, now that she's in a place where the facts are obvious. Her personal protection during life on earth was disinterest. To the best of her knowledge, she was focused only on conscious and superconscious connections. Considering how I was, her orientation made for me an oasis of peace. Glad she didn't have my characteristics. It would have been chaotic.

* * *

14 SEPTEMBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... Fascinating dreams given to me by part of myself that I would now recognize as the Astral Judge Self. Though M says that the Judge Selves are androgynous, this being has the outward appearance of a woman. Her partner, the Mental Judge Self, the one I've known very well for decades, who seems very much like me at a...sub-Higher-Self level, always seems more like a man.

When I say "dreams given to me," I refer to the fact that it was a separate person, a humorous woman whom I could see, but whom I recognized as a well-known part of myself, who was master of ceremonies. It was as if reading M's transcript yesterday about the Astral Judge Self, and writing about it, had made it possible for her to become more objective. And when that happened, a lot of things about myself that I was puzzled about over the years, fell into place.

She's the humorous one who often takes over as an aspect of my being whenever I give lectures. [For many years I recognized her, as a separate force in me.] Astounding. She's the one who kept the crowd laughing for 2 hours at Scottsdale when I presented in May for the Society for the Study of Neuronal Regulation.

This has been going on so consistently for 35 years, that I've become accustomed to slipping into that mode when I talk to a group, but not intentionally. It just happens, like an aspect of myself that is always there, ready to perform. It's so funny, though, that I often wonder how I could have "thought of that." And now I know. It isn't really my Conscious Self, it's her, part of my subconscious.

My Conscious Self is more like a *High Self* who is giving a lecture.

Because what she says is often so unexpected, I sometimes have to listen to my own tapes afterwards to find out what I said that was so funny. It's not the content per se, that comes from a mental level. It's a switching around of points of view to create paradoxical humor.

As I write this, I'm struck by M's comment that the Astral Judge Self likes play-acting, dressing up in costumes, comedy, performing for an audience, ceremony, ritual, music, poetry, etc., and is bored by rational logical nit-picking of ideas.

* * *

In any event, in the dreams last night she repeated a few scenarios several times so they would make an indelible impression on the brain. First, she explained that all solid rock was alive, but was of different densities of life. For instance, in one scenario we were out in canyonlands country, near the top of a high cliff, and she showed how individual rocks could be made to fall over the edge, and, according to her will, swoop downward like flying squirrels, coming to rest gently on the sand like a glider.

She repeated this demonstration with several kinds of rocks, but each time, we started at a lower level down the series of benches that eventually dropped to a dry river bed at the bottom. She explained that the most responsive life forms were higher up, and that as we got down to bed rock of the continent, the *soul* of the rock was very sluggish in comparison to that which was exposed to the weather, up high.

Then she talked about "genetic linkages" between different kinds of rock, as if in reality there was some kind of evolution going on in family groups. Odd idea.

As a humorous afterthought, she produced a TV screen on which the numerical specifications of the genetic structure of a rock we were examining was given, and it was implied that these specification came from a super-land-bank office in which everything about the planet was registered, and from which, if you were interested in that kind of creation, you could get "genetic" material, like from a nursery, for creating new kinds of rocks.

She seemed to think that this was amusing, and when that happened, I recognized her as the creator of the comedic banter, or asides, that I produce during lectures. I never plan those things, that would be too much of a fake, but at the same time I also laugh.

In pondering this, I believe that Astral Judge Selves must be the source of yiddish humor. It is spontaneous and funny because of the juxtaposition of paradoxical points of view.

* * *

At the end of these dream scenarios, I became aware that she really enjoyed talking with me, explaining about the rocks, but not merely because of the rocks themselves, but because I was listening, paying attention, recognizing her as a BEING. Isn't that interesting?

Because of the many odd dreams I've had lately about the masculine and feminine BEINGS who are ME, and now the 2 Judge Selves whom I've always known, but never thought of as separate from me, I'm beginning to feel like the spokesperson for a GROUP. And, it is a good feeling to know that they love and respect each other, and me as a Conscious Self, and are grateful for my continued focus on the *High Self* as the Wise Being of US, the one whom I am transiting into.

M said that by the end of Earth School, when we graduate, the Judge Selves will also have gained everything that we have learned. They are then freed from our personality group, and are able to go forth independently in the bardo as teachers for other Judge Selves.

....Incidentally, this Astral Judge Self of me seemed to know a lot about the earth, and after waking I remembered that M said that all Judge Selves, whether astral or mental, were devic in nature just as "earth" is. Interesting.

* * *

17 SEPTEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY).... At least 4 hours of dreams last night were nerve-wracking. I was being instructed by my *High Self* [or by Alyce] about something to guard against—namely, "predatory" females. The implication was that I was experientially naive and didn't have the slightest idea what some women were thinking about. Alyce, Pat, Sandra, and Judy, apparently don't represent certain segments of the female population.

Dream scenarios started out simply enough. I was with a mixed group of people in Europe and after some kind of formal meeting we were visiting spas and hot springs. Nice people, nice surroundings, but the ambiance was an astral miasma.

There were many indoor pools, in a long series, and many bathers. Two young women, to whom I'd been properly introduced, and who had seemed very demure at first, decided they wanted to hug and kiss me. This was slightly alarming at first, but not unpleasant, and in my lucid dream state I had the idea that even though kissing an individual might not be a good idea for me, there no doubt was "safety in numbers."

But then these 2 women became the Anima, and I hastily decided I'd better dispose of this sequence of images. But when I blanked it out, it immediately returned, again and again. The feeling of threat and the imagery seemed to have developed a life of its own and wouldn't go away.

* * *

Then the imagery switched to nude bathers and I was bombarded by lurid scenes. It was an onslaught of imagery that was independent of anything I might wish, so still in a lucid dream state I asked my *High Self* who, or what, was responsible for this. No answer.

Disappointed at that, I asked my Basic Selves (especially the male aspect) to give me an answer. No response. Then appealed to the Judge-Self aspects of me. Still no answer.

* * *

And that was only the beginning. The scene then shifted to my hotel room. There was a knock on the door and when I opened it, there were 3 women in the hall who started to come into the room. I told them to get out, but they insisted on coming in. One in particular was an out and out tramp. I grabbed her by the shoulders and gave her a violent shaking, and threw her out. But she hated me for that.

By sheer force of imagery I managed to completely clear the room and shut the door, but then it opened by itself and these women again appeared. This time I was more ready and quickly set up a barricade, a mesh of chains across the doorway. Finally, after much contention it stabilized and no one could get through. Wow, what a battle of images! It took at least 3 hours...

* * *

Then I began to really wake up, though it seemed I'd been awake all the time. Now, finally, the explanation.

I had to be prepared for a European world in which I'd be immersed without Alyce's ambience to protect me, in an ocean of anima forces that some women were delighted to immerse any man in, especially men who were speakers on "spiritual subjects." And, if these men were "elders," so much the better. It merely proved to them how seductive and how powerful they were, giving them more to brag about.

The reason I wasn't given an answer when I first asked for information and for help in destroying images was because I needed to learn something. After I had succeeded in constructing reasonably good chain barriers, it seemed that I had learned enough, and then my *High Self* was willing to explain, but not until I'd been alerted by aggressive out-of-control imagery that mental defenses had to be constructed in advance. Not after I arrived in Europe.

It was an ordeal....

* * *

19 SEPTEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... Studied the Duluth section of this journal for a long time. I'm still in the process of analyzing and understanding the realizations that came to me in Grand Marais, about my linking the personal and the transpersonal so tightly in my memory of Alyce that the big loss which I felt was the loss of the transpersonal. Amazing, interesting, informative, instructive, and still relieving.

As I made final edits to events in Grand Marais, which described my hope that Alyce would now understand my feeling in 1941 about her and Divinity, the strong buzzing-tingling came on my back. Ever since the Duluth trip I've had a somewhat changed feeling about myself and Alyce. The non-binding linkage between personal and spiritual is clear. No problem with that any more.

I'm sad that Alyce isn't here, but the Divine Mother isn't lost any longer. And, masculine-feminine polarities and relationships now seem quite clear and simple, not mixed with Love for the Divine Mother. I wonder if metaphysically-oriented people in soul-mate relationships generally understand this.

* * *

24 SEPTEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY).... The main thing about "life readings" from Monitor, which several people have sent me for commentary, is not a past-life event, however interesting, but the interactions that are described between the 7 Selves of each of us and the 7 Selves of others in the family clan.

The objectivity that is induced in the Conscious Self by M's outline of actions and reactions among the Selves, is a true boon. As I understand it, only by a combination of...conscious objectivity and volition can we make progress in solving our own internal problems and promote Peace on Earth.

The Tibetan mentioned this again and again, but not until I began reading M's transcripts did I find a rationale that made experiential sense to me. It is so detailed that even I, who have been aware of levels and levels of normally-subconscious parts of myself, and others on occasion, am satisfied.

* * *

....It occurs to me that people as a whole don't know much about the "facing and feeling and absorbing" process, and are unaware of its value in coming to terms with the loss of a dearly

beloved. It might be useful to include some of this in the VISION DREAMS book. Will think about that.

The normal tendency on the loss of a loved one is toward “dulling,” not toward “facing and feeling the pain,” and that, I believe, is one reason why some people become so deeply depressed when their partner dies. Depression, whatever it’s cause, is an escape from “awareness” toward “dulling.”

Grieving people say, of course, that their depression never was optional, and they are mostly right, but what is optional, however painful, is “facing and feeling the pain.”

That’s one reason why, I believe, that nostalgias (which are a karmic burden), should be found and faced in full consciousness, and with full tolerance of the feeling. The beings who comprise us must be given their opportunity to weep, and to tell us what they are feeling. Feeling is often the only language they have to tell us something.

More obviously, the turn toward alcohol that many people get involved in when they lose a partner, is a move toward “dulling.” In that regard, I noticed in myself that for several months after Alyce’s departure, regardless of my objectivity, I tended to depend on MB’s (Milwaukee’s Best—sometimes 3) at the end of the day to change my feeling, relax my tension, and lessen my awareness of her absence. But through the process of “facing and feeling,” that desire for “dulling” has substantially faded. Glad of that.

Plunging into work can also be a “dulling.” In fact, anything that people do to avoid “facing and feeling and absorbing,” is an evasion that isn’t good for them (or their karma) or for anyone else.

* * *

Finished reading THE HEAVEN MAKERS. Unlike Julian May, Frank Herbert did not have a kind feeling for any of the characters he created. He knew religion, mythology, and psychoanalysis, but was trapped in his mind, afraid of the vertical route out. Occasionally he made a disparaging reference to “transcendental,” but the idea of “Thy Will be Done” was so scary, that like an average Mental Judge Self he stayed in hell rather than chance losing his “identity.”

At the last page of the story, he comments on one of the immortal causal demons who are “the heaven makers,”... “His thought dipped briefly into the Babylonian Lingua-franca that had served the merchant world for two thousand years before he’d stirred the pot by giving them Jesus.”

* * *

25 SEPTEMBER 1995 (MONDAY).... Writers like Herbert reveal a lot about the dark side of humanity, and about the dark side of "the force." Such authors should be read seriously, not simply for amusement.

And, as I think about Herbert, I realize that many of today's movies have the same orientation as his books. "The Running Man" is an example. Another scifi film on a similar theme, in which Arnold Schwarzenegger is again the lead, is "Total Recall." Even "The Prophecy" has overtones that hint of evil controlling the world. The War in the Heavens in "The Prophecy," is between "angels," but it might be thought of as between dark-side forces. The DBs don't lack followers in Hollywood.

The Planetary Being of Earth has a real mess to clear up. It is our good fortune, according to The Tibetan and Monitor, that from a transcendental level the Planetary Logos will be able to handle this crisis through the agency of the Fellowship. Humanity will recover from "the Atlantean victory" of Dark Magicians by transformation through Light, Love, and Power. But it won't be easy....

* * *

26 SEPTEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... In a dream I was showing "S" how to ski through a bardo landscape. Quite close to the bottom of the mountain we came to a wide wooden stairway, without rails, that went down a rugged boulder-filled ravine. Every 50 feet or so, there was a short level section, and as I shot across them I began jumping. At first just a little, but then higher and higher, until we were essentially flying part of the time. Nails stuck up out of the center line of the stairway, as if not yet pounded down, and I explained that all such apparent dangers, were only that, merely "apparent," because the mind had total control and could move the body up and down and from side to side independently of the terrain.

Toward the end of the stairway, after one unusually long jump, I rose higher and slowed down, and S shot past a few feet below me. Skis were essentially symbolic, almost invisible. Right at this moment, I realized, a test of some kind was coming up. What would S do now that he was on his own.

I looked ahead and saw the last level platform of the stairway ended in mid air above a rock-strewn gulch, and the ravine joined a bouldery canyon, turning into desert badlands, like a dry wash coming down to the Colorado River. From past experience I felt okay about this, but I wondered what S would do.

That question lasted only a second, because he began to manipulate the landscape as needed. We landed on a suddenly-appearing gravel path that curved around the sloping side of a pile of

rocks. S had the situation under full control. What lay around the bend and down the canyon didn't matter. Each obstacle would already have a way around it, or one would be made to appear.

* * *

This is a skill one needs in traversing this illusory astral bad lands called "civilization." The main rule is "Don't believe anything you see." As soon as we're really free of the idea that things are fixed, we're free to change the terrain. This, in essence, is the "creation of synchronicities," and thereby making a path to our goal. John Lilly and I joked about it in '68, giving it the paradoxical name, Coincidence Control.

Most people never realize that the world is fluidic. And even as the shape of events is changed by you, they see only what is there, at that very moment. Even as it is being changed by your visualization, they see it as independently and uncontrollably moving along fixed rails, and say, "That's the way it is, whether I like it or not."

* * *

That's what I've noticed in the medical world. What you visualize modulates the future, and as it shapes according to your visualization, people as a whole go along and think that that's just the way it is. Lack of inner awareness is a set of blinders. And, generally speaking, "the blind are leading the blind."

Interestingly, S didn't make the pile of rocks that were in the way vanish, but instead created a trail around. The "pile of rocks" represents the major configurations of the world. It's the World Mind that we are dealing with. We don't erase the mountain, or the ravine, or the boulder-filled canyons, we merely make our own path through or around obstacles, and on occasion, fly over. Convenient, interesting, and entertaining.

For the World Mind (the Planetary Being that Robert de Ropp said wasn't too bright, but Who had at least found a way to transcend Himself), we humans are the trail blazers, the scouts, finding and creating a way so that the Planetary Being can eventually transcend Itself.

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1 OCTOBER 1995 (SUNDAY)....vision dream about how to "heal" the physical body of various problems. I kept "asking" questions of "my mind" while in the lucid dream state and asking that some part of the instructions be repeated so I could understand them better.

The main dream scenario was of a grass-covered hill on which there was a small real-estate development which had only one entrance road, meaning that this was an individual development, with demarcated boundaries. In the area, 3 or 4 gravel roads a block apart were intersected by 3 or 4 other gravel roads, and scattered here and there were a few houses built right up to the edge of the street they were on.

* * *

This hill represented the personality I understood, some parts visible and some parts invisible. Empty grass-covered lots represented the astral and mental aspects of the personality, and weren't vacant because they were unimportant, but because the subject matter being focused on included only the etheric and the physical bodies. Those aspects of the personality were represented by the visible houses.

The stability and "state of repair" of a specific house indicated the "state of relationship" between etheric and physical energy in a specific organ of the body. Very interesting. All the houses, even though separate, were parts of this one "housing development," but each had its own repair and maintenance problems.

* * *

Then I was instructed in how to manipulate the etheric part of structures in order to rebuild, repair, and maintain them. My instructors were a group of men and women whom I never saw clearly, nor individually, but only as faint masculine-feminine entities. And, as they instructed me, they used thoughtforms to illustrate meanings.

For instance, I was shown a liver (not my liver, it didn't seem) in which an adhesion to other tissues was causing a disturbance. The way to get it loose was to slip ones etheric fingers under the edge of the liver and slide the hand along the margin until the tissues parted and each part of the physical body was in its own place. Interestingly, there was no way in which a physical organ could function, or behave, independent from its etheric self. The etheric organ was where a problem should be solved, whatever the problem.

The most impressive part of this demonstration seemed to be that every person could do this for himself or herself, or could do it for someone else, and function as a "healer." And it was done was not by moving ones physical hand in any way, but by visualization of moving the etheric hand. Visualization was the force-controlling element that the etheric hand followed.

* * *

By the time this set of scenarios was finished, I'd been instructed in how to treat each of the organs of the body, and much to my surprise, massage seemed to be a health restorer to almost every part. Not physical massage, but etheric massage.

This brought to my mind, as I “slumbered,” the many times that Edgar Cayce had recommended massage as the most important therapy for one problem or another. And I understood that when a massage therapist is working, it’s probably not the physical manipulation that is effective as much as the underlying etheric manipulation, and the imparting, or sharing, of etheric energy.

“Healers” seem to know this, but most people don’t think of themselves as healers and therefore don’t implement what they want, for themselves or for someone else, by visualizing their etheric hands actually doing something.

* * *

My instructors were light-hearted teachers who seemed to be happy to be able to give this information, and they made it real by demonstrating, or guiding my visualization in some way (as with my liver) in self repair. I’m not sure that I need such repair, but a couple of weeks ago, for no known reason, I had a sharp pain in that internal region under the right-side ribs for a day.

As we get older, it may be that some body parts run out of self-repair energy, and need to be intentionally helped by the Conscious Self. At least, that’s something I’ll keep in mind. Most people die, I believe, with a complication in one or another organ, rather than by general failure of all of the body parts. For those who wish to keep going until all of the available etheric energy is used up, it may be well to learn a sharing procedure in the body through visualization of “etheric massage.”

Whatever, it seemed to me that something significant had happened in my body. Much food for thought....

* * *

....In another dream I got a perspective of the planet as a place for PEOPLE, not for power groups. The entire planet is presently being unified by commercialism, but not “by and for” the people who live here. The present “unity” is moving more and more toward stamping out diversity, not toward tolerance. Diversity allows every individual human to develop his or her own karmic “play” and move from scene to scene in different incarnations. But uniformity is against this freedom.

* * *

The Tibetan mentioned in one place that people would be astounded if they could “see” the extent to which “evil” permeated every human institution and organization in the form of selfishness for money reasons.

C.S. Lewis’ labeling of Earth as “the silent planet” (in the sense of “no spiritual singing”) wasn’t wrong, and in **THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH** he gave a view and a warning of the reductionistic control that could be in the offing if we didn’t wake up and move toward the “Light” (Lewis, 1955).

If Teachers materialize and literally confront humans and humanity with their Presence, it will be evidence that the Planetary Logos (“where the Will of God is known”) is ready, and like Aslan, is “beginning to move,” sending Love and Light as cleansing powers into dark places. After that, says Monitor, diversity will have an opportunity to flourish, and humans everywhere will have more freedom to implement their karmic needs.

* * *

4 OCTOBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... [Dagny and Imre Kerner, writers and TV journalists from Germany, visited us partly to get a story for **ESOTERICA**. Imre, much like Genesis in ’90, said that information on a real live creative person was more significant in making a point than an idea about creativity.]

....In keeping with that, Imre kept pressuring me to give him more info about myself, etc., etc. So, I finally told him (but had him turn off the tape recorder) how I met The Teacher, in Virginia, Minnesota, and a few of the times He gave me information or guided me in the last 75 years, and my plan to put a bit of this in a book, **VISION DREAMS**.

I’m struck by the fact that what Genesis and Imre said, is essentially what I became encouraged to do when I first thought of writing such a book.

* * *

5 OCTOBER 1995 (THURSDAY)....I again seemed to be getting instructions on anima-hazards (female hazards) that might be encountered on the trip to Switzerland. If what Monitor said about the Astral Judge Self’s interest in plays and performances, and “her” sense of humor, is true, then she’s the Self of me who produced these scenarios, unless it was Alyce and my Astral Judge Self working together, which, from its content, seems plausible.

These dream scenarios were operatic theater with humor thrown in. The purpose of the humor was to lighten the message, so to speak, and put it in perspective.

Also, for the first time, because of this dream, I understand what Alyce meant years ago when she told me of the lure of the theater, and why she genuinely missed having left the stage, and why it would be fun (when we first came to Topeka) to try out for Topeka Theater productions. The fascinating thing of playing a character in a stage play, she said, was creating and being the character, so that “their mind and emotions” literally, for a time, become your mind and emotions.

Never having experienced any such thing, having never created a fictitious character’s kamamanasic identity and then become, temporarily, that “thoughtform entity,” I thought she was using a figure of speech, that she was referring to a left-cortex enjoyment of a dramatic situation.

I know now that I never understood what she meant, and that was why I was uncomfortable when she felt that I didn’t really get it. In my ignorance, it didn’t seem possible that there was something involving mental and emotional states, or conditions, that I “didn’t get.”

* * *

Now though, as of today, I understand that a top-flight actor or actress creates a living full-blown kamamanasic thoughtform, and can put it on, at will, in the same way that they “put on” the clothes their characters wear. Interesting. Fascinating! It is a great act of CREATION that no one who hasn’t done it, like me before today, can appreciate.

Non-actors can identify with, and feel something in themselves through identification with characters during a play or movie, but how can they really understand how the player experiences it unless they’ve done it! For a short time the player is a real kamamanasic entity, apart from their personality, and simultaneously is in the position of an observer.

This, no doubt, is why some high-consciousness actors (like Alyce, and Dr. Garns and Mrs. Holt) become especially aware during a strong performance that they are Spiritual Beings. It’s like becoming aware of one’s own subconscious parts, and knowing that you are more than your kamamanasic Self and its thoughtform creations.

I’ve known of the existence of subconscious parts of myself ever since I was about 15 years old, but never did know that acting, for advanced people, could become an experience of Witnessing. When I first got acquainted with Alyce, I wondered why she, and Dr. Garns and Mrs. Holt, her drama teachers and spiritual role models, felt that learning to be a dramatic actor (actress) could help people find Themselves. Now, because of this morning’s dreams, I understand.

* * *

As the first scenario started, I was watching two well-known people, Lawrence Olivier and Mario Lanza practice a scene for an upcoming play. In addition to being actors, both men were opera singers. Olivier was the director of this play as well as one of the main characters.

Suddenly I was identified with Mario, was Mario, and was being told what to do and how to perform by Olivier. At the same time I seemed to be aware of the fact that the playwright (an amused, detached, cool, smart person, a feminine figure in outline) was watching from somewhere as we went through our lines. I was sitting on a couch with a woman to whom I was supposed to sing some lines after Olivier sang a couple of lines.

He sang his part like a Pavarotti, but I, even though I was Mario Lanza, began singing very poorly, not because of my voice but because I wasn't being the character. In fact, I felt very much like "Elmer Green" felt in the Denfeld senior class play, like a fish out of water.

Olivier stopped it right there and began telling me what was wrong. It was instruction in how to create in your mind the character you want, and then, for the purposes of the play, become the character.

* * *

I finally "got it," stood up, said I knew what he meant and would demonstrate it in a short section of the script. As I demonstrated a very dramatic set of lines about a woman in the play (not the one I had been sitting with), I really got into it and became the character. But when I did that, to my surprise, and Olivier's, I began to change the script and finally uttered, in a most dramatic and eloquent manner, "That woman is not simply dangerous, she's deadly!"

And the instant I said that, I was bombarded with a host of subtle anima-oriented man-trap images that the "dangerous" woman would produce, to "ensnare" me and make of me a "trophy."

Ha, ha. That's not likely. But then as I thought about it, still in the lucid dream state, it seemed that her intentional onslaught was a possibility in the play. And then there was another shift of implication. It was a genuine alerting to be on the lookout for such problems during the trip to Switzerland.

* * *

If Alyce is, as Genesis said, going to be one of the "protective spheres around me," it could be that she produced this scenario so that I could "manipulate the synchronicities" in advance, steering around whatever obstacles that I, in my present relatively non-sophisticated state, might have troubles with.

My experience with future hazards of one kind or another, indicates that any precognitive warning that is taken seriously has the effect of modifying the synchronicities so that the hazard, even if it is eventually noticed, is merely that, something “noticed,” but not intersected with.

* * *

When my “scene” in the play ended, Olivier looked thoughtful, and indicated that since I seemed to have connected with something real, we might consider changing some of the lines. Interesting.

That was the end, and I woke up thinking about synchronicities, Alyce, Switzerland, and my future life “as a play.”

* * *

If I’m scheduled to come into public view as a “transpersonal” speaker, rather than remain solely in the view of colleagues as a psychophysiologic speaker, I may be subjected to a bit of what Dr. Garns was bombarded by. One of his hazards, as Alyce and I became very much aware, was slightly batty women who mixed all levels of spirituality and anima together, with a bit of delusion, hysteria, and narcissism, and created “involvement” rumors that interfered with what he was trying to teach.

In part to escape this, John Garns eventually married Lavinia Wyatt, a wonderful person his own age. Some women then felt that he had “betrayed” them, was no longer accessible to them as a “confidential” advisor, and quit the School of Divine Science. Interesting. And informative.

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9 OCTOBER 1995 (MONDAY)....vision dream instruction.... There were 3 or 4 scenarios, all on the same theme, namely, my relationship as a Conscious Self to the Astral Judge Self and the Basic Female Self.

Incidentally, whereas M speaks of the Basic Male and Female Selves of a person, I think of my own corresponding subconscious parts not as Male and Female as much as Masculine and Feminine. The reason is that the words “male” and “female” have a sexual connotation to me that seldom seems applicable. My subconscious Selves definitely have masculine or feminine characteristics, but they seldom seem male or female.

Last night's dream theme was focused on a question that has come to mind in the last few months concerning inside-the-psyche "interpersonal" relations between the Conscious Self and the largely-autonomous subconscious parts. Do the various subconscious Selves of me have what one might call, "constitutional rights?"

Is it an imposition to impose my will on them? I understand from the occult and spiritual tradition that such imposition is required, but how do "they" feel about it? Maybe they are being treated in a way that I myself, as a person who always sought freedom, would never tolerate.

* * *

In addition, since my Physical Being is male and my Conscious Self is masculine in orientation, is there any possible chance in me, and in humans in general, of falling in love with other-gender parts of oneself? That was the subject of the dreams.

This may at first seem to be a trumped-up theoretical question that has no particular significance, but I've recently had a feeling, on occasion, possibly because the strenuous facing of memories, emotions, and nostalgias that I've gone through in the last few months, that the subconscious "aspects" of ourselves should be given more attention as autonomous individual beings. Maybe we should consider not only how the "parts" manifest in our behavior, but also consider their feelings in respect to their own consciousness, and also their feelings in respect to us, their Outer Self masters.

* * *

The first scenario was about a woman who, driving her bright red car down a country road, came to where I was trudging along. When she invitingly asked if I wanted a ride, I said "yes" and got in. As we continued along, talking, I became aware of the fact that this woman was ME, or part of me, and that this was an objective meeting, so to speak, between "me and myself." Then, to my surprise, she began talking about how much she loved me, and suggested that we should get better acquainted and be considerably more romantic, in a male-female sort of way.

This was a shock, but I began to realize that I, as a Conscious Being who integrated many physical, astral, mental, and Overself features, was possibly interesting to her. It was possible that she was in love with me as an ideal, and was interpreting her feeling as a personal relationship.

I sympathetically and kindly explained that "our love could never be," and outlined the need for her to understand, to transmute, to transcend, to "transpersonalize" her attraction toward me, into an openly-recognized idealism. END OF SCENE.

* * *

This scenario was immediately followed by a short scene in which I saw her at a distance, standing on top of a rocky hill that looked like “Haystack” on the Yampa Bench. Faced mostly away from me, she had her arms and face raised to the sky. As I watched, I understood that she had accepted the need for transformation, even though sad to leave me and the life which she had grown to love. She understood that this was a spiritual sacrifice on her part, in a way, but because of my explanation, which she had accepted and resigned herself to, she, on her own, had gone to a “high place,” and now was asking the Divine Being to help her.

The next scene, very short, showed her shining and transfigured, and risen into the sky, glowing with beams of light. She looked down, and blessed and thanked me for developing her as a team member, for persevering, for explaining, and for leading her in a loving way to a transcendent level of consciousness. She was now an independent self-conscious entity, rather like a spiritual deva, who would go on to other things, no longer connected with me, but grateful.

* * *

After waking and thinking about this, I fell asleep again and had a sequel dream that seemed to relate to the future and to the relationship between my Conscious Self and an additional feminine aspect of myself.

The Astral Judge Self of me has always seemed feminine, and it was she, I believe, who became liberated and separate from me, going out on her own, so to speak. The other feminine self is, I believe, the one who developed over hundreds of lives, and is me in a certain kind of personality expression, though I tend to identify mainly with the *High Self*.

* * *

In the first scene, I was going down some indoor steps to a hotel swimming pool, a warm pool somewhere in Europe. Then, standing in water that came up to armpit level, I saw a beautiful young woman close by, and recognized her as part of MYSELF. She came toward me with an attractive smile and said that she couldn’t swim, and wanted me to teach her.

This was a bit hard to believe. It seemed that she was hiding something in her mind.

In any event, I said okay, and started to talk about swimming, but instead of listening to what I said, she slid into my arms and stretched out in the water and said that she wanted me to make love to her!

Astounded, I instead tried to talk about swimming, but then had to face the situation directly and explain that her attraction toward me, and my attraction toward her, though she was a beautiful delightful person, was a “love that could never be.” She began to understand. END OF SCENE.

* * *

Still in the dream state, that scenario was followed with explanations, seemingly from Alyce. I felt her presence and her mind but didn’t see her directly. What I learned was that during my inner confrontations at Grand Marais, which were not simply an increased awareness in me of archetypal pulls from the Anima and from the Divine Mother, part of the problem was an emergence to Self Consciousness of the Feminine Self in me. Masculine Self too? That awakening had precipitated in me a transitory but intense awareness of women, and also the emergence in me of a generalized loving feeling toward women that was not easy to understand, a comaraderie.

In other words, my Grand-Marais feeling had several sources. (1) First, as I mentioned before, my connection with the Divine Mother. (2) A response to the archetypal Anima. And (3) an increasing SELF CONSCIOUSNESS in the Basic Female Self of me. And, her SELF CONSCIOUSNESS was sensed by me, the Conscious Self, as an unexplained sensitivity to the Anima. Wow, how complicated. Wonder if this is correct.

I can say without exaggeration that the confluence of these 3 forces, the Anima, the increased Self Consciousness of the Feminine Self of me, and the earlier sense of loss of contact with the Divine Mother, was stressful.

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The explanation continued: The “predatory” women I had dreamed about in the last couple of weeks were truly there, somewhere, but the main reason I felt them as a threat was because my own Feminine Self had become extremely conscious of women who had physical bodies, not as enemies but as allies who might help get me involved in narcissistic love, love for her, which, however it was objectified in physical life, she could appreciate.

In other words, she had become conscious of the fact that she, herself, was a part of the great ANIMA. And, she saw nothing wrong with using that power. To ME, though, this would seem like inner sabotage.

This may sound far fetched, but that was how it was explained to me. I believe there’s some truth there, whether I have it perfectly straight or not. Narcissism related to self-consciousness in the Feminine Self obviously doesn’t account for all Anima effects, but it’s something to think about.

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All in all, starting with the spa dream of a few weeks ago, I can't say that I haven't been notified, forewarned, alerted, and instructed. Very interesting. I felt Alyce's presence throughout the dream scenarios, as if she were sharing ideas that, from her present point of view, would be useful for me to think about.

Whatever the source of ideas, they were useful. With that kind of theoretical-and-experiential framework, in which the subconscious Selves have their own agendas, but are amenable to considerate, kindly, and loving attention from me, I can forget the BEETLE tactic for manipulating images. Better to go with what feels like facts, rather than artifacts, no matter how scifi the "facts" may seem.

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11 OCTOBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... In dreams almost always I get meanings along with symbols, and seldom have any thought as to the symbols themselves. Also, a book of "meanings" would tend to be incorrect, for I've noticed that except for archetypal references, symbols often have idiosyncratic meanings. Each person should, as much as possible, figure out their own.

During last night's dreams, "meanings," rather than "symbols," were what I worked with. And, being in a lucid dream state, I was amused by my mind modifying the symbolic situation when I, on occasion, interrupted with something like, "How are you going to explain this (to a future questioner)?" A Teacher seemed to be on hand as a consultant, an advisor in dealing with people's problems.

* * *

....Incidentally, in discussing the two paradigms in medicine, in psychology, and in politics, M said, in answer to a question, that the new paradigm would grow up side by side with the old, no matter what reactive steps the "old" took. And eventually the "old" would wither because people would lose interest. Energy would go in the direction of the "new."

I believe that. But it might take another 20 years....

* * *

16 OCTOBER 1995 (MONDAY).... As I awakened, naturally and in great comfort, I had transcendental images that were like returning to this physical locale from transcausal experience.

As I pondered the experience of “coming back,” and let that imagery video replay in mind, I wondered exactly where I’d been, and the thought came to mind that “Wherever it was, it was transcausal, first into a very-high subtle level of my psyche, and then Somewhere.” And when I thought that, the familiar flash of white confirming light appeared just below my center of vision. This one was about the size of a silver dollar at reading distance, and had a shadowy pattern on it. The background, which was the light itself, gradually brightened and then dimmed.

It only lasted a second, but from seeing thousands of these confirming flashes since age 16, the validity of which some were easy to check, I’ve come to trust their appropriateness and accuracy.

In the present case, the feeling I had was one of being in the presence of The Teacher, not in dream imagery, but in actuality. Dream imagery is an important way of getting instruction from Oneself and from Others, but I’ve often wished that the 7th chakra would operate more strongly, or transmit more strongly, so that I would be there rather than merely image there.

Back in 1938 when The Teacher said that it had been decided that it would help me focus more successfully in the world if my psychic faculties were “turned off,” I lost (not entirely, and not when needed) the ability to be there at transcausal levels. The Teacher said the faculty would eventually return, but over the last 37 years, considering the effort of getting through graduate school, and considering what happened later in rough-and-tumble astral combat with my “peers” at Menninger, I was satisfied with the psychic situation and not concerned about this modification of consciousness.

Now, however, I would like to have the awareness of “being there now” restored. I’ve never had a problem with being here now. That has been my normal condition since Wrightwood, not always pleasant considering the personality integration I had to master-mind, but nevertheless a state of consciousness I cherished because of its “nowness.”

Being here now and being there now are extensions of one continuous state, of course, but when they both are operable at the same time, there is a considerably increased spectrum of consciousness into which attention can be focused.

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19 OCTOBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... Dream scenarios...were spinoffs of Julian May’s ideas about transformation of the world through the advent of superior people, not only mentally and emotionally, but also physically. The ideas of The Tibetan and Monitor, that bodies in the future would be better able to handle chakra energies, is one of May’s themes. It was that that I dreamed about.

First, though, in one scenario there was anger in personality-oriented people who sensed a threat to their way of life, people who would try to destroy anyone who represented Spirit, like in "Jesus Christ Superstar." However, it seemed that I, and others like me, though being chased were never caught. And as these pursuers chased, they were themselves being drawn forward and transformed. And it seemed that the "chase" was part of the Plan, it represented recognition of the duality that preceded Unity in an individual.

The message seemed to be: When role-model people are reacted against, if they persevere and don't yield to combat for protection, sooner or later they have a significant transforming effect on the world. As I understand it, there are 2 tactics that Monads use, with disciples as agents: One is the not-running martyr tactic, and the other is the endlessly-running never-being-caught tactic.

* * *

20 OCTOBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... Dreams were extensions of things that Julian May wrote about in JACK THE BODILESS, only it was as if I was creating the story.

When I woke up, it reminded me of when, in Chicago, I tuned in on Timothy Leary's writing of THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE. His ideas seemed like my own, even to the point where I felt I should write it all down.

In the present case, however, I realized during the dreams that either I was tuning in on what Julian May was presently thinking, or I was tuning in on a stratum of ideas (just now I saw a flash of light) from which she was getting her material in the first place. And, I also realized that it made no real difference which it was, because, in either case,...true underlying facts were being metaphorically transformed.

Later I asked my mind to explain why Julian May focused so much detailed attention on the etheric energies connected with sex, and the impression I got was that it seemed factual and important, but mostly because she wanted the books to sell. When I then asked if that was a justifiable reason, the answer was yes. And when I asked why it was justifiable, the answer was that she was mainly interested in getting her ideas into the mind of the reader, and to do that sex and violence were used.

* * *

One of the most crucial characters, whom Julian diffidently introduces a long way into the book is a very wise shaman. This kahuna woman explains to the other main characters that

Jack's feeling as a newborn baby that 2 parts of himself were in conflict, a *High Self* and a Lower Self, and that they had to be integrated, was only partially correct.

Instead, what he called the *High Self* was actually his Middle Self, the Conscious Self. What he called the Lower Self was a Subconscious Self, and the real *High Self* was a Superconscious Self. The latter, she said, was the source of all of Jack's metaphysic faculties and powers. The Superconscious Self was his True Identity. Integration had to include all 3 Selves.

As the story unfolds, this was also true of all of the World Mind's "metapsychic operants." And, eventually (though not in this book), it is to be the Unity of the world's Superconscious Selves in a "metaconcert" synthesis that makes it possible for the World Mind to take its place in the Galactic Milieu.

This, of course, was the conscious theme of Blavatsky and her Teachers, as well as Da Free John, and The Tibetan, and the theme of The Teacher and His Group, and Monitor, Genesis, Yaveh, Emmanuel, and Lazarus, to name a few.

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THOUGHTFORMS

23 OCTOBER 1995 (MONDAY).... Awakened very slowly, with many insights about the nature of thoughtforms and how we use them. Alyce seemed to be hovering nearby and I had the feeling that she was connected with the information I'd been focusing on. After 15 minutes of pondering, I had the thought that I had too much information for 1 book, and maybe should write a metaphysical book on thoughtforms, etc., and then I realized that if I didn't include a few explanations in VISION DREAMS, the book wouldn't be as useful as it might be.

When I thought that, a flash of confirming light popped up, and also a confirming smile from Alyce, whom I didn't really see.

* * *

The gist of dream instruction was that thoughtforms are manufactured of mental substance by one's mental body through visualization, much as clay is molded by physical hands to produce a vase. One difference is that the mental plane's raw material (the chitta of India) is fluidic and isn't easy to hold in a specific shape long enough for it to crystallize. But when an idea is held in mind long enough, that is what happens.

Unfortunately, most people know who they are only through their thoughtforms, and since a large number of their thoughts were constructed when they were children, they have an inadequate idea of themselves. Along this vein, if a person has amnesia, he may be very bright but not be able to reconnect with his memories. And we say, "He doesn't know who he is."

It's as if a tailor makes a suit, puts it on, and then decides what kind of person he is according to the suit he's wearing. The bad news is that most of the clothes in his closet were made when he was an apprentice, usually ill fitting and clumsy. And the tailor, looking in a mirror sees himself as an ill-fitting and clumsy person in society.

When I visit a stranger in dreams, the first thing I do when I get there, it seems, is put on some of his thoughtforms to find out "who I am" in the dream. Once the identity is established, and I have awareness of that person, I divest myself of his thoughtforms and become myself, an observer, counselor, or instructor.

In summary of last night's dream scenarios,

-an idea is like a suit of clothes

-people put on different suits on different days

-self-identity, self-value, self-worth, self-respect, self-reliance, before we volitionally make new clothes, are based on what suit is being worn

-our closets have clothes that were saved from other lives by our subconscious Selves, and if we, without light in a dark closet, choose a suit to wear, it's not likely to be something we are glad about

-through visualization we make our own clothes

-the statement, "We are what we think we are," is partially correct, but better is, "We become what we visualize"

-when we identify with other people in dreams, we put on their thoughtforms in order to find out who it is that we temporarily have become

-then, when resonance is achieved with the other person, we take off their thoughtforms and, as ourselves, either watch or interact with that person

-ESP research is the study of thoughtform creation, transmission, and reception

-psychokinesis is a branch of psychophysics in which thoughtforms are given additional clothes of astral and etheric substance and, when held in mind with sufficient duration, become manifest

-healing is a form of psychokinesis in which the patient's garments, the living deva entities of his mind, emotions, and etheric body are re-tailored, coerced is Julian May's word

-synchronicity control usually is a form of psychokinesis in which living cosmic processes, generally subconscious, are coerced

-prayer is thoughtform production and transmission, similar to ESP

-answered prayer is a form of psychokinesis in which living cosmic processes, generally superconscious, are responsive, but not coerced

-when an actor creates a character for a play, he creates living kamamanasic thoughtform garments that he can wear at will, but which he knows are not himself

-most people are unconscious actors in a play, and seldom realize that they aren't the clothes and thoughtforms per se, and that their living garments were either created by themselves, or were handed them by a karmically-wise wardrobe mistress

-because thoughtform garments of most people have astral and etheric patches added on, psychics who can't see at all levels make mistakes about people they psychometrize, and often see the patches rather than the whole garment

-clear seeing is possible only from the causal level

-the idea behind ISIS UNVEILED (by HPB) was to bring these ideas to humanity's attention and to make known the Seven Veils of substance which obscure Divinity

* * *

As the above interlocking ideas unrolled in dream scenarios, not exactly in the form outlined above, because I can't remember all the details, I was much impressed at how simply the complexities of life fit together. A 1000-piece jigsaw puzzle is a mess until it's put together.

* * *

24 OCTOBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... Dreams were interesting. In all of them I was a teacher, focusing on the relation between mind and body, creating lifelike symbols in full color for illustration, as if with a holographic virtual-reality "blackboard." Much better than slides. Many questions and answers, just like in "real" life.

* * *

26 OCTOBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... Shown in dreams: Somehow the need of people everywhere for an IDEAL that they can see, like royalty, should be answered. This is what Jesus was born for. It was a pale glimmer of this spiritual IDEAL that Julie Andrews sensed and fought against, in order to be seen as a "regular" person in "Victor/Victoria".

* * *

The preceding evening I had watched the first half of the above movie, preceding which Roddy McDowell had commented on Julie Andrews' public "image of perfection," and marveled at the power she had to sway people.

One of the directors who commented on Julie's life pinpointed the cause of her "flops" as public resentment at her attempt to be something different from the ideal they held in their hearts.

In Julie Andrews next life, it seems to me, she'll have to make amends for her stunning focus of glamour and power into the domain of bodies and sex in "Victor/Victoria." How this reckoning might come about is hard to imagine, but the Lords of Karma have a million bodies and situations up their sleeves with which to confront people who have power and are personally willful. Earth is a hard school, and its Teachers know what they want.

* * *

27 OCTOBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... Dreams concerned people who were interested in closure of karmic accounts. Learned what happens when a person takes a positive interest in such matters during dream time.

The gist of it is that if such an interest develops during dream time, then synchronicities begin to appear in normal life that are related to the issue involved. Spiritual development and transformation then speed up in one's life. To the personality, of course, this may seem like increased trouble rather than increased happiness. Isn't that the way most students feel when vacation ends, and school begins?

The Conscious Self must become active sooner or later because it has the task and the power to open channels of communication and cooperation between the various subconscious Selves, and also is the agent of the *High Self* in expressing volition. The Conscious Self, having vertical components through "dimensions" from lowest to highest, can successfully instruct the living horizontal strata of ourselves, who comprise the subconscious parts of our nature. The Conscious Self is the "escape route," the "transformation route" to expansion of consciousness and freedom, for all levels of being. Even the Body Self must go this route.

* * *

28 OCTOBER 1995 (SATURDAY).... Feeling good today, mostly as a result of dreaming semi-awake for the last couple of hours about the 7 Selves who comprise US.

Three of these 7 beings have their own destiny and only reluctantly (when forced) agreed to be partners, namely the Physical Self, the Astral Judge Self, and the Mental Judge Self.

Two of these 7 beings, it is said, are our creations, the Basic Male Self and the Basic Female Self. But actually that's a joke, isn't it, because who are WE? We egos are only the latest in a string of 1700 personalities (to use M's symbolic number), and those personalities were the real creators of those 2 basic entities. We, today, are only one more personality in a long list of karma-creators.

And here WE conscious egos are, willy nilly, the 6th part, the Outer Self, the Conscious Self, a composite of these 5 beings, only superficially aware of the team that WE are supposed to guide, and SAVE.

Save? That apparently means guiding, leading, advising, and coercing them to their goals. It's tough having to be, at birth, the newly-appointed CEO of an ages-old company in which the various departments have their own agendas and aren't really interested in each other, or in the CEO, or in change, except to the extent that they are obliged to put up with the situation.

And that situation, of course, was engineered, orchestrated, manipulated over thousands of years by the 7th part of us, the *High Self* (the Solar Angel). We individually, as an ego, may be

President of the Company, but the *High Self* is Chairman of the Board, and determines goals and strategies. We, poor egos who are stuck with this situation, are responsible only for tactics.

But, and this is the fascinating part, as we go through our lives, gathering experiences and making evaluations, the “1700” egos, masculine and feminine, create a causal body [on Sub-levels 19 and 20 of the field-of-mind diagram] of abstract principles with which the *High Self* (Sub-level 21) interacts. It then identifies with the causal body, until It (the *High Self*) has finally “filled in” all the necessary pieces (of experience), has completed Its own development, and then It, too, is free, liberated, and WE consciously become our own *SOULS* and Monads, which unconsciously we were in the first place. Wow!

* * *

As I was writing the above paragraphs, the phone rang. It was a call from Lesley Carmack. She wanted to share with me some dream scenarios in which Alyce conducted her on a tour in which she was given information in symbolic form about “sound,” as an ancient magical power. Then it switched to scenes that related to what I (EG) am currently working on, distributing the “knowledge.” Alyce told Lesley to tell me that it was time to “reveal” myself.

* * *

At the end of Lesley’s dream scenarios, Alyce told her to relay to me her pleasure and fond memories of a particular time of year, and she gave Lesley a view of an autumn forest in gold and red radiance, which Alyce said had meant a lot to her and to me. Lesley said that it looked like pictures of Maine in the fall, and asked what it referred to.

I really laughed at that and told Lesley that 2 days ago, while looking for photos for Imre Kerner, going through the boxes of transparencies I’d collected for Alyce, I’d paused at shots of the autumn forest in 1985 on the North Shore of Lake Superior, where she and Blanche and I had traveled the 400 miles from Duluth to Sault Saint Marie at the height of the fall season. Thousands of maples, mountain ash, birches, and sumacs were simultaneously turning in one grand burst of color, one of the finest falls on record.

Lesley recalled the “blue flowers on a white background” that Alyce, in her blue-radiance form, had shown her in January, 1994.

* * *

This makes me think of when Georgina Regen was last with us as a healer in the CWP, 2 months after Alyce’s Memorial Ceremony.

Georgina wanted to focus attention on me for a few minutes, to which I consented, and the first thing she got was an image of Alyce standing behind me, and a little to one side, with a message. And when in Georgina's mind the thought rose as to whether or not this really was Alyce, Alyce laughed and showed her, very precisely, a special hat. It didn't mean anything to Georgina of course, though she described this beautiful hat (my favorite) perfectly.

Isn't it wonderful to know that these things actually do happen? I thanked Lesley for calling me, and could tell that during the conversation both of us had had to focus on what we were saying at an objective level in order to not become too subjective and produce verbal non sequiturs. Pure mind-to-mind image-to-image communication is indeed superior to multiple-interpretation verbal discourse.

Also, dear P, D, S, & J, isn't it wonderful to know that we belong to a community of beings who at causal levels are psychically connected and interconnected, and that we are part of the Planetary Being's effort to overcome the divisions and hates that are hindering Humanity at lower levels?

* * *

29 OCTOBER 1995 (SUNDAY)....a series of dream scenarios which had a negative, low-life ambiance about prostitutes, men and women. These were inconsequential dreams, for which I could see no reason. They didn't seem to mean anything to me, personally. It was as if I was exploring human relationships from an academic perspective. And yet, the crassness of the ambiance weighed on me after I woke up and I couldn't shake either it or the images.

After thinking about these dreams for a few minutes, I decided to go back to the dream state, and work out whatever the implications were. So as I lay down I asked my Mind to explain this material, or process it in some way so that the images and associated feelings of crassness would be disassembled and evaporated.

As soon as I fell asleep (in the lucid state, as usual), I began to realize that the underworld body-focus aspects of humanity had come strongly to my attention because of watching the first third of the movie, "Victor/Victoria," about homosexuality, and I was having to process the rippling disturbance it made in my psyche.

So, I asked the question of my mind, where does it come from, "the rippling disturbance," why is there any such disturbance in me? And the answer to that was "long ago karma."

* * *

The meanings that came along with those words explained that somewhere in my series of lives I had gone through this underworld of relationships in “real” life, and the subconscious memory had been brought to mind (dream mind) by my tuning-in on this stratum.

That seemed like a reasonable explanation, but the most substantial factor in support of it was that as soon as I understood that, the entire feeling that lingered from the previous dream scenarios melted away. Isn’t that interesting? Freud was right after all, in a limited sort of way. Joke....

* * *

31 OCTOBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... Dreams seemed to be a biographical-type sketch of a time in my many-lives-ago past, giving information (because I’ve wondered about it) about the characters and behaviors of the 2 feminine aspects (beings) of my nature, the Basic Female Self and the Astral Judge Self.

They knew each other, aided and abetted one another, and made the Conscious Self’s life unpredictable and on the wild side. They knew what they wanted and were contemptuous of society’s mores and rules. The Conscious Self, who appeared to be a man somewhat like me in these scenarios, was trying to succeed in the square world but was sabotaged on every turn. All they wanted was freedom to do what they wanted, mostly in the manipulation of relationships, and apparently they had lots of power over the personality as a whole.

Am truly glad that that part of my history is far gone. Actually, I’ve never been much interested in past lives, mainly because I didn’t really care. I am who I am, right this minute. And how it got that way, I couldn’t care less. But if you wonder what happened long ago, because of present-day dream confrontations (such as with the woman in the red car, and the other one in the swimming pool), you may get surprising information.

In any event, I look back on past-life shenanigans, now, with amusement. We individual personalities sure have a strange history. I’d guess, from my own retro-views, that most of the subconscious beings of a person, during a long developmental series of lives, are really not interested in the master-minding karma-controlling *High Self*, and are totally self focused. Disidentification is the last thing they want.

* * *

5 NOVEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY)....dreams, seemingly from Alyce, about a large-scale change taking place in the Catholic Church, a sub rosa revolution in which nuns are taking the lead in changing the Church’s way of dealing with spiritual problems. They are aligning themselves with what we would call New-Age principles, accepting near-death and OB experiences as real, and completely redefining (for the Church) the individual’s responsibility for making their own contact with Divinity.

Most striking in these dream scenarios was the opportunity the nuns had created for young priests to discard old dogma and “party line,” and form an alliance with the New-Age movement, as interpreted by nuns.

The symbology was mostly of cars driven by nuns who took groups of worried-but-hopeful young priests to meeting places where they could associate with other priests of like mind. These nuns knew considerably more than their male colleagues about changes in the Planetary Being, and at the same time they had an unseen communications network that was free from hierarchical control. As a result, they were able to function as shepherds for priests who, however dissatisfied with doctrine, had no easy way of knowing which persons in the hierarchy of priests, thought what.

In a nutshell, women of the Church were more free, more in the open. Priests, though boxed in, were being helped by nuns to escape. As I write this, a question comes to mind. Do nuns act as secretaries to priests, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals? If so, they would know what was going on in priestly minds....

* * *

6 NOVEMBER 1995 (MONDAY).... Dreams were inconsequential, except for the last one in which some part of my Mind was thinking of having a traveling companion. And being in a relatively deep dream state, I could only watch while my mind went through miscellaneous candidates, including Gladys Strom Gardner. Pretty interesting.

As soon as I began to awaken, I called for Alyce’s assistance to help shape the future so that no subconscious parts of me had an opportunity to manipulate either me or the cosmos, and in some sub-rosa way arrange a traveling companion.

I admitted that traveling alone is literally “alone,” and feels alone, but I prefer to evolve into a state in which the alone personality is continuously suffused with light and love from the transpersonal being, the *High Self*, which is always in community with other *High Selves*. This state of Being is not impossible to achieve, but it means that the subconscious selves and the physiologic entity must also be willing to be transformed to a state of continuous connection with the *High Self*, and thus with the *SOUL*.

The greatest obstacle to this, I believe, is the Physical Entity. As The Tibetan and Aurobindo said, the Physical Entity is the last and most difficult part to transform. In fact, it can’t be totally transmuted... until the Monad, working through the *SOUL* and the *High Self*...manifests Itself 100% through the energy center at the base of the spine. According to The Tibetan, this begins at the 3rd initiation and is completed at the 5th.

* * *

The chakra at the base of the spine is the anchor of the Monad in the physical plane, and until it can express its energy without loss, that is, without leakage of energy into other chakras, transmutation of the Physical Entity isn't feasible.

As we descend down the chakra ladder, there is no real transformational difficulty until the solar plexus is reached. This is the residence of ego and is the home base of the sub-selves that comprise our personality.

After the solar plexus chakra is brought in line with guidance from the heart and mind, the 2nd chakra becomes the main field of transformation, and that chakra is very much connected with the Physical Entity, the being who doesn't care one whit (at least in men) for what is wanted by the Conscious Self, or the *High Self*, or the *SOUL*, or the Monad.

It was in connection with this situation that my vision dream of '38 explained that the serpent who threatened me would eventually coil up in the doorway of the igloo made of stones (each stone of which represented a stage in my series of lives) and would itself turn to stone, thus sealing the entrance and making the hut a complete structure, no longer a project to work on.

* * *

....The reason this dream subject came up today was, I believe, because being home alone after a high-energy 2 days in Columbus Ohio, (where I conducted a 2-day workshop on transpersonal subjects), was such a contrast that part of me began to weep for Alyce. I'd thought that that was past, but now I realize that I still have some adjustments to go through before all personality parts are integrated and happy.

This contrast between high-energy vs low-energy, both external and internal, is a situation I'll have to learn to handle. Always in the past, Alyce's presence took care of everything. I always had a place to go back to where I felt connected with Spirit and a loving human being.

* * *

Somewhat related to the above is my driving trip to Philadelphia and New York next Sunday, 12 November. Nancy Kolenda of the Center for Frontier Sciences (the successor of Beverly Rubic, who "dreamed up" and materialized the Center), where I'll make my first presentation on 14 November, was surprised that I'd drive all that distance. She suggested that I fly to Philadelphia and rent a car to drive to NY and back to Philly. I was against that, though, and

when I later analyzed the feeling, I realized that I still have a cluster of nostalgic connections with driving in a station wagon to the East Coast [on I-70] with Alyce.

* * *

And now, I'll drive I-70 again, without Alyce, and then continue on the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Philadelphia and New York. A hundred nostalgias have to be faced and absorbed, it seems.

...I don't want to short-change those memories by...flying overhead. By driving east, just as when I earlier drove west [shortly after 6aug94], I'll absorb the nostalgias and be considerably more free.

....I have no nostalgias associated with any location outside the United States. Britain, Europe, India, Australia, New Zealand, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean and the Philippines were places that Alyce and I experienced together, but we did not have any over-the-years history there.

* * *

Writing today's journal entry helped my mood quite a bit, but not 100%, so I watched "Sleepless in Seattle" again. I'm astonished at how remedial it is. Some kind of magic there. I think it's because the feminine side of Myself feels that it gets recognition, or gets respect, or some such thing, and her sadness is therefore ameliorated.

It doesn't seem to me that the masculine parts of Myself have any such problems. The *High Self* and the Mental Judge Self seem almost at one, detached, and the Masculine Self of the personality is aligned with them, and that's my normal alignment in the Outer Self, but the Feminine Self of the subconscious has not recovered yet from the loss of Alyce. The Astral Judge Self, however, if I understand correctly, has been liberated. She was a cool humorous one, and seemed more connected to me, a masculine being, than to Alyce. Very complex. Will have to think further on this....

* * *

7 NOVEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... As I stood in the kitchen, looking out over the fields and ravine, I began thinking of The Teacher and things He told me in 1941 about future possibilities, and as I did that I began making contact with higher parts of my self, and then went through a psycho-inspection of the various sub-selves of myself. This seemed appropriate because of the self-analysis I went through yesterday after watching "Sleepless in Seattle," noticing what parts of me were involved in the story.

What I said yesterday about the masculine parts of myself being aligned with *High Self*, etc., seems to be correct. The Feminine Self is presently being transformed, and the Physical Entity is going through a process. The main thing, though, is to make certain that the energy of the root chakra, as it rises through the spinal route, isn't sidetracked in other chakras, but meets the down-pouring of light and energy at the antahkarana. At the level of the pineal, the head becomes a place of radiance.

Most interesting, this seems to be associated with the "saving" of the Physical Self. When the kundalini rises to the head, without obstruction, the Physical Entity meets its Lord. This apparently represents the salvation of the body. This must be related to Monitor's "glorification" of the body. Very interesting. And also very energizing.

Can hardly tell you how this unexpected realization has affected my sense of Physical Self. I feel taller, stronger, straighter, and the various organs of the body feel as if they too are rejoicing. The whole body, inside and out, feels good.

* * *

I believe that self analysis, using the taxonomy of M, with its 7 parts, is the key to acceleration of ones development. Am thinking about writing something about this, or saying something about this during workshops. Freud's theoretical structure was vastly incomplete, and Jung's was not fully articulated. In addition, neither The Tibetan nor Aurobindo, nor any of the other Teachers I know of, put the taxonomy in such easy-to-conceptualize terms.

M's taxonomy, since it seems to be complete in all parts (at least in my experience), makes it possible to conduct a self-analysis that is powerfully effective. For me, at least, this structure of ideas has been fruitful. Every major facet of personality feels like it is included.

* * *

9 NOVEMBER 1995 (THURSDAY)....interesting dream of instruction from a music teacher. She, or he, had apparently noticed me improvising on the organ last night and explained that if I really wanted to perform properly, in contradistinction to improvising and composing, I should pay closer attention to the exact notes I was touching and not simply experiment with sounds and combinations.

Listening to what was in my mind without making sure of the accuracy of key strokes and fingering was okay for composing, he said, but wasn't good for performing because it tended toward the practice of errors (as the improviser tests ideas and combinations).

If performance is considered important, it is necessary to reign-in the imagination and force the musical structure to stay within limits of accurate performing, otherwise timing and accuracy

both suffer and eventually are difficult to correct. The suggestion was to simplify at first, getting the performance correct, and then add frills carefully so as to not let mechanical errors creep in. END OF SCENE.

* * *

So after I had a cup of coffee, I played the organ again and tried to follow that instruction. Was amazed at how simple I had to make things in order to avoid mistakes... However, the consequence of improvising in this simpler way was improvement, and I can see that it's better to approach ones musical visualization slowly, so that imagination and performance have a chance to get together. If the imagination is limited temporarily, it's no big deal, sooner or later an increased level of physical coordination will allow greater freedom for error-free experimentation, etc.

* * *

...Too bad the house isn't alive, like the body, so that my visualization would be automatically carried out by living house-cleaning robots whenever clean-house homeostasis was ordered by me. As it is, I create the visualization, and then have to play the part of the striate-autonomic endocrine-immune complex to make it all come true.

...As self-regulated creatures, it's our visualizations that galvanize bodies to action. Since everything is actually accomplished [by our visualization], it's no wonder that the body wishes to escape from control, even if it has nowhere to go. It's merely a slave.

That's another reason we should be good to it, and take it SCUBA diving, and skiing, and sailing, etc., etc. But that raises an interesting... question, "Is there a cosmic Bill of Rights for bodies?" What considerations do we owe our bodies?

[In this regard, I later wrote, "This present body has some rights, too. For instance, when I was born I promised the body that I'd protect its integument from biting insects, such as mosquitoes, etc. And, I expect to live up to that obligation and hustle away all such invaders, or swat them. Theoretically, it's more evolutionary for a mosquito to be killed on purpose by one of the gods, namely me, than die accidentally when the drapes are pulled.]

* * *

12 NOVEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY)....no dreams to think about. My mind is giving me a break. Started for Philadelphia.

....Just past Indianapolis, stopped for dinner at a place called Grandma's Kitchen. Alyce and I stopped there once, but the smidgen of nostalgia connected with that place lasted no more than a second. The waitress was kindly, but ambient vibes were bad.

This day's drive felt like it was in honor of Alyce, and my entire inner focus was one of meditation, contemplation, and review. Had no need for outside thought, and didn't listen to the radio.

* * *

13 NOVEMBER 1995 (MONDAY).... Dreams were of powdery stuff on the road, so I quickly got up and peeked out, and sure enough the car was covered with half an inch of snow and it was coming down like a blanket. 250 miles in snow and fog. Hundreds of trucks made a fog bank of driving mist, and my Physical Self had another virtual-reality field day. Reached downtown Philly at 4:15pm. Driving on Ben Franklin's streets was great.

* * *

14 NOVEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY)....about 60 people showed up for the lecture at Temple University, and I, as Alyce had told Lesley Carmack to tell me, took a chance on focusing entirely on the field-of-mind diagram, like at a Council Grove Conference.

Wouldn't have believed the reaction if I hadn't been there. Interest exploded, and though I had only 90 minutes, about 20 people came down for another half hour of discussion afterwards. Like I once said to Alyce, we seem to be professional entertainers—though I felt more like an evangelist.

One man, quite tense and worried, asked me afterwards if I, therefore, no longer had fear of DEATH. Guessing what his problem was, I laughed and said, "Not any more. My biggest fear is getting a parking ticket." That seemed to relieve him of a burden, and his face and body tension went through a remarkable change.

Psychiatrist Clancy McKenzie showed up and during Questions gave some examples of Dream Programming in patients that had effects that were essential identical with those of theta EEG training. A perfect match for what I had spoken of.

* * *

15 NOVEMBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Compared to NJ across the river from Philadelphia, New York is child's play. The best thing for finding your way in NJ is to be born there.

* * *

[At the International Center for Integrative Studies (ICIS), the first-built Center in New York City for implementing The Tibetan's social ideas], about 15 of us gathered in the meditation room and, following a strong intuition, I talked of my life with Alyce, what we worked on together, and how, by gradually shifting between planes of consciousness at the end of her life, she was able to maintain "continuity of conscious—coming to Herself" as a full-fledged spiritual Being before the body stopped breathing.

At the end, "RL" asked what I felt was the most important thing I had experienced, or learned, from those last years with Alyce. And suddenly, though I hadn't intended to, I began explaining how I searched for and interrogated, and absorbed, nostalgias. Thus freeing Alyce from personal bonds and weight from me, and freeing me to live in the present rather than in the past.

This led me to talk about my experience of the Beings within me, and how they felt, and Genesis' talk with Alyce and me about the closing of karmic accounts.

Never before had such a feeling of closeness with any group, many of whom I'd never seen before. A "blending of Spirit."

* * *

16 NOVEMBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... Reached the 56th Floor of the Rockefeller Building (with Doug) right on time, and was given a tour before lunch of the Rockefeller brothers' offices by Charles Terry and Anne Habberton, his second-in-command. [Lawrence Rockefeller, as I may have mentioned, gave support through Rockefeller Philanthropy (chaired by Charles Terry of ICIS), for the last two years of copper-wall research after the Fetzer Institute terminated its funding.]....

....Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it sure can buy beauty. As Bob Hope warned, though, "Remember, happiness can't buy money!"

* * *

Anne was hostess for lunch. She took Doug and me to the top of the building (about the 72th Floor) and ushered us into the Club...opposite from the Rainbow Room, which I recognized from long-ago videos on New Year's Eve, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

When seated at a window table, I looked out and was startled to see the Empire State Building a few blocks away, right in front of us, just like in "Sleepless in Seattle." I turned to Anne and said that I'd watched [that movie] several times, especially for emotional solace after Alyce's departure, and this view made me think of that. And she laughed and said the scene "should

look the same,” for I was sitting in the very place where Annie sat when she and Walter came to have dinner on Valentine’s Day.

...This moment became an event. Right then I got a strong impression from Alyce, and buzzing-tingling. A nostalgic feeling quickly constricted my breathing, and then instantly began evaporating. Something was changing in me, changing between Alyce and me. I really was, as I said last night at ICIS, freeing her and me from the pull and weight of my nostalgias.

* * *

I’d driven to Philly and NY for a double reason and now, it seemed to me, Alyce was showing me, and telling me, that everything had been accomplished. This was especially true, she was saying, because this was an unequaled idyllic day, and a beautiful place from which to get perspective.

Beyond the Empire State Building, rivers and islands could be seen all the way to the Narrows, and far away on the bay sunlight glistened between cloud shadows. The Statue of Liberty, the sight of which was very significant to Alyce, was clear and sharp. Wow, what a day to be here! And Alyce was telling me something....

* * *

....But was it really true that my many many Alyce-related nostalgias had, to an important degree, been found, talked with, and absorbed? As I asked myself that question, it felt as if it were true But I didn’t say anything to Anne and Doug. Much too private just then, and stressful. Had to hold back a tear. Don’t think they noticed, because I looked out the window.

* * *

17 NOVEMBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... [drove to Valley Forge to give a talk and workshop for the Pennsylvania Society for Behavioral Medicine and Biofeedback.] Seeing Valley Forge for the first time, I got a strange feeling when I realized that since the day of my birth, I had lived more than one-third of the time since George Washington’s winter here.

George Washington was yesterday, not way back in the dim mists of time. Isn’t that astonishing? Our entire country is brand new. And everything that has happened in politics, industry, and business since the country got started, happened just the other day. New York City sprouted up over night!

* * *

18 NOVEMBER 1995 (SATURDAY).... About 4 of the 40 members of the Valley Forge group were psychic, or were healers. Two, in particular, had questions about how to protect themselves from picking up negative vibes from the patient and developing somatic symptoms that were unpleasant, painful or scary.

* * *

19 NOVEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY)....reviewed during the drive back to Kansas the many events of the week, trying to sort out in my mind what had happened and didn't notice the passing of time and before long was at St. Louis. Being close to home, relatively speaking, I decided to drive all the way It was a 19-hour trip at an average speed of 61.2mph.

* * *

FINDING GLADYS

22 NOVEMBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... A 3-page letter came from Gladys Strom Gardner. I got a strong impression when I picked it up, and when I opened it a faint fragrance catapulted me back 60 years. What a strange sensation. Her preference hasn't changed The olfactory- limbic brain connection is...powerful. Very surprising—even if academically you already know about it!

Gladys's penmanship is perfect, essentially the same as in the page she wrote in my Denfeld yearbook. Oddly, while reading her letter I began to feel a subtle tension at about diaphragm level. Did Alyce anticipate this?

Gladys' only child, Susie, is a theoretical physicist, a professor and researcher at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. And, Gladys said, "I was 44 years old (unbelievable as it might be) when she was born, and I have had to stay forever young ever since. She, of course, is the light of my life."

Interestingly and surprisingly, Gladys said, "Seeing you again would have been like taking a walk down memory lane. We had good times. I will always be glad that you and I had those years together, will forever be grateful for them."

Rather than write an answer, I thought I'd phone.

* * *

Ate sparingly today to compensate for 3 lbs I gained last week. When people lovingly feed you, it's easy to eat too much. Love is easy to accept.

* * *

25 NOVEMBER 1995 (SATURDAY).... Dreamed that Rachel Naomi Remen came to visit me at Lakewood Hills. That created a problem because the house was a mess. Fortunately, she was like a family member and didn't have to be fussed over while I straightened things. A visit from Naomi is obviously unlikely, but it tells me I'd better get the house in order.

Bought groceries, and bought some Glen Ellen Chardonnay, which I said to myself was in memory of Alyce, hoping to ameliorate my boxed-in feeling

* * *

For some reason, today was a heavy day. No nostalgias to work on, but nevertheless a feeling of absence and loss persisted. Thought about Alyce a lot, and Gladys Strom Gardner.... What happened to Gladys over the years. Was her life sad, happy, wonderful, etc., etc.?

Will have to call her, or forever be stuck with these questions. Oddly enough, I still feel connected to her, like to a dear family member (though such a feeling of connection may be a free-floating fantasy), and am concerned about her living in Los Angeles—a seismic zone.

The psyche certainly is a complex aggregate of thoughts and feelings. Puzzles abound....

* * *

26 NOVEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY). Was wide awake at 6am after a dream in which Gladys was riding with me in a car, apparently coming to Lakewood Hills after my invitation for a visit. She was an interesting, verbal, very talkative person. I interpret the dream to mean that at some non-rational level I'm hoping that Alyce will return.

Decided that if I was going to call Gladys I shouldn't postpone it. No listing of a phone number for her in LA, so phoned her friend, Evelyn Johnson Kirk.

* * *

When I phoned Gladys...she answered immediately. She was delightful to talk to, and had an unending number of things to talk about. Had the same sparkling personality as at Denfeld. John Gardner, her husband, was an Air Force navigator in WWII who eventually became a well-to-do attorney. He died suddenly in 1984, after 42 years of marriage.

Gladys had a busy life, especially after Susan was born (by Cesarean), by having to care for a genius-type beautiful modest friendly young girl who wanted to do everything. Gladys arranged dozens of activities (like piano, swimming, skiing, skating, ballet, riding, Campfire Girls, etc., etc.) and became an almost full-time chauffeur for Susan and her friends.

Susan is a graduate of Cal Tech, MIT, and 2 years of post-graduate work in physics at the Max Plank Institute in Heidelberg, and her closest friend, Wolfgang Korsch is a physicist from Heidelberg, but since they can't get jobs in the same American city, they commute back and forth during holidays.

By the time I learned what had happened to Gladys, and her father, mother, sister (Ingrid), younger brother (Melvin), and husband (John), and all his relatives, and had answered her questions about Marble and Marie, and Uncle Ed, myself, and Alyce and the 4 children, 4:15 hours had passed. My fifty questions had received a hundred answers.

* * *

Gladys said that she was always optimistic and cheerful, was a healthy person, still weighed 105 lbs, had many friends just like in high school, was an avid horticulturist, and talked a lot on the phone!

My dream at 6am this morning about Gladys, that "She was an interesting, verbal, very talkative person," was right, and was not a subconscious wish that Alyce would return. Gladys and I weren't riding in a car, but we were talking at my invitation.

* * *

27 NOVEMBER 1995 (MONDAY)....A dream indicated that Gladys was one of the people with whom I would form line-of-light connections from the forehead, like with the Council Grove Conference people (and others) whom I had contacted over the years.

In the dream, Alyce formed this line-of-light image in my mind, with the inference that a connection with Gladys was in the cards, so to speak, and said (not in words, but mind-to-mind) that it was necessary for me to find Someone as a companion. She then produced a scene in which several women were standing together, but the only one with a clearly-defined face, at the front of the group, was Gladys.

On seeing this image, I said, "I don't believe this. How do I know I'm not creating this entire scene in my own head, because I'm lonesome? How do I know that my Masculine Self isn't posing as you? My life will continue alone, as I said."

* * *

In using the words “as I said,” I was referring to a conversation we’d had a few days (to the best of my memory) after the visit in Sep91 by Caroline Myss and Genesis. Alyce and I were sitting in recliner chairs in the library. I was reading to her from Aurobindo—when suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up, looked around, and said in a puzzled way, “Where is your future wife?” As if, “Where did she go?”

Astonished, for my life had been 100% focused on Alyce in the here and now, without a thought of the future, I instantly came to her side, put my arms around her and said that there would never be a “future wife.” She shouldn’t worry about such things. She was the only person in my life, that’s the way it had been, and that’s the way it would always be.

She wasn’t convinced, and disagreed with me in a kind of a trance-like way. She said I needed a wife. How strange I thought. Maybe she’s feeling sorry for me. Finally I got her to relax and lie back in the chair, and listen to more of Aurobindo.

* * *

In retrospect (from May2000), I believe that Alyce’s *SOUL* was trying to get me to look ahead. She KNEW that I would go back into the world as a teacher “some day,” but without a companion. And how, then, would I handle the personal yin-yang ambiance?

Good question—though I didn’t know it at the time. Later, however, as in the dream of 17sep95, Alyce gave me very blunt information about the possibility of meeting “predatory” females in Europe.

* * *

BACK TO THE JOURNAL: These line-of-light connections were, I believe, similar to the ones I saw in the vision dream of 1955 (or thereabouts) when I asked my Mind to show me where I should work, and in response it gave me a view of the line-of-light network from forehead to forehead that would radiate from where I was standing in the clock tower at Menninger.

If this line-of-light network can be extended to include contactees who are presently latent,...maybe I’ll be able to interest Susan Gardner in bioenergy, and subtle energies in general. We need bright young physicists, particularly women, studying these energies, and she might be capable of doing the research that in 1940 I’d hoped to do.

* * *

Won't send Gladys "New Age" information too fast. She says that she has a 6th sense, but hasn't focused on the meaning of it over the years. She feels that there will soon be an economic collapse in the U.S., like in 1929. Also, she said, she has always believed that the mind is the controller of the body at every level, and several times mentioned her agreement with my "Promotion of Health" paper.

Also, interestingly enough, when I told her about Doug's contact with American Indian medicinemen over the years, it became apparent that her social orientation was the same as ours.

* * *

28 NOVEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY)....As the day passed I found I was thinking of what I would say in a letter to Gladys about subtle energies and healers, and about some of my own experiences, etc. Finally wrote it.

* * *

....Wakened at 4am and got up, walked around the house for a few minutes trying to decipher the source of my unease, and after some in-depth interrogation found that writing that long letter to Gladys had made me realize (at least subconsciously) that I was suffering from anticlimactic depression after the week in PA and NY, where for 5 days I had stayed on an unending high.

That state lasted through the continuous 19-hour drive home, and even through the next day—but the contrast of that high, followed by ordinary life, without a feminine companion to talk to on the way back from NY [and that seemed to be an important part of the problem], finally began to weigh on me.

* * *

Went to bed at 7:30am and again dreamed, or fell into a lucid hypnagogic state, in which the previously-rejected idea of a traveling companion came once more to mind.

According to some psychoanalysts, dreams always represent unconscious wishes or fears. That's untrue, as we know, but even if they're wrong about the always part, sometimes they're right.

Was my dreaming about an unexpected visit from Naomi on one night, and then about Gladys coming to Kansas on the next night, a message from some subconscious part of me, something I hadn't really wanted to think about?

The resolution of these questions would take too much writing space at this point, so I'm including it in the next Episode of:

"As The EEG World Turns."

* * *

29 NOVEMBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Am convinced that I have a real, not easy to dismiss, problem about wanting a traveling companion.

Alyce appeared again in a dream, and insisted that it was necessary for me to find Someone as a companion. The debate seemed to go on for a couple of hours. I was terrified at the idea. I didn't know anyone, I said. How could I explain myself to Someone. And how would I maintain my delicate "energy balance?" My long-time goals would be endangered, etc., etc. To every argument her answer was always, "It'll work out. Do it!"

Finally, tired of not being allowed to sleep peacefully (for two or three nights), without this argument, I said, with a bit of asperity, "All right! All right! I'll do it! But only under one condition. That you and the Kosmos generate a synchronicity that will convince me that I'm not the one who is producing this scenario."

At that she smiled, blessed me, put a calming light around me (like cool translucent green water), turned away and let me drift into real sleep. What a peaceful change. And—I was impressed. If she and the Kosmos could do such a thing, Whatever it might be. I'd go along.

* * *

My impression right now, dear P, D, S, & J, and probably the best decision, is to let Alyce and the Kosmos handle the problem. Do I need a traveling companion, if I were to lecture in Australia, for instance?

Synchronicities manipulated by Sources beyond my conscious control will have to be the guide. As a Conscious Self, I don't want to try to arrange anything, for fear of making a mistake and going backwards in my sadhana (spiritual path).

....I want the *High Self* to be the guide in this, not the personality nor any of its not-fully-transmuted parts. And as I write this, I realize that for many years (especially the last 10 years), I've had an inner fear of being entrapped by women! Isn't that amazing?

But now, I have finally come to full awareness of the fact that the fear wasn't about women. That was an out-and-out projection. The real problem was that I was still repelling the Anima, and women (mostly without knowing it) are her agents.

* * *

....Very restless, thinking about meeting with Menninger administrators tomorrow, to decide how to dispose of lab equipment. And mixed in with that, from another level, was a series of recurring thoughts about Alyce and Gladys, and their possible relationship to each other, and the possibility of having a woman traveling companion on future trips.

Those thoughts gradually created, or re-created, the psychological hassle of 2 days ago that I thought I'd disposed of, mainly because I kept impatiently throwing the thoughts out instead of talking with them. It's dumb, I kept telling myself, to think of anyone as a traveling companion. And then another "voice" would say, "No, it's necessary. Not that it should be Gladys, but it should be Someone."

* * *

1 DECEMBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... Oddly enough after a long day at the lab, when the thought occurred to me that on a long trip, a traveling companion would help with loneliness, I got an unusually strong buzzing-tingling on my back. One theory to account for that buzzing is that I have a strong psychosomatic power. And the sensation appears any time some inarticulate subconscious part of me wants to further its own agenda.

Guess I'd better ask the *High Self* to give me an answer. It's too easy to think that the buzzing is related to Alyce, and that she is affirming something or other. That kind of thinking, if wrong, can lead to incredible confusion. So I don't believe that the buzzing is Alyce's communication—but, I don't disbelieve it.

But then another thought The Teachers often travel in pairs, Koot Hoomi and Morya, etc. I, myself, have independently seen this. And so did Bob Monroe. Why is this? Is it for some energy-balancing reason? And when I thought that, the buzzing-tingling doubled.

* * *

Whatever the actuality, I'm not likely to feel certain about any idea unless the explanation is definitely from the *High Self*. The sense of authenticity that comes with that, I've learned to trust. That level of mind is never wrong.

And when I thought and wrote that, there was a flash of light in peripheral vision, a sudden increase of chakra-ringing in my ears, and an increase in the buzzing-tingling.

Nevertheless, I'll wait till I'm in contact with the *High Self* in a lucid-dream state before I'll accept the idea that having Someone is necessary.

* * *

3 DECEMBER 1995 (SUNDAY).... Those subconscious parts of me that were upset last week seem to have become peaceful again. The main reason for this, I believe, is that I focused my attention on them, almost exclusively for several days, and felt what they had to say.

One of the most valuable things I've learned, is the difference between nostalgia and loneliness. That insight had a powerful tranquilizing effect on the emotions.

The other important thing, I believe, possibly the main factor, was acceptance by the group of Subconscious Selves, or by the one who was most distressed (which seemed to be the Feminine Self), of the fact that I, the Conscious Self, would listen to them with full respectful attention, but would reserve judgment until the *High Self* and Alyce, and maybe The Teacher, had indicated what was most useful for me, and for every other person who might in some way be related to me.

* * *

....The vision dream of the two-gender Self of me, cleaning their house and discarding everything except their own back-to-back fastened-together chairs, polishing the walls and floor until all was shiny and glistening, seems to have been correct. But I didn't consciously arrive at that "clear awareness" until this week. The reason: Until I got the letter from Gladys, I didn't realize (even though I suspected), that a number of thoughtforms from the past hadn't yet been recognized.

Looking back through problems of my own life, and thinking about clients that I, and Alyce and you, have worked with, I understand why humans have so much internal conflict and so many destructive solutions. Lacking objective consciousness of their own sub-section Selves, and not disidentifying with the driving kamamanasic thoughtforms that have accumulated over many lives, and not seeing the Light nor hearing the Voice of the *High Self*, it's no wonder that bizarre anti-social me-first behavior is growing.

In the past, Church and State kept humanity's subconscious forces in check, but Religion no longer is a controlling power. And the State, by sheer brute force, and jails, can't...cope with the problem. Most people, at least in "civilized" nations, have been thrown on their own.

And to top it off, the "green energy" is making the almost-autonomous subconscious Selves of everyone increasingly strong and demanding. What a predicament!

It's a [bad] time for personalities, and a golden opportunity for *High Selves*. They've waited centuries for a chance to get the attention of their kamamanasic creatures. And now, through the intermediary role of Conscious Selves, who are distressed by roiling almost-out-of-control sub-conscious anarchies, the *High Selves* acting in concert (metaconcert, to use Julian May's word) will have a chance to establish Peace on Earth.

* * *

4 DECEMBER 1995 (MONDAY)....a short letter came from Gladys in the mail, thanking me for the phone call and reminding me of a few things I'd forgotten from long ago, like when Merrill, at age 13, hid behind the seat of the Reo Flying Cloud when Gladys and I were going somewhere, and how I spotted him in the rear view mirror and without saying anything drove around the block and back to the house, then said (to Gladys) that Merrill had to become more invisible.

* * *

5 DECEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... I was in a lucid hypnagogic state for a long time during the night while the *High Self* and I considered various ways of organizing VISION DREAMS so as to be persuasive and accomplish something.

A whole series of chapter ideas came to mind. It seems that I've been given an opportunity, by the process of living that I've gone through, to explain our *High Self* Connection in a rational physically-significant, emotionally-satisfying, intellectually-appealing and spiritually-correct way.

* * *

....called Gladys. This conversation was shorter than the last one, but still 3:50 hours [discussing Dr. Erwood, The Teacher, the Dalai Lama, and the possibility of photographing the energy body at the time of death].

Gladys remembered that we'd talked of ESP and OB travel in Duluth, and she remembered that when she went through Minneapolis in January, 1940, I took her to the Young Peoples Group at Divine Science. And she believed that she met Alyce. That's interesting, especially because Alyce seemed to be instrumental lately in getting any karmic residue that may have existed between Gladys and me, dissolved.

* * *

6 DECEMBER 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Dreamed about discussing metaphysical subjects with Gladys. Wonder if it was “real,” or fantasy. While wondering, I called Alyce in my mind and asked if she had anything to do with this. All I got in answer was a chuckle.

So I asked Alyce what I should think of this contact with Gladys, and the answer, oddly enough (though I have an extremely ingenious mind), was “Nothing. Just continue what you are doing.” Hmm.

* * *

8 DECEMBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... [Drove to Judy and Bob’s.]

9 DECEMBER 1995 (SATURDAY)....[We Flew to Cozumel from Denver for scuba diving. Stayed at Diamond Resort. Perfect place.]

* * *

12 DECEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... Told Judy and Bob about my decision to let synchronicities be my guide in regard to a companion.

In the evening, when Judy asked me to come down to the beach and walk in the moonlight with her and Bob, I said I had postcards to write, and anyhow, “Two’s company. Three’s a crowd.” And she laughed teasingly, and said, “I’ll bet that if Gladys were here you wouldn’t say that.” And I replied—”Maybe so.”

Then she asked what I would consider sufficient as a synchronicity to induce me to go to Los Angeles and see Gladys. Surprised, for I hadn’t thought that far ahead, I said that since no one had called from Southern California for ten years or more, to do a workshop or give a lecture, if someone called me from Pepperdine College (Malibu), or from San Diego, I’d consider that to be a “sign” to contact Gladys. Quite funny, considering what eventually happened.

* * *

14 DECEMBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... On the Palancar reef, coming up through narrow black twisting tunnels into a coral cathedral was an adventure. By chance the Diamond Resort’s underwater movie maker went along and made a great video for us.

Went parasailing in the afternoon, pulled by a high-speed boat. Judy went last, and while she was floating up there Bob said, “I’ll bet you that at supper time Judy will suggest that we take up sky diving.” I wouldn’t take that bet, and said “I’m glad she’s your wife.” But then added, “But if she were mine, and wanted to take up sky diving, I’d do it.”

When we laughed, the parasail operators looked puzzled, so I explained about Judy's love of adventure. We all had a good laugh. But even Bob was surprised when Judy, before we'd gone 50 feet from the boat dock, said that that wonderful experience had made her think favorably about sky diving!

....[Four months later, Judy and Bob attended a week-long conference in Chattanooga. They had a great time—HANG GLIDING. An ultralight plane towed the glider, with instructor and student, up to 2000 feet. Then the instructor detached the tow line, demonstrated the up-down and side-to-side maneuvers, and turned it over to the student. Bob said he hoped Judy wouldn't become an addict.]

* * *

18 DECEMBER 1995 (MONDAY)....Back in Kansas. The problem is, "What do I, a Conscious Self, really want, in terms of "connections?" Also, there may be another question. "In view of my psychological makeup, what do I need?"

In regard to "connections," the a-rational parts of my subconscious have finally, though reluctantly, accepted the fact that Alyce is physically gone, and that she now lives in an "energy body" entirely different from her former physical self. She lives on light, takes whatever form she visualizes, and has become exactly what Genesis said she'd be, a spiritual advisor.

* * *

SYNCHRONICITY 1

A physician by the name of Karl Maret M.D., M.S. (biomedical engineering) phoned from San Diego and asked if I'd become a member of the Advisory Board of the DOVE HEALTH ALLIANCE. Jim Strohecker of Santa Monica ten minutes from Gladys's house and not far from Pepperdine suggested he call me.

* * *

19 DECEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... Dreams suggested that if I should travel to Phoenix this January, like I did last year, I should also drive to Los Angeles and visit Gladys in person. Hmm...

Part of my subconscious, with acquiescence and, it seems, furthering and blessings from Alyce, feels that it is necessary for me to have a human connection with this world. And, Gladys is, at this moment, the only person I'm aware of who might possibly be such a person.

.... And in a Christmas card she wrote, "Dear Elmer, Honestly what a pleasure it has been talking with you again. It seems incredible that it has been so many years since last we talked. Yet our talking is almost as though we have picked up where we left off—unbelievable, after such a long time. Sincerely, Gladys."

* * *

Gladys says she enjoys every minute of being alive, and gets up every morning with a feeling of grateful appreciation. And, from the 10 hours of conversation we've had, it's clear that she delights in Nature and in meeting people. And lives in the "here and now" with thankfulness.

In the first hour that we talked, she cheerfully told me that that was how it was with her. Never gloomy, not dwelling on negative thoughts (which she feels are counterproductive), always looking for the positive side. And that is why, she feels, that she has never used Medicare or any medical insurance, nor needed physical exams, etc., etc. She says her good health and optimism are the despair of some of her friends and neighbors, but that's how it is.

* * *

Now that I've absorbed my personal sadnesses and nostalgic anchors associated with Alyce's departure, and Alyce and I are spiritual partners in a Monadic way, even as all of us in the family are connected with her at *SOUL* and Monad level, I don't wish to block a future that might be more productive (and also happier and less gloomy).

Left to myself, I feel surprisingly disconnected from human affairs these days, very much disinterested. And now...I must think about the possibility of living that way for the rest of my life. And, not being one who thinks "martyrdom for memory sake" is useful, and having always been kind and loving to needy parts of my own Being (which accounts for their present state of cooperation with Me), I find that I'm thinking about Gladys.

But possibly Gladys wouldn't want me even as a traveling companion. Or for various reasons wouldn't want to upset the even tenor of her present life, which, in the 11 years since John's death, she has become accustomed to and very comfortable with.

But, not to worry! Her feeling about the matter, if she were to know what I'm writing to you here, is for her to ponder if the subject ever comes up. It wouldn't be a simple matter and it's not my problem.

The only thing I'll do immediately is respond to yesterday's call from Karl Maret and accept his offer. And I could visit Los Angeles and San Diego in the same trip.

* * *

23 DECEMBER 1995 (SATURDAY)....I'm truly free of the nostalgic weight and pain of the past. This is a strange feeling, one that a year ago I would never have guessed. Now I can look at photos of Alyce and me and the family with loving interest and good feeling, and no longer with ache.

From a logical point of view, I might have predicted this evolution of release, but...never would have guessed at the freedom it might produce to be "in the here and now." Alyce, too, must be highly relieved, for now we can function like any "personality and spiritual-advisor" pair.

In addition to transpersonal things, once today as I worked in the kitchen a thought came to mind about how pleasant it would be to have a companion to talk to, and I wondered how it would be to talk with Gladys in person, and not just on the phone, and with that thought the familiar buzzing-tingling appeared, and with it an echo of laughter from Alyce, and an impression of good humor and goodwill—and approval. But shouldn't I get some feeling of regret, or reluctance, or even jealousy from Alyce? Some holding-back of support?

Isn't that a funny thought? Typically human!

And when I thought that, the humor from Alyce only increased, and I suddenly felt, though I'd known it intellectually all along, that Alyce is no longer a simple-minded human, she's a full-fledged "angel," a column of light, and her personal possessive interest in me is nil.

That astral cloud, and weight on the psyche, has no hold on her. She's free! And she made me feel that I, too, am free. And, I got the thought and feeling that she wants me to have a happy personal connection in this world for as long a time as I might have left to work.

* * *

Concerning jealousy, I had a most amusing experience.... I was thinking of the 54 years that Alyce and I lived together, and that led to the thought that Gladys and John Gardner lived together for 42 years. And that thought, believe it or not, was accompanied by a sudden twinge of jealousy.

Hey, what's going on here, I said. And then, suspicious, I said, "Who said that?" And then: "Who are you?"

The immediate answer: "I'm the masculine side of your astral twin, and I sent that message as a demonstration. Even though you've neglected me, I'm still here. You're always thinking about the well being of females! The Astral Feminine Self, the Astral Judge Self, and Alyce, Pat, Sandra, Judy, and now Gladys and Susan. Never thinking of ME."

Much surprised, I answered that that wasn't true! In fact, if I was thinking of Gladys, it was obviously for him, too.

The reply to that was surprising. "That's not the problem. The problem is that you think that YOU are the one who's having these thoughts and feelings, but actually it's ME, not YOU! And YOU act as if I don't exist."

Wow! What a surprise. Taken aback, I quickly said, "My apologies. Thanks for reminding me. Excuse my oversight. I truly appreciate your looking out for OUR welfare." And with that, just as suddenly as it appeared, the twinge of jealousy went zip, and vanished.

* * *

25 DECEMBER 1995 (MONDAY)....thinking of a dream scenario it occurred to me that being a teacher in the bardo is like being an astral "dive master." But, I thought, it's different from SCUBA because in the astral ocean I'm not a beginner dive master, instead I'm more of a School Official.

And when I thought that, a bright light turned on above eye level inside my head. This was not a single confirming flash, but a turn-on that didn't go away, and with it came the realization that even while I'm lecturing in the physical body, fully conscious, I'm also lecturing in the bardo. Very interesting because this is exactly what Dr. Erwood said he was doing, every time he lectured. Apparently there are a host of students at all levels through the bardo who listen to "liberating" talks.

* * *

26 DECEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY)....contact with The Teacher. I haven't been consciously in contact with Him since 1991, when, before Alyce and I talked with Genesis, He showed that we were making the final smoothings of our individual ice rinks, the causal bodies, after which we would continue our voyage on the Daphne (our spiritual voyage), sliding downhill through snow-banked ravines toward the ocean.

In the present scenario, I was in an OB state, flying west at about 20,000-foot elevation—and, looking over the earth, saw that all was not well with humanity. And I thought, "Time is running out. If economic turbulence, or some such condition, doesn't soon show up to awaken Humanity, and counteract the trend toward selfishness, humans may create another World War."

And then The Teacher was by my side, and He showed me, or called my attention to, a line of stratus clouds that was approaching from far away across the desert. He said a dangerous wind was coming, and told me to watch a certain section of the cloud bank. Soon a roiling and boiling formation emerged from the strata, extending very high, and The Teacher said, with a feeling of regret that I felt, too, that its appearance was inevitable, and necessary, that it wasn't far in the future, and that it would be very destructive.

Then I was made to wake up, with the images and words very clear in my mind.

The Teacher seldom contacts me except at moments of significant change, and I got the impression that this storm represents a major shift, or danger, or reorientation in human life.

* * *

The way I'd put it is, "The cortex of planet Earth (Humanity) has neglected the limbic Earth-brain (Gaia), and will soon find that an unhappy limbic system has a powerful effect on the Earth-hypothalamus and pituitary (the Deva Kingdom). As a result, the personality of Earth (the Planetary Being) will suffer a pronounced 'psychosomatic' disturbance, and that trouble won't end until Humanity asks for guidance and help from the Earth's *High Self* (the Fellowship of Light), and learns to communicate with the Earth's "lower brain centers" with humility, love, and appreciation."

Hope I live to see the Day!

* * *

Only 2 Christmas cards in the mail today, but there was also a 1-page note from Gladys. She penned some words from a WWII song. "We'll meet again. I don't know where, and I don't know when, but we'll meet again some sunny day." So, I feel quite sure that we'll meet, other than on the astral plane.

Well, this is what makes soap opera interesting! Will keep you posted. As I write this, I get a strong buzzing-tingling on my back. What does Alyce know that I don't know?

* * *
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* * *

The following two letters, to P,D,S & J and Gladys, were written on the day I mailed to them in the 1jan96-through-26jan96 Chapter of the Journal.

Dear Pat, Doug, Sandra, and Judy,

26 JANUARY 1996

With this Chapter, of what originally started out to be simply my Vision Dreams Journal, Gladys is included in the distribution. I wish for her to know some of the things I've been thinking about (Monitor, The Teacher, myself, her, parapsychologic events, etc.) and also let her know of the detail in which I've been writing to you for the last 7 years.

In the absence of full-blown ESP between people, frankness and honesty are needed in this world. (That, incidentally, would accelerate the evolution of the Planetary Being tremendously.) The honesty with which I've written this journal, however, now involves a risk. In reading this, Gladys may find that I'm not the right type of person for her. If that eventuates, we would both be sad, but at least she would have more information on which to base her ultimate feelings about me.

Also, I need to focus more on VISION DREAMS, so the Journal will shrink.

However,... the present mailing is another detailed Journal Chapter. The reason: I want you to know more of what happened with Gladys and me long ago, and what we decided 10 days ago during my visit to LA. Meeting Gladys was, for me, like finding a long-lost dear relative, and I want you to understand my feeling.

And because this is my final detailed journal chapter, I'm ending this letter with a word of grateful appreciation. Writing these hundreds of pages to you over the last few years aided me greatly in maintaining objectivity and a measure of tranquillity and good nature. Thanks for reading and commenting. It helped more than you'll ever know. Alyce joins in this thought. Not every father and mother have been blessed with such children.

Love you,
Dad

* * *
* * * * *
* * *

Dear Gladys,

26 JANUARY 1996

The time we spent together in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Wrightwood, Victorville, Palmdale, and Riverside, was happy and healing for me. Though the last few years had been unexpectedly stressful, when I flew away from Los Angeles, directly over Old Baldy and Wrightwood, it was with the feeling that the 1940-1995 chapter of my life had come to a proper conclusion. And, with Alyce's blessings from another dimension it seemed that perhaps a new chapter was beginning.

In fact, unless my versatile subconscious mind made it all up in order to keep my Conscious Self happy, it was Alyce who brought about our meeting.

Whatever the causal sequence, it was a delight to be able to see and talk with you again, starting essentially where we left off 56 years ago, but with multitudes of events to discuss and think about in both our lives, and with some things to put right, and heal.

And now, I'm sending you this chapter of my journal, partly for the reasons mentioned in my letter to P,D,S & J, and partly so you will know me better. Since you'll receive this letter and chapter before our 7-February meeting, you will have had a bit more time to consider how you feel about me after all these years.

Love from me, dear Gladys,

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1 JANUARY 1996 (MONDAY).... I'm beginning to see myself as an agent of The Teacher in the planetary thoughtform jungle, all the time chopping a way through a twisting undergrowth of vines with a machete, like in "Romancing the Stone," looking for isolated individuals and villages that needed connecting-up. The world of Love and Light sometimes seems far away. Maybe that's because it's not easy to have an overall perspective while hacking away with a machete.

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4 JANUARY 1996 (THURSDAY).... Dreams were reviews of energy medicine and subtle-energy interest in Russia, not specific research itself as much as the attitudes and intrigues of researchers. Desire to be FIRST isn't limited to America. In symbolic impression...the general atmosphere was dark. Light and Love didn't seem to be of as much concern as Power. If this is true, it may be, in part, due to fear of the political system, and justified worry about what lies ahead.

After I'd been up for half an hour, I looked out at the lake and meditated on what was it that I really wanted to do. And as I thought that, I moved solidly into the state of consciousness which I would call the *High Self*. Very objective. Very detached. And at the same time that this happened, I was much interested (as a Witness) in how I, as a personality, was responding.

As I became aware of being observed by MYSELF, I began to have a feeling of certainty about what I wanted to do, and said to the Inner Being that if a Subtle-Energies laboratory were to be started in Topeka, then I would commit (promise, dedicate) 10 years to its establishment and guidance and would:

1. Be Director, just as Gardner Murphy was Director of the Research Department of Menninger when I showed up in 1964.
2. Have final say, yea or nay, on every project.
3. Be in charge of support staffing (Biomedical, etc.).
4. Be in charge of Principal Investigator staffing, and:
5. The DOVE HEALTH ALLIANCE would buy the Gardner Murphy Research Building from Menninger, with no Menninger strings attached, OR would find or build other quarters in Topeka.
6. The Subtle Energies Lab would be a fraction of a DOVE HEALTH ALLIANCE CENTER in Topeka, whatever its connection with the Life Sciences Institute on individual projects.
7. This Center would be the focal point and evaluation point through which all DOVE subtle-energies research in the Midwest would be guided and approved, etc., from Minnesota to Texas, and from Colorado through Missouri, etc.
8. If these things were agreed to by DOVE, I would not send (copper-wall) lab equipment to Noetics, but would retain every piece of gear on which I had any claim in the Murphy Building, and use it as a nucleus around which to begin constructing a real Subtle Energies and Energy Medicine Laboratory, with out-and-out physics-type studies, using the latest and most sophisticated types of experimental gear, etc.

[In this (final) affirmation I was revising my promise to Marilyn Schlitz, Director of Research at IONS, the Institute of Noetic Sciences with which I'd long been associated, to send the copper-wall equipment to them.]

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As I thought of these things (for about an hour), and walked a circular path around the living room and computers, about 100 times, suddenly the question arose in my mind, but what is my situation in regard to a companion.

The answer was that I would need a companion. And I began thinking of Gladys, and wondering what she thought of me. There was a slight edge of humor from the *High Self* in response to that. So, I thought, what do I really think about Gladys. And the answer to that was, very coolly, "How can you think anything as of now? You haven't even visited her."

So I decided to phone her, with the suggestion of paying a visit next week. This I did, and she agreed to see me.

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....Explained to Karl Maret the 8 points listed above, and amazingly enough he was in agreement, and said he would enlarge the Midwest section of his proposal [and] make Topeka the DOVE headquarters for the Central Region of the country.

The Meeting of Minds I feel with Karl is remarkable. We talked of it, and he said it was obvious that we were both Players (as in THE PLAYERS OF NULL-A), and all we had to do was dream, plan, work, and persevere, and let the Kosmos arrange "synchronicities." In view of what I've written in this journal in the last 2 months about synchronicities, I'm impressed.

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.... Called Gladys. The conversation was funny (hilarious). She said that she'd written me 3 notes (or letters) in the last 3 days. When I asked what she had said, she stammered a bit, and laughed, and said that after thinking it over she'd decided that it was all too precipitous, and that I shouldn't plan for us to take a trip together, and shouldn't come to see her except for lunch some time between flights.

I said, "What? What are you talking about? What trip?" And she said that when I called 10 days ago I said I'd come down and we'd take a trip together, and take the dog with us. And, what had hastened her realization that all this was too sudden, too unexpected, unreasonable, was when she told Susan that I had suggested taking her and the dog on a trip, and Susan said, "A trip? Where would you go? What kind of trip?"

The problem was, Gladys hadn't thought about details, and she answered, "I'm not sure, maybe Palm Springs, or some other place?"

I interrupted and said, "And what did Susan say to that?"

After a pause, in which I could hear her trying to find appropriate words, she said, "That's nice...."

And I added, "And her eyebrows shot up!" That got a laugh. Afterwards I said, "Actually, you're way ahead of me. I only meant a trip up to Santa Barbara and back. Why did you think I meant a trip for 2 or 3 days?"

And she said, "Well, if you meant Santa Barbara and back, you would have said 'a drive,' or 'a ride'."

I laughed and said something like, "What a difference a semantic makes."

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....The whole thing became quite humorous, for I reminded Gladys that I'd known her a lot longer than Susan had, and asked if she'd ever told her about me. She said no. She said the first she told Susan anything of our 2 years together was after I phoned.

"Anyway," I said, "....tell Susan that before I ask you to go on a 'trip' I'll ask her permission." Gladys laughed, and I added, "Actually, believe it or not, I'd already thought about that.

....But Gladys said, "Susie might think I'm too old to take a trip with you, or anyone. And that's what made me start thinking about how many years have gone by since I last talked to you, 56 years, and how unreasonable it is to renew an acquaintance at our age."

I had an answer for that. "Tell me, how old do you really feel?" After a pause, she said that surprisingly she didn't feel any older than Susan. That's because her health is fine, she enjoys living every day, her mind is bright. She keeps others informed on national and international news, and, she added, "Also, everyone thinks I'm 20 years younger than I am because my hair isn't white and I have few wrinkles.

"But nevertheless, you haven't seen me. Probably wouldn't recognize me. And may not be pleased with my appearance. After all, I'm not young any more."

That was easy to respond to. I pointed out that men aged faster than women, and everything she said about herself and her age was probably even more pronounced in me, though people at lectures tended to guess my age quite a bit younger.

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And, I said, all this conversation makes no difference anyway. We are old friends. And even if we don't go on a "trip" together, we can take Hanni (the dog) and drive to Santa Barbara for the day, visit the harbor, and have a couple of dinners together....

....Then Gladys said, "Yes. It's okay for you to come, now that I know what you meant by what you said...." And after a pause, she said, "But don't you think we should quench this, right now?"

But I answered, "What's to quench? There's no fire. We're old friends who are going to see each other again after many years. Who can complain, or scold, or anything? And besides, Hanni is going with us as chaperone! Be sure to explain that to Susan."

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5 JANUARY 1996 (FRIDAY)....Began thinking about what clothes I'd take to LA. Should I show up in my new suit? Would slacks be better? Should I wear a sweater? Fuss. Fuss. Isn't that hilarious? On the other hand, like Tom Hanks in "Sleepless in Seattle," maybe I should get a haircut, etc., etc.

So funny to see this happening to me! Wonder what Gladys is thinking, about herself? Last night she said, "I can hardly believe that the 'old chemistry' might still exist!"

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6 JANUARY 1996 (SATURDAY)....[Dear P,D,S & J], some internal obstacle has been surmounted, or a decision made, or a course plotted, or all of these things put together...for the first time since Alyce left.

In the last few years it seemed that perhaps there were no more scenes in the Play for me, in spite of precognitive vision dreams in Chicago. However, those dreams pertained, apparently, to the just-now-unfolding events with DOVE, and perhaps they outlined major events of the next few years. Will tell you of those vision dreams, some day.

* * *

About 2 months ago I looked out the window at the trees and ravine and called The Teacher. I reviewed my background and pointed out that I had become some kind of resource for Them.

....And, if jobs were available, I'd prefer to be a guide of programs rather than a worker in the trenches. The latter task no longer appealed to me, I said, even though it once did. Now I'd prefer to work at a directive level. I don't wish to interact any longer with unenlightened scientists or reactionaries. In that respect I've done my duty, paid my dues.

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SYNCHRONICITY 2

....Jim Strohecker (who would like to put BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK on the Internet asked me (in December, as I remember) to become a member of the Advisory Group of Health World Online. I accepted, but didn't realize, until today, in further communication, that he was calling from Santa Monica, 11 minutes from Gladys's house.

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7 JANUARY 1996 (SUNDAY).... Phoned Gladys to find out if she'd be interested in going to the Philosophical Research Society lecture Sunday morning. She said OK, so I said I'd contact Obadiah Harris and arrange to meet him and introduce them to each other.

Then she surprised me by saying that she'd made arrangements from Friday noon through Monday noon for the Santa Monica Kennel to take care of Hanni. In that way, she said, we'd be free to do whatever we wanted at Santa Barbara without having to always go back to the car and walk the dog. Then she said, "But I forgot to ask, how long are you planning to stay?"

Nervous about a possible, "How come so long," I said that I'd scheduled a return to Kansas in 5 days.

Happily for me, Gladys said, "No problem, I'll call the kennel and tell them to extend the time 2 days. Then she added, "That means that you won't need a station wagon, of course. A small car will do fine."

But, she said, even if I didn't leave till Wednesday, there'd hardly be time to show me all the things in Los Angeles that she'd like to share, parks, beaches, French and Thai restaurants, etc.! This will be a vacation, she said!

Well! That sequence of ideas settled several wonderings that I'd had, such as, "Maybe she'll think of my visit as an imposition on her time. Maybe she's hoping I'll leave on Saturday morning," etc. Maybe, maybe?

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8 JANUARY 1996 (MONDAY)....dream scenarios were, laughably enough, my explaining to Gladys why, in "Sleepless in Seattle," it was Jonah ("young and pure," as Jessica told him) who knew without even seeing Annie, that it was Annie whom he wanted Sam to marry.

And in this dream I explained to Gladys how it was that Jonah could know that. Even though it's a story, it is nevertheless true that a "young and pure" person ("A little child shall lead them.") can contact the *SOUL* through the *High Self* doorway.

And then, still in the dream, I showed Gladys the field-of-mind diagram and circled the antahkarana the tunnel at the top of the "conscious," and said that the necessary characteristic for contact with the Lotus wasn't the young part of Jonah, but the pure part (though being "young at heart" is always useful).

And, what pure means is that the great obscuring light-blocking figure called "the ego" (the Dweller on The Threshold) has been put aside. Then the Angel of the Presence (the *High Self*) can introduce the "child" (the ego-less personality) to the "Presence" (the *SOUL*). Hmm. Impressed at the succinctness of those dream scenarios.

* * *

And then still in the dream I explained to Gladys how I learned, as The Teacher's student, to make this inner contact with the *High Self*, and used this opening at the "top of the mind"...(to reach and read the akashic record) for solving problems in physics and mathematics at UCLA, and later at Chicago, etc., etc.

And the reason I was telling her all this, I said, was because the *High Self* of my Being told me to contact her and explain it. Changes in earth living were in the wind, I said, and I wanted her to have the option of becoming my companion. And if living in Los Angeles became difficult, I wanted her to come to Kansas. Wow, that was direct. Dreams can be surprising.

But in any event, I said, regardless of what happened in Los Angeles (in regard to seismic or economic problems), I wanted her to travel with me to Council Grove, Seattle (Washington State Biofeedback Society), Duke University (medical group), Boulder, Europe, Cozumel, etc., etc.

Then I woke up....

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I doubt that I'd want to say all that to Gladys without knowing her (or Someone) a lot better than at present. Some level or levels of my Being are pressuring me, but in a case like this, where "conflict of interest" is suspect, how do I know that my Basic Masculine Self isn't masquerading as the *High Self*?

....from years of experience, and continuous Self analysis, I feel that I can tell the difference, but how do I know beyond all doubt at the personality level, what is "destined by the Kosmos" and what is self-promoted?

In dealing with other personalities and their concerns and interests, when I get a *High Self* Thought, I'm fully confident that that's what it is. In dealing with MYSELF, however, I'm hesitant to believe anything. Am I really clear and lucid, uncontaminated by self-serving unconscious mental tricks?

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Naturally, I want the parts of my Being to be comfortable and appreciated, and happy (if that can be arranged with the *SOUL'S* approval), but if the DOVE HEALTH ALLIANCE should really come through, I'll need a strong un-shakey psychological base from which to work. And, that's why the *SOUL* tells me a companion is necessary.

....I already know that in Alyce's absence, and with no companion to talk with, to share "what's happening" (other than with this journal), this planet slightly bores me. On the other hand, if something is shared with Someone, everything is "new."

One reason for being bored is that there's no place on this planet that I, as a personality,...want to see. There's nothing that I, as a personality, want to do. No place I want to go. I've done everything, at least in the generic sense. SCUBA diving, SKY diving, and HANG GLIDING are not really all that different.

Just as in my recent process of absorbing nostalgias, I seem to have absorbed my karmic connections, and have become bored with the world. Like repeating a school year.

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....At another level, I want The Teacher's plans to unfold, and I continue to think of myself as one of His employees. And, DOVE may be an organization through which I can function effectively. But for me to do that, personal companionship and sharing is important. For me, such sharing would regenerate interest in each blade of grass, each mountain and ocean, each sunrise and sunset, and in "what's happening."

Interesting. Instructive. Factual. And true.

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SYNCHRONICITY 3

Phoned Obadiah Harris to find out if there would be a Sunday morning lecture on 14 January at the Philosophical Research Society. He astonished me by saying that for quite a while he had felt that the Society would benefit if I were to give lectures and workshops for them, and he spun off a list of dates for me to speak (April through July). I said I'd be pleased to be a PRS speaker, and maybe we could talk details on Sunday.

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Brentwood, where Gladys lives, is down the hill from the Philosophical Research Society (which is above Hollywood). And, to have new business connections sprout up suddenly in Southern California after a lapse of many years (DOVE, PRS, and HealthWorld Online), was definitely unexpected. In view of what I said to Judy and Bob at Cozumel is it unreasonable to call this a synchronicity?

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9 JANUARY 1996 (TUESDAY).... At the STEM meeting we discussed the nature of “synchronicities,” and the synchronicity “condition” (for contacting Gladys) that I'd given Alyce in my dream.

....And then I talked of Karl Maret in San Diego, Jim Strohecker in Los Angeles, and Obadiah Harris in Los Angeles, and said that I'd told Judy and Bob at Cozumel that if any such events happened, I'd go to Los Angeles and visit Gladys.

Don't know how the STEM group interpreted all that, but they said to keep them posted, and Carol Snarr laughed and said, “You mean you're going all that way—to Los Angeles—just for a date?”

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10 JANUARY 1996 (WEDNESDAY).... Interesting dreams about the evolution of the GOLDEN ROCK MAN in me (from the time when I first began to have an effect on him, ages ago) and how he gradually moved toward self awareness, until both he and I, in the evolution of skandas through hundreds of lives, became aware of our approaching “individuality,” in which we would be free of each other. Very strange. IMPRESSIVE in a way.

And from this dream I learned that it isn't magic that's required in the world as much as consciousness. Recognition by us of the parts of our own nature seems to be essential. For instance, MY recognition of how Life IS, inside me, is much more important than I had previously thought. We don't need manipulation and molding nearly as much as recognition and negotiation with the various parts of our own nature.

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12 JANUARY 1996 (FRIDAY).... Finally, to Los Angeles. Gladys liked the elegant styling and graceful interior of my neat little Champagne-colored aerodynamic car (a Ford Contour), and so did I.

First we went to Santa Monica from her home in Brentwood to walk along Pacific Palisades Park above the beach. There we saw a Travel Lodge on Ocean Front Boulevard, and I checked in. It's about 15 minutes from Gladys's house via San Vicente, which is the most graceful of the winding park-like boulevards that go from Santa Monica to Brentwood.

Temp was 84 degrees, just right for walking on the Santa Monica pier and getting a cup of coffee. Dinner was at an Italian restaurant in Brentwood. Discussed details of the DOVE HEALTH ALLIANCE, and my desire to see a research lab develop. Also explained Alyce's role in bringing us together, and my desire to find a traveling companion. And said that was why I'd come to see her!

[What actually happened: As Gladys and I were finishing dessert, Alyce came and stood by my side. I sensed her as a shimmering glass-like figure, and then she said, "Tell her why you came to Los Angeles! Shocked at such abruptness, I hemmed and hawed in consternation as Gladys talked of Susan and the Campfire Girls. And then Alyce repeated, "Tell her!"

So I said, to Gladys, "Not to change the subject—but I should tell you really why I'm here. Alyce says that it's necessary for me to find Someone, a companion, who will accompany me on lecture and workshop trips which I will make in the next ten years. And when she showed me women whom I might contact, the only one to whom she gave a face was you.

"So here I am." And quickly I added, "Don't say anything. I'm only telling you this for your information. Something to think about."

Gladys was astonished, and so was I. But we recovered quite quickly and made plans to go to Santa Barbara the next day.]

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13 JANUARY 1996 (SATURDAY)....Drove to Santa Barbara. Never a dull conversational moment. Walked on the yacht-harbor pier and on the restaurant pier. Same super weather as yesterday. Perfect visibility up to the highest ridges of the mountains and along the ocean.

Another 2.5-hour dinner—at a tiny Thai restaurant called “Your Place” on a side street. Best Thai food ever. I explained to Gladys the rest of what I was planning for the next few years and, (though my left cortex was quaking with nervousness), said that I’d be honored if she were to be my companion, first on trips, and, if seismic and economic troubles came up, then permanently, in Kansas, though with no merging of financial resources. And even if she never came to Kansas except to visit, I wished for her to become my partner, and should think of this as a proposal of marriage.

To say that Gladys was startled is putting it mildly. Even I was startled. She had no words—shocked speechless.

I said she shouldn’t decide, and said that I didn’t tell her this because I wanted her to decide now, but because I wanted her to know what I was thinking, either about her or Someone else.

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[Actually—toward the end of dinner Alyce showed up by my side, just as at last night’s dinner, and asked a question which left me mentally tongue-tied, “Well, are you satisfied?” I looked at Gladys, who was saying something about the wonderful food at this out-of-the-way restaurant—and pondered Alyce’s words in uncertainty.

Alyce seemed to know what she was doing, I thought. And didn’t lack self-confidence. But.... Many things flashed before my inner eye—The Teacher, Genesis, my heretofore self-assured self confidence, my belief that the “inner *High Self*” is smarter than the “outer Conscious Self.”

I nodded at Alyce.

Then she said, “All right then: Say it!” So—without the slightest idea of what would happen, I “said it.”]

Interestingly, in the last 54 years I’m the only person other than John Gardner whom Gladys has dated, and she is 100% self-sufficient, is an expert at surviving alone, and really doesn’t need me or anyone, except her immediate family—and her dog.

* * *

Back to Los Angeles. We watched “Sleepless in Seattle” and Perlman’s klezmer program called “In the Fiddler’s House—Everyone Dances.” Then I returned to Santa Monica. Bought cookies at MacD’s, made coffee, and read. Very peaceful feeling. No stresses. After all, I’d said what was on my mind.

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14 JANUARY 1996 (SUNDAY).... Dressed in my Sunday best for the meeting at the Philosophical Research Society, and had a swallow of water for breakfast. Met Gladys at 9:43am and together we studied maps to find the best route.

Gladys and her outfit were beautiful, striking, elegant. Her blue suit and mine were almost a match. We looked good together. Then synchronicities began again. We arrived at PRS half an hour early (in order to meet Obadiah) and a parking place opened up right at the stairway which leads up to the auditorium. We went up the stairs and right at the top Obadiah came out of the Bookshop door and put his arms around me in welcome.

Another Brother, much the same feeling I got from talking with Karl Maret on the phone. The clan is gathering.

Obadiah took us to his private office, said Gladys and I looked wonderful, but not old enough. And then out of the blue, with half-closed eyes, he began telling us about his life. His wife of 34 years had died some 12 years ago. He’d been alone for 4 years (a bachelor professor at Arizona State University, Tempe) and was never going to get married again. Then he came into contact with his present wife, Jeanne, an attractive research nephrologist at the University. And suddenly one day they got married.

Obadiah paused, then continued his soliloquy, describing the joys of married life when you are older (he may be 60), how wonderful it is to have someone to talk to and share with, and live with, how much more powerful thoughtform-production is when you have a partner and confidant (partly because you have the strength of both of your convictions), etc.

I was astonished, and so was Gladys. Who was he talking to? Why was he telling us all this? We’d never seen him before and had known him for only 6 minutes, during which time we’d said almost nothing. Then his wife walked in, a tall slim beautiful Chinese woman and confirmed what he was saying, as if she’d always known us, and added her version of how wonderful it was to again be married. Amazing!

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Before the meeting, Obadiah introduced the new President of Religious Science and the Coordinator of Ministers. They seemed to know me, at least by name, because of my past affiliation with Religious Science Research. I was on the board of grant-proposal reviewers, years ago, along with Norman Cousins, etc.

They were especially surprised, though, when I told them that my mother, Marie Green, was the founder of the Religious Science Church in Inglewood, and that I had known Ernest Holmes. Decades of memory has its advantages.

* * *

15 JANUARY 1996 (MONDAY)....partially awake in a hypnagogic state for 2 hours before getting up, thinking about Gladys and the need (some part of my Mind insisted) to not leave Los Angeles without explaining that in the future I would ask her to accompany me to Boulder (for ISSSEEM's Annual Conference) and many other places, as a live-in partner, and that Someone was going to be my companion.

Could she stand having a man around after 11 years of living alone—and finding that a yin-yang partner really wasn't needed in her life?

And, most important, I should tell her of the letter I wrote in January 1940 after her visit to Minneapolis, the letter I got back from Los Angeles and tore up. Wow! A tough assignment. I felt nervous about this, but my Mind (or someone) was adamant, it was necessary for Gladys to know exactly what I had been thinking of in 1940, not in the future, but right now.

* * *

[What this referred to was the fact that after I had taken Gladys to the Young People's Group in the Church of Divine Science (Jan40), I wrote her a letter at UCLA and said that possibly we could get together again, permanently.

But then, on belatedly meditating about this (after the letter was mailed), I got the definite impression from the *High Self* (or The Teacher), that my proposal was not appropriate. Puzzled, and also worried, I asked one of the Young People what to do, and she said to send a telegram to "Postmaster: Los Angeles" and explain that an important letter had been mailed to the wrong address, and I would appreciate its return.

Ten days later the letter come back. I tore it up.

But what I hadn't considered was the fact that Gladys had a sixth sense, and felt that (in some way) I had committed myself to her. And she waited and waited for word. But none came.

To my mind, getting the letter back ended our connection, but she felt, deep down, that I had let her down. That was the gist of my dream. And now my Mind was telling me that it was essential to tell Gladys of a letter which she didn't know had been written.]

* * *

For the time being, though, I put this letter out of my mind, and Gladys and I had a wondrously enjoyable day. I didn't mention it until evening.

We drove to Big Pines and Wrightwood. Located our old (remodeled) house and the Wrightwood Country Club (??), and drove on most of the old streets and on one occasion I got a strong tingling-buzzing on my back.

Went to Victorville, then crossed the desert to Palmdale, where we found a delightful Mexican restaurant.

The freeway over the mountains and down Mint Canyon, Highway 14, was a night-time race track. Another virtual-reality game. Much fun. Most cars went about 80 mph, and some 85. California drivers are remarkably smooth and skillful, at least around Los Angeles, a pleasure to drive with.

...Then, back in Brentwood, talked for 2 hours about my Mind's insistence that I tell her every detail of what I was thinking for our possible future, and review my mixed psychic messages to her in 1940, when I'd retrieved a letter of proposal to her.

I explained about the meditation impression that I got, after I'd mailed the letter, which indicated that I should allow each of us to go our own way, for our karmas were different.

* * *

In retrospect, considering what has happened in the last 56 years, and if we believe in karma, it's fair to say that it was necessary for Gladys to meet John and produce Susan, and raise Susan to be the outstanding person she is, etc. And it was necessary for me to meet Alyce, help raise 4 children, etc., and work for The Teacher with her.

But, I said to Gladys, all that is past, all karmic connections have been fulfilled, and she and I are still here, and another Chapter may be beginning.

And then Gladys told me that after our harmonious meeting in January 1940, she'd expected to hear from me, but I'd vanished from her life without explanation, and that had forever been a hurt.

And as we talked about all this, the wisdom of Alyce's saying (in my vision dream of a year ago) that it was now time to "make up" with Gladys Strom—and the reason for the pressuring of my Mind this morning became clear. Until Gladys and I had this talk, this night, I hadn't known that my cessation of contact without giving a word of explanation, was a wounding. A barrier lay between us.

With a tear, and a regret and apology, that psychic barrier somehow (it seemed to me) began to melt. Psyches are beautiful in their resilience. I told Gladys that I loved her and that I meant what I'd said in the last 3 days. I'd go now, but would return at 10am.

This sounds simple, but it wasn't.

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16 JANUARY 1996 (TUESDAY).... We drove to Riverside, and Sunnymead to visit Pop and Blanche's acre which had been obliterated—for a bedroom community for Los Angeles!

Because many issues, thoughts, feelings, hopes, intentions, uncertainties, and ambiguities had been brought to the surface by last night's conversation, I felt (and maybe Gladys did, too) that we were now able to talk openly and unguardedly about anything and everything, for the first time since I'd arrived.

Can't tell you how freeing that was. A memorable day. We seemed to be harmonious at many levels, and if Monitor's taxonomy of personality Sub-selves is correct, and I think it is, our various Selves must have been greeting each other with happy pleasure.

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....Back in Brentwood, Gladys showed me the newspaper scrapbook her mother had kept of the things she'd done in her years at Denfeld, and I told her that even though Susan might have to be persuaded about me, I already knew that P,D,S & J would be happy for us if we were to be companions, and would welcome her.

* * *

17 JANUARY 1996 (WEDNESDAY).... Leaving the Los Angeles basin, flew directly over Old Baldy, Wrightwood, and Victorville! And as I looked down at our old home area, it seemed that the past life was now stored in memory like color slides. And as I thought that, the familiar buzzing-tingling from Alyce came on my shoulder blade very strong. I thanked Alyce for her help in arranging the synchronicities for Gladys and me.

....Phoned Gladys. We reviewed what had happened in the last 5 days. She told me to explain to my daughters that I'd asked her to marry me. That, she said, was what she would tell Susan.

* * *

I should tell you that I'm happy about how this affair (to remember) is working out—though the suddenness of it has startled even me. However, at every instant of the last 5 days when I questioned my Mind as to what I should say to Gladys, it was always, "Keep on, and tell Gladys everything." —In retrospect, I can see why....

* * *

18 JANUARY 1996 (THURSDAY).... Called Gladys. She'd given Susan a detailed account of what we'd done in the last 5 days, how happy a time it had been for us, and told her that whatever the eventual arrangements, I'd asked her to marry.

Susan's response was satisfactory, Gladys said, agreeing that the decision was hers. Fortunately, Susan and Wolfgang had seen all 3 of the documentary biofeedback movies I sent, and Gladys said that their impression of me was that I was obviously a "good, and caring, man."

Never dreamed those videos would be so useful!.

* * *

20 JANUARY 1996 (SATURDAY).... Called Gladys and said I'd like to visit Karl Maret with her on Friday, 9 February and, if okay, I'd arrive on Wednesday. We could drive to San Diego that day and spend time together before visiting Karl. She agreed. Staying on Shelter Island till Monday will be especially pleasant. It's beautiful, centrally located, and from there we can go everywhere, even over the coast range on a day-trip to the Salton Sea.

[AN ASIDE: All this hung by a thread, though. I didn't learn some of what Gladys had been thinking until much later. The following two paragraphs explain.

12 APRIL 1996 (FRIDAY)....Oddly enough, Gladys told me a few days ago that after my first visit to Los Angeles in January she wrote me a letter (never mailed) saying that she didn't wish to accept at this time my offer of traveling together, or getting married, but that what happened next would depend on me. But before she sent it, she said, Someone came to her (a person she

felt might have been Alyce) and said, "Is that what you really want for the rest of your life?" And she said, "No." And didn't mail it.

So, when I called a few days later and asked her to go with me to San Diego for several days, and to visit Karl Maret, she said "Yes." Thanks, Someone. And thanks, Gladys.]

* * *

21 JANUARY 1996 (SUNDAY)....Margaret Wirkus phoned to make sure our air schedules to Switzerland were the same. Told her about Alyce's orchestration of my re-connection with Gladys, and that I'd proposed to Gladys for the 2nd time (though only once to her knowledge, until I told her last week).

Margaret, a true-blue romanticist, was delighted, and instantly said "You should invite her to come to Switzerland!" I explained that it might have been better if it was summertime but, that in any event, for Gladys this was an unexpected circumstance, much too sudden. After all, I've been thinking about this for 2 months, and she's had only 7 days.

* * *

22 JANUARY 1996 (MONDAY)....Made reservations at the Shelter Island Inn with view over the inner harbor and marina. This harbor is where Alyce and I obtained the NorSea 27, and where Gladys and John had their 50-foot twin-diesel Egg-Harbor cruiser, a top-of-the-line flying-bridge boat!

* * *

23 JANUARY 1996 (TUESDAY)....When Gladys asked what I'd said to Karl Maret in reference to her, I said that I'd told him that Gladys Gardner, my fiancée, and I would arrive together. Gladys felt it was okay to characterize our relationship that way with strangers.

* * *

28 JANUARY 1995 (SUNDAY)....My Mind suggested that it might be useful for the public (and for psychologists, too) if I were to compile some of the things that Alyce said in the last 6 years of her life in a book titled ALZHEIMER'S ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. This would be tied in with a discussion of Evens-Wentz's TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD, and with the occult tradition of death and dying, etc.

* * *

4 FEBRUARY 1996 (SUNDAY)....Dreams, in most nights of last week, seemed to consist of astral travels with Gladys. In last night's scenarios we counseled displaced persons. Both Gladys and the people we met raised many questions. For her it seemed to be a kind of on-the-job astral training.

* * *

7-12 FEBRUARY 1996 (WEDNESDAY-MONDAY)....Spent 12 exhilarating hours with Karl Maret, and in 5 days Gladys and I drove "everywhere" in the San Diego and Mission Valley area, visiting most of the places that Marie especially enjoyed. It was a set of memories and nostalgic absorptions for both of us.

* * *

Incidentally, in trying to locate Karl's place, a number of people gave us misdirections—and I began to feel that some coincidental "force" was trying to interfere with our meeting.

I became slightly amused when I sensed this "force," for it was similar to what I'd previously noticed when Karl and I first tried to communicate by phone and fax. To bend myself toward the physically-secure side, though, I decided to pay extra-close attention to driving safety, knowing that there was no way, if I remained on guard, in which a meeting with Karl could be blocked, no matter the delay. In this concept of self empowerment, which I learned from The Teacher, the Kosmos is an ice rink in which synchronicities are hockey sticks.

Then, to my great surprise, though I'd said nothing about it, Gladys came out with the statement, very definitely, "I have a strong feeling that Someone, or Something, is trying to prevent us from getting there at all."

I laughed and said that there was no way that "they" could prevail, regardless of their intentions and tactics. I was astonished that Gladys had felt the same vibes that I had, quickly and certainly, and put into words what I'd been thinking about.

Gladys told me in December that John had said that she was intuitive, but from what I've observed, it's occasionally more than intuition, more like "knowing."

* * *

15 FEBRUARY 1996 (THURSDAY)....Packed for Montreux, Switzerland then phoned Gladys. She has a supply of 10 1-gal bottles of spring water. That would last a month or so. I

suggested that she never let the gas tank in her car get below half. Enough is needed to get to Palmdale, where, under certain circumstances, I would meet her with the Falcon. Very odd for me to be worrying about seismic problems. Only a few months ago Southern California seemed relatively far away. Now, it seems close.

* * *

16 FEBRUARY 1996 (FRIDAY)....Flew to Switzerland for the Academy-of-Stress conference with ten members from the Council Grove Conference, including two copper-wall healers. Such a loving feeling. One person whom I hadn't met previously, I recognized from past lives, and she recognized me. Electrifying re-connection.

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25 FEBRUARY 1996 (SUNDAY)....Back to the U.S. In Switzerland, I understood why "making up" with Gladys was important. There was no Anima confusion, nostalgia, or loneliness. I was at peace, the way a "committed man" is supposed to be.

And in thinking about my sequence of awake and/or dreaming cognitive events, including Alyce's warnings on the hazards of being a naive unattached man during the European trip (and a spiritual teacher to boot), and her strong recommendation that I find Gladys again, and then her insistence that I not leave Los Angeles before explaining every detail of what I'd been thinking about (including the 1940 letter that I retrieved before it reached UCLA) in thinking about these things and my apparent need to be reconnected with this planet if I'm serious about working with DOVE—I'm grateful that Gladys consented to my visit in January (in spite of second thoughts, and maybe third and fourth thoughts), and doubly grateful that she accepted my re-bonding offer and accompanied me to San Diego.

* * *

[AN ASIDE: Since Mar96, Gladys and I have spent about a quarter of our time together, traveling to conferences and workshops. And also, we've taken a few vacations, to Santa Barbara, Vancouver, and Duluth (where we visited every possible nostalgic site, including Grand Marais).

But the first time she came to Kansas, in May, '96, the event seemed out-of-this-world. Having my high-school sweetheart at Ozawie, was, I must admit, one of the strangest events. The most surprising part, it seemed to both of us, was that 56 years had vanished, and without feeling much different than in 1940. We were still here.

* * *

Gladys's previous life was concerned mainly with "the law" rather than New Age culture, but New-Age jargon is becoming familiar, and she has become acquainted with three or four hundred of my long-time friends around the country, especially at Council Grove Conferences and at ISSSEEM's Annual Conferences.

And, if Gladys's Brentwood home were to tumble into a ravine during a shaking of the ground, Kansas will become our single base of operations.]

* * *

Before leaving the chronological Journal, two more items:

13 MARCH 1996 (WEDNESDAY)....a precognitive vision dream showed, in symbolic format, what likely would happen with Gladys and me over the next 12 or 13 years.

In each scene we were portrayed as 2 thin books of personal and transpersonal characteristics, sort of like 2 compilations of personal and transpersonal DNA, if such a simile is appropriate. These books symbolized our physical presence and our energy selves (the chakra bodies through which our spiritual, mental, and emotional traits are manifested in the world) and also contained, in addition to our emotional and mental characteristics, our *High Self* connections.

* * *

[AN ASIDE: Interestingly, on 4jun96 Lesley Carmack, one of the Council Grove Conference people who attended the conference in Switzerland, phoned to talk about dreams in which I was an instructor. Apparently I made reference (in her dream) to the meaning of DNA as an "energy template" on etheric and subtler levels.]

* * *

In each scene of my dream, the 2 books, a matched pair standing upright, glided together back and forth across the field of view, side by side, perfectly even, perfectly parallel, angling first one way and then another. Wherever one was, there also was the other.

Four main ideas were associated with these scenarios.

First: Whatever actual events happened during the next few years, Gladys and I would move through all experiences together, this way and that.

Second: Because we had decided to work for The Teacher and spend the next few years of our life in projects of social value (we've apparently made a dedication), our *SOULS* will give us every needed assistance, providing Life and Energy, and will smooth the way past obstacles which might appear.

Third: All significant physical problems, such as either one of us having a difficulty with heart function, or whatever, will be remedied immediately by that person's *SOUL*, whenever needed, so that no interference in our lives would occur.

Example by image: While the 2 books glided across the field of view, one of them suddenly began to bend, to fold, faltering because of an unexpected physical problem. Would it lag behind the other? No! The *SOUL* quickly (almost instantly) healed the physical problem. The book straightened up and no interference with progress occurred. In the world's view, there was no hesitation of action. The 2 books, perfectly aligned and upright, glided on without a pause.

Fourth: Emotional strength and mental acuity will remain unimpaired throughout our life together.

* * *

Can't complain about those scenarios.

Even if the scenes were personality-generated rather than *High-Self*-generated, they are a good indication of future possibilities because visualization of what you want to have happen tends to make it happen.

....from my long experience with precognitive dreams, though, it seems reasonable to assume that these scenarios were produced by my *High Self* or *SOUL* in answer to my concern about Gladys's welfare in Los Angeles, and my wonderings about the possibility of our being of service to others during our life together.

* * *

[AN ASIDE (not from the Journal): Concerning "physical repairs," I had an example of Item 3 above on 3jun96. In a dream scenario, which seemed more like an OB experience than a dream, a healer (possibly my own *SOUL*) gave me a treatment to assuage a cracked and grinding cervical vertebra problem. As I may have mentioned, an increasing problem with the neck had made it difficult to look upward without having an involuntary spasm of neck muscles, making it momentarily impossible to move my head. Very painful and unpleasant, and even physically risky on occasion.

The “healer” seemed to know all about this problem, and at the same time I was willing to accept help. After a few seconds of energy-focus, my neck felt very good. I then rotated my head to test it. Yes, definitely better. Also, I got the impression that while lying in bed in OB awareness I had actually tested the neck by rotating it.

The most interesting consequence, though, appeared when I got up. I could immediately feel that the neck vertebrae articulated in a new way. And when I rotated my head there were no unusual cracking and grinding noises for the first time in 2 1/2 years! I was impressed, and still am, on 2jul01.]

* * *

7 JUNE 1996 (FRIDAY). An interesting dream scenario involved the construction of magical forms, somewhat like Ann Nunley’s paintings except that they were solid sculptures (albeit fluid while being created). I was doing this with help from Gladys, partly to illustrate to her how it was done, and partly because we were creating a specific statue-like figure in non-physical “reality” which, though unseen, would have a charismatic effect in the world.

The subtle-energy form which we were crystallizing, composed with yin-and-yang balance, would radiate a surprising attention-getting effect, as if the 2 of us represented archetypal figures. Entertaining idea. This wasn’t an already-accomplished present-day fact, but was seen as a possibility.

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SUMMARY–PREVIEW: Up to here in this book, the most crucial issues have been (1) Alyce’s terminal problems on earth, (2) her initial problems in the bardo, and (3) my problems in trying to help her. And, in order for me to do my part effectively, it was necessary for me (a) to know where Alyce was, (b) to know how to talk with her both in the bardo and in physical life, and most strenuous for me, (c) to go through a Gilgamesh transformational experience (Chapter 13) in handling my own Marty-like personality bonds (Chapter 12).

Fortunately, I had already become aware of *MOM* and was able to “channel MYSELF” (Chapter 10), and had eliminated fear of transformation (Chapter 11). The Gilgamesh experience, though, please note, is not yet scheduled for the majority of students. That lies down the road.

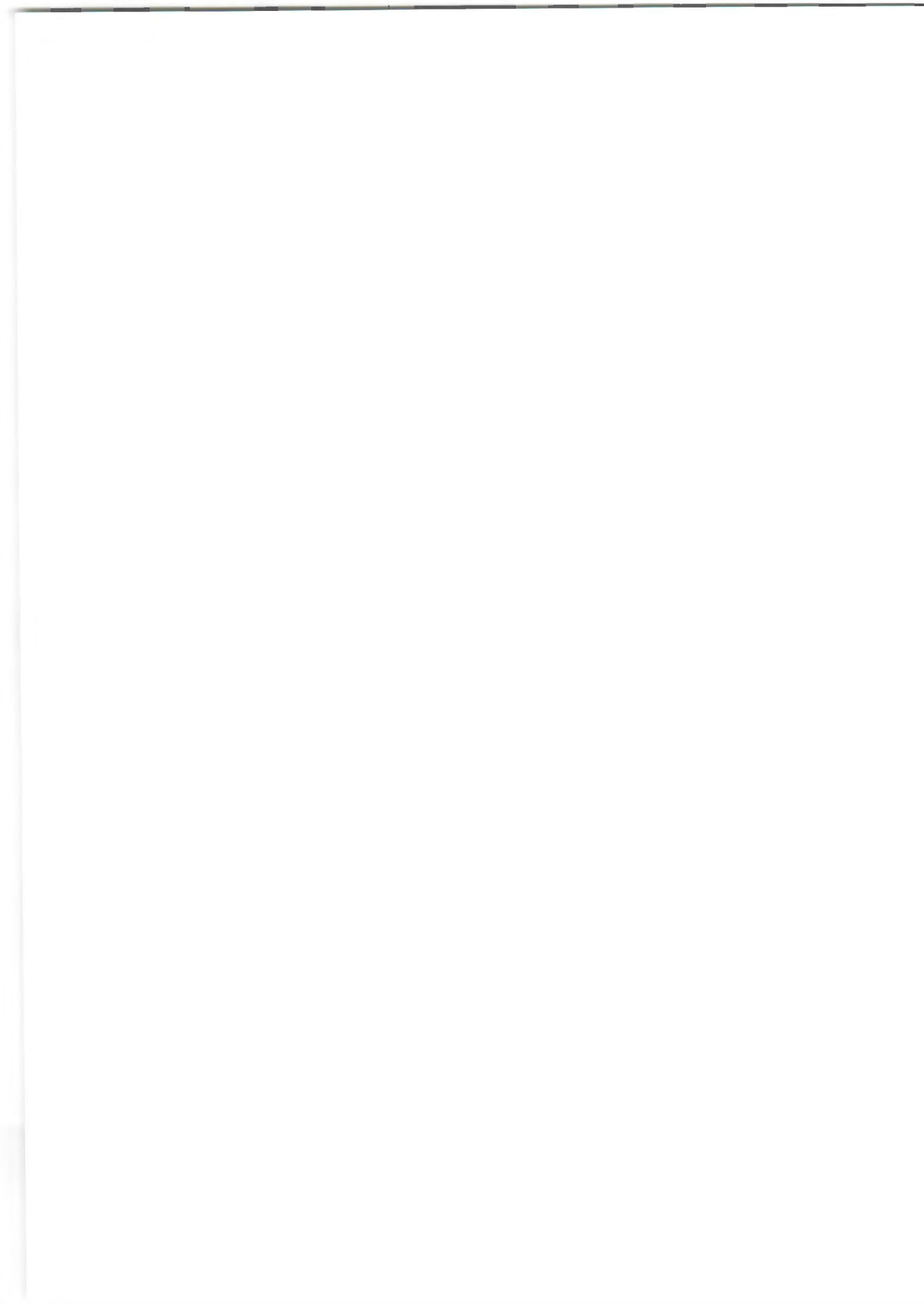
Symbolically, however, in some measure Marty’s problem is everyone’s right now. This is an important point. All of us Alz caregivers, and everyone who has a family member approaching

“departure,” has two serious problems. First, the person who is leaving and, second, ourselves. As caregivers, we must work on ourselves. Happily, the extent to which we do that helps the planet become conscious. That is, the extent to which we “save” ourselves is the extent to which we help the planet get through the bardo.

Paralleling that, our most important contribution to the elimination of pollution on earth is not the control of physical pollution, but the control of psychic pollution. And, like Peace on Earth, which churchgoers seem to enjoy singing about, “may it begin with me.” It is a wonderful fact that as we handle psychic pollution in ourselves we also become genuine “environmentalists,” concerned with the ultimate well-being of Gaia, our partner.

In my particular case, decades of seeking and learning preceded my adventures on “inner levels” as an Alzheimer’s guide, but students nowadays can achieve the early stages of *MOM* awareness relatively quickly through Theta Brainwave Training (Chapter 9), and can experience the joy of being of service for transpersonal reasons (Chapter 15), and immediately get a glimpse of Earth’s hopeful future (Chapter 16).

* * *



Chapter 9

THETA BRAINWAVE TRAINING

There is one inviolable rule set down in God's plan, namely: every human being, every child of God, must eventually encounter, experience and master every system, opportunity and association that has been meted out to all the rest of the human family. The path traveled by a Socrates, a Buddha, or any one of the Master Souls, not excepting the Man of Galilee, is the path which every person must eventually travel.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

Theta Brainwave Training (TBT) is transcendence-of-the-gods training

TBT is *soul* training. It enables the *soul* to communicate with the *SOUL*, and helps the personality express (display, manifest, radiate), the Light of the *SOUL*.

TBT is “teflon training.” It enables a person to work in the world without being trapped by the world.

TBT makes it possible for the *soul* to travel the bardo without becoming entangled in the images, illusions, and glammers it finds there.

TBT allows one to “log on” to the transpersonal mindnet in the Collective Unconscious. All humans on the planet are then found to be brothers and sisters, and Gaia becomes an ally.

TBT brings the Conscious Self “face to face” with its affiliated subconscious and superconscious Selves. Trainees begin to recognize, communicate with, and negotiate with those parts of themselves, the living skandas, which, as *SOULS*, they plan to “save.”

TBT eventually qualifies the trainee for an Akashic Library card. That is, TBT can help a person learn of the past, present, and future of the Planetary Mind and reveal the Fellowship-of-Light's PLAN for Humanity and Gaia.

* * *

Everything mentioned above, and every transcendental experience described in this book is something that a TBT trainee can get started on. It's merely a matter of becoming an Observer

and opening the door to the “unconscious,” trusting that our own *High Self* will shepherd us through experiences (revelations and insights) at a rate which our semi-fearful Sub-selves can tolerate. And after becoming acquainted with our Sub-selves, we students (explorers, investigators) can begin to look upward (inward, deeper) and can choose to develop transpersonal Love and Will, characteristics of the Lotus and Jewel.

* * *

LIMITATIONS OF THETA BRAINWAVE TRAINING

But, however useful TBT may be as a procedure, it must be realized that it is merely a mindfulness-training technique. TBT can take you to the tunnel at the base of the Lotus in the field-of-mind diagram, and then you have to decide what to do. The “theta teacher”, like Morpheus in the Wachowski-Brothers movie, “*MATRIX*,” guides you to the Oracle’s “door,” the “secret place within” which, in the field-of-mind diagram, is the entrance to the *High-Self* tunnel, and after that you are on your own. When Morpheus took Neo to the Oracle, his exact words, you may remember, were, “I told you I can only show you the door. You have to walk through it.” In theta training the EEG feedback machine is the doorknob.

To go through the door and the tunnel is to walk the traditional “razor’s edge” between “good” and “evil” and go toward the Light. That is, if you choose, you can align with your own *High Self*, the Angel of the Presence, and follow Neo, Trinity, and Morpheus to beyond-the-bardo freedom. On the other hand, you can choose to sink back into the unconscious, like Cipher in “*MATRIX*,” who said, “Ignorance is bliss.”

What Morpheus said happens to reflect the training stance of instructors in the Life Sciences Institute (LSI), Topeka. His words were essentially the ones we began using with biofeedback clients at Menninger in the late Sixties. Associated with this development of “self reliance,” client-centered instructors allow students to generate and interpret their own hypnagogic imagery, which suddenly “pops” into consciousness from unconscious sources.

This imagery is discussed with students at the end of sessions, of course, but never interpreted. That is the time-tested Rogerian method of Client Centered Therapy. Socrates and Plato taught the same way, but every generation of instructors must learn it anew, it seems. Learning to interpret ones own hypnagogic imagery is part of the student’s task in theta training. This particular skill helps a person communicate with *MOM*, and with every other part of their composite Earth-to-Jewel Being. It was one of the things I learned in mindfulness training with The Teacher. And in that regard, The Teacher, like the Oracle in “*MATRIX*,” never told me more than I needed to know.

Andy and Larry Wachowski had the Oracle part of “MATRIX” exactly right and, at the end of the movie, when Neo began to say that the Oracle hadn’t told him everything, Morpheus said, “She told you exactly what you needed to hear. That’s all.” And then he added, even as I would add about TBT, “Neo, sooner or later you’re going to realize, just as I did, there’s a difference between knowing the path and walking the path.”

* * *

The main virtue needed in the theta instructor, we’ve found, is humility, that is, elimination (as much as possible) of pride as a teacher. As a result, whatever progress is made builds the student’s self respect, self esteem, and self reliance—the first goals of theta training. These are requisites for going “through the door.”

As indicated in previous chapters, in theta training there are two options other than (a) going through the tunnel, or (b) quitting the training program (which means taking “the blue pill” that Morpheus offered Neo). Namely, (c) turn to the side and begin exploring the bardo (become an astral-only psychic), or (d) focus attention downward into the personality and modify lower-mental thoughtforms, emotional structures, and the physical body—all without guidance from Mind of Me (*MOM*).

The latter option, modifying the physical body without *MOM*’s guidance, is what many Indian yogis have done (and still do) to demonstrate their “spiritual” powers, especially when they publicly display highly-abnormal autonomic behavior, such as “regurgitating” the stomach itself, and then swallowing it back down. Obviously, such performances are no more indicative of “spiritual” development than winning medals in the Olympics.

Aside from not being worth the time, there are great psychological dangers in following (c) or (d) above. Ego and will-power can become so inflated that the student begins to believe that he or she is a Power, and refuses to sacrifice the ego at the entrance of the tunnel.

This sacrifice of the ego, which is necessary in order to reach the Lotus, is the “crucifixion”, of course, which everyone eventually goes through, at least symbolically. The only exceptions to the rule are the *DBs*. Rather than give up their aggrandized egos and lower-case will-power, they destroy the Oracle’s door in themselves, and cut themselves off indefinitely from the Light of the *SOUL*.

Concerning this “cut off” condition of *DBs*, The Tibetan says that the only true “evil” on the planet is willful separation from Divinity.

* * *

AN ASIDE: Interestingly, since Zoroastrianism (which originated in Persia in about 1000 B.C.) was the predecessor of Judaism, and therefore of Christianity and Islam, the similarity in basic concepts of Good and Evil in these three sister religions is understandable. In Zoroastrian teachings, the *DBs* as a class are known as *Ahriman*, “Evil Spirit,” the “opponent of God.” God, Who is known as *Ahura Mazda*, is said to have created the three lower worlds, the only realms of existence in which *DBs* can exist, in order to develop consciousness of Love and Will in otherwise-unconscious aspects of Himself, namely, in Humanity and in Gaia.

Thus, what we call “evil” is merely the dark-side aspect of the collective unconscious in which our own Dweller can be trapped, especially through machinations of *DBs* who hope to continue their control of the planet—using semi-conscious humans as “energy producers,” as Morpheus explained to Neo.

* * *

Regarding sacrifice, a rich man may have trouble getting into “heaven,” but the unrecalcitrant egotist never makes it. The reason: Heaven is too strenuous and “rarefied” for astral-level personal traits. Only transpersonal characteristics (sometimes called virtues) can survive. Mark Twain commented humorously on these possibilities in his engrossing little book called *LETTERS FROM THE EARTH* (Twain, 1962).

Fortunately, option (a), going through “the door” during theta training, attaches the *soul* to the *SOUL*. And after that, in order to deal with the traditional you-can’t-take-it-with-you dilemma, Aurobindo suggests that since you are now consciously anchored in Overmind (the Lotus), you can return to the three worlds, pick up your bags of gold, and guided by Overmind decide what to do.

Also, after the anchor (Aurobindo’s word) is established, wherever you go in exploring the world and the “afterlife” section of the planetary field-of-mind, a golden thread of energy follows, and you can always find your way back to the Lotus.

* * *

ARIADNE AND THESEUS

What Aurobindo referred to above was long ago symbolized by the “golden thread” given by Ariadne to Theseus, the Greek hero who was sent from Athens to Crete, with six other youths, to be devoured by the Minotaur. That creature, half man and half bull, lived in an underground labyrinth so intricate and dangerous that no one who went down had ever come back up.

But Ariadne, the daughter of the king of Crete, had fallen in love with Theseus (who eventually became the historical King of ancient Athens) and was determined to get him back, so she

gave him a ball of golden thread to unwind as he went deeper and deeper into the labyrinth. When Theseus reached the Minotaur, a great battle ensued. He killed the monster, then carefully retraced the golden thread and found his way back to the surface—and there embraced Ariadne. Then they got married.

At least that's what I remember from my readings in the West Duluth Library when I was 12 years old.

* * *

Now compare that ancient story of a Greek king's experiences in the collective unconscious, with a modern version.

TRINITY AND NEO

Trinity, the heroine of "MATRIX," has fallen in love with Neo, a computer hacker who can save both her and Morpheus, their teacher, from MATRIX, an artificial intelligence who rules the Earth, and who "devours" the electricity of human life.

In a final scene of crisis, Neo, encased in an OB body, must remain far underground (in a metro subway station), where it is necessary to confront MATRIX. To kill Neo, who is beginning to interfere with MATRIX's power on earth, MATRIX creates for itself a death-dealing manlike form called Agent Smith. A great battle ensues and Neo is wounded, and then killed by Smith with a gun.

Trinity, however, is determined not to lose Neo, and she whispers to his motionless physical Self that he can't die, because she loves him. Neo's OB body returns to life fully regenerated by Trinity's Love, and he rises up and conquers the Agent by merging with him, and then exploding with a burst of diamond light. Neo then returns to his physical body, embraces Trinity, and presumably they live happily ever after, possibly even married.

* * *

PARALLELS: Neo is Theseus, Trinity is Ariadne, and MATRIX is Minotaur. The battle takes place underground in the depths of the dense materialistic non-spiritual bardo. Both Theseus and Neo are "doomed" to death by subhuman forces of the cosmos. But the Love-energy of Trinity and the spiritual thread from Ariadne, saves, strengthens, and retrieves Neo for Trinity and Theseus for Ariadne.

METAPHYSICAL SIGNIFICANCE: Each one of us is both Theseus/Neo and Ariadne/Trinity. Theseus/Neo is the *soul* who is “underground,” in the bardo. Ariadne/Trinity is the *SOUL*, who waits above. We *souls* in the labyrinth are there because of our density (lack of astral clarity), and are in danger of being overcome by Minotaur/MATRIX, the bio-mechanical DNA-programmed instinct-driven determinism of the planet’s collective unconscious. We struggle with this labyrinthian entity, who in a sense is “us,” and win the battle.

Except for the golden thread from our *SOULS*, however, which in religion is called The Grace of God, we wouldn’t come up from the bardo. The Light of the *SOUL* revives and guides us. And at the end we merge with the Light in “joy everlasting.”

And as my mother, Marie, used to say, “Isn’t that good.”

I always liked that Greek myth, even when as a youngster I merely sensed, without knowing, its esoteric significance.

* * *

Incidentally, when Trinity told Neo that she loved him, and his OB body was revitalized, at that moment he became the “teflon” being who could work in the world without being trapped by the world. Morpheus had already explained this state when Neo asked, “What are you trying tell me? That I can dodge bullets?” And Morpheus said, “No, Neo. I’m trying to tell you that when you are ready, you won’t have to.”

* * *

In Greek myths of gods, goddesses, and heroes, many references to a “golden thread” appear. And usually it is a “golden hair” (or hairs) that comes from the crown of the head. That is where, in most spiritual and religious traditions, the spirit of God comes into the human frame.

In Hindu and Buddhist tradition, this place on the head, below the “crown” chakra, is where the etheric stem of the Lotus, called the antahkarana in Sanskrit, comes down to the pineal body in the brain.

* * *

NECESSARY CORRECTION: At the end of “MATRIX” Neo tells MATRIX that now that a human has established mastery over it, the entire human race is freed. That hopeful line, however, is incorrect. Life isn’t that simple. We are all Neos, and each of us must take responsibility for our own salvation. I’m sure the Wachowski Brothers know this, but the movie’s story-line people no doubt put up an argument. A box-office success isn’t easy to produce.

The movie could have ended with Neo explaining to MATRIX that cooperation was needed, but that the filled-with-fear Dweller-side of the collective unconscious begrudges the victory of every Neo—and no Neo (o-n-e) can “win” for another.

Two millennia ago that was Jesus’ message on “forgiveness.” He explained exactly what to do, but His simple approach to Divinity, like Patanjali’s and Zoroaster’s, was splintered by followers into hundreds of interpretations (denominations). As Reverend Herbert Armstrong once said on Sunday-morning TV, “Ministers talk about Jesus, but don’t do what He said.” Again as Morpheus put it, “There’s a difference between knowing the path and walking the path.

* * *

Interestingly, Neo conquered the MATRIX by merging with it, and then exploding with diamond light. This is a hint of what we can do with the recalcitrant Selves of our own nature. But we do not destroy them. Instead, we recognize, communicate, negotiate, and fill them with Light, thus making them our allies. That process of “filling with light” is called “saving the devas of whom we are made.”

* * *

BUT WHAT IS THETA BRAINWAVE TRAINING?

Twenty-four-channel multi-electrode brainwave machines are used for research in the Life Sciences Institute and for analysis of unusual EEG problems, but we have found that 90% or more of what we wish to accomplish in theta training can be done with one active electrode placed over the left visual cortex.

Locating the electrode over the left visual cortex is essential, for when the eyes are closed and that area is persuaded to “go into theta,” the trainee’s usual visual imagery shuts down and the mental screen goes blank, ready to receive projections of near-sleep imagery (hypnagogic imagery) coming from normally-unconscious sections of the psyche, including the *High Self*.

* * *

In the late Seventies, we began running theta brainwave workshops at Menninger, and to facilitate group training I had our Biomedical Engineering Lab make a dozen EEG machines of the type we had used for training college students in brainwave-and-imagery research.

That instrument, for which I wrote the functional specifications and Rex Hartzell created the circuits, uses earphones to feed back three tones which give the student simultaneous information on the presence of beta, alpha, and theta brain rhythms. This instrument is now manufactured by Discovery Engineering International (see Hartzell, 2000).

In “wiring up” for a session, a circular electrode about one-quarter inch in diameter is positioned approximately one inch to the left of center at the back of the head, and held in place against the scalp by a Velcro head-band. Electrical contact with the scalp is made with a salt gel which conducts the brain’s “signal”, as we call it, to the electrode. Then, since trainees have skulls and scalps of different thickness, we adjust three “thresholds” for simultaneous feedback of alpha, beta, and theta rhythms, indicated by high, mid-range, and low tones in the earphones.

Without explaining this “calibration” further, I can say that after a few minutes of eyes-closed relaxation, students begin to detect the way in which their thought processes affect the electrical rhythms of the left visual cortex, and begin learning how to turn the various tones on and off. First they practice heaviness and warmth, and then, as minutes pass, the three tones of the EEG machine signal an elimination of beta, a reduction of alpha, and finally the production of bursts of theta rhythm.

What is important here is that the body, emotions, and mind become simultaneously quiet. If anything twitches—muscles, emotions, or thoughts—the theta tone goes away.

* * *

The above information may be a “so what” to a traditional neurologist, but for a student of consciousness it is the beginning of an amazing adventure. If Theseus had had one of these devices, he would have been able to find his way up from the labyrinth without Ariadne’s help.

* * *

NOTE: This theta-training idea sprang from the fact that when I moved from Biomedical Psychology in Chicago to the Research Department of The Menninger Foundation in '64, and set up a Psychophysiology Laboratory, I wired myself to an electroencephalograph (EEG polygraph) and found that, in me, the state of detached mindfulness was always accompanied by a transition from beta rhythm in my left-occipital cortex (the visual cortex at the back of the head) to theta rhythm mixed with alpha.

The upshot of this EEG finding, also found in psychiatrist Stanislav Grof and several other creative people, was the writing, and obtaining, of the 1971 NIMH research grant titled “Alpha-Theta Brain Wave Feedback, Reverie, and Imagery” (Green and Green, 1989).

Positive research results generated a modest amount of interest in psychologists, but neurofeedback training didn't get great attention until Eugene Peniston (a clinical psychologist in the Veterans Administration Hospital at Fort Lyons (Colorado)) found that many alcoholics who learned to go into the theta state of consciousness, could eliminate their "disease" by using specific visualizations to "rewire" defective neural circuits in lower-brain centers.

Pleasing to us in the Voluntary Controls Program was the fact that Peniston got his breakthrough idea for control of alcoholism from hypnagogic imagery which surfaced during one of our theta workshops (July 1987). Dale Walters and I remember the day well. Gene had "interrogated the unconscious" (Green and Green, 1986) and asked for information on how best to work with alcoholics, and was rewarded with detailed procedures, which, when he tried them at the VA Hospital, worked.

For information on this breakthrough in handling of addictions, and other neurofeedback problems, see references to Peniston & Kulkosky, Fahrion et al., Ochs, Wuttke, Boeving, and Greco.

* * *

As indicated previously, most trainees are able to get into the theta state after a few practice sessions and then (1) interrogate the unconscious (ask the *High Self* for information, or for help in solving problems), or (2) plant visualizations for control of lower brain centers (as in addiction control), or (3) explore "higher" states of consciousness by turning attention toward the crown of the head.

Interestingly, a few theta trainees, after becoming deeply quiet and focusing attention upward, have had full-blown "tunnel experiences," moving into the Light of Sub-level 22. Their adventures have been similar to well-authenticated near-death experiences—but fortunately theta trainees don't have to almost die in order to get the body, emotions, and mind to shut down—thus giving the *High Self* a chance to channel Light from the *SOUL* directly into the brain. In other words, without spending years meditating, some students reached one of the goals of mindfulness training immediately. They "discovered" the *SOUL*. And a new life opened up.

* * *

Concerning "interrogating the unconscious," when our Menninger research team went to India in '73 to investigate the psycho-physiologic skills of yogis, we met a scholar (Rama Sharma, Ph.D., Head of the Department of Biophysics, Post-Graduate Institute of Medical Education and Research, Chandigarh) who, without instruction, could produce theta at will (Green and Green, 1989).

I had taken one of the three-tone machines to India for demonstration purposes and, after listening to my lecture on EEG feedback for enhancement of creativity, Sharma said he wished

to be wired up and “tested.” Much to my surprise, from the very first moment he could turn occipital theta rhythm on and off, like a light bulb, whenever I asked him to.

Astonished, for no one we had ever tested or trained or had developed such incredible skill, I asked how he knew what the theta state was, especially because he had never heard of “theta consciousness” before I lectured on the subject. In reply, he said that that subliminal state of consciousness (normally below the threshold of awareness) had been described thoroughly enough in my lecture so that he could identify the theta state in himself.

When I asked how he had learned to shift consciousness into this state in the first place, he said that as a youngster he had a guru who taught him to go inward during meditation to the “place of silence,” where the Spirit was, and where questions could be answered. Sharma added that he generated his Ph.D. research proposal by going into that state of consciousness to get ideas. And later as a biophysics professor, whenever he was stuck with a research puzzle, he shifted to that state of consciousness and asked for answers, and they were never wrong.

Sharma’s experiences and mine, over the course of our lives, obviously had close parallels. Discussing the theta state with him greatly reinforced our Voluntary-Controls theory of self mastery.

* * *

One of the most successful theta-training adepts I know of is lawyer Julian Gresser. Schooled at Harvard, and much interested in the development of creativity in business organizations, especially in Japanese and American problem-solving groups, he phoned me at Menninger in ’87 about group “creativity training.” I suggested that our portable EEG feedback machine might be useful.

After using one of the instruments for a few weeks, he purchased one for home use, and after a few more weeks suggested that we and a Japanese partner (Mr. Shigeo Ihori) set up a private company called Discovery Engineering International (DEI), with Rex Hartzell, Dale Walters, and Alyce and me (“the Kansas group” as 1/3 owners), and put these theta-training instruments on the market. DEI was incorporated, and Rex Hartzell eventually became president.

After Alyce died, her share of the company came to me, and recently—to avoid conflict of interests, since I am urging everyone to make a try at theta training—I asked Julian to prepare papers that would transfer my shares of DEI (1/6 of the total) to ISSSEEM. This was done.

* * *

But that is not of primary interest. Rather, it is Julian's success with theta training. In a letter in which he refers to A New Science of Discovery. He says, "A discoverer can learn to: (1) enter a state of 'creative reverie'—the enabling condition for many important discoveries in science, politics, and the arts—without assistance, (2) draw forth answers to 'discovery puzzles' after posing these questions to the prepared mind, and (3) enhance the mind's imaginative powers." From his experience he feels that it is possible "to influence the pattern of synchronous or coincident events" and "decipher or read the pattern or 'code' underlying events or conditions." He is still a student, he says, but after several years of meditation, originally with the machine, he is able to enter the theta state at will and "interrogate the unconscious" directly.

Partly inspired by a theta-enhanced "overview of Ancient Wisdom" Julian wrote PILOTING THROUGH CHAOS and created a website called Logosnet.com (Gresser, 2000). Its primary purpose is to provide an "electronic meeting hall" for executives and negotiators with common business interests who want to share and exchange ideas, discoveries, contacts, and experiences.

* * *

AN IMPORTANT "HOWEVER": We have observed during 30 years of biofeedback training that many students get full theta effects from standard thermal and muscle-tension training, without EEG feedback. Also, much like Rama Sharma, I learned to go into the theta state at will by practicing Mindfulness Meditation under a Teacher's guidance. So, it is safe to say that theta training, and all other forms of biofeedback, merely accelerate progress in contacting the *High Self*. Of the techniques we have investigated, though, theta brainwave training has proven to be the most speedy. And, fortunately, like every other kind of biofeedback training, it needs no metaphysical explanation to make it work.

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In concluding this chapter, I include two vision dreams from the Journal. The first pertains not only to brainwave training but to every kind of biofeedback. The second dream, whether it relates to me or to some other theta instructor, pertains to the future. What is described may happen some day, but at present it's beyond the capability of Internet.

* * *

THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF BIOFEEDBACK TRAINING

1 NOVEMBER 1994 (TUESDAY).... Dear P,D,S, & J, last night I had a vision dream on the meaning of biofeedback.... There was a Teacher at the *High-Self* level. I was a student. Nothing came in words, all was in symbols with associated meanings.

As a form of communication it was superb. In a few symbols, with specific non-ambiguous meanings attached, several paragraphs of words were transmitted in single gestalts [images with full meanings attached]. This mind-to-mind dialogue was far better than speech, with its language and culture-bound limitations.

It was like watching a video with a Teacher explaining the meaning of what I was seeing. Interestingly, the instructor seemed to know exactly what I understood, or didn't understand, without my "saying" anything, and would immediately repeat the symbol, or use a modified image with a sharpening of meaning, so that my mind would get it right.

Apparently I was creating thoughtforms while watching this Teacher's symbols, and he could see what I was producing. And, if my thoughtform construction didn't match his, he would stop and repeat the idea until I had it straight. No semantics.

* * *

The gist of the message:

1. The *High Self* of the client, the Causal Body, is the "entity" who in biofeedback training is directing what is being done. [We practitioners may not think of it that way, but that's the way it is.... As clients learn body-control skills, thoughtforms of their own High Selves are being followed, not thoughtforms of therapists.]
2. The body is a reflector of mental-emotional-spiritual conditions, and whenever a physical improvement is being made by self regulation (such as warming a finger to get rid of Raynaud's Disease), a beam of light comes down from the client's *High Self* like a laser spear (I was shown) and punctures the specific glamour-bubble of EGO connected with the problem (fear, poor self image, guilt, anger, ill will, revenge, jealousy, pride, etc.). When speared, the offending bubble vanishes, and so does the physiologic problem.
3. Destruction of glamour is the goal of biofeedback training, though clients are unaware of it. [This destruction-of-glamour process (which is never explained in advance) helps clients become objective about themselves. Biofeedback thus sets the stage for dialogue between the client's *High Self*, Conscious Self, and Body.]
4. When a stress response is self regulated through biofeedback training, the client moves one step closer to transformation (purification) of the semi-refined subconscious emotional-mental sub selves who comprise most of his or her personality.

* * *

The Teacher in this vision dream emphasized that an important feature of biofeedback training is the development of HUMAN POTENTIAL. That is what we are born for. It is our destiny to manifest in full the *SOUL* who is latent in us. And that development, it was stressed, depends almost entirely on dialogue between the subconscious personality Selves and the superconscious *High Self*—all through mediation by the Conscious Self.

Also, in working with clients, the Teacher in the vision dream implied, it is useful that we counselors, teachers, advisors, and ministers move into our own ego-free *High-Self* mode and help clients by empowering them to develop their own thoughtforms for control of bodies, emotions, and minds.

Bad news for prideful psychotherapists.

* * *

From the above perspective, it is easy to evaluate every method of treating psychosomatic disease. Specifically, procedures are useful when they promote contact between the client's Lower Selves and the *High Self*. In this context, it isn't the therapist's task to make the patient well, but to facilitate interaction between the client's various Selves.

Interestingly, not only the client but often the spouse and family are benefited. It seems that other High Selves are stimulated by the success of one of Them. That is why, I believe, that clients sometimes say that their biofeedback training had a spiritual effect on the whole family.

* * *

THETA TRAINING ON THE INTERNET

6 JULY 1996 (SATURDAY). Dear P,D,S, & J, Had a remarkable set of lucid-dream scenarios in the hour before becoming fully awake. It was a vision-dream video, but I don't know to what extent I was manufacturing it out of my own mind. It seemed so real, though, that I wondered if I had been lecturing to groups who were linked in a kind of Astral Internet.

Apparently I was conducting a global EEG experiential session, in which a trainee could participate at home through interactive TV by wearing feedback headphones. It seemed that a chip-size EEG-feedback circuit was built into the electronics of each set of earphones, and when they were put on, electrodes made contact with the left occiput and with a reference point (maybe an ear lobe).

* * *

At the beginning, I was conducting a mass meeting in a place much like Rev. Schuller's Glass Cathedral. It was hands-on group-theta-training for "interrogating the unconscious." The *High Self* of every participant was using this meeting for making contact with its own personality.

Then I saw that groups of participants were gathered in many different places, as if in different astral locales or in different cities on Earth. And yet they were all joined in some way so that I could move holographically from one group to another and speak with trainees and answer questions by "being there," as if the holographic image were a kind of OB body.

I had just completed a set of lectures covering the transpersonal material which I usually focus on in workshops. The joyous feeling of the audiences was inspiring. These good feelings, as well as the visual scenarios, were so strong that as I woke up I continued my mental speaking to the groups (in a hypnagogic state), and continued to visualize internet possibilities.

* * *

One thing was obvious. What I was seeing in lucid dream scenarios was a well-managed performance that was beautifully put together by a smart production team. I had an advisor on clothes, etc., and seemed to be dressed in casual form-fitting black pants and a long-sleeved form-fitting black tee shirt with white collar and cuffs and trim, and white shoes (as in my dream-dance with Alyce). A set of cameras accompanied me as I walked among the immediate group answering questions about theta brainwave equipment.

If a "home" participant wished to ask a question, however, or see the hologram, it was necessary to join a group training session in a TV-like studio where holographic gear was arranged so that I could "move" from one studio to another, as between New York and London.

Regardless of the exact location of my holographic image, though, theta students in every audience (and at home on TV) could see and hear everything that was said on giant-screen video—and with eyes closed at appropriate times could join the world-wide "theta-net," a *High-Self* metaconcert, as Julian May might label it.

What was implied, of course (maybe metaphorically), was the existence of a giant internet computer that could integrate thousands of feedback signals simultaneously, and give an on-line global alpha-beta-theta indication of metaconcert. Essentially, it would be DEI's group-training computer gear raised to the Nth power.

* * *

Each person's experience was uniquely individual, of course, but at the same time it was coordinated by an overall *High Self* Consensus. In every participant this produced a group image, a message from *SOUL* level, channeled by the *High Self*.

As people shared experiences during a discussion period, it was clear that they had experienced something in common. The enlightening power of the communion was felt by everyone. In fact, *LIGHT* seemed to be intensely concentrated, as palpable as water.

Part of my message was,

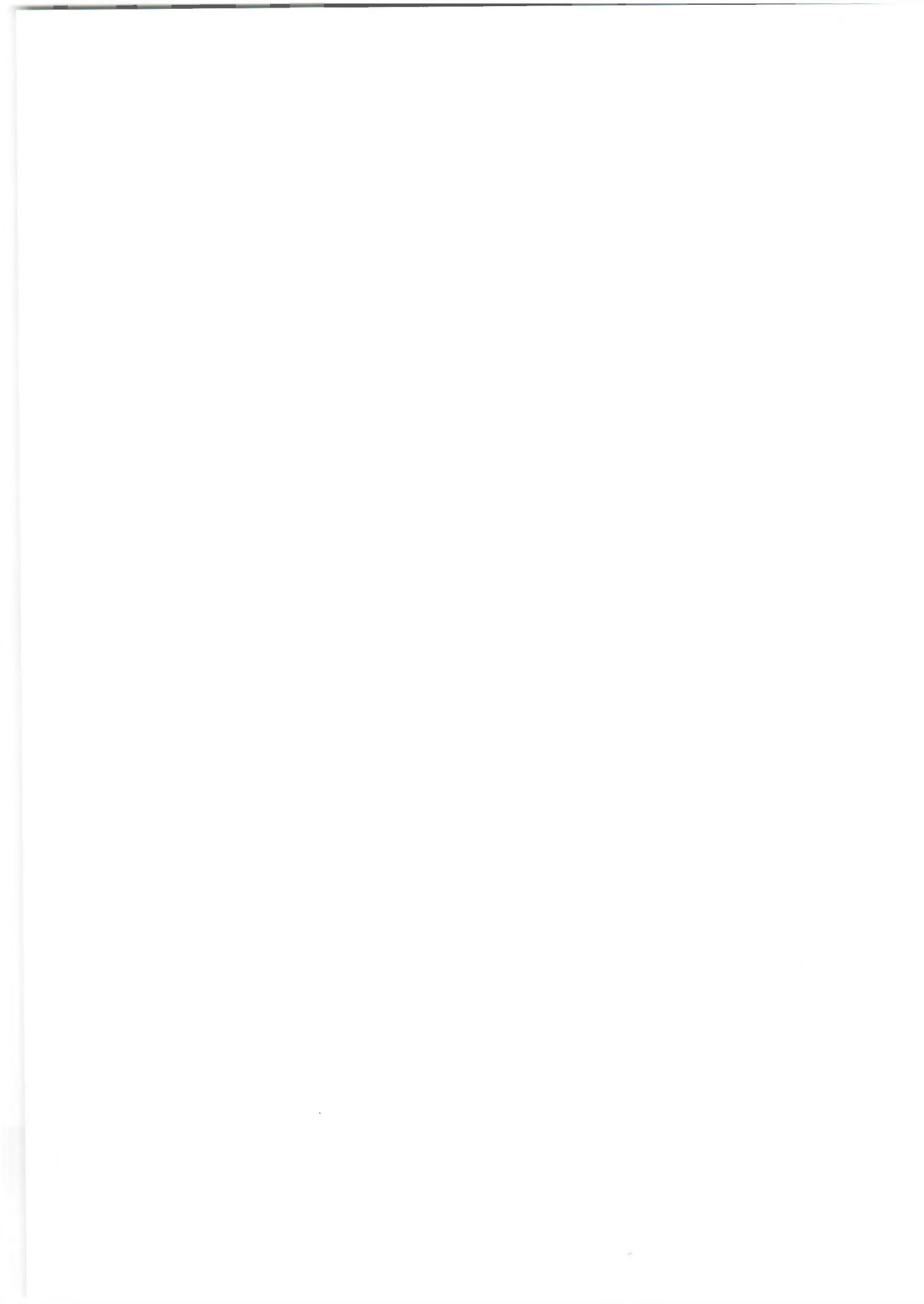
Through this brainwave feedback technique for inner awareness you can find your own way to the Light. What the Light tells you, or shows you, is uniquely yours because you are a unique being. But at the same time you are part of the Collective Overmind. And together we can shape what is happening on this planet.

Our visualization of what we want on Earth is the visualization of the Planetary Being, for we are the volitional and loving part of the Planetary Being's Mind and Heart.

* * *

All this was highly entertaining. And even if my mind created the scenarios out of whole cloth, they at least contained intriguing ideas that some day might be possible in internet-type "reality."

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CHAPTER 10

ARCHETYPES AND CHANNELING

We have said that Mind is the directing force back of the universe.... It only remains for a person to use that Mind for the purpose of perfecting the channel or vehicle through which to fully express its inherent powers and possibilities....

The supreme objective will be the development and training of a perfect body which, in turn, must be the perfect instrument through which to manifest and express a perfect mind capable of voicing the will of the Soul.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

In my use of words, a Teacher, spelled with a capital “T,” generally is an Earth-School graduate who stays with Earth in order to instruct us “undergraduates.” The only section of our Body-to-Jewel Being, however, which can get this instruction directly from a Teacher, is the *High Self*. After that, it is the *High Self’s* task to instruct the *soul*.

In other words, until we consciously contact our own *High Self*, beyond-the-bardo teachings remain subliminal in us, below the threshold of awareness. Fortunately, different from past centuries, brainwave training nowadays can take us to door of the *High Self*. And, if we accept that specific “know thyself” opportunity, progress toward Graduation becomes rapid, partly because the *High Self* channels energies from the Lotus and the Jewel.

Also, in a few individuals, the *High Self* acts as a channel not only for the Lotus and Jewel, but allows channeling of a Teacher by voice communication, as with Dr. Erwood and The Teacher.

According to my definitions, therefore, Alice Ann Bailey wasn’t a channel as much as a scribe. She received dictation from The Tibetan in her earlier years, and later received transmission of ideas, The Tibetan relying on her choice of words to get his ideas across.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky functioned in both ways, however, as a channel and as a scribe. In addition, she was the most advanced shaman of her day. Her demonstrations of “materialization

magic,” were unequaled in modern history to the best of my knowledge, until Sai Baba appeared on the scene. Since she scathingly criticized reductionistic scientists, and Christian do-gooding missionaries in India and Ceylon (Sri Lanka), it is not surprising that both “science” and the Vatican anathematized her and the Theosophical Society.

* * *

Though Teachers sometimes speak to us through “channels,” in my experience most Sources who are being channeled nowadays are not from “beyond the bardo.” Psychics often channel teachers who are self-described as “Masters from the other side,” but after analyzing the material presented by these “Masters,” and especially after evaluation of their attitudes, I often class these Sources as Guides rather than Teachers. This is not meant in disrespect, but merely indicates that, to me, that particular Source has not yet graduated from earth school.

For example, if Alyce had not finished her Earth-School education, she still could have functioned after her body died as a Guide from the bardo, that is, she could have worked as a Faculty Assistant in Earth School. After her graduation, however, she was fully qualified to work as a Teacher, an Associate Professor in the Fellowship of Light.

* * *

EVALUATION OF CHANNELED SOURCES

My Foreword to *EXPLORATIONS WITH MONITOR* (Grady and Grady, 1998) contains the criteria I normally use for evaluating channeled Sources. In a nutshell:

1. Whomever a Teacher may have been in a previous dispensation, he or she uses a pseudonym nowadays. Reference to a known “historical authority” is eliminated in order to avoid be-glamouring the channel or the audience.
2. A Teacher makes no claim for “truth” which you must accept. Instead, the burden of determining “true or not-true” is put into the listener’s lap, with the recommendation, “Let experience be your guide.”
3. Teachers never use flattery or its opposite, denigration. Sources who are cosmic rather than Kosmic, however, sometimes tell channels and their followers how powerful and important they are, or will be, in the working out of “God’s Plan.” On the other hand, sometimes by making use of feelings of inferiority or insecurity in the channel and followers, low-level cosmic Sources tell their listeners how unimportant they are—how low on the scale of evolution, how defective they are, worms in the dust, etc.

4. The Beings whom I have learned to respect as Kosmic Sources have a tremendous sense of humor. They are quick to laugh, even about themselves, and enjoy humor and its glamour-canceling effects. Cosmic Sources, on the other hand, often lack a sense of humor, especially about themselves and the message they are trying to put across, and sometimes respond to “doubts” with anger and threats.
5. Most important perhaps—regardless of how spiritually advanced or intellectual a Teacher may be, he or she has a loving nature which radiates goodwill, gentle tolerance, respect, and kindness.

* * *

CHANNELING MOM

More important than any of the above types of channeling, however, we personalities can learn to channel OURSELVES, can channel *MOM*. That process immensely speeds our progress toward merging with the Light.

As personalities, of course, our bodies and Conscious Selves are the channels for our *souls*—all the time. But since *souls* have many normally-subconscious parts (basic masculine and feminine selves, and Judge selves) we often are not aware of why we do things, or why we make certain “choices.”

What I am getting at is that until we “wake up” and become conscious at the *High-Self* level, what we call “free will” is to a large extent programmed behavior, controlled by our DNA-type structures of body, emotions, and mind (the skandas). In other words, until we wake up we are in large part puppets of unconscious processes, denial by the ego notwithstanding. The Wachowski Brothers understood this.

Reductionistic biologists, and other scientists who believe that there is no free will, can be pardoned, therefore, if they are pessimistic. Since they are themselves unaware of *MOM*, they see no freedom beyond continuously-adapting self-authenticating neural networks in their brains, “survival of the fittest” inside their own heads.

My suggestion: “Do theta training—and begin exploring a ‘new’ world of Mind, outside your head, in the bardo.”

* * *

For avowed reductionists, as represented by Friedrich Nietzsche, “God is dead.” And, as Paul Johnson noted in “The Real Message of the Millennium,” those people tend to agree with Julian Huxley, the first director-general of UNESCO, who in ’57 said, “Operationally, God is beginning to resemble not a ruler but the last fading smile of a cosmic Cheshire cat” Johnson noted, however, that Nietzsche and Huxley were wrong. Religion is not vanishing. Belief in God is increasing (Johnson, 1999).

But, “belief” is not solving our problem. To “repair” the world and reverse the trend toward increasing violence, which religion obviously is not doing, we must penetrate to the Source in ourselves (to the *SOUL*), discover that we are all brothers and sisters in the theta mindnet, and begin radiating goodwill, gentle tolerance, kindness, and respect for every culture on the globe.

* * *

NOW FOR THE BAD NEWS: The subconscious lower Selves of us are themselves unconsciously channeling the archetypal thought forms which humanity has constructed down the centuries. That is what I meant when I said that we are the puppets of the gods. Our subconscious drives (call them instincts and conditionings if you will) force us from one behavior to another, and the Conscious Self is often at its wit’s end trying to invent explanations (rationalizations) that justify that behavior. Mental patients, incidentally, are those who are driven beyond their wit’s end.

In ancient Greece the primary archetypal thoughtforms which controlled humanity were Zeus, Poseidon, Hades, and their demigod allies and offspring. But down the centuries, those living Powers of the bardo evolved into Technology, Orthodoxy in Religion, and Commercialism. These are the major present-day living thoughtforms which control us humans. We can wake up, however, realize that we are the “One” and begin channeling OURSELVES—and as we overcome the Agent Smiths of earth and bardo, we can begin to live at the Lotus level.

Agent Smiths may sometimes appear as *DBs* in our lives, and test us, as in my adventures at China Lake, but as challengers from the bardo, they are not “evil” per se. They are merely puppets from the darker levels of the Planetary Dweller, the collective subconscious. They would prevent us from contacting the *High Self*, if they could, for they want us to remain unconscious, like all good cows.

* * *

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION PUPPETS

As I see it, the following vision-dream material from the journal concerns our relation to the modern pantheon of gods.

27 OCTOBER 1994 (THURSDAY).... I was in a state of lucid dreaming all night it seemed, one long single-theme, many-chaptered adventure. The chapters were archetypal confrontations, straight out of Kafka, though in a modern setting. And I was not a loser, like Kafka.

Kafka's archetypal dreams were trying to tell him something important about himself and about the cosmos, but he never learned what it was. An "archetypal power" always blocked him, was superior in every way, anticipated his every move, captured him, and, in the dreams which were incorporated into THE TRIAL, condemned him to death for something he could never remember or discover.

* * *

FIRST SCENARIO: For me, the "archetypal power" was not a Franz Kafka-type legal system, but was a group of world-controllers who didn't quite know who I was, or where I was, but felt that I was a threat of some kind, or at least a pest to be eradicated.

They were dressed in elegant silk business suits, were fabulously wealthy, arrogant, and totally self confident. This group didn't represent the law (as in Kafka's case) but stood for a world-encircling Mafia-like commercial power, far above the world's law. They wished to eliminate me and were searching high and low for my whereabouts, which they sensed but couldn't see.

I could see them, however, and was able, because of the lucid nature of the dream, to always find or create an escape route to avoid capture.

SECOND SCENARIO: Part of my problem was that in addition to myself, I was responsible for guiding some other people, whom I continuously shepherded out of danger. In one of the episodes, I managed to get my group into a van-like car and turn the windows from transparent to smoky, so we would be invisible to the enemy. And then, as our opponents closed in on the garage we were escaping from, we burst out and down the street with their cars in pursuit, like in the movie "Romancing the Stone."

THIRD SCENARIO: I switched to a motorcycle and led the pursuers on a wild goose chase that diverted them from the others.

FOURTH SCENARIO: In addition to my being concerned with other people, many men and women, young and old, helped me by supplying disguises, bicycles, scooters, cars, etc. Their assistance and advice was valuable and timely, but I worried about the danger of them being caught helping me. They, on the whole, however, were not bothered by the "powers," for it seemed that they didn't have sufficient individual freedom to be a threat to the archetypal world.

* * *

I got the impression in the dream that I not was a threat to the archetypal power because of my escape from the system, but because I tended to promote the idea of “freedom” by talking and writing about it. The danger was that an individual in public view could stimulate group investigation, and that might challenge the “gods,” threatening to deprive them of their “food” supply.

To them, the worst of all scenarios would be for humanity to throw off the shackles of the relatively-unconscious deva forces of our own nature, and introduce Lotus and Jewel power that would make our devic parts, and their archetypal controllers, servants rather than masters. In that regard, The Tibetan said that our human task is to increase consciousness and volition, and the deva task is to learn to obey and be of service.

* * *

Kafka’s problem was that as awareness of the bardo increased in him, he began to realize that humans were not free. Instead, they were unconscious psychic beings trapped in a vast network of ever-adapting living laws. These laws represented a certain “pantheon of gods.” And like all pantheons which regulate cultures, it controlled not only life on earth but also life in the bardo, something which Kafka continuously dreamed about.

These gods weren’t concerned with Kafka himself, or the Western culture, of course, except as the source of living psychic energy which supported them, similar to the way in which prisoners support penitentiaries. But, when Kafka began to write about what it was he was beginning to understand, he became a danger to the end-of-the-19th-century Western “gods.”

Interestingly, the gods themselves, the MATRIX in every culture, are merely “parts” of an impersonal world-wide loosely-knit living Confluence of Pantheons, which always resists change.

* * *

AN ASIDE: Here is a great irony: Thousands of years ago the original gods and goddesses were created by, and given power by us humans. We were attempting to account for and pacify the vagaries of Nature, and began THINKING, fearfully, about “causes.” And then, because thoughts are living things which embody our concepts, we humans became worshippers of the thoughtforms themselves, the very bardo entities which we had created, and fell on our knees before them. Important note: These worshipped “beings” were then both inside of us and outside of us.

A book could be written about this interesting circumstance. Part of it has already been written, of course, in the Old Testament, along with metaphysical interpretations, but the section which was most studiously researched appeared in 1890 in *THE GOLDEN BOUGH* (Frazer, 1972).

Unfortunately, Frazer was a scholar without bardo experience, and after his decades-long labor he felt that the “gods” were merely inside creations, and at the very end of his remarkable compendium of myths and customs he says,

We must remember that at bottom the generalizations of science or, in common parlance, the laws of nature are merely hypotheses devised to explain that ever-shifting phantasmagoria of thought which we dignify with the high-sounding names of the world and the universe. In the last analysis magic, religion, and science are nothing but theories of thought; and as science has supplanted its predecessors, so it may hereafter be itself superseded by some more perfect hypothesis, perhaps by some totally different way of looking at the phenomena—of registering the shadows on the screen—of which we in this generation can form no idea.”

Frazer meticulously studied the shadows on the back of the cave, with the light behind him it seems, but nevertheless he was clear-headed enough to add, “The dreams of magic may one day be the realities of science.” And that possible state of affairs, which The Teacher said would begin to come about toward the end of the Twentieth Century, has already begun to precipitate in “time and space,” as seen in the articles of Haaland, Pittman, and Roll (see References).

* * *

Carl Jung, from his own experience of the bardo, knew very well that the archetypal gods were both outside and inside, and in his Commentary for *THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD* (Evens-Wentz, 1960, p. xxxvii), he says:

Not only the “wrathful” but also the “peaceful” deities are conceived as...projections of the human psyche, an idea that seems all too obvious to the enlightened European, because it reminds him of his own banal simplifications. But though the European can easily explain away these deities as projections [meaning entirely inside the head] he would be quite incapable of positing them at the same time as real [meaning outside the head]. The Bardo Thodol [THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD] can do that.... The ever-present, unspoken assumption of the Bardo Thodol is...the idea of the qualitative difference of the various levels of consciousness and of the metaphysical realities conditioned by them. The background of this unusual book is not the niggardly European “either-or,” but a magnificently affirmative “both-and.”

In another place (p. xlv), Jung comments on archetypes,

...just as the organs of the body are not mere lumps of indifferent, passive matter, but are dynamic, functional complexes which assert themselves with imperious urgency, so also the archetypes, as organs of the psyche, are dynamic, instinctual complexes which determine psychic life to an extraordinary degree.

* * *

CONFLUENCE OF PANTHEONS

I first began thinking of a global Confluence of Pantheons while photographing a temple in India. Though every pantheon is culture-specific (that is, reflects the names and traditions of an identifiable culture, such as Cherokee, or Tibetan), at the same time pantheons tend to reflect similarities, which Carl Jung observed and called archetypes. The reason for the similarities, of course, is that every unique pantheon reflects the laws of the Kosmos as experienced by the elders of that tradition, over centuries. [The best reference I've found on this "confluence of pantheons" is the *DICTIONARY OF ALL SCRIPTURES AND MYTHS* (Gaskell, 1969).]

The following paragraphs, which give a short version of my insight-forming experience in India, are taken from the article called "SELF RELIANCE: NOW," which was published in *BRIDGES* (Green, 1999).

I mentioned that in '73 I took a team of researchers from the Menninger Foundation to India to study the psychophysiological prowess of yogis (Green and Green, 1977). In three months we had many encounters, but one of the most interesting, to me, was in the town of Vishakhapatnam, on the Bay of Bengal. I had taken an opportunity to visit the local Hindu temple because I'd heard that it was unusually well-maintained.

At the top of the temple there were some lofty looking gods and some other angelic-looking beings, and then down in the center of the temple the gods became a bit more crude. And at the bottom level the gods had huge gnashing teeth coming out from the sides of their jaws.

As I was taking photos, and thinking, "What are all these demons doing in this holy place," an Indian in an orange robe walked up to me and said, in perfect Cambridge English, "I hope you understand that when the peasants around here come to pray, they think they are praying to those beings out there. But those of us who know something, understand that those beings are part of our own nature, and until we integrate them in ourselves, we can not be whole." Straight Jung!

As the holy man said that, I got a mental flash of the pantheon of gods at Mount Olympus, Zeus at the top with some demigods and goddesses (mind, "occult fire"), and then the middle layer of gods ruled by Poseidon (emotion, "occult water") and lastly, the abysmal gods at the bottom ruled by Hades (body, "occult earth"). These are the "three worlds" of occult mythology!

In Ancient Greece, Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades were said to be the three autonomous gods between whom the cosmos was equally divided. And since I had recently lectured in 15 cities in India on biofeedback and the central nervous system, and how to control it, I thought of the cortical brain (Zeus, mind, fire), and below that the limbic brain (Poseidon, emotion, water), and at the bottom the hypothalamus and the pituitary, the body brain (Hades, body, earth).

* * *

And now, it is clear to me that these levels of the archetypal gods (whatever their names in a particular culture) control the way in which we live our lives. That, of course, is what the holy man at Visakaputnam was talking about. Also, in reading the Alice Ann Bailey material and Aurobindo's books, and practicing what Aurobindo recommended, I began to realize that humans are vertical assemblies of subordinate selves, just like the temple. We extend all the way from Hades to Zeus as personalities, and transcend Zeus as SOULS. Interestingly, Zeus is immortal but not eternal. Sooner or later that archetype must be superseded.

Isn't it interesting that those old gods, in total, are the archetypal controllers of what we must rise above in our lives in order to overcome the negative, selfish, and destructive "instincts" that humanity suffers from. It's also interesting that in that way of looking at it, when you come up through the body and emotions and mind, you are coming up through the temple of yourself, and when you arrive at the top you come to that tunnel above the head of Zeus (in "occult air") and go up into the Light of the SOUL, into your spiritual SELF.

Reports of this experience from near-death people have come to us again and again. Kenneth Ring's book, THE OMEGA PROJECT (1992), discusses the subject, and an important personal account was given by Dannon Brinkley in SAVED BY THE LIGHT (1994). The grandfather book on such experiences is LIFE AFTER LIFE, by Raymond Moody (1977).

Also see TRANSFORMED BY THE LIGHT by Melvin Morse (1992).

And after we find the Light, we bring it down through Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades, transforming the beings who are both inside of us and outside of us. That's why I'm interested in Human Potential, the development of which is facilitated by training in SELF Reliance. This transformation by the Light is what we were born for, I believe. An interesting article by psychiatrist Bruce Scotton, related to these subjects, has recently been published in PSYCHIATRIC ANNALS (Scotton, 1999).

* * *

MERLIN AND STAR TREK

A bit more quoting from "SELF RELIANCE: NOW."

People are beginning to understand about the "gods." For instance, at the end of the movie called "Merlin," Morgan, the selfish and controlling goddess, said to Merlin and the Knights of the Round Table that there was no way to escape her control. And when Merlin and the others turned and began to walk away, she screamed that they couldn't do that because she was the power, "How can you escape from me?"

Merlin merely turned his head for a moment and said, "We will forget you."

And that's how the archetypes die. We transcend them through detachment and SELF Reliance, and from us they no longer can extract the subtle physical, emotional, and mental energies which keep them alive....

With detachment we turn our backs on the archetypal beings of Hades, Poseidon, and Zeus [Commercialism, Orthodoxy in Religion, and Technology], and bring in the transpersonal Light. And as we do that, the constricting gods begin to evaporate from the "collective unconscious" of Earth. In religious and political terms, the formerly-appropriate ways of regulating the world will vanish, and we will begin to rely on the love and the wisdom of the Light. This, of course, was Jesus' message.

* * *

That theme of escape from the archetypes also made up one of Star Trek's episodes. The starship, Enterprise, came to a planet on which there were found Greek gods and temples. These gods were so powerful that immediately the people who landed from the Enterprise became their worshippers and slaves. The Captain finally understood who these beings were. He realized that they were the archetypal entities who had long controlled Earth.

When he began arguing with the gods, saying, "You are of the past. We are of the present. And we don't intend to become your slaves. We intend to be OURSELVES," then the temples began to crumble, the columns and the gods came tumbling down.

And until we parallel this event in ourselves, the cortex, limbic system, and hypothalamus will remain under the control of primitive archetypal patterns of behavior, called "instincts." When we develop SELF-Reliance, however, the old planetary gods begin to die. Not God, of course, but the old thoughtforms of the collective unconscious which presently program human brains, like television studios program TV sets.

* * *

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

In summary, the main task for us individuals is to begin to channel our *High Self* instead of the Dweller only. A beautiful story of this transformation was written by Jean Cocteau. Consider the following short excerpt from the Journal.

15 FEBRUARY 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... I copied from a satellite channel Jean Cocteau's symbolic 1946 movie called "Beauty and The Beast." That production, in French with English subtitles, is one of the movies that Alyce and I especially enjoyed when we lived in Wrightwood. I believe we saw it in San Bernardino. It caused us to study Jean Cocteau's writings and those of his esteemed mentor, Jacques Maritain, a teacher of esthetics, religion, and philosophy.

Cocteau's story is about the transformation of the Dweller by Love from, and toward, the *Higher Self* and *SOUL*. The fable says, as in the Gilgamesh legend, that the symbolic death of a "living mask" allows the emergence of spirit, like the emergence of a dragonfly from encasement within the nymph.

When Alyce and I saw the movie, in '46 or '47, we recognized that the theme Cocteau had portrayed was related to us. It wasn't though, as if two individuals represented a beauty and a beast. Instead, each of us had the two players within, namely, the Angel of the Presence and the Dweller on the Threshold (the *High Self* and the holding-back side of the personality).

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THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER: A Chinese Book of Life

Another excerpt from the Journal.

21 JULY 2000 (FRIDAY).... Delightful synchronicity! A little book [with the above title] was translated from Chinese by Richard Wilhelm and printed in German, in '29, with seventy pages of Commentary by Carl Jung—and today I read the English version (Wilhelm, 1962). How this book got into my stack, I don't know, but since I didn't purchase it, I believe it arrived while I was busy caring for Alyce, in a bundle of books from Bob and Dorothy Mariani (two Council Grove Conference members) who knew I was interested in the Kabbalah, the Tao, and other esoteric materials.

The “Golden Flower” is the Lotus of Tibetan Buddhism. And the “light” which is the subject of the book is what I have called the “Light of the *SOUL*” in AVIZ. Most surprising, although I found no reference to the Tantra which I learned from The Teacher, Wilhelm's discussion of the “energies of life,” however, parallels my experience. He says, explaining the text,

.... After death the personal element retreats and there ensues an involution corresponding to the “externalization.” The being then becomes an impotent phantom because it lacks the energies of life and its fates come to an end. It now partakes of the fruits of its good or bad deeds in heavens or hells which, however, are not external, but purely inner states. The more a being penetrates these states, the more involution progresses till finally he disappears from the plane of existence, of whatever nature that may have been, and then, by entering a new womb, begins a new existence supplied by his previous imaginings.

If, on the other hand, it has been possible during life to set going the “backward-flowing,” rising movement of the life-energies, if the energies of the anima are mastered by the animus in each of us, then a liberation from external things takes place. An inner, ascending circulation of the energies takes place. The ego withdraws from its entanglement in the world, and after death remains alive because “interiorization” has prevented the wasting of the life-energies in the outer world. Such a being...can, even though invisible, still influence men and inspire them to great thought and noble deeds.

In Taoism the goal is to preserve in a transfigured form the idea of the person, the “traces” left by experience. That is the light which, with life, returns to itself and which is symbolized in our text by the Golden Flower (Page 16).

* * *

TO THE READER: The above paragraphs have fascinating parallels with what I learned first from The Teacher, and later from the writings of The Tibetan and Aurobindo—and eventually had substantiated with Alyce, before and after she retreated from physical life.

Jung's Commentary is insightful and instructive, but he did not recognize as "real" some of the states of energy that Richard Wilhelm found in the Chinese text. There may be a problem with definitions, but Jung seems to equate "metaphysical" with "speculative."

...it is really my purpose to push aside without mercy the metaphysical claims of all esoteric teaching; the secret objective of gaining power through words ill accords with our profound ignorance—which we should have the modesty to confess. It is my firm intention to bring things that have a metaphysical sound into the daylight of psychological understanding, and to do my best to prevent the public from believing in obscure words of power....

One cannot grasp anything metaphysically, but it can be done psychologically. Therefore I strip things of their metaphysical wrappings in order to make them objects of psychology. In this way I can at least extract something understandable from them, and can avail myself of it. Moreover, I learn to know psychological conditions and processes which before were veiled in symbols and out of reach of my understanding. In doing this I also may be able to follow a similar path and to have similar experiences. (p. 128)

I would say, however, that Jung had it backwards. Understanding doesn't lead to experience. Instead, experience leads to understanding. And ultimately we get knowing. But knowing often can be expressed in words only through metaphysical symbols.

Jung continues,

My admiration for the great Eastern philosophers is as genuine as my attitude towards their metaphysics is irreverent. I suspect them of being symbolical psychologists, to whom no greater wrong could be done than to take them literally. If it were really metaphysics that they mean, it would be useless to try to understand (p. 129).

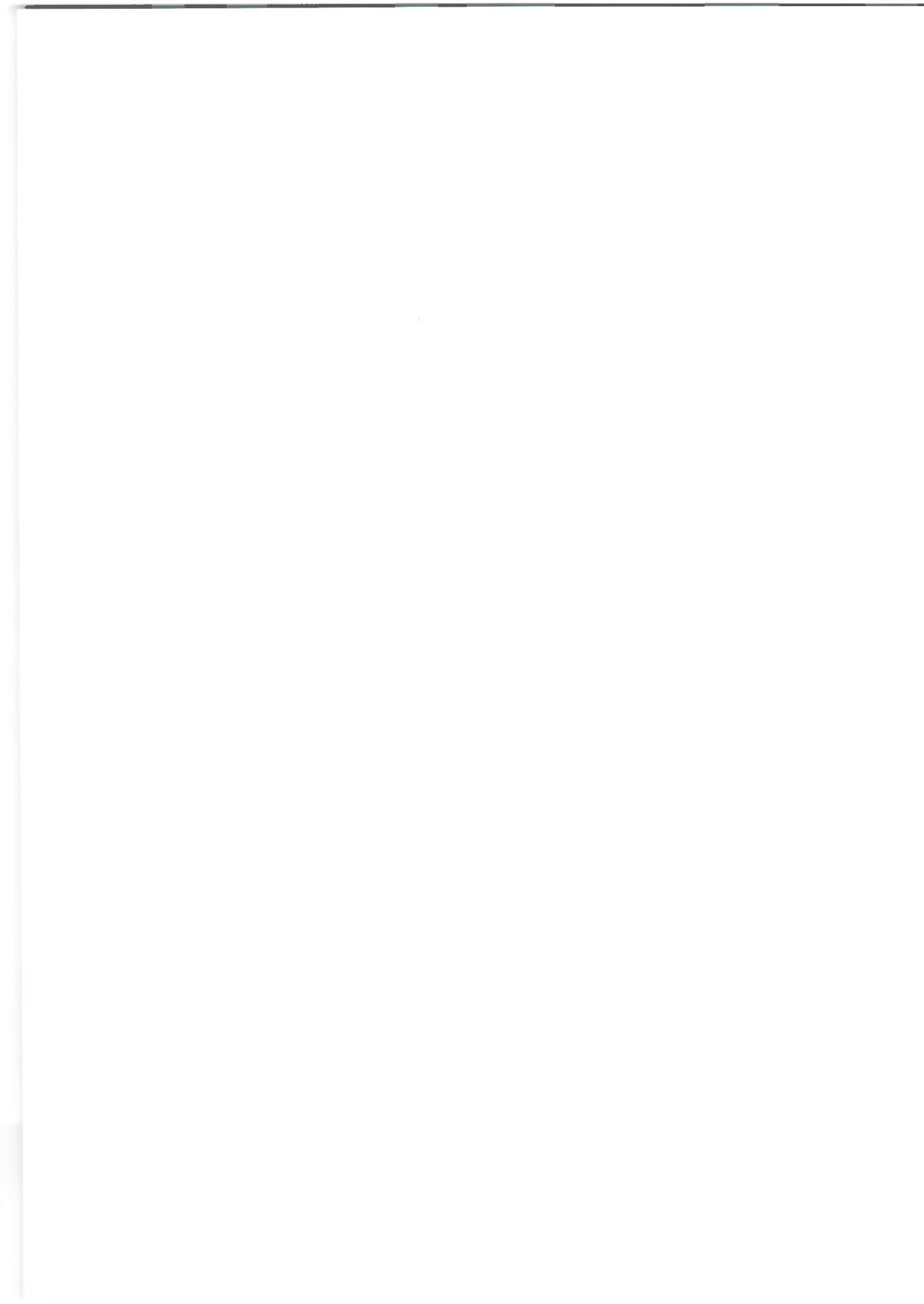
In a footnote to the above, however, Richard Wilhelm says, "The Chinese philosophers—in contrast to the dogmatists of the West—are only grateful for such an attitude, because they also are master of their gods." That agrees with what I was taught, and had to learn experientially. First we become aware of, then master, the archetypal gods—including the Zeus of knowledge.

One more comment from Jung,

It can often be observed that wholly concrete taboos or magical rites in an early stage of a religion become in the next stage a matter of psychic concern, or even wholly spiritual symbols. An external law, in the course of time, becomes an inner conviction. Thus it might easily happen to contemporary man that the person Jesus, now existing outside in the realm of history, might become the...man himself. Then we would have attained, in a European way, the psychological state corresponding to "enlightenment" in the Eastern sense (p. 134).

This experiential "state of enlightenment" is, of course, what Morpheus meant when he spoke of the difference between "knowing" and "walking," the path.

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Chapter 11

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Stop thinking of yourself in terms of limitation...as something separate from God...as foredoomed to a life of failure, of misery, of sickness and eventual death and annihilation...as a helpless pawn on an infinite chessboard....

Think of yourself as an important part of the Divine Plan...a conscious, self-determining individual—as a self-willing, self-directing, consciously minded and intelligently and intentionally operating [Child of the Divine Mother]...as a spiritual Being: not as a body, but most emphatically as a spiritual Being endowed with mind of so definite and expansive possibilities that there is absolutely no limitation to your growth in any way whatsoever, and that that which looks like limitation is only the horizon.

—The Teacher (Erwood, 1941)

STATEMENT AND QUESTION: “Inner exploration through Zen or any other kind of meditation, such as mindfulness training or theta brainwave training, sounds straightforward and good, and simple. But is there anything to be afraid of?”

The answer, as I have experienced it is, “No, even if we ‘fear’ change.”

What an irony! The one thing that is more permanent than either death or taxes, is change, and since that process is the way the Kosmos works (called God’s will in some of the world’s Bibles) my recommendation is, “Go inside and ask *MOM* (Mind of Me) that very question.” Answers that I got from *MOM*, like answers from The Teacher, were always problem-solving, and put in such a loving way as to increase my strengths. Not that I didn’t have lacks, but since life is a school, a lack was treated as a course yet to be taken—like taking algebra before calculus.

At the end of this chapter, under the heading, **OVERCOMING FEARS**, I include part of an article by Charles Tart on how to handle fear. His paper, published in **SUBTLE ENERGIES**, is the transcript of an Invited Address given at ISSSEEM’s Fourth Annual Conference (1994) in Boulder, Colorado. Since Charles spent much of his life helping to develop a science of parapsychology (even as a professor of psychology at the University of California, Davis campus),

he became an expert at handling criticism, understanding what it was that was feared, and figuring out what to do about it.

* * *

In my case, with *MOM* as a teacher who always outlined how to “win,” tackling problems without fear became a challenge, and every goal was something that could be achieved, though sometimes it seemed only a small step forward. Once when I asked The Teacher about these limited day-to-day goals, He said, “You are not required to ‘get there,’ only to ‘start.’”

If you ask *MOM* the above question, most likely the first suggestion will be to turn attention on one of your own Sub-selves, and to ask the question again. If you do that, you may not know at first to whom you are speaking “in there,” but nevertheless, recognize that particular Self’s existence, whomever it may be. Then communicate with it. And after learning what it has “in mind,” negotiate with that Self for cooperation with your Conscious- and *High-Self* goals.

The idea of such a conversation may seem odd at first because, as I’m often asked, “How can you possibly talk with a body organ or a subconscious Self?” But one answer is: “In the same way in which I was instructed to talk with Alyce when she was incommunicado in Alz. Phrase your thoughts in whispers and use ESP.”

Sometimes instantly, and sometimes after a week of asking every day for four or five minutes during meditation, applicable images and ideas will begin to come to mind—or dreams may bring information. On one occasion though, about 1975, I had to ask every day for over a month, insisting that as a “student of Light,” I had a right to know what was causing a certain health problem, even if because of karma I might find it difficult to correct. A Journal entry explains.

27 JANUARY 1998 (TUESDAY).... I asked my Mind (in 1976) for an explanation of why my hands had become cracked and bleeding in a dozen places over a period of many months, in spite of every remedy or therapeutic procedure that either Joe Sargent [my internist friend at Menninger] or I could think of. I had the right, I insisted, to be told what the problem was.

After a month of increasingly insistent request, just as I woke up one morning a voice in my head said, “The body needs a level of silica.” And that was the answer. In 2 weeks, after taking large amounts of herb capsules (Horsetail) which I got at a health food store, my hands were back to normal and I was able to lecture again in Voluntary-Controls workshops without embarrassment....

* * *

IMPORTANT NOTE: If an idea or suggestion seems risky, though, or unreasonable or foolish, then re-negotiate. The Conscious Self, after all, is President of the Company, and must be convinced of the soundness of any proposal, whether it is to start or stop eating a certain food, or to phone someone, or make a life-style change.

The critical factor is to persevere until you get answers. People who attempt this kind of inner dialogue, as many theta-training clients and copper-wall research subjects have done, are often surprised when an unrecognized fear comes to mind. Becoming aware of anxieties and dealing with them, however, is the way to “lucidity,” the goal of copper-wall meditation.

* * *

Interestingly, Freud learned of the dark side of the unconscious, and said that it was the only “side” that existed, but Jung and Assagioli, and others such as Edgar Cayce and Will Erwood, broke the constricting double chrysalis of orthodox psychiatry and orthodox theology, and helped humanity open its wings, so to speak. And today, many people are flying, free of fear.

Hundreds of brochures outlining self-development workshops, sponsored by dozens of New-Age groups, indicate that a sea-change in inner-life consciousness has taken place. And in many participants, a formerly-hidden fearful inner Self has surfaced, and been “liberated.”

* * *

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Fear by itself, it should be noted, is not a “thing,” it is a condition, just as high-blood-pressure is not a “thing,” but is a condition. And like high blood pressure, a specific fear can be handled by communicating with the specific Selves—physical, emotional, or mental—in which it exists as a not-yet-negotiated-with behavioral “twist.”

Different from high blood pressure, though, which is a twist in a previously-healthy physical body, much fear is a psychological reaction to metamorphosis in an unfolding self-protective emotional structure. This emotional structure is “twisted” in the same way that a dragonfly’s wing is “twisted” when it emerges from its chrysalis, not yet expanded for flight.

What I am saying is: We are growing up, coming out of the chrysalis, and during that process, fear of change is normal.”

Hope is the first psychological correlate of transformation (metamorphosis), and that, perhaps, is what starts the process going. But fear generally follows. The instant we begin to

emerge from the chrysalis of limitation, from being a semi-developed *soul*, to freedom as an unlimited *SOUL*, we come up against resistance and tend to become fearful, at least temporarily.

The metaphor can't be carried too far, but "evil" is the resistance of the chrysalis itself, it is the resistance of the living old form from which the "new" emerges. An emerging dragonfly (or butterfly, if preferred) no doubt "fears" metamorphosis into the imago, the "perfect" creature it will be, and we humans are similar. And we not only have a physical Self, but also emotional and mental Selves who fear transformation.

In the Ancient Wisdom, the "old" form is called the Dweller on the Threshold of Divinity. It is a living entity whose blind resistance to transformation, using whatever help is available, even from *DBs*, is called "evil."

* * *

Put in a general way: Associated with an increase in *High Self* consciousness at every level of the human *soul*, planetary "evil" is beginning to be recognized as innate resistance to metamorphosis of the Planetary (Collective) Subconscious, which we can help "bring to the Light" by meeting our own Dweller's resistance consciously, not allowing it to remain hidden, especially from us. Secrecy is the darkness in which Dwellers feel safe. But, like it or not, their destiny is to come out, to be brave (at least braver), and lose fear of enlightenment. More on this subject in the discussion of Gilgamesh.

* * *

AN ASIDE CONCERNING DARKNESS: The Tibetan says that though humanity and its Teachers will transform the planet and help it emerge into the Light, all *DBs* (intentionally self-twisted *souls*) will be left behind. They are the dying husks of personalities who chose personal power over Mindnet Love, and are destined to dissolve into the underlying astral substance of the bardo, even as physical husks dissolve into the underlying chemical substance of Earth.

Relatedly, The Teacher told me that *SOULS* from whom *DBs* severed themselves, lost a term in Earth School and had to take specific "courses" (my word) over again. In speaking of this relatively-rare circumstance, He referred to a locale in Heaven called the Land of Mindless *SOULS*. It is a place, He said, where *SOULS* who "lost" (His word) their *souls*, reside during construction of new personalities patterned after memory records (the skandas) stored in their High Selves.

When I asked The Teacher what the "Land of Mindless *SOULS*" meant in terms of *SOUL* development, He said that a page from the "Book of Life" for that *SOUL*—a book in which

each sheet lists the gains of a life on Earth—a page had been torn out and discarded, and the *SOUL*'s story resumed as if that life had never been.

Now those torn-out pages may maintain a form of semi-life in the bardo as major, minor, or pip-squeak *DBs*, living on people's emotions as best they can (in the same way that physical parasites live in the physical body), and we may call these *DBs* "the Devil," but in The Teacher's view there is no such thing as The Devil, per se. There is no duality. All the going-the-other-way *SOUL*-less forms in the cosmos, such as *DBs*, are merely residue in the Kosmic evolve-and-test program.

In other words, there is no specific Satan, on Earth or any other place. That idea is a misinterpretation of the way in which the Kosmos evolves. The idea of Satan is popular with humans, though, and won't go away, because it helps people get rid of responsibility and what they call "guilt." The principle is, "Blame it on someone else, and if no one is available, the Devil will do."

* * *

GIVING UP ATTACHMENTS

My earliest fears weren't about the Devil but, as reader's of my *INNER LIFE* chapter already know, were about giving up something to which I was attached. Later, I may have worried about how best to do something, such as how best to care for Alyce during her Alz years, but as years passed I went through enough minor transformations to note an underlying principle, which I believe is true for everyone. Namely, when we turn toward the Divine Mother, and away from the semi-divine archetypal gods and goddesses, we move with joy into greater freedom.

What actually transpires?

Merlin, in the movie "Merlin," put it succinctly in answering the Goddess. He said, "We will forget you." He didn't say, "Regretfully, we will leave you." Or, "We will try to leave you." What he implied by "forget" was that what was happening was not the "giving up" of a relationship but a "going on" to something better.

Dragonflies, not having intellects, already know this.

* * *

Fortunately, the Plan of the Fellowship of Light includes our contribution to the Earth's "common good," and we need not be concerned with what happens after we finish a task, but Tony Schwartz reminded me that "letting go" was not always easy. Consider the following Journal entry.

24 MARCH 1995 (FRIDAY).... Tony Schwartz [the author of *WHAT REALLY MATTERS* (1995)], phoned and said that he is concerned about the lack of book reviews he has obtained from major advisors of book stores. I was surprised...for the book, which chronicles the development of the New-Age spiritual movement in America, has been favorably reviewed by the *NEW YORK TIMES*, by *FORTUNE* magazine, and several other influential publications. Also, Tony has appeared on "Good Morning America," and next Friday night will be the guest of Charlie Rose on PBS. Tony says, though, that well over 50,000 books should have been sold by now.

However, I'd say that he's not doing badly for having written a spiritually-oriented book. Thirty-five thousand have been sold already, and another printing is in the works. He's basing his idea of success, I believe, on what happened after he wrote the Trump book. It must have sold a million copies.

Also, Tony says he's shocked because *WHAT REALLY MATTERS* has met with fear in many of his friends. He's lucky, however, that nothing worse happened when the Shadow side of the Planetary Being took notice. If you try to light a candle in the darkness of this Planet, you're likely to be greeted with a fire extinguisher.

We talked for a long time about fear, resistance in society, negative synchronicities—and had some good laughs at the irony of it all.... All we can do is: "Do our best and go on our way." If others don't respond, that's their problem.

If they can hurt us, though, that proves to them (they erroneously believe), that they were right in saying we were wrong. But, if we are untouched by their fears, then we become role models because they realize at their deepest levels that we represent what they are searching for, even while a part of them tries to "terminate" us.

* * *

EGO AND INTELLECT

The *SOUL* refines the personality partly through transformation of ego. And in many people, as Tony Schwartz observed, that change is intensely feared. The problem, of course, is mistaken identity. Who are we? The average person has a well-constructed and well-defended ego, an autonomous separate shadow-side sub-personality which shrinks from the idea of

transformation into a loving mind-net *SOUL*, even if that *SOUL* is his or her OWN SELF. Interestingly, the ones who suffer most from this problem are intellectuals.

Carl Jung noted this in his 1930 address, "In Memory of Richard Wilhelm."

I am a physician and deal with ordinary people, and therefore I know that the universities have ceased to act as disseminators of light. People have become weary of scientific specialization and rationalistic intellectualism. They want to hear truths which broaden rather than restrict them, which do not obscure but enlighten, which do not run off them like water, but penetrate them to the marrow (Wilhelm, 1962).

Along the same vein, and paraphrasing Johannes Schultz, "Deliver us from pundits and scholars. It takes two years for them to learn as much mind-body self-regulation as the average high-school student learns in two weeks." Why?

Ego!

In searching for references for the present book, I found that Professors of Mythology, even those who specialize in the Mythology of Religion, often "know" of the path, but seldom "walk" it. Instead they criticize, split hairs, and make judgments. Gaskell, in his *DICTIONARY OF ALL SCRIPTURES AND MYTHS*, observed the same thing. A notable exception, though, was mythologist Joseph Campbell, a one-time Council-Grove-Conference presenter. He walked the path (Larsen, 1991).

More along this "scholarly" line from the Journal.

20 MAY 1996 (MONDAY).... The Library of Science Book Club had some interesting material on new interpretations of the brain and mind, by professors in Departments of Philosophy. Oddly enough, the arguments about brains, computers, and minds may be modern, but the positions are essentially the same as those I first became acquainted with in high school.

Philosophers who have had transcendental experience see a metaphysically open-ended system, allowing mind to be more than brain, but those who haven't had such experience say the Soul is Dead! The crucial difference is experience, something the left cortex seems to have deadly fear of. The intellectual part of human nature prefers to stay in a windowless basement, convinced that no such thing as natural light exists, only man-made light.

* * *

DEAD CHICKEN

In regard to this “windowless basement” syndrome, I’ve included below an outstanding example of the intellectual’s problem. It involves the fit-to-be-tied reaction of one of my professor-type medical friends at Menninger, when I asked him, in ’70, to help me run an experiment to test Swami Rama’s assertion that he could revive a dead chicken by a kind of shamanistic magic known in India as Solar Science.

I really didn’t want to run this experiment—for already I was having trouble at Menninger demonstrating that simple-minded Autogenic training could be accelerated by biofeedback—but Swami Rama insisted. I reminded him, however, that of the twenty-four things which he might attempt to demonstrate in the laboratory, which he had listed in his letter of 16 April 1970 (BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK, p. 205), the Solar-Science demonstration was last. And as far as I was concerned it would better be left undone.

[Because of its implications for “religion,” I felt that such a revival-of-the-dead demonstration, if successful, would do more harm than good. And, for me personally, I wasn’t much interested anyway. I’d seen more fascinating things in Dr. Erwood’s classes, I felt. And besides, Jesus had already raised Lazarus from the dead. So why a chicken, except for its startle-power 2000 years later, in a rational scientific world.]

Swami was adamant, however, and I soon saw that despite my explanation of possible “damage” to our research cause, he was intensely ego-involved. What to do?

I called The Teacher and said that I’d have to play this situation as the ball bounced, and would be obliged to discuss the results publicly, no matter what happened to the chicken. This demonstration, with appropriate laboratory gear, medical examinations, and video equipment, I said, would have to take place on the lawn of the Murphy Research Building. Right out in the open, next door to WIBW, our local TV station, because the Swami said that bright sunlight was mandatory. So whatever He thought best, I’d go with the flow, and make the best of it, not attempting to influence the course of events with my will.

Swami then informed me that he couldn’t conduct such an experiment without permission from his Tibetan Solar-Science teacher in north India, and the exact day of the demonstration, he said, would be determined by whatever reply he got to a telegram he’d sent.

* * *

ASIDE: I’d first learned of such a strange phenomenon in a fascinating book called A SEARCH IN SECRET INDIA (Brunton, 1935). Originally a British newspaper man, Paul Brunton had gone to Benares, now known as Varanasi, to find a “Yogi wonder worker,” Vishudhananda. One

day the shaman said that he would restore the life of a small animal, a bird, as a demonstration of Solar Science. A few days later, Brunton wrote (p. 195),

Once again I am in the house of the magician.... A sparrow is strangled and left exposed to our gaze for about an hour, so that we can assure ourselves that it is really dead. Its eyes are motionless, its body sad and stiff; I cannot discover a single sign which might betray the presence of life in the little creature.

The magician picks up his magnifying glass and concentrates a ray of sunlight into an eye of the bird. The old man sits bent over his strange task, his large eyes fixed in a glassy stare, his face cold, emotionless and non-committal. Suddenly, his lips open and his voice breaks out into a weird, crooning chant in some language which is unknown to me. A little later the bird's body begins to twitch. I have seen a dog twitch its suffering frame in the same manner, when the spasms of approaching death have overtaken it. Then comes a slight fluttering of the feathers and within a few minutes the sparrow is on its legs, hopping around the floor. Truly the dead have come to life!

During its next phase of this strange existence, the bird gathers sufficient strength to fly up into the air, where it busies itself for a while in finding new perching points as it flies around the room.... A tense half-hour passes, while I watch the fluttering efforts of the revived creature. At last a sudden climax provides me with a fresh surprise. The poor sparrow falls through the air and lies motionless at our feet. It remains there without stirring. An examination reveals it as breathless and quite dead.

Further on Brunton quotes Vishudananda (p. 199),

"What you have been shown is not the result of Yoga practice.... In Solar Science those qualities are not required. Solar Science is merely a collection of secrets and no special training is necessary to make use of them.... There are life-giving elements in the sun's rays...there are etheric forces in sunlight which have a magic power, once you get control of them."

* * *

In any event, at least as a researcher, I was quite curious as to what might happen to a chicken.

In about three days Swami excitedly came to my office with a telegram from India which said that the Solar Science demonstration was approved, but that it must take place within a five-day period, beginning in two days. I'd been hoping that the telegram would forbid it. But no such luck.

Swami then said that I must procure a healthy chicken, which the research team would then keep underwater for five hours, without otherwise damaging it in any way. And at the end of that time he would revive it, using his magnifying glass to focus the sun's rays. Also, it would be useful, he said, to get a chicken which had been studied by medical doctors and had learned to find its way through a maze. Then it could be shown that the brain's behavioral skills hadn't been changed by being dead for five hours! Such a thing would be a "double miracle," of course. Fifteen minutes without oxygen is enough to cause brain damage.

Though I was reluctant to be caught with a "miracle" on my hands, I said I'd do my best. But where to get such a trained chicken?

* * *

I had a friend in the Research Department who knew where to find such a bird, so I immediately asked him to help me get one, and also asked him to help, in a medical way, with the before-and-after evaluation of the bird's vital functions, temperature, pulse, and respiration—as well as its maze-running skills.

Fortunately, the Murphy Building was fire proof. On hearing my explanation of what was planned, he exploded. He would be destroyed, he said.

I replied, though, "I don't see it that way. You might go down in history as the first medically-oriented person to obtain undeniable data on the relation between the neural brain and the bioplasmic energy-brain, which Russian life-energy researchers have been talking about."

"NO," he shouted, though I was only two feet away. "Why?" I continued, "If successful it would extend scientific knowledge into a relatively unknown realm."

"Don't be an idiot, it would break all the laws of the universe."

Unable to let that go by, on straight Aristotelian logic I asked, "Do you know all the laws of the universe?"

"No," he said, with gritted teeth.

"Then why not try it?"

"Because it would fail anyway."

For me, a philosophically-minded person, this was too much, and I retorted, with a bit of heat, "You sound like one of the Bishops who wouldn't look at the moons of Jupiter through Galileo's telescope because they already knew that they weren't there!"

And then came the most honest clear-cut perceptive explanation of the fear that no doubt lurks in the deep unconscious of most top-dog mainstream scientists. My friend, though unusually high in his own circle of expertise, was no ordinary unconsciously-fearful denying-of-possibilities medical person, and he said,

"If, by chance, however remote, we were to get positive results, everything that I am would go down the drain. Everything I've worked for, all my life, would mean nothing! Who would I be, then. Nobody! Just another wrong ignorant person."

That, of course, was utter nonsense. And I said, "Not true. Everything you already know would remain true, and would form a secure medical base on which to build, toward the sky, the true science of the future."

Calming down a bit, but red in the face, he said, "I still won't do it." And that ended that.

* * *

I was highly relieved, and went back to the Swami and said that I'd been testing the waters, and it was entirely too risky to attempt a Solar Science experiment at the Menninger Foundation, no matter what he and his Tibetan teacher thought.

And when Swami saw that I meant it, he gave up. And possibly he was relieved, too, for of the many things he said he could do, trying again and again, he succeeded in less than half of them. And I often had to watch him closely, as in his first psychokinetic trial, in which I observed that he blew on the object to make it move, apparently hoping that no one would notice.

When I instantly challenged him, however, he said he could really do it if we would give him nine days of preparation in which he could repeat his empowering mantra 140,000 times (BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK, p. 212). This we agreed to and, in the resultant trial, with six observers, he twice succeeded in making a 14-inch aluminum knitting needle rotate ten degrees over a protractor—under rigorously-controlled conditions. He was five feet from the target, swathed in muslin which I'd carefully adjusted, up to his chin, and wore a painter's mask on the front of which I'd bolted an external plexiglas baffle, in case anyone might think a Swami could direct a current of air through a painter's mask.

* * *

SUPPRESSION OF SUBCONSCIOUS SELVES

Of particular interest is Swami's verbal report on what he was visualizing when various brainwave patterns were filtered from the electrical signal of his left visual cortex, and fed back via tones over a loud speaker (BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK, p. 208). In this case, there was no fear, but a recognition of subconscious Selves, and then suppression of these Selves without communication or negotiation"

First, we ran Swami Rama (while wired to an EEG polygraph) through five fifteen-minute sessions with simultaneous feedback of beta, alpha, and theta tones, so that he could correlate specific states of consciousness, or visualization, with specific brain-wave patterns. Then we ran experimental sessions in which he focused his attention in a variety of ways, which he outlined in advance.

When he visualized a wide object within, a "blue sky with a small white cloud occasionally drifting by," he produced alpha rhythm. A focus on nothingness also produced alpha. The Swami observed, "I can tell you, alpha is nothing."

The last of his demonstrations, which was the most interesting of the brain-wave experiments to us, was concentration on silencing the conscious mind and bringing forward the subconscious mind. When the Swami did that, we observed theta waves in significant amount in his brain-wave pattern for the first time.

When I asked afterward what that state was like, he said it was unpleasant and noisy. "All of the things that other people wanted me to do, all of the things that I wanted to do, all of the things I should have done but didn't do, came up and began screaming at me at the same time. It is very noisy and very unpleasant. Usually I keep that turned off, but it is useful to look in there once in a while to see what is there."

These comments were certainly interesting. The states of consciousness associated with theta waves were not obnoxious to others whom we had tested. But, unlike the Swami, no one else we knew used a combination of repression and sublimation to bring body energies and psychic energies under control....

* * *

Suppression of the subconscious explains in part why Swami Rama had much trouble both in India and in the United States in relationships with other people. It also explained my

identification-type vision dream in which he refused to go through the “process” of *soul* refinement, but ran off through the snow. He wasn’t ready to give up his ego. He was a shaman who had arrived at the entrance to the tunnel, but then was more interested, at least temporarily, in turning aside and experimenting with the “magical” energies of the world and the bardo.

A final word about “egos.” Swami Rama’s ego and all of ours in the research group, and our Lotus Selves, too, apparently fit into The Teacher’s “overview” of how our lives and karmas could intermesh in a useful way. No beyond-the-tunnel Indian “saint” would have found it challenging to be a psychophysiology research subject, week after boring week.

It was Swami’s ego that brought him to our lab, and that gave us an opportunity to study a bit of Secret India without going there. That fascinating stimulus, Alyce and I often remarked, is what led to our later study of many yogis in India. We became Paul Bruntons with a portable psychophysiology lab as a result of Swami’s coming to Topeka. And for that, we were grateful—and I still am.

* * *

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

For many people, fear of the unknown includes fear of “psychic phenomena.” Alyce’s report below, on the experiences of a theta-research trainee in our 1971 reverie-and-imagery project, is an example.

Twenty-six Washburn-University students underwent forty hours of EEG feedback, approximately one hour/day for ten weeks, and in the final five weeks were asked to increase the percentage of “theta brainwave time,” and write a report at the end of each session on associated hypnagogic imagery. Twenty of the twenty-six reported “integrative” imagery associated with theta training. That is, imagery which solved problems in their lives. And three of the twenty also reported unexpected “psychic” events.

Alyce, the research team’s interviewer, reported in *BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK* (p. 147) on the student who was most disturbed by his out-of-this-world experiences. Alyce’s words:

When the trainee came to the lab to discuss his week’s practice sessions at Washburn, he reported that during a theta session he had an image of going home for lunch and hearing his roommate say, “You got a letter from Pittsburgh (Kansas) and one from Wichita. You’ve been accepted for grad school at Wichita!”

It was so real that he thought, “What’s he doing opening my mail!” , which brought him so completely out of the quiet state that he decided to end his session and go

home for lunch. When he opened the door to his apartment, his roommate greeted him, letter in hand, saying, "Hey! You got a letter from Pittsburgh and one from Wichita. You've been accepted for grad school at Wichita."

"Did you open my mail?" he asked, astonished. "No," his roommate replied, "I just bent the envelope, like that, and peeked through the window and saw where it said you had been accepted."

This trainee went on to tell of other strange things that had happened during the week. Several times he had known who was calling him before he picked up the phone, when calls were not expected, and in one case it was someone who had never called him before. He ended with "I don't like this. I don't believe in any of this stuff."

He was a bright practical person with a good sense of humor, but he was a psychology major in a behaviorist-oriented (Skinnerian) psychology department. He had no frame of reference into which he could fit what had happened. We talked for a while, and he accepted my suggestion to do some reading that might make the things that he had experienced seem more reasonable.

This student reported one further precognitive experience. It was a few days after the conclusion of the training sessions. He came for a last conference, and I sensed that he was disturbed when he came in. He paced back and forth across the room, then told me that three nights before, just as he was falling asleep, he had a sudden sharp image of Governor George Wallace (of Alabama) being shot. It startled him, but he shrugged it off as a bad dream, and in the hurry of the many pre-graduation things to do during the next days, it had slipped his mind.

However, while driving to the research building for his meeting with me, he had turned on his car radio and heard the announcement that Governor Wallace had been shot. He didn't want to know such things in advance, he declared. What was his responsibility? he asked. Knowing the general non-acceptance of psychic phenomena, it was my feeling that he had no responsibility to tell anyone what he had "seen." Had he tried to do anything in that case, probably he would have been regarded as strange, sick, or maybe even dangerous.

We talked about such phenomena simply happening in one's life. If they happen, it may be useful to learn what one can from them rather than to deny them. But it is not necessary to seek them. Being psychic is often a nuisance, a distraction, and that is

probably one reason why teachers down through the ages have recommended that one not strive for such powers. As one teacher put it: Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven which is within you and all else shall be added unto you.

I spoke with this student by telephone about six months later. He was doing well in graduate school and was still using the relaxation and quieting exercises to advantage. He reported no further ESP experiences, but he no longer says "I don't believe in that stuff."

* * *

FEAR OF THE PARANORMAL

Charles Tart's article, "Fears of the Paranormal in Ourselves and our Colleagues: Recognizing Them, Dealing with Them" (Tart, 1994), examines the fears of intellectuals in general, and then goes on to fears in parapsychologic researchers.

Incidentally, He and I first met in 1969 at the start-up Council Grove Conference, where he told of his brainwave research with Robert Monroe during OB trials, and the reactions which his findings generated in mainstream psychologists. Over the years, Charles has become accepted as the modern Dean of Parapsychological Studies, and it is a pleasure to here summarize his thoughts on handling fear (reprint permission from SUBTLE ENERGIES).

Part of his abstract says,

....scientists frequently show quite irrational and unethical behavior when presented with data about psi (psychic phenomena), the paranormal, subtle energies, and the like. Observations and some research suggest that in addition to ignorance, semi-consciousness and unacknowledged fears of psi affect their thought and behaviors. Even researchers who advocate the importance of psi sometimes show similar distorted behavior, especially when [results seem massively true, rather than statistically-significant, but trivial].

Concerning debunkers:

.... Another example of the degree of resistance [psi study] generates, is that we have a very active international organization devoted to debunking it, which is very strange if you think about it.... why would they go out of their way to stop scientific research, especially if these organizations were really skeptical and scientific? "Skeptic" means not having made up your mind but looking at the evidence.

You would think instead that they would be helping us get grant money. But that's not what is happening. Instead, you get incredible emotional intensity. Basically, these people spend a lot of time and tremendous amounts of emotional energy opposing research. As a psychologist, this gives me pause. It doesn't make rational sense to devote so much emotional excess, and energy and time, opposing something that's trivial. What's lying underneath all that? [His emphasis.]

Then, after reviewing the background of psi studies which were phenomenally successful, but not repeated by anyone, Charles says, "Now, the \$64 question is, why is there resistance on the part of parapsychologists to make something happen?" And he analyzes this question in terms of: (1) A social-masking theory, which in essence he describes as "I'll support your illusions if you'll support mine. (2) A primal-conflict theory of psi inhibition, which postulates a repression of psi abilities as children grow up, defending themselves against the psychological split between what people say they mean (what they want you to believe), and what they might really mean at a deep-down subconscious level, which children often detect. And (3) repression of our spiritual self.

The latter possibility was especially interesting because Charles added,

From my point of view, we're basically spiritual beings, and we're here in this very interesting spiritual school. But the particular classroom we're in says..."The spiritual idea is a delusion of weak-minded people who can't accept scientific materialism."

And don't forget, most people have spiritual disappointments. Remember the time you prayed to God as a child, "If you'll save Mommy from dying, I'll be good," and Mommy dies. Well, you might develop a hell-with-you-God kind of attitude! It's easy to get these intense reactions, and deny our spiritual self. To deny a spiritual Self is a way to not have to live with the conflicts of disappointment, cultural disapproval, for being "spiritual," and so forth. And that's why we get militant atheism sometimes, militant denial of spirit.

There's a lot of psychological pressure underneath. And, even worse, suppose that spiritual stuff is true, that I'm supposed to make something of my life, and I've just been having fun...getting ahead and making money. Well, "There's nothing to that spiritual stuff anyway, so I've got nothing to worry about!" [Underline added.]

The idea of opening to the psychic stuff, which maybe starts opening to the spiritual, threatens to raise these kinds of conflicts. So repression of our "higher selves," our spiritual selves, may be a very real factor here.

OVERCOMING FEARS

Here I use a new heading, as previously mentioned, even though this section is a continuation of my review of Charles' article.

NOTE: Charles considers studies of "healers," as in the copper-wall project, to be a subsection of the general field of parapsychological research.

Let me just briefly tell you some methods, I've got eleven of them listed here, for dealing with fears of psychic material [see Tart, 1984]. Six of these methods aren't completely satisfactory because they have a pathological element, or there's some kind of high psychological cost. The other five are healthier.

One of the six, and a very popular one, of dealing with fear of psi is to simply deny that psi exists. "It does not exist, therefore, I am not afraid of it." But, you know, since you're cutting yourself off from reality, you are going to pay a price. Or a slight variant of that is to accept psi but deny that you're afraid of it, even though you actually are. Denial though doesn't really work.

The second very common method, if you have some psi fear, is stay away from situations that might trigger it. That's hard for us in this room because we're involved in the field. Some people, however, are very good at it. For instance, the many scientists who are prominent pseudo-skeptics can claim quite genuinely they've never seen any evidence that convinces them of the existence of psi. And they haven't wasted their time looking for it, either.

Another way of avoiding circumstances that trigger your fear of psi, a technique used by quite a few parapsychologists, is to zealously practice the religion of the 0.05 level. You design your experiments in such a way that intellectually, through statistical analysis, it says some psi happened but it's of such a low magnitude that it doesn't ever really get through to you.

Let me make that concrete. I did some studies years ago in which people were using a 10-choice [psi] trainer, where they had 10 possibilities on each try. And obviously, you don't get many hits by chance on that. You get one out of ten on the average, and if anyone could average one-and-one-half or twos, they were outstanding. I had a woman who started in this training procedure, getting better, and better,

finally averaging four and five. She then broke into tears and quit the study. It was no longer, "The professor says that through some intellectual analysis there's something psychic going on here." It was real. That crossed the gut-level reality threshold and triggered her psi-fear problem, which wasn't resolved.

Another common way of dealing with fear is by rationalization. For instance, a person might say, "No, No, all this psychic stuff comes from the higher realms of the spirit and is only good." Now that might be true. But it's an evasion and rationalization if you don't really know that. You're just investing in that idea in order to sweep any frightening aspects of psi under the table. All of these evasions, of course, have a high price.

Then there's the distraction way of dealing with fear of psi. Some parapsychologists do this by becoming so obsessed with the technical details of their experiments and methodologies that they never notice that something is actually happening. It's a common professional path. One becomes a better and better methodologist and never actually finishes doing any experiments because all the time you're too busy improving the procedure.

Then there is the dissociation way of defending yourself against fear of psi. "I don't do it, I just channel the spirits. I'm not psychic, it's in the cards, it's in the tea leaves, it's in the horoscope, it's in the readings of the aura meter," or something like that. It's a manifestation of what Kenneth Batchelder, the late parapsychologist, called ownership resistance. You don't own up to it. You act as if you didn't have anything to do with it. You falsely project into the system, "It's not me, it's this psychic machine," or something like that. There may be something in some systems which has an independent psi function, though I've never seen evidence of it, but it's quite clear that systems sometimes give people permission to use their own psychic abilities. If you want to go deeper into the matter, you have to look into what you yourself are doing, including looking at your own fears.

* * *

Now all of these methods I've mentioned so far are unhealthy in the sense that they deny aspects of reality. They avoid really looking at the most fearful stuff. So let's talk about healthier ones. The first is what we might call desensitization ways of dealing with psi. You just keep rubbing your nose in it over and over until it doesn't seem so fearful. This is something we do in many aspects of life. Something frightens us, but we keep doing it because we have to, and after awhile we don't notice the

fear. We say we're desensitized. In certain respects that's quite healthy. Sometimes, though, it's a way of again covering the real problem, and just getting used to something so you don't have to admit that there's a problem.

Another way of dealing with fear is through the use of what I call bypass defenses. You bypass your fear of psi rather than dealing with it. Some of Batcheldor's research was excellent on this (Batcheldor, 1984). He got people involved in old-fashioned, Victorian table-tipping situations in a dark room, with everybody around the table. The table was instrumented so that it might detect genuine psi effects. But since a group was involved, a person could say, "It wasn't me, it was the other people, who probably cheated. You know, maybe it was psi, or maybe the other people pushed on the table," or something like that. You spread the blame out and don't have to deal with it yourself.

* * *

But now the really healthy ways get down to cognitive and affective acknowledgment where you can say, "I personally have such-and-such a specific fear about psychic stuff or energy stuff." And I emphasize that this has to be emotional, affective, not just cognitive. That admission process actually handles some fears of psi in and of itself. A lot of fears operate in a grossly exaggerated fashion simply because we won't admit that they are a fear, but once they are brought into the light of consciousness, they change, "Oh! OK, what I was really afraid of was being afraid."

That, though, doesn't handle all of the fears of psychic phenomena. Some have to be looked at in a much more specific fashion. But that first step of cognitively and effectively acknowledging fear, and then doing that same thing with other people, essentially joining the human race and admitting to other people you have some fears, is very effective. You must use discretion in whom you talk to, of course, but that method can take a tremendous load off people. And as the pressure decreases, you can look more specifically at what the fears are. Sometimes the insights alone enable you to then cope with them.

Next to the last method of handling fear is learning adaptive coping skills. That is, if you have a specific kind of fear, once you've acknowledged it, play with it. Try doing this or that. Does it get worse or better? Does it give you insight into it, or does it just panic you in such a way that you can't see what you're doing? Admit that it bothers you. It may seem dangerous from your perspective, but play with it.

....Lots of people have never had an accident with a gun in their life, [because of] remembering that a gun is dangerous. If you have an attitude toward psi that it is dangerous in some respect, you can stay aware of that attitude and experiment with strategies of nevertheless working with it in some way that minimizes the danger without being unrealistically careless.

I mentioned earlier the need for accepting responsibility for your fear of psi. We must also accept responsibility for the power aspects of psi. We haven't talked about that. But in much of the world down through the ages people wanted to learn psychic abilities in order to have power over other people. That possibility does seem to exist, even though I personally might [prefer] that it's a delusion, and let myself believe that psi fear depends only on mood, that psi can't possibly be used for anything negative.

But, I don't know of anything else in life that works that way, so I'm staying open on that. But if you accept the fact that yes, maybe I could develop my psi and hurt those nasty people, who deserve to be hurt anyway because they're sinners and deserve it, and you realize those feelings in yourself by knowing them, you're not going to be carried away by them. They're not going to come out in subtle ways that actually end up hurting people.

And finally, the ultimate way of dealing with your own fear of psychic abilities is personal and spiritual growth. Anything and everything you do that lets you know yourself better, that integrates you better, that makes you less rigid and more open, that makes you more compassionate, that puts you in more of a spiritual relationship to the higher aspect of the universe, will at least in an indirect way deal with the fear of psi. I haven't time to elaborate on that. It's a whole field to be considered.

To conclude: I've opened up a can of worms in some ways by bringing up the material about fear, but it needs to be opened. These fears, when they're in the unconscious, have us totally under control. They influence and distort our actions and perceptions in ways that we don't realize, and we sabotage our own work.

* * *

.... So, I've emphasized the negative. But really, I'm not that kind of a person. I don't like to emphasize the negative. The big context for me is that we're here in this body, and we are also "something" spiritual. I don't want to put names on it, but we're here, and there's lot of adventure and pleasure here, and there's lot of suffering. But mainly there's a tremendous opportunity to learn.

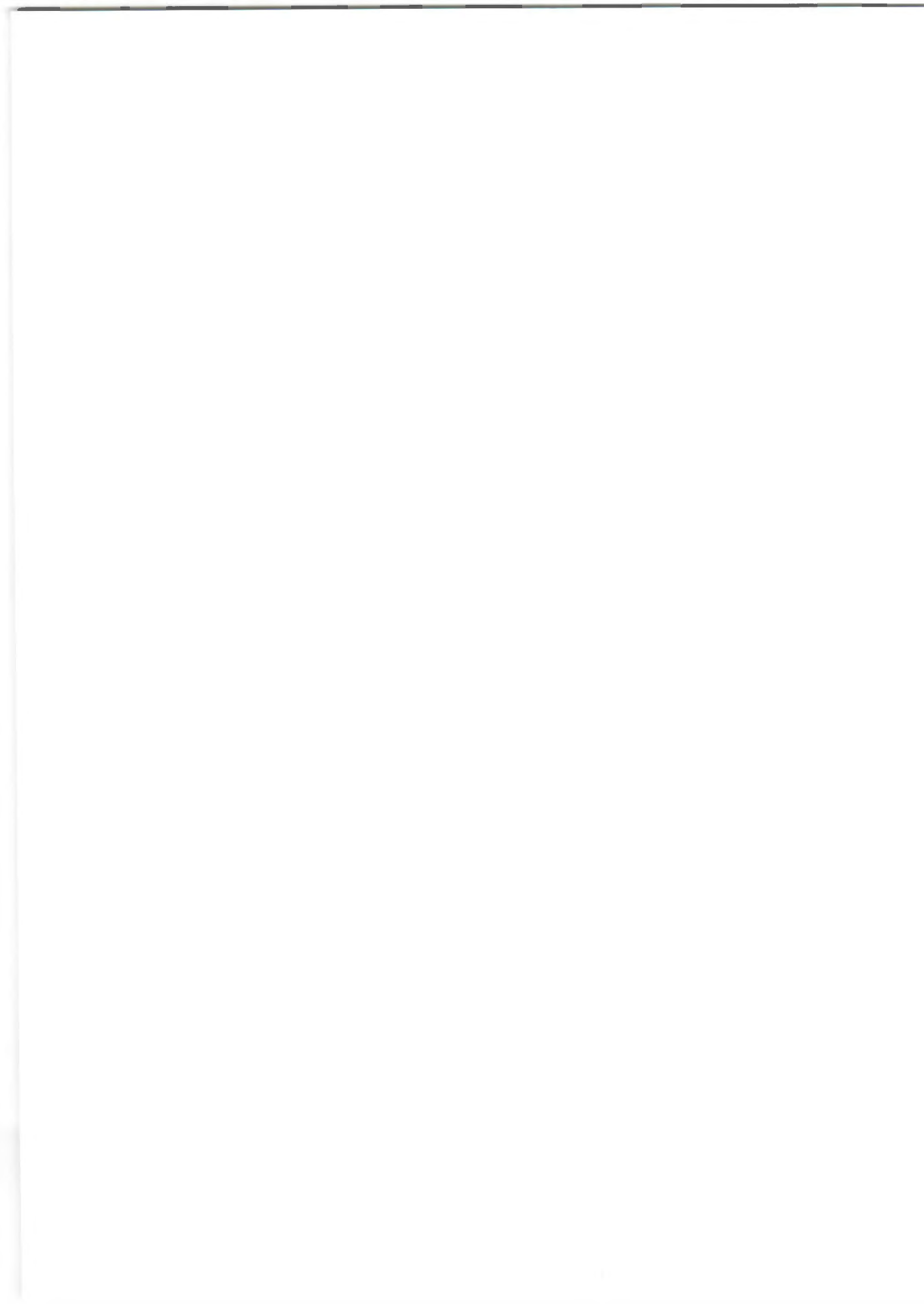
Somehow, if we work it right, we can grow in compassion and wisdom. The analogy I like, that I got from somewhere, is that this world is a spiritual training school. When you don't have a physical body you may have a lot of freedom, but it's indefinite and loose. Down here you get focused. So this is a training course. This is like the Marine Corps. Right? It's a tough course, but if you pass it, you really learn how to focus yourself.

So, I'm very optimistic about life and psi. I don't have any final answers on this topic of fear, but if you've thought about it, as several people at this conference have, you've probably seen something in yourself, have had some insight. If you continue to look inside when psi situations get that odd feeling to them. I'll be very pleased. And I think the field will move on. Thank you.

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And thank you, Charles Tart, for sharing what you have experienced and learned in your decades of study of human potential. STANDING OVATION.

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Chapter 12

MARTY

Every person enters the world of material realism endowed with potent possibilities, endowed with potential mind and unawakened consciousness, and it behooves him or her to see to it that those possibilities are realized and that that consciousness is awakened.

Let us grant that the first guiding of that activity rests upon those who bear parental relationship, and upon those to whom has been designated or delegated the positions of tutors or instructors, but it still remains a fact that the actual achievement of this increase, this awakening, this application of the law of consciousness, rests with each person, and it is that individual, above everyone else, who is the arbiter of his or her own thinking, the patron of his or her own life and, sooner or later, that person must gather up the threads of previous experience and weave them into the warp and woof of existence.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

Marty was a good friend, as well as Director of Education in the Voluntary Controls Program in its early days, but in '74, despite help from Topeka internists and Menninger psychotherapists, he died of genetically-inherited Crohn's Disease, at age 33. Since he was a meditator who could call on the Light, however, it had seemed to me that he might succeed in mobilizing spiritual resources for neutralizing the DNA problem, and eventually resume work as our workshop organizer. That almost worked out.

The circumstances of Marty's confrontation with the Light are instructive, and his story is included here partly to illustrate The Teacher's thought, expressed above, that an instructor's task is to guide students not to save them (Marty needed to learn this), and partly to illustrate some of the *soul/SOUL* concepts outlined in earlier chapters.

* * *

I first met Marty in '70, about the time Swami Rama came to Topeka for a few months. Marty was a member of a group we organized called the ASHRAM Association (Association for Strengthening the Higher Realities & Aspirations of Man) which took advantage of the Swami-in-residence at my lab, to study yoga.

[My purpose in helping organize the ASHRAM group was partly to give local Council-Grove-Conference people an opportunity to practice yoga under the guidance of a bona fide teacher, but more importantly, to give Swami Rama a place to speak and teach. Without such an opportunity, I'd begun to see, I might not be able to hold him in Kansas long enough to "test" his many claims in the laboratory.]

Marty became a yoga teacher, and also became expert in biofeedback training. In fact, in practicing with our feedback machines he progressed so quickly in demonstrating control of the autonomic nervous system that though he had no formal education in psychophysiology I hired him as a research assistant (Biofeedback Technician), and asked him to take over as organizer and scheduler of Voluntary Controls Workshops, with professional members of the staff, including myself, as presenters.

He was a good at this job, but oddly, as he settled into the work he began to develop severe anxiety. It was a problem that had bothered him in a minor way for years, he said, but now it became critical. Then one day he told me that worrying about other people's progress was creating a deep "fear" in him. When I asked exactly what the fear was related to, he couldn't say, except that it was not attached to any one thing or person, but accompanied him all the time, like a vulture ready to descend during any situation in which he felt a responsibility for others.

At the same time, when he began telling me of this "free floating" anxiety, he began suffering from what seemed to be tension-related colitis. He had spoken of this gastrointestinal (GI) problem, but not until he said that it wasn't responding to sympathetic quieting, through Autogenic Visualization, did I begin to realize that there was a much deeper cause than workaday stress.

* * *

A bit more background: In addition to organizing our biofeedback workshops for professionals, Marty had become a teacher of Patanjali yoga. He was "a natural," and understood the Vedic texts the instant he studied them. Such remarkable understanding, and an ability to teach the material, was so striking that I began to wonder if in a previous life he had been an advanced disciple in India or Tibet, like a yogic Mozart. In support of this idea, I eventually learned during our discussions that when he was young he had felt, without knowing the word, that he was a transcendent being of some kind.

First, when he was in high-school he was known as the one most likely to succeed at anything. And for his part, he felt wonderful and expansive, on top of the world. He once rode past his high school, he said, standing on top of a railroad boxcar with his arms and fists raised (like an Arnold Schwarzenegger), shouting "Here I am. I am 'it,'" and the students yelled and cheered. And he really felt that he was "it."

Then, after graduation from high school he took a summer job driving a 10-ton gravel truck as part of a Highway-24 road construction crew, between Topeka and Manhattan, and oddly enough, without knowing anything about meditation he began to internalize and chant while he was driving. The humming-buzzing of the truck as it ground along the highway became almost hypnotic, he said, and he found himself sounding a long drawn-out word like home-m-m-m-m. And then one day it became ome-m-m-m, without the "h." This sound had a remarkable expansive and quieting feeling connected with it. Very happy, very wonderful, he said. And as days passed he began to hear and sing another sound, mahn-n-n-n, and finally nee-ee-ee-ee.

Alerted that something was going on "inside" which gave him a feeling of not-understood connection, he began listening for other sounds in the truck engine, in the gears and tires, and began singing long sustained notes of ome-m-m-m mahn-n-n-n nee-ee-ee-ee, and then added pahd-me-ee-ee-ee. And then, last of all, the sounds would return to hum-um-um-um. Before long, Marty said, during every trip down the highway he would sing, continuously, om-m-m-m mahn-ee-ee-ee pahd-me-ee-ee-ee hum-m-m-m.

Twelve years later, when he joined the Ashram group, he was amazed to hear the ages-old Tibetan chant and incantation that he had been singing: Om Mani Padmi Hum, which, as I mentioned previously, can be interpreted as "Hail, Oh Thou Jewel in the Lotus." Incidentally, Lama Anagarika Govinda, born in Germany in 1898, spent over twenty years in Tibetan monasteries studying with Lamas before writing the most interesting book I've seen on the meanings of this chant. See FOUNDATIONS OF TIBETAN MYSTICISM (Govinda, 1960).

* * *

Eventually Marty obtained additional medical opinions from internists (following a "work up" of the GI tract), but no physical cause for his colitis could be pin-pointed, and he was advised to talk with a psychoanalyst about his anxieties. This, he did, but after a dozen nonproductive sessions he quit.

As a student of Patanjali, Marty believed (as do I) that every cell of the body was a "cell" of the unconscious, and the unconscious therefore had in it information about every part of the body. And because the unconscious was a section (region, aspect) of Mind, it could communicate by means of symbols with the conscious mind, and tell it what was wrong with the body. Very straightforward idea. Also, Marty had studied the hypnagogic-imagery data obtained from

college students in the theta-training project, in which he had been an instructor along with Judy Green.

Putting these ideas together, he asked if I would be his client-centered consultant, and help guide him through theta training and hypnagogic imagery to the solution of his colitis problem.

I suggested that he prepare a specific question in which a visualization of the problem would be presented to the theta-state Mind, essentially following a procedure which, in workshops, I called "interrogating the unconscious" (Green and Green, 1986), and ask for specific information about his GI-tract difficulty.

From previous feedback experience, it was not difficult for Marty to become quiet enough to produce theta rhythm in the left occiput. A theta-time integrator attached to the EEG machine showed that after a few minutes of mostly alpha production, he was able to produce theta about 20 percent of the time.

At the end of his second 30-minute EEG session he described a hypnagogic image that had "popped" into awareness. A part of the lower intestinal tract was "seen" as thick and tough, rather than flexible, and in it knobby blood vessels were becoming brittle and beginning to crack. We discussed this image and considered what it might mean. A couple of days later, at my suggestion, he returned to the internist who had been most friendly and told of his imagery, referring to it, on my advice, as a kind of dream. After further medical tests Marty's problem was diagnosed as Crohn's Disease, a lower-bowel problem having some of the features he had seen in his imagery.

* * *

ASIDE: Often a patient may be uncomfortable with what is "dredged up" during theta training, but information seems to be "metered" by the *High Self* in a way that makes it not traumatic. It is "information" rather than "suffering." The *High Self* has an innate wisdom that is protective when we ask for "answers from the unconsciousness." This corresponds to the yogic idea that the unconscious includes not only the reactive "subconscious" but also a wiser "superconscious." Assagioli (1969) and Aurobindo (1955) are firm on this point.

* * *

Marty was relieved to find, on reporting the "dream" image to his physician and getting some additional GI tests, that he had an identifiable problem, Crohn's Disease. But, unfortunately, the physician was unable to find either a diet or any combination of medicines-and-diet that would ameliorate the symptoms, and after a few weeks Marty began to detect intestinal bleeding during bouts of colitis.

In discussing this development with me, he again asked if I would advise him, and he would again go into the theta state for interrogating the unconscious. This time, though, he would ask the unconscious “what to do about it.”

After another theta session he reported that possibly crucial information had come to consciousness, but he did not know what to do. He had quickly and easily slipped into the state of deep quietness, the theta tone almost continuously assuring him that he was in the appropriate brainwave state, and then, suddenly, he was a performer in a hypnagogic movie. He no longer was aware of the training room, the theta tones from the feedback machine, nor his body in the reclining chair.

He was on the ground floor of a several-story dark building, and it was necessary to get to the top. There were no stairways, and the floors had been broken out so that the interior was a large empty shell. Searching through the gloom, he found that the walls were covered with ladders, and he began climbing, up and up. It was tiring, but after passing three or four levels he could see a sloping roof above, the sides of which came together in a pyramid, like the inside of the Washington Monument.

Energized by the sight of his goal, he soon reached the hanging-down slope of the peak. There the climb was exhausting and scary. It was hard to keep from falling—and it was a long way down. Steeling himself, he pulled his way upward in stuffy darkness against both gravity and fear. As he approached the place where the ladders from all sides came together, he realized with a sinking feeling that there was no way out. He was too tired to search anymore, and he just clung numbly to the ladder.

* * *

Suddenly with a crash the peak of the building burst off, and a flood of air and light came in. A brilliant beautiful shaft of golden light streamed down and a ladder began to descend. With incredible relief he moved to the new ladder and a flood of warmth and love poured through him from head to toe. He said it was “grace.”

He began climbing. But when his head came to the opening, he felt a weight and pain in his lower midsection. Looking down, he saw that he was wearing a broad leather belt onto which four iron rings were bolted. Tied to each of the rings were two long ropes which descended into the gloom. Then he saw that men and women had hold of the ropes, and, as he put it, “I was being pulled in two.”

Then a strong clear voice from above said, “You must let them go and come up alone first.”

Marty said that when he heard those words he was convulsed by fear and anguish, and looking upward he shouted, "I can't. I won't come up there unless I can bring all of them with me." With that, the ladder and light vanished, the broken-off top of the roof crashed back, it was dark and cold, and again he was clinging to a ladder inside the roof.

* * *

Then Marty became aware again of the brainwave training room. He rested for a few minutes, took off the earphones, turned off the EEG machine, and shaken mentally and emotionally, came to report the imagery.

"Who were those people you said you wouldn't let go of?" I asked.

They were members of the Patanjali yoga class he was teaching, which he had led for eight or nine months, and he couldn't possibly "abandon" them, he said. What was he to do?

I asked what was so unique about the group that he couldn't quit being a teacher, especially if working with them was tearing him in two.

It was true, he said, that the yoga study group stressed him. The reason was that he had become so sensitive to their problems that if anyone came to the weekly meeting with a hurt knee, the moment that person came in the door his own knee began to ache. Every problem they had, he could feel. And, they had begun phoning him even late at night about their troubles. And, to make it worse, in advance of their calls his solar plexus would begin to ache.

From his description of the unusual bonds between him and members of the group, and from the apparent significance of the imagery, I suggested that it might be useful for him and his wife, both of whom loved the Rocky Mountains (where Marty had always been able to recuperate from stress), to consider moving to Colorado for a year or two, where he had just been offered a job working with the Forestry Department, in Estes Park.

To me, it seemed that the Kosmos had arranged a synchronicity and that Marty had been given an "out." I said that after he was well again, he could return to Topeka, if he wished, and become my research assistant again.

Imagine my surprise when he said, abruptly and forcefully, "Absolutely NOT!"

Thoroughly puzzled I asked why. What could be more important than licking this problem, and then resuming his teaching. I said that it seemed to me that he needed time to repair himself. And, I added, if people are drowning, isn't it better to throw a rope from the bank, rather than try to tow them in the water, especially if you are not yourself a good swimmer?

His answer did not lack self-awareness. He could not comply with the instruction from the Light because of a vow he'd made, and he'd rather die than break it.

In the Marines he had vowed he would never again leave a person in need. He had not been in combat, but during a forced training march across the California desert, with little water, one of his buddies became thirst-crazed and began pulling up Creosote bushes and chewing the roots. They had been warned of this poisonous bush, but his buddy chewed the roots anyway, and before help came he was dead. Marty could have fought with his buddy to prevent that from happening, he said, instead of just arguing with him.

Following that, when a group of trainees was dropped by helicopter into the surf off San Diego, with 40-pound machine guns attached to their belts, his closest friend drowned. On hitting the water they were supposed to pop self-inflating balloons to buoy up the guns. His buddy's equipment didn't work and he plunged to the bottom. Marty struggled to shore, but forever-after felt he should have jettisoned his own gear and tried to dive for his friend. Never again, he said, would he leave someone who needed him, no matter what happened.

Nothing I said had any effect on Marty's decision to stay in Topeka and tough it out. In a few weeks he developed peritonitis, and despite a desperate attempt by physicians and staff of Stormont-Vail Hospital, he died. His determination to live was unparalleled, his doctor said, and he survived weeks longer than anyone thought possible, in part because of the devotion of his wife, who cared for him day and night. He was amazing, they said, but he died.

* * *

Marty's image of the top of the roof being broken off, parallels Franz Kafka's image in *THE CASTLE*, except that Marty had a better idea of what was going on than Kafka. Carl Jung met a similar situation with his tower on an island, and so did Alyce and I in my vision dream at Boise in '44, where we had to escape through the roof.

The archetypal symbology in every case is the same. Jung's tower, Marty's building, Kafka's castle, and Alyce's and my hut on the top of a house, represent personal levels of consciousness, and the transpersonal can be reached only by "letting go" and rising into the Light.

* * *

When Alyce and I wrote "Biofeedback and States of Consciousness," for Wolman and Ullman's book, *HANDBOOK OF STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS* (1986), I concluded the section about Marty with,

Marty's experience:

1. Illustrates the potential of a part of the unconscious to answer questions and give wise guidance. This we have seen in many patients, but they did not have Marty's vow, which bound his life to a seemingly inevitable doom.

2. Suggests that as individuals we are not powerless, but that we have an opportunity to make choices that affect our lives in the transpersonal sense. Marty consciously made a choice.

3. Shows a risk, the possibility of being too self-willed and personal, rather than transpersonal—unwillingness to take advice from what may be a wiser Self.

4. Showed that the physiology and the psychology were not separate, and said that it was necessary to be healed in mind first, by letting go.

5. Told him that taking on the problems of others before he had handled his own would be counterproductive.

As we now think of Marty, we think of "the noble warrior" who, in a certain way, gave his life for his friends, even if there was no obvious gain for them. What the ultimate transpersonal meaning of his life may be, we do not know, but with Marty's case in mind, it seems useful for both personal and transpersonal well-being to become self-reliant, self-programming, self-understanding, self-forgiving, self-regulated, and self-responsible, in whatever fields of experience we encounter.

In patients having transpersonal crises, training in self-regulation and self-dependence often leads to their finding in their own unconscious a course of knowledge and wise guidance that is superior to anything that we, as external therapists, can offer. We have un-originally called this phenomenon "becoming aware of Self."

This "center of self" appears to approximate in its salient characteristics what in Zen is called the True Self; and when it surfaces, we are always impressed by the insights and transforming ideas that spring from the patient's mind. Assagioli (1965, 1973) refers to the move toward self-regulation as the first step in transpersonal development. The second step is integration of self, "personal psychosynthesis," and the third step is integration with Self, "transpersonal psychosynthesis."

* * *

And now, fifteen years later, the above paragraphs still stand.

In the next chapter, in discussing my Gilgamesh vision-dream, I further illustrate the need to “let go.” That experience parallels, in a way, what Marty went through, but my problem was more generalized in that it raised the ultimate question, “Who am I?” And—my imagery involved a different kind of letting go. Not just letting others go, but letting “myself” go.

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Chapter 13

GILGAMESH

The most important thing for any man or woman to achieve, is a perfect understanding of the nature and use of the mind, and we say this because everything that a person has been, or is, or shall be, must have its beginning in the mind of the individual. There is absolutely no growth which is not the results of the activity of the mental side of a person. Conversely, we must say also, there is no failure, no falling short in any degree or capacity, which is not likewise of mental origin, in other words, which has not been caused by the activity of the mind of the one who has thus failed to achieve any great success.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

The last paragraph of the preceding chapter said that my “letting go” was more generalized than Marty’s because it raised the ultimate question, “Who am I?” And—my problem involved a different kind of letting go. Not just letting others go, but letting myself go. That paradoxical idea was clarified for me by two vision dreams. The first, GILGAMESH, was about my future as a *SOUL*, and the other, GOLDEN ROCK MAN, was about the future of my *BODY*. These dreams and other Journal excerpts, which involve my *INNER LIFE*, are somewhat self-explanatory, but I’ve added “commentary” in italicized paragraphs.

* * *

GILGAMESH

23 OCTOBER 1991.... Had a long series of vision dreams, at the end of which, just as I was rising rapidly to ordinary awareness, the word GILGAMESH soundedAs that word echoed through my head, I understood that it signified the end of a contest with an opponent I’d been in combat with for a long time.

FIRST SCENARIO: It was necessary for me to “fill out” an empty circle with pastel colors. In the beginning, it was a clear plastic disk about six feet in diameter lying on the ground, without color, and nothing was in it except seven or eight thin lines radiating from center, making pie-shaped wedges.

SECOND SCENARIO: an opponent appeared, an uncouth and very strong man, and we began a deadly combat, wrestling for mastery each of the other. As we fought, colors began to appear in one or two of the segments of the circle. I realized that the circle was keeping the history of the combat, and that it was necessary for me, through my struggles, to fill its entire area with colors which had specific meanings, like a progress report. I don't remember how the first combat ended, but it was unrelenting and exhausting.

THIRD SCENARIO: Then, suddenly, it all started over again. But this time, at the beginning, the circle appeared with the set of colors with which it had finished at the end of the previous combat. ...And now, the opponent was slightly different, a bit less brutish, but still just as dangerous.

FOURTH SCENARIO: Similar scenes followed, and colors accumulated and shifted through the segments of the circle until a session came in which, during combat, my opponent and I fell into the ocean, went deep down and drowned.

FIFTH SCENARIO: That drowning merely signified, however, that the battle had temporarily ended, for immediately I was starting over again on land, totally refreshed, and so was my opponent. And there, again, was the ubiquitous recording circle.

The original colorless disk symbolizes the nature of the pure immortal *High Self* (causal body, Solar Angel) when it is newly assigned to a personality, says The Tibetan. In the beginning it has no attributes. They must be accumulated by developing virtues (colors) in a long succession of life-after-life personalities. Each pie-shaped wedge is a latent attribute which must be "filled in."

When "colored," the wedges reveal the developing characteristics of the immortal skandas, the physical, emotional, and mental DNA's which eventually become the substance of the *High Self*, and which added together make the white robe of "Gandalf the White" (as in Tolkien's trilogy, 1985).

Falling into the ocean signifies falling into, or being immersed in, the astral plane of the bardo after the death of a physical body (symbolized by drowning). Starting over again on land means getting another personality in a succeeding life. In other words, I was "refreshed" by the production of a new body and a new Conscious Self by the immortal evolving skandas. At each "refreshment" both the body and the *soul* are more refined, less brutish, until at the "First Initiation" the *soul* in full consciousness glimpses momentarily the Light of the *SOUL*, and begins its intentional journey toward the Lotus and Jewel.

SIXTH SCENARIO: Finally the colors were almost filled in, and we arrived at the present combat, this present life. The opponent and I had been wrestling for a long time and again we

had fallen into the ocean and gone deep. ...I looked around and saw that it was beautiful, a clear transparent green, with many graceful fish gliding by, an alluring attractive place. But it was necessary, crucial, to get to the surface quickly to breath.

My opponent and I were grappled together, but since he ran out of air sooner than I, he became weak and I pushed him away, realizing that this was the real ending, the conclusion of what had seemed never-ending combat.

SEVENTH SCENARIO: As my opponent sank down, arms and legs spread out and back arched, he uttered a cry of despair, for help, for me to help him. I looked down and realized with a pain of anguish, that since he was heavy and sinking rapidly, I wouldn't be able to save both him and me.

But then, I asked myself, why did I even have a thought of saving him? I noticed, though, that something familiar about this enemy pulled on me. But also, plain to see, there were telltale features of a semi-brutish nature. And then I realized, I don't really want to take him with me. That's what this struggle is all about, to free myself. He must be let go, forever.

But I was still puzzled at my sympathy. Who was he, anyway? As I thought these things, the pain of lack of air forced me up, rather desperately, and as I broached the surface the word rang out, GILGAMESH. I came to full consciousness with a jolt, with its echoes ringing in my ears. THE END.

* * *

My opponent was heavy and sinking because he was the Golden Rock Man of the vision dream outlined below. A being whom I had brought to consciousness as my physical Self, and who now would evolve on his own without me. I felt the anguish of his cry for help as he sank, and the pull of sympathy, but wisdom said, "let him go."

The similarities of the two wrestling Elmers with the two Alyces in the "funhouse" and "helical path" dreams are clear. In her case, though, being deep in Alz, she didn't look back like I did. She quickly reached the mountain top, crossed the "gap" and became one with her *SOUL*, thus joining the Teachers, consciously.

The "transparent green" levels of the after-life bardo (which includes the four lower Sub-levels of the E3 mental plane) are the cosmic levels where alluring attractive mansions, art galleries and music, poetry and mathematics, and universities, are inhabited by highly-developed beautiful *souls* after the death of their physical bodies.

But as these *souls* develop virtues life-after-life and “fill in” their causal bodies, and then start their transformation into Love Itself, and into Lotus-level Volition and Intelligence (begin to merge with their *SOULS*), they see that this cosmic beauty is the reflection of Kosmic mansions, etc.

In the Ancient Wisdom, the bardo is the moon which reflects the SUN, and the *soul* is the “lunar being” who reflects the Light of the *SOUL*. But no matter how attractive lunar vistas may be to *souls*, they are boringly-dense to *High Selves* (Solar Angels), whose heartfelt desire is to reach the surface and come out of the water, consciously.

* * *

The Dweller doesn’t have the energy resources of a *soul* who has experienced, and can call down, the diamond light of the Jewel. Consequently, the Dweller, can be pushed away, and as a creature of Earth, it sinks when we let go.

There is a great mystery here, for the Dweller is a living energy-being, the Life of the physical body itself. And apparently, Dwellers begin to become self conscious as we *souls* approach Graduation. According to Monitor, they become individual entities with their own Jewels, and many ages in the future will be part of a succeeding “wave” of evolving-to-Heaven humanity. At present, however, we *souls* are the Dweller’s energy-contact with Divinity (says the Ancient Wisdom). And the Dweller doesn’t want to lose us. And paradoxically, doesn’t want to change.

NOTE: When I threw off my “coats of skin” (as in Genesis 3:21, see Chapter 7) and leaped to the roof of the bungalow, the Dweller was the “coats of skin.” But, these “coats,” as implied above, were the characteristics of a living being who was losing its *soul* (namely, me) whose energy had previously given it the “feeling” and “pleasures” of life. Also, note the parallels here with my “inner life” at China Lake, where I reversed the control wire on the Dweller and he became my puppet. I took care of his “needs” at the time, you may remember, But now, I was letting him go, forever.

Very sad, from the Dweller’s point of view.

Our responsibility as *souls*, however, is not to take the Dweller to Heaven, which is impossible, but to give it a glimpse of Heaven as we ourselves ascend toward the Light of the *SOUL*. For the Dweller, that “glimpse of Heaven” is its initiation into consciousness. After that glimpse, when it sinks down into the waters without us, it must evolve on its own.

Said in a different way, the Dweller gets a glimpse of Heaven when, at our Graduation from Earth School, we merge with the Light of the *SOUL*. And then our life-after-life job is finished. We have done our part toward refinement of the planetary substance. And then we, like Alyce, can take on the more-versatile body of Light—which is free to explore the inter-planetary transpersonal mind-net, the Collective Superconscious of the Solar System.

* * *

At the end of the dream, shocked wide awake by the echoing word, GILGAMESH, I quickly arose and looked in the dictionary. Gilgamesh wasn't there. I was certain that I'd heard of Gilgamesh—perhaps a person or place in the Old Testament. I found it, finally, in the Encyclopedia Britannica as the "Epic of Gilgamesh." The Britannica version of the Epic and my vision dream fit together almost perfectly. In Mesopotamian lore, though, the Epic of Gilgamesh was a mixture of both real and archetypal events and beings.

The Gilgamesh-type episodes of my life, with references to literature on archetypal events and beings, would be a long story. Maybe I'll have time some day to outline it in this Journal.... My present life, it seems, illustrates a process which, sooner or later, every human on the planet has a need to go through. [Little did I guess in '91 that this "long story" would eventually be included in an OZAWKIE BOOK OF THE DEAD.]

* * *

When I first awakened from the dream, I thought that perhaps Gilgamesh was the sinking opponent. On reading the Encyclopedia, however, it became clear that Gilgamesh was the *soul* who was merging with the *SOUL*, and in this life my opponent was the evolving *BODY* which would sink back into the bardo without its long-time companion/opponent.

Dear P,D,S & J, in retrospect, this morning's vision dream was a summary of my life.... Very strange, and impressive and supportive, comforting. The last few years have been a terrible strain but they were, for me, the means for a final smoothing of the "bumps on the plane of ice." Alyce, though, has had a more difficult time than I, for she had to do two difficult things at the same time, first, come to conscious awareness of the unconscious, and second, to then face what was there. For her, a crucial change took place in the personality ego, which originally had a self image of "total conscious self awareness." Through experience with Alz, she detached herself from that glamour, and let it fade away.

* * *

[In my notes to P,D,S and J, I offered my own commentary, as it is below, on various portions of the episode in order to point out the significance and relevance of some of the symbology. Should you, the reader, wish to review the entire Epic of Gilgamesh as it appears in the Britanica version, you will see how these somewhat out-of-context extractions fit.

In any case, you may find this true how-it-is story of “the Great Renunciation” (however it may be depicted in fable or myth) enlightening as well as entertaining. It is the telling of how the personality, a creation of the *SOUL*, existing only as a servant of the *SOUL*, assists the *SOUL*—therefore assisting in its own demise, so to speak—as the *SOUL*, in victory, allows its servant friend to “die,” that is, to be abandoned in the bardo to evolve on its own.]

SUMMARY AND COMMENTS ON THE EPIC:

Note to P,D,S &J: If you read the Epic and analyze it, you will see that:

1. Enkidu (the Dweller) first appeared as a wild man who lived among animals. —This is interesting because personalities are individualizations from animal forbearers, and after individualization occurs, duality and conflict begin. We come out of the Garden of Eden.
2. Enkidu gradually becomes civilized and subdued, and becomes a friend of Gilgamesh. —The personality has spiritual aspirations that are breathed into it from the Lotus Self. But Enkidu does not have innate divine aspects and can only be the friend, “servant,” of Gilgamesh.
3. Gilgamesh rejects the marriage proposal of Ishtar, the goddess of love. —This is the overcoming of the archetypal yin-yang power.... For men, this means overcoming the traps of Anima.
4. But the Anima, Ishtar, is angry (because the energy of Gilgamesh is hers, by rights [Isn’t this amazing?]). —Overcoming the archetypes is the goal of spiritual development. You are free to do as you will, whatever that may be, if you can do it without becoming addicted to, or a slave of, any of the gods or goddesses. You can be in the world, but not of the world. Gilgamesh is in the world. Enkidu is of the world.
5. The Divine Bull is sent to destroy Gilgamesh. —The Divine Bull is the kundalini energy (the archetypal energy in the Ancient Wisdom). It is a dangerous creature because unless it is “tamed,” that is, unless the kundalini is brought up to the heart chakra, it remains as the energy of the gods and goddesses who rule all personalities through what are called “instincts.”
6. Enkidu and Gilgamesh kill the Divine Bull. —That is, the kundalini power is wrested away from the gods and goddesses. Put in a different way, the kundalini energy is claimed by the *SOUL*, and wrested away from the first-, second-, and third-chakra devas who make up the material substance of the personality. This wresting-away of kundalini energy is accomplished by the *SOUL*, with the indispensable help of the personality itself. What a paradox.

7. But Enkidu must die for helping Gilgamesh slay the Divine Bull. —This is what The Tibetan calls “The Great Renunciation.” What it means is that the *soul*, as a self-integrating set of skandas, will no longer exist after it merges with the *SOUL*. But I hasten to add, the physical being (the sum-total of the physical skandas), as shown in the GOLDEN ROCK MAN dream below, doesn’t actually “die,” but is launched into the bardo (into the waters of my Gilgamesh dream) as a separate creature who has glimpsed the golden Light, and now must go on its own.
8. Gilgamesh searched for and finally found the plant that would give him immortality, but it was seized by a serpent. —The “plant of immortality” is, of course, the kundalini energy, and the serpent represents the “rising” of the kundalini energy. Thus, in the Britannica version of the Epic, Gilgamesh didn’t completely bring the kundalini to the fourth chakra, but became bogged down in second-chakra struggles. END OF EPIC.

* * *

In other words, King Gilgamesh, didn’t succeed in converting the serpent (the rising kundalini) into the igloo-stone of my ’38 vision dream. If he had, he would have graduated from Earth School and the Epic would have one additional chapter. He would have finished his “evolution of the kundalini” and achieved his ultimate goal, continuity of consciousness, “immortality.”

* * *

A striking review of pre-Biblical history, including the Gilgamesh legend, has been put together by William Ryan and Walter Pitman in a landmark book called NOAH’S FLOOD (2000). In addition to conducting archeological research in the Mediterranean and Black Sea, they searched for and synthesized convergent neolithic findings from biology, ethnology, folk lore, geology, linguistics, mythology, and phonology. And in their final synthesis it is clear that the Epic of Gilgamesh was recorded 5000 years ago, and became the basis, some 2000 years later, of the Old Testament stories of the Garden of Eden and Noah’s flood.

Similar to my “Gilgamesh” experience, these age-old stories and myths, and the Adam-and-Eve legend, are linked firmly to both physical life and consciousness beyond physical life. Interestingly, Ryan and Pitman quote mythologist Joseph Campbell (1990) saying, “the material of myth is the material of life, the material of our body, the material of our environment, and

a living, vital mythology deals with these in terms that are appropriate to the nature of knowledge of the time."

One last astonishing parallel between my experiential life and the 5000-year-old myth. On Page 243 Ryan and Pitman report that when Gilgamesh wishes to cross the "sea of death" he is directed to a boatman. They then say:

However, Gilgamesh is mystified when shown the ferryman's means of propulsion of his craft and in a fit of rage destroys them. "The Stone Things, O Gilgamesh, were what carried me across, that I might not touch the waters of death." All translators have had difficulty with the interpretation of what these "stone things" were. They exist in the context of "senders...without which there is no crossing death's waters." Some scholars have thought them to be passive devices such as "talismans," images, or even "lodestones," though they are clearly in the context of "bearing him along." In fact, after Gilgamesh breaks the "stone things" with his ax, he is admonished by the [ferryman]. "It is your hands, Gilgamesh, that prevent the crossing! You have smashed the stone things..."

For my life, the meaning is transparent. Metaphorically, Gilgamesh smashed the "stone things" in rage because he refused to convert the serpent into stone, and thus complete the stone-igloo which would give him "immortality." That is, he was one step from graduation from Earth School, but he couldn't "let go" of what had been near and dear. When he came to the Great Renunciation, he turned away.

In summary: My experience indicates that this particular myth is still a full-fledged driver of reality. The reason, of course, is that the Epic is not a made-up story, but is a symbolic way of outlining what everyone, presumably, will go through when they magnify the kundalini and direct its ascent to the heart, without allowing overlong dalliance in second or third chakra delights.

* * *

GOLDEN ROCK MAN

24 NOVEMBER 1995 (FRIDAY).... Had some of the strangest dream scenarios of my life, which were repeated many times in order (it seemed) to make an indelible impression, and to allow me to come gradually to a highly-lucid dream state, so I could interact and work with the consciousness of many dream beings, all of whom seemed to be parts of me at the physiological level.

In retrospect, I believe the initiating cause of these scenarios was my question to the *High Self* on 9nov95, put into this journal as:

Isn't it interesting that as self-regulated beings it's our visualizations that galvanize us to action. Since everything is actually accomplished that way, it's no wonder that the body would rather escape from control, even if it has nowhere to go. It's merely a slave. That's another reason we should be good to it, and take it SCUBA diving, and skiing, and sailing, etc., etc. But that raises an interesting corollary question, "Is there a cosmic Bill of Rights for bodies?" What considerations do we owe our bodies?

FIRST SCENARIO: Whether that question was the cause of last night's dreams or not, this scenario, and every other one, started with me walking down a steep roadway between overhanging cliff walls, and then continuing into a tunnel that wound around, this way and that, changing direction abruptly a few times. During each descent, a number of beings who were with me, and who seemed to be the residents of the surrounding walls, wanted me to go all the way to the very depths of the tunnel.

These entities were friendly and respectful, and though I saw them only in peripheral vision as amorphous creatures, I knew that they were part of my own being in some way. As we traversed the sections of the tunnel, we went deeper and deeper into the very earth itself until we arrived at a steep subterranean decline, at the bottom of which lay the bed rock of the planet. It was gloomy, dark and dank down there, and there was a slight feeling of anger, or hostility. Water seeped out of the walls and was running over the stone surface.

Then it became apparent why I was being taken to this place. The bed rock of the planet was a living being, a long-suffering miserable rock-like being who lived in darkness. And I, at my lowest level, was made of the rock of the planet. In addition, this long tunnel was also me, as if it was the GI tract. The rock was part of me, and that part wasn't happy. It was powerful and powerless at the same time, inarticulate, suspicious, not friendly. It felt that it was imprisoned and wanted release.

SECOND SCENARIO: As I approached the bed rock of myself, the creatures who accompanied me, themselves inarticulate, though much-alive and quite conscious compared to the lower rock, urged me by gesture and through inner non-verbal communication, to speak with this creature.

But what to say? I approached quite close to the solid rock floor at the steep terminus of the tunnel and saw that it suffered from the seepage of water from the walls. Living conditions weren't good, very unpleasant. I began talking with the rock and saying that whatever its situation, there was no need for it to be bothered by this seepage. And I took towels and absorbent papers and wiped away the water from the face of the rock, which began to respond in a grateful

more-friendly manner, as if I was relieving some kind of suffering. Then the seepage stopped, totally, and the rock began to look more normal, like granite found on a mountain side.

THIRD SCENARIO: Then the process started all over again, with me going down the roadway into the tunnel, etc., etc., until once more I was face to face with the basic rock of the planet, of myself. This time, though, the rock entity was more friendly, more hopeful, and welcomed my visit, even though it was still a prisoner of the solid crystalline material from which it was made. My talk with it on this occasion contained a measure of hope. I said I'd bring some light into this place for it.

FOURTH SCENARIO: In the next repeat of the trip down the tunnel, I brought a dim light, which I left there, and the rock surface began to glow in a kind of responsive appreciation.

FIFTH SCENARIO: In a final visit, much to the joy of the accompanying entities, who seemed to be relatives of the base rock, for whom they had compassion, and about whom they were worried because of his entrapment, I brought a golden light and the rock became suffused with it. The very atomic and molecular structure of the rock began to glow, and from it there began to emerge the figure of a faintly-glowing golden rock man, who finally stood free of the encompassing rock of the planet. In some way, his freedom and my freedom were linked, and in me there was a welling up of greetings to him, and thanks to "spiritual powers" at a higher level of consciousness for this event.

By itself, the quiet joy of the accompanying entities and the joy of the rock man was sufficient reward for the work I'd done, but I realized as I stepped back and faced the glowing figure that this was also a victory for me. In some way I was responsible for the salvation of these beings, and I'd not paid attention for a long time to some of their needs. Had left them in darkness.

But now the darkness of those days was ended. Freedom, true liberation of the glowing rock man, was in sight. Hope replaced misery, and it was amidst a feeling of rejoicing in my tunnel companions that I went back to the surface. **THE END.**

* * *

Emerging gradually from this lucid dream, I got up and began writing in the journal. Meanings are more or less obvious, I believe. The golden light is the light of the Lotus Self, the Christ Self of every person. And that light must be taken to the depths of the personality, even to the atomic and molecular structure of the body, in order to bring freedom to the beings of whom we are made.

This, clearly, is the significance of The Tibetan's text in which He says that people are not on this planet to save themselves, but to save the substances from which they are made. Interesting—

especially because it involves a great many composite parts of our nature in three levels of material, physical, astral, and mental.

* * *

27 NOVEMBER 1995 (MONDAY).... Am now dealing with the body organs in an entirely new way. Not by telling them what I want, but by asking them what they want, as if they were intelligent creatures.

This psychological shift is really interesting, since it opens up a new way of dealing with the body, mind-to-mind contact. Previously I'd thought mostly of dealing with the consciousness of the lower brain centers that controlled the body, but this is entirely different. It is the consciousness of a fingernail, or whatever, that I'm dealing with, and not the consciousness of some far-away controlling mechanism in the brain.

Most fascinating, this kind of contact explains the strange hypnosis phenomenon in which a welt in the shape of a letter of the alphabet (or any other shape) can be made to appear on the arm through suggestion. How that could happen always puzzled me because I couldn't see how the central nervous system could produce an allergic-type response that took a specified shape on the skin.

Also, and even more strange, I couldn't imagine how Edgar Cayce, when lying on the floor in deep trance with adrenaline injections in his body, could reverse what was happening in biologic tissues. When his friend came rushing in to stop the doctors, who thought Cayce was dying, he saw Edgar's lips moving, and when he knelt down to listen, he heard a whisper, "Tell the body to reject the medicine." And when Edgar's friend straightened up and said, "The body will now reject the medicine," the adrenaline came back up out of the muscles and tissues, and collected in little bulges under the skin.

* * *

The question I asked myself was, how could this possibly happen? Now I know. Namely, each organ is a living entity which has total control of every cell of which it is composed. And, if the organ agrees to do something, every fluid, chemical, cell, and molecule cooperates. And the reason for that is that each cell is a piece of mind, and has consciousness.

That's exactly what I said in 1978 in BEYOND BIOFEEDBACK, in explaining why yogis weren't puzzled by cellular control. In their theory, I said, "every cell of the body is a cell of the mind." But I never knew, in any practical sense for my own body, until today, that that is really the way it is. Matter really is Mind, just as Aurobindo and The Tibetan said.

* * *

The consequences for me of this realization are seismic. Something has happened inside me.... I'm moving into that state of mind in which the very substance of the body begins to be converted to a subtle form of energy. Can't explain how strange it is to know this, and feel this, rather than to simply think about it—or use the concept as a working hypothesis.

Don't know how this state of consciousness came about, unless it was a result of working, for the last seven years, with a multitude of karmic and nostalgic reactions associated with Alyce. And intensely, without ego involvement, interrogating the body, the emotions, and the mind (and their component parts), whenever I sensed that something in normally-unconscious levels needed to be dug up, recognized, and negotiated with.

* * *

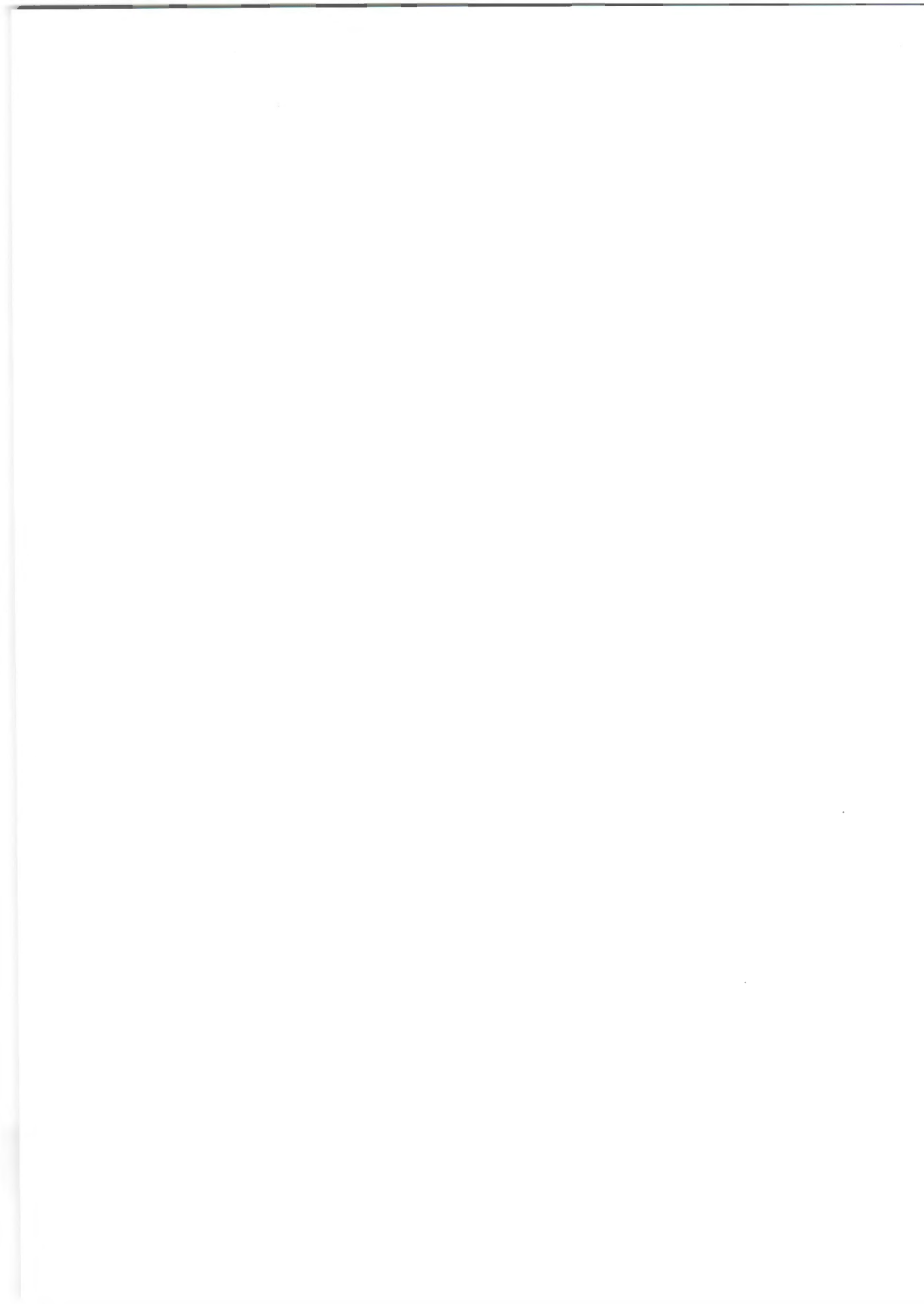
Also, dear P, D, S, J and G, that feeling that matter really is mind was followed by an interesting synchronicity. Three hours ago I was collecting The Tibetan's books in a stack by the bookshelf in order to search for a quotation and later found one of the books in the middle of the couch, several feet away, where I had no memory of having put it. I wondered how it got there, for it was one that I was sure I hadn't seen earlier when I made the stack.

It was ESOTERIC PSYCHOLOGY, which is Volume I of A TREATISE ON THE SEVEN RAYS. Idly opening the book and turning a couple of pages, I came to the following words, which relate to my dream of the GOLDEN ROCK MAN and recognition of the life and consciousness within the form:

The mineral kingdom has the quality of activity primarily emphasized, and its two extremes are the tamasic quality, or the static inert nature of the mineral world, and the quality of radio-activity, of radiation which is its beautiful and divinely perfected expression. The goal for all mineral atomic forms is this radio-active condition, the power to pass through all limiting and environing substances. This is initiation, or the entering into a state of liberation for all mineral appearances, and the organizing of all forms in this kingdom under the influence of the seventh ray (P. 197)

You can imagine how astonished I was when I read the above, for it answered questions about the GOLDEN ROCK MAN, why there was joy when he came out of the rock, and why this represented some form of liberation that was more than simply my liberation. This, no doubt, is part of the Bill of Rights for the physical being. Part of our task in the Earth School of Living is to work for the salvation of the body!

* * *



Chapter 14

QUESTIONS FROM WORKSHOPS

When the mind is understood and directed in the proper channels, a person may achieve so much that seems impossible that he or she might almost regard it as miraculous. We might look upon it as being miraculous but for one very patent fact, namely, there are no such manifestation as miracles in this well-ordered universe of ours. Phenomena only seem miraculous to the mind or consciousness which does not understand or know their antecedent causes. The moment one becomes aware of the cause of these varied phenomena, it is realized that they are simply natural, sequential results of what has gone before, and are thoroughly and completely in accord with very simple laws of nature.

—The Teacher (Erwood, 1941)

The answers to many questions which surfaced in workshops have been worked into previous chapters. Outlined below, however, are some additional often-asked questions, and answers.

* * *

ANIMA

Q: When you refer to women as the “agents” of the Anima, isn’t that being a bit chauvinistic?

A: Not at all. It’s only factual. Men, in their turn, are “agents” of the Animus. We all are “agents,” male or female. It’s a fact of Nature that “perception” of a beautiful woman often triggers off in men sexual fantasies. But that isn’t the fault of the woman, regardless of unenlightened Puritan attitudes.

The problem in the garden of Eden was Adam, not Eve. But the Bible, being written by men, couldn’t have it organized it that way. If the Bible had been written by women, it would have been a different book. And, regardless of whatever Truth there may be, for men to say that the Bible is the “Word of God” gets them off the hook for being prime offenders, in the second-chakra sense.

* * *

CONSUMERISM

Q: You have implied that commercialism blocks a person's spiritual growth. Why do you say that? Technological development has produced most of the wonderful conveniences, comforts, and medicines we have today.

A: I agree. Life is great with what we are getting from technology, but what I was really referring to was CONSUMERISM. This is a blight on humanity. People have allowed themselves to be converted into production and consumption machines, as if that's the goal in living. During WWII the president of one of our largest automobile companies was given the rank of General and put in charge of the United States' entire production-line war effort. And in a classic statement, in answer to a question, he said, "The business of America is 'business.'"

Nonsense! "The business of America is FREEDOM," just as George Washington implied when someone proposed that he establish himself as King. The international cartel managers would disagree, of course. From their point of view, "The business of the WORLD is 'business.'" This spirit-negating philosophy has led to some strange bedfellows. American businessmen, at least prior to Y2K, supported dictators and fascists all over the world in the name of Trade and Global Unity—by which they meant Global Merchandising—under their control.

* * *

DEVAS

Q: You referred to The Tibetan's statement that we humans have the task of "saving" the substances of which we are made. Say more, please.

A: A vision dream (20mar96) once answered a question along this line by telling me that one of my tasks was to establish peace between the physical, emotional, and mental selves of Me. In one dream, body entities (physiologic devas) had difficulty in becoming comfortable with the associated astral and mental entities (the devas of those substances) who were part of my nature. This is the mythological conflict between Earth, Water, and Fire.

It was explained to me that the physiologic devas are very different from the others, and in humanity in general they tend to be scorned by the astral and mental entities, as if the body itself had no "rights," or goals, or hopes. At least that's the impression I got....

But then it was emphasized that the body is a reflection of, in one way or another, all states of consciousness and all memories, even those that are thought of as being expressed only in astral and mental levels of the personality. In other words, physical refinement is a function of consciousness refinement. That concept makes reasonable the contention of yogis that medita-

tion (becoming aware of subtle states of consciousness) automatically begins changing the tissues of the body.

That concept also supports the “message” I got a few months ago from the body. Namely, it wants RECOGNITION, COMMUNICATION, and NEGOTIATION. Apparently such consciousness, in us, accelerates evolution of the body organs.

That is why biofeedback machines and visualization training for health are important. Used together, they are synergistic tools, potent and effective because they work directly with the body, the common ground of day-to-day consciousness. Fortunately this synergism is not a far-out pie-in-the-sky idea. It’s hooked to earth. And to learn this, all the patient has to do is start. Belief, faith, speculation, analytic explanation, etc., aren’t necessary. How neat and elegant! From that perspective, most of clinical psychology is upside down, standing on its head. That was my exact hypnagogic image.

* * *

GAIA

Q: Sometimes you speak of Gaia as an archetype, but often it’s as if you think of Gaia as a woman. Why?

A: Both aspects are true in my experience. For instance, many people claim to have seen The Mother Mary. Though She is now an archetype, having world-wide “reality,”—part of the energy surrounding this planet—She also is a consciousness Who can choose to make “an image” appear to any appropriately tuned-in person.

As an example of this multi-aspect “reality,” consider the following vision dream about Gaia:

13 NOVEMBER 1997 (THURSDAY).... When the dream began, I was walking across country with a large number of people who were randomly spread out over the terrain. It was almost dusk, and we seemed to be walking from a place near the center of the country, towards a destination in Arizona.

Suddenly a deer leaped up and began running ahead of us, and just as suddenly I had the desire to run, too. I began racing after the creature, and as I did that, I transformed into a deer myself. Strangely enough, the deer I followed seemed to know that I was racing with her. There seemed to be an awareness bond between us. Recognizing this, with tremendous energy she lengthened her stride and sped away.

This challenge I accepted, and then found that I could run at a remarkable speed

by stretching out my front legs and gliding over the ground. I was a super gazelle, touching the ground occasionally and gliding at high speed over meadows and roads, and around obstacles. It was a thrilling race, and I didn't fall behind.

The deer was astonished that I could keep up, and again increased her speed, and to my surprise I was able to do the same. In fact, I seemed to be gaining a bit, even though sometimes she was hidden from view and I didn't know where she'd gone. Intuitively, though, I always seemed to chose the right path. And at the end, when she reached her destination in a forest-surrounded glade, I was close behind.

For a moment the deer vanished behind a huge rock, and then suddenly appeared at its very top, about 10 feet above me, transformed into a beautiful woman. And at that moment I was transformed back into myself, a human man. I recognized her, then, as the spirit of Nature. She was dressed in a flowing pale egg-shell robe, sleeveless, with a sash at the waist. And above her long braided dark hair, coiled in basket shape on top of her head, sprigs of holly berries and shoots of plants and flowers came out.

As I approached the rock, she looked down and laughed, and said, with a put-on pout, "You cheated!" I knew what she meant. For a time while we raced, I, too, had been a deer. Both of us could be wherever and whatever we chose in Earth's mind-net.

Responding to her jibe, I laughed aloud and waved to her in camaraderie. It was a greeting, and also a departure. I smiled and said, "No I didn't." She smiled back, and waved farewell as I turned and went my way. We understood each other, and our double entendre joke.

This contact with Gaia, sharing my humanness with Nature, was pleasant and happy. A joy. And that was how I felt when I awakened. It was as if, in a way, we had shared a blessing....

* * *

HANDICAPPED

Q: If a person is born crippled, does that mean that the so-called Body Self is itself a cripple.

A: Not as I understand it. But it does indicate something about karma. Karma means "cause and effect" for every Self of our personality. Who is it who generates karma? When you say "I," just who are you referring to? A Journal entry comments on this.

1 APRIL 1996 (MONDAY)... Many dreams on one theme, namely, the channels through solid rock that many people with physical disabilities have to carve in order to make their way. They are born submerged in the solid Earth of Nature so that their minds and emotions will have to pay attention to the dense physical. The three categories of devas again.

These dreams were strongly reminiscent of the GOLDEN ROCK MAN scenarios I had a few months ago concerning the transformation of dense physical matter into spiritual substance, which is our contribution to the life of this planet.

* * *

HOMOSEXUALS

Q: There are many gays and lesbians out there. What does all this mean to them?

A: The same thing it means to everyone. One gay-and-lesbian couple mentioned in TIME magazine were married so they could have a genetic child. Their lives became devoted to family, and they developed a loving relationship through sublimation of homosexual “preference.” Obviously, that’s a step toward SOUL. And the children benefited from having both a father and a mother. In any event, whomever we may be, both the Anima and the Animus in each of us must eventually be brought under control and transcended.

* * *

INSTANT KARMA

Q: Some people speak of “instant karma.” How is that related to synchronicities?

A: After MOM begins working in our lives, positive and negative synchronicities occur regularly as a form of Kosmic feedback, through which we “train” ourselves in right thought, right emotion, and right action. I call all such events, good or bad, “instant karma.” It tells us that we finally got MOM’s attention.

Right thought is freedom from illusion—incorrect ideas. Right emotion is freedom from glamour—incorrect attitudes. And right action involves freedom from maya—freedom from the belief that “what you see is what you get.” That’s what MOM wants us to know.

* * *

MARKETING

Q: If glamour-loaded advertising, and sex and violence, are not used by Hollywood—what else have they got to sell?

A: That's a tough one for marketers, but I noticed that the movies, "Sleepless in Seattle," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Sixth Sense," did quite well, and so did many movies made in the early days of greater restraint. From my point of view, we should use an additional yardstick in evaluating entertainment for ourselves and our children: namely, "Will it help build a better mansion in the bardo."

Unfortunately, advertisers aren't interested in the bardo's bottom line—until they get there.

I believe that the psychophysiologic and psychophysical transformation which the world needs will be based on simple old-fashioned virtues such as honesty, truth, self-control, tolerance, straightness, dependability, loyalty, perseverance, kindness, love of Earth, love of humanity, and love of body, mind, and *SOUL*.

* * *

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

Q: In some religions it is recommended that we "pray" for the *souls* of the dead. You talked about Alyce's experience of coming out of the bardo sometimes when you read to her from spiritual books. But, by definition, she wasn't dead. For a genuine "dead" person, what does praying for them do.?

A: In my view, praying for the dead, at least the recently dead, has a much greater effect on the *soul* than praying for someone who isn't dead. An "alive" person is usually too much involved with their own physical Self to notice the effect of prayers. But in the bardo, where the dead are alive, every prayer is an influential thought form.

People on earth are usually unaware of the subconscious. But after they've dropped the body, the subconscious is where they are. They are in the Collective Subconscious of the Planet, and every thought and feeling is both seen and felt, almost like a "physical" condition.

In other words, when you send a prayer to someone who is on earth, it affects their subconscious. But when you send a prayer to someone in the bardo, it affects their conscious. The prayer sent to a person who presumably is in "hell," like Col. Cotchapee in "Purlie Victorious," may melt like an ice cube on a hot day, but it is noticed. Whereas a prayer sent to someone who is in a "hell on Earth," may affect the general gloom, but often isn't noticed.

This difference in consciousness between being on Earth or being in the bardo, is what THE

TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD is all about—and is what I took advantage of when Alyce had Alzheimer's. Since she was “stuck” between earth and bardo, and couldn't go forwards or backwards (her words) for many months, I had a chance to help her subconscious become conscious.

* * *

[A similar circumstance was described on the Charlie Rose show of 6sep00 by author/art-critic Robert Hughes, the host of the 6-hour PBS Special on Australia called “Beyond the Fatal Shore.” Hughes described an auto wreck after which he was in a coma for five months. What brought him back to Earth life, which he now savors as highly as the best-trained mindfulness student, was Love. As I remember his words, his lover, Doris, for five months held his hand and talked to him as if he could hear her—and that brought him back. She had both Love and perseverance. At least Alyce was able to “come out” sometimes and tell me what was going on in there.

One of the most interesting parts of Hughes story, to me was that he wasn't met by his *SOUL* in the bardo. He said he saw neither Light nor tunnel, but instead was bombarded by five months of hallucinations, some of them fascinating. Opposite from Dannion Brinkly (Brinkley, 1994), he was allowed by his *SOUL* to remain in the lower levels of the bardo until Love resurrected him (at least brought him back to Earth) and changed his appreciation of everything in life. Everything for him is now a new event, every picture, every sunset, every meal!

In short, Hughes' *SOUL* conducted a useful experiment with a strong articulate personality. He came to full consciousness in his own bardo body, his normally-unconscious self, and was able to witness and describe exactly what THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD warns the new arrival of—namely, hallucinations which tie up the mind.

Interestingly, Hughes said that he was an atheist. But like Carl Jung might answer, I would tell Hughes, “Not only were the hallucinations continuously changing, but they were at the same time real self-generated thoughtforms. They were your gloomy ‘mansion in heaven.’ And if Doris hadn't brought you back, those hallucinations would have continued ‘indefinitely’ after your body died. Now, at least, you can think about it—while you savor the world in wonderful ways.”]

* * *

RECOGNITION, COMMUNICATION, NEGOTIATION

Q: When you “communicate” with the body, what really happens?

A: Examples, quoting from the Journal:

17 APRIL 1996 (WEDNESDAY). *I had an interesting and unusual experience this morning, resulting from conversation with the Body Self while up on a shaky A-frame ladder outdoors. A powerful warm wind from the south, about 35 mph, had blown loose some of the metal trimming from the peak edge of the gable above the front deck, where vinyl paneling was installed last year over the eaves. To prevent the aluminum trim from being torn completely off, or bent out of shape, I brought up the stepladder from the garage (and hammer and nails) and climbed cautiously to the peak, holding on to the front-deck floodlights to prevent the wind from blowing me down.*

Everything was okay, me being the cautious fellow that I am, not falling on a motorcycle during 4500 miles of muddy roads in Europe, and seldom falling while skiing, and I felt fine. But then, while nailing overhead and looking up, a neck vertebra that has caused problems lately produced a cramping muscle spasm that froze my neck painfully in that position. Precarious and inconvenient. Usually, when I'm standing on the floor, I can bend over, take my head in both hands, pull the vertebrae straight, and make the muscles relax. But this time I was in no position to do that.

Pondering the situation for a few seconds, I decided I needed the body's help, or the High Self's help, or Whomever, so I called the Physical Entity, told him how much I appreciated his good work in the past, and explained that under the present circumstances I might fall and hurt him and me, and that I needed his help. I was thinking of his message [of 10 January 1995] in which he said that the body and its parts wanted RECOGNITION, COMMUNICATION, and NEGOTIATION..., rather than CONTROL.

To my amazement, for it happened instantly, a good feeling came through the entire head and neck region—warmth, relaxation, adjustment, and well being. Hardly able to believe this sudden change, I experimented with looking down, rolling my head from side to side, and rotating it. Oddly enough, perfection of function was reestablished—at least temporarily.

I was grateful, thanked the Physical Entity for its help, finished what I was doing and climbed down the ladder. The wonderful feeling around the shoulder and neck region lasted for about 3 hours, gradually diminishing.

In view of that experience, I believe that in the future I'll work on the idea of complete repair of the gritty vertebral joints in the neck. For the moment, though, it was great. I repaired the back screen door, etc., and didn't once hear any clicking or grinding in the neck when I rotated my head or looked upwards at what I was doing.

[As explained in Chapter 7, final vertebral repairs were made by a healer from some other level on 3jun96, while I was lying in bed in an OB state of consciousness.]

13 JULY 1996 (SATURDAY)....Two other physical things happened that made me focus attention on the Body. Before I sat up in bed this morning I twisted in such a way that a vertebra at about C7 [lower back] slipped and began to hurt in a long-familiar way. Not wanting to “lock” that dislocation in place by ignoring it, I questioned the Body about what to do. The answer, lie on the floor, not on the bed, and roll over.

...I did it. And the back re-aligned in a few seconds after one roll-over (with limp torso, powered only by the legs) in each direction. I was astonished at the cracking and snapping of joints as I did that. In the past when that type of misalignment occurred, it usually took two or three days before soreness due to muscle spasm went away. Now, an hour has passed and there's no soreness in those muscles.

* * *

The second body-thing was that when I went to the kitchen, a muscle in the lower lip began twitching. That got my attention immediately. I stopped what I was doing (looking for a coffee cup) and focused attention on the facial nerves and said, as I've done in the past, with my finger on the twitching muscle, “Be still. And know that I am your god.”

As that command began to take effect, I raised my hands overhead and focused attention on the Body as an energy structure, on the Lotus overhead as director of energy flow from the Monad, and on the chakra at the base of the spine as the responder for the Body. During that visualization and its accompanying kinesthetic sensation of electricity, an intense flow of “light” (or whatever) came through the head, especially through the upper right jaw, and the trembling muscle became totally silent.

Was the Body or the Lotus alerting me, via that twitching muscle, that more than flax seed or rolling over is needed to correct an unsatisfactory energy condition of the Body? Visualization of energy flow is also needed? Hmm. In any event, the Body now feels okay and I feel fine.... I'm trying to be respectful of the Body's wishes and feelings—to the best of my ability to detect and decipher them.

* * *

SELF-RELIANCE AND BIOFEEDBACK, SATAN AND “THY WILL

Q: Religious tradition doesn’t say anything good about “self-reliance.” And in some churches that idea is considered to be one of Satan’s traps. So....?

A: Interesting paradox. If “self” means personality, the Dweller side of our Being, the orthodox religious people have an argument. But if “self” means *SOUL*, as enlightened students and therapists understand, then “Thy will” is being implemented every minute in client-centered biofeedback training. That is why, I believe, we see so many “miracles” of healing through biofeedback and visualization training. From our point of view, we are introducing clients to their own *MOMs*, the ultimate “healers,” and “Thy will,” is being given a chance, whether the client realizes it at first, or not.

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Interestingly, in India biofeedback training is an answer to one of the deadliest aspects of orthodox Hinduism, the belief that everything is foreordained by immutable karma and you can’t do anything about it, and shouldn’t try anyway, because it’s God’s Will. That cop-out belief generates stagnation and hopelessness. Fortunately, Hindus have bodies that get sick just like Christians, and in a contest between orthodoxy and relief from pain, traditional religious belief usually comes out second. Many people in India, nowadays, are learning to contact *MOM* through hospital-taught yoga and through biofeedback training.

When the Teacher on the hillside (who later came down the escalator with Alyce and me, Chapter 7, 4oct91), mentioned the difficulty in getting the attention of busy people, I thought immediately of the attention-getting success of biofeedback training. Every one of the people in the department store had a body that was giving them trouble—and our old joke about biofeedback training being a first lesson in “spiritual development,” wasn’t really a joke, only an irony.

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SICKNESS

Q: You told of being sick when you “called down” the diamond light of the Jewel during graduate school in Chicago, and explained it as a physical cleansing, but how do you account for the “sniffles?” Having a cold is not transformative, it’s only debilitating.

A: Interesting question. Being sick for a few weeks in graduate school was caused by my invocation of the Light, but most of my physical problems were caused by not eating right, over-working, not sleeping enough, and ignoring good-health practices—until I got a warning sign, such as a toothache.

Most of my recoveries from serious sickness, however, resulted from calling down the diamond Light. As much as possible, I've stayed out of the "health care" system by taking charge of the "energies." Dental problems, though, I haven't eliminated. Maybe the teeth are the hardest items to deal with.

TEACHERS, HIGH SELVES, PERSONALITIES, FREE WILL

Consider the following excerpt from the Journal:

19 JUNE 1996 (WEDNESDAY). Unusually interesting and intricate set of vision dream scenarios about the ways in which a Teacher who functions at the High-Self level, works with a human. Under the guidance of his or her own Monad, which is what a Teacher is, he or she may aid a soul who is becoming aware of spiritual choices. In such a case, a partnership develops between the person's High Self and the Teacher, like between an apprentice and a Master of the Craft.

FIRST SCENARIO: I was seated at a table in a dinner-dance night club where I could overhear the conversations of performers, mostly women, in an adjoining make-up room, as they discussed their jobs and the attentions of various men who were connected with the grungy side of management and with human appetites. Each of these women was, essentially, a tug-of-war battleground between the downward-pulling involutory pressures of her own personality devas (moderately un-enlightened), and the upward-pulling evolutionary forces from her High Self.

The men whom they discussed were not necessarily bad, but like the women, were themselves in tug-of-war arenas. Being dominant in the society, though, the men had a different set of discriminations to learn.

SECOND SCENARIO: Most of this sequence focused on the life of a girl about 18 years old—who was just coming into this atmosphere—and what her personality problems were, what the problems of her High Self were, and the problems of a Teacher as he aided and instructed the High Self.

If such a thing can be imagined, the Teacher experienced "stress," for he wanted Discrimination and Enlightenment to develop in this girl, and he felt a "desire" that her High Self succeed. At the same time he could not be known to the personality in any direct way, for then that soul might be inclined toward worship, rather than learning to discriminate and make choices based on her own High-Self input.

THIRD SCENARIO: It was at this point, in making choices, that the spiritual contest in the girl took place. And at the same time the Teacher was able to help only her High Self, by teaching it how to make its wishes come to the girl's attention. Specifically, the Teacher helped the High Self shape thoughtforms which were definite enough and strong enough to make an imprint on the girl's brain, as a conscious thought, or idea, or aspiration.

In other words, the problem for the Teacher was not one of influencing the personality, but "teaching the High Self." Analogy: In college, professors instruct personalities, whereas in trans-bardo Reality, Teachers instruct High Selves. In spite of a focus on the High Self, though, the Teacher in these scenarios had a place in his heart, so to speak, for this innocent young personality who was just beginning her present-life education. THE END.

* * *

These dream scenarios shed light on Monitor's oft-used phrase, "We are not permitted to give advice on this matter because it is necessary that you find the answer through contact with your own High Self." Also, said Monitor, the High Self doesn't prevent a person from learning through suffering, that is, through trial and error. The Dalai Lama said the same thing.

The above scenarios made me think once again of the letters to A.P. Sinnett from the Mahatmas. Koot Hoomi on many occasions tried to explain the conditions under which He worked with members of the Theosophical Society. His interests had not shifted entirely to beyond-the-Void levels, and He had a strong not-disconnected feeling of compassion toward the people He worked with. The ultimate God might be "far away," one might say, but Koot Hoomi was nearby.

* * *

VITAMINS

Q: Regarding good-health practices. What do you think of recent arguments about vitamins?

A: Despite some questionable claims by both opponents and proponents, I'm convinced from experience over five decades that taking vitamins has been good for me. In that regard a vision dream gave me some interesting ideas. Again a quote from the Journal:

26 MARCH 1996 (TUESDAY).... Dreams last night had to do with vitamins and their importance to the body. Rather than being mere chemicals, though, they were shown as "entities." Strange concept, but interesting because it brought up the en-

tire relationship between bodies and the foods they take in, and what those nutrients do, what their role is, and what our role is in the evolution of those chemicals. Unusual idea.

We humans, who are highly advanced spiritual entities from the animal point of view, bring in energies from causal levels and above that play a vital part in the evolution of "matter." Cows, horses, and dogs do something useful, of course, but not very much. Humanity, however, is the spiritual "clearing house" through which basic elemental entities can contribute to the good of spirit, with "the sky the limit." Figuratively, and maybe literally, it's the goal of every plant to be eaten by a human, rather than a cow. Isn't that astonishing!

I was told that vitamins are an advanced formulation, or concoction, or production, of the devic life of material substance, and our relationship with them is synergistic. We do for them what they can't possibly do for themselves, and to a certain extent, though not entirely, they do for us what we can't do for ourselves, or at least "can't do for ourselves" until we reach the fifth level of Self-Mastery in which "pure" energy from the SOUL can be transformed into whatever dense material is needed, mental, astral, etheric, or physical.

* * *

I'm impressed that so much material could be compressed into a dream about the life force of vitamins. It enlarges my ideas about food, and makes me think of blessing my vitamins before I swallow them, and blessing the food I eat, not just for myself, but also for them. Gaia seems to be all of one piece.

A hundred years from now this subject might be seriously considered from a scientific point of view, but until chemicals and their molecular elaborations are seen as an aspect of the living, "intelligent," and purposeful Gaia, these odd-ball ideas would get short shrift from the left-cortex of the Planetary Being, the rational scientific side of humanity.

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WELCOMING COMMITTEE

Q: If there really is an Afterlife, a "welcoming committee" makes sense, but you spoke as if people still living on Earth can meet newcomers to the bardo.

A: That has been my experience, and also that of most sensitives and healers whom I've met. To what extent it occurs in the general population, though, I don't know. Some of the reputable Sources who are being channeled nowadays would be able to answer that question from direct observation.

Often when sleeping, I seem to be "on duty" as a social-worker, usually concerned with problems relating to life-style changes in people on earth. In other words, I work in the planetary collective subconscious. But a few times I've had the experience, like Bob Monroe, of meeting someone who had recently died "accidentally" and didn't realize that they were in the bardo. The problem, then, is to try to bring that person to "consciousness" to wake them up. Often difficult. Movies nowadays are tackling that subject. "Sixth Sense," for instance, was an almost exact portrayal of the kind of thing that can happen when someone, such as the young boy of the movie, can "see" in both physical and astral dimensions at the same time. If you haven't yet seen the film, it's highly recommended.

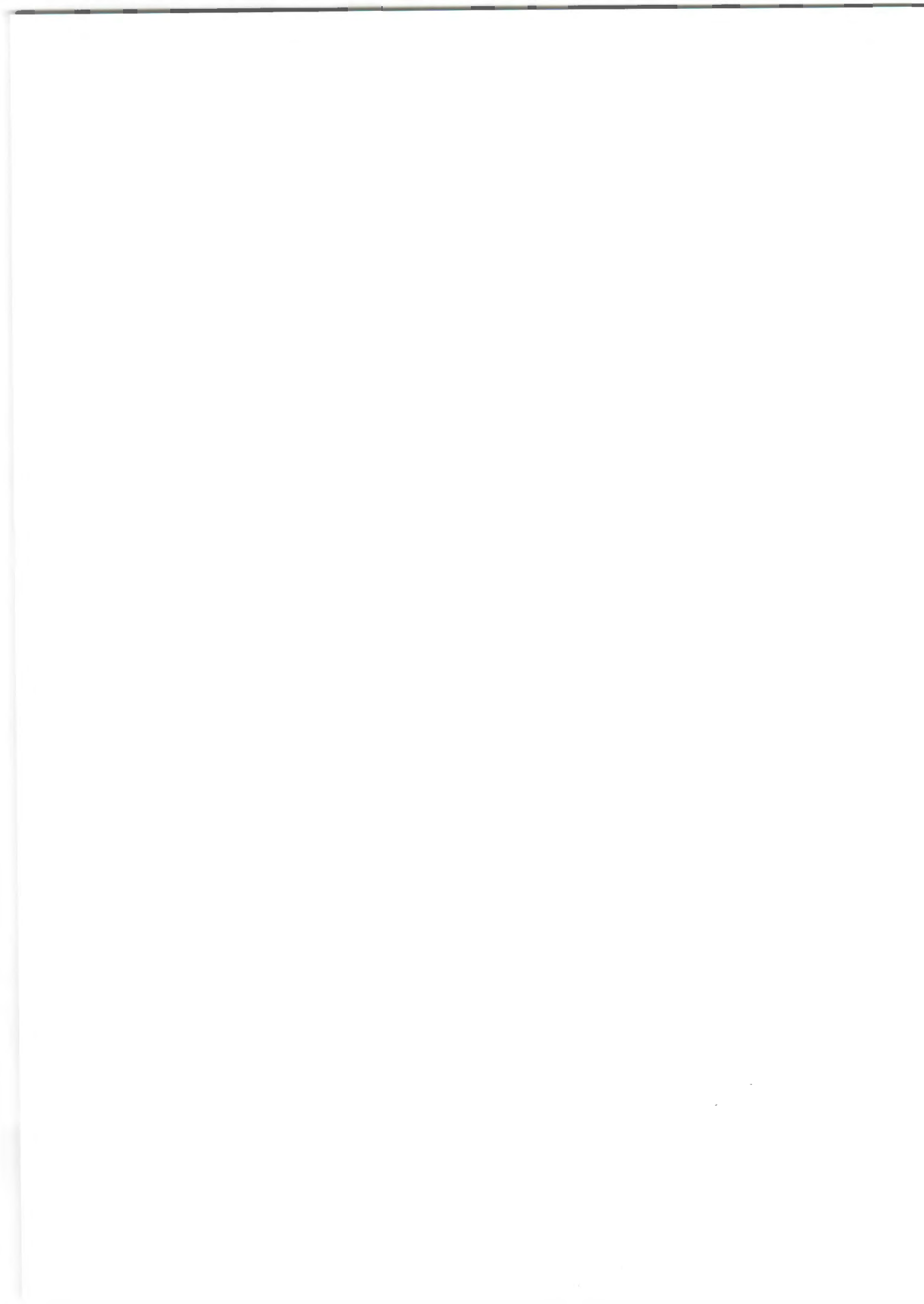
Another movie I recommend is the original version of "Dr. Strange." John Mills was the White Magician in both the early version (made in the Sixties, I believe) and the '74 remake. The earlier one was far better, in my view, because special effects weren't made the focus of entertainment.

The most detailed and worthy-of-pondering movie I've seen so far about the afterlife, though, is "What Dreams May Come." Special effects were entertaining, but they didn't get in the way. More importantly, Robin Williams's bardo adventures, and the instructions he got from people he met there, corresponded moderately well with Bob Monroe's reports and with my experiences. "Hell" was a bit fanciful, but the ideas discussed were appropriate. "You are locked in your 'visualizations,' not damned." Also, as the story pointed out, it's possible to help people who are "trapped" in hell, or anywhere else in the bardo. That's what "praying for the *souls* of the dead" is all about.

It's a sign of humanity's "waking up" that such movies, and TV series, whatever their imperfections, are being produced. It's time for superstition about the afterlife "to be laid to rest." A good video crew in the bardo would help, but in the meantime we'll have to depend on descriptions from people who have been there and come back, like Dannion Brinkley in *SAVED BY THE LIGHT* (Brinkley, 1994).

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And now: On to THE GENESIS OF HAPPINESS and FUTURES



Chapter 15

THE GENESIS OF HAPPINESS

The genesis of happiness must be found in the mind of the one who serves wisely and well; the one who doeth constantly and in all things the Will of the Father [the Divine Mother]; the one who is the Good Samaritan to those who suffer; the one who is the ready and willing comrade of those who need the helping hand; the one who retains the simple, unalloyed faith and trust that characterizes the child who is untrammelled by the inhibitions and restrictions of a false conception of the Divine order; so, all of those who would be happy are advised to forget the word happiness; to desist from trying to force others to comply with their desire, thinking that thereby happiness will accrue, and they are earnestly urged, by meditation, by prayer and consecration, to develop, unfold and expand, that state of mind or consciousness which realizes the Will of [the Divinity] as made manifest in the fundamental and scientific principles of unity, and harmonious acceptance of and acquiescence in the Divine Plan.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1941)

HAPPINESS IS A PEANUT-BUTTER-AND-HONEY SANDWICH

Don't laugh. I'll explain. In '60, when I began my association with Professor Halstead in the Department of Psychology at the University of Chicago, he gave me a small office in his Medical-Psychology section of Billings Hospital, and in that office during the next four years I ate approximately 1200 peanut-butter-and-honey sandwiches. These were not ordinary PB&H sandwiches, though. Alyce had prepared them in a very special way.

Going back to Wrightwood: With Alyce's help I'd developed this PB&H delight during the summer of '46 when I worked as a Radio Repairman's Helper, Third Class, at the Victorville Army Air Force Base. Every day when I drove down to the base I took the lunch which Alyce had prepared. During the first weeks at Victorville she gave me a variety of sandwiches, but gradually I convinced her that PB&H sandwiches were what I really liked. And when I explained which of those that she had made were closest to perfection, she soon was able to duplicate the feat.

Since PB&H sandwiches aren't generally thought of as cordon bleu, however, you may wonder what they consisted of. First, the bread. Over a period of years Alyce and I had come to appreciate the taste of European-style whole-wheat bread, not the super-light and fluffy American kind. Secondly, the two sections of the sandwich had to be kept apart for a minimum of fifteen minutes, and then, after allowing the honey to thoroughly soak down, they were put together with the honey slice on the bottom.

It wasn't till forty years later at a Mediterranean restaurant in Topeka that I learned that this was the time-honored Greek way of using honey. Soaking is essential, for then the bread-and-honey combination becomes a slightly-crunchy unit. For my palate, dark honey such as Tupelo was the best. Alyce would pour it on very smoothly so that it was evenly distributed over every square inch of surface, to within 1/4-inch of the edges, and then it was allowed to stand. The peanut-butter section was quite ordinary, though. It merely had a light film of butter and 1/8-inch of chunky peanut butter on it.

* * *

Now I didn't realize that having this sandwich as the piece de resistance for lunch every day for 17 years (every day in which I carried a lunch, that is) was unusual until Noel Nelson, one of Dr. Halstead's two secretaries, began teasing me about my PB&H sandwiches, saying that I had "no imagination." She and Pat Merryman (who after learning of the delights of PB&H sandwiches got a Ph.D. in psychology) had lunch together in the Billings' cafeteria most days of the week. And again and again they asked me to join them.

Finally I explained that aside from not wanting to pay for a cafeteria lunch, I had my own far-superior PB&H sandwich. That was when Noel accused me of having no imagination. "Every lunch should be slightly different," she said.

My immediate answer was, "On the contrary. Of the two of us, I'm the one with real imagination. Your imagination must be close to zero, for you have to have a different combination of taste-bud stimulations every meal or you can't detect anything of interest. I, on the other hand, find that every peanut-butter-and-honey sandwich is different from all others. No two are alike. Each is a unique taste adventure. The subtleties are beyond description—and unless you do what I did years ago, focusing closely on the subtleties of taste for several months, you'll never know what you are missing in life."

Noel looked at me with amazement. "Nonsense," she said. "Variety is what makes eating a pleasure. If I ate what you do every day, I'd die of boredom in two weeks." Oddly enough, I could understand her point of view. After all, for someone who has never spent days at the Grand Canyon, how could they possibly know of its never-ending subtleties and beauty? No two days are ever alike.

* * *

Noel's remark startled me, though, and generated a train of thought that eventually explained, at least for me, "the genesis of happiness." After answering Noel, I began analyzing this PB&H question. Why, exactly, was it that every sandwich was unique and delightful. Part of it, I felt, was that each one was a talisman that carried Alyce's love, and for which I invariably gave thanks before eating, but the "unique and delightful" part about each PB&H sandwich, was a fact.

And yet, how could that be? Weren't all these sandwiches really the same? As I pondered that question, while eating another hundred, I came to the realization that each was different from all others because each was the "first one" of my life. Every day was a new day. Every PB&H sandwich was a new experience. Each one, astonishingly enough, was like seeing the Grand Canyon for the very first time. I was like a child. Every event was "original." The old saying that "Variety is the spice of life," was true only for those who maintained that "What you see is what you get." They were the ones who searched for something outside themselves, in trying to find happiness.

Like most people, I enjoy cordon-bleu dining, but happiness obviously isn't out there, it's within. It's a state of mind. And the secret of finding that state is to focus attention on every event of life as if you had just been born.

As I analyzed that state of consciousness in myself, I noticed that every flower on which I focused attention was, for me, a new event. It was new in the world for itself, and therefore it was new for me, too, for I tend to "identify with" whatever I become aware of. I don't become it, I merely identify with it. But that, obviously, keeps everything continuously new.

Every sunset is new. Every drive to Topeka, or Vienna, or wherever, is new. Every puff of breeze is new. Every person I meet, no matter how often, is new. Now this may seem odd, but I found that it applied to everything that I did, whether it was driving a car, eating a sandwich, making love, whatever. Every experience was a first-time event.

Gradually I realized that I was one of those lucky people, who, quoting The Teacher in the heading above, had "...the simple, unalloyed faith and trust that characterizes the child who is untrammelled by the inhibitions and restrictions of a false conception of the Divine order." And to me "the Divine order" included every event, every taste, every experience—anywhere that I focused my attention.

* * *

Continuing with *The Teacher*, "...so, all of those who would be happy are advised to forget the word happiness; to desist from trying to force others to comply with their desire, thinking that thereby happiness will accrue."

The main problem that Alyce and the children had with me over the years was not caused by the fact that I was trying to "force" them to do something, but that I was focused on doing whatever I was doing, without sufficiently taking into account what they wanted to do. For example, if we were walking up a canyon on a mountainside, and I saw a tributary that looked interesting, I'd start going that way and expect them to follow.

That attitude in me was for a long time unconscious. Consequently, I didn't learn for many years that I wasn't paying close enough attention to what Alyce might want. In fact, not until she began to develop Alzheimer's did I find out what was in her subconscious that she hadn't told me about, which she herself perhaps hadn't known was there. In regard to the children, however, I learned very quickly that they each had her or his own very definite plans, and the best I could do as they grew up was to help them develop whatever it was that they had in mind, without trying to control outcomes.

When they were small, though, I didn't understand this genuine necessity of "good parenthood," until Alyce explained it to me. Later, however, it was I who, not being a "mother," was able to explain to her that the children should be allowed to "have their own troubles" as they grew up, and that we shouldn't "help" unless it seemed useful, to them.

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Continuing: After Alyce and I began our Voluntary-Controls Workshops, and I began teaching psychophysiologic self-regulation skills, I learned what she had already discovered as a school teacher. Namely, and again I quote from *The Teacher*, "The genesis of happiness must be found in the mind of the one who serves wisely and well." And what gave me the greatest pleasure at Menninger was teaching workshop attendees how to contact the *High Self* and the *SOUL* through Autogenic Biofeedback Training. What a delight it was to see breakthroughs to the *High Self* occur "spontaneously" when students became quiet and went inside for answers to their questions. We didn't "tell" them. They "told" themselves.

And later, starting in about '72, when our Voluntary Controls group began working with clients (at no charge to them until we ran out of excess "research" money), we learned how to use therapeutically the machinery which we'd developed for research, and began helping mind-body sufferers who wanted to learn the rudiments of Self Reliance. About that time I began to truly understand another of *The Teacher's* statements, namely, "The genesis of happiness must be found in the mind of the one ...who is the Good Samaritan to those who suffer; the one who is the ready and willing comrade of those who need the helping hand." In fact, one of my most surprising sources of happiness was teaching clients what we had learned in research.

In comparison with research, however, which occasionally is tiresome, this work with clients was a continuous joy. Also, in the first years of the Clinical Biofeedback Center, in advance of assigning a member of the staff as a trainer, I interviewed every applicant for training and explained what they were going to learn, and how they would learn it. And at the same time I had two or three clients with whom I worked personally. This client-centered life was so rewarding that I could easily have spent all of my time at it.

* * *

With increased experience in biofeedback training, it became apparent to Alyce and me that the *High Self* of the client was the true source of change, and we began to notice striking evidence of another of The Teacher's statements. "The genesis of happiness must be found in the mind of the one ...who doeth constantly and in all things the Will of the Father [the Divine Mother] ...as made manifest in the fundamental and scientific principles of unity, and harmonious acceptance of and acquiescence in the Divine Plan."

In other words, it became clear that what The Teacher had outlined in '40 and '41, in symbolic terms, was materializing in our research, teaching, and clinical practice. And, we were complying with the last part of The Teacher's recommendation, namely, "...by meditation, by prayer and consecration, to develop, unfold and expand, that state of mind or consciousness which realizes the Will of [Divinity] in the Divine Plan." We felt that in our field of work we were part of a team which was materializing "the Divine Plan."

Other members of the Biofeedback Research Society may not have seen their work as part of "the Divine Plan," but that's how Alyce and I saw their work. The reasons, as mentioned earlier, were that biofeedback clients, whether conscious of it or not, were (a) learning to think of the personality as "the Temple," (b) becoming aware of the *High Self* behind the personality (discovering the Ark within the Temple), (c) learning that their *SOUL* (the Divinity within the Ark), was closer to them than their own skin, (d) finding that the *SOUL* could be called on for guidance and help every moment, day or night, and (e) discovering that when the *SOUL* was contacted, the meaning of life and life's experiences were seen in a new light. As a result, each client became, to some degree, an agent of his or her own Light.

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So—it isn't really a PB&H sandwich, or anything else of the physical world, that brings happiness. Rather, it's the way we enjoy every aspect of our experience, moment by moment, while at the same time we help others by responding to their needs.

GOLDEN GIRL

In conclusion: In regard to others' "needs," I had an interesting vision dream in which I was shown, symbolically, how we might help one another with joy. And for supporting thoughts, I recommend the Dalai Lama's book called *THE ART OF HAPPINESS: A Handbook for Living* (1998).

9 FEBRUARY 1995 (THURSDAY). Awakened after a long lucid dream which, if it had any measure of validity, pertained to the future. The main character was a girl who, seemingly indestructible, saved many people from death during a long typhoon, or series of typhoons. The dream had many scenarios in which this girl was helping, aiding, healing, comforting, soothing people whose lives had been reduced to sheer survival.

She was always dressed in the same way, no matter what the scene, in yellow and gold shorts and sleeveless yellow shirt. Those colors seemed to characterize her radiation, too, for even her skin had a golden glow. As scenes progressed I began to think of her as the "golden girl."

Golden girl had some interesting characteristics. When I worried for fear that she would be injured by flying boards and debris, as she hung to trees and caught others who were being blown away, she always emerged unscathed, unmarked. She was so dedicated to helping people, and solving their problems, that her attitude and energy repelled all personal destruction. So not to worry!

Another feature was that she was totally unselfconscious. This made it possible for her to be, to function without fear or thought of personal injury. Her attitude and outpouring of positive thought and emotion shaped the events of her life so that she was synchronistically protected. The cosmos responded to her needs because she was in line with Kosmic intention.

Lastly, the dream illustrated that the best way to teach spirituality is by example. Golden girl never was an aloof helper or instructor, she was always there, "walking her talk," as they say, a living demonstration of what to do, how to be, how to live, how to be joyful.

In retrospect, the golden girl dream, whether it portrayed a real person and upcoming events or not, illustrated a way for all of us to work with Kosmic energy—without self-conscious thought of doing good, or being useful, or carrying out God's will. Golden girl, free from glamour, radiated spiritual energy. That was why she was golden.

CHAPTER 16

FUTURES

Mind is the universal creator of all things, regardless of the size or importance of that which is brought forth; and it is at the same time the one resistless solvent which can and does dissolve every difficulty and solve every problem. Dormant, idle, buried deep in the abyss of inaction, it has neither force, power or purpose; yet within it lies every possibility which marks the activity of the great artist, the master mechanic, or the successful architect. Thinking determines the difference! And thinking merely means the mind in intentional and intelligent action; that is, recognizing and observing facts, recording impressions, and arranging those impressions to form definite ideas, and then deciding just how to go about putting those ideas into action and bringing into form and manifestation the realities which are involved in the ideas in question.

— *The Teacher* (Erwood, 1947)

Many of the following thoughts are vision-dream “views” from the Journal. But since my versatile mind, vision dreams or no, is an interpreter and creator of symbols for me, tailored for my understanding of “how it is,” it is useful in pondering FUTURES, for everyone’s MOM to be their own guide. I make no claims for accuracy. In reviewing 4600 Journal pages, many “future” items were found, far too many for this chapter, so I selected only a few which interested me for one reason or another. Someone else may have chosen a different set.

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PHYSICS, PSYCHOPHYSICS, METAPHYSICS

15 APRIL 1995.... Dear P, D, S and J, Sai Baba said there was no such thing as a miracle, there was only the “manipulation of the Maya.” The problem, of course, is to learn how to extend our own thought forms and frequencies in such a way that the maya’s “frequencies” are replaced by ours. As I understand it, the morphing of images that we see in the movies is analogous to the morphing of maya that can be done by anyone who knows how. It is this “know how” that makes it possible for Teachers to appear and disappear, of course and, possibly, for UFO’s to appear and disappear.

...As this morphing phenomenon becomes more accepted by the public, and comes into world view, scientists are in for a galactic shock. No wonder Monitor said that our “enlightened” viewpoint today would be looked back on as a Dark Age, from which the Planetary Being had to extricate Itself. We are in the “Dark Age of Maya” from which we must extricate ourselves by learning how to morph the very substance of our being. That’s what mindfulness meditation is all about.

* * *

6 JANUARY 1996 (SATURDAY).... In a scientifically-oriented vision dream, Alyce was the bright energized instructor, or guide, or commentator. She was able to take sections of some scenarios, and specific words or phrases, and repeat them so they’d be sufficiently imprinted in my mind to be clearly remembered. For instance, “Bilocation is a state of consciousness that has real forms associated with it.”

“Bilocation” is the apparently-physical appearance somewhere of an etherically-clothed thoughtform that looks like the physical body of its creator. It acts as an extension of the real physical body’s sensory systems, and can be projected to distant locations to get information. That “etheric double,” as it is sometimes called, is not the OB body (the *soul*). Both Rolling Thunder and Mad Bear knew how to manufacture these “facsimile” figures which, on occasion, were seen by other people as if they were “real.”

* * *

Incidentally, today is the first time since Alyce left that she has been a fully objective person to me, a helpful, not-personally-connected Teacher. Apparently, she and I are now totally free of karmic residue that might have interfered with, or distorted, communications. What a great feeling! I feel her pleasure, too. Glad I absorbed those nostalgias. It lightened me of useless psychic baggage.

* * *

Returning to the vision dream: In several scenes Alyce indicated that after the establishment of the “Subtle Energies and Energy Medicine Laboratory” [DOVE Health Alliance] it would be possible to devise equipment of the laser-scanning type that I’ve mentioned in connection with the Copper Wall Project, to show, objectively, the “bilocated” person. She explained that this etheric-double usually can be seen only by people who at a certain moment happen to be in a receptive state of etheric awareness.

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In other words, only a few people in a group would normally be able to see the etheric-double of a shaman, but with field-scanning equipment which will become available, we will be able to make the etheric-double visible to everyone on a video monitor, regardless of their lack of etheric-sensory awareness.

And this type of video display, Alyce indicated, would open a field of investigation that would have effects in religion and philosophy, science and Human Potential, etc. And, I thought, no doubt some industrialists will think the etheric-double “discovery” is a wonderful development for industrial espionage. Imagine the future burglar-alarm problem.

One of the most interesting of the repeated scenarios showed that the etheric-double vanishes if the originating entity withdraws conscious attention, or dies. And it was this fact that in part was useful in determining whether the observed double was merely a projected simulacrum of someone who was physically “on earth,” or a bona fide etheric entity.

By the development of this technology, the door between worlds will be opened for everyone, and beings from other levels who can manifest themselves etherically will become known—including certain angels, devas, etc.

If this is a true picture, it will be relatively easy for Teachers in etheric form to give lectures in classrooms via etheric-video projection, just like in a present-day TV college course. All kinds of possibilities here.

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1 JUNE 1996 (SATURDAY). Remarkable dreams about $e = mc^2 + p$ where p stands for the “power of mind.” In one scenario I explained the meaning of this equation to an OB workshop group.

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29 JULY 99 (THURSDAY).... Some decades ago The Tibetan said that advances in traditional physics, as we know it, will come more slowly toward the end of the 20th Century because the mysteries of time and space will be largely unraveled. And then, he said, physics will move into the field of mind-and-matter, exploring first the etheric levels and then the astral domain. In other words, physics will move toward psychophysics, and some parts of what we call metaphysics will be subsumed under the heading, “theoretical psychophysics.”

Eventually, The Tibetan added, equations will be written to describe [in mathematical “shorthand”] the major astral processes of emotional change. Interestingly, that is essentially what Koot Hoomi said in the 19th Century, in a few sentences here and there in THE MAHATMA

LETTERS TO A.P. SINNETT, Isn't that fascinating? And now, at the end of the 20th Century, the broadening of physics to include mind-induced events is beginning to happen.

Obviously, only through psycho-kinetic physics will theorists be able to make sense of objects appearing "from nowhere." A science of "miracles" and synchronicities (at least a low-level science) is just around the corner, and the bardo will then begin to be seen as a realm of Nature.

An added thought: It will be much easier to communicate with the "other side" when we have the bardo telephone, which 100 years from now will be taken for granted.

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5 JULY 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Many dream scenarios, almost a dozen, focused on the single theme of research on the spinal cord and on the chakra system. In various scenes I was identified with one or another of the young researchers involved, mainly graduate students, a couple of women and a couple of men. They didn't seem to be in the same laboratory, but possibly got research support from the same non-profit organization.... In several of the scenarios, "training programs" were being studied in which subjects were demonstrating many different types of subtle-energy phenomena, not just "healing." In at least three of the scenes, diet was included as part of the regimen.

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To the best of my knowledge, research along the above lines has begun in at least five locations in the United States, (1) the Maharishi International University at Fairfield, Iowa (see Orme-Johnson, 1991), (2) the California Institute for Human Science: Graduate School & Research Center at Encinitas, California (see Chevalier, 2000), (3) the Institute of Transpersonal Psychology at Palo Alto, California (see Tart, 2000), (4) the Institute of Heart Math at Boulder Creek, California (see McCraty, 2000), and (5) the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco (see Echenhofer, 2000).

* * *

RELIGION

The Tibetan said in one of his books that the down-to-earth psychophysical ideas of Tibetan Buddhism eventually would sweep the planet, but that the resultant period of non-sectarian semi-enlightenment would stagnate as "the faithful" attempted to crystallize the basic ideas into a new religious orthodoxy, just as in previous religions. However, he said, we will also see the parallel development of a "New World Religion" based on energy relationships, scientifically understood, and not based on mysticism, theory, or wishful thinking.

As I see it, it would be difficult to have a scientifically-based religion without having equipment and operational procedures of some kind. Perhaps the Copper Wall Project and theta brainwave training are forerunners of such a development. Incidentally, the New World Religion would be accepted, The Tibetan implied, because of its demonstrable characteristics.

In regard to religion and "energy," scientifically understood, shortly after Alyce and I talked with Genesis (19sep91) about future possibilities, I had a vision dream which indicated that in the 21st Century instrumentation would be used in churches to enhance perception of "subtle" realities and to change the "vibratory characteristics" of sub-selves in personalities. Consider the following.

* * *

9 NOVEMBER 1991 (SATURDAY).... Dear P, D, S and J, Had a long series of vision dreams in which the main thesis was that a world-wide religion would be established in which the development of etheric-energy technology would make it possible for people to go to a chapel and participate in a ceremony of transformation. It was as if *High Self* energies, focused by Teachers, would become visible.

* * *

This visibility was "symbolized" (but maybe was to be factual) by three vertical transparent tubes about two feet in diameter that extended upward to the ceiling, like huge organ pipes, on a stage behind the master of ceremonies (a minister?). As the ceremony progressed, various energies, shown as different pastel-colored flames, appeared in the tubes and the entire congregation was encompassed in the aura of these flames, which were both psychologically and physiologically energizing. While the energy was flowing in the tubes, a stream of effervescent bubbles kept rising and vanishing upwards. This was a side effect of the transformation process.

To aid my understanding of what was happening, in an *ASIDE* section of the dream one of these tubes was shown holding a snarling wolf. When the energy was turned on, a chemical process began in the wolf's body and gradually metamorphosed it, with much bubbling chemical reaction, through a series of less carnivorous creatures. Finally, at the end, when the energy was turned off, a rabbit, the Chinese symbol of humility, was there in the place of the wolf. I immediately thought of Jesus' comment that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Along with this symbology came the understanding that this process was not rapid (as in the example), but it was real, and physiologically measurable. And it signified that human wolf-like attitudes toward anyone outside the pack (outside the family, state, nation), would be modified toward tolerance and forgiveness by the application of this energy.

Another scenario of the dream showed that the presence of three invisible Teachers, who were shown as three columns of light, redoubled the radiatory effects of the three tubes behind the master of ceremonies. The center column of light was pink-white, and the other two were yellow-white. I understood that the colors indicated that different energies were used for different purposes in the three-world domain of the personality. THE END.

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Incidentally, in regard to the possible use of physical materials for transformative purposes, When I met Sogyal Rimpoche, the author of THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE LIVING AND THE DYING, at a conference in Montreal (21jun93), I asked him about the use of copper walls or mirrors in Tibet, and he said that there were many copper mirrors in use. They were used for learning about the “nature of Mind.”

From a review of the COPPER WALL INTERVIEW WITH GENESIS (Chapter 5), it seems that the transformative effects of the copper-wall meditation milieu would benefit all religious people, regardless of their denomination. “Lucidity,” whether approached through simple mindfulness training, or mindfulness training accelerated by biofeedback and the copper-wall milieu, is needed for mind-body and spiritual health.

* * *

16 JULY 1994 (SATURDAY).... Monitor’s idea on the phasing-out of traditional religion, and the in-coming new approach to the *SOUL*, corresponds almost perfectly with what The Teacher and The Tibetan said, and with my own vision-dream, about 1950, in which an elvish guide explained to Alyce and me the circumstances surrounding the (symbolic?) bull-doing of churches in the 21st Century. I asked him what was going on, for hanging from a crashing-down ceiling above the pulpit of an abandoned church were a cross, a six-pointed star, a crescent, and other symbols, and he said that the old churches no longer were needed—for everyone had their own connection with Divinity.

What Monitor said (6may92) was:

In earlier ages, individual members of an organized religion had to rely upon mediators, priests and priestesses who held sacred office and intervened for the benefit of disempowered individuals. Now the door is open for any individual to contact Divinity and express it in daily life. The Aquarian Age will see this trend carried to fulfillment.

* * *

21 OCTOBER 1995.... In THE EXTERNALIZATION OF THE HIERARCHY, The Tibetan's Introductory Remarks, written just before WWII, are remarkably similar to what Monitor is saying nowadays. The Tibetan spoke of a human-potential development that would influence the world's spiritual health. Here are some of His words (P. 52).

Curiously enough, from the point of view of many, the Spiritual Hierarchy will [at the end of the century] work largely through the world scientists who, being by that time convinced of the factual reality of the soul and wise in the uses of the forces of the soul and of nature, will constitute a linking body of occultists.

Taking the substance or material, and the spiritual inferences and the scientific hypotheses, they will formulate those forms of service on the physical plane which will precipitate with rapidity the Plan for the immediate present. They will release through this blend of scientific knowledge and intuitive idealism, those energies which will further human interests, relate the subhuman to the human through a right interplay of forces and thus clear the way of those intellectual impediments which will (and always have) blocked man's approach to the superhuman world.

* * *

INTERNET

30 NOVEMBER 1995 (THURSDAY).... Dream scenarios this morning were right out of a scifi future. They concerned the evolution of Internet into a kind of GLOBAL BRAIN. It's too long to tell in detail, but here are the highlights.

-Much trouble and argument at first because of congestion with hordes of people trying to get information.

-Eventually programs are written which make it possible to get information no matter how many inquirers there are, as if unlimited access will be available somewhere down the line.

-Then, self-generating and self-adapting programs are written to make the descendant of Internet a self-modifying system, like an autonomic nervous system (in the electronic Internet domain) that adjusts to needs as they arise.

-Slowly the Global Net will approach, asymptotically, the domain of the Akashic Record, the Memory of God, which looks both backward and forward in time, if such a paradox, Internet and God, can be tolerated.

-Lastly, people as a whole will gradually discover that they have direct access to the Akashic Library, the "Internet In The Sky," without contribution to AT&T.

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HEALTH, HEALING, HEALTH PSYCHOLOGY, AND MUSIC

21 APRIL 1995 (FRIDAY).... Dear P, D, S and J, On the last day of the Council Grove Conference, I conducted a closing meditation using the group-visualization of the Nova Light from the zenith (the diamond light) descending on earth. During the meditation I made reference to the music which sometimes accompanies that down-pouring of light. Afterwards one of the women asked if I was referring to the "singing of the angels." Startled, I said yes, and she told me of her own similar experience, and the revelation to her of the "angelic choir."

Maybe there really is an Angelic Choir. Maybe it's not just a Biblical phrase, or a projection of my mind during a vision dream in 1944, when Alyce and I rose through the burst-off roof of the hut. If it's a fact, wouldn't it be interesting to be able to record it?

* * *

On second thought, maybe the Choir already was recorded, in Handel's mind. His "Messiah" is exactly what he heard, he said, when he was writing the music. Oddly enough, the Angelic Choir that I heard sounded like Handel. So, maybe we already have some of that music. It's interesting that Monitor, in answer to a question about inspirational music, said that the Fellowship had released much celestial music in the last 300 years, and he named Pachelbel's Canon as part of it.

The point Monitor made was that music can pull the *soul* toward the *SOUL*, and the Fellowship is using music for promoting "spiritual health." In the opposite direction, of course, the chakras below the diaphragm are being highly activated in young people by the blasting sounds and rhythms of sex-oriented heavy-metal rock.

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8 MAY 1996 (WEDNESDAY).... In pondering information I've been getting about the dense material of earth, and its transformation into plants and vitamins, it's easy to imagine that "disease" is some sort of planetary dysfunction related to improper flow of "*SOUL* energy," as The Tibetan put it.

In other words, if we humans revitalize our bodies with *SOUL* energy, disease will tend to disappear. Most likely there are no hospitals in Heaven, because energy-flow is all there is, in configurations called subtle bodies. Heaven doesn't require doctors or hospitals or a Health Care system, only Teachers and classrooms and an educational system.

In line with education, biofeedback training is, literally, preparation for Heaven. And since it starts on Earth, so much the better. Wonder if Billy Graham knows that. Every person who handles a problem in the body through focus of attention and visualization, is doing his or her part in leavening the basic substance of this planet, and is handling a portion of the Planetary Being's karma.

Modern inorganic drugs, in contrast to vitamins, exacerbate the karmic problem of the Planetary Being for they don't stimulate "proper flow" of Life energy but, instead, only block a "dysfunctional flow." From this point of view, it's understandable that vitamins make us feel more alive, whereas medicinal drugs merely make us feel less sick.

* * *

12 MAY 1996 (SUNDAY).... More dreams about music and emotion, which topic I've thought about for decades. Wish I could see the chakra shadings and modulations associated with music. True music therapy will be done, no doubt, by musicians who can SEE the astral body and its energy states.

Kay Ortman of Wellsprings (which was the name of her home and therapy center in the redwood forest at Redmonds, California) knew a lot about this, for she was able to improvise therapeutic music at the piano while a client stretched out on a cot. She could produce, by intuition, music that took the person back to a time, or to a life, in which a trauma originally occurred.

One person who was "healed," several years before I met Kay (about 1975), was a man who, when she began playing sequences of martial music, went back five lifetimes, he said, to when he was a sailor on a Roman galleon. He fell from the rigging and crippled his leg. After that, in every succeeding life, he'd had a crippled leg. And now, he was reliving the fall from the rigging.

Kay said that a most remarkable thing then occurred. His twisted and shrunken leg straightened out and became normal!

* * *

I wondered, however, what the man himself had experienced when the healing occurred. Then while we were eating lunch I asked Kay if she had any recent similar “healings,” where I could ask a person what had happened from their point of view. And she said, “Ask the person sitting next to you.”

I turned to the woman, about 45 years old, whose name I don’t recall, though I remember that she was a registered nurse, and asked what Kay was talking about. In response, she said that Kay had healed her legs, too. She pushed her chair back from the table and stuck them straight out, and since she was wearing a skirt and ankle socks, I could see that they looked normal, a perfect bilateral match.

She said that at age 28 she got polio, was crippled in the spine and legs, and had to learn to wear both an upper-body harness and leg braces in order to continue working. She became quite famous on the medical wards, she said, where she was known as the nurse who never gave up. She was an inspiration to patients.

* * *

Soon after meeting Kay, she began music-therapy sessions. There was a slight improvement in her body over a few months, and then on a Christmas morning, about 6am, while she was lying in bed thinking of Kay Ortmans and Jesus, and the healings He performed, she suddenly had a tremendous jolt of “electricity” and pain through the body, especially in her right leg, which was the most crippled and shrunken of the two.

When she grasped her legs in response to this, she was astonished. How could this be? They felt like some other person’s legs, not hers. She threw back the sheet, and to her amazement both limbs were straight and full size, just as she showed them to me. And her back was healed. Her whole body had been re-generated. I was astonished.

But on the other hand, quoting The Teacher,

It is possible, as Paul has said, for man to be changed in the twinkling of an eye. But do not think that such an awakening was designed and completed in the short span of a day or a week or a month. It is a culmination. (Erwood, 1941)

In any event. It seems that the value of music therapy is in what it makes the patient think about. And, as we say to biofeedback clients, “If you change your mind, you change your body.”

The Bonny Foundation, a non-profit Institute for Music-Centered Therapies, founded by Helen Bonny, is exploring these possibilities, especially through Guided Imagery and Music (see Clark, 2000)

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22 MAY 1995 (MONDAY)Somewhere in The Tibetan's writings it says that in the Aquarian Age "the burden of disease" will be lifted from humanity and from the animal kingdom. That's an odd statement. Along that line of thought, he often spoke of the need, and destiny, for humanity to develop better bodies. Genetic engineering is hinting at such possibilities nowadays. These ideas, and similar statements that Alyce and I heard from Brown Landone in 1941 (at Dr. Garns' School of Divine Science), made the same points. The green-energy dream, outlined below, describes one of the methods of "planetary healing," I believe.

Along that line, Monitor said in one of his talks,

Those who move into another plane [those who die during the next 30 years] will ultimately be prepared and returned to the physical plane. But during their absence, the vibratory patterns of physical, etheric, emotional and mental bodies will improve. They will enter into better vehicles than they left, and thus be supported in their growth.

* * *

30 JUNE 1995 (FRIDAY).... Note that both the autonomic nervous system and the OB body are in the subconscious. The parallel is more than just interesting. ...A whole new field of health psychology and correlated research should open up here, studying how conscious and subconscious mind, lucid dreaming, extrasensory reality, volition, and control of bodies and synchronicities are interrelated. Eventually such research will lead psychologists to "detection" of the *High Self*, the Being who is hoping to get our attention.

* * *

ENVIRONMENT

Under this heading I've included subjects which at first may not seem "environmental," but everything that we visualize becomes part of the bardo thought-field that surrounds this planet, and as such, our thoughts and emotions become part of everyone's environment. This is especially obvious to psychologists in discussing phenomena such as "mass hysteria," in which normally-rational people get caught up by an idea and lose their normally-good judgment.

* * *

17 NOVEMBER 1994 (THURSDAY). Dear P, D, S and J, Educational vision dreams took up quite a bit of the night. There were eight or nine scenarios on a single theme, the appearance on earth (or polarization on earth, or descent, or emergence, or stimulation) of living energies of an impersonal nature, not personal, but a-personal. These energies had substance, intention, and volition, but not intellect as we know it.

* * *

FIRST SCENARIO: I was looking out across fields of grain, bushes, and small trees from a cottage window. A black-top road wound through the fields and up a little hill to the cottage. As I watched, I noticed that an out-of-control fire was advancing across the fields, all the way to the left and to the right, burning the grain and bushes. But there was no smoke and no real flame—the vegetation was just turning black, like charcoal, and crumbling in the wind.

But, I thought, it must be fire. What else could make everything turn black. Then someone standing behind my left shoulder, a man whom I could sense but couldn't see, and who seemed to be my instructor, said. "No, it isn't fire. It's something different. Look again."

* * *

SECOND SCENARIO: When I looked again, closely studying the road up which the devastation was advancing, I saw that just ahead of the "line of shriveling," the tar on the road was changing color, beginning to melt and bubble as if from some intolerable radiant heat coming down. As I noticed this, I began to see a huge column of pale green mist, as wide as the whole road, above the bubbling area. It was moving toward the cottage where my companion and I stood and, as it advanced, the line of shriveling came along in its wake.

What was it? A tornado? No, it didn't spin, and it was a vertical column that went straight up, out of sight. Whatever it was, it didn't look safe. This was indeed startling—but before I could flee, the green mist became thicker and quickly came up over the house.

Was this the end of me, I wondered? And then I noticed that though I felt electric waves of energy pulsing through my body, I could still breath, and move, and think. The effect of the green energy was slightly paralytic at first, but then it seemed to be invigorating. What was it?

* * *

THIRD SCENARIO: This episode consisted mostly of information from my companion. The green mist was a form of stimulation coming all over the planet, he said. It would have destructive effects in some places, such as burning the earth, but its main effects would be felt in the human psyche.

It was a boon from the cosmos. It was an energy that would intensify the life of all the sub-selves of which humans and Gaia are composed, the subconscious and superconscious deva beings and angels who make up our physical, emotional, mental, and causal natures. What we think of as our baser selves, as well as our higher selves, would all be stimulated, enlivened. The immediate effect would be a heightening of internal conflict in everyone, everywhere.

* * *

FOURTH SCENARIO: I was shown a series of images in which the subconscious and superconscious parts of a person were in conflict. They had come to life, and like giant, almost-invisible, amoebas within the psyche they were fighting with each other to gain control. As they tussled, the person's psyche was a battleground. At the same time, the Conscious Self, unaware of what was causing these wild fluctuations of mood, thought, and aspiration, felt it was going crazy. The Conscious Self was like a puppet on a stage where two puppeteers were struggling to gain control.

There was a difference, though. A puppet isn't alive. In the case of the human, it felt like his or her very substance was being torn in two. And so it was. It was a dividing of the ways, and the substances of the two kinds of devas, subconscious and superconscious, were in conflict. And, these substances were, literally, the substances of the person's *soul* and body.

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FIFTH SCENARIO: In many people, the superconscious won. When that happened, the subconscious was gradually transformed toward the higher. Its control faded. The Will of the *High Self* became stronger and took control of the puppet, the Conscious Self. As that happened, the Conscious Self realized that it was recovering from its bout with "insanity," integrated its nature, and began to pursue new goals, feeling happy and free, though not knowing what had happened.

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SIXTH SCENARIO: For those individuals in whom the strength of the subconscious Self was too powerful for the superconscious, the subconscious won the battle and fear ruled. The person did not recover from his "insanity." Instead, not having a strong integrating principle, the personality disintegrated, became non-functional, and faded away like a deserted shell. It was as if

some people wouldn't be able to integrate their lives in the world of the green energy. That is, they wouldn't have sufficient spiritual adaptability, and would vanish.

* * *

SEVENTH SCENARIO: I was shown a hill on which two gnarled pine trees stood, as in a Japanese painting. This was a sacred place of worship, or veneration, and the stimulative effects were much stronger here than in the land as a whole. Those who came here for religious reasons when their world began to disintegrate (rather than for spiritual reasons), would suffer intensified anguish because the polarized parts of their nature would be doubly strengthened, both by the green energy and by the place.

* * *

But, because of the nature of their worship, their upward looking and longing, the superconscious parts of their psyches would be more strengthened than the lower parts, and those people would recover and integrate. Their anguish during the process would be greater than that of secular people who did not come here, but they would survive and live, while many secular people who suffered less anguish, died.

On the other hand, those people who came to this sacred hill purely for spiritual reasons would suffer very little, but would be blessed and strengthened by the visit.

* * *

There were other scenarios, and other details, but those were the main ones. Oh yes, one more thing. The effect of the energy on some people was to make their shadow-side so strong, without any significant counteracting superconscious enhancement, that it appeared that they had gone berserk. Senseless violence and acts of cruelty were completely out of control.

The final scenario showed that in experiencing this travail, the Superconscious of Humanity would overcome the dark side. Transformation, a word that was strongly emphasized, would win over disintegration.

* * *

4 APRIL 1995 (TUESDAY)... Wakened naturally after a night of dreamscape scenarios in which every episode was concerned with the responses of groups of people who, aware of the fact that members of the Fellowship of Light were planning to appear, were showing either confused or bizarre behavior.

On the other hand, some groups, not at all thinking of the Teachers, were nevertheless caught up in inappropriate attitudes and theories of "survival" during hard times. These psychosocial peculiarities seemed to be augmented by the influx of green energy. Part of our task in working at astral levels in a time of general confusion is to offer guidelines for survival-oriented behavior in which "survival" is defined as spiritual survival.

A group which I saw in a final dream scenario was a religious sect in which members threw themselves into useless zombie-like trances in order to be prepared for Christ. They lay in slack disorder, some with mouths open, totally unconscious of this world, obviously not in a spiritual mode, but in self-induced hysterical trance. Working with them would not be easy, for their rational minds were disconnected. Would they survive? Who knows?

* * [Note to the reader: On a related topic, during conversations with The Teacher, the effect of one person on another was often discussed. He said that my attitudes and thoughts surrounded me like a cloud, and that they had an effect on the subconscious of every person I met. In a similar way, He said, the attitudes and thoughts of a Teacher had a strong effect on the environment. Wherever a Teacher went, the psychic atmosphere (the bardo atmosphere) became more clear. And, He emphasized, this would have an impact on humanity toward the end of the century when some of the Teachers would again take an active role, in etheric form or in materialized physical form, in advising students.

Later, starting in '44, I came across similar ideas in The Tibetan's books. And more recently, especially since '90, channeled Teachers with whom I have spoken have said that the Fellowship of Light will make use of the green-energy influx to appear "in person" on occasion so as to more effectively clarify the astral environment—not so much by their words as by their presence.

These thoughts provide a context for the following Journal excerpts, and for images which I've seen many times since '40 in vision dreams (and have had reinforced by conversation with Teachers) suggesting that a world-wide economic reformation lies ahead, and that it is useful to prepare for it by getting out of debt, and putting aside enough backpack-type dried food to last through a few months of slowed-down food distribution. I'm not a gloomster doomster but, on the other hand, I always fasten my seat belt.]

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5 APRIL 1995 (WEDNESDAY).... Dreams continued the green-energy theme of yesterday, except that today's dreams had to do not so much with how groups would respond to the energy, but how lines of responsibility in each local community would have to be established. Each group, responsible for itself to a large extent, had to form a cooperative structure in which

individuals agreed to assume various functions. Much like a small town is organized, without much county, state, or federal help

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15 APRIL 1995 (SATURDAY).... Concerning the effects of possible future “materialization” of Teachers, if the seven chakras actually do have vibratory characteristics in the electromagnetic domain, then each Teacher Who eventually materializes, will be a walking talisman, a radiating “energy source.” It is their “talisman effect,” no doubt, that will stimulate the battle between the Dwellers on the Threshold and the Angels of the Presence.

In this regard, all of us are walking talismans, to a degree. This is a useful metaphor or analogy (or fact) for explaining the “darshan” effect (radiatory resonance) that gurus have on disciples. This “talisman effect” would also explain what The Teacher meant when he said that the weekly meetings charged each participant with sufficient “spiritual energy” to last a week.

When students become self generating, of course, the most important part of a Teacher’s work is done, for a permanent connection between that particular *soul* and his or her own *High Self* has been made. Each man or woman can then move on alone, with appropriate inner-source “spiritual” guidance.

And, if that is the way it is, every thoughtform and prayer is also a weak or strong structure made of astral, mental, causal, and spiritual substance having specific “vibratory characteristics.” Such characteristics might explain how it is that UFOs can appear and disappear. And it would explain why The Teacher said, “You can think of it that way,” when I asked Him where all these “astral beings” actually were, and asked if they were in another dimension.

In other words, as I have thought many times since that conversation, those “beings” aren’t in some other dimension, as much as in a different “frequency band” (whatever that may mean from an engineering point of view). There aren’t any “dimensions” out there, in the normal physics sense of the word. That idea is a mathematical abstraction. There is only the Universal Kosmos with its different densities and frequencies, the whole of which in India is called Brahma, and which Patanjali and The Teacher call Mind.

* * *

27 JULY 1995 (THURSDAY).... Dreams were like watching a play in which the actors talked to me, their only audience. They laughingly and with loving ambiance were, in this play, changing everything in society. Insecticides, herbicides, and chemical fertilizers were eliminated from farming, not by opposing anyone, but by promoting methods that, in retrospect, seemed a lot like what was done at Findhorn, in Scotland. Imagine the whole planet treated that way!

The health-care system also went down the drain. Again, not through opposition, but by demonstrating something better. The chemical manipulation of humans by the pharmaceutical industry, like the chemical manipulation of Gaia, went out of style. In fact, every excess of modern society was done away with, including \$100 dinners, blatant demonstrations of opulence of any kind, etc. It was as if Shumacher's dream of SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL was coming true (Shumacher, 1975).

As the actors and actresses showed these scenes, with a little one-act play to demonstrate each point, they were in the best of good moods. I had a feeling that they were extraterrestrials. In some indefinable way, they didn't really seem like human actors and actresses, though they wore our clothes and looked like us. They were much-too-much naturally ebullient and cheerful, and loving, coming from a High-Self level, or above.

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26 DECEMBER 1995 (TUESDAY).... A vision dream from which I was awakened at 4am, seemed to be a contact with The Teacher. I haven't been consciously aware of Him since 1991, when, before Alyce and I talked with Genesis, He showed that we were making the final smoothings of our individual ice rinks, our causal bodies, after which we would continue our voyage on the Daphne (our spiritual voyage), sliding downhill through snow-banked ravines toward the ocean.

In the present contact, I was in an OB-state flying west at about 20,000-foot elevation. Looking out over the earth, I saw that all was not well with humanity, and thought, "Time is running out. If economic turbulence, or some such condition, doesn't soon show up to awaken Humanity, and counteract the trend toward selfishness, humans may create another World War."

Then The Teacher was by my side, and He showed me, or called my attention to, a line of stratus clouds that was approaching from far away across the desert. He said a dangerous wind was coming and told me to watch a certain section of the cloud bank. Soon a roiling and boiling formation emerged from the strata, extending very high, and The Teacher said, with a feeling of regret that I felt too, that its appearance was inevitable, and necessary, that it wasn't far in the future, and that it would be very destructive. Then I was made to wake up, with the images and words very clear in my mind.

The Teacher seldom contacts me except at moments of significant change, and I got the impression that this storm represented a major shift, or danger, or reorientation in human life.

* * *

The way I'd summarize it: "The cortex of planet Earth (Humanity) has neglected the limbic brain of Earth (Gaia), and will soon find that an unhappy limbic system has a powerful effect on the hypothalamus and pituitary of Earth (the Deva Kingdom). As a result, the personality of Earth (the Planetary Being) will suffer a pronounced 'psychosomatic' disturbance, and that trouble won't end until Humanity asks for guidance and help from the Earth's *High Self* (the Fellowship of Light), and learns to communicate with the Earth's "lower brain centers" with humility, love, and appreciation." Hope I live to see the Day.

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14 JULY 1996 (SUNDAY).... After the workshop at the Philosophical Research Society [in Los Angeles] it was interesting that many people who have been working for Teachers are suddenly revealing their connections in an unabashed way. Many people in the group felt that they had received bona fide guidance from a High Self who, in turn, may or may not have been an external intelligence. In any event, as The Tibetan said, the main requirements for evaluating material from any inner contact are mental discrimination and emotional absence of glamour. Everyone seemed to understand that.

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ECONOMIC TURMOIL

4 SEPTEMBER 1995 (MONDAY)... It was a night of unusual dreams about subtle energy, politics, and a search for alternative sources for energy. A federal Energy Committee was formed, comprised of about ten people, including me. We were brought together with urgency in a time of chaos and told that even if it changed the way in which ALL government jobs were oriented, it was necessary to make progress in this area.

The turmoil and confusion during the crisis, the nature of which wasn't explicitly indicated in the dream scenarios, except that it wasn't war, made it seem that nothing in ordinary American life was predictable. Arranging transportation was extremely difficult because there was very little fuel. One entire scenario, for instance, had to do with difficulties in getting the Committee together at a place where they could brainstorm in private.

Oddly enough, a high ranking army officer who seemed to be the chairperson, had been in contact with a psychic channel who spoke of alternative energies. That had led to an investigation in Europe, then to Rudolf Steiner's ideas, and eventually to the Theosophical Society. Interestingly, part of my task was to explain the idea of the four etheric energies, and how they might be related to electricity in the usual scientific sense. Two members of the committee were high level physicists, willing to transcend old ideas and look in new directions.

Apparently, an offshoot of cold-fusion research was giving promise. If small inexpensive power sources become available across the world, as Koot Hoomi (in 1880) said would happen, and which, according to Monitor, is now close at hand, third-world countries would have a chance to become independent. An abundance of small independent power sources, not tied to power lines, fossil fuels, or fission-type atomic processes, would go a long way toward freeing small nations from domination by large ones, and from control by the Super-Mafia (see CONSUMERISM below) who manipulate the large nations.

Interestingly, world power depends to a large extent on control of oil. If there were a genuine fuel crisis, as there may be if Bin Laden has his way, I can see why The Tibetan said that barter between the nations of the planet would become important for distribution of the world's goods.

Incidentally, if the world's tin-can food-distribution system disintegrates, third-world countries will be obliged to return to large-scale self-generation of food through home gardening. And, since communities are more efficient than individuals in operating truck farms, it is understandable that Monitor should predict that self-sustaining communities will spring up everywhere when centralized control and its distribution systems go down the drain. When this happens, he said, it will unleash a burst of creativity and live-and-let-live individuality such as the world has never before seen.

* * *

COOPERATIVES

25 JULY 1995 (TUESDAY).... Interesting set of dream scenarios on the theme of what it takes to produce a good world. One "lesson," presented through video-like scenes, illustrated how self-centered people, who are always "trying to get something for nothing" (those were the exact words) eventually create disaster. A "me first" attitude destroys not only the fabric of human social relationships, but also eventually damages the planet. It was shown that, whenever people were generous with time and money, they always created more of everything than society needed, more than could be used. This was true prosperity.

Because of the way in which the Kosmos is constructed, based on God is Love, generosity creates affluence. "Me-first" creates scarcity. The lesson was persuasive. In some scenarios I forwarded that information to people in OB workshops. As The Teacher once said, Americans will be happier when the wealth of the planet is used for everyone on the planet and, as previously said, when "Those things which are used in common are owned in common."

Interestingly, in order to combat a possible trend toward the development of socially-oriented Cooperatives, American commercial interests have again-and-again labeled such ideas, especially

those of Franklin Roosevelt's "New Deal" and Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society," as creeping socialism. The opposite, "unbridled exploitation," they praise by calling it "The American Way." However, it would more accurately be described as "galloping selfishness."

* * *

CONSUMERISM

2 AUGUST 1996 (FRIDAY)Long set of dream scenarios about a stressful enterprise in which Alyce is involved. She is part of a movement to undue, wreck, or neutralize some of the planet-controlling efforts of a Super Mafia whose Plan and dream it is to lock-tight all human production and consumption into commercial enterprises which they control. They want to "own" the planet.

From what I gathered, their Plan does not encourage freedom for people to explore the upper levels of the "Interlife", as Monitor has dubbed it (the realm which I call the causal levels of the bardo, Sub-levels 19, 20, and 21 of the field-of-mind diagram). Religion as generally practiced is okay, however, because it is emotionally-oriented rather than spiritual, and doesn't create Golden-Rule mavericks who oppose their system of planet-wide commercial control.

The Super Mafia are Monitor's "international financiers" who, he said, decided some years ago that ET's are of no consequence (that is, are not a threat to their control of Earth) because in the decades that have passed since first appearing, UFOs have done nothing more than occasionally flit in and out of objectivity.

* * *

The vision-dream scenarios started with glimpses (as from an out-of-body state) of the World Kingpin, a financial mastermind who was leader of a group of tuxedo-clad men who lived at the top of the world skyscraper. Isn't that an interesting symbol, the "world sky scraper?"

This man, the top-level egoic entity of the planet, resided in a glass penthouse just above the functional group whose members controlled, from their own high-level glass-walled offices and conference rooms, the day-to-day activities of the planet.

These immaculately-dressed highly-organized self-controlled people had the power and the ability, they thought, to make their vision of total world-wide control become an actuality. Centralization and control of everything on the planet was their goal, which is the exact opposite of "The Plan" of the Fellowship of Light, outlined to me by The Teacher, and written about in detail by The Tibetan and by Monitor.

* * *

These dream scenarios are far too long to be included here, suffice it to say that the Fellowship of Light's Plan for humanity is to liberate humans from the glammers and illusions of Consumerism, which, being focused in the maya, is one of the greatest obstacles blocking human spiritual awareness. The public is only remotely aware of what is happening, it seems, as business mergers and consolidations of commercial interests at a world-wide level are raising prices for the public and putting increased bottom-line profits into the bank accounts of stockholders. When insurance, sickness-care, prisons, food, clothing, wages, rent, transportation, banking, entertainment, etc., are controlled by cartel managers across continents, humanity has a problem.

* * *

As the final scene of this set of dreams faded, some additional information was given which indicated that what was symbolized was the first chapter of an on-going effort by humans, spear-pointed by human-evolved members of the Fellowship of Light, to trump the Plans of the international financiers, to eliminate their "penthouse control" of humanity and supplant it with de-centralization in which the innate creativity and spiritual development of every person would be encouraged.

* * *

BREAKOUT

13 MARCH 1995 (MONDAY)Awakened at the end of a vision dream which, it seemed, originated from my own *SOUL*. That is, it was not one of the Teachers who manufactured the presentation.

[Note to the reader: As mentioned previously, I experience vision dreams as coming either from a Teacher, as in the "green energy" dream, or coming from identification with, then separation from, an entity (as in the Planetary-Being dream of 7may94 in Chapter 7) or, third, coming from my own higher levels.]

Whenever my *SOUL* or Monad is the originator of a vision dream, the *High Self* is always involved, of course, because it is both the channel and the interpreter of the information: it constructs details of the scenarios in order to adapt messages and meanings to my typical thought structure. In addition, the *High Self* seems to be the hands-on controller of brain consciousness during all vision dreams, in the sense that it is able to modulate the stages of consciousness from deep-sleep dreaming, to lucid dreaming, to hypnagogic interactive dreaming, to awake dreaming, and then to full consciousness.

Today's vision dream was of the third kind above, a close encounter with Myself.

* * *

FIRST SCENARIO: During warfare of some kind, I am the leader of a commando assault team comprised of men and women. In the dead black of a murky night I and my company have crept up to an impenetrable chain-link fence about 14 feet high, topped with some kind of "escape proof" structure. My goal, and directive, is to find a way over or through this barrier. The lower eight feet of the barricade has heavy cloth woven into it.

SECOND SCENARIO: Though it's not visible, I know that there is a specific way of getting past this obstacle. I try various methods. Eventually, after many practice climbs, I realize what to do. I climb the fence and take hold of the top structure with both hands, like grasping a high bar in a gym, and begin raising myself straight up by arms alone. There is hazard now, it seems, a danger of touching the rest of the fence with my body.

When I've lifted myself a few inches I begin to feel a tremendous strain in my arm muscles, I realize that my own strength is not enough. I call down, "Push my feet." A team member instantly does this and our double height elevates me to where I have enough leverage to raise myself the rest of the way up.

THIRD SCENARIO: Once up, balancing horizontally on my hands without touching the barricade, it's necessary to arch forward, slowly bending at the middle, until I'm folded over, head down. Then I slowly raise my legs vertically and lower my body, upside down, still holding the top of the structure in both hands. Good. I'm on the other side of the barrier. That much has been accomplished.

But now ...I'm at a critical point. The die is cast. I can't go back and try some other way. I must continue. To succeed, it's necessary to let go, then instantly reach down past my head with arms separated, and plummet down to where my hands can grasp the top of the cloth and do a forward roll. I mustn't miss, and crash. That would be defeat.

FOURTH SCENARIO: I let go of the top of the structure and drop, hoping I'll be quick enough to grab the cloth, and that my grip will be strong enough to hang on without slipping. At the right instant, I successfully grasp the cloth on each side and do a forward roll. As a result, I'm flipped upright with my feet on the ground. It is necessary, it seems, to land facing forward with feet solidly on the ground, ready for whatever.

FIFTH SCENARIO: The instant I land there is a flash of light, the barrier is demolished, or penetrated, or whatever, and my assault team comes bursting through. There are cheers and congratulations and, in response, I dramatically raise my right arm with hand forward in a fist, and shout, to my great surprise, "Death to those who try to prevent or otherwise block our mission to the stars!" This becomes the rallying cry as the rest of the team pours through the disrupted barrier. I look forward across a broad earth and up into a wide-open sky studded with stars. We have arrived. THE END.

* * *

During the vertical drop, where I grasp the cloth and flip downward feet first, an internal force of consciousness tugs me from dream to awake. As I come fully alert, my rallying cry and the shouts of the others are ringing and echoing through my head. Sitting up and pondering this event, the main impressions I get are:

1. This dream wasn't about me, personally, except for my contribution to the general "break through." It was information from the *SOUL* concerning humanity's immediate goals versus those of "the enemy," the forces of darkness, which have successfully blocked previous attempts to break out into the galaxy.
2. Humanity, right now, is controlled by dark powers who are trying to maintain a barrier between humans and higher consciousness, a barrier to freedom. To the stars?
3. There actually is a kind of psychic warfare going on, right now, between the forces of Darkness and the forces of Light, and action is needed in order to prevent the "enemy" from blocking a breakout. Fortunately, with internal Light to guide us, it is possible to outmaneuver the dark forces who have no Light.
4. There is unexpected strength in group effort.
5. It is necessary to take risks. As I let go of the top of the barricade and dropped, many thoughts flashed through my mind. Was I doing the right thing? Would I succeed? If I failed, what would it mean to the team? And at the end of that I passed momentarily into a strange state of awareness, a kind of pale green unconsciousness in which I just let myself go, with trust in the Kosmos to make it work out for the best.
6. Regarding my contribution to the "break through," I had a strong feeling that it's necessary for me to write the Human Potential book [the present volume], no matter how complex it seems. The concept, "Everyone Can Do It" is important, and a description of what I did, with vision dream examples of guidance and feedback (along with my discussion), will encourage others.

And when they try, and persevere, they will succeed. The “green energy” will be available, and different from the past, when it was necessary to make great individual effort to contact higher levels, a response from the Fellowship of Light will be immediate.

* * *

Regarding warfare: When Alyce and I were lecturing in Chicago, about 1975, an elderly woman came up to me afterwards and said, as if I would know exactly what she meant, “The War in the Heavens has already begun.” When I said, “What?,” she repeated her words, then turned and vanished in the crowd. That kind of electric statement is hard to forget.

At the present moment, as I sat thinking about the above vision dream and its implications, I had a galvanizing thought, “Humanity must burst free!” Just as I thought that, there was a bright flash of light in my peripheral vision, confirmation by my High Self of the correctness of that thought, and I understood that right now is the crisis of breakout.

* * *

What is the real nature of the crisis? Apparently it is a “borning.” Even as Alyce went through her “borning” into conscious spiritual levels, so also must humanity go through its borning. And, like Alyce, humanity must fight through, and experience, whatever there is of negativity and fear.

...According to Monitor, it may take 50 years of “borning” before peace and tranquillity are established in a New World, but that’s a short time in the history of the species. Symbolically, that’s what Arthur Clarke’s book, *CHILDHOOD’S END*, was about (Clarke, 1974). In that book, the world of the parents literally came to an end when their children went through a “borning” into psychic transcendental awareness.

The “War in The Heavens” is merely the opportunistic seizing by the *DBs* of humanity’s greatest fears, whatever they may be, and using those fears and negativities as cudgels and barriers to keep humanity under control. Since human energy is what keeps Evil alive, the greatest fear of the *DBs* is that humanity will lose its fears, will escape from negativity, will no longer nourish them. And they will die. That is their destiny.

If Arthur Clarke were to write a book about the present situation, he might call it, *GESTATION’S END*.

* * *

APPROACHING THE PLANETARY HIGH-SELF

6 MAY 1995 (SATURDAY).... Had several vision-dream scenarios which were continuations of a dream I've had five or six times over the last two years. It takes place in Spain. All previous dreams about this region never came to a conclusion, were merely on-going, tiring, and seemingly (during the dreams) pointless. But this one was different.

In every past dream there was a long north-south mountain range that ended at the north in the Basque region on the French border. Invariably a lot of people, including me, struggled uphill in semi-darkness from the east, like refugees from a war, walking up a dirt road that led to a mountain pass.

In today's dream, I seemed to have greater mobility than before, and drove a beat-up car part of the way, giving a ride to a few others. It wasn't a smooth road, but we finally reached the top of the pass. ...The north and south ranges weren't like the Rockies, but rose gently on either side to about 13,000 feet, with walkable tundra on top.

To reach the pass was also the goal for everyone coming up from western Spain.... On arriving there, it was necessary to leave the road and go north or south on foot, climbing to the highest ridges. The north seemed to be a moderately safe place because the Basques kept it relatively secure, but it wasn't high enough. The mountains to the south, toward the center of Spain, seemed better because they were higher. That was the place where it was necessary to stand. Security depended on height.

* * *

At that point, details became totally symbolic and I realized in the dream that these weren't real mountains. This wasn't physical climbing. Instead, the unfolding scenario was indicative of something that humanity was trying to accomplish. This climb and exploration outlined a collective integration, or purification, of human nature. Messing about in the lowlands had to be left behind. Many dearly-loved possessions had to be discarded.

In today's scenarios, I reached the pass and then explored the mountain ranges, first to the north and then to the south. Then I rose straight up, away from Spain, and saw it as from a satellite, and understood that the process of climbing to the top of the mid-Spain mountain range, with Europe to the north and Africa to the South, symbolized the collective aspiration of humanity to rise spiritually.

I also observed that in the achievement of this collective aspiration, a large fraction of the "individual personality lives" who started the journey (which is not optional) disappeared along the wayside. Nevertheless, a solid strong core of spiritually-aspiring *souls* made it to the top.

In the final scenario, in which the summit is reached by many people, there is a sense of victory in spite of the fact that everything takes place in twilight. There is wonderful joy in the people at the summit, despite their realization that there is more to do. At least it is no longer dark. Light is coming.

* * *

As I came to consciousness out of this semi-lucid identification with collective Earth Mind, I had a feeling that all was well with Earth no matter how it might seem, no matter how much baggage had to be discarded along the way.

* * *

THE PLANETARY ANTAHKARNA

19 MARCH 2001 (MONDAY).... Dear P,D,S&J, and Gladys, had an odd dream just before waking. What *DBs* want is for humans to remain unconscious puppets. And in that sense, AVIZ is not to their liking. It is a wake-up call....

* * *

FIRST SCENARIO: I was walking toward the top of a smooth grass-covered mountain, when suddenly I noticed that many people were coming to this place from all directions. [In retrospect I understood that this grassy mountain top was the place where the vision dream of 6may95 (above) ended...with a large group of aspiring people arriving just before sunrise at the top of a grass-covered mountain in Spain.]

SECOND SCENARIO: When we came together I saw that many of the group were ISSSEEM and Council Grove Conference members. Also, there were many whom I'd met in the Association for Research and Enlightenment, in the Institute of Noetic Sciences, in the Association for Applied Psychophysiology and Biofeedback, in Unity, Religious Science, and the Divine Science Fellowship, and others from around the world....

Interestingly, many people whom I didn't know "personally" came from foreign lands, Asia, Africa, everywhere. All together, 3 or 4 hundred people approached the top of the mountain. [In thinking about it later, this number may have been symbolic of 3 or 4 thousand, or ten times that number.] Then I realized that this was a spiritual gathering and that I was master of ceremonies.

THIRD SCENARIO: Communication seemed to be telepathic. I motioned and indicated mentally for us to spread out and form a large circle around the crown of the hill so that everyone was included and we could see one another.

FOURTH SCENARIO: With that done, we raised our arms to the sky and looked up, and a golden white light from the Fellowship of Light, of which we seemed to be a part, filled the entire space. Then the Light became a current of energy which flowed through the group (was channeled through the ring) down into the Earth.

FIFTH SCENARIO: Lastly, I was told (informed, impressed) that though the physical bodies of this channeling group were scattered everywhere across the planet, the “spiritual” bodies were united as a group in the Planetary Mindnet and formed the energy link between the Planetary *SOUL* (the Fellowship of Light) and the Personality of Earth (Humanity and Gaia). In other words, this “group” that gathered on the mountain top was the Planetary *High Self*, literally the Planetary Antahkarana. THE END.

* * *

Waking with these scenes and events in mind, I came to the computer and began putting it into the Journal. Then I noticed a large bird circling along the lakeshore and coming inland above Bob Brown’s house [across the street]. Guessing that it might be a Bald Eagle, which I hadn’t seen since last year, I got the binocs and watched as it circled closer and closer, and lower. It was an eagle.

Finally it came right to this house and went out of sight above the roof, so I went out on the deck and looked up—and to my immense surprise this bird, circling just 30 or 40 feet higher than the walnut tree by the boat, was one of four eagles, all of which were spiraling above the house. The topmost was about 500 feet up, and the next two were at approximately 300 and 200 feet.

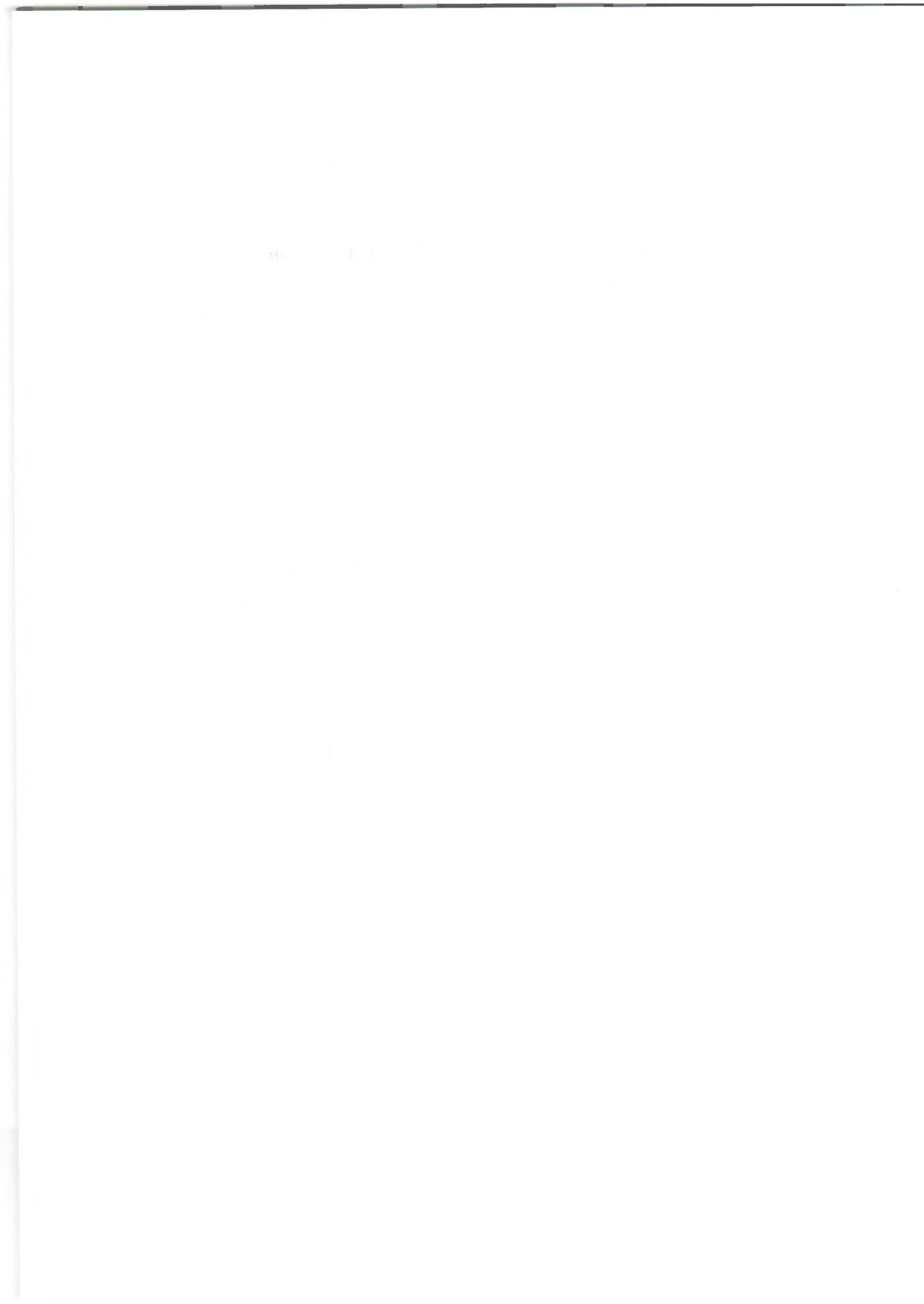
I was astonished, and thought of the Bald Eagle and other birds that came to Doug’s first Summit Conference of American Indian Elders, at Park City, Missouri.

Also, when Issac Tigret went with a contractor at Puttaparthi to survey land for the Sai Baba Research Hospital, four eagles were there when they drove up.

* * *

This Eagle Synchronicity in Ozawkie was, for me, a happy note. It reinforced my feeling that all will be well with Earth this Century. The road is rocky, but the sky is alight. Or, perhaps better, as the Old Lama put it in “The High Road to China,” “The Oxen are slow—but the Earth is patient.”

* * *



APPENDIX I:

BREATHING EXERCISES AND AUTOGENIC PHRASES

Assume a comfortable position. Keep the body still. Do not strain the lungs by exhaling or inhaling more deeply than is comfortable. The capacity of the lungs and the control of the breath will increase as you progress.

Take five slow, full breaths, exhaling and inhaling through both nostrils. Then begin "equalized" breathing.

* * *

Equalized or Even Breathing:

Exhale and inhale through both nostrils slowly and smoothly, with no pause between the exhalations and inhalations. Concentrate attention on the flow of breath past the space between the nostrils. If the mind wanders, bring it back to the space between the nostrils. Continue for four minutes. Breathe slowly, but not so slowly that the diaphragm jerks in order to get more air into the lungs.

* * *

Now forget the breathing entirely and focus attention on the autogenic exercises for quieting the body (low muscle tension), quieting the emotions (warmth in the hands), and quieting the mind (inward-turned attention).

* * *

Quieting the Body:

Take time to visualize, imagine, and feel the relaxation of each part of the body as you silently repeat the phrases below; then, allowing about twenty seconds between phrases, just "let it happen."

I feel quite quiet...I am beginning to feel quite relaxed...My feet, my knees and my hips feel heavy, relaxed and comfortable...The whole central portion of my body feels relaxed and quiet...My hands, my arms, and my shoulders feel heavy, relaxed and comfortable...My neck, my jaws, and my forehead feel relaxed. They feel comfortable and smooth...My whole body feels quiet, comfortable, and relaxed.

* * *

Quieting the Emotions:

My arms and hands are heavy and warm...I feel quite quiet...My arms and hands are relaxed, relaxed and warm...My hands are warm...Warmth is flowing down my arms and into my hands, they are warm...Warm...My hands are warm...Relaxed and warm...

* * *

Quieting the Mind and Turning Attention Inward:

I feel quite quiet ...My mind is quiet ...I withdraw my thoughts from the surroundings and I feel serene and still ...Deep within myself I can visualize and experience myself as relaxed, comfortable and still ...I am alert but in an easy, quiet, inward-turned way...My mind is calm and quiet ...I feel an inward quietness.

* * *

Maintain the inward quietness for about two minutes.

* * *

Reactivate by taking five slow, full breaths.

* * *

Stretch and feel energy flowing through your body.

* * *

At the end of your practice, record the session in your logbook by answering the following questions:

1. What were your physical sensations as you went through today's practice?
2. What were your feelings?
3. What were your thoughts? Were they in words or images, or both?

* * *

APPENDIX II: MATHEMATICAL MODEL OF VISUAL INTENSITY

Equation 1 through 7 below show the general psychophysical relation between the physical intensity of a white light and the perceived intensity of the light as a function of adaptation time (t), the length of time in which the human eye is allowed to adjust to the physical brightness. With (t) as a variable, Equation 1 subsumes both the "logarithmic law" of Gustav Fechner (1860) and the "power law" of S.S. Stevens (1961). Discrepancies between the empirical findings of Fechner and Stevens were caused by differences in research methodology, "operational differences."

Stevens' equation is derived from Equation 1 by setting (t) equal to zero in Eq.5. Fechner's equation is derived from Equation 1 by setting (t) equal to infinity in Eq.5. In actuality, of course, considering the rapidity of adaptation of the human eye to brightness, a few minutes of exposure to the light is sufficient to generate the logarithmic function.

* * *

To develop the following equations would take many pages, so only the conclusions are shown herein. The general equation for visual brightness (ψ) when looking at a white light is:

$$\log \psi = n(N_e - 100) + \log \psi_{100} \quad (1)$$

This equation describes, for example, the sensation of changing brightness after entering a dark theater from broad daylight, and, conversely, after coming out of a dark theater into daylight. In Equation 1:

$$\psi_{100} = 100 - 1.253 \times 10^{-3} A^{2.40} \quad (2)$$

$$n = 0.0333 + 2.566 \times 10^{-11} A^{4.31} \quad (3)$$

$$N_e = 10 \log (I_f - 10^{-3} A^{0.67}) + 100 \quad (4)$$

In the above four equations:

(ψ) is the general changing subjective sensation of brightness, expressed in brils. A "bril" is the unit of "perceived" brightness.

(ψ_{100}) is the sensation of brightness when the eye is exposed for one second to a white light of 100 decibels intensity (one lambert), after previous adaptation to a white light of (A) decibels (in lamberts). The "lambert" is the unit of physical-stimulus intensity (physical brightness of a light as measured with photo-optical equipment).

(n) is the general slope of the straight portion of the family of power functions (solid lines) shown in Figure 5.

(N_e) is the effective level of physical-stimulus intensity in decibels (db) when 100 db is equivalent to one lambert.

(A) is the normally-changing adaptation level of the eye, in decibels. By definition, $A = 10 \log I_A + 100$ db, where (I_A) is the changing adaptation level expressed in lamberts.

(I_f) is the experimental value of physical intensity, in lamberts, for a single test trial, during a set of visual-perception tests.

* * *

In lamberts, the adaptation level normally changes in response to a sudden increase or decrease in light intensity according to the following expression:

$$I_A = I_f + (I_1 - I_f)e^{-Kt} \quad (5)$$

This equation, when converted to decibels for use in the expressions for (ψ_{100}) and (n), becomes:

$$A = 10 \log[I_f + (I_1 - I_f)e^{-Kt}] + 100 \quad (6)$$

In the above expressions, (I_1) is the intensity of the light to which the eye is adapted; (K) is the time constant of adaptation (related to the time it takes for 63.2 percent of adaptation to take place); and (t) represents time in seconds after a change in stimulus intensity occurs.

Although it is not needed for obtaining the power law and logarithmic functions, the value of (K) can be approximated from

$$K = 6.37(12.1 + aI_f)10^{-4} \quad (7)$$

where (a) is the area of the pupil in square millimeters.

From examining these equations it is clear that the sensation of brightness, ψ of Equation 1, can be written in terms of (t), (K), (I_f) and (I_1). In visual research, however, both (I_f) and (I_1) are customarily given various fixed values, as parameters, and the research subject who evaluates brightness for the experimenter looks through a small artificial pupil, so as to make (K) a parameter whose value depends only on I_f . As a result, time (t) becomes the only controlling factor in visual perception after a step-change in physical stimulus intensity from (I_1) to (I_f).

To generate mathematically the power functions which were empirically obtained by Stevens, it is merely necessary to let $t = 0$ in the above equations, so $e^{-Kt} = 1.0$. This is required because Stevens exposed the eye to changes in brightness for a period of only one second. This is too short a time to allow any significant adaptation to take place in the eye. Thus, in Stevens' research, the sensation of brightness was determined before adaptation occurred.

To get Fechner's logarithmic equation, on the other hand, it is merely necessary to insert $t = \infty$ in the equations, so $e^{-Kt} = 0$. This is required by the operational fact that Fechner's research was conducted under essentially total adaptation. After half an hour the eye closely approaches its final state of adaptation. Fechner's technique involved the determination of "just noticeable differences" in brightness (jnd's), essentially maintaining a state of continuous adaptation. In other words, in contradistinction to Stevens, he made his measurement after adaptation occurred.

The family of power functions is literally generated by assigning a series of values to initial and final stimulus intensities, then calculating (ψ_{100}) , (n) , and (N_e) , and using the derived values in Equation 1 to obtain $\log \psi$.

The three names on Figure 5, Troland, Stevens, and Fechner, refer to the various curves shown. Stevens' curve (dotted line) was called the "terminal brightness function," but in his articles (1961) he did not recognize it as Fechner's logarithmic law, and in fact he makes the incorrect statement that "A power function, not a log function, describes the operating characteristic of a sensory system." The terminal brightness function also corresponds with Troland's graphical law for visual function. C.A.F. refers to the "continuous adaptation function," the Fechnerian logarithmic function which I derived from a study of Stevens' power-law data.

* * *

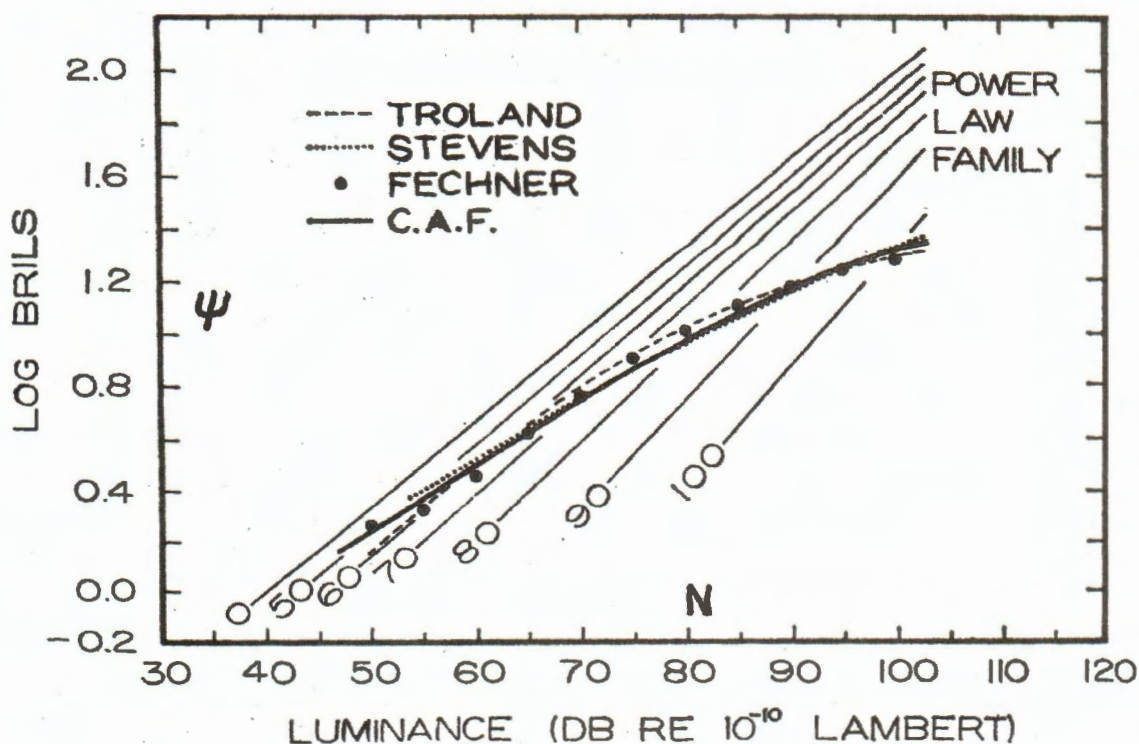


Figure 5: “Power law” and “Discriminability law” data (Green, 1962). This graph demonstrates the solution to the problem in psychophysics relating physical intensity of white light, N (which is shown as Luminance on the horizontal axis, in decibels relative to 10^{-10} Lambert) plotted versus subjective intensity of white light, in “bril” units, ψ , (shown on the vertical axis as $\log \psi$). Both the power law (shown by the family of straight lines) and the logarithmic law (shown by curved lines, with CAF being my “continuous adaptation function”) are special cases of Equation 1 of the text.

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- Second: - This Initiation parallels graduation from Earth's "Junior High." The Light of the SOUL now begins manifesting in our lives as personally-oriented (for us) synchronicities, and a process of mental transfiguration begins.
- Third: - This represents graduation from Earth's High School. The Diamond Light of the Monad (Jewel) begins manifesting in our lives as transpersonally-oriented (for the world) synchronicities, and a process of emotional transfiguration begins.
- Fourth: - Graduation from Earth's College. This is the last required Initiation. All karmic relationships and "debts" have been fulfilled through merging with the Lotus, and the graduate is now free to leave Earth and go to a Kosmic Graduate School, somewhere in the Universe.
- Fifth: - Interestingly, a branch of the Kosmic Graduate School is located here on Earth, and many graduates do not leave home. They begin a process of physical transfiguration through merging with the Jewel, even as Jesus did. Similar to the emotional and mental "bodies," eventually the physical body is "glorified." Graduates at this level might be thought of as Earth-School Ph.D.'s. In Tibet, though, they are known as Bodhisattvas. This Fifth Initiation makes possible the "transition" which Dr. Erwood's friend, Francois, demonstrated (see 318, 319).
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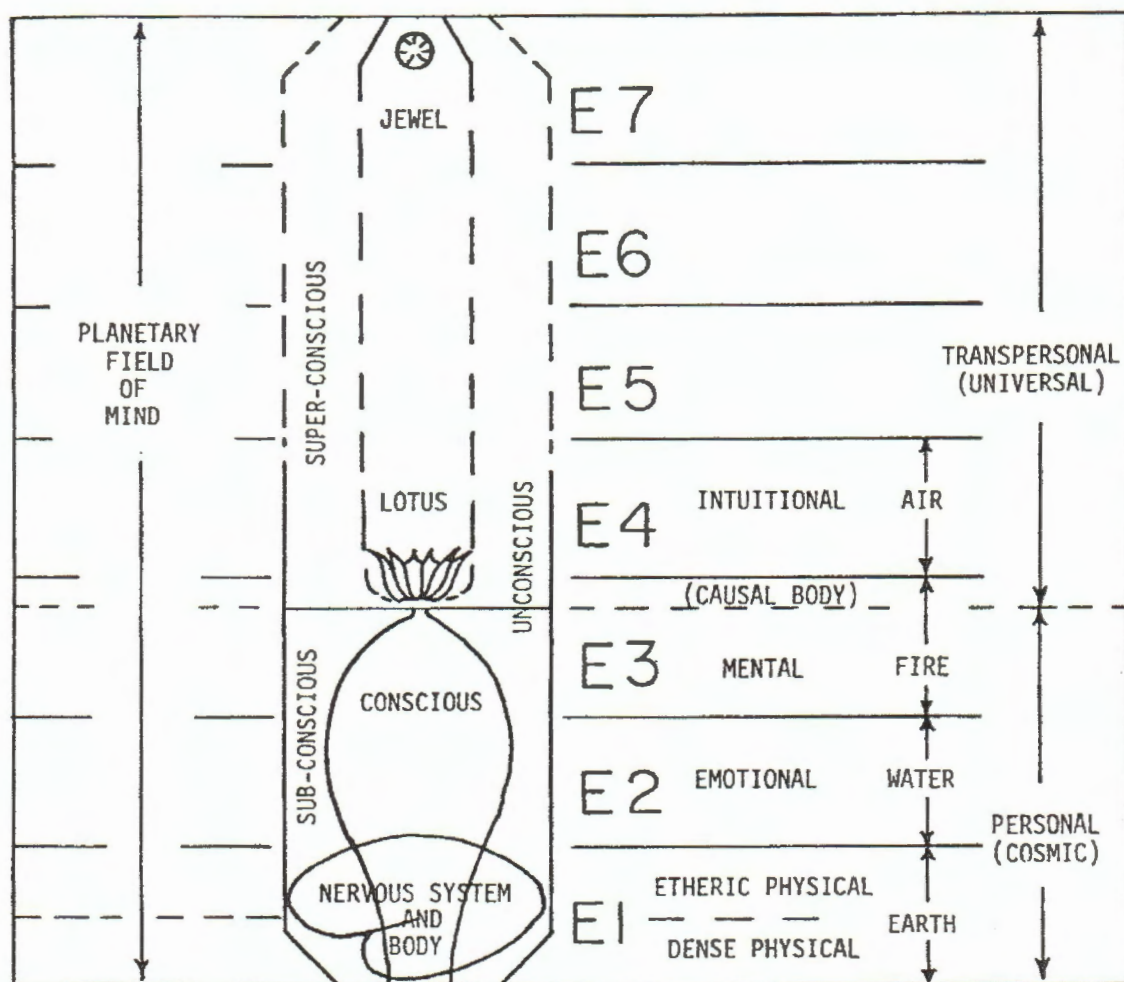
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*Figure 1: Symbolic interpretation of human substance and perceptual structure. Each line of the vertical cylindrical figure, which represents a human being, stands for at least three things: a boundary between different organizations of *substance* (different kinds of matter), a boundary between different kinds of possible *perception*, and a boundary between different kinds of possible *action*.*

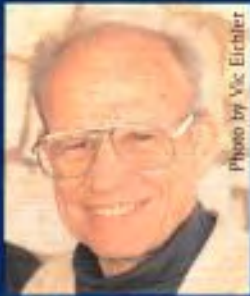


Photo by Vic Eichler

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.